

A7

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Dungeon Module A7

Marquessa, Thy Name is Evil

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AN ADVENTURE FOR CHARACTER LEVELS 9-12



One by one, a brave fellowship of heroes has infiltrated the strongholds of the villainess Marquessa. Still, despite their best efforts, the enchantress yet draws breath and continues to work her horrific experiments upon the flesh and souls of the innocent folk of the Dliw Coast. Can your heroes put an end at last to Marquessa's evil?

This module was originally used for tournament play at Gary Con XI. It contains a challenging scenario and twelve pre-rolled, playtested tournament characters. A7 is a complete adventure in and of itself and it may thus be used for competition among players (or groups of players) or as a non-scored adventure included in the context of an ongoing game. Also included are referee's maps, notes, encounter descriptions for players, and a background scenario allowing the module to be easily placed within a pre-existing campaign.



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Introduction

"...the scent of acrid, choking smoke and the sight of flickering flames. Eye, I crawled on trembling hand and knee to the door of the shop, reaching out in the direction of the moonlight when I saw the knave, the unconscious silhouette of my wife Xalish thrown limp over his shoulder. He held our infant baby, Jondra, in one hand, like one might tote a loaf of bread. For a moment, the fire consuming the village illuminated his face, a grim thing with a frightful white scar that ran from the corner of his eye in a half-circle to the corner of his mouth. I was able to meet his eyes with my own, and in that moment, I plead for mercy with my eyes. I begged him to loose my young bride or at least our child, innocent and new. I watched him chuckle, something mirthless and horrible. Like a stroke of lightning, his boot whipped around and kicked me in the face. That was the last I saw of that terrible evening. Eye, it was the last I ever saw from my left eye.

"It was the last I would ever see Xalish or Jondra, as well."

- An except from the journal of Novin Bomphir

Blacksmith of the village of Hlunrik, Wild Coast, 585CY

Bomphir's journal summarizes the experience of all-too-many of those unfortunates dwelling within the region known as the Dliw Coast throughout the early part of the decade spanning 580-590CY. During this dark time in the land's history, thousands found their way into the holds of the great sailing ships belonging to the villains known as the *Flesh Traders*, where they were thrown in irons and sold in clandestine slave markets all across the world. Most of those so disappeared were never seen again, leaving grieving families all across a region haunted by the spectres of yellow-sailed vessels encroaching over misty and foreboding horizons.

Of these Slave Lords and their various lieutenants, it is she known as Marquessa the Enchantress that was perhaps the most feared by the folk of the Dliw Coast. Though a potent wizard and puissant fighter, it was her penchant for conducting unspeakable experiments that warped the skin and bones of those finding their ways onto her surgeon's table that made her the stuff of nightmare-tales whispered throughout the region. Indeed, when a band of heroes successfully penetrated the aerie-sanctum of the Flesh Traders in 584CY and forever smashed the heart of their organization, few were able to sleep soundly despite the joyful news when word of the enchantress' escape and continued survival spread along the Tanraeg coast.

But there were those that would see those such as she pay for her heinous crimes. Over fifteen years later, one of those heroes that first struck out at the Flesh Traders - a man named Leander Hatgled - assembled a group of powerful adventurers to seek out and punish those surviving members of the slaving ring. Of those, he started with she who was perhaps the most dangerous: None other than Marquessa the Enchantress, herself. The group set out in 600CY and attacked one of her many secret strongholds on the Tangraeg Coast that had been discovered by Hatgled's extensive network of spies. While they were able to slay one of her lieutenants, the group could not penetrate her lair before she was able to escape once again. It was a mistake that would cost Hatgled and his heroes dearly. When his fellowship returned to his tower in the city of Hard Bay, they found that it had been sacked and the wizard kidnapped. His fate is likely better imagined than described. Likewise, the paladin Kendrel Rilsheven - one of the leaders of Hatgled's group - soon received word that the entirety of the village that he called home had mysteriously vanished. Every man, woman, and child within the settlement had seemed to disappear, all at once. It took little imagination to know who was responsible for the act...or the horrors that awaited the innocent folk of the tiny village.

Yet one of Hatgled's assistants survived the attack at Hard Bay, a potent mage in her own right named Skye, the Lioness. Assembling the group once more, she was able to inform them of a new location in which Marquessa might be found and bade them go forth and gain vengeance in the name of both their former patron and those innocents that had suffered beneath the enchantress' foul scalpel. Sadly, this second expedition likewise met with failure. The heroes were able to fight their way through her underwater sanctum and deal her operations a significant setback - slaying four of her most powerful and trusted henchmen and ruining her stronghold - but proved unable to lay as much as a single blow upon Marquessa herself.

In the days that followed, Marquessa would once again make the heroes pay a dear price for their failure. The monk amongst them, Brother Lyrwend, returned to the abbey he called his home to find the place the site of a horrific massacre, his brothers and sisters flesh and bone warped in a mockery of his patron deity.

Fifteen years after the fall of the Flesh Traders, Marquessa's shadow continues to loom over the whole of the Dliw Coast, her evil unchecked.

She awaits those who might change this with relish.

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Module History:

Marquessa, Thy Name Is Evil was designed as an official convention module for GaryCon XI, held in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin in March, 2019. It is designed to be played as single-play adventure, or it may be made part of an ongoing campaign.

Map Location:

Marquessa's stronghold (at least, the one that the Player Characters will be exploring in this adventure; she has many, many others scattered across the breadth of the world) is located on and beneath a small island in the middle of the Fleecy Sea. The island, about 45 miles northeast of the city of Derele, is unmarked on any map and is under the constant protection of a permanent *hallucinatory terrain* spell. The nature of this enchantment (see below for details) sees to it that sailors steer well clear of the place before discovering it.

Background:

It might come as some surprise that, despite their repeated failures in capturing Marquessa and return her to Hard Bay to face justice, Skye the Lioness is (for the most part) rather encouraged by their results and optimistic that they are poised to at last succeed in their sworn mission. Her spies within the Dliw Coast have informed her that raids against the small villages along the Fleecy Sea have seen a dramatic reduction since their strike on her underwater lair a year ago. Likewise, agents formerly suspected of being loyal to the enchantress have been seen in such far away places such as the Free City and Lusdarg. Finally, no attempts have been made on her life such as the one that saw Leander Hatgled so brazenly snatched from his tower in Hard Bay. This is proof to her that her heroes have succeeded in disturbing Marquessa's operations. Their most recent attack clearly has her on the run and scrambling. Of course, what has occurred at Brother Lyrwend's Redoubtable Abbey was an atrocity beyond imagining – but even that stands as evidence that they have placed Marquessa under significant pressure.

And now is the time to capitalize upon that situation.

Once again, Skye has used the information left her by Hatgled – and that additionally provided by her true master, The Colorless Mage of Perrenland – to locate Marquessa's whereabouts. In three days, she expects her to arrive at one of her hidden laboratories located on a small island in the midst of the Fleecy Sea. She has no information as to what the purpose of that particular stronghold might be, nor does she know what the Enchantress hopes to accomplish while there. To know such details might well provide an advantage, to be sure, yet they seem relatively unimportant when the whole of the opportunity presented her and her fellowship of heroes is considered. Then and there, during a five-hour window of time, they will have the chance at last to finish their business with Marquessa and put an end to her decades-long reign of terror throughout the region.

It is a chance they dare not squander.

Notes for the Player Characters:

If Marquessa is infamous for any trait aside of her utter wickedness, it is her attention to detail and privacy. Still, Skye's resources are considerable and not only has she been able to locate a laboratory at which the Enchantress can be found during a brief window of time, but she has also determined that particular facility's function. Such information came to her at an extremely dear price (the lives of three of her most experienced and trusted agents), and she will only share it with her heroes within the secure confines of the inner sanctum within Hatgled's tower.

There, before their assembled body, she will explain that one of the main reasons that Marquessa has managed to elude the grasp of those pursuing her is because she employs a vast array of duplicates sent out to her various haunts to pose as their mistress. These individuals are created by the Enchantress herself: Made from captured elvish maidens of her approximate height and weight that have been arcanosurgically sculpted to mimic her image precisely, then brainwashed so as to believe that they actually *are* Marquessa (except when in her presence, when they fall into a nigh-catatonic, subservient state). As they conduct her most menial affairs, she is not only able to accomplish much more through this network of proxies than she ever might alone, but they confuse those assassins set to claim the substantial bounty that has rest upon her head for the better part of two decades.

The laboratory that rests upon the small island in the Fleecy Bay is the primary location at which Marquessa creates these body doubles. Needless to say, this makes it a very important place to the Enchantress, and it is likely guarded appropriately. The precise form that her defenses might take are unknown to Skye, as her agents were unable to infiltrate it and it is somehow protected against all forms of scrying. That said, she will inform the Player Characters that, as they plumb the facility's depths, they can expect to find Marquessa to be accompanied by some of her most powerful and dangerous lieutenants. Likewise, there are likely to be many of her duplicates within its bounds. If they should meet with any of these doubles, she cannot offer them any advice on how they might be able to determine the real from the false versions of the Enchantress. Such a burden falls to such puissant and experienced adventurers as they!

If the Player Characters have never heard of or met Marquessa, Skye can tell them that she is a formidable combatant and spellcaster, both. She will also be able to tell them that they would certainly prefer death to being taken alive by Marquessa. The gruesome nature of the experiments to which she subjects those damned souls in her captivity defy rational comprehension for their inhumanity. Surely, if ever the heart of the Abyss ever rose from its depths to kiss the mortal world – it did so within the dark cloister's of the Enchantress' heart.

Notes for the Game Master:

This module was designed for convention-style play, and is intended for characters from 9th to 12th level. A balanced mix of character classes and abilities will have the best chance of success, and the party may be allowed to use henchmen and hirelings to supply needed skills. The GM should compare campaign characters and their magic items with the characters and items included in the module, in order to assemble an appropriate party.

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

A Wandering Monster Table with attached explanations is included before the key for the dungeon. The table is used only for the campaign adventure. There are no wandering monsters in the convention scenario, as it is a secure facility that is regularly patrolled by soldiers and lieutenants loyal to Marquessa. Each knows the price of failing their infamous mistress well and would rather die than let her discover that they were somehow derelict in their duties..

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

Doors within Marquessa's stronghold are 8' tall and 5' wide barriers composed of heavy hard wood, bound with thick iron bands. Its rooms and hallways are generally composed of a thick jacket of iron, covered by carpeting or thin wooden veneer. A magical treatment to the outer layer of this metal renders the the whole of the place proof against external *scrying* efforts, though all such sorts of magics utilized *within* the stronghold – employed both by Marquessa and the Player Characters – function as per usual. Furthermore, these rooms and hallways are kept both warm and dry by means of a specialized enchantment (that can be *dispelled* by anyone capable of affecting a spell cast by a 12th level Magic-User). Finally, the areas within the stronghold are magically illuminated by a comfortable, colorless light that seems to emanate from no place in particular. It simply seems to exist in every bit of the air, regardless of one's place or position within its area. This strange effect makes it so that those within the complex cast no shadow (generally nullifying attempts by Player Characters in possession of the ability to *Hide in Shadows*).

The many sentries within the stronghold (described in the various appropriate areas in the **Stronghold Encounter Key**) have been instructed to respond to the presence of unauthorized persons by immediately sounding the small silver whistles kept upon their persons, thereby alerting the whole of the complex to the presence of intruders. Each of these individuals will be eager to try and gain favor with their mistress by being known as the one that either spotted or killed such intruders within their area. They also know well the mien and capabilities of the Enchantress and are not likely to be persuaded to be derelict in their duties by any means less than a successful *charm* spell.

Once the Player Characters have entered Marquessa's stronghold, they are effectively on their own. Though Skye is no coward, she knows the foe that she and her forces face. The repeated failure of her heroes to lay low the Enchantress has proven, if nothing else, that the success of their mission is anything but assured. She realizes that this is a dangerous game that they play and that the possibility exists that the whole of her fellowship might be dead (or worse) a short time after she sends them forth on their expedition. Therefore, she must remain in Hard Bay to assemble a new group of heroes, if need be. The Player Characters can count on no aid from the Lioness once they leave Hatgled's tower, something to which she will freely admit, if the matter is broached. Though it pains her to say as much, she will, hoping that her heroes will understand her position. The success or failure of their mission rests upon their wits and skills alone.

Convention Notes:

Marquessa, Thy Name is Evil was designed to be used as a single-event session, featuring six players and lasting 4 hours. Timing begins when the character sheets are distributed, and players should be periodically reminded of the time limit. The objective of the Player Characters is relatively straightforward: Locate Marquessa the Enchantress within her stronghold and kill her, thereby bringing to an end a nigh two decade-long nightmare along the Tanraeg Sea.

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

1. The players are presented with pre-generated characters. All characteristics have been listed, along with equipment, spells, and magic items. Players may not add to or alter this list. This will guarantee that all players start with the same chances. Players would be allowed the use of the **OSRIC Reference and Index Compendium** geared towards players but not those portions meant for Game Masters. All magic items they possess will be known and understood by the owner completely.
2. There are no wandering monsters in Convention play. As has been said, Marquessa pays close attention to her privacy and her stronghold's security. Thus, her sentries make a point of ridding her home of all potential nuisances before they might prove a threat to either. All encounters have already been listed and there is no need to have random encounters; these are only for campaign play (and even in that case, only when the Player Characters are traveling to Marquessa's stronghold itself).
3. Monsters will fight intelligently and to the best of their abilities. They show no mercy or quarter to invaders. Monsters encountered in convention play need never check morale and will fight to the death, unless otherwise noted in the text. Monsters will be fully aware of the power and limitations of their weapons, magic items, and spells and will use them to their best advantage. In many cases, specific tactics have been listed for monsters to use in melee. If these plans are frustrated by the players' actions, the GM must find an alternative. If the players are unusually inventive and find something that is not covered in the adventure, a few minutes may be taken to establish some sort of defense for the monsters – possibly having them regroup and counterattack if necessary. In convention play, monsters will not pursue fleeing adventurers out of an encounter area unless otherwise noted. Players will not know this, however. Monsters will make a lot of noise and will make feint attacks to give the impression of pursuit.
4. Players will never know the function of special treasures they acquire unless they should happen to discover their powers by examination or experiment.
5. One of the prime reasons that Marquessa has been able to survive (and, indeed, thrive) despite the substantial bounty laid upon her head across the breadth of several nations is her constant motion. The Enchantress spends little time in any given place, teleporting from safe-house to safe-house secreted about the Tanraeg coast. This movement makes her incredibly difficult to pin down, let

alone confront, by any means aside of pure chance. For the purpose of this adventure, the Player Characters will have four hours in which to locate and assassinate Marquessa. After that time expires, it should be assumed that the Enchantress has teleported away safely to another of her many strongholds and that the Player Characters have once again failed in their efforts to quell the threat she represents forevermore.

Campaign Notes:

For the campaign adventure, the GM may wish to run the journey to Marquessa's stronghold. In this case, the party begins at Leander Hatgled's former tower in the city of Hard Bay that Skye the Lioness and her small retinue are using as a headquarters. There, all normal supplies are for sale from her Quartermaster, discounted -25% from the prices listed in the **OSRIC Reference and Index Compendium** (this is one of the ways in which Skye is not only able to show her gratitude for the bravery and loyalty of her heroes, but might also help facilitate their success in their dangerous enterprise).

The Fleecy Bay gets its unusual name for its rough and unpredictable surface, so full of crashing wind-blown whitecaps that it resembles a lamb's wool coat. Unruly of character year-round, it is perilously difficult to course for even experienced sailors. Worse still, the water body is the home to many dangerous monsters and pirates, such as those flying the notorious yellow-sailed vessels that signify loyalty to the Flesh Traders. Despite these dangers, many still dare tread the bay, as trade from the wealthy and populous metropolises of Hard Bay and the Free City make it a vital waterway to those renowned places. From the mouth of the Fleecy, the ships that manage to avoid its many hazards sail to important ports such as Lusdarg, Meagre, and Steelgate.

As are most bodies of water that share its immensity, the Fleecy Bay is dotted with many small islands. For the most part, these are tiny and anonymous things, either small bits of sand that indicate shallow places in the waterway's midst or rocky outcroppings that are the legacies of ancient geological activity in the region. One of these, of the former sort, happened to catch Marquessa's eye many years ago, as she sailed along with the Flesh Traders on one of their many raids. No more than 100' in diameter, she couched the island in a permanent *hallucinatory terrain* spell that rendered its sands invisible, instead making it appear to be a treacherous array of jagged reefs. Then, using her magical might (aided by a group of *summoned* Marids), she burrowed into the surface of the island and constructed a fortified stronghold beneath its sands. The only hint to those that would pierce the illusory veil that masks its presence that it is anything but a typical island is the squat iron ziggurat that dominates its center. When all was said and done, after the passage of about a year, the Enchantress completed work on the place. This is how it stands today: As perhaps one of Marquessa's most unassailable laboratories.

The party will travel using ship provided them by Skye. This vessel is the *Nereid's Shawl*, piloted by an old friend of hers, Captain Sharissa D'Artendresse. She will navigate to the island nearly blindly, using only a map given her by the Lioness. Despite this, there is no chance of the *Nereid's Shawl* becoming lost during their voyage (regardless of the conditions, Captain D'Artendresse is quite familiar with the Fleecy Bay and an incredibly skilled sailor, in any case). However, there is still the normal chance for the vessel to happen upon a random encounters. The Game Master should check for such an event three times each day and the chance for an encounter is 1 in 12. If a random encounter is determined to

have taken place, check the following **Wandering Monster Table (Aquatic)** to resolve exactly what is encountered.

Wandering Monster Table (Aquatic)		
Die Roll	Monster	Number Appearing
01-05	Men, Buccaneers	30-150
06-25	Men, Merchants	30-300
26-30	Men, Patrol	30-150
31-35	Men, Pirates	30-100
36-40	Men, Slavers	30-100
46-00	Use Standard Encounter Tables	Special

For each of these encounters, refer to the **OSRIC Reference and Index Compendium** for particular statistics. Note that those individuals signified by the **Men, Slavers** entry are former agents of the Flesh Traders, now operating independently of that organization. If encountered, they will have no idea where Marquessa might be located or have any information regarding her stronghold. Furthermore, the Game Master is reminded once more that the above random encounters will only occur in the Campaign context of this adventure. In the Convention setting, game play actually begins on the island itself, precluding such events.

Background for the Game Master

The Lioness' intelligence is correct. Marquessa's Fleecy Bay island laboratory is the one in which she performs the unspeakable arcanosurgical and psychological procedures necessary to render those acceptable in her captivity into her duplicates. Because this is quite sensitive work and because a successful strike against the facility would represent a telling blow against the Enchantress, she has seen to the task of making it perhaps her most highly fortified stronghold, replete with powerful guardians.

Presuming the Convention scenario in which Players use the group of pre-generated characters accompanying this module, however, Marquessa has now twice seen the Player Characters make attempts on her life and fail. The Enchantress continues to be both amused and excited by these unsuccessful assassinations, as they provide her brilliant and ever-active mind new stimulation that breaks up an otherwise tedious existence. Indeed, since making their acquaintance as they've attempted to murder her, Marquessa has become quite familiar with each one of the Player Characters, studying them carefully by way of her agents and the immense magical power at her disposal. She has gone to this trouble because she knows that they will someday come to her door again – and she intends on being prepared for that day. To that end, many of the defenses within her laboratories have been revamped and tailored to prey upon the specific weakness of those that would be her hunters.

When she was finished with her work, Marquessa simply waited, continuing on with her horrific experiments undeterred. After the passage of a year in which her assassins stayed quiescent, she decided that they might need a bit of prodding in order to carry on with their dance of death. So it was that – as she did when she saw to the abduction of Kendrel Rilsheven's entire home town – she struck at the Player Characters' friends and families once more. This is why she committed the atrocity for which she is responsible at the Redoubtable Abbey, home to Brother Lyrwend. It was just a carrot set before the mule to motivate it to action.

Now, Marquessa waits once more.

This time, she will not be denied another waltz.

Stronghold Strategy:

Once a party of adventurers is detected inside Marquessa's stronghold, its guards will blow the small silver whistles with which they are all equipped. These devices are all linked to one another; when one is sounded, every one of them makes a shrill, high pitched wailing. If the Player Characters allow one of these whistles to be blown, every single sentry within the complex will know that enemies of the Enchantress are present. They will then move to their respective guard posts to defend the stronghold. In such a case, the GM will have to modify some encounter descriptions accordingly.

Should the adventuring party retreat from its confines, and later return to the stronghold, they will find that its defenses have been strengthened and ambushes have prepared against them. Depending on much time passes between their incursions, they may even see her personal retinue reinforced with more guards (it takes at least two days for Marquessa to muster such additional sentries). No matter what, in such a case, the Player Characters will find that the Enchantress (along with her bodyguard and her lieutenants) will have long fled to another, more secure of her strongholds.

In the event that the party should be forced to surrender to the stronghold's various commanders or its guards, they will be disarmed and their magic items, weapons, and armor will be confiscated. Their respective fates afterward, left to the tender mercies of Marquessa, are better left to the imagination rather than explicit description. Suffice it to say that their final days will likely be a constant lament-song of indescribable agony, in which they wish to whatever gods they revere that they had chosen instead to fight to their very ends.

Wandering Monsters Within the Stronghold:

Wandering monsters within Marquessa's stronghold *always* take the form of guards, either leaving their assigned posts on some business or conducting routine security sweeps through the complex's various chambers and corridors. Player Characters have the chance to cross paths with these sentries once for every hour they remain within the bounds of the complex. The chance for such an encounter is 1 in 12. If a random encounter is determined to have taken place, check the following **Wandering Monster Table (Stronghold)** to resolve exactly what is encountered. Once again, it should be remembered that such encounters only take place during the Campaign scenario; no Wandering Monsters will ever be encountered in the Convention scenario.

Wandering Monster Table (Dungeon)		
Die Roll	Monster	Number Appearing
01-65	Patrol, Standard	1-6
66-90	Patrol, Elite	3-7
91-00	Patrol, with Henchmen	3-8

* **Patrol, Standard:** This grouping represents Marquessa's typical soldiery, assigned to the tending of her stronghold's internal security. They are Human Fighters wielding a mix of spears and short bows in composition and such a group will immediately engage with the Player Characters on sight, sounding the alarms available to them as soon as possible.

Human Fighters: AC 5 (Scale Mail & Shield), MV 12, HD 3, HP 24, THAC0 18, #AT 1, Damage 1d6/1d8 (Spear) or 1-6 (Short Bow).

* **Patrol, Elite:** This grouping represents Marquessa's most powerful and experienced guards (excepting her lieutenants, of course), who act as the sergeants and commanders of the rank and file sentries within the complex. Unlike their lesser fellows, the Human Fighters in such a unit will always be accompanied by a junior Human Cleric and apprentice Human Magic-User. As is the case with the Standard Patrol, this group will immediately engage with the Player Characters on sight, sounding the alarms available to them as soon as possible..

Human Fighters: AC 5 (Scale Mail & Shield), MV 12, HD 3, HP 24, THAC0 18, #AT 1, Damage 1d6/1d8 (Spear) or 1-6 (Short Bow).

Human Cleric: AC 4 (Chain Mail & Shield), MV 12, HD 3, HP 18, THAC0 20, #AT 1, Damage 1d6+1/2d4 (Footman's Flail). Spells: 1st: *Command, Cure Light Wounds*; and 2nd: *Hold Person*.

Human Magic-User: AC 10 (Unarmored), MV 12, HD 3, HP 8, THAC0 20, #AT 1, Damage 1d4/1d3 (Dagger). Spells: 1st: *Burning Hands, Magic Missile*; and 2nd: *Web*.

* **Patrol, with Henchmen:** Occasionally, Marquessa's lieutenants take to the stronghold's corridors alongside her lesser soldiery. This is because of the dramatic effect their presence has on the morale and discipline of the guards under their command. Should a Wandering Monster check indicate that such a patrol is encountered, the Game Master should treat the group as being the same as an Elite Patrol, with either Hastren Levalla, Jandraaz Markev, or Tazmin il-Varzii at their lead. Naturally, if any of these special individuals is overcome, they must be removed from the places in which they are normally found in this adventure and the Game Master will have to modify those encounter descriptions accordingly.

START

Moreau Point Encounter Key

Your vessel has sailed long through the twilight, the setting sun seeming to set the horizon ablaze as it sinks ever deeper below its demarcating line. In the course of your voyage, the Fleecy Bay has earned its ill repute as a capricious and cruel body, its powerful waves tossing the *Nereid's Shawl* to and fro like a child's toy. Strong winds ripple the sails with such violence that they sound like the cracking of a lash against its fabric. The salty spray of the sea, mixed with large drops of rainfall, bites at the skin, hurled forcefully upon you by the angry sky above.

It would be enough to sink most vessel, aye. Yet she at the boat's wheel, the redoubtable Captain D'Artendresse proved her mastery of the sea by guiding you ever onward, regardless of the wind and waves. The way she commanded the sailors sharing her vessel with your number was reminiscent of the Field Marshal's direction of a fearsome army. Eager to help, each one of you added your might to theirs, aiding with the rigging and sails or daring to stand at the figurehead in watch for danger of a monstrous sort.

As the final rays of light died from the burning sky, a cry went up from the fore of the boat, turning your attention in that direction. Through the gloom and the everpresent spray, a massive outcropping of sharp rock, lined by dark, menacing coral revealed itself. Many of the sailors went into a panic, shouting and running all about the ship's deck – until Captain D'Artendresse's voice somehow cut above the elements. You map indicated that you had arrived at your destination, and she would have you sail forward – rocks be damned!

The *Nereid's Shawl* continued ahead, directly into the outcropping marked *Moreau's Point* on your map. As the rocks came ever nearer, you found yourself gripping the vessel's railing, bracing for impact. Yet tumult never came. Instead, as the bow of the ship at last made contact with the outcropping, you saw its figurehead slip right through its dark solidity – as sunshine passing through the gossamer substance of a spider's web!

Soon enough, the whole of the vessel passed through what was clearly but an illusion, meant to frighten off wandering sailors. But a short distance ahead, you could see the truth of what lay before you: A small island, no more than 200' in diameter. The whole of it appeared to be composed completely of sand but for some slight, utterly dark rise in its absolute center.

Clearly, you had arrived at your destination.

The Player Characters have, indeed, arrived at what is the mouth of Marquessa's laboratory stronghold. At this point, the Game Master may ask the party how they would like to proceed. If they should ask Captain D'Artendresse for advice, she will recommend that she guide the *Nereid's Shawl* a short distance from Moreau Point, close enough to easily allow the Player Characters to make their landing upon the island in of the vessel's small rowboats (which accompany the ship for this explicit purpose). She suggests this so as to avoid drawing the attention a landing of the *Nereid's Shawl* will surely bring. She will promise the Player Characters that she and her men will remain in the vicinity and stay ready to pick them up, should they need immediate rescue. Of course, the Captain has been instructed by Skye to defer to the Player Characters in all matters regarding their mission, so no matter what course of action they choose to take in approaching the island, she will do as they instruct.

Under no circumstances will Captain D'Artendresse agree to enter Marquessa's stronghold with the party. The *Nereid's Shawl* is her pride and joy and she is loathe to leave its confines. In any case, she hardly considers herself a hero (indeed, she is in truth a Corsair, and there is a substantial price on her head in several island nations to the southwest of the Fleecy Sea). Likewise, she will not commit any of her sailors to their cause. To her mind, they signed up for duty upon the *Nereid's Shawl* – not to serve as Skye's assassins. If she were to agree to such a thing and something were to happen to any one of them, she would never forgive herself.

Captain Sharissa D'Artendresse: 8th level Fighter. AC 1 (Bracers of Defense AC6, Ring of Protection +1, Dexterity Bonus), MV 12", HP 48, THAC0 13, #AT 3/2, Damage 1d6+1/1d8+1 (+1 Cutlass). Magic Items: +1 Cutlass, Bracers of Defense AC6, Ring of Protection +1, Pearl of the Sirines.

No matter how they choose to go about it, once the Player Characters make their landing upon the island, read the following:

Taking your first steps upon the island's sands, past the bits of flotsam, jetsam, and kelp washed upon its shores, you are able to see the device in its center much more clearly. It seems to be a ziggurat made of some kind of absolutely black metal. Polished smooth by the Fleecy Sea's brisk winds, it rises perhaps ten feet above the level of the water. In its middle, you can see what appears to be a slightly domed hatch.

Despite its ominous appearance, the ziggurat (which is made of blackened steel) is non-magical. Its purpose is quite simple: Providing an entrance into Marquessa's laboratories that will be at all times above the level of the Fleecy Sea's tides. It was designed specifically to appear identical to a holy site consecrated to the God of Eternal Darkness, Entropy, and Madness, so as to frighten away any sailors that happen to bypass the *hallucinatory terrain* that otherwise disguises the island upon which it lies.

The hatchway opens and closes by way of a wheel set in its center (inside the portal is an identical device that allows egress from the complex). Naturally, it is **trapped** in both a magical and mundane manner. Anyone that touches the wheel without first uttering the phrase *a Slaver for life I'll be* suffers 5d6hp of electrical damage (save for half). After this trap is discharged, it takes approximately 30 minutes for it to re-arm itself.

Additionally (to the eternal inconvenience of those guards within the facility), the internal mechanism of the wheel has been intentionally allowed to rust. Turning it even slightly requires a combined Strength score of 18, though there is sufficient room around the device to allow as many as five individuals to assist in moving it at once. Likely much more distressing to the Player Characters, the rusty nature of the wheel forces it to make a keening squeak as it is opened. This will alert the sentries stationed at **Area #1** (see below for details) to be on their guard. A *knock* spell applied to the hatch will force it to pop open soundlessly, however, and better still – without triggering its trap.

However they manage the feat, once the Player Characters open the hatch, they will see a 5' wide metal-jacketed shaft leading directly downward. Iron rungs are set into the curved wall, allowing one to climb up and down easily (although Marquessa herself uses a *levitate* spell on the few occasions she traverses the way). The shaft plummets 100' downward until it at last reaches a 10' wide corridor leading to the north. When the Player Characters reach this point, they will have at last entered Marquessa's laboratory stronghold. They have now come too far to turn back.

Marquessa's Stronghold Upper Level Encounter Key

1. UPPER LANDING

After descending the final rung of the ladder that leads downward from the black ziggurat, you stand within a circular chamber, perhaps 30' in diameter. Ahead of you to the north is the only visible egress from the area: A 10' wide metal corridor that runs about 50' in distance before turning concluding in passages to the east and west. Beneath your feet, the whole of the floor is composed of metal grillwork, beneath which you are able to hear a faint sound of running water.

The grill beneath the Player Characters here is a final precaution taken by Marquessa to avoid having the entirety of the laboratories flooded by the waters of the Fleecy Sea. A long, wide pipe can be found 10' beneath the metal lattice, which leads away from the complex until it reaches salty body around the island. Any water that finds its way into the corridor from the hatch above will escape down this drain, guided there by a subtle slant in the hall's cant (something that demihuman characters such as dwarves, gnomes, and some halflings will easily be able to perceive). Especially curious Player Characters seeking to investigate this drain will find it quite mundane in nature – and if they go too far down its length, they'd best know how to swim well!

2. ASSAULT BARRICADE

Here you see a bracket that has been fixed to the metal walls of the corridor. Attached to this support is a 10' long and 5' tall sheet of iron that runs along the side of the hallway. Its end features a long rod that sinks into a hole in the floor, holding it in place. You see that several horizontal slits have been cut into the substance of the sheet.

The iron sheets in these positions act as barricades for the guards within Marquessa's stronghold. In the event that the complex is invaded, its defenders swing the sheets out in such a way that they block the hallway entirely. The retaining rod is then placed into a small hole in the floor, which holds it fast against a potential charge. The guards then fire upon their opponents with bows through the slits in the barricades or hurl flasks of flaming oil over their tops. There are four such sheets placed along the corridor, just outside each of the garrison chambers along the inner portion of its halls.

A *knock* spell cast at any of the barricades is sufficient to loose them from their moorings, when set into place. It requires a total of 36hp of damage to destroy one by physical force (half that if the attacks are directed towards the brackets that hold them in place).

3. GARRISON CHAMBER #1

This is a round chamber, 30' in diameter. The ceiling above you is domed and unadorned but for a soft, colorless form of light at its absolute apex that illuminates the whole of the room. Around the walls, you can see several furnishings: Two sets of bunk beds, each with footlockers at their ends, a desk and chair, and two dressers. A small table ringed by four chairs sits in the center of the room. Finally, a pair of open wall units stand beside each bunk. Within, you can see several sets of clothes, hanging from rods set in their empty spaces.

This chamber serves as the quarters for four of Marquessa's guards. As their charge is to act as the first line of the stronghold's defense against possible incursion, they are of an elite nature and will abandon their post under no circumstances. There is also a 35% chance that their direct superior, Jandraaz Markev, will be present in their small garrison at any given time. No matter what, there will be at least one member of the quartet positioned outside the chamber, keeping watch over the corridor.

Should the Player Characters manage to catch the group unawares, they are likely to be seated around the table in this chamber, engaged in some game of chance (their preferred way of whiling away time). In such a case, they will *automatically surprise* the guards, who do not consider it possible that such a thing could happen.

Elite Human Fighters (2): AC 4 (Scale Mail & +1 Shield), MV 12, HD 3, HP 27, THAC0 16, #AT 1, Damage 1d6+3/1d8+3 (+1 Spear) or 1-6 (Short Bow). Special Equipment: Oil Flask (2).

Elite Human Cleric: AC 3 (Chain Mail & +1 Shield), MV 12, HD 3, HP 18, THAC0 20, #AT 1, Damage 1d6+1/2d4 (Footman's Flail). Spells: 1st: *Command, Cure Light Wounds*; and 2nd: *Hold Person*. Magic Items: *Potion of Healing*.

Elite Human Magic-User: AC 10 (Unarmored), MV 12, HD 3, HP 8, THAC0 20, #AT 1, Damage 1d4/1d3 (Dagger). Spells: 1st: *Burning Hands, Magic Missile*; and 2nd: *Web*. Special Equipment: Oil Flask (2), Magic Items: *Scroll of Magic-User Spells (Magic Missile, Web)*.

In defense of the corridor, the Fighters will attempt to establish a barricade (see **Area #1** for details) before the Player Characters can engage them in melee, then attack their opponents with bows from their cover. The Cleric will cast blow his whistle, alerting all within the facility to their presence, then cast *Hold Person* on an obvious warrior-type. Finally, the Magic-User will catch as many members of the party as possible in a *Web*. All those affected by either spell can soon expect a fusillade of burning oil and arrows to come their way.

One particular feature inherent to each of the stronghold's Garrison Chambers that the Player Characters might be able to take advantage of pertains to the rooms' unusual form of illumination. By speaking aloud the word "*dim*", the colorless light that fills the chamber is reduced to a smoky gloaming, equivalent to dusk. Likewise, by speaking aloud the word "*midnight*", the radiance is completely quenched, ensconcing the room in darkness. Only then by using the command "*daybreak*" does it return. An especially clever party that somehow becomes aware of this means of controlling the lighting of the guard barracks may well be able to utilize it to put them at a severe disadvantage.

If the Player Characters should manage to overcome the guards at this location, they are free to loot the treasures within their room. This consists of a total of 1,116gp, 43pp, and 250gp in gemstones (all spread between the two footlockers, which are locked, but not trapped). In addition to this, the Cleric has sewn a sack full of 50pp into the fabric of one of his cloaks within his wall unit and the Magic-User keeps a *philter of love* (mislabeled as an "elixir of all heals") in the top drawer of the chamber's desk. If any one of the guards is somehow taken prisoner, they will be able to describe the upper floor of the stronghold to their captors as far as **Area #9**, but have never been past that point. None of them have any knowledge whatsoever regarding the secret door in that location that leads to **Area #20**. They can also tell the party that their commander – above even Jandraaz Markev – is a terrifying woman referred to as "The Pallid Maiden" (news which may give those Players that have participated in *Die, Marquessa, Die!* significant pause) and that they should beware her strength.

4. GARRISON CHAMBER #2

Through the door lies a circular room, 30' in diameter. The ceiling rises into a domed vault 15' overhead, from which a gentle, colorless light rains down upon the chamber's confines. This radiance reveals all manner of furnishings within the area, including two sets of bunk beds appointed with wooden footlockers at their ends, a desk and chair, and two dressers. Beside each of the beds is an open wall unit, in which you can see several articles of clothing hung from bars set in their substance. A small table ringed by four more chairs dominates the center of the room.

This is another of the chambers housing the guards that tend to the security of Marquessa's laboratory. As is the case with those sentries dwelling in **Area #4** (see above for details), they are elite in nature, representing the stronghold's first line of defense, should it ever be invaded. These troops have high morale and will not abandon their post under any circumstances. At all times, at least one member of the quartet will be found just outside the chamber's door, keeping watch over the corridor. If the Player Characters should enter the room, there is a 35% chance that the guards' sergeant, Jandraaz Markev, will be present along with his men.

Elite Human Fighters (2): AC 4 (Scale Mail & +1 Shield), MV 12, HD 3, HP 27, THAC0 16, #AT 1, Damage 1d6+3/1d8+3 (+1 Spear) or 1-6 (Short Bow). Special Equipment: Oil Flask (2).

Elite Human Cleric: AC 3 (Chain Mail & +1 Shield), MV 12, HD 3, HP 18, THAC0 20, #AT 1, Damage 1d6+1/2d4 (Footman's Flail). Spells: 1st: *Command, Cure Light Wounds*; and 2nd: *Hold Person*. Magic Items: *Potion of Healing*.

Elite Human Magic-User: AC 10 (Unarmored), MV 12, HD 3, HP 8, THAC0 20, #AT 1, Damage 1d4/1d3 (Dagger). Spells: 1st: *Burning Hands, Magic Missile*; and 2nd: *Web*. Special Equipment: Oil Flask (2), Magic Items: *Scroll of 2 Magic-User Spells (Magic Missile, Web)*.

The guards at this location are well-trained in the defense of their area and will respond to an attack or alarm in the same way as those sentries in **Area #4** (see above for details). In a perfect scenario – from their point of view, at least – intruders will find themselves caught between two closed sets of iron barricades and set upon by both arrows and flames. They will then have no choice but to retreat in the direction of **Area #1**. During such a flight, the guards will have ample time to call for reinforcements and put a final end to their foes.

If one is somehow captured and interrogated, the guards here possess the same information as do their fellows stationed at **Area #4**. Likewise, the illumination in their quarters functions in the same manner as it does in the other Garrison Chamber (and might be similarly manipulated by savvy Player Characters).

If the guards at this location are defeated, the Player Characters may loot their room at their discretion. In addition to the gear they carry, there is a total of 685gp and 114ep between the two footlockers. Both of them are locked and one of them additionally is **trapped** with a poison needle that inflicts 15hp of damage to anyone opening it and failing a saving throw. In the bottom of that particular locker is a neatly folded *cloak of the manta ray*, which accidentally found its way into the laundry of one of the guards stationed in this room. That unfortunate was terrified of the

thought that Marquessa might have thought he stole the magical shroud, so hid it here until which time he could think of a way to return it to his mistress without incident.

5. GARRISON CHAMBER #3

This area takes the form of a 30' x 30' cube, jacketed in cold iron. Its ceiling is high, perhaps 15' above your head. From there, in its center, gentle illumination springs forth as if from an invisible sun. Beneath that strange light, the room features a small wooden table and four chairs. Surrounding that, you see that the chamber is filled with furniture, including two sets of bunk beds with matching wooden footlockers at their feet, a sturdy desk and chair, and two spartan dressers. Beside each of the beds is a rectangular wall unit made of varnished wood. Inside both of these, you are able to see cloaks, jackets, and hats hanging from a long bar.

This chamber serves as the barracks for four more of Marquessa's guards. Common in quality, they represent the rank and file of the Enchantress' soldiery. The information detailed in **Area #4** (see above for specifics) regarding the guards' knowledge of the stronghold and the manner in which the illumination in their quarters operates holds true for these sentries as well. One of them will always be positioned outside the room, keeping watch over the stronghold's corridor. There is but a 10% chance that Jandraaz Markev will be found here (he generally only comports with this lot when he decides a troop inspection is necessary).

Elite Human Fighters (4): AC 5 (Scale Mail & Shield), MV 12, HD 3, HP 27, THAC0 16, #AT 1, Damage 1d6+1/1d8+1 (Spear) or 1-6 (Short Bow). Special Equipment: Oil Flask (2).

As have been their fellows, these guards have been instructed to sound their whistles at the first sign of a potential invasion, then close their barricades as quickly as possible. As they are bereft of spellcasters amongst them, they resort to firing arrows and lobbing burning oil flasks against their enemies, if at all possible, only engaging in melee as a last resort.

If the guards in this area are overcome, the Player Characters may avail themselves of their belongings. This takes the form of 288cp and 38ep in the center of the table (the pot from an ongoing poker game), a jewelled drinking horn in one of the footlockers worth 75gp, and an amethyst ring worth 50gp in the other. Both containers are locked, naturally, but neither is trapped.

6. COMMON PRIVIES

Beyond this door, a 30' long corridor ends in an iron wall. Along its course, you see two doors on each side of the hallway, evenly spaced from one another. The sound of rushing water is faintly audible through the wooden substance of each of the portals.

Behind each of the four doors in this room is a 10' x 10' chamber that serves as a privy to those soldiers guarding Marquessa's laboratory. Opening any of the portals reveals a clean and undecorated iron area that bears a simple porcelain seat at its rear. A stack of white napkins is piled up on the back of this rest for the purpose of cleaning after using the chair (which is actually a toilet).

There is a considerable drop from the bottom of the basin that ends in absolute darkness. If curious Player Characters should investigate this for some reason, they will hear that the sound of rushing water evident in the hallways issues forth from here. These shafts actually empty out into the Fleecy Sea itself (a minor enchantment prevents the water from backing up through the pipes). It is possible – though disgusting – that a *diminished* or *gaseous* Player Character might well escape or enter the stronghold through these pipes. In such a case, they should be congratulated both for their ingenuity and strength of stomach.

The only other item of note in this area is a minor enchantment placed on each of the four doors of the room. Passing through them in either direction subjects the individual so traveling to the effect of a *clean* cantrip. This precludes the need for sinks in the chamber and ensures that both the area and guards using it stay relatively unbefouled.

7. GARRISON CHAMBER #4

Beyond the door is a 30' x 30' room, its walls all composed of dull, grey metal. The chamber's gentle light reveals living quarters: A pair of bunk beds against its iron sides with wooden footlockers at their feet and clothes-filled wall units next to their heads. Between the two is a plain desk and before that, in the midst of the chamber is a table ringed by chairs.

This room is another resting place for Marquessa's common guards. As before, the information related in **Area #4** (see above for details) well-describes their knowledge of the stronghold and the manner in which their chambers illumination functions. Likewise, one of their number will always be positioned outside the room, keeping watch over the corridor passing by their quarters. There is but a 10% chance that Jandraaz Markev will be found here at any given time.

Elite Human Fighters (4): AC 5 (Scale Mail & Shield), MV 12, HD 3, HP 27, THAC0 16, #AT 1, Damage 1d6+1/1d8+1 (Spear) or 1-6 (Short Bow). Special Equipment: Oil Flask (2).

As soon as they become aware of the presence of the Player Characters, the guards will sound their whistles, then move to secure their barricades in place. They will then assail their foes (if possible) with arrows and burning oil. They will not move to melee unless forced to do so by the actions of their enemies.

The sum and total of these guards' treasure can be found in their footlockers. This comprises 333ep, 57gp, a -1 dagger, and a smoke-filled bottle that affects anyone breathing in its contents like a *potion of storm giant strength* (this was found long ago by one of the guards who is too frightened to try it blindly, yet worried that if he were to ask his mistress to identify it, she might take it for herself).

8. REFUSE DISPOSAL

This door opens to a 30' x 30' square room. Its walls, floors, and ceiling are all made of solid metal. Aside of a sharp, pungent scent in the air, and the hint of water on the floor, the room is completely empty. A 3' wide circular grill sits in the center of the room's floor.

It is in this room that those dwelling within Marquessa's stronghold rid themselves of their refuse. This is done by removing the grill (this is done easily enough, as the bars are thin and light) and pouring what is to be discarded down the hole beneath its lattice. This hole leads downward into a sharply-tapering 30' shaft, at the bottom of which has been fixed a *bag of devouring*. The design of the apparatus sees to it that even the most clumsy of guards would find it difficult to fall into the shaft and be swallowed by the ever-voracious *bag*. Though retrieving it from its place might take some doing, it is possible that the Player Characters might be able to use this horrid (cursed?) magical item to their advantage, if they are able to identify it properly.

9. ARMORY

You see a circular chamber, 30' in diameter, apparently composed of the same metal as the corridors outside its confines. Its walls are lined with several vertical timbers which act as struts, bearing the weight of many shelves that circle the whole of the chamber but for the area needed to enter and exit its expanse. Upon these shelves hang many suits of armor, shields, and various sorts of weaponry. One specific ledge, just to the right of the door, contains several bottles, heavy stones, and bits of cloth. On the far side of the room, beneath the bottom shelf, you can see a large wooden footlocker. A folded bit of paper has been tucked in between its lid and body, near its lock.

This is the armory Marquessa has made available to the guards of her stronghold. Although they generally keep their compliment of weapons and armor in their own barracks, they often have the need to replace them, so this chamber sees its fair share of use. This is why it is both unguarded and (mostly) untrapped: It is simply too inconvenient to ask the sentries to circumvent either when they simply need to fetch a replacement dagger or the materials necessary to hone their spear heads.

The equipment found in this room is as follows:

- 5 suits of human-sized chain mail armor
- 15 suits of human sized scale mail armor
- 10 short swords
- 30 spears
- 30 short bows
- 50 daggers
- 500 arrows

Additionally, the room contains 30 whetstones and flasks of oil. While the latter is primarily intended for the use of tending to the arms and armor of Marquessa's guards, it can be lit and hurled, as per normal. The bits of cloth are just that, also utilized for the maintenance of the sentries' equipment.

The footlocker at the back of the room is locked and **trapped**. Anyone opening the container without detecting and disarming the mechanism in its clasp triggers a gas trap (save vs. poison at -2 or die) that fills the entirety of the small chamber in but a round. It contains three stacked *shields +1* and a *magical whetstone*. After sharpening the tip of a spear, the unique item grants the weapon a +1 enchantment to both hit and damage. This is cumulative with any other enchantment that it might already bear. The enchantment lasts for three days, after which time it must be used upon the spear again to renew its effect. The whetstone's magic is particular to spears alone; even a single attempt at sharpening a

weapon of any other kind will ruin its dweomer forever and render it completely mundane.

10. THE LARDER

This room is a 30' diameter circular chamber. Its walls are ringed by a 3' countertop of utterly black marble all the way around its circumference, save the area occupied by the door. In the center of the room, a small circular island stands, likewise made of black marble. Beneath both, you are able to see many cabinets, hinting at hollow spaces between each. While the ebon counter is empty, a large platter lies upon the island, a serving fork and carving knife aside it. Dominating the silver tray is a cooked turkey. Garnished with cranberry sauce and what seems to be chestnut dressing, it looks rather delicious – clearly the work of a talented chef. It is missing one of its drumsticks and appears to have been half-eaten, several carvings taken from its meaty side.

This room serves as a kitchen for Marquessa's many guards. Given the stronghold's remote location, the chamber is equipped with many minor magics that allow it to function with but a modicum of supplies. The ebon counters have been enchanted with permanent versions of the *preserve* and *warm* cantrips, allowing food to be both cooked upon their surfaces and left out in the open without fear of them rotting in any fashion. Likewise, every one of the cabinets below them bear everlasting *chill* cantrips, allowing those dishes served best cold to be kept within their spaces.

The turkey laying in the middle of the room's island is perfectly fine to consume and is just as delectable in flavor as it appears to be. Beneath the counters, in the various cabinets, one can find all manner of foodstuffs: Butchered hams and chickens and lambs both cooked and raw. Tankards of ale, beer, water, and wine are also kept in these cabinets, which when warmed see to the guards refreshments.

While the room may appear to hold little interest for Player Characters engaged in an invasion of the stronghold, a secret door exists in the east wall, so cleverly disguised that those attempting to detect it suffer a -10% chance to do so. Triggering it swings a section of the wall forward, revealing a corridor leading to the Marquessa the Red's chambers in **Area #20** (see below for details). She uses this hallway as a potential escape route or to move quickly through the stronghold when she desires to do so.

11. GARRISON CHAMBER #5

You see a 30' square chamber, obviously a military barracks of some sort. The ceiling here is high, nearly 15' above the floor, to your estimation. Two sets of bunk beds stand in the far corners of the room, footlockers at their ends. Between them, against the far wall, a desk rests. In the near corners of the area, two substantial wall units rise. The center of the chamber is occupied by a table, about which four chairs orbit. Strangely, no portion of the furniture seems to be disturbed at all. Indeed, a thick coat of dust covers all of it – though not the floor.

This room is another garrison, originally built to house a portion of Marquessa's guards. Since her operations are no longer directed by the Flesh Traders, however, she has had much more time to

devote to her own experiments and has begun to replace those loyal to her with creatures surgically altered by her brilliant but depraved hand. Heavily brainwashed to ensure their loyalty, they no longer closely resemble those humans from which they were initially crafted. Instead, these creatures dubbed "Lost Souls" are much more like automatons now, existing but to watch over her holding and defend it against potential intrusion (it is because of this that the furniture no longer sees use; the only portion of the room they use now are their beds). There are four such Lost Souls within the chamber and as soon as they become aware of the Player Characters, they will move to attack them.

Lost Soul Myrmidon (2): AC 1 (Scale Mail & Natural Armor), MV 12, HD 6+6, HP 42, THAC0 10, #AT 4, Damage 1d6+6/1d8+6 (4 Short swords).

Lost Soul Archer (2): AC 1 (Leather Armor, Dexterity & Natural Armor), MV 12, HD 6+6, HP 42, THAC0 10, #AT 4, Damage 1d6 (Arrows).

If the Lost Souls are alerted to the presence of the party, they will move to the hallway to cut them off before they can reach the laboratory in **Area #12** (see below). The Myrmidons will move to engage with them in melee combat and the Archers will hold back behind them, supporting them with missile fire. If the party should manage to encounter them in their barracks, the Myrmidons will attack them immediately, while the Archers tip their table on one side, using it as cover for arrow fire. In either case, Marquessa the Amethyst is almost certain to hear the sounds of combat from her laboratory and will come from that location to support the Lost Souls in their fight against the Player Characters in such an event.

The Lost Souls possess those treasures that they managed to accumulate during their lifetimes, previous to their alteration. They keep these trinkets and baubles in their footlockers, which are both unlocked and untrapped. This amounts to a combined 2,157sp, 1,228gp, and a beautiful brass locket that bears a hand-painted image of a young woman worth 1,750gp to a dealer in jewelry or antiques.

12. LABORATORY #1

The metal walls and floors of this 30' square chamber are polished so well that you can see your reflection against its surfaces. On one side of the room, a long table has been built against the wall. Atop it, you can see all manner of bottles and jars, filled with many types of liquids and gases. Tools litter its top next to what seems to be a small alchemical set: A mass of twisting and turning glass pipes and metal clamps. Below the table are many cabinets, while above it are shelves that have been encapsulated by sliding glass doors. Through the panes, you are able to see several books and tomes.

The middle of the room features a great metal table, plain in character. An iron manacle hangs ominously from each corner of the flat. Atop the table lays something that looks like a manta ray, its rubbery flesh half-dissected, exposing its vitals gruesomely. Bubbling blood rises and falls within the open cavity of its body. It shudders and flails gently, held in place by sturdy clamps alongside the irons.

Next to the creature: A thin, flensing knife. A bone saw. A pair of pliers.

This is one of Marquessa's Upper Laboratories: One of the rooms in which her duplicates conduct those minor procedures which she entrusts to their hands. Such operations generally consist of the vivisection of some creature - such as the Ixitxachit laying upon the table - meant either in the name of research or the extraction of some physical component from their bodies necessary for her more important labors.

The room is not unoccupied. Standing alongside the subject on her table is one of the Enchantress' many duplicates. This one calls herself Marquessa the Amethyst, after the color of garb she has come to favor. Having undergone a harrowing procedure that saw both her body and mind twisted beyond possible return, she believes herself to be the original version of the infamous Enchantress. As such, as soon as she becomes aware of the presence of the Player Characters, she will move to attack them immediately.

Marquessa the Amethyst: 6th level Fighter / 7th level Magic-User. AC 2 (*Bracers of Defense AC5, Ring of Protection +1, & Dexterity Bonus*), MV 12", HP 38, THAC0 16, #AT 1, Damage 1d6+1/1d8+1 (+1 Short Sword). Magic Items: *Wand of Ice Storms* (7 Charges). Spells: 1st: *Burning Hands, Charm Person, Magic Missile, Protection from Good*; 2nd: *ESP, Invisibility, Web*; 3rd: *Dispel Magic, Slow*; and 4th: *Minor Globe of Invulnerability*.

Given the opportunity to prepare herself for battle (this may happen if the guards in Area #11 are able to forestall the party's progress), the false Marquessa will cast *Protection from Good, ESP, Invisibility* and *Minor Globe of Invulnerability* upon herself before moving into combat. She will then cast *Web* into an area where it will catch a goodly number of her opponents, following that up with *Burning Hands* in an attempt to immolate all those immobilized. If she thinks this an unwise strategy, she will instead cast *Slow* upon as many opponents as she can and use her *Wand of Ice Storms* to batter her foes to death.

If the party is able to subdue the false Marquessa, as has been said, she truly believes herself to be the actual Enchantress. Therefore, she will spit upon the Player Characters and bid them kill her immediately, lest she have the opportunity to wreak a vengeance most dire upon them and their loved ones. If they suspect her to be a duplicate, they may or may not notice a single difference between this version of the Enchantress and the genuine article: Marquessa the Amethyst possesses startling violet eyes, rather than those icy blue orbs possessed by the original.

In any case, if she is overcome and taken alive, Player Characters of a goodly mien will have a real dilemma on their hands with regard to this impostor. In truth, she is as much a victim of Marquessa as any of the thousands of slaves which she has helped kidnapped. Although she has doubtlessly abetted the Enchantress, she has committed no crime of her own volition. And yet, it would take much - if the deed is even possible - to return her own mind and body to herself. What to do with her presents a moral quandary that might well tie Good-Aligned characters into knots. All the while, mind, she will seek to wreak their undoing.

Should the Player Characters manage to defeat the false Marquessa and explore the laboratory, they will find several useful items amongst the objects on the far side of the room. The reagents and alchemical set on the table are worth 1,250gp if they can be safely removed from the stronghold. One of the beakers in their midst is a distilled *potion of cloud giant strength*. The books behind the glass are scientific manuals dealing with the biology of strange and rare creatures and can be sold to a sage interested in such topics for up to 2,500gp. The last of these tomes is actually

Marquessa the Amethyst's spellbook, which contains *Enlarge, Sleep, Rope Trick, Fly, Fire Shield (Chill)*, and *Dimension Door* in addition to all those spells listed in her statistics above.

The cabinets below the table bear the same enchantment as those in **Area #10** (see above), making them constantly cold - and thus an excellent repository for vital internal organs. There are several vats full of such organic objects in this space, most of them unremarkable. The exception is the brine-preserved heart of a Phoenix (well, most of it anyway; much of it has been claimed by the true Marquessa). This organ has many uses in the creation of magical items and is worth 5,000gp to a Magic-User interested in the creation of such objects. The item can also be used as a spell component in any fire-based or healing spell, maximizing all variable numbers involved with the dweomer (for example, a 10th level Magic-User using the heart when casting a *fireball* will **always** do 60hp of damage with the spell, less any successful saving throw). If it is employed in such a manner, it will be consumed after three such uses, however.

13. GARRISON CHAMBER #6

Before you is a chamber, 30' square, apparently composed completely of iron. Beneath a ceiling that rises 15' above the floor, it is appointed with a pair of bunk beds and footlockers, two wall units, and a desk. It looks very much like a military barracks, dominated by a circular table in its center. It seems as if it might be disused, however, for the thick coat of dust found everywhere within the room but for the floor, however.

This is the last of the garrisons containing those of Marquessa's guards stationed at this stronghold. As in the case of **Area #11** (see above for details), it is the quarters of four Lost Souls created from a fusion of some of the most expendable of her sentries and several differing kinds of creatures in order to make a guardian creature of the most elite sort. Just as they do in that first location, the Lost Souls do little but ceaselessly patrol their area in search of intruders. Such is the power of the condition they have undergone at the hands of the Enchantress.

Lost Soul Myrmidon (2): AC 1 (Scale Mail & Natural Armor), MV 12, HD 6+6, HP 42, THAC0 10, #AT 4, Damage 1d6+6/1d8+6 (4 Short swords).

Lost Soul Archer (2): AC 1 (Leather Armor, Dexterity & Natural Armor), MV 12, HD 6+6, HP 42, THAC0 10, #AT 4, Damage 1d6 (Arrows).

The Lost Souls will defend their area much in the same way as those guarding **Area #12** (see above), seeking to stop the Player Characters from entering the laboratory in **Area #14** by taking a stand in the corridor outside the room, if they are alerted to their presence within the stronghold. Under no circumstances will they enter the laboratory, however (they do not know what occurs within, but they have been instructed under pain of death never to cross the threshold into that area). They will not move *en masse* to support their fellows in **Area #11**, however, no matter how their conflict against the party goes. At most, they will commit two members of their group - a Myrmidon and an Archer - to reinforce that first group against them (they have been trained to do this; Marquessa was concerned about them being outflanked by a particularly clever enemy).

Should the Player Characters overcome them and loot

their garrison, they will find their valuables in their footlockers, which are both unlocked and untrapped. This takes the form of 217sp, 1,426ep, and 486gp. Along with this is a silver necklace with a single ruby setting and a gold and emerald ring. The latter is mundane and worth 250gp, but the former is actually a unique *necklace of missiles* (containing only its single 10HD fireball).

14. FALSE LABORATORY

Beyond the doorway, you see a room in the form of a 30' cube of polished metal. Within that chamber, you see a great iron table. Littered atop it are manner of weapons and armor: Swords and axes, shields and bows, suits of leather and chain. Across from that, on the far side of the room is a large counter, atop which you can see many potions and beakers, near an alchemical apparatus. A quiver filled with what appears to be many wands lies next to the series of glass tubes and cork stops. The air is full of the scent of burning incense, heady and thick.

While this area was once used as a laboratory, Marquessa rather expected that the Player Characters would one day come to this stronghold in an attempt to murder her, so she removed all the equipment that once filled its confines, turning the whole of it into an elaborate and deadly trap.

The room is completely ensconced with a *permanent* version of the *spectral force* spell, making it appear as it does above. In truth, it is completely empty but for a single lit brazier in the chamber's center, a line of white chalk that separates the rear 10' of the room from its bulk, and a small cot, end table, and bookshelf in that area. The False Laboratory is the demesne of Marquessa the Gold: Another of the false versions of the Enchantress who happens to specialize in the arts of conjuration and divination. She studies at the rear of the room, spying upon targets of her mistress' choosing and informing her of that which she learns (she comes and goes from the room by way of *dimension door*) through her own magics and by comporting with creatures she summons to this room from beyond the pale.

The illusion that hides the true nature of the room extends a total of 10' into its area. When three characters have passed through the door (its threshold is warded against escape by extraplanar creatures), a completely opaque *wall of force* (treated as if cast by a 15th level Magic-User) springs up, cutting the chamber off from the corridor outside. Likewise, the rear 10' of the room is simultaneously cut off by a *Wall of Fire*. Those characters trapped inside can see the true nature of the chamber and that which occupies it: In addition to Marquessa the Gold, three Fire Elementals (summoned by the brazier in the room's center). The powerful ever-burning creatures are immense in size and have been instructed to reduce to cinders any creature aside of Marquessa herself that happens to wander into its confines (which is why the Lost Souls in **Area #13** have been instructed never to do so).

Marquessa the Gold: 6th level Fighter / 7th level Magic-User. AC 3 (*Bracers of Defense AC5 & Dexterity Bonus*), MV 12", HP 38, THAC0 16, #AT 1, Damage 1d6+1/1d8+1 (+1 *Short Sword*). Magic Items: *Ring of Elemental Command (Fire)*. Spells: 1st: *Burning Hands, Charm Person, Magic Missile, Protection from Good*; 2nd: *Flaming Sphere, Mirror Image, Pyrotechnics*; 3rd: *Fireball, Slow*; and 4th: *Dimension Door*.

Fire Elementals (3): AC 2, MV 12, HD 12, HP 66, THAC0 9, #AT 1, Damage 3-24, SD +2 or better to hit.

For the exception of the rear 10' of the chamber (in which it functions normally), the entire chamber is proof against any form of astral, ethereal, out of phase, or teleportational travel. Attempts at moving in such a manner either into the room or out of its confines results in transport to the Slave Pit in **Area #17**, instead (see below for details). This final 10' of the room is warded with a magical diagram (the white chalk) that forbids the Elementals from crossing its bound. If the Player Characters cross it themselves, however, this magic is spoiled and the fiery creatures may go wherever they please within the chamber's confines.

If the Player Characters should enter the chamber, the Fire Elementals within will attack them immediately. Marquessa the Gold will support them by first casting *Slow* on her opponents, then *Fireball* within the room (knowing that she and her Elementals have little to fear from such a spell). If the combat does not go as planned or the Player Characters manage to enter the rear of the chamber, she will *Dimension Door* into **Area #15** (see below) to warn the Pallid Maiden that war has come to her doorstep. Under no circumstances will the Elementals bring harm to Marquessa the Gold, as she has long since charmed them with the power of her magic *ring*.

Should those trapped within the chamber manage to survive its burning denizens, it is quite likely that the carnage involved will consume those few valuables the false Marquessa keeps near her bed. These consist of a *bag of holding* (smallest size) that contains a collection of rubies: 50 10gp stones, 34 25gp stones, 16 50gp stones, 4 100gp stones, and a single 1,000gp value gem. Her book collection consists of treatises on the study of divination and the nature of fire. One of these tomes appears to be filled with blank pages but if a question is posed of the book while it is closed, opening it acts as a *divination* spell cast by a 7th level Cleric. This effect functions once per week.

15. RESIDENCE OF THE PALLID MAIDEN

This 30' x 30' square chamber differs starkly from the cold and staid environs within the stronghold that you have seen thus far. The room's iron walls are covered by lush, embroidered scarlet and sable tapestries. A plush and elegant carpet covers the floor. Here, light does not spring forth from some invisible place near the ceiling. Instead, its walls have been lined with all manner of silver stands and sticks bearing white candles. Each one is lit, their fire granting each one a tiny halo of radiance that ensconces the room in a wan, dusky half-light. A canopy bed that matches the tapestries stands at the back of the room, flanked by two end tables. Upon one, an silver tea set rests. A large trunk of dark wood sits at the end of the bed, covered in many blankets of dark fabric. Along one of the chamber's walls is a lady's dresser, vanity, and blind, all made of the same wood as the trunk. On the opposite side of the room, a desk and chair rest.

The Player Characters have found the bedchambers of Lady Tazmin il-Varzii: She who is known better as The Pallid Maiden. Though she is not the commander of the guards stationed at this fortification – that role falls to Jandraaz Markev – all its sentries know well of her incredible puissance and fearsome repute and give her as wide a berth as possible. Indeed, were her orders to countermand those of their sergeant, it is more likely than not that

they would choose to follow the words of Lady il-Varzii – if for no other reason than the abject terror she strikes in their hearts.

It was not long ago that Lady il-Varzii was laid low by those enemies of Marquessa, however. Bloodied and dying within the hallways of her underwater stronghold in the Dliw Coast, her breaths grew shallower and shallower until finally, she thought she might have breathed her last. This was not to be her fate, however. Though she was bested by the joint forces of several of the finest fighters her opponents could muster, Marquessa still saw a use for the fallen paladin. Teleporting away from the ruined stronghold with her body, she spent many weeks seeing to wounds that would have killed a lesser human. Through the use of forbidden magics and Marquessa's genius with a scalpel, she saw to it that Lady il-Varzii would wake once more from her injuries...though she is hardly the woman she once was. Her ties to the Goddess of Lies, Deceit, and Treachery coupled with her rebirth and set her down an unholy path. Though she knows it not yet, Lady il-Varzii has taken the first steps towards becoming the first of her profane goddess' Death Knights: A horrid mockery of paladinhood whose very existence is an unspeakable blasphemy against all that is good and just.

Lady Tazmin il-Varzii, The Pallid Maiden: 12th level Anti-Paladin. AC -4 (+1 Full Plate Armor, +1 Shield, & Dexterity Bonus), MV 12", HP 103, THAC0 2, #AT 3/2, Damage 2d4+11/2d8+11 (+5 Bastard Sword *Unholy Reaver* & Strength Bonus), SA: +10 damage vs. Lawful Good opponents, Cause 24hp of wounds per day, *Cause disease* 3/week, SD: +2 on all Saving Throws, 50% Magic Resistance, Constant *Protection from good* in 1" radius, *Dispels magic* as 12th level Magic-User, Immune to disease, SQ Command undead. Magic Items: *Gauntlets of Ogre Power*, *Iron Horn of Gehenna*, *Ring of Invisibility*. Spells: 1st: *Ceremony*, *Command*, *Curse*, *Fear*; 2nd: *Augury*, *Hold Person*, *Know Alignment*, and *Silence 15' Radius*.

Perhaps worst of all, The Pallid Maiden (as she became known after her rebirth) now wields the reforaged and corrupted blade that she used as a paladin. The *Unholy Reaver* Altatarissa now reaps the flesh of those its was once sworn to protect. Together, she and il-Varzii are an almost unstoppable pair.

Should The Pallid Maiden become aware of the presence of the Player Characters, she will not choose to fight them within her home. Instead, she will retreat to The Killing Floor (see **Area #16** below), loose the creature from within, then use the chaos undoubtedly created by its appearance to teleport from its prison to Marquessa's side in **Area #26** (which she will do by crushing the black pearl kept in that fell place). There, she will make a stand with her mistress, should their foes manage to get that far.

If the Player Characters should somehow manage to catch her unawares, however, she will test their mettle in combat. She will first blow her Iron Horn of Gehenna, summoning minions to her side in order to reduce the advantage the party's numbers affords them. She will then smite them with Altatarissa, hewing through them with the abject joy only a warrior upon the field of battle can understand. If she sees the Paladin Kendrel Rilsheven amongst the party (assuming this adventure is being used with the pre-generated characters that accompany it), she throws off all concern of his fellows to engage with him directly. To her mind, the two have unfinished business. Of course, if the vicissitudes of war turn against her, she will retreat to **Area #16** and loose its prisoner, teleporting as above to **Area #26**.

Should the Player Characters defeat The Pallid Maiden, her room is filled with valuable (if difficult to transport) treasures.

The tapestries that line the chamber's walls are worth 500gp to collectors interested in foreign culture and the carpet is of equal value to such individuals. Within her trunk, which is equipped with a poison gas trap (save vs. poison or die), she keeps several sets of clothes of impressive quality, the sum of which might fetch as much as 1,000gp to one capable of appreciating their make. A small case at the bottom of the trunk contains 100pp and 9 flawed black diamonds worth 50gp each. Likewise, it contains several books, each of which is a holy text sacred to the faithful of the Goddess of Lies, Deceit, and Treachery. Collectively, these books are known as the *Libram of Ugly Truths and Beautiful Lies* and their description is detailed in **Appendix A** (see below for details).

16. THE KILLING FLOOR

This circular chamber is 30' in diameter. Its ceiling rises to a dizzying height of 50' above the floor and from this lofty apex, soft, colorless light rains down and illuminates the whole of the room. In the absolute center of the area stands a great iron cage, leaving only 5' of room between its bars and the room's iron walls. Likewise, the immense prison rises up to leave only 10' of space between its top and the ceiling above. Inside the cage, you are able to see some...thing. At least 15' in height, it seems covered in dark fur. It seems to writhe as much as it moves, loping about on what seems dozens of legs. Likewise, dozens of arms seem to sprout from random, chaotic spots on its body, seemingly to make the air slightly shudder and mute around itself, as if in rejection of the possibility of its existence. You cannot see its eyes for its darkness, yet it seems to be boring down a burning gaze upon you, the same.

And when it sees you, it seems to scream. The sound, a keening, awful wail, comes from a hundred mouths, a hundred faces, sewn all across its unthinkable form.

Likely unseen by the Player Characters because of the cage's large, obstructing form is a small pedestal on the far side of the room, opposite the door. Atop this rise is a fist-sized black pearl that has been rendered *permanently invisible*. Should the worst come to pass and the denizen of this room be released, this hidden object may well represent the only form of salvation available to those invading Marquessa's stronghold.

This terrible place is known to those within Marquessa's stronghold as *The Killing Floor*. Once it served as a gladiatorial arena of sorts. Those guards who had disagreements or merely meant to test their mettle against one another would come to this place to engage in combat. While Marquessa mildly discouraged fatal resolutions to these confrontations, she never forbade the practice – secretly enjoying them enough to visit the place occasionally, when particularly interesting conflicts rose to her attention. In any case, the results yielded by The Killing Floor were predictable. The strong were victorious and considered to be right and true. The weak either acceded to their betters or died.

With little else to serve as entertainment for Marquessa's soldiery, it is perhaps small wonder that The Killing Floor soon became one of the most popular places within the complex. Yet after a rash of casualties that saw the place's guards reduced to nearly a skeleton crew, the Enchantress banned the practice of settling disputes within the cage. Instead, she put its expanse to use as a prison, enchanting its bars and putting those creations of hers too dangerous to be left to their own devices within its confines. This is the state in which it currently exists, and its

current prisoner is almost certainly the most horrific abomination ever to occupy its area.

The Harrowing Nightmare: AC 0, MV 24, HD 16, HP 96, THAC0 7, #AT 10, Damage 1d8+4, SA Keening wail, Reality consumption, SD, +1 or better to hit, Displacement.

Created by unspeakable magics and the application of forbidden silences, it is whispered amongst Marquessa's lieutenants that the **Harrowing Nightmare** (see **Appendix A** for specific details on this awful creature) was made from potent elemental forces somehow mixed with the substance of titans and the essence of gibbering mouthers. Indeed, such is the terrible thing's potency that a specialized enchantment – which was created by way of *forcecage*, *wall of iron* spells, and several expended wishes – was required to bind it to this location.

Whatever might be the truth of the matter, the thing represents both the pinnacle of the Enchantress' depraved genius and a doomsday failsafe, should her stronghold ever be overrun. In such a case, only Marquessa herself, along with her three duplicates), Hastren Levalla, Jandraaz Markev, and Tazmin il-Varzii know about the black pearl located atop the pedestal in the room. Any of them occupying this level of the complex will move to its pedestal and crush it in their grasp. This has the effect of teleporting them (no chance of error) to **Area #26** (see below) and removing the enchantment upon the cage in which the Harrowing Nightmare dwells. Only moments after that, the thing will sunder its cage and rampage through the whole of the upper level of the stronghold, killing everything in sight. Though the enchantment that holds fast the prison can be removed by any magic capable of *disjoining* or *dispelling* a spell cast by a 15th level Magic-User, the Player Characters will want to avoid doing so at all costs, if they value their collective lives.

There is no form of treasure within this room. All those but Tazmin il-Varzii (the guardian of the Harrowing Nightmare) avoid the place as if it were plague-ridden.

17. THE SLAVE PIT

This room is an undecorated 30' x 30' metal cube. Unlike those places within the stronghold that you have seen thus far, there is no form of light within the chamber. You are only able to see by the illumination that trickles through the doorway from the hallway outside its bounds. By that wan bit of radiance, you can see that a large hole, perhaps 10' in diameter, has been cut into the floor here. Within its mouth, you can see aught but darkness.

Within this chamber, Marquessa keeps a number of slaves purchased from the Flesh Traders. Grim fates await every one of them, whether they be atop the Enchantress' surgical table, toiling until death for her guards, or serving as food for the Harrowing Nightmare. Any number of sure terrible eventualities awaited these poor wretches...until the arrival of the Player Characters.

The hole in the room descends down a 30' shaft, at the bottom of which is a vaguely 100' x 100' cavernous area cut into the rock that bears Marquessa's stronghold. There, the slaves in the Enchantress' captivity live in filth and squalor that is better left imagined than explicitly described. Guards come daily to hurl scraps of food and drink to the captives – taunting them all the while – so that they are assured survival. Of course, the area is no

mere pit, being defended against escape in several ways. First, the metal walls of which have been coated with *oil of slipperiness*, to prevent their climbing. Second, the upper portion of the room is patrolled by a pair of **Invisible Stalkers**, responsible for raising and lowering prisoners into the pit and removing possible implements from theiroubliette that might aid in their escape (such as emptied bottles of water and buckets). Should the Player Characters enter this chamber, they will be attacked immediately by these unseen guardians.

Invisible Stalker (2): AC 1, MV 12, HD 8, HP 42, THAC0 12, #AT 1, Damage 4d4, SA Surprise on 1-5, SD, 30% Magic resistance, Invisibility.

If the Player Characters manage to overcome the pit's invisible sentries, they may attempt to rescue the slaves trapped within it, if they so desire. It should be obvious that a terrible fate awaits those pitiful wretches and Good-Aligned characters should find it difficult (at best) to leave them where they are. That said, the problem of extracting them and seeing to their safety will pose them no small difficulty, potentially presenting them quite a dilemma. Those individuals currently in the pit are as follows:

- **Javari Lysendrel:** A human merchant from the Free City. Currently suffering a badly-broken leg, the corpulent trader will offer the party a reward of 5,000gp for his safe return to his home (he is as good as his word on that promise, too).
- **Selkie Ifnanas:** An elvish child of 49 years. Sweet and naive, yet startlingly intelligent, she is terrified and misses her home in the Evsev Forest terribly.
- **Robinson Vandrel:** A traveling minstrel and con man, late of the city of Meagre. Enjoys singing songs to bring his fellow prisoners cheer while racing to come up with a plan of escape from the pit. Despite his checkered past, he will not betray his rescuers under any circumstances.
- **Genevieve Moz:** A pregnant human woman. She is very near to delivering her child and is terrified of doing so within a place like the slave pit. She is unaware that she is to be taken from theoubliette the next day, as Marquessa is interested in performing an experiment on her unborn babe....
- **Ilnee Frostflower:** A gnomish minor noble from the Principality of Kelu. She is strong, stoic, and currently near starvation, as she gives much of her daily share of food to Genevieve Moz. Will ensure that the Player Characters are handsomely rewarded if she is returned safely to her home.
- **Cavar Ilthandil:** A elvish captain of a merchant ship. He has served as the defacto leader of the prisoners since his capture by the Flesh Traders but is wholly self-interested. He will sell out the Player Characters to Marquessa in an instant if he thinks doing so will gain him his freedom.
- **Nava:** A dusky-skinned human priestess (a 5th level Cleric) of the Ohlman sky-god, Quetzacoatl. She is of a goodly mien and will be happy to take up arms and aid the party against Marquessa if she is provided at least armor and some weapon.

There is no form of treasure within the Slave Pit.

18. LABORATORY #2

Beyond this door is a 30' x 30' square room. As is the hallway outside its bounds, its walls, ceiling, and floor are composed of metal, illuminated by a light that springs from some invisible point near the chamber's apex. In the center of the room rests a slender metal table with a white smock draped across its surface. Troublingly, you can see both metal and leather restraints fixed to the table, obviously meant to hold humanoid creatures flat to its top. Next to that stands two small metal tables set on wheels, which each bear several types of tools.

Along the room's left wall, you see a large countertop. Upon it rests the thin glass tubes and flutes of an alchemical apparatus, more small tools next to that labyrinth of piping. You can see cupboards above the counter that bear many differing kinds of books behind long, sliding glass doors. Beneath the counter are several cabinets with heavy, metal doors.

In the midst of the room, near the two tables, stands a slight, yet beautiful elvish woman in argent and cerulean robes. Her hair seems like so much spun gold. She greets your appearance with a lovely but sinister smile, the glint of malice in her silver-tinged eyes.

Entering this room, the Player Characters have discovered another of Marquessa's lesser laboratories. This particular workshop is geared towards performing experimentation considered routine by the mistress of the stronghold upon expendable human and demi-human captives (hence its close proximity to the Slave Pits in **Area #17**). The one responsible for conducting these tests - which range in nature from the merely inhumane to the unspeakably awful - is another of the Enchantress' duplicates: Marquessa the Silver. It is she that the Player Characters see as they enter her laboratory. It is much less likely that they will notice the two charmed Polymorphic Ropers that stand next to her, taking the form of the tables next to her surgical area.

Marquessa the Silver: 6th level Fighter / 7th level Magic-User. AC 3 (*Bracers of Defense AC5 & Dexterity Bonus*), MV 12", HP 38, THAC0 16, #AT 1, Damage 1d6+1/1d8+1 (+1 Short Sword). Magic Items: *Charm of Charming, Eyes of Charming*. Spells: 1st: *Charm Person, Magic Missile, Protection from Good, Shield*; 2nd: *Invisibility, Mirror Image, Web*; 3rd: *Dispel Magic, Slow*; and 4th: *Chaos*.

Polymorphic Roper (2): AC 0, MV 6", HD 8, HP 44, THAC0 12, #AT 6 and 1, Damage Nil and 5d4, SA: Weakness, SD 80% Magic resistance, Immune to lightning, Cold only inflicts half damage, SQ Saves vs. fire at -4, Shapeshifting.

When the Player Characters enter the room, Marquessa will withdraw towards the back of the chamber, hoping to get her foes to pursue her into the range of the Polymorphic Ropers. From there, she will turn about swiftly, using her *Eyes of Charming* upon an obvious Fighter type and casting *Chaos* into the midst of the party. She will then continue to charm as many members of her opposition as possible, relying on her two pets to finish them off while she casts spells like *Slow* and *Web* to make their jobs easier. Unlike her fellow duplicates, she will not attempt to flee the room, even if the tides of battle have turned against her (she has been instructed to guard it to her death).

Like the Enchantress' other duplicates, if she is somehow

subdued and interrogated, she believes herself to be the true Marquessa and will warn the victorious Player Characters that they should kill her immediately before she has a chance to escape and wreak vengeance upon them. Also like her fellow duplicates, she differs from the actual Enchantress in but a single detail: Her striking silver-tinged eyes, which are far different than the quality of her maker's wintry blue stare.

Aside of the magical items in the possession of the false Marquessa, by searching the room, the Player Characters may find three *potions of poison* amongst the various vials near the alchemical apparatus. An empty flask near them is actually a *beaker of plentiful potions*, which dispenses *potions of healing, hill giant strength, and speed*. The books behind the glass are are treatises on sentient anatomy and biology, worth a total of 500gp to a sage interested in such things. One tome, left in their midst as a **trap** for the unwary, is a *vacuous grimoire*.

19. AUTOMATON CHAMBER

This is a plain 30' by 30' chamber, its confines all jacketed in cold and heavy iron. In the middle of the room, three very large tables stand. White linens are draped over something laying upon the tops of each one, the way they distend the sheets making it obvious that they are extremely large human - perhaps giantish - bodies. On a table behind the three dominating the center of the chamber, you can see several jars and hand tools, along with a thick book. From the ceiling above, a slender chain hangs. At its end is a small silver whistle.

In this room, Marquessa keeps three of her most powerful minions: **Flesh Golems** that have been made from the bodies of Hill Giants. This makes the automatons much more hardy and powerful than their fellows made from the flesh and bones of humankind.

The Flesh Golems have been instructed to remain quiescent upon the tables in this room until they the whistle above their heads sounds. When this occurs, they stand at the door of this chamber prepared to kill anything attempting to enter **Area #20** (see below for details) that they do not recognize (one of the rites of initiation for Marquessa's various guards is to be brought before the Golems, so that they may commit their faces to memory). If the Player Characters have managed to come to this room undetected, they will find the Golems laying motionless on the three tables. In such a case, they have nothing to fear from the troika of guardians. However, as it is much more likely that the stronghold's sentries are aware of their presence in their demesne, they will probably find the Golems waiting patiently at the door for their arrival. When they do, they will attack them on sight.

Hill Giant Flesh Golems (3): AC 8, MV 9", HD 10, HP 55, THAC0 10, #AT 2, Damage 2d8+4/2d8+4, SA: Weakness, SD +1 or better to hit, Electrical attacks heal golem, SQ Cold and fire-based spells slow golem 50% for 2d6 rounds.

If the party manages to best the room's guardians, then they may help themselves to the treasure at the rear of the room. While their purpose may baffle non-spellcasters, those of an arcane or divine bent will likely recognize the materials as those necessary to construct or repair automatons of the like inhabiting this chamber. The book present is even a *manual of flesh golems*. Indeed, if the total contents are looted, those bearing such materials will have everything necessary to build such a creature of their own. This makes the possibly-vexing treasure actually quite a valuable

one!

20. FALSE MARQUESSA'S CHAMBERS

This room seems so far removed from the cold and staid confines of the hallway outside its bounds that one might think it was worlds, rather than feet, removed from that place. It is circular in shape, perhaps 30' in diameter. All of its walls and ceiling have been painted in such a way as to appear like the barest edge of a nighttime forest. As one stares above, they see the evening sky. Both moons hang above brightly, raining down gossamer radiance into the chamber. The twinkling of stars reveals familiar constellations in a cloudless sky.

Gazing out at the walls, you see the silhouettes of the trees, their boughs and leaves offering a pleasant, verdant density for the eye. Strangely, though it is obviously painted, you are able to see occasional motion within the forest. A firefly sparks to light in one moment; a moth takes flight in another. Once, in the distance, you think you can even see a wolf, stalking prey amongst the timbers.

The room's center is occupied by a great canopy bed. Lace curtains, stained a striking crimson, obscure a comfortable-looking blanket and many pillows upon the mattress. Surrounding it, as if leaned against various trees and fallen logs, you see a modesty screen and dresser, a desk and chair, a vanity and dresser. One hollow tree has been cut away so that it forms a bookshelf. All around you, the sounds of the nighttime forest sing a pleasant nocturne for your approval.

Sitting upon a footlocker at the base of the bed, you see a beautiful elvish woman. She wears deep red robes and has long hair of purest gold. He regards you with a wicked brand of amusement as you stride into the chamber. There can be no doubt as to her identity.

This bedroom serves as the living space for yet another false version of the Enchantress. It also acts as something of a last line of defense against a group of heroes that has managed to penetrate the stronghold this far. It has been finely appointed and the duplicate placed here as close in resemblance to Marquessa as humanly possible, so as to fool her enemies into thinking that they have at last managed to find the ultimate room within her stronghold.

The walls of the room are masterfully painted and further decorated with a *permanent programmed illusion* that gives it the soothing effects the Player Characters see and hear in the description above. The false Marquessa finds these environs pleasant, aiding her in sleep. Once again, they serve a dual purpose, however, hiding away the secret door that leads to the elevator (which arrives in **Area #21**, if it is properly activated) by which one may access the stronghold's lower level. This illusion must either be disbelieved, *disjoined*, or *dispelled* to give any hope of finding this hidden portal, however. If one of these three things occurs, then a normal search for secret doors may be made.

Of course, one must contend with the room's mistress – along with her guardians – before any of this can take place.

Marquessa the Red: 8th level Fighter / 9th level Magic-User. AC 0 (*Bracers of Defense AC3 & Dexterity Bonus*), MV 12", HP 50, THAC0 14, #AT 3/2, Damage 1d6+2/1d8+2 (+2 *Short Sword*). Magic Items: *Scroll of 2 Spells (Monster Summoning III (x2), Wand of Ice Storms (13 charges), Wand of Paralyzation (7 charges)*. Spells: 1st: *Charm Person, Magic Missile (x2), Protection from Good; 2nd: Flaming Sphere, Mirror Image, Web; 3rd: Dispel Magic, Fly, Slow; 4th: Minor Globe of Invulnerability, Stoneskin; and 5th: Cone of Cold.*

If the false Marquessa is alerted to the presence of the Player Characters (by either the sounds of combat or the sounds of the whistle she wears about her neck), she will prepare herself to greet them properly by casting *Fly, Minor Globe of Invulnerability, Mirror Image, Protection from Good*, and *Stoneskin* upon herself. She will then read her scroll, summoning 4 **Ogres** to aid her in the defense of her home.

Ogre (4): AC 5, MV 9", HD 4+1, HP 25, THAC0 15, #AT 1, Damage 1d10.

Finally, she will then fly to the top of the room (which is 15' above the floor; well out of the reach of most melee attacks) and prepare to launch a fusillade of attacks on those who would make war with her. In this, she prefers to use her *Wand of Ice Storms*.

If the Player Characters manage to gain the upper hand in a conflict with the false Marquessa, she will not surrender nor submit, fighting to her very end (this is part of her programming, another way of leading her enemies to believe they have beaten the real Enchantress). Likewise, she will not reveal the existence of the secret door in the room by any means less than interrogation under the influence of a *charm* spell.

Defeating the false Marquessa, the Player Characters may avail themselves of the impressive treasure she hides within the room. The footlocker at the end of the bed has a poison gas **trap** set into its latch (save vs. poison or suffer 3d4hp of damage and permanently lose 1 point of Constitution) but contains 3,250sp, 1,100ep, 2,250gp, and 500pp.. It also contains 5 100gp gemstones and three pieces of jewelry with 250gp each. A secret compartment in the desk hides two *potions of extra-healing* and a *scroll of teleport*. The many papers atop it detail financial transactions (all falsified) between Marquessa and the Flesh Traders, but amongst their lot can be found the false Enchantress' spellbook. Finally, the room's dresser contains fine women's clothing worth a total of 1,200gp. One of these pieces is a burgundy *cloak of protection +2* that the duplicate refuses to wear for its color.

If the Player Characters manage to overcome Marquessa the Red and detect the secret door in her boudoir, they may pass through the portal and attempt to enter the lower levels of the stronghold – where the Enchantress herself awaits their arrival with great anticipation.

Marquessa's Stronghold Lower Level Encounter Key

Passing through the secret door in Area #20 leads to an enclosed 10' x 10' chamber. Upon the room's wall, three levers appear. These are all **trapped**. Moving any of them locks the door and cuts away the *permanent levitation* spell that allows the elevator room to go between the upper and lower portions of the stronghold. If this should happen, the entirety of the room plummets 100' downward, crashing cataclysmically against the granite firmament of the shaft in which it is housed. In such an event, all within the room take 10d6 falling damage (no save permitted). Note that characters

normally immune to injury from falls will likely take this damage, as their ability to brake themselves against solid surfaces is denied to them by the design of the trap. Further note that such a fall will make a great deal of noise, alerting all within the lower level to the presence of intruders (if they were somehow unaware of them previously).

The proper way to make the elevator room move is to simply utter the words "*rise, room*" or "*descend, room*" in the Elvish tongue (no other language will work).

No matter how the Player Characters arrive in the lower level of the stronghold, the following encounter key describes in detail what they will find in every given area within its bounds. No random encounters will take place in the lower level of Marquessa's stronghold in either the Campaign or Convention context of this adventure, as those that dwell here are either quite sedentary in nature or have their movements accounted for in the **Wandering Monster Table (Dungeon)**.

21. LOWER LANDING

Striding forth from the elevator room, you see a long hallway stretch out before you. Unlike the metal corridors that formed the upper level of the stronghold, this one seems to be made of cream-painted wood. Rich, dark wainscoting lies at the base of the wall before a deep red carpet covers the floor. Ahead, about 30' on the left side of the corridor, you see a door. Then, another 30' ahead, on the right, you see another door. Finally, perhaps another 30', the corridor terminates in a last door.

Directly outside of the elevator doors, the floor is a grillwork of thin, twisted iron bars. This stretches out for 10', after which, the carpeting runs the remainder of the hallway's length. Beneath the grill, somewhere, you can hear the sound of running water.

The grillwork outside the elevator doors is exactly the same as that found in **Area #1** (see above for details), including the pipework that leads water back into the body surrounding Marquessa's stronghold. It is a last-resort failsafe in the event that the upper level is flooded by the waters of the Fleecy Bay. Though its existence might give especially-paranoid Player Characters some pause, it is actually quite harmless in nature.

The air here – as it is in the whole of the lower level of the stronghold – is noticeably cooler and dryer than that in the upper portion of the complex. Just at the barest edge of sensation, one can smell fresh flowers in its currents, if they strain the nose enough. This is a magical effect, put into place to see to the comfort of those that make the level their dwelling.

22. HASTREN LEVALLA'S SUITE

This circular room is perhaps 30' in diameter. Its ceiling arches up almost 20' above, culminating in a shallow dome from which the room's gentle light springs forth at some invisible point. The whole of the room's walls are covered with a picturesque mural: An unbroken painting in which various angels and seraphs can be seen amidst the clouds, taking counsel with all manner of strange and fantastic beasts. The work is breathtaking, obviously

rendered by the hand of a master.

Against one of the walls, a large, comfortable bed has been pushed. It is covered in a finely-embroidered blanket and attended by a pair of end tables at either side of the furnishing. A desk and chair appoint another wall, next to which a pair of bookshelves, near to overflowing with tomes of all sorts, stand. Across the room from that is a large dresser that bears a great, ovoidal looking glass atop its surface. The whole of the room seems filled with the heady scent of burnt incense.

This room serves as the bedchambers of a man currently known as Hastren Levalla: A powerful mage that serves as Marquessa's assistant within this stronghold. Of course, this is but a pseudonym, as the wicked sorcerer has a substantial price on his head in virtually every land between the home of his birth in Allopel and the Fleecy Sea – and consequently, he does not make a habit of making himself easy to find.

Having earned some modicum of the Enchantress' trust long ago, Levalla is generally left in charge of this stronghold when she is away at one of her other holdings. This is something he enjoys because, since he has made a reputation for himself with his mistress of getting results when she assigns him some bit of research or experimentation, she gives him a relatively free hand to run the place as he will and see to his own affairs and aspirations. Of course, dwelling hundreds of feet beneath the Fleecy Sea has seen to it that what he can actually achieve is limited, but here he has what amounts to his own personal fief, so he is generally happy with his lot in life. Besides, in such a place, the hundreds of bounty hunters that continue to comb the countryside in search of his shadow hardly a concern – just as he likes it.

Hastren Levalla: 10th level Magic-User. AC 3 (*Robes of Defense AC4 & Scarab of Protection*), MV 12", HP 35, THAC0 18, #AT 1, Damage 1d3+1/1d2+1 (+1 Buckle Knife). Magic Items: *Efreeti Bottle, Ring of Sovereign Fire Resistance, Wand of Fire* (31 charges). Spells: 1st: *Burning Hands, Charm Person, Magic Missile, Protection from Good*; 2nd: *ESP, Flaming Sphere, Invisibility, Mirror Image*; 3rd: *Dispel Magic, Fireball, Fly*; 4th: *Fire Shield (Hot), Wall of Fire*; and 5th: *Conjure Elemental, Telekinesis*.

Razif Al-Imburaa, Efreeti: AC 2, MV 9"/24", HD 10, HP 55, THAC0 10, #AT 1, Damage 3d8, SD Immune to fire, SQ Spell-like abilities.

Flametongue, Special Iron Cobra: AC 0, MV 12", HD 3, HP 20, THAC0 16, #AT 1, Damage 1d4, SA Poison, SD Fire attacks heal 1hp per attack dice, Immune to mind-affecting effects.

Hastren is attended at all times by his Efreeti bodyguard (who is actually the artist responsible for creating some of the impressive paintings that fill the stronghold) and his Iron Cobra. If the trio have advance warning of the Player Characters' approach, the mage will cast *Fire Shield, Fly, Mirror Image*, and *Protection from Good* on himself and *Invisibility* on Flametongue. He will instruct the Iron Cobra to wait in the corner of the room, attacking his opponents (preferably a spellcaster) from behind when it has a good opportunity to do so. Razif will interpose himself between Hastren and his foes, using a mixture of melee attacks and *wall of fire* to bring ruin to them. Meanwhile, the wizard himself will cast spells his fire-based spells (starting with *fireball*) at the Player Characters, well-aware that he need not fear harming his allies with

such attacks. He always chooses to fight within this room (which he knows like the back of his hand), unless he hears combat in some other part of this level. In such a case, he will wait a moment before moving to support Marquessa or Jandraaz Markev, hoping to catch their foes from behind and from surprise with his appearance.

No matter how the battle should eventuate for Hastren and his allies, he will refuse to surrender to the Player Characters. Likewise, if he is somehow forced to submit to them, he will not reveal anything about Marquessa or her plans. The wizard lives in mortal terror of the Enchantress and he will always choose to throw himself upon the mercy of his foes rather than risk crossing his mistress (he is well-aware of the depths of the atrocities she is willing to commit). Of course, a successful *charm* can overcome this reluctance, but such is his resolve that he will receive a +2 bonus to his saves against spells meant to break his will.

Should the Player Characters manage to defeat Hastren and his allies, they will find his room full of valuables ripe for the looting (though many of them will likely be destroyed in the conflagration wrought by their fire-based attacks). In addition to the enchanted items on his person, Hastren's fine furniture is worth a total of 2,500gp. His well-organized bookshelf is a comprehensive font of information on the nature of fire and flame magic, worth 1,500gp as a whole. Amongst these tomes is the wizard's spellbook (which is completely proof against fire of all kinds). The command words required to operate Flametongue are written in the back of this book. In the top drawer of his desk, Hastren has two scrolls of 3 spells (*haste*, *mount*, and *shout* are inscribed upon one and *find familiar*, *gust of wind*, and *fire trap* are written upon the other), along with a special *talisman* that enforces a -2 penalty to opponents saving throws when casting a spell from the Illusion school (this only works in the hands of an Illusionist and Hastren is trying to figure out a way to make it function for him).

23. JANDRAAZ MARKEV'S SUITE

Beyond the door, you see a circular chamber, perhaps 30' in diameter. Beneath its 15' ceiling, the room's walls have been painted a deep burgundy with a dark brown baseboard trimming them. All around, the chamber's perimeter has been appointed with hundreds of small paintings, each one set within an elegant brass frame. The images – almost too well detailed to be believed – portray a handsome and strong young man with a thick brown beard in the midst of combat with some fearsome monster or group of opponents.

A bed has been pushed up against the wall, flanked by a pair of end tables. To its right, a desk and bookshelf stand next to a dresser and mirror. A wooden rack of the sort meant to bear arms and armor lies across the room from those. All the furnishings seem to have been arranged in such a way to give the center of the room maximum space. There, dominating the floor, you see a 20' circular mat, made of some thick white substance.

This chamber belongs to Jandraaz Markev, he who is sergeant of Marquessa's many guards stationed at this particular stronghold. He takes this job quite seriously, constantly moving amongst his charges to ensure that their training and morale is maintained. There is little that takes place outside the bounds of his mistress laboratories within the complex of which he is unaware.

Sergeant Jandraaz Markev: 10th level Fighter. AC 0 (*Chain Mail* +2 & *Shield* +2), MV 12", HP 106, THAC0 3, #AT 2, Damage 1d6+12/1d8+12 (*Spear* +3), SQ Double weapon specialization: Spear. Magic Items: *Gauntlets of Ogre Power*, *Mystic Armlet* (can mimic the effects of an *Anti-Magic Shell* 3/day), *Thief of Panoramas*.

A former high-ranking officer in the armies of the Great Empire, Jandraaz was framed by a rival for the murder of a general under whose command he served. He was forced to flee for his life from the land of his birth and during this flight, he made the acquaintance of Marquessa. He threw his lot in with her and has served as one of her lieutenants ever since. He misses his home and his former role as a leader of hundreds of troops, but he realizes that his life could be far worse, so he is relatively content.

Jandraaz takes a dim view of those who use magical items to improve their battlefield puissance. He tends to view such equipment as crutches that mask a lack of skill. The only reason he owns such items himself is to protect himself, should he be surprised or taken unawares by a foe. When engaging an opponent, he always activates his *Mystic Armlet* right away, if possible, then moves in to fight them – in his opinion – fairly. Given Jandraaz's level and many accomplishments, he finds that few indeed are able to stand up to him in such confrontations. If he is permitted to activate his *Armlet*, his THAC0 becomes 9, and his Weapon Damage is reduced to 1d6+3/1d8+3: Far less fearsome, but impressive, nonetheless.

Should the Sergeant hear the sounds of battle in other areas of the stronghold, he will move to their location immediately to support those fighting against the complex's invaders. When he engages in such battles, he always targets spellcasters first, confident in his *Armlet*'s enchantment to see that their magic does him no harm.

For all Jandraaz's protests against the use of magical items, he is obsessed with his *Thief of Panoramas* (see **Appendix A** for details): A unique piece of equipment he discovered while serving in the Great Empire's army. It is through the use of this item that his room is decorated with the tiny portraits that ring it and he enjoys every opportunity he gets to acquire new pictures. In addition to these portraits, he keeps no small amount of treasure in a compartment hidden by a false bottom in one of his dresser drawers. There can be found 3,000ep, 1,500 gp, and 7,500pp, along with 15 large gemstones worth a total of 3,000gp. Amidst this haul are two *potions of healing*, a +2 *handaxe of hurling*, and a *hat of disguise* (all of which were gifts from his mistress that he is loathe to use, given his opinion on magical equipment).

24. GUARDIAN CHAMBER

The final 30' of the corridor leading to this chamber is **trapped**. Motion plates on the floor trigger the automaton within the room, starting it on its crushing path towards the door. It is timed in such a way that it will reach the portal at almost the same instant as those moving toward the door at a normal rate. This will likely afford such individuals quite a surprise, as they reach for the knob to open it! Note that those wearing Marquessa's whistles will **not** trigger these motion plates, as they magically suppress their functioning. Individuals in their possession will thus find the room's guardian quiescent (it has been conditioned not to move unless the plates have been triggered). In such a case, Player Characters entering this room will see the following:

This chamber is a 30' square of iron, much like the rooms and corridors in the level above it. A door allowing egress from its area is set in the center of the far wall. It appears to be completely empty for the exception of a great stone device, just in front of the portal opposite you. It appears like a massive turtle, nearly 10' tall and just as wide. It must be several tons in weight, certainly. The thing looks like a miniature war machine, replete with many places in its shell where legs might emerge. Beneath it are eight large, broad wheels.

Despite appearing every bit like some bizarre sculpture, the thing is actually quite alive. It is a rare creature known as a **Juggernaut**, and it serves as the stronghold's final guardian before Marquessa's primary laboratory and chambers are reached.

Juggernaut: AC 2, MV 1" to 12", HD 10, HP 66, THAC0 10, #AT 4 and 1, Damage 2d6 (x4) and 10d10, SD Immune to fire.

Because of the thing's size relative to the confines of the narrow hallway, it gains a +4 To-Hit bonus on all of its attacks. Additionally, characters subjected to its crushing attack make their saving throws at a -4 penalty. After its pressure plate is triggered, the monstrous creature will charge down the corridor, stopping at its end, at Area #21. It will then charge back to its resting place before going quiescent once more. If the Juggernaut is attacked, regardless of its state of motion, it will retaliate to the best of its ability. Note that repeated triggerings of the hallway's pressure plates by those creatures not in possession of silver whistles will continually cause the Juggernaut to move in such a fashion (and particularly clever Player Characters may find a way to use this to their advantage).

The Juggernaut possesses no type of treasure.

25. LABORATORY PRIME

Before you is an immense room, 50' on each side. The ceiling is reminiscent of a cathedral's, perhaps 30' above at its highest point. The whole of it is made of some brightly polished metal, so clean and pure in quality that your reflection glances back at you from its surface with little in the way of distortion. The room is strangely cold and has a sharp, antiseptic scent to its air.

The chamber is dominated by six long tables, evenly spaced across its breadth. While all of them are covered with white drop cloths, two are distended in such a way that it seems clear that they cover bodies of some type. Next to those two tables are small carts on wheels that carry strange bags of liquids connected to hoses that run beneath the cloths and enigmatic apparatus that hiss and sigh like the breathing of the body.

Both walls that run parallel to the tables bear room-length countertops along their flats. On one of these is a pile of stacked tomes and manuals, a set of polished steel tools laying aside them. Another features an alchemical apparatus and many vials and flasks full of liquids and gases. An iron-bound wooden chest rests at the end of this table.

But for the sound of the machinery, the room is silent.

This chamber serves as Marquessa's primary laboratory. It is the place in which she performs the surgical procedures necessary to transform young elvish maidens into duplicates of herself, meant to confuse and confound those that would try and bring the Enchantress to justice.

The tables in the room provide workplaces on which Marquessa can employ her demented brand of genius. They are currently occupied by Marella Isthander and Tinuviel Rasparian: Both so unfortunate to bear a passing resemblance to the Enchantress. They are both at varying points in their transformation, the former's body and face now mirroring that of their sculptress and the latter's figure alone so shaped. They are both unconscious and under heavy sedation. The equipment on the carts next to them is all that keeps them alive. Bereft of it, they will die in 1-4 Rounds. In less than a week, they will be brought to Area #26, where Marquessa will begin the processing of brainwashing them, twisting their minds until they snap...after which time, she can build them anew in whatever way she sees fit.

As Marquessa prefers to work in silence and solitude, the room has no form of guardian. Both an *alarm* spell has been cast upon its doors and a *wizard eye* in the center of the room's ceiling, however, making it most unlikely that the Enchantress will be surprised by those entering the laboratory (even if they have somehow managed to make it to this point undetected). When Marquessa detects the presence of the Player Characters in this room, she will not enter the laboratory to confront them. Instead, she will lock and arm the trap on the door to her bedchambers in **Area #25**, preparing for their arrival by casting spells upon herself that will aid her in the battle soon to come (the details of which are related in that area's encounter, below).

What the Player Characters choose to do with the elvish maidens upon the tables falls to their consciences alone. They are in such a state that they cannot be moved until they have received over 50hp of healing magic (each) or a single *heal* spell has been bestowed upon them. So it is that if the Player Characters are forced to flee the lower level of the stronghold abruptly, both of them may well die. Even if they are healed sufficiently to be moved, they have both undergone such psychological trauma that they will be able to do little more than follow shouted orders, weeping and shuddering uncontrollably. Indeed, Marquessa has much to answer for, regarding their condition.

The laboratory is not without its treasures, however. The books on the countertop are treatises on elvish anatomy and biology (written by Marquessa herself) and are worth 3,500gp. The surgical tools next to them are worth an additional 1,000gp, a sum that does not include the obsidian-bladed scalpel, which is equivalent in function to a +3 *knife of sharpness*, if employed as a weapon. The alchemical apparatus is worth 1,000gp and the substances and reagents next to them might fetch an equal amount, if sold to an apothecary in a large city. Amongst them are 3 *potions of extra-healing*, 3 *potions of polymorph*, a *potion of poison*, and an *elixir of health*. The chest on the counter is used to transport especially fragile items from the laboratories on the upper level. It is enchanted both with a permanent *chill* cantrip and a version of the *telekinesis* spell that allows whatever is placed within it to float weightlessly inside without ever touching its walls, no matter how roughly the chest is jostled. It currently holds the brain of an intellect devourer that was surgically removed from the creature by Marquessa the Silver, as it appears to be much more hardy than a typical cogitative organ. The true Marquessa is considering transplanting it into a human host to determine its response, at some point.

26. MARQUESSA'S BOUDOIR

The door leading to this room is cleverly **trapped**, having been enchanted with two spells that work in conjunction with one another. One is the *programmed illusion* of a plain, metal portal. This spell has been cast in such a way that if anyone other than Marquessa herself touches it, the dweomer is dispelled. This reveals the *symbol of pain* etched onto the door itself.

Regardless of whether the trap is triggered or not, if the door is opened, the Player Characters see the following:

You see a large, circular room, 30' in diameter. Its walls, painted a deep red color, rise a like distance overhead, terminating in a domed ceiling from which soft, colorless light rains down into the chamber. Many ebon tapestries, evenly-spaced about its circumference, decorate the walls, giving the room a certain gothic sort of majesty.

Against the far wall, a large canopy bed stands, its confines obscured with curtains of black lace. Next to this are two end tables, upon which a large silver decanter and crystal goblet rest upon an elegant platter. Not far from this is a desk of fine, dark wood, filled with papers, an inkpot, and quill. A large bookcase replete with many tomes is only an arm's reach from it. Across the room is a lady's vanity with a dresser placed next to it.

In the center of the room, a petite elvish woman stands. She regards you with interest as you enter the bedchamber. Her sly smirk and the sinister twinkle of genius and madness alike in her bright blue eyes leaves little doubt as to her identity.

You stand in the presence of Marquessa the Enchantress.

If evil was ever personified, it stands before you now.

It is highly likely that, if the Player Characters have made it to this location, Marquessa has had ample warning of their arrival. She is not of the sort to mince time or words by engaging her foes in pointless discourse. Since they have proven themselves capable individuals by penetrating her home to this point, she will show them respect by treating them as an actual threat to her life.

This means that she will have cast several spells upon herself that will aid her in their confrontation. These spells are (in order of their casting): *Stoneskin*, *Globe of Invulnerability*, *Fly*, *Feather Fall*, *Mirror Image*, and *ESP*. When she is certain (by viewing them through the *Wizard Eye* in **Area #25**) that the Player Characters are about to enter her chambers, she will fly up into its heights (out of easy melee range) and prepare her offensive repertoire against them. Having confronted her enemies more than once, she reasons that they will suspect that what they first see within her room is but a *Projected Image*. Eager to test their true mettle in this meeting, she has dispensed with such a ploy and engages them directly.

Marquessa: 14th level Fighter / 15th level Magic-User. AC -2 (*Black Robe of the Archmagi*, *Ring of Protection* +3, & Dexterity Bonus), MV 12", HP 96, THAC0 7, #AT 5/2, Damage 1d6+1/1d8+1 (+1 *Short Sword of Speed*), SA: Opponents Saves vs. Charm Spells are at -4, SD: Contingency, SQ *Ring of Free Action*, *Wand of Frost* (20 Charges), *Wand of Polymorphing* (11 Charges). Spells: 1st: *Charm Person**, *Feather Fall*, *Magic Missile* (x2), *Sleep*; 2nd: *ESP*, *Knock*, *Mirror Image*, *Ray of Enfeeblement*, *Web*; 3rd: *Dispel Magic* (x2), *Flame*

Arrow, *Fly*, *Slow*; 4th: *Charm Monster** (x2), *Confusion*, *Dimension Door*, *Ice Storm*, *Stoneskin*; 5th: *Cone of Cold*, *Feeblemind*, *Hold Monster*, *Telekinesis*, *Wall of Force*; 6th: *Chain Lightning*, *Globe of Invulnerability*; and 7th: *Power Word: Stun*.

The Game Master should remember that, thanks to her *Short Sword of Speed*, Marquessa will likely automatically win Initiative against her foes. As soon as she sees the Player Characters, she will pronounce a *Power Word: Stun* upon them. She will then cast *Chain Lightning* upon an obvious spellcaster (preferably of divine nature), hoping to remove them from the battlefield as swiftly as possible. She will follow that up by casting *Charm Person* on a martially-inclined member of the party, ordering them to attack their fellows. If any of her enemies survive after such an assault, she will resort to her other offensive spells, only deigning to engage in melee if no other options avail her. Given her active *Globe of Invulnerability* and *Stoneskin* spells, she should be perilously difficult for the Player Characters to damage, however, she is not invincible. If Marquessa is brought below half her Hit Point total, she will *Dimension Door* into the hallway outside the *Guardian Chamber* in **Area #24** (see above), hoping for aid from either the Juggernaut or one of her lieutenants. If she is reduced to 20hp or less, her *Contingency* takes over, *Teleporting* her to one of her other safehouses.

Marquessa will never surrender to the Player Characters under any circumstances. There is perhaps some irony in that one who aids a group named the *Flesh Traders* would far prefer death than to relinquish her freedom.

Should the Player Characters somehow manage to defeat Marquessa, the treasures to be found in her bedchambers – aside of those magical items kept on her person – are as impressive as one might expect of a woman such as she. A hidden tray beneath her bed holds 20 gold and 10 platinum ingots, each worth 100gp and 500gp, respectively. The books on her desk contain (in addition to a host of historical and fiction titles) her spellbooks and a *libram of gainful conjuration*, while the papers pertain to financial and physical transactions made between the Enchantress and the *Flesh Traders* (which the Game Master may use to link this module to further adventures, pursuing other lieutenants of that notorious group). The bottom drawer contains two *potions of healing* and a vial of *oil of etherealness*. Marquessa's dresser contains fine women's clothing worth a total of 1,500gp, amongst which can be found a *robe of scintillating colors*. Finally, the looking glass atop her vanity is actually a prized *mirror of mental prowess*.

Endgame

If the Player Characters have managed to defeat Marquessa, then they have struck a great blow for the cause of weal. In time, word of their victory spreads throughout the coast of the Tanraeg Sea and those innocent folk dwelling within the region begin to sleep easier, come the sundown. For them, wakefulness has roused them from a lengthy nightmare – and for this, they have Leander Hatgled's agents to thank. Every one of the Player Characters is hailed as a hero throughout the region. Songs and poetry are written to commemorate their victory over Marquessa. New opportunities begin to avail them in the form of proposals of marriage, grants of land and lordship, and calls to further adventure by powerful patrons. For them, life is good. The notion that they are now marked for death by the *Flesh Traders* and those whom the Enchantress counted as allies does not escape any of them – but these are concerns for another time. For now, the time has come to celebrate a hard-won victory.

If the Player Characters should allow Marquessa to escape their clutches again, however, the Enchantress has won the day. The scourge of the Fleecy Bay yet lives – and the disappearances of the innocent into the night continue on. Once again, assassins have come to her door seeking vengeance and failed – but she is well aware that they will soon return. Such a thought frustrates and vexes Marquessa – and she is hardly the sort to bear such things gracefully.

The time has now come for her to go on the offensive.

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

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

This module is dedicated to Harold Johnson and Tom Moldvay: The architects of the nightmare that is Marquessa the Enchantress. Know you both what you have set into motion...and smile.

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Appendix A: New Magic Items and Monsters

NEW MAGIC ITEMS

Ball of Bounding

This item appears as a perfect sphere, composed of some strange, pliant material. Red in color, it is easily shaped but always springs back to its original form when pressure is removed from it. The sphere is mated to a plain ring that seems to be made of burnished steel or tin.

The *Ball of Bounding* was the result of alchemical experiments conducted by an unknown (possibly Gnomish) wizard interested in making substances easily able to withstand great impacts. The 2" diameter sphere easily bounces when thrown or dropped from any distance without incurring harm to itself. The loop mated to the *ball of bounding* is a specialized ring of telekinesis, which is able to move the sphere in any manner the wearer chooses, provided the *ball* remains in a 20' radius from the ring. The *ball of bounding* cannot be moved swiftly enough by its loop to serve as an effective missile weapon, bouncing harmlessly off of whatever individual or object against which it is hurled.

Legends say that the *ball of bounding* went missing when the daughter of the wizard responsible for creating it used it as an implement for playing jacks. She lost the game against another girl who claimed the magical item as the spoils of victory. Whether or not she ever discovered its true nature is unknown.

Experience Point Value: 100

Gold Piece Value: 1,000

Charm of Charming

This item usually takes the form of a handsome cloisonne pin or token, frequently fashioned to resemble the holy symbol of a beauty associated with beauty of love. Bejeweled and gilded, it is unquestionably valuable.

The *Charm of Charming* is a unique magical item designed by Marquessa the Enchantress after studying the properties of her *Black Robe of the Archmage*. She was interested in finding a way to replicate the effect that allows the item to intensify charm-based spells cast by its wearer. She was successfully able to do so, binding the effect in a magical charm that bestows a -2 penalty to the saving throw of any target of a spell from the Enchantment school cast by its bearer. Unfortunately, the *Charm of Charming*'s effect is not cumulative with that of the *Black Robe of the Archmage*, so she abandoned the item, giving to one of her duplicates to use, instead.

Experience Point Value: 300

Gold Piece Value: 5,000

Iron Horn of Gehenna

This item appears to have been fashioned from the broken horn of some unidentifiable beast. It has been bound at three points by bands of grey, studded iron. Nearly two foot long and six inches in diameter at its widest point, it is clearly an instrument meant to sound a call at a great distance. When blown, the horn makes a mournful, hollow sound, like a great wind past a long-forgotten chasm.

The *Iron Horn of Gehenna* is a relic sacred to the faithful of the Goddess of Lies, Deceit, and Treachery. It is said that she – the Oathbreaker – allows the instrument to fall into the hands of her most powerful agents, that they might call the dead from Gehenna to themselves in their quest to spread chaos and woe across all the known worlds.

Once every seven days, the *Iron Horn of Gehenna* can be blown to summon 2-5 evil, undead warriors from the Fourfold Furnaces to fight for the one sounding the relic. The creatures summoned are equivalent to 5HD Ju-Ju Zombies with 6hp per dice and armed with sword and spear (50%), or battle axe and spear (50%). The horrid things gladly fight whomever the possessor of the horn commands, until they or their opponents are slain, or 6 turns have elapsed, whichever occurs first.

Experience Point Value: 3,000

Gold Piece Value: 45,000

Libram of Ugly Truths and Beautiful Lies

This book is composed of leatherbound canvas over pristine vellum sheets. A breathtaking painting of fruit and flowers adorns the cover, but upon closer inspection, all is not as it appears to be. When one looks closely at the painting, they are able to see the tiny flies that surround the flowers filled with rot and the fruit bored through by worms. After seeing it for what it truly is, it is impossible not to be repulsed and disgusted by the image.

The *Libram of Ugly Truths and Beautiful Lies* is a relic sacred to the faith of the Goddess of Lies, Deceit, and Treachery. The whole of the work contains her most holy scriptures, said to be the sum and total of every lie ever spoken since the beginning of time. Only those who worship that foul goddess can safely read the tome. Those others who peruse even a single word of its text must either instantly convert to her worship or save vs. poison. Success indicates that the reader will lose 30,000-120,000 experience points, while failure results in the loss of 250,000 experience points and permanent insanity (the type of which is determined by the Game Master) for the unbeliever.

A Cleric or Paladin of the Goddess of Lies, Deceit, and Treachery may safely read and use the powers of the *libram* as they see fit. Provided that they are of sufficient level to cast them already, the divine might imbued within its pages allows one such character to cast *Know Alignment*, *Detect Lie*, and *True Seeing* – along with the reversed version of each – once per day, as if they had prayed for each spell normally.

Experience Point Value: 8,000

Gold Piece Value: 40,000

Ring of Sovereign Fire Resistance

This ring appears to be a simple loop of burnished iron or hew basalt, set with a large star ruby. The central flaw in the gemstone is particularly striking, dancing like tongues of flame when held and turned beneath light.

The *Ring of Sovereign Fire Resistance* functions in all ways like an improved version of a *Ring of Fire Resistance*. Not only does it make its wearer immune to all normal fires, just as does its lesser cousin, but fires classified as "very hot" or magical in nature only do 1hp per dice of damage to one wearing it. For example, an individual wearing the ring would only suffer 10hp of damage when struck by a *fireball* cast by a 10th level Magic-User. Likewise, the same person would only take 4hp damage when standing in the midst of a *wall of fire*.

Experience Point Value: 3,000

Gold Piece Value: 15,000

Thief of Panoramas

This item takes the form of a short, but wide brass spyglass, wrapped in soft, rich brown leather. Fragile in appearance, it was clearly made by a delicate, masterful hand.

The *Thief of Panoramas* is a much-prized item by artists and spies alike. When one places the lens of the spyglass upon some writable surface, the magical item transfers the image last seen through it onto that surface. Through this process, memories of great complexity can be captured for later study. There is no limit to the number of scenes that can be "stolen" by the *Thief of Panoramas* in this manner, but the item itself is extremely susceptible to damage. Against any attack form, it makes its saving throw as a "mirror".

Experience Point Value: 150

Gold Piece Value: 2,500

NEW MONSTERS

HARROWING NIGHTMARE

FREQUENCY:	<i>Unique</i>
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	0
MOVE:	24"
HIT DICE:	16
% IN LAIR:	100%
TREASURE TYPE:	<i>Nil</i>
NO. OF ATTACKS:	10
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	<i>1d8+4 (x10)</i>
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	<i>Keening Wail, Reality Consumption</i>
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	<i>+1 or better to hit, Displacement</i>
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	<i>Standard</i>
INTELLIGENCE:	<i>Semi-intelligent</i>
ALIGNMENT:	<i>Chaotic evil</i>
SIZE:	<i>L (15' tall)</i>
LEVEL/XP VALUE:	<i>IV /210 + 5 /hp</i>

This horrific creature appears as a 15' tall mass of dark fur, constantly muting and changing shape in a manner that churns the stomach of one so unfortunate to behold it with the naked eye. Half-born limbs and organs constantly sprout forth from the flesh of the thing, only to be swallowed just as quickly. Faces born from all manner of species are given birth on the creature's flesh, only long enough to utter awful screams of excruciating agony before being drowned beneath the monster's stiff, ebon pelt. All around it, the air seems to shudder and melt, making it hard to behold clearly -- as if reality itself struggled to reject the existence of the thing.

It is whispered that Marquessa the Enchantress is responsible for the creation of the Harrowing Nightmare, exposing a captive titan to dangerous elemental forces while infusing it with the substance of both a gibbering mouther and a mimic. If this is true, then the notorious slaver may add crimes against nature itself to her litany of unspeakable offenses. The Harrowing Nightmare is mad with pain, wreaked by constant transformations never meant to be. As such, the creature lashes out in rage at anything it is able to perceive, hoping vainly to somehow end its agony by bringing all around it to destruction and ruin. It does this by striking out with the terrible limbs, tentacles, and other half-aborted bits of itself that spontaneously come into being all across its flesh. It can attack with up to ten of these appendages at any given time, dealing 1d8+4 hit points of damage with each successful blow.

Such is the power and fury of the creature that it constantly consumes the very substance of reality itself around its being, leaving chaos and catastrophe behind in its wake. This renders the consistency of the continuum in which it exists tenuous, stretched and skewed in impossible manners as it tries to vomit it forth from itself as a body tries to expel sickness. In game terms, all creatures and objects within a 10' radius of the Harrowing Nightmare take 5hp of damage per round while they remain in this area. This damage is returned to the awful thing in the form of regenerated vitality (though it can never gain more than its maximum hit points in this manner). Likewise, it is constantly by the equivalent of both *blur* and *displacement* effects, making it difficult to see at the best of times and never quite where it appears to be. Attack rolls made against the creature suffer a -4 penalty on the first attempt to strike them and subsequent strikes incur a -2 penalty. Additionally, the creature gains a +2 bonus to any saving throws it makes against direct magical attacks (area effect spells affect it as per normal).

It is perhaps evidence of the grace of the gods that only

one Harrowing Nightmare is known for certain to have been created in Marquessa's laboratories. It is likely that the effort and the expense of making another such abomination precludes her from making any more. In any case, the secret of creating these horrors lies with the depraved enchantress, alone.

LOST SOUL

FREQUENCY:	<i>Very Rare</i>
NO. APPEARING:	1-4
ARMOR CLASS:	<i>By Armor Type</i>
MOVE:	12"
HIT DICE:	6+6
% IN LAIR:	75%
TREASURE TYPE:	<i>Nil</i>
NO. OF ATTACKS:	4
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	<i>By Weapon Type</i>
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	<i>See below</i>
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	<i>See below</i>
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	<i>Standard</i>
INTELLIGENCE:	<i>Low</i>
ALIGNMENT:	<i>Chaotic evil</i>
SIZE:	<i>M</i>
LEVEL/XP VALUE:	<i>X /8,100 + 20 /hp</i>

Lost Souls are bipedal creatures, similar in appearance to humans, though bearing four arms and terrible surgical scars. Depending on their type, these appendages can either be grossly oversized or they may possess bulging, compound eyes like those of a giant fly. The creatures never speak, always guarding some area or object with untiring diligence.

Lost Souls were once ordinary humans, surgically augmented and brainwashed by Marquessa the Enchantress so that they might more efficiently carry out their assigned duties in her name. Speaking broadly -- for there are a handful of examples of other sorts -- she has successfully created two kinds of Lost Souls, which she refers to as the **Archer** and the **Myrmidon**.

The **Archer** is dexterous and lithe, its four arms plying two shortbows, each of which it is capable of firing twice per round. This type of Lost Soul has had its eyes replaced by those of a Giant Fly and its eyesight is remarkably sharp. The creature possesses Infravision that extends out to 90' and it is only surprised 1 in 10 times.

The **Myrmidon** is powerful of build, its arms and legs having been replaced by those of an Ogre. In its augmentation, it has lost none of the strength of those monsters, either. These creatures form the most fearsome of Marquessa's front-line soldiers, usually wielding either four spears or short swords at once -- to devastating effect.

Lost Souls have been so completely brainwashed by their mistress that they are akin to living automatons in demeanor. They exist simply to perform whatever task to which they have been assigned. As the intellect of these creatures generally suffers during the procedure that renders them Lost Souls, these are usually simple jobs, such as guarding some area or object. They sleep and eat little and require no type of stimulation or recreation.

POLYMORPHIC ROPER

FREQUENCY:	<i>Very Rare</i>
NO. APPEARING:	1-2
ARMOR CLASS:	0
MOVE:	6"
HIT DICE:	8
% IN LAIR:	100%
TREASURE TYPE:	<i>See below</i>
NO. OF ATTACKS:	6 and 1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	<i>Nil and 5d4</i>
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	<i>Weakness touch</i>
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	<i>See below</i>
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	80%
INTELLIGENCE:	<i>Exceptional</i>
ALIGNMENT:	<i>Chaotic evil</i>
SIZE:	<i>L</i>
LEVEL/XP VALUE:	<i>VII / 825 + 10 / hp</i>

A Polymorphic Roper shares the same basic shape as its more common cousin: That of a vaguely 9' tall cigar-shaped mass of festering, ochre-grey corruption, bearing six, long strand-like appendages that sprout from the side of its body. This warped version of the monster has no visible eyes or mouth, however. Too, beneath its slightly-transparent flesh, bilious cysts seem to sickenly throb and lurch their way across their form.

These abominations were created by Marquessa by fusing a typical Roper with organelles inherent to Doppelgangers and Mimics responsible for allowing the creatures to change their shapes. As a result of this augmentation, the Polymorphic Roper still bears its fearsome qualities, but also has the terrifying ability to change its shape as it pleases in order to facilitate its nefarious aims.

The Polymorphic Roper is capable of lashing out at its prey with its six strands of strong, sticky rope-like excretion at a range of 4" to 10". Contact with one of these appendages causes weakness, reducing its victim's Strength by 50% in 1-3 Rounds. Once the creature has weakened some prey, it then draws it into its toothy maw at a rate of 10' a Round, quickly devouring it thereafter. The chance for a victim to break free of one of these strands is equal to their chance to Open Doors.

The creature is able to change its shape, color, and texture at will. It can perfectly mimic almost any type of substance, whether inorganic or organic in nature. Accordingly, they may take almost any form imaginable and when doing so, are almost undetectable until they at last choose to strike at their victims. It takes a Polymorphic Roper only 1 Round to change its shape to the form of their choice, and it is not uncommon for them to do so multiple times over the course of the act of stalking some prey.

The Polymorphic Roper is immune to electrical attacks of any kind and only take half damage from cold-based effects. They are, however, very susceptible to fire, suffering a -4 penalty to saving throws against any attacks employing flame to do them harm. As do their common cousins, Polymorphic Ropers have gizzard-like organs which hold their only treasure: Anywhere from 5-25 platinum pieces and 5-20 gemstones of a random type (35% chance). The powerful acids in the stomachs of these creatures generally make short work of any other types of valuables.

The Polymorphic Roper exists solely to feed and reproduce. They take a particularly dark delight in the horror they instill within their prey as they stalk them to their inevitable doom. It is unknown by what means their creator controls them, but it is thought that some powerful sort of spell might be at work, as keeping the potent creatures in line might otherwise be impossible.

Appendix B: Important NPCs

Hastren Levalla

Race / Gender: Nulkabish Human Male

Level / Class: 10th level Magic-User

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Strength:	12	TH Bonus: ±0	Dam. Bonus: ±0	Op. Doors: On 1-2	B. Bars: 4%
Intelligence:	17	6 Additional Languages Known			
Wisdom:	14	Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0			
Dexterity:	15	Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0			
Constitution:	16	Defensive Adjust.: -1			
Charisma:	10	Hit Point Adjustment: +2			
		System Shock: 95%			
		Reaction Adjustment: ±0%			

Armor Class: 3 (Robes of Defense AC4 & Dexterity Bonus)

Hit Points: 35

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: +1 Buckle Knife

Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0: 18

Adjusted Weapon Damage: 1d3+1 (S/M), 1d2+1 (L)

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -5

Languages Known: Common, Dwarvish, Efreeti, Elvish, Orcish, Red Dragon, Salamander

Adjusted Saving Throws*

Paralyzation:	13
Petrification:	11
Rods/Staves/Wands:	9
Breath Weapon:	13
Spells:	9

* Is permitted a Saving Throw of 20 against effects normally having no save.

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
+1 Buckle Knife: No special abilities.	None.
Other Magic Items	
Efreeti Bottle, Ring of Sovereign Fire Resistance, Scarab of Protection, Wand of Fire (31 charges).	<p>Spells & Special Class Abilities</p> <p>Spells Memorized (4/4/3/2/2): 1st: Burning Hands, Charm Person, Magic Missile, Protection from Good; 2nd: ESP, Flaming Sphere, Invisibility, Mirror Image; 3rd: Dispel Magic, Fireball, Fly; 4th: Fire Shield (Hot), Wall of Fire; and 5th: Conjure Elemental, Telekinesis.</p>

Gold & Wealth: 15 50gp gemstones. 33 gold coins of ancient Nulkabish mint, each worth 150gp to a knowledgeable numismatist.	Experience Gained: 286,684xp.
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Special Notes: Once, in his home in the land of Tek, Hassan Jawal ibn al-Makraf was known as a powerful magi with a particular interest in fire-based Elementalism. When it was discovered that he engaged in the forbidden practice of binding Jinn, however, the scrutiny of that region's spiritual and temporal leader fell upon him. The subsequent investigation of his tower revealed unspeakable atrocity. The bodies of hundreds of purchased slaves were found with his dungeons, burned beyond recognition. Al-Makraf had forged unspeakable contracts with profane creatures from the Plane of Fire and those unfortunates had served as his coin in trade. The incident forced the mage to flee the land of his home in order to escape retribution. This took him far to the east, where he would eventually land in the city of Hard Bay. There, he assumed the name of Hastren Levalla, continuing his terrible work in seclusion while waiting for the flames of outrage to die down in Tek. It is perhaps little surprise that a man such as he would eventually make the acquaintance of the infamous Marquessa the Enchantress while in that city; it is probably even less startling that he would eagerly join her cause.

The tall and swarthy Levalla quickly rose through the ranks of the forces at the command of the Enchantress. Within two years, he had been chosen to command and safeguard one of her most important strongholds, hidden upon a carefully-obsured island in the Fleecy Bay. There, aided by an Efreeti ally, he continues his investigations into the nature of fire and the magic tied into the elemental force.

Levalla is universally feared by those guards within the stronghold. He speaks little to any of them, but he has an unnerving gaze that is extremely discomfiting, his deep-set eyes seeming to deconstruct the world around him at all times. Of course, all know the circumstances by which he came to Marquessa's employ, and all have as little truck with him as possible – lest the remains of their bodies be the next to fill the dire braziers that light his bedchambers.

Sergeant Jandraaz Markev

Race / Gender: Direoan Human Male

Level / Class: 10th level Fighter

Alignment: Neutral Evil

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

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

Armor Class: 0 (+2 Chain Mail & +2 Shield)

Hit Points: 106

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: +3 Spear

Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0: 3

Adjusted Weapon Damage: 1d6+12 (S/M), 1d6+12 (L)

Attacks Per Round: 2

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2

Languages Known: Common, Hobgoblin, Orcish

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
+3 Spear: No Special Abilities.	None.
Other Magic Items	
<i>Gauntlets of Ogre Power, Mystic Armlet</i> (may replicate the effects of an <i>anti-magic shell</i> upon its wearer, 3/day), <i>Thief of Panoramas</i> (see New Magic Items section for details).	Spells & Special Class Abilities <i>Double weapon specialization: Spear.</i> Allows +3 bonus to attack and damage. Allows 2 attacks per round.

Gold & Wealth: A large sapphire worth 1,000gp (hidden in a false bottom of his right boot).	Experience Gained: 682,344xp.
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Special Notes: Sergeant Markev is a hulking brute of a man, easily 6'4" in height and nearly 300lbs heavy. Once a powerful and well-respected commander within the vast armies of the Great Empire, it was his unquenchable ambition that would lead to his eventual downfall. He coveted a position of greater influence and powerful within the ranks of the military for which he and a rival marshal vied. Eager to prove his superior battlefield skill, Markev arranged a situation in which both his forces and those of the other commander would both engage an enemy. He reasoned that the outcome of the fight would prove his fitness for the position. What he did not know was that a third individual also coveted the role. That person engineered the death of Markev's rival, framing him for the killing. With all evidence pointing towards him, he was forced to flee to the west, eventually settling in the Dliw Coast, where he expected to live the rest of his days in meagre anonymity. It was in this region, however, that he would end up meeting Marquessa the Enchantress. Impressed by her prodigious power and profound intellect, Markev threw his lot in with her and has served as a commander of her forces ever since.

Markev is a highly opinionated man, especially with regard to the art of war. He is a firm proponent of the spear, considering it the finest weapon ever created and insisting that all men under his command be highly trained in its use (a task he sees to personally). He also looks down upon the use of magical armor and weapons, considering them crutches that inferior warriors use to mask a lack of personal skill. Though he uses them himself, this is only so that he is not murdered by some craven coward employing the element of surprise. At all times, he seeks to employ his Mystic Armlet to remove magic from any combat in which he participates, confident that his skills will see him victorious.

The Sergeant has a one-of-a-kind face that few who are native to the region of the Great Empire he once called home will likely mistake. He has a dark, curly beard and a bright white scar that runs across one of his striking blue eyes. Considering the substantial bounty on his head in the land from whence he came, it is thusly small wonder that he hurried to make a new life for himself somewhere else.

Lady Tazmin il-Varzii

Race / Gender: Esiolus Human Female

Level / Class: 12th level Anti-Paladin

Alignment: Chaotic Evil

Strength:	18.100% TH Bonus: +3	Dam. Bonus: +6	Op. Doors: On 1-5	B. Bars: 40%
Intelligence:	11	2 Additional Language Known		
Wisdom:	16	Magical Attack Adjustment: +2		
Dexterity:	16.24%	Reaction / Attack Adjust.: +1	Defensive Adjust.: -2	
Constitution:	17.54%	Hit Point Adjustment: +3	System Shock: 97%	
Charisma:	18.39%	Reaction Adjustment: +40%		

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

* +2 Bonus vs. illusory effects.

Armor Class: -4 (+1 Full Plate Armor, +1 Shield, & Dexterity Bonus)

Hit Points: 103

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: +5 Bastard Sword, Unholy Reaver

Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0: 2

Adjusted Weapon Damage: 2d4+11 (S/M), 2d8+11 (L)

Attacks Per Round: 3/2

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2

Languages Known: Common, Dwarvish, Elvish

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
+5 Bastard Sword, Unholy Reaver: Creates a 5' aura of 50% magic resistance. <i>Dispels magic</i> as a 12 th level Magic-User, 5' radius. Inflicts +10 damage against Lawful Good creatures.	None.
Other Magic Items	Spells & Special Class Abilities
Gauntlets of Ogre Power, Iron Horn of Gehenna (Summons undead warriors from the Fourfold Furnaces, as per a Horn of Valhalla; see New Magic Items section above), Ring of Invisibility.	<p>Cavalier Abilities: <i>Attacks 2 times every round, Parry (+6), Horsemanship, 90% resistance to mind-affecting effects.</i></p> <p>Paladin Abilities: <i>Detect good, 60' (when concentrating); Immune to disease; Lay on hands inflicts 24 hit points of damage per day; Cause disease 2/week; Emanates Protection from good aura, 1" radius; Command undead as 10^h level Cleric.</i></p> <p>Default Cleric Spells (4/4): <i>1st: Ceremony, Command, Curse, Fear; 2nd: Augury, Hold Person, Know Alignment, and Silence 15' Radius.</i></p>

Gold & Wealth: Jeweled hair pin that appears like an orchid worth 1,500gp.	Experience Gained: 1,666,371xp.
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Special Notes: Tazmin is a strange sight, appearing to be a woman with all color drained from her body, with the exception of a smattering of freckles and her penetrating eyes, which are almost pink in color. She wears her long hair pulled back by a simple black band bearing a bejeweled flower hairpin. If not for her condition (she is an albino), she would probably be a ravishing beauty. Unfortunately, it is her appearance that led her to fall from grace, many years ago, and that eventually led her to the wicked Marquessa's banner.

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

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

Last year, Tazmin was dealt a near-fatal blow by the heroes that ruined her mistress' stronghold. Recognizing that she might still be of great use to her, however, the Enchantress saw fit to save her life, rescuing her before she could drown in the floods raised by her foes' actions. Months of excruciating surgical procedures allowed renewed strength and vitality to course her veins at the cost of still more of her humanity. Finally, as she stood for the first time since her defeat, Marquessa granted her a last, dark gift: Her shattered sword, reforged and corrupted in the form of an *Unholy Reaver*. She now represents a far more terrifying agent of the Enchantress than ever before, waiting patiently for another opportunity to challenge those that once laid her low!

Marquessa the Enchantress

Race / Gender: Grey Elf Female

Level / Class: 14th level Fighter / 15th level Magic-User

Alignment: Neutral Evil

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

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

Hit Points: 96

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Short Sword of Speed +1

Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0: 7

Adjusted Weapon Damage: 1d6+1 (S/M), 1d8+1 (L)

Attacks Per Round: 5/2

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2

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

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

* Enjoys 5% Magic Resistance.

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Short Sword of Speed</i> +1. Attacks first in each round, regardless of effects that would otherwise slow user. Improves attacks per round by one "step". Cumulative with <i>haste</i> and like effects.	<i>Infravision:</i> 60'; <i>Resistance to Sleep & Charm:</i> 90%; +1 <i>To Hit with Bows & Swords; Detect Secret or Concealed Doors</i> 1 in 6 (if passing by), 2 in 6 (if actively searching), 3 in 6 (if door is concealed, not secret); If alone or ahead of party, <i>surprise monsters</i> on 1-4 (d6). Lowered to 1-2 if some sort of portal must be opened.
Other Magic Items	Spells & Special Class Abilities
<i>Black Robe of the Archmagi, Wand of Frost</i> (20 charges), <i>Wand of Polymorphing</i> (11 charges), <i>Ring of Free Action, Ring of Protection</i> +3.	Spells Memorized (5/5/5/4/4/2/1): 1st: <i>Charm Person*</i> , <i>Feather Fall, Magic Missile</i> (x2), <i>Sleep</i> ; 2nd: <i>ESP, Knock, Mirror Image, Ray of Enfeeblement, Web</i> ; 3rd: <i>Dispel Magic</i> (x2), <i>Flame Arrow, Fly, Slow</i> ; 4th: <i>Charm Monster*</i> (x2), <i>Confusion, Dimension Door, Ice Storm, Stoneskin</i> ; 5th: <i>Cone of Cold, Feeblemind, Hold Monster*, Telekinesis, Wall of Force</i> ; 6th: <i>Chain Lightning, Globe of Invulnerability</i> ; and 7th: <i>Power Word: Stun</i> . * Saving Throws against these spells are at -4. * Marquessa has a <i>contingency</i> operating that will <i>teleport</i> her to the house of a charmed ally if ever brought below 20 Hit Points.

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

Gold & Wealth: 8 1,000gp diamonds. **Experience Gained:** 1,967,354xp.

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

I had known we'd failed when Grandall had blinded her.

The spark shower fountaining from his ring had taken her by surprise. In the silent aftermath of our battle, it spoke volumes. The true Marquessa would have seen him coming days away, invisible or no. She was far too careful to have been taken so easily. She was ever the spider at the center of her web, patient and deliberate. A brilliant murderer, her genius surely would have accounted for such a simple, common conjurer's trick. Were she not a demon wearing the flesh of an elf-maid, it might have been easy to admire her, after a fashion.

I knelt aside she who claimed to be the Enchantress. "You will come with us," I told her, wincing for the effort. The gash across my chest, rendered by one of her guardians, was still bleeding profusely. "We will return to the city of Diver by the rising of the sun. There, you will face justice for your crimes. May the Invincible One have mercy upon your soul."

The one who wore Marquessa's face just laughed. "Oh, so?" she arched a brow. "I think not, Vernac. I think that you will kill me right here, where I lay. Because even if you are a fool -- you are at least wise enough to know that as long as I draw breath, the opportunity to escape yet avails me. And you know well enough to fear that which would come next, in the form of my vengeance."

She glanced at the warrior to my left, broken and bleeding. "Evbranaith knows," she smirked. "Would he share the fate of his dear sister?"

I saw something in the quality of his eyes snap. Perhaps it was the breaking of his heart. He had not slept since we had found Elina in the Enchantress' laboratory. Or, that which remained of her, her body twisted and malformed beyond reckoning. All she was capable of was piteous howls that barely sounded human. When my friend put her to rest, something within him died, too.

He could bear it no longer. With a swiftness that belied his injuries, his trident lunged forward. I watched it pierce the back of Marquessa's robes, its three tines exploding forth through her breast, bringing forth bright rivulets of crimson. Evbranaith swore an oath beneath his breath. Perhaps it was a curse. They might have been one in the same, truly.

Then, all at once, something...changed. I saw it in the eyes of the woman at the end of his weapon. It was as if some sudden realization had come over her. Clarity shone through in the quality of her pale blue gaze. Her chest heaved and shook. "Kill me..." she whispered, for the first time in a very long time, herself again. "Kill...me."

Shuddering and shaking. Blood pouring from the corner of her mouth.

"Kill me."

"Kill me."

"Kill me." Over and over again, in a voice that will haunt me until the day I, myself, die too.

That day, even countless unknown miles away, Marquessa the Enchantress managed to murder the innocent.

Both the elf-maid before us...and my friend, Evebranaith, alike.

Appendix C: Pre-Generated Characters

Player Name:

Character Name: Marya Hammerfist

Race / Gender: Dwarf Female

Level / Class: 9th level Fighter

Alignment: Chaotic Good

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

Adjusted Saving Throws	
Paralyzation:	8
Petrification:	9
Rods/Staves/Wands:	5
Breath Weapon:	10
Spells:	6

* Saves vs. Poison: 3

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

Hit Points: 106

Movement Base: 6"

Weapon in Hand: +1 Hand Axe

Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0: 10

Adjusted Weapon Damage: [Hand Axe] 1d6+4 (vs. S/M), 1d4+4 (vs. L)
[Heavy Crossbow] 1d4+3 (vs. S/M), 1d6+3 (vs. L)

Attacks Per Round: 3/2 or 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2

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

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Hand Axe +1.</i> "Mithrasaín" is forged from purest adamantite and blessed by the priests of Moradin. It ignores metal armor, treating all foes clad in such protection as AC10.	<i>Infravision: 60'; Detect grade or slope in passage: 75%; Detect new construction: 75%; Detect sliding or shifting walls or rooms: 66%; Detect traps involving pits, falling blocks or other stonework: 50%; Determine approximate depth underground: 50%.</i> Attacks vs. Half-Orcs, Goblins, Hobgoblins, or Orcs are +1 To Hit. Attacks from Ogres, Trolls, Ogre Magi, Giants, or Titans are at -4 To Hit.
<i>Heavy Crossbow +1:</i> No special abilities.	
Other Magic Items	Spells & Special Class Abilities
<i>Splint Mail Armor +1, Shield +1, Bolts +1 (20), Potion of Rainbow Hues, Ring of Regeneration.</i>	<i>Attacks 3 times every two rounds.</i> During round of two attacks (Player's discretion), attack comes at beginning and end of round. Allies and enemies benefiting from <i>haste</i> or the like supersede this advantage.

Distribution of All Items Carried					
Left Side		Center, Back, or Feet		Right Side	
Item	Location	Item	Location	Item	Location
Shield +1	Carried	Splint Mail Armor	Worn	Hand Axe +1	Carried
Heavy Crossbow	On Belt	Hard leather boots	Feet	Quiver	On belt
Ring	Worn	Backpack	Back	Bolts (20)	In quiver
Large leather pouch	Belt	2 Oil Flasks	Back (Backpack)	Waterskin	Slung from belt
		50' Rope	Back (Backpack)		
		2 Large leather sacks	Back (Backpack)		
		Tinderbox, flint, & steel	Back (Backpack)		
		2 weeks Iron Rations	Back (Backpack)		
		Potion	Back (Backpack)		

Gold & Wealth: 1,526gp. Letter of Marque from the Prince of Kelu, identifying its holder as an officially-sanctioned bounty hunter by the crown.	Experience Gained: 263,411xp
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Special Notes: From a Dwarven stronghold in the Principality of Kelu, Marya first made a name for herself fighting the orcish forces from the Jramop to the east of her native land. She is constantly haunted by what she saw there in the form of the memory of K'verik: An empty shell of a Dwarven town where every man, woman, and child was sold into slavery or given to the orcs to fill their stew-pots.

Marya took place in both attacks against the holdings of the infamous Marquessa. There, she gained a reputation as a fearsome warrior, as many orcish guards and even the dreaded Pale Maiden fell beneath the kiss of her axe. She also gained a powerful enchanted ring for her trouble, as part of the loot recovered from with the razed stronghold. After their second failed attempt at bringing the Enchantress to justice, it was she that sold the fallen paladin's evil enchanted sword to the Church of the God of Freedom in return for seeing a slain member of her party – the holy warrior Kendrel Rilsheven – raised from the dead.

Meanwhile, in her homeland, the words of her deeds had far-reaching implications. Soon enough, she received a gift of an enchanted crossbow and arrows from none other than the Prince of Kelu, who officially sponsored Marya in her quest to end the nightmare that is Marquessa the Enchantress forever. In the bounds of that country, she is considered a great heroine and her name is greeted with good cheer and spirits all across its vast landscape.

Player Name:

Character Name: Quenden Tasander

Race / Gender: Elf Male

Level / Class: 7th level Fighter / 7th level Magic-User

Alignment: Chaotic Good

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

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

Armor Class: 6 (Bracers of Defense AC6)

Hit Points: 49

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Longsword of Dancing, +3 vs. Undead

Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0: [Longsword vs. Standard Enemy] 12
 [Longsword vs. Undead] 11
 [Short Bow] 13

Adjusted Weapon Damage Base: [Longsword vs. Standard Enemy] 1d8+1 (S/M), 1d12+1 (L)
 [Longsword vs. Undead] 1d8+3 (S/M), 1d12+3 (L)
 [Short Bow] 1d6 (S/M), 1d6 (L)

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2

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

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<p><i>Longsword of Dancing</i>, +3 vs. Undead. Lothandre (E: "Final Rest") was forged from metal drawn from a falling star and hits all ethereal and out-of-phase targets as if they were completely tangible.</p> <p>On the 1st round of any melee combat, it is considered a +1 weapon, on the 2nd +2, on the 3rd +3, and on the 4th it is +4, but it then drops to +1 on the 5th round before again going upwards. The sword's wielder can opt to allow it to "dance". "Dancing" consists of loosing the sword on any round when its bonus is + 1. The sword then fights at the same level of experience as its wielder, doing so for 4 rounds. Thereafter, it must again be grasped, as it returns to its wielder. When "dancing", the sword will leave its owner's hand and may be up to 3" distant, and at the end of its 4th round of solo combat it will move to its possessor's hand automatically.</p>	<p><i>Infravision: 60'</i>; <i>Resistance to Sleep & Charm: 90%</i>; +1 To Hit with Bows & Swords; Detect Secret or Concealed Doors 1 in 6 (if passing by), 2 in 6 (if actively searching), 3 in 6 (if door is concealed, not secret); If alone or ahead of party, <i>surprise monsters</i> on 1-4 (d6). Lowered to 1-2 if some sort of portal must be opened.</p>
Other Magic Items	
<p><i>Wand of Lightning Bolts</i> (3 charges), <i>Bracers of Protection AC6</i>, <i>Robe of Blending</i>, <i>Potion of Gaseous Form</i>.</p>	<p>Spells & Special Class Abilities</p> <p>Spells Memorized (4/2/2): 1st: <i>Charm Person</i>, <i>Magic Missile</i>, <i>Protection from Evil</i>, <i>Spider Climb</i>; 2nd: <i>Invisibility</i>, <i>Levitate</i>, <i>Web</i>; 3rd: <i>Haste</i>, <i>Hold Person</i>; and 4th: <i>Stoneskin</i>.</p>
Animal Companions, Familiars, & Mounts	
<p>The Brass Widow: Quenden has fashioned a familiar in the form of a 6' diameter, 3' tall brass spider. The construct is able to communicate with him by way of a small ribbon of paper that it expels through its false spinnerets. It functions in all other ways like a standard familiar, possessing the following statistics: AC 7, MV 9", HP 13, THAC0 20, #AT 1, Damage 1d2/1. Bite forces saving throw vs. spells or its victim is affected as by the <i>sleep</i> spell.</p>	

Distribution of All Items Carried					
Left Side		Center, Back, or Feet		Right Side	
Item	Location	Item	Location	Item	Location
Bracer of Defense	Worn	Robe	Worn	Longsword	Carried
Short Bow	At hip	Soft leather boots	Feet	Bracer of Defense	Worn
Quiver	On belt	Backpack	Back	Wineskin	Sling from belt
Arrow (20)	In quiver	2 Oil Flasks	Back (Backpack)	Brass Spider	Shoulder
Large leather pouch	Belt	50' Rope	Back (Backpack)		
Hemp Rigging	Belt	2 Large leather sacks	Back (Backpack)		
Potion	In Rigging	Tinderbox, flint, & steel	Back (Backpack)		
Scroll Case	Belt	2 weeks Iron Rations	Back (Backpack)		
Mapping materials	In case				

Gold & Wealth: 245pp. Mated ruby and gold rings, each worth 350gp.	Experience Gained: 144,327xp.
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Special Notes: Quenden is a military captain from a small elven hamlet in Seleni, along the Attendant River. Currently in strong consideration for a position in the Knights of the Moon, he feels one more notable accomplishment would push his bid for the group into a certainty. Well-acquainted with the acts of the so-called "Flesh Traders" over a decade ago, his place within the Seleni military hierarchy has put him into a position to receive intelligence that indicates that elements belonging to the infamous flesh merchants never stopped conducting their dire trade in the region after the public defeat of their leaders. When an opportunity arose to damage that group yet further...all considered, how could he refuse?

After their recent failure to put an end to the dread Marquessa the Enchantress, Quenden's colleague Lyandra Yrsanthi told him that she had a feeling that ghosts of the restless dead lingered within the blue-steel of his enchanted blade. The two visited the Cathedral of her faith and her hunch was proven to be correct as the High Priestess of the Goddess of Death and Magic spoke to those spirits within the sword, introducing them to Quenden and allowing them to gauge his worthiness to wield them in battle. The ghosts were pleased with the goodness of his heart and the nobility of his purpose, vowing to fight for him with all their might whenever he deigned loose the blade in the heat of battle.

Finally, Quenden retired to the city of Hard Bay, where he rented a workspace in which he might construct a potent companion: A brass spider that serves as a familiar to him. Surprisingly intelligent, the automaton is loyal to his every command, communicating with him via a rudimentary printer within its shell (that spits its responses to him out like a ticker tape from its spinnerets). Aided so, he is ready to put Marquessa to her end at last!

Player Name:

Character Name: Sildan Enathwrel

Race / Gender: Elf Male

Level / Class: 9th level Magic-User

Alignment: True Neutral

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

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

Armor Class: 2 (Bracers of Defense AC6, Ring of Protection +1, & Cloak of Displacement)

Hit Points: 27

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Dagger

Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0: 19

Adjusted Weapon Damage: 1d4 (S/M), 1d3 (L)

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -5

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

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
None.	<i>Infravision: 60'; Resistance to Sleep & Charm: 90%; +1 To Hit with Bows & Swords; Detect Secret or Concealed Doors 1 in 6 (if passing by), 2 in 6 (if actively searching), 3 in 6 (if door is concealed, not secret); If alone or ahead of party, surprise monsters on 1-4 (d6). Lowered to 1-2 if some sort of portal must be opened.</i>
Other Magic Items	Spells & Special Class Abilities
<i>Wand of Paralyzation (12 charges), Bracers of Protection AC6, Ring of Protection +1, Cloak of Displacement, Potion of Fire Resistance, Scroll of 3 Spells (Mirror Image, Slow, Evard's Black Tentacles).</i>	<i>Spells Memorized (4/3/3/2): 1st: Magic Missile (x2), Protection from Evil, Sleep; 2nd: Invisibility, Knock, Web; 3rd: Dispel Magic, Fly, Lightning Bolt; 4th: Charm Monster, Ice Storm; and 5th: Cone of Cold.</i>
Henchmen, Hirelings, & Followers	
Maggie Örnólfssdóttir: 5 th level Barbarian. AC 4 (Chain Mail & Shield), MV 12", HP 70, THAC0 15, #AT 1, Damage 1d6+5/1d8+5 (Spear +1). Magic Items: +1 Spear, Potion of Healing.	

Distribution of All Items Carried					
Left Side		Center, Back, or Feet		Right Side	
Item	Location	Item	Location	Item	Location
Bracer of Defense	Worn	Cloak	Worn	Wand of Paralyzation	Carried
Ring of Protection	On Finger	Bandolier	Worn	Bracer of Defense	Worn
Large leather pouch	Belt	Dagger (7)	On bandolier	Waterskin	Sling from belt
Hemp Rigging	Belt	Backpack	Back		
Potion	In Rigging	Soft leather boots	Feet		
Scroll Case	Belt	2 Oil Flasks	Back (Backpack)		
Scroll	In case	50' Rope	Back (Backpack)		
Mapping materials	In case	2 Large leather sacks	Back (Backpack)		
		Tinderbox, flint, & steel	Back (Backpack)		
		2 weeks Iron Rations	Back (Backpack)		

Gold & Wealth: 71gp. Small pouch full of 50 tiny diamonds, each worth 25gp.	Experience Gained: 152,364xp.
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Special Notes: From Seleni, Sildan's haughty, abrasive nature made it difficult to find master to which he might apprentice. He eventually found a teacher aboard the merchant ship *Kellor*, sailing the Brazen Bay. There, he saw first hand the many atrocities wrought by the so-called "Flesh Traders" while serving on ship. After becoming close with his master, he was horrified to learn that he was taken into shackles by the villains while on shore leave. Sildan has borne great enmity for them, ever since.

A part of both of the failed attempts at bringing the enchantress Marquessa to justice, Sildan's life changed dramatically after he rescued the Zihrian warrior Magga Örnólfssdóttir from her dungeons. The barbarian pledged her life and sword to him as a part of a blood-debt that bound her to the elvish mage unto death and now accompanies him virtually everywhere as a bodyguard. Recently, he received a package from a courier at his tower in Seleni and found that it contained a magical cloak. It had been sent from Magga's father as a dowry! Evidently, the Zihrian family is exceedingly wealthy in their frigid homeland. Now Sildan only has to get accustomed to the idea that they think he and Magga are wed!

Recently, Sildan has learned that suspicious strangers have been seen near his tower after nightfall. He has also discovered that the same individuals have been asking uncomfortable questions about him and his activities in the towns and hamlets surrounding his lands in exchange for much coin. Divinations indicate that those responsible are in the employ of the Flesh Traders. These events have Sildan quite concerned, to say the least.

Player Name:

Character Name: Ilsandre Sunshower

Race / Gender: Gnome Female

Level / Class: 7th level Illusionist / 7th level Thief

Alignment: Chaotic Good

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

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

Armor Class: 5 (Ring of Protection +2)

Hit Points: 34

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Short Sword +1

Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0: 18

Adjusted Weapon Damage: [Short sword] 1d6+1 (S/M), 1d8+1 (L)
[Sling] 1d4+1 (S/M), 1d6+1 (L)

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -3

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

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Short Sword +1:</i> Is able to See Invisible 3/day.	<i>Infravision:</i> 60'; <i>Detect grade or slope in passage:</i> 80%; <i>Detect unsafe walls, ceilings, or floors:</i> 70%; <i>Determine approximate depth underground:</i> 60%; <i>Detect direction of travel underground:</i> 50%. Attacks vs. Kobolds and Goblins are +1 To Hit. Attacks from Gnolls, Bugbears, Ogres, Trolls, Ogre Magi, Giants, or Titans are at -4 To Hit.
Other Magic Items	Spells & Special Class Abilities
<i>Cloak of Invisibility</i> (as per the ring), <i>Ring of Protection +2</i> , <i>Figurine of Wondrous Power</i> (<i>Improved Smoky Quartz Mouse</i>).	Spells Memorized (4/3/1): 1 st : Chromatic Orb, Color Spray, Phantasmal Force Phantom Armor; 2 nd : Alter Self, Improved Phantasmal Force, Invisibility; 3 rd : Spectral Force; and 4 th : Shadow Monsters. Thieving Abilities: <i>Pick Pockets:</i> 65%; <i>Open Locks:</i> 67%; <i>Find/Remove Traps:</i> 60%; <i>Move Silently:</i> 65%; <i>Hide in Shadows:</i> 52%; <i>Hear Noise:</i> 35%; <i>Climb Walls:</i> 79%; <i>Read Languages:</i> 35%.
Animal Companions, Familiars, & Mounts	
Improved Smoky Quartz Mouse: The magic imbued within this enhanced <i>figurine of wondrous power</i> allows it to transform into any form and color of rodent (this includes Giant varieties and even Wererats) 1/day, for up to 1 hour.	

Distribution of All Items Carried					
Left Side		Center, Back, or Feet		Right Side	
Item	Location	Item	Location	Item	Location
Short Sword	Carried	Hooded Cloak	Worn	Ring	Worn
Sling	On belt	Soft leather boots	Feet	Large leather pouch	Belt
Small pouch	On belt	Backpack	Back	Mouse Figurine	In pouch
Sling bullets (20)	In pouch	2 Oil Flasks	Back (Backpack)	Thief's Tools	In Pouch
Wineskin	Slung from belt	50' Rope	Back (Backpack)	Hemp Rigging	Belt
		2 Large leather sacks	Back (Backpack)	Potion	In Rigging
		Tinderbox, flint, & steel	Back (Backpack)		
		2 weeks Iron Rations	Back (Backpack)		

Gold & Wealth: 22gp.	Experience Gained: 134,004xp.
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Special Notes: From the hill-barrows at the edge of the Gnarled Wood, a respected friend of the gnome-folk (and a powerful wizard, no less!) has implored the village elders for aid in bringing to justice surviving elements of the so-called "Flesh Traders" thought finally put to rest over a decade ago. Having proved herself a capable and resourceful adventurer in the often-dangerous region up and down the Tanraeg coast, they offered Ilsandre as their representative to stop at last the terrible vanishings in the night of the good folk of the land.

Since she has failed twice in her assigned mission, Ilsandre has retired to the Free City to the north, hoping to find information regarding Marquessa in that great metropolis. This brought her into contact with the notorious Thieves' Guild of that renowned community, who she managed to impress after performing a series of difficult deeds to their benefit. Not only did a relationship with that group bring her into possession of her powerful magical cloak, but it allowed her to make use of wizards indebted to them, who were able to bestow new and expanded powers upon her *figurine of wondrous power*. She now owes the Thieves' Guild a substantial debt of her own...but if it helps her finally succeed in her mission, she considers it all to be well worth it!

Player Name:

Character Name: Jaran Braxx
Race / Gender: Half-Elf Male
Level / Class: 8th level Ranger
Alignment: Chaotic Good

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

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

Armor Class: 3 (Studded Leather Armor +1)

Hit Points: 92

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Heavy Crossbow of Speed

Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0: [Heavy Crossbow] 11
[Trident] 13

Adjusted Weapon Damage: [Heavy Crossbow] 1d4+2 (S/M), 1d6+2 (L)
[Trident] 1d6+2 (S/M), 3d4+1 (L)

Attacks Per Round: [Heavy Crossbow] 2
[Trident] 3/2

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2

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

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Heavy Crossbow of Speed.</i> Allows first attack in a round. Doubles typical rate of fire. Possibly of ancient Nalf manufacture - possibly made specifically to kill Rakshasas - it has a beaten-up, weathered appearance. All bolts fired from it are considered <i>blessed</i> .	<i>Infravision:</i> 60'; <i>Resistance to Sleep & Charm:</i> 30%; <i>Detect Secret or Concealed Doors</i> 1 in 6 (if passing by), 2 in 6 (if actively searching), 3 in 6 (if door is concealed, not secret).
<i>Trident of Submission:</i> This weapon causes any opponent struck to save versus magic. If the opponent fails, it must check morale the next round instead of attacking; if morale is good, the opponent may act normally next round, but if it is poor, the opponent will cease fighting and surrender for 2-8 rounds. The trident has 12 charges.	
Other Magic Items	Spells & Special Class Abilities
<i>Ring of Free Action, Potion of Invisibility, Heartwood Ring</i> (given as a sign of affection from a Klewwood Dryad and composed of a woven lock of her hair), provides +2 bonus to all Saving Throws.	<i>Weapon specialization: Crossbow.</i> Does x2 damage (2d4+2 (S/M), 2d6+2 (L)) with a crossbow at up to 60' range. Attacks at +2 "to-hit" while in that range, +1 otherwise. <i>Ranger Abilities:</i> +7 <i>Damage bonus</i> against "giant-class" creatures; <i>Surprise</i> opponents 50% of the time; <i>Tracking</i> ability.

Distribution of All Items Carried					
Left Side		Center, Back, or Feet		Right Side	
Item	Location	Item	Location	Item	Location
Heartwood Ring	Worn	Studded Leather Armor	Worn	Heavy Crossbow	Carried
Quiver	On belt	Hat	Worn	Ring of Free Action	Worn
Bolts (20)	In quiver	Trident	Across back	Waterskin	Sling from belt
Large leather pouch	Belt	Backpack	Back		
Leather rigging	Belt	Hard leather boots	Feet		
Potion	In rigging	50' Rope	Back (Backpack)		
		2 Large leather sacks	Back (Backpack)		
		2 weeks Iron Rations	Back (Backpack)		
		2 flasks of Oil	Back (Backpack)		
		Tinderbox (Flint/Steel)	Back (Backpack)		
		3 Torches	Back (Backpack)		

Gold & Wealth: 99gp. A gold and pearl necklace worth 250gp. A letter sealed by the Mayor of Notxaj, certifying the bearer's authority as an enforcer of regional law and a proxy of his office.	Experience Gained: 237,882xp.
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Special Notes: Once a noted bounty hunter in the region, eventually, his dead-eye aim and steely nerve saw him selected to be the sheriff of the small town of Notxaj, not far south of Safetown. His temperament can best be described as a Wild West gunslinger: He is simple, direct, and suffers no fools whatsoever. The course of his duties have served to make him cross paths with the party's halfling thief (if present) on more than one occasion, and the two have a friendly rivalry. Recently, three families have disappeared from their farms overnight in his jurisdiction. He is both sick and in a cold fury over the incident. Now, he has a chance to do something about it.

Jaran's failure to bring Marquessa to justice has stoked a quiet rage within him. Every day, more and more of the common folk of the land – individuals he knew personally and liked – have vanished from the Dliw Coast without a trace. Their fates are better left imagined than described. This has brought the ranger to spare no expense in his next opportunity to strike out the Enchantress. At great personal cost, he has purchased a potent weapon – a *trident of submission* – to pit against the Flesh Trader and her allies. Likewise, he has called in many personal favors of the powerful and influential within the region to see to it that all information that might point to Marquessa or one of her possible weaknesses is funneled to either his office or that of Skye the Lioness.

It was some of this information that led to the chance that avails him now: Traveling aboard a ship to a hidden stronghold belonging to the Enchantress, couched in the blue expanse of the Fleecy Sea. Now, it falls to him to see that such intelligence was not acquired in vain. The nightmare ends now!

Player Name:

Character Name: Telvas Thistlewine

Race / Gender: Halfling Male

Level / Class: 9th level Thief

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Strength:	19	TH Bonus: +3 Dam. Bonus: +7 Op. Doors: On 7 in 8 (3) B. Bars: 50%
Intelligence:	10	0 Additional Language Known
Wisdom:	7	Magical Attack Adjustment: -1
Dexterity:	18	Reaction / Attack Adjust.: +3 Defensive Adjust.: -4
Constitution:	16	Hit Point Adjustment: +2 System Shock: 95%
Charisma:	15	Reaction Adjustment: +15%

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

Hit Points: 60

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Dagger +2 "Longtooth"

Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0: [Dagger] 11
[Sling] 12

Adjusted Weapon Damage: [Dagger] 1d6+7 (S/M), 1d8+7 (L)
[Sling] 1d4+1 (S/M), 1d6+1 (L)

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -3

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

Adjusted Saving Throws	
Paralyzation:	11
Petrification:	10
Rods/Staves/Wands:	6
Breath Weapon:	14
Spells:	7

* Save vs. Spells Involving Will: 8

* Save vs. Poison: 7

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Dagger +2 "Longtooth". In all respects as a dagger, but in the hands of a Halfling, attacks as if a +2 short sword.</i>	<i>Infravision: 30'; Detect sloping passage: 75%; Detect direction: 50%; If alone or ahead of party, surprise monsters on 1-4 (d6). Lowered to 1-2 if some sort of portal must be opened.</i>
Other Magic Items	Spells & Special Class Abilities
<i>Leather Armor +1 (glamered so as to provide an additional 10% bonus to Hide in Shadows ability), Ball of Bounding, Boots of Striding & Springing, Girdle of Hill Giant Strength, Potion of Speed.</i>	<i>Thieving Abilities: Pick Pockets: 85%; Open Locks: 82%; Find/Remove Traps: 70%; Move Silently: 90%; Hide in Shadows: 91%; Hear Noise: 35%; Climb Walls: 83%; Read Languages: 40%.</i>

Distribution of All Items Carried					
Left Side		Center, Back, or Feet		Right Side	
Item	Location	Item	Location	Item	Location
Dagger	Carried	Leather Armor	Worn	Large leather pouch	Belt
Sling	On belt	Girdle (as Bandolier)	Worn	Thief's Tools	In pouch
Small leather pouch	On belt	Soft leather boots	Feet	Hemp Rigging	Belt
Sling bullets (20)	In pouch	Backpack	Back	Potion	In Rigging
Waterskin	Slung from belt	2 Oil Flasks	Back (Backpack)		
Scroll Case	Slung from belt	50' Silk Rope	Back (Backpack)		
Mapping materials	In case	2 Large leather sacks	Back (Backpack)		
		Tinderbox, flint, & steel	Back (Backpack)		
		2 weeks Iron Rations	Back (Backpack)		

Gold & Wealth: 95pp. A set of 7 lapis lazuli medallions, each worth 100gp. A brass playing piece, indicating the friendship of Mironosk Khavastin, Dragonchess Grandmaster.	Experience Gained: 122,965xp.
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Special Notes: From the fields outside Newell, on the Tanraeg coast, one of Telvas' earliest memories is that of his entire Halfling caravan being hauled from their wagons onto the yellow-sailed ships of the so-called "Flesh Traders". Hidden by his mother, he escaped durance and grew up an orphan on the streets of the city. He grew up a beggar thief, but was so skilled he made a name for himself in the underworld as one of the greatest living robbers in the region. Tough and resourceful, he has a very "Robin Hood"-esque sense of justice.

Since his most recent failure to bring Marquessa the Enchantress to justice, Telvas has busied himself with networking in the city of Hard Bay. He has become something of a local celebrity amongst the Halflings that dwell outside that community's gates, who know of his quest and consider him a great hero. Indeed, it was a small child from one of those caravans that gave him one of his most prized possessions: A set of jacks, of which the small round included is actually a *bounding ball*. The little girl selling flowers on the city's corners never understood that it was magical, only that it was her best toy – and in that, perhaps it was more valuable than a hundred magical swords.

Player Name:

Character Name: Khâzratha Ironthews

Race / Gender: Half-Orc Female

Level / Class: 8th level Cleric

Alignment: Neutral Good

Strength:	18.100% TH Bonus: +3	Dam. Bonus: +6	Op. Doors: On 1-5 (2)	B. Bars: 40%
Intelligence:	7	No Additional Languages Known		
Wisdom:	17	Magical Attack Adjustment: +3		
Dexterity:	9	Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0	Defensive Adjust.: ±0	
Constitution:	16	Hit Point Adjustment: +2	System Shock: 95%	
Charisma:	6	Reaction Adjustment: -10%		

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

Armor Class: 4 (Chain Mail +1)

Hit Points: 61

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Spade of Colossal Excavation

Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0: 13

Adjusted Weapon Damage: 1d8+6 (vs. S/M), 1d10+6 (vs. L)

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -3

Languages Known: Common, Dwarven, Orcish

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

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

Gold & Wealth: 120gp, 50ep, 10pp. Holy symbol made of solid adamantite, worth 500gp. Small pouch of 325 perfectly-spherical semi-precious gemstones, each worth 5gp.	Experience Gained: 132,655xp
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Special Notes: Khâzratha is from Arenkarnat: A Dwarven stronghold in the Bargsnehcard Hills. Born of an unhappy union between a Jramop Orc and a Dwarf, she was raised as an equal in her community despite the fact that she may well be one of the ugliest creatures under the sun's bright gaze. Tragically, much of family was taken by the Flesh Traders during their reign of terror in the region of her homeland. This prompted Khâzratha to dedicate her life to finding as many of them as possible. *Torgrava 'Iltharn* ("Steel Bulette"), her enchanted spade, once belonged to her miner mother.

Despite being denied the chance to bring Marquessa to justice twice, Khâzratha has not allowed failure to dim her optimism. The half-orc believes in her heart that weal will triumph over woe and that she and her friends are the mechanism by which this will occur. She has begun quietly funneling the gains she has acquired through her adventuring into placing those slaves she and her fellows have recovered into good, strong families in supportive communities. This deed did not escape the notice of her church, who in return, recently sent her a pair of *gauntlets of ogre power* as a gift by which she might one day bring about Marquessa's undoing. Her spirits high and more powerful than ever, she knows that this eventuality will come to pass soon!

Player Name:

Character Name: Lyandra Yrsanthi

Race / Gender: Human Female

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

Alignment: Lawful Neutral

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

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

* Save vs. Spells Involving Will: 8

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

Hit Points: 36

Movement Base: 12"

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

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 18

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

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -3

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

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

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

Total Extra Weight Able to Carry at Normal Movement: 25lbs.

Encumbered: 55lbs.

Gold & Wealth: 64gp.	Experience Gained: 0

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

Player Name:

Character Name: Merranen Eagleheart

Race / Gender: Human Male

Level / Class: 8th level Druid

Alignment: True Neutral

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

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

* Save vs. Spells Involving Will: 8

Armor Class: 6 (Leather Armor +2)

Hit Points: 70

Movement Base: 12"

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

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 15

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

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -4

Languages Known: Common, Elvish

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

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

Total Extra Weight Able to Carry at Normal Movement: 45lbs.

Encumbered: 100lbs.

Gold & Wealth: 7gp.	Experience Gained: 0
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Special Notes: Long has the Ruush Forest which he calls his domain been a dangerous expanse. Since the birth of the so-called "Flesh Traders", however, this situation has only worsened. Orcs now maraud the woodlands, upsetting the fragile balance of nature far past its tipping point. Worse, someone is making unnatural monstrosities of the animals of the forest. Their young are born twisted and deformed and grown animals are appearing tortured and mad. Some even bear strange grafted limbs of eyes. Whomever is responsible for such an affront to nature must be made to pay!

Player Name:

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

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

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

Armor Class: 4 (Bracers of Defense AC8)

Hit Points: 24

Movement Base: 12"

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

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 20

Weapon Damage Base: Special

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -5

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

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

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

Total Extra Weight Able to Carry at Normal Movement: 15lbs.

Encumbered: 30lbs.

Gold & Wealth: 44gp.	Experience Gained: 0

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

Player Name:

Character Name: Brother Lyrwend

Race / Gender: Human Male

Level / Class: 8th level Monk

Alignment: Lawful Neutral

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

Armor Class: 1 (Unarmored)

Hit Points: 36

Movement Base: 22"

Weapon in Hand: Open hand (Space Required: Nil, Speed Factor: 1)

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 19

Weapon Damage Base: 2-12 (All)

Attacks Per Round: 3/2

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -3

Languages Known: Common, Dwarvish, Orcish

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

* Save vs. Spells Involving Will: 11

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

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

Total Extra Weight Able to Carry at Normal Movement: 75lbs.

Encumbered: 125lbs.

Gold & Wealth: 3gp.	Experience Gained: 0
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Special Notes: He is one of the denizens of the *Redoubtable Abbey*: The only known place sacred to the martial Hero-Deity he reveres in all the land. Along the banks of the Attendant River, near Roucwood, the monks of the Abbey are well-familiar with the evil posed by the so-called "Flesh Traders" of the Jramop. Historically, they have sent some of their most formidable martial artists to do what they can to rescue those unfortunates captured by the slavers and give alms to those who have suffered under their tyranny. The elders of the Redoubtable Abbey have sent this monk forth to complete a mission of the utmost importance. Failure would certainly dim the lights of weal in the world ever so slightly....

Extended Special Notes: Brother Lyrwend

After failing to bring the infamous Marquessa to justice once again, Brother Lyrwend was forced to leave Dyvers, summoned westward to report his mission's proceedings to his superiors in the city of Courwood. After a discomfiting week before the pulpit and the judgmental gaze of his deity's High Priest, he was eager to spend a few days in the monastery north of the city where he had trained his mind and body amongst his fellow brothers and sisters of the faith. When he arrived at his home once more – what he discovered could only be described as a massacre. The abbey's guards had been slain to a man, their bodies strewn before the holy site in a crimson carpet of gore. Sooty stains about every one of its windows and a collapsed and cindered roof stood as the legacy of a great fire that had destroyed it, apparently several days hence.

Worse still, directly in the center of the woodland clearing that once held the Redoubtable Abbey lay Brother Lyrwend's brothers and sisters. They had been arranged in a great circle, their arms and legs fused together in an awful, unbroken chain of festering and infected stitched flesh. Their eyelids had been cut away, so they could not blink; their lips had been grafted shut, so they could not scream. Horrifically, they still lived, writhing in unimaginable agony. The sight of them in such a state is not a thing that will easily leave the monk's mind – nor is the small note he found sutured to the Elder Abbot's forehead, written in an elegant feminine script.

Together forever, joined by flesh and by blood – in a sense most literal.

— M.

A black rose bloomed there, its stem jammed through the tear duct of his former master.

Brother Lyrwend had to kill them all, one by one. It was a better fate than to leave them to their pain.

The price for crossing Marquessa had been paid.

Player Name:

Character Name: Kendrel Rilsheven

Race / Gender: Human Male

Level / Class: 7th level Paladin

Alignment: Lawful Good

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

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

* Save vs. Spells Involving Will: 10

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

Hit Points: 78

Movement Base: 6"

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

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 12

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

Attacks Per Round: 3/2

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2

Languages Known: Common, Orcish

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

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

Total Extra Weight Able to Carry at Normal Movement: 30lbs.

Encumbered: 80lbs.

Gold & Wealth: 21gp.	Experience Gained: 0

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

Extended Special Notes: Kendrel Rilsheven

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

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

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

Freedom, fleeting as the petal of a rose.

--M.

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

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

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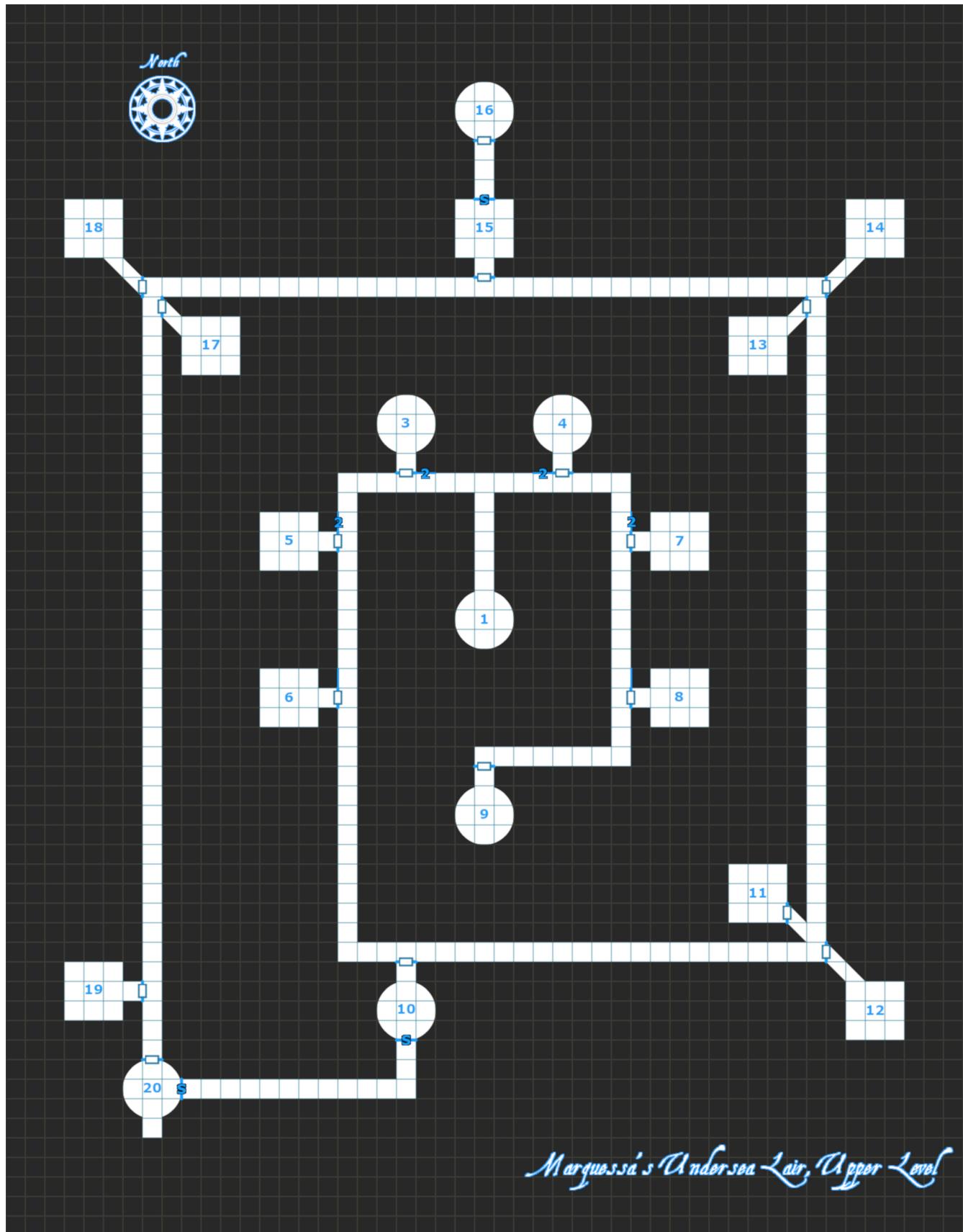
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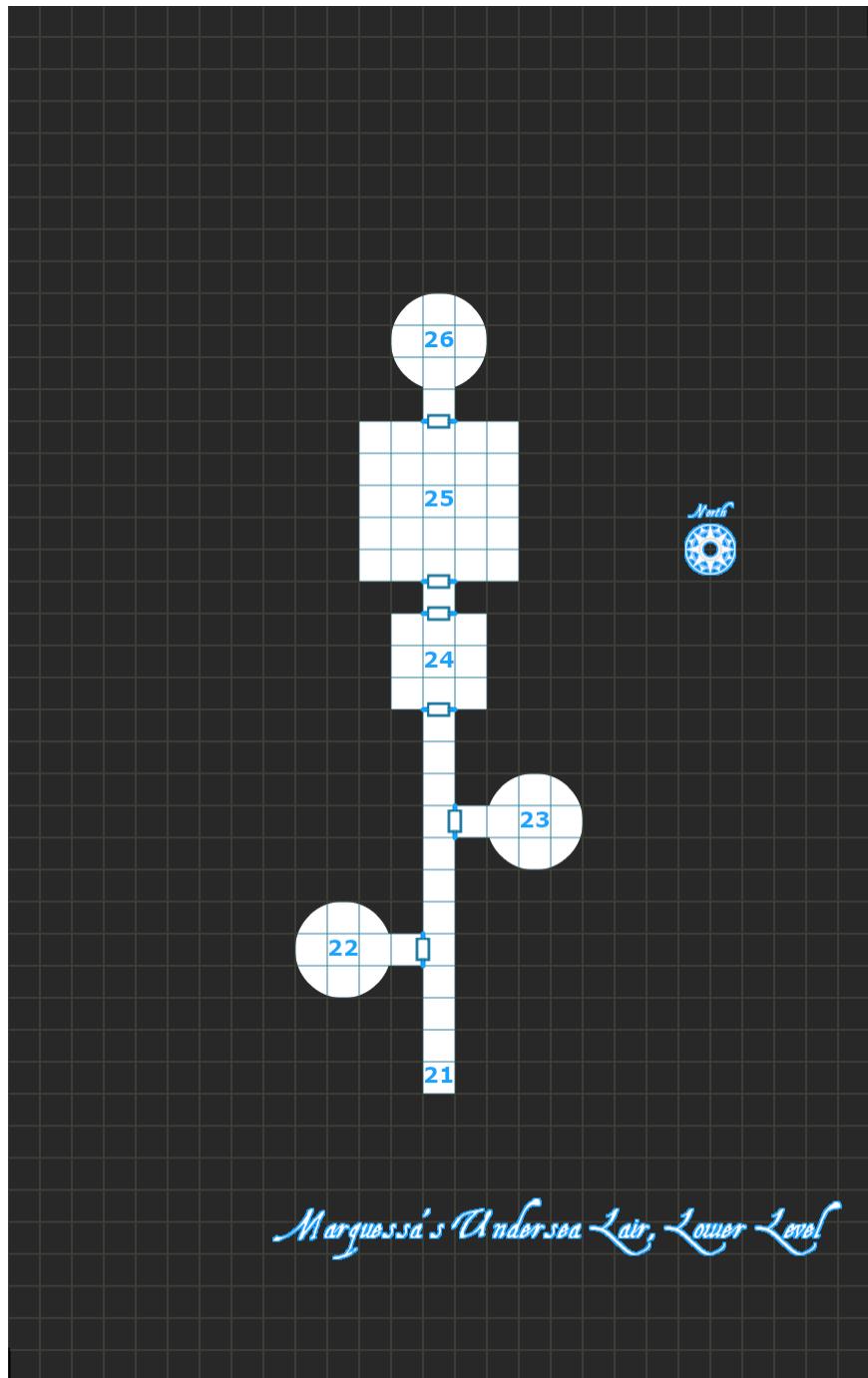
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