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DWARVEN GLORY "LOOKING STONES"

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This module is designed for characters of 4th-6th level with a challenge level of 5.

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Looking Stones

Dwarven Glory is intended as a series of fast play adventure stories. Each of the adventures are playable as one shot scenarios. Some are loosely linked. Dwarven Glory takes place in the world of Aihrde (Erde, Earth, etc), in the southern Rhodope Mountains, the Smoking Giants. These mountains lie on the far western edge of the map as presented in the Codex by Troll Lord Games. Usage of Dwarven Glory in other settings or transplanted elsewhere in Aihrde is as easy as finding an old mountain chain on your map.

Looking Stones pits a group of adventurers against a feliul stone, a large boulder animated by the lingering spirit of some long dead dwarf. In this case, the feliul stone has taken up residence in a long abandoned bath house. The bath house stands upon one of the great roads that once connected various dwarven towns and outposts in the mountains. These bath houses were common enough and very elaborate in their usage of water and steam and brought great comfort to those who spent their lives on the road. The dungeon is mall and not elaborate at all. Play should be no more than one normal spaced session.

This is an adventure for a smattering of characters of levels 4-6. It is designed for the Castles & Crusades® Role Playing Game.

Vocabulary

To make a verb past tense, the verb is followed by “-eth”. So the past tense of the dwarven word “ish” (is) is “ish-eth” (have or has).

Althip *adj*: back, to return to

Crusp: high plateau

Feliul: magic

Feld *v*: to dig with hands, burrow

De’ *n/m*: she (pronoun)

E’ *n/m*: he (pronoun)

Iar *n/m*: cut

Graus *adj*: grey

Let *n/o*: bones

Onu *n/m*: stone

Umhart *n/m*: layer

“He has returned to stone” translates to “Althip ish-eth e’ Onut..”

“He has stone in his bones” translates to “Ish e’ Onu e’ lett.”

Introduction

In the far west, upon the slopes of the Umhart Mountains lie the ancient remains of a once great dwarven civilization. In those far flung days the Kingdom of Grausumhart echoed the greatest of dwarven glories. Her people were strong and built many fair cities and towns upon the slopes of the Umhart mountains and colonized much of the world’s mountains to thier east and south, coming even to the edges of the Rhodope. They worked with natural stone and woods imported from the lands of the Muen in their building and ever their works mirrored the thoughts of the All Father as they sought to mimic his skills. So in time their cities and towns were marvels; wondrous facades of stonework, walls, towers, bastions standing as strong guardians for the sumptuous palaces, courtyards, temples and sprawling homes that rose

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from the mountains’ heights. Their buildings grew ever greater until the greatest dome was peaked with a high point as a finger made to reach for the heavens. They built beneath the ground as well, tunneling great caverns where they captured water and built underground worlds of atriums, huge galleries, grottos and the like. They prospered for two thousand years, ruled by the Uthkin Kings.

They were a prosperous and powerful folk. But as with all great peoples, war came to their homes and hearths. Their first great war was fought with their close kin from Gorthurag. The Kindship Disputes lasted 200 years. After that the goblins came with war, pestilence and famine; that war lasted much longer. In time, Grausumhart succumbed to the weight of the world and fell into ruin. Her proud towers and walls were pulled down. Her cities and towns burned. Her underground grottos flooded and left foul and dank. The greater part of her people were slain or scattered.

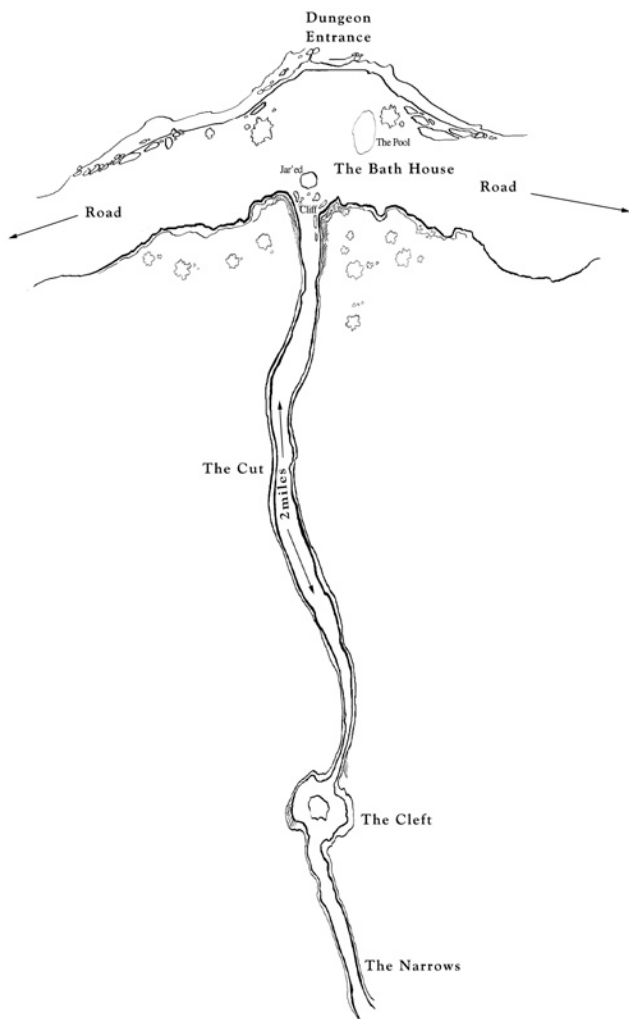
But those days, mired as they are in the depths of time, are but echoes heard now by few and remembered by only the oldest and most learned of the lore drakes. Grausumhart’s cities have all but vanished from the face of Aihrde; only ruins remain, and even these have become as much a part of those ancient mountains as the stone and are faded now, as is much of the Dwarven Glory.

For the Castle Keeper

In ages past, the dwarves built many roads over the Rhodope Mountains, for trade between the kingdoms was vital and this huge chain stood between the Dwarves of Grausumhart and the Brass Halls of Norgorad-Kam. The remnants of many these roads criss-cross the Rhodope Mountains. The trained eyes of rangers, dwarves, druids and the like can detect these roads as they snake up and down the jagged hills. Doing so makes travel through the hills and mountains a much less onerous task.

The roads were once thriving avenues, filled with great caravans, marching soldiers, traveling troops and so forth. The Kings of Grausumhart looked upon the great babbling concourse in dismay. They maintained the roads and the fortifications at great expense; an expense that tolls never seemed to cover. So it came to be that one enterprising monarch, Austcun II, thought upon an idea that would both make travel easier, and turn a profit. He ordered the construction of a series of inns, taverns and bath houses along the roads. They were frequently made of wood and stone, but were sometimes built underground, fashioned into lavish abodes and filled with all manner of luxury. This was particularly the case in the eastern mountains (to the dwarves of Grausumhart the Rhodope Mountains were on the far eastern edges of their domains) where natural hot water springs were plentiful. These rest areas were well received and filled the coffers of good Austcun King II, making him wealthy beyond measure.

The greater part of these rest areas were destroyed in the Kinship Disputes, when Norgorad-Kam stood with Gorthurag against Grausumhart and later in the Goblin Dwarf Wars. The rest areas were used as mustering points for troops, or in the case of underground structures, hiding places for supplies. Secret chambers were made, doors hidden and locks fashioned. All this was to keep safe the monies and magic needed by the battle-lords



The feliul stone did not only brood however, but haunted the road as well. He took great sport in rolling down on passing creatures big or small, man, monster or dwarf, and crushing them to a boney pulp. There he sits even to this day. Those who traffic in that country know to keep from that road, but those strangers who pass by are often crushed and ground to gristle, eaten by the crows that always inhabit the area.

The Narrows

You a narrow track which winds up and into the mountains. The road was once heavily trafficked, as the cobbles and stones testify, but it has been long abandoned as time and weather has wasted away much of the smooth surface. The track offers the only egress into the tumbled boulders and jagged rocks of this stretch of the Rhodope.

Following the track soon leads the party into “the Narrows,” a sliver of a canyon which cuts through towering cliffs. The canyon is deep and offers much shade from the sun, but too, its high sides and close walls offer the party dangers from attackers above. A watchful eye reveals nothing, however, as this stretch of mountain is much deserted and visited by little but the ravens of the higher elevations. This stretch of road ropes its way into crags and hills for many miles.

Wandering Monsters

Rolls should be made on a d12. Six rolls in the day and 4 at night. A “1” indicates an encounter occurs. Use the following chart for the encounter. The encounter can be placed either on the cliff above the party or in the narrows.

- 1 Stone Giant
- 2 Assassin Vine with resident pixie
- 3 Giant Eagle
- 4 Bones, heap of bones where some battle took place; humanoid and one giant, nothing of value
- 5 Hobgoblins, 15, a small raiding party
- 6 Mountain Lion
- 7 Sudden rainstorm, minor flood in the Narrows. The party should be pushed and tumbled and some equipment ruined or washed away, but no lasting damage.
- 8 Avalanche. The noise of the party causes a minor avalanche to occur and rocks and shale to fall into the narrows. Anyone failing the requisite dexterity save takes 1d8 points of damage.

Two days travel finds the canyon narrows opening into more open country. The hills become less stark and more weathered. The party has risen some thousands of feet from the Shelves of the Mist below and can see the expanse of open prairie, broken hills, valleys and the like stretching for miles and miles behind and below them. The Narrows are plainly visible below, curling around and winding through the jagged cliffs that are the feet of the mountains.

The sun is warm and offers little inconvenience to the travelers, who must by their nature find some refreshment in the open air. The morning and noon pass without incident and the party finds itself on little more than a ride through the country.

of Grausumhart. In time of years, these places faded from the memory of the folk, so that only tell tale rumors were left; rumors of a past wealth unimagined by men of today.

Some of these abodes, particularly the bath houses, survived the cataclysms, if not whole, at least in part. Dwarven works are made to last and though greatly weathered, beaten and often filled with the refuse of passing monsters - giants and other vermin take up residence in many of these places - they can still be found by those who know how to look for them. Many became refuges for the weary soldiers and houses for the dead.

So it was in the case of Jar’ed of the Spleen. Ages ago, the Jar’ed, a battle lord commanded a troop of a hundred shields (as the dwarves style their soldiers) and met his end fighting a great horde of goblins in the Stone Wars. His body was laid to rest upon a slab of granite overlooking a deep crevice through which an old dwarven road ran and before the mouth of a lavish, if long abandoned bath house. “Ish-eth e’ althip Onu” as the dwarves say. His body returned to stone. But his spirit, filled with rage and hatred for all things, remained and he became a feliul spirit. In time he shaped the stone slab into a great boulder, 25 feet in diameter with the likeness of his face upon the rock. There he lingered, brooding on the evil of the world and the wrongs done to him and his kin.

Mal-Uk Upon Us

You are suddenly brought from your relaxed stupor by a low, if inconsistent, growling. It comes from some distance in front of the party and seems directed at something other than your band of weary travelers. The further forward you go, the more growling you hear. It seems more like a pack of dogs debating the finer choices of their kill than anything else. Investigation proves the truth and lie of these thoughts.

In a shell of a hole, not 300 yards from a saddle back in the road are a score of thick-limbed, burly men and women. They are clothed in furs and carry sharpened spears, stone axes and huge clubs. They have lately slain a large goat and are presently arguing over who gets what pieces. Their tempers are sharp with one another, but there is plainly a pecking order and the greater of them is forcing the others to wait their turn.

These are Mal-uk-Mein, or what the dwarves call the Wild Hill Men, and are tribal and very territorial. They normally inhabit the higher climes, but the late wars and thawing of the Winter's Dark have left whole regions without people and the Mal-Uk have grown in number and migrated where there is more to eat and drink. They are fierce in battle, but only if pressed. If the party attacks them outright, they fall back to regroup and attack the party further on up the road. If the party comes at them piece meal, they will all swarm upon those who approach and rip them to shreds. They can be bartered with as they are semi-intelligent humans.

Mal-Uk, Humans, 34 (*Their vital stats are HD 1, HP 6, AC 12. Their primary attributes are physical. They attack with weapons, using a spear for 1d6+1 points of damage, or a club for 1d6+2 points of strength damage. They have extraordinary senses of smell and hearing. They are able to move through mountainous terrain as if it were flat.*)

The Cut

The track winds into the hills for another few miles and the country becomes increasingly more treacherous. Open sky gives way to rocky walls and jagged cliff faces. After several hours, the track empties out into a bowl shaped cleft that rests at the feet of a massive wall of rock. The cleft is deep and surrounded on all sides by the Rhopode. The smooth, obsidian cliffs tower over the cleft, where cool shadows linger the whole long day. There is a small pool of water here, cool to the touch. The remains of old benches, worked into the very stone and walls, are on either side of the small cleft. Murals, carved with skilled hands, can be discerned in the cliffs, depicting dwarves at work and rest. But the path here has long gone unused and sees little traffic, if any.

There is a narrow opening in the northern cliff's face where the track seems to continue on. Upon closer examination the opening reveals a little path, whether cut by nature's strange chance or design none could say, that winds into the cliff face. The cliff's are so tall and stark and the path so thin that the way is more like a tunnel than ought else.

The dwarves of old called this path the "Iar", that is "the Cut," for it was the last obstacle before one came atop the mountain's ridge

where stood the great north-south road. The cleft was a comfortable place where travelers rested and refreshed themselves before coming to the road. Water in the pool is cool and very refreshing.

The path is exactly two miles long and empties through a cliff as stark as where the characters entered. Only one can walk abreast on the path, and though a horse could fit, it would not be able to turn around.

Old Man Jar'ed

The Cut gives way to an open expanse that sits at the feet of a gentle slope upon which sits a boulder of mountainous proportions. The air is cool and a welcome relief from the stuffy paths and mountain cliffs below. The slope rises about 100 feet above the party and ends in a narrow ledge. The boulder, easily 25 feet in diameter and perfectly round, sits upon the edge of the ledge. There is a noticeable amount of shell and rock scattered all about the small area before the cliff. Even a casual examination reveals that the rocky surface of the cliff, particularly that around the entrance to the Cut, is the source and it looks as if some form of earthquake has dislodged the rocks and shattered the cliff. The area around the entrance to the cleft is particularly damaged. But in all, the small area is silent, with a heavy, fearful air about.

If characters examine the entrance to the Cut they should be allowed to make a wisdom check (CL 5). If successful they discover tiny bone fragments and pieces of leather or steel mingled with all the rock and slate. A particularly clever character may note the similarity between the shape of the boulder and the dent in the cliff face. A successful intelligence check (CL 10) reveals this and may serve to warn the characters of what lies in store for them.

Here has sat, for many long years, the feliul stone - the boulder on the ledge. It has sat brooding on its own pain and suffering and watching the mouth of the Cut for any and all creatures that pass through it. Upon discovery of the living, its suffering is unleashed in rage and it rolls down the 100 foot slope to crush any would be trespassers. For several hundred years it has carried out its grim task, only recently growing weary and sleeping as much as it is awake.

The stone is presently asleep, but any loud noise, such as a shouted command or mad dash up the slope, will rouse the creature and bring down its wrath. Upon waking, it immediately rolls down the slope, gaining unnatural speed within the first round of combat. Within three rounds the feliul stone crashes into the cliff face below. It awakens and begins moving on the first round, rolls down hill on the second and crashes into the cliff and victims on the third. Anyone trapped below must react within that time frame before the boulder strikes the mouth of the cleft. Leaping back into the Cut is the most obvious defense as the boulder will bounce off the wall, causing more structural damage to the mouth of the Cut in the process. Leaping to the side is far more difficult as the creature itself is so wide. Characters attempting to do this must make a successful dexterity save (CL 3) or be crushed for the full hit point damage of the Feliul Stone. The boulder drives straight for the entrance. Once it has smashed into the entrance it rolls back and forth crushing any and all it sees on the ground around it. Once the stone has assured itself that those around the mouth of the

Cut are dead it will vomit rock shards down the Cut trying to kill any and all in that narrow way.

The feliul stone blocks the entrance to the Cut for about 6 hours. After that he will begin his slow crawl back up the cliff face to the ledge, where he will take up his post again. He climbs the to the ledge by rolling up the slope. He moves extraordinarily slow, 5 feet per round.

Feliul Stone (His vital stats are HD 14, HP 84, AC 22, MV 10'. His primary attributes are physical. He attacks by rolling down a slope or falling from above and crushing his victims for 5d10 points of damage. His special abilities include stone spray. See New Monsters at the end of this adventure for more on defeating the feliul stone.)

The Bath House

Topping the ledge, a wide shelf of open ground greets the travelers. Here the country is open, tumbling in wide, gentle hills for many miles to the north and south and east.

A road, paved with cobbles, passes over the ledge and on the far side of it stands a stone building, built half into the hill upon which it stands. Its doors are open and flanked by two tall columns, both depicting giant men holding up the roof of the entryway. A pool with clear, blue water stands not far from the entrance, with stone benches weathered in a worn surrounding. A lone tree with gnarled, ancient roots snaking into the rocky ground looms over the pool, offering only a little shade from the sun above.

The building is a bath house, built long ago to house travelers who passed north and south on the great dwarven highway, The Nodding Way. The water is drinkable and the tree is an old elm planted in a carved basin at the foot of the pool. There is nothing

about except for a few ravens calling to each other in the heavens above.

Room 1: The Entrance

Several wide, stone steps lead up to the entrance of the building. The columns flanking the door serve as the door's frame as well as support the arch above. Passing into the cool shadows beyond, the travelers find themselves in an open entryway, some 30 feet wide and 20 feet deep. There are pegs and the remnants of stone shelves built into the walls on either side of the entry and beyond the eastern wall is another opening. This double doorway leads into the further recesses of the building, and the doors here, as with the main entrance, are gone.

There is nothing of value in the entryway.

Room 2: The Atrium

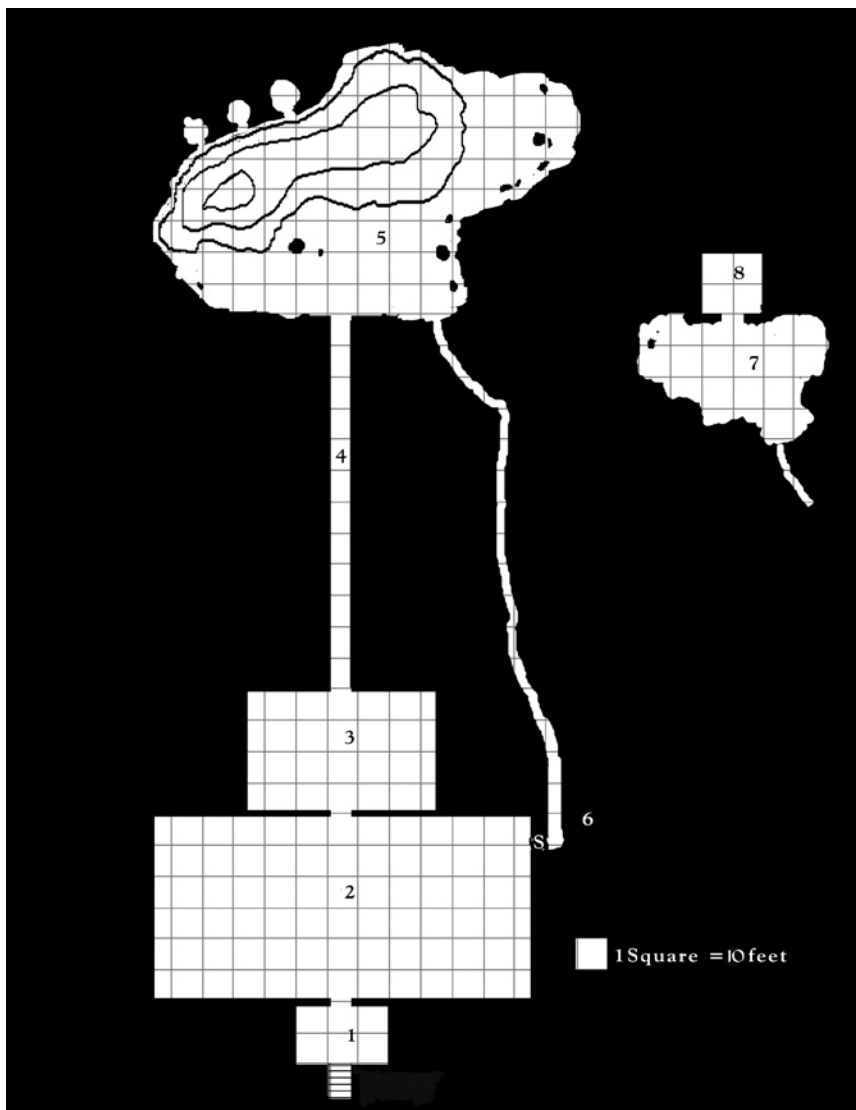
Passing beneath the doorway, the travelers enter a large, colonnaded room.

Easily a hundred feet wide and 60 feet deep, this room is flanked on all sides by large, ornately carved columns. The floor is covered in mosaic tiles, and the walls and roof in worked stone. The center of the room is open and lower than the rest of the room. Steps running around the whole area lead a couple of feet down to the floor. The center of the room's ceiling has a beautiful mosaic painted on it. The room has a strange, pungent, wet smell about it, emanating from the far side.

This room served as a meeting hall where people gathered after or before their bath to talk, to discuss business and the like. The ceiling mosaic depicts the All Father's gift of light to the world and is actually an intricately carved skylight. As soon as anyone walks down the steps, the 'skylight' lights up, filtering the day's light through the stone and into the room, lighting the whole area. If it is night time, the light of the evening's stars shine in. Only if it

is overcast or stormy does the magical skylight fail to filter the light through the rock. There are some patches in the lighting as some of the shaft have been damaged over time. If some skilled stone worker, such as a dwarf, examines the skylight, they will discover hundreds of tiny shafts carved into the ceiling and painted to look like a mosaic, but magically designed to harness the light of the setting sun. Attempting to find the mosaic pattern on the outside is almost impossible as the shaft are tiny and spread over a wide area.





The smell comes from a large patch of mushrooms that are growing in the far end of the room. These dominate a good quarter of the hall, growing on the walls, the columns and floor. Here in this patch resides the tiny fey, Shroud. To all appearances, Shroud looks like a mushroom himself. His wide cap is deep red, his stip and ring are a lighter yellow and his two legged stem is white. Shroud remains hidden in the patch unless he is spied by someone or called forth by a spell such as *summon fey*. Spotting Shroud requires a successful wisdom save (CL 5). Elves and halflings gain a +1 to their rolls.

Shroud is immortal like all fey, and has lived here for many hundreds of years. He is kindly and will assist the travelers in any way he can if they befriend him and do not molest his mushroom patch. In slow, ambling words, he warns them of the shambling mound in the Grotto, but only if they are kind to him. Shroud cleans up after the Jar'ed's murderous attacks. In small bits and pieces he gathers up the crushed remains and brings them up the slope and into the bath. He deposits most of the debris such as bones, gold, armor and the like in the pool in the Grotto, keeping only the flesh to seed his garden with more food for his patch.

If someone proves very helpful, friendly and the like he will offer them a small feast from his mushrooms and brew them a drink that

is both relaxing and potent. Everyone who drinks of it heals 2d8 points of damage but must sleep for a full day. Shroud moves slowly, unless threatened in which case he can *dimension door* up to 500 feet away. He has no hit points and an AC of 9.

There is a small doorway in the back right hand corner of the room that leads to **Room 6: The Underground Passage**. Age has made the door well hid, a successful wisdom save allows even the casual observer to note the door's outline.

Room 3: The Dressing Chamber

The doors here are intact and closed. They are large bronzed double doors with troll heads carved into their surface. They yield after some effort to another large room. This one is about 60 feet wide and 40 feet deep. Narrow staircases on either side of the door connect the lower floor with the balconies above, and large benches 3 feet high protrude perpendicular from either wall. There are shelves on the benches and pegs and shelves in the walls above the benches.

This room served as a chamber where travelers undressed, dried off and dressed. The benches were for the weary to sit upon or pile their gear upon. The balcony above served a like purpose, although the crowded space leads one to believe they were used by the poor only.

There is nothing of value or harm in this room.

Room 4: The Long Walk

The doors here are open and reveal a long, breezy passageway.

It extends as far as the light and beyond. It is narrow, about 4 feet wide, but a little taller, at 6 feet high. Every so often, spaced 8 feet apart in fact, there are breaks in the wall on both sides of the passage. These breaks are about 2 inches wide and run the whole height of the hall. A steady stream of fresh air blows through the hall toward you and there is a oddly eerie whistling sound emanating from the walls. Murals line the walls, showing dwarves in all their glory and power.

This tunnel, the Long Walk, is a drying chamber. The dwarves have crafted the place so that it harnesses the wind from outside, funneling it into these narrow crevices and out again. The whistling sound is the wind coming through the crevices. At times the wind is weak and hardly blows and not noticeable, but at others it whips up a frenzied gale and the air that blows through here dries even the wettest and hairiest dwarf!

Room 5: The Grotto/Bath

The doorway before you is huge and leads into a wide, open cavern. The doors themselves, massive works of stone carved with scenes of dwarven valor, have fallen to the floor. The cavern is a marvel to behold. It is wide, deep and very cool, and the

center of the cave is dominated by a wide pool of still, dark water. The walls of the room are lined with smaller caves shaped into alcoves. But the cave is more than a simple cavern, for its walls and ceiling have been worked over and sport all the craftsmanship of the greatest of the dwarven stone-smiths. The stalactites and stalagmites too have been shaped and crafted into pillars mimicking the trees of old, their roots burrowing into the floor and their canopies branching out across the ceiling. Only the pool of water detracts from the beauty of the room. There, it is black and rank, and the water emits a foul smell with steam rising from its depths. All manner of muck has gathered on its surface making the whole something like a sludge.

This room was the bath house. Here, weary travelers gathered to wash the dust of the road from their shoulders, to rest, converse and do business. The pool has a natural spring that flows through it, which the dwarves channeled and gave force to so that water was always fresh. The bottom of the pool is laced with copper plates every few feet, designed to absorb heat from the furnace room below, see room 7, and make the baths warm.

Each of the 12 alcoves are small rooms where the dwarves further channeled the water of the Grotto to allow fresh water to flow through and into them. Here people could bath in the natural clear springs. Some few are heated and offer steam baths. They all have small stone benches worked into the wall. They offered the visitor more privacy if he or she so desired.

But all this has come to ruin. The channels have filled with minerals and the water has slowed to a trickle. It has further pooled in greater depths than originally intended because the outflow valve is partially clogged. The waters are further clouded by the creature the shambling mound that lives in the pool. Its spore came to the pool long ago, dropped unknowingly by Shroud, when he carted the debris of some fallen druid up to the Grotto and cast it in. There it grew and in time changed the pool to a stagnant pond, allowing only enough water to flow through to keep the water from building up. He is very territorial and will attack any who enter the pool itself.

Shambling Mound (*His vital stats are HD 8d8, HP 48, AC 20. His primary attributes are physical. He attacks with 2 slams for 2d8 points of damage apiece. His special abilities include: regeneration 2, blend, constrict and immunities. His treasure consists of a great booty of gold, silver and gems cast*

into the pond by Shroud. Some magic too lies in the sludge. There is 1200 gp, 4100 sp, 10 gems worth 20-100 gp apiece, a necklace worth 500 gp. There is also a ring of protection +3, a +1 short sword and a suit of +1 chainmail.)

Room 6: The Underground Passage

The door is jammed, but yields after only a little pressure, opening into a small, narrow staircase that winds down into the dark. The stone work here is plain, without ornament or design, but rather functional. The staircase goes down about 30 feet where it ends in a long, thin, low corridor. The whole was made for dwarves being only 3 feet wide and 4 and a half feet high. The air is cool, if a little musty, and the corridor stretches into an easterly direction, straight and empty.

This corridor runs beneath the length of **Room 3: The Dressing Chamber**, ending in **Room 7: The Furnace Room**. It has not been used in a great long while and is devoid of traps or threats. There is one secret door about midway down on the left hand side that leads to **Room 9: The Deeps**.

The hall ends in a small, closed iron door.

Room 7: Furnace Room

The door opens easily, though scrapes the floor, having sagged a little over the years. Exposed is a wide and long room with vaulted arches along its flanks. The room is crowded with great iron furnaces and iron pipes that rise to the roof above. There are six all told, lined uniformly in two rows, centered in the room. They are huge, monstrous things. Their doors are closed and it is obvious that they have not been used in some time. Stacks of hardened wood line the far back wall. The ceiling is very low here, only 5 feet high, and the funnels of the furnace vanish into it.



This is the furnace room and is used to heat the floor of the Grotto above. The pipes from the furnaces rise into the ceiling, pumping heat into a narrow hollow space between the floor of the Grotto and the ceiling of the Furnace Room. Copper tiles criss-cross the floor of the Grotto above and as the space between the two rooms heats, the copper does as well, heating the baths above.

There is little, if anything, of value in here. The furnaces are far too big to remove and the wood is hardened and usable only for firewood where it will burn slow and cool. A small door behind one of the furnaces leads to the workman's chambers.

Room 8: Ante-Chamber

This small room is 20 feet deep and 20 feet wide, it has the remnants of ancient furniture sprinkled throughout it. Two bunk beds, 4 large trunks and a small table with four chairs are all that is in here. A fireplace adorns one wall, an iron kettle still hanging from irons spits sitting in the aperture.

Here the furnace men lived, though they have long since abandoned the place. The mattresses have long since dissolved into heaps of rubbish and the slightest handling of them will disintegrate what remains. The table, chairs and beds are made of stout wood and crafted with dwarven magic and are still in fair shape. The trunks have little left in them, bits and pieces of dry, rotted clothing - old socks too many times darned to be saved and the like - though one has a small bag of seeds in it.

Planter's Straw (*These magical seeds are rare and very valuable to gardeners and the like. They are crafted by the fey for their gardens and are able to grow the most luscious strawberries imaginable, even in the driest conditions. They are worth about 10 gp apiece. There are a total of 40 seeds. Shroud, the fey from **Room 2: The Atrium**, would befriend any who offered them to him and give them plenty of his magical healing drought. One seed per one drought.*)

Room 9: The Deeps

The door opens on silent hinges, swinging wide into the cool dark beyond. A cold draft rises from the darkness, rolling over the travelers in the hall. A narrow platform juts from the door, connecting to a narrow walkway that spans the inky blackness. Beyond there is nothing but cold darkness and promises of more Dwarven Glory . . .

NEW MONSTERS

FELIUL STONE

NO. ENCOUNTERED: 1

SIZE: Large

HD: 14 (d8)

MOVE: 10 ft.

AC: 22

ATTACKS: Slam (5d10)

SPECIAL: Stone Spray

SAVES: P

INT: Inferior

ALIGNMENT: Any, neutral, neutral evil

TYPE: Undead

TREASURE: 9

XP: 3350 + 14

Feliul stones are magical stones that have been possessed by the spirit of a fallen dwarf, gnome, giant or goblin (far more commonly a dwarf). Usually the victim has died some horrible death, through torture or the like. Some feliul stone's are possessed of the spirits of those that have died before some great task was completed. Whatever the case, the spirit lingers in the living world and takes up residence in the stone about it. These spirits live within the rock and stone trying to fulfill their spent lives' lingering needs. After many years they are able to shape the very rock within which they reside. They shape it to resemble all manner of things from boulders to statues.

Feliul stones are undead creatures and as such they can be turned. Feliul stones are generally evil for they possess some nascent memories of their past lives which leaves them frustrated, for these memories escape them like fleeting thoughts and they brood on what they cannot wholly remember. In time, frustrations and rage twist them into creatures of ill intent and disposition. So they haunt the ground where they fell or were buried and terrorize those who come within their domain. They are not wholly stationary but they never leave the ground around which they fell.

They do possess treasure, sometimes absorbing it into the stone that makes up their host bodies.

Combat

The feliul stone attacks by crashing into its opponent. They use whatever shape they have taken to their advantage. If they are humanoid shaped they punch or crush the enemy, a boulder rolls over them, etc. etc. Feliul stones do not, however, have faces and can never be surprised or attacked from the rear or flank. They are aware of everything around them.

All edged weapons inflict half damage against a feliul stone. Blunt weapons do normal damage.

Stone Spray: Aside from its normal slam attack a feliul stone is able to vomit chunks of rock upon its opponent. These attack can come from any surface of the creature, back or front. They are able to conduct this attack three times a day. Anyone in the range of the spray must make a dexterity save (CL 5). If they are successful they take half damage, if they fail they suffer the full 3-24 points of damage.

Defeating the Feliul Stone

Defeating a feliul stone is not an easy task. Battering it to death is possible but an arduous job. It can be hit by non-magical weapons and the stone destroyed. But the spirit is not destroyed and reconstitutes its stony shape within 1-4 days. Magic weapons will destroy the spirit. A successful turn forces the spirit to leave the host and flee. But it will return within 1-4 days. Any number of spells may work, such as *rock to mud*, *rock to flesh*, etc. but such spell craft does not destroy the creature. It is able to reconstitute itself in 1-4 days.

These creatures are very susceptible to suggestion. They long for a life they barely remember and anyone who attempts to talk to the creature may meet with some success. A successful charisma check (CL 10, CL 6 for a dwarf) can stop the creature from attacking. Once it has stopped attacking the feliul stone must be convinced that the interlopers are indeed friends and not an enemy. This can be done through a simple charisma check (again CL 10, CL 6 for a dwarf). Bards can be most effective by singing the creature into a calm state. Spells such as *suggestion*, *esp*, etc can yield the source of the creature's pain and promises to finish the task or remedy whatever happenstance kept the spirit in the world serve to calm the creature into not attacking. Anyone who attempts any of these things should be awarded extra experience points.

When a feiliul stone is successfully killed or turned the stone itself cracks and falls to pieces. Whatever treasure the creature may have falls to the earth where it stood.