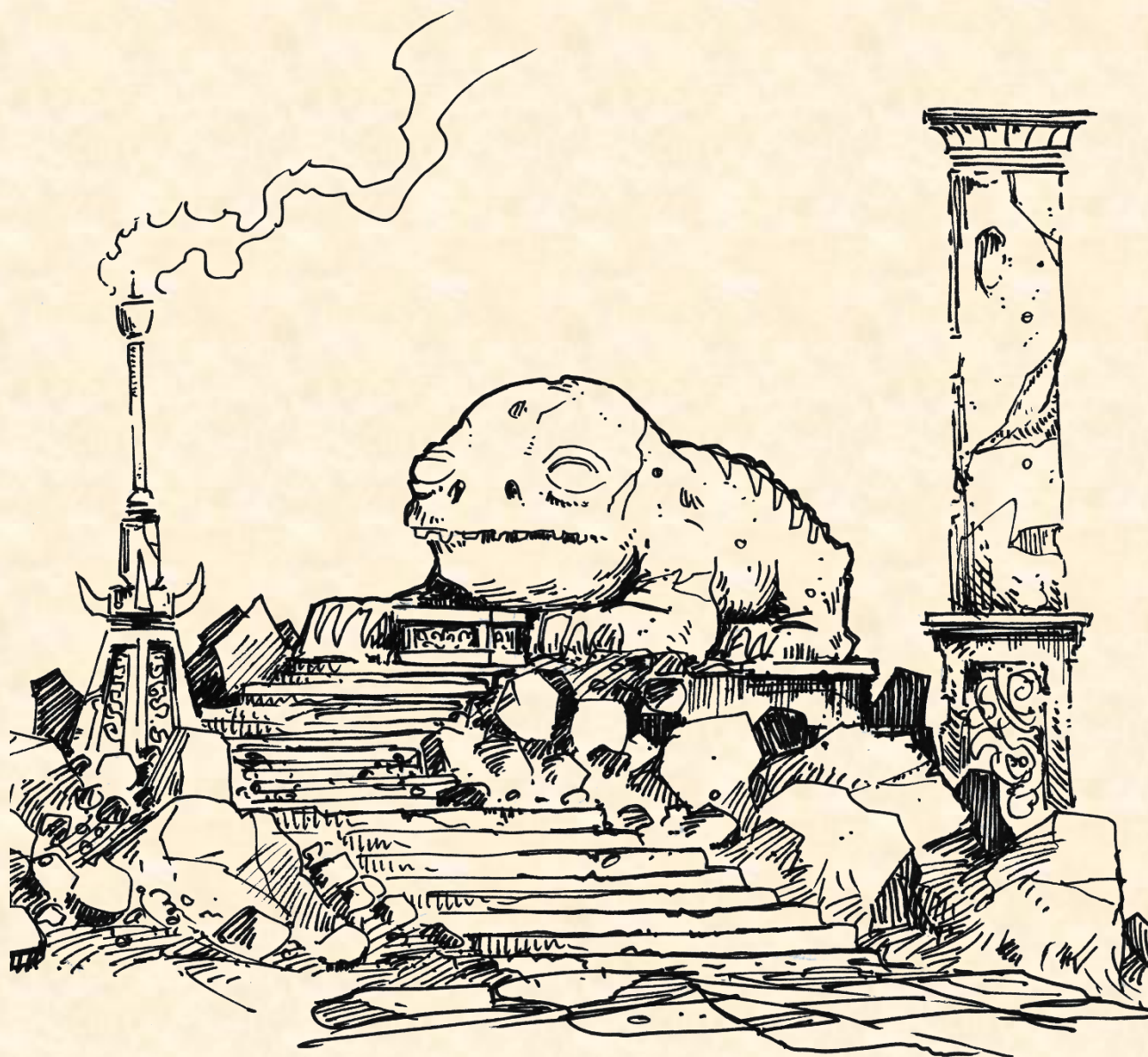

FANE OF THE FROG GOD



Fane of the Frog God

Rumours & Hooks

Rumour has it in *Port Brax* that *Master Rovos*, an explorer and collector of elven artefacts, is seeking fearless mercenaries to accompany him on an expedition into the *Forest of Drelnor*.

Elven Relics

Early in the Second Age, during the fall of the last elven city of *Yûln Varsune*, an assassin named *Moloceth* rose to prominence. Notorious in certain circles for her capacity for murder, man and giant alike prayed to avoid her shadow.

In truth, whilst an accomplished impersonator and swordsman, much of *Moloceth*'s success stemmed from an elven relic in her possession; the *Boots of Formlessness*, granting her unnatural powers of concealment.

After *Moloceth* was slain by marauding serpentmen, the boots were discarded in the *Fennorn River*, somewhere in the *Forest of Drelnor*. Washing up on her shores years later, the relic passed briefly among beastmen and thuel tribes before being reclaimed by the elves, who secured them in a local temple to the *Bruhga of Winter Light*.

After the elves became extinct, the forest temple was taken over by the *Myurp Croakers*; a tribe of intelligent frogmen. Located along a remote river inlet, the croakers converted the shrine into their amphibian lair, riddled with mud nests and flooded halls.

The *Myurp* are gangly, humanoid anurans, 5 ft tall, with elongated limbs and protruding eyes.

Their smooth skin tends toward dappled grey or green, and secretes a toxic sheen. Technically omnivores, the croakers prefer to eat meat if available, and have no qualms devouring humans when the opportunity arises.

At the start of this adventure, *Master Rovos* (30s, half *Varnori*, with blonde hair, sizable chin, oblivious close talker) of *Port Brax*, a collector of elven antiquities, believes he has discovered the location of the lost temple. *Rovos* is seeking capable mercenaries to escort him to the site to investigate.



The explorer is offering 400 gp up front, plus an equal share in any liberated treasures. He will not let on that a prior team of adventurers departed two months ago and never returned. A

successful Perc (Insight) vs Cha (Deception) contest might reveal his holding back. Alternatively time spent researching their potential employer may reveal his recent dealings (perhaps a Cha (Gather Information) check at his local watering hole, the *Rack & Spindle*, or questioning appropriate PC contacts (fences, sages of old civilizations, etc).



Rovos, AC 14, HD 2 (13 hp), Longsword 1d8+1 or Heavy Crossbow 2d8+1, 19: as weapon, S13 D13 C10 I13 P10 W12 Ch11, L10, Mv 30 ft. *Rovos* wears heavy leathers with a shoulder pauldron, arm and leg braces. He has the Fighter *Adaptable* ability, with the *Ranged* style. He may change styles twice per combat.

Forest Trek

Drelnor Forest is ancient and lush, filled with oak, yew and willow trees. The deeper one travels, the larger the tree trunks, until they are as broad as houses. The canopy above is thick and intricate, often obscuring direct sunlight, casting

the forest floor in cold, dark shadows. The noise of insects and birds is constant.

The ruined temple is located at least 5 days into the woods, with a 30% chance of a random encounter every 12 hours. If an encounter occurs, roll 1d10:

1. Hooting, jeering, and human screams can be heard distantly through the trees. Some scouting reveals 4d6 *Skorn* (beastmen, Midlands p.104) encamped, torturing a pair of human barbarians over a roasting fire (distracting their sentry).
2. A yellow-grey *Giant Serpent* skin is found. At first it appears to be a single 9 ft body-tail section, recently shed. Further investigation however reveals an additional 12 ft length, including a fearsome 3 ft wide skull. There is a 50% chance the 11 HD monster is nearby and hungry (LFG p.122 but Str 20, 2d8+poison, Luck 11, *Off Turn Attacks*).
3. A huge clearing, devoid of trees but choked with long grasses. The exposed roots of trees lurk around the perimeter, as if afraid to encroach. Sunlight or starlight shines brightly from above, and a cool breeze blows. Something glitters in the clearing's centre, but it's hard to make out, masked by the fanning grass.
4. Strangle cooing noises sound overhead as 1d4 *Giant Eagles* (LFG p.106) land on some of the sturdier branches in the high canopy, engaged in some manner of mating ritual. Leaves and smaller limbs fall to the forest floor. The eagles are attracted to any movement below.

5. A low rumbling sound forewarns of a narrow river ahead, blocking the party's path. The waters are not overly deep (up to about 5 ft), but fast flowing and treacherous (Str check to wade across, or lose 1 Con due to exhaustion). Some trees on the far shore have been painted red (blood); marking the territory of the *Red Jaw* thuels (they paint their jaws red). 2d4 barbarian sentries (LFG p.114, with warhorns) patrol the area.

6. An odd 18 ft long, 5 ft wide and 3 ft high mound is located here, overgrown with grasses and small trees. A small amount of digging reveals large stones form a cairn beneath. An ancient inscription (in *Giant* tongue) confirms it is the grave of *Judermok* (a giantess). Looting the bones produces 1 x Valuables (LFG p.147), but also invokes a curse: the next time the PC fumbles an attack roll, their weapon shatters into thirteen pieces (*Luck* (Will) save resists; if a magical weapon it is damaged instead).

7. A staggeringly enormous tree can be seen ahead, trunk as wide as a house, the highest branches dwarfing the canopy. A 5 ft wide hollow is situated on the western side, from which a faint glow emanates. A muffled singing, or perhaps praying/chanting, can be heard emanating from within.

8. Roaring, screeching and the snapping of branches can be heard before two rival *Owlbears* (LFG p.120) burst into view, snapping and clawing at each other.

9. An ancient elven dream spire stands in a cluttered grove; a curling 7 ft horn of

white stone, marked with sorcerous runes. The grove is located on a leyline crossing. 3d6 *Freakish Batbeaks* guard the area, recently spawned from a twist in the Veil. The abominations cannot venture more than 1,000 ft from the spire.



Freakish Batbeaks, AC 14, HD 3, Acidic tentacle 2d4+1, 19: special, S8 D16 C10 I4 P13 W10 Ch2 L6, Mv 60 ft flying. On a 19+ attack roll, the batbeak attaches itself to the target's head and vomits larvae down their throat (*Luck* (Con) save resists). The target dies 2d4 days later when a fully grown batbeak bursts out of them. An Apothecary may perform surgery to remove the parasite (Int (Apoth) test at disadvantage, if successful the target lives, but requires 2 weeks recovery).

Freakish Batbeaks are 4 ft alien entities from another dimension; hideous amalgams of

octopod, bat and netherworldly horror. Their overriding instinct is to feast upon or impregnate mortals with their vile, squirming larvae.

10. A band of 1d6 *Green Croakers* (with shortbows) riding *Giant Dragonflies* are patrolling here, determined to drive off any humans they encounter.

Giant Dragonfly, AC 15, HD 4, Stinger 1d6 + poison, 19: random limb paralysed for 2d6 rounds (no save), S14 D19 C14 I3 P10 W10 Ch4 L7, Mv 120 ft flying. The giant dragonfly's poison causes paralysis for 1d6 x 10 mins (*Luck* (Con) save resists).



Croakers

The Myurp occupying the temple come in three varieties according to skin colouration; *green*, *grey* and *black*.

Green Croaker, AC 14, HD 1, Knife 1d4+2, 19: special, S10 D15 C10 I10 P13 W8 Ch8 L4, Mv 30 ft inc swim/climb. On a 19+ attack roll, the green croaker chokes its victim with elongated fingers, poisoning it with toxic secretions (*Luck* (Con)

save or 1d3 Con loss). A croaker may spend an action coating their knife with their natural toxin (lasts 2d6 rounds or until used).

Grey Croaker, AC 13, HD 3, Club 1d6+2, 19: special, S15 D13 C12 I10 P10 W12 Ch8 L6, Mv 30 ft inc swim/climb. Grey croakers are bulkier than their green cousins, with stronger hindlegs. On a 19+ attack roll, the grey croaker launches itself at the target, causing 2d6 extra damage, and pushing them 15 ft (no save). If the target is pushed into a wall or similar, they are also knocked prone.

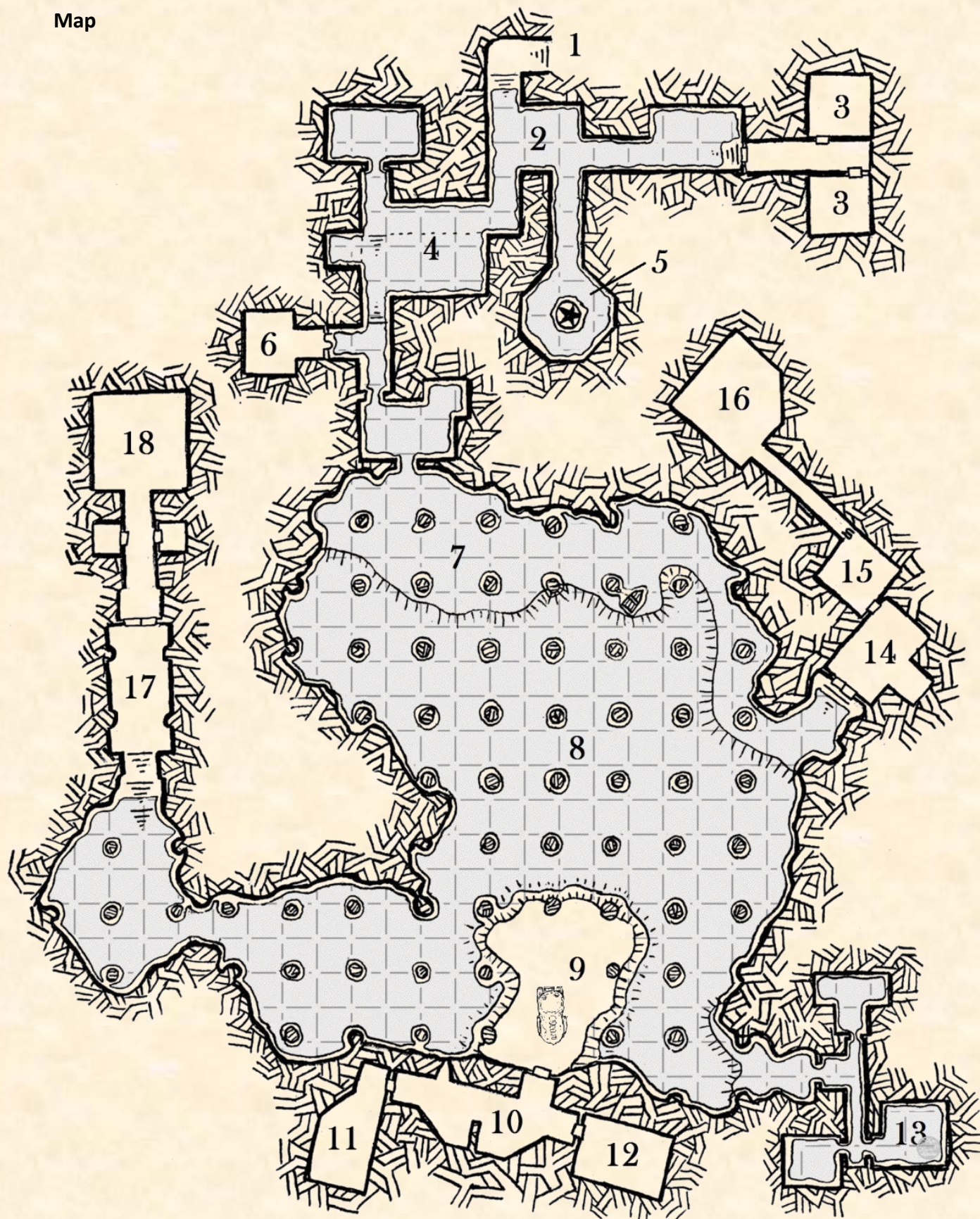
Black Croaker, AC 13, HD 5, 2 x Sword 1d8+2, 19: disarm, S15 D15 C12 I13 P15 W13 Ch10 L8, Mv 30 ft inc swim/climb. Black croakers are more intelligent than their kin, and highly agile. When staggered, they emit an ribcage rattling croak, causing humans within 20 ft to be stunned (lose next action, *Luck* (Will) save resists).

Lost Temple

Situated in a wind sheltered valley, little remains of the above ground portion of the temple (a few crumbling structural walls, fallen blocks, etc), most of which are concealed by heavy overgrowth. Pinpointing the ruins requires an Int (Wilderness Lore) check. Once in the correct area however one structure is readily apparent; a dark green trapdoor of malachite, decorated with an ice crown motif.

The slab is free of grass/vines, and recently used (looking for tracks reveals humanoid prints). The trapdoor leads to Area 1. There is a 50% chance 1d2 green croakers on sentry duty, hiding nearby. Besides the trapdoor, there is a second entrance about 200 ft south; an old, unused tunnel constructed by the croakers in case of emergency. The passage is approx. 5 ft in

Map



diameter, shut with a wooden door, and concealed with leaves etc (Perc (Det) check to find, Str (Ath) check to force). The tunnel slopes downwards 90 ft before becoming submerged. After swimming underwater for 3 rounds, the passage climbs back up then emerges into the south east corner of Area 13.

The underground complex is generally dark and damp, with the sound of constant dripping and splashing. The croakers have good night vision, but are blind in complete darkness, and keep the interior lit with luminous moss, glow bugs, torches and self made lamps (using oil extracted from plants).

The temple is constructed of expertly cut sandstone, 8 ft high ceilings shored up with petrified beams of forest oak. Elven runes of foresight, protection, winter and inspiration are carved into some pieces, including petrified wooden doors.

Much of the temple is flooded with water (noted in grey on the map), due to a rising underground river (ultimately joining up with the *Fennorn*). Unless otherwise noted, the cloudy water is about waist deep, chillingly cold, and beset with pond insects such as mosquitoes (halves PC movement). The occasional freshwater fish, turtle, eel, etc will tend to make themselves known (eating surface bugs, gliding past a PC, etc).

Temple Encounters

Whilst exploring the temple, there is a 30% chance of a random encounter every 20 minutes. If an encounter occurs, roll 1d10:

1. 1d3 *Grey Croaker* acolytes in hooded robes from Area 12 are enroute to check

on the tadpoles in Area 13, the chief in Area 17, or to exit the temple via Area 1.

2. 2d6 *Green Croakers*, returning from a surface hunting expedition, carrying two unconscious *Skorn* (beastmen; to be shackled in Area 16).
3. Emerging from the underground river in Area 8, a *Giant Lake Serpent* (a pet of the Myurp) is looking for food (as *Giant Serpent* LFG p.122 but swim 30 ft). It will attempt to strike from ambush, and quietly drown its prey.
4. 3d6 *Stirges* (LFG p.126) can be heard buzzing down a nearby passage. The swarm has detected the party's heat signature and is hunting them (they ignore the cold blooded croakers, who sometimes eat them as snacks).
5. 1d3 frogmen *Tadpoles* from Area 13 swim around the next corner, splashing as they playfully leap out of the water.
6. An incredibly loud, stomach turning croaking echoes throughout the complex for a few moments (care of the *Colossal Frog* in Area 8).
7. A translucent 6 ft elf with antlers flows out of a nearby wall, crosses the passage/room, then disappears through the opposite wall. The phantom might have useful information to provide if interacted with (eg temple layout or the contents of Area 6 or 18). The ghost believes it is still alive and living in the long forgotten past, somehow mistaking the party for visiting pilgrims.

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8. A surge in the underground river causes the water levels to rise to chest height. PCs suffer -1 to hit with slashing or bludgeoning weapons.
 9. *Yor'f*, an attractive (relatively speaking) male croaker, is hiding in a murky nook, desperately trying to avoid the attentions of *Sm'ubb* (see 10).
 10. *Sm'ubb*, the Chief from Area 17, is wading through the halls, looking for a specific male frogman she wishes to spawn with. She is quite cranky and distracted, munching on a giant leech.

Area 1 – Main Entry

The trapdoor opens to reveal descending sandstone stairs, 10 ft wide, lit by flickering oil lamps. The walls are set with tiled mosaics of leafless trees, icy rivers and stormy skies.

If there were no sentries above ground, there are 1d2 *Green Croakers* here, lounging in waist high water at the base of the steps. A quiet party might take them by surprise (they are expecting a returning scouting party, not PCs), but if not, they croak loudly to alert their kin in Area 3.

Area 2 – Reception Hall

This 25 ft by 20 ft waiting area is filled with cloudy, waist high water and surface skimming bugs. The walls and ceiling are painted with faded murals of 7 ft naked elves with antlers, their skin the colour of autumn leaves.

Area 3 – Croaker Dens

These 20 ft square rooms were originally acolyte chambers, now converted into croaker dens. Prayers are still inscribed on some of the walls, reading right to left, the old elven way. Mud and

straw nests cover most of the room. There are 1d6 *Green Croakers* in each area.

Area 4 – Deep Drop

The southern two thirds of this 35 ft by 25 ft chamber has been excavated by the croakers to make it 15 ft deep. The northern section has waist height water before the sudden drop off. If the complex has been alerted to the party, 2d6 *Green Croakers* will be hiding here in ambush. If possible they will attempt to grapple and drown the PCs.

Area 5 – Mirror Shrine

This 20 ft octagonal chamber has a high 15 ft roof and water 4 ft deep. In the centre is a half submerged, intact mirror, its border shaped like swirling clouds. The surface is stained and spotted with mould, but searching below reveals eleven runes along the bottom (Perc check required to read them in the murk, translating as “*Give of the future to bless the present*”).

The mirror is enchanted and immovable, a true relic of the fey, impervious to mundane damage. The frogmen sense the magic here and are fearful to enter. Cleaning the mirror, then staring deeply into one’s own eyes might activate it (Will check required). If successful, the user instinctively understands a supernatural offer is being made to them: they may sacrifice part of their future to gain an immediate gift.

If accepted, the PC ages 5d6 years (an inconsequential price for an elf), and gains the following boon (roll 1d4):

- i. *Fey Joining*: Once per adventure, may increase a single physical attribute by 4 (no action, max 19, excluding *Luck*) for 2d6 rounds.

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- ii. *Quicksilver*: Once per adventure, may take an extra move and action during their turn.
 - iii. *Nature's Chosen*: Immune to poison and disease (magical or otherwise), as well as *Undead* related drain (attribute, level, aging, etc).
 - iv. *Storm Soul*: may cast *Lightning Bolt* once every 1d4 months.

The mirror activates but once every year and requires a check for a DDM effect (like any other magic use).

Area 6 – Secret Vault

A secret door in the western wall may be opened by pressing on the lips of a male elf depicted in a faded mosaic (black armoured, antlers growing from his head, hands outstretched over a mass of kneeling humans). The lips depress with an ominous “snick”, then the wall slides aside (Perc check to notice the slight join around the lips).

The sealed 12 ft by 18 ft chamber beyond is unknown to the Croakers, and has not been opened for thousands of years. The water from the corridor pours in, swiftly rising to just below waist height.

The interior is painted with vistas of distant lands, or perhaps distant times, depicting snow clad fir trees, mountain peaks, and elves riding triceratops. In one corner of the room is a submerged chest containing 1 x 5 HD Lair Treasure (LFG p.140; made of elven coinage/trinkets) and the *Boots of Formlessness*.

The boots grant up to 3 attunements over time:

- 1. Once every 1d4 days the wearer may spend an action to cast *Silence 15 ft Radius*.
- 2. Once every week, the wearer may spend an action to transform into shadow (as *Gaseous Form*, but cannot fly, however may move along any surface).
- 3. Once every three months, the wearer may spend an action to summon a *Shade* (LFG p.123) that obeys commands for 1d6 x 10 minutes. If the wearer is knocked unconscious, the shade goes uncontrolled.

A non-elf attuned to the boots inevitably develops extreme haughtiness (see *Elf* LFG p.30, subsides in 1d6 months if the attunement ends).



Area 7 – Sacred Pool, Northern Bank

This area is a huge underground cavern (about 200 ft wide at its broadest point), with towering rock columns that reach all the way to the ceiling 50 ft above (beyond the range of ordinary

torchlight). Water levels on the northern bank (extending 35 ft out) are about chest height, spotted with softly glowing algae.

The columns are approx. 5 ft wide, carved with elven prayers that have been defaced by the croakers and covered with blasphemous litanies. Blood, bile and faeces have been employed to paint images of anurans fighting, fornicating and feasting, interspersed with leering icons of *Tebu'saat, the Croaking God*.

An old elven skiff is located near one of the rock columns, now petrified, but sealed well enough that it still floats. The frogmen sometimes use it for sleeping and spawning, evidence of which can be found inside.

3d6 *Green Croakers* and 1d6 *Grey Croakers* are socialising in the sacred cavern, paddling, diving for fish, or spawning in lurid mating rituals unfit for human experience (the throaty croaking and stinking, frothy egg pools are especially revolting). They will be incensed at any intrusion into their sacred place.

Area 8 – Sacred Pool Proper

The greater pool is more than 40 ft deep, extending approx. 160 ft north to south. The subterranean river filling the complex originates from here, flowing deep below the complex. In addition to the croakers in Area 7, a 20 ft *Colossal Frog* is hibernating on the pool floor. If combat breaks out in the cavern, the croaker's pet behemoth awakens to aid them in 2d6 rounds.

Colossal Frog AC 14, HD 13, Bite 4d6, 19: special, S20 D8 C18 I3 P9 W14 Ch5 L14, Mv 50 ft inc swimming and jumping. *Major Exploit Protection, Off Turn Attacks*. 10 ft reach. On a 19+ attack roll, a humanoid target is swallowed,

suffering 3d6 damage on the frog's turn. A swallowed target may attack the monster's guts with a small weapon such as a dagger.

Area 9 – Frog God Altar

This 30 ft by 25 ft raised section is mostly unworked stone, but includes a tiled area at the back where the croakers have constructed a giant toad altar to *Tebu'saat*, illuminated by a flickering torch pole. Whatever elven idol once stood here is in rubble nearby, replaced with the frog god's image.

Area 10 – Ante-room

This large ante-room once housed the elven priests ceremonial gear, including robes, sticks of incense, oils, and so on. All of it has been damaged or destroyed by the croakers, but some remnants are woven into their straw/mud nests. 1d6 *Green Croakers* reside here.

Area 11 – Shaman Sanctum

What was once the elven priest's sanctum has been taken over by the croaker's shaman *Cr'noop*. The walls and floor are covered with hard mud, painted with symbols of *Tebu'saat*.

Cr'noop is a 7 ft *Black Croaker*, wearing a beaten gold torc (300 gp), and carrying a staff topped with a giant bird skull. He is arrogant, overbearing, and speaks common (thickly accented and interspersed with gurgling). Depending on how dangerous the party seems, he might seek to negotiate their withdrawal (or his own freedom). *Cr'noop* knows about the prisoners hidden in Area 16 for example, and the sealed chamber in Area 18. He does not have any genuine magical ability, but is well versed in the history and religious lore of his kind.

Area 12 – Frogmen Archives

This 30 ft by 20 ft room belongs to 1d4+1 *Grey Croaker* acolytes (in ragged, hooded robes) of the shaman Cr'noop (Area 11). Hardened mud tablets are stacked on shelves, detailing the history of the frogmen in the region (albeit in their own language). The histories are prized by the croakers, and might provide a bargaining chip for PCs.



Area 13 – Tadpole Nursery

These smaller chambers were once pilgrim domiciles, but are now used as infant croaker nurseries. There are 2d4 *Croaker Tadpoles* lurking about. The 3 ft tadpoles have been taught to speak common by the shaman Cr'noop (Area

11), and will be curious about the PCs ("what ya?", "why ugly eyes?", "uughh hair!", etc).

Croaker Tadpole, AC 10, HD 1 hp, Bite 1d3, 19: the tadpole trips the PC by swimming between their legs, S4 D15 C6 I6 P13 W4 Ch7 L3, Mv 30 ft inc swim/climb.

In the south eastern corner of Area 13 is the underwater tunnel leading to the surface (5 ft diameter, see p.7). If battle is going poorly for the frogmen, they may seek to escape this way, taking any easily carried treasures with them.

Area 14 – Living Chamber

What was once a library is now a converted croaker living area, scattered with nests, half eaten fish/humans/beastmen. 2d6 *Green Croakers* are here at any one time. The room is poorly ventilated and smells terrible.

The double doors allowing entry may be sealed tight with a barring beam leaning in one corner (requires 3 x great success Str checks to break down, or significant time with the right tools). The frogmen, or PCs, might hole up here for a time, depending on how matters unfold.

Area 15 – Storage

The old reading and meditation room is now a storage area, littered with sundry items useful to the croakers (barrels of rotting meat, bundles of straw, mud bricks, cut logs, rope, tools, etc). The northern corner is conspicuously empty of clutter and dirty footprints disappear into the "wall". Examining the area reveals a spring loaded secret door, and 40 ft corridor to Area 16.

Area 16 – Prison

The original purpose of this secret room is unclear, but the croakers have converted the

area into a holding pen for prisoners. A human barbarian named *Drunmot* (60's, heavily scarred, with *Crow Biter* tribe warpaint) and 1d3 *Skorn* are shackled to the walls, starving, beaten and dying (all on 1d3 hp).

Drunmot, AC 10, HD 1, 19: as weapon, S13 D10 C13 I10 P10 W12 Ch11, L4, Mv 30 ft. *Drunmot* is a berserker with S13, +2 to attack, and never checks for morale. He will gladly help the party kill any croakers they find.

Skorn, AC 10, HD 2, as weapon 19: the target is clubbed in the head, losing its next action (*Luck* (Will) save resists), S15 D10 C13 I7 P12 W8 Ch8, L5, Mv 30 ft. Rudimentary dark vision, advantage to sense danger or detect scents. In their weakened state, it may be possible to persuade or coerce the beastmen into aiding the party.

Area 17 – Hall of Idols

This 40 ft by 20 ft mirrored hall is mildewed and mud stained, lined with stone idols of the Frog God in his many guises (eating, sleeping, fornicating, fighting, etc). Various nests fill the common area, including the large and brightly decorated nest of the croaker chief, *Sm'ubb*.

Sm'ubb is 6 ft tall, a particularly skinny *Black Croaker* with slender fingers well acquainted with choking the life out of her enemies. She speaks common, similar to *Cr'noop* (Area 11), and will not be pleased to find interlopers in her personal domain. *Sm'ubb* has survived as chief by bullying and outwitting her rivals, and will attempt to do the same with the PCs.

Sm'ubb, AC 13, HD 7, Sword 1d8+2 and Bite 1d10, 19: disarm or bites off random limb below the joint (*Luck* (Dex) save resists), S15 D15 C12 I14 P15 W16 Ch11 L8, Mv 30 ft inc swim/climb.

Sm'ubb has *Major Exploit Protection*. When staggered, she emits an ear splitting croak, causing humans within 20 ft to be stunned (lose next action, *Luck* (Will) save resists).

Searching the nests recovers 1 x Carry Loot and 1 x Trinkets & Curios (LFG p. 136, 141).

Area 18 – Sealed Chamber

The stone double doors leading to this chamber are magically sealed, decorated with a scene of fog cloaked trees, cut through with beams of morning light.

The doors are impervious to mundane tools, and may only be opened via *Knock*, *Dispel Magic*, by the hand of an elf, or a person blessed by the mirror in Area 5.

The 40 ft corridor beyond has not been set foot in since the Second Age, dusty floor tiles of blue and white portraying a winding river with ice floes. The corridor is completely dark, quiet, and smells stale/musty.

If anyone other than an elf (or person blessed by the mirror) approaches the east/west doors, a hissing sound is heard (as ice binding golems in each chamber swiftly melts, issuing large clouds of steam from beneath the doors). In 2d4 rounds, the doors swing open to release twin *Sandstone Golems* upon any intruders. The golems do not communicate, and will not stop until all non-elves are driven from the temple.

Sandstone Golem, AC 14, HD 6, Fist 2d6, 19: the targets weapon is crushed (magical weapons are immune), S19 D11 C17 I- P13 W- Ch-, L8, Mv 20 ft. The statues are *Golems* with the usual benefits (LFG p.112). They have 50% Magic Resistance, except against *Stone to Flesh*, *Transmute Rock to*

Mud, Stoneshape or *Move Earth* spells which cause 6d8 damage (once only).

The final chamber is 30 ft square, with a 15 ft ceiling, decorated with large tapestries of elven history (battlefields, city scapes, an elven magus queen with antlers dating back to the First Age). The tapestries are faded and delicate, but have been semi preserved by magic, and worth a small fortune to the right buyer (2d4 x 300 gp).

In the centre of the room is a prayer mat and private altar to the *Bruhga of Winter Light* (2 ft diameter column, sandstone inlaid with onyx, 1,500 gp). The altar is inscribed with various prayers, including a lost elven spell:

Shield of Winter

2nd Level

Range: Self

Duration: 2d6 hours or until expended

As *Shield*, but the disc is made of magical ice. If the shield is used to negate a physical attack, the attacker must make a *Luck* (Con) save or be frozen (helpless) for 2d6 rounds. If the caster is subject to a *Fireball* spell, the *Shield of Winter* automatically negates the *Fireball*, then ends.



Aftermath

If Rovos is able to retrieve any genuine elven artefacts he considers the expedition to be a success (especially any of the items in Areas 6 and 18), and will recommend the party to others. If Rovos dies, word eventually gets back to *Port Brax*, tarnishing the PCs' reputation there.

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