

CASLES[®] & CRUSADES

THE HEART OF GLASS



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THE HEART OF GLASS

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FOR THE GREATER GOOD

“And this is what you would have of me?”

The Paladin sighed, looking to the ground. “I would not bring this upon you . . . If I could, I would suffer your damnation!” He shook his head, “But . . . there is nothing else that we may do.”

Malcom of Helliwell turned away. “You’re a bastard. But of course you know this.” He looked to his hands. Wrinkles and bones, they no longer bore the strength to wield a blade or heft a shield. How had this come to pass, he mused, his youth stolen in so few years. In days he aged months, in month’s years. There was no doubt some eldritch magic involved, somehow involved with the wars. He stood upon the brink of death, and he knew it.

And now they needed him. They needed his life prolonged for some spell or some such. Somehow he was the key.

“How long do I have, mage?”

The old wizard shook his head. His voice was cool and calm, “A day, two at the most. You either take Sagamore’s way or we bury you and the power you carry.”

“And the world would die? And men would suffer. And no doubt, the cows would not come home.” He looked about him, searching for his flask and the comfort it held.

“No. No. The world will not die. But the wars will go on, and the fight will be harder. Many will die and suffer for the want of your courage.”

Malcom turned then, “Want of courage? You ask me to enter the lair of the beast, to surrender all that is mine and give him my . . . my everything? This to keep me alive for your precious war? I will not die, but rather, I will live! But what kind of life? You see him, feeding off the blood of others, feasting upon those he should help! You would damn me to an eternity of this! You question my courage?”

The mage looked on, impassive, but the Paladin spoke. “You must decide Malcom. Only you may make this decision. But I tell you this; I shall slay you in the end. And you shall have no pain that is to be borne in this world. And Durendale will open his arms to you.”

“Curses upon Durendale. Curses upon you. Curses upon your misbegotten war.” He coughed, sagging against his own staff. He was so old. “Damn you all.”

Malcom of Helliwell turned to the broken ruins of the castle once more. The snow swirled around him, obscuring his vision. The smell of fear hung in the air. There was something else, the smell of death. Black clouds rumbled in the sky. It was so cold, he thought, so very cold.

He left them there, standing in the snow. He entered the castle where the beast lived. Sagamore the Vampire, a creature called by the priests, the necratur, once strode the world as a great sorcerer. But now his path was an evil one for he lived as a beast feasting upon the living.

They watched as he vanished beneath the awnings of the ruined gate. The screams of his pain and horror carried over the barren wastes and into the ice-bound wilds. So Malcom of Helliwell, knight and paladin of the Holy Defenders, sacrificed his place in heaven for the greater good of the world. So Malcom of Helliwell gained immortality and became a vampire, all for the greater good.

AWAIT AND READ NO MORE

There can be but one,
Who unravels this knot,
For the game to run!
Which Troll Lords begot?
So wait, hold you still,
Keep your tongue,
Unless your grist, for the gaming mill!
Until a Troll Bell has rung!
If that bell does ring, you’ll see,
So players, back and away
That a Master of Games you be.
From this Troll’s work, stay.
The Master alone must read and employ,
For the players the game to thoroughly enjoy.

USING THE MODULE’S ADVENTURE

“Heart of Glass” is an adventure setting for fantasy role play. The module is designed for a group of 3-6 characters of levels 4-6. The lower the level of the characters, the larger the party should be in size (i.e., 6 characters of level 4, 5 characters of level 5, and 3 or 4 characters of level 6). A well-rounded party would be helpful, but at least one rogue is necessary.

The adventure takes place in the Sea Towns of Ihlsa: Ra-veen, Nochi, and Capayrnha. Portions of each town are detailed, including economy, government, persons of note, guilds, and places of interest. The adventure, the events surrounding the magical Heart of Glass, provides a backdrop to the towns, and serves to introduce both the CK and Players to what should develop into a fun and robust setting that offers many nights of enjoyment and play. Each part of the Heart of Glass lends itself to ready play, however, for adventure purposes, the CK should at least skim the module in order to familiarize themselves with the adventure setting’s structure.

ADVENTURE SUMMARY

The “Heart of Glass” is a dark adventure that pits the party against thieves, assassins and other denizens of the night. It takes place in the back alleys and abandoned neighborhoods of the Sea Towns of Ihlsa. There, amidst the twisted, jumbled streets of the Three Cities, one can buy anything, or anybody, for a price. The party must penetrate this reclusive world, and unravel its mysteries in order to upset the plans of Malcom of Helliwell and retrieve the magical artifact which he so ardently desires.

Malcom of Helliwell is a Vampire who has come to the city of Capayrnha (one of the Three Cities), and established his family. A one time paladin of the Holy Defenders of the Flame, Malcom fell victim to Sagamore, the father of all Vampires, and the machinations of the gods during the Winter Dark Wars. He has spent the last sixty years feeding upon the living. The rituals of his kind are abhorrent to Malcom, but he cannot stop himself for his hunger is too great. Above all things, Malcom desires redemption for his long life and his heinous deeds.

Death eludes him, however, for he was “turned” while in the service of another, and his soul never found damnation, but rather, his soul lingers in the body still. This has made him an unnaturally powerful Vampire, for these creatures walk the world soulless. In

order to achieve his desires and release his soul to the judgment of his gods, Malcom knows that he must cure himself of the ever-nagging hunger for blood and flesh.

His researches uncovered a magic item, the Heart of Glass, which grants its wielder freedom from all of life's needs, even earthly desires. Malcom's sole purpose became to locate the magic item so that he could use its power for his own designs. Eventually, he tracked the item down to the Sea Towns of Ihlsa, where a sorceress, Ie-blond, lived in possession of the item. Malcom immediately traveled to the region and set himself up as a landed aristocrat. He brought his Household with him. The Vampire clan soon established himself in the town of Nochi. Almost immediately, trouble began as people began to disappear and people began seeing strange beasts, wolves and the like in the towns.

Malcom realized that he must provide some kind of cover for the activities of his Clan. In order to do this, he has established a thieves guild, the NachtKrichen (roughly, "night thieves"), to provide his folk cover and to aid him in searching the towns for the fabled item. Unbeknownst to the vampire, the Three Cities are traditionally open hunting grounds for burglars, thieves and the like. There, all thieves are freelancers, and the coming of the NachtKrichen has drawn the whole underground community very close to war.

With war spreading across the underworld of the Sea Towns, the Vampire sent his minions to Edenvol to steal the magical gem. In order to achieve this he sent his minions to the tower. They fell upon the sorceress in surprise and drove her from the tower. They retrieved a golden yellow gem from the Study and the Vampire, Ivar Jonavich, bore it back to the University where Malcom has taken up residence. But the gem was not the actual Heart of Glass but rather a plant, a spell of magics of Ie-blond's making to fool the foolhardy. Some few saw the Vampire stealing through the city streets, carrying the false Heart to a soon to be angry master (see cover picture).

When the failure became obvious, many of Malcom's minions returned to the Edenvol, keeping the mage from returning while ever searching for the artifact.

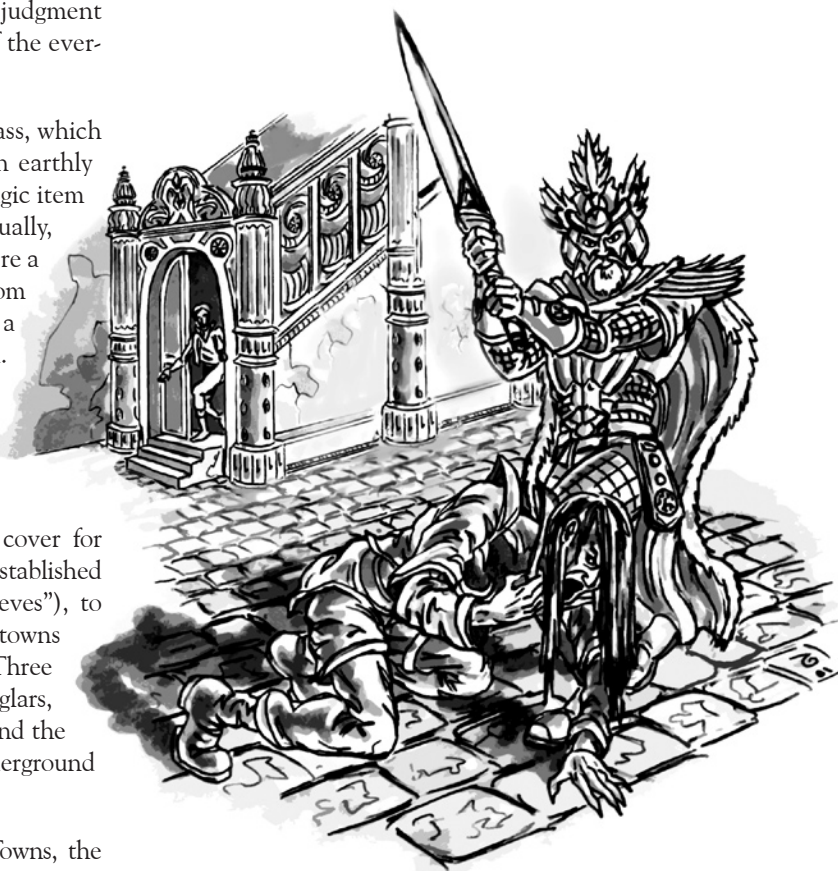
It is into this maelstrom that the adventure thrusts players.

PLAYER'S OBJECTIVE

The players' objective is three fold. First, they must prevent the Vampire from gaining possession of the magical Heart of Glass by entering the Edenvol, or in case the Vampire gains it, they must retrieve it and return it to the wizardess Ie-blond. Secondly, they must upset Malcom's attempts at establishing a thieves' guild and return the night to the Freetraders. To do this, they must overcome the Vampire's fledgling thieves' guild, the NachtKrichen, and in the process avoid being assassinated by the Crna Ruk or rousing the dreaded wizard-priests of Umbra. And above all, they should offer Malcom some hope of redemption, either through the magical Heart or through some other recourse of their own design.

SETTING AND PLACEMENT OF HEART OF GLASS

As with all TLG adventures, the "Heart of Glass" adventure setting occurs in the World of Aihrde. Its design however, allows it to fit into any campaign setting. Conversion to other worlds



is relatively easy. Place the towns a coastal region with a large population. The city districts are generic enough that language and names can be redundant in your own setting. Use any evil assassin guild to replace the Crna Ruk assassin guild and do the same with the other guilds such as the Paths of Umbra. It is not necessary to ascribe any further meaning to the motivations of these guilds than the acquisition of power and magic. Where the adventure calls for the Winter Dark or the horned god, substitute any generic Empire, Kingdom, King or Emperor.

If you are using the World of Aihrde the adventure takes places in the Confederation of Torrich in the province of Ihlsa, where the shadows of the rule of the horned god, Unklar, remain. The altogether cruel Prince Innocent III rules the Kingdoms. These lands harbor headquarters of the wizard guild, the Paths of Umbra. Everyone, including the Prince, as body guards, uses the Hlobane Orcs. To the east of Ihlsa is the Rleuland, where men strive to throw off the Prince's yoke and join with the Empire of New Aenoch in the east. To this end they arm themselves and rebel whenever a chance presents itself.

The twisted, narrow streets of the coastal towns on the Bay of Massol are dangerous warrens of pirates, thieves, and assassins which the players must learn before they can overcome the evil which has taken up residence there. As with much of the world of Aihrde, the fall of the horned god has reawakened all manner of eldritch power and magic, which all factions vie to control. Such an item is the Heart of Glass. For more detailed information the CK or players may wish to acquire a copy of the *After Winter's Dark Campaign Setting*.

BACKGROUND

WHERE THIEVES RULE THE NIGHT

For many years the Sea Towns of Ihlsa, Ra-veen, Nochi and Capayrnha, enjoyed a measure of independence. Under the long years of the Winter Dark they served as the greatest ports of the horned god's vast Empire. Here, all manner of things were bought and sold. Ships stood in the harbor so thickly that their masts were akin to a deep forest. The wizard priests of Umbra trained in the cities, the lords grew fat on the commerce of empire, and the Crna Ruk, the dreaded assassins of the Emperors, owned the night.

The Winter Dark Wars put an end to prosperity. War came first from the north, upon the ships of the Northmen. They ravaged and plundered the lands of the Empire. The Northmen raided the coasts and the shipping lanes, sinking or destroying all in their paths. The merchant fleets were at first helpless, unused to war or the depredations of others, and they fell as easy prey to the raiding northerners. When the great fleets of the Empire did muster and give battle, the Northmen annihilated them at the Battle of Gokstad Deeps.

The commerce flowing into the Sea Towns dried up, and the merchants quit their shops and traveled to the great fortress city of Aufstrag in hopes that their dread lord could offer them restitution. They found nothing but the toils of war. The Dwarven slaves rebelled and the Kingdoms of men threw off the yoke of Aufstrag, led, as often as not, by the Paladins of the Holy Defenders of the Flame. The war ravaged the lands for forty years. In bits and pieces the Empire disintegrated, and in the end, the horned god was cast from the plane.

The Sea Towns fell into ruin. Many of those who, just a generation previous, ruled the sea lanes of the world were destitute. The great Orc nation of Hlobane, to the north, raided the towns, sacked them, and carried off what remained. Civil war spread across the provinces to the east and west. Into this chaos came a prince of Aufstrag, a beautiful man of wondrous magical abilities and he soon threw his yoke over the whole of the lands of Rleuland, the Hlobane, Unduliland and the Ihlsa. He called himself Innocent and founded the Confederation of Torrich.

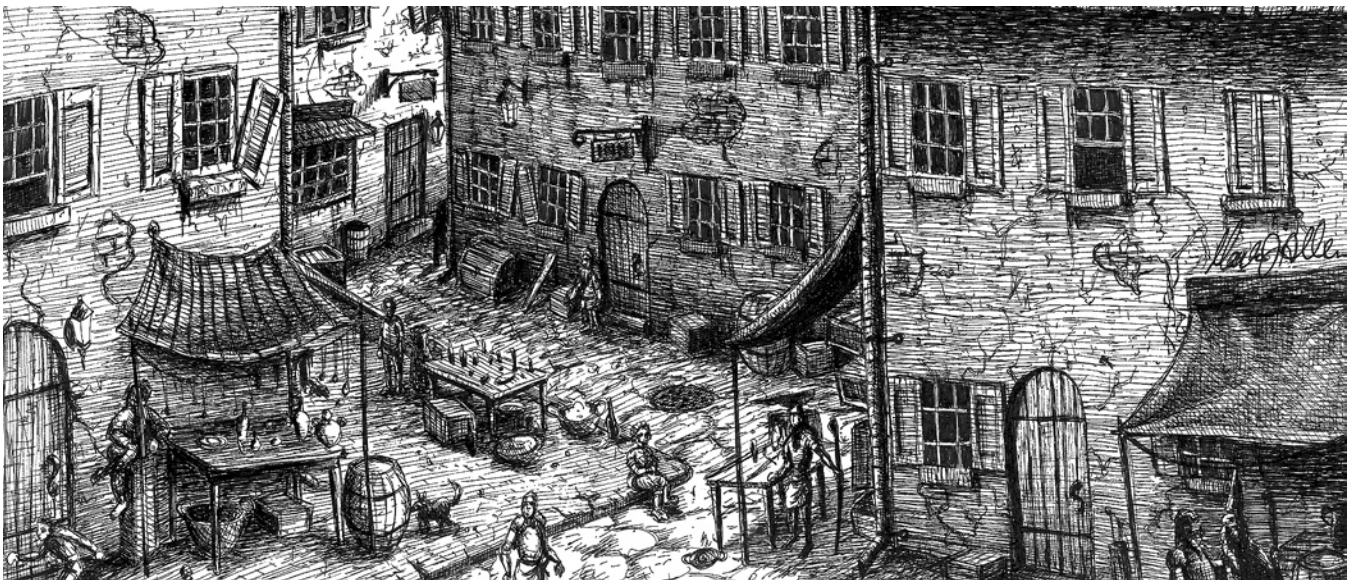
So at last, after many long years of war, the Sea Towns came to know a measure of peace, though they did not know it their days of ruling the seas passed into the annals of history. The Prince rebuilt the ports and fleets as best he could. His money did much in attracting all manner of displaced people. Wizards of the Paths of Umbra, mercenaries, thieves, pirates, and other malcontents, unused to the rule of good came to the Principate. And many of these found themselves passing through the Sea Towns.

Wealth poured into the region once more, but this time the wealth was far less legitimate. Gone were the orderly days of the Unklar's rule, now men made their fortunes off of looting and pirating. The Sea Towns became the repository of stolen booty.

The towns grew, sprawling along the coastal region until their street and alleys intermingled and none could say where one left off and the other began. All tried to hug the coast, however, for there, in the guise of pirates, the true wealth could be found. The streets were narrowed, the markets kept small if plentiful, and alleys twisted and wound their ways between hosts of rickety buildings. As for the buildings, they generally stood three stories high, but some were as tall as six. Alleys sprang up upon the rooftops as the buildings crushed together in the tight confines of the coastal plain. The whole landscape became a dark twisted forest of tunneled streets, alleys, homes, arches, shops and markets.

In 1097md, the Empress of New Aenoch traveled to the west and called for a crusade of all good folk to come to her lands and liberate them from the remaining evil of Aufstrag. A tremendous response met her appeals and many thousands of young men boarded ships and sailed to the east. The sea lanes passed just south of the Bay of Massol and the folk of the Sea Towns watched the Crusader ships passing by almost daily. The enterprise became an irresistible target for the pirates, and their raids brought misfortune to many, but a great wealth in goods, armor, and monies to the Sea Towns.

The Prince always indulged the Sea Towns far more than his other provinces where he enforced a strict set of laws. Innocent saw the towns as a gateway to the world at large and as a recruiting ground for soldiers of any description. So he let it be and even at times encouraged its independent growth.



The independence accorded the three towns spread to the people who occupied them. No Governess-Generals came to rule the towns. Rather an oligarchy of merchants and ship captains (pirates), and other wealthy or powerful wizards, mercenaries or clerics met to plot and plan any major developments in the cities or regions.

The thieves followed a similar pattern. Early attempts to found guild houses in the Sea Towns met with abject and often violent failure. For many years after the Wars the thieves of the three towns operated independently of each other. They did this for the obvious reason that little or no wealth existed in the area, a condition which kept any powerful guilds or thieves from coming to the towns and marking their territory.

Though wealth and prosperity did come to the Sea Towns, and when it did, it soon attracted a host of would be guild houses. The men and women who first stalked the streets in search of wealth had long grown accustomed to their freedom and resisted the idea of a controlling conglomerate or family. They fought the attempts by the guild houses to gain control of the area by themselves banding together and fighting off the interlopers. They were able to do this largely because of two people, Michael Bagleton and Ie-blond. The latter of the two, a beautiful enchantress possessed the Heart of Glass in her tower of Edenvol, and Michael protected her at every turn.

THIEVES IN THE NIGHT

Malcom quickly learned that stealing the Heart of Glass would be a very difficult undertaking. Not only would he have to overcome the considerable magic ability of Ie-blond but also he would have to circumvent the traps and machinations of Michael Bagleton.

To do this, he devised a cover operation. He instructed two of his own family to found a thieves guild and to start a war within the criminal underclass throughout the Sea Towns. He counted Michael being so distracted with fighting the thieves' guild that he would be unable to defend his friend. At least in this manner, Malcom would only have to deal with the mage.

The NachtKrichen, or "Night Thieves" were the end result. The order set up shop in the squalid neighborhoods of Ra-veen. They headquartered in the warehouse district and in several ships in the harbor. They divided their leadership between two rogue masters as a safety precaution in case of the death of one of them. At first they brought outsiders in to start the war of guild conquest. Soon thereafter they began to impress other thieves into the guild.

Immediately after Michael learned of the threat he rallied his compatriots and began a war against the Nachtkrieche. From the beginning the fight was bloody and many were murdered. The violence of the battles attracted the attention of the Crna Ruk, who at last felt themselves strong enough to overthrow Michael's control. They loosely aligned themselves with the Nachtkrieche. When they came into the mix, the whole underworld of the Sea Towns became embroiled in a bloody, merciless contest.

As the party enters the town, the NachtKrichen and several Crna Ruk assassins have penetrated Edenvol and driven Ie-blond from the tower. They at first thought themselves successful, stealing a magical orb instead. Ivar Jonovich bore this item to his master

and suffered his rage and anger forthwith. A Vampire, Petra, and several others of Malcom's minions returned to the Edenvol to await the return of Ie-blond. They remain secretly hiding in the tower, searching for the gem. Ie-blond and Michael have twice attempted to drive them out, but have failed.

Michael has become all too aware that something greater than control of the streets is going on in the Sea Towns. Something altogether different and evil is masterminding the war and trying to get at the Heart of Glass.

ORGANIZATION AND PREPARATION

We present this module in three sections. Each section details one of the three Sea Towns, with major points of interest, powerful or relevant inhabitants, and maps included. The CK should remember that all three town's borders mingle with each other, so that all three cities are very much one large city complex. Several appendices join the text with notes on new monsters and magic items.

As the adventure setting is designed for higher level parties, it may prove difficult for some CK's to integrate The Heart of Glass module into their ongoing games. The presence of a rogue would make any problem much easier. Here are some other suggestions as well.

HOME GROWN OR OTHER CAMPAIGN

- 1 Michael Bagleton, now that he has discovered that there is a greater power behind the thieves, seeks to gain outside help in his war on the NachtKrichen. When the party arrives, he or one of his associates recognizes them as tough adventurers and he hires them to investigate the enemy. He will only pay bottom dollar, and would prefer to enlist the party for treasure share only. The CK should determine a fair amount to be paid. He is a big gambler and plays the dice game Eisenaugen, "Iron eyes," all the time. He may even attempt to win their aid in a game of chance.
- 2 Gotar Hjorleif, a Gnome thief who takes up residence in the Iron Tap (see below) is also seeking allies to aid them in the war. His great fears are for the Crna Ruk, and he will actively seek to get the players involved, offering substantial rewards from the Gnome community.
- 3 Someone in the party has come across knowledge of the Heart of Glass and its location in the Sea Towns. They must travel to the cities to find its exact location, and while there the NachtKrichen attempt to rob the party. In this way the force of the adventure inadvertently draws them into the complex of battles of the Underclass War.
- 4 If a cleric or priest is present in the party the CK can instruct them that the church/order has discovered signs that a very powerful group of undead creatures established themselves a stronghold in the Sea Towns. The character must gather his group together and investigate the rumors. If they find them to be true, the church/order instructs them to wipe out the infestation. It would be helpful for the CK to drop a church of the specific deity in one of the towns, probably Capayrnha.

THE WORLD OF AIHRDE

Ie-blond, long time veteran of the Winter Dark Wars, contacts the party and asks them for aid. She explains that she is in fact an agent for the Mystic Enclave trying to discover the power of the Crna Ruk Assassins in the Sea Towns. She suspects that their headquarters are in fact in the neighborhood called the Rapture, and implores the party to aid her and Michael in uncovering them and driving off the NachtKrichen. She can reward them in both magic and gold.

The Empress of New Aenoch (to the east) has long felt for the suffering of the people of Rleuland, for they strove to join her Empire and suffered greatly for the failure. This has made her an implacable foe of the Confederation of Torrich. The Sea Towns offer her spies easy access to the Principate, and she does not wish to see the area unified under one thieves guild. So instructs or hires the party to go there and disrupt whatever powers are striving to unify the three towns. The trip to Ihlsa should pass by quickly and without event.

There are many other avenues a CK may take and they should not be restricted to those mentioned above. The World of Aihrde offers hosts of reasons, from the struggle between the minions of Unklar and the Young Kingdoms, to the sea voyage that lands the characters in Ihlsa. The CK should remember that this is an adventure setting and anything goes. The characters may want to steel the Heart of Glass for themselves, or Malcom may already have it in his possession. The CK should be limited only her imagination.

Note: There are nine encounter areas spaced throughout the module. These are designed for the CK to use when and if the characters come across them or are propelled into them. They can serve as relief from a game top heavy in roleplaying, and in some instances (Aboleth, W1), offer clues to the overall placement of the Heart of Glass. These are labeled by the name of the encounter and the corresponding designator key on the map.

Unless otherwise noted in this adventure, all common doors have are two inches thick and extremely well made. Attempting to break one down takes a successful strength check (CL 10).

There are three city-states in Ihlsa; Ra-veen, Nochi and Capayrnha. These mingle with a host of neighborhoods, districts, small townships and villages, coming together in one large urban conglomeration commonly referred to as the "Sea Towns" or the "Three Cities."

The Sea Towns are crowded, inhabiting a relatively small region. The populations are largely human, but there are many orcs (mostly Hlobane), and some dwarves and gnomes. These latter make up the largest demi-human population in the Sea Towns, almost an entire clan lives in the town of Ra-veen. There are a few Halflings who travel to and from the townships. These are generally migratory bands who serve the hinterlands by carrying goods to and from the coast. These are a dour lot of folk, traveling in their huge wagons that serve as laagers in time of need. Elves are few and far between in the Sea Towns, for those folk generally shun the filth of human habitations. Some battle hardened and evil elves, however, do settle or pass through the towns.

*A note for the World of Aihrde. The Halflings, as is recounted in the Codex of Aihrde, have long been at war with the minions of the horned god. They have carried the fight into these regions by supplying the revolutionaries of Rleuland with arms, food, and other supplies.

Frequently these laagers are carrying all manner of contraband, making these Halflings even tougher than the average Halfling of Aihrde.

Heleen Nolthenius rules Ihlsa as Governess-General. The Prince recently appointed her after the previous Gouverneur-General, Erik of Ginsburg, fell out of favor, and was put to death. She has little direct authority over the townships, serving more as an intermediary for the Prince and the people. She does exercise a great deal of influence through her wealth. The Governess-General-General's palace is located in the township of Nochi. She commands a small army of about 40 guardsmen. These serve as her body guard, rather than as any police force in the townships. Though on occasion they muster to quell disturbances or arrest people. She can call on a further 200 from the barracks. Her office is represented by the Manticore banner.

Aside from the Governess-General there is little direct government in the cities themselves, only large mercantile oligarchies which control the towns. Each townships ruling elites are detailed below in the subsequent towns.

The Sea Towns are coastal cities and all possess some type of port facilities. They serve the Principate (The Confederation of Torrich) as the main conduit for commercial traffic, both land and seaborne, and for human traffic into and out of the Kingdoms. They also serve as havens for the many pirates who plunder the coastal regions of Illumbrian Plains and hound the sea lanes from east to west.

Almost anything that a person could desire lies in the shops, stores, and warehouses of the Sea Towns. Because the pirates are the main source of the trade goods, those goods tend to be a mixed bag. Common items such as hay or rope mingle with the loot carted off of Crusader Knights, their horses and similar goods. The markets of the Sea Towns are lively places where bartering and haggling is common and expected. "Ten for this, you must be mad!" And so on.

There is a huge community of beggars in the Sea Towns. The "Dregs" lead them and they are all loosely organized into groups who control the begging and garbage in certain neighborhoods. The Dregs gather whenever necessary in the neighborhood of the Rapture (see below) to elect a leader, the Governor. This is usually a post held for life, though the lives of beggars are frequently shorter than those of the average man. Some of the groups which have a hold in many neighborhoods are the Stovepipe Men, those who travel with carts stealing and trading and the Shellback, those who pretend to be retired from the Principates' army. The Governor is Michael Bagelton (see below, the Blond Arena). The CK should allow for the possibility for certain characters to possess the knowledge of Beggar sign.

On certain encounter areas (noted below); beggars have scrawled pictograms on walls near the encounter, depicting what lies ahead. The challenge noted determines the chance the characters have of spotting the sketching. Give each character a chance. Those who see it can read it if they understand Thieves Cant as a language or skill.

Each of the major towns are detailed in their own sections and the necessary street maps are included. An overall region map of the cities can be found on the inside front cover. Neighborhoods, areas of interest, NPCs and persons of note are all detailed in their relevant cities. Some areas are left untouched to allow the CK the freedom to expand his/her own game and to integrate his/her own ideas into the overall setting.

THE SEA OF TOWNS OF IHLSA

SUGGESTED OVERALL STATISTICS:

TOTAL POPULATION: 70,000

HUMAN: 58,000 +/-

ORC: 7,000

GNOME: 2400 (Hjorleif clan)

HALFLING: 1100 (The Unmark Clan dominates)

DWARF: 500 +/-

ELF: 100 +/-

GOBLIN: 120 +/-

GOVERNMENT: Governess-General, Her Ladyship, Heleen Nolthenius.

MILITARY: There is no standing army, nor any militia in the Sea Towns. The Governess has a body of several hundred soldiers who guard and protect her and the palace. Local interests, guilds, orders, and communities control the rest of the town. Of special note are the Orcs and Gnomes. The Orcs, many are Hlobane Orcs, can raise 1000 soldiers equipped with scale, shield, sword and helm and 200 archers equipped with short bows and leather. 200 of the 1000 are Hlobane. All the Orcs are loyal to the Prince first, then the Governess. The Gnomes can field 1400 armored troops. Of these, 100 are Flintlockers (carrying muskets which deal 1d8 damage, 1 shot per round, 2 rounds to reload).^{*} All wear chainmail shirts, carry small shields, and wield swords, axes, crowbills (warhammer) or similar weapons.

ECONOMY: For Aihrde, the Sea Towns are an advanced economy. In general play, advanced economies encompass the availability of specialty and rare items such as artwork, gold, finely smithed goods, tapestries, rare animals, books and paper, and large items such as ships, wagons, or elaborate stonework.

In these areas adventurers find all weapons, armors, gear, mounts, special items, and siege weapons (limited here).

RELIGION: Any but Lawful Good. Almost all major religions are represented in the Sea Towns with a predominate number of people paying homage to the Horned God.

LANGUAGES: Vulgate (Common), Orc, Gnome, Halfling and Old Imperial. This last is restricted to the older aristocratic families living in Nochi and Capyrhna, with the vast majority of people speaking the Vulgate tongue.

MAJOR GUILDS

CRNA RUK (Assassin/Priests): see below.

CULT OF THE SWORD (Fighters): This is a loosely organized guild of mercenaries, soldiers, fighters, and rangers. Anyone who possesses the tattoo of the gladius on their left upper arm can refuse to fight a fellow guild member without losing face or honor. This has made the guild more powerful in areas like the Sea Towns where there is a constant need for mercenaries. It has no real structure or government.

LOTHIAN CLERICS: An order of Clerics dedicated to aiding the needy and downtrodden. The Lothian house is one of the few safe refuges in the Sea Towns. The Abbot has no designs on power or any desires to become involved in the internal struggles of the local factions. His sole desire is to aid the needy.

MONASTIC ORDER OF UMBRA: This is a small order of clerics devoted to the Paths of Umbra and the return of the horned god. They are all Lawful Evil, devoting themselves to study and contemplation. Their monastery is reputed to be a place of great knowledge.

NACHTKRICHEN: see below.

PATHS OF UMBRA (Wizard/Priests): Members of this order include lawful evil sorcerers, wizards, clerics or multi-classed combinations. The "Umbrians" are a Lawful Evil/Neutral guild who pay homage to the horned god, Unklar, and desire the return of the age of evil (Winterdark). The guild possesses a clearly defined structure and hierarchy. They have close ties with the Prince of the Confederation of Torrich and their sister guild the Crna Ruk.

RAT'S DEN (Freetraders): see below.

^{*} If firearms are not permitted in your local game, the Flintlocks should be replaced with Heavy Crossbows.

PARRALLEL LINES: THE PECULIAR HAPPENSTANCES THAT MAKE UP THE CITY RA-VEEN

Ra-veen is the southernmost of the Sea Towns. Its name derives from ancient Aenochian and translates into Vulgate as “two that are alike,” or more commonly, “parallel lines.” This reflects the two major thoroughfares which lead from the piers to the inner city. Local history recounts that two wealthy nobles established mercantile businesses in the area about the same time. Their businesses were in fierce competition with one another, so much so, that one would have little or nothing to do with the other and they built their own roads to the sea. Eventually two small townships grew up around each of the roads, thus the parallel lines.

Whether true or not, Ra-veen is a city centered around two very large boulevards, Shayla Lane and Fleetwood Way. Both streets lead from the piers into the heart of the city where they break apart into a series of smaller streets and alleys leading hither and yon.

Ra-veen is the oldest of the towns of Ihlsa, tracing its history over several dozen centuries. It shows its age. Ancient cobbles cover most of the streets and alleys. Upon the main streets deep ruts mark the trails of countless wagons and carts. The buildings, stacked one on top of each other, crowd all the thoroughfares throughout the city. These are largely rickety affairs, mostly wood, three and four stories high. Ra-veen is nothing more than a cavernous network of alleys and tunnels, buildings and shops. A forest of chimneys, smokestacks, and funnels, all spilling black soot from countless coal, crowns the city. The city is not well lit, but along the main roads there are lamps which cast a paltry glow upon the desolate town's scape.

People there are poor. Large families crowd small rooms where they are forced to cook food, sleep, and raise their children in tight confining quarters. In the summer, the heat becomes unbearable; people crowd the streets and marketplaces for some hope of fresh air. In the winter, the cold settles upon a city where people huddle around small stoves, throwing black coal onto the fires for warmth and cooking. The buildings are usually block houses, with central squares where the inhabitants get their water from common wells.

Generally, wealthier people live on the lower levels as hauling water up four flights of stairs is a menial task fit only for the poor.

The people of Ra-veen make their living by working on the piers in all three cities, or in various service industries in Capayrnha and Nochi. They load and unload ships, repair vessels, weave rope, and mend sails. They work in warehouses where mounds of stolen goods are stored. They drive wagons, work as laborers in blacksmith shops, and so on. There are shops in Ra-veen, bakers, leather workers, smiths, and others. In the stalls of various shops many a good can be had cheaply, but a buyer must beware for the quality is often less than desirable.

Many others make a living by thuggery. They hire themselves out as toughs and bodyguards. Many a young man sits listless in taverns, bars, street corners waiting for a job, or waiting for a “spot” on an outgoing ship. At any point a little gold can gather a small army of like minded men to do whatever may need done. Many of course are thieves, and women crowd the streets along Fleetwood selling themselves to sailors and ship captains for food and a little coin.

There are of course a plethora of taverns and street-corner bars. The taverns, of which there are about a dozen, are large, accommodating several scores of patrons. They command premier locations, on East Street or Fleetwood, and further in town on the market squares. There are three near the piers that service the ship captains, mates, and wealthier crew members. There is a small tavern by Joan's Gate.

The largest and most popular of the taverns in Ra-veen is “The Iron Tap.” Located on Zurweste, a small street on the southern end of town, “The Iron Tap” is detailed below with the other main taverns.

The street bars vastly outnumber the taverns. Virtually ever corner or block house has some type of drinking establishment. Most are small affairs with only a few stools at the bar and they sell locally brewed and altogether cheap beer. They carry the names of their proprietors, places like “Jo-hauson's” and “Petra's”. These





places attract all types, mostly the neighborhood people, going to and from work and just listlessly waiting for life to consume them. They can be rough places and are often not appreciative of outsiders, for most everyone fears the NachtKrichen and the assassins they employ. The street bars are place to quench one's thirst and mind your own business.

Life in Ra-veen is hard. Work is scarce, and food is unhealthy. The thieves, the NachtKrichen own the night, and recently few people venture outdoors after dark, unless it is to the local bar. Of course the big taverns, such as "The Iron Tap" and "Edward's Lager-House" still thrive, but the patrons of late have become a little more tough, a little more wary. After the dark the normally bustling streets are often empty.

LOCATIONS OF INTEREST IN RA-VEEN

The following details several areas in the city. Though more than enough information is provided for play in the city, and for the adventure to retrieve the Heart of Glass, CK's are encouraged to flesh out those parts of the town which may not be detailed.

1. JOAN'S GATE & THE WALLS OF RA-VEEN

The city's wall stands a shadow of its former self. Where once was an eighteen foot high, twelve foot wide bastion, stands a tumbled ruin of rock and debris. Entering the city by climbing or slipping through the walls is easily done, and few who witness such a stealthy approach ever mention it. Whole sections have collapsed, and those that remain are used as living quarters by the homeless. Some towers still stand, but people occupy them now, not guards. Much of the masonry and stones that have fallen are gone, hauled off by the locals, though some still litter the streets adjacent to the walls.

Despite the condition of the wall, all land-bound traffic into Ra-veen passes through the single gate, Joan's Gate. In sharp contrast to the wall around it, Joan's gate is a tower in good repair with armaments to boot.

Before you stands a monolith of stone. The square tower, easily fifty feet high and forty feet wide, is capped by a flat roof and battlements. A sparing number of windows dot the flat surface of the tower facade, making the whole look more like a square rock than an occupied tower. The windows have heavy shutters reinforced with brass fittings. Plaster covers the walls, though in places the yellowed plaster has flaked off. There are no visible doors to the tower, only the wide, open-tunneled archway that passes beneath and through it. The road that passes through here is narrow, only twelve feet, and no doubt crowds whatever people pass through it.

Inside the tunnel, the temperature is slightly cooler and the remnants of ancient carvings mark the walls and roof. A grate, through which the defenders can pour boiling liquids, is centered on the ceiling, and there are arrow slits on either side of the road.

Upon the flank of the tower, built into it and against the city wall, is a long building. The steeply slanted, red shingled roof draws one up to the remaining catwalks of a section of wall still in decent shape. The building too has few windows and its northern door is a heavy affair of wood and iron.

Above it all, upon the tower, floats the standard of the place, a blue flag bearing a maiden in white armor. She bares a sword, pointed down and a shield.

The beggar sign here translates to "dishonest," (spot CL 5).

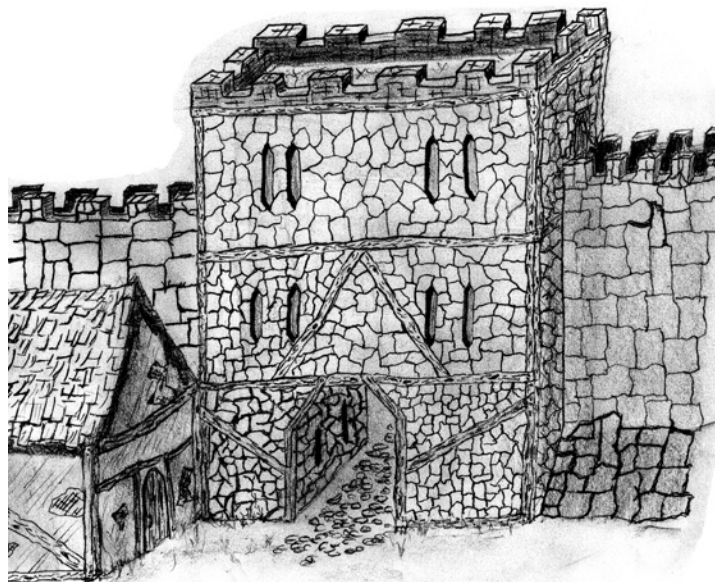
Joan's Gate consists of the wall, the barracks, and the tower. Though it does not serve the Governess-General-General of Ihlsa, nor the city itself, it is occupied by a troop of men who act as guards and collect tolls. Once an important post, before Ra'veen's decline, it is now forgotten by the powers of Ihlsa. Despite this, many consider the Captain of the Gate a prestigious position, and usually, someone with influence or power occupies the post. The Captain must look to his own needs. He must keep the Gate in good shape, pay his own men, arm them, and feed them. He does so because he has the right to set the toll amount, collect it, and keep the collection for himself.

For obvious reasons many seek the post, and once they attain it, rarely surrender it. The Captains are almost always wealthy.

The position is either passed on by the serving Captain, or someone takes it. On rare occasions the powerful in Ra-veen (of which there are few) force a Captain to stand down and place their candidate in charge. These events usually spark violent outbursts, fights, murders, and demonstrations.

The present Captain is a knight from the east, from Rleuland, who goes by the name of Count Russ of Joyluch. He assumed the title of Count when he took the gate several years back. Russ is very politically active in Sea Towns, and is attempting to use his post as Captain to move up in the political hierarchy. He desires nothing less than the Governor-Generalship.

Russ has close ties to the thieves' guild and is aware of the NachtKrichen and their attempts to found a guild. He secretly funnels them money through a contact of his, Beron who works as a bartender in the Republic in Nochi at Denby Court. Russ is not certain where the headquarters of the guild are located. Russ has become somewhat dependent on Hendrik Grauer (the Master of the NachtKrichen) for his political position vis a vis the Governess-General. If it comes to it he will use his men to thwart any attempts to destroy the guild.



His knowledge of the Vampires is scanty, and Malcom not at all. He suspects that the strangely blood drained bodies are nothing more than violent murders.

He commands a mercenary troop of 32 men. There are two sergeants, each of whom commands squads of 15 men. His men are relatively loyal and will fight for him so long as they don't know of his activities with the Nachtkrichen.

THE BARRACKS

This building consists of three rooms, the main sleeping chambers, and the two side rooms where the sergeants sleep. There are only 24 beds in the large room, as six men are always on duty in the tower or on the catwalks. Each bed has a shelf and trunk for the guard's personal goods and equipment.

Six men are always on duty in the tower, and a further six stationed in the barracks in case of trouble. Aside from this, there will be 1d10 other men in the barracks. The rest are out carousing. Usually late at night, all have returned. In times of danger, be it riots, city fire, or anything like that, the men return to the barracks.

MEN-AT-ARMS (These neutral, 1st level human fighter's vital stats are HP 5 each and AC 15, HP 5 each. Their primary attributes are strength, constitution, and dexterity. Their significant attributes are strength, 12. They carry spears, longwords, and light crossbows. They each have a mail shirt and a small iron shield, small helm, spear, longsword, dagger, light crossbow with 12 bolts and 5gp.)

SERGEANT (He is a lawful neutral 5th level human fighter whose vital stats are HP 45 and AC 17. His primary attributes are strength, dexterity, and constitution. He carries a longsword and a dagger for 1d4. He wears a full suit of chain, small helm, and small iron shield and carries a broadsword and 50 gp worth of coin and jewelry.)

THE TOWER

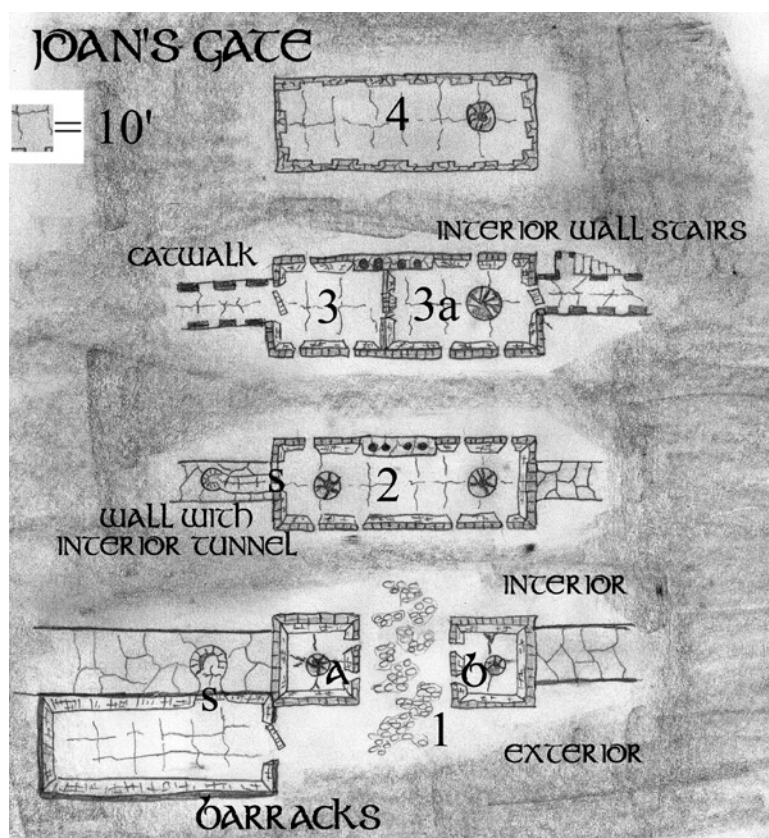
Joan's Gate consists of four floors: the ground floor, two following floors, and the roof top. One gains access to the tower through the barracks or the secret entrance which leads into the sewers (see Map). The portcullis and doors can be closed upon the Gate, trapping someone in, or blocking an immediate attack on the city.

A. GATE

The ground floor consists of the tunnel itself and the two small rooms on either side of it. In each of these, as many as two men can crawl into and fire out upon whomsoever is in the tunnel.

B. BARRACKS

The second floor serves the barrack as storage and the men as a feast hall and kitchen. A large chimney and tables are in the room, as well as stores of food and beer to last 33 people ten days. There are 12 extra crossbows, 400 bolts, 10 spears, 10 longwords and 9 shields stored here as well. There is also 1000 feet of rope, a pile of coal, and other rudiments needed for survival.



C. CAPTAINS CHAMBER

This floor serves Russ Joyluch as his headquarters and bedroom. He meets people here as well as eats, sleeps and so forth. The room is large, and has a four-poster bed, dresser, armor manikin, a large trunk, table, and desk in it. Russ has many nice silk shirts and leather boots. Aside from the normal stuff, his desk has several maps of the Sea Towns, 40gp and a gold ring (10gp) stored in it. His real treasure is kept in a false back to the bottom dresser drawer: 200pp, 1450gp in gems, a *potion of cure critical wounds* and a *ring of sustenance*.

RUSS JOYLUCH (He is a chaotic evil, 8th level human fighter whose vital stats are HP 76 and AC 22. His primary attributes are strength, dexterity, and constitution. His significant attributes are strength 17, dexterity 17, and constitution 16. Russ specializes in longsword. He carries or wears +1 banded mail, +2 longsword, *potion of cure critical*, *potion of strength*, small iron helm, iron kite shield, normal clothes.)

Russ enjoys wearing a wide blue sash beneath his belt and topaz ring worth 75gp. He carries 125gp in his pouch at all times.

Notes: Russ will fight if attacked or if he discovers anyone snooping in his room. If he escapes a conflict with the party he will flee to the Republic and hook up with the Nachtkrichen.

The rooftops are nothing more than the top of the tower, flat with stone battlements. There are several pots stacked here as well as coal, wood and a small barrel of oil.

2. EDWARDS LAGER HOUSE

An open door stands upon the cobbled street where a few men sit idly, talking, and enjoying a mug of beer. Voices spill out from the tavern, as does the smell of roasting pork. A sign hanging above the door bares a carving of a frothy mug.

Across the street and a half-block up the road from Joan's Gate lays Edward's Lager House, one of the more famous taverns in Ra-veen. It's owned and operated by Charles Shipp. It is a relatively small place, seating about a hundred people. They serve a full complement of food and spirits. It is famous for Brian-Thom's Cherry Ale. It caters to the mercenaries of Joan's Gate, and to land-bound travelers who pass through.

Charles is a stout fellow, with blonde hair and a clean shaven face. He likes a quiet bar, frowning on singing and music. He has no toughs that watch the place, depending on the mercenaries from Joan's Gate to keep him safe. There are always 1-4 of them in the bar.

Charles lives in a small house adjoined to the tavern. A small walled courtyard where he grows some food and keeps his cow separates his house from the bar. He keeps his money in a safe box buried in the small courtyard beneath the straw in the cow's pen. It consists of 50pp, 120gp, a +1 shortsword, and a potion of invisibility.

He has no politics, keeping his nose clean. However, he knows that some manner of creature is stalking the streets. If pressed, or slightly inebriated, he will tell a story of encountering a beast-man in the streets that seemed to be feasting upon a beggar. Charles, of course, ran away and the beggar presumably ended up in the bay. He also knows that the Uddenbrooks Shipping Firm is involved with the war, and if he is paid well (over 50gp), he will impart this to the party.

3. THE GARGOYLES OF RA-VEEN, (MAP, R-1)

This quiet street reflects an abandoned quarter of Ra-veen. The street is cool. Old buildings, teetering on long neglected foundations loom at you from above. Deep shadows abound. Brick, mortar, and stone rubble litter the side streets and alleys, leaving the main thoroughfare the only easy path for travel. The architecture here reflects a time of wealth, when men could afford tall buildings with decorative windows, balconies, and statuary and other architectural embellishments. But now the street is silent and dark, and feels altogether evil.

The beggar sign here translates to "Get Out, Flee," (spot CL 5).

This deserted street lies on the outskirts of the town and few miss it or even know if it. For that reason a wing of Gargoyles has found it the perfect nesting area. They perch upon the buildings, blending in with the existing statuary, watching the street below. When victims fail to wander down the street, these beastly creatures take flight and hunt throughout the Sea Towns, gathering their food and bringing it back here to feast.

A close examination of the area may reveal bones upon the ground (CL 3). If a character makes it to any roof along the street they find a literal graveyard. Hundreds of victims, many half eaten, litter the roof tops, as does the tattered remains of their equipment and clothes.

GARGOYLE (These chaotic evil creature's vital stats are HD 5d8, AC 16, HP variable. Their primary attributes are physical. They attack with 2 claw for 1d3, a bite for 1d6, or a gore for 1d4 points of damage. They fly at a speed of 75 feet per round. They have darkvision 60 feet, and are able to appear as stone statues by freezing themselves in place.)

The gargoyles only attack at night. They wait for their victims to get half-way down the street and fall upon them. There are always at least 4 in the vicinity. The CK should adjust the number encountered to match the strength of the party.

TREASURE: The Gargoyles have little use for treasure, and have not bothered to gather what their victims bore, many of whom were poor and possessed nothing. However they slew several wealthy victims and the characters have a small chance to locate what they left behind. A successful search (CL 4) leads to the body of a fallen merchant. Under his bones lies a pouch with 78pp, a necklace with a sapphire gem worth 1200gp, and a ring worth 50gp. On a successful search (CL 6), the character finds the remains of a fallen thief who possessed 20gp and a set of magical thieves' tools. These Burglar's Needles grant the user a +1 on any action requiring the use of tools.

4-6. MARKET DISTRICT, FLEETWOOD AND SHAYLA LANE

Most of the shops in Ra-veen are located on Fleetwood, Shayla Lane, and the large Marketplace between them. The shops and stalls that line these two streets occupy the first floor of two and three story tenement houses, warehouses, or the like. At any given time people are leaning out windows, watching the crowd mill by.

During the day, the streets fill with people buying, selling, and hawking goods they've stolen in the Sea Towns or abroad. The streets are not wide so the great press of people crowd together, making it a thief's paradise. Added to the confusion are a number of wagons carting goods to and from various shops.

One can purchase almost anything needed in the markets. The plethora of pawn shops and trade stores carry all manner of items at bargain prices and line both of the main thoroughfares. Many of these items are poor in quality, if not simply broken, and almost all originated from pirate raids. Any goods bought in the Market District should be 10% cheaper than elsewhere, but any item bought there is liable to break and the CK should make a check on the item in question whenever it is used.



“Ull’s Trade Goods” is the largest shop in the district. He has a tremendous collection of weapons and armor. Ull is a half-orc and serves the Governess-General as a spy. She pays him well for his services. He is also a double agent for Michael Bagleton and the source of his information in the Market District, including the Three Feathered Cap. Ull’s shop is located across the street from the Three Feathered Cap, placed such that Ull can keep a watch on who comes and goes. He believes that the Nachtkirchen hole up on Gothere Street, which is of course their front (see below). Also, Ull will sell the keys to Joan’s Gate if the characters act as though they may attack the gate captain. Ull is hopeful that someday he can take the lucrative job of Captain of Joan’s Gate.

ULL (He is a neutral evil half-orc rogue whose vital stats are HP 37 and AC 17. His primary attributes are strength and dexterity. His significant attributes are strength 13, dexterity 18, constitution 13, and intelligence 13. He carries or wears padded armor, dust of disappearance, potion of vision, +1 short sword. Ull possesses a set of keys to Joan’s Gate. He keeps 3100gp in coin, gems, and jewels in a safe box in a flour barrel behind the counter. He carries four regular daggers.)

7. THREE-FEATHERED CAP

This tavern is a large three story building with a brick and wood fronting facing the street. A wooden sign showing a cap sporting three feathers hangs outside. Once you pass beneath the wide door, a warm, friendly atmosphere greets you. A thick cloud of smoke hangs in the air, and shouts of laughter and conversation roll over you. Moving about are several buxom barmaids, behind the bar are three thickly muscled barkeeps, all of whom are slinging their master’s brew to one person after another. All manner of folk crowd the place, drinking, talking, eating, and gambling, particularly playing Eisenaugen.

The beggar sign here translates to “theives drink free,” (spot CL 5).

Located on the Main Market Square, at the very end of Shayla Lane, people know this tavern for its robust beers and friendly atmosphere. Robert Eckert owns and operates the ‘Cap’ He is a young man, retired veteran and pirate, with long hair and a clean face. He’s pointedly friendly, turning a blind eye only on those who won’t drink his home-brewed ale.

Though it is possible to get other beers in Three Feathered Cap, those in the know recommend drinking one of Robert’s own brews: Eckert’s Dark (ale), Eckert’s Pale (ale), and Eckert’s Sweet (ale) all cost 1 sp a tankard, and are well worth the cost.

The Three-Feathered Cap has three floors. The first floor is the tavern hall, where folks drink, converse, and gamble. The second floor is a restaurant, with tables and chairs, benches and the like and for a quieter repast. The third floor is the brewery and kitchen; here they brew the ales under Robert’s strict guidance. A peculiar set of pipes, valves, and releases make the brew available via a tap behind the bar.

Robert is unaligned in any city squabbles, but he is a close friend of Michael Bagleton. He will recommend the party to him if he deems the party a worthy band of folk. He wishes only for the present battles to stop as they are costing him business.

Despite this, one of his barmaids is a thief in the NachtKriechen. Her name is Tarris and she is a member of “The Guard”, that group of thieves in the guild who serve as enforcers. She watches over this area of Ra-veen for the guild. She is half-elven and is unknown to most of the guild. She hides her identity for fear of reprisal against some of the more evil members of the guild (see Lanz Thoran below). When necessary she makes contact with Hendrik Grauer (see below).

TARRISSE (She is a lawful evil 4th level half-elf rogue whose vital stats are HP 17 and AC 13. Her primary attributes are dexterity and intelligence. Her significant attributes are strength, dexterity, constitution, and intelligence. She wears or carries leather armor, short sword, and dagger. She has 32gp in a small pouch she wears under her dress. Tarris possesses a ring of evasion and a blur potion.)

Robert employs four bouncers to keep the peace in his bar. He also relies on his regular patrons, one of which Avarious, a Brindisium mercenary, is almost always around. Avarious is a skilled soldier-priest of Augustus, the patron god of warriors. He is a member of the Cult of the Sword, a mercenary guild who watches out for the interests of mercenaries. He can call on 1-8 brothers-in-arms while in the bar. Avarious will help the party out if an outside source threatens Robert, or if they pay him.

AVARIOUS (He is a chaotic good 7th level human cleric whose vital stats are HD 7d8 and AC is 21. His primary attributes are strength, dexterity, and wisdom. His significant attributes are strength 17, dexterity 15, constitution 16 and wisdom 16. His spells are 0 lvl: detect evil, detect chaos, first aid x 2, light; 1st lvl: bless, cure light wounds x2, detect undead, sanctuary; 2nd lvl: augury, hold person, remove paralysis, spiritual weapon, 3rd lvl: cure serious wounds, remove curse, 4th lvl: dismissal. He carries or wears +3 scalemail, iron shield and skull cap, +2 frostbane morningstar, mace, normal clothes, thick green cloak. He possesses 40gp; all other wealth he regularly donates to the local Lothian Monastery (an orphanage)).

8. A GANG OF RUFFIANS AND THIEVES (MAP, R-2)

The wide vista of the Fleetwood Street gives way to a narrow alley which is strangely devoid of traffic. A few people, bored and listless, lean out of the windows of the surrounding buildings, watching as you pass by. A few furtive glances raise the hackles on the back of your neck. About then a stocky man steps from beneath the awning of a door up ahead. “Ho there! Get ye gone and back. This here alley is owned and ye be tressin in it.” He moves his cloak back, exposing a long, thin dagger.

The beggar sign here translates to “Dong Go Here,” (spot CL 5).

The street is an annex which leads to Gothere Street. A dozen toughs and a thief from the Nachtkriechen guard it. They have orders to keep anyone out of the street.

If the party leaves, the man, Morris Bishop, returns to a small tavern in the middle of the street and the characters will no doubt hear the guffaws of his laughter as he cracks a foul joke to his mates. If the party is bellicose or refuses to budge, the thief calls his thugs out of the tavern to his right. There are twelve of them in all.

Morris is a dishonest man, and not terribly crafty. If the party offers him money (anywhere in the neighborhood of 100gp) he

looks the other way while the party passes into Gothere Street. If not, he and his men attempt to drive the party out of the street by force. In a fight Morris orders half his men to press the party while he climbs the nearest wall and drops down behind them. The other half of the men re-enter the tavern and come back out a window behind the party, joining their master in 5 melee rounds.

Under no circumstances do they fight to the death. If a third of their number falls, the rest flee or surrender. Morris will fight on, but only if he thinks he can escape or kill the party. Under duress, any one of the thieves will agree to guide the party to the entry to the “fake” thieves’ guild (see Gothere Street below).

MORRIS BISHOP (He is a chaotic neutral 7th level rogue whose vital stats are HP 30 and AC 18. His primary attributes are dexterity, intelligence, and wisdom. His significant attributes are dexterity 14. He attacks with a +2 punch dagger for 1d4+2 points of damage. He wears or carries +2 leather armor, Ring of Protection +2, Ring of Evasion, +2 Punching Dagger. He wears a leather cap to cover his balding head.)

TOUGHS x 12 (These neutral evil 0 level human thug’s vital stats are HD 1d8, AC 15, HP varies. Their primary attributes are physical. They attack with clubs for 1d6 and daggers for 1d4 points of damage. They wear or carry studded leather armor, club, small wooden shield, and dagger. They each have 2gp.)

There is nothing of value in the street or tavern. The street ends in a left-hand turn, opening into Gothere Street.

9. GOTHERE STREET

Before you stretches a narrow, dank alleyway. Discarded crates and broken barrels lie about, and a pungent smell of rot and decay hangs in the air. The alley is so tight, and the buildings to the left and right so high, that even in the light of day, it remains dark. A few doors dot the backs of these buildings and a single ladder stretches to the roof of one building. On the north side, half hidden behind some rubbish lays a small door. A rat, watching intensely, dives into the rubbish.

The beggar sign here translates to “Thieves Here,” (spot CL 5).

Any characters with a working knowledge of Aenochian or any of the ancient tongues might recognize the name Gothere as being an old term used for “cockatrice.” (CL 4).

The door itself has a *hold portal* spell cast on it and an *explosive runes* trap upon it. If the party uses the proper password, “Grey Man,” the door opens and the party can enter. If they attempt to open the door without the password the *explosive runes* appear on the door. A *knock* or *dispel magic* spell will negate the *hold portal*.

EXPLOSIVE RUNES TRAP (Everyone within 10 feet of the door takes 3d6 points of damage, save (CL 4) for half damage. There is no save for the person reading the rune.)

Beyond the door there is a short flight of steps and an underground tunnel. The tunnel traces about 50 feet underground and ends at a door guarded by two thieves. The thieves are 2nd level inductees into the guild, and have been put here as stooges. Both will fight only for a moment, and if they are not slain outright, they surrender after one round of combat. They have little worthwhile information, including any notion of what lies beyond the door. If pressed, they will say that their contact is the bartender and owner of the Truncheon tavern on the waterfront, Icaurus the Half-orc.

ROGUES x2 (These chaotic neutral 2nd level human rogues vital stats are: HP 15 and AC 13. Their primary attributes are dexterity, constitution, and intelligence. Their significant attributes are strength 13, dexterity 14, constitution 13, and intelligence 14. They wear padded leather armor, and carry short swords, daggers and each have 12gp in coin.)

Bound and locked, the door does not open with ease. Once through, the characters see a large underground warehouse, filled with all manner of crates and barrels. A thick layer of dust and webbing covers the room. A pungent smell hangs in the room, almost like a chicken farm. There are a number of statues about the place.

The room is actually a trap. This is not the headquarters of the NachtKriechen, but rather a front for the unsuspecting. Living in the room are four very aggressive cockatrices that attack almost immediately.

COCKATRICES x 4 (These neutral creature’s vital stats are HD 5d10, HP 35, AC 14. Their primary attributes are physical. They attack with a bite for 1d3 points of damage. They have dark and twilight vision. They can turn anyone to stone that they bite. The victim must make a successful strength save or turn immediately to stone.)

A thorough examination of the warehouse yields the cockatrice nest where there are four eggs, each worth 2000gp.



10. HAYWOOD

A peculiar smell strikes you as you enter this tight cluster of stout buildings. Unlike the rest of Ra-veen, the structures here consist of stout timber and plaster. The streets are clean and the air has a peculiarly fresh smell to it, bringing deep forest to mind. There are stout Gnomes sitting on chairs and at tables, passing the afternoon away. All wear their beards forked, decked out with jewelry. They watch you, nodding as you pass by.

Haywood is a neighborhood comprised almost entirely of Gnomes and Halflings. The gnomish Hjorleif Clan, from the Flintlock far to the north, owns much of the whole district. Odo Hjorleif Forkbeard is the Clan Thane (chief), and he takes his role in the Clan very seriously. The clan is a dour tribe numbering about 350. About 35 of these are warriors or priests of fighting age.

Haywood encompasses three streets and dozen or so blockhouses, the market square, trade shops and the Iron Tap Inn and Tavern. All of these buildings predate the Gnomes, actually built for human habitation. The Gnomes have made no effort to rebuild them smaller, though, as noted they have rebuilt the structures and fronting. They have repaired the streets in Haywood as well and unlike much of the rest of the city, there is fresh running water.

The Gnomes traffic in goods. Some purchased from pirates, some brought in from the Rleuland and others from the north. They do not care the origin, only the price. There are several trade shops open here, the only ones of worth in Ra-veen. They are Murs' Leathery and Pippin's Smithy. Both are located on the market square across from the Iron Tap.

Odo keeps a tight reign on his people, and is well aware that several of them are freetrader thieves involved in the Underclass War. He watches out for their safety, but wishes to keep the Clan at a safe distance. His knowledge of events is scanty, though he does know through his Halfling friends that the Crna Ruk assassins have loosely aligned themselves with the Nachtkriechen. He has no love for either side, and he has quarelled with Russ Joyluch on several occasions over import duties and tolls.

ODO HJORLEIF FORKBEARD (*This chaotic good 14th level gnome fighter's vital stats are HP 130, AC 25. His primary attributes are strength, dexterity and constitution. His attributes are strength 16, dexterity 16, constitution 17, intelligence 14, wisdom 15, and charisma 11. He carries a magical +4 crowbill or a +2 battle axe. He wears +3 plate mail and a helm of brilliance.*)

Odo fights two handed with the crowbill (small hammer with claws on both ends) and the battle axe. He carries a heavy crossbow in battle. He enjoys bright colored clothing and possesses untold wealth. Most of his money he's tied up in business ventures. In ready available coin he can raise up to 7500gp in 24 hours and a further 20,000gp in a week.



11. THE PATHS OF UMBRA (MAP, R-3)

Just off Fleetwood, in the Haywood District you find Soralea's Apothecary, a two-story building housing a large shop overflowing with spices, medicines, spell components and other sundries of the medical and magical professions. The vast array of jars, spice bowls, cabinets, and boxes almost hide the long counter at the back of the room, and dwarf the tiny, thin man standing behind it. Stroking his unkempt beard, he greets with "Howdie and ho and all that! I am Soralea the Apothecist! What or how may I help you?"

The beggar sign here translates to "Spellster, Dangerous," (spot CL 5).

Soralea is actually a wizard in the Paths of Umbra who has taken up residence in Haywood to watch the Hjorleif Clan. The Gnomes are well connected throughout the world, and Soralea hopes to glean from them any information about the Blood Runes that he can. Yet, also, he has more pressing designs than that esoteric quest.

Soralea conducts a great many experiments, and is particularly concerned with achieving immortality. The wizard believes that a fountain of youth does exist, but not, however, one of water. He has studied the tales of the vampires for years particularly that of Sagramore, the first Patriarch, and his studies have led him to believe that the fountain of youth lies in the blood of the living, particularly in demi-Humans. For this reason, he is a danger to any demi-human in the party.

If Soralea gleams that the party are independent agents in the town, he will devise any excuse to get them into his backrooms, where he intends to kill them and drain their blood. For instance, he may explain that whatever they are looking for is "in the back." Or ask them to help him move a piece of furniture. Once in the backroom, the wizard closes the door and attempts to overcome the party.

He first attempts to *charm* the strongest member in order to get some aid. He acts subtly in doing so (CL 9). If the charm fails, he waits for the party to relax their vigil and launches a violent attack against them with his staff of power. He first casts *hold person* from the staff on his intended victim. The others he strikes with *ray of enfeeblement*, *magic missile* or in the last with *lightning bolt*.

SORALEA (*This neutral evil 9th level human wizard's vital stats are HP 46 and AC 16. His primary attributes are dexterity, intelligence, and charisma. His attributes are strength 10, dexterity 15, constitution 14, intelligence 17, wisdom 12, and charisma 10. He is a clever spell caster who generally has the following spells memorized. Spells: arcane mark, ghost sound, mage hand, open/close and prestidigitation; 1st lvl charm person, comprehend languages, hold portal, shield, read magic, shocking grasp; 2nd lvl acid arrow, fog cloud, invisibility, knock, web; 3rd lvl dispel magic, haste, suggestion; 4th lvl dimension door, shout; 5th lvl telekinesis.*)

The wizard possesses a *cloak of resistance +4, staff of power, +2 daggers (x2)*. In an alcove of the back room Soralea's spell book, one massive tomb, sits upon a small desk, closed, bound with leather trappings. The book is called *Codex Markus Sandystus* and contains fifteen 1st lvl, fifteen 2nd level, twelve 3rd lvl, nine 4th lvl, six 5th lvl and one 6th lvl spells. (The Castle Keeper should randomly determine the spells by rolling or picking the spells to best augment the party's weakness. Of course the spells already memorized are in the book).

Soralea keeps his treasure in a strong box in the back room. It contains 2300gp. He has a further pouch of 125pp hidden in the bedstead.

If the party overpowers Soralea, nothing induces him to reveal his connections to the Paths of Umbra. He does have a tattoo of the holy symbol of his dark god, Nulak-Kiz-Din, on the back of his neck. This consists of a crescent moon, pointing down, with five small stones suspended from it in the shape of a wolf's paw. Any character that makes an intelligence check will know the tattoo's origins. If, for whatever reason, the party lets Soralea go, he reports to his mistress, the Governess (see below).

12. THE IRON TAP

Once on Zurweste, you know you've found the Iron Tap. The cobbled street dips a little before the open door of a large, four-story block long building. Opened windows and balconies reveal a crowd of people, gnomes, halflings, humans, and a few orcs milling about inside the smoke filled tavern. The thick smell of wood fires and roasting mutton spills into the street. Before the door a wooden sign with a picture of an iron tap welcomes you to the infamous inn and tavern.

The beggar sign here translates to "All Right, Fair," (spot CL 5).

This inn and tavern is one of the best known attractions in all of the Sea Towns. Owned and operated by the friendly and robust Gnome, Ivar Kanhave, the Iron Tap welcomes people of all races. It encompasses four floors and a basement. The first two, with a wide open atrium, constitute the tavern, and the two top floors house the inn. The prices are reasonable, the beds all comfortable (with down mattresses), and the rooms usually possessing a night stand and heavy trunk.

Most know the inn for its lagers. The basement houses the brewery, where Ivar has constructed a "cold" room. Magically sealed, the room serves as an icebox for the jolly innkeep's favorite lagers: Georgia's Brown, Aldo's Light, and Vintage. Other drinks brewed in the Iron Tap are the Zurweste Dark Ale and the Halfling brew called "The Spit." This last is a heavy thick beer with a powerful punch.

The tavern is always abuzz with gossip and chatter (CK's should check the rumor table). The Gnomes and Halflings traffic and sell goods all

over the area and throughout the city, so they have a good network of contacts. The conversation in the bar these days concerns the mysterious murders, the bodies found in the bay, and the Underclass war.

Two thieves, both loose associates of Michael Bagleton's, work in the Iron Tap. They are Gotar Hjorleif, an older Gnome, and his compatriot, Valsgarde. Gotar is presently looking for aid to help the Freetraders in the war. The discovery of Crna Ruk assassins being involved has terrified him, and, after discussing things with Michael, he is actively looking for assistance. He will be very receptive to the player characters and will actively attempt to enlist them. He can offer up to 500 gp each. Valsgarde is far more suspicious and wants to keep his nose clean; Gotar suspects he harbors sentiments for the Nachtkrichen.

If the party joins Gotar in fighting the Nachtkrichen, he leads them to the basement on the pretext of a tour (he is a bartender) of the brewery. There he takes them into a secret chamber behind the vats and reveals to them the following:

"Aye, I've been a fighting these night crawler, or whatever the call themselves, for some time now. They're everywhere and nowhere. We can't find their hole, but some says it's on Gothere Street. I'm not so sure. I do know this, there's some money behind them, for they've strong armed many a folk in the Sea Towns. They do this with the Crna Ruk," he spits and frowns, a look of fear passing his face.

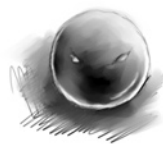
"Those evil dogs are involved somehow and must be rooted out too. I tells you this, the Governor, Heleen Nolthenius, she knows something, or her people do. I'll give you a name, Cornelius, its one of her guards. He's in the know I tell you, he's in the know. But more go to this address, 14 Spengler Road in Capayrnha; I've been to it, something is fishy there."

For stats on Cornelius and what he knows see "Bessel Hill, the Governess' Palace" below. If the party proceeds to 14 Spengler Road, skip forward to Spengler Road below. Gotar joins the party if they offer him an equal share.

Note: There is a highly probable chance that agents of the Nachtkrichen or the Crna Ruk are in the Iron Tap. If the characters do anything suspicious, such as leave immediately, they attract attention and someone follows them, usually a low level rogue or assassin.

GOTAR (*This chaotic neutral 6th level gnome rogue's vital stats are HP 38 and AC 18. His primary attributes are dexterity and intelligence. His attributes are strength 12, dexterity 17, constitution 15, intelligence 17, wisdom 13 and charisma 11. He possesses a +2 leather armor, a +3 heavy crossbow, 10 +1 bolts as well as 20 non magical bolts, +1 shortsword, potion of invisibility, and a rope of climbing.*)

Gotar carries small buckler which he uses when forced to draw his sword, however, he prefers to fire on opponents from afar. He possesses 75gp in mixed coin.



16 CASTLES & CRUSADES

RAPTURE: WHERE THIEVES DWELL

Where Capayrnha and Ra-veen merge is the vast, sprawling, run-down burrow called "The Rapture." Few remember why the neighborhood came to be so called, but many remember the area as a place of execution for priests of Demeter when the lords of the Winter Dark ruled. Soon after the wars, the neighborhood fell into utter ruin, haunted by the ghosts of its past. The buildings are a blight, the streets have little traffic, no shops, inns, or bars line the way. There is only stench and decay. People watch you as you pass by with hollow, hungry stares. Some lift hands, begging for food.

This is a dangerous area, the true slums of Ihlsa. People who live here have little to call theirs, and they live in run-down shanties and ruined buildings. There are few wells, making water scarce. Food is equally hard to come by. There are, however, many ill begotten wares available.

In the Rapture, all manner of creatures have settled. Men, women, and children live in complete poverty, desperate for any kind of handout. Many make their living as thugs and bandits. They prey off each other as much as anyone else. But there are other things that stalk the streets; ghosts and apparitions who linger in this world, remembering the pain of their last moments on the scaffolds of the Winter Dark. Monstrous spiders abound everywhere, buildings nests in houses and alleys. There are also several lycanthropes, werewolves and wererats who stalk the streets.

Though little happens in the daytime, when the sun sets, the Rapture becomes a deadly place. The CK should roll encounters here twice every hour with a 1 in 10 chance of meeting a wandering monster.

SPECIFIC RANDOM ENCOUNTER

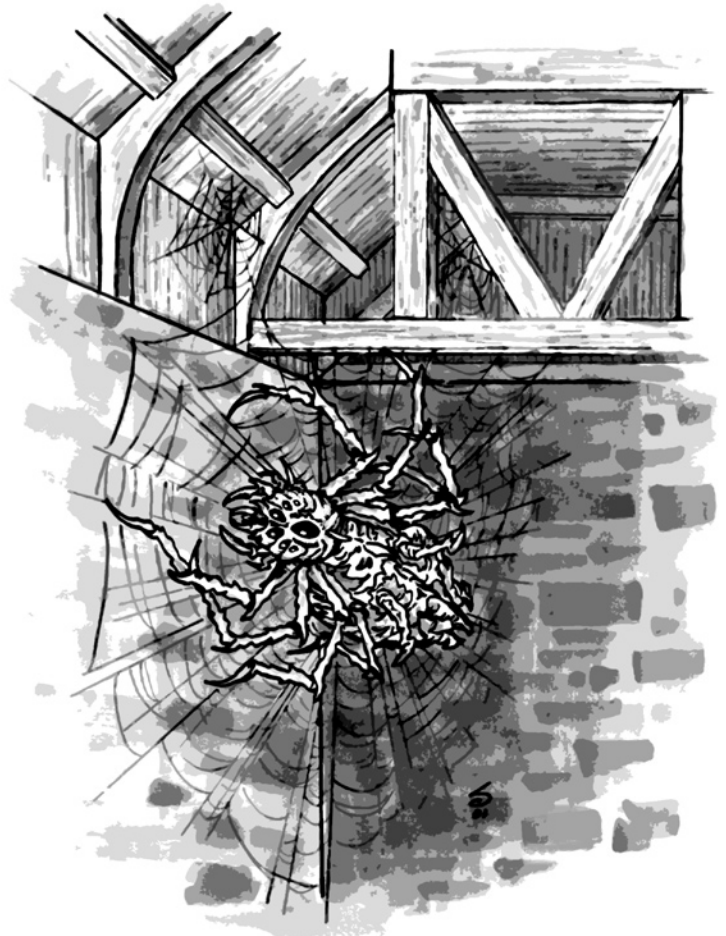
RAPTURE

- | | |
|----|--|
| 1 | Beggars (2-12) |
| 2 | Thieves, 1-4 (4-8th level) |
| 3 | Thugs, 2-16 (2-8th level) |
| 4 | Gargoyle (2-16) |
| 5 | Spectre |
| 6 | Harpy (pair) |
| 7 | Spirit Naga |
| 8 | Special (roll a d4 on the chart below) |
| 9 | Wererats |
| 10 | Werewolf |
| 11 | Constrictor Snake (Giant) |
| 12 | Vampire |

SPECIAL

- | | |
|---|----------------------------------|
| 1 | Thief (10 th level) |
| 2 | Crna Ruk (5 th level) |
| 3 | Michael Bagleton |
| 4 | Ivar Jonovich (Vampire) |

Note: Do not depend on the die to bring a monster into play. If the game is moving slowly or just in need of some combat the CK should not hesitate in picking a monster from any of the Random Encounter Charts.



13. THE PHASE SPIDER (MAP R-4)

This building is wholly uninviting. Weeds grow everywhere, their determined stalks pushing up through the mortar of the street. A wide archway exposes a tunnel that leads into a long-abandoned, covered courtyard. The building itself looks like it might crumble at any moment. There are spiders too, everywhere. Small spiders skid across the rubble, their webs filling cracks and open spaces. Inside, just on the edge of your light can be seen thicker webs as well.

A cluster of Phase Spiders has taken up residence in this abandoned building on the skirts of the Rapture. They prey upon those who pass by, and those foolish enough to step into le-blond's enchanted gardens (see Edonvol below). They lurk in the dark recesses of the broken down building. Whenever someone enters the building or passes by, the spiders cross into the ethereal plane, launching an attack as soon as the opportunity presents itself.

SPIDER, PHASE (These neutral creature's vital stats are HD 5d10, HP 42, AC 15. Their primary attributes are physical. They attack with a bite for 1d6 points of damage. With a successful bite they can inject poison that can kill the victim, constitution save at -2 for death. They are able to shift from the mortal realms to the ethereal at will. They can generate the affects of a web spell once per day.)

TREASURES: The spiders have no treasure present, for they devour their victims on the ethereal plane and everything discarded there. In the center of the courtyard, however, is a small satchel, dropped by one of Malcom's minions during the original attack on Edonvol. The unfortunate man entered one of the enchanted gardens and

found himself transported to the den of the phase spiders. He dropped his satchel when he the spiders attacked him. Inside are a set of thieves' tools, a small hammer, a sheaf of papers, and two small flasks. The larger flask contains a potion of cure serious wounds, while the smaller of the two holds a potion of spider climb. Scribbled on the paper are the words: "U - N, Helliwell." The note is a reference to the Patriarch's warding spell Malcom cast upon the secret door in the great hall of the University. Speaking the name Helliwell circumvents the spell (see below).

NACHTKRICHEN: "THE NIGHTCRAWLERS"

These sprawling streets conceal the thieves den headquarters of the Nachtkrichen. They have set-up house in the dilapidated buildings of Denby Court.

The Nachtkrichen is the newly founded thieves' guild in the city of Ra-veen. Though Malcolm's money and influence funded the guild, it has since taken on a life of its own. Malcom only has control/influence over the three leaders, Hendrick, Gwendolyn, and Lanz Thoran. The guild itself is reputed to be between three and four hundred strong. This organization has been together for several years and many believe it is under the leadership of its third master. Rumors abound that Michael Bagleton slew the first two.

The guild's name, Nachtkrichen, means in the Vulgate or common tongue, "the nightcrawlers." Guild leaders, and now most citizens, refer to the members as kricher or "crawler." Each Kricher has the guild's symbol tattooed somewhere on his body, but is it typically located on the inside of the left arm, below the armpit. The tattoo is a spidery letter N with a tear drop hanging off it that symbolizes the guild motto, "For those who cross us will have everlasting sorrow." Each member also carries a small curved dagger with a black hilt and red scabbard.

They frown upon freelance thieves and consider them enemies. This is largely because they are out of the guild's immediate control. Any criminal action not within the guild's plans draws the guild's attention. Usually, they force violators to join the guild; sometimes, they drive offenders from the city. Truly obstinate individuals or groups they deal with in a deadly manner. There is no forgiveness for crossing the Nachtkrichen.

The guild is located at Denby Court in the Rapture. The building used to house several shops, a tailor, rug salesmen, an apothecary, a woodcrafter, and a tavern. A few thieves who pass themselves off as mendicants living in the ruins now occupy them. There are hidden doorways in what used to be tailor's shop and the tavern, and several traps in the rest of the building.

Entrance into the guild requires passwords to both the upper level and into the safe house (see below). There are three passwords for the upper level that change every week. There are two for the safe house that change every three weeks. The thieves supply both sets of passwords in a sentence form. Example: the upper level passwords are black, basket and tree. The entering thief might say: "Have you seen a black basket? I set it down by the tree there." Visitors must give the passwords to the "mendicants." If they fail to do this, or if they fail to give the proper passwords, they guards warn them off with a polite but stern "you are in the wrong place friend." If the visitor persists, they fall back, sound the alarm, and wait for reinforcements to arrive, and then they attack the visitor.

The leadership and structure of the guild is as follows:

HENDRIK GRAUER (*This lawful evil 11th human rogue's vital stats are HP 55 and AC 18. His primary attributes are dexterity, intelligence, and wisdom. His attributes are strength 11, dexterity 17, constitution 14, intelligence 14, wisdom 10, and charisma 12. He possesses elven chain, +3 daggers (x4), rapier of wounding, ring of force shield, a ring of chameleon power, bag of holding, a band of dark vision that allows him to see up to 60 feet in the dark. Hendrik prefers to fight two handed with his daggers, as he is a consummate knife fighter. If he does so he fights at +9 (main hand) and +6 (off-hand) as long as he is using his +3 daggers. Otherwise he uses the rapier of wounding.*)

Much of his life's fortune he keeps in the bag of holding, which he keeps on his person at all times. There are 4000gp in mixed coin, gems and jewels in the bag as well as complete stocks of food, water and other mundane supplies.)

Hendrik is the guild leader. He lives in the First District on Avrest St. as a wealthy courtier. Hendrik's secondary guild function is Aristocratic Counsel. He is a very evil man, and spares no one, unless he deems they have secret knowledge. In that case, he tortures them. This means he oversees kickbacks and payoffs within the upper crust and city government. He has close ties with the Governess-General and the other lords through his position of courtier. He is under the influence of Malcom of Helliwell, but is unaware of that being the case.

LADY GWENDOLYN "THE HARLOT QUEEN" (*This lawful neutral 9th level human rogue's vital stats are HP 45 and AC 18. Her primary attributes are dexterity, wisdom, and charisma. Her attributes are strength 13, dexterity 16, constitution 14, intelligence 15, wisdom 15, and charisma 12. She possesses a +3 leather armor, +1 nunchaku, eyes of charming, ring of friendship (as the spell), ring of flying. She carries several daggers.*)

Gwendolyn always carries 4 25gp gems and 30gp in mixed coin. In her apartment, a small hole in the wall in Capayrnha (14 Fleece Street), she has a further 540gp in mixed coin.

LANZ THORAN "THE DUKE" (*This neutral evil 7th level human rogue's vital stats are HP 28 and AC 17. His primary attributes are strength, dexterity, and intelligence. His attributes are strength 13, dexterity 18, constitution 13, intelligence 13, wisdom 10, and charisma 7. He possesses +3 ring of protection, longsword nine lives stealer, scabbard of keen edges, cape of the mountebank, and a chime of opening.*)

Lanz possesses 480gp in mixed coin and an ancient Ring of the House Golden (the Emperor's of Aenoch before the Winter Dark) valued at 7,500gp. He wears this at all times. Lanz is an extremely violent and vicious man. He relishes in destroying people with his longsword, Nine Lives Stealer. He also carries a regular shortsword and long knife.

MADRIS ONE EYE, SERGEANT AT ARMS (*This lawful evil 5th level human rogue's vital stats are HP 22, AC 15. His primary attributes are strength, dexterity, and intelligence. His attributes are strength 13, dexterity 18, constitution 13, intelligence 13, wisdom 10, and charisma. He possesses leather armor, shortsword, dagger (x2). He carries 72gp in mixed coin and 50gp in gems or jewels. Madris possesses a potion of cat's grace (+1 to all rogue based and dexterity checks), a potion of alter self and a dagger of venom.*)

KALIN, THE SHE DEVIL, SERGEANT AT ARMS (This lawful evil 5th level human rogue's vital stats are HP 23, AC 15. Her primary attributes are dexterity, constitution, and intelligence. Her attributes are strength 13, dexterity 18, constitution 13, intelligence 17, wisdom 10, and charisma 13. She possesses leather armor, shortsword, dagger (x2). She carries 72gp in mixed coin and 50gp in gems or jewels. Kalin possesses a ring of evasion.)

GUSTAS THE STONE MAN, SERGEANT AT ARMS (This lawful evil 5th level human rogue's vital stats are HP 22, AC 15. His primary attributes are strength, dexterity, and intelligence. His attributes are strength 13, dexterity 18, constitution 13, intelligence 13, wisdom 10, and charisma. He possesses leather armor, short sword, dagger (x2). He carries 72gp in mixed coin and 50gp in gems or jewels. Gustas possesses a stone of alarm, luck stone (+1 to all checks) and a stone salve which can reverse the affects of a cockatrice or similar beast or spell by returning a stoned victim to their normal state (this may be useful in the encounter of Gothere Street, see above.)

HANSEINE, MATAGAR, BELAVAR, AVRIL, SILUS (These chaotic evil 4th level rogues vital stats are HP 16 and AC 14. Their primary attributes are dexterity, wisdom, and intelligence. Their significant attributes are dexterity 14 and intelligence 13. They wear leather armor, and carry short swords and 10-60 gp worth of jewelry and coin.)

14. DENBY COURT

The strange horseshoe shaped building is in utter ruin. Where it once boasted two floors, there is now nothing but a collapsed roof, jumbled debris from fallen walls sitting upon the ceiling of the first floor. More debris litters the courtyard where an ancient well, long dried, sports an old statue of a man with a staff. The head of the staff and the man are gone.

The beggar sign here translates to "Thieves Here," (spot CL 5).

Within this ruined building is the entrance to the Nachtkrichen's guild hall, safe house, and storage room. Within the ruins are always six to twelve 1st and 2nd level thieves who serve as guards and lookouts for the guild. They know the passwords and if anyone fails to correctly identify themselves, they signal each other with cant. A runner immediately heads into the streets to gather what help they can. The rest attack the offender. They do not make a move to the secret doors in the ruined buildings.

ROGUES (12, MALE AND FEMALE), (These chaotic evil 2nd level rogues vital stats are HP 9 and AC 12. Their primary attributes are dexterity, wisdom, and intelligence. Their significant attributes are dexterity 14 and intelligence 13. They wear padded leather armor, and carry short swords and have 6gp each.)

The underground guild itself is rarely occupied by more than a few thieves, typically being those who are wounded or have found themselves in trouble and need to keep a low profile. Only Lanz Thoran actually lives in the guild hall. Once a month the guild gathers in the amphitheater to discuss guild related matters.

The entrance to the guild hall is in the fountain. The fountain is 15 feet across and about 5 feet deep. One has to move the statue to the side. Once done, the ladder leading down into the tunnel is easy to spy.

1 ENTRANCE

The ladder leads down into a small room with a single wooden door. The door is locked and trapped.



POISON NEEDLE TRAP (The door has a small needle trap in the handle (NOT THE LOCK). Grabbing the handle triggers the needle trap which stabs the victim. The needle has sassone leaf residue on it, a type IV poison. The victim must make a successful constitution save (CL 5) or suffer 2d8 damage and fall into a coma for 1-6 days. A save causes 1d10 points of damage and loss of 1 point from a secondary attribute (CK's choice) for 1d6 days. To detect the trap requires a successful detection at CL 7).

2. HALL

The door opens into a narrow hall, at best only two feet wide. A heavy odor of unwashed bodies lingers.

It is actually a wind tunnel. If someone enters without saying the word "Everlasting Sorrow", a great gust of wind blasts the party. It is designed to disorient and to extinguish torches or lanterns. The wind does little damage other than superficial. Each party member should make a dexterity check to see if they are knocked from their feet. If the wind tunnel alerts the rogues they open the door to the safe house and fire missiles down the hall.

3. SAFE HOUSE

There are simple bunks lining the walls from floor to ceiling in this large room. All have straw mats, blankets, and hooks.

This room quarters up to 40 men and women. There is nothing of value in the room, except for that possessed by the individual thieves. There are always 6-12 thieves hiding in the room. The secret door leads to the round room before the first pit trap.

4. TRAP

SLIDING SPIKED PIT TRAP (10 FT. DEEP) SPIKED PIT TRAP (12 FT. DEEP) (In order to find and remove traps they must make a successful check (CL 6). Anyone walking on this corridor triggers this trap and must make a successful dexterity save or risk falling into the pit where they fall upon 1d6 spikes. They take 1d6 points of damage for the fall and for a further 1d4+4 points of damage per spike. The spikes hit automatically.)

5. DINING HALL/KITCHEN

The door opens onto a jumble of tables and benches, a cooking pit, plates, goblets and other eating utensils scattered about the room. It smells of stirred meats and vegetables.

There is a 50% chance there will be 1-4 thieves (2nd and 3rd level) eating in this kitchen and dining hall.

6. OTYUGH TRAP

The door opens to a wide pit, easily 20' across and 20' long. A thin board stretches across the opening, with only a bridge over it. A foul, disgusting odor wafts up from the piles of rubbish and human refuse that the occupants toss down.

Within the pit are two Otyugh. They attack anyone unfortunate enough to fall into the pit. Note that the sides of the pit are slimy and offer little purchase for hands. Any attempt to climb out of the pit without help results in a -8 to the check.

OTYUGH x 2 (This neutral creature's vital stats are HD 6d8, AC 17, HP 32. Its primary attributes are physical. It attacks with two tentacles for 1d8 points of damage and a vicious bite for a further 2d4. It has an improved grab ability allowing the otyugh to make an automatic hit with its bite. They can cause diseases as well.)

Treasure: Buried in the much and mire at the bottom of the pit is 1000cp, 420sp, 200gp, Banded mail human, +2 shield.

7. LANZ THORAN'S ROOM

A lantern lights the room and there are obvious signs of occupation. A large four-poster bed, writing desk, dresser, and heavy trunk are in the room. A weapons rack stands against the far wall.

This room serves as the Lanz's private chambers. There is an 80% chance that Lanz is in the room. If forewarned of the party's coming, he hides and surprises them. He fights to the death, all the while calling for help. For Lanz's statistics, see above.

The guild permits no one entry here, other than members of the guild hierarchy. The furniture is in good shape and very valuable (50-250gp for each piece), though getting it out of the dungeon would prove very difficult.

NOTE: In one of the dresser draws is a shipping order that shows a delivery to Denby Court from the Antiquarian, a shop at the University.

TREASURES: Hidden within the crossboard on the underside of the bed is a Bag of Holding. (Search, DC 23). Inside is a Lanz's cache of 14 jewels, each one worth 500gp. Also hidden here, a small

book with notes scribbled in its dusty yellow pages, including the address of Hendrick, Gwendolyn, and the University.

8. AMPHITHEATER

Here they find a wide circular room with tiers of benches. In the middle of the dirt floor is a small stage.

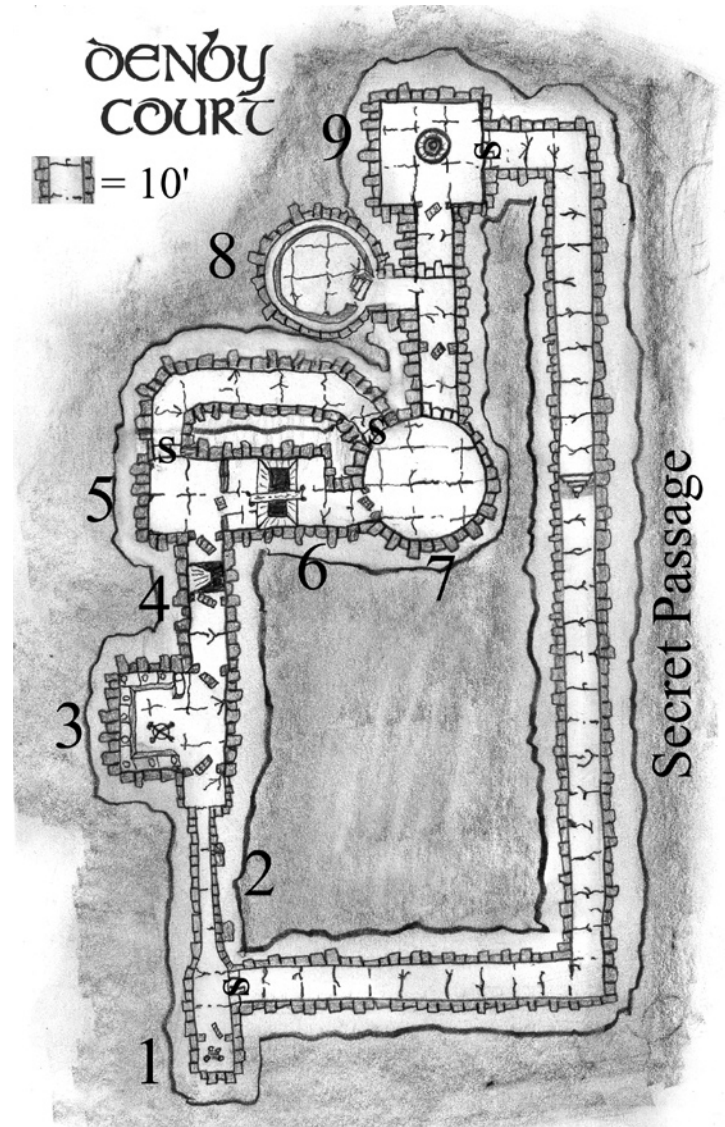
The room serves as the grand meeting hall. It sits about 300.

9. GUILD HALL

This is a 30' x 30' room with a round table in the middle. There are six chairs at the table and a further six against the walls. Upon the back wall, hanging on platinum staves, is a heavy black banner with a spidery letter N with a tear drop hanging off of it. Upon it is scripted Vulgate, "For those who cross us will have everlasting sorrow." There is a large mirror on the other wall.

This is the secret meeting hall of the guild. Unless there is a meeting in session, there is little reason for anyone to be here. The six chairs around the table are for Hendrick, Gwendolyn, Thoran and the Handlers. The other six chairs are for the Guard.

The mirror is a *mirror of thoughts*: This allows the owner, after casting the correct password upon the mirror, usually through a



write or similar spell, to communicate with anyone who possesses a similar *mirror* that has the same password. Malcom uses this to communicate with the guild.

The staves on the standard are worth 250gp apiece. Beneath the table is a secret stone trapdoor leading to the guild's treasure cache: 25000gp, 500 pp, 4 1000gp gems, and an *arrow of slaying* (vampires).

Note: Obviously sacking Denby Court does not necessarily root out the guild, but it would rob the guild of its treasure and seriously disrupt the communications between members.

THE WATERFRONT

From north to south along the whole coast of the Three Cities you see the jumbled pile of ships, piers, wharves, warehouses, offices and other buildings. The bay is brackish, an ugly grey color, for here the cities' inhabitants dump their refuse, and the sewers emptied. Crates and barrels float about, and pile everywhere. Sheep, pigs and other livestock are unloaded, the bleating and squealing of these poor doomed beasts joins the cacophony of noise which pervades the whole scene. Hordes of men and beasts tramp to and from, carting goods to huge lumbering ox-drawn wagons with Halfling masters. Overseers stand here and there shouting commands and figures at their men. All the noise and confusion serves to drown out the sea and the deep blue waters of the Bay of Massol.

The Waterfront runs the length of the Sea Towns, from Ra-veen to Nochi. The main boulevard, Waterfront Street, serves as a collection point for all the inbound and outbound traffic. Here dock masters, merchants, ship captains and others stack, count, value all the booty and goods as it is prepared for sale in the city. The cobbled street is slick with ocean spray and the morning mist which settles on the avenue.

One can always find innumerable men, laborers, and toughs lingering on Waterfront, waiting for a job, any job. They come cheap. And



there are jobs aplenty; almost anyone can make a few silver coins a day unloading boats. Spots on ships are rare, unless one has experience. Even those, Captains only offer half of what normal ship hands make, as the chance of booty and a share in it is strong.

There are not many shops along this street, but plenty of warehouses and offices. These serve various companies for a variety of purposes. Most of the owners live in the Merchant District in Nochi. Overseers run them, almost always accompanied by body guards. Though many of these companies are aware of the war going on, they have stepped aside, awaiting the outcome. Some few funnel money to various friends, but none have actively joined the fray. An exception to this is the Udenbrooks shipping firm.

At night the Waterfront remains fairly busy, with sailors coming and going. Lately however, the people have begun going home around midnight in fear of the creature stalking the waterfront. It is usually misty at night, and the oil lamps which are supposed to light the street hardly do the job.

15. ABOLETH

Standing upon Waterfront a tangled web of piers, docks, ways, and gangplanks greet you. Sprinkled throughout are a host of ships of all sizes. The murky water of the bay laps up against the stone causeway of the boulevard, the thick stone and wooden pier supports, and the sides of ships. It is brackish and foul. Pieces of debris, garbage, human waste, and sewage all mingle, making the stretch a putrid swamp. The surface bubbles occasionally, giving testament to something foul underneath.

The beggar sign here translates to "Unsafe Place," (spot CL 5).

Several aboleth have taken up residence in the bay, particularly in the drains that run underneath the city. These huge, foul creatures mostly live off carrion and sewage, but they are not averse to dining on any poor fool unfortunate to fall in.

During any evening when the traffic has dwindled, the aboleth come to the surface in search of prey. If they find someone lingering near the water, they attempt to enslave them and bring them into the water to devour. They are very aggressive and hate land-bound creatures with a passion as unnatural as their very being.

ABOLETH (These lawful evil creature's vital stats are HD 9d8, AC 16, HP 51. Their primary attributes are mental. They attack with four tentacles for 1d6+8 damage each. The aboleth is highly intelligent and able to enslave creatures through a charm like ability. Victims must make a saving throw versus wisdom or fall under its control. They have spell-like abilities that they cast as a 16th level caster: hypnotic pattern, illusory wall, mirage arcane, persistent image, programmed image, project image and veil. They also have a slime attack that morphs the victim into an aquatic creature and are able to surround themselves with a thick mucus cloud to confuse their enemy.)

Because these intelligent predators absorb the memories of those they devour, this creature possesses a deep knowledge of what is happening in the Sea Towns. They know of the Vampire's existence and know that they lair in the University, though not exactly where. They are also aware of the Crna Ruk and their secret location on Spengler Road. For the characters to access this

information it would take imprisoning the aboleth, communicating with it telepathically, or somehow making it an ally

The aboleth have a particular passion for Orc meat. If the party discovers this and they attempt to bargain with the creatures, they can pay for information with the bodies of Orcs. CK's should play the fish intelligently. The creatures live for hundreds of years and are very smart and adaptable. They are presently thriving in the bay because of the chaos in the Sea Towns. If pressed or near death, or if the characters make an overture to them, the aboleth may attempt to bargain with them.

TREASURE: The aboleth keeps its treasure in a nook beneath the piers. There a careful investigation reveals 125pp, 300gp, 600sp, and 1000gp. There is one blue diamond mounted on a gold circlet worth 1200gp. A *helm of underwater* is still on the skull of a human skeleton laying in the muck. And *wand of suggestion* is in with the treasure.

16. UDENBROOKS AND CO.

The beggar sign here translates to "Assassins," (spot CL 5).

The Udenbrooks settled in the area soon after the war and set-up a modest-sized ship supply company. They make sails, tack, and rope for ships. They do a fair amount of business. The owners are frustrated however, for they do not sell as much as they would like. This is largely because pirates loot their victims of tack and sails before they burning the victim ships. Few need to purchase such fresh supplies.

The Udenbrooks firm has strenuously attempted to stop this, or at least curtail it. By passing themselves off as loyal citizens of the Principate, they have petitioned the Governess-General, as well as the Prince, to declare all ships and sailing gear taken at sea to be the property of the Prince. In this way, they force their business and hope to expand it.

The plan has yet to flourish, so the Udenbrooks also have sought to expand their interests in other directions. Their youngest son, Aslon, they "sold" to the wizard-priests of Umbra, who in turn sold him to the Crna Ruk. He has since become a dreaded assassin in that guild, but has maintained his ties to the family business. Even now he works at the Udenbrooks Shipping Co. as the accountant and company representative.

Aslon has his own agenda. He is feircely loyal to the Crna Ruk and the worship of Unklar. It is his goal to return that deity to the plane. In this vain, he strives to take the *Heart of Glass* for himself, for he believes that it can reveal the secrets of the Blood Runes, time traveling spells. If the party investigates the Udenbrooks Shipping Firm they will meet Aslon directly. He of course attempts to send them on the wrong trail (assuming they are investigating), and if he becomes suspicious, he alerts both the Crna Ruk and the Paths of Umbra. If the party antagonizes him, he calls for aid, employing up to 1-12 dock workers and toughs. The CK should make the party of toughs challenging.

On Aslon's desk is word scribbled hurriedly on a piece of paper, "Inquisition." It is actually a ship in the bay who Aslon suspects of being somehow involved. If the party meets Aslon, or sneaks into the offices, they have a chance of spotting or finding it (CL 5).



Aslon lives in a small, ground-level room on Glish Street in Capayrnha. He has a secret entrance to the sewers which leads to almost anywhere in the city. His treasure is stored behind a loose stone behind his headboard. It consists of: 800gp, an ancient ring (500gp), two vials of type IV poison, *efficient quiver* and a *manual of quickness in action* +2.

ASLON (This lawful evil 7th level Crna Ruk assassin's vital stats are HD 5d8, AC 16, and HP 52. His primary attributes are dexterity, constitution, and intelligence. His attributes are strength 13, dexterity 16, constitution 13, intelligence 16, wisdom 10, and charisma 7. As a Crna Ruk assassin Aslon has several spell like and exceptional abilities, see Appendix A New Monsters for detail. He carries or wears +1 leather armor, +1 rapier of wounding, *potion of cure serious wounds* and *freedom of movement* ring. Aslon carries four poisoned darts hidden in his boots (2 each). He also has a small purse with 10 50gp gems in it. This serves as his emergency cash. His spellbook contains only the spells listed above.)

TOUGHS x 12 (These chaotic neutral, 1st level human fighter's vital stats are HP 8, AC 15. Their primary attributes are physical. They attack with a club for 1d6 or a dagger for 1d4 points of damage. They carry or wear studded leather armor, club, small wooden shield, dagger and each has 2gp apiece.)

INNS/TAVERNS OF NOTE ON THE WATERFRONT

Though the Waterfront is home to a small host of drinking establishments and a goodly number of Inns the two most (in)famous are the Ballast and Truncheon.

17. THE BALLAST TAVERN AND INN

Drew of Orn runs this run-down establishment. It is a large, rough place. The first floor is dedicated to food and drink and stays pretty crowded until the wee hours of the morning. The top floors have rooms to let, but only a few are furnished. There is a communal bath, a pool, in the basement, that costs 1 sp. Drew's special brews are Drew's Pale Ale and Max's Robust (ale). He keeps his nose pretty clean, but has connections with Mistress Gwendolyn (of the Nachtkrichen, see page 18, below) and helps find her patrons. For the right price he steers people in her direction, but he does not know that she is involved in the guild.

18. TRUNCHEON

This tavern is located where Fleetwood joins Waterfront. Icaurus the Halforc owns and runs the joint.

Run down, dirty, with broken windows and piles of rubbish outside, the tavern is in the first floor of an old largely abandoned building, that faces the bay. Inside is rather dark; the light that exists possesses something of a greasy quality. The smell of unwashed bodies and stale beer pounds your senses and you think to yourself that surely this is why they call it the Truncheon. A host of poor sailors, a few orcs, and other riffraff sit around the long square bar drinking tankards of Longliner ale.

Icaurus is actually a member of the Nachtkrichen and is a close friend of Lanz Thoran's, the man known as "the Duke." Icaurus is the front man for the guild, the only real face to the operation. He does much of the recruiting for the guild, singling people out who look promising or putting pressure on those who resist. He has some influence with the Hlobane community in Capayrnha and because of that the Freetraders consider him an extremely risky target.

If the party attempts to shake down Icaurus he resists. Only the pain of certain death will force him to yield the secret of where the Nachtkrichen are holed up, that being Denby Court. He may also reveal the identity of Lanz.

The Truncheon stays open until 3 to 4 am. Along with the normal crowd there are always 4-12 Hlobane Orcs in the tavern. Lanz of the Nachtkrieichen frequently drinks at the bar, though few, if any, know of his connection to the guild.

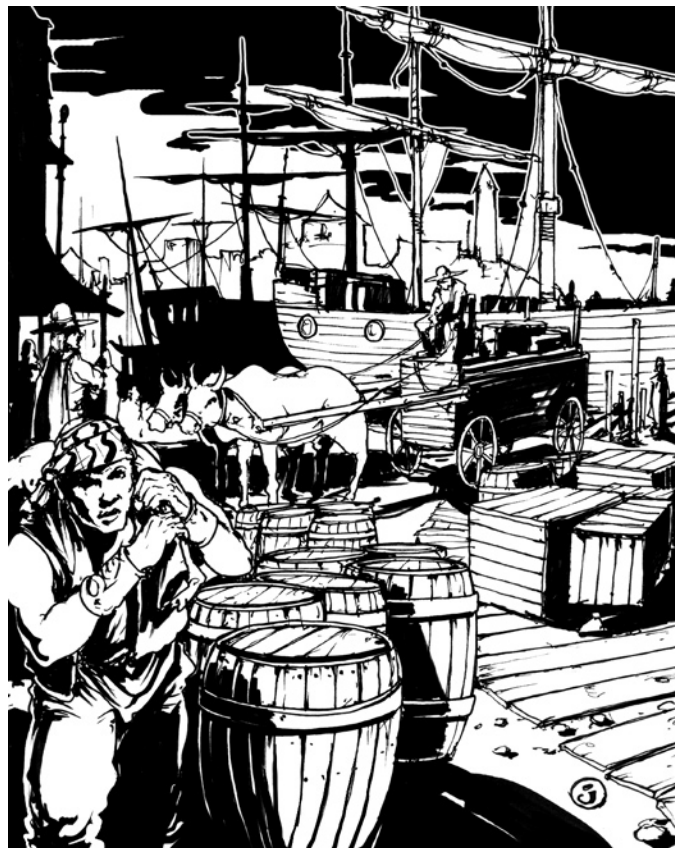
ICAURUS THE HALFORC (This lawful evil 5th level half-orc rogue's vital stats are HP 30 and AC 17. His primary attributes are strength and dexterity. His abilities are strength 13, dexterity 16, constitution 13, intelligence 16, wisdom 8, and charisma 7. He carries or wears leather armor +2, sword of subtlety (+1 shortsword), potion of cure light wounds and dagger (x2). Icaurus is an inveterate gambler and he spends most of his earnings, both legitimate and illegitimate at the table or in the Cleaver Pits. However, he does have a strong box hidden in the latrine (located in the abandoned stable yard behind the building) with 500gp in coin in it.)

This encounter takes place inside the Truncheon and serves as a nice introduction to the bar itself.

As you approach the address, you find that the door to the tavern is in the lower portion of a building, and you must go down some stone steps to get to it. A great deal of shouting and laughter comes from within. You enter a crowded, smoke filled room where a host of men gather around a pit, most are laughing, and some cursing, but almost all are exchanging money. An Ogre enters the pit and scoops up the body of a man and hurls him toward the door. He lands on the floor next to you with a sickening thud. "Grah, out of the way, me's a-cleanin the Cleaver Pit!!" The Ogre proceeds to kick the body out the door, its limp form thumping the wall and frame. He jams it up against the steps and then begins kicking furiously at the now shattered form, until at last he manages one super human kick and vaults the mangled body up into the street. There it lies, bleeding and broken.

A tough group of dock workers, sailors, pirates, and fisherman call the truncheon home. It is a rough place, where some type of fight almost invariably occurs. This encounter can be used to liven up the evening as almost anything the characters do or say can bring on a bar fight.

For instance, if a party member sits at the bar, any patron sitting nearby could take offense at their "odor" and proceed to start a fight. The same goes for a simple shoulder rub, nasty look, or even polite behavior. A fight between two people almost invariably involves most of the bar. However, there is a tacit un-written code that forbids steel of any kind or magic in a fight. Violators often bring down the anger of the whole bar with demands of them being thrown in the Cleaver Pit to fight the bar's champion to the death.



If this last is the case then the patrons pile all the tables and chairs in the center of the room, making a crude pit. They push, cajole, and force the contestants to go into the pit, one at a time, to meet the Champion.

Owan Stwrat is a huge black warrior who long ago gained the favor of the locals for his ability to fight. He never fights dirty, though his opponents often do. In combat he wields a gladius sword and small round shield as his primary weapons and a dagger and hand axe as secondary.

OWAN STWRAT (This chaotic good 10th level human fighter's vital stats are HP 94 and AC 14. His primary attributes are strength, dexterity, and constitution. His attributes are strength 18, dexterity 16, constitution 16, intelligence 12, wisdom 15, and charisma 10. He is specialized in longsword and suffers no penalties when fighting two handed. His prized possession is a featheredged long sword. The demi-god Daladon Lothian rewarded his grandfather the sword for his heroic efforts in the Battle of Ten Days during the Winter Dark Wars. When the elderly man passed away it was all he could bequeath his grandson, so Owan keeps it with great pride. He keeps it wrapped in oilcloth in his room, hidden beneath the boards of the floor. If he joins the party he takes up the sword. Otherwise he carries only short sword, hand axe, dagger, and small iron shield. He has no armor.)

Owan has no real treasure and lives in a small room above the Truncheon. If the party desires to hire him out he costs 5gp a day. He is an intelligent, calm, generally friendly and carefree, enjoying food, drink and the occasional woman. He must of course meet all of these expenses. If, in the Cleaver Pits, he is about to kill one of the party and they make him a monetary offer he breaks off the combat. Though you are supposed to fight to the death, no one is going to argue with him.

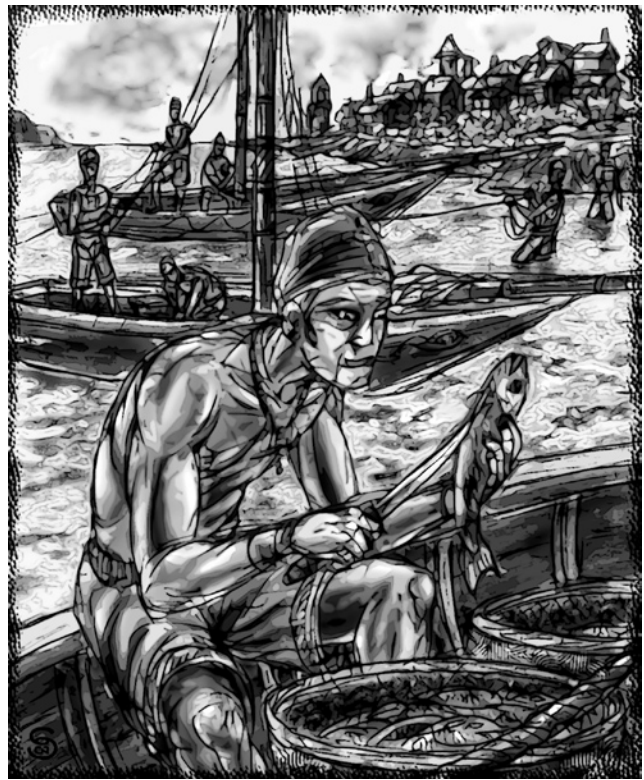
19. THE INQUISITION

This three-masted ship is long, nearly 120 feet from bow to stern and only 24 feet abeam. The rigging and sail are squared and tucked in an orderly manner. The ship is old but relatively clean, standing out from many of her neighbors. She rocks gently in the bay and the lettering of her name, Inquisition, is clear to all.

Captain Jerard Garmonsway owns the ship. He is a crusader on a mission from the Empress of New Aenoch to destroy the pirates if he can. This knight from Angouleme is a bold man and is presently investigating the source and numbers of the pirates. In order to do so, Jerard has passed himself off as a merchant/pirate come to the Sea Towns to make his fortune. Few suspect his origins for it is forbidden that any Crusader can lay down the Banner of the Sword before the Empress releases them from their oath. However, Jerard has gained the Empress' permission to do just that.

NOTE: In Aihilde, Oaths are physical manifestations of divine power. To break an oath is to damn oneself by the gods.

Jerard welcomes any visit by the party and he passes himself off as a merchant/pirate to the party until he determines what side, if any, they serve. If they are attempting to overthrow the thieves' guild, or to uncover the Crna Ruk, he offers them safe haven on the Inquisition if they should need it. Also, rumors and a divine vision have led Jerard to suspect that there may be undead creatures stalking the Sea Towns. Jerard is a noble man, he treats fairly with any and all and keeps his word once given.

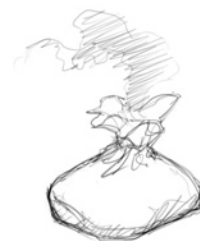


Jerard offers the Tome of Understanding to any good party who swears to take up the war against the pirates, thieves, Crna Ruk or the undead.

He has 10 soldiers at his command, and a further 12 boatsmen who will fight loyally by his side. These latter do not leave the Inquisition however.

JERARD (This lawful good 7th level human paladin's vital stats are HP 60 and AC 20. His primary attributes are strength, wisdom and charisma. His attributes are strength 18, dexterity 15, constitution 14, intelligence 12, wisdom 17, and charisma 17. He carries or wears +3 banded mail, +2 bane two-handed sword (+4 attack against undead, +2d6 damage), and a tome of understand. On the boat he possesses a locked trunk, hidden in his stateroom with 5,000 gold coins in it. This is the money supplied by the Empress to fund the venture.)

MEN-AT-ARMS x 22 (These neutral, 1st level fighter's vital stats are HP 5 each and AC 15, HP 5 each. Their primary attributes are strength, constitution, and dexterity. Their significant attributes are strength, 12. They carry spears (ad6), longswords (1d8), and light crossbows (1d4). They each have a mail shirt and a small iron shield, small helm, spear, longsword, dagger, light crossbow with 12 bolts and 5gp.)



NO EXIT: A STUDY IN CONTRAST, THE CITY OF CAPAYRNHA

Capayrnha is a maelstrom of winding streets and alleys. The buildings are generally four or five stories tall. So great was the traffic in the old days that they built bridges across streets in order to maintain a smooth flow of commerce. This effectively built one city on top of another. Hosts of staircases, ladders, and ramps connect the upper with the lower, and traffic is fairly free flowing between the two. Locals refer to the two as the Undercity and the Heights. During the day, the streets have light traffic as people come and go from their daily toil. At night the Capayrnha becomes almost menacing, for the shadows of the Undercity intrude upon one's vision, the oil lamps do little by casting a greasy light, making the whole a dark, loathsome place.

In days past, as the trade opened up and Ra-veen flourished, the lords of Aenoch built a fortress to protect the merchants and fleets. They called it Capayrnha. At first it consisted of a large castle upon the sea, stocked with knights and soldiery of the emperors, but in time it too grew into a city of some repute. More merchants settled and people came from the hinterlands to work as laborers or perform other similar tasks.

In time of years, as the Empire grew in power and scope, it became less necessary to stock the fortress with soldiers and Capayrnha castle became a training ground for the sons of nobles. This changed the nature of the town, for these young nobles brought riches with them. The new found wealth of the city attracted people from all walks of life. Taverns and Inns sprang up around the fortress. Entertainers, courtesans, and the like filled the streets seeking to gain a foothold in the upper classes.

In turn this attracted more merchants and more wealth. Port facilities and warehouses sprang up before the castles' walls and businesses began to flourish in Capayrnha, even as it did in Ra-veen, just a few miles to the south. The empire's conquests guaranteed plenty of traffic, indeed, the wharves of both towns failed to accommodate the merchant's ships. Within a few years the existing facilities proved inadequate as ships piled up in the harbor and captains waited weeks to unload their cargo.

In order to help untangle the mess, the Lord of Capayrnha founded the Nochi district to the north of his town. More dock facilities were constructed, warehouses, and piers. He then constructed a great boulevard along the waterfront connecting all three towns. He had it cobbled and lit with lanterns so that work could continue day and night.

This relieved the strain but very quickly changed the nature of the two townships. The population of the area exploded, immigrants from east and west, and people from all races, settled in the towns and neighborhoods. Trade bustled. Guilds, both mundane and supernatural sprang up throughout the area. Uncounted wealth poured into the region. In order to quell a growing crime rate the Lord of Capayrnha hired a troop of soldiers and garrisoned the town. He moved his own house to a palace on the northern edge of town and built a wall around both Capayrnha and Ra-veen, this in order to restrict access to the inner cities.

In time the city burghers, requiring space for a university, petitioned the Lord of Capayrnha for the right to use the old

castle for just this purpose. The Lord granted permission and the University of Capayrnha was founded. It attracted a host of young people, who studied language, history, and philosophy.

In those early days the power of the Lord of Capayrnha and the wealth of Ra-veen and Nochi grew in leaps and bounds. Though, as with all things, times change, and all this wealth ended with the Winter Dark Wars and the shifting trade routes.

Today the city is little more than an upscale version of Ra-veen. Merchants deal in stolen goods, buying much of it from the pirates, and the power of the Lord, now the Governess-General, is little more than that of a legate. In Capayrnha, large oligarchies have real control. These powerful mercantile families gather together in a congress once every six months to discuss the many issues that afflict the city. Many of them own the pirates, controlling them through sorcery, bribery, or threats.

Many of these families live in a part of the city known as the First District, a part of the city protected by an inner wall.

The multitude of bridges has made the Undercity a bleaker place, and consequently a more dangerous place. The twisting cobbled alleys are dark. There are many nooks and crannies, and tunneled streets where the light of day never penetrates. A mist from the bay and human waste usually hangs in the air, giving the Undercity a pungent, mildew smell. The people here are usually pale, more on the sickly side. Hosts of beggars and homeless live here, for the bridges give them some protection from the rain. Occasionally the rains overflow the sewers and whole sections of the Undercity flood. The bodies of those who drowned float amidst the piles of rubbish.





Generally, in sharp contrast to Ra-veen, the poor live on the lower floors of the buildings, beneath the carpet of bridges and roads. They find work as servants to the wealthy or work in menial tasks at the University or Governor's palace in Nochi. Others ply their trade in the service industry. There are a host of eateries, bars, taverns, and cabarets in the Undercity. It has become a place for entertainment, a place where one can find all manner of pleasure, drug, or forbidden artifice. It also harbors many thieves and cutthroats, for a multitude of disenfranchised people live there.

The Heights are a little better off. These are mostly residences for people who work for the Governess-General, the Prince, or in trade industries in the Nochi. Also, many wealthy servants live here, apprentices, guild members, and so forth. There are plenty of shops and goods here are usually as good as anywhere, and distinctly better than in Ra-veen.

There are few taverns or Inns in the Heights or in Capayrnha for that matter. Only in the Rapture and around the University can one find an easy place for repose. Otherwise the citizens find their food and drink in small eateries or private establishments owned by the Oligarches. These latter are usually huge affairs where one must be invited or be a member to go.

Whether it is day or night the Undercity is a deadly place. The CK should roll encounters here once every hour with a 1 in 6 chance of meeting a wandering monster. Use either Random Encounter chart.

Undercity (Caphyrna)

1	Beggars (2-12)
2	Assassin Vine
3	Barghest
4	Witch Orb (3-6 of at least 3rd level)
5	Spirit Naga
6	Shambling Mound
7	Giant Constrictor Snake
8	Vampire

Consult the Core Rulebooks for monster statistics. The Witch Orb is found in Appendix A, New Monsters.

20. THE SPIRIT NAGA

The gangway leads down into the dark of the Undercity. It is cooler here, but there is an odd, pungent odor in the air. The spans and bridges block out much of the city above as you find yourself in an almost alien world where pale faces stare out from dark shadows. The street twists and turns, little by little you find yourself drawn into the darkness of these tunneled roads, until the street becomes deserted. At last you come to an open archway, from within a pale gleam of light.

This is the lair of a Spirit Naga, Isiltopa. She has nested in the Sea Towns for many centuries but has only recently (in the past five years) entered the Undercity and made herself a den. She has set up a *candle of invocation* (chaotic evil) in an alcove facing the archway to attract victims into her lair. Once they enter, she uses *prestidigitation* to extinguish the flame and launches her attack.

SPIRIT NAGA (This chaotic evil creature's vital stats are HD 9d8, HP 56, and AC 16. Her primary attributes are physical. She attacks with a bite for 1d3 points of damage. Her bite is poisoness inflicting an extra 1d3 hit points of damage to whoever fails their constitution save for 1d6 rounds. She has a constriction attack that allows her to pin enemies. She has a charming gaze and spell like abilities allowing her to cast 7th level cleric and 5th level magic user spells. Her spells are 0 lvl daze, light, ghost sound, mage hand, prestidigitation; 1st lvl hold portal, burning hands, charm person, cause fear, ventriloquism; 2nd lvl protection from arrows, acid arrow, detect thoughts, spiritual weapon, fog cloud; 3rd hold person, suggestion, stinking cloud, fireball and slow.)

Isiltopa attempts to completely destroy the party. She first casts *stinking cloud*, in an attempt to stun the party. She follows this up with a *hold person* on the most unaffected and strongest party member. She attempts to use *slow* and *suggestion* to further retard the party's ability to fight her. If these spells fail or have little affect she shifts to a more violent attack pattern using *fireball* and *acid arrow*.

If the party beats Isiltopa she flees via a small hole in the wall which allows her to drop into the sewers. The party can follow her by tearing out the loose mortar and bricks that separate the room from the sewers below. The sewers invariably lead one down and out to the Waterfront (see **Encounter 5** above).

NOTE: If someone casts *fireball* there is a 1 in 10 chance that the room and building catch on fire. The locals scramble to put out any block fires, but the CK should feel free to burn down the whole block before the towns is able to conduct any fire management.

TREASURE: (Ilistopa has carefully gathered all her victim's treasures and piled in a corner of the room. It consists of 3200gp, 4000sp, 343pp, 5 25gp gems, a necklace worth 200gp, and candle of invocation (CE), +2 shortsword, a quiver of twelve +1 arrows, rope of climbing, and orb of storms. There is one scroll case with a 2nd level wizard spell perfect recollection on it (see **Appendix C New Spells**)).

21. THE FIRST DISTRICT

The walled town that is the First District houses the merchants, lords, and the Sea Towns' high society. Unlike the rest of Capayrnha, there is no Undercity here, but rather a jumbled neighborhood of very old buildings. The alleys and streets are cobbled, and at night oil lamps light the streets, carefully tended by those employed by the Oligarches.

The inhabitants of the first district display their wealth openly. They travel in gilded carriages, drawn by slaves or horses. They wear opulent clothes. The men sport heavy jackets with wide sleeves, broad hats and tights. The women wear decorated dresses tight on the bodice but expansive beyond the waist. Perfume is the rage amongst these elite. They feast in their halls attended by hosts of servants.

Well armed patrols keep a watch (the only patrols in the whole of Ihlsa) and the peace. There are a few taverns, only one of note (Pete's Keg, below), a scattering of street bars, and a few Inns. These are usually clean comfortable affairs, with pricey rooms and board.

The shops in the district overflow with clothing, trade goods, armor, and weaponry. All are expensive: add 10% to the price of any item purchased in the district.

Thickly clustered together the buildings are a mishmash of slanted and flat roofs, shingled and slate. The houses are so close that they have become avenues to thieves who come to the district for what they hope will be easy prey. Crossing the roofs is referred to as "Walking the sky" by those who practice the art.

During the day the streets and squares are crawling with people out to exchange goods, haggle, meet, and discuss the latest events. Currently the Underclass war has all concerned. Some seek to fund the fledgling thieves' guild, others to bring it down, all for their own purposes. The most involved person is Thom Daviis of the Noble Note.

22. BOUNDARY SQUARE

High pitched, slate shingled three and four story buildings line the "Square," as the locals call it. The architecture reflects the wealth of the district. Stone and marble facades decorated with statuary, ledges, iron-wrought, rail lined balconies loom over the Square and hem it and the booming market in.

Boundry Square is the commercial heart of the Sea Towns. Here all the families, merchants, traders, Pirate Captains and Oligarches do business with one another. They trade, buy, and sell company shares as a host of other goods and services. There is a booming slave market here, as well as a weapons and livestock market. The goods are not located here of course, stored in other districts; they trade ownership alone on the Square.

Here, the men and women of upper society dress well in lengthy jackets, cloaks, or long gowns. Hats, that mimic those of the Inquisitors of the Crna Ruk, are the rage in the District and almost everyone sports a finely fashioned broad brimmed hat. A "fad" far more dangerous than the wealthy elite realizes.

The only real thing of interest here is the Noble Note.

23. THE NOBLE NOTE

The beggar sign here translates to "launder money," (spot CL 5).

This establishment, located on Boundary Square is an ink's and scribe's shop. They serve the mercantile quarters in copying documents, writing letters, and providing scribes for dignitaries. Thom's shop has made him fabulously wealthy. His wealth has led to indulgences, which have led to excesses. He controls many on the Oligarchy by paying them exorbitant sums of money. He fields a small army of bodyguards and a wizard of the Paths of Umbra, Nevresil.

Nevresil encourages Thom in his hazardous pursuits and has convinced him to fund and funnel money to the Nachtkrichen. More than this, the Noble Note has become a laundry for stolen goods, most of which are kept in the very offices that Thom works in. Thom takes a healthy percentage in payments and loads these goods in wagon trains bound for the other provinces in the Principate. The Noble Note plies a well known trade in counterfeit notes and other forged documents.

Thom Davis is a merchant, and as such has no comparable skills in combat. He fights if cornered, but otherwise attempts to talk his way out of any difficult spots which he finds himself in.

THOM DAVIS (This chaotic neutral 1st level human fighter's vital stats are HP 12 and AC 15. His primary attributes are strength, constitution, and charisma. His attributes are strength 17, dexterity 13, constitution 14, intelligence 9, wisdom 12, and charisma 18. He wears or carries studded leather armor, club, small wooden shield, dagger, and has 5gp with him in a pouch. He also has a ring of allip control.)

He does however command 4 Allips, each bound within a small box in his shop. He can summon and command these undead creatures via a magical ring he possesses. They come to him in 1-10 melee rounds.

ALLIP x 4 (These extraordinary undead creature's vital stats are HD 4d12, HP 36 each, AC 15. Their primary attributes are mental. They attack with a touch attack that causes ability drain. Failure to make a successful wisdom save causes a temporary loss of 1d4 wisdom points. If a victim is reduced to 0 wisdom they are driven permanently insane. The allip also has a babble attack in which it can cause victims to become hypnotized and a madness attack. They can become incorporeal.)

Nevresil is entirely different. He is a mage in the Paths of Umbra. He is making extremely good money off the illicit war that is going on. He is a main contact between the Crna Ruk and the Nachtkrichen. As with all the Paths of Umbra wizards he is devoted to the return of the horned god, Unklar and as such will not sacrifice himself in any way for the Nachtkrichen. He will aid the Crna Ruk as he perceives their goals being the same as his own.

NEVRESIL (This lawful evil 9th level human wizard's vital stats are HP 55 and AC 14. His primary attributes are intelligence, wisdom, and charisma. His attributes are strength 9, dexterity 17, constitution 16, intelligence 18, wisdom 14, and charisma



7. Normally he has the following spells memorized: 0 level detect magic, ghost sound, light, open/close prestidigitation; 1st lvl burning hands, erase, floating disk, identify, shocking grasp, unseen servant; 2nd level continual flame, detect thoughts, knock, mirror image, rope trick; 3rd level blink, fly, suggestion, tongues; 4th level arcane eye, resilient sphere, 5th level telekinesis. Nevresil owns very little in this world. His sole possession is the magic tome that contains his spells. "The Font of Unklar" contains twelve 1st lvl, twelve 2nd level, ten 3rd lvl, nine 4th lvl, and two 5th lvl spells. Roll randomly as needed for the remaining spells.)

At any time there is 5-10,000gp worth of stolen property in the offices of Thom Davis. Also there is a 40% chance that there is a thief from the Nachtkrichen in the Noble Note at any time. If battle is given any thieves present flee to their comrades at Denby Court to warn them (see Appendix A New Monsters).

24. THE BLONDE ARENA

The sounds of laughter and song, and the hum of many voices crowds your senses as you come into view of the huge complex which is the Blonde Arena. The building and its adjacent structures dominate a whole block, both the Undercity and the Heights. The steps lead to a columned porch around which people of all walks of life mill. Beyond and inside you find yourself in what must be a converted temple of Poseidon. The main hall is huge, with columns flanking both sides and a vaulted ceiling above. Everywhere there are people, at tables, at bars, standing before musicians. They are singing, drinking, gambling, and talking. Beyond the great hall you see what an open arena where they hold games and contests. No doubt Cleaver the Pit dominates many a night, where warriors fight warriors to the death. Clouds of smoke blanket the room and the tavern has the familiar smell of debauchery about it.

The beggar sign here translates to "Good Place, Vagrants Fed and Welcome," (spot CL 5).

The Blonde Arena is a huge tavern complex owned by an equally large man, Reynard of Li-ot-neider, a one time noble of far off Angloueme, mercenary, adventurer, wizard, and philosopher. He is older, grey hair staining his forehead, wiser and far more robust. He loves life and company, treating all as equals until they prove to be untrustworthy or hateful. His establishment, the largest entertainment house in the Sea Towns, is wildly popular and often very busy.

The bar is indeed a converted temple, though not of Poseidon, but of Unklar, though it does resemble a Greek temple. Attached to the main building is the small arena where there is a track and gladiator pit. It sits about 500. There is also a block house, four stories with an interior courtyard behind the Blonde Arena where there are rooms to let. Comfortably furnished the rooms have beds, mattresses and the like (for prices see chart in Appendix F).

Once a week the bar stages gladiatorial combats and athletic events.

Reynard is a goodly man who is very concerned about the happenings in the Three Cities. Michael Bagleton, who is often in the bar with Ie-blond, is one of his closest friends and Reynard is giving him rather overt support in his war. This has made him

a target for the Nachtkrichen, and even now rumors abound that the Crna Ruk have taken up a contract on his life. For this reason the old veteran travels with two ogre body guards.

If the party contacts Reynard and relates to them their desire to join in the fight against the Nachtkrichen he gives them any aid he can. This starts with free room and board, but also information. In the course of the conversation, he tells them the following:

"I don't exactly where those dogs are dug into, but I do know, that there has been some mention in the bar of a place called Denby Court in the Rapture. This is a long abandoned, old building, partially collapsed. Used to belong to a noble, Lord Edrich I think. But there have been some footpads of late that talk a bit too much. The Court might warrant investigating."

REYNARD (This chaotic good 10th level human fighter's vital stats are HP 94 and AC 18. His primary attributes are strength, dexterity, and constitution. His attributes are strength 18, dexterity 16, constitution 16, intelligence 12, wisdom 15, and charisma 10. He carries or wears +1 chain shirt, +1 iron shield, +3 longsword. He wears a light helm in battle and carries a battle axe as well.)

Reynard is a wealthy man and at any time he is wearing several rings, earrings, or other jewelry. His wealth is tied up in several invest houses in the 1st District, but in the bar there is usually 250 to several thousand gold in mixed coin.

OGRES x 4 (These chaotic evil creature's vital stats are HD 4, AC 16, HP 13, 17, 22, 22, 28. Their primary attributes are physical. They attack with a weapon for 1d10+3 points of damage or their powerful fists for 1d10 points of damage (one attack, one damage). They have dark and twilight vision. They each possess loose armor and 4d12gp.)

There is a spy in his midst that he is utterly unaware of, placed here by the Crna Ruk assassins. Her name is Elenoeas, and she keeps the assassin guild informed on Reynard, but more importantly to keep an eye on Michael and Ie-blond and any allies they may gain. She works as a barmaid and prostitute. If the party befriends Reynard she uses all her abilities to join up with which ever one she feels is the weakest. She of course tries to bleed him/her of information to pass on to her master. Elenoeas' contact in the Crna Ruk is Michel Gradt, a student in the University (see below page 50).

ELENOEAS, CRNA RUK (This lawful evil creature's vital stats are HD 5d12, AC 18, HP 50. Her primary attributes are mental. Elenoeas is an Initiate in the Crna Ruk. She attacks with a +3 long bow for 1d6+2 or a +1 rapier for 1d8+1 points of damage. She has assassin abilities, she can change self once per day, cast minor image and possesses an illusory mark on her wrist. For further details consult the Crna Ruk in Appendix A, New Monsters.)

Elenoeas possesses a +3 ring of protection, +3 Longbow, 10 +2 arrows (all dipped in type III poison), a cloak of the bat (+10 Hide), +1 Rapier. Elenoeas carries little money, and hides her equipment in a secret compartment under the chamber part of her room, located in a small tenement behind the tavern. Also stashed here are all the accouterments of the assassin's trade: disguises, rope, daggers, extra poison, light boots, etc.

Ie-blond and Michael Bagleton both live in the flats behind the Blonde Arena. The thief spends much of his time in the bar enjoying his supposed retirement usually with a few maids on his arms and dice in his hand. The Wizardress spends much of her time in the bar as well, plotting on how best to return to her tower and overthrow the powers there. However, she has none of her magic items, or any of her spell books, so her power is almost non-existent. All she managed to escape with was her *staff of the magi*, a *ring of arisobulus* (see **Appendix A New Treasure** below), she was wearing when she escaped, and a non-magical ring worth 10,000gp. Michael has bought her a magic book with some scattered few spells (see below).

Ie-blond and Michael Bagleton both attempt to enlist the party to aid them in freeing her tower. If they seem to be a goodly band with good intentions then she offers them the *ring of aristobulus* for payment. If they are a band of ruffians he will offer them payment of 10,000, after Edenvol is cleared. Under no circumstances does Ie-blond allow the party to gain possession of the Heart of Glass. If the party does gain the *Heart of Glass* Ie-blond first retrieves

her spell books (see *Walled Garden* and *Pond* below). She first attempts to buy it, and can offer up to 50,000gp but this requires her to borrow heavily. Michael attempts to steal the gem in the meantime. In the end a battle royal must be fought between the offending party and the wizardress and thief.

As noted previously, Michael is the Beggar King. As such, he possesses eyes and ears in almost every corner of the city and little goes on that he does not know about. He can, if he is in the streets, summon 2-12 beggars at command.

MICHAEL BAGLETON (*This chaotic neutral 18th level human rogue's vital stats are HP 86 and AC 21. His primary attributes are strength, dexterity, and wisdom. His attributes are strength 14, dexterity 18, constitution 15, intelligence 12, wisdom 15, and charisma 11. He has +5 leather armor, shortsword of dancing, potion of gaseous form, cube of force, and a ring of invisibility.*)

As one of the World of Aihrde's most successful thieves Michael is an extremely wealthy man. He owns a good percentage of the Blonde Arena and has money invested in various other enterprises about time (warehousing, shipping and so forth). Though he always has a pocket full of coin his own truly valued item is a golden ring with a single sapphire in it. This item he stole from a merchant when he first began the footpad's life and he has carried it ever since. Though it is worth only 110gp, to Michael it is priceless. His intention is to pass it on to whomever he deems is his successor.

IE-BLOND (*This chaotic good 14th level female human wizard's vital stats are HP 57 and AC 12. Her primary attributes are intelligence, wisdom, and charisma. Her attributes are strength 11, dexterity 15, constitution 13, intelligence 18, wisdom 13, and charisma 16. Her spells are limited and all she has memorized are the following: 0 level arcane mark, 1st level change self, hold portal, protection from evil; 2nd level: fog cloud, ray of enfeeblement, web; 3rd level fireball, nondetection; 4th level fear, scrying; 5th level faithful hound; 6th level project image; 7th level finger of death. She has a staff of the magi (36 charges), (for complete staff capabilities refer to the *Monsters & Treasure*), non-magical ring (10,000gp). She has one magical book that Michael bought her after she was driven from the Edenvol, the *Tome of Prestock*. The spells are random and not suited to her normal subtle form of combat and she gladly offers the book to any who free her tower (see above, her memorized spells for book's contents).*)

DESCRIPTION: Ie-blond is an amazingly beautiful woman. Standing 5' 6" with long blond hair she has a youthful form which belies her age. She has deep blue eyes that are possessed of an almost hauntingly contemplative look. Her narrow cheeks angle toward full red lips. She frequently wears long white gowns. She moves in a carefully quick



manner. Her beauty is such and her voice so musical that she can seduce a man with her speech. This ability acts as a charm spell, any man with an intelligence of nine or greater must make a will check against their wisdom or be charmed by her (see charm spell).

THE MENDICANT THIEF AND ELDERLY MAGE

Michael came from the distant west. As a child he grew up in the ruins of the old Empire, in the provinces which bordered The Wilds that would later become the sprawling Hobgoblin Kingdom of Burnevitse. He fled to the south when he was six, after his family fell victim to the horrors of the Hobgoblins. He begged in the streets of many towns in Kayomar but eventually worked his way to the gilded halls of DuGuesilon itself. He eventually took up a life of thievery.

Michael taught himself the arts of picking pockets, lifting items from shops, and burglarizing. Later he learned a little from gypsies (where he learned the skills of picks and locks) and the ever migrating Halflings. When still a young man he came into contact with some of the greater Guild Houses, Muddles Inc. and the Rat's Den, and found himself always at odds with them.

"Too controlling, they always want a fellow to be a shadow! But a thief should be nothing like a shadow, but more like the wind on a sunny day . . . where even a pig's fart cannot be found!"

Michael was never known for his clever remarks.

Eventually, after years of traveling, his wandering brought him to the Sea Towns of Ihlsa. There he thrived on the chaos of the post war world and grew rich on the pickings of the Prince's merchants and pirates. There were no guilds, for as is told elsewhere, the region was much too poor to attract them, and this suited Michael perfectly. His conquests soon became famous in the underworld and many a would be thief sought to emulate him.

He met and became fast friends with a mage, Ie-blond. Ie-blond served the Mystic Enclave, that very powerful and ancient mage guild that supported the overthrow of the horned god in the long years of the Winter Dark Wars. She enjoyed a long history, one embedded deep in those very wars. She fought at the Castle of Spires and, for a time, held the keys to the gates of the Elven Worlds. She possessed many wondrous magics and artifacts collected over a lifetime's travels.

Though Ie-blond controlled all manner of arcana and could summon magics with ease, she settled in the Sea Towns in hopes of doing just the opposite. Her many years, though not reflected in her visage, weighed heavy upon her shoulders and she sought to enjoy a long and well deserved respite. Ie-blond purchased a small city block in Capayrnha, built a tower there, Edenvol ("ever vigilant" in the Vulgate), and enclosed the whole area with a wall. There she lived in quiet research, occasionally helping her neighbors or entertaining guests and friends she had known from the wars.

When the two met they struck up a fast friendship. Ie-blond greatly respected Michael's refusal to join any guilds and openly aided him in his struggles to maintain the Sea Towns free of any one guild's control. For his part Michael looked up to the beautiful sorceress as a living relic from the days of his parents and frequently sought advice from her.

When the Prince consolidated his power over Ihlsa, the two elected to stay and were gratified to note that the Prince turned

a blind eye to the happenings of the Sea Towns. They settled into comfortable lives and not particularly concerned when the townships began to fall into a morass of thieves and pirates dens. The neighborhood where the Edenvol stood soon slipped into decay and the town's boundaries merged with those of Nochi.

Before long, the two friends found themselves living in the most dangerous area of all three cities, the district now known as The Rapture. Ie-blond fortified her tower anew and made Michael set guards against entry (for who would know better) and settled herself to watch events unfold around her. Of particular concern was the guise of the very Prince who ruled the Confederation of Torrich. The grandson of the original founder, Innocent III, bore an uncanny resemblance to his forefathers. More than that, he allowed the open worship of Unklar the horned god and encouraged the wizard-priests of the Paths of Umbra to reopen their churches and monasteries. Ie-blond Feared that Innocent III served a greater threat than at first realized.

For his part Michael continued to maintain a whole network of thieves and spies in order to guard against whatever might come to pass. His long years of thievery had given him an opportunity to meet almost all those who plied the trade in the twisted alleys and back streets of Ihlsa. That, combined with his fame as the leader of the "free trade" movement made Michael one of the most popular and powerful people in the underworld. Greatest of all, Michael worried for his friend's life, for he had long ago learned that Ie-blond's maintained her youth through the magical artifact hidden in the high tower of Edenvol, the *Heart of Glass*.

25. EDENVOL "EVER VIGILANT"

1. MAIN TOWER

The large 60' high stone tower stands high above the 15' high walls that surround it. Several slate roof tops can be seen above the wall as well. The construction seems old and is quite, seemingly unoccupied.

The beggar sign here translates to "Unsafe," (spot CL 5).

The Main Tower has three levels; all have 18' high vaulted ceilings with closed and shuttered windows. Also, there are *runes of transportation* (see **Appendix C, New Spells**) located at the same spots on each of the three levels and in other rooms throughout Edenvol (marked **TR** on the map). These are marked in the appropriate rooms.

Runes of transportation allow one to travel to other parts of the keep that have other runes by reading the script. It does take foreknowledge of the runes at the desired destination. This allows the magical inscription to act upon the *runes* where one wants to go and send the person to that locale. Though Ie-blond can do this without error, as she knows all the *runes*, if anyone else attempts it, the result in using the *runes* is random. Roll a d20 for the results:

1-5: Nothing happens.

6-15: Teleported to the Rapture.

16-17: Teleported to a random part of the keep (CK's choice).

18-20: Teleported to desired goal.

An enterprising individual might be able to figure this out if he/she has some knowledge of the other *runes* (wisdom check CL 8). Also, an *identify* spell could reveal the nature of the magical inscriptions.

TL 1: GROUND FLOOR

Book shelves filled with scrolls, cases, and tomes, line the wall of this room. Their subject matter varies from the common books on fauna and flora to codexi of ancient knowledge. Several tables with scattered papers, ink bottles, quills, books, and other paraphernalia piled haphazardly on them. The room looks as if it was recently deserted.

This is Ie-blond's mundane library (maps, histories, and various books) and study. There is a walkway that goes all around the outside of it. There are four doors that exit the tower. One goes to the feast/meeting hall (#7), one that goes to the kitchens (#6), one that goes to an anteroom between buildings and one false/trapped door that will teleport characters to the Gargoyle Encounter, R).

There are many books of value to the historian and collector in the library. There are also four scrolls: *read magic* (2) and *comprehend languages* (2) placed on one of the shelves.

If the characters loot the room, Ie-Blond will not be kindly disposed to them. This does not mean she will attack them, for nothing in the room is irreplaceable, but she does not offer them anything she has not already, if they successfully liberate the tower.

TL 1: 1ST FLOOR

There is a large bed with mounds of blankets and comforter, a wardrobe, washbasin, a writing desk, a comfortable chair and an ornate mirror on the wall.

This is Ie-blond's bed chambers. There is much of value in the room, but it is largely the furniture, curtains and so forth. Ie-blond keeps none of her monies or magics here. The sole exception is the mirror, which is magical.

The Mirror of Ie-blond: This magical mirror allows one to go anywhere in the keep that you wish. One has but to visualize where in the Keep they wish to go and step through. An enterprising character may accidentally stumble on this by trying to step through and subconsciously imagining a random spot in the keep. Ie-blond built the mirror for her own use and if anyone attempts to remove the mirror from the wall, it will break causing 4d6 points of damage.

TL2: 2ND FLOOR

There is a large triangular table in the center of the room enclosed in a magic circle. Runes line the walls, ceiling, and floor. A large cupboard filled with jars of poultices, bags of spices, strange implements, candles, incense, and other oddities stands in the north-west corner. The air feels heavy, and it is a little hard to breath. Lying on the floor are the burnt remains of a human corpse. Hollow eyes and sunken cheeks reflect the pale skin of the poor fellow which fails to contain its protruding bones.

The top level of the tower is his magical laboratory. There was a glyph of warding here, but the now dead thief activated them, much to his own regret. This allowed one of Malcom's Vampires to take up residence here, waiting for the return of the mage. His name is Petra Thorkavich,

a one time thief from the Rhuneland. He has transformed himself into a gaseous cloud, waiting underneath the cupboard.

PETRA THORKAVICH, VAMPIRE (*This chaotic evils creature's vital stats are HD 8d12, HP 59, AC 20. His primary attributes are mental and physical. He attacks with a slam attack for 1d6 points of damage. He has a blood drain attack, energy drain, he can dominate foe, create spawn, and summon wolves and similar creatures. He can assume a gaseous form and spider climb. He can travel with an entourage and he has the abilities of a fighter at the same level hit dice.*)

TREASURE: In the cupboard are several of Ie-blond's magic items a *bag of holding* with ten 5,000 gp gems, the *ring of aristobulus* and a *cloak of displacement* in it. Also, sitting on the second shelf is a *gem of seeing*. She keeps her magical books in an *instant fortress* which accessed via a *cubic gate* which Ie-blond managed to throw into the pool in her gardens (see below).

RING OF ARISTOBULUS: The *ring of aristobulus* is made of thin strips of ivory woven into a rope-like pattern. It was a gift to Ie-blond from the lesser god Aristobulus during the Winter Dark Wars. Its size magically adjusts to any who wear it. The ring endows the wearer with the gift of extra-planar abilities and senses. Disjointed "phases" (where two planes juxtapose) in time and place are automatically detected, as are gates to the other planes.

Furthermore, the wearer has an increased chance of knowing what plane he/she is on (intelligence, CL 7). Twice a day the wearer can attempt to cross into another plane by making a successful intelligence check, CL 8). He/she must possess knowledge of the plane to which they are attempting to travel.

2. STORAGE BUILDING

This is a large warehouse style area. Casks of wine, ale, clothing of all kinds, foods, spices, firewood, coal, oil, tools, are stacked in orderly crates and barrels all about the room.

All of the supplies for Edenvol are here. There are two random Runes of Transportation in this building. There are three doors to this building. One opens into an anteroom (#3), one to a corridor (#5), and a third to the outdoor area facing the south wall.

3. ANTEROOM

This room connects the Tower (#1), the Storage Building (#2), and the outdoor well (#4). The doorway that faces the north is trapped, teleporting intruders to the Rapture, unless a successful dexterity check is made (CL 8).

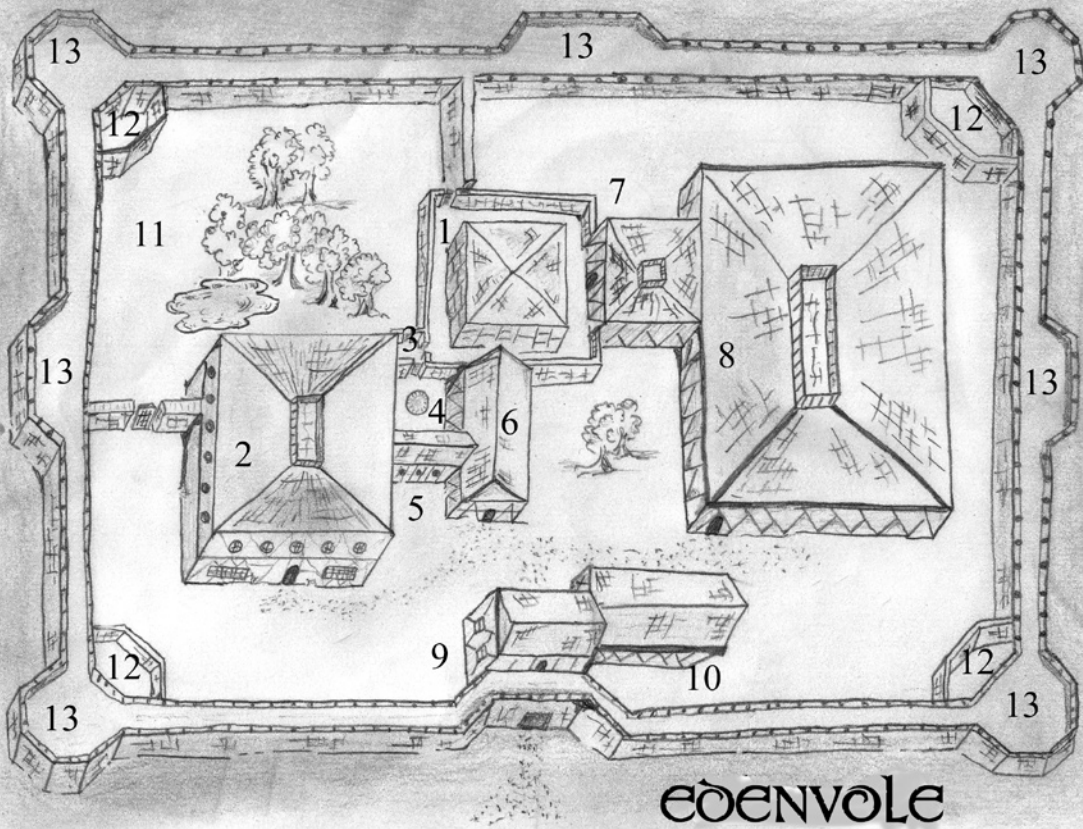
4. OUTSIDE WELL

This is the source of natural water for Edenvol.

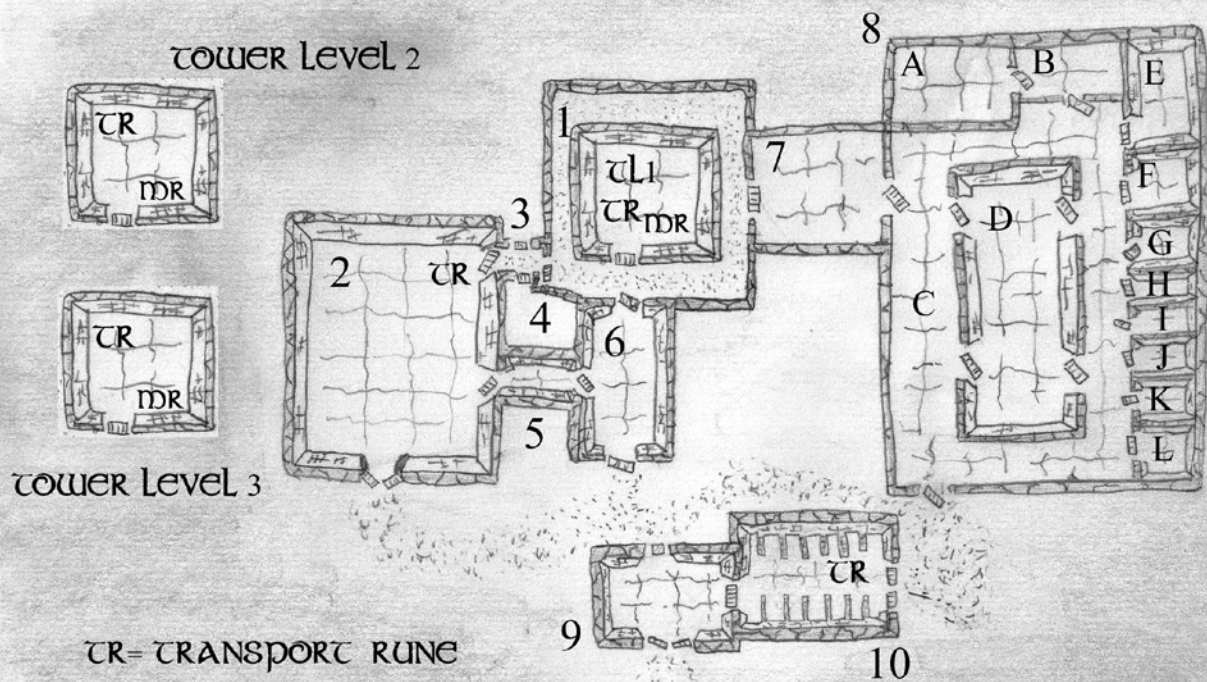
5. CORRIDOR

This is a false hallway from the Storage building (#2) to the Kitchens (#6). The door at the east end of the corridor is a false doorway. When intruders enter and come within two feet of the east doorway, the floor falls into a 12 foot pit with floor spikes.

SPIKED PIT TRAP (12 FT. DEEP) (*In order to find and remove traps they must make a successful check (CL 6). Anyone walking*



INTERIOR OF THE TOWER





on this corridor triggers this trap and must make a successful dexterity save or risk falling into the pit where they fall upon 1d6 spikes. They take 1d6 points of damage for the fall and for a further 1d4+4 points of damage per spike. The spikes hit automatically.)

6. KITCHENS

Pans, cooking utensils, and foodstuffs line the walls. A large cooking pit covers much of the east wall. Down the center of the room is a long work table that goes almost the whole length of the room.

Ten of the utensils are actually tiny Animates. They protect the room, attacking anyone but for le-blond and her servants, and sound the alarm by banging on pots and pans. They are located on either side of the doorway to the north, which connects to the Tower (#1). The other doorway goes to the outside facing the gates.

ANIMATED OBJECTS (10) (These neutral item's vital stats are HD ½, HP 2, and AC 14. They have no primary attributes. They attack with a slam attack for 1 point of damage. They cannot be harmed by any mind affecting spells or attack. Poison has no affect on them.)

There is nothing else of value in the room.

7. FEAST HALL

This large room can accommodate many people. It has a large table on a dias, about a foot off of the floor, facing the south. Two other tables run perpendicular to the first with a large space in the middle. On the south wall there is a large fireplace. In the southeast corner stands a statue of a cockatrice.

Above the fireplace is a large magical tapestry. It empowers the user to view places in the world that are not magically shielded. This tapestry can serve the CK in a number of capacities, by allowing the party to see things in and around the campaign setting. The CK should only allow the characters to use this sparingly however. If they get carried away, attempting to look into everything, or if they try to discover something you don't

want them to know, simply describe the tapestry as becoming fuzzy and the pictures indistinguishable.

There are two doors in this room. One Leads to the Tower (#1), and the other leads to the Guest Building (#8).

8. GUEST BUILDING

This large building included all the necessities that guests of the mage might need.

A. Baths: There is a large, 8' x 15,' bathing pool in the center of the room. Benches line the walls. There are shelves with brushes, towels, various soaps, and sweet smelling oils. There are two doors into the baths, one from the main Corridor (c) and one to the Privies (b).

B. Privies: Musty room with a raised section on the north wall with three equally spaced holes in which to do one's business. Also, there is a wash basin in the southeast corner.

C. Corridor: Goes around the interior of the building.

D. Lodge-room: This is a room for the comfort of the guests. There is a large fireplace on either end (north and south). A great round table covers the center of the room, with twenty chairs around it. On the west wall are shelves with bottles of brandy and mugs, and under the shelves sit three casks of ale. On a table on the west wall, there is a breathtaking crystal chess set, a brace of pipes, and a small chest of tobacco. On entering, a beholder will come out of each of the fireplaces. There are four doors that lead from the lodge-room to the corridor (c).

E. - F. Two Main Suites: The two main suites. Each has a full canopy bed, a wardrobe, a table with four chairs and a wash basin.

G. - L. Sleeping Chambers: Each has a small bed, trunk, and chair.

9. THE GATES

This is the covered area over the gates. It is twenty feet high. The walls surrounding the tower are fifteen feet high. The covering has a flat roof and four columns supporting it.

THE HEART OF GLASS

ONCE YOU LEARN TO LIVE

Many centuries ago, Um-el-eth, an order of the dark elves from the Twilight Wood, quarreled with his King over the speech used in the rites of Utumno, their god of dreams. He fought with the King so much, arguing with him in almost every council, that eventually his own kin drove him into exile. He fled the realm into the wilds of the forest. He found himself alone in the deeps of the Twilight Wood, a dangerous place even for the bold of heart, and few elves ever called Um-el-eth “bold of heart.”

Um-el-eth was a smith. He made his living at the forge where he imbued his creations with the magic of the elven world. As such, he communed with the nature of his own dreams and felt himself far superior to any of his kith or kin. But he found himself without shelter, food or any manner of defense. The untold horrors of the forest haunted his waking moments. They tormented his dreams. Shortly he fell into a great madness, slipping through the shadows of the forest.

Um-el-eth came to the caves of Everdown in the far western stretches of the wood. He took up residence there, hiding himself from the world. He built a frugal home, living a hermit's life.

In time he discovered that many denizens of the faerie world lived nearby and he found some joy in watching them gather, when they would frolic beneath the lights of the stars and moon. They befriended him, encouraging him to leave his reclusive home and come amongst them. Such was the friendship between the elf and the fey that he promised to make them a wondrous string of jewels. This he did by collecting the morning's dew that gathered upon the feet of the fey and he refashioned it into tiny gems.

He learned then that this dew was possessed of a great magic. When it clung to the bare feet of the fey, those creatures imbued it with magical qualities. He set about gathering a great amount of this magical water and shaping it into a larger gem of glass. He lay spells upon the gem and placed his own needs within it. He found then that the gem consumed him and drank his own desires so that never again did he want for food or drink, and never more did he fear the dark of the night. But too, it took away his own desire to return to his people, leaving him without purpose in his cave in the forest. He called the item his *Heart of Glass*.

So Um-el-eth lived for many years, needing only the magical *Heart of Glass* for company, though in truth he still walked amongst the fey, making music and dance with those gay peoples of the wood.

But Um-el-eth was found out. A gnome, Floki Vilgerdason, came upon Um-el-eth in the forest. When he saw the magical Heart of Glass he knew that he must possess it and he took up his ax and slew the elven smith. He took the gem and fled into the east where it passed from one owner to the next, and became an item much sought after by those who knew of its existence.

NOTE: Ie-blond has managed to avoid the affects of the gem through the close patronage of the god Aristobulus.

10. STABLES

This building houses the stables. There are two Runes of Transportation located just inside the door next to the wall.

11. WALLED GARDEN & POND

This large area between the tower, the storage building, and the walls has a finely kept lawn with a walkway that goes around its perimeter. There is a pond in the center of the garden. The whole area is clean and has a fresh smell to it.

The Enchanted Garden area in the northwest corner will teleport any that enter it to the Rapture, 20% chance of landing in Encounter Area 1. There are three doors that appear to exit the garden. Only the door between the Storage Building and the wall will allow one to enter/exit the Walled Garden Area. The other two doors will teleport any attempting to use them to the Rapture, 20% chance of landing in **Encounter Area 1**.

THE POND

The pond in the Walled Garden area is occupied by a water elemental. If any should attempt to touch the water, the elemental will attack. While trying to escape Ie-blond threw her *cubic gate* into the pool.

ELEMENTAL, WATER, MEDIUM (This neutral creature's vital stats are HD8d8, HP 44, and AC 19. Their primary attributes are physical. They attack with slam for 4d6 points of damage. They have water mastsry, so that if they are touching water and their victim is as well they gain a +1. They can extinguish flames with a drench attack. They have normal vortex.)

Activating the Cubic Gate: The only set gate on the *cubic gate* opens up to a pocket dimension in the Firmament, or the elemental planes. This dimension consists of chunks of the maelstrom, that substance from which Inzae created the prime material.

As you step through the gate you come into a world crowded with substance. Everywhere there is a maelstrom of matter, swirling, thundering about you. Amidst this is a long flat stone upon which sits a single pedestal. On the pedestal rests a small grey cube.

The cube is an *instant fortress*. Upon stating the word “Aristobulus,” the fortress opens up. It is here that the mage keeps her valued magical tomes and the wondrous *Heart of Glass*.

Within the fortress you find yourself standing in a room lined with shelving upon which sit mounds of tomes, scrolls, papyrus roll, and thick leather bound books. A large desk sits in the middle of the room, and on it are more books, papers, ink, and quill. Three chains, suspended from the ceiling hold a large flat tray of platinum and silver which holds a stand of gold. Hovering over the stand is a gem of warm bluish light. It fills the room with a wondrous magic and floods your minds with thoughts of calm and comfort. It is the Heart of Glass.

Note: The CK should allow the characters to assign the other gates on the *cubic gate*.



FINDING THE HEART OF GLASS

If the characters explore the pocket dimension they easily find the *Heart of Glass*. If they do and they return it to Ie-blond she rewards them with 50,000gp. If they steal it from her, and she discovers it, she enlists Michael Bagleton and the Freetraders to hunt down the party and get it back (see above).

12. ENCHANTED GARDENS

The small gardens are part illusory, part real. Any attempt to walk into them with out de-activating them with the word "Aristobulus" result in teleportation to the Rapture (find remove traps CL 9).

13. WALL, OBSERVATION POINTS

These four points are areas extending out past the wall.

26. THE HLOBANE

In the northern parts of the city are the Hlobane, those Orcs who command respect in the Unklarian armies of the east. They belong to the Hlobane Nation, a vast and powerful tribe of Orcs who dwell in the northern parts of the Princepate around the Red Hills. They are famous for their iron discipline and unwavering courage in the face of combat. During the Winter Dark Wars, at the Battle of the Tree, or as some call it the Ten Day Battle, the Hlobane Nation stood firm against the Council of Light. So it is written in the histories, "Only the Hlobane, the Orcs of the Red Hills, retired in order, for their pride has always been their strength and they could not be sundered."

The Hlobane are numerous and powerful and still hold to the old ways of the horned god. Their shamans worship him and their

warriors fight under his banner. They are a prideful people for they alone survived the catastrophe of the Totten Fields. They prefer heavy armor and weaponry, and are generally skilled in the use of it. They live in townships with large dirt parapets surrounding them.

Those who live in the Sea Towns do so as on their own initiative. They have settled as immigrants in a large neighborhood which mimics the Gnome community in Ra-veen in its orderly, structured society. Many have come at the behest of the Prince, serving him as guards and enforcers. However, many of them have settled in the Sea Towns for the northern homelands have become overpopulated. These generally find employment as troopers, mercenaries, enforcers, thugs or the like. The neighborhood is generally ordered but run down as these Orcs, as with all their kind, are not skilled artisans.

The Hlobane generally keep to themselves, speaking to few, and those who do serve the interests of the Prince. They are fiercely loyal to each other and if one is in trouble it is more than likely that the others will rush to his aid (75% chance). Many view them as an army of occupation, awaiting only the Prince's order to attack.

For the Hlobane statistics see **Appendix A New Monsters**.

27. HLOBANE PATROL

You find yourself in a well ordered neighborhood of one-story, and an occasionally two-story, buildings. The streets are relatively clean and orderly, though the buildings themselves are somewhat worn. Smoke gently rises from a few chimneys and a faint growling sound comes from behind one of the doors. Suddenly a troop of Orcs come marching around a corner. They bear swords and shields and wear heavy armor of plate, shield, and helm. They march straight toward you.

This a Hlobane Orc patrol, keeping peace in the streets near their own neighborhoods. Upon spying the party they march up and confront the characters. Only the leader of the Orcs, the Anjak, actually speaks. The others form up into a wedge and steal themselves for trouble. If the party offers a intelligent reason for being where they are, the Hlobane simply escort them out of the area. If, on the other hand, the party is hostile or obviously lying, the Hlobane demand that they leave. Failure to do so results in an immediate attack. Once a melee begins, the Hlobane, true to their nature, fight to the death.

The CK should use his/her best judgment about the reasons given by the party for being in the area. Simply being lost can work, if the characters put on a convincing front. Also, looking for something that is not in this area will gain similar results.

The CK should set the number of Orcs such that any combat is challenging but not impossible. In other words, fudge your dice in rolling the number appearing.

HLOBANE, ORCS 4-16 (These lawful evil creature's vital stats are HD 2d10, AC 16, HP varies. Their primary attributes are physical. They attack with weapon with a +1 to hit or damage. They prefer cleaving weapons, such as axes, bardiches, and halberds. They are very organized and never act independently, always working to support the troop with which they go to battle. The Orc leader has a gold ammband worth 125gp. Otherwise each Hlobane carries 2-12 gold and 5-20sp.)

28. SPENGLER ROAD

Spengler Road is a narrow lane with towering four stories, stone-worked buildings on either side. These are obviously apartments that house folk with little money. Each brownstone is accessed by a staircase, and they have facades with carvings and statuary. A few people mill about, but the neighborhood seems usually quiet.

Spengler Road is a long residential street with four story block houses along the whole length. The occupants are mostly guild members and tradesmen. They are generally well to do, managing to pool enough resources to keep the oil in the street lamps burning and to employ a small patrol of Hlobane Orcs to keep the peace.

The Crna Ruk has established a small temple at 14 Spengler Road. They have taken up residence in apartment H on the fourth floor of the building. They have consecrated this ground in the name of Unklar and worship that foul evil god from the quiet of the middle class neighborhood.

The guild Master for the Sea Towns is Karl Jarrausch. He lives in the apartment, masterminds the guilds movements, and serves his members as the conduit to the god Unklar. As such, he is atrociously evil. He is the only one with any knowledge of the assassins and their disposition in the area. He is always at the apartment. As always, the Crna Ruk are attempting to summon Unklar once more to the plane. They believe that acquiring the Heart of Glass is instrumental in achieving their goal.

Because the Crna Ruk operate in secret and never meet in large numbers, their needs are not very great. The apartment has only three rooms, and the temple is one of them. The other two rooms serve the Master of the Cell as living quarters and as a front for any would be visitors. The main room has two chairs around a coal burning stove, a thick rug on the floor, a small table, and cupboard for food storage and preparation. The second room has a bed and armoire.

The third room is the temple. It too is very small, 15' x 20'. This place is one of abject evil. Runes etchings line the walls, prayers in the lawful evil tongue to the dark god and Nulak-Kiz-Din. On the floor is a carpet of woven hair, taken from the Assassins themselves and it is a living thing, a mimic.

MIMIC (This neutral creature's vital stats are HD 7d8, AC 15, HP 35. Its primary attributes are physical. It attacks with a slam attack for 3d4 points of damage. It has darkvision 60 feet, the ability to crush an opponent and mimic shape. Refer to the Monsters & Treasure book for details.)

Upon the back wall is a small alter where sits an ebony horn with laces of platinum, the guild's holy symbol. A small dish of brass sits in front of the horn, within it are few small polyps, plant spores from the Troll Trees of Gottland (these are actually drugs used in the religious ceremonies).

Jarrausch defends the temple grounds as holy grounds, fighting any and all who persist entering the rooms to the death. He can summon the Animate Rug of hair to aid him.

In all there are 19 assassins in the Sea Towns (the CK should alter this number as best fits his/her game). There is one Deacon, Karl Jarrausch, 1 Executioner, two Scholars, and 15 Initiates. This latter includes Eleneas and Michael Gradt.

KARL JARRAUSCH, CRNA RUK (This lawful evil creature's vital stats are HD 10d12+2, AC 19, HP 72. His primary attributes are mental. Karl is a Rune Scholar in the Crna Ruk. He attacks with a +2 morning star of terror for 2-7+2 points of damage. He has assassin abilities, he can change self once per day, cast minor image and possesses an illusory mark on his wrist as well a +1d6 damage on sneak attack, martial powers and haste. For further details consult the Crna Ruk in Appendix A, New Monsters. Karl possesses a +2 morning star of terror; +5 amulet of natural armor, +3 bracers of defense, ring of mind shielding, potion of extra healing and a protection from undead scroll.

THE RIVER DISTRICT

The River District is the poorest and smallest part of the Sea Towns. It encompasses the two bridges, the banks of the Danewash River, the Danebridge and Heroes Crossing, Union City and Kreuzmach.

There is a great deal of traffic here being a busy thoroughfare. Fisherman, traders, and Halfling bargemen all use the Danewash to cart goods from the ships in port to the Sea Towns and the hinterland. As well, the bridges are usually crowded with wagons, carts, porters and others carrying goods to and from the various districts.

29. THE DANEWASH RIVER & THE UNMARK SHIPPING COMPANY

The Danewash has its origins in the plains of the Rleuland. It is a sluggish river that averages between 200 and 250 yards wide. In the area of the Sea Towns, it is dirty, filled with all manner of debris from boats and those who live on the river banks. There are many small villages of homeless and destitute on the river banks, particularly in the vicinity of the Danebridge.

Characters desiring to cross the river have the choice of using one of the two bridges or hiring some manner of craft to port them to the other side. This is a fairly easy task as there are hosts of small boats that traffic to and fro across the river. Some even make their living doing just this. The bridges are frequently crowded and the wealthy have right of way, pushing aside the commoners, soldiery and adventuring folk.

The most notable character living on the Danewash is the Halfling Sharon of the Unmark Clan. She owns the Unmark Shipping Company which consists of four barges. She primarily makes her money through moving foodstuffs up and down the length of the Danewash. She ports manufactured (stolen) goods to the Rleuland and brings back foodstuffs and cotton.

Like most in the Sea Towns, Sharon makes the greater part of her fortune in carrying weapons and armor to the Rleuland. She sells them at rock bottom prices to the peasants and the revolutionaries who are constantly revolting against the Prince. The Unmark Clan of Halflings have long held a great affinity for the Rleulanders and their war against the priests of the horned god. For this reason any Rleulanders or friends of the Rleulanders are given immediate aid.



Sharon is devoted to her paramour William “Crowbill” Lindholm (see below, 31). She has little or nothing to do with the ongoing war, killing any thieves, Freetraders or Nachtkrichen, who cross her way.

SHARON UNMARK (This neutral 7th level fighter/5th level halfling female wizard's vital stats are HP 45 and AC 17. Her primary attributes are intelligence and wisdom. Her attributes are strength 14, dexterity 15, constitution 10, intelligence 14, wisdom 11, and charisma 16. Her spells are 0 lv arcane mark, detect magic, light, mage hand and message; 1st level alter size, feather fall, jump, read magic, unseen servant; 2nd locate object, shatter; 3rd haste. She speaks Vulgate (Common), Halfling, Orc, Goblin. Sharon carries or wears +2 shortsword of throwing, masterwork shortbow with 25 arrows, +1 leather armor of the shadow (gives wearer +10 to hide checks), 2 potions cure light wounds, 1 potion of haste, 1 scroll acid arrow.)

30. DANEBRIDGE

Before you stretches a bridge which is little more than a cacophony of noise. An old sagging span sits astride six piers sunken into the deep river bed. Houses and shops, two and three stories high sit upon the bridges arches and make floating islands underneath. In many cases, the buildings overshadow the bridge top, making the whole seem more like a tunnel than an open bridge. The archway is crowded with all manner of folk, day and night, carting and porting, drinking, and making merry. A great horde of women and not a few men offer themselves up to any and all who pass by.

Built centuries ago when Ra-veen was young, the bridge shows its age. The six piers and span are all worn and aged. Little remains of the statuary that decorated it. The bridge shows signs of superficial and major repairs.

It costs 1sp per person, 2sp per individual animal and 4sp per wagon or cart (animals here excluded) to enter the bridge, nothing to leave.

The most notable character on the bridge is the Gnome William Crowbill of the Lindholm Clan. A well known soldier and thief, his long life has been marred with all manner of misfortune. Some few years, back he found himself “washed up” (as he calls it) in

the Sea Towns and decided to retire. With his small fortune he bought a section of the Danebridge and now runs it as his home, renting out small apartments that overlook the river. He owns the small Crowbill Tavern there, along with the Crowbill Brothel.

William is very attached to his lover, the Halfling, Sharon Unmark (see above, 29) and comes to her aid when she calls. They frequent the Crowbill Tavern more often than not. William knows anything that happens on the bridge, especially who comes and goes. He gives this information up for money or if he happens to strike up a liking for some young adventurer. Anyone who is good natured who gives him a plug of tobacco wins his friendship. He hates the Crna Ruk and if properly paid or induced aids the party in destroying them.

He is aware that some evil lurks the streets of the Sea Towns and has seen several blood drained bodies in the river. He suspects Vampires. He is one of the few people in Ilhsa who has encountered Vampires before and passes his suspicions on to the party if queried.

WILLIAM “CROWBILL” OF LINDHOLM (This chaotic good 10th level fighter/7th level gnome rogue whose vital stats are HP 66 and AC 21. His primary attributes are intelligence and wisdom. His attributes are strength 9, dexterity 17, constitution 16, intelligence 18, wisdom 14, and charisma 7.)

31. HEROES CROSSING OR TARIAN'S CROSSING

A well built and clean bridge, Heroes Crossing is wide and well lit. Two large gate towers guard either end of the bridge. The soldiers there are friendly and helpful.

Whereas the Danebridge has its roots in Ra-veen, Heroes Crossing spans the river within the borders of Capayrnha. The bridge is orderly, the city burghers allowing no houses upon its span or underneath it. Ten guardsmen occupy each tower.

It costs 2 sp per person, 4 sp per individual animal and 10 sp per wagon or cart (animals here excluded) to enter the bridge, nothing to leave.

The bridge gained its name from the death of a famous soldier, Tarryion, who fought in the service of the Oligarchs. Some 40 years previous he held the bridge against a horde of hungry rioters

38 CASTLES & CRUSADES

who were ransacking Capayrnha and attempting to cross the Danewash. (Tarryion was later murdered as it was felt by some that his fame made him too powerful of a figure).

32. UNION CITY

This neighborhood is little more than a twisting network of streets and alleys bordered by run-down, one and two story flats. Shops line the streets. Bars, restaurants, bookstores, clothing shops, apothecary shops and many other types of businesses attract the more colorful elements of the city. The jumble of buildings spill out onto the river on a host of piers and walkways.

Union City is both a slum and a gathering place for philosophers, musicians, gypsies and others who make their living on the road. The sanctity of the Oligarches of Capyrhna protects it. Its denizens purchase all manner of clothing, obscure books, musical instruments, drink, and food in the many varied stalls and from the street vendors of the City. It is a favorite of the University students (see below, 41).

Though players may not find much of interest here, as Union City is far from the concerns of those battling for the streets of the Sea Towns, the enterprising character can find what equipment he needs. This is particularly true at the market place of Wallace & Owen.

33. WALLACE & OWENS

A long, flat-roofed unadorned building fronts the eastern edges of Union City. A veritable host of shuttered windows, open during the daylight hours, wraps the building in its entirety. Within are scores of stalls, bins, barrels crates, and alcoves all overflowing with various foodstuffs, types of clothing, housewares and equipment. Attached to the building are various pens of differing sizes, where livestock stand in idle contemplation about the fate which awaits them.

The beggar sign here translates to “Not Here, Bad Place,” (spot CL 5).

Wallace & Owens is an extraordinarily large market place, which offers the consumer a veritable host of common goods, which include foodstuffs of all descriptions, including daily fresh meat, wines in bottles, beers in barrels, dishes, cutlery, etc. Also, livestock tack, harness, construction supplies, including lumber and mortar and a plethora of adventuring equipment are all displayed in the vast warehouse.

The prices are fair with little or no variation from those found in the Players Hand Book.

Two peculiar men, Robert Wallace and Blake Owens, own the market. Both men have long been involved in various mercantile ventures, the most successful of which (aside from the present market) was buying and selling exotic animals and/or monsters in the city of Frieberg. The trade was quite successful until some ten years ago the town elders drove them from their homes and business on the suspicion of being cannibals.

They fled certain death and after a few failed business ventures ended up in the Sea Towns. It didn't take them long to fit into the strange world of Ilhsa and within a year they had opened a trade store. The venture was an immediate success.

The successful Market has once more returned the two elderly gentlemen to the public eye. Their past has found them again. Once more, persistent rumors of nefarious doings hound the two men. Though the rumors have not affected business (folks have to have supplies after all), it has created a mystique about the two men that they can't seem to shake. “I believe old Wallace kills ‘em victims right oop, kills those poorest folk and den passes ‘em on to Owen who skin ‘em and they both et ‘em right together . . . or sell ‘em on the cow hooks with the other livestock,” so one old badger of a man said.

Perhaps the rumors hound the two men because there is some truth to them, for indeed Wallace and Owen are altogether evil, despicable men who lust in murder. Though in their defense, if there is one, it is not for themselves that they lure hapless victims to the basements of the Market for killing. It is to feed the last of their exotic pets, the one animal they could never give up: Rodney, a gibbering mouter!

They keep Rodney in a room in the basement beneath the Market. The monster is mindless only to a point, being vaguely aware that the two men bring it food and that they keep it imprisoned. It lays in the pit in its own filth, shouting its voiceless misery.

Rodney instantly attacks anyone that enters the room, including Wallace and Owen.

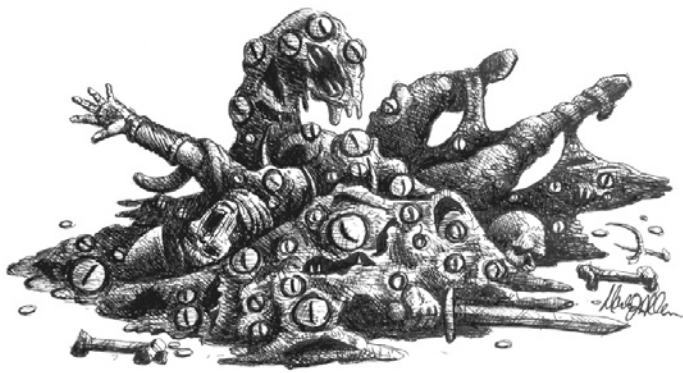
The two men look to target unsuspecting rubes, particularly people no one will miss, such as adventurers. If the party asks many questions or are obvious strangers to Ilhsa the old men attempt to lure one or two of the party down into the basement. They have a standard tale, which seems to hold the attention and dispel the mistrust of many a poor sap. Wallace does most of the talking and says the following to any one, or group, of adventurers:

“Now me friends, if you're interested in true wealth I have a gem of such beauty down in the basement that I cannot even look upon it. Owen says to me, he says, ‘It must be a holy stone the likes of which only goodly folk can look upon . . . so you and I are out, poor Wallace, as we take too much in charge for our wares.’ We bought the stone from a thief mind you and hid it away. If you're interested I can show you the way. But mind, I can't lead you as the stone burns my very skin when I gets near. Go, have a gander, and if you be wanting it, come back up and let me know and we can talk a price.

“All you need to do is go down them stairs,” gesturing to a set of rickety stairs leading into the basement, “and cross over the room to the door marked “x.” Follow the steps down and the stone is in the box in the center of the room.”

Wallace goes down with them and ushers them into the room marked with an “x.” There is indeed a lavishly carved box on a small table sitting in the middle of the room. The “Mouter” is under a ledge beneath the stairs. When he spies the party, Rodney attacks instantly. Wallace waits for the shouts of combat, and locks, bolts and bars the door.

The wooden door is two inches thick, extremely well made, and hard to break down. Attempting to break it down takes a successful strength check (CL 10).



GIBBERING Moulder (*This neutral creature's vital stats are HD 4d8, HP 28, AC 19. Its primary attributes are physical. It attacks with 6 biting maws doing 1d10 damage per bite or uses its acidic spittle inflicting 1d4 damage plus requiring a dexterity save of the victim or they are blinded for 1d4 turns. Its special abilities are gibbering, spittle, blood drain, engulf, amorphous and dark vision 60 feet.*)

Wallace and Owen are 0 level NPCs with no fighting skills. Wallace, the bigger of the two has 6hp and Owen has 4hp. They will not fight anyone, rather they will scream for mercy if attacked. They can offer a reward for their release. They reveal the locale of a small bag of rubies, hidden beneath a loose stone in the basement, with twenty 25gp rubies in it.

34. KREUTZMARK

The beggar sign here translates to "Haunted, or Malign Place, Bad Spirits Demons," (spot CL 5).

Some of the greatest of the dwarven smiths constructed the Temple of Kreutzmark during the Great Goblin Dwarf Wars. The dwarves built a sepulcher atop the cavern that housed this ancient temple. It was a tomb encasing the memory of the All Father. The sepulcher opens into a Ring of Brass, a magical tunnel built to bridge the gulf between time and space. This made travel possible between Aihirde and the inner world of Inzae. But only for a time did this last for eventually the Dragon god, Inzae fell upon the Ring and sealed its doom. The Dwarves eventually built a watch tower upon the temple, this, tower, the Kreutzmark, sits there still.

Note: If you are playing in a world other than Aihirde consider the Kreutzmark a temple to any ancient god which houses a portal for plane travel. There are several things to bear in mind here. Few have left the dungeon open, giving the CK room to imprint your own adventure's needs upon it in an easy fashion.

Everyone has wholly abandoned the Kreutzmark. It is no longer used and few ever dare to venture upon the grounds. Rumors have it that the curse of Unklar still lingers in the place and that magics and traps spring to life to keep intruders at bay. No one speaks of it except in hushed tones and while palming amulets of protection. The rumors of the place are wholly of an evil nature, though there is much mention of great and ancient treasures. Finally, no one will take them to the towers. The characters will have to acquire a boat by themselves (purchase or steal).



At the mouth of Danewash, a ponderous heap of cragged rock juts unevenly out of the turgid waters. Upon the timeworn and weather beaten isle, two lean towers rise from a hulking, stone building. Where a single wooden pylon juts out of the water, remnants of an old pier are some steps carved in the island stone.

Kreutzmark is located on the rocky isle at the mouth of the Danewash. The isle is small, measuring about 50 yards by 80 yards. Little other than scrub grows on the rocky island.

A covey of green hags live in the water beside the pylon. Occasionally one of them attacks those who tie up to the pylon, but only if there are a few individuals on the boat. However, when a boat moves in close to the pylons, or virtually anywhere near the island, the covey works together to create rough waters in an effort to capsize it and they attack anyone who falls into the water. If this does not work, they wait for the people to leave the boat at which point she uses the water to crash the boat into the rocky edges of the island. For every turn that the boat has no people in it, the boat must make a save (CL 7) or suffer 1d4 damage, until it begins to sink.

The covey dwells in a coral hedge near the pylon. Though have collected many treasures, several of the boats that have capsized did have a few valuables on board. These are scattered on the rocky outcrops around the island. The bay is 60' deep in places. Collecting any treasures is time consuming and dangerous.

HAGS, GREEN x 3 (*These chaotic evil creature's vital stats are HD 9d8, AC 22, HP 43. Their primary attributes are mental and physical. They attack with 2 claws for 1d4+4 points of damage each. They can cause weakness, use mimicry, and camouflage. They have the following spell-like abilities audible glamour, dancing lights, invisibility, pass without trace, change self, speak with monsters, and water breathing. All the spell abilities from a hag cove should be included. Hidden in their lair beneath the pylon is there treasure: 4500sp, 750gp (all of this is in one small brass box), 4 gems worth 20gp each, a brooch of shielding, and a spear of wounding.*)

NOTE: The witches haunt the whole coast line and at no time are more than 2 hags in and around the pylon. If two are present one is always in a restful sleep.

THE TOWERS

Large blocks of great, pink speckled granite rest tightly together and form the base of the towers of Kreutzmark. The stones mesh together seamlessly, if irregularly. The building is tall and angular, giving it a blocky look yet topped with dome roofs that ease the harsh angles of the lower portion of the building. The towers are another matter altogether. Built of loose and ill fitting stone held together by a crumbling mortar, the towers stretch high into the air where crows circle incessantly. Before you, at the end of the path are two large brass doors inscribed, from bottom to top, in an ancient tongue.

The towers rise out of the rear portion of the sepulcher. The sepulcher itself is about 50 x50', made of finely carved stone. The builders did not use masonry in the construction of the sepulcher; however, the towers were made using rough cut stones and masonry blocks. The sepulcher is tall and blocky with a series of domes for a roof. The towers rise roughly 80' above the roof of

the sepulcher - the south tower is larger than the north tower. Two large brass doors, scribed with chants in the Aenochian tongue, are the only entry to the tower.

Most anyone who speaks Aenochian, the old imperial tongue, recognizes the inscriptions. They are prayers to Unklar. If no one speaks this tongue, a CL 5 spot check reveals the name Unklar inscribed on the door at least five times. The doors, designed wholly without locks, open easily to the outside. Locks the ancient craftsman deemed unnecessary as the fear of Unklar kept would be thieves at bay.

ROOM 1

Before you is a long hall with two sets of columns, one to either side, running its length. At the far end of the hall is a column standing in the middle of the room. Beyond that column is an archway leading into darkness. Each column is shaped as if a giant human, bare chested, massive squared arms outstretched to the domed ceiling overhead, holding its tremendous bulk in place.

The statues are of Trottigen Giants - the one's who actually constructed portions of this sepulcher. As such, each statue takes on an appearance according to the viewer's race. For example, a female elf sees a vaguely feminine appearing statue with elf-like qualities while a male dwarf would see something entirely different. So, tailor your description according to the character asking. The ceilings are 20' tall and the arch at the far end of the hallway is 15' tall.

There is a stone floor that is bare of any markings though well worn. A curvy script covers the roof. There is no chance anyone can decipher this script through non magical means as the Trottigen giants of the inner world of Inzae created it many eons past. However, should someone cast a *read magics* upon it, they will be able to read it. It is an



ode of lamentation. It tells the story of the Trottigen enslavement by Inzae and their eventual escape via the Rings of Brass.

There is also one prayer inscribed over the statue at the far end of the hall in the center of the room. It is a prayer to the All-Father. If no one speaks the prayer before passing the column, the two statues at the front of the room slowly grind to life. They are stone golems. It takes them almost 10 minutes to come to life so long have they stood in that spot. Should the characters still be around once they come to life, the golems attack them. If the characters are gone, the golems wait patiently in the room for their return and attack them then. Alternately they might wander from room to room looking for the interlopers.

STONE GOLEMS (These neutral creature's vital stats are HD 12d10, AC26, HP 77. Their primary attributes are physical. They attack with a slam for 3d8 points of damage. They can slow their opponents and are immune to magic. It takes magical weapons of +1 or better to strike the stone golem.)

ROOM 2

The archway opens up into a broad and tall corridor branching off to the left and right with a rotting wooden door set into the wall in front. The door opens onto a long and broad room with an opening at the far end. Small stone benches with an elaborately carved panorama carved into them line the walls of the room. Great trees, stylized in a blocky pattern cover both walls. A large oaken table rests squarely in the middle of the room. Piles of all manner of crockery, pots, pans, eating utensils, and heaps of rat refuse, spider webs, and the carcasses of small birds and other vermin lay about the floor.

This was the original meditation chamber for the dwarves who were the overseers here many ages ago. Once Unklar's troops moved in, they used it as a mess. Upon leaving they dumped everything on the table and went through it, gathering what they needed. A few rats live in the heap on the table, but nothing more threatening than that.

ROOM 3A-D

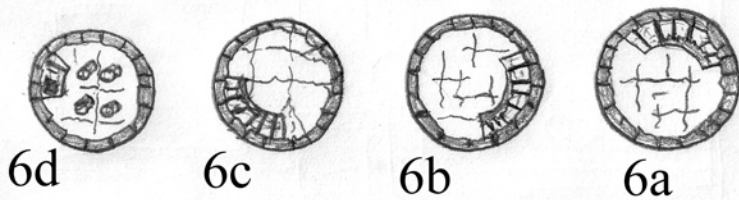
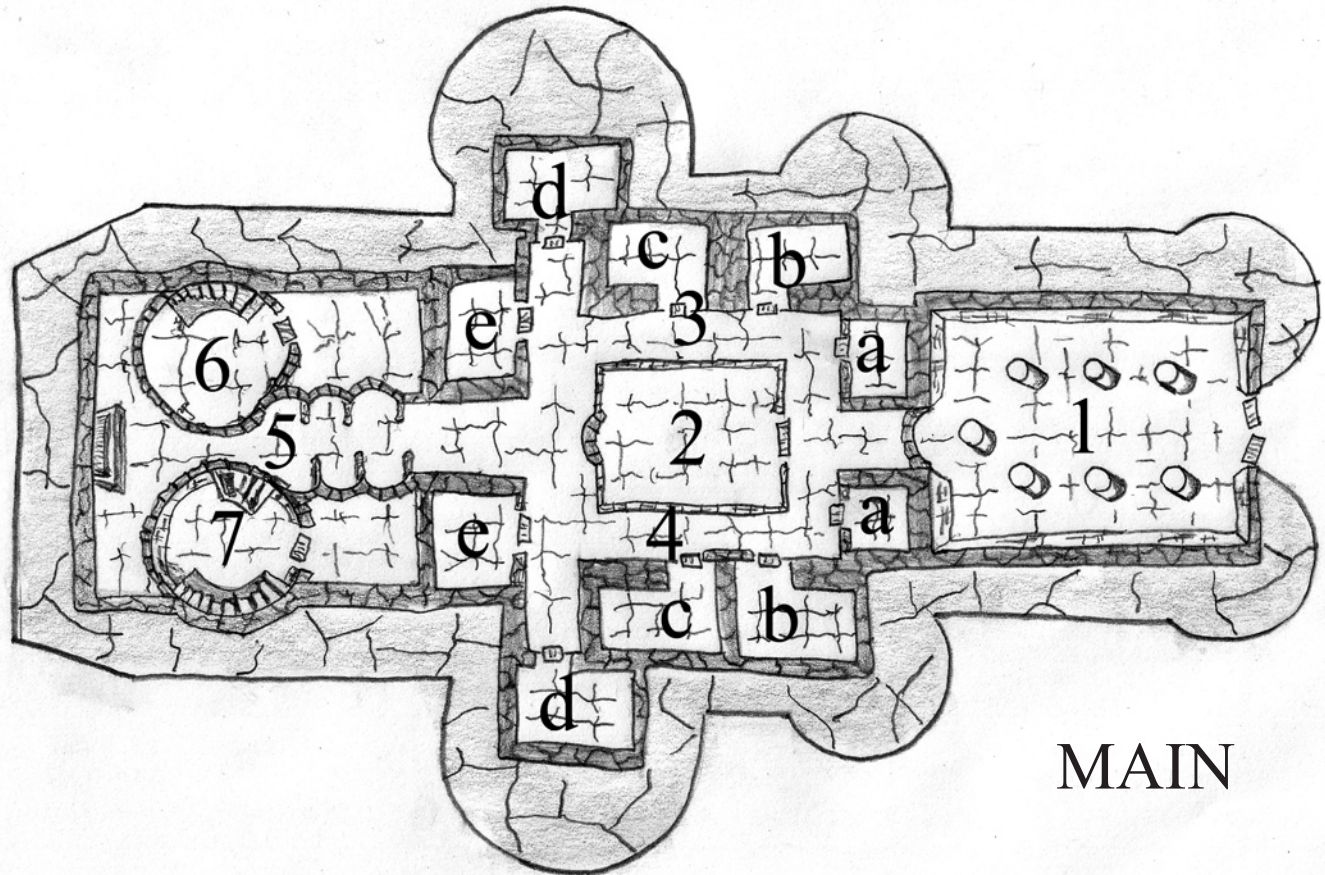
A rickety and thin wooden door opens onto a room cluttered with broken bunk and the odds and ends of a frugal life - a pan or two, some utensils, and rotting pilings all covered in dust, spider webs, and heaps of vermin droppings. The musty, rank stench in the hall is overpowering. Several skeletons lay strewn down the hallway.

These rooms once housed Unklar's lesser notables. All of the rooms are similar in appearance. There is little of interest in the rooms except for the few items left by the long dead and foolhardy souls in room 3c, see the spectre's treasure below. A soul thief however, haunts these halls.

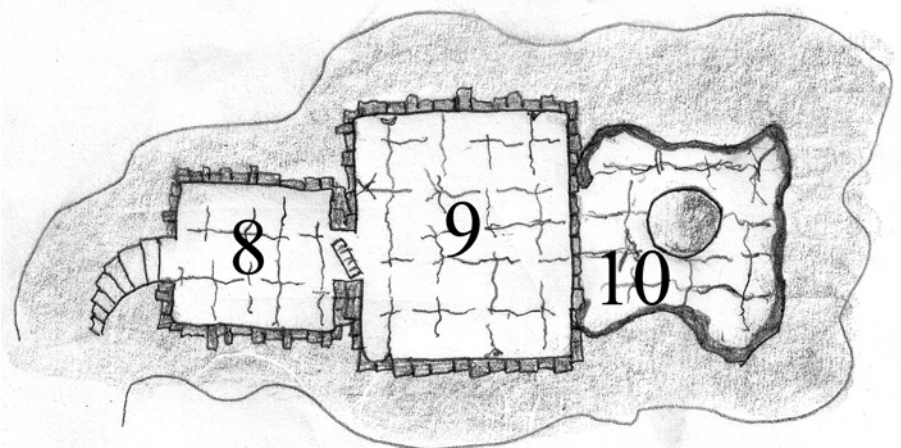
The soul thief's name is Xaraxes. He was one of the guards for Unklar's forces. Accused of treason - treason he never committed - he was tortured for many years before they allowed him to die. Being innocent, his soul attempted to fulfill his duties they accused him of not performing while alive. Xaraxes spectre now wanders the hallways in search of interlopers. Only a few have entered the sepulcher since its abandonment and fewer still have made it into this section of the dungeon.

The spectre follows the characters, trying to catch one or two of them alone or unawares before attacking. It will fight for a time,

KREUTZMARK



UNDERGROUND



and then flee. It then returns after a few turns to attack again. The spectre uses hit and run type tactics definitely trying to avoid a knock down drag out fight.

SOUL THIEF *(This lawful evil creature's vital stats are 5d8 HD, 19 AC, 22 HP. Its primary attributes are mental. It attacks with 2 claws for 1d3 points of damage and a bite for 1d4 points of damage. It can become incorporeal, is able to camouflage itself and uses an improved grab to cause energy drain.)*

TREASURE: Upon a body lying in area 3c is a small trunk, within 192pp, an ivory pipe worth 50gp, a potion of cure light wounds, and a mace of smiting.

ROOMS 4A-E

Long abandoned living quarters, little of value remains. These rooms housed the more notable of Unklar's forces. Each was reserved for one person. They all cleared out when Unklar's forces left the tower.

ROOMS 5

You enter a large chamber, cluttered with a mishmash of ill designed architectural arrangements. The floor and walls, constructed with granites seamlessly bound together set in stark contrast to the two tower bases squatting at the room's far end consisting of crumbling bricks and masonry. Each has an open door in it, facing the room's center.

This room was once the common area and place for food preparation. Once Unklar's troops arrived, they built the towers foundations in this room. Any character will note the incongruent design with the two tower bases thrusting up through the ceiling. There is little of note in the room. A series of arches enclose areas 'a' and 'b'.

ROOM 6 AND NORTH TOWER

There is nothing in the room save an old sword lying in the middle of the floor and a staircase leading up through the ceiling overhead.

This is the entry floor for the lookout tower. It is the larger of the two towers. The walls are about 4' thick at the floor level decreasing as the tower goes up in height.

ROOM 6A

A large circular table is upturned and lying to the side of the room. A fresh breeze whisks through the room stirring up a pile of leaves into little miniature funnels.

ROOM 6B

A series of old wooden bunks line the walls of this room. Birds of heaped piles of leaves and twigs here and there about the room and obviously nest in here.

ROOM 6C

Upon entering this room a flurry of crows leaping and cawing while flying towards the room above greets the characters. A series of old blackened shelves line the walls. Bird nests of all shapes and sizes pack each shelf.

ROOM 6D

This is the observatory. Open windows, with a view of much of the city, waterfront, and harbor line the walls.

When the characters enter this room they should be able to see the entirety of the city and the bay. The enterprising character soon discovers that the 'windows' are magical, being little more than illusions displaying the city beyond (CL 15 viewing, if touched CL 5). Where windows appear there is actually stone. The imagery is current with the town however.

ROOM 7 AND SOUTH TOWER

These rooms are much the same as those rooms in the North Tower. They once housed the Lord of Kreutzmark. When they left the tower, they did so in fairly good order and removed everything from this tower. Each room is empty except the uppermost. There is a trapdoor that leads to stairs going down into the dungeon below the tower. The uppermost room contains the Towers source of power and Unklar's Pall.

Upon entering this room narrow slits of light piercing the uppermost edges of the walls greet you. In the center of the room is a large three pronged metal stand holding a silvery orb.

The orb, Unklar's Pall, is a ball of molten metal, similar to silver, but actually mined in Aufstrag, the horned god's capitol city. The metal ball is very heavy, weighing nearly 1000 lbs., though only measuring about 1' in diameter. It emanates a spell which casts a low level fear spell for a two mile radius. This is the source of most people's fear concerning the tower. This combined with foul stories and a long history of misrule, the fear has become deeply seated in the culture of the region. To break the spell, one has only to remove the orb from the pedestal. Shortly thereafter, thieves and other miscreants will slowly make there way to Kreutzmark.

ROOM 8

You descend down dark and ancient steps worn with time and slippery with moisture. The flight of steps goes down deep into the bowels of the island before opening up onto a rough hewn room with a single large door at the far end.

The door is 15' tall as is the ceiling, the room itself is only about 20' long and 15' wide. The room is entirely bare. The door is difficult to open due to swelling.

The wooden door is two inches thick, extremely well made, and hard to break down. Attempting to break it down takes a successful strength check (CL 10).

ROOM 9

The door opens onto a large chamber, squarely cut and bricked over. Otherwise it is bare.

The servants of Unklar bricked the room over in an effort to hide the entrance to the chamber in which the Ring of Brass is located. The north wall is a fake wall. It will take 100 points of damage before it falls down. Any observant character should be able to note the fake wall (CL 3).

When the wall collapses a strange site greets you. There is a large room with rough hewn walls, shining wet. In the center of the room is a gigantic, round obsidian slab. Upon it lies a giant humanoid of immense stature. Its eyes are crazed and staring directly at the party. Nasty grimy hair spills down and around its face, a beard flows down to its waist, its frame is lean.

The creature is dead. Once a member of the mythic race of giants, the Trottigen, he was *geased* to guard the entrance to the planes. He died in madness long ago. If the characters cast a Speak with Dead upon the giant he utters these words only:

Within these rings of brass lie your hollow bones, giving me passage to this world's worlds beyond.

Any priest, druid, wizard or sorcerer who has achieved 9th level in their predominate class and can speak Dwarven can utter the chant and open the Ring of Brass, the portal to the planes. To open the portal one must speak the chant to the obsidian stone and in Dwarven. Read the following:

The Dwarven words fall heavy in the room, the chant echoing in the empty spaces. All seems quiet until at last a great grinding noise rises from beneath you. The obsidian stone begins to turn counterclockwise, slowly rising from the earth. At last it hangs in the air, some 12ft. long and 6ft. wide, revealing a narrow staircase that winds into the impenetrable dark below. The stairs are of brass lined stone. The walls are as well. A cryptic language covers the stairs, written with a chisel long ago.

THE RING OF BRASS

Shaped like a screw, the slab of obsidian appears as if it screws into the ground - into the Ring of Brass. The Rings are not rings in the traditional sense; rather, they are tunnels that lead through the multiverse and to Inzae. These tunnels appear like endless staircases and may take months to traverse. In this case it only takes two weeks to traverse this Ring. Pictographs carved into the sides of the tunnel tell the story of the entrapment and history of the Trottigen giants in Inzae. The stairs covered in this elaborate and unreadable script.

Note: The script is the language of creation, the foundation of all the magic in Airhde.



IN THE FLESH:

WHERE GOOD AND EVIL MEET, THE SHADOWED HALLS OF THE CITY OF NOCHI

The town of Nochi began as a district of Capayrnha, though it has had its own identity for many years. When the Lords of Capayrnha began to tax the Nochi district for their control over the sea trade, the merchants revolted and appealed to the Prince I for aid. After much deliberation the Prince granted the fathers of Nochi autonomy, separating them from the Capayrnha. He did this in order to play one power off against another.

Nochi thrived as an independent township. Merchants settled there as well as tradesmen and the burg grew rapidly in wealth. The Oligarchies, formed along similar lines as those in Capayrnha, built a small wall to demarcate the borders of the town. At each gate there is a small toll of 1sp per individual, 3sp per beast, and 5sp per cart/wagon. Since those days the townships has always maintained a slightly different character.

Here the streets are wider, cobbled and in good repair. The houses are generally two-stories high, narrow, with many windows and sharply slanted shingled roofs. There are far fewer interconnected lanes and streets than in Capayrnha, and certainly no Undercity. Oil lamps, placed at regular intervals, light the streets fairly well; however the city guard does not patrol regularly.

There are many shops where anything of any quality is available. There are sages, wizards, priests and even a few temples and churches here. The tradesmen and guild halls are all located in Nochi. The most powerful of which, the Carpenters Union, controls the Shipwright League and other guilds, owns the toll booths, and takes most of the tolls collected. They have this right for their monopoly on ship building, wagon repairs, etc. They always post 4 members of the Union at each toll booth, armed with leather, shields, clubs, and spears.

There are also a few bars, Inns and taverns for the weary to rest and drink.

Nochi attracts many people who wish to live a more sedate life, or who have an interest in the shipping concerns, pirates, what have you. It is a far more hospitable place than the rest of the Sea Towns.

35. THE REPUBLIC

This two-story building looks warm and inviting. Cypress siding sets the structure apart from the stone facades of the rest of Nochi and leaves a lingering smell of the woods to the east. A few people sit listlessly in windows on the second floor and laughter sounds within. Thrown wide open the doors invite your entry.

The beggar sign here translates to “You will be beaten, Vagrants not Welcome,” (spot CL 5).

The most famous tavern in Nochi is without a doubt the Republic. Womac, a large ex-mercenary from the west, owns the joint. His black skin stands him apart from the rest of the community as does his relaxed nature. He spent many years on campaign, since age 11, and has seen and fought more battles than most living men.

Womac offers a goodly place to eat, with a wide open hall and long bar. There are two large fire places where some type of food is always

brewing, usually mutton stew. He caters mainly to the students of the University, located about three blocks away and there are always students in the bar or inn. They eat, drink, and recite poetry, debate philosophy and so on. Many rent out rooms and live in the Republic while studying at the University. The crowd is generally younger and less hostile than in other parts of the Sea Towns.

The Republic, best known for its “Top Dark Beer” (ale), and “Old Red” (lager), commonly hears the shout for “Give me a Top Dark,” or “Old Red Republic for me.” Womac, as with other taverns in the area, has a cool room in the basement where most of his brewing goes on.

Womac is unaligned in the Underclass war, though he suspects something is afoot at the University. Some of the students have been acting strange and a few of his regulars have disappeared entirely. If the part approaches him and is discreet he will pass this information on free of charge.

He has rooms to let.

WOMAC (*This chaotic good 10th level human fighter's vital stats are HP 94 and AC 21. His primary attributes are strength, constitution, and charisma. His attributes are strength 18, dexterity 16, constitution 16, intelligence 12, wisdom 15, and charisma 10. He specializes in the battle axe. He carries or wears +1 chainmail, +2 helm, +2 large round bronze shield, +2 battle axe or a mace of wounding. He also has a +4 dagger he keeps in his boot at all times.*)

Womac is a something of a free spirit and doesn't believe in saving his money, spending it on his bar and life's comforts. He is worth a bit in property and goods, and can raise 5-7,000gp with relative ease.

36. BESSEL HILL, THE GOVERNESS' PALACE

The sand stone colored palace, with its high walls, thin towers, and domes, is a wonder of architectural achievement. It dominates Bessel Hill, that height which overlooks the whole of the Sea Towns, drawing all attention to it. The Governess recently rebuilt and remodeled the palace, giving it a distinctively oriental flavor. Several guards walk the walls; they have fur-lined helmets, long spears, and jerkins of chain. All have come from the east to serve the Governess.

Heleen Nolthenius has only recently (four years ago) been elevated to the rank of Governess-General. She is an easterner, coming from those lands even beyond New Aenoch. She joined the Prince's retinue of priests early on and has been a favorite of his all these many years. He promoted her to the post of Governess of Ihlsa in order to bring greater control to the region. She has only just begun in that task.

She is a wizard-priestess of the Paths of Umbra. She joined the orders as a child, when Unklar still ruled the world. As such, she is very loyal to the age of her youth and has little traffic or patience with the new. She is easy to anger, and once done, is fierce and unforgiving.

HELEEN NOLTHENIUS (*This lawful evil 13th level female human wizard's vital stats are HP 43 and AC 14. Her primary attributes are intelligence, wisdom, and charisma. His attributes are strength*



11, dexterity 14, constitution 12, intelligence 18, wisdom 13, and charisma 13. Her spells are as follows: 0 level arcane mark, detect magic, ghost sound, light, mage hand, open/close; 1st level burning hands, change self, charm person, magic missile, shield, sleep; 2nd level fog cloud, knock, levitate, magic mouth, ray of enfeeblement, web; 3rd level fireball, fly, haste, hold person x 2; 4th level fire shield, ice storm, polymorph, wall of fire; 5th level feeblemind, magic jar, teleport x 2; 6th level antimagic shell, legend lore, project image; 7th level phase door, sequester; 8th level mind blank. She wears or carries; +2 ring of protection, +1 dagger (x3), ring of mind shielding, wand of darkness and 2 scrolls: contact other plane, teleport. The Castle Keeper should randomly determine the spells by rolling or picking the spells to best augment the party's weakness. Of course the spells already memorized are in her spellbook).

GUARDS x 12 (These chaotic neutral 2nd level fighters vital stats are HP 14 and AC 16. Their primary attributes are strength, constitution, and dexterity. Their significant attributes are strength 13. They wear chainmail, small helms, and iron shields. They wield longswords and each has 40 gp in jewelry and coin.)

Note: The Wizard-Priestess' of Unklar do not possess clerical ability; they are referred to as "wizard-priest" for wizards alone can master the Paths of Umbra, the spell which brought Unklar to the plane.

Heleen has not joined either side in the Underclass war. She is waiting for it to unfold in order to take advantage and destroy whichever side remains. She knows le-blond's connections to the enemies of the horned god and enjoys her suffering immensely. This is not to say that she wishes to see her killed, for like her, Heleen's true love is the power of the magi. Heleen is unaware of the presence of the Vampires, however, she does know that something is afoot greater than that which lies on the surface. What this is she cannot say.

The Monastic Order of Umbra is located in the palace of Bessel Hill. There are 27 wizard-priests in study or practice. Most of these are low to mid-level NPCs. They all obey her every word.

There are also 40 guards in the palace. They too are loyal to the Governess and fight to the death if she is threatened. They always fight as a unit.

There is a spy in the Palace as well. The slave girl Mirrassa works as a servant to the Governess and accompanies her almost everywhere. Mirrassa is a Vampire and serves her master Malcom unquestioningly. Also, she is a member of the Crna Ruk, and a member of the Nachtkrichen. None of the guild leaders, whom she personally reports to, suspect her as being a double agent. In this way Malcom manages to keep tabs on almost all things going on in the Sea Towns.

Mirrassa is a deaf mute whose very beauty confines her to the palace, where she always stays indoors, avoiding the light of day. Heleen does not suspect her for any wrongdoing. Mirassa has a lover, Cornelius. She uses him for all manner of dirty task. He isn't very intelligent, having no idea of what Mirassa truly is. He does know about the active presence of the Crna Ruk. For his stats see the sergeants below in the barracks.

MIRRASSA, VAMPIRE (This unique lawful evil creature's vital stats are HD 8d12, HP 72, AC 20. Their primary attributes are mental and physical. They attack with a slam attack for 1d6 points of damage. They have a blood drain attack, energy drain, they

can dominate foe, create spawn, and summon wolves and similar creatures. They can assume a gaseous form and spider climb. Some travel with an entourage. And they also have the abilities of a fighter at the same level hit dice. Marrisa wears a long leather coat, stylish but it serves as +2 armor. She also has a bag of tricks (Rust) a short sword and three daggers. She fights two handed without penalty.)

37. BARRACKS

The building housing the barracks is an older, weather stained, two story building. It has several windows lining the second story, and several chimneys sprouting from the rooftop. A large set of iron bound, wooden doors face the street. Above the door face rests a sign bearing the emblem of the Governess-General, the symbol of the mantichore.

Within the barracks are 200 soldiers. Captain Karein of Oth commands them. They serve the Governess-General in many capacities but mostly as her escort when she travels outside the city. They frequently conduct raids in the countryside "punishing" errant villagers or quelling supposed revolutions, but mostly they plunder the smaller towns. They are neutral, serving the interests of the Prince as much as the Governess-General.

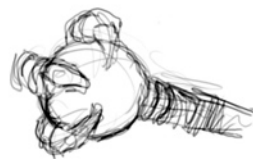
MEN-AT-ARMS x 200 (These neutral, 1st level fighter's vital stats are HP 5 each and AC 15. Their primary attributes are strength, constitution, and dexterity. Their significant attributes are strength, 12. They carry spears (ad6), longswords (1d8), and light crossbows (1d4). They each have scale mail and a small iron shield, small helm, spear, longsword, dagger. Four of them have light crossbows with 12 bolts. All of them have 5gp.)

SERGEANT x 5 (They are neutral good 3rd level fighters whose vital stats are HP 28 and AC 17. Their primary attributes are strength, dexterity, and constitution. Their significant attributes are strength 15, dexterity 15, and constitution 15. They carry longswords for 1d8 points of damage and a dagger for 1d4 points of damage. Each wears a full suit of chain, small helm, and small iron shield and carries a broadsword and 50gp worth of coin and jewelry.)

KAREIN OF OTH CAPTAIN (This chaotic good 8th level human knight's vital stats are HP 64 and AC 18. Her primary attributes are strength, dexterity, and constitution. Her attributes are strength 16, dexterity 17, constitution 16, intelligence 10, wisdom 10, and charisma 11. She has chainmail, small shield, helm, +1 longsword, lt. crossbow, 12 bolts, and 125gp.)

Karein is ambitious for her own career and little else. As she serves the Prince as much as the Governess-General she tries to keep herself and troops uninvolved with the various troubles within the Sea Towns. She only supports the Governess in dire circumstances (riots, revolutions, etc).

CKs Note: Play Karein carefully. She commands a large troop which can unbalance the game. On the other hand the players could benefit from befriending her and playing her off any one or several of the conflicting powers.



38. MERCHANT DISTRICT

The streets of the merchant district are crowded. Shops filled to overflowing spill out onto the cobbled walks. Here anything is available as is readily apparent in the multitude of goods piled on tables, hanging from awnings, fillings baskets, sacks, covering shelves, and filling carts or wagons. The smell of fresh foods, meats, fruits, and others mingle with the scents of perfume, wines, and armor and weaponry. These are the bazaars of Ihlsa, famed the world around for their quality and quantity of goods.

There are hundreds of shops representing dozens of trades, from leather working to apothecary to magic shops. Whereas in much the rest of the Sea Towns goods are the product of pirates, many of these are the products of honest tradesmen, though of course the rest are the products of pirates. If a party member desires something of extraordinary quality then make them pay an extra 10% of the book price.

Many people from the rest of the Ihlsa find daily employment in the shops of the Merchant District. Many of the students who attend the University, which overlooks the district, find employment here as well.

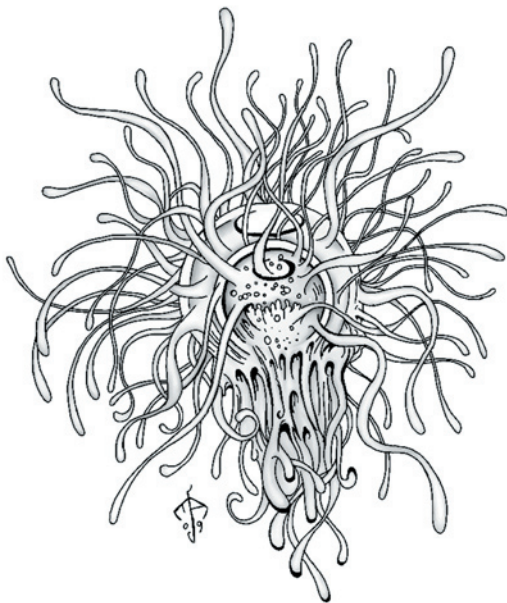
The Underclass war has not made it to the Merchant District, nor has the deprivations of the Vampires. Though there is a great deal of talk about what goes on elsewhere in the Sea Towns and a great deal of concern about the bodies found in the bay.

39. THE HULEN

This encounter is specifically designed for 1-2 characters. Any more and the Hulen will not attack.

An explosion of long green fingers attached to pale white arms are all about you. A foul odor in conjunction with a wet squelching sound assaults your senses. The fingers are everywhere and nowhere. As suddenly as they appear, they are gone.

A Hulen has attacked the character. It has popped into the prime material from the ethereal plane, robbed the party member, and popped back out. The character can make a surprise roll to see if



they notice the beast (CL 7). Also, the CK should check to see what the hulen may have stolen and inform the party member.

This particular hulen dwells in a back alleyway in the Merchant Quarters. It has taken up residence in an old abandoned courtyard in the middle of a condemned building. It is far more intelligent than most of its kind, coming out only at night to rob those few who wander the Merchant Quarters window shopping or coming to and from the Republic Tavern. It lurks on the ethereal plane waiting for a victim; once found it moves to the prime material, steals what she can, and then retreats rapidly down the street, outrunning most opponents.

If they catch it the beast launches itself onto the ethereal plane once more, hiding for one solid round. It returns, tries to drive off its opponent, and retreats again to its lair. Frequently, her horrid visage is enough to ward off any would be heroes.

HULEN (*This neutral evil creature's vital stats are HD 7d8, AC 19, HP 34. Its primary attributes are mental. It attacks with six tentacles for 1d6 points of damage each. The hulen attempt to use their ethereal jaunt ability to enter the material plane, snatch items or victims with their improved grab and jaunt back to the ethereal.*)

40. THE UNIVERSITY

The building is in everything but name, a Keep. It stands in sharp contrast to the smaller and largely wooden buildings around it. The Keep is roughly 60 feet high, with three floors or more. There are no windows on the ground floor, and but for in the back of the Keep, there are only arrow slits on the upper floors. The plaster which once covered the stone work has fallen off in many places, exposing the masonry beneath. The building, or Keep, itself is wholly uninviting and but for the gardens around it, the whole complex would be as well. But the inhabitants have made a park of trees and grass at the base of the Keep. There sit benches, a few tables, and statues for the enjoyment of all. Even now you see a few students reading texts and discussing the philosophy of the day.

The beggar sign here translates to "Be Prepared to Defend Yourself," (spot CL 5).

One of the oldest structures in all of Ihlsa, the University of Nochi was once the castle of the Lords who ruled here. It stands between Capayrnha and Nochi, but falls under the township of Nochi. For it is there that most of the money for the school is gathered. Even so, the old Keep is in need of many repairs. It is drafty in the winter, hot in the summer, and there is little room for the inhabitants as the interior is unchanged from its days of military use.

The University itself is the shining light in the Sea Towns, known for its rhetoricians, philosophers, and sages. They teach a harsh interpretation of the world, a philosophy which reflects an ambivalent nature of the gods. Many come from far and wide, even as far as Brindisium, to study under the Masters of the University of Nochi.

The students are largely the sons of merchants or lower nobility who have a yearning for a life in the clergy. Some few possess the gift of "sight," coming to Nochi for a greater understanding of the world at large. For the most part they are a genteel lot, unused to the arts of war or the depravation of the battlefield.



It is here that Malcom of Helliwell has made his home. He chose the University tower for his lair because it has a small underground, the Crypt of the original Lords of Capayrnha, concealed these many centuries from the masters of the tower. A secret entrance in the great hall (see below) is the only entrance. Malcom and any of his cohorts enter the lair in gaseous form so that they never have to disturb the secret doorway. They have occupied the already existing sarcophagus.

During the evening hours Malcom and his family often leave the crypt, entering the city at large. There, they enjoy the pleasures of the night. Frequently attending the Three Feathered Cap, drinking wines, and entertaining themselves with dinner. They rarely become involved in the squabbles of the Underclass war, for they enjoy their hedonistic pleasures far too much.

Presently Malcom is waiting for the Vampire in the Edenvol to find the Heart of Glass or for Ie-blond to return to the tower and reveal its location. Malcom is an undead Lord, and he is very patient.

THE TOWER

1. FOYER

The ancient portcullis is open, its rusty appearance lending to the belief that it is impossible to close. Before you stands a heavy iron bound door, flanked by two six foot tall stone statues.

The open portcullis gives way to the door, closed at dark, but opened at first light.

The wooden door is two inches thick, extremely well made, and hard to break down. Attempting to break it down takes a successful strength check (CL 10).

The statues are actually stone golems and if anyone attempts to leave the University via the gate carrying something that belongs to the castle (not its occupants), they animate and attack them.

STONE GOLEMS (These neutral creature's vital stats are HD 12d10, AC26, and HP 67. Their primary attributes are physical. They attack with a slam for 3d8 points of damage. They can slow their opponents and are immune to magic. It takes magical weapons of +1 or better to strike the stone golem.)

2. OPEN COURTYARD

This is an open courtyard. There is a well here.

3. GREAT HALL

This 40' by 30' foot room is warm and filled with the smell of food and beer. In the center of the room is a large square table with benches all around. Discarded dishes and mugs, half-filled with beer litter the table. The room has three large fireplaces, all freshly used, some for cooking. The smell of fresh burnt wood pervades the room. An old cupboard sits in one corner. Tattered tapestries hang on the walls.

There is little of value here. The tapestries have long since faded into worthless rags. However the secret entrance to the dungeon is behind the cupboard. It is well concealed (Search check at DC 29). Etched above the secret door, very lightly, is a small symbol that resembles two, interwoven "H" letters. This is actually the Glyph of the Patriarch spell. If an attempt to open the door is made without uttering the password, "Helliwell", the spell opens a gate into the netherworlds.

4. STORAGE

This small roofed building sit in the courtyard. The door gives with little effort to reveal a jumbled pile of tools, ropes, bags of sand and a few barrels.

Most of the tools are for repairing the masonry. A few picks, hammers and other such tools can be found here, all in good condition.

5. TOWERS

Here, on the ground level the towers are half round and are part of the walls. The steps wind up to the next floor.

All three towers serve as access to the second floor. On the second floor, each tower has two arrow slits.

6. KITCHEN

The smell of fresh baked bread greets your entry. A jumble of shelves and tables are crowded with all manner of foodstuffs in bags, boxes or piled high in baskets. There is a large cooking pot on the fire.

There is nothing but food here. Every morning fresh bread is brought up from a baker, who comes up from Capayrnha.

7. STORAGE

Another room filled with boxes, sacks, and barrels and a huge number of cooking pots and pans. This room provides storage for the kitchen and there is nothing of value here.

8. CONVERTED STABLES/SLEEPING ROOM

This oddly shaped room looks more like a dormitory than anything else. A large table in the corner, piled with all manner of things and a dozen or so stalls with bunks, trunks, bedding and other debris scattered about is in here.

This was once the tower stables, though now serves as student sleeping quarters. There are usually 1-4 students in here, sleeping. For the most part they spend evenings somewhere in the Sea Towns, discussing philosophy or more likely drinking and carousing.

Michel Gradt, Elenoeas' contact (see Blonde Arena, above) lives here. He serves as the liaison between her and rest of the Crna Ruk. He also knows of the Vampires and helps in allaying suspicions in and around the University. He has told only the guild master Karl Jarrausch about their presence. There is a 30% chance he is in the University. If the party comes upon Michel in the University he tries to convince them to leave, but will defend the Vampires if need be.

If a detailed search of the room is made, in stall **A** there is a potion of Lesser Restoration buried in a trunk. Otherwise the search reveals 3-18 gp and a few other trinkets.

MICHEL GRAD, CRNA RUK (*This lawful evil creature's vital stats are HD 5d12, AC 15, HP 52. His primary attributes are mental. Michel is an Initiate in the Crna Ruk. He attacks with a +2 falchion sword for 2d4+2 points of damage. He has assassin abilities, he can change self 1/day, cast minor image and possesses an illusory mark on his wrist. For further details consult the Crna Ruk in Appendix A, New Monsters.*)

Michael possesses +1 leather armor, +2 falchion sword, potion: oil of slipperiness, ring of regeneration, cloak of etherealness. He has a ring of the lycanthrope that can summon 2-8 wererats once a day. He keeps 45gp in mixed coin in his bedroll. If a detailed search of the room is made, in stall "A" there is a potion of lesser restoration buried in a trunk. Otherwise the search reveals 3-18gp and a few trinkets.

WERERAT 2-8 (*This chaotic evil creature's vital stats are HD 3d8, AC 17 and HP varies. Their primary attributes are physical. They attack by weapon or by bite for 1d4 points of damage. They are able to alternate their form, changing into a rat or human. They can cause disease, regenerate 1 hit point per round, and have rat empathy.*)

9. LIBRARY

You find yourselves in a crowded room, jumbled with books, parchments, papers, scrolls, and the like.

There are over 200 volumes of history and philosophy here, as well as a further 500 scroll cases. There are four magical scrolls wrapped up in a non-descript case. They are Protection from Elements, Righteous Might, Dictum, and Protection from Undead. Unless magical means are used or the party searches all the scrolls (which take about 5 hours) they can only happen on the scroll case with a Search (DC35).

2ND FLOOR

10-12. LECTURE HALLS

These rooms are all nondescript rooms that serve the instructors as lecture halls. They each have a podium but that is all, for the students generally stand during discussions.

50 CASTLES & CRUSADES

13. THE KEEPER'S ROOM

This small 20' by 30' room is obviously someone's home. A disheveled bed, a heavy trunk and a small table with a plate of food and half empty mug of beer attest to the occupant's recent departure. There is one small window/arrow slit looking north. The fire place is empty and cold.

This is the "keeper's" room. Gary Griffen has worked in the University as grounds keeper, maintenance, and doing odd jobs for many years. He is old and as disheveled as his unmade bed. Gary is generally friendly, enjoys talking, and likes beer. He is frequently down at the Ballast Tavern in the Waterfront enjoying himself.

If confronted, he yields the following:

"Oh, aye, there be strange things afoot here about. Odd noises comin' from the stones, creakin' doors, all the mess! And cold, cold like ye never been before. Cold like the winter dark they say."

Beyond this Gary knows little and has next to nothing to impart.

14A. GREAT HALL

A large open room dominated by a beautifully crafted oak table with accompanying chairs. Tapestries hang on the wall along side a few plain banners. A monstrous fire place in the north-west corner with fresh burnt logs, rounds the room out. Stone steps lead up the tower.

The room is largely empty but for the above described. There is a two day supply of wood in the rack. Each of the ten tapestries is worth 800-1500 gp.

Behind a tapestry in the south-west corner is a long-hidden secret door (CL 13). It served the Lords of Capayrnha as a hiding place. Within, sitting on the floor is a small iron lockbox. It is locked and trapped with a poison needle trap (find/remove traps CL 6; the poison does 2-20 damage, constitution save for half).

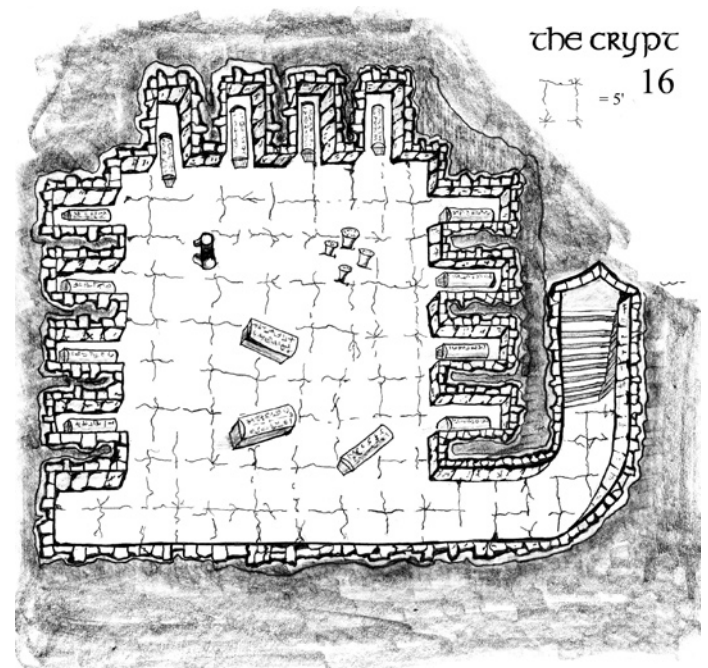
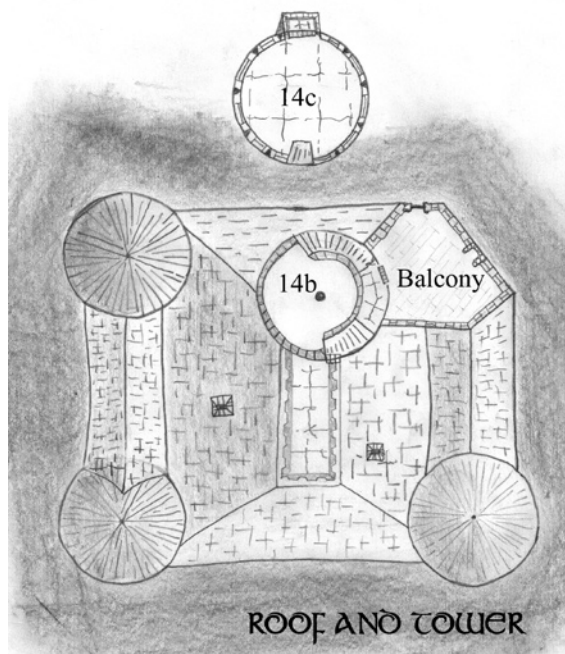
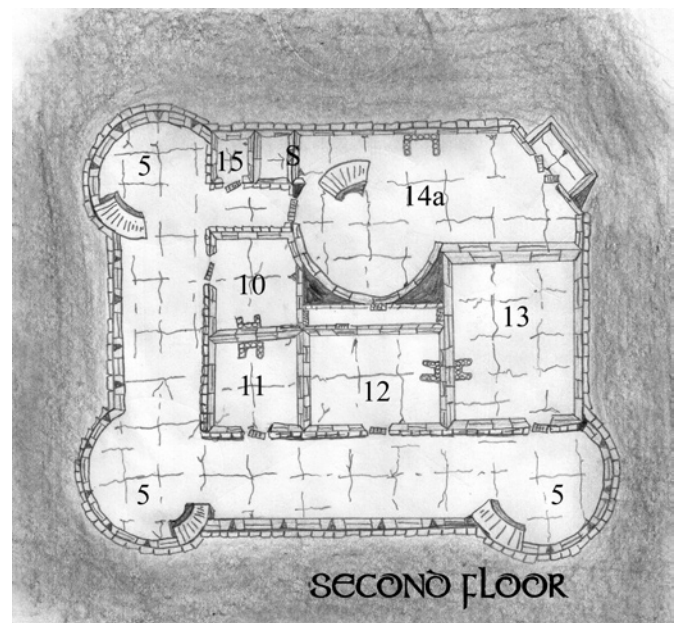
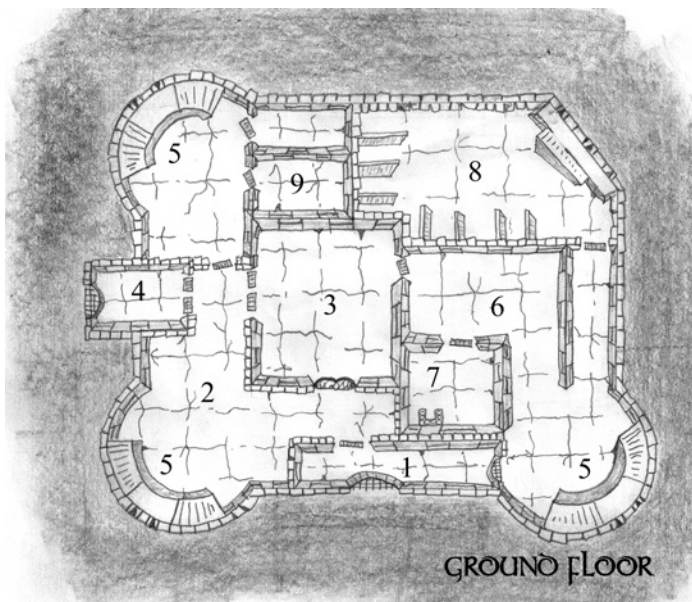
Within the velvet-lined trunk is a magical *Font of Narrhiet*. It is a gold cup, with indecipherable (they literally have no meaning) runes decorating its whole surface. This very powerful artifact serves the god of Chaos in a number of fashions. See **Appendix B** for the history and properties of the Font.

14B. STUDY

The narrow steps give way to a small landing, where stands a heavy oaken door. The door gives way with relative ease revealing a comfortably decorated room. Four cushioned chairs around a small table, and further two facing the fire place reveal a comfortable study. A thick woven carpet covers the floor and tapestries, depicting the history of the Lords of Capayrnha hang on all the walls.

Aside from the furniture only the tapestries have value. Six tapestries, 800-1200gp.

Beneath the flagstones of the fireplace is a secret stash. To find it the party would have to remove the ashes and half burnt logs in the fire place (CL 10). Lifting one of the stones reveals a small chamber. A little leather bag is within. It contains a set of magical luck dice and a +4 ring of protection.



MAGICAL LUCK DICE: Whoever possesses these dice finds themselves unusually “lucky.” They make all saves and checks at +2. The wielder can also save themselves from certain death with 1-2 wishes (CK’s option).

There is nothing else of value in the room.

14c. OBSERVATORY

Here, upon the top of the tower is a flat landing with battlements, with stones smooth from long use. You can see the whole of the Sea Towns stretching into the hazy south from this vista.

There is nothing of value here.

15. STORAGE

Small 10' x 10' storage room with wooden stacked in it. There is a two day supply of wood stored up here.

16. THE CRYPT

An odd dank smell, much like old stone, overwhelms you as you pull the trap door open. Coming down the stone steps you enter a large vaulted chamber. The room seems to close in on you the further in you go. Leaving off the steps you discover a long disused room with a dozen niches lining the wall. Each of the alcoves has a small shelf, a ledge, upon which lie the skeletal remains of some long dead soul. It is the sarcophagus in the room’s center that draw your attention, however, here, one large tomb dominates three smaller ones, though all are ornately carved, baring the likenesses of knights of old. They are recently disturbed.

The crypt houses Malcom of Helliwell. As previously noted he took up residence in the University crypts because of their secret locale. He discarded the bones of the long dead Count and spread the earth of his homeland, far of Helliwell in the Kingdom of Kayomar, upon the bottom of the coffin. There he lies in rest when he is not hunting.

Malcom is an unusually powerful vampire. He is a Living Vampire, a Patriarch. There are few of these creatures in the world. Malcom came to be thus for as a living man he was a good man, a lordly paladin of a noble line and family who willingly submitted to the lusts of the undead Lord Sagramore. In so doing he bound his soul, his very being, to the prospect of being undead, so that his soul lingered in his body. Tortured with the unnatural lusts of that kind Malcom became a ferocious monster. He was greater than any thought he could be, as it was unknown in those days that those undead who are possessed of a soul gain supernatural strength even so far as the undead are concerned. As such they are very difficult to turn (see below **Appendix A New Monsters**).

Malcom stalks the streets almost every night, hunting for food. He feeds about once a week. His favorite prey is human females, with a particular relish for wealthier blood. He frequently goes to the Blond Arena or the Three Feathered Cap to entertain victims before he destroys them. He frequently spends his evenings and days in the homes of his victims. One to three of his mistresses, weaker Vampires, always accompany him.

Malcom dresses in silk shirts with high collars, long breeches that cover much of his pointed boots. He looks very young and exudes a sense of power. His eyes are grey and he is always clean shaven. His fingers are long and delicate, with nails that are manicured but long. He bares a long thin sword, being an excellent swordsman. He wears the holy symbol of St. Luther on a loose necklace about his neck.

Malcom's intent is of course to gain the *Heart of Glass* to rid himself of his undead life. He will stop at nothing to gain this, for as he sees it, whatever evil they perpetrate by gaining the magical gem is nothing compared to the destruction of life that he and his kind will by necessity do before they cease to exist. To this effect, he has sent most of his "family" out into the Sea Towns to support the war, destroy the wizardess and gain the Heart. He may attempt to enlist the party to aid him if they seem to powerful for him to overcome. In the end, if defeated, he changes into a gaseous form and flees the Crypt.

There is a 20% chance that Malcom is in the Crypt at night, a 50% chance that he is there during the day. If he is in the Crypt three female Vampires accompany him. If, for whatever reason, the Vampires are alerted to the party's approach the females assume human forms and attempt to convince the approaching party that they are being held as slaves and they encourage the party to leave the Crypt. Otherwise they attack and defend their master.

MALCOM OF HELLIWELL, VAMPIRE, GRAVE KNIGHT (This unique chaotic evils creature's vital stats are HD 10d12, HP 108, AC 22. His primary attributes are mental and physical. He attacks with a slam attack for 1d8 points of damage or a bite for 1d4 points of damage. He has a blood drain attack, energy drain, they can dominate foe, create spawn, and summon wolves and similar creatures. He can assume a gaseous form and spider climb. Malcolm travels with an entourage of three other vampires. They also have the abilities of a fighter at the same level hit dice. Beyond normal vampire abilities as outlined above and explained in the *Monsters & Treasure*, Malcolm is the equivalent of a Thirst Lord. Outlined in the *Black Libram of Naratus* (available from Troll Lord Games), a Thirst Lord has higher AC and HD (noted above) as well as 44 points of blood saturation, 2 rounds of daylight resistance, and a -3 charisma save vs. Vampire domination.)

Malcom possesses a few very valuable items; most of his treasure he keeps in his true home in far of Kayomar at the Cathedral of Anawick in Helliwell. However he always wears the Platinum Holy Symbol of St. Luther worth 5,000gp. He also has a family pendant with his crest upon it worth a further 7,500gp. He carries a Ring of Warmth for he has never adjusted to the chill of the grave. He also carries a +3 unholy Long Sword. He wears a +4 chain shirt underneath his silk shirt. Lying in the earth of the Coffin are nine 5,000gp gems.

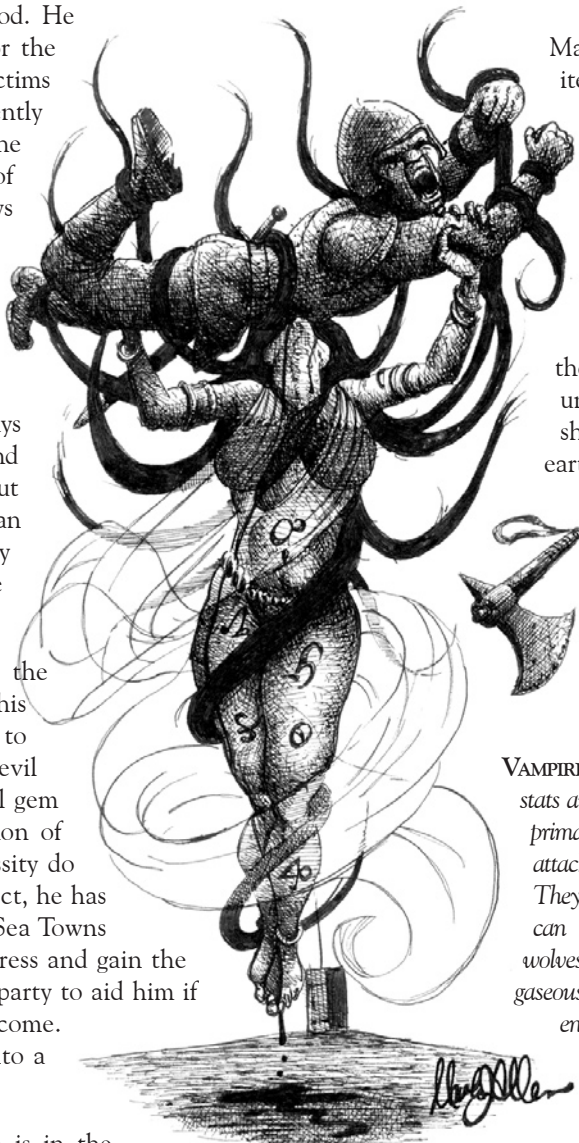
Due to the possession of the soul, only a cleric (15th level or higher) or a paladin (17th level or higher) can turn a Patriarch. Attempts to turn them can backlash (on a roll of 1-3) causing the cleric or paladin to lose one level, wisdom save (CL 10).

VAMPIRE X 3 (This unique chaotic evils creature's vital stats are HD 8d12, HP 71, 74, 82, AC 20. Their primary attributes are mental and physical. They attack with a slam attack for 1d6 points of damage. They have a blood drain attack, energy drain, they can dominate foe, create spawn, and summon wolves and similar creatures. They can assume a gaseous form and spider climb. Some travel with an entourage. And they also have the abilities of a fighter at the same level hit dice.)

Each Vampire has jewelry in the guise of rings, bracelets, earrings, necklaces worth about 2-10,000gp.

A LIFE THRICE CURSED

Ages ago, during the Age of Heroes, the House of Helliwell served the Kings of Kayomar. Theirs was an ancient, powerful, and noble House who controlled vast regions of the western marches. As a young man Malcom, baring gifts from the gods, joined the Paladins of the Holy Defenders of the Flame. He rose in the ranks



and proved himself upon many a battlefield. Even his comrades remarked on his nobility and honor. Perhaps it was that which brought the attention of Narrheit, the lord of chaos.

Narrheit assailed Malcom, laying monstrous sorceries upon him. He bound him in a cocoon of time and laid him upon the cliffs of the Rhodope Mountains, which overlooked Malcom's ancestral home. So came about the first curse of Malcom and there he lay for a thousand years.

During the Winter Dark Wars, a party of noble explorers, following a vision of St. Luther's, found young Malcom and rescued him. After a short while they set the young Paladin loose upon the world for they knew not what else to do for him. Malcom thanked his rescuers and set out to explore the world and see how it changed.

He found a world at war, filled with misery and death. He found the Holy Defenders had changed. They were devoted to war and bringing down the evil horned god, their masters were bitter at the "long night" and bore little resemblance to the prosperous old order. So Malcom traveled friendless through the lands. Time had passed the young knight by, placing him in an alien world. Soon, in despair, Malcom took up drink and carousing from city to town and beyond.

After many years St. Luther, Lord of Dreams, came to Malcom to bid him to lay aside drink and women and join the final war against the Dark. But St. Luther found not a knight of glory and noble continence, but rather a man withered with many years, for it seemed that the spells of Narrheit had worn off and that age was at last overcoming the young knight. St. Luther was aghast for he needed the Paladin's true faith to unravel the riddles of the Blood Runes. For indeed Malcom bore the blood of time, his own father was the Falkynjager, the god of vengeance and his mother was a demon from the abyss. St. Luther revealed these origins to the Paladin and spoke to him of his destiny.

But Malcom stood upon death's door. He cared not for his origins, nor, for that matter, for his honor. He laughed at Luther, scoffing at his struggles. "I bid you to leave off bothering me. Go now and fight your wars, but time will catch you, even as it catches all men."

St. Luther railed against the foul twists of fate, cursing Narrheit as the foul perpetrator of this hoax. And indeed Narrheit laughed in his Halls of Color, enjoying St. Luther's plight.

But Narrheit had gained the enmity of many folk through the ages, and some of these had come into great power. Sagamore, a one time wizard and tortured victim of the horned god's came to St. Luther and offered to make Malcom a creature of the undead. "You know my tale, Lord of Dreams, and you know that I must live by the blood of living things. You know that I am a vampire. But Narrheit must be foiled, and the riddles of the Blood Runes understood and only Malcom may do this." He promised to take the boy in his arms and give him eternal life.

"Such a thing would be damnation for him. But alas, I see no other way. If he agrees, I myself shall slay him when his destiny is fulfilled." So they took Malcom and after much debate the knight, in great consternation, with curses for his father and St. Luther allowed for the Vampire's embrace. So it was that the second curse came upon Malcom and he became the undead.

When they understood the Blood Runes, and knew they could not conquer them, St. Luther and many others paid Malcom great homage and gave to him a place in the annals of history. But St. Luther, true to his word, drew his great sword, Durendale, and made to slay Malcom. The Paladin knelt before, his face twisted in pain and hate. He damned St. Luther before the blade struck off his head.

But the blow did not slay the Vampire for it was revealed, that as he was a man of truth and good heart, and that he had willingly given his life over to the dark cravings of the undead, that his soul was not destroyed. Indeed, his soul lingered in the dead host of his body and it could not be killed by so simple a means as beheading. It fled from St. Luther in fear of being turned and damned to hell. But in truth it had nothing to fear, for neither the Lord of Dreams nor Falkynjager could bare the idea of damning young Malcom's noble soul and they would not have turned him anyway.

So the third curse became apparent. Malcom of Hellliwell, noble knight, man of honor, paladin of renown, was forever made to be a Vampire and to stalk the world, killing to sate an insatiable appetite.

Malcom traveled alone for many years. He haunted a small host of cities and towns, delivering his own brand of horror on a world weary from centuries of despotic rule. In time, he gathered a small family of Vampires, creations of his own, who followed him from town to town. These became his House and he called himself a Lord of Vampires for in truth his power over the undead world was tantamount. Only Sagamore, who had suffered a similar transformation, could ever claim to an equal if not greater power.

But wherever he went, Malcom could not escape the suffering of his soul. The torments he delivered upon his victims were thrice again brought down upon him. He railed at his own evil, rejecting it, but never escaping it. After sixty years living thus he took the life of a young gnome who claimed he could cure Malcom, if the Vampire would let him. The gnome swore that his grandfather bore an item which could take away all the bodies' needs and that this item could cure Malcom of his thirst for blood. Malcom took great interest in the gnome's speech. After he slew him he set about finding the fabled *Heart of Glass*.

Eventually his researches led him to Ilhsa and the Sea Towns and to Ie-blond who even now has possession of the wondrous item. He gathered his folk together and settled in Nochi, in an unoccupied portion of the University. Malcom, hidden from all, set about plotting the theft of the item.

41. The Blacksmith, Dogran of Olensk

The blacksmith's shop is a one story building with a small wall around it. It has a large opening in the front and back. It has a flat roof with a large chimney coming out of the center of the roof. The shop is a stone structure. On the inside of the short wall is all manner of items. There are scraps of metal, barrels of coal, a messy woodpile, and a large metal trough for cooling his wares.

Dogran is a stout hearted Dwarf who long retired to the Sea Town to live in obscurity. He is a veteran of the great Battle of Olensk and a member of the Bartigtot.* Dogran is a kindly fellow who keeps himself aloof of the street battles and the comings and goings of the various factions. He is a good friend of Ie-Blond and does frequent

work for her. He will turn the characters a fair price for excellent quality work if he discovers that they are of good alignments.

He despises all minions of the horned god and will join the party in attacking the Crna Ruk if given adequate proof that they are in the cities.

*The Bartigot dwarves all fought at the Battle of Olensk against the horned god's minions. So great were the losses of the dwarves, that those who survived burned the beards from their chins in respect and sorrow.

GROFENG (This chaotic good 18th level dwarf fighter's vital stats are HP 169 and AC 25. His primary attributes are strength, dexterity, and constitution. His attributes are strength 17, dexterity 15, constitution 17, intelligence 12, wisdom 13, and charisma 8. He specializes in battle axe. He possesses a +5 battle axe (Eisenlied, in the vulgate, "Ironwoe"*), full plate armor, iron helm (cheek, nose guard) small iron shield (square), dagger, heavy crossbow and two score bolts.)

He owns Grofeng's Forge paying neither rent nor mortgage. Grofeng keeps little of value there, storing most of his worldly goods and monies in safe houses with the Hjorleif Gnomes (see above). Grofeng passed most of worldly goods on to his nephew, a dwarven fighter of some fame, Chrus of Halloweg.

Grofeng is short and stout. As dwarves go he is old, being 407. He braids his long, grey hair in two thick strands behind him and his beard, though thick is burned away at the chin. He belongs to the Bartigtot dwarves, those few dwarves who shaved their chins for the memory of their fallen comrades. His eyes are a bright blue.

Grofeng is friendly and if learns that the party is of a good nature (assuming they are) he will give them nice price breaks for the work he does for them. He knows little of what goes on in Ihlsa as he sees it as none of his business. If queried why he is in Ihlsa, he comments only that the fortunes of war are strange. If the party alerts him to the existence of the Crna Ruk he will aid them.

A cautionary note: Use Grofeng sparingly. He is very strong, far stronger than most creatures in the Heart of Glass. His role should be more for role-playing and giving the characters a "safe harbor" NPC, one who is not hostile and whom they feel can be on their side.

*Ironwoe earned its name at the Battle of Olensk and in subsequent battles afterwards. Grofeng swears that it has never met with a non-magical suit of armor whose facade the axe has not broken. The "woe of iron, the Eisenlied" he calls it.



APPENDIX A ~ NEW MONSTERS

CRNA RUK

NO. APPEARING: See Below

SIZE: M

HD: See Below

MOVE: 30 ft.

AC: See Below

ATTACKS: by weapon

SPECIAL: See Below

SAVES: M

INT: Average

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

TYPE: Unholy (can be turned)

TREASURE: See Below

XP: Special (see page 6 of the Monsters & Treasure)

The crna ruk are members of the Crna Ruk guild of assassins. In all outward appearances they are human, or in some rare cases demi-human, but within them boil a twisted malevolence. They serve a higher order, and work toward the domination or destruction of anything that opposes them or their dark religion. They walk among the kingdoms of men as would any normal person, disguised as merchants, soldiers, peasants, nobles, priests, etc. The only distinguishing mark they bare is a tattoo of geometric symbols upon the inner left wrist. It is the symbol of the wizard-god they serve. The brand is magical (see **Illusory Mark** below for the nature of the brand and the affects of reading it.)

Few openly join or actively seek to join the Crna Ruk. The Order is very secretive and always kills those who attempt such a feat. It has ever been the practice of the guild to take the sons and daughters of men at an early age and raise them under the direct guidance of the guild. They choose these children for a variety of reasons; some, because they seem to possess an evil nature, others because particular guild members have “dreamed” of them, still others for their bloodlines. Initiates kidnap these children from the houses of the wealthy or the shanties of the very poor. Some they discover in the slave markets; purchased they are brought to the Order houses. Those taken are always very young, toddlers or the like. But, no matter the age or background, all these children carry an affinity for evil; they are “touched.” The victims were pre-disposed at birth for evil marked by the gods. The Order simply encourages and channels their natural inclinations. These victims spend the rest of their lives in the Order. Once considered humans, or demi-humans, these Initiates become twisted by their service to evil that they have lost all ability to empathize with suffering, or to feel remorse or sympathy. The Crna Ruk are the incarnation of evil.

All Crna Ruk are lawful evil. They believe that the only way to return “peace” to the world is through the order and control. They can only attain and maintain control through terrorizing the world. The Crna Ruk knows little life beyond the guild and the evil worship of their dark deities. There are no members of their guild who believe in a different path. They are irredeemably evil.

The guild itself is highly structured and follows a strict hierarchy. Those chosen for the guild become Initiates. Those Initiates who are gifted and highly skilled become Crna Ruk Scholars. A very few of the Scholars possess the necessary skills and abilities to become Inquisitors. The Inquisitors are few in number, very powerful and rule the order with an iron discipline. To break

with the guild or defy or even question its law is an instant death sentence for any member. Though such action never happen for they are all dedicated to the rule of law and the order it brings.

Crna Ruk never do anything for personal gain and never work with or for others without strict instructions to do so from the Order. If the Order does find such a reason it is with the express purpose of finding a particular item or destroying a particular enemy. They never wander without purpose as they must follow the strict guidelines of the guild and hierarchy.

The Order consists of Chapter Houses. Each House commands a city, town, district, duchy or any other number of political regions. Each House is different in size, some very small and others very large. Each House consists of a Deacon, an Executioner, several Scholars, and an indeterminate number of Initiates.

TABLE 1-1: THE CRNA RUK HIERARCHY CnR(S)

RANK/ORDER	AC	HD
Initiate	15	1-9 (d12)
Scholar†	see below	72+1d10 hit points (acts as a 10 HD monster)
Inquisitor††	see below	96+5d6 hit points (act as a 15 HD monster)

† There are 10 ranks of Scholars. They are ranked from the weakest to strongest: Quill, Rune, Scholar, Master, Philosph, Purger, Blood Letter, Waylayer, Assassin, and Herzlos (the soulless). Each serves the Order it his own capacity. They have no particular task but the ranking usually denotes time and experience.

†† There are 5 orders of Inquisitors: **Executioner, Deacon, Inquisitor, Grand Inquisitor, and He Who Wears the Shroud**. A Deacon and Executioner are appointed to a House. The Inquisitor has no Chapter House association, but serves the order as a Judge, traveling from one House to the next, investigating infractions by guild members and meting out punishment. There are only 9 Inquisitors at any given time. The Grand Inquisitor is the temporal leader of the Crna Ruk. He organizes his own Chapter House, always the most powerful, as well as all the other Chapter Houses. There is only one Grand Inquisitor. He Who Wears the Shroud is the spiritual leader of the Order, the one who speaks to the wizard-god. He is the conduit between the other world and this. There is only one and he always dwells in the main temple usually not far from the Grand Inquisitor.

COMBAT: Crna Ruk are assassins fit for little else. They use stealth, guile, sorcery, and deception to destroy the enemies of their master. Though they can fight if cornered, they do not wear armor and are not skilled in general combat, relying upon daggers, garrotes, poison, and the like to achieve their means.

ASSASSIN ABILITIES: Each Initiate gains the following assassin class abilities: special, climb, death attack, hide, listen, move silently, poisons, and sneak attack. Their hit dice is equivalent to their level. Example a 4 HD Crna Ruk acts as a 4th level assassin. They are however subject to the class restrictions in armor and weapons.

CHANGE SELF: Once a day the Initiate is able to magically change their appearance, including clothing, armor, weapons, and equipment. The crna ruk can seem one foot shorter or taller, thin, fat or in between. The character cannot change the character's race. Otherwise, the extent of the apparent change is up to the caster. The spell does not provide the abilities or mannerisms of the chosen form. It does not alter the perceived tactile (touch) or audible (sound) properties of the character or any equipment.

Creatures get an intelligence save to recognize the glamour as an illusion if they interact with it.

ILLUSORY MARK: A Scholar brands each initiate of the Crna Ruk using illusory script. This magical illusion places a tattoo of the order's symbol, the sickle and wolf paw, upon the inner left wrist of the initiate. The tattoo is magically hidden however, appearing as a simple, common tattoo of geometric symbols to anyone outside the order. Anyone who attempts to decipher the tattoo, or looks at it very long, must make a successful intelligence check (CL 12) or succumb to a suggestion that commands them to leave the assassin alone. Any member of the Crna Ruk is able to see it for what it is. Each assassin's illusory mark is unique to him, though the actual mark of course is the symbol of the order. A true *seeing spell* or *read magic* unveils the nature of the script.

MINOR IMAGE: This ability acts as the 2nd level illusionist spell. The hit dice of the crna ruk serves as the caster level.

ABILITIES FOR THE SCHOLAR: A Scholar possesses all the abilities of an Initiate, as well as those listed below. The abilities increase per rank of Scholar so that a Herzlos Scholar possesses all the abilities of the previous rankings. For example a Blood Letter can Cast Target, Shadowwalk, Haste, and gains a Martial attack for 1d8 damage and a bonus of 4d6 damage on sneak attack as well as the Initiate abilities of Illusory Mark, Minor Image as a 12 HD caster, change self and assassin abilities as a 12th level assassin.

TABLE 1-2: CRNA RUK (SCHOLARS)

Rank	AC	Ability
1 Quill	16	Sneak Attack +1d6 damage
2 Rune	16	Martial Powers for 1d4 damage, Haste
3 Scholar	16	Sneak Attack +2d6 damage
4 Master	17	Martial Prowers for 1d6 damage, Shadowwalk
5 Philisoph	17	Sneak Attack +3d6 damage
6 Purger	17	Martial Prowers for 1d8 damage
7 Blood Letter	19	Sneak Attack +4d6 damage, Case Target
8 Waylayer	19	Martial Prowers for 1d10 damage
9 Assassin	19	Sneak Attack +5d6 damage, Major Image
10 Herzlos	20	Martial Prowers for 1d10 damage, 2 nd hand for 1d6 damage, Summon Soul Thief

CASE TARGET: As the assassin ability.

DEFENSIVE STUDY: If a Crna Ruk faces off against an opponent by fighting defensively while doing so for two full rounds, he may make a sneak attack against the opponent on his next action as if the target was denied his AC bonus due to dexterity. Any attacks of opportunities the Crna Ruk might enjoy are denied during this time. Alternately, he can choose to attempt to disarm his opponent (see Chapter 3 of the Players Handbook) with a +10 competency bonus to the roll. While studying the opponent, he may take no other actions except to fight defensively.



HASTE: A Crna Ruk Rune Scholar is able to move with extreme speed, doubling his movement rate and number of attacks per round. The Rune Scholar is only able to use this ability once per week for a maximum of 13 melee rounds.

MAJOR IMAGE: This ability acts as the 3rd level illusionist spell. The hit dice of the crna ruk serves as the caster level.

MARTIAL PROWESS: A Crna Ruk fighting unarmed gains the benefits of the monk's Hand to Hand combat. Consult Table 1-2 for the proper damage.

SHADOWWALK: As a standard action, a crna ruk can take on the two-dimensional form of a shadow along with any gear he carries. From this vantage

point he may walk about flat along the ground or travel up walls and around corners as a dark shadowy shape resembling his own shadow. He retains his general size but in a two-dimensional state and can therefore fit where he normally could not (under a door for example). While in this state the crna ruk gains a +10 bonus to Hide and Move Silent skill checks. The crna ruk cannot make attacks of any kind while in this form, and in this form he is immune to non-magical weapons. The crna ruk can perform this ability up to 3 times per day for up to 10 rounds each time.

SUMMON SOUL THIEF: Once a week the Herzlos is able to summon a soul thief. The creature does the Herzlos' bidding until killed or dismissed.

ABILITIES FOR THE INQUISITOR: An Inquisitor possesses all the abilities of an Initiate and a Herzlos Scholar, as well those listed below. As with the Scholar the abilities stack with each more powerful Inquisitor. They act as a 15th level in any class ability. For instance the Grand Inquisitor's assassin ability is as a 15th level assassin.

TABLE 1-3: CRNA RUK (INQUISITORS)

Rank	AC	Special
Deacon	20	Unholy Word
Executioner	22	Finger of Death
Inquisitor	24	Exude unholy aura
Grand Inquisitor	25	Improved Shadowwalk, Read Magic
Shroud	27	Create Unholy Place, Cleric spells

CLERIC SPELLS: (he who wears the) Shoud is the spiritual link between the order and the wizard-god. He possesses limited cleric abilities and as such is able to cast 1st-4th level spells. He can cast, as a 15th level caster, 6 0 level, 6 1st level, 5 2nd level, 4 3rd level, 4 4th level spells.

EXUDE UNHOLY AURA: Which behaves like the spell holy aura as cast by a 15th level caster, but it affects good and evil creatures.

FINGER OF DEATH: Acts as the wizard spell of the same name. The Crna Ruk casts as a 15th level caster.

FOG BANK: The Crna Ruk may cast each of the following spells once per day as a 15th level caster: *obscuring mist*, *fog cloud*, *cloudkill*.

IMPROVED SHADOWWALK: As *shadowwalk* but the Crna Ruk may employ any of his attacks while in the form.

UNHOLY WORD: The Crna Ruk can cast the Holy Word spell as a 15th level caster. It affects good and evil creatures.

CREATE UNHOLY PLACE: This is strictly for the grand inquisitor to create a temple or such into which he could summon the wizard-god.

THE CRNA RUK IN AIHRDE

The Crna Ruk (Kerna-Rook), in the Vulgate, “those whose hands pass through the dark,” are predatory assassins who lust for the rebirth of the horned god. They worship the rule of Law as symbolized in the Winter’s Dark. They pay homage to Unklar, the horned god Unklar who ruled by keeping the world in a continual winter and who brooked no rebellion. The Crna Ruk served as his cohort of assassins, rogues, and spies.

The wizard Nulak-Kiz-Din founded the order in the early years of the Winter Dark to serve him and the horned god. Nulak used them primarily to control the minions of the horned god, to gather information on their activities and report back to him. The Crna Ruk rose to great prominence as Nulak gained power and were instrumental in helping his rise. The information they supplied him served him well, when he needed it. Next the Trolls of Gottland the Crna Ruk were Nulak’s most powerful allies and servants.

After the fall of the horned god, they attempted to bolster the power of the arch-mage in the power vacuum that followed. But in doing so they ran afoul of the Lord of the Halls (that is Aufstrag), Coburg the Undying. Coburg himself was in the process of consolidating his own power over Aufstrag after the horned god’s fall, set about a ruthless campaign of exterminating the Crna Ruk (along with many others). He put many of them to death, bound others in Klarglich, and others to the walls of Aufstrag itself. The Shroud, the spiritual leader of the Order, Coburg slew with his own hand by choking him to death upon the dais of the thrown. He fashioned a drinking cup from his skull which he called *Shrouded Vessel* for drinking from it made him hallucinate (Michael Bagelton, a rogue of great renown, later stole the Shrouded Vessel from Coburg, and it was subsequently lost).

Few now know the Order’s true origins, only that they thrived during the Winter Dark and practiced an eldritch sorcery. Since the Winter Dark Wars they have lived on as legends, as demons to haunt the nightmares of the people of the world. For this reason the Crna Ruk are universally feared

In recent years however, the Crna Ruk have grown in power. They form small independent units in towns and cities, paying homage to the wizard and the horned god. There is a new, powerful Grand Inquisitor and (He Who Wears the) Shroud, both of whom were servants during the waning days of the Winter Dark. Their one great quest is to find the missing spells of the Blood Rune sorcery. This sorcery they believe offers the Crna Ruk the greatest opportunity to return Unklar to the plane. They detest Coburg and consider him a mortal enemy and a heretic who they see, rightfully so, as someone who does not wish the return of the Unklar. Their main guild hall is in the Punj where they have found staunch allies. They have begun spreading throughout the Lands of Ursal however, searching for the pieces of the missing horn, or any other device that they feel will aid them in their mission and bring back the Winter Dark.

HLOBANE ORC

NO. APPEARING: 10-5000

SIZE: M

HD: 2 (d10)

MOVE: 30 ft.

AC: 16

ATTACKS: Weapon (+1 to hit and damage)

SPECIAL: Dark Vision 60 ft., Immunity to Poison, Light Sensitivity,

SAVES: P

INT: Average

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil, Lawful Neutral

TYPE: Humanoid

TREASURE: 2

XP: 27 +2

The Hlobane are orcs, though of a particular breed. In general they are tall for their kind, with large chests, long muscular arms, and legs as thick timber. They are very muscular, priding themselves in their fitness. Only the very old or very wealthy Hlobane tend to the heavy side. And these are grossly fat, living off of a lifetime of spoils. A Hlobane’s skin is always a deep green, mottled almost black in the joints of their legs and arms. They have broad faces with a wicked under bite. They have tusks that rise from the lower jaw. They often shape and cap these with steel or bronze. Their eyes are deep yellow with narrow pupils and filled with an intelligence that their lesser kin do not possess.

The Hlobane (pronounced Hu-Lo-Bane) Nation is a vast and powerful tribe of orcs, prized by many mercenary captains, for they are highly militarized and famous for their iron discipline and an unwavering courage in the face of battle. It is rare to hear of a Hlobane who retreats or flees from a battlefield. The Hlobane generally keep to themselves, speaking to few, and those who do, serve the interests of their paymaster or Lord. They are fiercely loyal to each other and if one is in trouble it is more than likely that the others will rush to his aid. Some do venture from the Nation in order to gain glory in arms.

The Hlobane have always been a settled orc nation. They dwell in towns made of stone or built into the sides of hills and mountains. They are accomplished craftsman ordering and fortifying their dwellings along military lines. Their entire society is one based on military principles, even to the ordering of their family households. At the head of each



household is a patriarch, followed in turn by a matriarch and their children, any brothers and sisters the patriarch has as well as his parents and in some cases his mate's parents. They do not choose the patriarch by age but by strength. As soon as a patriarch becomes weak or falls the remaining males in the family group contest each other for the role of patriarch. There is almost always a second in command however and these family disputes rarely break out into open brawls or contests.

Each family group belongs to a larger clan. The clan consists of several related family groups, usually ones related through the female, but not always. The size and numbers of the clans shifts constantly depending on circumstances. Clans frequently break up due to deaths of when one group decides to break free from the bonds of one Clan to join another. The Clans make up the Hlobane Nation and they serve a Council of Elders who they choose not from each Clan but from those elder warriors who have gained the most fame in battle. Each Clan supplies soldiers for the Nation in time of war, which is almost always. Sanjaks, a title they adopted some time ago, lead the troops. The Sanjaks are chosen by the Council for their skills on the battlefield.

The most accomplished warriors lead Hlobane troops. For every 10 encountered, at least one Pit Orc is present, of 2+2 hit dice and with an armor class of 16. For every two or more Pit Orcs, there is one Overseer of 4 hit dice present, with an armor class of 17. For every 4 Overseers there is one Over Lord, with 9 hit dice, and an armor class of 19. Over this troop is the Sanjak, usually the general in charge of the Hlobane army.

By the time a male Hlobane reaches the age of six he is attached to older males outside their family unit. They serve an apprenticeship for several years. The old males teach the younger from their mothers and teach them the arts of war. The younger orcs serve the older in all manner of capacity, from cleaning their armor to fetching food. When they reach the age of 13 they attain the status of warriors and allowed to enter any of the Warrior Societies that thrive in the Hlobane communities. The Societies serve as the backbone to the Hlobane military strength. They prize discipline, sacrifice, battle skills above all else.

The Hlobane shun magic for the most part. Their society has few shamans or wizards. Orc shamans have some spellcasting capability from both the wizard and cleric classes. Shamans have a maximum of 24 spell levels, with no spell greater than 4th level. Example: An orc shaman with six 1st, four 2nd, two 3rd, and one 4th level spell has the maximum of 24 spell levels. They call upon the dark gods they worship so they may play witness to their bravery or their deeds.

Hlobane don't get along with many races. They tolerate any and all who they feel can serve their greater purpose. They detest other orcs as weak, unworthy creatures. They have a grudging respect for dwarves and halflings (this last may only apply to the battle hardened halflings of Airhde). They have had little contact with elves and as such do not possess the normal orc hatred of those creatures.

The Hlobane speak their own tongue, which is much concerned with military terms and military organization.

COMBAT: The Hlobane fight as they live, with discipline and order. They fight as a unit when they can; they are able tacticians if not strategists. Even younger Hlobane are able to take in and

take advantage of the terrain and fighting conditions in which they are going to fight. Though they do not retreat, they also do not, by their own volition, knowingly throw themselves into a position that will be obviously overrun or cause the unit to be wiped out. If they are ordered into such a position by a leader they respect they will obey without question. They favor heavy armor, shields, helms, and large cleaving weapons such as the glaive, halberd, and the like. For close quarters they use short swords and axes. They are more partial to crossbows than bows.

Immunity to Poison: This creature gains a +2 on all saving throws against poison.

THE HLOBANE IN AIHRDE

The Hlobane originate in the Austern, the Claws of God, a land far to the east of the Cradle of the World, in the southern Marl. They were an insignificant tribe until they came into contact with an outcast sorcerer from island kingdoms of Kath who used them as his servants. The sorcerers of Kath were immortals who worshiped the Dragon God of their own land. After several generations the Hlobane changed markedly in their behavior and abilities. The sorcerer used them in his wars and in various enterprises. After many years he left them, returning into the south, but the Hlobane changed forever.

They continued to live in the Austern until Unklar found them. Greatly impressed by what he saw he immediately desired to bring them to his realm as servants, so he took the guise of a black dragon and fell upon the villages and towns, slaying many and driving the others into the wilderness. There, in his true form he 'found' them and rescued them, offering them promises from his own hand in his own realm. The Hlobane were beguiled and followed Unklar into the west to his towers in Aufstrag. There he remade them into warriors and cultivated them until they were the most trusted and fierce of his lesser servants.

During the long Winter Dark they served him well and he settled them in and around the Red Hills where they guarded the southern approaches to Aufstrag. They served in the guards of many of the great Princes of his Empire. During the Winter Dark Wars, at the Battle of the Tree, or as some call it the Ten Day Battle, the Hlobane Nation stood firm against the Council of Light. So it is written in the histories, "Only the Hlobane, the Orcs of the Red Hills, retired in order, for their pride has always been their strength and they could not be sundered."



HULEN

NO. APPEARING: 1

SIZE: L

HD: 7 (d8)

MOVE: 40 ft. (fly)

AC: 19

ATTACKS: 6 tentacles (1d6 damage each)

SPECIAL: Twilight Vision 60 ft., Ethereal

Jaunt

SAVES: P

INT: Low

ALIGNMENT: Neutral Evil

TYPE: Planar

TREASURE: Nil

XP: 405+7



Hulen appear as huge tuberous masses of tissue. Its large domed 'top' is red or orange in color, translucent and sprouts hundreds of bone white tentacles of varying sizes. It is difficult to actually focus on the creature and the viewer often sees only a mass of horrific looking tissue, for this abomination doesn't in fact possess a physical form. They are strange creatures who inhabit both the ethereal and material planes, lingering on the edge of both.

They are very predacious and delight in snatching victims, or at least the items they possess, from the material plane and casting them off into the ethereal where they return to feast upon them later.

COMBAT: The hulen are able, through their ethereal jaunt ability to move from one plan to the other and can pass through physical items in the material with ease. They usually stalk a certain area and wait for victims to pass through at which point the jaunt in, attempt to snatch the victim and jaunt back to the ethereal where they attack the victim. If at any time the hulen is wounded in either plane it lets go its attack and retreats the ethereal plane. If its victim is in the ethereal plane and doing much damage it jaunts back, dropping the victim into the prime material. It can carry up to 2 human sized victims per jaunt.

ETHEREAL JAUNT: The hulen is able to enter the material plane from the ethereal at will, leaving its "body" behind in the ethereal. Once in the material the hulen may pass through all material objects in the material world without impediment, and may not be seen or interacted with by any mundane means unless it is attacking. When it attacks a victim it is completely physical and visible.

IMPROVED GRAB: When a hulen successfully strikes with two or more of its tentacles, an opponent must make a successful strength save or be held, immobile, in the creature's grasp. In the following round, and any round the victim remains held, the hulen has jaunts back to the ethereal, victim or item in hand.

THE HULEN IN AIHRDE

The rune maids are creations caste off by Corthain when he first attempted to make the Rune Lords. They seemed weak and purposeless so that greater god cast them off from the Void and into the ethereal (quit by accident). The hulen possessed a lingering desire to serve their master's purpose, which was to guard the pathways that lead from the Void to the Material world. Despite their desires, they hadn't the power or understanding, so they dwell in limbo, lingering on the edge of the material plane, watching for they do not know what. They constantly drift into the world and snatch people and things and carry them to the ethereal where they leave them or devour them.

SOUL THIEF

NO. APPEARING: 10-5000

SIZE: M

HD: 5 (d8)

MOVE: 20 ft., 35 ft.

AC: 19

ATTACKS: 2 Claw (1d3), Bite (1d4)

SPECIAL: Camouflage, Dark Vision 60 ft., Energy Drain, Improved Grab, Incorporeal, SR 1

SAVES: M

INT: Average

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

TYPE: Undead (Extraordinary)

TREASURE: Nil

XP: 380+5



A soul thief appears as a shadowy, vaguely transparent figure of smoky black. Its face is long, ghoulish in appearance, with hollow, empty eye. Small horns knob his head and round out the creature's upper quarters. His chest is thin, and arms wisp-like. Long claws compliment the wings that adorn his back. But his lower torso is his most peculiar feature. More like an elongated shadow it trails off into the nothingness that is the heart of the soul thief.

A soul thief is a special servant of the lords of the nether worlds. He is a guide of sorts, escorting the dead into the Shadow Realm. This is called harvesting the soul; though the soul thief does not harvest just any soul for he is only tasked with harvesting the souls of those lawful evil creatures's who the lords of the Shadow Realm wish to reward. The reward of course is always an eternity of pain and suffering.

They are very evil, and relish journeying to the other planes to harvest souls. When on such sojourns they frequently deviate from the task and hunt other prey and harvest other souls. The soul thief is very aggressive when cornered but more than that, he is very curious, often hunting and attacking targets that draw his interest.

COMBAT: A soul thief doesn't prefer a stand-up fight, but rather hides in the shadows, or becomes incorporeal. It waits for the intended victim to approach and merges with their shadow attempting to weaken the creature to the point that it cannot defend itself. Once the creature dies the soul thief begins harvesting the victim's soul.

CAMOUFLAGE: A Soul thief can conceal itself exceptionally well in a shadowy or night time environment. When concealed and motionless, they receive a +5 bonus to hide checks, and +10 to surprise checks. At night, a bright light can negate this ability.

ENERGY DRAIN: After carefully attuning itself to a particular living victim, it can merge with him, becoming a two-dimensional shadow which takes the place of the victim's shadow. It can move and behave exactly as a regular shadow making it almost impossible to detect (wisdom CL 15). However, even in the darkest light the shadow still exists, and in the brightest sun it seems less substantial (wisdom CL 10 for each). Each day the victim must make a wisdom save (CL 5), failure indicating that the soul thief has begun wearing away the target's soul (causing a point of temporary wisdom loss in the process). When the victim reaches zero wisdom the soul thief will attack the victim, and then personally escorting the departed soul to hell. While attached, the victim cannot regain or be cured of the loss in any way. While attached

to a victim, the soul thief looses some of its natural AC, dropping it to 16. It usually only takes a single attack to force it to flee.

IMPROVED GRAB: To use this ability, the soul thief must hit with both claw attacks. If it gets a hold, it automatically hits with its bite attack each round the hold it maintains the hold.

INCORPOREAL: Can be harmed only by other incorporeal creatures, +1 or better magic weapons, or magic, with a 50% chance to ignore any damage from a corporeal source. Can pass through solid objects at will, and own attacks pass through armor. Always moves silently.

The Soul Thief (Rottenshuf) in Aihrde

These creatures are of the order of the Val-Austlich, created in the Days before Days by Thorax. They were shadows, cast off by the *Cloak of Red*, and called the rottenshuf. These shadows wandered the world doing great mischief. However at his bidding they came, Thorax and served him in his disreputable tasks. When the Great War between Thorax and his brother Corthain was finished and Thorax thrown down, Corthain summoned the rottenshuf and bid them serve a greater purpose. They could not deny him for in those days his power was supreme. He cast his Judgement and this they followed; ever after it was their task to gather the souls of the evil creatures of Aihdre and usher to the Shadow Realms. So they have done ever since, for millennia, traveling between the prime and the Shadow Realm, carrying the horrified souls to their doom.

Seeing a Soul Thief in Aihrde is believed to be a death sentence, for it is coming to harvest souls. But the learned know that this is not the truth for the creatures defy the Judgement of Corthain when they may, and wander the world, causing mischief and doing deeds of evil despite. On an occasion they harvest the wrong souls and steal those away to the Shadow Realms, a fate worse than death to most living men. They are prized by Necromancers and used as servants from time to time.

WITCH ORB

NO. APPEARING: 1-6

SIZE: M

HD: 4 (d10)

MOVE: 30 ft. (fly)

AC: 12

ATTACKS: None

SPECIAL: Dark Vision 60 ft.,

Flight, Spells, SR 1

SAVES: M

INT: Average

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Neu

TYPE: Aberration

TREASURE: 5

XP: 130+4



The witch orb is a rare creature that resembles a plant spore. Its entire body is little more than a round sphere, usually deep green, or yellow in color. It possesses multiple eyes, ranging all around its body. There are apertures that resemble mouths, but are in fact in tube case from which it extends long rubbery looking tubes. These tubes exhale or inhale air and gases giving the creature its flight and ability to move. It is forever extending these tubes and sending out puffs of gas, moving it, or keeping it still. The exhaled gas contains

thousands of tiny spores that constantly hover around the creature or trail in its wake. The orb is rather slow in its movement.

The witch orb is in fact a type of plant. It is very intelligent. The orb does not have the ability to speak, rather they communicate through telepathic means. They are apt spell casters, being complete masters of the druidic or cleric arts.

They creature is not necessarily aggressive, though they possess all the ruthlessness of the natural world. They have no pity for any living creature; indeed, they do not possess the ability to pity other creatures any more than a lion that devours the last elk on the plain. Nature is indifferent to the world and so are the witch orbs. They live in almost any climate or terrain, even cities and towns seeing the world the man and dwarf as no different from the forests or deserts.

COMBAT: These creatures are druidic type creatures. They possess all the class abilities of a human druid and his ability to cast spells. They cannot use any type of weapons or armor of course. In battle they generally retreat from a foe while casting spells. They never stop moving. If they are able they hide themselves in ambush.

ALL-AROUND VISION: It is impossible to surprise, sneak up on, or gain a back attack on the witch orb as its eyes range around its head. It never sleeps either.

FLIGHT: Their natural buoyancy allows them to fly as the wizard spell at a speed of 20 feet. The buoyancy also grants a permanent feather fall effect with personal range.

SPELLS: Can use druid or cleric spells of their level.

THE WITCH ORB IN AIHRDE

These bizarre aberrations were once the devoted followers of Unklar. They served his minions as religious guides through the maelstrom of dogma that became the worship of the horned god. They were clerics and druids. In time the corruption of their own beliefs transformed them into hideous creatures, malformed and twisted. Eventually they shed their human skins and frames, morphing into little more than amorphous blobs. In time they took a firm shape, their skinned hardened, and multiple eyes sprouting from their twisted bodies. Spores opened upon them and allowed them to blast air from one orifice or the other. Flight came easy after and they shed the last of their human visage. In this form they served the horned god and his High Priestess Nectanebo. Eventually they grew into more powerful creatures, the witch stalk, but there were rare and very powerful.

Many say that the witch orb is a corruption of the goddess Mordius. That somehow Unklar channeled that lord of nature's essence into his priesthood and that they in truth became as plants, changing with the seasons of Unklar's power.

When Unklar fell the witch orbs found themselves without purpose and soon drifted apart. Some went mad and fled into the dark places of the world. Others took the new world in stride and have since adjusted to it and thrive where they can find safety.

Note: In Aihrde the witch orb can be any alignment.

APPENDIX B ~ MAGIC ITEMS

BURGLARS NEEDLES: These magical thieves' tools grant the user +2 competency bonus to open lock and disable device skill checks.

FONT OF NARRHEIT (LONGING) (ARTIFACT): History: During the Winter Dark, Unklar bound Narrheit, the god of chaos, in a great tower in the wilderness of Aihilde. Narrheit did not fight his imprisonment for he knew that he was no match for the God of Eternal Darkness. With him was bound Imbrisius, his consort.

For a thousand years Narrheit served as entertainment for the lords of Unklar. The lords of Unklar's realm frequently came to the tower of Narrheit to overcome the challenges of unmitigated chaos. Countless anti heroes of the Dark fell, but some escaped into the world beyond the Tower of Delight and with each went a gift of Narrheit, Knight of Chaos. Each bore with him or her a Font, made by the hands of Narrheit, a reward of sorts.

Through the Fonts, Narrheit leaked into the world the power of chaos, for within their making he placed bits of himself and so gained certain freedoms in the world of men. Later, after Unklar's fall, he came to Aihilde and set about gathering these cups in order to be whole again. The 13 grails possess power with a price.

The CK is encouraged to play up the power of the fonts and the effect it has upon those that possess it. Most importantly, every font creates chaos wherever it is carried. When reference is made to the font's possessor, the font need not be on the person's body at all times, although they will desire to stay close to the font or look upon it at least once per week.

Each font will fill with liquid upon command of its possessor. The type of liquid is noted parenthetically after the font's name, along with any special notes about the liquid.

FONT OF LONGING (COOL WATER) (ARTIFACT): This sand colored glass is emblazoned with a thirsty man. It causes an insatiable longing in the possessor for their heart's desire. As each person is unique, the CK must define the boundaries of the font's effect, catering to each individual game. The CK should, however, play up the affect upon the possessor, such that they would change the course of their life. There are two side effects. The possessor becomes constantly thirsty. Each time a new person takes possession of the font, they will find the Truncheon of Longing resting at the bottom of the glass. Because of the nature of the font, the possessor will not easily part with this treasure.

THE FONTS IN AIHRDE

During the Winter Dark, Unklar bound Narrheit, the god of chaos, in a great tower in the wilderness of Aihilde. Narrheit did not fight his imprisonment for he knew that he was no match for the Horned One. Imbrisius, his consort, lived with him in exile, resigned too, to her fate.

The lords of Unklar's realm frequently came to the Tower of Narrheit to pit themselves against the will of the Lord of Chaos. Narrheit obliged, making his tower a bastion of madness, laying traps and setting up wild contests for Unklar's Lords. For a thousand years Narrheit served as entertainment for the lords of Unklar. They came to call it the Tower of Delight, and though countless anti-heroes of the dark one fell they flocked to it for to conquer it proved a badge

of honor that none could deny. But Narrheit proved the more clever for the few who 'defeated' him he rewarded with a gift. Each bore with him or her a Font, made by the hands of Narrheit. These cups Narrheit himself fashioned and they were tools of chaos.

Through the Fonts, Narrheit leaked into the world the power of chaos, for within their making he placed bits of himself and so gained certain freedoms in the world of men. Later, after Unklar's fall, he came to Aihilde and set about gathering these cups in order to be whole again.

The 13 grails possess and amazing amount of power, but it is a power that comes with a price.

Each font will fill with liquid upon command of its possessor. The type of liquid is noted parenthetically after the font's name, along with any special notes about the liquid.

TRUNCHEON OF LONGING (A RING): An unadorned, copper Ring of Shooting Stars.

THE TRUNCHEON OF LONGING IN AIHRDE

TRUNCHEONS OF NARRHEIT (WEAPONS)

Each of these 13 weapons is connected to one each of the 13 Fonts of Narrheit. In some cases, they were created to protect and serve their corresponding font. Others came about because of its Font's affect upon its environment. Each truncheon is different and detailed elsewhere. For those weapons that mirror magic items detailed in *Monsters & Treasure*, reference should be made to that book for further description and details.

HEART OF GLASS

The *Heart of Glass* is an extremely potent artifact which allows its wielder to control the desires or needs of the body and mind. They do not have to eat, drink, sleep, nor can they bleed from their wounds. More than that, the *Heart of Glass* eases the strains which age places upon the body, and any who possess it may gain eternal life. They do not lose their eyesight to age, or hearing or any other sensory loss associated with growing old. The great failing of the *Heart of Glass* is the "lack of life." The possessor slides into a life without purpose or hope of redemption, so that the owner wanes as time passes, becoming less than he was before. Any who possess the heart lose their corresponding desires to learn, to adventure, to live life in any degree. Eventually they do not even long for the *Heart* itself, for this desire is also numbed.

The possessor should roll a saving throw each week he is in possession of the magical gem. Each failure results in alternating loss of one point of wisdom the first week, then constitution the next, and so on. The CK should track these losses behind the screen, as they are mental, not physical; there are no physical signs of the loss and the character will not know of it until reaching 50% of their maximum in each attribute. At that point, the character lapses into a waking coma and can do nothing. Each week the character is away from the *Heart*, the character regains one point of wisdom and constitution, though they cannot act until fully restored. A *cure serious wounds* restores 1 point per casting, a *heal* or *restoration* spell cures the loss entirely.

The CL (wisdom) of the check begins at 3, and increases by 1 for each consecutive week the character possess the *Heart of Glass*.

MAGICAL LUCK DICE: Whoever possess these dice finds themselves unusually “lucky.” All saves and attribute checks are made at +2. The wielder can also save themselves from certain death with 1-2 wishes (CK’s option).

RING OF ARISTOBULUS: The ring is made of thin strips of ivory woven into a rope-like pattern. It’s size magically adjusts to any who wear it. The Ring endows the wearer with the gift of extra-planar abilities and senses. Disjointed “phases” (where two planes juxtapose) in time and place are automatically detected, as are gates to the other planes. Furthermore, the wearer has an increased chance of knowing what plane he/she is on (75%). Twice a day the wearer can attempt to cross into another plane with 50% + 2% per level of wielder. He/she must possess knowledge of the plane they are attempting to travel to.

APPENDIX C ~ NEW SPELLS

GLYPH OF THE PATRIARCH (Cl 6, Wiz 7)

CT 1	R 5' of target	D Instantaneous
SV wisdom negates	SR Yes	Comp V, S, M

A Patriarch Vampire casts this spell to designate his domain. By taking the blood of one his victims and marking his own symbol upon a wall, door or any other structural construct he opens an inter-dimensional hole between the prime material plane and the netherworlds. This serves to protect the lair from easy egress. Knowing the password successfully negates the spell, as will a *dispel magic*.

Once activated the glyph opens the “gate.” Anyone within 5' of the opening is instantly sucked through the portal. A successful save negates the affects of the spell. The components are the blood of an innocent.

PERFECT RECOLLECTION (BLOOD RUNES) (Cl 2, Wiz 2)

CT 1	R Touch	D 1 hour/level
SV dexterity negates	SR No	Comp V, S, M

The subject is better able to recall distant memories and focus on mentally challenging tasks. The spell grants an enhancement bonus of 1d4+1 points to intelligence, adding the usual benefits to ability and skill checks.

An increased intelligence score may allow the subject to memorize more spells. If so, these spells are lost when the duration of the perfect recollection ends. In addition, one random spell of the same spell level is lost as if the wizard cast it.

A creature cannot benefit from this spell more than once a week.

Material Component: A few feathers from an owl or a small figurine in the shape of an owl. This spell is one of the 46 spells needed for the mastery of the Blood Runes incantation.



APPENDIX D ~

HANGING ON THE TELEPHONE (RUMORS)

As with any town in any age in any world, people talk and they talk a great deal. Facts become twisted and stories become embellished and the whole picture becomes a confusing cacophony of hearsay, babble, truth, fact, and fiction. The following is a chart of rumors that the characters may pick up in any tavern or hostelry in any of the three towns. The rumors listed below are just examples and the CK should create their own rumors beyond this list. CK’s should integrate the dialogue into roleplaying encounters.

Some of the rumors below are pointless, some are actually false.

- 1 “My feet be a ailin me and I’ve got the gout!”
- 2 “Squirrels aint too smart, hopin around me porch looking fir food when I have a great big old hound just a layin there. But then again, this old hound aint really worth a damn.”
- 3 “I don’t know whats you knows, but I hear tell that there is quite a fight a-brewing between some Freetrader thieves and a band callin’ itself the NachtKrichen.”
- 4 “That fella on Jolly street is a Rooter! He damn near broke my leg pulling on me face. And don’t ye know my tongue plays peg board with the roof of me mouth I’ve so many wooden teeth!”
- 5 “I cannot say much, but I can tells ye that something bigger than a war of thieves bes a goin on.”
- 6 “They says that the Udenbrooks shipping firm is involved in this war, you know. I’ve even heard tell that the Master’s own son is a Crna Ruk hisself!”
- 7 “Oh, I have it on good authority that some fool of a fool stole that gem, that there, Heart of Glass from the Edenvol and bore it, glowing yellow as the sun, off into the night.”
- 8 “Me Ma, you know, me Ma, says I be too old fir fishin in the Bay and I tells yer, if I pull one more body out of the water thats hid its throat cut I’m goin to be believin her.”
- 9 “There’s a fellow by the name o Michael the Bagleton who runs the show around here! Likes to gamble he does, like it a lot, plays Eisenaugen all the bloody time. He likes to throw his dice and take his beer at the Rapture!”
- 10 “Ye thinks ye know, eh? Ye donnout know! There is a creature set loose in the tower of Edenvol the likes of which ye never have seen.”
- 11 “I hear there is a princess, one they call the Debara of Harri, who is held in the flesh in the Rapture. They says too that she has a heart of glass, a gem, in her very chest. One way or another, someones’s going to find her and rip her to shreds.”
- 12 “Personally me thinks that whatever evil is in these here burgs comes from the towers of the Edenvol in Capayrnha.”
- 14 “Aye, tis strange things afoot in the Union City there. I say that old Marktet place....wazzit called? Wally Owens? It be strange things a’goin on there. Eatins and magical gems and what nots.”
- 15 “They is a wizard hereabouts that they say stays alive for his possession of the Heart of Glass, a magical gem worth countless gold. Many a fine young folk has a died a tryin’ to take it.”
- 16 “There is them that say there are assassins afoot. The Crna Ruk mind you! Those very dogs that serve the horned god in his halls in far of Aufstrag.”
- 17 “They’s talk, don’t ye say, about the undead. They be stalking the streets of the Sea Towns, hunting up the good and foul alike, and they

drinks the blood, don't they? Yes they do, yes indeed."

APPENDIX E ~

RANDOM ENCOUNTERS IN THE SEA TOWNS

The Sea Towns are dangerous places at night. The ancient city states have long memories and the shades of yesteryear haunt them even as the mortals of the present. To go out, alone at night, in neighborhoods where there is no watch or are not duly protected may lead the adventurer somewhere he may not have counted on. The CK should use wandering monsters to liven up the adventure. Do not however, depend on the die to bring a monster into play. If the game is moving slowly or just in need of some combat the CK should not hesitate in picking a monster from any of the Random Encounter Charts.

Roll a d10 for encounters once every 2 hours. A "1" indicates an encounter. If there is an encounter roll 2d8 and consult the following chart. It is unlikely to encounter creatures in crowded areas.

GENERAL RANDOM ENCOUNTER IN THE SEA TOWNS

2	Thieves, 1-4 (4-8 th level)
3	Thugs, 1-10 (2-8 th level)
4	Allip, medium sized undead
5	Dogs (large) (1-8)
6	Monstrous Spider, Small vermin
7	Ogre Magi
8	Hlobane, Orcs 1-8 (see below)
9	Homunculus, one time familiar to Umbra Wizard
10	Phase spider, only in abandoned areas
11	Wight (1-4), medium sized undead
12	Special* (roll d4 on chart below)
13	Lycanthrope (1-2 rat or 3-4 wolf)
14	Hulen
15	Shadow, medium sized undead
16	Hag (Annis)

RANDOM ENCOUNTER IN THE RAPTURE

1	Beggars (2-12)
2	Thieves, 1-4 (4-8 th level)
3	Thugs, 2-16 (2-8 th level)
4	Gargoyle (2-16)
5	Spectre
6	Harpy (pair)
7	Spirit Naga
8	Special* (roll d4 on chart below)
9	Wererats
10	Werewolf
11	Constrictor Snake (Giant)
12	Vampire

RANDOM ENCOUNTER IN THE UNDERCITY (CAPHYRNA)

1	Beggars (2-12)
2	Assassin Vine

3	Barghest
4	Witch Orb (3-6 of at least 3rd level)
5	Spirit Naga
6	Shambling Mound
7	Giant Constrictor Snake
8	Vampire

Consult the *Monsters & Treasure* for monster statistics. Refer to **Appendix A, New Monsters** for the Witch Orb.

SPECIAL

1	Thief (10 th level)
2	Crna Ruk (5 th level)
3	Michael Bagleton
4	Ivar Jonovich (Vampire)

APPENDIX F ~ COSTS OF HOSPITALITY IN THE SEA TOWNS

All the taverns brew a variety of beer and ale and have their own peculiar atmosphere. Generally the brew-masters brew a fresh batch every few days. It stays at room temperature and is relatively cheap. However, each tavern has a few specialty brews peculiar to that establishment.

The standard costs for food and drink in the Sea Towns

Light Meal (fish, breads, fruit, cheese)	1sp
Heavy Meal (meats, vegetable, breads, butter)	3sp
Extravagant (meats, puddings, cold fruits)	1gp
Beers:	
Pale Ale	2cp
Dark Ale	5cp
Lager	1sp
Wine (most of this is Brindisium Wine)	
Red/White	5sp (5 for a bottle)
Kathy's White (local, Capayrnha)	1gp

Standard Costs for Rooms

These usually come with bread and beer for morning's repast. The Common rooms are always crowded, usually smell, have no water and one window or vent. The average room is empty. A room with just a bed has frame, straw mattress, small table, and water. A furnished room has a bed, down mattress, blankets, table, water, chest, or desk.

Common Room (floor, straw)	5cp
One Man (floor)	5sp
One Man (bed)	8sp
One Man (furnished)	1gp
Two Man (floor)	3cp
Two Man (bed)	7-8sp
Two Man (furnished)	1-2gp
Multiple	*

* These generally cost the same as a two man room with each individual adding an additional two man cost. For example: four men staying in a furnished room. 1gp + 2 gp for the additional two men = 4gp.

APARTMENT/FLAT

Prices can vary, depending on where the flat is or its general condition. The more rundown it is, the cheaper it is. The price depends on the district, and where in the district, but generally a small one room flat costs about 1-3gp a month. Of course this comes with no food, furniture, water, or even water bucket. Better furnished flats come with greater prices. The CK should determine what type of room the player(s) want, the neighborhood the party is staying in and determine the price from there. For instance if they rented a flat off of all major streets in Nochi, a rougher part of town, it might only cost but 1gp a month. A flat on Fleetwood in Ra-veen could cost about 4gp a month. If they rented a furnished flat near the University in Capayrnha it could cost as much as 15gp a month. The CK is the final judge.

APPENDIX G ~

THE VAMPIRE & THE WORLD OF AIHRDE

THE TALE OF SAGRAMORE & THE COMING OF THE VAMPIRE

“Do not judge a man by the role he was made to suffer!”

— St. Luther, Lord of Dreams

Vampires are a rare creature in Aihilde. They owe their existence to a strange myriad of events that began before the era of the Winter Dark a thousand years in the past, during the Age of Heroes.

In those days, before the coming of the Dark, there existed that council of mages called The Council of Patrice. They came together under the tutelage of Patrice, the Arch-magi, and Master of Prophecy, the most reasoned voice in the world. Twelve sat upon the Council and they counted amidst their numbers Aristobulus the White, the stygian Crisigrin, the mysterious Greymantle, and Sagramore the Great. This last man, Sagramore, was a powerful mage, crafty and able, who heralded from the north lands. He was quiet, speaking only when the need arose. It was a trait many said came from his Northern blood.

Sagramore dabbled in the fates. He spoke with gods, perhaps even the supreme deities, ever seeking what paths man should take to lessen his burden in life. This magic led to his downfall and the creation of one of the most horrid of apparitions to walk the face of Airhde.

In time of years Sagramore uncovered the plot of the Aenochian Emperor and the wizard Nulak-Kiz-Din. He saw the future and witnessed the end of the world with the coming of the horned god, Unklar for the wizard summoned him using the powerful rune spells the Blood Runes through which he opened the Paths of Umbra. He tried in vain to bring this coming calamity to the attention of his fellow magi, but the Emperor and his wizard already were making war on the powers of the world. Several Council members had been slain, and the most active and knowledgeable in the movements of gods, Aristobulus, was lost. So Sagramore attempted to divert the power of Nulak, but the dark mage proved too powerful and bent Sagramore to his will and enslaved him. Sagramore thus became a traitor to the Council, and he led Patrice into the trap that destroyed him. Bound to the prophecy he helped to write, Patrice was broken and hurled into the heavens.

When Unklar stepped upon Airhde, summoned via the Paths of Umbra, Sagramore became his slave. He became a toy, tortured and maligned by his masters until at last, 300 years into Unklar's reign, he rose in revolt. At that time, Unklar held unchallenged control over all the world. He was powerful and filled with the rage of youth. Sagramore's efforts thus came to naught, and he was cast down, beaten and broken. Unklar gathered the remnants of the once proud mage and carried him far to the north where he bound him in a cave with great, unbreakable chains steeped in sorcery.

Unklar then cursed him, “Ever shall you thirst for the power you cannot have! Ever shall you gain that which you do not seek!” And he marked him with the gift of immortality, bound to a chain in a cave under a mountain in the frozen north.

Thus Sagramore suffered for eight hundred years. He became mad and raged against the walls of his prison, thirsting for sustenance that he could not have. He learned simple tricks of the mind to call small animals and unsuspecting humans or orcs who wandered nearby, and he lured them into his den. He made use of wolves and bats to bear his will-o-wisps into the mountains and lure others to his cave. There he slaughtered them, and feasted on them, ever trying to satisfy his hunger and thirst. In time he drew strength by devouring their souls. Sagramore became a monster, a wretch, a horrid thing of grim purpose, a mad man who feasted on the blood and souls of his victims.

When the Winter Dark Wars began, the fates guided Jaren Falkhynjager and Aristobulus to the far north. Questing for a place to hide from Unklar, they found Sagramore and made to rescue him. Jaren, filled with his own rage against a thousand years of torment, wept at Sagramore's plight, and would not allow Aristobulus to slay him. Instead, they cured Sagramore of his madness and set him free. They bore him into the north lands, far beyond the Great Northern Forests in the lands where the Aenochians originated where his one time human master, Patrice, had a watch tower. The Pale Mountains became his home and there they hid him away, promising to aid him when he called. They could do no more, for the addiction of flesh and blood had grown great in Sagramore.

As the wars took the Council of Light away, Sagramore was left to his own, hungry and thirsty, but now utterly cured of his madness. So he stalked the forests of the north for feasts. He preyed only on those doomed to die, the weak, the elderly, and the sick. Even this he regretted and pitied himself all the more. To those wild peoples he became a terror that stalked the hidden paths of the dark forests and mountain trails.

Sagramore found that he was powerful in certain ways. He could charm with a look, fade into the mist and from his old alliance with certain creatures, change into the shapes of bats, wolves, and other creatures of the north. But the worst of his powers came when Naarheit, god of Chaos, revealed to Sagramore that he could alleviate his loneliness by spreading his disease to others.

At first he did so reluctantly, for he was ever a good man, and knew in his heart that what he did was an abomination. He felt also that he owed Jaren a debt. But his loneliness overcame his reluctance, and he eventually made others like himself.

But, to his shock, they were not so alike. They were the living consigned to a living death, and they did not possess Sagramore's magic and knowledge. A rage took them, a hatred of their creator and of life, and they stalked the lands, killing in secret, drinking the blood of their

victims, and leaving hidden memories of their passing. They longed again for the warmth of life, for the undead are ever cold. Several of them, awash in residual memories of their creator, wandered even into the Lands of Ursal, the Cradle of the World where they began to haunt the men of those kingdoms. Thus came a new horror, yet another spawn of the horned god, to the kingdoms of the world.

These creatures were named by the folk of Demeter. They were called Ordog (devil), necuratul (unclean), or if female, strigoia. But most common name was vampyr, which is vampire in the Vulgate tongue.

Recently the vampires have begun to unite in small family groups, or cabals, which serve to protect their kind and make the more flagrant abuses of lust, seem less so. These families discourage rouge vampires, although they know that many do exist. They have divorced themselves from their master, knowing of his hatred, but they long to consume him, for amongst their kind they believe that his soul is still bound within him and the power of it is unimaginable.

What became of their master, Sagamore, few know, but in truth he stalks the northern wastes, hating himself ever more. He dwells in an old castle that once belonged to the Council of Patrice. From time to time he leaves it and hunts in the southern land, but if ever he comes across one of his cursed "children," he slays them outright. He is still the most powerful of the vampires for he has a soul within him, stained though it is.

APPENDIX H - THE RINGS OF BRASS

The Halls of Nowl

In the Days before Days as is related in the Codex of Aihilde, concerning the histories of the world of Aihilde, Inzaa made bargain with the All Father. And through these bargains came knowledge of his endeavors. When she learned of those peoples, later called the Greater Dwarves, she came to them and ensorcelled them. She cast a charm upon them and promised them a world of their own that they could reshape to their desires. Her appeals rang true and many fell under her sway. The Greater Dwarves, divided in council, quarreled. Some fell under her sway and journeyed with her to Inzae. Those who remained became a sorrowful people, wandering the wastes of Aihilde. In time those who remained fathered the races of giants that afterwards populated the world and afflicted much evil upon the free peoples. But those who followed Inzaa, called the Trottigen Giants, came to her world not as masters, but slaves, there they labored not for themselves but for her tyranny.

So it went on for many long eons.

As is written the Trottigen Giants are immortal creatures, even as are the fathers of Giants in Aihilde. They labored for the Dragon God for long years and learned many things. They discovered the Obsidian Book wherein the All Father wrote down the Language of Creation, that font of all knowledge and magic. They stole glimpses of the book from time to time and committed its passages to memory. Eventually, between the greater parts of them they learned the book's contents.

In their labors they learned the construction of many vast edifices and

they learned to tunnel even through the Maelstrom. In those days, the world of Aihilde sat upon a flat plane, and Inzae lay as a cup beneath it and the Trottigen were able to tunnel through the maelstrom and so they could at last attempt to travel back to the world of Aihilde. They did this in secret, but were foiled from their designs for the Wall of the World, that mist the All Father set to guard the world of Aihilde blocked their way but they discovered the Nexus, that realm that lays between the worlds of Inzae and Aihilde, that makes the point of departure from one to the next. Here they built the fortress of Insalla.

Foiled at their attempt to return home they tunneled elsewhere throughout the Void and the planes. They could not remain gone for long for the pull of the Dragon was great and so they returned to her and their own world of Inzae. Their tunnels soon crossed the many planes even into the Dimensional Planes and the Intersecting Planes and beyond though they always began in the Nexus in Insalla. The Trottigen traveled the universe like no other creatures before or since.

The Trott became a proud and noble race of philosophers, filled with the knowledge of all things. They took the Language of Creation that they had learned from the Obsidian book and set to writing it down. They wrote the language on the only substance that would hold it, the scales of the very dragon who bound them, Inzaa. The beast constantly shed old scales and these the giants harvested and so began the greatest task ever achieved by dwarf, man, or beast. The number of scales were countless and the Trott began to fear of discovery so they took the scales into the tunnels and used them to line the walls and staircases. There the engraved words of the All Father as given to Inzae lay in dragon scale for all time, to survive even the end of all things which, as the Mammoth Scrolls relate, must come to pass in the Age of Gonfod.

A FORGE'S LABOR

The Mammoth Scrolls speak of a nameless forge master who dwelt in the city of Norgorad-Kam, who learned to create magical gates in rings of brass. Skilled beyond his peers this forge master had learned snippets of the Language of Creation, what in after years men called the Winter Runes. He used these to open gaps in the Wall of Worlds, to tear the fabric of the All Father's creation and see into strange realms, long tunnels with cryptic writings on them. But the gaps would not remain open and they were very small. He returned to his forge. He found after great tribulation that brass held the incantations and with this metal he could keep the portals open and make them as wide as the ring itself. So he cast several of these rings and lay incantations upon them. Each ring appeared as a simple finger ring, small, but thick. The lettering of his sorcery he made visible but decorative. He cast the rings with more incantations so that upon uttering certain command words they ring expanded and grew into a large portal. Once they assumed their full size they revealed an opening in the Wall of Worlds.

He soon discovered more. Upon opening the first of his rings he saw that they did indeed open into deep tunnels and staircases upon whose walls were written an ancient dwarven text. The lettering was incomprehensible in its order and only summoning dwarven scholars was the content revealed as that of the Language of Creation. But its order was not unraveled and though many dwarves studied it for many years it never came to pass that any dwarf could learn more than a little of that fabled tongue.

What in fact the smiths had discovered were vast staircases constructed by the Greater Dwarves of Inzae, the Trottigen

Giants, those same Dwarves who the Dragon God had enticed from Aihrde when the world was young.

The tunnels the Dwarves named the Halls of Nowl, that is the Halls of Knowledge. All these Halls led to the Nexus where the fortress turned city of the Insalla lay. They followed these tunnels to that place and discovered a city on the edge of time inhabited by all manner of strange beast and creature. They called it a City of Gods for indeed here many of the greater creatures of the orders of the world came to dwell. From there the dwarves learned there were many portals to many planes and they could travel to any plane if the proper portal was used and with the Rings of Brass open gateways into those planes.

It so happened that the dwarves discovered these tunnels during the long years of the Goblin Rule between the 2nd and 3rd Great Goblin Dwarf wars. The dwarves soon learned that the tunnels stretched throughout the maelstrom and beyond, but more importantly that they intersected with the world of Aihrde in many places. And as is written, by using the Rings of Brass, the Dwarves were able to gather the greater part of their folk in the Halls of Gothurag under King Isenharg IV, and in the year 5812df, the Dwarves at last felt strong enough to challenge the hated Goblin.

THE RINGS OF BRASS

The Rings of Brass are powerful magical rings that allow plane travel. There are many of them, how many is unclear, for the Mammoth Scrolls leave no record. When activated the rings expand into an oval shape that is 4 feet in the horizontal diameter and 6 feet in the vertical diameter. Within the oval is a thin mist through which stairs are plainly visible. The stairs are made of a reddish brown stone and covered in glyphs.

The stone is actually the scales of the dragon Inzae, recast into the walls of the tunnels and stairs.

The glyphs are dwarven characters but it requires a dwarf or someone with an 18 or better intelligence to recognize them for what they are. They are not magical so a read magic spell does not reveal their nature. The characters as written seem to have no pattern, though those skilled in ancient dwarf languages are able to translate a phrase or some inter-connected words. Extremely skilled wizards, illusionists, clerics or druids who are able to read the characters are able to create spells from them. This is how the wizard Nulak-Kiz-Din gained so much power. Spell creation lies in the domain and at the discretion of each individual Castle Keeper.

The first time anyone enters the Halls of Nowl they gain one point of intelligence

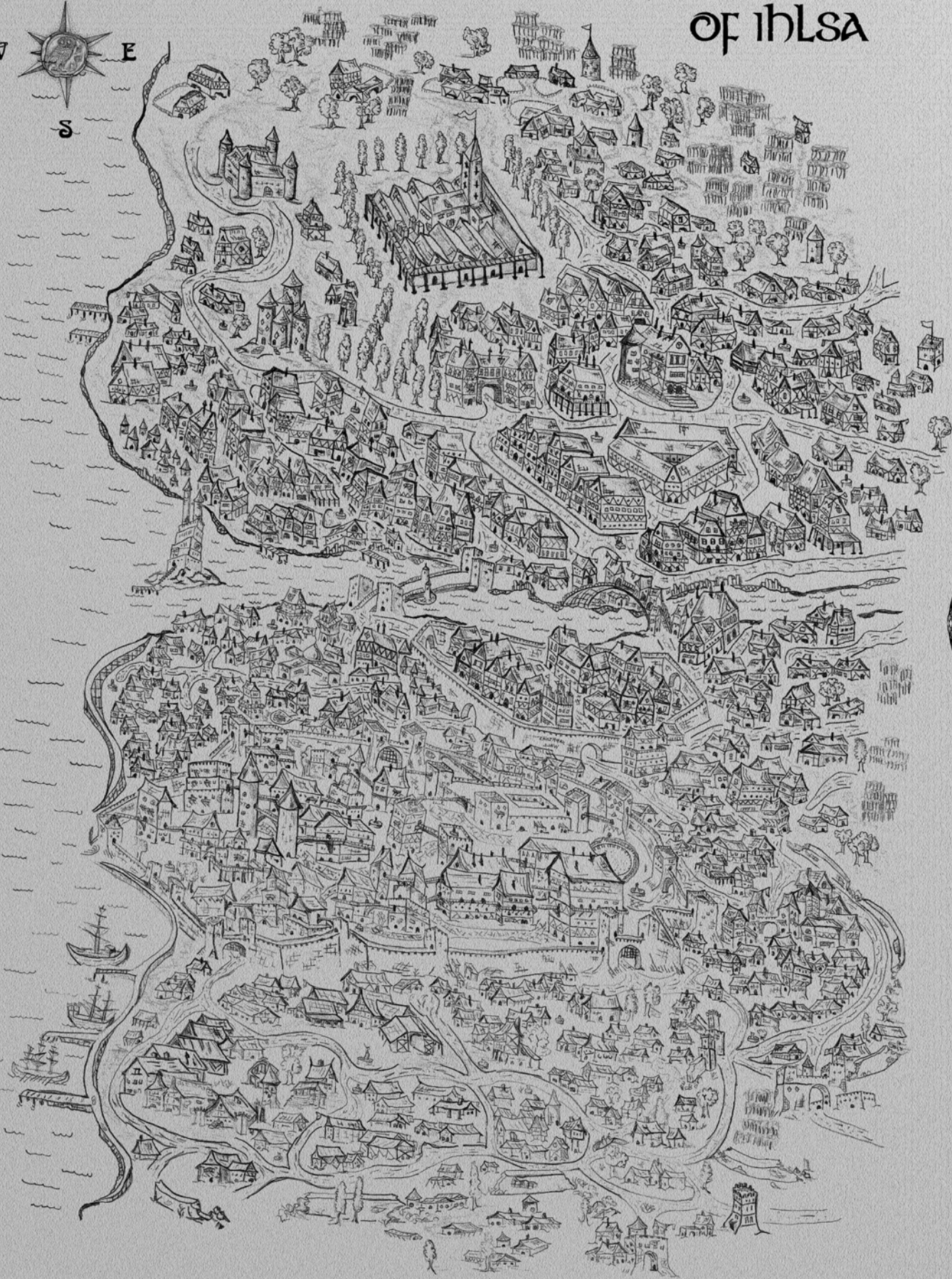
The Rings of Brass can be laid upon the floor or set on the wall, either way the portal opens to the stop of a set of stairs if one is entering the Halls of Nowl.

The Rings of Brass open portals to the Halls of Nowl. These portals serve as pathways that lead to the Nexus and the city of Insalla, the City of the Gods. From there travelers can gain access to any number of portals that lead to different Halls that in turn lead to any one of the planes including the Void and Maelstrom. The pathways open at various points on the many planes of the world. The Halls intersect with each other at many points so that it is easy for the unskilled to become lost, though not for long, for eventually they will exit onto one plane or the other or return to the Nexus.

Travel in the Halls is timeless. Though travelers are actually



THE SEA TOWNS OF IHLSA



the sea towns of ihlsa



Bay of
Massol

Nickles Forest

Map Key

- 1 Joan's Gate
- 2 Edward's Lager House
- 3 Gargoyle encounter
- 4 Market District
- 5 Fleetwood
- 6 Shayla
- 7 Three Feathered Cap
- 8 Gang of Thieves
- 9 Gothere Street
- 10 Haywood
- 11 Paths of Umbra
- 12 The Iron Tap
- 13 Phase Spider
- 14 Denby Court
- 15 Aboleth
- 16 Udenbrooks & Co.
- 17 The Ballast
- 18 Truncheon
- 19 The Inquisition
- 20 Naga
- 21 The First District
- 22 Boundry Square
- 23 The Noble Note
- 24 Blonde Arena
- 25 Edenvole
- 26 Hlobane
- 27 Hlobane Patrol
- 28 Spengler Road
- 29 Danewash
- 30 Danebridge
- 31 Heroes Crossing
- 32 Union City
- 33 Wallace & Owens
- 34 Kruezmark
- 35 The Republic
- 36 Bessel Hill
- 37 Barracks
- 38 Merchant District
- 39 Ethereal Filcher
- 40 The University
- 41 Blacksmith Shop





FOR THE GREATER GOOD



The Sea Towns sprawl along the coastal region until their streets and alleys intermingle and none could say where one leaves off and the other begin. The streets are narrow, the markets kept small if plentiful, and alleys twist and wound their ways between hosts of rickety buildings. As for the buildings, they range from one to three stories high, but some were scrap the sky with six floors. Alleys twist upon the rooftops as the buildings crush together in the tight confines of the coastal plain. The whole landscape is a dark twisted forest of tunneled streets, alleys, homes, arches, shops and markets. This is the Heart of Glass.

The "Heart of Glass" is a dark adventure that pits the party against thieves, assassins and other denizens of the night. It takes place in the back alleys and abandoned neighborhoods of the Sea Towns of Ihlsa. There, amidst the twisted, jumbled streets of the Three Cities, one can buy anything, or anybody, for a price. The party must penetrate this reclusive world, and unravel its mysteries in order to upset the plans of Malcom of Helliwell and retrieve the magical artifact which he so ardently desires.

The adventure takes place in the Sea Towns of Ihlsa: Ra-veen, Nochi and Capayrnha. Portions of each town are detailed, including economy, government, persons of note, guilds, and places of interest. The adventure, the events surrounding the magical Heart of Glass, provides a backdrop to the towns, and serves to introduce both the CK and Players to what should develop into a fun and robust setting that offers many nights of enjoyment and play.



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