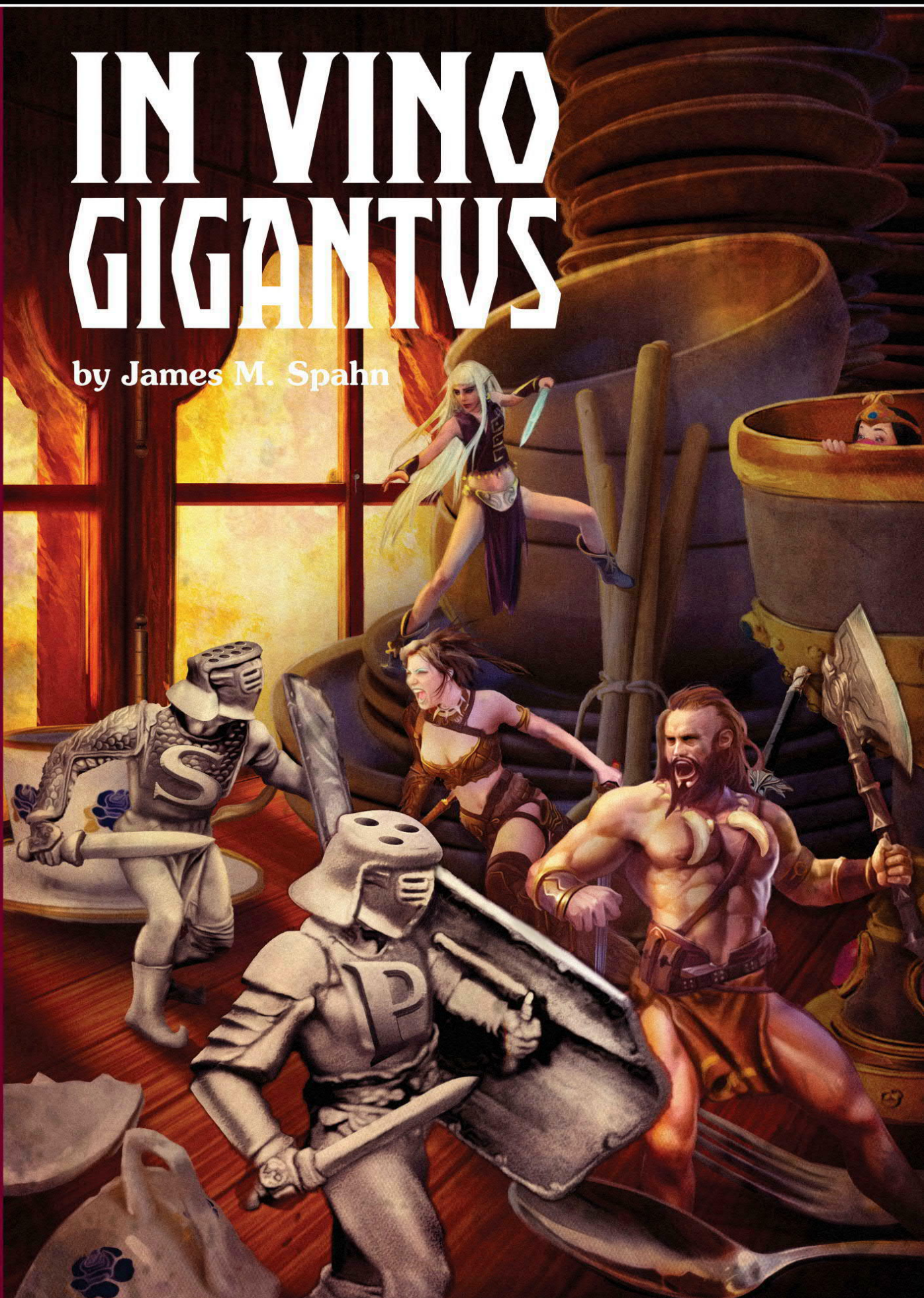




FROG GOD GAMES ADVENTURES

# IN VINO GIGANTUS

by James M. Spahn



**SWORDS &  
WIZARDRY  
COMPATIBLE**



# IN VINO GIGANTVS

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# In Vino Gigantus

By James M. Spahn

*In Vino Gigantus* is a short *Swords & Wizardry* adventure for 4–6 characters between levels 1–3. It takes place in the magnificent floating castle of a foppish storm giant sorcerer named Lord Clovis Tempestas IV.

## Adventure Background

In ages past, Stormridge Sanctum was the familial estate of the Tempestas Clan of storm giants. Floating across the sky on a massive field of clouds, it seemed that the bounty of four winds knew no bounds. That was before the arrival of the dragons. They came in the night under a blood red moon, and Lord Clovis Tempestas II, a grand sorcerer, would not lower himself to parlay with what he called “winged snakes.”

His pride would be the downfall of his bloodline, his people, and his beloved Stormridge Sanctum. Great storms of fire and lightning tore across the sky on and off for years and by the time the Tempestas Clan had defeated their foes, the only thing that survived was the Sanctum itself, Clovis II’s grandson, and a handful of servants and the beloved family dog Donner.

This didn’t stop the spoiled young Clovis IV from believing he could live on as the pampered scion of a noble bloodline. He now lives with a handful of lingering servants in the grandiose Stormridge Sanctum in complete decadence. He forces enchanted harps to play for his pleasure, he sculpts gaudy statues, and he drinks wine — lots and lots of wine.

Clovis IV’s love of wine and the slow degeneration of his castle have driven him to finally take action. His wine cellar has become fouled and

flooded, and this will not stand. Though he is not as skilled a magic-user as his ancestors, he knows a few tricks. Like any good nobleman, he has decided to hire peasants to solve his problems.

By weaving an ancient spell of summoning and binding, he draws an unwitting party of adventurers into his great sky castle to take care of his dirty work. Whether they want to or not is of little concern to the foppish Clovis. After all, who would deny the honor that comes in serving the magnificent Tempestas Clan?

## Adventure Summary

Suddenly summoned into the great sky castle of Stormridge Sanctum by the magical incantations of Clovis Tempestas IV, the characters are tasked by the foppish storm giant with finding the source of the infestation plaguing his wine cellar and purging it before he loses any more of his precious libations. With them quite literally clutched in the palm of such a powerful creature, it is a deal they cannot refuse. Under the watchful eye of Clovis IV’s steward, Wamp the ogre mage, they are given a fine meal before being banished to the lower storage of Stormridge Sanctum. After being sent down into the flooded cellar, they must contend with environmental hazards in a domain built for a creature ten times their size. During their dangerous investigation, they discover that a second adventuring party is also struggling to survive in this monster-infested basement, though their purposes and even their presence is unknown to Clovis. The truth is that Clovis simply forgot they were even down there





after he hired them several weeks ago.

The characters' investigation eventually leads them to discover that it is Clovis' beloved thunder terrier Donner that is inadvertently responsible for flooding the basement. The terrier has been missing for a few days, and is currently trapped in the webbing of a nest of giant spiders in the basement.

## Beginning the Adventure

This adventure begins at any point when the Referee wants to spring it on the players. The characters could be idly passing the evening at an inn between adventures or they might be in the middle of pitched combat. Clovis IV casts a family summoning spell regardless of their circumstances and draws the characters from their current location to Stormridge Sanctum. In fact, the characters appear in the very palm of his hand!

## Part One: An Unexpected Audience

As mentioned in the summary, the characters find themselves suddenly and unexpectedly summoned into the clutches of Clovis Tempestas IV and held prisoner in his ancestral home, Stormridge Sanctum. The Referee is encouraged to read or paraphrase the text below to begin the adventure:

The distinct crackle of powerful arcane energies surrounds you and your companions, distracting you from the task at hand. Magical energy leaps between members of your party in wide, azure arcs until it is as though you are at the very heart of a lightning storm. A buzz rings through your body, and your hair stands up on end before a sudden white flash leaves you blinded and disoriented for a few seconds.

A sudden sense of what can be described only as otherness comes over you as your senses gradually return. The ground beneath your feet is firm, but soft, and as your vision clears you discover that you and your allies are standing, quite literally, in the palm of a fifty-foot-tall giant! As grandiose as only a giant can be, the man clutching you and your companions has well-kept teal hair streaming down his back, blazing sapphire eyes, and flawless azure skin. His fingers, wrists, neck, and head are adorned with perfectly polished gold jewelry sized to his stature — each piece worth a king's ransom. A long flowing white toga hangs to his ankles. A booming, jovial laugh very nearly blows you from your precipice as his entire body shakes with mirth, and the wind of his wine-soaked breath reminds you of the strongest summer storms you've ever seen. "Hahahaha! Not what I expected, but I am glad to see my incantation worked from such a distance! Greetings, little masters! I am Lord Clovis Tempestas IV and welcome to my humble home, Stormridge Sanctum! The noble house Tempestas has summoned you here for a purpose most befitting your stature and skill. Pray tell, won't you sup with me while I recount my plight to you?"

Without waiting for a response, Clovis kneels and releases you from his grasp, setting you gingerly upon the massive stone floor of his seemingly endless hall. He claps his hands and it is as if thunder itself rings from within the hall. A moment later, a cadre of ogres enters the room from a door far to the east, bearing a long wooden table, matching chairs, and the trappings of a feast like you have heard of only in songs and story.

Clovis' servants, a dozen remarkably hygienic and well-dressed ogres, set a fine table filled with fowl, bread, fruit, and the finest wine. The table is set with solid gold dinnerware of the highest quality. After the ogres set the table, they take positions near the table and follow Clovis' bidding. This

primarily consists of filling his requests that more wine and food be brought around at the slightest sign that these provisions may be running low.

The storm giant nobleman is eager for the characters to eat at his table and remains jovial unless they refuse his hospitality. He insists they eat and accept his hospitality. If they adamantly refuse, he tells them that those who refuse his generosity will be forced to accept his servants' justice. He motions to the ogres and the massive swords at their belts. The instant the characters partake of the meal, his demeanor returns to that of an exuberant host.

Clovis informs the characters that something foul has taken hold of his beloved wine cellar in the bowels of his estate. If they root out this trouble and save what remains of his beloved wine collection, he promises to reward them handsomely. While he could handle this task himself, he believes members of the Tempestas Household are beneath such menial tasks. At this point, roll a few d20s behind a screen and ignore the results. Clovis informs the characters that since they have eaten at his table, they are now magically bound to his service. This is, of course, a complete fabrication, but don't tell the players that. Let them assume the worst. If the characters continue to refuse Clovis' service, he tells them that they are not worthy of death at the hands of even his servants and has them escorted from Stormridge Sanctum. How they return to the ground hundreds of miles below is beyond his concern as it is beyond the borders of his domain.

Once the characters accept Clovis' "offer" to assist him, he informs them that he will pay them each 500gp for their service as well as provide them with 3 *potions of healing* to aid in their task. After the meal, he pays them each 100gp as a down payment as proof of good faith, and merrily orders the ogres to lead the party to the cellar door. But not before reminding them, "Oh, mind the dog. Donner can be a bit feisty ..."

## Fighting Clovis and His Servants

If the characters are foolish enough to fight Clovis, it's a suicidal endeavor. Clovis first orders his ogre guards to kill the characters and engages in combat only if attacked directly. If at any point during the battle the characters withdraw, Clovis repeats his offer, though this time he provides no rewards or potions. Clovis has the statistics of a storm giant and is accompanied by 6 ogres armed with two-handed swords, along with Wamp, his ogre magi chief servant.

**Lord Clovis Tempestas II, Storm Giant:** HD 15+5; HP 71; AC 1[18]; Atk scepter (mace) (6d6); Move 15; Save 3; AL N; CL/XP 16/3200; **Special:** control weather (as spell), throw boulders (7d6 damage). (*Monstrosities* 201)

**Wamp, Ogre Mage:** HD 5+4; HP 33; AC 4[15]; Atk spear (1d12); Move 12 (fly 18); Save 12; AL C; CL/XP 7/600; **Special:** cold blast (60ft range, 8d6 damage, save for half), regenerate (1hp/round), spell-like abilities. (*Monstrosities* 359)

**Spell-like abilities:** 1/day—charm person, darkness 15ft radius, fly, invisibility, polymorph self, sleep.  
**Equipment:** spear.

**Ogres (6):** HD 4+1; HP 29, 27, 26x2, 23, 20; AC 5[14]; Atk two-handed sword (1d10+1); Move 9; Save 13; AL C; CL/XP 4/120; **Special:** none. (*Monstrosities* 356)  
**Equipment:** two-handed sword.



## Part Two: The Wine Cellar

After enjoying Clovis' hospitality, his 6 ogre servants lead the characters to the lower levels of Stormridge Sanctum. Once the characters are inside, the ogres lock and magically seal the door. They are left to explore the depths of Stormridge Sanctum and find out just what has been destroying the precious wine of Lord Tempestas. The door cannot be opened or destroyed via mundane means from within the wine cellar.

The walls of the wine cellar are 10ft thick and made of carved stone. The ceiling rises to a height of 60ft, clearly sized to gigantic proportions. Doors are made of solid wood, 8ft thick, and of remarkable craftsmanship. They open easily for a being with a giant's strength, but the characters might have a more difficult time. Have them make Open Doors checks based on their strength score to push them open. Oddly enough, if the door is locked, thieves or those skilled in the arts of larceny have an easier time picking the massive mechanisms, provided they can climb 20ft up and find a way to secure themselves while attempting to do so. Reaching one of the keyholes in this fashion requires the use of appropriate climbing gear or a successful Climb Walls check. Once in position, picking the lock requires an Open Locks check, albeit with a +20% bonus due to the comparatively large nature of the mechanisms. Alternatively, small characters such as gnomes can actually squeeze through these massive keyholes if they roll equal to or below their dexterity score on 1d20, though they still need to find a way down once they reach the other side.

Unless otherwise stated in a location's description, there is no illumination. The characters need to rely on torches, lanterns, or magical sources of light in most cases.

## Random Encounters

Clovis' basement is filled with all manner of nasty creatures that have taken up residence since he all but abandoned the wine cellar. For every hour that the characters spend investigating the dungeon, the Referee should roll 1d10. On a roll of 1, pick from the chart below or roll randomly to determine what creature is encountered.

In the encounters below, if a 10 is rolled, no monster is encountered. Instead, the characters hear the shrill, yet booming and thunderous bark of a dog echo through the wine cellar as if coming from some distant location.

### Wandering Monsters

1d10	Result
1	2d6 giant centipedes (small, non-lethal)
2	2d4 giant rats
3	2d4 giant frogs (small)
4	1d10 giant leeches (freshwater, 1HD)
5	1d6 sorcery leeches
6	1d6 tunnel prawns
7	Yellow mold
8	Ogre
9	1d3+1 feral undead cats
10	Strange, thundering bark

**Feral Undead Cats (1d3+1):** HD 1d4 hp; AC 8[11]; Atk 2 claws (1hp); Move 12; Save 18; AL C; CL/XP B/10; **Special:** paralyzing scratch (after first 3 hits). (*Monstrosities* 57)



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**Giant Centipedes (small, non-lethal) (2d6):** HD 1d2hp; AC 9[10]; Atk bite (0 + poison); Move 13; Save 18; AL N; CL/XP B/10; **Special:** non-lethal poison bite (+4 save, helpless for 1d4 rounds, bitten limb useless for 2d4 days). (*Monstrosities* 63)

**Giant Frogs (small) (2d4):** HD 1; AC 7[12]; Atk bite (1d3); Move 3 (or 150ft leap); Save 17; AL N; CL/XP 1/15; **Special:** leap (150ft). (*Monstrosities* 179)

**Giant Freshwater Leeches (1HD) (1d10):** HD 1; AC 9[10]; Atk bite (1d4 + sucks blood); Move 3; Save 17; AL N; CL/XP 2/30; **Special:** sucks blood (1hp/round). (*Monstrosities* 289)

**Giant Rats (3) (2d4):** HD 1d4hp; HP 3, 2, 1; AC 7[12]; Atk bite (1d3); Move 12; Save 18; AL N; CL/XP A/5; **Special:** 5% are diseased, surprise (1–4 on 1d6). (*Monstrosities* 384)

**Ogre:** HD 4+1; AC 5[14]; Atk club (1d10+1); Move 9; Save 13; AL C; CL/XP 4/120; **Special:** none. (*Monstrosities* 356)

**Sorcery Leeches (1d6):** HD 1 hp; AC 9[10]; Atk negligible (0); Move 1; Save 18; AL N; CL/XP 1/15; **Special:** arcane siphoning (1 level of spells per 3 rounds attached). (*Monstrosities* 442)

**Tunnel Prawns (1d6):** HD 1; AC 4[15]; Atk 2 pincers (1d2); Move 6 (climb 6); Save 17; AL N; CL/XP: 1/15; **Special:** climbing. (*Monstrosities* 491).

**Yellow Mold:** HD n/a; AC n/a; Atk 1d6 damage + spore cloud; Move 0; Save n/a; AL N; CL/XP 3/60; **Special:** killed by fire, poisonous spore cloud (10ft diameter, save or die). (*Monstrosities* 336)

### Area 1-1: The Stairwell

With a heavy thud, the door to the wine cellar slams closed behind you. The massive lock turns behind you and suddenly the only exit from Lord Clovis' wine cellar thrums with a pulse of magical energy and glows with a faint blue light. In the thin illumination, you see the giant-sized stone stairwell descending into the depths of the cellar. The path down is massive, dropping five feet per massive stone step. The faint trickle of water can be heard below, as if a stream or tiny waterfall was spilling into a basin somewhere in the dark.

The door back into Clovis' castle is warded and cannot be opened unless the characters have access to a *knock* spell, in which case they find the ogre mage Wamp and 6 ogres waiting for them. Alternate ways back to the ground floor could be attempted if characters in the stove pipe area of the dungeon (**Areas 2–1, 2–2, and 2–3**) somehow dig upward through 10ft of solid rock. Attempts to climb up to the keyhole and pick the lock result in the offending thief suffering a nasty jolt (1d6 points of damage) that throws them 20ft to the hard stone below unless they make a successful saving throw. This fall inflicts an additional 2d6 points of damage.

Descending the steps is easy enough, though their size can present minor problems for smaller character who may need to hang from the edge of each step and drop down. The circular staircase winds a full 90 degrees before emptying into the wine cellar (**Area 1–3**). Halfway down, a large chamber can be seen off to one side, its door hanging open. This leads to the sideboard (**Area 1–2**).

### Area 1-2: The Sideboard

The door to this chamber hangs open, revealing a large sideboard. The surface of a massive wooden table towers thirty feet above you along the far wall, with a pair of stools half as high set against it. From your low vantage point you can see a few beer barrels and cupboards sitting atop the table, though smaller items sitting on the table's surface can't be viewed from your current vantage point. The pungent odor of cheese fills the room, mixing with the scent of stagnant water rising from below.

Nothing of interest is on the floor, but characters who take the time to climb up onto the table (whether by using the nearby stools or employing a rope and grappling hook) can reach the table's surface. Against the back wall are two corked barrels and a small pantry whose door hangs slightly ajar. If the characters are not quiet in their exploration of this room, they alert **3 very aggressive giant rats** nibbling on some very old and very moldy cheese rotting in the cupboard. Unless the characters are particularly alert, these rats surprise the party on a roll of 1–4 on 1d6.

The two barrels in the room rest on their side and can be opened by removing a cork set into the top of each one. Removing one of these giant-sized corks requires a character to roll below his or her strength score on 1d20. The barrels immediately gush countless gallons of old, foul beer across half of the table. Any characters caught in the flood must make a saving throw or lose their footing and be swept onto the stone floor below, suffering 3d6 points of damage from the fall. A merciful Referee might allow characters a last-ditch saving throw to save themselves by grabbing the edge of the table before they are swept over. Removing a cork automatically disturbs the rats lurking in the cupboard, who immediately move to attack.

Inside the cupboard is a very large wheel of moldy cheese that smells terrible. Eating the cheese causes an explosive gastrointestinal reaction within 1d6 minutes, causing the character to suffer a –1 penalty on all attack rolls for the next three hours. The cupboard is not without its valuables, however. On the upper shelf of the cupboard are a few pieces of giant-sized silverware, most of it tarnished due to age. However, one particularly fine giant-sized steak knife functions as a +1 *two-handed sword*.

**Giant Rats (3):** HD 1d4hp; HP 3, 2, 1; AC 7[12]; Atk bite (1d3); Move 12; Save 18; AL N; CL/XP A/5; **Special:** 5% are diseased, surprise (1–4 on 1d6). (*Monstrosities* 384)

### Area 1–3: The Wine Cellar

You and your companions reach the bottom of the stairwell to find a massive chamber that is undoubtedly Clovis' primary wine cellar. The far wall is covered by a latticework wooden wine rack that may have once housed massive bottles of wine and spirits. Now, only a handful of bottles remain, and water pours from within the shadows of these nooks onto the cellar's floor, creating a massive pool of brackish, gray water rising to a height of almost three feet pooled at the bottom of the last step. The ceiling of the chamber rises far beyond your meager sources of light and the smell of this moldy pool spilling from the crisscrossing wine rack on the far wall assaults your nostrils.

At first glance, this room appears to be the source of Lord Clovis' flooding problems, but characters need to undertake a detailed investigation of the chamber to discover the truth. The floor-to-ceiling wine rack set into the wall opposite the chamber's entryway contains a meager four bottles of wine, though the shattered remains of several broken bottles are mixed into the mire flooding the floor. Water pours from several of the storage slots, waterfaling onto the floor.

The water flooding this chamber rises to nearly 3ft, making movement difficult. Human and elf characters are reduced to half movement while wading through it, while dwarves and halflings are reduced to one-quarter movement. In addition, equipment such as scrolls, maps, ink, or torches can easily become saturated and rendered useless if it is not somehow protected from becoming soaked. Characters trying to root through the gray water run the risk of cutting themselves on shards of broken glass hidden in the muck. Characters blindly pawing through the water have a 25% chance of cutting themselves for 1d2 points of damage. A character runs the same risk of damage for every three rounds spent wading through the water.

Climbing the latticework that once stored the collection of giant-sized wine bottles would normally be easy, but since everything in the chamber is soaking wet, the characters must take extra precautions if they attempt an ascent. The latticework is a grid four slots wide by ten slots high. Each slot is 5 square feet and is set against the stone wall. Thieves attempting to Climb Walls suffer a –10% penalty due to the slick wood. Also, if more than 300 pounds is put on any ropes used to explore the wine rack, there is a 1-in-6 chance each round that the rope slips or the wood splinters.

The source of the flooding seems to be coming from a thin separation along the wall behind the latticework, near where the wall meets the ceiling. The water runs from the opening down the back wall and pours out onto the floor at several locations. The separation is too small for the characters to squeeze into.

The uppermost wine bottle is false and can be pulled to reveal a secret door on the wall. Characters who climb up to it and investigate find a rod running from the bottom of the wine bottle into the back wall. Attempting to remove the wine bottle requires an effort of great strength on the part of the characters, such as tying a rope around its neck and having several members pull. Attempts to push on the bottom from within the slot at its bottom requires a strength check with a –4 penalty.

If the bottle is moved, a secret door in the southern wall opens, leading to Clovis' secret larder. The pooled water immediately floods into the dinnerware storage room (Area 1–4). Any character still standing in the water must make a saving throw or be swept along in the current. Halflings and dwarves suffer a –2 penalty due to their smaller size.

## Area 1–4: Dinnerware Storage

Like the wine cellar, the floor of this room is flooded with the same murky, disgusting water. A large china cabinet rests against the wall opposite the newly revealed secret entrance into this room. It towers almost fifty feet in height and is made of dark hardwood. A pair of large doors are set into the top half of it. Crystalline glass set into these doors reveals stacks of golden inlaid dishes, crystalline goblets, and etched silver flatware resting on the shelves inside. A pair of human-sized statues of knights, cast in pewter, flank the dinnerware. A giant-sized heavy wooden door bound in iron is on the eastern wall.

The dishware stored in the massive china cabinet is Lord Clovis' finest tableware and is sized appropriately. While the bottom of the cabinet is warped from moisture, the rest of the structure (and the dishes within) appear to have survived in good condition. Like the wine cellar (Area 1–3), the characters need to wade through muck and water.

The doors to the china cabinet can be opened easily enough if the characters climb up to them. However, if the characters disturb any of Clovis' best dinnerware, **2 man-sized pewter knights** (which serve as salt and pepper shakers) animate and attack the intruders, attempting to slay them or shove them out of the cabinet and into the water below. Each of the pewter knights attempts to use its stored spice as a weapon. Once the pewter knights are defeated, the characters can take the dinnerware. It is easily worth thousands of gold pieces, though given that the goblets are 8ft tall and the plates are the size of a tapestry, such an endeavor may prove nigh impossible. If the dinnerware were somehow recovered intact, it would be worth well over 5000gp.

**Pewter Knight (Salt):** HD 2; AC 3[16]; **Atk** slam (1d8); **Move** 9; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** spice (open wounds sting, –2 to-hit penalty for 1d6 rounds, save avoids). (see **Appendix 1: New Monsters**)

**Pewter Knight (Pepper):** HD 2; AC 3[16]; **Atk** slam (1d8); **Move** 9; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** spice (save or sneezing fit for 1d6 rounds, movement halved, no spellcasting, save avoids). (see **Appendix 1: New Monsters**)

## Area 1–5: Main Hall

A gargantuan stone hall runs into darkness across all directions, well beyond the illumination of your torches and lanterns. The chamber is flooded, almost to the knees of any humans or elves and is even more difficult for those of smaller stature. The sound of running water can be heard far in the distance, buried in the dark to the east.

The main hall of Clovis' wine cellar is flooded like the rest of the rooms, though it is not filled with dangerous broken glass or other hazards. Human and elf characters are reduced to half movement, while dwarves and halflings are reduced to one-quarter movement (as in Area 1–3), and all characters need to be mindful to keep certain objects dry. The doors leading to various locations in the cellar are difficult to open, requiring an Open Doors check because of the resistance created by standing water throughout the dungeon. The chamber itself is over 150 feet in length and is 30 feet wide. It can take some time to cross, and the Referee should keep this in mind when checking for wandering monsters.





## Area 1–6: Cold Storage

The door to this room cannot be opened, even with a successful Open Doors check. The water flooding into the cold storage chamber has frozen, creating a layer of ice that presses against the door. The ice must be broken before the characters can enter the room. Breaking the ice can be done by spending 1d6x10 minutes hacking away at the frozen mess with a large axe or blunt weapon to knock the door free from its frozen binding. However, the noise doubles the chances of a wandering monster noticing. The door to this room is closed (but not locked or trapped), and the only telltale sign of the problematic ice is that the water surrounding the door is bone-chillingly cold. Characters take 1d3 points of damage every 10 minutes while standing on the ice due to the magical cold (save avoids).

Smaller characters such as halflings or dwarves can attempt to climb the door and slip in through the keyhole to enter the chamber, though they are still unable to open the door from inside until they deal with the ice.

Though dry, a bone-chilling cold that is undoubtedly magical in nature permeates this chamber. A hard, blue light radiates from the walls of the room, providing a surprising level of illumination. A thick sheet of ice covers the floor, and several large, wicked-looking hooks hang from chains far above your head. The chamber narrows along its western side, turning into a long hall. Against the southern portion of this chamber is a frosted wooden table beneath a pegboard where hooks, giant-sized meat cleavers, and massive butcher knives hang — some with massive hunks of flesh still hanging from their blades.

This area was used to prepare stored meat and other perishables for Lord Clovis, though it has not been used for a very long time. A massive cookbook, still open and encased in ice, rests on the table — though it is not visible from the floor. Only when characters climb up onto the surface of the long table along the southwestern wall do they see the book. The book is open to a page that contains the spells *purify food and drink* and *protection from cold* (see **Appendix 2: New Magic Items and Spells**). The page can be torn out of the book and used, but it must first be chipped free of the surrounding ice. Using flame to melt the ice has a 75% chance of damaging the page.

An additional complication is that the book is near the pegboard containing the meat-carving tools that are still soiled by rotted meat. If any character with a torch stands within 20ft of these, the heat thaws 3 **sorcery leeches** slumbering in the foul meat in 1d6 rounds. The sorcery leeches move toward the nearest magic-user to begin feeding off the character's magical energy.

The door leading into the basement kitchen (**Area 1–7**) can be opened with an Open Doors check. It is not locked or trapped.

**Sorcery Leeches (3):** HD 1 hp; HP 1x3; AC 9[10]; Atk negligible (0); **Move** 1; **Save** 18; AL N; CL/XP 1/15; **Special:** arcane siphoning (1 level of spells per 3 rounds attached). (**Monstrosities** 442)

## Area 1–7: Basement Kitchen

Cabinets, cupboards, and pantries cover the walls of this room, while the center of the chamber is dominated by a massive wooden table surrounded by giant stools. It is flooded with more than 2ft of gray, brackish water, and the darkness that normally fills the long halls of Clovis' cellars is broken by a faint orange light coming from atop the table far above your head.

Primarily used for food preparation and storage, this is the kitchen of Clovis' castle. The characters arrive to find that the room has been

repurposed, however. A company of adventurers is taking refuge on the tabletop, hiding from a **giant weasel** that has driven them to such desperate measures. The weasel once made its nest in one of the room's pantries before initially being driven away by Clovis' dog, the thunder terrier Donner. The weasel returned soon after, only to stumble upon these adventurers, whom it promptly attacked.

Roll 1d6 when the characters enter the room; on a 1–4 they do not notice the weasel concealed by the shadows and water. The weasel ambushes them at the first opportunity, obsessed with defending its home. The adventurers hiding on the table are not particularly heroic and remain concealed during the battle unless victory seems imminent for the characters. If such is the case, they attack from their elevated position using ranged weapons.

Casthor, the leader of the adventuring company, calls down to the characters once the giant weasel is defeated. Casthor's companions are wary, however, keeping their weapons at the ready. Only three remain, and the corpse of a fourth member floats in the southeastern corner of the room, gnawed by the weasel.

**Casthor, Ernesto, and Emilia** are willing to aid the characters, but are primarily concerned with self-preservation. Their primary interests lie in escaping the estate with their lives intact. They won't actively betray the party, but they aren't afraid to do whatever is necessary to ensure their own survival. The characters can enlist their aid in return for an equal share of any treasure discovered and an equal cut of Clovis' promised payment.

The tables in this room are surprisingly clean, though the pantries and cupboards are filled with giant-sized pots, pans, and other cooking implements. If the characters take their time and spend at least an hour rooting through these cabinets, they discover that the cook left behind a small (for a giant) pouch buried behind some dishes on one of the shelves. It contains 134gp, 54sp, and three small rubies each worth 50gp.

The body of the dead cleric (Liam, according to his still-living compatriots) is carrying or wearing the following gear: a set of chainmail armor, a metal shield, a mace, a small silver holy symbol of Mithras, as well as a waterlogged backpack containing a small prayer book, a waterskin, three torches, a tinderbox, a bedroll and a money pouch containing 14gp. Liam's allies lay claim to these items unless the characters threaten violence.

Finally, the weasel has a small nest half submerged in the mire. Composed primarily of cloth rags, straw, and mud, the characters have a 30% chance of discovering a silver ring with a tiny row of diamonds set into the band (a *ring of protection* +1).

**Casthor the Bold, Male Human Warrior (Ftr2):** HD 2; HP 11; AC 5[14]; Atk longsword (1d8) or dagger (1d4); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; AL N; CL/XP 2/30; **Special:** multiple attacks (2) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +1 to hit and damage strength bonus. (see **Appendix 3: NPCs**)

**Equipment:** chainmail, longsword, 2 daggers.

**Ernesto Quickfist, Human Male (Mnk2):** HD 1; HP 5; AC 8[11]; Atk unarmed strike (1d6); **Move** 13; **Save** 14; AL L; CL/XP: 2/30; **Special:** +1 damage with weapons, alertness, deflect missiles, thieving skills. (see **Appendix 3: NPCs**)

**Thieving Skills:** Climb 86%, Tasks/Traps 20%, Hear 3 in 6, Hide 15%, Silent 25%, Locks 15%.

**Emilia Female Half-Elf (MU1):** HD 1; HP 4; AC 9[10]; Atk staff (1d6); **Save** 15; AL N; CL/XP: 1/15; **Special:** +2 save vs. spells, wands and staves, darkvision (60ft), spells (1). (see **Appendix 3: NPCs**)

**Spells:** 1st—*detect magic*.

**Equipment:** staff.

**Giant Weasel:** HD 3+3; HP 20; AC 6[13]; Atk bite (2d6 + blood drain); **Move** 15; **Save** 14; AL N; CL/XP: 4/120; **Special:** blood drain (automatic 2d6 damage per round). (**Monstrosities** 506)

## Area 1-8: Stove

Stacks of soaking firewood rise from the gray murk covering the floor of this chamber and a thin layer of soot seems to cover everything, even the surface of the water. Dominating the eastern half of the chamber is a huge cast-iron stove with an equally large metal stovepipe rising from its apex and disappearing into the highest points of the far wall. A gentle but constant stream of water dribbles from the stove's open hatch.

At first glance, no threats or dangers are apparent in this room. However, appearances are deceiving. A **grey ooze** floats through the water, almost invisible in the muck. It slithers toward the characters, surprising them on a roll of 1–5 on 1d6. Casthor, Ernesto, Emilia, and the now-dead Liam previously encountered the grey ooze and warn the players of its presence if they have joined the party, thus negating its increased chance of surprise.

Taking the time to extensively explore the stack of soaked firewood (at least 10 minutes) reveals a finely-crafted, giant-sized hatchet that functions as a +1 *battle axe* in the hands of a human-sized wielder.

The stove is large enough that a human-sized character can easily walk inside. Water runs down the stovepipe to pool in the thick ash inside the stove. Extensive exploration of the stove reveals a grate beneath the layer of caked, soaking ash. The grate can be lifted to reveal the ash can below (**Area 1-8B**), and a thick, wet fog inside the upper portion of the stove pipe (**Area 1-8A**).

**Grey Ooze:** HD 3; HP 12; AC 8[11]; Atk strike (2d6); Move 1; Save 14; AL N; CL/XP: 5/240; **Special:** acid (destroy metal, save avoids), immunities (spells, heat, cold, blunt weapons). (*Monstrosities* 229)

## Area 1-8A: Stove Pipe

A dense, wet fog pools in the upper half of the stove pipe before condensing into water that runs down the edges of the stove pipe. The pipe is wide enough for a single human-sized creature to climb up to its top. A cool breeze can be felt coming down from the fog-wrapped darkness.

Thieves can make their way up the stove pipe with a successful Climb Walls check, while others can secure their ascent by making use of a rope and hook. Unfortunately, hiding in the fog far above is a **giant spider** that waits to ambush any creature daring to disturb its lair. Unless characters take appropriate precautions, it automatically surprises them and drops down on the first party member ascending the stove pipe, attacking with a +4 bonus during its initial attack. If its attack is successful, it latches onto its target, which must make a saving throw each round or plummet down the pipe, taking 1d6 points of damage per 10ft fallen (either 20ft down the entire pipe for 2d6 points of damage, or until the character hits another climbing character).

**Giant Spider (1ft diameter):** HD 1+1; HP 6; AC 8[11]; Atk bite (1 hp + lethal poison); Move 9; Save 17; AL N; CL/XP: 3/60; **Special:** poison (+2 save or die). (*Monstrosities* 451)

## Area 1-8B: Ash Can

After pulling away the wet muck of caked ash and lifting the grate in the bottom of the stove, you see an ash can as large as a closet set into the bottom of the stove. It is easily five square feet and easily twice as deep. It is half filled with a mixture of dry ash and clumps of wet ash, with scorched iron sides from decades of flaming cooking fires.



Hopping down into the ash kicks up a cloud of dust, causing characters to cough loudly for 1d6 rounds unless they make a saving throw and covers them in a thick layer of gray soot whether they succeed or fail. Pawing through this mess takes a long time (1d4 x 10 minutes), but for every 10 minutes spent searching, the characters have a 1-in-6 chance of discovering any one of the following valuables: a scorched +1 *iron shield* previously used as a serving dish, a large fire opal (worth 350gp), or a pristine golden *ring of fire resistance*.

## Area 1-9: Cook's Lounge

Two cots sized for creatures three or four times the size of a human sit against the western wall of this flooded room. They are little more than wooden frames with long sheets of cloth stretched over them, though you cannot see over their edges because of their height. A desk of equal scale with a matching stool runs against the northern wall, but whatever contents rest atop it are beyond your vantage from the ground. Finally, and disgustingly, a huge ceramic chamber pot floats through the morass of water that fills the room to a height of almost three feet. A large arch without a door leads into a long eastern chamber.

This room once served as the quarters of a pair of Clovis' cooks. They abandoned the chamber because of the flooding. Since their departure, it has filled up with refuse and filth. Offal and bodily waste float about in the muck, and the scent of excrement fills the room. Examining one of the cots reveals a depression in its center, as if something is sitting in the center of it, well above the waterline. This is the long-corrupted corpse of the ogre cook's pet: Patches, now a **feral undead cat**. It takes no notice of the characters unless they make excessive noise or if something disturbs it, at which point it attempts to ambush them from its vantage point. Sleeping on the desk are another 2 **feral undead cats**; if they hear the party, they yowl loudly and attack.



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Characters examining the desk closely discover that the top drawer is locked. If this lock is picked, characters can recover the ogre's personal hoard of 245gp in a large sack, a set of *bracers of defense AC 6[13]* that the giant once wore as matching rings and, buried in the far corner of the drawer, a normal-sized silver ring set with a cat's eye gem: a *ring of feline friendship* (see **Appendix 2: New Magic Items and Spells**).

**Feral Undead Cats (3):** HD 1d4 hp; AC 8[11]; Atk 2 claws (1hp); Move 12; Save 18; AL C; CL/XP B/10; **Special:** paralyzing scratch (after first 3 hits). (*Monstrosities* 57)

### Area 1-10: Dry Storage

Bloated grains, oats, threshed wheat, and corn saturated by the flooding fill the surface of this chamber, pouring out from an alcove to the east. The normally brackish water takes on an almost viscous quality, and trudging through the mess takes time and strength from you and your companions. The room reeks of fouled beer and mold.

This room contains no visible threats, other than wading through the disgusting paste of saturated grains and other dry goods — until the characters cross into the threshold along the western side of the room into the giant-sized closet where barrels are stored. The archway leading into this closet is flanked on the southern side by a 5ft patch of **brown mold**. Because the chamber is saturated with a paste of oats and grains, this mold is likely to go unnoticed. The only hint of its presence is a mysterious growing cold as the characters draw nearer to the brown mold.

The barrel closet itself is filled with four massive casks that store long-rotted grain. As characters draw near to the chamber, they see a light coming from atop the barrel in the northeastern corner.

The soft glow of torchlight rises from the top of the thirty-foot-tall barrel in the northeastern corner of the room. A narrow-faced human with sharp eyes peers down at you and your companions. He holds a torch in one hand, a short sword in the other, and wears a suit of boiled leather armor. His greasy black hair is pulled into a tight ponytail. "Hail," he calls in an almost reluctant greeting.

The stranger politely, but obviously fearfully, introduces himself as Franach. He asks the characters for their help, telling them that Clovis hired him to deal with the flooding in the wine cellar but he became trapped. He is eager to join the party and gladly aids them, offering his services to their cause. Franach is actually a **wererat**. Though evil, he is not a fool. More than anything, he wants to survive. He serves the party loyally until he can escape Clovis' wine cellar. Once he earns their trust, he secretly turns into a rat each night while the party sleeps and bites the character he judges to be the most powerful in hopes of infecting him with lycanthropy and drawing them into his service. Franach and the adventurers in the basement kitchen (**Area 1-7**) have not encountered each other before.

**Brown Mold:** HD n/a; AC n/a; Atk none; Move 0; Save n/a; AL N; CL/XP 4/120; **Special:** drains heat (2d8 damage per round, no save). (*Monstrosities* 335)

**Franach the Wererat Thief:** HD 3; HP 18; AC 8[11]; Atk bite (1d3) or short sword (1d6); Move 12; Save 14; AL C; CL/XP: 5/240; **Special:** +1 or better magic or silver weapons to hit, +2 save bonus vs. traps and magical devices, backstab (x2), control rats, lycanthropy, thieving skills. (*Monstrosities* 307)

**Thieving Skills:** Climb 87%, Tasks/Traps 25%, Hear 4 in 6, Hide 20%, Silent 30%, Locks 20%.

### Area 1-II: Nest

Rising from the gray water filling the hall is a hedge of straw, half-rotted cloth, and other detritus. It stands six feet high and is almost as wide. Even from this distance you can see several sets of beady red eyes gazing at you and your companions from the darkness.

This collection of garbage from around the cellar was constructed by the many giant rats that call this wall of trash home. They defend it fiercely, as they are cornered with few places to flee. If the characters approach, and most certainly if they disturb the nest, the rats swarm them. Fortunately, if the characters slay the rats and investigate the nest, they find a plethora of riches — though it takes almost an hour of pawing through a pile of garbage riddled with rat droppings. These riches include a bag of 11 small jewels (each worth 5gp), 32gp in loose coins, a watertight scroll case (containing a scroll of *protection from poison*, a scroll of *phantasmal force*, and a scroll of *cure serious wounds*), as well as a *wand of detection* (magic), and a single *boot of elvenkind* (for the left foot).

**Giant Rats (12):** HD 1d4hp; HP 4x3, 3x3, 2x3, 1x3; AC 7[12]; Atk bite (1d3); Move 12; Save 18; AL N; CL/XP A/5; **Special:** 5% are diseased, surprise (1–4 on 1d6). (*Monstrosities* 384)



## Area 2-1: Stove Exhaust

Reaching the top of the stove pipe, you see the exhaust is wide enough and tall enough for you and your companions to stand — but just barely. The pipe is almost eight feet wide and equally tall, though walking through a rounded cast-iron tunnel can be difficult at times. The noise of your movement echoes and reverberates down the long, narrow chamber. A steady stream of water, only ankle deep and remarkably clean, runs down the length of this hall and cloud-like fog pools above it to the knee. A cool breeze blows from the north with surprising strength.

Though no monsters await the characters as they make their way down the passage, a hollow metallic echo accompanies every step or movement they make as they travel in the bowels of the wine cellar. Attempts to Move Silently suffer a –10% penalty while in **Areas 2-1, 2-2, and 2-3**. In addition, it is all but impossible to ambush or surprise foes.

As the characters make their way down the stove exhaust, the booming, shrill bark of a dog shakes the very hall. This bark occurs once every 1d6+1 rounds that the characters linger here. Because the sound bounces through the chamber at a deafening level, all characters must make a saving throw or be deafened for 1d6 turns. Deaf characters cannot communicate verbally and deaf spellcasters have a 20% chance to fail when casting a spell, causing the attempted spell to fizzle and fade from their memory.

## Area 2-2: Pipe Break

The passage turns sharply to the east, where the far end of the stove pipe is torn open. Thick, white clouds of vapor pour into the chamber and quickly condense to form the steady stream of water in which you now stand. The tear in the pipe and the stone wall behind it is wide enough to serve as a door for a human. A powerful wind blows through the hole. For a brief instant, the clouds part to reveal endless blue skies beyond. The stove pipe turns south just before the rend and continues its path in a southerly direction.

Pushing through the thick fogbank is a disgusting thing, as several spiders have planted their egg sacs in this moist area. In addition, characters daring to peer through the hole over the edge see that the very cloud upon which Clovis' estate floats has been torn and is slowly pouring into the basement and turning to water; this is the source of the flooding. Unfortunately, discovering this puts the characters precariously close to the edge and at risk of falling to the ground thousands of feet below. Anyone moving close enough to the edge to look over must roll below their dexterity on 3d6. If the check fails, the character begins slipping and sliding toward the edge. Characters have one final chance to make a saving throw to avoid going over the edge and falling to their death. Stumbling blindly into the fog also risks bursting the spider egg sacs and releasing **2 nearly mature giant spiders** that attack immediately.

Those who bravely attempt to get close to the edge discover that the hole looks as if it was torn open from the inside by some kind of tenacious beast attempting to claw its way to freedom. In truth, it was Clovis' thunder terrier Donner who inadvertently caused this potentially cataclysmic damage to the castle by clawing at the pipe. His efforts tore open the hole, allowing the cloud outside to continually flow in and change into water. Unless the characters are particularly clever, repairing the damage is beyond their ability. Fortunately, once Clovis is told of this damage, he can order his servants to make the necessary repairs.

Noisy characters automatically cause Donner to bark (as described in **Area 2-1**) in a whimpering cry for aid from his precarious position trapped in the spiders' nest (**Area 2-3**).

**Giant Spiders (1ft diameter) (2):** HD 1+1; HP 6; AC 8[11]; **Atk** bite (1 hp + lethal poison); **Move** 9; **Save** 17; **AL** N; **CL/XP**: 3/60; **Special**: poison (+2 save or die). (*Monstrosities* 451)

## Area 2-3: Spiders' Nest

The stove pipe comes to a sudden end, opening into a natural gap in the castle's stone foundation. The chamber is easily thirty feet wide and forty feet long, though its roof is barely ten feet high. The thick, sticky webbing of giant spiders covers half of the chamber. Tangled in these vine-like tendrils is a teal-furred terrier of gigantic proportions with lightning blue eyes. The massive beast is hopelessly caught. It sees you and lets out a deafening bark, its mouth crackling with lightning. In addition to its pleading gaze, five sets of arachnid eyes turn your way as a cluster of giant spiders move toward you and your companions, each arachnid intent on punishing you for disturbing their feast.

The spiders long ago took up residence in the hollow of the castle foundation. When Clovis' wandering pet Donner the thunder terrier wriggled his way up the stove pipe to escape being trapped in the wine cellar, he became tangled in their webbing. The **5 spiders** fight to the death, backed into the corner of their own lair and fighting to defend their meal.

Characters moving into or through Squares 2, 5, 6, 7, 9, 11, or 12 must make a saving throw or become tangled in a manner similar to a *web* spell. Donner is webbed in this fashion on Square 5. Because of the moisture and fog in the room, these webs cannot be destroyed using fire. Fortunately, the webbing in a single square can be cut away by doing 10 points of damage using a slashing weapon such as a sword or axe. Unfortunately, Donner is panicking and barks every round during the battle. Each time he barks, the unstable foundation has a 50% chance of crumbling and sending a 10ft-by-10ft section of the floor upon which the battle occurs tumbling into the blue sky below. The Referee can roll 1d12 and consult the map to determine which section falls away or simply have them fall away in sequence. Any character standing in a square where the floor falls away must make a saving throw to jump clear or plummet to a painful, messy death thousands of feet below. Characters standing in any of the webbed areas can choose to intentionally tangle themselves in the web. Doing so grants them a +4 bonus to their save, though they are also automatically caught in the web.

Being so close to the barking thunder terrier is also deafening, meaning all characters must make a saving throw or be deafened for 1d6 turns as described in the stove exhaust room (**Area 2-1**).

Once the spiders are defeated, the characters must find a way to calm Donner. Rangers and druids can do this automatically, while other characters must roll below their charisma on 4d6. If any character is wearing the *ring of feline friendship* (from **Area 1-9**), Donner is automatically hostile and likely to attack.

Depending on the condition of the floor and how the battle went, the characters may have a difficult time freeing and retrieving the thunder terrier. Once freed, the poor canine makes every effort to flee back down the stove pipe toward the stairwell (**Area 1-1**). Upon hearing Donner's familiar bark, Clovis' ogre mage servant Wamp releases the wards on the door, freeing the dog and the characters.

**Giant Spiders (4ft diameter) (5):** HD 2+2; HP 13, 12, 11, 8, 7; AC 6[13]; **Atk** bite (1d6 + lethal poison); **Move** 18; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: lethal poison (save or die), surprise (5-in-6 chance). (*Monstrosities* 451)

**Thunder Terrier:** HD 4; AC 5[14]; **Atk** bite (2d4); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: deafening bark (deafened for 1d6 turns, save avoids). (see **Appendix 1: New Monsters**)



## Part Three: Wine Before Its Time

With Donner recovered (or possibly slain), the characters return to Clovis with the discovery that his beloved dog is the source of the flooded wine cellar. The Lord of House Tempestas immediately orders Wamp to send several of his servants to deal with the problem and offers the characters their promised reward of 500gp. In gratitude, he also offers to send them back to where he found them using his magical abilities. He has no interest in the treasure the characters recovered, dismissing it with a wave of his hand as “mere trinkets that he will allow them to keep.”

If Donner was slain and Clovis learns of this, he is overcome with sorrow and barely contains his tears. In fact, over the next few weeks the characters hear of small, freakishly powerful thunderstorms breaking out in the region — an extension of his sadness pouring forth from Stormridge Sanctum onto the ground below.

If the characters return his beloved Donner to him uninjured, Clovis is overjoyed. He provides the characters with their promised reward and agrees to drop them off anywhere they choose — though the Referee should use this as an opportunity to allow the characters to avoid a long overland journey or to transport the campaign to new or previously unexplored region.

In the unlikely event that the characters refuse Clovis’ money and fawn over what an honor it has been to serve him, the storm giant offers them a unique reward. This reward is offered only if Donner is alive. He provides them with a thunder terrier pup. Training and rearing the animal is no easy task and requires constant efforts on the part of the characters. After one year, the pup grows into an adult thunder terrier.

Whether the characters ever encounter Clovis, Wamp, Donner, or any of the other denizens of Stormridge Sanctum is up to the Referee. Casthor, Ernesto, and Emilia go their own way once the adventure ends, though the characters may earn potential allies to use in the future. Franach, on the other hand, attempts to stay with the party under the guise of an ally and attempts to slowly turn the characters into wererats in his service.

As suddenly as they arrived in Stormridge Sanctum, the characters find themselves returned to the Lost Lands (or whatever game world the Referee chooses).

## Appendix I: New Monsters

Below are new monsters encountered during this adventure.

### Pewter Knight

**Hit Dice:** 2**Armor Class:** 3[16]

**Attacks:** slam (1d8)

**Saving Throw:** 16

**Special:** spice

**Move:** 9

**Alignment:** Neutrality

**Number Encountered:** 1d4

**Challenge Level/XP:** 3/60

Pewter knights are a curious form of animated object most often used by intelligent giants and dragons. Most often they take the guise of huge spice shakers carved of pewter into the images of knights and warriors. When disturbed or touched without a command word being spoken, they attack with their massive pewter blades in a devastating slam attack. As they often serve as containers for various seasonings and spices, pewter knights can make a special attack to create a unique effect. The Referee should roll 1d4 to determine which spice is housed within an individual pewter knight and its effect:

1d4	Spice	Effect
1	salt	If the target has any open wounds, those wounds begin to sting in a sharp, distracting pain that causes the victim to suffer a –2 to-hit penalty for the next 1d6 rounds.
2	pepper	The target must make a saving throw or become overwhelmed by a fit of sneezing for 1d6 rounds. During this time, the target cannot cast spells and movement is halved.
3	sugar	Crystalline sugar gives the character a sweet smell noticeable to anyone within 120ft. For 1 hour, the characters cannot surprise targets, wandering monsters are more likely to notice them (double the normal chance), and any attempts to Hide in Shadows suffer a –15% penalty.
4	cinnamon	Targets inhale a massive cloud of dry cinnamon and begin coughing uncontrollably for 1d3 rounds unless they make a successful saving throw. While coughing, they cannot move, attack, or cast spells.

**Pewter Knight:** HD 2; AC 3[16]; Atk slam (1d8); Move 9; Save 16; AL N; CL/XP 3/60; **Special:** spice (see description).





## Thunder Terrier

**Hit Dice:** 4**Armor Class:** 5[14]  
**Attacks:** bite (2d4)  
**Saving Throw:** 13  
**Special:** deafening bark  
**Move:** 12  
**Alignment:** Neutrality  
**Number Encountered:** 1  
**Challenge Level/XP:** 5/240

Thunder terriers are extraordinarily rare, found most often in the company of storm giants and cloud giants who raise them as pets. Though similar to Yorkshire, Scottish, or West Highland terriers, the coloring of their fur ranges from sky blue to an almost sparkling teal. Like the smaller breed for which they are named, thunder terriers are natural ratters with a disposition to be excitable and gregarious.

When excited or scared, thunder terriers often let out a deafening bark that can be heard from almost a mile off. Anyone near a thunder terrier when it barks must make a saving throw or be deafened for 1d6 turns. Deaf characters cannot communicate verbally, and deaf spellcasters have a 20% chance to fail while casting a spell. The attempted spell fizzles and fades from the spellcasters' memory.

Thunder terrier pups can be reared and trained like any other dog, though the cost for feeding them is enormous and the likelihood of collateral damage is quite high.

**Thunder Terrier:** HD 4; AC 5[14]; Atk bite (2d4); Move 12; Save 13; AL N; CL/XP 5/240; **Special:** deafening bark (deafened for 1d6 turns, save avoids).

## Appendix 2: Magic Items and Spells

Below are details of the new magic items and spell found in this adventure.

### Greater Ring

#### Ring of Feline Friendship

This delicate silver ring is set with a pair of cat's-eye gems. Any time the wearer of the ring of feline friendship comes within 120ft of a mundane or magical cat (regardless of size), that cat must make a saving throw or immediately come under the wearer's control (as charm monster) for the next 1d6 hours. If the cat is within 120ft of the wearer after this duration, it must make a new saving throw or the effects continue. In addition, a magic-user wearing the ring summons various cats as determined by the Referee when casting any monster summoning spell. This could include tigers, hellcats, torthri, or even a sea cat where appropriate.

Cats affected by the ring of feline friendship can range from common house cats to tigers, or from undead feral cats (even though they are normally immune to charm affects) to weretigers.

Unfortunately, all canines within 120ft of the wearer of the ring of feline friendship regard the wearer with distrust or even open hostility. This includes mundane dogs, wolves, werewolves, blink dogs, and even gnolls. Hell hounds have a particularly acute hostility to the wearer.



## New Spell

### Protection from cold

**Spell Level:** Druid, 3rd Level

**Range:** Touch

**Duration:** 3 turns + 1 turn/level

*Protection from cold* may be cast on another character or NPC, but it confers a great deal more protection when it is woven personally around the caster. When used to protect another creature, the spell's ward grants complete immunity to normal cold damage such as that from icy weather or snowstorms and reduces damage from magical-based cold attacks by half. When used to protect the caster, the spell grants complete immunity to one exposure to magical cold, after which it functions normally.

## Appendix 3: NPCs

### Casthor the Bold

Casthor is big, bold, and blonde. He has an easy way about him and his smile is infectious. He is the leader of his small band of adventurers and takes his duties very seriously. He is pragmatic and often uses his charms to put potential employers at ease before negotiating for the best deal possible for himself and his companions. He typically wears a set of chainmail armor and carries a longsword and two daggers.

**Casthor the Bold, Male Human Warrior (Ftr2):** HD 2; HP 11; AC 5[14]; **Atk** longsword (1d8) or dagger (1d4); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** multiple attacks (2) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +1 to hit and damage strength bonus.

**Equipment:** chainmail, longsword, 2 daggers.

### Ernesto Quickfist

Ernesto is tall and wiry, with long salt-and-pepper hair pulled into a loose ponytail. He wears loose, tattered pants, worn leather boots, and no shirt. He carries no weapons. Despite his training and discipline, Ernesto has little time for idle chitchat or diplomacy and is quick to address a confrontation head-on. He is a man of his word and believes in serving those he cares about to the utmost of his ability.

**Ernesto Quickfist, Human Male (Mnk2):** HD 1; HP 5; AC 8[11]; **Atk** unarmed strike (1d6); **Move** 13; **Save** 14; **AL** L; **CL/XP:** 2/30; **Special:** +1 damage with weapons, alertness, deflect missiles, thieving skills.

**Thieving Skills:** Climb 86%, Tasks/Traps 20%, Hear 3 in 6, Hide 15%, Silent 25%, Locks 15%.

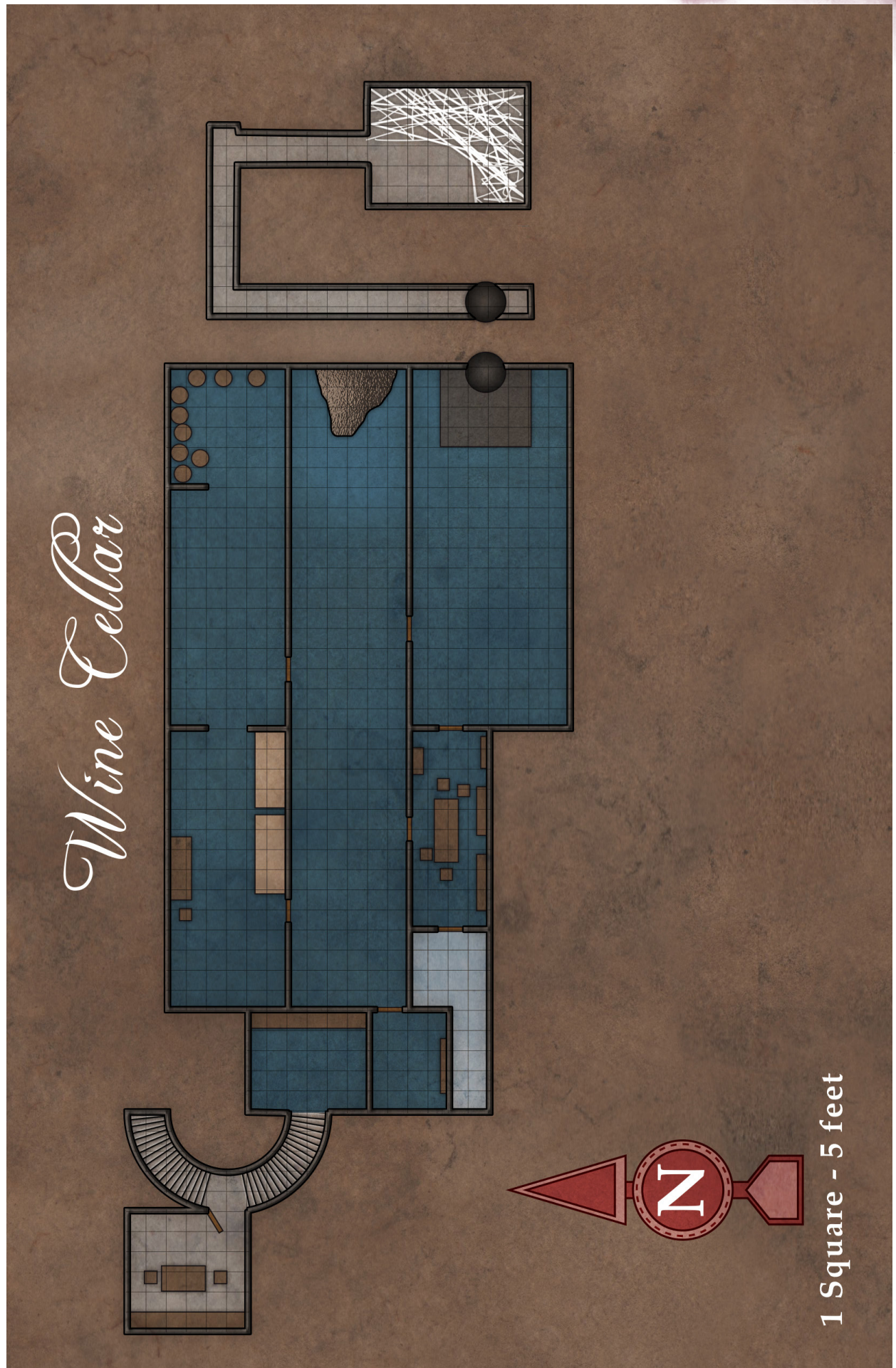
### Emilia the Unkempt

Emilia is a bug-eyed, one-eared half-elf who dresses more like a vagrant than a wizard. Her bedraggled clothing is stained and worn, and the staff upon which he leans is little more than a piece of driftwood. She speaks in short bursts that seem more akin to streams of consciousness than actual sentences. Despite her apparent madness, she is keenly observant and quick to sniff out a deception. She carries a quarterstaff, a dagger, and her spellbook.

**Emilia, Female Half-Elf (MU1):** HD 1; HP 4; AC 9[10]; **Atk** staff (1d6); **Save** 15; **AL** N; **CL/XP:** 1/15; **Special:** +2 save vs. spells, wands and staffs, darkvision (60ft), spells (1).

**Spells:** 1st—*detect magic*.

**Equipment:** staff.





# FROG GOD GAMES

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# IN VINO GIGANTVS

by James M. Spahn

Suddenly summoned into the great sky castle of Stormridge Sanctum by the magical incantations of Clovis Tempestas IV, the characters are tasked by the foppish storm giant with finding the source of the infestation plaguing his wine cellar and purge it before he loses any more of his precious libations. With them quite literally clutched in the palm of such a powerful creature, it is a deal they cannot refuse. Under the watchful eye of Clovis IV's steward the Ogre Magi, they are given a fine meal before being banished to the lower storage of Stormridge Sanctum.

After being set down in the flooded cellar, they must contend with environmental hazards in a domain built for a creature ten times their size. And then their problems loom larger still.



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