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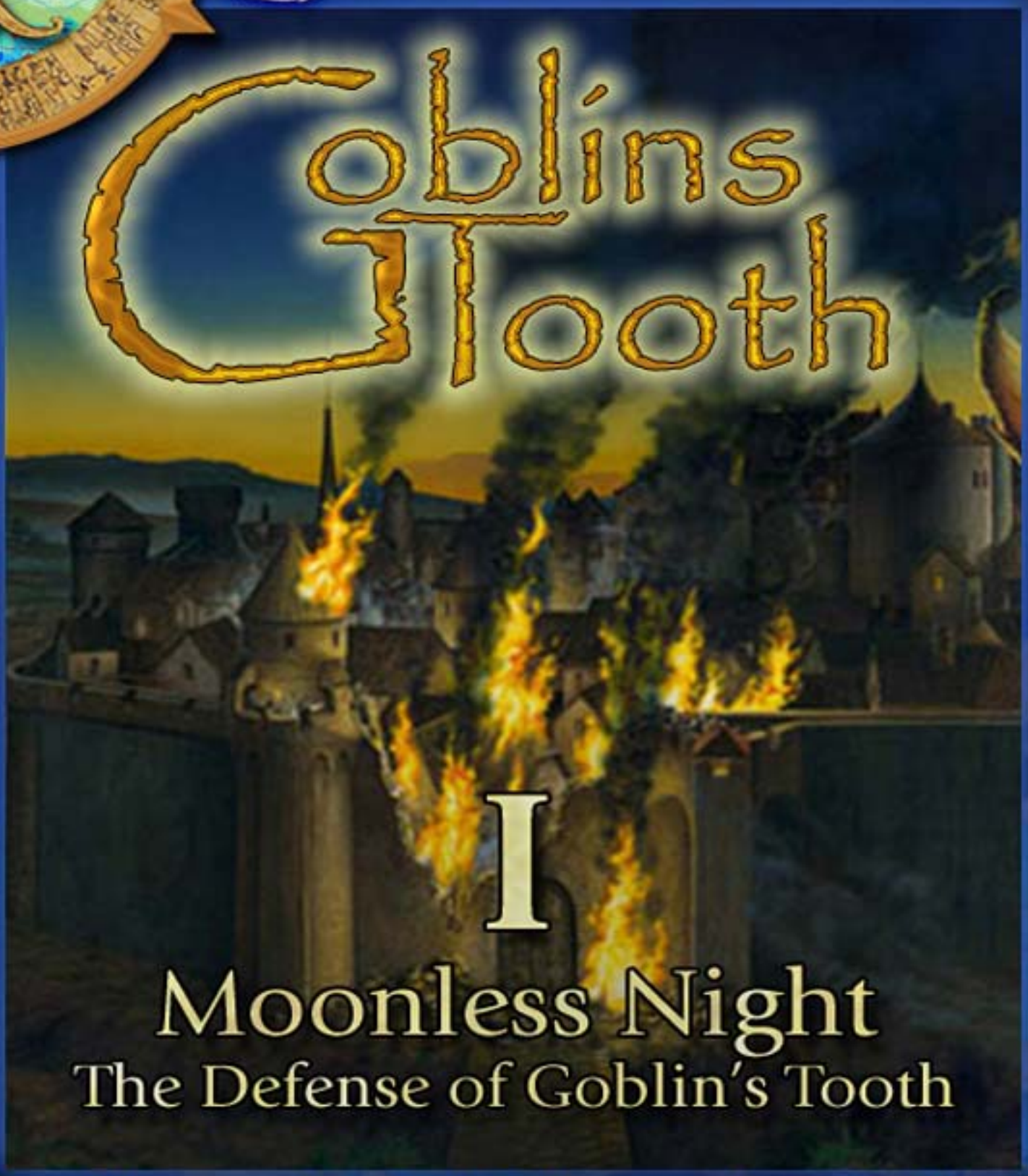
Goblins Tooth



I

Moonless Night

The Defense of Goblin's Tooth

An adventure for 6 - 10 players at 1st - 3rd level

Compatible with 1st Edition Advanced Dungeons & Dragons

By Lorne Marshall

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GOBLIN'S TOOTH PART I

Moonless Night:

The Defense of Goblin's Tooth

for 6-10 characters, experience levels 1-3

By Lorne Marshall

This fantasy adventure module is dedicated to E. Gary Gygax,
creator of the Advanced Dungeons & Dragons game,
as inadequate thanks for his contribution to the gaming community.

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Foreward

Moonless Night is an adventure module composed of short adventures which are compatible with both the first and second editions of the Advanced Dungeons and Dragons game. The adventures are designed with novice players and dungeon masters (DMs) in mind; more experienced gamers may find the action too scripted, the dangers too forgiving, and the plot too linear for their tastes. In such a case, the DM is encouraged to expand, revise, and delete as necessary.

It is the author's intent that this module be easily integrated into an ongoing campaign. Background information, such as a history of the area and the names and personalities of non-player characters (NPCs), are provided for DMs that are relatively inexperienced or pressed for preparation time, but the best use of these scenarios involves the DM changing the names of locales and NPCs, then dropping the whole setting into an area of her campaign world; any frontier area near mountains with wooded foothills would be suitable.

Each of the five adventures was designed to be played within a six- to eight-hour time frame. The town should be explored thoroughly enough to meet the major NPCs, and scenarios should be played in the order presented; these suggestions are made because the actions of the player characters (PCs) and events they witness will have an impact on the playability or believability of the later adventures.

For purposes of simplicity, the scenarios have been identified by letter. The Dungeon Master will find each location of interest marked on the various maps with both a letter and number; the letter indicating the scenario, while the number corresponds to a numbered entry in the scenario. Thus, A1 refers to the first numbered entry in scenario A, etcetera. Those locations not tied to a specific scenario, such as the village itself and overview maps for the DM and players, are not identified by letter for obvious reasons. They are provided to give the DM a general idea of how adventure locations are related, and to manage overland travel.

Another convention involves having text set apart for the DM to read to players when a specific encounter area is entered. Text designed to be read aloud to the players is set in italic type.

Lastly, it was necessary to bend some rules to make the module as a whole easily playable with both the first and second editions of the AD&D game. Players of the first edition will discover that second edition rules for monster statistics, experience point (xp) values for monsters, and the second edition option for 'story goal' xp are the standard for these scenarios, while second edition players will find no references to character kits, weapon specialization, or the non-weapon proficiency system. Purists from either edition are invited to make changes as their favorite system requires.

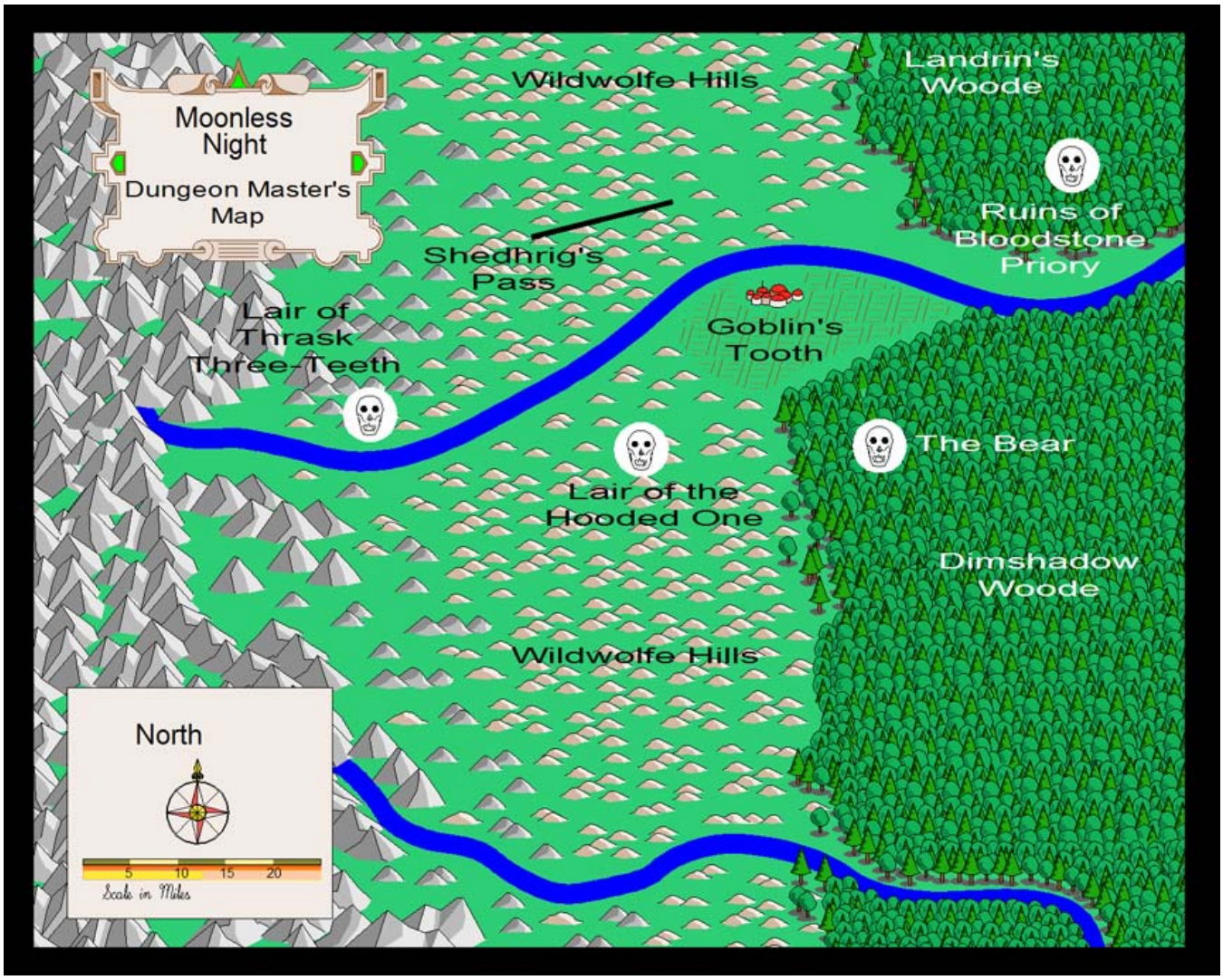
Prologue

As when the sun . . . from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs.

John Milton, *Paradise Lost I*

Since ancient times, man has noted that significant historical events are often heralded by movements in the heavens. The events in **Moonless Night** are no exception. Our story unfolds in the wake of a lunar eclipse, witnessed by the heroes en route to the Village of Goblin's Tooth. Whether or not the PCs are together during this event is not relevant, but all should see the eclipse as they journey towards the ill-fated town. While the heroes are camped for the night on a hilltop two days' travel from the village, the hero keeping watch (and anyone else he chooses to waken) observes the following:

It is a clear night, and while the air still carries the chill of late spring, lustrous stars in the endless azure above seem to promise warmer days ahead. The ribbons of light shed by the full moon caress the landscape with their inconstant arms, shrouding hill and tree and road first in deep blue, then silver, then velvet, as the world around you takes on the motionless, unreal quality that comes with the passing of midnight. A wave of



darkness begins to spread across the tapestry of rolling hills laid before you, causing you to look skyward. A shadow, like the maw of a great beast, begins to crawl cross the face of the moon. Even as you watch, a crescent of the full moon grows dark; now half the moon is consumed, and by the time you've roused your companions, all that remains of the glowing orb above is a halo of silver light that hovers, crown-like, about a sphere of utter blackness. After a few moments, the shadow retreats to whence it came, leaving the moon and landscape much as it was . . . although you are left with a lingering sense that something, seemingly just beyond your perception, has been forever changed.

The lunar eclipse the heroes have just witnessed is the harbinger of the evil that will soon threaten to engulf the small town. Before the next full moon rises, a ragged band of adventurers will become the deciding factor in the resolution of a centuries-old conflict, becoming either heroes or victims of destiny.

Allow the heroes to reach the village without further incident. Encourage them to explore the town, meet some of the more prominent residents, purchase equipment and supplies, and become acquainted with any NPC adventurers the DM wishes to include in the PC party. The Town Council is scheduled to meet shortly after the heroes arrive (perhaps allowing a day or two to meet town NPCs, learn some local history, and spend some gold. It is during the council meeting that the adventure truly begins, and the DM can turn his attention to the first scenario.

DM's Background

On the adventure setting: Goblin's Tooth. All five scenarios in Moonless Night are centered around Goblin's Tooth, a border village on the very outskirts of human civilization; while located in a moderately dangerous geographical location, the village is surrounded by extremely fertile land, and the residents have had little difficulty with humanoid incursion since the Goblin War 20 years past.

At Game Present, Goblin's Tooth is home to about 250 souls, few of which have any idea how their settlement came to be (see History of Goblin's Tooth, q.v.). There are only three stone buildings in the town: the church, the barracks, and the squire's manor house. All other buildings are wood frame, wattle-and-daub affairs with thatched roofs. Due to its proximity to the borderlands and its position at the end of a trade route, the village has a blacksmith, weaponsmith, armorer, and other special tradesmen, in spite of its comparably low population.

The village is under the authority of Squire William Derleson, who has sworn fealty to Baron Ulrik Norithion of Blackstone. The aging squire's authority is seldom exerted, however; he prefers puttering in his apple orchards east of town over tending to affairs of state. The village and surrounding lands are actually governed by the Reeve, Sir Derrick of Ander's Fen.

A seven-member Village Council meets to decide matters beneath the attention of the reeve. The council meets each fortnight at the Shady Oak Inn for discussion of various domestic matters. Current council members include Nelbrum the Miller, Martin the Blacksmith, Jacob the Woodworker, Sarah the Potter, Edward the Grocer, Rebekah the Tavernkeep, and Hazel the Inkeep.

For matters of defense and public safety, the reeve has established a village watch composed of two dozen men-at-arms, a watch sergeant and a watch captain. These fellows are first-level fighters and wear drab, gray surcoats over chainmail. They are typically armed with shields, clubs, and longswords. The sergeant is a third-level fighter who wears banded mail, and carries a shield and footman's flail. He wears a light gray sash and has a gray plume on his helm as indication of his rank. The sixth-level captain wears plate mail and wields a two-handed sword; his sash and plume are white. The captain also has the dubious distinction of being a minor villain for Scenario C.

One responsibility of the sergeant of the watch is to train the village militia. At present, 75 men from the village and surrounding lands train twice weekly under the sergeant's eye. These fellows can be considered 1-1 HD regulars, and are divided into two skirmishing units of 10 men each (studded leather armor, spear, shortsword, dagger), three units of 10 archers (leather armor, shortsword, dagger), and one unit of 25 pikemen (studded leather armor, pike, dagger).

In addition, a protective hedge of thorn bushes, roughly five feet in height and thickness, has been cultivated around the town; the only openings in the hedge are located where roads exit the village. The openings can be quickly blocked with wagons in the event of a raid.

The squire's manor is well-fortified, and is further protected by a filled moat and drawbridge. The populace generally considers the village to be capable of responding to an attack by humanoids from the wilder lands, though none have come recently. In the event of a major attack, weapons and armor are brought into the squire's manor from the smithies, and the populace could uncomfortably stay within the manor's walls for a brief siege.

On the history of Goblin's Tooth: The village that is today known as Goblin's Tooth has a history more extensive than the local inhabitants could guess. The green vale that now supports the settlement was home to a sect of Druids; the great forest to the south was a Sylvan paradise, a dwelling place for elves, centaurs, unicorns, and other fey folk.

The Druids of the Valley were led by their High Priestess, Goewin. Her power was the stuff of legends, and combined with the magic of the elves, was more than sufficient to prevent monstrous incursion. Goewin and her people lived in peace for centuries.

At the dawn of the present age, a new threat presented itself to the Druids of the Valley: man. Unlike the traditional foes of the valley, humans did not seek to conquer the vale; rather, they peacefully settled in the region, but more seemed to come with each passing day.

It was during this period that the village was named. In days of old, places were not named for the sake of having a name; they were instead referred to by who lived there. Since the area was inhabited by Goewin's people, the vale was called "Goewin Tuath," loosely translated as "Goewin's people." Humans always struggled with the fey tongue, and "Goewin Tuath" passed into human language as "Goblin's Tooth."

The years passed, and the humans happily shared the space with the Druids for a time. The Druids felt a growing sense of disquiet, however, for some of the humans had cruel tendencies, and few respected nature in the way the Druids and Fey did. Realizing that the humans had no intention of embracing the ancient ways, the Druids wanted them to leave; but since the humans were not militarily aggressive (only culturally aggressive), driving them off by force was dishonorable. The Druids devised a much subtler plan for their removal.

By fey standards, humans live an extraordinarily short time. The Druids reasoned that, since humans seemed to be basically incapable of defending themselves, the humans would be brought to extinction at the hands of natural predators, monsters, or even winter if the Druids and other sylvan creatures were to withdraw from the area. Indeed, even the memory of the Druids would pass in the course of a few human generations. Then the area could be reclaimed by its ancient inhabitants.

Over the span of a few years, the Druids and fey folk withdrew from the valley, beyond the great southern forest. The humans first anticipated their return, but as of this day only wee ones hear of the return of the fey folk— as bedtime stories. The great southern forest has become a twisted mockery of what it once was, serving now as a dwelling place for humanoids, giant spiders, scavenger beasts, and even the walking dead. Thus the forest was named by man: Dimshadow Woode.

The ancient enemies of the fey, long driven back into the hills and mountains, descended with a vengeance to claim the verdant fields. The humans fought bravely and held the vale, but centuries of blood-soaked conflict followed. The most recent chapter in this violent history was the Goblin War of two decades past, when several goblin tribes united under the banner of Goblin King Usok One-Fang, who nearly took over the vale. The chaotic goblins have lacked a strong leader since Usok, and their random predations of the settlement since the war have been few and unprofitable.

On the tale of Shedhrig, and the mountain pass that bears his name: The Goblin War of 20 years past left vivid memories with the populace of Goblin's Tooth. Many lost kin during the conflict, and several veterans of the war still reside in the village.

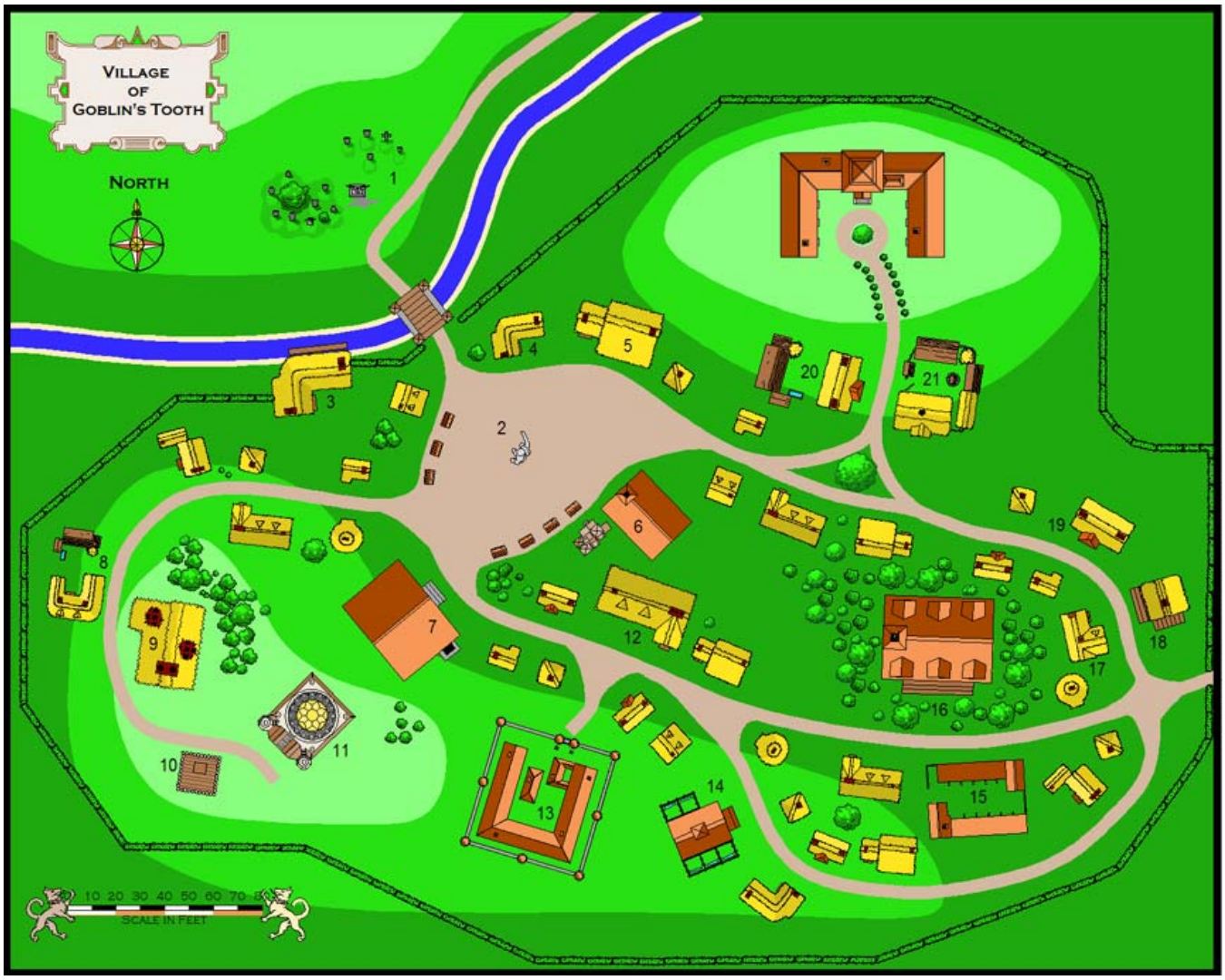
The greatest hero of the Goblin War was Shedhrig, a potter that took command of the village skirmishers in the battle that would ultimately decide the outcome of the conflict. During that final confrontation, Goblin forces under Usok laid siege to the southern side of the town, nearest to Dimshadow Woode. Although human scouts indicated that all known goblin troops were part of the besieging force, Derrick of Ander's Fen (who would later be knighted and given the title of Reeve for his valor in the contest) felt uneasy about a pass in the steep hills north of the village. Having faced Usok's strategies before, Derrick knew better than to expect attack from only one direction; the most logical second approach would be the northern pass, which could allow a group of goblin warriors to advance uncomfortably close to the town, forcing the humans to suddenly defend on two fronts. Derrick sent Shedhrig and his skirmishers to the far end of the pass, with instructions to sound a horn of warning if the goblins attacked by that route, and prevent their advance.

The humans were unaware that Usok's forces were recently bolstered by the addition of yet another tribe to his banner. This new tribe nearly doubled the number of warriors under Usok's command, and a force equal in size to the siege force was descending upon Shedhrig and his band of 20 skirmishers.

The warning horn was sounded, and Derrick dispatched his cavalry (ten riders with only leather armor and spear, but mounted troops nonetheless) to support the skirmishers. The riders found the skirmishers outnumbered six to one, with the bodies of the wounded and slain seemingly closing the pass itself. After a fierce battle the goblins were routed, but at the cost of the lives of Shedhrig, all the cavalry, and all but one of the skirmishers – Edward, who would later become the village grocer.

Edward, himself grievously wounded, climbed into the saddle of one of the town riders' horses and rode back to Goblin's Tooth. He told Derrick what had happened in the pass.

Derrick realized that the goblins just outside the town were waiting for the war-drums of the now-routed goblins before striking. Knowing that, through the extraordinary courage of a handful of his warriors, the northern attack would never come, Derrick personally led a sortie-in-force against the goblins stag-



ing the siege. In the ensuing combat, Derrick slew Usok and drove the goblin host back into the woods, where they remain to this day.

Of course, when the townsfolk learned of the courageous stand taken by Shedhrig and his men, the pass was named for the fallen hero. Shedhrig became a symbol of courage, resilience, and nobility for the people of Goblin's Tooth. A statue of the hero was erected in the village square, and his tomb has since been regarded as a place of quiet reflection.

All residents of the town know the tale, and will happily share it with any traveler who asks. Visitors to the town will find that references to the battle appear often in the daily life of residents; the example of Shedhrig is used to inspire children to work hard and behave properly, while the name of Usok One-Fang is used as a bogeyman that embodies greed and wanton cruelty. Shedhrig's armor and weapons are stored in the church, save his battered helm, which is used during Town Council meetings.

The town also has a particularly soft heart for Edward, who has since become an alcoholic. While his current condition is a sad one, he is still respected for what he once did.

Key to Goblin's Tooth: The numbered entries below refer to the map of Goblin's Tooth, which is not identified by letter since the village is at least a starting point for each of the scenarios in Moonless Night. The buildings marked with numbers on the map may be of interest to adventurers. Those areas are detailed in the numbered key below. The other buildings may be considered private dwellings, storage sheds, and so forth.

1. Cemetery. The village buries its dead atop this low hill. The area is deserted most of the time, although David son of Shedhrig (see area #4) is sometimes here, visiting the grave of his father. Upkeep of the place is the default responsibility of Brother Rothsby at the church (area #11); in practice, he sends a group of acolytes there once each week to

perform grounds-keeping duties.

2. Town Square. A market day is usually held here each week, where the farmers, local artisans, and any visiting merchants may sell or barter for goods and services under the watchful eye of a 15-foot tall statue of Shedhrig. When the Squire sees fit to have a holiday (such as the birthdays of the Baron or the Squire's daughter), free entertainments are provided here as well.

Lastly, town justice is dispensed in the square; a pillory has been constructed next to the statue for those who commit less serious crimes. If the DM deems the PCs' party to be in need of a thief NPC, they will find Tavian the Unlucky (a level 1 thief) incarcerated in the pillory 'for being accused' of ringing the warning bell on the watch tower (area #10) to impress a barmaid. Tavian will flatter the heroes from his perch, hoping to convince them to release him. If they don't set him free, Tavian will be released by the reeve at dawn the next morning. As a character quirk, Tavian will change his title from 'unlucky' to some other appropriate adjective as his circumstances change; thus, he may be Tavian the Unlucky, Tavian the Wounded, Tavian the Charming, and Tavian the Slime-Coated in the same adventure.

3. Mill. A waterwheel set into the river is the power source for this gristmill, where Nelbrum the Miller plies his trade. Nelbrum is a kind, generous fellow with salt-and-pepper hair and contagious smile. He is accommodating to those indebted to him, and others tend to allow him to keep long accounts with them as a result. Although relatively young, he serves on the council, as his opinion is respected.

4. Potter. This small shop on the square is the home and workplace of Sarah the Potter, and David, her 20-year-old son. Sarah is a gaunt, aging woman of some 50 years. The trials of life have worn her beyond her years, however, and her long, white hair and wrinkled face make her appear much older. She originally practiced her trade with her late husband, Shedhrig, hero of the Goblin War.

Since Shedhrig's passing, Sarah has proven herself to be more than capable in both continuing his membership in the Village Council and running the family business; the formulae for her various glazes and dyes have been sought after by more than one passing merchant. As it is, Sarah easily keeps up with the local demand for her wares; she is therefore able to experiment with different designs and glazes. These experimental items can often be considered works of art in themselves, and at lest one merchant routinely takes some to a nearby city for sale.

One item of interest to adventurers that Sarah can make is the *flamefist*. It is a carefully scored, ceramic container capable of holding two vials of Greek fire, which is specially contoured to fit comfortably in the hand. They are sold complete with ceramic stoppers fitted with a cork sealing ring and paraffin/cloth wick. If filled completely with Greek fire and thrown against the target, the victim suffers the effects of being struck with two vials of Greek fire simultaneously. *Flamefists* are sold for one gold coin each. In the event of a special commission or pending attack, Sarah is able to make five *flamefists* per day.

David is a strapping youth who trains with the militia skirmishers; for game purposes, he is a first level fighter. He has his father's adventurous blood in him, however, and would readily take up with an adventuring party in spite of his mother's protests. His specific statistics are left to the DM's judgment, although he should have his father's famous strength and dexterity. David is betrothed to Carla, a barmaid at the Shady Oak Inn (#16), and takes a dim view of flirtatious fellows that take an interest in her. All villagers know how possessive David is, and will warn any hero who seems to be attracted to Carla.

5. Grocer. Nearly half of this wattle-and-daub structure is an open lean-to, with a makeshift counter that runs roughly down the middle. Various barrels and crates are stacked throughout the area. On the weekly market day, the counter is filled with fruits, berries, vegetables, nuts, and roots as the season permits.

This is the residence and place of business for Edward, the only survivor of the Battle of Shedhrig's Pass. Besides having emotional scars from that battle, Edward also mourns his lost brother, Davis. After the great battle, the humans sent out war parties into the wild, searching for goblin lairs and stragglers. Since Edward was recovering from his wound, his younger brother Davis led one of these human war parties in Edward's stead. Davis' patrol was lost somewhere in the Wildwolfe Hills northwest of the village; the reeve himself set out in search of the missing men, but they were never found.

Edward blamed himself for his brother's presumed death, and the weight of not knowing what happened to his brother grows heavier with each passing day. All the villagers say that Edward has been 'in the bottle' ever since Davis turned up missing, but since his wife died two months ago, the grocer's health has taken a turn for the worse. Now, Edward appears as a disheveled, unhealthily thin man with a reddish nose, who struggles with short-term memory loss

and the physical symptoms associated with alcoholism. His business has suffered greatly in recent weeks, and his position on the Village Council is in jeopardy, although he does not yet know it.

6. Trading Post. The double doors in front of this long, low building are always open during daylight hours. Once inside, visitors behold piles of items that it took trader Rumden years to accumulate. Rumden is a very short, hairy man, and is often confused for a dwarf at distances over 10 feet. Both Rumden and dwarves are insulted by this confusion. The trader is a personable man in spite of his appearance, though he loves to haggle and throw in useless items to make a better bargain with a character.

Rather than catalog what Rumden stocks, it is more efficient to assign percentages of what he might have on hand when adventurers visit. Allow a 100 percent chance for common items, 75 percent for uncommon items (including weapons, armor, or adventuring gear), and 25 percent for rare items. When duplicate items are sought after, roll for each one, subtracting 20 percent for each successive roll. For example, if the characters are looking for four longswords, the first roll would be 75 percent; if the roll fails, Rumden has none in stock. If successful, another roll can be made at 55 percent to see if he has another; if that roll succeeds, a third roll at 35 percent can be made, and so forth. If the DM wishes, not all of Rumden's wares are of serviceable quality; such 'broken' items may be sold at a discount, then repaired for a reasonable fee at an appropriate artisan's shop in town.

7. The Staggering Dragon Tavern. The Tavernkeeper is a young woman by name of Rebekah; she is a tall, slender woman, with red hair and green eyes. Her personality is forceful, her manner direct, and her business is efficiently run. It is not surprising that these qualities have earned her a seat on the Village Council. In truth, Rebekah is a retired adventurer, a fourth-level wizard, although she has kept her abilities a secret from the townsfolk, both because of their fear of what they do not understand and because the occasional *Charm Person* or *Phantasmal Force* spell can be very good for business. She does keep some offensive spells memorized, however, in case of trouble.

The Staggering Dragon is a tidy establishment, containing a bar, stage, some trestle tables set up in the center of the common area, and a dozen booths along the walls. Each booth has an archway for an entry, and curtains can be drawn across these archways for privacy. Not surprisingly, the booths are ideal for the discussion of business, both legal and illegal, and Rebekah's willingness to provide such facilities ensures a continued clientele.

The stage is used on market days by a musicians' troupe, and is otherwise the home stage of Gerald Chanteur, a third-level bard. It is rumored that Gerald and Rebekah have a relationship that entails more than just business.

The bill of fare tends to vary from season to season, although breads, stews, and roast hawk are usually available. Generally, patrons are charged per meal rather than per item, the cost for a typical lunch and supper being three silvers and seven silvers, respectively, not including drinks. Beverages include wine, ale (brewed by Shanson at the Shady Oak), mead, and goat's milk, for the same prices as the Shady Oak Inn (the two businesses have the same suppliers).

8. Blacksmith. The smithy is set at the edge of the village, its only neighbor a rowdy tavern that is unlikely to complain about the noise. The structure serves as home for blacksmith Martin Tenhammer, his wife and fifteen-year-old son, Kreth. Martin is a giant of a man, well over six feet in height, width, and depth; his hair is a thick, black mane, tied back from his face. He has an equally thick beard, which he tucks behind his leather apron when working. Martin is a deeply religious man, and serves a lay minister for Brother Rothsby at the church (area #11). He is also a member of the Village Council. He has no adventuring class (1-1 HD), but has superior strength (18). He commands one of the skirmish units in the militia, wielding a two-handed maul in melee.

Kreth is also a member of the skirmishers, and is already a first-level fighter at the age of 15. Though not yet fully grown, Kreth already has a level of strength uncommon in grown men (17), and he will doubtless grow stronger still in the next few years. He is betrothed to Myra, the carpenter's daughter, although no date has been set.

Father and son spend their evenings (it is too warm in the smithy to work during daylight hours) producing horseshoes, barrel hoops, nails, hinges, shovels, hooks, and iron spikes. Lately, Martin had taken to producing caltrops as a change of pace from the standard fare. Martin typically trades the items he forges in exchange for goods and services for his family, but he will certainly accept a cash commission from adventurers if they require his services.

9. The Crossed Swords Tavern. The run-down nature of this one-story structure doesn't bother the patrons in the least, perhaps because they are

responsible for its deplorable condition. The building is in poor repair, with a floor of packed earth and crude, wooden tables and stools. A circular area in the center of the common room has been roped off, and has been reserved for bare-knuckle boxing matches. The matches serve as both evening entertainment and gambling opportunities. The bar is fashioned from two full-size doors laid across sawhorses, with various casks and tankards piled behind it; Thul Bonegrinder, a massive half-orc, is the proprietor of this establishment; he prides himself on washing the tankards once each week, whether they need it or not.

Nothing but ale and mead are served here, and a fee of two gold coins is collected by two half-ogre guards upon entry for drinking one's fill of watered-down ale for the remainder of the evening. Mead is sold for one electrum per tankard, and the house special, 'devilsblood,' a mixture of two parts mead with one part crushed cranberries, sells for one gold per drought.

Generally, the place is frequented by off-duty watchmen and militia members, with visiting caravan guards and even the baron's soldiers at times.

Thul himself is a capable warrior, and Sir Derrick the Reeve retains him as the village justicar, that is, the person responsible for carrying out the various corporal punishments dealt out for crimes. Thul wears the traditional, black executioner's hood when performing his official duties. His half-ogre guards are both third-level fighters, armored in chainmail and carrying bastard swords.

10. Watchtower. This 50-foot tall structure was designed by Jacob the Woodworker (area #18). It is constructed from heavy logs, with a ladder-like steps fixed along the side closest to the barracks. A platform fashioned from wooden planks rests at the top of the structure; it is roofed with thatch, and a waist-height wall made from planks has been built around the perimeter of the platform, with a gate where the platform meets the ladder. The wall gives the two watchmen who are normally in the tower 50 percent cover from attacks. The platform is sparsely furnished, having only a pair of stools, two light crossbows, a small chest containing 30 light quarrels, and a bell hanging from the peak of the roof. The bell is rung only during an attack on the village; ringing the bell when there is no emergency earns the offender a day in the stocks in the village square.

11. Church. This stone temple is dedicated to any religion suitable for the campaign. It is mastered by Brother Rothsby, a fifth-level priest. Rothsby is, perhaps, the most gaunt person this side of the river; he looks like a scarecrow in his billowing vestments, and the way his sunken eyes and beaked nose peer out from below his tonsured brow only adds to the effect. In spite of his appearance, he is patient and good-hearted, and truly protective of his flock. Rothsby will cast spells for adventurers, for either the costs listed in the Dungeon Master's Guide or for "a favor then owed to the Church, to be repaid whenever she should have need of your services." He has two third-level aides, and a handful of acolytes recruited from the village, from which the DM may choose an NPC cleric for the PCs' party, if needed.
Talbert the stonemason also resides in the church, although he divides his time between repairing all three stone buildings in the town and making grave markers when needed. Although not actually a member of the council, Brother Rothsby acts as an advisor and spiritual guide when the council meets.

12. Weaver/Tailor. This modest building is the home and workplace of Silas the Weaver. Silas is a lightly built man, with beady brown eyes, a prominent nose, and a mop of greasy, brown hair that drifts to either side of his face. His voice is rather high-pitched, and he is strikingly terse when dealing with others, even his customers.

Silas' shop is a jumble of items, most of which are for sale. His stock includes blankets, cloaks, tunics, hoods and sashes, as well as bolts of cloth which merchants sometimes purchase for their own use. The weaver's prices are the same as those listed in the Player's Handbook, though he can also create garments with secret pockets and other special items if the PCs are willing to pay for the service.

Silas has a secret. Specifically, he is a thief; not in his business, as some are inclined to say, but rather an adventuring thief of the fifth experience level, and an old companion of Rebekah from the Staggering Dragon (area #7). He was forcibly retired when the baron of the province was deprived of some jewelry. Silas fled, and hid in the most distant corner of civilization: Goblin's Tooth.

Even in his new identity, Silas cannot resist the urge to steal. He sometimes pilfers from drunken merchants and caravan guards, then fences the stolen items to a corrupt merchant. The goods are smuggled out of town in the bolts of cloth Silas weaves. A thief character can spot a rune carved over the door in thieves' cant, translatable as 'Friend,' which could lead to some interesting conversations.

13. Barracks. Surrounded by a stout palisade of heavy logs, the barracks is constructed of large,

undressed blocks of gray stone, with a tile roof. It is only one story in height, with the only openings being crossletted arrow slits spaced at regular intervals in each wall and a stout oaken door, reinforced with iron bands and studs. The building serves as a barracks for the twenty-four village watchmen and their commanders, as an office for Sir Derrick the Reeve, and as a temporary prison for holding miscreants until they are publicly flogged, put in stocks, or otherwise punished. Characters entering into the barracks will find themselves in a guardroom with 12 sets of 2 bunks; two doors are set into wooden, interior walls to the left and right. The doors on the left give access to the watch captain's quarters and the reeve's office, and those on the right open into the sergeant's quarters and the cell. The walls of the cell are brick, and border against the exterior walls and the wooden walls indoors. The door is identical to the entry door, but has a key lock and two oaken bars that can be put in place on the barracks side. The cell is capable of holding five prisoners, or twice that number if they are to be held only for a short time.

Player characters using Goblin's Tooth as a base of operations will certainly attract the attention of Sir Derrick the Reeve. Sir Derrick is a seventh-level fighter, and a veteran of the Goblin War. He is a trim, well-built man with brown hair, a finely trimmed beard, and blue eyes. The reeve's military demeanor is obvious to anyone within 100 yards. He is always seeking for ways to improve the defenses of the village, and is now toying with developing offensive capabilities as well: for example, he is working with the sergeant in training the militia to execute a counter-strike on humanoids or bandits after a raid on the village. Sir Derrick's success has been noticed by the baron, and it is widely whispered that the baron plans to put Sir Derrick in charge of another three villages in the area.

The reeve has political aspirations, and would like to recruit able characters into his organization. Perhaps he might send the player characters on some sort of mission involving exploration, reconnaissance, the delivery of messages to other villages, or retrieval of an item or person. He may even offer to deputize characters who do him good service, putting them in a position to take over his responsibilities if the baron promotes him. Sir Derrick is never without his enchanted longsword, and typically wears a suit of magical chainmail.

14. Dairy. Olaf the Dairyman, his wife Janna, and nine children live in this wide, wattle-and-daub structure. Most of the building is residential space, with a small storefront of sorts where Janna sells cow and goat milk, curds, cheeses and butter. Olaf was an archer during the Goblin War, although he's now advanced in age. He is nearly bald, with wisps of white hair now indicating where his locks once were. His face is a veritable road map of pinched wrinkles, and characters will find talking to him not unlike being stared down by a raisin. Although still quite spry, the old fellow has developed the absent-mindedness that sometimes accompanies advanced age, and one of his sons is always nearby to look after him.

Janna is a rotund woman, with white curls slipping out from under her bonnet, framing her usually laughing face. Typically, she and her four daughters are making cheeses or working the butter churns in the shop, while the men tend to the livestock in a large barn across the path.

Three of Olaf's sons serve in the militia as pikemen. The other two, Roland and Sebastian, are both men-at-arms in the Village Watch.

15. Stables. No sign indicates the purpose of this structure, nor is one necessary—the scent alone identifies it as a stable. The stableman goes by the name of Rolf. He is unmarried, in his early thirties, and has some trouble maintaining basic personal hygiene. If characters can overcome their initial reaction, they will find Rolf to be one of the best stablemen they could hope to retain; indeed, he makes a daily sojourn to the squire's manor to tend the aging knight's steed. 'Poor old Rolf,' as he calls himself, will house, groom, and feed any type of horse for four silver coins per day, or two gold coins per week. At any given time, a few horses or draft animals belonging to merchants can be found in residence, and the reeve trusts his black charger to Rolf's tender care.

16. The Shady Oak Inn. This two-story frame building is inviting to weary travelers; first, because of the covered porch with rocking chairs that extends across the front of the inn, and also because the grove of oak trees surrounding the place assures that patrons are in the shade at any time of day.

The innkeeper, an aging man by name of Shanson, runs a clean, respectable establishment. Besides being an innkeeper, he also brews his own ale and serves on the Village Council. Shanson is a wiry man with reddish skin. The top of his head is mostly bald, but uncombed white hair sprouts angrily from lower points on his head. He jokingly calls it his "backward tonsure," adding that his baldness is a message from the immortals that he should never be a monk.

His wife, Hazel, is a portly, middle-aged woman,

whose caring demeanor and common sense have earned her a seat on the Village Council. She is arguably the finest cook in the barony; her braised cabbage is spoken of by merchants in cities 50 miles away (although it has been said to produce unpleasant gastro-intestinal side effects in dwarves).

The innkeeper employs four scullery boys and two serving wenches. One of the ladies is Carla, the raven-haired daughter of Lantrin the Cooper (Area #19).

The couple has no children, but they treat all village children as if they were their own. The inn is well-supplied, having a varied bill of fare even in wintertime:

Ale (brewed on premises)	2 sp
Bread, slice	1 cp
Brandy	1 ep
Cabbage, braised	3 sp
Mead	1 gp
Cheese, wedge	1 cp
Milk, goat's	1 sp
Herring pie	3sp
Tea, herbal	1 sp
Roast Fowl	1 ep
Wine (local)	3 sp
Roast joint (beef)	1 gp
Wine (port)	1 gp
Stew, bowl	1 sp

Shanson and Hazel live in quarters on the ground floor, and they rent out chambers upstairs. There are four double rooms for rent at five silvers per night, or three gold coins per week. Four single rooms are also for rent at three silvers per night, or two gold coins per week. The rooms are Spartan in appearance, having the appropriate number of beds and chairs, a night-stand with candle, a lantern hanging from the ceiling, a chest for storing personal belongings, and a fireplace, and a shuttered window. Still, patrons will find the rooms and linens to be clean, and the beds comfortable.

17. Cobbler/Woodcutter. Nestled in the oaks near a crossing of paths is the shop of Calvin the Cobbler. He is a sinewy man, nearly six feet tall with brown hair, brown eyes, and a ruddy complexion. He has no family. Calvin's first love is shoe- and boot-making, although the population of Goblin's Tooth doesn't generate sufficient demand for him to engage in the work full-time.

The cobbler supplements his income by being a woodcutter for those in the town who lack either the time or strength to cut their own. Generally, he cuts wood in fair weather and makes shoes in foul weather, so whether or not the shop is open depends upon the disposition of the clouds. Calvin has collaborated with Martin, the Blacksmith, on the fabrication of iron-shod boots for the village watchmen.

18. Woodworker. Visitors can judge from the appearance and maintenance of this building that its owner is skilled in the art of woodcraft. Jacob the Woodworker, his son Lenk, and his red-haired daughter Myra call this frame house home; Jacob's wife passed from plague two winters ago. Jacob serves the village both through his craft, and by holding a seat on the Village Council. Although most of his efforts are directed towards fashioning doors, tables, and stools, Jacob is also capable of making storage chests and wagons if the characters should need them.

Lenk is a tall, lean, sandy-haired fellow, and serves as one of the village archers. Myra is betrothed to Kreth, son of Martin the blacksmith.

19. Cooper/Wheelwright. This wattle-and-daub structure is situated across the path from the woodworker's shop. Lantrin the Cooper, his wife Etta, and their four children live here. Lantrin is a lean man of medium build, with black hair and beard. His hair line is receding at the scalp, but he wears the rest of his hair tied back in a pony tail that reaches the center of his back. He has business relationships with the woodworker, both of the village taverns, the inn, and the grocer.

Lantrin and Etta have four teenage children: Marcus (age 19), Paul (age 17), Carla (age 16), and Stephen (age 14). All three boys serve as militia pikemen, and Carla is a serving wench at the Shady Oak Inn.

20. Weaponsmith. This building is found close to the manor house, for obvious reasons. It is the home and workplace of Caerlon the Weaponsmith, his wife and two small children. Caerlon is a veteran of the Goblin War, still somewhat in practice (level 2 fighter equivalent) and a unit leader in the militia. He can often be found at the Staggering Dragon Tavern (building #7), boring the patrons with stories of his exploits in the Goblin War. The veracity of the stories is commonly doubted, for two reasons. First, because the tales grow more extravagant with each re-telling; and second, because Caerlon is now graying, balding, and has a pot belly. The imagination required to picture him performing heroic feats is uncommon in adults.

In any event, he is now a weaponsmith, and like Keliath (area #21) spends much of his time complet-

ing repairs and putting new edges on weapons. He does a steady trade in weapons, both those he has forged and those he has taken in trade; he deals primarily with the watch, militia, and caravan guards, although he also has contracts with weapon merchants with routes leading to distant cities.

Caerlon will purchase a used weapon at one-third the cost listed in the Player's Handbook, clean, sharpen and repair it as needed, then sell it at ten percent under listed cost. He sells weapons forged by his own hands at ten percent above list price; the higher price is due to his "quality guarantee, against which no one has ever returned to complain." The irony is that, if anyone had cause to complain, it is unlikely that they would survive to return the weapon. Caerlon's stock varies with DM discretion.

21. Armorer. The smithy is the other structure set deliberately close to the manor, so that the contents of the shop can be quickly brought within the walls in the event of an attack. Otherwise, the structure serves as home for the armorer, Keliath Flamebeard. Keliath is a stout, serious dwarf with considerable strength (16). He has long, brown hair and an equally long beard, both of which are braided so that they might not interfere with his work.

The dwarf does a surprisingly brisk business in this borderland town, both by repairing armor for the watch, militia, the squire's house guards, and passing caravan guards, and by selling armor of his own manufacture. Keliath is quite capable of manufacturing any armor, with the exception of field- and full-plate armors. He is also capable of creating high-quality dwarven plate mail, but will only fashion it for other dwarves.

Keliath keeps several suits of armor in stock, ranging from leather armor to plate mail, and will take lightly used armor in trade for half the cost listed in the Player's Handbook. Keliath has an avaricious streak, and drives a hard bargain. His minimum prices are those listed in the Player's Handbook, but he will certainly charge more if he thinks he is able.

22. Squire William's Manor House. This stone structure is home to the squire and his daughter, the lovely Lady Elena. It is well-known that the squire seeks neither visitors nor suitors for his daughter, for she is his last living relative; however, it is also well-known that townsfolk may take shelter within his walls in the event of an attack.

Scenario A: The Bear

In nature's infinite book of secrecy, a little I can read.

William Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*

This first scenario is a marked departure from the standard 'dungeon crawl,' incorporating an array of challenges: martial, logistical, chronological, and diplomatic. While there are no specific requirements for the party's character class combination, it is suggested that the party be balanced, including a cleric or priest with access to healing magic. As the opening quotation implies, having a ranger or similar character with woodland knowledge will greatly contribute to the party's chances for success.

Dungeon Master's Background: Just as a stone falling in water sends ripples far from its point of impact, one small event can have far-reaching consequences. In this case, the event is the migration of a large, brown ("grizzly") bear into Dimshadow Woode; the effects reach all the way to the town of Goblin's Tooth.

The bear found the forest to be rich in food sources: berries, nuts, and goblins. The goblins are physically weak, slow on foot, don't offer much in the way of resistance, and have a pleasant aftertaste.

The southern goblin tribe, known as the Zrisk-Horak (loosely translated as 'slayers of humans'), put forth considerable effort toward driving the beast from their territory, including setting deadfall, pit and spear traps. Large hunting parties were sent out in search of the beast; those that apparently found their quarry never returned. The goblins took what feeble defensive precautions they could to protect the series of natural caves they called home, and awaited the inevitable.

The bear, searching for a suitable cave to call home, recently happened across the goblin caves. The tribe had already lost many of its warriors, and more than half of those remaining were out checking the traps when the bear entered the lair. The remaining warriors and the goblin chief made a stand at the entrance to their home, but were promptly overwhelmed by the beast. The bear slew the Zrisk-Horak chief, and drove the surviving warriors, females and young from the area.

The tribe then splintered into several small bands, each led by a goblin war captain. Rather than combat the bear any longer, the bands fled to different areas of the forest. One band, led by Goblin War veteran Thrask Three-Teeth, son of Usok One-Fang, fled to a field situated at the forest edge. The land was cultivated by the human homesteaders of Goblin's Tooth, but it was left fallow for this growing season. There Thrask's band, consisting of ten males, five females, and a handful of young, set up a temporary lair.

The goblins were miserable. They were too terrified to enter the forest, and were camped in the hateful sun (a peeling goblin sunburn is not a sight for those with weak constitutions), without food and only an irrigation ditch for water.

Realizing that his charges would starve quickly if he didn't act, Thrask had no choice but to undertake a diplomatically-sensitive course of action: he ordered his warriors to raid an adjacent human homestead for food. The goblin captain knew the humans would interpret the raid as an overt act of war – at least at first – but from facing many of the villagers in the recent war, he knew their awareness of goblin tactics. Since goblins never attack a settlement without looting it, killing the inhabitants, and burning it to the ground (not necessarily in that order), Thrask made it clear to his warriors that they were to exercise extreme restraint in the attack. His warriors were to take only food; no items were to be stolen, no structures were to be damaged, and no human was to be injured. The goblins were even instructed to be certain to leave some food behind, so the humans wouldn't starve.

Enough blood was shed during the Goblin War for neither side to want a full-scale war again. It was Thrask's hope that the humans would see that the act wasn't typical goblin hostility, and refrain from preparing for war until they discovered why the goblins stayed their hands during the raid. And if they did decide to find out, they would have to deal with the bear.

The raid didn't proceed as planned. The human homesteader, a Goblin War veteran by name of Otto, put up stout resistance, slaying three warriors before the goblins cut him down with shortswords. Sadly, a torch carried by Otto during the melee was thrown as the old veteran fell; it landed upon a nearby storage barn, and set the thatched structure ablaze. Otto's wife and children saw him fall, and fled to the village as the goblins dragged Otto's limp body away. The homesteader's family didn't see that the goblins were actually dragging him to safety from the fire, after which they tried to apply medicinal herbs to his wounds. As Otto breathed his last, the goblins realized that the homestead was abandoned. They took a portion of the family's foodstuffs from the house proper and fled back to their impromptu lair, leaving their dead behind them.

The adventure begins with the family from Otto's homestead coming to the village requesting help from invading goblins. The Reeve implements a plan for the town's immediate defense, but can spare no troops to investigate the homestead. Fortunately, the Reeve takes note of a handful of ragged adventurers in the common room, and makes a proposal . . .

Part I. In the Common Room of the Shady Oak Inn.

You have spent some time in the Village of Goblin's Tooth, enjoying the surprising hospitality and interesting personalities of the place. You have lodgings at the Shady Oak Inn, the only hostelry in the settlement; the lodgings are clean, if austere. Shanson, the inkeep, has just brought some of his wife's famous braised cabbage for you to sample, a light rain taps outside the shuttered windows, and a crackling fire scares the chill from the common room.

The inn is crowded, for tonight the Village Council Meets. All council members are present, as well as Brother Rothsby from the church. Townsfolk are perched on tables and benches throughout the room, and Shanson, Hazel, and Carla the barmaid dart about, filling tankards and collecting coin.

The meeting begins with the Martin the Blacksmith calling the crowd to order, and asking if there are any concerns for the council. A few voices and hands are raised, and a battered helm is handed to one of the townsmen. Anyone in the inn can tell the heroes that the helm once belonged to Shedhrig. Only the holder of the helm speaks during these meetings, and the current holder is Ralmik the merchant.

Ralmik complains that Rumden the Trader deliberately sold most of his lamp oil to a stranger during market day a fortnight ago, and now the price for the remaining oil is so outrageously high that he cannot hope to make a profit when he returns to the city. Other townsfolk raise a similar complaint, to which Rumden answers that he must sell whatever he can to support himself. The crowd silently awaits the council's response, as two members lower their heads. Rumden grins, as only two voting against him means that he is in the right.

Brother Rothsby then takes the helm (no pun intend-

ed), and begins a long-winded tirade about the senseless violence that transpires nightly at the Crossed Swords Tavern. He has spoken against it publicly on other occasions, and even called the watch and militia to deal with the noise and violence. Of course, since the watch and militia are the patrons of the establishment, nothing has been done to address the priest's complaint. As Brother Rothsby announces that he won't be healing anyone hurt in the tavern anymore, the meeting is interrupted by a ragged-looking family entering the common room.

Shanson and Carla quickly bring blankets and broth, and the homesteader, Kerna, tells of how goblins have raided her home, stealing livestock and foodstuffs and slaying Otto, her husband. The family fled while their home burned. As Kerna finishes her tale, a couple of townsfolk hasten out to summon the Reeve.

When Sir Derrick the Reeve arrives, he immediately instructs Captain Alsted Stormsword to put the town on alert, adding further orders to double watches, order lookouts, and send armed parties out to patrol the village perimeter. He then commands Sergeant Malkin to sound the horn that summons the town militia.

Some of the town's veterans, especially Caerlon the Weaponsmith, clamor for immediate retaliation and the re-capture of the homestead. The Reeve cautions them against this course of action, and over their shouts of protest he explains that goblins often make low-level raids in outlying areas to test local resistance, before venturing forth in a war-party on a town proper; he became acquainted with that tactic during the Goblin War.

"The night is their ally," the Reeve says, "and we will not be drawn out to fight in their element. Otto lies slain – there is nothing we can do about that now. But the horn will summon the homesteaders within our walls, so all others may be safe until the dawn. You will serve Otto best defending our homes tonight. There will be time enough in the days ahead to avenge him. We cannot sacrifice our forces chasing fleeing foes into darkness."

The Reeve then turns his attention to the PCs. He'll explain that it will take a few days for the village to strike a posture of immediate defense, but it will be a few days before the militia is assembled and ready for offensive action. In the meantime, the Reeve would like to find out exactly what happened at Otto's homestead. Since the heroes are not involved with specific plans involving the defense of the town, they are therefore ideally suited for evaluating the potential threat. He offers them a reward suitable to the campaign if they would be willing to investigate the burned homestead: 50 gold coins each or an appointment to the Village Watch are suggested. If they accept, the Reeve advises that the heroes get what rest they may, and set off on their journey at first light.

Little is said while the villagers arm themselves, but a mix of rage, resolve and fear of a second Goblin War can be read on every face. The night is punctuated with shouts between patrols and sentry posts, but the goblins do not attack overnight. The heroes may set out at first light.

Part II. The Homestead and the Goblin Camp.

After a light breakfast of bread, ale, and salted fish, you set forth for Kerna's homestead to begin your investigation. The rising sun hangs lazily behind Dimshadow Woode as you march southeastward, and you soon see a stone-and-sod dwelling, livestock pen, and the charred remains of a barn - the home of Otto's family. Two goats and a cow are still within the livestock pen, a few other domestic animals wander unfettered about the yard, and the cottage door hangs open in the still morning air.

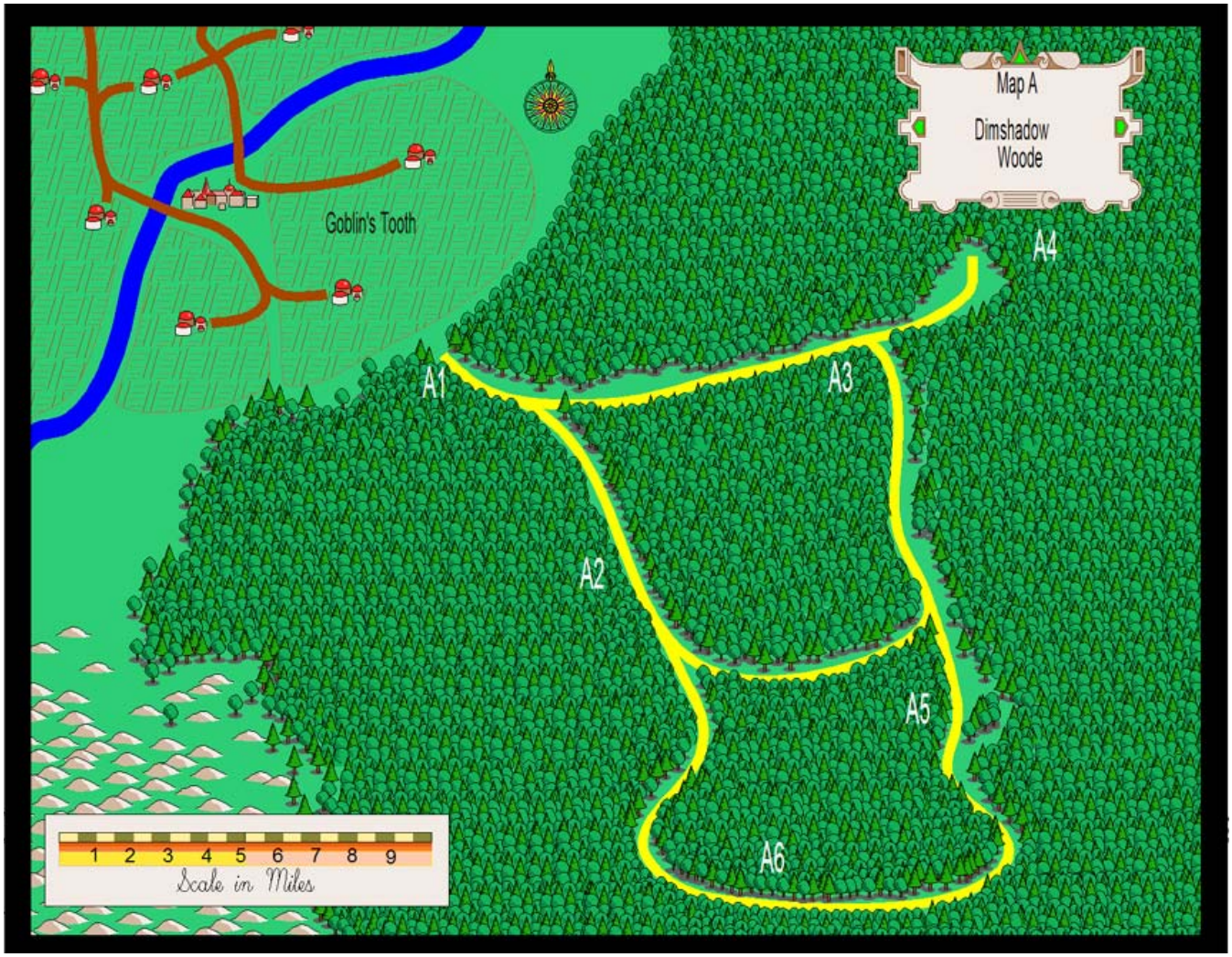
If the PCs examine the exterior of the surviving buildings, they will find them to be undamaged.

Indoors, PCs will immediately notice the body of Otto, Kerna's husband. While obviously slain by a sword or similar weapon, it appears that some crude bindings and herbs were applied to his wounds before he died (goblin medicine is not very effective). PCs with herbalism proficiency or woodland knowledge can determine that the herbs are of a type that grow in Dimshadow Woode. The 'family sword' has been laid neatly next to him.

Investigating characters will also note that most of the furniture is still in place; items of obvious value (tools, blankets, even a small metal mirror and the family sword mentioned above) have been left behind. Characters investigating the dwelling will find that only about one-third of the homestead's foodstuffs have been taken.

Astute PCs may deduce that the goblin's intentions are not warlike, especially since they tried to heal Otto; in any event, the PCs' discoveries in the homestead should at least be puzzling to them.

In spite of efforts to cover their return route, the goblins left a trail when leaving the area. After all, the path of ten goblins dragging sacks of grain and



apples is difficult to conceal. Characters with tracking knowledge can follow the trail automatically, while other PCs need to roll their wisdom score or lower on 1d20 to follow the trail. The trail leads to the goblin camp.

The goblins' trail eventually leads to a depression at the edge of Dimshadow Woode. In it, several goblins, including females and young, have set up a crude camp. Large piles of dried grasses have been laid out for bedding, and several bulging sacks have been stacked at the far side of the place.

Only four of the goblins appear to be armed; they are males, all bearing shortswords. The creatures wear leather armor, improperly tanned by the scent of it, and the blazon of a jagged knife is crudely painted on the armor. There is a peculiar cast to their complexions—instead of the typical orange or rust color, their skin is orangish-white and peeling (DM note: goblin sunburn). One of these, the largest and obviously the oldest, steps forward. The creature wears a necklace of human finger bones, and appears to have only three teeth.

"Thrask knew hoomans come," he says. "Thrask not want war. Thrask's people starve."

The goblin leader is none other than Thrask Three-Teeth, son of Usok One-Eye. Seven of his Zrisk-Horak warriors are out searching for other fragments of the tribe about a mile away. The remaining three move in a position to protect the five females and three young at the far side of the depression as Thrask speaks.

Thrask himself is a veteran of the Goblin War, as his trophy necklace will attest. He learned the rudiments of common during the conflict, and will attempt to explain his situation to the PCs. In broken language, he relates that an 'hizra-krontos' has forced his people out of the wood; the tribe still numbers in the dozens, but groups have splintered into different areas.

Goblin-speaking characters would translate hizra-krontos as 'flesh-render.' Thrask doesn't know the human word for bear, but will describe the creature as brown, hairy, and about the size of a battering

ram, with huge claws and teeth. His people would gladly return to the woods and leave the hateful sun, but the hizra-krontos would slay them. If the PCs return to him with proof that they have slain the beast (a severed left ear would do for proof), Thrask will give his bone necklace, proof of his worthiness in battle and symbol of his rank as battle captain, as a promise that the goblins will return to the wood, thereby preventing another Goblin War.

If the PCs agree to help, Thrask hands them a small pouch, containing 12 green berries. "Mrantas," he says. "Good when hurt. No good by tomorrow." Each Mrantas berry will heal one point of damage when eaten, but the berries lose healing potency 24 hours after being picked.

The last topic Thrask brings up for discussion is his tiny tribe's food supply. Thrask's warriors only took a few days' worth of food; they can stretch the rations out to last one week. If the heroes are unable to find and destroy the hizra-krontos within that time, his people will have no choice but to raid a second homestead for food.

In such a case, human hostilities against the goblins of Thrask's scattered southern tribe (the Zrisk-Horak) would almost certainly ensue. And although the Zrisk-Horak cannot defend themselves, human aggression directed at them would provoke an immediate attack from the northern tribe, the Morak-Hrazzt, heralding the start of a second Goblin War.

Quick-thinking heroes may decide to return to the village and make a preliminary report to the Reeve, perhaps requesting provisions for Thrask's goblins to give the heroes more time to complete their mission and prevent another homestead from being raided. If the heroes decide to warn the Reeve, grant each hero a story award of 100 xp. If a player thinks to ask for provisions for the goblins, give the first player to make the suggestion an individual bonus of 250 xp.

If the PCs attack the goblins, Thrask and his warriors will resist as well as they can, fighting to the death to protect their young. When the seven searching warriors return to the camp two hours later and find their captain slain, word will spread to the other groups, and a new Goblin War will certainly begin—after all, the goblins can no longer live in Dimshadow, and Thrask Three-Teeth must be avenged. The goblins must take over Goblin's Tooth if they are to survive without the PCs' help.

Combat statistics for Thrask and his followers are:

Thrask: AC 5 (chain mail); MV 6; HD 1; hp 7; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (shortsword); THAC0 19; AL LE; XP 15.

Goblins (8): AC 6; MV 6; HD 1-1; hp 4 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (males with spears) or 1d4 (females with daggers); THAC0 20; AL LE; XP 15 each.

The young are noncombatant.

The goblins carry a total of 74 copper and 19 silver coins on their persons.

Part III. Into Dimshadow Woode.

A1. Entering the woode.

This forest is well-named, for while the ancient trees are too far apart to form a canopy over the wood; the undergrowth of bracken, thorn rushes, and creepers is so thick that what precious light does filter down toward the earth seems to dissipate at knee-level. The trees in Dimshadow are ancient, black and twisted. Vines and hanging mosses dangle from limbs high overhead, while shelf fungi and slime molds are pervasive on the trunks of the trees.

Movement off the obvious game trail that winds before you would obviously be difficult. Not that the trail is much better—water drainage in the wood is poor, and the surface of the trail is a blanket of decaying leaves, pine needles and other matter, resting atop a thin layer of slimy mud. Large insects, worms, bats, spiders, carrion birds and snakes are seen with disturbing regularity. Moreover, the heat from decaying matter and the prevalence of stagnant water are ideal breeding conditions for mosquitoes and other biting insects.

Mounted movement through the forest is impossible; characters on foot can travel roughly two miles per hour.

It is possible for a character with woodland skills to identify the bear's tracks and try to follow them. Unfortunately, many other creatures also use the trail, including deer, goblins, rodents, centipedes, oozes, and a host of other things that creep, crawl, hop or slither. Realistically speaking, the heroes cannot effectively track the bear under these conditions; but the heroes don't have to know that. It is suggested that the DM use PC tracking activities to guide them to the encounter the DM would like to lead the players to next by pointing out "more recent bear tracks." Besides, the game trail runs in a circle, so it doesn't matter which way the tracks run or which way they are followed.

A random encounter table has been provided for use when they are in the forest. Every eight hours of

game time, the Dungeon Master is to roll 1d10 and apply the result. It is suggested that each encounter be used only once while the heroes are in the forest; if a repeat encounter is indicated, it should be treated as a 'no encounter' result.

1. 1d3 Fire Beetles, intent on eating the PCs: AC 4; MV 9; HD 1 + 2; hp 6 each; #AT 1(bite); Dmg 2d4; THAC0 19; AL N; XP 35 each.

2. The PCs disturb the nest or disrupt the foraging pattern of 1d6 + 6 Giant Centipedes: AC 9; MV 15; HD 1/4; hp 2 each; #AT 1(bite); Dmg Nil; SA poison, save with + 4 bonus or be paralyzed for 2d6 hours; THAC0 20; AL N; XP 35 each. Special note: these creatures have a -1 penalty to their saving throws due to their small size, and fight so independently that they may even attack each other over fallen victims. Note also that the centipedes may also creep into backpacks or bedrolls if they wander into the PCs camp at night.

3. 1d4 + 2 Wild Dogs approach the party. They will attack outright if they outnumber the party, or will otherwise tail the group (no pun intended) in the hopes of attacking a straggler or point man: AC 7; MV 15; HD 1 + 1; hp 6 each; #AT 1(bite); Dmg 1d4; THAC0 19; AL N; XP 35 each. The PCs can prevent an attack by throwing food to the dogs, but the pack will thereafter follow them until the PCs leave the woods, hoping for another handout.

4. 2d4 Goblins, bearing the bloody spear device of the Morak-Hrazzt tribe, come into the party's vicinity. While their mission is to spy on the southern tribe, they attack if they outnumber the heroes. If the heroes outnumber them, the goblins hide or retreat: AC6; MV 6; HD 1-1; hp 3 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (short-swords); THAC0 20; AL LE; XP 15 each. Each goblin carries 3d6 silver coins.

5. The party has wandered too close to a swarm of 2d3 Hairy Spiders, that drop upon the heroes, surprising the PCs on a score of 1 to 4 on 1d10: AC 8; MV 12, web 9; HD 1-1; hp 4 each; #AT 1 (bite); Dmg 1; SA poison, save at + 2 or suffer -1 penalty to AC and attack rolls, also suffer -3 penalty to dexterity checks--effect lasts for 1d4 + 1 rounds; THAC0 20; AL N; XP 65 each.

6. The PCs have blundered into the hunting ground of a giant toad, that immediately attacks the party: AC 6; MV 6, hop 6; HD 2 + 4; hp 10; #AT 1 (bite); Dmg 2d4; SA can leap to the attack, causing prey to have a -3 penalty to surprise rolls; THAC0 17; AL N; XP 120.

7. If this encounter is rolled during daylight hours, a random PC has triggered a spear trap originally set for the bear. The trap strikes with the accuracy of a 4 HD monster against the PC's surprised armor class. If rolled at night, this result should be treated as 'no encounter.'

8 - 10. No encounter.

A2. Pit Trap.

Before falling victim to the ettercap (see entry A4.), one of the more courageous groups of goblins dug out and camouflaged a pit trap to capture the bear. The pit is 10 feet across and just as deep. Sharpened sticks, their points hardened in a fire, are planted in the slimy floor of the pit with points facing upwards. The goblins then fouled the spikes with their own wastes, trusting that the beast would sicken and die from the filth if the fall didn't kill it outright.

Characters actively searching for traps will certainly find this one. Characters with forester, trapping, or snare-setting abilities will detect the trap on a score of 1 or 2 on 1d6, even if they are not actively seeking; goblin trapping technology is as advanced as goblin medicine.

If the trap is not detected, characters in the front rank must roll their dexterity score or lower on 1d20 or fall into the pit, suffering 1d6 damage from the fall. The stakes in the pit floor will break if a character wearing metal armor falls upon them, but lightly-armored or unarmored characters will fall upon 1d3-1 spikes for an additional point of damage per stake. Characters pierced by the fouled stakes must save vs. poison with a + 4 bonus or contract a disease, as outlined in the *Dungeon Master's Guide.*

If any front-rank characters fall into the pit, second-rank characters behind them must roll their dexterity score or less on 1d20 as well, but they are to subtract 5 from the roll, reflecting the fact that their seeing the pit open before them makes it easier for them to avoid falling. Third-rank characters, or those even farther back, will not fall into the pit.

A3. Abandoned Battlefield.

The game trail you've been following opens into what would be called a glade in a less forbidding forest. The twisted trees seem to have retreated, leaving a roughly teardrop-shaped area. You've entered the glade at the wider end, which measures about 40 feet across. The area narrows from where you stand, tapering down to a width of about 10 feet about one bowshot from your position.

The floor of the glade is covered with a confused tangle

of vines, creepers, and thorn rushes, although the center of the glade appears trampled, and you see several black carrion birds taking flight from and landing in the area.

Upon closer examination of the clearing, you see the sprawled forms of several dead goblins thrown like toys atop the gnarled undergrowth. The goblins wear the jagged knife device of the Zrisk-Horak. Judging from the stench and the clouds of flies surrounding the carrion, you estimate the battle took place about three days ago. Apart from the deep buzzing of the flies and the cries of the ravens, the area is deathly still.

These unfortunate goblins were a splinter group, similar to Thrask's, who decided to retreat deeper into the woods when the bear attacked. Sadly, they entered the hunting ground of an ettercap (see area A4, below). In a brief but lethal struggle in this area, seven goblins died and the ettercap was wounded. The goblins scattered when their seventh companion fell, and the creature took as many dead goblins as it could carry back to its lair. The goblins later rallied and chased the wounded beast to its lair, where the rest of the goblins were slain. The ettercap presently remains in its lair while it licks its wounds.

Heroes taking the time to provide a proper burial for the goblins (inclusive of last rites said by a priest character) should each receive a story award of 50 xp for each hero that participates.

Strange-looking tracks (the ettercap's) clearly lead to location A4. It is left for the heroes to decide whether to follow them, or follow the bear's game trail. A kind DM may warn the party that leaving whatever made the strange tracks behind them might not be such a good idea; a less gentle DM will simply have the ettercap follow the party at a safe distance until nightfall, when it steals a sleeping character and retreats to its lair.

A4. Ettercap Lair.

The game trail begins to take a gentle curve to the right as you venture deeper into Dimshadow. The limbs overhead seem to close in over the trail, forming a tunnel shape suggestive of the maw of some great beast. The calls of the scavenger birds and event the chittering of insects is entirely absent from the area ahead.

As you proceed, the trail winds into clearing, in which squats a massive mound of earth, stones, and rotting vegetation, easily 20 feet across and just as high. It seems that some of the structural stability of the mound comes from two fallen trees, but added support is provided by vines stretched from the top of the mound into the twisted trees above. A slight breeze carries the faintest scent of rot.

Suddenly, a rattling noise suggestive of bones is heard from within the dark confines of the mound; after a moment, the sound stops as abruptly as it began, and all is silent.

The mound serves as the ettercap's lair, and is almost entirely constructed of the creature's webbing, forming a dome that connects with the fallen trees. The dome and supporting web strands are covered with dirt, rocks and vegetation, masking their appearance.

The ettercap itself was in combat with a splinter group of goblins a few days before the PCs arrive at the place (see entry A3.). It was victorious in the battle, but most of the traps protecting the mound were triggered when the goblins rallied for their assault. The ettercap had no choice but to engage in melee, and sustained more injuries. Moreover, the creature's poison sacs were depleted, and are not yet refilled with full-strength venom.

Since the battle with the goblins, the ettercap has set a few traps as a hasty defense of its lair. The rattling noise is the result of one such mechanism, being caused by a cluster of bones hanging within the mound. The cluster is connected to a hidden line of webbing that exits the mound in the shadows near ground level; the ettercap is hiding in the underbrush 30 feet away from the mound, and by tugging on the line it is able to create a rattling noise within the structure.

If the PCs approach the mound, with intentions of either entering or setting it aflame, they may be caught in a net trap occupying the 20' x 20' area before the entrance. The trap is triggered by contact with a trip wire running through the center of the area; it can be detected and avoided at the normal chances. For each character passing over the trip wire, roll 1d6. On a score of 1 to 4, the trap has been triggered. Note that it is possible for front rank characters to pass over the trap, while characters in the rear ranks can still be ensnared. All characters in the area of effect when the trap is sprung will be caught, unless the DM allows an exception for characters near the edge— in such a case, permitting such characters to roll their dexterity score or less on 1d20 to avoid capture is suggested.

The counterweight for the net trap is a bundle of rocks in a sack of ettercap webbing, hoisted high into the trees. It is heavy enough to lift up to three characters into the air, rendering them helpless. If four or

more PCs are caught in the net, the net will snap around them, forcing them against each other but not lifting them off the ground; in this case, the PCs will lose one round of actions cutting themselves free while the ettercap attacks them through the net. It is important to note that spells having somatic or material components cannot be cast while trapped in the net, and only small weapons which were in hand when the trap was sprung can be used by ensnared characters against the ettercap.

The webbing that composes the mound is flammable. If the PCs think to set it on fire, remind them of the dangers of setting fires in a forest with so much undergrowth. If they insist upon putting the mound to the torch, it burns, crisping the four hairy spiders within and destroying all treasure in the mound in the process. There is also a 50 percent chance that the fire will spread out of control, touching off a forest fire that will force the PCs to flee the wood. While the goblins and bear would cease to be a problem in such an event, preventing the fire from engulfing Goblin's Tooth suddenly becomes the adventure objective, assuming that the PCs escape the forest alive.

If the PCs approach the mound with intent to enter it, the ettercap waits to see if its net trap catches any heroes. After the trap is sprung or passed over, the creature attacks, defending its lair with the aid of eight hairy spiders, four of which are inside the mound. PCs not ensnared are the ettercap's first targets. Those hanging in the net are ignored, while those trapped in the net at ground level are attacked by the ettercap while they attempt to cut themselves free. The creature attacks at +2 against creatures so entrapped, and it is impossible to attack the ettercap and cut one's self loose at the same time. The ettercap flees if reduced to 6 hp or below, crashing into the underbrush.

Combat statistics for the ettercap and spiders are:

Ettercap (1): AC 6; MV 12; HD 5; hp 16 (maximum 28); #AT 3; Dmg 1d3/1d3/1d8; THAC0 15; SA poison, weakened to type A injected, 15 damage or no damage with successful save; SD traps; AL NE; XP 650.

Hairy Spiders (8): AC 8; MV 12, Web 9; HD 1-1; hp 3 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SA poison (saves made at +2, failure penalizes attacks and AC by 1 for 1d4+1 rounds, beginning the round after the bite); AL NE; XP 65 each.

If the PCs enter the undamaged mound after the monsters have been dealt with, read the following:

The odor of decay is heavier within the dank recesses of the mound, and you soon see why: rotting vegetation and partially-gnawed bones cover the floor. The interior of the place is a uniform, dull gray color, crisscrossed with strands of what looks like spider webbing. Of greatest interest are the half-dozen bundles suspended from the roof of the mound, wrapped in webbing. They are oblong and easily four feet in length. The only sound here is the low buzzing of flies amid the decaying matter.

If the PCs cut down any bundles, they discover that each contains the bloated corpse of a goblin, left here to 'cure' a bit by the ettercap. Each goblin has 1d8 copper coins and 1d4 silver coins on its person. In addition, a rotting backpack that once belonged to an explorer can be found by PCs searching through the bones and rubbish: it contains some frayed rope, a rusted grappling hook, molding dried rations, a tarnished silver mirror (worth 10 gold if polished), a cracked leather scroll case containing a scroll bearing the *Shield* spell, and a stoppered jug labeled 'Healing Brew' in human common. The jug contains two doses of *Potion of Healing*.

A5. Deadfall.

As you round yet another bend in this meandering path, a speck of light color appears in the darkness that has dominated your field of vision. Your eyes are drawn to the trunk of a nearby tree; the tree bark has been ripped away about nine feet up the trunk, exposing the light-colored wood beneath. Upon closer inspection, you note that the bark and exposed wood bear deep claw marks.

It is a common activity among male brown bears to mark territory by rending the bark of trees. Some recently deceased goblins interpreted the tree markings as a sign that the bear might pass this way regularly, and set a deadfall trap on the game path about 10 paces ahead of the PCs' location. The trap is triggered by a vine trip wire stretched across the trail, which is connected to a heavy log hoisted some 40 feet into the trees above. The trap can be detected, avoided, or disarmed at the same chances as the pit trap in entry A2.

If the trap is triggered, have each character roll 1d20. The character with the lowest roll is beneath the log as it falls. The log strikes with the accuracy of a 4 hit dice monster against the character's surprised armor class. Anyone struck by the log suffers 2d6 points of damage.

A6. The Beast's Lair.

It is possible that the PCs may be wounded from traps and random encounters in Dimshadow Woode before reaching the lair of the bear. f this is the case, the DM may allow the heroes to discover a Mrantas bush, bearing 10 + 2d10 ripe Mrantas berries like those given by Thrask at the goblin camp. The PCs can harvest berries to save for later use, but the berries lose their healing potency 24 hours after being picked.

As the heroes approach this area, read the following"

As you traveled farther into this cursed wood, you noticed that the game trail you have been following has taken a gradual slope uphill. While drier, firmer ground is welcome to weary travelers, the beast's trail has become more difficult to trace.

The problems with staying on the trail may not be relevant now, however, as you notice a wide, cave-like opening in a wooded hillside about two spearthrows to your right. There seems to be no activity near the opening.

The cave entrance is easily 10 feet wide and eight feet high; it opens into three natural, connected caves that once served as the goblin lair (no map necessary). The first is a roughly elliptical area, 15 feet by 20 feet that once served as a guardroom for the goblins. The place is empty, save for the decaying remains of a badly mauled goblin. A wide passage leads deeper into the hill.

The passage gives way to a much larger cavern, basically circular in shape and approximately 30 feet across with a 20 foot ceiling. This cavern was the common room for the goblin tribe, and fur scraps, fire pits, pottery, and broken items litter the floor. There is also evidence that a large creature, easily 10 feet long and quite heavy, sleeps across several crude bedrolls that were set in a row upon the cavern floor. The area is deserted, and PCs searching it will find 3d12 copper coins and 2d12 silver coins. A much narrower passage, only about three feet wide, leads still deeper into the hill.

The narrow passage opens into what was obviously a chieftain's chamber. A simple wooden throne has been constructed from sticks and sinews, and beneath it sits an earthenware pot with coins in it. Anyone taking the time to count finds that there are 188 copper, 114 silver, 86 electrum, and 51 gold coins. There are other decorations, such as poorly tanned furs hanging tapestry-like on the walls, but they are of no monetary value. Of particular interest is the battle standard of the Zrisk-Horak Goblins: it is a poorly tanned leather banner, bearing the crudely painted device of a jagged knife. Various bones, teeth and scalps, many of them human, are attached to the banner. The standard is symbol of the tribe's ferocity in battle, and has the status of a sacred relic in goblin society. Any heroes with knowledge of local history will know that taking the banner would be construed as an act of war.

An astute DM will notice that the bear isn't in its lair—at least not when the PCs arrive. It does return, though, while the PCs are exploring its caves. When the PCs are preparing to leave the caves, read the following:

As you gather your equipment and prepare to leave, you hear a growl that seems to come from the bowels of the earth. A moment later, a massive form blocks your exit—a huge, brown bear stomps in slowly, teeth bared. The beast tenses as it prepares to charge.

Combat statistics for the bear are:

AC 6; MV 12; HD 5+5; hp 26; #AT 3; Dmg 1d6/1d6/1d8; THAC0 15; SA will hug for 2d6 additional damage if paw attack rolls 18 or better, will continue to fight for 1d4 melee rounds when hp is in the zero to -8 range; AL N; XP 420. The bear fights until slain.

When the bear is slain, the PCs can easily obtain proof of the bear's death for Thrask Three-Teeth.

PART IV: Resolution.

The return through Dimshadow Wood can be uneventful if the heroes have been badly injured, or fraught with peril through random encounters if the PCs are still relatively strong.

When the PCs reach Thrask's encampment, the old goblin will ask if they have slain the beast; if they provide proof of the kill, Thrask will stay true to his word and order his followers to retreat to the forest. He returns any uneaten provisions to the heroes, asking if they would restore them to their proper place.

If Thrask notices that the PCs have treasure from the goblin lair, he asks that they keep it as a sign of his goodwill. The only treasure Thrask objects to losing is the battle standard; he explains that he would stand in personal dishonor if the standard were to be lost, and asks that the PCs return it to him at once. If the PCs don't give it back, Thrask will seem to sadly accept their decision, but he has silently decided that the goblins will attack Goblin's Tooth as soon as the

tribe has regained sufficient numbers to retrieve their standard.

When the heroes return to Goblin's Tooth, the Reeve meets them and asks to hear their tale; if they were successful, he rewards them accordingly. The Reeve of Goblin's Tooth knows the significance of the standard, though, and if he notices the heroes returning with the standard, he will order them to return it.

News of the adventure spreads quickly, and Shanson offers the PCs free lodgings, food, and drink for the evening. Brother Rothsby comes from the church to tend to wounds, and much merriment is found in the Shady Oak Inn that night.

Due to the fact that little monetary treasure was available in this scenario, it is suggested that the DM award experience for monsters defeated and magic items gained, plus a group XP award of +3500, for completion of the story elements, to be divided evenly among surviving PCs.

Scenario B:
Wrath of the Hooded One

One who deceives will always find those who allow themselves to be deceived.

Niccolo Machiavelli, *The Prince XVIII*

The political climate in Goblin's Tooth reaches a new level of tension in the second scenario of *Moonless Night*. While the PCs are regarded as heroes for avoiding a second Goblin War, old injuries and prejudices are re-awakened by Otto's death. When Thrask Three-Teeth, son of the infamous Usok One-Eye, visits the village to warn of further diplomatic trouble, the barony is again brought to the brink of war.

It is necessary that the players first complete Scenario A, "The Bear," before playing this adventure, as Thrask's motives and incessant scheming for coming to the town are rooted in the heroes' service during that adventure. The exact timing of Scenario B is unimportant; if the heroes need a few days to recover from their encounters with the bear and other denizens of Dimshadow Woode, this adventure can begin after they have recovered.

A handful of short role-playing encounters are provided for use before Thrask Three-Teeth's visit. While these events may seem to have little impact upon the adventure at hand, they do provide some insight for later in this scenario and for Scenario C. If the DM fails to run them, a story element of this adventure will be weakened and it may become especially easy for the heroes to determine the villain of Scenario C.

Lastly, there are two maps for this scenario: a wilderness map and a dungeon map. For ease of play, the maps have been labeled Wilderness Map B and Dungeon Map B. The wilderness map shows the locations of encounters B1 through B5, while the dungeon map shows where encounters B6 though B18 take place.

Dungeon Master's Background: The events that set this adventure in motion took place months before the PCs arrived in Goblin's Tooth. Anathoth, an itinerant wizard from a nearby eastern City, was reading a history of the Goblin War in the West he purchased at a bazaar. The wizard took particular interest in an account of the famous Battle of Shedhrig's Pass—the record mentioned a hedge wizard known as Maldreth using a Wand of Fire in the combat, standing shoulder-to-shoulder with the great warrior Shedhrig himself. The account went on to explain that the wand was lost in the fighting, and Maldreth was forced to engage the goblins hand-to-hand while defending Shedhrig's flank. At the end of the battle, the wizard quietly withdrew, and humbly allowed Shedhrig to be named the hero of the battle. The book specifically mentioned that the wand was never recovered.

Those familiar with the story of Shedhrig are well aware that no wizard was present during the great battle, so some sorting of fact and fiction is in order.

Maldreth is real enough, though he never fought in the Goblin War. The wizard had the tome commissioned because he wanted to impress the daughter of a local guard captain; the captain wanted proof of Maldreth's bravery before he would consent to the marriage. The wizard knew that his talents were no match for the tales in the book, so he asked that the scribe add a magic wand to the story to explain his increase in power. The mage also dictated that the story would specifically mention that the wand was lost in the fighting, so that Maldreth wouldn't have to produce it if asked.

Maldreth was an inspiring hero in the book, which impressed everyone—except the guard captain, who fought at the battle of Shedhrig's pass, next to Shedhrig, and had no recollection of a wizard on either side of the contest. Needless to say, Maldreth's bid for romance failed miserably, and he left in disgrace. The wizard now lives in a distant City under another name.

The book, unfortunately, remained in the city, where it eventually found its way to a book peddler in Anathoth's home city. Of course, Anathoth had no way of knowing the tale was false, and, since the book explained that the wand was lost in the fighting and was never recovered, he immediately decided to recover it. He also considered it wise to not ask too many questions about the account, based upon the risk that other wizards might hear of his quest and find the item before he did.

Anathoth did as much research as possible at the city library and the nearest wizard's academy, obtaining volumes on the local history of the area, bestiaries describing the monstrous inhabitants of the region, almanacs to predict the weather, and astronomical texts that would assist him with navigation. The astronomical prediction of a lunar eclipse in the near future may have deterred a more superstitious mage, but Anathoth decided to press forward. He paid dearly for a tactical map of the Wildwolfe Hills, drawn during the Goblin War 20 years earlier. The map clearly outlined the lands held by the Morak-Hrazzt, or "Bloody Spear" goblin tribe. Anathoth also learned the goblin language.

It seemed logical that, because humans never recovered the wand, that the Morak-Hrazzt goblins must have recovered it. It followed that the few goblins surviving the battle of Shedhrig's Pass would have taken it back to their lair, perhaps to unlock the mysteries of its use, although Anathoth highly doubted that the goblins would actually discover how to use the wand; if they had, the humans would have known it almost immediately.

He planned the trip to the smallest detail. The construction of a special wagon was commissioned; while most of the wagon was normal in structure, the floor of the wagon was fashioned from logs two feet in diameter. The logs added considerable weight to the conveyance, making his team of six oxen lather while pulling the wagon, even when empty. But there was a method to Anathoth's madness. When he arrived at the edge of the swamp indicated on the tactical map, he could simply float the wagon into the marsh, remove the wheels, and continue on the raft created by the thick logs.

Anathoth made his final purchase of supplies in Goblin's Tooth, roughly two weeks before the heroes arrived at the village. He purchased six weeks worth of dried rations, two water barrels, some excavation tools, candles, a backpack, ropes, and other adventuring gear, including most of Rumden's oil (the very oil that was the basis of complaint at the council meeting the heroes attended in Scenario A).

He followed the river westward to a tributary. Anathoth then followed the tributary south to the edge of the swamp, where he released the oxen, removed the wagon wheels, and poled his raft deeper into the marsh. He reasoned that he wouldn't need the wagon for his return trip; after all, most of the supplies would be exhausted and he could walk back to the village after retrieving the wand.

After a nearly fatal encounter with a killer frog, Anathoth reached the western edge of the swamp. There, he encountered a patrol of five Morak-Hrazzt who approached him menacingly. Thinking quickly, Anathoth used his *Alter Self* spell to appear with the facial features of a goblin, but retained his six foot height. He then demanded, in the goblin tongue, that the patrol surrender or be destroyed. After a well-placed *Sleep* spell, he dispatched all but one of the goblins and ordered that beastie to bring him to the Morak-Hrazzt chief, called Hizrak Black-Tongue.

The chief was intimidated by the newcomer's size, and, perceiving him to be a threat to his power, had Anathoth imprisoned. The mage was captive for three days before devising an escape plan, which involved the lunar eclipse he had read about (same eclipse the heroes witnessed during the prologue).

During his fourth day of captivity, the "Giant," as he had become known, exclaimed that he would take no more of this treatment, and that he would extinguish the moon that very night if the goblins didn't make him their new chieftain. The goblins ignored his demands, at least until the eclipse occurred; as the moon blacked out, he was promptly released.

Hizrak, frightened of a being that could best an armed patrol single-handedly and extinguish the moon, fled with his battle-captains before a formal challenge to his authority could be made. He went to the lands of the Zrisk-Horak, a rival tribe to the south, and sought audience with their new chief, Thrask Three-Teeth (if Thrask was slain in Scenario A, another goblin, Norg One-Eye, has assumed leadership of the southern tribe). Hizrak explained the situation, pointing out that the Giant was a mutual threat to their power: how long would it be before the Giant

attempted to usurp authority over the Zrisk-Horak as well? Thrask agreed with the exiled chief, and began devising a plan.

Thrask planned use the humans that recently slew a bear for his tribe (Scenario A). He planned to tell the humans of Goblin's Tooth that a strange being has taken command of the Morak-Hrazzt tribe (true), and that the Morak-Hrazzt were preparing to invade the town (false). Thrask would end his missive of 'concern' by suggesting that the humans at least send an expeditionary force to monitor the activities of the Morak-Hrazzt, if not mobilizing an army and striking preemptively. If the humans took the bait, the Giant could be eliminated, or at least weakened by armed conflict with the town, putting Thrask in a position to take control over the northern tribe and establish himself as the next goblin king.

Thrask did not reveal that last idea to Hizrak, who believed that Thrask would allow him to return and lead the Morak-Hrazzt after the Giant was killed. Hizrak is partially correct; Thrask will send Hizrak back to his tribe, but in separate pieces, after being drawn and quartered by Worg Wolves.

Lastly, Thrask wanted a better understanding of who or what the giant actually is. From Hizrak's description, the giant could be anything from an avatar of the goblin immortal to a skinny orc. He sent scouts to learn of the field position of Morak-Hrazzt warriors, and dispatched Nak'skree, his most trusted and able scout, to investigate the identity of the Giant. Nak'skree never returned, a fact which provided some answers in itself.

Thrask decided to wait until the humans made a move against the giant and see how they fare before killing Hizrak or making any other diplomatic maneuver. And as he waited, some of the scattered remnants of his tribe returned, increasing the size of the Zrisk-Horak.

While Thrask schemed, Anathoth set himself up as the new chief of the Morak-Hrazzt. He adopted the goblin name of Brakk-Ni, or "Hooded One," which enabled him to wear a feature-concealing cloak, making the re-casting of *Alter Self* to maintain his appearance unnecessary. He ordered the establishment of defensive positions in anticipation of Hizrak's return, and organized search parties for the "magic stick" he "lost." The Hooded One also began making preparations for war; in the event that the Zrisk-Horak was the tribe that recovered the wand, he would use one tribe against the other to obtain it by force. Lastly, Anathoth took up residence in a few chambers in an abandoned mine that overlooks the Morak-Hrazzt goblin village.

The adventure begins as Thrask (or Norg, as the case may be) hatches his plot to eliminate the Giant.

Part I. An Evening's Rest interrupted.

Other than some sadness that lingers on after the burial of Otto, life has returned to normal here in Goblin's Tooth. You relax in the rocking chairs on the broad porch of the Shady Oak Inn, tankards of warm, spiced cider in your hands, watching the shadows lengthen as the sun sets. You are nearly recovered from your adventure in Dimshadow Woode: your wounds are mending well, the locals have been generous with goods and services, and the soothing cider is gradually taking away the last of the stiffness in your sword arms.

There are two events the heroes should witness before the adventure begins. First, Edward the Grocer begins having something of a drunken tantrum; he sometimes lapses into that state after prolonged brooding about his lost brother (see entry #5 in the Goblin's Tooth key, above). Shanson the Innkeeper asks some of the burlier patrons (including any robust player characters) to gently remove Edward from the building and carry him home before he hurts himself or someone else. After Edward is safely home, Shanson will tell the old veteran's story if the heroes haven't yet heard it.

Secondly, a young man has taken an obvious interest in Carla the Barmaid. He is a slender, sandy-haired human male who hasn't yet grown into his beard. As the heroes look on, the youth attempts to recite the following poem while plucking at the strings of a zither set upon the table:

Ode to Carla

O! Carla, thy beauty makes my heart skip
Ne'er have I seen a more beautiful lady
Thy raven tresses art black as dog lips
'Neath these oak trees which today are quite shady
If thou shouldst grant me affection this night
I promise to love thee with all of my might . . .

. . . And so the ballad continues. Carla, patient with customers to a fault, listens intently, although it is clear that a burst of laughter might involuntarily escape at any moment. The other customers (and, in all probability, the heroes) who are not tone deaf will quickly tire of the youth's serenade, but before the patrons have a chance to voice their displeasure or throw food scraps, a large, well-muscled figure strides into the common room. It is David, son of

Shedhrig himself, who enters the Shady Oak in to discover a suitor singing to Carla, David's betrothed.

David yells out, "Myathas! At your courting again, even after my last warning? Get thy foolish self from my sight, 'fore I split your skull with *Fafnir*, sword of Shedhrig!" As the youth Myathas clumsily escapes through a nearby window, David draws *Fafnir* and reduces the zither to kindling in a single stroke. The action draws a chorus of applause and raucous laughter; David smiles and waves, and begins to speak quietly with his intended.

If the heroes should ask any of the patrons about 'the last warning' David spoke of, the townsman will say, "It was a wise choice to bring a zither for David to break. Last time, the young'un brought a flute, and ye can imagine what David did with it."

Should the PCs ask more about poor Myathas, anyone in the room can tell that he hails from one of the northern homesteads, not far from Landrin's Woode. Myathas always seemed a bit unbalanced, and rarely came to town with his father as a youth. Sadly, the poor lad's entire family was murdered a month before the heroes arrived in the village; Myathas now frequents the town much more often, and no one can tell if his strange behavior is related to his recent loss, or if Myathas has always been this strange. In any event, if he continues to court Carla, David will probably settle the matter in a most traditional way.

What the heroes have no way of knowing is that the man they call Myathas died a month ago along with the rest of his family. The figure in the tavern is a doppelganger by name of Yzdrok who has assumed the young man's form. Yzdrok is the villain of Scenario C, but the heroes have no way of gaining this knowledge now. Even if the heroes cast *Detect Evil* on 'Myathas' at this point, they will receive a negative result, as the creature has no evil intentions at this point.

After the heroes have had their fill of social disturbances, read the following to the players:

The evening stillness is broken by the sounding of the warning bell—the tower sentries have sighted something! Shouted orders can be heard over the clatter of watchmen exiting the barracks, accompanied by the rumble of wagons being pulled to close off openings in the protective hedge. Moments later, Sir Derrick the Reeve bursts into the Shady Oak Inn, carrying his sword and baldric in one hand and a hastily snatched up shield in the other.

The Reeve pauses, quickly regarding your group. "I know you have no obligation to assist us, but you have done good service for our village in the past. I ask that you come with me." Without waiting for an answer, he turns and rushes toward the barracks.

The sentries in the watch tower have just spotted a group of goblins approaching the village from the west. The reeve commands that archers be posted at various points along the hedge, as a half-dozen watchmen join Sir Derrick and the heroes (if they followed the reeve) as they march to the west edge of town.

More details become apparent as the goblins draw nearer. They are few in number; only a dozen are in view. Nine goblins armed with spears escort three other goblins: one standard-bearer displaying the colors of the Zrisk-Horak tribe, another bearing a length of white linen attached to a stick, and Thrask Three-Teeth. Although the goblins arrive under flag of truce, the reeve does not order the archers to stand down. Unruffled, Thrask greets the reeve, heroes and watchmen, and relates the following points, a few of which are actually true, in his broken common:

- The goblins come in peace. Thrask assures the humans that no other goblins wait in ambush outside the village.
- Thrask personally undertook the risk of approaching the town out of obligation to the heroes who slew the beast that was preying upon his people. He has learned of a danger to Goblin's Tooth, and wanted to repay the heroes' service by warning them.
- A strange creature has taken control of the northern goblin tribe, the Morak-Hrazzt. It is said that the new chief is a massive goblin champion, as tall as a human male, and is bent upon the utter destruction of humanity. Thrask obtained this information from the dethroned chief of the tribe, who fled to Thrask's court.
- Thrask's scouts report that the Morak-Hrazzt are mobilizing for war. He fears that a second Goblin War is eminent if the Giant is not stopped. After being decimated by the bear, Thrask's tribe lacks the numbers to do more than mount a simple defense of their own lair; they could never attack the Giant directly, or prevent him from attacking the humans' village.
- He would never assume to tell the humans what to do, but suggests that they at least heighten their defenses, if not send a scouting party into Morak-Hrazzt lands to see the Giant and his activities for themselves.
- The goblin scouts also report that the Morak-

> Hrazzt war parties are massing along the south and east boundaries of their lands; if the humans were to investigate, it would be safest to journey along the river, then enter the range of hills on the north side.

If the heroes ask Thrask for more information, he answers that he has already shared all he knows. He wishes the humans well, bows, and returns to his people in Dimshadow Woode.

Following this exchange, Sir Derrick orders that the town be placed on alert. All off-duty watchmen are summoned, along with any militiamen who reside within the hedge. A dozen watch-posts are established around the perimeter of the hedge, and pairs of sentries rotate from post to post every half hour. Throughout the village, every door is barred and every window shuttered. A tense silence again descends upon the village as the archers take their posts.

After issuing the orders, the reeve turns to the heroes. "This will be another sleepless night," he says, "but I ask that you take what rest you may. If it pleases you, I would speak with you about our plight on the morrow."
The next day, watchmen with blood-shot eyes summon the heroes to Sir Derrick's office in the barracks. They find the reeve, fully armed and armored, seated behind a desk. The Reeve's sword, obviously magical, is thrust point-down into the desktop, emitting a soft bluish glow across the documents scattered upon the desk.

Dir Derrick invites the heroes to sit on benches in the room, and briefs them on the current state of affairs; if they weren't present during the audience with Thrask, the reeve begins by sharing that information. Otherwise, he relates that no goblin activity was detected overnight. Since dawn, the reeve has summoned the militia, dispatched riders to the nearby villages of Silverston and Ander's Fen for military reinforcements and supplies, sent another courier to alert the baron, and ordered that the villagers begin digging a defensive dry moat on the outside of the hedge.

He asks that the heroes investigate Thrask's statements regarding the Morak-Hrazzt. While he could take comfort in knowing the old goblin's tale is at least half lies, the probability of it being half true demands immediate action. He proposes that the heroes enter the Wildwolfe Hills on a reconnaissance mission of sorts; they are to locate and destroy the giant goblin champion, if he does in fact exist. Most importantly, it is imperative that the heroes enter and leave the goblin territory quickly and undetected if possible, for if the northern tribe is preparing for war, the lives of any human "spies" could be cut short.

If the heroes balk at accepting the mission, Sir Derrick will try to appeal to their sense of civic duty. After all, the village literally cannot spare a single person for the task, and if the goblins strike before reinforcements arrive, the village would be destroyed. Heroes accepting the mission for altruistic reasons will receive magical assistance from the reeve's personal possessions: three *Potions of Healing*, a *Potion of Goblin Control*, and a small, smooth stone in a leather pouch. A *Continual Light* spell has been cast upon the stone, and can be carried as a virtually inextinguishable light source. The reeve also provides a tactical map of the Wildwolfe Hills, drawn by the reeve himself while searching for the lost soldiers led by Davis, brother of Edward the Grocer (the document is Players' Map B).

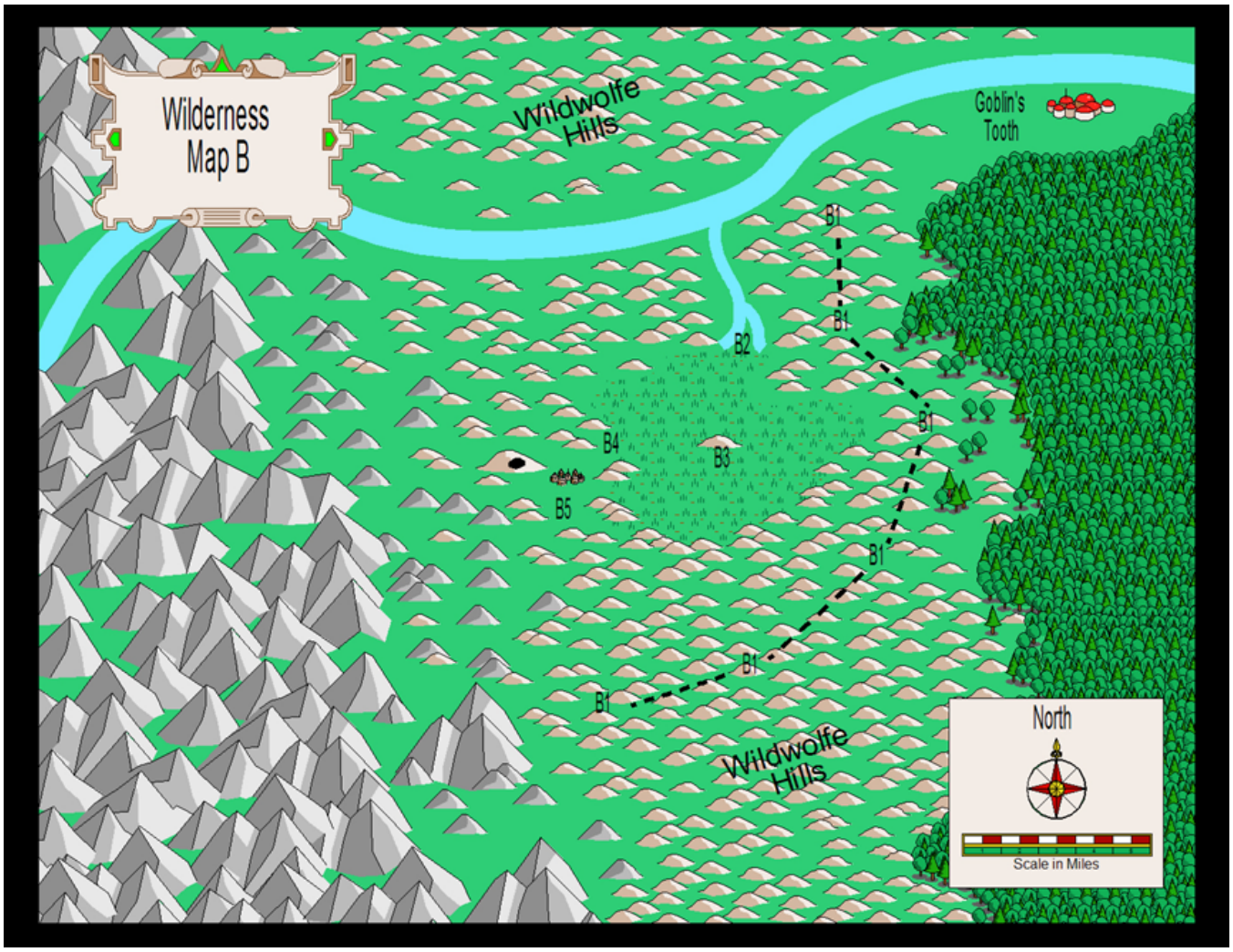
If the heroes ask the reeve for any advice, Sir Derrick offers this: "If you're facing goblins, always post a rear guard—unless you can post two."

If the heroes don't accept the offer, the reeve will offer the map and gold: 100 gold coins for each character (taken from the reeve's personal wealth, as the village has almost no money). If the heroes still refuse the mission or ask for more money, the reeve dismisses them, explaining that they should leave the village so as not to hinder the defenders' efforts. In such a case, the adventure for the heroes has ended.

Part II. Into the Wildwolfe Hills

If the heroes decide to investigate the Wildwolfe Hills, they must also decide upon a route of travel into the region. Deciding on the route is a critical decision; if the heroes act against Thrask's advice and try to enter Morak-Hrazzt lands through the southern or eastern sides of their territory, they will in all likelihood die. Sir Derrick explains that, while Thrask cannot be totally believed, the risk of the goblins being fortified along their southern or eastern boundaries is too great. Moreover, the Morak-Hrazzt tribe has no tactical reason to fortify their northern border; in order for the Zrisk-Horak to enter their lands, the invading goblins would have to walk for at least two days in the full sunlight through human lands. The reeve therefore suggests that the heroes enter the region from the north, near where the river meets the hills.

If the heroes are short on funds for equipment or rations, Sir Derrick will give each hero 50 gold coins.



This money can be considered a gift if the heroes volunteered to help the village, or half of the promised 100 coins if the heroes were more mercenary in their motivations.

After they have equipped themselves, had their armor and weapons prepared, and decided upon their route, the intrepid heroes are free to set forth on their mission. It is assumed that the heroes will be heading north toward the river; if not, they travel without incident to the edge of the hills, after which they run into encounter B1.

The journey to the Morak-Hrazzt village by the northern route will take roughly three and one-half days: one to walk along the river to the edge of the hills, two days to journey across the swamp, and most of the next morning to reach the goblin village. Characters with horses had best leave them at the stable; there are no suitable roads to their destination, and the fields are filled with animal burrows and other irregularities that could easily break a horse's leg. The swamp is completely impassable for horses.

There will be no monster encounters while the party crosses the grasslands. In the hills or swamp, however, the DM is encouraged to check for wandering monsters once each six hours of game time, with an encounter occurring on a score of 1 on 1d8. If an encounter is indicated, the DM is to roll 1d6, adding 4 to the result if the party is located in the swamp. The resulting number matches an encounter in the table below.

1. 2 Giant Worker Ants: AC 3; MV 18; HD 2; hp 7 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; THAC0 19; AL N; XP 35 each. These two are out foraging, and are far enough away from their lair to not arouse suspicion from other giant ants if they are slain.

2. 1d3 Fire Beetles: AC 4; MV 12; HD 1 + 2; hp 5 each; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4; THAC0 19; AL N; XP 35 each. These beasties each have two glands above their eyes that emit a reddish light. If removed from the beetles, the glands will continue to emit light in a 10 foot radius for 1d6 days.

3. 1 Dreadspider (unique monster): AC 8; MV 12; HD 1; hp 8; #AT 1; Dmg 1d3 + poison; SA surprise on a score of 1-5 on 1d10, poison affects nervous system as a Slow spell for 10 rounds--if poisoned character is bitten again and fails poison save, he is rendered comatose for one hour; THAC0 19; AL N; XP 120. This monster is an abnormally large version of trap door spider peculiar to these hills. If this encounter is indicated, it can be assumed that the heroes have wandered into the area immediately surrounding the spider's lair, and it will pounce on the closest party member (or randomly determined party member if they are equidistant) with the listed chance of surprise. Heroes investigating the spider's lair will find the bones of small animals, but no treasure.

4. 1d2 Wolves: AC 7; MV 18; HD 3; hp 12 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 + 1; SD save vs. Charm magic at + 1; THAC0 18; AL N; XP 120 each.

5. 1 Ogre: AC 5; MV 9; HD 4 + 1; hp 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 + 6 (huge club and 18/00 Strength); THAC0 17; AL CE; XP 270 each. This fellow is out hunting, and will gladly hunt adventurer as readily as any other game.

6. 3d6 Scavenger Birds (Vultures): AC 6; MV 3, Fly 27; HD 1 + 1; hp 5 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1d2; THAC0 19; AL N; XP 65 each. While these creatures will engage the heroes only if attacked and cornered, their presence here is indication enough of how dangerous the Wildwolfe Hills can be. The DM could use this encounter more than once if desired, substituting other non-lethal encounters to make the hills more memorable. Possibilities include describing large or giant centipedes, spiders, or beetles crawling upon a distant hillside, or allowing the heroes to come across a small body of stagnant water that serves as a breeding ground for mosquitoes, oozes or slimes.

7. 1 Poisonous Snake (Water Moccasin): AC 6; MV 15, Swim 12; HD 2 + 1; hp 9; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SA Poison, save at + 3 or be incapacitated 2d4 days, onset time 1d4 turns; THAC0 19; AL N; XP 175.

8. 1d4 + 2 Killer Frogs: AC 8; MV 6, Swim 12; HD 1 + 4; hp 8 each; #AT 3; Dmg 1d2/1d2/1d4 + 1; THAC0 18; AL N; XP 35 each.

9. 1d4 Giant Leeches: AC 9; MV 3, Swim 3; HD 1; hp 4 each; #AT 1, Dmg 1d4; SA Blood Drain for 1 Dmg/round after attaching to victim; THAC0 19; AL N; XP 65 each.

10.1 Giant Crayfish: AC 4; MV 6, Swim 12; HD 4 + 4, hp 16; #AT 2; Dmg 2d6/2d6; THAC0 17; AL N; XP 175.

In addition to the encounters presented here, an optional non-combat encounter for the journey across the grasslands is provided. Whether or not this encounter should be included depends upon the amount of information the DM wants the players to have about the 'Hooded One.' If the players are mostly novices that need to know more about their foe before facing him, the encounter should be included; if the players are more advanced, the DM might want to keep them guessing until they arrive at the Hooded One's lair.

If the encounter is used, the party sees a farmer while crossing the grasslands; he is driving a team of exceptionally fine oxen. If the heroes take the time to hail the homesteader, he is delighted to take a moment and chat awhile. He will touch on the following topics during the conversation:

- His name is Cedric, Shedhrig's own cousin. Since the heroes completed Scenario A., Cedric knows their names and praises them for their bravery.
- He's one of the many homesteaders who support the village, and a proud father of two sons, both of whom serve as archers in the militia.
- Since his sons have responded to the call to arms, he has much more work to do. Fortunately, he has his team of new oxen to lighten the work load.
- Laughingly, Cedric tells the heroes that the oxen once belonged to a fool: not the noble kind that entertains kings, but the common sort you find in every village. The fool, or "prospector," as he called himself, drove a wagon right across his alfalfa field a few weeks ago, filled with all sorts of provisions, on his way *into* the Wildwolfe Hills. (The "prospector" was Anathoth; his passing took place about a week before the lunar eclipse, if the heroes think of the eclipse and try to relate the two events.) As if his destination wasn't enough to mark his foolishness, the prospector was headed into the deadliest area for miles without so much as a dagger about him to defend himself! Not that it would matter much—he was thin as a scarecrow and didn't look as if he could fight his way out of his own bedroll, let alone survive the hills.
- Cedric could tell the Prospector was an amateur for another reason: his wagon. No self-respecting wainwright would have built such a contraption, and Cedric suspects the Prospector built it for his own use. Instead of being made of sturdy, level planks, the floor

of the wagon was made of entire logs, each one easily 18 inches in diameter. The added weight would have greatly slowed his progress, and guaranteed that the wagon would be buried in mud after the first good rainstorm.

- In any event, the hills must have taken the prospector, because Cedric found the oxen wandering loose a few days later, grazing in the fields. (Actually, Anathoth set the oxen loose when he arrived at the edge of the swamp, having no further need for the beasts.) There has been no sign of the prospector since; Cedric thinks the goblins either took him prisoner or killed him outright, since the Prospector was too scrawny to make a descent slave.

Cedric is able to provide a detailed physical description of the prospector. Unfortunately, the fellow offered virtually no information about himself to Cedric, not even his name, and became brusque with the friendly farmer when asked. Cedric suspects that the prospector may have been equally un-neighborly with the goblins, who aren't as patient with skinny folk.

B1. Heavily Defended Goblin Line Bristling with Death.

The heroes would only be in this area if they ignored the warnings of Thrask Three-Teeth and the reeve, implying that they were inclined toward conducting their own reconnaissance or are simply overconfident. In either event, the heroes will die if they continue in this direction much further.

If the heroes are here by way of improperly piecing information together, the DM can offer a warning, in the form of a goblin war patrol. The patrol is composed of 12 members. They have statistics identical to the goblins in the random encounter table above, with three exceptions: the goblins have five hit points each, the patrol is led by a large goblin with maximum hit points, and instead of being out searching for sticks, these goblins are armed against attack, each having a short bow, 12 arrows, and three spears. The weapons are all of low quality. Note that when fighting in full daylight, goblins attack at a -1 penalty.

The patrol is a few hundred yards ahead of the actual goblin line, and attacks the heroes on sight. The goblins have been watching for an attack in this area, so they cannot be surprised. The rugged nature of the terrain is such that the goblins have 50 percent cover behind the irregular rocks and boulders, giving the waiting goblins an AC bonus of four, reducing their AC to 2. When they see the heroes, read the following:

It seems that these rugged hills are unaware that spring exists, let alone that is has long since arrived; there is virtually no vegetation in sight. There are no trails of which to speak, just potential routes that seem to offer slightly better footing or that feel less jagged underfoot. The sun beats down upon the rocks, which are consistently sharp and vary in dimensions between those of a fist to those of a dwarf. You see a great centipede, some two feet long, scuttling across this 60-foot-wide, rock-strewn valley between two low hills.

Suddenly, the whistling of an arrow breaks the silence, followed by a goblin war cry. A few dark shapes partially emerge from behind the rocks about 50 feet ahead, each roughly 15 to 20 feet apart. Even as you dart for cover, you hear the goblin war cry answered by dozens more, although they seem far off as of yet.

Only four of the 12 goblins have appeared to the party. They are spaced widely enough that most area of effect spells will be of minimal or no use. These four will attempt to pin the heroes in place, firing two arrows each per round. The heroes may attempt to take cover from the goblin archers; on a score of 1-3 on 1d6, a hero has found a small boulder, outcropping, or low ditch within diving distance that will offer 25 percent cover for an AC bonus of 2, or 50 percent and AC bonus of 4 if the hero is willing to lie prone behind it. Heroes returning fire cannot lie prone. If no cover is immediately available, the hero sees a location not too far away in which he may take cover on the following round.

The other eight goblins will spend the first round of the attack flanking the heroes, four on either side, darting behind and between rocks. They will only be observed if a hero is specifically watching for flanking maneuvers or a rear attack, and at least two characters must be watching in order for both groups to be detected.

On the second round of the combat, the archers continue to fire, as one of the flanking forces begins advancing towards the heroes, sounding their war cry. At this closer range, the heroes will be able to make out the tribal symbol—a red spear, crudely painted upon the goblin tunics and shields—the symbol of the Morak-Hrazzt, or Bloody Spear" Goblins. The rocky hills are their native terrain, and they gain a 25 percent cover/+2 AC bonus while darting between rocks. It will take the advancing goblins all of the second round to close to melee range with the heroes, and hand-to-hand combat can begin on the next round. The other flanking group stays

motionless; they believe they are unnoticed by the heroes.

On the third round, it is assumed that the first flanking force has engaged the heroes in melee. The goblin archers will not fire into the melee, but will continue to fire at any stragglers on the fringe of the fighting, especially obvious spellcasters. It is likely that the heroes are all facing the first flanking group, unless the heroes still have a character watching the rear. It is at this time that the second flanking squad charges the party, without sounding a war cry. If the heroes still have a rear guard posted, they can capitalize on the goblin charge by turning on them and attacking; the goblins' initiative in such a case is penalized by 2 and their AC is penalized by 1 for the charge, although the charge also grants an attack bonus of +2 for this round only. If the heroes have no one watching the rear this round, the goblins close to melee range unchallenged, and may attack this round at +4 to hit against the heroes' rear armor classes (+2 for the charge, +2 for attacking from behind).

By way of illustration, a hero in chain mail and shield with a dexterity of 16 normally has a frontal AC of 2; his rear AC doesn't include the shield or dexterity bonus, so his rear AC is the chain mail's base AC of 5—adding the goblins' +4 attack bonus brings the hero's effective rear AC up to 9 for the round the goblins charge! The third round ends with another goblin war cry rising up in the distance, sounding closer this time.

Run the melee normally after the third round. The goblins retreat if eight or more of their number are killed or incapacitated. While the goblins in the distance might sound like they are approaching, they are not; they have been ordered to hold their line, but are now very much aware of the intruders. If the heroes retreat from the area and decide to enter the hills by way of the northern route, the goblins do not pursue. If the heroes continue to advance deeper into the hills, proceed to their next (and last) battle.

Should the heroes continue deeper into goblin territory, they come to a ridge, before which there is no appreciable cover and behind which some 60 goblins are waiting. The goblins wait, hidden behind the rocks, until the heroes get within short range for their bows, then loose two arrows at the heroes each during the first round, spreading their attack evenly among the heroes:

Goblins (60): AC 2 (50 percent cover); MV 6; HD 1-1; hp 4 each; #AT 2; Dmg 1d6 x 2 (arrows); THACO 20; AL LE; XP 15 each.

If the heroes survive the first volley of 120 arrows and decide to retreat, the goblins will have a second volley of 60 arrows at short range, another 60 at medium range, and another 60 at long range before the heroes are safe from the goblins, although it is much more likely that they will be dead long before then.

B2. The Edge of the Swamp.

You've journeyed south into the rugged hills for a mile or two. The terrain is already disorienting: the north side of one hill seems to look almost identical to the east side of another, and in some cases only the direction in which shadows are cast can tell you if you're still headed in the appropriate direction.

You have been negotiating a ravine floor between two of the larger hills, small pebbles and rocks shifting under each step. As you round the base of one of the hills, you notice your path taking on a mild, descending slope. Moments later, a valley comes into view, some three miles in width and about five miles across. Unlike the brown and beige tones that everything in these hills seem to have, the floor of the valley is a verdant green; waves of straight reeds, tall as a man, wave gently in the slightest breeze. It is doubtless that the valley is considerably lower and wetter than the surrounding terrain to support such vegetation, if it isn't actually a swamp.

As you debate whether it would be better to try and negotiate these unstable hillsides or wade through the swamp, you notice some brownish objects at the edge of the marshy ground.

If the heroes investigate the objects, they find two wagon wheels, each roughly five feet across, at the swamp's edge. Another wheel can be seen several feet into the reeds. While the grasses appear to stand more or less vertical, there is an area near the wheels where they lean inward slightly, as if a large animal entered the swamp at that point some time ago.

The wheels were discarded by Anathoth when he entered the swamp, and the leaning reeds are only now returning to their upright state after the mage's raft parted them.

Should the heroes elect to keep to the high ground, it will take two extra days to reach area B5; the DM should roll for appropriate encounters during that time. While it may seem to be a quicker route, following the hills to the goblin village is actually slower than the swamp; the constant climbing and descending alone adds distance, and the irregulari-

ties in the terrain and the meandering path often demanded by safety concerns will slow the travelers even more. Dwarves or other characters with knowledge of hilly terrain will know that a journey by way of these desolate hills will take longer.

The curiosity generated by the wagon wheels might be incentive enough for the heroes to enter the swamp—if they do, roll for encounters using the +4 swamp modifier for the next two days. The journey will be a difficult one, for the intrepid adventurers must wade through thigh-deep water carrying their armor, weapons, and equipment, while being harassed by biting insects and the denizens of the swamp listed on the encounter table. The heroes will reach area B3 by evening, and the far edge of the swamp by the end of the next day.

B3. The Lost Patrol.

The journey through this accursed swamp has been anything but bearable. Hours of slogging through stagnant, thigh-deep, leech-infested water was enhanced by all manner of biting insects feasting upon your drier body parts. Finding no place dry enough to stop for food at midday, you gnawed upon dried rations and drank as you cut your way through the reeds. The sun is now beginning to disappear below the mountains in the west, and it seems that your luck might be turning—a low hill rises out of the reeds to your left, and while not especially inviting in appearance, it does present the only dry patch of ground for miles, and it could serve as a defensible campsite.

The heroes are traveling in the swamp that claimed the lives of Davis (brother of Edward the Grocer) and his patrol 20 years ago, although the heroes may or may not be aware of it. During the Goblin War, Davis and his men made their final stand on this hill. The patrol was ambushed in the swamp by a handful of the goblin skirmishers that travel in advance of full-size goblin war parties; four men were killed outright and another five were seriously wounded before the goblins were slain. Davis, hearing the war cries of the goblin war party, ordered his men up the hill, leaving the dead behind and having his few uninjured men help the wounded. The humans made a valiant stand as the goblins swarmed up the hill; they were eventually overwhelmed, but not before the hill drank much human and goblin blood.

Davis and his sergeants fell with the knowledge that they had failed in their mission, failed to save their men, and possibly failed to prevent the goblins from taking their homeland. Thus, when they fell, the spark of life did not completely pass from their bodies—resolve, rage, and despair lingered on, animating their decaying corpses as vengeful undead.

The heroes will probably climb the hill with intent to clear a campsite. They have roughly an hour of daylight remaining to do so, and they will need at least half of that time to clear a sleeping area of reeds. The remaining time can be spent removing armor, cleaning grime from equipment, and (if the DM feels dramatic) burning off any leeches clinging to any of the heroes. There is no suitable wood for a fire, so the heroes may only use torches, lanterns or the *Continual Light* gem for light (novice players may need to be reminded that the *Continual Light* stone would likely attract every monster in the swamp if used for illumination by night).

If the heroes conduct more than a cursory search of the hill (say, to clear a camp site), there is a good chance they will make a grisly discovery. Since the hill was a battlefield, several skeletons, both human and goblin, lie entwined in the reeds on the hilltop. As the heroes chop away the vegetation, allow a 50 percent chance per clearing character of uncovering the remains of a human or goblin warrior.
As soon as darkness descends upon the land, the zombies rise from their watery resting place and shamble up the hill. Read the following to the players:

Night has fallen, and you stretch your damp, weary limbs under a starless sky. The dampness of this swamp is pervasive; water seems to condense upon everything as the temperature drops from the sun's sleeping. There was no dry wood for a fire, and the normal warmth and light to which you are accustomed is replaced by a single, flickering lantern, with droplets of water clinging to its panes. You fancy that there is condensation forming on your own skeleton when you hear sloshing noises coming from several points around the base of the hill. A quick look at your companions shows they heard the sound as well. As you silently take hold of your weapons, it is difficult to tell if the moisture on the handles is condensation or cold sweat...

Davis and his two sergeants are climbing the hill, on their nightly quest for vengeance. It will take three full combat rounds for them to reach the heroes' campsite, and if the party listens carefully they can hear the zombies approaching from three different directions. On the fourth round, the zombies burst into view: three shambling, decaying corpses in tatters of watch uniforms and shreds of chain mail armor. Their combat statistics are:

Zombies (3): AC 8; MV 6; HD 2; hp 13,10,6; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (open-hand/clawing); THAC0 19; SD

immune to *sleep, charm, hold,* and *death* magic, as well as cold-based spells and poisons; Special Vulnerabilities: sunlight or being relieved by a friendly patrol in Goblin's Tooth Watch livery; AL N; XP 65 each.

These undead are a special type of zombie. By day, they sink into the swamp at the base of the hill, but by night they emerge and destroy any living creatures trespassing on their battlefield. They have combat statistics of standard zombies, but roll normally for initiative (having a speed factor of 3 for their open-handed clawing attacks). The zombies can be destroyed several ways: with normal weapons, by exposure to the sun (they turn to dust if touched by sunlight), or by being formally relieved by another patrol wearing the livery of the village watch (in which case the zombies' mission is considered complete and their life forces pass on to the next world, leaving their lifeless bodies in a heap).

The zombies collectively have only one item of value: a gold ring found on the right hand of the 13 hp zombie. The outside of the ring is quite plain, but there is a grime-encrusted inscription on the inside. It reads, "To my brother, Davis, for courage—Edward." The ring can be appraised at about 10 gold coins.

B4. The Search Party.

The depth of the cold, slimy water has gradually receded during the last hour of slogging through this miserable swamp. The reeds in this area don't grow so closely together in this area, and you can see the Wildwolfe range, the foothills for the Serpentfang Mountains, looming ominously over the tops of the reed forest. You have reached the other side of the swamp.
Any jubilation you may have felt at the prospect of dry land quickly changes to caution, however, as you hear several harsh, guttural voices arguing in a strange language just beyond the reeds. Apparently, whatever the creatures are haven't heard your approach, for their voices grow even louder as you listen.

Characters who know the goblin language will recognize the voices as goblins. They are arguing about whether or not breaking a 'regular stick' to the length of a 'magic stick' will make a 'regular' stick into a 'magic' one. Both sides present equally feeble arguments for and against as the heroes listen.

The PCs may opt to leap out and attack the goblins with surprise, or listen until the goblins leave the area in 2d6 + 5 rounds.

If the heroes attack, the statistics for the goblins are:

Morak-Hrazzt Goblins (1d4 + 4): AC 6; MV 6; HD 1-1; hp 3 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (spears); THAC0 20; AL LE; XP 15 each.

If, after the heroes finish the attacks they gain from surprise, the goblins outnumber the heroes, the monsters attack the party immediately and fight until half of them are slain. If the goblins are outnumbered or if half of them are killed, they flee toward area B1., leaving an obvious trail.

The goblins were out searching for the Hooded One's "Magic Stick." Since they are not exactly certain what the item looks like, they are collecting every stick they find of the dimensions the Hooded One described, and each goblin carries a bundle of 10 or 12 sticks that are roughly wand-sized. A few of the sticks have been broken to the appropriate length.

None of the goblins speak human common, but if one of the heroes speaks goblin, it is possible to question goblins who surrendered or were captured. If a goblin is questioned, he relates the following:

- His name is Nerk, and he doesn't like humans because they killed his father during the Goblin War.
- He is searching for a magic stick for Brakk-Ni.
- Brakk-Ni is the new chief of the Morak-Hrazzt. He came from the swamp.
- Brakk-Ni is all-powerful. He made the moon disappear.
- Brakk-Ni would be angered by the presence of humans in his lands; he will destroy the heroes on sight, unless they come to pay homage to him.
- If the humans want to pay homage to Brakk-Ni, they should seek him in the caves above the goblin village.

Each goblin carries 1d6 coppers and 1d4 silver coins each.

B5. The Goblin Village.

It seems a ridiculous feeling that the sight of more hills would be a welcome one, but after the unpleasantries of the swamp a certain sense of relief comes from setting foot on dry ground, even if it is jagged, shifting, and full of predators. Now that your band is well within the Wildwolfe range, each successive hill seems taller than the last; the slopes are steeper, and selecting a path has become delicate business due to the sharpness of rocks, sheer hill faces that require ropes for ascending or descending, and poor footing.

A few hours into the morning, you find yourselves

reaching the summit of yet another hill when you see smoke curling up from the valley below. It originates from several small, crude huts fashioned from stones, mud, and sticks that circle a muddy pond in the valley floor. This must be the village of the Morak-Hrazzt, and the lair of the "giant" spoken of by Thrask Three-Teeth. No goblins are seen moving about the huts; even the pond is still. In a massive hill northwest of the goblin settlement you see a yawning cave mouth, roughly halfway up the slope. A crude catwalk, fashioned from sticks and sinew, snakes from the village up to the cave opening between rock outcroppings and treacherous slopes. The catwalk appears to be empty of travelers, although some movement can barely be discerned in the cave mouth.

The heroes have indeed found the lair of the Morak-Hrazzt. Fortunately for the party, most of the Morak-Hrazzt warriors are stationed along the battle lines at B1. Only 12 normal goblin warriors have been ordered to remain at home to defend the village; the other goblins present in the village are old males, females and young—all noncombatant, who remain in their hovels by day due to their nocturnal lifecycle.

The goblin warriors keep a slightly different schedule. By order of the Hooded One, a handful will leave their homes every four hours to perform guard duty at the entrance to the abandoned mine (where the Hooded One makes his home), after which the guards recently relieved from duty return back down the catwalk to their homes. When the heroes arrive on the scene, roll 1d4. The result is the number of hours remaining before the guard changes again. Prudent heroes will wait for a guard change to maximize the amount of time they will have in the mine before goblins intent on serving the next guard shift enter the guardroom and find their comrades slain or missing. Such a discovery will cause the goblins to flee their village, while runners go to area B1 to bring back about 50 warriors by the next evening. No one will be sent to warn the Hooded One—no one wants to give him bad news, and he's demonstrated an ability to take care of himself.

Of course, it is entirely possible to enter the abandoned mine, slay the hooded one and his personal guard and leave within four hours. Thus, if the players are willing to wait for the proper moment to strike, their characters can be well out of harm's way by the time their actions are discovered and goblin reinforcements arrive.

Since virtually no one is watching from the village, it is possible for the party to work their way undetected to the base of the hill containing the mine by moving around the perimeter of the village, keeping behind the cover of boulders and outcroppings. Even guards peering out from the cave mouth are unable to see the heroes approaching because their vision in full daylight is poor. The party can similarly scale the hill without using the catwalk, again using available cover, to reach the cave mouth itself unchallenged and undetected by the goblins in the village.

If the party tries the direct approach of marching through the village, they are immediately beset upon by six goblin warriors:

AC 6; MV 6; HD 1-1; hp 6 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (spears); THAC0 20; Special Vulnerability fight at -1 to hit in full daylight; AL LE; XP 15 each. Each goblin carries 7 sp.

The warriors' attack is the least of the heroes' problems if they walk directly through the village. If the party is seen before en route to the mine two goblin runners will be sent to area B1 while the six warriors attack, using two different routes. While the reinforcements won't arrive in time to prevent the heroes from exiting the mine after completing their mission, they will arrive in time to track the party back through the swamp. While goblins generally move at half the rate of humans, the reinforcements are moving in their native terrain, and know paths by which they could catch up with the party. A likely place for the goblins to corner the heroes would be the very hill where Davis' lost patrol made their final stand.

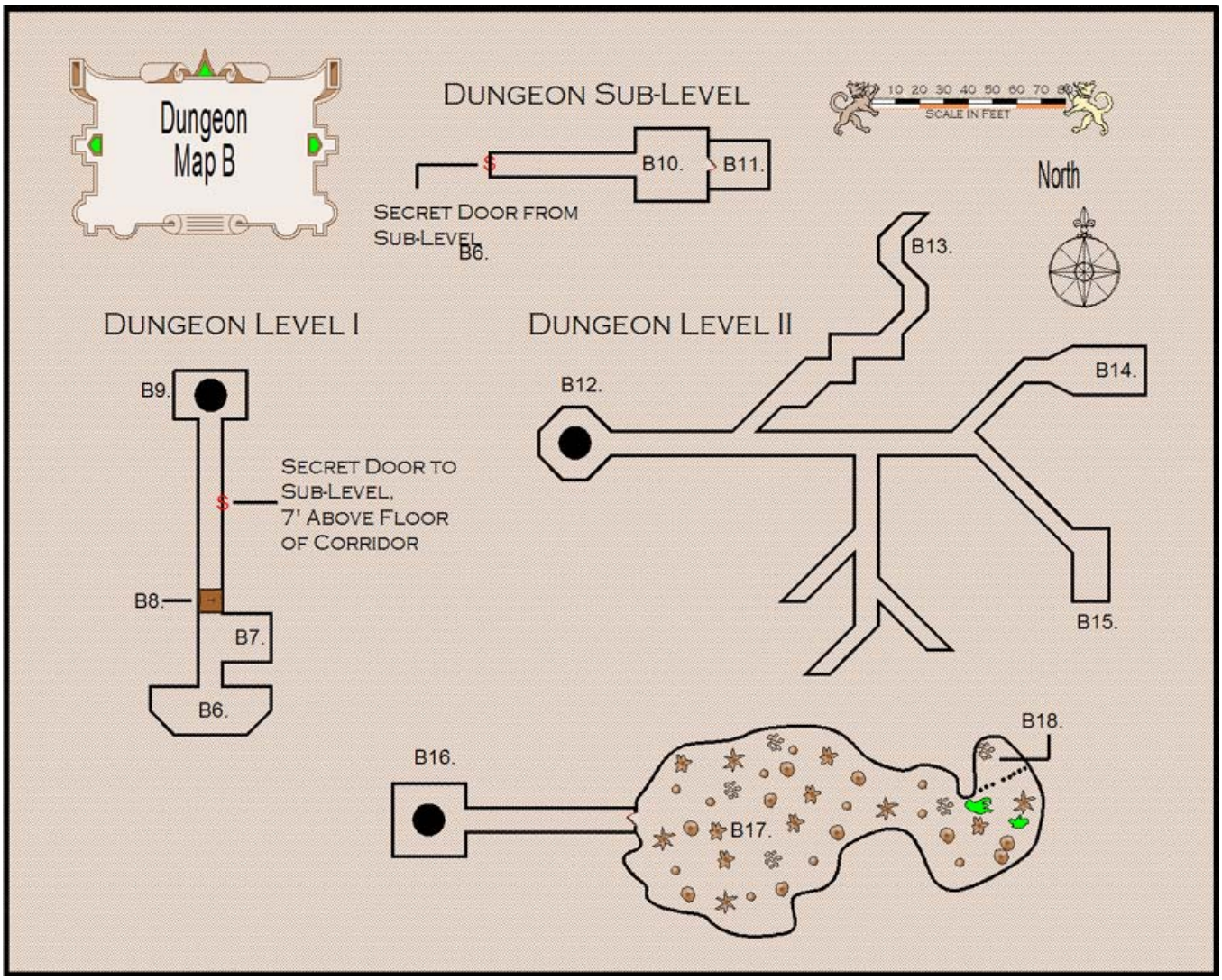
In any event, heroes traveling through the village and boldly up the catwalk will also attract the attention of the guards in the cave mouth. The guards will not engage the party on the walk, but will await them inside the mine.

Regardless of how the heroes reach the cave, they will ultimately end up on a flat outcropping of rock before the cave mouth leading into the mine.

Part III. The Lair of the Hooded One.

Anathoth, the Hooded One, has taken up residence in the abandoned mine above the Morak-Hrazzt village. The mine's vein of ore was played out long before the goblins arrived; dwarves or other characters with mining knowledge can identify the original miners as human, judging from the manner in which reinforcing timbers are placed and the height of the passage (goblin mines tend to have shorter passages and inferior supports). The location of the mine is indicated on Map B.

Refer to the map entitled "Lair of the Hooded One" for handling the encounters below. All passages have



a minimum height of 10 feet, and all rooms have a minimum ceiling height of 12 feet, unless otherwise noted. All goblins in the abandoned mine wear the livery of the Morak-Hrazzt.

Dungeon Level I.

B6. Entrance.

You stand upon a flat, roughly semicircular outcropping of dry, brownish stone. The goblin catwalk stretches away behind you, and before you yawns a cave mouth, potentially the lair of this goblin giant. Even standing in the open air of the stone ledge, you can smell the cave's stale air, which carries the stench of carrion. Some scuttling noises can be heard from the blackness beyond.

The scuttling noises are the goblin guards in area B7. If the heroes have stealthily approached the mine without alerting the village or marching up the catwalk, the goblins think that the heroes are their guard duty relief, and the scuttling noises come from their hiding gambling materials and picking up possessions in preparation for returning home. If the party caused commotion when they arrived or marched up the full length of the catwalk, the noises are generated by the goblins retreating beyond the pit at area B8 and setting the trap for the advancing heroes. In either case, the characters must eventually enter if they are to succeed in their quest.

B7. Guardroom.

The cave mouth opens into to a mine tunnel, which is reinforced every ten feet or so with thick, dry timbers. The ceiling is quite high, reaching a peak at roughly 12 feet overhead, perhaps indicating an exceptionally high vein of ore was once discovered here. Two narrow, parallel grooves, about three feet apart, are carved into the floor of the tunnel; the grooves follow the passage north into the blackness. After a few feet of travel, an area opens up to your right, perhaps 20 feet on a side. It contains an astonishing assortment of rubbish, mostly decaying wood and scraps of metal.

If the goblins are still in the chamber, read the next italicized paragraph. If not, read the second italicized paragraph to the players.

Along with the rubbish, your glance through the area reveals four goblins, apparently gathering their possessions. Facial expressions of surprise quickly turn to those of fierce rage as the goblins muster their weapons and attack!

When the goblins have been defeated or if they have already left the area, red the following:

The origin of the carrion stench is readily apparent; a heap of rotting, partially-devoured meat, a goat or fawn judging by the skeleton, sits in the center of the place. Other items of note include a set of crude bone dice, a small pile of copper coins and a chamber pot filled with muddy-looking water. Whatever made the scuttling noises has apparently left the area, although you can still hear something traveling down the tunnel ahead.

The goblins' combat statistics are: AC 6; MV6; HD1-1; hp 6 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (spear); THACO 20; Special Vulnerability fight at -1 to hit in full daylight (including stones with *Continual Light* cast upon them); AL LE; XP 15 each. The goblins are more afraid of the Hooded One than the heroes, and therefore fight to the death.
Each goblin carries 11 silver coins on its person. There are 68 cp in the pile of coins on the floor; the goblins were gambling before the heroes arrived. If the goblins were engaged in melee in this room, 8 crude, goblin-made spears are piled near the north wall of the area.

The parallel grooves mentioned in the description once held rails for use with mining carts. The rails have since been pulled up to be used for other purposes.

B8. Pit Trap.

This pit trap was recently designed and installed by the Hooded One. It is 10 feet deep, and is usually kept locked in the closed position by a small lever set into the west wall of the passage, 30 feet north of the pit trap. When the lever locks the pit closed, the area can be traversed safely; this is the trap's setting when the heroes first approach the mine entrance. If the heroes alerted the guards to their presence earlier, the guards snatched their extra spears and fled north, past the pit to area B9, setting the trap behind them.

If the pit is unlocked, the first rank of characters will trigger the trap after taking a step or two into the area indicated on the map, and will fall in automatically if they weren't checking for traps (even something so feeble as tapping upon the floor ahead will reveal this trap, and astute characters who think to examine the floor will note that the peculiar grooves running the length of the passage are absent over the pit); characters in the second rank may avoid falling in by rolling their dexterity score or less on 1d20; heroes further back in the marching order will not fall into the pit. Characters falling in suffer 1d6 damage from the fall—what's worse, the goblins originally from area B7 will then emerge, extra spears in hand, and throw them at any heroes not in the pit who try to rescue their fallen comrades!

If the goblins have the supreme good luck to capture all the heroes in the pit, they happily throw their spears at the hapless characters within, keeping one spear each for anyone attempting to climb out. Note that the goblins must actually climb down into the pit to attach the lines needed to close the pit, so the heroes can at least take comfort in the fact that the pit cannot be locked in the closed position above them—at least not until they are dead, held for ransom, or otherwise subjected to the tender mercies of the DM.

Note also that the secret door indicated on the east side of the passage beyond the pit is actually set into the wall at a height of seven feet above the floor; it gives egress to the sub-level on which the Hooded One lairs. Thus, a character checking for secret doors in the conventional way will find none, and elves passing the door will not automatically notice unless they are *Flying, Levitating,* or using some other magical form of aerial transport so that the door is at the character's eye level. Characters with tracking ability who specifically search for tracks in the five-foot tunnel section under the secret door will note a gathering of round marks, like those made by the butt of a spear or walking stick (actually, the marks are made by a ladder lowered by the Hooded One and his personal guard, so that they can enter the sub-level).

B9. The Mine Shaft.

The mine tunnel opens into a chamber, perhaps 20 feet in depth and 30 feet across. In the center of the chamber is a circular shaft, 15 feet in diameter. Suspended above the shaft is a round platform, fashioned from wooden planks and apparently quite new in construction. The platform is about 10 feet in diameter, and features a winch-like mechanism in the center attached to two ropes, which extend through a timber framework overhead then down alongside the platform, into the darkness of the shaft. There is a locking lever on

the gears of the winch. A crudely-carved glyph is etched into the wall beyond the platform. The area is deserted.

The shaft extends 40 feet below the surface of this level. Level II is situated 15 feet below Level I, and Level III is 15 feet below Level II. The shaft extends for 10 feet below Level III.

The Hooded One discovered through questioning his new subjects that the glyph marks the lair of what goblins call an *oknog*, or "spirit devourer." The Hooded One knew (as any character who speaks the goblin language knows) that goblins believe oknogs live in deep, dark places, and that these spirits must be appeased with items of value; if an oknog is not honored, it hunts those who dare to live in its realm without paying homage. It is therefore common for goblins to literally throw valuables and prisoners into places where oknogs may be found, so that the spirits won't come forth and devour the goblins.

Not being the superstitious type, Anathoth ordered his goblins to retrieve the remnants of his wagon for the construction of the platform and winch lift so that the mine and oknog shaft might be searched for Maldreth's 'lost' *Wand of Fire*. The locking mechanism will secure the platform at any point within the shaft, and the overhead ropes are connected to stone counterweights that allow the winch to be worked with minimal effort for up to six passengers. For more than six persons, an additional character must help with the winch. The platform can support no more than eight human-sized creatures.

When Anathoth explored the shaft, he found no sign of an oknog or the wand he sought, but he did find some non-biodegradable treasures which can now be found in areas B10 and B11.

The Dungeon Sub-Level.

This level can only be accessed by ladder or rope from the hallway connecting areas B8 and B9, and even then only if the heroes are able to locate the secret entrance seven feet above the floor. It is unlikely that the party will detect the secret door leading to the sub-level until they speak with Nak-Skree in area B18 on Level III.

The secret door isn't really a door at all; it is a simple wooden frame, covered with canvas, packed over with mud of the same color as the brownish stone from which the mine is delved. While the camouflage is crude, fine craftsmanship is unnecessary where no one is likely to look. Once discovered, the door must be opened and the wall scaled so that the party might enter the 10' high by 10' wide passage that eventually leads to area B10.

B10. Guardroom.

For a moment, you are taken aback when you see the glimmer of torchlight at the end of this narrow tunnel, about two spearthrows away. You can hear guttural speech and crass laughter from the space beyond.

As you draw nearer, you see that the corridor opens into a chamber, roughly 30 feet square, with a stout-looking wooden door set into the far wall. Two torches, set in iron sconces fastened to the timberwork supporting the 12 foot ceiling, shed flickering light upon the hunched forms of four large goblins. Two appear to be playing cards at a crude wooden table, the third is sharpening the point of a well-made spear, and the fourth is drinking from a wineskin covered with goat's fur.

These fellows are the Hooded One's personal guard, or *Mag'vach*, and they have grown complacent because of their leader's power, their secret location, and their own abilities. While the heroes can certainly hear the goblins from the end of the passage, the goblins may be surprised at the normal chances. The guards will melee without taking time to parley.

They have the combat statistics of goblin leader's assistants: AC 5 (scale mail armor and small, metal shields); MV 6; HD 1; hp 7 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 + 1 (footman's maces); THAC0 19; Special Vulnerability fight at -1 to hit in full daylight; AL LE; XP 15 each.

The surprisingly high-quality armaments the goblins have are a few of the treasures the Hooded One recovered from the oknog shaft. Beyond their serviceable weaponry, the goblin guards carry 13 sp and 7 gp each, along with a tribal token of the Morak-Hrazzt tribe. The goat-hair wineskin contains an almost indigestible fermented concoction made from swamp reeds.

The room also contains crates of rations, water, oil, tools, and other decidedly non-goblin items. The stores are the remnants of the Hooded One's travel provisions; astute PCs will notice the mark of Rumden the Trader on several of the crates.

Melee in this room will almost certainly attract the notice of the Hooded One in the room to the east; his response will be to bar the door on his side, cast a protective spell upon himself, and wait until his guards have done whatever damage they may to the intruders; he will then remove the bar and address the heroes, joined by the 'visitor' he is entertaining,

Thrul the ogre.

With the ogre beside him, Anathoth introduces himself in human common, but uses his goblin name: Brakk-Ni. His cloak still conceals his features. He will thank the heroes for testing the ability of his personal guard, and will ask the heroes if they might be interested in accepting their duties for equal shares of spoils from the coming war with the Zrisk-Horak. Brakk-Ni will not disclose any other information about himself or his plans, politely pointing out that trying to explain his complex plans to an uneducated band of ragged sellswords would hardly be worth the effort. There is only the offer of employment, and if the heroes don't accept, Thrul the ogre will mash them into a collective pulp to be fed to the wolves. Of course, the Hooded One will place his back against a wall and assist his oversized friend with such spells that are at his disposal.

Their combat statistics are:

Thrul the ogre: AC 5; MV 9; HD 4 + 1; hp 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 + 6 (club + strength bonus); THAC0 17; AL CE; XP 270.

Anathoth the wizard, also known as Brakk-Ni, "the Hooded One": AC 3 vs. melee weapons, AC 2 vs. device-propelled missiles, AC 1 vs. hand-hurled missiles, AC 9 from the rear, though his back is against a wall (*Shield* spell in effect for 20 rounds and a *Ring of Protection + 1*); MV 12; HD Fourth-level mage; hp 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger) or spell; SA spell use: SD saves at +1 due to magic ring, *Shield* spell negates *Magic Missiles*; AL LE; XP 650.

Anathoth's memorized spells include:
Level I: Color Spray, Detect magic, Shield (already cast)
Level II: Alter Self, Ray of Enfeeblement

If reduced to 5 hp or less, Brakk-Ni will sue for peace. He does not yet surrender, for he still has control of the Morak-Hrazzt, and the heroes must exit their lands in order to return home safely. The mage proposes that the heroes take the treasures he has in the chest within his chamber, along with tokens of safe passage that the Morak-Hrazzt will respect. The mage will keep his books and the apparatus for his magical experiments. The Hooded One will press the bargain, adding that killing or even capturing him will make him a martyr in the eyes of his tribe (true) and will foster an immediate attack on the Village of Goblin's Tooth (false).

The heroes are faced with a conundrum, for whether or not they leave Anathoth to hatch his schemes, war may erupt between the two goblin tribes and possibly with the human village as well. A wise party would at least remove the Hooded One from his position of power; heroes enlisted in the watch or those disposed to civic responsibility may see their duty as arresting him to be tried by the reeve for inciting conflict and endangering the village.

A small sack is tucked into Thrul's belt; it contains 40 gp and a bloodstone gem worth 30 gp. If slain, Anathoth is found to be carrying the key to the chest in room B10, a belt made of gold chain links worth 200 gp, and his magic ring.

B11. Anathoth's Bedchamber.

It is likely that the heroes will have already engaged the creatures residing in this room before they enter, as the Hooded One and the ogre with whom he was discussing an alliance planned on charging into the melee in room B9. If the heroes were especially quick in dispatching the goblin guard and getting past the barred door (2 rounds or less), the Hooded One and the ogre are still in the room; The Hooded one is completing a spell by the bookcases and the ogre is standing facing the door, club at the ready. If the monsters are still in this room, the DM should amend the description accordingly.

The comparative comfort of this room glares in contrast with the rest of this dingy complex. The chamber itself is around 20 feet across and 25 in depth, with light provided by two torches in wall sconces and a group of candles on a nearby workbench. Other furnishings include a double-sized bed, a thick rug interwoven with different shades of green, a pair of chairs, two bookshelves, and a large chest in the southwest corner. There seem to be no other exits from the room, which appears to be deserted.

Chances are likely that the heroes have already overcome the Hooded One and his ogre by the time they explore this room, so all that remains is to collect information and treasures and depart.

The chest is locked, but not trapped; Anathoth carries the key on a chain about his neck. It contains a few changes of clothes for a human male, 398 cp, 212 sp, 164 gp, 18 small, strangely marked stone disks with a hole bored through the center (Ancient Senexian coins—worth 10 gp each to a collector or sage in a large city, can be identified by a character with knowledge of ancient history or ancient languages), and the following gems: topaz (350 gp), star rose quartz (80 gp), jade (50 gp), onyx (50 gp), turquoise (12 gp), and moss agate (11 gp).

The bookshelves contain the volumes Anathoth has amassed for this particular project. They include *Denizens of the Wildwolfe Hills* by Farlad the Blue (10 gp); a common-to-goblin pictograph dictionary (15 gp); a tactical map of the Wildwolfe Hills and Dimshadow Woode drawn during the goblin war (30 gp to a collector, worthless in Goblin's Tooth); *Outdoor Survival* by Clegis the Pathfinder, ranger and Warden of Sevelwoode (20 gp); and the ill-fated volume *An Accurate and True Historie of the Battel of Shedhrig's Pass* by Dewey, Foolum, and Howe, the book that started this whole mess. Anathoth's spellbook is also on the bookcase; it contains his memorized spells plus *Burning Hands, Color Spray,* and *Read Magic*.

The workbench is strewn with papers, quills, candles, mostly notes about ways to identify the "missing wand," and what appear to be notes taken during a low-level magical academy lecture on characteristics of charged magical items.

There is one curious item on the desk: a small earthenware dish, in which rest four small, perfectly smooth, teardrop-shaped pieces of an amber-like substance. These are *Goewin's Tears*, magical items featured in fairy tales told to children in this area. In the stories, Goewin wept at the cruelty wrought by goblins upon the world (actually, she wept about the humans spoiling her homeland, but stories are largely semantic anyway), and her tears crystallized before touching the ground. Anyone placing one of the crystallized tears on his or her tongue would find the tear to instantly dissolve, and any wounds suffered by the person would be healed. It was rumored that Shedhrig himself used one of these during the battle that bears his name. In game terms, each tear has the effect of a *Heal* spell when placed upon the tongue of its user, after which it dissolves. The *Tears* are worth 500 XP each.

Nothing else in the room is of any great interest to the heroes.

Dungeon Level II.

B12. Landing.

The remarkable conveyance slowly lowers your intrepid band into the darkness of the shaft. The air is becoming stale and the temperature grows cooler. After descending a few feet, the platform begins to dangle in open air; a descent of around 15 more feet brings you level with a stone floor in an octagonal chamber, about 30 feet across, with a passage heading eastward. The peculiar grooves are again carved into the passage floor. All is silent.

There is nothing of interest or value here.

B13. Old Mold.

This branch from the primary tunnel probably followed a vein of ore very closely, for the floor is irregular and the passage meanders considerably. At long last, the passage widens to 10 feet, and two sets of floor grooves extend toward the end of the passage, some 20 feet ahead. There seems to be an oblong object about four feet in length on the floor near the dead end, but it is obscured by a massive patch of yellowish mold, which covers the last 10 feet of floor and walls, and even parts of the ceiling.

The entire end of the passage is covered by a large colony of yellow mold: AC:9; MV 0; HD n/a; hp n/a; #AT 1; Dmg poison spores; THAC0 n/a; SD affected only by fire, MR 20 percent; AL N; XP 65.
The mold has no treasure, and the oblong object it concealed was the head of a mining pickaxe—the shaft rotted away long ago.

B14. Rat's Nest.

Sickening squeaking and skittering noises can be heard from the darkness before you. After a moment, a swarm of small red eyes reflect your light sources, squirming around and in front of each other; then the end of the corridor comes into view, about a spearthrow ahead. A confused pile of wood shavings, hair, bones, and decaying vegetable matter is covered with a writhing mass of black rats of all sizes. Most retreat from the light, either scurrying deeper into the folds of the disgusting warren or into small holes delved into the walls. A few, however, don't flee—they are the largest rats you've ever seen, easily two feet from nose to tail—they begin hungrily advancing towards the group.

As the description implies, the party is beset upon by a pack of starving giant rats; the pack numbers three for every two members of the party. Their combat statistics are:

AC 7; MV 12, swim 6; HD 1/2; hp 3 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1d3; SA bite carries 5 percent chance of disease; THAC0 20; AL NE; XP 15 each.

The rats retreat into wall holes if half of their number are killed; the heroes can be awarded full XP for the entire pack if they drive off the rats.

If the heroes have the stomach for it, they may search the rats' nest. It is composed primarily of the materials already described, along with a few unidentifiable

scraps of decayed flesh. Several rats will flee into the wall holes during the two man-turns of searching required to sift through the eight-foot-across by four-foot-high nest, which will reveal several small compartments of baby rats too small to open their eyes, rat bodily wastes, and several small, shiny objects the rats have collected including seven glass beads, 14 cp, 11 sp, and there is a 50 percent chance that a tiny diamond (value 50 gp) will also be recovered.

B15. A Victim of Housekeeping.

Even before you turn the corner ahead in this narrow mining tunnel, the smell of burned flesh mingles with the dry, dusty air ahead. You soon see the cause: as the passage opens into a chamber, some 15 feet in depth and 25 across, you see the scorched remains of a massive spider, the body of which easily measured three feet across before flame obviously took its life. Thankfully, the mass of charred flesh and crumpled, chitinous arachnid limbs can do nothing now but sting your nostrils. Curiously, apart from some scorch marks on the floor, there seems to be no indication that a fire consumed anything but the spider, and no soot is evident upon the reinforcing timbers or the tunnel ceiling. The only other feature of this room is a pile of rubble, presumably left there when the mine was active.

The spider had the poor fortune of being in the tunnel when the Hooded One and his personal guard conducted an informational sortie in the complex the day before. It was slain by both piercing weapons and a *Burning Hands* spell, although the assistance of the weaponry will only be evident if the spider corpse is examined by a warrior-class character. Astute players will likely deduce from the lack of soot that the fire that killed the spider was magical, perhaps giving them an indication of the type of foe they will later face. There is nothing of value in the rubble, although it will take three man-turns of searching to discover that fact.

B16. The Bottom of the Shaft.

The air takes on a heavier dankness as the mechanical contraption lowers the party still deeper into the earth. After about ten more feet of descent through solid rock, the platform again finds itself dangling in open air; a few feet further, and you are level with the floor of a square room, about 30 feet across, with a passage extending eastward into the blackness. Fortunately, you may have no need to descend further, for the winch mechanism has only a few feet of rope remaining and the dripping of water can be heard from beneath the platform at this level.

There is nothing of interest here.

B17. Look Out Below.

The mining tunnel travels a mere 50 feet or so before breaking into a large natural cavern. Stalactites and stalagmites cover the floor and ceiling, sometimes coming together to form delicate columns of flowing rock supporting the cavern roof 30 feet above. You must now be near or below the water table in this area, for small puddles of water and patches of fungi are intermixed with the spears of rock, and moisture is seen condensed upon the walls, particularly on the northern side of the cavern. There is no sound but the occasional drop of water or chittering of a small, unseen insect. Picking a path between the stalagmites proves to be a challenge.

Suddenly, a cracking noise can be heard from the darkness above, and a hail of pointed rock shards is falling upon the party!

The heroes have entered the foraging ground of several piercers; there is one for every party member, and while all the piercers will drop, only half are actually in a position to strike a party member. Remember to check if any targeted characters are surprised when the piercers drop:

AC 3; MV 1; HD 1; hp 3 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; THAC0 19; SA automatically surprises opponents unless victims have positive dexterity-based surprise modifiers; AL N; XP 35 each. The piercers can be easily killed after they have fallen, and have no treasure.

B18. A Prisoner of the Slime.

An unexpected sight greets you at the rear of this forsaken cavern. The final 20 feet or so have been blocked off by a makeshift, portcullis-like wall fashioned from what appear to be rusted iron mining cart rails. The rails are set both vertically and horizontally, and a narrow aperture, blocked by a heavy stone, is situated roughly in the middle of the bars.

You can barely perceive a humanoid form in the cell. As your light sources shine into the blackness, you see a pair of orange eyes reflected back—the prisoner is a goblin! It lets out a high-pitched groan, but doesn't move.

Although the area before the impromptu cell appears to be deserted, there is considerable danger in this cavern. First, two colonies of green slime can be found in the northern end of the cave, at the locations indicated on the map. The western-more slime is attached to the cavern ceiling, and will drop down

upon unsuspecting heroes passing under it. The second recently dropped upon an unfortunate rat, and is in plain sight upon the cavern floor:

AC 9; MV 0; HD 2; hp 13 each; #AT 0; Dmg turns victim to green slime in 1d4 melee rounds if not scraped off, burned, or killed with *Cure Disease* spell; THAC0 19; SA dissolves through plate armor in three rounds; SD immune to weapons and most spells; AL N; XP 65 each. The slimes have no treasure.

After the slimes have been dealt with, the heroes can investigate the cell. The rails were once set into the stone grooves in the mine floor, and supported mining carts when the mine was active; the Hooded One ordered that they be pulled up and put toward reinforcing the winch platform and creating this jail cell.

At present, the cell has only one resident: Nak'skree, Thrask Three-Teeth's elite goblin scout, who was captured by the Morak-Hrazzt while spying on their movements. She has been beaten and ruthlessly questioned by the Hooded One, but Nak'skree has revealed nothing of her motive or mission. The Hooded One had no choice but to incarcerate her here, until such time that either dehydration or the slimes would dispose of his prisoner.

The goblin will say nothing at the party's approach, believing them to be the Hooded One or his minions. When she gets a better look at them, she will call out in broken common, "Hoomans! Over here!"

Nak'skree has a great deal of information to share, and if the heroes see fit to provide her with food and water and release her from the cell, she relates the following:

Her name is Nak'skree, elite scout of Thrask Three-Teeth, Chieftain of the Zrisk-Horak. She was captured by the Hooded One while spying on the Morak-Hrazzt.

There is a giant leading the Morak-Hrazzt, but he is no goblin. Although she couldn't see his face because of a great hood, there was something in the way he spoke and his utter lack of knowledge about goblin tribal ways. She doesn't understand how he is disguised, but believes he is either a human or fate-accursed half-elf.

She saw no demonstration of power such as those described by Morak-Hrazzt refugees, but the *Mag'vach*, or goblin sub-chieftains, are both fearful and respectful of him for some reason.

Although Nak'skree was interrogated here, she was first brought to the Hooded One's lair on the top level of the complex. She knows the lair is on the top level because she was led, blindfolded, up a ladder, and then taken down a long passage to a guardroom where she was brought before the Hooded One. The Hooded One scolded his minions for bringing her to him in that place, and ordered them to take her below, at which time she was hustled to the platform, lowered into the depths, and thrown in the cell. Those events took place a week ago.

After speaking with Nak'skree, it should become apparent to the heroes that they missed a secret door on the first level, and may even equate the round "spearprints" with the uprights of the ladder. If the party doesn't think of that connection, Nak'skree will offer it, and suggest that the heroes search for their foe on that level, asking the heroes to rescue her—"King Thrask will reward you handsomely for my return," she'll say.

Nak'skree is not in fighting condition. She is badly dehydrated, malnourished, unarmed and unarmored, and currently has only 1 hp. She will have to be carried out of the cell and out of the complex, although magical or natural healing talents applied after she is brought beyond the Morak-Hrazzt village will enable her to walk on her own..

Part IV. Resolution.

As described in area B10, the confrontation with the Hooded One could be diplomatically delicate; in the end, it is hoped that the mage has surrendered, been subdued and arrested, or slain. In any case, there is still the matter of journeying back to Goblin's Tooth through Morak-Hrazzt territory. If he is with the party, Anathoth won't draw attention to himself or try to summon his goblins to rescue him; after all, he has been revealed as an emaciated human, a prisoner of other humans, and the goblins would never believe that he is in fact Brakk-Ni.

It is likely that the heroes will return by the same route they followed to arrive; the DM is encouraged to roll for random encounters normally during the trip, and allow Anathoth's constant complaining to be a source of good-natured irritation for the heroes.

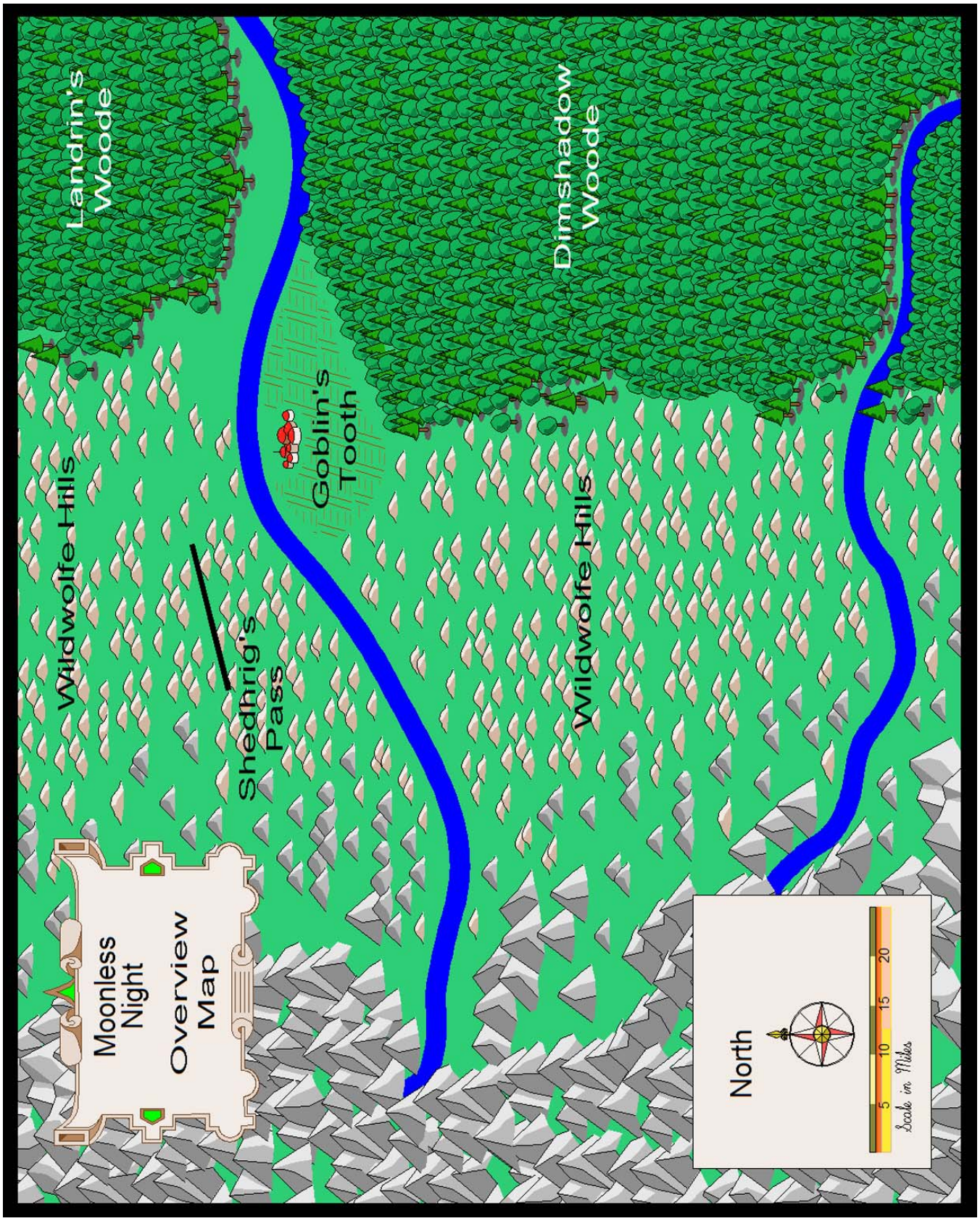
If the party elected to rescue Nak'skree and used any curative magic to restore her lost hit points, she is able to guide the party along well-concealed paths straight through the Morak-Hrazzt line, allowing the party to reach Goblin's Tooth in just two days. She will decline to enter the village, instead choosing to report to her chief about recent events.

If a trial is held, it will be quick. There will be an emergency meeting of the council, and before them Anathoth will be unable to provide a single witness in his own defense against accusations hurled by the reeve and supported by the heroes' own experiences. The primary charge is treason against the squire through inciting conflict with a known traditional enemy, for no other reason but plain old greed. Thul Bonegrinder, proprietor of the Crossed Swords Tavern and town justicar, will execute the prisoner at dawn of the following day for his crimes.

Again, since the adventure was comparably light on treasure recovered, it is suggested that the DM grant a lump award of 4000 XP to be divided among the party members for completion of story goals, in lieu of awarding experience for the gathering of treasure. In addition to granting the XP value of recovered magic items, award a bonus of +250 XP to the first character who suggested the rescue of Nak'skree, a +300 bonus to the first character to suggest that Anathoth be arrested instead of summarily executed (if the heroes arrive at that course of action), and +300 to the first character suggesting that the ring found on the corpse of Davis be returned to his brother, Edward the Grocer.

If the heroes elect to return Davis' ring to Edward, the old veteran thanks them profusely and begins sobbing uncontrollably. After regaining his composure, Edward returns home, and he isn't seen in any of the town's drinking establishments that evening.

Having finally gained closure in the matter of his lost brother, Edward is able to embark on a new life. His grocer's stall opens at dawn the next morning, and by midday he confers with Brother Rothsby at the church. A short funeral ceremony is later held for Davis and his men.

While Edward may yet on occasion be overcome with grief, his drinking days have ended. He offers to serve the heroes out of gratitude for their actions, explaining how he could handle such mundane chores as cooking, setting up camp, grooming horses and so forth, for a period of one year; he asks only the cost of room, board, and food as payment. •

Player's Overview Map