

C11

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OSRIC™

Dungeon Module C11

When Comes the Witching Hour

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AN ADVENTURE FOR CHARACTER LEVELS 9-12



In 586CY, Lady Ariana Silverfox -- heiress to her renowned family's fortune -- disappeared while exploring the depths of the Castle of the Mad Archmage. Now, almost fifteen years later, divinatory magics have revealed that the wealthy adventurer yet lives...but in the remote hinterlands of Perrengaard, of all places. Will your band of heroes prove capable of successfully finding the missing explorer and returning her to her grieving family?

This module was originally used for tournament play at Gary Con XI. It contains a challenging scenario and twelve pre-rolled, playtested tournament characters. C11 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.



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Dungeon Module C11

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Introduction

In the earliest days of the Mad Archmage's tenure as Lord Mayor of the Free City, it is well-chronicled that the growing trade meet that would eventually become the Diadem of a Continent was like unto an island at sea. It is true that its heretofore popularity owed to its centralized location between many diverse population centers south of the Depthless Lake, however, it yet remained separated from the land's greatest and most prosperous markets by many miles over oft-dangerous and untamed land. So it was that the Mad Archmage gathered the most accomplished and renowned explorers dwelling within the region to his side. He offered these redoubtable individuals great rewards in return for acting as trailblazers in both his name and the name of the ambitious Free City. Their charge was to stab forth from the settlement's gates and establish trade routes to the great metropolises scattered across the face of the continent. In this way, their home might one day grow as great and as prosperous as any of those far-flung places.

This was a most dangerous task, indeed, and the annals of history has forgotten the names of most of those intrepid voyagers. Yet many of those brave and puissant souls managed to complete their charge, returning to treat with the Mad Archmage, fresh with the flush of victory. So it is that the Free City has since ascended to its place: Greatest of all worldly cities and the very center of commerce and trade among them all.

One of the most notable of these explorers was a man named Harved Silverfox. He accepted one of the most daring charges of all: To drive to the south and east through the boughs of the vast and dense woodland to gain access to the markets just beyond its verdance. The task took slightly less than a decade in all, but when the voyager at last returned through the gates of the Free City showered in gold, gems, and plentiful nonesuch items, it was upon his brow that the Lord Mayor smiled brightest of all. The Mad Archmage proclaimed before a cheering throng that ever would Silverfox and the children of his blood have a place of highest esteem within the walls of the city he helped ascend to greatness. A vast manor was erected in a wealthy quarter of the Free City for the newly minted Lord Silverfox and his wife, within which they raised many children. In the years that followed, the family's legacy would be cemented by still more considerable accomplishments of note. For one, the Silverfoxes established a mercantile company to take advantage of that which the family's progenitor established. This company was exceedingly successful and brought no small amount of lucre and power through the gates of their home. Secondly, every child born into the Silverfox family was expected to go out into the world and explore, just as did their forebearer, looking for new sources of wealth and glory to add to their storied name. This had the effect of making the family fabulously wealthy, powerful, and influential within the Free City. Finally, the family came to traffick in a singular breed of canine – named, naturally, the Silverhound – that proved an extremely loyal and powerful sort of war dog. The largesse belonging to the noble house grew yet larger, as many of those looking for faithful and strong companions flocked to the Silverfoxes to make one such hound their own. In the end, all these things conspired to make the name of the lineage one associated with wealth, power, and quality.

In 586CY, however, a great tragedy befell the family. In the summer of that year, the eldest Silverfox of her generation, Lady Ariana, took up the time-honored tradition put forth by her

forebearers and set off to the fallen Castle of the Mad Archmage, but perhaps a league from the gates of the Free City, in search of adventure and glory. Sadly, the warrior / sorceress never returned from her journey. This prompted Lady Ariana's mother – a widow to whom her first-born daughter was a shining star in an night sky otherwise most bleak – to sponsor no less than a score of adventuring groups, tasked with the location and recovery of the missing young woman. All of these rescue parties failed, either returning to Silverfox Manor empty-handed, scarred and maimed, or not at all. With the passage of several years, most within the Free City had resolved themselves to what seemed tragic but obvious: That Lady Ariana had been lost forever, along with the company with which she traveled – yet more victims of the Mad Archmage's fell stronghold.

Yet the family's matriarch, Lady Trianna, never gave up on her beloved daughter. When men failed, she availed herself of magic, putting a princely sum from Silverfox coffers towards retaining magi and priests aplenty, who conferred with arcane spirits or divinity itself for clues to Lady Ariana's whereabouts. To Lady Trianna's great surprise, all of these divinations were inconclusive in result, failing to pronounce her dead or alive. Hope yet lived on!

So it is that the search for the missing Lady Silverfox continues. Indeed, setting off to find the lost heiress has become something of a legend amongst the adventuring folk of the Free City, as all are well aware of the fabulous rewards that might await those heroes managing to return her to the side of her grieving mother. Still, the notion of such a quest is also synonymous with a fool's errand. Could Lady Silverfox yet live within the dungeons of the Castle of the Mad Archmage, even after such time has passed? And what worthies might accomplish such a task where so many mighty men and women before them have failed?

The summer of 600CY has come to set upon the Free City. And it is high time some of these questions are answered at last.

Module History:

When Comes the Witching Hour was designed as an official convention module for *GaryCon XI*, held in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin in March, 2019. The module has been designed in such a way that it can be placed in any published or homebrewed Campaign Setting with little difficulty. It has been written so as to be usable with the **OSRIC™ Role-Playing System**. While the module was developed for the purpose of convention play, it can easily be adapted for use as either a one-shot adventure or worked into an ongoing campaign with little in the way of alteration on the part of the Dungeon Master.

Adventure Location:

When Comes the Witching Hour takes place in the northwestern reaches of Perrengeoff. This land is well known for its fiercely independent spirit, its somewhat insular nature, and its fine martial tradition. To equate the sense of culture and overall “feel “ to a modern-day society, one could do worse than to take cues from Germanic and (especially) Swiss history.

In particular, *When Comes the Witching Hour* centers upon the Rollendeländer: A region characterized by and named for the vast, wavering hills that lead towards a great mountain range to the east and an immense lake, to the north. The climate here is relatively mild, even in the summer, with a brisk wind whipped up from the

mountain peaks to lash westwardly across the land. While the nation of Perrengeoff is a civilized place where law and order hold sway, the Rollendeländer have a much more dire reputation. Centuries ago, the infamous Queen of Witches called the land now called Perrengeoff her kingdom and though peace and weal have settled in upon the nation since she was overthrown, some vestiges of her legacy yet exist. It is in the Rollendeländer and the mountains west of the hills that these traces are most prevalent. In particular, the undulating terrain was the home of the demonic legions at her command and some say the force of their evil was so profound that it permeates the land, steeping it in its maelific nature, even today. Certainly, it cannot be denied that inexplicable and worrisome events within the region are occasionally reported to the Voorman of the land by its folk, supporting such notions greatly. So it is that those with the spine to dwell in the haunted hills are a superstitious lot to whom trust is a stranger.

Background:

This, posted three days ago upon the front door of the Guildhall of Mercenaries, in the Perrengeoffer capital of Blackbear:

"WANTED FOR RETENTION!

"A mercenary company capable of performing a search for a missing person of great interest. Said mercenary company must be capable of professional conduct and discreet operation. All interested companies will be subject to a personal interview on behalf of the commissioning party and must be willing to submit to the divination of their character by means magical. Only the most experienced and accomplished individuals will be considered for this commission. References must be furnished and may be subject to verification by means of augury. It is suggested that those interviewed are able to provide a short list (in the tongue of their choice) of the accomplishments that they feel makes them best suited for the commission."

Such a posting does not fail to begin imaginations racing and tongues wagging within the Guildhall. Rumors and scuttlebutt abound as those best connected amongst the mercenaries of Perrengeoff canvass their various informants for anything that might be gleaned regarding the mysterious mission. Within a day, word begins to circulate amidst your contemporaries that she who would retain Blackbear's best is an wealthy heiress hailing from the Free City, far to the south. Such is her power and influence that nothing more can be learned of the mission's particulars. All that can be said is that an individual capable of such secrecy must be fabulously wealthy. Likewise, if such a worthy has been forced to resort to the hiring of mercenaries to accomplish her shrouded task...then it must be a most dangerous one, indeed.

Such talk has caused most of the mercenary companies based from your Guildhall to ignore the missive. While they feign disinterest, you can tell in their eyes when they speak that there some small glimmer of fear abides. You and your fellows are another matter. Your company has been forged in the crucible of hardship and war. You have stared death in its eyes and turned your back upon its spectre, a smirk and a chuckle upon your lips as you defy its scythe. Indeed, such adventures are as meat and drink to your number.

Before the sunset, you have torn the message from the Guildhouse door and given the sheaf of elegantly-scripted parchment to your Guildmaster. In response, he simply nods with a knowing smile. Of course, he knew it would be you that would accept such a charge.

He has seen many men, many soldiers, in his time.

And he can recognize true heroes when he sees them.

Notes for the Player Characters:

The scenario put forth in the **Background** section implies that the Players are using the pre-generated characters included with this module (see **Appendix C** for details): A mercenary company from the nation of Perrengeoff. That said, should the Players wish to use their own characters (as one might expect, if this module were used within the context of an ongoing Campaign), the **Background** section can be easily ignored. In such a case, it falls to the Game Master to adjust the text of the module so that it fits seamlessly into the fabric of their individual game.

Failing that, as has been mentioned, the Player Characters take the part of one of the most powerful, well-respected and accomplished mercenary companies within the borders of Perrengeoff. This is no mean boast, as that nation houses some of the most puissant and experienced sellswords in the known world. They are all boon friends – some since childhood – with strong relationships of the sort that can only be forged within the crucible of war. Indeed, such is their success that they have been able to purchase a modest townhouse capable of lodging their entire company, which possesses a small yard, private and enclosed, in which they can conduct their training and work on coordinating their efforts as might a finely-tuned machine. Their trust in one another is implicit and all involved would go to great lengths to the aid of any of their fellows.

Given what they have learned in the **Background** section, they are quite likely to have several questions. In response to these, the Game Master is encouraged to reveal **nothing**. Instead, the answer to be provided to any such query is that the connections, informants, and spellcasting available to the Player Characters have been utterly stymied with regard to gleaning information about the proposed mission's particulars. All that can be confirmed (through their Guildmaster, who agreed to allow the posting upon his door) was that the commissioning patron was indeed a very wealthy woman hailing from the Free City. Evidently, she has rented a residence within Blackbear from which to conduct interviews of those interested in accepting her charge. Those parties will be taken to this location a day after making known their interest by a retainer in her employ.

The Game Master is encouraged to remind the Player Characters that each one of them has loyalists and spies in many places – not just within Perrengeoff. The fact that none of them were able to learn a single thing regarding the mission speaks to the airtight shroud of secrecy surrounding the affair. It also speaks to the kind of wealth at the disposal of she who commissions the endeavor. To keep the matter secret, given the forces at their disposal, her largesse must be incredible, indeed!

Allow the Player Characters the equivalent of an afternoon and an evening to make themselves ready for the interview. In this, you may allow them to take whatever actions you deem reasonable to prepare themselves for such an occasion. After the sun sets and rises again, they are expected to have assembled at the Guildhall, where the commissioner's retainer will meet them...and conduct them to the beginning of what will likely be the adventure of their combined lifetimes.

Notes for the Game Master:

This module was designed for convention-style play, and is intended for characters from 9th to 12th level. At such an advanced level, each character involved in this adventure has a tremendous amount of power available to them. Likewise, the abilities at their disposal are many and varied. Therefore, it is **strongly** advised that a Game Master preparing to run this module closely studies the pre-generated character sheets at the back of its text (contained in **Appendix C**). In the context of an ongoing Campaign, the Game Master should closely inspect the character sheets of each Player to be involved in the adventure. Needless to say, before beginning play, the Game Master must additionally read all parts of the module thoroughly. If the module is being used as part of an ongoing Campaign, the Game Master will want to take notes, making changes in the module text to fit its particulars into the Campaign. In this way, they can be prepared to adjudicate the results of any of these powers or abilities as they might relate specifically to the environs in which the Players will be operating.

During the course of the adventure, the Player Characters are welcome to use henchmen and hirelings to supply needed skills on their behalf. It should be noted, however, that the larger the party they bring along on their mission, the more chance they have of attracting attention to themselves in the way of wandering monsters, and similar threats. It is recommended that parties larger than ten in number suffer **double** the chance of attracting such undue attention to themselves. Should the DM choose to substitute the pre-generated characters supplied with this module with their own (such as is the likely case if this adventure is used in the context of a Campaign setting, rather than a Convention) they should compare Campaign characters and their magic items with the characters and items included in the module, in order to assemble an appropriate party. Likewise, they should compare the included Followers and Henchmen in this module and adjust as necessary to ensure a balanced experience.

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 DM 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.

Once the Player Characters have started the mission on behalf of Lady Silverfox, they and their various retainers (if they have any at all) are effectively on their own. While she has certainly done her best to ensure that they will meet with ultimate success, the information she has at her disposal is truly limited. Likewise, the good Lady will not adventure at their side, as the day when she once wielded sword and shield is long passed. So it is that the fate of her beloved daughter is solely in the hands of the party.

Convention Notes:

When Comes the Witching Hour was designed to be used as a single-event session, featuring six players and lasting 5 hours. Timing begins when the character sheets are distributed, and Players should be periodically reminded of the time limit. The goal to which the Player Characters must aspire (and which constitutes a successful completion of their mission) is to locate and return the missing Lady Silverfox (preferably alive and unharmed) to Blackbear.

Since the adventure was designed to be played several times over the course of GaryCon XI, 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. Likewise, when relevant, their Followers & Henchmen will be presented to them at the start of the game session. 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 sections of the **OSRIC™ Reference Manual** meant for Player use (but those sections reserved for Game Master use are forbidden), although all magic items they possess will be known and understood by the owner completely.
2. 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 Game Master 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.
3. Players will never know the function of special treasures they acquire unless they should happen to discover their powers by examination or experiment.

Campaign Notes:

In stark contrast to the remainder of Perrengeoff, which is a lush place full of green and growing things, the Rollendeländer is bleak and gloomy. The great poet Andrin Anschultz once characterized it as a place “suspended in forever autumn” and that is an excellent characterization of the land. The weather patterns created by the towering eastern mountains see to it that the Rollendeländer is overcast far more often than not. With that cloud cover comes an immense amount of precipitation that takes the form of heavy rain or snow, depending upon the season. While trees and vegetation grow here, just as in the remainder of Perrengeoff, their fruits and flowers come into bloom only during a small window in late spring. By midsummer, the boughs of the timbers are already shedding their leaves in a panoply of reds, golds, and browns. Even before fall has truly settled in upon the land, their branches are skeletal. What game exists here is scarce and hides expertly in the few thickets that grow year round and amongst the rocks and stones of the hills. With a brisk wind coursing the dark fingers of denuded trees, beneath a leaden sky, it can seem like the loneliest place in the world.

When trees are found amongst the Rollendeländer, they are generally oaks and maples. While there are large stretches

across its expanse where not even enough of these timbers exist to form a copse, as one goes further north, their growth becomes more and more frequent, though never enough to form anything resembling a true forest. Flowering plants here are not common, but the beautiful grossetblossom (a white-petalled bloom with a striking blue stamen) that occasionally grows up amongst clusters of common wildflowers is a welcome sight that brings a splash of color to a typically-dreary locale for a few months during early spring.

Typical small mammals and birds – mice and jays, rabbits and robins, squirrels and cardinals, foxes and crows – can be found in the Rollendeländer. So too can be found bears and wolves, with whom the traveler need be more concerned. The types of monstrous life that make their dwellings in the hills demonstrates an amazing amount of diversity. Bulettes, owlbears, and trolls are not uncommon sights here – and even menaces as awful as dragons and hydræ are not unknown within the span of the highlands. Most common of all is the *verschwindendekatze* (which translates to “Vanishing Cat” in the Perrengoeff dialect of the Common tongue), which is a breed of displacer beast that ranges in coloration from a snowy white, mottled with grey spots, to a tawny brown. While these creatures are known to be aggressive, they are also prized, as they have demonstrated an ability to serve as trained companions and guards. So it is that many adventurers risk their lives trying to capture a vanishing cat alive and unharmed for the benefit of some wealthy patron.

Indeed, if one were to ask the average Perrengoeff, perhaps only half would consider the Rollendeländer a part of their country. In truth, while the land is nominally theirs and they patrol it regularly (to prevent possible incursion into the more settled portion of the nation from the nomadic folk to the north and that monstrous which lairs in its bounds, both), it is largely uninhabited and undeveloped. What this means, functionally-speaking, is that the Player Characters can expect encounters with the folk of the hills – both in terms of official patrols as well as landowners – to be few and far between during the course of their operations in that region. For the purpose of resolving movement rates through its area, the terrain should be treated as *hills* (see the **OSRIC™ Reference Manual** for details).

For its location within a civilized and well-established nation, the Rollendeländer are a remarkably underexplored region. This is in no small part because of the presence of many monsters that have descended from the mountains eastward and subsequently discovered that the remote and lonely highlands make for an excellent lairing place. Otherwise, only a few dwarven enclaves and a small gnomish community claim the land as a home. Even they might have left if not for the fine mineral deposits that can be found within the hills, along with the promise of hidden caches of fabulous magical treasure left behind after the Queen of Witches quit the land, so long ago. While such buried secrets promise wealth and power, just as many offer aught but unspeakable evil and a quick death, making even the boldest of treasure seekers think twice before attempting to scour the land of its plunder. In any case, both the dwarves and the gnomes of the region are quite xenophobic and do not welcome outsiders, no matter their intentions.

As has been mentioned earlier, in the context of a Campaign setting, the introduction to *When Comes the Witching Hour* may play out quite differently than it would when run in a Convention environment. In this case, the Game Master may wish to have each character participating in the adventure reached by way of messenger, then play out the journey to the meeting at Blackbear. If this appeals to the Game Master, then they should be sure to consult the following **Perrengoeff Wandering Monster**

Table to determine if the participants encounter any unexpected resistance on their way to the meeting. As the party travels to this city, it is expected that they will be following a map provided them by whatever messenger it was that made the meeting known to them in the first place. This, coupled with a presumed knowledge of the region, gives them but a 2% chance per day of becoming lost somewhere upon the land they must cross to their destination. A lost party member 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 table to resolve exactly what is encountered.

Wandering Monster Table (Perrengoeff)	
Die Roll	Monster
01-06	Demihumans
07-10	Humanoids
11-14	Men, Bandits
15-17	Men, Brigands
18-25	Men, Merchants
26-28	Men, Nomads*
29-32	Men, Patrol, Levies
33-36	Men, Patrol, Medium
37-40	Men, Pilgrims
41-45	Men, Raiders
46-50	Men, Tribesmen**
51-00	Use Standard Encounter Tables

Notes:

For all entries, see either the **OSRIC™ Reference Manual** or the Campaign Setting manual of your choice to determine specific composition of units and numbers of troops appearing.

* In north of Perrengoeff. Otherwise, reroll.

** Hillmen, in north of Perrengoeff

Background for the Game Master

One might wonder why it is that when Lady Ariana Silverfox disappeared while exploring the dungeons of the Mad Archmage's Castle, a matter of mere miles from the gates of the Free City, the call for mercenaries willing to affect her rescue might be made several week's journey from that fell place. The answer to this riddle explains not only her disappearance, but why it is that no amount of potent and skilled explorers have been able to find her.

Lady Ariana set off on her journeys with seven puissant companions and her manservant, Morian. Initially, they met with considerable success as they delved ever deeper into the ruins that once served as the home of the Mad Archmage. This was accomplished, primarily by a cautious, risk-averse approach to their adventuring. Sadly, however, their party was ambushed by a coalition of spectral trolls that rent their flesh and sapped their souls. Of the nine of them, five survived the encounter by fleeing the hungry monsters. Weakened and terrified, the group was forced to begin taking chances. With Lady Ariana at their lead and the ghostly horrors dogging their every step, fortune smiled upon them when they flung open a great set of iron doors that seemed to

rebuff the trolls' intangibility. Within was an immense grotto in which a large natural pool of fresh water lay, replete with many fish. Though it seemed as if they might spend the rest of their natural lives within the natural chamber – for to leave would be to face a nigh-certain death at the hungry talons and maws of the spectral trolls – they would not at least, die from dehydration or starvation.

Yet Lady Ariana was ever a Silverfox, born with an explorer's spirit burning as brightly within her as any of her forebearers. She wondered if, perhaps, the pool might offer an exit from the room. Slowly, a day at a time, she dove deeper and deeper into its depths, until she realized that it did indeed lead to some place far away from the confines of the grotto. On her deepest voyage into the waters yet, she saw a small pinprick of prismatic light, such as might be found at the end of a kaleidoscope. To determine what it might be was perilous indeed, though. Simply to reach it, she found herself at the end of her breath. If it proved to merely be a trick of the light or something of the like...then the pool would serve as her watery grave. Eventually, she decided that it was a risk she had to take. She dove into the waters for the final time, intent on escape or a death found in search of freedom.

What the brave noble could not have guessed was that the grotto she and her companions had discovered once belonged to the infamous Queen of Witches. Indeed, that vile personage was once an apprentice to the Mad Archmage himself, and it is largely under his tutelage that her power grew to the unthinkable levels to which it eventually would aspire. The grotto was given her as a gift, to serve as a secure retreat in which she might clear her mind and contemplate the mysteries of the Invisible Art. She summoned mighty elemental magics to shape the grotto to her liking, then placed a great pool in its center, far, far deeper than its appearance might suggest. Within this pool, the sly Queen of Witches planted the first seeds of her eventual betrayal. She opened a portal in the deepest portion of its reaches that could whisk one stepping through its substance hundreds of miles distant to a remote fortification she had created in the lonely Rollendeländer hills of Perrengoeff. Then, the Queen of Witches bided her time. One day, she determined that she would seize the nigh-incalculable magical power contained within the Castle of the Mad Archmage by sending forth a massive demonic army loyal to her through that tiny portal – conquering the invincible fortress from within.

There is irony aplenty in this tale. For while the Queen of Witches was never able to set her lofty plans for the murder of her teacher and the plunder of his fabulous wealth into motion, when she created the portal, she provided the salvation for two brave souls – and set the table for their liberators to claim a princely sum for their own.

Even now, Lady Ariana resides within the Queen of Witches' fortification in the Rollendeländers. Likewise, her brave manservant Morian – who was compelled by honor and duty to follow his mistress when she did not return to her group – was taken to the same place by the magic of the portal. Of course, it was trapped and the two are prisoners within that fell place, held in a state of *temporal stasis*...unharmful, yet neither truly alive or truly dead (exactly as the diviners told her mother she would be). Watched over by a host of horrific guardians, it is entirely likely that she might stay in such a state until the end of time.

...unless the Player Characters have a say in the matter.

*

Chapter One: A Modest Proposal

It has been a morning most eventful.

Your mercenary company arrived at the front of the Guildhall precisely as the sun broke the jagged field of the horizon – exactly as you were instructed. There, you were greeted by a pair of gentlemen of unremarkable feature. It was easy enough to guess that they were retained just for this very purpose – their nondescript and forgettable appearances – and likewise easy enough for those bearing your experience in matters of war to determine that they were not quite what they seemed. The light chain shirts beneath their fine blouses and well-worn handles of the rapiers at their sides bespake their true natures: As men to whom the fray was no stranger. In any case, they were pleasant enough, greeting you with earnest smiles and introducing themselves as envoys to she that had commissioned your mission. At last, some confirmation that your intelligence was sound! They bade you follow them through the streets of Blackbear to the small home she had purchased for the purpose of your interview, which you were all too happy to do...wondering amongst yourselves what kind of woman it was that could so carelessly purchase fine homes, for the sake of a simple meeting.

The pair remained silent as they led you through the city, still struggling to wakefulness at dawn, to a townhouse in its Foreign Quarter. It was the perfect sort of place for a meeting such as the one to take place: Every bit as anonymous as the gentlemen at the lead, somehow conspicuous in its immensity.

One of the gentlemen opened the door for your number, while the other led the way inside. Perhaps it was a way of demonstrating that no trap awaited you? It mattered little. All that seemed important was that he led you through a maze of surprisingly well-appointed hallways until you were faced with another door. The gentleman opened it for your approval and bowed slightly. “My Lady awaits you,” he said, as if taking a solemn oath.

Within the room sits a voluminous table, surrounded by many chairs. Upon the walls are a few well-painted portraits of men and women, none of them familiar to you. Atop the table, you see place settings at every chair, fine ceramic plates flanked by silvery cutlery, silken napkins, and crystal goblets. In the midst of them, a remarkable array of breakfast foods rests. Fruit and meats, breads and berries rest on large plates alongside great decanters of water, wine, and tea. It seems a meal fit for a king – not a rabble of mercenaries, regardless of their level of accomplishment!

Open windows allow new sunshine and fresh air to stream into the chamber. At the head of the table, amidst the brilliance of a sunbeam, an solitary woman sits. Not yet old, though long since young, she regards your number carefully through grey eyes full of wit...and perhaps a twinkle of mischief.

“My friends,” she bids you, offering a gentle, relaxed smile. “Welcome to my home. Would any of you enjoy a spot of breakfast before we discuss business, hm?”

The woman is, of course, Lady Trianna Silverfox. She is the matriarch of the Free City's noble family of the same name, currently responsible for managing their finances and raising the famous Silverhounds they sell to those in search of loyal and powerful war dogs. She is a refined and cultured woman, both an immensely pleasant companion and a captivating conversationalist. She was probably a rare beauty, in the flower of her youth. Yet to converse with her, one cannot help but detect some great melancholy in the quality of her grey eyes. She is very polite to the Player Characters, offering them whatever they would like from her breakfast table. Should they evince interest in something absent from the bevy of foods available to them, she will summon her servants with a small silver bell, then have them fix their desired meal (within reason, of course), on the spot. Predictably, for a woman of her means, the breakfast is gourmet-quality and almost certainly the finest of its type any of the Player Characters have ever had the pleasure of enjoying.

While the Player Characters are enjoying the last of their meal (or if they chose to eschew it), Lady Silverfox at last speaks.

"Did everyone enjoy their meal?" the woman asks. "Excellent! I'm so pleased to hear that. I brought one of my most very best chefs all the way from the Free City so that I might enjoy my stay, whilst in Perrengeoff. It's so much better to be able to share his talents with company, though."

A pause. Another gentle smile. "Now, onto matters of business," she says. "My name is Lady Trianna Silverfox. My family has been blessed with great means, thanks to the bravery and ingenuity of my great-great grandfather, Harved. It was he that established many of the trade routes that saw the Free City ascend to the place of power and influence it has become over the years. It was also he that established my family's great tradition: That of each child born into our legacy setting out upon adulthood, exploring the world and bringing still more wealth and glory onto our family's name. Indeed, one might say that adventuring runs in the blood of a Silverfox. And so it is that, as the Free City has grown in stature, our fortunes have grown in a proportionate manner."

She casts her gaze out upon your number. "Fourteen years ago, it was my daughter's, Ariana, turn to go forth into the world's vast unknown and uphold this family tradition. She gathered a fellowship to herself, composed of powerful and experienced adventurers, and then set off for the accursed ruins of the Castle of the Mad Archmage. It was a quest," the elder Silverfox pauses, as if she needs to compose herself before giving voice to the words, "from which she never returned. Over the next several years, I sponsored no less than forty different adventuring companies, each one tasked with returning my daughter to our home. None of them succeeded. All either returned in failure, were horribly maimed, or simply did not return at all. Soon enough, the quest for Ariana's rescue became known to those exploring folk within the Free City as a fool's errand and a sure way to a swift doom. Five years after her disappearance, I was unable to find a single group of adventurers willing to take on that task - no matter what the price."

"However," she fetes you with another gentle smile, "I am a mother and I was not willing to give in to despair quite so easily. I began to hire magi and priests, hoping

that their magics might succeed when men of war before them had failed. To my surprise and delight," something in her eyes seems to twinkle with life, "while they were unable to definitively say that my daughter was alive - neither could they swear that she was dead. Hope bloomed within my breast and I continued to pay their ilk to comport with the spirits and their gods in the hope of one day, gleaning some sort of final answer. Closure, you see, in lieu of a miracle."

"Earlier this week," she continues, "one of the seers in my employ gave me a cryptic message. *When comes the witching hour, the walls between worlds grow thin*, he said. *There, where a Queen once held court, the flower of your heart yet blooms*. He told me that he then wept a single drop of blood...which fell upon a map. The droplet struck directly upon a location in the Rollendeländer hills."

"The mission I put before you," she cast another glance across each one of your gazes, "is a simple one, yet perilous beyond easy reckoning, I imagine. *Go to the place indicated on the map and bring back my Ariana*."

The Player Characters seated nearest Lady Silverfox may notice that, lying next to her chair, are a pair of dogs. Appearing something like greyhounds, these are her personal Silverhounds: A mated pair named Kelann and Arabel (see **Appendix A** for details). They will sit dutifully at her side unless their mistress is attacked, at which time they will both spring to her defense with an amazing ferocity, considering their otherwise placid demeanor. When the meal is concluded, she will glance down at the two canines and smile, patting them on their sides. At this point, the two will happily scurry under the table, devouring any food dropped during the meal.

The Player Characters will likely have all manner of questions for Lady Trianna, regarding their mission. The sad truth is, however, that she actually knows very little aside of what she has told them already. Though she puts on a brave face about it (as one might expect of a woman of her quality), she is scarcely more than a grief-stricken mother who is grasping at any straw within reach, in the hopes that the slender sliver of hope she has been offered by her seer can lead to the return of her beloved daughter. She only differs from the usual individual in her straits in that she is ridiculously wealthy...and in that her belief that Lady Ariana yet might still be recovered is actually correct.

After their initial salvo of questions, Lady Silverfox will go around the table, asking a few questions of the Player Characters. In this, she attempts to gain a feel for them and an appreciation for their level of competence and their moral standing. Through this questioning, the assembled group may gain or lose **Esteem Points**: The mechanism by which Lady Trianna will decide if they are the right heroes for her job. These questions will vary as per the whimsy of the Game Master, but each should explore the past of the Player Characters and some act that they have committed in becoming the adventurer that they are today. Ask at least one such question of each individual participating in the adventure (eschewing any Followers or Henchmen, of course; Lady Trianna expects that such individuals will mirror the ethos of their masters and mistresses).

Sample questions in the course of the interview might be:

- “You are clearly a man of war, used to being placed in situations where difficult decisions must be made. Tell me what you feel is most important: Triumph over your foes at any cost or the welfare of the innocent caught in the fray?”
- “Sister, I cannot help but notice the symbol of the Shining One dangling about your neck. Please indulge my curiosity, if you will: Does His doctrine afford greater glory to those who destroy the restless dead or offer alms to the poor and suffering?”
- “Lord mage, in my experience of dealing with those who act as conduits to the Invisible World, I have noticed a certain craving for knowledge and power at any cost. Tell me your opinion: Are such things worthwhile pursuits, even if the innocent must suffer for their pursuit?”
- “Mistress trapfinder, your profession is often looked upon with some scorn by those who know no better. I often wonder, though...if the Princess of Burglars managed to make off with all the riches in the King's treasury, they would have far more wealth than they could spend in a dozen lifetimes. What might you do with such a fortune?”
- “Brother monk, I understand that your order of aesthetes is well-known for their ironclad honesty. Tell me, if I wished you and your companions to accept a *geas* before venturing off in my name, to ensure that each of you acted in the best interests of my daughter at all times...would you willingly endure such a burden?”

Those who demonstrate a dedication to weal and acts of selflessness with gain **1 Esteem Point**. Those who offer a neutral or inconclusive answer will gain nor lose the favor of Lady Silverfox. Those who offer a sinister or selfish answer will lose **1 Esteem Point**. Finally, she will ask for the references requested in the advertisement on the door of the Guildhouse. If she is presented with a document detailing such information, the Player Characters will gain **1 Esteem Point**. Failing to do so, yet offering a good excuse why they arrived at the interview without such accreditation will result in no gain or loss of **Esteem Points**. Failing to produce such a document or provide an explanation why they came unprepared will result in a loss of **1 Esteem Point**. Note that, while the Player Characters are answering Lady Silverfox's questions, that she is under the influence of a *detect lie* (see below, for details) spell. If she is able to catch them in any sort of falsehood, they lose **2 Esteem Points**.

At the end of the interview process, the Player Characters must have earned at least a number of Esteem Points greater than 50% of the amount of individuals within the party. For example, a party of six must earn **4 Esteem Points**, while a gathering of twelve must have garnered at least 7. Should the Player Characters fail to impress Lady Silverfox with their answers (by earning less than the required number of **Esteem Points**), she graciously thanks them for their time and dismisses them to their own devices. She has not been convinced that they are the sort of individuals in which she can trust her daughter's life. At this point, the adventure is concluded. However, if they have met the appropriate number of Esteem Points in the course of the interview, then Lady Silverfox is well-pleased – and she makes no attempt to hide her delight that she has found the sort of heroes in which she can feel in her heart will do whatever is necessary to bring Lady Ariana back to her, if such a thing is possible at all.

Lady Trianna Silverfox: AC 0 (Corset of Defense, AC 6, Dexterity Bonus), MV 12, 4th Level Thief, HP 7, THAC0 17, #AT 1, Damage 1-4+3 (Dagger +3), SQ Thief Skills, Magic

Items.

Kelann & Arabel, Silverhounds: AC 5, MV 12, 3+3 HP 25 (both), THAC0 16, #AT 1, Damage 4-10

After the interview process, Lady Silverfox asks the Player Characters if they have any final questions of her. It is most liable that they will bring up the matter of recompense. To put a fine point on it, the Player Characters are likely to ask Lady Trianna about the nature of the reward she is offering for the successful completion of their mission. They might be surprised to see that such a topic actually perks her up noticeably, bringing another sparkle to her eye and a smile to her lips. Lady Trianna has not been placed in charge of managing the Silverfox fortune for no good reason. She is an excellent financier and any topic of trade or barter sends the same rush through her that she experienced when she herself was once an adventurer. Lady Trianna is willing to offer each of the Player Characters responsible for returning to Blackbear with her daughter a princely sum of 10,000gp (paid in platinum pieces) and one miscellaneous magic item (this reward will fit their class appropriately and be worth 10,000gp). Most of the Player Characters hearing this offer should be bowled over by the generosity of the noble lady. However, it is entirely possible that especially greedy types will wish to barter for more. In such a case, Lady Silverfox is not amused. The offer she has put forth is more than generous and those wishing to try and squeeze a few more coppers from her will bring her to question about the character of those whom she might employ for a mission of such gravity. This should shame them into acceptance, but if it fails to do so and the Player Characters persist in their attempt at barter, she casts them from her home in disgust. Clearly, the assembled are not cast from the stuff of heroes.

Presuming the Player Characters have impressed Lady Silverfox sufficiently and have accepted the solemn charge she has put forth, she offers them a written contract in which they will vow to do whatever is possible in good faith and to the best of their abilities to recover Lady Ariana and return her (preferably, alive and unharmed) to Lady Trianna's rented home in Blackbear. In return, she guarantees that she will remit the Player Characters the rewards she promised above upon successful completion of the mission. A close inspection of the contract will reveal a clause in which Lady Trianna reserves the right to send a rescue party after the Player Characters if they fail to return from their mission in two weeks. She has signed the document in an elegant, flowing script.

If the Player Characters are willing to sign, likewise, she secretes the contract away and offers them a beaming smile. They have become patron and partner, now, and she offers them a fine ivory scroll case. Within it is a great map of Perrengoeff, a single crimson droplet staining a place in the midst of the Rollendeländer hills. Lady Silverfox informs the party that they may begin the initial portion of their mission as soon as they are prepared to do so: Traveling to the spot on the map, where her magi's planar contact has indicated that her daughter may currently be. Lady Trianna has done extensive research on the area and knows of its dangerous repute. Therefore, she asks the Player Characters if they feel their odds of success might be enhanced by *teleporting* to the location on the map, rather than traveling there overland. If they show interest in her idea, she informs them that the tea they have enjoyed over breakfast contains a rare herb that is quite harmless, but has the interesting property of being conducive to transport via spell (she uses this herself as a failsafe, should her life ever be seriously threatened). If they wish to travel to the spot on the map, she will offer the party her *ring of translocation* (a platinum loop set with a sapphire worth 2,500gp, see **Appendix B** for details), which when worn and twisted will *teleport without error* all those who have imbibed the tea in a 10' radius to the location of their choice.

Traveling to the Rollendeländers in such a way is an excellent choice, as it will avoid the kind of encounters that will weaken the party even before they arrive at their destination.

If they take Lady Silverfox up on her offer, she tells the Player Characters to make themselves ready for their journey, offering them up to a single day to set their affairs in order. When they are ready, they are to return to her and activate her ring, which will bring them into the heart of the perilous Rollendeländer hills. If they choose not to *teleport* to their destination, Lady Silverfox will accept their decision and wish them the best in their journeys. If this is the case, you may refer to the Perrengoeff map included with this adventure to track their progress northward, using both the **Wandering Monster Table (Perrengoeff)** table above and the **Standard Encounter Tables** (for the Rollendeländer Hills) to determine what, if any, encounters that may occur along their way. In the end, no matter how the Player Characters choose to travel to their destination, one thing is no long in debate: Their adventure has at last begun.

Now, they have but to survive it.

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Chapter Two: In the Lonely, Hollow Hills

IMPORTANT NOTE! However it is that the Player Characters choose to come to the Rollendeländer hills, fate has conspired to see that they have arrived on a most momentous occasion. Come the stroke of midnight, the world's two moons will find themselves in perfect conjunction and the stars about them will be in a most specific arrangement. These conditions are those that the Queen of Witches awaited even when she first saw to the construction of her fortification. During this astrological configuration, the walls between worlds grow thin. No better time exists for the creation of magical effects of incredible power and momentous consequence.

The Witch-Queen's fortification is the home to the *Autem Lunares*: A device designed specifically to overcome the potent enchantments that guard the former home of her one-time master in the ways of the Invisible Art: The legendary Mad Archmage. Come midnight, the heavens' moonlight will rain down upon the world, be focused through her magical device, and tear open the fabric of reality, allowing her to stride into that place at the head of a vast horde of demonic servants. With all the forbidden and unthinkable powerful magical knowledge that lies sleeping within the Castle of the Mad Archmage at her disposal, the entirety of the world – and likely, many others beyond it – will soon fall to its knees in the pall of her sinister shadow.

When the Player Characters arrive in the Rollendeländer hills, they will do so **EXACTLY five hours before midnight**. They may or may not realize the consequence of that particular day (though the Game Master may inform them of the heavenly conditions if they inquire about the situation of the night sky above them), depending on their professions and preparations for the adventure ahead of them.

In this adventure, whether they know it or not, they race the riders of the Apocalypse, with the very fate of the world swinging in the balance – let alone that of Lady Silverfox.

Your party has at last arrived in the Rollendeländer hills. To the west, over the jagged silhouette of the mountain horizon, you can see the sun beginning to hide away for its evening rest. In doing so, it seems to set the sky afire, the clouds becoming burning shades of crimson and orange, yellow and violet. Across the highlands, its final weary rays stream across the world likewise in streaks of wan, colorful brilliance. Yet for the warmth that radiance yields, the wind is a cold harridan that sweeps down from the shadowy peaks, rippling the flesh and chilling the bone. As winds its way across the countryside, it makes a mournful, sweeping sound, as if to plead to the moons above to extinguish the final vestiges of day.

You have arrived at the place indicated on Lady Silverfox's map of the land by a single, bright crimson drop. It is a singular tor of a hill, surrounded on all sides by depressions in the land that make it stand out on its own. Upon its top is a lone dead tree, old and gnarled, its bare branches carving the sky like so many dark, skeletal fingers. It is difficult to tell what sort of tree it was when it was alive, for its current condition. The grass that grows upon the hill is tangled and unkempt, withered and brown more frequently than lush and green. Scattered across its surface are fallen leaves in all of the colors of the setting sun.

NOTE: At this point, the Game Master should take note of the time and begin a five-hour countdown in real-time. When that time has elapsed, the lunar conjunction will occur and the *Autem Lunares* will activate. If this is allowed to happen, it will have a dramatic influence on the denouement of this adventure!

The map indicates the entrance to the fortification of the Queen of Witches, which takes the form of a secret door, well-hidden in the roots of the tree above. Experienced Player Characters will likely expect the tree to be some sort of monstrous threat. In this, they will not be disappointed, though the creature (a *Lyrannikin*) will remain perfectly silent and still and will not attack them under most conditions unless it is directly provoked by means of physical violence. The tree represents an ancient ally of the Queen of Witches, who ordered it to take root here to protect two items of utmost import to her future plans. The first of these is, of course, the secret door. If the Player Characters successfully locate the portal, it will gently move its taproot, in response. At the end of this extremely deep tendril is a small magical device that activates the alarm system within the fortification below the hill. The *Lyrannikin* will not respond if the Player Characters open the door or even enter the fortification itself. Their destruction is the charge of other, much more menacing guardians.

If the Player Characters should explore the grass atop the hill at length, they will discover a bare patch that is suspiciously clear of any fallen leaves. Examination of this spot will reveal a perfectly smooth and slightly convex circle of crystal hard as any steel, set into the substance of the hill with a thick jacket of iron. This is the *Autem Lunares*: The conduit through which, at the stroke of midnight, moonlight will spill into the fortification of the Queen of Witches and throw wide the portal from its depths into the Castle of the Mad Archmage (see **Area #41** for many more details). Along the inch-wide mirrored corridor that plunges downward, many more crystals like the one at ground level exist, both magnifying the moonlight from above and rebuffing those who might try and enter the fortification in *diminished* or *gaseous* form.

The *Autem Lunares* is far more important to the plans of

the Queen of Witches than is the secret door. Should the Player Characters so much as reveal the existence of the crystal pane, the Lyrannikin will fulfill its ancient duty and attack them immediately, without warning or mercy.

Elder Lyrannikin: AC 0, MV 12, HD 12, HP 78, THAC0 9, #AT 2, Damage 4-24, SD Never surprised.

The Lyrannikin possesses no treasure within its roots, other than the entrance to the fortification of the Queen of Witches.

Should the Player Characters manage to find and open this secret door, they will see a long spiral staircase made of old iron descending from its mouth into an abyss of absolute darkness. There can be no mistaking that they have found the place which so many before them have sought...never to return again.

Chapter Three: In Arcem Arcanum

The spiral staircase leading from the Rollendeländers descends down a long, iron jacketed shaft. Only six feet in diameter, the close, lightless confines of the cylinder are certain to give even Player Characters with no fear of enclosed places a sense of creeping paranoia. The shaft descends a full two hundred feet before coming to rest upon a firmament of solid stone. This rough-hewn granite represents the floor of a place known as the *Arcem Arcanum* (C: "Stronghold of the Arcane"): A fiend-haunted locale that may well be one of the most dangerous in the entire world.

Laid before them: The demesne of the Queen of Witches.

Unless otherwise noted, there are no light sources within the Arcem Arcanum. Although numbered area descriptions will be described as they would appear if they were illuminated, Player Characters unable to see in absolute darkness must provide some sort of light source for themselves or be effectively rendered blind. All doors within the fortification, again, unless otherwise noted, are made of thick, heavy wood, banded with broad strips of iron.

In Arcem Arcanum Encounter Key

1. THE NINEFOLD ATRIUM

After descending the great spiral staircase leading away from the dying light of day, you find yourself in a circular room, perhaps 30' in diameter. The walls and the floor here are composed of worked stone and are dry and dusty, as if disused for quite some time. A passageway leads away from the room slightly to your right (to the northeast).

All around you, your light glints and glimmers off of the room's strange contours. A closer look reveals that these undulations in the wall are actually weird faces carved in bas-relief into its surface. There are, in fact, nine such visages hewn from the stone itself. Each one of these carvings is different from its fellows, portraying a striking and personage. Some would be handsome, others terrifying...yet each one of them has been disfigured into a horrific depiction of themselves, as if all had been scarred and maimed through some sort of unspeakable ritual torture. The expressions on these faces reflect abject agony and sorrow, so profound in their misery that it is disquieting to look upon them in their full overlong.

The bas-relief carvings within the chamber were added to its walls by the order of the Queen of Witches in a moment of whimsy. They are meant to reflect the famous sculptures hidden within the depths of the Castle of the Mad Archmage, where she once studied. Each one of the faces depicts one of the deities once imprisoned within that infamous place, each of a vastly differing nature and diametrically opposed alignments: Gods representing the ideals of Valor, the Void, Freedom, Merriment, Nature, Chance, Strife, Slaughter, and Pain. Indeed, it is said by some scholars that the duration of these mighty beings is the mechanism by which the Mad Archmage eventually affected his own apotheosis.

In any case, it is perhaps fortunate for the Player Characters that this is but an homage and the actual deities represented in the carvings are not located here (having long ago escaped their former prison). Still, the bas-reliefs are far from ordinary. Something of a calling card of their mistress, meant to bewilder and confuse those interlopers into her sanctum, they are not uncommon among the many places across the planes she has called her home (and indeed, their presence might well be a hint to those well-traveled or of an especially scholarly nature amongst the Player Characters as to whose domain it once was).

The mouth of each one of these bas-relief carvings is animated with a permanent *magic mouth* (cast at the 30th level of experience). If any Player Character comes within three feet of any of the stone faces, its mouth will move and it will utter in a basso, mournfully dire tone: "WEEP YE, FOR THE GOD OF [the name of the virtue embodied by the specific sculpture approached], LONG HELD AMONGST THESE DUNGEONS IN UNSPEAKABLE DURANCE VILE! WEEP YE, AND FLEE THIS FELL PLACE WHILE YOU YET RETAIN THE BLESSING OF LIFE!" This will be repeated endlessly each time the same or another individual comes within three feet of that specific carving. If any Player Character watches the stone mouth as it speaks, he or she will note that it has something glittering within it. This sparkles from a gem tucked away at the rear of the carving's throat. These precious minerals are (in order of the ideals the bas-reliefs are meant to represent, listed above): Sapphire, black opal, pearl, lapis lazuli, emerald, diamond, ruby, bloodstone, and onyx. The stone of these faces is very hard and nearly impossible to break. If a Player Character dares reach into one of the mouths to take its gem, the carving will bite down upon them for 1d10+2 points of damage. A *command* spell or a demand for the gem will not provoke one of the carvings to give up its prize. If any Player Character simply asks the face to stick out its tongue, or open its mouth and stick out its tongue, or any similar request, however - the face will obey. The bas-relief's mouth will open, the sound "AAHHH" will be heard, and its gem will be laid bare upon its tongue. Regardless of which one is taken first, the first gem procured is worth 1,000 gp. Each one of the others, although just as large, suffers some serious flaw and is worth but 100 gp.

If the Player Characters attempt to speak with one of the stone faces, it will only repeat its deep voiced warning. Only the visage directly to the north (beside the passage leading from the room) will say anything different. That mouth will utter the ominous message: "MY MOTHER AWAITS." This is the figure representing the God of Pain.

2. A FALLEN STAR

This room's walls have been covered in elegant tapestries. Each of these depicts what seems to be a jungle paradise and has been created with a master's touch, lending them uncanny realism. This makes the whole of the chamber seem more expansive than it truly is. Adding still more dimension to the room are plants that have taken root along its two edges, which grow almost knee-high in places, obscuring the bottoms of the tapestries and making them seem to blend seamlessly with the real. The plants likewise offer a pleasant fragrance to the air, something that verges on the exotic, to the senses.

Just as the walls have been covered, so too has the floor in a soft, thick jet black carpeting. Rising from this dense shag, small trees grow in a row along the chamber's far wall. None of them are more than seven feet in height and they all seem to somehow grow lush, despite the darkness holding sway about them, in lieu of sunshine or water. Their canopies are high and their boughs branch in all directions beneath them.

The room seems otherwise empty and unoccupied.

Despite the room's pleasant appearance, this is a very dangerous place. It is also far from uninhabited. During the years when she held sway in Perrengeoff, the familiar (which often liked to take the form of a sleek black cat) of the Queen of Witches mated with a feline native to her conquered kingdom.

The Queen captured the cat (likewise an utter ebony color), interested in what might result when the animal's litter was born. Thus, she had this room decorated in a manner that would be pleasing to a cat and made it the pregnant feline's home. Catnip is sprinkled amongst the plants that flank the room's edges and the trees at its rear are perfect to climb upon and play. The Queen's demonic servants were ordered to ensure that the room was always stocked with fresh water and plentiful mice and voles. Two months later, the Queen of Witches was pleased when the cat gave birth to five infant **greater hellcats** (see **Appendix A** for details). She was still more delighted when, the moment they had finished nursing, they tore their mother to bloody ribbons and devoured the shreds that remained. Over time, each sibling took another portion of this room as their own demesne, stalking one another and waiting for moments of weakness to prey upon their litter-mates.

Today, but one member of this original litter exists. The Queen of Witches called her Fallen Star and intended to attempt to breed her in such a way as to create a still stronger specimen of her species, though her work was interrupted when the uprising of the common folk that would eventually see Perrengeoff freed took place. Though the Queen was temporarily forced to flee the Prime Plane for a stronghold in the heart of the Abyss, the demonic servants remained behind, fulfilling their orders so as to see their mistress pleased with their conduct when she eventually returned. So it is that Fallen Star yet lives, stalking about her abode and mercilessly hunting every living thing her fellow demons bring her until they breathe no more.

When the Player Characters enter the room, Fallen Star will likely be invisible to their sight, but her excitement at their appearance is a nigh-palpable thing. It has been a very long time since her caretakers have brought her anything bigger than a rabbit to see to her hunger and amusement. She does not intend on letting such an opportunity go to waste, waiting for the perfect

moment (even following them out of the room, if the chance presents itself) to startle them into separating...then to prey on each one of them in turn.

The very notion of such slaughter delights her to no end.

Fallen Star, Greater Hellcat: AC 3, MV 18, HD 10, HP 65, THAC0 10, #AT 3, Damage 4-7/4-7/3-18, SD Limited invisibility, Limited spell immunity, Magic weapon resistance, Only hit by +1 or better, 20% Spell resistance.

In the rear corner of the room, tucked neatly behind the plants, a small depression full of fresh, clean water can be found. This stands to slake Fallen Star's thirst and is refilled by The Bleak Warden's guards (see **Area #13**) at least once a day. Dug next to that is a wide, bloody streak formed around another dug hole. This stands as a mass burial ground, full of the bones and remains of those creatures devoured over the years by the sinister feline. It also represents the whole of the creature's treasure. The tapestries, however, are worth 750gp each to an individual with an eye for fine art – though they are quite fragile and easily-damaged (they will be automatically ruined by an area-effect spell or mass melee that takes place within the chamber).

Amongst the room's trees is a well-hidden (assess a -20% penalty to all those searching the area) secret door, wide enough to allow an extremely large cat to pass through it. This portal is the entry to the secret passage connecting this chamber to **Area #8**. If Fallen Star is seriously wounded, it will retreat, running through this secret door to warn the denizen of that room that the fortification has been invaded and is under attack. The two will then move to contact The Bleak Warden in **Area #14** to mount a joint initiative to destroy (or at least, repel) the interlopers.

3. HALL OF THE VANQUISHED

You open the door into a long, rectangular room, perhaps 30' in width and fifty in length. It is composed of the same smooth, worked stone that comprises so much of the fortification that you have seen thus far. The chamber is well lit by evenly-spaced iron sconces along the left and right walls, in which torches burn. Down the center of the room is a lush red carpet, inviting entry. The room smells of the flickering brands and antiquity.

Along both walls, you see several portraits. Between each and the torch-sconces, a large mirror is set into the stone. At the rear of the chamber, you see an arrangement of stone pedestals rising from the floor. Atop each one is a large glass cube, in which some sort of object is contained. Aside of its décor, the room seems quite empty.

When the Queen of Witches ruled Perrengeoff, she used this room within her fortification to house some of the most interesting plunder she claimed from her subjects and to commemorate her victories and conquests over those beleaguered and terrified folk. The paintings on the wall – which were created in oil by a master Perrengeoffer painter under pain of death – each depict some great military victory or memorable moment that took place during her occupation of the land. Graphic renditions of battlefield slaughters, the execution of dissenters, and horrifying displays of blasphemous spellcasting are all captured in painstaking detail by the painter's brush in these portraits. The sight of such a vulgar display should bring gooseflesh to the arms of the goodly among the Player Characters, without a doubt.

Of course, the Queen of Witches would not let treasures such as these go unguarded. So it is that she assigned a **reflecting fiend** (see **Appendix A** for details) to watch over the room, protecting it from molestation. This dangerous horror will wander from mirror to mirror within the chamber (except the one closest to the left rear part of the room, for reasons to be explained below), taking the place of the Player Characters' reflections while they linger within its bounds. If they draw as near as 3' from any of the paintings or the cases at the rear of the chamber, it will slither silently forth from one of the silvery panes, adopt the form of a character with their back turned to it, and attempt to slash their throat with a sliver of glass.

Reflecting Fiend: AC and MV as per adopted form, HD 8, HP 52, THAC0 12, #AT 2, Damage 2-12/2-12, SA Performs as a 10th level Thief, SD Demonic resistances, Only hit by +1, silver or better, Spell turning, 40% Spell resistance, SQ Spell-like abilities.

If the Player Characters manage to overcome the reflecting fiend, they are free to plunder the room at their discretion. Each of the paintings on the walls are worth 500gp (though the sellers may have some difficulty finding a buyer with the palate to show interest in them). Of the five cases at the back of the room, the following is contained:

- *A steel (rusting on its edges) half-helm with strange transparent lenses protecting the eyes.* This headgear allows the wearer to see in the dark as if they possessed 30' infravision and allows them to make an additional saving throw to defend themselves against blinding or gaze attacks, if they failed their initial roll.
- *A short sword cast from brilliant silver.* This mithril short sword is of excellent make, but is otherwise mundane. It was once wielded by the first Perrengeoffer who dared take up arms against the Queen of Witches.
- *A heavy brass ring set with a large topaz in its center.* This is actually a *ring of protection +2*.
- *An old, broken washboard.* This item was given to the former Voorman of Perrengeoff by the Queen of Witches after her conquest of her land. It was a cruel joke, as she is alleged to have told the elected leader of the land "you are not worthy even to wash the filthy rags worn by the fiends of my army - but you will do so, nonetheless". Though it looks worthless, it is actually of priceless historical value to one who knows its past.
- *A large piece of tourmaline, shaped like a turtle.* This is actually a *least figurine of wondrous power* (see **Appendix B** for details), formerly owned by Reinhart Mannheim: A Perrengeoffer warrior of such legend that most children know of his exploits through folk tales told to them on the knees of their mothers. The Queen of Witches slew him, but could never hope to extinguish his memory, which gained immortality through such fables. Just as was the washboard, this item would be considered priceless to any individual who could recognize it for what it was.

As a final trap left for the Player Characters, the last of the mirrors within the room is actually a *mirror of life trapping*. The reflecting demon enjoys taking the form of another character in the

party other than the one viewing it, starting in one far corner of the room and leaping in succession from one pane to another...forcing its enemies to chase it with their eyes, then leading them right into this trap. It is, unsurprisingly, an extremely effective stratagem.

4. GONE, TO BE FORGOTTEN

This room is an undecorated cube of stone, 30' square on each side. In the center of its floor, a 10' diameter hole has been cut, leading downward. It seems to extend for perhaps 20' before disappearing to utter darkness. In the far left corner of the room, a mop and bucket rest.

This room serves as the fortification's waste disposal. Though the Queen of Witches could abide atrocities committed against the innocent too horrific to speak of, she would not stand for untidiness within her home. This is the reason for the mop and bucket (which have clearly been used quite recently, if the Player Characters choose to inspect it). Those of her servants disposing of their refuse here were expected to use the cleaning supplies to ensure that the room remained clean at all times. As one might suspect, it was quite an onerous task, considering the sorts of things often discarded here.

Items, objects, and effluvia to be discarded are tossed into the hole in the center of the room. It extends downward 30' before terminating in an iron grate. This screen's holes are quite wide and could easily admit a human of average height and weight through its substance. Three feet below that grate is the open mouth of an immense *bag of devouring*, which is all too happy to sate itself upon whatever the various dwellers in the fortification deign consign to its hunger.

If a Player Character should climb down the walls of the hole, they can control their pace well enough to find footing on the iron grate near its bottom, remaining safe. However, should they fall or be tossed into the hole, they are forced to make a saving throw vs paralyzation. Success means that they have managed to land upon the grate in such a way that they do not plummet down into the hungry maw past its bars (though they will still suffer 3-16hp of falling damage from the act). Failure indicates that their path has taken them through the bars of the grate and into the mouth of *bag of devouring*. In such a case, the unfortunate Player Character that finds themselves in such a situation can be considered instantly killed and gone forever, amidst an awful cacophony of crunching bone, pulping flesh, and unsettling chewing sounds.

5. STARGAZER

To gaze into this room is to gaze into an abyss. Beyond its threshold, you see nothing but utter blackness and a silence so complete that it seems almost a tangible thing. Your light is able to stave some of it off, allowing you to see ahead, but even that quails and falters well before it should, as if it struggles against the tenebrous air and ultimately finds itself devoured in shadow. Here, the stone beneath your feet is no normal granite; it is a perfectly smooth and seamless obsidian firmament. You cannot see the walls or ceiling, however. Still worse, though, is the awful silence. So pervasive is it that you can hear the sound of your heartbeat and your breathing

You think that you may even be able to hear those of your fellows about you in this fell place.

This room is the dwelling of The Stargazer, Silissa (see **Appendix A** for details). An assistant to the Queen of Witches, it is she who sees to the care of The Observatory (see **Area #6**), divining the night sky-patterns of a thousand worlds so that she might serve as an oracle and soothsayer to her terrible mistress. She rests within this lair 25% of the time, spending the remainder of the days hard at study in her workplace, down the hall (again, in **Area #6**).

The Stargazer is a solitary figure. She has spent so much time in lonely contemplation of the stars, allowing them to whisper their secrets into her ear through their complex arcane geometries that she has gone quite mad. When she is ensconced in darkness and silence, she is herself: A rare genius and diviner of prodigious power. These are the qualities of the void and so they provide her great comfort. However, she can no longer abide any sort of light or noise. Such sensations cause her to fly into a violent rage that can only be sated with murder and blood. Thus, darkness and silence can hold sway once more.

The *darkness* and *silence* within the room are *permanent* magical effects (cast as 30th level magic-user spells), cast by the Queen of Witches to allow her prophetic to retain some shred of her sanity in repose. If the Player Characters' vision functions in such conditions, they will see a 30' by 30' room cast from solid, smooth volcanic glass (absolutely black in quality). Across the entirety of every wall and ceiling within the chamber, hundreds upon hundreds of star-charts have been fixed in a haphazard fashion. The entire back wall has been turned into an ad hoc blackboard, a incomprehensible set of written equations (in the Abyssal tongue) carved in white chalk upon its face from floor to ceiling in a careful and steady, beautiful script. This set of formulae is so staggeringly complex that it is utterly indecipherable to anyone who does not share The Stargazer's singular genius (be sure to see below for details). In front of this equation is a large, circular series of cushions with a shallow depression in its center. This serves as The Stargazer's bed, allowing her to curl in upon herself when at last her madness allows her to sleep.

It is more likely than not that the Player Characters will introduce both light and sound aplenty into this room in the process of their entry. This is most unfortunate, as these things will stoke the blood within its denizens veins to a hot fire. All they are liable to perceive is a sibilant, menacing hissing noise before The Stargazer stabs out at them from out of the chamber's forever-night.

The Stargazer, Type V Demon: AC -9, MV 12, HD 7+7, HP 56, THAC0 13 and 12 (x4) and 11, #AT 5, Damage 2-8 (tail) and 3-9 (bastard swords) and 2-9 (longsword) and 3-9 (scimitar), SA Automatically wins Initiative each round, SD Demonic resistances, Only hit by +1, iron, or better, 80% Spell resistance, SQ Spellcasting, Spell-like abilities.

Despite her scholarly pursuits, The Stargazer is like unto a siege engine on the battlefield. She strikes at her opponents with two +1 *bastard swords*, a *longsword of wounding*, and a +2 *scimitar of speed*. In her other arms, she sees to her defense with a pair of +1 *shields*. In her madness-fueled rage, she will strike at the Player Characters first with her bevy of weaponry, hoping to slay them all herself. If her opponents prove able to bring her any significant harm, she will *gate* in reinforcements in the form of a **Type I demon** in every successive round until they have been destroyed, then harry them with her spells and spell-like abilities in the meantime. In particular, she favors creating a circular *blade barrier* about

herself, before opening up on her enemies with a fusillade of offensive magics.

In addition to her martial equipment, The Stargazer keeps her personal treasure beneath the cushions of her nest. This takes the form of 2,852gp, an array of 20 gemstones worth 7,000gp, a *bag of transmutation*, a set of *boots of elvenkind*, a *gem of brightness* (with which she has a strange fascination, bring unable to destroy it, despite the pain its light brings her), a *clear spindle ioun stone*, and a spell scroll inscribed with 3 magic-user spells (*clairvoyance*, *contact other plane*, and *ESP*).

The equation on The Stargazer's blackboard is another matter entirely. Through her study of the celestial patterns across countless realities, she has become aware of a single, unifying pattern. Committing that pattern to a mathematical equation, she has come perilously close to learning the secret numerological underpinnings of all creation itself. She has learned that by invoking aloud bits of this sacred code, she can bend portions of reality to her will (this has the same effect as spellcasting). Unfortunately, the mortal mind – and even the demonic one, for it is by delving into the mathematics of the universe that The Stargazer's sanity became unhinged – was not meant to learn such secrets and even so much at glancing at the chamber's rear blackboard has profoundly deleterious effects on the mind. All those Player Characters who spy the divine equation for even a moment will suffer effects equal to viewing a *symbol*. Those specific effects depend upon their combined Intelligence and Wisdom scores.

- **36 and above:** May safely read the blackboard's contents.
- **32 – 35:** Are affected as if viewing a symbol of *stunning*.
- **30 – 34:** Are affected as if viewing symbols of *insanity* and *stunning*.
- **29 and below:** Are affected as if viewing symbols of *death*, *insanity*, and *stunning*.

Those capable of reading the blackboard without suffering any ill effects may roll percentile dice to determine whether or not they glean any knowledge from its script. Add their Intelligence and Wisdom scores, then divide the result by three. The resulting number is the percentage chance that the Player Character gains the use of any randomly selected spell (this can be taken from any class' spell list) as a spell like ability. If the spell rolled is of a level equal to or above their class level (rounded down; in the case of dual- or multi-class characters, this is their highest level), roll again until a suitable choice results.

6. THE OBSERVATORY

In contrast to the stone construction you have seen thus far, this room is composed of a fine, dark wood. It opens up to a 30' by 30' expanse, dominated by a large marble dais in its center. Three steps lead upward until a bright brass railing circles the top of it, preventing passage to its center. Over the top of that center is a massive globe, black as pitch, floating weightlessly above the stone and gently drifting in rotation, as if impelled to motion by some intangible wind.

The wooden flooring is covered by a thick, dark rug embroidered with thin, intricate swirling patterns in silver and crimson. Along the back wall of the room, you can see a large bookshelf that stretches from floor to ceiling, filled with tomes of all sorts. Only a small recess is cut into its face, where a large desk and chair can fit, made of the same sort of wood as the walls themselves. Atop it, you can see all manner of papers and scroll cases, along with a quill and inkpot.

The door leading to this room is **trapped**. Anyone as much as touching its handle that is not Chaotic Evil in Alignment is instantly affected by a *plane shift* spell (subject to a saving throw vs. spells at a -4 penalty to avoid this fate) that whisks the interloper away to the halls of the Argent Palace in the 47th Plane of the Abyss. Whatever may come of an unfortunate after this transportation is beyond the scope of this module to determine - but certainly, their gods had best be with them on their journey, if they wish to survive their ordeal.

This room once served as the planetarium for this fortification. When the Queen of Witches yet ruled over Perrengoeff, it was in this place that she would come to divine the patterns of the stars, often comports with her fiendish assistant Silissa (see **Area #5** and **Appendix A** for details) to determine the unspoken messages they send with their graceful movements. In her absence, it has become the workplace of The Stargazer, where she seeks to decode the divine numerical language to which all creation responds unflinchingly.

The globe in the center of the room is like a massive *crystal ball*. It has the ability to scry upon any unprotected point in space, laying bare that which exists there within its substance. It responds to the commands of anyone standing upon the dias with a combined Intelligence and Wisdom score over 30. Such individuals can cause it to move in view in any direction, even viewing places located on other planes of existence or even other realities. Upon request, it can also project what it sees into the room around them. If this is some point in space, any non-magical source of light within the room is instantly and automatically extinguished, leaving those in the chamber to seem as if they swim in a sea of night sky and stars (a most impressive effect, to be sure). As for the globe itself, it is completely intangible and cannot be moved from its place in any way.

The books in the shelves along the back wall are all related somehow to the subject of astrology and astronomy. The tomes have been seized from many worlds and even different times: Virtually anything a Player Character might wish to know about either subject can be learned from this library, if they wish to devote the time to study. All told, this information would be priceless to a sage or wizard interested in such affairs (though finding a way to make it somehow portable might be an adventure in and of itself). Amongst these tomes is also a deadly trap: A *vacuous grimoire* that lies directly upon the desk in their midst. The papers accompanying it are all notes on various astrological phenomena, their causes and their possible consequence. There are also a bevy of small drawings, geometric proofs, and mathematical equations involving all types of celestial activity. On their own, none of them will make much sense; put together by the mind of a rare genius, and they yield the underpinnings of the equation found in **Area #5**. Fortunately, these snippets of that document are not nearly as threatening to the sanity as that dire equation.

Note that The Stargazer (see **Area #5**) is 75% likely to be in this room at any time, working on her theory of the creation of

existence. This actually favors the Player Characters, as in this well-lit environment, the demoness is far less dangerous. Indeed, if they come upon her in The Observatory and the Player Characters prove the ability to harm her, she will likely use her ability to *teleport without error* back to her personal chambers in order to protect her life's work, alerting the The Bleak Warden (in **Area #14**) to the presence of intruders within the fortification by means of a *sending*.

7. THE WITCH-QUEEN'S CLOSET

Your light extends into a stone room, perhaps 10' wide, but 40' deep. Along the left wall of the room, a long table extends. Atop it are several tall and thin glass domes. Each of these is filled with a gently effervescent green fluid, some dark shadow lingering within the substance. Under the table are a handful of wooden crates. Every one is disturbingly marked in a broad and blocky black script with labels such as "NECKS", "FEET", and "HEADS". Further beyond the table, more crates lay piled almost to the ceiling upon one another. These too are labeled with ominous markings such as "TORSOS" and "HIPS". The room seems to otherwise be empty.

This door is **locked** and **trapped**. Attempts at opening it will sound a silent alarm within the office of The Bleak Warden (**Area #14**), who will immediately send some of his troops from **Area #13** to investigate the disturbance.

This small room once served as a storehouse for golem parts, where the Queen of Witches could come and pick whatever body part she required in the construction of such creatures. Player Characters inspecting the glass containers will see that the shadows within each one are actually components for flesh golems (distressingly, one is full of eyes, while another is full of lips, and still another is full of hearts). The crates are likewise full of body parts, but these are inorganic in nature. Some contain clay arms, others stone hands or iron elbows. While it might seem at first as if the room represents a treasure trove to a cleric or magic-user capable of constructing golems, the truth is that they are quite dangerous to handle. If any creature should touch the substance of one of these parts, it will immediately shudder and quake in their hands and either turn to **rot grubs** (in the case of the organics), smolder and spray into a poisonous gas (in the case of the stone parts), or explode violently, sending hot shards in every direction (in the case of the metal pieces).

Rot Grubs: AC 9, MV 1, HD 1-1, HP 1, THAC0 20, #AT 0, Damage Nil, SA Burrow into flesh upon touch, killing the subject in 1-3 Rounds.

Toxic Gas: Fills entirety of room within 1 round. Save vs. Poison for each round within its volume or die.

Exploding Part: Does 3-12hp of damage to all individuals within a 10' Radius. Holder gets no save, all others may save vs. breath weapon for half damage.

8. KALEIDOSCOPE

This room is a whirlwind of swirling and muting colors. Shimmering golds loop sizzling through the air, then and gone, leaving prismatic trails behind themselves. These then burst into a swarm of fluttering butterflies that subsequently explode into a maelstrom-tangle of meandering fireflies. The sounds of a hundred hammers striking anvils in a cacophonous anti-rhythm keening in the air that suddenly becomes a soothing madrigal played upon the strings of a lyre. Sunshine streams through the air, filtered through leaden clouds. This brilliance all at once becomes a rain of moon and stars of every shade and hue you can possibly name. From a ceiling that turns to a weightless and leaping sea and then to rolling violet and pink flames to a floor that is churning bog and volcanic lava before it is at last half-stone and half-air, you cannot see the walls of the place for their distance. It is a riot of sensation, too many to count, each changing in an instant. It is like entering the transmuting eye of a kaleidoscope.

It is an orchestra of pure chaos; a magnum opus of pandemonium. And its conductor stands directly stands directly before you in the form of a tall and slender, nude woman. Floating half between the liquid substance of the floor and ceiling, suspended between Heaven and Hell, she is a rare beauty. She has porcelain skin and a length of hair that seems as if a rainbow has sprung from her brow to tumble down her back to the midst of her waist. She sees you instantly, regarding you curiously through dichromatic eyes, one the sum of all sapphires in the world, the other, everything in existence green and growing. Though she sees you, she never stops the direction of her symphony, with gentle movements of her hands. The only hint as to what she thinks of your appearance in the gentle smile that rises to her lips.

This room – filled with the stuff of pure chaos so as to provide her a comfortable home – is the home of Xoh3Nchz!a (Zoe-en-CHA-zia), one of the oldest and most powerful servants of the Queen of Witches. When that dire personage slew her mother within the maddening caverns of Pandemonium, she was still within her egg. She very nearly ignored the whole of her foe's hoard when she realized the treasure she had found.

Xoh3Nchz!a is an **ancient, huge Chaos Dragon** (see **Appendix A** for details), one of perhaps two-score of her kind left in existence. Though The Bleak Warden (see **Area #14**) is nominally in charge of seeing to the security of this first level of the fortification, the Queen of Witches knew well the treacherous nature of demons and saw fit to leave still another within its walls, capable of easily pulling the fiend into line, should it ever overstep its boundaries. Since that grim sorceress raised her as a hatchling, treating her as if a favored child, she was quite confident that Xoh3Nchz!a's loyalty was a thing ironclad – and so, she never feared insurrection. Especially given that all within the fortification know of the dragon's fearsome might.

Xoh3Nchz!a is not evil, strictly-speaking. As a being composed of primal and pure chaos, she has no capacity for good or evil. So it is that when she sees the Player Characters, she will not move to destroy them immediately (that is, unless Fallen Star has been forced to retreat through the secret door in **Area #2** and reports that they have attempted to bring her harm...in which case, she attacks instantly and without mercy at the sight of those who would try and hurt her only real friend within her home). Indeed,

she has made the fortification in which she resides her dwelling for many, many years and she is both bored and curious. Unless the Player Characters before her bring violence to her before speaking, she will be more than happy to converse with them, doing her best to learn who they are and why they've come to her home. She will be interested in their various professions and the lands from which they hail. If the Player Character should ask her about Lady Silverfox, she has no idea who that is (and that's the truth), but may casually mention that those intruders within the fortification are usually kept by The Bleak Warden. If this topic comes up, she will mention that it is not a being to be trifled with, but no more. Finally, she may add that prisoners of great import are usually kept on the lowest level of the fortification.

However, Xoh3Nchz!a is as capricious and unpredictable as the chaos from which she was formed. She is just as likely to open up with her *prismatic breath* upon the party as soon as she sees them, or if they broach a topic that does not fit her particular whimsy. Likewise, no matter the gilding of their tongues, they will not be able to sway her to their cause nor convince her to abandon her home. After all, she is the daughter of the "Queen of Witches". And in the end, no matter what comes of their dialogue, she will move to destroy them all.

Xoh3Nchz!a, Ancient Huge Chaos Dragon: AC -3, MV 12/27, HD 13, HP 104, THAC0 9, #AT 3, Damage 1-8/1-8/3-30, SA Chaosweaving, Prismatic breath, SD Immunity to prismatic-based spells, 25% Spell resistance, SQ Shapechanging, Spellcasting.

If threatened, Xoh3Nchz!a will open combat with her fearsome breath weapon, using the ambient chaos within the room to frustrate her foes and keep them at a good distance. If the Player Characters manage to survive this opening gambit, she will rend any that remain and challenge her in melee with her talons and fangs, continuing to assault them with her breath, if they stay at a distance. If they somehow manage to hurt her seriously, she will use her native shapechanging ability to take a different form, reclaiming some of her lost vitality in the process. She will not retreat from this chamber under any circumstances. This is her room and her mother's home – and she is prepared to defend it to the death.

Should the Player Characters somehow manage to overcome Xoh3Nchz!a (!), the whirling maelstrom of chaos within the room comes to an instant halt. The effect filling its bounds required the natural chaos within her to bleed into its substance. It now becomes what it has always been: An unadorned 30' x 30' room of stone, hard and cold. In the rear of that chamber lies the dragon's hoard, in the form of her bed (for all Xoh3Nchz!a's strangeness, she remains a dragon at heart and adores little more than sleeping atop the pile of treasure she calls her own, dreaming away the years).

The treasure in terms of coinage to be found in this mound is: 5,347cp, 2111sp, 1957ep, 1011gp, and 724pp. However, Xoh3Nchz!a especially loves gemstones, as when mixed together, their various colors reminds her of the swirling chaos often found in Pandemonium. She has a total of 97 of these precious stones, the base value of which are as follows: 10gp (x18), 50gp (x29), 100gp (x14), 500gp (x22), 1,000gp (x14). Likewise, she loves the differing colors and textures of potions, and her hoard contains 7 of these: *oil of slipperiness*, a *philter of persuasiveness*, and a *potion of animal control*, *diminution*, *invulnerability*, *sweet water*, and *water breathing*. Finally, one can find both a human-sized suit of *banded mail* +2 and a *longsword* +4, *defender* amidst her belongings. Indeed, riches to satisfy even the most avaricious appetite for wealth!

9. THE LEAVING

Even from outside the door, you are able to hear a gentle tapping noise, like that of footfalls upon hard stone. When you dare open the portal to see from where the sound might issue, you see a long hallway, just like the one in which you stand, except for the gentle downward slope its cant possesses, some 100' down its length. The light of a flickering torch is apparent some distance away, flickering along the walls and ceilings of the hall, its source hidden by the stone horizon ahead. The sound of the footsteps, too echoing the length of the corridor, seems to come from there as well.

This hallway is actually a devious **trap** created by the Queen of Witches to bring ruin to any that might seek to infiltrate her fortification. All that make their dwelling within this foul place know well of the existence and function of the trap and will not enter its bounds under any circumstance.

The 10' x 10' area in front of the door is enchanted with a permanent *programmed illusion* (cast as a 30th level magic-user spell) that creates the sounds of footsteps in the hallway. This noise is deviously placed apparently just beyond the line of sight of the Player Characters, obscured by the descent of the hallway ahead. Likewise, the torchlight (also part of the *programmed illusion*) is placed in the same place where only its hint can be seen. This has been arranged so as to lure the Player Characters down the hallway in pursuit of whatever must be retreating down its length.

The corridor (which is actually 2000' in length, however, is under the effects of a *distance distortion* spell (as if cast by a 30th level magic-user) of a most sinister variant. Along the passage, the sensation of time and distance are compressed while the rate of speed of those traversing it is greatly accelerated. This results in an effect where, for every ten feet traveled along the passage, a Player Character is actually traveling 100' feet -- yet they seem to be moving at a normal pace, relative to their senses. This makes it nearly impossible for to determine exactly where one is along the hallway at any given time.

Game Masters adjudicating game play within the hall must be diligent with regard to their players' locations inside its bounds. No matter how far ahead the Player Characters go, the footsteps and torchlight ahead of them will always seem to be just ahead of their pace and the corridor seems to be without end. The actual end of the hallway is under the influence of the final portion of the aforementioned *programmed illusion*, which hides the wicked, razor-sharp spikes set into its stone facing.

The danger in the trap is that the Player Characters caught within it have no idea that with every step they take, they are actually hurtling along the hallway at tremendous speed. Player Characters making contact with one of the walls thusly suffer damage as if they were falling 100' (10d6, no saving throw to avoid). This damage is reduced by 1d6 for every 10' of distance they began the round away from one of the walls before making contact with it. For example, a Player Character is (in actual distance) 50' from the hallway's end. They announce that they intend to press ahead 10'. In doing so, they have actually moved 100', so they suffer falling damage as if they fell 50' (5d6, no save). In another example, a character who is 70' feet from the hallway's end that moves 10' ahead would suffer 3d6 damage (no save). Finally, a character moving laterally in the hall would suffer the entire 10d6 damage (again, no save). Contact with the spikes at the end of the hallway add an additional 2d6 damage to this total.

Note that none of this proposed damage is actual falling damage, so protections like the monk's ability to arrest their descent or an active *feather fall* spell will do nothing to mitigate its toll.

Aside of the trap, the hallway is completely empty.

10. THE SANGUINE AERIE

You see what looks to have been the site of a massacre. The room before you is 50' on each side and at least 70' in height. Five great swivels have been anchored into the ceiling with massive screws and from these hang immense chains, each differing in length. At the end of the links, each splits into three smaller chains, suspending the weight of black iron bowls, each 10' in diameter. None swing or sway in the slightest, and you can see the hint of what appears to be massive mounds of straw making beds within each of these hanging dishes. This straw is matted with long-dried blood that looks like it was once sprayed all over the stone walls of the room and cascaded over the edges of the ebon bowls to pool in places on the floor. The whole of the chamber stinks of rot and things long-dead.

This room was once home to a series of nests, constructed at the direction of the Queen of Witches by her various servants. There, it served as a hatchery for **Type I demons**, eventually meant to serve as her vassals. Eggs were either stolen or bartered for from the pits of the Abyss itself and placed within each nest, where each was tended by those guards under the The Bleak Warden's (see **Area #14**) authority. In this way, many were the demonic attendants born within these walls in the time the Queen of Witches held sway over the nation of Perrengeoff.

At some point afterwards, however, The Bleak Warden's guards abandoned their charge. Whether it was motivated by boredom or hunger, they set themselves upon the fledgling demons within these iron nests and slaughtered them all, devouring their flesh and bone amidst an orgy of violence too visceral to bear description. When all was calm, however, the guards realized what they had done and what might become of them if either The Bleak Warden or (far worse) the Queen of Witches herself was to visit this room and bear witness to their work. So it is that they come here each day, pretending to carry on with their labors, hoping that one day some intruder upon which they might place the blame for their horrific deed might visit the fortification -- and the room itself, if possible. Thus far, the ploy has worked and their supervisor hasn't learned of the condition of the chamber and its former denizens. If he did, the fires of his wrath would be truly epic in proportion. However, with the appearance of the Player Characters, it is now unlikely that he will ever learn of his charges' actions.

If the Player Characters should somehow ascend into the heights of this aerie and investigate the nests, they will bear witness to what must have been a truly gruesome sight, when the blood and gore matting the straw of each iron bowl was fresh. As it is now, however, all that remains is the rotten remains of bodies torn into such ribbons it is nearly-impossible to determine what they originally might have been (truly close inspection might indicate they were some type of giant bird, but certainly not of a natural sort). There is no treasure to be found within any of these nests, but a quick death can be swiftly located: Each one now harbors rot grubs aplenty.

Rot Grubs (at least 50 in each nest): AC 9, MV 1, HD 1-1, HP 1, THAC0 20, #AT 0, Damage Nil, SA Burrow into flesh upon touch, killing the subject in 1-3 Rounds.

11. THE HANGING GARDENS

This circular chamber looks as if it were arranged so as to resemble some sort of macabre jungle. Perhaps 50' in diameter, its floor is composed of the same stone that comprises the bulk of the fortification that you have seen thus far. Extending 20' from its walls are three broad steps, each three feet higher than the next. These tiers are filled with dark loam in which all manner of vegetation runs riot. Proud and tall trees see tangles of spiny vines and weeds grow among their roots, while next to them, great leafy fronds thrive amidst colorful yellow flowers, breathtaking in their beauty. It looks as if it might have been a well-tended garden, yet now, the overgrowth of the plants threatens to spill out over each tier into the midst of the floor. For the moment, though, the only keeper of the verdance is a stuffed scarecrow amidst the trees and flowers. It has to keep a lonely vigil indeed, as its charge is obviously free of rooks or ravens.

Yet it is difficult to appreciate the grandeur of the natural spectacle for that which dangles from the room's ceiling. Above each one of the tiered rings, dozens of heavy iron chains hang from someplace lost to darkness for its heights. These chains wrap about the legs of no less than two score humans, demi-humans, and humanoids. Each of them swings gently as if tubes in some horrific wind chime or blasphemous child's mobile. Most of the bodies are putrescent, lost to some stage of advanced rot, and the awful scent of their decay mingles with the aroma of the blooming flowers beneath them to render the air within the room as unspeakably foul as any charnel house or abattoir.

In the room's center, a cylindrical stone pedestal stands. 3' in diameter, it rises a like height from the stone floor. In the top of its surface is a pentacle of glowing blue-green metal. In the absolute center of that pattern is a perfectly smooth and slightly convex circle of crystal, likewise inlaid into the stone pedestal in such a way that its circumference seems to meld seamlessly into the cylinder.

This room once served many purposes. As the garden of the Queen of Witches, it was a place to which she could retreat to simultaneously relax and enjoy the beauty of the natural world and the death throes of her foes in a manner most grisly at once. It also served as the access point from which those few of her allies incapable of teleportation could access the Second Level of this fortification (see below for details). Finally, it served as the housing for another portion of the Autem Lunares (see **Area #41** for details): A place where a very important piece of the great lens would be protected well by its many natural denizens.

The room itself is a veritable death-trap, filled with multiple guardians in the form of hostile vegetation, golems, and the undead. Amongst the greenery ringing the room are three **witchwood hangman trees** (see **Appendix A** for details) that will lash out at the Player Characters the moment they attempt to investigate the pedestal in the room's center. They will attempt to drag their opponents into the patches of **yellow musk creepers** that grow amidst their roots. Joining their defense of the chamber is the

greater scarecrow (see **Appendix A** for details) set in the room, furthest from the door.

Greater Scarecrow: AC 3, MV 9, HD 8, HP 36, THAC0 12, #AT 1, Damage 2d6 (blow), SA Charm, SD +1 or better to hit.

Witchwood Hangman Trees (3): AC 1/3, MV 0, HD 8, HP 122, THAC0 12, #AT 6, Damage 1d3+Special (x5) (vines), SA Witchfire, SD 2% Spell resistance.

Yellow Musk Creepers: AC 7, 0, HD 3, HP 14, THAC0 16, #AT 2-12, Damage Special (pollen).

These three terrors are but the active threats the Player Characters must contend with inside the room. However, even the corpses, their throats slit or skin punctured in such a way as to feed the plants below with their vitae, that hang from the chains above (the ceiling here rises to a height of 50') work against the Player Characters here. Whenever a creature of any Alignment but Chaotic Evil passes within 10' of them, the **necrotic bloats** will struggle with a horrifying violence at the end of their chains before bursting in tremendous goutts of gore and negative energy.

Should the Player Characters manage to overcome the various guardians within the room (who will do everything in their power to prevent them from standing atop the room's central cylinder) they will be free to investigate its confines -- namely, the stone pedestal in its center. Player Characters touching the top of its surface will see the pentacle (especially astute individuals that have seen the like of them before in other former haunts of the Queen of Witches are sure to recognize them) in blue-green metal inlay glow gently, an effect that makes bare skin tingle gently with the kiss of magic. Contact with the crystal in the center of the pedestal, by comparison does nothing at all. An individual stepping atop the cylinder, however, activates its magic. The pentacle-inlay glows brightly in blue and green, confining the character atop it momentarily as surely as if they were held fast within the strongest prison. For what seems a moment, the character will hear occasional footsteps in the distance, distant chiming, and a strange chanting. For them, time seems to drag and fly past all at the same moment. Then, all at once, they vanish, teleported away to **Area #17** in the **Second Level** of the fortification. For all these ominous airs, the transit is both instantaneous and completely harmless.

There is no sort of treasure to be found within the room, aside of the portion of the Autem Lunares set into the stone pedestal. Player Characters are not likely, however, to realize the value of the crystal or its significance to the purpose of this fortification -- or the plans of the Queen of Witches.

12. EMPTY VESSEL

The first thing you notice within this stone room, 20' on each side, is that it is colder than the hallway beyond its door by several orders of magnitude. Likewise, it somehow even seems darker and quieter than that lightless and soundless place. The whole of it seems completely empty but for an immense pentacle inlaid into the stone floor in some strange, faintly glowing kind of blue-green metal.

As her Rollendeländer fortification was being constructed by her demonic allies and servants, the Queen of Witches ordered that this chamber be built to its current state as a place in which she

might summon those from the Lower Planes less amenable to calling her their mistress. The written litany of eldritch torments she planned for such entities was such that perhaps the only document greater in length was her nigh-endless spellbook and infamous *Demonimicon*.

Such delights were low on her list of priorities, however, seeing as how she had the entire nation of Perrengeoff to bring to its knees. So it is that the Queen of Witches never got around to using the summoning room more than a handful of times. Disused and empty, the Player Characters may count it a dear blessing that it remains in such a state today. There is nothing of interest (aside of its historical aspect) for them to find here, though if they are so inclined, it remains an excellent place to summon extraplanar assistance. Of course, given the other denizens within the fortification, doing so might be tantamount to suicide.

13. GARRISON DIABOLA

This room looks something like the inside of a cathedral. Its stone walls span 50' along each of their lengths and, in contrast to that of the rest of the fortification, dark in color and seems as if covered by a thin sheen of some liquid. In the center of its left wall is a heavy door, bound with dark iron. The ceiling reaches to a towering height, beginning an ascent upward from the tops of the walls, where it offers about 30' of clearance, then at last reaching 50' at its center where its stone surface vaults.

In the center of the room, there are long flats of ruined wooden furniture that might have once been pews for the comfort of the reverent. Each of these is distressingly stained with long-dried blood. They face upward to the head of the room where an altar might be. In the place of some tabernacle, a large table of dark marble stands, its substance veined with deep red rivers.

This room serves as the resting place for those guards assigned by the Queen of Witches to assist The Bleak Warden (see **Area #14**) in his various duties within the fortification. Designed in such a way to serve to their gruesome aesthetic and sense of comfort, it initially served its designated purpose quite well. However, when several years had passed after the Queen of Witches was cast out of Perrengeoff, boredom eventually set in within the confines of this garrison. The beds made to look like pews were shattered in various fits of rage or skirmishes between the guards. Now it stands in its current state. Only the thin sheen of fresh blood that coats the walls and the desk at the front of the chamber remain intact.

The garrison houses five **alu-fiends**: Azirah, Haradiya, Ksyandir, Vaarnya (the group's commander), and Zarisya. Despite their lovely appearances, all of them are formidable warriors, each having served on the front lines of battle in the name of their original Six-Fingered lord. At the sight of strangers within the fortification, they will take full advantage of this rare opportunity to sate their bottomless lust for blood and voracious appetite for violence.

Azirah, Alu-Fiend: AC 2 (*Leather Armor +1 & Shield +1*), MV 12 / 12, HD 6+4, HP 58, THAC0 10, #AT 1, Damage 2-8+4 (+2 *Bastard Sword*), SA Drain life, SD 30% Magic resistance, Only hit by +1 or better or cold-wrought iron, SQ Spell-like abilities, Magic Items: *Potion of Stone Giant Strength*

Haradiya, Alu-Fiend: AC -2 (*Leather Armor +2 & Boots of Striding & Springing*), MV 12 / 12, HD 6+2, HP 42, THAC0 7, #AT 2, Damage 1-6+3 (+1 *Shortbow & +2 Arrows*), SA Drain life, SD 30% Magic resistance, Only hit by +1 or better or cold-wrought iron, SQ Spell-like abilities, Magic Items: *Boots of Striding & Springing*

Ksyandir, Alu-Fiend: AC 3 (*Plate Mail +1*), MV 12 / 12, HD 6+4, HP 52, THAC0 11, #AT 1, Damage 1-6+3 (+1 *Mace*), SA Drain life, SD 30% Magic resistance, Only hit by +1 or better or cold-wrought iron, SQ Spell-like abilities, Spellcasting, Magic Items: *Ring of Human Influence*.

Vaarnya, Alu-Fiend: AC 3 (*Ring of Protection +2*), MV 12 / 12, HD 6+6, HP 48, THAC0 13, #AT 1, Damage 1-4+1 (+1 *Dagger*), SA Drain life, SD 30% Magic resistance, Only hit by +1 or better or cold-wrought iron, SQ Spell-like abilities, Spellcasting, Magic Items: *Dust of disappearance*.

Zarisya, Alu-Fiend: AC 2 (*Banded Mail +2*), MV 12 / 12, HD 6+4, HP 67, THAC0 9, #AT 1, Damage 1-6+7 (+1 *Glaive of Wounding*), SA Drain life, SD 30% Magic resistance, Only hit by +1 or better or cold-wrought iron, SQ Spell-like abilities, Magic Items: *Brooch of Shielding* (22 charges).

If the Player Characters engage in combat with the alu-fiends, they will likely notice that the blood that coats the walls of this chamber begins to stream down their surface more thickly and with an ever-faster pace, with each blow landed upon them. This is because the enchantment that brings it into being is tied directly to the suffering and misery these loathsome creatures wreak upon their enemies. It also has the effect of healing a demon touching it for 1-6hp (up to their maximum score) for each round of contact. Unfortunately, the Player Characters cannot enjoy this small mercy; upon the flesh of any other being, the blood acts as a highly corrosive acid, inflicting 1-6hp of damage per round to those who as much as brush it.

The alu-fiends are a nightmare in combat. Having served for untold centuries alongside one another in the same military unit, they know each other's strengths and weaknesses intimately and fight exceptionally well as a team (for demons, anyway). At the first sign of trouble, Azirah and Zarisya will rush to melee with the Player Characters. This will allow Haradiya to take cover behind the marble desk at the rear of the room, trying to spoil attempts by obvious spellcasters to work magic with a hail of arrows. Ksyandir will harry the group's enemies with her own spells or magic ring, supporting the front line in combat, if need be. Vaarnya will conceal herself with her *dust of disappearance* and launch her potent offensive spells invisibly, using her natural *dimension door* ability to strike from unexpected positions and angles. If the fight should go poorly for the group, she will instead use that ability to teleport into **Area #14** and reinforce The Bleak Warden. Chances are better than even, however, that the sound of a mass melee within this room will draw that nightmare's attention and he will come bursting through the door on his own. Woe be to the Player Characters, in such an event.

Should the Player Characters manage to enter this room without inciting an immediate fight to the death (or otherwise meet any of the the alu-fiends outside its confines) and mention that they saw the carnage in The Sanguine Aerie (**Area #10**), they will instantly notice horrified expressions come over the demons' faces. Savvy players may recognize the chance for blackmail. If they can be posed the proposition (they will not suggest it on their own), the alu-fiends will exchange unfettered passage through the stronghold for their silence. The demons will simply claim that they never saw the Player Characters, if a Lawfully-aligned member of the party (a

cleric, preferably) is willing to swear an oath on the name of their gods that they will say nothing of what they saw in the Aerie. This would be a good thing for the Player Characters, who might well be overmatched by the alu-fiends, otherwise (a situation made worse if they somehow were warned of their presence in the fortification and had ample time to cast protective and reinforcing spells in anticipation of combat). Of course, the alu-fiends might well take one look at them, decide they'd be better off with them dead, then attack anyway. Much depends on the condition and the appearance of the party at the time of their meeting!

When this room was constructed, the table at its rear was placed (in mockery of an altar) as a place on which the guards dwelling there could compose weekly reports to their supervisor about the various goings-on within the fortification of which they might have become aware (this is actually quite little; the demons are forbidden from leaving this upper level of the structure). The alu-fiends have little use for such paperwork and The Bleak Warden cares little for their perceptions, in any case. Now, the table holds the collective treasures possessed by the demons (aside of that magic in their immediate possession). The marble table has a false top (discovered easily by tapping upon its surface) and within it lies 3,286gp, 7226ep, 378pp. Three platinum and emerald rings worth 1,250gp and 28 100gp gemstones (of various types) also rest here, along with a *potion of gaseous form*, a *potion of poison*, and a *robe of scintillating colors* (that none of the alu-fiends were able to use).

14. THE BLEAK WARDEN

This room is a 30' x 30' square, seemingly composed completely of utterly black marble. Its ceiling slants to a point perhaps 50' above the floor in a great vault. With the opening of the door and the presence of radiance within, it is clear that there is something...*wrong* within this chamber. Your light, even a hair's breadth away from its source, becomes inconsistent and pale, as if it is the very stuff of dusk itself. The air about you is likewise filled with the gloom of a funeral procession, silent, still, and morose in quality. If such a thing is possible, everything within the room seems to somehow drink the very life and joy from existence.

A door issues forth from the chamber, located in the center of its back wall, apparently made of the same black stone as the rest of the construction around it. Directly in front of that portal that is a great desk, likewise dark, as if cut from a single piece of ebony marble. Sitting at the furnishing is a wizened old man, wearing deep grey robes that match his short-cropped hair and even the color of his eyes. As you enter the room, he fixes you with a disaffected stare.

This chamber is home of The Bleak Warden: The guardian of the prisoners within the fortification's confines and the supreme authority over its first level. Once, it was known as Kth'ryski, a **Type III demon** who served in the front lines of the infinite battlefields of Hades as a successful commander of shock troops against his masters' hated diabolic enemies. Unfortunately for the fiend, however, it succumbed to the *gloom* effect present in that plane of existence, which forever stained its damned soul an ever-bleak grey. It might have wandered forever through the perpetual dusk and of that hopeless place had it not been summoned to the service of the Queen of Witches and bound to her fortification on the Prime Plane. Instead, she saw a great use for its

specific and unusual skills as the warden of her small prison here. For its part, it cares little; that which stole the color from its body replaced it with nothing but a bottomless despair and ennui. Still, it is a demon and a hardened warrior, so when the Player Characters enter the room, its void of a soul will not prevent it from slaughtering them all in order to protect the sanctity of the fortification and the prisons beyond its quarters.

The Bleak Warden: AC -4, MV 9, HD 10, HP 65, THAC0 10, #AT 5, Damage 2-12 (Pincer)/ 2-12 (Pincer)/2-9 (Longsword +1)/2-9 (Longsword +1)/ 2-5 (Bite), SD 60% Magic resistance, Only hit by +1 or better or cold-wrought iron, SQ Spell-like abilities, Magic Items: *Longsword +1* (x2), *Cubic Gate*.

The Bleak Warden is currently using his *polymorph* ability to appear in human form, emulating a traveler he once saw on Hades (before ripping the limbs from his body and devouring him alive, of course). It enjoys adopting this guise when entertaining guests, as it delights in the horrified expression on the faces of strangers when it reveals its true form. When the Player Characters meet it, The Bleak Warden will appear as a severe man in the beginning of his twilight years. It is clean-shaven with steely grey hair and eyes, wearing long, flowing robes of an identical color. If they manage to get close enough to it, they will notice that even its skin and the sclera of its eyes are a dull grey in color, as if it is made of stone. This, of course, is the result of the aforementioned *gloom* effect of Hades. Its expression and mannerisms are hopeless and nihilistic. No spark of light or life lingers in its eyes at all. Instead, it looks as if perpetually crushed beneath the weight of some unspoken distress.

If the Player Characters do not instantly attack The Bleak Warden, it will attempt to get information from them. It will ask them from whence they came and their reasons for visiting the fortification. Under no circumstances will it reveal anything about its home or its purpose. If the Player Characters ask it any kind of questions, it will answer evasively with responses such as "Does it really matter?" or "I'm not at liberty to say". It doesn't really care how its guests answer its queries. The only reason it bothers asking at all is because it knows that the Queen of Witches will expect it to know such things when (if?) she eventually returns to her home and learns that intruders were present there - and it wishes to avoid the grim punishment for failing to provide her with information.

Once it is satisfied that it has learned all that is important from the Player Characters or should they refuse to answer its questions, it will drop its magical guise and attack them immediately. It will first attempt to *gate* in assistance in the form of a **Type I demon**. If this is successful, it will use its desk as cover, letting its summoned help engage with the Player Characters. It will then use its spell-like abilities from the rear of the room (it favors using *telekinesis* to pick up obvious spellcasters and shake them like rag dolls, foiling their chances to weave magics). If its attempt to *gate* is unsuccessful or it senses that its spell-like abilities will be of little use against its foes, it will engage them immediately in melee.

The Bleak Warden, however, is but one of the room's dangers. Perhaps just as deadly to the Player Characters is the specialized *cubic gate* possessed by the demon, forming a permanent link between the Prime Plane and Hades. This is the reason for the room's strange nature: The substance of the Grey Wastes has managed to seep through the gate and immersed everything within the chamber and beyond it (**Areas #10 & #11**) with its mind-affecting power. For every day spent within this room or beyond its black door, those visitors become increasingly

burdened with a crushing hopelessness. They are forced to roll 1d20+5 beneath their Wisdom score or lose one point of the characteristic, as the bleak and nihilistic nature of Hades infects them and they begin to succumb to madness. If they manage to be rescued from within this area and are brought outside its confines, their lost Wisdom returns at a rate of 1 point per day. Unfortunately, this is much easier said than done, as the area is also steeped in Hades' entrapping nature. For every day spent within this area, creatures begin to forget happy and positive memories or have them twisted into terrible and painful things. Eventually, such individuals will forget what it means to have hope and joy; their existences are filled with nothing but emptiness and pain. This occurs when a creature's Wisdom reaches a score of 2 or below. At this point, they are effectively trapped within the area, finding no point in leaving and eventually spiraling deeper into the arms of madness. The enchanted black marble within this room prevents this gloom effect from leaving the area and affecting the rest of the fortification with its terrible magic.

A brief mention should be made of The Bleak Warden's relationship with the other members of the fortification level. Although it is nominally in charge of all the affairs there and answers only to the commanders of the site's deeper levels or the Queen of Witches herself, The Stargazer (**Area #5**) and Xoh3Nchz!a (**Area #8**) act outside its authority. While the latter causes it no trouble, it hates and fears the former and will not interact with the Marilith under any circumstances. This is something that the Player Characters might be able to turn to their advantage, as not only will an attack upon the demon will not bring any reinforcements, but an especially clever party might find a way to somehow turn this enmity against the fiends.

Aside of the pair of *longswords +1* and the *cubic gate* carried by The Bleak Warden, it possesses some treasure that it keeps within its desk, along with the many security reports filed by its charges over the years. 5,000pp lie in its bottom drawer within a *bag of holding* (1,000lbs). Likewise, a *cube of frost resistance* and a *wand of paralyzation* (17 charges) are in the top drawer, which the demon has confiscated from previous individuals attempting to infiltrate the fortification. Both drawers are **trapped** with a mechanism that sprays gas in a 10' cube in front of the drawers. This trap does no damage but makes all attempts for individuals caught within its range take a +10 (instead of +5) penalty to avoid the *gloom* within the area, additionally forcing those unfortunates to make an immediate roll against the magical effect - even if they have already rolled once that day.

The black stone doorway leading from this room to the next is both locked and trapped. Any creature as much as touching the portal that is not Chaotic Evil in alignment must immediately make a Saving Throw. Success sees them take 5-30hp of negative elemental energy damage (those killed by this discharge rise again as Wights in 1-12 turns). Failure is much more catastrophic: Those touching the door are subject to a *Plane Shift* spell that spirits them instantly from the Prime Plane to the Negative Material Plane, where it can likely be assumed that the rest of their very short lives are spent in nigh-indescribable agony. The potency of this trap is in direct proportion to the value and power of that which lies behind the portal, of course.

15. THE OUBILETTE

This is a circular stone room, 30' in diameter. Above, the ceiling stretches almost fifty feet in height, where it terminates in a flat plain. In the center of the room, a large pit yawns, giving way to absolute darkness after perhaps 10' in depth. It is difficult to focus on that chasm, however, for the riot of colorful chaos within the chamber. Butterflies of all shape and size flutter and flit about in a roiling and shimmering cloud of hue and motion. The ground is littered with a carpet of chrysalises and corpses of the tiny insects, which make a gruesome crunching sound when stepped upon. Distressingly, this blanket of the unborn and the dead is over three inches thick.

The door leading to this room is both locked and **trapped** with another enchantment of utmost potency. Those touching the door are subject to a specialized form of a *disintegrate* spell. A successful saving throw (rolled at a -4 penalty) reduces the damage incurred by the alteration to 15d6hp; failure blasts the individual out of existence completely and utterly. This powerful spell was created as something of a "last resort" contingency, should the prison in the room's center ever be broken.

And a prison is exactly what it is. The room contains, in its center, a place called *The Oublette*: A magical trap meant to contain the Queen of Witches' most dangerous and powerful of enemies. Those getting close to the edge of the pit in the room's center (who will probably not notice the eldritch symbols of power engraved into the floor ringing that lip, covered by the insects) will note that no form of light can penetrate the darkness that lingers within its depths 10' below the surface of the room's floor. This is because it is no normal shadow: It is actually a gate to an extraplanar (demi-planar, in truth) prison, impossible to find and inescapable by design. Player Characters that attempt to investigate The Oublette by tossing objects into its maw will watch them tumble down into its darkness and disappear. They will never hear those things hit any kind of surface below. This should be enough to give them the hint that what lies downward is nothing to be trifled with. However, Player Characters are as inquisitive as a thousand cats. They may wish to explore the depths of The Oublette for themselves. Those doing so will simply disappear into darkness - and never come back. Ropes and other climbing implements dangled down to assist climbing will be cut short as if they were *disintegrated* upon touching the shadows. This is the result of the individuals or objects so lowered being sent on a one-way trip into the extraplanar prison; they have entered that space and cannot be withdrawn. Those things lowered halfway into the darkness will be held in place, completely unable to be pulled upward (though going downward is quite easy).

Within The Oublette is monstrosity of mind-shattering proportions. This is **Sth'ryixitam, Demon Lord of Transformation** (see **Appendix A** for specific details) and prisoner of the Queen of Witches for centuries. It is the reason why the insects exist in the room above the darkness. Such is the incalculable power possessed by the Demon Lord that its existence "leaks" through the prison, manifesting as the multitudes of butterflies that signify its domain. Any light source possessed by a Player Character functions normally within the demi-plane (though it dies swiftly; there are no walls nor floor within that eternal night), though they will likely wish that it did not, for such radiance will allow them to behold Sth'ryixitam in all its terrible glory. The size of a small manor, it has no set shape or form, existing instead as a churning soup of demonic arms, legs, heads, wings, tentacles and other body parts that liquefy as quickly as they reform. To gaze upon this roiling

thing, anathema to reality itself, forces a Player Character to make a Saving Throw vs. Spells at a -4 penalty or instantly and permanently go insane. It is perhaps merciful that they will not live long enough to understand the depths of their shattered psyches, however, as Sth'ryixitam will swiftly destroy anyone visiting its prison, as it languishes there with a bottomless rage that grows greater with each passing moment.

There is only one way that Player Characters can release a creature trapped within The Oubliette. A *Wish* spell cast with intent to do so will cause a gentle female voice to call to the caster alone (this is the very voice of the Queen of Witches herself recorded by means of a complex spell; no one else will be able to hear it). The voice will tell that individual: *If one is to be released, then a sacrifice must be made to the darkness. Nothing comes from nothing. So is the law of existence and so has it ever been.* If that individual should enter The Oubliette after hearing the message (there is no time limit in which this must be done), it will release the prisoner that has dwelled within its confines longest, transporting them into the room proper, at the edge of the pit. Unfortunately for Player Characters hoping to free an imprisoned comrade, this is Sth'ryixitam, and the Demon Lord is likely to destroy everything within the room in a murderous rage before transporting itself back to its home on the 558th Plane of the Abyss. It will take two such Wishes in order to even pluck one of their friends from The Oubliette.

Sth'ryixitam, Demon Lord of Transformation: AC -8, MV 15, HD 20, HP 110, THAC0 10, #AT 5, Damage 3-13 (x5 with multiple manifested body parts of all types), SD 70% Magic resistance, Only hit by +3 or better or cold-wrought iron, SQ Spell-like abilities.

There is no form of treasure within this room. Only horror and death exist in this accursed place.

16. THE GAOL

You see a circular stone room, 30' in diameter. Its floor is slightly concave, making the whole of it seem like a great granite dish. This cause your light to reflect strangely off its surfaces, making it seem to glimmer and twinkle like sunshine across a springtime pond. In the absolute center of the room, suspended by a thin golden chain that extends from the ceiling is what appears to be a gilded birdcage. Within the thin bars of the miniature prison, you can see a tiny nude woman. Her blue eyes twinkle when kissed by your light sources and she instantly looks over her shoulder at you with great interest.

The door leading to this chamber is locked (with an odd puzzle lock that is extremely difficult to pick; it gives a -25% chance for those working upon its gearworks), but untrapped. The small cage that hangs from the ceiling is a special magical item that the Queen of Witches learned of during her apprenticeship, called a *Prison of the Mad Archmage* (see **Appendix B** for details). Within its bars is a **Succubus** named Shasanna. In the last days that the Queen of Witches called this place her dwelling, she learned the Truename of a demon that had once vexed her, summoning her here and imprisoning her within the magical prison within its confines. Unfortunately, she was only able to amuse herself with the torture of that being for a few short weeks before her overthrow was engineered by the common folk of Perrengeoff and she was forced to flee the Prime Plane. This demon, of course, was Shasanna – and she has languished within the small cage ever

since.

When she spies the Player Characters, she will see them as her possible salvation and will do very nearly anything to compel them to affect her release. Her first tack will be to play upon their sympathies. She will tell them her tale of woe regarding how she arrived in her dilemma (she once insulted the beauty of the Queen of Witches and was so foolish to allow her to hear the remark), in an attempt to play upon their sympathies. Failing this, she will tell the Player Characters how long she's been imprisoned within the room (a couple of centuries, now) and will try and lead them to the conclusion that good-aligned characters can't possibly permit such a cruelty to stand. Finally, if all else fails, she will remind the Player Characters that she is the enemy of their enemy. She will then tell them that she has explicit knowledge of the fortification (this is a blatant lie; she knows the general layout of the upper level, but that's about it) and will happily share her knowledge with them. She will even offer her services as a guide through its corridors, as a gesture of goodwill. In truth, if the Player Characters release Shasanna, she will offer a sly smile and the wink of a lovely sapphire eye, promising to "*see them later*" before teleporting back to the relative safety of the Abyss. What this promise might actually mean is up to the Game Master to determine...but it probably won't end well for the Player Characters.

Shasanna, as a succubus, is every bit as breathtakingly beautiful as she is a consummate liar. She has a river of honey-blond hair, impossibly sapphire eyes, flawless porcelain skin, and a figure that could drive men mad with lust and desire. She is especially adept at playing the "misunderstood fallen angel" or "little girl lost" roles, and might very well sway the Player Characters to do her bidding. In the immediate future, if they release her, it won't hurt them – though it might create **many** long-term problems for them, down the road.

Shasanna, Succubus: AC 0, MV 12/18, HD 6, HP 330, THAC0 13, #AT 2, Damage 1-3/1-3, SA Energy drain, SD 70% Magic resistance, Only hit by +1 or better or cold-wrought iron, SQ Spell-like abilities.

Aside of the *Prison of the Mad Archmage*, no treasure exists within the room. Though for those interested in magical antiquities, this is a priceless piece – one that many magi who know of its power would undertake dark acts indeed for the chance to possess.

Chapter Four: Of Royal Airs

Although she could be characterized as nothing less than the foulest of demons wearing the flesh of a woman, the Queen of Witches was not without refinement. Indeed, hers was a rarefied palate and ever was her manner full of grace and elegance. So it was that, despite the presence of the oft-brutish fiends that served her, she could not bear to surround herself solely with the cold and drab stone of some unworked underground lair (indeed, she had endured quite enough of that while studying at the elbow of the Mad Archmage in his dreary castle, in any case). So it was that she deigned see that the décor of at least one portion of her home befit her station as a lady – and a Queen. This level of her fortification is that place.

17. THE GRAND FOYER

You stand in the midst of a circular room, 30' in diameter. In stark contrast to what you have seen of the fortification thus far, the chamber bears an air of refined elegance. The floor is made of hard wood, dark and fine, upon which has been placed a red carpet, the color of blood, hot and fresh. The ceiling hangs perhaps 30' overhead in the form of a gold-leafed dome and light shines down upon you from an ornate crystal chandelier set into its substance. The cream walls seem to be made of stone, but they have an oddly soft texture to them that belies such a material. At a level about three feet from the floor, this substance gives way to carefully-beveled wainscoting, which seems to be composed of the same wood as the floor.

The air within the chamber is fresh, clean, and slightly cool. It smells of something vaguely of ammonia, yet not so profoundly as to be unpleasant. You are able to hear the soft tones of music – like that made by gentle wind chimes – just at the edge of your hearing. It sounds as if it springs from no particular direction, as if it was made by the air of the room itself.

This is the main landing to the second level of the Witch-Queen's fortification. Most of those visiting this place will have come from the teleportation device found in the Hanging Gardens (**Area #11**, see above for details). The level once served to house her laboratories in this facility and she spent no small amount of time in its confines when she made the place her home. Therefore, despite its utility, it was designed to see to her comfort and keen aesthetic.

The chandelier in the ceiling gains its glow from a simple *continual light* spell set upon its center. The scent that is evident within the area comes from the powerful antiseptic cleaner once employed by the Queen of Witches in the course of her many experiments. The music comes from a *permanent audible glamor* spell that she employed to see to her entertainment (she found that the quiet ambient songs served to refresh the mind). This music come from a voluminous library of recorded songs that change every three to seven minutes, fading into one another in seamless blends. While it is harmless, for the most part, they afford those with such a skill a -10% penalty to *hear noise* while on this level of the fortification – and at least one of its denizens have found a way to turn the feature to their distinct advantage (see **Area #27** for details).

18. OF PIPES AND GLASS

The door opens into the corner of a 30' x 30' diamond-shaped chamber. Its walls and carpet are decorated much in the same way as was the hallways outside its confines, in soft cream colors, dark hard wood, and a lush red carpet. The ceiling is somewhat different here, however: It is composed of some absolutely black material, so dark in nature that it seems to drink in the light around itself, making it seem to waver gently when gazed upon directly.

Around the entire perimeter of the room, save for the place in which the door opens into its expanse, a black shelf exists, 3' in depth. Upon this outcropping, a great labyrinth of glassworks is arranged. Slender flutes rise and fall, twist and turn, on their way to spill into a wide array of beakers and flasks. Several small torches exist beneath some these, supported by metal clamps, though they remain quiet and unlit. In fact, but one of these glass containers betrays any activity at all: One with a thin neck and trapezoidal base from which a gentle whisper of thin white smoke constantly trails.

Along the far wall, this maze of glass and steel gives forth to a many-tiered wooden staircase. Holes have been bored into its surface to allow it to neatly contain several dozen glass tubes. Each one of these contains a different substance, creating a panoply of colors and textures for your appraisal. Beneath the shelf upon which this wooden container rests, you see what looks like a great metal strongbox, stout and resolute.

This room once served as an alchemist's laboratory for the Queen of Witches. Within its bounds, she stored a startling range of rare reagents and compounds, utilizing them to work all manner of miraculous transmutations. The aforementioned substances fill the rack on the far side of the room, while the various apparatus necessary to affect her alchemical masterpieces line the other walls, upon the black shelves. Finally, when especially valuable or dangerous results were created within this room, they were kept within the metal safe beneath the rack of reagents.

As the room was considered quite important by the Queen of Witches, a formidable guardian was left behind to protect it. The wisp of smoke that issues forth from the Florence flask at the end of the alchemical apparatus is actually a **Vapor Golem** (see **Appendix A** for details). The creature will not reveal itself unless the Player Characters dare to begin exploring the room. If they do, it will settling in their midst, then become tangible and attack.

Vapor Golem: AC 0 or -8, MV 6 / 18, HD 10, HP 50, THAC0 10, #AT 2, Damage 1-10/1-10, SA Materialization, Suffocation, SD Limited intangibility, Only hit by +2 or better, 50% Spell resistance, SQ Vulnerable to wind-based attacks.

The Vapor Golem cares little for whatever mayhem it might create within the room (indeed, the Queen of Witches anticipated that it would wreak havoc in her laboratory; all the better so that her enemies might not use the fruits of her alchemical research against her!). It will continue to press its attacks until every living thing within the room is dead. If the Player Characters leave the room, however, it will not pursue them. Instead, it will become intangible once again and wait until its sanctum is disturbed again.

If they manage to overcome the Vapor Golem and the alchemical apparatus it protects remains intact, then the Player Characters may plunder it, if they wish. If recovered from the fortification, it would fetch as much as 7,500gp to the Free City's University of Magical Arts, who would prize it for its historical value as much as its high quality and comprehensive character. To an alchemist who knew nothing of its origins, it would be worth half that. The reagents in the shelves on the wall would fetch an equal price, and among them there are a few vials that contain especially exceptional contents. Amongst their whole, *potions* of

ESP, extra-healing, poison, human control, and vitality can be found, along with oil of slipperiness. Finally, a vial of effervescent crimson fluid (essence of a Phoenix's tears) can be found that – when used as a spell component by any spellcasting class – ensures that all variable numbers involved in the enchantment's casting (damage, range, etc.) are at their maximum possible result (limited by the level of the caster; with a failed saving throw, a 6HD fireball would always do 36hp of damage). There is enough of the substance to enhance three such spells.

The safe beneath the shelves is, of course, both locked and trapped. Its entire volume is filled with a second Vapor Golem, so regardless whether or not a character with the prerequisite skills unlocks the container, they will always spring the trap by virtue of its design. Along with the insubstantial construct, the safe contains a philosopher's stone and a wand of conjuration (0 charges remaining).

19. THE SURGEON'S PRACTICE

The door opens into a great white expanse. A perfect cube, 30' on each side, its walls are flawlessly blank and undecorated. All that exists within the chamber are three stainless steel tables, all arranged in parallel and polished to a mirror's reflection. The middle of the three is the longest, and upon it lays a body. You can tell that it lives by the gentle trembling of its hands and feet, which have been secured to its flat with heavy leather restraints. The table to the right of that contains several jars that are filled with some sort of thick syrup. Floating within them, you are able to see something that looks like the entrails of gutted game. In the cases of a few of the containers, thin hoses run from their sealed tops to the center table. Upon the final and smallest table, you can see many silver hand tools. A slender flaying knife, a bone saw, and a fine hammer are amongst these visible.

Standing next to the table is a thin, gaunt man. He wears a white ensemble: Something like a smock over a loose-fitting and baggy tabard and pants. A matching cap adorns his head and a gauzy mask covers his features. His eyes are hidden away by a pair of goggles with mirrors for lenses. With the sound of the door's opening, he stops at his labors and fixes you so that you are able to see your reflection in the twin panes. Despite his mask, you see a smile spread across his hidden face.

Beneath the table, a small sea of blood pools. It is fed by a gentle dripping from the fingers of the body on that table. Tiny bits of flesh float in that crimson ocean.

By entering this room, the Player Characters have come across the creature dubbed The Surgeon by the Queen of Witches. Once, when it dwelt in the unspeakable bowels of the Abyss, it was known as Aggraz'at: A **Type IV demon** with an interest in the miracle of life. Summoned to serve the fortification's mistress, the Queen of Witches found his particular skills useful in furthering her own research, so she allowed the awful thing to indulge itself in her laboratories at her direction. For many years afterward, she would condemn some few of those Perrengeoffers that offended her to its table – and the horror took a macabre delight in inflicting upon them things that are far better unimagined in her name.

Although the Queen of Witches has long abandoned this fortification, The Surgeon is bound to her service for several

centuries more, where it has the responsibility of guarding **Areas #18** and **#24** within her former home. So it is that the Nalfeshnee has had to while away the years but with a single patient. For decades now, it has transplanted and retransplanted the piteous wretch's flesh and organs over and over again, forever denying it the mercy of death with its surgical brilliance. Once, what was on the table was a human being; it is now reduced to nothing but a quivering pulp of living madness that knows nothing other than an existence of shrill agony beneath the kiss of the knife and saw.

When The Surgeon sees the Player Characters enter its operating room, it will be delighted beyond measure. At last, it has more subjects for its table. It is a fate to which those visiting the white chamber should gladly prefer death.

Aggraz'at The Surgeon, Type IV Demon: AC -1, MV 9 / 12, HD 11, HP 57, THAC0 7, #AT 1, Damage 1d4+9/1d4+8 (+3 dagger of sharpness), SD Demonic resistances, Only hit by +2 or better, 65% Spell resistance, SQ Spell-like abilities.

As soon as it sees them, The Surgeon will use its fear ability on the Player Characters, hoping to reduce their numbers, stalking and killing them one by one, later. Those that remain, it will attempt to neutralize with its scalpel (which acts as a +3 dagger of sharpness). Of course, it will try and leave at least one of them alive, so that it has more "patients" upon which to operate over next century or so. It is forbidden from gating in assistance, preferring to be slain on the Prime Material, rather than offending the Queen of Witches with flagrant disobedience.

The Surgeon's Practice is empty but for the described items above. It keeps what treasure it calls its own in **Area #24** (see below for details). As for the nameless wretch on its table, if the Player Characters are able to overcome his tormentor and have a shred of mercy in their souls, they will put a swift end to his suffering. For him, there is no return from his journey into nightmare.

20. THE READING ROOM

Opening the door begets a strange and varied vista. The room before you is a cube 30' in each of its dimensions. The floor and ceiling are made of the same dark hard wood found in the hallway outside. Each one of the walls, for the exception of the one in which the door is set, seems to be composed of a giant window pane. All of them seem to gaze out upon other worlds. One of them stares upon an alien terrain, weird and dreamlike. Grey, rainy, and grim, the sky is gloomy and dark, there, and endless flashes of lightning crack an ultramarine sky, beneath which a dense forest looms. Ground fog twists around the trunks and boughs of nightmare greenery crowded with immense trees swathed in vines and moss. It is a place where, though some of the vegetation seems vaguely familiar, there can be no denying that it is far removed from your frame of experience.

Another of the walls reflects a still more dour landscape. Beneath the gaze of a single burning blue sun, the landscape is a cracked and parched orange wasteland. A crooked river cuts through the frame, creeping and lurching like spilled curdled milk. On its banks, you can

see that it grinds and wrenches at the land in such a way that it seems to be composed of so much ground glass, somehow given perpetual motion and flow. Beyond that woeful river stand a gleaming city composed of purest silver. It is majestic in appearance, its titanic walls surrounding a countless landscape of spires and towers. From your distant perspective, the folk in that place seem like mere ants, and they crawl about the silver citadels as if it were their nest. Above the place, a single creature flies. Solitary, you can see that it is an ebon-skinned humanoid with the leathery wings of a bat, torn with age and rot. It bears terrible horns on its head and a wickedly barbed tail trails its flight. You watch it hiss out some blasphemy before it turns abruptly, making off toward the heart of the city for some unspoken, baleful purpose.

Through the vista of the last window, you can see the panorama of a wide swath of low hills, a single tor rising slightly above those. Around it, the sky is dark, painted grey by a leaden belly of clouds. Occasionally, the full moon will peek a sliver of its pale radiance through the somber cover, lighting the world beneath it is ghostly, gossamer light. Rain falls from above and the wind lashes it where it will in the fury of a near gale. Atop the hill is a single tree. There can be no doubt that it was the very one that guarded the way into the fortification in which you now stand.

The final wall is dominated by a pair of bookcases, set into its substance. All manner of tomes fill these shelves, books of all sizes and hues, hundreds in number.

In the midst of the room is a single chair. Apparently made of fine leather, it seems to float a few inches from the ground.

This room once served as one of the many libraries - a small one, to her exacting standards - owned by the Queen of Witches. In particular, the books housed here were ones gathered to assist her in conducting magical research. The strange environs are reflections of three separate places important to her for various reasons: The surface of the moon, Luna, the 47th layer of the Abyss, and the Rollendeländer Hills in Perrengeoff (under which the Player Characters now find themselves). The windows are actually massive scrying devices through which the Queen of Witches could gaze upon any number of places as she chose, though it requires a specially-researched spell to change their views. She found it relaxing to surround herself with such sights as she concentrated on the tomes she deigned peruse.

Though the room is bereft of any type of guardian, it is a deadly place, nonetheless. Virtually every bit of the chamber stands as a trap awaiting the unwary. The collection of books might serve as the subject of a sage's wildest fantasies come true, being a vast and comprehensive collection of arcane knowledge, some of which is likely nonesuch on this world. If somehow recovered from this place, they might fetch as much as 100,000gp in a place such as the Free City. Sadly, the tomes are **curse**d. If they are removed from this room and read, they act as *vacuous grimoires*, destroying the intellects of those daring to read them (the Witch-Queen's way of seeing that books were unfailingly returned to her library!). Those who succeed on the two saving throws forced by each book will be able to use it normally; the contents found within their covers fall to the Game Master to determine, but will all contain some great revelation on the art of spellcraft or alchemy. This is an excellent opportunity for the Game Master to introduce

some new or custom spell into their Campaign, if that is desired.

Those who sit upon the chair in the room must immediately make a saving throw vs spells or suffer 3-30hp of damage. Those reduced to 0 or less hp in such a manner are completely blasted out of existence. Those who succeed in this save may control the chair as they desire, making it rise, fall, or otherwise drift in any direction they choose (note that it is too large to fit through the threshold of the door and thusly leave the room).

21. PRIVY TO A PRIVY

This small room is perhaps 10' x 10' in size. Much like the hallway, it bears pristine cream walls that give way to dark timber near its bottom. Likewise, the hardwood floor is covered with a lush red carpet. From the ceiling hangs a handsome crystal chandelier. On the wall directly opposite you, there is a door, exactly like the one through which you have just passed. To the right of that portal, in the corner of the room, you can see a black mat bearing a pair of elegant high-heeled shoes and an empty coat rack.

The room is not uninhabited. Standing on either side of the door is a young woman. Both are stunning in appearance, wearing fancy, dark silken dresses with stark red petticoats. Both of them complete their ensemble with broad silken bands that pull back the lengthy locks neatly.

Each of them greets you with a gentle smile, apparently unperturbed by your appearance. Indeed, it almost seems as if they might have expected you. "Greetings, Lords and Ladies," the one on the left says, both of them curtsying before you deferentially. "May I take your hats and cloaks? Your shoes and boots, perhaps?"

As soon as the Player Characters enter this room, they will feel a great spike in the temperature, as if some great heat lies just beyond the door on the chamber's far wall. Indeed, those in heavy armor or clothing may begin to break into a slight sweat at the sweltering sensation.

This room once served as the level's washroom, its proximity proving quite convenient when the Queen of Witches was in the midst of some experiment that required her careful attention. When she made this fortification her home, she summoned and bound four efreeti sisters - Ainx, Janx, Sanx, and Xanx - to the room to serve as its maids and caretakers, and the quartet of jinn fulfilled their roles well in her name.

Since she has not set foot within its bounds for some time now, however, the sisters have grown bored and rather spiteful with regards to their lots in life. They have taken out their frustrations on the room that is their prison, and though it looks exactly as it did when the Queen of Witches strode the fortification's corridors at first blush, this is but an illusion.

Once, beyond the door, the washroom stood, a flawlessly clean chamber of porcelain and silver. The efreet sisters have razed the wall separating the two rooms, however. Likewise, they have destroyed the floor, making of it a bowl-shaped depression 10' past the door, which they have filled with molten lava. Of course, once their anger had subsided, the reality of the fate that would be in store for them should their mistress ever return settled in upon them. In unabashed terror, the four worked to cover the room with

a *permanent hallucinatory terrain*, restoring the room to its former glory (they feared that the Queen of Witches would see right through the ruse, but it was the best they could do), then went back to their former duties.

So it is that when the Player Characters enter the room, they will see it as described above. The four sisters, however, will instantly realize that they are interlopers (since they don't recognize them) in their mistress' fortification and make ready to try and gain her favor by murdering those with the temerity to invade her home. They will do this by attempting to lead the Player Characters forward, into the boiling lava in the center of the room, attacking once one or more of them is in the process of immolating themselves within their pool of magma.

The efreet (only two of whom are visible; Sanx and Xanx are concealed by the illusion of the wall in the room and hide *invisibly*, in any case) will be most polite to the Player Characters, if they are spoken to and with feign helpfulness. They will claim to be summoned servitors from the Outer Planes (somewhat true), bound to see to the chamber's cleanliness and maintenance. They will be more than willing to tell the Player Characters that their mistress once conducted affairs of utmost importance behind the door in the far wall, of which they cannot speak (a stretch, but still close to the truth). They will lastly swear that they are no friends of the Queen of Witches and that by passing through the door, they may well be able to see to their release (again, true, from their perspective). If the Player Characters show interest in helping see to their release, they will appear elated and eager to help in any way possible, aside of leaving their places, which they claim they cannot do because of the binding that holds them in place (this is true, too).

Ainx, Janx, Sanx, and Xanx, Efreeti (4): AC 2, MV 9 / 24, HD 10, HP 52, THAC0 10, #AT 1, Damage 3-24 (Fiery Blow), SQ Spell-like abilities.

If the Player Characters comply with the efreet, they will wait until one or more of them has fallen into the lava pool (6-36hp of damage for each round that they are immersed within the magma) before attacking. At that point, one of the sisters will cut off their avenue of escape with a *wall of fire*, while two of them will move to melee with obvious spellcasters. The last sister will cast another *wall of fire* to try and separate their foes. Of all of their many abilities, the efreeti are forbidden from using their ability to grant *wishes* (part of the spell that binds them to this location), so this option does not avail them. If any of the four are reduced to 25% of their total hit points or less, they will assume gaseous form and attempt to hide amongst the noxious gasses rising from the pool of lava until the Player Characters have left their sanctum.

If two or more of the sisters is slain, Janx - the youngest, but wisest of the four - will realize that the Player Characters might have a real chance of freeing her. In such a case, she will surrender herself to their mercies, telling them the truth of the room's nature and that which she has endured since her summoning from the fabled City of Brass on the Elemental Plane of Fire. She will then propose an arrangement: She will either serve the one that manages to free her from her duration for 1,001 days or grant three of their *wishes* (whichever they choose), providing they allow her to return to her home after the conclusion of their compact. In this, she will serve loyally and faithfully, and will not attempt to subvert the orders of those commanding her (though she knows absolutely nothing of any other area within the fortification and is no help navigating its dangers). Freeing the efreet is not an easy prospect, however. It will require the power of one capable of *dispelling* or *disjoining* an enchantment cast at 30th level.

All but the lava pool and the rubble of the chamber's former walls and washroom are illusory, here. There is no form of treasure within this room.

22. THE SENTINEL

This chamber is 30' wide and 50' deep, differing starkly from the hallway with its apparent composition of dour grey stone block. Its ceiling begins at the top of the 30' feet high walls and arches upward into a single point. The whole of the room consists of two rows of wooden benches, down the center of which runs a path of rich, red carpet. At the end of this trail, the room rises up to a low dais, atop which rests a single stone block. This is flanked by a pair of wooden podiums. The whole of the place might seem like a church of some kind, were it not for its grisly and blasphemous appointments.

The walls are lined with windows, all appointed with colorful stained glass. Each one of them features a different deity, each one in the process of being horribly tortured or dismembered by a group of demonic creatures. Likewise, on the wall behind the stone block - reminiscent of an altar - there is a great mural of a gathering of various gods from all faiths and cultures. They appear in the picture to be fighting for their lives, terrified and bloodied, by a horde of creatures unspeakable and profane.

The whole of the room is immersed in a hideous stench, like that wafting from the open door of a charnel house. This horrific odor comes from the back of the room where a towering creature stands. Over 8' tall, its body is thin and sinewy, covered by grey and green leathery scales. Scaled, bat-like wings protrude from its back. It has a long head crowned by tiny horns, bat-like ears emerging from both sides of its head. Its mouth is full of awful, tusk-like teeth and it stares at you with terrible eyes that glow with a darksome yellow luminescence. All around it are a group of things that were likely human, once. Now, their flesh is rotten and worm eaten, their bloated and ulcerous skins gone putrescent and mottled with decay and bruising. Their eyes, hungry for the flesh of the living, gaze at you with ravenous menace.

In the days when the Queen of Witches dwelled within this fortification, this room looked much different. It was here on this level that the room served as a muster and rally point for the various guardians on this level of the place. Full of various arms and armor, demonic warriors stalked its expanse, ready to defend their mistress home to their deaths or visit unspeakable fates upon the world outside its walls.

Now, it is the home of the leader of these hordes, a **Nabassu** named Y'ngarax. Unique amongst its sort, the enchantment binding the four-armed brute to this location was far more powerful than that which summoned the armies under its command to the Prime Material Plane. As time slowly unraveled those spells, releasing its captive demons back to the Abyss, that which holds Y'ngarax in abeyance has retained its full vitality. This has infuriated the Nabassu to no end, of course. One, it was feared and influential amongst its kind. Now, it remains almost alone with its dark and terrible thoughts (though it is well aware of the existence of its neighbors, The Chamberlain and The Surgeon, it hates both and takes great pains to visit either as rarely as possible),

with nothing in the way of trembling mortals upon which it might feed and grow still more powerful. Only its former victims, a group of awful **Ghasts**, exist to accompany it – but they are worth nothing more than the demon's scorn and fury.

Because of its frustration, Y'ngarax has taken to redecorating its formerly unadorned home with its own personal aesthetic: A wide array of blasphemies directed against the various deities of the mortals it so hates, within the mockery of one of their churches. If the Player Characters should come to visit the demon within its home here – or should it become aware of their presence in some other way – it will not hesitate to attack them, no matter their apparent strengths. To its mind, far better for them to slay it and send it back to the Abyss than to while away eternity with nothing around on which to prey.

Y'ngarax, four-armed Nabassu: AC -5, MV 15 / 15, HD 5+20, HP 42, THAC0 15, #AT 5, Damage 2d4/2d4/2d4/2d4/3d4 (claw/claw/claw/claw/bite), SD Demonic resistances, Only hit by +1 or better, 50% Spell resistance, SQ Spell-like abilities, Thief abilities.

Demon-Controlled Ghasts (8): AC 4, MV 15, HD 4, HP 18, THAC0 15, #AT 3, Damage 1d4/1d4/1d8 (claw/claw/bite), SA Paralyzation, Stench, SD immunities.

When the Player Characters enter this room, Y'ngarax will command its ghasts to engage its opponents in melee. It has no illusions that they will be able to bring them down, mind; it just wants to occupy them in order to free it up to harry them with its spell-like abilities. It will begin combat by taking to the air and out of reach of melee combat, casting *silence 15'* radius upon an obvious spellcasting character. It will follow that up by *stealing death* from another character, then visiting that fate upon one of their fellows. Finally, it will defend itself with *vampiric attack*, choosing the character that has been most effective against it thus far as a target for that baleful dweomer.

If the Player Characters manage to overcome Y'ngarax and its ghasts, they can help themselves to its treasures, which it has hidden in a false top in the altar on the chamber's dais. This container is **cursed**, however, exploding in a powerful burst of negative energy that does 3d6 damage and drains 1 level from all characters in a 10' radius of the altar when it is opened. Within the container are two sets of human-sized *chain mail +1*, two *shields +1*, a saw-toothed *longsword +1*, and a dwarven-forged *axe of hurling +2*. This last weapon is wrapped in a bolt of cloth, on which is printed a comprehensive map of Perrengeoff, created in the days when the Queen of Witches held sway over the nation. It details battle plans and troop movements on its fabric and would be worth 5,000gp to a collector in such curios.

23. THE VOID

The door to this room, which is recessed about an inch into the walls of the corridor, seems to be made of a single, solid block of obsidian. The black portal is scarred about an inch into its depth with graven runes – so many that they overlap one another in some kind of strange and incomprehensible eldritch geometry – which have been filled with silver inlay. It radiates a palpable cold, which one can clearly feel from several feet of distance.

This magically-sealed door has been designed to hold an incredibly dangerous effect in abeyance. Despite the many potent

sigils and spells used to keep it in place, it is so powerful that the entropic effect it brings into being can be felt even through its substance, in the way of the cold emanating from the door's surface. While the Queen of Witches could bypass it by way of a special magical key she designed, the door can be opened in one of two basic ways. A *disjunction* or *dispel magic* spell cast upon it capable of unraveling spells cast at 30th level can render its mystic bindings mundane. Brute force can do the job even more simply: By removing even some small bit of the silver inlay set into the door, once can leave its bindings incomplete, fouling its magic. The portal completely resists other means of circumvention, including any forms of *astral travel*, *dimension door*, *etherealness*, *passwall*, *phase door*, and *teleportation*.

If the Player Characters should manage to open the door, it slides rather easily into a recess in the wall, revealing the following:

Opening the door renders its threshold a yawning maw, behind which is nothing but utter and complete blackness. Staring into it is akin to diving deep beneath water, in that you are able to see the individual rays of brilliance – the light in the hallway from behind you – stretching into thin rays, which are pulled inexorably into the void and devoured completely in its nothingness. Behind the threshold, there is no form of sound, nor any kind of substance. There is simply hungry emptiness, so complete that it compels the very heat and life from the world around it into its black expanse, drowning it and snuffing it from existence completely.

Once, this room contained a small laboratory where one of the Queen of Witches' demonic assistants performed extremely dangerous necromantic experiments. In the course of one of such study, a hole was torn in the very continuum of the Prime Material Plane, allowing the un-fabric of the Negative Material Plane itself to be made manifest within the room's bounds. There is some irony in that, were it not for the quick action of the Queen of Witches, the whole of her particular Prime might have been devoured by the rapidly swelling rift, yet contain it she did, housing the effect within the bounds of this room and sealing it away behind a door enchanted with the most sovereign of binding magics.

If the Player Characters open the door, the rift to the Negative Material Plane is laid bare. The powerful magics placed on the room itself has stopped it from expanding out into the hallway and further into the Prime – but its exposure presents them a very real danger. First, the Negative Plane's properties are such that it greedily devours everything around it – including air, gravity, and light. Player Characters within a 10' area around the door will have to make a successful saving throw vs. paralyzation with a bonus of +1 to their roll for every point of strength they possess above 14. Success means that they manage to remain where they stand. They are subject to 1d6 cold and vacuum damage (no save permitted). Failure means that the vacuum created by the Negative Plane has swept them off their feet and into the chamber beyond the threshold. Those so unfortunate to incur such a fate suffer 2d6hp damage and the loss of a level for each round that they remain within the chamber. Wandering Monster checks may also be made by the Game Master, to determine if anything of note abides within the room when the door is opened, but as it only intersects with a very small portion of the Negative Plane, the chance of such encounters occurring should be halved.

There is no form of treasure within this chamber. However, as was her way, the Queen of Witches was able to turn

the accident within its walls to her favor, using the un-substance of the Negative Plane to act as a power source when such was required for other experiments. So it was that a conduit was run between this chamber and **Area #26** (see below for details). Because of its nature, this will provide no help for those unfortunate enough to be swept into this area by the Negative Plane's vacuum effect, but it may come into play in other ways that will be made plain in the description of that other area.

24. THE FORGE OF SOULS

This door opens into an immense room, 100' on each side and 100' in height. It appears to be made completely of grey stone, worked and smooth. From the doorway, a length of red carpet runs to the center of the chamber where an immense dais rises from the floor, the river of carpet surrounding the whole of the stone protrusion. Upon the top of it, you see a great metal device. Shaped like an elongated trapezoid, it has eight faces that point outward from its center. Each one of them is smooth and featureless but for a pane of glass which has been placed in the center of each of those faces. Surrounding this mammoth device, the ground around the dais is covered with a dark, sooty powder in all directions.

Above the device, you see more monstrous metal constructions - one for each face of the device - suspended from the ceiling as if by steel spider legs, all levers and joints. At their ends are great spheres that look as if they were made of solid gold, each one of them the size of a small pony.

At the eastern side of the dais, a stone podium rises seamlessly from the substance of the floor. It seems like the sort of stand from which a conductor might order the movements of some great orchestra.

For the immensity of the room and its relative emptiness, the silence within the chamber and its stillness seem magnified. Each one of you are aware of the sounds of your own breathing and the muted rhythms of your heartbeats.

Aside of the Conservatory (in **Area #29**, see below for details), this was considered by the Queen of Witches to be the most important room within this level of her fortification. Once, unfathomable millennia ago, there were those that predated the demons that populate the Abyss. Mutable in shape and form and transcendent of the dimensionality to which those things that dwell within the universe now are bound, these ur-horrors were the very personifications of evil, so powerful and archetypal that simply to acknowledge their existence might be enough to snap the sanity of the goodly folk of the world.

The Queen of Witches was fascinated by these boundless horrors. She studied them intently, dreaming of ways in which she might harness their unique brand of power, adding it to her own. The most successful of her many experiments in this vein now stands before the Player Characters in the form of The Forge of Souls. She would place the least of demons within one of the chambers in the many-faced device in the center of the room, releasing the captured essence of these ancient evils in the same cell to slither about the captive in a blasphemous and sinister fashion. She would then activate the apparatus, swinging the arms of the device on the ceiling into place. There, they would channel raw

negative energy siphoned from **Area #23** and bombard the confines of the chamber with it darksome might, fusing the two in an unholy fashion into something...*different*. These new forms of life were always unpredictable in nature and many of them died within the chamber in terrifying fashion, their bodies unviable, twisted and tortured in macabre fashions. Yet just as many of the terrible things survived. Those that did generally possessed many of the same traits of demons and those ur-horrors that had gone before them, making them powerful servants of the Queen of Witches.

The Forge of Souls has not been activated in many years, at least not since the Witch Queen resided within the walls of the fortification. The thing, however, still exists - waiting to birth forth more monstrosities of the type that were never meant to exist. Good-Aligned characters should destroy the thing on sight (indeed, it radiates overwhelming evil; the remnants of those things created within its chambers), yet Player Characters may be compelled by curiosity to investigate the apparatus and its functions for themselves.

As Player Characters approach the Forge of Souls within 20' of its position, its eight chambers will slide open by swinging slowly upward with a menacing hydraulic hiss. If any character should actually enter one of the chambers, they will find that it is padded with soft, quilted fabric resembling that which lines a casket. If anyone dares enter one of its chambers, that cell's door will gently (it should be a simple matter for them to duck out of its confines if they have second thoughts!) slide back into its place, locking with a techno-magical mechanism into place. Those inside will be affected with a specialized *hold monster* spell that forces all creatures normally affected by such an enchantment to save at -8 against its effect and those who are normally immune to such spells to do so at a penalty of -4. The chamber is proof against most forms of magical and psionic escape, to include *astral travel*, *dimension door*, *etherealness*, *passwall*, *phase door*, and *teleportation*. Its lock is equivalent to a wizard lock cast at 30th level, though it may be *disjoined* or *dispelled* by any power capable of affecting such a powerful dweomer. Those trying to open the chamber by way of brute force will have to do 80hp of physical damage to the cell, though doing so will create a violent arcing and sparking of the apparatus which will do 2-20hp of damage to the victim trapped in its confines.

At the same time as the Forge's door closes, a series of colorful lights will come into being atop the podium on the eastern side of the device. These are the controls for both the apparatus and the arms atop it. They are written in an ancient Abyssal tongue and frightfully hard to comprehend, even if one manages to read its various glyphs and labels. For each point of Intelligence a user possesses, they have a 1% chance of using the device properly. If a failure is indicated, 75% of the time, nothing at all will happen. 24% of the time, the chamber will be flooded with negative energy, and 1% of the time, the whole of the device will be irreparably ruined. In the first case, a terrible hush will come over the room, which will be interrupted by the sound of great gears turning within some hidden place in the ceiling. The eight spider legs will swing down as if to devour the device in their midst, stopping when but an arm's length from the glass panes in each of its faces. The sound of pneumatics will be heard within the apparatus, and any creature within any of its chambers will report a ghastly, indescribable scent, like the sum of all the world's evil distilled into a single, awful fragrance. All will be still for a moment...until all at once, terrifying strokes of dark lightning will stab out from the golden balls at the ends of the armatures. The entirety of the room will seem a photographic negative for an elongated moment, made all the more terrifying for the agonizing screams of those within the chambers of the Forge of Souls. A moment later, all will be concluded. Those within each cell will have been completely and

irreversibly changed into monstrosities that do not even closely resemble their former selves. It is far beyond the scope of this module to adjudicate the results of what the Player Characters will become as a result of exposure to the Forge of Souls, but a Game Master has but to read the passage explaining its functionality to determine such results for themselves. It is likely that they have become even worse than demons – things that stretch the sanity of reality itself for their existences – and that they should be slain immediately (or at least left in their cells for the remainder of eternity). In any case, such characters should be remitted to the control of the Game Master. They are henceforth effectively out of play.

If the chambers are flooded with negative energy, those within their bounds are totally blasted out of existence (no saving throw permitted). Not even ashes remain to testify to their lives. In some ways, this is a far better fate than if the terrible machine had functioned as designed.

If either the Forge of Souls is purposely wrecked by way of violence (this includes attempts at trying to plunder the gold balls at the ends of its armatures) or a die roll indicates that it is ruined, the whole of the machine will begin to arc and spark wildly. Dark lightning will wrack its armatures and cells, lashing out unpredictably throughout the entirety of the room. All those within 30' of the device will suffer 5-50hp of damage (save for half) and lose 1d4 levels in the process (save for half with results less than one indicating no loss of level). Those outside that range suffer 2-20hp damage (save for half) and stand to lose 1 level (save for half with results less than one indicating no loss of level).

Player Characters digging through the wreckage of the machine will discover that the balls at the ends of each of the nightmarish machine's armatures are, indeed, made of a rounded inch-thick sheet of gold. If these are recovered intact, each one of them is worth 10,000gp. They will be reduced to half that if taken from the rubble of the machine (much of their substance will be destroyed in the conflagration that envelops the Forge of Souls as it is ruined).

25. THAT WHICH REMAINS

It is likely that this 30' x 30' room once was jacketed as the same finery as the halls through which you have walked on this level of the fortification. If you look hard, you can see the cream and wood walls, though these seem to have been long since fouled and ruined by what seems to be dried blood and offal, along with the remnants of many struggles long past. Likewise, the room was probably once appointed with many fine wooden furnishings, though these have been shattered to splinters and strewn about the room as if a hurricane touched down in its center. The largest chunks of these are now but a few feet of jagged-edged dark timber.

Crouching amidst the rubble of this opulence are four creatures. Immense in size, each one of them looks something like a hideous toad with arms in the place of forelimbs. Their faces, which bear mouths featuring many rows of awful, razor-sharp teeth, are covered in gore, as if they have only recently dined upon something living.

This room was once another garrison within this fortification, in which some of the most powerful servants of the

Queen of Witches dwelt. As is apparent from its appearance, it was once just as finely-appointed as the remainder of this level of the fortification. Sadly, in their mistress' lengthy absence from the place, they have long since forsaken their instructions to keep it tidy and intact. Likewise, they have ignored her orders to refrain from violence against one another. Once, there were well over ten **Type II demons** that haunted this room's expanse. Now, there are only four, and they are currently in the process of devouring the last of the entrails of the weakest of their brothers – slain both for their amusement and their sup. Of course, when the Player Characters enter this chamber, they will forget about this meal instantly – far preferring a fresh kill with terror in its eyes than mere carrion.

Balphrezon, Gaphrinax, Nariel, and Zochina, Type II demons: AC -2, MV 6 / 12, HD 9, HP 41, THAC0 15, #AT 3, Damage 1d4/1d4/4d4 (claw/claw/bite), SD Demonic resistances, 55% Spell resistance, SQ Spell-like abilities.

If engaged in combat, each one of these horrors will immediately attempt to *gate* in another Type II demon (they were forbidden to do so by the Queen of Witches, of course, but they have come to care far more about murdering and dining on the flesh of the summoned – and so satisfying their hunger and lust for blood – since her disappearance). Three of them will then engage in melee combat, while a fourth will remain at the back of the room and use *telekinesis* to seize and shake any obvious spellcasters, so as to foil their ability to ply dweomer-craft.

If combat begins to go poorly for the demons, at least one of them will attempt to flee the room. They know well of Y'ngarax and respect its power. They will warn the Nabassu of the existence of intruders within the fortification and will plan a unified strategy to destroy them. Under no circumstances will they flee to The Chamberlain's Hall (**Area #28**, see below for details) in a like manner, however, as they know that the demon would certainly torture them hideously for a lengthy time before destroying them for their failure to deal with the situation themselves.

Though most of the finery within the room has been destroyed beyond repair, some treasure still exists within its bounds. The contents of a desk that once held 500pp are strewn out amongst the gore and wreckage within the chamber. Likewise, a dresser that contained a mated platinum and emerald tiara and choker (worth 2,000gp and 3,500gp respectively) have been scattered to the winds, but can be recovered by a cursory search of the room. The loop that accompanied these pieces of jewelry matches the set and is actually a *ring of protection* +3. Finally, a pewter scroll case lies amidst the detritus. Within it, one can find a sordid and rather poorly-written love letter crafted by a nameless Perrengeoffer wizard for the attentions of a would-be paramour. It is a struggle to get through, but if one should follow it to its end, they will find that the spells *minor globe of invulnerability* and *conjure elemental (air)* have been copied upon its parchment. Further down the page is a unique chant that brings into being a *Leomund's secret chest*. Within the iron-bound wooden container is a *cloak of protection* +2, a *ring of human influence*, and a *wand of frost* (15 charges remaining). The last line of the letter, however, is a set of *explosive runes* that will do 6d4+6 damage (no save) to the reader and a like amount (save for half damage applicable) to all those in a 1" radius from the parchment. If this detonates, it will completely ruin the letter, of course (along with the chances of ever summoning the *secret chest*).

26. THE ENGINE

The door leading to this room is apparently made of a single piece of solid obsidian. In its surface are cut the patterns of countless eldritch glyphs and symbols – so many in number that they overlap one another. Each one of these graven sigils has been filled with silver, making them seem to glisten beneath the light like the trails of so many fallen stars against a night sky.

This is the sight the Player Characters will bear witness to, gazing upon the door to this area from the vantage of the hallway. In all ways – particularly with regard to the force necessary to bypass it – it conforms to the door barring the way to **Area #23**. Should the portal be circumvented, what lies beyond it is as follows:

As soon as you open this door, you are bathed in a dark and sinister light. Pulsing in deep violet and sickly mauve hues, it emanates from a device set in the center of the 30' x 30' room. Cast completely out of some dark metal, a great pipe runs into its center from a spot in the midst of the chamber's far wall. From its top and sides, several great hoses made of some sort of flexible material run forth to disappear into metal sockets set in the tops of the room's walls, near its ceiling. The device itself is composed of several large strips of banded metal, between which great bladders rest. These slowly inflate and deflate, reminiscent of the beating of a heart or perhaps the functioning of a pair of lungs. Whatever substance it is that courses the device has some quality that allows it to shine forth through the materials of the bladders. This is clearly what yields the eerie and strange radiance.

Such is the mastery, with respect to the Invisible Art, of the Queen of Witches that she was able to turn the cataclysmic accident that occurred in **Area #23** of her fortification to her advantage. After containing the potent qualities of the Negative Plane that were brought into being in that room, she set about the creation of the device that dominates the midst of this chamber. This is a *Necromantic Engine*: A machine capable of pulling forth the stuff of the Negative Material Plane from the room to which it is connected (by the great pipe leading from the chamber's far wall) and feeding it safely into other portions of the fortification where she could make use of it (such as the Forge of Souls in **Area #24**).

This chamber has the potential to be extremely dangerous to the Player Characters, though it is quite harmless if left alone. In such a case, it will continue to pump away in the manner in which it has since it was constructed. However, Player Characters may be possessed of the opinion that by destroying the Engine, they might bring harm to the Queen of Witches or her future plans. Though this may well be, doing so will visit disaster upon them. Those doing more than 15hp of damage to the heavy hoses running away from the Necromantic Engine instantly suffer 2d6hp of damage and the loss of 1 level (save vs. petrification for half damage; results of a successful save and 3hp of damage or less indicate that those affected have managed to avoid the life-draining stuff and retain their levels), as the very essence of the Negative Material Plane sprays forth from the conduit upon them. Damaging the pipe leading from the wall or the Necromantic Engine itself (which can be done with 25hp and 30hp, respectively) will cause a great gout of Negative Energy to burst forth, doing 2d6hp of damage and

draining 2 life levels (no save permitted) from all those within 10' of the wound in either the hose or the device.

In either case, the damage to the Necromantic Engine will cause the void spilling forth to quickly devour the whole of the chamber. If a hose is cut, this will occur in 10 rounds; if the pipe or the Engine is damaged, it will require but 3 rounds. When this occurs, the room will essentially become identical in fashion to **Area #23**: An extension of the Negative Material Plane brought into being on the Prime. While the door and walls of the chamber are enchanted in such a way to prevent its un-substance from spilling out into the hallway and eventually swallowing the whole of the fortification, Player Characters should do whatever possible to avoid being caught inside the room for any length of time, lest they be rendered so much as withered and desiccated corpses, floating within its bounds (checks can also be made by the Game Master as to the presence of Wandering Monsters passing through that area of the Negative Plane, just as in the description of **Area #23**).

There is no treasure to be found in this room, though to a spellcaster interested in necromantic effects, the Engine represents a dream come true. Study of the device for such a character over the course of two weeks will provide them with the equivalent of 10,000xp.

27. THE TROPHY ROOM

This door opens to a 30' x 30' room. Within, the chamber is decorated in much the same way as the corridor outside it. The only exception to this is, instead of the cream expanses that lead down to the dark wood wainscoting, the walls have been painted red and appointed with a pleasant repeating pattern that bespeaks the careful hand of a master. Within the room, four crystal chandeliers hang in each of its ceiling's quadrants, though the light that shines forth from each is extremely dim, to the point where seeing to the far side of the room only affords views of general shapes rather than specific details.

The chamber itself is appointed with several glass cases, equally spread out amidst the room's center. Within each one, you can see a plush white pillow, upon which lies some item. To the left and rear of the chamber, large portraits hang, bound in elegant golden frames. Between two of the paintings, you can see an immense doorway set into the far boundary. Against the room's right wall, you see a large wall unit, inside of which many items of apparel seem to hang. You are able to see several dark cloaks and dresses within its open, finely-crafted wooden cabinet. To the left of this is an ornate metal rack, upon which a pair of armored suits have been hung. To the right of the unit, a similar rack bears the weight of many menacing-looking weapons.

The air within the chamber is abuzz with a gentle moaning sound, something like the sound of an autumn breeze over lonely and forlorn landscape. Barely at the edge of hearing, it is a noise that does not fail to set the hair at the back of your neck on end.

The Queen of Witches was a notoriously vain creature, so it should come as no surprise that she kept a trophy room within each of her homes, full of some of the most notable treasures she collected during her occupation of Perrengeoff (and a few that she

possessed well before then). These were not necessarily the most potent or useful bits of her plunder, but those that had some type of sentimental value – which was not a quality that even a villainess of her brand was beyond – attached to them.

Of course, because of their value, their owner did not leave them such prizes undefended. Hidden amongst the clothing in the wall unit is a colony of **Cloakers**, 24 in all. The Queen of Witches was one of those few humans potent of mind enough to appreciate the powerful, alien intelligence of these creatures, and so she allowed them the breadth of this room as their domain to do with as they pleased. Their choice was to reproduce and sing their songs in harmony with one another.

To repay the Queen of Witches for her generosity, they have sworn (in their own eerie and darksome manner) to defend the Trophy Room from those that would intrude within its bounds without her permission. Naturally, this means the Player Characters.

Cloakers (24): AC 3 (body) or 1 (tail), MV 1 / 15, HD 6, HP 29, THAC0 13, #AT 3, Damage 1d6/1d6/1d4+Unadjusted AC of victim (claw/claw/bite), SA Subsonic moaning, SD Shadow manipulation.

When the Player Characters enter the room, half of the colony will move towards them immediately to engage in melee combat. Their moaning is already at a 2nd degree intensity, and in addition to their opponents fighting at a -2 disadvantage To-Hit and Damage in combat, the creatures *cause fear* (as the spell) when in a 30' range from their foes. Right away, they will use their ability to manipulate shadows to create *mirror images* of themselves, making it seem as if the room is filled with a literal army of Cloakers. Meanwhile, the remainder of the colony will intensify their moaning, making the room an even more dangerous environment for their enemies.

If the Player Characters flee the room, the Cloakers will not follow them *en masse*. However, they are far too intelligent to remain in their lair while their enemies regroup and plan an assault against them. So it is that they will send half of what remains of their colony out into the hallway, using their ability to manipulate shadows to hide their movements. They will then proceed to **Areas #22, #25, and #28** to summon forth the inhabitants of those chambers to the defense of the Trophy Room.

If the colony of Cloakers (and possibly their allies) is overcome by the Player Characters, then they have their run of the Trophy Room and may plunder it as they please. Amidst the glass cases within the chamber can be found:

- A book detailing the families of the city of Flachland, who were to a one thrown in irons by the armies of the Queen of Witches;
- A ceramic Matryoshka doll that the Witch-Queen owned as a child. While this is only worth 500gp to a collector, it is beyond priceless to her mind;
- An elegantly-crafted golden swan, plundered from the manor of a wealthy Perrengoeff merchant, worth 7,500gp;
- A *libram of silver magic* with a cover made completely of sculpt mithril. So lovely in appearance, the Queen of Witches could not bring herself to destroy it;

- A *pearl of the sirines* once owned by a powerful Perrengoeff sorceress (long-dead, now) that had the temerity to defy her;
- The signet ring of the Voormann of Perrengoeff, with which he once sealed all the land's official documents. This would be worth as much as 50,000gp to the elected officials of that land;
- A silver flute with all the powers of an *instrument of the bards* (*Mac-Fuirmidh Cittern*). This once belonged to the great musician Klaus Pichler, who the Queen of Witches kept as a prisoner for her amusement until she at last tired of his songs;
- A small stuffed bear, worn and ragged, taken from a child in Blackbear, whose fate is best left to the imagination.

The paintings on the wall are all depictions of the various Voormanns of Perrengoeff – all of whom were slaughtered by the armies of the Queen of Witches. The final of these portraits features a regal-appearing woman in a dark bodice with long, straight black hair, porcelain skin, and a sinister tilt to her smile. This is none other than the Witch-Queen, herself. The collection of artwork, if claimed from the room undamaged, is worth 15,000gp.

In the rack of clothing – amongst a host of well-made but completely mundane articles worth a total of 1,500gp – can be found a red silk dress (scandalous in design) that protects its wearer as plate mail armor, a *cloak of displacement*, and a *robe of stars*. The racks of armor and weaponry contain a suit of *banded mail* +3 and *leather armor* +4 (both sized for humans), along with a *defending bastard sword* +4, a *rod of smiting*, and a *spear* +3. Indeed, a magnificent trove of treasure!

It is likely the Player Characters will soon have great need of its combined might.

28. THE CHANCELLOR'S HALL

The door opens to a 30' wide, 50' deep, stone chamber. Two rows of stout columns support the ceiling, between which run a river of lush red carpet. The air within the chamber is cold and still, full of the scent of old age and ancient death. The crimson path leads down the entire length of the chamber until it at last terminates in another arched doorway, barred by a heavy stone portal.

Near the room's far walls, you can see the motion of some great form, its silhouette twice the size of any man, stalking the darkness of the chamber. With your entry, it stops moving for a moment...before beginning towards you from the shadows.

This grand chamber was once a great reception hall: The place in which the Queen of Witches would receive visitors whom she might welcome into her fortification. Of course, she would not do this personally, rather leaving such a mundane task to her Chancellor, who possessed full authority over such affairs. The responsibility of determining whom might somehow garner some bit of its mistress' time fell to that terrible thing. The Chancellor has had precious few opportunities in which to exercise its duties since the Queen of Witches quit this fortification, so it is that the presence of interlopers within its sanctum brings it great interest, indeed – in

the form of a malice most darksome.

The Chancellor (who is detailed in full in **Appendix A**) is a horrific creature to behold. Almost 10' in height, it is thin to the point of gauntness. It wears a gentleman's waistcoat and breeches, boots and gloves, in a crass mockery of the nobles held in esteem by the mortals it so despises. Its flesh, however, is a stark and ghastly white, as that possessed by one long ago drowned. It has small, bat-like ears and is completely devoid of facial features. It has no eyes and no nose, and those beholding it will likely wish that it also had no mouth. It does, however, in the form of a great maw – oversized, like that of a snake – twisted perpetually in a sneer of a smile. Within that mouth is a bright red slender tongue, hidden behind several rows of sharply pointed bright white teeth.

The Chancellor, Unique demon: AC -2, MV 15, HD 16, HP 112, THAC0 4 and 7, #AT 1 and 1, Damage 2d8+9/3d4 (rapier/bite), SD 70% Spell resistance, Demonic immunities, SQ Spell-like abilities.

When the Player Characters enter the room, The Chancellor will move from its typical place in the back of the chamber, walking onto the carpet where the light can paint him in the full of his glory. There, he will greet his guests in the name of the Queen of Witches, and inquire as to their business in her former home. As there have been no strangers that have come to him to speak to his mistress in years, he will assume that they are simply a gaggle of fools eager to seek out an early death – but he knows well the capabilities of the one he serves and is not willing to take the chance that they may surprise him.

There are few ways in which the Player Characters might persuade The Chancellor that they have genuine business with the Queen of Witches. In any case, no argument they might present it will do so right away. Instead, the demon will seem to listen to them carefully, mulling over whatever words they might offer it. The creature will then smile its terrible smile and flatly inform them that they must do much more indeed to convince them of their need. It will then move right to the attack, first uttering a *power word: stun*, then *gating* in 1-4 **Alu-Demons** before eviscerating whatever creatures are so unfortunate as to stand directly before it.

If brought to 25% of its hit points or less, The Chancellor will yield, acknowledging the might of the Player Characters. At this point, it will inform them that it has been many years since the Queen of Witches has made the fortification her dwelling. It will then offer a proposal: In return for vital information regarding the main purpose of the complex, it will be allowed to depart the room safely. If the Player Characters agree to this compact, it will tell them of the existence of the Autem Lunares (though it will lie and tell them that it has no idea what it looks like or how it functions). It will also tell them that the time for the magical device's activation is drawing quite near, and that it fully expects its mistress to return to her former home in the moments before it thins the walls between worlds. The Chancellor will warn them that they have no desire whatsoever to be present within the fortification when this takes place, rebuking them as so many dead fools walking should they choose to ignore his words. In any case, The Chancellor will *teleport without error* away from the room after it has said its peace, but it will **not** flee the fortification. Instead, it will move to **Area #39** to inform The Butcher (see below for details) that intruders most powerful will soon come to bring war to them. It will then heal itself of all damage done to it through the use of *limited wish* and make ready to slaughter them along with its demonic ally when they eventually pass into the third level of the fortification.

If asked about Lady Silverfox, it will tell the Player Characters that it has no knowledge of what they speak (which is

actually true). However, it will add that the fortification holds many prisoners on its lowest level and that any search for such a captive should begin there. It does know that such individuals are usually brought to **Area #40**, but it will not reveal this.

If the Player Characters somehow manage to defeat The Chancellor and whatever allies it manages to summon to its aid, they will find no treasure in this room to plunder (the demon keeps its belongings in The Conservatory, in **Area #29** just beyond its court). Instead, they should count the fact that they continue to draw breath as their reward.

29. THE CONSERVATORY

Opening this door affords you a view of a great icosagonal chamber, 60' wide and just as deep at its broadest points. Something like an enclosed gazebo, its walls appear to be made of glass with rich wooden frames. Through their panes is an awesome vista, alien in nature. Beneath a cobalt sky cracked by endless strokes of silver lightning, they reveal a dense jungle of strange plants, only a few of which are recognizable. Long vines mix with weird fronds, each one bearing colorful fungi at their bases. Thick, leaden clouds hang above, from which a torrential downpour falls, lashed against the glass by what seems like powerful gales. It is a fantastic scene, perhaps made all the more eerie for the utter lack of sound penetrating the panes from the landscape beyond.

Within the chamber, several comfortable wooden furnishings, each one appointed with plush red cushions, ring those outer walls, facing inward to a small wooden dais. The three steps of this rise have been cleverly-designed in such a way to serve as bookshelves, and all manner of tomes fill the circular ledges. At the center of the dais' apex, an utterly ebon sphere floats weightlessly an inch or two above a black pedestal.

As has been mentioned above, a great appreciation for the arts is a quality that the Queen of Witches was loathe to cast aside in her rush to embrace inhumanity. In addition to visual art, she was a great lover of music, and it was in this twenty-sided chamber that she enjoyed it most frequently, sitting in one of the room's many chairs and reading while listening to the performance of some captured Perrengeoffer bard or summoned fiendish artist. As is the case in the Reading Room (**Area #20**, above), she would do this while surrounded by the alien vista of her stronghold on Luna (which she found relaxing). Just as in that place, the glass walls of her Conservatory act as scrying devices and their view can easily be changed by one with the knowledge and wherewithall to do so (see the details of that location for information regarding how this can be done). Unlike that place, however, an individual casting *plane shift* or *teleport without error* within this room can use the magic of the Conservatory to travel to the exact location depicted on its twenty walls. It is far beyond the scope of this module to detail precisely what might happen to an individual making such a trip (one-way in nature, of course, as the fortification is proof against magical intrusion), though there are several game resources available to help a Game Master adjudicate what a trip to Luna might entail.

The books that ring the various steps of the dais in the center of the room are quite mundane in nature, being a collection of various pieces of fiction brought to the fortification from the four corners of the world. The only item of interest amongst them is a

lovely red bookmark monogrammed with a beautiful letter “I”. This was the result of an experiment by the Queen of Witches by which a *book of infinite spells* might be held open to a specific page indefinitely. While it is incapable of performing such a feat, placing the bookmark between the pages of such an eldritch tome halves its chances of turning randomly to a new spell. The book that it is tucked within, however, is an completely ordinary book: A leatherbound romance novel of dubious quality.

In the center of this room, atop its dais, is an item of utmost import to the Queen of Witches, however. Anyone that has visited The Hanging Gardens (**Area #11**, above) within the fortification will likely recognize the stone pedestal atop which the black sphere (which Player Characters might well mistake for a *sphere of annihilation*; it has been very deliberately created to look just like such a dire thing) floats. Inlaid into the surface of the top of the cylindrical grey stone pillar is a pentacle of glowing blue-green metal. Just like the one in the level above it, a perfectly smooth and slightly convex circle of crystal is set seamlessly into the center of the pedestal. This is another piece of the Autem Lunares, allowing the light of the moons to flow through the fortification from above, triggering the *gate* in **Area #41** (see below for details).

If anyone moves to touch the sphere atop the stone pedestal, they will find that it is completely intangible. Moving within a few inches of it, however, will bring its enchantment to life, covering it with the illusion of forests and ocean, mountains and plains. It spins gently, as if turned by an invisible wind. This is a representation of a globe of the world which the Player Characters call home. Distressingly, they may notice that several places upon the map are highlighted by small flags that protrude from its face. These are locations in which the Queen of Witches found of some interest (and can easily serve as vehicles for any number of adventures that the Game Mater might imagine). The sphere has no other use than as a locational tool.

Below the sphere, atop the pedestal, is another inlay of a pentacle in gently glowing blue-green metal. In the center of this is a perfectly clear and remarkably flawless crystal. This is in all ways identical to the pedestal located in **Area #11**, above. If properly activated, it will teleport all those within the room to **Area #30** in the **Third Level** of the fortification, where the Player Characters will not only find their chance to rescue the missing Lady Silverfox, but at the same time foil the plans of the Queen of Witches, set into motion so very long ago.

Chapter Five: The Ebon Sea

Within the castle of the Mad Archmage, where the Queen of Witches spent a goodly portion of her youth, there is a level buried deep within the bosom of the world that is like unto a small sea. Filled with sinister ebon waters and home to all manner of fell creatures, it was nonetheless one of the Witch-Queen's favorite places within her master's abode. The eerie place fit well with her macabre sense of aesthetic and she would often push off on a small boat from the pier leading to the area, drifting upon the gentle tenebrous tides, either to be alone with her thoughts or pore over some ancient text, as was her wont at the time.

This was a happy time in the life of the Queen of Witches, when the simplest of pleasures yet tickled her mirth. It should perhaps come as little surprise, then, that she chose to recreate the place to some degree within one of her homes: A darksome ocean upon which she might sail when the mood so struck her. The fortification in which the Player Characters find themselves is the

place in which she deigned create it, her own Ebon Sea. Indeed, even the very boat in which she sailed as a mere apprentice can be found here, faithfully tethered to its dock as ever it had been.

For the Player Characters, the Ebon Sea is a frightfully dangerous location. It is immense in size, stretching for miles in breadth from its midpoint in any direction (a magical effect similar to a *mobius strip*), and filled with numerous fell beasts eager to defend its waters against those that would trespass it without the permission of their mistress. Likewise, its ceiling towers hundreds of feet above the surface of the black reservoir and an enchantment exists within the chamber that binds it to render it effectively depthless. Lightless for the most part and with few in the way of waypoints aside of the yards-thick hexagonal columns that support the ceiling, those set adrift on its gentle tides can easily become hopelessly lost while navigating the Ebon Sea.

Yet there are a few ways in which Player Characters can cross the waters safely. Spells and abilities such as *fly* and *teleport* (which is how the Witch-Queen's allies typically moved throughout the area) work normally within this level and will make movement relatively swift and uneventful. Likewise, the magical boat (named “Shrimpinkin”) that the Queen of Witches once used long ago is now moored at the landing upon which the Player Characters will arrive after being teleported from **Area #29**. Operating the boat is relatively simple and will likely prove the best way for most Player Characters to travel within this level. Finally, a series of great stones break the surface of the black waters, offering something of a path to be followed by those exploring the location.

30. NADIR OF THE ABYSS

You have arrived upon a large stone platform, 50' in diameter. But for the sources of illumination you have brought, the world around you is completely lightless. That pale radiance you bear reveals an immense vastness about you, like that of a gigantic cave. The air within its expanse has a slight chill to its edge, blown by a gentle, swirling breeze. It is a soundless place, silent as the grave.

Above, the ceiling exists at such a great height that your vision quails to murky blackness before even hinting at its presence. The entirety of the platform on which you stand seems completely surrounded by water. As it gently laps at the edges of the stone, you can see that it is utterly black, like waves upon a boundless inky sea. In the distance, in all directions, you can see hints of great columns that must support the ceiling of this strange and fell place: Broad, yards-thick hexagonal pillars. These are spaced at great distances from one another, so much so that their placement seems irregular.

Three stone causeways, each but 5' wide, extend forth from the main platform: To the northeast, the northwest, and to the west.

This platform is the landing upon which all those teleported by the device in **Area #29** arrive upon the Third Level of the fortification. Around those transported to this location is the Ebon Sea, as described above. Despite its bleak expanse, it is anything but uninhabited. Its heights are the home of **Bats** - both of the normal and **Mobat** variety - and its depths are most notably the demesne of one of the Witch-Queen's most powerful servants: A **Vampiric Spirit Naga** named Gulfortha. Indeed, there are still other forms of aquatic life that dwell beneath the place's pitchy waves as well that

will not leave the Player Characters unmolested, if encountered.

Checks for such **Wandering Monsters** within the whole of the Ebon Sea and its environs (for the exception of its numbered areas, where any encounters will be made explicit in this adventure's text) should be made by the Game Master once every turn and the chance for an encounter is 1 in 12. If a random encounter is determined to have taken place, check the following table to resolve exactly what is encountered.

Wandering Monster Table (The Ebon Sea)	
Die Roll	Monster
01-15	Bat, Mobat
16-45	Bat, Normal
46-75	Crab, Giant
76-90	Sea Snake, Giant
91-00	Vampiric Spirit Naga, Gulfortha

Notes:

Bat, Mobat (1d10 in number): AC 2, MV 3/15, HD 5, HP 23, THAC0 15, #AT 1, Damage 2d4 (bite), SA Screech, SQ Surprise 50% of the time.

Bat, Giant (2d10 in number): AC 4, MV 12, HD 2, HP 10, THAC0 16, #AT 1, Damage 1d4 (bite), SQ May confuse when swarming.

Crab, Giant (1d6 in number): AC 3, MV 9, HD 3, HP 14, THAC0 16, #AT 2, Damage 2d4 (pincer) and 2d4 (pincer), SQ Surprise on 1-4.

Sea Snake, Giant (1d4 in number): AC 5, MV 12, HD 8, HP 36, THAC0 12, #AT 2, Damage 1d6 (bite) and 3d6 (constriction), SA Poisonous bite.

Vampiric Spirit Naga, Gulfortha (Unique): AC -4, MV 15, HD 20, HP 144, THAC0 7, #AT 1, Damage 3d6+4 (bite), SA Drains 2 levels on successful strike, Poisonous bite, SD Charm by gaze, Only hit by +1 or better, Regenerate 3hp/round, SQ Spellcasting, Summon Giant Sea Snakes, Vampiric vulnerabilities. For more information, refer to **Appendix A**.

If a Player Character should take to the air or fall into the Ebon Sea, a Wandering Monster check should be made every round in which they remain in either, with double the chance of an encounter (naturally, if they are in the air, only bats of some variety will be encountered; likewise, if they are in the water, only the aquatic creatures listed are possible encounters).

Despite the sinister appearance of the waters that comprise the Ebon Sea, its body holds no inherently harmful effects for those that dare (or are foolish enough) to plumb its depths. There is no form of treasure to be found beneath its inky waves for the exception of Gulfortha's hoard, which is detailed in her profile found in **Appendix A**.

31. CHARON'S PIER

The thin causeway leads to another stone platform, this one a square 30' feet on each side. At its far end, you see that a small wooden peg has been driven into its substance. From this, a thick rope leads to a small wooden boat that has been docked to the platform. Gently bobbing with the motion of the dark waters' waves, you can see what was once an inscription upon its back that has been worn away by the tides of antiquity.

In the distance, perhaps 100' feet away, you see another, still smaller, stone platform, like the one on which you stand upon now. Where vision begins to fail to darkness, you think you may see another, beyond even that.

This is the same boat upon which the Queen of Witches once tread the black waters beneath the castle of the Mad Archmage, in days of yore when she was apprenticed to that infamous worthy. Such was her sentimental attachment to the craft that she took it with her when she fled his home, and indeed, she has made sure that it has followed her closely wherever she has gone since. Should a Player Character with the *Legend Lore* ability or spell (or some similar power) devote it to the research of this craft, they can learn all this, along with the fact that both the name of the vessel and the command word that controls it is SHRIMPKIN. As they learn this, they should instantly know dread. The presence of the boat means that the Witch-Queen herself cannot be far away.

Though the craft itself – which appears as a relatively unremarkable wooden boat, 14' long and about 5' wide in its middle, bearing three oars inside it and tapering to a point at either end – it is, in truth, a potent magical item. It can be rowed like a normal vessel, with the third oar used to scull and steer, if desired. Movement in the boat is 3" (when drifting) or 9" (when rowed). Beneath the three long deck planks used to make the boat's bottom flat (as its hull is sharply tapered), there can be found a small mast and a rune-embroidered sail. If the mast is put into its place and the sail raised, the boat gains the capability of moving at 18" per round, regardless of the flow of current, with the utterance of a command word (which is, simply, GO!). If another command word is spoken (STOP!) the boat will stand absolutely motionless, likewise regardless of the speed or power of the flow of water around it. Steering the vessel is easily done with the sculling oar, and there are oarlocks at either end of the craft.

Though it appears weathered and aged, the craft's wooden construction comes from the stoutest of trees and it is so well-seasoned and crafted, it is as hard as bronze. If a *detect magic* spell is cast upon the boat, it will reveal an alteration/evocation dweomer. This magic allows the boat to shrink down to 10% of its size, providing its command word is known (as mentioned above).

Shrimpinkin is well-known to those within the Ebon Sea. As long as they remain inside it, the Player Characters need not fear attacks from any aquatic creatures within its body (they presume that those on board are either the Queen of Witches herself or those whom she favors and will not risk insulting her by visiting violence upon them). The only exception to this is Gulfortha, who is perfectly capable of discerning strangers within her mistress' home and is all-too-eager to punish such interlopers for their temerity. Likewise, both the bats and mobats that dwell in the heights of the immense reservoir will still attack those aboard Shrimpinkin, as both have the ability to see for themselves that they are not the mistress of the fortification.

32. THE DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD

The thin causeway ends when it at last reaches another stone platform. This one is smaller than the first, but a 30' x 30' grey square. From its edges, you can stare out into the utter darkness of the bleak ocean surrounding you, a vast plain of inky blackness, as far as the eye can see.

At the far end of the stone platform, however, you are able to see a strange disturbance in the air. It appears like gentle ripples in the shadows, as one perceives heat rising from some object beneath the summer sun. Like a disturbance in the still waters of a lonely pond, they trickle outwards in even, concentric circles before at last fading from view entirely.

Although it might seem harmless enough, this is an extremely dangerous place. For those fiends that displeased her most, the Queen of Witches created an especially awful fate that she simply referred to as "The Threshold". Such was the terror that the mere phrase held for those who knew of its consequence that even mentioning it was enough to stoke fear even in the heart of a demon.

The Threshold was a euphemism used by the Queen of Witches to refer to a demi-plane she created in which no less than ten-thousand tempo-spatial dimensions existed (many of which were imperceptible to even those with such expanded senses as fiends, existing simply in arcano-mathematical terms). The reality of that place was instantly imposed upon all those visiting it. Physical proportions warped and skewed sickeningly. Senses shattered for the experience of innumerable, impossible experiences visited upon the mind. In an instant, pain and madness utterly incalculable by the reckoning of those existing within this continuum were made real. The Witch-Queen was known to leave some of those who failed or displeased her within The Threshold for decades upon end.

Currently, there is but one creature existing within The Threshold. This is Janthruiax: A cambion said to bear the blood of none other than the Demon Lord Baphomet within its veins. The fiend was so unfortunate to be bested in a minor skirmish by the mortals of Perrengoeff during its mistress' occupation of the land and paid the penalty with an exile into the demi-plane which man and demon were never meant to visit. It has remained within its prison for many decades now, in agony beyond comprehension, its mind and body twisted and wracked beyond possible proportion.

It is not a difficult matter to free a captive from The Threshold. If a Player Character casts *dispel magic*, *dimension door*, or any other spell 5th level or higher into the ripples in the air, it will be sufficient to breach the walls between worlds and allow Janthruiax to stride once more into the Prime Material Plane. Of course, it is no longer the creature it once was. Now it is something that reality itself rebukes as an abomination: A thing that cannot be. Now it appears as a horribly distorted biped that might have once looked simian in nature. Its shape and proportions continually mute and warp, stretching painfully before snapping back into place, howling in agony out of a thousand orifices that appear only to wail, then melt into the remainder of a body constantly changing in shape and hue. It flickers and dances through time and substantiality, extant and then not, and then again. All around it, reality seems to shriek and rattle, as if its mere being threatens to tear a hole in its fabric.

It has but one target upon which to vent its boundless rage and pain. The Player Characters had best be ready to weather the storm of this fury.

Janthruiax, The Dweller on the Threshold: AC Variable, MV Variable, HD 8, HP 50, THAC0 Variable, #AT Variable, Damage Variable, SD 100% Spell resistance, Demonic immunities, SQ Spell-like abilities. See **Appendix A** for more information.

If freed by the Player Characters, Janthruiax will immediately engage them in melee combat. The demon's insanity is such that it is unable to use any of its spell-like abilities. At this point, it is little more than a personification of pain and rage, and it will attempt to vent these bottomless sensations upon all those it is capable of perceiving. In any case, the deleterious effects its existence has upon the local reality around it makes it so that the Player Characters will have no choice but to try and slay it - lest they share in some part of its fate.

No form of treasure can be found at this location or in the possession of Janthruiax. Indeed, all that exists here is an incomprehensible madness best left undisturbed.

33. THE BROKEN CAUSEWAY

This is a flat square of stone, 10' on each of its sides. Floating in the midst of the dark waters that spread out in every direction, as far as the eye can see, you are able to see another such bit of firmament amidst the gentle waves, just as distance at last overcomes sight, perhaps 100' from your position.

As most of the allies of the Queen of Witches were capable of *teleporting without error* at will, it was of little consequence to those fell creatures that the pathways connecting the various chambers within the Ebon Sea were broken in nature. They would simply teleport from one platform to another as they wished in order to get from place to place within the immense area. In fact, the disconnected configuration served to deter all those that would think to invade the innermost sanctum of the fortification, so its design served a dual purpose.

The various landings that comprise The Broken Causeway are mundane stones. They are untrapped and their only defenders are those avian and aquatic creatures that make the Ebon Sea their dwellings.

34. APPRENTICES' CHAMBERS

Beyond this door is a 30' x 30' room. Its floor is composed of dark, lacquered wood and its walls are painted a deep grey. The chamber is appointed with rich, sable furnishings - a desk and dresser, a chair and lounge - all cushioned with fine black leather. The back corner of the room is dominated by a large canopy bed, silk and lace curtains in slate and ebon swoop from the ceiling to afford both a gothic décor and privacy for its occupants. An elegant trunk with tarnished silver bindings sits at the end of the bed. One of the walls, opposite that, bears a bookshelf made of dark wood, filled with all manner of tomes.

Everything within the room is covered beneath a heavy blanket of dust. It appears that it has been disused for many years.

This chamber was once used by the few apprentices that the Queen of Witches deigned instruct in the ways of the Invisible Art. These were usually demonic creatures of some various stripe, though she would occasionally accept some exceptionally talented mortal under her instruction. So it was that she commanded the creation of this chamber: A place that, while not especially opulent (it was her opinion that to offer them too much comfort would serve as a distraction to their studies), would see to the safe repose of her various pupils within the confines of her oft-dangerous home.

As it has been long since the last of the Witch-Queen's instructions was given, this room has been vacant several decades. This is not to say that it is unoccupied, however. The last of the apprentices to call the room their own summoned four *permanently hasted Invisible Stalkers* to guard over their treasure, which remains within the trunk at the end of the bed. They have been ordered to assault all those within the room that venture more than 10' beyond the door without uttering the words *all praise be given to the Queen of Witches* first. Their solitude and isolation from the Elemental Plane of Air has driven the four of them quite mad and they will attack until everything in the chamber is either dead or until they, themselves, are slain.

Permanently Hasted Invisible Stalkers (4): AC 3, MV 24, HD 8, HP 36, THACO 12, #AT 2, Damage 4d6, SD 30% Spell resistance, Invisibility, SQ Surprise on 1-5.

While the Invisible Stalkers care little if their rampages destroy most of the room in a whirlwind of violence, the magical compulsion that forces them to protect their masters' former treasure likewise obliges them to confine their marauding to the forefront of the chamber. If the Player Characters retreat to the area near the trunk at the end of the bed, they will still be attacked, but with much more care than they would otherwise. This is something that they may be able to use to their tactical advantage.

Should the Player Characters manage to overcome the room's defenders, they will find that its furnishings are of the highest quality – each one a piece of antique Perrengeoffer manufacture. The desk is worth 1,500gp, the dresser is worth 2,000gp, and the bed is worth 3,000gp – if they can be safely removed from the room. The books lining the walls are mundane, but cover differing topics of such interest to magi undertaking eldritch research that they could fetch 5,000gp. The trunk at the end of the bed (itself worth 250gp) is the true prize, however. It contains a folded *cloak of protection* +2 with a *wand of ice storms* (57 charges) tucked into a pocket sewn within it. Also, two *potions of speed* and a *scroll of five spells* (*cone of cold*, *contact other plane*, *dolor*, *flesh to stone*, and *glasse*) float in a pile of 2,216gp within its bounds.

35. BATHING CHAMBERS

The antechamber leading to this room is a 10' x 10' area completely composed of fine, smooth wood that possesses a slightly earthy smell (cedar). Aside of the door at the rear of the chamber, it is unadorned but for a pair of wooden benches on either side of the room and a series of pegs on the wall above them, of the type on which one might hang cloaks. In the center of the floor is a bright silver grill that leads to a small drain. If somehow followed, this leads out through the walls of the place and empties into the dark

expanse of the Ebon Sea. The room beyond it is as follows:

The door at the rear of the small antechamber opens into a 30' x 30' room. Its floor resembles a mosaic of small ceramic squares, ranging from a light blue and passing through white to a sea foam green. For your perspective, it is impossible to tell what sort of pattern they might form, if any. Likewise, the walls that form the chamber's bounds are mosaics formed of the tiny colorful squares. Their elegant patterns resemble simple, curling arcs of hue slightly reminiscent of ocean waves.

The floor rises away from the corners of the room – where small silver circular grills can be seen – towards its center. There, it rises sharply into a small dais of perfectly white ceramic. Atop that, seeming as if part of the platform itself, a flawless white basin rests. Perhaps nine feet in length and six feet in width, its top is appointed with a series of five small, silver studs along its edge and a matching spigot at one of its ends. Resting near the former are a pair of crystal wine flutes. Hanging over the edge of the basin is a jet black towel, monogrammed with the letter "I" in elegant, blood-red embroidery. In the bottom of the basin, beneath the spigot is a final bit of grillwork in the form of a silver circle.

To those that were familiar with her enough to notice such details, the Queen of Witches' vanity was demonstrated in her utter fastidiousness. To serve this component of her personality, she was sure to create an elaborate chamber within her fortification in which she could enjoy a bath at least once a day. Clearly, the Player Characters have found this place.

The basin atop the dais, which is untrapped, is the Witch-Queen's bathtub. The studs along one of its arms control its functionality. From left to right, the first two fill the ceramic vessel with hot and cold water, while the third opens and closes its drain (which, as do those in the antechamber outside this area, spills out into the Ebon Sea, if followed). The fourth stud causes water within the basin to churn roughly, soothing the flesh and bones of those relaxing within it most pleasantly. The fifth stud brings with it horror, however. When touched, this fills the entirety of the basin with blood, hot and sticky, magically drawn from the abattoir in **Area #39** (see below for details).

The glasses on the edge of the bathtub belong to the Queen of Witches, naturally, as she often enjoyed a bit of wine in the course of her baths. Likewise, the towel is hers as well. The latter is the only item of any value in the room, being worth as much as 150gp to a collector in unusual curios or with a specific interest in the Witch-Queen herself.

36. THE ROYAL BOUDOIR

The room beyond the door is only dimly lit, as if by candle or mere torchlight. Stepping through it places you upon a ledge of green serpentine. A decorative openwork screen carved from rare wood and inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl stands the edge of this precipice, offering some privacy to the room beyond its veil. The whole of the chamber is a perfectly smooth sphere, perhaps 50' in diameter. The upper hemisphere of the chamber forms a

dome of lapis lazuli, as dark as the night sky at the top, and as pale as a twilight horizon at the equator. The lower hemisphere seems made of serpentine, pale green at the equator and forest in hue at the bottom of the bowl.

Beyond the screen, a great, high backed chair made of dark wood and carved expertly with the faces of leering sinister creatures floats in mid-air within the sphere. It is surrounded by a kingdom of tiny points of pale brilliance, as if someone had seized the constellations from their places and set them free within the chamber to bask in wan, gossamer radiance.

The light is sufficient to reveal a marble dais beneath the chair. Atop its rise is a large canopy bed made of the same dark wood as the chair above, draped with black lace finery. Beneath the sleeping place small red carpets, lush and finely-embroidered, and surrounding it are a pair of beautifully fashioned stands upon which rest rare porcelain vessels. At the foot of the bed is a low table with a crystal bowl filled with a riot of color in the form of gemstones, while at both sides of its head are lovely end tables, once again, constructed from deep black wood. Atop each of their flats are silver tripods, within which is a small brazier which emits a tiny plume of sweet-smelling smoke. Beneath one of them is a small stack of old tomes, while under the other is an old, stained ceramic mortar and pestle.

When she dwelt within this fortification, this chamber served as the Witch-Queen's bedroom. Possessed of a certain sense of style and aesthetic, it bears considerable similarity to other boudoirs within other places she once called home, so those Player Characters that have previously visited such places will recognize it as one of her haunts without question.

The points of light that exist within the room are unique manifestations of the *dancing lights* spell. They react to the thoughts of those within the room with Intelligence scores of 18 or better and can be either extinguished or increased in brightness to a brilliance akin to noontime summer sunshine, as desired. Likewise, the solidity of the chair that floats amidst the star-motes can be affected by those with a like Intelligence score. When the Player Characters enter the room, it is completely intangible (treat as if under the effects of a *phase door* spell). If brought wholly into reality by the whim of one capable of doing so, it proves extremely comfortable and can be moved throughout the room by thought as if under the influence of a *fly* spell, traveling in any direction at a rate of 3". If commanded to become intangible while some individual is seated upon it will render that person out-of-phase, as well (indeed, the Queen of Witches often enjoyed going from place to place on this level of the fortification while seated upon the conveyance). Of course, they will first have to survive the enchantment placed on the seat - inflicting 3-30hp (save for half) *disintegration* damage on all but the Queen of Witches herself - which has been placed to remind those so arrogant to rest themselves upon her chair whose home it is that they invade.

The bed in the center of the room is incredibly comfortable. It has also been enchanted in such a way that anyone sleeping upon it may cast a *dream* spell once per week, provided they are able to defeat a *phantasmal killer* spell before enjoying its benefits. Additionally, the fine sheets and comforter that adorn the sleeping place animate when anyone but the Queen of Witches rests upon them, attacking exactly as would a *rug of smothering*. As a whole, the bed is worth 35,000gp, considering these various

enchancements, both wealful and woeful.

Aside of the bed, the chamber possesses several treasures. These are various rare and valuable antiquities looted from the Perrengeoffer folk during the Witch-Queen's occupation of their nation. The folding screen beyond the door is worth 1,000gp, while the two carpets on the floor are both worth 750gp. Each of the two inlaid stands are worth 2,000gp by themselves and the four porcelain vessels atop them are worth an additional 1,500gp. The room's table is worth 800gp and the crystal bowl that that rests on it can fetch 3,250gp. The assortment of gems that swim within it are a panoply of differing colors and shapes. 400 of them are worth 1gp, 300 are worth 5gp, 200 are worth 10gp, 100 are worth 50gp, 10 are worth 100gp, and 1 is worth 500gp. Finally, both of the silver tripods and braziers are worth 750gp, excepting the blocks of *everburning incense* within them, each of which might fetch as much as 1,000gp.

Each one of the books laying upon the end table near the head of the bed are magical librams, five in all. Among them are a *manual of golems (iron)*, a *tome of clear thought*, a *tome of leadership and influence*, and a *tome of understanding*. The last of these books, which rests at the bottom of the stack, is the infamous *Demonomicon of the Witch-Queen* (see **Appendix B** for details). It is both bound and sealed, and if opened, it summons a guardian in the form of Zan'garai, a *Nycadaemon* which will immediately attempt to slay anyone tampering with the seal or drag them kicking and screaming into the Abyss with it, if it cannot murder them.

Zan'garai, Nycadaemon: AC -4, MV 12/36, HD 12+36, HP 90, THAC0 7, #AT 2, Damage 1d8+11 and 1d8+11 (claws), SD Daemonic immunities, Only struck by +2 or better, Regenerate 3hp/round, Special spell resistance, SQ Spell-like abilities. Magic items: *Ring of rending* (see **Appendix B** for details).

Zan'garai will begin combat by casting *reverse gravity* into the midst of the Player Characters, then dispelling it (making them effectively "fall" 50' twice) before wading into melee combat. It has no compunction against destroying the entirety of the valuables in the bedchambers, if it must do so to protect the *Demonomicon* and keep it in its place. If it is reduced to 50% of its hit points or less, it will either assume *gaseous form* or *wind walk* out of the chamber, rallying in **Area #39**, where it will warn The Butcher of the presence of intruders, heal its wounds, and prepare to engage its enemies once more. As a last resort, it will attempt to grab the *Demonomicon* and return with it to the Abyss, where it will return the fell tome to its mistress.

By far, however, the most potent and valuable items within the bedchamber are the simple apothecary's tools that rest on the end table. These are the *mortar and pestle of Baba Yaga* (see **Appendix B** for details): An artifact that represents the Witch-Queen's birthright, given her by her legendary mother. Anyone aside of either of its two owners that approaches within 10' of the items will summon forth The Butcher and those demons under its command (see **Area #39** and **Area #37** for specific details) from its lair, who will defend the property of the Queen of Witches to its death.

37. JUNGLELAND

This door opens up into a long stone tunnel that rises up a gentle grade, the end of which is illuminated by what seems like naked sunlight. The scent of green and growing things and the sensation of thick humidity and a sweltering heat bathes you the instant you step through the portal's threshold, even before you proceed to the end of the corridor.

Once you make that journey, you see that the tunnel allows egress to an immense area – apparently outdoors! But this is no part of Perrengeoff that you see. Where you are appears to be the heart of some vast jungle of dense rainforest: Where huge trees, great mosses and ferns, run riot, the spaces between them growing wild with every imaginable sort of palm and cycadeoid, vine and liana. Where the ground descends into depressions, water has filled it, teeming with mighty rushes and towering reeds.

The air here is frightfully hot and the air uncomfortably humid. It is full of the scent of green, growing things and the sounds of the buzzing of insects and the calls of various birds. Where the sun manages to poke through the overgrowth, it glares down at you with menace.

Some time after leaving the company of the Mad Archmage, the Queen of Witches would find interest in a strange demi-plane long ago visited by her master, the whole of which resembled a vast island dominated by an immense jungle. Not only was this rainforest replete with dangerous creatures from a bygone era, the environmental conditions within it were such that visitors soon found themselves bereft of some of their most potent magical and mundane treasures. So deadly was this place that the Witch-Queen considered it the perfect guardian for her Autem Lunares – and immediately set about working the great magics necessary to make a nigh-exact replica of it within the bounds of a room in her fortification. What the Player Characters have happened upon by walking through the tunnel in the Ebon Sea is that place.

As a demi-plane in and of itself, the chamber itself is, effectively, infinite in size. One can travel for any length of time in any direction and never find an end to the sweltering jungle. Likewise, time has no meaning within the room. Here, it is always noontime in the heart of the summer. The only way that one can escape from the demi-plane and proceed deeper into the fortification is by walking 1,000 yards straight ahead. There, one can find a tunnel identical to the one from which the Player Characters entered the area, that burrows beneath the ground until at last ending in the door that represents its exit point.

Of course, between those two points, visitors to this bizarre demi-plane must survive many hazards. The first of these is the environment of the place, as its heat, dampness, and daily downpours make life incredibly difficult for mortals – and especially for the equipment which they carry – within its bounds.

Within the demi-plane, equipment is prone to rusting, molding or rotting at startling rates. If exposed to the elements within the chamber, equipment composed of the following types of materials have the following percentage chance of being ruined (multiply each mentioned duration by 10 if the item in question is magical in nature):

- Food, drinks 100% in 1 day of exposure;
- Paper, parchment 50% in 1 day of exposure;
- Cloth 25% in 5 days of exposure;
- Rope 5% in 10 days of exposure;
- Leather 10% in 7 days of exposure;
- Wood 2% in 10 days of exposure;
- Metal* 20% in 14 days of exposure.

* Metals immune to rust are immune to this effect.

For each day spent within the demi-plane, visitors have a 25% chance of contracting a deadly fungal disease. This illness will cause general debilitation within 24 hours, reflected by the loss of 1 point from each infected character's characteristics per day. When all stats are at 0, the character dies. Naturally, *cure disease* will remove such an affliction, but any lost hit points caused by the illness will take 1 day each to be restored. Lost characteristics are regained at a point every 7 days. Characters normally immune to disease will still have a 5% chance per day of contracting an ailment. All those who are not affected by the disease in four successive days are considered to have developed a natural immunity to the demi-plane's environment. Eating the island's various plant, insect, and animal life doubles the chances of contracting disease, though this effect can be nullified with a single casting of *purify food & drink*.

In addition to these punishing conditions, the demi-plane is guarded by those loyal to the Queen of Witches. The trees of the jungle are the homes of 8 **Bar-Lguras**, summoned to the place so long ago that they have begun to reproduce within the boughs above. As soon as they lay eye upon the Player Characters, half of their number will shriek wildly and descend from the trees, eager to rip them limb from limb and whet their tongues upon their blood.

Bar-Lguras (8): AC -3, MV 9@15, HD 6+6, HP 33, THAC0 13, #AT 3, Damage 1d6/1d6/2d6 (claw/claw/bite), SD 45% spell resistance, Demonic immunities, SQ Spell-like abilities.

Those Bar-Lgura that remain in the trees will harry the Player Characters with their spell like abilities, first *gating* in more Bar-Lgura to aid them, then casting *entangle* to aid the defense of their fellows. If they sense that their enemies might escape them, they will try to cover the exit from their domain with a combination of *plant growth* and *spectral force*.

Should they be defeated by the Player Characters, their treasure is located within a hollow tree a short distance from the chamber's exit point. These valuables consist of 1,722pp, a *potion of plant growth*, and a silver canteen that acts as a *beaker of plentiful potions* (which may dispense *oil of sharpness* +2 and *potions of healing and vitality*).

38. UNSTEADY JETTY

The corridor leading away from the door and the verdance behind you slowly slopes upward until it at last opens up to the wide open expanse of the ebon sea once more. The air here is filled with the scent of the dark waters and the sounds of its tides lapping upon a short causeway of stone laid before you. 5' wide, it juts out 20' into the inky body before at last ending. In the distance, you are able to see another stone platform in the water, perhaps 100' away from its edge.

The small jetty leading away from the tunnel is **trapped**. Walking along the first 10' of the stone walkway is of little consequence, but if more than 100lbs is placed upon the remaining half, the whole of it disintegrates into nothing more than talc. Those standing upon that portion of the jetty are immediately dropped into the depths Ebon Sea (see the details on what such a fate might entail in the above heading on **Chapter Five**). Those who are within but a few feet of the trap's activation point may save vs. paralyzation to avoid such a fate, success indicating that they were able to safely leap back to the solid portion of the walkway before its destruction.

39. LAIR OF THE BUTCHER

This whole of this room resembles a great metal cage. Perhaps 60' wide on each side and just as tall, it is composed completely of 5' iron bands, wickedly studded and spiked. From the ceiling hang hundreds of chains, each one ending in a cruelly-curved hook. Impaled upon each of these is a corpse, every one in some varying state of decay. The whole of the air is abuzz with the sounds of insects, monstrous, immense flies, dining on this rotting meat. Blood drips down from the bodies in great gouts, spilling onto the metal cage floor before slipping between the spaces in the bars. There, it descends further into a massive crimson ocean beneath the room: The collected fluids of thousands, swirling and bubbling sickeningly. It is a nightmarish place, horrid and awful. Indeed, if ever the Abyss encroached upon the waking world of men, it is within this chamber that such a thing surely must have occurred.

At the back of the room is a great iron table. It is covered by a broad tarp that may have once been white, but has long since turned titan by the spilled vitae and entrails of innumerable once-living beings. In front of that table is a blasphemy given flesh. It is an enormous creature, over 20' in height. It has the body of a great ape, unspeakable curses branded all over its flesh in dark carvings. Its head and face are boar-like, with two great black ram's horns that issue forth from its head in broken curls. Tusks show forth from a mouth full of too many teeth, each pointed and sharpened to a razor's keenness. Over its bloated, corpulent body is draped a white smock and in its hand it carries a meat cleaver the size of a large wagon. The whole of the creature is covered in fresh blood, which mats its fur. Bits of flesh and hunks of organ are sprayed all over its smock and body. As it looks down upon you through terrible eyes full of hate and malice, its gaze seems to light the very air between you aflame.

Then, it begins to laugh.

It is a sound never meant for the ears of mortals.

This room is the demesne of Yrganax: A **Type VI demon** known as The Butcher for its terrible preoccupation with the meat and bones of mortal creatures. Though even the Queen of Witches found the creature's manner and appetites foul in the extreme, she could not deny its incredible might, nor its use to her as the commander of her demonic servants within this particular fortification. As a confluence of these things, when the Witch-Queen abandoned this one of her homes, she left The Butcher behind with a mandate to protect its sanctity - and especially prevent any creature from reaching The Window Onto Worlds in

Area #41 (see below for details). In this role, it has served her without fail, as that place has remained undisturbed since the day she left the fortification. Yet the demon, bereft of fresh meat beneath the blade of its cleaver, has grown wroth with a fury encroaching upon madness with the passage of days.

So it is that perhaps no one is happier at the arrival of the Player Characters to its lair than is this unspeakable abomination.

Yrganax the Butcher, Type VI demon: AC -6, MV 15, HD 20, HP 148, THAC0 2, #AT 1, Damage 3d10+Special (giant cleaver), SA Immolation, SD 75% spell resistance, Demonic immunities, Only struck by +1 or better, SQ Spell-like abilities. Magic items: *The Butcher's Cleaver* (see **Appendix A** for details).

When the Player Characters enter this chamber, Yrganax will attack them immediately. It is curious to their purpose for coming to his mistress' home, but it fears her enough to get the answers it craves via *Speak with Dead*, rather than risk offending her. So it is that it will command the six **Chasme** that pick at the corpses hanging from the ceiling to attack its foes, then attempt to *gate* in a **Type III demon** to its aid. After that, it will immolate and wade into melee combat with its cleaver, using *telekinesis* to pick obvious spellcasters from the ground and draw them into its flames.

Chasme (6): AC -1, MV 6/21, HD 7+2, HP 34, THAC0 13, #AT 3, Damage 2d4/2d4/1d4 (claw/claw/bite), SA Drone, SD 40% spell resistance, Demonic immunities, Immune to poison, Only struck by +1 or better, SQ Spell-like abilities.

Type III demon: AC -4, MV 9, HD 10, HP 52, THAC0 10, #AT 5, Damage 2d6/2d6/1d4/1d4/1d4+1 (pincer/pincer/claw/claw/bite), SD 60% spell resistance, Demonic immunities, SQ Spell-like abilities.

The Chasme within the room will begin to Drone, attempting to leave their victims helpless for The Butcher's pleasure. If present, the Type III demon will rush to the melee, giving its commander time to use its spell-like abilities to their fullest effect. In any case, all present will fight to the end, fearing their mistress far more than death and subsequent banishment to the Abyss.

The Butcher keeps its treasure in a strongbox that has been magically affixed to the bottom of its cutting table by way of *sovereign glue*. Of course, it is locked and **trapped** in such a way that those opening it must save vs spells or suffer 5-30hp of negative energy damage and the loss of two levels (as if they were touched by a vampire). If the Player Characters are able to open it, then they may help themselves to the spoils taken from The Butcher's many victims over the course of its time on the Prime Material Plane. These monetary riches consist of 2,753sp, 3,176gp, 1,004pp, 55 gemstones worth a total of 5,600gp, and 13 pieces of jewelry worth 8,500gp. Many potent magical items hide amongst these treasures, as well: Five *potions* (*extra-healing*, *fire resistance*, *giant strength* (*fire*), *sweet water*, and *water breathing*), a *scroll of 3 cleric spells* (*augury*, *commune*, and *cure serious wounds*), a *scroll of 7 druid spells* (*cure serious wounds*, *flame blade*, *goodberry*, *heat metal*, *speak with plants*, *transport via plants*, and *tree*), a *wand of magic missiles* (9 charges), a *grey robe of the archmagi*, a suit of halfling-sized +3 *chain mail armor*, and a +1 *shield*, +4 *vs. missiles*. Finally, at the bottom of the strongbox, wrapped in a bolt of blood-stained purple silk is a *bastard sword* +5, *holy avenger*.

It should be noted that The Butcher is a major demon (likely, it would have someday aspired to the fell ranks of the Demon Lords, had it never been summoned by the Queen of

Witches). It is a brute, but it is incredibly intelligent, especially with respect to the defense of the fortification. So it is that it is quite possible that the Player Characters will meet it long before they come to this room, as it might have been alerted to their presence by one of the places' other denizens. In such a case, the Game Master is encouraged to be sly, brutal, and remorseless. The Butcher has many ways of spying upon its opponent and its ability to *gate* in assistance is unlimited, in terms of usage per day. If it has advance warning of their approach, it will likely send forth several Type III demons to test their strengths and weaknesses and force them to expend their resources. Then, when it feels confident of victory, it will *teleport without error* to their location – in a place of tactical superiority, of course – and crush them utterly. If it has been given less reason to be assured of winning, it will use its position as the defender of the fortification to rally every remaining demon of note (such as The Stargazer, The Chamberlain, and The Surgeon) to its side to aid it in its assault.

If the Player Characters somehow manage to survive such a confrontation, then all that will remain here are the Chasme detailed above and the demon's treasure. This is, perhaps, an apt prize for a truly impressive group of adventurers!

40. UNDER GLASS

As soon as you enter this room, you are struck by how much colder it is than the remainder of the fortification, thus far. Just a step within its bounds and your breath already makes thin cones of frost in the air ahead of you, your exposed skin becomes gooseflesh.

The chamber itself is 50' on each side, the ceiling 20' above its floor. It seems to be completely jacketed in cold, solid iron. From its floor rise nine slabs of marble, as high as your waist. Each of these is 10' in length and 5' in width. As you near them, you are able to see that they are hollow and that a glass pane covers the top of each one. White, plush cushions line the interiors of the spaces within them, reminiscent of funeral caskets.

In the middle row of these slabs, in the center and rear of the room, two of the spaces are not empty. One is occupied by a man, tall and gaunt, wearing what seems to be the black outfit of a butler or manservant. Within the other lies a beautiful young woman with long, dark hair and porcelain skin. She wears the grey robes of a seasoned adventuring wizard and you are able to see both a longsword and a wand fixed to her belt. Both of them appear to be sleeping in perfect repose.

The Queen of Witches was always concerned that, on occasion, her weakening of the fabric of space and time might cause some wayward creature to wander through the Window Onto Worlds (see **Area #41** for details), and in so doing inadvertently invade her fortification. So it was that she created a contingency against such intrusion, weaving powerful magic that would instantly transport such interlopers into a secure prison, after which she could do with them what she wished. In the time she occupied the fortification in which the Player Characters stand, no such creature ever breached the Window, and so this room lay disused for decades on end. However, in 586CY, two such individuals became the first to cross the thinned barrier and enter the Witch-Queen's sanctum. These were, of course, Lady Ariana Silverfox and her loyal manservant, Morian. Though their desperate flight from the Castle of the Mad Archmage saw them imprisoned within

the dimensional trap set for such an occasion, they were incredibly fortunate in one regard: The Witch-Queen no longer resided within the fortification, long since ousted from Perrengeoff and settled in another of her hidden haunts along the River Styx on the bleak plane of Hades. So it was that when The Butcher came to this room and discovered that its mistress had at last prisoners, it left them in peace, loathe to rouse her anger by molesting them in any way. They have slept within their cells ever since.

These cells – the nine slabs within this chamber – are what the Player Characters gaze upon now. Each one of them bears a powerful series of enchantments that renders them near inescapable. Those within their confines are imprisoned by a combination of anti-magic and anti-detection spells that protect the exterior and interior of the cells. The slabs cannot be affected by physical force and are sealed as if by a *wizard lock* cast at 30th level. Finally, all those within them are placed in *temporal stasis* (with no saving throw permitted). For them, no time at all passes and they have no need to eat, drink, or even breathe. They are suspended in a state of utter timelessness. The Queen of Witches was extremely pleased by the prisons, having learned many of the enchantments used to make them function through the study of a potent artifact created by her mentor, the Mad Archmage. Her ability to imitate her work so closely was validation of her own mastery of the Invisible Art.

The prisons, however, can be opened quite easily from their exteriors. Two small studs – cleverly placed and colored so as to be located only by a successful Detect Secret Doors check – at the end of each of the slabs control its functionality and can be used by any Magic-User character safely (all others not only cannot operate them, but must save vs. spells or suffer 3-30hp of damage). The button on the left controls the *temporal stasis* effect, dispelling it or reinstating it with a touch. The button on the right opens and closes the slabs by turning their glass tops intangible.

When entering this room, the Player Characters have arrived at last at the goal of their mission. The individuals within the two prisons are none other than Lady Silverfox and Morian, her butler. For the both of them, the last thing they remember is drowning in deep, dark waters. Their experiences in the bowels of the Castle of the Mad Archmage had seen them trapped in that deadly place, their only avenue of escape in the form of an ebon pool possessed dangerous depths. With no end to the subterranean channel, their breaths grew short and death seemed certain. It was 586CY when their lives slipped just to the edges of their fingertips.

If the Player Characters should either dispel their state of temporal stasis or free the two prisoners altogether, they will be incredibly grateful at their rescue. They will be more than willing to introduce themselves and explain how it was that they ended up in the predicament that saw them lost for nearly two decades. If the Player Characters should mention to them how long they have been missing, both Lady Silverfox and Morian will be utterly aghast – though they will do their best not to betray as much. They are of Silverfox stock and their attendants, after all, and stoicism runs powerfully through their veins. Still, Lady Ariana will inquire as to the condition of her family and will be most pleased at news that her mother is well – particularly if the Player Characters inform her that it was she that masterminded and financed their rescue.

Though she is nowhere near as accomplished as the Player Characters, Lady Ariana is a daring and skilled adventurer. Once she is allowed to get her bearings, she will begin asking probing questions of her rescuers regarding their trials in finding her prison. She is acutely aware that fortune has smiled upon her and her manservant and is not eager to squander a second chance

at life. She will be sure to remind the Player Characters that, if they believe the way behind them is fraught with great peril, they may be able to escape the Witch-Queen's fortification by the same means by which she and her butler were able to enter it (from the Castle of the Mad Archmage). Of course, she will only offer this as a suggestion, deferring to the wisdom of her rescuers as to how best they might proceed (and in any case, she has no idea where the way back to her point of origin might be or how to operate whatever mechanism it was that saw her transported so). Regardless of their reaction to her suggestion, Lady Ariana will pledge her sword and wand (along with the aid of Morian) to the service of the Player Characters for the remainder of their adventure. To her mind, they have saved their lives and to do so is the manner in which a Lady of honor should conduct herself.

Lady Ariana Silverfox, 3rd level Fighter / 7th level Magic-User:
AC 0, MV 12, HP 45, THAC0 15, #AT 1, Damage 1d8+3/1d12+3 (Longsword +2). Spells Memorized: 1st: *Armor, Charm Person, Detect Magic, Sleep*; 2nd: *Invisibility, Mirror Image, Web*; 3rd: *Fly, Slow*; 4th: *Ice Storm*. Magic Items: *Bracers of Defense AC4, Ring of Protection +3, Longsword +2, Wand of Magic Missiles (54 charges)*.

Morian, 1st level Fighter: AC 5, MV 12, HP 9, THAC0 18, #AT 1, Damage 1d6+2/1d8+2 (Rapier-Cane). Magic Items: *Bracers of Defense AC7, Ring of Protection +1*.

If they are able to rescue the prisoners, the Player Characters will swiftly discover that Lady Ariana is no foppish noble. She is a tough, hard-nosed adventurer that far prefers the company of explorers to that of ladies and gentlemen of quality. Slightly tomboyish, she has a burning need to prove herself as worthy of her name in the presence of others. Morian, by contrast, is a tall man, refined and elegant. He speaks little, but when he does, he is unfailingly polite. His family has served the Silverfoxes for over five generations and he is sworn to see to Lady Ariana's every need, defending her with his life, if need be. He has seen much on his adventures with his mistress and is terrified by the horrors he has witnessed - yet would never think of betraying as much.

41. THE WINDOW ONTO WORLDS

Before entering this area, the Player Characters will first see this barrier in their path:

The door barring the way to this room is made completely of some strange black metal, heavy and imposing. Undecorated but for its handle and simple lock, it stands like a grim and silent guardian set in the way of your progress.

The door is the subject of a simple, yet effective **trap**. Anyone passing within 5' of its surface dispels the illusion that covers the *symbol of death* on its ebon face. Astral, ethereal, or otherwise out-of-phase individuals do not trigger this dire trap (indeed, when the Queen of Witches had occasion to enter the room beyond it, she either teleported directly inside its confines or passed through the door in such a state).

If the Player Characters manage to survive or circumvent the trap, they will see the following:

Before you is a circular room, perhaps 50' in diameter. Here, the floor is made of fine, dark wood, the walls a rich cream color that gives way to dark wainscoting at the level of your waist and below. The whole of the chamber is lit by a beautiful crystal circle that has been set into the center of the domed ceiling, 30' above you. Like a single diamond about the size of an infant's head, it glistens and glows with a wan, gossamer radiance. It fills the entirety of the chamber in an eerie, unearthly glow.

A thick red carpet extends from the doorway to a dais that dominates the center of the room. There, you are able to see what appears to be an immense picture mirror, its frame made of some strange dark metal, like that of the door. It is not directly under the crystal in the ceiling, instead, placed 5' in the direction of the door. While the face of that looking glass reflects your image, it does so in a distorted fashion. Gentle ripples, like those created in a still pond broken by a single stone's throw, begin in the center of the mirror and gradually make their way towards its edges, causing the wavering appearance.

Directly beneath the crystal, you are able to see another, smaller mirror. This one is set into a frame like that of its mate, which allows it to be tilted in any direction. The way it is placed, the radiance from the crystal above is focused onto its face, then reflected directly into the larger mirror.

Standing before the Player Characters is the final - and most important - component of the Autem Lunares. It is well-known to even the most novice of apprentices that, when both of the world's moons are in conjunction, the walls between worlds grow thin and the time is right for magical occurrences of great magnitude and consequence. Long ago, the Queen of Witches took advantage of this phenomenon, creating a magical device (the room's small looking glass) that captured the heavens' moonlight during such a momentous astronomical event, channeling and magnifying it a thousandfold. That mirror would then cast the potent, focused radiance upon a teleportational device (the larger looking glass within the chamber), powering it with its eldritch might. The whole of the system - from the crystals that distill and empower the moonlight to the mirrors that form the frame of what will soon become a tear in the stuff of reality - is collectively known as the Autem Lunares.

When comes midnight, the device will utilize the light from the moons and stars above to tear open the thin fabric that separates place from place and time from time. Its power is significant enough to overcome the magical effect that prevents magical transportation into the depths of the Castle of the Mad Archmage - and it is on that location, where the Witch-Queen once sowed her first seeds of betrayal against her master, that it is currently focused. It was always her intention to create this device and leave it in peace until the sands of destiny had swept themselves into the right position to employ it. Then, when the heavens were in place and the proper time drew near, she imagined herself returning to her long-forgotten home. She would watch the curtain of the sensory and tangible shred before her eyes and command forth a massive legion of demonic allies through the rift, flooding into the bowels of her former teacher's home, taking the place and all its vast and hidden magical secrets in the name of their mistress. Indeed, it would be only in a short time afterward that all of the world's many folk and beasts would fall upon its knees, supplicant before their ruler: The Witch-Queen of Perrengoeff.

It was a glorious imagining.

It was the stuff of nightmares.

If the Player Characters have managed to arrive in this room before the stroke of midnight, they will have an opportunity to unravel her plans, set into motion so long ago. This can be done with surprising ease. The destruction of any part of the Autum Lunares will ruin the whole of the device, leaving it completely non-functional. Though the frames of the mirrors are made of adamantite and both its panes and the crystals above are enchanted to bear the hardness of diamond, any of them can be destroyed by sheer physical force. Any portion of the Autum Lunares possesses 80hp and damage above this number by any source will destroy the component subjected to such violence. Likewise, a solution as simple as turning one of the mirrors to the side or somehow blocking the flow of moonlight to their panes will prevent the magical device from functioning.

If the Player Characters manage to arrive in this room within *four hours* (11:00pm or before) of their arrival upon the Lonely Hill (see **Chapter Two** above for details), they will find it empty. At this time, it will be relatively easy to render the Autum Lunares useless, and if the Player Characters manage to accomplish this task, they have undone the schemes of the Queen of Witches. They may not realize what they have accomplished within this chamber, but they have likely saved the entirety of the world from horrors unimaginable.

If the Player Characters arrive within this room *after five hours* have elapsed, since their arrival upon the Lonely Hill, then all is lost. The Witch-Queen has already returned to her former home and, at precisely midnight, used the Autum Lunares to invade the Castle of the Mad Archmage. They may do as they please, but between the personal power at the disposal of the Queen of Witches and her nigh-inexhaustable legions of demonic allies, they will likely fall. They may count themselves as lucky, after a fashion, as it will not be long before the entirety of the world follows suit.

If the Player Characters arrive at the Window Onto Worlds *between four and five hours* after their arrival on the Lonely Hill, then there is still time to upset the Witch-Queen's plans – though it will not be easy. This is because the legendary sorceress herself (accompanied by many allies) has at last returned to her fell stronghold, prepared to slay anyone that dares interfere in her affairs.

The Queen of Witches, 30th level Magic-User: AC -10, MV 12, HP 123, THAC0 8, #AT 1, Damage 1d6+2/1d6+2 (Staff of Power). Spells Memorized: 1st: *Armor, Charm Person, Detect Magic, Floating Disc, Grease, Sleep, Unseen Servant*; 2nd: *ESP, Invisibility, Knock, Mirror Image, Uncontrollable Hideous Laughter (x2), Web*; 3rd: *Dispel Magic (x3), Fireball, Fly, Slow, Water Breathing*; 4th: *Charm Monster, Dimension Door (x2), Fire Shield, Ice Storm, Stoneskin, Wall of Fire*; 5th: *Animate Dead, Cone of Cold, Contact Other Plane, Feeblemind, Hold Monster, Telekinesis, Wall of Force*; 6th: *Anti-Magic Shell, Chain Lightning, Disintegrate, Globe of Invulnerability, Legend Lore, Project Image*; 7th: *Delayed Blast Fireball, Forcecage, Limited Wish, Power Word: Stun, Teleport Without Error (x2)*; 8th: *Irresistible Dance, Mass Charm, Mind Blank, Polymorph Any Object (x2), Symbol*; and 9th: *Disjunction, Gate, Power Word: Kill, Shape Change, Time Stop, Wish*. Magic Items: *Staff of Power (20 charges), Black Robe of the Archmagi, Boots of Speed, Cloak of the Witch-Queen, Mad Archmage's Spell Component Case (type VII), Handy Haversack (in the form of a belt pouch), Ring of Protection +5 (doubles as a Ring of Free*

*Action), Ring of Wizardry (doubles all spells between 1st-3rd levels). Has permanently cast *detect invisibility, detect magic, infravision, read magic, and tongues* upon herself. *Contingency* in place: Should the Witch-Queen ever be immobilized, incapacitated, polymorphed or slain, she is instantly *teleported without error* to her manor in Hades.*

Type IV Demons (3): AC -1, MV 9 / 12, HD 11, HP 50, THAC0 10, #AT 1, Damage 1d4+9/1d4+8 (+3 *dagger of sharpness*), SD Demonic resistances, Only hit by +2 or better, 65% Spell resistance, SQ Spell-like abilities.

Bodaks (8): AC 5, MV 6, HD 9+9, HP 63, THAC0 9, #AT 1, Damage 2d4+1/2d6+1 (+1 *Bardiche*), SA Killing gaze; SD Demonic resistances, Immune to poison, Only hit by +1 or better, SQ Vulnerable to direct sunlight.

If the Queen of Witches is found within this chamber, she will smile sweetly and politely welcome the Player Characters to her home – but she will end pleasantries there, eager to snuff out their lives before they can meddle in her long-held plans. She will send forth her demonic allies to engage her foes in combat, using the Bodaks as shock troops and ordering the Type IV demons to support them with their spell-like abilities. She will then cast *time stop*, followed by any number of offensive spells (*chain lightning* is an excellent candidate for this) that will, presumably, utterly annihilate her enemies. In such a case, it is **extremely** unlikely that the Player Characters will be able to survive such an encounter, however, if they attack and damage the Autum Lunares rather than trying to harm the Witch-Queen, they can still avert apocalypse. They may be dead, but their sacrifice has saved a world.

Epilogue: After Midnight

If the Player Characters were slain and the Autum Lunares was activated, then the world will be a very different place than what it was prior to the stroke of midnight. The walls between worlds will have been broken by the Queen of Witches' device and she and her demonic allies will have strode through the rift so created into the Castle of the Mad Archmage. In but a short time, she will have conquered the whole of the place and all of its many secrets will have become known to her. The Witch-Queen, already almost impossibly mighty, will become almost godlike. In the days that follow, a mountain of dead will rise upon a kingdom of slaughter. There will be no champions capable of stopping her and she will bring great nations to their knees, one by one, until she rules an empire upon which the sun never sets. Midnight has struck and the forces of good have lost – perhaps for the final time.

If the Player Characters were slain, but the Autum Lunares was prevented from opening a gateway through which the Queen of Witches could dominate the Castle of the Mad Archmage, then by sacrificing themselves, they have managed to avert disaster. They are dead and it is likely that none will ever learn of their roles in keeping the lamps of weal alight. Yet the gods are certainly privy to such things, and in the afterlife, each one of them will reap the rewards that heroes of their magnitude can expect. That their followers continue to draw breath with which to laud them because of the acts of the Player Characters is lost on none of them. Their eternal rest will be great and glorious – and indeed, some of them may even be chosen by their patrons to act in their names as favored servants and messengers.

Should the Player Characters manage to survive their adventure within the Witch-Queen's fortification, then they have proven themselves to be heroes of the greatest mettle. They will

never likely know the unspeakable fate from which they have saved the world, yet for such worthies glory is its own reward, to which there can be no compare. If they were able to rescue Lady Silverfox, her mother will be overjoyed at the news of her return. After a tearful reunion, she will happily give each Player Character their hard-earned reward (described in detail in **Chapter One**, above), additionally gifting each one of them that desires such a friend a powerful, pure-blooded Silverhound. These dogs will be especially intelligent and will possess maximum hit points for their type. However, having an influential and well-connected ally such as Lady Trianna has far more benefits than a simple sum of gold and even a potent magical item. The matriarch of the Silverfox family will not only be eager to spread the news of her daughter's safe return, she will be especially sure to make it known to all who it was that accomplished for the deed. The Player Characters can subsequently expect to be invited to social gatherings attended by the most powerful and wealthy individuals within the region – all of whom will mark them as heroes capable of successfully completing missions considered by most to be impossible. So it is that they will soon see that they have not only gained much in the way of social status and reputation – but will likely not lack for potent patrons with offers of more adventures anytime soon.

For her part, Lady Ariana will retire from adventuring. She has risked much in her trials, yet proven still more through her unwavering determination and courage. Morian will remain at her side, ever silent, ever faithful. The Silverfox family will remain strong and influential within the Free City. Of course, the Player Characters will be henceforth welcomed within their home with open arms. If a Player Character has devoted any effort to the matter and some chemistry seems to exist, the sparks of a romance between Lady Ariana (or even Morian, in the case of a female Player) may kindle into flames. It is beyond the scope of this adventure to determine what might come of such a liaison, but clearly, the tale of the Silverfoxes is not at its conclusion with the end of this adventure.

Finally, it is extremely unlikely that the Player Characters will be able to defeat the Queen of Witches in a direct confrontation. She is, after all, one of the most powerful magi to ever stride the firmament of the world. Her incredible puissance and possession of potent defensive magics (particularly her contingency) make it so that even if the Player Characters somehow manage to do her harm, it is virtually impossible for them to kill her outright. This may prove a great problem for them in days to come. The Witch-Queen is a wicked soul, with a black heart and a very long memory. She is not of the sort to forget the faces of those who have dared cross purposes with her. Henceforth, the taint of the Abyss will chase the heels of the Player Characters, dogging their every step. The Queen of Witches will send minor – and sometimes, far worse – demons to besmirch their names, harry them with assassination attempts, and generally make their lives miserable (indeed, it is quite likely that she may go so far as to assign a specific minion to such a task). She has an eternity at her disposal to make the Player Characters rue the day they dared challenge her.

Yet to save a single soul – nay, a world – it is all worth it.

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This module is dedicated to Jeff Perren. The greatest adventures of my lifetime – undertaken in your namesake land – have taken place all because of you. Thank you for everything.

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Appendix A: NEW MONSTERS

DEMON

AGGRAZ'AT, THE SURGEON (Unique Type IV Demon)

FREQUENCY:	<i>Unique</i>
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	-1
MOVE:	9" / 12"
HIT DICE:	11 (57hp)
% IN LAIR:	15%
TREASURE TYPE:	E
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d4+9
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	<i>Bonus of +2 to hit, also see below</i>
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	<i>+2 or better weapon to hit</i>
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	65%
INTELLIGENCE:	<i>High</i>
ALIGNMENT:	<i>Chaotic Evil</i>
SIZE:	L (10 ½' + tall)
LEVEL/XP VALUE:	X / 3,000 + 16 / hp

The fiend Aggraz'at – colloquially known as The Surgeon – is a Type IV demon with a special interest in the miracle of mortal life. Though it could have easily turned his incredible talents towards the mending of flesh and bone – it far prefers to vivisect the living without the benefit of anesthesia, challenging itself by attempting normally-possible grafts and transplants. The screams of its victims are music to the demon's ears: They let it know that they yet live beneath the kiss of its knife, which only further validates its sinister skills.

Though The Surgeon has many ways of murdering its enemies, if forced into melee combat, it prefers to set upon them with its scalpel, which performs as a +3 *dagger of sharpness*. In addition to inflicting 1d4+9 damage, this horrid weapon has a chance of dismembering an opponent as per any example of such an enchanted arm.

In addition to this weapon, The Surgeon can *cause darkness in a 10' radius* at will. It also possesses these other abilities which can be employed once per melee round: *Create illusion* (similar to that from a *wand of illusion*), *cause fear* (as a *wand of fear*), *levitate*, *detect magic*, *read languages*, *dispel magic*, *polymorph self*, *telekinesis* (5,000gp weight), *project image*, and use a *symbol of fear* or *discord*. The Surgeon possesses *infravision*, may *create darkness* and can *teleport without error* at will. It only takes half damage from cold, electrical, fire, and gas attacks. Weapons forged from cold iron affect it normally. Finally, it has a 60% chance of successfully *gating* in a demon of Type I-IV (an equal chance for any of these).

THE CHANCELLOR (Unique Demon)

FREQUENCY:	<i>Unique</i>
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	-2
MOVE:	15"
HIT DICE:	112 hit points
% IN LAIR:	75%
TREASURE TYPE:	G, P
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	2d8+9 and 3d4
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	<i>See below</i>
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	<i>+1 or better weapon to hit</i>
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	70%
INTELLIGENCE:	<i>Genius</i>
ALIGNMENT:	<i>Chaotic Evil</i>
SIZE:	L (20')
LEVEL/XP VALUE:	X / 3,600 + 12 / hp

The demon known as The Chancellor is a nightmarish creature. It is 10' tall, gaunt and emaciated, and its bleach-white skin is like that of a person drowned. It enjoys mocking the finery of mortal nobles by wearing fine black breeches and a gentleman's waistcoat, along with leather boots and spotless white gloves. It has small, bat-like ears that spring from the sides of its head. Most horrible of all is its complete lack of facial features. Its visage is smooth and taut stretched skin, in the midst of which is an oversized maw like that of a snake's unhinged. Twisted in an everpresent sneer of a smile, several rows of sharply-pointed bright white teeth – as those of a shark – hide away a bright red slender tongue. In its grip, it holds a thin rapier with a menacing edge.

The Chancellor is notorious for its glibness, its ability to twist and confuse with its silver tongue the envy of many devils. Clever and shrewd, it defeats its enemies with its intellect far more often than its prodigious might. At will, once per round, The Chancellor is capable of using the following spell-like abilities as a 20th level magic-user: *Animate dead*, *charm person or mammal*, *chaos*, *emotion*, *forget*, *fumble*, *hypnotism*, *improved invisibility*, *know alignment*, *message*, *misdirection*, *nondetection*, *polymorph self*, *protection from good*, *spectral force*, *suggestion*, *teleport without error*, *tongues*, *ventriloquism*, and *whispering wind*. Once per day, the demon can *feblemind* an opponent, create a *symbol of discord* or *sleep* (with 19 levels or hit dice or 99 hit points being affected), or utter a *power word: stun*. Its touch is capable of causing *fear* (as per the wand). It can *gate* 1-4 Alu-Demons as many times a day as it wishes with a 50% chance of success. Once a year, it is capable of fulfilling another's desires with a *limited wish*. As do most demons, The Chancellor possesses *infravision* and may *create darkness* and *teleport without error* at will. It only takes half damage from cold, electrical, fire, and gas attacks. Weapons forged from cold iron affect it normally.

The Chancellor carries a terrible weapon: A +3 *rapier* (treat as a longsword) that forces all struck by it to save vs. spells or be paralyzed. All creatures normally immune to paralysis are still affected by the rapier, though they gain a +4 bonus to their saving throws.

Because of its unique abilities and exceptional intelligence, The Chancellor is often used as a herald or chamberlain by powerful Demon Lords. It has served the Queen of Witches in such a role for many decades now, often luring her enemies to their destruction with its honeyed words.

JANTHRULIAX (Unique Demon)

FREQUENCY:	<i>Unique</i>
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	<i>Variable</i>
MOVE:	<i>Variable</i>
HIT DICE:	50 hit points
% IN LAIR:	100%
TREASURE TYPE:	<i>Nil</i>
NO. OF ATTACKS:	<i>Variable</i>
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	<i>Variable</i>
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	<i>See below</i>
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	<i>+1 or better weapon to hit</i>
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	100%
INTELLIGENCE:	<i>Nil</i>
ALIGNMENT:	<i>Chaotic Evil</i>
SIZE:	<i>Variable</i>
LEVEL/XP VALUE:	VIII / 3,300 + 12 / hp

JanthruliAx was once a cambion demon. Said to be the offspring of the Demon Lord Baphomet, it once appeared as a powerfully-built

minotaur with long, dark hair, ripping thews, and a fiery gaze. Its experiences upon The Threshold have changed all that dramatically. Now its form twists and mutates from that of something resembling a biped, limbs and heads and orifices appearing and disappearing, stretching painfully from its trunk only to snap back into its center mass. It flickers and shudders through time and space in a sickening manner, writhing horribly in states of existence and non-existence. The whole of the thing is surrounded by an awful keening wail – that of its screams, ripping forth from a thousand mouths and the noise that reality itself makes around it as it tries to rebuke the very existence of the thing.

In each combat round, all characters within 20' of Janthruanax are subjected to a fusillade of attacks from all manner of limbs, tentacles, and strange, non-Euclidean constructs that shoot forth from its body in wild unpredictable fashions. Each character within that range is subjected to 1-4 such attacks (as if launched by a 12 HD monster), each successful hit incurring 2-12hp of damage. Likewise, the demon's constantly shifting state radically changes its Armor Class and Movement Rate. At the beginning of each combat round, the Game Master should roll 1d10 and subtract the result from 5 to determine its current AC. In the same way, a roll of 2d12 yields its Movement Rate. It is treated as if constantly under the influence of a *blink* spell that takes effect on every other combat round (on odd rounds, it is substantial; on even round, it blinks from existence). Worse yet, the thing's very existence has a deleterious affect on reality around it. This affects all characters within 30' of its position to be affected as if by a *psionic blast*. This effect persists as long as opponents remain within its area of influence.

As do most demons, Janthruanax possesses *infravision* and may *create darkness* and *teleport without error* at will. It only takes half damage from cold, electrical, fire, and gas attacks. Weapons forged from cold iron affect it normally.

REFLECTING FIEND

FREQUENCY:	<i>Very rare</i>
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	<i>Variable, See below</i>
MOVE:	<i>Variable, See below</i>
HIT DICE:	8
% IN LAIR:	<i>Nil</i>
TREASURE TYPE:	<i>Nil</i>
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	<i>2d6 / 2d6</i>
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	<i>Backstabs as a 10th level Thief</i>
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	<i>See below</i>
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	40%
INTELLIGENCE:	<i>Very</i>
ALIGNMENT:	<i>Chaotic Evil</i>
SIZE:	<i>Variable, See below</i>
LEVEL/XP VALUE:	<i>VIII / 1,950 + 12 / hp</i>

A Reflecting Fiend is a very rare type of demon that delights in adopting the forms of other individuals, seducing or slaughtering them as their dark predilections move them. Though the Abyss is their true home, most of them find their way into the Prime Material Plane, inhabiting the various mirrors and reflective surfaces of its many worlds, and adopting them as their individual domains. There, largely ignored or taken for granted, they subtly and slowly begin to corrupt any so unfortunate to search for their images within those haunted panes.

A Reflecting Fiend is able to abide within the surface of any reflective surface, though they usually prefer mirrors to any other such object. When within a reflecting substance, they are able

to change their appearance in any way they see fit, typically choosing to precisely adopt the image of whatever creature is looking into the surface in which they inhabit. When within any reflecting substance, they are extremely vulnerable. Any attack that destroys the surface they inhabit also destroys the Reflecting Fiend (which is why they often choose to linger in the shining edge of metal objects, like swords or pieces of armor). However, the demons have the ability to instantly *dimension door* between any reflective surface in their line of sight, making them extremely difficult to kill in such a manner.

Reflecting Fiends have no "true" shape or form. Instead, when projecting themselves outside of reflective surfaces (which they are able to do instantaneously), these demons appear exactly as the last creature whose features they adopted. Though they can precisely mimic another's appearance – even matching whatever equipment they might possess – they cannot emulate the special properties of those creatures or their respective items. For example, a Reflecting Fiend adopting the form of a powerful magic-user will not gain that individual's ability to cast spells, nor will the quarterstaff that they manifest act as that person's *staff of power*. Their Armor Class and Movement Rates are, however, influenced by the shapes they take. The base Armor Class of a Reflecting Fiend is 5, which is adjusted by any armor they wear as a consequence of their appearance change. Their Movement Rate is the same as the base Move of the creature they emulate. For example, a Reflecting Fiend that takes the shape of a Paladin wearing +3 *plate mail armor* and *boots of speed* will look exactly like that individual, but their Armor Class will be negative two (adjusted seven points, as does non-magical plate mail) and their Movement Rate will be 12". When outside a reflective surface, no matter what weapon they may appear to hold, they always strike twice a round, each time inflicting 2d6hp damage. They are capable of backstabbing a creature (usually with a shattered piece of mirror-glass) that they surprise for quadruple damage (as a 10th level Thief), and this is their preferred method of attack.

As do most demons, when outside some mirrored surface, the Reflecting Fiend possesses *infravision*, may *create darkness*, and can *teleport without error* at will. It only takes half damage from cold, electrical, fire, and gas attacks. It also is only hit by cold iron or magical weapons and possesses 40% spell resistance. The Reflecting Fiend's strange existence acts to rebound spells cast upon them as if they wore a *ring of spell turning* at all times (note: This ability only functions when they are fully manifested outside of a reflective surface).

SILISSA, THE STARGAZER (Unique Type V Demon)

FREQUENCY:	<i>Unique</i>
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	-9
MOVE:	12"
HIT DICE:	7+7 (56hp)
% IN LAIR:	10%
TREASURE TYPE:	G
NO. OF ATTACKS:	5
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	<i>2d4 (tail), 2d4+1 (bastard swords), 1d8+1 (longsword), and 1d8+2 (scimitar)</i>
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	<i>See below</i>
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	<i>+1 or better weapon to hit</i>
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	80%
INTELLIGENCE:	<i>High</i>
ALIGNMENT:	<i>Chaotic Evil</i>
SIZE:	L (7')
LEVEL/XP VALUE:	<i>X / 3,000 + 12 / hp</i>

A student of the night sky and a trusted aide of the Queen of Witches, Silissa the Stargazer is far more contemplative than most other demons of her ilk. This has much to do, of course, with the fact that her study of secrets of the universe that neither fiend or mortal was ever meant to know has long since driven her mad. At the slightest sliver of light or unexpected noise, the demon flies into a violent rage, eager to murder every living thing around her until all is dark and quiet once more.

The Stargazer enters combat with but four weapons, but each one is magical and terrible: Two +1 *bastard swords*, a *longsword of wounding*, and a +2 *scimitar of speed* (which automatically grants her Initiative in every combat round she enters). In her other two arms, she carries a pair of +1 *shields*, giving her a formidable defense. She is also able to lash out at victims with her snake-like tail, crushing them in its powerful coils. When desiring to do so, The Stargazer can *cause darkness* in a 5' radius. Whenever she desires, she is also able to *charm person*, *levitate*, *read languages*, *detect invisible objects*, *cause pyrotechnics*, *polymorph self*, and *project image*. Once per day, she may bring a *blade barrier* into being. As can most demons, Silissa possesses *infravision*, may *create darkness* and can *teleport without error* at will. She only takes half damage from cold, electrical, fire, and gas attacks. Weapons forged from cold iron affect it normally.

Finally, The Stargazer is capable of *gating* in a Type I (30% chance), Type II (25% chance), Type III (15% chance), Type IV (15% chance), Type VI (10% chance), or even one of the Demon Lords (5%), though the chance of successfully opening the latter sort of gate is a mere 50%.

STH'RYIXITAM (Demon Lord of Transformation)

FREQUENCY:	<i>Unique</i>
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	-8
MOVE:	15"
HIT DICE:	110 hp
% IN LAIR:	0%
TREASURE TYPE:	<i>Nil</i>
NO. OF ATTACKS:	5
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	2d6+2 (x5)
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	<i>See below</i>
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	+3 <i>or better weapon to hit</i>
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	70%
INTELLIGENCE:	<i>Supra-genius</i>
ALIGNMENT:	<i>Chaotic Evil</i>
SIZE:	<i>Variable (but usually hundreds of feet)</i>
LEVEL/XP VALUE:	<i>X / 70,000 (for material form only)</i>

The Demon Lord of Transformation was once a powerful prince of the Abyss, though it was imprisoned within a bottomless magical oubliette by the Queen of Witches many decades ago. So potent and fearsome was mighty Sth'ryixitam that few indeed were its fellow demonic princes that did not at least privately sigh with relief at its disposal. The size of a small keep, the horrific fiend possesses no set shape or form, existing instead as a churning soup of demonic arms, legs, heads, wings, tentacles and other body parts that liquefy as quickly as they reform. Simply gazing upon its constantly roiling and muting form is enough to force a saving throw vs. spells (at a -4 penalty) or be stricken instantly and permanently insane.

Sth'ryixitam is capable of *shape changing* (as the spell) at will. It uses this ability in combat to strike out at its opponents suddenly and violently, doing 2d6+2hp damage with a blow in this manner. The Demon Lord is capable of attack with up to five of its manifested limbs in a single round, using all of them in concert

against a single foe, if it wishes. Worse, at a touch, Sth'ryixitam may *polymorph any object* to any form it desires. All those influenced by such an attack may save vs. spells (with a -4 penalty) to resist such a transformation.

Whenever it desires, the Demon Lord of Transformation may use any one of the following powers: *Continual darkness* 15' radius, *charm person*, *create illusion* (as a *wand of illusion*), *cause fear* (as a *wand of that ilk*), *levitate*, *detect magic*, *read languages*, *detect invisible objects*, ESP, *dispel magic*, *clairvoy*, use *clairaudience*, *suggest*, *water breathe*, *wall of ice*, *charm monster*, *telekinesis* (7,000gp weight), cast a *feeblemind* spell once per day, *project an image*, use *power word: stun* once per day, and use any *symbol* once per day. Sth'ryixitam possesses *infravision*, may *create darkness* and can *teleport without error* at will. It only takes half damage from cold, electrical, fire, and gas attacks. Weapons forged from cold iron affect it normally.

Sth'ryixitam may *gate* in other demons with a 85% chance of success. If it is able to do so, there is a 50% chance that a Type I-IV demon will be summoned and a 50% chance of a Type V or VI answering the Demon Lord's call.

YRGANAX THE BUTCHER (Unique Type VI Demon)

FREQUENCY:	<i>Unique</i>
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	-6
MOVE:	15"
HIT DICE:	148 hit points
% IN LAIR:	80%
TREASURE TYPE:	F, R
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	3d10 + <i>Special</i>
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	<i>Immolation</i>
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	+1 <i>or better weapon to hit</i>
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	75%
INTELLIGENCE:	<i>High</i>
ALIGNMENT:	<i>Chaotic Evil</i>
SIZE:	L (20')
LEVEL/XP VALUE:	X / 3,600 + 12 / hp

Yrganax is monstrous in size, over 20' tall. It has the body of a corpulent great ape, though its reddish fur is unable to cover the hundreds of blasphemous curses branded all over its flesh, like awful tattoos. Its head and face are like those of a mad boar and it has two great black ram's horns that sprout from its head in broken and chipped curls. Its mouth, from which great tusks issue forth, seem to be overfull with hideously pointed teeth. It constantly froths from the corners of this mouth, as if rabid. It gazes upon the world with horrid eyes, yellow and rheumy, full of malice and hate. Over its bloated form, it wears a great smock, saturated with the blood of its victims and covered with bits of their flesh and entrails. In one hand, it carries a colossal meat cleaver, menace in its jagged and keen edge. The whole of the demon is covered in blood that mats its fur in crimson gore.

Yrganax lusts to carve the meat of living mortals and enjoys engaging those so foolish to oppose it in melee combat. In such cases, it will immolate itself in flames which do 4-24hp of damage to any victim making contact with the demon. It will then employ its ability to *telekinese* up to 6,000gp weight to draw its opponents into that fire, while hacking away at them with its massive meat cleaver. The horrid weapon does 3d10 damage on a successful strike and forces its victims to save vs. spells at -2 or be affected as if by a *symbol of pain*.

Yrganax is capable of shedding *darkness* in a 10' radius at

will. It is also able to *cause fear* (as by a *wand of fear*), *detect magic*, *read magic*, *read languages*, *detect invisible objects*, create *pyrotechnics*, *dispel magic*, create a *suggestion*, and use a *symbol of fear*, *discord*, or *stunning*. The demon also has a 70% chance of *gating* in either a Type III demon (80% of the time) or a Type IV demon (20% of the time). Yrganax may employ these abilities as many times a day as it chooses, but may only use one of its powers per round. As do most demons, The Butcher possesses *infravision* and it may *create darkness* and *teleport without error* at will. It only takes half damage from cold, electrical, fire, and gas attacks. Weapons forged from cold iron affect it normally.

Yrganax is a creature on the cusp of becoming a Demon Lord (of slaughter). It exists solely to butcher the flesh of the living and sup upon its substance. Violent and reckless, few within the Abyss are more fearsome foes.

DOG, SILVERHOUND

FREQUENCY:	<i>Very rare</i>
NO. APPEARING:	1-4
ARMOR CLASS:	5
MOVE:	12"
HIT DICE:	3+3
% IN LAIR:	<i>Nil</i>
TREASURE TYPE:	<i>Nil</i>
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	4-10
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	<i>Nil</i>
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	<i>Nil</i>
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	<i>Standard</i>
INTELLIGENCE:	<i>Animal</i>
ALIGNMENT:	<i>Neutral</i>
SIZE:	<i>M</i>
LEVEL/XP VALUE:	<i>III / 60 + 4 / hp</i>

Silverhounds are a breed of very large, powerful canines that resemble especially fine examples of greyhounds. Trained for all manner of purposes, the dogs have a reputation for bravery, loyalty, and intelligence.

DRAGON

CHAOS DRAGON

FREQUENCY:	<i>Very rare</i>
NO. APPEARING:	1-2
ARMOR CLASS:	-3
MOVE:	12" / 27"
HIT DICE:	11-13
% IN LAIR:	55%
TREASURE TYPE:	<i>H, R, S, T</i>
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-8 / 1-8 / 3-30
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	<i>Breath Weapon, Chaosweaving, Magic-use</i>
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	<i>Nil</i>
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	25%
INTELLIGENCE:	<i>Genius</i>
ALIGNMENT:	<i>Neutral</i>
SIZE:	<i>L (60' long)</i>
LEVEL/XP VALUE:	<i>X / 3,650 + 18 / hp</i>
CHANCE OF:	
<i>Speaking:</i>	90%
<i>Magic-Use:</i>	75%
<i>Sleeping:</i>	25%

Chaos Dragons are created from the stuff of raw chaos. Formed upon the planes of Limbo or sometimes Pandemonium, they are every bit as mercurial, unpredictable, and deadly as those strange places. Although their nature as dragons compels them to view themselves as superior to all other forms of life, they do not need to eat, drink, or even breathe - instead, subsisting on the naturally-existing entropy that surrounds them. Because their native planes provide them with a constant feast, Chaos Dragons are very rarely found anywhere else, though their natural curiosity and desire to experience as many different sensations as possible often lures them to places such as the Prime Material Plane.

Shape and form mean nothing to Chaos Dragons. Because of this, they are liable to be encountered in virtually any sort of guise - mundane or monstrous - and they employ their ability to *shape change* at will to affect such shifts in appearance. When in their natural form, they appear as a massive dragon that constantly warps and changes in shape and color. In one moment, they might be verdigris, serpentine and wingless, and in the next, majestic and regal, speckled with the markings of a butterfly. Nonetheless, they attack in a standard claw/claw/bite routine or with a breath weapon that mimics the effects of a *prismatic spray* in a 9" x 3" cone. They are completely immune to all prismatic spells, as well as those enchantments that bring about confusion. They gain a +4 bonus to saving throws against attempts to *charm* them.

Those Chaos Dragons capable of casting spells may work dweomers of 1st through 6th level. At the very young age the creature has but a single 1st level spell. This increases to two 1st level spells at the young age category. At each new age category, sub-adult through old, they gain two more spells of progressively higher level. At very old and ancient age, they gain the use of a 6th level spell. So it is that an ancient spellcasting Chaos Dragon knows two spells of 1st through 6th level. Although they do not necessarily need them, these potent creatures often keep traditional spell books from which to work magic.

As do all dragons, Chaos Dragons possess 60' infravision and can see equally well in daylight or darkness. They have excellent sight, smell, and hearing and are able to detect hidden or invisible creatures within 1" per age category. Dragons also develop the power to panic enemies as they mature. At adult age and older, they project a powerful aura which causes a *fear* effect (see the **OSRIC™ Reference Manual** for details regarding draconic-inspired fear).

GOLEM, VAPOR

FREQUENCY:	<i>Very rare</i>
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	8 or -8
MOVE:	9" / 15"
HIT DICE:	10
% IN LAIR:	<i>Nil</i>
TREASURE TYPE:	<i>Nil</i>
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-10 / 1-10
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	<i>Materialization, Suffocation</i>
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	<i>Limited intangibility, Only hit by +2 or better</i>
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	50%
INTELLIGENCE:	<i>Non-</i>
ALIGNMENT:	<i>Neutral</i>
SIZE:	<i>L (8' tall) or Insubstantial</i>
LEVEL/XP VALUE:	<i>X / 1,900 + 14 / hp</i>

A Vapor Golem is a powerful magical construct, created to serve a high-level magic-user. Though it is similar in many ways to a Clay Golem - including the manner in which it can be shaped into whatever fashion its creator desires - it possesses the unique ability to transform itself into a thin vapor with the consistency of smoke.

In solid form, the Vapor Golem appears as a statue of hardened clay or ceramic given the imitation of life and the barest echo of intellect necessary to work well as a guardian or servant. In combat, it pounds its opponents with its mighty fists, which both inflict 1-10hp of damage. In this state, it possesses an Armor Class of 8, a Movement Rate of 9", and can only be damaged by +2 or better weapons.

As the automaton chooses, it can transform itself into an insubstantial vapor. In this state, it has an Armor Class of -8 and a Movement Rate of 15" (this is flight; it's Maneuverability Class is D). Furthermore, it can only be damaged by +2 or better weapons or spells composed of pure force, such as *forcecage*, *magic missile*, and *wall of force*. An exception to this lies in wind-based spells, to which the Vapor Golem is incredibly vulnerable. *Gust of wind* will inflict 3-30hp of damage on such a construct, *wind wall* will hold one at bay indefinitely, and *wind walk* will destroy a Vapor Golem outright, with no saving throw allowed.

When in gaseous form, a Vapor Golem is especially deadly, as it possesses two hideous attack forms. The construct is capable of suffocating its victims by forcing itself into their airways and asphyxiating them. Its mass is sufficient to do so to two different individuals at a time. A successful saving throw vs. dragon breath (or the ability to survive without breathing) avoids such a fate, with failure meaning that the individual do attacked will die within three rounds, murdered from within.

Worse still, if the Vapor Golem wishes, it may become substantial within an individual. This is its preferred method of attack, waiting insubstantially within some area until it is breathed in, then becoming suddenly solid within their airways. If it is able to do this, whatever creature that it solidifies inside must make a saving throw vs. dragon breath. Success means that their hit point total is halved; failure indicates instant death.

Construction of a Vapor Golem requires a magical tome or a magic-user of 20th or higher level employing the following spells: *Wish*, *polymorph any object*, *geas*, and *cloudkill*. The cost in materials to create such an automaton is 1,000 gold pieces per hit point and the sacrifice of a block of *everburning incense*. When all these items are assembled, the creation of the Vapor Golem requires 3 months construction time. When created, the automaton always remains under the control of the magic-user who created it and it can obey any of their simple commands, as per any other magical construct of its ilk.

HANGMAN TREE, WITCHWOOD

FREQUENCY:	Very rare
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	1/3 (Appendages)
MOVE:	0" (Effectively)
HIT DICE:	61hp/year
% IN LAIR:	0%
TREASURE TYPE:	Incidental
NO. OF ATTACKS:	Variable; Generally between 6 and 9
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d3 + Special
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	1% per year of age
INTELLIGENCE:	Low
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral Evil
SIZE:	L (20' + tall)
LEVEL/XP VALUE:	X/1,950 + 14/hp

Witchwood Hangman Trees are a rare breed of the standard sort of malign plant life. Said to have been personally bred within her garden by the Queen of Witches, their heartwood is rotted still more than is their kin and they are even more dangerous than those foul trees. The tree resembles a thick oak with few branches and sparse foliage. There are knot-like protuberances placed high upon its trunk that serve as sensory organs, while its lower trunk will show a scar-like place for expulsion of indigestibles.

As are their related plants, Witchwood Hangman Trees are so called because their many branches resemble nooses at their ends, dangling at the ends of hanging ropes. Deciduous in nature, they are quite hardy and can thrive in nearly any clime. Witchwood Hangman Trees possess quite shallow root systems and boast but a few number of leaves, so they forced to supplement their nutrition by direct ingestion of protein. They do this by trapping and slowly devouring living prey.

A Witchwood Hangman Tree is capable of very slow movement, being able to creep a few feet a day once fully grown. As saplings, they are capable of moving about 6' per hour, while mature trees travel at about one-third that rate. When the clime turns freezing, the Witchwood Hangman Tree puts a taproot down into the soil in which it grows and the malign plant goes dormant. Though little confirmed information exists on the plant, it is thought to be solitary in nature. The trees have no interest in any sort of treasure, and as each moves constantly, it is unlikely that any treasure will be found near one. Items incapable of being digested by the plant, however, will be expelled from its trunk periodically.

The Witchwood Hangman Tree attacks by dropping its noose-like appendages around prey, which generally number between 6 and 9. It is capable of attacking with as many appendages as it possesses each round. 20-28hp must be inflicted to sever and destroy of its vines, and this damage is exclusive of damage to the tree proper. When in contact with a victim, the vine-like appendage is drawn tight. From 1-3 points of damage accrue to the victim each round as the vine tightens and lifts the prey (up to 1000 pounds) to the upper trunk opening. This requires 4 full rounds. Worse still, the tree's appendages are capable of bursting into *witchfire* - an effect that inflicts 1-6hp damage per round and additionally surrounds those so touched in faerie fire. Witchfire can only be extinguished by the direct application of some sort of healing magic (any spell of the like will do), *dispel evil*, or *remove curse*. Those slain by witchfire are reduced to fibrous cinders that serve as fertile ground in which a new Witchwood Hangman Tree can grow.

On the 5th round after a Witchwood Hangman Tree has

lifted its victim, they are dropped into the acidic secretion contained within the barrel of the trunk of the tree. Those within this caustic stew will suffer 3-12hp of witchfire damage per round until dead, after which time, digestion takes place. Escape from the tree's trunk-stomach is nearly impossible due to sharp growths which surround the top opening and point down and inward. About 3 man-sized victims can fit within the tree's digestive cavity at one time.

A Witchwood Hangman Tree produces a hallucinatory pollen which it can release at will, usually doing so while prey is 30-80 feet distant. This substance causes victims to believe the tree to be some ordinary and unremarkable sort of tree. A tree of this sort can speak haltingly in Common learned over the years. Each also has a magic resistance based on its age because it draws power from its environment. A Witchwood Hangman Tree, however, is susceptible to many differing kinds of climatic-related attacks. The tree suffers double damage from lightning or electrical effects. Extreme cold will shock the tree into dormancy until it thaws out. Darkness also causes it to slow down its activity, although it still functions at half efficiency.

HELLCAT, GREATER

FREQUENCY:	<i>Very rare</i>
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	3
MOVE:	18"
HIT DICE:	10
% IN LAIR:	30%
TREASURE TYPE:	<i>Nil</i>
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	<i>1d4+3 / 1d4+3 / 3d6</i>
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	<i>Nil</i>
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	<i>+1 or better weapon to hit, Special invisibility, and see below</i>
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	20%
INTELLIGENCE:	<i>Very</i>
ALIGNMENT:	<i>Any Evil (usually Lawful)</i>
SIZE:	L
LEVEL/XP VALUE:	<i>X / 1,950 + 14 / hp</i>

As are standard Hellcats, Greater Hellcats are the associates and familiars of the especially wicked, such as powerful demons, devils, and those that have truck with such sinister individuals. Though they are native to Hell, they can be found on virtually any of the Lower Planes. Occasionally, they travel to - or are more frequently summoned to - the Prime Material Plane to spread woe in the mortal world.

A Greater Hellcat is invisible in the presence of any kind of light source. In darkness, however, it can be seen as a faintly-glowing wraith-like outline of a domestic cat the size of a tiger, its blazing crimson eyes stabbing eerily from the shadows.

A Greater Hellcat attacks each round with two claws for 1d4+3 hit points of damage each and a bite for 3d6 hit points of damage. The fiendish feline can only be harmed by magical weapons, and even then the magical damage bonuses held by such arms do not apply (so, for example, a +2 longsword would do the creature 1-12 hit points of damage rather than 3-14). In addition to its base 20% magic resistance, it is completely immune to the effects of all mind-controlling spells (such as *charm*, *hold*, *sleep*, and *suggestion*).

If a Greater Hellcat that is not already attached to some individual is encountered, the creature will select the most powerful Evil-aligned member of the those it meets (its

preference is Lawful, followed by Neutral, and then Chaotic) and will serve them. It will prefer to serve a cleric over other classes, then a magic-user or illusionist, followed by a fighter and then other classes. Once it has selected a master, the Greater Hellcat will serve that individual in the performance of evil deeds, will protect and defend that person and communicate only with them, by way of *telepathy* (with a 9" range). A Greater Hellcat will, however, always be willing to give up its current master for a new, more powerful one. Should this occur, the creature will have no compunctions about attacking its former master if ordered to do so. The only demand the hellcat makes in return for its service is the payment of one living human victim per week as its meal. The master must supply the victim - if he fails to do so, he will fill that role personally.

Unlike a standard Hellcat, a Greater Hellcat is able to remain on the Prime Material Plane as long as it chooses. It may be banished to the Lower Planes in the same way that any demonic creature is so dispatched.

NAGAS

GULFORTHA (Unique Spirit Naga)

FREQUENCY:	<i>Unique</i>
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	-4
MOVE:	15"
HIT DICE:	20
% IN LAIR:	100%
TREASURE TYPE:	<i>See below</i>
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	<i>3d6+4</i>
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	<i>See below</i>
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	<i>+1 or better weapon to hit</i>
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	<i>See below</i>
INTELLIGENCE:	<i>Exceptional</i>
ALIGNMENT:	<i>Chaotic Evil</i>
SIZE:	<i>L (200' long)</i>
LEVEL/XP VALUE:	<i>X / 30,000</i>

Gulforth is likely the oldest, largest, and most powerful Spirit Naga in existence. She has aspired to this station because of her great power, her cunning intelligence, and the circumstances that conspired aeons ago that saw her transformed into a Vampire. History does not speak of the events that saw her come to make the vast Ebon Sea beneath the Witch-Queen's fortification her domain, but it is in that darksome body that she lairs...dreaming unspeakable dreams, thirsty for the blood of the living.

Gulforth is immense in size and serpentine in shape. She has jet black scales that bear vivid cobalt rings. Her head is that of a woman with long dark hair, beautiful were it not for her terrible, fanged maw and her smoldering, hateful eyes. She possesses a venomous (save vs. poison or die) bite that does 3d6+4hp of damage to her foes, in addition to draining them of two life levels. Her gaze forces any humanoid creature meeting her eyes to save vs. paralyzation or become *permanently charmed* (as per the spell).

Gulforth is affected only by magical weapons. She regenerates damage at 3hp per round. If brought to 0hp, the naga is not killed, but it is forced into *aqueous form* (treat as *gaseous*). She must then return to the silty mire at the bottom of the Ebon Sea within 12 turns, rest 8 hours, and reform a corporeal body. *Sleep*, *charm*, and *hold* spells do not affect Gulforth, and she is likewise immune to poison and paralysis. She takes only one-half damage from spells based on cold or electricity. As she chooses, she is able

to summon 2d8 Giant Sea Snakes to aid her. These creatures come within 2-12 melee rounds and will obey her every order without question.

Gulfortha possesses the same vulnerabilities to sacred objects and sunlight as do typical vampires. While running water has no special effect upon her, holy water does do her 1d6+1hp damage per vial that strikes the Naga. Her vampiric nature also sees to it that a wooden stake must be driven through her heart to see her killed. To render this a permanent state, her head must also be cut off her mouth filled with holy wafers.

Finally, Gulfortha is capable of casting both magical (these, without the need for a spellbook of any sort) and clerical spells, as do individuals of those professions. Each day, she may cast: *Aid, Armor, Command, Darkness, Death's Door, Detect Invisibility, Detect Magic, Dispel Magic (x2), ESP, Levitate, Minor Globe of Invulnerability, Magic Missile (x2), Protection from Good, Resist Fire, Silence 15' Radius, Sleep, Slow, Spell Immunity.*

Accrued over untold centuries of existence, Gulfortha possesses a truly impressive hoard of treasure, hidden in the silty muck at the bottom of the Ebon Sea. This trove consists of 22,316sp, 17,208gp, 7,201pp, a collection of 21 large gemstones worth 34,000gp, miscellaneous jewelry valued at 31,500gp, a *cube of force*, a *longsword of dancing*, a *mithril suit of elfin chain mail +1*, a *ring of free action*, a *stone of good luck*, and a *wand of lightning* (22 charges).

SCARECROW, GREATER

FREQUENCY:	<i>Very rare</i>
NO. APPEARING:	1-3
ARMOR CLASS:	3
MOVE:	9"
HIT DICE:	8
% IN LAIR:	<i>Nil</i>
TREASURE TYPE:	<i>Nil</i>
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	2d6
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	<i>Charm</i>
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	<i>+1 or better weapon to hit</i>
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	<i>Standard</i>
INTELLIGENCE:	<i>Non-</i>
ALIGNMENT:	<i>Any Evil</i>
SIZE:	<i>M</i>
LEVEL/XP VALUE:	<i>VIII / 1,750 + 12 / hp</i>

While some evil clerics have taken to granting scarecrows a dark spark of life, using them as servants and guardians, still more powerful individuals undertake unspeakable rites to create even more potent constructs of a similar ilk. These are known as Greater Scarecrows and though they are created from a variety of materials, they always appear evil and of malign intent: A reflection of the sinister forces that give them their mockeries of souls.

To create a Greater Scarecrow, either a special *manual* must be used or a high-level evil cleric must cast *animate object, quest, prayer, command*, and *commune* over a series of exotic material components that comprise the construct. Building a Greater Scarecrow requires 3 weeks but the cost of materials is only 3 gold piece per hit point. The automaton will obey its creator's simple instructions, following orders literally so long as they require no interpretation on its part.

Meeting the gaze of a Greater Scarecrow causes any intelligent creature to become *charmed* unless they make a successful saving throw against spells. The touch of the construct does 1d6 hp of damage and has the same effect. The *charm* effect of

a Greater Scarecrow is unique, instilling a sense of complete fascination in its victim, rather than obeisance. Those that fall prey to this effect will stand and gape at the construct, paralyzed as if by a *hold person* spell, allowing the monster to repeatedly strike at them with impunity. If the Greater Scarecrow is destroyed or leaves the area, all its victims recover immediately from their *charm*.

Appendix B: NEW MAGIC ITEMS

RINGS

Ring of Rending: A *ring of rending* may appear in many ways, though it is usually either a malachite loop set with a large bloodstone or a scaled metal finger ring. In any case, it provides a creature possessing a claw or open-handed attack a to-hit and damage bonus similar to that offered by a high Strength score. This bonus can range from +1 to +5. The ring's enchantment works in conjunction with bonuses provided by exceptional physical attributes, but is superseded by other Strength-boosting items (such as *gauntlets of ogre power* or a *girdle of giant strength*).

XP Value: 400 (per "plus") GP Value: 6,000gp (per "plus")

Ring of Translocation: This handsome platinum loop is set with a modest sapphire or star sapphire in its center. When created, the ring is keyed to a specific type of plant, such as an herb or flower. When worn and a command word or gesture is uttered or made, the magic of the ring allows its wearer to *transport via plants* (as the 6th level spell). The effect functions as if cast by a 14th level Druid, leaving only a 6% chance of transport to some random location from 1 to 100 miles of the desired destination. The ring's magic allows its wearer to make two such trips per day without risk. A third trip may be attempted, but if it fails (50% of the time), the loop is rendered forever non-magical. A fourth attempt at using the ring's magic will always fail and drain it of all its enchantment.

XP Value: 2,500 GP Value: 30,000gp

MISCELLANEOUS MAGIC

FIGURINES OF WONDROUS POWER

The various magical items collectively called the *Figurines of Wondrous Power* have their origins in the world's prehistory, being created by an enchantress of enormous power named Queen Elisa. It was she that created the original *figurine* and many of those that followed them, each one meant as various vessels to forever hold the souls of her many pets, which she adored more than most love their own children. These are artifacts and magical objects of great power, possessed of the intellects and personalities of the animals whose spirits they contain, and those that study these particular items refer to them as being the *Greatest Icon* and of the *Greater Set of figurines*.

Those apprentices of Queen Elisa that continued to work at the Invisible Art after her death likewise made their own *figurines*, and while they are of far greater number than those aforementioned, they are possessed of less power and personality than were those created by their mistress. These are known collectively as the *Lesser Set of figurines*.

Finally, still more *figurines* were created in the ages that followed the life of Queen Elisa, crafted by magi wishing to emulate the works of the legendary enchantress. Only shadows of her *figurines* in terms of personality and power, these are by far the most numerous sorts of these magic items and are referred to the *Least Set* of icons. So it is that one familiar with the various types of *Figurines of Wondrous Power* might understand the various powers and qualities possessed by each sort of the items.

Figurine of Wondrous Power, Least (Tourmaline Turtle): This is a 6" stone carving, crafted with great skill and care, shaped to resemble a sea turtle that possesses an unusual feature: A large,

circular concave depression in its shell. When the carving is placed in water and its command word is spoken, it transforms into a giant, animated turtle nearly 20 feet long and apparently made of solid tourmaline. Once brought to life, the turtle follows the commands of the being who activated it without fail and can remain animated for up to 12 hours. It can carry as many as eight human-sized creatures through water in the depression in its shell at a Movement Rate of 36" or at a maximum speed of 3" when on land. Though a *dispel magic* cast upon the statuette causes the turtle to stop moving, only by repeating the command word or reducing it to 0hp will it revert to its *figurine* form. When animated, the turtle has an Armor Class of 3 and 60 hp. It strikes as a 6HD creature and can bite enemies at its master's direction once per round for 4d6 points of damage (damaging even creatures that can be struck only by magical weapons of + 1 enchantment). The *tourmaline turtle* can be used once per week.

One in ten of these *figurines* are enchanted with another secondary ability. With the pronunciation of a second command word, the concave depression located in its shell becomes enchanted with an *airy water* effect, allowing the *tourmaline turtle* to safely dive underwater to any depth with its master.

The Mad Archmage's Spell Component Case: This item seems to be a normal belt pouch, unremarkable in appearance. It will, however, radiate a faint magic aura if such is detected for. Any magic-user or illusionist possessing this sort of pouch can simply imagine the material components desired for a certain spell, and they will appear within the pouch. If these components are not used within 1 round after they appear, they will immediately vanish, and that usage of the pouch is wasted. If the components are employed in spell casting, they likewise immediately disappear the moment the spell is cast. The number of times per day that The Mad Archmage's Spell Component Case can be used is determined on the table below. The experience point value of the pouch is 100 times its number of uses per day (thus ranging from 200 to 700), and its gold piece sale value is 1,000 times its number of uses (ranging from 2,000 to 7,000).

Die Roll Result

1-3	2 times each day
4-6	3 times each day
7-10	4 times each day
11-14	5 times each day
15-19	6 times each day
20	7 times each day

ARTIFACTS

Cloak of the Witch-Queen: Created from the flayed skin of a Pit Fiend, it is said that this cloak was given as a token of affection from a Demon Prince to the Queen of Witches. The potent magical item appears as a thick and scaly dark red cloak with slightly tattered and ragged edges. Its lining is a deep umber in color and it bears a burnished silver clasp in the shape of a six-fingered hand.

The agony and suffering experienced by the Pit Fiend during the construction of this mighty artifact suffuses it and lends the item some part of the devil's power and dark intellect. Those wearing the *Cloak of the Witch-Queen* see their Intelligence and Charisma raised 1 point, as if by an *ioun stone*. This may raise either or both characteristics beyond normal maximum racial limits. It also gives its wearer the 65% magic resistance normally enjoyed by a Pit Fiend and provides them a bonus to their Armor Class saving throws as if they wore a *cloak of protection* +5. Finally, the wearer of

the *Cloak of the Witch-Queen* may use its power to mimic the function of an *amulet of the planes*.

The *Cloak of the Witch-Queen* is irrevocably tainted by evil and is, therefore, extremely dangerous for non-evil characters to handle. Neutrally-aligned characters attempting to don the cloak will either lose 30,000-12,000 experience points or instantly see their alignment changed to evil; there is a 50% chance for either. Good-aligned characters attempting to wear the cloak must save versus poison or die, and if they do not die they must save versus magic or become permanently insane. In the latter event, even if the save is successful, the character loses 250,000 experience points, less 10,000 for each point of wisdom they possess. They will also see an 80% chance a **Night Hag** will thereafter come to the character that night and attack, seeking to either slay them or drag them into the Abyss in the course of returning the artifact to its rightful owner. It will subtly influence its wearer in the pursuit of that aim, intruding into their thoughts and dreams with occasional visions of the Witch-Queen. It hopes to stoke a fascination with her that will eventually lead to its wearer crossing paths with the legendary sorceress...at which time, its recovery is virtually certain.

GP Value: 65,000gp

Demonomicon of the Witch-Queen: This book is composed of the flayed hide of some foul demonic creatures, blackened and bound with tarnished brass bindings. Created by the infamous Queen of Witches, it represents possibly the most exhaustive compilation of information on the powerful evil creatures of the Lower Planes. Only six copies of the fell tome are known to exist and each one contains the following spells: *Abjure, banishment, binding, digit of dismissal, disruption, dolor, ensnarement, exaction, and torment*. Refer to the **OSRIC™ Reference Manual** or another published game compendium for details on the functioning of these most potent dweomers.

The *Demonomicon* also contains descriptive material and personal names of several evil extraplanar creatures as the Game Master deems appropriate (such personal names differ from the common names that they reveal to others and are normally kept secret without exception, as they can be used for magical purposes). The *Demonomicon* also contains the command words necessary to operate the *Prison of the Mad Archmage* (see below for details) that is found in this adventure module.

Each copy of the *Demonomicon* has two guardians. One is always located in the immediate vicinity of the book's hiding place, immediately attacking anyone wishing to lay claim to its terrible secrets. Those managing to survive this attack will be visited by the book's second guardian – some unspeakable fell and powerful creature such as a ghost, nycadaemon, devil, or the like – who will pursue and attack the possessor of the book within 1-6 weeks after it is discovered. Such stalking will continue until either the possessor or the guardian is dead. If the possessor of the *Demonomicon* is killed, the guardian will either return the book to its author or find it some new hiding place.

It should be noted that these spells and powers afforded to a possessor of the *Demonomicon* are extremely potent, and will greatly enhance the power of the Player Character that possesses them who has them. The Game Master is strongly encouraged to carefully consider their effect upon Campaign balance before introducing them to their game. Likewise, they should consider that many are the dark creatures and forces across the planes – well beyond its aforementioned guardians – that will wish to see the information contained within the books pages remain hidden at all costs. The life of the Player Character possessing the

Demonomicon will likely change forever the moment the tome falls into their hands. Despite the great power that comes with it – they may well come to wish they had never touched its cover.

GP Value: 50,000gp

Mortar and Pestle of Baba Yaga: In times shrouded by the mists of antiquity, the legendary Baba Yaga – Mother of Witches and quite possibly the most powerful mage in history – spent no small bit of her terrifying power in the creation of a magical conveyance of superb character in the form of a mortar and pestle. When she passed to another plane, these potent artifacts disappeared and have only been rumored to have been seen a handful of times since.

The *Mortar of Baba Yaga* appears as a 4' tall and 3' white ceramic crucible, once painted something like a lovely matryoshka doll, but now aged and weathered, cracked, and scarred. The *Pestle of Baba Yaga*, meanwhile is a matching club, 5' in length. Those seated in the *Mortar* may command it to rise into the air and fly at a maximum Movement Rate of 24" (MC: D). If the *Pestle* is used to row the air it while it flies, it can reach speeds of 48" (MC: B). While in flight, the *Mortar and Pestle of Baba Yaga* can be used to travel the planes exactly as can the wearer of an *amulet of the planes*. When used as a weapon alone, the *Pestle* acts as a +5 club.

In the hands of an alchemist or spellcaster, the *Mortar and Pestle of Baba Yaga* can also be used as a superior kind of magical cauldron. Anything placed within the crucible that is crushed with the grinding club is ground to powder without the benefit of a saving throw. While magic items may be destroyed in such a manner, artifacts and relics are immune to this effect, receiving their normal saving throw to avoid such a fate. Furthermore, magical elixirs, oils, philters, potions, and powders are created easily with the *Mortar and Pestle*. Such enchanted concoctions are made at only half the expense and at half the time normal when using the items.

It is said that the architect of the *Mortar and Pestle of Baba Yaga* knows the location of her creations at all times and is capable of summoning them to herself as she desires. Tales regarding the artifacts often describe her allowing the items to fall into the hands of her enemies or those with whom the Mother of Witches would have truck – compelling them to take to the sky the moment they step within its confines and bring them to her hut-home. Such tales rarely have happy endings.

GP Value: 70,000gp

Prison of the Mad Archmage: It is thought that less than ten of these devices are believed to exist. Each one is identical in design: Appearing as a small, especially well-crafted brass bird cage. Although normal handling or examination will not reveal its magical nature, a *detect magic* spell has a 50% chance of discerning an enchantment of an uncertain nature – either no particular type of dweomer or a false type of magic, as the Game Master determines to be appropriate.

Each *Prison of the Mad Archmage* is possessed of permanent *anti-magic* and *anti-detection* that protect the cage and make it impossible to locate it by magical means. The enclosure is usable only by a magic-user, and it attunes to the possessor of the item once they learn the command word that activates the prison. When that individual activates the cage, its door is sealed by a *wizard lock* (as if its possessor cast the spell) and some creature may be imprisoned within its bounds with the speaking of a trigger word and the utterance of a special *command*. This command must

contain the personal name of the creature to be imprisoned. If the creature does not have a personal name, its history must be recited in great detail. The creature being commanded into imprisonment receives a saving throw vs. spells. If successful, the creature is unaffected. If it fails, the creature is reduced to a 3" height and is instantly *teleported* into the cage. The *Prison of the Mad Archmage* cannot be damaged by either force or magic. Since magic does not function within the cage, in any case, imprisoned creatures cannot free themselves with any form of violence, spell, or magical item. An imprisoned creature does not need food or water while imprisoned. If they are somehow freed, they will be instantly restored to their former size and abilities.

The words necessary to operate a *Prison of the Mad Archmage* are its *Activation Word*, its *Trigger Word* (which is used to begin the imprisonment of a subject), its *Command Word* (in which the target of the imprisonment is named or its history is described), and its *Freedom Word*. An imprisoned creature can be freed by the owner of the *Prison* or by a magic-user able to break its *wizard lock* without using spells. A *wish* or an *alter reality* spell can also be used to open the cage.

GP Value: 25,000gp

Appendix C: PRE-GENERATED CHARACTERS

Player Name:

Character Name: High Priest Jürgen Schweizer

Race / Gender: Human Male

Level / Class: 12th level Cleric (God of Chivalry, Honor, Justice, and Valor)

Alignment: Lawful Good

Strength: 15 TH Bonus: ±0 Dam. Bonus: ±0 Op. Doors: On 1-2 B. Bars: 7%
Intelligence: 12 3 Additional Languages Known
Wisdom: 18 Magical Attack Adjustment: +4
Dexterity: 10 Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0 Defensive Adjust.: ±0
Constitution: 15 Hit Point Adjustment: +1 System Shock: 91%
Charisma: 15 Reaction Adjustment: +15%

Adjusted Saving Throws	
Paralyzation/Poison:	6
Petrification:	9
Rods/Staves/Wands:	10
Breath Weapon:	12
Spells:	11

* Save vs. Spells Involving Will: 7

Armor Class: -1 (Banded Mail +2 & Shield +2)

Hit Points: 59

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Footman's Flail of Disruption

Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0: 13

Adjusted Weapon Damage Base: 1d6+2 (vs. S/M), 2d4+1 (vs. L)

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -3

Languages Known: Common, Dwarven, Gnomish

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Footman's Flail of Disruption, "Lightbringer":</i> When this weapon strikes any undead creature or evil creature from one of the lower planes it functions similarly to a 12 th Level cleric turning. If a die roll indicates that the creature struck would be turned, it is disrupted and slain. Even if these saving throws are effective, the flail scores double damage upon such foes.	None.
Other Magic Items	Spells & Special Class Abilities
<i>Banded Mail Armor +2, Shield +2, Eyes of Minute Seeing</i> (also compensates for extremely poor vision; Jürgen is blind as a bat without them!), <i>Potion of Extra-Healing, Ring of Feather Falling.</i>	Default Cleric Spells (8/7/6/3/2/2): 1 st : <i>Bless, Command, Cure Light Wounds (x3), Detect Evil, Light, Sanctuary;</i> 2 nd : <i>Augury, Chant, Find Traps, Hold Person, Know Alignment, Silence 15' Radius, Speak with Animals;</i> 3 rd : <i>Continual Light, Create Food & Water, Dispel Magic, Prayer, Remove Curse, Speak with Dead;</i> 4 th : <i>Cure Serious Wounds, Neutralize Poison, Protection from Evil 10' Radius;</i> 5 th : <i>Cure Critical Wounds, Flame Strike;</i> 6 th <i>Blade Barrier, Heal.</i> Turn Undead: <i>Skeleton: D; Zombie: D; Ghoul: D; Shadow: D; Wight: D; Ghast: T; Wraith: T; Mummy: 4; Spectre: 7; Vampire: 10; Ghost: 13; Lich: 16; Special: 19.</i> * D = Automatically destroyed * T = Automatically turned

Distribution of All Items Carried					
Left Side		Center, Back, or Feet		Right Side	
Item	Location	Item	Location	Item	Location
Shield	Carried	Banded Mail Armor	Worn	Footman's Flail	Carried
Ring	Worn	Spectacles	Face	Wineskin	Sling from belt
Large leather pouch	Belt	Holy symbol	Around Neck		
Hemp potion rigging	Belt	Backpack	Back		
Potion	In rigging	Hard leather boots	Feet		
3 Holy water flasks	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)		

Gold & Wealth: 77gp.	Experience Gained: 0
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Special Notes: The High Priest of the God of Chivalry, Honor, Justice, and Valor within the nation of Perrengeoff is Jürgen Schweizer. The cleric earned much respect from his flock, as he is known by all to have come from the most humble of origins. A military chaplain attached to an infantry unit as a young man, he was no stranger to war, having both administered to the faith of his men and fought with axe and shield in the trenches alongside them on the front lines of the country's mountainous and extremely dangerous eastern front. At one point, he found himself assigned to a group that included a young Andreas Gerber, and the two became fast friends. Years later, when the paladin chose to leave the Perrengeoffer military to form the Eisenadler Mercenary Company, he invited his boon companion to join him as their chaplain and religious compass. The decision to leave the army was not an easy one for Schweizer, as he had risen to become a high-ranking officer in its ranks, but after some reflection, he at last decided that he could do far more good at the side of his friend than by taking orders from the Voormann.

The choice turned out to be a wise one, as the Eisenadlers undertook several dangerous missions that slipped beneath the notice of the army, yet did not fail to defend the common folk of the land. All across the face of the continent, the cleric and his companions faced the most potent of monstrous threats and never once shirked their oath to valor. In the course of these adventures, Schweizer gained in power, experience, and repute. At last, five years ago, he was selected by the Marshals of his faith to serve as their High Priest. With such a title comes many responsibilities and, sadly, his acceptance of the honor also forced him to retire from adventuring with those that had become not unlike brothers and sisters to him.

When he took his office, those of his faith offered him Schwester Makellos Helga - a puissant monk of the church - to act as his aide and assistant. The Sister is an aesthete to whom the care of the High Priest is a calling second only to that of service to her deity. Though she often seems as if a mother hen, Schweizer knows that the monk's heart is in the right place and he endures her often overbearing behavior with a smile and good humor. Sometimes, he even manages to crack her impenetrable demeanor with a slight smile.

Recently, the High Priest received word that the most powerful and accomplished of the Eisenadlers were assembling in the city of Blackbear to undertake a mission of unprecedented danger. Though great wealth was promised upon the endeavor's completion, this was only a secondary concern to Schweizer. He called an emergency meeting of the Marshals to deliver an ultimatum: Either he would be given leave to adventure with his former companions or he would tender his resignation from his position, effective immediately. Such was the respect afforded to the High Priest that the collected Marshals unanimously gave his mission their blessing, provided Schwester Helga was at his side at all times to see to his safety. The cleric agreed to those terms - and so he and his henchman have traveled to Blackbear for a single, final adventure.

Player Name:

Character Name: Baron Maximilian Brunner von Sulzer

Race / Gender: Human Male

Level / Class: 12th level Fighter

Alignment: Lawful Neutral

Strength: 17 TH Bonus: +1 Dam. Bonus: +1 Op. Doors: On 1-3 B. Bars: 13%
Intelligence: 11 2 Additional Languages Known
Wisdom: 12 Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0
Dexterity: 12 Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0 Defensive Adjust.: ±0
Constitution: 17 Hit Point Adjustment: +3 System Shock: 97%
Charisma: 14 Reaction Adjustment: +10%

Adjusted Saving Throws	
Paralyzation:	6
Petrification:	7
Rods/Staves/Wands:	8
Breath Weapon:	7
Spells:	9

Armor Class: 0 (Plate Mail +2)

Hit Points: 95

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Lucern Hammer +1, Flame Tongue

Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0: [Lucern Hammer] 6 or 5 (vs. regenerating creatures) or 4 (vs. cold-using or avian creatures) or 3 (vs. the undead)
[Heavy Crossbow] 9

Adjusted Weapon Damage: [Lucern Hammer] 2d4+7, 8, 9, or 10 (vs. S/M), 1d6+7, 8, 9, or 10 (vs. L)
[Heavy Crossbow] 1-4+2 (vs. S/M), 1-6+2 (vs. L)

Attacks Per Round: 3/2 [Lucern Hammer] or 1/2 [Heavy Crossbow]

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2

Languages Known: Common, Elvish, Orcish

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Lucern Hammer +1, Flame Tongue -- "Feuriger Rächer":</i> This famed enchanted polearm is not only a potent magical weapon, but a symbol of the Barony of Sulzer itself. The flag of the land hangs from near its head, never catching flame, even when immolated. The weapon is +1 to hit and damage against normal creatures, +2 vs. regenerating creatures, +3 vs. cold-using or avian creatures, and +4 vs. the undead.	None.
<i>Heavy Crossbow +1:</i> No special abilities.	
Other Magic Items	Spells & Special Class Abilities
<i>Plate Mail Armor +2, Banneret of Protection +1</i> (functions as the magical <i>Cloak</i> of the same name), <i>Gauntlets of Ogre Power</i> , <i>Potion of Invulnerability</i> .	<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
Lucern Hammer	Carried	Plate Mail Armor	Worn	Lucern Hammer	Carried
Gauntlet	Worn	Backpack	Back	Gauntlet	Worn
Quiver	Belt	Hard leather boots	Feet	Heavy Crossbow	Slung from Belt
Large leather pouch	Belt	2 Oil Flasks	Back (Backpack)		
Quarrels (20)	In Quiver	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)		
		Small Keg of Fine Wine	Under Backpack		

Gold & Wealth Carried: 25pp.	Experience Gained: 0
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Special Notes: The Baron was not born into poverty, not nobility. A former infantryman in Perrengeoff's military and a very successful adventurer -- counting himself a member of the famed Eisenadler Mercenary Company, at that! -- afterwards, he came by his title after uncovering a plot to assassinate his homeland's Voorman five years ago. In gratitude, he was afforded the privilege of administering to the small Barony of Sulzer, which includes the important trade-meet of Treffen. Though his fellow nobles often looked down their noses at him because of his lack of noble birth, the Baron was wise enough to surround himself with shrewd and skilled advisers (notably Dame Lara Koller, a financial genius who cares for the land's wealth), who helped him navigate the difficulty of rulership. As a result, Sulzer is a peaceful and happy place where most want for little and the Baron enjoys immense popularity.

The Baron is not at ease, however. He is at heart still a soldier and an adventurer. He sees the way the other nobles stare at him during affairs of state and desperately wants to prove himself their equal. For all his success leading the folk of his land, too, he hates the formal air forced upon him by his position. He is hardly at home in places like formal balls and parties. It is in the battlefield trenches with his comrades at his side and the raucous tavern after a hard-won victory that he finds joy. So it was that when word came to him that the greatest of the Eisenadlers were being assembled to undertake a dangerous mission, he arranged for a brief absence from Sulzer to come to the city of Blackbear, where the nature of the endeavor would be revealed. The Baron only took his trusted Dame Lara with him, as she is no shrinking violet -- but a skilled trapfinder in her own right. He relishes the opportunity for one last dance with glory in the heart of the fray. His adviser worries for him, though, as she realizes that such an ominous summons might rob Sulzer of their beloved leader. This would be the height of tragedy -- so she has vowed to do everything in her power to ensure her Baron's safety!

Player Name:

Character Name: Herr Andreas Gerber

Race / Gender: Human Male

Level / Class: 12th level Paladin (God of Chivalry, Honor, Justice, and Valor)

Alignment: Lawful Good

Strength: 17 TH Bonus: +1 Dam. Bonus: +1 Op. Doors: On 1-3 B. Bars: 13%
Intelligence: 10 2 Additional Languages Known
Wisdom: 16 Magical Attack Adjustment: +2
Dexterity: 15 Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0 Defensive Adjust.: -1
Constitution: 16 Hit Point Adjustment: +2 System Shock: 95%
Charisma: 17 Reaction Adjustment: +30%

Adjusted Saving Throws	
Paralyzation:	5
Petrification:	6
Rods/Staves/Wands:	7
Breath Weapon:	6
Spells:	8

* Save vs. Spells Involving Will: 8

Armor Class: -2 (Plate Mail Armor +2 & Shield +1)

Hit Points: 83

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Battleaxe +3

Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0: [Battleaxe] 6
[Javelin] 4

Adjusted Weapon Damage Base: [Battleaxe] 1d8+4 (S/M), 1d8+4 (L)
[Javelin] 1d6+6 (S/M), 1d6+6 (L)

Attacks Per Round: 3/2

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2

Languages Known: Common, Gnollish, Orcish

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Battleaxe +3, "Invincible": Detects invisible on command, in 10' radius. May bestow strength on its wielder 1/day.</i> <i>Javelin of Piercing (x3): Launches itself upon command. All distances are considered short range. Magic consumed upon use.</i>	None.
Other Magic Items	Spells & Special Class Abilities
<i>Plate Mail Armor +2, Shield +1, Brass Horn of Celestia (as Brass Horn of Valhalla; summons 3-9 LG Fighters armed with battleaxes and spears when sounded), Potion of Stone Giant Strength.</i>	Paladin Abilities: <i>Detect evil, 60' (when concentrating); Immune to disease; Lay on hands heals 24 hit points of damage per day; Cure disease 3/week; Emanates Protection from evil aura, 1" radius.</i> Default Cleric Spells (4/4): 1 st : <i>Bless, Cure Light Wounds (x2), Remove Fear</i> ; 2 nd : <i>Find Traps, Hold Person, Resist Fire, Speak with Animals.</i> Turn Undead: <i>Skeleton: D; Zombie: D; Ghoul: D; Shadow: D; Wight: D; Ghast: T; Wrath: T; Mummy: 4; Spectre: 7; Vampire: 10; Ghost: 13; Lich: 16; Special: 19.</i> * D = Automatically destroyed * T = Automatically turned
Animal Companions, Familiars, & Mounts	
<i>Valkyrie: A flawlessly white Pegasus, she, the mare serves as the paladin's special mount. Sent to him by the God of Chivalry, Honor, Justice, and Valor himself, she is especially loyal and brave, intelligent and powerful. Above all, she is swift, as she wears a set of horseshoes of speed. The steed would dare any danger in the defense of her master or the innocents he protects.</i>	

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	Battleaxe	Carried
Quiver	Slung from belt	Holy Symbol	Worn	Horn	Slung from belt
Javelins (x3)	In Quiver	Backpack	Back	Canteen	Slung from belt
Large leather pouch	Belt	Hard leather boots	Feet	3 Flasks of holy water	In canteen
Waterskin	Sling from belt	50' Rope	Back (Backpack)		
Potion	In Waterskin	2 Large leather sacks	Back (Backpack)		
		2 weeks Iron Rations	Back (Backpack)		

Gold & Wealth: 77gp.	Experience Gained: 0
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Special Notes: Few know the truth regarding Andreas Gerber's origins: They do not know that he was born into poverty, never knowing his father, or that his mother died in the streets of Blackbear from what should have been an easily-cured respiratory disease, had she only had the money to see it done. They do not know the way that a young boy held his mother's body tight and cried, vowing to her ghost that he would never allow another tragedy such as hers occur while he yet drew breath. They only know the legend: Of the helmed rider that swoops in from the plains upon his white winged horse when the day seems darkest and all hope is gone. They only see the village that has been saved from marauders or the slavers' broken chains. They know the legend...but they only know a fraction of it all.

Herr Gerber (as the Voormann of Perrengeoff has knighted him in a public ceremony he never attended) has done many different things in his life. He has been a highwayman in the dangerous eastern mountains, breaking orcish supply lines between their strongholds and taking their gold and goods so that might distribute them to the poor and needy. He has been a soldier, fighting on the front lines of the most terrible conflicts in Perrengeoffer history, when the blood of innocents was at stake. Finally, he has been a leader of men, as it was he that created the renowned Eisenadler Mercenary Company, so that he might further champion the cause of weal in his native land. It is in this last role that he is possibly best-known, as his adventures and exploits as the leader of that most puissant group is the stuff of fables and epic poetry.

Very few apart from the circles mercenaries keep know how to contact Herr Gerber. One such individual, however, is Canon Gustav Zurcher: A well-respected priest of the God of Chivalry, Honor, Justice, and Valor. As word began to spread that a most potent mercenary group was needed to complete a mission of utmost peril, lest the torch of good wane in the land, he reached out to Herr Gerber to see if he could persuade the paladin to assemble his Eisenadlers to take up the quest. Of course, the cleric could not sit idly by while heroes suffered at toil. So it is that he accompanies the legend on his adventure as shield-man and boon companion. A formidable warrior and spellcaster in his own right, they stand against the forces of darkness as an unbreakable wall. Together, strengthened by their faith in their god, they cannot fail!

Player Name:

Character Name: Dame Holzfäller Hildegard Moser

Race / Gender: Human Male

Level / Class: 12th level Ranger

Alignment: Chaotic Good

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

Adjusted Saving Throws	
Paralyzation:	7
Petrification:	8
Rods/Staves/Wands:	9
Breath Weapon:	8
Spells:	10

Armor Class: -1 (Bulette Skin Scale Mail Armor +2 & Dexterity)

Hit Points: 92

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Short Bow +2

Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0: [Short Bow] 2

[Spear] 8 (when wielded) or 6 (when hurled)

Adjusted Weapon Damage Base: [Short Bow] 1d6+4 (S/M), 1d6+4 (L)

[Spear, when wielded] 1d6+3 (S/M), 1d8+3 (L)

[Spear, when hurled] 1d6+20 (S/M), 1d8+20 (L)

Attacks Per Round: [Short Bow] 3/2

[Spear] 2

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2

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

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Short Bow</i> +2: No special abilities. <i>Spear of Lightning, "Nightsplitter"</i> : When wielded, this weapon acts as a normal Spear +2. When hurled and it strikes, the spear becomes the head of a 1/2" wide, 3" long stroke of lightning. Any creature hit by spear suffers 1-6 hit points of damage, plus 20 hit points of electrical damage. Any other creatures in the path of the back stroke take 20hp damage (save for half). Nightsplitter may be thrown 3/day in such a fashion.	None.
Other Magic Items	Spells & Special Class Abilities
<i>Bulette Skin Scale Mail</i> +2, <i>Arrows</i> +2 (x20), <i>Boots of Elvenkind</i> , <i>Cloak of Elvenkind</i> , <i>Potion of Levitation</i> , <i>Ring of Fire Resistance</i>	Ranger Abilities: +12 <i>Damage bonus</i> against "giant-class" creatures; <i>Surprise</i> opponents 50% of the time; <i>Tracking</i> ability. Default Druid Spells (4/2): 1 st : <i>Detect Magic</i> , <i>Entangle</i> (x2), <i>Speak with Animals</i> ; 2 nd : <i>Barkskin</i> , <i>Cure Light Wounds</i> .
Animal Companions, Familiars, & Mounts	
<i>Blitz</i> : A powerful, tawny male mountain lion that Dame Hildegard has raised from a cub. The sleek feline refuses to leave her side and would defend the Lady Ranger to its death. Incredibly swift and strong, the animal is notable for its utter fearlessness, even in the face of such monstrous creatures such as dragons or demons.	

Distribution of All Items Carried					
Left Side		Center, Back, or Feet		Right Side	
Item	Location	Item	Location	Item	Location
Short Bow	Carried	Scale Mail Armor	Worn	Short Bow	Carried
Quiver	Slung from belt	Cloak	Worn	Ring	Worn
Arrows (x20)	In Quiver	Hard leather boots	Feet	Waterskin	Slung from belt
Large leather pouch	Belt	Backpack	Back		
Leather rigging	Belt	50' Rope	Back (Backpack)		
Potion	In rigging	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)		
		Spear	Across Back		

Gold & Wealth: 7gp.	Experience Gained: 0
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Special Notes: Hans Wagner is a man of the Old Kerk, worshipping the gods of nature and the green and growing world. He will not speak of how it was that he came across an orphaned babe in the woods. All that can be said for certain was that he found it in his heart to take the child, shivering and hungry, into his home in the small community of Salzstadt and raised her as if she was his own daughter.

He taught the young girl he named Hildegard everything he knew of the natural world. He taught her of its connection to all living things. He taught her of the gods that shaped it and those things that might destroy it. Before long, his little Hildy was demonstrating tremendous athletic prowess as she played in the woods. She showed the kind of bond with animals that can only be formed by a child one with nature. And she revealed a deadly venom for any creature so arrogant to try and harm that which belonged to the sky or the earth, thinking it to be devoid of those that would defend it.

Hildegard soon surpassed Hans in skill as a woodman – but as a Ranger, rather than a Druid. Accompanied at all times by her companion – Blitz, a sleek and powerful mountain lion – she roved the region, keeping it safe from all those who might otherwise bring it or those dwelling upon it to ruin. This brought her to the attention of the Eisenadler Mercenary Company in little time, who offered her a position as a scout and pathfinder amongst their number. It was a difficult choice to leave her father and the land she loved behind, but it is one she has never regretted. In the company of her new friends, many were the innocents she was able to save and even more were the wonders she beheld with her blue eyes – all the while gaining profound might and skill at her craft. She was even the first in her profession to be titled by the nation’s Voormann for her contributions to the country’s welfare, naming her Dame Holzfäller of Perrengeoff. Now, few are those who call themselves Rangers than can honestly boast to be Hildegard’s better beneath the boughs and branches of the wood.

After returning home to reconnect with the folk of Salzstadt, Hildegard learned that the Eisenadlers were assembling a group of their most powerful and accomplished members to undertake a mission of incredible peril. While the promised riches upon completion of the adventure would hardly be enough to pique her interest, the knowledge that an innocent’s life swung in the balance of their actions certainly did. Indeed, as he was at hand when the courier brought her news of the endeavor, her father himself pledged his service to the cause, joining with her as they began south to the city of Blackbear, where all was set to be revealed. Though the two secretly fear for each other’s well-being on such a dangerous quest, if pressed both would have to admit that they look forward to the opportunity to at last fight alongside one another for a worthy cause. So it is the two of them await the details of the mission with great relish!

Player Name:

Character Name: Stefan Maurer, Wizard of the Dark Crucible

Race / Gender: Human Male

Level / Class: 12th level Magic-User

Alignment: Neutral Good

Strength: 9 TH Bonus: ±0 Dam. Bonus: ±0 Op. Doors: On 1-2 B. Bars: 1%
Intelligence: 17 6 Additional Languages Known
Wisdom: 11 Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0
Dexterity: 16 Reaction / Attack Adjust.: +1 Defensive Adjust.: -2
Constitution: 15 Hit Point Adjustment: +1 System Shock: 91%
Charisma: 12 Reaction Adjustment: ±0%

Adjusted Saving Throws	
Paralyzation:	11
Petrification:	9
Rods/Staves/Wands:	7
Breath Weapon:	11
Spells:	8

Armor Class: 1 (Bracers of Defense AC5, Ring of Protection +2, Dexterity)

Hit Points: 41

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Dagger +1

Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0: 15

Adjusted Weapon Damage Base: 1d4+1 (vs. S/M), 1d4 (vs. L)

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -5

Languages Known: Common, Dwarvish, Elvish, Gnollish, Gnomish, Hill Giantish, Orcish

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
Dagger +1: No special abilities.	None
Other Magic Items	Spells & Special Class Abilities
Bracers of Defense AC5, The Dark Crucible (See attached sheet for specific details), Ring of Protection +2, Scroll of 3 Spells (Lightning Bolt, Ice Storm, Teleport), Wand of Fire (24 charges).	Spells Memorized (4/4/4/4/4/1): 1 st : Burning Hands, Detect Magic, Light, Magic Missile; 2 nd : Continual Light, Invisibility, Knock, Mirror Image, Levitate, Mirror Image, Ray of Enfeeblement, Web; 3 rd : Dispel Magic (x2), Fly, Haste; 4 th : Charm Monster, Confusion, Dimension Door, Fire Shield (Hot); 5 th : Cone of Cold, Hold Monster, Passwall, Wall of Force; 6 th : Disintegrate.
Artifact in Possession	
<p>The Dark Crucible: An ancient ceramic vessel appointed with obsidian engravings around its top edge that look like swirling darkness, or perhaps shadowy dragons entwined in some intricate dance. Within the alchemist's crucible utter blackness roils and churns in an unsettling manner.</p> <p>Minor Benign Powers: May create <i>Darkness 15' Radius</i> (as the spell) 3/day. May create <i>Shadow Monsters</i> (as the spell) 2/day.</p> <p>Major Benign Powers: May generate a <i>Phantasmal Killer</i> (as the spell) 1/day.</p> <p>Minor Malevolent Effects: Permanently stains the eye color and all hair upon the bearer's body jet black.</p> <p>Major Malevolent Effects: Bearer loses 3 points of Strength permanently.</p> <p>Prime Powers: Doubles all 2nd Level spells that may be prepared each day, exactly as a <i>Ring of Wizardry</i>.</p> <p>Side Effects: Whenever any power of the crucible is used, the temperature within a 6" radius is lowered 50° for 2-12 turns. This effect moves with the artifact wherever it might be carried.</p>	

Distribution of All Items Carried					
Left Side		Center, Back, or Feet		Right Side	
Item	Location	Item	Location	Item	Location
Bracer	Worn	Backpack	Back	The Dark Crucible	Carried
Ring	Worn	Soft leather boots	Feet	Bracer	Worn
Large leather pouch	Belt	2 Oil Flasks	Back (Backpack)	Dagger	Sheathed on belt
Scroll Case	Belt	50' Rope	Back (Backpack)	Waterskin	Slung from belt
Scroll	In case	2 Large leather sacks	Back (Backpack)	Quiver	Slung from belt
Mapping materials	In case	3 Torches	Back (Backpack)	Wand	In Quiver
		Tinderbox, flint, & steel	Back (Backpack)		
		2 weeks Iron Rations	Back (Backpack)		

Gold & Wealth: 50pp.	Experience Gained: 0
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Special Notes: Stefan is a distant relative of the notorious Maure family, infamous both for their Castle at the edge of the Cairn Hills and the unspeakable acts that they once committed within its walls. In far-away, Perrengeoff, he has managed to outrun the sinister legacy of his forebearers and cut for himself his own reputation. He accomplished this feat through diligent study, long hours at toil, and a nigh-fearless approach to adventure. Indeed, there are few magi within the borders of his adopted homeland that can boast the level of power to which Stefan has risen, through the collection of potent magical items (chief among which was the mysterious Dark Crucible from which his nickname originates), obscure arcane knowledge, and mundane wealth, all. Much of this he acquired while a member of the Eisenadler Mercenary Company, renowned throughout all of Perrengeoff for their puissance. As the group's warmage, he was offered the opportunity to test all manner of delightful evocations of mass destruction while making himself rich in both a temporal and an arcane sense.

Three years ago, when word spread through the region that Stefan was of a mind to build a tower for himself and his handful of henchmen and retainers, he was invited to do so upon a tract of land ceded to him by the Count of Flachland. That worthy was eager to add a powerful sorcerer to those folk with a vested interest in protecting his lands, and though Stefan understood that, he accepted the offer, nonetheless. Since then, he has made the modest spire amidst the sun-dappled and picturesque lands his home. Though the peaceful place afforded him ample time to perform magical experimentation and research in relative solitude, Stefan quickly realized that something within him hungered for the adventuring life, where every day revealed some new miracle or horror – and oftentimes, both at once. Thus, when he received word from a courier that a new mission had been laid before the Eisenadlers which promised immense danger, but potential riches beyond the wildest dreams of avarice, his interest was piqued.

It was not long afterward that he found himself in the city of Blackbear, once more among his boon companions.

Stefan enjoys playing the role of the enigmatic and mysterious wizard, but this is something he attempts as a bit of sport. The truth is that he differs greatly from so many other practitioners of the Invisible Art in that he is quite social and comfortable in the presence of others. In specific, he loves laughter and quaffing a few libations with good friends and comrades. It is his most recent friend that is perhaps the most remarkable, however. Two years ago, a wisp of a young woman arrived at the doorstep of Stefan's tower, pledging her service to the Master of the Dark Crucible. Though he initially knew not what to make of the one that called herself Sabine Vogel and her menacing silver blade, she soon impressed him with her dedication to preserving his safety and her willingness to undertake any task in his name. Though she is nearly-silent and possessed of ominous mannerisms, she has risked everything for his benefit on enough occasions that he has come to trust the young assassin with his life. Recently, Stefan has come to discover that Sabine was sent to his service by the legendary Colorless Mage of Perrengeoff – apparently just before that worthy's purported disappearance. What this might ultimately mean, however, he knows not.

Player Name:

Character Name: Wolfgang "Der Wolf" Müller

Race / Gender: Human Male

Level / Class: 12th level Thief

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Strength: 15 TH Bonus: ±0 Dam. Bonus: ±0 Op. Doors: On 1-2 B. Bars: 7%
Intelligence: 15 4 Additional Languages Known
Wisdom: 10 Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0
Dexterity: 18 Reaction / Attack Adjust.: +3 Defensive Adjust.: -4
Constitution: 15 Hit Point Adjustment: +1 System Shock: 91%
Charisma: 17 Reaction Adjustment: +30%

Adjusted Saving Throws	
Paralyzation:	10
Petrification:	9
Rods/Staves/Wands:	9
Breath Weapon:	13
Spells:	10

Armor Class: 2 (Leather Armor +2, Dexterity)

Hit Points: 51

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Shortsword of Quickness +2

Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0: [Sword] 15

[Sling] 10

Adjusted Weapon Damage Base: [Sword] 1d6+2 (S/M), 1d8+2 (L)

[Sling] 1d4+3 (S/M), 1d6+3 (L)

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -3

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

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Shortsword of Quickness +2, "Schnelles Kleines":</i> Allows its wielder to strike first every round (in which it is being used). <i>Sling of Seeking +2:</i> Treated as but a +1 weapon against monstrous resistances.	None.
Other Magic Items	Spells & Special Class Abilities
<i>Leather Armor +2, Gem of Seeing, Ring of Invisibility, Stone of Good Luck.</i>	May <i>Back stab</i> enemies for x4 damage. May <i>Read magical writing</i> and utilize all scrolls 75% of the time (failure reversing the spell or targeting it upon its reader). Thieving Abilities: <i>Pick Pockets:</i> 110%; <i>Open Locks:</i> 92%; <i>Find/Remove Traps:</i> 80%; <i>Move Silently:</i> 104%; <i>Hide in Shadows:</i> 87%; <i>Hear Noise:</i> 35%; <i>Climb Walls:</i> 99.2%; <i>Read Languages:</i> 60%.

Distribution of All Items Carried					
Left Side		Center, Back, or Feet		Right Side	
Item	Location	Item	Location	Item	Location
Shortsword	Carried	Leather Armor	Worn	Large leather pouch	Belt
Ring	Worn	Backpack	Back	Magical Gem	In pouch
Waterskin	Sling from belt	Soft leather boots	Feet	Magical Stone	In Pouch
Scroll Case	Hung from Belt	2 Oil Flasks	Back (Backpack)	Thief's Tools	In pouch
Mapping materials	In case	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: 25 assorted types of gemstones, each worth 10gp.	Experience Gained: 0
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Special Notes: Those that knew Wolfgang Müller as a youth would swear that he would never amount to anything. The boy ran riot through the streets of Blackbear, doing whatever he pleased as if life bore no consequences for him. The list of petty thefts and wild street fights in which he partook was only bested in length by the ledger of angry fathers whose daughters swooned over him. More often than not, it was only by the vicissitudes of fate and his ample natural charisma that he found himself wriggling out of the trouble he got himself into. Unfortunately, a botched attempt at picking the Voormann's pocket took him a step too far. His parents were forced to get him to join the military in order to get out of town fast enough to avoid the hangman's rope.

Surprisingly, in the Perrengeoffer army, young Wolfgang thrived. Though he had a rocky start, he had just enough discipline drilled into him that his superior officers were able to notice the specific skills he brought to the table. They placed him into specialized training, grooming the agile and affable youth into a military spy. In this role, he flourished, gaining vital intelligence against Perrengeoff's eastern foes throughout the length of the war. He worked in utter secrecy, his only contact being a scout he trusted by the name of Aufpasser Bernhard Schmidt. During this time, he was known simply as "Der Wolf": A terrifying foe, notorious for attacking from unexpected positions and never failing a mission.

When Perrengeoff signed a pact of neutrality with the east, concluding their part of the war, Wolfgang was so disgusted with his leaders that he resigned his commission with the army. The Eisenadler Mercenary Company was well-aware of his unique skills and was swift to court the spy, hoping to add his talents to their own. With nowhere to go, Wolfgang accepted the offer. It was a wise choice. Beneath the banner of the mercenary company, he was able to undertake several exciting and dangerous missions against the foes of Perrengeoff that the army refused to move against, all the while gaining in power and wealth. He began to become just as close to the other members of the company as he was to his fellows in the military. Life was good.

Recently, while vacationing in the Free City, Wolfgang was approached by a familiar face. Aufpasser Schmidt met him in a booth in a busy tavern, having traveled a great distance to convey a simple message: The Eisenadlers were reaching out to gather their most powerful and accomplished members to undertake a mission of the highest danger. Though wealth aplenty was promised on completion of the quest, the chance to pit his skills against such ominous peril was irresistible to Wolfgang. He had but one request before volunteering himself: Aufpasser Schmidt would accompany him on the mission. A face that one could trust was always advisable, when confronting such danger. And how could the scout refuse? After all, he had been his henchman for years, if in everything but name.

Now The Wolf knocks at disaster's door. It would be wise not to tempt his blade.

Player Name:

Character Name: Ingrid Hauser

Race / Gender: Human Female

Level / Class: 5th level Fighter / 5th level Thief / 9th level Bard

Alignment: Neutral Good

Strength: 14 TH Bonus: ±0 Dam. Bonus: ±0 Op. Doors: On 1-2 B. Bars: 7%
Intelligence: 16 5 Additional Languages 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: 18 Reaction Adjustment: +35%

Adjusted Saving Throws	
Paralyzation:	6
Petrification:	9
Rods/Staves/Wands:	10
Breath Weapon:	12
Spells:	11

* Save vs. Spells Involving Will: 9

Armor Class: 0 (Elven Chain Mail +2 & Dexterity)

Hit Points: 75

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Shortsword +1, Luck Blade

Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0: [Sword] 15

[Sling] 13

Adjusted Weapon Damage Base: [Sword] 1d6+1 (S/M), 1d8+1 (L)

[Sling] 1d4+2 (S/M), 1d6+2 (L)

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2

Languages Known: Common, Dwarvish, Elvish, Gnomish, Halfling, Goblin, Orcish +4

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Shortsword +1, Luck Blade, "Der Glückliche": Bestows a +1 bonus to possessor's Saving Throws, additionally granting them 1 Wish (as per the spell). Sling +1: No special abilities.</i>	None.
Other Magic Items	Spells & Special Class Abilities
<i>Elven Chain Mail +2, Lesser Figurine of Wondrous Power (Serpentine Owl), Instrument of the Bards (Canaith Mandolin).</i>	<p>Thieving Abilities: <i>Pick Pockets: 55%; Open Locks: 52%; Find/Remove Traps: 40%; Move Silently: 45%; Hide in Shadows: 36%; Hear Noise: 20%; Climb Walls: 90%; Read Languages: 25%.</i></p> <p>Bardic Abilities: May Charm Person or Monster 42% with music. May Legend Lore with 30% accuracy. With 2 Rounds of performance, may Boost Morale by 10% or Inspire Friendly Attacks, giving a +1 bonus To-Hit. May Negate Song Attacks with performance.</p> <p>Druidic Abilities: <i>Identify plants; Identify animal; Identify Pure Water; Pass without trace through overgrown areas.</i></p> <p>Default Druid Spells (5/5/3) 1st: Animal Friendship, Entangle (x2), Faerie Fire, Speak with Animals; 2nd: Barkskin, Charm Person or Mammal, Cure Light Wounds (x2), Obscurement; 3rd: Cure Disease, Neutralize Poison, Water Breathing.</p>

Distribution of All Items Carried					
Left Side		Center, Back, or Feet		Right Side	
Item	Location	Item	Location	Item	Location
Mandolin	Carried	Elven Chain Mail	Worn	Mandolin	Carried
Serpentine Owl	On Shoulder	Backpack	Back	Short Sword	Sheathed at belt
Large leather pouch	Belt	Soft leather boots	Feet	Sling	Slung from Belt
Thief's Tools	In pouch	2 Oil Flasks	Back (Backpack)	Wineskin	Slung from Belt
Sling Bullets (x20)	In Pouch	50' Silk Rope	Back (Backpack)		
Scroll Case	Slung from 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)		
		Journal	Back (Backpack)		

Gold & Wealth: 33gp.	Experience Gained: 0
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Special Notes: Perhaps the most-beloved bard in recent Perrengeoffer history, Dame Ingrid Hauser is the stuff of folklore within the bounds of her homeland. A composer of fairy tales, songs, and epic poetry, very nearly every man, woman, and child in the nation betwixt the mountains can recite at least one - if not many, many more - of her works by heart. Perhaps the secret to artistic works created by Dame Hauser (as she was appointed by Perrengeoff's Voormann five years ago, in honor of her contributions to her native culture) is her most unusual approach to her craft. The bard is a member of the Eisenadler Mercenary Company, with whom she has traveled all across the continent, performing many sorts of missions, each fraught with deadly peril. It is on these various endeavors, she gains inspiration for her tales and songs. So it is that even though most consider her work to be fanciful fiction and vague kennings - it is all quite true. Likewise, those who so adore her craft might be surprised to discover that the multi-instrumentalist and mixed-media artist to be a deadly combatant who has saved the lives of her allies many times over with her various and potent skills and the depth of her knowledge of the lore of the land.

Dame Hauser is always accompanied by Wachtmeister Kurt Hofmann. A former inspector in the Perrengeoffer army, he was a great enthusiast of the bard's work, reading her fairy tales to his children before bed each night without fail. Tragically, Hofmann's entire family was slain seven years ago in an orcish incursion from the east when he was away on maneuvers, leaving the soldier broken and directionless. As fate would have it, two summers later, he would cross paths with Dame Hauser, sent by his military superiors to aid her on a special assignment. Working with the legendary artist reminded him of his children and soon Hofmann came to an epiphany: As long as she and her tales lived...then some small part of his son and daughter did as well. He pledged both his sword and his life to keeping Dame Hauser safe from harm - and he has acted as her most trusted henchman ever since.

Recently, word reached Dame Hauser's ears that the Eisenadler Mercenary Company was reuniting its most powerful and accomplished members to undertake a mission of paramount danger. While the rewards set before the group were said to be immense, the bard could care less about coin. The idea of another endeavor on which rare lore and unique monsters might be encountered was a far more powerful lure to her. So it was that she answered the call, bringing Wachtmeister Hofmann along with her. Together, they face the unknown with both bravery, wit - and profound imagination.

Player Name:

Character Name: Witch-Matriarch Ilse Weber

Race / Gender: Human Female

Level / Class: 8th level Cleric / 8th level Magic-User

Alignment: Lawful Good

Strength: 7 TH Bonus: -1 Dam. Bonus: ±0 Op. Doors: On 1 B. Bars: 0%
Intelligence: 17 6 Additional Languages Known
Wisdom: 17 Magical Attack Adjustment: +3
Dexterity: 15 Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0 Defensive Adjust.: -1
Constitution: 9 Hit Point Adjustment: ±0 System Shock: 65%
Charisma: 17 Reaction Adjustment: +30%

Adjusted Saving Throws	
Paralyzation:	7
Petrification:	10
Rods/Staves/Wands:	9
Breath Weapon:	13
Spells:	10

* Save vs. Spells Involving Will: 7

Armor Class: 3 (Bracers of Defense AC7, Ruby Gown of the Witch, & Dexterity)

Hit Points: 36

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Dagger

Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0: 16

Adjusted Weapon Damage Base: 1d4+1 (S/M), 1d4 (L)

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -3

Languages Known: Common, Dwarvish, Elvish, Gnome, Goblin, Hill Giantish, Orcish

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Dagger +1:</i> No special abilities.	None
Other Magic Items	Spells & Special Class Abilities
<i>Bracers of Protection AC7, Ruby Gown of the Witch</i> (Offers a +2 AC bonus at all times. On command, may shed light in a 40' diameter sphere. It can also be called upon to act exactly as a <i>Robe of Scintillating Colors</i> : Hypnotizing opponents and causing them to be unable to attack the wearer. It requires a full round for activation, but each round that they scintillate, any opponent not making its Saving Throw versus Magic will stand transfixed for 2-5 rounds. Even when this effect wears off, additional saves must again be made in order to successfully attack. Furthermore, every round of continuous scintillation of the robe makes the wearer 5% more difficult to hit with missile attacks or hand-held or body weaponry until a maximum of -5 is attained. After the initial round of concealment, the wearer is able to engage in all forms of activity which do not require movement of more than 1" from his or her starting position. In non-combat situations, the robe will simply hypnotize creatures failing their Saving Throws for a period of 2-5 turns), <i>Pearl of Power</i> (3 rd Level), <i>Potion of Fire Resistance, Ring of Telekinesis, Wand of Fireballs</i> (17 charges).	Default Cleric Spells (5/5/4/2) 1 st : <i>Command, Cure Light Wounds</i> (x2), <i>Protection from Evil, Sanctuary</i> ; 2 nd : <i>Augury, Hold Person</i> (x2), <i>Resist Fire, Silence 15' Radius</i> ; 3 rd : <i>Continual Light, Dispel Magic</i> (x2), <i>Speak with Dead</i> ; 4 th : <i>Cure Serious Wounds, Divination</i> . Turn Undead: <i>Skeleton: D; Zombie: D; Ghoul: D; Shadow: D; Wight: T; Ghost: T; Wraith: 4; Mummy: 7; Spectre: 10; Vampire: 13; Ghost: 16; Lich: 19; Special: 20.</i> * D = Automatically destroyed * T = Automatically turned Spells Memorized (4/3/3/2): 1 st : <i>Charm Person, Magic Missile, Shield, Unseen Servant</i> ; 2 nd : <i>Knock, Mirror Image, Pyrotechnics</i> ; 3 rd : <i>Fly, Monster Summoning I, Slow</i> ; 4 th : <i>Dimension Door, Fire Shield</i> (Hot). Under the effects of a permanent <i>Displacement</i> (as the <i>Cloak</i>), through link with familiar.
Animal Companions, Familiars, & Mounts	
<i>Geist:</i> An albino Displacer Beast, the feline demonstrates exceptional intelligence but typical ferocity in his service as the Witch-Matriarch's familiar. While he obedient and loyal to her, Geist seems to think of everything but his mistress as either some form of entertainment or prey.	

Distribution of All Items Carried					
Left Side		Center, Back, or Feet		Right Side	
Item	Location	Item	Location	Item	Location
Bracer of Defense	Worn	Gown	Worn	Bracer of Defense	Worn
Wand	Carried	Holy symbol	Worn	Ring	Worn
Large leather pouch	Belt	Backpack	Back	Dagger	Sheathed at belt
Pearl	In Pouch	Soft leather boots	Feet	Waterskin	Slung from belt
Familiar Treats	In Pouch	2 Oil Flasks	Back (Backpack)	Scroll Case	Belt
Hemp Rigging	Belt	50' Rope	Back (Backpack)	Mapping materials	In case
Potion	In Rigging	2 Large leather sacks	Back (Backpack)		
3 Flasks of holy water	In Rigging	3 Torches	Back (Backpack)		
		Tinderbox, flint, & steel	Back (Backpack)		
		2 weeks Iron Rations	Back (Backpack)		

Gold & Wealth: 64gp.	Experience Gained: 0
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Special Notes: Witch-Matriarch Ilse Weber is a relative newcomer to Perrengeoff. It is no secret that the nation betwixt the mountains yet bears the stain created by years of durance beneath the yoke of the so-called Queen of Witches, centuries ago. That individual, no matter her power, directly insults the Goddess of Magic and Death - The Witch Goddess herself! - with both her name and the vulgar manner with which she used the Invisible Art. So it was that the High Priestess of Keoughland's Ruby Cathedral sent forth her most skilled and wise junior to attend to the folk of Perrengeoff: Both to defend those innocents against that which the blasphemous sorceress once wrought and to demonstrate how a true Witch was expected to conduct herself.

Within three years, Ilse Weber had established herself in the region, joining a mercenary group called the Eisenadler Mercenary Company. As they traveled all across Perrengeoff, she knew that by fighting alongside their lot, she could reach many of the commonfolk, gaining their trust when their own respected countrymen vouched for her. The plan worked perfectly. Throughout the course of many dangerous adventures, she was able to prove herself a valuable and trusted comrade and a willing and able defender of the meek and helpless. Soon enough, Ilse was accepted just as if she were one of Perrengeoff's own daughters. Better still, she was able to gain much in the way of power and influence while working with the Eisenadlers. This enabled her to build a church in the city of Blackbear from which she could further her cause yet more. She was humbled beyond words when her superior surprised Ilse by attending its opening and named her the land's Witch-Matriarch: Second in authority beneath herself. As a gift to commemorate the honor, she gave her one of her own knights to see to her safety and the defense of the faith in Perrengeoff: A silent and stoic behemoth of a paladin named Herr Jannik Schar.

Recently, the Witch-Matriarch received a vision from her goddess. Soon, she would be called upon for a vital quest that somehow involved undoing the plans of the Queen of Witches. The gooseflesh had not quite left her arms when word came to her - precisely an hour later! - that the most powerful and accomplished Eisenadlers were being gathered together to undertake a dangerous mission. Ilse wasted no time in putting the junior priestesses within her church in charge of its affairs, then packing up her belongings with great haste and Herr Schar at her side. The events of her entire life seem ready to build to their culmination!

Player Name:

Character Name: Oberst Klaus Hunziker

Race / Gender: Human Male

Level / Class: 8th level Fighter / 8th level Magic-User

Alignment: Lawful Neutral

Strength: 17 TH Bonus: +1 Dam. Bonus: +1 Op. Doors: On 1-3 B. Bars: 13%
Intelligence: 16 5 Additional Languages Known
Wisdom: 13 Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0
Dexterity: 14 Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0 Defensive Adjust.: -±0
Constitution: 16 Hit Point Adjustment: +2 System Shock: 95%
Charisma: 15 Reaction Adjustment: +15%

Adjusted Saving Throws	
Paralyzation:	10
Petrification:	11
Rods/Staves/Wands:	9
Breath Weapon:	12
Spells:	9

* Is allowed a Saving Throw of 18 against effects not usually allowing such a defense.

Armor Class: 4 (Bracers of Defense AC6, Ring of Protection +2)

Hit Points: 60

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Rod of Smiting

Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0: [Rod] 11
[Short Bow] 13

Adjusted Weapon Damage Base: [Rod] 1d8+4 (S/M), 1d8+4 (L)
[Short Bow] 1d6+1 (S/M), 1d6+1 (L)

Attacks Per Round: [Rod] 3/2
[Short Bow] 2

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2

Languages Known: Common, Dwarvish, Gnome, Hill Giantish, Goblin, Orcish

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Rod of Smiting, "Donner"</i> (36 charges): This weapon is capable of doing severe damage to specific foes. Against golems the rod does 2d8+6hp of damage and any To-Hit roll of 20 or better completely destroys the monster and drains 1 charge from the rod. The weapon does normal damage versus creatures of the outer planes such as demons, devils, and night hags, however any score of 20 or better draws off 1 charge and causes triple damage. <i>Short Bow +1:</i> No special abilities.	None
Other Magic Items	Spells & Special Class Abilities
<i>Bracers of Protection AC6, Potion of Invulnerability, Ring of Protection +2, Ring of Spell Storing (Strength, Dimension Door, and Improved Invisibility), Scarab of Protection (70 charges), Wand of Magic Missiles (24 charges).</i>	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>Fly, Haste, Lightning Bolt</i> ; 4 th : <i>Ice Storm, Polymorph Self</i> .

Distribution of All Items Carried					
Left Side		Center, Back, or Feet		Right Side	
Item	Location	Item	Location	Item	Location
Wand	Carried	Scarab	Worn	Rod	Carried
Bracer	Worn	Backpack	Back	Bracer	Worn
Ring	Worn	Soft leather boots	Feet	Ring	Worn
Quiver	Slung from belt	2 Oil Flasks	Back (Backpack)	Large leather pouch	Belt
Arrows (x20)	In Quiver	50' Rope	Back (Backpack)	Wineskin	Sling from belt
Scroll Case	Belt	2 Large leather sacks	Back (Backpack)	Hemp Rigging	Belt
Mapping materials	In case	3 Torches	Back (Backpack)	Potion	In Rigging
		Tinderbox, flint, & steel	Back (Backpack)		
		2 weeks Iron Rations	Back (Backpack)		
		Short Bow	Slung across back		

Gold & Wealth: 50gp.	Experience Gained: 0
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Special Notes: Klaus Hunziker was raised in an environment of great pressure. The son of a famous Field Marshal in the Perrengeoffer army, he was expected to follow in his father's footsteps - as the males of his family had for as long as there was a nation to serve. A stern and strict man, the elder Hunziker raised Klaus in such a way that nothing but absolute perfection was considered acceptable and discipline was extremely severe. When he was old enough, he was sent to the best military academies within the country; when he displayed a talent for magic as well as maneuvers, he was apprenticed to the most learned wizards that could be swayed by coin. As a result of this upbringing, when he was old enough to join the military, he did so as an officer - and a more capable warrior and mage than men three times his age.

Of course, no small few were terribly jealous of Klaus. After five years within the Perrengeoffer army and a series of promotions that saw him rise to the position of Oberst and a teacher of young wizards and witches, some of his contemporaries had had enough of the young man. They engineered a situation in which he was ordered to lead a woefully underpowered and undermanned force into an orcish ambush in the mountain foothills. The group was massacred and Klaus was forced to return to garrison shamed and humiliated. Not long afterwards, he was drummed out of the army and left to fend for himself.

Looking for some sort of purpose in life after the military, a chance encounter saw Klaus meet with members of the Eisenadler Mercenary Company. Impressed with his skills and sharp mind, they allowed him to join their number. The experience was a revelation to Klaus. Adventuring with the men and women of the group was...**fun!** It was something he had never experienced in all his time in the army. He was appreciated for being himself and it was not long at all before he came to think of those within the company as brothers and sisters. All the while, Klaus gained much more in personal power and wealth than he ever could have hoped to, as a member of the army.

To his surprise, however, he was recalled to garrison last year by high-ranking military officials. It seemed that one of his students - a young girl named Emma Marti that he could only barely remember - had known that her teacher was far too keen a military mind to allow himself to be ambushed as he'd been. She had worked tirelessly since he'd been drummed out to reveal what had really happened. At last, she provided proof of the set-up that had brought him low. Klaus was asked to return to the army with full rank and length of service reinstated. He flatly refused. Again, he was surprised when young Emma chose to resign as well. If her teacher felt so strongly - then she would do the same.

On his way back from garrison, Klaus received word that the Eisenadlers were calling for their most powerful and experienced members to undertake a mission of utmost importance and inestimable danger. Full of pride in the group and the spirit of friendship with their number, he quickly made for the city of Blackbear, where the details of the mission would be plain. Young Emma - now a magi of no small power in her own right - followed at his heels the entire way until he agreed to allow her to accompany him as a henchman. The girl continues to surprise him at every turn. Now Klaus just has to hope no awful surprises await either of them in the source of their mission.

Player Name:

Character Name: Herman Studer of the Heilige Hunde

Race / Gender: Human Male

Level / Class: 8th level Fighter / 8th level Thief

Alignment: Lawful Neutral

Strength: 16 TH Bonus: ±0 Dam. Bonus: +1 Op. Doors: On 1-3 B. Bars: 10%
Intelligence: 11 2 Additional Languages Known
Wisdom: 12 Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0
Dexterity: 16 Reaction / Attack Adjust.: +1 Defensive Adjust.: -2
Constitution: 16 Hit Point Adjustment: +2 System Shock: 95%
Charisma: 15 Reaction Adjustment: +15%

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

Armor Class: 0 (Leather Armor +2 & Dexterity)

Hit Points: 60

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Longsword +3, Frost Brand

Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0: [Longsword] 11 or 8 (vs. Fire-using or Dwelling Creatures)
[Light Crossbow] 11

Adjusted Weapon Damage Base: [Longsword] 1d8+4 (vs. S/M), 1d12+4 (vs. L)
[Longsword vs. Fire Creatures] 1d8+7 (vs. S/M), 1d12+7 (vs. L)
[Light Crossbow] 1d4 (vs. S/M), 1d4 (vs. L)

Attacks Per Round: 3/2

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2

Languages Known: Common, Gnome, Orcish

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Longsword +3, Frost Brand, "Eiszapfen":</i> Shaped like a long, jagged piece of perfectly transparent ice, the blade is a +6 weapon against Fire-using or Dwelling Creatures. The sword does not shed any light, except when the temperature is below 0° F. It protects its wielder as if they were wearing a <i>Ring of Fire Resistance</i> and whenever it is thrust into fires it has a 50% chance of extinguishing them in a 10' radius including a <i>wall of fire</i> but excluding a <i>fireball</i> , <i>meteor swarm</i> , or <i>flame strike</i> .	None.
<i>Light Crossbow +1:</i> No special abilities.	
Other Magic Items	Spells & Special Class Abilities
<i>Leather Armor +2, Quarrels +1 (x20), Bag of Holding (1,000lbs), Cloak of Protection +2, Potion of Invisibility, Ring of Free Action.</i>	<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. <i>Thieving Abilities:</i> <i>Pick Pockets: 65%; Open Locks: 62%; Find/Remove Traps: 55%; Move Silently: 62%; Hide in Shadows: 49%; Hear Noise: 25%; Climb Walls: 96%; Read Languages: 40%.</i>

Distribution of All Items Carried					
Left Side		Center, Back, or Feet		Right Side	
Item	Location	Item	Location	Item	Location
Ring	Worn	Leather Armor	Worn	Longsword	Carried
Quiver	Belt	Cloak	Worn	Waterskin	Sling from belt
Quarrels (x20)	In quiver	Backpack	Back	Leather Rigging	On belt
Bag	Belt	Hard leather boots	Feet	Potion	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)		

Gold & Wealth: 50gp.	Experience Gained: 0
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Special Notes: The city of Nuht is like a nation unto itself. It is known as the center of the faith known as the Old Kerk and can make a credible claim for being the religious heart of Perrengeoff itself. Indeed, the city possesses its own army: The famous Heilige Hunde, a formidable fighting force comprised of guerrilla-style warriors and magi specializing in asymmetrical combat. Of these worthies, Herman Studer was considered one of the finest. Beginning at the lowest rungs of the Heilige Hunde, his fighting skill and clever understanding of tactics eventually saw him receive a commission as an officer within the ranks of the group. Indeed, such was the respect he was afforded within the group that he was allowed to personally train his beloved sister Petra – an illusionist of no small power – in the way of the Heilige Hunde, despite her lack of discipline and her free-spirited demeanor that would otherwise see her drummed out of most military groups.

Five years ago, the Eisenadler Mercenary Company was in the midst of undertaking several missions not far from Nuht’s walls. The Heilige Hunde felt the need to keep a close eye upon the force to ensure that they were friends, not foes, and so ordered Herman to infiltrate the group, posing as a prospective member. To his surprise, the adventures that the soldier had with the mercenaries were among the best times of his life. Not only did he find a bond of brotherhood with the members of the company, but he gained much in the way of personal power and wealth at their sides. Last year, he was recalled by the Heilige Hunde to Nuht, which forced him to “retire” from the Eisenadlers, resuming his rightful place amongst the defenders of that city.

Recently, however, Herman received news from his old friends that he could not ignore. The Eisenadlers were calling for their most powerful and experienced members to undertake a mission of the most dangerous sort. Great wealth was promised to those succeeding in its charter. While Herman was happy back in Nuht, he could not bear the thought of his good friends risking all while he sat idly by. Likewise, the thought of a final mission amongst their number got his blood racing in its veins. He knew that he had to join them. Unfortunately, Petra also learned of the mission and begged and pleaded Herman to allow her to join him. So it is that the two of them took leave from the Heilige Hunde and sped southward to the city of Blackbear where the Eisenadlers were regrouping. Now Herman is not only intent on completing the mission – but in keeping both his friends and the somewhat-wild sister he so adores safe, as well.

Followers & Henchmen

Wachtmeister Kurt Hofmann

(Bodyguard to Dame Ingrid Hauser)

AC 5 (*Ring Mail +1* & Shield); MV 12; Ranger 5; HP 49; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4+2 (*Broadsword +1*); Str 16, Int 13, Wis 14, Dex 9, Con 16, Cha 12; AL NG.

Magic Items: *Ring Mail +1*, *Broadsword +1*, *Potion of Fire Resistance*

Traits: Brave, Driven, Humble, Suspicious, Unforgiving.

Schwester Makellos Helga

(Attendant to High Priest Jürgen Schweizer)

AC 6 (*Ring of Protection +1*); MV 19; Monk 5; HP 31; THAC0 18; #AT 1 or 5/4; Dmg 1d6+3 (*Jo Staff*) or 1d6+2 (Open hand); Str 16, Int 9, Wis 15, Dex 16, Con 16, Cha 8; SA Stunning attack; SD Fall up to 20', Immune to disease, *haste*, & *slow*, Missile deflection, Surprised only 26%; SQ Speak with animals, AL LG.

Monk Skills: OL 47, FT 40, MS 40, HS 31, HN 20, CW 90.

Magic Items: *Potion of Hill Giant Strength*, *Potion of Sweet Water*, *Ring of Protection*

Traits: Aloof, Clean, Even-tempered, Kindly, Scrupulous.

Dame Lara Koller

(Adviser to Baron Maximilian Brunner von Sulzer)

AC 5 (*Leather Armor* & Dex 17); MV 12; Thief 5; HP 26; THAC0 ; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6+1 (*Short Sword +1*); Str 12, Int 16, Wis 13, Dex 17, Con 12, Cha 16; SA Triple damage from backstab; AL CG.

Thieving Skills: PP 55, OL 52, FT 40, MS 45, HS 36, HN 20, CW 90, RL 25.

Magic Items: *Short sword +1*, *Ring of Free Action*

Traits: Bright, Caring, Nervous, Pretty, Young.

“Autumn's Hand”, Sabine Vogel

(Catspaw of Stefan Maurer, Wizard of the Dark Crucible)

AC 3 (*Studded Leather +1*); MV 12; Assassin 5; HP 36; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6+2 (*Shortsword +1*); Str 16, Int 14, Wis 8, Dex 16, Con 16, Cha 7; SA Assassinate, Triple damage from backstab; SQ Disguise; AL LE.

Thieving Skills: PP 40, OL 38, FT 30, MS 27, HS 20, HN 15, CW 87.

Magic Items: *Shortsword +1*, *Studded Leather +1*, *Potion of Levitation*.

Traits: Amoral, Perceptive, Nihilist, Unfeeling, Young.

Canon Gustav Zurcher

(Adviser to Herr Andreas Gerber)

AC 3 (*Chain Mail +1* & Shield); MV 12; Cleric 5; HP 37; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6+1 (*Mace +1*); Str 14, Int 10, Wis 16, Dex 12, Con 15, Cha 12; AL LG.

Spells: 1st: *Create Water*, *Cure Light Wounds* (x3), *Detect Magic*, 2nd: *Augury*, *Hold Person*, *Slow Poison*, *Spiritual Hammer* (x2), 3rd: *Create Food & Water*.

Magic Items: *Chain Mail +1*, *Mace +1*, *Potion of Healing*

Traits: Pensive, Proud, Sober, Studious, Truthful.

Hans Wagner, Initiate of the 3rd Circle

(Attendant to Dame Holzfäller Hildegard Moser)

AC 6 (*Leather Armor +1* & Shield); MV 12; Druid 5; HP 37; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6+1 (*Spear +1*); Str 12, Int 11, Wis 16, Dex 14, Con 15, Cha 15; AL N.

Spells: 1st: *Animal Friendship*, *Entangle* (x3), *Faerie Fire*, *Purify Water*, 2nd: *Barkskin*, *Charm Person* or *Mammal*, *Cure Light Wounds* (x2), 3rd: *Neutralize Poison*, *Summon Insects*.

Magic Items: *Leather Armor +1*, *Spear +1*, *Potion of Healing*

Traits: Cheerful, Dreaming, Easy Going, Old, Reverent.

Aufpasser Bernhard Schmidt

(Bodyguard to Wolfgang "Der Wolf" Müller)

AC 3 (*Chain Mail +1* & Shield); MV 12; Fighter 5; HP 50; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8+2 (*Battleaxe +1*); Str 16, Int 8, Wis 14, Dex 10, Con 16, Cha 12; AL LN.

Magic Items: *Chain Mail +1*, *Battleaxe+1*, *Potion of Healing*

Traits: Attentive, Brave, Loyal, Quiet.

Herr Jannik Schar

(Bodyguard to Witch-Matriarch Ilse Weber)

AC 2 (*Plate Mail* & Shield); MV 6; Paladin 5; HP 50; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4+2 (*Bastard Sword +1*); Str 16, Int 10, Wis 15, Dex 9, Con 16, Cha 17; AL LG.

Magic Items: *Bastard Sword +1*, *Potion of Climbing*, *Potion of Levitation*

Traits: Fearless, Mute, Very Honorable, Virtuous.

The Thaumaturgist of Quagfließen, Emma Marti

(Apprentice to Oberst Klaus Hunziker)

AC 7 (*Bracers of Defense AC7*); MV 12; Magic-User 5; HP 18; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4-1 (*Dagger*); Str 7, Int 16, Wis 14, Dex 12, Con 8, Cha 15; AL CG.

Spells: 1st: *Burning Hands*, *Charm Person*, *Magic Missile* (x3), 2nd: *Invisibility*, *Knock*, 3rd: *Haste*.

Magic Items: *Bracers of Defense AC7*, *Potion of ESP*, *Potion of Flying*

Traits: Clever, Enigmatic, Mercurial, Unforgiving.

Petra Studer, The Cabalist of the Heilige Hunde

(Adviser to Herr Herman Studer of the Heilige Hunde)

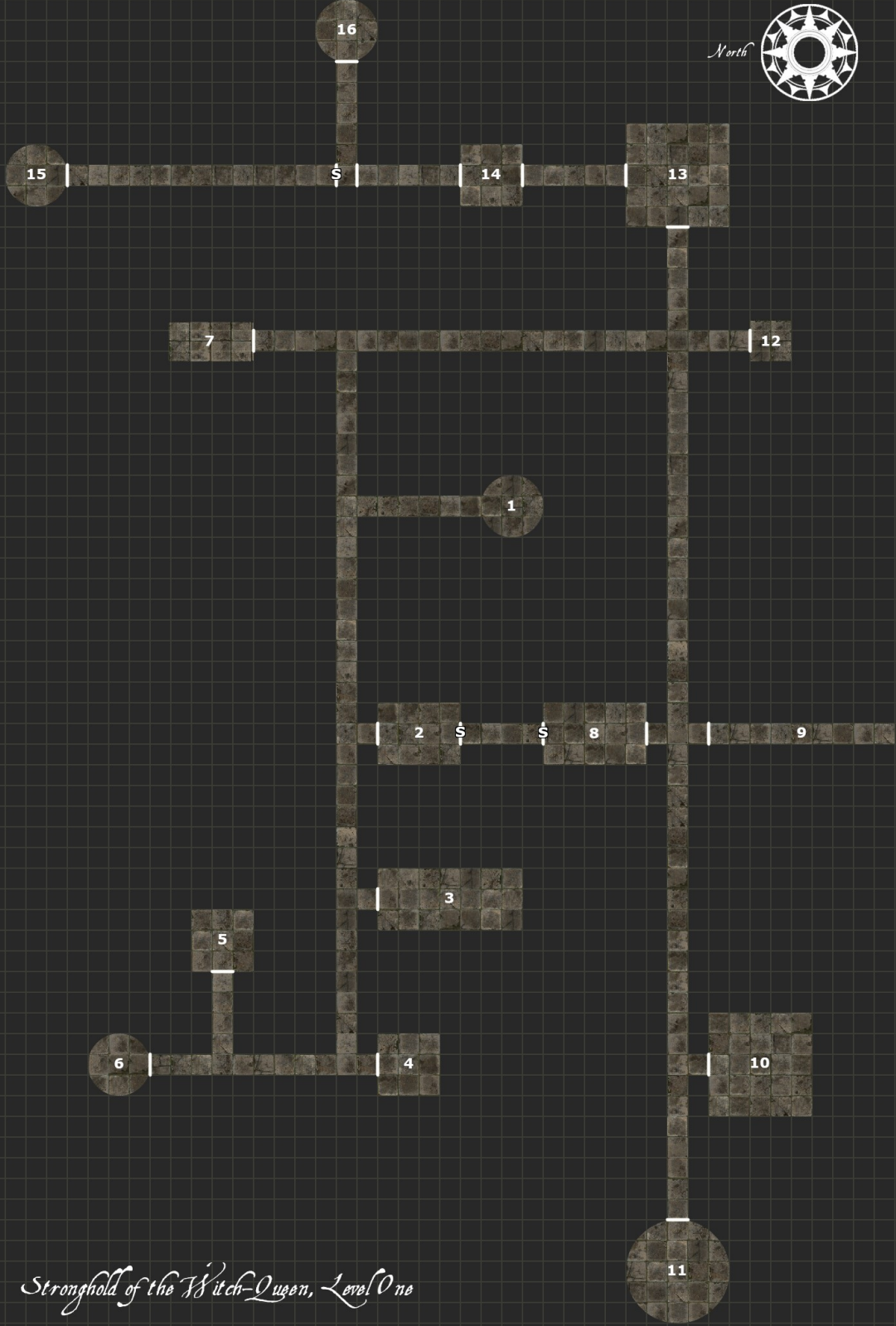
AC 6 (*Bracers of Defense AC7* & Dex 15); MV 12; Illusionist 5; HP 18; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4+1 (*Dart*); Str 9, Int 16, Wis 10, Dex 16, Con 9, Cha 13; AL NG.

Spells: 1st: *Color Spray* (x2), *Phantasmal Force*, *Wall of Fog*, 2nd: *Invisibility*, *Mirror Image*, 3rd: *Spectral Force*.

Magic Items: *Bracers of Defense AC7*, *Potion of Diminution*, *Potion of Polymorph*

Traits: Creative, Energetic, Playful, Soft-Hearted.

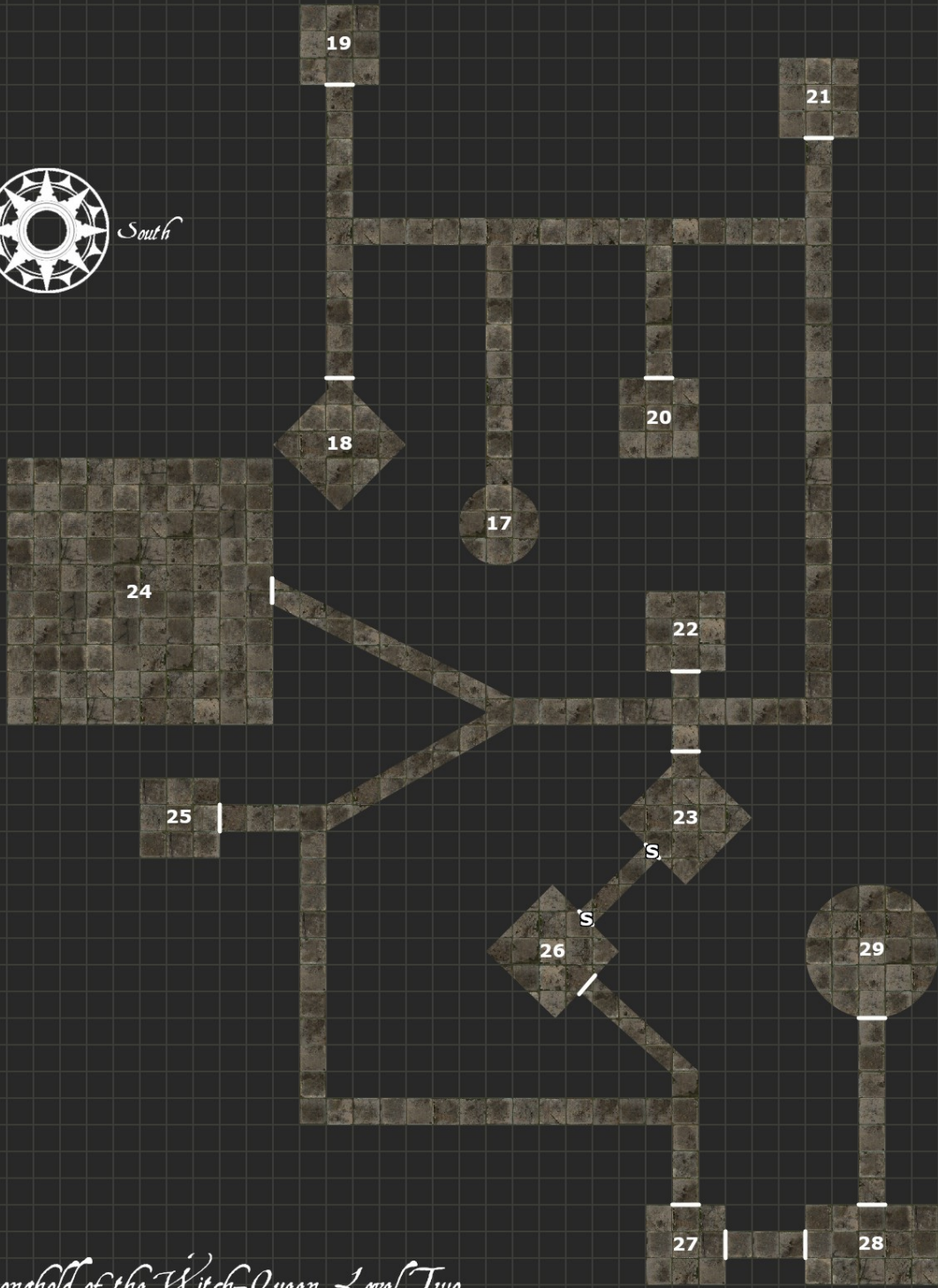
Appendix D: ADVENTURE MAPS



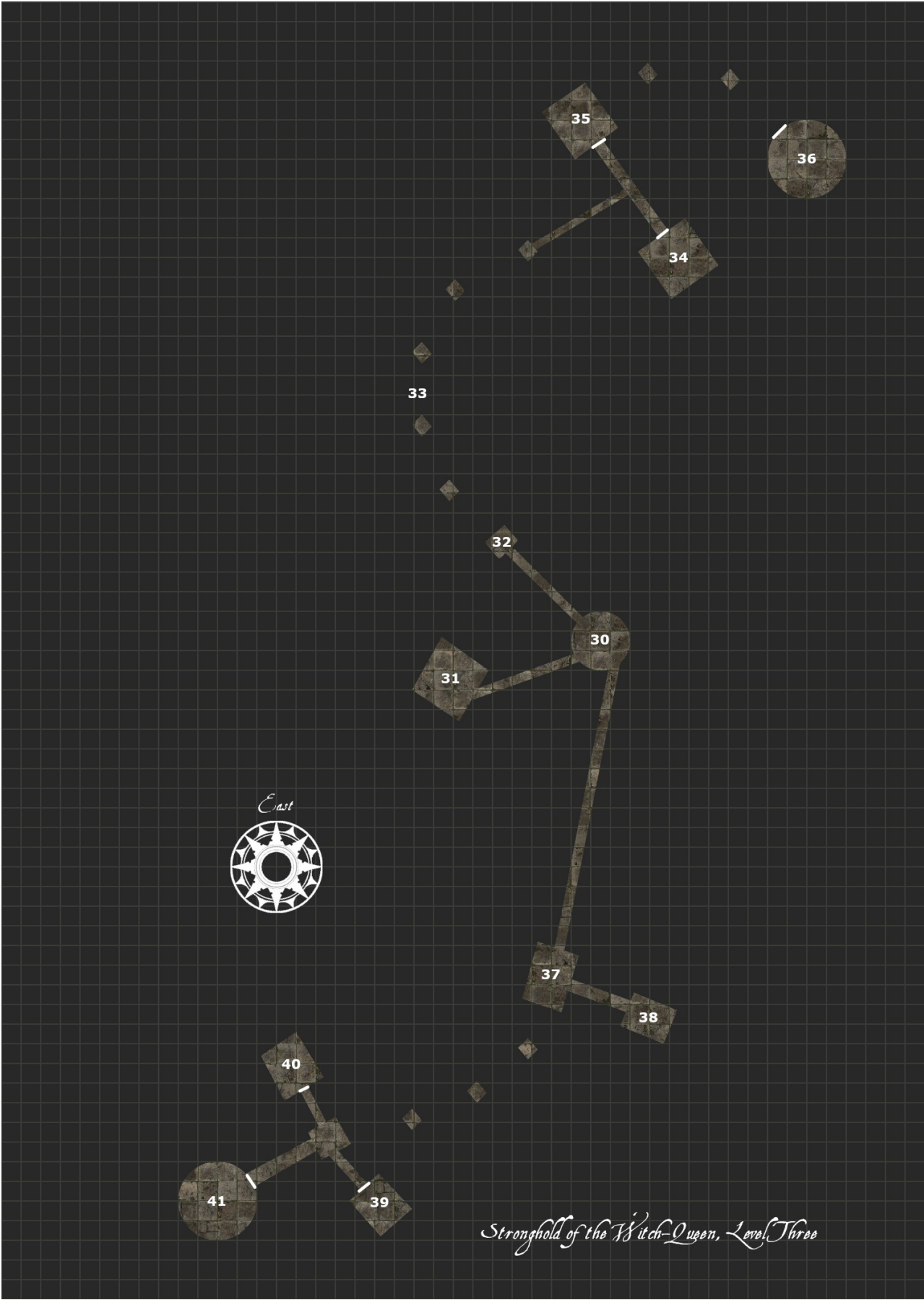
Stronghold of the Witch-Queen, Level One



South



Stronghold of the Witch-Queen, Level Two



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