

FOURTH EDITION

HackMaster

ORIGINS AWARD WINNER
GAME OF THE YEAR

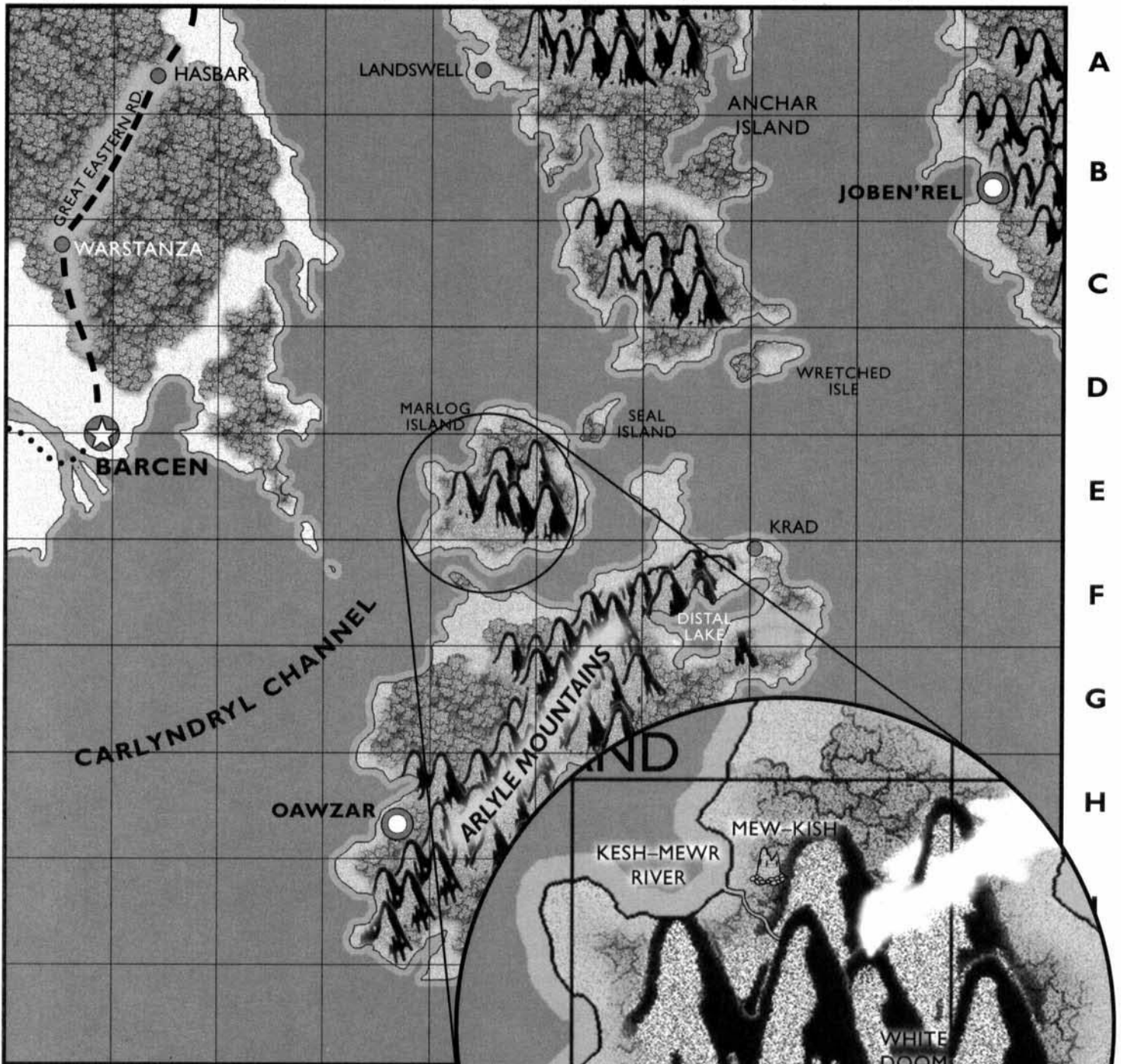


WHITE DOOM MOUNTAIN

AN ADVENTURE FOR CHARACTERS LEVEL 4-7

BARCEN

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COMPARATIVE POSITION

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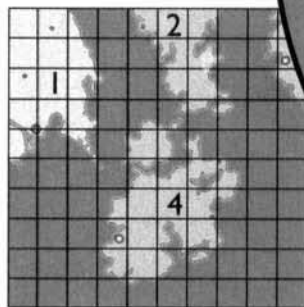
ADJOINING

D7-16

SHEETS

D8-13

E7-04



POLITICAL BOUNDARIES

1. Barcenora
2. Sargan'Mantz
3. Ragean Empire
4. Maldon City States



Scale in Miles



WHITE DOOM MOUNTAIN

AN ADVENTURE MODULE FOR CHARACTERS LEVEL 4-7

* GAMEMASTER'S EYES ONLY *

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White Doom Mountain is based on the Advanced Dungeons and Dragons adventure S2 White Plume Mountain by Lawrence Schick

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

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE:

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events or locales is entirely coincidental.

INTRODUCTION

When Lawrence Schick wrote the original dungeon adventure S2: White Plume Mountain back in the 70s, he probably had no idea of the long-term impact it would have. Not the kind of revolutionary, society-changing impact heralded by the discovery of penicillin or the development of atomic energy or anything like that, but something almost as important—memory making and the provision of material for reminiscence. You know what I'm talking about. Things just seem to get better the further behind us they get—you've sat around before the dice bags came open and talked about old campaigns. The original White Plume Mountain was one of the very first printed, scripted adventures in the early days of the original Dungeons & Dragons (what we now loftily refer to as AD&D 1st Edition). Its publication coincided with the game's first early surge of popularity, as a result of which thousands and thousands of players and DMs of that era shared the experience of either running or playing it. White Plume Mountain much like some of the other original "adventure modules" (the A modules, involving the Slavers, the G and D modules, Against the Giants and the Vault of the Drow) is a classic.

And I got to hack it! How kewl is that?

Hopefully a new batch of players and GMs will enjoy this adventure in the early days of a popular new game (that game being HackMaster, of course). The HackMaster adventure you now hold in your hands, White Doom Mountain is based on the old classic, though of course there have been a few changes or modifications. I'm hoping you'll enjoy it.

If not, you're probably not the kind of player who should be playing HackMaster anyway. No way it could be because of the way I've adapted it. Huh-uh. You should be ashamed of yourself for feeling critical of it and should go immediately to the discussion boards at Hard Eight and atone for your sins and praise it lavishly, even if you have to lie about how you feel to do so. Otherwise everyone's going to think you're an overly critical and judgmental loser and no one will want to play with you anymore. Plus, I've talked to everyone on the staff and anyone who says something critical about it will have their membership to the HMA placed on double secret probation and their games reviewed by a HMGMA Synod every year for the next decade thereafter.

Really.

Hope you enjoy it, for your sake.

A Warning to Players:

You've heard this before. There's no sense in repeating it. The information contained herein is restricted to GameMaster's Eyes Only, and you damned well know it. Put the book down and slowly step away. I'll not bandy words with you over this.

Some Advice for GMs:

This book is based upon the old S1, White Plume Mountain. Doubtless some of your players will think to be sneaky and will go read the original publication. Others will violate every rule of ethical game-play and obtain a copy of the adventure for perusal in secret even as they plumb the depths of the dungeon. Therefore, to preempt any problems, let it be known that THIS MODULE OF GARWEEZE WORLD, WHITE DOOM MOUNTAIN, IS PRESENTED AS A CONCEPT ADVENTURE. GMs are not only allowed but obligated to adjust things somewhat in order to match the adventure to their game (not too much though—get serious; if you had the talent or the knowledge to go creating adventures all by yourself you'd have done so, so don't be putting on any airs). This proviso should allow any GM with stones to put rulemongering, adventure reading players in their place. Oh, and one other thing. If you're one of those privileged few who can recall playing in the original White Plume Mountain, doubtless you'll remember that every geek and his dawg wanted to have one of the three weapons for his character. This, of course, despite the fact that the intention of the module was to return them to their rightful owners. Well, in White Doom Mountain the weapons are there for the players' taking—but...they are well guarded, and every adventurer with a sword to swing or a wand to wave is on his or her way to claim them for themselves. Getting the weapons may prove to be simpler than keeping them.

THE ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

(Paraphrase the following background as you see fit to any character that employs his Ancient History skill or to a Bard using his Jack-of-All ability.)

Hackrazer, legendary blade of heroic adventurers for centuries, has been stolen. ThumpMuster, renowned flail of the Gnome Protectorates, is gone. Skewersure, storied longbow of the elves and bane of grunge and dark elf alike, is nowhere to be found...Everywhere are signs the evil wizard Keraptorse is to blame. Taunting notes have been left in their place, mocking adventurers and daring them to do something about it. How did this come to pass?

Three hundred years ago (and some change), the Brethren of the Star (see appendices) assigned a skilled and dedicated wizard to the Kingdom of Raga as Protector. Being appointed a Protector was a mark of high favor amongst the Shields (as the members were called) of the Brethren of the Star, as only the best Shields were even considered for the office. The Protector of a kingdom was more important than the monarch's own guard, more vital than a royal taster—for the Protector was sworn to protect his liege against corrupting magics.

The mistress of that order, an unnaturally long-lived elf named Lealaria, did not care for the policies and expansionist philosophies of that kingdom. However, she did hold firm to her belief that all governments and ruling bodies should be free of magical interference or mind control. Personal feelings for the Rigans aside, she directed the order to carry out its purpose. Keraptorse was dispatched to the city of Raga. Unlike other Protectors assigned to other kingdoms, though, he traveled alone. At the time of his appointment there were no other Shields of sufficient strength and acumen to bear such a position's burdens and responsibilities. Lealaria and her advisors were confident that Keraptorse was strong enough to maintain the position without assistance until such time as aid could be sent.

They were, of course, wrong.

All of them came to regret this decision and the hubris that allowed it (the Rigans more so than the Brotherhood, of course—they were the ones that paid for it!). Keraptorse did not hold the same ideologies as his mistress. Quite the contrary. It became clear much later, in fact, that the sole reason he even joined the organization was to perfect his mind-influencing magics. Later events proved that his long-term goal was nothing less than the eventual acquisition of an assignment to some far-off kingdom as Protector. There, disguised as the kingdom's guardian against intrusive sorceries and mind-controlling dweomers, he would be in the ideal position to use those very spells to become the power behind the throne.

Thus was the fate of Raga sealed.

For the next several centuries Keraptorse enjoyed one of those idyllic archvillain rules that most evil overlords and wicked tyrants only dream about. As the power behind the throne (literally—he had a chair in a secret room behind the throneroom, from which he magically controlled the minds of the kingdom's most important folk) he could do just about whatever he wanted. For many years he ruled in all but name, subtly and undetected. He had quietly wooed the gnomes of a heretofore unknown clan, those of House Clangor. The toughest and most vicious gnome titans of House Clangor were soon mustered as his personal bodyguard. In the face of their dedication, fanaticism and skill at arms no physical threat could touch him.

The Brotherhood of the Star never caught on. Keraptorse was too clever. Other Shields sent to assist as Protectors inevitably wound up being recalled or sent elsewhere, if they didn't meet with some unfortunate and fatal accident. It was a good time to be a bad guy.

After a time however, Keraptorse, as archvillains are eventually wont to do, got too big for his britches. He no longer took elaborate pains to conceal his machinations. So firmly was he entrenched in power, so tightly did he grasp the reins of government that there was none able to resist him. Anyone who did so was crushed, if not through sorcery then quickly and ruthlessly at the hands of his vicious gnome bodyguard.



The wizard's tyrannical rule grew ever more burdensome. The people of the kingdom grew ever more restive and angry. House Clangor disowned the renegade gnomes of his bodyguard—he responded by attacking and rooting them out. The clan, as far as most scholars are aware, ceased to exist as the few pitiful survivors were driven into the wilderness. Keraptorse's bodyguard took to calling itself House Malice, though there were not enough of them to fairly call themselves that. Female gnomes were levied as tribute to House Malice from smaller clans throughout the kingdom, much as human daughters and wives were taken from their homes for Keraptorse. Taxes were so heavy it seemed the wizard was taking the better share of everything for himself.

It was really a good time to be a bad guy.

Things couldn't last that way forever, though. His reign was too firkin' harsh. The people were on the verge of revolt, and the Brotherhood of the Star had finally clued in that something was wrong.

Keraptorse wasn't caught unready, unfortunately. Less than a hundred years before, sensing that unrest was growing and that his days might be numbered, the wizard began searching for a haven. He wanted a stronghold in which to indulge his eccentricities without fear of interference—or flee to in the event of discovery. He visited the simmering volcano-within-a-volcano known as White Doom Mountain, and, going closer than any other dared to, discovered a system of old lava-tubes riddling the cone and underlying strata. With but little alteration, thought he, the perilous mountain would be a perfect sanctum. After all, the entire region had a bad reputation already, and he could think of a many ways to make it worse.

So, when the end finally came and he was driven from Raga, the fortress-sanctuary had long been prepared. It was a simple matter to evade the vengeful Rigans and flee the realm unharmed. Taking with him his fanatically loyal company of renegade gnome titans and much of the treasury of Raga, he disappeared beneath White Doom Mountain and vanished from the knowledge of men.

That was sixty years ago.

Most of these events were of little interest to the Fangaerian City States. Raga was too far away, the events taking place there of little consequence to a land concerned with its own troubles (and but recently relieved of a great orc threat). Outside of certain members of the Brotherhood of the Star (and of course the people of Raga themselves) the feared and terrible name of Keraptorse was little known, even to learned scholars.

Lealaria and her Shields were understandably aghast (and enraged) at the wizard's treachery and duplicity, but they weren't going to advertise that something had gone wrong. That might call into question the loyalty and motives of other Protectors in other places, if not those of the entire order! They had every intention of dealing with the traitor, swiftly and with finality—as soon as they located him.

Unfortunately, other matters (still unknown to lay and learned folk alike) took priority and they were unable to take immediate action. This delay proved unfortunate. The Shields departed upon what has since become a tragically famous quest into the Flamaar Desert. As almost anyone can tell you, that was the mission from which they never returned. With the Shields gone and the Circle of Sequestered Magics involved in other things, there was little to keep a reestablished Keraptorse in check.

Now we get to the meat of it. Read the following boxed text to your players:

Just two and a half weeks ago, three extraordinarily valuable and storied weapons (each also extremely powerful) disappeared from the various places they were kept. Each of the three, cryptically known as ThumpMuster, Skewersure and Hackrazer, vanished without a trace. All of them had been in the possession of well-known if not well-regarded individuals in and around Fangaerie. The weapons were taken despite the

formidable skills of the individuals in question and the various guards and wards of their respective dwelling places. A fortified tower in Groutet was plundered, and likewise a remote but well protected manor house near Arduis—even a golem-guarded vault in Fangaerie itself was not immune.

The owners were slain, the various guardians and magical sureties left untouched and untriggered. Not even the most potent necromantic sorceries were able to contact the departed spirits of the dead, nor could the corpses be raised or resurrected. The weapons were inexplicably and undeniably gone.

As might be expected, the theft of the three became the most talked-about event since the occupation of Frandor's Keep by orcs way back when. Rewards were posted by friends, acquaintances and scholars. Adventuring groups, henchmen, hirelings, cronies, servants and guards were all questioned (and in several cases summarily hanged). Every possible interrogative dweomer was cast, every manner of magical enquiry and divination made. Nothing availed. The weapons remained unfound and the manner of their theft was unknown.

The unprecedented mystery remained a crime without a clue, until a taunting poem suddenly appeared. The rhyme materialized without witness or explanation on the walls of taverns and inns across the land, from Frandor Keep's Burning Dawg Inn to the Gilded Lily in Hesur. Identical copies of the poem turned up simultaneously during the night in every single Adventurer's Hospice across the land (it was these latter postings, naturally, that created the greatest stir).

This poem, which seemed to create more questions than it answered, follows:

**Search ye where the Ragean sailors steer
If ye hope to find aught of the three
Listen closely, do more than hear—
The weapons abide now with me.**

**North and west you'll travel, and carefully tread
Past smoke that scours and rock that steams,
White clouds will burn, you'll breathe with dread
The fumes that will drown your dying screams.**

**For Skewer'Sher, you must do battle
With the critters'neath the boiling bubbles
Across a big ole cave where chain-links rattle
Lies ThumpMuster, past water-spouts double.**

**Hackrazer remains yet to be won
Beyond the terror'd tier,
Take care to clean the mess you make
leave no pieces there nor here.**

**I care not, oh adventurers brave
What epic lives you may have led
Though mighty, I'll make you all my slaves
And tattoo my symbol on your head.**

It was signed with the serpentine rune of Keraptorse. It resembles a stylized K wrapped in briars and thorns. The bottom right leg of the K curves out like a tongue unfolded from the top part, with drops of saliva pooling beneath it.

White Doom Mountain has tentatively been identified as the location spoken of in the poem. It stands forbiddingly on a small island just outside the shipping lanes of the land of Raga, and is regarded as an unlucky and cursed place by the mariners there. A continuous plume of caustic smoke, steam and dead white ash hangs suspended above it, and the lake surrounding it has been masked by thick mists since before living memory. To scholars, sages and pundits the place seems likely enough.

The former owners of ThumpMuster, Skewersure and Hackrazer are all dead—no clear, incontestable ownership of the weapons remains. Because of this, and because of the obvious challenge in the poem, Charter Houses from all over have become beehives of activity. Adventurers of every stripe are girding themselves to depart for Raga, indeed some have already left.

It should take the players very little time to figure out that they're not the only ones interested in answering the challenge or laying their hands on the weapons (or both). The odd but talented bard Olletsoc Sivle has been recruiting likely talent, and likewise the Band of the Blistered Finger (which, interestingly enough, Olletsoc once led before leaving due to "artistic differences"). The Company of the Spotted Dawg (all but two members who were in jail) was the first to go, just a day or two after the poems appeared. Dogathegn BearBrindle, of BearBrindle's Venturesome Few, set out just shortly after the Spotted Dawgs. Rumor even has it that Scornlaw's Disreputables have saddled up (Scornlaw's Disreputables hail from Farzey, and tend to travel back and forth from the territory of the Southern Orc League with disturbing ease).

There hasn't been a mass exodus of adventuring parties like this in a long, long time. Players had better get a move on if they want a piece of the action.

MARLOG ISLAND

Marlog Island is a relatively smallish, out-of-the-way place near the Kingdom of Raga. A humancentric kingdom with little love for most demihumans and a history of expansionism and conquest, Raga is no longer the dominant power that once it was. The island is easily recognizable by the vast cloud of ash and bitter steam that curls always above the shattered top of White Doom Mountain. There are other mountains around it, each one spearing up steep and straight in a sort of ring in the island's center. The mount known as The Pikeman is the tallest, rising some 13,000 feet in the air, but all of them are formidable. Only White Doom Mountain and The Pikeman have a name that has made it onto maps, though the townsfolk have names for them in local jargon.

The main civilized location on Marlog Island is the town of Dead Gnoll, a small, independent harbor town on the southern coast of the isle. There are also several small nomadic clans of Kangarai warriors inhabiting the coastal plain all the way around the island. The only other significant organized races of number are the blue-skinned Robolds that dwell in the mountains. There are a great many of them, possibly as many as a thousand, broken up into several small but permanent subterranean camps. Though prone to infighting, most if not all of them acknowledge the suzerainty of a Robold "King" whose caverns are high on the northeastern slopes of The Pikeman. There are smaller numbers of other humanoids in the mountains, including goblins and orcs and what may be a few Xill (the latter causing increasing trouble for the Robolds). Other than the humanoids there are numerous monsters dwelling in the interior, much of which has never so much as seen a human footprint.

The Pikeman is the biggest and tallest mountain on the island. It is 13,250' high at its highest point, and said to be honeycombed with passages and tunnels in great numbers, particularly under the northern and eastern slopes. It is said that atop the Pikeman lie the ruined bones of a dragon defeated by

Keraptorse when first he came to the island—others say this is complete nonsense, because the wyrm was brought back as a Lich and compelled to serve the wizard. There are also, it should be noted, a few who will assert it wasn't a Dragon at all, it was a Wyvern, and the people that saw the battle were all drunk. Who is to say which tale is true?

On the western coast of the island there is a large bay where a river empties into the sea. This river bears the name Kesh-Mewr Course, though no one now knows why (nor even what tongue it is in). On the northern banks of the river lie the quiet and haunted Ruins of Mew-Kish, once a city of 10,000 souls. It is now a boneyard of tumbled walls and crumbled castles, its buildings long emptied and its houses home to rats and worse. The city of Mew-Kish was evidently a port town predating the Rigans. Part of it was actually built out in the bay, and channels were cut to divert part of the river through it. Those channels are now blocked with wreckage, thankfully, and most of the buildings actually built in the bay have long since sunk into the water. The Kangarai clans that roam this island hold great seasonal gatherings here on the bay, but always on the south side of the river. The city is widely considered to be both haunted and cursed, and besides, it smells funny.

A HISTORY OF WHITE DOOM MOUNTAIN

White Doom Mountain is not your typical volcano. It is actually a volcano within a volcano, a small fuming mountain slowly rising from the waters of the crater lake formed by a volcano that came before it. It has changed tremendously over the years and is extremely old, even geologically speaking. Once, many lifetimes of men ago, it was a massive stratovolcano, one of the numerous volcanoes of the range that formed the islands hereabouts. Many thousands of years ago, when Fangaerie was no more than a collection of mud huts and the grel and drow were all still buddies indistinguishable from the rest of their pointy-eared friends, the mountaintop exploded. It was a cataclysmic summit eruption that sheared several thousand feet off the summit, devastated the entire island and covered hundreds of square miles in an ash-fall that turned night into day. Naturally, no one alive today witnessed the event, nor does anyone know what the mountain once was (not that it really matters).

The White Doom Mountain of today is not the forbidding peak that once it was, but it is still regarded with dread and superstitious awe by anyone with any sense. It now stands just 2,200 feet high and is a little more than five miles in diameter. Its summit is now occupied by an immense, water-filled caldera that is in effect a lake, nearly a mile across. The lake is deeper than anyone has been able to reckon and is covered unceasingly in thick fog (one wag who looked upon the crater from the back of a griffin likened the place to a witch's cauldron; his partner called it a witch's arse). If all the other signs of volcanic activity were not apparent (desultory lava flows, steam and periodic grumbling in its bowels), then the warmth of the water would make it obvious that White Doom Mountain is still active.

With just a few exceptions, virtually all volcanic activity subsequent to the eruption was located within the caldera itself. Periodic recurrences do happen from time to time, all of them relatively minor and all of them phreatomagmatic (the result of the terrific pressures created when magma meets large amount of water). Because of the volcanic activity below the water, two cinder cones are, over the centuries, piling up inside the lake. The smaller of these is relatively insignificant and is still well below the water. Its bigger brother, however, spears up like a spike from the surface of the lake. Thrusting up above the water to a height of some 600 feet, the cone of this "volcano within a volcano" is just under a quarter mile across. It forms a steep-sided island that fills up a large part of the "bowl" of the lake. At its highest point, White Doom Mountain proper (the smaller one inside the lake, not the remnants of the much vaster one that surrounds it) is just a few feet higher than the tallest point of the caldera rim. It will eventually reach higher, though the youngest elves now alive on Garweeze Wurld will be long dead by then. Most of the caldera rim, however, is considerably shorter than that and the mountain can be seen from a distance as a stark and ominous outline.

The island formed by White Doom Mountain is a bleak place of rocky slopes, talus and treacherous footing. Its nearly perfect circular boundary is marred only on its northeast side, where an ongoing effusive eruption of lava bubbles up like drool from a fissure less than a quarter of the way up the mountain and flows slowly down the mountain to the water. There it meets the lake in an unending, continuous expulsion of steam that hisses louder than a female swack iron dragon in heat. It is the vapor from this meeting that fills the caldera nearly to the rim with fog. Only the highest hundred feet or so of the mountain can be seen.

The central vent of White Doom Mountain is at its summit. There are vents, fissures, fumaroles and solfataras all over the mountain, but excepting the effusive eruption already discussed, none of them except the central vent are currently dangerous or noteworthy. From the central vent issues a vast pillar of steam and sulfurous smoke, climbing several hundred feet into the sky. This poisonous spume is constant and unchanging—it has never ceased in living history of man (indeed, it is a "landmark" that is oft looked-for by mariners navigating the islands). It is this pillar, and the occasional expulsions of caustic and deadly white ash, that give the mountain its name.

Anyone brave or foolish enough to want to set foot on White Doom Mountain must first descend the sheer walls of the caldera rim, a perilous descent of at least 200 feet (and as much as 400 or more in places), then manage to cross the lake. All of this through a stinking, sulfurous fog thicker than any wizards' conjury. If these difficulties aren't enough to deter them, there remains the question of what dwells on or within the mountain itself—and that of what might be swimming in the lake.

THE TOWN OF DEAD GNOLL & ENVIRONS

Dead Gnoll, a small independent port town on the southern tip of Marlog Island, was first settled by (interestingly enough) a half-orc by the name of Zalman Grunnde. Though big and ugly, Zalman was actually a nice fellow and a follower of Luvia. He was the second mate of a ship that put to shore in the small harbor there on the coast for fresh water, which they found in the form of a natural spring in the back of a small cave just a little ways off the beach. Outside the cave was the body of a gnoll feathered with arrows (probably killed by Kangarai clansmen—more on them in a bit). The ship's captain, who liked to keep track of such things as sources of fresh water and good places to weigh anchor for shore leave) marked the spot on his charts as "Dead Gnoll". The name stuck. When Grunnde (who was eventually a captain in his own right) and a couple other crewmen moved their families to the island a few years later, they took to calling the cave "Dead Gnoll's Eyesocket". That is what it has been called ever since. Dead Gnoll was at first not a proper town at all, but rather a pair of tiny, nameless fishing villages on opposite sides of the little harbor. The two villages were friendly with each other and worked together on many projects. As they slowly grew together it was only natural that they combine to become one town, taking the original name that had been marked on the ship's chart. Thus was the independent township of Dead Gnoll born. The town did not really begin to grow until a few decades ago, when disaffected Rigans, a few refugees from places that Raga conquered and the occasional visiting sailor began to settle there. Though great care was taken not to attract attention, it was soon known as a friendly and hospitable (and intentionally out-of-the-way) place. More people settled there, and the native folk rarely left. Today the town is economically comfortable, if not well off, and unlike most human settlements has no real problem with poverty or impoverished residents. The town does not appear on most maps and the townsfolk, partly because of their preference for peace and quiet and partly because of the strong anti-Rigan (really anti-Keraptorse) sentiments, prefer to keep it that way. To say that they are paranoid is an overstatement. To say that they prefer to be left alone is a certainty. Fresh water is available to the town via two small streams that flow down out of the mountains of the interior as well as the spring in Dead Gnoll's Eyesocket. The entire place is surrounded by a strong palisade; because of the relative dangers presented by creatures wandering down out of the forests and mountains, only a very few farmers and herders live outside this wall. Most dwell in town and go out the gates every morning to till their fields.

First Impressions: The town is hospitable, though its inhabitants for the most part will take a while to warm up to newcomers. Most of the buildings in town are relatively new, and even the meanest is solidly built. Dead Gnoll is predominantly a human town, though there are a few elves and halflings (the latter are mostly herders). If dwarves or gnolls are ever seen, it's because they got off a ship. Given those races' antipathy towards water, they are a rarity and are bound to attract attention. There hasn't been a pixie fairy in Dead Gnoll in almost a hundred years. Townsfolk are mannerly and polite; typical hard-working simple folk who prefer to stay out of trouble (and have little patience for those that might start it). The very recent influx of adventurers has been met with mixed feelings. Dogathegn Bearbrindle's company, over half of whom are halflings, have been in town just over a week and have managed not to stir things up at all. Most people agree that the Venturesome Few are nice enough fellows and are welcome to stay. Thurstac Scornlaw, who arrived five days ago and departed two days after that, was quickly reviled as a ruffian. No one was sorry to see his band leave (indeed, several recent thefts and an unsolved stabbing have been attributed to them). The news that even more adventurers may be on the way is creating tension among the townsfolk, and there has been some discussion (especially after the incident with Scornlaw's Disreputables) of making the town off-limits to any more arriving adventurers (though this has not been decided yet).

Who's in Charge: Mayor Lawro Skich, a rope merchant and purveyor of nautical equipment. The office of mayor is an elected one, decided each year at the end of the fishing season by a town vote. Everyone on the town council and permanent residents of the town hold a common vote in Gnoll Hall annually. Townsfolk receive one vote, each councillor is given ten (and they don't have to cast them all for the same candidate). The current mayor is not allowed to vote. Mayor Lawro has held the office for the last ten years, and is regarded as being good at his job (though really all he does is preside over town meetings and discuss problems or potential projects with the councillors and the Liar's Club over breakfast every morning at the Squawking Harpy). So well liked is the mayor, in fact, that during the last election everyone in Gnoll Hall voted not to have a vote and get right down to the banquet always held afterwards.

Who's Really in Charge: The town council and the "Liar's Club". The current town council is comprised of seven members, including Jasbo Hawser, a priest of Markovia, Derntle Dernhelm, the captain of the guard, a retired fisherman who still owns three small ships in the harbor, and two of the wealthier merchants in town. The so-called Liar's Club is a collection of well known townsfolk, now mostly retired, who get together almost every morning for tea at a local tavern to tell each other stories they've all heard before. Any major decisions are usually decided by mutual accord within the combined ranks of these two groups. Their thoughts on most matters are almost always unanimous, though the mayor sometimes has to step in to quell arguments or even break up the occasional fight.

Population: 4,500, almost all human. There are about thirty extended halfling families in town, totaling nearly two hundred kinfolk. Another thirty or forty families live within a few leagues of town in well-built smials. There are only a dozen high elves in town, all of them known on sight. Occasionally their woodland kin from the interior of the island come visit. Nearly a hundred Dralch live in town as well, most of them working for various merchants or craftsmen. None are slaves though a few perform the role of servants. Anyone of another race seen in town is undoubtedly a visitor. The most common of these are the Kangarai, usually traders from the nomadic clans of the island. Very, very rarely townsfolk will see visiting Trout Folk from the small lake east-northeast of town. Since they have to expend precious magic to make the trip overland, most contact with the Flourderthals comes only when the humans go seek them out.

Economy & Industry: Dead Gnoll is a fairly prosperous and well-fed town. It conducts trade both with visiting ships and the Kangarai of the interior (they bring in a delicious mushroom much sought-after by the locals; cooked properly they are delightful, aged and dried just one is better than a whole bottle of grog). There is a sizeable fishing fleet, of course. Much of local catch feeds the town. A lot more of it is sold to revictual visiting ships. There is also a goodly amount of agriculture, with wheat and barley being the

most common crop. Animal husbandry is common—mostly sheep (producing high-quality wool), with smaller amounts of cattle for dairy uses (the town has a unique, pleasantly sharp cheddar they call Gnoll's Noggin, that sells by the round or the wedge) or, less commonly, beef and even vellum. There is a cider press and a mill, and a brewery at the Squawking Harpy. Gorba "the Stodgy", a blustery matron of considerable size, is the widow of a former alchemist. Long after he passed on, Gorba discovered the formula for a very very sticky glue made from freshwater mussels gathered off the bottom of local ponds. She hires local children to collect it for her and sends it abroad in small but expensive quantities. (Now a modestly wealthy woman, Gorba spends quite a bit of her money on the children that work for her, and despite her manner can be counted on to assist in any charitable project.) Interestingly, local guardsmen use the glue in the preparation of hardtack biscuits. These biscuits are difficult to chew and even harder to swallow, but eating one will render a temporary bonus of +1 to Constitution for the next 12 hours. Sadly, there will be at least one (often more) mandatory, lengthy and probably painful visit to the privy sometime towards the end of those 12 hours. The local militia calls the biscuits "Gorba's rocks" and only eat them if they think they might have to fight soon. The halflings outside of town sometimes bring Halfling Sheep Cobs (their so-called "Dawg Ponies") to the docks on occasion. These animals bring high prices from other lands but are not sold very often. Trout Men and Kangarai will occasionally make rare or exotic things available, but this is quite the rarity.

Soldiers, Militia & Constables: The commander of both the town guard and the militia is ubiquitous Captain Derntle Dernhelm (F 5). Captain Dernhelm's attention to detail and restless energy is one of the main reasons the town has remained as safe as it has for so long. He keeps long hours and makes it his business to keep tabs on everything that goes on. The captain can often be found prowling about the streets and alleys of town, out of uniform and late in the night. On these occasions he is often accompanied by Torawgg Lawg (from the Adventurer's Hospice), for though the half-ogre has lost the use of one hand he is still ferocious in a fight. The guardsmen of Dead Gnoll number exactly twenty-nine (not counting Captain Dernhelm). Twenty of them are chain-mail wearing men-at-arms that carry a variety of weaponry and five comprise the guard's tough and reliable scouting unit. Three corporals (F1, F2 and R2) supervise the guardsmen (the ranger is in charge of the scouts) under the day to day leadership of Platten Ralu, the Sergeant of the Guard (Dernhelm's second-in-command). The guardsmen man the walls and act as constables, patrolling the streets in pairs (while on "police" duty they are typically armed with billets or quarterstaves and occasionally a net). The town militia numbers around three hundred, split into two sections that drill for 4 hours on alternate days every other fortnight. Most of the militia are decently trained (for farmers and craftsmen); all are in their mid-thirties or younger. Merchants or resident traders that do not wish to bear arms contribute by supplying funds necessary to keep the militia equipped. Older men in town (often members of the Liar's Club) contribute by offering advice based upon their "years of service". Captain Dernhelm and his NCOs politely ignore most such advice. There is one small catapult down by the docks. In times of trouble it is manned by one of the corporals that was an artillerist in Raga. The guard owns no boats of its own, but if necessary its members have the authority to commandeer any resident fishing vessel and crew to take them out into the bay. (Thankfully, this has not been necessary in recent memory—the one time pirates caused real trouble they were met on the docks by the entire assembled guard, several notable citizens and a pair of wizards then staying at the Gimcrack Suites. The raiders were soundly defeated after a brief fight and their vessel burned to the waterline).

Laws and Particular Proscriptions: Dead Gnoll has the typical laws of any small municipality. Convicted transgressors are tried in court with the captain of guard acting as judge, the mayor and council acting as jury and the sergeant of the guard as prosecutor. Criminals must present any relevant evidence in their own defense. There is a small stone-walled gaol attached to the back of Gnoll Hall, where the guard billet is located. It has cell space for up to six man-sized offenders. There is a pillory in the town square but it is only rarely used.

Know-it-Alls: Dead Gnoll has more than its fair share of tale-tellers and crusty old salts, particularly among the ranks of its saltier fishermen. It shouldn't be too difficult to find someone who knows the local waters or the nearer wilderness. No one in town ever goes very far north (at least no one has done so and returned to talk about it). There is certainly no one who's ever been as far as White Doom Mountain, though on all but the cloudiest days the cloud above it can be clearly seen. Framthen Razzle is a human scholar, the only true scholar in town. He comes from a family of sagacious types and has two brothers abroad doing research. Framthen is in Dead Gnoll to study the humanoids of Marlog Island (though he'd probably get a lot more work done if he spent more time working and less time in the taverns). He's only been consulted a couple of times that anyone can recollect, but never seems to run out of money. He is also known to have some kind of fiery wand, which he usually carries in a round scabbard like a knife on his belt. He's used the magic item three different times to assist the guard in repelling raids (and once on a Hedgerow Lunger that moved into the neighborhood). Framthen's major area of study is legends and folklore. His minor areas of study are theology and myth (humanoid), language and history (specifically kobold, robold and gnoll), and divination. Framthen will be more than willing to talk to adventurers at length about what he knows, and will not turn down a consultation. He is fairly wealthy for a scholar however, and will not be interested in bargaining or dickering over his fee. He charges standard rates. There is the chance, however, that he might be amenable to proposals suggesting an exchange of information should PCs proffer such (and if they can convince him they really are heading into the interior). Of late Framthen has lost interest in Robolds and started collating information on the Gnarl-Ron.

Wizards: Dead Gnoll is not exactly a booming metropolis, so it rarely sees any high-profile or powerful wizards come through. Once every couple of months a messenger arrives from the Center for Monster Studies and stays a few days with Framthen. Most people assume they are wizards, but no one has ever asked. The only resident magic-user of note in the town is Murboldt Vendermewe (MU 7), a stocky bald man with an immense mustache and wooden shoes. Murboldt is actually an Anti-Mage (SSG p. 22). His shoes are widely believed to be magic (they're not, but they are uncomfortable). Murboldt is likeable enough, but he seems to be a little nervous most of the time. He has rented a small one-room home down by the harbor since he came to town just over a year ago. There he can often be seen peering out to sea through the window with a large spyglass.

Men of Gawd: There are two small churches in Dead Gnoll, one to Markovia and one to Luvia. Neither is much to look at, as the worshippers of the former are mostly fishermen and sailors who leave offerings but don't attend services much and the devout worshippers of the latter are relatively few in number (there are many Luvian adherents in town, but the majority are not regular church-goers). Plus, the prelate of the church is widely-regarded as an officious snob (he means well, he really does, but he's not exactly a people-person). Howmark the Pious (C4) ministers to Luvia's faithful as best he can. His eyes are watery and he has a weak chin, and his over-large nose seems to run all the time (his constant sniffing is one of the things that gets on the townsfolk's nerves). Howmark has long wanted to convert some of the itinerant Kangarai tribesmen who pass through to the worship of Luvia, but any of them who might be interested are inevitably put off by his personality and snuffling.

Jaspo Hawser (C6) is the chief cleric of Markovia's temple. He came to Dead Gnoll "at the Gawd's behest" when his ship took refuge here in a storm. The only priest (of his faith) in town prior to his arrival had been a lay preacher of Markovia who'd been eaten by a school of normally unaggressive fish some weeks before. Jaspo took this as a sign he was to stay. Jaspo is a sharp-eyed and weathered man, a skilled sailor who adventured some in his youth. He will be receptive to the wants and needs of polite PCs because of this, and because of his family background (the Hawser family has been known for its mariners and adventurers along Red Bear Coast for generations). Jaspo understands that his congregation is mostly work-a-day folk so he doesn't get too worked up over their less than regular attendance of his services. On the dais at the back of the church of Markovia is the original

ship's wheel from the Singing Siren, the vessel Zalman Grunnde sailed to Marlog Island when they founded Dead Gnoll (all the other material from the vessel was used to help build their first houses).

Knockabouts, Pinchers & Filchers: There are few thieves of note in the town, though it does of course have its share of petty crime. There are some who pickpocket or fleece visiting sailors and others that will steal if the opportunity presents itself, but the size of the community and the vigorous attentions of the guard make it very difficult for locals to become problematic criminals. Despite this, there have been a few real troublemakers (such as Linit Spratstool, q.v.) and a few break-ins, though thankfully none that have ended in murder or violence. This doesn't prevent newcomers and visitors from making themselves a nuisance or taking what belongs to others, so the guard stays vigilant.

Fightin' Folk: Hassal the Miller is a tall, almost skeletal member of the militia. He has demonstrated a skill with the bow that even the guardsmen envy and is in charge of maintaining the archery skill of that part of the militia (and ensuring they maintain their weapons and at least three-score arrows as well). Hassal is one of those people with a rare and natural gift—though he looks scarcely strong enough to bend the thing, he can split another man's arrow at fifty paces without any great difficulty. Trogen Grunnde, another descendent of the town's founder, is a retired captain of the guard. Though pushing his sixtieth year he can still whip most of the younger guardsmen without even resorting to foul play. Grunnde occasionally rounds up an occasional sturdy lad or three, unleashes a pair of his dawgs and goes looking for trouble outside of town.

Gear & Goodies: It should be fairly easy to obtain common goods and necessities in Dead Gnoll, but anything really out of the ordinary will have to be brought in from elsewhere. To get a better idea of the craftsmen in town, see Hirelings and Flunkies, below.

Adventurers Hospices: The Adventurer's Hospice in Dead Gnoll, because of the town's out of the way locale and particular temperament, does very little business (though the proprietor wishes this was not so). Charter House #217, a smallish but decent inn called Gimcrack Suites (for a variety of reasons), is rather a dull place. That state of affairs, however, is going to change quite dramatically very soon. In fact, it already has. A noted bard of Fangaerie, one Olletsoc Sivle, has sent ahead somehow (presumably via magical means) to secure five rooms, all paid for in advance, and to warn of his impending arrival. Several adventurers have taken rooms here lately, many close-mouthed, many openly talking about their "upcoming conquest of Keraptorse". The Innkeeper's name is Torawgg Lawg. He is a half-ogre, short and squat for that race (though still larger than the average man) and, of course, damned strong. Torawgg has lived in Dead Gnoll for several years. He retired to the town after his left hand was petrified to the wrist in a confrontation with some kind of cockatrice-like creature in the ruins on the far western coast of Marlog Island. Unusually smart for his race, Torawgg has no real desire to return to the adventuring life. He gets his adrenaline fix by training with the local militia and helping out with the occasional wandering monster (such as a particularly vicious Hedgerow Lunger that was plaguing livestock outside the walls very recently). Oddly enough, Torawgg is quite content with life. Most of the locals like and accept him, he makes a decent living—he even has a girlfriend! The half-ogre will welcome guild members to the hostel graciously (rooms are 5 sp/night) and has recently hired a relatively decent cook (meals do not come with the room). Until recently, Torawgg has supplemented the inn's revenue by renting its oft-empty rooms out to non-members like any normal inn. Of late, however, that has not been quite as practical. The Charter House is actually the Charter Seat of #217—there are only seven or eight real members of the Local, Torawgg being one of them, and none of the others have been back in months. The half-ogre would not be opposed to recruiting new members.

Taverns, Inns & Brothels: The largest and best place for beer and polite conversation in Dead Gnoll is, of course, the Squawking Harpy. The tavern is the largest single structure in town besides Gnoll Hall. It is almost always occupied to some extent, either by locals gathering to eat and gossip or by visitors off newly arrived ships. The Gimcrack Suites wasn't a bad place to stay, but the recent influx of adventurers has driven off most of that inn's non-

adventurous patronage. The Moss House is a nice little bed and breakfast built onto (and into) a small hill in between the two streams that race through town. The proprietors are halflings; half of its six rooms are sized for smaller folk. The inn gets its name from the soft green moss that grows all over the rock slabs of the building's "roof". There are other places to grab an ale or fondle a wench, of course, but none as well known. Two other taverns are the Rusted Bell and the Wetted Throat, both nearer to the harbor (the latter has a sign with the picture of a land squid on it—there's a beer mug in each of its tentacles). There is one brothel down by the docks, but it isn't named nor advertised (though it never lacks for business). It is generally referred to as "that place" by the more prudish people of town. A common phrase for someone going there is "strolling down quayside". Everyone but the most naïve knows what that means.

Other People to Watch Out For: Thomen Grunnde is a squat yellow-toothed fellow who runs the apothecary and acts as the town healer and vet. He knows no magic, but his skills are considerable, as is his knowledge of herbology; despite his surly countenance his bedside manner is quite reassuring. Lirit Spratstool is a thug halfling currently enjoying a stay in the gaol after taking a cosh to the head of a visiting sailor and stealing everything the poor fellow had. Lirit actually had quite a successful career as a thief in town before being caught—the Guard never recovered all of the stolen loot and is not even sure he is responsible for all the thefts (though they suspect). Lirit is an unpleasant fellow and good with a knife, but so far has managed to play a successful "harmless pickpocket" role. If the truth were known, he is probably responsible for the disappearance of at least two visiting merchants over the last year. Another interesting character in town is Shagger "the Bear", a leathery-faced hunter who only comes to town three or four times a year. Shagger carries a bow that no one else has ever been able to bend, and usually brings strange hides or carcasses to town when he comes. This has, in the past, included the pelt of a Rock Bear, the carapace of a Tiger Fly and a whole flock of arrow-shot Stirges. Shagger knows more about the mountains and woodlands of the island interior than anyone else alive and is often consulted by the scouts of the guard about particular problems. He sports a beard that would make a dwarf proud and is on good terms with the Trout Folk in the lake south of town.

Town Features: Gnoll Hall sits across one entire side of the town square, an imposing, high-ceilinged structure that can seat at least three hundred people. There is a belfry-like tower atop the place accessible from both inside the hall and from the guard barracks at the back. There is usually at least one guardsman in the tower keeping watch (considered a boring duty, but a good one in fair weather). Dead Gnoll's Eyesocket is a small cave near the western palisade. It is tended by the guard and checked on periodically to make sure the freshwater spring inside has not been tampered with or fouled in any way.

Hirelings & Flunkies: There are a variety of craftsmen, hirelings and specialists to be found in Dead Gnoll, though not so many as would be found in a larger metropolis. There are tailors, masons, carpenters and other mundane folk to be hired, but bearers, porters, party grunts and seeing-eye boys may be difficult to locate or hire if the eventual destination is known to be White Doom Mountain. The only armorers in town are off-duty guardsmen; likewise weapon smiths (though some merchants sell blades and the like). It will be virtually impossible to hire a party courier or a party minstrel. Scroll caddies may be available, but must probably be hired from newcomers off visiting ships. There are no lamp fairies in town and only one scribe, a half-elf that can write in both common and elvish (who charges double normal prices).

Hack Hooks: The boring days of Dead Gnoll's past are, well, passed, at least from the looks of things. Nobody's happy about the burgeoning excitement, least of all the mayor or the guard. The recent arrival of so many adventurers and the stirring of Keraptorse is being held to blame, but no one yet knows how to handle the situation. Some current events:

- A family of halflings, living several miles to the northwest of town, report that a Scarecrow (the undead kind) has appeared in the neighborhood, stalking their fields. None of their own de facto militia have been able to find it, but it has already killed twice.

- Somebody evidently wishes Jaspo Hawser ill. Not three days ago the cleric awoke from a deep sleep unexpectedly to find a Scarab of Seeking on his pallet, stealthily approaching his leg. The Markovian priest captured the creature in a bottle and has consulted Captain Dernhelm of the Guard for help in finding the villain that sent it.

- One of the drunkards at the Squawking Harpy, a former marine on a Rigan war-galley, loudly pronounced recently that the wizard Murboldt was a vampire. The man said Murboldt's mustache hid his fangs, and a magic amulet allowed him to walk about in the sun. Everyone laughed at this, but the next day the drunkard vanished and has not been seen since. Some folk who heard the accusation have been musing over this, and over the fact that Vendermewe seems to be hiding something. His taproom defenders, however, ridicule the idea, pointing out that the wizard eats lots of garlic on his food and is able to cross running water with ease. They figure the drunk wandered down to the beach and drowned himself and that Vendermewe is just a little eccentric. So far the argument has progressed no further than a topic of animated tavern conversation.

- The original anchor from the Singing Siren is reputed to be somewhere on the bottom of the harbor, or perhaps a league of two out to sea. Popular legend among the fishermen has it that the anchor is actually magic and was tossed overboard before the vessel was beached in order to protect the harbor. Some of the old salts say the anchor has the bones of a doppelganger that had infiltrated the original crew chained to it. If this is indeed the case (and most think the whole idea is preposterous) then the corpse has probably long since been cleaned to the bone or vanished entirely.

WHITE DOOM MOUNTAIN

THE CALDERA AND CRATER RIM

On the northwestern rim of the crater wall is a small niche carved out of the inside. It is just twenty-five feet below the top, but the wall above it is sheered (-20% to climbing) and it is covered more often than not by steam. This concealment makes it the perfect hang-out for a bunch of Marlgoyles. They fly up and back out of the crater, hunting predominantly north and west of the mountain. Occasionally they swoop down into the interior basin and glide by the inner ledge of Curgledrim's Corridor, on the other side. Robold guards there not paying attention, make for a quick and easy meal for the beasts.

THE MARLGOYLE NICHE

There is a cleft in the rock below you, straight down. It looks to be around twenty-five feet or so down the interior side of the caldera. It is difficult to tell with great certainty, as billowing bleached bones lying near the edge of the niche. Among them something metallic winks dully.

Marlgoyles (3)

Remember that Marlgoyles can hide against stone 80% of the time. If caught unawares, these three will leap to do battle without hesitation. At least one of them will be in the air at all times, though the limited maneuver room makes it difficult to fight on the wing. If two of them are killed and the third is able it will flee into the mist and not return for several hours (and then right cautiously). On the floor of the niche, amongst the bones of several small animals, some Robolds and at least one Kangarai, are a 120 c.p., 51 s.p., 72 h.s., 39 g.p., two small rubies and a very nice tapestry rolled up in canvas. The tapestry shows a Ragean war-galley of the kind used by her navies in the heyday of her expansion. It is quite valuable (650 g.p.) but heavy as well (20 lbs.).

CURGLEDIM'S CORRIDOR

Sixty-some years ago, before Keraptorse and his minions were firmly entrenched, the single most powerful denizen of White Doom Mountain was a Mist Giant named Borlefrew. Borlefrew dwelt in a long, wide natural tunnel (probably an old lava tube of some sort) that carved straight from the outside of the mountain through the rock of the caldera rim to the inner wall of the crater. The tunnel was large enough to make a comfortable home and small enough to be defensible (though this was rarely a necessity in those days). More importantly, the interior cave (where the tunnel debouched into the cavern) had a huge ledge on it, a ledge that was a great place from which to throw a line—Borlefrew, neither nice nor mannerly by any civilized standard, was not a thorough villain. He just wanted to fish the waters of the caldera lake and be left alone. In any case, though prone to fits of temper (especially after losing hooks or tangling line), Borlefrew wasn't a bash-first-ask-questions-later kind of giant. He would have at least considered a request to let someone travel through his tunnel and so save the most difficult part of travel up the slope (and eliminating the need to rappel down the sheer cliffs of the inside rim).

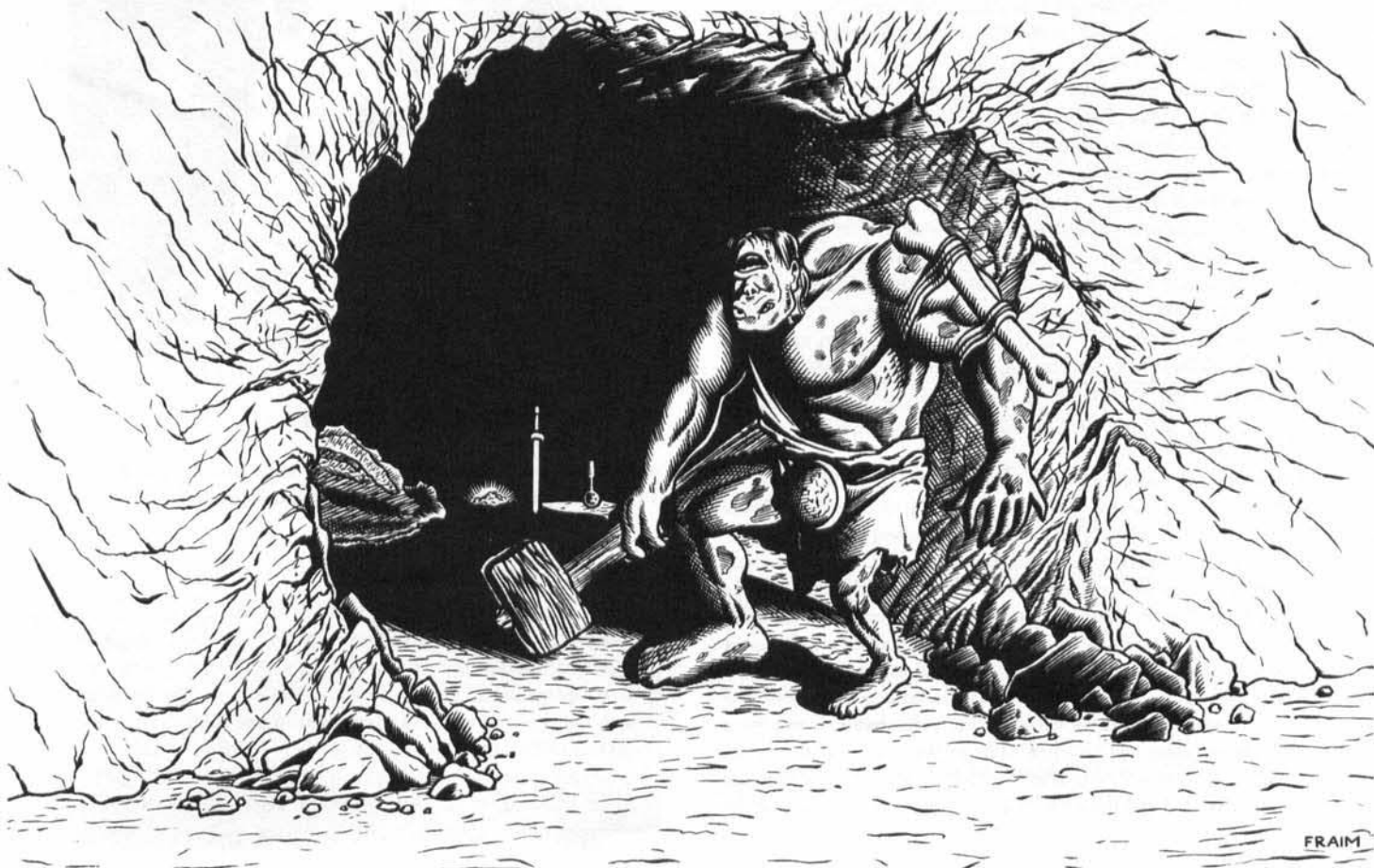
Unfortunately for adventurers these days however, Borlefrew is dead, so none of that matters. They'll have to fight to use the tunnel, or else go all the way up and scale their way down.

Forty-three years ago Borlefrew was half-asleep on his ledge, fishing pole in hands and floppy hat down over his eyes, when an intruder crept into his tunnel from the outside. The Mist Giant had lived alone without trouble for too long. He'd forgotten how to be careful, and had no minions, devoted underlings or even resentful serfs to look after him. While he sat on the ledge desultorily pursuing his quest for "that big-assed fish" (see below), Borlefrew was brained from behind and died. Whether he died of a broken heart for want of ever catching his most challenging and elusive quarry or simply because his skull had been crushed with a maul was uncertain, but one thing was clear—there was a new giant in town, and his name was Curgledrim.

Curgledrim (he has no last name, being of uncertain parentage, and tormented the old ladies of the giantkin orphanage unmercifully before he was finally kicked out) is a Fomorian Giant. He wanted the tunnel for himself and thought Borlefrew was a boring wuss (many giant races have a hard time understanding anyone's fascination with fishing, which they deem to be as worthless a pursuit as golf and jai alai), so he murdered him and took his place. He has not repeated any of Borlefrew's mistakes, however.

In the first place, he doesn't fish, so he hasn't lost nearly as many hooks or as much line to the Jurynday (see below). In the second place, he maintains a small staff of Robolds to stand watch and tend to things while he's out hunting. Curgledrim is very much the bash-first-ask-questions-later kind of giant. He cannot be parleyed with, treated with, negotiated with or even begged. Pretty much if he sees anyone other than his minions he'll fly into a spitting rage and attack.

Important GameMaster's Note: This may be an encounter where PCs should use their heads. Charging to the attack and hacking away is not always the right thing to do. Wise adventurers think before they hack (or they don't live to be old wise adventurers), and there's a very good possibility that Curgledrim and his underlings might be too big a mouthful for the PCs at the start of the adventure. This is not to say that he can't be beaten, with proper planning and a bit of luck, just that they should understand he's going to be a challenge. Granted, the corridor would make a great base of operations for ongoing forays into the dungeon underneath White Doom Mountain, but that doesn't mean the party has to have it. A crafty GM will take steps to ensure PCs get a glimpse of the Fomorian before going inside (or at least taking other steps to forewarn them—like finding some huge footprints, or the skeleton of Borlefrew for instance). As long as this has been made clear that something really dangerous is in the cave, whiny players can't pout and cry foul when they get their heads smashed in or their limbs pulled from their bodies. It will also allow the GM to nod sagely and pontificate about how PCs should know their own limitations and think before they hack, all the while snickering gleefully inside about how dumb they were. Of course, if the PCs have a good plan to take the giant down it obviates all of this.



CURGLEDRIM'S CORRIDOR, AREA DESCRIPTIONS

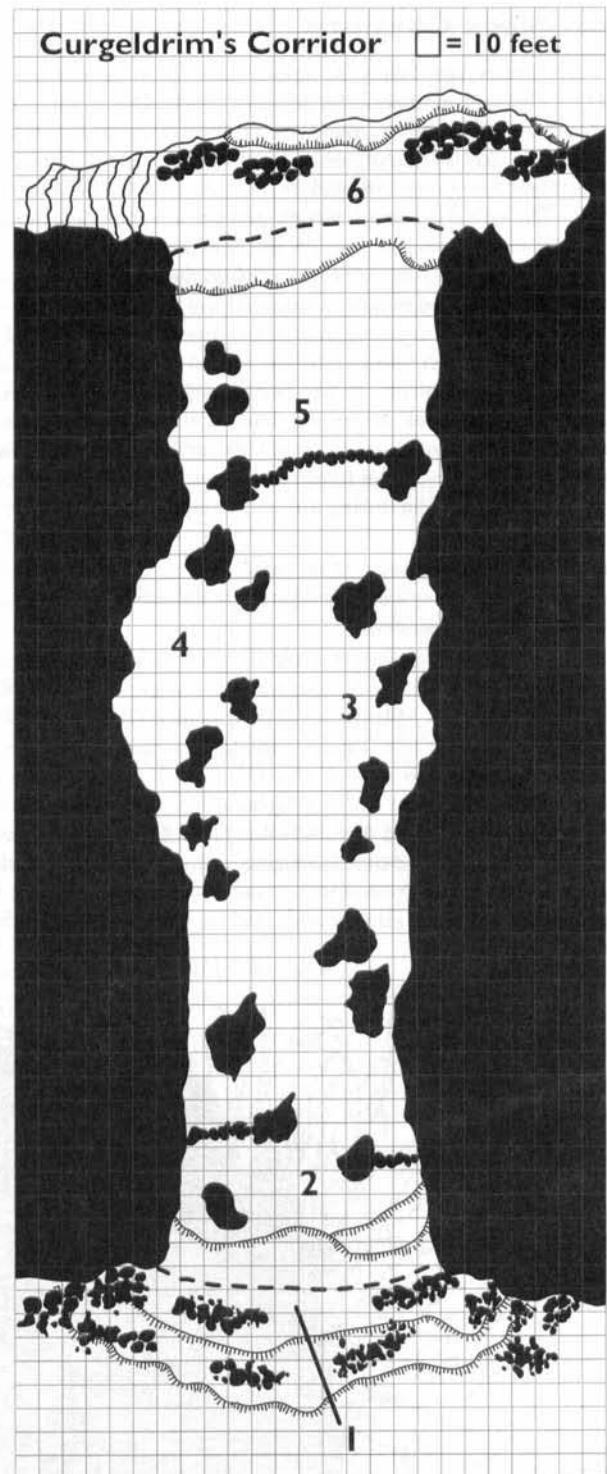
Curgeldrim's Corridor is on the southeast slope of the crater. The entrance cave is just shy of two hundred feet downhill from the top of the rim (the steepest and most dangerous part of the climb). The lip of the cave overhang, like most of the ground around it, is covered with tough shrubbery and thorny growth. It can be seen from a distance, however, because none of the growth around it is tall enough to obscure it.

Another Important GM Note: The Robold warriors serving as guard for Curgeldrim are from a small tribe of the creatures living beneath one of the other mountains several days' travel away. The tribe deifies the Fomorian because of his size, strength and skin condition, but he doesn't like having lots of them around (which is why the whole tribe hasn't relocated to the Corridor to live). A new troop of them comes to the Corridor once each month to replace the one on duty. Unless this shift rotation occurs, Robold losses cannot be replaced. Unless otherwise specified, whatever weapons the individual Robolds carry are not listed as potential loot, though they can be taken as plunder. Any Robold having better than AC 7 will have an appropriate armor type. Otherwise they are dressed in crude studded leather armor of their own manufacture. Keep in mind that room descriptions may change depending upon whether an alarm has been sounded. Only the Robold leader speaks Common. All of the others converse in Goblin, Kobold or their own mingled argot that is a mixture of the two.

I. THE OUTER LEDGE

The mouth of a huge cave opens up on the slope ahead, gaping like a massive, toothless maw. The cave-mouth is about fifteen feet high and over a hundred feet wide. It looks like the ceiling might actually be higher than that inside, but this is difficult to determine from a distance. A rock ledge thrusts out over the top, overgrown with bracken and brambles. There is a single, stunted tree on the top of the ledge, standing like a lone sentry there at its highest point. Below, a wide tier of natural rock slabs stack up on one another like huge steps marching up to the cave. Shrubs and tough-looking bushes grow on and around these steps. Piles of stones and rocks, too neatly stacked and even to be natural, have been erected in places across the slabs like long, low walls. Down the slope from this gigantic opening are sprawled the stark white bones of what could only have been a giant—even tumbled and half-covered by thickets, it is clear the creature must have been over twenty feet tall. How or why these bones came to be there is uncertain. From the way the bones of the limbs are splayed out it looks as though the giant's body was actually discarded there and left to rot...

A tiered shelf of rock slabs leads up to the entrance to the Corridor here. The 'steps' are natural and rise approximately five feet with each step. Rocks and small stones have been piled up in great numbers along the steps to provide cover for Robold defenders or platforms for their archers. Some effort has been made to make the "walls" appear random and haphazard, as though the result of rockslides and such, but it's pretty clear they've been stacked there intentionally. Even if the rocks fool observers, the huge skeleton of a giant lying pretty much in plain view just thirty feet downhill of the entrance would be sure to attract attention. The skeleton is of course what's left of Borlefrew the Mist Giant, whose home the tunnel once was. His massive bones have long since been picked clean and bleached white by the sun. Anyone carefully investigating the skeleton will be unable to help but notice that the skull has been crushed from behind and the neck broken. Unless the occupants of the



Corridor have been stirred up or alerted in some way, there is little danger of intruders being noticed or seen until they actually enter the cave.

2. THE OUTER PALISADE

It takes a few moments to see clearly as your eyes begin to adjust to the dim light inside the cave. As they begin to do so, however, you are able to see that this cavern is far, far larger than expected. This is no mere cleft in the rock. This is a vast corridor, at least thirty feet or more in height and easily a hundred feet or more across. It runs straight ahead for a great distance—how far is difficult to reckon, but it obviously extends far more than a stone's throw. It may be that this cavern runs

completely through the mountain and out the other side! The interior of the cave is fairly even and smooth, though huge blocks of fallen stone and rocks the size of houses fill it nearly to the ceiling in places. Twenty feet inside the cave there is another ledge of rock shelving up from the floor. Beyond that, running from the outer walls in to a pair of monolithic rocks is a rude wooden palisade. The crude wall averages eight feet high; each log has been sharpened and hardened by fire on the end. There is a twenty-foot gap between the two giant rocks, but things are darker there and it is impossible to see what lies immediately beyond. You have no such trouble seeing what is staked before it, however, and the sight which greets your eyes is enough to turn the stomach of even hardened adventurers.

Several humanoid in armor and various garb have been impaled on sharp poles and left on grotesque display in front of the wall. All appear to have suffered grievous injury before being mounted on the stakes; all of their feet are dangling well above the ground. The largest of these was once an Ogre—it appears to have been here the longest as well, for most of the flesh on it has withered away to expose the bone beneath. Whatever killed it appears to have broken nearly every bone in its body before impaling it.

Two of the other corpses are human, one male and one female, both badly battered. A fourth set of remains appears to be a gray elf, though decay and the pallor of its remaining skin make it difficult to say for sure. It was male, and it too appears to have been bludgeoned. Beside the elf's corpse is hoisted what appears to be, oddly enough, a Kangarai warrior. Its head lolls limply to one side as though its neck was broken. The sixth and last corpse was either a halfling or a gnome, it is now quite impossible to tell. Scavengers have either paid more attention to this one than the others or else it was badly disfigured during the fight that killed it, for its facial features have long since gone away.

It doesn't seem like the Ogre's corpse belongs with the others. It is clad in rags and scrap of hide, and has obviously been exposed to the elements for a longer period of time. The others though, all but the Kangarai, are clearly a group. The tattered remnants of their cloaks and surcoats all bear the same device; that of a large mottled canine on a red field. The elf even bears the symbol on its one remaining glove, embroidered on the back of the hand. The human female has it tattooed on her forearm. Perhaps the Kangarai was a guide for the other. Abruptly an unexpected movement amongst the corpses interrupts your inspection. You tense suddenly, but quickly relax, realizing it was nothing more than a scrap of tunic being blown by the faint, constant breeze that enters the cavern behind you.

Robold guards (3)

The corpses impaled outside the palisade wall were all victims of Curgledrim. The Ogre has been there over a month, having spotted the Robolds moving about and wandering up to see what was what. Curgledrim might have taken the Ogre on as part of his staff, but the creature made the mistake of making a face when he got a good look at the deformed giant and sealed his own fate. The other corpses are all the remains of former members of the Company of the Spotted Dawg, an adventuring band from Hesus. Like several other bands of adventurers, they read the poem posted by Keraptorse and came looking for the stolen weapons. Unfortunately for

them, they arrived without their usual scout and their best fighter. Both of whom were waiting out the last few days of a jail sentence and were meant to join up with the others on the island (small point to that now). The company was five strong when it arrived—their last member actually survived and is a captive of the Robolds inside (q.v.).

Usually there is a pair of Robold guards keeping an eye on the gap in the palisade. Usually their attention to their duty leaves much to be desired, and the recent intrusion by the Company of the Spotted Dawg has done little to change that. The only thing done differently is that Curgledrim has ordered a third guard posted. So now there are three Robolds sitting idly inside the gap in the palisade not paying the least bit of attention. Robolds are cunning, 3' tall blue-skinned humanoids with shocks of unkempt black hair and pointy ears. They are the result of breeding between goblins and kobolds and combine the worst qualities of both races.

If careful PCs are able to sneak up on the three sentries and dispatch them without raising an alarm, well and good. If one of the guards manages to raise a hue and a cry for help, 1d4+1 other Robolds will arrive from area #3 in 1d2+1 rounds. These will be the only reinforcements that are sent. Curgledrim will wait until they come back to tell him what's going on. If they don't return then the Fomorian will ready himself for a fight. If a lengthy period of time passes without sign of intruders or returning guards he'll grab a couple more warriors and come investigate himself (see area #4 for details).

An inspection of the corpses skewered outside the palisade will discover nothing of value. The three guards here each carry a pair of shortswords and one carries a sling and a pouch of stones. They have nothing else of value on their persons.

3. ROBOLD BIVOUAC

The cavern, which has been fairly consistent in its width and height, broadens somewhat here. It opens up more widely on either side by twenty feet or more. Several large stone formations and columns of rock, stretching all the way from the floor to the ceiling, make it difficult to see what is back in the shadows. The ceiling itself is even higher here, rising like a vault to a height of at least forty feet. Scattered on the ground near the walls are a large number of straw and cloth pallets. Partially eaten food, sacks, skins and other things indicate that this is a living area of some kind. There is a strong smell of smoke in the air and the remnants of an old fire against the wall. Soot on the stone shows where the smoke climbs up towards the ceiling and is then pushed on down the tunnel.

Robold warriors (9), Bergil Cobalt (Robold leader) (1), Harlum Steadyfingers (Halfling captive) (1)

Against the wall of the Corridor and rock formations through out this area are the pallets and belongings. They belong to the thirteen-strong Robold guard contingent guarding Curgledrim this month. Their equipment and possessions have little value but are reasonably well maintained and clean, all things considered. Any Robolds not previously encountered will be gathered here when the PCs arrive. If an alarm has not yet been sounded they will be simply scattered about singly or in small groups asleep or whiling away the hours by playing mumbly-peg, sharpening their blades or trying to catch a little rack time. If a warning has been given they will be arrayed in groups of three behind the rocks that provide them partial cover. Each group will consist of two Robolds with swords and one with sword and sling. The two with blades will shield the slinger while they hurl their stones at intruders, with spellcasters as their target of choice. They will not usually come out to the attack, as they know they're likely to be stomped flat by the Fomorian while he fights. Their job is to provide harassing and supporting fire.

Bergil Cobalt, the Robold leader, will be with the group farthest from the entrance to the corridor, keeping them ready to come to Curgledrim's aid if he comes lumbering out (which he will as soon as there is a commotion) and so commands. Otherwise he will do as the others and remain on the defensive while the giant does his work.

If Curgledrim has already been encountered and defeated, they will either be drawn up in a knot behind one rock prepared to make a rush for safety past any intruders (70%) or will have slit Harlum's throat and will be drawn up in a defensive position on the far side of the inner palisade (q.v.) prepared to sell themselves dearly (30%). If at any time the giant suffers a really bad wound or appears to be losing the Robolds will have to make a morale check. If he is killed in sight of them they will panic and flee.

If any Robolds escape they will try to make their way back to their home in the mountains. There is a base 50% chance of them making it home alive, with an additional +15% for each living Robold over two (maximum 80% chance, the island can be a dangerous place). One week after any of them successfully get away a strong war party of at least forty of the tribe's toughest warriors accompanied by a 2nd level magic-user shaman will arrive to determine Curgledrim's fate. If he is discovered to be dead or gone they will linger for a day or two and then return home (thus they may be here when the party returns, if it takes them a while to do so.)

Harlum Steadyfingers, their prisoner, will probably (80% chance) be asleep when PCs arrive, even if there has been a ruckus. He will sleep through any subsequent clamor unless suffering at least 1hp of damage from an attack (the halfling is a very sound sleeper and is trying to regain his strength before making an escape attempt).

Harlum Steadyfingers (Halfling male thief) (Str 13/26, Dex 16/78, Con 12/01, Int 13/80, Wis 15/03, Cha 14/91, Com 12/50); AL LN; AC 7; MV 6"; HD 5 (fifth level); HP 34 (currently wounded, hungry and thirsty, 7 hp remaining); SZ S; #AT 1; D(unarmed); SA Backstab, Infravision 30'; SD +3 vs. Rods, Staves & Wands, +3 vs. Poison; Surprise, Surprised only on 1 in 10; Hon 36, Age 37; Height 3' 4"; Weight 49 lb; Languages: Common, Halfling, Dwarf, Thieves' Cant; Quirks & Flaws: sound sleeper; Proficiencies: short-sword, dagger, throwing dagger; Skills: Trap Sweep (Full Sweep) 32, trader/barterer skill set (47), pinch (52), Cricket-in-the-pea pod (32). Talents: Astute Observation, Opportunist; Thief abilities: Pick Pockets 30%, Open Locks 55%, Find Traps 85%, Remove Traps 30%, Move Silently 55%, Hide in Shadows 45%, Detect Noise 40%, Climb Walls 60%, Read Languages 0%. Harlum receives a +4 to hit (race + Dex) with his thrown dagger and will usually precede any attack by throwing one of his knives if forced to melee. *Opportunist Talent gives +5% to percentile rolls of any kind. This has not been factored into any of his abilities.

Harlum Steadyfingers was a latecomer to the Company of the Spotted Dawg and had only been traveling with them for about six months when they decided to embark on their ill-fated trip to White Doom Mountain. Harlum is fairly tall and lean for a halfling and a capable adventurer. He was captured by the Robolds after being knocked unconscious during the fight or would now be adorning the outer palisade with the corpses of his companions. The halfling has been a prisoner of the blue humanoids now for three days. They have not tortured him, other than the occasional savage kick or thrown rock, because they want him to teach them how to do "that ducking under the legs trick" (Cricket-in-the-Pea pod, see PHB pg. 308) they saw him do when the Spotted Dawgs were fighting Curgledrim. They haven't fed him or allowed him more than a sip of water to drink, however, because they don't want him to regain too much strength and start getting "tricksy" on them. The giant hasn't eaten him yet because he wouldn't make much of a meal. It's doubtful this state of affairs will last, however, because he halfling managed to hurt him pretty badly with a stab to the back of the leg during the fight. Only the Fomorian's whim to accommodate his helpers has kept him from squishing the halfling flat thus far.

Harlum, for his part, has no intention of teaching them how to perform the maneuver. He knows his usefulness will be at an end once they have

learned it (if indeed they are able to learn it) and so is planning on making a break for it when they cut him loose to start the lessons. His hope is that he can either make good his escape or that his other two companions will arrive before the Robolds tire of him and finish him off. What he doesn't know, sadly, is that the last two Spotted Dawgs, Tall Rolf Rolffersen and Laramie Greer (a human barbarian and elvish thief, respectively), were both killed in a tavern brawl the night after they were released from the pillory and won't be coming.

If the PCs should manage to free him, Harlum will not be dead-set against coming along should they invite him. He will have to consider it, but given his feelings of guilt for not spying out the Fomorian before his fellows came blundering in (it wasn't his fault, they didn't give him time to do his job, but he won't accept that), he'll probably agree to come along (if for no other reason than to scout ahead for Tall Rolf and Laramie when they eventually arrive). Harlum's specialty is trap detection. He's not much on picking pockets and has never been very good at "street-thieving", nor does he want to be. He's a team player, by and large, but will be withdrawn and quiet at least at the outset because of his grief and self-recrimination. If he is asked to go and agrees, he will insist upon having his equipment returned to him (this includes the shortsword with the garnet in the hilt, the pair of matched throwing daggers, the lock-picks and locksmithing tools and the halfling-sized coat of leather armor). He will also claim the Bracers of Defense as his own (they were worn by the Spotted Dawgs elf fighter-mage). After all, he isn't stupid and knows the PCs will have no way of knowing whether they were his or not (remember that the Bracers confer no additional effect when worn over armor). If his rescuers do not protest this (and he's in no position to fight over it) he will abandon the armor for the Bracers). Before accompanying the party he will want to take a few minutes to write a note to the companions he's expecting. Sadly, they will never read the missive.

4. CURGLEDIM'S HOLLOW

The wall of the cavern has been pushed in somewhat here to make a large hollow niche. Though not a proper cave, the rock formations in front and the recessed walls make it somewhat distinct from the tunnel. There is a large pile of skins and hides in the deepest recess of the hollow. The smell in here is formidable. Something very large with rather less than proper hygiene has lived here for a long time. There are numerous coins scattered about, but most everything of possible interest; a sword, a mace, some glittering jewels; has been placed with evident care against the walls.

Curgledrim (Fomorian Giant)

Curgledrim, when not out hunting or staring out into the fog that shrouds the caldera lake, will be resting here. He is terribly strong, fairly smart and bitter even for a Fomorian—not a good combination at all. Curgledrim is a hunchback and stands only 11' tall, though he'd top 13' if he could straighten his spine. He has six fingers on his left hand and an extra thumb growing out of his right. His most obvious deformity can be seen on his face—though his nose is in the right place, it has three nostrils; his eyes and mouth have switched places (so his eyes are below and his mouth above his nose). Most significant for combat purposes is his left leg, which is withered and too small, slowing him down significantly from what his normal pace would be. His pallid skin is discolored by a strange skin parasite related to ringworm. It has colored wide swaths and broad patches of his skin with a blue rash, and it itches interminably (adding to his foul temper). The Robolds, who would be inclined to revere him anyway, regard the blue rash as a sign of his divinity and take great care not to disturb it when they tend him (he is unaware that they could end the constant itching with a mud-and-herb remedy they know). Curgledrim carries a huge wooden maul for a weapon and wields it two-handed. He is clad only in thick skins and lengths of bone for armor,

bur does have an enchanted shield (Borlor's Bastion, q.v.) that he wears as a cod piece (he is unaware of its enchantment and wears it only because, A, his family jewels are right at strike level for most man-sized opponents and B, because he likes the hideously ugly picture on the front of it).

The following description can be used for when PCs encounter Curgledrim for the first time.

The creature looming before you is grotesque, as horrifying to look at as it is prodigiously strong. It stands partially hunched over, spine bent by some old deformity, and yet it still towers high above the tallest of you. It stands at least eleven feet high. Were it possible for the hideous creature to straighten itself to its full height, it would probably be at least fourteen feet at the shoulder. Stooped and crooked, the creature's massive arms hang almost to the ground. Its vast, splayed hands are wrapped around the haft of a gigantic wooden maul. A weapon like that, swung with such a creature's strength behind it, could easily have caused a wound such as the one that smashed the skull of the giant skeleton laying out on the mountainside.

The creature lurches forward. One of its legs is smaller than the other by a good measure, making the creature drag the withered and bent limb behind it as it walks. Despite this ungainly and ponderous shuffle you get the impression that it can be murderously quick if it needs to.

Perhaps the most disturbing aspect of the monstrosity is its face. Some horrible joke or unfortunate accident of birth has twisted its face like pallid, miscast clay. Its mouth leers out over the top of its nose while its red-rimmed eyes glare out from beneath. A long spindle of pus-colored drool hangs from the corner of its mouth, running down the side of its face and collecting in the wrinkles around its left eye. There it has begun to dry and crust.

The shuffling creature is clearly some kind of disgusting pale-skinned giant. The foul stench of its breath, the savage light in its eye, and the terrible contortions of its face all make it difficult to look upon. You are suddenly stricken with the thought that it might be watching for your reaction before deciding your fate.

If an alarm sounds from the outer palisade Curgledrim will dispatch reinforcements. If they do not quickly return with a report, he will order the Robolds into position and clamber up on top of one of the big rocks in his hollow to await intruders (he likes to drop down on top of them by surprise). His typical strategy has the Robolds fighting in groups of three, with a sword-wielding pair shielding a slinger behind them while he stomps around amongst them attacking the nearest or most likely targets. His preference in the attack is to strike at elves and humans first, and the most attractive males among them. After that it is simply a matter of smashing the closest foe. Slingers have standing orders to deal with obvious magic-users by preference, but if he's hurt by any dramatic or overt sorceries he will quickly deal with the caster himself. If after an alarm neither intruders nor guards have shown up within three turns, he will brusquely order the closest 1d4+1 Robolds to come with him and set off to investigate himself. The Fomorian need not make any morale checks, no matter how badly he is hurt, unless he takes 50 hp or more damage from a single attack (like a Lightning Bolt or a critical hit). He will fight to the death.

Amongst the pile of skins, hides and old woolen blankets that make up his bed are a large number of coins. Other valuables are pushed up against the wall in small heaps. Though untidy, the giant has taken care to make sure nothing is damaged. Included in these valuables are those pieces of Spotted

Dawg equipment (and those of their weapons) that made it through the fight unscathed. There is also a perfume-mister containing an **Elixir of Health**, a **Scroll of Invisibility** (magic-user, 3), 2 leather gloves (both left handed) that are actually **Scrolls of Bash Face** (magic-user, 3), a 2' square rag of hemp cloth that is actually a **Scroll of Stone Passage** (druid, 4) and a pair of **Bracers of Defense AC 6**. Other valuables include four gems, a square belt pouch faced with beaver fur and a pair of beaver teeth for a clasp, a silver anklet with round drops of amber in the links, an electrum choker with irregular pieces of polished jade set all the way around it, an ivory-inlaid pipe with silver bands on the stem (alas, no tobacco) and a small wooden box with mountains carved on it and hematite on the lid. Present somewhere in the pile is a brand new journal, only one page of which has any writing on it. [The journal page appears as Player's Aid #2]

There is also, though PCs may not realize what it is (nor its value) the stone heart of a Typhon that Curgledrim fought and killed some time ago (HOB 8 p.38).

5. THE INNER PALISADE

Another log wall of sharpened logs has been erected across the width of the Corridor here. It would appear that these too have been hardened by fire. The wall here is taller than the one on the outside. The points at the top of the palisade reach nearly to the ceiling. It runs across the center of the cavern, leaving only a narrow gap on either end for someone to squeeze by.

If any Robolds are encountered here it will be strictly by chance. None are posted here to keep watch, as there has never been a need. Nothing except for the occasional marlgoyle has ever troubled them from the crater side, though Curgledrim isn't bothered by that. The occasional risk of being snatched away by the winged monsters keeps the little blue vermin on their toes...

6. THE LEDGE

It is about fifty paces from the palisade to the mouth of the cave on this side. Even from here you can see the thick, coiling banks of fog that billow and waft across the stone like live things. The air is harsh with the smell of sulfur. All is damp and warm. A sharp ledge demarks the end of the cavern and the beginning of the wide ledge beyond. Low mounds of rocks and small boulders make a rude wall along the edge of the ledge. Beyond it, though, nothing can be seen. Neither can anything be seen below, though there is the feeling that you are standing on a steep precipice. Eerie echoes of hisses and less identifiable noises come ghostlike and surreal through the fog's thickness. To one side of the ledge is what seems to be the beginning of an immense, natural stairway of ledges and steps descending into the billowing gloom.

The natural stairway will lead characters all the way down to the surface of the lake. Naturally they will be unable to see much of anything, but at least they'll have made an easier descent than climbing down ropes from one of the other areas of the room. Now all that remains is to figure out how to get across the lake and to White Doom Mountain proper. For that matter, characters will need to orient themselves to figure out where the island is.

THE CALDERA LAKE

For the better part of a decade, probably longer, the giant Borlefrew lived in what is now called Curgledrim's Corridor. His most favored pastime, indeed his sole distraction, was fishing for the single largest creature living in the Caldera Lake. This creature is a Jurynday, though he didn't know exactly what it was. He just called it "That Big-Assed Fish". Nothing else in the waters hereabouts even comes close to its size—as soon as anything gets big enough the monster devours it. Borlefrew fished for it off his ledge, from the shore of the lake, even (very rarely) from the island. He never caught it, or course, and it could be argued that he never really wanted to. It was the hunt that mattered to him, not the catch. One thing he avoided was going out onto the lake in a boat. He tried it once and nearly didn't make it back (in fact, the remnants of his craft still decorate the bottom of the lake). There is every possibility that the Jurynday will be elsewhere if a party tries to make its way across the lake. It is just as likely that it will be swimming nearby. Several things will factor into this. If characters do their best not to disturb the surface of the lake, such as by use of a Water Walk spell or similar means, there is only a 20% chance of attracting the creature. The lake is a big place, after all. If the party uses a boat or swims, this probability increases to 50%. Either chance is increased by 25% if dead Robolds or Curgledrim's corpse is thrown into the water.

THAT BIG-ASSED FISH

Getting across the lake is going to be difficult and will require creativity on the parts of the players. Flying to the island, whether by magic item or spell, would be the safest (though even that may be risky if the Marlogyles have not yet been dealt with). If PCs are swimming and the Jurynday attacks, it will simply go into a frenzy and savage individuals at random. If they are in a boat, it will attempt to sink the craft by ramming it, then eating those aboard after they are helpless.

If the Jurynday is attracted, the following description may be used.

The water around you, formerly calm, has suddenly begun to lift and surge. A long furrow of foam appears in the lake as though something of tremendous size moving at great speed is just below the surface. Suddenly, without warning, the lake shatters upwards in a gigantic gout of water and spray. Rivulets of white water cascade in miniature torrents off the huge bony head of the creature bursting from the water. You have but one quick impression of tusks and hideous teeth before it slams back down into the lake. Water swirls and churns as it dives. The sinuous roll of its body slipping back into the depths leaves little doubt of the size of the thing. It measures at least twelve feet from the bony plates of its snout to the barbed fins of its tail and must weigh at least a hundred stone. It occurs to you that perhaps crossing the lake was a bad idea.

Jurynday (1)

If the party is completely stumped about how to deal with the crossing, the GM may need to help guide them along. Baiting the edge of the lake by tossing Robold corpses in might bring the Jurynday close enough to kill from the shore. That won't get them across, but it will certainly make the passage less perilous.

WHITE DOOM ISLAND

The island is a bleak place, all sharp slopes and angles, spotted irregularly with clumps of vegetation like the blisters of a disease. It is approximately a quarter mile across and rises sharply up out of the mist to a height of 610', though only a small part of the top can be seen above the mist.

Footing is treacherous here; only a fool would move faster than at a careful walking pace. Vents, fissures, fumaroles and solfataras emerge all over the island, all the way to the central vent at the summit of the mountain, but none of them currently pose any real threat beyond that of the unpleasant and poisonous gases they occasionally put off. Visibility is poor across the whole island—perhaps 10' to 15', but the shifting expulsions of the vents often open up momentary gaps two or three times this length.

On the southwest side of the island is an ongoing effusive eruption of lava. It bubbles and oozes slowly from a small fissure there approximately a quarter of the way up the side of the mountain. From there it flows very slowly down the mountain into the water. The place where it meets the lake is the source of an unending, continuous explosion of steam. The vapor from this meeting is what fills the caldera with fog. In addition to the constant hiss of lava hitting the water, there are occasionally great cracks and shattering noises as small hardened formations crack off or fall into the lake. The lava here is ever so slowly creating a lava bench that will eventually be part of the island.

Directly opposite this is the actual doorway into the catacombs below. Read the Descent Into White Doom Mountain section for details. Should anyone wish to investigate the effusive eruption, read the following.

SALAMANDER WINTER HOME

Salamander (1)

The lava here is only (*only!*) around 900° C, or about 1600° F. Not pleasant at all. The blister up above the effusive eruption is the lair of a Salamander, who maintains a winter home here on Marlog Island. The blister can be reached by climbing up and around the lava flow and coming down on it from above. Once within a hundred feet of the flow PCs will begin to suffer 1-10 hp of heat damage per round. If they descend the mountain into the blister, which is partially shielded by rock from the lava, they will only take 1-6 damage per round—so if they're going to throw down with the Lava Jockey they'd do well to make it quick. The temperature inside the blister (and therefore everything else in the blister) sits around 500° F. PCs better be careful when they go to grab hold of some swag.

The Salamander will attack with his standard-issue Salamander spear (1-6 damage), plus an additional 1-6 points of heat damage with a successful hit. Its upper body is AC 5 while the lower body is AC 3. It can only be hit by weapons of +1 or greater enchantment, but cold-based spells deal an additional +1 damage/die. Remember that Salamanders are immune to Sleep, Charm and Hold spells. If anyone picks anything up from inside the blister without taking precautions they will suffer 1-6 heat damage from the object (Dexterity check for half damage). A careful check will reveal several clay tablets with writing on them - a cuniform novel the Salamander's been reading in his spare time.

At the bottom of the blister, and the primary reason for the Salamander making his home here, is a thin seam of unmined peridot. It will take some doing to chip and mine the stones out, but should yield 4-16 stones of good value before the seam plays out. This will be a painstaking and potentially fatal process however, and not just because of the constant heat damage. The Salamander staked his claim here—once he is gone it will be up for grabs; there are several other creatures that may want to move in, not the least of which are other Salamanders and Incinerators.

THE DESCENT INTO WHITE DOOM MOUNTAIN

Once the party has finally set foot on the island they have arrived at the real challenge of White Doom Mountain—the catacombs of Keraptorse, hollowed from old lava tubes and magma passages. There should be no real need for them to spend too much time searching the place for an entrance to the catacombs beneath—the entrance may be clearly seen from virtually anywhere on the northeasterly part of the island, despite the tangled thickets and dense vegetation that covers the place. High on the lesser slope of the volcano's cone are a massive spur of rock thrusting up from the scree and loose rock. The formation has been hewn into three giant faces, each at least twenty feet high, each the countenance of a gnome titan. An odd vagary of the wind swirls the otherwise omnipresent fog around the island so that the greater part of the cone is left unconcealed. There is no doubt that the PCs will be able to see it. There really shouldn't be any doubt that they're supposed to see it.

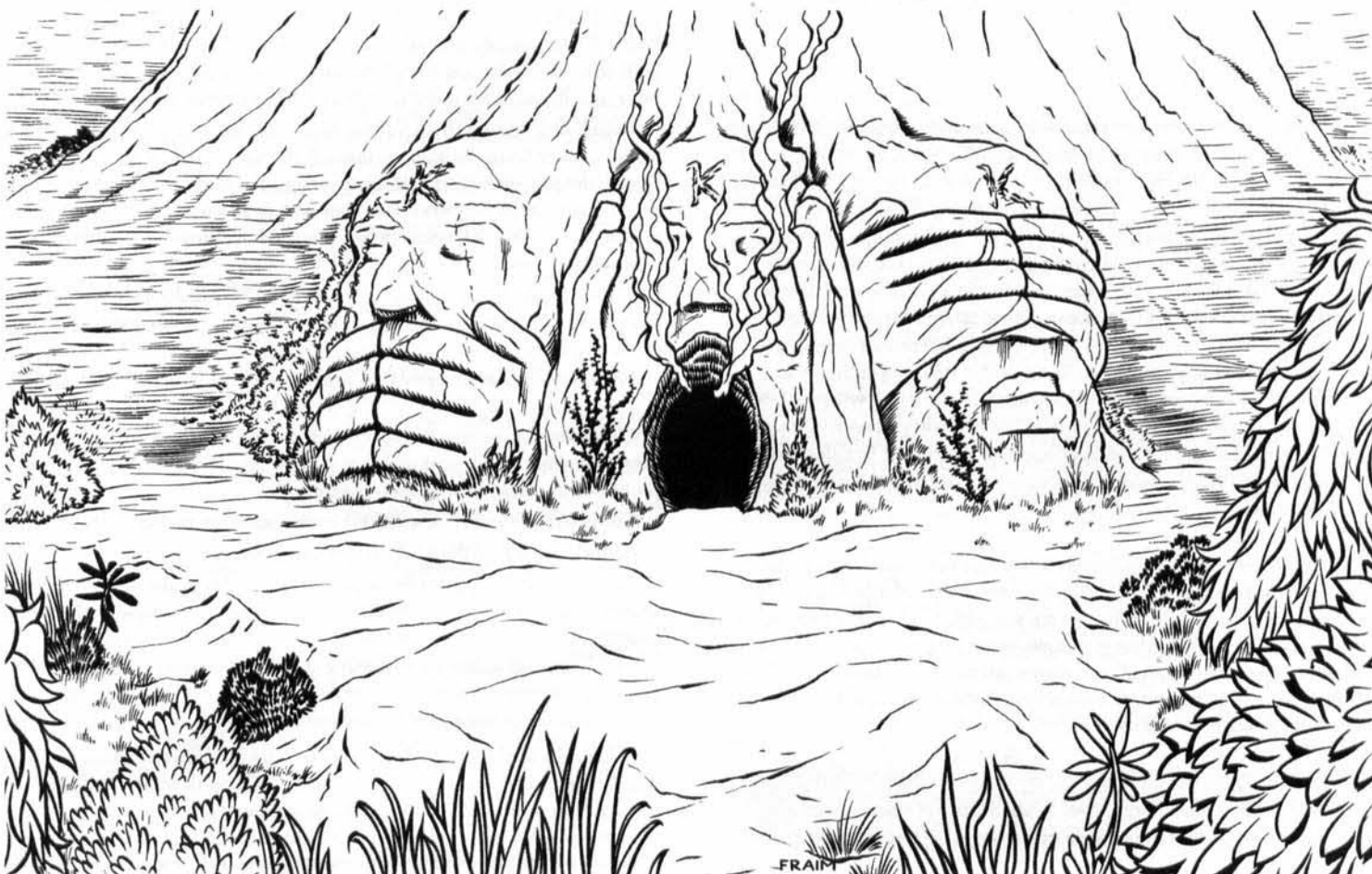
A huge spur of darkly-veined rock thrusts up from the soil here. It has been hacked and hewn with surprising skill into three faces. They are as similar as brothers but subtly different. Each is the visage of a dour gnome titan soldier. Weathering and striations lends each countenance its own unique scarring and expression. The leftmost face has a pair of gigantic stone hands covering its eyes. The center face has a similar pair of hands over its ears. The rightmost is covering its mouth. The symbol of Keraptorse, a briar-covered K with a tongue lolling out, is graven into the forehead of each once. Most impor-

tantly, the mouth of the center face is a black, gaping hole, an opening leading into the bowels of the mountain. Vapors periodically billows out of the mouth in a great cloud, making it seem as though the face is actually breathing. There are no guards, no gates, no wards of any kind here—it would seem that visitors have free leave to enter the cave.

PCs are, in fact, free to enter the cave and make their descent. There is little or nothing to challenge them until they reach the bottom. The cave periodically exhales a large cloud of steam and then slowly inhales, like a man breathing on a cold day. Each cycle takes about thirty seconds. Approaching the cave, the party will hear a whistling noise coinciding with the wind cycle. If it were not for the continuous roaring of the mountain's plume above, this whistling could be heard for a great distance. Inside the cave the party will be treated to repeated blasts of this inhalation and exhalation as they push forward. By the time they reach the end of the cavern all will be damp from the steam.

The cave inside the gnome titan's mouth was once lava tube, but has obviously been hewn upon and hollowed out. It is fifteen feet in several hundred feet long. At the end of the cave, in the ceiling, is a long horizontal crevice that is about a foot and a half wide. The air is sucked into this crack at great speed, creating the loud whistling and quite possibly snuffing out the party's torches. Shortly the rush of air slows down, stops for about two seconds, and then comes back out in a great blast of steam. This steam is not hot enough to scald anyone who keeps low and avoids the crevice, but makes the cave quite uncomfortable and warmly damp. The ceiling and walls of the cave are slick with condensed steam and the floor is covered with several inches of fine muck, a slimy mixture of ash and dirt and sulfur-stinking water.

At the very end of the cave is low wall of stone, four feet high and built of basalt. The wall encircles a spiral staircase that descends into the gloom. PCs



will have to climb over the wall to reach the stairs. There is no opening. As soon as the last character has set foot on the steps a hollow, booming noise will sound, like the tolling of some gargantuan and doleful bell. It reverberates through the cave and down into the depths of the mountain without apparent source. Nothing else will occur and no dangers will befall the party until they reach the bottom and begin their exploration.

Twenty feet above the staircase is a well-hidden trapdoor built into the ceiling. This trapdoor provides access to a ladder that climbs uninterrupted nearly 200' to a cunningly camouflaged lookout post built into the side of the mountain.

THE WATCH-POST

The ladder ends in a small crevice that winds off through the rock. The wan glow of sunlight shines in from its far end. Anyone larger than gnome-sized must crawl with great difficulty to get through it—even smaller persons would find passage a chore. The crevice ends at the top of a small ledge high on the cinder cone. From here you are able to see much of the island through periodic gaps in the fog. It is a perfect little watchpost, well built and cunningly concealed. You doubt you ever would have noticed it if you'd been climbing up the mountain.

The little watch-point has been so well concealed that someone would have to walk virtually right on top of it to find it from outside. It's small, with room for just two gnome-sized creatures, but provides an excellent vantage point from which to observe most of the island. If PCs should happen to find it (whether by climbing up from below or stumbling onto it from above) it will be empty, but will look to have been recently occupied. The only thing of value to be found is a small spyglass hidden underneath a piece of burlap.

I. The Entry Cave

It seems the spiral staircase will never end. Already you have descended well over a thousand feet. The journey down has been tiring. Whoever built this stair gave no thought to landings or places to stop and rest. The stairs are steel and are supported on struts that have been driven deep into the stone of the passage walls. Your best guess is that this was once a lava tube, perhaps a vent for magma out of the mountaintop. The steps thrum and vibrate continuously, no doubt due to the activity of the geyser. The air in here is warm and humid, and rests heavily in your lungs. Though the stairs have begun to rust, they seem to be sturdy enough. At last, just when you're sure the staircase will carry you into the very bowels of the NetherDeep a lurid red light appears below—it is a doorway, and as you squint down towards it you can see the end of the staircase.

The staircase ends approximately 1,200 feet below its first step, debouching into a large empty cavern. The air grows even fouler and warmer as PCs step into the room. The walls here are wet with condensed steam and mottled everywhere with patches of phosphorescent algae-like fungus. This stuff clings to the rock of almost all the rooms and tunnels in the dungeon (though here its glow is glared out by the heat and light of the lava that flows across the room through a small crevice).

You enter a huge room, over a hundred and twenty feet long and nearly seventy feet wide at its widest point. The walls are

streaked with grime and gleam with condensed moisture. Everything is lit with a reddish tint by the wicked red glow given off by a sluggish rivulet of lava that crawls slowly across the room through a small crevice in the floor. Beyond the lava glow is a single wooden door in the wall.

The lava flow is just two feet across, so it can be stepped or jumped over easily. The door is not locked, though the wood is swollen and warped with moisture and may stick (use standard open doors roll). When the PCs force the door open they will find themselves in a large rock-walled tunnel. This tunnel, like virtually every other room and corridor in the complex, is an old lava tube. Virtually all of the tunnels and rooms here were made by lava, and all have been improved upon to a greater or lesser degree with picks and spades.

A Note on the floor down below: there are several places in the dungeon complex where the crust will be very thin beneath the PCs feet. These places are covered in just a fragile shell of brittle lava. Walking across them will be like walking on eggshells. Should a PC wander out onto one there will be a hollow Crack! And a Boom! And the floor will give way beneath his feet, dropping him 2-10 feet into the molten rock. These blisters and skylights are rare, but extremely dangerous. An observant individual may sense that the floor is becoming increasingly hot, but there will be little more than that to warn them away. Once weight is put upon this crust a Dex check should be made to avoid falling completely in. Success indicates that the character managed to grab hold of the edge of the floor—failure is gonna hurt. Characters hanging there must make a Strength check to pull themselves out, unless they have help. They will suffer 2-12 points of heat damage per round while suspended there, with damage doubled if the lava was close enough that they are in physical contact with it. If this occurs, the PC will suffer a -50% movement penalty critical due to the lasting and permanent damage to his legs or if exposed enough will gain the amputee legs flaw. Characters falling in completely will suffer 12d12 points of damage per round while in the lava and will be hideously burned if by some improbability they manage to get back out. Naturally, anything flammable on their person will immediately burst into flames (item saves at -6 due to extreme temperature).

Twenty-feet beyond the door is a rock shelf that steps down about three feet to a lower floor. From here, through the next few hundred feet or so of tunnel, the passage is filled with slimy, scum-covered water to a depth of anywhere from one to two feet. The floor is slick and uneven, making footing treacherous. This will affect movement and fighting. This difficulty is reflected as follows:

All Move Silently checks have a -20% penalty to the roll. Hear Noise skill rolls gain a +25% if the target is not making any particular effort to move quietly.

Movement rates are lowered by a quarter, rounded down (12" becomes 9", 6" becomes 4", etc.)

Characters attempting to run or increase their movement must make a Dexterity check with a -3 penalty or stumble and fall down. Rising from a prone position is a move-equivalent action.

Characters moving at their full movement rate cannot Move Silently.

All melee attacks suffer a -2 penalty due to the uncertain footing.

Invisibility spells will not be as reliable, as ripples in the water and foot-shaped indentions in the scum can give the presence of invisible characters away.

Characters will suffer a +3 initiative penalty in slippery areas due to the poor footing.

These rules apply only to flooded areas. The flooding here extends all the way through to the shelf immediately west of #2, north of the shelf south of #11 and east to the shelves northeast and southeast of #3.

2. SPHINX SENTRY

The passageway before you seems to be a natural one, perhaps worked on by tools and improved somewhat, but not dug here intentionally. It is probably an old lava tube. The walls and floor continue to vibrate occasionally as though shaken by some far-off pounding. Scum-covered water covers the corridor to mid-shin. It and the walls are covered with leprous patches of green and ochre algae. The periodic thrumming of the mountain is strong enough to send ripples through the water. The humidity is so thick it's difficult to breathe. Something, doubtless the latent volcanic activity in the mountain, keeps the rock warm to the touch. Ahead, the passage way seems to split up in different directions. A stone platform has been raised up out of the muck, though it stands scant inches above the surface. There is a shimmering in the air across the mouth of the three tunnels, distorting the light as heat waves will sometimes do. On the dais, watching you approach through baleful eyes, is a large, clawed beast with wings on its back. Its body is that of a lion, albeit a lion as tall as a horse. Its head is that of a massive, horned ram. At first glance it appears to be a dread creature indeed, body rippling with muscles and a black look in its eyes. There are brass guards upon each of its legs, and a brass torque around its head. Upon closer inspection, however, it appears to be some what worse for wear, as though it has been left here unattended for some time. Its coat is somewhat threadbare, as though it has suffered from mange, and the sight of its ribs makes it clear that it hasn't fed well in the recent past. Clumps of hair have fallen from its hide where the persistent heat and dampness have driven it to fits of maddened scratching. As you approach it stands up, spreads its wings and grins, revealing a mouthful of wicked (if yellowed) teeth. You notice immediately that it has a brass ring in its nose and one silver tooth.

Criosphinx (1)

A rather mangy and unimpressive looking Criosphinx hunkers atop a dais in the center of this intersection. It is a touchy creature, often picked on by other sphinxes when it was young, and thus is likely to take quick offense to any derogatory remarks. The Criosphinx has been charged with guarding the intersection here. A party wishing to pass beyond must first answer its riddles (or do battle with it). The dais keeps it up out of the slimy water on the floor, and it is loathe to step down off the dais. It will do everything possible to keep from having to come down and fight (though if necessary it will fulfill its mandate to attack intruders that fail to answer its riddles). The brass ring in its nose is a Ring of Fire Resistance of failing power. After the first time it protects its wearer from fiery harm it will begin to lose its magic (1% cumulative chance each day that it will not function when needed and will be powerless thereafter).

Permanent Walls of Force block each of the three corridors leading off from this intersection. These walls are weaker than most. They may be brought down by Disintegrate, Dispel Magic (always 100% effective) or Passwall. The Sphinx will let the party pass by removing the walls of force if it can answer the riddles it asks.

The first riddle is:

*Round they are, but flat as pies
Wolf-priests worship night-time skies
Gems on black velvet, pearls in the sea
Constant but changing eternally.*

The answer is "Arlora, Bardra'Kar and Shadar" (the moons of Garweeze Wurd). Simply answering "the moons" will not suffice, though the sphinx will probably give the party the opportunity to expound upon their answer ("Hmmm....close, but not quite....care to be more specific?") If the party answers correctly, the Criosphinx will scratch its head irritably and tell the party it must go "best two out of three". The second riddle is:

*Fire's true friend, I swell with wind
I have no lungs and yet I blow, making reddened embers glow.*

The answer is "a bellows". If the party answers this riddle correctly, the Criosphinx will snort and tell the party quite unpleasantly that they must go "best three out of five". It will also mutter something under its breath about how it hates riddles, and its not a firkin' Gynosphinx. Its last riddle:

*You pick me but you do not choose
Reflect upon what you then select
And cannot breathe if I refuse.*

The answer to this last riddle is "your nose". If the party guesses this correctly, the Criosphinx will mutter "Firk ding blast...frickin' adventurers" and drop the Walls of Force (the brass torque on its head has the ability to drop them one time only, after which it is valueless until recharged by Keraptorse). If at any time during the riddling session the party answers a riddle incorrectly (whatever it has said about "best two out of three" or any other number), insults the creature, provokes it or attempts to drop the force walls with magic, it will immediately attack. If it does attack, the first two rounds after it gets wet it will gain a +1 to attack and +1 damage due to its rage at having to get dirty.

Alternately, the party can offer the creature a hefty bribe to skip the riddles entirely. One good magic item or a couple of minor ones (potions or scrolls or the like) plus some gems or jewels would do the trick. Of course, 2d10 turns after the sphinx accepts a bribe to let the characters by it will be suitably 'chastened' by Keraptorse and sent to hunt them down (if this happens, subtract 3d4 hp from its total as a result of the punishment it suffers).

The brass guards and torque the sphinx is wearing are worthless.

3. SLIMY CORRIDOR

This long, narrow corridor stretches off to the east, seemingly without sloping either up or down. It would also seem to be an old lava tube, perhaps improved somewhat by the efforts of a few half-hearted workers. The floor here remains shallow in warm water and algae. The walls are slick with moisture, the air humid and warm. Ahead of you the passage splits, one branch going off roughly northeast, and the other roughly southeast. Oddly, and extremely out of place here, a large portion of the wall has been smoothed over. Graven into this place in bas relief is a mural, showing several tall cranes stalking through papyrus reeds. A crocodile lurks in the distance.

Lime Green Quivering Mass (1)

A Lime Green Quivering Mass is sprawled across the ceiling of the tunnel in the area indicated on the map, just before the tunnel splits. It is doubtful that even a careful party will notice the creature. It is practically invisible, being well camouflaged by algae, moisture and the rough surface of the rock (even a careful party will be surprised on a 7 in 10). The creature's favored attack is to drop suddenly on top of a PC in the middle of the party, paralyzing him or her, then sliding into the water and muck covering the floor. There it can remain unseen while moving to attack its next victim. A Lime

Green Quivering Mass takes double damage from cold attacks, but PCs must take care if they employ such spells, or the creature will simply be protected from further attacks by a thick crust of ice.

4. TROUBLE BELOW

The tunnel continues to wind downward. Twice there have been ledges of rock nearly three feet high that dropped off below you. Here the cavern widens out until it is nearly forty feet across. Splitting the center of the chamber, like a ghastly open wound, is a long narrow fissure. The entire chamber throbs with the red and orange glow that pulses up from the crevice. The heat here is intense—as you walk into the cave it is like a physical blow. You feel as though your skin may blister. Down below the edge of the fissure you can see a molten flow of lava, almost too hot to bear looking at. It rolls and turns upon itself sluggishly as it passes beneath you. Beyond the glow and chuckling gurgle of the magma you can see the tunnel continue on.

This room is indeed fearsomely hot. Anyone lingering more than one round (basically just long enough to get halfway across the chamber) will begin to suffer 1d6 hp of heat damage each round.

5. GLOBE GARDEN

The door to this room appears normal; that is, a large iron-bound oak door, swollen by dampness and difficult to open.

The door is difficult to open, but does eventually yield and open up. The room beyond is a less than perfect square, perhaps forty feet by forty feet, with a seven foot ceiling. It is obvious that this room was hewn from the rock so as to change its shape from what it was before. Spaced evenly throughout the room are nine silver glass globes, each approximately two feet in diameter and suspended by some kind of sorcery at a uniform height of six feet. Each globe is a vaguely translucent silver color and spins very slowly around its vertical axis counterclockwise. The floor here is cleaner than it has been to this point, and dry. There are no adornments or furnishings.

Air Anti-Elemental (1), Shadow Mastiffs (2), Insidious Ichor (1)

Three rounds after the party (or part of the party) has entered the room, a sandclock set in the wall will trigger a gear mechanism, slamming the door shut behind them. It will swing with sufficient strength to brush aside any spikes (in the unlikely event that anyone managed to drive some into the rock) that might have been left to hold it open, snapping iron spikes or pitons like kindling. Once it has shut the turning cogs of the same mechanism that slammed it shut will drive four large thick metal bars through spaces made within the door for just that purpose. Only the proper key, to be found inside, will open the door after it has slammed shut (-50% to pick lock attempts). The keyhole is on the inside (there isn't one on the outside).

There are nine silvered glass globes in the room, suspended by permanent Levitation spells six feet off the floor. The globes are each approximately two feet in diameter. An inspection of the contents will reveal that each contains apparent treasure and a key (Aha!). A hard blow with a weapon will shatter

any of them, dropping the contents (if not caught) onto the floor. When the Negamental is released, remember that it will slowly eliminate the oxygen in the room (the door is a solid seal).

Globe #1: This globe contains a false key ward by a Rune that will erupt with a Sepia Snake Sigil (as the MU spell, PG p 205) when the words on the key are read (they say This isn't the one you're looking for). The Sigil is cast as a 10th level of magic user. It also contains a matched pair of matched tourmalines worth 500g.p. each.

Globe #2: This globe contains the correct key to open the door. The globe is Fire Trapped (as the spell, PG p 210) as a 10TH level of magic user. It will erupt if the globe is broken.

Globe #3: There is a Wand of Repel Attack (GMG p 239) in this globe (7 charges).

Globe #4: Inside this globe is an invisible Insidious Ichor. It will not become visible until it is attacked or it attacks someone. It fills the entire globe. Wrapped up inside of it are four (4) glittering stones that only very careful inspection will reveal to be just polished glass and not diamonds. A second false key is in amongst them. If this key is inserted into the lock on the door, it will open a 10' deep pit on the floor immediately in front of the door (and probably dropping the bearer into it). The pit is spiked, and covered with the bones of two gnome titans on the bottom (they were deserters with poor judgment). Those falling in will take d3-8 damage.

Globe #5: This globe is filled with ten pretty pieces of glass only a kobold would want and a false key. This false key will snap in half once placed in the lock. It will have to be removed from inside the lock before another key can be used.

Globe #6: Herein rests a Helm of the Dragonfly (GMG p. 255) and yet another false key. This key is actually a rat that has been Polymorphed by Keraptorse. It will return to its own shape as soon as it is placed in the lock. It will bite the hand holding it for 1-2 hp damage (if no gloves are gauntlets are being worn), then scurry off and hide in the corner. Like many of the minor irritations Keraptorse has created in the complex, the rat is designed to help put PCs further and further on edge (the end goal being to make them nervous wrecks by the time they've explored it in its entirety).

Globe #7: This globe contains a homicidal Negamental (Air Anti-Elemental). It will attack as soon as it is released, gaining a +2 to initiative the first round it's out. There is a gold link bracelet adorned with chips of garnet and lapis lazuli worth 5,000g.p. at the bottom of this globe. It is wrapped in a cloth-of-gold chausable worth 500g.p. On top of the chausable is a silver statuette of a Great Horned Owlbear with rubies for eyes (1,200g.p. value intact) with a Gabal's Magic Aura cast upon it. Next to the statuette is a diamond studded cloak clasp worth 5,300g.p. There is a key in this globe with another Glyph upon it. Setting in the lock will cast a Weak Bladder cantrip upon whoever is holding the key (PG p 170).

Globe #8: This globe holds another false key, a Potion of Healing and a Potion of Heroism (both HMDMG p. 224). A Magic Mouth will appear in the air next to this key when it is set in the door. It will say, "Getting nervous yet? A little twitchy perhaps? Better watch that rat, and watch its corpse even closer!"

Globe #9: In this globe are two Shadow Mastiffs that have been wadded up and stuffed inside. There is little chance that anyone will be able to tell they are there. They are not happy, and will be quick to let everyone know about it. There are also 300 worthless pieces of lead that have been painted gold and yet another false key. This key will begin to steam vigorously when it is set in the lock and will hiss like a teakettle. That's the worst that it will do, though.

6. GOLEM GUESSWORK

The door here is flanked on either side by climbing stone lotus flowers and there are gigantic scorpions carved into the door. Once through the door there is an immediate change—the

floor is no longer rock, it is covered with sand. The entire room has a floor of sand. One huge stone wall has been built here, as though splitting a larger cavern in half. The other walls of the room are natural volcanic stone. The natural walls have been masterfully painted to show palm and acacia trees, as though a grove of them surrounded one side of the room. Two massive alabaster jars have been settled in stone holders and lit as lamps. Their light flickers brightly across the room. On the long, straight wall there is a massive frieze, at least seventy feet long and nearly half that tall. The frieze shows a vast and detailed scene, a section of river flowing through a desert land but lush and green near the water. A pair of hippos float in the river, well away from a gigantic crocodile evidently swimming upstream. Ibis birds, cranes and geese can all be seen. Papyrus reeds and other plants grow along the riverbank. Amongst them move ibex and gazelle and cobras—even scorpions the size of small dogs. The glimmering lamp-light gives each of them a sense of life. As a work of art the frieze is both masterful and compelling. Elsewhere in the room, near the far wall, is a huge stone sarcophagus. It lies on the sand, surrounded by numerous small tables upon which are mounted at least a score of canopic jars and small chests. Two stone statues of scorpions, each at least four feet high at the shoulder, flank the sarcophagus in eternal guard. The eyes of the scorpions glitter brightly, as though there are gemstones set in their sockets. The whole room smells of myrrh and incense.

Stone Golem (1), Screaming Skeletons (2), Animated Skeleton

The frieze, paintings, and oil jars are all meant to mislead intruders. The adversary here is a Stone Golem that has been thoroughly wrapped in long swathes of linen so as to look like a mummy. Everything else is window dressing to convince PCs they are fighting an undead and hopefully to have them misdirect spells and attacks.

As the characters will probably expect, the "Mummy" is lying in the sarcophagus. Once they have come fifty feet or more across the room it will slide the top of the sarcophagus aside and rise up to the attack. This Stone Golem is only 6? feet tall, though it has been fashioned with the build of a powerful man. The rags and strips of linen that bind it have been wrapped several layers deep, and the stone beneath is white, all in an attempt to delay any discovery of the ruse.

The two Screaming Skeletons lie on either side of the sarcophagus under several inches of sand, and there is an Animated Skeleton in a hollow at the bottom of it. All are present so that any attempts to Detect Undead will have a positive result. The skeletons will initiate their scream attack while still buried in the sand, as soon as characters are in range. They will not emerge until intruders have closed to engage the "Mummy" (which will not venture far from the sarcophagus). Remember to account for surprise, if applicable, when this happens. The last skeleton (the Animated one) will not stir until the sarcophagus is physically searched inside.

It is Keraptorse's hope that the "Mummy" will never be identified as a Golem, even if it is destroyed. In a cavity inside the construct's head is a single iron, non-magical key. This key opens the door to area #31.

The eyes of the scorpion statues are indeed gems. They are sapphires, to be precise. If prised out of the stone (which should be a difficult process) they will be worth 500 gp each. None of the canopic jars, alabaster lamps or anything else in this room is of any particular value. Thought the huge carving along the wall would indeed be worth a small fortune to a collector, there is no way of removing or transporting it. Down in the hollow of the sarcophagus, below the skeleton there, are three full jars of Kaarnac's Ointment. Next to them is a small, rolled up piece of parchment. If unrolled, it reads simply, If you've made it this far you deserve these. It's signed with the sigil of Keraptorse.

7. TOLL BOOTH AND TURNSTILE

Trap: Spear trap (2-7 damage x 4 spears)

A short flight of stairs leads up into a dry corridor here. The new tunnel, yet another lava tube, appears to be even less improved upon than those you've already seen—it looks to be in its natural state, and wends its way off into the darkness. Further details are impossible to see without approaching more closely. Down the corridor, separating the smoothed floor of one corridor from the rough surface of the other, is a turnstile filling the passage. It appears to rotate counterclockwise, thus allowing forward progress only. The leering face of a gargoyle-like creature has been hewn from the rock wall, mouth agape. Above the gaping maw of the visage is a sign that says, "Passage For Toll—I Silver".

Living Trap (1)

The turnstile does indeed only rotate counterclockwise. If one silver piece is dropped into the carving's mouth, the turnstile will freely move and allow one character through. If the toll for passage is not paid, the turnstile will not rotate. It will not rotate at all on the way back out, and will probably have to be destroyed. It is sturdily built and set deep into the stone (-10% chance to bend bars/lift gates if trying to rip it out). Two man-sized characters could probably squeeze up against the turnstile to combine their efforts if necessary, but might regret the decision. Thieves who check for traps will conclude that the spars thrusting sideways out of the wall are actually some kind of spear to be released by an unknown (but evidently having something to do with the carved face) mechanism. Paying the toll will appear to remove this possibility. In reality, there is no danger of the spars being shot out at characters going forward. They are simply there to encourage payment of the toll, to punish characters trying to come back out and to disguise the creature guarding the turnstile.

The center "tooth" spearing out of the wall horizontally is actually a Living Trap whose job it is to keep an eye on the tollbooth. It will not attack any characters going forward through the turnstile, even if they somehow manage to get by without paying. Its only concerns are characters that return down the corridor and attempt to force their way back through. Once such an attempt is made, it will attack (waiting only for the spear volley before striking). The creature is smart and sadistic, and clever enough to pick on characters that appear to be wounded already. The spear volley will hurl four spears across the passageway, two from each side, causing 2-7 damage each. There are holes in the ceiling above, placed there to distract attention and make searchers think the trap is actually up above.

8. SLAUGHTER ROOM

The course of the magical stream takes you into another large, natural cavern here. Stacks of cured hides or blankets are piled against the walls. There are others draped across long metal tables, evidently not yet cleaned. Stacked around the room are buckets and troughs and a variety of cutting and skinning implements, including knives and hatchets and saws. Most of the room is a grisly mess, covered with dried blood and flecked with small chunks of dried up meat or clotted gore.

This room is exactly what it sounds like—a slaughtering place for the Rothé in #32. Periodically one is culled from the small herd maintained there, slaughtered here and transported to throughout the dungeon to feed

various monsters. Despite its grisly appearance there are no threats here, though the players don't know that. The GM should have as much fun here as he wants making the PCs expect an undead or an oryugh or something similarly nasty to come charging at them.

9. CAVERN OF BOILING MUD

The door here opens onto a small landing, some twenty feet by twenty feet, overlooking a vast chamber of what appears to be boiling mud. The cavern is natural. The ledge has been built up out of the wall with carefully quarried stone. The ceiling here is vaulted, arching up at least fifty feet above you. The churning surface of the mud pit boils, roils and bubbles at least fifty feet below you. Across from you, anglewise over a hundred feet away is another ledge, similarly built up from the natural stone of the cavern. There is a door on the far side of it. Between the two landings, suspended from the ceiling by massive links of gargantuan chain, are a series of wooden disks—like solid wagonwheels hung from the center. Each disk is approximately four feet across, nearly six inches thick and pierced in the center with a metal bolt as thick as an Ogre's arm. It is from these bolts that the disks are attached to those dangling chains. Even ship anchors do not hang from such chains. There are twelve disks, each four feet apart. They are the only apparent way across the furiously boiling mud pit below.

The disks in the room will swing freely and tilt if weight is put upon them. Disks and chains alike, as well as the walls and ceiling of the cavern, are covered with a vaguely phosphorescent algae slime fed by the heat, warmth and nutrients kicked up by the bubbling mud and spewing geysers.

There are four mud geysers in the room, indicated on the map as Points A, B, C and D. Geyser A spouts every five minutes, geyser B every three, geyser C every two and geyser D every ten. This provides for a blast of boiling mud and steam on the second, third, fifth and tenth minute. Each blast throws spatters of mud for up to twenty feet in every direction from the source. When the geysers erupt they reach nearly to the roof of the ceiling, and anyone clinging to the chains may be washed off and fall into the mud below. Characters within the mud must save vs. death each round or die immediately. A successful save indicates suffering 6d10 damage. Characters with an 18 Strength or better have a 70% chance of holding onto the disk or the chain that is adjacent to the eruption. For each Strength point less than 18 there is a 10% lesser chance of holding on; for each point above 18 there is an additional 10% chance. Distance makes it easier, however, so for each disk that separates the characters from the eruption there is a 5% cumulative greater chance of holding on. Even if the characters manage to cling to their precarious perch, they will probably take damage. If the eruption is immediately adjacent, damage is 5-50 points; one away is 4-40, three away is 3-30 and so on. Everyone in the cavern will suffer 1-4 damage when a geyser bursts, regardless of their relative position (even on the ledges). This can be halved with a successful saving throw vs. Dragon Breath.

10. THE HOME OF KOU CHIANG

This room is decorated in a strange and exotic fashion. A wide wooden dais has been built up about a foot above the stone floor. Upon it is what appears to be a small, simple cottage with paper walls fixed over a fragile teakwood frame. The walls are translucent, with a light source inside the cottage shining leaking through. They have been decorated with one continuous scene, mountains in the background and a pine

forest in the foreground. There are rivers, waterfalls, flying cranes in the sky and crouching tigers in the trees. Only the roof, constructed of rounded wood slates, has not been painted, but even it is adorned with sigils, runes and strange characters of an unknown tongue. The floor of the room has been sprinkled with white sand. It is thickest where it has been swept up against the rock wall of a large pool in one corner of the room. Water pours from a small hole in the wall into the pool, creating a tiny waterfall. Many gorgeous gold and orange fish swim in the pool, over which a decorative wooden bridge has been constructed. On the walls of the room hang numerous carvings and paper wall-hangings. A silk and jade windchime with dangling silver bells hangs in the doorway. Besides the lazily swimming fish nothing moves herein.

Chiang Shi Vampire (1), Killer Koi (9)

This chamber is the home of one Kou Chiang, a Chiang Shi vampire bound by a curse to remain here in this room for the next century, guarding the treasure of Keraptorse. He has a large collection of books (none of them magical, all of them written in a language the characters haven't got a prayer of understanding without magical assistance—most of them are romance novels, the others treatises on various subjects). Should he hear the party outside his chamber or see them actually enter, he will stop reading, turn himself invisible and walk out onto the dais to watch them and see what they're about. Although Kou Chiang was a monk before his undeath, the alignment change to Chaotic Evil resulted in the loss of all special monastic powers. Nonetheless, his claws, teeth and incredible strength make him a formidable critter in hand-to-hand combat. Actually, he's more than formidable. He's downright devastating and is likely to really put the smackdown on those pretentious PCs. He is likely to move across the sand floor behind a party invisibly and stalk them while they search the room. Should he decide to strike from behind or without warning, his first choice in a victim will be an obvious cleric (if there is one). He also has a thing for shredding or disemboweling overtly unkempt, slovenly or undisciplined characters (because crass and sloppy people really piss him off, as do bad table manners).

Kou Chiang is a short fellow (about 5'3") with dark hair. He is well-groomed, other than the sharp green teeth in his mouth and the long, gnarled, claw-like nails on his hands. He wears a simple robe and goes barefoot (his toenails are even uglier than his fingernails, though they are of no use in combat). After savaging a character, he will use his flying ability to leap away and turn invisible once more. Kou Chiang is capricious, sadistic and clever, and will use his abilities to his best advantage while harrying the party. If one of the PCs is openly carrying the wind fan from #26, Kou Chiang will stop short, point indignantly, and say "Hey! Datsa mine!" and attack that character first.

Suddenly, as though from nowhere, a human-shaped form materializes before you. It is a short, pale-skinned man with faultlessly combed black hair and a long thin moustache drooping down over the corner of his mouth. It hangs past his chin. Any semblance of normalcy ends there, however. He squints and snarls at you, baring overlong, green-hued teeth as sharp as knives. His mouth is overfilled with them, as though someone packed his jaws with somebody else's teeth. His hands are small but powerful and long, twisted nails grow from the ends of his fingers like writhing claws. He is clad in a thin cloth robe and barefoot, with razor sharp toenails on the ends of his feet. As you watch he begins to wave and slice at the air with his hands, chopping and thrusting with stiffened fingers and rigid palms at the end of the air. The speed of his bewildering movements is uncanny, the evil look on his face unnerving.

Remember, Kou Chiang can only be hit by +1 weapons or better and will not recoil from either mirrors or holy symbols. He is immune to holy water but salt or garlic will affect him similarly. He also gains +2 to hit with his two claw attacks due to his great Strength. The vampire is over 100 years old and consequently can fly at 18". Kou Chiang is wearing the **Bagua of Fong Lin**, which will aid him somewhat in combat, as will the **Toe Ring of Dang Mao** (which he also wears).

One of the wall hangings is a gorgeous rice-paper tapestry that if a properly appreciative buyer can be found will fetch at least 1,000g.p. The hanging portrays three different tigers, one each looking to the sides and one staring straight ahead. The thin rod across the top (to roll it up) is ivory chased in gold. Unfortunately it is extraordinarily fragile and great care must be taken to transport it. There is a silver samovar on a lampstand in the 'cottage' worth an equal amount. Next to the samovar is a small, ornate chest holding the dried leaves of a very rare and expensive tea (Kou Chiang no longer drinks it, but he still enjoys the smell). The little chest, which is carved in such a fashion as to make it look like a panda is holding the lid, will fetch 250g.p. The tea inside (there is enough to brew about a dozen strong cups) will bring at least 50g.p. for the lot (but again, care must be taken to keep it from drying out or spilling everywhere). The only other thing of any value inside the paper cottage is a chest of 500 strange copper coins, each with a square hole in the center. By themselves they're worth no more than a c.p. each. However, enterprising characters may be able to get more for them from a coin collector or some other dupe.

If characters approach the pool read the following to the party:

This decorative pool, a handmade pond built of stone, all but radiates peace and serenity. The wooden bridge going from one side to the other seems as frail as a confection of hard sugar but can support the weight of an armored man with ease. Lilies, water ferns and other plants float on the rippled surface or grow from nooks in the rocks on the bottom. Amongst them, swimming slowly about, are several gorgeous orange fish with bulbous eyes and mottled gold scales. They eye you curiously as you look down over the pool, and several swim languidly towards the side, possibly awaiting crumb or food. Lying on the bottom of the little pond, easily seen through the crystal clear water, are a large number of gemstones as well as an odd-looking flail.

The little pond has a total of nine fish in it, all as bright as gemstones. There are small rocks and water plants in the pool, under which some of them will hide. These are no normal decorative fish however—they are Killer Koi (q.v.). Placed here both to entertain Kou Chiang (who appreciates their beauty, and occasionally amuses himself by feeding them a stray gnome) and to help guard Keraptorse's treasure. They will attack as soon as someone steps into the pool (it is only about two feet deep), swimming to bite at PCs' lower legs or even hurling themselves high into the air to bite at their faces. Remember that Killer Koi can survive an unsettling amount of time out of the water, and can jump for great distances. Once they're riled, they may leap out of the pool to bite offending intruders, then flop around on the floor until they can jump back into the pond. The waterfall mentioned earlier on is tapped from the flow of the magical stream through a little hole. The bridge will support the weight of a large man in plate mail.

On the bottom of the pool are scattered several gemstones and, most importantly, ThumpMuster, stolen by Keraptorse and now eagerly sought after. The gems on the bottom of the pool include a pair of red spinels, ten banded agates, a chunk of malachite, three chrysoberyls and a moonstone. There is also, inside the belly of one koi, a pure black pearl.

In the bottom corner of the room, covered by a sturdy grate of iron bars an inch thick, is a hole in the floor nearly twelve feet across. This hole is actually the mouth of an old lava vent that plunges way down into the darkness. Characters wishing to figure out how deep it is will not be able to. No way they'd have enough rope. The shaft is actually a connection to the NetherDeep and has not been mapped.

II. THE STEAMING (AND BUBBLING) POOL

GM's Note: There is a chance that much of the combat in this encounter may occur underwater. GM's may wish to refresh their underwater combat rules, GMG p 168.

The tunnel here widens more than ends in a huge cavern, at least a hundred feet long and half again that distance wide. It is humid and hot, and strange algae appear to be growing on the stone walls. Contorted rock formations and thick formations of stone reach from the stone floor all the way to the ceiling, making the way in somewhat skewed and confusing. Ahead of you there is another sharp ledge that drops off into what seems to be a sort of subterranean pond. The water is darkly discolored and steaming. The floating clumps of algae and the huge bubbles that roll to the surface sporadically make it impossible to see below the surface. Seventy or eighty feet away, on the far side of the bubbling pool, are another series of ledges climbing shelf-like out of the water. Past them you can make out the shape of a door.

Floating Eye (3), Paddlefooted Aquatic Masticator (1)

There is no bridge here, but there is a small thin ledge (2' wide) about a foot below the water that will allow characters to walk across in relative safety. Locating it should be quite a chore, as there are no overt signs of its existence. The water is very hot but not scalding.

Drifting amidst the clumps of algae and unmentionables or lurking just below the surface of the pool are three Floating Eyes. Due to the state of the water and the large bubbles constantly bursting they will be difficult to see at first. As soon as they become aware of intruding characters they will start moving towards the "shore", but will wait to attack until characters have entered the water or discovered the ledge-bridge. At that point they will attempt to use their gaze attack to hypnotize the characters. The other denizen of this area is a Paddlefooted Aquatic Masticator. It will probably be down in Room #12 hanging out and humming to itself, but once there is any kind of disturbance above it will quickly swim towards the surface. The creature has learned to work in cooperation with the Floating Eyes (they make it easier to obtain a meal) and doesn't mind them eating the scraps it leaves behind. The Floating Eyes, for their part, have learned to work diligently to provide the Paddlefoot with meals (there were originally a dozen of them). The Paddlefoot will attack intruders remorselessly and will fight to the death. The Floating Eyes aren't smart enough but to go along with it. There is little of interest and no loot in this room.

At the bottom of the pool is an opening in the floor, approximately twenty feet across. This opening leads into a narrow chute that descends thirty feet to Room #12. This hole should be difficult to find, as visibility in the water is only about a foot. Characters wishing to locate the opening without magic will have to go down into the water and physically search. Characters swimming down into the chute will not be able to see anything unless they have some kind of waterproof light source (or infravision of some kind).

12. THE PADDLEFOOT'S LAIR

The passage leading downwards is dark and eerie and the rock walls press close on every side. There is little to see and distances are vague. The filthy water and lack of light obscure everything. Suddenly, as your ears begin to really pound from the pressure, the chute ends. You reckon you have descended at least thirty feet below the cave above. You get the impression that it has opened up into a much larger chamber but its exact size is impossible to tell. Everything is as still and ominous as a water-filled tomb.

The GM should have a pretty good time adjudicating attempts to locate the treasure down here. There is no light, and all the swag on the floor has long since been acclimated to the same temperature of the surrounding water (making it difficult to locate anything with infravision). Should the characters figure out how to find anything, however, the loot will make their efforts well worth it. All the Paddlefoot's treasure lies at the bottom of the cave, against the wall in the southernmost corner. There are several fist-sized rocks amongst the various precious items, as well as the bones of several past meals (including the skeleton of a Gnome Titan that was bitten through). Included in this swag are a **Potion of Rainbow Hues** and a **Potion of Speed** (both HMG p 224). The first is in a metal container with an attached, screw-off lid. The second is in a hardened clay bottle that will eventually dissolve. There is also a pair of thoroughly soaked but still potent **Boots of Groin Kicking** +5 (GMG p 244) left over from a recent meal made of one of the wandering guards. Scattered over and among these items are 520 cp, 300 sp, 225 ep, 259 gp, 75 pp, and the following gemstones: Onyx (50 gp), 2 pieces of Obsidian (10 gp each), a blue pale Tourmaline (100 gp), a Pearl (100 gp), a red Spinel (100 gp) and a Fire Opal (1,000 gp). There is also a very nice silver statuette of a giant gar leaping off an electrum base worth 300 gp. Lying elsewhere on the bottom of the cave, as though unimportant, along with a well-rusted shortsword and a similarly fouled dagger, neither of which will be of any use to anyone.

13. TREACHEROUS FOOTING

Note: Before moving a party through this room the GM should be conversant with the rules applying to the floor over the skylights collapsing where the lava crust is so thin (since hopefully a character or two will fall in). Familiarity with the actions and strategies of the Brothers Grel, in #14, is advisable as well.

A long, irregularly shaped cave stretches out before you, with walls that twist, turn and buckle every few feet. The floor here is irregular and rough, and seems to radiate a greater heat than has been encountered before.

It will take a clever party indeed to cross the passageway without falling into the molten rock that coils sluggishly beneath them. Even if successful, they'll still need to deal with the attacking Grel along the way.

14. THE BROTHERS GREL

GM Note: The description of this room is done with the assumption that Greflok has moved to confront intruders while Grunderk is retreating to the back room. If this is not the case it should be adjusted accordingly.

The door to this room swings wide to reveal a grim and savage creature standing just on the far side. Stoop-shouldered and shaggy, it has a goat's head and wickedly sharp horns. A

bloodthirsty grin splits the creature's face to reveal a mouthful of huge teeth. Black and terrible claws are curled in its fists and its eyes gleam a morbid yellow. The stink of unwashed fur precedes it as it crouches to spring. Beyond this icon of slaughter you catch just a glimpse of an elf, a Grel from the looks of it, slipping through a door on the far side of the room.

Grel Mage (1), Were-Groat (1)

The Grel brothers Grunderk and Greflok stand watch in this room and live in #15. Both of these rooms, as well as #6, have all been created by Keraptorse, who long ago erected thick stone walls inside to split a large cavern into pieces. Grunderk is a Grel Mage. Greflok his brother is a Grel Were-Groat. The two have a close relationship, as there is barely a decade in age between them. When Greflok was forced to flee the clan after contracting lycanthropy, Grunderk chose to go with him. The two of them have "signed on" with Keraptorse, agreeing to act as guardians of the cavern system and to help make sure the Gnome Titans keep the various creatures imprisoned therein fed. They have been promised Keraptorse' help against the Drow in return for their service and are actually hoping they will be given Skewer'Sher as well (shya, right!).

Once alerted by the Shriekers or the magical wards in the cavern outside their living quarters they will quickly prepare for battle—their weapons are always ready to hand, and Grunderk always has good offensive spells prepared. Their strategy is quite simple: they shower interlopers with arrows and deadly spells through the arrow slits in the walls of the chamber while the intruders attempt to negotiate the tricky floor without. Once intruders press past their line of fire, Greflok will assume his Were-Groat form and move to defend the door while his brother continues his harassing fire. If Grunderk runs out of targets, he will retreat behind the door to #15 and will continue to support his brother via the arrow-slits in that wall. Though there is a sturdy bar that could be dropped across the first door, neither of them will consider using it. They get bored easily and will welcome a fight. Greflok is skilled with the bow but prefers to fight with his claws and teeth (remember the double damage a Were-Groat inflicts on armor, and remember the bonus he receives with his **Gold Tooth of Superlative Dentistry**). He is as savage and brave—neither expecting nor granting mercy.

Grunderk typically has the following spells prepared while standing watch:

1ST Level: Blood Missile (x2), Magic Missile (x3), Protection from Good
2ND Level: Aname's Extra-Dimensional Mallet, Cloud of Pummeling Fists, Magic Missile of Skewering

3RD Level: Haste, Lightning Bolt

4TH Level: Delayed Magic Missile

Usually the Grel Mage will deploy his Cloud of Pummeling Fists on a group of characters while they're still maneuvering out in the hall. While they are trying to deal with that he will follow up with a volley of Magic Missiles and Blood Missiles. If he has a good target, he may engage one or more obvious fighter types with **Zarba's Truncheon of Perdurable Frailty**. Once Greflok moves for the door, Grunderk will cast Haste on him and will stand ready with his Extra-Dimensional Mallet, using that spell on the first intruder through the door then falling back (he has a jeweled hammer for the material component—it is not consumed with the casting). He will usually save his Lightning Bolt and Delayed Magic Missile, plus whatever other lesser spells are left, for use after he retreats. This allows him to identify the strongest opponents his brother is facing and to target them specifically from a relative position of safety. His Blood Missiles inflict 3d4+7 damage to any targets in a 5' radius, with a range of up to 80 yards. His Magic Missiles, of course, number 4 per spell. His Lightning Bolt will inflict 7d6 damage; his Delayed Magic Missile inflicts 1d6 the first round, followed by another 1d6 the second if a saving throw vs. spells (at -2) is not completed (a spellcaster being struck by this spell must make a saving throw vs. breath weapon to successfully complete a spell). The

Haste spell will last a total of 10 rounds from when it is cast—Grunderk will take great care to hit only his brother with the spell. Other than the Zarba's Truncheon, he carries only a dagger for weaponry.

*Grunderk has Mage Locked this magic item.

15. GREL SANCTUM

Like the room preceding it, where the goat-creature stood and fought, this room appears to have once been a part of a larger cavern. Some walls are natural and unsmoothed—others are thick stone, erected sometime past to close the area off. There are arrow-slits in the wall, through which the Grel Mage hurled his sorcerous assault. The chamber is smaller than the one before but is still fairly large. Though evidently the sleeping quarters of at least two people it is fairly spartan in its accommodations. Twin identical pallets are against the wall, beneath a quartet of wall sconces. There is a small table between them, upon which a pair of large books are stacked. Another table stands against the stone wall (not the cave side), this one supporting a large hinge-topped tankard and a tray of various fruits. Two stools sit beside this table and a wineskin is resting on one. There does not appear to be anything else of interest here.

The flagon holding the wine is of no consequence, but the liquid inside is. The flagon currently contains 3 pints of Honey Brew. The tray holds four apples and a pear, all somewhat dried now but still tasty. The cheese is pretty good too. The wineskin on the stool holds a pint of Elderberry Wine.

Grunderk had just two spell books, both stacked on the table mentioned in the description. His precipitous flight from the clan kept him from bringing his book of Cantrips along, which has irritated him for quite while.

First Spellbook:

This spellbook currently holds 17 spells. There is no real organization to the book and the spells appear pretty much as he learned them. The pages are vellum, written using standard ink, with water-resistant leather covers and standard binding.

First Level: Alarm, Bash Door, Blood Missile, Burning Hands, Hold Portal, Identify, Magic Missile, Protection from Good, Read Magic

Second Level: Aname's Extra-Dimensional Mallet, Cloud of Pummeling Fists, Find Traps, Magic Missile of Skewering, Magic Missile (Sidewinder)

Third Level: Haste, Lightning Bolt, Tongues

Second Spellbook

This spellbook is in much better shape than the first one as it is much newer. After losing many of his possessions during the flight with his brother, Grunderk has determined to make sure whatever remains to him is properly secured and of the highest quality. The pages of this book are fire-resistant, and the spells are written in water-resistant platinum flaked ink. The covers are water-resistant, with fire-resistant, oversized metal-reinforced binding. The whole thing is secured with a small but excellent quality puzzle lock (-20% modifier to Open Locks check).

Fourth Level: Delayed Magic Missile, Mage Lock

16. THE THREE SEALS

Before you stands a stone wall of some pale stone that is clearly not native to this island. There is a door in it, a door bound with iron and set within an iron lip all the way around. The reason for this is unclear, but it does not appear to be locked. There is a welcome mat resting askew on the thresh-old of the door.

This description can be used each time, though you might alter it slightly for the second and third reading. Three huge, watertight doors are built here, each one a couple of feet higher than the rest. They are made to guard the rest of the complex from flooding if the waters of the boiling lake should happen to overflow. They are not locked, nor are they trapped, but there is a welcome mat in front of each one. The third welcome mat is upside down. Enjoy yourself while the players stew over that for a while.

17. THE BOILING LAKE

Before you stretches an immense cavern, so broad you could fit an entire village inside it and have room for the crops and fields besides it. A tower could be built beneath its vast ceiling, a ceiling covered by numerous stalactites, the first you've seen since coming to this vile place. You stand on a rock ledge just a foot or so above the surface of a lake with water so hot it boils. Bubbles churn endlessly to the top, maddening the surface, and searing fumes make your eyes weep. The air here blisters with a caustic, sulfurous stink and the heat is maddening. Across the top of the cavern, forty feet above you, flows a stream—a stream that floats in midair. It flows swiftly, if improbably, suspended as though by a glass trough. The stream rushes into the cavern through two round orifices on opposite walls, the mouths of tunnels. The stinking fumes make it difficult to be certain, but it seems as though each tunnel is nearly a man's height in diameter, though the water fills only the bottom half. It is difficult to pick out more detail through the steam and the haze. Far across the cavern, visible only because of their size, are three tremendous stone men, each apparently standing beneath the bubbling water. It is difficult to be certain at this distance, but they may be moving—or perhaps it is just to heat and the water making it seem so. There is little that can be said of them with certainty from the ledge, but their faces seem to be featureless, and each seems to have a strung bow across their chest and back.

Storoper (1)

The water of the boiling lake is 125' deep at its deepest point. It's 25' deep immediately off the ledge. The three huge statues are intended to look like golems, but they are nothing of the sort. They're just big statues with plain old longbows across their chests. The bows are pitted and worthless, to add insult to injury. The water in this cave is boiling hot (as evidenced by the description above). Without adequate magical protection, characters immersed in the water will suffer 4d4 points of scalding damage each round. Obviously Keraptorse hopes that PCs will dawdle here trying to figure out how to get to the "golems", progressively weakening themselves.

The real threat in this cavern lies around a concealed bend in the wall to the north, where a small passageway leads off from the boiling water into a small cave. The cave is where the Storoper lives, guarding Skewersure and, more importantly awaiting its next meal. The creature typically hangs upside down from the low (6') ceiling amidst several stalactites. The magical stream

(aka “the gnomes’ highway”) flows across the back part of the cave. Gnome titans boat by occasionally and throw chunks of Rothé meat in to the Storoper. Every now and then it manages to snag one from the boat as it floats by. This has made the gnomes less than eager to feed the creature—they’re brave, not stupid—so it is rather more hungry than the other critters in the complex. Thus it will attack the first opponent that comes into reach. Savagely. Really, really hungrily. Its tactics will be to seize this first intruder in order to paralyze and then enlist the victim on its side. After that it will go to biting and eating. Only if it realizes that it may be in trouble will the creature attempt to use its charm venom on another opponent.

On the tip of one of the creature’s tentacles, fastly secured by its sticky secretions, is a **Ring of Protection +2** (GMG 230). On another tentacle is a **Bracelet of Crackling Fingers**, which will deal 1d8+6 points of electrical damage to an opponent when struck by the tentacle. This power may be employed one time before becoming inert for one turn (see appendix). In the creature’s gizzard are several gems; 2 pieces of blue quartz (10 gp each), a star rose quartz (75gp), a chunk of amber (200gp) and a blue spinel (500gp). Scattered around its lair, amidst the bones of three gnome titans, are 9ep, 6 gp, 5pp, two shortswords and a spear.

18. A WARM WELCOME

A. Sweltering Passage

The tunnel here curves and narrows as it begins to bear in a westerly direction. The temperature seems to rise with every step you take until the very air seems to be on fire. Heat shimmers the air and the stone beneath your feet is too hot too touch. Breathing becomes a trial, then a torment as you press forward, the sweat running into your eyes. You are certain that at any time your clothing will burst into flame.

A lava flow splits very close to this tunnel, running beneath and alongside it. The temperature begins to grow significantly warmer within just thirty feet of the turn from area #2. By the time PCs proceed up and past the rock shelf near the split in the tunnel they will begin growing increasingly uncomfortable. Once the thin crust of the skylight it is reached it will become clear that anyone wishing to proceed through here had best do so at a greater pace. Metal becomes painfully hot once the “crust” area is passed and anyone in armor will begin to suffer heat damage at a rate of 2d6/round. Metal carried in wrappings of cloth will burn through it if more than 3 rounds is spent in the area. Mailed characters or those carrying significant amounts of metal in other forms will be forced to either rush through the tunnel in the hopes of reaching a cooler spot (the room at the far end is safe) or must find an alternate means of transporting their gear. Crafty PCs may employ cold spells or the like in order to reduce the temperature long enough to dash through.

B. End of the Line

The tunnel opens up widely here, becoming an oval-shaped cave. On the far side of it are stairs leading up and around to the left. The cavern is bare and unguarded, and is significantly cooler than the corridor that led you to it.

This room is significantly cooler than the tunnel, in part because the lava is channeled away and in part because of the magical stream that flows beneath it. This will be a “safe” place for characters to put their armor back on...for about a round (see #19).

19. NOISY GHOUL PACK

Note: the following should be read to characters while they’re actually in 18B.

The cooler air here (and cooler is a relative term—it is still well over a hundred degrees) is a great relief. There is even a slight breeze coming into the room from the direction of the stairs. Suddenly a door swings open in one wall and a hideous charnal stink assails your nose. A hideous, green-hued face that might once have been human looms through the doorway, matted locks of filthy black hair plastered down the sides of its skull and its teeth sharpened to points. The creature’s mouth yawns improbably wide, its jaws distending like those of a snake, and a blast of noise like the thunder of a hundred blaring horns erupts across the room. It smotes you like a physical thing, staggering your bones with the strength of a catapult stone and smashing at your eardrums. The noise is like skewers being hammered into the sides of your head and the smell is that of corpses left too long in the sun.

Roaring Ghoul (1), Common Ghouls (3)

This room holds a small pack of ghouls, three of them normal and one a roaring ghoul (their leader). At least one will be watching through a small, well-disguised peephole in the rock for intruders to wander into 18B. Their hope, of course, is that any fighters, clerics and their ilk will be temporarily vulnerable and out of their armor after passing through the sweltering tunnel leading up from #2. Note that there is a small (10%) chance that they won’t be paying attention, unless a lot of noise has been made or any overt sorceries have been employed to warn them. This chance is so low because they have been punished several times for not paying attention (there used to be six of them—two paid the price for boredom and laziness).

Once they are alerted to the presence of intruders they will act quickly, wishing to attack before characters have sorted themselves out. The roaring ghoul will hasten around the passage to the southern secret door into 18B and throw it open, belting out his howl as soon as the door is open (hopefully catching as many of the party in the cone as possible). His roar is the signal for the three common ghouls to burst into the cave from the northern secret door, hopefully attacking the intruders from the rear. The pack leader is canny—he will direct the line of his attack against any obvious wizards or, better yet, anyone wearing obvious holy symbols. His cronies, however, are not too bright and will simply start clawing and biting. As they attack the howler will decide if he should belt out another roar—if not, he will also move to attack. He will not focus on one character, however. He will attack different foes in succession, moving on to another enemy as quickly as he has paralyzed them (returning to finish them off later at his leisure).

Remember that a roaring ghoul is turned as a wraith and does not have the same vulnerability to holy water that his cousins do.

20. NARROW CAUSEWAY

The stairs, hewn from the natural rise of the rock, carried you up at least twenty feet relative to where you were before. The end in a brief, twisted passage ending in an open doorway. This room may once have been a cave, it is difficult to tell. It has been opened up into a long rectangular chamber nearly a hundred feet long and over fifty feet across. There is another door set into the same wall as the one you came through, but this one is at the opposite end.

There are no furnishings or anything else in this room. The center of the floor, however, is the only safe way to pass from one door to the other. Each side of the narrow causeway of solid stone is a thin crust of lava. Anyone putting weight upon it runs the risk of breaking through the rock and into the molten rock below.

21. FALSE DOOR

The door opens into another huge room that has been carved out and expanded from the original cave. It is completely bare, except for a small wooden door on the far side.

The door on the far side opens into a tiny closet, which is empty. The floor in front of it, however, as well as other parts of the floor, are just thin crusts of hardened rock that will drop characters through and into the lava.

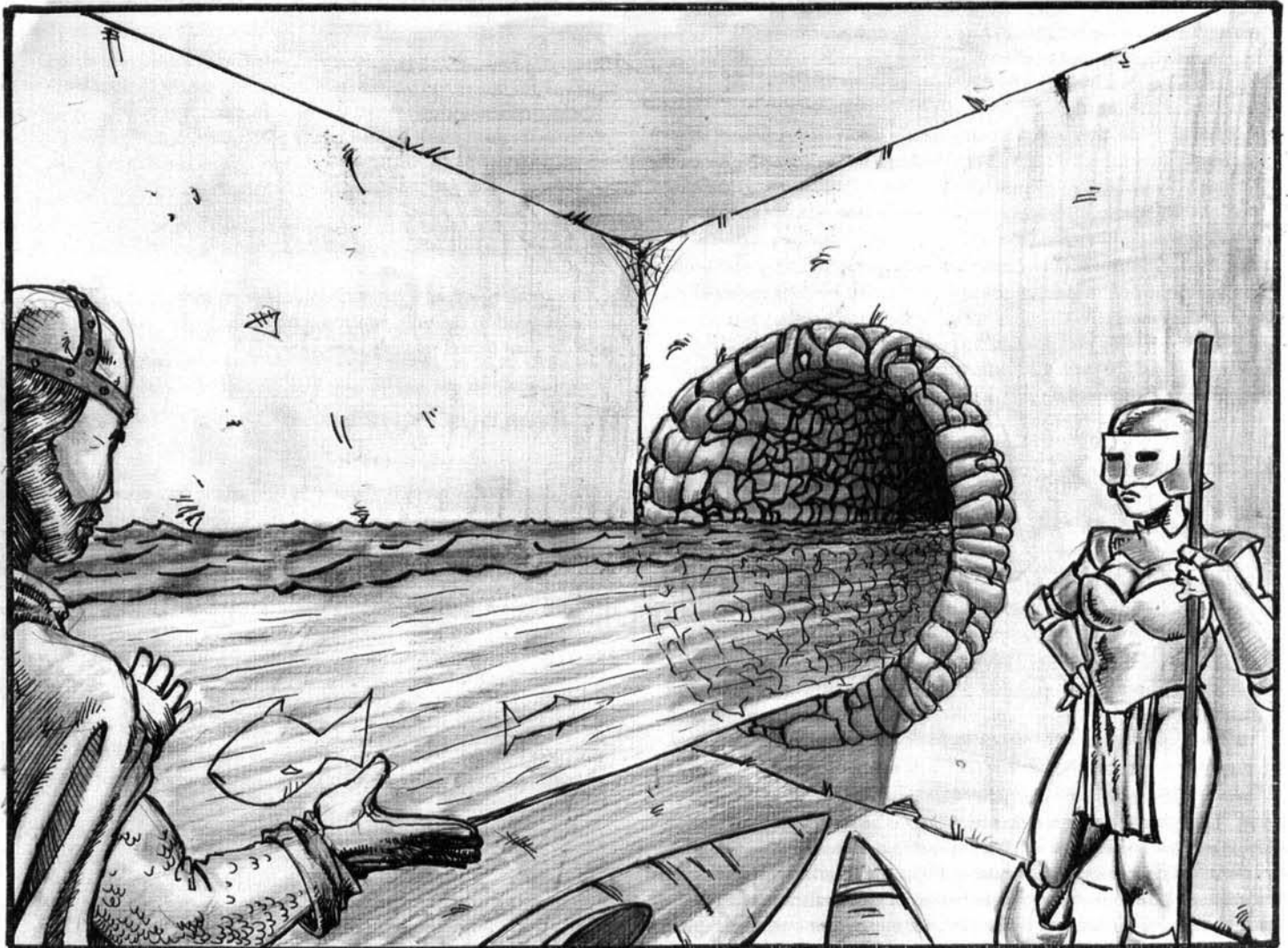
22. A STREAM IN THE AIR

Through the door here is perhaps the strangest thing you have ever beheld—a stream that floats in midair. It flows quickly, like any swift rivulet of the mountains, but suspended as though in glass three feet above the ground. The stream rushes through two round tunnels, one each on nearly opposite walls, the perfect circumference of each mouth set with

matched mottled stones. The stones are pale as worms' bellies and quite unlike any other rock you have seen since coming to the island. Each tunnel is six feet in diameter; the water fills the bottom half. Bubbles and whirling currents can be seen in the water, likewise white crawfish and blind cave fishes. Occasionally a drop or three of spray will be flung off the current, but otherwise the entire thing is improbably contained. Beside and below the stream, near the wall, are three small canoe-like craft. Each has two holes with seats in the top and paddles off to the side.

The magic stream is one of Keraptorse's more visibly potent works since taking over the caverns here. There are actually three different streams here below the mountain. They provide the fastest mode of transport for the short-legged gnome titan guards, who use them to drop off patrols and maintain their watches. The small craft are kayaks. Each will hold two people of up to a man's size, but they are difficult to control. The height of the ceiling in the tunnels make successful navigation even more hazardous, as anyone of significant height will have to bend over and duck as they float along.

The water is warm but not painfully so. Objects can be thrust through the side of the stream without difficulty and without disrupting the flow. A determined individual could even push through it to walk to the other side, but would need to be very strong or braced against the current to keep from being knocked from his feet. Anyone successfully boarding the kayaks will be swept along counterclockwise through a twisting, dark tunnel, regulating their speed by pushing against the walls (otherwise they will be carried along



at the stream's pace, which is 20"). They will eventually emerge into #24. There is nothing else of interest here.

23. TITANS WAITING

The stream emerges from another perfectly crafted circle of pale stones into an irregular cavern of largish size. There is little time to make note of anything else, as a large number of mailed gnomes with trimmed beards and grim faces begin pushing spears and swords at you in welcome.

Gnome Titans (8-11)

This cavern serves as the guardpost to the whole gnome titan barracks area. There is no way barring sorcery of entering this particular part of the complex (or to the hiding-place of Hackrazer) without coming through here. Down several large stone steps, each a two-foot high shelf of rock above the other, lies the other end of this twisted cavern. A low stone wall has been erected across the tunnel, behind which the gnome titans are accustomed to keeping watch on the three iron grates that ward its nether end. These grates block a tunnel crawling up from some dark, unmapped place of the NetherDeep. It could be easily walled off, but Keraptorse believes (correctly) that the threat of an occasional unheralded monstrosity from the bowels of the earth is just the thing to keep his guards on their toes.

There will always be at least 8 gnome titans here: six soldiers, a corporal and either Sgt. Lumpkin (60%) or Sgt. Platoon Sgt. Nokebrose (40%). There is an additional 50% chance that another two soldiers will be here. If so, roll one last time for the 25% chance that Battlelord Clincheft is here on an inspection. Gnome titans encountered here should be taken off the permanent roster detailed in the battle sheets for #25. At least two soldiers will be "downstairs" behind the wall keeping an eye on the tunnel. They will quickly hasten to aid their comrades above if a battle is joined. Those above will be ready and waiting on anyone coming through the tunnels on the back of the magical stream. Disturbances in the water will give them ample time to prepare. There is a horn on the wall beside the secret door that one of them will use to sound a warning.

Note: If the Battlelord is here, he will have sounded his **Horn of Fog** and filled the room with mist prior to the arrival of intruders. The gnome titans are prepared for this and will be unhindered as they attack emerging boats and characters. If this is the case, the GM should alter his description of the room accordingly. Should he determine that the guards here are overmatched he will sound the alarm horn to summon reinforcements and quaff his potion.

24. BATTLELORD'S QUARTERS

This room is sparsely furnished and rather plain, though large—at least forty feet wide and thirty feet deep. It has obviously been carved from the rock rather than formed by nature. A small, cot-like bed rests in one corner and a desk in the other. There are a few quills and pens on the desk and a trunk next to the cot. Other than that the room is plain.

Battlelord Clincheft (if not encountered elsewhere)

There is nothing of particular value here unless the Battlelord is in residence. There is a 75% chance that he will be if he was not encountered at #23. If encountered here he will be sitting at his desk scratching out plans for a small siege engine to put at the wall guarding the complex from the NetherDeep. If intruders show themselves he will immediately spring to the attack, shouting for assistance. If there are more than three intruders in plain

view he will first drink his potion—not because he is frightened, but in order to inflict as much pain upon the foe as possible. Like all of his troops, Battlelord Clincheft is brave to a fault and will fight to the death. There will be no retreating, though he may shift the location of his troops for tactical advantage.

25. GNOME TITAN BARRACKS

This small room is plainly furnished. It contains twelve cots and twelve footlockers, with a desk against one wall and a pair of small stools.

Gnome Titans (varies)

The description for rooms 25A and 25B are the same. 25A is the billet for Platoon Sergeant (Battlelord) Nokebrose, one corporal and eight of the common soldiers. Unless they have been called away there will be 1-4 soldiers here and either Sgt. Nokebrose or the corporal. 25B is the billet for Sgt. Lumpkin, the other corporal and the remaining nine soldiers. 1-4 of them will be here, probably (60%) along with the other corporal and the sergeant if they have not been met and dealt with elsewhere. Any swag gained from either room will depend upon which of the garrison is encountered. Note: any alarm or sounds of fighting from #23, #24, #25A or B will bring all other troops in the area out in a boil, spoiling for a fight.

26. THE COMMON ROOM AND PANTRIES

A long hall stretches before you, filled with tables and chairs. Pantries along the walls are filled with a variety of foodstuffs and there is a small stove through an open doorway to the east. Evidently the gnome titans billeted here don't have a cook—judging from the dirty dishes, bread and other scraps strewn about they are responsible for preparing their own meals.

This room is indeed a combination common room/larder. There are no cooks assigned to the unit, which is a small discomfort that is the source of no more than typical soldierly complaint.

27. PERILOUS PRIVY

The door to this room is about a quarter of the way open. The irregular surface of the floor makes the bottom of the door drag roughly across the stone. It can be opened or closed, but must be shoved to do so. Note that such an action will make a noise easily recognized by the creatures that wait inside, forewarning them of an intruder's approach.

There is no question as to the purpose of this room. That is made clear by the faint but unmistakable stench issuing forth from the three small shed-like structures against the wall. From the looks of things, each small privy is big enough for two man-sized or perhaps three gnome-sized creatures to sit on the bench at a time. A ramshackle wooden cabinet nearby is stacked with scrolls, old books and some tattered journals. Cloaks and capes hang from pegs on the wall opposite the cabinet. In the center of the room, midway between the door and the sheds, dangles a small, wooden-ribbed paper hand fan.

The fan dangling in the middle of the room is a Wind Fan. It is suspended just a few feet off the floor at gnome height, so it can be easily reached and employed when the gnomes have completed their "business" in order to blow away the odors. The wind fan is made of rice paper and is decorated with peacocks and brilliant green ferns. It is actually the property of Kou Chiang (see #10), but was appropriated for more practical use.

Of the three small privy-sheds, only the center is safe to use. The bench inside has three holes cut in it, each worn smooth by countless hours of use. Against the wall opposite the bench is a small stack of papers, left there both to read while whiling away the hours inside as well as more practical application. Most of the papers are useless. However, about halfway down there is a rather weather beaten *Scroll of Protection from Undead*. Beneath that is a year-old copy of *Gnome Warfare Weekly*.

Hoodwinkers (4), Cloakers (2)

The other two privy-sheds are not as well-used (though because all three drop into the same pit they all smell equally foul). Up in the rafters of each are two Hoodwinkers (four total) that will drop down onto the heads of any PCs that come into the privy to look around. One of their favorite tactics is to wait for their target to bend over before they drop. They've long ago learned that intruders will either check inside the privy for treasure or be expecting a Latrine Ambusher (or both). They use this to their advantage.

The cloak-pegs on the cave wall are full. Anyone who wants to blithely check the cloaks and capes without wondering why the gnomes have cloaks inside a volcano gets what he deserves. Two of the cloaks hanging on the wall are Cloakers, and though they're fed prisoners or gnome bet-welchers occasionally, they're hungry. Also hanging on the wall are two normal cloaks, a high-collared cape embroidered with swords done in cloth-of-silver and a rather sickly looking mauve burnoose. This last garment is ugly, and will probably not catch anyone's interest. If it does, it sure to arouse the curiosity of any mind-flayer in the NetherDeep, for it is of Illithid manufacture.

28. THE LAST GUARDROOM

The secret door from the tunnel leads into another extremely large cave. Across the middle flows yet another magical stream, or perhaps a branch of the one you saw before, and on the far side another one still. Beyond the two streams, scowling, are another crew of gnome titans brandishing their weapons. Two kayaks and a canoe are on the floor near the southern end of the cavern.

Gnome Titans (numbers will vary)

This room is the last gnome titan guardroom in this part of the complex. 2-5 of them will be here, including at least one NCO, sergeant or corporal (if any are left). They too should come from the master billeting list in #25. Against the walls in various crates and containers are sides of meat and chunks of slaughtered Rothe from #8 and #32. Keraptor's guards use the animals to feed the various monsters and creatures that defend his stronghold. A large amount of raw meat is piled here. The soldiers bring it in by one branch of the magical stream, then use the other to transport it to #29 and thence the so-called "Terror Tier" or the Troll Mage beyond. On the eastern part of the wall is a part of the floor where the lava-crust is dangerously thin. The soldiers know this, and will form up a few feet in front of it in hopes that intruders will charge them. They will dart aside, hopefully making their attacker blunder out onto the thin crust and down into the lava.

29. (UN)LOADING ROOM

The magical stream emerges into a rather smaller cavern with a wooden door on the far side. The room appears to be empty, though several chains with hooks dangle from the ceiling over the stream, and there are pulleys on the walls. Two small handcarts are parked next to the wall.

This is where the gnome titans unload the big chunks of meat they throw to the Giant Predacious Beetles, Manticores, Doppler Crocs and other unwholesome critters they have penned up further into the complex. The chains, hooks, pulleys and carts are there only to help them haul the odious stuff down the passageway.

30. THE TERRACE OF CHALLENGES

The door opens wide to reveal a massive, tiered chamber beyond. Several pungent smells assault the nose of those who enter, a combination of musky animal scents, wet fur and dung. There are five levels to the tiers of this huge room, beginning with the walkway around it, the others stepping downward in turn until the bottom level is reached, 60 feet below. The walls climb up around the inverted terrace to reach an unseen ceiling high above, rocky protrusions and stalactites barely distinguishable in the shadows at least 80 feet above. Each step is roughly fifteen feet deep and twenty-five feet across. The first level below the walkway that rings the chamber is full of algae-covered, murky water. Nothing can be seen within. The next step appears to have a floor of dirt, with clumps of shrubbery, brush and thickets concealing whatever might lie in wait. The third step is filled with water like the first, and though the water is dark and forbidding, it does appear to be cleaner than that of the first tier. Vague, sinuous movement disturbs its rippling surface. The bottom level is bare except for a mat of filthy straw and drains set in the floor. Three creatures prowl that level, snarling and snapping at one another. The creatures have the bodies of lions and bat-like wings on their backs. Their shaggy, unkempt manes of hair are stringy and foul, framing bestial but horribly man-like faces. Two of them have a spiked tail thrashing behind it. The last has a different sort of tail, unspiked and longer than the others. As it turns, it becomes evident that this last beast is different in another way as well, for her face, though equally savage, is clearly feminine.

Rust Bats (4), Giant Predacious Diving Beetles (5), Hedgerow Lungers (5), Doppler Crocs (3), Manticores (2), Womanticore (1)

As the side view shows, this large room is terraced around the outside in giant steps 25' wide and 15' deep. Steps B, C and D are enclosed by sturdy walls of 6" thick Glassteel that keep the inhabitants of these terraces confined. Though the barriers are sound, the creatures have all been charmed and ordered to stay on their levels so long as the transparent metal of their cages is unbreached.

Step A is the walkway around the room. Steps B and D are filled almost to the brim with water (indeed, water splashes over onto the respective levels below when the creatures within become agitated—which they are wont to do). The only entrances or exits to this room are on level A (the one the PCs come through) and level E at the bottom. If the party wants to continue onward, they must get safely to the bottom level. The door on level E opens into a corridor that passes beneath the rest of the room.

Step B is a square pool holding 4 Giant Predacious Diving Beetles. Step C is a dry level, thick with foliage and brackets, holding (and concealing) 3 Hedgerow Lungers. Step D is another water level in which swim 3 Dopple Crocs. Step E holds a shrewish and foul-tempered Womanticore and her two miserably henpecked consorts. None of them are happy about the fact that their wings have been clipped, though the charm spell they're under mitigates this somewhat. The Manticores will not hesitate to fire their spikes at anyone they recognize as intruders. Their first volley will be random and individually targeted, but the Womanticore will quickly and nastily set this to rights, directing them to fire together at particular targets. She will set them upon obvious spellcasters first, followed by the most heavily armored fighters (hoping as she does so that the Rust Bats from above will have paid at least some attention to such individuals). She will typically hold her heat ray in reserve, waiting to see how a party reacts to at least the first two attacks of her consorts.

Up in the crevices of the ceiling above are 4 Rust Bats. They too have been charmed and will not attack until intruders reach the dry ground of level C UNLESS party members attempt to use Fly or Levitate or a similar spell to bypass the upper levels and go straight to the bottom, at which point they will swarm down. They will be extremely wary as they attack, having learned the hard way not to get caught in the line of fire when the Manticores let their tail-spikes loose.

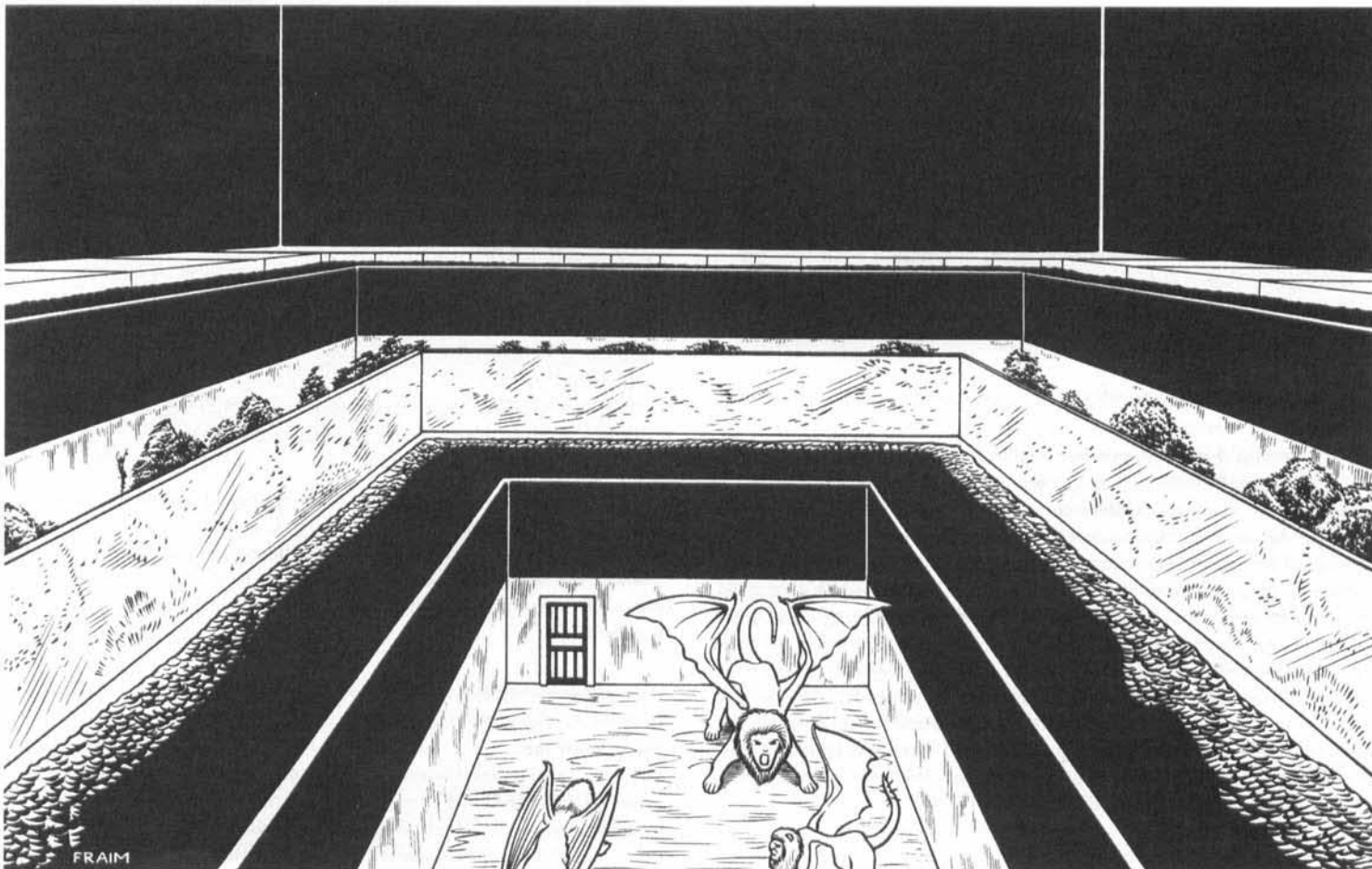
The creatures on each level will be randomly distributed when the party enters, but as the intruders enter the room they will move towards them, expecting to be fed. As the party moves into each successive level the creatures will congregate near them. Wary parties will probably see at least a hint of what awaits them as they get close, except for on level C (the Lungers will gather, but remain in hiding so as to strike from ambush). All the creatures are used to live meat and will ignore dead meat or any other food offered to them. The glassteel walls are virtually impenetrable, and will be extremely difficult to break through—most intruders will need to climb over to reach the level beyond, making them extremely vulnerable to attack by the creatures waiting on them.

There is a safe in the floor of level E. If opened incorrectly (i.e. the trap it contains is not disarmed) the Glassteel walls will slide down into the floor and the drain-covers drop down on their hinges. At the same time a Wall of Force will spring up in front of both doors. All of the water from levels B and D will rush downwards, filling the bottom three levels and quickly plunging through the drain shafts. The drag of the draining water will suck swimming characters down into the drains, which are old lava tubes plunging straight down 350 feet into a large lava-filled cave with no other exits. The safe contains three **Potions of Healing**, 12 large silver ingots worth 50 gp each, 1,000 gp in sacks and a platinum bracelet set with a 500 gp value sapphire worth 2,000 gp if sold undamaged as jewelry. There is also a small ledger in a waxed, waterproof pouch containing the pay records for all the gnome titan guards.

31. HACKRAZER'S WARDEN

Note: Before reading the room description to players and allowing them to enter, the crafty GM will read ahead until thoroughly familiar with its occupant and its defensive strategy. Don't just let them bumble in here! That Heat Seeking Fist of Thunder is just almost too damned good to pass up! The door some forty feet down the tunnel from the cave itself is locked (-25% to Pick Lock attempts). The key to this lock is in the golem from area #6.

This doorway is screened by a thin curtain of filthy, knotted strands of cloth, like dirty ropes of tied rags. This 'curtain' hangs nearly to the floor. In fact some of the trailing cloth actually touches the stone. Wan light shines through from the other side, but only dimly. It is impossible to see what lies within (though a breath of warm air seems to stir the curtain occasionally).



Once the party actually pushes through the wretched curtain, read what appears below. Note that you may have to add in the visible effects of the Minor Sphere of Perturbation if it has been cast, and there's a very good chance you'll immediately have to add the visible effects of Glittering Cloud (see details of the Mage Troll's tactics below).

Beyond the tattered and stinking curtain is a large chamber, a cave built almost like an amphitheater. The main part of the floor is surrounded on three sides by a second level, several feet higher than the floor and shrouded in darkness. Large rock formations and irregular spurs of hardened lava make small walls, niches and columns around the semicircle formed by the rise of the second level. It is difficult to see beyond them.

Mage Troll (1), Teroth Demon (1), Sentinelpede (1)

In this rather dismal (to non-Trollkin anyway) chamber resides Quarnarf Wartlecher, a Troll Mage. Quarnarf lost a bet with Keraptorse and as a result must guard his treasure for 101 years (not as long as Keraptorse would like, but it wasn't a really high stakes bet—he figures when the century is getting close to being up he'll start looking for another guardian). Quarnarf is not as powerful a wizard as he'd like to be, but he's patient. Right now he's just 6th level, but he has a lot of potential and studies hard—chances are he'll get a lot better unless some bloodthirsty crew of adventurers comes along, hacks him apart and then burns the pieces. He's not particularly happy about being stuck in the bowels of a volcano, surrounded by vast amounts of pyroclastic material and raging magma, but he's smart enough to know there's no way out of paying his debt (and besides, he's sure he can persuade Keraptorse to teach him a spell or three once this is all over with). Quarnarf, with Keraptorse's assistance, has procured a Teroth to act as a guardian for Hackrazer. This Guardian Devil, a former nobleman's guard named Groddit, is currently resting on the edge of the rock terrace, about 25' from Hackrazer. This is not an accident. Quarnarf keeps him there in case of intrusion. If an adventuring party or other unwanted company shows up, the Mage Troll heaves the rock as hard as he can towards the door. Once the Guardian Devil is separated from its charge by more than 30' it assumes its true form and begins to attack.

It's a convenient way for Quarnarf to keep adventurers focused on something besides himself.

Quarnarf is, to the best of his reckoning, around two hundred years old. He has been 'working' for Keraptorse for the last two decades. When Quarnarf was just a troll lad he had the privilege of studying under Sliggderlisp Scourmaw, a Troll Mage renowned in trollkin society (though pretty much unheard of elsewhere). Sliggderlisp possessed talents rivaling those of many human wizards; he even created several of his own spells. The Troll Mage has two of these in his spellbook, though he has not yet reached high enough level to master one of them.

Quarnarf's Spellbooks

Quarnarf has three different spellbooks. Two of them have vellum pages and are bound in a curiously pale leather that is actually the hide from a pygmy lizard-newt. The third book is round, its covers made of thin stone that has been covered with tanned skin from a lamia. The hinges and clasp of the latter book can be locked (though it isn't) and are made of pure gold. Tethered to the strange round tome by a two-foot cord of woven cloth-of-gold is a sentinelpede. This particular sentinelpede is one of the "lurk-and-watch" varieties that would rather wait in ambush than actively patrol. The creature knows that Quarnarf is the rightful owner of the round book and will put the chomp on anyone else that touches it unless the Mage Troll has been killed.

Cantrip Book:

There is little that is remarkable about Quarnarf's book of cantrips. It currently holds the following charms: Chill, Dampen, Gather, Noise, Remote Gouged Eye and Spill.

Spell book:

The parchment-thin remains of a Babbling Instigator are smashed between the pages containing Glitterdust and Mirror Image in this book. It has long since dried up, and is still there because Quarnarf never bothered to clean the now-desiccated mess. The book currently holds 12 spells and so is half full. The spells are divvied up into three "chapters". Each separate chapter is for a different level of spell.

First Level: Alarm, Change Self, Charm Person, Magic Missile, Minor Sphere of Perturbation, Phantom Armor, Pool Gold, Read Magic

Second Level: Glitterdust, Heat Seeking Fist of Thunder, Mirror Image

Third Level: Protection from Normal Missiles

Round Book:

The round book, as described above, is protected by a Pugnacious Book Wiggler. It has only eight pages inside, each of them made of rock shaved even thinner than the front and back cover. The tome is 20 inches across and weighs 8 pounds. The spells on each page have been carved into the rock with a chisel, one spell per page. Though there are two blank pages at the back the book will not hold any more spells.

First Level: Comprehend Languages, Endure Heat

Second Level: Resist Fire

Third Level: Sliggderlisp's Noxious Depilatory Cloud

Fourth Level: Sliggderlisp's Particularly Noxious Depilatory Cloud, Fire Shield

Quarnarf is no coward, nor is he stupid—he loves the way flesh feels when it gives way to his claws, and he really likes the way it tastes (particularly halfling, a taste for which he developed once when he was the summonee of a Monster Summoning spell that went awry). However, he doesn't particularly care for being burned, and he's well aware that every tinhorn adventurer with a torch and an oil flask will want to light him up. So, he takes a few precautions when expecting company (the Alarm spells give him plenty of warning to do so). He doesn't bother trying to disguise himself with Change Self anymore. Most adventurers, particularly in a dungeon environment, are wont to hack first and never bother asking questions later.

Instead the troll prepares for an attack with his spells, first casting Phantom Armor because of its unique duration. He will follow this with Protection from Normal Missiles, and then, time allowing, will cast Minor Sphere of Perturbation on the floor of the chamber, centering it so the edge of it begins right at the doorway (where the hanging curtain may divert attention from the shimmering "heat waves" that betray the spell).

The wily troll will usually wait to see who or what comes through the door after that. His usual tactic is to lurk about on the "terrace" above the floor of the room, doing what damage he can to the party at range with his spells. One of his favorite things to do is watch the doorway—in the gloom of the chamber, any torchlight or similar flame-illumination will be easy to see coming down the hall. If he sees such flickering telltale signs he will loose a Heat Seeking Fist of Thunder through the door (getting as close as possible to the doorway before doing so to maximize the range). The result of this is fun for troll and GM alike, as a cautious party advancing by torchlight looks up just in time to see a disembodied fist hurtling towards them, then...WHAM!! Good night, Gracie! Other tactics typically include the deployment of Sliggderlisp's Noxious Depilatory Cloud, onto the floor below (very effective when stacked on top of the Minor Sphere). Glitterdust is another good area-effect spell he occasionally employs, but the Heat Seeking Fist of Thunder is a lot more fun. If possible he will use Charm Person before Magic Missile, because although the latter is certainly effective, the former is more likely to

remove an opponent from the fight (he knows he will usually be outnumbered). The last thing he will typically do (and will always do before jumping into a fray) is cast Resist Fire or at very least Endure Heat upon himself.

In addition to his spells, Quarnarf Lechwarter wears a Nose Ring of the Arbalest through one nostril of his green snout, and has a small quiver hanging from his belt (thankfully, because he isn't wearing pants or a loincloth) that holds a few crossbow bolts. Most of these came from the **Bolt of the Month Pouch** that he has stashed back by Hackrazor. In this quiver are a 2 Bolts +1, a **Bolt of Bluntness**, a **Bolt of Skewering** +5 and three normal, unmagical bolts he took from an unfortunate victim in times past. On the good side, the Troll Mage has never taken the time to figure out which of the magical bolts are which, though he can tell the difference between the enchanted ones and those without any magic. Thus he's just as likely to throw any one of them (the enchanted ones that is) as the others.

Once a party of adventurers has actually entered the chamber he will begin the fight by tossing Groddit—still in the form of the small rock—past them towards the door. This will separate the Guardian Devil from Hackrazor by more than the requisite thirty feet, causing the creature to become aroused and take its true form. This will be the first thing Quarnarf does when the first PC sets foot in the chamber. The length of time it may take for the Teroth to rouse itself (1-8 rounds) is unpredictable, and the Troll Mage has no desire to fight the PCs himself. He will delay attacking until the Teroth is present unless it's just unavoidable, then will snipe at PCs with his spells while they are dealing with the Devil (using the rock formations as cover of course). Not until after he has exhausted his attack spells and crossbow bolts will Quarnarf attack hand to hand, and even then he'll jump on obvious wizards or thieves, leaving better-armed and armored fighters and clerics to Groddit.

Quarnarf's typical spell load (6,2,2): **Remember that a Mage Troll can cast Endure Heat, Resist Fire and the like in half the normal time for twice the duration.** Charm Personx2, Phantom Armor, Magic Missilex2, Minor Sphere of Perturbation; Heat Seeking Fist of Thunder, Resist Fire; Sliggderlip's Noxious Depilatory Cloud, Protection from Normal Missiles.

Note: The Teroth, Groddit Hupperding, was the bodyguard-manservant of a Yithrian nobleman several hundred years ago. Groddit was faithful and dedicated to his duty, but he had a weakness for strong drink. One day, after putting in to port in the (very) distant port of Easthaven, Groddit managed to get separated from his charge during the Festival of Markovia. Before managing to hook back up with him Groddit got sidetracked and drunk, in that order. The nobleman was knifed in the back in the Fish Market. Groddit bought what he thought was a Potion of Water-Breathing at a dock-side dive and set out to prove to several equally intoxicated bystanders that a human and a female Triton could in fact "make the beast with two backs". He drowned, much to the disappointment of those watching. The bystanders went back to the bar. The nobleman was pushed off into the gutter and eventually dragged off as a "public health menace". Groddit was doomed to "Guardian Status" for a thousand years, and has just recently completed his three hundred and forty-third year. He finds that time passes much more quickly when he's a rock than when he's a Teroth, so he's likely to be quite irritated at being aroused. The smell of liquor or strong drink drives him into a frenzy of regret and despair (+2 to hit, +1 damage) when he catches wind of it. He prefers not to use his spells (not having yet completely adapted to life as a Devil), and will focus all of his attacks on one target at a time, the better to remove them from the fray. Note also that Groddit's former master was a pale-skinned redhead, so the Guardian Devil will attack persons with large numbers of freckles last (though he will still attack them).

32. THE ROTHÈ HERD

After many winding turns and twisting bends through the rock, the magical stream at last debouches into a massive cavern so large you cannot see the far walls. The floor and nearby walls are covered with lichens and thick mosses. Off around the bend you can see the shaggy backs of several large four-legged beasts of some kind ambling across the floor.

Rothè (11)

This cavern is where Keraptorse's minions keep a small herd of tunnel oxen. The use the little subterranean buffaloes as meat-on-the-hoof for the creatures of the dungeon (and, occasionally, for steaks for the guards). Against the far northern end of the cavern is a huge pool of spring-fed water, warm but not hot. The natural depression occurring there was hollowed out and deepened to make a cistern. By and large the Rothè are a typically wussified herd of meals-to-be, but if PCs are bound and determined to get some XP here they may have a fight on their hands when the creatures stampede in panic.

EPILOGUE

If the party succeeds in obtaining any of the magic weapons, they may wrongly conclude that they have bested Keraptorse. Nothing could be further from the truth. His tentacles wind throughout Garweeze Wuld and sooner or later he will exact his revenge. As long as the characters possess Hackrazor, Skewersure or ThumpMuster, they will be the target of harassment. What form this takes is entirely up to you as GameMaster but keep in mind that Keraptorse has deep pockets and endless patience.

Appendices

RUSTLERS OF THE NIGHT

Cob, Halfling Sheep

DESCRIPTION: The Halfling Sheep Cob, or Dawg Ponies as they're often called, were developed by the halfling sheepherders of southern Marlog Island. They were bred to be both a riding/draft animal as well as a hardy herding animal in lieu of herd dawgs. The tallest of them never grow above 14 hands high (about 4' at the shoulder) and have short, shaggy fur and a short, thick mane. They are alert and protective, with a sharp, carrying neigh that serves as well as any guard-dog's bark. They are turned loose to herd the flock at least as often, if not more so, as they are ridden. They are typically dark in color, most often black or bay, but there are some roans and grays. The occasional chestnut or black bay is seen, but this is fairly rare. They have very large eyes, comparatively small heads, a short back and powerful hindquarters. They're not the prettiest of equines, but they're sturdy and strong.

COMBAT/TACTICS: Shaggy Cobs are no cowards, and take their responsibilities to the flock (and the shepherd) as seriously as any sheep dawg. They will bite or kick, as the situation demands, and if worn will only be spooked or panicked 5% of the time (see Beasts of Burden, HOB I p 57). They can fight on their own or while mounted. Shaggy Cobs have superior senses of smell and hearing, which they will use to their advantage to detect predators. They operate equally well by day or night, and though they don't have infravision they do see very well after dark. Their hardy constitution gives them a +2 modifier vs. lameness or exhaustion. They can carry the same weight at speed as a donkey, using Beast of Burden Table I (HOB I p 58). Note that while these ponies will gladly carry a rider or a load of equipment, they're not even remotely interested in pulling a cart or a wagon.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Dawg ponies are bred and raised mostly by the halflings of south Marlog Island, near the town of Dead Gnoll (where they were originally developed several decades ago). They have been exported abroad in small numbers, however, so may be encountered anywhere (but almost certainly in the company of halflings and/or sheep). They are friendly and intelligent beasts, but may be reticent or uncertain around non-halfling strangers.

ECOLOGY: The Halfling Sheep Cob reproduces in the same fashion as other ponies. They are able to take care of themselves when turned loose to pasture, and don't think much of horses that require constant amounts of grain or continuous grooming. An exceptionally trainable and responsive breed, they are hard workers, having the natural instinct to herd from the back or sides. They are good additions to a family and will gladly keep an eye on the children, but can get their feelings hurt if they're not allowed inside with everyone else on occasion. A good Dawg Pony will go for around 50 gp in their native country, but may be considerably more in other lands.

YIELD:

Medicinal: Nil. They can be eaten, but what kind of sicko would do that?

Spell Components: A lock of this creature's mane will serve as the material component for a Mount or Strength spell with 150% normal duration.

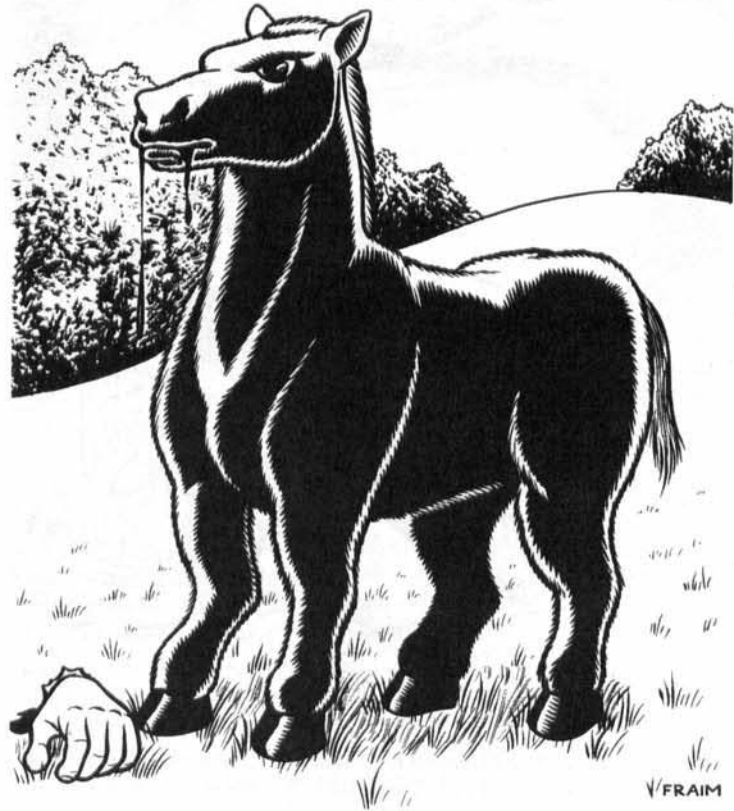
Hide/Trophy Items: The hide of a Dawg Pony can be tanned into leather, but only by the same kind of depraved sadist that would eat one.

Treasure: Nil

Other: Nil

Cob, Halfling Sheep

AKA: Half-Cob, Shaggy Cob, Dawg Ponies, Herdin' Pony
HACKFACTOR: 2
EP VALUE: 120
CLIMATE/TERRAIN: Hills, pastures and meadows
FREQUENCY: Very Rare
ORGANIZATION: Small Herd (no pun intended)
ACTIVITY CYCLE: Any
DIET: Herbivore
INTELLIGENCE: Low (5-7)
ALIGNMENT: Neutral (Good)
NO. APPEARING: 1-8
SIZE: M
MOVEMENT: 10"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil
ATTACK/DEFENSE MODES: Nil/Nil
MORALE: Daring (15)
ARMOR CLASS: 6
NUMBER OF ATTACKS: 3
DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d4+1/1d4/1d4
SPECIAL ATTACK: Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSE: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Standard
HIT DICE: 2+1
TOP: yes
FF: 10



Killer Koi

DESCRIPTION: Killer Koi are the self-appointed fish guardians of ornamental pools, decorative ponds, fountains and fancy garden waterways. Though individually none too strong, they make effective protectors in numbers and are particularly useful to wealthy persons who feel the need to booby-trap the patio. Killer Koi come in a variety of colors, all of them fantastically bright—they almost look like little finned jewels. Orange and red are the two most common hues, but they can be green or even blue.

COMBAT/TACTICS: Killer Koi aren't too bright, and spend most of their time swimming around in the sun thinking philosophical piscine thoughts. They are able to recognize certain persons with regularity, however, and if someone they aren't familiar with walks by their pool, leans over the water and points at them or (worse yet) actually wades in, chances are one or more will attack. After the first couple in the pond throw down they'll all jump in, then things are liable to get really messy. Killer Koi attack with a strangely savage bite for a fish their size (attacking as a 1 HD creature), and are extremely hardy. They have

Killer Koi

AKA: Fancy Fighting Fish
HACKFACTOR: 1
EP VALUE: 20
CLIMATE/TERRAIN: Ornamental pools, fountains & the like
FREQUENCY: Very Rare
ORGANIZATION: School
ACTIVITY CYCLE: Any
DIET: Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE: Semi (2)
ALIGNMENT: Lawful Neutral
NO. APPEARING: Always 9
SIZE: T (only really big ones get over a few inches long)
MOVEMENT: 9" Swim (2" flop)
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil
ATTACK/DEFENSE MODES: Nil/Nil
MORALE: Daring (15)
ARMOR CLASS: 6
NUMBER OF ATTACKS: 1
DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d4
SPECIAL ATTACK: Hurl themselves, attack as 1 HD creatures
SPECIAL DEFENSE: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: 20%
HIT DICE: 4 hp
TOP: n/a
FF: n/a



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been known to swim furiously around the pool once or twice and then fling themselves out of the water to attack a target. The pugilistic little fish can hurl themselves a surprising distance this way (up to 10'), something that has brought woe to more than one unwary adventurer in the past. They can survive out of the water for several minutes, spending this time flopping about on the ground in order to flip themselves back in. Older more traditional Killer Koi regard an out-of-water attack and the difficult journey back to be something of a rite of passage. Sadly, many cocky youngsters disagree.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Killer Koi aren't scared of much and prefer the taste of meat to typical fish-flakes or aquatic plants (though this is more often than not their typical diet). They always appear in schools of nine (no one knows why). Most of them accept their role as the guardians and defenders of ornamental pond life as a given, but a few are more arrogant and swim around like they own the place, looking down their noses at other fish (and completely disdaining amphibians). If there is any one aspect of Killer Koi society that good folk find distasteful, it is their treatment of gold Koi. Perhaps one in twenty Killer Koi is born as a large traditional goldfish—these poor creatures are immediately reviled and driven away from home.

YIELD:

Medicinal: Killer Koi taste like fish, but it takes a whole bunch of them to make much of a fry.

Spell Components: A set of jaws from a killer koi can be used to cast Gauntlet of Teeth (SSG p 102) with twice normal duration and a mere 10% chance of mishap.

Hide/Trophy Items: The scales of a killer koi are really bright and pretty. They fade after they're dead though.

Treasure: Nil

Other: If all the koi in a school but one are killed, and the eight dead ones ground up into meal and fed to the ninth survivor, the last one will grow to double normal size. This hoss killer koi can then be taken as a familiar. A killer koi familiar can breathe water just like a fish, and will pass this ability on to its master. Unfortunately, it has to be carried everywhere in a bowl.

Lycanthrope, Were-Groat

DESCRIPTION: Grel or Grugach Were-Groats are serious trouble for anyone that encounters them. Pixie-Fairies especially are in for it if a grel Groat is anywhere nearby. As a Were-Groat the creature retains some of its grunge elf physicality, so is usually more slender and slightly shorter than the typical Were-Groat. They retain most of the skills and abilities they possessed before succumbing to lycanthropy and thus can be a major pain in the ass for anyone hunting them (or being hunted by them, that being the more likely situation) in the woods. In grel form the creatures are sullen and reactionary, as they typically retain more body hair than is the norm for the race. Other grel make fun of them (but only if they are in large numbers and are carrying silver weapons). Try as they might, no grel Were-Groat has ever managed to have a mohawk in Were-Groat form. They don't like shaving their heads without shaving the rest of their body, and even if they do by the time they get to their feet the hair on their head and shoulders has already grown back in.

COMBAT/TACTICS: Were-Groats prefer to use their weapons or their bite in combat. Bows and spears are the most likely weapons to be carried. After all, if they're going to close for a fight they might as well use their teeth, right? Were-Groats do not lose the grunge elf ability to move through the woods silently and unseen. Opponents get a -4 to surprise rolls, a -3 in animal or partial animal form (they're not quite as sneaky because of their hooves and their horns, which they forget about and

Lycanthrope, Were-Groat

AKA: Lupinus-Bilgrelum
HACKFACTOR: 6
EP VALUE: 550
CLIMATE/TERRAIN: Any forest
FREQUENCY: Uncommon
ORGANIZATION: Solitary or Herd
ACTIVITY CYCLE: Day
DIET: Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE: Very (11-12)
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil
NO. APPEARING: 1 or 2-5
SIZE: M (5' tall)
MOVEMENT: 12"/12"/12"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Possible
ATTACK/DEFENSE MODES: Nil/Nil
MORALE: Resolved (18)
ARMOR CLASS: 5/5/6
NUMBER OF ATTACKS: 1 or 1
DAMAGE/ATTACK: 2-7+1 or by weapon
SPECIAL ATTACK: Ram for 2-12
SPECIAL DEFENSE: Silver or +1 to hit
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Standard
HIT DICE: 4+4
TO P: yes
FF: 7



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often snag on low branches). They maintain their 90% immunity to Sleep and charm spells, something that really makes them problematic for spellcasters when you consider their lycanthropic abilities. They lose their war scream, however, something that secretly causes them all serious self-esteem issues. Transformation into a Were-Groat altered the musculature of their throats, and now when they try to yell it just comes out as a garbled bleat (something else that other grol make fun of, if they're in sufficient strength to do so). A were-groat's bite does double damage to armor (see Armor HP, PHB p 117).

Grol Were-Groats really like the taste of pixie-fairy, even more than they did before contracting their disease. They are quite ravenous for such delectable fare and have been known to wipe out an entire faerie-meet in one gluttonous, terrible attack. A Were-Groat encountered in the wild will have 0-4 (d6-2) pixie-fairy tattoos. A Were-Groat will not be encountered anywhere except in the wild.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Were-Groats don't associate much with other grol. Though their status as a lycanthrope makes them a great asset to a raiding party, grunge elves don't like the smell of goat and especially don't like the smell of wet fur, so a Were-Groat in a grol clan is often the object of much secret ridicule and mockery. The greater number of Were-Groats prefer to stalk the woods alone, but occasionally will band together in a small herd that takes the place of the clan in their loyalty. Only very rarely will a Were-Groat associate with a grol clan; if it does it will inevitably find itself in conflict with clan druids and mages (because if it does so, that means it's tough enough to teach the other grol not to make fun).

YIELD:

Medicinal: Drinking the blood of a Lycanthrope will automatically infect the imbiber. Sitting in an enclosed space (like a sweat lodge) breathing the smoke from burning Were-Groat hair for at least 12 hours will cure male pattern baldness (though the stink will cling to skin for at least 1d6+1 weeks).

Spell Components: The blood of any Lycanthrope can be used for a rare spell that causes lycanthropy.

Hide/Trophy Items: Nil

Treasure: C, J, K

Other: Nil

Masticator, Paddle-Footed Aquatic

DESCRIPTION: This creature is closely related to the more terrestrial Masticators (the Subterranean and Articulated version). It has simply adapted to life beneath the water. Whether it is a less evolved version of the Articulated Masticator remains a subject of conjecture—many learned folk say no, that the Paddlefoot is just a kindred species. They cite the difference in the two creatures' planes of origin as their evidence. Less learned folk that encounter either one could really care less as long as they are able to keep from being bitten in half or devoured whole. The Swimmin' Chomper's body is a large, ungainly mass that looks much like its surface-dwelling cousin. However, instead of four rapidly plodding clawed feet it has four rapidly paddling web-footed clawed feet (similar to a platypus or a beaver). In addition, the creature has a broad flat tail that helps propel it along. It has no fins, and may suffer from a fin-envy that provokes it to attack the fish it sees. It possesses the same massive, heavily muscled and jaw-filled teeth that other Masticators do.

COMBAT/TACTICS: Paddlefooted Aquatic Masticators bite, and they bite very well. There appear to be nerve-endings throughout its hide that allow it to discern even minute movements in the water. Its sense of smell is much like that of a shark, which is fortunate, because the creature has no eyes. Its basic tactic (indeed, its only tactic) is to swim straight towards its prey and start chomping (hence its nickname). On a to-hit roll that is four or more than the number needed to hit, or on any natural 20, the victim is caught in the jaws of the creature and may lose a limb (10%, roll randomly), a head (5%) or perhaps even bitten in

Masticator, Paddle-Footed Aquatic

AKA: Swimmin' Chomper, Paddlefoot

HACKFACTOR: 17

EP VALUE: 4260

CLIMATE/TERRAIN: Subterranean lakes and waterways

FREQUENCY: Rare

ORGANIZATION: Solitary

ACTIVITY CYCLE: Any

DIET: Carnivore

INTELLIGENCE: Low (5-7)

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil

NO. APPEARING: 1

SIZE: L (6'-8' long)

MOVEMENT: 3" Walk, 9" swim

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

ATTACK/DEFENSE MODES: Nil/Nil

MORALE: Daring (15)

ARMOR CLASS: 4

NUMBER OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: 4-16

SPECIAL ATTACK: Swallowing

SPECIAL DEFENSE: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Standard

HIT DICE: 10

TO P: yes

FF: 4



half (1%). Any equipment, garb or armor in the area of the bite must save vs. crushing blow or be likewise bitten in half. If the Paddlefoot's prey is bitten in half and the surrounding water is still, it may swim on to attack more prey. If there is a current, however, it will go ahead and eat whatever it kills so its meal doesn't get swept away by the flow of the water.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Paddlefooted Aquatic Masticators may be similar to Xorns and Umber Hulks, but they don't like them much. The latter creatures often mock them for being ungainly and ridicule their awkward swimming. Occasionally Paddlefoots will be encountered on the Elemental Plane of Water. If Paddlefoots can Plane Shift they keep it a secret (though there must be some way they get to the Prime Material). Like other Masticators, Swimmin' Chompers enjoy their treasure and guard it with their lives. They speak the Common tongue and will occasionally know a few words in some other aquatic tongue (such as Kuo-Toan). Unfortunately, they have the same articulation problem as their surface-dwelling cousins, compounded by the trouble of speaking clearly underwater. Many Paddlefoots have been observed blowing bubbles for entertainment.

ECOLOGY: Paddlefooted Aquatic Masticators breed on the Elemental Plane of Water, but prefer living in the dark and chill waterways of the NetherDeep. The young are born half-size knowing only how to bite. Those that don't quickly learn to hold their breath and swim become deceased Aquatic Paddlefooted Masticators. Paddlefoots are air-breathers, without gills, but they can hold their breath for several hours.

YIELD:

Medicinal: Raw Paddlefoot tongue can cure the bends.

Spell Components: The tongue of a Paddlefooted Aquatic Masticator can be used to create a Magic Mouth that is permanent if cast underwater. The caster must be a magic-user of at least 7th level, and should know ahead of time that the Magic Mouth (which will gain its own free will after the initial command has been fulfilled) will much rather blow bubbles in the water than actually talk.

Hide/Trophy Items: The intact jawbones of a Paddlefoot are worth 20-120 gp to collectors

Treasure: D, U

Other: Nil

Sentinelpede

DESCRIPTION: Pugnacious Book Wrighlers are small, many-legged critters that look much like seriously buff millipedes. They have large mandibles and numerous small, many-faceted eyes (1d4+2; the exact number varies from individual to individual). Their whole purpose in life is to defend books, of any kind. They are the sworn enemies of scroll devourers, silverfish, termites and anything else that would prey upon helpless tomes, librums or other collections of lore. Their color is difficult to predict, as each one varies depending upon its assigned book. Once a sentinelpede has adopted or been assigned to a particular book it will slowly change color to match the covers and binding (much like a chameleon, only slower). One might be brown in hue, with silver bands for instance, if its book has metal clasps; another might be more ochre with letter-like striations if its book is covered in runes. Sentinelpedes are cocky and pugnacious and tend to look upon their particular book as their own private little realm. They are territorial, prickly and prone to use big words if they talk (though no one has ever heard one speak and it's doubtful that they can). At least 90% of all sentinelpedes have a naturally occurring loop of chitin at their...uh, posterior. This is typically used to clasp a cord or chain to in order to tether the creature to the book it is supposed to guard. Sentinelpedes that guard dictionaries or spellbooks are the most snobbish of the species; those that guard collections of philosophy are often mocked by their fellows as being useless, as they regard philosophers to be good for nothing except teaching other philosophers and filling similarly useless positions at universities.

COMBAT/TACTICS: Sentinelpedes attack with a vicious bite, but aren't predatory by any means. They will only attack to defend themselves or their charge. Their primary

Sentinelpede

AKA: Pugnacious Book Wrighler
HACKFACTOR: 1
EP VALUE: 65 (for kill or capture)
CLIMATE/TERRAIN: Anywhere there are books
FREQUENCY: Very Rare
ORGANIZATION: Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE: Any
DIET: Insectivore
INTELLIGENCE: Semi (2-4)
ALIGNMENT: Lawful Neutral
NO. APPEARING: 1
SIZE: T (9")
MOVEMENT: 18"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil
ATTACK/DEFENSE MODES: Nil/Nil
MORALE: Defiant (17)
ARMOR CLASS: 4
NUMBER OF ATTACKS: 1
DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d6-3 + poison
SPECIAL ATTACK: Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSE: Psionic & limited spell immunity; difficult to surprise
MAGIC RESISTANCE: 20%
HIT DICE: 1d6+4 hp
TO P: yes
FF: 5

purpose in life, indeed their only purpose in life, is to keep books safe from the likes of such vile creatures as scroll devourers. They can see invisible creatures or objects as a matter of course, and can innately sense the presence of a scroll devourer within 50'. When it comes to someone wanting to read a book or even flip through the pages, well, that is usually dependent upon the nature of the book and its actual owner. Much as the creature takes on the coloration of its book's cover, it somehow knows the identity of whoever actually owns the book. This is usually a good thing, though it can be problematic if the sentinelpede is particularly protective and the tome in question belongs to a library. If someone besides the owner attempts to lay hands on the book the Pugnacious Book Wrighler will deliver a nasty bite to remind the interloper that its not polite to snoop. Should proper ownership of a book be changed though (be it by sale, trade, killing the old owner or whatever), the sentinelpede will quickly realize it (usually within 1d4 rounds of the 'transaction'). A sentinelpede's primary, overriding concern is always the physical well-being of the book itself, not the vagaries of rightful ownership.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Sentinelpedes are extremely rare and much sought after. They can be found (on those few occasions that they are found) anywhere that books are located—the rarer, more valuable or esoteric the volume, the more likely it is that such a creature has adopted it or been assigned to defend it. They will usually be found perched on top of the book they guard. If not they will never be more than three feet away from it. Some of them are actually leashed to their assigned volume with an ornamental tether of some kind.

ECOLOGY: No one knows how pugnacious book wrighlers came to be. They do not reproduce in any way that scholars have been able to discern, and no one seems to know where they come from. They can go months at a time without eating, preying upon insects and small arachnids by preference. The dwarven battle mage Yurgald Leadbottom, whose knowledge of magical creatures is legendary, has asserted that the creatures come from another plane and do not reproduce here in this reality. He claims the only way to bring a new sentinelede into the world is accidentally, through the use of a Summon Monster spell. Though this seems improbable, no one has yet been able to dispute the theory. About one in five sentinelpedes projects an innate magical aura that repels water in a one foot radius.

YIELD:

Medicinal: Sentinelpedes can be eaten, but they are stringy and their chitin will get caught in your teeth. They have virtually no nutritional value.

Spell Components: Nil

Hide/Trophy Items: The chitin of a sentinelpede can be boiled down to a bitter powder that, if mixed with whortleberry jam (the seedless, homemade kind) and a couple drops from a Potion of Healing, will cure dyslexia.

Treasure: Nil

Other: Nil

Rust Bats

DESCRIPTION: Rust Bats are a form of small rust monster that adapted to become a flying creature. They look like large, furlless bats and have two long, curling antennae that dangle from their faces like a mustache. Rust Bats have rust-colored wings with black bodies, and smell like smoldering iron shavings.

COMBAT/TACTICS: Rust Bats seek out metal by scent, using their antennae to sample the air as they swoop through caverns. When the flock finds metal, it swoops down to the attack. The moment their antennae strike metal it instantly rusts (any amount up to a large shield per round). Magic items have a 10% chance for each plus and power of resisting the rusting attack. Metal weapons that strike a Rust Bat are affected as through struck by an antenna. Once metal has been rusted, the flock will land on the item and feast. Rust Bats eat by coughing up corrosive saliva that liquefies the rusted metal, then drinking it. The saliva is harmless to everything that isn't rusted metal. A single Rust Bat can eat up to ten pounds of rusted metal per day.

Rust Bat

AKA: Oxidactyls
HACKFACTOR: 1
EP VALUE: 85
CLIMATE/TERRAIN: Subterranean
FREQUENCY: Rare
ORGANIZATION: Flock
ACTIVITY CYCLE: Night
DIET: Metalavore
INTELLIGENCE: Animal (1)
ALIGNMENT: Neutral
NO. APPEARING: 1-7
SIZE: S (2' long)
MOVEMENT: 2", 14" fly
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil
ATTACK/DEFENSE MODES: Nil/Nil
MORALE: Daring (15)
ARMOR CLASS: 6
NUMBER OF ATTACKS: 1
DAMAGE/ATTACK: Nil
SPECIAL ATTACK: Rusting
SPECIAL DEFENSE: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Standard
HIT DICE: 2
TO P: yes
FF: 4



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HABITAT/SOCIETY: Rust Bats prefer to live in warm, humid caves near underground lakes and slow-moving rivers. There is always at least one scout checking for food while the rest of the flock rests hanging from the ceiling.

Rust Bats are not at all picky about the quality of metal they eat, and will attack raw ore as vigorously as the finest plate mail.

ECOLOGY: Rust Bats can be found wherever there is a regular supply of metal and water to keep them fed. Rust Bats are disliked throughout the NetherDeep and most mining operations offer a bounty of 1 sp per Rust Bat head.

YIELD:

Medicinal: Nil

Spell Components: Nil

Hide/Trophy Items: Nil

Treasure: Q (x2)

Other: Rust Bat saliva combined with aged red wine makes an effective Rust Monster repellent.

Appendix A: New Magic Items

Bagua of Fong Li

EP Value = 1,950 GP Value = 19,500

The Bagua of Fong Li is a vaguely draconic tiger's face on an polished bone oval set with pearls. It has been in the keeping of a family of foreign wizards (really foreign, like on the other side of the world) for many generations. This particular Bagua was enchanted to help its wearer resist the incantations of other wizards. Its unique magic gives its bearer a +2 to any saving throws made to avoid an evocation's damage (such as saving for half damage from a fireball). Similarly, it provides its bearer with a +2 to saving throws versus any mind-affecting spells, such as Suggestion or Charm, and yields a +2 to AC towards any spells directed at the bearer that take armor class into account. Lastly the Bagua will, once per day, cast Haste upon its bearer if the bearer is trying to run, flee or otherwise trying to save himself.

Borlor's Bastion

EP Value = 4,900 GP Value = 39,200

Fraunk and Jorgil Hardee, the halfling brothers who gained such fame as adventurers, trouble-seekers and would-be detectives around Alderondus, are the persons who first brought this shield to the attention of scholars in the Fangaerian City-States. Borlor's Bastion is so called because the name has been carved into the back of the shield with the tip of a knife (in poor handwriting). It is a +2 shield, +3 vs. any attacks from intangible foes (like a Ghost, Phantom or Shadow). Its face is made of petrified wood and is obviously very old; the shield boss in the center has been crafted into the hideous visage of a Blind Wretched Pursuer. Hanging from the face's nose is a Ring of Undead Aggravation. Through some peculiar magic the shield has harnessed the rings powers in such a way as to make them indistinguishable from its own (so the shieldbearer can freely use them). The ring actually hangs there and can swivel freely. Thrice per day the shield will Detect Undead in a 100' radius, and will identify whether any creature so detected is corporeal or non-corporeal when it does (though it provides no other clues or information).

Because of the ring hanging from the boss, any undead attacking the bearer suffer a -5 penalty applied to their attack (-6 if they are non-corporeal). Within 1d4 they will also suffer a -5 morale penalty as they realize their attacks are failing. Unfortunately for the wielder, the rings major drawback is also functional, so all undead within ten feet of the shield will attack its bearer in preference to any other foes.

Lastly, the shield will cast Hold Undead up to twice per day—however, each such use will temporarily drain one of the defensive bonuses of the shield for twelve hours (i.e., after casting one spell the shield will be +1). Great care must be taken to use this last charm.

Borlor's Bastion was traded away to a member of the Dasein Riders by the Hardee Boys shortly after they obtained it. Its whereabouts since that time have been unknown.

Note: removal of the ring from the shield boss will strip the shield of all its powers, though the ring itself will maintain its magic.

Bracelet of Crackling Fingers

EP Value = 3,000 GP Value = 30,000

Similar in many ways to a Ring of Shocking Grasp, the Bracelet of Crackling Fingers is a thin band of silver with a series of hard silver lightning bolts inlaid upon it all the way around. The bracelet provides for up to one electrical attack for each finger of the hand it rides above (not counting the thumb) before becoming temporarily exhausted, i.e. a human who has never lost any digits will be able to make four such attacks. Damage is 1d8+1, and must be delivered by a touch or physical blow with that hand. After making its last allowable attack the bracelet will be powerless for one full turn to recharge itself, whereupon the process begins again. If the wearer of the bracelet so desires, he can use the magic bracelet to generate a bolt of lightning identical to the spell. This Lightning Bolt will inflict 1d6 damage, +1d6/finger on the hand (to a maximum of six—figure that one out). The downside to this is that such an attack will completely drain the bracelet for the next 24 hours.

Gold Tooth of Superlative Dentistry

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

In order to use this item, the wearer must have one of his own bicuspid (Gold Teeth of Superlative Dentistry are always bicuspid) removed and replaced with the golden tooth. Once it is in place, the owner will never again have to worry about brushing or flossing—unsightly tobacco stains will disappear, plaque will not be a problem, and the germs that cause gingivitis will flee in terror. In short, the owner's teeth will be pearly white forever. If the owner of the Gold Tooth does not already have a bite attack, the item will give him one of 1d6-1 damage. If the owner does have a bite attack, he receives a +1 to hit and +2 damage. Despite what one might think, owning a Gold Tooth of Superlative Dentistry does not obviate the need to go see a dentist periodically. Other gum diseases can be a problem, even with a proper regimen of dental hygiene.

Nose Ring of the Arbalest**EP Value = 1,000 GP Value = 11,500**

This little number has quite an interesting appearance. It is a simple, thin ring of electrum intended to hang from its wearer's nose. Dangling off of it however are twenty tiny crossbow quarrels, each no bigger than a tiny needle. The magic of this ring allows its wearer to hurl crossbow bolts and quarrels with his hand, like one would throw a knife, once per round. The missiles will strike out to the range of a heavy crossbow and deal the same amount of damage. The ring's wearer need not be a fighter, nor proficient with the crossbow, but must make attacks as his actual class and level. The Nose Ring of the Arbalest confers no magical properties onto the bolts—it simply allows its wearer to throw them. Note that if the wearer tries to throw the quarrels overhand, like a javelin or a spear, they will immediately clatter to the ground and he will lose a point of Honor for looking like a sissy.

Zarba's Truncheon of Perdurable Frailty**EP Value = 42/charge GP Value = 420/charge**

This stout rod was created by the wizard Zarba during one of his melancholic, nihilistic phases. There are only a few of them, perhaps less than ten in number, in existence, this despite several (unsuccessful) attempts to replicate them. The Truncheon of Perdurable Frailty is hollow at the center, made from the dried and brittle leg bone of some large bird. This hollow bone has been covered in a thin layer of molten lead (dry and hard now of course!) and the whole thing fitted magically into a solid billet of ash. The business end of the Truncheon has been carved in such a fashion as to make it seem the rod splits into two, each 'branch' whittled into the semblance of a muscle-bound human arm. The pair of arms come back together after bending at the elbow (thus making a rough diamond shape), where the hands appear to be breaking something. Sometime in the past someone has wrapped the other end with rawhide to make a leather wrist loop for the rod, but this is not actually an integral part of the item.

Despite its name and appearance, Zarba's Truncheon of Perdurable Frailty is not meant to be wielded in hand-to-hand combat like a club. Instead, its magic causes a short, arrow-length 'bolt' of energy to burst forth towards the wielder's target. This energy gleams with sort of a dull radiance and is bone-white in color and sizzles like bacon in a pan. The wielder of the Truncheon must make a successful "to hit" roll as with any other missile (at +1, Dexterity bonus to hit is allowed). Note that armor will not defend a target from the Truncheon—only Dexterity and magical bonuses (such as rings, bracers, etc.) will do so. If the bolt strikes true, its target will be rocked as though struck by a physical blow, and everything on it that can do so will blow backwards as though suddenly caught in a strong gust of wind (i.e., hair will blow back, capes will billow, etc.). None of this causes the target any extra harm, but it looks kewl and can be somewhat intimidating.

Once hit by the Truncheon the target must make a Saving Throw versus Wands. Success indicates the target feels a sudden wave of weakness that quickly passes. Failure indicates the target loses 1d3+1 points of Constitution as his bones become weaker and more brittle. If the target loses 4 Con points, he must make another Saving Throw vs. Death Magic or lose 1-2 points of Strength as well. Unlike most wands, Zarba's Truncheon of Perdurable Frailty can only hold up to 30 charges and it cannot be recharged. Interestingly, anyone wearing a Periapt of Health is immune to the Truncheon's powers.

Fighters, weightlifters and strongmen from the circus hate this Rod.

Toe Ring of Dang Mao**EP Value = 1,000 GP Value = 10,000**

Dang Mao's toe ring is a wonder in its enchantment, though it isn't much to look at. It was crafted from a petrified ringworm cut out of the foot of a powerful ogre mage, after which it was embellished in gold-flecked ink with magical characters and fanciful imagery too small to see. The wearer of the Toe Ring of Dang Mao is granted the ability to fling himself great distances through the air, and to great heights as well. He may jump forward up to 50 feet and backwards up to 25', reaching up to 15' in the air—so long as it is

not a vertical jump (i.e., standing in place—there must be forward, backward or lateral motion). The only drawback to this enchantment, which can be used as often as necessary, is that the wearer must run in place as he leaps. In other words, as he is soaring through the air on these tremendous jumps it must appear as though he is running on air. What's even kewler is that any solid surface of sufficient width will support the wearer's weight for up to two rounds so long as it is wide enough for him to place his feet (so leaves on a tree would work). This will only last for those two rounds, however, after which he'd better jump again or he'll fall on his ass and ruin the dramatic scene he created.

Hackrazer**EP Value = 6,000 GP Value = 84,000**

Hackrazer is a longsword +0, +2 in the hands of a single-classed fighter. Much as a Sword of Life-Stealing, Hackrazer will swipe the soul of a target it hits, eliminating one level of experience (or one Hit Die) and the accompanying hit points and abilities when it strikes any opponent on a natural roll of 20. This will be done to the accompaniment of a noise very similar to a giant sucking through a giant empty straw, which can be very discomfiting to foemen. Hackrazer has little patience with other blades, so a character with the sword proficiency can also attempt a weapon-breaking attack against an opponent, who must save vs. wands (minus the weapon's bonus in the wielder's hands) to avoid having his weapon hit. A weapon so struck must make its own saving throw vs. crushing blow or be shattered. (Note that this is only good against swords—other weapons do not have Hackrazer's enmity.) The wielder of Hackrazer may attempt a Dexterity check with the weapon's bonus to avoid a fumble.

Damage dealt by Hackrazer cannot be healed naturally or regenerated (such as by a troll), it must be healed magically (i.e. with a potion or a spell).

The bearer of Hackrazer gets a few bennies when it comes to loot as well. Amongst these are an across the board bonus of +25% to any Appraisal skill. If the wielder does not already have the Calling Dibs skill, Hackrazer gives it at 25%. If the wielder does have the skill at any level, then Hackrazer provides a +1 to the wielder's roll-off score (for a total of +3). (See the Dibs Protocol in Chapter 8 of the PHB.)

As already mentioned, Hackrazer likes loot. Not so much having it, but rather getting it. After all, it's a sword, and has no need of lots of money. Like a hunter who enjoys the hunt more than the kill, it's the pursuit of plunder that Hackrazer craves—and demands. The blade has an Intelligence of 9 and an ego of 17, so it's motivated, determined and not exceptionally bright (a dangerous combination). If its wielder doesn't go actively adventuring or pursuing swag in some way or the other, the sword will quickly provide the urge to do so. It is an extremely competitive weapon, and won't take kindly to its wielder missing out on its fair share (though it will of course honor the dibs protocol, it may harbor a grudge thereafter). Anyone wishing to carry Hackrazer into battle had better understand what drives it. Fortunately for many an adventurer in the past the sword has no real desire to hang onto goodies once it gains them, so items or treasure may be given or traded away freely after it has been clearly established who has got rights to it.

Hackrazer is unremarkable in appearance, though obviously of high quality. The hilt is wrapped in worn leather and the pommel is adorned with a single plain golden coin on each side. The only outstanding device upon it is the symbol for occupied lair that is graven on the hilt (see #25 on the HackMaster Official Wilderness Map Symbols list, p.352 of the HMPH) and the words Nothing Adventured, Nothing Gained down the center of the blade. It needs no sharpening, honing, polishing or any other form of maintenance. It doesn't get any firkin' kewler than that.

HACKRAZER

If there is a better-known or more famous or widely storied sword out there than Hackrazer—other than the twelve Hackmaster class blades, of course—then I damn sure haven't heard of it.

Hackrazer is one of those swords the kids pretend to be carrying when they're playing at slicing each other to pieces. For that matter, Hackrazer is one of the swords adult warriors pretend to be wielding when they think no one else in the adventurers' hospice is looking. Perhaps this is because Hackrazer seems more...attainable, somehow, than Thadius or Atticus or one of their kin. It might just be that Hackrazer is such a kewl name. Who knows?

Hackrazer was forged in the early days of Fangaerie, long before the name Gilead was ever heard. Flataroy donned his first hauberk, the gnomes had an uprising or the orcs got cocky and tried a reprisal. Tales from those days are hard to find, and difficult to believe—what is certain, however, and beyond any taint of doubt or disbelief, is that Hackrazer was carried out of "The Marrow" over four centuries ago by the Meletian adventurer Fistandandulis and from there into fame.

'The Fist' as he was called (at least a third of the time) had multiple personalities. Fistandandulis was the fighter of the three-in-onesome. His other two selves, Forsythe and Famurlus, were a thief and a magic-user, respectively. Together with several companions whose fame has long since been outshined 'The Fist' adventured all over with the blade. From the Mountain Maze of Synor Kapeshe Bent (where some say the three-in-onesome were the captain of the guard for a time) to Red Bear Coast and everywhere in between, if it could be hacked, hewed or cleaved, 'The Fist' went at it.

Eventually, however, 'The Fist' grew weary of the adventuring life. His other two personalities weren't able to use the weapon the way he was, and grew jealous of his success. A lot of self-castigation and internal dissent went on. He eventually grew tired of the quarreling and gave the sword away (for which he was roundly ridiculed later on).

Hackrazer wound up in the scabbard of Brasaloo Bellwether, who was quite equally successful for a time but ran afoul of too many Ginge Pirates and lost it. Rilog Riloger, riding companion of the legendary paladin Fowldamar Digerious, took it away from the cutthroats (who thankfully never got the chance to use it) and bore it for the next several years—it is with Hackrazer, in point of fact, that he took the ear off Gladius Becknor's hench-mage Glupert. Rilog was quickly carried away by Hackrazer's tendencies, however (which are well and good for most adventurers of course, but not so much for the right hand man of a paladin) and after a "come-to-gawd" meeting with Fowldamar he turned it over to a gnome titan they trusted.

The well-renowned Banglor Rockhammer (Ranglor's half-brother) carried it for a while with great success exploring ruins (and slaughtering orkin foes) throughout the Southern Orc Leagues and all through the Sustain Mountains. After him came several great heroes—to go into great detail about each of them would require a mountain of parchment, so we'll press on.

Hackrazer eventually came into the joint possession of Fester, Flange and Forely (of Fester, Flange and Forely Weapon Werks—Hagley Town). There it rested above the counter in (well-guarded) magnificence until about a year ago, when Fristol Salsbury the Younger (whose father's deeds need no recounting here) convinced them to let him have it. How he managed to do this, no one knows. Giving Hackrazer up is about as smart as carrying axes and torches into a treant grove with a giant harvester termite on a leash. Somehow he did it though—probably with the help of Hackrazer itself.

Fristol Salsbury was devoured by creatures unknown in the highest room of his tower in Groutet and Hackrazer taken away. Nothing else was touched. From Fristol's hands the sword passed to Keraptorse...

Skewersure

EP Value = 4,150 GP Value = 64,475

Skewersure has spelled the end of many a happily-butchered forest raiding party. It is a neutral good longbow +1, +2 in the hands of an elf, with a much greater than normal range (150% standard). The weapon has an intelligence of 15, an ego of 15, and the overwhelming purpose of defending elf-kind (and, by default, everybody else) from the grel. If the truth were known, there are more than a few elves who were glad to see the weapon stolen when Keraptorse snagged it. It had been locked away in a vault in Fangaerie for far too long—they wanted to see it out again, preferably in the hands of one of their own, takin' it to the grunge elves the way it was originally supposed to.

The weapon's two greatest enchantments were crafted to allow an elf to fight the grel on a better than even footing. Though a bearer of another race will not benefit as much from them as an elf, the magic will still allow him to fight with something approaching even odds.

In order to allow its bearer to better do battle with the grunge elves, the magic of Skewersure enables its bearer to make cunning and stealthy movement through natural surroundings. No matter how tangled the thicket or thick the forest, the bearer of the bow can move as though in open terrain, silently and very nearly invisibly. Trees and branches will bend, leaves will move, the very vegetation will twist and move to cover the bearers movement—and to shield him as well. This has the effect of providing the bearer with +25% cover (even if it provides some already). Anyone watching this may be startled to see branches and limbs dip to interfere with an arrow's flight as it comes streaking towards Skewersure's bearer, or a sapling bend halfway over to obstruct a cleaving axe. Likewise the woods will seem to muffle the sound of the bearer's movement (treat as a 30% Move Silently ability, like that of a thief; if the character already possesses such an ability, add the 30% to the skill he already possesses). If not wearing metal armor (or gar-

SKEWERSURE

Skewersure was crafted sometime after the end of the elvish civil war, which isn't very specific but that's the best the sages got. When the grel departed their high-minded brethren for the deep forests and the drow slunk down below ground, the pointy-eared folk remaining at large knew they hadn't seen the last of either race, and they were right. That really doesn't have much to do with Skewersure's background, but it is important to remember the weapon was crafted in those first furious centuries when the blood of elvish kinsmen was fresh-spilt and they were all still really pissed.

They say there were at least five wizards involved in the crafting of this superb weapon, two each from the high elves and the gray elves and one (who was more likely a druid of similar tree-hugging type) from the wood elves. No aquatic elves were present for the enchantment, as there aren't many forests for the grel to hide in under the water, nor do they much like to swim. Their intention was to create a weapon that would really let them put the smack-down on their banished brethren. They weren't the only cabal to try to do so, but they were undoubtedly the most successful.

Skewersure's history is surprisingly uncertain, given its background. Scholars speculate this is because the bow (and most of its wielders) was more interested in hunting evil elves than gaining fame or glory. The most recent owner of the bow was actually a half-elf by the name of Tanithmalinath Horbardser. He had a red beard, bad body odor and an ex-girlfriend that hung out with dragon-worshippers. None of the real elves liked him much, especially because he wouldn't take the bow out of his vault and use it the way he was supposed to (but also because he went around grimacing a lot and seemed to have a lot of angst). He even kept it locked up in a vault so it couldn't influence him. When he was found burnt to a crisp on the couch in his living room with the bow (and nothing else) stolen from his vault no one was upset overmuch (except perhaps for the twin brothers he sometimes traveled with; they said he owed them money).

ishly colored clothing of course) the bearer will be able to blend into the surrounding terrain as the forest works to help cloak him. This has the effect of reducing their opponent's surprise die rolls by a penalty of -2 (if the bearer already has a similar ability, e.g. High Elves, the effects are cumulative).

Skewersure has some other abilities, though none as significant as those discussed above. Firstly, the bearer of the bow will be camouflaged as though wearing a Cloak of Elvenkind so long as the weapon is on his person, strung or unstrung. Secondly, he will receive a +2 to any attempted saving throws made against spells cast by any cleric or druid of Arnuya. Lastly, its arrows will do double damage to any target dressed all in green and brown or any medium-sized target with more than two tattoos.

Skewersure is a weapon that will be instantly recognized by any grel that sees it. Given how successful it has been over the last many years at making dead grel out of live ones, this is probably not surprising. Anyone bearing the bow, whether actually wielding it or not, will be the focus of all their attacks (if they don't choose the wiser course and run).

ThumpMuster

EP Value = 5,500 GP Value = 71,500

In the hands of anyone other than a gnome, ThumpMuster is a magical flail +2—for that matter, ThumpMuster is a +2 flail in anyone's hands. Its haft is crafted of barjack gold, an Aelidean alloy of gold, adamantite and steel. The metal can't be seen, however, because the entire length of the haft has been paneled with the shell of a flail snail. Wielders need not worry about anyone making fun of the weapon's color, though, because the shell was laid

color-side in. As a result the haft is a pleasant mucus color and doesn't look like it belongs at a dance or festival. The twin heads of the weapon appear to be stone, crafted into the likenesses of a clenched fist. They aren't. They're the petrified hands of a Flailing Wailer. Connecting the two fists to the haft are whip-thin lengths of what looks to be braided leather and bark. The leather is in fact just leather, though enchanted so as to be uncuttable by any normal blade. The bark was peeled off the arms of a Sinewy Mugger.

If there was ever a weapon made for bludgeoning some poor bastard or pounding a foeman to paste, ThumpMuster is it. The weapon scores a critical on a 19 or 20 and halves the penalties for called shots to the head or groin. If being actively wielded in melee there is a 19% chance it will deflect any incoming missiles aimed at the wielder quite by accident (this does not count against the character's actions). There is also a percentage chance equal to 1% per 2hp damage inflicted that the weapon will knock a small or medium sized opponent smooth out (save vs. Death Magic at -2 or it falls unconscious).

In addition to these powers, ThumpMuster makes its wielder faster and faster as combat progresses. On the first round he strikes normally. On the second round he receives a +2 to initiative rolls; on the third, a +3. On the fourth and fifth rounds the wielder is considered to be hasted. Unfortunately, this trend does not continue. On the sixth round the wielder cannot take offensive action and must spend the round recovering. The process will begin again a round later. This cycle can be repeated up to three times per day. After that the weapon functions normally (this does not mean its other powers go away, mind you, just that the wielder doesn't get any quickening effects). A side affect of this enchantment will require that the wielder sleep for at least ten uninterrupted hours the next time he lays down to rest or else lose one point of Constitution permanently.

THUMPMASTER

Pixie-Faeries have Black Thorns of Throwing and Blood Thorn Stilettos (not to mention Machetes of Reaving), the dwarves have their Dwarven Throwers—hell, even the ogres have Mattocks of Ogre Kind. In the woeful days before the Gnome Uprisings it occurred to one of the better soldiers of House Indigo that the gnomes didn't have anything similar. He called this to the attention of several adventurers from that House and wondered how the gnomes might rectify the unfortunate situation. These adventurers were mostly gnomes but had at least one fairly talented human Constructor among them (an expert in the spells of Haarpang and Gandle both, it is said) to keep from being accused of bigotry. They agreed with him and began researching ways of creating a uniquely gnomish weapon.

It didn't work out.

They did manage to create ThumpMuster though. It was to be the only one of its kind, as the entire company wound up becoming Vile Jabbervock fodder in the woods south of Shank, across the Greater Fargruss.

Needless to say, ThumpMuster was quite popular with the gnomes during the Uprising. The dwarves and their allies were understandably not so enthralled with it, and more than one doughty bearded warrior was pummeled to death by this flail.

On a more cheerful note, ThumpMuster was carried on several successful adventurous endeavors in the years following the Gnome Uprising. It was also instrumental in the suppression of a slave revolt in the borax mines at Lake Tagnomi. Its most recent owner was Walder the Gut, a broad-bellied fighting man of tremendous strength and gigantic appetite. He was to have accompanied an adventuring company called the 'Cretins of Flanders Meadow' into the mountains around Hell's Throat not too long ago, but came down with a bout of some bowel-loosening flux so he didn't go. He recovered, eventually, but never heard from his friends again. He'd intended to go looking for them at some point but never got around to it. A minion of Keraptorse split the big fellow into separate but equal halves, thus relieving him of any responsibility to do so. Walder's home in Arduus was found with the door open but otherwise unmolested. Only ThumpMuster was missing.

APPENDIX B: NEW SPELLS

Sliggenderlisp's Noxious Depilatory Cloud

(Evocation)

Level: MU 3

Range: 15 yards

Duration: 2 rds. +1 rd/level

Area of Effect: 40 x 20 x 20 cloud

Components: V,S,M

Casting Time: 4 segments

Saving Throw: Negates*

Sliggenderlisp's Noxious Depilatory Cloud is one of the better know dweomers created by the Sliggenderlisp Scourmaw, a justly famous (among his kind) trollkin wizard. The spell deploys a swirling cloud of puce-colored vapors that are shot through with irregular slashes of ghastly chartreuse discolorations. The cloud is so sickly sweet with the attar of roses that it can be smelled great distances from its actual area of effect. The cloud obscures all sight, vision and infravision, beyond 4'. The vapors are stationary and heavier than air. Like Fog Cloud they will drop down into sinkholes and crevices, settling into the lowest level available.

The part of this spell that really sucks, aside from its horrible color coordination, is its depilatory powers. Creatures within the cloud must make a saving throw vs. poison or have all their hair fall out. Those that are 'shaggy' all over (horses, certain guys that sweat too much) receive a +4 to their saving throw. Success indicates that the victims' hair remains (though the fog still impacts vision). Failure indicates they go bald—completely bald. This will cause a loss of d6+1 Honor, unless the victim was bald or balding already, in which case the loss is only d4-1 (dwarves suffer an additional +2 to this loss if their beard comes off).

The depilatory cloud cannot penetrate liquids, nor can it be used underwater. It can be dispersed as a Fog Cloud. The material component of this spell is a small pair of scissors or straight-razor and a handful of rose petals.

Potential Yield:

- ☐ Defeating Robold warriors (EPV=63)
- ☐ Defeating Bergil Cobalt (EPV=35)
- ☐ Coins (GPV=4)

3. Curgledrim's Hollow

Encounter: Curgledrim, Fomorian Giant (1) (HF 24, EP 6000, Int 15, AL NE, AC 2, MV 7", HD 13+3, HP 101, SZ H (11' tall), #AT 1, D 1d6 v S, 2d8 v. M, X2, +8 Str bonus, SA Surprise, SD Surprised only on 1, ML 16, TOP: 50, Crit BSL: Def AC: Def AC +15, FF 8, Reference HOB 8 p. 56)

1). HPs: 

Potential Yield:

- ☐ Defeating Curgeldrim (EPV=6,000)
- ☐ **Borlor's Bastion** (EPV=4,900 GPV=39,200)
- ☐ **Scroll of Invisibility** (EPV=300)
- ☐ **Scrolls of Bash Face** (2) (EPV=300 GPV=1500 each)
- ☐ **Scroll of Stone Passage** (EPV=400 GPV=1200)
- ☐ **Elixir of Health** (GMG p 224) (EPV=350)
- ☐ **Bracers of Defense AC 6** (EPV=2,000 GPV=8000)
- ☐ **Jeweled Box** (GPV=50)
- ☐ **Ivory Smoking Pipe** (GPV=25)
- ☐ **Electrum and Jade Choker** (GPV=50)
- ☐ **Silver Anklet with Pieces of Amber** (GPV=100)
- ☐ **Coins** (GPV=988)
- ☐ **Green Chrysoberyl** (GPV=110)
- ☐ **Pieces of blue jasper** (GPV=100)
- ☐ **Topaz** (GPV=500)
- ☐ **Typhon Heart** (GPV=2500)
- ☐ **Shortsword of Superior Craftsmanship With a Garnet Set in the Hilt** (GPV=600)*
- ☐ **Matched Throwing Knives of Superior Quality** (2)(GMG p 142), with silver H on the pommel (GPV=60)*
- ☐ **Beaver Fur Belt Pouch** (GPV=25)
- ☐ **2-Handed Sword of Decent Quality** (GPV=56)
- ☐ **Footman's Mace of Average Quality** (GPV=8)
- ☐ **Halfling-Sized Coat of Leather Armor** (GPV=40)*
- ☐ **Elf-sized Snakeskin Boots of Tasteful Manufacture** (and virtually no wear on the sole) (GPV=20)
- ☐ **Pitons in a Double-Thick Cloth Sack** (12)(GPV=0)
- ☐ **Bars of Lavender-Scented Soap, Never Used** (in fact, never touched) (4)(GPV=0)
- ☐ **Lockpick Set & Locksmithing Tools in a Pouch on a Baldric*** (GPV=150)
- ☐ **Journal, 100 Vellum pages, 99 pages blank** (GPV=0)
- ☐ **Silver Jacketed Crossbow Bolts** (4)(GPV=100)

*Indicates these items will be claimed by Harlum Steadyingers as his own.

THE CALDERA LAKE

That Big-Assed Fish

Encounter: Freshwater Jurynday (1) (HF 16, EP 4000, Int 1, AL N, AC 2, MV 3"/Swim15", HD 9, HP 76, SZ L (12' long), #AT 1 or 1 or 2, D 3-24 (ram) or 2-12 (bite) or 2-8/2-8 (claws), SA Ramming, SD Nil, ML 19, TOP: 38, Crit BSL: Def AC: Def AC +7, FF 5, Reference HOB 4 p. 59)

[illegible]

Potential Yield

- ❑ Defeating Jurynday (EPV=4000)

WHITE DOOM MOUNTAIN

Salamander Winter Home

Encounter: Salamander (1) (HF 18, EP 975, Int 12, AL CE, AC 2, MV 9", HD 7+7, HP 69, SZ M (7" tall), #AT 2, D 2-12 (spear + heat)/3-18 (tail grapple+heat), SA: Heat, SD: +1 or better weapon to hit, immune to heat and fire, immune to Sleep, Charm and Hold; ML 17, TOP: 35, Crit BSL: Def AC: Def AC +6, FF 12; Reference HOB 7 p 23)

1). HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
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Potential Yield

- ☐ Defeating Salamander (EPV=975)
- ☐ Peridotots (GPV=3000)
- ☐ Peridot Seam (GPV=2000-8000)

The Watch-Post

Potential Yield:

- ☐ Silver-Banded Spyglass Telescope (GPV=110)

2. Sphinx Sentry

Encounter: *Criosphinx* (1) (HF 18, EP 5,000, Int 10, AL N, AC 0, MV 12"/24" Fly (D), HD 10, HP 67, SZ L (7" tall), #AT 3, D 2-8/2-8 (claws)/3-18 (head butt), SA: Nil, SD: Nil; ML 16, TOP: 33, Crit BSL: Def AC: Def AC +6, FF 5; Reference HOB 7 p 95)

1), HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
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Potential Yield:

- ☐ Defeating Criosphinx (EPV=5,000)
- ☐ **Ring of Fire Resistance** (EPV=1000 GPV=5000)
- ☐ Solid Silver Criosphinx Tooth (GPV=50)
- ☐ Torque (GPV=0)

3. Slimy Corridor

Encounter: Lime Green Quivering Mass (1) (HF 5, EPV 420, Intr 2, AL N, AC 10, MV 6", HD 5, HP 49, SZ M, #AT 1, D 1-12, SA Paralyzation, Surprises 7 in 10, SD No damage from blunt weapons, ML 14, TOP: n/a, Crit BSL: Def AC +8, FF n/a; Reference HOB 4 p. 96)

1). HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
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Potential Yield:

- Defeating Lime Green Quivering Mass (EPV=420)

5.The Globe Garden

Encounter: Anti-Air Elemental (1), Insidious Ichor (1), Shadow Mastiffs (2)

Anti-Air Elemental (1) (HF 3, EPV 2,000, Int 7, AL NE, AC 8, MV 6", HD 8, HP 71, SZ L, #AT1, D 4-32, SA Suffocation, SD None *suffers 1-8 dmg/rnd while in contact with air, ML 16, TOP: n/a,Crit BSL: Def AC +6, FF n/a; Reference HOB 1 p. 24)

1). HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
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Insidious Ichor (1) (HF 3, EPV 420, Int 15, AL NE, AC 8, MV 6", HD 4, HP 31, SZ M, #AT 1, D special, SA special, SD special, ML 14, TOP: n/a, Crit BSL: Def AC +4, FF n/a; Reference HOB 4 p 31)

1). HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □

The Insidious Ichor will attack anyone with a wound to get inside; victims struck must save vs. poison or the Ichor will begin seeping inside at 1 HD/round. Every HD of Ichor in the body causes the victim to save vs. magic or the Ichor takes over (+1 for 2 HD, 0 for 3 HD, -1 for each HD thereafter). Cure Disease drives it out, Heal or Holy Word kills it instantly. Suffer 2-12 damage from holy water, drains 1 Con/week from host.

Shadow Mastiffs (4) (HF 7, EPV 270, Intr 3, AL NE, AC 6, MV 18", HD 4, HP 31, 44, 27, 50, SZ M, #AT 1, D 2-8, SA Panic Bay, SD Hide in shadows, ML 12, TOP: n/a, Crit BSL: Def AC +2, FF n/a; Reference HOB 4 p 124)

- 1). HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □
 2). HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □
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 4). HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
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Shadow Mastiffs appear as shadows of common dawgs but take on a more substantial form when they attack. They are 40% invisible in low light conditions. Under bright light they cannot use this ability and are slowed by 50%. Panic Bay requires 4 shadow mastiffs; creatures hearing howl to save vs. spells or panic for 1-6 rounds (victim will drop whatever he is carrying and run away from the dawgs—save is +6 here, as there are only 4 dawgs. The range of the panic bay is a half mile, but this chamber has been enchanted to contain the noise. If they get loose in the complex it might present a pretty problem for the gnome titans...

Potential Yield:

- ☐ Defeating Negamental (EPV=2,000)
- ☐ Defeating Shadow Mastiffs (EPV=270 each)
- ☐ Defeating Insidious Ichor (EPV=420)
- ☐ Tourmalines (GPV=1000)
- ☐ Wand of Repel Attack (EPV=3,500 GPV=30,000)
- ☐ Helm of the Dragonfly (EPV=1,750 GPV=33,000)
- ☐ Gold Link Bracelet Set with Chips of Garnet and Lapis Lazuli (GPV=5000)
- ☐ Cloth-of-Gold Chausable (GPV=500)
- ☐ Silver Great Horned Owlbear Statuette (GPV=1200)
- ☐ Diamond Studded Cloak Clasp (GPV=5300)
- ☐ **Potion of Healing** (EPV=200 GPV=400)
- ☐ **Potion of Heroism** (EPV=300 GPV=500)
- ☐ Fake Glass Diamonds (GPV=0)
- ☐ Fake Lead Painted Coins (300) (GPV=0)

6. Golem Guesswork

Encounter: Stone Golem (1), Screaming Skeletons (2), Animated Skeleton (1)

Stone Golem (HF 27, EPV 8000, Int 0, AL N, AC 5, MV 6", HD 14, HP 80, SZ L (9'), #AT 1, D 3-24, SA Slow, SD Hit by +2 weapons or better, ML 20, TOP: n/a, Crit BSL: Def AC +12, FF n/a; Reference HOB 3 pg 91)

Stone golems have an effective strength of 22. They can only be hit by +2 weapons or better. **Transmute Stone to Mud** slows the golem for 2-12 rounds and **Transmute Flesh to Stone** makes it vulnerable to all attacks the following rounds, including spells that do direct damage. The golem can cast a Slow spell on anyone within 10 feet every other round.

- 1). HPs: 000000 000000 000000 000000 000000 000000 000000
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Screaming Skeletons

(HF 2, EPV 175, Int 0, AL N, AC 7, MV 12", HD 1+2, HP 25 each, SZ M (6'), #AT 1, D 1-6, SA Fear Scream, SD see below, ML 20, TOP: n/a, Crit BSL: Def AC - 1, FF n/a; Reference HOB 7 pg 66)

Yelpin' Boners are immune to **Sleep, Charm, Hold, Darkness, Fear**, cold-based attacks and verbal abuse. Hacking and puncturing weapons only do half damage. Crushing weapons and fire do normal damage; holy water inflicts 2-8 hit points of damage. Their Fear Scream causes **Fear** (as the spell) against anyone in a 40-foot radius who does not successfully save vs. spell; durations is 1- rounds. Opponents who save on the first round are immune to further screams from that particular band of screaming

skeletons. Clerics that can turn or control undead get +2 to saves, paladins are immune. Fear effect is telepathic and only in victim's mind. Silence 15' R stops it and psionics will block.

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

Animated Skeleton

(HF 2, EPV 65, Int 0, AL N, AC 7, MV 12", HD 1, HP 23, SZ M (6'), #AT 1, D 1-6, SA None, SD see below, ML 20, TOP: n/a, Crit BSL: Def AC -2, FF n/a; Reference HOB 7 pg 66)

- [illegible]

Skinnies are immune to **Sleep**, **Charm**, **Hold**, **Darkness**, **Fear**, cold-based attacks and verbal abuse. Hacking and puncturing weapons only do half damage. Crushing weapons and fire do normal damage; holy water inflicts 2-8 hit points of damage.

Potential Yield:

- ❑ Defeating Stone Golem (EPV=8000)
- ❑ Defeating Screaming Skeletons (EPV=175 each)
- ❑ Defeating Animated Skeleton (EPV=65)
- ❑ Sapphires (GPV=2000)
- ❑ One Pain Iron Key (to room #31)
- ❑ Three Jars of **Kaarna's Ointment** (GMG p 258) (EPV=500 GPV=3000 each)

7. Toll Booth and Turnstile

Encounter: Living Trap (1) (HF 22, EPV 975, Int 15, AL CE, AC 2, MV 3", HD 8, HP 59, SZ L (10"x10'), #AT 1, D 3-12, SA Sticky, SD Camouflage, ML 11, TOP: n/a, Crit BSL: Def AC +6, FF n/a; Reference HOB 8 pg 17)

- 1). HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
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Like a mimic, creatures struck by the living trap will be stuck to it and can only be freed by pouring alcohol on it or killing the creature.

Potential Yield:

- ☐
- Defeating Living Trap (EPV=975)

8. Slaughter Room

Potential Yield:

- ☐
- Cured Hides (GPV=40)

10. The Home of Kou Chiang

Encounter: Chiang Shi Vampire (1), Killer Koi (9)

Shi Vampire (HF 33, EPV 8,000, Int 16, AL CE, AC 1, MV 12"/18" Fly (C), HD 8+3, HP 66, SZ M (5' 3"), #AT 3, D 5-10/5-10/5-10, SA See below, SD +1 or better weapon to hit + see below, ML 16, TOP: n/a, Crit BSL: Def AC +9 (open hand), Def AC +7 (bite), FF n/a; Reference HOB 8 pg 53)

- [illegible]

A chiang shi vampire has great strength and receives +2 to hit with its two open hand attacks. It regenerates 3 hit points/round, but cannot regenerate damage from powerful holy weapons. It (Kou Chiang) can turn invisible at will and drains two levels though only with its bite. Mirrors and holy symbols have no affect on them, but garlic and salt water affects them as holy water affects western vampires. A line of rice or red beans across a doorway will prevent them from crossing. The sound of thunder created by any lightning spell causes the creature to save vs. spell or be destroyed; it also suffers x2 damage from lightning attacks. Although Kou Chiang was a monk before his undeath, the alignment change to Chaotic Evil caused him to lose all his monastic abilities.

Don't forget that Kou Chiang has a pair of magic items. The **Bargua of Fong Li** gives him +2 to saves vs. evocation spells and +2 to armor class if a spell caster needs to roll a to-hit. It also allows him to cast Haste on himself if fleeing. The **Toe Ring of Dang Mo** allows him to fling himself at will up to 50' forward, 25' backward and 15' in height.

Killer Koi (9) (HF 1, EPV 20, Int 2, AL LN, AC 6, MV 9" Swim (2" flop), HD <1-

1, HP 4, SZ T, #AT 1, D 1-4, SA Hurl, SD Nil, ML 15, TOP: n/a, Crit BSL: Def AC -4, FF n/a)

- 1). HPs: ☐☐☐☐ 2). HPs: ☐☐☐☐ 3). HPs: ☐☐☐☐
 4). HPs: ☐☐☐☐ 5). HPs: ☐☐☐☐ 6). HPs: ☐☐☐☐
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Potential Yield:

- ☐ **ThumpMuster** (EPV=5,500 GPV=71,500)
- ☐ Slaying the Kou Chiang (EPV=8,000)
- ☐ Slaying the Killer Koi (EPV=20 each)
- ☐ **Bagua of Fong Lin** (EPV=1,950 GPV=19,500)
- ☐ **Toe Ring of Dang Mao** (EPV=1,000 GPV=10,000)
- ☐ Rice Paper Wall Hanging (GPV=1,000)
- ☐ Silver Samovar (GPV=1,000)
- ☐ Carved Wooden Panda Box GPV=250)
- ☐ Silk and Jade Wind-Chime (GPV=100)
- ☐ Rare Tea (GPV=50)
- ☐ Red Spinel (GPV=240)
- ☐ Banded Agates (GPV=100)
- ☐ Malachite (GPV=20)
- ☐ Chrysoberyls (GPV=300)
- ☐ Moonstone (GPV=50)
- ☐ Back Pearl (GPV=500)
- ☐ 500 Copper Coins of Unknown Origin (GPV=5).

11. The Steaming Pool

Encounter: Floating Eye (3), Paddlefooted Aquatic Masticator (1)

Paddlefooted Aquatic (Variant) Masticator (HF 17, EPV 4260, Int 6, AL N, AC 4, MV 3"/9" swim, HD 10, HP 79, SZ L (8'), #AT 1, D 4-16, SA Swallowing, SD Nil, ML 15 TOP: 39, Crit BSL: Def AC +10, FF 4; Reference WDM Rustlers of the Night)

- 1). HPs: ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐
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On a to-hit roll of four or more or any natural 20 the victim is caught in the jaws of the creature and may lose a limb (10%, roll randomly), a head (5%) or bitten in half (1%). Any equipment, garb or armor in the area of the bite must save vs. crushing blow or be likewise bitten in half.

Floating Eye (HF 1, EPV 35, Int 1, AL N, AC 9, MV 30", HD 10hp, HP 10, SZ T (1'), #AT Nil, D Nil, SA Hypnotism, SD Nil, ML 3, TOP: 5, Crit BSL: Def AC -4, FF 2, Reference HOB 3 pg 25)

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

Potential Yield:

- ☐ Defeating Floating Eyes (EPV=35 each)
- ☐ Defeating Paddlefooted Aquatic Masticator (EPV=4,000)

12. The Paddlefoot's Lair

Potential Yield:

- ☐ Coins (GPV=1089)
- ☐ Onyx (GPV=50)
- ☐ Obsidian (GPV=20)
- ☐ Tourmaline (GPV=100)
- ☐ Pearl (GPV=100)
- ☐ Spinel (GPV=100)
- ☐ Fire Opal (GPV=1000)
- ☐ Silver statuette (GPV=300)
- ☐ **Boots of Groin Kicking +5** (EPV=1,500, GPV=15,000)
- ☐ **Potion of Rainbow Hues** (EPV=200, GPV=800)
- ☐ **Potion of Speed** (EPV=200, GPV=450)

14. The Brothers Grel

Encounter: Grel Mage (1), Were-Groat (1)

Grunderk, Grel Mage (HF 2, EPV 975, Int 14, AL CE, AC 5 (+2 Dex), MV 12", HD 7TH level, HP 32, SZ M (5 1/2'), #AT 1, D 1-4, SA Spells, SD Spells, ML 14, TOP: 16, Crit BSL: Def AC +6, FF 6, Reference HOB 3 p 15)

- 1). HPs: ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐

Grunderk has a wide variety of spells that may alter some vital numbers. He also carries the **Truncheon of Perdurable Frailty** (q.v.).

Greflok, Were-Groat (HF 6, EPV 550, Int 11, AL CE, AC 5/5/6; 4/4/5 vs. melee, MV 12"/12"/12", HD 4+4 level, HP 48, SZ M (5'), #AT 1 (+2 to hit) or 1, D 2-7+5 or by weapon +2, SA Ram for 2-12, SD Silver or +1 to hit, ML 14, TOP: 24, Crit BSL: Def AC +3, FF 7, Reference WDM Rustlers of the Night)

- 1). HPs: ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐
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Were-Groats prefer to use their bite in combat. Were-Groats do not lose the grunge elf ability to move through the woods silently and unseen. Opponents get a -4 to surprise rolls, a -3 in animal or partial animal form. They maintain their 90% immunity to **Sleep** and **Charm** spells. A were-groat's bite does double damage to armor (see Armor HP, PHB p 117). Greflok has the **Tooth of Superlative Dentistry** in his mouth (+2 to hit and +3 damage to a bite attack). He also has two pixie-fairy tattoos, *Gorkrink* and *Ardkrin* (+2 to damage and +1 to AC vs. melee attacks, respectively).

Potential Yield:

- ☐ Defeating Greflok the Were-Groat (EPV=550)
- ☐ Defeating Grunderk the Grel Mage (possibly) (EPV=975)
- ☐ **Gold Tooth of Superlative Dentistry** (EPV=1,000 GPV=10,000)
- ☐ Shortbow (GPV=30)
- ☐ Quiver of Arrows (24) (GPV=14)
- ☐ Dagger (GPV=2)
- ☐ Jeweled Hammer, one of Grunderk's material components (If Grunderk is killed here) (GPV=325)
- ☐ **Zarba's Truncheon of Perdurable Frailty** (if Grunderk is killed here) (EPV=42/charge GPV=420/charge)

15. Grel Sanctum

Potential Yield:

- ☐ Defeating Grunderk the Grel Mage (if not already killed) (EPV=975)
- ☐ **Zarba's Truncheon of Perdurable Frailty** (if Grunderk is killed here) (EPV=42/charge GPV=420/charge)
- ☐ Jeweled Hammer, one of Grunderk's material components (If Grunderk is killed here) GPV=325
- ☐ **Spellbook #1** (EPV=2800 GPV=8400)
- ☐ **Spellbook #2** (EPV=800 GPV=2400)
- ☐ Honey Brew (GPV=9)
- ☐ Elderberry Wine (GPV=40)
- ☐ One Wheel of Cheese (GPV=1)
- ☐ Torches (4) (GPV=4)
- ☐ Bedrolls (2) (GPV=1)

17. The Boiling Lake

Encounter: **Storoper** (HF 22, EPV 1400, Int 13, AL CE, AC -2, MV 1", HD 6, HP 54, SZ M (6'), #AT 1, D 1-10, SA Strength drain, charm venom, SD Immune to normal missiles, ML 15, TOP: 27, Crit BSL: Def AC +4, FF 5, Reference HOB 7 p 18)

- 1). HPs: ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐
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Opponents suffer -2 to surprise rolls (the creature is 50 to 80% undetectable). Storopers suffer x2 damage from spells. Victims hit by tentacles must save vs. poison or lose half current Str 1-3 rounds after hit for a duration of 2-8 turns. Victims are

pulled 10' closer each round. When the victim is close enough the creature will bite. A strand/tentacle can be bend bars/lift gates (x2 normal chance) or severed (AC 0 HP 6 each). Storopers thrust out all six tentacles at once and can attack up to two opponents at a time. Victims struck are injected with a chemical rendering them immobile (no save) and appearing to petrify them. One round later the victim recovers but fights now for the Storoper. If the creature is killed its victims wander aimlessly until the venom wears off (10 turns). The Storoper can only inject venom twice per day. This Storoper wears **Ring of Protection +2** and can attack with the **Bracelet of Cracking Fingers**.

Potential Yield:

- ☐ **Skewersure** (EPV=4,150 GPV=68,475)
- ☐ Defeating the Storooper (EPV=1,200)
- ☐ **Ring of Protection +2** (EPV=2,000 GPV=10,000)
- ☐ **Bracelet of Shocking Crackling Fingers** (EPV=3,000 GPV=30,000)
- ☐ Coins (GPV=57)
- ☐ Blue Quartz (GPV=20)
- ☐ Star Rose Quartz (GPV=75)
- ☐ Amber (GPV=200)
- ☐ Blue Spinel (GPV=500)
- ☐ Spear (GPV=1)
- ☐ Shortsword (2)(GPV=20)

19. Noisy Ghoul Pack

Encounter: Roaring Ghoul (1), Common Ghouls (3)

Ghoul (3)(HF 4, EPV 175, Intr 5, AL CE, AC 6, MV 9", HD 2, HP 28, SZ M (6'), #AT 3, D 1-4/1d4-1/1-6, SA Paralyzation, SD Immune to Sleep and Charm, ML 20, TOP: n/a, Crit BSL: Def AC +0, FF n/a, Reference HOB 3 p 51)

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

Roaring Ghoul (HF 24, EPV 975, Int 7, AL CE, AC 2, MV 9⁺, HD 6, HP 42, SZ M (6⁺), #AT 3, D 4-7/4-7/4-9, SA Paralyzation, roar cone, SD Undead, Immune to holy water damage, ML 20, TOP: n/a, Crit BSL: Def AC +4, FF n/a, Reference HOB 7 p 10)

- 1). HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
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Touch paralyzes humans and demi-humans except elves (save vs. paralyzation). Holy water does no damage but will cause the creature to stop and rub the water off. Roar cone starts 2' wide, 30' long and 20' wide at base, usable 3x/day. Anyone in the cone suffers 2-12 damage indoors. Also deafens all creatures in a 50-foot radius for 1-8 rounds. Note that the roar cone will typically cause structural damage—thankfully for everyone in the complex (monsters and PCs) the volcanic rock here is too strong to collapse.

Potential Yield:

- ☐ Defeating Roaring Ghoul (EPV=975)
- ☐ Defeating Ghouls (EPV=525)

23. Titans Waiting

Encounter: Gnome Titans (8-11)

Note: Keraptorse maintains a strong band of his fanatical Gnome Titan bodyguards here in the White Doom Mountain complex. All are from the remnants of the now-scattered House Malice. There will be a varying number of these soldiers in their different posts; there is also a chance that some will be encountered as wandering monsters. Each room (and wandering monster check) is assigned its contingent of Gnome Titans will have the number that should be there. These should then be pulled at random from the duty roster listed below, in room # WD25, and their battlesheets used appropriately. In this and following rooms, read the description of the area and pull from the master list appropriately.

24. Battlelord's Quarters

Encounter: Gnome Titan Battlelord

See WD23

25. Gnome Titan Barracks

Encounter: Gnome Titans (varies)

The unit currently assigned to the White Doom Mountain complex is #3/K Co. 1BN (Number 3 Platoon, Company K, 1ST Battalion House Malice). As House Malice has just a fraction of its former strength, so most of its units are undermanned. Number 3 platoon has 22 gnome titans assigned; a Battlelord commander, a Battlelord platoon sergeant, one sergeant, two corporals and 17 maniacal and bloodthirsty gnome titan soldiers. They currently have no Battlemage; he and two others were lost when a Mustard Jelly came oozing up through the grate in # 23. This is a tough and salty bunch of fighters—by tradition, it is Company K of each Malice battalion that provides the bodyguards for Keraptor. As such they all bear his stylized *K* sigil on their uniform. When and if a party of PCs enters an encounter with gnome titans, the specific individuals should be chosen from the duty roster below. Gnome titan soldiers can not be replaced and they will not be reinforced during the period of time an adventuring company is in the area.

Remember, gnome titans fighting alongside other gnome titans receive a +1 to their to-hit and damage rolls because of the morale boost. They cannot be broken or routed as fighting as a group. All have infravision to 60' and fight at one level higher than their actual level.

Marlbo Clincheft, Battlelord (Commander) (HF 3, EP 300, Int 16, AL LE, AC 2 [splint mail + 15 Dex], MV 4", Ftr 6, HP 56 (CON 16), #AT 1 (footman's mace), D 1d8 (S) or 1d6+1 (M/L), SA Fights as 7th level, Groin Stomp, SD Fight 16 rounds at -1 HP, ML 18, TOP: 28, Crit BSL: Def AC +2, FF 5, Reference HOB 3)

*Commander Clincheft has a **Horn of Fog** (EPV 400, GPV 5000) and **Potion of Hill Giant Strength** (EPV 550, GPV 3000)

- 1). HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
□□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □

Splint mail armor:

AC	4	5	6
HP			
			
AC	7	8	9
HP			

Gorse Nokebrose, Battlelord (Platoon Sergeant) (HF 2, EP 225, Int 14, AL LE, AC 3 [splint mail + 14 Dex], MV 4", Frt 4, HP 47 (CON 17), #AT 1 (broadsword), D 1d10 (S) or 2d4 (M), SA Fights as 5th level, Groin Stomp, SD 17 rounds at -1 HP; ML 18, TOP: 23, Crit BSL: Def AC +0, FF 5, Reference HOB 3) *Sergeant Nokebrose has a **Necklace of Jaded Peril** with 7 charges (EPV 2000, GPV 20,000).

- 1). HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
□□□□ □□□□ □□

Splint mail armor:

AC	4	5	6
HP			
			
AC	7	8	9
HP			

Thumpit Lumpkin, (Sergeant) (HF 2, EP 150, Int 14, AL LE, AC 3 [splint mail + 14 Dex], MV 4", Ftr 3, HP 33 (CON 18), #AT 1 (broadsword), D 1d10 (S) or 2d4 (M), SA Fights as 4th level, Groin Stomp, SD 18 rounds at -1 HP, ML 18, TOP: 16, Crit BSL: Def AC -1, FF 5, Reference HOB 3)

- 1). HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□

Splint mail armor:

AC	4	5	6
HP	□□□□	□□□□	□□□□□□
	□□□□	□□□□	
AC	7	8	9
HP	□□□□	□□	□

Gnome Titan Corporals (2) (HF 1, EP 100, Int 11, 13, AL LE, AC 4 [chain mail + 14 Dex], MV 6", Ftr 2, HP 21, 26 (CON 15), #AT 1 (broadsword), D 1d10 (S) or 2d4 (M), SA Fight as 3rd level, Groin Stomp, SD 15 rounds at -1 HP, ML 18, TOP: 10,13, Crit BSL: Def AC -2, FF 5, Reference HOB 3)

- 1). HPs: □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □

Chain mail armor:

AC 5 6 7 8 9
HP [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] []

2). HPs: [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] []

Chain mail armor:

AC 5 6 7 8 9
HP [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] []

Gnome Titan Soldiers (17) (HF 1, EPV 65, Int Varies, AL LE, AC 4, MV 4.5", Fr 1, HP 20 x 4, 21 x 4, 22, 23 x 5, 25, 26, 28, #AT 1, D by weapon: broadsword 1d10 (S) or 2d4 (M), footman's mace 1d8 (S) or 1d6+1 (M/L), spear 1d6-1, 1-8, SA Fight as 2nd level, Groin Stomp, SD fight # rounds = CON* at -1 HP; ML 18, TOP: 10 x 8, 11 x 6, 12, 13, 14, Crit BSL: Def AC -3, FF 5, Reference HOB 3)

* assume CON 11 for all

1). HPs: [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] *Spear*

Chain mail armor:

AC 5 6 7 8 9
HP [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] []

2). HPs: [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] *Sword*

Chain mail armor:

AC 5 6 7 8 9
HP [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] []

3). HPs: [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] *Sword*

Chain mail armor:

AC 5 6 7 8 9
HP [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] []

4). HPs: [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] *Sword*

Chain mail armor:

AC 5 6 7 8 9
HP [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] []

5). HPs: [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] *Spear*

Chain mail armor:

AC 5 6 7 8 9
HP [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] []

6). HPs: [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] *Sword*

Chain mail armor:

AC 5 6 7 8 9
HP [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] []

7). HPs: [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] *Sword*

Chain mail armor:

AC 5 6 7 8 9
HP [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] []

8). HPs: [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] *Mace*

Chain mail armor:

AC 5 6 7 8 9
HP [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] []

9). HPs: [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] *Sword*

Chain mail armor:

AC 5 6 7 8 9
HP [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] []

10). HPs: [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] *Spear*

Chain mail armor:

AC 5 6 7 8 9
HP [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] []

11). HPs: [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] *Spear*

Chain mail armor:

AC 5 6 7 8 9
HP [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] []

12). HPs: [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] *Mace*

Chain mail armor:

AC 5 6 7 8 9
HP [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] []

13). HPs: [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] *Mace*

Chain mail armor:

AC 5 6 7 8 9
HP [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] []

14). HPs: [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] *Mace*

Chain mail armor:

AC 5 6 7 8 9
HP [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] []

15). HPs: [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] *Mace*

Chain mail armor:

AC 5 6 7 8 9
HP [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] []

16). HPs: [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] *Spear*

Chain mail armor:

AC 5 6 7 8 9
HP [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] []

17). HPs: [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] *Mace*

Chain mail armor:

AC 5 6 7 8 9
HP [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] []

27. Perilous Privy

Encounter: Hoodwinkers (4), Cloakers (2)

Hoodwinkers (HF 4, EPV 175, Int 3, AL N, AC 6, MV 6", HD 2+2, HP 25, 36, SZ S (2' diameter), #AT 1, D 1-4, SA See below, SD Immune to sleep spells, ML 15, TOP: n/a, Crit BSL: Def AC +0, FF 7; Reference HOB 4 p 12)

1). HPs: [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] []

2). HPs: [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] []

The Hoodwinker will wrap itself around part of its victim, preferably the head.

Victims will suffer 1-4 suffocation and crushing damage each round until dead (see GMG for Suffocation rules). Any damage inflicted on it will also be done to the victim.

Cloakers (HF 18, EPV 1400, Int 13, AL CN, AC 3(1), MV 1"/15" Fly (D), HD 6, HP 37, 55, SZ L (8' diameter), #AT 2 + special, D 1-4/1-4 + special, SA See below, SD Immune to sleep spells, ML 15, TOP: 18, 27, Crit BSL: Def AC -2, FF 6; Reference HOB 2 p 26)

1). HPs: [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] []

2). HPs: [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] []

[] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] []

The Cloakers will engulf prey and automatically bite every round for 1d4 damage plus the victim's adjusted AC. They use whip-like tails to fend off rescue. Tails are AC 1 and have 16 HP. Attacks against the Cloakers inflict half damage against the Cloaker and the other half against its victim. First subsonic moan, which cannot be used in a biting round, will cause unease and numbs the minds of all within 80' of the Cloaker, -2 to hit and damage. Any creature listening to the moan for 6+ rounds will be in a trance until the moaning stops. Each moan can be countered by a Neutralize Poison spell or stopped by Silence 15' Radius. Second moan acts as Fear 30' radius, save vs. spells or flee for 2 rounds. Third moan causes nausea and weakness (30' long cone, 20' wide at the end), save vs. poison or overcome with nausea for 2-5 rounds and unable to act. Fourth moan acts as Hold Person spell with 5 round duration used on one target within 30'. Cloakers can manipulate shadows, improving to AC 1 or creating 1d6+2 mirror images (Light spell counters).

Potential Yield:

- [] Defeating the Hoodwinkers (EPV=175 each)
- [] Defeating the Cloakers (EPV=1,400 each)
- [] Wind Fan (GPV 1000, EPV 500)
- [] Scroll of Protection from Undead (GPV 3750, EPV 750)
- [] Cloak with Silver Embroidered Collar (GPV 75)

28. The Last Guardroom: Gnome Titans (numbers will vary)

See WD23

30. The Terrace of Challenges

Encounter: Rust Bats (4), Giant Predacious Diving Beetles (5), Hedgerow Lungers (5), Doppler Crocs (3), Manticores (2), Womanticore (1)

Rust Bats (HF 1, EPV 85, Int 1, AL N, AC 6, MV 2"/14" Fly, HD 2, HP 21, 23, 22, 25, SZ S (2'), #AT 1, D Nil, SA Rusting, SD See below, ML 15, TOP: 10, 11, 12x2, Crit BSL: Def AC +0, FF 4, Reference HackJournal #4).

1). HPs: [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] []

2). HPs: [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] []

3). HPs: [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] []

4). HPs: [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] [] []

Rust Bats seek out metal by scent. The touch of their antennae turn metal instantly to rust, up to a large shield's worth each round. Magic items have a 10% chance per plus of resisting. Metal weapons striking the rust bat are also affected.

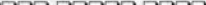
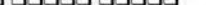
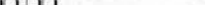
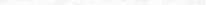
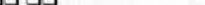
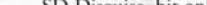
Giant Predacious Diving Beetles (HF 3, EPV 650, Int 0, AL N, AC 3, MV 6"/12" Swim, HD 5, HP 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, SZ S (4'), #AT 1, D 3-12, SA Saw Attack, SD Nil, ML 14, TOP: 15,17,20,22,25, Crit BSL: Def AC +3, FF n/a; Reference HOB 1 p 63)

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

- 4). HPs: 

- 5). HPs: 


Hedgerow Lungers (HF 7, EPV 650, Int 4, AL N, AC 4, MV 9", HD 6+6, HP 35, 42, 45, 52, 55, SZ M (6' long), #AT 2, D 1-10/Entangle, SA See Below, SD Nil, ML 12 TOP: 17,21,22,26,27, Crit BSL: Def AC +5, FF 11; Reference HOB 4 p 99)

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

Hedgerow lungers surprise 1-8 on d10, striking by ambush.

Doppler Croc (HF 6, EPV 650, Int 4, AL N, AC 4, MV 9"/15", HD 6+1, HP 44, 48, 53, SZ L (10' long), #AT 3, D 1-6/1-6/2-8, SA Nil, SD Dimension Door, ML 16, TOP: 22,24,26, Crit BSL: Def AC +4, FF 7; Reference HOB 2 p 68)

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

Doppler crocs are under the affects of a Mirror Image spell at all times. Every round there is a 50% chance of striking the "phantom" croc. They can cast Dimension Door twice/day and will use this ability to escape superior opponents. Luckily for the gnome titans, Keraportse has ensorcelled the tier to prevent them from using this to leave their particular level.

Manticores (HF 10, EPV 975, Int 5, AL LE, AC 3, MV 12", HD 6+3, HP 46, 60, SZ H (15' long), #AT 3, D 1-3/1-3/1-8, SA Tail Spikes, SD Nil, ML 14, TOP: 23,30, Crit BSL: Def AC +5, FF 8 Reference HOB 4 p 115)

- [illegible]

Manticore can volley 1-6 tail spikes for 1-6 damage, 180 yards range 4x/day. These manticore have had their wings clipped and can no longer fly.

Womanticore (HF 8, EPV 975, Int 10, AL LE, AC 3, MV 12", HD 5+3, HP 40, SZ H (15" long), #AT 3, D 1-3/1-3/1-8, SA Tail Ray, SD Nil, ML 12, TOP: 20, Crit BSL: Def AC +4, FF 8; Reference HOB 4 p 115)

- 1). HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
□□□□

The womanticore's tail ray is a heat ray that does 3-24 damage. They can use this 4x/day. She too has had her wings clipped and can no longer fly.

Potential Yield:

- ☐ Defeating Rust Bats (EPV=85 each)
- ☐ Defeating Giant Predacious Diving Beetles (EPV=650 each)
- ☐ Defeating Hedgerow Lungers (EPV=650 each)

- ❑ Defeating Doppler Crocs (EPV=650 each)
- ❑ Defeating Manticores (EPV=975 each)
- ❑ Defeating Womanticore (EPV=975)
- ❑ **Potion of Healing (3)**
- ❑ Silver Ingots (GPV=600)
- ❑ Platinum Bracelet (GPV=2,000)
- ❑ Coins (GPV=1000)

31. Hackrazer's Warden

Encounter: Mage Troll (1), Teroth Demon (1), Sentinelpede (1)

Quarnarf (Mage Troll) (1) (HF 22, EPV 2,400, Int 14, AL CE, AC 4, MV 12", HD 6+3, HP 61, SZ M, #AT 2, D 4-7/4-7, SA Spells, SD Regenerates 3 hp/round, spells, ML 12, TOP: 30, Crit BSL: Def AC +5, FF 5, Reference HOB 8 p. 28)

- 1), HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
□□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □

Groddit Hupperding (Teroth) (1) (HF 13, EPV 650, Int 14, AL LE, AC 3, MV 12", 15" Fly (C), HD 4+4, HP 47, SZ M, #AT 5, D 1d4-1/ 1d4-1, 1-4/1-4, 1-6 SA Spells, SD Disguise, hit only by magic or blessed weapons, ML 19, TOP: 23, Crit BSL: Def AC +3, FF 9, Reference HOB 7 p. 135)

- 1), HPs: □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□
□□□□ □□

Sentinelpede (HF 1 EPV 56, Int 3, AL LN, AC 4, MV 18", HD <1-1, HP 7, SZ T, #AT 1, D 1-3, SA Poison, SD Psionic, Immune to surprise, some magic resistance, ML 17, TOP: 3, Crit BSL: Def AC -4, FF 5)

- 1). HPs: □□□□□ □□

Potential Yield:

- ❑ Hackrazer (EPV=6,000 GPV=84,000)
- ❑ Slaying Troll Mage (EPV=2,400)
- ❑ Slaying Terorth (EPV=650)
- ❑ Defeating Sentinelpede (EPV=56)
- ❑ Cantrip SpellBook (EPV=300 GPV 1500)
- ❑ Troll Mage Spellbook (EPV=1700 GPV=5100)
- ❑ Round Spellbook (EPV=1500 GPV=4500)
- ❑ Nose Ring of the Arbalest (EPV=1,000 GPV=11,500)
- ❑ Bolt of the Month Pouch (EPV=1,000 GPV=5,000)
- ❑ Bolt +1 (2)(EPV=100 GPV=1100)
- ❑ Bolt of Bluntness (EPV=50 GPV=1,000)
- ❑ Bolt of Skewering +5 (EPV=100 GPV=500)
- ❑ Normal crossbow bolts (3)(GPV=0)

32. The Rothè herd

Encounter: Rothé (11) (HF 1, EPV 25, Int 1, AL N, AC 7, MV 9", HD 2, HP 21, 22, 25, 28, 28, 29, 30, 30, 30, 31, 32, SZ L (6' at the shoulder), #AT 3, D 1-8/d4-1/d4-1, SA Stampede, SD Nil, ML 5, TOP: 10,11,12,14 x 3,15 x 4,16, Crit BSL: Def AC +0, FF 8; Reference HOB 7 p 20)

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

Rothé have excellent infravision and can see out to 60' in total darkness.

Potential Yield:

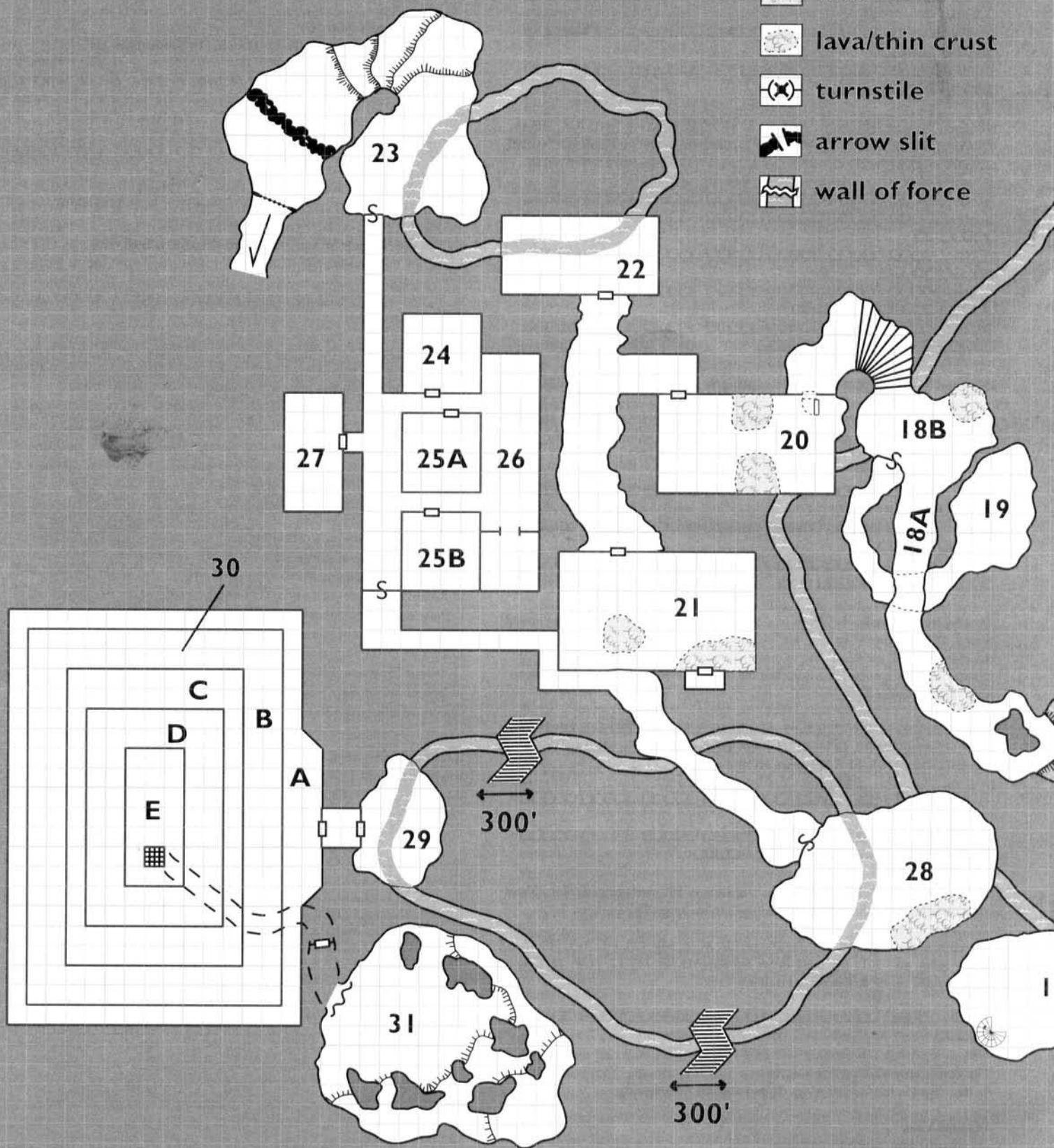
- ☐ Defeating the Rothé (XPV=25 each)
- ☐ Rothé Skins (GPV=105)

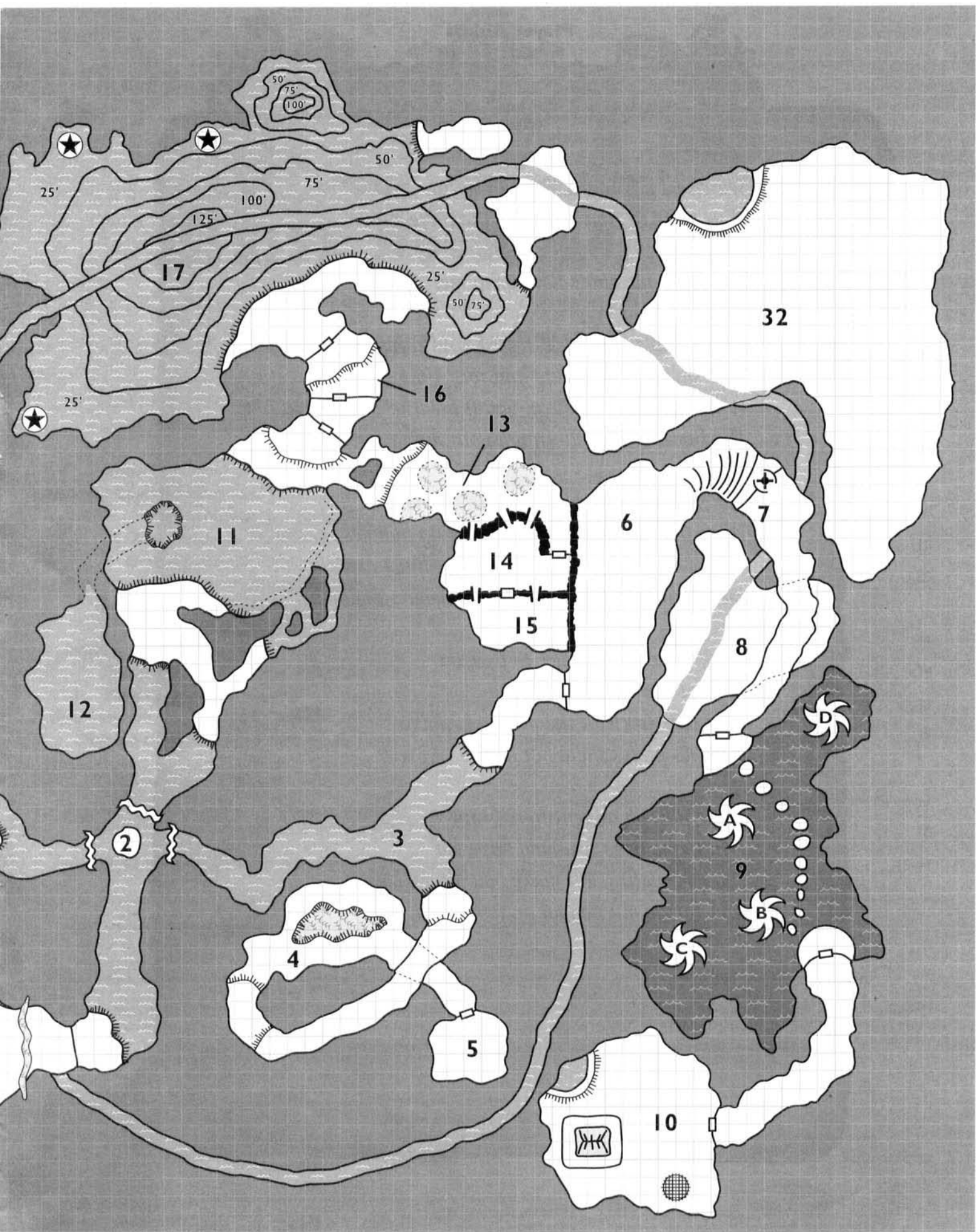
The Caverns of White Doom Mountain

 = 10 feet

Key

-  lava
-  lava/thin crust
-  turnstile
-  arrow slit
-  wall of force





Player Aid #1

*Search ye where the Ragean sailors steer
If ye hope to find aught of the three
Listen closely, do more than hear—
The weapons abide now with me.*

*North and west you'll travel, and carefully tread
Past smoke that scours and rock that steams,
White clouds will burn, you'll breathe with dread
The fumes that will drown your dying screams.*

*For Skewer'Sher, you must do battle
With the critters 'neath the boiling bubbles
Across a big ole cave where chain-links rattle
Lies ThumpMuster, past water-spouts double.*

*Hackrazer remains yet to be won
Beyond the terror'd tier,
Take care to clean the mess you make
leave no pieces there nor here.*

*I care not, oh adventurers brave
What epic lives you may have led
Though mighty, I'll make you all my slaves
And tattoo my symbol on your head.*



The Chronicles of the Spotted Dawg, Book the Third

We've reached Marlog Island and obtained a skilled guide from the nomadic Kangarai, a band of whom we encountered shortly after landfall. Our guide is a friendly enough fellow, and speaks the common tongue well. From the looks of things, he is going to be a good addition to our band. He seems to be quite the fighter, so even with Rolf gone I'm confident we can go through any critters we might encounter like a sharp knife through cheese. So confident am I of our prospects, in fact, that I can almost not bear to wait for our first fight! Sarnharl believes he saw gargoyles on the far side of the rim yesterday. We are carefully watching the sky. He is also still on this whole mystic/cracle kick, and swears to one and all that his dreams will guide us into the evil wizards lair. I don't know whether to believe him or not, but he was right about the Kangarai... still, now he wants us to believe that the cave above is occupied by a huge flesh golem that has been sculpted into a monstrosity, and that there's a spell-slinging troll in there with Keraptorse. It's pretty hard to take that seriously. In any case we're ready for a good fight and cannot wait to get to the swordplay! I shall write more tomorrow before we venture down into the crater.



Just two and a half weeks ago, three extraordinarily valuable and storied weapons (each also extremely powerful) disappeared from the various places they were kept. Each of the three, cryptically known as ThumpMuster, Skewersure and Hackrazer, vanished without a trace. All of them had been in the possession of well-known if not well-regarded individuals in and around Fangaerie. The weapons were taken despite the formidable skills of the individuals in question and the various guards and wards of their respective dwelling places.

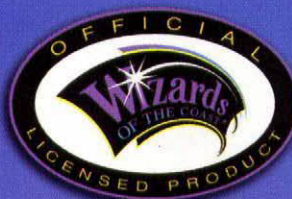
The owners were slain, the various guardians and magical sureties left untouched and untriggered. Not even the most potent necromantic sorceries were able to contact the departed spirits of the dead, nor could the corpses be raised or resurrected. The weapons were inexplicably and undeniably gone.

As might be expected, the theft of the three became the most talked-about event since the occupation of Frandor's Keep by orcs way back when. Rewards were posted by friends, acquaintances and scholars. Adventuring groups, henchmen, hirelings, cronies, servants and guards were all questioned (and in several cases summarily

hanged). Every possible interrogative dweomer was cast, every manner of magical enquiry and divination made. Nothing availed. The weapons remained unfound. The manner of their theft was unknown.

The unprecedented mystery remained a crime without a clue, until a taunting poem suddenly appeared. The rhyme materialized without witness or explanation on the walls of taverns and inns across the land, from Frandor Keep's Burning Dawg Inn to the Gilded Lily in Hesur. This poem, which seemed to create more questions than it answered, was signed with the serpentine rune of Keraptorse.

White Doom Mountain has tentatively been identified as the location spoken of in the poem. It stands forbiddingly on a small island just outside the shipping lanes of the land of Raga, and is regarded as an unlucky and cursed place by the mariners there. A continuous plume of caustic smoke, steam and deadly white ash hangs suspended above it, and the lake surrounding it has been masked by thick mists since before living memory. To scholars, sages and pundits the place seems likely enough.



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