

CASTLES[®]
CRUSADES

DWARVEN GLORY

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STEPHEN CHENAULT



DWARVEN GLORY

BY STEPHEN CHENAULT

EDITOR: Nicole Chenault, Tim Burns, Mark Sandy

FRONT COVER: Jason Walton

INTERIOR ART: Peter Bradley, Jason Walton, Sarah Walker D'Avanzo

CARTOGRAPHY: Peter Bradley



P. O Box 251171, Little Rock,
AR 72225

email: www.trolllord.com

website: www.trolllord.com or
www.castlesandcrusades.com

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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 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.

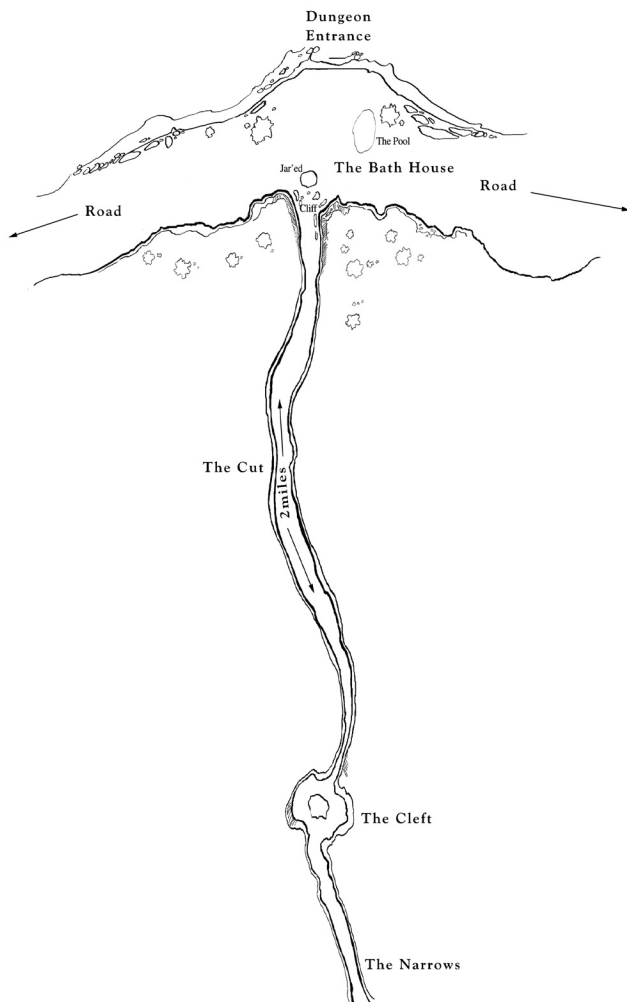
But those days, mired as they are in the depths of time, are but echoes heard now by few and remembered by only the oldest and most learned of the lore drakes. Grausumhart’s cities have all but vanished from the face of Aihrde; only ruins remain, and even these have become as much a part of those ancient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

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 see 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 have wasted away much of the smooth surface. The track offers the only entrance 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.

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 aught 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.

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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 100 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 shafts 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 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 lines 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

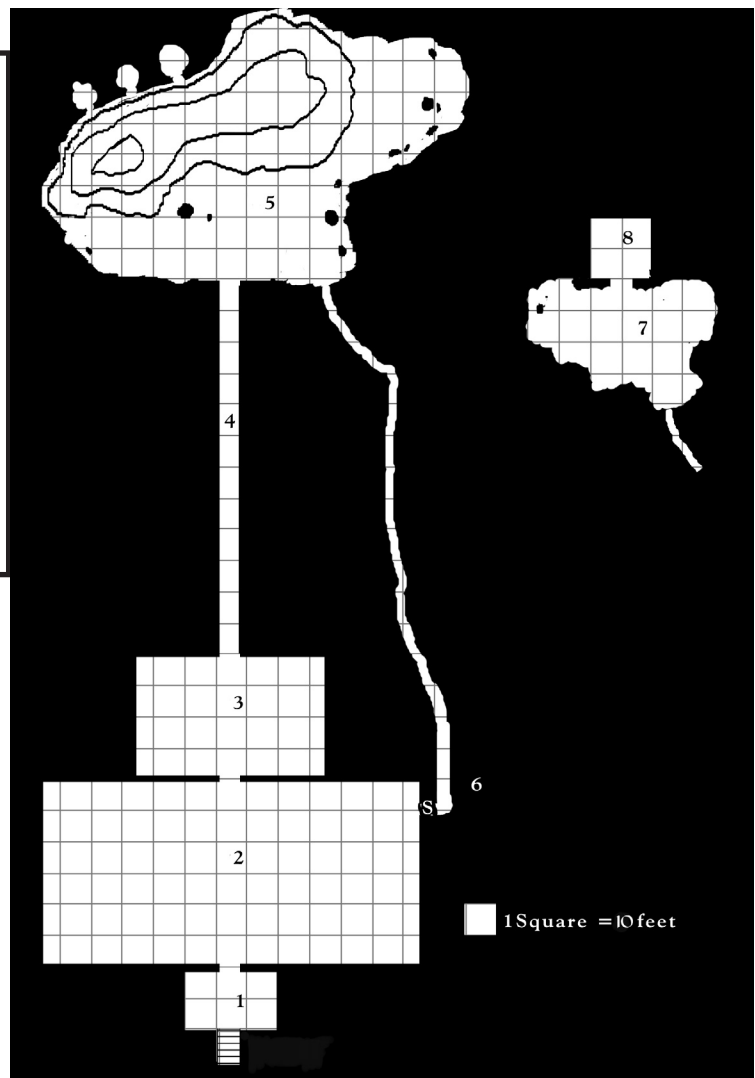
The doorway before you is huge and leads into a wide, open cavern. The doors themselves, massive works of stone carved with scenes of dwarven valor, have fallen to the floor. The cavern is a marvel to behold. It is wide, deep and very cool, and the center of the cave is dominated by a wide pool of still,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

THE WYRM WELL

Wyrms Well is a short dungeon adventure. The characters have been led to or discovered an old uprooted tree. The treefall has exposed a stone staircase and doorway. Beyond lies a deep, long-buried dwarven dungeon haunted by the creatures of yesterday. Known to utilize great magics to supply even a simple fastness with luxury, the dwarves often unearthed powers greater than themselves. Explore the depths of the Wyrms Well and learn why even dwarves may come to fear the dark.

The adventure is designed for 3-5 2nd-level characters. A cleric is strongly advised!! There are several high-hit-dice monsters in the dungeon but several healing potions are supplied in order to help keep the characters robust and active . . . or alive as the case may be. It is designed for the Castles & Crusades® Role Playing Game.

VOCABULARY

Blutsut: A religious decoration, usually derived from a dwarf's beard. By using the beard hair an item can be made magical.

Kutzthu: Literally "under castle" or underground castle. Dwarves built many castles beneath the ground, far from dungeons these were lavishly-decorated living and defensive quarters.

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 their 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 from the mountain 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 the price of their glory in time became greater than they could bear. Grausumhart eventually succumbed to the weight of the world and fell into ruin. Her proud towers and walls fell to war or neglect. Her cities and towns dwindled. Her underground grottos flooded and left foul and dank. The greater parts 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. In order to help maintain order upon the mountain roads, the dwarf kings assigned captains to settle the region, bringing with them their families, troops and the families of the troops. So it was that many young dwarves set out upon the eastern road, armed and equipped for a new life on the frontiers. They were given land grants for those areas under their control. Many of them built castles and keeps to safe guard the roads, others constructed dungeons. It much depended upon the terrain as the dwarves were and are an industrious folk and can build above and well as below ground.

So it was that the family of Rochstun settled in Gaither Hargon, a small valley that overlooked the tumbled slopes of the Rhodope, the windy Blue River and the Ethvold forest. Here the Rochstun constructed a series of small buildings for their livestock, but for their safety, as the country here was wild and dangerous, they constructed an underground castle, what the dwarves call a Kutzthu, an "under castle." These quarters were expansive, including living quarters, guard quarters, a temple and an audience chamber. The Rochstuns grew wealthy during their long period of stewardship, both from tolls and through wergild paid for rescuing those in distress.

In order to hide their wealth, the Lords of Kutzthu Rochstun devised a cunning treasury. In the depths of the under castle, in the well room, they carved a great fresco into the wall and illuminated it with illusions. The fresco depicted a forest scene with creatures real and imagined, but within the real wall of the fresco, guarded by the illusion lay the treasure of the keep. Those who looked at the fresco believed they were looking at extra-dimensional space, only those who did not see it would ever stand the chance of finding the hidden artifacts.

But the fresco illuminated more than the walls, for the magic of it was great enough that one of its subjects, a wyrm, escaped the picture and entered the well. There it lay in hiding, striking out at any who entered the well. When the creature slew the lord and his lady they dwarves buried them in their chamber. The remaining dwarves were forced to abandon this room and close its doors forever. The fallen lord was childless, so his captains took the belt of his office and attempted to continue his rule. Shortly thereafter, the dwarves began fighting amongst themselves to determine who would rule the under castle Rochstun. They eventually slew each

other in a pitched battle in the feast hall. The wyrm lived on in the well, cursed with an immortality it did not understand, caught as it was between the world beyond the castle and the well room.

In time, the under castle became haunted by other creatures and is little more than a dungeon on the edge of the world.

ENTRYWAY

Small amounts of rubble lay about the entrance but it does not block the doorway.

The trail is interrupted by the remains of an old elm tree. Some passing storm or wind gust uprooted the tree, tearing it from its moorings in the ground. The slope above it is rocky and covered in dense vegetation. Clusters of scrub oak and huckleberry bushes, as well as thick patches of grass, mingle with large rocks that jut out from the slope or lay stacked amidst the undergrowth like so many dinner plates. The crowded slope attests to a hill face traveled by little more than rabbits and wolves. However, the tree's demise has torn loose a large rock which has tumbled from the hill face and exposed a deep hole. The rift is wide and promises to be deep.

It is easy to discern that this hole is actually an entry way. Even a casual glance at the tree and large rock allow one to see a stone wall, obviously the side of a tunnel. Approaching, they discover that the entrance is 10 feet wide and 8 feet high. There is no door, only a frame, but a very careful examination of the door frame reveals slots where a door once stood.

The halls beyond are well worked stone affairs, with cobbles on the floors and stone-braced ceilings. Torch sconces line the walls, interspersed every 30 feet. The tunnels are all very similar, 10 feet wide and 8 feet high. Only the front rooms and tunnels show any sign of disturbance. Here, some moisture has crept into the halls allowing some fungi to grow. There are small animal signs as well; some type of rodent or rabbit perhaps slipping beneath the weathered roots of the old elm tree to make their den within.

1 FOYER

The door is slightly ajar, but swollen enough from the moisture that it is jammed shut. Opening it requires a successful strength check (CL 2).

The door opens to a wide, rectangular room. Frescoes adorning the walls depict dwarves building fortifications, forging weapons, marching to war and the like. A stone table with six stone stools dominates the center of the room. Along the walls and scattered across the floor are all manner of rotten debris, much of it covered in a thick, violet-colored fungus. The fungus is everywhere in fact, clumped in thick tangles around the table where small spores rise in the disturbed air.

The fungus is actually a living creature, a violet fungus. It has been living off the rodents that make their way into the room. Any characters who venture into the room alert the creature and it attacks with its four tentacles, attempting to drag its victims to its body.

VIOLET FUNGUS (*This neutral creature's vital stats are HD 2d8, HP 12, AC 13. It does not have primary attributes. It attacks with its four tentacles for 1d4 points of damage each. When the creature scores a successful strike, the victim is subject to an acid*

attack. The victim must make a successful constitution save or suffer one point of damage per turn until death and a -2 to all actions until death occurs. Remove disease, neutralize poison, cure critical wounds or a more powerful curative spell negates affects.)

Hidden in the room's debris are four *cure critical wounds* potions which cure 5d8 points of damage and the effects of the fungus.

2 GUARD ROOM

The door is missing from this room. The chamber within is largely empty. Iron racks line the walls in the back and along the north wall. Chains, evenly spaced at 6-foot intervals, line the south wall. A successful intelligence check (CL 2) reveals these to be weapons racks. The weapons racks are devoid of anything serviceable and the only thing there is what appears to be a knot of hair, long and hanging over one of the hooks almost casually.

Another check reveals the chains to be the supports for bunk beds; the wood however has long since rotted to dust.

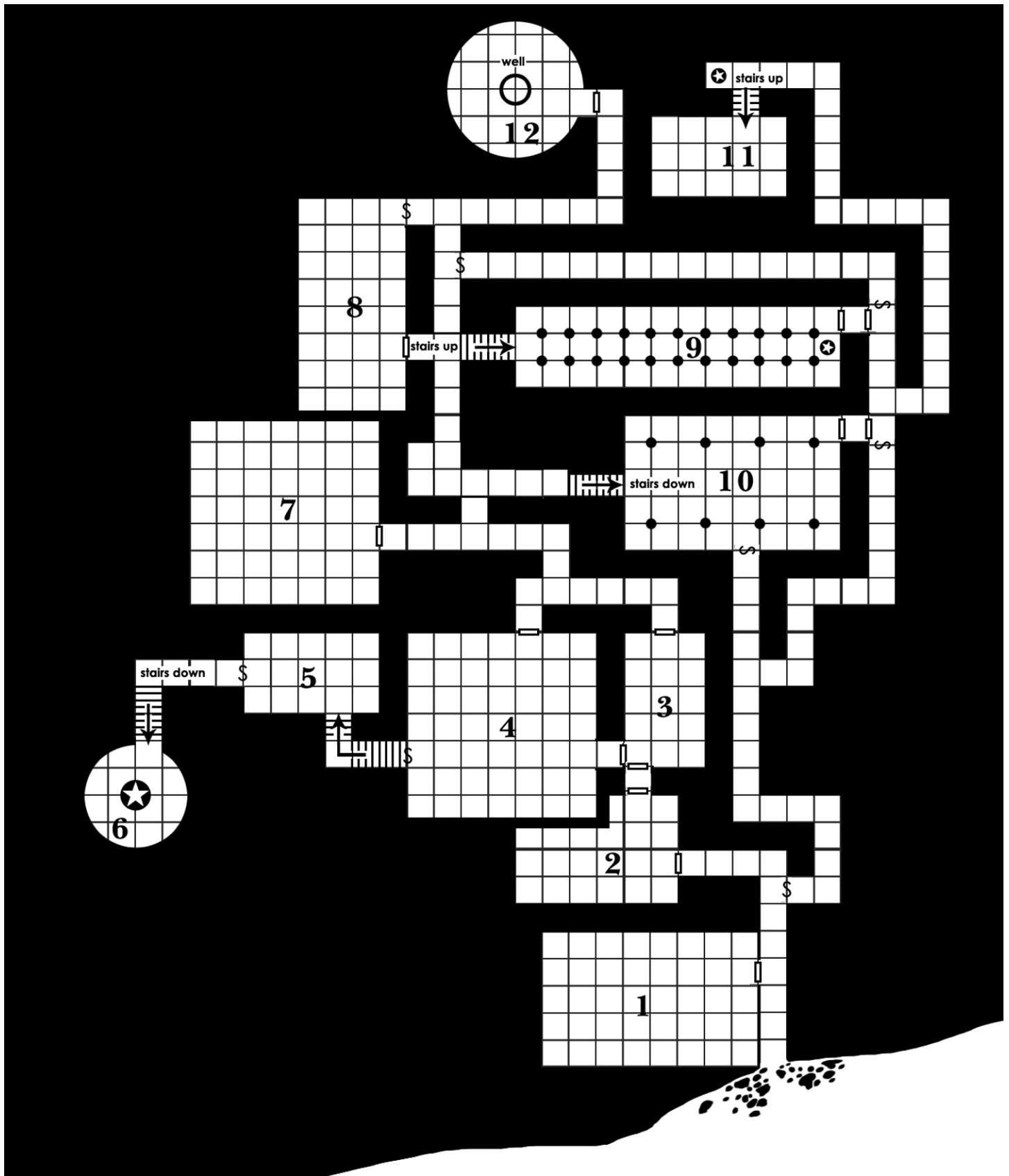
The back wall is lined with a mural. This depicts a series of dwarves. From left to right in this order: 1) they are preparing themselves for battle, 2) combing their beards, 3) gathering the loose hair, 4) putting on armor, 5) tying some wrap around their weapons, 6) marching to war, armored in sheets of plate, armed with battle axes. Their beards are tied in decorative knots and they appear to be marching in uniformity. The beards in all the murals however are very outlandish and seem to coil down and around the axes. Beneath the murals, written in dwarven runes are the following words: "In Our Beards Lies Our Power." This is followed by the dwarf word, *blutsut*. Anyone with a legend lore skill can determine what this is (CL 3) or someone with intimate knowledge of dwarven history and culture. A careful examination of the mural reveals that each axe or hammer that the dwarves carry has an identical wrap coiled around the throat (the area near the grip) of the ax. It is wrapped in a geometric, decorative fashion.

These wraps are in fact strands of hair taken from the dwarven beards, they are called *Blutsut*. They imbue a magical quality to any item that they are wrapped around that has a haft. They must be wrapped around the item in the same manner depicted in the murals. There is one such wrap left, hanging upon the weapons rack as mentioned. If someone figures it out, and wraps their weapon's haft in the manner depicted the item becomes magical, gaining a temporary +1 to damage and hit probability.

3 CISTERN

The front door is stuck and requires a successful strength check to open it (CL 4). Two people can attempt simultaneously, with one rolling the actual dice but both adding their strength attribute bonus.

Inside the room, it is very damp, dominated as it is by a large pool, filled with water. Stone benches line the walls and pegs for hanging clothing. The pool itself is lined with copper tiles and decorative molding rounds it off. A fountain at the end of the pool, complete with brass handle and the face of a goblin, offers a source of fresh water. The pool is fed by the fountain and by underground valves. All are still working. Any overspill flows out small drains at the top of the pool, down a series of pipes and out into the valley. These drains can be closed or opened with small



latches just beneath the water's surface. They are open now and water trickles out of the fountain font.

There is nothing of value in the room, however, opening the valve on the font triggers a light spell. A long strand of gold, woven into the decorative shapes in the wall, ceiling, floor, and pool begins to glow, giving the room a warm, golden light and casting light into the dark water. The fountain speaks as well "Open the drains or flood the hall." The bottom of the pool sparkles, too, reflecting dozens of tiny points of light.

Removing the gold would be difficult and render it valueless. However, if someone is bold enough to go into the water they find the well-preserved bones of a dwarf skeleton. In its hand, is a leather pouch and all about it are coins, 12 in all. These coins are magical (see Bag of 12 below).

4 DINING HALL

Two double doors open up into this huge room, though the doors themselves are so heavy that they barely hang any more. A simple push causes them to fall off their hinges and crash to the floor. The vaulted chamber has iron chandeliers hanging on long chains from the stone ceiling, some with candles still in them. Three large stone tables dominate the center of the room. A fourth stone table sits perpendicular to these, obviously the table where the Lord of the Manor sat. Stone benches lie about the room, some thrown over in the shape of a wall. Bones, old weapons and the like lay scattered about the room, many of them heaped up around the wall of benches. It looks as if a great battle took place here long ago. A careful look at the bones reveals them to all be dwarven.

Along the back wall are ovens, cabinets, a butcher block, as well as all manner of cookware that lay scattered about the floor. The area obviously served as the kitchen area for the undercastle.

Piled and stacked in the far corner of the room are the remains of scores of ancient casks, barrels, crates and boxes. They seem to once have held perishable goods that have long since dissolved or rotted away.

Anyone making a successful wisdom check (CL 0) notices a gold chain hanging on one of the chandeliers.

Any attempt to retrieve it however animates five skeletons and many of the bones. The skeletons arm themselves and attack. The animated bones do little more than they are able, crawl around, or flip about. The skeletons can be turned or killed, the bones can suffer a similar fate, though stomping on all the animated pieces will take some time. The bones pursue the party unless turned, following them throughout the dungeon complex. They have a movement of 1 foot per round.

5 SKELETONS (These neutral creatures' vital stats are HD 1d8, HP 4 each, AC 13. Their primary attributes are physical. They attack by weapon doing the appropriate damage by type. Piercing or slashing weapons do 1/2 normal damage.)

Each intricately-worked chain link resembles a dwarf carrying some item that connects with the next link in the chain. The chain is worth 100gp.

On the western wall, beneath a torch sconce, is a secret door.

12 CASTLES & CRUSADES

5 RECORD HALL

This room has long gone undisturbed. Its walls are lined with stone shelves and the shelves contain stacks of bone case scrolls. The remains of a desk and chair lie on the floor, little more than petrified wood and dust. The dust is undisturbed, a grim testament to how long the room has gone undisturbed. The scrolls contain rolled-up sheaves of paper. The paper is very, very brittle and unless some extraordinary caution is taken, it dissolves as it is unrolled. Each scroll case is marked with a year and series of months. The scrolls are little more than financial records from the Dwarven Lords who ruled here so many thousands of years ago.

One shelf has several scroll cases on it that do not have the date marked on their ends. These cases, 4 in all, contain magical scrolls. They are as follows: *magical aura*, (0th-lvl illusionist), *undetectable aura* (1st-lvl illusionist), *false trap* (2nd-lvl illusionist), and *illusory wall* (4th-lvl illusionist). In the third scroll is a trap. The dwarven smith placed an ikle demon in the scroll. When opened it immediately attacks whoever opened the scroll case.

IKLE DEMON (This chaotic evil creature's vital stats are HD 1d6, HP 4, AC 14. Its primary attributes are physical. It attacks with an engulf attacking for 1d4 points of damage. See New Monsters below for more details).

6 SECRET TEMPLE

Beyond the secret door in the record room is a narrow hallway and a set of steps, long unused. The steps open into a circular chamber, where on a dais in the center of the room stands a statue of the All Father. This bearded dwarf-like figure looks benignly forward, toward the step. A successful wisdom check reveals a secret compartment in its base. The statue is impossible to move, but twisting its hand causes a spring to trigger and a drawer opens in its base. In the drawer lies a single green gem valued at 200gp. Removing the stone triggers a trap. Gas begins to spray from the statues mouth and everyone within a 10 foot radius must make a successful constitution (CL 1) save or suffer 1d4 points of damage.

Anyone who says a prayer to the All Father is granted a bonus of +1 on any check, swing, or save that comes within one point of success. The player should not be told about this until the event occurs at which point they suddenly feel invigorated and fresh and succeed at a task they know they should have failed. The CK should hint that the prayer affected the outcome of the event.

7 GUEST QUARTERS

This long narrow room was designed to hold multiple guests. The remnants of curtain rods and hooks hang from the ceiling, delineating where "rooms" once were. Stone platforms in the shape of beds protrude perpendicular to the walls, the curtains and mattresses are long gone. Guests would have enjoyed curtained beds in days of yore, but no more. A strange odor dominates the room, heady and thick. At the center of the room, the stone work is damp and very smooth. Otherwise the room is a shambles, cold, dark, and damp.

This room is home to several orbut, mindless creatures who evolve from the residue of magical spells, items or creatures. The creature's long stem is attached to the ceiling and it too is coiled



up so that it is almost flat. These creatures are mindless but very aggressive. They attack anything that comes within reach.

The orbut is camouflaged and difficult to see (CL 4). It hangs on the ceiling waiting for any moving thing to come underneath it. If anyone should walk beneath the creature it strikes out. For that matter, if they roll anything beneath the creature it strikes out.

ORBUT, 3 (These creatures' vital stats are HD 2, AC 12, HP 11, 10. Their primary attributes are mental. They attack with a single acidic bite that does 1d4 points of damage. They can attempt to swallow prey as outlined in the New Monsters section.)

There is nothing of value in the room.

8 BARRACKS

All manner of debris fills this very large room. Once it housed 24 dwarven warriors and soldiers, with bunks, tables, chairs, weapons racks and trunks to store their goods in. The furniture is of course long disused and fallen into ruin. Some of it looks to be intact, but moving, opening or any amount of fuss around the piece dissolves it into dust. The room looks to have been ransacked as well as very little is orderly, but rather thrown about to one side or the other.

A casual search of the room reveals a dwarf skeleton lying in the far corner beneath a shield. He is wearing a helm, breast plate, and arm and leg grieves. A short sword lies on the floor next to him.

The armor and shields are pincushioned with crossbow bolts, 17 in all. The shield is still serviceable, as are the arm and leg grieves. The rest would need some mending however.

9 AUDIENCE CHAMBER

This long room is dominated by large marble columns. Each column is topped by a dwarven statue bent and straining as if through its sheer strength it is holding up the ceiling. The room once served as an audience chamber for the dwarf lord who ruled here. A throne rests at the room's far end.

Now it is home to a ghost naga, a foul creature of great evil who sets upon whoever enters the room.

GHOST NAGA (This lawful evil creature's vital stats are HD 4d8, HP 18, AC 16. Its primary attributes are mental. It attacks with a bite for 1-2 points of damage and tail slap for 1-2 points of damage. The ghost naga can, 3 times daily, emit a loud terrifying shriek which causes fear in any who fail a charisma save. The ghost naga can also become incorporeal 3 times a day and phase through walls and doors. While incorporeal, it cannot be struck except by magical weapons, nor can it attack. It also has the ability to constrict victims for 3-12 points of damage on the round after a successful tail strike. Victims must make a successful strength save to break the creature's hold.)

Treasure: Scattered about the throne area are all manner of bones and debris. In the rubbish is a *cure light wounds* healing potion, a +1 dagger, a +1 cloak of resistance, a golden ring worth 50gp and 150gp worth of assorted coins.

10 COURTYARD

The door opens to a gigantic vaulted chamber with a host of columns evenly spaced about the room. The ceiling is about 40 feet above the floor; the columns offer the room support. Stone benches circle each column. Like wise, each column has 4 iron braziers hanging from horizontal poles about half way up the column. The room's walls are decorated with frescoes of dwarves in various activities, most making war and making merry. The room was once a gathering place and courtyard. There is nothing of value in the room.

11 LORD'S CHAMBERS

This room's doors are made of iron. The door is locked (CL 2). It's also tightly sealed in the frame, allowing for no air, light or sound to carry through the door. Knocking the door down requires a successful strength check (CL 5). As with other doors, up to two people can attempt to knock it down at a time. The person with the highest strength makes the roll, but both strength bonuses are added to the roll.

The door opens to a gush of wind as if a vacuum were being filled. A heavy musty odor prevails within. In the center of the room stands a large, iron-wrought double bed. Lying on its still-intact mattress are two dwarves. The first, and larger of the two, is arrayed in armor with a shield at his feet and a large battleaxe clutched in both hands. The smaller of the two is also decked out in armor though she clutches a small, thick-bladed sword. There is a shield at her feet as well. Ornate daggers are strapped to their belts. Both dwarves are little more than hollow, dried husks,

though their facial features and hair are well preserved.

Any cleric or dwarf entering the room should make a wisdom check (CL 1). If successful they determine that the room is a burial chamber and sanctuary and that looting the grave will yield worldly treasure, but leaving it in peace may yield spiritual dividends.

If they do leave the dwarves in peace, the dwarf spirits will aid them in the battle with the well wyrm in room 12 by granting the party the benefits of two bless spells. The dwarves appear in the room as soon as battle is joined, passing through the characters and into the wyrm, one after the other. First the dwarf lord passes through leaving the whole party *blessed*. Then the dwarf lady passes through with the same affect.

If the party decides to loot the treasure they gain no benefits from the dwarven spirits. The axe is a +1 *battle axe* and the sword is a +1 *short sword*. The armor and shields are in good shape but not magical.

12 WELL ROOM

Here lies the heart of the dwarven glory. This small circular chamber houses a single well, raised about 3 feet out of the floor with a small ledge running all around it. The walls are adorned with one brightly-painted fresco depicting a tumbling, rocky slope, which vanishes into a thick hedge of hardwood trees. It shows a river in the distance and a huge sprawling forest that stretches as far as the eye can see. The fresco makes it look as if the viewer stands upon the edge of the eastern Rhodope Mountains overlooking the Darkenfold Forest.

This fresco wraps around the entire room to include the door. There are no figures in the fresco unless the CK places them there. It depicts night or day at the CKs choice. Staring at any one section of the fresco for very long creates an illusion of the fresco being real and that the viewer is actually looking outside at the open country. In any case, it does show what is going on on the slopes several miles to the east.

The fresco can actually serve as a portal to the slopes of the eastern Rhodopes, overlooking the Darkenfold. The magic of the illusion is so powerful that anyone looking upon it runs the risk of triggering the illusion to open an extra-dimensional space between the room and the outside world.

Anyone looking at the wall must make an intelligence check (CL 4). A successful intelligence save uncovers the illusion and reveals the fresco as nothing more than a painting. Any player who rolls a 1 does not see the illusion, but worse they believe it to be so real that they can step through the portal to the outside world. They have to actively say they try to step into it in order to step through it. If they do, they step out of the room and into the Darkenfold Forest (or any forest that is near) and are completely separated from the party. Once through, looking back does not reveal the room, but only a rising slope and the snow capped peaks of the Rhodopes.* As this "opening" occurs there is a small chance that any monster on the other side, in the forest passing through, can accidentally step into the room. This is left entirely to the CKs discretion.

This is how the dakmour wyrm entered the room. The dwarf lord stumbled into the ancient illusion and the dragon came through

and attacked him. It has since taken up residence in the well. The creature is very sensitive to the presence of any living creature in the room above and as soon as they enter, it stirs in the deeps and begins climbing the walls of the well to the room. Five rounds after the party enter the room, the well wyrm pulls itself up and out of the well, rising from the deeps to fall upon the party. He pulls himself up and out of the well with two tentacles and attacks with the other two and his huge maw. He is deadly silent and unless someone is actively searching down the well he gains a +4 on his surprise roll.

This creature is a dakmour wyrm. It has a long, narrow body with four tentacles or 'arms.' It has a long, tooth-filled snout. It moves much like a snake, but is able to use its tentacles to grasp and pull itself forward in a sudden rush. Though powerful and resilient, its scales offer no real natural protection.

DAKMOUR WYRM (*This creature's vital stats are HD 6d8, HP 36, AC 12. Its primary attributes are physical. It attacks with four tentacles for 1d4 points of damage each and a bite which inflicts 1d8 points of damage. Its favorite tactic is to grab its prey in a tentacle and draw it up to the mouth to devour. If the wyrm scores a successful attack with a tentacle this acts as a "grab" attack and causes hemorrhaging. The victim can attempt to break free and does so on a successful strength check. If the victim fails however, during the following round the wyrm scores an automatic blood drain for an extra 1d2 points of damage. It is also able to slam a victim against the ground for a further 1d6 points of damage.*)

The creature has no treasure but hidden in the fresco is a chest. Any character who *fails* their intelligence save, but does not roll a 1, and searches the room for secret doors has a chance of finding the chest. A successful wisdom check reveals its location and the adventurer can pull the chest out of the wall/illusion. Characters who make their intelligence save cannot find the treasure no matter what. Within the chest are 300gp, a +1 *ring of protection*, a scroll with a *sanctuary spell* on it, a +1 *battle axe*, 2 +1 *arrows*, a +1 *shield* and a scroll with a *feather fall spell* on it.

* **Note:** Any character sent through the dimensional space cannot return back through it, they must instead walk back up the mountain side and find the dwarven hold.

14 CASTLES & CRUSADES

THE WINDING STAIR

The Winding Stair is a short dungeon adventure. The characters find themselves wandering along a narrow path in the mountains. It winds its way through treacherous country, with steep cliffs above and below. A sudden squall picks up, battering the characters with rain/snow; the storm drives them forward until they find a small alcove in the rock. While sheltering there, they discover a door. Opening it reveals a dungeon that offers warmth and shelter as well as adventure. Within are rooms to explore a trap, some monsters that linger still; but also the ghost of a fallen dwarven hero, Bael. Bael cannot directly aid the characters but attempts to “join” whosoever picks up his precious axe.

VOCABULARY

Uthlin n: This dwarven word defies translation into the vulgate tongues. Uthlin is a type of metal woven into thin strands like cloth. It is very pliable, though not very strong. Wealthy dwarves use Uthlin to lace the pommels of their weapons, mark runes, woven as a fabric, etc.

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 mountains; they colonized much of the world’s mountains to their east and south, coming even to the edges of the lands of Ursal, where lie the Rhodope Mountains, the Smoking Giants. They worked with natural stone and woods imported from the lands of the Muen in their building and even 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, and bastions standing as strong guardians for the sumptuous palaces, courtyards, temples and sprawling homes that rose from the mountains’ heights. Their buildings grew ever larger 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 the price of their glory in time became greater than they could bear. Grausumhart eventually succumbed to the weight of the world and fell into ruin. Her proud towers and walls fell to war or neglect. Her cities and towns dwindled. Her underground grottos flooded, left foul and dank. The greater parts of her people were slain or scattered.

Those golden 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

The dwarves dwelt in the environs of the Rhodope Mountains for many long centuries. They built roads over and through them, bridged the gaps between wide cliffs with stone causeways, they built towers and bastions upon their slopes; they tunneled beneath them, building dungeons and holds to guard against both the weather and the wild monsters of those long ago days. The dwarves left their mark everywhere. But the Rhodope Mountains remained upon the edge of their world. There were no dwarven kingdoms here, only outposts. And these mountains proved dangerous for the smoke and ash that belched from them from time to time could devastate whole regions. So, though the mountains played host to the dwarves, those bearded folk never conquered them and the Smoking Giants became a wild place for dwarves of all calibers to live in peace and quiet if they so chose. For the Giants stretch to the heavens, possess many deep ravines and tall crags offering – those who seek them – plenty of room to hide.

So it was that long ago a dwarf lord by the name of Bael came to the Smoking Giants. He brought with him a small troop of dwarves, heavily armed and armored. He sought to escape the intrigues of the Uthkin court and build for himself a home, far removed from the babble squalor that are the halls of government. He carried into those mountains a great axe, an heirloom of sorts, given to him during one of his many adventures, by one of the Val-Eahrakun, long ago. Crafted in the depths of the Void the axe was possessed of an amazing power; when held by the righteous for the oppressed it could see into men’s souls and read their thoughts. Bael loved this axe and cherished it; but he feared it too, he feared that if it fell into the wrong hands that some would bend its power and use it for ill intent. Bael came to the mountains to build a fastness where he could live in peace and guard his axe from the prying eyes of those who did not deserve to wield it.

Upon the slopes of a tall mountain he found a narrow cave that wound down into the earth. He hollowed the tunnel and made a passageway and stairs. These led to the natural caverns beyond below. These he turned into his quarters; built a feast hall and barracks; a room for his hounds, storage chambers and the like. In time he built a door that led to a stone wall. This door he ensorcelled so that when it opened it opened into the Void. His magic was subtle and used the runes that later men would call the Winter Runes; these were not uncommon in Bael’s long ago day. The door he opened and beyond it he built a stair that led high into the Great Empty. Where the stair ended, he built a room and more chambers beside and in the final room he built a platform. He sought to hide the Axe.

He built a pool of water and cast more spells of misdirection and protection upon the water. The axe, and his other treasures he laid beneath the water in the pool. Safe from prying eyes, he settled into his life’s retirement.

But the Void is a hollow place and his sorcery brought his tragedy. It came to pass that a creature from the Void, one of the Ordag, found his treasury and sought to make it her own. When he discovered her, he called his men and they battled in the dark platform around

the pool. He died there, as did all his folk, and the Ordag took possession of his halls. Her power, however, was limited for she could never match the sorcery of the inner door and she remained in the Void where the pool lay, dining on the eternity of her greed.

The halls fell into disuse and in time they were forgotten as was Bael and his axe. But Bael's soul lingered there in the world of the living tormented by the Ordag all these long years.

CK NOTE: The dungeon itself is cold, covered in thick layers of undisturbed dust. Anyone who passes through the upper rooms, 1-10, hears the occasional, if very distant, baying of a dog in misery. The baying comes from the shadow mastiff in room 5 (see below).

Each room is cut by a long trough that runs the length of the center of the room. It is about 8 inches wide and 4 inches deep. By placing hot coals from the kitchen's fire pit in the trough the dwarves were able to heat their rooms.

THE WINDING STAIR

The path leads up through the mountains. It is long and narrow. It winds around the mid section of a huge mountain. The southern edge of the path, overlooking the forest below, is a 100 foot cliff. At the base of the cliff are tumbled boulders, rocks, sand, gravel and other debris. A few shrubs and bushes cling to the mountain face here and there. The northern edge of the path is the mountain itself. The huge stone edifice juts out over the path at a height of about 5 feet and then climbs up and over for hundreds of feet to the peak. The path is narrow, only allowing one person abreast. Anyone walking along it must bend forward to avoid hitting their head, or lean out over the cliff just a little.

A southerly wind whips along the mountain, around it and howls down the path almost continuously.

The only break in the path lies about a mile or so from its beginning. Here the path opens into a ledge and small landing. The rocky wall flattens a bit, making a strange door shaped alcove in the otherwise rocky face. The area is open and a comfortable resting place out of the wind. About six people can crowd into the space comfortably if a bit close.

The door stood for centuries hidden from by prying eyes by various sorceries but those have long since faded and the power of them broken. A close observation of the wall reveals a number of dwarven runes on the wall/door and the faint signs of a door frame. There is a hidden latch next to the door (CL 3) that once triggered opens the door. Similarly any spell such as *knock* opens the door.

1 ENTRANCE

The door gives way to a 10 x 10 foot room. This ceiling here is low, only 5 feet tall. The stone work is old and shows signs of decay, mostly from moisture and mold. Another door across the way is made of iron and bound to the wall. It opens toward the stairs. It has runes written on it: "The House of Bael".

This door is not locked. The Ordag's attack on the dwarves came very suddenly and the guards posted here left their post to defend the inner keep. There is nothing of value in the room.

16 CASTLES & CRUSADES

2 STAIRWAY

Beyond the second door lies a narrow tunnel carved through the rock. Flagstones line the floor and blocks of stone serve as walls and cover the arched ceiling. There is a double archway every 20 feet made of solid granite.

This corridor served as an entry bar to the House of Bael, forcing any would be invader to fight in the narrow passage against the heavily armored dwarves. Now of course it is abandoned and empty.

There is a trap set upon the second archway however; anyone passing through under it triggers a guillotine-like blade to fall down on them. There is little chance to casually spot the blade as its designers hid it carefully between the double façade of stone. However, as the blade descends it makes a slight scraping noise alerting those below that something is coming. A successful dexterity check avoids the falling blade entirely and all damage. Failing the dexterity save the victim is struck. The Castle Keeper must make a "to hit" roll. The blade swings as a 4 HD monster. A successful hit and the victim suffer 1-20 points of damage. Characters may attempt to disarm the trap (CL 4).

The blade is tall and affectively blocks 50% of the tunnel, making passage over it difficult.

3 ENTRY HALL & WELL

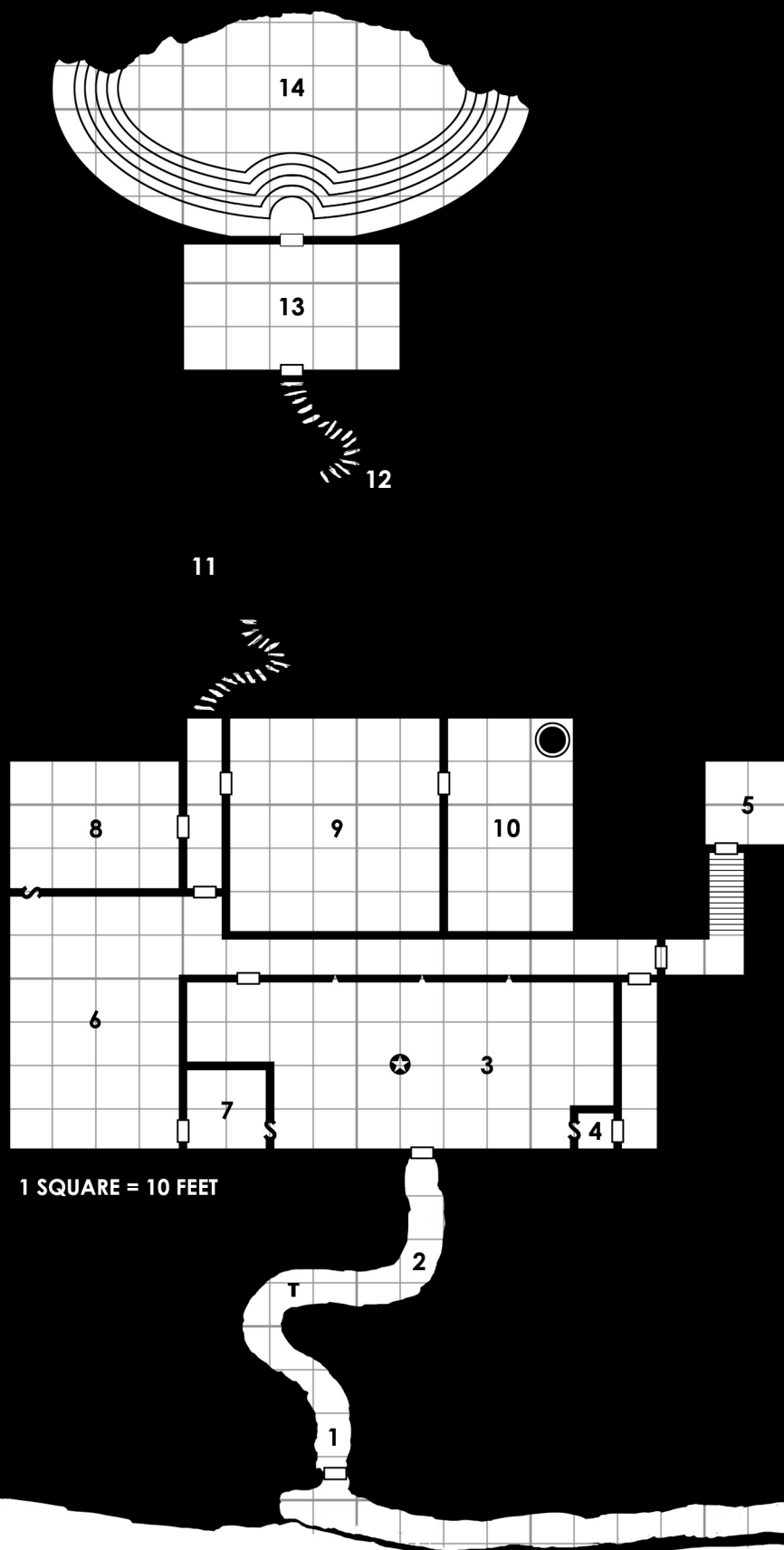
This large chamber served as a greeting hall for visitors. A statue of the All Father dominates the room, set in a pool of cool water.

The door gives way with a groan and a light spills into the room, chasing away ancient shadows. The grim visage of an elderly man, bearded and naked, a long scepter in his hand greets your entry. It takes only a moment for you to realize that it is a statue, sitting upon a throne of stone.

The Entry Hall has several benches lining the walls. These are stone benches, made as part of the wall itself and cannot be removed or moved. Geometric patterns cover the walls. The remnants of some wooden furniture stand overturned in the middle of the room, so decayed that touching it turn is to splinters. The statue in the middle of the room is set upon a throne, sitting in a kingly fashion, looking at the door. He holds a scepter, also of stone, in his right hand; his left is on his knee. The throne itself sets in a pool of water several feet deep, fed from an underground spring.

There is nothing of value in the room. The water is cool and refreshing, very drinkable.

No obvious exit greets the entrants; however, there are two secret doors in the room. A detailed look along the walls may reveal a door frame cut into the south-west corner of the room (DC 3). Once they find the door the latch is easy to see. The other secret door is well concealed (DC 10), designed to open only from room 5. If by some lucky stroke someone discovers the secret door, it will not open for them. This door was designed by the dwarves to use when intruders came into the Entry Hall, so that they could attack them from both directions.



There are several small openings in the back wall, wide at the opening but that narrow to small points. Anyone vaguely experienced with siege works recognizes these as arrow slits. They were used by the dwarves to shoot at anyone in the Entry Hall from the hall way.

4 CLOAK ROOM

This room is empty, though stone pegs line the walls. A few old satchels and straps hang from them. They are covered in dust and webbing. A look within them reveals very old personal items such as combs, foods stuffs, flask, etc. There is nothing of value here and the door to the hall way is open.

5 KENNELS

This simple room held the dogs that the dwarves used in battle and hunting. There are 12 cages, stacked on top of one another on the north wall. These cages have iron water and food bowls in them. The bones of dogs lie upon the floor of several of the cages. The animals starved to death when the dungeon fell to the Ordag. However, the evil of the creature has permeated the place and the dog's slow death turned into a vicious rage that the evil consumed, morphing into a shadow creature that lingered in the deeps, locked in the room.

As soon as the door opens the beast snarls, bays loudly and leaps at the characters. He knocks them down in a mad rush to break free from the room, running amok in the dungeon, barking, baying, and howling. Eventually, he comes back to the characters to kill them.

NOTE: the mastiff is a perfect wandering monster that the enterprising CK might use later in the adventure to spur the characters on or weaken them or even attack them after the final encounter with the Ordag.

***SHADOW MASTIFF** (This neutral evil creature's vital stats are HD 4d8, HP 23, AC 14. Their primary attributes are physical. They attack with a sing bite for 2d4 points of damage. They are able to blend with darkness, have a bay attack that can cause fear for those who fail their save, as well as trip their opponents. They have darkvision 60 feet.)*

6 BARRACKS

The door to this room is closed but unlocked; the second door that leads deeper into the dungeon is open.

This large room served the inhabitants as an armory, barracks, and a practice yard. The walls here are slightly higher than the rest of the dungeon, ranging about 10 feet high. Upon the ceiling are 7 stone bed frames, evenly placed. Another 3 bed frames hang on chains from the ceiling; each with 4 chains that vanish into small holes above. These are the beds of the dwarves; they could raise or lower them as needed. A pulley system connects the chains to the bed frames through the ceiling and wall that allows the user to lower them to the floor or raise them up again. The turn wheel for each is located on the wall, even to where it lowers. The beds were raised when not in use, allowing the hall to serve as a practice yard.

18 CASTLES & CRUSADES

Weapon racks line the walls of the room; many of them still holding the weapons of old. There are helms, shields, suites of armor; swords, axes, pole-arms, maces, crossbows, javelins and spears. There are many gaps in the racks however, and some are laying on the floor as if whoever lived here gathered their weapons in a hurry.

Each of the beds has a closed trunk built into the frame. This trunk, only 2' by 18" served the dwarves' personal storage needs. All of them are locked. If the characters open them they discover any number of personal items and some wealth. In each of them are the following items: comb, iron battle braids (for binding beards in battle), spoon, whetstone, flint & steel, various pieces of clothing, socks and the like. Five of them contain pouches with 2d12gp in them. The gold is ancient, worth 4 times the value to an antiques dealer in any metropolitan area. One of them has a *luckstone* in it and another has 2 *cure light wounds* potions in small flasks, and a *protection from evil* potion.

7 GUARD ROOM

This very simple room is a watch room for the Entry Hall. A door, clearly visible stands in the south-west corner of the room (this is the secret door that only opens in). A latch allows easy entry. The room has a thin wall that allows sound from the Entry Hall to carry through and 2 elaborate peep holes and one arrow slit.

There is nothing of value or interest in this room.

8 BAEI'S CHAMBERS

These are Bael's personal chambers. The room is mostly empty but extremely cold, much more so than the rest of the dungeon.

A very austere man, Bael did not decorate his room with lavish accoutrements. At the far end of the room is a stone bench that served as his bed. Upon it are several thick blankets and a coarse pillow. These are wonderfully made, though not magical. Though they have withstood the test of time any extensive use of them destroys them. Along one wall stands a dwarf sized mannequin, obviously designed to hold armor and weapons.

Two stone stools sit next to a coal burning stove. A pipe and a chain mail tobacco pouch are lying on top of the stove.

He kept what few personal belongings he had in the Treasure Room (see 14 below).

The room, however, is occupied by the ghost of the Dwarf Lord himself. He lingers in half life, hanging on the edge of the world. He is mad, not knowing whether he is alive or dead and thirsts now only for the hope of reclaiming his axe. As soon as the party enters the room he sees them and gravitates toward them. He is invisible and unless someone can magically see him they do not at first know he is there. However, the longer they stay in the room the greater chance of detecting him. After 5 rounds everyone in the room must make a wisdom save to see if they detect his form. If they do, it is only with their peripheral vision. As soon as he is noticed, he hurls himself at them. He picks whosoever he discerns might be worthy to pick up his axe. A dwarf is always his first choice, fighters come a quick second. The ghost enters the body of the "victim", merging himself with the victim and then is seen no more.

The Castle Keeper should determine which character is likely to get and use the axe and have Bael merge with that character.

The recipient of the ghost feels strangely renewed, powerful, and less fearful. They see the image of a magical axe and have a longer to hold it. The feelings are also warm and somehow comforting. They do not feel aggrieved in any way, more as if they are doing a service to someone.

The full affects of the ghost are revealed below in **room 14 the Treasure Room**, below.

9 FEAST HALL

The dwarves used this large hall for feasts, celebrations, to entertain guests, play games, etc. One large table dominates the center of the room. The table is stone, and crafted to the floor. The chairs are stone as well. A huge candelabra hangs from the ceiling directly over the table. And a large cupboard, filled with pewter utensils, plates, bowls, and mugs stands in the southwest corner.

A shimmering tapestry covers the whole of the north wall. Upon quick glance, it depicts a dwarf carrying a large axe, leading a troop of inspired dwarves. Before are other dwarves, though these seem somehow corrupted and evil. However, when the viewer moves, the view portrayed changes as well. As you walk down the length of the curtain a story unfolds, changing as if these were pictures on the edges of a paper and the viewer were flipping through them.

The story relates a battle between two factions of dwarves. Through the use of the axe the Dwarf Lord casts down the evil dwarves.

The curtain is made of uthlin steel, and serves to divide the feast hall from a more private area. It is 10 feet high and 50 feet long. It hangs on a bronze pole hanging from the ceiling. The metal itself is almost weightless, the whole curtain piled up weighing little more than 100 pounds. It completely blocks out sound and light once someone is on the other side. Each strand is threaded through the pole. Extracting them all requires hours and hours of work. Though if the curtain is retrieved its value is immense. Dwarves pay huge sums of money for a few square yards of the material, smiths use it to decorate armor and pommels of swords; artists use it to rend their masterpieces. But the material is almost impossible to find as the manners in which people fashioned it were lost long ago. Each square foot is worth about 100gp.

There is no great chair, or separate table, Bael always sat with his men at the table.

10 KITCHEN

The kitchen area is in shambles. The dwarves marshaled in a hurry and left food cooking in the room. The cabinets eventually caught fire and the whole place went up. The door did not burn through before the fire choked out, so the blaze remained within this one room. Everything is burnt or partially burnt.

The room is not unoccupied however, for the damage, wood, old food stuffs when combined with the water from the working well in the room created the perfect conditions for green slime to grow. Several of them have lingered in the room for years, feeding on the moisture

that rises from the well. There are three of the patches, all clinging to the ceiling. As soon as anyone enters the room the slime becomes agitated, falling from the ceiling onto the unfortunates below.

GREEN SLIME x 3 *(These neutral creature's vital stats are HD 8d8, HP12, 19, 31, AC 10. They have no primary attributes. They do not attack, but only react to being contacted. When touched it converts any organic material into green slime within 1-4 rounds or 10 turns for wood or metal; stone is unaffected. It can be killed by fire, cold, or a cure disease spell.)*

There is an iron lock box in the room. It lays hidden under the giant iron stove where the fire originated. Badly burnt and corroded it proves difficult to open (CL 2). Velvet lines the interior of the trunk, giving the treasure within a comfortable bed. There are 10 platinum pieces laying in the box; next to them lies a small *horn of blasting*.

11 THE DOOR

The door here is an open space, without door at all. Looking out one can see an infinite expanse of nothingness, the Void. This realm has neither light nor darkness; it is nothingness, empty and void of all things.

Your light spills down the hallway, warming the flagstones of the floor, following the contours of the walls. The dungeon's shadows flee before you. But where they flee your light does not go. For suddenly your light ends, pooling at the end of the hallway. Just upon the edge of your torch light, there is a doorway. It appears open. Approaching the door an amazing sight greets you; before you, stretched out as far as you can see is a great patch of emptiness. This is the void. Through it, as if set upon nothing, floating in nothing, rises a set of narrow steps. They climb into the emptiness until they vanish from site.

The door overlooks the Void and the stairs are the Winding Stairs, leading up to the Dragon Hall.

12 THE WINDING STAIR

This steps rise for an undetermined distance until they end at the Dragon Hall. There is no time, no distance in the Void, no method of measurement. The stairs go on for a great while. The characters do not feel hunger or thirst, but are vaguely aware of a great gulf between them and the world beyond.

If someone falls off and is unsecured they plummet into nothingness. They do not gain speed but they fall away, drifting off into eternity until rescued by some magical means.

13 DRAGON HALL

The stairs end abruptly, without warning or site for the characters. They suddenly find themselves standing upon a narrow ledge overlooking the emptiness, and before a door of bronze. The door is large, well worked with runes and glyphs and appears remarkably heavy. It is slightly ajar, opening freely with a simple shove from the interlopers. The runes read "Bael's Hall."

The door opens to a cold room where your breath hangs in the still air. Before your eyes unfolds a waste of such carnage that it numbs your senses. Some power, bending itself in malice has created a room of lavish luxury, of silks and divans, into a room of torture and death. A charnel house stands here now, with the bodies of dwarves strewn about the floor, piteously hacked to pieces, twisted, malformed, strung out all about the room. Here one hangs from the ceiling, there another is torn asunder and more besides. A blinding rage consumes you, an anger you cannot control.

The Ordag met the dwarves here and slaughtered them. All but two fell in this room and she decorated the chambers with the horror of their fall. Bael and one of his men broke through in a hopeless attempt to seize the axe and wield it against her, but they fell in the Treasure room beyond.

There is nothing of value in this room, for the Ordag gathered it all up and carted it into the Treasure Room, where she has made her den.

14 TREASURE ROOM

The door from room 13 opens up and into a large chamber with only a half ceiling. The door stands at the foot of a dais that rises some 15 feet, up at least 30 stairs. The stairs range the full length of the room. Moving up the steps the half ceiling is plain to see, beyond it, there is no vaulted cavern, but rather the Great Empty of the Void. Unlike the Winding Stair this room is cold.

At the top of the dais the floor levels out, and the party sees the pool of water, built upon the edge of the room, upon the very edge

of the Void. It was here, so long ago, that Bael hid his axe. And it was here too that Bael died, and with him, his companion, both of whom lie upon the floor, dressed in their full battle armor, helms, and shields. The smaller of the two is impaled on a long spear. The larger, Bael, kneels upon the floor a trail of fresh blood upon the floor next to him. In his hand is a thick-bladed short sword. His helm's visor is down and his long beard protrudes from the helm. Next to him, lying on the flagstones is a large, single bladed axe.

As the characters mount the dais, the water of the pool begins to ripple and the Ordag, a succubus, rises from the water. This creature is very powerful, however, Bael wounded her tremendously, cleaving one of her wings almost in half, destroying her ability to entrance with it.

She will attempt to use her glamour and spells, convincing the characters to take her from the area and back into the world. She uses her glamour and charm abilities. She cannot cross into the void unless summoned or carried through the portal. As soon as the party brings her over, if they are so foolish, she attacks them.

Treasure: The succubus has nothing of her own other than the +3 glaive. But she kept Bael's treasure intact. Within the hold and upon the two dwarves are the following: +2 plate mail, +1 shield, +1 helm, +2 short sword (on Bael); +1 scale and +1 battle axe (on henchman); within the pool there is: 40gp, 120sp in a pouch, a chest of gems, 300 10gp gems, 1 1000gp gem; there is also a scroll of 1-8, 1st level spells and another of 4 2nd level spells, a remove curse potion, a +1 dagger, +1 mace, and the Blood Axe of Bael.



NEW MONSTERS

DAKMOUR WYRM

NO. APPEARING: 1

SIZE: L

HD: 6 (d8)

MOVE: xx ft.

AC: 12

ATTACKS: Four tentacles (1d4 each), Bite (1-8)

SPECIAL: Blood Drain, Constriction, Darkvision, Improved Grab, Slam

SAVES: P

INT: Inferior

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil

TYPE: Dragon

TREASURE: 6

XP: 540 + 6

The dakmour is a strange snake-like lesser dragon that is highly adapted to jungle or forest environments. Ranging up to 36 feet long, with a girth that averages about 5 feet in diameter, this legless dragon is heavy and not very mobile on the ground. However, four large and long tentacles located several feet behind the head allow the creature to move through a forest canopy with ease. By using its tentacles, tail and body the creature moves through the lower, heavy branches quite quickly. The green-yellow pattern of its skin makes it well suited for the forest environment, giving it the ability to blend in with the surrounding foliage and stalk its prey. These creatures are possessed of some little intelligence, and are aware enough to understand a lust for killing things.

These lesser dragons take great pleasure in killing and are always on the hunt. Though they have no dens, they generally have very limited hunting ranges, less than 2 or 3 square miles, and they always return to the same place to eat their prey, a spot somewhat removed from where it hunts. It leaves any remains of its victims in piles and heaps where wild dogs or other scavengers pick the bones.

COMBAT: The dakmour generally hunts its prey by laying in ambush in the lower canopy of trees and striking when something passes beneath. They pull the prey-victim into the tree if they can, if not they fall out of the tree and coil about the creature. These heavy beasts fight with an absolute wild abandon, lashing about with their torsos, biting, engulfing victims with their tentacles and constricting them. They constantly roll over, coil upon themselves and victims, uncoil, and recoil again. They never stop moving. They are able to attack two opponents at a time and are immune to sneak or back attack unless they are caught unawares. They prefer to attack with a bite and tentacle attack, pulling a victim in, coiling about them, biting again, and squeezing them with their tentacles.

Blood Drain: The tentacles of a dakmour wurm possess scores of large suckers that attach to their prey. The attachment is brutal and causes the skin to hemorrhage so severely as to cause blood blisters. Each round after a successful strike a tentacle automatically inflicts 1d2 points of damage per round. It does so until the victim breaks free.

Constriction: On a successful attack by three or more tentacles and a tail whip, the dakmour wurm can attempt to entwine and

constrict an opponent. On the round following the successful attacks, the wurm makes a grappling attack against that opponent. If successful, the dakmour entwines its victim and begins squeezing them. This constriction prevents all movement, restrains the victim's limbs, and crushes the victim for 1d10 points of damage per round. It can both bite and cause blood drain while it's constricting.

Improved Grab: When a dakmour wurm strikes with one of its tentacles, an opponent must make a successful strength save or suffer the creature's grasp. A creature held in this way suffers automatic blood-drain damage each subsequent round. After a held creature suffers automatic blood-drain damage in a given round, it can attempt another strength save to break free of the creature's clutches.

Slam: If the dakmour wurm manages to successfully hit and hold a victim with two or more of its tentacles or is able to launch a constriction attack, then it can slam the victim for 1d6 points of extra damage.

THE DAKMOUR WYRM IN AIHRDE

Dakmour wyrms are very prolific lesser dragons. Encountered throughout the tropical and temperate zones due to their highly adaptable nature, dakmour wyrms are the terror of many regions. Thief guilds the world over prize the suckers of the dakmour wyrms, for they can be used as climbing tools for a limited time, much like a hand claw. The tentacle's suckers are thick and durable and do not rot for several months. The suckers are attached to an open-ended leather sheaf. This sheaf is placed over the hands and gives the climber added security (+2 per sheaf used) on their climb. They cost 25gp per sheaf and are good for four usages before they wear out.

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 feliul 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.

IKLE DEMON

NO. APPEARING: 1

SIZE: Small

HD: 1(d6)

MOVE: 20 ft.

AC: 14

ATTACKS: Choke for 1d4 points of damage

SPECIAL: Engulf, Incorporeal

SAVES: M

INT: Low

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil

TYPE: DEMON

TREASURE: Nil

XP: 25

Ikle demons have no particular shape or form. Upon first glance they look like a wisp of dark smoke, though a more careful observation reveals the vague shape of a man or woman's face, captured with a look of extreme fear. This terror is so written into the parchment of their expression that it leaves the viewer cold. They smell like burnt tar, so that anyone within a few feet is left with an acidic taste in their mouths.

These small creatures come from the negative planes. They are the evil spirits of petty criminals cursed to spend eternity in the shadows. They are numerous and found almost anywhere. Ikle demons are terrified of everything around them and seek only to hide from any light. However, if suddenly unearthed or exposed in some ways they do attack.

Though they are not technically undead, a cleric can turn them. Holy water does 1d8 points of damage on the creature.

COMBAT: When pressed, the ikle demons attack the nearest person to them by launching at their face. They attempt to engulf them. If they succeed, they enter the victim's mouth and nose, attempting to choke them. If left alone, it flees to the nearest darkest corner it can find.

Engulf: If an opponent is struck by an ikle demon, the creature engulfs the victim's head. The opponent must make a successful dexterity save in order to avoid damage. If they succeed they take no damage, if they fail the demon enters their throat and nose and begins choking them for 1d4 points of damage a round. Each round thereafter, the victim can make a dexterity check to see if they manage to break free from the creature's grasp. The victim cannot attempt to break free and take another action in any given round.

THE IKLE DEMON IN AIHRDE

Though most commonly encountered in the Shadow Realm, the ikle demons dwell everywhere. Cursed by their life's actions their souls wander without direction, forever denied access to the Dreaming or the Stone Fields. Ushered from the light by their own fears, they hide in dark places far from the roving minds of men. They are often captured by wizards, sorcerers, priests, dwarven smiths, goblins, shamans and the like and used as guardians.

ORBUT

NO. APPEARING: 1-6

SIZE: Large

HD: 2(d8)

MOVE: Nil

AC: 12

ATTACKS: Acidic bite (1d4)

SPECIAL: Acid, Swallow

SAVES: Mental

INT: Nil

ALIGNMENT: Neutral

TYPE: MAGICAL

TREASURE: 2

XP: 40

The orbut is a large semi-translucent creature. It consists of little more than a thick stem, that ranges up to 8 feet in length, and a wide mouth. The mouth caps the stem much as does the venus fly trap plant. The upper and lower jaws are lined with hundreds of small cilia, stem-like appendages that hang down from its maw. These appendages serve as the creature's only sense, warning it of motion.

The orbut grow in small pods, primarily in dungeons and are the result of the magic left over from spent spells, destroyed magic items or fallen magical creatures. The residue of most magic lingers long after it is gone and from time to time it coalesces into a semi-living creature. The orbut can grow on almost any surface, from floors to ceilings, in and out of water, and in any temperature environment.

Orbut are hard to see, their skin is so translucent and flexible that they are often mistaken for slime or moisture. A sure sign of the orbut is the sickly stench that permeates them and the acidic dropping left over from dissolving a victim. If one looks directly at an orbut, even one fully extended, they can see right through it, though things on the other side of the creature are distorted as if looking through rippled glass.

COMBAT: They attack anything that moves near them, whether it is living or not. They generally lay against the wall, or hang from the ceiling flatly contracted. When something moves beneath them they strike, swallow it, and begin breaking it down.

Camouflage: Orbut's are nearly translucent and can conceal themselves exceptionally well in their normal environment. When concealed and motionless, they receive a +5 bonus to hide checks, and +10 to surprise checks.

Swallow Whole: When the orbut attacks with its bite, a natural roll of 20 indicates that the intended victim (of small or medium size) is swallowed. Digestion begins immediately. Powerful corrosive acids will cause 1d6 hit points of damage each round, and will destroy non-metal goods and equipment. A victim with a small-edged weapon can attempt to cut free of the beast's gullet. These attempts automatically hit, but suffer -3 to all damage rolls due to the confining and constricting space.

THE ORBUT IN AIHRDE

The orbut are common creatures in Aihilde, remnants of the long reign of the dwarven peoples over Aihilde. Their many hundreds of dungeons, often built with magic or through magical means, created the perfect environment for these creatures. Many wizards have taken to capturing them and using them as guardians or pets for their towers or magic depositories.

SUCCUBUS

NO. APPEARING: 1 (1d6)

SIZE: M

HD: 6(d8)

MOVE: 30 ft., 60 ft. (fly)

AC: 18

ATTACKS: 2 claw (1d4), tail (1d2), bite (1), by weapon (+3 to hit and damage)

SPECIAL: Charm, Glamour, Immunity to Elements, Insanity, Sleep, Spell-like Abilities

SAVES: M

INT: High

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil

TYPE: Demon

TREASURE: 7

XP: 1600+8

The succubus has two forms. In reality, she is a beastly creature, thin, malformed, and possessed of a horrible stench as of rotting fruit. Her face is drawn, narrow, barely containing her humanoid features. Her chest sags in, bones protruding through the thin gossamer of her skin. Beneath her ribs her stomach distends like a horrid pouch, filled with the souls of the unfortunates she has devoured. To most however, she does not seem so horrid, more like a beautiful woman, shapely and perfect. Her long hair covers her shoulders and her form is always cast in folds of silk that tantalize the viewer. In either form she has massive bat like wings, they unfold behind her, spreading out like two massive canopies, black and empty. Her wings are conduits to the outer planes, looking within their black depths are dangerous and many a man has gone mad doing so.

Two motives drive the succubus. She is continually hungry; desiring to eat the souls of humans more than anything else, though dwarves serve her in a pinch. Elves and the other fey hold little interest for her, other than, of course, slaying them. They are driven by a hate as well, for they know their race, spawned in the depths of the abyss, are failed and they long for what they are not, pure and whole. So they hate all things and the fact that they must disguise themselves to interact with other creatures, drives their hate even further.

They are almost always alone, though on occasion they gather in the covers, pressed into service by a more powerful demon or devil, or by one of their own. Wizards at times are able to bind them, but this as is always is a dangerous endeavor, for these creatures are unadulterated evil. Like all of their kind they are not able to forgive, they have no conscience, no feelings, are driven by no motives other than hunger and hate.

COMBAT: The succubus always attempts to charm its victim through its glamour. Casting herself as a beautiful maiden she calls the

unfortunate for aid or succor. They travel with the victim if necessary, luring it into a sense of safety before they strike. They attempt to kiss the victim if they can, casting their sleep upon it. In any case they feed on it, slowly if they can, draining its life force. But if pushed into open combat, the succubus fights as a warrior. They always carry a pole-arm of some description, usually a glaive. The glaive is a +3 weapon. When pressed she reveals her true form, dropping the glamour, shifting into that horrible, stench riddled shape.

Glamour: The succubus can assume the form of a beautiful woman and keep that form indefinitely. If horribly pressed the glamour falls away and the creature's true nature is revealed; spells such as *true seeing* remove the glamour as well. In death the glamour falls away. Succubuses are immune to other form-changing effects unless they wish to be affected.

Immune to Elements: The succubus are extra-planar creatures that are possessed of natural immunities to the elements. As such all fire and cold based attacks do an automatic half damage.

Insanity: Whenever the succubus first opens her wings anyone viewing her from the front must make a successful wisdom save or the hypnotic patterns of darkness immobilize them. The wing's effects act in all manner as a *hold person* spell. The victim must make a saving throw each round. If they fail four consecutive saving throws they suffer a mental lapse and lose their minds, becoming insane, collapsing to the ground, wailing, and weeping. Only a *remove curse* can bring them back. The succubus mostly keeps her wings spread, and the victim must maintain a clear line of site to the wings. Thrusting a shield, or any similar item, between the victim and the wings breaks the wing's effects.

Sleep: If a succubus is able to kiss her victim on the lips the victim must make a successful charisma save or fall into a deep sleep. They cannot be woken from this sleep by ordinary means; rather a *dispel magic*, *remove curse*, *heal* or other similar spell must be applied.

Spell-Like Abilities: *Charm person* (3/day), *emotion* (1/day), *hallucinatory terrain* (3/day), *hypnotic pattern* (1/day), and *tongue* (permanent). She casts as a 10th level caster.

IN AIHRDE

Created in the great empty in the All Father's youth these creatures proved displeasing to him for their minds were twisted and he cast them off into the void. There they dwelt in a vast ball of writhing wings and limbs, clinging to one another in hatred and spite, hungry and desperate. When the world came to be they lingered on the edge of the Great Empty, filled with envy. Some slipped through, others were summoned; others refused and fought the calling of the magi. When Unklar came to rule and built the Winter's Dark he called upon the succubus to join him in Aufstrag. Some attempted to lure him into their own evil and he cast them aside and through them all out, slaying them where he could find them. The rest fled from his wrath, some lingering in the Void, others entering the abyss of the Shadow Realms.

The succubus are very intelligent and they share collective memories, each one experiences the triumphs and the failings of their sisters. So they all, as a group, long for life in the world, for there they see plenty of food and an almost infinite supply of victims to torture.

It is said that it was a succubus that seduced Kain the Godless in the Age of the Sorcerers; also it is known to the learned that the same creature seduced Luther the Dreaming Knight and that unholy union begat his son Morgeld the Black Prince.

NEW MAGIC ITEMS

Bag of 12: This magical bag has 12 golden coins in it. There are six types of coins in it, two of each kind. Each type has the number 1 engraved in dwarven runes on one side and a pictograph engraved on the other. The pictographs are: several iron bars, bundled wheat with a dead bull beneath them, a rope and grapple, a book, a symbol of the All Father, and two hands shaking. These pictographs represent strength, constitution, dexterity, intelligence, wisdom, and charisma. When two of the same coins are held tightly in the palm the holder gains a +1 on that attribute check.

Blood Axe of Bael: This axe predates much of recorded history. Forged in the deeps of Glausumhart the axe came into the possession of the Dwarf Lord Bael. He carried it with him into the mountains where it was lost to history.

The axe is able, when wielded by a lawful or chaotic good creature, to give the wielder the detect surface thoughts ability, knowing the minds of men. It is most useful in battle, determining when an army is ready to flee or fight. Since the death of Bael, his spirit possessed the axe and when used by a good aligned creature it is able to resurrect that creature once a week. If the wielder is struck dead, any number below -10, the axe infuses them with a sense of life and they come back to life. The wielder must roll a d20, adding the result to their present hit points, even if negative. For example: Stark has been knocked to -12 hit points by a massive blow to the chest. The axe takes control and he rolls a d20 with a result of 14. In the following round Stark lurches back to life with 2 hit points. If the result of the d20 does not bring them back to life, then they remain at their hit points, negative or dead.

Blutsut: This is a hair freely given from a dwarf's beard. When so given, the hair is imbued with magical properties. When properly used, they impart a +1 to any item they are used upon. They must be tied around an item and that item must be made of wood. If the hair touches anything metal it eradicates the bonus. This includes metal armor that the weapon the blutsut is tied upon touches. As soon as it touches metal, it loses its magical properties.



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 scholars. 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.

Dwarven Glory is a series of fast play adventure stories. Each adventure is playable as a one shot scenario. Dwarven Glory takes place in the world of Aihrde in the southern Rhodope Mountains, the Smoking Giants, specifically within the edge of the Darkenfold forest. These mountains lie on the far western edges of the world map as supplied by Troll Lord Games. Usage of Dwarven Glory in other settings or transplanted anywhere in Aihrde is as easy as finding an old mountain chain on your map.

There are three adventures included within: The Looking Stone, Wyrms Well and The Winding Stair.

~The Looking Stone is an adventure for a smattering of characters of levels 4-6. The party is confronted by ancient dwarven guardians and the dead like they have never encountered before.

~Wyrms Well is a short dungeon adventure designed for 3-5 2nd level characters. The Wyrms Well is a long buried dwarven dungeon haunted by the creatures of yesterday. Explore the depths of the Wyrms Well and learn why even Dwarves may come to fear the dark.

~The Winding Stair is a short dungeon adventure designed for 3-5 3rd or 4th level characters. Bael the Dwarf Lord carried into those mountains a great axe, an heirloom of sorts, given to him during one of his many adventures, by one of the Val-Eahrakun, long ago. But Bael is long gone and his memory faded from the earth. But the refuge he built for himself and his precious axe remain as forgotten ruins in the tall mountains. There upon a lonely a path where the wind battles with time for the destruction of the world lies the Winding Stair.



This module contains
3 adventures of
different levels. Some
overland, dungeon.



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