

A6

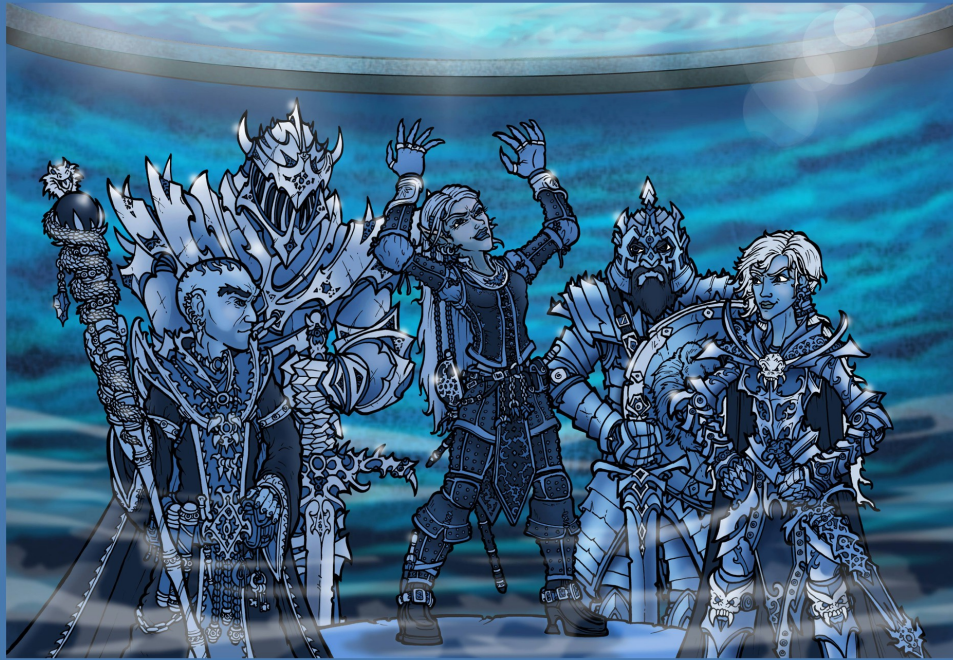
Compliant with
OSRIC™

Dungeon Module A6

Die, Marquessa, Die!

by carlos a.s. lising

AN ADVENTURE FOR CHARACTER LEVELS 7-11



A brave fellowship of heroes failed last year to bring the notorious villainess known as The Marquessa to justice -- and as a result, the innocent folk of the land have suffered greatly. However, the elusive and sinister enchantress has been located once again, giving the forces of weal another opportunity to extinguish the grim silhouette she casts across the region. Will your characters be able to succeed where before them legends have failed?

This module was originally used for tournament play at GaryCon X. It contains a challenging scenario and twelve pre-rolled, playtested tournament characters. A6 is a complete adventure in and of itself and it may thus be used for competition among players (or groups of players) or as a non-scored adventure included in the context of an ongoing game. Also included are referee's maps, notes, encounter descriptions for players, and a background scenario allowing the module to be easily placed within a pre-existing campaign.



©2017 casl Entertainment. All Rights Reserved.

casl Entertainment
www.caslentertainment.com
caslentertainment@gmail.com

Dungeon Module A6

Die, Marquessa, Die!

Introduction

Those with any knowledge of the history of the region known as the Tanraeg coast undoubtedly remember the group of blackguards and cutthroats dubbed *The Flesh Traders* by the world's sages and scholars. Over the course of nearly a decade, their yellow-sailed vessels terrorized the coastline along the Tanraeg Sea, where humanoid mercenaries loyal to their number would capture the innocent men and women of the land, spiriting them off in chains to be sold as thralls in disreputable ports all across the world. Of the hundreds that disappeared in this manner, pressed into the service of masters of a truly dark mien, few indeed were ever seen again. The cruelty and ruthlessness of the Flesh Traders, however, was perhaps only surpassed by their might and because of this their nefarious activities went largely unchallenged. Indeed, the mere invocation of their name in the towns and hamlets along the Tanraeg coast was enough to stoke abject terror in the ordinary folk of the land and cause the wisest of them to board their homes or flee to the lesser-traveled portions of the countryside.

In 584CY, however, a group of heroes assembled in the city of Diver, hailing from all corners of the world. Though each bore their own reasons for doing so, their goal was a unified one: Smash the Flesh Traders' organization and force them to release their death-grip upon the Tanraeg coast and the good folk who made it their home. Their struggle with the slavers was an epic one, long in the telling, and no few of the heroes met truly grim fates in the course of the conflict. Eventually, however, those valiant personages won the day. The Flesh Traders were either put to the sword or scattered all across the countryside, their decapitated organization flailing ineffectively bereft of their leadership. With the lamps of weal brightened across the Tanraeg coast for their absence, the folk of the region rest more easily come the sundown and peace was expected to soon settle in across the beleaguered territory.

Sadly, such a vision never came to pass. Though a great blow had certainly been struck against the Flesh Traders, the lengths of their organization's sinister tendrils soon became apparent. Agents of the group that had survived the onslaught of the heroes set against them remained loyal to their nefarious cause and quickly moved to reorganize themselves. They managed to do so with a shocking swiftness and, soon enough, their eyes set upon revenging their defeat. This goal was achieved with the quickness of a striking serpent; by 600CY, all but one of the heroes that had defeated them had been located and laid low by blade, spell, or poisoned cup.

The sole survivor of that initial fellowship of heroes was one Leander Hatgled. Known as the "Dread One", he alone understood that a headless hydra is far from defeated and did not rest after his victory against the first leaders of the group. He continued to locate those chief agents of the Flesh Traders that settled across the Tanraeg coast in small cells, spreading woe wherever they came to rest. Once ferreted out so, he would hire powerful mercenaries to destroy them in their hiding places. This methodology proved extremely effective in bringing about the end of many of the most terrible and puissant agents of the Slavers - and with the death of each one, the Tanraeg coast became a still safer and more

prosperous place in which its residents might live their lives.

Yet one such agent always managed to elude Hatgled: She who was possibly the most powerful and terrifying of all the Flesh Traders' former allies. This was the elven enchantress known simply as "The Marquessa", whose unspeakable experiments upon the flesh of the innocents throughout the region are far better left to the imagination than explicitly described. A singular genius with a heart blacker than the depths of the Abyss itself and tremendous eldritch power at her command, she managed to always remain a step ahead of Hatgled and those in his employ. Freed to twist and mold the flesh and bone of the region's folk into unholy abominations to suit her mere whim, the nightmare represented by the Flesh Traders could never be said to be put to rest while Marquessa continued to draw breath.

In the late Wealsun of 600CY, however, Leander Hatgled managed to discover Marquessa's location. Since the destruction of the Flesh Traders, the enchantress had set about establishing small laboratories in hidden and remote places throughout the Tanraeg coast. Well-aware that many were those that would dearly love to see her dead, she haunted these places as a flickering phantom, moving between them at random and never staying in any of them overlong. It is a testament to Hatgled's genius, however, that he was able to discover a pattern to Marquessa's movements. When he did so, he swiftly hired a band of the greatest mercenaries available to him to bring the enchantress the end she so richly deserved. The irony that this group was assembled almost exactly as was the fellowship to which he belonged almost two decades earlier was not lost upon his brow.

Unfortunately, this new fellowship failed in their aim. Though they managed to kill Marquessa's loyal henchman, the sly Storm Zothculb, the enchantress herself learned of their presence in her labyrinthine stronghold and used her potent magics to *teleport* herself away to a position of safety. This failure to assassinate the enchantress brought with it many consequences - none of them good for the forces of weal. On a larger scale, Marquessa was permitted to continue to pluck innocent souls from the Tanraeg coast's countryside, consigning several dozen of these ordinary folk to indescribably horrific fates. However, the result of her survival impacted the fellowship sent to bring her to justice in manners most direct, as well. For one, precisely two weeks after he sent forth his allies on their adventure, Leander Hatgled disappeared from his interdicted tower in Diver. A score of his mercenaries, each one a potent warrior, were found slaughtered within his home. The wizard was never seen again. Perhaps even more terrible, after he returned to the village of his birth from his failed mission, the redoubtable paladin amongst the fellowship discovered that the entirety of the community had disappeared. His family, his friends...all vanished like morning dew beneath sunrise. All that remained was a simple note, written in an elegant feminine script:

Freedom, fleeting as the petal of a rose.

—M.

Those disappeared, like Leander Hatgled, were never seen again.

The spectre of Marquessa continues to haunt the Tanraeg coast.

*

Module History:

Die, Marquessa, Die! was designed as an official convention module for GaryCon X, held in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin in March, 2017. It is designed to be played as single-play adventure, or it may be made part of an ongoing campaign.

Map Location:

Marquessa's stronghold (at least, the one that the Player Characters will be exploring in this adventure; she has many, many others scattered across the breadth of the world) is located beneath a small lake fed by the Attendant River in the portion of the Tanraeg coast occupied by the Ruush Forest.

Background:

Marquessa is not the sort of woman who takes threats upon her person lightly or with any sort of sense of humor. After the failure of Hatgled's mercenaries to lay her low, it was a relatively simple process for her agents in Diver to discover his role in the attempted assassination. Afterwards, she mustered the *Fulvous Reavers* – a powerful group of men and humanoids that have remained loyal to the Flesh Traders and their lieutenants even a decade after their defeat in Mahredus – and set them upon the mage's tower with a mandate to bring its master before her to face the consequences of his impetuosity. This collection of villains and blackhearts found far more success than Hatgled's mercenaries in this venture, dispatching most of the wizard's henchmen and men-at-arms on their way to overwhelming and subduing the lord of the tower. His fate, left to Marquessa's tender mercies, is better left to the imagination than explicitly described.

Still, a scant few of Leander Hatgled's allies managed to survive the assault upon his home. One of these was a woman named Skye, the Lioness, who had ascended to a place of trust within the mage's retinue. A wizard of no small power herself, Hatgled was unaware that Skye was in truth an agent of the mysterious Colorless Mage of Perrengaard, reporting his activities and noteworthy information she collected while performing duties as his henchman. With her allegiances elsewhere, it bothered Skye little to go into hiding with her familiar (a massive grizzly bear named Ursula) when it was clear that the battle with the Fulvous Reavers had turned in the favor of the enemy, *teleporting* to a place of safety far from the fray.

Yet, even as a black plume of roiling smoke rose from the top of the sacked tower of Leander Hatgled, Skye would receive a *sending* from her master to remain in Diver. Warriors from the north would arrive in but a night to reinforce her and aid her in a new mission. The task of reforging the fellowship that had failed to lay Marquessa the Enchantress low before had fallen to her. This group of powerful worthies would be sent forth once more to finish the job they had started and regain their honor, in the process.

The Flesh Traders had gained a new enemy from the ashes of the old.

Woe had not yet won the day.

Notes for the Player Characters:

As was the case before the first attempt on Marquessa's life, the information regarding the nature of complex in which she resides is limited. While Skye has no agents that have been able to infiltrate it and report its nature to her, she has been able to learn that it is,

somehow, protected against all forms of scrying. Though they learned as much from Leander Hatgled a year ago, Skye is able to tell the Player Characters that Marquessa herself is a formidable combatant and spellcaster, both. She is known to possess a magical short sword and many wands. She is likely to have an elite house retinue stationed within the stronghold to see to its security, probably composed of the most powerful and disciplined orcish forces in the region. She may or may not be accompanied by one of her several lieutenants. Of particulars regarding the mission, she can offer little more, other than to warn the Player Characters that they would certainly prefer death to being taken alive by Marquessa and being made the subject of one of her diabolical experiments best left to the imagination.

Notes for the Game Master:

This module was designed for convention-style play, and is intended for characters from 7th to 9th level. A balanced mix of character classes and abilities will have the best chance of success, and the party may be allowed to use henchmen and hirelings to supply needed skills. The GM should compare campaign characters and their magic items with the characters and items included in the module, in order to assemble an appropriate party.

Before beginning play, the GM must read all parts of the module thoroughly. If the module is being used as part of an ongoing campaign, the GM will want to take notes, making changes in the module text to fit the module into the campaign.

A Wandering Monster Table with attached explanations is included before the key for the dungeon. The table is used only for the campaign adventure. There are no wandering monsters in the convention scenario, as it can be safely assumed that neither Marquessa nor those in her employ would extend warm hospitality to such creatures traipsing about her stronghold or its local environs.

Information presented in the key is divided into two sections. The boxed script is material which should be read to the players unless special circumstances prevent their knowing the information given there, such as no light to see by. The information not boxed is material for the GM only, and provides game details about the encounter. Characters may discover this information as play continues, but they will not know it from the start of the encounter.

Doors within Marquessa's stronghold are not of the kind generally found by adventurers within dungeon complexes. They are 10' tall and 5' wide barriers composed of inch-thick iron. They overlap an inch-wide jamb within the rooms that they guard that traces each edge of the door, making something of a frame just beyond the portal, when it is opened. Where the door marries to this jamb, a heavy rubber gasket has been affixed to the metal, allowing it to completely seal in an airtight fashion. This unusual construction sees to it that, if the complex's emergency sluice gates are opened, individual portions of the stronghold can be sectioned off, holding the waters from the lake above within those cordoned areas. The weight of these doors is such that no character with a Strength score beneath 9 will be able to budge them from their positions. If one of these doors is locked from within, their construction enforces a penalty to any Open Doors rolls thrown in an attempt to move them. Such characters are treated as if they possessed a Strength score four points (Exceptional Strength is ignored for the purposes of this penalty; treat characters possessing such a trait as if their Strength was simply a standard 18) lower than normal. In any case, while moving these doors is a difficult enough enterprise, locking them is all but impossible for all those without a *gate key* (see **Area #3** below for details). The enchantment held within these items

easily secures them in place as if they were under the influence of a *wizard lock* spell; all other conventional methods of locking the doors fail. Instead, the doors remain closed over, but can easily be pushed open by any individual or force with significant Strength to affect their weight (like, say, an onrushing torrent of water from an opened sluice gate). This design has made it so that only Marquessa and her trusted lieutenants are able to section off discrete portions of the stronghold in the event it is flooded.

The rooms and hallways within Marquessa's stronghold are composed of the granite substance of the world, jacketed by heavy sheets of iron. The smell of fresh water and rust is heavy in the air in most places within its bounds. This incredibly durable construction makes the confines of the complex resistant to most forms of conventional damage. A magical treatment to the outer layer of this metal renders the whole of the place proof against external *scrying* efforts, though all such sorts of magics utilized within the stronghold – employed both by Marquessa and the Player Characters – function as per usual.

The particular stronghold belonging to Marquessa is especially notable for the everpresent water that submerges the entirety of the floor on its lowest level. This water, drained from the small lake that lies above the subterranean complex, is three inches deep in all places in that area but for **Area #8**. The existence of the liquid is hardly an accident; it is a simple, yet effective means of detecting concealed or invisible interlopers. Guards within the stronghold have been instructed to respond to unexplained disturbances in the water by immediately sounding the small silver whistles kept upon their persons, thereby alerting the whole of the complex to the presence of intruders. It should be noted that the combination of this water, along with the composition of the metal-lined rooms and corridors within the stronghold, makes electrically-based attacks within the first floor of the complex especially effective. Marquessa's defenders certainly use this fact to their advantage and, in places, the Player Characters may have the opportunity to do so as well.

Marquessa's stronghold is magically illuminated by a comfortable, colorless light that seems to emanate from no place in particular. It simply seems to exist in every bit of the air, regardless of one's perspective or position within its area. This strange effect makes it so that those within the complex cast no shadow (generally nullifying attempts by Player Characters in possession of the ability to *Hide in Shadows*). The water on the floors of the stronghold's first level likewise sees to it that attempts at *Tracking* by Ranger Player Characters is impossible (though such efforts function normally on the second level of the complex).

Once the Player Characters have entered Marquessa's stronghold, they are effectively on their own. While Skye has certainly done her best to ensure that they will meet with success, her previous experience has taught her that victory over a foe such as the crafty and resourceful enchantress is anything but guaranteed. Also, while she is of a goodly mien, the Lioness is quite practical. She will not overcommit herself by giving aid to the Player Characters once their mission is underway, nor will she embark on any kind of rescue operation should the worst come to pass and her agents are captured. If questioned on this matter, she will freely admit to this, hoping that they will understand her position.

Convention Notes:

Die, Marquessa, Die! was designed to be used as a single-event session, featuring six players and lasting 4 hours. Timing begins when the character sheets are distributed, and players should be periodically reminded of the time limit. Should the title of the

adventure fail to make clear the players' objective, let it be made plain here: Kill Marquessa the Enchantress before she has the opportunity to bring yet more woe to the lives of the good folk of the Tanraeg coast.

Since the adventure was designed to be played several times over the course of GaryCon X, certain rules were followed in convention play to insure that many situations were handled in the same way:

1. The players are presented with pre-generated characters. All characteristics have been listed, along with equipment, spells, and magic items. Players may not add to or alter this list. This will guarantee that all players start with the same chances. Players would be allowed the use of the **OSRIC Reference and Index Compendium** geared towards players but not those portions meant for Game Masters. All magic items they possess will be known and understood by the owner completely.

2. There are no wandering monsters in convention play. It is presumed that Marquessa and her retinue have been magnificently effective at seeing to the airtight security of this place, one of her private sanctums and laboratories. All encounters have already been listed and there is no need to have random encounters; these are only for campaign play (and even in that case, only when the Player Characters are traveling to Marquessa's stronghold itself).

3. Monsters will fight intelligently and to the best of their abilities. They show no mercy or quarter to invaders. Monsters encountered in convention play need never check morale and will fight to the death, unless otherwise noted in the text. Monsters will be fully aware of the power and limitations of their weapons, magic items, and spells and will use them to their best advantage. In many cases, specific tactics have been listed for monsters to use in melee. If these plans are frustrated by the players' actions, the GM must find an alternative. If the players are unusually inventive and find something that is not covered in the adventure, a few minutes may be taken to establish some sort of defense for the monsters – possibly having them regroup and counterattack if necessary. In convention play, monsters will not pursue fleeing adventurers out of an encounter area unless otherwise noted. Players will not know this, however. Monsters will make a lot of noise and will make feint attacks to give the impression of pursuit.

4. Players will never know the function of special treasures they acquire unless they should happen to discover their powers by examination or experiment.

5. Perhaps chief amongst the reasons for her continued survival is Marquessa's policy of remaining in constant motion between her many strongholds within the Tanraeg coast. Teleporting from safe-house to safe-house sometimes several times in a day, she is difficult to pin down at all, let alone confront. For the purpose of this adventure, the Player Characters will have six hours in which to locate and assassinate Marquessa. After that time expires, it should be assumed that the Enchantress has teleported away safely to another of her many strongholds and that the Player Characters have once again failed in their efforts to quell the threat she represents forevermore.

Campaign Notes:

For the campaign adventure, the GM may wish to run the journey to Marquessa's stronghold. In this case, the party begins at the fortified manor in the city of Diver that Skye the Lioness and her small retinue are using as a headquarters. There, all normal supplies are for sale from her Quartermaster, discounted -25% from the prices listed in the **OSRIC Reference and Index Compendium**

(in her mind, this is a small way that Skye is not only able to show her gratitude for the bravery and loyalty of her heroes, but might also help facilitate their success in their dangerous endeavor).

In the western reaches of the Ruush Forest, the Attendant River feeds a small lake hidden away from the eyes of all but those intimately familiar with the wood by its heavy density of timbers. At one point, the area just to the east of the lake's banks was considered to be highly desirable as a place for logging prized sablewood, but the frequency with which the body of water was prone to spilling its edges with all but the gentlest precipitation made it all but impossible to settle. In 598CY, however, the region became the home to a woodsman named Crombie Barths-wain who had great plans to tame the lake's overflow and make a fortune for himself from the verdant forestry about it. His sister Leanna had married a dwarf, bringing no small scandal upon both her family and that of her groom, and it took little for Bathswain to convince the two clans to settle in the Ruush, away from the judgmental eyes to the north. Once there, he set the skilled engineers of the dwarven half of their extended family to work on building a dike capable of holding the waters of the lake at bay, leaving the surrounding land dry throughout the year. This work was completed in less than a year and, shortly after, soon enough, good wood began to flow from the area into the markets of Diver and Safetown.

However, with prosperity, of course, comes notoriety. And little comes to pass along the Tanraeg coast of which the infamous enchantress Marquessa is unaware. When she learned of the logging operation, a dark spark glittered in her eye and a cruel smile crossed her lips. That year's autumn brought the ravishing mages to the banks of the small lake with a small army of grim warriors and merciless humanoids. The loggers proved no match for the invaders and by the morning after their arrival, every man, woman, and child within their settlement had been put to sharp iron or the torch. As for the dwarves, they were put to a new purpose. At the ends of spears, they were forced to tunnel beneath the picturesque lake, creating the framework of a great, hidden laboratory for the Sculptress of Flesh. When they were done, they too, were murdered to a one. The area around the lake fell into ruin and became the subject of local legends, in which it was painted as a fell place where aught but plague and woe might be found.

If the truth of the horrors extant below that placid lake were truly known, of course, they would put such tales to a terrible shame and turn the blood of those whose ears they reached to a curdled ice.

Now, the eastern edge of the nameless lake is a lonely place. There, a rise of mounded earth rises above the level of the ground, creating a crescent moon of grassy soil to contain the waters when they rise high. Further to the east, one might find the legacy of a small village that was long ago burned to the ground, now overgrown by tough vines and shrubs as nature continues the process of reclaiming that which belongs to it. Of much more interest is the bit of overgrowth that runs the dry edge of the dike, where a diligent searcher might find that the dense greenery covers a long, sloping path leading to a staid iron door....

As the party travels overland to this remote and forlorn location, they may use a map provided them by Skye, giving them a 4% chance per day of becoming lost on the grassland plains and heavy forestry they must cross to their destination. A lost party may backtrack to the point where they got lost and try again. Random encounters are checked three times each day and the chance for an encounter is 1 in 12. The normal encounter distance is 6" - 24" (6d4). If a random encounter is determined to have taken place, check the following **Wilderness Encounter Table** to resolve exactly

what is encountered.

| Wandering Monster Table (Wilderness) | | |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------|------------------|
| Die Roll | Monster | Number Appearing |
| 01-04 | Bugbears | 3-12 |
| 05-08 | Gnolls | 5-20 |
| 09-16 | Goblins | 5-30 |
| 17-22 | Men, Bandits | 3-36 |
| 23-24 | Ogres | 3-12 |
| 25-34 | Orcs | 3-36 |
| 35-44 | Patrol, Special * | 4-16 |
| 45 | Trolls | 1-4 |
| 46-00 | Use Standard Encounter Tables | Special |

* **Patrol, Special:** This represents groups of men and humanoids loyal to Marquessa the Enchantress, responsible for seeing to the security of the region in which her Ruush Forest stronghold lies. They are generally composed of 1-3 Human Fighters, leading a cohort of Elite Norkers into combat. These groups have been instructed to engage only with foes that they are quite certain they can destroy. Otherwise, they are to record the number and types of intruders upon Marquessa's land they find, then report directly to the Enchantress at once. Should they be forced into an engagement, the Elite Norkers are instructed to occupy intruders as best as they can, while the men among the patrols flee back to the stronghold to report the skirmish.

Human Fighters: AC 5 (Scale Mail & Shield), MV 12, HD 3, HP 24, THAC0 18, #AT 1, Damage 1-8/1-12 (Longsword) or 1-6 (Short Bow).

Elite Norkers: AC 3, MV 9, HD 2+2, HP 14, THAC0 16, #AT 2, Damage 2-4 (Fangs) and 2-7 (Club).

Background for the Game Master

As has been alluded to previously, Marquessa is the owner of many small strongholds scattered across the whole of the Tanraeg coast. The particular one that the Player Characters seek to infiltrate in the course of this module was designed to contain the subjects and effects of some of the Enchantress' most radical and dangerous experiments. As such, its location is well-hidden, highly fortified, and equipped with a means of seeing to the facility's swift destruction, should something within its confines go so awry as to be considered uncontrollable. Given these qualities, Marquessa prizes this location and considers it one of the most important of her many strongholds. Indeed, she spends more time within its confines than virtually any other of her holdings.

This preponderance has only intensified since the attempt on her life in the late summer of 600CY. Though she keeps it a carefully cloistered secret, Marquessa found the failed assassination most thrilling. Since the destruction of the Flesh Traders sixteen years earlier, the Enchantress had toiled at her experiments in the vacuum of a highly secretive existence. Because of this, eventually, even the most radical and innovative of her experiments became drudgery. Though she spoke nothing of it, the tedium drove something within Marquessa to yearn for the excitement of something new and unpredictable. Her wishes were answered in the form of Leander Hatgled and his agents. Now, flush with the reminder that there are those who would seek to murder her,

who might fall upon her at any moment, her blood flows hotter and quicker through her veins. Since the events of that moment, she has directed an inordinate amount of thought towards Hatgled's assassins, studying their various backgrounds, abilities, and tactics. She has shaped her own defenses and those of her strongholds using this knowledge, allowing for their special qualities and developing measures to counteract them. In the doing, she has made her stronghold a virtual death-trap for these particular individuals.

After Marquessa made such dire adjustments, she waited patiently for the return of Hatgled's agents. With the passage of a year since they so boldly assaulted her beachside stronghold, she was quite disappointed to see that they hadn't tried their skill and fortune against her again. This prompted the Enchantress to gently prod them into such action. She decided that the abduction of Hatgled himself and the utter destruction of the entire lineage of one of the more ardent of his assassins would be enough to goad them into another try - strictly for her amusement, of course.

Now, Marquessa - like a spider - lies in the center of her web and waits for her fancy to be piqued once more.

At the expense of Hatgled's heroes, naturally.

Stronghold Strategy:

Once a party of adventurers is detected inside Marquessa's stronghold complex, its guards will raise an alarm. This will generally be done by one of two means: By blowing a whistle or by the throw of an alarm switch.

Whistles: Every non-norker within the facility wears a silver chain, to which a small silver noisemaker is attached. Blowing on this whistle causes every one of the noisemakers to sound with a soft, but shrill tone. When this occurs, every non-norker in the stronghold is alerted of danger. Those wearing such whistles have been trained to sound them immediately at the first sign of the facility's intrusion.

Alarm Switch: Each room within the stronghold is equipped with a switch that, when thrown, sounds a great klaxon that issues forth a deep basso blaring within the facility. This will cause everyone within the facility to be alerted to the presence of intruders, regardless of their race or rank. The norkers within the stronghold have been trained to throw these alarms immediately at the first sign of the facility's intrusion.

Should either form of alarm be triggered, the entirety of the fortification will be alerted at the end of the turn in which it is sounded. Once the stronghold has been alerted via either alarm, its guards will not leave their posts, rather preparing themselves as they will for battle. In such a case, the Player Characters will find that no one within the stronghold will be caught unawares. The GM will have to modify some encounter descriptions accordingly.

Should the adventuring party retreat and later return to the complex, they will find its defenses strengthened, ambushes prepared, and its garrison reinforced. Marquessa (along with her bodyguard and her henchmen) will have long fled to another, more secure of her strongholds. Countermeasures will be taken against any magic the party may have used. The exact amount of additional preparation will depend on the amount of time between the first and second attacks.

If the party surrenders to the stronghold's commanders or its guards, they will be disarmed and their magic items, weapons, and

armor will be confiscated. Once the party members have been rendered suitably harmless, Marquessa will attempt to wring information from them regarding their allies and their superiors, using all means available - including torture - if necessary. Once she has learned everything she can, Marquessa will immediately kill every one of them. She has long since learned never to leave loose ends untied.

Wandering Monsters Within the Stronghold:

Wandering monsters within Marquessa's stronghold will always take the form of guards, roaming its rooms and corridors on routine security sweeps. Player Characters have the chance to cross paths with such patrols once for every hour they remain within the bounds of the complex. The chance for such an encounter is 1 in 12. If a random encounter is determined to have taken place, check the following **Dungeon Encounter Table** to resolve exactly what is encountered. It should be remembered that such encounters only take place during the Campaign scenario; no Wandering Monsters will ever be encountered in the Convention scenario.

| Wandering Monster Table (Dungeon) | | |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------------|------------------|
| Die Roll | Monster | Number Appearing |
| 01-24 | Patrol, Sub-Standard | 1-4 |
| 25-74 | Patrol, Standard | 1-6 |
| 75-94 | Patrol, Elite | 1-6 |
| 95-00 | Patrol, with Henchmen | 3-8 |

* **Patrol, Sub-Standard:** This represents groups of men and humanoids of least quality loyal to Marquessa the Enchantress, seeing to the internal security of her stronghold. They are generally composed of a single Human Fighter, leading a small group of Norkers into combat. Such a group will immediately engage with the Player Characters on sight, sounding the alarms available to them as soon as possible.

Human Fighters: AC 5 (Scale Mail & Shield), MV 12, HD 2, HP 16, THAC0 20, #AT 1, Damage 1-8/1-12 (Longsword).

Norkers: AC 3, MV 9, HD 2+2, HP 12, THAC0 16, #AT 2, Damage 1-3 (Fangs) and 1-6 (Club).

* **Patrol, Standard:** This represents groups of men and humanoids of typical quality loyal to Marquessa, seeing to the internal security of her stronghold. They are generally composed of two Human Fighters, leading a small group of Norkers into combat. As their lesser fellows, such a group will immediately engage with the Player Characters on sight, sounding the alarms available to them as soon as possible.

Human Fighters: AC 5 (Scale Mail & Shield), MV 12, HD 3, HP 24, THAC0 18, #AT 1, Damage 1-8/1-12 (Longsword) or 1-6 (Short Bow).

Norkers: AC 3, MV 9, HD 2+2, HP 12, THAC0 16, #AT 2, Damage 1-3 (Fangs) and 1-6 (Club).

* **Patrol, Elite:** This represents groups of men and humanoids of highest quality (barring her henchmen) loyal to Marquessa, seeing to the internal security of her stronghold. They are generally composed of two Human Fighters, leading a small group of Elite Norkers into combat. As their lesser fellows, such a group will immediately engage with the Player Characters on sight, sounding the alarms available to them as soon as possible.

Human Fighters: AC 5 (Scale Mail & Shield), MV 12, HD 3, HP 27, THAC0 18, #AT 1, Damage 1-8/1-12 (Longsword) or 1-6 (Short Bow).

Elite Norkers: AC 3, MV 9, HD 2+2, HP 14, THAC0 16, #AT 2, Damage 2-4 (Fangs) and 2-7 (Club).

* **Patrol, with Henchmen:** From time to time, Marquessa's trusted lieutenants stride the corridors of her stronghold to ensure that order is kept and to keep up both the morale and vigilance of her retinue. If a Wandering Monster check indicates that such a patrol is encountered, the Game Master should treat the group met is the same as an Elite Patrol, with either Hargrath Gernad, Ranzir, or Tazmin il-Varzii (see **Appendix A** for details) at their lead. Naturally, if any of these special individuals is overcome, they must be removed from the places in which they are normally found in this adventure and the Game Master will have to modify those encounter descriptions accordingly.

START

1. A SLIPPERY SLOPE

After traveling overland from the city of Diver into the dark verdance of the Suss Forest, you have at last arrived at the location indicated on the map provided you by Skye the Lioness. There, in the midst of the wood, is a small, placid lake fed by the waters of the Attendant River. At some point, it appears that some group of enterprising individuals constructed a great dike shaped like a crescent moon that encapsulates the entire eastern shores of the water body. This embankment takes the form of a gentle rise of hard-packed and grassy earth, perhaps twenty feet higher than the land at its eastern foot. All along that foundation, a heavy thicket of shrubs and trees grow. It is a peaceful and picturesque vista, to be sure – hardly a place where danger might be afoot!

The Lioness' map reveals that which is otherwise hidden, however. Inspecting the location more closely, your group is able to find a path within the center of the lush shrubbery, betrayed by heavy foot traffic leading both inward towards and outside away from the dike. Cleverly concealed by the greenery, it would have been nearly impossible to see without the aid of the map!

The worn trail winds perhaps twenty feet through the overgrowth until it reaches the barrier of the dike itself. There, at the foot of the embankment, a reinforced tunnel of solid iron has been cut into the ground. A series of steps drives straight ahead and downward, seemingly burrowing its way beneath the lake itself. On either side of the stairs, a thick, corded rope runs along the metal walls, like a hand hold for the careless.

There can be no doubt that Skye's information has proven true. The stronghold of Marquessa the Enchantress lies ahead....

The iron stairs descending into Marquessa's stronghold are easily seen from their top to be slightly slick, as if covered by water. This is partially because of the water from within the facility, which has been tracked up and down their steps by the patrols that course back and forth along its traverse. However, it is also partially

because the stairs have been the repeated target of *grease* spells cast by one of the Enchantress' henchmen, the wizard Ranzir. A notorious prankster, he enjoyed casting the spell upon the stairs and hiding at their foot *invisibly* so as to watch hapless Norkers slip and tumble their length for his amusement. When two of the humanoids broke their necks and died in such a mishap, Marquessa was wroth with fury at the wizard. Ranzir is nothing if not a quick thinker, however, and he skillfully spun the incident as a mistake borne from an attempt at trapping the stairs against incursion. He was able to impress upon Marquessa the usefulness of the slippery staircase – and in the doing spare his own life.

Now, the patrols that walk the stairs have been instructed to utilize the rope handholds along the walls whenever ascending or descending in order to minimize the risk of a fall. The Player Characters entering Marquessa's stronghold have no such advance warning, of course. Anyone descending the stairway must successfully save vs. petrification or go tumbling down their iron steps, suffering 2-12 damage in the process. Perhaps worse still, falling characters will almost certainly trigger the trap located in **Area #2** at the foot of the stairs and will be additionally set upon by the stronghold's sentries positioned there, as well.

2. WHO GOES THERE?

This diamond-shaped area is composed completely of smooth metal. Its floor is invisible, submerged beneath almost six inches of water that gently flows across its surface. A yawning hallway leads from two of its walls, to the northeast and northwest, respectively. Along the walls opposite those are two wooden tables, plain of face. A torch burns merrily in sconces above each of them and alongside each of these is a lever, set into the wall. The meandering current of the water within the room drifts beneath these tables, though to where it goes is a mystery. Positioned before each of the hallways, a pair of armed guards stands vigilant, waiting for intruders.

The guards within the room are two human fighters, each of whom commands a norker subordinate. Their post is a tedious duty, yet of enough consequence that the stronghold's commander, Tazmin il-Varzii, ensures that fresh guards are rotated in and out of the room regularly. This rotation occurs once every three hours, so there is a 1 in 8 chance that the Player Characters will come upon this room during such a change in shift. If they are unlucky enough for this to be the case, the numbers of the guards located in this room are doubled for the purposes of the encounter.

Placed directly in front of the stairs within the room is a 10' x 10' area magically enchanted with a specialized *alarm* spell. When any individual steps into the area without first throwing the switch on the southwest wall (the southeast is this room's stronghold master alarm switch) triggers the facility's general alarm.

The guards within the room are trained with a specialized routine to deal with any intruders into the facility. The norkers are instructed to immediately fall upon such individuals (if they have tumbled down the stairs and are prone, all the better!). Meanwhile, one of the human guards blows his whistle and makes for the wall to seize a torch. Should the Player Characters have managed to avoid the *alarmed* area of the floor, the other will try and throw the wall switch that sounds the complex's alarm claxon. If the alarm has already been triggered, he too will grab for a torch. Both humans will then hurl the brands onto the stairwell, lighting the *grease* on the steps and immolating the hallway. All Player

Characters within the corridor when this takes place will suffer 2-12hp of damage (save vs. breath weapons for half) for each round they remain in its confines. Once they have immersed the stairway in flame, they will rush to attack any Player Characters within the room. If none are obviously present, they will guard the two hallways leading from the room and await reinforcements.

The tables along the walls are currently bare. Their function is to hold food and drink for the refreshment of guards. Curious Player Characters following the flow of the water in the room will see (though they will have to get on all fours beneath the tables) grates set into the floor beneath the wooden furnishing. These are but two of the drains placed throughout Marquessa's stronghold to ensure that any rise in the water level throughout its body is strictly intentional.

At the front of the room, where the Player Characters will (most likely) enter the stronghold, a strange perturbation can be found in the floor. This is where a great slab of iron magically rises upward and seals the room seamlessly, should any of the facility's sluice gates be activated by their *gate keys*. As this small detail is hidden under the water of the room, the Player Characters are unlikely to notice it. They had best hope they never have occasion to come across it, when activated.

3. SLUICE GATE

Set into the ceiling directly in the midst of the hallway, an iron grate looms in the shadows. Above the inch-thick bars that cover the foot-square barrier, it is possible to see what looks like a pipe before sight eventually gives way to darkness. Occasional drips of water roll down the grate before plummeting to the shallow river of the corridor.

When designing this stronghold, Marquessa desired a way of ensuring that any of her most dangerous experiments might be unequivocally destroyed at a moment's notice, should they happen to go awry. To achieve this goal, she utilized the lake that lay above the facility itself. Pipes that jut upwards from the stronghold into the bottom of the body of water itself were built during the complex's construction and now drain the contents of the lake downward, where they are held in abeyance by a series of sluice gates. Magical *gate keys* are capable of opening these pipes in an instant, thereby flooding the whole of the stronghold and drowning everything within its confines. These *gate keys* are held by only four individuals: Hargrath Gernad, Ranzir, Tazmin il-Varzii, and (of course) Marquessa herself.

Marquessa has instructed her henchmen in possession of the *gate keys* to utilize them in but two specific conditions: 1) Should one of her most dangerous of experiments or subjects break its containment and no other means is available of subduing or destroying it; 2) Should the location and purpose of the facility become infiltrated by some enemy agency and no other means is available of subduing or destroying it or them. This latter of the two clauses is of especial note in this adventure. If the Player Characters are known to have infiltrated the stronghold, they may make one of the aforementioned keepers of the *gate keys* nervous enough to use their magical item and drown the whole of the facility. If they are able to overcome one or more of Marquessa's henchmen, this would surely give any of the survivors due cause to utilize their *gate key* in such a manner. Other displays of overwhelming force or threats that might give an individual with the type of power and puissance available to the key holders cause

to worry that their lives might be in real jeopardy might or might not be enough to motivate them to do so, as well. In this, the Game Master must make a choice: Do the key holders feel that the Player Characters are a nuisance or a real threat? If it's the former, then they'll more than likely choose to deal with them conventionally. If it's the latter, though...well, there had better be some good swimmers amongst them.

If the sluice gates are opened, a torrential flow of water begins to rain down from each of the grates in the facility, quickly filling its iron corridors. Chaos reigns shortly thereafter. It's every man, woman, and norker for themselves. A massive charge for the stronghold's exits ensues. Everyone must fight for their lives against one another and the rising water. In this case, being trampled might well be a real concern. The sluice gate system is incredibly effective at both holding back and emptying the lake's contents: In but ten rounds, the entirety of the facility's first level will be filled to its ceiling with water. Everyone so unlucky to be trapped within it when that happens is likely doomed, consigned to drown in frigid waters where no one will ever as much as find their corpses.

Of course, those terrified souls fleeing the facility might be horrified to see the great iron barrier in **Area #2** standing in the place where the stairwell leading to its depths once yawned wide. And, should the worst come to pass, that plain-faced metal wall might well be the last thing they ever see.

4. CELL BLOCK ONE

As was the room before it, this room is diamond-shaped, entirely composed on all sides of some sort of smooth, dull grey metal, and flooded with about six inches of fresh water. The scent of slowly rusting iron is thick in the air here. Four heavy, metal doors of the like found elsewhere in the complex lead away from the room to the southwest, northwest, northeast, and east, respectively. The sound of a muffled, yet horrific, screaming manages to issue forth through the thickness of the first of these doors, stomach-churning in nature.

Two wooden tables, built in "L" shapes so as to fit neatly in the corners of the chamber are positioned to the north and south, chairs tucked beneath them. Above the furnishings, you can see a single metal lever set into the metal substance of the wall.

Standing within the room are a pair of fighting men near the two western doors, clad in scale mail armor with sheathed longswords at their hips. They wear odd black boots that rise to the level of their hips, composed of some rubbery substance. In the center of the room are a pair of bored-looking norkers, fiddling with some small objects over the top of a wooden plank floating in the water.

The men are two of Marquessa's elite guards, subordinate only to the Enchantress and her henchmen within her stronghold facility. They watch over two of the cells where the subjects of the twisted elven wizard's most extreme experiments are held. Should the Player Characters manage to reach this area without rousing an alarm within the complex, they are amusing themselves by watching their assigned norker infantrymen attempt to play a game of knucklebones on a bit of floating detritus within the room. It's quite a different story, should they be aware of the Player Characters' presence, however. In this case, they have prepared an

ambush, positioning the norkers just behind the door, where they can attack them from the rear after they've entered the room. The guards normally keep their shields on their tables. If they are unaware that the Player Characters are present, they must retrieve them in order to use them (they likely won't, choosing to join in melee without them, instead); if they are prepared for a fight, they will have collected them for their defense. If they realize that they are outnumbered, they will seek to throw their Pudding Grenades (see NEW MAGIC ITEMS section for details) immediately - behind their enemies, if at all possible - hoping to thereby even the odds somewhat. All guards within the room are ready to sound either their whistles or the alarm switches on the walls above the desks and fight to the death. The know well that the price of failing Marquessa and living to tell tale of it is far worse a fate.

Should the Player Characters investigate the flow of water within the room, they will find that it drifts under the desks in the north and south corners of the chamber, disappearing into grates in a similar fashion to those in **Area #2**. As for the desks themselves, the guards have stashed their pay purses from the last three months in wooden cigar boxes placed within the drawers of the furnishings. The north desk contains 3pp, 30gp, and 3 50gp gemstones (polished and cut bits of black onyx). The south desk contains a silver hand mirror in which the reflective surface is missing, replaced instead by a old painting of a lovely brunette woman with swarthy features (one of the guards' girlfriends, back in his hometown of Hard Bay). The object is worth 75gp to the right buyer. Mixed in with several rather racy love letters are three flat sheets of electrum about the size of a man's hand that are worth an additional 75gp.

In the center of the room's ceiling is another sluice gate, though it is unlikely that the Player Characters will notice it, unless the slight seepage that drips from its grillwork happens to fall upon them (this might give them an especial fright if they've had to deal with a Pudding Grenade!). This may well be a blessing, though, considering everything else they have to worry about within the stronghold.

Elite Human Fighters: AC 5 or 6 (Scale Mail, Possibly with Shield), MV 12, HD 4, HP 38, THAC0 18, #AT 1, Damage 2-9/2-13 (Longsword & Strength Bonus), SA Pudding Grenade, SD Rubber Leggings.

Elite Norkers: AC 3, MV 9, HD 2+2, HP 14, THAC0 16, #AT 2, Damage 2-4 (Fangs) and 2-7 (Club).

5. THE BURNING MAN

The sound of screaming from the area behind the door is muffled, but obvious. It is a pained, piteous shrieking that sounds as if it is made by some kind of tortured animal or perhaps the damned. Even through the thick metal door, you are able to feel heat radiating forth.

Set into the front of the door at eye level is a glass circle. Peering through it, you are able to see the confines of a small room, cubical in shape and shod in metal like all of the other rooms within the stronghold. It is completely empty but for the outline of a man, shrouded in a roaring blaze of flame. You listen to him screaming as he staggers and stumbles, running into the walls and flailing his arms, tripping and falling. It is as if he is in constant search of some way to douse the flames from his body but nothing seems to quench the hungry tongues of fire. You notice

that even where his feet are submerged in the water, he seems to be burning, the liquid frothing and boiling before becoming steam all around his person.

This poor unfortunate was once Mariusz Karnsback, a mercenary of small repute from the northern country of Perrengaard. He had the misfortune of being captured by the Flesh Traders in 589CY after serving on a corsair ship from Diver and eventually found his way into Marquessa's clutches. Mariusz has been the experiment of horrific experimentation at the hands of the Enchantress that has subsequently rendered every square inch of his body combustible upon contact with the air. Worse still, this magically-induced condition does not consume his body as it burns, leaving him in a state where he is perpetually aflame. Such a torturous existence is agonizing beyond imagining and, if the Player Characters had a shred of mercy in their souls, they would extinguish his life along with his flame and put an end to his suffering.

Unfortunately, this will be far easier said than done. The door to the cell is locked with an enchantment equivalent to a *wizard lock* at the 12th level of experience, and overcoming that might prove a challenge. Then, there is the matter of actually ending his misery. Coming into contact with Mariusz inflicts 1-6hp of damage upon any Player Character managing to do so. His agony has driven him quite mad, bringing him to try and grab anyone his is able to in order to communicate with them. So it is that those who would extend him their mercy do so at their own peril.

Save the sluice gate fixed in the center of its ceiling, the cell is otherwise empty. It is an awful irony: Hundreds of thousands of gallons of water, only a few feet out of reach of the burning man.

6. SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

The metal door leading away from the room is cold and silent, unadorned but for a small glass circle fixed into its substance. Gazing through it reveals a view of a small room, cubical in shape and shod in the same grey metal that seems to compose the entirety of the stronghold. Visible in the center of the room is a woman. She appears in the prime of her life, yet thin and quite obviously malnourished. Kneeling, yet sitting uncomfortably upright, she stares directly towards the door. Her eyes are wide and vacant, something far away and troubling in their quality. Her head is shaven clean and it is possible even from your vantage to see a long scar, shaped like a crescent moon and extended across the back of her scalp from ear to ear, creasing her flesh.

The woman in this cell was once Irina Basilir: A promising young fighter / magi hailing from the Great March. She was unfortunate enough to make an enemy of the Flesh Traders in 587CY after foiling one of their operations and was subsequently captured by one of their agents and tendered to Marquessa for suitable punishment. They were well aware that the Enchantress would visit upon her a fate far worse than death by torture in her laboratories - and, of course, she did not fail to disappoint them. Irina is the subject of Marquessa's investigations on the capacity of human neurological systems to withstand deleterious stimuli. Over the course of a decade, she has utilized all manner of unspeakable means to determine the ceiling of her threshold for pain before shock and psychological trauma shuts down her faculties completely. Sadly, Irina proved much more resilient than

a common test subject, leading Marquessa to transplant her brain into the bodies of several other creatures to discover whether her qualities were tied to some biological factor specific to humankind. The bliss of anesthesia was not extended to her throughout the course of any of these monstrous procedures.

Irina's brain currently is housed in her body, but her mind has long fled its substance. Broken beyond repair, she is incapable of any act but her body's natural instinct to continue existing. She stares ahead because that is the direction in which she was placed last. She is no longer a human being; Marquessa has robbed her of that dignity. She is a dead woman forced to continue living. It is as horrific an existence as might be imagined and, as is the case with many other of Marquessa's test subjects, Player Characters of a goodly mien would be hard-pressed not to end what passes for her "life", if at all possible.

The security of the cell in which she is kept will make this just as difficult as visiting this mercy upon the other prisoners of the stronghold, however. As in the case of the other chambers in which her fellow experiments are held, the door to her cell is locked with an enchantment equivalent to a *wizard lock* at the 12th level of experience. Should this be overcome, however, little prevents the Player Characters from doing with Irina what they will. If they should choose to either kill her or (somehow) restore her intellect (this would take a series of expended *heal* and *restoration* spells, and perhaps even a *wish* or two), they will find themselves rewarded by an unexpected benefactor. Irina was an ardent worshipper of a very popular adventurer's goddess prior to her capture and that deity would smile upon those that would rescue her devout in such a manner. Any character involved in either the decision to kill or restore her (this includes being in favor of the act) receives the equivalent of a *bless* spell from the Goddess of Chance, Good Luck, and Skill that lasts for a full calendar year.

For the exception of the sluice gate fixed in the center of its ceiling, the cell is otherwise empty. Its treasure is gained by the merciful, rather than the mighty.

7. CELL BLOCK TWO

This room is, like the one before it, both diamond-shaped and entirely composed of cold and dour metal. Present likewise here are the nearly half a foot of water that covers the floor and the scent of slow rust and corrosion that permeates the air.

Four doors made of thick, solid metal lead away from the room to the southeast, northeast, northwest, and west, respectively. Within the room itself, the sounds that echo about the iron walls makes it seem like some asylum for the damned. Through the first of the doors, a horrific laughter issues forth, as if uttered from the lips of a thousand chattering madmen. Through the substance of the next door, the sounds of something wet and pulpy can be heard slapping repeatedly against the barrier. A soft sobbing lies beneath the sound, accompanied by a whispered voice pleading to be freed.

Within the room itself, two wooden tables, built in "L" shapes so as to fit neatly in the corners of the chamber are positioned to the north and south, chairs tucked beneath them. A lever emerges from the flat metal of the wall above each table. Standing before the doors on its eastern half are a pair of fighting men near the two western doors,

clad in scale mail armor with sheathed longswords at their hips. They wear odd black boots that rise to the level of their hips, composed of some rubbery substance. In the center of the room are a pair of norkers. All of the four seem very disquieted and their eyes constantly scan between the doors for any sign of change.

The men are two of Marquessa's elite guards, subordinate only to the Enchantress and her henchmen within her stronghold facility. They watch over two of the cells where the subjects of the twisted elven wizard's most extreme experiments are held. Given the environs of the room, it is considered one of the most undesirable posts within the complex - even for those most wicked personages employed by Marquessa - and all those who are assigned to watch over it do so with great anxiety. While the pleading and wailing of the experiment subjects in the cells would normally put the guards at a penalty to be surprised by encroaching intruders, the razor's edge that it makes them walk compensates for this disadvantage.

Regardless of the situation or state of alarm within the stronghold, when the Player Characters enter the room, the guards within will be prepared with their weapons and shields at the ready. They do not have a defined strategy for the defense of the room; they simply go all-out on the attack against interlopers. This means tossing their Pudding Grenades immediately (away from the cell doors at all costs and behind the Player Characters, if possible, so as to occupy their spellcasters) and engaging in melee afterwards. As are the other guards within the stronghold, the room's defenders are prepared to fight to the death (after either blowing their whistles or throwing the alarm switches above one of the desks, of course).

Should the Player Characters investigate the flow of water within the room, they will find that it drifts under the desks in the north and south corners of the chamber, disappearing into grates in a similar way that it does in **Area #2**. In the desks themselves are some of the personal effects of the guards, as well as a sinister trap awaiting the unwary. Several bits of parchment lie in the drawer of the north desk, containing beautiful illustrations of differing fey creatures and dragons. These are the work of one of the guards, who is also a talented artist. He is currently working on a portrait of Marquessa herself and though it already bears a remarkable likeness to the Enchantress, he wants it to be perfect before offering it to her (he fears the possibility of offending her). The artwork is worth 100gp to the right buyer and perhaps double that to one specifically interested in Marquessa or the history of the Tanraeg coast and its infamous personages. 63gp are contained in a small leather pouch alongside many colored pencils, blank bits of parchment, and other assorted art supplies. The north desk is empty but for a small silver metal box, like those meant to contain rings. This black-velvet lined container holds a breathtaking piece of jewelry made from pearl, moonstone, and mithril. Fashioned into the shape of a jewel beetle, this is actually a *scarab of death*, left to see to the doom of potential intruders within the stronghold. The guards, naturally, know about the curse on the item, but will not reveal its nature, even under pain of death. The box in which it is contained, in and of itself, is worth 50gp.

In the center of the room's ceiling is another sluice gate.

Elite Human Fighters: AC 5 or 6 (Scale Mail, Possibly with Shield), MV 12, HD 4, HP 38, THAC0 18, #AT 1, Damage 2-9/2-13 (Longsword & Strength Bonus), SA Pudding Grenade, SD Rubber Leggings.

Elite Norkers: AC 3, MV 9, HD 2+2, HP 14, THAC0 16, #AT 2, Damage 2-4 (Fangs) and 2-7 (Club).

8. THE GIBBERING GAOLED

Approaching the door to this chamber, you can hear the sounds of insane laughter issuing forth through the portal: Apparently the sounds of hundreds of madmen cackling and chortling with dark mirth. With every step you take in the direction of the plain metal barrier, the air takes on a more and more disquieting character, the laughter seeming to change its very physical property. Eventually, by the time you're close enough to reach the grip by which one would pull it open, the small hairs on your arms and at the back of your neck are standing on end; something within your stomach is slowly lurching and your flesh has gone cold and pallid. It is as if your body is able to hear some message hidden in the laughter that transcends language.

Peering through the small glass circle set into the door reveals a small square of an iron-shod room beyond its pane. The room is empty for the exception of a single figure. They are completely nude and hairless; they have limbs, a torso and a head. Otherwise, their body is completely smooth, bearing no sort of features such as a nose or ears. Instead, their body is simply covered in a mass of eyes and mouths of differing sizes and colors, expressions and qualities. They are in odd positions, as if randomly placed upon their figure. Some drool and some stare, some flutter tiny tongues and others roll lazily. All of them laugh: A horrible, insane laughter that seems to run an electric shock up the spine when it reaches your ears. Deeper still, it is as if it chills the very soul.

The body that supports this horrid collection of eyes and mouths seems to droop and sag, as if slowly deliquescing. This has caused some of the bleached bones and pulsating organs and musculature beneath its quailing flesh to be revealed to your sight.

All at once, some of the eyes glance up at you, in attention. The laughter rings out louder, more terrible, more awful. And for it, something within you recoils.

The piteous wretch within this cell was once Sir Pardis Ilkullen, a Protector-Knight of Valor hailing from a northern kingdom. Beautiful, strong, and proud, Marquessa fancied him upon sight, but the feeling was hardly mutual. The paladin could easily see the dark emptiness within her heart and knew right away that he beheld a monster in the flesh of an elf maid. He rebuffed her advances. It was the last mistake he would make in a life that, though is only a decade older since their meeting, now seems as if wracked by an eternity of torture.

After drugging his wine and capturing him, Marquessa made Sir Ilkullen the subject of a most ambitious experiment: That of grafting the flesh of a Chortling Atrocity to that of a human to see if the body would accept or reject the transplant. To Marquessa's delight and Sir Ilkullen's eternal damnation, her theories regarding the infinitely adaptable nature of the monster made it so that the paladin's body took to the flesh as if it were its own. Something rather interesting occurred afterward, however: The Atrocity's tissue rapidly began to overtake that of the man's, transmuting it into some strange hybrid of the two. Marquessa considers the

experiment one of her greatest successes, offering ground-breaking insight to the physiology of both creatures. Even now, as she observes this initial subject, her agents have been instructed to capture another Chortling Atrocity for the purpose of furthering her investigation into the adaptable biology of the creatures. She wonders about the results of a tissue transplant with one of the monsters and a Mimic....

In any case, the former Sir Ilkullen is another example of a test subject to whom death would be a mercy. Good-aligned characters will, once again, be hard-pressed not to relieve him of his eternal misery (thanks to the long-lived nature of the Chortling Atrocity, it is likely that his life and misery both will last longer than the very trees and stones of the Ruush Forest above him). Too, to kill the former paladin would be to rob Marquessa of a very valuable test subject. Once again, however, this will not be easily-done. Not only is the door that closes off the chattering abomination's cell fixed tight by an effect equal to a *wizard lock* at the 12th level of experience, the creature itself is a terrible danger. Completely insane, it's agony and slowly-developing dark humor causes it to violently lash out at any creature within its reach (see the NEW MONSTERS section of this module for details regarding its various abilities).

Aside of the sluice gate located in the center of the room's ceiling (and, of course, its prisoner), the chamber is completely empty.

Human / Atrocity Hybrid: AC 1, MV 9, HD 6+4, HP 40, THAC0 13, #AT 6+, Damage 1+1 per round, SA Babble, Spit, SD Control surface density, 5' radius.

9. THE METAMORPHOSIZED

Even before you reach the cold iron door, you are able to hear a piteous wailing from within the confines beyond its substance. Whispered pleas for release mix with the cries and a dull, wet slapping noise beyond the portal.

Looking through the glass circle set into the door reveals a world turned crimson. The room beyond it is a small cube of metal, just like that which forms the other walls, ceilings and floors of the remainder of the complex. The only difference from any of those places is that it has been colored a bright scarlet.

Soon enough, you see that which is responsible for the hue. On the ground, just beyond the door, is a young human woman. She is clad in a white robe that has been torn to ribbons. The cuts in the material reveal places in her flesh that seem strangely transparent, revealing the bone, organs, and vitae beneath their surface. It is she that is pleading and sobbing. You can see that she has beaten at the metal walls and door so long and with such force that her hands are little more than misshapen clubs of pulped flesh, red and raw.

Then, you realize the reason for the room's color.

It's been stained with her blood, from top to bottom.

The unfortunate within the room is Magga Örnólfsdóttir. A woman of the barbarian folk far to the northeast, she was recruited away from her mercenary company by the Flesh Traders for her extraordinary martial puissance, but when she realized that they were a group of slavers, she refused to work for such craven

blackguards and sought to break her contract and return to her northerly home. This attitude saw her drugged and turned over to Marquessa's tender mercies.

Örnólfsdóttir is currently the subject of Marquessa's attempts to create an amphibious hybrid race of creatures from the bodies of humans and aboleth. She has come a long way in this aim, having been able to create subjects capable of survival on land and underwater alike - however, when she has attempted the critical neuro-transplant necessary to gift these things with the mental gifts of the aboleth, their bodies invariably fail. She is now thinks that her test subjects require much more of the physical infrastructure of the alien creatures in order to support their neurology. Because of this pet theory, she is currently seeking to use the natural ability of the aboleth to transmute human flesh to a strange sort of slimy membrane to facilitate this change in Örnólfsdóttir. Unfortunately for the barbarian, this change is tremendously painful - so much so that it usually kills those undergoing the transformation well before the flesh is successfully changed. Marquessa has been delighted to see that that the barbarian woman is possessed of such mettle that she has so far survived the change, which has taken hold of much of her back and abdomen. She has bound her hands in thick leather gloves in order to prevent her from killing herself, but even so, the agony of the experiment has caused her to ruin herself in repeated, futile attempts at escaping her cell.

Should the Player Characters wish to rescue Örnólfsdóttir (and the good-aligned amongst them should certainly desire this), they must first overcome the door to her cell, sealed as the other prisons in the complex by an effect equal to a *wizard lock* at the 12th level of experience. If they manage to bypass the barrier, the woman collapses into the bloody water and ground below, little more than a disheveled pile of wracked sobs and agonized mumblings. Unlike many other of Marquessa's test subjects, Örnólfsdóttir's state is reversible, requiring the successive casting of *cure disease* and (at least) a *cure serious wounds* spell. If she is brought to good health, she will pledge her allegiance to the Player Characters that have saved her life when all seemed lost. She will fight at their sides gladly - even if she is not given arms and armor with which to defend herself (she is a woman of the North, after all!). Should she manage to survive the length of the adventure, the Player Characters have gained a powerful ally. Örnólfsdóttir will tell the Player Character amongst the party most responsible for her rescue and that has shown her the most attention and kindness that she owes them a "blood debt" and effectively becomes their henchman, if they will have her. If that individual possesses a 14 or better Charisma (man or woman), the Game Master may rule that Örnólfsdóttir is romantically disposed towards them. This could be great fodder for a Campaign in which this module takes place!

Magga Örnólfsdóttir: 5th level Barbarian. AC 10, MV 12", HP 3 (normally 56), THAC0 16, #AT 1, Damage Nil, SQ Barbarian abilities.

10. CELL BLOCK THREE

This is another diamond-shaped room, jacketed in a sheath of solid iron. As seems present everywhere within the stronghold, perhaps six inches of water completely covers the floor and the air is thick with the scent of that fresh, slowly cycling liquid gradually rusting the room's metal composition. Five hallways lead away from the chamber - to the southwest, southeast, northwest, north, and northeast - each one closed off by metal doors. Likewise, as you have seen before, two wooden tables

serve as the sole decoration within the room: "L" shaped furnishings set into the east and west corners of the chamber, with matching chairs tucked beneath their flats. A metal lever is set into the wall above each of the tables.

Guarding the doors to the northwest and northeast are two fighting men, wearing scale mail armor and bearing sheathed longswords at their hips. They wear odd black boots that rise to the level of their hips, composed of some rubbery substance. In the center of the room are a pair of norkers, growling angrily with one another. Behind them, the guards appear mildly amused.

The two norkers within the room have a distinct dislike for one another. The guards are well-aware of this, and so they see to it that they are assigned to the same posting whenever possible. Their frequent arguments, many of which develop into actual physical confrontations, provide them a source of amusement to break the tedium of long hours at the watch. Should the Player Characters somehow manage to reach this room without rousing the stronghold's alarms, they do so just as one of these squabbles is about to escalate into a fight. The two guards stationed with them are in the process of placing a small wager (3gp) on the result of the ensuing brawl. This is a situation that the Player Characters may be able to turn to their advantage. It is much more likely, however, that all parties within the room are ready and waiting for their incursion. In this case, the two norkers continue to growl at one another menacingly, but are prepared to let their rivalry simmer while they take out their aggression on their mutual enemy, instead. As with all of the other guards within the stronghold, these four will choose to fight to the death in defense of their post, rather than risk Marquessa's wrath. They will attempt to either blow their whistles or throw the alarm switches above the desks in the room first, of course.

If the Player Characters investigate the flow of water within the room, they will find that it drifts under the desks in the west and east corners of the chamber, disappearing into grates similar to the way it does in **Area #2**. The guards keep their treasure within the drawers of the two desks. In the western desk, a small rectangular grey stone bearing many scrapes lies next to a bag of black velvet. The piece of slate is actually a magical whetstone one of the guards found in the Ruush Forest while on patrol. When it sharpens a non-magical blade of any sort, it is capable of bestowing the equivalent of a +1 enchantment upon the weapon due to its astounding keenness. This lasts for five successful strikes, after which it blunts and the bonus is lost. In the bag is a silver hip flask full of a deep amber liquor. The guard that discovered this container has no idea what a prize it holds: Mulsish brandy, distilled from wine well over a millennium ago. How it arrived in the Ruush Forest is anyone's guess, but the liquid would be almost priceless to a collector of fine vintage, easily fetching 15,000gp from such an individual. If a Player Character should drink it, they will realize that it is an incredibly-fine liquor, tasting something like a thick cognac, but will likely not realize the treasure they are consuming. The only hint to this lies on the makers mark upon the hip flask and stamped into the wax seal near its top: A menacing-looking scorpion with the head of a man, which wears an ornate crown. In the other desk is a leather pouch that contains 33pp.

In the center of the room's ceiling is another sluice gate.

Elite Human Fighters: AC 5 or 6 (Scale Mail, Possibly with Shield), MV 12, HD 4, HP 38, THAC0 18, #AT 1, Damage 2-9/2-13 (Longsword & Strength Bonus), SA Pudding Grenade, SD Rubber Leggings.

Elite Norkers: AC 3, MV 9, HD 2+2, HP 14, THAC0 16, #AT 2, Damage 2-4 (Fangs) and 2-7 (Club).

11. LE PETITE MORT

Approaching this door, no sound issues forth from its substance to betray that which lingers within. That is not apparent until you peer through the glass circle fixed into the portal and gaze beyond its face. When you do so, you are able to see a small cube of a metal room, completely empty and unadorned but for its sole inhabitant. This appears to be a human girl of perhaps six years of age, who sits cross-legged in the center of the chamber. Blonde haired and fresh faced, she seems to be in far better condition than some of the other unfortunates you've seen within the other cells in the stronghold. She seems clean and well-treated, in comparison to those wretches.

As you look through the glass, she seems to become aware of you. She gazes up into the small circular window to your eye and offers a soft smile.

In her lap, you notice that she fiddles with a small metal cube, turning it over and over again gently in her small fingers.

It would be a mistake to distinguish Marquessa as a mere sculptress of flesh. She is a magi of the first order and employs that skill quite liberally in the pursuit of her experimentation. An example of this sits in the midst of this cell. The little girl was once Anna Jelquith, the daughter of a farmer that strayed too close to the Ruush Forest while at play and was captured by one of Marquessa's patrols. Within this cell, the Enchantress exposed her to dark forces, released through the *cubic gate* (which is keyed to the Plane of Gehenna), she plays with in her lap. Afraid and desperate for companionship, it was little trouble for the ultrodaemon X'athrani'x to seduce the small girl into allowing their consciousnesses to make contact with one another through the gate. Now, the nefarious force whispers all manner of secrets into the girl's ear, far too terrible for the mortal mind to conceive.

X'athrani'x (who Anna refers to as "Grandmother") does not possess the girl in the strictest sense of the word. However, the daemon is capable of focusing its dark powers through the child. Marquessa has magically compelled it to serve her, for the time being, though she keeps it within this cell whenever she has no need of it; she is far too wise to leave the thing to its own devices within one of her homes. The walls, ceiling, floor, and door of the cell are infused with a webwork of imprisoning sigils within their cold iron substance, trapping the girl and daemon within its confines unless deliberately released.

Should the Player Characters manage to overcome the guards within the chamber outside its cell and interact with Anna, the girl greets them happily and hopes aloud that they will be able to release her, but the kind of enthusiasm they might expect her to display at her rescue will be missing (a hint that all is not as it seems). If questioned as to her welfare, she will say that she has been treated well during her captivity. She will tell the Player Characters that she isn't lonely anymore, because she has "her Grandmother" to play with. Finally, if asked about the cube in her lap, she will tell the inquisitive characters that it is a toy that "Auntie Kessa" (she has trouble with the Enchantress' full name) gave her. If pressed upon the nature of the cube, she will mention that her "Grandmother" lives inside it and that, when she opens the

top of it and puts her ear against it, she can "hear her whisper to me. That's why I'm not scared or lonely anymore."

If the Player Characters want to try and affect Anna's escape, they will have to somehow overcome the enchantment that keeps it closed tight, which is equal to a *wizard lock* at the 12th level of experience. If they manage the feat, they have placed themselves in mortal danger, as X'athrani'x will persuade the girl that the Player Characters are not their friends and must be destroyed. In that pursuit, it will focus its many powers through her body (see the NEW MONSTERS section of this module for details) to lay waste to them. It may not do so immediately, however, rather judging their condition and launching an assault at a moment of convenience. If they seem hale and hearty, it will tell Anna to ask to be allowed to stay to the rear of their group (near a vulnerable spellcaster, if at all possible), then wait to unleash its powers when the group is locked in combat with a set of the stronghold's guards. If they seem beaten and worn, it may try its luck right away, though.

The only way to remove the influence of X'athrani'x from Anna is to separate her from the *cubic gate* and break their connection by way of an *exorcism*. Even afterwards, the girl will always be slightly strange and "left of center", yet inordinately creative and possessed of incredible potential. Her mind has been exposed both to alien vistas and concepts of staggering scope and these things have indelibly shaped her. It is well beyond the reach of this module to determine, but little Anna Jelquith - freed of the daemon's influence, of course - has the capacity to aspire to unparalleled greatness or tumble to unthinkable depravity. It might well be best for a Player Character to take the girl under their wing to ensure the best outcome.

The only item of note within the room is the *cubic gate* she possesses and the sluice gate set into the center of its ceiling.

Anna Jelquith, Granddaughter of X'athrani'x: AC 2 (Daemonic hardness), MV 12", HD 1-1, HP 42, THAC0 20, #AT 1, Damage 1, SA Gaze attack, SD Daemonic hardness, SQ Spell-like abilities.

12. EYES WITHOUT A FACE

No sound escapes the door ahead of you, so you are forced to peer through the circle of glass set into its face to see what lies behind the barrier. Doing so, you see a small, square iron chamber, identical to the other cells you've seen within the complex to this point. A man sits within the room with his back to your point of view. He is clad in a white robe and appears to be missing his right arm. Now, as you are closer to the door, you can hear that he makes a raspy noise with his every breath, as if the very act of respiration has become laborious.

The man in the cell was once Gareth Basseur, a man of war serving on corsair boats patrolling the Tanraeg coast from Diver. He was unlucky enough to manage surviving his ship's scuttling by agents of the Flesh Traders in 593CY, losing his arm to the cutlass of one of the villains. Deemed useless to the slavers because of his maiming, he was given to Marquessa, who has used him as a subject for her research into the gaze attacks of several sorts of monstrous creatures. Removing the man's eyes, she replaced them with those of a medusa. Though it took much in the way of magic and surgery, she was able to make the creature's infamous ability to turn those meeting its sight to stone function in Basseur's body. This success led her to try and transplant several other sets of eyes

from creatures with various gaze attacks into the poor soul's skull. Now, Brasseur is completely unrecognizable. His face is nothing but smooth skin, in which twenty eyes swim in a concave bowl of viscera, all rolling and staring in a chaotic and horrific riot of color and motion. Beneath this hollow, his mouth has been rendered a tiny perfect circle, from which spittle and half-eaten food drools and dribbles (this is the reason for the awful sound he makes).

Brasseur's mind has been so utterly broken by the agony of repeated surgeries performed without the benefit of anesthesia and the knowledge of the horror he has become beneath Marquessa's scalpel that he is little more than an animal, now. He has been trained to remain in place if he hears the words "it's time" uttered (his guards then place a leather hood upon his head before taking him to Marquessa's laboratory). If his cell is entered and those words are not immediately spoken, he turns around and exposes the Player Characters both to his abominable visage and the many magic effects meeting his gaze inflicts (see the NEW MONSTERS section of this module for details). Naturally, to do this, they will first have to overcome the enchanted lock on the door, equal to a *wizard lock* at the 12th level of experience. Those who do so are likely to wish they had left Brasseur to his own fate, though.

Gareth Brasseur: AC 10, MV 12", HD 4, HP 32, THAC0 18, #AT 1, Damage 1, SA Multiple gaze attacks.

13. SECURITY HUB

Slowly sloping stairs lead upward and away from the diamond-shaped chamber. Their rise takes them from the level of the water within the complex, though many footprint-puddles - both man and norker-sized - ascend and descend the corridor even above the subtle eddies and currents in its surface.

The final stair gives way to a great circular area, jacketed completely in iron, as the other room in the complex have been, thus far. Three stairways radiate from it, to the north, east, and west. Set into the walls near each of these is a lever, perhaps four feet from the floor. The center of the area is dominated by a large, round table, atop which a great amount of food and drink lies. Meats, fruits, and cheeses lay in platters next to decanters of water, wine, and ale. Cutlery and tankards, along with many empty chairs, surround the feast in such a way that it is obvious it is meant to be shared by dozens.

Around the outside of the room are a series of curved tables and racks, specially bent to hug the contours of the room. Upon these furnishings rest all manner of arms and armor, though longswords and unadorned shields, along with suits of scale mail armor dominate their area.

Sitting in two of the chairs are a pair of men, partaking of some of the food and engaging in what seems to be a bit of light-hearted discussion. One of them is a tall, powerfully-built man who wears a suit of dark-lacquered banded mail armor and has a bastard sword scabbarded at his hip. His shield, which bears the Lion of Hicrets (curiously missing its head), leans against the side of his chair. He has dark hair and eyes and a beard creased with many scars. His fellow wears bright blue robes with golden stitches running through its fabric. Bald, with many tattoos, the depiction of a colorful azure bird seems

to swoop downward from his pate towards the objects of his interest. He does most of the talking, and as he does so, he makes long, dramatic gestures with his fingers, upon one of which a glittering ring twinkles in the torchlight. He seems to be telling the armored man an amusing tale, to which he listens smiling and with no small interest.

This area is the stronghold's security hub. Not only does it provide a meeting place for its guards and their superiors and a location that provides them refreshment after long hours at watch, it acts as a centralized location through which the protectors of the stronghold can travel in its defense - speeding them to any of its many cell blocks and allowing them to refit themselves with arms and armor, if need be.

The men mentioned in the area's description are Hargrath Gernad and Ranzir (see the NEW MONSTERS section for full details on their abilities): The captain of the facility's guards (though he is subordinate to its commander, Tazmin il-Varzii) and one of Marquessa's most talented apprentices (who provides magical care to see to her complex's upkeep). Should an alarm have been sounded within the stronghold that alerts them to the presence of intruders, neither man will be at this location. Both will fly to the defense of the facility, reinforcing the guards at the location from which the alarm came. If they are taken unawares, however, the Player Characters will be able to use the element of surprise to their advantage and the area will conform to the description above.

Hargrath Gernad was once the captain of a much-decorated military unit in Hicrets, though his aggressive nature and lust for blood soon put him at and his various commanders at odds. This was a situation he resolved by murdering them all in cold blood in the infamous tragedy now known as "The Massacre at Avob". Such a portfolio of violence soon brought him to Marquessa's attentions, where she harbors the fugitive in return for the use of his considerable martial puissance. The wizard Ranzir tried to hide in many places across the face of the world from his enemies in the Empire of Zuii who would prefer to see no stone unturned in their quest to expunge all those ranking officers within the Six-Fingered Society slain. So far, not only has he managed to avoid their notice in Marquessa's employ, but he has learned much in the way of the Invisible Art from the notorious Enchantress, as well.

Should the Player Characters manage to come upon them at this location, they will immediately blow their silver whistles, bringing guards from their posts (at least, those that remain) and the facility's barracks to help them defeat their foes. Because of its central location, this means that the location will soon be swarming with fighting men and norkers - a situation from which the Player Characters are not likely to survive. Should either Hargrath Gernad or Ranzir be overcome, the other (the latter by means of his *dimension door* spell) will flee to the second level of the stronghold, where they will inform Marquessa of the presence of intruders and likely activate the facility's sluice gates shortly afterward. Indeed, this is a place in which the Player Characters must tread very lightly, should they wish to see another sunrise.

Hargrath Gernad, the Headless Lion of Hicrets: 8th level Fighter. AC 0 (+1 Banded Mail Armor & +2 Shield), MV 12", HP 76, THAC0 12, #AT 3/2, Damage 5-11/5-19 (+1 Bastard Sword & Strength Bonus), SQ *Ring of Feather Falling, Gate Key*.

Lesser Heirarch Ranzir: 8th level Magic-User. AC 2 (Bracers of Defense AC 6, Ring of Protection +2, Dexterity Bonus), MV 12", HP 24, THAC0 19, #AT 1, Damage 1-4 (Dagger), SQ *Wand of Lightning Bolts* (11 charges), *Gate Key*. Spells: *Charm Person*, *Magic Missile* (x2), *Shield*, *Detect Invisibility*, *Mirror Image*, *Strength*, *Dispel Magic*, *Haste*, *Hold Person*, *Dimension Door*, *Minor Globe of Invulnerability*.

If Hargrath and Ranzir have time to prepare for the Player Characters, then the Magic-User will cast *Strength* (giving him an additional +1 bonus both to hit and on damage when in melee) and *Haste* (raising his attack rate to 5/2) on his fighter ally and *Shield* (improving his Saving Throws by +1) and *Minor Globe of Invulnerability* (making him immune to all 1st-3rd level spells) upon himself. They will then charge to the attack, with Hargrath wading into melee and Ranzir using his *wand* to attack all unprotected characters in contact with the stronghold's watery floor. As mentioned above, the wizard will transport himself away from combat immediately via *dimension door* should Hargrath be taken down by the Player Characters or the combat seems otherwise unwinnable.

14. THE TWISTING STAIR

A long corridor composed of the same iron that lines every bit of the stronghold you've seen thus far stretches forth ahead of you. Here, likewise, the ground is covered in perhaps six inches of lazily meandering water. At the hallway's midpoint, you are able to see a great silver seam on the ceiling in the shape of a perfect circle. Just beyond that, a grillwork of metal bars is fixed into the corridor's ceiling, as well. A pair of guards – a man and a norker – stand at the watch. The former watches the latter as he draws long, sweeping patterns in the water covering the floor with the end of his club. Next to the two of them, along the corridor's western wall, you see a lever set into the hallway's metal substance.

These guards watch over the access to the second level of Marquessa's stronghold. As can be seen in the description of **Area #16**, they have no control over the staircase (which can only be activated from above or through the use of a *gate key*). However, the use of an effect such as that created by a *knock* spell or the sounding of a *chime of opening* will cause the Twisting Stair to descend into place, allowing Player Characters to access the stronghold's second level.

When the Player Characters enter this area, whether or not the stronghold's alarm has been sounded, the Twisting Stair will be locked in its upward position. Upon encountering intruders, the guards below will attempt to either blow their whistle or sound the complex's alarm klaxon on the wall, then rush to melee, where they will defend their post to the death. Note that the clamorous sounds of combat are highly likely to draw reinforcements (if such have not already been roused by the Player Characters' actions) to this location from **Area #15**.

If the Player Characters are interested in following the flow of water here, it moves slowly northward before plunging down a metal grate at the foot of the stairs leading to **Area #15** amidst the sound of a gently rushing wash. Aside of the Twisting Stair and its guardians, the corridor itself is featureless but for the sluice gate set into the ceiling, just to the north of the movable staircase.

1 Elite Human Fighter: AC 5 or 6 (Scale Mail, Possibly with Shield), MV 12, HD 4, HP 38, THAC0 18, #AT 1, Damage 2-9/2-13 (Longsword & Strength Bonus), SA Pudding Grenade, SD Rubber Leggings.

1 Elite Norker: AC 3, MV 9, HD 2+2, HP 14, THAC0 16, #AT 2, Damage 2-4 (Fangs) and 2-7 (Club).

15. BARRACKS

At the end of the corridor, a small set of steps rises from the floor, raising your footing above the level of the seemingly everpresent water within the stronghold. Beyond the door at the end of the corridor, a great open area lies. Within its expanse, along the walls, a score of beds and wooden closets are arranged in neat rows. At the ends of each bed, a wooden footlocker rests. In the midst of the room, several tables sit, covered with all manner of objects: Playing cards, iron dining sets, half-consumed food and drink, and an occasional wood carving or two. The room is abuzz with motion, activity, and discussion. Here, those guards within the stronghold who have been relieved of their duties are obviously engaging in various recreational pursuits.

Beyond these fighting men, you can see a doorless frame in the wall. From your vantage, it seems like another barracks bay – identical to this one – lies beyond the confines of the first. Though your position does not reveal much of that chamber, you see more than one norker milling about in that area.

This room represents the barracks for the body of Marquessa's soldiery assigned to this particular stronghold. The room is separated into two bays in order to maintain morale and order amongst the warriors. The first is assigned to the humans amongst Marquessa's troops, while the second houses those norkers loyal to the Enchantress. While both groups would prefer that they had more distinct lodging, the arrangement is suitable enough to both that peace is kept amongst them. Of course, the fact that the stronghold's commander, Tazmin il-Varzii (see the NEW MONSTERS section for full details on her abilities), spends much of her time within the barracks seeing to the readiness and condition of the men and norkers she directs has far more to do with this cooperation than the situation of their lodging. All within the facility are well-aware of the formidable martial might at the albino Xuloise's disposal and the guards under her command exist in a state of awe and fear when she is about. This is why the barracks retains the atmosphere commonly found within a well-ordered military unit, despite its unique composition: Although her style of leadership could be best described as "tough, but fair", the defenders of Marquessa's stronghold respect Lady il-Varzii far more than to push their luck too much in her presence with undue chaos.

Should the Player Characters manage to find this area without rousing any alarms, they find the barracks in the state described above. Lady il-Varzii is milling about her men and norkers, circling the table at which a card game takes place (she enjoys seeing the hands each player is dealt and watching the various strategies the more skilled amongst them employs on their way to victory). In this case, the Player Characters will be able to both take advantage of surprise and the fact that, as a general rule, only Lady il-Varzii is armed and armored when off-duty (the fallen paladiness is **always** on-duty). On the other hand, of course, if an alarm has sounded at

some point during the party's progress, the guards within this area will be armed, armored, and at the ready. They will have turned their beds on their sides to serve as cover and attack encroaching Player Characters with missile fire from those positions. Lady il-Varzii will take cover behind the wall in the second (norker) bay, to avoid the potential for being caught up in some area-effect spell. If this strategy proves ineffective, the guards will rush to melee, hoping to bottleneck the Player Characters at the barracks door. In this case, Lady il-Varzii will use the combination of her *boots of water walking* and *ring of invisibility* to wait out the party until the battle is concluded. Should the Player Characters emerge victorious, she will hold her attack until they leave the barracks – then she will launch a scathing onslaught upon their rear (likely, from a position of complete surprise).

Each of the closets within the barracks contains the longswords, scale mail armor, and shields (in the case of the humans) and the clubs (in the case of the norkers) belonging to the guards, though these will be empty, should they have advance warning of the Player Characters' presence in the stronghold. The footlockers at the end of each bed contain the guards' monthly pay purses, which amount to 33gp (in the case of the humans) or 15gp (in the case of the norkers), for the exception of the following trunks:

- *Trunk #2* contains a knife that belonged to this particular guard's brother. As he tragically drowned during their youth and it is the only momento he retains of his, the guard considers it an heirloom beyond compare. He is unaware that the dagger is actually *cursed* (-1 and acts as a *stone of weight*, when possessed) and was chiefly responsible for his untimely demise. His pay purse lies next to this blade.
- *Trunk #3* belongs to the most successful gambler amongst the humans. His coin purse contains 3pp, 155gp, and a small bloodstone worth 25gp.
- *Trunk #8* contains a small bag of unknown origin that one of the guards found floating in the water within the stronghold. It contains 7 coins of an unidentified metal and mint (mithril pieces created in the world's prehistory from the land which Seleni now occupies). They would be considered priceless to a historian in that mysterious fey land. The guard's pay purse lies next to this second bag.
- *Trunk #17* is empty, as its possessor lost his monthly pay in a card game.
- *Trunk #22* contains a series of common, but finely polished stones that the norker they belong to has found when patrolling the Ruush Forest. They are worthless, but he enjoys looking at them and rubbing their smooth surfaces. His pay purse is present as well, but only holds 11gp).
- *Trunk #24* contains a black silk handkerchief that one of the norkers found on a corpse near the ruins of the logging operation that lies not far from Marquessa's stronghold. He is unaware of its enchantment, but it is actually a tiny *portable hole* about the size of a man's fist, capable of holding the equivalent of 30gp of mass in its extra-dimensional volume. His pay purse is wrapped in this handkerchief.
- *Trunk #38* contains a skull that one of the norkers found while on patrol in the Ruush Forest. It is smooth, as if polished, though it is not shaped like any creature native to that region (actually, it once belonged to a babau daemon, though its owner is quite unaware of this). When held above any corpse, an individual capable of casting the *speak with dead* spell may use the skull to do so three times a day without losing the spell from memory. His pay purse is missing (having been squandered on human liquor).

Each of the trunks is locked, though all are untrapped.

5 Sub-Standard Human Fighters: AC 5 (Scale Mail & Shield), MV 12, HD 2, HP 16, THAC0 20, #AT 1, Damage 1-8/1-12 (Longsword).

5 Sub-Standard Norkers: AC 3, MV 9, HD 2+2, HP 12, THAC0 16, #AT 2, Damage 1-3 (Fangs) and 1-6 (Club).

5 Standard Human Fighters: AC 5 (Scale Mail & Shield), MV 12, HD 3, HP 24, THAC0 18, #AT 1, Damage 1-8/1-12 (Longsword) or 1-6 (Short Bow).

5 Standard Norkers: AC 3, MV 9, HD 2+2, HP 12, THAC0 16, #AT 2, Damage 1-3 (Fangs) and 1-6 (Club).

2 Elite Human Fighters: AC 5 or 6 (Scale Mail, Possibly with Shield), MV 12, HD 4, HP 38, THAC0 18, #AT 1, Damage 2-9/2-13 (Longsword & Strength Bonus), SA Pudding Grenade, SD Rubber Leggings.

2 Elite Norkers: AC 3, MV 9, HD 2+2, HP 14, THAC0 16, #AT 2, Damage 2-4 (Fangs) and 2-7 (Club).

Lady Tazmin il-Varzii: 10th level Fighter (Fallen Paladin). AC -2 (+1 Full Plate Armor & +1 Shield), MV 12", HP 93, THAC0 8, #AT 3/2, Damage 9-15/9-23 (+1 Bastard Sword of Life Stealing & Strength Bonus), SA: Specific Divine Abilities, SQ *Boots of Levitation*, *Gauntlets of Ogre Power*, *Gate Key*, *Ring of Invisibility*, Rubber Leggings.

16. THE TWISTING STAIR (TOP)

In the midst of this long, iron-jacketed hallway, a twisting spiral staircase dominates the area. Composed of black iron, about half of its length rests nesting in a circular hole in the ceiling, while the remainder of it extends downward into the hall, which widens in a rotunda all around it so that it can either be entered or circumvented with ease. All around the bottom of the strange staircase, an odd silvery seam is cut into the floor. Upon the wall just west of the dark iron device, a lever juts out from the substance of the metal hallway. Next to that, a simple stud rises from the corridor's flat.

This stairway represents the means by which the second level of Marquessa's stronghold is ordinarily accessed. Pressing the stud against the wall commands a series of permanent *unseen servants* hidden in hollows within the metal walls of the corridors to wait three seconds, then lower the spiral stairway downward to the first floor. From there, it can easily be climbed between the complex's levels. A second touch of the stud on the wall commands the *unseen servants* to pull the staircase back into place. A bearer of a

gate key can cause the whole of the arrangement to rise and fall as they wish. The device is designed to be able to bear excessive loads; the unseen servants who conduct its passage are capable of lifting a total of 1,000 lbs. of weight in addition to the staircase.

The lever on the wall sounds the stronghold's alarms, if thrown. Otherwise, it is left unguarded. Marquessa is of the opinion that the clever design of the Twisted Stair is more than sufficient to prevent unwanted incursion.

17. ATRIUM

This small room is shod in metal, just like the many others throughout the stronghold, though it is clean and dry in nature. Along the wall in which the door is set, a pair of thin, tall racks stand, each of which bear fine, heavy cloaks. In the far corners of the room, two ornate wooden tables stand. Both of them bear glass vases atop them, in which brilliant flowers in bloom have been placed. Three metal doors adorn the other walls and lead away from the room, to the northwest, southwest, and southeast. In front of each door is a thick, carpeted mat. Every one of them is sodden and worn from use.

This atrium serves as a cloak-room for Marquessa's lieutenants. Lady il-Varzii demanded the flowers as decoration for the otherwise drab antechamber; they are an example of the most attractive blooms that the norkers under her command could gather from the Ruush Forest. The mats on the ground serve to ensure the rooms beyond remain free of the water that is invariably tracked around the stronghold from its drowned first level.

18. HARGRATH GERNAD'S PERSONAL CHAMBERS

Beyond the door lies a large, open room. Lined with metal, it is completely ringed by shallow tables that rise to waist-level, making a uniform shelf about its perimeter. Upon these wooden furnishings lie several weapons and shields of all sorts. Some of them seem foreign to you or are emblazoned with heraldry of the like you have never seen. A large bed dominates the rear of the room and on the portion of the shelf nearest it, you see an open box with red velvet lining. Set within this are many military medals. On the other side of the bed is a silver decanter and two finely-turned wooden goblets. At the foot of the bed is a great trunk, bound in wide brass bands.

Across the room is a large table, upon which a wooden box has been built and filled with sand. Inside the box, many miniature figures stand, each one made of pewter and poorly-painted. They have been arranged, it seems, as to replicate some type of military encounter.

This room serves as Hargrath Gernad's personal chambers. A military man his whole life, he surrounds himself with many trophies collected from his career as a soldier. His collection of weapons hailing from cultures all over the world ring the room. Here, it is possible to find an atl-atl next to an anklys, which rests next to a man-catcher. There are twenty of these weapons in all (the Game Master is free to detail these as they will and this is a prime opportunity to introduce an unusual weapon into the Campaign, if they so desire), though only two bear special

properties of any kind. An obsidian-bladed macuahuitl acts as a *+3 bastard sword of sharpness* in the proper hands (Hargrath tried to use it for a time and though it was far superior to the sword he currently uses, he found its balance impossible to become adjusted to and abandoned it after almost severing his foot with the weapon). Meanwhile, what appears to be a *net of entrapment* amongst his prizes bears a terrible curse and acts as a *rug of smothering* when wielded. Hargrath is well-aware of the malign magic imbued in the item (it nearly killed him, many years ago), but decided to keep it around as a trap for those seeking to loot his collection.

The sand box table in the midst of the room is specifically-arranged as to replicate *The Massacre at Abov*. The name by which the infamous ambush Hargrath launched in his home of Hicrets that saw the murder of ten of its most powerful and influential military commanders is known. The fugitive enjoys gaming the encounter over and over again, seeing what he might have done differently to more efficiently destroy his foes. To this end, he received some advice from Lady il-Varzii that caused him to see the albino general in a new light. Her suggestion struck him as so inspired and clever that he now views her with very nearly the same sort of fear and awe as do the common troops amongst the facility.

Within the trunk at the end of his bed, Hargrath keeps his personal treasure. This amounts to 326pp and 572gp (he much prefers coinage over gemstones, as such lucre makes him feel more wealthy than he really is). Mixed in with the precious metals is an expended *wand of conjuration*. The chest is trapped with a poison (save or die) prick near its latch. The only other items of value in the room are the decanter and goblets, which might fetch 35gp to the right buyer.

Hargrath himself is unlikely to be encountered in this chamber. He will retreat to this location if the stronghold's sluice gates are opened to collect his most prized of treasures, then speed to Marquessa's side to escape the complex's confines.

19. RANZIR'S PERSONAL CHAMBERS

Walking through the door, you are met by a staggering view. The entirety of the room beyond the portal - still composed of staid and solid iron - has been painted black on all its sides. This gives the place a strange sense of dimension and, as shadows seem to gather in the places where the walls rise from the floor, it is difficult to tell where the room truly ends. In the midst of that weird effect, a luxurious bed springs from the floor, an opulent trunk at its end. The only other furnishings within the room are a sturdy desk and chair, which are flanked on both sides by unusual circular wooden pillars. These have been cut in such a way that they have been rendered three-tiered shelves and within each one, books have been stuffed into their places, filling them completely. You can see that parchment, a quill, and an inkpot lay upon the flat of the desk.

This strange and spartan room serves as Ranzir's personal chambers. A survivor of the broken Six-Fingered Society, he has grown to feel most comfortable in shadow and solitude, where he can compose his thoughts - which are likewise most darksome - on his own terms. He likes to have as few distractions at hand as possible as he studies the Invisible Art at the Enchantress' direction, and so his room's arrangement (which is completely mundane in nature, relying on tricks of the eye to achieve its disorienting effect)

suits him nicely.

Ranzir is a paranoid man, constantly in fear of being hunted down and murdered by agents in the employ of Zuii. Therefore, he has seen to it that his room's confines both afford many chances for his enemies to kill themselves amongst its emptiness and more than one way for him to escape Marquessa's stronghold at a moment's notice. The first of these lies within the trunk at the end of his bed. Should an individual open its unlocked top without speaking the words "*Praise be to the Six-Fingered One*" aloud, the Tenebrous Devil (see the NEW MONSTERS section of this module for details) within the trunk is released and attacks the would-be plunderer of the treasure inside immediately. The container otherwise bears a 500gp cube of flawless onyx (the soul trap in which the guardian of the trunk is held), 257gp, a scroll of magic user spells (*levitate, flame arrow, fly, and dimension door*), and a dusty old canteen that holds the equivalent of five *potions of gaseous form*. The trunk itself is worthless; its lovely appearance is only veneer. Amongst the books that fill the wooden pillars (which rotate smoothly at their bases, making it so they can be perused easily by one seated in the chair without the need for standing), three tomes are magical in nature. One is Ranzir's spellbook, containing all the spells listed in his character description. Another is a book that is completely empty but for the *water breathing* spell, which is copied on its pages three times. Made of some rubbery sort of animal hide with the words to the spell carved in its surface, it is quite capable of surviving submersion in liquid for an indefinite period of time. Lastly, a beautiful book with silver hinges and gold gilt has *explosive runes* copied on its every page, which do 6d4+6hp damage (save vs. spells for half) to all within 1" of the tome when it detonates. Despite their appearance, the quill, parchment, and ink on the desk are quite ordinary.

If the Player Characters should happen upon this room, it will almost assuredly be empty. Should the stronghold's sluice gates be opened, Ranzir will flee to its confines to retrieve his most precious and portable treasures, then fly to Marquessa's chambers to escape the complex before the lake above claims it as its own.

20. TAZMIN IL-VARZII'S PERSONAL CHAMBERS

This room stands out from those within the remainder of the stronghold for its bright décor. The iron walls that compose it have been covered by red and black tapestries adored tastefully in places with silver unicorns (though, curiously, those majestic creatures are all depicted with broken horns). A lush and elegant carpet covers the floor. Though light seems to spring from the air itself, the walls have been lined with all manner of silver stands and sticks bearing white candles. Each one is lit, making it seem as if a multitude of angels have come to rest around the perimeter of the room and their halos shine forth to the eyes of the just and good. A canopy bed that matches the tapestries stands at the back of the room and is flanked by two end tables, upon one of which an elegant silver tea set rests. A great trunk of dark wood sits at the end of the bed, covered in many blankets. The only other furnishings visible are a lady's dresser, vanity, and blind on the east side of the room, all made of the same wood as the trunk. On the opposite side of the chamber, a desk and chair rest.

Though Lady il-Varzii has lost her status in the eye of her deity with the rotting of her heart from within, she remains as graceful

and refined as she was when her soul radiated with the light of goodness. She continues to enjoy the finer things in life and will not stand for drab environs when the opportunity exists for opulence. Therefore, she has decorated her room in a manner that pleases her and offers insight to the attentive of the trials that have led her to the cause of woe. Those that would loot her chambers of its finery might find themselves quite frustrated, however, as much of her personal treasure will prove exceedingly difficult to move from the room. The tapestries that line the walls are worth 500gp to collectors interested in foreign culture and the carpet is of equal value to such individuals. Within her trunk, which is equipped with a poison gas trap (save vs. poison or die), she keeps several sets of clothes of impressive quality, the sum of which might be sold to a lady of proper taste and rearing for as much as 1,000gp. A small case at the bottom of the trunk covers a bolt of black silk and holds 100pp and 9 flawed black diamonds worth 50gp each. It is what is within the dark silk wrapping that is Lady il-Varzii's greatest treasure, however. The fabric contains the shards of the intelligent +5 *holy avenger* she wielded when she retained her paladinhood. *Altatarissa* (as it was called) was once her best friend and closest confidante: The echo of her soul and conscience. She shattered the weapon upon the altar of the Promisebreaker after committing the murder that caused her to fall from grace. She hides these shards away to prevent anyone from potentially reforging the blade - or learning of her eternal shame.

It is most unlikely that Lady il-Varzii will be encountered in this room unless the stronghold's sluice gates are opened. In this case, she will speed to her chambers to claim *Altatarissa's* shards, then to Marquessa's side to make her escape from the complex's confines. In all other cases, the chamber will be found in an unoccupied state.

21. CENTRAL LABORATORY

Entering this room, you are immediately assaulted by a precipitous drop in temperature and the scent of something alchemical in the air. The chamber itself is large and open, jacketed in metal like so much else within the stronghold. Three iron doors offer ways away from its expanse, to the northeast, southeast, and southwest. Within the room itself, the walls are lined by shallow metal tables pushed up against their faces so as to form something of a single shelf at waist-level around its edge. Upon the flats of these tables are flasks and containers of all manner of sizes and shapes, containing various sorts of solids, liquids, and gases in almost every color imaginable. Near the rear of the room, upon one of these tables, the thin, fluted glass piping of an alchemical apparatus winds and curls about, gently wisping a thin vapor from its top. Distressingly, on the side of the room across from that, upon another section of the tables, a set of tools rests. A saw and a scalpel, some sort of drill and a many-pronged tongs, it is clear that they are meant to rend flesh and bone.

In the center of the room, a great circular table dominates the view. Upon its polished steel surface, something grey and fleshy in appearance lies. Whatever it is has been cut open and is secured tightly to the edges of the table by a series of metal clamps. It vaguely resembles that which lies within the shell of an oyster for its smooth and slimy, alien appearance. You watch as it gently pulses with blood and rises and falls with respiration.

Whatever it is, it remains quite alive.

This is the central hub of Marquessa's laboratory. The door leading to the room is always closed and locked. Unless those who would open it are able to overcome an effect identical to a *wizard lock* at the 12th level of experience, it requires a *gate key* to persuade it to swing open. Once inside, the Player Characters will immediately notice the temperature (the room is kept freezing at all times to facilitate a sterile environment) and the scent (which is caused by the antiseptic Marquessa uses before and after performing surgery of any kind). If they are wet (a distinct possibility, after winding their way through the flooded corridors of the first level of the stronghold), they will suffer 1hp of damage per round of exposure to the environs within the room. Otherwise, the effect is uncomfortable, but ultimately harmless.

Along the walls are some of the various implements, equipment, and substances Marquessa uses in the pursuit of her unspeakable experimentation. Though most of these are likely to make the Player Characters uncomfortable - most notably, her well-used surgical tools - without the Enchantress' monstrous imagination to guide them, they are completely harmless and inert. There are, of course, a few notable exceptions to this rule of thumb, and these follow:

- Marquessa's scalpel is a wickedly sharp instrument. Composed of steel and topped by a razor-sharp obsidian cutting blade, it can be used as a +3 weapon (though it only does 1-3+3hp of damage to those struck by it, due to its small size).
- An opaque brown jug feeds the alchemical apparatus near the room. This is an *alchemy jug* and it exists as a trap for those foolish enough to test the scent emitted by the glass pipeworks. Though only a meager amount of the vapor escapes the winding tubes before it dissipates, it is cyanide gas; anyone breathing in the small cloud at the end of the apparatus must save vs. poison or drop dead on the spot. The remainder of the room is safe, however, as it is well-ventilated.
- A rack of small vials along the wall (test tubes) contain a *potion of extra-healing*, a *potion of longevity*, a *potion of poison*, a *potion of speed*, and a flute of *sweet water*. A softly churning sludge within one of the vials is actually *green slime*. Finally, a pinkish, effervescent brew amongst the tubes contains an experimental liquid of Marquessa's own design. It heals the body through incredibly rapidly cellular regeneration. This causes an effect equal to the *heal* spell, but ages its imbiber by 5-7 years.

In the midst of the table, stretched out as if she meant to tan its hide, is a Mimic that Marquessa was in the midst of vivisection before she became distracted by another pressing matter. It is currently under a heavy sedation that sees it rest in place, immobile for 10 rounds after the party enters the room. After this time, the thing will slowly begin to writhe as it comes to its senses. As incredible pain floods through it three rounds later, the thing will flail and wrench violently on the table, imitating all kinds of forms it has seen in its life in an attempt to escape the clamps that restrain it. The monster will be successful in this aim a round later and attack the Player Characters until dead.

Pain-Maddened Mimic: AC 7, MV 6", HD 8, HP 48, THAC0 12, #AT 1, Damage 6-15, SA Glue, SD Camouflage.

22. LABORATORY STORAGE A

This is less a true chamber than it is an elongated closet. Long and thin, a series of steel rods run the length of its metal walls on both its sides, making long shelves of themselves. Upon these ledges rest all manner of glass containers. Within these swim sickening masses of what appear to be the organs of sentient creatures. You can see one great jar from which a hundred green eyes float in a sea of viscera, staring forth upon you. Within another floats what appears to be a pair of large kidneys. Still another contains blood, as bright and red as if it were freshly spilled. Within this room, it is even colder than it was in the chamber before it. The temperature is hardly all that makes it difficult to remain within its expanse, however.

In this room, Marquessa keeps a large supply of the raw materials she requires to perform various surgeries. She considers that within this room as "bulk": None of it is especially rare or remarkable for any special quality (such treasures are kept in a separate and much more secure stronghold). Though Player Characters are likely to be extremely uncomfortable within this chamber due to its grisly contents, it is otherwise harmless (though it should be noted that wet characters lingering within this room are subject to suffering 2hp per round of exposure to its magically-induced cold) to them.

23. LABORATORY STORAGE B

This long and thin metal chamber carries within it most macabre appointments. The room is unadorned but for the frost that clings to its walls, the bitter chill in the air, and the scores of body parts that hang from its ceiling at the ends of so many wickedly-hooked chains. Amongst the terrible décor suspended so, you can see entire arms and legs, heads and torsos, of creatures from all manner of races that stride the world. Horrifically, they dangle and sway in the cold, as if waiting to be gathered for a feast of cannibals by some butcher of men.

As she is wont to do in Laboratory Storage A, Marquessa keeps a larder of flesh and bone at the ready within this room, whenever she needs such material for some unspeakable experiment. Again, she considers none of it to be especially remarkable in any way. Its value, in her eyes, is tied solely to its ready bulk for her immediate use. Though Player Characters entering this room are likely to be horrified at its contents, it poses them no kind of harm (outside of the intense cold, which again threatens to inflict 2hp of damage to wet characters for each round they are exposed to it).

24. LABORATORY STORAGE C

This room is aught but an iron-lined closet. Within it stands a fully-intact corpse, its flesh gone blue from the intense cold within the tiny chamber it occupies. You barely have time to consider why it might be clad in leather armor or wield a pair of hand axes before its eyes snap open. Filled with nothing but a hellish light, the body springs forth from the small alcove and attacks!

Marquessa has left this, one of her more successful experiments of recent vintage, as a gift for intruders that dare to sully one of her prized laboratories with their presence. The creature within the tiny alcove is the result of her investigation into tailoring living creatures with properties exhibited by the undead. Where once it was a simple farmer residing along the edge of the Ruush Forest, under Marquessa's scalpel and sorcery, it has become something like a barely-living, barely-sentient Juju Zombie. Worse still, the thing is full to bursting with Rot Grubs, writhing all throughout its body. The horrible larvae live as chemically-restrained parasites within the creature's flesh. Any physical contact, piercing, or slashing attack with the thing places all those characters within arm's reach of it in danger of having one of the grubs spill forth from the abomination's innards upon them (where they are then subject to Rot Grub infestation).

The creature attacks all those within the Central Laboratory who do not look like Marquessa or Ranzir. If characters flee that area, it will not pursue them, instead remaining in place (it is not possessed of sufficient independent thought to do anything more).

Rot Grub Infested Pseudo-Ju Ju Zombie: AC 6, MV 9", HD 3+12, HP 40, THAC0 16, #AT 2 or 1, Damage 1-6/1-6 or 3-12, SA May hurl objects or fire missile weapons, SD Only hit by +1 or better, Many resistances to energy and spells, piercing and blunt weapons only do half damage, SQ Possible Rot Grub infestation.

25. OBSERVATORY

This large room has a far different appearance than any other chamber within the stronghold. Circular in shape, it is jacketed in metal on all sides but its ceiling and floor. Along those iron walls, several well-crafted portraits hang in fine wooden frames. The floor is covered in a rich and lush red carpet but for its center, in which there lies a round depression, perhaps ten feet in diameter and three feet in depth. This well in the floor is lined with plush and extremely comfortable-looking pillows. It seems like it would be a wonderful place to relax and gaze upward at a spectacular view, for here, the entire ceiling seems completely composed of perfectly transparent glass. Through its substance, you are able to see the clear blue waters of the lake above you. Fish swim lazily by the vista and golden, shimmering rays of light occasionally twinkle to your eye, wonders oblivious to the horrors that take place just beneath them.

For all the opulence with the room, it is almost easy to ignore the darkly-armored man that stands directly in front of the metal door ahead, which represents the only exit from the chamber, aside of the one just behind you. As he begins to stride towards your number, the room's spellbinding nature is shattered by his hefting of the sword at his hip and his grim battle cry.

This chamber serves as Marquessa's personal retreat within this particular stronghold. She finds the play of the water and the light that streams through it quite soothing and she can often be found reclining with a flute of fine wine and the company of soft music within the soft pit of silk pillows placed in the room's center when she needs to clear her mind or relax. The ceiling above is solid iron that has been permanently enchanted with multiple *glasse* spells, so she has no fear of it shattering and submerging the room (and it is highly unlikely that the Player Characters will be possessed of

the might to bring about such an eventuality, either).

Regardless of the state of affairs within the stronghold, the Player Characters will find Marquessa's bodyguard Azaak Tolin (see the NEW MONSTERS section for full details on his abilities) within this room. Whether or not he is taken by surprise by their appearance or is waiting and ready for them depends on whether or not they managed to reach the Observatory without triggering the complex's alarms or not. Regardless of their ability to take advantage of the element of surprise, upon seeing them, Azaak immediately blows his whistle and springs to the attack in the defense of his mistress. Under no circumstances will he retreat or break off his assault. He would far prefer death than to live with the knowledge that he failed Marquessa (with whom he is completely devoted to) in any way.

Azaak Tolin: 10th level Fighter. AC -1 (+1 Banded Mail Armor, +2 Shield, & Dexterity Bonus), MV 12", HP 102, THAC0 9, #AT 3/2, Damage 11-17 (+2 Bastard Sword & Strength Bonus), SQ *Girdle of Hill Giant Strength*, Rubber Leggings.

26. MARQUESSA'S PERSONAL CHAMBERS

It is difficult to tell if this chamber is composed of cold and unfeeling iron, as have been each of the other rooms within the stronghold. This is because the walls have been covered in lush tapestries that emblazon the room in crimson and gold wherever the eye might fall. Beneath your feet is a thick, red carpet, of the sort on which royalty might tread. Above you, the ceiling is appointed with delicate white relief and in its center hangs a delicate chandelier.

An ornate canopy bed rests on the far end of the room, its diaphanous scarlet lace shades making that beyond them vague and hazy. To the sides of the bed, fine wooden end tables rest. At its foot, a teak chest sits with stacked blankets atop its steel bands. Along one wall, a desk and chair sit. A quill and inkpot waits at the ready atop the former for the stroke of inspiration, while a crystal decanter holds water aside them for refreshment, in the meantime. The opposite wall is a small library. Built into its substance, a plethora of books of all shapes, sizes and colors represent a wealth of knowledge for one with access to their pages.

In the center of the room, one such worth awaits your attention. A thin, cruel smile crosses her face. "I've been waiting for you," Marquessa says.

The glint of malice twinkles in the quality of her sky-blue eyes.

Although this room represents Marquessa's bedchambers and inner sanctum within this stronghold, all is certainly not as it appears here at first blush. The Enchantress has not yet had occasion to decorate it in as opulent a manner as she would like, and so the tapestries, ceiling appointments, and carpet within its confines are actually the result of a *hallucinatory terrain* spell. The bed and bookcase, end table and study, however, are quite real.

Depending on whether or not she has been alerted to the presence of the Player Characters by the magical whistles possessed by her men or the stronghold's alarm klaxon, when the party appears in this room, her position and state of readiness will differ greatly.

Should they manage to take the Enchantress (see the NEW MONSTERS section for full details on her abilities) unawares, she will be seated at her desk, working out the dilemma posed by the Mimic currently on her operating table (namely, a way to graft foreign tissue into its body without the creature absorbing and devouring it) on a piece of parchment by way of brainstorming. In this situation, the party will be able to take advantage of Marquessa's total surprise. Simply put, she does not believe that any intruder will be able to make it to her bedchambers without her being well-aware of their presence long before their arrival. She is likely correct in this assessment.

In the much more likely case that she has been warned that the Player Characters are upon her, she will have taken a position behind the false wall in her chambers that exists between her bed and the room's actual wall. From there, she will have cast *project image* and will engage with the party from there, using *charm* spells to pit them against one another before opening up with her impressive arsenal of offensive dweomers (likely beginning with *power word: stun*). She will have also cast *protection from good*, *invisibility*, *fly*, and *minor globe of invulnerability* upon herself in preparation of their engagement, making of herself a nightmare of an adversary.

Should the vicissitudes of combat turn against Marquessa, she will *dimension door* out into the Observatory and flee into the Central Laboratory, where she will open the door to **Area #24**. There, the creature contained therein will interpose itself between the Player Characters and the Enchantress (allowing her to loose more of her magical arsenal against them). Should the situation turn more dire, she will *teleport* away from the struggle (or her *contingency* spell will do this for her, whichever it may be), making sure to mark well the faces of those who managed to comport themselves so well against her. There will be a reckoning at a time and a place of Marquessa's convenience and when that comes to pass, the Player Characters may well wish they had perished in the belly of her stronghold.

Marquessa: 13th level Fighter / 14th level Magic-User. AC -2 (Black Robe of the Archmagi, Ring of Protection +3, & Dexterity Bonus), MV 12", HP 93, THAC0 7, #AT 5/2, Damage 2-7 (+1 Short Sword of Speed), SA: Opponents Saves vs. Charm Spells are at -4, SD: Contingency, SQ *Gate Key*, *Ring of Free Action*, *Wand of Frost* (20 Charges), *Wand of Polymorphing* (11 Charges), Spells: *Charm Person**, *Magic Missile*, *Protection from Good*, *Sleep*, *Unseen Servant*, *ESP*, *Invisibility*, *Mirror Image*, *Ray of Enfeeblement*, *Stinking Cloud*, *Dispel Magic*, *Flame Arrow*, *Fly*, *Hold Person**, *Suggestion**, *Charm Monster**, *Dimension Door*, *Evard's Black Tentacles*, *Minor Globe of Invulnerability*, *Cloudkill*, *Hold Monster**, *Telekinesis*, *Wall of Force*, *Death Spell*, *Project Image*, *Power Word: Stun*.

CREDITS

Design & Development: carlos a.s. lising

Cover Artist: Chet Minton

Playtesters: David Bannister
Emily Bannister
Jeremy Breazeale
Mike Bridges
Edward Dandrow
Dan Dormanski
Jayson King
Kirk Klopfenstein
Troy Small

Extra-special thanks to my wife, Amanda Lising, for putting up with all the silliness that is wound into being married to a writer. I love you.

Dedicated to E. Gary Gygax. Thank you for painting the skies of my imagination.

For more information regarding **casl Entertainment**[®] role-playing game aids and other products:

caslentertainment@gmail.com
www.facebook.com/caslEntertainment
www.patreon.com/caslEntertainment

Appendix A: New Magic Items and Monsters

NEW MAGIC ITEMS

Gate Key

This is a small key, made of some sort of strange, dark metal. About as large as a tall man's longest finger, its one end is twisted in an ornate, curling pattern that vaguely resembles a flower in bloom. The opposite end, which appears as if it is meant to be placed in some lock, is notable for its extreme simplicity. Bearing only three teeth, in fact, it seems too simply to be functional in any way.

These simple-looking keys are actually specifically-enchanted items that allow Marquessa and her lieutenants to access the many doors and drains within her Ruush Forest stronghold. Provided the bearer of these *Gate Keys* is within 10' feet of the door they wish to open inside that complex, they may trigger its magic with but a thought. This causes the door so considered to turn slightly translucent; it may then be passed through as if a *passwall* spell had been cast upon the portal. Closing the door afterward is just as easy. With a like thought, color and solidity are returned to its substance, leaving it in its normal state. Either opening or closing the door in such a manner is a quick process, akin to opening or closing a conventional door manually.

Gate Keys may also be used to open and close the many *sluice gates* located within the stronghold, which can be used to flood the entirety of the complex in an astoundingly short period of time. While the *Gate Key* is designed to open one door within the facility at a time, it is capable of simultaneously opening or closing as many or as few *sluice gates* as its bearer desires. Unlike control of the doors, *Gate Keys* can activate the *sluice gates* at any distance, provided the *Key's* bearer is within the stronghold when they attempt to activate it. The act of opening or closing a *sluice gate* in this manner is virtually instantaneous.

Gate Keys are made of a solid piece of adamantite and are virtually indestructible.

Experience Point Value: 300 Gold Piece Value: 400

Pudding Grenade

These strange items appear to be glass oblongs, about the size of a goose's egg. Within them, some sort of thick, brown liquid is contained. Oddly, when held to the light, the muddy substance seems to flow and waver with subtle internal motion. Though its glass composition seems relatively thick, the ovoid seems like it might be fragile, nonetheless.

Marquessa has outfitted the elite guards in her employ with special missile weapons designed to take advantage of the flooded nature of the first level of her stronghold. These are *Pudding Grenades*: Oblongs made of thick glass that contain small Brown Puddings within their shells. When hurled, their outer surface shatters, releasing the monster held within the glass. Marquessa's guards have been instructed to throw these weapons to the rear of forces bearing down upon their positions. The Enchantress is aware that adventurers have a particular wont to place spellcasters and other vulnerable members of their groups towards the backs of their formations. By throwing these weapons behind enemy groups, the monsters released by *Pudding Grenades* both have the opportunity to attack these non-hardened individuals (surprising them from beneath the water) and occupy spellcasters that might otherwise rain down invocations upon the more-valuable guards.

Brown Puddings contained within *Pudding Grenades* conform to the following statistics:

Small Brown Pudding: AC 5, MV 6", HD 3, HP 18, THAC0 16, #AT 1, Damage 3-12, SA Destroy leather and wood in a single round, SD Immune to acid, cold, & poison, lightning & physical blows split into two brown puddings of smaller size.

When released within Marquessa's stronghold, Brown Puddings are trapped within discrete areas by the complex's hardened doors and the facility's *sluice gates* are then used to wash them down its drains. Afterwards, they are collected again and placed in newly-constructed *Pudding Grenades*.

Experience Point Value: 250* Gold Piece Value: 350

* Does not include experience gained by defeating the Brown Pudding contained within the item.

Rubber Boots

These strange, black boots are made of some kind of material that is tough and durable, yet spongy and pliable at the same time. They rise from the floor all the way to the top of the thigh, covering and protecting the whole of both legs. Strapping, like suspenders, helps keep them firmly affixed and in place.

Though these hip-boots are completely mundane, their unusual protective nature acts almost like a magic item in many respects, and so they have been included in this section, in the interest of completeness. They are composed of rubber and have been specially designed to keep their wearer warm, dry, and - most importantly - resistant to electrical attacks, even while immersed in water. The wearer of the boots receives a +2 bonus to their saving throws against any electrical effects directed against them. Additionally, all damage they take from electrical attacks is reduced by -1hp per dice of damage. If they are immersed in water to the level of their knee or below, they still retain these benefits.

The guards within Marquessa's stronghold rely on this protection to reduce the damage they suffer when spellcasters within the facility utilize lightning attacks (which they are fond of employing, as they effect all individuals in their range standing in the flooded confines of the complex's first floor) against intruders within their home. In this regard, they provide a mundane but effective means of protection for the fighting men in the employ of the Enchantress.

Experience Point Value: 0 Gold Piece Value: 40

NEW MONSTERS

CAKTLING HORROR

| | |
|-------------------|---|
| FREQUENCY: | <i>Very rare (Possibly Unique)</i> |
| NO. APPEARING: | 1 |
| ARMOR CLASS: | 1 |
| MOVE: | 9 |
| HIT DICE: | 6+4 |
| % IN LAIR: | 95% |
| TREASURE TYPE: | Q |
| NO. OF ATTACKS: | 6+ |
| DAMAGE/ATTACK: | 1+1 per round |
| SPECIAL ATTACKS: | <i>Babble, Spit</i> |
| SPECIAL DEFENCES: | <i>Control surface density, 5' radius</i> |
| MAGIC RESISTANCE: | <i>Standard</i> |
| INTELLIGENCE: | <i>Semi-intelligent</i> |
| ALIGNMENT: | <i>Chaotic evil</i> |
| SIZE: | M |
| LEVEL/XP VALUE: | IV / 210 + 5 / hp |

These abominations of creatures appear as nude and hairless humans. While they have the distinguishing characteristics of a head, torso, and limbs, their flesh is completely smooth as glass and they are bereft of features such as a nose or ears. Instead, the whole of their bodies are covered in a mass of eyes and mouths of differing sizes and colors, expressions and qualities. All of these are in odd positions, as if randomly placed upon their figure. Some drool and some stare, some flutter tiny tongues and others roll in their positions lazily. Each one of the mouths affixed to the creature laughs perpetually: A horrible, insane laughter that raises gooseflesh to the skin and chills the very souls of even the bravest folk so unlucky to cross their paths. The body that supports this horrid collection of eyes and mouths seems to droop and sag, as if slowly putrifying to liquid. Many of the bones, organs, and musculature beneath this quailing flesh is bared because of this effect, exposed to the air and plain sight.

The Cackling Horror is the result of an unspeakable experimentation conducted by the notorious elven enchantress Marquessa, in which the flesh of a Chortling Atrocity was grafted with the skin of a human captive. Horrifically, the ever-flexible and adaptive substance of the former not only took easily to that of the latter, it quickly began to overwhelm and transmute its human host, making of it something different than either creature. The Cackling Horror bears many of the most notable characteristics of the Chortling Atrocity. It is capable of expectorating a volatile spittle from any of its mouths (but only one in any given combat round) that bursts into a bright flare if it strikes any hard, cold, surface. This resulting flash will blind for 1 round those characters looking upon it if they fail to save vs. petrification. It is further capable of attacking prey by extending and biting with 6 mouths per round. Though these bites do little damage initially, they are extremely dangerous, as each mouth which hits will fasten on and drain an additional 1 point of damage per round attached. When 3 or more mouths are attached to a single character, that person must check each round thereafter for slipping. A roll of 4 or less on 2d6 indicates the character has fallen (+1 to their roll if their Dexterity is 15+). If the character falls, the Cackling Horror will latch onto the victim and bite with 12 more mouths.

When any creature enters the range of hearing the Cackling Horror, it is susceptible to the effect of its terrible laughter, which causes *confusion* in all characters within a 6" radius unless a save vs. spells is made (the save receives a +2 bonus if a barrier exists to blunt the sound). For each round that the laughter is heard, characters within range must roll another save. If a character becomes confused, roll a 1d8 to see what action he or she will take: 1 = wander for 1 round; 2-5 = stand stunned for 1 round; 6-7 = attack

the nearest living creature for 1 round; 8 = treat as a *fear* spell (save at +2) and run away for 2 rounds. The reason the creature laughs so is uncertain, but it is thought that the agonizing pain of its human host's transformation into the Cackling Horror reacts with its nervous system in such a way to bring forth the terrible noise.

The passage of the Cackling Horror always warms the ground and stone within a 5' radius of itself and the creature is capable of controlling the consistency of this material by changing it to the softness of doughish, tarry quicksand or concrete hardness. It requires 5 segments to alter earth and 1 full round to shift stone to its next nearest form.

The human body of the Cackling Horror is much more robust than that of a Chortling Atrocity. Likewise, its legs afford it a significantly more rapid rate of movement in the pursuit of its prey. With such improvements to its monstrous ancestor, it is truly merciful that few exist. Only one is known for certain to have been created in Marquessa's horrific laboratories, and it is unlikely that she has had occasion to make more than a handful more of the abominations.

GRANDDAUGHTER OF X'ATHRANI'X

| | |
|--------------------|--|
| FREQUENCY: | <i>Unique</i> |
| NO. APPEARING: | 1 |
| ARMOR CLASS: | 2 |
| MOVE: | 12" |
| HIT DICE: | 1-1 (42 hit points) |
| % IN LAIR: | 95% |
| TREASURE TYPE: | Nil |
| NO. OF ATTACKS: | 1 |
| DAMAGE/ATTACK: | 1 |
| SPECIAL ATTACKS: | <i>Gaze attack</i> |
| SPECIAL DEFENCES: | <i>Daemonic hardiness</i> |
| SPECIAL QUALITIES: | <i>Spell-like abilities</i> |
| MAGIC RESISTANCE: | <i>110% to 1st level spells</i> |
| INTELLIGENCE: | <i>Highly intelligent</i> |
| ALIGNMENT: | <i>Neutral evil</i> |
| SIZE: | S |
| LEVEL/XP VALUE: | X / 8,100 + 20 / hp |

This appears to be nothing more than an ordinary human female child of perhaps six years of age. Clad in nothing but a simple white gown, she is fresh of face, has long, straight blonde hair, and brilliant blue eyes. The only indication that all is not what it seems regarding the girl is the preternatural calm with which she is possessed, regardless of the tumult surrounding her.

The Granddaughter of X'athrani'x is the result of another of Marquessa's fiendish experiments: This one involving the deliberate exposure of an ordinary human child to the daemonic forces found within a *cubic gate* linked to the Plane of Gehenna. This allowed one of the denizens of that everburning nightmare realm - an Ultradaemon - to brush its consciousness against that of the girl's, allowing the ineffably evil creature to whisper across the planes into her ear secrets never meant to be heard by the ears of man. So began the slow seduction of the child and her inexorable descent into madness and endless darkness.

Through the linkage between the two, the daemon is able to conduct its personal powers into the Prime Material Plane. This allows the Granddaughter of X'athrani'x to utilize the following spell-like abilities, once a round: *Fear* (on touch), *charm person* or *monster*, *teleport without error*, *ESP*, *clairvoyance*, *clairaudience*, *create illusion* (as a wand), *suggestion*, *mislead*, *magic jar*, and *telekinesis* (up to 6000gp weight). Once per day, it may use *wall of*

fire; inscribe *symbols of persuasion, insanity, or hopelessness*; or create a *blade barrier*. All these spell-like abilities are performed as if the Granddaughter of X'athrani'x were a 15th-level spell-caster. Finally, if it so chooses, any being confronted by the gaze of this creature must save against spells or stop fascinated (as from a *hold person* spell), watching the coursing of colors and patterns within its blue eyes. Those saving will not see the Granddaughter of X'athrani'x but someone loved or respected.

It should be noted that the ultradaemon's seduction of the girl is incomplete (though she trusts and loves the daemon, referring to her as "Grandmother"). The only way to remove her from X'athrani'x's influence is to separate her from the *cubic gate* through which she communicates with the being, then break their connection by way of an *exorcism*.

Only one Granddaughter of X'athrani'x exists. Whether this reflects a lack of effort to replicate the conditions through which the girl and daemon managed to connect on Marquessa's part or the Enchantress' inability to repeat that process is unknown.

- *confusion* (taken from an Amber Hulk);
- *death* (taken from a Bodak);
- *fear* (taken from an Eye of Fear and Flame);
- *fireball* (taken from an Eye of Fear and Flame);
- *flesh to stone* (taken from a Medusa);
- *sleep* (taken from a Beholding Orb);
- *slow* (taken from a Beholding Orb).

The pain inflicted upon the individual so unfortunate as to have been transformed into a Lucid Abomination has rendered it completely mad. It is capable of little coherent thought other than to see to its basic needs for food, drink, and survival. It is unknown how many Lucid Abominations Marquessa has been able to manufacture, but it may be that only one such monstrosity exists (likely due to the expense and difficulty of procuring the special eyes required for its creation). If that is the case, those of a goodly mien may count it a blessing from their gods.

LUCID ABOMINATION

| | |
|-------------------|----------------------------|
| FREQUENCY: | <i>Unique</i> |
| NO. APPEARING: | <i>1</i> |
| ARMOR CLASS: | <i>10</i> |
| MOVE: | <i>12"</i> |
| HIT DICE: | <i>4</i> |
| % IN LAIR: | <i>95%</i> |
| TREASURE TYPE: | <i>Nil</i> |
| NO. OF ATTACKS: | <i>1</i> |
| DAMAGE/ATTACK: | <i>1</i> |
| SPECIAL ATTACKS: | <i>Gaze attacks</i> |
| SPECIAL DEFENCES: | <i>None</i> |
| MAGIC RESISTANCE: | <i>Standard</i> |
| INTELLIGENCE: | <i>Semi-intelligent</i> |
| ALIGNMENT: | <i>Chaotic evil</i> |
| SIZE: | <i>M</i> |
| LEVEL/XP VALUE: | <i>VII / 825 + 10 / hp</i> |

The Lucid Abomination might easily be mistaken for a normal man, if approached from behind. However, even a cursory glance at its nightmarish visage reveals the truth: Some terrible experimentation has rendered that which was one human into a horrible atrocity. This is because the thing's face is nothing but smooth skin, in which twenty eyes swim in a concave bowl of sclera, all rolling and staring in a chaotic and horrific riot of color and motion. Beneath this hollow, its mouth has been rendered a tiny perfect circle, from which spittle and half-eaten food drools and dribbles and the awful sucking and wheezing sound of its breath emerges.

This creature is the result of many surgical procedures performed on a normal human, through which the eyes of several differing monsters - each possessed of some type of deleterious gaze attack - were transplanted into its sculpted flesh and bone by the wicked enchantress known as Marquessa. Through the surgeomagical gifts at her disposal, the Lucid Abomination is capable of using each one of these attack forms simultaneously upon any soul so unfortunate as to meet its stare. Such an individual must make ten saving throws to avoid the various effects of its gaze, which are:

- *blindness* (taken from a Blindheim);
- *cause serious wounds* (taken from a Beholding Orb);
- *charm monster* (taken from a Beholding Orb);

Appendix B: Important NPCs

Character Name: Azaak Tolin
Race / Gender: Human Male
Level / Class: 10th level Fighter
Alignment: Lawful Neutral

Strength: 19 TH Bonus: +3 Dam. Bonus: +7 Op. Doors: On 7-8 B. Bars: 50%
Intelligence: 8 2 Additional Language Known
Wisdom: 9 Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0
Dexterity: 15 Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0 Defensive Adjust.: -1
Constitution: 18 Hit Point Adjustment: +4 System Shock: 99%
Charisma: 10 Reaction Adjustment: ±0%

| Saving Throws | |
|---------------------------|----|
| Paralyzation: | 8 |
| Petrification: | 9 |
| Rods/Staves/Wands: | 10 |
| Breath Weapon: | 9 |
| Spells: | 11 |

Armor Class: -1 (+1 Banded Mail, +2 Shield, & Dexterity Bonus)
Hit Points: 102
Movement Base: 12"
Weapon in Hand: Bastard Sword +2 (Space Required: 4'+, Speed Factor: 6)
To-Hit Armor Class 0: 7
Weapon Damage Base: 11-17 (S/M), 11-25 (L)
Attacks Per Round: 3/2
Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2
Languages Known: Common, Dwarvish, Orcish

| Magic Weapon Descriptions | Special Racial Abilities |
|---|---|
| <i>Bastard Sword</i> +2. No special abilities. | None. |
| Other Magic Items | |
| <i>Girdle of Hill Giant Strength</i> , Rubber Leggings. | Spells & Special Class Abilities |
| | <i>Attacks 3 times every two rounds.</i> During round of two attacks (Player's discretion), attack comes at beginning and end of round. Allies and enemies benefiting from <i>haste</i> or the like supersede this advantage. |

| Distribution of All Items Carried | | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------|-----------------------|----------|---------------|----------|
| Left Side | | Center, Back, or Feet | | Right Side | |
| Item | Location | Item | Location | Item | Location |
| Shield | Worn | Hard leather boots | Feet | Bastard Sword | Sheathed |
| | | Banded Mail Armor | Worn | | |
| | | Rubber Leggings | Worn | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |

| | |
|--|------------------------------------|
| <p>Gold & Wealth: 100pp. 3 small sapphires, worth 150gp each.</p> | <p>Experience Gained: 0</p> |
|--|------------------------------------|

Special Notes: Azaak was once a powerful warlord, handsome and charismatic, who had carved for himself a substantial fief along the southern edge of the mysterious land called The Black Heath. During a skirmish with his hated enemies, the Rovers of the Wolf, the fighter suffered a terrible injury at the razored edges of a summoned *blade barrier* cast by one of his foes' holy men that left his face horribly maimed and his body broken and lame. It was not long afterwards that his neighboring "allies" conquered his lands and divided its spoils between them. Azaak himself was cast out as an exile, left to die.

But die, he did not. Through little more than his force of will, he dragged himself southward, stopping in every major city and port he could find in an effort to restore his lost beauty and vitality. Unfortunately, even the most powerful clerics and healers he encountered were unable to make him whole again. Filled with rage and despair, he eventually settled in the city of Xaf along the Tanraeg coast, where he expected to finally wither and die.

Yet, the reputation of what he once had been preceded him there. And this brought him to the attentions of the wicked enchantress Marquessa. After a painful and lengthy series of surgeries at the end of her scalpel, Azaak found himself whole again in 598CY.

This persuaded the man of war to pledge what remained of his life to Marquessa. Now, he would sooner see his days come to an end than to see a hair on her lovely head come be tousled. He is utterly loyal to the Enchantress and his love for her is a difficult thing to quantify for the totality with which it possesses him.

Character Name: Hargrath Gernad, the Headless Lion of Hicrets
Race / Gender: Human Male
Level / Class: 8th level Fighter
Alignment: Lawful Evil

Strength: 18 TH Bonus: +1 Dam. Bonus: +2 Op. Doors: On 1-3 B. Bars: 16%
Intelligence: 7 No Additional Language Known
Wisdom: 10 Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0
Dexterity: 12 Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0 Defensive Adjust.: ±0
Constitution: 16 Hit Point Adjustment: +2 System Shock: 95%
Charisma: 14 Reaction Adjustment: +10%

| Saving Throws | |
|---------------------------|----|
| Paralyzation: | 10 |
| Petrification: | 11 |
| Rods/Staves/Wands: | 12 |
| Breath Weapon: | 12 |
| Spells: | 13 |

Armor Class: 0 (+1 Banded Mail & +2 Shield)
Hit Points: 76
Movement Base: 12"
Weapon in Hand: +1 Bastard Sword (Space Required: 4+, Speed Factor: 6)
To-Hit Armor Class 0: 12
Weapon Damage Base: 5-11 (S/M), 5-19 (L)
Attacks Per Round: 3/2
Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2
Languages Known: Common

| Magic Weapon Descriptions | Special Racial Abilities |
|--|---|
| <i>Bastard Sword +1.</i> No Special Abilities. | None. |
| Other Magic Items | |
| <i>Gate Key, Ring of Feather Falling, Rubber Leggings.</i> | Spells & Special Class Abilities |
| | <i>Attacks 3 times every two rounds.</i> During round of two attacks (Player's discretion), attack comes at beginning and end of round. Allies and enemies benefiting from <i>haste</i> or the like supersede this advantage. |

| Distribution of All Items Carried | | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------|-----------------------|----------|---------------|----------|
| Left Side | | Center, Back, or Feet | | Right Side | |
| Item | Location | Item | Location | Item | Location |
| Ring of Feather Falling | Worn | Hard leather boots | Feet | Bastard Sword | Sheathed |
| Shield | Carried | Banded Mail Armor | Worn | | |
| Gate Key | On Belt | Rubber Leggings | Worn | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Gold & Wealth: 30pp. | Experience Gained: 0 |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|

Special Notes: Once known as “the Lion of Hicrets” for his courage and ferocity in battle both, Hargrath Gernad was once the captain of a much-decorated military unit in Hicrets, though his aggressive nature and lust for blood soon put him at and his various commanders at odds. This was a situation he resolved by murdering them all in cold blood in the tragedy now known as “The Massacre at Abov”. Such a portfolio of violence soon brought him to Marquessa’s attentions, where she harbors the fugitive in return for the use of his considerable martial puissance. Since taking shelter under Marquessa’s banner, he styles himself the “Headless Lion of Hicrets”, decapitating the device on his magic shield with paint to mirror the moniker. The ouvre stands as a tangible sign of disrespect to the authority of his homeland that would seem him executed for his crimes in an instant, were they to somehow bring him to justice (indeed, an unclaimed 10,000gp bounty yet remains on the man of war’s head).

Hargrath smiles often and likes the company of other military-minded individuals. He enjoys playing wargames and can pore over any given scenario for days at a time before such encounters begin to bore him. He is fascinated with Tazmin il-Varzii, intrigued by both her keen instincts with regard to the art of war and her strange, alien sort of beauty. Hargrath is ill-at-ease in the presence of women, however, and wouldn’t even begin to know how to articulate such feelings. For all these virtues and sometimes-endearing traits, however, the Headless Lion of Hicrets is a blackguard, bordering closely to the mien of the sociopath. He thinks not twice about killing a man or woman who angers – or even frustrates – him. His hairtrigger temper is the stuff of legend. It is these things that dignify his personality and that have brought him to the side of one such as Marquessa, where he has found a niche as one of the commanders of her *Fulvous Reavers*, rather than any goodness that might linger in his dark heart.

Character Name: Lesser Heirarch Ranzir
Race / Gender: Human Male
Level / Class: 8^h level Magic-User
Alignment: Lawful Evil

Strength: 6 TH Bonus: -1 Dam. Bonus: ±0 Op. Doors: On 1 B. Bars: 0%
Intelligence: 17 6 Additional Language Known
Wisdom: 8 Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0
Dexterity: 16 Reaction / Attack Adjust.: +1 Defensive Adjust.: -2
Constitution: 17 Hit Point Adjustment: +3 System Shock: 97%
Charisma: 11 Reaction Adjustment: ±0%

| Saving Throws | |
|---------------------------|---|
| Paralyzation: | 2 |
| Petrification: | 2 |
| Rods/Staves/Wands: | 3 |
| Breath Weapon: | 2 |
| Spells: | 4 |

Armor Class: 2 (Bracers of Defense AC6, Ring of Protection +3 & Dexterity Bonus)

Hit Points: 24

Movement Base: 9"

Weapon in Hand: Dagger (Space Required: 1, Speed Factor: 2)

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 19

Weapon Damage Base: 1-4 (S/M), 1-3 (L)

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -5

Languages Known: Common, Dwarvish, Elvish, Goblin, Hobgoblin, Orcish, and Gnoll

| Magic Weapon Descriptions | Special Racial Abilities |
|--|--|
| None. | None. |
| Other Magic Items | Spells & Special Class Abilities |
| <i>Gate Key, Wand of Lightning Bolts</i> (11 charges), Rubber Leggings. | Spells Memorized (4/3/3/2): 1 st : <i>Charm Person*</i> , <i>Magic Missile</i> (x2), <i>Shield</i> ; 2 nd : <i>Detect Invisibility, Mirror Image, Strength</i> ; 3 rd : <i>Dispel</i> <i>Magic, Haste, Hold Person*</i> , <i>Suggestion*</i> ; 4 th : <i>Dimension Door, Minor Globe of Invulnerability.</i> |

| Distribution of All Items Carried | | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------|-----------------------|----------|------------|----------|
| Left Side | | Center, Back, or Feet | | Right Side | |
| Item | Location | Item | Location | Item | Location |
| Bracer | Worn | Soft leather boots | Feet | Bracer | Worn |
| Ring | Worn | Rubber Leggings | Worn | Wand | In Belt |
| | | | | Gate Key | In Belt |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Gold & Wealth: 30pp. | Experience Gained: 0 |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|

Special Notes: Ranzir was once a Lesser Heirarch within the Six-Fingered Society: An ardent reverent of Baalzebul and a slowly rising star within that nefarious organization. When that diabolical coterie was smashed and scattered to the wind by the Empire of Zuii, however, he was forced to flee from his homeland for his life. Amidst that chaos and strife, few could rely on allies of any sort and Ranzir soon found himself on his own. In the days that would follow, the mage tried to hide in many places across the breadth of the world from his enemies, who dogged his every step along the way. Eventually, his flight took him to the Tanraeg coast, where he managed to attract the interests of Marquessa the Enchantress, who agreed to harbor him as an apprentice in return for the many secrets he could whisper into her ear taught to him through his servitude to the Six-Fingered Ones. The arrangement has worked well for both parties. So far, not only has he managed to avoid their notice in Marquessa's employ, but he has learned much in the way of the Invisible Art from the notorious Enchantress, as well.

Ranzir is a paranoid man, always looking over his shoulder for the approach of agents of Zuii, who would certainly be less than merciful towards him should they ever catch up with the mage. However, otherwise, he is both refined and genteel. He enjoys finery, particularly when it comes to various types of libations. He is quick witted and has an agile mind, though its dark corners are harrowing in quality. This betrays his gentlemanly exterior: One expecting a chivalrous man in Ranzir will find themselves most disappointed, as he is a merciless individual with a wide streak of cruelty, particular towards the helpless. In that, he makes a most well-disposed ally to Marquessa.

Character Name: Lady Tazmin il-Varzii
Race / Gender: Human Female
Level / Class: 10th level Cavalier
Alignment: Lawful Evil

Strength: 18.100% TH Bonus: +3 Dam. Bonus: +6 Op. Doors: On 1-5 B. Bars: 40%
Intelligence: 11 2 Additional Language Known
Wisdom: 16 Magical Attack Adjustment: +2
Dexterity: 15.84% Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0 Defensive Adjust.: -1
Constitution: 17.46% Hit Point Adjustment: +3 System Shock: 97%
Charisma: 18.37% Reaction Adjustment: +40%

| Saving Throws | |
|--------------------|----|
| Paralyzation: | 8 |
| Petrification: | 9 |
| Rods/Staves/Wands: | 10 |
| Breath Weapon: | 9 |
| Spells: | 9* |

* +2 Bonus vs. illusory effects.

Armor Class: -3 (+1 Full Plate Armor, +1 Shield, & Dexterity Bonus)

Hit Points: 93

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: +2 Long Sword of Life Stealing (Space Required: 3, Speed Factor: 5)

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 2

Weapon Damage Base: 9-16 (S/M), 9-20 (L)

Attacks Per Round: 2

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2

Languages Known: Common, Dwarvish, Elvish

| Magic Weapon Descriptions | Special Racial Abilities |
|---|---|
| <i>Long Sword, Nine Lives Stealer +2. Always performs as a +2 weapon, but it also has the power to draw the life force from an opponent (killing them instantly), and it can do so only a total of 9 times before the ability is lost. A natural 20 must be scored on the wielder's "to hit" die roll for the sword to function. The opponent is entitled to a saving throw versus magic in such case, and if it is successful the sword does not function, no charge is used, and normal damage is determined.</i> | None. |
| Other Magic Items | Spells & Special Class Abilities |
| <i>Boots of Water Walking, Gate Key, Gauntlets of Ogre Power, Ring of Invisibility, Rubber Leggings.</i> | <i>Attacks 2 times every round, Parry (+6), Horsemanship, 90% resistance to mind-affecting effects.</i> |

| Distribution of All Items Carried | | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------|------------------------|----------|------------|----------|
| Left Side | | Center, Back, or Feet | | Right Side | |
| Item | Location | Item | Location | Item | Location |
| Shield | Worn | Hard leather boots | Feet | Long Sword | Sheathed |
| Gauntlet | Carried | Full Plate Armor | Worn | Gauntlet | Worn |
| Ring | Worn | Rubber Leggings | Worn | | |
| Gate Key | On Belt | Boots of Water Walking | Worn | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |

| | |
|--|-----------------------------|
| Gold & Wealth: Jeweled orchid hair pin worth 1,500gp. | Experience Gained: 0 |
|--|-----------------------------|

Special Notes: Tazmin is a strange sight, appearing to be a woman with all color drained from her body, with the exception of a smattering of freckles and her penetrating eyes, which are almost pink in color. She wears her long hair pulled back by a simple black band bearing a bejeweled flower hairpin. If not for her condition (she is an albino), she would probably be a ravishing beauty. Unfortunately, it is her appearance that led her to fall from grace, many years ago, and that eventually led her to the wicked Marquessa's banner.

The pureblooded Xuloise (she actually descends from a Noble house once extant in that fabled but dead empire) was once a Paladin in the service of the Great God of the North. An adventurer, she traveled all across the world in search of a means of freeing her imprisoned patron. In the process, she fell in love with a member of her traveling company, a warrior named Einar. Sadly, Einar only had eyes for Hrafna, the thief in the fellowship. He was barely aware of Tazmin's existence, which allowed the deceitful Goddess of Lies, Deceit, Treachery, and False Promises to seduce her. Led to sleep at a hidden shrine of the Oathbreaker's, she dreamed of the idea where she might kill Hrafna and win Einar's heart with a tale of defending the thief against evil brigands. Unfortunately, the warrior saw through the lie and scathed her with harsh words that broke Tazmin's heart and released fire from within it. In a fit of passion, she slew Einar and burned the lovers' bodies next to one another. Realizing what she'd done, she shattered her holy sword upon the Oathbreaker's altar and fled before any of her companions could discover her treachery.

Eventually, her path took her to Marquessa's side, where she works as one of her trusted lieutenants. As a military genius, she has proven indispensable to the Enchantress, in that role. She finds the Sculptress of Flesh a distasteful woman - truly a demon hiding in the flesh of an elf - but she has decided that her fate has been sealed through her own actions. A monster herself, now she comports with other monsters. Truly a tragic end for a woman who was once a mighty heroine.

Character Name: Marquessa
Race / Gender: Grey Elf Female
Level / Class: 13th level Fighter / 14th level Magic-User
Alignment: Neutral Evil

Strength: 14 TH Bonus: ±0 Dam. Bonus: ±0 Op. Doors: On 1-2 B. Bars: 7%
Intelligence: 16 5 Additional Language Known
Wisdom: 12 Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0
Dexterity: 18 Reaction / Attack Adjust.: +3 Defensive Adjust.: -4
Constitution: 17 Hit Point Adjustment: +3 System Shock: 97%
Charisma: 14 Reaction Adjustment: +10%

| Saving Throws | |
|---------------------------|---|
| Paralyzation: | 2 |
| Petrification: | 2 |
| Rods/Staves/Wands: | 3 |
| Breath Weapon: | 2 |
| Spells: | 4 |

* Enjoys 5% Magic Resistance.

Armor Class: -2 (Black Robe of the Archmagi & Ring of Protection +3)

Hit Points: 93

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Short Sword of Speed +1 (Space Required: 1, Speed Factor: 3)

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 7

Weapon Damage Base: 1-6 (S/M), 1-8 (L)

Attacks Per Round: 5/2

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2

Languages Known: Common, Dwarvish, Elvish, Gnome, Halfling, Goblin, Hobgoblin, Orcish, and Gnoll

| Magic Weapon Descriptions | Special Racial Abilities |
|---|---|
| <i>Short Sword of Speed +1.</i> Attacks first in each round, regardless of effects that would otherwise slow user. Improves attacks per round by one "step". Cumulative with <i>haste</i> and like effects. | <i>Infravision:</i> 60'; <i>Resistance to Sleep & Charm:</i> 90%; <i>+1 To Hit with Bows & Swords; Detect Secret or Concealed Doors</i> 1 in 6 (if passing by), 2 in 6 (if actively searching), 3 in 6 (if door is concealed, not secret); If alone or ahead of party, <i>surprise monsters</i> on 1-4 (d6). Lowered to 1-2 if some sort of portal must be opened. |
| Other Magic Items | |
| <i>Black Robe of the Archmagi, Wand of Frost</i> (20 charges), <i>Wand of Polymorphing</i> (11 charges), <i>Ring of Free Action, Ring of Protection +3.</i> | Spells & Special Class Abilities |
| | Spells Memorized (5/5/5/4/4/2/1): 1 st : <i>Charm Person*</i> , <i>Magic Missile, Protection from Good, Sleep, Unseen Servant</i> ; 2 nd : <i>ESP, Invisibility, Mirror Image, Ray of Enfeeblement, Stinking Cloud</i> ; 3 rd : <i>Dispel Magic, Flame Arrow, Fly, Hold Person*</i> , <i>Suggestion*</i> ; 4 th : <i>Charm Monster*, Dimension Door, Evard's Black Tentacles, Minor Globe of Invulnerability</i> ; 5 th : <i>Cloudkill, Hold Monster*, Telekinesis, Wall of Force</i> ; 6 th : <i>Death Spell, Project Image</i> ; 7 th : <i>Power Word: Stun.</i> |
| | * Saving Throws against these spells are at -4. * Marquessa has a <i>contingency</i> operating that will <i>teleport</i> her to the house of a charmed ally if ever brought below 11 Hit Points. |

| Distribution of All Items Carried | | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------|-----------------------|----------|--------------------|----------|
| Left Side | | Center, Back, or Feet | | Right Side | |
| Item | Location | Item | Location | Item | Location |
| Ring of Free Action | Worn | Soft leather boots | Feet | Longsword | Sheathed |
| | | Robe of the Archmagi | Worn | Wand of Frost | In Belt |
| | | Cloak of Protection | Worn | Wand of Polymorph | In Belt |
| | | | | Ring of Protection | Worn |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |

| | |
|---|-----------------------------|
| Gold & Wealth: 8 1,000gp diamonds. | Experience Gained: 0 |
|---|-----------------------------|

An Excerpt from "This Evil Undying: A Portrait of Marquessa the Enchantress".

Very little is actually known of the series of events that brought a young elvish maiden to become the fiend wearing the skin of a fey that is Marquessa the Enchantress. That which is commonly-held to be true is often contradicted by conflicting information and anecdotal accounts. More often than not, she is said to have hailed from a small town in eastern Seleni where her prodigious talent and boundless potential led the wizard Arialias Rimbor to allow her to follow at his side as he explored the mysteries of the Invisible Art. It is said that, in the course of her apprenticeship, the archmage became increasingly troubled by an unspeakable darkness that lingered in the corners of her soul. The mastery of enchantments and transmutations came easy to Marquessa and some say that in little time, the potency with which she wielded such magics made her very nearly Rimbor's equal with regard to those particular arcane pathways. Her sinister mien led her to begin forbidden experiments, applying her talents to sculpt the flesh of the living with both spell and scalpel.

It is said that, one day, Rimbor discovered that his apprentice had created a hidden laboratory beneath his own tower. Through its thrice-locked doors was an abattoir: A slaughterhouse filled with horribly mutilated elves from the small village at the foot of his home. The vivisected bodies of a score of fey bobbed in pools of still-warm vitae. Worse still, some yet lived within cages, their bodies wracked and disfigured, twisted into unspeakable abominations. Horrified, Rimbor confronted his apprentice and a great battle between the two magi commenced. Though Rimbor was able to drive Marquessa from his home and leave her laboratory in ruins, such was the Enchantress' might that he proved unable to slay her. She disappeared into the night across the Attendant River and into the Tanraeg coast.

The final accounts regarding Marquessa's apprenticeship uniformly agree as to the tale's end. Three years after his discovery of the Enchantress' foul deeds, Arialias Rimbor disappeared from his tower. The archmage was found a year later, his flesh twisted so horrifically and his sanity shattered so completely that the elf was utterly unrecognizable. He would live only another three months before the sorcerous and surgical experimentation performed on him wrought his end. His hideously disfigured, monstrous body was unviable; it simply could not support continued life any longer. When he died, the clergy of the elvish gods themselves considered it a great mercy.

Marquessa never forgets an enemy. Nor does she ever forgive a slight.

Appendix C: Pre-Generated Characters

Player Name:

Character Name: Marya Hammerfist
Race / Gender: Dwarf Female
Level / Class: 8th level Fighter
Alignment: Chaotic Good

Strength: 18.47% TH Bonus: +1 Dam. Bonus: +3 Op. Doors: On 1-3 B. Bars: 20%
Intelligence: 9 1 Additional Language Known
Wisdom: 9 Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0
Dexterity: 15 Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0 Defensive Adjust.: -1
Constitution: 18 Hit Point Adjustment: +4 System Shock: 99%
Charisma: 12 Reaction Adjustment: ±0%

| Saving Throws | |
|--------------------|----|
| Paralyzation: | 10 |
| Petrification: | 11 |
| Rods/Staves/Wands: | 7 |
| Breath Weapon: | 12 |
| Spells: | 8 |

* Saves vs. Poison: 5

Armor Class: 0 (Splint Mail +1 & Shield +1)

Hit Points: 96

Movement Base: 6"

Weapon in Hand: Hand Axe +1 (Space Required: 1', Speed Factor: 4)

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 12

Weapon Damage Base: 1-6 (vs. S/M), 1-4 (vs. L)

Attacks Per Round: 3/2

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2

Languages Known: Common, Dwarven, Elvish, Gnome, Goblin, Kobold, Orcish

| Magic Weapon Descriptions | Special Racial Abilities |
|---|--|
| <i>Hand Axe +1. "Mithrasaín" is forged from purest adamantite and blessed by the priests of Moradin. It ignores metal armor, treating all foes clad in such protection as AC10.</i> | <i>Infravision: 60'; Detect grade or slope in passage: 75%; Detect new construction: 75%; Detect sliding or shifting walls or rooms: 66%; Detect traps involving pits, falling blocks or other stonework: 50%; Determine approximate depth underground: 50%. Attacks vs. Half-Orcs, Goblins, Hobgoblins, or Orcs are +1 To Hit. Attacks from Ogres, Trolls, Ogre Magi, Giants, or Titans are at -4 To Hit.</i> |
| Other Magic Items | |
| <i>Splint Mail Armor +1, Shield +1, Potion of Rainbow Hues.</i> | Spells & Special Class Abilities |
| | <i>Attacks 3 times every two rounds. During round of two attacks (Player's discretion), attack comes at beginning and end of round. Allies and enemies benefiting from haste or the like supersede this advantage.</i> |

| Distribution of All Items Carried | | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------|---------------------------|-----------------|-------------|-----------------|
| Left Side | | Center, Back, or Feet | | Right Side | |
| Item | Location | Item | Location | Item | Location |
| Shield +1 | Carried | Backpack | Back | Hand Axe +1 | Carried |
| Large leather pouch | Belt | Hard leather boots | Feet | Waterskin | Sling from belt |
| | | 2 Oil Flasks | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | 50' Rope | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | 2 Large leather sacks | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | 3 Torches | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | Tinderbox, flint, & steel | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | 2 weeks Iron Rations | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | Potion | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | Splint Mail +1 | Worn | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Gold & Wealth: 47gp. | Experience Gained: 0 |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|

Special Notes: From a Dwarven stronghold in the Principality of Kelu. Made a name for herself fighting the orcish forces from the Jramop to the east of her native land. Is haunted by the memory of K'verik: An empty shell of a Dwarven town where every man, woman, and child was sold into slavery or given to the orcs to fill their stew-pots.

Player Name:

Character Name: Quenden Tasander

Race / Gender: Elf Male

Level / Class: 6th level Fighter / 6th level Magic-User

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Strength: 15 TH Bonus: ±0 Dam. Bonus: ±0 Op. Doors: On 1-2 B. Bars: 7%
Intelligence: 16 1 Additional Language Known
Wisdom: 8 Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0
Dexterity: 14 Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0 Defensive Adjust.: -±0
Constitution: 15 Hit Point Adjustment: +1 System Shock: 91%
Charisma: 10 Reaction Adjustment: ±0%

| Saving Throws | |
|---------------------------|----|
| Paralyzation: | 11 |
| Petrification: | 11 |
| Rods/Staves/Wands: | 11 |
| Breath Weapon: | 13 |
| Spells: | 10 |

Armor Class: 6 (Bracers of Defense AC6)

Hit Points: 42

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Longsword +1 / +3 (Space Required: 3, Speed Factor: 5)

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 15 or 13 (vs. Undead)

Weapon Damage Base: 1-8 (S/M), 1-12 (L)

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2

Languages Known: Common, Dwarvish, Elvish, Gnome, Halfling, Hill Giantish, Goblin, Hobgoblin, Orcish, and Gnoll

| Magic Weapon Descriptions | Special Racial Abilities |
|--|---|
| <i>Longsword +1 / +3 vs. Undead. Lothandre (E: "Final Rest") was forged from metal drawn from a falling star and hits all ethereal and out-of-phase targets as if they were completely tangible.</i> | <i>Infravision: 60'; Resistance to Sleep & Charm: 90%; +1 To Hit with Bows & Swords; Detect Secret or Concealed Doors 1 in 6 (if passing by), 2 in 6 (if actively searching), 3 in 6 (if door is concealed, not secret); If alone or ahead of party, surprise monsters on 1-4 (d6). Lowered to 1-2 if some sort of portal must be opened.</i> |
| Other Magic Items | Spells & Special Class Abilities |
| <i>Wand of Lightning Bolts (3 charges), Bracers of Protection AC6, Potion of Gaseous Form.</i> | Spells Memorized (4/2/2): 1 st : <i>Charm Person, Magic Missile, Protection from Evil, Spider Climb</i> ; 2 nd : <i>Invisibility, Levitate</i> ; 3 rd : <i>Haste, Hold Person.</i> |

| Distribution of All Items Carried | | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------|---------------------------|-----------------|-------------------|-----------------|
| Left Side | | Center, Back, or Feet | | Right Side | |
| Item | Location | Item | Location | Item | Location |
| Bracer of Defense | Worn | Backpack | Back | Longsword | Carried |
| Large leather pouch | Belt | Soft leather boots | Feet | Bracer of Defense | Worn |
| Hemp Rigging | Belt | 2 Oil Flasks | Back (Backpack) | Wineskin | Sling from belt |
| Potion | In Rigging | 50' Rope | Back (Backpack) | | |
| Scroll Case | Belt | 2 Large leather sacks | Back (Backpack) | | |
| Mapping materials | In case | 3 Torches | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | Tinderbox, flint, & steel | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | 2 weeks Iron Rations | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Gold & Wealth: 64gp. | Experience Gained: 0 |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|

Special Notes: A military captain from a small elven hamlet in Seleni, along the Attendant River. Currently in strong consideration for a position in the Knights of the Moon, he feels one more notable accomplishment would push his bid for the group into a certainty. Well-acquainted with the acts of the so-called "Flesh Traders" over a decade ago, his place within the Seleni military hierarchy has put him into a position to receive intelligence that indicates that elements belonging to the infamous flesh merchants never stopped conducting their dire trade in the region after the public defeat of their leaders. When an opportunity arose to damage that group yet further...all considered, how could he refuse?

Player Name:

Character Name: Sildan Enathwrel
Race / Gender: Elf Male
Level / Class: 8th level Magic-User
Alignment: True Neutral

Strength: 10 TH Bonus: ±0 Dam. Bonus: ±0 Op. Doors: On 1-2 B. Bars: 2%
Intelligence: 18 3 Additional Language Known
Wisdom: 13 Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0
Dexterity: 15 Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0 Defensive Adjust.: -1
Constitution: 8 Hit Point Adjustment: ±0 System Shock: 60%
Charisma: 8 Reaction Adjustment: -5%

| Saving Throws | |
|--------------------|----|
| Paralyzation: | 12 |
| Petrification: | 10 |
| Rods/Staves/Wands: | 8 |
| Breath Weapon: | 12 |
| Spells: | 9 |

Armor Class: 5 (Bracers of Defense AC7, Ring of Protection +1)

Hit Points: 24

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Wand of Paralyzation (Space Required: Nil, Speed Factor: 2)

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 19

Weapon Damage Base: Special

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -5

Languages Known: Common, Dwarvish, Elvish, Fey, Gnome, Halfling, Goblin, Hobgoblin, Orcish, Gnoll, and Draconic (Silver)

| Magic Weapon Descriptions | Special Racial Abilities |
|--|---|
| None. | <i>Infravision: 60'; Resistance to Sleep & Charm: 90%; +1 To Hit with Bows & Swords; Detect Secret or Concealed Doors 1 in 6 (if passing by), 2 in 6 (if actively searching), 3 in 6 (if door is concealed, not secret); If alone or ahead of party, surprise monsters on 1-4 (d6). Lowered to 1-2 if some sort of portal must be opened.</i> |
| Other Magic Items | |
| <i>Wand of Paralyzation (12 charges), Bracers of Protection AC7, Ring of Protection +1, Potion of Fire Resistance, Scroll of 3 Spells (Mirror Image, Slow, Evard's Black Tentacles).</i> | Spells & Special Class Abilities |
| | Spells Memorized (4/3/3/2): 1 st : <i>Magic Missile (x2), Protection from Evil, Sleep</i> ; 2 nd : <i>Invisibility, Knock, Web</i> ; 3 rd : <i>Dispel Magic, Fly, Lightning Bolt</i> ; 4 th : <i>Charm Monster, Ice Storm.</i> |

| Distribution of All Items Carried | | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------|---------------------------|-----------------|----------------------|-----------------|
| Left Side | | Center, Back, or Feet | | Right Side | |
| Item | Location | Item | Location | Item | Location |
| Bracer of Defense | Worn | Backpack | Back | Wand of Paralyzation | Carried |
| Ring of Protection | On Finger | Soft leather boots | Feet | Bracer of Defense | Worn |
| Large leather pouch | Belt | 2 Oil Flasks | Back (Backpack) | Waterskin | Sling from belt |
| Hemp Rigging | Belt | 50' Rope | Back (Backpack) | | |
| Potion | In Rigging | 2 Large leather sacks | Back (Backpack) | | |
| Scroll Case | Belt | 3 Torches | Back (Backpack) | | |
| Scroll | In case | Tinderbox, flint, & steel | Back (Backpack) | | |
| Mapping materials | In case | 2 weeks Iron Rations | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Gold & Wealth: 71gp. | Experience Gained: 0 |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|

Special Notes: From Seleni. Haughty, abrasive nature made it difficult to find master to apprentice to. Found a teacher aboard the merchant ship *Kellor*, sailing the Brazen Bay. Saw first hand the many atrocities wrought by the so-called "Flesh Traders" while serving on ship. After becoming close with master, was horrified to learn that he was taken into shackles by the villains while on shore leave. Bears great enmity for them, ever since.

Player Name:

Character Name: Ilsandre Sunshower

Race / Gender: Gnome Female

Level / Class: 6th level Illusionist / 6th level Thief

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Strength: 11 TH Bonus: ±0 Dam. Bonus: ±0 Op. Doors: On 1-2 B. Bars: 2%
 Intelligence: 16 5 Additional Language Known
 Wisdom: 9 Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0
 Dexterity: 17 Reaction / Attack Adjust.: +2 Defensive Adjust.: -4
 Constitution: 7 Hit Point Adjustment: ±0 System Shock: 55%
 Charisma: 12 Reaction Adjustment: ±0%

| Saving Throws | |
|--------------------|----|
| Paralyzation: | 12 |
| Petrification: | 11 |
| Rods/Staves/Wands: | 7 |
| Breath Weapon: | 13 |
| Spells: | 8 |

Armor Class: 5 (Ring of Protection +2)

Hit Points: 30

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Short Sword +1 (Space Required: 1, Speed Factor: 3)

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 18

Weapon Damage Base: 1-6 (S/M), 1-8 (L)

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -3

Languages Known: Common, Dwarvish, Elvish, Gnome, Halfling, Goblin, Kobold, Burrowing Mammal, and Orcish.

| Magic Weapon Descriptions | Special Racial Abilities |
|--|---|
| Short Sword +1. No Special Abilities. | <i>Infravision: 60'; Detect grade or slope in passage: 80%; Detect unsafe walls, ceilings, or floors: 70%; Determine approximate depth underground: 60%; Detect direction of travel underground: 50%. Attacks vs. Kobolds and Goblins are +1 To Hit. Attacks from Gnolls, Bugbears, Ogres, Trolls, Ogre Magi, Giants, or Titans are at -4 To Hit.</i> |
| Other Magic Items <i>Ring of Protection +2, Figurine of Wondrous Power (Smoky Quartz Mouse).</i> | |
| | Spells & Special Class Abilities Spells Memorized (4/3/1): 1 st : <i>Chromatic Orb, Color Spray, Phantasmal Force Phantom Armor</i> ; 2 nd : <i>Alter Self, Improved Phantasmal Force, Invisibility</i> ; 3 rd : <i>Spectral Force</i> . Thieving Abilities: <i>Pick Pockets: 60%; Open Locks: 62%; Find/Remove Traps: 55%; Move Silently: 57%; Hide in Shadows: 47%; Hear Noise: 30%; Climb Walls: 77%; Read Languages: 30%.</i> |

| Distribution of All Items Carried | | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------|---------------------------|-----------------|---------------------|------------|
| Left Side | | Center, Back, or Feet | | Right Side | |
| Item | Location | Item | Location | Item | Location |
| Short Sword | Carried | Backpack | Back | Ring | Worn |
| Wineskin | Slung from belt | Soft leather boots | Feet | Large leather pouch | Belt |
| | | 2 Oil Flasks | Back (Backpack) | Mouse Figurine | In pouch |
| | | 50' Rope | Back (Backpack) | Thief's Tools | In Pouch |
| | | 2 Large leather sacks | Back (Backpack) | Hemp Rigging | Belt |
| | | 3 Torches | Back (Backpack) | Potion | In Rigging |
| | | Tinderbox, flint, & steel | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | 2 weeks Iron Rations | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Gold & Wealth: 22gp. | Experience Gained: 0 |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|

Special Notes: From the hill-barrows at the edge of the Gnarled Wood, a respected friend of the gnome-folk (and a powerful wizard, no less!) has implored the village elders for aid in putting to rest surviving elements of the so-called "Flesh Traders" thought finally put to rest over a decade ago. Having proved herself a capable and resourceful adventurer in the often-dangerous region up and down the Tanraeg coast, they offered her as their representative to help put an end to the terrible vanishings in the night of the good folk of the land.

Player Name:

Character Name: Jaran Braxx
Race / Gender: Half-Elf Male
Level / Class: 7th level Ranger
Alignment: Chaotic Good

Strength: 13 TH Bonus: ±0 Dam. Bonus: ±0 Op. Doors: On 1-2 B. Bars: 4%
Intelligence: 14 4 Additional Language Known
Wisdom: 14 Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0
Dexterity: 17 Reaction / Attack Adjust.: +2 Defensive Adjust.: +3
Constitution: 18 Hit Point Adjustment: +4 System Shock: 99%
Charisma: 8 Reaction Adjustment: -5%

| Saving Throws | |
|--------------------|----|
| Paralyzation: | 8 |
| Petrification: | 9 |
| Rods/Staves/Wands: | 10 |
| Breath Weapon: | 10 |
| Spells: | 11 |

Armor Class: 3 (Studded Leather Armor +1)

Hit Points: 82

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Heavy Crossbow of Speed (Range: 8 (S)/16 (M)/24 (L))

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 11

Weapon Damage Base: 2-5 (S/M), 2-7 (L)

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2

Languages Known: Common, Elvish, Gnome, Halfling, Goblin, Hobgoblin, Orcish, Gnoll

| Magic Weapon Descriptions | Special Racial Abilities |
|---|--|
| <i>Heavy Crossbow of Speed.</i> Allows first attack in a round. Doubles typical rate of fire. Possibly of ancient Flan manufacture – possibly made specifically to kill Rakshasas – it has a beaten-up, weathered appearance. All bolts fired from it are considered <i>blessed</i> . | <i>Infravision:</i> 60'; <i>Resistance to Sleep & Charm:</i> 30%; <i>Detect Secret or Concealed Doors</i> 1 in 6 (if passing by), 2 in 6 (if actively searching), 3 in 6 (if door is concealed, not secret). |
| Other Magic Items | Spells & Special Class Abilities |
| <i>Ring of Free Action, Potion of Invisibility.</i> <i>Heartwood Ring</i> (given as a sign of affection from a Wlekwood Dryad and composed of a woven lock of her hair), provides +2 bonus to all Saving Throws. | Ranger Abilities: +7 <i>Damage bonus</i> against "giant-class" creatures; <i>Surprise</i> opponents 50% of the time; <i>Tracking</i> ability. |

| Distribution of All Items Carried | | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------|-------------------------|-----------------|---------------------|-----------------|
| Left Side | | Center, Back, or Feet | | Right Side | |
| Item | Location | Item | Location | Item | Location |
| Heartwood Ring | Worn | Studded Leather Armor | Worn | Heavy Crossbow | Carried |
| Large leather pouch | Belt | Hat | Worn | Ring of Free Action | Worn |
| Leather rigging | Belt | Backpack | Back | Waterskin | Sling from belt |
| Potion | In rigging | Hard leather boots | Feet | | |
| | | 50' Rope | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | 2 Large leather sacks | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | 2 weeks Iron Rations | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | 2 flasks of Oil | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | Tinderbox (Flint/Steel) | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | 3 Torches | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | | | | |

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Gold & Wealth: 38gp. | Experience Gained: 0 |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|

Special Notes: Once a noted bounty hunter in the region, eventually, his dead-eye aim and steely nerve saw him selected to be the sheriff of the small town of Notxaj, not far south of Safetown. His temperament can best be described as a Wild West gunslinger: He is simple, direct, and suffers no fools whatsoever. The course of his duties have served to make him cross paths with the party's halfling thief (if present) on more than one occasion, and the two have a friendly rivalry. Recently, three families have disappeared from their farms overnight in his jurisdiction. He is both sick and in a cold fury over the incident. Now, he has a chance to do something about it.

Player Name:

Character Name: Telvas Thistlewine
Race / Gender: Halfling Male
Level / Class: 8th level Thief
Alignment: Chaotic Good

Strength: 13 TH Bonus: ±0 Dam. Bonus: ±0 Op. Doors: On 1-2 B. Bars: 4%
Intelligence: 10 0 Additional Language Known
Wisdom: 7 Magical Attack Adjustment: -1
Dexterity: 18 Reaction / Attack Adjust.: +3 Defensive Adjust.: -4
Constitution: 16 Hit Point Adjustment: +2 System Shock: 95%
Charisma: 15 Reaction Adjustment: +15%

| Saving Throws | |
|--------------------|----|
| Paralyzation: | 12 |
| Petrification: | 11 |
| Rods/Staves/Wands: | 8 |
| Breath Weapon: | 15 |
| Spells: | 9 |

Armor Class: 2 (Leather Armor +1, Boots of Striding & Springing)

Hit Points: 56

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Dagger +2 "Longtooth" (Space Required: 1, Speed Factor: 2)

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 19

Weapon Damage Base: 1-6 (S/M), 1-8 (L)

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -3

Languages Known: Common, Dwarvish, Elvish, Gnome, Halfling, Goblin, Orcish

* Save vs. Spells Involving Will: 10

* Save vs. Poison: 8

| Magic Weapon Descriptions | Special Racial Abilities |
|---|---|
| <i>Dagger +2 "Longtooth". In all respects as a dagger, but in the hands of a Halfling, attacks as if a +2 short sword.</i> | <i>Infravision: 30'; Detect sloping passage: 75%; Detect direction: 50%; If alone or ahead of party, surprise monsters on 1-4 (d6). Lowered to 1-2 if some sort of portal must be opened.</i> |
| Other Magic Items | |
| <i>Leather Armor +1 (glamered so as to provide an additional 10% bonus to Hide in Shadows ability), Boots of Striding & Springing, Potion of Speed.</i> | Spells & Special Class Abilities |
| | Thieving Abilities: <i>Pick Pockets: 80%; Open Locks: 77%; Find/Remove Traps: 65%; Move Silently: 82%; Hide in Shadows: 84%; Hear Noise: 30%; Climb Walls: 81%; Read Languages: 35%.</i> |

| Distribution of All Items Carried | | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------|---------------------------|-----------------|---------------------|------------|
| Left Side | | Center, Back, or Feet | | Right Side | |
| Item | Location | Item | Location | Item | Location |
| Dagger | Carried | Backpack | Back | Large leather pouch | Belt |
| Waterskin | Sling from belt | Soft leather boots | Feet | Thief's Tools | In pouch |
| | | 2 Oil Flasks | Back (Backpack) | Hemp Rigging | Belt |
| | | 50' Silk Rope | Back (Backpack) | Potion | In Rigging |
| | | 2 Large leather sacks | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | 3 Torches | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | Tinderbox, flint, & steel | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | 2 weeks Iron Rations | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | Scroll Case | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | Mapping materials | In case | | |
| | | | | | |

| | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Gold & Wealth: 111gp. | Experience Gained: 0 |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------|

Special Notes: From the fields outside Newell, on the Tanraeg coast. One of his earliest memories is that of his entire Halfling caravan being hauled from their wagons onto the yellow-sailed ships of the so-called "Flesh Traders". Hidden by his mother, he escaped durance and grew up an orphan on the streets of the city. He grew up a beggar thief, but was so skilled he made a name for himself in the underworld as one of the greatest living robbers in the region. Tough and resourceful, he has a very "Robin Hood"-esque sense of justice.

Player Name:

Character Name: Khâzratha Ironthews
Race / Gender: Half-Orc Female
Level / Class: 7th level Cleric
Alignment: Neutral Good

Strength: 16 TH Bonus: ±0 Dam. Bonus: +1 Op. Doors: On 1-3 B. Bars: 10%
Intelligence: 7 No Additional Languages Known
Wisdom: 17 Magical Attack Adjustment: +3
Dexterity: 9 Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0 Defensive Adjust.: ±0
Constitution: 16 Hit Point Adjustment: +2 System Shock: 95%
Charisma: 6 Reaction Adjustment: -10%

| Saving Throws | |
|-----------------------------|----|
| Paralyzation/Poison: | 7 |
| Petrification: | 10 |
| Rods/Staves/Wands: | 11 |
| Breath Weapon: | 13 |
| Spells: | 12 |

Armor Class: 4 (Chain Mail +1)

Hit Points: 53

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Spade of Colossal Excavation (Space Required: 3', Speed Factor: 4)

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 16

Weapon Damage Base: 1-8 (vs. S/M), 1-10 (vs. L)

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -3

Languages Known: Common, Dwarven, Orcish

| Magic Weapon Descriptions | Special Racial Abilities |
|---|---|
| <i>Spade of Colossal Excavation</i> (1 cubic yard of normal earth can be excavated in 1 round. Every 10 rounds, the user must rest for 5 rounds. Hard clay and gravel takes twice as long to dig; loose soil takes half as long). | <i>Infravision:</i> 60'; <i>Detect grade or slope</i> in passage: 25%; <i>Detect new construction:</i> 25%; <i>Detect sliding or shifting walls or rooms:</i> 33%; <i>Detect traps</i> involving pits, falling blocks or other stonework: 25%; <i>Determine approximate depth</i> underground: 25%. |
| Other Magic Items | Spells & Special Class Abilities |
| <i>Chain Mail Armor +1, Potion of Clairaudience, Potion of Diminution.</i> | Default Cleric Spells (5/5/3/1): 1 st : <i>Bless, Cure Light Wounds</i> (x2), <i>Magic Stone, Protection from Evil</i> ; 2 nd : <i>Aid, Dust Devil, Find Traps, Hold Person, Spiritual Hammer</i> ; 3 rd : <i>Create Food & Water, Cure Disease, Meld Into Stone</i> ; 4 th : <i>Spike Stones.</i> |

| Distribution of All Items Carried | | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------|---------------------------|-----------------|------------|-----------------|
| Left Side | | Center, Back, or Feet | | Right Side | |
| Item | Location | Item | Location | Item | Location |
| Large leather pouch | Belt | Backpack | Back | Spade | Carried |
| Hemp potion rigging | Belt | Hard leather boots | Feet | Waterskin | Sling from belt |
| 2 Potions | In rigging | Cloak | Back | | |
| 2 Holy water vials | In rigging | 2 Oil Flasks | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | 50' Rope | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | 2 Large leather sacks | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | 3 Torches | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | Tinderbox, flint, & steel | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | 2 weeks Iron Rations | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | Holy symbol | Around Neck | | |
| | | Chain Mail +1 | Worn | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Gold & Wealth: 52gp. | Experience Gained: 0 |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|

Special Notes: From Arenkarnat - a Dwarven stronghold in the Bargsnehcarn Hills. Born of unhappy union between a Jramop Orc and a Dwarf. Raised as an equal despite the fact that she may well be one of the ugliest creatures under the sun's bright gaze. Much of family taken by the Flesh Traders during their reign of terror in region. Has dedicated her life to finding as many of them as possible. *Torgrava 'Iltharn* ("Steel Bulette"), her enchanted spade, once belonged to her miner mother.

Player Name:

Character Name: Lyandra Yrsanthi

Race / Gender: Human Female

Level / Class: 6th level Cleric / 6th level Magic-User

Alignment: Lawful Neutral

Strength: 10 TH Bonus: ±0 Dam. Bonus: ±0 Op. Doors: On 1-2 B. Bars: 2%
 Intelligence: 17 6 Additional Language Known
 Wisdom: 17 Magical Attack Adjustment: +3
 Dexterity: 12 Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0 Defensive Adjust.: -±0
 Constitution: 10 Hit Point Adjustment: ±0 System Shock: 70%
 Charisma: 7 Reaction Adjustment: -5%

| Saving Throws | |
|--------------------|----|
| Paralyzation: | 8 |
| Petrification: | 10 |
| Rods/Staves/Wands: | 8 |
| Breath Weapon: | 12 |
| Spells: | 9 |

* Save vs. Spells Involving Will: 8

Armor Class: 6 (Bracers of Defense AC7 & Cloak of Protection +1)

Hit Points: 36

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Horseman's Mace (Space Required: 2, Speed Factor: 6)

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 18

Weapon Damage Base: 1-6 (S/M), 1-4 (L)

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -3

Languages Known: Common, Dwarvish, Elvish, Gnome, Halfling, Goblin, Orcish

| Magic Weapon Descriptions | Special Racial Abilities |
|---|---|
| None. | None |
| Other Magic Items | Spells & Special Class Abilities |
| <i>Bracers of Protection AC6, Cloak of Protection +1, Ring of the Ram, Potion of Gaseous Form.</i> | Default Cleric Spells (5/5/3) 1 st : <i>Command, Cure Light Wounds (x2), Detect Evil, Protection from Evil</i> ; 2 nd : <i>Aid (x2), Hold Person, Silence, 15' Radius, Spiritual Hammer</i> ; 3 rd : <i>Animate Dead, Negative Plane Protection, Speak with Dead.</i> Spells Memorized (4/2/2): 1 st : <i>Burning Hands, Detect Magic, Light, Magic Missile</i> ; 2 nd : <i>Invisibility, Ray of Enfeeblement</i> ; 3 rd : <i>Dispel Magic, Lightning Bolt.</i> Exception night vision and hearing, through link with familiar. |
| Animal Companions, Familiars, & Mounts | |
| <i>Spirit.</i> A ghost white cat, the unusually intelligent feline serves as her familiar. She seems to universally dislike all other creatures, aside of her mistress (who, in typical cat-fashion, she simply tolerates). | |

| Distribution of All Items Carried | | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------|---------------------------|-----------------|-------------------|-----------------|
| Left Side | | Center, Back, or Feet | | Right Side | |
| Item | Location | Item | Location | Item | Location |
| Bracer of Defense | Worn | Backpack | Back | Mace | Carried |
| Large leather pouch | Belt | Soft leather boots | Feet | Ring | Worn |
| Hemp Rigging | Belt | 2 Oil Flasks | Back (Backpack) | Bracer of Defense | Worn |
| Potion | In Rigging | 50' Rope | Back (Backpack) | Wineskin | Slung from belt |
| Scroll Case | Belt | 2 Large leather sacks | Back (Backpack) | | |
| Mapping materials | In case | 3 Torches | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | Tinderbox, flint, & steel | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | 2 weeks Iron Rations | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | Holy symbol | Worn | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Gold & Wealth: 64gp. | Experience Gained: 0 |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|

Special Notes: A priestess from the Ruby Cathedral in her home town of Diver, her church elders have sent her southward to the Dliw Coast to put a stop to the alarmingly high number of grave robberies and desecrations in that region. After spending some time in the area, she has become aware that elements formerly belonging to the so-called Flesh Traders that operated across the land over a decade ago are responsible for the acts. An opportunity has arisen to put a stop to their activity, perhaps forever. For the devoted of her death goddess...such a chance is impossible to refuse.

Player Name:

Character Name: Merranen Eagleheart
Race / Gender: Human Male
Level / Class: 8th level Druid
Alignment: True Neutral

Strength: 14 TH Bonus: ±0 Dam. Bonus: ±0 Op. Doors: On 1-2 B. Bars: 7%
Intelligence: 9 1 Additional Language Known
Wisdom: 18 Magical Attack Adjustment: ±4
Dexterity: 14 Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0 Defensive Adjust.: ±0
Constitution: 16 Hit Point Adjustment: +2 System Shock: 95%
Charisma: 17 Reaction Adjustment: +30%

| Saving Throws | |
|----------------------|----|
| Paralyzation/Poison: | 7 |
| Petrification: | 10 |
| Rods/Staves/Wands: | 11 |
| Breath Weapon: | 13 |
| Spells: | 12 |

* Save vs. Spells Involving Will: 8

Armor Class: 6 (Leather Armor +2)

Hit Points: 70

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Staff of Slinging (Space Required: 3, Speed Factor: 4 ; Range: 4 (S)/8 (M)/16 (L))

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 15

Weapon Damage Base: [Staff] 1-6 (S/M), 1-6 (L) or [Sling] 1-6 (S/M), 1-6 (L) or [Special] 3-30 (All)

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -4

Languages Known: Common, Elvish

| Magic Weapon Descriptions | Special Racial Abilities |
|---|--|
| <i>Staff of Slinging</i> (16c). Acts as either +1 Quarterstaff or +1 Sling when attacking in either fashion. May expend a single charge to throw a large stone or boulder as a Stone Giant. | None. |
| Other Magic Items | Spells & Special Class Abilities |
| <i>Ring of Chameleon Power</i> , <i>Potion of Healing</i> , <i>Potion of Hill Giant Strength</i> . | <p>Druidic Abilities: <i>Identify plants</i>; <i>Identify animal</i>; <i>Identify Pure Water</i>; <i>Pass without trace</i> through overgrown areas; <i>Immunity to charms</i> cast by woodland creatures; <i>Shapechange</i> 3/day into animal between the sizes of a small bird and a black bear, healing 10%-60% of Hit Point damage in the process.</p> <p>Default Druid Spells (6/6/4/3) 1st: <i>Entangle</i> (x3), <i>Faerie Fire</i>, <i>Shillelagh</i>, <i>Speak with Animals</i>; 2nd: <i>Barkskin</i>, <i>Charm Person or Mammal</i>, <i>Cure Light Wounds</i>, <i>Flame Blade</i>, <i>Heat Metal</i>, <i>Obscurement</i>; 3rd: <i>Protection from Fire</i>, <i>Neutralize Poison</i>, <i>Spike Growth</i>, <i>Stone Shape</i>; 4th: <i>Cure Serious Wounds</i> (x2), <i>Dispel Magic</i>.</p> |

| Distribution of All Items Carried | | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------|-------------------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| Left Side | | Center, Back, or Feet | | Right Side | |
| Item | Location | Item | Location | Item | Location |
| Enchanted Ring | Worn | Leather Armor | Worn | Staff of Slings | Carried |
| Large leather pouch | Belt | Backpack | Back | Waterskin | Sling from belt |
| Hemp rigging | Belt | Hard leather boots | Feet | | |
| Potions | In rigging | 50' Rope | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | 2 Large leather sacks | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | 2 weeks Iron Rations | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | 2 flasks of Oil | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | Tinderbox (Flint/Steel) | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | 3 Torches | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |

| | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| Gold & Wealth: 7gp. | Experience Gained: 0 |
|---------------------|----------------------|

Special Notes: Long has the Ruush Forest which he calls his domain been a dangerous expanse. Since the birth of the so-called "Flesh Traders", however, this situation has only worsened. Orcs now maraud the woodlands, upsetting the fragile balance of nature far past its tipping point. Worse, someone is making unnatural monstrosities of the animals of the forest. Their young are born twisted and deformed and grown animals are appearing tortured and mad. Some even bear strange grafted limbs of eyes. Whomever is responsible for such an affront to nature must be made to pay!

Player Name:

Character Name: Ravella Zaar
Race / Gender: Human Female
Level / Class: 8th level Illusionist
Alignment: Chaotic Good

Strength: 7 TH Bonus: -1 Dam. Bonus: ±0 Op. Doors: On 1 B. Bars: 0%
Intelligence: 16 5 Additional Language Known
Wisdom: 10 Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0
Dexterity: 18 Reaction / Attack Adjust.: +3 Defensive Adjust.: -4
Constitution: 7 Hit Point Adjustment: ±0 System Shock: 55%
Charisma: 16 Reaction Adjustment: +25%

| Saving Throws | |
|--------------------|----|
| Paralyzation: | 13 |
| Petrification: | 11 |
| Rods/Staves/Wands: | 9 |
| Breath Weapon: | 13 |
| Spells: | 10 |

Armor Class: 4 (Bracers of Defense AC8)

Hit Points: 24

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Wand of Magic Missiles (Space Required: Nil, Speed Factor: 2)

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 20

Weapon Damage Base: Special

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -5

Languages Known: Common, Dwarven, Elvish, Gnome, Halfling, Orcish

| Magic Weapon Descriptions | Special Racial Abilities |
|--|--|
| None. | None. |
| Other Magic Items | Spells & Special Class Abilities |
| <i>Wand of Magic Missiles (15 charges), Bracers of Protection AC8, Ring of Feather Falling, Potion of ESP, Potion of Flying.</i> | Spells Memorized (4/3/2/1): 1 st : <i>Chromatic Orb, Color Spray, Light, Phantasmal Force</i> ; 2 nd : <i>Improved Phantasmal Force, Invisibility, Mirror Image</i> ; 3 rd : <i>Paralyzation, Spectral Force, Suggestion</i> ; 4 th : <i>Shadow Monsters.</i> |
| Animal Companions, Familiars, & Mounts | |
| Smoke: An insubstantial wisp of a creature resembling a roiling cloud of black smoke in the shape of a slender and sinuous dragon. The strange, nonesuch creature is the Illusionist's familiar and enjoys perching on her shoulder or sliding about her neck affectionately, like a snake. Smoke is absolutely silent and invisible in even semi-darkness. The Illusionist may communicate with it telepathically. It has a wicked personality (towards anything but her) and seems inordinately preoccupied with treasure. She does not know what can and cannot harm it, but the creature seems to recoil at exposure to bright light and flame. The Illusionist has reason to believe that the creature may be, in fact, a hatchling Shadow Dragon. | |

| Distribution of All Items Carried | | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------|---------------------------|-----------------|-------------------|-----------------|
| Left Side | | Center, Back, or Feet | | Right Side | |
| Item | Location | Item | Location | Item | Location |
| Bracer of Defense | Worn | Backpack | Back | Magic Wand | Carried |
| Enchanted Ring | On Finger | Soft leather boots | Feet | Bracer of Defense | Worn |
| Large leather pouch | Belt | 2 Oil Flasks | Back (Backpack) | Waterskin | Sling from belt |
| Leather Rigging | Belt | 50' Rope | Back (Backpack) | | |
| Potions | In Rigging | 2 Large leather sacks | Back (Backpack) | | |
| Scroll Case | Belt | 3 Torches | Back (Backpack) | | |
| Mapping materials | In case | Tinderbox, flint, & steel | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | 2 weeks Iron Rations | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Gold & Wealth: 44gp. | Experience Gained: 0 |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|

Special Notes: From High Harbor, in the Jramop. Left home at a young age to become a performer and met with great success in the city of Hard Bay, where her magic act entertained scores of adoring fans on a nightly basis. When the so-called "Flesh Traders" began marauding up and down the coast of Brazen Bay, she raced home to see to the safety of her family...only to find them long since spirited away on the infamous yellow-sailed ships of those accursed blackguards. Since then, she has remained in the region, becoming a well-known and feared adversary of the Flesh Traders and their allies.

Player Name:

Character Name: Brother Lyrwend
Race / Gender: Human Male
Level / Class: 8th level Monk
Alignment: Lawful Neutral

Strength: 15 TH Bonus: ±0 Dam. Bonus: ±0 Op. Doors: On 1-2 B. Bars: 7%
Intelligence: 10 2 Additional Language Known
Wisdom: 16 Magical Attack Adjustment: +2
Dexterity: 17 Reaction / Attack Adjust.: +2 Defensive Adjust.: -3
Constitution: 15 Hit Point Adjustment: +1 System Shock: 91%
Charisma: 10 Reaction Adjustment: ±0%

| Saving Throws | |
|--------------------|----|
| Paralyzation: | 12 |
| Petrification: | 11 |
| Rods/Staves/Wands: | 12 |
| Breath Weapon: | 15 |
| Spells: | 13 |

* Save vs. Spells Involving Will: 11

Armor Class: 1 (Unarmored)
Hit Points: 36
Movement Base: 22"
Weapon in Hand: Open hand (Space Required: Nil, Speed Factor: 1)
To-Hit Armor Class 0: 19
Weapon Damage Base: 2-12 (All)
Attacks Per Round: 3/2
Non-Proficiency Penalty: -3
Languages Known: Common, Dwarvish, Orcish

| Magic Weapon Descriptions | Special Racial Abilities |
|--|---|
| None. | None. |
| Other Magic Items | Spells & Special Class Abilities |
| <i>Keoghtom's Ointment, Periapt of Proof vs. Poison, Potion of Clairvoyance, Oil of Impact +3.</i> | Monk Abilities: <i>Speak with animals</i> at will; <i>Resistance to ESP</i> : 78%; <i>Immune to disease</i> ; <i>Immune to slow effects</i> ; <i>Immune to haste effects</i> ; May <i>Feign death</i> for up to 16 turns; May <i>Heal</i> 1d4+2 hit points of damage to himself 1/day; <i>Speak with plants</i> at will. |

| Distribution of All Items Carried | | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------|---------------------------|-----------------|---------------------|------------|
| Left Side | | Center, Back, or Feet | | Right Side | |
| Item | Location | Item | Location | Item | Location |
| Waterskin | Sling from belt | Backpack | Back | Large leather pouch | Belt |
| | | Soft leather boots | Feet | Hemp Rigging | Belt |
| | | 2 Oil Flasks | Back (Backpack) | Potions | In Rigging |
| | | 50' Silk Rope | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | 2 Large leather sacks | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | 3 Torches | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | Tinderbox, flint, & steel | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | 2 weeks Iron Rations | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |

| | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| Gold & Wealth: 3gp. | Experience Gained: 0 |
|---------------------|----------------------|

Special Notes: He is one of the denizens of the *Redoubtable Abbey*. The only known place sacred to the martial Hero-Deity he reveres in all the land. Along the banks of the Attendant River, near Roucwood, the monks of the Abbey are well-familiar with the evil posed by the so-called "Flesh Traders" of the Jramop. Historically, they have sent some of their most formidable martial artists to do what they can to rescue those unfortunates captured by the slavers and give alms to those who have suffered under their tyranny. The elders of the Redoubtable Abbey have sent this monk forth to complete a mission of the utmost importance. Failure would certainly dim the lights of weal in the world ever so slightly....

Player Name:

Character Name: Kendrel Rilsheven
Race / Gender: Human Male
Level / Class: 7th level Paladin
Alignment: Lawful Good

Strength: 16 TH Bonus: ±0 Dam. Bonus: +1 Op. Doors: On 1-3 B. Bars: 10%
Intelligence: 9 1 Additional Language Known
Wisdom: 15 Magical Attack Adjustment: +1
Dexterity: 9 Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0 Defensive Adjust.: ±0
Constitution: 16 Hit Point Adjustment: +2 System Shock: 96%
Charisma: 18 Reaction Adjustment: +35%

| Saving Throws | |
|--------------------|----|
| Paralyzation: | 8 |
| Petrification: | 9 |
| Rods/Staves/Wands: | 10 |
| Breath Weapon: | 10 |
| Spells: | 11 |

* Save vs. Spells Involving Will: 10

Armor Class: 1 (Plate Mail Armor & Shield +1)

Hit Points: 78

Movement Base: 6"

Weapon in Hand: Bastard Sword +2 (Space Required: 4+, Speed Factor: 6)

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 12

Weapon Damage Base: 2-8 (S/M), 2-16 (L)

Attacks Per Round: 3/2

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2

Languages Known: Common, Orcish

| Magic Weapon Descriptions | Special Racial Abilities |
|---|---|
| <i>Bastard Sword +2 "Liberator". Detects invisible objects and creatures on command, in 10' radius.</i> | None. |
| Other Magic Items | Spells & Special Class Abilities |
| <i>Shield +1, Potion of Sweet Water.</i> | Paladin Abilities: <i>Detect evil</i> , 60' (when concentrating); <i>Immune to disease</i> ; <i>Lay on hands</i> heals 14 hit points of damage per day; <i>Cure disease</i> 2/week; Emanates <i>Protection from evil aura</i> , 1" radius; <i>Turn undead</i> as 5 th level Cleric. |
| Animal Companions, Familiars, & Mounts | |
| <i>Shayala</i> : A night-black heavy warhorse, the mare serves as the paladin's special mount. She is especially loyal, brave, and intelligent. She is skittish about crossing bodies - of any size - of running water. | |

| Distribution of All Items Carried | | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------|-----------------------|-----------------|---------------|----------|
| Left Side | | Center, Back, or Feet | | Right Side | |
| Item | Location | Item | Location | Item | Location |
| Shield | Carried | Plate Mail Armor | Worn | Bastard Sword | Carried |
| Large leather pouch | Belt | Holy Symbol | Worn | | |
| Waterskin | Sling from belt | Backpack | Back | | |
| | | Hard leather boots | Feet | | |
| | | 50' Rope | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | 2 Large leather sacks | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | 2 weeks Iron Rations | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |

| | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| Gold & Wealth: 21gp. | Experience Gained: 0 |
|----------------------|----------------------|

Special Notes: Born as a slave in the city of Mahredus, he was the son of the leader of that city's underground resistance. He had a first-hand view of the atrocities inflicted by the so-called "Flesh Traders" and suffered terribly under the deplorable conditions with which that group kept their chattel. After that city's destruction and his subsequent freedom, he committed his life to the God of Freedom and Liberty, serving that faith as a knight-errant within the region of his former home. He is all-too aware that the vestiges of the Flesh Traders former empire exist and that the folk that disappear in the night within their former reach continue to find themselves on boats and in shackles to this day.

Extended Special Notes: Kendrel Rilsheven

Following the failed attempt to bring Marquessa the Enchantress to justice, the Paladin of the God of Freedom and Liberty returned to his home in Diver to quite a surprise. The entire block of the city in which his modest home lay was completely devoid of his neighbors. The family of the baker Enzo Aguello that dwelled in the house next to his was swept away. All that remained of their presence was the scent of fresh bread in the air. On the other side of his home, Klara Gernsback – the Perrengaarder teacher – had likewise vanished without a trace. Her pet cat meowed and wailed confused and heartbroken as it wandered the halls of her house in search of its mistress. Outside, little Anna Churt – who offered a fresh-picked daisy for the paladin every morning and who adored his horse so – sold no more flowers in the street. The sounds of the violins played on the street’s corner by the ever-smiling brothers Kol and Rik Yathri fled the air, to be replaced by utter silence. Even Janna Marvnos, the city watchman who unfailingly saw to their safety come the night, was gone.

The night in that part of Diver was quiet and still.

For a paladin devoted to the God of Freedom and Liberty, few things could be more harrowing than a kidnapping on such a massive scale. Kendrel found himself shaken to his very core by the unconscionable act. Contact with the authorities within the city yielded only more questions. Whatever transpired seemed to have occurred in the midst of the night and on a mass scale. Magic was almost certainly in play; it was as if in one moment, the street was populated and in the next, it had been abandoned. No witnesses could be found that could shed any light upon the nature of the disappearances or reveal those responsible for the unthinkable crime. Indeed, the only clue extant was found in the form of a small slip of paper and a single black rose, left upon the kitchen table within Kendrel’s home.

Freedom, fleeting as the petal of a rose.

--M.

The authorities remained puzzled, but all was clear to the paladin.

As has been said before: Marquessa never forgets an enemy. Nor does she ever forgive a slight.



Marquessa's Stronghold, Level One

North



26

25

16

20

22

17

21

19

18

24

23

Marquessa's Stronghold,

Level Two

OPEN GAME LICENSE Version 1.0a

The following text is the property of Wizards of the Coast, Inc. and is Copyright 2000 Wizards of the Coast, Inc ("Wizards"). All Rights Reserved.

1. Definitions: (a)"Contributors" means the copyright and/or trademark owners who have contributed Open Game Content; (b)"Derivative Material" means copyrighted material including derivative works and translations (including into other computer languages), potation, modification, correction, addition, extension, upgrade, improvement, compilation, abridgment or other form in which an existing work may be recast, transformed or adapted; (c) "Distribute" means to reproduce, license, rent, lease, sell, broadcast, publicly display, transmit or otherwise distribute; (d)"Open Game Content" means the game mechanic and includes the methods, procedures, processes and routines to the extent such content does not embody the Product Identity and is an enhancement over the prior art and any additional content clearly identified as Open Game Content by the Contributor, and means any work covered by this License, including translations and derivative works under copyright law, but specifically excludes Product Identity. (e) "Product Identity" means product and product line names, logos and identifying marks including trade dress; artifacts; creatures characters; stories, storylines, plots, thematic elements, dialogue, incidents, language, artwork, symbols, designs, depictions, likenesses, formats, poses, concepts, themes and graphic, photographic and other visual or audio representations; names and descriptions of characters, spells, enchantments, personalities, teams, personas, likenesses and special abilities; places, locations, environments, creatures, equipment, magical or supernatural abilities or effects, logos, symbols, or graphic designs; and any other trademark or registered trademark clearly identified as Product identity by the owner of the Product Identity, and which specifically excludes the Open Game Content; (f) "Trademark" means the logos, names, mark, sign, motto, designs that are used by a Contributor to identify itself or its products or the associated products contributed to the Open Game License by the Contributor (g) "Use", "Used" or "Using" means to use, Distribute, copy, edit, format, modify, translate and otherwise create Derivative Material of Open Game Content. (h) "You" or "Your" means the licensee in terms of this agreement.

2. The License: This License applies to any Open Game Content that contains a notice indicating that the Open Game Content may only be Used under and in terms of this License. You must affix such a notice to any Open Game Content that you Use. No terms may be added to or subtracted from this License except as described by the License itself. No other terms or conditions may be applied to any Open Game Content distributed using this License.

3. Offer and Acceptance: By Using the Open Game Content You indicate Your acceptance of the terms of this License.

4. Grant and Consideration: In consideration for agreeing to use this License, the Contributors grant You a perpetual, worldwide, royalty-free, non-exclusive license with the exact terms of this License to Use, the Open Game Content.

5. Representation of Authority to Contribute: If You are contributing original material as Open Game Content, You represent that Your Contributions are Your original creation and/or You have sufficient rights to grant the rights conveyed by this License.

6. Notice of License Copyright: You must update the COPYRIGHT

NOTICE portion of this License to include the exact text of the COPYRIGHT NOTICE of any Open Game Content You are copying, modifying or distributing, and You must add the title, the copyright date, and the copyright holder's name to the COPYRIGHT NOTICE of any original Open Game Content you Distribute.

7. Use of Product Identity: You agree not to Use any Product Identity, including as an indication as to compatibility, except as expressly licensed in another, independent Agreement with the owner of each element of that Product Identity. You agree not to indicate compatibility or co-adaptability with any Trademark or Registered Trademark in conjunction with a work containing Open Game Content except as expressly licensed in another, independent Agreement with the owner of such Trademark or Registered Trademark. The use of any Product Identity in Open Game Content does not constitute a challenge to the ownership of that Product Identity. The owner of any Product Identity used in Open Game Content shall retain all rights, title and interest in and to that Product Identity.

8. Identification: If you distribute Open Game Content You must clearly indicate which portions of the work that you are distributing are Open Game Content.

9. Updating the License: Wizards or its designated Agents may publish updated versions of this License. You may use any authorized version of this License to copy, modify and distribute any Open Game Content originally distributed under any version of this License.

10. Copy of this License: You MUST include a copy of this License with every copy of the Open Game Content You Distribute.

11. Use of Contributor Credits: You may not market or advertise the Open Game Content using the name of any Contributor unless You have written permission from the Contributor to do so.

12. Inability to Comply: If it is impossible for You to comply with any of the terms of this License with respect to some or all of the Open Game Content due to statute, judicial order, or governmental regulation then You may not Use any Open Game Material so affected.

13. Termination: This License will terminate automatically if You fail to comply with all terms herein and fail to cure such breach within 30 days of becoming aware of the breach. All sublicenses shall survive the termination of this License.

14. Reformation: If any provision of this License is held to be unenforceable, such provision shall be reformed only to the extent necessary to make it enforceable.

15. COPYRIGHT NOTICE

Open Game License v 1.0a Copyright 2000, Wizards of the Coast, Inc.

System Reference Document Copyright 2000-2003, Wizards of the Coast, Inc.; Authors Jonathan Tweet, Monte Cook, Skip Williams, Rich Baker, Andy Collins, David Noonan, Rich Redman, Bruce R. Cordell, John D. Rateliff, Thomas Reid, James Wyatt, based on original material by E. Gary Gygax and Dave Arneson.

Die, Marquessa, Die!, Copyright 2018, carlos a.s. lising.

END OF LICENSE

This item is only one of the many playing aids for the OSRIC® role-playing system produced by **casl Entertainment**. Other such products include:

Dungeon Module A5 (Kill Marquessa!)
Dungeon Module A7 (Marquessa, Thy Name is Evil)
Dungeon Module C7 (In Gnomine Septem)
Dungeon Module C8 (Zavod)
Dungeon Module C9 (Lux Aeterna)
Dungeon Module C10 (Who Sits Upon the Oaken Throne)
Dungeon Module C11 (When Comes the Witching Hour)
Dungeon Module CH1 (Lost Dog)
Dungeon Module CR1 (En Reve)

casl Entertainment also publishes playing aids for the AVREMIER® game setting published by Mothshade Concepts:

Dungeon Module C1 (Clair De Lune)
Dungeon Module C2 (Pohjola's Daughter)
Dungeon Module C3 (La Chasse)

Other releases of additional role-playing aids are planned for the future. **casl Entertainment** publishes a complete line of fantasy, science fiction, espionage, and historical games and rules which are available from better hobby, game, and department stores nationwide or for direct purchase through www.caslentertainment.com. If you desire a complete catalog, write: caslentertainment@gmail.com



www.caslentertainment.com
www.patreon.com/caslentertainment
caslentertainment@gmail.com