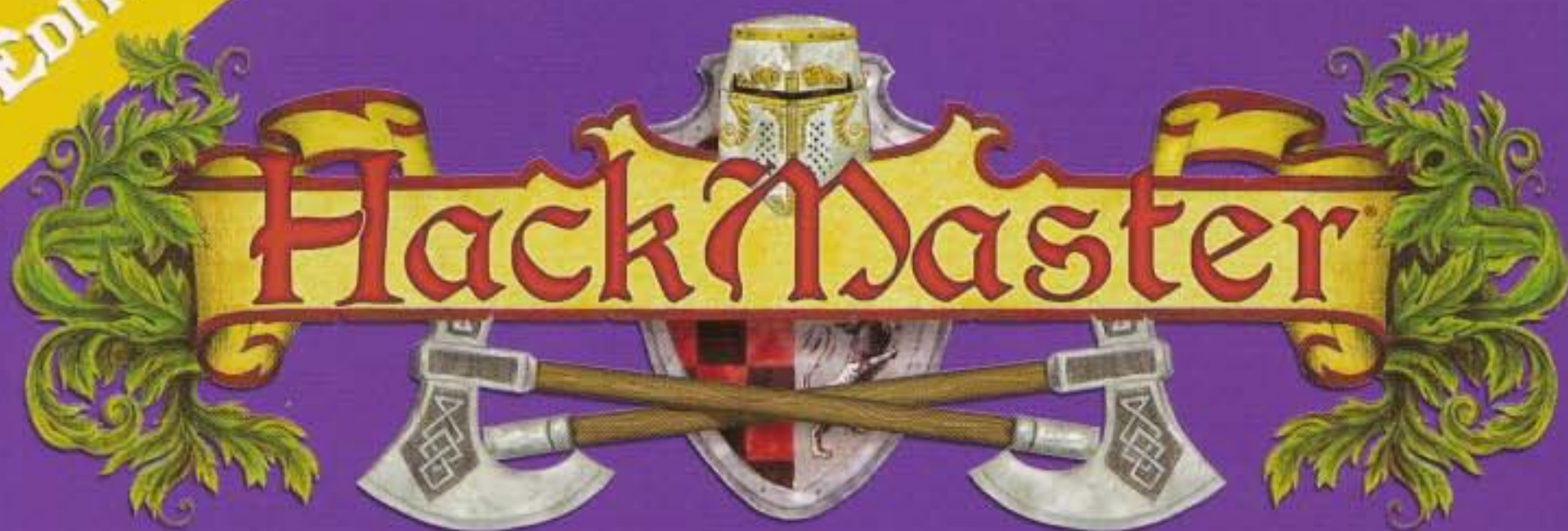


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FOURTH EDITION



PORPHER'S ENCHANTED GARDEN



AN ADVENTURE FOR PLAYER CHARACTERS LEVEL 3-5

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PORPHER'S ENCHANTED GARDEN

AN ADVENTURE MODULE FOR CHARACTERS LEVEL 3-5

* GAMEMASTER'S EYES ONLY *

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An Adventure Module for GameMasters of HackMaster: The Role-Playing Game 4th Edition

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PART I - INTRODUCTION

A NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR

Greetings all, and welcome to the first ever hacked UK module, converted by an English gamer! This adventure was created for a group of four or five player characters (PCs) of experience levels three to five. There are plenty of opportunities for destroying enemies without the need to fight, so characters with more hit points are no more likely to survive than the weedy ones. This adventure is set in Garweeze Wurld, but can easily be adapted for use in any campaign; the island it is set on is virtually self-contained. I aim to give the PCs what they desire most: things to hack, loot to plunder and... well... more things to hack! Hoody-Hoo! Hack on! And many thanks to my lasses for ideas and especially for the lass Kiathryn, who is based on one of the best singers I know. </suck up mode>

GARTEZ ISLE

The island of Garteze (D7-08-B7) is located in the Stalm Bay in the Gulf of Saratar, about one mile off the coast in the Shadlurian Kingdom. The Mayor of Pleen rules Garteze Isle through his local governor. Garteze has an area of roughly 12 square miles, and a small fishing settlement by the name of Vrohar claims to be the island's capital. The island is mainly fertile farmland occupied by a great many hard working laborers. The nobility of the realms also have a fairly large presence here, but only when the season is right and it is fashionable for them to occupy their 'summer homes'; grand, large mansions safe guarded with the same devotion and loyalty by the rest of the islanders to keep their honorable images safe. Workers group together in little villages on the borders of farms.

Vrohar is located on the northeast face of Garteze Island, and enjoys an almost daily ferry service to the port of Pleen, as it is a useful place to tie anchor while fishermen go out to the deeper depths for better catching. Roughly once every three days, the Governor of Greely sends a troop of armed soldiers to the island to collect crops (the man likes oranges), and give (just) enough money to keep the meager population happy. About 70% of the island's land is dedicated to farming; primarily the growth of olives, oranges and lemons, for the Isle receives a substantial amount of sunlight, and has no mountains or forests to act as a barrier. Yet fishing is the Isle's main source of income. The population is civilized, industrious and friendly, but hot-blooded and quick tempered – an insult, or any cause of Honor loss can easily rise to the state of a blood feud, far beyond mere taunting. These are always occurring, and the locals feel cheated unless at least one feud starts a week. There are no known outlaws and brigands on the Isle, as the militia (a group of 26 men armed mostly with spears) are both impartial and incorrupt. They like to do what is right, as long as it is what they deem right.

Porpher's Garden is situated at the southwest part of Garteze Isle, as far away from the town of Vrohar as possible. It is easy to locate, being at the top of a grassy hill, and all of the natives know of its whereabouts, but none of them will enter it, or even go into close proximity of it.

PLAYER INTRODUCTION

The GameMaster (GM) will probably find it best to have the PCs either on the island (washed up, abandoned or by more comfortable means) or in the local port-town of Pleen, where they may hear tales of the Governor of Garteze Isle offering a fortune in reward money. But no one they speak with seems to know the task required. Another option is to have a follower of

Luvia, the Feeble Gawd, assigned to deliver a package to the island's one temple, only to have his boat suddenly leave without him and his companions.

The PCs should be encouraged to visit the governor of the isle, who is more than happy to receive them (after the compulsory wait needed to see ANY man in power, of course), as he is in sore need of their aid. After the preliminaries, during which he will convince himself of the party's good faith (or brute strength and stupidity, he doesn't mind which), he will invite the PCs into his personal chambers. Once there, he will tell them that, about two years ago, his beloved daughter, Loira, ran-off with Orlando, the son of a noble family with whom his own had a feud at the time. The couple fled across the isle, looking for a quiet spot, and eventually thought they found one in some caves below the wonderful park-like area known as Porpher's Garden to the southwest. It is well known there are lots of bushes around there, grumbles the governor. Being a wise man (well... wise for the area), the governor has concluded that the illicit couple entered the Garden. In common grief, the two families ended their feud (started over someone spilling wine over someone else – nobody remembers whom), and resolved to do all in their power to rescue their children. Or at least pay for someone to rescue their children. Due to the reverence, or fear, in which the locals hold Porpher's Garden, none will enter. This is why the governor is offering 10,000 gp (although initially offering only 6,000 gp to see how gullible and easily bought the PCs are) for the rescue of his daughter and her lover (although he would prefer certain parts of his daughter's lover NOT to be returned). At this stage in their discussions, the governor will relate to the PCs the legend associated with Porpher's Garden, taking the form of a recital. Clasp his hands behind his back, and speaking in an almost chant-like manner:

Long ago on this lovely Isle of Garteze, there lived a beautiful half-elven princess, Caerwyn, with her human lover, Porpher Blahar, a magic-user of some power. Back then this Isle belonged entirely to her kin, and was given to her as a gift. But she disapproved of the barren land, now occupied with luscious yellows, oranges and greens. She, being a woman who knew, and got, what she wanted, had a beautiful garden created. An earthly paradise, serving both as a symbol of their enduring love, and as a seclusion to which they could retire, when they so desired.

They stocked this garden with the loveliest of plants – beautiful, even by elven standards, and encouraged gentle creatures, both mundane and exotic to make the garden their home. Then, Porpher is said to have laid an enchantment on it to enhance the garden's beauty, and pleasantly to beguile and tease those honored few who, on occasion, were invited as guests to enjoy the garden of their hosts.

Lovely it was, beyond comparison, making the gaudier gardens of the nobles to the east and north vulgar by comparison; a gem set in the Isle of Garteze. A place of bleeding peace and quiet, gawds know I could do with a place like that now! Anyway, the garden's music was sweet birdsong and the drone of bees; where majestic trees made shade in golden days and strange, lovely shadows in silver and indigo nights. Where, no matter what time of day or month, the perfume of a thousand different fragrances excited the senses. So there Caerwyn and Porpher lived their life of love, and, alongside their garden, became a living legend. Inspired poets and bards sang about the beauty of both garden and couple, and the happiness that both exuded.

But alas, all flesh is mortal, and even elves must die. So it was with Caerwyn in the fullness of time, and the ending of her life

was akin to the sadness after a song has finished. After her passing, Porpher caused a marble tomb to be raised in the midst of the home that had given them both so much delight. Then he went about, and placed upon the garden new enchantments, bolder enchantments, of a more powerful kind, to guard and preserve its peacefulness from all intruders. Porpher thus protected the very fabric of his garden. When this task was done, he ceased his personal magicks and allowed his own life to slip away, leaving instructions that he and she should lie together for all eternity in the tomb within the garden of their love, so that even in death they would not be apart.

So it remains to this very day, apparently impenetrable, a place where it is forever summer and always peaceful, and none may intrude. There have been those who have tried, spurred on by greed created with stories of great treasure entombed with the two lovers. For that is always the way with men – give him a mystery, and he needs must solve it. Many failed to even enter the garden, and of those who have and returned after a *cough* long absence, their minds and memories seemed to have been...altered. And I want to know what happened to my daughter.

After the narrative, if questioned further, the governor will volunteer four of the following twelve rumors. The GM should randomly determine which are known to him, but after this, he will be of no other use and go back to drinking hot beverages while eating pastries and calling it "hard work". Other rumors may be discovered by questioning the Isle's cleric of Luvia, Sibra Londarr or the resident magic-user, Finnor Flamehard, who will each know two rumors, again these should be determined randomly; and it is tough luck if any are the same as the ones the PCs already know.

Bob Dode, Island Governor, 8th level male human fighter (HF 8, EP 1,548, F8, Str 16/89, Dex 11/35, Int 12/82, Wis 10/66, Con 13/75, Cha 16/94, Com 10/53, AL LN, AC 7 (Ring of Protection +3), MV 12", HD 8, hp 54, SZ M, #AT 3/2, D 2-7 (rapier – see Combatant's Guide), SA Nil, SD Nil, Lang: common, Hon: Average, ML 12, TOP 27, Crit BSL: Def AC +8 (melee), +6 (missile), FF 6)

HPs:

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THE RUMORS

1. There is a cave near the garden containing a Ghost which can be easily conned out of huge amounts of money. (partially TRUE)
2. A huge Red Dragon lies in a magical sleep in the garden, and any use of magic nearby will waken it. (FALSE)
3. It is not possible to fly magically over, into or within the garden. (TRUE)
4. If chased by any of the garden's playful creatures, the climbing of an oak tree is certain escape. (FALSE)
5. There is nothing evil in the garden. (FALSE) [In HackMaster??? Yeah right...]
6. The loud singing of hymns and sea shanties will charm many of the garden's creatures. (FALSE)
7. The magic-user Porpher is not really dead, but a Lich! (FALSE)
8. Certain rose petals contain gems (and special sedatives) in their petals. (FALSE)

9. Fire, both natural and magical, will not burn within the garden. (TRUE)
10. It is always summer within the garden. (TRUE)
11. The garden is guarded by a frickin' huge, drunkard giant whose very breath is potent enough to intoxicate. (FALSE)
12. There is a magical fountain in the garden whose waters grant eternal youth as well as a bad case of hiccups. (FALSE)

Before wishing them well on their quest, the governor impresses on the party that every occupant of the island, and many visitors, hold the garden in great reverence and awe, and that in order for them to win the reward, the task must be completed without harming anyone or anything within the garden. The governor is quite serious in this assertion, and will indeed refuse the reward to parties who have ransacked the area. He is not an unfair man, just tight-fisted, and if threat of hostile tactics does not work, then torture most certainly will. The PCs would be wise to remember that the isle is vendetta-crazy. The governor will be aware, upon their return, of any killing and looting indulged in by the PCs by the use of his Medallion of ESP, which he will be wearing upon their return (initially intended for the questioning of his daughter over her conduct...).

The Lovers' Fate

What the governor does not tell the party, as he does not know it, is that the young couple sought aid from the Cave of Echoes-Echoes-Echoes (Area C2) (but it made far too much noise for their liking), and gained entrance to Porpher's Garden. Upon arrival, they drank the waters of the Heal-It Fountain (kissing IS thirsty work, after all), and have fallen under its enchantment. Under no circumstance will they voluntarily leave the garden, and it will take a full Wish to break this particular magic and release them from its bondage. Either that or 48 hours spent at least five miles away from the garden, but it will be hard to restrain them from wanting to go back. Furthermore, the other creatures in the garden, who over the years have kept alive the memories of their long departed master and mistress with stories of their love, goodness (with a few exceptions, but nobody's perfect) and physical beauty, have concluded that these two young people, so fair of face, are Caerwyn and Porpher returned at last to them. They will be bitterly hostile to any attempt to remove the young lovers they guard so jealously, and years of loneliness have corrupted pretty much every creature residing in the garden. They are willing to sacrifice themselves to save their master and mistress, their misplaced evil loyalty taking over their misguided hearts.

The runaway lovers, Loira and Orlando, live in the Spiral Palace. This building was formerly the majestic residence of Porpher and Caerwyn, but now serves as the original couple's ever-beautiful tomb.

Once the fountain's spell is broken, and the young lovers are convinced that it is indeed safe for them to return home (well... apart from the boxing of their ears and some rather sharp words), they will agree to do so. But it will be a reluctant agreement, with many tears and long farewells. Though never attacking their master and mistress, the creatures of the garden will harbor an intense hatred for the PCs and will do their utmost to harm them as much as possible.

THE TOWN OF VROHAR

This crudely built town sits on the banks of Garte's shore. The smell of seaweed and salt is as bad a smell as a week-old Kuo-Toa. Even the seagulls think the smell is bad; and the unnatural heat does not help the smell one little bit. Many of the buildings were constructed out of wood, and gradually re-enforced until they became what they are today, a curious mix of styles and tastes, and the majority of them in need of repair.

The roughly cobbled streets are dangerously loose, and the town's sewer facilities are about as old as the island itself (and many believe that was the last time they worked properly as well). As the town's main source of income is its fishing trade, most merchants offer fish-related goods, while some just offer dodgy, "fishy" goods.

Most of the townspeople are simple folk who prefer to live quiet lives; and as a consequence, many shops carry only commonly available goods. But if the PCs really need a certain item, a salesman may have a "little something tucked away" (but for a "fair" price to the seller, of course).

The Mermaid's Tail Tavern

Of the four taverns that supply the town with more than enough drunkards, The Mermaid's Tail is, without a doubt, the seediest; hence where the PCs will find the most useful information.

At any given time, there are 1-12 patrons at the bar, in various stages of inebriation (yes, even in the morning) and there is a 40% chance that any patron knows another rumor (as people in small, close-knit communities often tend to do).

While the PCs are information hunting, a tall cloaked man approaches the party and offers them a round of drinks. He introduces himself as Lord Tavishan and explains to the PCs that he knows the details of their quest, and warns them not to travel to the garden. For not only was Porpher a "crazy ol'

hermit", but he also is rumored to have had a sick and warped sense of humor. Besides, he is the father of Orlando, the young man who ran away with Loira. He is too proud to have his family honor damaged by having his son associate with Loira's family, despite the truce. He views the family as a "bad lot" and warns the PCs that if they do go to the garden and live, then they will not remain so for very long. With that, he exits with a grand sweep of his cloak. He does so love to be melodramatic and will exaggerate anything he can within his speeches, be it actions or words.

The PCs now have a choice: they can wuss out and be begrudged by the mayor of Garte, or they can carry on and earn the wrath of "Kat" Tavishan, a fighter known for using spiked gauntlets in a brawl, much as a tiger would use claws. The only downside is that he is unable to scratch his nose with such weapons, and hence is unable to grow a truly chic beard, much to his chagrin. As such, jealousy will prompt him to strike bearded PCs before any other (just one of his little quirks). Any fighting that occurs in the tavern will not initially attract any newcomers, as they are used to feuds and fighting. If anyone is killed, however, they will realize the seriousness of the situation, and instantly side with Lord Tavishan. Several guardsmen will also rush in at the sounds of a fight and will certainly be against the PCs. He IS a Lord after all.

Lord Kiamin "The Kat" Tavishan, 7th level male human cavalier: (HF 13, EP 1,365, Cav7, Str 16/72, Dex 15/44, Int 15/03, Wis 12/97, Con 15/08, Cha 15/85, Com 9/17, AL LN, AC 0 (very fancy field plate full of motifs and swirls incl. spiked gauntlets, Dex), MV 8", HD 7, hp 64, SZ M, #AT 3/2, D (+3 to hit) 1d8+5 (Bastard Sword +1 and Str), 1-4 (each grapple attack) SA nil, SD parry, immune to fear, protection from fear 10' radius, 90% immune to mind-affecting spells, +2 to save vs. illusions, Lang: common, Hon: Average, ML 18, TOP 32, Crit BSL: Def AC+6, FF 7)



HPs:

Field Plate AC: 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Bar Patrons, human peasants (1-12): (HF 0, EP 7, Int 9, AL LN, AC 10, MV 12", HD 1/2, hp 22 each, SZ M, #AT 1, D 1-3, SA nil, SD nil, Lang: common, Hon: Average, ML 9, TOP 11, Crit BSL: Def AC-5, FF 3, Reference HOB 5 p 12)

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Human Soldiers (8-12): (HF 1, EP 15, Int 11, AL NG, AC 6, MV 12", HD 1, hp 24 each, SZ M, #AT 1, D 1-6 (short sword), SA nil, SD nil, Lang: common, Hon: Average, ML 12, TOP 12, Crit BSL: Def AC-3, FF 5, Reference HOB 5 p 13)

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TEMPLE TO THE WUSS GAWD

Quite possibly the only true stone building in the whole of Vrohar, this slime-covered dark and gloomy building's stone is yellow (although pretty much pure white on the side facing the waterfront – damn seagulls!). The wooden seats within are splintered, rotten and caked in a greenish slime, and the metal is nearly all tarnished and dull, thanks to the salty atmosphere of the town.

The lone priest to the isle, Sigra Hornthill is an extremely devout cleric of Luvia and, having lived on Gartez for most of his life, is savvy to all that goes on around him. No secrets lie on the isle that he does not know of, including the rumor that he was seen eyeing up the young wench at the Saucy Sailor Tavern. If he finds out who started this, there will no doubt be yet another feud starting (the odds on this being the next major feud are currently 8-3 for PCs interested in making a few quick gold pieces).

Sigra will not leave the temple unless someone is in dire need, but if the PCs make a nice little "donation", he will offer help, via use of his spells and the telling of rumors. Also, he really, really hates people calling Luvia the "wuss gawd".

Sigra Hornthill, 6th level male human cleric (HF 6, EP 662, C7, Str 11/75, Dex 9/18, Int 15/84, Wis 15/22, Con 13/91, Cha 11/55, Com 7/48), AL LG, AC 5 (chain mail under robes), MV 9", HD 6, hp 52, SZ M, #AT 1, D 2-7 (footman's mace), SA spells, SD Nil, Lang: common, Hon: Average, ML 15, TOP 26, Crit BSL: Def AC+0, FF 6)

HPs:

Chain mail AC: 5 6 7 8 9

Spells prepared:

1st level: Alleviate Headache, Ceremony (x2), Cure Light Wounds (x2), Light, Protection From Evil

2nd level: Cure Moderate Wounds, Rigor Mortis, Slow Poison, Spiritual Hammer

3rd level: Cure Disease, White Hot Metal

FLAMEHARD THE BRAGGART

On the outskirts of Vrohar lies a haphazard old building, leaning at an impossible angle, yet remaining standing. A great manner of junk adorns the "garden" (covered in weeds, but Flamehard tells everyone that it's a vegetable garden) and his house generally gives the impression that it is abandoned. However, a loud noise or knocking produces an unkempt figure who promptly tells his disturbers to go away. The PCs have found Flamehard, Gartez Isle's resident magic-user and scheming profiteer.

Having once experienced the adventuring life, and finding nature too uncomfortable, Flamehard decided to settle on this lonely island. Throughout the time he has lived here though, the number of raids upon the legendary Porpher's Garden increased, and he realized that someone had to help supply would-be heroes with magic. And they would have a fair bit of cash, so a few dud items would not harm them, as only dim-witted adventurers go off with no spare protection. Just as his nickname suggests, Flamehard will desperately try to relate his tales of how he once killed an ancient Rotgut by the clever use of a mouse and a piece of string, or how he once saved Garweeze Wurd from being destroyed by throat-punching Vectra while he was mid-spell. No one knows what the old fool hopes to achieve by his tall tales except the hope that people might buy something just to keep him quiet.

After one complaint (and punch-up) too many, the weasely Flamehard decided to sell items which were really magical. However, they are just not what he claims them to be. His current stock apparently consists of: a Dagger +3 (800 gp – a bargain), a Potion of Superheroism (200 gp), a Beaker of Plentiful Potions (13,000 gp) and a Broach of Shielding (8,000 gp). These are in reality: a –1 Cursed Dagger, a Potion of Polymorph to Insect, an Alchemy Jug and a Brooch of Fireball Backblast Protection. He also stocks a variety of minor magical items, the nature of which can be left to the kindness/meanness of the GM.

Flamehard, 8th level male human magic-user (HF 12, EP 1,976, MU8, Str 7/12, Dex 8/58, Int 16/74, Wis 16/89, Con 10/38, Cha 7/25, Com 7/55), AL LN, AC 8 (Ring of Protection +2), MV 12", HD 8, hp 48, #AT 1, D 1-6 (quarterstaff), SA spells, SD spells, Lang: common, elven Hon: Average, TOP 24, Crit BSL: Def AC-2, FF 5)

HPs: 

Spells prepared:

1st level: Alarm, Burning Hands, Fireball Barrage (x2), Fireball Sidewinder Factor 1, Light

2nd level: Chain of Fire, Fireball - Skipping Betty, Flaming Sphere

3rd level: Fireball, Fly (x2)

4th level: Fireshield, Rainbow Pattern

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE GARDEN AND ITS MAGICAL PROPERTIES

Please refer to the map on pages 42-43.

The garden stands atop a wee hill. It is in the shape of an ellipse, and is about 2,600 feet long and 1,900 feet wide at its widest section. It is entirely surrounded by a special impenetrable Wall of Force created by Porpher (1-3 points of electrical damage to any who try to pass it). The Wall is a solid ellipsoid (a solid oval-shaped body), thus tunneling or flying will be of no use to the party. In addition to being impenetrable and electrified, the Wall has another fairly strange property. When viewed from a distance, it is transparent – the garden is visible from afar, and from within the garden there is an excellent view of the surrounding countryside. When approached, the Wall gradually becomes opaque: beginning to mist over when the viewer is 30 feet away, gradually getting cloudier and cloudier until, at 10 feet away, vision through it is impossible.

Just prior to his death, Porpher laid five great enchantments on the entire garden area, all of which are still active:

The flow of time in the garden has been gradually slowed in relation to the outside world, so all that dwell within it age very slowly. This may pose a problem for adventurers, as they will be unable to tell precisely how much time has passed since they entered. Slow and cautious characters may find that many years have passed in the outside world, and the governor is nothing more than a toothless, wrinkled old wreck who can't tell you what month it is, never mind recognize his own daughter. The PCs will not, however, suffer any ill effects of unnatural aging on their return to the outside world; apart from a partial loss of memory (see Completion of The Quest). This enchantment also means that Aldrazar's sun and moons follow their regular pattern, and are visible to the PCs going at their expected rate, leaving characters unaware of time's true rate of passing.

No fire, natural or magical, can be made to burn in the garden. Any source of fire summons a little storm cloud created over it, which pours just enough rain from its midst to extinguish the flame. A small lightning blast for persistent offenders is an optional extra (for 1-4 points of damage).

Magical or psionic flying or levitation cannot be performed in the garden. Being hurled through the air is allowed, though.

No matter what season it is outside, in the garden it is always summer. During every night phase that passes within the garden, a little light rain (from small, magically produced clouds) provides the plants with sufficient moisture. This just happens to be enough to make the PCs soggy and miserable.

As Porpher aided anybody in trouble when he was alive, the kind-hearted magic-user enchanted the Cave of Echoes-Echoes-Echoes (C2) to provide assistance to the needy who were humble enough, and brave enough, to ask for help. Such charities were small enough to help, but not enough for a family to depend on for a long time, encouraging the money to be put to good use, such as the buying of crops or much needed medicine.

Although any amount of time may pass while the PCs are here, we recommend that GMs use the following rate; time passes nearly 800 times slower than normal. Thus, for every day spent in the garden, about two years pass on the outside World. Basically more than a month (33 days) passes on the outside for every hour spent here. The GM must, therefore, take care to record the amount of time passed while in the garden.

It is possible that characters might wish to try destroying the force field. Good luck to them, for magical assault may weaken the barrier temporarily, but physical assault will not harm it. For any effort to have an effect, though, a magic-user of at least 17th level must cast the spell, and any weakening of the force field will cause a temporal wind to sweep the caster into a time vortex. The GM may choose to have the caster arrive in a random direction at a random time. Or just let him come back having been pummelled senseless by demons and with Runes of Shame branded around his body (for a loss of 6 points of temporal Honor).

As a consequence of the enchantments Porpher cast, the entire garden and all of its inhabitants show a strong dweomer to Detect Magic spells and abilities. Further, such detections will, where applicable, indicate that ALL the schools of magic are present: conjuration, alteration, enchantment, and so on, thereby making the spell nigh on useless. Such an overload of sensory information should render the caster Confused, as per the 4th level magic-user spell, for 1d6 rounds.

Because of the garden's highly magical nature (even the flowers virtually ooze magic from every pore), and because it is also tended by the Bird Maiden, there are a few other interesting side effects.

Firstly, druids operate within the confines of the garden as if one level higher than normal. This affects their spell abilities, hit points and saving throws. They will, however, only gradually become aware of their increased power during the first 12 hours spent in the garden, becoming aware of each new ability one at a time. This advancement is temporary, and is lost as soon as the druid re-enters the outside world. As this advancement represents their greater affinity and ties with the garden, the loss of these benefits should never cause them harm, and will not reduce to druid to 0 hit points or lower.

Secondly, many spells do not operate within the confines of the garden. These are:

Any spells with the word "Fire", "Pyro", "Burn" or related words in the title or description. These spells just create a hot fizzle that dies out quickly.

Summoning spells simply fizzle out producing nothing but a smell of ozone and a poof of greasy smoke.

Jump, Levitate, Fly and similar spells.

Charm Person, Charm Monster, Charm Plant and Charm Undead. These will do anything but charm.

Ensnarement, Reverse Gravity and Lightning Bolt.

Any spell that affects plants or animal life immediately attracts the attention of the Bird Maiden. This includes any spell that cause immediate death, and those which affect normal growth, such as Animal Growth, Animate Rock or Warp Wood. In this case the Bird Maiden appears on the scene in 1d8 rounds.

The garden grounds, portions of which can be seen through the barrier, are extremely well maintained and beautifully ordered, as if by a team of expert gardeners. The grounds fall into two distinct categories: woodland and lawn.

The woodlands are pleasant, sunny, open places with the trees well spaced and a rich greensward embedded with a great many flowers. Unless otherwise indicated, there is a generous collection of species of trees and other plants that crosses the tropical, sub-tropical and temperate climate ranges. Species present include: cypress, almond, cedar, olive, maple, holly, mahogany, ash, elm, beech, chestnut and willow. Smartass players may complain about the mixture of species (for example, having a lawn and shrubbery beneath a beech), and in these cases the GM should do two things: remind the players that the garden is magical, and then consider a roll on the Player Smackdown Table (GMG: Table 10A, p 135). The woodlands are threaded by pathways, which are only obvious when stepped upon, as they are only slight depressions in the grass that contain no flowers whatsoever. While not on a path, the party cannot follow any particular route, as the woods are extremely confusing. Upon each turn, the PCs have only a 33% chance (1 or 2 on a d6) of going in their intended direction. Otherwise (3 or 4 on a d6) they turn 45 degrees to the left of their intended route, or (on a 5 or 6) 45 degrees to the right. PCs can expect to wander around in circles for a long time.

PART 2 - JOURNEY AND ENTRANCE

As it is only a small isle, the trek across Gartz takes roughly just 15 hours. The farmers are extremely protective about their land and their crops. They have had trouble with these wandering types before, leaving gates open, trampling over crops, seducing their daughters, and they have had enough. Signs marked "My Property - GET OFF" lie scattered all over the island, and the party must take a zigzag route which leads the adventurers pretty much all over the island. After the PCs begin their trek, use the following planned encounters.

PLANNED ENCOUNTERS

A. Mistaken Identity

As you are about to pass an aged, ramshackle building, you hear the sudden "click" of a crossbow being readied just behind you.

The PCs have just met Phil Creik, a middle-aged man who has struggled all of his life to earn a decent living. Well, ever since he met Mrs. Creik anyway. He is a happily (so his wife says) married man with two sons and a daughter. He had intended to train them to work the land, and marry his daughter off to a strapping young lad. Until about three months ago, when a party of foreigners wandered all over his land, and hired his daughter to entertain them. They sent her home after an unsuccessful and incredibly dire sing-song, and insulted her cooking, just to upset her.

And, to make matters worse, the one who hired her looks JUST like one of the PCs (the adventurer with the highest Comeliness score should be the one burdened here). Leveling his crossbow, Mr. Creik offers a choice:

"Get wed, or get a hole where there should be yer head!"

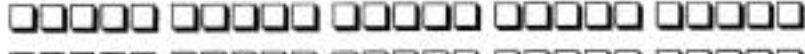
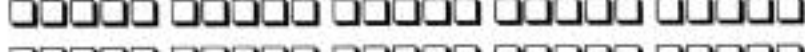
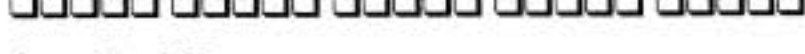
This level of wit is Gartz Isle's equivalent to Oscar Wilde. Wise players may be able to convince Kiathryn's father to let her "tag along", and money will certainly help his decision. Otherwise the affected PC may have to be absent from his party, and this quest, while the necessary ceremonies are performed. And they had better not forget the dowry, which is customary in this land... The players will not regret taking her on as a follower, as she is a rather good cook and packer. Just don't let her sing. If in Porpher's Garden and she actually does sing, the chance of a random encounter doubles for the duration of her singing. If forcibly stopped, she begins to sulk and bursts into tears, hoping to guilt the offending PC in the hopes of getting "a present" (see Appendix B for Kiathryn's statistics).

If Kiathryn is rejected, abandoned or hurt in any way whatsoever, her two brothers will hunt and punish the guilty party. If any combat takes place, the farm hands, including Phil's sons, will rush out of various gates and buildings and engage in the melee. All are armed with pitchforks, hoes and other farming implements. Kiathryn takes cover behind a wall and hurls vegetables into the melee.

Phil Creik, male human burly farmer (1) (HF 1, EP 125, Int 10, AL NG, AC 9, MV 12", HD 2, hp 30, SZ M, #AT 1, D 1-6 (pitchfork), SA nil, SD nil, Lang: common, Hon: Average, ML 12, TOP 15, Crit BSL: Def AC, FF 6, Reference HOB 5 p 10)

HPs: 

Farmers, Burly, Human (8) (HF 1, EP 15, Int 9, AL NG, AC 10, MV 12", HD 1, hp 25, SZ M, #AT 1, D 1-6 (pitchforks x4), 1-6 -2 (hoes x4), SA nil, SD nil, Lang: common, Hon: Average, ML 12, TOP 13, Crit BSL: Def AC-2, FF 5, Reference HOB 5 p 10)

1).HPs: 
 2).HPs: 
 3).HPs: 
 4).HPs: 
 5).HPs: 
 6).HPs: 
 7).HPs: 
 8).HPs: 

B. Wandering Peddler

A faint cry wafts about the area, gradually getting louder as you progress. Turning round the corner of the dusty road, you see a miniature stall has been set up. Adorned in gaudy colors, the stall reads "Big Manni Legdrum's Travelling Wares - Big Sale!!!" Sitting behind the stall is a thin, wiry human wearing fairly decent, but drab clothes.

Upon seeing the PCs, the man shouts in an annoyingly tinny voice, "Potions! Potions! Get 'em while they're hot! Fresh healing at bargain rates! Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!"

As the PCs may guess, "Big" Manni Legdrum is a con-man, a travelling cheat who is currently wanted in various provinces throughout the entire Shadlurian Kingdoms. He just figures making a few extra gold pieces while laying low can't be too bad of an idea. Claiming to sell potions, especially of the healing variety, Legdrum tells the party that he will let them have the bar-

gain of their lifetimes, at only 1,000 gp a bottle. Astute PCs may recognize that this is more than twice the standard price of Potions of Healing. "Quite right!" claims Legdrum, "but these babies'll cure wounds five whole times more deadly than those sorry, weak waters you buy everywhere else!"

Overly skeptical PCs will probably require a demonstration, which Legdrum gladly provides. He'll punch the strongest looking PC with a pair of knuckle-dusters, and then provide a sip of his "super potion" to the character. This is a strong, real **Potion of Healing** he carries for just such cases – each lasts twenty or so demonstrations. The wounds will be cured, and hopefully the PCs will be convinced. The vials they get, in a tacky shopping bag, are in reality plain water, although very salty. One even has an eel swimming in it. Naturally, after selling anything, Legdrum packs his things and leaves as quickly as he can, never caring how graceful the escape is.

“Big” Manni Legdrum, male human merchant, dishonest (1) (HF 1, EP 15, Int 14, AL CN, AC 7, MV 12”, HD 1/2, hp 23, SZ M, #AT 1, D 1-4, SA nil (potion-in-eyes throw), SD nil, Lang: common, gnome, Hon: Average, ML 8, TOP 12, Crit BSL: Def AC-5, FF 4, Reference HOB 5 p 11)

[illegible]

C. Artiste

Approaching a copse of trees, you espy a couple of beings busy near the woodlands. One, a female with a great figure clad entirely in fine silken robes sits on a stool, while a tall figure wearing a white cape and a black cap is hunched over a canvas, obviously busy.

The PCs have stumbled upon a curious couple; a Vengeance Nymph named Lisa, and her charmed gray elf companion, Vinco. Lisa let the rest of Vinco's former party kill each other to claim her as a prize, but she saved the artist, as she found him interesting, and being extremely vain, desired beautiful paintings of herself for pure flattery.

Lisa loves each painting to be different, no matter how small a change is, and paintings of her, all different, cover the walls of her cave. If found, the gallery of fifty-three pictures may be worth up to 4,500 gp to interested parties, but the bulkiness of them may require some kind of careful transport, either mundane (carts) or magical Mass-Storage Devices.

Upon the approach of the PCs, Lisa remains subdued and tries to ignore them, as she does so like to have herself painted. If they dare disturb her artist however, Lisa reveals herself, and all PCs viewing must save versus spells or be blinded (as per the 2nd level magic-user spell). If threatened in any way, Lisa disrobes, flinging her garment at any magic-user who is likely to be distracted from casting spells, and thus employs her Death attack. Vinco becomes angry at seeing anyone disturbing his girlfriend and goes into a berserk rage with his hidden broad sword (old habits die hard) until the PCs flee or he is killed. He is not averse to using the medium of his art as weapons: flinging paint in eyes or using marble chips as caltrops, for example. Upon the death of her companion, Lisa follows the PCs, constantly annoying them and moaning, attempting to get involved in cat fights with any female PCs or followers. Her 4d4 rounds of rage typically consist of slapping, screaming and trying to pull hair.

Vinco carries with him two pots of Nulur's Marvelous Pigments.

Vinco, 5th level male half gray elf "Artiste" (bard) (1) (HF 6, EP 380, B5, Str 11/72, Dex 13/48, Int 14/22, Wis 9/36, Con 10/90, Cha 16/81,

Com 16/44, AL CN, AC 6 (hide armor concealed under robes), MV 9", HD 5, hp 35, SZ M, #AT 1, D 2-8 (broad sword), SA nil, SD nil, Lang: common, elven, Hon: Average, ML 15 (18 in Lisa's presence), TOP 18, Crit BSL: Def AC+1, FF 5, Quirks/Flaws: hearing impaired, migraines, hackfrenzy (when jealous over Lisa)

HPs: ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐

Hide Armor AC: 6 ☐☐☐☐☐☐ 7 ☐☐☐☐☐ 8 ☐☐ 9 ☐

Spells prepared:

1st Level: Hypnotism, Phantasmal Force, Throw Voice

2nd Level: Fascinate

Vengeful Nymph (1) (HF 12, EP 1,470, Int 16, AL NG, AC 9, MV 12", HD 3, hp 32, SZ M, #AT 1, D 1, SA Spells, SD Extreme Beauty, spells, Dimension Door, Lang: common, elven, Hon: Average, ML 20, TOP 16, Crit BSL: Def AC+1, FF n/a, Reference HOB FM p 87)

HPs: ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐

D. The Cave System

The only entrance to the garden (apart from travel through other planes of existence and other such complicated smartass approaches) is through the cave complex on the southeast side of the hill on which the garden stands, and which includes the Cave of Echoes-Echoes-Echoes (C2). These caves were formed by the river that once flowed freely from the garden, but that now, due to the time change, no longer reaches the cave opening. Over the aeons, the original river bed in the surrounding countryside has been refilled and covered without trace. The PCs can easily find the entrance to the cave complex, though some large bushes partially hiding the opening. But upon approaching the bushes, a Hedgerow Lunger immediately plunges upon its disturber. It gains surprise 80% of the time and attacks all who approach the entrance except for pixie fairies.

Hedgerow Lunker (1) (HF 7, EP 650, Int 3, AL N, AC 4, MV 9", HD 6+6, HP 50, SZ M, #AT 2, D 1-10/Entangle, SA see text, SD nil, Lang: none, Hon: Average, ML 12, TOP n/a, Crit BSL: Def AC+5, FF 11, Reference: HoB 4 p 98)

HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
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Because of the nature of the enchantment that has slowed time in the garden, the flow of water through the caverns has become a mere trickle that reaches no further than Cavern C4.

While the floors of the caverns themselves are relatively level, the tunnels between them show a marked upward slope as rough-hewn steps. All of these passageways are roughly circular in section, and about 10 feet across. Numerous stalactites hang from the roof in many places.

CI. EMPTY CAVERN

You have entered a natural cavern about 40 feet across, and roughly 25 feet high in the center. The floor is flat, and very dusty with a few scraps of dry vegetation scattered about.

There are numerous tracks visible in the dust. Most appear to be those of small animals, but a number of larger, human-like tracks form a clear path to a dark exit to your right. Another exit, almost opposite, appears unfrequented.

This cavern is unoccupied. The small tracks are indeed those of animals that occasionally inhabit the cave. The larger ones are those of the locals who sometimes seek aid from the Cave of Echoes-Echoes-Echoes (C2). If the party has "persuaded" a peasant to guide them here he will not willingly venture beyond this cavern in any direction.

C2. CAVE OF ECHOES-ECHOES-ECHOES

When the party leaves Cavern C1 in the direction of C2 read the following boxed text:

As you leave the dusty cave behind, the tunnel slopes upward slightly and the floor becomes bare rock. You notice that your footsteps and any other sound you make, however small, echo back from the darkness ahead.

Upon entering Cavern C2 read:

The floor of this cavern is flat and bare; the glassy-smooth, black walls rise vertically, forming a roughly vertical cylinder about 40 feet in diameter. The roof, if indeed this cavern has a roof, is lost in the darkness above.

Echoes here are even more intense than in the connecting tunnel. The sound of your clicking armor reverberates in the

cavern somewhat louder than you would like.

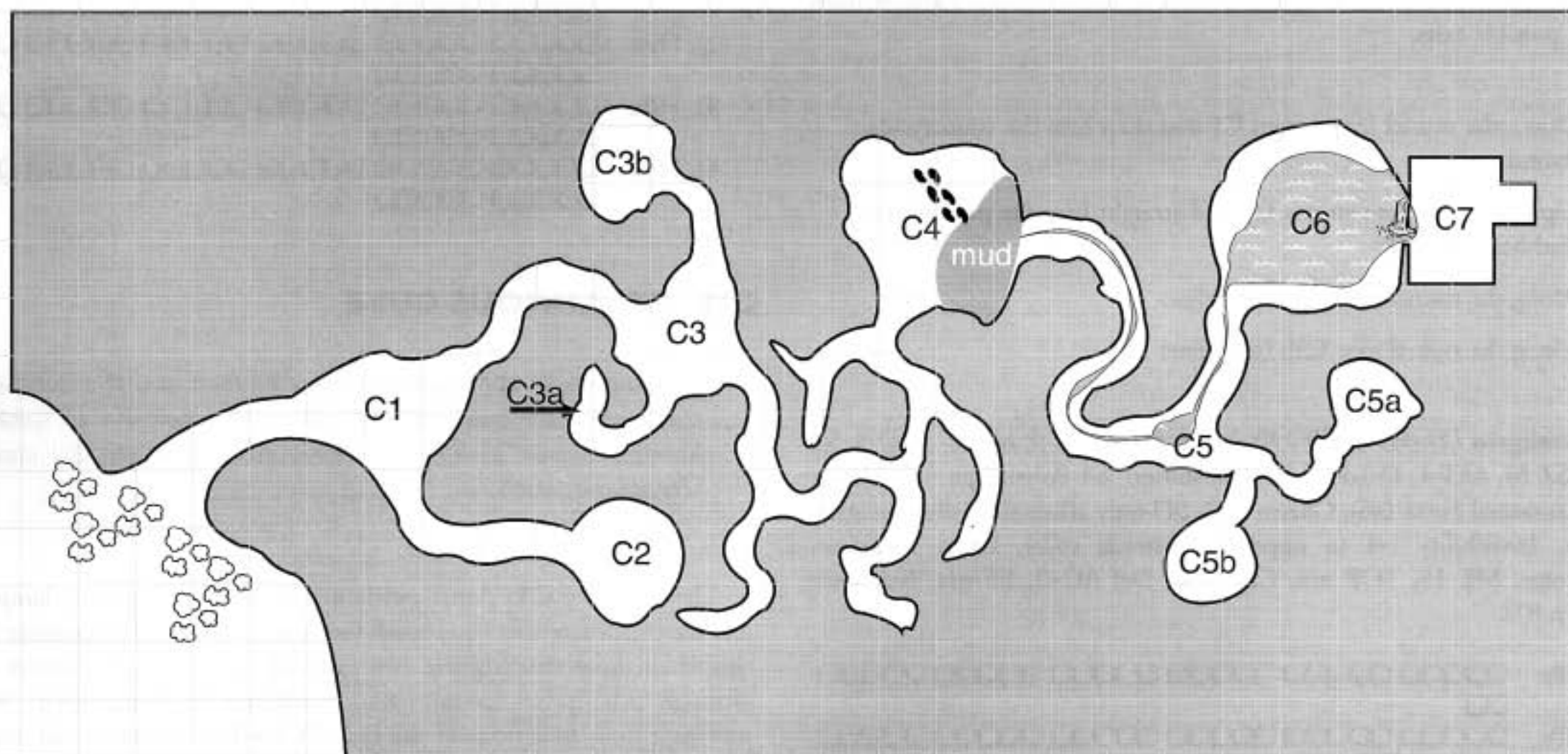
Inlaid in white in the smooth, black floor is the single word (in the common tongue) "ASK."

The magnification of echoes by this cavern is magical, and means that any noise louder than quiet conversation results in an echo loud enough to deafen all characters within the cave for 1-8 rounds (no saving throw).

This place is used by the simple local folk as an oracle and a helper, and for these people, the powerful sentient magic contained within often grants aid when asked to do so. Such aid may take the form of a spell (e.g. Cure Disease), a wise judgement (e.g. which bar wench to marry), a small quantity of money (not to be spent on ale), etc. Its power and compassion for the needy are almost unlimited. However, while receiving a request for aid, it has the ability to look into the mind of the asker (without his knowledge) to test the true extent of both need and worthiness. In general, only 0-level creatures of non-evil alignment are helped; however, characters that previously entered the garden and fell under the charms of the Heal-It Fountain (G9) will be granted a Wish to return to the garden, should they be removed from it. These individuals are Teleported directly to the Spiral Palace (see Part 4).

For the purpose of this adventure, GMs should ensure that the party gains no effective aid from this cavern. Questions will be answered with important-sounding gibberish, healing requests answered by a raspberry and all other requests with a curt "Bugger off!" The final two answers cause PCs within the cavern to be deafened for 1-8 rounds. Excessive requests and/or threats result in a tiny spark slowly emanating from the ceiling. Within 15 feet of the ground, a Lightning Bolt spell erupts, aimed toward the offending character. But, as Porpher was a nice kind-of guy, the bolt inflicts only 2d6 points of damage. The magic of the cavern has little patience with the party, being of the opinion that any problems they may have are the result of their own avarice and stupidity. It is unsubtle in telling the PCs its views, and also informs them that it is very busy, and no appointments are being made at this time.

Cave System  = 20 Feet



Attempts to damage the cavern in any way, or persistent greedy demands (after a Lightning Bolt) result in a bang loud enough to render those inside unconscious for 1-6 turns (no saving throw) and deaf for 1-8 hours (no saving throw). Even characters in the connecting passageway and entrance cavern (C1) are affected should this occur, though they are only deafened for 1-8 turns (no saving throw). This is an ideal time for a "random" encounter or two.

The magic of the Cave of Echoes is a component of the enchantment that Porpher laid on the garden before his death. Any attempts to interfere with it magically should be dealt with in exactly the same manner as attempts to break through the time-barrier surrounding the garden. Physical means may damage the rock of the cave, but will not affect the magic. Gravity may be affected, though.

It was here that Orlando and Loira came when seeking somewhere to cuddle. Seeking aid from the caverns (in a typical way that love-struck teenagers do), they were transported to the garden where they could live happily and safely, guarded by the creatures within. The cavern was able to sense that, although corrupted, the garden's inhabitants would see the young couple as their master and mistress reincarnate, and swear undying loyalty to them.

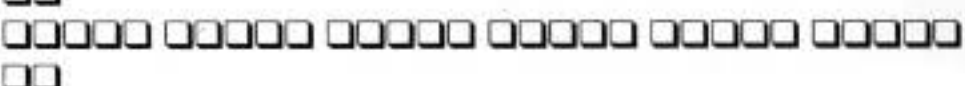
C3. HAUNTED CAVERN

The floor of this cavern is smooth but undulating, and littered with fragments of stalactite. The roof, about 30 feet high, is covered with stalactites ranging in size from a few inches to several feet long. Many of them seem to have snapped off at the root. All appear as sharp as knives.

Wary PCs may believe that they have ventured into a Piercers' lair, and GMs are encouraged not to correct any misconceptions, but feed them more and more information about the deadly looking stalactites. The only creatures housed in this cavern are two Polterzeitgeists. They attack the PCs as soon as they enter the cave by throwing fragments of stalactite. If a character is hit, he must save versus spell (Fear) or be affected by a Fear-like effect and flee in a random direction, just long enough for it to be embarrassing. The direction in which each PC flees should be determined at random from the four possible exits:

- 1 - Down the tunnel into cavern C1 and then into the countryside beyond.
- 2 - Up the tunnel into cavern C4 and straight into the pool of the Mud Men (*see C4*)
- 3 - Along the tunnel into C3a (*see below*)
- 4 - Along the tunnel into C3b (*see below*)

Polterzeitgeist (2) (HF 4, EP 270, Int 9, AL N, AC 9, MV 6", HD 3, hp 32, 32, SZ M, #AT 1, D 1d6-4 (broken stones), SA Polymorph Any Object (x3), Phantasmal Force (x6), Charm (x1), SD only affected by silver/magical weapons, Invisibility (-4 to opponents' attack rolls), Lang: common, HonAverage, ML 15, TOP n/a, Crit BSL: Def AC+2, FF n/a, Reference HOB 6 p 87).

- 1). HPs: 
- 2). HPs: 

C3a. STALAGMITES, STALAGTITES, AND ALL THINGS PRICKLY

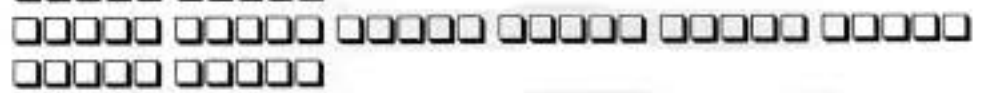
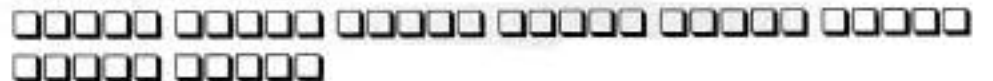
The tunnel to C3a slopes upwards a little, and immediately around the sharp bend lies a huge patch of these sharp and spiky little things. Any fleeing PCs will not stop for fear of little cuts (why be wusses) and hence suffer the equivalent of 1d3 attacks by a 3 HD monster, causing 1-6 points of damage for each successful attack.

The flickering of your lights seems to intensify the vast amount of long, threatening shadows in this cavern. Several hundred stalagmites and stalactites fill this room with a sense of both timelessness and coldness. The steady dripping, having been unperturbed for several centuries, echoes round making it impossible to determine its source. The rough, pebbly floor and the slimy, coarse walls all reflect minute elements of your light back at you, like unblinking eyes watching in the gloom.

Lying in the tunnel, impaled on a stalagmite, is the skeleton of what appears to have once been a cleric. His armor's gold leaf has peeled away and the steel is starting to rust, his mace lies broken in two by his side, and the leather and cloth of all his other goods have nearly rotted away. The contents of his purse (5 pp, 17 hsp and 20 gp) lie scattered on the floor beneath his bones, and a silver ring bearing the symbol of Sumar'Fareen (a pair of cupped hands) worth 100 gp is stuck fast on the skeleton's finger. On a gold chain around his neck hangs a finely wrought golden amulet encrusted with rubies (value 600 gp). The amulet was sold to the cleric by Flamehard the Braggart (*see the NPC description above*) who convinced him that it cast Fireballs. The tattered receipt can be found in the midst of the body's clothing.

By now, the PCs should believe that this cavern is safe. Wrong! For as soon as the PCs start looting the cleric's body, four Piercers reveal themselves for what they really are.

Piercers (4) (HF 5, EP 125, Int 1, AL N, AC 3, MV 1", HD 4, hp 40 each, SZ M, #AT 1, D 4-24, SA 90% surprise, SD nil, Lang: none, Hon: Average, ML 14, TOP n/a, Crit BSL: Def AC+2, FF n/a, Reference HoB 6 p 70)

- 1). HPs: 
- 2). HPs: 
- 3). HPs: 
- 4). HPs: 

C3b. GELATINOUS CUBE

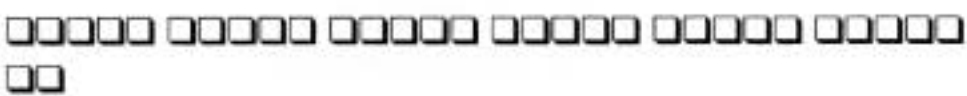
Running down the shallow slopes deeper into the depths of the earth, you only see the curious phenomena of bubbles floating mid-air as you run right into a soft, squishy almost transparent mass.

The tunnel to C3b slopes gently downwards and becomes damp towards the far end where there is a small Gelatinous Cube. The creature is clearly visible to those entering the area normally, as the Cube distorts the view through its body, but fleeing characters will run slap-bang into it. While still suffering from the effects of the Fear, PCs will be unable to do much more than cower at the far end of the tunnel sucking their thumbs, and will suffer

one attack per round unless the Fear effects wear off first. Any successful hits cancel out the Fear effects, but by then the Cube will have a taste for fresh meat, and the characters with restored freedom will have to concentrate entirely on the Gelatinous Cube to survive.

The souls of the Polterzeitgeists are bound to the main cavern, and they do not leave it for any reason.

Gelatinous Cube (1) (HF 8, EP 725, Int 0, AL N, AC 8, MV 6", HD 4, hp 32, SZ L, #AT 1, D 2-8, SA Paralyzation, surprise 3 in 6, SD see HOB text, Lang: none, Hon: Average, ML 20, TOP n/a, Crit BSL: Def AC+2, FF n/a, Reference HOB 3 p 48).

HPs: 

C4. MUDMEN HIDEOUT

This natural cavern is large and irregular in shape, the air is very dry and dusty. The bare rock floor forms a large depression that contains a large pool of mud. Next to the mud pool, on the side nearest to you, are two mounds of dried mud about 4 feet high, and three feet across. On the far side of the mud pool is an opening which is the only clear exit from this cavern. A set of dried muddy footprints lead from the pool to the far wall, disappearing into the roughly hewn stone.

This cave is the lair of six Mud Men, who attack anyone who enters their pool of mud, for it is their home after all, and if any PCs are wearing overly fancy clothes, they are attacked first by the extremely jealous Mud Men. The pool is about one foot deep, and walking through it slows movement by 1". GMs are advised to take note of precisely how much each character is slowed, as the attacks of the Mud Men may reduce movement rates further, and this final lapse could prove deadly to unwary PCs.

Since the setting-up of the time-barrier around the garden, the trickle of water from the Crystal Cavern (C6) has reached only as far as this pool, which had once been an irrigated shrubbery. The mud created became infused with the heavy dweomer of the magic, and as a result, the magical creatures were formed. They have no purpose in life, but deeply resent the lack of freedom they suffer, and do like to have a good moan every now and then.

In the round that any character steps into the pool, all six of the Mud Men rise up from below the surface on the far side (underneath the exit), which is where the magic is at its strongest and where the Mud Men congregate most often. In the next round, they begin to slowly move towards the character(s), hurling large blobs of putrid mud, until they are within melee range when they, quite literally, hurl themselves. When there are no living creatures wading within the mud pool, the Mud Men subside again below the surface, rising again if it is re-entered.

The muddy footprints are a red herring, for the wall hides no secrets, but as the characters are standing on a bit of mud, the Mud Men are instantly aware of their presence, and the attacks commence. The Mud Men do not reveal themselves initially, but they do hurl blobs of mud at the characters.

The dried mud mounds contain the remains of two adventurers who fell victim (one was fooled by the false footprints) to the Mud Men, but managed to drag themselves out of the pool before expiring. Their bodies, mummified in the dry mud, are fixed in a semi-crawling, almost squatting, stance. If the

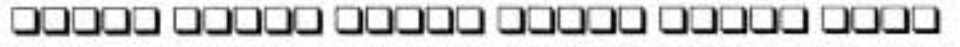
mud is chipped away, the bodies are revealed as a human and a dwarf, apparently a thief and a fighter respectively.

The fighter is wearing chain mail armor and the pack on his back contains typical dungeoneering gear: 5 iron spikes, a hammer, 3 unused torches, a 20 foot length of rope and a piece of chalk. The silly fool thought the garden was an underground drow lair, and Flamehard only helped encourage this idea to sell him a few bits of equipment. A purse on his belt holds 10 gp, 26 ep and 15 sp. Also hanging from his belt is a small iron flask containing an Elixir of Health.

The thief is wearing leather armor, and his pack has the same contents as the fighter's, plus a set of Non-Sparking Copper Beryllium Thieves' Tools (see Appendix A). His belt pouch contains 7 hsp, he is wearing a gold ear stud (value 20 gp) and a secret compartment in his boot reveals an extremely fine-cut, large amethyst worth 200 gp.

The desiccating effects of the dried mud have rendered the organic material (i.e. scabbard, leather armor, clothes, etc) dry, brittle, dusty and unusable. The metal items should function normally; though keep dropping hints at how the armor's straps groan, as if about to snap to worry the looter. Their swords and the fighter's shield were dropped in the mud, and have long-since rusted away, giving the Mud Men some much needed iron in their diet.

Mud Men (6) (HF 4, EP 35 each, Int 0, AL N, AC 10, MV 3", HD 2, hp 29 each, SZ S, #AT 1, D nil, SA slow movement & suffocation, SD immune to weapon attacks, immune to mind-affecting spells, ML 19, TOP n/a, Crit BSL: n/a, FF n/a, Reference HoB 5 p 50)

1). HPs: 
 2). HPs: 
 3). HPs: 
 4). HPs: 
 5). HPs: 
 6). HPs: 

C5. TUNNEL WITH STREAM AND POOL

This tunnel has a small stream, only a few inches wide, trickling down the center of its rough sloping floor. Its small channel, about six inches deep, has been eroded in the rock.

When the party reaches the wider part of the tunnel read the following:

Here the tunnel widens slightly. An irregularity of the floor has caused the stream to form a shallow pool about two feet across. Amidst the gravel lining the pool bottom are a few highly reflective stones. The water is crystal clear.

Although the water in the pool shows a faint magical aura (if Detect Magic is cast), it is just plain, ordinary, albeit it freezing cold, drinking water with no special properties whatsoever. The water in the stream is spread too thinly to radiate even a faint aura, and GMs are again encouraged to compel PCs to waste a bit of time here describing how well the cool water "refreshes" them, and so on.

The bright stones in the pool are six uncut gems that have collected here over the years, having been brought down by the stream. Their values are: 10 gp (x2), 15 gp, 20 gp and 30 gp (x2). If competently cut and given a damn good shine, the two rock crystals, star rose quartz, aquamarine and two garnets may fetch 50 gp (x2), 75 gp, 150 gp and 500 gp (x2) respectively.

C5a. IMPALED!

Hidden around a barely noticeable corner is a small cavern, roughly 25 feet in diameter and filled with stalactites, a few bones, rock piles, and more importantly, several shadows moving towards you.

The PCs have stumbled upon the lair of five Crimson Impalers who manage to constantly jump over the Mud Men's pool and have claimed this dark, dry cave as theirs. And they do not like intruders, unless they are part of their dinner menu. The skeletons retain no useful items. Hidden behind a row of stalactites to the right of the entrance are a few arcane symbols and glyphs carved crudely into the wall. These have no real meanings and when translated from several dead languages, read: "Heaven is a place on this World, paradise is when no time goes forward".

Crimson Impalers (5) (HF 1, EP 15, Int 6, AL LE, AC 5, MV 9", HD 1, hp 25 each, SZ S, #AT 1, D 1-6, SA impaling, SD fight until -10 hp, Lang: impaler, Hon: Average, ML 9, TOP n/a, Crit BSL: Def AC-2, FF n/a, Reference HOB 4 p 27).

- 1). HPs:
- 2). HPs:
- 3). HPs:
- 4). HPs:
- 5). HPs:

C5b. ROCK FALL

Peering through the gap, your lantern does not reveal much, the very darkness of this cave somehow seems blacker than the rest. Your light does, however illuminate the bodies of several deceased adventurers, and is reflected off many metallic surfaces. Piles of rocks lie strewn about the cave's uneven floor and the air is very dusty. Great wide planks are propped between the roof and walls.

The rocky walls are extremely loose, and even the slightest touch has a chance of making the cave roof collapse. Any contact with the sides of the cavern, be it thrown bodies or bolts embedding in the damp, moldy wood, has a cumulative 10% chance of bringing the entire ceiling down. The assorted rubble causes all those trapped within the room 5-30 points of damage (no saving throw).

After three rounds spent in here, the skeletons suddenly animate due to the powerful latent magic forces that bathe the entire cave system. Combat in this cavern is especially precarious, and PCs might be wise to utilize the area's deficits to their best advantage. In other words, collapse the cavern and bury the animated buggers.

The only things of value carried by the previous adventurers are: a mace, a set of studded leather armor, an extremely shiny buckler and assorted coinage (52 hsp, 97 gp, 44 ep).

Skeletons, Animated (5) (HF 2, EP 65, Int 0, AL N, AC 7, MV 12", HD 1, hp 25 each, SZ M, #AT 1, D 1-6, SA nil, SD immune to Sleep/Charm/Hold/Fear/darkness/cold-based spells, hacking/puncturing weapons do half damage, Lang: none, Hon: Average, ML 20, TOP n/a, Crit BSL: Def AC-2, FF n/a, Reference HOB 7 p 66)

- 1). HPs:
- 2). HPs:
- 3). HPs:
- 4). HPs:
- 5). HPs:

C6. THE CRYSTALIZED CAVERN

The scene laid out before your eyes can only be described as majestic and breath-taking. Every slight movement from your flickering torches causes a myriad of tiny, multi-colored spectrums to dance across the walls and ceiling of this hemispherical cavern. The majority of the floor is taken up by a clear pool fed by a broad waterfall on the far side. This waterfall, however, appears to be quite motionless, with each tiny particle of crystal-clear water suspended perfectly, almost as if frozen, and gem-like droplets hang stationary in mid-air.

Music, light and whimsical, falls gently upon your ears bringing forth memories you had thought long forgotten. The happiest moments of your childhoods, the simple delights of a young age, and then the memories of lost loves, friends that have ceased-to-be, and all manner of sad thoughts co-exist at the same time.

The floor of this cavern is, like the rest, bare, uneven rock, roughly hewn, but the walls and ceiling are completely encrusted with rock crystals – the cause of the reflected points of light. Rough crops of these multi-hued crystals stand freely on the little ground left in the room, as if they had grown out of the rock itself, looking both monumental and magnificent.

The pool is the source of the cold stream that trickles down the tunnel beneath your feet. The water, near the inert water fall, also looks quite still. Only at the pool's extreme sides does the water move, sluggishly.

The waterfall and pool (which is only about 8 inches deep) are made up from water that has traveled from the lake (G17) in the garden above. As it emerges from the top of the waterfall, the magic that slows time in the garden is still in place; hence it falls very slowly indeed. The further it gets from the garden, however, the more the magic loses its potency, and so, as the water moves away from the waterfall's basin it slowly picks up speed.

As the PCs first enter this cavern, the awe-imbuing sight acts as a Rainbow Pattern spell had been cast upon the party. Characters who fail their saves are led towards either the Mud Man pool (50% chance), or to the waterfall (50% chance). These characters, obviously, follow the lights that take the shortest route, in this case, the most dangerous. The situation can be deemed dangerous (and worth the second save) when a PC is about to fall off the ledge into the Mud Man pool, or when he is about knee-deep in the river. Have fun; add a bit of pressure to the PCs.

At the end of the pool, close to the stream, the water is fluid, and has the properties that we expect water to have, but the liquid becomes more viscous (more treacle-like) the closer it is to the waterfall. At the base of the fall, the water has the consistency of semi-solid tar. It is possible for the PCs to walk on the surface here, but they should take care not to stand still. A character's foot can sink to the bottom of the pool in one round, and it takes twice as long to get it out, during which time the other sinks! There is a 10% chance each time a foot sinks that the character's shoe is pulled off and carried very

slowly downstream. The surface of the pool here should be treated as very sticky mud.

The waterfall itself is like a forest of transparent bars, the water as hard as steel (sounds hollow when struck) but slightly yielding (like the pool) if pushed against. PCs who touch the waterfall become stuck. They may attempt a Strength check to pull away but if successful cause 1-3 points of damage to themselves.

If observed closely, or characters just stare bored, the slow movement of the waterfall can be made out, and a small, dark space (C7) can be seen beyond it. The water of the falls takes around 25 minutes to fall from top to bottom, and about 40 minutes to make it to the stream.

The key to successful penetration of the waterfall lies in the speed of the object passing through, rather than the force. The faster something attempts to pass through the water, the harder it appears. Firing arrows or kicking a hireling into it, for example, will only be like firing upon a solid wall, and the hirelings may get a bloody nose and a headache. Simply pushing against the waterfall slowly causes it to yield, but it takes 7-12 rounds for a character to push himself through. During this time, his feet sink in the tar-like pool, and his body becomes helplessly enmeshed in the waterfalls strands, slowly crushing him towards the ground and death. The GM should give PCs hints of this impending entrapment if he is in a good mood, but do not feel obliged to do so. Wise PCs who use boards of wood (for example, from Area 5b) to spread their weight may be able to break through the water. The character that had the idea should be awarded a 300 EP bonus. But, so as not to let the PCs get cocky, a random encounter or two while the party is split on either side of the water fall would help balance things out. The only other way to pass the waterfall is by the use of the following magic:

Dispel Magic turns the water into the normal liquid variety for 3-7 rounds, creating a normal, albeit very noisy waterfall. Characters may pass through but they will become drenched when doing so.

Destroy Water (reverse of Create Water) and Part Water both create holes in the water roughly 5 feet in diameter. Both spells create holes that last precisely the same amount of time after the spells duration has ended. They "fill up" at the standard rate of the waters fall, which, assuming the spells are centered in the middle of the waterfall, is roughly 12.5 minutes for the hole to submerge completely in the pool.

Of course, a more direct approach works wonders. Any variety of a Fireball spell launched at the waterfall destroys a significant portion of the fall in a loud cataclysmic crash which sends shards of brittle water flying throughout the cavern and down the hall. Tough GMs may rule that the force of these deal 1-6 points of damage, but then, it is only water.

All spells work in this cavern due to the fragile nature of the many enchantments basically canceling each other out. The truth of the matter is far more complicated, so it is best not to inquire.

The walls of this cavern, and the various heaps of rock crystal, could be excavated by greedy characters, for a total of 413,622 gp worth of gems. That would not only require the use of a Mass-Storage-Device, but the characters would be both outlawed on the island, and a price put on their heads for destroying what little tourism the island did get.

The music is magical in origin, and has no game effect (apart from maybe drawing a tear or two) on any character. Porpher laid the magic that produces it to both entertain those who delighted in the spectacle of this cavern, and to keep his lover happy (she did love a good cry).

C7. OBSERVATION ROOM

Hidden behind the waterfall is a room that appears to have been carved out of the very rock. The floor, about three feet higher than the surface of the pool in the crystal cave, is adorned by a grand mosaic. Fine geometric patterns representing birds, animals, fruits, flowers and naked lovers are drawn out with brightly colored tiles. Lying on the floor are the remains of two couches and a long table, splintered and decaying with age, with heaps of broken glass strewn amongst the remains. The walls are smooth, bare rock, but in the wall directly facing the waterfall is set a decorated alcove.

This secret hideaway was once a cool retreat for Porpher and Caerwyn, where they could have a bit of peace alone. Here, they could observe the splendors of the crystal cave (illuminated by magical, moving lights that had a tendency to flicker) through the waterfall which, at that time, fell at its normal rate.

If the player characters examine the alcove read the following:

The three sides of the alcove bear a painting of a woodland so real, so vivid and alive that you could swear that you were there.

The alcove is actually a Teleportation device which transports any creature or object that enters it fully to Area G1 in the garden. At one time it was possible to Teleport both ways, but the excessive magic in the garden has had strange effects, and this property has been cancelled out so it is now only a one-way ride.

PART 3 - PORPHER'S GARDEN

Except in the most unexpected (and annoying) circumstances, the PCs will enter the garden from Area C7 and will arrive in Area G1. As stated earlier, this is only a one-way trip and the only way to leave the garden is via Area P17 (see Part 4).

The descriptions of several unique areas in the garden are provided in several separate sections, each referring to a specific area on the garden map. The general descriptions of the plains and woodland are left to the imagination of the GM, but you are encouraged to make the setting as serene, beautiful and relaxing as possible. Many of the encounter areas and monster lairs are hidden within the woods, and good players would be alerted to any "special" areas if the GM was to suddenly read a lot of flavor text out loud. So be sure to go on about the pleasant breeze swaying the wild, luscious green grass, and things like that. As always, GMs are free to alter the descriptive text as they see fit, but the HMA may not look too keenly on too much of that sort of thing.

As was described in Section 1, the player characters may find it virtually impossible to avoid becoming lost whenever they stray from a woodland path. But, as the PCs are likely to discover, they will soon run into trouble whether they stay on the path or not. There is a 20% cumulative chance that a square on the map that they enter houses a creature's lair. When the party enters a monster's lair (even if they are unaware of this fact, as in the

Leprechaun's Wood (G1) for example), there is a separate probability that the lair is actually occupied at that moment in time. Adjust this chance depending on whether the PCs have already encountered the creature or not (obviously). If an encounter (read: all-out combat) has taken place, then the creatures that fled the battle automatically arrive one round after the PCs enter: armed, dangerous and extremely annoyed. If an encounter has not taken place, then there is a 40% chance that the creatures are out hunting or upsetting their neighbors, and a further 20% chance per round that the creatures return, quite possibly in a very grumpy mood.

Wandering Monsters

Except for the DragonFairies none of the following critters have lairs beyond a snug mound of leaves, and if trailed, will only lead tracking PCs around in circles for as long as they are able (i.e. as long as the party's patience lasts). There is a 1 in 6 chance that a random encounter will happen in the woodland areas. Plains are perfectly safe from these creatures. The creature encountered should be chosen at random from the following:

1. **Gloomwings** (2) (HF 7, EP 650, Int 1, AL N, AC 1, MV 12" Fly (D), HD 5+1, hp 41, 40, SZ M, #AT 3, D 1-3/1-3/1-8, SA pheromone, SD confusion, Lang: none, Hon: Average, ML 14, TOP n/a, Crit BSL: Def AC+3, FF 6, Reference HOB 3 p 70)

1).HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
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2).HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
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2. **Grizzly Squirrels** (6) (HF 1, EP 35, Int 1, AL CE, AC 6, MV 9", HD 1+1, hp 25 each, SZ S, #AT 1, D 1-6, SA 25% likely to ignore plate or heavier armor – treat as AC10, Lang: none, Hon: Average, ML 14, TOP 13, Crit BSL: Def AC-1, FF 6, Reference HOB 3 p 111).

1).HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
2).HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
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6).HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□

3. **Feces-Flinging Lemurs** (5) (HF 1, EP 15, Int 3, AL N, AC 8, MV 6" (12" in trees), HD 1, hp 24 each, SZ S, #AT 1, D 1-4, SA poop throw (save vs. poison or blinded for three rounds), SD nil, Lang: none, Hon: Average, ML 9, TOP 12, Crit BSL: Def AC-2, FF 5, Reference HOB 4 p 83)

1).HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
2).HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
3).HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
4).HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
5).HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□

4. **Vorpal-Clawed Hedgehawg** (1) (HF 7, EP 420, Int 3, AL NE, AC 5, MV 6" (3" burrow), HD 4+4, hp 40, SZ M, #AT 3, D 5-8/5-8/5-10, SA vorpal claws, SD nil, Lang: none, Hon: Average, ML 15, TOP 20, Crit BSL: Def AC+7, FF 9, Reference HOB 3 p 123).

HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
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5. **Fleshpeckers** (12) (HF 0, EP 15, Int 3, AL NE, AC 5, MV 15" Fly (B), HD 0, hp 6 each, SZ T, #AT 1, D 1-4, SA skull poke (Con check or unconscious for 1-4 turns), SD nil, Lang: none, Hon: Average, ML 7, TOP 3, Crit

BSL: Def AC+0 (+4 from behind, +2 from side), FF 3, Reference HOB 3 p38)

1).HPs: □□□□ □
2).HPs: □□□□ □
3).HPs: □□□□ □
4).HPs: □□□□ □
5).HPs: □□□□ □
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10).HPs: □□□□ □
11).HPs: □□□□ □
12).HPs: □□□□ □

6. **Marauding Kangaroo** (4) (HF 2, EP 65, Int 3, AL CN, AC 6, MV 18" (36" Sprints), HD 2+4, hp 32, SZ M, #AT 4, D 1-2 (x2)/1-6 (x2), SA The Ol' One-Two, SD nil, Hon: Average, ML 12, TOP 16, Crit BSL: Def AC+1, FF 9, Reference HOB 4 p 61).

1).HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
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2).HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
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The Marauding Kangaroos are each armed with a pair of bright red boxing gloves, gifts from the Leprechauns. They value these above everything else, and are certainly not afraid to use them. The Ol' One-Two attack allows them to make two blows for 1d6 points of damage each, but reduces the number of attacks in the next combat round to two normal kick attacks, as their defenses are down.

7. **Pig, Blood** (2-4) (HF 2, EP 120, Int 4, AL N, AC 8, MV 15", HD 3, hp 32 each, SZ M, #AT 1, D 1-10, SA nil, SD nil, Lang: none, Hon: Average, ML 15, TOP 16, Crit BSL: Def AC+1, FF 4, Reference HOB 6 p 71)

1).HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
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2).HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
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4).HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
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8. **Ram, Battering** (1-2) (HF 8, EP 650, Int 3, AL N, AC 6, MV 18", HD 6, hp 44 each, SZ L, #AT 1, D 2-16, SA charge (not in woodlands), SD nil, Lang: none, Hon: Average, ML 16, TOP 22, Crit BSL: Def AC+4, FF 5, Reference HOB 6 p 111)

1).HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
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2).HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
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9. **DragonFaerie** (12) See Area G18 for statistics.

10. **Luck Eater** (1) (HF 4, EP 270, Int 6, AL N, AC 7, MV 15", HD 4, hp 36, SZ T, #AT Nin, SD nil, SA luck gluttony, Lang: none, Hon: Average, ML 10, TOP n/a, Crit BSL: Def AC+2, FF n/a, Reference HOB 4 p 97)

HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
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If the party is in some way harming or laying waste to the garden, then the encounters that occur are all hostile. Otherwise there is only an (initial) 70%

chance of hostility, curiosity being the main feeling on the creature's part, but this does not last too long once they find the PCs are not regular garden inhabitants or visitors.

The Bird Maiden is also a Random Encounter, and appears if the same number is rolled on the encounter dice three times in succession. (see G19 for statistics)

ENCOUNTER AREAS

G1. THE FAIRY THING

The first time that the party enters this area, the events written here occur, but upon further visits, the area is always empty. Not even random encounters occur here and it becomes a safe haven.

You suddenly find yourselves standing in the midst of a 20-foot-diameter ring of large, pungent toadstools; the air is sickly sweet from their musty smell. This ring is in a small grassy clearing, while idyllic woodland surrounds you. Seated on five of the larger toadstools are seven diminutive figures with multi-colored skin, butterfly-like wings and not much clothing, they are grinning at you as they comb each other's hair.

The PCs have just disturbed seven Glitter Fairies who were busy preening themselves. They love to have a bit of fun, and use their abilities (i.e. turning invisible) to both confuse and annoy the PCs. If spoken to, they chant in unison, and recite any of the following limericks and attempted limericks, repeating one every time the PCs ask a question, and then move on to talking about more important things, like shoes.

- (1) *The river which is quite near,
Has five bridges, nothing to fear,
The problem we set, is how do you get,
Across each and return safe and clear?*
- (2) *There's a puddle somewhere in this area,
Whose water is said to remedy,
But a drink now and then, will happen to all men,
Should all things that happen doctor.*
- (3) *Oooh, what a lovely building,
Stands not too near in a clearing,
What a shame you can't see it, you're as blind as a hobbit,
As it's no use re-entering.*
- (4) *You may think the maze is a bugger,
As have several others,
But be sure to leave, things that don't require much heave,
In order to get to our lovely mother.*
- (5) *There are leaves in the garden which trace,
How to get into a little space,
If four you have, go on have a laugh,
You'd be a bit closer to solving your case!*

- (6) *There was a young man from Fangaerie,
Who was stung on the nose by a hornet,
When asked did it hurt, he ran out and out,
And found a stashed pile of loot.*

The Glitter Fairies are delighted to have some new faces to annoy with their silly giggles and songs, the other garden inhabitants being wise enough to avoid them as much as possible. The first limerick refers to the two islands formed by the Never-Ending River (G3), the second is the Heal-It Fountain (G9), the third the Spiral Palace (see Part 4) and the fourth and fifth offer hints as to the mechanism of the Teleport Maze (G19).

The last limerick provokes double the normal amounts of giggles that are brought about by each recital, and is, of course, worthless. Although the Glitter Fairies will egg on the PC's beliefs of great treasure nearby in the hopes that their greed will get them in trouble. The GM should not discourage PCs from trying to relate it to somewhere in the cave system or garden, but sit back and enjoy the fun.

As stated earlier, the Glitter Fairies are only here the first time the PCs enter the garden. They will later on be encountered either (40% chance) in the Pixie Haunt (G10), (40% chance) at the Lake (G17) washing their hair, or (20% chance) won't be seen again at all, probably much to the PC's relief.

Fairies, Carnivorous (Glitter) (7) (HF 0, EP 65, Int 11, AL NE, AC 5, MV 6", Fly 12" (A), HD 0, hp 6 each, SZ T, #AT 1, D 1-2 (+ extra to special races), SA rose prick, Gust of Wind, MR 80%, Lang: fairy, common, Hon: Dishonorable, ML 13, TOP 3, Crit BSL: Def AC-4, FF 3, Reference HOB 3 p 26)

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| 1).HPs: | □□□□□□ | 5).HPs: | □□□□□□ |
| 2).HPs: | □□□□□□ | 6).HPs: | □□□□□□ |
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| 4).HPs: | □□□□□□ | | |

G2. THE LEPRECHAUN WOODS

This is a lovely, serene little place with many different kinds of trees, flowering shrubs, small animals and delightful plants as well as some very annoying inhabitants.

Five Leprechauns live in this area, and they love to tease and torment the characters by appearing, disappearing and trying to steal their items. At the very least, the Leprechauns attempt to Polymorph PC's possessions into bizarre and silly items (e.g. turning a long sword into a stuffed teddy bear, or a coin belt into a box of crayons) and generally be as obnoxious and irritating as possible. If questioned, threatened or even merely spoken to, they just laugh and turn invisible for a few rounds. GMs should not underplay the potential of these creatures and their abilities to really irritate their players. PCs should not forget how much they love their wine and how indiscreet they become while tipsy.

Their lair is at the point marked G2 on the map, and is located in the hollow of a tree characterized by little doors and windows. This is the only tree in the immediate area, but the PCs should not realize this unless they specifically state that they are looking for unique trees. The entrance is at the base of the tree and is a small wooden door (dimensions 3 feet by 1 foot). Unfortunately for the PCs, it is disguised by an illusion so as to appear as normal wood bark, and requires a Detect Illusion, Dispel Illusion or similar magic to be revealed. Only gnomes, gnomelings, halflings and pixie fairies may enter here normally.

The lair consists simply of two circular rooms, each about six feet across. They are cut from the interior of the tree, one about 5 feet above the other, and are connected via a spiral staircase which runs 360 degrees around the inner-wall.

About 10 feet up the tree, on the second floor of the lair, a 6-inch diameter knothole is visible to any PCs outside, and looking through, they may see the Leprechaun's sleeping quarters. There is also what appears to be a large, buzzing hornet's nest right next to the character's heads. This is just another illusion cast by the Leprechauns for a bit of fun, but nosy characters will find themselves affected as if 1-3 Bee cantrips had been cast on them. In reality, this nest is just a leather sack hanging by its straps from the branch. Inside, the PCs will be faced by a plethora of dazzling jewels and glowing rings. These are, in fact, worthless glass and cheap non-magical brass rings. The enchantment lasts until the PCs leave the garden.

If the party gains access to the Leprechaun lair, read the following:

This is a circular room, full of brightly-painted wooden furnishings. A spiral staircase encircles the room and disappears through a small hole in the ceiling. A table adorns the center of the room; five chairs are pulled up to it. On the walls are two cupboards, and underneath these is a sink full of

dirty dishes. The table bears three bowls full of fruit, and a pile of dice scattered across the surface which is covered by plans of crude maps and battle strategies. A cage of fireflies hangs from the ceiling, bathing the area in a soft, gentle light.

The cupboards contain simple eating utensils, and the food is both tasty and nutritious. Hidden underneath the table is apparently a trapdoor, but this is yet another illusion cast by the Leprechauns. There is, however, a real trap door underneath the kitchen sink that opens into a dark, clammy underground passageway that descends for 10 feet before leveling off and heading north.

The way appears blocked by both rubble, and skeletal remains bent over in impossible, bone-breaking angles. Yep, another illusion, but this one hides a 10-foot deep pit. A little digging at the bottom of the pit reveals a small sack containing five gem-like stones. Four of these are **Ioun Stones**: two are dull, gray dead prisms, one is pink, green and spherical, and the other a dusty-rose colored prism. The final stone is actually a **Jewel of Flawlessness** with 18 facets remaining, which could be most handy for this adventure. These are fully effective both within the garden and outside in the real world. A further three rounds spent digging will unearth a small lidded-pot, the Leprechaun's crock of gold. Stealing it will earn the PCs 425 gp, and the wrath and fury of the creatures that will resort to offering three (Limited)



Wishes for its return – only for them to be undone later on, and the PCs Teleported out of the garden.

If the party manages to gain entrance to the upper-room, or look through the little peephole, read the following boxed text:

This is a circular room, apparently in use as a bedroom. Five unkempt beds are dispersed throughout the room, and a wooden locker piled high with old socks lies at the end of each bunk. A book lies open on one of the beds.

The book has a note shoved in it, reading "Do NOT let the water out", a reminder that the dishes need washing and that the sink does not work properly. The lockers are neither locked nor trapped, and each contains a heap of clothes, hats, bells, blankets and one contains a 10-foot rope ladder. Wrapped in a spare nightshirt in one of the (determined randomly) lockers is a **Horn of Bubbles**.

The Leprechauns are almost at war with a horde of DragonFairies who have developed a sweet tooth, especially for Leprechaun muffins, hence the several plans for simple traps laid out on the table.

Leprechaun (5) (HF 2, EP 270, Int 15, AL CG, AC 8, MV 15", HD 1/2, hp 22 each, SZ T, #AT 0, D Nil, SA never surprised, throw voice, SD spells, MR 80%, Lang: pixie, common, gnome, elven, Hon: Average, ML 11, TOP 11, Crit BSL: Def AC-4, FF 4, Reference HOB 6 p 83).

1).HPs: □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□
2).HPs: □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□
3).HPs: □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□
4).HPs: □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□
5).HPs: □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□

G2a. THE LEPROSYCHAUN BREAK-AWAY

As you carry on through the woodland, the trees suddenly become a bit barer, and there are fewer insects and wild animals scurrying around you. Upon entering a small clearing, you see four small misshapen figures sitting on a large, flat rock looking at you with soft, tearful eyes.

The PCs have wandered into the area of the garden that three Leprosychauns have been expelled to. The three figures here are bitter at their resentment, and refuse to let the healing powers of the Heal-It Fountain (G9) aid them in any way, believing it to be a trap to make them reduce their magic resistance. They originally contracted their wasting disease from an adventurer who first arrived mere weeks after Porpher and Caerwyn's disappearance: a long time ago, even with the slowed time. They try not to scare the PCs away, instead inviting the PCs to eat and talk with them, during which time they attempt to infect the PCs out of pure spite. They hate the Leprechauns for banishing them, and will tell the PCs everything they wish to know about their former friends. They still try to infect them of course, these buggers are nasty!

In spite of their illness, they still keep to their old ways: love of drinking, gambling and talking about females.

Leprosychaun (3) (HF 1, EP 270, Int 15, AL N(E), AC 9, MV 9" (x2), 4" (x1), HD 1/2, hp 22, 20, 18, SZ T, #AT 1, D see text, SA see text, SD see

text, MR 80%, Lang: pixie, common, gnome, elven, Hon: Dishonorable, ML 14, TOP 11, 10, 9, Crit BSL: Def AC-4, FF 3, Reference HOB 6 p 83).

1).HPs: □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□
2).HPs: □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□
3).HPs: □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□

G3. DOWN BY THE RIVER

Ahead of you lies a river, its waters shimmering in the sun's rays, the gentle lapping sound being the most relaxing thing you have heard for a long time. Dragonflies dance gracefully over the gently moving surface, and the banks are decorated with rich water-plants of many varieties.

Also known as the Never-Ending River, this piece of scenery crosses over several other encounter areas. In such cases, their events take precedence over the encounter presented here, but as soon as the area is exited, the PCs had better be prepared. This magical river was created by Porpher for the enjoyment of his little animal friends. It is a uniform eight feet in depth, and is populated by water-lilies and shoals of tiny, richly colored fish, and its current is neither steady nor fierce, alternating in direction every few minutes, just to delight and confuse viewers and bathers. This has no significant meaning, other than to potentially cause nervous players to get excited over nothing.

Living in a cave formed by the river is a family of eight Chain-Reaction Frogs, that are indistinguishable from normal large frogs. At any given time, 1-4 of the frogs are out hunting for prey and the rest can be encountered in their lair. For each frog out, there is a 10% chance (non-cumulative) that one will be encountered. GMs should check each round spent either in the water or spent on the river bank.

Once one frog has been encountered and combat has commenced, the commotion caused will stir the rest of the group into frenzy, and they all rush to join the melee in 1-3 rounds. As all frogs will be within 10 feet of each other, an explosion could prove deadly after the three rounds needed for the frogs to inflate themselves.

Frog, Chain-Reaction (8) (HF 1, EP 175, Int 0, AL N, AC 7, MV 3", 9" Swim, HD 2, hp 28 each, SZ S, #AT 1, D 1-6, SA exploding on a natural 20 / 6+ hp damage, SD nil, Lang: none, Hon: Average, ML 6, TOP 14, Crit BSL: Def AC+0, FF 3, Reference HOB 3 p 40).

1).HPs: □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□
2).HPs: □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□
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5).HPs: □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□
6).HPs: □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□
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G4. DRYADS FOR SALE (OR RENT)

The vegetation in this area is especially dense and beautiful with several weeping willows adorning the area. Sitting underneath one of these trees are two young ladies in very revealing outfits.

Two Dryads live in this part of the garden, each with a separate oak tree as a home, although one has been hoping to upgrade to an ash tree soon. Both Dryad homes consist of two 12-foot diameter circular rooms, around 10 feet high and located one above the other. Although extremely hostile to the PCs,

they will initially attack by trying to charm PCs and tempt them to have "just one more" sip from the Heal-It Fountain (G9). Both Dryads are eager little flirts, and exchange snide remarks and dirty looks if either speaks to a comely (COM 16+) male PC while the other is not.

When first encountered, the Dryads decide to play a trick on the PCs in an attempt to get themselves a bit of spare change. One dons shackles and a neck-leash, while the other tries to sell "favors" (kisses), and wears a large iron key around her neck and cleavage. They make the PCs well aware of the fact that their kisses may grant special abilities to a "lucky boy", their aim and strength will be boosted, and protection will also be increased. And for the bargain price of 200 gp, one of these kisses is available. They expect a bidding war, and the lucky character will receive the kiss he paid for. But these boons only apply if the Dryad is willing, and she is not that kind of girl. No bonuses whatsoever will be granted to the character. After taking the money, both Dryads will Dimension Door to their respective homes to have a giggle and watch the foolish PCs. If threatened or cornered, the Dryads come to each other's aid, and fight the PCs with scratching, daggers and biting if need be (and no, that does not count as a willing kiss).

DRYAD LAIR 1

In the center of this room is a circular wooden table with a roughly cut wood chair set beside it. Light, provided from a small cage of fireflies hanging from the ceiling illuminates a wooden bowl filled with grapes, apples and bananas. A more comfortable chair is set against the wall to your right, and facing it is a spinning wheel with several scraps of multi-colored silk draped both over it and all over the floor. Opposite the spinning wheel is a small cupboard perched just above two casks, one of which has a small ladle lying on the wooden lid. A small rope ladder leads up into the ceiling through a rather small hole.

The cupboard holds old, cracked plates and cutlery, while one barrel (the full one) contains water and the other (the quarter-full one) holds what is left of a large batch of elderberry wine.

If the PCs climb the ladder, read the following:

This room contains a bed, chest and cupboard. Numerous skimpy bikinis lie strewn across the bed, and heaps of thin silky garments adorn the floor.

The cupboards hold yet more silken garments (total 465 gp) and a **Chain Mail Bikini of Remote Eye Gouging** which a past-lover enjoyed seeing the Dryad model in. Unluckily for him, the command word was "Oh behave!" The cupboard is protected with a glyph bearing Munari's Irresistible Jig, causing anyone who springs the trap to burst into an embarrassingly bad waltz for the spell's duration of 2-5 rounds. Extremely cruel GMs may have the Dryads Teleport in and dance arm-in-arm with the character, humiliating him for the loss of one point of Honor. If the PCs are observant, they may find a small iron casket that has been secreted in a dark corner (as per a check to locate secret doors). The casket is locked and armed with a poisoned spike (save versus poison or fall into an euphoric sleep for 13-18 rounds). The key worn by the dominant Dryad unlocks the chest and bypasses the trap. Contained within are four gems: a garnet (500 gp), a spinel (100 gp), a shard of rock crystal (50 gp) and a piece of beautiful moonstone (300 gp).

DRYAD LAIR 2

This room is illuminated by a small set of caged fireflies, hanging precariously from a thin chain in a metal cage. Directly under this source of light is a table and chair, and on top of the table is a bowl of fruit and a stoneware jug. Set into the walls around the entire room are wooden shelves, full of cutlery, little trinkets and combs. Beneath the shelf farthest from you lie two casks, one large and one small. Beside these lay a bin, a small sack and finally, a wooden box that is finely etched.

The bowl is, in fact, a **Wandys's Fruity Bowl** (see *Appendix A*), the casks contain wine (red and white respectively), and the other containers hold lemons, apples and sweets respectively. The jug was a present from one of the Dryad's previous lovers. Everything else in the room is unremarkable (all the clutter is just that – junk), and the only object of interest is the false bottom in the fireflies' cage, which contains a rusted iron key for the locked chest upstairs.

Upper room:

Contained in this neat and sparse room are a bed and a chest of drawers. Lying folded neatly across the bed is a yellow cape, the stitching both sturdy-looking and attractive.

The drawers are full of clothing, and the cloak is just an ordinary, albeit durable, cloak. Hidden at the rear of one of the drawers is an iron chest wrapped in a pair of silky red undergarments. The casket is locked and armed with a poisoned needle (save versus poison or 2d6 points of damage). It contains a soft leather pouch holding a number of vellum cards that can be felt through the leather. Although these bear a resemblance to a Deck of Many Things, the cards are mere etchings of the two Dryads in various poses. Still, they are easily worth 200 gp in the right place.

Dryad (2) (HF 6, EP 975, Int 13, AL N, AC 9, MV 12", HD 2, hp 30, 29, SZ M, #AT 1, D 1-4 (knife/nails), SA charm, SD spells, MR 50%, Lang: dryad, common, elven, Hon: Average, ML 12, TOP 15, Crit BSL: Def AC+0, FF 4, Reference HOB 2 p 115).

1).HPs: ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐
2).HPs: ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐

G5. THE SATYRS' WOOD

A large elm tree stands in the midst of this circular clearing speckled with many different colorful flowers, their sweet fragrances filling the air, while birds, bees and butterflies skit about playfully.

Three Common Satyrs live in this area, led by a Korred Satyr, the only member of the group with a set of magic pipes. Characters who are within 60 feet of the pipes must save versus spells or suffer a random effect from the powers of the pipe – roll 1d6: on 1-2 victim will be Charmed, 3-4 victim will fall into a deep slumber, 5-6 victim will suddenly be affected by Fear. This same Satyr also wears a small golden key on a fine platinum chain around his neck. The key unlocks the wooden box he has secreted in his lair and dis-

ables the trap stored within. None of the other Satyrs have much skill with the pipes (though they often boast that they do).

The four separate lairs, well... mounds of dried grass, are hidden underneath many of the flowering bushes that occupy this area. A large earthenware jug, half-filled with rich red wine stands next to each bed, and a fine silver javelin lies hidden in the furthest left mound. Plenty of empty jugs litter the area underneath the bushes, and a cask has been somehow fitted into the hollow elm tree's trunk.

Everything is pretty much how it seems: the beds are prickly, the cask is full of fine wine and there are no hidden traps in the area. If (on a roll of 1 on a d6) the Satyrs are surprised in their lair, then the PCs find them seated in a semi-circle surrounding the tap area on the tree. The Korred Satyr will be playing his pipes in between talking about the lovely ladies he has been "acquainted" with over the years, as well as a strange game about kicking round things between posts. Once the Satyrs detect the player characters they invite them over for a drink and urge them to tell funny stories. At the slightest attempt at humor, the Korred Satyr unleashes his laughter attack to stun PCs within 60 feet who fail a Constitution check, and the others recognize this as the time to attack. They attack to subdue beautiful (COM 15+) female characters, seeing any resistance as "playfulness", but this is a last resort in case their Charm does not work.

Female characters knocked out will wake up tied around an oak tree about 500 yards from this spot, the majority of their clothes and belongings lie scattered around the clearing. If seen in such an embarrassing predicament, the PC affected suffers a loss of 3-6 points of Honor.

The Satyrs do not carry any treasure items around with them, lacking the pockets (or indeed any suitable cavity) for such activity, so it is all hidden beneath the elm tree's roots in a leather sack. Held within is 400 gp, and a small locked wooden box trapped with a Polymorph to Primate spell rigged to go off whenever the lock is forced. This box holds three gems (100 gp, 50 gp and 25 gp) and three vials, each containing one dose of a potion: **Diminution**, **Animal Control – Lust** (i.e. Animal Un-control) and **Poison** (Class J). Also hidden is a **Chime of Interruption** that one of the other Satyrs gave up on trying to play since he just could not seem to get the hang of it and the Korred Satyr did not want to play in a band anyway.

Satyr, Korred (1) (HF 23, EP 1,400, Int 11, AL CN, AC 5, MV 9", HD 6+1, hp 45, SZ S, #AT 1, D 3-6 or by weapon +4, SA Satyrical music, laugh attack, SD nil, MR 25%, Lang: satyr, elven, common, Hon: Average, ML 14, TOP 23, Crit BSL: Def AC+6, FF 6, Reference HOB 7 p 26)

HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
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Satyr, Common (4) (HF 17, EP 975, Int 11, AL N, AC 5, MV 18", HD 5, hp 40, SZ M, #AT 1, D 2-8, SA nil, SD nil, MR 50%, Lang: satyr, elven, common, Hon: Average, ML 13, TOP 20, Crit BSL: Def AC+3, FF 5, Reference HOB 7 p 26)

1).HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
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2).HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
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G6. FROG-LAND

A stream flows slightly into the Ravine (G7) before disappearing into a smallish cave under the ravine's southern face. If the adventurers peer into this black hole read the following:

The entrance is roughly four feet by five feet, and leads straight into a dank, gloomy chamber that appears to be extremely large. The floor is around four feet below the surface level upon which you are standing, and the stream travels the length of the cave before disappearing into the far wall. Lodged in a crack above the stream you can see a very shiny shield.

Sitting at the far end of the cave, you see three large frog-like creatures.

If the PCs are foolish enough to look for three (or more rounds), then the Giant Frogs within get a free attack upon the nearest character. These creatures do not care at all for the PCs (much like the rest of the garden's inhabitants) and will fiercely attack any intruders in their grotto.

The stream does, of course, eventually filter through a maze of rocks to become the waterfall in the Crystal Cavern (G6), although the PCs will have no way of following the stream (unless they employ very powerful magic and ingenuity).

The shield lodged in the fissure is in fact a cursed item, for it is a **Shield of Missile Attraction -1**. It had been washed down from the stream where an unlucky adventurer drowned after being blinded by some lemur-flung poop. It has not suffered any rust from the water and still holds its lovely shine.

Frog, Giant (3) (HF 2, EP 270, Int 0, AL N, AC 7, MV 3", 9" Swim, HD 3, hp 32 each, SZ M, #AT 1, D 2-8, SA tongue/swallow whole, SD nil, Lang: none, Hon: Average, ML 8, TOP 16, Crit BSL: Def AC+1, FF 3, Reference HOB 3 p 40)

1). HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
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2). HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
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G7. THE RAVINE-IOUS POINT

The sudden darkening of the area suddenly alerts you to a fairly steep slope which you have just descended. With the two plant-covered rocky banks glaring down at you, the realization hits you that the temperature had grown noticeably colder and that the ever-bright sunlight fails to permeate and disperse much of the immediate area. A few pebbles roll down an ancient rock-fall, their suddenness breaking the quiet, still air, and the sound magnified several times by the enclosing cliff faces. Looking up, you see no apparent motion that could have caused such an event.

Between the edge of the woods and a rocky outcrop lies a patch of grass covered with wild flowers.



A small ravine nearly 20 feet wide runs straight into the outcrop, and its sides rise vertically to the height of about 30 feet. The entire area is bare rock, bereft of any vegetation whatsoever.

After running north for around 120 feet, the ravine does a sharp U-turn and ends in a collapsed boulder pile roughly three feet down this bend. Three caves can be seen around this bend, one at ground level, an inky black cave mouth roughly eight feet across lies next to the boulder patch, and a slightly larger opening can be found directly opposite this cave. The final cave mouth is lodged about 20 feet up the ravine's side, surrounded by precarious ledges and gashes in the rock.

Any singing or loud noises here could (40% chance) result in anything from a few pebbles to a good-sized chunk of the ravine's face collapsing on top of the party, causing anything from 1-3 points of damage to 8-80 at the GM's discretion. Wise PCs should decide not to set up camp here with Kiathryn about.

G7a. THINGS START TO HEAT UP

Although irregular, this cavern is roughly cubic in shape, and around 50 feet from wall to wall. The air inside is moist and

extremely warm, bringing sweat onto all of your faces.

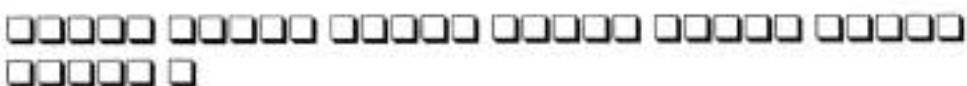
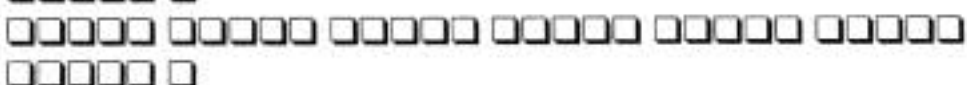
Walking slowly across the room, you see four very large lizard-things approaching, keeping themselves between a shallow alcove and yourselves.

The PCs have wandered straight into the lair of a group of Firedrakes, who are extremely hot-tempered. Wiser garden inhabitants yell out to them before they approach, as the one thing that makes a Firedrake grumpier than usual is if its home is visited unannounced. Even in doing this, there is a 40% chance the caller will be told to "get lost" or to "go boil their heads", something with which the Firedrake would gladly assist.

The small recess contains what is apparently a large pile of silicon oxide (sand to us GMs, but let's keep the PCs guessing). Hidden within the hot sand are four gem-like objects, only two of which are actually gems. The other two items are in fact Firedrake eggs, and if removed from the sand for more than three rounds, they die. If incubated, the eggs hatch in 11-16 days, and the PCs may become surrogate mothers, but incubation requires sufficient heat (i.e. the equivalent of 2-16 points of fire damage per day to the sand). As with most creatures, a Firedrake's loyalty lies more with potential mates than its parents, so they will not stay with the party for more than two years, if adopted. The actual gems are rubies, and are worth 250 gp each.

They are also red hot, so any ungloved hands touching them automatically suffer 1 point of damage, per stone per round. They cool off three rounds after being removed from the sand.

Firedrake (4) (HF 5, EP 420, Int 3, AL N, AC 5, MV 6", 18" Fly (C), HD 4, hp 36, SZ M, #AT 1, D 2-8, SA breath weapon, SD nil, Lang: none, Hon: Average, ML 9, TOP 18, Crit BSL: Def AC+2, FF 6, Reference HOB 3 p 33)

- 1). HPs: 
- 2). HPs: 
- 3). HPs: 
- 4). HPs: 

G7b. ANIMAL SPAWNING POINT

Porpher knew that his garden would never replenish itself naturally. All animals need food, and his garden was virtually sealed off, and the kindly magic-user could never allow his creatures to slowly starve, or allow his beautiful garden to lose any of its attractiveness.

This cave is smooth and almost completely circular. The sandy floor is covered by all manner of criss-crossing animal tracks. A faint blue hue illuminates the entire area, and a faint humming sound can be heard.

Every 30 minutes or so, a residual Porpher's Game Call (*see Appendix A*) spell summons into being a single animal, which is produced with a loud "pop" somewhere in this cavern. These created animals supply food for the garden's inhabitants, and act as a source of delight for wild animal lovers. Newly spawned animals are somewhat confused for a couple of rounds, hence they should be easy for the PCs to catch, but otherwise the animal will run/fly/hop out of the cavern and populate part of the garden. This is the one area in the garden where summoning spells operate under normal parameters.

If any animals are killed in the cavern itself, however, the garden will not be pleased. Porpher, a strict vegetarian (except under special circumstances – i.e. a nice romantic steak dinner cooked by his love), could not stand the sight of blood. If any animal blood is shed upon the sand, a Summon Insects spell is cast, centered on the killer.

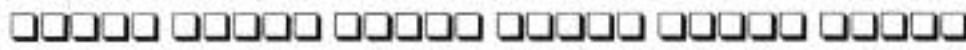
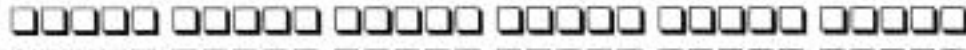
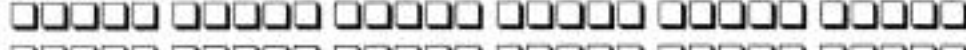
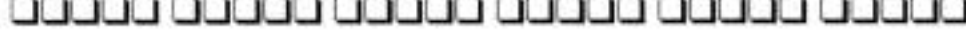
G7c. TOTALLY CRACKERS

The floor of this cavern is strewn with brightly colored feathers mixed in with a large amount of guano. Skeletons of small animals lay strewn about the cavern and the rough ceiling looks like it offers a great many hiding places.

This cavern is the lair of a tribe of Psionic Parrots, their beautiful plumage adding to the garden's many colors and their voices adding to the enchantment. Unfortunately, their latent powers also cause a great many headaches these days.

Although carrying no treasure, the parrots themselves are worth 500 gp, and the excess feathers strewn about the cavern, if collected, can make a rather comfortable pillow.

Parrot, Psionic, Lesser (5) (HF 2, EP 270, Int 3, AL N, AC 7, MV 1", 12" Fly (B), HD 2+2, hp 30 each, SZ S, #AT 3, D 1/1/1d6-3, SA psionics, SD headache psionics, Lang: none (repeat words from any language), Hon: Average, ML 10, TOP 15, Crit BSL: Def AC-0, FF 7, Reference HOB 6 p 60)

- 1).HPs: 
- 2).HPs: 
- 3).HPs: 
- 4).HPs: 
- 5).HPs: 

G8. THE BARE BEAR CAVE

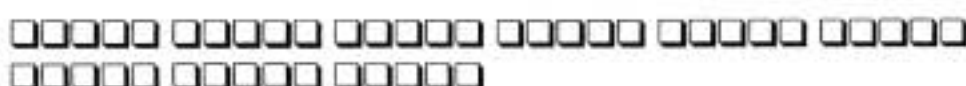
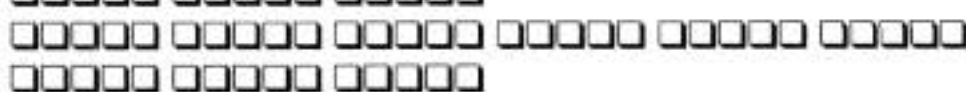
The cave ahead of you is dry and dusty, and barely 10 feet high, while roughly 30 feet long by 20 feet wide. At the far end lies a pile of straw and other vegetation, atop of which lies what appears to be a discarded rug. On the floor are the bones of fish and other small animals.

The "discarded rug" is actually a small bear cub that will begin to cry out as soon as a PC approaches. The cub's yells instantly attract the attentions of its parents who investigate immediately. The adult bears fight to the death, while the cub only fights if cornered. It attacks once per round for 1-4 points of damage, and can only sustain 12 points of damage before being slain. It is AC 9, and adventurers should feel guilty at dispatching it. Once roused, the bears will not be satisfied until the PCs are dead, and will pursue fleeing PCs to the boundaries of the garden. No teasing is necessary, although they are reluctant to enter the Leprechaun Woods. Their critical hits may cause them to give a character a hug for an extra 1-8 points of damage. This hug does not mean they love the PCs at all.

There are no items of interest within the cave.

See also Area G13. If the PCs become involved in a ruckus in this area it attracts the attention of the Bonsai Ninja Treants from Area G13 who begin to trail them.

Bear, Grizzly (2) (HF 5, EP 420, Int 3, AL N, AC 6, MV 12", HD 5+5, hp 45, 45, SZ M, #AT 3, D 1-6/1-6/1-8, SA hug, SD nil, Lang: none, Hon: Average, ML 10, TOP 23, Crit BSL: Def AC+4, FF 10, Reference HOB 1 p 56)

- 1).HPs: 
- 2).HPs: 

G9 THE HEAL-IT FOUNTAIN

A small flat piece of ground holds a natural looking basin at a slightly elevated area here, the soft splashing sound of the water held within is both reassuring of the garden's former peace and tranquillity, and also makes your bladders feel uncomfortably full. A soft zephyr rustling the leaves provides a slight background noise, but the heat of the garden makes the water look irresistibly refreshing and cool.

This fountain was once a natural stream that bubbled up from the volcanic rocks beneath the island. The pressure has greatly increased throughout the centuries, and the water now spurts freely out of the ground to a height varying between one foot and six feet at various times. The water collects in a small natural basin carved out of the rock, which overflows at the southern end where it forms a small stream and then joins the lake (G17) further down. Several small animal bodies lie scattered around the fountain. The player character can easily cross the stream. The fountain is on the verge of some woodland, but can plainly be seen and heard from far away, the falling water sounding like pleasant rain. As the PCs approach, a small deer can be seen drinking from the fountain, though it quickly skitters away upon approach, and cannot be caught.

The water from the fountain is crystal clear, cool (but not cold) and extremely clean, although it does taste very slightly of strawberries. Around the rim of the basin, carved in the elven language are the words "Fountain Will Heal It", which have been further etched in gold. Porpher did like to make natural things look very fancy. Naturally fragrant roses grow around the entire rim of the bowl.

As with most areas of this garden, the waters here are highly magical, and has some special effects when drunk from the basin. The first drink will instantly cure a PC to full hit points and will cure all ills, remove a single minor mental or physical disorder (flaw or quirk), restore memory, restore abilities and even restore lost levels. It will not, however, cure death, alignment infractions or Honor penalties. The second time will cure 2-16 hit points, the third time will heal 1-4 hit points, and the fourth and subsequent times will act as a Potion of Poison (Class J). Porpher, although a good man, did so hate for people to become reliant on certain things, such as alcohol, drugs and even magical healing. He was never an adventurous man. The water must be drunk directly from the basin, as it loses all power upon flowing out of the basin, and cannot be bottled or even cupped in hands.

There is, of course, a natural counter-balance to the goodness of the fountain, as the fates love such awkward things. Each and every time that the PCs take a drink, even if the water has lost its healing properties, the drinker must make a save versus spells (tell nosey PCs it's for whether they are healed or not), or become permanently enchanted with the garden, and refuse to leave of their own free will. If any characters fail the save, they will suffer a -1 penalty to all attacks against garden inhabitants, and creatures will not attack the afflicted character unless they are attacked first. Two failed saves and they will be even more significantly affected. Only two things can cure this affliction: a Wish spell or being removed more than a mile from the garden for 48 hours. PCs affected by two failed saves will also keep wandering off from the party, and will have no qualms about working against the party by stealing items, stabbing them in the back, alerting creatures of their presence, etc. Significantly affected PCs should have fun causing a bit of intra-party chaos, while they cannot be held truly responsible. The Wish spell must be made by another character, as the affected character will never leave the garden of his own free will.

The opportunities for GMs and PCs alike should not be underestimated. Extra experience should be awarded for proper role-playing (i.e. causing as much disruption as possible), and the GM can exert his power in controlling the affected character himself in dire circumstances. There is a 40% chance that any afflicted character also gains an image of a great armory (G17d), and though they do not know where precisely this lies, they do know that water is featured somehow.

G10. THE FAIRY GROTTO

Amongst the various trees flower colorful little shrubs, closely mown grass and small, harmless woodland creatures scurry about playfully. Unfortunately, they are not alone, as the presence of many blood-splattered winged creatures indicate.

A group of Carnivorous Fairies have staked claim to this area, and have no qualms about keeping their territory intruder-free, as many of the intelligent garden inhabitants have learned. All of the wee creatures are armed with bloodthorn stilettos, except for the Hardcore Fairy, who is armed with a Crystal Blade +3, fashioned from the rock crystal found in the Crystal Cavern (G6), a small slice of home. They attack the PCs upon sight, and if they are not already dealt with, the battle attracts the Glitter Fairies from area G1, who join the melee in 2-5 rounds.

Their lair is located underneath a small hillock, and closely resembles a badger hole, except for a skull-and-crossbones sign that adorns the entrance. The hillock should be slightly set apart from the rest by the presence of a weatherworn stone statue of what appears to be an elven sorceress, entwined with ivy. The entrance is actually a portcullis three feet high by one foot wide, and should be no problem to open for many Man-sized creatures. Even weak magic-users should have no problem opening it, but the spikes adorning the bottom have been poisoned with a Class B poison (damage 2d4/1d4-1 per round for 2-12 rounds).

G10a. THE PIXIE HAUNT

The floors, wall and ceilings have all been painted black, and silver chains hang freely from pretty much all surfaces, many hold a small silvery skull on the end. If collected, these will be worth 652 gp in total, except for one skull/chain which is, in fact, a **Pendant of Fairy-Kin Doomslaying** which has been programmed against good-aligned fey. All of the passageways are roughly three feet high and one foot wide. Unencumbered halflings, dwarves, gnomes and gnomelings may crawl freely, but this means they are sans weapons and armor, and who would do that in HackMaster? Pixie fairies and shrunken creatures are able to move freely. There are no internal doors, as the Carnivorous Fairies loved to hear tortured screams freely and regularly, but a curtain does act in lieu of the doors (black of course).

Room A

In the center of this chamber is a small wooden table that has been painted a garish purple color. On top of the table is set a bowl in the shape of a skull that is half full with a milky-fluid. Against the wall near the entrance passage is a smaller table with a set of tiny playing cards and a few coins.

The milky fluid is, in fact, milk and tastes rather sweet. The few coins on the table total 7 sp, and there is a 60% chance that 1-3 of the Carnivorous Fairies are here as invisible sentries. The playing cards are subtly marked.

Rooms B, F and G

These three rooms are all fairly similar, except for the locker in Room G, which is visible from the door, and should be included in the room description. Each contains around 10 bunks used by the Glitter, Seasoned and Hunter Fairies as required.

This is a simple but very messy room containing several unmade beds, a fairly large cupboard, chains, tight leather outfits and whips. Everything is either black or silver and looks rather silly on such a small scale.

Hidden underneath a pillow in Room B is a small leather sack embroidered with a skull and the words "Keep off! Mine!" which contains a small, ornate glass vial filled that contains a Potion of Healing and a small black pearl (value 500 gp).

The second bedroom (G) also holds a small, ornate chest adorned with a small incense burner making the room very smelly. There is a locked wooden chest hidden in the outer chest which holds a silver pendant, shaped like a fairy with a dagger through its head (gp value 300, Taste Value 0). The chest is also, however, trapped with a magical gas trap which forces PCs with-in the entire room to make a save versus spells or fall asleep for 1-3 hours.

The third bedroom (F) contains a small wooden box secreted under a pile of leather garments near a bed. This box is unlocked, untrapped and empty, except for a note saying, "Sucks to be you!" A false bottom in the black cupboard conceals a small opening which holds a (black) **Pearl of Power** (third level spells) that has been set into a silver ring (apparent value 175 gp).

Room E

This room is noticeably smaller than the rest. Small boxes are piled high and funny smells permeate the air.

This is the room that the Carnivorous Fairies use for storage. All their goods, from incense to new torture tools, are held in here. Plenty of pixie fairy sized clothing can be found here, though no respectable PC would be seen wearing it, and the incense could fetch up to 200 gp from the right buyer, such as Toby Cliffe at the Mermaid's Tail tavern.

Fairy, Carnivorous, Hardcore (1) (HF 1, EP 170, Int 13, AL CE, AC 3, MV 6", 12" Fly (A), HD 1+2, hp 26, SZ T, #AT 1, D 1-6, SA elven fury, SD fey magic, MR 60%, Lang: fey, elven, common, Hon: Great, ML 18, TOP n/a (he likes it), Crit BSL: Def AC-1, FF 6, Reference HOB 3 p 26)

HPs:

Fairy, Carnivorous, Seasoned (8) (HF 1, EP 65, Int 11, AL NE, AC 4, MV 6", 12" Fly (A), HD 1, hp 24 each, SZ T, #AT 1, D 1 (melee)/1d4-2 (ranged), SA bonuses vs. elves and pixie fairies, SD fey magic, MR 60%, Lang: fey, elven, Hon: Average, ML 15, TOP 12, Crit BSL: Def AC-2, FF 3, Reference HOB 3 p 26)

1).HPs:
 2).HPs:
 3).HPs:
 4).HPs:
 5).HPs:
 6).HPs:
 7).HPs:
 8).HPs:

Fairy, Carnivorous, Hunter (12) (HF 1, EP 120, Int 11, AL LE, AC 4, MV 6", 12" Fly (A), HD 1+1, hp 25 each, SZ T, #AT 1, D 1-6 (all armed with Crystal Blades (Black)), SA bonuses vs. elves and pixie fairies, SD fey magic, MR 40%, Lang: fey, elven, Hon: Average, ML 16, TOP 13, Crit BSL: Def AC-1, FF 7, Reference HOB 3 p 26)

1).HPs:
 2).HPs:
 3).HPs:
 4).HPs:
 5).HPs:
 6).HPs:
 7).HPs:
 8).HPs:
 9).HPs:
 10).HPs:
 11).HPs:
 12).HPs:

G.II. SCENT FROM HELL

Following a trail of poppies up an extremely grassy piece of path, a small hillock greets you on the left, covered by red poppies, with black poppies marking out an "X" shape.

Room C

This room is almost identical to all the other rooms you have encountered so far, with the exception of there being only one bed. And the skulls adorning the room also look a bit bigger than the rest. Strange runes are etched in a myriad of darkish colors on the wall, almost unreadable in the dismal light, and you cannot shake a funny feeling you get as you enter the place.

This is, indeed, the Hardcore Fairy's room, being the meanest and the leader he sleeps (mostly) on his own. The writing is just graffiti which, literally translated, reads, "For a good time call Mindiat", "Guido likes chickens", and other such nonsense. If the leader is encountered here (60% chance), then he is likely (60% chance) to have 4-6 other Carnivorous Fairies with him, none of which are happy at the interruption. The chains adorning the room are worth 450 gp. Other than that, there is nothing of value here. The Hardcore Fairy's **Faelslayer** (+4 vs. fairies and elves/+3 vs. half-elves and gnomes) will be leaning against the near wall if he is surprised.

Room D

This room is horrifying. A torture chamber on a miniature scale, but just as blood-curdling and fearful as any such place. Racks, knives, shackles and grotesque instruments of agony lie everywhere. Blood is congealed on the floor and walls, its rich scent assailing your nostrils. A tiny figure covered in blood and whimpering helplessly lies chained in the far corner.

The Carnivorous Fairies really are perverse, and enjoy torture, pain and "music" composed of victims' screams. The creature chained up is actually a member of the group waiting to have some fun, yet will attempt to convince the PCs that she was part of a past group of adventurers before she was captured and imprisoned. She pleads with the PCs to aid her, though if they

The black poppies, interspersed here with the normal opium-producing flowers are actually a batch of Black Poppies. The malicious creatures of the garden knew how greedy adventurers were likely to assume that something valuable was buried underneath an X-mark, so they planted this deadly trap. Note that PCs will likely have to bend over to dig anything up, and bending over will prompt the Black Poppies to unleash their gas attack. There is indeed something buried beneath the hillock, a small glass bottle holding a piece of parchment which has inscribed upon it nothing but mocking phrases, such as, "Lost YOUR bottle?", "Ha-ha-ha" and "Take a flower for your girl – it'll make her better looking anyway!"

Black Poppy (9) (HF 1, EP 15, Int 0, AL CE, AC 10, MV 0", HD 0, hp 4, SZ T, #AT 1, D poison, SA poison gas cloud, SD nil, Lang: none, Hon: Average, ML 19, TOP n/a, Crit BSL: Def AC-4, FF n/a, Reference HOB 1 p 79)

1).HPs: □□□□
2).HPs: □□□□
3).HPs: □□□□
4).HPs: □□□□
5).HPs: □□□□

6).HPs: □□□□
7).HPs: □□□□
8).HPs: □□□□
9).HPs: □□□□

GI2. THE CENTAUR OF THE GARDEN

This is an area where the grass is shorter than in the surrounding region, and wild flowers grow moresparsely than anywhere else. A family of five Centaurs live here, three of them children, although one of them is a sulky angst-ridden teenaged creature. Each is armed differently: the adult male carries a lance and a body shield, the adult female is armed with a bow and 27 normal arrows and three **Arrows +1**. Both female young ones are unarmed (although the teenage one does pack a mean slap if harassed) and the young male is armed with a dagger that his parents do not know he has acquired. He is eager to trade any information the GM deems him fit to know about the garden for a bigger bad ass weapon, preferably a two-handed sword because he thinks they are "kewl".

The male Centaurs are not much for wearing personal jewelry, but the females love decorating themselves. Each female Centaur wears a golden armband (50 gp), two golden rings (75 gp each) a silver necklace (50 gp), and the teenage Centaur also wears a wrought silver and gold headband (125 gp).

All these creatures attack the PCs upon sight, except for the teenage Centaur who introduces herself as Flossy and offers a handsome male PC "a ride". She is not truly corrupt (an expert at opposing her parents and their views), and may even join the PCs if they are able to offer her what she really desires: a chance to leave home and enjoy some excitement. She feels the garden is cramping her style. However, this depends upon whether the PCs are willing to have a hormonal angst-ridden teen travelling with them. She is often seen wandering by herself sulking and moaning about everything being unfair.

The Centaur's territory also includes a small patch of woodlands, in which a dilapidated low-roofed wooden shed is secreted. Masonry lies scattered around gaping holes in the wall, and two of the wooden windows are hanging half-off. The thinly thatched roof stands just over 8 feet from the ground, and all interior walls are fashioned crudely from old, splintered wood. The floor is covered in straw and muck, and has not apparently been cleaned out for many, many months. The adult female is too concerned with chatting to other garden inhabitants to bother with keeping the house clean.



Room A. Open Area

Ahead of you is a large central room, with three stable doors on the wall facing you. A large table is set against the wall to your right and is occupied by a large amount of fruit, small car casses, and a large barrel is set aside this table. Loose stones lie in heaped piles against the walls, and holes in the wall allow great gusts of wind to travel through the building, whistling eerily and making the place rather chilly.

This is the Centaur's common living room and the place is a mess. Each sees it as the others Centaurs' job to clean the place, and all are too stubborn to back down. The barrel is half full of watery ale, and much of the food is half-eaten and/or rotten. Stuck underneath the barrel with some extremely sticky honey is a small key (to the treasure chest in Room B). There is nothing of monetary value in this room.

Rooms B, C and D

These parts of the building all act as bedrooms for the Centaurs and all contain the suitable (albeit dirty) furniture for such places.

The two young females occupy Room B, partly the reason the elder one is so angry – she hates having to share. Plenty of colorful ribbons lie scattered all over the floor and dressers, along with a few combs, a bag of chalk (10 sticks), an old rag doll and three full bottles. Two of these bottles contain per-

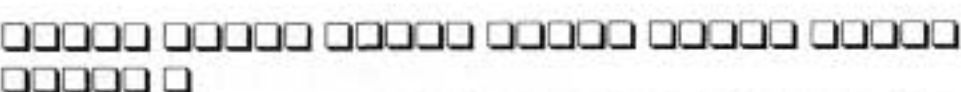
fume with exotic names: Eau d'Maneure and Stallion Twister, while the third is actually a Potion of Sweet Water.

The young male's quarters (Room C) contains an unlocked locker which merely contains several large leather straps, a brush (stolen from his sisters), his dagger (if not expecting the PCs) and a brightly colored blanket. Nothing is of any real value.

The two adults share Room D, and hence the room is doubly messy and cluttered. It is difficult to tell where the bed (straw) ends and the floor (very dirty straw) starts. There are two lockers in this area, both of which just contain straps, ribbons, brushes and weapons, along with a few sealed tankards of ale (for easy transportation) marked "Finest Brew". Secreted in the straw roofing directly above the bed is an iron chest (which the key from Room A fits), but this is well hidden and a character has to state that he is specifically searching the thatch in order to have a chance to find it.

The chest is both locked and magically trapped, and using the key does not disable the trap at all, unless the command word, "straw and hay is good for neigh", is said aloud while the unlocking occurs. The trap acts as an Entangle spell, utilizing the repugnant straw as the material that snares the victims, and even slight movement may set off the trap (save versus spells for each five feet of movement to avoid). Entangled characters with 12 or greater Strength may cut through the smelly matter (a process requiring 8 rounds). Otherwise, the only methods of release are the utterance of the command word, a Dispel Magic spell or similar magic. The Entangle effect lasts for 10 rounds. Burning the straw is not possible due to the restrictive magic provided by Porpher. The box contains a leather sack holding 225 hsp (rather tarnished so as to look more like copper pieces without careful examination), two shards of moonstone (each worth 300 gp) and a small crystal vial holding one shot of a **Potion of Healing**.

Centaur, Adult (2) (HF 2, EP 270, Int 7, AL N, AC 4, MV 18", HD 4, hp 36, 36, SZ L, #AT 3, D 1-6/1-6/1-8, SA nil, SD nil, Lang: centaur, common, Hon: Average, ML 14, TOP 18, Crit BSL: Def AC+2, FF 7, Reference HOB 2 p 15)

1).HPs: 
2).HPs: 

Centaur, Young (3): (HF 1, EP 175, Int 5, AL N, AC 7, MV 18", HD 2, hp 28 each, SZ M, #AT 2, D 1-6/1-4, SA nil, SD (tears), Lang: Hon: Average, ML 10, TOP 14, Crit BSL: Def AC+1, FF 4, Reference HOB 2 p 15, adjusted for age)

1).HPs: 
2).HPs: 
3).HPs: 

G13. TREANT LAIR

A small natural ravine filled with lush, upright shoots lies in this area. How this hollow was created is unclear, as no natural flow of water could possibly have run here (the stream ends at the Frog's Cave G6). The area was actually carved by Porpher and his magic as a little secluded place where he could lie in some shade in a little bit of peace from time to time. Small conifers are predominant here, interspersed amongst many different kinds of shrubs and bushes. A large downpour of creeper shoots obscures a rocky cave entrance, lair of this area's inhabitants.

A Common Treant is in charge of the area, entertained by its two underlying Bonsai Ninja Treants. The Common Treant is often found at the back

of the cave surrounded by its flowery brethren. Years of loneliness have driven it insane, the other plants may look nice, but they are not much for conversation, and it does not understand the Bonsai Ninja Treants. Also, the Treant is convinced that it is the garden's best gardener, and prides itself on the enormous vegetables it is able to grow. Such specimens are worth three times the market value. It also considers itself tough as it has a "tattoo" (a carving of a heart with the initials PB and C inscribed within).

The Bonsai Ninja Treants typically hide in the undergrowth and act as scouts, tracking the PCs and attacking them when they are at their most vulnerable, such as when setting up camp for the evening or when licking their wounds from a previous battle. While being followed, thieves who make a Detect Noise check may occasionally hear a very quiet "Hai-Yah".

Upon entering the Treant's Cave, read the following text.

Inside this cool, dim cave lies a great deal of assorted flora growing from the sandy floor. The plant growth is thickest around the edges of the cave, and the growths in the middle seem weed-like and straggly. A large table and stool stands near the far wall, a great many gardening implements lay on top. A spot of bare, broken earth stands about three feet from this stool, and the walls are covered in vines and creeping roots.

Astute players may be curious about the earthy patch on the sandy floor. This is the spot where the Treant roots at the moment, preferring to change spots with another random plant every few weeks, or whenever he is disturbed, for his own protection. Thus he will never be encountered in the same spot twice, allowing him to attack PCs who attack an innocent, albeit evil-looking plant, from behind. The Treant also has a small collection of bonsai trees in order to provide the Bonsai Ninja Treants camouflage when they hide among them.

The garden implements, although effective and shiny, are worth nothing, but the watering can is half full of liquid. If properly decanted into suitable containers, there is enough liquid for four **Potions of Plant Control**, which may, of course, be used against the Treants. The Common Treant used this concoction to boss the Bonsai Ninja Treants around. Though the PCs may have to wait to harvest the proper loot.

Treant, Common (1) (HF 30, EP 9,000, Int 11, AL CG, AC 0, MV 12", HD 7, hp 48, SZ H, #AT 2, D 2-16, SA animate trees, SD never surprised, camouflage, Hon: Average, ML 15, TOP n/a, Crit BSL: Def AC+10, FF n/a, Reference HOB 8 p 18)

HPs: 

Treant, Bonsai Ninja (1) (HF 8, EP 125, Int 11, AL N, AC 2, MV 12", HD 2, hp 28, SZ S, #AT 2, D 1-6/1-6 (wakizashi), or 1/1 (throwing stars), SA gas pellets, surprise (8 in 10), stealth, SD never surprised, camouflage, Hon: Great, ML 16, TOP n/a, Crit BSL: Def AC+0, FF n/a, Reference HOB 8 p 18)

HPs: 

G14. ROSES ARE RED... LIKE BLOOD

A very large rose bush blocks your path, its rich red blooms have a menacing quality, but not quite as menacing as the

thorns coupled with the flowers. Between small gaps you see a small clearing with a small building standing in the midst. A heavily perfumed scent lingers all around the hedge.

The entire rose hedge should be treated as a Wall of Thorns (per the 6th level druid spell) and there are no natural openings anywhere within the hedge. It extends for 110 cubic feet. PCs are able to hack a hole in the hedge, but they cannot burn their way through due to Porpher's magical restrictions on the garden. It will take characters 4 turns to hack a hole large enough for them to get through, and each unprotected contact will result in 8 + targets' AC (not including Dexterity) points of damage to a creature or character..

G14a. THE DREAD...

The clearing is clear of any creatures but directly facing the PCs is a Gazebo!!! Initially yet another retreat for Porpher and Caerwyn to enjoy the garden's beauty and try to grow plants to rival those of the Treants (Area G13), the place has long lain unused.

The gazebo is filthy, covered with the grime of many years, and its floorboards are starting to rot. Heavy PCs (weighing over 230 pounds) have a 65% chance of falling through the splintery floor and suffering 1-3 points of damage. The Gazebo won't burn due to Porpher's anti-fire enchantment on the garden, though if it sustains 47 points of damage it collapses in a groaning heap. The victor who administered the finishing blow should gain 1 point of temporal Honor for destroying the accursed thing.

There is nothing of value here, except the satisfaction of ridding Garweeze World of one more gazebo.

G15. MY LITTLE TRICORN

The area set out before you consists mostly of strangely unnerving bits of bare earth. Thin tufts of grass grow in sparse patches, but small rocks and rolling hills of brown crumbly earth are the dominant features.

The PCs have stumbled upon the domain of a Tricorn, and an especially bad tempered and greedy one at that. While looking innocent with its snow-white pure coat with silver mane and tail, a charcoal-black heart beats inside. And it does not take any sass from anybody except Porpher. It attacks anyone who enters its personal area upon sight, unless it finds fresh shoots to munch on. PCs who can, via physical or magical means, create flora in the Tricorn's meadow can distract the beast, allowing the PCs to either flee like wusses or attack while it is greedily devouring the shoots. The Tricorn only takes 1-3 rounds to eat a large area of growth, so the PCs had better be quick.

The area provides plenty of room for the Tricorn to gain full momentum to charge with its horns, and the pebbly ground allows the full 3-36 points of thrashing damage upon impaled victims.

Around its pearl-white neck, the Tricorn wears its sole possession: a pearl-encrusted collar (3,000 gp).

Tricorn (1) (HF 22, EP 975, Int 9, AL CN, AC 2, MV 24", HD 4+4, hp 42, SZ L, #AT 5, D 1-6/1-6/1-12/1-12/1-12, SA charge, impale, SD detect enemy, stealth, Teleport, Lang: cornish, elven, sylvan, Hon: Average, ML 16, TOP 21, Crit BSL: Def AC+5, FF 9, Reference HOB 8 p 44)

HPs: 

G16. ROSES ARE WHITE... LIKE A GHOST

A very large rose bush blocks your path, its pure white blooms have a curious quality, but the thorns coupled with the flowers deter too close a look. Between small gaps you see a small clearing with a small building standing in the midst. The air around the hedge is filled with a sickly sweet aroma.

Like Area G14, this circular bush should be treated as the 6th level druid spell Wall of Thorns. All the rules described for that area apply here. The slight difference with these roses is that these ones are tainted with a poisonous secretion within their pollen. All PCs within 5 feet of the hedge must make a saving throw versus poison (preferably done by the GM in secret) or lose 1-3 points of Wisdom and suffer all the penalties the loss brings. Naturally, the PCs should not be informed of this loss, and should only discover it when they try to do some glitzy maneuver using Wisdom, and the GM can inform cocky players that they have actually just failed. Certain spells may be missing from minds, or when cast result in a spell mishap (even for cleric or druid spells).

The effects of this poison last until the character either leaves the garden, drinks from the Heal-It Fountain (G9), a Neutralize Poison spell is cast, or an appropriate Wish is used on the afflicted character.

G16a. GAZEBO – THE SECOND COMING

Lying in wait for the PCs is another gazebo!

A dirt-encrusted ramshackle gazebo best kept hidden by the rose bush sits before you. A multitude of bones both bestial and humanoid in shape lie strewn on the ground and over the gazebo's rotten and splintered railings. The glitter of gold catches your eyes between the bleached bones.

The skeletons are all of former adventurers who came to Porpher's garden seeking both the runaways and their own fortune. Sadly, three of the members were infected by the Leprosyhauns (see Area G2a), and the rest succumbed to the poison of the roses, the cleric producing a fatal mishap at just the wrong time. Their flesh was quickly stripped off by the scavengers of the garden, leaving just the bones and gold. The resulting skeletons later returned the favor, adding more corpses to their collection. Unfortunately for the PCs, the latent power animating the garden also has side effects on these bones.

The "glitter of gold" is merely rusted metallic items, such as swords, shields, maces and belt buckles, none of which have any value or use.

The gazebo can sustain 42 points of damage before collapsing into a rotten dismembered heap.

Skeletons, Animated (8) (HF 2, EP 65, Int 0, AL N, AC 7, MV 12", HD 1, hp 25 each, SZ M, #AT 1, D 1-6, SA nil, SD immune to Sleep/Charm/Hold/Fear/darkness/coldbased spells, hacking/puncturing weapons do half damage, Lang: none, Hon: Average, ML 20, TOP n/a, Crit BSL: Def AC-2, FF n/a, Reference HOB 7 p 66)

- 1).HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
 2).HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
 3).HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
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 7).HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
 8).HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□

Skeletons, Animal (4) (HF 1, EP 65, Int 0, AL N, AC 8, MV 6", HD 1-1, hp 23, SZ S, #AT 1, D 1-4, SA nil, SD immune to Sleep/Charm/Hold/Fear/darkness/cold-based spells, hacking/puncturing weapons do half damage, Lang: none, Hon: Average, ML 20, TOP n/a, Crit BSL: Def AC-3, FF n/a, Reference HOB 7 p 66)

- 1).HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□
 2).HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□
 3).HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□
 4).HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□

G17a. MAIN ROOM

The floor and walls of this room are of a grimy, once-white stone. The dome-like roof illuminates the room in a colorful, albeit broken, fashion with what is remaining of the stained glass. The shattered parts lie scattered on and around a large white table with four wicker seats arranged around it. On the table is a dusty crystal decanter with four equally dusty glasses.

The decanter and glasses are worth 135 gp total, but are very delicate and run the risk of being shattered if handled roughly. The floor hides a secret trapdoor under all its rubbish and dust, which is easily found but is magically locked and requires either a password ("open wide") or a suitable spell to open. All garden inhabitants know the password, but only a drunken Leprechaun or torture will reveal it to the PCs. A rusty iron ladder that can only bear the weight of any one character at a time, leads down from the trapdoor. Having two or more PCs on it causes the ladder to automatically snap, plummeting the climbers into Area G17b, each of whom suffers 1-6 points of damage from the fall. Especially unlucky PCs have a 5% chance of being impaled by the sharpened remains of the ladder for an extra 1-8 points of damage.

G17b. SIRINES SOUNDING

This room is warm, and smells curiously, both salty and sweet at the same time. Two bunks can be seen at one end of the chamber, and the floor is flooded with about four inches of water. Wet hand and foot prints can be seen on the walls, which are equally as grimy and mildew-ridden as the room above.

There is no natural light source within this room, except for the meager light that may enter via the trap door, for not much enters from G17c. This is the bedroom of the two Sirines. If encountered here, they are in the middle of singing (+3 to each PC's initiative but all hearing the song within 30 feet must save versus spells or become Charmed), though they quickly stop and attack normally, attempting to drown PCs in the shallow water bathing the floor. The Sirines know if anyone has disturbed their room, should the party somehow avoid encountering them here. They hate intruders and try their hardest to lure the PCs to a watery death. A low retaining wall in front of the steps down prevents the water from draining away.

A small (one foot-cubed) box lies underneath one bunk. This box is an ordinary looking wooden box with a small crank on one side. All attempts to open the box without ruining it are unsuccessful unless the crank is turned. Upon doing so, a loud tinny tune is played (alerting the Sewer Gophers to the PCs' presence), and the box opens with a splat. The opener is hit square in the face with a banana-cream pie, suffering a one point loss of temporal Honor. This box was a present from the mischievous Leprechauns, but the Sirines are hoping to pass it on to someone else very soon, in the traditional manner of unwanted gifts.

There is nothing of value in this room.

Sirine (2) (HF 20, EP 2,000, 3,000, Int 15, 17, AL CN, AC 3, MV 12", 24" Swim, HD 4, 5, hp 36, 40, SZ M, #AT 1, D 1-8, SA song, spells, stupidity touch, SD water-breathing, immunity to gas, Lang: sirine, elven, common, Hon: Great, ML 12, TOP 18, 20, Crit BSL: Def AC+5, FF 5, Reference HOB 7 p 63)

G17. THE WATER PALACE

As the party approaches the lake, aside from getting damp footwear, they experience the following:

Peering through the crystalline surface of the water, you see the deepest part of the lake is roughly 8 or 9 feet below the surface. The lake's uneven floor is littered with gravel and slimy-looking weeds, while the banks appear in pristine condition. Brightly colored fish dart around in schools, and water lilies hide the frogs you hear splashing around the surface. The sun's reflection off hovering dragonflies' backs is almost dazzling.

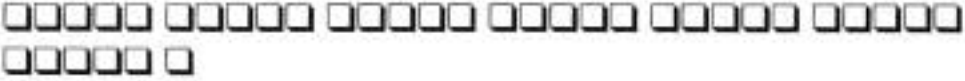
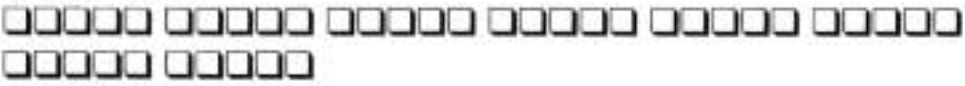
You espy a small single-story building apparently floating mid-lake. It is constructed of white stone with a domed stained-glass roof though neglect has allowed algae and other plant forms to creep up all walls, and shallow flood marks can be seen at various levels on the side. A veranda shelters what looks like a landing-spot. A faint, but beautiful and haunting melody can be heard emanating from somewhere within the building.

A small jetty juts out into the lake from your side of the water with a small boat bobbing gently in the waves.

This lake is fed by the influx of water from the Heal-It Fountain (G9), and by another slightly larger spring hidden on its eastern shore. One stream can be seen leaving the lake from the southern edge.

The Lake and the Water Palace have now been claimed as home by four Sewer Gophers accompanied by two Sirine acquaintances. They live in a kind of harmony, as the Sirines see the Sewer Gophers as their pets. The water vixens even drown creatures they have lured there as extra food for the gophers, while the Sewer Gophers protect the place and acts as guards. They live just like one big happy family.

The PCs have a 60% chance of encountering the Sirines on the lake itself, sitting on rocks, otherwise one can encounter them in their bedroom in the building.

- 1).HPs: 
 2).HPs: 

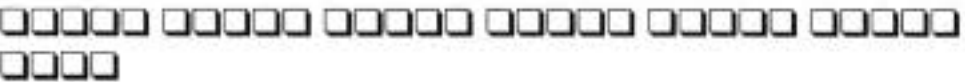
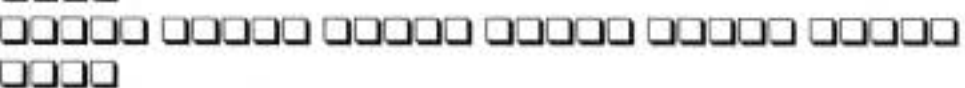
G17c. SEWER GOPHERS' LAIR

The floor of this room is submerged by dank, slimy water. A gaping hole in the shattered wall lets in a steady flow of light, and a strong, unpleasant animal smell permeates the air.

The hole leads out into the lake, and is the Sewer Gophers' entrance and exit. Four feet of water covers the floor, hindering anyone below that size, who will either have to swim, drown or find magical means to traverse the room and fight normally.

There is nothing of any value in this room.

Gopher, Sewer (4) (HF 3, EP 175, Int 6, AL N, AC 6, MV 9", HD 3+2, hp 34 each, SZ M, #AT 3, D 1-4/1-4/1-6, SA 25% chance of decapitation on a natural 20, SD +2 save against fire, attackers suffer -1 to hit, Lang: none, Hon: Average, ML 12, TOP 17, Crit BSL: Def AC+1, FF 7, Reference HOB 3 p 93)

- 1).HPs: 
 2).HPs: 
 3).HPs: 
 4).HPs: 

G17d. HIDDEN WEAPON STORE

This hidden chamber contains a small armory set aside by Porpher for use by his garden's inhabitants in times of dire emergency. Every inhabitant knows of this store and how to get here.

A watertight seal around the door has rendered the chamber free from flooding, and as the door is opened (requiring a successful open doors check against it as a stuck door), the water pressure outside slams it open with a deafening crash. The chamber then floods, reducing the water's level to a universal three feet. What was once obviously a great trove of magic and coins has been somewhat reduced by garden inhabitants taking a little pick now and then. The chamber now holds the following:

Crossbow +1
 Victory-A (see Appendix A)
 Potion of Healing
 Wand of Earth and Stone (27 charges remaining)
 Potion of Polymorph to Insect
 An I.O.U. for various items and monetary denominations

If the PCs want the rest, they will have to recover it from the garden's inhabitants (mostly from the Leprechauns).

G18. DRAGONFAIRIE GROTTO

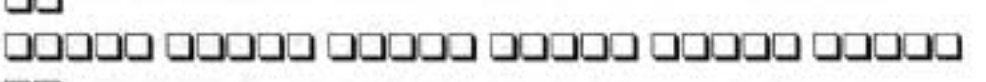
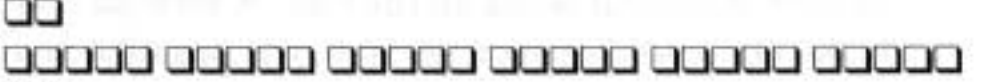
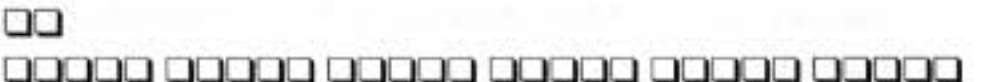
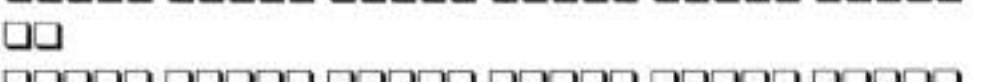
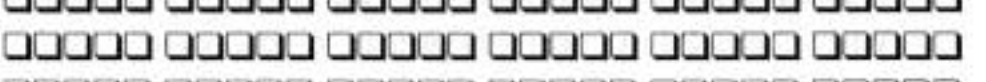
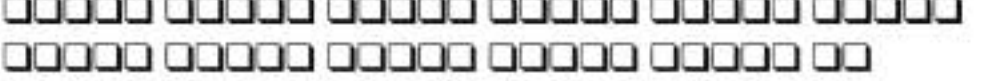
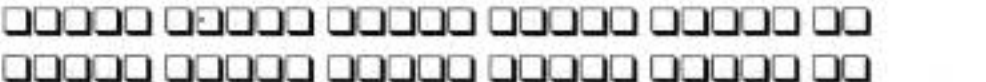
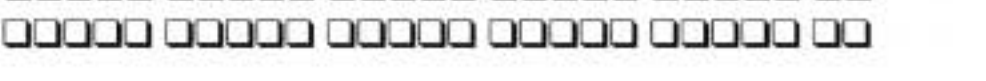
You stand at the opening to a large clearing, a place so beautiful you feel that you have seen it before in your dreams. The

sun's beams glide through the air like liquid gold and the air is so clean and fresh it sparkles. Such a contrast from the vile, putrid dungeon air that you, as adventurers, are used to. The trees are blossoming, fresh pine and rich flowers adding to the sumptuous aroma and dazzling array of colors. Sparkling and fluttering amongst the trees, you see tiny figures, too fast for you to be able to count.

The PCs have entered a DragonFairie group's home. These are interesting creatures, as they are the garden's only non-malicious and evil entities, although they are a bit rascally. Their favorite hobby is stealing Leprechaun blueberry muffins, which they see as doing the fey a favor to stop them from getting fat. If the PCs parley with them, they beg the PCs to aid them in their snaffling quest.

The DragonFairies will attempt to reason with the party, asking their help in capturing more muffins and in playing tricks on the Leprechauns (Area G2). They choose flight over fight in any dangerous situation, and if threatened, they ask any available garden inhabitants (whom the PCs have not yet encountered) for help against "the big meanies". The rest of the garden inhabitants see these creatures as innocent and naive, and all but the Carnivorous Fairies offer whatever aid they can. These creatures have a habit of turning up everywhere around the garden. Hence they can be randomly encountered and may add a bit of challenge to a situation PCs otherwise seem to have no problem resolving.

DragonFaerie (12) (HF 9, EP 3,000, Int 17, AL CG, AC 5 (1 when invisible), MV 6", 24" Fly (A), HD Special (attack as 4 HD monsters), hp 27 x4, 30 x3, 32 x5, SZ T, #AT 1, D 1-2, SA spells: levels (MU/Cleric) (4/6)x4 (5/7)x3 (6/8)x5, SD Invisibility, MR 32% x4, 40% x3, 48% x5, Lang: dragonfairie, common, elven, Hon: Great, ML 11, TOP 14 x4, 15 x3, 16 x5, Crit BSL: Def AC+2, FF 5, Reference HOB 2 p 103)

- 1).HPs: 
 2).HPs: 
 3).HPs: 
 4).HPs: 
 5).HPs: 
 6).HPs: 
 7).HPs: 
 8).HPs: 
 9).HPs: 
 10).HPs: 
 11).HPs: 
 12).HPs: 

G19. NATURE'S LAIR

This area houses the lair of a Bird Maiden, the self-appointed guardian of the garden. Having lived in the garden as a mere girl when Porpher was still creating it, she managed to charm Porpher more than most of the garden's inhabitants. After his death, it was common knowledge that she was the most influential, well-liked and just creature in the place, so it the rest of the inhabitants were content to allow her to become the head honcho. The Bird Maiden took to this role well by choosing a new home, decorating her area a bit and acquiring many new garments. She does tend to the garden though, using her druidic skills whenever they are needed, and she sees the evil inhab-

itants' behavior as the norm, since it is all she has ever really known, but she refrains from immediate attack upon first sighting the PCs.

Her common tactic is to follow new garden inhabitants about in the guise of a bird to assess if they are friend or foe. If they do not do too much wanton damage she welcomes them with open arms. Of course, she is likely to find PCs very suspicious after observing encounters in the rest of the garden. GMs are reminded that the Bird Maiden counts as a host in determining any Honor penalties a party may incur due to rude behavior, such as causing her untimely death.

The visible parts of the lair comprise five holes in the long, lush grass, four of which have iron grates over them, and the final one being a 10-foot deep hole covered in flattened grass and leaves. This is the only commonly used entrance to the Swan Maiden's Lair, and similarly its only exit. Such a shame that Fly spells do not work here.

Both of the tunnels in her lair are burrowed out of bare earth with no visible means of support. The passages are almost round and plant roots are obvious in all directions. The air within is very earthy and warm, but not unpleasant. The whole lair is lit by tiny, protrusions of rock crystals that glow lightly, shedding a soft light upon every surface. If removed, they cease to glow, though each "light" is the equivalent of a 10 gp shard of rock crystal.

See also Area G13. If the PCs become involved in a ruckus in this area it attracts the attention of the Bonsai Ninja Treants from Area G13, who begin to trail them.

ROOM A – SWAN LAKE

Lying in the middle of this fairly square-shaped chamber is a diamond-shaped pond sunk into the earth itself. This shallow pond has a marble liner that extends slightly onto the floor all around the pool's edge and the water is crystal clear. Two rather large swans sitting on the lake look in your direction as you enter, their glowering looks seeming rather menacing indeed. Small shelves line all four walls at varying heights. Various small birds, from the colorful and exotic, to the dull and mundane perch on the shelves. The most eerie feature of this room is its silence. There is no sound save for the odd fluttering of feathers, which makes a sound louder than you would like it to be in such a confined space.

The water is three feet deep and drinkable, though this is not advised after the swans have been in it. There is nothing special about this room, but if the Bird Maiden is harmed in any way, she can call upon her feathered friends to come to her aid anywhere in the garden. This room is where the Bird Maiden rests while in bird form.

The two doorways in this room are rectangular openings of stone, and each holds a portcullis whenever the lever in Room C is pulled (when the Bird Maiden feels threatened).

Bird, Aquatic, Swan (2) (HF 0, EP 65, Int 1, AL N, AC 7, MV 3", 18" Fly (D), HD 0, hp 6, 6, SZ M, #AT 3, D 1/1/1-2, SA nil, SD nil, MR 50% vs. Silence spells, Lang: none, Hon: Average, ML 6, TOP 3, Crit BSL: Def AC-4, FF 7, Reference HOB 1 p 75)

1).HPs: ☐☐☐☐☐

2).HPs: ☐☐☐☐☐

Bird, General (30) (HF -1, EP 1/10, Int 1, AL N, AC 4, MV 1", 12" Fly (A), HD 0, hp 1 each, SZ T, #AT 1, D 1, SA nil, SD nil, Lang: none, Hon: Average, ML 2, TOP 1, Crit BSL: Def AC-4, FF 4, Reference HOB 1 p 77)

1). HPs: ☐	11). HPs: ☐	21). HPs: ☐
2). HPs: ☐	12). HPs: ☐	22). HPs: ☐
3). HPs: ☐	13). HPs: ☐	23). HPs: ☐
4). HPs: ☐	14). HPs: ☐	24). HPs: ☐
5). HPs: ☐	15). HPs: ☐	25). HPs: ☐
6). HPs: ☐	16). HPs: ☐	26). HPs: ☐
7). HPs: ☐	17). HPs: ☐	27). HPs: ☐
8). HPs: ☐	18). HPs: ☐	28). HPs: ☐
9). HPs: ☐	19). HPs: ☐	29). HPs: ☐
10). HPs: ☐	20). HPs: ☐	30). HPs: ☐

Bird, Falcon (6) (HF 0, EP 65, Int 1, AL N, AC 5, MV 1" 36" fly (B), HD 1-1, hp 23 each, SZ S, #AT 3, D 1/1/1, SA nil, SD nil, Lang: none, Hon: Average, ML 6, TOP 12, Crit BSL: Def AC-1, FF 4, Reference HOB 1 p 77)

1).HPs:	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
2).HPs:	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
3).HPs:	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
4).HPs:	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
5).HPs:	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
6).HPs:	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

ROOM B – HUMAN QUARTERS

This room is perhaps one of the strangest you have seen in a long time. Like the rest of this small complex, the walls are still of solid earth and soil, but growing out of them are hundreds of flowers of all varieties and colors. The perfume smell is so strong you almost struggle to breathe. Apart from a small, neatly made bunk against the side wall and a small wooden box atop of which stand a few crystal decanters, this room appears to be bare.

Although nasally stimulating, this room is indeed empty, containing nothing save a few gleaming white robes folded neatly on a rug underneath the bunk. The crystal decanters either hold or once held strong perfume and smell as strongly as the room does. The two full bottles can be sold for 50 gp each, and the empty decanters with stoppers could be useful, albeit delicate, containers. Anyone who searches the far corner of this room will be set upon by a puff-ball plant which will blow spores at a curious PC. If hit, the PC must save versus poison; failure makes the PC fall asleep for 1-6 rounds, but success just renders the victim a giggling idiot for 1-8 rounds.

This is where the Bird Maiden rests while in human form. But she really hates spending time in this room, as she can never seem to get the wall pattern quite right, and is known to enlist the aid of various helpers to change the design every couple of weeks. They don't like this room either.

ROOM C – UNDERGROUND SHRUBBERY

This is the room where the Bird Maiden spends the majority of her time when at home, and she can be found here if she is unaware of the PCs' presence.

Bright sunlight greets you from this chamber emanating from four grated holes in the ceiling. The need for this light is obvious, as this room is filled with small wooden tables and large rocks, all covered in various plants and flowers. A bare

patch of earth has several, obviously very large, vegetables growing upon it, and a small wooden cabinet filled with various dingy-looking bottles stands next to this patch. A robed, shapely figure is bending over a rock and a beautifully hummed tune filled with feminine grace reaches your ears.

This is the Bird Maiden's favorite place to spend her time, and she is likely to be encountered here 90% of the time. She is a friendly being who takes great joy in looking after everyone (read: being able to boss them around) and is always delighted to see new adventurers whom she thinks will give her new ideas for decorating her bedroom (Room B) and actually do it for her.

If surprised, she gives a small exclamation and turns round to reveal a very pretty face (Com 17/89). She tries to persuade the PCs to help her "do some renovating" (i.e. redecorate her bedroom or carry on digging away earth to make a new room – which will then need decorating) by telling them how much she needs "handsome, strapping young men". She offers the PCs something very special if they help her... a very special drink of her own design. This concoction is a fizzy beverage made of prune juice combined with slight amounts of the juices from other vegetables she has grown, which she aptly calls Dr. Jalapeno. Most creatures who have tasted it hate it, but she claims that it is just misunderstood, despite the fact that the drink truly is revolting. PCs who imbibe it must save versus poison or feel nauseous for 2-4 hours (an effective -1 to all rolls). Refusal to drink upsets the Bird Maiden, causing her to burst into tears and pour the remaining drink onto a plant (which will promptly wither and die). Though this is her own fault she holds the PCs responsible for this act of violence against one of her plants.

PCs that can provide her with flower curtains may have a friend for life, as she desires these more than anything in the whole world, despite the fact that she has no windows.

This room contains many rare plants and flowers that would be of some value to druids and plant collectors. There are several extremely large and exceptionally tasty vegetables (worth 10-17 gp each) which the Bird Maiden seems to have a knack for growing. This provokes healthy competition from the Treant (see Area G13) but no one knows what she does with the vegetables after they have been grown. There are several stories floating about, but she actually just uses them to make her drinks. The cucumbers and peppers all add to the flavor.

Swanmay, Bird Maiden (1) (HF 15, EP 420, Int 13, AL LG, AC 7, MV 12" or 3" or 36" Fly (C), HD 8, hp 58, SZ M, #AT 2 (or as cleric), D 1/1-3/by weapon, SA spells, SD +2 or better weapons to hit, MR 40%, Lang: common, elven, sylvan, gnome, halfling, Hon: Average, ML 13, TOP 29, Crit BSL: Def AC+6 (+4 when grappled), FF 5, Reference HOB 7 p 124)

HPs:

□□□□□	□□□□□	□□□□□	□□□□□	□□□□□	□□□□□
□□□□□	□□□□□	□□□□□	□□□□□	□□□□□	□□□□□

G20.A-MAZE-ING

The maze is constructed out of extremely dense hedges bristling with roses and thorns, that are neatly trimmed and around 8 feet high. Grassy pathways run throughout, leading to a small stone sundial at the center of the maze. PCs may have the idea of hacking holes in the maze to get to the action quicker. Although a sound plan, the magical enhancement of the maze ensures rapid re-growth of the hedges. Any damage is healed after one round, providing the potential to either split the party or even trap a PC mid-passage. Being trapped inside a hedge as it re-grows causes 1-4 points of puncturing damage to exposed flesh and requires the trapped character to be cut free.

As one can see from the maps, the maze takes a total of four forms. Though designed as a pleasant challenge for visitors originally; it is now a source of great annoyance for adventurers. When first entered, the maze takes the shape of Version 1. When at least half (rounded up) of the PCs have entered the center (at the same time), the maze morphs to take the shape of Version 2. Subsequent entrances and exits reveal Versions 3 and 4, and then the pattern is repeated.

The entire maze, under Porpher's enchantments, distorts distances greatly. Any mapper who asks for distances (and they would not be much of a mapper if they did not) should be told 80-130% of the real distance (determine randomly upon each question by use of 70%+10% x 1d6). This should just add to the confusion and bewilderment of the PCs.

The sundial, an ornate flat stone perched atop four natural rocks which act as a pedestal, always indicates the time to be roughly 19:00 (early evening), indicating the device's broken nature. At each corner of the flat top is a different impression, each the shape of a different garden plant: a mistletoe leaf, a rose, a four-leaf clover and a bonsai leaf (very small). Druids and rangers should have no problem in identifying these. If all else fails, a small inscription on the second stone up written in the elven tongue reads:

Two of these inspire love; one lust and the other true. As with all things, needed is luck, and only the wise will know when to... duck.

Once the PCs have placed the specified plants in the relevant slots, all PCs in the center of the maze will be Teleported Without Error to the Spiral Palace (See Part 4). If only a three-leaf clover is used, only the character who



inserted the plants is Teleported, requiring a few more trips for the PCs left behind.

Provided for the GM are the locations of where the plants can be found:

Mistletoe – Area G19

Rose – Areas G14, G16 or the maze itself (if the PCs have been listening carefully).

Four-Leaf Clover – Successful search as per secret doors in Area G2

Bonsai – Area G13

The maze was, as stated, originally built for Porpher and Caerwyn's pleasure, and to provide entertainment for their visitors. After Caerwyn's passing, Porpher decided to enchant the maze to act as the one and only gateway to their former home, the Spiral Palace. The garden's inhabitants all know the purpose of the maze and how to activate its powers. They do not willingly supply this knowledge to the PCs.

See also Area G13. If the PCs become involved in a ruckus in this area it attracts the attention of the Bonsai Ninja Treants from Area 13, who begin to trail them.

PART 4 – THE SPIRAL PALACE

This magnificent building was erected by Porpher as a birthday gift for Caerwyn, a haven as beautiful as their love for one another. The palace once overlooked the lake and woodlands, as it was originally located at the area now occupied by the Maze (Area G20).

After Caerwyn's death, Porpher had the upper-most room, a crystal-topped domed bedroom converted to act as a tomb, a place where they could enjoy eternal rest, for once. Not happy with the thought of looters and nosey adventurers ransacking his beloved's tomb, Porpher moved the palace to its own Inter-Dimensional realm, and decided upon a simple link via the maze's puzzle. He reasoned only the wisest, kindest and generally decent people would pass through, for the garden's inhabitants were all kind, benevolent creatures at the time, and they would have surely refused to let evil-doers pass so far.

Although not technically part of the garden, the palace also impedes spells in the same manner. The palace is surrounded by an infinite blackness, punctuated with stars, moons and gawds-know what-else (perhaps a nefarian or two for overly curious PCs). While the PCs are able to see beyond the palace area, they are unable to pass out of it, for example, by climbing over the wall. Anyone who attempts such an idea is instantly be held back by a Wall of Force.

All walls within and without the Spiral Palace are made of the finest marble, and their smoothness makes climbing them extremely difficult (-20% to climbing checks). The spell Spider Climb also will not work here, as Caerwyn hated spiders, and the very thought of them would make her faint.

The majority of the treasure held within the Spiral Palace is crystalline in nature. Thus, GMs should take particular care in keeping attention to any rough-handling of the goods. To be blunt about it, keep the GMG open at page 104 with Tables 8X and 8Y in easy view (The Item Saving Throw Matrix). Don't give the PCs an easy ride to the gps.

There are no random encounters within the Spiral Palace, although loud noises could (10% chance) cause members of the Hackclub (see area P9 for details) to investigate the source.



ENCOUNTER AREAS

P1. THE TOOL SHED

A mild lurch brings a faint feeling of nausea to your stomachs, and your vision is temporarily clouded by a multitude of black speckles. When your senses return, you find yourselves in a wooden building caked with dust. Various gardening implements decorate this room, including several bags piled high along one wall. A dismal light enters through one grimy window, but it is enough to illuminate several bugs scattering in between cracks and boxes.

The PCs will find nothing of interest, except for a bag marked "Guano".

P2. THE GARDENSCAPE

When the PCs exit the tool shed read the following.

Laid out in front of you is a formal garden. Neatly trimmed flower beds flank you, their vivid blooms arranged in mesmerizing and colorful patterns. A flock of butterflies form a roving cloud, floating from one area to another with graceful speed. A delicate pond bedecked with a fine statue astride

a plinth completes the center of the garden, picturesque by any standards. The pond shimmers, almost with an aura of gold. The pool is about a foot deep, and contains small silvery fish, almost hidden by the bright shimmering golden bottom. Reflected in the pool, and towering above the far side of the garden is a breathtakingly magnificent palace. Seemingly made out of pure marble, its lofty turrets are topped with domes as clear as crystal. Broad steps lead up to a pair of large, silvered doors. The palace's ornate columns radiate the splendor and wealth of the Arch-Mage Porpher, all the rumors about his wealth must have been scaled down.

Paths of multi-colored gravel lead around the garden wall-to-wall, and in-between the flower beds and pond. Large golden gates with crisscrossing bars lead out into apparent nothingness.

The garden is apparently unoccupied.

The gates are unlocked, and can be easily opened, but further progression is impossible, as the PCs are held back by a Wall of Force.

The fish pond was a much later addition to the garden, when Porpher desired nothing but the protection of his house and his love. The pond is decorated with shattered gold coins (750 gp total), and the golden fish are an extremely rare kind of piranha. The statue is seemingly created of blemish-free marble carved to resemble a beautiful elven maid disrobing. It appears to be extremely valuable (around 3,000 gp), but is in fact made of pure sodium. ANY contact with water, be it from the pond, the lake or mere rain, will cause the uncovered statuette to combust violently. Characters standing right next to the exploding statue will suffer 6-36 points of damage, and all characters within 10 feet will suffer 4-24 (save versus breath weapon for half).

While climbing the steps to the palace, the PCs may find inscribed upon the steps, the words "Enter in Peace". The doors are constructed from a finely etched silvery metal, both of which are around 5 feet wide and 10 feet high. Neither of the doors sports a handle, and PCs will be unable to open them by any physical means. The words written on the steps are an intricate illusion, for they appear to float roughly an inch off the stone, glow bright orange, and scroll from right-to-left in a constant manner. The words will appear to each PC in the language most commonly used by that individual. Thus it could appear in elvish, dwarven, common, or even orcish.

The doors are made of bronze, thinly plated with silver. They will not open for any party carrying weapons or magical items that could be used in a harmful manner. When the party has laid down all such items, the doors slowly swing open.

Attempting to open the doors manually or even trying to take any weapons into the palace causes the columns to suddenly animate and attack. For they are, in reality, four pairs of Guardian Golems. They concentrate their attacks on PCs carrying weapons, and those with a bad attitude. GMs are free to decide whether a magic-user with spells in their memorized repertoire count as threatening, but we encourage them to do so.

The Guardian Golems do not attack those under the spell of the Heal-It Fountain (G9), and affected characters are permitted to take weapons beyond the doors.

Piranha, Common (12) (HF 0, EP 7, Int 1, AL N, AC 8, MV 9" Swim, HD 0, hp 6 each, SZ S, #AT 1, D 1d4-1, SA feeding frenzy, SD nil, Lang:

none, Hon: Average, ML 6, TOP 3, Crit BSL: Def AC-4, FF 4, Reference HOB 6 p 76)

1).HPs: □□□□□□

2).HPs: □□□□□□

3).HPs: □□□□□□

4).HPs: □□□□□□

5).HPs: □□□□□□

6).HPs: □□□□□□

Guardian Golem (8) (HF 2, EP 420, Int 0, AL N, AC 5, MV 6", HD Treat as 5 HD monster, hp 22 each, SZ M, #AT 1, D 2-8, SA nil, SD 25% chance of breaking weapon (-5% per plus), all saves at +4, Lang: none, Hon: Average, ML 20, TOP n/a, Crit BSL: Def AC+3, FF n/a, Reference HOB 3 p 87)

1).HPs: □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□

2).HPs: □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□

3).HPs: □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□

4).HPs: □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□

5).HPs: □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□

6).HPs: □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□

7).HPs: □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□

8).HPs: □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□

P3. ENTRANCE HALL

You have entered a fairly large room, every surface bedecked with pure, white marble. Several small tables are lined against the wall, each bearing a bowl of fruit and several crystal glasses, while a larger table, made of green marble stands in the center of the room. Standing atop of this is a decanter filled with a clear liquid, and more crystal goblets. A crackling fire burns in an extremely white fireplace in the far wall; its sound fills the entire room. Sitting atop the fireplace is a set of small crystalline animal figures.

This room is apparently unoccupied.

This is the grand entrance hall where Porpher and Caerwyn received visitors. Its splendor and magnificence should not be under-rated. Be sure to point out the glittering marble with rich pearly seams, the smell of freshly cut fruit, and so on.

The liquid in the decanter is actually an extremely potent alcoholic beverage that has a potency of 95% and a drink value of 9. Porpher did like the strong stuff. The fruit is perfectly normal.

The fireplace hides a small trap that springs if any PC tampers with either the fire (which will never naturally go out) or the crystalline figures (worth 300 gp for the full set). Any fiddler will set off a fall of soot from the chimney that will cover the area in the black substance and will blind any PCs within 5 feet of the fireplace for 5-10 rounds. Clothes and make-up are ruined by the cloud.

P4. RESTING CHAMBER

The gentle sound of strumming lyres greets you as you enter this dimly lit room. Comfortable looking couches adorn the four walls of the chamber, and a comfortable looking rug lies in the center. A plentiful supply of fruit and cakes stand on plates next to each couch. Your eyes suddenly feel as heavy as lead and you long for the euphoric sensation of sleep.

This chamber has the benefit of aiding anyone who rests here. PCs who voluntarily fall asleep will wake up after a mere three rounds feeling as refreshed as if they had had a full night's rest (i.e. a hit point returned, spells re-memorized, etc). This does not allow magic items that function once per day to work again, although gullible, unsuspecting PCs may fall for such a trick.

PCs that do not desire to fall asleep, but who remain in this chamber suffer a cumulative 5% chance per round after the fifth of being affected deeply by the relaxing nature of this room. If a PC is affected, they must make a save versus spells at a -2 penalty. Failure causes the PC to fall asleep for 3-18 rounds, though the character has no idea of how long he has been gone for.

P5. THE ART OF DEATH

A long, slender room stretches out before you. Rows of finely carved statues are lined up along both walls; between them on the walls hang tapestries of scenes beyond your wildest dreams. Their subject matter includes dragons fighting climactic battles, great love scenes of the gawds (including one passionate scene between Zelaure and Shona, the "just friends" of the Zelerian Mythos) and of alien landscapes, far beyond the borders of Garweeze Wurld. At the far end stands a diorama, miniatures supposed to represent the gawds standing mid-battle amidst ruins of buildings and lush green forests. The floor slopes gently upwards towards the far end.

This room was Porpher's gallery, and also the room where he could reenact the legends of the gawds with his little figures. He preferred doing this in secret, as he feared being mocked by others. Very protective of his figures, Porpher set up a booby trap to foil any potential thieves (as he believed his painting efforts would be worth quite a bit). During his later years, the figures were enchanted so as to be able to move themselves, and provide entertainment delight for both Porpher and Caerwyn, who did enjoy a good romantic tear-jerking story. Unfortunately, their orders have slowly been corroded throughout the years, and the figures act on instincts. Well... as instinctive as tiny golems can...

Not only are the little figures Puppet Golems which will commence attack upon PCs who draw too near (within five feet), but any contact with the figures without the proper command word (unknown to anyone except Porpher - he was extremely protective of his figures) springs a trap. A Grease spell is cast (at -3 to save due to the slope) upon the floor, radiating from the upper left corner of the room above the entrance door. After that, small darts fire at the opposite wall from each statue's mouth at varying rates. The attacking Puppet Golems may also cause problems for PCs caught at their end of the gallery. Two of the Puppet Golems are armed with tiny crossbows (dmg 1-4, range 30 feet, +2 to hit), two have spring legs (leaping 6") and the remaining two are armed with swords (dmg 1-4).

A character slipping down the hallway after failing a save versus spells is subject to being attacked by eight 3 HD creatures as the darts rain down upon them, each successful hit causing 1-4 points of damage. Carefully moving down the hall allows one to avoid these attacks, but that's what the Grease spell is for. The spell's effects last for 12-22 rounds, and it takes two rounds to skid to the entranceway.

Puppet Golems (6) (HF 2, EP 120, Int 3, AL N, AC 7, MV 3", HD 2, hp 30, SZ T, #AT 1-2, D 1-2, SA see text, SD see text, Lang: none, Hon:

Average, ML 20, TOP n/a, Crit BSL: Def AC+0, FF n/a, Reference HOB 3 p 90)

1).HPs:	□□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
2).HPs:	□□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
3).HPs:	□□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
4).HPs:	□□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
5).HPs:	□□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
6).HPs:	□□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□

P6. A QUIET ROOM

This room is very much like the rest, white-veined marble covers the room, and small tables covered with gold-inlaid pieces of games decorate the room. Large plush couches lie along the two side walls, and the room is brightly lit by a glowing crystal suspended from the ceiling.

This is just an ordinary, quiet, unoccupied room. The crystal is, however, trapped and anyone except Porpher that touches the crystal springs it. The glass shatters, spraying its contents of tiny sharpened particles of glass all over the floor. These shards must be treated as if the PCs are moving through a patch of caltrops, except that the damage suffered is 1-8 points of damage for moving too quickly and clumsily. See page 136 of the GriftMaster's Guide for rules on caltrops.

A small piece of marble set out slightly farther from the rest of the wall rests just above one of the couches, easily missed with a mere casual glance. If examined closely, four impressions can be found carved into the wall in the



shapes of four plants, the exact same ones as required for the Teleportation device in the maze (Area G20). The PCs, alas, are unlikely to have the materials required, but if the correct plants are inserted, then all people lying on the couches will experience a similar dizzying effect and wake up in the middle of the maze.

P7. A DAZZLING DISPLAY

This chamber is hooked up to an elaborate trap. Upon the PCs opening the door that has not been checked for traps or disarmed, read the following to PCs standing in the doorway or looking into the room:

As the richly seamed door swings open, you momentarily perceive a darkened chamber, but your vision is suddenly flared by an immensely bright multi-colored light! You fall reeling back, but your vision has completely disappeared! You can see nothing but white light.

The PCs have been hit by an extremely bright magical light refracted through carefully placed crystalline ornaments so as to create a natural dazzling effect. All viewers in the arc's radius must save versus spells or be blinded (-4 to attack rolls) for 7-12 rounds, and remain at a -2 to their attack rolls for a further 2-16 rounds. If overly clumsy PCs rush around in panic and knock furniture over, it may just attract the attentions of the adventurer group lodging in the Spiral Palace at present.

After eyesight has returned:

A sparse-looking room is laid out before you. A very dim light shows bare walls, with two plush, velvet-cushioned couches resting against them. A fairly large oak table stands in the far corner, a glimmer of your light reflects off glassy surfaces on the table onto the wall behind it, broken up into tiny spectrums. A finely woven rug covers the floor, almost completely wall-to-wall.

The crystalline ornaments are collectively worth 3,180 gp and are non-magical. They are figures of humanoids carved in exotic, back-breaking positions and shapes. There are 30 pieces in total.

P8. THE UNEVEN CORRIDOR

This corridor is similar to rest of the Spiral Palace in that it is constructed out of pure, gleaming white marble, but it differs in style. Whereas the rest of the rooms are smooth, seemingly carved out of one great piece of marble, this corridor is shaped by giant slabs of the stone. Each slab is of a slightly different width, including the floor slabs, which upsets the balance of those walking on them a bit. Seams of various depths are fairly obvious, presenting plenty of opportunities to harbor hidden traps and devices. This was just a design to upset would-be looters created by Porpher after removing the Spiral Palace to its own mini-realm.

In the meantime, however, a pack of Marble Muggers have taken up residence, loving the luxurious quality of the marble. Their "lair" is within the solid wall, and contains nothing but brick. They attack anyone wandering down the corridor, and attempt to follow PCs who flee, as long as they stay within the building.

Various lodgers here over the centuries also learned of the strategic quality of this corridor. The rough flooring imposes a -15% to a thief's find traps skill, so paranoid adventurers naturally had a trap installed. Part of the flooring is thinner than most, and collapses into a 20-foot deep pit, the bottom of which is littered with broken crystal shards and the remains of past looters. The Palace is just too nice to have bodies littering the place. PCs who fall for the trap suffer 2-12 points of damage from the fall, and a further 2-8 points of damage for cuts and scratches the shards inflict if they contact exposed flesh or work themselves into the folds and crevices of armor (50% chance).

Marble Mugger (9) (HF 1, EP 35, Int 6, AL N(E), AC 2, MV 9", HD 2/3 (round up to 1), hp 6 each, SZ M, #AT 2, D 2-5/2-5, SA surprise (7 out of 10), SD wall merge, Lang: none, Hon: Average, ML 5, TOP n/a, Crit BSL: Def AC-4, FF n/a, Reference HOB 4 p 118)

1).HPs: ☐☐☐☐☐☐
 2).HPs: ☐☐☐☐☐☐
 3).HPs: ☐☐☐☐☐☐
 4).HPs: ☐☐☐☐☐☐
 5).HPs: ☐☐☐☐☐☐
 6).HPs: ☐☐☐☐☐☐

P9. A CANDLELIT ROOM

The door swings open, bathing you in the soft light of a glowing candle. Set upon a table alongside a meal prepared for two. A large crystal stands on the table, carved in an eccentric yet beautiful shape, all curves but no set pattern. A pair of nervous figures seated at a grand table look up quickly at you.

This is the dining room, and is currently in use by two members of an adventuring party who decided to remain for a bit, preferring the safe haven to the dangers of the outside World.

Jasem the Face, 4th level male half-elf thief (HF 4, EP 305, Str 11/72, Dex 15/34, Int 13/45, Wis 11/94, Con 14/02, Cha 9/85, Com 14/56, AL N, AC 5 (leather, Dex), MV 12", HD 4, hp 43, #AT 1, D 1-6 (Dagger +1), 1-8 (light crossbow), Lang: common, elven, Hon: Average, TOP 22, Crit BSL: Def AC-3, FF 7)

HPs: ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
 Leather Armor AC: 8 ☐☐ 9 ☐

Attitude: Flirty, cheeky and cash greedy unless scamming females with a Comeliness of 13 or greater. Jasem does not like to fight fair, preferring a stab in the back.

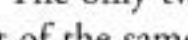
Prominent Skills: Pick pockets (42%), open locks (55%), find traps (63%), remove traps (35%), move silently (30%), hide in shadows (55%), detect noise (50%), climb walls (60%), read languages (10%), gaming 42%, liar (skilled) 64%, tumbling 38%.

Quirks/Flaws: Gambling addiction, inappropriate sense of humor, chronic liar.

Possessions of Note: Dagger +1, Fanny Pack of Holding, light crossbow with 22 bolts, 32 pp, 17 sp and 2 moonstones worth 50 gp each.

Nessyar Melay, 3rd level female elf cleric of Ikka Pataang: (HF 3, EP 205, Str 11/55, Dex 9/74, Int 15/38, Wis 17/97, Con 10/62, Cha 13/50, Com 17/96, AL LG, AC 5 (Scale Mail +1), MV 12", HD 3, hp 30, #AT 1, D 2-

7(Warhammer +1, Str) , Lang: common, dwarven, elven, Hon: Great. +1 to all dice rolls, TOP 15, Crit BSL: Def AC-1, FF 5

HPs: 
Scale mail +1 AC: 5  6  7  8  9 

Attitude: Pious, virtuous, and very cute but naive and no fun whatsoever (unless good work is seen as fun). She cannot abide injustice in any form whatsoever. A pacifist, who will only attack if cornered, prefers to parley.

Prominent Skills: Resist persuasion 80%, healing 40%, herbalism 32%, singing 81%, musical instrument (wind instruments) 75%.

Quirks/Flaws: Vision impaired: far sighted, recluse.

Possessions of Note: Scale Mail +1, Warhammer +1, 47 gp, silver holy symbol, three vials of holy water and a flute.

Spells prepared

1st level: Befriend, Bless, Cure Light Wounds, Detect Evil, Light, Protection from Evil

2nd level: Heal Light Wounds, Silence 15' Radius, Withdraw

These two characters form half of a group of adventurers called "The HackClub". All four of the party fell under the effects of the Heal-It Fountain (G9), and desire to remain here forever. To their knowledge, they have been here for six months (in reality it's been around 363 years since some mad old hermit first alerted them to the garden's existence). They will not leave the garden of their own will.

To them, it has been one day since the couple they, like the rest of the garden's inhabitants, believe to be Porpher and Caerwyn reincarnated returned to their home. The fact that the young couple have denied this is regarded by all as a simple loss of memory, as they all know how traumatic being raised from the dead can be (or so they've heard). Their constant pampering and true belief of the fact has nearly converted Orlando and Loira to believe that this could actually be the case, for they are a romantic couple. The memory of their kind masters is held in great reverence by all inhabitants, and since The HackClub are treated as inhabitants, they consequently guard the couple with their lives. They are fairly peaceful at first, inquiring as to why the PCs have come. If the PCs speak with the HackClub they will tell them plenty of stories about the garden and the legend of Porpher, but will warn the PCs not to even touch the couple. But no rescue means no reward. And gawds help the PCs if they threaten Orlando or Loira. The HackClub are no push-overs and will use extreme tactics, no matter how dirty, to prevent the PCs from even touching Loira or Orlando.

In this room, Jasem the Face, thief extraordinaire, is attempting to seduce the cute but chaste cleric of the party. Up to now, all of his ideas have come to naught, but he is determined that Nessyar will eventually fall for him. He will not be pleased at the interruption of his romantic meal but she will not mind it too much.

The "crystal" on the table is actually a huge block of ice, off of which the Palace's inhabitants have been able to keep their drinks refreshingly cool. Three small ice picks rest embedded in the ice, ideal improvised weaponry. Several useful implements, including knives, tenderizers and meat-tongs stand on a small wheeled cart in the corner, which also holds the meal's dessert, a nice, sticky chocolate cake.

P10. STAIRS UP

This room is fairly plain, with marble walls and a grand, colorful carpet on the floor. The only two things of interest in this room are: a spiral staircase carved out of the same shimmering white marble and a large gorgeous mirror made out of well-polished jet, set in a golden frame which hangs off the wall directly in front of the door in which the PCs enter.

This mirror is, in reality, a Mimic in disguise. Anyone looking in the mirror will have their reflection warped so as to make them appear very ugly indeed. The idea is that PCs will lean in closer to see if the warping effect is just their imagination, which is when the Mimic strikes.

Mimic, Common (1) (HF 25, EP 975, Int 9, AL N, AC 7, MV 3", HD 7, hp 52, SZ L, #AT 1, D 3-12, SA glue, SD camouflage, Hon: Average, Lang: none, ML 15, TOP n/a, Crit BSL: Def AC+5, FF n/a, Reference HOB 5 p 19)

HPs: 


P11. ANOTHER CORRIDOR

The only aspect of this corridor that is unique is a small table facing the steps leading up standing against the wall. Atop of this table sits a collection of 12 beautifully crafted ornate crystal bottles, half of which are filled with colored liquids. Some of the bottles are frosted, one is nearly cubic in shape, one is heart-shaped, but none are the same. Two of these are actually potions and the rest are just decoration. PCs can find here a **Potion of Healing** and a **Venus Elixir**.

However, there is a very loose stone (treat as a trap) on which the table stands, and sudden or heavy movements may cause the table to fall over, with catastrophic results. 2-10 of the bottles will end up smashed, and the potion containers must each make a save against falling or shatter, their contents being spewed across the floor. If this happens, check the potion miscibility chart in the GMG. Any undamaged bottles are worth 80 gp each. Any noise here also alerts the HackClub members located in area P12, losing the PCs any surprise they may have hoped for.

P12. COMMUNAL BEDROOM

This chamber was obviously once full of finery; a grand mosaic depicting a large sun surrounded by various arcane pictures and astrological signs of Garweeze Wurld covers the walls. The ceiling is noticeably different from the rest of the building in that here it is painted a very deep blue and speckled liberally with golden stars that seem to shimmer in the light.

The walls are white and bare and there are four beds, two of which are beautifully made and look extremely comfortable, while the others are little more than sleeping bags on tables.

The two uncomfortable looking beds have piles of dirty clothes scattered around them and give off an air of untidiness, while the other two have been made and have a lingering faint smell of perfume around them. The stale smell of sweat fills the rest of the air.

The only other furnishings in this room are three chairs and a table, at which are seated two people, a male and a female playing cards who seem surprised to see you.

These people are not, as the PCs may believe, Orlando and Loira. They are the other two members of the HackKlub who are incredibly bored. They treat the PCs with much more suspicion than their partners downstairs, knowing that their young master and mistress are the likely reasons the PCs are here. These members of the HackKlub will guard them to the very end (or at least until they know they are going to loose – live to fight another day and all that). The comfy beds are the female HackKlub members' domain thanks to the honor of the male members. Well... that and the fact that the women are rather skilled with the groin kick maneuver.

The only items of interest in this room are two chests, each hidden under a table used as a makeshift bed. Both are locked with fairly simple locks, and both are armed with poisoned needles coated with Class B poison. These guys see themselves as professionals, and know enough not to trust anyone. Especially not Jasem, as he is a thief, after all. Contained within one chest are coins in the amounts of 75 gp, 113 sp and 175 cp. The other contains spare clothes (all female, of course, the men each only need one set of clothing) as well as a small key ring with four assorted keys, none of which have any use in this adventure. The lasses just got sick of the men losing all the keys they found and having to resort to brute strength, and we all know that brute strength is often accompanied by brute stupidity.

In the event of an all-out fight, at least one HackKlub member will try to flee and survive in order to Resurrect the others with their secret funds. And they will not be happy about it, as Resurrections do not come cheaply.

Hroannah Feliot, 4th level female human magic-user (HF 4, EP 320, Str 8/35, Dex 10/94, Int 12/59, Wis 15/88, Con 14/07, Cha 10/84, Com 15/86, AL NG, AC 9, MV 12", HD 4, hp 38, #AT 1, D 1-6 (quarterstaff), Lang: common, Hon: Average, TOP 19, Crit BSL: Def AC-4, FF 7)

HPs: 

Attitude: Lofty, haughty and aloof. Hroannah is a woman who is in a bad mood more than most of her gender, three times more to be precise. She won't take any sass from anybody, and does not mind letting people know precisely what she thinks, be it about boredom, hate or their stupidity.

Prominent Skills: Groin kick (treat as groin punch skill) 55%, intimidate 37%, taunting (major) 30%, berate 62%.

Quirks/Flaws: Sound sleeper, tone deaf, temper

Possessions of Note: Ring of Blinking (which she is very protective of – will swallow if she fears its loss), very solid oak staff, 50 feet of silk rope, 35 gp, cantrip book, spell book and a pouch of spell components.

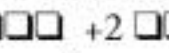
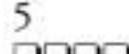
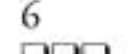
Spells prepared:

Cantrips: Alter Card (See Appendix A), Giggle, Salt

1st level: Color Spray, Fireball Barrage (x3), Armor

2nd level: Bind, Cloud of Pummelling Fists.

Vanyigar the Slayer, 5th level male human fighter: (HF 5, EP 492, Str 15/42, Dex 9/56, Int 9/87, Wis 12/84, Con 14/98, Cha 14/30, Com 11/76, AL CN, AC 2, MV 12", HD 5, hp 57, SZ M, #AT 2, D (+3 to hit) 1d8+3 Scimitar +1, Str.), Lang: common, Hon: Average, ML 15, TOP 29, Crit BSL: Def AC+2, FF 7)

HPs: 
Shield +1: AC +4  +3  +2  +1  0 
Splint Mail AC: 4  5  6  7  8  9 

Attitude: Mean, moody and morose. Happiest when hacking anything that moves and will often fight with little to no provocation.

Prominent Skills: Seduction 65%, street cred 34%, dirty fighting 79%.

Quirks/Flaws: Migraines, depression, paranoia

Possessions of Note: Medium Shield +1, Splint Mail, Scimitar +1 and 67 gp.

P13. LOVERS' BEDROOM

This room has a comforting air about it. The floor is decorated with four triangular mosaics, each representing a different season all centered on a large sun. Numerous silk curtains and tapestries hang off each wall, the most striking showing a young man and woman within a forest backdrop surrounded by animals both mundane and magical. Affixed to the walls between these thin colorful drapes, mainly mauve and citron in color are two mirrors: one holds a shiny jet-black surface; the other holds a more traditional surface. These both add to the room's atmosphere and increase the light within, ridding it of all shadows that otherwise could have formed.

A large double bed coated with shimmering red satin sheets is the center-most piece of furniture. Matching sets of furniture are two chests, three plain wooden tables, six comfy looking chairs and two velvet-lined sofas. Two of the chairs look as if they are made from glass, are almost circular in shape, filled with cushions and hang from sturdy-looking, but elegant chains, dropped from the ceiling. Also hanging suspended from the ceiling are a number of golden perches on which sit a number of brightly colored birds, but amazingly enough, there is no mess of any kind in this room.

Seated on the two chairs are two humans, one male and the other female, both epitomes of beauty and splendor clad in bright and bold robes. The woman is petting one of the small birds that sits on her finger chirping merrily. They appear surprised to see you, but are not nervous at your presence. Instead they smile as they rise to greet you.

These are indeed the young lovers that the PCs have been tasked to retrieve. Neither of them have any real skills apart from the ability to embarrass on-lookers while they kiss in public. Neither is armed, but any threats or suggestive comments aimed at Loira will provoke Orlando's temper, and he will wield anything he can find and attempt to take down the offending PC. Loira just steps behind Orlando and blushes innocently in such a situation.

There are a few things of value in this room. The impressive tapestry is worth a hefty 600 gp, the chests contain fine silken clothing and a few copper trinkets (20 gp) and the two mirrors worth 600 gp for the rare polished black one and 300 gp for the normal one. Hopefully the PCs do not smash these expensive mirrors after their encounter in Area P10, as broken mirrors are rumored to bring bad luck....

The statues are obviously carvings of the human Porpher and the half-elf Caerwyn. Written at the bottom of the stone slab, in golden runes (in an old form of the common tongue) is the verse:

*O stranger, who hath invaded our space,
Leave us to lie in peace,
If thy will just go away,
Sway fates for you I just may,
A gift from the content departed,
I pledge by heart and head.*

If the party refrains from opening the tomb, each PC will be granted one full Wish if they place their hands upon the head and heart of the statue of Porpher. They will be made aware of this by a soft, caressing female voice, though wary PCs may be a bit suspicious of this generosity. The voice informs the PCs that the spell must be used before they exit the garden.

The PCs only get this bonus if they do this on the statue representing Porpher. Any PC who touches Caerwyn's "heart" will instantly enrage the jealous spirit of Porpher who will materialize momentarily and Pimp Slap the offending PC for the loss of 3 Honor points and 1-4 points of damage. He disappears just as quickly.

If the tomb is opened (which requires a combined total of 30 Strength), or violated in any other way, no more Wishes will be granted, and any that have already been used are nullified, no matter how much the PCs moan about not being with the offending character. Only one Wish is ever granted to a sin-

gle character, no matter how many times he enters the garden, or how many years pass by.

The HackClub members, if still alive, defend the tomb from being opened with their lives, and do not allow the PCs to come up here unattended under any circumstance. Likewise, PCs who fell under the enchantment of the Heal-It Fountain (G9), if not cured, will have no desire to use their Wish, or if forced to use it, will Wish that the other PCs not be greedy in using their wishes. This is an ideal time to really upset PCs by granting them everything they desire, only to snatch it away at the last moment. As Gary™ Jackson™ once said, "better yet to give the baby a taste of the candy before snatching it away", the idea, decided by consensus, was that the PCs will do anything to get their hands on another Wish spell, to get back what they almost had. Or something like that.

The tomb contains two perfectly preserved bodies, and not too many treasures. The bodies are resting in each other's arms, a permanent embrace as if they are only sleeping. She is wearing a plain gold ring (70 gp), and a small crystal coronet (40 gp), while he wears nothing of value. Since these two lovers were obviously kind, caring and understanding people when alive, good-aligned characters should suffer 1 Alignment Infraction Point for such a reprehensible act.

Any wishes to bring the lovers back to life will create a slight movement and a gentle groaning before all is still and silent again. The couple has found commitment and peace there and have no wish to leave it to come back here; they have no desire at all to return.

There is nothing else of value or interest in this room.

COMPLETION OF THE QUEST

Although the PCs may have explored everywhere, the quest is still not over, for they have to get out of the garden, with Loira and Orlando intact. The young couple will not tell the PCs about the Teleport Keys that exist, and if still charmed, resist all measures to remove them from the garden using any means necessary. If two Wish spells are wasted on the couple, they may follow the PCs silently and upset over the loss of the peace they thought they had found. But in order to get them to leave willingly they still have to be convinced of the reconciliation of both of their families, and that they would be free to live together in the outside world (after Orlando has had a small "talk" with Loira's father). The couple will be skeptical, and require some proof of this matter, as they are completely oblivious to the time change the garden experiences. PCs who make successful arguments should be rewarded with a bonus of 200 EPs.

In order to leave without the aid of a Wish spell, the PCs have to make their way through the garden again, possibly encountering any creatures who they missed before. Any encounters will be especially vicious, as the creatures will perceive the PCs as kidnapping their young master and mistress. In this case treat all creatures as having a morale rating of 20 for the duration.

As soon as the PCs reach Area C1, they feel a moment of haziness, and their heads feel like Swiss cheese. The entire time they spent here feels as if it has merely been a dream, and they are unable to recall specific events as the dreamlike quality mingles and merges several parts together. Loira, Orlando and anything else the PCs remove from the garden also suffer similarly.

Now to go claim that reward for rescuing the couple and not killing anything...



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Appendices

APPENDIX A: NEW MAGIC ITEMS AND SPELLS

NEW MAGIC ITEMS

Wandyg's Fruity Bowl

EP Value = 1,200 GP Value = 10,000

Originally designed by a vegetarian adventuress, with this plain, roughly hewn bowl a person need never starve. Designed with a slightly altered version of magic that enchants such items as Never-Ending Flasks of Healing, this bowl produces an endless amount of fruit and related items. Each day it produces around three provisions worth of fruit, including: 1d6 apples, 1d4 oranges, 1d3 lemons, 1d8 bananas, 1d3 bunches of grapes and three pounds worth of assorted nuts amongst whatever else the GM desires. As well as keeping starvation at bay, the bowl also kept the adventuress healthy and regular, never a bad thing in the wilderness.

Non-Sparking Copper Beryllium Thieves' Tools

EP Value = 850 GP Value = 6,500

These magical tools are a blessing for thieves, and were originally created by an ex-adventurer who had lived through more shocking experiences than he cared for. The picks are extremely good quality and enchanted to provide the user with an effective +10 to his remove traps skill. They also nullify any electricity-based traps and explosion-style traps. These magical items are sometimes produced in bulk, and can consequently be found in quite a few unexpected places.

Pendant of Fairy-Kin Doom-Slaying

EP Value = 1,300 GP Value = 12,000

This is a small, tight pendant closely resembling a choker, with a small silver skull set with glowing blue sapphire eyes. The Pendant is, when initially found, a neutral item but can be enchanted by a cleric of any neutral-aligned (and hence, hopefully, impartial) gawd of 12th level or higher to unlock its latent abilities (for a small "donation" of course). It affects either fairies, pixie fairies and all related kin (including Leprechauns and other fey) or Carnivorous Fairies and other malicious fey (such as Leprosyhauns). When brought within three feet of such beings, the creature must make a save versus spells or instantly suffer 2-16 points of damage. A particular Pendant can only affect a creature once. These are considered nasty things and can cause widespread panic in a pixie fairy community.

Victory-A

EP Value = 1,500 GP Value = 20,000

Forged many, many years ago, this blade is said to have been cooled in the tears of Sumar'Fareen, rumored to have been captured after another gawdess of beauty, Aphrodite, is said to have insulted her hairstyle. Very few of these swords exist, which is not necessarily a bad thing.

Victory-A is an Intelligent short sword +2/+3 against ugly Orcs and followers of other Gawdesses of Beauty, with the additional benefits of being able to cast Irritate and Emotion twice per day each. The sword's personality is fickle though. She cannot abide other intelligent weapons around her and in the presence of any, will sulk and only provide a +1 bonus, at best, unless flattered constantly and cleaned three times per day. She also likes to sing opera at the most inconvenient times, and is especially happy when her command words, "Badda-Bing" and "Love You" respectively are incorporated into songs for her.

(Int 14, Ego 9, AL CN, Detect Magic in 10-foot radius, Detect gems in a 5-foot radius, speaks and sings in common and elven)

NEW MAGIC USER SPELLS

Alter Card

(Illusion)

Level: Cantrip

Range: 5 feet

Duration: 3 Rounds

Area of Effect: One Card

Components: V, S

Casting Time: 1/6 Segment

Saving Throw: None

By use of this cantrip, a caster is able to change the surface of any playing card to resemble a card of his choosing, effectively raising any cheating skill attempts at card games by a hefty +35 to his skill check. The card only bears the image desired for the duration of the cantrip before reverting back to its original form and casters should be wary that for the duration, there will be two identical cards in the pack, so discretion and caution is advised. The caster must whisper "Aces and Eights" while miming fanning a pack of cards out in his hand.

Porpher's Game Call Spell

(Summoning)

Level: 3

Range: 10 feet

Duration: Special

Area of Effect: Special

Components: V, S, M

Casting Time: 1 round

Saving Throw: None

Whenever this spell is cast, an animal pops into existence within 10 feet of the caster. The creature is dazed, confused and generally disorientated for 1-4 rounds before running off (or attacking), and can be easily caught during this period. Note that the caster does not exert any kind of control over the

summoned animal. To determine what creature is produced, the caster should roll 1d10 and consult the following table:

The material component for this spell is a piece of bear fur.

Roll	Creature	Roll	Creature
1	Rabbit	6	Hedgehawg
2	Deer	7	Grizzly Bear
3	Calf	8	Chicken
4	Squirrel	9	Otter
5	Boar	10	Small Bird

Appendix B: NPC Henchman

KIATHRYN CREIK

RA: Human

CL: Torchbearer/Follower/Wife (as applicable)

LV: 0 SX: F AL: NG

STR: 7/12	+H/D+	-1/-2
DEX: 13/33 DEX BONUS: 0	AC:	6
CON: 11/25	HP:	24
INT: 7/32	TOP:	12
WIS: 8/47	R/AT ADJ:	+1/+1
CHA: 7/81	FF:	5
COM: 14/97		
HON: 9		
FAME: 0		

AGE: 18

APPEARANCE: Happy and fun-loving

Notable Possessions: Lantern, 3 simple torches, tinderbox, medium wooden shield, pet newt.

Notable STPs: Delusional, paranoid, gullible, sound sleeper, tone deaf, berate 72%, seamstress 82%, cooking 95%, acting 84%.

Motivation: To find a husband upon whom she can rely.

Weaknesses (incl. Quirks/Flaws): Clingy, excitable, obsessive, sound sleeper.

Background: A native of Garteze Isle, Kiathryn led rather a blameless life until a young couple of lovers got themselves lost in the legendary Porpher's Garden. One group hired her, as a simple farmer's daughter, for cooking, cleaning and entertainment. Unfortunately, her singing is worse than a Simian Orc's breath. They sent her back home with insulting comments.

Kiathryn is wonderful cook, able to make meals out of almost anything, no matter where she is. But she will "adopt" a party member, giving him

preferential treatment over the rest of the PCs, and guards her favorite jealously from suspected plots, and even from other henchmen getting too close.

Despite all her good points, Kiathryn's singing is absolutely dire. Unless stopped, her singing will distract magic-users and clerics from using their abilities properly (1% chance of spell mishap – even for divine spells), and doubles the chances of a random encounter for the duration of her singing.

Appendix C: Rustlers of the Night

DIRE PARAKEET

Description:

Dire Parakeets are deranged versions of standard parakeets. However, you won't catch one of these birds sitting in a pretty cage whistling and waiting for some old lady to drop a couple of seeds on his plate. Unlike standard parakeets, who are timid, these twisted birds will not fly away when approached, but instead will eyeball the party and wait for their opportunity. Of course by then, it's too late.



Dire Parakeet

AKA: Piranhakeet, Gore Budgie
HACKFACTOR: 2
EP VALUE: 35
CLIMATE/TERRAIN: Temperate, Tropical
FREQUENCY: Rare
ORGANIZATION: Flock
ACTIVITY CYCLE: Day
DIET: Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE: Animal (1)
ALIGNMENT: Neutral
NO. APPEARING: 4-16
SIZE: T (4")
MOVEMENT: 6", FL 18(B)
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil
Attack/Defense Modes: Nil/Nil
MORALE: Daring (15)
ARMOR CLASS: 7
NO. OF ATTACKS: 1
DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1-4
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Swarm (See Text)
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Swarm (See Text)
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil
HIT DICE: 1 (no kicker)

COMBAT/TACTICS:

Dire Parakeets will swarm one opponent at random at the first sighting. They surprise on a 9 in 10 because of their harmless appearance. If at least 4 dire parakeets are alive at the end of a combat round, their swarm attack will inflict 1 point of damage per parakeet on the unfortunate victim. This is not helped by armor damage reduction, nor does it cause armor damage, as it is the result of the vicious little buggers nailing the victim through unprotected areas, much as a piranha would do. This is IN ADDITION to their normal attacks, which are always concentrated on the same victim as the swarm attack. Anyone attacking the Dire Parakeets (other than the victim) makes a normal attack roll. If the attack roll is high enough to hit the victim of the swarm, full damage is applied to the victim, as well as to one of the parakeets. It is possible to hit the victim without scoring on a parakeet. If the flock is reduced to 3 or less Dire Parakeets, they lose all swarming abilities, their morale drops to 8, and an immediate morale check is made. If they fail a morale check, they defecate on the victim and fly away.

HABITAT/SOCIETY:

Dire Parakeets are vicious predators, unlike their domestic counterparts. They prefer blood to birdseed. Since they are constantly moving around, and are not attracted to shiny objects, they never have treasure, although some individuals do attempt to domesticate them as guards. This usually ends badly. Still, it is occasionally attempted.

ECOLOGY:

It is believed that these dastardly birds were created when standard parakeets were bitten by other dire creatures, and then began to mate. Dire Parakeets live, breed, and so forth exactly as regular parakeets, with the exceptions noted above, and the fact that they can survive in cooler climates than regular parakeets. There are rumors that these birds have been found thriving in arctic regions, but such tales have not been substantiated.

They are a favorite food of Smilodons, so there is a 25% chance that if these birds are encountered, a Smilodon may also be lurking nearby.

They prefer living in low-hanging branches so they can keep their eyes open for possible prey passing by.

Pixie fairies are a favorite food because they are smaller and easier to kill. Therefore, most pixie fairies take no chances and attack all parakeets on sight.

YIELD:

Medicinal: The nest of a Dire Parakeet can be boiled to make a soup which heals 1d3 hit points of damage.

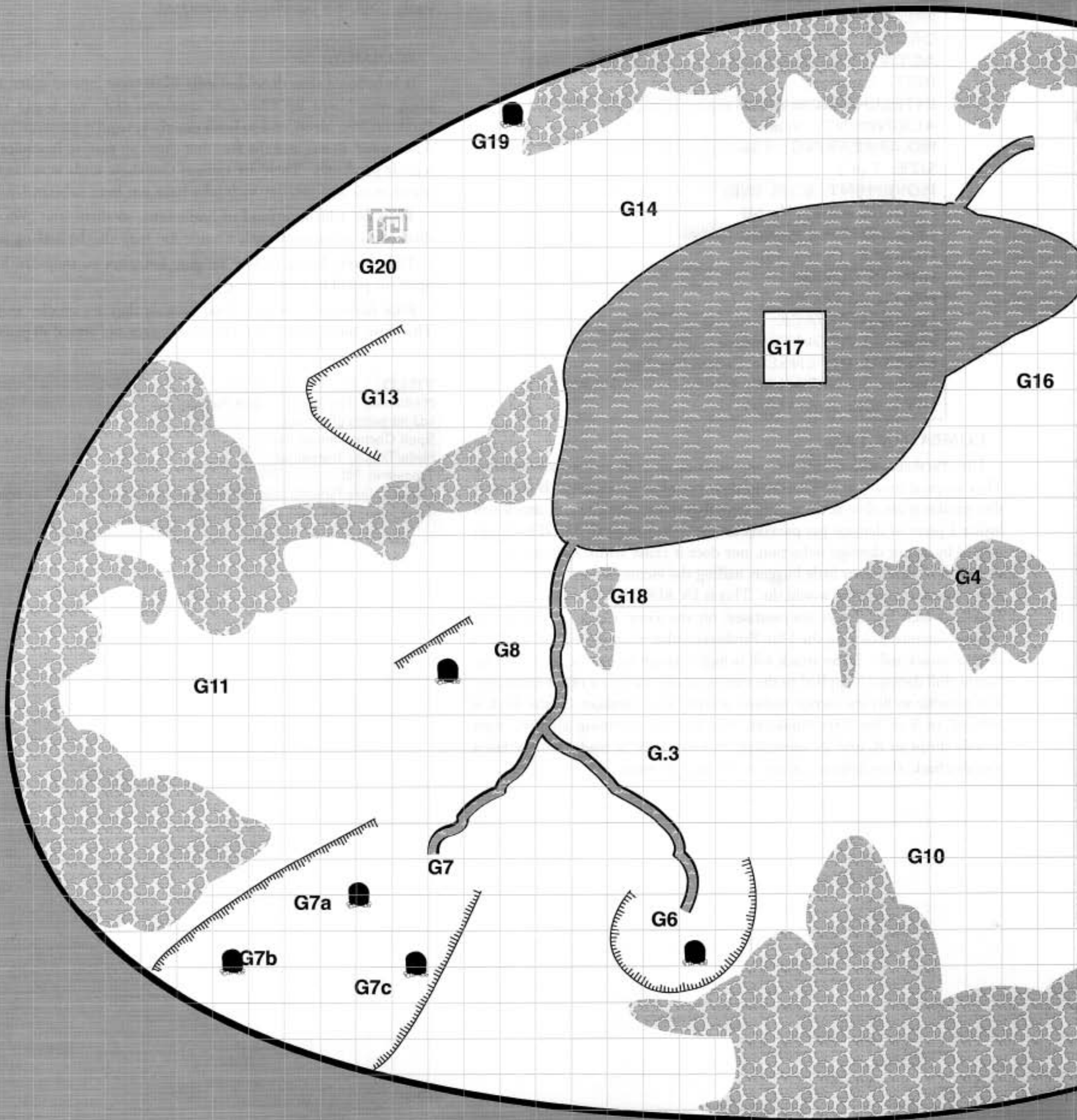
Spell Components: Nil

Hide/Trophy Items: Nil

Treasure: Nil

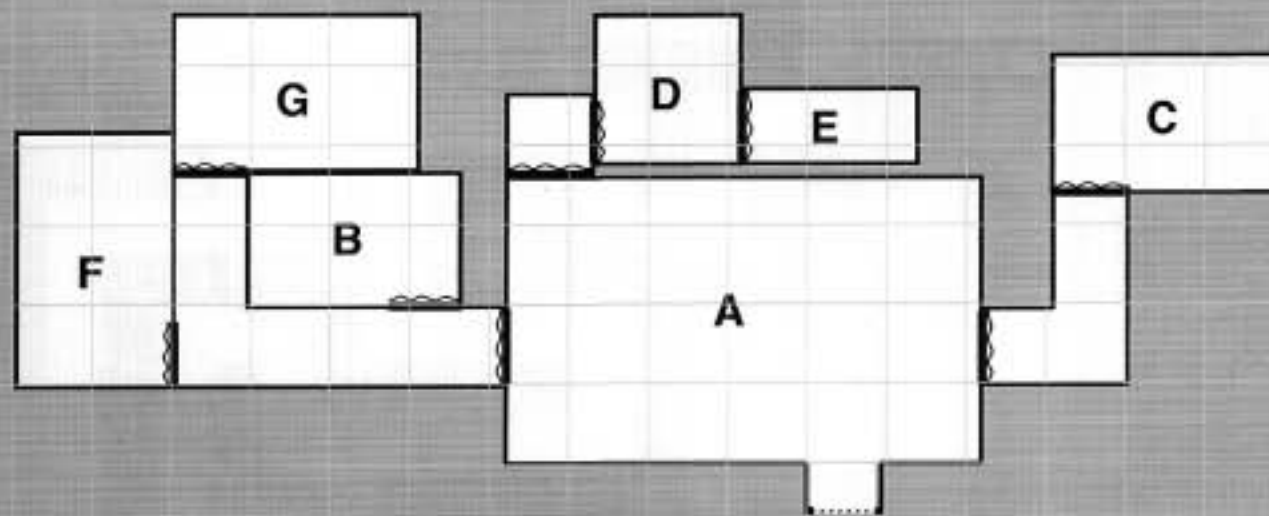
Other: Dire Parakeet nests will, in season, contain 1-4 eggs. These eggs can be sold to the right buyers for 25-50 GP each.

Porpher's Garden  = 100 feet



G10a. Pixie Haunt

□ = 1 foot



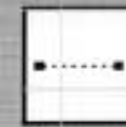
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Woodlands



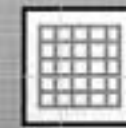
Curtain

Water



Portcullis

Stream



Grate(ceiling)

Cliff



Bed

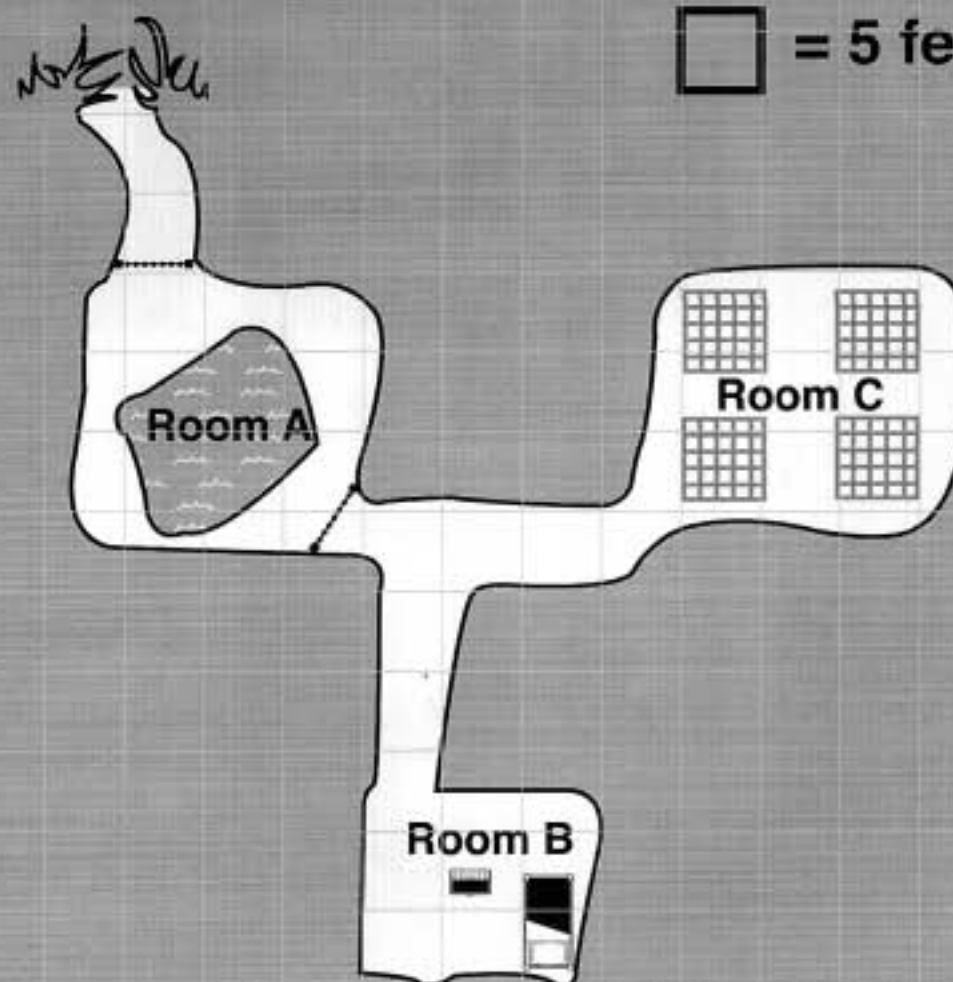
Cave/Lair



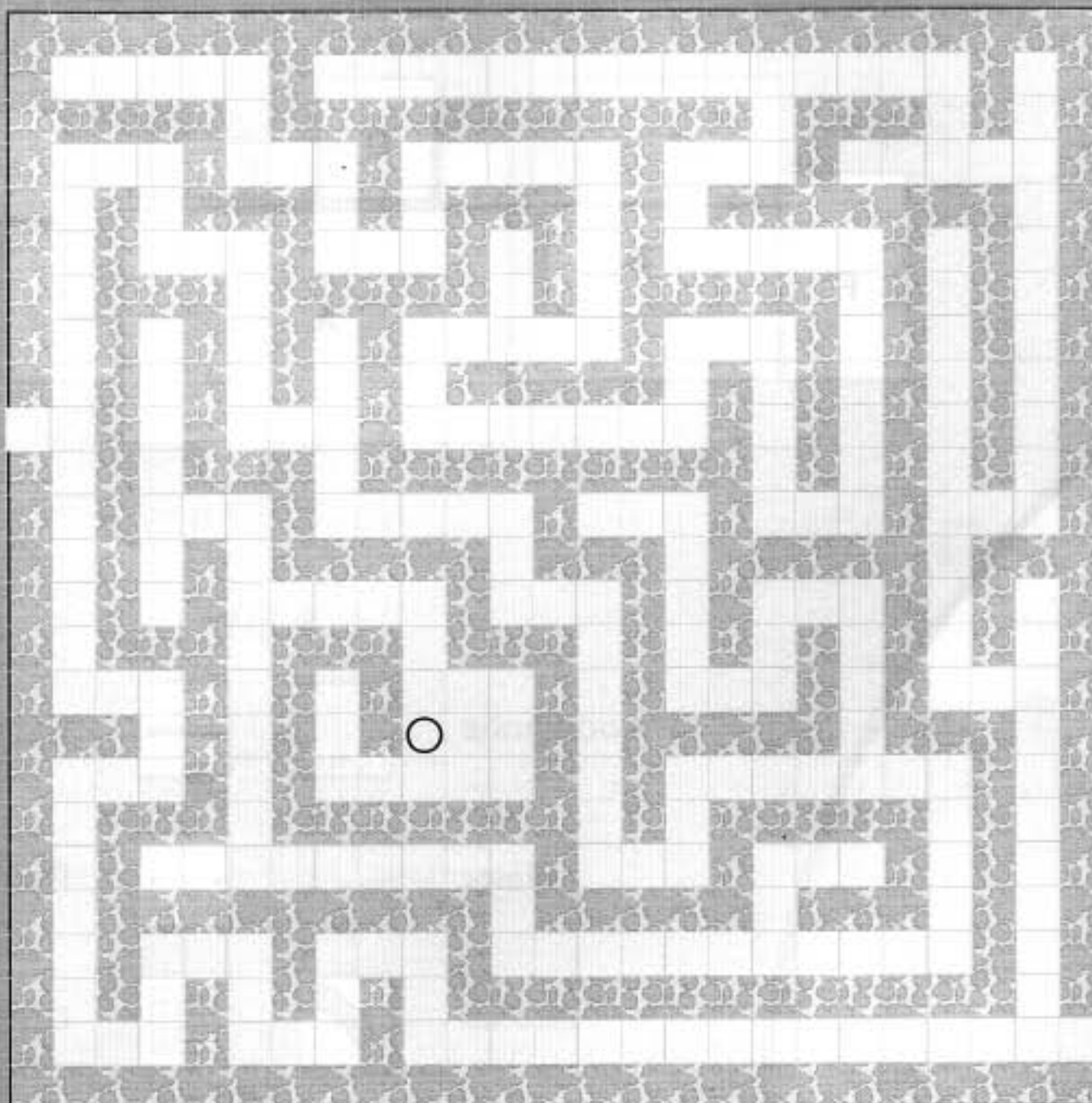
Chest

G19. Natures(Bird Maiden) Lair

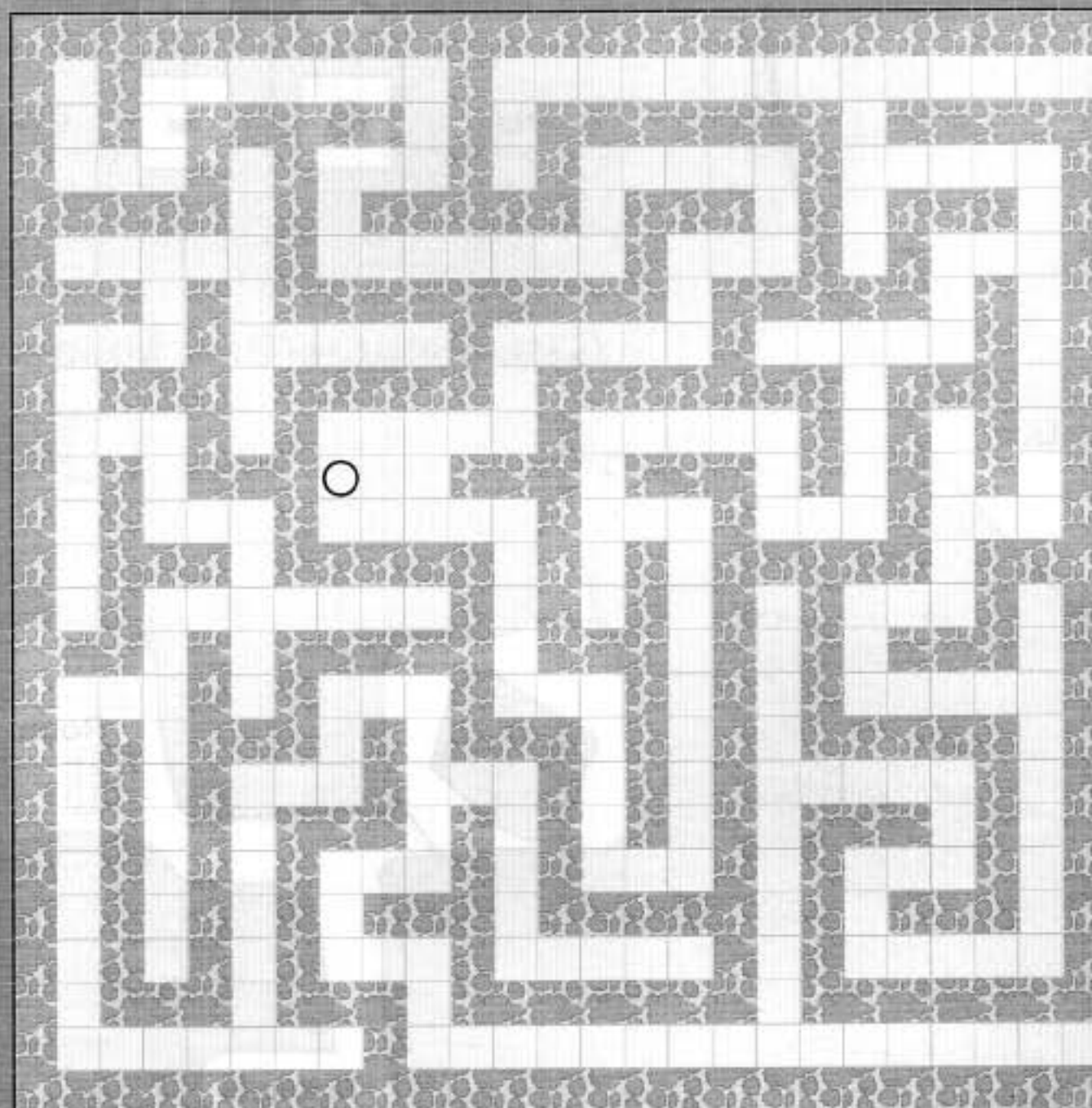
□ = 5 feet

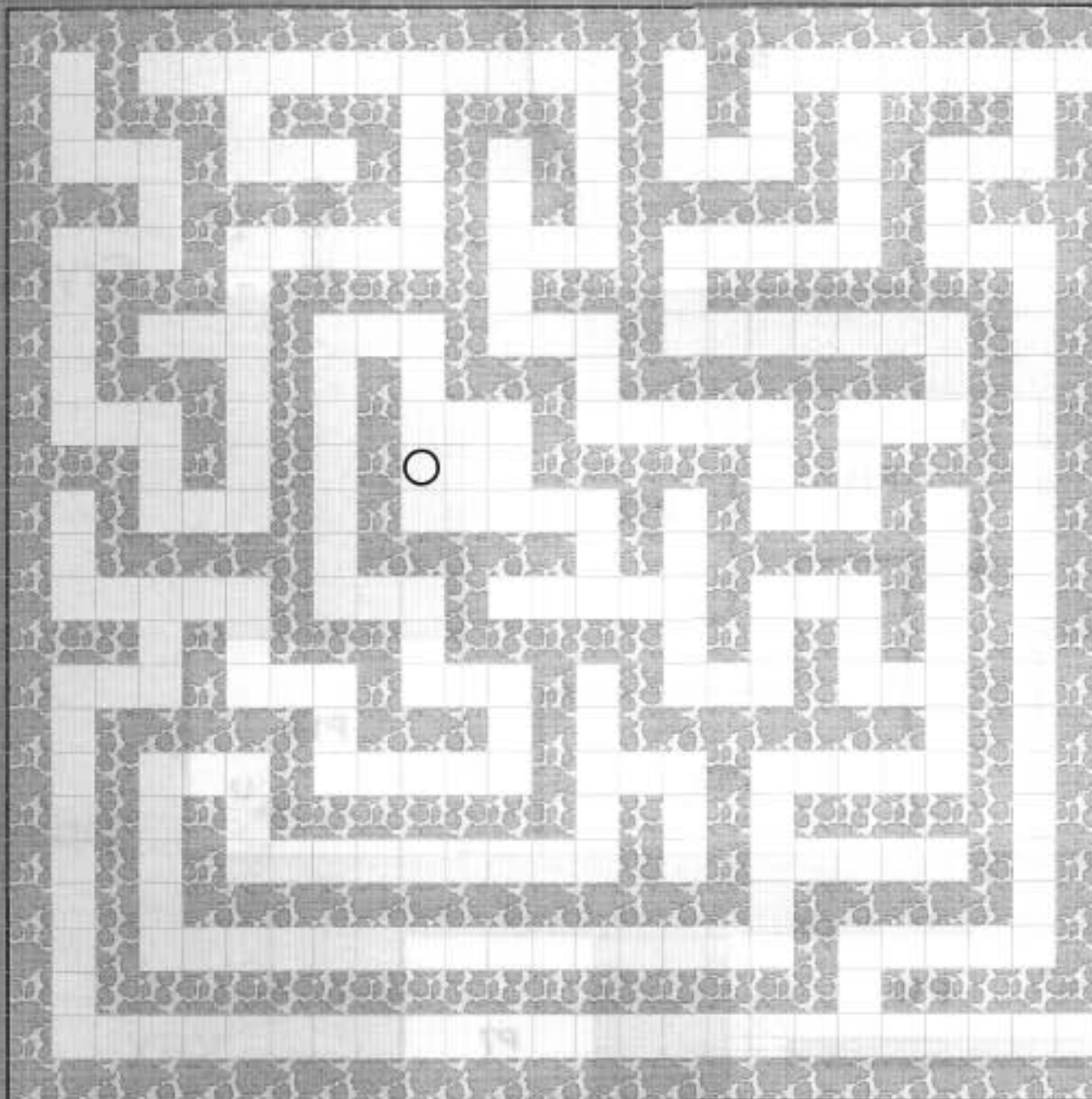


MAZE 1

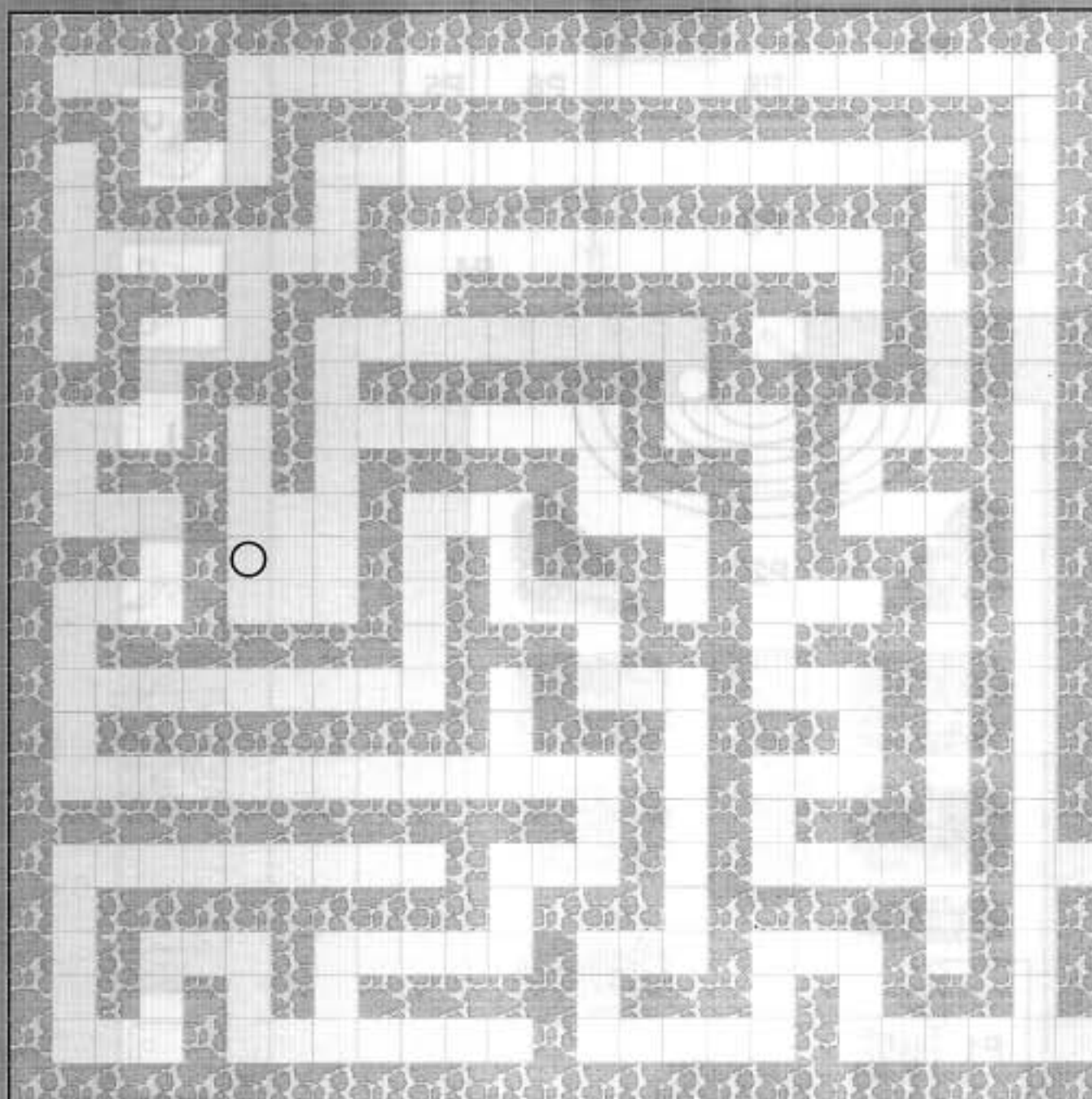


MAZE 2

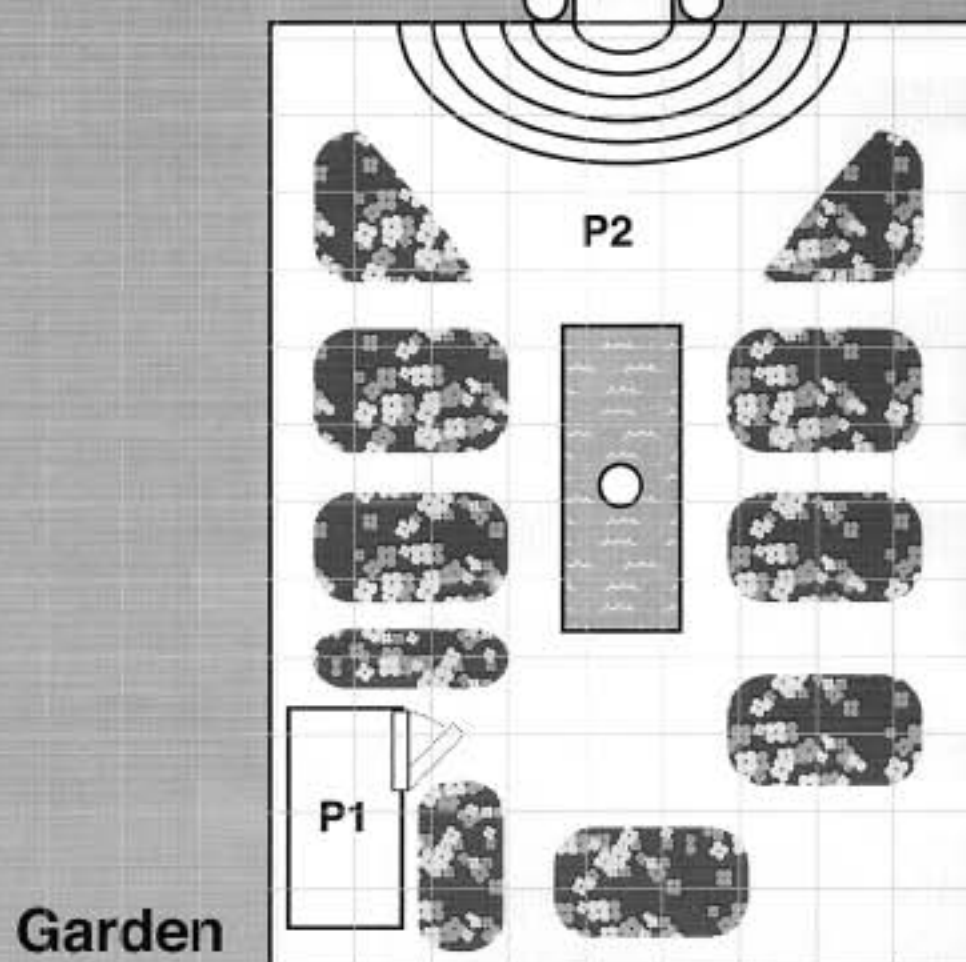
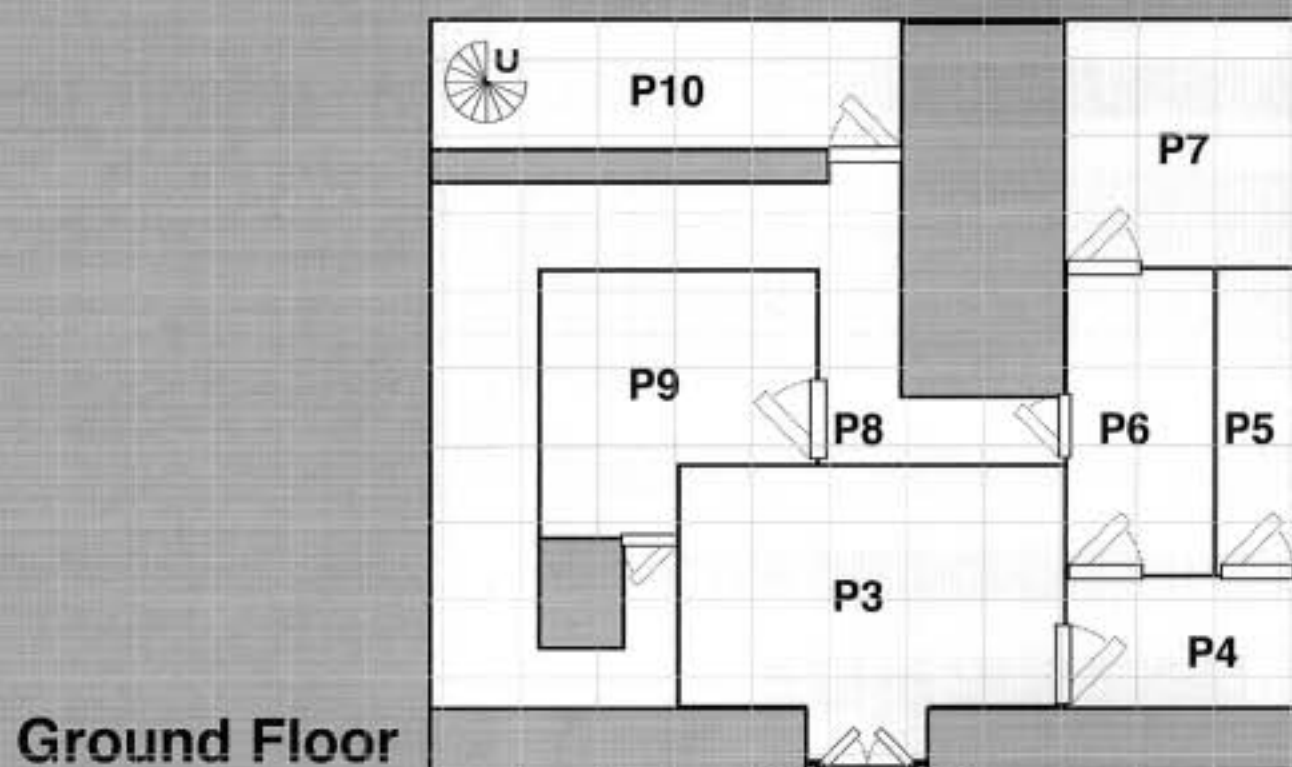
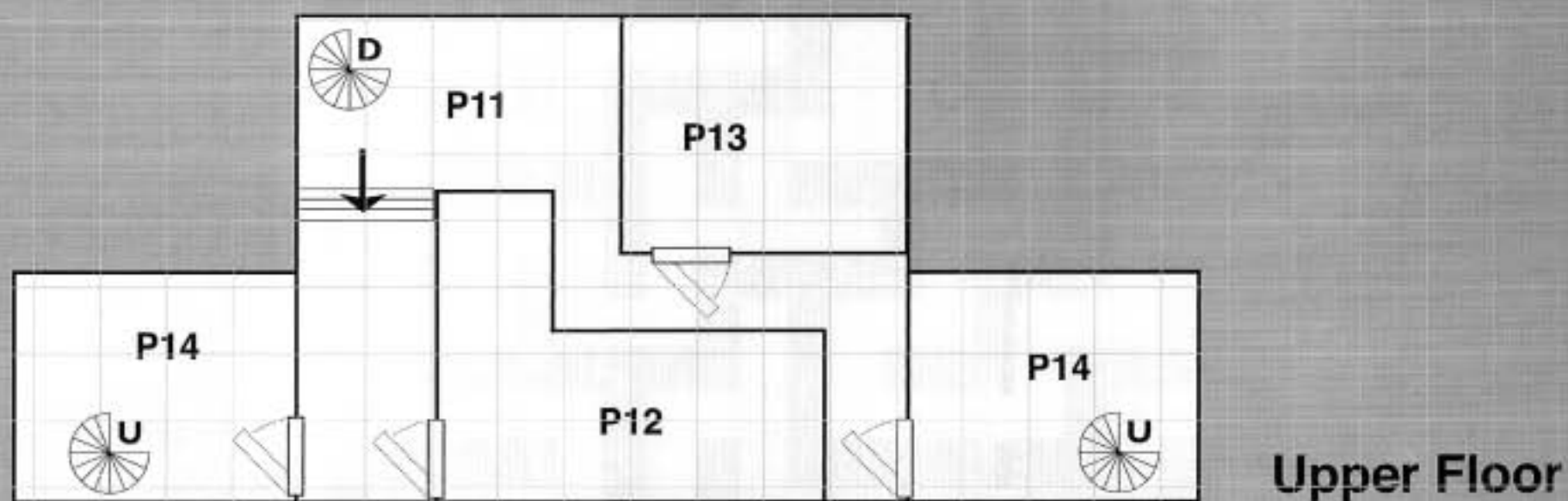
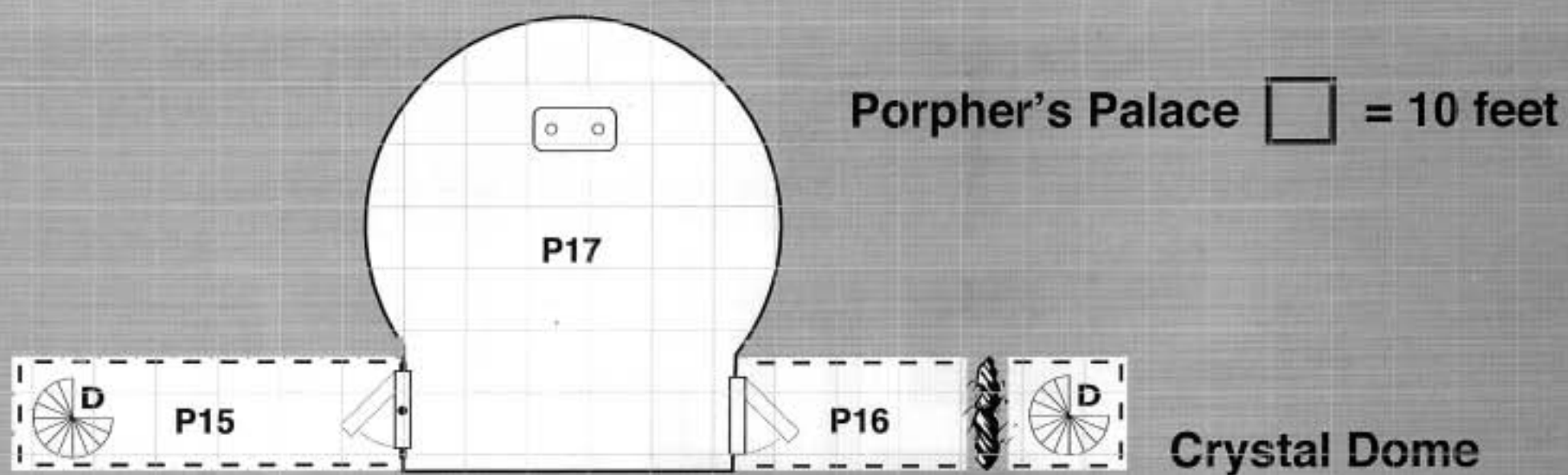




MAZE 3



MAZE 4



KEY



Spiral staircase (down)



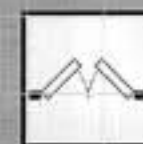
Spiral staircase (up)



Door



Steps



Double door



Flower bed

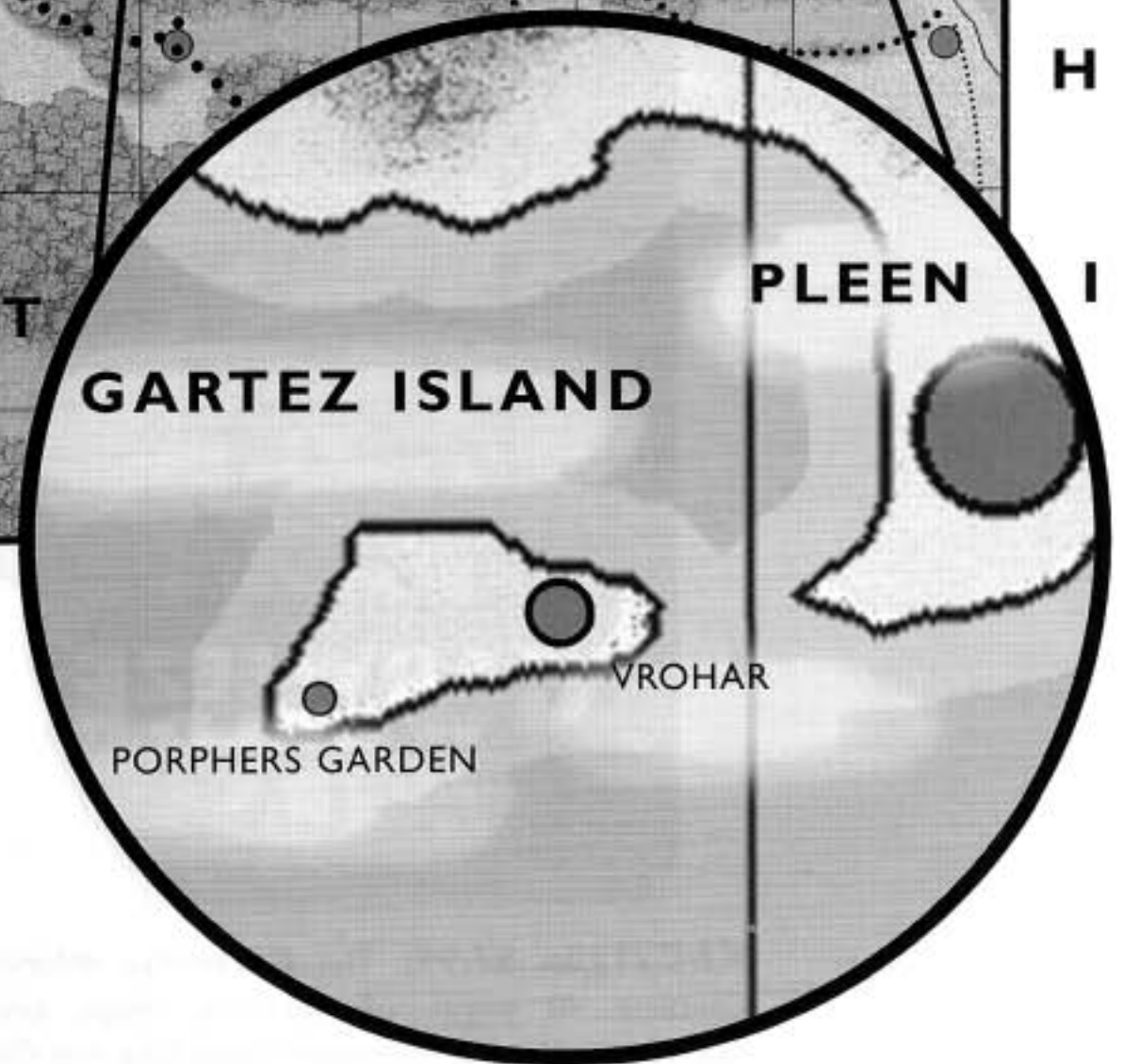


Water



Tombs

01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09	10
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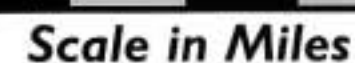


COMPARATIVE POSITION

D7-12



1. Shadlurian Kingdom
2. Emirate of Fran'Neer
3. Kingdom of Ara'Kandeesh





PORPHER'S ENCHANTED GARDEN

Long ago on this lovely Isle of Gartez, there lived a beautiful half-elven princess, Caerwyn, with her human lover, Porpher Blahar, a magic-user of some power. She, being a woman who knew, and got, what she wanted, had a beautiful garden created. Porpher is said to have laid an enchantment on it to enhance the garden's beauty, and pleasantly to beguile and tease those honored few who, on occasion, were invited as guests to enjoy the garden of their hosts.

But alas, all flesh is mortal, and even elves must die. So it was with Caerwyn in the fullness of time. After her passing, Porpher caused a tomb to be raised in the midst of the home that had given them both such delight.

Then he went about, and placed upon the garden new enchantments, bolder enchantments, of a more powerful kind, to guard and preserve its peacefulness from all intruders.

When this task was done, he ceased his personal magicks and allowed his own life to slip away, leaving instructions that he and she should lie together for all eternity in the tomb within the garden of their love, so that even in death they would not be apart.

So it remains to this very day. There have been those who have tried, spurred on by greed created with stories of great treasure entombed with the two lovers. For that is always the way with men – give him a mystery, and he needs must solve it. Many failed to even enter the garden, and of those who have and returned after a *cough* long absence, their minds and memories seemed to have been...altered. **And I want to know what happened to my daughter.**



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