

DRAGON WARRIORS

PRINCE OF DARKNESS



A Sourcebook and Campaign for
the Frozen Lands of Glissom
By Oliver Johnson and Ian Sturrock

DRAGON WARRIORS PRINCE OF DARKNESS

Revealed herein by the pens of sages lie the greatest mystery of the Darkness Elementals: the nature and place of the Lost City of Nem, long thought a legend. Further is the dolorous tale of a man brought low by lust for power, how he killed his king and sought to release a great evil into the world, and the overturning of his plans by brave adventurers from another land. Also here are truths about the ancient fief of Glissom, its city and towns, the reivers that bedevil it, and tales of great giants that live in the ice at its frozen north.

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DRAGON WARRIORS

PRINCE OF DARKNESS

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For more information on the *Dragon Warriors* game and game-world, its creators, forthcoming products for it, and other exciting games and game-related books, visit the Magnum Opus Press website at <http://www.magnumopuspress.com>

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS is a combination of a sourcebook and a mini-campaign consisting of seven short interlinked adventure scenarios for 4–6 *Dragon Warriors* characters of 5th–7th rank.

This book includes the core *Prince of Darkness* adventure itself, plus supplementary source material and adventure hooks concerning the fief of Glissom, far in the north, where the adventure begins and ends. This supplementary material works very well to introduce Glissom (and its wayward prince, Doron) to the player-characters, but is entirely optional. If you want to set the scene and the mood of the setting before starting ‘Prince of Darkness’ then you can use this material to give the party a reason to travel to Glissom, to meet some of its notable personalities, and hear some of its history and lore before the main adventure begins.

As in other *Dragon Warriors* adventures, sections of text *in italics* may be read aloud to the players, or paraphrased by the Games Master.

The adventure has been designed to be easily incorporated into an existing *Dragon Warriors* campaign, since the player-characters will presumably already have come through several adventures before they reach Glissom itself.

Using this book with The Elven Crystals

The fief of Glissom is very close to the kingdom of Ereworn, the setting of *The Elven Crystals*, so these two are a natural fit for each other. After *The Elven Crystals* the party will probably be somewhat too

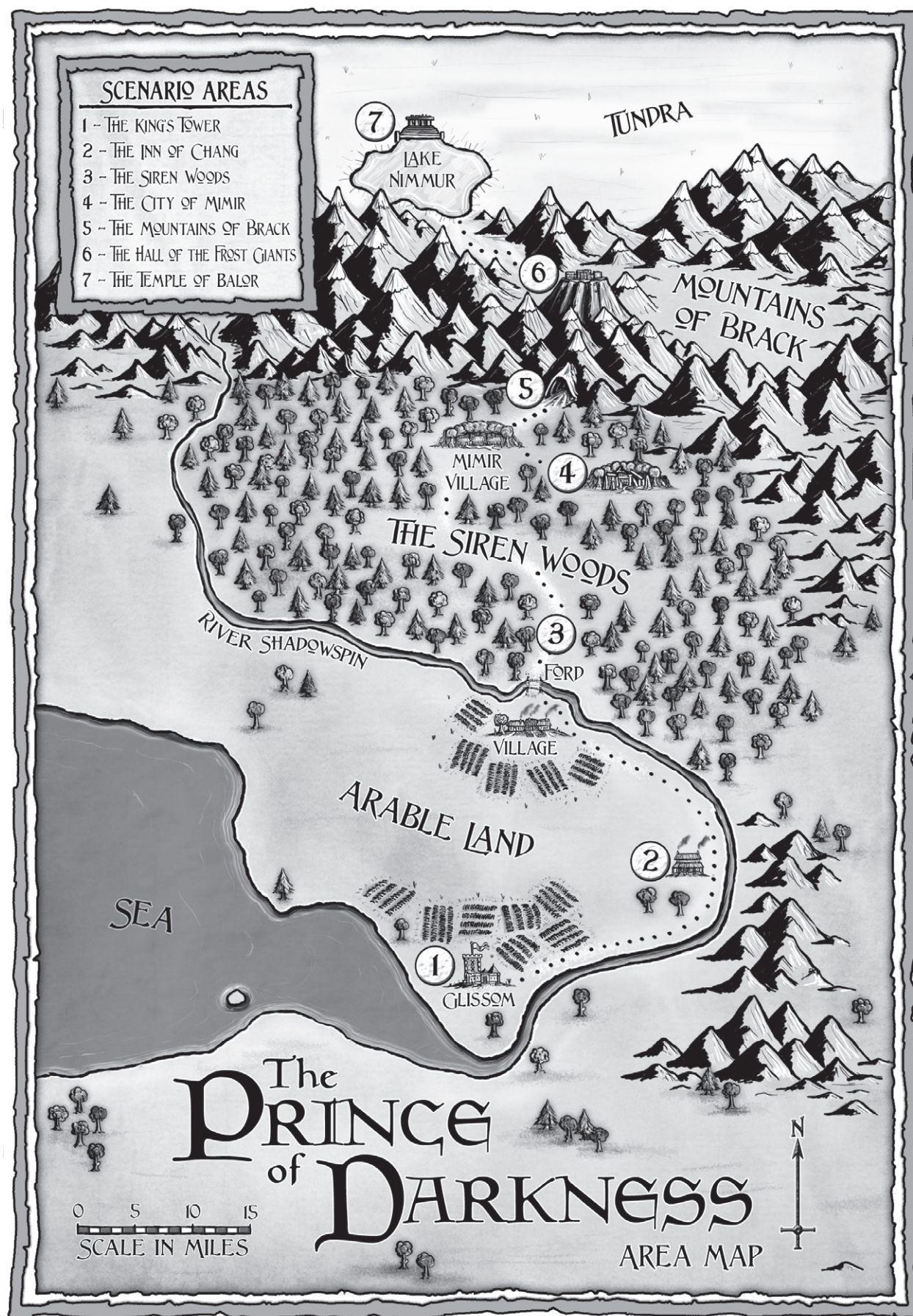
low-ranked to play *Prince of Darkness* right away, but after playing through most or all of the adventure hooks in Chapter 3, they should be ready.

The Games Master can either guide them to Glissom via the character of Doron (see page 28) or by other means. Alternatively he can be more forceful: perhaps the Erewornian ports are closed because of plague, so the party must head overland to Glissom to take a ship home from there, rather than risking the far more dangerous crossing through the Pagan Mountains.

Using this book with Sleeping Gods

If the Games Master wishes, the adventures in this book can be incorporated into the *Sleeping Gods* campaign. The easiest way to do this is to play through *Prince of Darkness* immediately after Chapter 6 of that book, ‘Sins of the Fathers’, which ends with the party leaving the area of the world where they have been adventuring so far.

To bring the two campaigns together, the GM can have the party’s former patron give them enough money to take passage elsewhere in the world, but urge them to make haste, and have the next ship leaving port be heading for Glissom. Alternatively their ship can be diverted by storms or pirates until it arrives at Glissom. This will also mean the PCs should be about the right rank to play *Prince of Darkness*. Afterwards, getting them to another port town for Chapter 7 of *Sleeping Gods* should be no problem either.



CHAPTER 2

GLISSOM:
FIEF AND CITY

GLISSOM IS THE smallest of the territories of Ereworn, trapped in its position in the north-west of the island by a combination of geographical hardship and unruly neighbours. It is surrounded by mountains (the Pagan Mountains to the east and the Mountains of Brack to the north), the freezing waters of the Hadran Sea around its coasts, and the dark kingdom of Ereworn to the south. However, its position does not mean that it is isolated: Glissom attracts travellers and traders from all over Ellesland and the northern parts of Legend, and more sinister pilgrims from the far reaches of the world.

The history of the Fief

The borders of the Fief of Glissom are ill-defined and inconstant. The king's skills at war and diplomacy may bring local chieftains into the Fief for a while, till their descendants throw off the yoke of a later, weaker king. So has it been, for as long as there has been a king in Glissom. Anywhere beyond the current borders—whatever they may be—is known as The Wild (see p. 20).

The very name, 'Fief of Glissom'—rather than 'Kingdom of Glissom'—hints at the frequently uncertain status of the land's borders. Hundred of years ago every tribal chief would call himself a king, and every village headman a chieftain, though even in those days there existed forerunners to today's Council of Elders: the Oenach Councils, made up

of all a tribe's landowners and craftsmen, and able to depose a king and install a new one.

In those days, raiding and skirmishing were a way of life from the sea in the south to the Brack Mountains in the north. Cattle were the main prize, and a raider who could sneak onto another tribe's lands and steal away a herd unnoticed was especially highly praised. Occasionally open warfare would break out between tribes, as tit-for-tat raids became more and more out-of-hand, a killing here or a barn-burning there eventually leading to skirmishes and then the destruction of entire villages.

The Selentine Legions changed that, conquering all the arable lands that make up most of the present-day fief, and building the walled city of Glissom itself, on the site of what was once little more than a fishing village (albeit a fishing village whose temple contained a particularly unusual relic—the ever-burning Hearth Fire). The legionaries barely ventured beyond the River Shadowspin at all, save for the occasional punitive attack upon the more troublesome Reiver clans (see p. 17), and for Dragan's ill-fated expedition (see p. 72). The Selentine commanders favoured easy, ripe conquests, and the rich farmlands south and west of the river offered them all they needed.

When the legions withdrew, the first king, Nudd, seized power. He and his warband, though born and bred in Glissom, had been Auxiliaries to a Selentine legion, and their discipline served them well in ruthlessly quashing any attempts at opposition or rebellion. Even he sought the support of prominent

townsmen, as a nod to the pre-Selentine system of the Oenach Councils. At least at the start, though, the new Council of Elders was composed predominantly of the king's favourites, and existed more to lend him legitimacy than to provide any real checks and balances on his power.

In theory, Nudd claimed all Glissom as his kingdom, yet he and his men, like the Selentines before them, rarely ventured beyond the river. Likewise, most later kings of Glissom felt little need to truly conquer the whole kingdom. What, after all, was beyond the river? Forests and mountains, with no wealth, persistent rumours of evil elves, and plenty of very real human warriors willing to fight hard for their independence against any upstart outsider 'king' from south of the river. A few kings—most notably Garm the conqueror—subjugated the clans, and claimed the whole land as their fief, but even their men ventured only warily into the Siren Woods, if at all.

The Fief Today

The present king, Durindar, has let the borders of the fief shrink once more—particularly since his death! Border clans and outlaws grow bolder: not just raiding from the mountains and forests, but burning or even conquering whole villages that were part of the fief in living memory. Conn, the self-styled 'King of the Reivers' (see p. 18) is said to be behind most of these raids. Though the raids have so far rarely ventured within a day's ride of Glissom city, the folk in the outlying regions live in constant fear of the Reivers. Mothers wishing to scare their bairns warn of 'Conn and his Reivers' coming to carry them off as often as 'the Elves and the Sirens'.

South of the river the land is flat, a low-lying limestone plateau barely more than a couple of yards above sea-level in many places. The thousands of farms and smallholdings of the fief grow oats, wheat, rye, and tubers, as well as raising cattle, sheep, goats, and pigs. In the south, apples and pears are abundant, along with the hundreds of small breweries to be expected in fruit-growing country. Close to the river, every farmer will also have a net, placed near the shore to catch the plentiful salmon. Where the river is shallower, to the south, many villagers also dig clay, and craft a variety of jars, jugs and other containers for their produce.

Glissom City

Glissom is a partially walled city of just 10,000 souls, barely enough to qualify as a large town in more civilised lands. Here, though, as the largest settlement in the fief, it's at least ten times bigger than any other town in the land, even the larger market towns. It sits at the mouth of the Shadowspin River, welcoming traders and travellers from the interior of the country, and from ports and destinations around Ellesland and the north of Legend.

The walls were first built by the Selentines, but have been repaired, knocked down, rebuilt and added to by various kings of Glissom over the hundreds of years since the legions departed. They no longer present a formidable defence. Glissom is rich, predominantly through trading the bounty of the great arable farmlands throughout the fief to southern lands that are less fertile. Riches have bred complacency; the city's great North Gate has been widened so many times, to fit more and more farm-carts, that it would take a small army of stonemasons many weeks to make it defensible once more. Likewise the docks in the south part of the city have sprawled far beyond the walls, both northwest up the coast and east along the river, as well as onto the opposite riverbank.

The Fort

The military and political centre of Glissom has, for hundreds of years, been Glissom Castle. At one time, only the king, his family, and the Druids of the Temple of Flame (see p. 11), were permitted to own property within 144 paces of the castle walls, but that restriction has faded over the years. Several wealthy merchant families now have homes close to the castle, as well as thanes and most members of the Council of Elders. The region around the castle is still known as 'Castle Side' or 'The Fort', after the old Selentine fort that formed the basis of the east side of the current castle; a couple of the older houses in the region are villas from the Selentine days.

The castle is reasonably central, not far to the north of the docks. This inevitably causes some tension, with the scum from the docks occasionally sneaking into Castle Side to steal. As a result, most



of the Castle Side residents employ at least a guard or two, usually called housecarls in pretentious emulation of the king's warband. These housecarls frequently attack or at least give trouble to people they don't recognise in the region after dark, assuming them to be Docksiders up to no good, especially if the strangers are scruffily dressed, so adventurers may run into difficulties here.

Notable Fort Locations

Glissom Castle

The only true castle within the fief, Glissom Castle would be regarded as little more than a provincial keep in other nations. Still, it's imposing enough to the Glissom locals: an enduring symbol of the power of the king and his Council of Elders. The gates are guarded constantly, but rarely closed; the Councillors and others often have business here.

The Meadhall is the heart of the castle's social and political life. Kings (or for the past few years, Kilnded) have feasts, of a greater or lesser size and complexity, most nights in the Meadhall. The guest list ranges from almost no one, to either the house-

carls or Council, to great celebrations with all the housecarls, the Council, and thanes and eorls¹ from all over the country. The Council of Elders holds its meetings here, too, once a fortnight. A smaller Glissom Court, made up of three Council members, also sits here once a fortnight, judging crimes regarded as significant enough that local nobles or their retainers cannot simply dispense on-the-spot justice, as well as hearing any appeals or complaints.

The Barracks hold the king's housecarls. At present, these number seventy men, mostly first-rank knights, but with a few higher-ranked knights among them. As with Kilnded's men-at arms (see p. 35), most have two-handed swords (d10, 5), though many prefer the older, more traditional weapon, the battleaxe (d8, 6). In the event of a serious attack on the city, the housecarls' numbers would be bolstered by calling upon the local people to act as a militia (unranked humans in gambesons and armed with either spears, or cudgels and shields). An armoury dug as a cellar beneath the barracks holds a few spare battleaxes and a great many pot helms, gambesons, spears and shields.

¹ *Of late the traditional rank 'eorl' has begun to be replaced by 'baron' as younger, less traditionalist nobles try to emulate their more sophisticated neighbours to the south.*

The King's Tower in the castle is described in greater detail on p. 32.

The outer walls of the castle are something of a hotch-potch, much like the city walls. The Eastern Wall, as well as the eastern parts of the Northern and Southern Walls, are still barely changed from

Selentine times, when this was a large square fort that housed several hundred legionaries.

The tower, Western Wall and the internal buildings are all post-Selentine, though many of the stones used to build those areas were once part of the Selentine fort.

THE KING'S LAW

The laws of Glissom were once simple, but many centuries of different cultures and rulers have muddled the waters somewhat. The King's Law, at least in theory, holds throughout the Fief, but it certainly allows for interpretation by local rulers and trained Jurists, both of whom often perform such interpretation to such a degree that the original laws barely apply at all.

The general principles of the King's Law are as follows:

- All disputes are essentially civil matters; there's no obligation of 'the state', or of local rulers, to catch criminals. Rather, the victim of the crime, or their family or friends, will need to apprehend the wrongdoer and then bring them before a court authority (the Council of Elders, in Glissom City, or the local thane or eorl elsewhere in the fief).
- Only learned men are permitted to dispute with the court, as Jurists. The accused and the accuser may each hire a Jurist to argue their case, citing complex legal precedents, coming up with dazzling refutations, or just making up excuses. Traditionally, Jurists were always Elementalists (local druids), though a court may be persuaded to allow a Sorcerer or Mystic to act as Jurist. A Jurist affects the chance of conviction as follows:

+/- (Rank + Looks + Intelligence, with a -5 penalty if the Jurist is not an Elementalist).

Naturally a Jurist hired by the accused will subtract his score from the conviction chance, whereas a Jurist hired by the accuser will add his score. Hiring a local Jurist will typically cost 4d6 x 100 florins (which means that in many cases it's cheaper to simply admit the crime and pay the fine), though of course one of the party members might be willing to do the job for free if another PC is involved in the case.

- Everyone has a monetary value. Even if you wound the King himself, you will probably be per-

mitted to live—so long as you can pay the fine.

- Damage to honour, 'face', or reputation can be at least as important as physical injury, and sometimes far more important than damage to or theft of property. A slight to a man's honour should be treated as either Mugging or Murder, depending on the severity of the slight (although it is a viable defence to prove that he has no honour in the first place). For example, calling a nobleman a miser would be classed as a crime as severe as Mugging; calling him a coward would be classed as severely as Murder. This assumes that the damage to honour is significant, and public, of course.
- There are no ecclesiastical courts, since there are no clergy, other than the Druids (Elementalists). Harming a Druid, other than in self-defence, is punishable by the most terrible curses, cast by any other Druid who hears of this dreadful crime. Right-thinking Glissom natives will also shun anyone who attacks a Druid.

Other than as described above and as follows, the standard laws and punishments of the Lands of Legend apply (see *Dragon Warriors* rulebook, pp. 189-196). Glissom, though, has long had a tradition of fining criminals rather than killing or mutilating them, so punishments are as follows rather than those given in the main rulebook:

- A: Confiscation of all property; sold into slavery (or given to the victim or their family as a slave).
- B: 1000 + (6d6 x 100) florin fine
- C: 800 + (5d6 x 100) florin fine
- D: 600 + (4d6 x 100) florin fine
- E: 400 + (3d6 x 100) florin fine
- F: 200 + (2d6 x 100) florin fine
- G: 100 + (1d6 x 100) florin fine
- H: 1d3 x 100 florin fine

In cases B-H, confiscation of property and selling into slavery are always options, if the criminal is unable to afford the fine.

Ciaran's Workshop

Ciaran the goldsmith looks more like a blacksmith—a great hulking beefcake of a man, yet possessed of astonishingly delicate skill in his trade. He works exclusively in gold and gems, mainly producing arm-rings and torcs for wealthy housecarls and other warriors (these are often purchased as gifts for good service, by the warriors' lords), as well as fine cups and necklaces for merchants and their wives. Much of the gold is imported from the south, though some comes from border families in the Pagan Mountains or Brack Mountains.

The workshop is the ground floor of a large two-storey house, with thick stone walls, right in the heart of the Fort. Ciaran will also change money, buy scrap gold to melt down (at a low price, though, if he thinks there is a good chance that it is stolen), keep valuables safely on his premises (from 1 florin per week, depending on the size and value), and give out loans.

The money-lending part of his business is little-known, if profitable. He will only lend gold to those who are already either wealthy or very powerful—usually the king or Steward, but occasionally a well-established merchant. Anyone who is not at the least very closely associated with the Council of Elders is unlikely to get him to admit he offers money-lending, let alone persuade him to put his hand in his purse. He's the closest thing that Glissom has to a bank, though.

Ciaran sleeps above his workshop, and retains four housecarls (4th-rank Knights in AF3 mail hauberks and armed with sword and shield), who also sleep on the premises, as guards. His wife, Yseult, is considerably younger and better-looking than he is; it's said that he has her guarded more jealously and thoroughly than his gold, much to her chagrin.

The Temple of Flame

Dedicated to Brigantia, said to be the goddess of all Glissom, this ancient temple to the Hearth-Fire is still tended by Druids (high-rank Fire Elementalists), though the Hearth-Fire itself is now in the king's possession. Brigantia is goddess of fire harnessed to the service of humanity: the hearth, the cooking-fire, and the forge. The Druids preside over seasonal fire-festivals, including the Spring Festival, leading the folk of Glissom in great rituals of flame, song, and feasting in the streets around the Temple.

The Temple has a small school attached, training carefully selected children and adults to eventually become Druids, Jurists (see p. 10) and bards. None of the magical training for the Druids is conducted here, though; this is done by small communities of Elementalists far from the cities, deep in the woods or high in the mountains.

The school lessons concern legends, proverbs, songs, and legal principles far more than magic. There are no fees, but anyone with Intelligence under 13 will not be admitted to study here, and anyone with Psychic Talent under 13 will not be taught Druidry (but may still learn to be a Jurist or bard).

The youngsters from the Temple school are eager, quick-witted scholars, and can often be found near the school engaged in complex metaphysical debates, or just contests of satire where each has the task to insult the other in the most amusingly cutting manner.

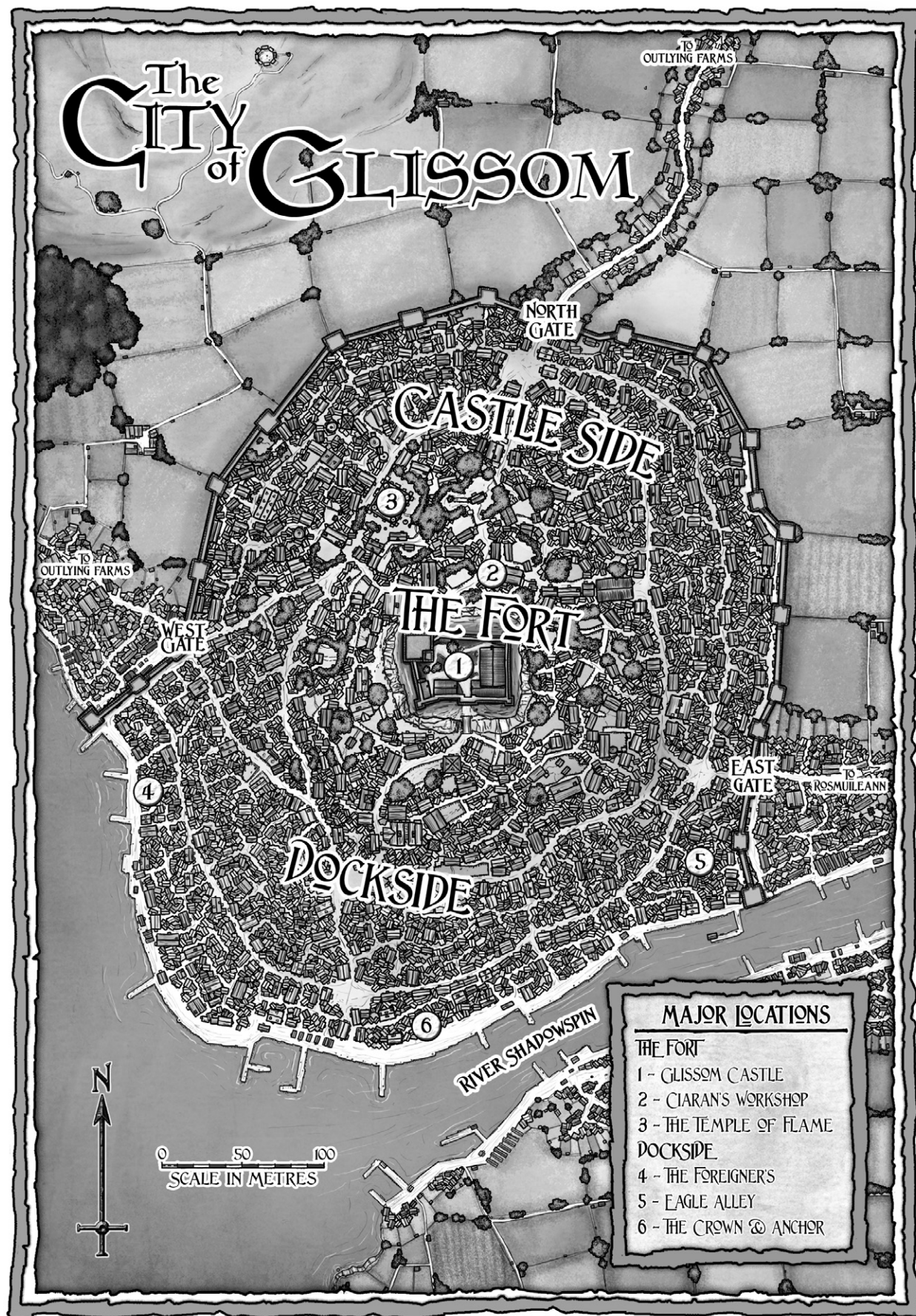
The Dockside

Glissom's dockside is probably the most dangerous part of the city for a newcomer. Combine sailors—at best a law unto themselves when ashore, whether drunk and rowdy on the spoils of a successful trip, or half-starved and desperate after a voyage ending in failure—with unscrupulous captains and merchants always looking for the next deal, in cargo or in press-ganged crew, and you already have a volatile mix. Add in the dock's permanent inhabitants, most of whom work at every trade from loading and unloading to pickpocketing, mugging, press-ganging and the occasional murder, and it should be clear why this area is best avoided after dark.

Treat most of the folk here (sailors, captains, merchants, and slum-dwellers alike) as unranked humans, or occasionally as low-ranked Knights or Barbarians, as well as a few theft-oriented Assassins among the locals. Generally, ranked characters should be at least two or three ranks below the PCs, so as to be a relatively minor threat—but their numbers may help them win anyway, especially if they are able to call on allies.

Cargos

Glissom ships all manner of preserved and luxury foods to the south, predominantly straw-packed or



dried apples, ciders, perries and meads, and smoked meats, but also occasional bulk cargos of oats and rye. It imports metals and crafted metal goods, especially farm equipment. There's little need for out-and-out smuggling, since it is rare that any goods are banned entirely in Glissom, but tax evasion of one kind or another is rife, since all imports and exports attract fees.

Notable Dockside Locations

The Foreigner's

Etienne, originally from Chaubrette, has only a small, innocuous-looking office by the docks, its faded sign reading 'Albion Import & Export'. Though he's lived in Glissom a dozen years, it's a mark of just how insular even the docks are that his establishment is still known simply as 'the Foreigner's'. Merchants from all over the Lands of Legend are known in Glissom, but Etienne is one of very, very few who have stayed. Many locals here assume he's from some far corner of Albion, due to the name; after all, all foreigners are kind of the same, aren't they? And few Glissom-dwellers have even heard of Chaubrette.

Etienne is very happy with that situation. He fled the justice of his liege-lord Comte Dugas, back in Chaubrette. Etienne cuckolded Dugas, then

maimed him in an impromptu duel, before fleeing town and boarding the next ship from the nearest port... then the next ship from its destination, which took him to Glissom. A 5th-rank Knight, Etienne is careful to avoid looking anything like his original profession. He gave most of his possessions including his armour and weapons to the first ship-captain he met, in exchange for a passage, a set of sailor's clothes, and lessons in the basics of sailing. That way he was able to work his passage on the next ship. He spent five years fishing and sailing around Glissom before finally raising enough cash to buy a small boat, then another, then make a down payment on a ship. Now, fully fifteen years since he fled Chaubrette, he runs three cogs, though he owes a sizable debt to Ciaran for the second and third, still (he finally paid off the first one last year). Someday soon, or so he plans, he'll sell the lot, buy a longship, hire a load of tough-looking Glissom mercenaries, and sail back to Chaubrette to reclaim his true love and finally slay his erstwhile lord.

Etienne is wary, smart and a keen judge of character. If he likes the look of the PCs (and he'll decide, one way or another, very soon after meeting them), he may well consider hiring them for the aforementioned task. He's personable enough himself—that's one of the reasons he's a successful merchant—but what he plans is, of course, both illegal, and morally questionable. In the eyes of the society of the Lands of Legend, he's a traitor to his rightful lord, at least twice over. Said lord would pay a great

THE PRESS-GANG

Though the press-gang is not a formal or legal institution in Glissom (there is nothing resembling a 'King's Navy', and will not be any time soon), individual ship-captains still hire local rowdies and sneaks to shanghai new crew. This might be because a particular captain has a bad reputation (as a harsh or uncaring master, or just an unlucky one), or because he has a particular, urgent need for crew.

Usually experienced sailors are preferred, so the PCs are unlikely to be targeted unless doing something so foolish as masquerading or disguising themselves as sailors. Occasionally, though, a captain will have need of lubbers, or a particu-

larly dodgy press-gang will attempt to pass off a group of lubbers as 'experienced sailors' in hopes of a quick profit.

There are three basic techniques used by the press-gangs, singly or in combination: simply find people who are already unconscious through overindulgence; beat people in the head with clubs till they are reduced to 0 hit points; or slip a drug into their drink (a Weak Sleep Poison, but treat as a Normal Sleep Poison if the victim is already drunk; see the *Dragon Warriors* rulebook p. 122). Once the victims are rendered unconscious, the press-gang will simply pick them up and carry them to a waiting ship.

deal of money to discover Etienne's new location, though it would be difficult in the extreme to find out enough of Etienne's past to know which lord to go to.

Eagle Alley

Eagle Alley is one of the most notorious streets in Dockside. It's most notable as the home of the Scorchers gang and the closely associated crime family, the Guaires.

The Scorchers are fearless muggers and killers, but they are especially hated by the Glissom populace for the practice that gives them their name: arson. Anyone who crosses them will soon find his home, or his shop, or even just his favourite inn, burned to the ground—usually with his friends and family still inside.

The Scorchers have an almost religious desire to burn; it's said that many of them are descended from a rogue Druid, Diarmaid, who believed himself to be the true custodian of the Hearth-Fire, and who rebelled against the temple, desiring to use the fire for destruction rather than warmth and craft. He worshipped the ancient Fomorian war-god, Neit, and the Scorchers firmly believe themselves to be

ancient warriors, part-Fomorian themselves, with a divine right to burn people and property.

Twice in the hundreds of years since the Hearth-Fire fell—once under Diarmaid, once under another charismatic Fire Elementalist named Oghma—the Scorchers have swelled to thousands strong, recruiting lowlives from all over the city, burning whole city districts and scores of outlying farms in their mad urge to destroy, before being comprehensively defeated by the king's armies.

The Guaires pay lip service to the Scorchers' debased fire-religion, but their main goal is profit. They find the Scorchers extremely useful for intimidation and retaliation against other organised criminals who might want to control some of the lucrative Dockside crime. Eithne Guaire, the matriarch of the family, is a scheming psychopath, able to appear utterly charming while planning death and destruction. She is the head of the family more because all the rest are terrified of her than because she's the best person for the job; she often lets her bloodlust overrule her desire for wealth, and that may sooner or later lead to her removal from office (and from the land of the living).

The Guaires have a finger in almost every Dockside pie. They are certainly no 'thieves' guild', but



they are powerful enough, and feared enough, that only an ill-advised newcomer would dare operate any Dockside business—wholly legitimate, wholly criminal, or any of the vast grey area that most Dockside operations fall into—without paying off the Guaires somewhere along the way.

Crown & Anchor Inn

One of the most infamous establishments in a dockside with some rough rivals, the Crown & Anchor has cheap, nasty ale, but expensive and well-organised gambling of every kind. As well as dice games

GAMES AT THE CROWN & ANCHOR

Mumblety-Peg

Each player of the game takes a knife, throwing it as close to his own foot as he possibly can. The winner is the player whose knife sticks in the ground more closely to his foot than the others' knives are to their own feet. Each player involved makes an Attack Roll as usual for a Thrown Weapon, with the usual +2 penalty for a small target. The player who rolls highest, while still succeeding at his Attack Roll, wins the game, getting the knife very close to his foot. Any player who rolls exactly 20 has hit his own foot, for normal damage—technically he wins the game, but only to the derision of every onlooker. It is possible to deliberately aim for one's foot (in which case one only needs a standard Attack Roll, with +2 for a small target, to hit one's foot), though if it's obvious that this is deliberate, or if the character gets healed right afterwards, a brawl is likely to break out immediately.

Shiv Surprise

An especially bendy, springy, flat-bladed knife is used in this game. The players all stand in a half-circle around a shallow crack in the wall. The knife tip is shoved into the crack, then the blade is bent back till the springiness causes the knife to fly off in a random direction. Up to 12 players can play at a time; number them from 1 upwards, then roll 1D20. If a player's number comes up, she's been hit by the knife (this strikes with less force than a normal thrown knife, so does only D2, 2). If the number isn't assigned to a player, the knife misses everyone, though on a roll of 20 it hits an innocent bystander instead (often resulting in yet another vicious brawl).

Split The Kipper

Two players face each other, and alternately hurl a knife to one side or other of the opponent's feet. The opponent must then attempt to 'do the splits' enough to reach the knife to pick it up and throw it back, and stay in the 'splits' position. A knife ending up nowhere near the opponent's feet (as decided by the spectators) has no effect, and the turn passes to the other player. In game terms, a player makes an Attack Roll as usual to land a knife near his opponent's feet (with a -2 for a Small Target, and a roll of 20 meaning the knife hits his opponent for normal damage, with the thrower forfeiting the game; again, of course, a character might choose to deliberately aim for his opponent, in which case normal combat rules apply!); his opponent must then roll under his Reflexes on 1d20 to do the splits. The loser is whoever first fails a Reflexes roll.

Crown & Anchor

This is a simple gambling game, played with three special six-sided dice, labelled with the four playing-card suit symbols (club, diamond, spade, heart), a crown, and an anchor. Players place bets by putting coins or markers on the corresponding symbol, marked on a cloth or table. The three dice are rolled. If one comes up with your symbol, you get your stake back; two, and you get double your stake; three, and you get treble your stake. If none of the dice have your symbol, you lose your stake. There's no skill involved, but there's only a slight house advantage; these two qualities make the game popular with sailors and other adventurers, just drunk enough to favour drawn-out games of luck.

(including the nautically themed Crown & Anchor game that gave the inn its name, as well as better-known games like Liar's Dice and Mia), the inn's patrons will bet on anything and everything; from the colour of cloak worn by the next person to walk through the doors, to the winner of one of the many short but brutal brawls that break out here so often, to whether they or their mates can carry out any one of a variety of dares, schemes, and forfeits. Games and bets involving knives are particularly common, with Mumblety-Peg, Shiv Surprise, and Split The Kipper being favourites.

Outside the City

Rosmuileann

Just south of the Shadowspin River and the Siren Woods can be found Rosmuileann, the village mentioned in the Prince of Darkness adventure (see p. 40). To a traveller, the most significant feature here is the merry inn, the Silver Stag. The inn is only so lively, and the village so large, because of the confluence of two trade routes here: the main road from Glissom City north to the Brack Mountains, and the river Shadowspin, which often bears everything from small trading barges to Reiver longships. The innkeeper will readily point out that few folk pass through the village from south to north, but will not be drawn on the subject of those who travel to the village down from the north.

This is because Rosmuileann is a centre for trade with the Reivers. The well-trodden road through Siren Woods is not used by the Elves, who despise roads as things of mankind. The folk of Rosmuileann will happily tell the occasional traveller to stick to the path, figuring that if they follow the advice, they'll still likely never come back—either the dangers of Nem, or the Reivers, will see to that, depending on the way they go. And should the unthinkable happen, and someone return from the Lost City, laden with treasure? Well, they have to pass through Rosmuileann on their way to anywhere, and more wealth coming through town is never a bad thing.

Other than regarding the Reiver collaboration issue, the Games Master may use Rosmuileann as

the basis for any of the other half-dozen or so small market towns and large villages that are scattered across Glissom, usually on the river.

Notable Rosmuileann

Locations

The Silver Stag Inn

This is considerably larger and livelier than one might expect of a country inn, even one on a trade route. Perhaps the locals are just a happy, boisterous lot? In fact they are—but largely because the majority of them are either actively or tacitly in league with the Reivers.

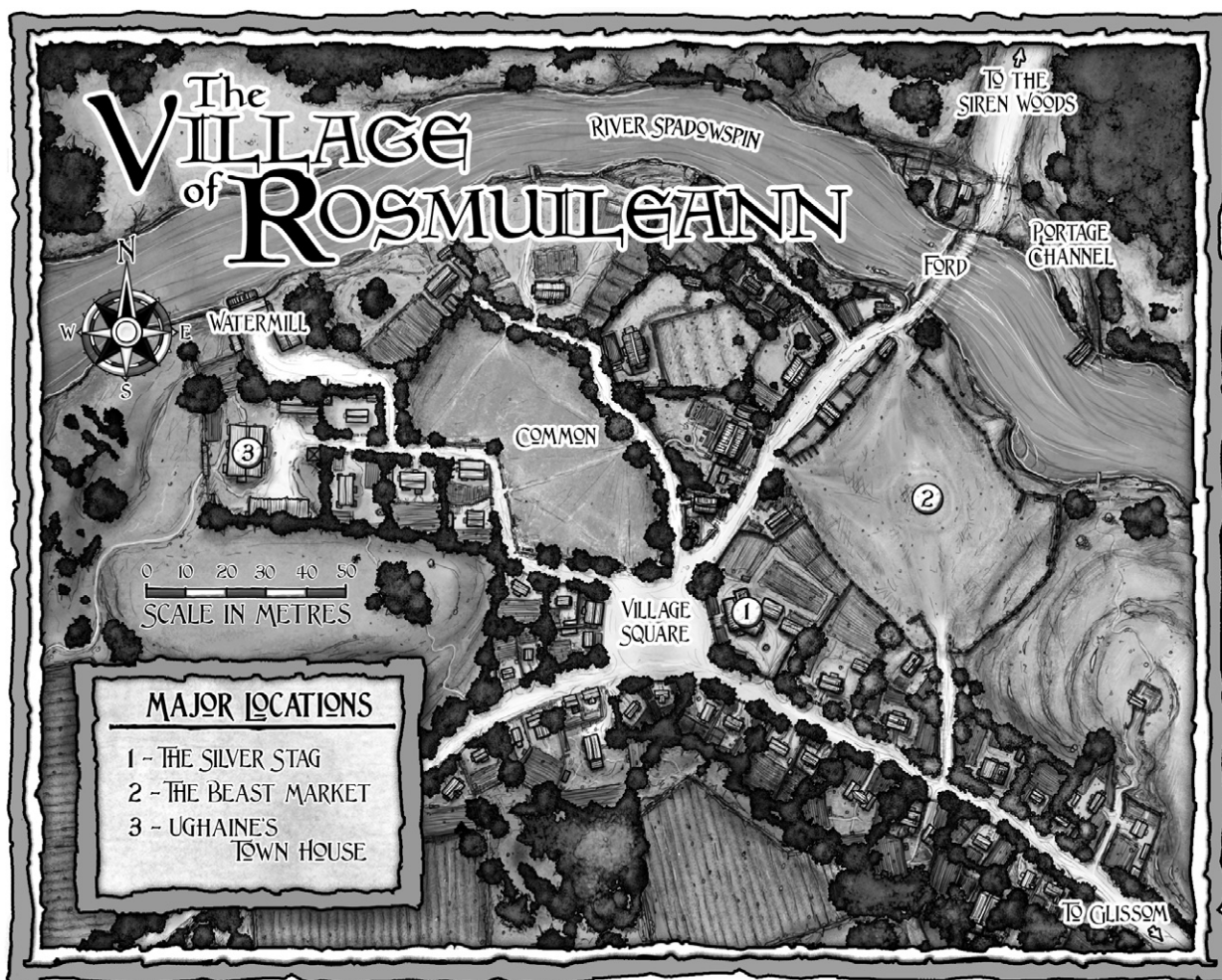
The landlord, Padraig, is the biggest rogue of the lot. Unlike many of the villagers, some of whose families have been intermarrying with Reiver clans since before there was a fief, Padraig doesn't have any strong family connections with the Reivers. He just loves flouting the law, and making a large quantity of cash while doing so. He has no particular other vices on which to spend his ill-gotten gains; money, along with the status and power he has gained from always knowing about every dodgy deal in town, is its own reward. Most of his cash is buried in various places just outside town, though he keeps a ready purse of gold and gems in case any opportunities arise.

The Beast Market

Once a week a great field just to the northwest of Rosmuileann is given over to the beast market. Farmers and peasants from miles around drive cattle, pigs, sheep and goats to sell, here, and there are usually horses, dogs and mules for sale, too, of varying quality. Deals, scams and haggles are the order of the day, with dozens of heated discussions being conducted over price at any one time.

Though it was originally solely for livestock, the beast market has expanded over the years to include sellers of farm produce, hot food, and other goods. Availability chances for Livestock and Adventuring Gear are doubled on market day, to a maximum of 100% (see the *Dragon Warriors* rulebook, p. 134).

Market day, inevitably, is also a good day to look out for Reiver bands selling stolen herds. They may



call themselves 'drovers', but they're exceptionally tough-looking and well-armed ('to keep the Reivers away', of course).

Though there are no formal organised entertainments on market day, young men will often create *ad hoc* contests. Horse races, cockfights, wrestling, and bare-knuckle boxing are the most common such activities, with the occasional quarterstaff bout or singlestick match (treat the latter as cudgels).

Ughaine's Town house

This is the modest-sized but well fortified two-storey dwelling of Baron Ughaine, whose small fief includes Rosmuileann. He has a castle twelve miles west of the village, too. Ughaine spends little time in the village. He is well aware of the extent of the corruption to be found here, though he has so far had little success in uprooting it. If he appoints a Warden or Steward, even supported by armed housecarls, to clean up the village, they either end up dead, or on the take from the Reivers like everyone else.

Ughaine is a 5th-rank Knight. He commands a couple of dozen housecarls, and another dozen or so thanes and their own retainers, but can in theory call upon several hundred levies too.

The Reivers

Since the days of King Nudd most of Glissom has been civilised, at least by the standards of the Lands of Legend. It's been ruled by one central authority, it makes war in the civilised way with knights (however primitive those knights are by the standards of Algandy or even Albion), its farms are feudally organised rather than just managed by the local tribes, and so on. But beyond the fief, in the Wild, matters are very different. Outside civilisation's reach lurk the Reivers: bandits, brigands, broken men, border raiders, pirates, and often worse, savages with a reputation for merciless torture and slaughter of any outside their bands.

Many of the Reiver bands have a proud history of never having bent the knee to an overlord from outside their tribe—even back in Selentine times. If one were to live long enough to ask them, they might claim—with some degree of accuracy—to be the only true-bred Glissom natives left. Any visitor to Glissom who believed that the ‘old-fashioned ways’ somehow had a purity or goodness to them, though, would rapidly be disabused of all their ‘noble savage’ notions.

The Reivers are Barbarians, to all intents and purposes, like most inhabitants of the Pagan Mountains. These, though, are the kind of barbarians who give other barbarians a bad name. They will rob, rape, torture, maim and kill, taking great delight in actions that others would rightly regard as the most heinous crimes. Not only that, but whenever one of them sets his mind to some evil more hideous and abhorrent than even their usual atrocities, his band will support him without question, piling into the fray with gusto.

For a Reiver, the only crime is to betray your own clan. Even there, there can be some flexibility. Slaying your chieftain and assuming command yourself

is no betrayal—clearly the old chieftain was weak, and you are doing your clan a favour by installing yourself in the position. Even slaying your brother might be justified, if he’d looked at you funny, or if you just felt like it, or if you thought you could get away with it. ‘History is written by the victors’ is especially true for the Reivers; few will dare raise a blade against a fellow Reiver who demonstrates exceptional brutality and indifference by occasionally killing one of his own. (They might still poison him or arrange to have him stabbed in the back, though; it’s a risky business, being a Reiver.)

Conn, King of the Reivers

Conn is a 10th-rank Barbarian, and the chieftain of the Gar clan, always one of the largest and most influential Reiver clans. They’re renowned especially for their castle, Ardbeann, nestled in their heartland at the joining-place of the Pagan Mountains and Brack Mountains. Conn has spent most of his six decades persuading neighbouring clans to work together, to mount more and more ambitious raids. He has no objections to them still raiding each



other, so long as they will flock to his banner when he wants to sack a town.

Conn is a tough-looking warrior, tall, scarred, and weather-beaten, wiry of limb but with a solidity of body and strength of arm that combine to make him one of the most formidable fighters in Glissom (Strength 18). A great matted mass of grey hair and beard atop layer upon layer of furs and skins completes his savage appearance. This appearance is deliberate. Conn finds he has to kill fewer people, if everyone is terrified of him. He has no particular love of killing for its own sake, but he does love the power of being chief, of having a dozen Reiver bands at his command. He will kill anyone who threatens that power without a second thought. He cannot afford to ever lose face in front of other Reivers, so will rapidly repay any serious insult with death.

He's secretly pleased with the informal title 'King of the Reivers', though he won't use it himself, preferring to loudly explain to any who might ask that the Reivers have no king, that every Reiver is as free as any other. Still, he might consider invading the fief and setting himself up as king of all Glissom, if he sensed a power vacuum there and felt he could count on the support of the other clans.

Rotho Redhand, the Bloody Bitch

Rotho is regarded as the worst of the sea-borne Reivers, a red-haired witch (a Warlock of rank 9) typically to be seen wielding a bloody sword and

The Borderers

For the most part, 'borderer' is simply a polite term for Reivers; it's what a captive might call a Reaver, in the usually vain hope that he may retain his head. Still, there are a few clans who prefer the term 'Borderer', and regard themselves as a sight less villainous than the Reivers. Borderers will still raid the old-fashioned way, taking cattle and wealth but leaving their victims alive and more-or-less unharmed if possible.

They may even still appear to betray a supposed ally, but only according to their own codes of honour. So while they may desert you after taking your hiring fee, melting away into the hills when you are attacked by an overwhelmingly powerful foe, what they will not do is sell you out to that foe.

shield in battle anywhere on the Hadran Sea. It's said that her base is on an uncharted, windswept island in the sea close to the western end of the Brack Mountains, far enough north to be icebound for much of the year. Indeed, her raids take place only in the spring and summer, and occasionally early autumn.

Rotho leads a band of Reiver cutthroats from her own island, as well as sometimes working with other clans, though not so frequently as does Conn. Her reputation for bloodthirstiness is an extreme one, even for a Reiver, and many clans are wary of her. It's not so much that she's deliberately treacherous, but more that she herself feels easily betrayed, and rewards any failure or error with death.

Her own islanders look at her with near-reverence, thinking of her as an incarnation of Babh, one of the more terrifying, older, demonic goddesses of this land.

Ardbeann Castle

Ardbeann Castle is a small square castle, of but four towers and with walls just 3 metres tall, but it's still a castle, utterly incongruous in the barbaric sparseness of the Pagan Mountains and Brack Mountains. The Gar Clan's base is hard to find, and the journey to it will inevitably be perilous; Conn and his ancestors have counted on those factors to discourage most heroes who might want to bring them to justice, but the surprise of facing an actual castle usually disheartens those few who make it this far.

Conn and his immediate family occupy the castle, most of the time, but given even a few hours' notice he can call in a couple of hundred of his clansmen from the surrounding hills. In the past, he has had that notice; few ever get as far as his castle without word of their arrival reaching the Gar Clan.

Rasean Bastle

Rasean Bastle is a more typical Reiver or Borderer dwelling, barely more than a well-fortified manor house, a three-storey squat round stone tower with its main entrance on the middle floor, and the lower floor used solely as a storage area or animal pen. Reiver and Borderer communities tend to be spread

out, and so each extended family will have its own bastle-house to retreat into should their lands be raided.

Into The Wild

The Brack Mountains

These icy, forbidding peaks are inhabited by few humans other than the hardest and most savage of the Reiver clans. Most Reivers prefer to be on the edge of nowhere, just beyond the borders of human kingdoms. Many live in the foothills of the Brack Mountains, or in the marginally less cold and hostile Pagan Mountains. The Brack Mountains themselves, though, are covered in ice and snow, with few game animals and no possibility of farming. Frost Giants and other monsters can be found here. Treat it as Arctic terrain for random encounter purposes.

A number of underworlds exist in the mountains—ancient tombs, long-abandoned Fomorian fastnesses, Frost Giant lairs, and all manner of strange delvings. There are probably easier pickings to find, where the temperature is above freezing, but to some, that only makes the Brack underworlds all the more appealing. They might still be undisturbed, after all.

The Lost City of Nem

As well as Balor's region of Nem, as described on pp. 72-86, several other small areas of the Lost City can be found by the persistent explorer. Most have long been buried deep beneath the ice, but a few can be entered from naturally occurring tunnels, holes or fissures. A few parts of the Lost City, on what was originally the high ground or forming the upper floors of what were once high towers, will sometimes be exposed above the shifting surface of the ice-sheets.

Some adventurers tell of climbing down such a tower to discover a network of passages leading through the icebound streets and buildings of Nem, filled with ancient riches and inhabited by bizarre,

terrifying creatures. However, because of the fickle nature of the ice, anyone who investigates these tales invariably finds that such entrances are never where the adventurers' charts indicate they should be.

The Lost City is occasionally visited by Darkness Elementalists, usually just to construct their Orb of Darkness (see below). However, these black-hearted Elementalists rarely work together, or form anything resembling a community. A Darkness Elementalist encountering another such, here, is at least as likely to treat him as a rival to be killed and robbed, as to offer any assistance.

Constructing an Orb of Darkness

Every Darkness Elementalist needs an Orb of Darkness, if she is to fully control her powers. This item can only be made in Nem, as follows:

- The maker must be an 8th+ rank Darkness Elementalist.
- She must have a perfectly spherical crystal ball, costing 3d10 gold crowns. This is later used as the basis of the Orb, though it will be considerably altered both in physical form and in appearance by the time she is done.
- She must perform certain rites at the Darkness Totem (see p. 76), involving drawing forth the essence of the Totem into the Orb. This takes 2d4 weeks.

Fomorians, Glass Towers and Tundra

Tales of Balor and his Fomorians become more and more common the further north one goes in Glissom. In the foothills of the Brack Mountains, though, greybeards will mutter into their ale, and make the sign of the Evil Eye if the subject is brought up. The land gets far colder the further and higher you travel, and the foothills are frequently blasted by hailstorms and snow: 'old Gulro's breath'. 'Gulro' is the name these folk will use for Balor—an old nickname, meaning simply 'killer', but without—so these people think—any risk of calling upon him or empowering him, as you might risk if you said the name Balor itself.

Track down an Elementalist in these hills, though—probably a druid or witch—and you might get more information. Balor is seen as the embodiment of winter, darkness and cold. Entombed in

Nem, you say? In his own place of power, surrounded by the ice that he so favoured? How could this be anything other than a part of some long-term ploy by Balor, biding his time, building his power... and if you think the other Fomorians are done, too, you have not explored beyond the Brack Mountains. Can you not feel their icy breath on your back, every step you take further north? Dare you venture beyond the mountains, to the coast at the north edge of the tundra, and there spy the shifting ice floes and great Fomorian towers and citadels of ice, or is it glass, floating in the chill ocean?

Those are the tales, anyway. The Games Master must decide how much truth there is in them, if any, in his own campaign. Are the Fomorians entombed in their glass towers, still? Or do they, as some say, sometimes raid the far northern settlements? Or are these especially vicious raids carried out only by particularly savage Reivers, and the true Fomorians are lost far beneath the ice of history? In any case—what of these glass towers? What great treasures could still be found there, if the Fomorians have truly passed from this world, abandoning all their wealth and their magical knowledge, ready to be plundered by the plucky?

In appearance, a Fomorian can vary from an eerily beautiful, unusually tall human, to a monstrous human-like creature but with the head of a goat. Many look somewhere in-between—very like the True Faith's depictions of demons, in fact. Their height varies from 2–3 metres, though some of the more monstrous-looking ones are hunched over. They exude seductive, otherworldly evil.

ATTACK 19, Spear (2d4 +2, 6), or Horns (1d6 +2, 5) (goat/ demon-headed Fomorians only)	Armour Factor depends on worn (usually 0)
DEFENCE 14	Movement: 10m (20m)
MAGICAL ATTACK 18	Reflexes 10 +2d6
MAGICAL DEFENCE 12	EVASION 6
Health Points 4d6 +12	STEALTH 7
Rank-equivalent: 8th	PERCEPTION 6 (normal)

In addition to their formidable combat prowess, many Fomorians have the powers of either an Elementalist (usually Darkness) or Mystic of 8th rank.

A Fomorian who looks like a beautiful human has no Horns attack, but does have a magical power identical to a *Transfix* spell except that it can affect only one person, and only one who is of the opposite gender to the Fomorian.

Fomorian Artefacts

Magnar's Spotted Ship

This sleek vessel is unusually narrow, even for a longboat. Its sides are made not from the usual planks, but from great smooth circles of something like scale, as though from an enormous sea snake. These circles give it a spotted, serpentine appearance.

The ship is said to have been constructed on the orders of Magnar, a powerful Fomorian warlord. His wizards worked strange magics for many years to build it. According to legend, it slides through the water with unusual speed and agility, as well as performing far better than most ships when the water is partially frozen. Magnar used it to lead a fleet of a thousand longboats from the north in an early attack on Glissom.

Still, if it ever existed, it must surely have rotted away or sunk beneath the waves, aeons ago... unless it can still be found, eerily preserved, in an icy dry dock somewhere beneath a glass tower. If it could be found, it would strike terror into the hearts of Glissom's ordinary people and Reivers alike (treat as causing a Morale Check, with an Attack of 10, in anyone who sees the ship and knows the legends).

Connaing's heart

Connaing was an early Fomorian conqueror of Glissom, from before the days of Balor. The tales have it that his great lust for gold and meat caused him to enslave the folk of Glissom and tax them harshly, spreading poverty and starvation throughout the land. One old hero, Angus, wrapped his last piece of good beefsteak around his last piece of gold jewellery, cooked it to perfection, and offered it to Connaing. The gluttonous Fomorian gobbled it up in one bite. When Angus told him he had swallowed the gold, Connaing dropped dead of a broken heart, on the spot.

His heart is said to be shiny, solid black stone. It can't be penetrated or damaged by any known force, and is staggeringly heavy. Used as a slingshot, or tied up in a bag and used as a flail, it acts as a +1 enchanted weapon, but with the additional property that a Fomorian struck by it is affected by a *Dishearten* spell cast with a Magical Attack of 20.

CHAPTER 3

ADVENTURE

HOOKS

THE FOLLOWING ADVENTURE hooks can be adapted for use with characters of more-or-less any rank, since no game stats are given for the antagonists (use the NPC game statistics in the Fellow Adventurers section of the *Dragon Warriors* rulebook, pp. 117-120).

Adventure hooks with an asterisk (*) after the title are designed to involve Prince Doron in some way (see page 29), and so would be useful to introduce him to them prior to the events in the main adventure. If the party are much lower-ranking than Doron during an adventure in which he plays a major role, consider adjusting his rank and game statistics (as found on p. 29) down to better match the characters' rank.

Getting to Glissom

Some ideas for getting your party of characters to Glissom are given in the introduction on page 5, but there are many other ways that you can make the fief part of your campaign.

Prince among Men*

The easiest way to get your party of adventurers involved in 'Prince of Darkness' is to use Prince Doron. The wild heir to the throne spends most of his time outside the fief of Glissom, as a high-living adventurer. He travels incognito and without a retinue, and the PCs can meet him almost anywhere

in the world of Legend, at any stage of an adventure. He may join them for a while, so that they get to know him, enjoy his company and value him as a fellow-adventurer. Then their paths will diverge and the party will not hear of Doron again until they receive a message from him, inviting them to Glissom. The fact that he is a prince should be a surprise. They could arrive a day or two before the beginning of 'Prince of Darkness', or with enough time to explore the city and the fief, and experience a few of the adventures suggested below.

Over the hills

If you don't want to use Doron as a connection then the easiest way to get a party into Glissom is as escorts for an important traveller or contact who has to cross the dangerous Pagan Mountains and get to Glissom City before a certain date. The journey can be used to introduce key elements of the area. Once they arrive, they will find all the ways out are temporarily blocked—if it's winter then the mountain passes will be snowed up and the seas treacherous with ice; and summer is the season of the Reivers and pirates. They will be stuck there, long enough to get embroiled into some local trouble at least.

Bad Lands*

One or more of the adventurers comes into possession of some lands in Glissom. They may inherit it, or be given it by a destitute nobleman from the

fief (quite possibly Doron) in exchange for services rendered, or they may find a warrant granting them ownership of it. It's not till they arrive in Glissom that they discover the lands are deep in Reiver-held territory, and the house or castle at its centre is either a ruin or strongly defended by other people. Worse, they may also find they're obliged by the laws of the local eorl to keep the area clear of undesirables, or face punishment themselves.

Glissom City

Adventure hooks

Laying the Foundations

Part of the ancient walls of the Fort collapse, revealing a hidden chamber and a long-mummified corpse. Who was this mystery, and why is Kilnded so eager to keep people away from the area? Is it related to the folk-tales told in the slums, of people stolen away from the poorest areas and sealed up, still alive, in the foundations of buildings so their souls will keep the fairies at bay? Or is it closer kin to the stories of Wailing Jane, a ghost who walks the boundaries of the Fort, whose appearance is said to foretell a death in the ruling family, and who was seen last week for the first time in sixty years?

There have long been stories of tunnels and hidden rooms in the thick walls of the Fort, perhaps extending down to underworlds that criss-cross the city and may pre-date the Selentine invasion. Kilnded has been using them for his research in acquiring the Hearth Fire. Now, with his plans so close to fulfilment, he is terrified that someone will discover what he has been doing, and will go to almost any ends to stop them.

This adventure could be used as a prelude to 'Prince of Darkness', to build an atmosphere of tension around Glissom, a sense of foreboding, and to foreshadow some of the things that will happen in the main body of the adventure.

Fey Gold

Someone has sold Ciaran (p. 11) a batch of items that turn out to be fey-gold: after a certain time they transform into iron or lead. He hires the PCs to track down the miscreant and retrieve the price he

paid for the items. Perhaps this was a hapless traveller, perhaps someone cursed by the fey, or perhaps a fey visitor making mischief or seeding some curious scheme of the little folk.

Or maybe the gold that Ciaran bought was under a fairy curse, which he unknowingly melted down and recast into other pieces, which have been sold on. The PCs must hunt down the purchasers and exchange the cursed items for new, uncursed ones without the buyers knowing, or Ciaran's business is ruined. Or perhaps that's the story that Ciaran (or one of his apprentices) tells the PCs, while the truth is the other way around and the items they are substituting are in fact the ones that are cursed.

Darkness Calls

The adventurers are approached by Finley Marchband, a trader of esoteric items, who says he has recently returned from the far north of the country. Among his wares are a couple of items that any elementalists will recognise as part of the magical accessories of a Darkness Elementalist. Finley is not what he seems: he is a Dark Elementalist himself, using these items as a lure to find others of his ilk, for a scheme or expedition he is hatching, or to dispatch potential rivals, or possibly to recruit the curious to his school of magic. If the party are not drawn into his web now, they may well encounter Finley later, as his plans come closer to fruition.

Scraping the Barrel

Because they are low on cash, or to pay off a debt or favour for a friend, the PCs agree to spend a night guarding a valuable cargo in a dockside warehouse: casks of imported spirits for the rich cellars of Castle Side. At the night's darkest hour, they hear a faint, rat-like scratching. It grows louder. It is coming from inside one of the casks.

Beyond The Purple Mountains

A Cornumbrian monk, Ethelred, has arrived in Glissom clutching a map covered in ancient, closely written text. He claims it shows the lands to the north of Glissom, beyond the Brack Mountains; furlong upon furlong of tundra, great shifting ice floes beyond, and more: the other cities and iceberg castles that Balor once ruled over from his seat at Nem. They are deserted now, but unlike Nem, are

no more than naturally frozen. Perhaps they are accessible still, containing who knows what treasures? The greedy monk offers equal shares of the (hypothetical) loot to any who are willing to share the risks of what could prove an incredible journey.

Small Beer*

The party are drawn in to a tavern brawl. This is a perfect way to introduce Doron (whether in the form of his fist crashing into a player-character's face, or in the shape of the characters rescuing him from a probably well-deserved beating). It's also something that will doubtless feature quite often in the party's future, if they continue to associate with the prince; thus, several different tavern brawl opportunities have been provided below:

- Doron argues, drunkenly but persuasively and charmingly, that the barmaid should give up her dreary drudge-life and run away with him ('I'm a prince, you know....'). Her husband disagrees.
- Some regulars at the Crown & Anchor inveigle a drunken Doron into a gambling match involving increasingly convoluted and legally dubious dares. His latest task is to persuade the next people through the door (the characters) to carry him on a table through the streets, proclaiming him to be Emperor of All Ellesland; he's not allowed to offer them money.
- The father of one of Doron's former mistresses tracks him and the party down, bringing a number of brothers, sons and cousins with him. All are ordinary humans but armed with cudgels; they want Doron to marry the disgraced daughter, or receive a severe beating at their hands. Doron just might be willing to marry a commoner, especially when drunk, if only because he knows it would seriously annoy the Council of Elders; however, there's not a hope in Hel that he'll marry this particular commoner, as he will loudly declaim.

Doron's Eleven*

Doron claims that the owners of the Crown & Anchor Inn in the city of Glissom (see p. 15) have cheated him once too often. He'd like the PCs to work with him on his planned heist of the place. Doron's blood is up; he's keen to just swarm in there at a quiet time, all masked up for disguise, and demand the takings at swordpoint.

He might—with some difficulty—be convinced to try more subtle methods first, but running in and cracking a few heads will always be, at best, his very favourite back-up plan, to which he will revert with eagerness at the first excuse.

Fire in the hold

A building or vessel belonging to Adwin Olmheed, a contact of the PCs, catches fire and burns to the ground. No witnesses can be found. Clearly the Scorchers have been at work here, but the contact is (or claims to be) completely unaware of what he has done to rouse their ire. A respectable citizen, he cannot even make the necessary enquiries, but adventurers are a different matter.

They will discover that Olmheed is not as upstanding as he claims, but that turns out to be a red herring. A disgruntled former business partner of Oldheed's has been ripping off the Guaire family and making it look like someone else—Oldheed—is to blame. This is an old grudge that may end in death: the Guaires don't like to be told that they have made a mistake, and may demand that the true culprit is brought to them or made to suffer, or that some other favours or proof of loyalty are performed before they will rescind their murderous instructions to the Scorchers.

Pressed and Repressed*

After a particularly hard-drinking night on the town (perhaps drowning their sorrows following a failed quest, or celebrating after a big pay-off), the PCs awake to the sound of their fellow press-gang victims vomiting over the side of the ship. They, and Doron (presently just deeply uncomfortable, but soon to be more and more angry) are in chains; and their fierce new captain, Ulf Larson, also known as 'The Sea Wolf' (a Mercanian Barbarian, two or three ranks higher than the PCs), is standing over them.

Ulf is determined to revive the old Mercanian tradition of raids all around the coasts of Ellesland, once he has a sizable enough fleet, though to begin with he's just another seaborne Reiver like all the rest. His crew is a mix of Mercanians and Reivers to do the serious sailing and slaying, and pressed men to work the oars. He'll kill the weakest-looking new oarsman (not a PC, though he may well hint that a PC is next, if there's a low-Strength Sorcerer among

them) when he first falters, just to prove a point.

Whether the PCs and Doron lead an oar-slave revolt, or just break themselves out somehow in the night and flee overboard (to new adventures, no doubt!), or are eventually tried out as full-blown pirates themselves, winning Wulf's respect and their own freedom, is up to them.

Fief of Glissom

Adventure hooks

Shipwrecked*

The party and Doron wash up on an island out in the sea somewhere west of Glissom, the last survivors of their ship (possibly they were passengers, but this could also be a follow-on to 'Pressed and Repressed', above). The island appears uninhabited, though the ruined city of pale blue stone, left behind by a long-lost civilisation, must conceal dozens of underworld treasures... or perhaps horrible doom? Most likely both.

Field of Glory*

The baron of Rostry is hosting a tourney (see the Wargames section in the *Dragon Warriors* rulebook, p. 196), after the fashion of the southern kingdoms, and all knights are invited—even foreign ones (especially foreign ones, in fact, since they will presumably know how one is supposed to behave at these tournament things). A visored knight in battered, oil-blackened plate armour proves to be chivalrous and magnanimous in victory, but angry and threatening in defeat; he is, of course, Prince Doron, attempting to be incognito.

Underworld Trouble*

Doron might well be encountered in an underworld almost anywhere around Glissom, or beyond. He and the party could both be seeking the same treasure, and end up having to come to some arrangement (Doron is not the greatest of negotiators; he will be easygoing and agreeable enough if he decides he likes the PCs, or dangerously violent if he decides he doesn't), or be working at cross-purposes, or find themselves in the same sticky situation.

Bloody Vengeance

Oiseann, an outsider from Glissom city, brought in by Baron Ughaine (see p. 17) to police Rosmuileann, is under threat. He was successful at first, bringing in several Reivers and collaborators, and hanging the lot. Then, he captured the brother of a local Reiver chieftain, hanging him out of hand too.

Since that point, Oiseann has been a marked man. Assassins seek him out by night, and arrows have even been shot at him in the streets of Rosmuileann by day. He needs protection, and Ughaine is prepared to pay handsomely if anyone will take on the task of keeping Oiseann alive.

Reiving is Believing

The party meets representatives from Unswester, a northern village. Reivers have targeted them for years, stealing almost all of their harvest and killing their young people. They have scraped together a purse of gold for any group who will protect them from the threat, or persuade the Reivers to leave them alone.

Any player-characters who take up their offer may find themselves in a straightforward *Seven Samurai* scenario or they may learn that it runs deeper. The villagers may have brought this bad luck on themselves by an ill-judged deed in the past; or the threat may be something more sinister and supernatural: goblins, undead, Fomorians, or the result of a fairy curse, perhaps.

Cleaning Up Town

Baron Ughaine (see p. 17) needs a new Warden to track down the corruption in Rosmuileann, and bring those responsible to justice. Perhaps because they failed to protect his last Warden in 'Bloody Vengeance' (above), he makes the player-characters an offer they can't refuse: one of them is to become Warden, and the others the Warden's guards.

Whisky Galore

A number of jars of whisky and casks of ale are found floating down the Shadowspin River just north of Rosmuileann. Word spreads about the 'floating gold' and each day sees more people waist-deep in the water, hoping to find more. Rumours say the whisky is from the Elf-King's own stores, or from an

ancient fort up in the Brack Mountains.

The truth is more prosaic: one of Conn's rivals has decided to make his play for the leadership of the Reivers, and his first move is to destabilise Conn's economic base, Rosmuileann. He is using the whisky to lure people out of their homes and away from the village. He will release more barrels each day, until every evening most of the inhabitants are down at the river, and then he will attack the village, looting the Silver Stag and any other notable buildings, sending a message to Conn that it's on.

Of course, anyone who gets wind of the plan could curry favour with either side by raising the alarm or forestalling the attack—or sitting idly by and letting it happen. Either way, the prospect of a war between rival factions of Reivers is something that will cause tension and upset through the whole fief: if the PCs are not allied to one side or other, they may find themselves enemies of both.

Into the Wild

Adventure hooks

The Beacon Fire

A rangy old scoundrel puts a proposition to the party: they are to slay or incapacitate the watchmen at the village's beacon fire, so that the scoundrel's Reiver associates can attack it without warning, as they descend in large numbers to sack a whole array of villages.

The man insists that no one will be harmed; indeed, he will tell the characters almost anything to get them to go along with his request. He is too well-known to do the job himself, but he can pay a bag of gold for any who will do it for him.

Of course, once the raid does come, it's as savage as the Reivers are renowned for; many homes will burn that night, if the beacon fire is not lit instead. What, if anything, the characters can do against several hundred Reivers, a law unto themselves, is entirely another matter.

Ancient Bodies

A great mystery has been found: the body of a goat-headed Fomorian floating in the Shadowspin River. It may have been preserved for millennia in the ice before the spring thaw freed it to drift south in the freezing snowmelt waters (perhaps hinting at the location of an ancient Fomorian tower in the Brack mountains) or a more recent arrival from the northern tundra, brought south by a summons from—well, that's for the PCs to find out.

Breakout

Conn (see p. 18) has been captured by Baron Ughaine (see p. 17). The Baron doesn't know yet quite what a prize he has taken, and plans to hang this disreputable-looking old fellow he caught on a cattle raid. If he did know, he might make the effort to get Conn to Glissom City for trial there. As it is, the Baron plans to simply hang him at dawn.

The Reivers are willing to hire someone to break him out of Ughaine's castle, though the Baron might offer a better price for the information on just who it is he has in his dungeon.

On a Mission

Father Erlick is a missionary sent by his church to bring the word of the True Faith to the ungodly Reivers and others in the rural wastes of Glissom. He requires faithful bodyguards to escort him and make sure he comes to no harm: he can pay little but such work would be good for the PCs' souls. As they head north they will discover that Father Erlick is more zealous than he first seemed, and less tolerant of unbelievers and sorcery. He demands that any who refuse to convert be cleansed with fire and sword. And when he hears tales of the lost city of Nem and the devil-worshipping Dark Elementals within, he demands it is the PCs' duty to follow him there and purge the place—or be excommunicated.

Whether Father Erlick turns out to be a Darkness Elementalist bringing sacrifices (the party) to Balor, we leave entirely up to you.

CHAPTER 4

THE PRINCE
OF DARKNESS

history

To the north of Sulphur Bay and the kingdom of Ere-worn lies the rich arable land of the fief of Glissom. The fief is bounded to the south and the west by sea, and to the north by a towering mountain range. This range is known as the Mountains of Brack; its peaks are perpetually lost in the swirling Arctic winds that blow from the northern wastes. These bleak realms are never travelled by man and are only talked about in relation to myth and legend.

One of these mysteries concerns a time at the beginning of the world, soon after its creation. The earth was then under the rule of Balor, the essence of Darkness, whose icy breath covered the land with thick blizzards and dark scudding clouds. The farmers of Glissom will relate to any traveller with the time to spare how the other elements conspired together to overthrow the rule of Darkness, burying the city of Nem, the seat of Balor's power, forever beyond the northern mountains.

They will tell of how the element of Fire first exploded at the heart of Balor's smithy where dark engines of destruction were built, and how a deep volcanic ash buried the city and the land for miles around. They will tell, too, of how the howling wind carried a burning ember from the explosion far over the mountains and how this ember fell just where the city of Glissom now stands, and how to this day this sacred glowing ember still burns at the heart of the King's Tower.

Then, to the north, the earth opened up, swallowing the city; and water poured down in great cataracts, sub-

merging it, hiding it from the eyes of men. The icy wind beat down upon it, turning the water to ice, imprisoning Balor and the rubble of his city forever.

"Thus goes the legend," the farmers will say, nodding superstitiously to one another. "Aye. Thus it is said." And they will stare down into their empty mugs.

If a traveller were to buy the old men another round of drinks, however, they would go on with their tale, for they have yet to tell of those who have sought the city. They speak of the time when the centurions invaded the country with their legions encased in bronze armour, and of how one of the centurions, named Drajan, led his men into the mountains in search of Balor's city. Not one of his thousand men was ever seen again, although again it is rumoured that their ghosts stand on the road to the north, begging travellers to go no further.

Two hundred years ago there was a Prince of Glissom named Fengil, who was much given to occult practices in his youth. One day he set off towards the northern mountains, claiming he sought Balor's lost city. He never returned, and although his father the king sent many men to search for him, he was never found. Those sent to search for him became lost in the treacherous woods and the swamps at the foothills of the mountains. Some reported hearing strange laughter from among the trees, and a few were sent stark mad, as if by some malicious enchantment.

The old men will seem sleepy and reluctant now, but their bleary eyes still rejoice at the sight of fresh flagons

of beer, and they may be persuaded to tell the last part of the story, even to a stranger.

Many years later—indeed, in a time not yet lost from living memory—a shepherd named Murvon lost his way in a storm in the mountains. He took shelter in a cave, which proved to be the opening into an underground labyrinth. He climbed countless stairs cut into the rock and survived many encounters with dangerous creatures, until at last he reached an exit at the very peak of the mountain.

Below him he glimpsed the frozen lake covering the Lost City of Nem, and a ruined temple structure standing at its northern end where the Arctic winds blew most fiercely. Above this, he saw circling in the shrieking wind the legendary Hawks of Balor, the Prince of Darkness's harbingers of doom in times past. Seeing this dreadful sight the shepherd fled the mountaintop, but

not before he had picked up an object that he had seen gleaming on the ground.

Murvon was found dying of exposure in the foothills to the south of the mountains. He told the men who found him his tale, then opened his hand to reveal a piece of gold pectoral jewellery, the object that he had picked up off the ground. On it was etched Prince Fengil's name.

Since then, the name of Fengil has become a byword with which to scare children into their beds, for it is said that the Prince stalks outside the city gates at midnight, no longer alive but trapped in undeath, calling on the name of a darker Prince than he.

The old men will now fall into drunken silence, not wishing to continue a tale of such ill portent, and perhaps regretting their words. The traveller had best retire to his room, or take to the road, for the folk of Glissom do not care for talk of shadows.

Games Master's Introduction

Old legends usually contain some element of truth and this is the case with the tales related by the farmers in the inns of Glissom. There was a Prince Fengil who crossed the mountains two hundred years before, and he did discover the remains of the city of Nem covered by the ice pack. After many years of exploration and living on the scraps of raw meat brought to him by the hawks that flapped around the one surviving building, he discovered a way down under the frozen surface of the lake.

He passed through the dangers of the underground caverns and discovered the immured Balor, Prince of Darkness. The arch-fiend's icy breath snuffed out Fengil's life in an instant, but Balor breathed new life into his bones and raised him from the dead as an undead servitor.

Fengil sought for a way to free his new master, yet the only magic that could help was the undying flame of the Hearth Fire, still burning in the King's Tower in Glissom. He has plotted for years to steal this and use it to thaw the icy wastes that lock his master's body in the ice pack. Unfortunately for him, the Hearth Fire was locked securely inside a set of three magical caskets, and only the king possessed the secret of opening them.

Two years ago he made a pact with the Steward of Glissom, Kilnded, a fellow servant of darkness.

Kilnded was ordered to slay his master and by his necromantic skill convince the people that the king was still alive but retired from private life.

This Kilnded has done, bringing back the rotting corpse of the king as a zombie every year, and by a feat of ventriloquism and cosmetic skill he has convinced the crowd that a living monarch moves about and addresses them from the balcony of the tower on the night of the Spring Festival. Kilnded originally intended to have the king open the caskets, but the king's knowledge died with him, and so Kilnded has had to puzzle out how to open them by himself. After two years he has finally succeeded, and the Hearth Fire may be taken.

Now Fengil has determined to send the legendary Hawks of Balor over the frozen mountains to steal the Hearth Fire from the tower, promising Kilnded the throne of the kingdom as reward for his help.

However, Fengil has no intention of keeping his own part of the bargain. Once he has the Hearth Fire he will release Balor, and the demon will sweep south through the fief, slaying Kilnded and all the other inhabitants of the city of Glissom, before establishing a new city of darkness in its conquered lands. The party has arrived in the city just before this plot is about to be hatched.

Part 1

The King's Tower

Introduction

This adventure assumes that the player-characters have spent time adventuring with Prince Doron in the past. The Games Master can provide this information as a *fait accompli*, or include Doron as an NPC in other adventures before this one, so that the players have a chance to roleplay out their relationship with him.

Doron is the only surviving male issue of King Durindar's brother. King Durindar is childless, which means that Doron is next in line to the throne of Glissom. Unfortunately he is a wandering adventurer with a hot temper. He spends more time roaming the lands outside Glissom than he does within it; while in town, he has spent as many hours in the local gaols as the most common drunk. The Steward Kilnded has frequently bailed him out.

He is unpopular with the Council of Elders, who favour Kilnded himself as the next ruler. Doron longs for the life of the adventurer in any case, and although relatively young in years he is the veteran of countless encounters in the inns and underworlds around Ellesland, which is how the player-characters came to meet him. Doron is not the most dependable fellow adventurer, being drunk much of the day if he has a chance to be, but he is fearless and unswervingly loyal to those who aid him.

DORON

6th-rank Knight

ATTACK 18, two-handed sword
(d10, 5), bow (d6, 4)

DEFENCE 12

MAGICAL DEFENCE 8

Health Points 16

Armour Factor 5

STEALTH 14

PERCEPTION 6

EVASION 5

Reflexes 13

Treasure: Although he is almost destitute in fiscal terms (he possesses a mere 10 florins) Doron has been wise enough to keep the fruits of his adventuring out of the hands of the pawnshop owners. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said for his once extensive estates and heirlooms, which have been frittered away in reckless games of chance or sold off to pay debts. In addition to his armour he has a quiver of enchanted arrows (+1), Potions of Dexterity and Strength, and an Evaporating Potion.

The following text is a general-purpose introduction to Glissom, intended for a group of characters who have only just arrived in Glissom and are about to be thrown into 'Prince of Darkness'. Feel free to adapt or paraphrase it for the events of your own game, or alternatively let the group play through part of it.

It is strange how events turn out. Often, for those who walk the path of adventure, things are not what they seem. The glint of fool's gold lures many to their doom, and yet the humblest-seeming hovel may hide a treasure worthy of a king.

A recent comrade-in-arms of yours, young Doron, was more than he appeared to be. This scruffy youth, hot-tempered and brave, was no mere fortune-seeking wanderer as he claimed, but a noble of the royal line, nephew to King Durindar of Glissom. Now that your travels have brought you to Glissom, he is home once more, and in recognition of your comradeship he has made you members of his household. Given his rough and rowdy ways, it is no surprise to learn that you are the only members...

Doron's uncle, an old, wise king, has now ruled Glissom for the past fifty years. King Durindar has ensured that his people have flourished and that the granaries are full to bursting after each harvest. Yet two years ago, on the night of the Spring Festival where the people pray for the coming season of growth, the king came before them on his balcony as is his custom and announced that from that night forward he would renounce affairs of state and become a hermit, occupying himself in prayer and fasting in the tower that stands in the north-western corner of the palace. He was too old, he said, for politics and statecraft. It was time to devote his life to higher things, for the good of the kingdom.

For the past two years the only person to have direct conversation with the reclusive king has been his Steward Kilnded, who has carried his food up to him in the tower and taken back down any official proclamations that the king has seen fit to make. The only two public appearances that Durindar has made have been from

his balcony at the Spring Festival. The third such festival is now at hand and the people of Glissom gather anxiously in their capital, awaiting the address of their king.

Doron has a tendency to get into trouble around feasting time, and Kilnded has often had to bail him out of the local cells where he lay in a drunken stupor. Now that he is back in the city, the Council fears that he will bring the royal line into disrepute once again. To keep him out of mischief, he and his retinue have been given the responsibility of guarding the King's Tower during the feasting. You will be paid 100 florins each for this task, with the unspoken understanding that you are to keep a watchful eye on Doron as well as on the King's Tower.

The Steward indicates that your responsibility is not only to guard the king, but also the sacred flame which, as legend has it, was blown here from Balor's smithy and which ensures the safety of the realm as long as it remains locked in the tower within its three enchanted caskets. Kilnded's face is deathly solemn as he recounts the old legend: it is said that if the Hearth Fire (as it is known) is ever returned to the north, then Balor will once more be released upon the world and will come to terrorize men.

By the look of it, everyone here takes this legend seriously, even Doron; for your part, you have heard many similar legends in the past. This is far from being the only threat of ultimate doom.

The steward instructs you to remain at the base of the tower. All the upstairs windows are traditionally barred for security, apart from that leading to the balcony on the first floor where the king will make his appearance. There is only one key to the single door at the base of the tower, and Kilnded himself has this.

At moonrise you and Doron arrive at your post. The guards who you are relieving cheer and slap you on the back as they pass by, heading straight for the hall and the sounds of exuberant revelry. Doron scowls but keeps to his assigned place.

A while later, you hear a click behind you as the door in the tower is swung open and Kilnded steps out, dressed in a white robe of office with a dagger and two scroll cases stuck in his belt. He locks the gate and turns to you, drawing one of the scrolls from his belt. You see the king's seal dangling from it.

In a voice charged with emotion, Kilnded tells you how it has been he and he alone who has served the king over the past years, while Doron gallivanted around the land seeking adventure, coming back to Glissom only



when it suited him. Finally, Kilnded's long service has been recognised. This very night the king has nominated him, Kilnded, as his heir in preference to his nephew.

Doron roars in protest and hammers on the locked door, bellowing for the king to come down explain himself. Kilnded's disgusted expression says without words that this kind of behaviour is exactly what has cost Doron his expected legacy. Doron looks to Kilnded with unbridled hate.

The player-characters can be allowed to intervene at this point. They may wish to calm Doron down or even to protect Kilnded if it seems Doron is about to attack him. Doron will not do so, but the Games Master should let the tension run high. When he can, Kilnded will make for the door:

Clutching the scroll, Kilnded strides across the square to announce the king's decision to the assembled Elders who are feasting in the Mead Hall before the king's speech.

Doron merely seethes silently to himself.

Moments later, there is a break in the music in the hall and you hear Kilnded's high, reedy voice reading out the message on the scroll. Even from across the square, the gasps of surprise are clearly audible, and then the Elders' cheers and applause ring out through the night. Even the guards seem to be joining in. Obviously, the great majority in Glissom find Kilnded a more savoury choice than Doron.

Suddenly the moonlight that has bathed the square since darkness fell is extinguished. Looking up, you see that the moon has been totally eclipsed. At the same time the applause falls silent, and an uneasy murmuring begins. Looking back to the hall, you see that all the lights there have vanished and everything is in pitch darkness. There is a movement in the sky and you can just make out huge hawk-like shapes wheeling above the tower.

In the next moment, two of these silhouettes detach themselves and swoop down on to the balcony while another two dive down towards you.

GM: These are the legendary and fearful Hawks of Balor, who have come to steal away the Hearth Fire and the body of the king from the tower. Anyone firing missile weapons must make an adjustment of 9 to their roll because of the poor light and their rapid movement. There are six birds in all and their stats are given below. The party will encounter any surviving hawks outside the city of Nem (see page 73).

HAWKS OF BALOR

Rank-equivalent: 7th

ATTACK 18, claws (d6, 4 and see below)

DEFENCE 15

MAGICAL DEFENCE 10

Movement: 130m (flight)

Health Points:

Attacking party

Hawk 1 Hawk 2

17 16

Attacking tower

Hawk 3 Hawk 4

14 9

Armour Factor 1 (feathers etc.)

EVASION 8

PERCEPTION 19

Reflexes 16

Remaining airborne

Hawk 5 Hawk 6

17 21

The hawks will either attempt to clutch their opponents in their claws or merely strike at them as they pass. Make a normal ATTACK Roll vs. DEFENCE. If the number rolled is less than half the required roll, then the hawk has attempted to clutch its victim with an attack SPEED of 12 which the victim must evade. If they fail to evade, they have been clutched. The birds can only rise very slowly when they have a victim clutched in this manner. If they lose more than half of their Health Points, they must release anyone they are holding immediately. When carrying a victim, the birds rise at 6m per round.

As the hawks fly off, you notice that one of them carries a glowing brand in its beak and another a limp human body. They disappear into the darkness of the night in seconds. The moon comes out of eclipse and you can see around yourselves in the square once more.

Kilnded and the entire populace assembled in the hall come hurrying out of the doorway. Although some of the servants attempt to light lamps, to their great consternation, none of them seems to be able to strike a spark. Kilnded has brought along two thick, heavyset Barbarians, along with ten tough-looking men-at-arms who you have seen guarding his quarters during the day.

GM: See page 35 for the stats of Phon, Mut and the men-at-arms. The reason why no lights can be lit is because Kilnded, who is a Darkness Elementalist, has cast his *Extinguish* spell. He has also cast the *Eclipse* spell and this has obscured the moon during the moments of the attack.

An observant member of the party may also notice that both of the scrolls that he had at his belt are now missing. This will only be apparent if the party member states that they are specifically looking at Kilnded's belt.

From now on, Kilnded will always be well guarded by a number of men-at-arms and also by his two Barbarian bodyguards—if they survive the task that Kilnded is about to give them, that is. (See

below for this.) All the Council of Elders support Kilnded and will not denounce him unless they have total proof of his guilt in the plot or if Kilnded and all his bodyguards are slain.

Kilnded unlocks the door and rushes up the stone staircase of the tower. From the positions taken up by the guards and the expressions on their faces, it is clear that the onus of suspicion is on you and Doron. All the men-at-arms and the two Barbarian guards have their weapons out, though they are not trained on you... yet.

GM: Kilnded will now go through the motions of investigating the scene. This will take approximately five minutes. The player-characters may use this time to make cursory inspections of their surroundings, or they may even initiate an attack on Kilnded and his cronies. If they attempt to explore the tower, the men-at-arms and barbarians will not stop them, though they will follow. (Stats for these NPCs are given on page 35).

The King's Tower

1. Ground Floor

This is an empty circular room that gives access on to the main square through a stout oaken door and up a steep flight of stairs to the first floor. The dust on the floor does not seem to have been disturbed for a long time, apart from in the narrow path between the door and the foot of the staircase.

2. First Floor

A library takes up the whole floor. None of the books seem to have opened, or even removed from the shelves in years, apart from a couple. The first is a genealogical survey of King Durindar's family. There is a marker in this book where there is an entry on Prince Fengil. The other is a book of myths and legends concerning the Lost City of Nem, the seat of Balor, Prince of Darkness. All the other books are covered in a thick layer of dust.

(The two books above have been the only two that Kilnded has consulted during the long hours he has had to stay in the tower pretending to be consulting with the king and attempting to open the

caskets.) There is another flight of stone stairs up to the next floor.

3. Second Floor

This is the floor from which Durindar made his appearances before the public at the Spring Festival. Two doors, now smashed, lean open into the room, revealing the wooden balcony overlooking the square outside. There is a faint smell of rotting substances in the room, particularly from behind a door leading to the king's private bedchamber.

In the centre of the room stands a wooden throne looking out over the balcony. A scattering of sable feathers surrounds it. The feathers are not those of any ordinary bird but are three times the normal size. They also reek of sulphur. There is a box full of cosmetics lying smashed near the throne. In it, the party will find a quantity of heavy white powder and some strong perfumes. (These were used by Kilnded to obscure the effects of rotting on the body and face of the king at his annual appearances.)

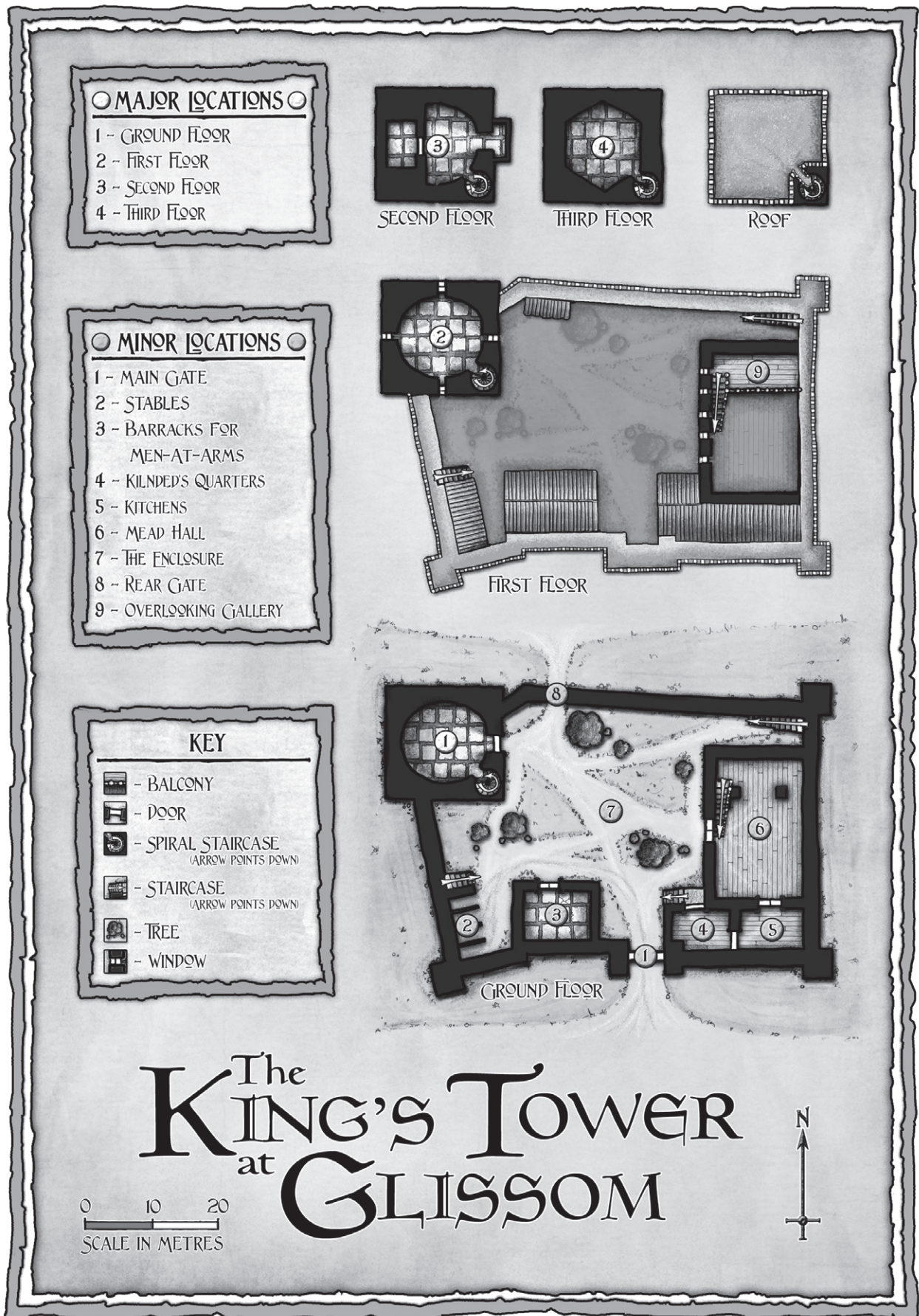
The door at the back of the room leads to the king's bedroom. The smell of rot is stronger here. A quick inspection of the chests and cupboards will reveal scraps of rotting foodstuffs hidden away. (Kilnded usually eats the king's meals himself, but cannot always finish them, especially if he has eaten already, so he has to hide some fragments away to avoid suspicion.)

4. Third Floor

A set of stairs leads to a room where the sacred Hearth Fire once burned. Now there is no sign of it, and three empty iron caskets lie open on the floor. A few lazy wisps of smoke still hang in the recesses of the room. Examination reveals that the three caskets were not smashed or forced, but opened according to the proper technique. (Kilnded, of course, opened them himself earlier this evening.)

More of the black plumage that was found on the floor below will be discovered here. There is one flight of stairs leading up to the empty top of the tower. This has a low parapet around it. Anyone standing up here will notice that a bitter north wind has suddenly blown up and is whipping up the dust in the square below, where the torches and the fires seem to burn only fitfully.

The party will not have long in the tower before they are summoned to the Council of Elders.



The Council of Elders

Doron, and you along with him, are summoned in front of the Council of Elders, now gathered in the Mead Hall. Kilnded doesn't waste any time in condemning Doron for his negligence in guarding the king, who is presumed killed, swept up in the claws of one of the giant hawks, and on the loss of the Hearth Fire which has also disappeared. The opening of the caskets is a matter of the gravest concern. He stops short of calling Doron an outright traitor, yet you feel that all present are thinking the same thing; who but the king's nephew would be able to open the king's magical locks?

There is no evidence to prove complicity, so Doron does not stand accused of treason. However, he was charged with a duty, and he has failed in it. The Hearth Fire must be recovered, and the body of Durindar must be interred with full honour in Glissom, to lie alongside the kings of yore. With the agreement of the Council of Elders, Kilnded has decided to set Doron the task of venturing forth and returning with the body of the king and with the Hearth Fire. If he can succeed in this, he shall restore both his honour and a part of his inheritance.

To help towards this end, Kilnded is sending along his two personal bodyguards, Phon and Mut. They are under strict orders to assist you in every way.

A full-scale battle may develop at this stage between Kilnded and his followers on the one side and the party and Doron on the other, if the party have already enough evidence to suspect him. If they return to Glissom at any stage later in the adventure but do not have enough evidence to prove Kilnded's guilt, they will have to fight all of Kilnded's henchmen. If, on the other hand, they do have conclusive evidence—Kilnded's letter to Fengil, for example (see p. 45)—then all Kilnded's supporters will desert him and he will have to fight the party alone.

Even if the party do prove Kilnded's guilt before setting out, the Council of Elders will still beg them (and the now-vindicated Doron) to undertake the mission. The Hearth Fire is said to have the heat to thaw Balor, Prince of Darkness, from the ice pack that covers the Lost City of Nem, and they believe that it was there that the birds were flying. They will pay the party 100,000 florins from the royal treasury for successfully bringing back the fire.

The Emissary: If Kilnded is still alive and Doron and the party agree to take the mission, Kilnded

quickly dispatches an emissary while the party are preparing to leave. (If they want to leave right this minute, Phon and Mut delay them for a few crucial minutes by fetching supplies for the road.) The party may run into the emissary in the village of Mimir (see page 45). He bears a warning message for Fengil, telling him that Doron is on his way, and encouraging Fengil to slay him.

KILNDED

STEWARD OF THE KINGDOM OF GLISSOM

(10th-rank Darkness Elementalist; minor elements fire and earth)

ATTACK 17*, magical dagger (d4 +3, 6)	Armour Factor 2 (leather armour under cloak)
DEFENCE 11*	EVASION 5
MAGICAL ATTACK 23	STEALTH 15
MAGICAL DEFENCE 14	PERCEPTION 10
Magic Points 30/10/10	Reflexes 14
Health Points 14	

Treasure: +3 magical dagger; Ring of Agonising Doom (7 charges); Lithon Potion; Potion of Night Vision; Potion of Strength

Treasure kept in strongbox in personal quarters
Auric Pendulum; 150 florins

In addition to the above, Kilnded has the keys to the City Treasury, for which assume a Grand Treasure Hoard (see the *Dragon Warriors* rulebook, p. 131).

For years Kilnded has hidden his devotion to Balor, Prince of Darkness. Using his position of power with the king, he killed Durindar two years ago. Since then he has brought his liege back to life using his necromantic powers.

Kilnded is much respected by Glissom's Council of Elders, and is their preferred candidate for the next king as they distrust the king's malcontent, hotheaded nephew, Doron. Kilnded believes that Fengil will arrive from the north soon after the hawks have stolen the sacred Hearth Fire from the tower, bringing with him their mutual master, Balor, to rule the southern lands once more. He doesn't realize he is merely a pawn in Fengil's game and that he will be swept aside come Balor's appearance.

The GM must assume that some or all of the following guards are in attendance on Kilnded. If in doubt, consult the table provided below to see who is accompanying Kilnded at any given time:

Midnight to moon-rise or -set: Kilnded is absolutely alone on the roof of his quarters.

The rest of the night: Kilnded is alone in his chambers.

One Barbarian guard waits outside his door; two men-at-arms patrol outside his chamber window.

Dawn to midday: Kilnded is accompanied by all his men-at-arms and by the two Barbarians, Phon and Mut.

Midday to afternoon: Kilnded rides out of the town, accompanied only by the two Barbarians.

Afternoon, evening to midnight: Kilnded reads alone in his study, with two men-at-arms outside the study door and two more patrolling the grounds outside his window.

BARBARIAN GUARDS

PHON

7th-rank Barbarian

ATTACK 21, battleaxe (d8 +1, 6), Armour Factor 4
bow (d6, 4) Reflexes 13

DEFENCE 12 EVASION 6

MAGICAL DEFENCE 9 STEALTH 16

Health Points 19 PERCEPTION 8

Treasure: 150 florins, a Stone of Valiance (see the rulebook, p. 142)

MUT

8th-rank Barbarian

ATTACK 22, two-handed sword Armour Factor 4
(d10 +1, 5), crossbow (d10, 4) Reflexes 9

DEFENCE 13 EVASION 6

MAGICAL DEFENCE 10 STEALTH 16

Health Points 20 PERCEPTION 8

Treasure: 350 florins, Phlogiston Potion, Potion of Dexterity

Phon and Mut are the Barbarian hirelings of Kilnded. The steward buys their loyalty with high wages, and they are willing to carry out his wishes so long as these will not obviously lead to their own deaths.

They will be charged to accompany the party to Chang's inn in the first stage of the journey to the north, and there abandon them to the mercies of the vampire Chang.

MEN-AT-ARMS

There are various ranks of men-at-arms guarding Kilnded. These are Knights and all of them wear chainmail armour, with an Armour Factor of 4, carry two-handed swords (d10, 5) and have bows (d6, 4).

MAN-AT-ARMS 1

5th-rank Knight

ATTACK 17

DEFENCE 11

MAGICAL DEFENCE 7

REFLEXES 14

EVASION 5

Health Points 15

MAN-AT-ARMS 2

3rd-rank Knight

ATTACK 15

DEFENCE 9

MAGICAL DEFENCE 5

Reflexes 7

EVASION 4

Health Points 13

MAN-AT-ARMS 3

3rd-rank Knight

ATTACK 15

DEFENCE 9

MAGICAL DEFENCE 5

Reflexes 11

EVASION 4

Health Points 13

MAN-AT-ARMS 4

2nd-rank Knight

ATTACK 14

DEFENCE 8

MAGICAL DEFENCE 4

Reflexes 12

EVASION 4

Health Points 12

MAN-AT-ARMS 5

2nd-rank Knight

ATTACK 14

DEFENCE 8

MAGICAL DEFENCE 4

Reflexes 6

EVASION 4

Health Points 12

MEN-AT-ARMS 6-12

1st-rank Knights

ATTACK 13

DEFENCE 7

MAGICAL DEFENCE 3

Health Points:

No. 6	No. 7	No. 8	No. 9	No. 10	No. 11	No. 12
11	11	11	11	11	11	11

Reflexes 10

EVASION 4

Part 2

The Inn of Chang

YOU RIDE OUT of Glissom into the increasingly bitter wind that has begun to blow from the north. Nothing passes you or crosses your path. You ride hard into the wind for hours. The cold creeps through your outer clothing and begins to gnaw at your bones.

At around ten o'clock, it comes as something of a relief when the two Barbarians see a signpost to an inn up ahead, and suggest you turn off the road down the track indicated. They swing their horses off the main road that you have been following and canter down the track. Doron looks as if he would like nothing more in the world than a warm fire and a drink right now, and spurs his horse after them.

GM: Phon and Mut will use everything in their power to get the party to accompany them, as they

have been briefed to ensure that the PCs and Doron are all dead by the morning. They know the nature of the inn and have taken Chang's coin in the past.

You see a low building in front of you, with stone walls and a thatch roof. Outside creaks an inn sign, and a blaze of warm light shines from the front door on to the wooden veranda that completely surrounds the main building. In the light stands an old man, his body stooped, holding his hands up to his eyes to view your approach. This must be the innkeeper. He steps forward, gesturing for you to enter the inn.

Chang will take the horses to the stables while the party members make themselves comfortable indoors.



There is a vat of stew bubbling at the centre of the large common room you have entered. Next to it stand pitchers full of ale. The old man re-enters and introduces himself with a bow as Chang the Innkeeper. He negotiates a fee with you of one florin for food, and two florins for a room. There are four bedrooms upstairs, and as it happens, all of them are unoccupied tonight. He does not seem happy at having barbarians under his roof, but you get the impression that with the inn empty, any trade is good trade right now.

GM: The food and the drink are drugged. Anyone eating or drinking must roll under their Strength on 4d6 or fall into a deep sleep within the next 1d20 minutes. They will remain asleep for d6 hours. Chang, who is immune to the drug (see below), will ostentatiously sip the ale in front of the party, in the hope of allaying any suspicions they may have. Phon and Mut seem reluctant to eat, claiming that they ate their fill at the feast before the attack earlier on in the evening. They will retire immediately to one of the upstairs rooms (number 6 on the map) and the party will have to determine amongst themselves how they split themselves up between the remaining three rooms.

One of the unusual features of the rooms is that they have two keyholes. The key that Chang gives to each occupant only locks one of these. If Chang is questioned, he will simply reply that his predecessor lost all the keys to the rooms, so he had to replace them when he took over running the place. There is an 8-metre drop outside all the windows. Anyone who tries his door half an hour after retiring will discover that someone has locked it from the outside. Each room is fitted with a four-poster bed, chairs, tables and a pitcher of water. There is also an empty fireplace and a chimney flue.

Chang is a vampire (see the *Dragon Warriors Bestiary*, page 84), feeding off the victims that ne'er-do-wells like Phon and Mut bring him.

CHANG

10th-rank Vampire

ATTACK 25, two-handed sword (d10 +2, 5)

DEFENCE 19

MAGICAL DEFENCE 13

Health Points 31

AF 0

Reflexes 15

EVASION 8

STEALTH 17

PERCEPTION 12

Treasure: All of Chang's treasure is hidden in a secret alcove in the study (see below): the only interesting items he has are a number of keys on a ring. These keys will fit the second locks on all the doors to the bedrooms.

The night at the inn will be eventful, unless of course everyone in the party succumbed to the drugged food and ale, in which case no one will wake up again! The party will be shown to their rooms at one o'clock. The following is an hour-by-hour account of what will happen next.

- 1.00 AM: Anyone still awake will hear a heavy creak on the staircase leading downstairs.
- 2.00 AM: Chang will attempt to delay one member of the party in conversation until all the others have retired. He will then try to get them through to the kitchen, indicating that they should sit in the booby-trapped chair at the centre of the room (see room 3 below).
- 3.00 AM: The bed in room 7 will drop through the floor to room 2 where the vampire is waiting to attack anyone in it.
- 4.00 AM: The vampire will deal with the rest of the party, killing any drugged members in their sleep. He will come up through the fireplaces in their rooms as mist, or under the doors.
- 6.00 AM: The vampire will have to return to his coffin, as it is nearly dawn.

Inn Room Plan

1. Entrance hall/Parlour

This room is the one in which Chang will entertain the party when they first enter the inn. A fire burns in one corner of it. It is furnished with plain wooden tables and benches.

2. The Study

This room is lined with dusty books, none of which are of any but the smallest interest or value. The centre of the room has been cleared of furniture for some reason.

Anyone looking very closely at the floor in this area may notice a small amount of dried blood soaked into the threadbare carpet. One of the bookcases is false, and if opened will reveal the lever by which the bed in room 7 is lowered through the roof. Anyone looking up at the ceiling will discern hairline cracks forming a rectangle just over the cleared area. For the full description of the bed mechanism, see room 7. The alcove also contains Chang's treasure cache. Many of the items listed are unsuitable for his own use, so he leaves them stored here.

MAJOR LOCATIONS

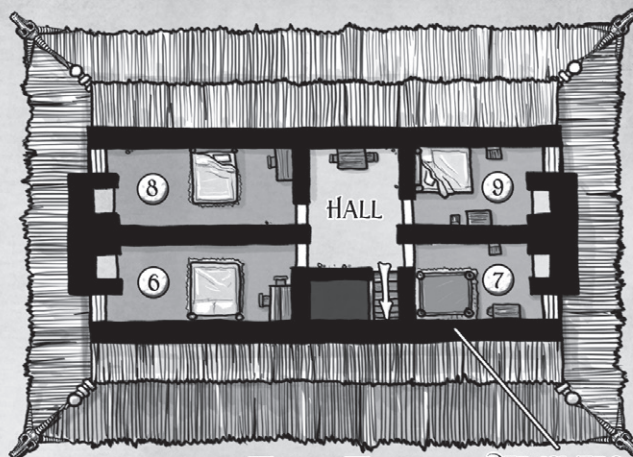
- 1 - ENTRANCE HALL / PARLOUR
- 2 - THE STUDY
- 3 - THE KITCHEN
- 4 - THE DINING ROOM
- 5 - BATHROOM / BASE OF THE STAIRCASE
- 6 - BEDROOM NO. 1
- 7 - BEDROOM NO. 2
- 8 - BEDROOM NO. 3
- 9 - BEDROOM NO. 4
- 10 - THE CELLAR

ALL ARROWS
POINT DOWN
STAIRS

TRAPDOOR
DOWN TO 10

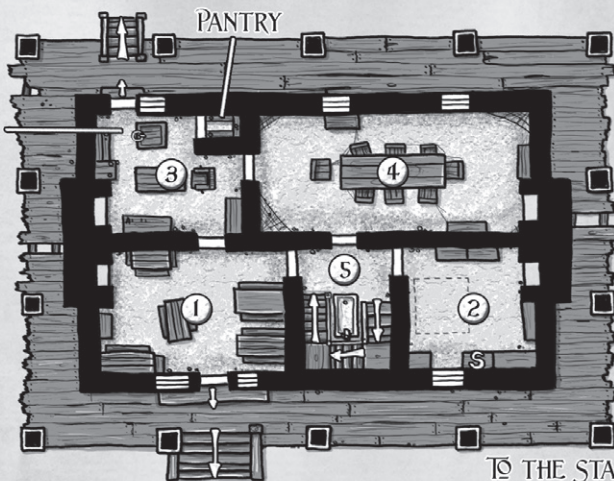
KEY

-  - DOOR
-  - EMPTY BARREL
-  - SECRET PANEL
-  - SUPPORT COLUMN
-  - STAIRS
-  - TRAPDOOR
-  - WINDOW



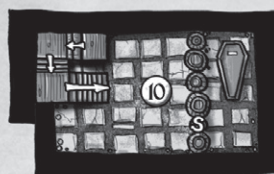
FIRST FLOOR

BED LOWERS
TO 2



GROUND FLOOR

TO THE STABLES
→



CELLAR



0 5 10
SCALE IN METRES

The
INN
of
CHANG

Plate armour +1 magic (Such armour worn by an innkeeper would certainly arouse the suspicions of the party, but Chang may attempt to put it on once his disguise is uncovered.)

Theriac potion

Potion of Strength

350 florins

3. The Kitchen

A small pantry leads off to one side of the kitchen. There is one outside door, which is locked, and a trapdoor set into the floor covered by some threadbare rugs. This leads down to the cellar (see room 10).

There is a large table at the centre of the room, with a heavy chair set at its end with two armrests. This is the chair that Chang will invite any guest to sit in if he is alone with them in the kitchen. The minute that they sit they will activate a pressure pad at the bottom of the seat and strong iron hoops will spring out of the arms, enclosing the character's arms (unless of course he specifically said he was holding his arms up from them). In turn, the chair is bolted to the floor so that characters cannot drag it with them in an attempt to escape. Only characters with a Strength above 15 have a chance of breaking the iron bars holding their hands: they will have a 10% chance for every point of Strength above 15.

Chang will attempt to dispatch anyone in the chair as quickly and silently as possible. To this end the room has been soundproofed and, with the door closed, only characters in the room immediately above it (room 8) will hear the struggle, no matter how loudly the victim screams. The vampire will not drink their blood at this stage for fear of being interrupted, and instead will drag its victim down to its lair behind the wine barrels in the cellar below (see room 10). It will then pull the carpet back over the trapdoor.

The pantry is absolutely bare of provisions apart from a few flagons of drugged ale, which will have the same effect as the ale that Chang gives the party on entering the inn.

4. The Dining Room

This is empty and cobweb-festooned. A dusty table stands at its centre. Anyone looking closely at it will notice a roughly human-shaped form outlined in the dust on top of it. A few flecks of dry blood will be found just where the form's neck would have been.

(Chang enjoyed one of his victims on this table.)

5. Bathroom/ Base of the Staircase

There is a primitive wash place at the foot of the staircase. The pump, which draws water from the stream below, has been completely entangled with wire wound around the handle and shaft, and it will take a few Rounds to unravel it. The vampire fears that someone pumping up water from below may keep him at bay, as he cannot cross running water. (If anyone asks, he will claim that the water has been running foul of late, and so he cannot allow his valued customers to use the pump.) The staircase leads up to the hall connecting the upstairs bedrooms.

6. Bedroom 1

This is the bedroom that Phon and Mut were meant to occupy during the night. However, they will depart at 2.00 AM (having concluded their bargain with Chang) and will take the party's horses with them to boot. Unless the party can prevent them, they will make their way back to Glissom.

7. Bedroom 2

The four-poster bed will sink through the floor at 3.00 AM. A d20 roll under the character's Reflexes indicates that the sinking movement wakes him up. Chang will be waiting in the study.

8. Bedroom 3

The occupant of this room may hear the struggle in the kitchen if Chang lures anyone into his chair trap (see room 3). The room is otherwise a standard one.

9. Bedroom 4

This is a standard bedroom (layout as shown on the map).

10. The Cellar

A set of rough wooden steps leads down to the cool flagstones of the cellar. Ancient hams hang here from savage-looking metal hooks. There is a line of wine barrels stacked to the ceiling along the eastern wall. All of these are full, apart from one that is a

false door giving on to the small hideaway behind the barrels. Chang's coffin can be found here. Any dead members of the party will be found hanging from one of the meat hooks in this room.

Aftermath

Assuming that Phon and Mut have made a safe getaway, the party will now find themselves without

horses, and they may continue to be without them for the rest of the adventure, as purchasable horses are a scarce commodity in this part of the country, apart from at the Beast Market (p. 16). They will have one of two viable options: they may either return to Glissom, where they will almost certainly be driven out by Kilnded's men-at-arms, or they may continue to the north on foot, hoping to recover the Hearth Fire and the body of the king.

Part 3

The Siren Woods

GM: The party journeys northwards through dangerous, elf-inhabited woods, hot on the heels of the messenger that Kilnded has sent north to Fengil. They will eventually catch him up at the village of Mimir at the foot of the Brack Mountains, but in the meantime they have enough to worry about with the enchanted elven woods.

At dawn, the player-characters discover a clear set of hoof prints in the mud outside the inn, heading north. Obviously, someone is trying to ride on ahead of them. If Phon and Mut have escaped with the horses, then a medley of hoof prints on the road to the south marks their passage.

Assuming the party opts to continue north, rather than return to Glissom:

You rejoin the main road leading north. In the distance you can see the snow-capped peaks of the Brack Mountains, looming high in the sky like a frozen tidal wave.

GM: Roll once on the Open Country Encounter Table on p. 11 of the *Dragon Warriors Bestiary*, and play through the encounter before reading on.

You travel on for twenty-five miles and enter a village just as it grows dark. Over a small river you can see a vast beech forest, newly in leaf and spreading away to the foot of the Brack Mountains. A lively sound of merriment comes from the local inn, the Silver Stag.

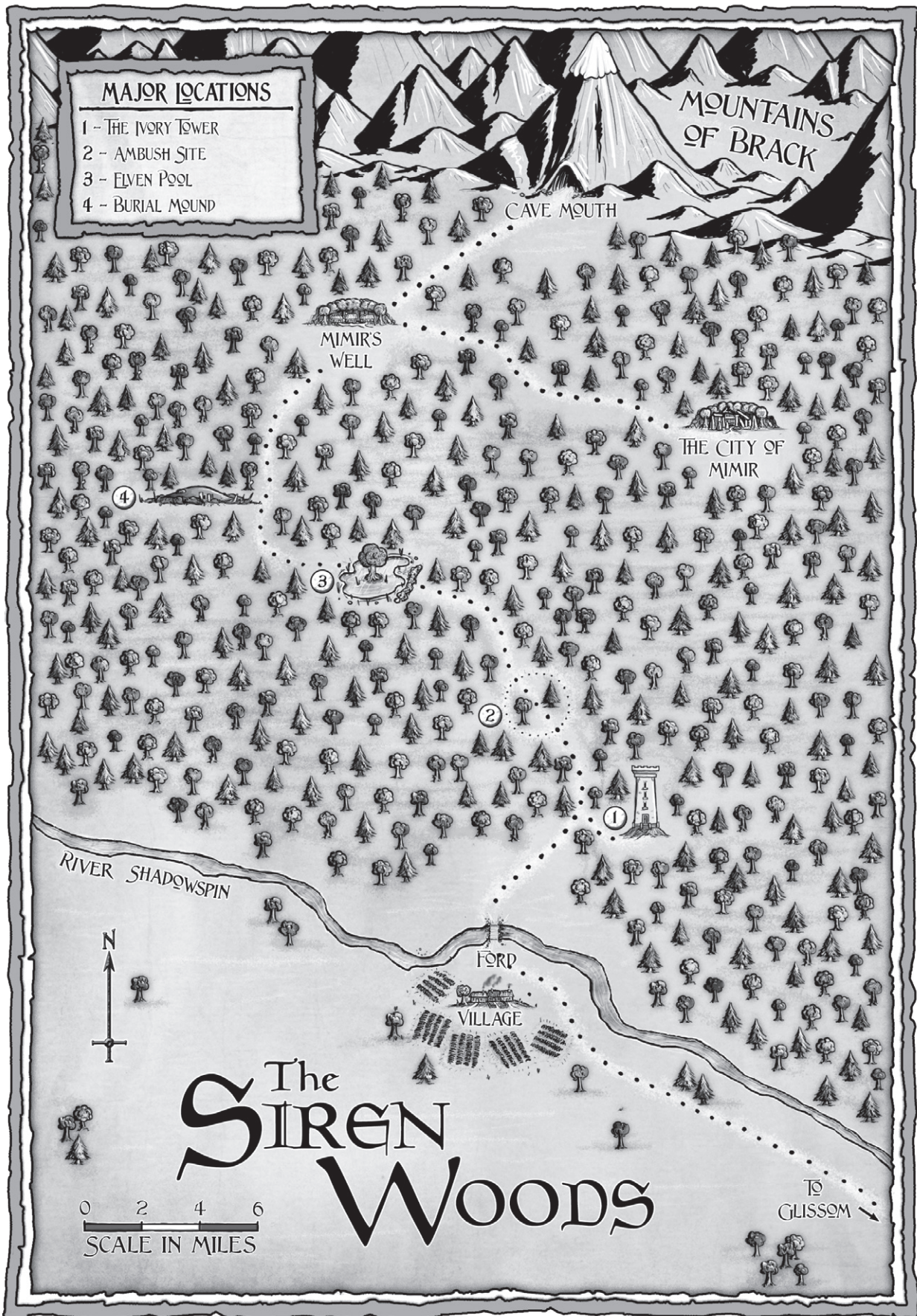
Assuming the player-characters enter:

The landlord of the inn greets you courteously. Looking around, you surmise that it is filled with a cheery folk who offer no threat to you or your party. The landlord is jovial and talkative as he serves you. "Heading north, are we? Curious, it is. Most folks don't try to pass that way, and yet today it seems everyone wants to."

If they press him for more information, he is happy to provide it:

"This very noon, a rider passed that way clad in black astride a foaming mount. He stopped neither for food nor drink, but rode straight on over yonder ford, the fires of hell behind him it would seem. We called out to him, warnin' him 'gainst the woods, for 'tis a place of the devil's enchantment, sirs, where the elf folk make mockery with the souls o' men. Yet we shouted at nothing but a cloud o' dust, for horse and rider were gone, into the forest. Now since you have stopped for counsel, hear me, for none that set feet into that forest are seen alive again. If it be honest work you seek, there be plenty in the fields hereabouts. If you should have to travel in the woods, do not leave the path, however faint it becomes, for no mortal danger will befall you if you stay upon it."

The player-characters can stock up on provisions here and take a peaceful night's rest in the inn. If



they set off for the woods, they notice that none of the villagers offers to be their guide.

GM: The woods are inhabited by a race of elves who will attempt to lure unwary travellers off the track, which passes from the village to the mountains. Travellers who do not leave the track will not have any difficulty in reaching their destination. Characters who do stray will be attacked by a war party of Elves, the stats of whom are given in the Encounter Section below.

1. The Ivory Tower

About a mile into the forest you see a shimmering white tower to your right through the trees. A path leads off towards it. There is no one visible anywhere nearby. You can see an arched entrance at its base.

GM: The tower is a magical trap, created by the elves to fuddle human treasure-seekers. The first person passing through the entrance will find a spiral staircase leading upwards. The further the tower is ascended the more it will shrink in size, along with anyone climbing up its stairs. This shrinking will not be noticeable to the character or characters, as their size diminishes in strict proportion to the size of the stairs.

Characters waiting outside will notice the arch getting smaller, the walls shrinking and the top of the tower apparently getting lower. The tower will eventually reduce to about 1 metre in height. Anyone still ascending it at this time will experience a feeling of vertigo as the tower seems to spin around him or her, and they will suddenly find themselves at the top of the tower where there is a bonded wooden chest. If they open this they will discover that it contains a magnificent jewel-pommel sword (this is a two-handed, +2 magical sword).

Returning to the base of the tower they will be puzzled to discover that the steps now seem to be monstrously large and that they have to climb down them. When they emerge they will discover that, relative to their comrades, they are now only a tenth of their normal size! Characters on the outside of the tower when it begins to shrink will be able to yell out warnings to anyone climbing it. When the tower has reached its minimum size they will see it suddenly spin round rapidly and shoot up to its

original size. Anyone leaving the tower before it reaches its smallest size will not themselves be made smaller. The sword is also the size of the character who has reached the top and is therefore useless.

To overcome the effect of the shrinking (which is not durational), a *Dispel Magic* spell of 7 Magic Points must be cast on the victim. The sword will then become a normal +2 two-handed sword, as opposed to the toothpick it now is. Reduce the shrunken character's stats by 90% until he is restored to normality. The characters will be able to return to the track without any further encounters.

2. An Ambush

A few miles after the tower, there is a sudden hissing sound in the air and a volley of darts fly over your heads, narrowly missing you. You see a group of lithe, tall folk dressed in green moving away through the trees. Evidently they are the ones who have just shot at you.

GM: If anyone pursues the Elves, they will run into a thick cobweb of invisible elven strands that will hold them fast until they can roll under their Strength on 2d10. If they succeed in doing this, they have broken free. While they are stuck, a volley of 10 darts will be fired, this time directly at them. The darts are d6, 2, but most importantly they are tipped with a hallucinogenic drug. Treat this as a weak poison if 1 or 2 darts penetrate, a medium poison if 3 or 4 penetrate, and a strong poison if 5 or more penetrate.

As well as poisoning its victim, the drug may have mind-twisting effects. Roll once on a d6 if the victim does not save against its MAGICAL ATTACK of 17:

1. The character will be instantly and irreversibly attracted to the next person of the opposite sex they meet. They will follow them with passionate devotion even if this means leaving the rest of the party.
2. The next creature the party encounter (be it an Elf, another human or even a cow) the victim will believe to be a Basilisk. They will not be able to look directly at it, for fear of being turned to stone. In combat this will effectively lower their ATTACK factor by 2.
3. The character will experience recurrent fits of vertigo and will fling himself to the ground on a roll of 1 on a d10 when not sitting or lying down. Roll every minute.
4. The character will fall into an instant slumber from which he will not be able to be aroused. He will



remain asleep for 2 whole days and when he awakens he will not be able to recall any events that have occurred in the past year.

- 5-6. The character affected will believe that all his comrades are enemies and will attack them, fighting to the death if necessary. This last effect is durational and subject to a normal Spell Expiry Roll. The others can only be alleviated by a *Dispel Magic* spell.

There are four members of the Elven war-party:

SORCERER

6th rank

ATTACK 8, blowpipe (d6, 2), Armour Factor 2
shortsword (d8, 3) Reflexes 17

DEFENCE 8 EVASION 6

MAGICAL ATTACK 21 Magic Points 23

MAGICAL DEFENCE 11 Health Points 10

Treasure: Two potions of the drug that is daubed on to the bow darts. For effects, see above. There are twelve applications in all.

THREE ELVEN WARRIORS

5th rank

ATTACK 18, blowpipe (d6, 2), Armour Factor 2
shortsword (d8, 3) Reflexes: all 15

DEFENCE 13 EVASION 7

MAGICAL DEFENCE 8

Health Points: No.1: 13 No.2: 13 No.3: 12

The only way the party will catch up with the Elves is by bringing down one of their number, whether by spell-casting or missile weapons. Make an adjustment of 7 to any roll for missile weapons, as they are well camouflaged and are moving rapidly. The remaining Elves will rally around any of their number that is wounded but will attempt to avoid further conflict if possible.

3. Elven Pools

Five miles further down the track you enter a green dell, its grassy sward dotted with coloured flowers. Birds sing from the trees and a feeling of intense peace settles over you. In the centre of the dell you see a pool just off the track. A bower of honeysuckle and climbing roses separates it from you. Carvorting in the pool is a group of scantily clad women and men, all of them beautiful and all in the prime of health. They call out merrily to you and point to a tree at the centre of the pool. It bears a number of golden apples along its boughs. They throw you the golden apples and invite you to come and pick some more.

GM: The apples will retard the process of aging. If a character eats one each day he will not grow old.

The character must pass through the bower to get the apples. The bower is a potent magical trap. It has a MAGICAL ATTACK of 10; anyone failing to save against this will immediately suffer the effects of ageing. Halve their current ATTACK, DEFENCE and Health Points. Their hair will drop out, and their Looks will drop to 5. It will take 1d12 months for the effects to wear off. This will not happen if they have eaten an apple prior to entering the bower, in which case they will be able to pass through it safely. The young people will disappear as they do so and the character will be free to pick the 100 apples hanging on the boughs. Each of these apples is worth 1 crown each, because of its magical properties. Don't forget the encumbrance problems anyone carrying this amount of apples is going to have.

If the characters decide to skirt the bower and head straight for the pool, the beautiful young people will suddenly turn into Ghouls and lurch out of the now slimy, stinking mire, clutching weapons concealed under the surface of the water. The tree will wither and die in a matter of seconds and they will see a host of worms crawling on its branches.

GHOULS

Rank-equivalent: 6th

ATTACK 17 (weapons: see below) Armour Factor 0

DEFENCE 9 Reflexes 10

MAGICAL DEFENCE 7 EVASION 4

Number	Weapons	Health points
No. 1	Sword (d8,4)	11
No. 2	Dagger (d4,3)	11
No. 3	Staff (d6,3)	14
No. 4	Dagger (d4,3)	14
No. 5	Mace (d6,4)	15
No. 6	Staff (d6,3)	12

Any character of 3rd rank or less in the party must roll their Intelligence or less on 2d10 or flee for 1d20 Rounds.

4. A Burial Mound

A couple of miles further on to the north, you see a low burial mound to your left in the shrubs and bushes.

GM: This is the burial mound of an ancient king of the Elves, who lies just below the ground waiting to rise up as a Revenant and attack any intruders. If

anyone approaches to within a metre of the mound, he will suddenly burst through the thin layer of grass and earth covering him and lunge towards the party. They will be able to see a green-faced, humanoid creature with white flowing hair and long claw-like nails, dressed in verdigris-stained armour of an antique fashion and swinging at them wildly with a halberd. Just then, a thick mist will rise from the ground all around the mound, completely blocking out the horrid sight.

Characters fighting the Revenant must do so as if blind (−4 from ATTACK and −8 from DEFENCE). Anyone who steps out of mêlée and back on to the path will find that they can no longer see or hear their comrades and that all they can see of the mound is a tranquil hump of grass. This is, of course, an illusion and the scene of battle will return to them once they have disbelieved it.

REVENANT

ATTACK 26, halberd (d10 +2, 7)	Armour Factor 4 (ancient hauberk)
DEFENCE 19	EVASION 6
MAGICAL DEFENCE 15	STEALTH 16
Health Points 28	PERCEPTION 17
	Reflexes 14

The Revenant is the corpse of a long-dead warrior king, buried in ceremonial armour but too defensive of his territory to lie quietly under the earth. It can only be dispersed forever by being ‘killed’ in combat. If this happens its body will disappear in a cloud of greenish gas. The treasure hoard of this mound can be reached after three hours of backbreaking excavation.

The party will discover a pile of yellow bones still clad in the same verdigris-stained armour they saw on the Revenant. Next to it lies a mould-covered crown inlaid with gold runes, and a black ivory staff has been buried alongside. The Crown will absorb the first offensive spell cast against its wearer each day. Thereafter it will be of no use until dawn on the following day. The staff is charged with the *Burden* spell: it will ‘cast’ this spell if it is banged on a solid piece of ground. Like the crown, it will only operate once a day.

Mimir’s Well

A number of fey, blond-haired people, with a distant resemblance to the Elves of the forest, inhabit this village. They dress in white and are essentially peaceful folk with no use for weapons. Kilnded’s

Emissary arrived at the village a few hours ago and is trying to extract information from them. He has penned all the villagers into the Moot Hall, where he is applying hot coals to the soles of the Village Elder’s feet. Fortunately, the Elder is an Air Elemental of the 2nd Rank and is using his *Stargaze* ability to ignore the pain in his feet. The Emissary is now growing extremely impatient to learn the location of the secret passage through the mountains. This is a secret known only to the villagers, who hold the passage in religious awe.

The Emissary’s warhorse will spot anyone approaching the village openly. The beast will let out a warning snort, which its master will hear.

You can now see the snow-covered, purple Mountains of Brack rising up in front of you through the trees. The sides of the mountains seem extremely steep and no pass is visible. You also notice a wisp of smoke rising up from a settlement of wattle-and-thatch houses at the end of the path you are following. As you draw closer, you see a village-size settlement with a large Moot Hall set next to a well at its centre. A black warhorse grazes off to one side of the village. Apart from the horse, there is not one living being in sight. The wisp of smoke is coming from the chimney of the Moot Hall.

GM: If the warhorse has spotted the party, the Emissary will be waiting to ambush them with his crossbow as they approach the hall.

THE EMISSARY

7th-rank Knight of Darkness	
ATTACK 20, crossbow (d10, 4), two-handed sword (d10 +1, 6)	Armour Factor 5 Reflexes 13
DEFENCE 14	EVASION 5
MAGICAL DEFENCE 10	Health Points 17

The Emissary will fight to the death, as he is now trapped between the mountains and the party. He is clad in black plate armour and wields a +1 two-handed sword. He carries a scroll in an ornate case.

This is the same case as the player-characters may have seen at Kilnded’s belt on the evening of the attack on the tower. Each PC must roll under Intelligence on d20 to determine whether he recalls having seen the case before. The scroll reads thus:

*To Fengil, Prince of Darkness, ruler of the city of Nem:
All was done as instructed. The royal whelp was present, a circumstance I had not anticipated. He and*

his cronies are now on the trail of the Hearth Fire. It is conceivable that they could disrupt our plans. Slay him, my brother in darkness, and you not only rid us both of a nuisance, you remove all challenge to my claim to the Throne.

Signed: K

If the party release the Village Elder and his people (there are about fifty of them) they will be profusely grateful. The villagers seem very sluggish and lethargic by nature, but extremely wise. They themselves do not realize that this is because the well of the village contains magical water. Drinking the equivalent of a litre of the water a day, as the villagers do, will for one day increase a character's Intelligence by 3 points but reduce his Reflexes by 3. This effect will wear off after a day. Assume that this will occur to any of the players who do not specifically say their characters are not drinking the water. The water may be carried away from the well but will only remain magical for one day after it leaves its source.

"We are grateful to you for having saved us from the Emissary," the Elder says. "Know you now that you are in the village of Mimir's Well, named after the God of Knowledge, Mimir, who is said to have lived here before time began. The ruins of a temple of Mimir still lie in the woods close by the village. 'Twas said that before the reign of Balor, Prince of Darkness, the townsfolk of Mimir were a mighty people and had close dealings with the people of Nem, who reigned over the country

beyond the Mountains of Brack. 'Twas said, too, that in those far-off days, men grew wings and flew across the mountains." He laughs. "This is nothing more than a doubtful legend, for everyone knows that the power of flight is reserved to birds!

"Many years before, the Bronze-Chested Legionaries came to the village and dwelt here in tents, preparing to set off across the mountains to the Lost City of Nem. They set great store by a sorcerer-magician they had with them: legend dictates that this man's name was Fabius. The day before the expedition was due to leave, this Fabius and a boon companion of his and a learned scribe set off to search the ruins of the temple. They never returned.

"The leader of the Bronze Chests was most disturbed and set out to search the ruins. There he found nothing but a dropped scroll case that the scribe had been carrying to map the buildings. It was soaked in blood, and on the parchment there was a map and a strange riddle that he had copied from a stone monument that even now stands in there. It had been said that they had disappeared for many afternoons during the previous days and had seemed very excited about something, as if they had made a discovery, which they were reluctant to share with anyone. Men say the grey ghost of Fabius is still seen flitting about the woods at night."

The map shows a rough path through the woods to the ruins of the city of Mimir. It also shows a central square where, next to the bloodstain, you can see a crude drawing of a stone pillar.

Part 4

The City of Mimir

If the party decide to investigate the ancient ruins, the Village Elder will accompany them there, but will not enter the ruins himself. If the party set out at night they will certainly meet the ghost of the scribe whose map the Elder has shown them. Anyone who has not been slain or scared off after its fright attack

will hear it moaning gently to itself. Those who come close enough will hear it repeating time and again the solution to the riddle of the pillar (see below): 'Mimir: Enter the pit, kneel there, bid me enter.' It will then wail one last time and disappear. The party will not encounter the ghost during the day.



The old man leads you down a winding forest track to the east. Before long the rough dirt path underfoot turns to a cracked stone pavement and you can see the ruins of ancient pillars rising up out of the thicket on either side of you. Soon you can clearly see the remains of buildings not yet quite overgrown by the leafy forest floor; here and there you see a crumbled wall and scattered stones. At length you come to an open square area where no trees are growing. The remnants of once-vast edifices stand at each corner of the square, and there is a crumbling pit at the centre. It is about 10 metres deep and a circular stone staircase leads down to its bottom.

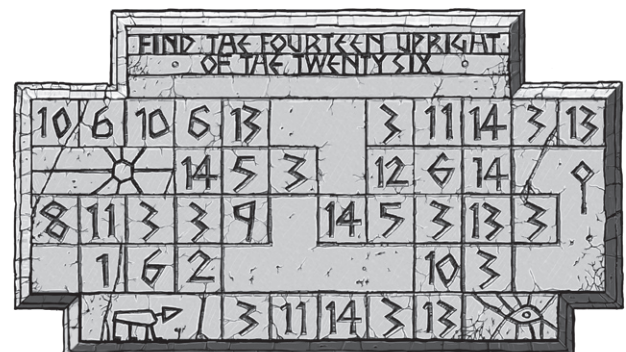
Before the pit stands a giant stone idol, which is presumably an effigy of the forgotten God, Mimir. Its facial features are now completely eroded away, leaving only a shapeless trunk. Clearly etched into the column on which the statue stands is a script that you recognise as an ancient form of your own language and numerical system. It reads: *Find the Fourteen Upright of the Twenty Six*, followed by a succession of numbers in boxes.

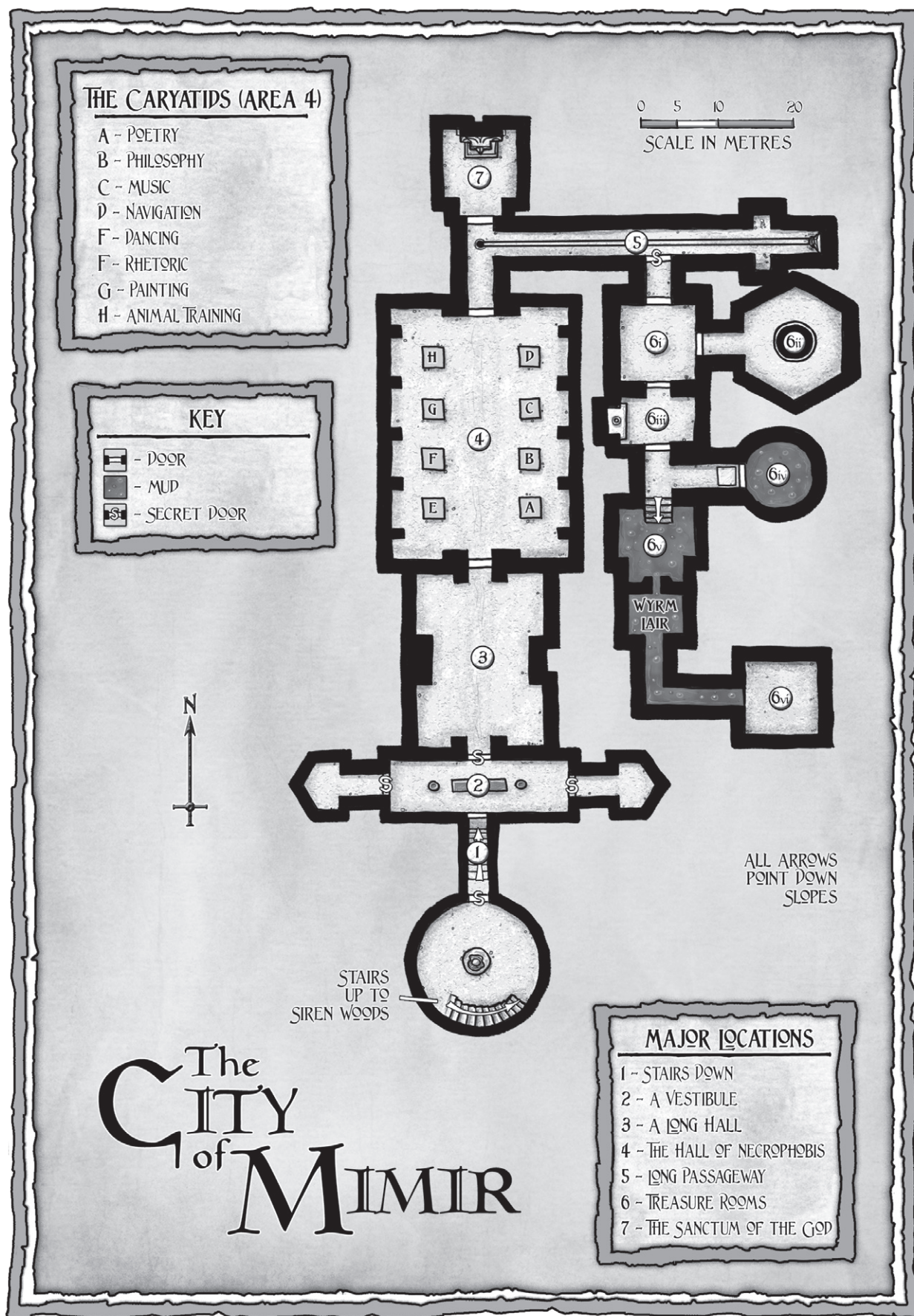
GM: There is a larger picture of the tablet at the back of the book, on page 87, that you can copy and show your players.

The 'fourteen upright' are the fourteen letters of the alphabet that in capitals have upright, vertical lines. Nothing else of any interest is visible in the clearing.

Translated, the message reads thus:

10 6 10 6 13
M I M I R
3 11 14 3 13 14 5 3 12 6 14 8 11 3 3 9 14 5 3 13 3
ENTER THE PIT KNEEL THERE
1 6 2 10 3 3 11 14 3 13
BID ME ENTER





If by chance anyone should enter the pit and call on the god, nothing will actually happen unless they are kneeling. If someone does descend into the pit, kneel and bid the god Mimir (or Knowledge) to enter, then a previously concealed rock slab will slide to one side at the base of the pit and reveal a low, moss-covered doorway leading down into the darkness. There is room for one person to enter at a time.

1. Stairs Down

(Single file only.) A flight of dank, moss-covered steps leads down about 10 metres to a rusted iron gate that hangs slightly ajar. Beyond it you can see a rectangular vestibule.

2. Plain Rectangular Vestibule

This room is 4 metres deep and 16 metres across. There is a stone plinth with two shallow depressions etched into its top, standing right in front of the grille by which you have entered. There are two rusted iron pans on either side of the plinth, supported by iron stands. A number of begrimed copper coins lie on top of these. You can dimly make out the remains of some powder in the shallow depressions of the plinth.

Without warning, stone panels in the east and west walls of the vestibule swing upwards with a violent grinding sound, revealing corridors. You see two grey, shambling figures marching towards you down these, with curiously mechanical steps. In one hand each holds a dish, in the other a shortsword. They wear antique copper armour crusted with verdigris.

GM: These Mummies are the ancient custodians of the temple. They will not attempt to hinder anyone who enters, so long as they cast the ritual powder in the dishes on to the shallow depressions on the plinth. The Mummy on the left holds a dish with some white-looking powder; that on the right, a dish containing black powder. If a handful of each of these powders is thrown on to the plinths at the same time, a panel directly to the north of the plinth will suddenly rise up revealing the corridor leading to the north. If the party either fail to take a handful of the dust from each of the Mummies within ten rounds of their drawing abreast of the party, or if the party do not throw the dust on to the depressions simultaneously, the panel will not swing up and the Mummies will attack with their short swords:

MUMMIES

Rank-equivalent: 6th

ATTACK 18, Shortsword
(d8, 3)

DEFENCE 12

MAGICAL DEFENCE 9

Health Points:

No. 1: 17 No. 2: 16

AF 1

Movement: 10m (15m)

EVASION 4

Reflexes 6

If the dust is thrown on to the depressions one at a time, the following will result:

The White Dust: this will suddenly turn into a dense blanket of fog, obscuring the vestibule completely. It will not impede the Mummies in any way, but the characters will have to fight them as if they were invisible (−4 to ATTACK, −8 to DEFENCE).

The Black Dust: This will form into a choking cloud of poisonous gas. Treat it as a strong poison. It will not affect the Mummies in any way.

If both handfuls of dust are thrown on to the plinth at the same time, they will both ignite into an ethereal wisp of smoke and the entrance way (as described above) will suddenly swing up revealing the corridor leading to 3. If the alcoves at either end of the corridors are inspected, the party will discover that they are choked with great heaps of the dust used for throwing on to the plinth. Under a mound of the black dust, which if touched will boil up into a cloud of poisonous gas (roll under Reflexes on 2d10 or treat as a strong poison), the party will find 17 crowns, 164 florins, gems to the value of 225 crowns and an Eye of Foreboding (see rulebook, p. 142).

3. A Long hall

A long hallway stretches to the north. Just within the range of your lights, you can see a large bronze-plated door at the north end. As you pass over the threshold, you notice a pile of what looks like discarded clothing.

If the party inspect this more closely:

The pile proves to be the cloak-wrapped skeletal figure of an ancient scribe. The top of the skull has been neatly removed. Apart from this, the skeleton is unremarkable.

GM: The panel through which the party have just entered suddenly begins to drop down. Anyone who wants to dive back through it must make an EVASION roll against the panel's SPEED of 14. Anyone

who jumps back through the door will be able to open it again by throwing the dust on the plinth as explained above.

The hallway is ominously silent. You notice that there are ancient, dark scrape marks on the stone of the panel on this side, as if the skeleton had been madly scrambling to get out when he perished. You also notice streaks of dark colour across the lighter stone of the floor, almost certainly more blood. The hall is otherwise empty apart from a discarded sword left half-way up its length. The cutting edges of the sword are practically blunt, as if it had been battered against something incredibly hard. The bronze door in the north wall is slightly ajar.

The door in the north wall is the obvious exit. The only way to get through to room 2 again is to break through the panel (a matter of several hours), or to use a *Portal* spell.

4. The hall of Necrophobius

GM: Just behind the door lurks the Necrophobius. It resembles a giant praying mantis about 5 metres long; it has long forelegs and razor-sharp mandibles that can cut through bone. The demon is the physical incarnation of the being that the party may encounter in Section 7, on p. 55.

The creature will seize the first person through the door with its two long forelegs. On the next round it will attempt to slice off the top of their skull with its mandibles. If it succeeds, a long proboscis will appear and suck away all the matter in the skull cavity. The demon will then vanish and will be encountered again in Section 7, where it will be found regurgitating its sickly load into the mouth of the stone statue that stands there.

NECROPHOBIUS

Physical incarnation of the Demon Shader

Rank-equivalent: 7

ATTACK 28, forelegs (d6, +1, 4), mandibles (d8,10)

Armour Factor 8

Movement: scuttling—20m

Reflexes 14

DEFENCE 10

EVASION 4

MAGICAL DEFENCE 12

STEALTH 12

Health Points 25

PERCEPTION 16

Necrophobius will attack by seizing its potential victim between its forelegs. Roll a normal Attack Roll for this. The character still has a chance to break free of Necrophobius's grip. The character must roll

under his Strength -4 on d20. Roll to see whether the mandibles manage to saw through the top of the victim's skull. Assume this only occurs when the victim is dead: i.e. when the victim reaches -3 Health Points. Necrophobius will then spend one round sucking out the skull cavity before vanishing into thin air.

The being has a thick, horny carapace that is very difficult to penetrate with normal weapons, hence its high Armour Factor. The Necrophobius can be driven away with a holy relic.

Eight stone pillars fashioned into the shape of women support the ceiling of the hall. These are called caryatids and are only found in the buildings of the ancient people. Each of the caryatids seems to represent some branch of the arts: one of the stone pillars clutches a harp, representing Music; another's arm rests on its chin as if it were lost in thought, representing Philosophy; and so forth. The other six pillars represent Poetry, Navigation, Dancing, Rhetoric, Painting and Animal Training (the ancients had strange ideas about art!).

If the pillars are touched they will emit an incomprehensible babble in a tongue no member of the party will be able to recognise. The language is that of the ancients and the only way to interpret the message of each pillar is to put on the helmet the party will find in Section 6, room iii. This will convert the ancient tongue into modern speech. Once this is done, the listener will learn the following from the pillars:

Poetry: The character becomes able to memorize any piece of verse, no matter what its length, and is able to recite it verbatim. This skill would not only be useful in royal courts purely for performance value, but also in carrying secret messages disguised as verse and recalling legends written down in ballad form, as so many are.

Philosophy: The character becomes more sceptical, particularly about occult or supernatural matters. In future, he has an inherent +2 resistance against fright attacks, the mesmerism of vampires, and similar mind-affecting powers exercised by monsters. His Magical Defence does not, however, change.

Music: The character becomes adept at playing one of the following musical instruments: Viol, Lute, Pan Pipes or Drum. (Roll d4 to find out which.) He



can charm animals lower than his own rank with his music if he can roll under the difference between his rank and their rank-equivalent on a d20.

Navigation: This skill gives the character the ability to identify any constellation or single star in the night sky, or to judge his approximate surroundings by the angle of the sun and the time of day. Thus the character will never stray more than five degrees off course during an ocean voyage, or ten miles from his path during the day.

Dancing: The character becomes adept at any of the current modes of dancing at court, whether it be the pavane, reel or any other dance. This skill has the knock-on effect of improving the character's EVASION score by 1 point.

Rhetoric: The character may charm people of lower rank than himself by rolling under the difference between their respective ranks on a d20. The people thus charmed will then perform one act on the character's behalf, as long as it does not entail danger to the charmed person or their family or friends, nor involve the loss of their property.

Painting: The character becomes able to paint or draw good semblances of anyone, so long as he has observed them at least once for at least five minutes. Portraits thus obtained are useful for purposes of identification.

Animal Training: Animals will respond to the character as if they were under *Command* (as in the spell). However, if the animal is wild, it must first be captured. Once trained in this way, the animal will always obey its trainer.

If more than one pillar is activated at the same time, the resultant babble will become unbearable to anyone not wearing the helmet from section 6, room iii (see page 53). The pillars continue to babble for five minutes then abruptly stop. If three or more pillars are activated at the same time, characters that can hear the babble must roll under their Intelligence on 3d10 or go insane. Consult the Madness section on page 124 of the *Dragon Warriors* rulebook if this happens.

There is a single door made of black varnished wood set into the northern wall. A short passageway behind it leads to a longer passageway to the east.

A wide set of double doors lie right in front of the door on the opposite side of the corridor.

5. Long Passageway

Two shallow depressions in the floor run the entire length of this passageway; they both end in a hole in the floor right in front of the door through which the party will have entered. The echo of a slow monotonous drip can be heard from the end of the passageway. Looking into the runnels, the party will see that they are full of a fluid that looks like blood. The runnels are only a few inches across and can be stepped over easily.

Anyone who stares down into the hole set in the floor will have to make a magical saving throw against an ATTACK of 15. If they fail, it will seem to them that invisible hands are grasping them around the throat and throttling them. They may attempt further saving throws, each time at -2, -4, -6 and so on, until they eventually save. Every round on which the character fails to save, he will lose three Health Points for strangulation damage. Once the character manages to save, all this damage will disappear. A character killed by this damage is, however, still dead.

The liquid in the runnels has the consistency of blood and is a mild poison. There is a large bronze head set into the wall at the end of the corridor. The red liquid runs down its chin into a bowl from whence it drips on to the floor and into the runnels in the centre of the corridor.

Half-way down the corridor leading back to the south lie the treasure vaults of the city of Mimir. Anyone walking down the corridor will feel a drowsy torpor coming over them (MAGICAL ATTACK 8). If they succumb to the spell, they will approach the leering bronze head, believing it to represent a benevolent deity. On each side of the head is an alcove in which dwell two pink Succubi. These will leap out as the character approaches, surprising him. They will drag off victims by their hair to the bronze head.

The bronze head will suddenly become animate, staring greedily with large metallic eyes and chisel-like bronze teeth. Anyone in a stupor will not resist the Succubi, but their comrades may attempt to do so:

SUCCUBI

ATTACK 18 (d8, 3—see below) Armour Factor 0

DEFENCE 14

MAGICAL DEFENCE 10

(Strength 13, Reflexes 14)

EVASION 4

Health Points: 12 each

Succubi are naked, pink-skinned creatures, with four long arms, a tail and a monkey-like face. They have the ability to pass intangibly through walls. They serve demonic masters or powerful demon-serving magicians, to whom they are indentured for a certain number of tasks.

With their four arms, Succubi get two attacks per round with their short swords (d8, 3) and will attempt to grapple once per round with their other two hands. The target character is held if the Succubi roll under their Strength + Reflexes minus the character's Reflexes on 1d20. The succubus can stab a character it is holding once every round, without needing to make a Hit Roll.

A relic, when touched to their skin, will reduce them to a pile of ashes. They regenerate 1 Health Point per Round if they have taken damage from a non-magical weapon.

Anyone taken to the bronze head will be pitched forward into the mouth and ground up between its glistening teeth.

6. Treasure Rooms

Halfway down the corridor, behind what looks like a bricked-in section, lie the treasure rooms. It will take a few minutes to break the wall down. A series of interlinked rooms leads off this corridor. There are six rooms in all. All of them contain some sort of treasure, some have guardians, and one is a lethal trap.

Room (i)

A vase with a sealed top stands on a plinth. A *Peer* spell will reveal that there is an amulet lying at the bottom of the vase and a small Wraith sits on top of the amulet.

If the top of the vase is punctured, the Wraith will vaporise and escape into the room. It will take two Rounds to materialize as a fully formed Wraith, which will attack the party. There is a jar with a lid resting against it near the plinth. This gives off a faint aura of magic. If the jar is placed over the lid of the vase as the seal is broken, the Wraith will fly up into it and will be unable to escape if the magical lid is clamped on it.

WRAITH

Rank-equivalent: 5th

ATTACK n/a

Armour Factor 0 (immune to non-magical weapons)

DEFENCE 4

EVASION 4

MAGICAL ATTACK 1d10/Round

MAGICAL DEFENCE 11

Health Points 3

The Wraith has a 1d8 fright attack. It will follow this with its *Death* spell, cast after three Rounds with a MAGICAL ATTACK of 3d10. The amulet is one of Sovereignty Over Violence (rulebook, p. 143).

Room (ii)

This is a high, vaulted room, its ceiling lost in the shadows. Anyone entering the room will feel himself being borne up into the air. They will have one attempt to grab hold of something before they are fully airborne (roll under Reflexes on a d20). Otherwise they will find themselves carried up to the ceiling where they will see a number of skeletons pressed against the roof, next to upside-down chests. Some of the lids of the chests hang down into the room. There is a deep pit underneath the stone vault. It appears that whatever was in the opened chests must have fallen into the abyss.

The unopened chests contain Rings of Flying (one per member of the party carried up here). Characters pressed on to the roof will be able to move their arms as far as the unopened chests to unclasp the locks. If the clasps are opened incautiously, the rings will spill out and start to fall. Characters will have to grab them before they are out of reach (roll under DEX on a d20). Anyone catching one will not necessarily know what the function of the ring is unless they put it on their finger.

The Ring of Flying

This allows its wearer to fly through the air for one minute at a speed of 10m/Round. Each ring has d20 charges. Characters may carry up to their own weight through the air whilst wearing the ring and will be able to fly off the ceiling in this particular room. They may even be able to explore the pit at the centre of the room. It descends a hundred feet into pitch darkness. At the bottom is the accumulated treasure of the adventurers whose skeletons decorate the outside ceiling of the room. Assume a 'Moderate Treasure hoard' collected for each minute spent down here, (see the rulebook, page 131) with

the treasure being exhausted after five such discoveries. Any ring found will be a Ring of Flying with 1 × d20 charges.

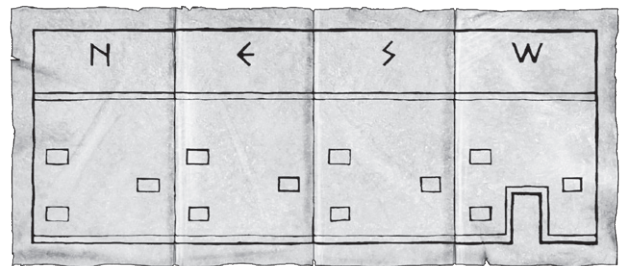
Room (iii)

A helmet stands in an alcove. This is the Helmet of Tiphon. Anyone putting it on must make a saving throw against a MAGICAL ATTACK of 12. If they fail, they will immediately hear a host of babbling voices and will find that they cannot remove the helmet. Their colleagues will notice that the character is struggling to remove it, but will not know for what reason.

If the character is able to resist the spell, he will find that while he is wearing the helmet he will be able to understand any strange tongue that he hears spoken, including the language of the pillars in Section 4.

If he fails, he will begin to gabble in a strange hotchpotch of languages of which only one or two words will be intelligible to his comrades. Only a *Dispel Magic* will allow him to remove the helmet.

There is also a copper box lying against one wall: in it is a folded embroidered cloth, intact despite the passage of ages. It has four sections and each section is labelled north, east, south and west consecutively. It is marked as follows:



If the party correlate these to the bricks in the walls of room (vi), they will discover the treasure hidden in them. You can find a larger version of this diagram on page 87, suitable for passing to your players.

Room (iv)

This room has slimy, moss-covered walls and its floor is covered in mud. The door to it slides into the lintel when characters stand on a pressure pad outside it. The only treasure in it is a scroll with a *Portal* spell.

If the scroll is read out in the room in which it is found, it will have two effects. The first will be that

the panel through which the party entered the room will suddenly shoot downwards, blocking the exit; the second, that a panel will open in the side wall and water will pour into the room. The room will be completely filled with water within ten rounds. The only exit from the room is the door through which the party entered. No escape is possible in the time before the water covers the party unless one of them is a Sorcerer capable of casting the *Portal* spell.

Room (v)

The door to this room hangs on rotten hinges. Looking inside, you see that the floor is awash with liquid mud. A short flight of stone steps leads down to it. Water pours into the room from an ugly stone gargoyle. The mud is at a level with its large, cavernous mouth. It looks as if it would be possible for a man to pass through it. You can see a skeletal hand sticking up from the mud in a far corner.

GM: Assume a good treasure hoard for the entire room: half of this will be scattered beneath the mud on the floor, the other half will be found in the Mud Wyrms' lair.

TREASURE

Room	Lair
Scrollcase with scroll of <i>Shadowbolt</i> inside it	Suit of +2 chainmail armour
4380 silver pieces	1000 silver pieces
520 gold pieces	360 gold pieces
3000 florins' worth of gems	1200 florins of gems.

An ancient Mud Wyrms has been set to guard this room. It lurks in the den behind the stone mouth. If anyone enters the mud, the Wyrms will immediately shoot out of the gargoyle's mouth and attack. The mud is just over 1 metre deep (chest-high on most characters). Movement in the mud is reduced to one quarter of normal, and all Evasion rolls suffer a -1 penalty.

MUD WYRM

ATTACK 16 Fangs (d8, 6 and if penetrates armour, MAGICAL ATTACK causing Paralysis)	AF 2
DEFENCE 9	Movement 12m
MAGICAL ATTACK 8	Reflexes 14
MAGICAL DEFENCE 2	EVASION 6
	PERCEPTION 15
	Health Points 22

The Mud Wyrms resembles a large brown eel. Its body is 6 metres long, and its only distinguishing

features are two pin-sized eyes and a huge circular mouth filled with razor-sharp teeth.

Characters will only see a disturbance in the mud as it approaches them, and then, if the Wyrms strikes them and penetrates their armour, they will feel a terrible pain in their leg. The Wyrms discharges an electric shock into its victim: this has a MAGICAL ATTACK of 8 and induces paralysis for 1d6 Rounds. Failure to save against this will result in the character collapsing and sinking below the level of the mud.

In addition to the treasure listed for this room, there is a +2 magical battleaxe lying next to the skeletal hand in the far corner. Anyone leaning over the hand will have to evade the hand's SPEED of 12 as it makes a sudden grab for their throat. The hand is not attached to anything below it. Further hands will begin to appear at the surface of the mud at the rate of 1d4 hands per Round, and these will also fly at the character's throat, or anyone who approaches within 2 metres of them.

The SPEED of all the skeletal hands is 12. They do d6, 2 damage and have 2 Health Points, Armour Factor 1, and a MAGICAL DEFENCE of 8. Once they are attached to someone's throat, weapons cannot remove them for obvious reasons. The hands will continue to do d6, 2 damage per round that they are attached to a character.

The Mud Wyrms' lair is behind the stone mouth of the gargoyle; behind this is a stone passageway leading down into liquid mud. If characters hold their breath for two rounds and swim through the mud, they will reach the empty, brick-lined room described below.

Room (vi)

GM: This is a totally empty and perfectly square room, its walls marked with single letters denoting the cardinal points of the compass: N, E, S and W. The walls sound solid when they are tapped.

Twelve of the bricks in the walls, three in each wall, are filled with treasure. These bricks correspond exactly to those marked on the embroidered cloth that the party may have found in Section 3. It is extremely unlikely that the party will discover any of the treasure just by prising bricks off the wall randomly, or whilst looking for other exits from the room (assume a 2% chance). Taking the treasure from the north wall first, this is what each brick contains:

Brick 1	Contains a solid gold core worth 500 crowns
Brick 2	Contains 2 doses of Potion of Occult Acuity
Brick 3	Contains 2 doses of Potion of Night Vision
Brick 4	Contains 2 doses of Potion of Healing
Brick 5	Contains 2 doses of Potion of Strength
Brick 6	Contains an amulet: The Ankh of Osiris
Brick 7	Contains a Ring of Agonising Doom with four charges
Brick 8	Contains a +1 magical dagger
Brick 9	Contains a solid silver core worth 20,000 florins
Brick 10	Contains a scroll: <i>Resurrect</i>
Brick 11	Contains a scroll: <i>Pentacle of Entrapment</i>
Brick 12	Contains a Ring of Sentinels (4 charges)

There are no exits from this room.

7. The Sanctum of the God

GM: The God Mimir does not exist, and never has. He is merely the outward mask of a grisly demon, who has dwelt in these dark vaults since time imme-

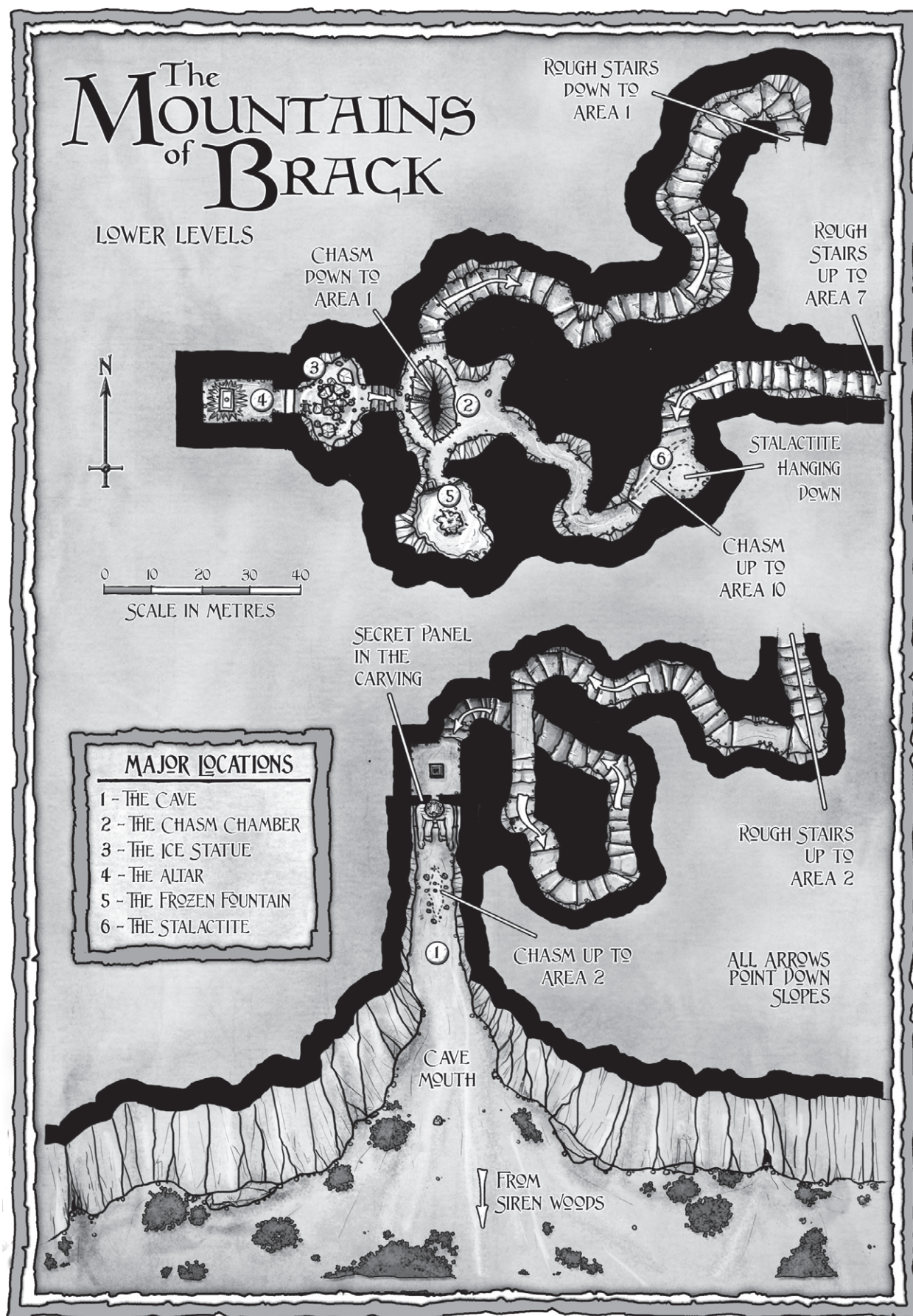
morial, demanding human sacrifice of the ancients who came and worshipped here, and dreaming of the vast treasure hoards hidden in the bowels of the temple. Only the face of the demon is visible, leering from one of the walls. It is from here that the demon sends forth his physical emanation to feed on the brains of men.

The mummified corpse of the scribe Fabius, the top of his skull neatly removed, lies on the floor in front of the mocking demon. If the party have not already defeated the demon's physical emanation, Necrophobius, they will encounter it here. For statistics, see p. 50.

The mere gaze of the demon is itself an attack, which can turn people mad. It has a MAGICAL ATTACK of 15; anyone who looks directly at it must save or go insane (*Dragon Warriors rulebook*, p. 124). After his servant is defeated, the demon will disappear from this plane.

There are no further rooms in the underworld.





Part 5

The Mountains of Brack

As soon as the player-characters are ready to continue, the Village Elder will give assistance:

The Elder tells you that if you want to journey to the Lost City of Nem, he will show you the only way through the mountains. No man has ever returned back from the way he is about to show you, but he hopes the small gift he is about to give you will help. It is 30 metres of elven rope, won from the elves of the forest and kept against a time of true need.

GM: This magical rope effectively increases the Reflexes of anyone climbing up it by 5 points, thus making Climbing Rolls easier for anyone using it.

The player-characters now have a choice to make. They may either journey on into the mountains (and try to discover the Lost City of Nem) or they can return to Glissom and confront the treacherous Killed. If they are hesitant about pressing on to the mountains, Doron (if he is still alive) will remind them of the legends concerning Balor and his prison of ice, which he certainly believes, whether the rest of the party do or not.

If the party members decide to continue:

The old man leads you off through the light mists that clothe the forest in the early hours of the morning. After about two miles you stop at the bottom of a high cliff-face. Above it soar the mountain peaks of Brack. You have to strain your necks backwards to see their summits. The old man gestures to you to stop. He turns and addresses you:

"Long ages ago, this was the way the Bronze Chests came when they sought the Lost City; none of them ever returned and we know not what happened to them. We call the cavern entrance the Mouth of the Gods."

In front of you, you can see the dark slash of a cave-mouth in the face of the cliff. From it you hear ghostly ululations on the wind, such as would make the spines of men to shiver. The old man shudders at the noise. "Many

men have perished here and a host of ghosts and spirits haunt the cave. Those few of us who have entered this place and returned have been struck stark mad, with hair turned the colour of driven snow. I must leave you now. It is bad luck to linger in this place." He bids you farewell and disappears into the mists.

Area 1

GM: The cave extends back about 30 metres. Half-way down it, a flock of bats (see the *Dragon Warriors Bestiary*, p. 26) will suddenly swoop down at the party, disturbed by the noise. At about 25 metres, the party will start to stumble across the bronze-armoured skeletons of the lost Legion.

At this time, the ghostly emanations of the legionaries will rise up and begin to emit low keening sounds, very much like those that the party heard outside the cave-mouth. They are, however, not about to make a fright attack on the party. Anyone casting an *Oracle* spell will hear the spirits tell of their sad fate.

Looking up, the party see a dark funnel leading upwards through the rocks. A very faint glimmer of light can be seen at the top. A rotten rope attached by large, antique pitons snakes up it.

The skeletons in the heap are obviously those of legionaries who fell during the ascent. The ropes are now too rotten to be of any use but the pitons are still securely moored and a rope can be attached to them. The climb with a rope is an easy one (difficulty factor 6) but anyone climbing without the aid of a rope will find that it is very hard (difficulty factor 16). The best strategy is for one player-character to lead the climb, securing the rope on the pitons as he goes. After the first piton is secured, he has insurance against a fall.

The cave ends in a rock wall a further 10 metres down the tunnel. A lone skeleton lies at the end of it, having apparently dragged itself here after its fall.

It has scratched a message in Bacchile into the rock with a stone: "Comrades, if you find my body, do not follow. Only death awaits above." Anyone rolling the legionary's skeleton over will find an ancient dagger wedged in his rib cage.

There is a vast monolithic carving of a figure cut into the rock face at the end of the tunnel. The symbol of the eclipsed moon is carved on to its forehead, just beneath a colossal crown of stone. Its eyes are sunken and seem to produce the deepest shadows imaginable. The statue's face is lean and melancholy looking. It is carved into a sitting position, with its two arms stretched out into the room. In one it holds a disc carved into the shape of a stylised sun; in the other is what looks like a similarly stylised representation of an eclipsed moon. The hand holding the sun symbol is raised about 45 degrees from the horizontal, the other 45 degrees in declination. There are no other interesting features around the carving.

If the party push down on the uplifted arm they will find it will drop down slightly. At the same time, the downward arm will rise up. A total Strength factor of 25 will be required to push the uplifted arm down as far as it will go. When the arm is pushed right down, the light in the tunnel (if it is daylight) will gradually become very misty and dim, and the dreadful ululation of the ghosts will now rise up again and become fierce. Evidently, some force of darkness has been released into the tunnel.

Looking down the corridor, the party will be able to see the skeletons of the warriors rising up in the murk, armed with their rusted weapons. Their bodies glow with a faint greenish light and their intentions seem to be hostile.

Treat these skeletons as normal Skeletons (see the rulebook, p. 250, or the *Bestiary*, p. 83). There are twelve in all. The party will find that the skeletons pursue them even if they attempt to flee.

SKELETONS

ATTACK 11	Armour Factor 0 (except 2 versus stabbing weapons)
DEFENCE 5	Reflexes 9
MAGICAL DEFENCE 3	EVASION 3
STEALTH 13	PERCEPTION 7 (gloomsight)
Health Points:	
HPs	Weapons
1st 5	Two-handed sword (d10, 5)
2nd 4	Shortsword (d8, 3)
3rd 2	Mace (d6, 4)
4th 6	Two-handed sword (d10, 5)
5th 3	Two-handed sword (d10, 5)

6th	4	Cudgel (d3, 3)
7th	6	Battleaxe (d8, 6)
8th	5	Morning star (d6, 5)
9th	6	Sword (d8, 4)
10th	4	Battleaxe (d8, 6)
11th	5	Spear (2d4, 4)
12th	4	Flail (d6, 4)
13th	6	Cudgel (d3, 3)
14th	4	Halberd (d10, 5)
15th	5	Battleaxe (d8, 6)
16th	3	Mace (d6, 4)
17th	2	Staff (d6, 3)
18th	7	Dagger (d4, 3)
19th	7	Staff (d6, 3)
20th	2	Spear (2d4, 4)

At the same time as the Skeletons are animated, a panel in the monolith's chest will slide up. Behind it is a Shadow Gaunt. The party will not see it, though, for a *Curtain of Night* obscures the way beyond. The Gaunt is a 6th rank-equivalent Darkness Elemental, placed here by Fengil to protect the way to the city of Nem.

SHADOW GAUNT

ATTACK 22, talons (automatic)	AF 0
4 points damage: see below)	Reflexes 12
DEFENCE 22	EVASION 10
MAGICAL ATTACK 22	STEALTH 25
Health Points (see below)	PERCEPTION 15

Gaunts are creatures of shadows, brought together by the highest necromancy known in the occult arts. A mage will enter an unconsecrated burial ground and, using a summoning ritual, bring the shades from the graves and merge them together till they form a dark, almost solid body. This gradually takes a humanoid shape with two small holes where light can pass through, where the creature's eyes should be. Someone seeing a Gaunt flitting down a dark alleyway would take it to be a tall, cloaked figure until it turned and they saw the hollowness of the creature's eyes. Sometimes, if there is light behind them, rays of light will pass through these eyeholes, but no light will pass through the creature's inky-black body.

Gaunts do not have Health Points as such. Being creatures of shadow, they are insubstantial and can move under shut doors and through the narrowest of cracks. However, a magical weapon will dispel them instantly if it strikes successfully. Unfortunately, Shadow Gaunts are evasive and difficult to see clearly; any blow struck at a Gaunt, be it with a magical or non-magical weapon, has a 25% chance



of failing to inflict any damage, even if the Hit Roll succeeds. If the Gaunt does evade in this way, the attacker will suddenly find that he has struck through thin air; the Gaunt is now behind him and ready to attack with surprise next Round. The Gaunt will always get surprise in this manner even if a character has challenged it previously. At the instant the Gaunt is dispelled, a curse (see the rule-book, p. 82) will be cast on the person who struck the blow, with the Gaunt's full MAGICAL ATTACK.

Gaunts fight with shadowy talons. If they strike a blow, automatically deduct 4 points from their opponent's Health Points (armour is ineffective). All Health Points thus lost will be recovered once the Gaunt is defeated. However, if a character's points are reduced to -3 by this damage, he will stay dead. All Gaunts have the magical powers of a 6th rank Darkness Elementalist. In this particular instance, the Gaunt has cast *Shadowfall* on the cavern, causing the premature darkness.

The room behind the monolith is square with black granite walls; there is a set of stairs leading upwards in the northeast corner. Painted in round silver sigils on the black walls are four strange signs. A sickle-shaped sword (value: 100 florins) lies on a

black granite plinth in the middle of the room. It seems not to have been touched for some time. If the characters look carefully, they will find that the circular bend in the sword will fit around the circular sigil on each of the walls. If this is done to any one of them, a panel will slide out of the wall bearing on it an item intended for use by the disciples of darkness:

1. A *Mace of Darkness*: a +1 magical mace made of jet-black iron with an added bonus. Once the wielder has struck an opponent, a thick cloud of rolling smoke will envelop them, making them unable to see. The wielder, however, can see his opponent perfectly. Treat this as the *Benight* spell. Normal Spell Expiry Rolls apply. The mace's power takes twelve hours to regenerate until it can be used again.
2. A jar with a particularly loathsome-looking pink lizard suspended in a solution of grey liquid. On closer inspection it can be seen to be alive: it has tiny, razor-sharp yellow teeth. The use of this reptile will not be immediately apparent to anyone picking up the jar. However, if the jar is unstoppered the lizard will instantly disappear,

leaving only the murky grey solution. If this solution is then poured into water or any food or beverage below blood temperature, and the food or beverage are consumed thus raising the temperature to that of blood, the creature will appear in the victim's stomach and start gnawing away at his innards, causing a loss of 5 Health Points a day. This damage will not be recoverable through rest and can only be treated by magic. A *Dispel Magic* will void the creature from the victim. Failing that, a mixture of ground glass and grey solution drunk by the victim will act as a purgative. However, this solution must be treated as a strong poison!

3. A coin, which does not appear to be any of the coins of the kingdoms known to the party. It glows with a magical aura. Its enchantment is that the last person who touched it and handed it on to another person knows instinctively in which direction the coin lies anywhere in the world. This knowledge will be lost when a third party picks it up. It is thus quite a useful tracking device, but not an infallible one.
4. Grappling hook and 50 metres of rope. This is an Assassin's grappling hook. It will land on walls silently. The rope has a magical affinity to its user's hands, reducing the difficulty factor of all climbs by half.

Area 2

A long flight of rough-hewn steps leads up to this section. The only other way up is by climbing the steep slopes of the chasm itself.

There are four rough tunnels leading off from this circular area. The tunnel to the north leads to a flight of rough steps leading down (see Area 1, on p. 57). That to the east slopes upwards and is littered with boulders and scree. That to the south seems to open out into a large cavern. To the west, a massive set of cracked stone steps leads upwards to a platform. The ceiling has evidently collapsed at some stage in the past, as the top of the dais is covered with large boulders. The party can make out the hand of a buried statue sticking out of the top of the rubble.

Exits lead to the north (back to Area 1), to the east (up the long curving tunnel to Area 8), to the south (to Area 5), and to the west (up the steps to Area 3). There is a 3-metre wide ledge around the lip of the chasm; the drop down the chasm is 20

metres. The skeletal remains of the legionaries' bodies can be seen lying below in the dim light of day.

Area 3

Broad, cracked stone steps lead up to a rubble-choked dais. Your breath steams in the suddenly freezing air. The roof appears to have collapsed on top of a 3 metre-tall ice statue. On the other side of the mound of rubble you can see a door set into the west side of the cavern. It is made of iron-bound wood and has a large, prominent keyhole. Although it is shaped like a normal keyhole, the area around the hole is actually made of ice instead of metal. You see a large key in the statue's hand, and it too is made of ice instead of metal. There is a smashed coffer just to one side of the door: a number of scroll cases can be seen spilling out of it.

GM: There are five scrolls in all: *Fossilize*; *Stasis*; *Destrier*; *Firestorm*; and *Deathlight Rune*.

The correct way to open the door to the next room is by removing the ice key from the statue's hand: as long as the key is inserted into the lock within ten rounds, it will turn the lock and the party will be able to pass through. However, removing the key will activate the statue. It will start to throw off the boulders surrounding it and then move on to attack the party. It will take five Rounds to break clear. If the *Fossilize* spell is used, the Ice Statue may be turned to stone. However, if the statue is still holding the key when the *Fossilize* spell is used, the key will also be turned to stone and will be useless unless the party also *Fossilize* the ice lock.

ICE STATUE

ATTACK 20, fist (d8 +1, 5)	Armour Factor 6
DEFENCE 8	EVASION 2
MAGICAL DEFENCE 11	Reflexes 6
Health Points 33	

The Ice Statue takes double damage from any fire weapons or spells. It regenerates non-fire-induced damage at the rate of 1 point per round, as its wounds freeze over in the cold.

Area 4

This is a long rectangular room, at the centre of which stands an altar with a green globe set on it covered with lace-like fronds of ice. A heap of gold coins and jewellery lies in front of the altar. You estimate its value to be roughly 200 crowns.

GM: If anyone touches the altar, the green globe will vaporise, leaving a shimmering cloud of whiteness that spirals up and forms the shape of a ghostly being. This is a Frost Djinn, which will not attack the party unless the pile of treasure is disturbed.

It attacks with cold shock. Match the Djinn's SPEED of 10 against the character's EVASION. If the character fails he will lose 5 Health Points. After three rounds, the Djinn will disperse. Anyone who has been struck by the Djinn will find that his armour has gained 1 Armour Factor point. They will now be able to pick up the treasure safely.

The room is otherwise empty and there are no exits behind the frost-covered walls.

Area 5

This is a large cavern with a frozen pool at its centre. There is a fountain in the middle of it, its frozen column of water rising 2 metres up into the air. A number of bronze-clad warriors stand in attitudes of flight about the room; they seem to have been frozen solid. You notice that a number of them have gold rings in their hands or on their fingers.

Approaching the pool, you see a primitive stone font in front of it, with a single shallow step just before it. You can just catch the glint of gold in the font. You would have to step up on to it in order to get a better look.

GM: Anyone standing on the step will find that it sinks into the floor slightly. As this happens, the bronze warriors will begin to thaw out and the fountain will gush with water. The character on the step will notice a number of interesting gold rings at the bottom of the fountain. He will also see a purple, many-tentacled monster rising out of the water, its body covered with mauve polyps and suckers. It has two octopoid heads. The warriors drip with water for one round and then spontaneously disintegrate into a muddy sludge.

If the character moves off the step, everyone in the room will be subject to a *Freeze* attack, with a MAGICAL ATTACK value of 17. The fountain will freeze over again, putting the tentacled monster out of action. However, if the character remains on the step, he will have to fight with the tentacled monster, which will drag him into the pool if it successfully strikes twice in a row with its tentacles. There is no saving throw against this. The character will be slain instantly by the freezing of the fountain and the water, unless someone else has moved on to the

step, in which case the water will remain liquid.

ICE OCTOPUS

Tentacle 1	ATTACK 13	Health Points 8
Tentacle 2	ATTACK 13	Health Points 8
Tentacle 3	ATTACK 13	Health Points 8
Tentacle 4	ATTACK 13	Health Points 8

MAGICAL DEFENCE 12

EVASION: not applicable; the Octopus will not leave the pool. If the four tentacles of the Ice Octopus are severed, it will disappear forever into the depths of the fountain. If it is defeated, the *Freeze* spell will not operate in the room once the character has got off the step.

Each of the gold rings is worth 10 crowns. There are 18 in total, either in the pool or scattered amongst the legionaries.

Area 6

The rubble-filled cavern snakes upward to a flat platform. To the north of this platform a set of crudely carved steps curves up into the darkness. To the extreme east is a large stalactite hanging from the cavern's rocky ceiling. You see the frozen remains of a legionary encased in the ice at its base. His bronze armour appears to have been crushed, as if by an enormous vice.

GM: The legionary fell into the crevasse at Area 10 (see p. 63). If the party hack the body out of the ice they will find that he is carrying a +1 magical shortsword.

Area 7

The rough-hewn steps spiral upwards for many metres. At this point there is a narrow fissure in the left-hand wall. It looks as if it would be possible for an average-sized person to squeeze up this.

GM: Treat this as a moderate climb. Only one person may go up at one time. If a character slips at any point up the 30-metre climb, he will take half the falling damage (i.e. he will have fallen the equivalent of 15 metres), as the slope is not vertical.

The fissure eventually opens out into a small cavern 4 metres high and wide. Another narrow fissure continues upwards from its ceiling. Slumped in one of its corners is a skeletal figure clad in bronze armour. The figure still clutches a battle standard with an ornate flag at its end.

The moment anyone enters the cavern, they will be assaulted by a flight of eight Vampire Bats. These

should be treated as normal bats in combat, except that their razor-sharp teeth give them superior armour penetration. The bats' teeth are also infected with a strong poison which, if it does not kill, will have the added effect of making the victim's skin turn a deathly pale and give them a strong aversion to sunlight. If an infected victim is forced to fight in sunshine, he must do so at -3 to ATTACK and DEFENCE.

VAMPIRE BATS

ATTACK 11, bite (d3 +3,1 point)	Armour Factor 0
DEFENCE 9	EVASION 6
MAGICAL DEFENCE 2	Reflexes 13
Health Points: 1 each (i.e. one successful blow will kill one bat)	

Treasure: The standard has a strong aura of magic about it. Anyone standing within 2 metres of it will be protected by a Warding spell at all times; this will work for both spellcasters and warriors. The standard also possesses an innate power to turn undead creatures. Once an undead creature is confronted with it, they are attacked with a MAGICAL ATTACK of 20; if successful, this attack causes them to flee in panic for 1d10 minutes.

Unfortunately, the standard is some 2 metres long and therefore must be held by at least one hand while in combat. When carrying it, a character's normal movement rate and EVASION are halved. If the flag is removed from the end of the staff, the whole item will be rendered ineffectual. No matter how skilfully it is repaired, its magic has been permanently drained away.

The fissure leads to Area 8.

Area 8

The stone steps continue upwards in a wide arch. About 20 metres up it, you come to a section where both sides of the rugged tunnel wall are frozen, the ice practically touching in the middle. An intense chill plays across the space between the two walls. It looks as if one person at a time could squeeze through the gap.

GM: As the party approaches, spectral arms appear and reach out from the frozen section of the wall towards them. These arms will fly out at anyone approaching the gap, striking with a SPEED of 14. Anyone failing to evade will be grabbed by one of them and drained of 2d6 HP if they fail to save



against a MAGICAL ATTACK of 19. The icy, spectral hands feed upon the warmth of the living, drawing away life to sustain themselves.

Once the arms have drawn away 10 Health Points in this fashion, an Ice Spectre will suddenly congeal in the icy air and attack.

ICE SPECTRE

ATTACK 19, icy claws: when these strike, treat as a MAGICAL ATTACK. Chill claws will clutch at the victim's heart and they will take damage as shown by the table below.

DEFENCE 9	EVASION 4
MAGICAL ATTACK 19	MAGICAL DEFENCE 9
Health Points 10 (but see below)	

Roll (2d6):	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Damage (in HPs)	1	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Death

Ice Spectres feed off the life heat of the living. They become progressively more powerful as they do this, increasing their own Health Point total by the number that they drain from their victims. As can be imagined, an Ice Spectre that has defeated many victims is a truly horrendous entity and nigh invincible apart from in magical combat. Ice Spectres can only be manifested by human contact, however, and can therefore often be found as frozen puddles barring a passageway or clusters of ice clinging to the walls.

The party may retreat back to Area 7 and take the route up the fissure, or attempt to fight their way past the Ice Spectre to the cavern beyond; see Area 9, below.

Area 9

A vast cavern opens in front of you. Like many of the other caverns in this complex, its walls are covered in a thick layer of ice, as is its floor. What looks like a shallow depression forms the westernmost part of the cavern. Set into the southwest wall are two glowing, blood-red ovals. In front of them a heap of metallic objects gleams in the ruddy light. The cavern stretches away to the east beyond the reach of torchlight.

GM: A giant Ice Snake forms the shallow depression. Its circumference when coiled encompasses the whole western extremity of the cavern. The two red lights in the southwest wall are its eyes, staring intently across the room. It will not react adversely to anyone who crosses directly to the easternmost

part of the cavern.

On closer inspection the party can see that the heap of metal objects is made up of crushed bronze suits of armour. Inside them, some splintered bones can be found.

If the party approach the glowing eyes, the coil of the snake will immediately begin to constrict. The party may attempt to evade the coil's SPEED of 10. If they fail to do so, they will be swept into the centre of the circle formed by the Ice Snake's vast body. The Ice Snake will then blow Freeze spells from its fanged mouth at anyone in the circle. The giant armoured tail will lash anyone outside the circle.

ICE SNAKE

ATTACK 19, tail (d10 +3, 6)	Armour Factor 9
DEFENCE 6	EVASION 0
MAGICAL ATTACK 15	Health Points 46
MAGICAL DEFENCE 15	

The party does not stand much chance of defeating this monster in straight combat and there is little to be gained by trying. The Ice Serpent is a 20-metre long, crystalline being that can achieve a 100% camouflage ability when set against ice or snow. Its eyes are its only giveaway, glowing with a dim red light.

The party may retreat back to Area 8 or try to escape the Ice Serpent by running towards the eastern end of the cavern. See Area 10, below.

Area 10

GM: A crevasse 2 metres wide stretches across the easternmost end of the cavern. It was down this crevasse that the legionary in Area 6 fell. The same fate will befall any character who fails to notice it. Give each character a basic 20% chance of spotting it, modified by +10% for every one point of Intelligence they have over 12. If they fail to make this roll, assume they have fallen 10 metres unless they make a roll under their Reflexes on d10. If they succeed, they manage to grab hold of the edge of the crevasse.

Area 11

Beyond the crevasse there is another flight of cracked stone steps leading upwards. A deathly stillness hangs in the air and wreaths of icy mist linger in the corners of the winding stairway. Halfway up there is a recess, with a mirror rimed about with frost covering its entire



back wall. A crystal mallet about a metre long lies on a low stone plinth to one side of the alcove.

GM: The mirror will glimmer with a strong magical aura if anyone casts a *Detect Magic* spell on it. If a character stares into it, nothing apart from a rather faint and bad reflection of the character's face is visible. It is a one-way gateway to an icy, windswept ridge on the mountainside.

A hero of the Golden Times named Valhar was buried here in a rock-cut chapel along with his suit of enchanted armour and sword. A guardian protects the tomb (see below). It is easy to put one's hand through the mirror and feel beyond it the biting wind of the mountainside. A character who pushes his head through the mirror will be confronted by the dizzying spectacle of a 300-metres drop down to the ice-bound chasms on the northern sides of the Mountains of Brack.

Narrow ledges lead off to the right and to the left. The one on the left leads to the Tomb of Valhar (see p. 69); the one to the right leads to Area 14. If the character steps through the mirror he will find that it is impossible to return through it unless he has the crystal mallet in the recess. If he has brought this, he will find that he is able to smash the crystal pane and step back to rejoin his comrades. The alcove will then be open to the full force of the chilly blast of the outside air. A Rime Wraith (see below) will appear through the broken pane in d6 Rounds after the pane has been shattered.

If the character turns left, he will have to make a Reflexes roll to avoid slipping on the icy ledge. He must roll under his Reflexes on a d20 (with a -2 penalty to the roll). If he does slip, he still has another chance (another Reflexes roll but this time without the -2 penalty) to clutch hold of the edge of the icy ledge before he falls off. However, he will then have to roll under his Strength twice consecutively to haul himself back on to the ledge. If he fails to do so, assume he will gradually slip off in as many Rounds as he has Strength points.

If the character manages to crawl down the ledge without slipping, he will reach a small rock-cut ledge at the centre of which stands a rectangular stone tomb with a low entrance facing the mountainside. Icy blasts of wind howl around here and hurl ice particles into the air, forming wraithlike shapes. As the character draws near, the ice particles will gather into a manlike form and the character will dimly perceive a warrior clad in gleaming white armour, his

visor up and his face deathly white, wielding a double-handed sword. The Rime Wraith is the ghost of the warrior Valhar, who is buried in the tomb. Like a normal wraith, a Rime Wraith will deliver a 1d8 fright attack (see the rulebook, p. 122) to its victim, but otherwise it fights in its near-physical form. Valhar bears the sword he wielded in life.

Their insubstantial shape means that Rime Wraiths are often difficult to spot in combat and their opponent may strike through where they were standing, only to find that the wraith is now right behind them. Only magical weapons will harm them. Indirect attack spells do no damage, with the exception of *Sword of Damocles*.

RIME WRAITH

ATTACK 25, sword (d12, 5)	Armour Factor 0 (but see above)
DEFENCE 12	EVASION 7
MAGICAL DEFENCE 16	STEALTH 24
Health Points 36	PERCEPTION 14
Rank-equivalent 6	

The Rime Wraith has a chance to evade any otherwise successful blow. The chance of this is 50%. After any successful Hit Roll against the Rime Wraith, the GM thus rolls d100 and, on a roll of 01-50, the Wraith (unharmd by the blow) flickers behind its opponent and is able to strike at him before he can turn to defend.

After the Rime Wraith has been defeated, the gleaming silver-handled sword will be found lying in the snow outside the tomb. It is a magnificent prize as a weapon (a +3 magical two-handed sword) but in addition to this, its beautiful construction and silverwork make it worth 200 crowns in its own right. Anyone holding the sword will also find that he has the Mystic ability of Allseeing Eye open to him at all times, allowing him to see invisible objects or people. The tomb also contains some extremely tarnished silver metal armour that is now so oxidized that it just crumples like paper-thin foil when touched.

The only way back out of the tomb area is to return down the ledge and through the mirror if the character has brought the mallet with him and wants to break it, or by continuing up the ledge to the right. The ledge to the right leads to the larger ledge at Area 14. A saving throw under Reflexes on a d20 similar to the one above will be necessary for anyone trying to pass along it either way (whether from Area 14 or from Area 11). Those who have

not passed through the mirror may continue up the stairway to Area 12.

Area 12

The stairway opens out into a vast hallway. A large tunnel turns off to the right, but the hall itself continues to a ramp covered with ice, which leads up to a massive set of double doors bonded with iron and brass. At the foot of the ramp lie a heap of skeletons, still wearing the bronze suits of armour of the Legion. The vaulted ceiling is covered with giant, hanging stalactites. The air is deathly still.

GM: Any loud noise will set up a tremor in the hallway that has a 50% chance of dislodging some of the giant stalactites on the roof. Unless characters specifically state that they are looking up at the ceiling of the hallway, they will not be aware that the stalactites are dropping on to them. Assume that 1d6 stalactites will fall immediately over the area where the noise has occurred. Treat the stalactites as if they were javelins for damage purposes (d8, 4) and with a SPEED of 14 for EVASION purposes. If the player-characters examine the heap of skeletons, they find that many of them appear to have been impaled by fallen stalactites.

The ramp is broad and slopes at a 20% angle, but it is possible to hack holes in the ice with weapons and climb up it. The door has two giant round iron handles set into it. These can only be turned with a combined Strength of 30. The moment this is done, a blast of biting cold air will pour into the hall with a mad ululation. Anyone standing at the top of the ramp must deduct the wind's Strength of 10 from their Strength and roll under the resulting figure on a d20 to stay in place. Otherwise, they have been blown back down the ramp. As the doors open, all the stalactites in the room begin to drop from the ceiling. The reason why all the legionaries' skeletons are at the foot of the ramp is that this is where their captain, Drajan, ordered them to halt while he and a lieutenant inspected the doors.

Assume that 1d4 stalactites fall per person, although characters may attempt to dodge them. Anyone who has been blown back down the ramp will also find that 1d4 stalactites fall towards him but that he cannot attempt to dodge because he is flat on his back.

The exits from this area lead through the double doors to Area 14, or through the right-hand passage to Area 13.

Area 13

Here is a long, curving section of corridor that ends with a massive wooden door bonded around with thick layers of ice. It looks as if it might take several hours to break down.

Exits: The door leads through to the Hall of the Frost Giants. It is the northernmost entrance in room 4 (see page 70 for a description).

Area 14

You emerge on to a wide, snow-swept ridge commanding a spectacular view of the valleys and chasms stretching off to the north of the Mountains of Brack. The grisly sight in front of you interrupts the view: two poles wrapped in a cocoon of ice stand immediately in front of the doors. In each of them you see the bronze armour of one of the legionaries, still encasing their forlorn remains. Both stare out from shrivelled skulls, grinning in the desperate rictus of death. You see that one of them still carries his Legion baton in his skeletal hand.

GM: The baton is a magical artefact that will allow a Sorcerer with the ability to cast the *Enslave* spell to do so at a cost of only 3 Spell Points.

The view stretches from here over a few intervening foothills down to a windswept frozen lake where will-o'-the-wisp ice particles dance upon the surface. In the distance is a low, squat building made of black granite, which must be the one that you have heard spoken of in the ancient tales. A long sloping ledge traverses the mountainside to your left, zig-zagging down to the lake surface.

To the right, a short rubble-strewn path leads to a squat granite structure, the roof of which barely protrudes from the vast bank of snow in which it is buried. The entrance to the building is just around the corner from the ledge on which you stand.

GM: Read on if the party wish to investigate this building. If they do not, turn to page 71.

Part 6

The Hall of the Frost Giants

Two Frost Giants dwell on the lonely mountainside here, feeding on the few creatures that stray this way, supplemented by the frozen bodies of unfortunate travellers who strayed this way many hundreds of years ago. The Frost Giants are not choosy about their food, and the climate produces adequate refrigeration. See the map on page 68.

A

Bounding the corner of the ledge, the path drops suddenly and you see the front of a large grey granite hall with two convoluted pillars holding up a primitive arch over a doorway. The arch is 3 metres high. Steep banks

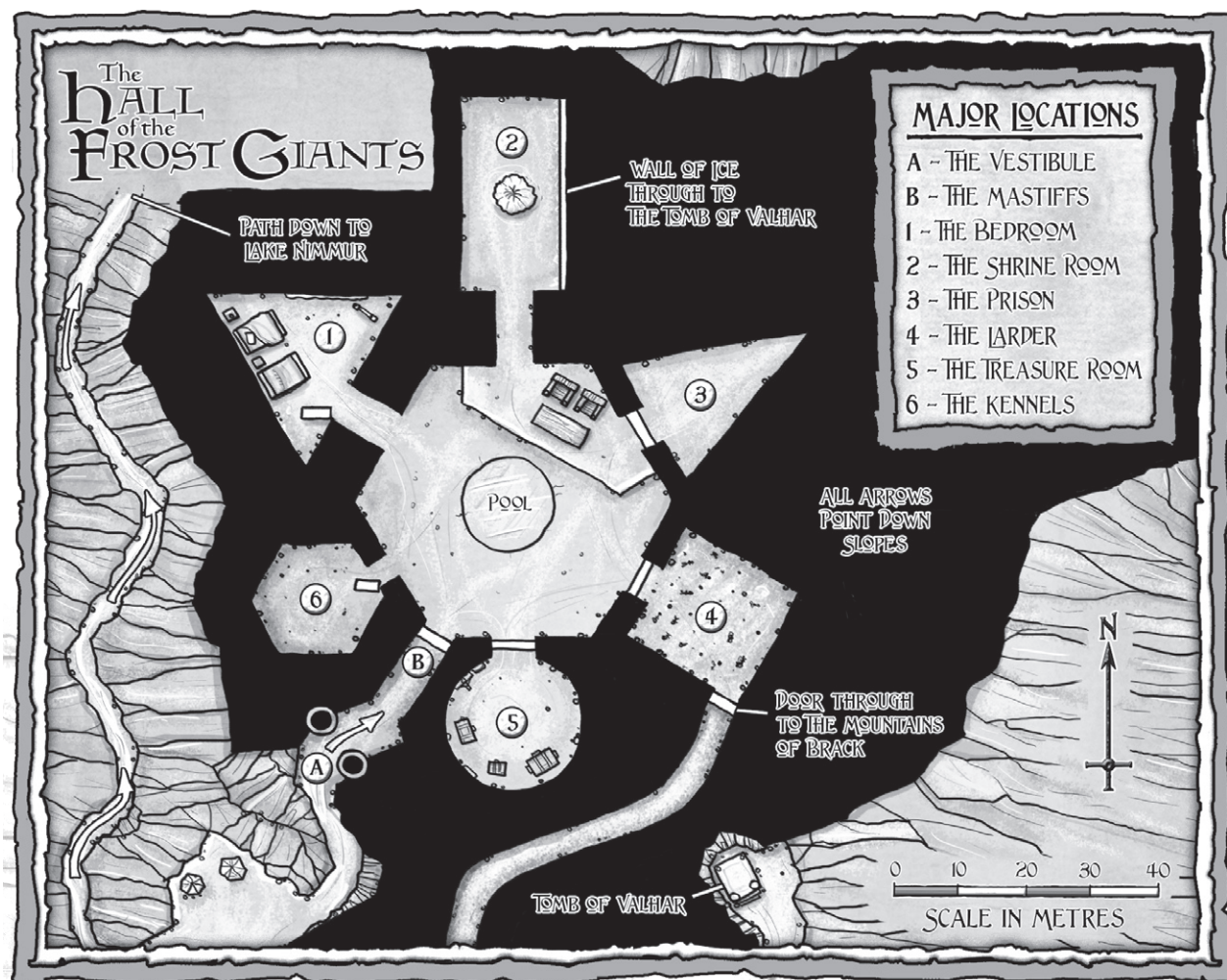
of snow cover the path leading up to the entranceway. Beyond it is a stone vestibule filled with snowdrifts. At the far end you can see a sheet of ice completely blocking off the far wall. There are no footprints on the snow.

The ice wall covers the entire western end of the vestibule. It seems quite thick to the touch and it cannot be seen through, but the barrier can be smashed very easily.

B

As the player-characters break through the ice barrier, six Mastiffs that have been silently lying in wait





behind it suddenly leap upon them. Unlike ordinary dogs, their breath is cold. Their hollow, sepulchral barking fills the characters with dread; a morale check is required for each of them.

The dogs go for the throat, ignoring other potential targets on the body. To represent this in combat, assume that the Mastiffs have a low ATTACK value (see below), but that when they connect, armour does not count and the victim takes serious damage.

MASTIFFS

ATTACK 12, Bite (6 points, and see above)
DEFENCE 3
MAGICAL DEFENCE 3

Health Points:

Mastiff 1: 16
Mastiff 3: 8
Mastiff 5: 10

AF 0

Rank-equivalent 2
EVASION 5

Mastiff 2: 16
Mastiff 4: 16
Mastiff 6: 15

The mastiffs will fight to the death unless their masters at the far end of the hall call them off.

Two Frost Giants, their leather armour, pallid flesh and red hair partially covered by hoarfrost, sit at the end of the hall. They might have been good targets for missile weapons if it wasn't for the bunch of curs that are now attacking you. It seems that they themselves disdain the use of missile weapons. One carries a vicious-looking trident and a hunting net, the other a double-handed axe.

THUMIR, FROST GIANT I

Rank-equivalent: 10th
ATTACK 24, trident (d8 +2, 4 points per prong, so roll 1d3 × 4); hunting net (see below) Armour Factor 4

DEFENCE 16

EVASION 5

MAGICAL DEFENCE 12

Health Points 34

Equipment: hunting net. The Frost Giant will use this in the first Round, hitting if his attack is successful and if the character that the net is thrown at fails to make an EVASION throw versus the net's SPEED of 14. Once a character is netted, the trident always deals full damage (i.e. 12 points)

GRUN, FROST GIANT 2

Rank-equivalent: 10th

ATTACK 24, axe (d8 +2, 8) Armour Factor 4

DEFENCE 16 EVASION 5

MAGICAL DEFENCE 12 Health Points 35

Equipment: Key to room 5 (see below)

Any character in the party (10% chance) may recall that Frost Giants never decline a challenge to a personal duel. If they issue such a challenge, the Frost Giants will call off the dogs and Thumir, the first and larger of the giants, will accept the challenge. If he is defeated fairly in single combat, then Grun will award the victor the Snow Gem (see below), 500 crowns and a Potion of Control. The full list of their treasure may be found below on page 70.

A character who succeeds in breaking free of the hounds and running at the giants may easily find himself falling through the layer of thin ice that covers the pool in the centre of the room. Assume that anyone heading straight towards where the Frost Giants are sitting will do so. The water of the pool is 2 metres deep and will therefore immerse all human-sized characters. It is also practically impossible to climb out of, as the edges of the ice keep breaking away. Characters who fall in lose 1 Strength point and 2 Health Points per Round that they are immersed. Although this loss is not permanent, it will take a full night's rest to recover.

The Frost Giants are carnivorous and, on special occasions, consume the human flesh that they keep on ice in their larder (see Section 4, p. 70). At the moment, they are consuming the haunch of a shepherd's thigh on the table, which has sword-sized daggers stuck into it. If the party members attempt to flee, the giants will set their hounds after them, following on behind at a more leisurely pace.

In addition to the vestibule where the party first entered, there are six other arched entrances off the central hall. Some have doors and others do not.

Area 1

Here are two giant-sized beds covered with hoarfrost, with icicles hanging off their massive sides. Various articles of personal clothing lie about the room, including a large flagon of elderberry wine of massive potency. If anyone drinks this, treat it as if it is a medium poison. However, its mental effects are so great that if the drinker does succumb, they will also suffer a permanent loss of one Intelligence Point.

Assume there are 1d10 crowns scattered around the room. There is also a thick rug made of sabretooth tiger skin worth about 5GPs as a curio, although it is very moth-eaten. A strange tapestry hangs on the wall; it is coarsely woven and represents scenes where domestic servants go about the various mundane tasks of their profession. In front of it is a brass gong. If the gong is struck, a homunculus will appear from the tapestry. It is long, thin and pale with cold, an icicle hanging from its red beaky nose. It is dressed in fustian, and chatters and complains interminably. Paying no attention to the party, it will set about righting the mess in the room. If the player-characters question it, it will merely sniff and complain of its lack of sleep caused by the giants' prodigious snoring every night. It will also ask them if they would like to join the other guest. (By this it means the prisoner in room 3.) If the party decline the homunculus's offer, it will fade back into the tapestry and will not be able to be summoned by the gong for another twenty-four hours.

If the party do decide to go with it, it will produce the one key to the door in room 3 and admit them to where the giants are holding Tabian the Darkness Elementalist imprisoned (see below). The homunculus will attempt to use all his cunning to lock the party in with Tabian. It will prove impossible to break out of the room if the Frost Giants have both been slain, and anyone locked in will perish.

Area 2

This room is a shrine to some long-forgotten deity devoted to the principles of ice and snow, no longer worshipped by anyone. The only decoration in the body of the room is a frozen fountain, the water in it still arching up into the air but frozen into ice. A wall of ice covers the eastern wall. Beyond it, barely visible through the hoarfrost, can be seen the tomb of the warrior Valhar. Anyone stepping through the wall will find himself teleported to the ledge outside the tomb (see page 65).

If a character manages to defeat Valhar's wraith and return with his sword, the ice in the room will thaw and the fountain will begin to flow again. At the bottom of the fountain, previously concealed by the ice, lies a small casket containing two amulets: both seem to be Amulets of Sovereignty over Violence. One of them is in fact an Amulet of Soul Storing and anyone donning it must resist Valhar's MAGICAL ATTACK of 19 or be taken over by his soul.

Area 3

The door to this room is locked and is made of a strange metal unknown to any of the party. This is adamantine and its bulk is worth its weight in gold, as it is rare and indestructible. No amount of battering will break down this door; anyone locked inside it cannot hope to escape without the key to its only lock. The key is in the possession of the homunculus in area 1.

Inside this prison is a human named Tabian, one of Fengil's former cohorts, who has been captured by the Frost Giants on one of their hunting expeditions over the mountains. Tabian is very sharp and quick-witted; he will swiftly guess that anyone from Glissom not in the employ of Kilnded is likely to be his master's enemy. He will consequently use all his skill and cunning to destroy the party before they reach the temple at the end of the lake. If questioned, he will claim to be a fellow adventurer seeking the city of Nem.

TABIAN

5th-rank Darkness Elementalist
(minor elements: air, water)

ATTACK 12	Armour Factor 2
DEFENCE 6	EVASION 4
MAGICAL ATTACK 19	Magic Points 15/5/5
MAGICAL DEFENCE 9	Health Points 10

Tabian will appear to be unarmed, but concealed in his robes is a dagger with a rune matrix in it. Currently this contains a *Paralysis* spell. A successful strike will result in this spell being cast on the victim.

Apart from a few bones and rats, the only interesting article in this cell is Tabian's cloak, which is now bundled up in a corner. Tabian will attempt to dispose of this ragged and dirty cloak before the party see it. It has been embroidered with the symbol of the eclipsed moon, as used by the cult of darkness.

Area 4

A gruesome sight meets the eyes of those who enter this room. Of all the rooms in the freezing hall, this is the coldest; in it hang the humans slain during the giants' hunting expeditions. The bodies are mainly those of adventurers, but there are some wrapped in sinister dark robes. One frozen corpse, in the far recesses of the shadowy room, is still clad

in the bronze armour of the legionaries. Beyond all this carnage there is a rusted metal door. Behind it is the passageway leading to Area 13 in the Brack Mountains.

Area 5

The door to this room is locked and the key to it can be found on the second Frost Giant. It is from this room that he will fetch the treasure if someone manages to defeat his comrade in single combat.

A selection of outsize weapons lies rusting against the wall. One of these is a heavy crossbow built to giant proportions, which would actually function as an arbalest if any human had the strength to wind it up. There are also several coffered lying about filled with treasure. In addition to the 500 crowns and the Potion of Control, the Treasure Room contains the following: a +1 magical shield; a set of +1 hardened leather armour; a love philtre; 1110 crowns; 16 jewels worth 3600 florins; and the following two items:

The Hand of Saint Craddock: This skeletal hand severed from the arm of St Craddock at the time of his martyrdom has long been sought by members of his monastery, after one of their members disappeared with it one dark and stormy night. The monk's greed led him to the Hall of the Giants and he has duly joined the line of moveable feasts in the freezer room.

The hand is trussed in a purple velvet bag. Although its use when withdrawn from the bag may not be evident, St Craddock's Hand, once pressed against any wound or diseased part of the body, or against the head if the person is suffering from madness, will cure that person of that affliction once. A second attempt at a cure will lead to the reappearance of the first affliction; the Hand can only ever heal any one person once. This quality would tend to make it more valuable to a monastery looking to attract pilgrims than to an adventuring party, at least once each member of the party has used it once.

The Snow Gem: This gem, carved into the shape of an icicle, will allow a Water Elementalist to cast any of his spells that are directly linked to cold and freezing: i.e. *Icewall*, *Icespear*, *Blizzard* and *Freeze*, at half the normal Magic Point cost.

Area 6

These are the hounds' kennels. The stench in this room is horrendously pungent and stomachs will revolt at the sight of the half-consumed haunches

of human meat that are scattered over the floor. In one corner a mastiff pup huddles, shivering. This is worth some 30 crowns to a trainer who could rear it to become a savage hunting dog.

There are no paths leading past the hall, and the only route back towards the south is via the ledge in front of the final cavern of the Mountains of Brack section.

Part 7

The Temple of Balor

Descending the Mountain

The path down to the frozen lake is visible only as a thin ledge carved into the snow-covered mountainside. The going is extremely tough and the party may think it is advisable to rope themselves together. The climb has a difficulty factor of 14: anyone falling off without being roped to someone else will fall several hundred metres and will have virtually no chance of survival (assign 5d20 damage).

If a character is roped to another member or members of his party, then add up their combined Strength totals and deduct from this that of the fallen member of the party. If the number is zero or less, then the falling member of the party has pulled the other members over the precipice along with him. If the number is positive, the members of the party at the top may attempt to hold their fallen comrade by rolling under that figure on a d20.

Example: Blockard the Barbarian, climbing with his companions Gothon and Baz, slips on a steep section of the climb and goes over the edge. Blockard's Strength is 14; his two companions have Strengths of 10 and 15, making a total of 25. Deducting Blockard's Strength from this figure leaves 11: this is the figure that Gothon or Baz must roll under on a d20 to haul Blockard up. There is nothing to prevent the first of the roped characters from cutting the rope and letting their comrade fall if they opt to do this rather than trying to haul him back up as outlined above.

Random Encounters While Descending the Mountain

It will take at least six hours for the party to inch their way down the treacherous ledge to the frozen lake. For every hour, there is a 20% chance of a random encounter on the table below. The party will meet two of these encounters at specific locations later on if they have not already dealt with them here. Carry over any damage sustained by the creatures from the random encounter to the set encounter later on.

d20	Encounter
1-4	1-6 Sabre-tooth Tigers (Rulebook p. 251 or <i>Bestiary</i> p. 45)
5-7	1-3 Snow Apes (Rulebook p. 250 or <i>Bestiary</i> p. 24)
8-9	1-2 Bears (Rulebook p. 238 or <i>Bestiary</i> p. 26)
10-11	1-6 Ice Snakes (<i>Bestiary</i> p. 39 or below)
12-13	2 Frost Giants (for stats see p.68, unless they have already been encountered, in which case roll again)
14-16	A ghostly legionary (see below)
17-18	A Yeti (Rulebook p. 253 or <i>Bestiary</i> p. 49)
19-20	1 Sufriad (Rulebook p. 251 or <i>Bestiary</i> p. 72)

Ice Snakes

These are the same size and shape as an ordinary grass snake, except that they are made entirely of a frosty, crystalline substance and powered by some ancient sorcerous magic. Their armoured skin makes them very difficult to kill despite their small size. Ice Snakes do not attack unless someone steps very



close to their nest. If their bite penetrates, the victim will be subjected to a *Freeze* spell with a MAGICAL ATTACK behind it of 10.

ICE SNAKES

Rank-equivalent: 2nd

ATTACK 14, (bite d6, 2 and see above)

DEFENCE 6

Health Points 3

Armour Factor 6

EVASION 5

A Ghostly Legionary

This is the ghost of the centurion Drajan, who led his men over the Brack Mountains centuries ago. He will appear in a mini-whirlwind of snow in front of the party and they will be subject to a ghost's normal fright attack. However, if they survive that, Drajan will begin to tell his story in a low, moaning voice that reminds the party of the wind keening over a barren hillside:

"Heed me, travellers. My lieutenant, Servitus, and I were the only two who survived the trek through the mountains. The others, through one calamity or another,

perished to a man. The falling ice in the caverns struck Servitus down and his wound was a grievous one. I helped him down to the lake yonder, but there he perished and I buried him under a pile of rubble. May Mars be propitiated! I then set off across the frozen surface.

"Presently, two great whirlwinds of ice and snow arose and rushed towards me. Knowing them to be evil things, I hastened towards yonder building at the end of the lake. There, black hawks hovered overhead and a feeling of black dread passed over me with their shadows. Then I was under the cover of the building, although I could still hear the fierce cries of the circling hawks. I found a stairway at the centre of the maze by taking the sinister way; all was deathly quiet and I descended.

"I cannot say what I found—terrors such as I cannot describe even from beyond the grave lurk there—but I may say this. Do not enter the room of the Black Star, for there you will perish as surely as I have perished, meeting one more fearsome than I. Though the rewards may seem great and the peril meagre, do not go...."

So saying, he fades from view. If the party try to attack the ghost, he will fade away immediately with a low, warning moan before he can tell his story.

On the way down to the lake, the party will pass a low mound of stones on top of which, flapping in the wind, is a battered battle standard. If they push these away they will find a perfectly preserved (though somewhat shrunken) corpse, dressed in bronze armour with a terrible wound gouged into the side of his head. His sword has been laid flat across his chest. There are a few ancient gold coins in a pouch at his side but nothing else of interest.

The Lake

This can only be Lake Nimmur, frozen since the beginning of time when the icy wastes flooded over the remains of the city of Nem, the seat of Balor, Prince of Darkness. Nothing is visible beneath the ice. At the far end, you can now see the low squat building that you saw from the mountain peaks above. It seems that it must have been a temple at one epoch of history, raised up higher than any of the surrounding land by a series of stepped terraces that are just visible beneath the surface of the ice. The top of this pyramid is made entirely of black stone. A colonnade of pillars supports the roof in front of you. You can see the dark shapes of giant hawks wheeling up and around the top of the building. The wind bears their horrible screeching to your ears.

GM: The party will encounter at least one Sufiriad as they approach the temple, and two if they have not already encountered one on the Random Encounter Table. (If the party decide to avoid the lake, having been warned off it by the centurion's ghost, then they must skirt the steep slopes that flank either side of it. This will take another three hours and they will have a 25% chance per hour of another random encounter while they do so).

As you approach the temple across the frozen ice, you see what looks like a white whirlwind hurtling towards you over the ice.

SUFIRIAD

Rank-equivalent: 10th

Attack: Whirlwind (see *Bestiary*, p.72) Armour Factor 5

DEFENCE 0

EVASION 4

Health Points 30

Movement: 10m

The Hawks of Balor nest on the top of the grey building at the end of the lake. As you draw nearer, you see that

the porticos of the temple are cracked and worn. Two twin trails of black smoke filter up into the still air from the building. Beyond this, there are no other signs of life. Suddenly the hawks take off and swoop overhead, not attempting to attack. As their shadows pass over the party, you are filled with a sickening sense of dread, as if all hope had been quenched forever.

GM: Roll as if the party were being subjected to a MAGICAL ATTACK of 12. Anyone failing to resist must make a roll on the Madness Table to see how he is affected.

A second later, an eerie, premature twilight will settle over the area and the party will have to save against the *Shadowfall* spell or run in panic for 2–12 Rounds. The Darkness Elementalist (see below) has cast the spell with a MAGICAL ATTACK of 28.

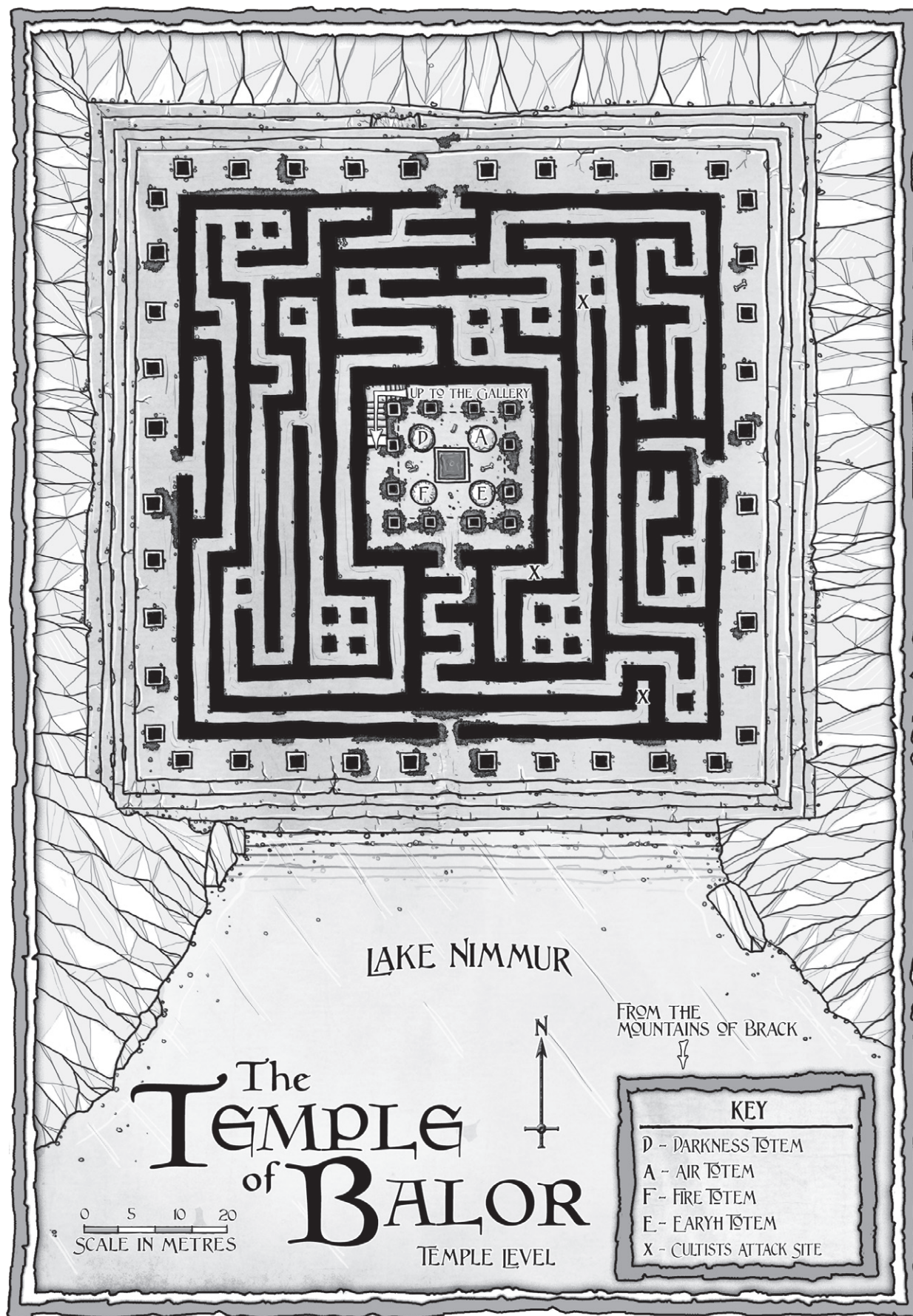
Within the Temple

There are four worshippers of Balor lurking amongst the columns of the upper temple, although they are almost impossible to see in their grey-black cloaks in the twilight; this places a –3 Hit Roll penalty on missile attacks against them. The Darkness cultists will fight individually, ambushing the party if and when they take wrong turnings in the labyrinth that leads to the centre of the temple. Their ambush points are marked with an 'X' on the map on p. 74. All the passageways into the centre of the temple are single-file only. You may show the party the unmarked map of the labyrinth at the back of the book and they may attempt to trace the route to the centre by looking at it (don't let them spend too long on it!). Any cultist who is still alive when the party reach the centre of the labyrinth will attack then.

At the southern entrance to the maze, half choked by strange mauve ivy that grows entangled around some of the columns, is the timeworn description 'Touch the hand of darkness'. (This refers to the left-hand, or sinister wall, as the only infallible way of reaching the centre of the maze is by keeping one's left hand trailing along the left-hand wall all the way.)

Fengil

Fengil has dwelt here for hundreds of years, dead and yet alive, stoking the fires around Balor's frozen body in the sulphurous pit beneath the lake, his only companions the solitude of the waste and



the screeching of the undead hawks. His dreams of power have grown stronger as he himself has weakened, with his insubstantial body fading to a mere wisp of its former self.

FENGIL

Undead 15th-level Darkness Elementalist (minor elements: earth and fire)

ATTACK 17, spear (2d4 +1, 5)¹ AF 0 and immune to non-magical weapons (permanently intangible)
DEFENCE 11 Reflexes 15

MAGICAL ATTACK 34 EVASION 6
MAGICAL DEFENCE 24 STEALTH 15
Magic Points 45/15/15 PERCEPTION 11
Health Points 16²

It is unlikely that the party will catch up with Fengil until he reaches the pit of Balor (see below). If they do get close at any time, he will use the *Javelin of Darkness* spell to make them keep their distance. Fengil has a bald, highly domed head, upon which corruption has left a strange yellow-and-green sheen. His eyes are lined and deeply recessed. He

¹ The spear is magical, therefore Fengil can use it in combat.

² Unaffected by non-magical weapons and indirect-attack spells.

bears all the stigmata of a senior Darkness cultist: he has no shadow; his eyes are sensitive to sudden bright lights, such as aimed *Flame* spells; he cannot fight with physical weapons, as his body is intangible; he bears black, sooty stains on the inside of his palms; he has a phobic hatred of direct sunlight and bears a shadowy half-moon on his forehead.

Over the years he has recruited three acolytes, the guards who protect the upper levels of the temple. These will fight to the death to protect the way down as Fengil hurries on to make his final preparations for bringing Balor back with the tenth and most terrible of the Darkness spells. All the cultists have Assassin skills.

DARKNESS CULTIST 1

6th-rank Assassin

ATTACK 18, sword (d8, 4),
Throwing spikes (d2 +1, 2 and
poison)
DEFENCE 10
MAGICAL DEFENCE 8
Health Points 16

Armour Factor 2
Reflexes 9
EVASION 6
STEALTH 23
PERCEPTION 13

DARKNESS CULTIST 2

6th-rank Assassin



ATTACK 20, Sword (d8 +2, 6), spike (d2 +2, 3)	Armour Factor 2
DEFENCE 11	Reflexes 14
MAGICAL DEFENCE 8	EVASION 6
Health Points 12	STEALTH 23
	PERCEPTION 13

DARKNESS CULTIST 3

7th-rank Assassin	
ATTACK 19, sword (d10, 5), spike (d2 +1, 2)	Armour Factor 2
DEFENCE 11	Reflexes 12
MAGICAL DEFENCE 9	EVASION 6
Health Points 15	STEALTH 24
	PERCEPTION 14

Any surviving cultists will attack the party in the final courtyard, where there are excellent opportunities for concealment (see below).

Courtyard of the Four Graven Images

This is a wide courtyard open to the twilight sky above. Its flagstones are splattered with the ordure and shattered bits of bone dropped by the hawks nesting above. The courtyard is enclosed by a cloister on the ground floor, its arches overhung by rich growths of mauve-coloured ivy. There is another gallery along the top of the cloister, similarly overhung by ivy and reached by a staircase in the north-west corner. There is a green, stagnant pool of water at the centre of the courtyard.

Four totemic pillars just wider than a man stand at the four corners of the pool. They are carved crudely to represent all the elements apart from Water. There are narrow doorways in the totems' faces that one person can squeeze through at a time.

Fire: The fire totem represents a sharp, angular being with hair carved into the shape of flames and fierce red marks scored into its cheeks. Anyone stepping through the doorway will suddenly find that they suffer a heat attack: they must roll under their Reflexes to escape being burnt for 4 Health Points of damage. Metal armour magnifies the effect of the heat, and all those wearing metal armour take 1 further point of damage. Nothing occurs otherwise.

Earth: The totem is shaped like a rough-hewn rock, with two monstrous arms outstretched on either side of its entrance. Anyone stepping into it will find that the two arms swing together, crushing inwards. This hold will continue for two rounds, during which the character trapped inside will take (2d6, 4) damage. The arms will then revert to their original position, ejecting the character.

Air: The Air totem is shaped like a crude representation of a bird. Anyone stepping through the entrance will find himself suddenly caught by a tremendous whirlwind, which spins him about as if he were a rag doll.

Every round that the character is trapped in this whirlwind, he will take 1 more point of damage than he took in the previous round: first 1, then 2, then 3 and so on. Each round, he will have the chance to throw himself back through the narrow entrance through which he came. However, this becomes more and more difficult as the centrifugal force increases. The effective SPEED of the door begins at 12 but gets quicker by one each round.

Darkness: This black monolithic totem has no outside markings to distinguish it. Anyone entering here will be surprised to find that although it is twilight outside, the darkness inside is total (and will cause a fright attack on anyone with a darkness phobia). The character is then subjected to a MAGICAL ATTACK of 12. He may attempt to resist this if desired, but if he succeeds he will find himself ejected from the totem as if he had been pushed out bodily. He will be propelled into the pool (see below). If the character does not resist the MAGICAL ATTACK, he will be teleported down to room 1 on the dungeon level below.

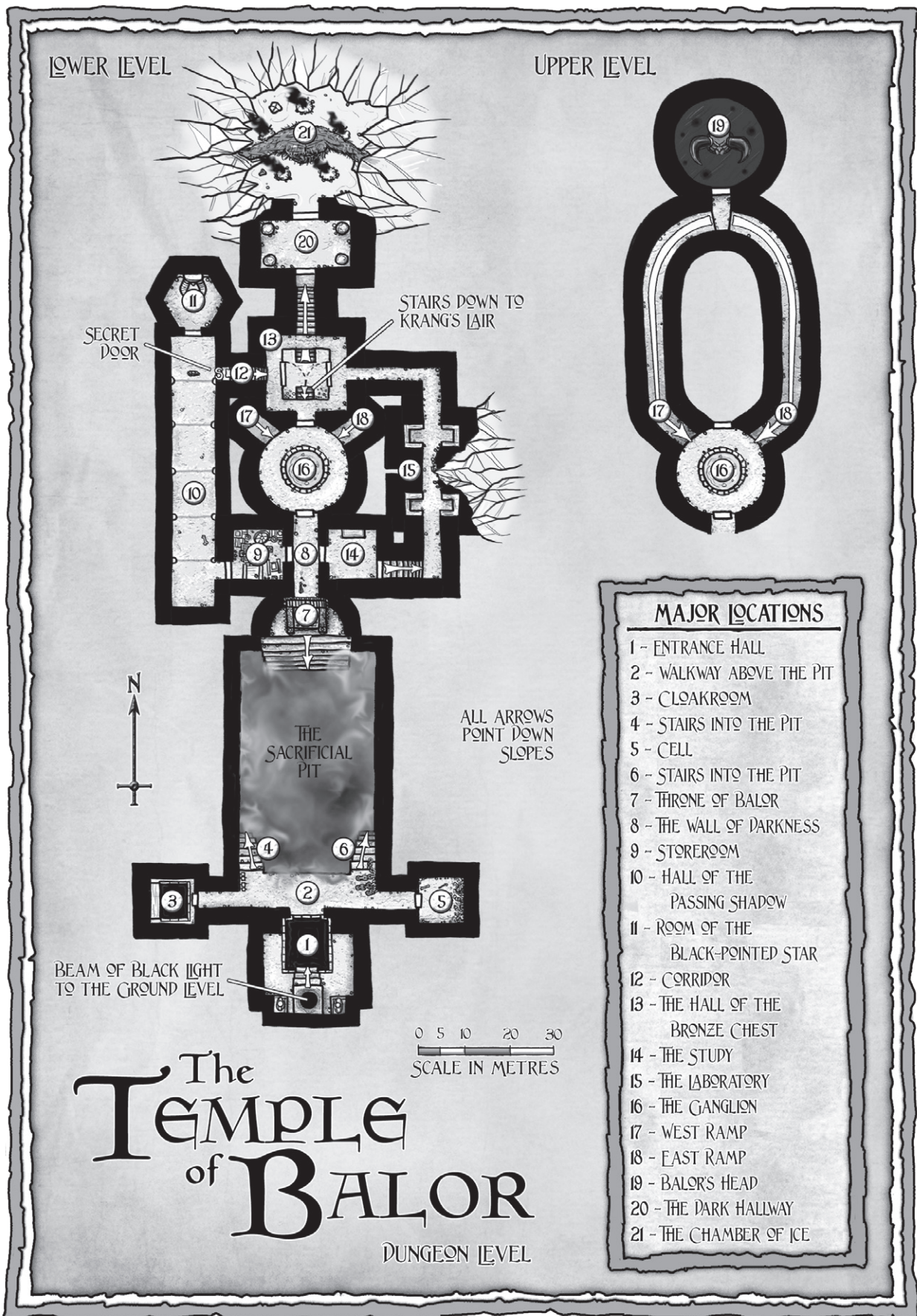
The Pool

The pool is covered with a thick acidic scum that will burn anything with which it comes into contact. It will burn away two points of exposed flesh or one point of armour protection, permanently. The moment the surface of the pool is disturbed, an Obsidiak (see the *Dragon Warriors Bestiary*, p. 42) will rise up out of it and lunge at whoever has disturbed the surface.

OBSIDIAK

Rank equivalent: 2nd	
ATTACK 14, bite (d8, 3)	Armour Factor 3
DEFENCE 6	Movement: flying—8m
MAGICAL DEFENCE 6	EVASION 3
Reflexes 6	STEALTH 15
Health Points: 12	PERCEPTION 6 (darksight)

There is a blue-stained copper casket at the bottom of the pool. If this is dredged up and opened, a scroll case will be found inside it. It contains a powerful scroll of *Freeze*. Unlike the normal Elementalist spell *Freeze*, which only affects a one-metre wide



area, this will affect an area of 20 metres radius and can therefore be used as a means of freezing over a large body of water, such as a small lake or a section of a river.

Dungeon Level

Section 1

You are in a vaulted, granite-walled hall, with two black quartz statues towering some 4 metres high on either side of a raised podium. A single beam of black radiance pours down from a black circular hole in the ceiling. Steps lead down from this podium to a pool filled with a matt black liquid. Smoke rises up in wraithlike forms from the surface of the water. The only exit to this room is an archway at its end. The pool ends just where the archway begins, but it looks like one could squeeze rather clumsily around the edge of the pool and through the archway by stretching one's legs across. A grey swirling barrier of energy, nacreous and completely opaque, obscures the archway.

GM: The beam of black radiance is a teleportation shaft, down which anyone will pass who has stepped into the statue in the courtyard above. Anyone wading through the 10-metre wide pool of dark viscous water will reach the archway and pass through it unharmed. Anyone who does not first immerse himself in the water will find that when he reaches the barrier and tries to pass through it, it will suddenly seem to congeal in a hood around his head. The character will be subjected to a high-pitched screaming sound as the creature begins to suck away its victim's life force.

THE GREY HOOD

ATTACK n/a	Armour Factor 0
DEFENCE n/a	EVASION 0 (when attached to victim)
MAGICAL ATTACK 16	
MAGICAL DEFENCE 8	
Health Points 8	

The Grey Hood endeavours to penetrate its victim's brain through his eyes, ears, nose and mouth and there suck away until the brain is totally replaced by the Hood's own grey matter. Although it does this physically, the spell to remove its victim's brain actually kills the victim, so roll the creature's MAGICAL

ATTACK against its victim's MAGICAL DEFENCE each Round. Failure means instant death.

The character, to all intents and purposes, will look perfectly unharmed after the grey hood has disappeared down one of his orifices. However, the character will be under the hood's control permanently. The only visible sign of his possession will be a greyish film covering his eyes.

Grey Hoods can only be removed by metal, as bare flesh passes through them. However, it is extremely dangerous to attempt to remove them from a victim's head with a weapon, as the blow is just as likely to hit the victim's head as it is to slice through the Grey Hood. To avoid this, the attacking character must roll under his Reflexes on a d20. If he fails, assume the victim has taken twice the weapon's normal damage rating as the blow will have struck him on the head. The best way to get rid of a Grey Hood is to rip it off with a mailed glove: this deals 2 points of damage per round.

The Grey Hood, once it has possessed a body, will do all in its power to slay the rest of the party and then return to the surface to lure as many people as possible into its grey web.

A Grey Hood will attack every person who passes through the archway who has not been immersed in the black water of the pool; this water acts as a strong repellent. A man-sized hole will appear in the web when anyone covered in the water attempts to pass through it.

The only exit is through the archway or back up the teleport beam on the podium. The latter will return the character to the black statue in the courtyard above.

Section 2

There is a walkway on the other side of the arch. It is raised some 6 metres above a layer of swirling mist that covers the entire floor of a large hallway. This stretches away into the distance. At the end you can see a dull bronze-and-gold gleam and the frame of a massive throne. Two walkways lead down into the mist on either side of the hall, and passages lead off to the east and west.

Just before the stairs leading down into the mist, there is a bracket on the west wall holding curious, hooked cro-siers, with a strange pungent web of resin hanging from a string at the end of their curved portion. Just before the eastern stairs, again attached to the wall, is a long

row of chains. On closer inspection, you see scratch marks on the wall and traces of blood on the floor.

GM: The hall is one vast sacrificial pit set in front of Balor's throne at the other end of the room: for a description of it see 4 and 6. The brackets on the west wall contain lamps that allow the priests to see in the occult darkness below. Once a flame is applied to the resinous material, it flares up into a blue light, illuminating the way through the mist; all other non-magical light sources will gutter (see below). The chains on the right-hand wall are where slaves were kept before the sacrifices and the scratch marks are evidence of their desperate attempts to escape.

Anyone attempting to go back through the grey portal will find that they can do so unmolested if they have either already waded through the pool of black liquid in room 1, or used the black liquid in the pool in room 3 to sprinkle over themselves.

Section 3

This is quite a large tiled room, with what appears to be a pool of the same black liquid that you saw in an earlier room. There is a bench along the west wall, and lying in heaps around it you see grey-black cloaks woven with the symbol of the eclipsed moon, the now-familiar emblem of darkness. Hanging on pegs on the wall are dark iron circlets that would fit around a man's head. They, too, have the darkness symbol engraved on them. The room is otherwise totally bare.

GM: A bronze key will fall out of one of the cloak pockets if the party search through them; this opens the way to room 5. The cloaks will protect their wearers from the weapons of the demons in the pit, while the circlets will allow the characters to see the demons, as they are otherwise invisible (see Section 4, below).

There are no other exits from this room and characters must return to room 2.

Section 4

The left-hand stairway leads down into the swirling mist at the foot of the west wall of the hall. The mist is cold and clammy. All non-magical lighting will immediately gutter and be extinguished under this layer of mist. If the party have any of the lighted crosiers (see 2) they will be able to see through the mist to torchlight range.

Suddenly the sound of shrieking fills the air. Characters who are wearing the circlets from Section 3 will be able to see the terrible, half-formed, floating skulls of the demons that haunt the pit. They rip at anyone in the pit with birdlike claws that still have bits of gristle and bone stuck in them. Those wearing one of the black robes found in Section 3 will be able to walk through this horrifying spectacle unharmed. Anyone wearing the circlet but not the cloak will have the dubious comfort of knowing what is attacking him as the creatures lash at him with their talons.

The hall is 60 metres long; it will take the average human character 3 rounds to reach the end of it at full speed. Those not wearing the protective cloaks will take the following damage per round:

Number of demons attacking: 2d6.

Each demon strikes for (d10, 3) each Round.

Although the demons can attack, they are almost entirely intangible and cannot be attacked back.

Section 5

The door to this room is locked and will require a combined Strength of 50 to push down. The key to the door can be found in one of the cloaks in Section 3 (see above).

The room is bare except for a long row of shackles along the eastern wall. There are a number of skeletons still hanging from these. If the party decide to investigate the skeletons, they will find that a message has been etched into the wall next to one of them:

"Today the black-cloaked priests came to take away my brothers. They had donned iron circlets and carried the crooked staffs with blue lights. They took my brothers to the pit and we heard their screams. The priests returned alone and unharmed."

There is little else of interest in the room, and the only exit is back on to the walkway outside.

Section 6

The right-hand stairs lead down into the swirling mists by the right-hand walls of the hall. All non-magical lights will immediately be extinguished once the party members have become immersed in the mist. Just at the foot of the stairs they will stumble upon enormous mounds of human bones that crunch underfoot.



At this moment, the demons of the pit will mount an attack. (For the effects, see above in Section 4). All magical artefacts and the like provide protection as described there. Movement is halved if anyone tries to race through the demons to the far end of the hall, as the bones of previous sacrifices are piled up to a level of about 1 metre on the floor and progress is thus severely impeded.

Section 7

A broad set of steps leads upwards out of the mist-filled pit. At the top of the stairs there is a massive, ornately wrought throne of bronze and gold, with swirling demonic figures arranged in a circle around the titanic bronze headpiece. The back of the throne rises some 15 metres up into the air, practically touching the dim shadows at the top of the hall. Under the throne's gigantic legs there is enough clearance for an average-sized human to walk upright.

GM: If the characters inspect the area under the throne closely, they will find a small wooden doorway that is slightly ajar, as if someone had passed

this way a short time before. (This was Fengil.) The doorway is the only exit from room 7 apart from returning through the sacrificial pit back to room 2.

Section 8

This is a short section of corridor. Just by the door through which you have entered, you discover one of the oddly shaped croziers that you have seen before, still smouldering with a strange blue light at its tip, and a dark cloak and iron circlet seemingly dumped hastily. Ahead of you in the corridor is a barrier of shifting blackness.

GM: Any Elementalist will recognize this to be a *Curtain of Night* spell.

Fengil has cast the *Curtain of Night* across the corridor just where there are two doors in the east and west walls, thereby obscuring them. If anyone manages to pass through the barrier, they will find that the only obvious route is straight forward to Section 16. However, a close inspection of the floor along this stretch of corridor will reveal that no one has disturbed the dust for quite a considerable time.

A large wax seal has been placed across the bronze double doors at the end of the corridor and this has not been broken. The door is not locked, however, although the wax seal will emit a low and dismal moan if it is broken. Fengil himself has slipped down one of the side corridors, and the party will see no more of him until they catch him up in Section 20.

Exits: The concealed exits to Sections 9 and 14 behind the *Curtain of Night*, and the double bronze doorway at the end of the corridor, which leads to 16.

Section 9

A wooden doorway gives on to a room full of strange bric-a-brac: old wooden wheels and platforms that might once have served as carts in a religious ceremony, faded garlands of black ivy, and the leering death masks of the deceased priests of the temple.

GM: One of these masks, when donned, will grant its wearer the gift of perfect ventriloquism, although the character will have to talk through the mask first to discover this. It will mimic the last person to have spoken to the wearer. After this, the wearer will be able to choose whom he would like to mimic and will be able to imitate their voice perfectly, provided that he has heard them speak at least once.

There are no apparent exits from this room, but if the party explore a low crawl-way that runs between some stacked junk they will come across a small clear space where there is a door in the west wall. As they enter the area, a Giant Spider will drop down on the last member of the party and attack.

GIANT SPIDER

ATTACK 15, bite (d6, 3)	Armour Factor 1
DEFENCE 2	EVASION 4
MAGICAL DEFENCE 4	Reflexes 10
Health Points 10	Rank-equivalent 2nd

There is only room for one member of the party to wield his weapon in this confined space, so either the victim or the next person behind him will have to fight the spider.

There are two curiously shaped weapons lying against the wall near the door. They are the length of halberds, with a black, star-shaped protuberance at the end.

Section 10

The Hall of the Passing Shadows

The Hall is 60 metres long and 10 metres across. Five pairs of torches burn with an eerie light on brackets in equal stages up both walls. A red line connects one torch with another across the room. There is a red line across the room right in front of where you emerge.

GM: Each time a character crosses one of the red lines, a shadowy bat-like creature will wing its way down the hall towards him from the darkness at the far end of the hall. The bat-like creatures emit a faint piercing scream and aim themselves right at the first character to have stepped over the line.

Match the character's EVASION against the creature's SPEED of 12. If the character fails to dodge, the creature strikes him, imploding for 2d8 damage (armour protects by absorbing its AF). If the character's Reflexes are higher than the creature's (14) then he will have one chance to strike back at it before it closes with him. He may only do so with a long weapon, like those black halberds the party came across in Section 9.

One successful strike will destroy the creature, which only has the equivalent of 1 Health Point. At each successive red line, the creature's whining will intensify. It will approach the first character stepping through the red line at 1 extra SPEED and will do an additional d8 worth of damage if it implodes on him.

Standing just beyond the fifth line is a set of black armour. This will fit the first person to cross the fifth line and survive. It is a +3 set of plate armour. It also has the ability to absorb all spells up to 3rd level that are cast at its wearer. Despite the fact that it is plate, its weight is almost negligible and it has the encumbrance value of a set of hardened leather armour.

There are two exits from this room. On the right there is a doorway leading through to the passage-way at 12. Right behind the set of armour, there is a room with a black door and a star painted on it. The door is unlocked and leads through to Section 11.

Section 11

The Room of the Black-Pointed Star

The black door silently gives way into a room illuminated by one eerie green lamp. It burns beneath the relief of a face that stares back at you with baleful red eyes. Two vast horns protrude from its forehead into the room



and the face's features seem to rearrange into a sneer as it looks at you.

GM: The door now slams closed at a SPEED of 14 and the mouth opens, spewing out a black cloud of gas. Gradually the cloud takes shape and a figure stands in front of the party clad in the bronze armour of a bygone age, his eyes wide and staring with a desperate madness.

If the party have already encountered the ghost of Drajan the centurion, they will recognize this apparition to be him. He is now a creature of super-human strength. He carries a black-bladed, two-handed sword and will slay everyone in the room if he can. The door back into room 10 will only open if Drajan is defeated.

DRAJAN, UNDEAD CENTURION

Rank-equivalent: 13th

ATTACK 27, sword (d10 +2, 7) Armour Factor 4

DEFENCE 20

EVASION 6

MAGICAL DEFENCE 14

STEALTH 16

Health Points 30

PERCEPTION 17

If Drajan is defeated, his soul will be released to

travel to another plane of existence, his body slowly crumbling to dust, leaving the Black Sword on the ground.

The Black Sword is a sentient sword that will attempt to take over the body of anyone who picks it up. To do this it uses its MAGICAL ATTACK of 14, much like the soul stored in an Amulet of Soul Storing. If characters succumb to the sword's spell, they will suddenly evaporate into a cloud of dense black smoke and be sucked into the mouth, emerging 1d10 Rounds later as a mummy.

The door back into 10 will open automatically once Drajan has been defeated, or all the members of the party in the room have been overcome.

Section 12

This is a section of corridor lined with ancient bricks. At its western extremity it ends in a blank brick wall, although a careful search will reveal the hairline cracks of a secret door, which leads back to Section 10. At its eastern end it leads to the hallway of the bronze chest at 13.

Section 13 The hall of the Bronze Chest

Entrances lead in to this square, granite-faced room from the east, the west and the south. Double bronze doors with a black seal placed cross them bar the way to the south (unless the party have entered the room from that direction). At the centre of the room is a huge bronze chest whose embossed sides illustrate scenes from repellent demoniacal rites.

In the eastern and western sides of the chest are two wide bronze doors. Each of them bears the image of half of a fierce monster with turkey-like wattles of flesh about his neck and an elaborate horned breathing apparatus that connects his nostrils with his mouth. Wide-set eyes, a row of spiky mounds on top of his head, a long, lizard-like tail and an armoured, scaly body complete the horrible picture. There is an inscription across the top of both the doors, which reads: "Both together or not at all."

GM: Both doors swing to the south if pushed. When both doors are opened together they swing back and join as a set of double doors blocking the way to an underground pit where Krang the flesh-eater dwells, waiting for humans to pass. The bronze doors will lock tight, joining together the two sides of the picture of Krang.

There is a steep staircase leading north, down into the depths of the dungeon, inside the huge bronze chest. If the party fail to open both doors, thus closing off the steps down to Krang's lair, the creature will come shuffling up the stairs after ten Rounds. If the party have since moved on, it will follow them.

KRANG, THE FLESH EATER

Rank-equivalent: 8

ATTACK 30, pincers (d8 +2, 7),
acid spittle (at short range). This
will eat away 1 point of armour
or 2 Health Points if it strikes.

DEFENCE 16

MAGICAL DEFENCE 22

Health Points 46

Armour Factor 6

Reflexes 12

EVASION 5

STEALTH 3

PERCEPTION 29

Krang was a creature fettered here by Balor, Prince of Darkness, countless centuries ago and here he has remained since the city of Nem was covered by ice. His lair is a frozen grotto a long way beneath the ice pack that holds the city in perpetual thrall. Once he has scented human flesh and established who is the owner of the scent, he will not relent in

his pursuit of that person unless a Sorcerer places a *Dispel Magic* upon them. Krang can eat his way through the thickest of walls and any metal to get at his victim.

Section 14

The right-hand turn through the *Wall of Darkness* leads to a square room with oak-panelled walls. A desk stands in the north side with a number of scrolls laid out on it. The first scroll stretched out is a *Rune of Stasis*, with a MAGICAL ATTACK of 23. The other scrolls are of *Sword of Damocles* and *Nova*. The room is otherwise empty. There is a door in the east wall leading to Section 15.

Section 15

The stairs lead down to a cold passageway, where the floor is totally covered with ice. It seems that the frozen lake-water from outside has broken in here. Half-way down the passageway, the bricks appear to be bending inwards under a tremendous outer pressure. Four alcoves, two on either side, lead off the corridor, one before the bulge and one after.

GM: This was a laboratory of the Sorcerer whose study the party may have passed through at Section 14. The first set of alcoves contain highly volatile acids that will begin to burn with a blue light if a naked flame, such as torchlight, is brought near them. The acid vats will burst into flame, causing anyone within a 3-metre radius of either of the alcoves to take 1d8 damage, although armour protects against this. If the light source is anything other than naked flame, then the party will be able to safely extract the contents of the vats. These will be useful in making 10 firebombs if they are placed in the correct glass containers. They will act like grenades when thrown over short distances, dealing d8, 6 damage.

If there is an explosion from the volatile liquid, then the ice in the passageway will begin to give way and freezing water will rush into the corridor, flooding it and rising at a rate of 0.5 metres per round. In four rounds it will reach the level of the ceiling, and will continue to rise until it is lapping at the entrance to room 14.

The second set of rooms contains a number of potions mixed in with flasks of uninteresting or poisonous liquids, all stacked on shelves around the room. Assume a 50% chance of an interesting

potion: roll three times on the Potion Table on page 139 of the rulebook.

Section 16

The double doors open on to a circular room swimming in a mauve aura, although there is no identifiable light source. There is a pit in the centre of the room full of a frothing, roiling liquid. Ramp ways lead up to the northwest and northeast, and there is another set of double bronze doors directly to the north.

GM: After six rounds in this room, the roiling motion in the liquid in the centre of the room will increase and a giant octopoid creature with quivering greenish-mauve skin will rise out of its depths, unravelling its eight long translucent tentacles. The arms will try and draw anyone they catch into the liquid, which is a strong acid. This will deal 1d10 damage per round. Armour counts as a defence against this at first, but after one round it is completely eaten away and the character takes a full 1d10 damage per round.

GANGLION

ATTACK 16 per individual arm				AF 1			
DEFENCE 0 (Characters who dare to stand at the edge of the pit may strike it at will)				Movement: 0			
MAGICAL DEFENCE 12				EVASION 0			
Health Points of body: 40							
Health Points of arms/tentacles:							
No 1	No 2	No 3	No 4	No 5	No 6	No 7	No 8
5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5

Characters may strike at the tentacles or (if they are on the very edge of the pit) at the body. All wounds are deducted from the creature's overall Health Points total of 80 and, when these points have been exceeded, it dies. However, if enough points are taken from the body (i.e. 40 Health Points) it will die regardless of other wounds. Additionally, 5 or more Health Points inflicted on a given tentacle will sever it.

A character seized by a tentacle must roll under his Strength on 2d6 to break free before he is pulled into the pit. Each further tentacle adds another 1d6, so a character gripped by three tentacles would have to roll under his Strength on 4d6.

There are three possible exits from here: the party can go up either of the ramps to 17 or 18, or back through the door to 8.

Sections 17 and 18

There are two tunnels on either side of the room; two long ramps gradually ascend from them, curving to the north.

After three rounds of ascent, the adventurers all feel a tremor travel down the corridor, followed by a blast of stale, fetid air. Not only does this air act as a medium poison to anyone breathing it in (to determine this, roll under Reflexes on a 2d10) but also anyone inhaling it will be subjected to an attack on his sanity (see the rulebook, page 124). The party will be able to hear a gigantic sigh at the end of the ramp of the corridor. The sigh has made the whole tunnel shudder. Another breath will come down the corridor after another six rounds; roll again as above.

After this, the party will reach a large, sealed lead door. Various wax seals and symbols of warding have been plastered over the door. Every time there is another breath from beyond the door, they bend slightly inwards and bits of masonry detach themselves from the ceiling and fall amongst the party.

At every breath the black doors seem to take on the features of a gigantic horned face leering out into the corridor. It is as if darkness were shining through like an intense negative radiation. Anyone looking directly at the face will be subject to a fright attack of 1d20.

Section 19 Balor's head

GM: Anyone forcing the doors to the next chamber, despite the warnings, will almost certainly have condemned himself and all his party to death. First of all, they will momentarily see the face of Balor, taller than a house with his chin resting on the black marbled floor in front of them. His black horns reach up and almost touch the ceiling, and black globes of radiance float about the room in the air. Balor's eyes burn with coal-red fire. Anyone involuntarily staring into them (for not even a worshipper of Darkness would dare to look their Prince straight in the eye) will be subject to the equivalent of a MAGICAL ATTACK with a strength of 30.

To determine who is looking directly at Balor, roll for all the members of the party who have entered the room: anyone who fails to roll under their Reflexes on 1d20 will have looked straight at Balor. If they fail to resist the attack, their body will

automatically disintegrate in a rush of black flames that spontaneously consume them. Anyone who has managed to avert his gaze may still be dragged towards Balor's jagged maw by his next intake of breath. They will have to match their Strength against the Strength of Balor's breath; if the number obtained from deducting the latter, which is 12, from the former is negative, the character has been sucked into the maw of the demon and his fate is sealed. Anyone with a positive result will have to roll under that figure on a 1d20 or be sucked in.

Those outside the room will have a chance of grabbing hold of one of the walls or the doors as they are sucked in (roll under Reflexes on 1d20). If they do so, add 5 to their effective Strength factor above. If the doors are pulled to again then the party will only have to deal with the blasts of fetid breath that still seep under the door of the room.

No stats are given for Balor, as no weapons or spells known to man can defeat or injure him in any way. However, the description in Section 21 explains how the party may stop him from rising from the frozen city of Nem to terrorize the land of the living once more.

Section 20

The steps lead down to a pair of ancient wooden doors; these appear to have been blasted inwards by some powerful spell and now hang loosely from their hinges. Beyond is a dark hallway with schist statues of the four elemental forces carved in human form at each corner of the room. All these statues have been defaced, their heads knocked from their torsos and their arms lopped off. At the far end of the room stands a pair of double, lead-lined doors. A golden chain was once stretched across these, sealing them, but this too has been broken and one of the doors stands slightly ajar. A black roiling smoke, smelling faintly of incense, seeps through the gap.

As the party watch, a figure slips out of the door and walks towards them, his hand outstretched in a peaceful gesture. It is Durindar, the King of Glissom! He walks stiffly towards the party, his hand still upraised. In the gloom, they will only notice his empty eye sockets and his mechanical, stiff gait when he is within 10 metres of them.

This is the reanimated husk of the dead king: his body has only 2 Health Points. If anyone has fired



a missile weapon and hit him before he approaches too close to the party, assume that he has been slain. Once the reanimated corpse comes within range he will open his mouth as if to speak but, instead, a tongue of black churning flame will shoot out of it.

Treat this like a *Dragonbreath* spell, except that it creates a swathe of black flame 5 metres wide in front of the caster and has a range of 15 metres. The spell's **SPEED** is 12. It deals (d8 +2, 10) damage. The black flame sears the victim, seeming to glide through armour with little difficulty. The husk of the king will spontaneously crumble to ashes. Immediately after this, the party will come under fire from heavy crossbows from the doors through to the next room (see below).

Section 21

Four Zombies created by Fengil bar the door as their master attempts to complete the ceremonies to bring Balor back to life. The party will have to fight their way past these before they can get any further into the room.

ZOMBIES

ATTACK 12, crossbows
(d10, 4), swords (d8 +1, 5)

DEFENCE 5

MAGICAL DEFENCE 2

Health Points

No 1: 21

No 3: 21

AF 0

Reflexes: 7

EVASION 2

Rank-equivalent: 1st

No 2: 21

No 4: 28

The entire room within is a vast chamber of ice carved out of the depths of the frozen lake. At the centre of the room is the vast trunk of a gigantic being covered with coarse, goat-like hair. It is trapped from its waist down in the icy floor, and its neck has been thrust through a high ceiling supported by black pillars that rise up to a height of 20 metres above the floor. The body reeks with a sulphurous smoke.

Set around the vast trunk are five fires, roiling with the same black smoke as the party have seen from the other room. Surrounding these five fires are mysterious pentacles carved into the icy floor.

The party will see Fengil moving amongst the

fires as they enter. In his hand he carries an ember burning with an occult flame, the Hearth Fire that has been stolen from the King's Tower in Glissom. He will stop moving among the flames when he sees the party and will attack them. If it looks as if he will be defeated, however, he will use his *Shadowself* enchantment to try to escape. If he does manage to escape, be sure that the party will encounter him again in future adventures. For Fengil's stats, see page 73.

After they have defeated Fengil, the party can set about destroying the fires surrounding the body of Balor. The body now throbs with a hidden life although it is still locked securely in the ice pack. If, however, the party neglect to remove the pentacles surrounding the fires, they will continue to burn until the ice pack is completely melted, and Balor will rise out of the icy pit below the lake where he has been imprisoned for aeons and will march across the lands of the living causing untold destruction.

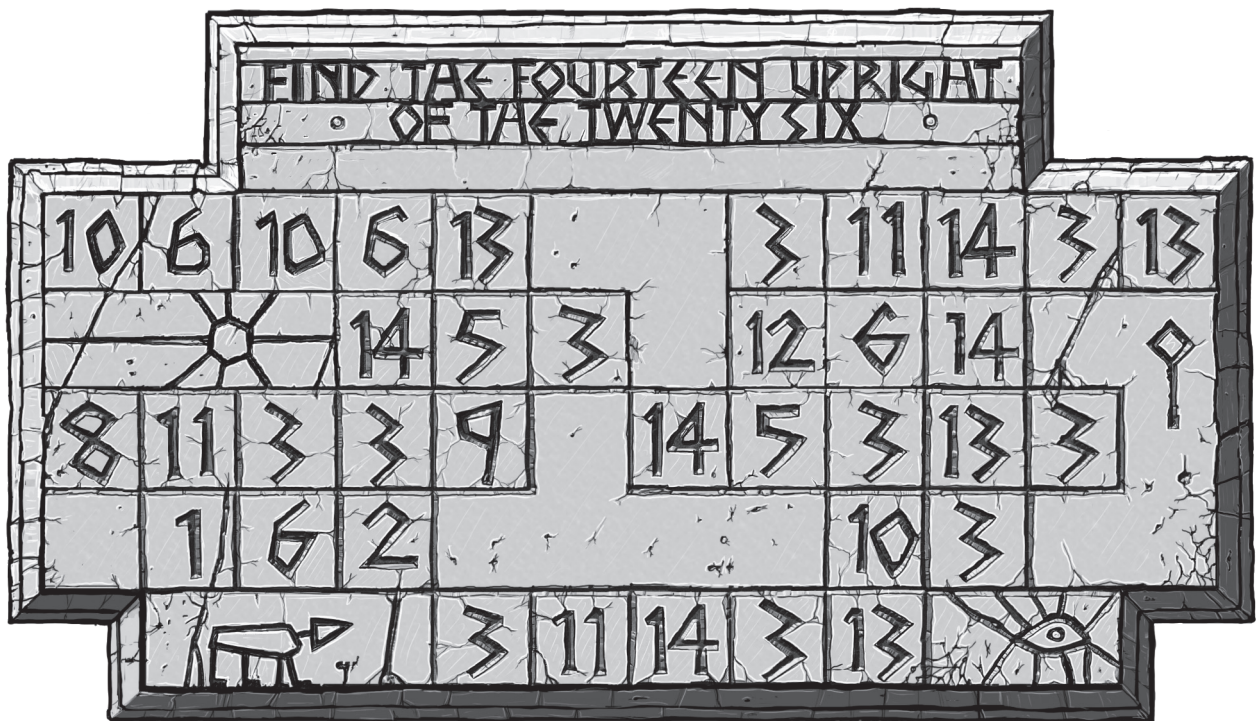
However, if the pentacles are destroyed, then the body will grow cold again and the ice pack will once more shrink in size, enclosing the body. Likewise, Balor's head that rests in the room above this chamber (section 19) will grow quiet and his breathing will stop again.

After the Adventure

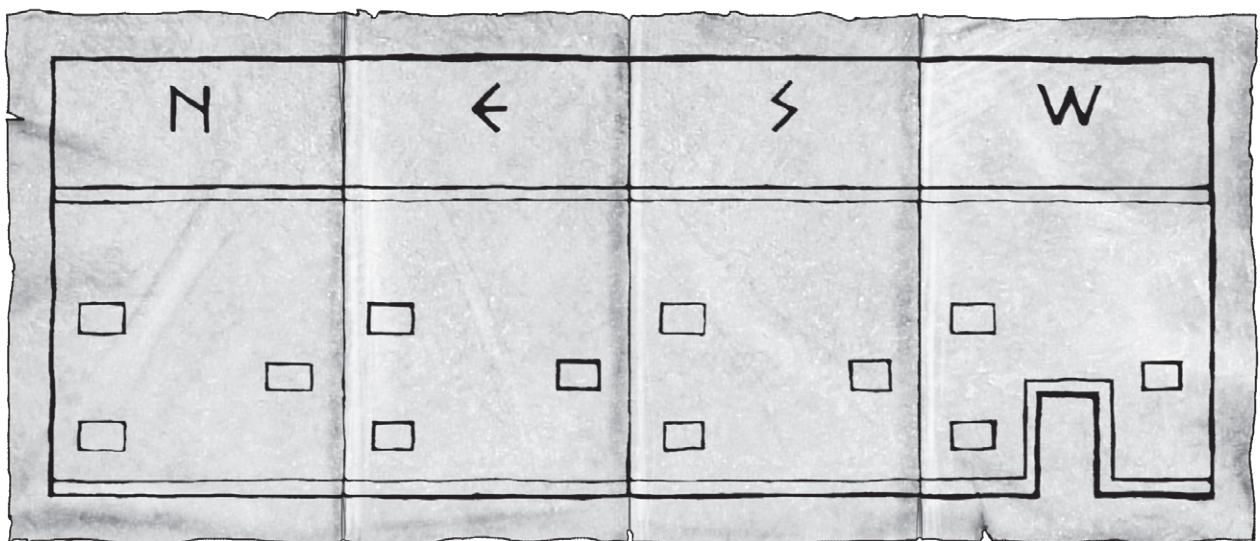
The party may return to Glissom as heroes. If they have not already overthrown Kilnded, the amount of supportive evidence that they now have will be enough to condemn him to the executioner's stake without the party having to fight him. If Prince Doron is still alive, he will resume the throne of the country and will reward the characters bountifully from his treasuries. If he has perished, the kingdom may be offered to the member of the party who has been most influential to the success of the mission.

It may be best to assume that the adventurers have no encounters on their way back to Glissom. However, for an extended adventure, roll on the various Random Encounter Tables for all areas through which they must travel on their journey back.

Tablet on pillar (page 47)

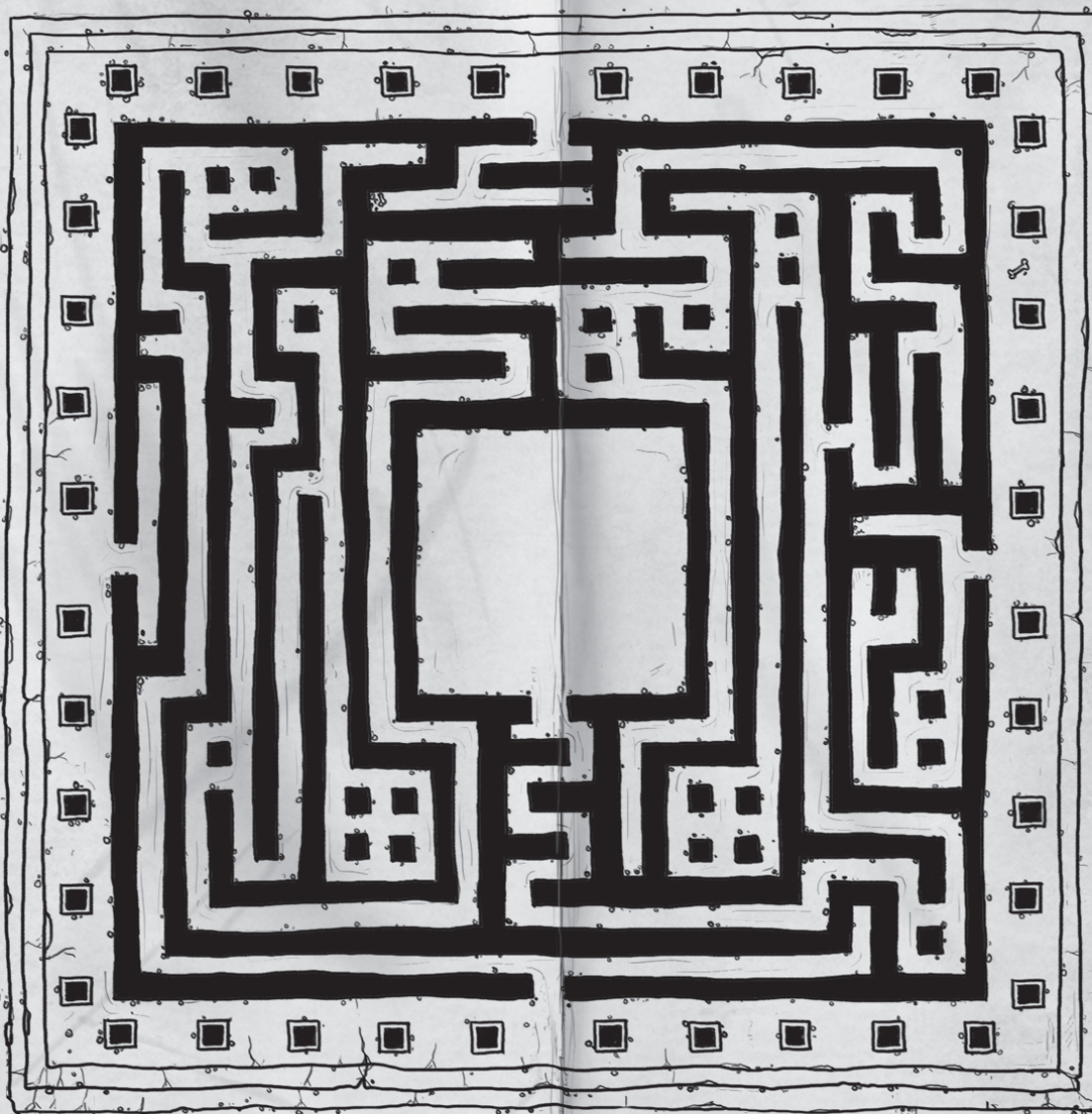


Embroidered cloth (page 53)



The TEMPLE of BALOR

THE PARTY'S MAP OF THE LABYRINTH



Players' map of the labyrinth (page 74)

DRAGON WARRIORS

PRINCE OF DARKNESS

Under the ice, ancient things are waking

GLISSON IS THE northernmost of the countries of Ellesland. Trapped between its sinister neighbours to the south in Ereworn and the ice-pack beyond the Mountains of Brack to the north, it is an unquiet place where the old ways are crashing head-on into the new.

Outside the walls of Glissom City, the old ways hold. Reivers raid rural settlements, killing and pillaging, making honest trade impossible.

Beyond their forts lie forests populated by elves, ruins left by the Selentine Empire a thousand years ago, and the mountains with their strange inhabitants. And in the north people still talk of the ancient Fomorian and their glass towers, and abandoned cities under the ice.

It is a wild land, in need of strong leadership. But King Durindar has been seen only twice in two years. With the heir to the throne a reckless adventurer, many are saying that it is time for a change in Glissom. And a change is coming.

PRINCE OF DARKNESS combines source-material on the frozen northern kingdom of Glissom with a thrilling campaign in seven parts.

Caught up in a scheme to steal the throne of Glissom, the adventurers must journey from the city northwards into the Mountains of Brack, to prevent a ritual that will awaken an ancient evil of hideous, world-changing power.

Along the way they will befriend the true heir to the kingdom, and encounter Reivers, vampires, giants, forgotten gods, and bizarre monsters of many forms. Finally they must locate the Lost City of Nem, where the Darkness Elementalists conduct their most secret rites, and descend into its frozen depths to confront what lies below the ice.

PRINCE OF DARKNESS is designed for a party of DRAGON WARRIORS characters of ranks 5-7.

With great new artwork from Jon Hodgson and Scott Neil, and maps and hand-outs by Andy Law.



PRINCE OF DARKNESS IS A SUPPLEMENT FOR THE DRAGON WARRIORS ROLE-PLAYING GAME, DESIGNED IN THE UK AND JOINTLY PUBLISHED BY MAGNUM OPUS PRESS AND FLAMING COBRA

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