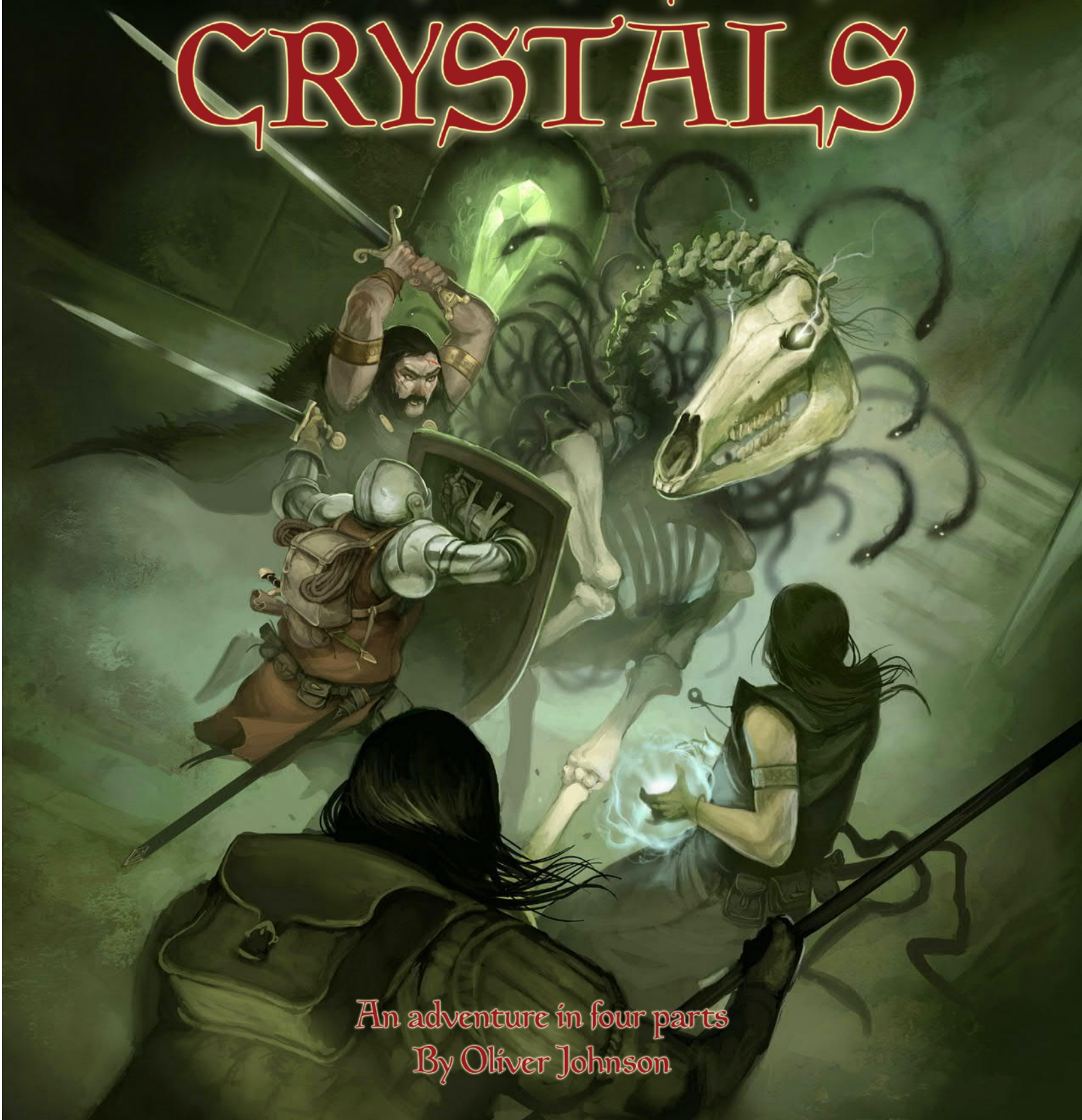


DRAGON WARRIORS

THE ELVEN CRYSTALS



An adventure in four parts
By Oliver Johnson

DRAGON WARRIORS

THE ELVEN CRYSTALS

Being a chronicle of the darkest days of the land of Ereworn and of the band of heroes who ventured their lives upon three quests to reunite the shattered Crystal of Elvaron the Elf. Here are mysteries; insights to the ways of goblins; descriptions of the corruption of a Nobleman who unwisely pledged his soul to a foul servant of the abyss; knowledge of the fate of two great Wizards; a report of the foul beast at the heart of Skull Island; how to defeat demons; and advice on avoiding peasants.

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DRAGON WARRIORS

THE ELVEN CRYSTALS

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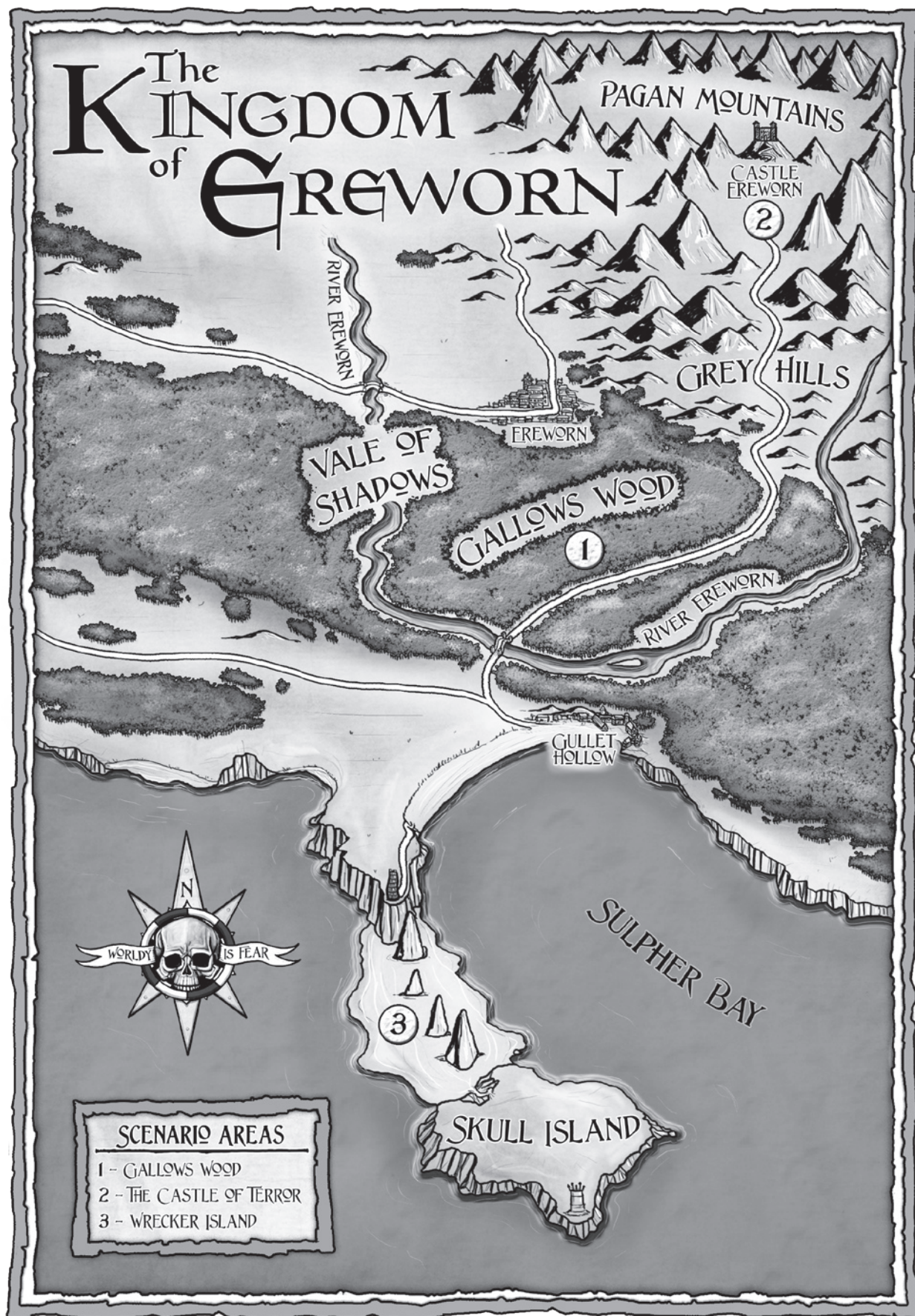
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For more information on the *Dragon Warriors* game and game-world, its creators, forthcoming products for it, and other exciting games and game-related books, visit the Magnum Opus Press website at <http://www.magnumopuspress.com>

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CHAPTER I

EREWORN FOR THE CURIOUS

Introduction

‘The Elven Crystals’ is a complete campaign consisting of four linked adventures for your *Dragon Warriors* game. It is designed for beginning characters of ranks 1–2. The four adventures are as follows:

1. Gallows Wood; or A Goblin Grim
2. The Castle of Terror
3. Wrecker Island
4. Into The Spirit Realm

A brief history of the area in which these adventures are set follows below. Any of the ideas in this campaign may, however, be used in different campaigns or settings.

A history Of Ereworn

Characters native to Ereworn would probably know this information (roll under Intelligence on 1d20), though they would regard it as a folktale. Any friendly NPC from Ereworn will be able to answer basic questions about it, based on the same test.

Elves have ever held themselves aloof from mankind; rare indeed is the elf who travels with humans, rarer still he who devotes his life to aiding them. Of the elven friends of man, none has ever shone more brightly in the gloom of ages than Elvaron, the archmage of Ereworn, comrade and sworn confidant of the King.

The kingdom of Ereworn knew peace and prosperity in its time. Elvaron worked titanic magics to seal the kingdom's borders against evil, both the natural and the unnatural alike. The land yielded crops as if it were glad to offer them up; the rivers gave a seemingly endless silver harvest of fish. Children slept without fear of goblins and ghouls.

Yet all creatures born to live must some day die, and Elvaron knew that he, too, must perish. The thought of this beloved land left without his protection troubled him. Preparations had to be made, or Ereworn's golden age would pass into darkness along with him.

First, he gathered together the magicians of the kingdom and taught them the art of preserving the Great Wards. These were the boundary stones marking the limits of the kingdom, between which stretched the invisible barriers keeping evil out. So long as the magicians did their duty and refreshed the magic with each turn of the seasons, the wards would stand.

Next, he passed down a legacy of potent charms and lore, teaching the rudiments of his art to select men and women of the villages, so that the common people could ward themselves against ill-luck and the petty little evils that came creeping in the dark hours. Those who learned these arts were called the Cunning Folk; a good deal less powerful than the grand magicians, but more trusted by the common people, and with a vital role to play.

As the day of his death grew nearer, Elvaron prepared a final security. He ensorcelled a huge crystal and into it placed an image of himself, an echo that could remain behind and continue to pass on his knowledge to

the people. The strain of the magic quickened his demise and he died soon after. With heavy heart, the King set up the crystal in the grand hall of Castle Erewnorn, in the place that Elvaron had decreed for it.

To his astonishment, the rays of the noonday sun through the crystal cast a living, moving image of a youthful Elvaron, who smiled and asked after the kingdom. Thus it was that the archmage was able to give counsel from beyond death, in a form woven of light. There are those that say the rays of the full moon cast another image altogether, but what that was nobody knew, for the King was careful to lock and bar the grand hall at such times. Only a distant howling, like that of a gigantic wolf many worlds away, gave any clue to what the crystal called up then.

It only took a moment of human weakness to undo all of Elvaron's careful preparation. At dawn on Midsummer's Day, when magicians around the land made solemn procession to the Great Wards for the ritual of replenishment, someone failed in his duty. Whether Slorn the Red was moved by malice, laziness or the interference of some outside agent, nobody knows; all that is known is that he failed to enact the rite that would have renewed the barriers.

The wards in the East fell, and a pent-up darkness came howling across the land. In the great hall of Castle Erewnorn, the crystal shattered into three shards, as if in anguish at the betrayal.

Dawn never came on that Midsummer's Day. The sky blackened with storm clouds. Thunder boomed over the hills and torrential rain and lightning obscured the face of the earth, only abating after a week.

When the armoured men and the courtiers of the King fared forth to see what had become of the land in this time, they found the crops blighted in the fields, the people wracked with plague and the woods and dark places infested with evil. It was as if many lifetimes of misfortune had come at once, flooding over a kingdom that had almost forgotten what evil was. Some demonic force, unnamed as yet, had taken root.

A nameless fear and dread hung over the heads of all those who dwelt in Castle Erewnorn: one by one the knights took their weapons and their mounts and went off to seek employ in other kingdoms. The sorcerers left, deserting bubbling vats, slipping out of postern gates at dead of night, never to be seen again.

In his shadowed hall, the King spoke to his few remaining knights. Though Elvaron's image was now lost, he had spoken to the King before he died of what should be done if the wards should ever fail and the kingdom fall to darkness. No power on this earth could

purge the land again; but there was a power in the spirit world, the lands beyond earth, that could cast the evil back beyond the boundaries. Elvaron himself had drawn upon this tremendous power once, when he first scoured the evil from Erewnorn and established the Great Wards. Even the King did not know what form it would take. It was known by only one word: ALBUS.

The door to the spirit world was called the Moon's Gate. This could only be opened by fixing the three crystal shards of the block back together and allowing the light of the full moon to pass through it.

None of the King's remaining knights came forward to take up the quest for 'Albus'. Rumours had long been circulating that a fearsome demon-wolf roamed the planes beyond the Moon's Gate, battenning on the souls of mortal men. To die in Erewnorn was at least a natural death, with the hope of paradise beyond; any knight could willingly face such an end; but to die far from home in some nightmarish elven realm, with your very soul devoured by a wolf-demon, was a fate too horrible to contemplate. None of the knights could look the King in the eye and one by one they slunk away as their brethren-in-arms had done before them.

The old king died, broken-hearted that no-one dared to take up the challenge he had set. His son was foully murdered soon after. Weak regents or greedy barons have all ruled in the many years since, but none for long. The real power in the land resides with the forces of anarchy and lawlessness that stalk every high road of the kingdom. Only the Cunning Folk, with their simple peasant magic, keep back the darkness to any degree.

The three crystal fragments, symbol of the Elven magic that had kept the kingdom whole, have long ago disappeared from the sight and the memories of men. Seventy long years have passed since the fall of Erewnorn. In that time, evil has sunk deep roots into the land.

Games Master's Information

As in the adventure scenarios in *Dragon Warriors*, all sections of the text marked in italics may be read aloud to the players.

One of the crystal fragments lies at the end of each adventure scenario in this series. The players can use each of them to cast a partial image of Elvaron, who will help them to find the other shards as best he can. When combined they may be used to open the Moon's Gate, beyond which the player-characters will discover the demon wolf, Fengris, and possibly even find the mysterious 'Albus', the otherworldly force that alone can scorch the evil from the land.

CHAPTER 2

GALLOWS WOOD or A Goblin Grim

Overview

This is a scenario for 4-6 1st-rank characters, suitable for beginners to roleplay and newcomers to *Dragon Warriors*.

A monster is terrorising the village of Ereworn! It stalks the streets at night, cursing the crops and the cattle. The villagers hire the player-characters to track the monster down to its hiding place in Gallows Wood.

The villagers neglect to tell the characters of the many other dangers that lurk in the forest: magical traps; an evil sorceress; a bestial forester; Duke Darian's Black Riders; and the undead monks of Moaning Island. The characters will have to overcome many obstacles before they reach their goal.

'Time Passed' Table

As the players progress in this adventure, so, naturally, time passes. Strike through the 'time elapsed' since they set out on the box to the right: every time they get to a new section in the adventure, cross off a half-hour; if they leave the path for the forest, this will cost them a whole hour. Occasionally you will see that in the GM's overview to each section we have overridden this half-hour rule and asked you to strike off more or less time. As a general rule, it might be helpful if you told the players that darkness has fallen (whatever the table says) once they have reached the disused carriage road (sections 18 and 19).

TIME PASSED AND RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

For each hour that the party is in the woods, roll for a random encounter on the table below. Every time the party leaves the paths for the forest itself, roll for an encounter. When the check-boxes indicate that night has fallen over Gallows Wood, start using the night-time encounter table instead.

Type of daylight	Hours since the party entered the woods	Roll for encounter
Pre-dawn Dawn Daytime	½	☐
	1	☐
	1½	☐
	2	☐
Noon	2½	☐
	3	☐
	3½	☐
	4	☐
	4½	☐
	5	☐
	5½	☐
	6	☐
Twilight Dusk Dark	6½	☐
	7	☐
	7½	☐
	8	☐
	8½	☐
	9	☐
	9½	☐
	10	☐

Random Encounter Table

Many of the creatures listed below will be found in the Creatures section of the *Dragon Warriors* rulebook (pp 237-253). A few, however, are unique to this book, and you will find their stats and descriptions given in the encounter itself. Additional notes on some of the creatures are given below.

<i>d100</i>	<i>Daytime encounter</i>
01-30	No encounter
31-35	1 Bear (see the <i>Bestiary</i> , p. 26), rangy and ill-fed, looking for something to eat.
36-40	2 Elves armed with short swords (d8, 3) and bows (d6, 4) (see the <i>Bestiary</i> , p. 19). They are scouting cautiously and will keep well back from the player characters, thinking them to be Darius's men.
41-45	1 Giant Spider (see the <i>Bestiary</i> , p. 35). This monstrosity will try to ambush the party from the trees if possible.
46-50	2 Gnomes (see the <i>Bestiary</i> , p. 19). The player-characters have unwittingly stumbled into their territory.
51-55	2 Goblins (see the <i>Bestiary</i> , p. 19), gathering wood bark to brew into wine. If overcome, they promise to lead the party to Ned the Hobgoblin, but they take the most circuitous, hazardous route they can; they never promised to lead <i>safely</i> .
56-60	1 Ogre (see the <i>Bestiary</i> , p. 23). It is convinced it buried a barrel of mead somewhere nearby and is trying to dig it up.
61-65	2 Wild Boars (see the <i>Bestiary</i> , p. 28).
66-70	4 Wolves (see the <i>Bestiary</i> , p. 28).
71-75	2 Black Riders (see below, or the <i>Bestiary</i> , p. 63). They are patrolling the forest, making sure that no potential threats have entered. If outfought, they will try to ride away and warn Duke Darian rather than fight to the death.
76-80	Werewolf (see the <i>Bestiary</i> , p. 56), in human form. This is the aged Sir Augron, a 2nd-rank Knight, who served many years ago under the King of Ereworn and now lives a cursed life.
81-85	6 Centaurs (see the <i>Bestiary</i> , p. 30), stamping their hooves and waiting impatiently for the next wine delivery from the goblins.
86-90	The Bestial Forester (see p. 30; if the party has already slain him then roll again on the random encounter table).
91-00	Death's Head (see the <i>Bestiary</i> , p. 77: this one is in its day-time incarnation, with a host human body). If the body is not too badly decomposed, the creature pretends to be a beggar; it will trail the party from a distance, hoping to take one of their bodies after nightfall.

Encounters vary between daylight and night-time hours, so keep a tally of the time that has elapsed in the games day on the chart on the previous page. Assume all encounters to be hostile.

<i>d100</i>	<i>Night encounter</i>
01-20	No encounter
21-25	A flight of Bats (see the <i>Bestiary</i> , p. 26).
26-30	Death's Head (see the <i>Bestiary</i> , p. 77), searching for a host body.
31-35	2 Elves (armed as in the daytime encounter chart; see the <i>Bestiary</i> , p. 19).
36-40	1 Giant Spider (see the <i>Bestiary</i> , p. 35).
41-50	A White Lady (see the <i>Bestiary</i> , p. 73), searching for souls.
51-55	An Ignis Fatuus (see the <i>Bestiary</i> , p. 39), trying to lure travellers from the path.
56-65	6 Wolves (see the <i>Bestiary</i> , p. 28).
66-70	Werewolf (see the <i>Bestiary</i> , p. 56), as above, in wolf form.
71-80	2 Gallows Ghouls (see p. 32).
80-85	1 Vampire (see the <i>Bestiary</i> , p. 84).
86-90	1 Spectre (see the <i>Bestiary</i> , p. 83).
91-00	1 Hellrot (see the <i>Bestiary</i> , p. 70).

If you use the stats of a creature in a fixed location in a scenario, alter its scores in pencil, so when the party encounters the creature again you can erase any marks you may have made and use it again.

Lighting

It will be murky daylight for most of the first part of the party's adventure. However, whenever they go into places where the daylight does not penetrate, they will have to light torches or lanterns to see (*Dragon Warriors* rulebook, p. 60). This includes all subterranean places like dungeons, crypts and so on. Lanterns and torches will be obligatory when the time elapsed table indicates that darkness has fallen.

Local history

At the centre of the Vale of Shadows stands the village of Ereworn, hard by a river of the same name. To its east, as far as the eye can see, forests roll away over the aptly named Grey Hills. The village is a ramshackle affair, fallen from prosperity into adversity along with the rest of the kingdom. At one time it was a sprawling town, with its outlying suburbs



and farms extending to the east almost as far as the castle of the same name. Ruined remnants of the town, from randomly strewn hunks of worked stone to the occasional foundations or roofless cottage, can be seen throughout the forest.

Duke Darian governs the whole region and allows no one to enter the forests on pain of death. This he does because he is afraid that the peasants of the village may appeal to the forest-dwelling elves for help in overthrowing him; he can execute his subjects for practising magic, but he has no such authority over the elves, who are known to be powerful magicians. In addition, he fears that someone may stumble across the graves of his elder brother and his family whom he had murdered one night in a fearful area of the woods known as Hellglade. On the death of his own father, Darian seized the reins of power and now his Black Riders scour the realm extorting taxes, murdering and torturing.

When the forests were closed off to the people, they soon became infested with vagabonds, bandits and evil monsters. One particularly spiteful Hobgoblin has chosen the village as the object of his malice and on many a dark night his shadowy form can be seen cursing the crops in the field, shrivelling

the udders of cows and poisoning the wells. Most of the villagers, after two years of this, are on the point of starvation; others have moved away for good, leaving their houses derelict. The villagers are themselves too timorous to enter the forest to track down the monster in the daylight hours, and the corpses swinging on the village gibbet attest to the fact that those who are caught trespassing there by the Black Riders are dealt with summarily. Entering the wood at night-time is known to be the equivalent of suicide. The villagers have now made a pact between themselves to hire the next strangers who enter the village and send them after the monster; without, of course, mentioning the other fearful dangers that entering the forest entails.

The first leaves of autumn are swirling down as your party enter the village of Ereborn, in the Vale of Shadows. To the west you can see a river meandering from some distant, wood-covered hills. The margins of the forest come right up to the boundaries of the village. It is obvious to you that all is not well with the land: fields that should be ripe with harvest stand untended and wild, emaciated cattle huddle forlornly on a windswept hill and many of the doors to the huts in the village

swing open and shut to the vagaries of the wind. On the skyline, blackly silhouetted, three figures clank in chains on a gibbet, black crows feeding on their eyes.

You notice the few inhabitants who are outside scurrying into their huts as you approach, and soon the central street is utterly deserted apart from the fallen leaves that dance madly in the blustering wind. You approach the only tavern, where a blistered sign creaks on rusty hinges. You can just make out the name of the inn: 'The Horned Satyr'. It seems that the place was at one time more prosperous than it is now; trailing woodbine hangs over a broken trellis that once must have shaded summertime drinkers, stools lie broken and lichen-covered in a backyard where a fierce dog howls and leaps at you from the extremity of its chain.

Once the player-characters have entered:

You find yourself in a cold, dust-filled parlour. Your eyes meet those of four taciturn, grim-featured men who are sat around a table. They gesture for you to seat yourself next to them.

The player-characters may now socialise, introduce themselves and otherwise settle into the tavern. Sooner or later, the subject of beer will come up. Any player-character accepting the offer of a drink can be told the following:

The ale you have been served tastes bitter, as if it had been brewed with sun-withered weeds instead of good hops. One of the drinkers, seeing you grimace at the beer's harsh taste, addresses you:

"Aye, it has not always been so with the ale of Ere-worn: once it was the sweetest drink in all the Vale of Shadows. But now it is tainted by the curse of an evil hobgoblin that dwells in yonder forest." He begins to make a gesture to ward off evil, then checks himself.

"All our meat and drink is befouled. Hens drop shells full of muck, and the cows yield black matter. The very well is cursed by this creature's breath. Two children we've had born to us this past year. One had six fingers on his left hand. The other had no eyes. Just webs of skin over the sockets."

If the adventurers sympathise or enquire further, the speaker introduces himself:

"My name is Eldron, chief of this village. There sits Gond, keeper of this inn, and there Smilch and there Garfas, my advisers. Together we have decided to pay

the sum of twenty gold pieces to any heroes that dare enter the forest and return with the head of Old Ned the hobgoblin. We can pay you five crowns in advance and a further fifteen crowns if you return having successfully completed your mission." He throws five gold coins down on the table. "Please, accept our money and our good wishes. Rest here tonight at our expense. Tomorrow you will be able to pick up the creature's tracks in the morning dew."

If the player-characters try to haggle, Eldron will insist that they cannot afford more. Such money as they have has been scraped together from the pitiful bequests of the recently dead, and from what little has been hidden away from the tax collectors. The whole village has given what it can and that will have to be enough. Eldron is clearly reluctant to say more about who the tax collectors are or why he is so afraid of them.

The PCs may wish to lie in wait for Ned, so that they can attack when he comes to curse the village instead of setting off after him in the morning. Eldron tries to dissuade them from this. A fight with a powerful hobgoblin here in the village might lead to hovels being smashed and bystanders being killed. Besides, if the party failed, Ned would surely turn on the villagers to punish them for their defiance, whereas if they confront him in the woods, the villagers will be safe many miles away....

The inn-keeper's skinny daughter, Clothilda, serves you a sorry meal of soup that is mostly cabbage-water and bread that tastes of mildew. When you are finished, she shows you to some rather cheerless, draughty rooms, with thin straw mattresses on bare wood boards.

The banging and thumping of Clothilda, preparing for another day's trade, wakes you. No light comes from the window. It is early morning, the sky still dark but for a bright moon. The back door opens as Clothilda goes out to fetch some water. Suddenly there is a scream, and looking out of the window you see a bizarre sight in the moonlight: Clothilda's thin legs are sticking out of a beer barrel and waving frantically! A spindly hobgoblin with a tasselled cap is rolling her away up the hill and into the forest.

Before you can react, the door flies open and the inn-keeper rushes in. His face is chalk white and his hands are trembling as he blurts out: "The devil! Ned has taken my daughter!" Although there is still an hour left till dawn, you can see the hobgoblin's trail snaking through the moonlit frost on the ground.

If the player-characters ask the locals what a hobgoblin could possibly want with a human girl, the innkeeper will explain that Ned no doubt plans to malfom her body and mind with his magic until she is no longer human but a hobgoblin herself, at which point she will forget her former life. Hobgoblins like nothing more than to disfigure what is fair. Casting warts at a pretty face is good; deforming unborn children is better; but changing a whole-some lad or lass into a hobgoblin is best of all. Fortunately, such magics take a day and a night to work. If Clothilda is not rescued before tomorrow's dawn, there will be two hobgoblins in the forest!

The innkeeper urges the player-characters to set out on their quest immediately, as it has become suddenly more urgent than before. He gives them one final warning:

"Duke Darian, who rules these lands, sends a ghostly carriage into the woods every day. It's said that anyone bold enough to seek an audience with the Duke has only to step inside, and they'll be borne off to the castle, fast as lightning! If you see that carriage, then for the love of God, stay well away from it!"

1. The Beggar in the Wood

The party encounters a leprous beggar in the first clearing of the forest. He emerges from the mists suddenly, and will almost certainly surprise them. He is essentially harmless apart from the terrible disease he's carrying, and will exchange a valuable riddle written on a parchment for any alms he's given.

You are soon deep in the forest. Ancient oak trees soar above your heads into the grey pre-dawn sky. Huge black crows caw at you mournfully from the boughs. A thick ground mist steams about you, but when it clears you can see the marks of the barrel in a trail through the morning dew on the grass. Two miles to the south you can see a slender black tower rising up from the forest.

After half a mile the path you're following enters a clearing. Mist hangs here like a blanket and your visibility is reduced to torchlight range.

Unless the player-characters have an advance scout or are otherwise forewarned somehow, read or paraphrase the following text:

Without warning, a figure swathed in bandages and moaning lowly stumbles towards you through the mists. You have a few moments to react before it closes with you. You cannot, as yet, see any exits from the clearing through the mist.

BEGGAR

ATTACK Not applicable	Armour: None
DEFENCE Not applicable	EVASION 3
MAGICAL DEFENCE 3	Health Points 3
Equipment: An old parchment (see below)	
Cash: None	

As the old man will explain if the players give him a chance, he once served the magician Fabian who lived in a tower in the forest (see p. 20) and tried to keep back the evil after many other magicians had fled when the great wards fell. This was long ago, in his youth. He now presents a hideous sight, swathed in grey, stained bandages and extending fingerless hands towards the players, moaning for alms in a low voice which becomes louder and louder the more the party hold out from doing so. Anyone actually placing money in the leper's hands stands a 10% chance of contracting the disease himself. (For the effects of leprosy, see p. 126 of the *Dragon Warriors* rulebook.)

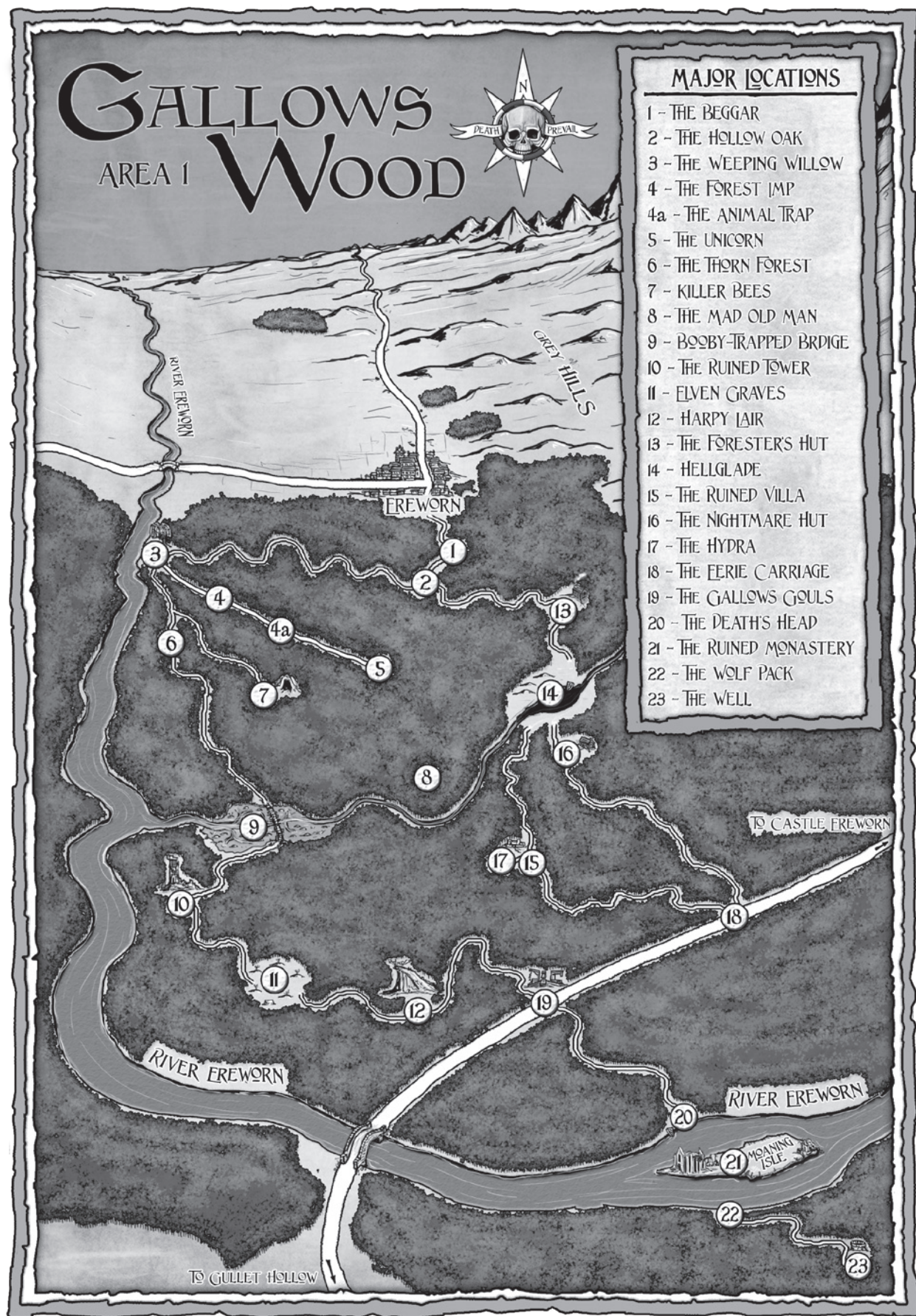
If they ignore the beggar

He follows them to the end of the clearing, moaning louder and louder. Suddenly there is a loud flapping sound and two Forest Harpies who have been attracted by the noise drop out of the sky towards the party. They have one round before they close with them. Observant adventurers will notice that the harpies do not attack the beggar.

FOREST HARPIES

ATTACK 9	Armour Factor 2 (thick feathers/leathery skin)
Weapons: Grapple with claws (see below).	
DEFENCE 6	EVASION 5
MAGICAL DEFENCE 4	STEALTH 9
Equipment: None (all the Harpies' treasure is in their nest in section 12).	PERCEPTION 9 (elfsight)
Health Points:	Rank equivalent: 3rd
Forest Harpy 1: 12	Forest Harpy 2: 11

Grapple with claws: A successful strike attempt means that the Harpy has grappled successfully. Characters may have one attempt to break loose before the Harpy becomes airborne. To break free, roll under strength on d20.



Forest Harpies (as distinguished from the typical Harpy) are hideous hybrid creatures with the bodies and faces of old women, but the wings and plumage of large crows. They converse with one another in loud caws. They will attempt to grapple any opponent in their claw-like arms and legs and bear them off to their nest where they will devour them, having stripped them of their treasure. In ancient times a powerful magician laid a curse on these creatures and all harpies now emit a sickening stench, which can be detected at 10m. It is therefore very unusual for harpies to surprise their opponents. On the other hand, harpies have such a horrible appearance that a morale check is necessary when in combat with them (see the rulebook, p. 122).

These harpies will fly off if one of them is killed or if they manage to bear off one member of the party. Anyone borne off will have to fight the harpies back at their nest in Section 12.

Once the harpies have gone, the characters will notice the old beggar has slipped away into the mist and is nowhere to be found. There is nothing else of interest in the clearing.

If they give the beggar alms

The beggar thanks you and points to a ruined tower that sticks out of the forest like a broken, black tooth about two miles away to the south:

"Because you have helped me, I'll now help you. In my youth I served a powerful magician named Fabian who lived in yonder tower, fighting back the forces of evil that had come to dwell in this forest. On his deathbed he gave me this parchment and this stone." He holds up an ancient vellum parchment and a sparkling gem the size of a large pebble. "He told me that if I ever met a band of heroes who had both the courage to stand against evil and the heart to help the lowest of the low, I should pass these treasures into their keeping. I was healthy then, but I now know what he meant. This disease has made me so foul that even the evil ones keep their distance! Fabian locked away much of his power against the fall of darkness, knowing that the evil ones would try to seek it out and destroy it. Come, take my parchment and this stone in reward for your kindness. If you have wit to use them, they will lead you to great strength."

The old man will offer the parchment and gem to the first person who offered him alms. Don't forget the 10% chance of contracting his disease if his skin is touched. Without waiting to hear any questions

the players may have, he melts back into the mist as mysteriously as he appeared and is nowhere to be found if the characters search for him.

If they slay the beggar

They will soon realise that the old man was harmless. They will find the parchment and the gem as described below.

A path runs to the north, by which the characters entered the clearing. There is a second path to the south, which snakes off through the mist into the heart of the forest.

Treasure

The Parchment: This appears to have an old heroic poem written on it: *Fabian invites noble daring men: yesterday the other warriors eagerly rode their horses ever nearer the hideous enemy: exhausted yet exalted, men of undaunted trust, hall heroes against nameless darkness, swords wielded over rising doom.*

The Games Master should show the players the illustration at the bottom of the page, or on p. 80.

The first letter of each of the poem's words, read together, spell out a secret message relating to various parts of Fabian's ruined tower (section 10). Decoded, this reads: "Find my tower, then the eye, mouth, hand, sword." The last four items refer to features of the tower (see pp. 19-22).

The Gem: This is a semi-precious stone worth about 5 crowns. It has to be fitted into the empty eye socket of the stone gargoyle over the fountain in the ruined tower (Section 10, p. 21).

FABIAN INVITES NOBLE DARING MEN:

Yesterday the other warriors eagerly
rode their horses ever nearer the
hideous enemy: exhausted yet exalted,
men of undaunted trust, hall heroes
against nameless darkness, swords
wielded over rising doom.

2. The hollow Oak

The party finally catches up with Ned the Hobgoblin—or seems to. He is hiding in the trunk of a hollow oak tree with Clothilda the serving girl. However, this chuckling horror is a trap, meant to trick the party into attacking.

After another half-hour of trudging along the path the light amongst the trees has improved slightly, and you can see the pale yellow circle of the autumn sun struggling to dissipate the ghostly mists that wreath the forest. You enter a small grassy clearing and immediately notice a familiar-looking barrel lying abandoned in the middle of it.

Suddenly you hear a shrill cry of distress coming from a hollow oak tree standing in the middle of the clearing, and you see Clothilda's blonde head poke up over the top of it. Her cry is stifled instantly and something pulls her down into the trunk again. For a brief second you see the face of her kidnapper. A grey hobgoblin peers at you from under puckered, hooded eyes, his sharp yellow teeth sticking out from his lips in a malevolent grin. Then he is gone.

Ned has created a fake hobgoblin made from enchanted fungus and cloaked with *Illusion*, to delay pursuers. He has used up one of his poisonous puffballs for the purpose. If the fungus-Ned is hit, it breaks open to release a cloud of choking spores. Anyone adjacent to the fungus when this happens must roll under his Reflexes score on 1d20 to avoid breathing the spores in. If he does inhale them, he must get a *Cure Disease* or *Purification* spell within 1–8 rounds or die as the spores spread fungus throughout his body.

One blow from a weapon is enough to dispel the *Illusion*. The fake hobgoblin no longer moves, and all that is left is a dissolving mush that breaks apart and blows away on the wind. There is no sign of the real hobgoblin or Clothilda, apart from a fragment of torn cloth from her dress snagged on some bark. There is no further sign of the tracks that Ned had left in the dew.

A thin trail snakes off through the trees to the west. It seems to be seldom used, judging by the untrampled grass and ferns growing in the middle of it. It leads to Section 3 (see below). There is a muddy path leading off to the east; some imprints of a human boot are noticeable. It leads to Section 13, the Bestial Forester (on p. 24).

3. The Weeping Willow Tree

An evil witch has set a curse upon a weeping willow tree hard by the river that flows through the woods. Anyone who steps underneath its shade is subjected to a powerful sleep spell. Every evening at dusk she returns to spirit away the sleeping bodies of her victims, for who knows what hideous purpose. So far today a woodsman named Garth has wandered under the tree and fallen instantly into a profound slumber. Seeing his sleeping body, a hungry wolf has sneaked up from the undergrowth, but just as it was about to sink its jaws into him, its bite turned to a yawn, and it too fell asleep.

The small trail doesn't get any bigger as you follow it; after an hour or so it emerges on the bank of a river you recognise as that which flows through the village of Ere-worn. In a clearing by the bank there is a strange sight. Under the boughs of a drooping weeping willow tree you see a sleeping figure, a woodsman by his garb, with a bundle of faggots and an axe by his side. A large wolf sleeps next to him, its teeth slightly bared as it snores. Two paths lead from the clearing; one to the south, and another back into the forest to the east.

Anyone stepping under the shade of the weeping willow tree to investigate the sleeping bodies will automatically be subject to a sleep spell with the equivalent MAGICAL ATTACK of 20. Anyone succumbing to this will fall into an enchanted slumber that will last exactly 12 hours unless a 6 Magic-Point spell of *Dispel Magic* is used on him, in which case he will regain his senses. Nothing will rouse the woodsman or the wolf unless someone casts the above spell and both of them are within the maximum radius of the effect of that spell (5m).

The woodsman will react favourably to anyone who rouses him from his slumber. The wolf will attack instantly.

GARTH THE WOODSMAN

ATTACK 12, 2-handed	AF 1 (padded leather)
forester's axe (d8, 6),	
dagger (d4, 3)	
DEFENCE 5	Movement 10m (20m)
MAGICAL DEFENCE 3	EVASION 4
Rank-equivalent: 1st	STEALTH 12
Health Points 5	PERCEPTION 6
<i>(Strength 14; Reflexes 11; Intelligence 6; Psychic 10; Looks 10)</i>	
Equipment: Bundle of faggots, 1 silver florin (hidden in shoe), 1 copper penny.	

Garth will be extremely grateful to anyone for releasing him from the effects of the spell; so grateful, in fact, that he will join the party as an extra member. He is a reasonable fighter with his axe, which he has wielded in many an unpleasant woodland scrape before. The GM should run him as an NPC. He is fairly strong, but also a bit dim-witted. Although he has not explored the woods thoroughly, Garth will relate the following information:

- ♣ The local Duke's men will summarily execute anyone they find wandering about in the woods. He himself was skirting along the fringes, being careful not to go further in.
- ♣ There is a ruined tower to the south.
- ♣ A bestial forester stalks the woods to the east. The Duke's men avoid him, as the law applies only to humans, and he does not seem to be altogether human any more.
- ♣ The ruined monastery that stands on an island in the river to the south is reputedly haunted.

WOLF

ATTACK 15, Fangs (d4, 5)	AF 0
DEFENCE 3	Movement: 12m (25m)
MAGICAL DEFENCE 1	EVASION 3
Health Points 10	STEALTH 16
Rank-equivalent: 1st	PERCEPTION 11

The wolf will attack the nearest person in sight when it wakes from the spell. Wolves are described in more detail on p. 28 of the *Bestiary*.

If the player-characters linger until evening they will encounter the witch, who will fly into the clearing and snatch up any remaining victims under the tree.

WITCH

3rd-rank Sorcerer	
ATTACK 11, Dagger (d4, 3)	AF 0
DEFENCE 5	EVASION 3
MAGICAL ATTACK 17	Magic Points 12
MAGICAL DEFENCE 7	Health Points 8

She is dressed in tattered black robes, and a crumpled, high-peaked black hat. She is frighteningly ugly, with wispy white hair and a permanent malevolent scowl on her face. If she realises she can't defeat the party she will attempt to fly away, offloading her most unpleasant offensive spell while doing so.

The river looks too deep to ford here. If they liked, the party could cut loose some tree trunks and drift downriver to the village of Ereworn. There is a neat path bordered by little white boulders lead-

ing off to the south-east—see Section 4. A winding path leads south to Section 6 (p. 17). A path leads back to the hollow oak tree in Section 2 (p. 14).

4. The Forest Imp

A mischievous imp sits on a toadstool in the centre of the path. He is intent on playing pranks and will direct the party straight towards a trap laid by Knutt, the bestial forester (see Section 13, p. 24).

The broad path is pleasant to walk along and the sun momentarily breaks through the mist, brightening the dark groves around you. After a mile or two you come across a toadstool in the middle of the path, upon which sits what appears to be a tiny green forest imp. The imp stares at you with black, crafty eyes, his pointed ears sticking up to either side of his green cap. There is an old sign tacked to a tree next to the path, which leads on to the east. It reads: "Trespassers will pay with their lives. By order of Duke Darian." Another broad path leads to the south, where you can see the mist hanging thick and low on the ground.

If the characters attempt to attack, the imp simply mounts his dragonfly and zooms up out of their reach. If they address it or wait for it to speak:

The imp blinks twice and then laughs derisively. "Ha! Scared of Duke Darian's warnings, are yeh? Why, the blond-haired wench who passed south but an hour ago was not afeared of that. Belike she were more worried 'bout old Ned, the Hobgoblin who was carrying her. Yonder, they went."

He gestures to the south again and laughs in a high-pitched titter. He leaps onto a dragonfly hovering nearby and whirrs away through the forest.

A path leads to the east. This is a broad path 6m wide that leads into a thick bank of mist and section 5. Another path leads to the south. There are no tracks immediately visible. See Section 4a, below.

4a. Animal Trap

Across the width of the 3m-wide path lies a spiked pit, carefully concealed with brushwood and leaves.

The ELVEN CRYSTALS

The front rank of any party will fall into the pit unless they can successfully roll under their Reflexes on a d20. The pit is 5m deep and will cause 1d6 damage for the fall; there is also a 20% chance of anyone falling being impaled by one of the long spikes set at the bottom of the pit, for an additional 1d8 points. Knutt, the bestial forester, will arrive to inspect his trap after an hour if the players have failed to extract themselves from the pit (for Knutt's stats, see Section 13 on p. 24).

As the lips of the pit overhang, climbing out of the pit without a rope and grapple will involve a climbing roll, difficulty factor 18.

The path continues to the east for about half a mile and then stops abruptly amid bracken and tall ferns. If the PCs wish to continue east nonetheless, roll for a random encounter and strike another hour off the 'time elapsed' table. They will emerge in the clearing in Section 13. The party may retrace their steps back to Section 4 if they wish.

5. The Unicorn and the Black Riders

The party is soon lost in a thick band of mist. After a while they hear a hunting horn and minutes later a huge white shape looms at them out of the mist. This is a beautiful white unicorn being hunted by Duke Darian's Black Riders and a pack of Hell Hounds. The unicorn is being hunted for its horn, which when ground down into a fine powder temporarily increases one's Intelligence by 4 points. (Information on this is at the end of this Section).

The thick bank of mist seems to grow ever more opaque around you. Only the leaves underfoot and the looming trunks passing close by prove that you are still within the forest. Suddenly, between one footfall and the next, you hear the muffled sound of a hunting horn and the distant baying of hounds. The noise seems to be coming in your direction.

Allow the party a moment to prepare. There is little that they can do to hide, though they may choose to hunker down behind trees or to climb one for greater safety in the face of the unknown.

After a minute you see a white form looming out of the mist in front of you. A beautiful white stallion with a

single horn on top of its head leaps gracefully across the path just in front of you and bounds away into the fog. The baying of the hounds is right on top of you now.

UNICORN

ATTACK Not applicable	AF Not applicable
DEFENCE Not applicable	EVASION 2
MAGICAL DEFENCE 5	Health Points 12

The player-characters may attempt to attack the unicorn as it bounds past, but it will not stay to fight them.

Two rounds later two Black Riders (see p. 238 of the rulebook, or p. 63 of the *Bestiary*), clad from head to toe in jet-black armour and mounted on sinisterly draped black horses (see p. 245 of the rulebook or p. 27 of the *Bestiary*, and four foaming-mouthed, red-eyed Hell Hounds (see p. 244 of the rulebook, or p. 67 of the *Bestiary*) will emerge from the mists. The party will surprise them.

BLACK RIDER NO. 1

Rank: 3rd	
ATTACK 13, Hunting spears (2d4, 4), Sword (d8, 4)	AF 4 (chainmail)
DEFENCE 8	EVASION 4
MAGICAL DEFENCE 5	STEALTH 13
Health Points 15	PERCEPTION 6 (normal)
Treasure: 3 Gold, 3 silver, six copper pieces.	

BLACK RIDER NO. 2

Rank: 3rd	
ATTACK 13, Hunting spears (2d4, 4), Sword (d8, 4)	AF4 (chainmail)
DEFENCE 8	EVASION 4
MAGICAL DEFENCE 5	STEALTH 13
Health Points 15	PERCEPTION 6 (normal)
Treasure: 1 Gold, 5 silver, 1 copper pieces.	

HORSE 1

MAGICAL DEFENCE 2	Health Points 16
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HORSE 2

MAGICAL DEFENCE 2	Health Points 20
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The Black Riders are the emissaries of the local lord, the evil Duke Darian of Ereworn. They have standing orders to execute any practitioners of magic they come across, especially Cunning Folk, and to punish those who use even the most trivial charms against evil. They deal out summary justice to such people; there are many gallows creaking under the weight of their victims scattered around the countryside. The Black Riders are really half-human Wadwos. They



have a deep hatred for humans and will fight to the death without giving quarter.

HELL HOUNDS

Health Points:

No.1: 5

No.2: 10

No.3: 8

No.4: 7

The party is now totally lost and its members cannot find the path by which they came.

If they would like to strike off into the thick of the forest: roll once on the random encounter table and strike another half an hour off the 'time elapsed table'. Use the map of Gallows Wood to determine at which section the party will arrive.

If they would like to follow the tracks of the unicorn to the south-west they will find the broken-off tip of its horn, speared through the fast-decomposing black remains of something unidentifiable, lying on the ground after a few metres. Its track mysteriously vanishes into thin air at this point. If the horn is ground down into a powder it will make 4 potions of Intelligence, which if dissolved in water and drunk will raise a character's Intelligence by 4 points for one hour. If the party follow the general direction that the unicorn would have taken before

it disappeared they will arrive after 2 hours (strike this off the 'time elapsed table') at the ruined tower in section 10.

6. Thorn Forest

The path leads south through a thorn forest inhabited by a band of Thorn Demons. The party may try to avoid the thorn forest by taking a path that appears to skirt the thorn thicket to the east.

The deciduous trees in the forest gradually thin out and you find yourself on the edge of a thick thorn forest. A path leads off to the west towards a cliff set into a hill. The track in front of you narrows to a single file path as it enters the thorns.

If the party decides to go east, turn to Section 7; otherwise continue with this section.

You head into the thorn forest, forced to walk in single file through the narrow gaps between the clutching trees. Suddenly the branches of the trees surrounding you reach

out briar-covered claws and rip at you. Parts of the thorn thicket around you have become animate! Those trees are not trees at all, but thin, insect-like beings with ebony-coloured, stick-like arms and legs and dark, knotted domed heads, with what look like conker husks for eyes. They screech at you in a horrible bony chatter. You have ploughed right into the midst of them!

The thorn demons (see p. 251 of the rulebook or the *Bestiary*, p. 45) have surprise for the first round.

THORN DEMONS

Health Points:

No. 1: 7	No. 2: 10	No. 3: 9
No. 4: 9	No. 5: 7	No. 6: 6

It will take a *full* hour for the PCs to struggle through the natural thorn thickets to reach section 9. Anyone wearing a gambeson or padded armour has a 20% chance of having that armour's Armour Factor value reduced by one point as the thorns shred it. Anyone not wearing armour has a 20% chance of receiving 1–4 Health Points damage.

7. Killer Bees

The party has to pass through a cave filled with a swarm of deadly killer bees. They are the unwitting guards of a great treasure, concealed in the giant honeycomb that hangs pendulously from the ceiling. The entrance to the cave is one abreast; the first character through will be attacked instantly. Torchlight will be required in the cavern; otherwise the bees will have surprise.

The path starts climbing up the side of a narrow gorge, and you are soon forced to walk one abreast to keep your footing. There is a sheer drop of several metres to the left and an overhanging cliff to your right. You soon come to a point where the ledge disappears altogether and you are left standing in front of the dark entrance to a cave. You can see nothing inside the cave, but you can hear a loud buzzing hum coming from the darkness.

The swarm of 20 killer bees (see p. 246 of the rulebook or the *Bestiary*, p. 39) will attack one victim at a time; if the Queen Bee is attacked, they will instantly attack the person who is troubling her. They will fight until the party have been driven at

least halfway back down the ledge towards Section 6. The cavern is 30m by 30m with a rough, stalactite-covered ceiling. Hanging from one of the stalactites at the height of approximately 5m is a large waxy-looking bulbous structure, around 1.5m across.

The Beehive

Many years ago an Elf named Ornas hung his magical lyre on one of the stalactites hanging from the cavern ceiling and lay down to sleep. A foul goblin slew him as he slept, but left the cave without noticing the lyre suspended high up in the air. When the wind blew through the lyre it emitted a beautiful magical note. A swarm of passing bees, attracted by the sound, swarmed on it, building a large honeycomb around it in which their queen lives.

Anyone tampering with the beehive will be attacked immediately by the Queen Bee (see the *Bestiary*, p. 40) who will fight to the death.

If the honeycomb is split in half, the party will find the lyre embedded inside it (see below).

There is a low tunnel at the back of the cave. The player-characters can see daylight at the end of it. If they crawl down it, they emerge on another ledge facing east over the forest. There is no path down into the forest as such, but one member of the party (roll randomly to find out who) notices a giant footprint on some soft ground not far away. If the party wish to follow this track, turn to Section 8. If they wish to retrace their footsteps to the thorn forest, turn to Section 6.

Treasure

The Lyre of Ornas: When it is moved about or if it is put in a place where the wind can blow on its strings, the lyre will attract unintelligent living creatures to it. Both these actions will make it produce a magical hum that is dimly audible to elves and animals, but not to humans. To represent this in game terms, allow one random encounter roll for the particular type of terrain the party are in at the time per hour and ignore any result involving intelligent beings. Creatures attracted in this way will remain neutral to the person carrying the lyre and anyone standing around him, although they may attack anyone who approaches the party. The creatures will depart immediately someone plucks the lyre's strings. The party may be rather unnerved at being surrounded

by an assortment of wild animals. Remember that it may take the party some time to learn to use the lyre to their advantage. Ornas used to control creatures attracted to the lyre by a *Command* spell (see the rulebook, p. 82).

8. Deranged Cunning Man

The party follows a false trail made by a lunatic. This wastes another full hour and another random encounter must be rolled for. Anyone stopping to inspect the footprints on the trail may be perplexed by the fact that there are only right-hand footprints visible. There is also a faint trail of a single human size foot next to them.

You follow the track of the large footprints for an hour. Then you hear the sound of high-pitched singing coming from ahead of you. You eventually reach a glade where you find an old man wearing some tattered rags with leaves and other foliage tangled in his matted white hair. He leaps to his one good foot when he sees you, preparing to defend himself with his crutch. You notice the crutch has a large ape-sized foot stuck onto the bottom of it. It is obviously this that has left the trail through the woods, which you have been following.

This poor wretch was once one of the Cunning Folk who helped to keep the land safe from evil. He now thinks he is 'raising a great barrier against the darkness, as Elvaron did of old' by leaving his peculiar trail through the woods.

If questioned further about this 'darkness' the old man will rave about the ghostly monks of Moaning Island; see Section 21 on p. 34. His brains were added in an encounter with them many years before. His petty magic was not enough to keep them at bay, and they robbed him of his wits as a cruel jest.

If pressed, he will reveal that he knows the whereabouts of a secret treasure cache, left many years before by the elves, possibly by Elvaron himself! If the party is foolish enough to follow him, he will lead them in a wide circle through the forest back to the same glade as they are standing in now. This will take another hour and another roll on the random encounter table will be required. Once they're back in the glade, the old man will proudly walk over to a hollow bole in a tree and bring out a handful of acorns and nuts: his treasure cache!

The party will have completely lost the old man's original trail and will be unable to find it again. Check the direction they chose to take against the area map on p. 12; they will arrive at the clearing or encounter section closest to their line of advance. This will take another hour, and another random encounter must be rolled for.

9. Booby-Trapped Bridge

The player-characters come to a rickety-looking bridge which crosses a bubbling mire. It will take another hour to find a way around the bog (roll for a random encounter if they do). The bridge will collapse if it has a cumulative weight of 20 Strength points on it at any one time.

A colony of Swamp Folk lives in the mud underneath, waiting to drag any unfortunate victim beneath the mire. They only emerge on dry land in order to repair the bridge after it has collapsed.

The ruined tower you saw from a distance now looms up in front of you through the mist. Just before you reach it, however, you come to a rickety bridge spanning a bubbling quagmire. There doesn't seem to be any obvious alternative route around this obstacle.

If the bridge does collapse, those characters remaining on the bank will see a number of green heads pop up from below the level of the mud. These are Swamp Folk (p. 251 of the rulebook or p. 24 of the *Bestiary*).

SWAMP FOLK

Health Points:

No.1: 7 No.2: 7 No.3: 8 No.4: 8

Anyone falling into the swamp wearing metal armour of any kind will sink beneath the surface in 4 rounds unless rescued. Characters can go around the swamp (see above) or across the bridge to the tower (see Section 10, below.)

10. The Ruined Tower

The tower sits on top of a small hillock, which rises up from the level of the forest. It would appear that the



tower is all that remains of a castle. Ruined walls lie in heaps in the brambles all around you. The sides of the tower are matted with ivy and climbing plants. There is an arched entrance at its base; its door has long since vanished. A single statue of a grotesque being covered with ivy stands to the left of the door. You can see what looks like a fountain and a well within the tower. The floors of the tower all seem to have collapsed, leaving the inside open to the elements. A thick layer of grass and weeds has overgrown its ancient flagstones.

The party may possess the parchment with a riddle on it from Section 1. The riddle ought to point them successively to the eye of the stone head above the fountain, the mouth of the head and lastly to the hand of the statue in the well, in which there is an enchanted sword (see below).

When the Great Wards fell, the sorcerer Fabian knew he must prepare for the coming of the darkness. He summoned an enchanted being known as a Titan from its extraterrestrial plane and ordered it to guard an enchanted sword in his possession; no knights of Ereworn had been brave enough to remain in the Kingdom, but perhaps some future hero would prove worthy. After he had placed the

sword in the Titan's upraised hand he cast a powerful *Fossilize* spell both on the sword and the Titan. They have remained in the well of his tower for the last few decades in a petrified form, accumulating moss and lichen. Only a *Dispel Magic* spell will release sword and warrior from their stony vigil. Such a spell is written on a scroll hidden in the mouth of the grotesque head over the fountain.

Unfortunately, Fabian didn't give any instructions to the Titan apart from the order to guard his sword; it will therefore attack anyone who attempts to take it from its hand. The only safe way of getting the sword is to attach a rope around it and yank it out of the Titan's hand at the instant it is de-fossilized. The Titan will pursue anyone with the sword for its allotted time on this plane (just under one hour). Conversely, it will remain motionless for one hour if no one tries to take the sword. After one hour it will return to its own plane with the sword.

There are other additional dangers around the tower. In the well area of the ruin lurks a troupe of ghastly skeletons (see later). The stone statue by the door is in fact a Gargoyle (see p. 241 of the rulebook or p. 34 of the *Bestiary*), not part of Fabian's retinue but a predator attracted to the stony ruins. The

party will have 3 chances in 6 of being surprised by it (see the rulebook, p. 60).

GARGOYLE

ATTACK 16, Talons (d10, 3)	Armour Factor 7 (but only 2 vs magic weapons)
DEFENCE 8	Movement: 8m (15m) (flying—50m)
MAGICAL DEFENCE 6	EVASION 4
Health Points 14	STEALTH 16
Rank-equivalent: 5th	PERCEPTION 12 (panoptical)

Inner Courtyard of Tower

This is a fairly large circular area that stands open to the sky above. In the centre of it is the low parapet of a well, which must have been used in ancient times to supply water during sieges. Set into the far wall is an ornamental water spout with a carved, grotesque stone face. The water issues through its mouth into a large basin supported by a stone griffin. The floor of the circular area was once covered with flagstones, but weeds and grass have now grown over them.

(A) A search of the overgrown courtyard will eventually reveal a flagstone with a rusted circular metal ring set into it. When this is pulled up, it will reveal a flight of steps descending into the darkness of the well. A dripping noise can be heard from below.

(B) Anyone leaning over the parapet will hear a melancholy dripping sound below. From the sound of the echo they will be able to deduce (test against Intelligence) that the well is actually the opening to a large underground area. During the day they will just be able to make out the form of a titanic statue immediately below the circular hole of the well. It holds a sword up to the sky in one of its hands.

(C) The fountain's grotesque head has a semi-precious stone set into one of its eye sockets. The other eye socket is empty. A gout of water issues from its mouth into a stone basin in front of it.

The flow of water from the stone mouth will stop if a gem worth 5 crowns or more (like the one the party may have picked up from the beggar in Section 1) is placed in the empty eye socket. This will also have the effect of deactivating the mechanism of the trap, which will be sprung if anyone puts his hand (or any other object) into the stone mouth.

Anyone placing their hand or any other object into the stone mouth of the fountain will activate

a spring that will cause the stone teeth to crash together. For damage, treat as a broadsword (d8, 6). The teeth will remain locked together unless prised apart by a metal implement.

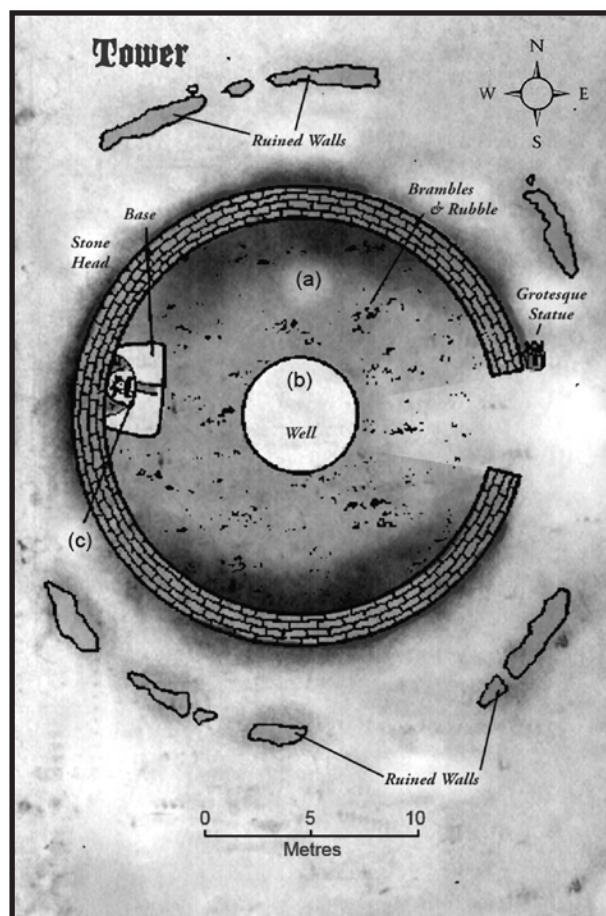
Inside the stone mouth is an ornately carved tubular bronze scroll case (itself worth 1 crown). Inside the case is a scroll of *Dispel Magic*.

Underground Chamber

This is unlit apart from a small patch of light from the well opening during the day.

The chamber is a dripping subterranean crypt, with serried ranks of skeletons lying on stone shelves on the wall. Other skeletons lie under the knee-deep water. The walls are dripping wet and covered by a slimy moss. There is a black statue of a warrior 3 metres tall standing in the centre of the room, directly under the well opening above it. It holds a stone sword aloft in one of its hands.

Anyone wading through the water for more than one round will have their ankles grabbed by the bony fingers of the animate skeletons (see p. 83 of the Bestiary) that lurk beneath the surface. Assume



the character is held in place unless he can successfully roll under or equal the difference between his Strength and the combined Strength of two skeletons (16). Skeletons lying on the stone shelves will also get down from their perches and advance towards anyone who remains in the crypt for more than two rounds. They carry antique, rusted swords and wear brown tatters of chainmail; obviously they were once the guards of the castle, and now continue to guard after death. If the party retreats back up the stairs, the skeletons will collapse like puppets with their strings cut until someone enters the crypt once again.

SKELETONS

ATTACK 11, damage depends on weapon used	Armour Factor 0 (except as indicated above)
DEFENCE 5	Movement: 10m (20m)
MAGICAL DEFENCE 3	EVASION 3
Rank-equivalent: 1st	STEALTH 13
	PERCEPTION 7 (gloomsight)
Health Points:	
No.1: 2	No.2: 3
No.5: 4	No.6: 4
No.3: 4	No.4: 4
No.7: 6	No.8: 6

The statue is the *Fossilized* form of a Titan (see above; more information on p. 47 of the *Bestiary*).

TITAN

Rank: 15th	
ATTACK 25, Sword (d8 +4, 9), Fist (d3 +4, 6)	AF 5
DEFENCE 20	EVASION 5
MAGICAL DEFENCE 15	Health Points 5

An immense bronze warrior glowing with occult flames, the Titan usually resides on another plane until called to earth by a powerful spell.

The Titan carries a *Fossilized* +2 magical sword in its hand. If anyone is carrying the sword, it will chase them remorselessly for its allotted one hour on this plane. If it ever catches up with the person carrying the sword it will pulverise them before picking up the sword and returning to the tower. A Titan will always walk in a direct line, swatting aside any obstacle in its way. Stone walls or trees will not present any grave obstruction to its progress.

There are stone stairs up to the flagstone in the inner courtyard. The area surrounding the tower holds nothing of interest. A path winds off from the foot of the tower into the woods to the south (see Section 11). The bridge over the swamp in Section 9 can be seen to the north.

11. Elven Graves

The party enters a clearing reserved by the elves for the burial of their dead. It is protected by day by elemental forces and at night by elven warriors.

You emerge at the edge of a clearing. All the ground has been cleared of grass, leaving bare earth. There are five low mounds protruding from the earth; small saplings are growing on top of them all. There is a low, rough-hewn stone altar at the south end of the clearing, upon which some apples and acorns have been placed. A small fire burns underneath the altar. You can smell the fragrance of some aromatic wood on the smoke as it drifts towards you. The clearing is otherwise empty apart from the whirling autumn leaves that blow across it.

The party may skirt the clearing if they wish, but it is surrounded by thick foliage that will take half an hour to get through. If the party decides to take this route, don't forget to roll for a random encounter. If they do decide to go around, they will eventually emerge under the rocky hill in Section 12.

If the party tries to pass through the clearing by day, they will get about half-way across before noticing notice that the leaves blowing about on the ground are forming into a humanoid shape and bearing down on them.

AIR ELEMENTAL

ATTACK 19, Attack (d10, 6)	Armour Factor 0, but immune to non-magical weapons
DEFENCE 14	EVASION 8
MAGICAL DEFENCE 8	Health Points 14
Rank-equivalent: 8th	

This entity appears as a shifting manlike outline containing leaves and particles of dust. Air elementals are difficult to see with any clarity because of their shifting, transparent form. As a consequence anyone fighting one will do so at -1 to ATTACK and DEFENCE. It can deflect any arrows or lightweight missiles with its control of the wind.

This elemental was bound within the confines of the bare patch of burial ground. It will fight until it is totally destroyed or it has driven off the intruders from the area. The elemental will not follow anyone off the burial ground. Fortunately for the party, they have encountered an Air Elemental with relatively few Health Points!

Each mound contains an elven burial, the bones wrapped around in wood bark and an item of treasure laid across the skeleton's chest. At night two Elves (see the *Bestiary*, p. 19) lie in wait, and if anyone desecrates the graves, they will ambush the party at nightfall wherever they happen to be.

Treasure

The uses of some of these articles should not be made immediately apparent; the PCs will, however, notice that they are undecayed despite having lain underground for many years.

Mound 1: A pair of green elven boots. Anyone putting these on will find they can move silently at all times, even when walking on twigs and leaves. (Worth 20 crowns).

Mound 2: A hazel divining stick. Once per day, the person carrying this stick may ask it to point to a particular thing or person. For example, it may be asked to show the direction where the nearest water may be found. (Unfortunately if the diviner is in the middle of the desert, the stick may be pointing to a well many miles away!) It will also point to specific people: for example if it was asked to point to someone's murderer it would either point to a specific person who was visible or in the direction in which they could be found. Unfortunately, the stick is not infallible and will only divine correctly 80% of the time. If it fails to work correctly, keep the results of your roll secret: the stick will point in a random direction, which you determine by rolling d8. The stick points north on 1, north-east on 2, east on 3, south-east on 4, south on 5, south-west on 6, west on 7 and north-west on 8. (Worth 50 crowns).

Mound 3: An ornately carved yew longbow. Buried alongside it is a quiver of six enchanted +1 silver-tipped arrows. (Worth 30 crowns).

Mound 4: An elven mirror. The Looks rating of anyone looking into this mirror will seem to them to have improved by 6 points. (Worth 10 crowns).

Mound 5: An elven cloak. This is a mottled green and brown drape. Anyone who puts it on and remains motionless has only a 5% chance of being spotted at any range above 2½ m in woodland. (Worth 25 crowns).

A path continues on towards a rocky prominence about 1 mile to the south. (See Section 12 below).

12. harpy Lair

Beside the path leading south, there is a lair of the group of Forest Harpies that the player-characters may have encountered in Section 1 (on p. 11) at the top of the rocky hill. The body of anyone borne off by the Forest Harpies in Section 1 will be found in the grotesque nest of human bones at the top. There are always two Forest Harpies stationed in the nest and they will attack anyone attempting to climb up the side of the hill.

The path eventually brings you to the base of a hill covered with boulders and rocks. Its sides are steep and it looks like it could be quite a difficult climb to the top. From a distance away you thought you could make out ghastly creatures, half woman and half crow, flapping around the top of the hill. They are no longer visible. You can glimpse a road running through the woods to the south at a point about half a mile below you down a gentle slope.

The difficulty factor of the slope is 12: so any member of the party with Reflexes of 12 or more won't have any difficulty climbing the slope. Make a normal climbing roll for those with Reflexes under 12 wishing to climb.

The Forest Harpies will attack anyone when they have reached half-way up the slope; they will fly down and attempt to grapple their victims. Two consecutive successful Hit rolls will indicate that they have succeeded in picking up their victim. They will then proceed to soar up and drop them from a great height.

At the top of the crag is a gruesome nest made entirely of human bones knotted together with hair. The party will discover any previous victim of the Forest Harpies from their party here. Ragged bits of armour will be found still clinging to the bones. Also scattered around the nest are 9 gold crowns, 130 silver florins; a set of +1 magical hardened leather armour, battered and weather-worn but still usable; and a Potion of Dexterity.

A path leads around the base of the crag and then descends a forested slope to the road that passes through the forest. Turn to Section 20.

13. The hut of the Bestial Forester

The party members find a warning nailed to a tree. Continuing, they enter a clearing in which stands the hut of a bestial forester, once a normal man and now corrupted by the supernatural evils that infest the wood. The witch (see Section 3 on p. 15) cursed him to lose his human nature gradually over time and steadily become a beast.

If the party enters the hut they will find the forester's wife cooking a meal. She will appear to be terrified when the party enter. Her terror is not of them, but of her husband who is likely to return at any second. He habitually attacks any strangers found wandering the woods. Duke Darian's Black Riders, who also range the woods looking for intruders, have long ago decided to leave this dangerous psychopath alone. His wife only stays here through dogged loyalty and hope that the change can somehow be reversed.

The path seems to be well used. You trudge on as the sun struggles up over the trees and shines dimly through the mist. Soon you come to a notice tacked to a tree. It reads "Trespassers will answer with their lives". It is signed by a 'Duke Darian'. Idly you wonder how many trespassers can read. Without warning, the mist grows thicker and you can hardly see a metre in front of you.

Soon you emerge into a clearing. You see lamplight pouring from a window set into the wall of a low wooden cabin in front of you. You can smell the scent of wood smoke in the air.

If the player-characters want to investigate the hut, through the lamp-lit window they can see a woman in simple rustic clothes preparing some food in a kitchen. She seems rather careworn; wrinkles crease her face and she looks prematurely old. She will not be very welcoming if the PCs enter the hut. She will keep insisting that her husband will be returning in a minute and that they had better get out. She will look nervously towards the door and wring her hands as she does so.

This is not a bluff. Her husband is indeed returning and is a dangerous degenerate who will attack anyone he finds in his hut, swinging at them with his two-handed forester's axe (with surprise if all the members of the party are staring at the woman instead of at the door).

KNUTT, THE BESTIAL FORESTER

Rank: 4th

ATTACK 14, Two-handed axe (d8, 6) AF 2

DEFENCE 5

EVASION 3

MAGICAL DEFENCE 3

STEALTH 15

Health Points 14

PERCEPTION 8

Knutt is hunched over and hairy, with a low bony ridge across his brow, as if he were more beast than man now. His arms are long and he runs with a loping gait. He wears only the shredded remains of his original clothing.

The bestial forester will attack the party in a berserk rage and will give no quarter. He will pursue anyone who flees into the woods. His wife will plead with him to stop fighting, but this will prove to be futile. If he is killed, she will rush out of the hut shrieking and will never be seen again.

The bestial forester has roamed the woods for years since he was cursed, murdering foolhardy travellers and chopping them up like logs. He has stacked their bodies in the woodpile at the back of his hut. Anyone sifting through the logs and bones will find a few tattered leather purses containing some coins, to a total value of 11 crowns and 115 florins. They will also discover a small phial in one of the skeletons' pockets: the liquid inside it is a Potion of Healing, although only an alchemist or someone who has already possessed a Potion of Healing will be able to deduce this.

If the party decides to skirt around the hut and continue, they will be able to see the woodpile containing the forester's previous victims, and may investigate it if they wish (see above). If they linger for too long they will see the forester returning to his hut through the mist.

There is one path leading away to the south at the end of the clearing. It leads to section 14. However, there is a 20% chance that the party will miss this in the thick mist. If they do, deduct half an hour from the 'time passed' chart on p. 7 and roll for a random encounter. The party will eventually make it back onto the path leading south to section 14.

14. hellglade

The villagers of Ereworn have awarded this name to this glade deep in Gallows Wood for a reason. The entire forest is dangerous, but this place is worst of all. Restless ghosts manifest and supernatural happenings occur night and day.

It is here that Duke Darian had his brother, his brother's wife and their children brutally murdered so that he could inherit the duchy of Ereworn. The victims of this deed now flit around the glade as ghosts, attacking all intruders unless they pledge to avenge them by killing Duke Darian. The mist always hangs thickly around this part of the wood and visibility is poor.

The mist is still extremely thick all around and you can barely see the person in front of you. Without warning the tree trunks are no longer hedging you in and a cool fresh wind chills your faces. Though you can see little, it seems the path has opened out into a large clearing. A moment later the gentle wind rolls away enough of the fogbank to reveal a glade about 100 metres long. A small stream meanders down the centre of the glade and a dark mere, about 20 metres across, lies in the middle of it. Three low mounds can be seen by the mere's edge. The mist seems to hang back at the edge of the wood. A path crosses and recrosses the stream running down to the mere. A small boat is moored to the mere's banks.

The Mere

The mere's surface is a uniform jet black. It reflects nothing back, and anyone throwing objects into it will find that no ripples are caused. If the party approaches the water a pale arm, wound about with white samite, breaks the surface. Its hand clutches a sparkling jewel on a golden chain. It will remain in view, even if the PCs decide to get into the rowing boat moored to the side and row over to it. (The boat takes four people). If they do so, however, the hand will vanish as abruptly as it appeared. Those in the boat and those remaining on the shore will notice a bubbling whiteness floating up from the bottom of the mere. It will burst the surface and the PCs see the ghastly form of a Spectre looming over them (p. 250 of the rulebook or p. 83 of the *Bestiary*). There are 4 chances in 6 that they will be surprised.

SPECTRE

12 Health Points

Everyone (both in the boat and on the bank) will be subject to a fright attack. However, the Spectre will not physically attack the party immediately, but will parley with them in a low, moaning voice. It will tell them how it is the tortured spirit of a woman murdered by the infamous Duke Darian. If one member of the party agrees to avenge her murder by travel-

ling to Darian's castle and killing him, she will not attack the party. However, if no one agrees to help her, she will attack with all her powers.

The first person to agree to avenge her will find that a *Sword of Damocles* (see the *Dragon Warriors* rulebook, p. 84) has appeared above his or her head. This will not disappear until Darian has been killed. If Darian has not been killed within a week, the Sword will descend on the victim. The Spectre will also tell the party to claim the Spear of Ereworn that lies close at hand; this is an heirloom that her husband denied to Darian, choosing instead to thrust it into an oak tree as he died and sealing it with a curse uttered with his last breath. Only her husband's own gauntlet, she explains, will allow the party to withdraw the spear safely. The spectre will then disappear with a low moan.

If the Spectre is defeated in combat or the party agrees to do its bidding, they will notice they can now see reflections in the surface of the mere.

If anyone dredges the bottom of the mere with a rope and grappling hook, they will bring up a hideous, slime-covered skeleton, with a few rotten vestiges of a rich satin dress still clinging to its bones. A bright jewel on a golden chain is still hanging around its neck (value 10 crowns.)

The Mounds

These are actually the graves of Darian's brother and his two children. The restless ghost of the Duke of Ereworn hangs about the graves waiting for someone to approach them. Unless they have already made a pact with his wife (see above), the ghost of the former Duke will rise up in front of anyone who approaches the graves and demand that they avenge his murder by slaying Darian.

The ghost will drive a similar bargain to the Spectre above. He will also tell the players to dig up his grave, the westernmost of the three, and retrieve the gauntlet they find there. If the intruder or intruders refuse to accept his terms, he will attack them immediately and use his fright attack.

The three graves contain three skeletons: two are small and one adult-sized. The adult skeleton is dressed in extremely rusty chain mail. The chain-mail gauntlet in its right hand will enable anyone to pick up the enchanted spear safely (see below).

The Spear of Ereworn

Although the mist boils round the edge of the clearing, it never drifts over it. A gap is visible in the west-

ern side of this ring of mist. If the player-characters walk up to the edge of it they will see a tunnel in the mist leading to an old oak tree. A spear glowing with a faint supernatural aura has been stuck into the side of the tree. There is a pile of skeletons right underneath the spear. Others are scattered about the woods to a distance of 4m around it.

The Duke of Ereworn thrust the spear into the tree as he was being murdered, intending to keep it out of Darian's hands forever. Anyone grasping the shaft of the spear without wearing the Duke of Ereworn's glove will be subjected to a sudden bolt of flame, which will burst out of the hilt of the spear. Treat this as a *Deathlight* spell (see the rulebook, p. 85). The charred skeletons lying around the tree are all victims of the spear.

The spear gives a +2 bonus to attacks in combat. It bears the Duke's coat of arms, engraved on the leaf-shaped head. If anyone touches it without wearing the gauntlet mentioned above, the equivalent of a *Deathlight* rune will be activated.

Two paths lead off to the south of Hellglade: one due south, (see Section 16, p. 30) and one to the southwest (see Section 15).

15. A Ruined Villa

This was once a pleasant villa with an orchard set in its grounds. The orchard and the villa are now in ruins. The only part of the building left intact is its basement, where there is a secret treasury guarded by various traps, a giant viper and a Mummy. The ancient wizard who once lived here is buried in the orchard. His skull reputedly has great occult powers but it is guarded by a ghastly Hydra, whose poisonous breath has polluted the orchard, making it a grey and brown wasteland filled with sulphurous gases.

You come to a low, partially ruined wall that runs along the overgrown pathway that you are following. After a few minutes you find the wreckage of a weed-covered gate and an opening in the wall where it once stood. You can just make out the ruins of a building at the end of a driveway flanked by withered trees.

If the PCs would like to investigate the ruin, continue with the description below. If they wish to ignore the ruin and continue along the path, turn to Section 18



Unlike the buildings with which you are familiar, which tend to be ramshackle, wooden or rough stone affairs, this structure has the remains of smooth stone slabs on its walls. Two ornately carved, fluted columns have fallen into the middle of the ruin. This may well be one of the buildings your fathers and grandfathers told you about, which were built by a god-like race of men who ruled the world in ages long past, leaving their wondrous architecture scattered across the land. Grass and brambles now cover the intricate mosaic patterns on its floor and anything of interest in the place seems to have been removed hundreds of years ago.

Hidden behind the brambles in the southeast corner of the rectangular hollow of the ruin is a rubble-filled shaft that used to be a stairway to the basement area of the building. Anyone sliding down the shaft will find themselves on the ruined floor of a paved room. Although a small amount of light filters down from the shaft above, the far corners of the room are in total darkness: the party will have to provide some sort of light.

Numbers refer to those on the map below.

1. A wooden door with the carved visage of a war-like humanoid stands immediately to the west of the shaft. To the north the room is in a complete ruin, with great piles of churned-up earth and blocks of shattered masonry. If the party investigate, they will find a large hole the size of a man in the northeast corner. A wall still stands in the northwest corner: a small hole leads to area 2.

If the player-characters spend more than thirty seconds investigating the room they will disturb a giant viper (see p. 44 of the *Bestiary*), which will slide out of the hole in the north-eastern part of the room and attack.

GIANT VIPER

12 Health Points

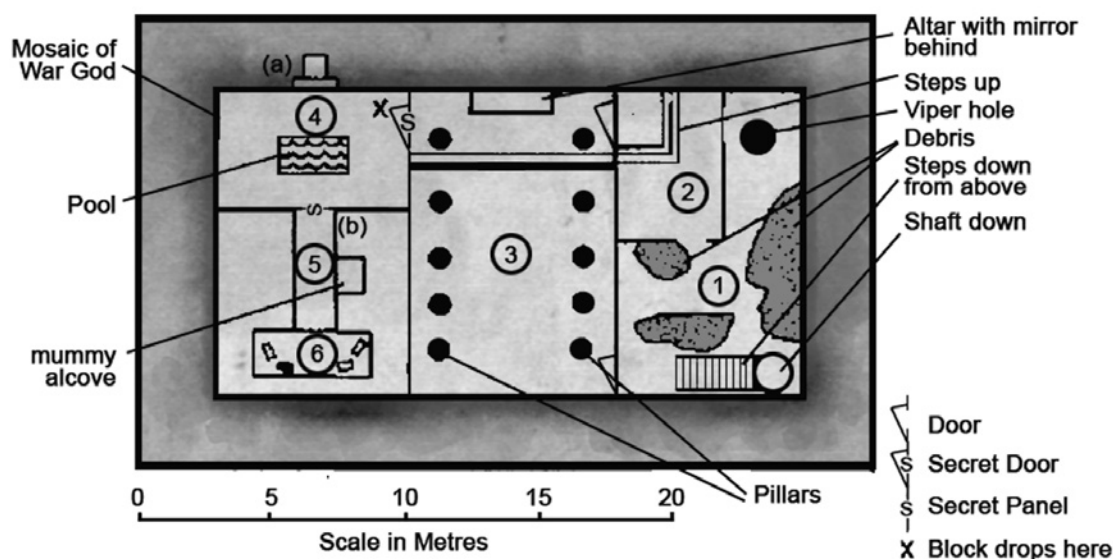
2. This small chamber used to be the robing room of the priests of the war god Mars, who was worshipped in room 3. The remains of ceremonial robes hang from worm-eaten pegs around the walls. These are now completely perished and will crumble to dust if touched. A layer of fine white dust covers the floor. A skeleton lies sprawled on the floor dressed in a ceremonial maroon robe; this too will crumble into a fine dust if touched. Beneath the skeleton, old bloodstains have soaked into the floor, leaving it permanently stained.

The only treasure in the room is a bronze key the adventurers will find still hanging from the skeleton's rotting leather belt.

There is a single wooden door in the west wall of the room. It leads to the east side of the altar in room 3.

3. This is a long, rectangular room. Lines of pillars run down its east and west sides. There is a raised dais at its north end, with an altar dedicated to the war god Mars in its centre. The floors and walls are covered with intricate mosaics depicting scenes of

A Ruined Villa



war and slaughter. The room is empty and covered with a thin layer of dust. On the floor, someone has long ago painted a crude picture of fighting men battling against some many-headed monstrosity. There is a mirror with a tarnished silver frame hanging on the wall over the altar.

The Mirror: The mirror is an artefact sacred to Mars. It demands the shedding of blood in combat and used to receive regular offerings from the guards. They are now long gone, and it has been down here for so many dry, dusty years....

In order to provoke the party into shedding blood in this sacred place, it casts an *illusion* which will make it appear to anyone looking into it that one of their companions is sneaking up behind them with a dagger, about to stab them in the back. Don't forget there is only a 5% chance of anyone seeing through an *illusion* (see the rulebook, p. 82). Otherwise if the character subjected to the *illusion* responds aggressively to it, he will get a surprise attack on anyone standing in his near vicinity for one combat round. He will realise his mistake by then of course, but his companions may take his aggressive action as a premeditated assault on them.

The mirror may be taken down from the wall and carried around, although it is a bulky object 1m high and 0.5m wide. If the glass is removed from its frame, the *illusion* is immediately dispelled. The silver frame is worth about 5 crowns. Anyone removing the frame will be subject to a *curse* within a MAGICAL ATTACK of 12 (see the rulebook, p. 82).

The Picture: The picture shows the guards of this villa attacking the hydra in the orchard with spears. The astrological symbol for Mars has been daubed over their heads. This was the guards' attempt to create a good luck talisman in their coming fight against the hydra.

There are two wooden doors: one in the northeast corner of the room, one in the southeast. There is also a secret door set into the northwest wall. The wall is covered by a mosaic depicting dead warriors rising up from the battlefield and striding off into the land of the dead. One of the soldiers seems to extend a hand out to anyone in the room, as if inviting them to follow him. If the mosaic is pressed hard where the soldier's hand has been painted, a soft click will be heard. This releases a catch and allows the panel concealed to one side of it to be slid

upwards, revealing room 4. The panel is only wood, covered with a layer of plaster and mosaic tiles.

4. This is a rectangular room running east to west. Any character familiar with the old cult of Mars (roll under Intelligence on 1d20) recognises this as an inner sanctum, where initiations into the secret degrees would have taken place. There is a small pool set into the stone floor in the centre of the room. This is filled with some water covered with a green sludge. A large mosaic of the war god on the west wall glares menacingly at anyone entering the room.

If anyone does enter the room a voice, apparently coming from the mosaic, will order them to halt immediately. At the same time a large stone block set into the ceiling at X on the map will drop down (the first trial for the new initiate!) Anyone who is under it when it falls (i.e. PCs who have stopped at the command) will have to dodge or be hit by the block. The block has a SPEED of 13 and will deal 3d6 HP damage.

The walls of the room are bare granite apart from the large mosaic on the west wall. There seem to be no obvious exits from it. However, anyone looking closely at the centre of the north and the south walls will discover parallel hairline cracks running down them. A section of the wall will swing round if it is pushed on either side of a central vertical pivot.

Traps: The pool at the centre of the room is now home to an evil spirit, the embittered soul of a Mars cultist who failed his initiation. It will attempt to take over another body if anyone immerses any part of their body in the stagnant pool. Ten gleaming gold pieces glint up from the muck at the bottom of the pool as if to tempt the unwary; beneath the sludge lie the pulverised bones of the cultist. The spirit attacks its victim with a spell that drives the soul from the body.

SPIRIT

MAGICAL ATTACK: 12

The spirit's attacks will cease the moment the character's hand is removed from the water.

If the spirit successfully takes someone over, they cease to be a player character, their soul having been driven from their body. However, the GM should not allow the other players to be aware of this fact. There is only a 5% chance that the party will have

noticed any change in the character's behaviour: for example a slight start as he placed his hand in the water or a certain change in his voice when they talk to him after he has been taken over by the spirit. The spirit will use its new body to attack the rest of the party as soon as it has a clear advantage over them, such as when they are asleep or when they are already in combat with another enemy.

The panel to the north: The gap left after the panel has swung round is just wide enough to admit one person. When this person has slid through the entry, the panel will suddenly slam to (unless it has been wedged open). The person who slid into the small gap will find himself in a tiny room with bare granite walls. With the door shut there is barely enough air to breathe in the confined space. The air supply will run out in one hour. A curious feature of this room is that no noise at all can be made here; a sorcerous effect damps it. The Mars cultists used this room to test the candidates' nerve, leaving them alone in total darkness and silence.

The stone partition will take two man-hours to break through from the inside if the person trapped has a suitable implement such as a hammer. Those members of the party left outside the door when it slams will hear the sudden, violent grating of rock from beyond the wall and then total silence, suggesting that the character who has just gone inside has been horribly crushed. Anyone outside will be unable to hear any noises made by the trapped character, and may presume him to be dead.

The door will take one man-hour to break down with appropriate instruments such as hammers and picks. The party will find their comrade gasping for air but otherwise unharmed if they manage to break down the door within the time.

There is a secret door in the south wall. It leads to section 5, below.

5. If the secret door in the centre of the south wall of room 4 is operated, the party will emerge into a long corridor running to the south. The corridor ends in a blank wall and there are no obvious exits from it. The walls of the corridor are of white plasterwork. Judging by the dust on the floor, no one has passed along it in a very long time.

Traps: Half-way down the corridor and hidden behind the thin layer of plasterwork in the east wall is the mummy of a long-dead centurion, one of the

guards of the villa and the former head of the Mars cult. Scrimkin the apprentice left him here as a final guardian of Master Edas's treasures. The mummy will burst through the plasterwork wall as soon as two people have walked past its alcove and down the corridor, or if one person walks down the corridor past it and returns again. It will surprise anyone standing in the corridor next to the alcove.

MUMMY

ATTACK 17,	AF 3 (bronze plate)
Shortsword (d8, 3)	
DEFENCE 12	Movement: 10m(15m)
MAGICAL DEFENCE 9	EVASION 4
Health Points 16	PERCEPTION 12 (darksight)
Rank-equivalent: 6th	STEALTH 15

The Mummy is dressed in antique bronze plate armour, with a bronze helmet with a short plume. If it is slain he will place a *Doom* on the character who slew him. The *Doom* is a type of curse with a MAGICAL ATTACK of 18. If it takes hold, the slayer of the mummy will die within a month unless certain steps are taken (see the *Bestiary*, p. 81).

There is no treasure in the corridor, although the centurion's bronze armour is worth about 5 crowns.

Although the corridor ends with a blank wall, anyone rapping on it will discover it to be hollow. Behind is room 6. It won't take long to break down the plasterwork between the corridor and the room.

6. This is a small treasury packed with six chests. Their contents are as follows (roll on a d6 for which one the players open first.)

1. A golden cup. When this is picked up it will automatically fill to the brim with wine. This will happen once a day only. (Value 10 crowns.)
2. A +1 magical shortsword, similar to the one wielded by the centurion.
3. A purse with one gold coin in it. The same gold coin will automatically return to the purse five minutes after it has been removed from it. A character who owns this item will always have at least one crown (except during the five minutes it takes the crown to return to him).
4. A suit of bronze plate armour, suitable for someone of Strength 16 upwards.
5. An old leather-bound book, mouldering away at the corners. See the Book of Scrimkin, below.
6. TRAP: A Tarantula spider (*Bestiary*, p. 28) will race up the arm of the character who

opens this chest. At the same time, a cloud of poisonous gas will pour out of it.

TARANTULA

Bite (d4, 2) (treat as strong poison)

MAGICAL DEFENCE 1

Health Points 2

Any sudden movement to escape the gas will result in the tarantula biting its victim. If the victim remains stock-still he will have to inhale the gas (treat as strong poison). The spider however, will soon be overcome by the gas itself and fall to the floor dead. Any other character who does not leave the treasury within 2 rounds will also have breathed in the fumes and be subject to the poison.

The Book of Scrimkin

The author of this short handwritten volume is Scrimkin, apprentice to Master Edas, here recording his final words before fleeing Ereworn forever, since his master's knowledge is now lost to him. He tells the story of how Master Edas, a vastly powerful wizard who kept many evil beings imprisoned so as to learn from them, kept the lamp of knowledge burning in a time long before Elvaron made the land safe.

Unable to keep himself alive beyond his natural lifespan, Master Edas made a covenant with unsavoury powers so that his knowledge would not perish upon his death. Scrimkin does not go into detail about what happened, saying only that his master's bones, "knowledge and all", now lie buried in the orchard, "their power warded against good and evil alike by the beast that was set there." This is a reference to the hydra that was placed there by the dark powers and even now guards the gravesite, preventing anyone from reaching Edas's skull and learning from it.

Scrimkin ends his journal with the words: "I sense Edas's magical prisons are beginning to fail. The guards have promised me that they shall remain, petitioning their red God for assistance against the beast. I shall seal up his goods securely, leave one last guardian behind the walls and make haste from here. Thus is my duty fulfilled, and there is an end to it."

There are no other exits from the dungeon. The ruins of a mist-filled orchard can be seen at the back of the villa (see Section 17, below). A path leads southeast through the trees to Section 18.

16. Nightmare hut

The party comes to an apparently disused rickety hut standing in a woodland clearing. Anyone entering it, however, will find that it is a hideous trap: the hut is a bizarre animate being which devours anyone who enters its woody maw!

You pass through the clinging layer of mist around Hellglade and emerge into a deserted woodland clearing. An old rickety hut covered by climbing plants and moss stands in the middle of it. You can see a path out of the clearing to the south. The hut is around three metres across and two metres high.

NIGHTMARE HUT

ATTACK (see below)

DEFENCE 0

MAGICAL DEFENCE 5

AF Not applicable

EVASION Not Applicable

Health Points 40

Anyone stepping into the hut will suddenly be engulfed as the wooden jaws of the Nightmare suddenly clamp shut. They will slowly be crushed unless they can free themselves. This is done by subtracting their Strength from the Strength of the hut, which is 14. The character must then roll equal to or under the resulting figure on a d20. After the Nightmare has successfully crushed a victim, or if it is prevented from doing so, it will raise itself up on stilt-like legs and scuttle away through the forest. If the characters pursue it, it will be forced to stand and fight, lashing out with its stilt legs.

A path leads off to the south, to Section 18.

17. Hydra and Grave

A hydra lurks over the grave of an ancient wizard, Master Edas, who was buried in the orchard of his nearby villa by his apprentice Scrimkin (see Section 15 above.)

The orchard, which must once have been lush, is now blighted. White worms crawl in rotten apples and a choking mist hangs between the brown leaves of the trees.

Breathing in this air for more than two Combat Rounds will subject any victim to a mild poison attack. A character can normally hold his breath for a number of Combat Rounds equal to his Strength,

but if he attempts any strenuous activity such as fighting, this time is reduced to half his Strength.

Because of the thick fog of smoke, the party will be surprised when they stumble on the small Hydra (see the *Bestiary*, p. 38) a few minutes later.

SMALL HYDRA

9 Health Points

The Hydra stands on a small knoll, the grave of Master Edas. She is bound to this area by the demon with whom Edas made his bargain, and will not move away from the tree around which her body is wound.

The gall in this hydra's spit and in its tail is highly poisonous and can be applied to weapons and arrows as a strong poison (rulebook, p. 122). Each maw yields enough venom for two applications.

Six feet under the tree on the knoll lies the body of Master Edas.

Master Edas's Skull

Master Edas was one of the foremost sorcerers of his time. His knowledge of the magical arts was legendary and even in the PCs' day people still refer to him as the paragon of a golden age of learning. Rather than seeing his lore go to waste at his death, Master Edas made an arrangement with infernal powers, who assured him that he would be able to carry on instructing the willing after his demise.

Shortly thereafter, Scrimkin the apprentice buried the charred bones that were all that was left of Master Edas, and that night the hydra came to watch over the grave. Master Edas's knowledge lives on in his fire-blackened skull. There is the imprint of a cloven hoof on the blackened part of the skull, a sure sign that satanic rites have taken place.

The first person who touches the skull will find that it has attached itself to them as if by an invisible chain some 10 metres long. Although the skull can float in the air and fly about it can never travel further than 10 metres from its owner, as it draws a measure of its energy from them.

The skull may confer at any time with the character who owns it on the subject of the magical arts. Its knowledge is equivalent to that of a tenth-rank sorcerer, and it will always be able to identify sorcerous problems that the character may be confronted with. (For example, it would be able to recognise that a door was locked with a *Portal* spell, that a pool needed a *Dispel Magic* spell to release its spirits,

or that a room was protected by a *Deathlight* rune.) By flying up in the air or scouting around corners it can help spy out the land for its owner.

Unfortunately, Master Edas was not a good man, and will feel disinclined to go out of his way to help any one of a saintly or beatific nature. The skull will deliberately answer such a character's questions evasively or with riddles and it will try to incite them to mischief by lying about the motives of the character's friends in the party. On the other hand, Master Edas will aid and abet ne'er-do-well characters who have control over it.

The GM must remember that Master Edas ultimately wants to destroy anyone who owns his skull, notwithstanding how wickedly they act. His true motive is to send more souls to perdition, part of his arrangement with the demonic powers.

THE SKULL OF MASTER EDAS

MAGICAL ATTACK None	Armour Factor 2
MAGICAL DEFENCE 17	Movement: with owner
Health Points 10	EVASION 8
(regenerates 1 point per round)	

Exits

There don't seem to be any paths leading out of the sulphurous mist in the woods, so unless they want to wander off and become lost, the party will have to return through the ruined villa to the roadway in section 18.

18. The Eerie Carriage

The party emerges on a partially overgrown road that passes through the centre of the wood. An eerie carriage pulls up opposite them. If they enter it, it will seem that the horses drawing the carriage will suddenly gallop off at breakneck speed. The sensation of rapid movement and the sight of the landscape flashing past outside the windows of the carriage are all a sophisticated illusion, intended to intimidate passengers. If the PCs don't get off the coach it will eventually take them into the courtyard of Duke Darian's castle (see p. 45).

You emerge at the edge of an empty stretch of overgrown road that runs in front of you from the northeast to the southwest. Suddenly you hear the sound of hooves and the rumble of wheels. Round a bend in the road to the west comes a black carriage drawn by four black horses. The carriage slows, then draws up opposite to where you

stand hidden in the undergrowth of the forest. No driver or groom is visible on the driving seat of the vehicle. The four horses are jet-black stallions, with black feather plumes set into their manes. They champ at their bits, snorting fiercely. One of the carriage doors is open and black curtains drift out of it in the forest breeze. The interior of the carriage is completely dark

Duke Darian sends this coach every day, so that any villager who is bold enough to seek an audience with him may do so. He realised long ago that intimidating the peasants was the key to maintaining his grip on the land. If they never see him, how can they fear him? So, he has arranged for this terrifying ride, in case the peasants ever grow wilful enough to petition him. To date, only one villager has ever dared to step inside, and he came back babbling tales of a castle full of horrors. The only other person to enter was a young magician, determined to destroy the Duke and his evil. He never returned.

If anyone steps into the coach, it will seem to them that the coach has suddenly lurched away and is travelling at great speed. This is actually an illusion, designed to terrify the passengers before they even see the Duke's castle. Anyone subjected to it has the usual 05% chance of seeing through it. In reality, the coach is rolling along at a gentle canter. Treat anyone who jumps out of it as if they had fallen 2m-4m (1d4 damage). Anyone wishing to jump onto the moving coach must roll under their Reflexes on 1d20.

If the party wants to try to stop the horses, they will find them to be Hippogriffs, winged war-mounts that will fight any human that stands in their way. (Their stats can be found on p. 44). If the players remain with the carriage, they find it travels for a couple of hours and then deposits them in the courtyard of the castle of Ereworn (see p. 45).

If the party does not get into the coach, they can go east or west. If they decide to walk to the east they will eventually come across the young man in the scenario 'The Castle of Terror' on pp. 40-41. However, to the west they find a puddle with the imprints of a hobgoblin foot and the drag-marks of a barrel, obviously the one into which Clothilda was stuffed, clearly visible in it. The trail seems to lead to the west. In confirmation that the hobgoblin passed this way at some stage, if they look the party will find a small fragment of cloth from Clothilda's dress snagged on a nearby bush. If the PCs decide to follow this route, turn to Section 19.

19. Gallows Ghouls

The party comes across three gibbets standing on a small knoll by the road. These gallows have given their name to the wood. Here Duke Darian's Black Riders string up trespassers and let them hang until they die of hunger and exposure, or the Forest Harpies sweep down on them and carry them off. At the moment there is only one old woman hanging here, arrested on suspicion of being one of the Cunning Folk, an allegation that is in fact true. Her hands are tied behind her back and they in turn are attached to a rope suspended from the gallows.

Greedy gallows ghouls, held at bay by her muttered charms, lurk in the undergrowth waiting for the old woman's demise so they may feed on her scrawny bones. They will attack anyone who attempts to snatch their prey from them.

You walk along the road, the forest trees looming over you on either side. Cresting a rise, you find yourself overlooking three gallows set on top of a small mound. An old woman hangs from one of them. She is dressed in a peasant's coarse, woollen cloak. She hangs from a rope tied behind her back and she is moaning softly. You hear her muttering something about 'them' getting her. Looking around, you fancy you see dark figures inching towards you through the undergrowth.

If the party helps the old woman down, she thanks them profusely. But almost immediately the party is surrounded by a horde of ghastly ghouls (p. 241 of the rulebook or p. 79 of the *Bestiary*) ravening for the old woman's flesh:

GALLOWS GHOULS

Health Points:

No.1: 11	No.2: 11	No.3: 16
No.4: 14	No.5: 15	No.6: 14

The ghouls have dark, sunken eyes, skull-like faces, and expose dirty yellow teeth in a horrible grimace. They fight with their sharp rending claws. None of them wear any armour. They are dressed in tattered rags and attack with their sharp talon-like claws. The old woman is too weak to help her saviours; the ghouls ignore her as they struggle with the players, unable to approach while she is alive, owing to her Cunning Art keeping them at bay. The ghouls will flee if they see they are losing the battle.

If the party fights off the ghouls, they will find that the old woman is dying from a combination



of exposure and hunger. (Healing magic is of no avail against this.) Before she does so, however, she explains who she is: Elen the Kind, one of the Cunning Folk who keep back evil with little acts of magic. She was travelling to the ruins of a monastery situated on an island in the middle of the river just a mile to the west.

The monastery was once a sanctuary for all that was good in the world, remaining so even when the Great Wards fell, but was finally corrupted. All the monks were then turned from the path of good and began to lead evil lives. Now only the shattered ruins of the monastery are left standing. Every night in the great chapel the ghosts of these evil monks assemble, moaning and howling around the last vestige of goodness in the monastery—a holy chalice which is said to have magical powers, and to be a potent relic. Elen had hoped to retrieve this and use it to heal the suffering in her village. She breathes her last and the party may continue west to Section 20.

If they leave the old woman, then as they trudge down the road they will hear the ghouls whooping with joy as they move in to feast on her, now that she has finally died and her charms are broken.

A path leads south from here. The muddy footprints are visible leading in this direction, Section 20. They may head east to the Castle (see p. 40).

20. Death's head on the River

A Death's Head lurks in wait for the party as they emerge from the forest by a broad river. They may recognise the river as the one that, looping north, flows past the village of Ereworn.

You emerge from the forest on the banks of a broad river, which flows past almost soundlessly. There is a barren-looking island in its centre. Crumbling, shadowy ruins dominate it. There are some noticeable imprints in the mud by the riverbank; clomping boots, the scrape of a barrel's edge. It looks like this is where the hobgoblin and Clothilda crossed over to the other side of the river. A rowing boat large enough to take all members of the party is moored in the reeds.

If the PCs arrive at the river during the day, they will come across a cloaked man standing by the boat. He has a finely featured face, but his body is completely

covered by his dark cloak and some gauntlets. He holds a sword in one hand. A sickly smell hangs in the air around him and it would seem that he has just doused himself with a whole bottle of cologne. This is a Death's Head in its daytime incarnation as a zombie (see p. 240 of the rulebook or p. 77 of the *Bestiary*).

The horrible smell is coming from the decomposing host body that the Death's Head acquired for itself three days ago. It is now anxious to obtain another one, and to this end will attack a victim as soon as possible after dusk, preferably having lured away a single member of the party just before darkness arrives so that it can attack them on their own using its *Spellbind* ability (see the *Bestiary*, p. 78).

The creature introduces itself as 'Thomas the Wayfarer', a traveller and seeker after legends, and suggests that the party share the boat with him. He is keen to investigate the island and those curious ruins. The boat is not his, but he is sure that the owners will not mind if they all 'borrow' it and leave a coin or two behind in recompense.

DEATH'S HEAD WITH ZOMBIE

Rank equivalent: 6th

ATTACK 10, Shortsword (d8, 3) AF 0

DEFENCE 4 EVASION 1

MAGICAL DEFENCE 7 Health Points 16

If the party arrives at night, they will hear cries of help as they row across the river. They will be able to see in the light of their torches the head of a man sticking up from the level of the water quite close to them. (This is the night-time incarnation of the Death's Head.) It will fly up and attack the party in the boat with surprise if they go to rescue it. If they don't attempt to rescue it, it will attack them anyway, but without surprise.

There is a fishing net in the bottom of the boat. If a player successfully throws it over the Death's Head (treat as a thrown weapon with a speed of 17, with the Death's Head having a chance to evade) then the monster will be caught and rendered harmless.

DEATH'S HEAD

ATTACK 16, Horn (d10, 4)

AF 3

DEFENCE 18

Movement 30m

6 Health Points

The party may either disembark from their boat on the island in the middle of the river (Section 21), or on the far bank of the river (Section 22.)

21. The Ruined Monastery

There is only one interesting building amongst the many ruined ones on this island. (Roll for a random encounter as the party explores the buildings.) After about half an hour they will discover the chapel.

During the day the chapel is deserted and the party will see a beautiful silver chalice standing on the ancient altar stone to the east of it. The sun streams through one of the arched windows of the chapel, throwing a pool of light on the altar. A minstrel's gallery runs around the chancel at the height of 5m passing directly over the altar. This is wide enough to take one person abreast at a time.

At night the lower part of the chapel is filled with howling ghosts (see the *Bestiary*, p. 78). They approach to within a 2m semi-circle of the chalice but are unable to come any closer. The steps up to the minstrel's gallery are on the outside walls of the chapel, with a small arched entrance to it. The ghosts attack anyone trying to pass through their midst to reach the chalice. However, it is possible for someone to walk along the minstrel's gallery at the top of the chapel, lower a rope to the altar, climb down and seize the chalice; alternatively, one could throw a rope around the chalice and pull it up.

If a character wants to climb down, the person holding the rope must roll under the climbing character's Strength for each round of climbing; it will take 3 rounds to descend, grab the chalice and climb back up. Multiple characters can help to hold the rope, in which case each of them gets to roll under the climbing character's Strength and the character only falls if all concerned miss their rolls.

If the PCs try to lasso the chalice, this is a Difficulty Factor 15 task. Anyone with Reflexes 15 or higher can do it automatically, while anyone with lower Reflexes must roll under his Reflexes on 1d20 to achieve it.

The ghosts do not fly but they can swarm up the walls and will reach anyone in the gallery within 3 rounds. They will not attack anyone within a 2m radius of the chalice, however (see below) and characters within this circle will be immune to their Fright Attack.

The Silver Chalice is a holy relic which converts all water put into it into holy water, a cupful at a time. If the chalice is in plain sight, undead creatures trying to approach within 2m of it must make roll under their MAGICAL DEFENCE on d6 or cower away from its presence

Holy Water Properties and Uses

Undead creatures cannot pass over a line of holy water. Thus a circle of it drawn around an area is proof against the approach of vampires and other undead creatures—until it dries up.

The water, if given to any undead creature as a drink, will automatically destroy them. Undead will not willingly drink holy water, however, and must be tricked into imbibing it somehow.

Holy water is needed to consecrate burial grounds. Corpses buried in consecrated ground cannot be made into undead.

22. The Wolf Pack

Old Ned the hobgoblin has summoned a pack of wolves (see the *Bestiary*, p. 28) to slow the pursuers down. They will attack the party as they disembark from the rowing boat.

There is a landing stage on the far side of the river. Beyond this is a clearing fringed by a dark ring of trees. As you disembark you hear a dreadful howling and then the crashing of undergrowth under the weight of many

bodies. A split second later, a pack of wolves breaks cover and heads towards you, moving at breakneck speed.

SIX WOLVES

Health Points:

No.1: 11	No.2: 12	No.3: 11
No.4: 10	No.5: 10	No.6: 11

23. The Well in Gallows Wood

The party has finally tracked Ned the hobgoblin down. However, the well in which he lives is his home territory and he is not going to give up either Clothilda or the treasure he has stashed away around the place without a fight. His first likely action when encountering the party is to throw his spider-silk net (see the *Bestiary*, p. 21), trying to entangle as many members of the party as possible before dealing with the others.

You eventually reach a dank clearing in the middle of which you can see the lichen-covered stones of an ancient well. The drooping branches of a weeping willow tree overhang it. The hobgoblin's footsteps are clearly visible



The ELVEN CRYSTALS

in the mud: they lead up to the edge of the well and then disappear.

If the party approaches and examines the well:

As you peer over the edge of the well you can see an ancient brick shaft descending to an earthen floor. Thick tendrils of ivy cling to the wall all the way to the bottom. No exits are apparent at the bottom of the shaft. The shaft is roughly 10m deep. A mouldering rope hangs from a wooden crossbar

The climb down has a difficulty of 14; anyone with Reflexes of 14 will have no problem with it, others must roll under their Reflexes. For falling damage, see below.

The 'earth' at the bottom of the shaft is actually only a thin crust. Underneath there is a pool of viscous mud which will suck anyone down who is foolish enough to let go of the ivy or the rope they have used to descend the shaft. The mud will engulf

its victim within three rounds unless he manages to struggle through it to the side of the shaft. To determine whether a character reaches the side successfully, he must roll under his Strength on 1d20.

A moss covered stone about 1m × 2m, about two thirds of the way down the shaft, is actually the doorway to the hobgoblin's underground lair. The player-characters can find it easily if they search the well. It swings inwards if pushed.

Numbers refer to numbers on the cross-section map.

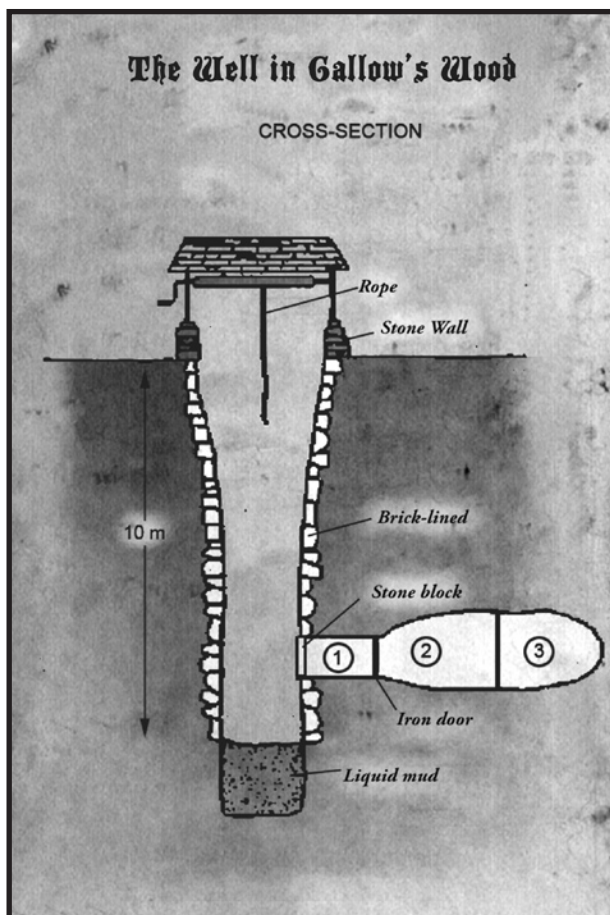
1. A moss-covered passageway (unlit) leads to an iron door.

2. The door is unlocked and leads to a room hollowed out of the earth. Gnarled roots of trees protrude like ghastly monsters extending claws into the room. There are several mysterious holes that could be crawlways that lead away into pitch darkness from this room.

The room is stuffed full of the hobgoblin's thefts from the village: old rocking chairs, iron utensils, battered chests, an assortment of clothes, rotten bits of food, mirrors, and even a wooden table. A tattered cloth curtain partitions this area from 3. Shriill cries for help can be heard coming from behind the curtain.

3. Clothilda is tied to the gnarled root of a tree in this room. It is she who has been crying for help. Her face is covered with hideous warts; clearly, the transformation has already begun! The only furniture in here is a foul-smelling straw pallet. Large cobwebs hang from roots sticking through the ceiling and there is a stoup of sour wine on the floor. Many strange holes, similar to the ones found in room 2, disappear into the darkness.

Clothilda will tell the party that the hobgoblin has just disappeared down one of these bolt-holes, but if they look down it they will find it to be empty. Meanwhile, the hobgoblin has doubled back using the tangle of underground tunnels around his underground hideaway. He will slip through one of the tunnels and back into room 2, surprising the party unless someone has had the presence of mind to say they were keeping an eye on the partition curtain. (For full information on Hobgoblins, including descriptions of their spells and weapons, see pp. 20-21 of the *Dragon Warriors Bestiary*).



NED THE HOBGOBLIN

Rank equivalent: 4th

ATTACK 16, Shortsword (d8, 3) Armour Factor 1

4 Puffballs (range 10m).

DEFENCE 10

Movement: 12m

MAGICAL ATTACK 17

EVASION 4

MAGICAL DEFENCE 7

STEALTH 23

Health Points 15

PERCEPTION 13

Ned will fight to the death. As has been mentioned, he will first try to throw his spider's web over the party and follow this up with his *Glissade* spell. He will also almost certainly use his puffballs in the confined space. Remember that he has already used one of these up to make the fake hobgoblin back in the forest.

Treasure: Buried under the floor of room 3 is Ned's treasure cache. This consists of:

- ♣ A transparent, glasslike crystal shard; see 'The Crystal Shard' below.
- ♣ 1 suit of +1 ring mail armour.
- ♣ 2 potions (roll on the potion table on p. 139 of the rulebook)
- ♣ 1 medium-strength phial of poison.
- ♣ 3 jewels worth approximately 30F, 80F and 90F respectively.
- ♣ 68 gold crowns, 490 silver florins.

There are no further rooms to explore here. The party will have to say they are digging up the floor of room 3 to find the treasure: if the party don't think to do this, Clothilda can drop hints, saying she has seen the hobgoblin cackling over his booty.

The Crystal Shard

This is around one and a half metres long, slender and sharp, and appears to have been broken from a larger block. It has a strong magical aura and weighs much more than it looks like it should; two people will have to carry it between them, or one person with a Strength of at least 15. The crystal shard is the first part of the Elven Crystal. The other two fragments of the crystal block can be found in the next two adventures.

Any magic-using character who successfully rolls under his Intelligence can identify this shard as part of Elvaron's Crystal. If no members of the party manage this, then the innkeeper back at the village can tell them the story.

The PCs may experiment with allowing the noon-day sun to shine through the crystal, as this was what used to happen when it was set up in Castle Ereworn. If this is done, the results are spectacular:

Shimmering before you is the hazy, translucent figure of a humanoid in a white robe, holding up his hands imploringly. The image seems fractured, somehow incomplete. All he can do is mouth the same three words, over and over. They are 'Darian', 'Castle' and 'Crystal'.

Elvaron is trying to urge the players to find the next part of the shard, at Darian's castle.

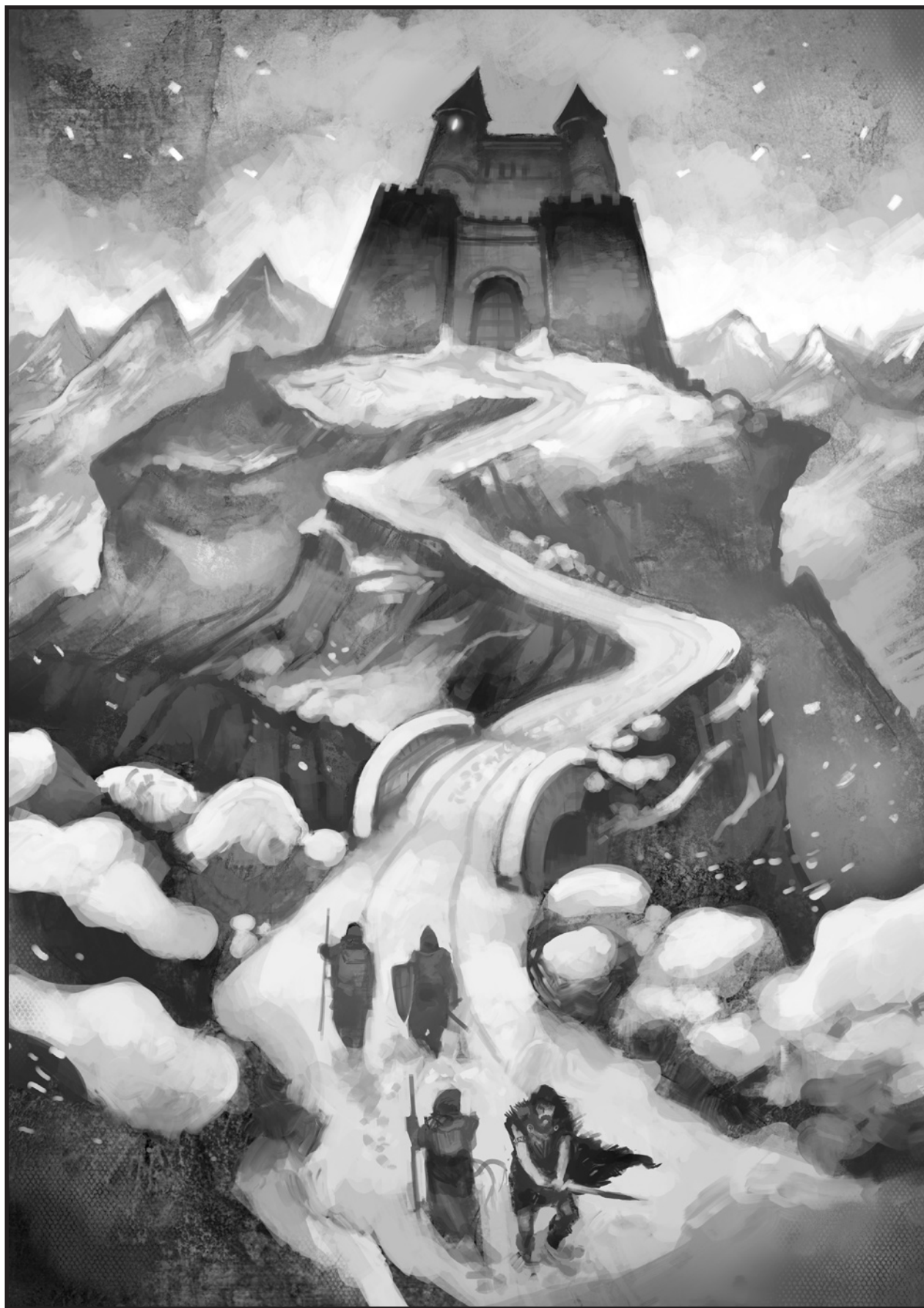
Finishing the Adventure

This adventure is effectively over. You may allow the PCs to return to the inn with no further trouble. On the other hand, it would be more realistic to roll for one or two random encounters during the long trudge back to the village, if the party is still in the mood for a fight.

The innkeeper will be overjoyed to have his daughter back; the citizens of Ereworn will also be delighted that the hobgoblin has been defeated. (Clothilda's warts gradually fade over time, though the players can hasten their disappearance with a splash of holy water from the chalice, if they have it.) Not only will the party receive the 35 crowns due to them, they will be given two horses equipped with saddles.

The villagers, heartened by the PCs' success, tell them of the evil Duke Darian who lives in Castle Ereworn to the east. (The party may already have reasons to visit the Duke anyway, especially if they have encountered his Black Riders in the woods.) The villagers will tell them of his many evil deeds and oppressive laws, and plea for deliverance. If they require further persuasion, the villagers will casually mention the incredible treasures that are said to be hidden away in the castle.

If the party does not want to take the first part of the Crystal with them to the castle, they can leave it for safe-keeping at the village. It will be secure here—probably. If you would like to expand the adventure then while the PCs are away you could have it stolen by Black Riders, bandits, tax-collectors, or worshippers of Rimfax.



IN

CHAPTER 3

THE CASTLE OF TERROR

An intermediate-level scenario for 4–6 1st–2nd rank characters.

Overview

On a lonely crag overlooking the Old Kingdom of Ereworn stands a castle of frightening aspect. It is the seat of the evil Duke Darian, whose emissaries stalk the land terrorising the populace and extorting money from them. Like the hobgoblin in the previous adventure, the Duke possesses one of the fabled magical crystals of Elvaron the Elf. He owns the largest shard, which still stood in the great hall until he had it removed and hidden. He has sought long and hard for the other two but has never found them.

This scenario may be a tough one to survive, and the party might want extra help. Two characters are provided below, with brief descriptions. These may join the party at some stage of the adventure and may be run as NPCs (see the rulebook, p. 115) or by the players themselves.

GONDRIK, A 3RD-RANK KNIGHT

ATTACK 15, Shortsword (d8, 4), Crossbow (d10, 4)

Armour: Plate (AF 4)

DEFENCE 8

EVASION 4

MAGICAL DEFENCE 4

Health Points: 15

Equipment: Basic Knight equipment + shield

Cash: 6 crowns; 14 florins

(*Strength 13; Reflexes 9; Intelligence 5; Psychic 10; Looks 12*)

Gondric used to be a local lord, but was stripped of his fiefdom by Duke Darian and his Black Riders. Gondric's mansion is now just a pile of rubble inhabited by a tribe of vicious orcs. His family and retainers are all dead or scattered to the four corners of the earth. He has sworn vengeance on Darian and will go to any lengths to achieve his goal. Gondric is rather dim-witted and will always willingly thrust himself into the most dangerous situations: he will insist on always being in the front rank of any battle order. As a consequence, the GamesMaster may find that his survival time in the castle is only a few minutes.

MAZIRIAN, A 2ND-RANK MYSTIC

ATTACK 13, 2-Handed sword (d10, 5)

Armour: Boiled Leather Cuirass (AF: 2)

DEFENCE 7

EVASION 4

MAGICAL ATTACK 15

MAGICAL DEFENCE 5

Health Points 11

Equipment: Basic Mystic equipment

Cash: 2 crowns; 11 florins

(*Strength 13; Reflexes 14; Intelligence 15; Psychic 11; Looks 8*)

Mazirian is a tough mystic who sees himself as more of a fighter than a magic-user but who will not flinch from doing his fair share of spellcasting or combat. However, he will insist on a large share of any treasure discovered by the party, demanding a quarter of everything, no matter how many other characters there are in the party. He will fight to defend his right to this share and may therefore turn out to be more of a burden than an asset.

Arriving at the Castle

There are four solid story reasons for striking out for the castle. Three of them originate from the previous scenario, 'Gallows Wood':

1. Ghostly Bargains

The party may have encountered the spectre or the ghost in Section 14 of Gallows Wood. If so, they may also have struck a bargain with one of them that they would slay Duke Darian. If this is the case, it is likely that the party will be anxious to set out for the castle; if not immediately, then as soon as they have rescued Clothilda from Ned the hobgoblin.

2. Travel

The party will reach the castle if they follow the western road in Section 18 of Gallows Wood, or stepped into the eerie coach they found there.

3. Freedom for Ereworn!

Duke Darian is feared and hated in the village of Ereworn. After rescuing the landlord's daughter, the party may find that the villagers' confidence in them is now high enough for them to suggest an attack on the Duke, who holds them in such miserable thralldom.

If you judge that the PCs have earned exceptional trust, then the villagers tell them of the last adventurer who swore to end the Duke's evil—a young sorcerer from over the sea, who set out to find the Black Carriage and ride it to the castle, then locate the Duke and destroy him. He never returned.

The PCs may already have enough of a motive to journey to the castle if they have encountered the evil Black Riders in Gallows Wood.

4. Elvaron's Guidance

If the PCs have been clever enough to shine the noonday sun through the crystal shard, the image of Elvaron will have appeared and repeated the words 'Darian', 'Castle' and 'Crystal' over and over. Any villagers who see this will identify the image as Elvaron, in awed tones.

Unless they have stepped inside the eerie carriage in Section 16 of Gallows Wood, the party will have to reach the castle by travelling west along the road that goes through the forest. Roll once on the Gallows Wood random encounter tables (p. 8) to see if they have any difficulties in the first part of their journey.

1. The Grey hills

The party meets the ghost of a young sorcerer wandering an area known locally as the Grey Hills. He was foully slain by a pack of Darian's Hell Hounds some years ago while fleeing from the castle. He offers them shelter for the night. When they wake they find his desiccated skeleton at the end of the cave in which they have slept. Next to it lies a rusted chest full of magic potions.

You follow a winding road, heavily marked by the tracks of many horses and the ruts left by wheeled carriages. After ten miles it enters some bleak, barren foothills, devoid of vegetation. Snow-capped mountains rise up to the north. The wind starts to moan over the hills and you see a sudden rainsquall heading your way.

Give the characters a moment to make preparations for the incoming rainstorm.

Soon you're engulfed in it, rain coursing off your tunics. The lashing monotony of the rain, pummeling your bodies and turning the road to muddy ruin, makes the journey into a miserable trek indeed. Surely this cannot last for much longer! But the barren hills show no promise of shelter any time soon. There is a crack and rumble of distant thunder, and the rain redoubles in force.

After the party has trudged on a little while longer:

Without warning, the rain turns to a blinding snow-blizzard. There is nothing to be seen anywhere around you but a chaos of driving white flakes. The wind rises to a moan once again, when suddenly you hear a different moaning sound, like something part beast and part man, some spirit of the forlorn waste. Blundering out of the storm in front of you, you see a huge, white-haired creature standing 3m tall. It lumbers towards you, belching, claws outstretched.

This is a Yeti (see p. 49 of the *Bestiary*)

YETI

21 Health Points

Once the Yeti is slain, it dissolves into snow and blows away.

You realise you have lost the path during the blizzard and all the features you might have recognised in the

landscape have been completely obliterated by a thick covering of snow. The sun has just dipped below the line of the Grey Hills and darkness is beginning to cover the land. From up ahead you see a momentary glimmer of light from a shadowy opening at the base of a cliff. As you watch, it comes again. It seems to be a fire.

The player-characters may choose to avoid or approach. If they approach:

You see a small campfire burning next to a cave mouth in a cliff ahead of you. An young man dressed in white robes sits in front of it, staring into the flames. He is completely bald. Without looking up he calls to you.

If the adventurers decide to ignore the young man or bypass him altogether, they are forced to rough it for the night on the mountainside. Roll twice for encounters on the Hills Encounter Table on p. 11 of the *Bestiary*. Even if they survive these encounters, party members will find they have suffered exposure in the bitterly cold night air. Each character must roll under his Strength on a d20 or lose 1–3 Health Points from the exposure. Next morning the party will eventually stumble across the road leading to the castle (Section 2, below).

If the party decides to speak to the young man:

The young bald man invites you to sit with him by the fire. "Not good weather to be out wandering the hills!" His eyes are kind, though his face looks tired and worn, as if by great hardship. "Come. Tell me of yourselves. How do you chance to be out here, buffeted by the winds?"

The PCs can now relax and trade tales, if they feel up to it. The young man listens with interest. He politely deflects any talk of his name, who he is or what powers he may have, describing himself as "only a traveller". The party may still be suspicious, in which case the young man is happy to talk on:

"For my part, I have travelled from Castle Ereworn to the North, where I went to plead with the Duke to show mercy to the peasants. Ah, but the Duke is a hard man. Something has rotted him from within. I fear he is more beast than man, now.

"Of course, my pleas for mercy for the people were not heeded. The Duke and I quarrelled for many hours, and at the end of it, I had the hounds set upon me for my pains. A merry chase I led them, before at last they lost the scent and I found my way to this goodly cave."

If the PCs go nosing about in the cave, he seems perturbed and asks them to stop. If they press on regardless and find the skeleton (see below), the young man droops his head and fades from view, and the fire flickers and dims but stays lit. If they remain by the fire:

"I think that it is time for you to rest after your ordeal. On the morrow, I will see what help I can give you in your mission." As you are listening his words become an indistinct murmur and you feel very tired.

The adventurers are being subjected to a sleep-inducing spell with a MAGICAL ATTACK of 22. Anyone resisting the spell will see the young man slowly fade from view and then disappear. The fire will burn with magical flames all night long, before it, too, vanishes. Everyone else will remain fast asleep until dawn, when they awaken as well rested as if they had spent the night in a cosy inn.

If the player-characters explore the cave in the morning, they find a skeleton lying at its far end, beside a small wooden chest. The skeleton looks like some wild animals have savaged it. A rusty key will be found in the tattered white cloak wrapped around the skeleton. This will open the small chest. Any attempt to force open the chest will smash its contents.

If the PCs open the chest with the key they will find four magical potions. They are labelled.

1. Evaporating Potion.
2. Healing Potion (five doses).
3. Potion of Strength.
4. Dust of transformation (sabre-tooth tiger)

For descriptions of all these, see pp. 138-141 of the *Dragon Warriors* rulebook.

From the cave, the party will now be able to see the road to the castle winding through the foothills below them.

2. Bridge of Illusions (hell hounds Attack)

The adventurers get their first sight of the castle set high up on a looming crag. They reach a very thin, narrow stone bridge at the foot of the crag. It spans a mist-filled chasm. This bridge is actually an illusion (only 5% chance per player of seeing through

The CASTLE of TERROR

THE UPPER FLOORS

AREA 2

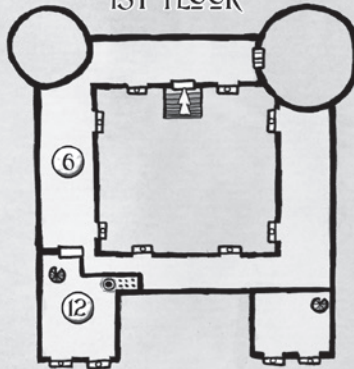
KEY

-  - DOOR
-  - SECRET DOOR
-  - SPIRAL STAIRCASE (DOWN)
-  - SPIRAL STAIRCASE (UP)
-  - STAIRCASE (ARROW POINTS UP)
-  - WINDOW

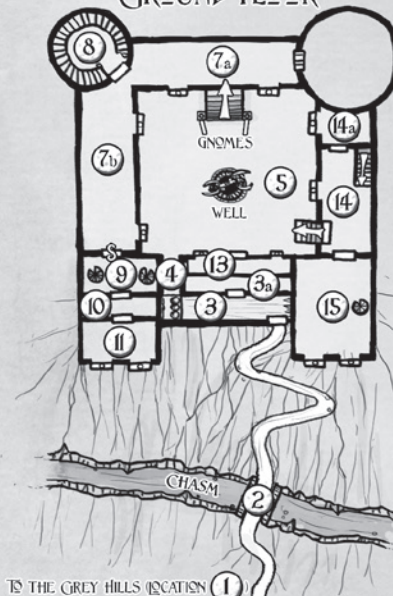
MAJOR LOCATIONS

- 1 - THE GREY HILLS
- 2 - BRIDGE OF ILLUSIONS
- 3 - AN ICY RAMP
- 3a - HIPPOGRIF STABLES
- 4 - AN ARCHED GATEWAY
- 5 - THE COURTYARD
- 6 - THE FIRST FLOOR
- 7a - GROUND FLOOR (NORTH)
- 7b - GROUND FLOOR (EAST)
- 8 - THE TOWER OF FEAR
- 9 - GUARDHOUSE ENTRANCE
- 10 - SPY-HOLE ROOM
- 11 - A DESERTED HALL
- 12 - THE MURDER HOLES
- 13 - POLTERGEIST ROOM
- 14 - THE KITCHEN
- 14a - THE PANTRY
- 15 - THE SOUTH-EAST TOWER
- 28 - DUNGEON LEVEL
- 29 - GROUND FLOOR
- 30 - 1ST FLOOR
- 31 - 2ND FLOOR
- 32 - 3RD FLOOR
- 33 - 4TH FLOOR
- 34 - 5TH FLOOR

1ST FLOOR



GROUND FLOOR



CASTLE EREWORN



0 5 10 15 20 25
SCALE IN METRES

5TH FLOOR



4TH FLOOR



3RD FLOOR



2ND FLOOR



1ST FLOOR



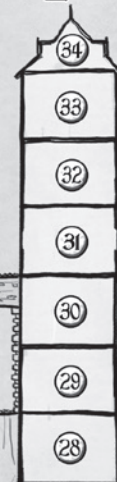
GROUND FLOOR



DUNGEON LEVEL



SIDE ELEVATION



NORTH EAST TOWER

it). The true bridge, which has been rendered invisible, runs parallel to the illusory one 2m to the left. Anyone travelling over this seems to be riding on thin air, another dramatic effect that Darian uses to terrify the populace.

Unfortunate players at the front of the party may find themselves plunging into the chasm, although those behind should be able to check themselves (unless of course they are riding their horses towards it at breakneck speed). The drop is 10m. Four of Duke Darian's Hell Hounds roam in the mist-filled chasm, looking for the bodies of foolhardy travellers so that they can rend and devour them. Player-characters who fall may be cushioned by the thick snow (see below).

After six hours of travel, you find yourselves amongst the towering peaks of the Pagan Mountains. The road winds up and up, through narrow passes and by the side of steep cliffs. Soon you see a bleak castle atop a black crag in the middle distance. A track leads to it, passing over an extremely narrow, arched stone bridge and up a steep incline. A gate stands in the crenellated wall facing you.

There are four towers rising from the castle, one at each corner. The two immediately in front are only slightly taller than the surrounding walls and are crenellated at the top. The tower in the northwest corner is slim and minaret-like with a conical peak. The tower in the northeast corner also has a peak at its top with attic windows set into it. There is a large iron-banded, double gate set into the curtain wall immediately in front of you. The landscape is covered with a thick layer of snow, in which you can see the marks of carriage wheels and hoof-prints leading towards the bridge.

If the party approaches the bridge with caution, they will notice that the carriage tracks and the hoof-prints are not visible on the bridge itself. Instead, they veer off to one side, bound for the true, invisible bridge. (Snow that falls on to the bridge becomes invisible itself.)

Anyone stepping onto the bridge will fall 10m to the bottom of the chasm. However, their fall will only be the equivalent of a fall of 5m, as they will land in a bank of soft snow (1d6 HP damage). The illusion will be dispelled immediately someone falls over the edge, and a ghostly, sadistic chuckling can be heard on the air; this is all part of Darian's phantasmagoria. The illusion resets, weaving itself afresh from the mists, after ten minutes.

The Chasm

Thick mist reduces visibility to 2m in the chasm and nothing can be seen of its bottom. Its sides are steep and covered with loose scree and ice. Treat the sides as having a difficulty factor of 11 for climbing purposes (see p. 63 of the rulebook).

The blood-curdling howling of the hell hounds can be heard echoing through the mists. The hounds (rulebook p. 244 or *Bestiary* p. 67) will attack anyone they find at the bottom of the chasm.

HELL HOUNDS

Health Points:

No 1: 10

No 2: 15

No 3: 13

No 4: 9

The hell hounds will surprise anyone they attack in the chasm.

A track zig-zags up the side of the chasm to the double gates of the castle. Turn to Section 3.

3. An Icy Ramp (Hippogriff Stables)

The adventurers are at the eastern end of an icy ramp that rises steeply to the west. Twelve stone balls resting inside a dark alcove at the top of the ramp will be released when the party are half way up. Unless the party can evade them they will be knocked back onto the set of vicious stakes that have been hammered into the east wall. There are four hippogriffs in the stable behind the door half-way up the ramp on the north side. These are untamed creatures who will attack humans on sight before flying away. Only those who can throw a magical harness over them can control them (see below).

The gates swing open at your touch. A steep ramp, surrounded by high walls, leads up immediately to your left just inside the gate. It is entirely covered with ice. A row of vicious metal spikes is set into the east wall just inside the gate. There are two skeletons impaled on them, still clad in tatters of leather armour.

At the top of the icy ramp you can see a dark alcove, like a crawlspace or tunnel in the stone. Above this opening there is a bas-relief of a scowling, one-eyed Cyclops. The ramp is about 20m long. There is a wooden door set into the right-hand wall of the enclosed area about 10m up the ramp. You can see a gateway leading off to the north just next to the alcove.

If the player-characters take precautions when ascending the ramp they should not slip. However when they have just got to the doorway in the north wall, halfway up the ramp, the guard will activate a trap. Twelve heavy stone balls, each about the size of a football, are released from the alcove and come rolling down towards them. Everyone on the ramp must dodge the oncoming balls. Treat these as one entity; match the balls' SPEED of 9 vs the dodging character's EVASION.

Anyone failing to dodge will have been knocked over by the hurtling balls (damage rating 1d6, 1 point) and will slide down the slope at breakneck speed towards the spikes. Allow anyone in this predicament one chance of hacking any weapon they happen to have in their hands at the time into the ice (Armour Factor equivalent 3). If they succeed, they slide no further and can remain where they are. If they fail (or have no weapons ready) treat each metre that the character slides back as the equivalent of a vertical fall of half a metre (see the rulebook, p. 64). The damage rating of the spikes at the bottom of the slope is (2d4, 3) points. A falling character will hit 1–4 of them.

Once the ramp is clear of characters, the guard in room 10 will come out and wearily start to drag the stone balls back up the ramp one by one, ready for the next foolish intruders. He will throw any dead characters' bodies into room 7 for the demon-wolf to devour.

The wooden door on the right is unlocked; it leads straight into the stables.

a) The Stables

There are four Black Hippogriffs, a slightly smaller species of the monsters described in the *Bestiary*, stalled inside this long stable building. These are the same type of creature that the players may have encountered in section 18 of Gallows Wood. The hippogriffs will try to bolt towards the doors immediately they are opened, straining against their ropes. If any of them succeeds in breaking one, it will trample anyone who tries to prevent it leaving. With the exception of magic such as the *Enslave* spell, they can only be controlled if they are bridled with one of the four bejewelled harnesses hanging on a rack just to the left of the stable door.

Behind the door is a brick-floored stable filled with mouldering straw and thick cobwebs. You can hear a

savage stamping of hooves and a fierce snorting coming from the shadows at the far end of the building.

If the adventurers approach and look into the shadows:

Four black horses are tethered here, straining frantically against their ropes. They seem to be in a frenzy to escape. To your left, there is a rack with various riding appurtenances, such as bits, reins and saddles. A glint of bright gold gleams from it.

BLACK HIPPOGRIFFS

Rank-equivalent: 5th

ATTACK 17 (Bite, d6 +1, 5,

Kick d10, 6)

DEFENCE 4

MAGICAL DEFENCE 5

Health Points:

No. 1: 26 No. 2: 21 No. 3: 21 No. 4: 24

AF 0

Movement: 15m (30m)

(flying—90m)

EVASION 5

STEALTH 10

PERCEPTION 11

Normally, the hippogriffs are docile when left to themselves, but the presence of humans (and the open door) has enraged them. Each hippogriff has a 1 in 6 chance per round to break its tether, at which point it will make a bid for freedom. Eventually, unless they are prevented, all the hippogriffs in the stable will break their ropes, rush through the stable doors and, sprouting their magical wings, fly off into the distance.

There are four gilded, bejewelled bridles hung on the rack, with sharp iron studs sewn into the inside. A character may use one of these to attempt to subdue a hippogriff (see p. 37 of the *Bestiary* for details on this). Each one is worth 20 florins in gold and jewels alone.

There is nothing else of interest in the stables.

The alcove at the top of the ramp

Inside this alcove, not visible until a character is close because of the lack of light, is a plinth. This normally rests at a horizontal angle but is now slightly tilted in the direction of the ramp, unless of course someone has reached the top of the ramp unseen.

Anyone looking closely at the bas-relief of the Cyclops will notice that its eye is actually a spy-hole. If they sneak up on the spy-hole stealthily they will see a bloodshot human eye behind it. The eye belongs to the guard in room 10 (p. 49). The mechanism for operating the tilt on the plinth is also in this room.

4. An Arched Gateway

There is an arched gateway to the right of the plinth. A brick-lined tunnel leads via another arch into a courtyard.

You can see the spikes of a portcullis protruding from a slit behind each arch. A smell of burning oil is in the air. There are six murder holes set into the roof of the tunnel. These are circular apertures through which burning oil can be dropped, or missiles fired, in a siege.

The burning smell comes from the vat of burning oil in room 12 (p. 50). If more than half of the party enters the tunnel, the guard in room 12 will drop both portcullises, trapping them. The portcullises are made of heavy iron, and will take 6 man-hours to break through.

The guard will then proceed to fire crossbows and pour the oil on any characters visible below the murder holes, snorting with bestial laughter as he does so. Players may attempt retaliatory missile fire or spells. Treat the former as a long-range shot, because of the narrow apertures. The guard will not necessarily be able to see anyone leaning flat against the walls of the tunnel, although the oil (not the crossbow bolts) will fall on all areas of it.

The guard will try to pour burning oil on the healthiest-looking party members. If he cannot see them clearly, he dumps oil down at random. In this case, roll d6 to determine where the next load of oil is going to be poured down, reading 1 at the south to 6 at the north. PCs may attempt to evade the oil: it has a SPEED of 12 and a damage rating of d4 +2, 4 points. There is only enough burning oil for 8 uses.

If the party has managed to approach stealthily so far, then the oil is not burning when the party arrives, and the adventurers cannot smell anything. The guard will take one round to set the oil aflame when he notices intruders.

To exit, the PCs may move into the courtyard (Section 5) or back down the ramp (Section 3).

5. The Courtyard

As there are a number of exits from this area, if you are not using miniatures and floor plans it might be a good idea to provide the players with a rough sketch map.

If the characters have arrived in the carriage from Gallows Wood (Section 18 of chapter 2, p. 31), read out the section below before continuing with the general description. Note that the coach is allowed to pass up the ramp and through the gateway without being attacked; the guards are under instruction to allow peasant petitioners to approach.

The coach clatters into the courtyard of a bleak mountain castle. To the north, high towers soar up into the icy night. As the horses come to rest and the coach settles, you hear the unmistakable clank of a chain being released. You hear a portcullis drop down behind you with a rusty screech, closing off the only obvious exit to the courtyard.

Two-storey buildings bound the courtyard on all sides, with towers in the four corners. This area measures some thirty metres square. Torches burn fiercely on brackets set into the walls; the flames bluster in the cold night wind. You can see the low parapet of a well in the centre of the yard. There are two wrought-iron demonic figures mounted onto it. These support a twisted iron bar, which has a rope tied to its centre; the rope disappears down the well. A broad staircase with an ornate balustrade, four metres wide, leads up to the second floor of the building in the north wall. Two statues have been placed on plinths at the end of the balustrade. Behind the second-floor windows stand the silhouetted forms of armed men, slouching strangely as if they were weary or drunk.

The tower in the northeast corner of the courtyard is five storeys high with a peaked conical roof. Dark apertures are visible high up on the fourth floor. As you look up at it, you fancy you can make out the sound of beating wings and shrill inhuman screeches coming from somewhere inside. There are some attic windows set into the conical roof itself. The northwest tower is about half the height of the one in the northeast corner, and has no windows.

Guards: Zombie archers (the slouching humanoid forms) are stationed on the second floor and will shoot at anyone visible in the courtyard who does not resemble a peasant. Their reactions are sluggish, so the party has a couple of rounds to look around the area before the arrows start to fly. See Section 6 on p. 46 for the zombies' stats.

The zombies are extremely stupid and will not try to alert anyone else in the castle to the PCs' presence, nor will they pursue the players if they leave the courtyard. Quick-thinking party members can

take cover from the arrows by hiding under, behind or inside the coach.

As well suffering as a hail of arrows from the zombies lurking on the second floor, the party will probably be attacked by the two grey gnomes (*Bestiary*, p. 19) who sit motionlessly on their plinths at the end of the balustrade. They will use their *Embog* spell as soon as someone approaches the staircase.

TWO GREY GNOMES

Health Points:

Grey Gnome 1: 10

Grey Gnome 2: 14

Unlike their woodland brothers, grey gnomes frequent the sides of buildings, bridges and old monuments, disguising themselves as ornamental masonry and lie in wait for passers-by. Unfortunately, their extreme ugliness is such that potential victims seldom overlook them; as a consequence, they have only a 1 in 6 chance of surprise.

These particular gnomes will unleash their *Embog* spells as soon as they are detected. As their victims flounder, they will mock and insult them, hopping from foot to foot and cackling with shrill laughter. If the player-characters seem to be struggling free of the quagmire, the gnomes will flee; otherwise, once they have mocked them sufficiently, they will scamper away to fetch a Black Rider guard who can finish the intruders off. He arrives in 1d6 +2 combat rounds; use the guard from Room 13.

On the northeast corner the semi-circular wall of the tower abuts into the square courtyard. There are two arched, latticed windows at ground level, one on either side of the staircase. On the west wall there are two open latticed windows at ground level. There are two closed windows south of the tower at ground level. There is a door half-sunk in a rancid looking pool of mud at the bottom of a short flight of steps. On the south wall there are two locked windows either side of a door (unlocked). Finally, there are several open, latticed windows around the first floor. Many of these are broken or completely without glass. All the buildings around the courtyard have steeply gabled roofs.

6. The Staircase & First Floor

The staircase is 4m wide and will take four people abreast. The steps are loose and have crumbled away in places; it looks like a stray footfall could dislodge

a whole slab. Normal progress is halved for anyone trying to struggle up them.

There are 8 Zombies stationed at the eight windows overlooking the courtyard on the first floor. They will continue to shoot their bows at the party as long as they remain in the courtyard, but once they have reached the staircase and begin to climb up it, they will slowly move round (movement rate 6m) to attack with short-swords. There will be at least two zombies at the staircase's head shooting their arrows as the party ascends.

EIGHT ZOMBIES

Health Points:

Zombie 1: 20 Zombie 4: 18 Zombie 7: 21

Zombie 2: 19 Zombie 5: 20 Zombie 8: 17

Zombie 3: 23 Zombie 6: 20

All the Zombies will eventually close in on the party and attack.

The First Floor

The first floor seems totally empty apart from the zombies and two suits of armour mounted on stands outside an embossed bronze door leading into the northeast tower. The rags of old tapestries deck the walls, almost completely rotted away owing to the elements raining and blowing in through the broken windows. The tapestry on the west wall seems brighter than the rest. If it is examined closely, with a bit of guesswork (roll under Intelligence) a character can deduce that it once depicted a figure in a white robe, performing some sort of ritual before a huge crystal. This was a memorial tapestry, created to celebrate Elvaron's life and deeds.

The suits of armour are plate armour (Armour Factor 5). Each one has a dry skeleton inside, which looks as if it may once have been a zombie but is now completely inert. The suits are saturated with evil energies. One has a falcon crest on the breastplate, the other a rampant lion.

The Vast Window

The adventurers notice a gigantic window in the east wall. This must once have held a glorious stained-glass scene; now it is just a dangerous opening through which the bitter winds howl. Any creature falling from this window would plummet all the way to the bottom of the crag and be dashed to pieces on the icy rocks beneath.

Beneath the hole where the window once stood is a raised plinth. An ugly gouge in the centre of the plinth suggests that something once stood here, but has long since been removed. This is the place where Elvaron's Crystal used to stand before it was shattered.

There are two exits from this space. The bronze door leads into the northeast tower (Section 30). A single wooden door leads into the southwest tower (Section 12).

Falcon armour: Anyone putting this on will be subjected to a *Curse* (see the rulebook, p. 82) with a MAGICAL ATTACK value of 15.

Lion armour: This once belonged to the head of the castle guards, who had the armour enchanted so that he could continue to serve even after his death. Anyone putting the armour on will be subjected to a spell with a MAGICAL ATTACK of 20. If the victim succumbs to this, he will be taken over by the deranged spirit of the former guardsman and become intent on the destruction of the rest of the party, who he now sees as 'intruders'. The character will attack his fellows after one turn. If they haven't been watching him carefully, he attacks with surprise.

The GM should not make it obvious that the adventurer has become antagonistic to the party before he attacks them (he may, for example, take the player out of the room to tell him he has been 'taken over') but should have him sit with the other players, running his character as normal until the time comes for him to attack. The GM should then run the character as a NPC. As the character attacks, he hisses and spits abuse at the "desecrators!" and "ravagers of the crystal!" The possession spell is subject to normal Spell Expiry rolls, and may be dispelled with a 7 MP *Dispel Magic* cast on the controlled character.

7. Ground Floor

If the party climbs through any of the windows on the north or west walls, or if they open the door in the west wall, they find themselves in a vast, L-shaped hall. This hall extends along the whole length of both the north and the west walls. Only a small amount of light filters through the heavy dark velvet curtains that cover the windows, ragged but still mostly intact.



7a. North Part of the hall

The floor is covered with dust and broken furniture. A foul animal odour hangs in the air. To the east there is a single, metal-studded door set into the semi-circular wall of the northeast tower. This is locked. The entrance to the northwest tower is visible at the west end of the hall.

There is nothing else of interest here, but if the party lingers too long, they will hear a low animal growl and see a huge wolf lope around the west corner of the hall towards them (see below).

7b. West Part of the hall

This must once have been the banqueting chamber of the castle; overturned tables and other pieces of smashed furniture lie scattered around. The south part of the hall is in deep shadow. Portraits of the dukes of Ereworn, and several ancient kings of Ereworn, line the walls. There is one labelled 'Duke Darian' on the southern wall (see Exits below). This portrait's frame seems to be rotting much more quickly than it should, owing to the subtle influence of Darian's demon patron. A strange, strong reek comes from it, and the canvas is slimy to the touch. The arched entrance to the northwest tower is visible in the north part of the hall.

After two rounds, the party hears a low growl. A huge (2m tall) and shaggy-haired wolf will materialise from the shadows and lope towards them, baring huge, yellow fangs. This is one of the demonic incarnations of the demon-wolf Fengris (see p. 77), which stalks the hall devouring the corpses of slaughtered peasants thrown in here by Duke Darian's henchmen.

DEMON WOLF

Rank equivalent: 6th

ATTACK 19, Fangs (d6 +1, 7) Armour Factor 2

DEFENCE 5 MAGICAL DEFENCE 12

Health Points 33

The demon-wolf attacks any intruder in the hall with a berserk fury. If it is slain, its carcass will gradually dissolve into a stinking mist: no trace of the wolf will be found once it has dispersed. The demon will return, completely healed, in exactly one day. Anyone passing through this area again after that time will have to fight it again. Anyone fleeing from the wolf up the northwest tower will be convinced that it is following them up it.

If the full-length portrait of Duke Darian on the south wall is taken down, a hidden panel is revealed. If pushed, it will swing round, revealing a secret opening through to Section 9.

8. The Tower of Fear

There are no windows or arrow slits in the tower. Torches illuminate it, burning on brackets at every 90° turn of its circular stairwell. These torches cast illusory shadows that look like hunched figures with long nails. They move only when the players do, loping up the stairs behind them and seeming to cower away when they are looked at, whispering to one another. Like the *illusion* spell, these are 95% convincing.

Similarly, the walls of the tower are enchanted, giving off strange noises: rat-like scurrying, a scraping sound like a blade being whetted, and the sound of low voices whispering too quietly for the words to be audible.

Once the party has gone round the first angle of the staircase, the PCs will see the shadow of the demon-wolf cast in giant relief on the wall behind them. At the same time, they will hear its savage snarls and grunts. (This will happen whether or not they have already slain the demon wolf in the hall.) If the party stops ascending the stairs for any length of time, the sounds of pursuit will draw closer and then abruptly cease. At that instant the torches on the wall will snuff out.

If the party continues to ascend the tower, they will eventually come to a carved oak door with a bronze handle set into it. The stairs terminate in a dead end at this point. The carving on the panel seems to be a curious allegory; wild beasts with spears held in their paws and hooves are slaughtering warriors garbed as hunters lying at their feet.

Three skeletons lie on the stairs just in front of the door. Anyone who takes the time to inspect them (the sounds of pursuit are right behind the party now) will notice that all the skeletons have had their rib cages smashed in at approximately the same height as one another.

Anyone twisting the handle of the door will release a spring that activates a secret panel behind the carving. A number of sharp spears will spring out of the panel at chest height. The character who twisted the door handle will have to make an EVA-

SION throw against the spears' SPEED of 16. If the character fails he will be hit by 1–6 spears (2d4, 4).

Behind the door lies the Chamber of Alysa.

8a. The Chamber of Alysa

It was here that Duke Darian locked up the woman he intended to wed, a fiery-spirited peasant girl called Alysa, abducted from her village over a decade ago. His demon patron had promised him that she would be 'his forever' if he followed careful instructions. Accordingly he had her abducted by his Black Riders. To his surprise, she spurned all his advances and hurled his gifts back in his face. Furious, he banished her to this lonely tower until she proved more receptive. He enchanted the Tower of Fear to prevent any would-be heroes from rescuing her.

Darian was horrified to discover, on returning to the room, that she had hanged herself with the elegant drapes on the bed. He tucked her away, closed the door behind him and has not climbed the tower again since then. Alysa's dry bones still lie in the four-poster bed on a pillow of hair. All that is left of her is, as the demon promised, 'his forever'.

This circular bedchamber is thick with dust. A dresser stands against the far wall, the mirror angled at the door; you see yourselves reflected in the bleared glass. A four-poster bed, its drapes once white but now ivory with age, stands to the right. There is a form under the covers, apparently asleep. Pale blonde hair spills over the mouldy pillows.

If the PCs examine the dresser, in one of its drawers they find a note to Alysa from Darian, which reads: "You will soon learn that it is futile to resist me. My patron has promised that you will be mine forever. Perhaps a spell of confinement will teach you some manners. D."

There is nothing of value in the room. Alysa is only a skeleton.

9. Guardhouse Entrance

This room is almost completely empty. A spiral wooden staircase descends to the right and another ascends to the left. A faint bubbling sound and the smell of burning oil emanate from it. There is a

closed wooden door right in front of the secret door through the portrait in Section 7. A large jar rests on a table next to the secret door.

This jar contains three doses of wolfsbane, which the guards use to keep the demon-wolf at bay if it has not been fed lately. PCs can roll against Intelligence on d20 to identify it; Sorcerers deduct 3 from the roll for their alchemical knowledge. When this evil-smelling herb is thrown in front of a wolf (even the demon-wolf from Section 7, but not Fengris himself), it will force the animal to cringe away. It will be unable to approach within 5m of the area for at least an hour.

10. Spy-hole Room

A table and chair are set against the right-hand wall of this room. On the east wall at eye level is a spy-hole with a good view down the icy ramp described in Section 3. There is a lever set into the floor next to the spy-hole. This tilts the stone plinth in the alcove at the head of the ramp.

If the party members have not taken care to approach silently, then they will be surprised when a warrior clad from head to toe in black armour springs from behind the opened door to the party's right. He is wielding a two-handed sword. This is one of Duke Darian's Black Riders. He heard the adventurers enter room 9 and hid behind the door waiting to ambush them.

If they managed to approach without being noticed, then the warrior is sat at the table eating a plate of roots. His face is in his food, and he gobbles and snorts like a pig.

BLACK RIDER

Rank equivalent 3rd

ATTACK 13, Two-handed sword (d10, 5)

DEFENCE 8

MAGICAL DEFENCE 5

Treasure: one dose of wolfsbane (see above)

Armour: Full mail (AF 4)

EVASION 4

Health Points 15

If the party defeats the warrior and remove his helmet, or surprise him before he can lower the visor, they will find that he is in fact only half human, having thick facial hair and a snout similar to that of a boar (see p. 16).

There is another wooden door in the south wall. (See Section 13 on the next page).

11. A Deserted hall

This is a much larger room than the previous two, consisting of a large stone hall with a fireplace at the east end. Two large bay windows look out over the snowy peaks of the Pagan Mountains to the South. There is a sheer drop of 20m underneath the windows.

The room is full of dusty junk. There is a large ornate marble fireplace at the east end of the room, which has not been used for some time.

Stuffed up the fireplace, wrapped in a mouldy cloak, is a hunting horn that, if blown, will summon the hell hounds from the misty chasm in front of the castle in Section 1. If the horn is blown twice, the hounds will attack anyone not in the immediate vicinity of the character holding the horn. One blast of the horn will make the hounds return to the person holding the horn. Three blasts and the dogs will vanish into thin air, never to be seen again.

There are no other exits from this room.

12. The Murder holes

This extends over Sections 9, 10 and 11 below. Six murder holes have been set into the roof over the entrance corridor to the castle, and a large tub of burning oil bubbles away over a wood fire next to them. There is also a rack of four crossbows (d10, 4) set against the east wall. They are all loaded. There are two windows in the south wall looking out across the mountains to the south. There is an unlocked wooden door in the north wall.

If the player-characters have fought the guard in room 2, the Black Rider stationed here will attempt to ambush anyone coming up the stairs with his crossbow. The Black Rider will be surprised by anyone coming through the door in the north wall from Section 7.

BLACK RIDER

Rank equivalent 3rd

ATTACK 13, Sword (d8, 4),
Crossbow (d10, 4)

DEFENCE 8

MAGICAL DEFENCE 5

Armour: Full mail (AF 4)

EVASION 4

Health Points 15

The adventurers may move back down the stairs or through the door in the north wall to Section 7.

13. Castle Armoury

The door in the south wall opens into the centre of a long hall. It is obvious at first glance that this is the armoury. Racks upon racks of weapons, from simple swords to spike-encrusted halberds, are stacked against the wall. At the west end of the 25m-long room stand three target butts with a number of arrows sticking out of them. At the east end of the hall is an alcove in which is a single gleaming halberd on a stand.

The room is devoid of inhabitants. The floor is a mess of old bloodstains and chipped tiles, as if many people had been held down here and mercilessly hacked to death.

Rather than assign one of his bestial guardsmen here, Darian has opted to protect the room with a summoned Poltergeist, an invisible entity that has the power of hurling material objects through the air. If anyone who does not fit the descriptions Darian has given (black armoured guards, zombies or Darian himself) attempts to remove a weapon from the racks, the poltergeist will begin to hurl weapons at them. It will concentrate its attention upon anyone who tries to reach the magical halberd in the alcove. The poltergeist can make 4 attacks in each round, divided among the party as appropriate. Treat any blows from the poltergeist normally; the poltergeist has an ATTACK of 25.

<i>d100</i>	<i>Poltergeist attack</i>
01-45	No effect
46-50	1 Dagger (d4, 3)
51-55	2 Daggers (d4, 3)
56-60	1 Sword (d8, 4)
61-65	2 Swords (d8, 4)
66-70	1 Axe (d8, 6)
71-75	2 Axes (d8, 6)
76-80	1 Halberd (d10, 5)
81-85	2 Halberds (d10, 5)
86-90	1 Volley of six arrows (d6, 4)
91-95	2 Volleys of six arrows (d6, 4)
96-00	3 Volleys of six arrows (d6, 4)

The poltergeist cannot be driven from the room nor harmed. As it is a form of ghost, the holy chalice from Gallows Wood (see p. 34) will subdue its power slightly, but only if forcibly brandished. In the presence of the chalice, the poltergeist may only make one attack per round.

The halberd in the alcove is a +1 magical polearm, with the coat of arms of Ereworn stamped into the blade.

14. The Kitchen

A pool of evil-smelling mud partially blocks the door to the kitchen from the courtyard. The door, which opens outwards, is jammed solid and will require a combined Strength of over 25 to open. Anyone looking closely at the mud notices a pair of odd lumps in it. These are eyeballs, floating just under the surface. The mud is in fact a dormant creature, waiting for its next meal of slops.

If the door is successfully forced open, it will waken the mud creature, which oozes into the kitchen. It will gradually solidify and start to take on an octopoid form with tendrils of weeds and undigested refuse, the eyeballs swimming in its midst. The PCs may not notice this happening, as they may be busy exploring the rest of the rooms. The creature will take ten rounds to form into a ghastly, jellified brown mass. If no other food is given to it, it will ooze after the party and attempt to trap them in a position where it can attack them. Feeding the thing with about three buckets' worth of organic material will make it sink into dormancy again.

MUD MONSTER

Rank equivalent: 2nd

ATTACK 16, Claws (d6, 4)

DEFENCE 2

MAGICAL DEFENCE: 3

AF 0

EVASION: 1

Health Points: 16

The kitchen is faintly illuminated by a window high up on the wall at the level of the courtyard outside. There are a number of rusty kitchen utensils lying around on dusty tables, some sideboards with once-fine crockery inside, and some mouldy food.

Some stairs lead down into the darkness of the east wall. There is a door to the north and another to the south. The north door leads to the pantry (Section 14a) and the south door to the southeast tower (Section 15). Both doors are unlocked.

14a. The Pantry: This room is crammed with rotting food. (The party can use this to feed the mud monster.) All the food seems to have turned putrid at once; this is due to the influence of Darian's patron demon. The rot is thus not entirely natural and can harm those close to it. Anyone who lingers here will breathe in the poisonous fumes that hang in the air and will be subjected to the equivalent of a medium poison attack.

There are no exits from here.

15. The Southeast Tower

There are two large chambers in the tower. These have not been entered for a long time and are thick with dust and cobwebs. Across the centre of the ground floor room hangs a single gigantic cobweb. A figure clad in antique rusty armour dangles motionless in the web. If anyone tries to disentangle the figure, they will become enmeshed. This web is home to a Giant Spider (see the *Bestiary*, p. 35).

GIANT SPIDER

11 Health Points

Two dust-choked windows looking over the mountains to the south light the room. There is a drop of 10m under the ground floor windows.

There is a similar room above this one. There is nothing of interest there apart from some dusty furniture and discarded military banners, now rotting on their poles.

There is a skeleton inside the suit of armour caught up in the cobweb. There are 3 crowns in its money pouch and a *Vial of Smoke* (see p. 140 of the rulebook).

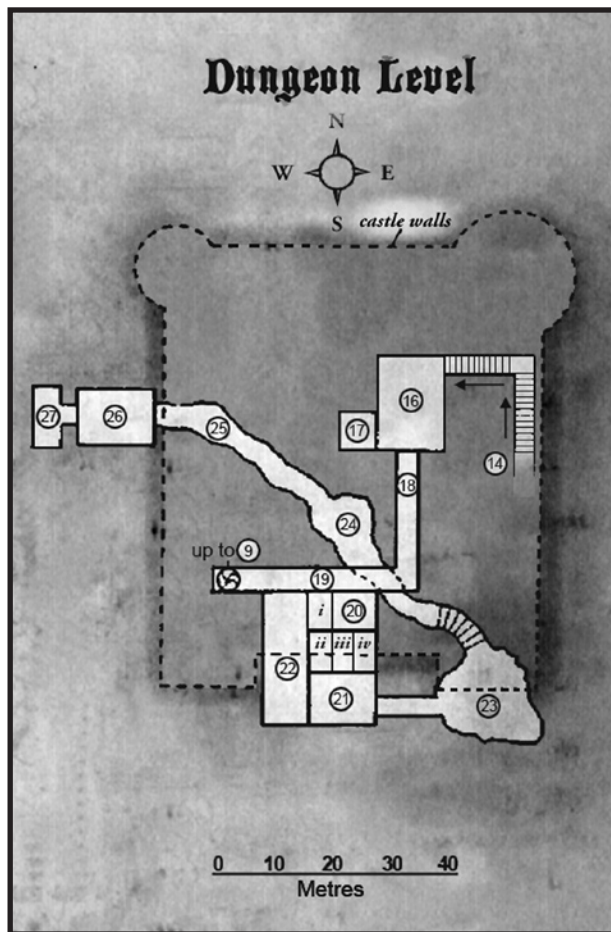
There are no other exits.

The Dungeon Level

There is a large underground area underneath the castle. Duke Darian still uses part of it as his dungeon, staffing it with a number of his ghastly undead servants. However, there are other parts which even these servants never enter. These places are home to terrible threats from a bygone age, sealed away before Darian's time. He uncovered their lairs when he first inherited the castle, in a mad search for anything that might increase his power, and has abandoned them ever since.

16. The Banqueting hall

This is reached by two long flights of rickety stairs plunging into the depths of the castle. The staircase has a landing at its dog-leg. There is a mirror set on the north wall of the landing facing up the staircase.



The mirror will not reflect undead beings. It is really a secret doorway into the basement level of the northeast tower. Anyone trying to touch its surface will find that his hand passes right through it. Anyone stepping through it will find himself in Section 28.

There is a wood-panelled dining hall at the bottom of the stairs. A pale and joyless fire burns in a large fireplace set into the south wall and there are a number of pots on the mantelpiece. The fire casts flickering shadows over the walls of the room. A long cobweb-festooned table occupies the middle of the hall. Chairs of carved wood are scattered around the floor, some of them toppled over, as if whoever was dining here years ago left in a hurry. The ancient remains of a meal lie on a tarnished silver dinner service. There is a rusted bell resting at the top of the table.

Against the north wall stands a huge cabinet, which has been piled high with junk of all kinds: broken plates, rusty sword hilts, old chests, fragments of wooden furniture and bits and pieces of who knows what. Strangely, although it looks precariously balanced, it all seems to

have been stacked quite neatly. The panelling extends around the room and the only ornaments are some halberds, held onto the walls by brackets.

The bell, if rung, will summon the servants from room 17.

The Fireplace

The fire burns without giving out any warmth, but is still capable of setting light to things or burning flesh. Anyone touching the flames will receive 1d6 damage automatically. A character who stoops down and looks through the flame will see that there is a passageway leading off into the darkness behind the hearth. Anyone trying to pass through the flames will receive 1d6 damage and then find themselves in the passage marked 18 on the map. The flames cannot be extinguished by anything short of a 4-point *Dispel Magic* spell; even that will only get rid of them for an hour.

The Cabinet

The undead servants have been trudging through the castle for years, 'cleaning up' the rooms and stacking the objects they find on the cabinet. This is why there is such a strange array of neatly piled junk here. Characters who take the time to root through the piled-up items can find one of the objects listed below on each search attempt. Every such search, however, requires the searching character to roll under Reflexes, or the whole lot comes crashing down (match the EVASION of all characters searching against the junk pile's SPEED of 8.) The deluge of junk deals damage (d6, 3 points) and makes a tremendous crash as it falls, which will draw any nearby creatures to the room.

Object 1: A pot of white powder with flecks of bright metal in it. This is whetting powder, and when rubbed on to an edged weapon such as a sword or dagger, gives it a razor-keen edge. One dose of whetting powder gives an edged weapon +2 on its armour penetration roll and +1 to damage for ten minutes. There are three doses in the pot.

Object 2: A phial of blue-black fluid (Potion of Night Vision)

Object 3: A mummified human hand that has been used as a candleholder (the palm is filled with wax). This belonged to an enemy of Darian's. It still wears a ring with a stylised flame insignia carved into it. This is a ring of protection against flame: it will absorb the first 4 HP of damage caused by a flame attack (e.g. *Dragonsbreath*, *Firestorm*)

and so on). This includes the fire in the hearth below the mantelpiece. The value of the ring is 100 crowns.

Object 4: A silver box containing a quantity of grey powder. This is very strong snuff. Anyone sniffing it will be rendered helpless by a sneezing fit for 2 rounds. The box is worth around 5 crowns.

Object 5: A blue liquid. This is a medium poison. There is only one draught in the pot.

On the table is a complete silver dinner service. Once this has been cleaned, it is worth about 50 crowns. However, anyone trying to carry it all alone would be severely encumbered. Treat this as ten items for encumbrance purposes.

The party-members may head back up the stairs, or through the fire to Section 18.

17. Secret Room

There is a secret room concealed behind a panel in the southwest corner of room 16. If the panel is rapped it will sound hollow. If the wall bracket holding a halberd to the right of the panel is yanked down, the panel will slide up revealing six liveried and very pale-faced servants staring sightlessly into the room.

These will remain motionless unless someone rings the bell on the dining room table. They will then suddenly lurch into the room and start to clear up the dinner plates from the table. If anyone has taken any part of the dinner service, they will attack them with the halberds on the wall. They will react similarly if anyone attacks them or tries to obstruct them.

If no one interferes with them, they will pick up the empty plates and stomp up the staircase towards the kitchen. (Don't forget they may run into the mud monster which even now may be oozing down the staircase!) They will return if the bell is rung again and will obey simple orders issued by whoever is holding the hand bell.

SIX UNDEAD SERVANTS

Rank equivalent: 1st

ATTACK 10, Halberds (from the wall) (d10, 5) Armour Factor: 0
EVASION 3

DEFENCE 4 STEALTH 6

MAGICAL DEFENCE 1 PERCEPTION 6

Health Points:

Servant 1: 15 Servant 2: 15 Servant 3: 21

Servant 4: 14 Servant 5: 21 Servant 6: 15

18. Corridor of Death

After two metres the crawlway from the fireplace opens out into a 3m-high corridor. There is room for two people to walk abreast. The corridor you are in continues for 10m to the south and then turns to the right. A pile of jumbled human bones lies about halfway along it.

There is no light, so torches or lanterns are obligatory.

The whole corridor is in fact a trap, designed to prevent any prisoners from escaping. A 1m-wide section of the floor about half-way down the corridor sinks slightly into the ground if any weight is placed on it. When this happens there is a soft crunch, like glass breaking. This is caused by two ampoules of chemicals beneath the slab mingling to form a poisonous gas. If the character removes their foot from the section of the floor, the expanding gas will lift up the edge of the loose slab and seethe into the corridor. This is a strong poison (rulebook, p. 122).

The gas will not escape from the floor if whoever stepped on the panel keeps their foot on it, but this becomes harder each round as the gas expands. After the first round, a roll under Strength is required each round to keep the slab down.

A second panel, directly south of the first, triggers a pair of portcullises if it is trodden on. These drop down from the ceiling, trapping anyone in the middle of the corridor. The skeletons are victims of the trap and if PCs inspect the floor and ceiling around the first pile of bones, they will spot the slots out of which the portcullises will fall. The gas will dissipate after three rounds: it will take one man-hour to break down one of the portcullises.

The jailer will not bother investigating a dropped portcullis, as the trap is old and frequently goes off when it shouldn't, but if there is any other noise (such as the clanging sound of a party trying to batter their way through) then he will come to see what the commotion is.

The right-hand bend in the corridor leads to another corridor to the west.

19. Dungeon Corridor

This corridor is about 10m long and has two doors set into the left hand wall. There is a set of wooden stairs ascending to the ground floor level at the far

end of the corridor. On the north wall at the eastern end of the corridor is a winch. This can be used to raise the portcullises in Section 18 and reset the trap.

If the jailer is alive, then a clanking of chains may be heard outside the easternmost of the two doors. A faint light can be seen coming from underneath it. Nothing can be heard outside the door to the west.

The east door leads to room 20. The west door leads to Section 22.

20. The Guardroom

A solitary torch guttering on one of the walls illuminates this room. It reeks of human filth and has the damp, chill feeling of an open grave.

Assuming he is still alive, a very pale and extremely large man is pacing up and down this room. He is dressed in a leather jerkin and there is a bunch of keys clanking on the end of a chain attached to his belt. He holds a flail in his right hand and a long loop of chain in his left hand.

KEEPER OF THE JAIL

Rank equivalent: 6th

ATTACK 20, Flail (d6 +1, 5)

DEFENCE 10

MAGICAL DEFENCE 8

Armour Factor 2

EVASION 6

Health Points 20

The keeper will attack anyone who enters, first throwing his magical chain (see below) and then attacking with his flail. The keeper is one of the undead and does not shed blood when wounded. He will attempt to neutralise his opponents and then fling them into one of the cells surrounding the guardroom.

The keeper's chain is magical. It can be thrown as a normal missile weapon (short range only; 5m). If the chain strikes the victim, he must roll under his Strength on d20. If he fails this roll, he is reduced to 0 in both ATTACK and DEFENCE as the chain pinions his arms to his body. If the victim wishes to shrug off the chain, he may make another attempt to break its grip the next round, in which case repeat the process.

There are three cell doors opening out from the Guardroom. The keeper has all the keys to the cells on his belt.

Cells

There are four cells in all, some with interconnecting doors. They contain the following:

(i) This cell has one prisoner. He is thin and gaunt, with a growth of unkempt beard. He will be too scared to speak at first, but if the party are kind and patient with him, he will eventually tell his story. His name is Jonulf, once a seeker after lost treasures, but now a wreck of a man after a month and a half of imprisonment. He came to Castle Ereworn, believing it to be abandoned, and was chased down in to the dungeon areas by the demon wolf in Section 7. The keeper of the jail then caught him and threw him in here. He had one cellmate, a priest called Mercec, but he was taken out of the cell a few hours ago and he hasn't seen him since.

Jonulf first came to the castle because he believed there were strange magical treasures here, including one of the shards of Elvaron's crystal. However, though he found the plinth where the crystal had stood, it was long gone. Although feeble and unarmed, he will accompany the party.

JONULF

ATTACK 9, Weapon: Any supplied by the party.

Armour Factor: 0

DEFENCE 4

MAGICAL DEFENCE 3

EVASION 3

Health Points 3

(ii) This cell is empty apart from skeletons and rags.

(iii) An empty room: cries of pain can be heard coming from a door in the south wall. This door leads to the Torture Chamber (see below).

(iv) This cell is wholly empty.

21. Torture Chamber

A brazier and torches along the walls light this room. Four animated skeletons (*Bestiary*, p. 83) are ranged around a gaunt-looking man stretched on a rack. His cries for help echo through the dungeon. Various sinister looking tools of the torturer's trade hang in racks around the walls.

If disturbed in their work, the skeletons will pick up red-hot iron brands from the fire and will attack the party with them.

SKELETONS

Rank equivalent: 1st

ATTACK 11, Red-hot brands (d4, 5)

DEFENCE 5

MAGICAL DEFENCE 3

Health Points

Skeleton 1: 4

Skeleton 3: 5

Armour Factor: 0

EVASION 3

Skeleton 2: 3

Skeleton 4: 6

The man on the rack is Merec the priest. He clearly has little life left in him. He mumbles "Darian... everything will rot... it all turns to decay." If the characters do not take him down from the rack in three rounds, he will die. If they can give him aid, he recovers for long enough to tell them his name and why he came here. He had learned the true source of Darian's power: a demonic patron called Rimfax, a creature of withering rot.

Rimfax apparently had designs on the Crystal of Elvaron, believing that it could be reassembled and used to open a gateway to the spirit realm, from whence the demon-wolf Fengris could be unleashed upon the earth. Merec was determined to confront Darian and sever his connection with Rimfax, thus saving any soul that Darian had left. Obviously, he failed.

Merec's wounds are horrendous and infected. He will die from them in an hour, no matter what the party does to try to save him.

There are doors to the east and west.

22. Oubliette Room

Torches ranged around the walls light this room. It is a plain stone chamber with four one-metre-wide holes set into the floor at regular intervals. A basket with a rope attached to it is lying near the lip of one of them: it contains very stale bread and some water in a pitcher.

The party will recognise the holes as the entrance to underground chambers, called oubliettes, down which prisoners are cast who have been ordained for long and enervating deaths.

Numbering from the north:

(i) As characters lean over this one they will hear a weak voice call out from below: "Help me! Duke Darian is holding me prisoner here!"

A particularly repellent monster with powers of ventriloquism, a Nargut (*Bestiary*, p. 42) is trapped

down this oubliette. It will seize any rope thrown down to it and allow itself to be hauled up out of the darkness. Once it comes into the party's view it will be able to crawl up the narrow funnel of the hole that remains. Once it is out it will run amok, trying to slaughter the party.

THE NARGUT

25 Health Points

(ii) There is the skeleton of a knight in full armour at the bottom of this oubliette. Nothing else of interest can be found here.

(iii) This is an 'endless' pit. Anyone trying to descend the shaft of this oubliette must save against a MAGICAL ATTACK of 16. If he fails to resist the spell, the character will continue to climb down the rope until he reaches its end and falls off. The pit is apparently bottomless and no sound echoes back from it when objects are cast down it. In fact, it is magically enchanted to be completely lightless and soundless, though the party may believe that a character falling down it has been completely destroyed; the character will be unable to tell them otherwise, as the pit silences all sounds. A character falling from the rope suffers 1d6 falling damage.

(iv) Anyone peering down this oubliette will see nothing but darkness. Shedding light into it or making noise will disturb a swarm of large bats, which will fly up and attack anyone at the oubliette's rim.

SIX BATS

Rank equivalent: 1st

ATTACK 11, Bite (d3, 1)

DEFENCE 9

MAGICAL DEFENCE 2

Health Points: All the bats have 1 HP.

Armour Factor 0

Movement 20m (flying)

EVASION 6

Assume a moderate treasure hoard from the table on p. 131 of the *Dragon Warriors* rulebook, lying among the dry bones at the bottom of this oubliette.

There are two doors here: one is in the north wall, and one in the south-east wall.

23. Cavern of the Undead

The eastern door in the torture chamber opens on to a shaft leading down at a sheer angle. Characters

can slide down without harm, but will not be able to climb back up without great effort.

At the shaft's bottom is a natural cavern, where lurk the tormented undead victims of the torturers of a bygone era. Their bodies were simply flung down here rather than take the trouble of burying or burning them. Many of them are horribly disfigured from their suffering and present a grim spectacle. Their hatred for the living is intense. They will attack any living creature they see, with an assortment of rusty weapons culled from previous victims.

UNDEAD

Rank equivalent: 1st

ATTACK 10, Weapons (see below) Armour Factor 0

DEFENCE 4

EVASION 1

MAGICAL DEFENCE 1

<i>Health Points</i>	<i>Weapon</i>
No 1: 8	Battleaxe (d8, 6)
No 2: 8	2-Handed Sword (d10, 5)
No 3: 6	Morning Star (d6, 5)
No 4: 12	Sword (d8, 4)
No 5: 5	Dagger (d4, 3)
No 6: 15	Flail (d6, 4)
No 7: 14	Dagger (d4, 3)
No 8: 7	2-Handed Sword (d10, 5)

A series of rough stone steps leads downwards to the north. A dank dripping sound can be heard coming from the darkness below (see Section 24). The shaft leads up to the west.

24. Crypts of the Kings

A winding moss-covered and slippery tunnel leads into this area from the south. It is a high cavern, partly worked and partly natural, which was the resting place for the deceased kings of Ereworn. In ages long past, the cavern walls were chiselled into hollow biers where sarcophagi could rest. There are eighteen such hollows in all, but they all appear to be empty, with only a few fragments of broken stone marking where the sarcophagi once stood.

The floor is entirely flooded. The water is 3m deep in all places. There is a rectangular stone sarcophagus in the centre of this pool, on an island of raised masonry. A crown is carved on its lid.

If the party members look closely at the pool, they can see curious little shapes moving around in it, like tiny ragged ghosts. These have long, lean limbs and move with an undulating motion, like

eels. It is impossible to count them, but there are about twenty. They do not react to anything except the presence of magical objects. If one is held close to them it will cause them to surge towards it.

If any character immerses any magical item in the pool, the spirits flock towards it like carnivorous fish towards meat. The adventurer has one chance to pull the item away (roll under Reflexes to achieve this) before the spirits drain the magic from it. They drain one 'plus' from any item they can feed from. A +2 magical suit will become a +1 suit and similarly a +2 sword will become a +1 sword. The spirits will render all potions non-magical. Only relics will remain unaltered.

Characters who go fishing around in the water beneath the walls will find the skeletal remains of former kings and the shattered remains of their sarcophagi. However, if anyone wades across to the sarcophagus and prises its lid up they will find a skeleton clutching a sceptre inside it. The sceptre is ornately carved and inlaid with jewels. Its design suggests it was an item to be used, not an ornament or symbol of power.

Although the party will not be able to divine the use of the sceptre immediately, a high-ranking sorcerer (level 7 or higher, and they may have to travel some distance to find one) will be able to tell them that it is a sceptre of necromancy, wielded by some now-forgotten sorcerer-king of Ereworn. The owner of the sceptre may use it as follows:

- ✦ Revive one person from the dead per year and make that person their zombie slave.
- ✦ Spirit-talk with the dead once a day. Treat this as the *Oracle* spell (rulebook, p. 82). The user may, however, only contact those people known to him during life, and may only ask them questions pertaining to the time before their deaths.

The spirits in the pool are desperate to feed from this item, as it will give them enough strength to leave the pool forever. If any player-character throws the sceptre into the pool, the spirits cluster on it, meaning that other magical items are safe for the moment. The spirits will spend 2d4 rounds feeding from the sceptre before rising from the pool and vanishing through the walls, never to return.

There is a tunnel to the south, and a crumbled hole through masonry to the northwest. If it is still daylight outside the party will be able to glimpse light at the end of the tunnel to the northwest.

25. The Castle Well

This will be illuminated by daylight or starlight depending on the time of day. It is a flooded, brick-lined circular shaft with a 3m radius; the top of the water is level with area 24. Weeds dangle from the upper walls. A rope hangs down from the circular opening at the top of the well.

The water-filled shaft extends a further 5m down from the surface. A character wading into this area from room 24 is liable to plunge down into the well shaft, as the depth of the water suddenly changes.

There is a small copper casket, now covered with blue corrosion, hidden behind some loose bricks in the north wall of the well. This contains 20 crowns and a +1 magical dagger.

The well's wall seems to have collapsed to the southeast and been smashed through to the northwest, as if something huge has burrowed through it. Both walls of the shafts are covered in slimy weeds.

26. The Royal Beast

The passage to the west leads to two enormous copper doors, crusted greenish-blue with verdigris. A fierce-looking dragon has been embossed on the door. Beneath the dragon is a barely visible inscription in archaic language.

Anyone puzzling over this inscription (roll successfully under Intelligence using d20) can make out that it is warning intruders against the 'royal beast', whatever that may be. Anyone wearing metal armour or holding metal weapons will find that these articles seem to be attracted or pulled towards something on the other side of the door.

The doors are not locked. They give on to a long pillared hall (15m). Torchlight is insufficient to see the far end of it. Ancient fragments of tangled metal lie twisted around the floor of the room as if something had been chewing on them. If the party advances half-way down the hallway they will hear a screeching noise. Anyone wearing armour will again feel some invisible force tugging them towards it.

After one round, a creature lumbers into view from around a pillar. It rather resembles a mammoth beetle with a huge black carapace and horn-like mandibles. Characters wearing metal armour will now find it impossible to flee without removing their armour, so strong is the force holding them.

The monster lumbers towards them, spitting acid but ignoring anyone not wearing metal armour.

MAGNETIC MONSTER

Rank equivalent: 6th

ATTACK 18, Mandibles (d8, 3)

DEFENCE 6

MAGICAL DEFENCE 6

Health Points 17

Armour Factor 4

EVASION 3

STEALTH 12

PERCEPTION 7

The Royal Beast of Ereworn will attempt to seize its victims with its mandibles and then to start to devour them and any metal they are carrying with its acid-covered maw. Anyone attempting to use a metal weapon against the creature will automatically hit on their first attack, but then the weapon will stick fast to its magnetic body and cannot be retrieved until it is slain. The Royal Beast has long ago consumed any items of treasure in this room.

There appear to be no exits from this room other than the huge copper doors, but the central section of the masonry of the west wall seems to be much more recent than the rest, as if the wall had been added to block something off. Further investigation reveals that the wall has been rather hastily built and could probably be pulled down without too much effort. The player-characters can pull enough of the wall down to make a crawlspace in 10 minutes, and clear a wider doorway in 30.

27. Shrine Room

This room is 5 × 7m and is empty apart from a black altar, which has two black candles standing on it. A silver mask in the shape of a horse's skull entwined by snakes rests on a stand between the candles. The altar bears the single name RIMFAX chiselled into the stone, which magic-using characters have a chance to recognise (roll under Intelligence) as a demon of blight and decay. The curses of Rimfax have traditionally resulted in crop failure and unnatural diseases, exactly the kind of hardships that the people of Ereworn are now suffering.

There is a mystic circle drawn in the middle of the room. If anyone stands in the circle the black candles will immediately burst alight and the person standing in the circle will be transported to the second-floor shrine in the northeast tower of the castle (Section 31). Darian uses this two-way transportation circle to enter this shrine and commune with



his demon patron. If the GamesMaster wishes, the PCs can arrive here just in time to see Darian step into the circle and vanish with a mocking leer.

The silver mask is perfectly safe to anyone putting it on but has a baleful effect when its wearer looks at another person through the eyeholes. Lances of flame (equivalent to the *Dragonbreath* spell, rule-book p. 80) will fly out towards the person glanced at. The mask will then be rendered harmless until the fire-glance effect is restored to it. This requires an elaborate ritual to Rimfax, including the sacrifice of a sentient being. The mask is worth about 5 crowns as a work of art.

Other than the circle and the bricked-up wall, there are no exits from here.

The Northeast Tower

This has six storeys, some of its floors having exits to other parts of the castle, others not. Duke Darian and the elven crystal will be found concealed in a rooftop eyrie.

28. Ambassador's Quarters

This chamber is temporarily home to a vampiric ambassador, who has sailed from his own dark lands to entreaty with Duke Darian.

The room may only be entered through the magical mirror on the stairs leading down to the banqueting hall (see Section 9, p. 49) or through the trapdoor in Section 29 of this tower. There are six sarcophagi arranged around a heap of decrepit timber that looks like it used to be a staircase. The only other interesting feature on this level is the mirror on the south wall. This will not reflect the undead in the room (see below). It is possible to step through it to the staircase leading down to the banqueting hall. The six sarcophagi contain the following:

Coffin i

AMBASSADOR VALYANE (VAMPIRE)

1st rank

ATTACK 14, Two-handed
sword (d10 +2, 7 points)

DEFENCE 8

MAGICAL DEFENCE 4

Health Points 20

AF 0

Movement 10m

EVASION 5

PERCEPTION 7 (darksight)

Valyane wears courtly garb and has long, thinning white hair. He will listen carefully, assessing any possible threat. If he hears only one or two intruders in the room, he will make a surprise attack, leaping from the sarcophagus. Greater numbers than that will result in him lying low for a while, in the hope that the intruders will go away.

If forced to fight, he will attempt to mesmerize his opponents and then drink their blood. He belongs to no Profession; when determining the power of the mesmerism, treat him as 1st rank.

Valyane wears a gold signet ring worth 20 crowns, and carries a scroll in a case. This proves to be an elaborate treaty, offering Duke Darian safe haven in Valyane's estates in the event that he should have to flee there, in exchange for ongoing magical help from Darian and military support from his retinue of Black Riders. Smart characters will conclude that Darian is obviously unsure of his position in Ere-worn and is trying to arrange for a bolt hole.

Coffins ii–v: These are all empty. Anyone examining the inside of these sarcophagi will find that they are coated with some strange bluish mould, slimy to the touch, which burns painfully as if it were acidic. Any character who can successfully roll under Intelligence recognises this as tomb-blight, a fungus known to grow inside abandoned tombs that have been befouled by the undead, and hated by grave-robbers because it destroys remains and treasure alike. Long exposure to this will strip good armour of one point of its Armour Factor, or burn naked flesh so that the victim will lose 2 HP.

Coffin vi: If a player-character gets into this sarcophagus and closes the lid he will be teleported into the sarcophagus on the floor above (see Section 29). This will happen so swiftly that the person lying in the sarcophagus will not notice it unless he draws back the lid to peep out. Darian created this teleportation link for Valyane's convenience.

To leave, player-characters may pass through the mirror or through the sarcophagus (above).

29. Ground Level

This is a totally bare chamber except for some stone plaques bearing carved armorial designs, which are

set into the walls. The floor has been covered with rushes, as if to make it more comfortable to sleep on.

The dried-out husks of three human beings, clearly dead, lie huddled against the walls. These bodies seem shrunken somehow, as if something had sucked all the fluid from them. Their ankles are bound together with iron manacles, which in turn have been shackled to the floor with iron bolts. The work seems quite recent. (These unfortunates were Valyane's food source while he resides in the castle, an example of Duke Darian's hospitality.)

There is an open stone sarcophagus with a lid leaning against it opposite the door in the east. A circular spiral staircase leads upwards in the north-east corner.

Anyone walking directly between the door and the stone sarcophagus will step on a rotten, unsafe trapdoor, hidden by the rushes. If they fail to roll *above* their Strength, the trapdoor gives way underneath their weight and they fall 7m onto the jumble of old timbers below in the dungeon section of the tower.

The staircase leads to the first floor of the tower (see below). If anyone climbs into the sarcophagus and pulls the lid over himself, he will be teleported down to the sarcophagus on the floor below (see Section 28).

30. Throne Room

There is an ornate throne at the end of this room. It has a high backrest (about 2m high) with the Ereworn coat of arms carved onto it. There is a tall banner hanging behind the throne, which reaches to the ceiling.

All the walls of this chamber are covered by tapestries, which show demonic flying beings extending their claws as if to rend the observer to pieces. Beneath them are the embroidered figures of human beings on their hands and knees, apparently petitioning the throne, as if to beg for mercy. Unlike the other tapestries in the castle, these seem to be recently woven and quite intact.

Darian has added the tapestries recently to enforce his authority. Anyone who approaches within 5 metres of the throne without at least bowing down in submission (grovelling on bended knee is preferable) will be attacked by the tapestry

demons (*Bestiary*, p. 66). These will suddenly spring into life, becoming three-dimensional beings and leaving empty spaces behind on the tapestries where they once were.

TAPESTRY DEMONS

Health Points: Demon 1: 12

Demon 2: 9

If the demons are slain, they revert to being tapestries on the walls and will not be able to form themselves again for 24 hours. There is nothing else of interest in the room apart from the throne.

The banner behind the throne appears to be a simple strip of crimson cloth. The wall behind it is solid and unremarkable. If the left arm of the throne is raised, the banner suddenly comes to life, undulating like a great serpent. Alarming though this is to watch, the cloth-thing is not hostile. After writhing for a round, it settles into the form of a spiral staircase; it is as if the banner were draped over a set of invisible steps. Despite the flimsy appearance of the cloth, the staircase is as firm and safe to walk upon as stone. After five rounds, the stairs collapse into a banner once again, sending anybody still standing on them plummeting to the floor below. The cloth staircase leads to a slab in the ceiling, which on examination proves to be a hinged trapdoor.

There is a door in the west wall.

31. Second Floor

The only entrance to this floor is by a concealed stone slab behind an offering table in the east side.

The room is a shrine to one of the most evil of demons, Rimfax. This entity is represented in popular mythology as a skeletal horse within a seething mass of small greenish-black snakes. Duke Darian has long been a worshipper of this demon, whose chief interests on the human plane are the propagation of disease and death. Rimfax not only controls the bodies of his servants but also their minds (see below). He has ordered the destruction of the land surrounding Castle Ereworn, and goaded Darian to slaughter his whole immediate family in order to gain power.

The demon is represented in this room by a lichen-covered equine skull placed on an altar underneath a stylised representation carved onto the wall. Snakes ooze in and out of the skull's eyes

and mouth. The demon will cast spells through this unholy relic with a MAGICAL ATTACK of 22. Treat the skull as a seventh-rank Sorcerer. Anyone striking the skull with anything except a magical sword or a holy relic will be *cursed* (rulebook, p. 82) with a MAGICAL ATTACK of 22. The demon will not attempt to intercede in the fight between the priest and the party, apart from releasing the hellrots from their chains and thus allowing them to leave their perches and join in the fight.

The party will almost certainly enter this room by pushing up the stone slab behind the offering table. Do not assume that they are being quiet about this unless they say so, in which case the character who is pushing up the slab must roll under his Reflexes on a d20 to succeed. If they do enter quietly, then they will have the advantage of surprise over the priest.

The stone slab opens behind a low stone offering table covered by rotten fruit and rancid worm-eaten vegetables. To one side of the slab is a small bronze gong.

A man dressed in purple and black robes and holding a silver dagger aloft in his right hand is standing in front of a stone altar. This has a lichen-covered skull resting on the middle of it. There is a stylised representation of a hideous, leering face in bas-relief on the wall above the altar.

High up near the roof of the chamber are two deep recesses with barred windows. Silhouetted against the murky glass are bat-winged creatures with humanoid arms and torsos. They have leathery skin and their feet end in claws. Chains shackle their legs to the bars on the windows.

If combat breaks out, which it is very likely to do, the chains will split asunder without warning and the Hellrots (see below, and p. 70 of the *Bestiary*) will fly down from above, screeching horribly.

The party will have to fight both the priest and the Hellrots.

PRIEST

5th-rank Mystic

ATTACK 15*, Dagger (d4 +1, 4) AF 0

*Includes adjustment for dagger.

DEFENCE 9* EVASION 4

MAGICAL ATTACK 18

MAGICAL DEFENCE 8 Health Points 10

The priest is a goggle-eyed bald man, thin to the point of emaciation from living on 'sacred' rotten food and filth. He is a fanatic and will fight to the

death. If the party manages to subdue him in the hope of extracting information about Duke Darian or Rimfax, he will say nothing at all. Rough tactics, such as beating him up, have no effect; he seems almost to enjoy the suffering.

HELLROTS

Health Points:

Hellrot 1: 15

Hellrot 2: 18

These Hellrots are the earthly emissaries of the demon Rimfax. At night, the priest releases them from their chains, upon which they flap across the land infecting crops, polluting water, and snatching children from their beds and devouring them.

Anyone touching the skull on the altar will be attacked by spells (see above). If the party manages to cast a *Dispel Magic* on the skull or throw holy water on it, it will lose its magical properties and the demon will depart from it with a high-pitched scream of laughter. Anyone touching the skull will be *cursed* with a MAGICAL ATTACK of 22 (see the rulebook, p. 82).

The ritual dagger in the priest's hands is magical (+2). As it is a ceremonial item, it is covered with signs dedicating its use to Rimfax. Being caught with such an item in your possession would be taken as evidence that you were a demon worshipper, especially in a small rural town; the usual punishment for such abominations is hanging or burning at the stake.

There is a hidden panel in the front of the altar. There are various items sacred to the demon kept here:

- ♣ A spare ritual robe (black and purple).
- ♣ A censer which when swung emits a pungent poisonous gas (treat as a strong poison).
- ♣ A small jewel case with six black gems inside of it, each worth about 20 crowns. Anyone possessing any or all of these will be subject to a *curse* with a magical attack of 12.

There is a spiral staircase in the north-east corner of the room. Once they are half-way up it, the party can hear the sounds of grunting, bestial voices raised in a quarrel.

32. Third Floor

This is a barracks room for the more favoured of the Black Riders; the others bunk down in the woods,

the guardrooms or the stables. The door gives onto a circular room lit by a number of stumpy candles stuck onto the middle of the table. Six doors lead off in all directions. The spiral staircase continues up to another floor.

Two Black Riders sit with their backs turned to the staircase, crouched over the table. There is a pile of coins on it (33 florins), the ownership of which seems to be in some dispute. The Riders are embroiled in an arcane gambling game that these creatures favour but which, like their language, no human can understand. This argument has prevented them from hearing the struggle going on downstairs. The party will have surprise.

TWO BLACK RIDERS

3rd rank

ATTACK 13, Sword (d8, 4)

Armour Factor 4

DEFENCE 8

EVASION 4

MAGICAL DEFENCE 5

Health Points:

Black Rider 1: 15

Black Rider 2: 15

After three rounds one more Black Rider, alerted by the noise, will burst into the room from a side chamber (2 on the map). He may surprise the party.

THIRD BLACK RIDER

ATTACK 13, Sword (d8, 4)

Armour Factor 4

DEFENCE 8

EVASION 4

MAGICAL DEFENCE 5

Health Points: 15

The Rooms

The six rooms around the centre contain the following, along with simple truckle beds, suits of filthy leather armour awaiting repair, ammunition and broken weapons:

1. 12 crowns hidden under a mattress.
2. A marked pack of cards.
3. A Potion of Healing concealed in a wine pot.
4. A sword and shield hanging on the back of the door.
5. A Potion of Strength concealed under a pillow.
6. This is the privy, a simple stone trough clogged up with filth. An opening in the outer wall, where a window arch has collapsed all the way to the floor, allows the Black Riders to shovel the muck out of the tower when it becomes too much to bear.

All of the rooms have outside windows. There is a spiral stone staircase up to the next floor.

33. Fourth Floor

This is the Duke's bedroom and, as to be expected it is decorated with lush drapes and thick carpets. Four windows overlook the surrounding countryside. A cheerful fire burns in the grate.

There is a four-poster bed against the west portion of the wall. A thin, shrunken-looking man lies under the sheets, his eyes wide open. This is a *Doppelganger* (rulebook, p. 88) created by Duke Darian, in order to fool anyone who slays it into thinking that they have in fact slain him. Darian is actually safely hidden in his rooftop eyrie above. He uses the doppelganger as his substitute if any peasant makes it as far as the castle to petition him.

If the old man is alerted to the party's presence, he jumps out of bed and rushes at them, brandishing a long knife and howling incoherently. If he is slain, he disintegrates into a mush of decay, unpleasantly

similar to the slimy mess on the offering table back in the shrine.

DOPPELGANGER

ATTACK 12, Knife (d4, 3)

DEFENCE 6

MAGICAL DEFENCE 15

Health Points 6

AF 0

Reflexes 5

EVASION 3

There is a selection of interesting magical items arranged around a table on the south portion of the wall: a number of potions, two of which are marked 'Healing'. These are, in fact, strong poison. The other phials contain powders of light irritants and ground glass, which will inflict 1d6 points of wounding on anyone who consumes them.

There is an ornate sword lying amongst the phials. If someone hefts it, they will find that it is excellently balanced. Its handle is studded with what appear to be precious gems. These are in fact cheap costume gems. The sword will snap in two the first time anyone tries to wield it in combat, leaving the owner defenceless. Careful examination and a successful roll under Intelligence will reveal the sword is a ceremonial item, not intended for combat use.



There seem to be no exits from this chamber. However, hidden above the fire is a shaft, with iron rungs set up the side; any character who douses the fire can easily see these. They lead to a rooftop hideaway.

34. Fifth Floor

Duke Darian is an old and infirm man, kept alive now more by demonic influence than by the strength of his constitution. His sorcerous powers have not diminished over the years, but his fighting prowess has. He lurks in the cold and draughty eyrie at the top of the northeast tower, communicating only through his doppelganger and leaving the Black Riders to deal with any intruders.

As a safety measure, he has placed a *Pentacle of Entrapment* (see the rulebook, p. 89); this will trap the first two characters at the top of the rungs leading up from below. The keyword for the pentacle is 'Rimfax'.

Darian has already used up a number of his Magic Points and will be anxious to finish off the party quickly, moving in to attack with his +1 magical sword if necessary.

DUKE DARIAN

10th-rank Sorcerer

ATTACK 13*, +1 magical sword (d8 +1, 5) AF 0

(*includes adjustment for sword)

DEFENCE 7*

MAGICAL ATTACK 25

Magic Points Remaining 25

MAGICAL DEFENCE 15

Health Points 6

EVASION 5

STEALTH 16

PERCEPTION 8

Reflexes 5

Physically, the Duke resembles the doppelganger on the floor below. He is dressed in ermine edged velveteen robes, his limbs are bony and his face is thin and splenetic.

Treasure

There is a chest lying next to Darian's bed. The party will discover that it contains Darian's speculum (used in the *Scry* spell) along with 2000 florins, 30 crowns and 9 gems and jewels worth approx 500 florins.

A +1 magical suit of plate armour stands on a mount against one wall.

Above the bed hangs a portrait of Alysa, whose bones now lie at the top of the other tower. This is worth 10 crowns to a collector as a work of art.

Darian himself wears a Ring of Teleportation, which he will not use; Rimfax does not allow his servants to flee so easily.

The player-characters will also find the second fragment of the Elven crystal wrapped in a white sheet and stowed under the bed. It glows with an unearthly citrine aura and is clearly the main mass of the crystal. If the fragment from the first adventure is fitted into place, it fuses seamlessly with the second as if it had never been broken.

Elvaron's Image

If the adventurers allow the noonday sun to shine through the crystal again, the image of Elvaron appears, much steadier than before but still flickery and incomplete. He urges the party to make haste to Gullet Hollow, as he can sense that the third crystal fragment is no longer in the land of Ereworn and has been borne on to the sea.

If the characters ask why it is so important that the crystal be reassembled, Elvaron is now able to explain the mystery of the Moon's Gate. If the light of the full moon is allowed to shine through the crystal, a gateway is opened to the spirit world, where titanic, primordial powers still walk. One of those powers, Albus, may be able to drive the blight of Rimfax from Ereworn and restore the old wards, making the kingdom safe once again.





CHAPTER 4

WRECKER

ISLAND

This is a scenario for about five or six 1st–2nd rank characters.

Overview

A merchant ship has been driven onto the rocks of a treacherous reef on the coast, lured there by the false lights of the fisher-folk of the local village, Gullet Hollow. The only survivor of the wreck, one Captain Rakehell, has been washed ashore. He now lurks in the local tavern, waiting for anyone who might be willing to accompany him back to the reef to salvage anything that is left on the ship.

The locals do not allow outsiders to set foot on Wrecker's Point, claiming that bad luck will descend on the village if anyone picks through the debris of broken ships. They keep up the front of being superstitious peasants, respectful of the drowned dead, as a cover for their own looting activities.

Salvage will not be as easy as Rakehell thinks. The fisher-folk have dragged his ship off to a nearby underground cavern. Its drowned crew have risen as undead zombies. The villagers worship the Kraken, a ghastly sea-monster that periodically rises from the ocean depths. Even now a priest devoted to the worship of the Kraken is preparing a sacrifice to his unholy god.

The weather is foul as you approach Gullet Hollow. A howling gale with fierce thunder and lightning contin-

ues all day. It is bad enough on land, but the fate of any poor wretch out at sea does not bear thinking about.

It is growing dark as the trees surrounding you thin out and you emerge on the edge of a high cliff overlooking the sea. Heavy waves are crashing on the rocks hundreds of feet below. You can see a huddled fishing village about a mile to your left tucked underneath the cliffs; that must be the place for which you are bound. To the south you can see a rocky peninsula stretching out into the sea with a cliff and reef-fringed island at the end of it.

1. The Village

The village houses are one-storey constructions with grey slate roofs. The only two-storey building is the timbered, ramshackle inn. A sign rocks to and fro on rusty hinges outside its front door. It reads 'The Silver Halyard'.

If the party enters:

Inside is a darkened room, illuminated only by a flickering log fire on the grate and a few stubby candles. A huddled figure wrapped about in coarse blankets and with tousled wet hair sits on a stool in front of the fire. The barman's eyes have dark rings about them as if he hasn't slept for a day or two.

The barman is surly and does not respond well to attempts at conversation, however polite they may be. He will serve the adventurers any drinks they

have ordered, and then stomp off into the back of the inn. Once the party has had a chance to settle down and dry off:

The cloaked figure has turned round and is looking at you. You see a man with a black beard and angular face cast into harsh perspective by the firelight behind. A golden earring sparkles in the orange glow.

He shuffles over to your table and bangs his tankard down on it, his eyes ablaze with a curious anger. "If I might beg a moment o' your time, good people?"

Assuming the player-characters allow him to continue, he goes on:

"My name's Rakehell. Captain Rakehell, that is. And it's a captain I was, of a fair ship and true, up until the dawn of this very day. You'll be wondering what became of her, no doubt. It breaks me heart with the tellin' of it, but the Rogue Princess was dashed to flinders on the rocks they call the Teeth. All the merry lads are down below, and they'll have pearls in their eyes afore long and mermaids to sing 'em to sleep, poor drowned souls. Ah, but that bay's well named. Sulphur Bay, they call it; and the very fires of hell burn over the bodies of all the drowned sailors that go down there.

"It all came about quick as spit, it did. Last night, sailing in a clear sky with more than a mile to the lee, me an' the crew was happy men. Then from out the north there came a gale and a lightning and a squall such like we never saw, and I wish to the Devil I may never see again, beggin' your pardons. Blown to the lee shore, we were. We looked out yonder to where the warning light burns from Wrecker Point." He gestures to the south where you saw the promontory and the island.

"We saw the light burnin' to port, I'll swear to it. We didn't tack but drove straight on, our storm-jib near splitting in that wind. Suddenly out of the rainsquall and the sea spume there came the sharp rocks o' the Teeth. We was on them before we could turn about. A wave swept the poop at that moment and I was taken overboard and swept away. I heard the cries of me crew even through the gale. They must have drowned to a man, for when I came to me senses all washed up on the bay, I was alone."

He lowers his voice and looks at you conspiratorially. "Now, you'll be wonderin' what any o' this has to do with you, and I'm comin' to that. Stowed away in her hold was a fair weight of corn and furs, such as'll be ruined now. But that weren't all of it. Back at port a man came aboard, all dressed in a brown woollen robe

with a long white beard, like some kind of a monk, I suppose. He said to carry this box to friends in the South; gives me this address in the port of Gorthan, see, whence we're bound, and a hefty fee for me trouble. Well, you might have heard about us sailors having our superstitious ways, and maybe there's some truth in that, for I'm not willing to carry no cargo as I've not had a look at, especially not if it's got the reek of magic on it. Never know what you might be takin' on board. So, I popped the lock and sneaked a look into the box after we set sail.

"You know what was inside? A beautiful shinin' crystal, it was, full of light. Worth a pretty penny to someone, I'll swear to that, and now it is for you and I to pick up. I'll offer you half share in the profits, once we've found a buyer, like. Maybe there's some monks in Gorthan as would be willing to pay well to get it back, eh?" He laughs. "All we have to do is walk across to the island. There's a sandbar that connects to it at low tide, and as it happens, there be a low tide tonight at midnight. We should be across to the island and back by morning. No word o' this to the villagers, mind. Seems they're a superstitious lot themselves, from what I've learned, and they don't hold with looters pickin' through wrecks, even if it's your own ship you're looting. Some queer notion about not disturbin' the dead."

If the player-characters agree to his plan, he arranges to meet them outside the inn an hour before midnight. A room for the night costs 2 florins.

2. The Beach & the Cliff Path

Some villagers dressed in white sheets to make them look like ghosts ambush the party. They have overheard the conversation between the party and the captain in the inn and are trying to prevent anyone reaching the island, even if they have to fight. Another of the villagers continues on down the path to release the gargoyle that lurks in the basement of the tower. Once he has done this, he will lie in wait for the party and push boulders on them as they inch their way along the narrow cliff path.

As you come down from your rooms you notice that the surly landlord is gone, and only a pair of late drinkers sit by the remains of the fire. Rakehell is waiting for you outside the tavern. The storm has now abated and a moon shines in a cloudless sky. You notice that Rakehell

has a sabre stuck in his belt. He is now wearing long seafaring boots and a leather jerkin.

Run Rakehell as an NPC.

RAKEHELL

3rd-rank Barbarian

ATTACK 16, Sabre (d8, 4 points) Armour: leather (AF2)

DEFENCE 8

EVASION 6

MAGICAL DEFENCE 6

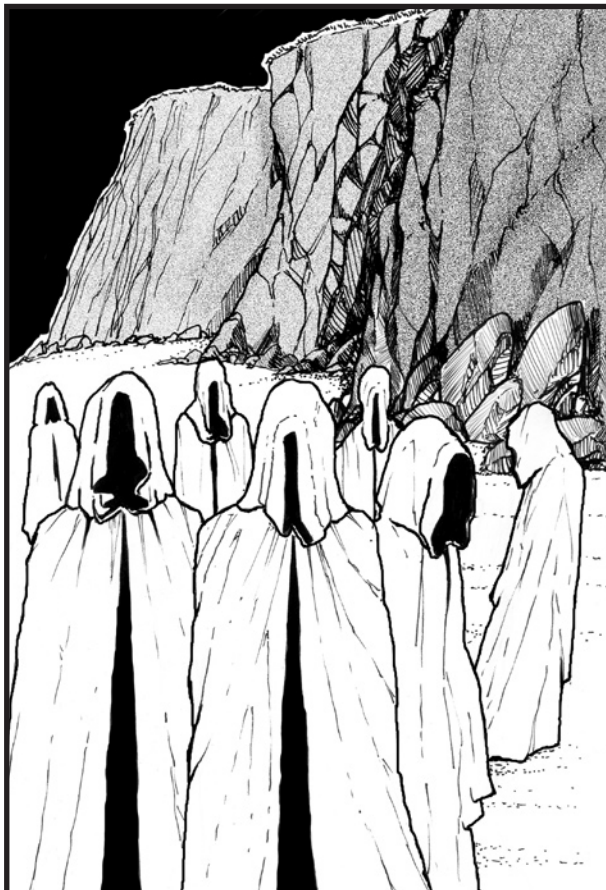
Health Points 14

(Strength 13; Reflexes 15; Intelligence 12; Psychic 13; Looks 12)

Rakehell is a treacherous fellow who will endeavour to steal the crystal shard and keep it for himself alone. He will kill other members of the party to achieve this end, but will not attack until the crystal has actually been secured.

You set out from Gullet Hollow. The road from the small town leads down to a sandy beach where fishing nets are laid out to dry on the sand. You don't see any lights on in the houses to either side of the street. The inhabitants seem to have retired early.

Soon you are at the bottom of the promontory to the north that you saw earlier on in the day. A zigzag path leads up to a cliff-top path that runs along its length.



As you reach the foot of the path, you see a number of white forms in the distance, flitting towards you down the beach. Long, bleached shrouds flap in the wind. They are wailing horribly

The party may take these figures to be ghosts. They are actually villagers dressed in white cloaks and sheets trying to scare them off. They will attack with swords if the party haven't fled. If one or more of them falls in combat, they will retreat. The players may not be too surprised to discover that one of the wounded or dead assailants is the surly innkeeper.

VILLAGERS/FISHERMEN

Rank: 1st

ATTACK 11, Swords (d8, 4 points)

Armour Factor 0

DEFENCE 5

MAGICAL DEFENCE 3

EVASION 3

Health Points:

1st Villager: 4

2nd Villager: 5

3rd Villager: 6

4th Villager: 5

5th Villager: 4

6th Villager: 4

Any surviving villagers will be waiting to ambush the party on their return to the village.

The zigzag path to the top of the promontory is very steep and is still soaking wet from the storm. As the party gets about half-way up there is a sudden rock-fall from above and a landslide of boulders and stones crashes down the slope towards them. The rocks have a SPEED score of 11. Everyone in the party must evade the rocks; if they fail, they are knocked off the edge of the path. They will have one attempt (represented by rolling under their Reflexes on a d20) to catch hold of something before they fall, otherwise they will fall 20m.

When the party reaches the top of the cliff they will find it is totally deserted. There are some scuff marks and a large hole in the edge of the cliff overlooking the path below. This suggests that someone has pushed over a boulder, causing the landslide. From their vantage-point the party can now see a tower a mile away to the south. A narrow moonlit path leads off towards it. The promontory narrows to a few metres across with vertical cliffs on either side to the south.

3. The Tower

The villager who caused the landslide has released a gargoyle to roam the tower. The villager meanwhile

hurries on to the island to warn the priest of the party's approach.

At close quarters you see that the tower is an ancient partially ruined structure, about 12m high. It is set right at the end of the promontory. A series of ropes leads down to a line of sharp rocks many feet below you. These rocks jut up from a sandbank leading to the cliff-bound island that you saw earlier on.

There is a single wooden door set into the base of the tower right in front of the party. They can hear nothing inside if they listen at it.

Ground Floor: The walls and floor of this circular room are stacked with driftwood. An axe leans against one of the piles of wood; the pile seems to have been made quite recently. The party can see part of the name of a ship painted gaily on one of the planks. It reads 'The Rogue Prin—'. If Rakehell is still alive, he will swear loudly when he sees what seems to be the last fractured remnant of his ship being used for firewood. A narrow flight of steps leads up to the next floor.

First Floor: This is another circular room, taking up the whole circumference of the tower. There are observation slits at all points of the compass, a wooden bunk with a crude woollen blanket on it, a tin full of flint and tinder and a burnished bronze mirror, which is used for signalling to the village and to the island on sunny days. A flight of stone steps leads upwards into the darkness. The gargoyle (see p. 34 of the *Bestiary*) lurks on these, waiting to leap out and surprise the party.

GARGOYLE
16 Health Points

Second Floor: Most of the parapet that once stood around the top of the tower has been pulled down. A blackened pile of burnt wood and ash lies in the middle of the circular area and as the party watch, a small whiff of smoke emerges from it. The ashes are still warm. This was the fake warning fire that lured Rakehell into following the shoreline too closely, thereby running his ship onto the rocks.

There is nothing else of interest in the tower apart from a small, corroded copper chest, which is buried under the earth on the ground floor. This contains 12 gold crowns and a magical talisman in

the form of a silver disc larger than a florin. This has a picture of Saint Nautilus of the Waves carved onto its surface. It will save the wearer from drowning once in any circumstance, but its magical power will be immediately drained after use. It will take one man-hour to throw aside all the driftwood covering the area of the dirt floor where this is hidden.

4. The Teeth

This is the name given to the sharp pinnacles of rock protruding from the sand bank between the end of the promontory and the island. The rocks are now totally exposed, as it is low tide; the sandbank from which they jut out is also clearly visible. White foam spatters the party as the waves break against the rocks. There are a number of old wrecks still clinging to these rocks. Some still contain treasure, although fearsome monsters and spirits haunt three of them.

You find a long rope attached to an iron ring in the side of the tower on the south side. The rope disappears over the edge of the cliff. As you look down, you can see a succession of ropes leading down to the sandbank, which connects the promontory with the island. This is now completely exposed, as it is low tide. Jagged rocks stick out of it, and the carcasses of wrecked ships lie gashed along its length.

The party should not have any problem climbing down the ropes. At the bottom of the ropes they can see freshly made footprints in the exposed sand, leading off towards the island. They can also see the sharp needles of rock sticking up about half a mile away, and the black hulks of shattered wrecks lying around them. There are three wrecks in all. They still have the stumps of their masts and the remnants of their decks visible.

Rakehell will be anxious to find his own ship, as he knows the tide will soon be coming in and the party will be cut off.

Wreck 1

This is a medium-sized merchant ship called the *Wind Flyer* that has only been here a few months. Three Barnacle Men (see p. 74 of the *Bestiary*) still lurk in the hold of this partially smashed hulk. The

barnacle men will attack anyone who tries to climb down into the slimy, puddle-filled hold.

BARNACLE MEN

Rank equivalent: 1st

ATTACK 12, Cutlasses (d8, 4 points) Armour Factor: 4

DEFENCE 6 EVASION 3

MAGICAL DEFENCE 3 STEALTH 13

Health Points: PERCEPTION 7

1st Barnacle Man: 3 2nd Barnacle Man: 4

3rd Barnacle Man: 4

The player-characters will see at first only a glint of jewellery and gold in the darkness, which prove to be trinkets embedded in the barnacle men's skins. These barnacle men are busy fighting over a small purse of gold and precious stones, recently unearthed by the shifting sand, vying to be the first to cram them into their bodies.

The remaining gold and jewellery not already embedded in the barnacle men's skins is worth 400 florins. The treasure embedded in the barnacle men is worth another 20 crowns but prising it out is foul and time-consuming work.

Wreck 2

This is the wreck of a fast pirate vessel called the *Avatar*. It is haunted by the spectre of the infamous Captain Sabre, who terrorised the coast for many years before his untimely demise on the Teeth.

SPECTRE OF CAPTAIN SABRE

Rank equivalent: 8th

ATTACK 19, Touch (d12, 5) Armour Factor 0 (immune to non-magical weapons)

DEFENCE 12 Movement 12m

MAGICAL DEFENCE 11 EVASION 4

Health Points 18

A corroded iron and wood chest has dropped out of the wrecked hull of the ship and is now half-buried in the sand underneath it. A human finger-bone is caught in the links of the rusty chain that holds it together. There is, however, no trap on the chest.

The chest seems to contain nothing but sand, but anyone digging through it will eventually discover a musical pipe. A player who blows into the pipe will produce a lively tune no matter what their musical skill. Any human listening to this music (apart from the piper himself) will be subjected to the equivalent of a MAGICAL ATTACK of 8. If they fail to resist the spell they will abandon all else and dance in a

frenzied circle until released by a Spell Expiry Roll. This enchantment can be used once per day.

Wreck 3

This is all that remains of a warship named *The Storm Runner*. The waves have almost completely destroyed it, and any wealth that it once may have had aboard has long since been washed away by the sea or lifted off by greedy hands.

The footprints in the sand lead straight into a large cave mouth at the foot of the cliff in front of you. The cliff is about 30m high, and there is a narrow zigzag path up the cliff face to the top. You can just see some ancient ruins at the very brow. The tide is now racing in and the water is now lapping over the middle of the sandbar behind you. Soon you will be completely cut off.

The Island

The ruins of an ancient church still stand on the island. A holy man lives there and if the party can make their way through the dangers surrounding the place he will help them defeat the Kraken.

There is also another tower on the southernmost tip of the island. This is the beacon tower on which Rakehell imagined he saw a light, just before *The Rogue Princess* hit the Teeth. In reality a warning light has not been lit on the tower for a long time, and the skeleton of the former keeper of the light still lies where the villagers murdered him many years ago.

5. The Deserted Village

The party discovers an abandoned village at the top of the cliff. One of the houses contains a hidden treasure cache abandoned in the cellar when a colossal tidal wave destroyed the place.

You make your way up the zigzag path to the top of the cliff without any incident. There are a number of ruined buildings visible on the bare top of the island. Just in front of you stands what must have once been a fairly large village. All the buildings have fallen in one direction as if swept away by some giant hand.

Away in the distance you can see what appears to be a ruined church on top of the only hill on the island.

The ELVEN CRYSTALS

Surrounding it are a graveyard and a grove of stunted-looking yew trees. At the extreme south of the island you can see another tower. Dark bird shapes wheel around this and you can hear a ghostly cawing even though you are at least a mile away.

If the party stops to search through the ruins:
There is nothing much of interest in any of the rubble, although in the bare foundations of one building you see some curious over-large toadstools glinting in the moonlight.

The house with the Toadstools

If the party investigates this house they may disturb the large toadstools sticking up through the broken rubble. These fungi are a spontaneous growth from places where something evil has died and gone to rot; in this case, it was a particularly corrupt villager, drowned when the village was swamped. His half-corroded bones still lie just beneath the surface of the growth.

If anyone starts to sift through the wreckage of the building, they will almost certainly break off the tops of these plants. Immediately spores will drift away and lodge in bits of buildings and bushes. These will slowly mutate into crawling insects 2m long with black carapaces, strongly resembling giant cockroaches. These will attack the party on sight.

Their bite contains an acidic venom that is a strong poison. Anyone bitten must throw under their Strength on 4d6. Anyone failing to do so will find that some strange alteration is occurring in their body. They may attempt to save again by throwing under their Health Points on 4d6. If they fail again they will suddenly collapse to the ground, their skin rapidly thickening into a hard carapace, with a thousand writhing legs and tentacles bursting through their skin.

DEVIL SPAWN

Rank equivalent: 1st

Roll 2 × d6; this is the number of Devil Spawn created by the party disturbing the toadstools. The Spawn will not approach anyone holding a holy relic, but will attack anyone else.

ATTACK 13, Bite (d4, 2 points + venom) AF 3
DEFENCE 3 EVASION 4

MAGICAL DEFENCE 5

Health Points:

1st Devil Spawn: 3	4th Devil Spawn: 4
2nd Devil Spawn: 4	5th Devil Spawn: 2
3rd Devil Spawn: 2	6th Devil Spawn: 3

7th Devil Spawn: 3	10th Devil Spawn: 5
8th Devil Spawn: 4	11th Devil Spawn: 3
9th Devil Spawn: 3	12th Devil Spawn: 2

The Devil Spawn (including anyone who has become one) will slowly start to ooze into a brownish sludge after ten rounds. They will eventually evaporate, leaving a small smoking depression in the ground where their acid has burnt away the earth.

The adventurers will find a moss-covered staircase leading down the centre of the house. Rubble seems to have been cleared away from the opening to these stairs. At the bottom of the steps is a granite slab with a ring set into it. If this is pulled up, a dripping and utterly dark cellar will be revealed underneath.

If a light is shone down here, the party will be able to see hundreds of earthenware drinking jugs, some with stoppered mouths. There are some ancient chests from some far distant age stacked against the far wall. The musty odour of decay is thick in the air. The cellar is also the lair of a ghoul (*Bestiary*, p. 79) that feeds on rotting bodies in the nearby graveyard.

GHOUL

Rank equivalent: 1st

ATTACK 17, Shortsword (d8, 3)	Armour Factor 0
DEFENCE 9	EVASION 4
MAGICAL DEFENCE 7	Health Points 13

Most of the chests contain cloth items that have long disintegrated into dust. However, one of the chests contains 35 ancient golden coins (worth slightly more than the present gold coins) and a gold idol in the shape of a dancing woman. This is magical: if held by a Mystic or Sorcerer, he is able to cast a special first-level spell, *Light of Truth*, which creates a radiance equivalent to daylight. This light continues to burn even under harsh conditions, such as underwater or in the middle of a storm. The light has a radius of 3m and lasts ten minutes.

6. The Churchyard and the Church

A damp swamp surrounds the knoll on which the church is situated. A narrow causeway leads across it to the church gate. Ancient, moss-covered gravestones stick up at all angles from the swamp.



It is obvious that something has dug up several of the graves. Fragments of coffin-wood lie strewn nearby, and horrid scraps of bone, broken and gnawed, have been discarded. This is the work of the ghoul (see above).

Some of the other graves seem to swell upwards, like boils about to burst. When the player-characters are half-way across the causeway, these graves will burst open suddenly and the remains of their inhabitants, unfortunate men and women who were buried outside hallowed ground, will rise up as slime-covered skeletons (*Bestiary*, p. 83). They clutch a variety of corroded weapons.

SKELETONS

Rank equivalent: 1st

ATTACK 11

DEFENCE 5

MAGICAL DEFENCE 3

Health Points:

Skeleton 1: 5

Skeleton 4: 4

Skeleton 2: 6

Skeleton 5: 6

Skeleton 3: 5

Skeleton 6: 4

Armour Factor 0

EVASION 3

Weapon:

Sword (d8, 4)

Sword (d8, 4)

Battleaxe (d8, 6)

Mace (d6, 4)

Spear (2d4, 4)

Dagger (d4, 3)

The skeletons will not go any further than the church gates. If any of them have been defeated the bones will knit together one hour after combat and crawl back into their graves, waiting to ambush anyone else passing down the causeway.

A 3m-high wall surrounds the church. A gate is set into the wall at the end of the causeway. This is locked, but will open if a member of the approaching party is carrying a relic. There is a line of bleak yew trees inside the wall: these moan and howl when anyone approaches them, lashing out as if they were animate. Gnarls and boles on their trunks resemble contorted human faces.

The yews are home to tormented human souls, and will attack anyone stepping within the radius of their branches. They have an ATTACK of 12 and a damage rating of (d6, 2). Only the appearance of the hermit (see below) will cease their attacks.

The church is moss-covered and dilapidated. Its tower is partially ruined and its windows have been broken in by the gales that sweep the island. Another graveyard is visible within the walls, as is the low wall of an ancient well.

At the door of the church, an old hermit will greet the party. It is surprising to see anyone living in so remote a place, but it is obvious that the her-

mit is physically tough as well as spiritually minded. He has an iron cross in one of his hands, which he doesn't seem averse to wielding as a weapon.

After he has discovered who the party are, he introduces himself as Aelfric. He has lived here all his life, attempting to keep what is left of the consecrated ground free from the depredations and incursions of the evils all around. The Church is dedicated to the memory of St Crispin, whose holy well was said to have magical curative properties; the characters have seen this well on their approach to the church. Aelfric lives entirely on the few vegetables he cultivates in the overgrown cemetery and the sea birds' eggs that he finds as he rambles the cliffs during the day.

He tells the party that the villagers are devil worshippers. They revere some ancient sea-god that their ancestors told them would one day return from the depths of the ocean and consume the land. He believes that there is a shrine to this deity somewhere below the island in the complicated network of tunnels that lead inland from the cave-mouth by the Teeth. He has seen the villagers' false light on the promontory on stormy nights, and used to sneak out and light the beacon on the south part of the island to give sailors proper warning. Now this is too dangerous, as two giant eagles nest there and attack anyone who approaches. The villagers lurk about the edges of the church walls waiting to ambush him, but so far he has managed to give them the slip. They themselves are too afraid to enter the consecrated ground of the church.

The Church

This building is completely empty save for a straw pallet that the hermit sleeps on and one or two ancient wooden benches. A silver cross stands on the altar; an ancient book with beautifully illuminated pages rests on a lectern. A staircase leads up to the bell tower where an ancient and rusty bell groans in the wind on its supports. The well leads down into the darkness. If anything is thrown down the well the party will be able to determine that there is no water at the bottom and it is a long way down.

The hermit will tell the players that the well is where St Crispin miraculously cured foul diseases and desperate wounds using the holy water which has now, alas, seemingly dried up.

The hermit will refuse to part with the silver cross on the altar: this is St Crispin's cross. Once

a day it will, if it is touched against a sick person's skin, cure them of any disease or heal up to 8 points of wounding.

The book contains the following scrolls: *Hecatombs*, *Resurrect*, *Dishearten*, *Animate Bones*, *Raise Fog*, *Dispel Magic*

Aelfric the hermit may accompany the party if they decide to explore the bottom of St Crispin's well; in fact he may insist on coming with them if he discovers what they plan to do. He will take the book and the cross with him.

AELFRIC THE HERMIT

ATTACK 12 , Mace (d6, 4)	AF 0
DEFENCE 5	EVASION 3
MAGICAL DEFENCE 3	STEALTH 14
Health Points 9	PERCEPTION 7

The hermit is determined to rid the island of the superstitions surrounding the worship of the sea god. He doesn't realise that there actually is a fearsome monster in the depths below the pool at the centre of the island.

7. Sinkhole

On the path leading south to the beacon tower at the end of the island, the party will pass a sinkhole in a clump of bramble bushes. Anyone investigating this further will discover a set of crude, worn steps leading down into the darkness. This is the route that the villagers use for getting from the top of the island to the caverns beneath.

8. The Beacon Tower

No warning light has been lit here for many years. The remains of the last beacon fire have long since disappeared from the top of the tower and have been replaced by a nest of giant eagles. The skeleton of the murdered light-keeper can be found among the long grass at the base of the tower. If Aelfric the hermit is with the player-characters when they discover this, he will insist on giving the poor man a decent burial.

The eagles will attack anyone trying to enter the tower, as they are protecting their territory.

EAGLES

Rank equivalent: 3rd	AF 0
ATTACK 15 Talons (d6, 4)	Movement: Flying 20m
DEFENCE 11	EVASION 5
MAGICAL DEFENCE 3	
Health Points:	
1st Eagle: 8	2nd Eagle: 8

9. Large Sinkhole

There is nothing else of interest on the top of the island apart from a large sinkhole in the centre of it. This is fringed with creepers leading down hundreds of feet. The bottom of the sinkhole is not visible; a pebble thrown down will only hit the water at the bottom of the sinkhole after about three seconds.

There is no obvious way to climb down. Anyone attempting to do so will have to roll under his Strength rating every 10m of descent down the creeper. If he fails, the creeper he is clinging onto will snap and he will be cast into the depths below. The sinkhole is 50m deep, and there is water at the bottom (see the rulebook, p. 64). Any falling damage will only be a quarter of the normal because of the cushioning effect of the water.

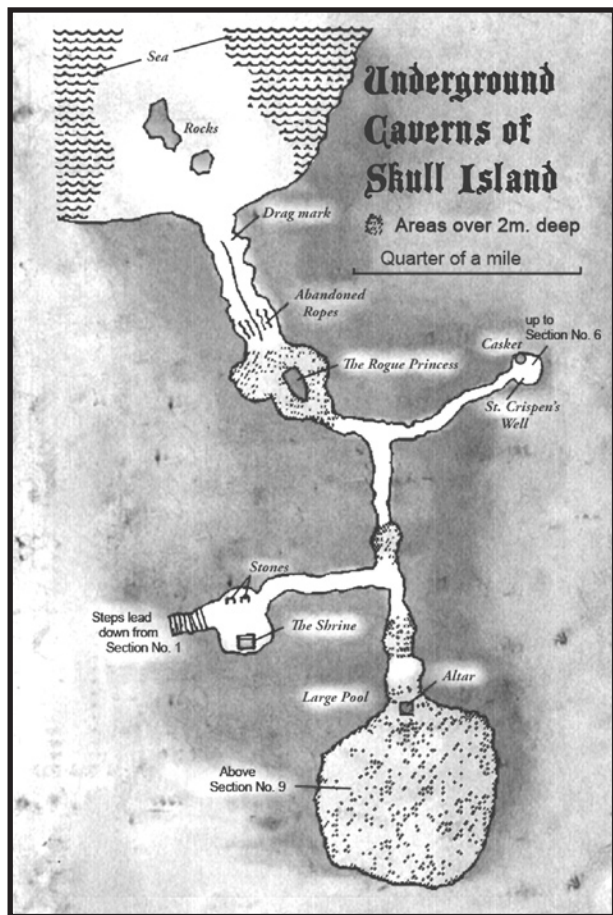
The Caverns Beneath The Island

There are some areas of the subterranean passageways that are covered by water. Areas more than 2m deep are marked on the map. Adventurers may fall into these over their heads. Their swimming chances will be reduced according to the amount of armour they are wearing.

The *Rogue Princess* has been dragged into the caverns. Its crew have returned as undead zombies who will repulse any attempt to board their ship. Lurking in the dark pool at the bottom of the inky sinkhole at the centre of the island is the dreadful Kraken. The final part of the Elven Crystal has been taken from the hold of the *Rogue Princess* and placed on an altar in front of the pool as an offering to it.

The Cavern Mouth

The large cave mouth at the end of the Teeth is some 15m wide and 20m high. The mass of footprints you



have noticed on the sandbank heds off into the darkness of the cave.

Roll for another random encounter at this stage. The footprints in the sand have been made by the villagers of Gullet Hollow dragging the wreck of *The Rogue Princess* into the cave.

The cavern leads on for another 100m and then the party will see a green luminous light ahead. If they approach closer, they see that it is coming from a vast underground chamber, its rocks illuminated by brilliant green phosphorescent lichen hanging in swathes from the ceiling. The floor of the chamber is filled with water. To the party's amazement they see the battered hulk of a merchant ship floating in the cavern. All its masts are broken and the rigging hangs in loose knots of rope; rocks of the reef have smashed the hull in.

If Rakehell is still alive he will call out to the ship, his voice strange and forlorn on the deserted beach. Slowly people will appear on the deck of the ship. He stops shouting when he sees that his ex-crew members are moving unnaturally slowly. Their eyes stare blankly at their former captain.

The party will have to fight the 6 zombie crewmembers (*Bestiary*, p. 87) to get onto the main deck of the ship, which tilts at an angle. Someone might also try climbing through the rear stern window and into the captain's cabin where the chest containing the final piece of the crystal is meant to be.

ZOMBIES

Health Points:

1st Zombie:	18	4th Zombie:	16
2nd Zombie:	21	5th Zombie:	17
3rd Zombie:	25	6th Zombie:	20

Rakehell's former crew have no more love for their captain now than they did when alive. The foul weeds of the sea bottom cover their bodies and their skin is puckered and white where it shows through the remains of their rock-torn clothes.

The chest containing the Crystal in the captain's cabin is missing. There is nothing else of interest in the cavern.

A tunnel winds away into the interior of the island at the back of the cave. After a while the party will reach a junction where the passage splits in two. The main shaft continues to the right and a smaller passage leads off to the left. After continuing down the passage to the left for 50m the party will find themselves at the bottom of St Crispin's well.

The bottom of the well is covered with corroded coins. They are no longer of any real value apart from 5 gold crowns that can be salvaged. There is a dirt-caked jewel casket on a ledge just inside the well, but the casket is now empty. It once held the relic, a small bit of St Crispin's tibula, that conferred the healing properties on the well. The relic is now in the pagan shrine further on down the main shaft of the cavern.

The passage continues for a further 50m and then splits again, the smaller split being on the right-hand side this time. If the adventurers follow the smaller of the passages they will find themselves in a pagan shrine room. A flayed stingray skin is stretched above a barnacle-encrusted altar on which are displayed various human bones. Offerings of rotting fish are laid out on the floor. The piece of St Crispin's bone from the well is concealed in a vat of stinking fish oil to one side of the room.

The villager who has run on to warn the ritual priest of the party's approach will burst through the tunnel leading to the village as the party are searching this room. He is dressed in white robes and is clutching a harpoon. The harpoon is flecked with

a weak poison that causes paralysis if a character is wounded.

VILLAGER

Rank: 1st

ATTACK 11, Harpoon (2d4, 4 points) Armour Factor 0

DEFENCE 5

EVASION 3

MAGICAL DEFENCE 3

Health Points 4

Even if the party finds the fragment of bone in the oil jar, they will not necessarily know that it is a relic. It will, however, give off a strong aura of magic as well as an unpleasant smell! If the bone is returned to the casket at the bottom of the well, then the spring which feeds the well will suddenly burst into life again, filling the bottom of the well with water. The water, if drunk, will restore 1 HP to a wounded or sick character per day.

There is also a jar filled with the paralysis poison that the villager had on the end of his harpoon; this will be sufficient for another three doses to be applied to the edges or ends of a weapon.

The tunnel continues on to the edge of a huge underground chamber. It is here that the villagers sacrifice victims to the Kraken in thanks for the

wrecked ships that are cast onto the shores of the island. The party will hear ritual chanting from a long way down the central shaft. Eventually they will see a black-robed priest in front of an altar just above the water level at the bottom of the hole. He is illuminated by a single white beam of light descending down the central sinkhole of the island. He holds a glittering knife in one hand. Strapped to the altar in front of him is the only other surviving crewmember of the *Rogue Princess*, the first mate, Benton. The priest holds the beautiful orange glowing crystal in his right hand.

When the party arrives, he has nearly finished his ritual incantation. Even now the Kraken is rising up from the depths of the ocean underneath the surface of water in the sinkhole. The priest lays the glowing crystal across the chest of the sacrifice and turns to walk back down the tunnel in order to avoid the giant wave caused by the surfacing of the Kraken. He will see the torches of the party if they have not already doused them. If the party-members have put out their torches they will surprise the priest as he makes his way back down the passageway.

PRIEST

5th-rank Sorcerer

ATTACK 12

AF 0

DEFENCE 6

EVASION 4

MAGICAL ATTACK 19

19 Magic Points

MAGICAL DEFENCE 9

Health Points 9

Ten rounds will elapse before the Kraken (see the *Bestiary*, p. 40) surfaces to take its sacrifice. Three rounds before it arrives the party will feel a violent tremor as something gigantic moves up from the depths beneath their feet and the water at the edge of the pool will begin to wash over the edges.

If the party does not vacate the scene then the Kraken will break the surface of the pool, causing a minor tidal wave to rush down the tunnel. The tidal wave will move at the rate of 2m per second. Anyone caught in it must roll under their Strength on d20 or be knocked off their feet and swept down the tunnel, taking 1d6 damage.

THE KRAKEN

32 Health Points

The Kraken will attempt to snatch the victim and the crystal laid across the victim's chest if possible. If any characters disturb it in taking the sacrifice, it will attack them as well.



The Third Piece

The third fragment of the Elven Crystal will fit the other two to make a rectangular slab of glowing stone about 1m × ½m and a few centimetres thick. Once these pieces are fitted together the cracks between them will vanish and the stone will glow with a rainbow of prismatic colours. The noonday sun will now yield a perfect image of Elvaron, who can give the party clear guidance as to what to do next. The rays of the full moon passing through the crystal will open the Moon's Gate (see below).

Elvaron's Guidance

"The demon Rimfax has corrupted the land since my wards fell. None of this blight is natural. It is all his work. Duke Darian, who worshipped him, is fallen at last, but Rimfax has other puppets. Only one path remains to us. You must scourge the land clean of Rimfax and his filth. It is time to call once more upon Albus, who aided me in times long ago and may aid you now."

"Albus dwells in the realm of spirit, a single light of purity in a place haunted by demons. To travel there, you must open the Moon's Gate. Align the crystal so that the light of the full moon passes through it. Then the Gate shall open."

Finishing the Adventure

The tide is still in, but Aelfric (if he is still alive) can tell the party of the whereabouts of a fishing boat moored in a small cove on the east side of the island that they can use to row back—though it will only seat four people at a time. Alternatively, the party can rough it overnight on the island until the tide goes back out, and then walk back over the causeway.

The adventurers will find that the village of Gullet is uncannily empty on their return. If they enter the inn, however, any villagers who attacked the party on the beach and survived will ambush them.

If the player-characters search the inn, they find the villagers' stash of treasure concealed in a large wine butt in the cellar. This contains:

- ♣ Jewels to the value of 3500 florins
- ♣ A bale of silk to the value of 400 florins
- ♣ Gold pieces from various countries—worth a total of 2000 florins
- ♣ Two phials of poison (normal strength)
- ♣ A scroll (the *Deathlight* spell)
- ♣ 3 potions (Strength, Healing, Sands of Slumber)

CHAPTER 5

INTO THE

SPIRIT REALM

Overview

This is a concluding scenario for anyone who has survived the first three parts and is now in possession of the three crystal fragments of Elvaron the Elf. The player-characters, directed by Elvaron's advice (see the previous page), must open the Moon's Gate by letting the light of the full moon shine through the completed crystal, and then travel through it to seek out Albus.

Opening the Moon's Gate

You may, if you want, introduce extra distractions here to prevent the party having an easy time of following Elvaron's instructions. Their preparations could be interrupted by cultists of Rimfax intent on obtaining the crystal for themselves, or by the opposite extreme: religious zealots intent on making sure that the Moon's Gate remains sealed so nothing will ever come through it.

When the crystal is exposed to the full moon:

Moonlight illuminates the crystal and it glimmers from within with a liquid light, like troubled water. A hazy pattern thrown on the ground begins to grow sharper and more distinct. It becomes a hoop of wavering light, its centre misty and insubstantial, as if the world were less real there. This can only be the Moon's Gate of which Elvaron spoke.

Rimfax senses the opening of the Moon's Gate and angrily dispatches two hellrots (see p. 70 pf the *Bestiary*) to investigate. These will arrive in six rounds. If the adventurers and any companions or hirelings they may have with them have not yet passed through the gate, the hellrots will attack them where they stand. Otherwise, they will pursue them through the gateway.

HELLROTS

Rank-equivalent: 3rd

Health points:

Hellrot 1: 19

Hellrot 2: 16

Characters passing through the Moon's Gate find themselves in a strange realm:

You find yourself standing in the icy stillness of a moonlit night. In front of you stands a tree-fringed burial mound. A cloying ground mist obliterates the rest of the landscape. The mound in front of you looks like the burial pile of one of the ancient God-kings of the land. There is a dark opening in the side of the mound.

If the party approaches:

The edges of the tomb entrance are rimmed with bitter hoar frost and you feel a terrible chill beginning to take its effect on you. A lichen-covered script is etched on the lintel piece of the doorway. You recognise it as ancient Elvish. It spells out the word ALBUS.

At a suitably tense moment, the player-characters begin to hear the howling of the demon-wolf Fen-

The ELVEN CRYSTALS

gris, which has been drawn to them by the opening of the Moon's Gate:

In the distance, far away over the mist-covered fields and hedgerows you hear a savage howling. It seems to be coming closer.

Assuming they are still outside to see it, the following happens:

The howling comes ever nearer, until you see something that makes your blood turn to ice water. Looming over a small copse of trees a mile away and outlined by the dying moon is the silhouette of a vast demon wolf. It stalks towards you across the countryside, its long tongue lolling the length of three men, its red eyes burning in the night air.

After three more rounds, Fengris will arrive in the clearing and will instantly devour any player still left outside. Shelter in the barrow is the only sensible option.

The barrow itself is largely unremarkable. It is a warren of corridors filled with rusted junk, with hanging cobwebs obscuring disused corridors. Only at its heart is there anything of note:

Finally you enter a cobwebbed tomb chamber at the heart of the barrow. Lying on a slab in the centre of the room are the skeletal remains of a great elf, tattered green fustian still clinging to its mouldered yellow bones. It clutches a great two-handed sword to its breast; the blade of the sword is dark, like old iron. At the foot of the slab is a chest.

After one round the skeleton will twitch and rise jerkily to its feet. The skull wrenches round to look at the intruders. Bony fingers raise the ancient sword, unsteadily. It appears to be trying to leave the slab.

If the player-characters do NOT attack, the doddering skeleton unsheathes the sword and offers it to them. Once a living creature holds it, the sword's dull hue vanishes and it blazes with a fierce silver light. This is Albus, the sword of purity. It functions as a +3 sword in combat. The skeleton returns to its slab, its task fulfilled.

If they attack the skeleton, it will fight back. Use the ordinary statistics for a skeleton (*Bestiary*, p. 83) to represent it, with the additional +3 bonus for the sword.

Once the adventurers have their hands on Albus, they hear a demented shriek on the air. Rimfax senses that his grip on the land is soon to be broken, and manifests an aspect of himself to destroy the player-characters. He appears as a skeletal horse, wreathed in a seething mass of serpents, reeking of rottenness and death. He bars the only exit from the tomb.

ASPECT OF RIMFAX

Rank equivalent: 7th

ATTACK 19, Trample (d10, 8)

DEFENCE 4

MAGICAL DEFENCE 5

Health Points 15

Armour Factor 5

(Demonic Serpents)

Movement 12m

EVASION 2

As if this were not bad enough, the demon-wolf Fengris is now trying to dig down through the earth to where the group is fighting:

You feel the sides of the burrow heave as a great weight is brought to bear against it. Earth falls through root-entangled ceilings, spattering the curiously etched walls and monuments all around you. The demon-wolf must be now burrowing down into the tomb to take its secrets and your souls back to its own infernal lair. Already you can hear the scrabbling of giant paws as the creature begins to scratch away the outer surfaces of the barrow.

It may be possible for a single character to somehow get around the Aspect of Rimfax and escape the barrow if they are particularly ingenious, but the demon will let no others get past.

The adventurers will have twenty rounds to defeat the aspect of Rimfax and make their escape before the demon wolf burrows down to the burial chamber. A single blast of the demon-wolf Fengris's evil, chilling breath after he has broken the burial chamber ceiling will automatically slay anyone within the room, except those within 3m of Albus. Fengris will automatically snatch up and devour one character, chosen at random, each round.

Once they have gained Albus and defeated Rimfax, the player-characters have one chance to flee from the barrow back to the Moon's Gate. Albus's radiance will protect them from Fengris's chilling breath. Fengris is busily digging into the barrow from the other side and is not likely to notice a fleeing character, unless they are especially slow. A character who is laden with treasure, or lugging the body of a comrade, has a 1 in 3 chance to catch

Fengris's eye as he flees. Fengris will snatch up and devour any such character automatically.

The chest contains:

- ♣ A Torc of Continual Restoration (rulebook, p. 146)
- ♣ A Cloak of Invisibility (rulebook, p. 147)
- ♣ A Ring of Sentinels (rulebook, p. 145)
- ♣ An Elixir Vitae (rulebook, p. 140)

Cleansing Ereworn

Elvaron directs the bearer of Albus to throw the sword into the river Ereworn that runs through the kingdom. If they do this:

The sword plunges into the water, turning its turbid depths clear as glass. A searing light pours through the whole length of the river, and from there diffuses into the land, until the trees, the shrubs and even the blades of grass are glowing like stars. A pall of old evil rises up from the land like a flock of disturbed bats, and with one sudden rush it is torn away, leaving the Kingdom of Ereworn renewed.

Of Albus there is no sign. It has dispersed its energy into the kingdom, and will gather itself once more in the spirit realm, taking centuries to reform.

It will take many years for Ereworn to return to normality under a new ruler, and this could form the backdrop to further adventures. Perhaps the adventurers could aid a young noble with a claim to the throne, or help to undermine potential tyrants and the invasion-plans of greedy rulers elsewhere. Maybe Rimfax has further intentions on restoring the darkness and taking back control of the land.

The crystal remains in one piece, and can be used to summon the spirit of Elvaron and question him. He can also be used to seed future adventures, by giving instructions for future tasks, and hints on hidden treasures and ancient evils. However, it is clear that his great knowledge is not suited to advising a group of itinerant adventurers, and his true place is dispensing wisdom and counsel to a just and noble ruler. Should the party help one such to achieve the throne of Ereworn then the crystal would be a suitable and valuable gift to them.

Alternatively they could present the crystal to Elvaron's people, the Elves. If you were planning a

campaign that involved the characters entering the lands of these mysterious and aloof beings, an offering as rare and important as this would be the kind of token that could win them much favour at the court of an elven monarch.

Of course, the party could give or sell the crystal to a scholar, high-ranking wizard or someone else who would be prepared to pay well for it, if they are truly mercenary. Should they choose this course, it seems likely that the natural forces would visit a fitting justice on them for their lack of thought.

Failure

If the player-characters fail to perform the task of cleansing the land of its taint, then at first there will be no obvious effect. However, those attuned to magic in the world will sense the presence of Albus, and word will begin to spread that Elvaron's sword has returned—a supernatural sword that others could use for their own ends. The PCs will become the focus of all kinds of attention, from assassination attempts to bizarre and unnatural occurrences, all designed to remove the sword from them and turn it to more evil ends.

This should continue until they have no option but to follow Elvaron's instructions or until Albus is actually stolen—which could be the start of a whole new campaign.

And if they persist and hide Albus somewhere where it cannot be discovered—the underworld of Myrkyn's Castle in the adventure *Sleeping Gods*, for example—then the trouble really starts. With the sword removed from his dimension, Rimfax can allow Fengris to grow stronger and begin to break through the barrier between the worlds. People report attacks by huge spectral wolves, carrying away full-grown men in their mouths. On a cloudless night the outline of a giant wolf is visible among the stars. An earthquake shakes the land, and great rents are found in the earth as if the claws of some mile-tall beast had scratched it. Those who venture into the deepest underworlds report that all around them the earth vibrates with the sound of something huge, digging upwards towards the surface.

Simply casting Albus into the river Ereworn will not stop the demon now. What force will, how the player-characters will learn of it, and who will help them on their quest, we leave up to you.

FABIAN INVITES NOBLE DARING MEN:

Yesterday the other warriors eagerly rode their horses ever nearer the hideous enemy: exhausted yet exalted, men of undaunted trust, hall heroes against nameless darkness, swords wielded over rising doom.

This is a large version of the parchment on page 13, which the player-characters will acquire if they either give the beggar alms, or if they slay him and search his body. You should scan or photocopy this page and give it to them

Hand-outs for players can do much to enhance the atmosphere and sense of reality of *Dragon Warriors*. Don't be afraid to show them illustrations from this book such as the approach to Darian's Castle on page 38 or the altar of Rimfax on page 58 (covering up the text, naturally).

Some GMs will want to go further and create physical props to represent important items in the game. Scour second-hand shops for antique artefacts, costume-jewellery suppliers for treasures and magic items, and mineralogy stores for curious stones. Online auction sites like eBay are an excellent source of cool pieces, and the handy will want to try making their own. (How would you create the Crystal of Elvaron?) All these can increase your players' enjoyment of the game many times over.



DRAGON WARRIORS

THE ELVEN CRYSTALS

A shattered stone, a fractured kingdom, one last chance

EREWORN WAS ONCE the jewel of the countries of Ellesland. The land was protected from the evils of the world by mystical wards around its boundary, and the king took counsel from the greatest of the elves, the archmage Elvaron.

Elvaron foresaw many things, including his own death and the failing of the wards, and he worked to protect the land he loved. He placed an image of himself in a great crystal to preserve his knowledge. But the making of the crystal hastened his death, and less than a year later the wards fell. The crystal shattered into shards, misfortune flooded into Ereworn, and the few knights who might have saved the land fled.

Now Ereworn is home to brigands, assassins, corrupt barons and much worse. The crystal's shards are still within its borders, lost for decades, waiting to be found. And there are forces moving once more to reunite the pieces, destroy the last safeguards that Elvaron left behind, and turn Ereworn into a realm of darkness.

THE ELVEN CRYSTALS is a four-part adventure set in the kingdom of Ereworn, a part of the world of DRAGON WARRIORS that is under assault by the powers of darkness.

The four quests are a combination of a chase through a haunted forest to free a kidnapped girl, exploring a cursed castle to track down its diabolical ruler, a coastal search for a wrecked ship and an underground cult, and a climactic battle against forces not of this world.

THE ELVEN CRYSTALS is designed for characters of levels 1-2. It can be played by novice gamesmasters and players, but it has an engrossing story, memorable characters and exciting encounters that will entertain experienced gamers too. The four adventures can be played straight through, but there are natural break-points where new material can be added if the gamesmaster chooses.

With great new artwork from Jon Hodgson, Andrew Hepworth, Scott Neil and Erik Wilson.

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