

C1

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# Dungeon Module C1

## Clair De Lune

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AN ADVENTURE FOR CHARACTER LEVELS 7-9



*Crow Woman weeps in the night sky. A single of her twinkling teardrops has plunged from darkness above, fiery in its course, until coming to rest at last upon Avremier's vast landscape. Will your characters be first to lay claim to its strange mysteries?*

*This module was originally used for tournament play at GameHole Con V. The first officially-sanctioned tournament adventure to take place within the **Avremier™** game setting, it contains a challenging scenario and six pre-rolled, playtested tournament characters. C1 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 large-scale referee's maps, notes, encounter descriptions for players, and a background scenario linked to the **Avremier™** game setting published by Mothshade Concepts©.*



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## Dungeon Module C1

### Clair De Lune

#### Crow Woman and the Sea of Night:

*This is the way that is, and this is the way it shall ever be.*

*Secrets are lonely things. They are cursed by their very nature: Ever beholden to keep to themselves, for with revelation's light...they cease to be. Twice-cursed and twice-lonely, then, is she who knows all such cloistered mysteries, that hears the whispers of their keepers tumble through all creation to her ears alone. This is Crow Woman, solitary in a kingdom of glittering trinkets and darksome feathers. This is Crow Woman, solitary even amidst those countless corvids that pay her fealty. This is the way that is, and this is the way it shall ever be.*

*From the intersection of a thousand crossroads, she sails blue sky ocean on black wings. From a thousand farmers' effigies and a thousand church steeples, the wind's tide sweeps her into a sea of night, still higher. There, only the twinkle of stars above hint to her shape. There, all the world's secrets lie safe, those whispers of their keepers drowned to silence in everlasting shadow. Yet sometimes, in her loneliest hour, Crow Woman weeps for her solitude. Tears like shimmering diamonds stream her face, plunging from the gloom to fall to earth, brilliant and fiery in their course. In their rare and divine quality, ancient truths linger. Echoes of things long-forgotten persist in these tangible moments of her melancholy and sorrow. Those possessing wisdom seek out Crow Woman's tears and listen closely to such secrets, for that revealed in their substance can make the mighty from the meek and a king from a pauper.*

*This is the way that is, and this is the way it shall ever be.*

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#### Module History:

*Clair De Lune* was designed as the official **Avremier™** convention module for GameHole Con V, held in Madison, Wisconsin in November, 2017. The module is designed to be usable with the **Avremier™** fantasy world setting. *Clair De Lune* may be played as single-play adventure, or it may be made part of an ongoing campaign.

#### Avremier Map Location:

The Wound in the World is located in the foothills of Wrenfell in County Doraigne, Dhavon. The location abuts a vast expanse of fertile and level farmland, which extends many miles to the north and east.

#### Background:

A fortnight ago, in the midst of the evening, the skies above Dhavon went bright as dawn. A falling star shattered the clouds, bringing rain behind it as it streaked brilliantly through the darkness. Disaster was averted when the stroke of starlight and fire only barely missed one of the towers appointing Countess Illiandra's manor, striking the foothills in the countryside beyond instead with a cataclysmic impact that shook the very firmament of

the world for miles around. Naturally, the lady of the land sent forth an armed retinue to follow the falling star's path and return it to her manse. This group found that the wayward celestial body had slammed into the side of one of the foothills in quiet and pastoral Wrenfell. To their surprise, however, the star itself was nowhere to be found. Evidently, as it stuck the hillside face, it bored into the rock and soil and burst through into an undiscovered subterranean complex, hidden beneath the rise. Upon entering this strange new place, the lord's men swiftly discovered that it was anything but uninhabited and half their number were slaughtered before they'd managed to penetrate past its first corridor.

Now, Countess Illiandra has a set of serious problems on her hands. She is far from the only one to have seen the falling star as it plummeted to earth and many are those across Dhavon searching for its resting place. Who knows what might happen if her enemies were to manage to lay claim to its substance? To make matters worse, the wound it opened in the world with its impact has revealed the home of terrible things best left slumbering. Now awakened, she fears that they might spill from their tomb to maraud her land at any moment.

Countess Illiandra's adviser, the techno-thaumaturgist Ylindri, knows well of the stories regarding Crow Woman and her tears. He has suggested to the Countess that a small band of powerful and experienced adventurers might prove successful in extracting the celestial body from its resting place where before her men failed. What neither of the two know is that the complex unearthed by the falling star once served as a prison for the elemental creatures that once dwelt in Dhavon, long before human habitation of Avremier. Forgotten for millennia beneath the soil of the land, the things both interred within its depths and that have subsequently made a home of the place since its revelation are dangerous *in extremis*. Though certainly the recovery of Crow Woman's Tear and the secrets within its shell have the potential to change much of what humankind understands of the world, in the end, they may well wish they had left it lie sleeping.

#### Notes for the Game Master:

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

Before beginning play, the GM must read all parts of the module thoroughly. If it is being used as part of an ongoing campaign, the GM will want to take notes, making changes in the adventure's 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 dungeons, as the creatures that have made the Wound in the World their home since Crow Woman's Tear came to ground have done a magnificent job of denuding the environs in and around the area of such unwelcome surprises.

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 the Wound in the World are of a most unusual nature. They are 10' tall and 10' wide barriers of foot-thick solid granite, most of which bear some sort of unusual property that stand as a hint to their occupants. Meant to hold dangerous and powerful creatures in perpetual durance, they have been enchanted in such a way as to resist attempts to pass them by means of *teleportation* and *astral* or *ethereal* travel (or any effects approximating such spells). They likewise defy attempts to *scry* past their thickness. Extremely heavy and just as durable, these were originally opened by means of a specially-crafted wand that effortlessly eased them upwards, where they locked into place. A second use of the wand ushered them closed once more. Player Characters operating within the Wound in the World have not the luxury of such magic, of course. Generally-speaking, they will be forced to either lift them open or destroy them. In the former case, each door requires a combined strength score of 50 to move upwards, whereupon they lock firmly into place. Because of the constraining span of the corridors within the complex, only three medium-sized characters at a time can attempt to lift a door at once. If a door is successfully lifted open, it drops from its position three rounds later, crushing anything so unfortunate as to linger beneath it (inflicting 10-100 hit points of damage to the unfortunates in its threshold). In the latter case, combined damage over 200 hit points in five rounds will be sufficient to reduce them to rubble. Anything less sees the magics inherent to the complex heal the door of all damage done to it in five rounds, leaving the Player Characters to have to attempt to raze it anew.

Upon moving the door through any means, a secondary portal can be seen in the form of a light azure membrane that stretches across its entire threshold. The barrier gently glows with the enchantment within its substance, which is designed to contain the particular environment behind it from spilling into the hallways of the complex. These membranes may be passed through in either direction without effort, leaving only a vague electric chill through the bodies of organic creatures doing so. Likewise, sight penetrates the barriers, though their densities render that beyond them slightly blurred and vague in appearance. No other form of sense is able to pass their substance, however.

Because of the dust on the floor, collected over the countless years of complex's existence, tracking is adjudicated somewhat differently here than in the wilderness. The most that can be seen are shapeless blobs where the dust has been disturbed. Something of the frequency of travel in an area can be gathered from the tracks, but nothing of the types of creatures that have passed.

Rooms within the Wound in the World are not mere interdicted chambers. They are extradimensional spaces meant to replicate the effects of specific Elemental Planes, so that those trapped within them might survive in an amenable environment. Likewise, to the mind of its fiendish designer, a prison without walls to raze or even perceptible limits to be breached proved a fine way to see to it that the complex was virtually inescapable. So it is that these rooms are, effectively, limitless in size and characters exploring them in an exhaustive fashion face the very real chance of becoming hopelessly lost within their bounds. In the text describing each room, the deleterious effects present that might see to the doom of such wayward adventurers has been described in detail.

It is important to note that each room beneath the Wound in the World is enchanted so as to prevent the creatures imprisoned within them from escaping their bounds. Other creatures may pass freely in and out of them as they please. The only way that the prisoners in each room can escape from their confines is to exit them through their door *while making physical contact with*

*another creature*. Virtually all of the various personages entrapped within the Wound in the World will seek to do this at the first opportunity that avails them.

#### Convention Notes:

Clair De Lune was designed to be used as a single-event session, featuring eight players and lasting 3 hours. Timing begins when the character sheets are distributed, and players should be periodically reminded of the time limit. The player's objective is straightforward enough: Locate and secure Crow Woman's Tear and return it to Countess Illiandra's manor.

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

1. The players are presented with pre-generated characters. All characteristics have been listed, along with equipment, spells, and magic items. Players may not add to or alter this list. This will guarantee that all players start with the same chances. Players would be allowed the use of the **OSRIC Reference and Index Compendium** geared towards players but not those portions meant for Game Masters. All magic items they possess will be known and understood by the owner completely.
2. There are no wandering monsters in convention play. It is presumed that Countess Illiandra's men have secured the environs outside the Wound in the World and that the dwellers within its confines have sated their appetites on such creatures, precluding the meeting of such monsters. 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 the Wound in the World).
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.

#### Campaign Notes:

For the campaign adventure, the GM may wish to run the journey

to the Wound in the World. In this case, the party begins at the manor of Countess Illiandra in County Doraigne, Dhavon. There, all normal supplies are for sale from her Quartermaster, discounted -25% from the prices listed in the *Player's Handbook* (this is a way in which the Countess demonstrates to her agents her gratitude for their service and courage). The Wound in the World has been created by the impact of Crow Woman's Tear into the foothills at the western edge of the county and takes the form of a massive crater in the face of those rises, at the heart of which is a hole that breaks through into a subterranean complex. As the party travels overland to its location, they may use a map provided them by the Countess, giving them but a 2% chance per day of becoming lost on the grassland plains and farms they must cross to their destination. A lost party may backtrack to the point where they got lost and try again. Random encounters are checked three times each day and the chance for an encounter is 1 in 12. The normal encounter distance is 6" - 24" (6d4). If a random encounter takes place, check the following **Wilderness Encounter Table** to determine exactly what is encountered.

**Wilderness Encounter Table**

Roll	Encounter	Number	AC	Move	HD	HP	#AT	Damage
01-03	Bear, Brown	1-4	6	12"	5+5	31	3	1-6/1-6/1-8
04-06	Bear, Quill	1-4	4	12"	5	26	3	1-4/1-4/1-10 (hug for extra 1-6)
07-12	Boar, Wild	1-8	7	15"	3+3	18	1	3-12
13-20	Dog, Wild	3-12	7	15"	1+1	6	1	1-4
21-24	Ghoul	1-6	6	9"	2	11	3	1-3/1-3/1-6 (plus paralyze)
25-32	Gnoll, Spotted	3-12	5	12"	2+2	13	1	1-8 or by weapon type
33-44	Goblin	5-30	6	6"	1-1	4	1	By weapon type
45-52	Goldbear	2-8	2	6"	5	26	2 or 1	2-9/2-9 or by weapon type
53-55	Griffon	1-3	3	12"/30"	7	38	3	1-4/1-4/2-16
56-67	Hobgoblin, Yarcha	2-24	5	9"	1+1	7	1	By weapon type
68-70	Horse, Wild	2-12	7	24"	2	9	1	1-3
71-76	Ogre	1-6	5	9"	4+1	23	1	1-10
77-81	Stag	2-8	7	24"	3	16	1	2-8
82-84	Wereboar	1-2	4	12"	5+2	29	1	2-12
85-87	Werewolf	1-3	5	15"	4+3	25	1	2-8
88-90	Wight	1-3	5	12"	4+3	25	1	1-4
91-00	Wolf	2-12	7	18"	2+2	13	1	2-5

### Convention Background:

The information regarding the Wound in the World is quite limited. The unique composition of the ancient complex that Crow Woman's Tear pierced is protected against all forms of scrying. The agents sent forth by Countess Illiandra to infiltrate it and report its situation back to her have failed to return. She and Ylindri are unable to tell the Player Characters anything for certain about either the Tear or its current resting place. All that can be said for certain is that the former represents a singular opportunity to recover and examine a celestial body of perhaps-divine nature. The possibility that Crow Woman's Tear is possessed of qualities that might well shake the foundations of human knowledge upon Avremier is not insignificant. The complex in which the falling star lies is itself nearly as much an enigma as the Tear and certainly bears investigation, if for no other reason than to see to the pacification of the dangerous creatures within its depth. If the Player Characters should ask either of their patrons of particulars regarding the mission, they can offer little more other than to warn them that the first agents sent to investigate the area were both

quite experienced and notably skilled. Whatever mysteries lie beneath the hills of Wrenfell must be dangerous ones, indeed.

### Meeting with the Countess

After all of the Player Characters have arrived at the manor of Countess Illiandra and successfully secure an audience with her, you may read them the text that follows:

The room in which you stand seems like an odd place for a meeting with one such as Illiandra, Countess of Doraigne. In the midst of her strange and wondrous manor, it stands as a perfect and empty circle with a great, domed ceiling. That alabaster curve bears the only decoration within the room: A vast array of silver inlays that dot and cross its surface in complex and unknowable patterns. From all across the mannish lands of Avremier your group has been called to the weird chamber, each one of you arriving to the Countess' manor over the space of the last three days. Some of your number recognize one another, if not by face, then by reputation. Amongst your lot, you see puissant and wise, scholarly and clever, personages. Although you would ask a thousand questions of both your hosts and company, you have been bidden to remain silent by the servants of the Countess while you await her present arrival. With respect to her gravity, you have done so.

Moments pass. The lights in the room begin to dim until, at last, darkness envelops you. Above, across the surface of the domed ceiling, you see the silver inlays within its substance glowing, their patterns evident. It is a perfect map of the night sky, its twinkling stars connected by thin lines to become a vast canopy of constellations. Indeed, in the gloom, the solidity of the vault seems to have given way to the infinite immensity of space. Where before you were inside the manor of the Countess, now you swim within a sea of suns and moons.

You only become aware again of the perimeter of the room when a rectangle of light appears on what must be its far wall. Twin silhouettes appear through the entry before it closes and ensconces you once more in darkness. The subtlety of motion is apparent, however, and soon enough, before you stand Illiandra, the Countess of Doraigne, and her boon adviser, Ylintri, amongst the most gifted techno-thaumaturgists in mannish history. The former of the two gazes around herself with a beatific smile gracing her lovely features. She walks through the infinite night as if it is an extension of her county: A garden whose strange wondrous beauty she drinks of with every step. "Lovely, is it not?" she asks, though the question is clearly rhetorical.

"I'm pleased that you could come," she says, ignoring the celestial spectacle for the moment so that she might sweep her gaze past each of you in turn. The Countess' eyes sparkle with a mix of curiosity, delight, and profound intellect. "I apologize that I've been unable to greet each of you since your arrival in Doraigne. I can assure you that I'd not have been so crass, had my full attention not been required elsewhere. Nevertheless, I hope you've found the hospitality of my servants acceptable."

She looks up into the darkness and extends a single finger into its depths. "There," she says. You squint your eyes to see that which she points towards, but see nothing more than emptiness. "Right **there**. That's where it was, until a fortnight ago."

A pause. "A star," she explains, regarding each of you anew. "Fixed in its place in the heavens very nearly since the beginning of time. From where we stand, the barest glimmer-pinprick of radiance. You might have seen it on a hundred nights beneath a cloudless sky and never paid it another thought. Unremarkable and nameless. Exactly fourteen days ago, something caused it to behave erratically, then tumble down from its home in perpetual shadow. It blazed gloriously, brilliantly as it fell, coming very near to striking the very structure in which you stand before it at last came to rest in the hills westward of my manor, in Wrenfell. So tremendous was its impact when it did so that it shook the very foundations of my home and those across the whole of the countryside."

She watches your reactions play across each of your expressions before continuing. "You have heard the tales of 'Crow Woman's Tears, yes?" the Countess asks. "Tales of the vast panoply of secrets she carries to hide away in the night sky, far beyond the ears of men? A fairytale, of course. A fanciful imagining meant to explain to a simple folk the otherwise inexplicable. It is true, however, that sometimes within such stories, profound truths are hidden. The legend of Crow Woman's Tears is one such story," she said, her eyes flickering with that glimmer of boundless inquisitiveness each of you spied before. "Two weeks ago, a great secret fell to ground from the heavens above. Something ancient and forgotten, perhaps cloistered away since before man and nature were even motes in the eye of creation. I have gathered each of you here to me because, in your own individual and myriad ways, each of you is a seeker of knowledge and an unraveler of mysteries. I know that, to ones such as you, it will require little persuasion to seek out that which has fallen from the heavens and return it to me, that we might suss out its secrets together."

"I have also sought you out because," she pauses once more, "the recovery of Crow Woman's Tear is a complicated matter. Its location was found easily enough by following its fiery trail across the sky. It came to rest in the foothills in the west of Wrenfell, at the edge of a large expanse of farmland. Yet when it did so, it revealed something most peculiar. Its impact burrowed it deep into the ground, exposing that the hill beneath it was quite hollow. A complex of worked tunnels, apparently, lay sleeping under the soil and grass. These tunnels were not uninhabited. I sent a group of men to recover the Tear and return it here over a week ago. They were slaughtered to a one. This has made this affair a most difficult one. A home to terrible things best left slumbering has been revealed by the great mystery from the skies. I worry that these disturbed sleepers may come forth to maraud across the land and bring harm to the innocent at any moment now. Additionally, I am not the only one to have seen the Tear streak fiery across the sky before making my land its home. I have become aware that several other adventuring companies - some officially sanctioned, some not - know of the existence of

the falling star and even now close in upon its location at the bottom of the Wound in the World to make it their own."

"Of course," the Countess smiles softly, "this cannot be permitted. Crow Woman's Tear must be recovered and returned here for its safe examination. And that which has been woken must be pacified once more and put to rest. I should thank you in advance for seeing to the closure of this matter. It is my hope that you will find the monetary enticement I will afford you upon your successful completion of the task set before you to be most generous...and the secrets coaxed from the star itself, doubly rewarding."

Techno-Thaumaturgist Ylantri steps forward from the darkness, his eyes obscured by his hooded labcoat. "The Countess will provide you a map so that you might find your way to the Wound in the World. Once you arrive at its edge, you will meet with an armed contingent of her men, put into place to ensure the security of the area against unwanted intrusion. You may confer with them as you wish, if you believe that doing so will help you better assess the situation at hand. In any case, after your arrival, you will be left to your own devices. The Countess trusts in your skills and abilities to lay claim to Crow Woman's Tear and return the fallen star to her manse. She furthermore has no doubt that you will be able to lay that which was woken by the fallen star's landing to rest once more. In the course of your exploration, you are hereby granted title to, and ownership of, any and all treasures - save the Tear itself and its contents - that you remove from the Wound in the World. These gains shall be subject, of course, to the County's treasure tariff of 20%."

"I wish you well, seekers of knowledge," he says, his smile arching beneath the hood that hides so much of his face.

The lights in the strange chamber begin to rise and the stars above fade from view.

The time for action had come.

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## CONVENTION START

Regardless of the manner in which they do so, you may read the Player Characters the following when they arrive at the Wound in the World:

You have traveled to the highlands of County Doraigne. There can be no doubt that you have arrived upon your destination: Directly before you, as the grassy plains begin their rise into the hills, there is a gigantic crater carved into the face of the largest of the knolls. There, the ground is blackened and the trees and vegetation that once covered the face of the undulation have been burned away or razed, strewn into charred flinders hundreds of feet in every direction. There can be no doubt that this is the resting place of Crow Woman's Tear.

Countess Illiandra's men stand assembled within a stone's throw of the void in the hill. You recognize the chief of them - one of the legendary Five Paragons, Sir Gable Heathdown - who moves towards your group from their fellowship. Not a single one of the fighting men, not even their leader, looks at ease in the vicinity of the crater. Their furtive expressions and the way that none of them dares come within a hundred feet of its edge makes it quite clear to you that they treat it as a place where utmost danger lies only barely contained.

Sir Gable is most relieved to see the agents of the Countess. Great is he of martial and spiritual puissance, but much has occurred since his lady sent him forth to guard the Wound in the World - little of it good. The Paragon greets the party, treating them with the type of courtesy one might expect would be extended towards the hand-chosen expeditionary force of the Countess of the land. He is more than willing to tell them everything that has transpired since his arrival at the Wound in the World (much) and that which he has learned of its nature in that time (little). It is quite clear to any member of the party paying the slightest bit of attention that the location has both him and his men quite rattled. To any of them who know of the might of the Countess' Five Paragons (which should be most, if not all of them), this should serve as a very bad sign of things to come, indeed.

Sir Gable arrived at the edge of the Wound in the World with a contingent of nine men - good and strong warriors - three days ago. They immediately scouted the nearby area for imminent threats (they found none of note, though one of them had to frighten off a bear) and set up camp close to the crater to keep a close eye on it while they awaited instructions from the Countess. In the middle of the night, the group was awoken by a terrifying scream from one of their tents. By the time the first of them emerged to face it, they saw that two of the shelters had been torn to shredded tatters. No sign of the men within them further than bloody trails leading into the great hollow in the hill was ever found. Their posted sentry saw nothing of the horrific event; by the time he turned around, it was over. The experience prompted Sir Gable and the surviving warriors to pick up camp and move further from the lip of the crater, doubling their guard.

Two days afterward, a group of six adventurers arrived at the depression. Though they claimed to have been sent by Countess Illiandra herself, Sir Gable knew right away that they were a pack of liars (he is a most perceptive man) and bade them leave the hills immediately. The group laughed at his orders and attacked, instead. He managed to run them off, but at a great price: Their leader decapitated one of his men with a wicked, curved bastard sword that wept menacing ichor and a wizard amongst them froze another alive, shattering him upon the ground to so many bloody icicles. The adventurers swore that they would return and warned that the guards would be wise to ensure that when they did, they had long fled for their mistress' teats.

Now but six of them remain. To say that they are most eager to leave the Wound in the World to the Countess' chosen experts would be a gross understatement, indeed. Last night, Sir Gable was given a *sending* from Techno-Thaumaturgist Ylantri with exacting descriptions of the party, so he has no doubt of their identity upon the sight of them. His orders are simple: Continue to see to the security of the Wound in the World's environs until the Countess' experts can retrieve Crow Woman's Tear, then guard their passage back to her manor with their bounty. He has every bit of faith that the party will be able to enter the crater and emerge from it with his Lady's prize - an extension of his faith in her wisdom and decision-making.

If the party engages him in conversation or otherwise questions Sir Gable, he can tell them the additional details:

- Since their arrival, he and his men have occasionally heard terrible, guttural growls from within the Wound in the World. They sound like nothing any of them have ever heard before.
- The crater itself remains dreadfully hot. One of his men burned his foot near to the bone when treading its edge. He only touched the blackened firmament for an eyeblink and likely would have died had he not been pulled clear from the depression. Unless they bear some kind of proof against fire and heat, the party will not find themselves able to enter the Wound in the World simply by walking into it.
- The adventurers that confronted them earlier were clearly of great skill and experience. Their leader was an armorless dark-haired woman with a great sword and an eyepatch. The wizard amongst them was a refined gentleman with dark hair appointed by silver streaks and he wore a cloak that looked as if it was made from thousands of peacock feathers. One of them was clearly invisible, as one of his men was nearly killed after being backstabbed by a dagger from an unseen assailant. Troublingly, that blackguard did not become visible after they attacked.

### Entering the Wound in the World

You approach the place where Crow Woman's Tear must have come to rest after its plummeting from the heavens. Its impact with the world below must have been truly cataclysmic to behold. Where it made contact with the hill face below is now but a scarred oblong in the vague shape of a circle, some five hundred feet in diameter. Its sides are black as pitch except for places in which veins of molten rock glow upward menacingly. Heavy grey clouds of smoke drift upward from the concave hollow, drifting ominously until the wind catches their dire color and scatters them away. All around, the epicenter radiates destruction. Trees and vegetation, stones and soil, have been hurled in every direction hundreds of feet distant. Some have been blackened by the tremendous heat of the event, while others have been blasted smooth as glass by its sheer force. In the absolute center of the devastation, a large hole has been bored still deeper into the flesh of the world. Perhaps fifty feet in width, it is reminiscent of the eye of the hurricane for the peace that lingers there. A gentle light ushers upward from that place, still and silent.

Entering the Wound in the World is a perilous enterprise. The sides of the crater that lead to its center remain incredibly hot from Crow Woman's Tear's impact with the hill where it at last touched ground, even now, two weeks after its landing. Savvy players may realize that this is not a natural thing. Indeed, it was the reaction between the force field that surrounded the fallen star and the magical aura that formed the final barrier around the prison below it that created the incredible heat that still lingers - and will likely persist unquelled for many generations to come - within the Wound in the World.

The sides of the great crater, despite their blackened appearance, are utterly smooth. They descend in a bowl-like grade down to the

hole in its center. Contact with the scorched firmament is as deadly as contact with molten lava, inflicting 3-16 hit points to those coming into brief contact with it and 8-80 hit points to those touching it for prolonged periods of time. Just as bad is the smoke that rises from the crater, which is quite toxic in nature. Those breathing the grey clouds must make saving throws vs. poison or die instantly (most likely tumbling into the crater and being immolated, afterwards).

Those managing to find a way into the Wound of the World without succumbing to either threat have only begun to try their luck.

### The Wound in the World

The complex within the Wound in the World is ancient beyond human comprehension. Indeed, it was an old place long before humankind walked upright on two legs, let alone arrived upon the face of Avremier. In this time before time, it was a nameless place, created by a powerful pan-elemental genie lord as an impregnable prison in which he kept the allies of his most powerful enemies and their greatest treasures. This "Alchemical Emperor" (their actual name lost to the inscrutable mists of primordial history) enjoyed imprisoning that which he knew his foes loved, sometimes to use as leverage when negotiating with them and sometimes simply to cause them misery. So it was that, as ages passed, the underground prison he built swelled fat with captives from all across existence.

Eventually, however, the genie lord's enemies banded together and engineered his undoing. The existence of the nameless prison he built was known solely to him, and so it was forgotten even as his empire disintegrated to ruin. Its prisoners were forced to languish within their various cells, where they might well have lived in perpetuity, had not a brilliant star come to plunge from night sky. Now, with a great hole torn in the magical protection that once rendered it inescapable and many strange footfalls filling its corridors with the first echoes to grace its expanse in years, however...everything has changed.

The great prison of the Alchemical Emperor may at last see its first escape.

Or its newest captives.

### A Note on Wound in the World Wandering Monsters

There are no wandering monsters to be found within the Wound in the World. The recency with which the complex below the hills of Wrenfell has been opened and the voracious nature of its newest inhabitants have seen to it that its labyrinthine corridors are quite devoid of the sorts of interloping creatures common to many other dungeons. In any case, Player Characters entering the place have enough to worry about without the presence of such ancillary menaces.

### Key to the Wound in the World, Level 1

**Note:** The hallways beneath the Wound in the World are 10' wide and 10' high, as they were originally designed to allow for the transfer of prisoners of sometimes-immense size to its various cells. Most Player Characters should find these hallways easy enough to navigate, even two-abreast. This means that when they invariably attempt to open a door within the complex, three characters (though no more!) will be able to work at the labor side-by-side. The floors, walls, and ceilings within the place's corridors are

composed of a dour grey granite with veins of obsidian running its substance. Additionally, a magical effect lingers within its hallways that quenches all light (its former owner saw easily in darkness). Illumination brought into the complex only stretches as far as a 10' radius, no matter what its source, before dying abruptly. This effect is subject to a *dispel magic* or similar spell and is treated as if cast by an 18<sup>th</sup> level Magic-User. These descriptions of the walls, floors, ceiling, and the light-quenching effect within the corridors are not necessarily in force within each room in the complex, however, and in those cases, the environs will be described separately.

## 1. LANDING

At the bottom of the Wound in the World, a small rubble-strewn area exists. Here, the polished marble floor is utterly black and pitted, slightly concave and cracked. To the immediate south, a great pile of stone forms an impassable wall. Leading away from the depression, to the northwest, a massive ebon furrow has been dug into the substance of the floor. Flanked by several jagged scrapes, it disappears down the length of the corridor as far as the eye can see.

The is the place where Crow Woman's Tear broke through the ceiling of the prison complex and came to rest. Unlike the impact crater above, the blackened area is now cool to the touch (it was devoid of the magical aura that created the effect on the surface). The trench dug in the floor was created by those who first discovered the falling star. As they dragged it through the complex, so the floor was ruined behind them. There was once a door to the south of the landing area (behind which was an empty room prepared to contained a creature of Elemental Fire), however that has buried under several tons of stone rubble. It would take several days to clear this debris to reveal the door this small mountain obscures. Players either determined or stubborn enough to take the time to do so are not rewarded by any great find. The tremendous force of Crow Woman's Tear with the hillside covering it, collapsed the roof of the room beyond its threshold. Further attempts at clearing the chamber to investigate it will likely result in tragedy, as its state is quite precarious and easily-shifted.

## 2. THE CHOKING FOYER

The small antechamber that leads from the corridor proper is dimly lit, a dark pall lingering within its bounds. The door at its rear is vaguely visible from the vantage of the hallway. It appears to be made of a rough, utterly black substance.

The antechamber leading to the prison room beyond is filled with thin smoke, that which the falling star's impact with the complex has allowed to escape its normally-airtight confines. It is functionally harmless to Player Characters who enter the area, though they will find breathing within the clouds that fill it both extremely difficult and quite uncomfortable. Players taking note of the smell of the area are easily able to recognize the scent of long-burned pure coal and fine, hard wood.

The door is exactly like all of the others within the complex. It is covered in a thick coat of the soot from within (and now without) the chamber beyond. If touched, it is slightly warm and nearly an inch thick. It leaves an easily-smeared pitch black residue all over anything that touches it, making moving it difficult and disagreeable.

### 3. THE OBFUSCATED PRISON

Beyond the door is a roiling cloud of dark smoke, so utterly black that it completely obscures sight. Such is the quality of the tenebrous vapor that it drinks in light from any source, completely devouring it within its substance. It is impossible to see in any direction; there is no way to determine the volume of the room. Its walls may be an inch or a mile away; the floor might suddenly drop away or abruptly rise into the ceiling. Who can say? All that seems obvious is that there is a certain... *life* to the way the smoke twists and writhes, angry and malign. It seems almost as if it rages against its durance behind the door, possessed of some kind of sinister intellect beyond that which would normally seem possible.

This room is filled with elemental smoke, as befits the prisoners within its bounds. Player Characters within the chamber are in danger of asphyxiation here, as the particles and gasses that fill it are not breathable by creatures that require air to sustain their lives. Such individuals may only remain within this environment for as long as they are able to hold their breath. Afterward, they begin to suffocate. Making matters worse, vision within the room is sharply impaired by the dark and roiling elemental smoke. No matter the means by which they do so, they will find that they can see no more than 1d4 feet at any time. It is a real possibility that Player Characters entering the room and engaging in a struggle with its occupants might find themselves lost within the chamber – a truly deadly condition, here.

As for those occupants, the room itself is inhabited by a trio of **breathstealers** (see the **NEW MONSTERS** section of this adventure module for details). The creatures formerly acted as assassins for the King of Pitch and Soot before the former owner of the complex captured them nearly three thousand years ago. They have had nothing upon which to feed in several hundred years and have gone mad with hunger and a desperation desire to escape and befooul the pure air of the world above.

If the Player Characters gaze into the room from beyond its environmental membrane, the breathstealers dance excitedly through the dark clouds within its expanse. Their passage twists and swirls the smoke, which the creatures hope inspires enough curiosity in those that have opened the door to their prison to invite them inside its confines. In no way will they try and communicate with the Player Characters, nor will they allow themselves to be seen by them. If they are foolish enough to fall for the lure, the breathstealers attack them immediately, hoping to feast upon the fresh air within their lungs and then use their bodies as vehicles to make good their escape from the Wound in the World.

At the rear of the chamber, the breathstealers guard a small chest, seemingly completely composed of ebon-black smoke. The chest seems to be intangible, at first blush, though it can paradoxically be carried by anyone who wishes to do so. Player Characters that pick up the chest find that it is weightless and attempts to touch or strike it in any other way than simply lifting and carrying it pass through its substance harmlessly. The chest remains insubstantial until it is taken into clean air and placed under direct sunlight for an hour. At such a time, it hardens into a normal container cut from a single piece of obsidian, worth 1,000gp in its own right. Within its expanse is a bolt of fine black silk worth 500gp. Wrapped in this fabric are three black opals (each worth another 250gp) and a *ring of commanding elementals (smoke)* (see the **NEW MAGIC ITEMS** section of this adventure module for details).

### 3 BREATHSTEALERS AC: 0, MV: NA/18"

(B), HD: 5, HP: 30 (all), #AT: 1, DAM: 2-16, SP: +1 or better weapons required to hit, Breathstealing, Limited intangibility, Suffocation.

### 4. THE REFRESHING ROOM

The small antechamber that leads from the corridor is well-lit and comfortably cool. Though there is no obvious source of ventilation within the foyer, a gentle breeze wafts through its length. Curiously, the draft seems to come from contradictory directions at times. At others, it seems to come from more than one direction at a time. In any case, the zephyr is kindly and refreshes the flesh and nose alike with its pure quality and fresh scent. The door at the other end of the room is unobscured and plain of face.

As is the case with the other antechambers that lead to each of the complex's respective chambers, some bit of the elemental essence held in abeyance by their magic has been allowed to escape, permeating them with their quality. Here, the elemental air beyond the door at the foyer's end informs the room and likely represents a welcome respite from the much more hazardous and aggressive elements to be found in the neighboring chambers within the complex.

### 5. THE PERPETUAL MAELSTROM

The violence to be found beyond the antechamber's door is staggering in nature. To gaze into the chamber beyond is to bear witness to the naked fury of a tornado, whirling about its confines at an unfettered and maddening pace. The sound of a menacing roar, like thunder experienced only a breath away from an angry belly of leaden clouds, careens cataclysmically through the room.

All that is truly visible within its expanse is a blur of incredible motion from left to right. The occasional sights of water, whipped about at unbelievable speeds, and the glimpse of what looks like a stork of purest white, flashing by at a like velocity, realize themselves for split-seconds, but are gone just as quickly. Something rises from the floor at the room's center, gleaming gold and silver within the maelstrom. What it is, beyond an upwardly jutting shape is impossible to determine for all the motion, frenzied and chaotic.

This room is the home to a flock of **hurricanes** (see the **NEW MONSTERS** section of this adventure module for details) that were once the beloved pets of Amaya, the Saoshyant of the Devout and Princess of the Four Winds of All Worlds. The Alchemical Emperor was not a fool and he rightly respected the divine might of their previous owner, so he ensured that the prison in which they were kept was designed in such a way to keep them happy and comfortable until the time he could ransom them back to the Saoshyant for a princely sum or the promise of some future favor. Because of this, even though they have dwelled within the room for many centuries, they have thrived in its confines and would be most pleased if not for the absence of their mistress, who they miss terribly.

When the Player Characters open the door, they see the hurricanes (twenty-one in number) at play, whipping up a windstorm ferocious enough to give even an elder genie some pause. If they

choose to enter the room, the rare fowl will simply continue to whirl about, treating them as if they were their captors (as animals, they know no better). Because of this, it is highly likely that the Player Characters will receive considerable damage until they either manage to retreat or drive deeper into the room and the calm at its center. If they do the latter, they will see that the room's floor is covered in a five-foot tall body of water, in the midst of which is a small, sandy island. In the center of this rise stands a pillar of pure white marble, atop which rests a doll: The effigy of a smiling woman hailing from some strange and foreign culture best described as Middle Eastern in appearance. The doll is of incredible antiquity, something obvious for its tattered condition. From that place, the whole of the experience is much like being stranded on a beautiful and perfectly tranquil island in the midst of some unnamed sea. Fish (which are magically refreshed each day for the hurricrane's supper) play about in the water. The air is never too warm or cold and the sun that always seems to hide in the distance is of a kindly mien. The only one to share it with is some child's best, long-forgotten friend.

Although it may not seem like it to most Player Characters, this room is actually filled with numerous fabulous treasures. The hurricrane themselves are of indescribable value to someone who knows of their origin. If they could possibly be returned to the Saoshyant herself, she would be overjoyed at their appearance and certainly of a mind to allow their rescuers to name their reward. More importantly, such an act would surely raise the esteem of men in the eyes of the genies and their royalty, to whom the Saoshyant is a legend beyond compare. Such things are beyond the scope of this adventure of course, but the rescue and return of her flock could easily be the central theme of an entire Campaign for the enjoyment of the Game Master and Player Characters. Such characters should not overlook the doll upon the pedestal within the room, either. This is *Gentle Sarina*: The Saoshyant's beloved childhood toy, which is the source of a thousand legends and a relic of the faith, both (see the **NEW MAGIC ITEMS** section of this adventure module for details). One can only imagine at the gifts that might be bestowed upon those capable of bringing such a worthy as the Princess of the Four Winds of All Worlds to tears by reuniting her with her old, tattered friend.

Finally, a hidden treasure exists upon the island in the center of the room. This is where the hurricrane flock nests and they currently have a half-dozen unhatched eggs buried there in the sand. These would each be of startling value to one interested in such rare (and potentially dangerous) creatures – and even doubly so, were proof of their famous lineage somehow provided.

Of course, those who would earn such rewards will have to survive the encounter with the hurricrane first, no easy feat. Even if the Player Characters manage to survive the storm they create and pacify them enough to follow them from the comforts of the chamber, there is the matter of all the water they whip up from the room's floor with which to contend. The moment they stop their storm-brewing flight – it will all come crashing down into the chamber with the force of a monsoon. The water level in the room will rise to ten feet in an instant, putting many height-challenged or armored Player Characters in the very real risk of a death by drowning. Only by standing atop the pedestal in the island's center can such a fate be avoided. Fortunately, this is the only real environmental concern that threatens the Player Characters. Both the hurricrane and their prison are of elemental Air, which greets humanity and most other PC races with a kindly countenance. Still, they have quite enough to worry about here, without some deleterious planar quality trying to kill them.

Then, of course...there is the matter of getting a flock of twenty-one fowl to follow along in an orderly fashion....

**21 HURRICRANES** AC: 4, MV: 6"/120"  
(D), HD: 3, HP: 18 (all), #AT: 1, DAM: 1-10  
or 1-6, SP: Create Hurricane.

## 6. THE SILENT PRECIPICE

The small antechamber that leads from the corridor is possessed of an eerie, almost unearthly gravity. It is well-lit and the temperature quite comfortable. Yet the utter silence within its bounds is so absolute that it seems to overpower the senses. Entering the foyer, you are instantly aware of your every motion. The sound of your blood in your veins seems like the ocean's tides; the rhythm of your heartbeat seems like thunder. Indeed, you can hear those functions within the bodies of all of your fellows at your side – even those standing several paces distant – for the complete absence of sound.

The silence within the antechamber is a harbinger of that beyond the door. Its seal now possessed of an infinitesimally slight fracture, the perfect vacancy drinks in all noise within the expanse outside its everwide presence. While the effect on the Player Characters is sure to be extremely unnerving in its quality, it is actually harmless...quite in contrast to that which awaits them beyond the threshold of the door ahead, of course.

## 7. THE EVERVOID

Absolute blackness yawns wide past the doorway's threshold. From your vantage, no walls within the chamber are visible. No floor or ceiling is apparent. All that seems to exist beyond the portal is a neverending sea of inky night. To gaze into its depths is a harrowing experience. So complete is the void only scant inches away that it seems to consume the very reality beyond its presence. Words spoken seem drawn into its vast emptiness to be instantly silenced. Sight seems pulled violently from the eyes to be snuffed to blackness within its ebon nothingness. This is a place where light and sound, substance and experience, go to die.

And, yet, something swims within the ocean of gloom. Although it appears quite distant, it is nevertheless easily seen for the way it stands apart from the perfect tenebrousness that exists beyond the doorway. Gently tumbling as if bereft of gravity, it floats listlessly therein.

It looks like a human being.

Of course, it is anything but a human being. When the Alchemical Emperor managed to bring about the capture of the **ancient Ilfae vampire** Lathrandos, a truly special prison was required to contain a creature of such potency. So it was that the undead predator was ensconced within a chamber of unending elemental vacuum and set adrift until such a time that his dread consort Ilthrixia paid the dire ransom for his return in the form of the unspeakable necromantic formulae in her possession. Though the Putrescent Queen was willing to acquiesce to the demands put before her, the owner of the prison was long dead by the time she made plain that she was ready to accept his terms. So it is that Lathrandos continues to float within his unending prison, suspended eternally in dusk.

That is, until the Player Characters find a way to free him. For his part, Lathrandos has lingered within his prison in the manner in

which they find him for untold eons now. Completely bereft of any type of contact or sustenance, it was a very long time ago that his already-precarious sanity was forever lost to the eternal, spiraling darkness of madness. His thirst for the blood of living things is beyond the capacity of mortal imaginations to grasp. The instant he is within the reach of that which is capable of slaking his bottomless hunger – he attacks without self-regard or the slightest shred of mercy.

The chamber in which Lathrandos whiles away eternity – known as the Everbond, when the Alchemical Emperor yet lived – is completely devoid of anything with which the undead Iffae might interact. This is because the creature had a well-deserved reputation for his ability to turn virtually any object within his reach into a deadly weapon to employ against his enemies. The sole exceptions to this are the personal effects in his possession, which – as a morbid sort of taunt – he was allowed to retain during his timeless stay in the infinite nothingness of his prison. These consist the breadth of the treasures the Player Characters might plunder if they free Lathrandos and somehow manage to overcome the incredibly-dangerous creature.

Just as dangerous as the creature itself, however, is the nature of the elemental vacuum in which it is imprisoned. There is no breathable air within the chamber, though despite what might seem apparent, the pressure and temperature within its confines are quite comfortable by human standards. A creature dependent upon air can only survive within these conditions for as long as they are able to hold their breath. Worse, spells such as *airy water* or of a similar nature that usually provide protection against elements are useless in this environment, as no element exists to transform into precious breathable air. Elemental creatures entering within the chamber begin consuming their own essences in order to perpetuate their existences at a rate of 1HD a round (in addition to any other damage they incur within the environment). This loss only ends when they are able to leave the room and is otherwise permanent. Normal vision within the elemental vacuum is limited to 1,000 yards, though the creatures possessing infravision find their range of sight extended to double that distance.

**LATHRANDOS, ELDER IFAE VAMPIRE**  
AC: 0, MV: 12/18", HD: 12, HP: 72, #AT: 1,  
DAM: 5-10, SP: +1 or better weapons  
required to hit, Charm Gaze, Energy Drain,  
Gaseous Form, Immune to *Sleep*, *Hold*, &  
*Charm*, Regenerate 3/Round, Requires  
special conditions to permanently slay,  
Shape change.

Those aforementioned personal effects that Lathrandos was permitted to keep are contained within a small bag of black velvet, which he keeps clutched tightly to his person at all times. They are a constellation of glittering rubies, each of the twenty gemstones worth 100gp. The Alchemical Emperor knew that the jewels – each one the precise color of blood – would hasten along the vampire's descent into madness, forced to gaze upon their sanguine beauty for the remainder of eternity. He was not wrong in that estimation.

## 8. THE BRACKISH ATRIUM

The air becomes incredibly dry and completely devoid of scent as you enter this area. In but a few steps, your mouth becomes parched and your exposed flesh begins to gently itch. While the temperature is neither warm nor cool, there seems an absolute stillness to the air here. It is uncomfortable to breathe for its arid quality.

Here, every surface seems to be coated with a rough, sandy substance, glittering like glass under sunshine whenever the light strikes upon it. From the ceiling and the floor, jagged stalactites and stalagmites of the same composition stab forth into the foyer. The door on the far end of the antechamber is almost sealed completely shut by a thick skin of the stuff, as barnacles cover a long-dead shipwreck at the bottom of the sea.

The substance that clings to the surfaces of the area is pure elemental salt, leaking forth from the prison on the far end of the antechamber. Its properties are responsible for the dryness of the air and its effects upon the Player Characters. Though it makes the foyer an unbelievably uncomfortable place for them to operate within, it is essentially harmless, at this point. That is a situation which changes dramatically the moment they choose to loose the door at the back of the room (a feat that requires a good deal of chiseling or clearing over the course of about five turns and makes those subjecting themselves to the rigors of the toil so uncomfortable as to wish they were never born), however.

## 9. THE DESICCATED KINGDOM

Beyond the threshold of the door sweep the vast sands of a barren desert. Beneath a gloom of a sky the color of ash, it extends in all directions in gentle undulations as far as the eye can see. Across that endless vista, powerful gusts of wind blow towering grey clouds across the endless vista. These monumental billows occasionally obscure the sole features to rise above the level of the horizon: Great pillars of sand, cyclopean in scope, seemingly piled high atop one another in such a way that they stagger awkwardly to claw at the leaden skies above. It seems impossible that they can manage to stand in such a way without toppling to the desolation below, yet remain they do.

Amidst the bleak wasteland, a single figure approaches the door. The gales nor the sands seem to slow their passage in the least. Somehow aware that it has swung open, they make their way across the barren dunes, their stride something imperious even for the obvious distance between the threshold and themselves. It is impossible to discern any detail in the figure – except for their gait, which suggests femininity.

Should the Player Characters choose to enter the prison chamber, they instantly find themselves in dire peril. That which appears to be grey-colored sand past the door's threshold is actually elemental salt. Water-based characters (including humans and virtually every other PC race) immediately take 2d6hp of damage from dehydration for each round in which they linger within the world beyond the portal. Because of the moisture-draining nature of the elemental salt, vision of any type within the room is limited to 3d10 yards. The Game Master should roll a d10 for each round in which the Player Characters stand within the prison chamber. On the roll of a "1", one of the gale winds that tear across the barren landscape rips through the area in which they stand, incurring another 1d6hp from dehydration and the salt particles that strike them with tremendous velocity. Clearly, this is not an environment in which they will wish to tarry overlong.

Not the least of reasons for this is because, in addition to the killing nature of the horrid place itself, the Player Characters entering the room will soon find themselves in the presence of a terrible royalty.

The prison chamber is the home of Ksatriya-Shahdokht Soraya, perhaps better known to the learned of the land as The Sovereign Efflorescent. It is a name that makes all who understand its consequence tremble in fear; she is the **Elemental Princess of Evil Salt Creatures** (see the **NEW MONSTERS** section of this adventure module for details) and truly terrifying power is at her command. It was she that led the armies of the Desiccated Legions against those forces at the Alchemical Emperor's disposal untold millennia ago, before the multifaceted nature of the mad genie was understood. Treachery within her ranks brought about Soraya's undoing, upon which she was imprisoned by her fearsome enemy, who placed her in the prison she occupies today. Unlike the many other prisoners within his complex, the Alchemical Emperor never intended on releasing this most potent of all his many captives. She proved quite impossible for him to murder, however, even in a conquered state, so instead he chose to lock her away to languish in the hopes that the irresistible weight of time and tedium would accomplish that to which he could never personally aspire.

It failed. The Sovereign Efflorescent yet lives, ruling over a new kingdom – one of her own design.

Since the day her durance began, Soraya has gradually shaped the previously-featureless expanse of her prison to suit her sense of aesthetic. The Player Characters will likely not live long enough within its environs to appreciate it, but its current state closely resembles one of the great cities on the Elemental Plane of Salt and would be considered a breathtaking sight by one of its denizens. The great spires and minarets within the towering wall of the ever-growing locale stand amidst resplendent markets and gardens, incredible statues and icons reflecting the history of the Brackish Folk, and similar true wonders of artistry and architecture (by the standards of her people, at least). Tragically, she is the sole inhabitant of this magnificent place, which is as hollow and empty as the dehydrated corpses of the Alchemical Emperor's servants occasionally sent to see to her needs (this was once a common duty he assigned to those in his employ that had somehow displeased him), which she now uses to decorate the place she calls her Desiccated Kingdom.

Unlike many of the prisoners within the complex, Soraya has somehow managed to maintain her sanity, despite the incredible length of her solitude. Therefore, she is not necessarily of a mind to destroy the Player Characters upon meeting them. She is profoundly intelligent and has deduced from the lack of servants sent to her in recent years to meet their doom that the Alchemical Emperor must have been forced to loose his control over the prison in which she abides. Consequently, she sees the Player Characters as an important source of information from which she can determine the state of things – and possibly affect her release into the wide open world. If they should wait outside the cell's protective membrane for her, she will truthfully announce herself and relate the details that eventuated in her capture. She will then patiently engage in dialogue, treating the Player Characters with the utmost kindness and respect in an effort to suss out their allegiances and reasons for visiting her. She will then do her best to convince one of their number to enter her cell, sundering its enchantment and allowing her escape. As an enticement to do so, she will both offer the use of her magic to grant three of their *wishes* and try and impress upon their limited imaginations the fabulous extents of the rewards her father, the Shah and King of Elemental Salt, would bestow upon them if they were to successfully affect her rescue. If they should make the mistake of entering the Desiccated Kingdom instead, the Sovereign Efflorescent will prove their salvation, helping them to escape through the cell's protective membrane as best she can and with as gentle a hand as one such as she is able to offer. After all, they still have no small use as a source of the world's news and information

on the situation she finds herself in.

However, once the Sovereign Efflorescent is loosed upon the world and she is satisfied that the Player Characters have told her as much as they know, she will not hesitate to leave their bodies little more than withered husks littering the stone floor of the ancient prison. This, because it is certainly true that the boundless immensity of her intellect is only rivaled by the awful depths of the Princess of Elemental Salt's cruel depravity.

**KSATRIYA-SHAHDOKHT SORAYA, THE SOVEREIGN EFFLORESCENT AND ELEMENTAL PRINCESS OF SALT** AC: -5, MV: 9", HD: 20, HP: 101, #AT: 2 or 1, DAM: 4-40 or 6-36+16+Special, SP: +3 or better weapons required to hit, Desiccation, Immunities to Specific Attacks & Spells, Magic Resistance, Summon elemental allies.

## 10. THE HARBOR BECALMED

This area is cool and quiet. The stone composition of its length as it leads to the door at its end is undecorated but for its floor, upon which about an inch of water has gathered. The air within it is fresh, clean, and still. In a place such as the Wound in the World, both are welcome, indeed.

The water that lingers here is that which has trickled through the bare fractures in the prison beyond the door at the end of the hallway. Players that test the quality of the liquid or inquire about the scent in the air might glean a hint as to that which is held in abeyance there. The former is salty in composition (it is harmless to taste in small quantities and its nature is easily-determined), and the latter smells vaguely of the ocean's waters.

## 11. THE LANDLOCKED SEA

When opened, the threshold of the door becomes like a pane of glass, beyond which lies the cerulean expanse of the sea. Wavering depths of everblue extend as far as the eye can see in every direction, with only the barest hints of shadows at vision's edge to offer any sort of solidity or hint that the waters beyond the doorway are anything but infinite in nature.

Within the vista of purest blue, it is possible to see swirls and eddies of motion, like powerful currents that course its substance as blood might the veins of the living. Beyond those, something silvery glistens and twinkles as if light occasionally reaches forth to strike it from all directions. It appears as a perfect sphere, like an air bubble set adrift within a neverending ocean.

Player Characters that wish to explore the room beyond the door must have some means of survival without air, as such a luxury is nowhere to be found in the elemental water that fills its extradimensional space. Those that do not can only survive for as long as they can hold their breath. Such individuals wearing armor (especially of the heavier varieties) are in especial danger, as the boundless nature of the rooms within the Wound in the World sees to it that they begin plummeting downward on a course without end. Though the unique properties of the water makes it so that pressure is of no concern, those unfortunates that sink several hundred feet below the door's location are unlikely to survive the

experience. The same can be said for those whose ability to breathe water has a definite duration to it and somehow manage to let the doorway out of their sight. It is painfully easy to become lost in the room's water – which is completely devoid of any way to determine direction, let alone of any sort of discernible landmarks – and those that manage the feat are quite likely to locate little but their eventual doom.

Though it might be overlooked by any but the most canny Player Characters, the prisoners within the watery cell are signified by the rippling visible from outside the room. These are a group of five **water weirds**, once spies for a nameless warlord residing within a great coral citadel upon the Elemental Plane of Water. Though the Alchemical Emperor proved capable of capturing them, the creatures frustrated all his attempts to pry the secrets of their masters from their liquid forms. Therefore, they were set forth to languish within the room until such a time as a reliable means of interrogating them made itself evident. Since his death came before that discovery, they have remained within their aqueous cell.

Entrants into the watery expanse of The Landlocked Sea (as the chamber was once known), will immediately become aware of the presence of the creatures, who will sense in them an opportunity for escape. They will dart towards Player Characters intruding upon their prison with startling speed, using their ability to become semi-tangible to drag them as far away downward from the door as is possible. Their aim in doing this is to either drown the interlopers or cause them to lose track of the door's location and become hopelessly lost. Their preference is the second, as this outcome potentially affords them the opportunity to do some interrogation of their own (though communicating with the creatures is a distinct challenge). If they can be communicated with, they are willing to tell the tale of their capture and may even be persuaded to help lost Player Characters find their way back to the door (which they can do easily), if they can be persuaded that those they help can free them from their durance. If not, they are more than happy to let them float adrift furthermore, seeing the opening of their prison's door as a solid first step towards that eventual end.

The silvery bubble floating within The Landlocked Sea is quite an unusual treasure. It is a permanent *wall of force* that contains water of such a rare and pure nature that the Marid-Pashas of the Elemental Plane of Water would gladly wage century-long wars, just for the opportunity to linger within its substance. If the Player Characters are capable of inspecting it closely, it is of a dark blue color, verging on the ultramarine. Those that somehow find a way to drink from this nonesuch liquid are infused with its majestic potency, gaining the ability to breathe water as well as air *permanently*. Additionally, they are healed of all damage and cured of all disease, insanity, level-draining effects, and magical aging from which they might suffer. Finally, the purity of the water is capable of raising the dead as by a *resurrection* spell, if applied to even the barest mote of a slain individual's body. This will require an incredible amount of ingenuity, however, as the bubble that traps the liquid is 10' in diameter and impossible to take through the doorway into the Wound in the World proper. It is much more likely that its contents are spilled forth into the normal Elemental Water within the room and are hopelessly ruined – and the Player Characters responsible for the act never come to realize the incredible treasure they befooled in the doing.

**5 WATER WEIRDS** AC: 4, MV: 12", HD: 3+3, HP: 21, #AT: 0, DAM: Nil, SP: Control Water Elemental, Drowning, Resistance to Physical Attacks & Specific Spells.

## 12. THE WAITING MIRE

Unlike the other areas within the Wound in the World, the air within this antechamber is noticeably damp. This sense of humidity becomes ever greater, the deeper one traverses its length. Near its end, the whole of the corridor is slick with condensation that clings to every surface. Tiny bits of mold and fungus have begun to grow within the corners of the foyer, with a few colorful mushrooms springing up near the door at its terminus.

As is the case with the other areas of its kind, the environment within the foyer gives a clue to what lays beyond the door at its end. Should the Player Characters investigate the antechamber, they will notice that the condensation that lingers on the surfaces near its end is not of the normal sort. It is thick, possessing the consistency of glue. Because it is so thin in nature, they will notice that their feet will want to stick to it, making slight puckering with every step. Although this will probably give veteran players no small pause, both the condensation and the fungus in the corridor are harmless in nature.

## 13. THE DELIQUISING NARTHEX

Beyond the doorway is built a massive portico, composed of dark stone. Thirteen dour columns rise up from its floor and extend forward thirteen feet abreast from one another in thirteen rows. The ceiling that they support hangs but ten feet above, yet impenetrable shadows linger there, making it seem to disappear into darkness. The whole of the stone is covered in thick condensation, abbreviated by heavy growths of mushrooms and other fungi that cling to its surfaces. Further outward from the pillars, six steps descend from the stone outcropping, leading out to what appears to be the dense foliage of a jungle. Leafy fronds jut upwards from lush loam before great trees make a jagged edge of the horizon. These leaves are spotted with many pale blotches that make it seem as if a million eyes stare forth from the wilderness in the direction of the door. Above the line they form separating land from sky, nine tiny moons visit wan light onto the world below. All is motionless and silent but for the passage of a brisk wind, rushing through the verdance in a susurrus of gentle whispers.

This prison cell is the home of a true horror: An ancient **black pudding**, the size and intellect of which are possibly unrivaled upon the face of Avremier. The fact that any of its contents still survive is more of a testimony to the recency with which it was brought to the Wound in the World than anything else, considering the highly destructive nature of its occupant. The pudding (which calls itself Xxalthaasix) has spent much of the last century of its durance exploring the bounds of its prison in search of a way to escape. Since it has failed to find any end to its confines, it has come to the conclusion that they are without limit and has begun to systematically destroy everything it encounters. In that way, it hopes to become so massive and so strong that it is able to overcome whatever kind of magic it is that keeps the integrity of its cell intact. It is a great mercy indeed that it is as of yet unaware that a fracture in the chamber has been opened by Crow Woman's Tear, as its escape into the world would certainly be followed by catastrophe and woe truly colossal in scope.

If the door into the prison is opened, the Player Characters doing so will instantly become aware of the oppressive humidity within its volume. The temperature is about the same as that outside the

door, but the weight of the air past the portal makes it seem far hotter there. The scent of must and things fecund and growing is overpowering and sure to take the breath away from those with even dull olfactory senses upon their passage past the doorway. In truth, this is the tangible evidence of a highly dangerous environment. Airborne spores and other hazardous particulates abound here and Player Characters breathing inside the prison cell must make a saving throw vs. poison or contract a severe respiratory condition identical (in game terms) to *mummy rot*. Even some of those making their saving throws will be forced to spend some time coughing and sneezing before they can properly acclimatize themselves to the prison's overwhelming environment. Those failing to make their saving throws by over three points must spend 1d4 rounds in such a state (during which time, they are rendered quite helpless). This might be all the time the cell's occupant needs to seal the doom of the entire party.

When the door is opened, Xxalthaasix will drop down from the ceiling over its threshold. Its goal is threefold: To both envelop as much as the party as it can, cut off their escape route, and spill out into the hallway by landing on a Player Character halfway through the membrane that seals closed its prison. Though it is quite intelligent, it is concerned with little besides its escape and feeding its insatiable appetite. It wants nothing more than to be freed so that it can grow so massive as to eventually consume all of Avremier and become the sole living thing upon its face. It cannot be reasoned with by any means other than displays of overwhelming force. If such a language is demonstrated in its presence, Xxalthaasix can be persuaded to flee for its life into the jungles outside the portico, where it assumes that easier prey can be found and where other opportunities for escape from its prison might present themselves.

The black pudding's presence offers a final hazard of which the Player Characters must be wary. Its feeding upon the substance of the portico has weakened it greatly. Powerful area affect spells or blows landed upon it create a very real possibility that it might collapse upon all those beneath it. If an attack doing more than 20hp of damage is directed upon the pillars or ceiling of the structure, the stone is forced to make a saving throw (against whatever sort of attack is most applicable). If it is successful, the portico remains intact, though it makes subsequent saving throws at a -1 penalty (cumulative for each time it is forced to roll). In such a case, Game Masters may offer clues as to the integrity of the stone by mentioning that Player Characters can see bits of it tumbling downwards around them. If the portico should fail such a saving throw, the whole of it collapses and drops hundreds of tons of rock on top of all those beneath it in the process. While the black pudding's amorphous body is sure to be unaffected by such an incident, the Player Characters are not likely to be as fortunate and all those with a solid physical form suffer 10-100hp of damage (save vs. paralyzation for half damage) from the collapse. This, of course, is sure to delight Xxalthaasix, who wastes little time in slithering through the wreckage to consume all the tender flesh beneath the rubble....

**XXALTHAASIX, ANCIENT BLACK PUDDING** AC: 6, MV: 6", HD: 20, HP: 140, #AT: 1, DAM: 4-32, SP: Blows & Lightning Separate into Two Parts, Each Able To Attack, Dissolve Metal, Wood, & Stone, Immune to Cold.

#### 14. THE ENSCONCED HINTERLAND

This antechamber within the Wound in the World is quite unlike any of those that neighbor it. Here, the corridor that ends in a closed door is blessed with fresh and clean air. The walls, ceiling, and floor are unadorned but for a sole exception: At the end of the foyer, strong wooden roots can be seen to have grown through the stone, displacing it in places. It is as if the back of the hallway features a portal through which the trunk of a great tree can be entered from below, its radicles spreading forth in a great circle from that centerpoint in every direction. In front of the door, rocky debris lays scattered forth all over the ground, as if something from within exploded through its stone substance and into the hallway at one point. Still, since the door stands intact, this seems impossible on its face.

It also differs from its neighboring passageways in that it is clearly inhabited. At the midpoint of the antechamber, a small tent stands built against the lefthand wall. Five figures mill about within its expanse, busying themselves with all manner of differing tasks.

The great furrow dug into the floor of the complex leads a meandering path more or less down the middle of hallway, until it disappears beneath the door at its end.

This antechamber leads to the prison closest to failing, a place tailored to house a creature of Elemental Earth. The roots that have grown through the stone and into the hallway hint towards the escape its occupant was in the process of making when Crow Woman's Tear opened the complex from above. The debris in front of the door is the result of a much more recent development, which resulted in the falling star's current location within the prison chamber itself.

The individuals gathered in the antechamber are collectively known as The Fellowship of the Splintered Horn. It was this lot that Sir Gable Heathdown and his men most disagreeably encountered yesterday, their meeting resulting in the deaths of two of his group. After their confrontation with those loyal to Countess Illiandra, they collectively decided that - despite their thirst for violence and mayhem - it might be better for them to enter the Wound in the World beneath the notice of its sentries, lest a larger force be subsequently dispatched to protect the treasures within its body. Since then, they have been exploring the contents of the complex, though as of yet they have had no success in laying claim to Crow Woman's Tear. They managed to slay the occupant of The Brilliant Menagerie (**Area #16**) and take its treasure, though they lost a member of their collection of blackhearts and cutthroats when they roused the ire of she who languishes within The Scoriaceous Oubliette (**Area #17**). Their experiences in the latter place inspired them to put aside their desire to loot the whole of the Wound in the World and direct their efforts towards the recovery of the fallen star itself. When the Player Characters encounter them, they have just emerged from the camp they established where the trail of Crow Woman's Tear - they suppose - ends. They are in the process of getting settled for the night so as to heal themselves, recover their spells, and start tomorrow morning at the labor of pushing through the door at the end of the antechamber and seeing what lies beyond.

The Player Characters might have other ideas, of course.

The Fellowship of the Splintered Horn is:

**LORD SEBASTIAN L'ÉTOILE** 10<sup>th</sup> level male Human Armiger of the Wyvern Court, AC: -2 (Armigerial Panoply, +1 shield), MV: 12", HP: 97, THAC0 12 (7 with *Kaleidoscope* and Strength bonus), #AT: 3/2, DAM: 2-8/2-16+7+Special, SP: +6 Bonus to All Saves, +8 Bonus to Saves vs. Fear, Immune to Poison, +4 to Attack/Damage vs. Fae, Poison Strike 3/day, Turn Wyverns as 7<sup>th</sup> level Cleric. Sebastian is the owner of the bastard sword *Kaleidoscope* (which he won after the murder of Jalrytha in The Brilliant Menagerie; see the NEW MAGIC ITEMS section of this adventure module for details), as well as the *Armigerial Panoply* of the Wyvern Court, a +1 *Shield* that bears the symbol of that faction, and a *Ring of Free Action*. He is both beautiful and charismatic, yet at the same time, depraved and deranged. Perhaps the only thing he enjoys as much as leading The Fellowship of the Splintered Horn into some forgotten ruins to lay claim to the place's priceless art or magical treasures is murdering anything that stands between himself and their bounty.

**GHRAAZÂK** 10<sup>th</sup> level male Khabar Gnoll Barbarian, AC: 0 (+2 Leather Armor, Dexterity Bonus), MV: 15", HP: 136, THAC0 12 (3 with +3 Halberd and Strength bonus), #AT: 1, DAM: 1-10+9+Special/2-12+9+Special, SP: May Hit Creatures Normally Only Struck By +4 or Better Weapons, Improved Saving Throws, Climb Cliffs & Trees, Hide in Natural Surroundings, Surprise, Back Protection, Leaping & Springing, Detect Illusion & Magic, Leadership, Survival, First Aid, Outdoor Craft, Tracking, Animal Handling, Running, Sound Imitation, Snare Building. Ghraazâk owns a special +3 *Halberd*, the head of which is made from a piece of the splintered unicorn horn from which the adventuring company he belongs to gets its name. It is capable of *poisoning* those struck by it on a natural roll of 20 and the blood-red banner that hangs from beneath its head is likewise emblazoned with a fractured unicorn horn. He also owns a suit of +2 *Leather Armor* and a *Gargoyle Ring*. The Khabar stands over seven feet in height and beneath his pure white pelt, he ripples with powerful muscles. He cares little for the histories of the antiquities he and his fellows uncover across the countryside of Dhavon, aside of their utility in breaking the bones and stealing the breaths of those that might protect them. He's just there for the meat of such foes...and to suck the marrow from their bones.

**YASUNORI** Female Oni, AC: 4, MV: 9"/15" (D), HD: 5+2, HP: 37, THAC0 15 (10 with Iron Killer and Strength bonus), #AT:

2, DAM: 1-10, SP: Invisibility, May Fly, Darkness 1" Radius, Polymorph into Human or Humanoid Form, Regenerate 1/Round, May Cast Charm Person, Sleep, and Cone of Cold (8d8) Each 1/Day. Although ownership of the terrible weapon called *Iron Killer* is fearsome enough, Yasunori once owned several other magical items. Thankfully for her foes, these were destroyed within the confines of The Scoriaceous Oubliette by that everburning place's incandescent guardian. The Oni likes to appear as a 7 1/2" tall (annoying Ghraazâk to no end) musclebound woman with an oriental bent to her features, wearing banded mail armor lacquered a blood-red hue. Despite her imposing size, she likes to fancy herself the brains behind The Fellowship of the Splintered Horn. It can be hard to tell, when she's wading into the midst of a slaughter-field, cackling maniacally.

**GERARD D'ARNOLD, THE KEEPER OF ARIBUS' LANTHORN** 10<sup>th</sup> level male Human Magic-User, AC: 0 (Aribus' Lanthorn, Bracers of Defense AC5, +2 Ring of Protection, Dexterity bonus), MV: 12", HP: 38, THAC0 19 (20 with Strength penalty), #AT: 1, DAM: 1, Spells remaining: *Charm Person, Magic Missile (x2), ESP, Mirror Image, Web, Dispel Magic, Fly, Confusion, Ice Storm, Teleport*. Gerard possesses the minor artifact known as *Aribus' Lanthorn* (see the NEW MAGIC ITEMS section of this adventure module for details), as well as a pair of *Bracers of Defense AC5*, a *Ring of Bladeturning*, and a *Ring of Protection +2*. He is aging gracefully and looks rather distinguished with the silver streaks at his temples and in his dark beard. He considers himself a gentleman and does not carry a weapon, feeling that to do so would be beneath the station of a true magi such as himself. Such rarefied opinions do not prevent him from enjoying the odd massacre now and again, of course. Few men are as covetous as he when it comes to magical items or forgotten lore.

**MAXIME DUBOIS** 10<sup>th</sup> level male Human Cleric of the Tumblebridge Hag, AC: 3 (+2 Chain Mail), MV: 12", HP: 38, THAC0 14 (varies from 12 to 10 with Winter's Kiss and Strength bonus), #AT: 1, DAM: 2-7/2-8+4+Special, SP: Fire Resistance, Spells remaining: *Cure Light Wounds (x2), Sanctuary, Aid (x2), Hold Person, Dispel Magic, Remove Curse, Cure Serious Wounds (x2), Frost Strike*. Maxime owns the weapon known as *Winter's Fury* and enjoys reminding his enemies of the bitterness of his goddess with its biting kiss. Additionally, he owns a suit of +2 *Chain Mail* made of the shattered holy symbols of clerics of all manner of faiths, a unique *Holy Symbol* that may summon an *Ice Storm*.

1/day, and 2 *Potions of Healing*. The High Priest of the Tumblebridge Hag in Dhavon looks as if he was cut from ice with his snow-white mane of long hair and skin so pale that it seems to glow in the darkness. Maxime enjoys murdering the holy men and women of all Avremier's gods and destroying or desecrating their most hallowed relics as a manner of aggrandizing his harsh goddess. But, then, killing a fighter or thief in cold blood never gets old for him, either.

## 15. THE DOOMED TIMBERLAND

The room beyond this door is dominated by a massive tree, which has somehow taken root through its stone floor and into the soil below it. That razed rock is covered by black and withered grass and fallen leaves from above, both long dead. The walls and the ceiling around the great timber are composed of the same stone that comprises the rest of the Wound in the World, though seemingly polished and clean. The air is fresh and has a natural and rather pleasant-smelling aroma to it. Behind the huge tree, at the rear of the room, the floor is ruined and a large pile of dirt and rocks lay in a circle in its leftmost corner.

The sole occupant of this chamber is the prison complex's longest-serving inmate, a **root kraken** that has lived for millennia within its expanse. In the time it has spent within the prison, the arboreal creature has very nearly engineered its escape from the impregnable confines around it by means of patient diligence. In order to perpetuate its survival, the Alchemical Emperor used his arcane might to make the room emulate a great forest at the edges of the Elemental Plane of Earth. So it was that radiance once streamed down upon it from a sun that never set and its root system was fed by potent and nourishing soil. In that time, the tree grew strong and mighty. However, the creature had no intention on remaining a prisoner forever. It began to dig its roots deep within the soil of the room, eventually finding its walls, close to the cell's door. From there, it burrowed forth into the hallway beyond and tasted its first breaths of freedom in years untold. The creature intended on growing upward from the corridor until it broke from beneath the ground, escaping the Wound in the World in such a way. Once the room was breached by the root kraken, the magic that supported the room's conjured environment failed, rendering it nothing more than a plain stone chamber. No longer was there sun or soil aplenty to be had and the tree began to languish within its cell. Unfortunately, it takes the passage of an extraordinary number of years for a plant to grow to the distance covered by the creature. By the time it managed to find the hallway past the door, the Alchemical Emperor had abandoned the prison, leaving its occupants to their own fates. So it was that he never knew that the room had failed and the tree was dying.

The landing of Crow Woman's Tear, however, proved the root kraken's saving grace. A pair of creatures came to the falling star and brought it inside the prison complex, taking it into the only room without a sealed door...the room in which the tree occupied. They dug out part of the floor in the corner of the chamber collapsed in the cataclysmic impact, making a lair for themselves, their young, and their new prize within its hollow. The root kraken left them in peace, allowing them to come and go with the knowledge that their activities might lead it to another opportunity to escape. But now, the plant is desperate. Bereft of sunlight and plentiful water, little is the time remaining in its life. So it is that

when the Player Characters encounter it, the thing will lash out at them violently in the hopes it can take from them what it needs. Of course, it is unlikely to be able to coax sunlight from their corpses, but no one ever said that tree-monsters were especially smart. And, anyway...one out of two isn't bad.

In the leftmost rear corner of the room, a substantial crevasse has been dug into the floor. Darkness looms within the hole, along with the scent of rotten meat and the gentle sounds of something immense growling to itself. The furrow cut into the floor leads to this hole, disappearing within.

**ROOT KRAKEN** AC: 1, MV: 9", HD: 12, HP: 84, #AT: 4, DAM: 2-7, SP: Acute Senses, Boulder Hurling, Earthquake, Lignification, Pollen Cloud, Vulnerability to Fire.

## 16. THE TENEBOUS FOYER

At the top of the stairs that ascend from the main body of the complex below the Wound in the World, a small landing stands before a door. Here, all is quiet and still. Absolutely no light exists in this small area, lending it a strange and eerie atmosphere, as if the shadows were possessed of weight and gravity.

Once, this antechamber was so profoundly illuminated that sight within its length was nearly impossible. After the arrival of The Fellowship of the Splintered Horn a day ago, however, it is exactly the opposite. The death of the creature that once lay imprisoned beyond the door utterly quenched the radiance that flowed forth through the portal, steeping it in absolute darkness. Though the environs might stoke the fears of Player Characters within the area, the landing and the shadows that occupy it are quite harmless.

## 17. THE BRILLIANT MENAGERIE

Beyond the door lies a perfect sphere. It is composed of a metallic substance that offers flawless reflections all across its surface, distorted cartoonishly by its curved contours. The air is utterly still, and footsteps within its expanse offer strange echoes that seem to dance about its hollow before dying to silence. It is completely empty.

This was once the cell of Jalrytha, Heart of All Light and Defender of the Meek: A creature akin to an angel that hailed from the Elemental Plane of Radiance. The reasons why the Alchemical Emperor imprisoned her have been lost to the sands of antiquity. In any case, such trivia amounts to little now. When The Fellowship of the Splintered Horn entered the room, a great battle ensued that saw the room's occupant felled by a *disintegrate* spell cast by that group's magus, The Keeper of Aribus' Lanthorn, Gerard D'Arnold. After the party of treasure hunters looted the room of its bounty (in the form of Jalrytha's potent magical blade), they fled its confines in favor of The Scoriceous Oubliette, where they met with a much more tragic outcome. Since their departure, however, the room has remained unoccupied.

The chamber itself once reflected the dazzling light reflected by Jalrytha's form in blazing, scintillating colors that threatened to overwhelm the senses of those within its volume. Now, devoid of that radiance, it is utterly dark. Even the barest bit of illumination brought within it is magnified a thousandfold, however, filling the room with startling brilliance. In the darkness, it seems a lonelier and emptier place than it was even when the desperate angelic

creature languished within its expanse.

## 18. THE HEART OF THE WORLD

A small landing exists at the bottom of the stairs that lead downward from the complex under the Wound in the World. Composed of dark stone, it looks much the same as any other part of the structure's composition.

However, as one draws nearer to the door at the rear of the area, the temperature within its bounds rises noticeably. The air within that small antechamber vaguely smells like something burning. Surrounding the portal itself, the rock is run through with tiny veins of glowing red that seem to pulse with heat and life like something living...and angry.

Once again, the environs of the landing betray that which lies beyond the door at its back. While the scent in the air is harmless, the veins that course the wall are not. These are actually threads of molten magma, barely held in abeyance by the magic that contains the occupant of the room beyond. Touching them disturbs this eldritch field momentarily, allowing a stream of the blood of the world to stream forth. A Player Character that frees the incredibly hot substance in such a manner must make a saving throw vs. paralyzation or be struck by a spray of magma, taking 3-18hp of damage (save vs dragon breath for half), in the process.

## 19. THE SCORIACEOUS OUBLIETTE

Beyond the doorway is a massive ocean of molten magma. To behold it in full is something like gazing into the exposed heart of a volcano. Great bubbles of the world's blood languidly rise to the surface of a sea of glowing orange, expanding slowly, then bursting into immense plumes of dark fumes. The temperature within the chamber is incredibly hot and the air is thick with smoke, heavy and black. It is both a terrifying and majestic vista, all at once.

In the center of the room floats a massive basalt island. Laying atop it is a creature that looks like a gigantic lion with the wings of an eagle upon its back. Its head is that of a beautiful woman's. Spark-shot smoke and scalding fumes rise from its form, gone a distorted blur from the incredible heat radiated by its body. The whole of her seems as if she is composed of smooth, volcanic glass, fractured into a multitude of glittering pieces by thin veins of the menacing glow of magma. With the door opened, she looks from her pedestal upon your number with mild interest.

Its occupant aside, entry into the room is perilous at best. Even momentary contact with molten magma is enough to cause a Player Character so unfortunate to touch it 3-18hp of damage (save vs dragon breath for half). Prolonged contact with the stuff inflicts 10-100hp (no save) of damage for each round of direct exposure to its incredibly hot substance. In addition, the toxic nature of the air within the room affects characters breathing it as if they had inhaled *dust of sneezing and choking*. Certainly, this is no place for the meek!

The creature relaxing upon the basalt island is a **pyroclastic sphinx** (see the **NEW MONSTERS** section of this adventure module for details) named Melindre. She was once very nearly royalty when

she dwelled upon the Elemental Plane of Magma, boasting the role of the Keeper-of-Secrets-Whispered-by-Fire to the Elemental Prince of Magma. The sole recipient of a truly staggering amount of cloistered mysteries, the Alchemical Emperor saw to her kidnapping from her home so that some bit of her vast knowledge might be shared to his ear. However, Melindre rebuffed his overtures to answer questions for him rather than her Lord Prince, infuriating him to no end. So it was that he deigned imprison her, turning the sphinx over to the tender mercies of the magi at his command - who tried for centuries upon end to pry her knowledge from her skull, her will regardless. The various, unspeakable tortures these monsters inflicted upon Melindre are best left to the imagination and ended up damaging her intellect gravely. She is now but a shadow of her magnificent self: A total *tabula rasa* who does not understand the reasons for her durance and is unable to do anything about it. Were it not for the terrifying power still at her command, even in such a state, she might be piteous.

When The Fellowship of the Splintered Horn entered her prison a day ago, they attacked her, hoping to subdue, interrogate, and eventually murder her. Though Melindre does not possess her complete faculties, she has had hundreds of years to learn the scope of her natural abilities and proved anything but a helpless target for their dark pleasure. The moment they visited violence upon her, the sphinx took Kathri Hearthsheart in her clutches and dove into the room's magma ocean, killing the thief instantly. The remainder of the Fellowship beat a hasty retreat when she used her mighty wings to splash torrents of the incandescent blood of the world in their direction and they have proven wise enough not to return.

Naturally, when the Player Characters enter the room, she will be most dubious regarding their intentions. Yet Melindre is still a sphinx and, as such, is a curious creature by nature. If they seem to approach her in a peaceful manner, she will extend a paw and use her abilities to raise a basalt bridge between the door and her island. She is quite lonely and very eager for their company, peppering them with all manner of questions as to their origins and interests. She will ask what even the most commonplace things they mention are like, potentially giving them a clue as to the state of her memory. Melindre is a bit shy and retreating (she was quite bookish, even before her maiming) and somewhat naïve. She has little interest in murdering the Player Characters, though she could do so quite easily, given the environment of her prison. She knows absolutely nothing of the Wound in the World or the complex beneath it (something that troubles her; she knows that she was once thought of as quite brilliant). If they can think of a way to free her from the chamber, Melindre will be quite grateful and will happily accompany them wherever they wish to go, particularly if someone evinces a desire to return her memory to her. In this case, she could quite easily prove a powerful ally for the Player Characters.

Of course, if they attack or threaten her, she will just as gladly destroy them all.

**MELINDRE, KEEPER-OF-SECRETS-  
WHISPERED-BY-FIRE** AC: -2, MV: 18"/30"  
(D), HD: 12, HP: 72, #AT: 2, DAM: 2-12/2-  
12, SP: Immunity to Fire & Lava,  
Regenerates 2/Round when in contact with  
Magma, Spells.

## Key to the Wound in the World, Level 2

### 20. FIFTEEN HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE

The rough-hewn tunnel opens up into a great cavern. Loose dirt and heavy stones are piled up on all sides of its area. The furrow in the floor from above leads its way down the length of the passage, and into the grotto terminating at last at its farthest reaches. There, a massive metal cylinder rests, larger by half than even a wealthy merchant's wagon. Two great mirrored fans jut forth from its top and many smaller spines stick out from it all the way down its body, until it ends in the form of a great iron spike.

To the left of the cylinder, two creatures lie intertwined. Possessed of jet black pelts that shine with a faint metallic sheen, each of them bears three heads: One of a panther, another of a dragon, and finally one of a bull. While one of them sleeps blissfully, the other is staring directly upon you, even as you enter the cavern. While the precise words it utters by way of its menacing hiss cannot be understood - their meaning is quite clear, the same.

The creatures that have laired within the cavern are a mated pair of **black chimerae**. It is they who are responsible for the presence of Crow Woman's Tear beneath the Wound in the World. They were not far from the falling star a fortnight ago when it landed in the hills of Wrenfall and were gripped by a strange compulsion to be near the celestial body and make it their own. So it was that they waited near the odd metallic cylinder until it was cool enough to touch, then dragged the thing as far into the nearby complex of caves (from their point of view) as was possible and hid it away with their greatest treasure - their three young that lay in the nest beneath their bellies and out of the sight of the Player Characters as they arrive in the cavern. They have remained there since coming into possession of the falling star, only occasionally leaving to win food and drink for themselves, basking in the soothing sensation that nearness to Crow Woman's Tear brings them. With this said, it is small wonder that the hungry chimerae will attack the Player Characters on sight in the defense of their home and many precious treasures.

**2 ADULT BLACK CHIMERAE** AC: 3, MV: 15"/18" (D), HD: 7+2, HP: 44 (each), #AT: 5, DAM: 1-3/1-3/2-8/2-7/2-12, SP: Displacement, Breath Weapons, Petrification.

**3 INFANT BLACK CHIMERAE** AC: 7, MV: 6", HD: 2, HP: 12 (each), #AT: 5, DAM: 1/1-1/4-1/4-1/6, SP: Displacement, Petrification.

### 21. CROW WOMAN'S TEAR

The inside of Crow Woman's Tear is a miracle of craftsmanship. It is completely composed of smooth metal and thin glass. Lights flicker across dark panes in glowing red symbols in many places within its belly. Writing etched into the substance of oddly-textured surfaces seems to be emblazoned here with a like frequency. None of it is script in a recognizable language. The whole of the air within the falling star smells unnaturally clean and is so cold that breath becomes frost

the moment it passes one's lips. It turns bared skin numb, making of it a bright crimson in an instant's exposure. It is an odd and alien place, made all the more so for the gentle chiming sounds that echo within its hollow and the repeated drone of voices without mouths that chant litanies in a haunting, calm gibberish. It feels like a place that should not been seen by the eyes of men.

Crow Woman's Tear is a satellite, stuck upon the black velvet fabric of the night sky long before the fundamental concepts of time, space, and proportion existed. The technology employed in its creation and the science that sees to its functionality are far beyond those currently possessed - and, indeed, that might ever be aspired to - by the races that dwell upon Avremier. The natural mysteries that might be unraveled through the study of the artifact by one as brilliant as Countess Illiandra stagger the imagination and have the potential to do no less than shake the entire firmament of the Avremier game setting forever. Perhaps, then, it is quite fortunate that the satellite incurred grievous damage in the course of its precipitous fall from the stars. The incredible cold within the confines of Crow Woman's Tear is created by its active fire suppression unit, which has filled it with a mist-like substance far colder than any temperature found in nature. The simple act of entering its confines is enough to incur 2-12hp of damage to exposed and unprotected flesh. Those touching metal surfaces in this environment take 3-18hp damage, in addition to any injury inflicted by the ambient clime. Aside of these effects, the satellite is perfectly safe to enter and can accommodate eight normal-sized humans searching its expanse quite comfortably.

Unfortunately, Player Characters doing so are unlikely to discover anything of any apparent use when examining the satellite's interior. The secrets revealed by Crow Woman's Tear will be gleaned over the course of many years of intensive study by the greatest minds inhabiting Avremier's vast landscape. That which will doubtlessly seem most interesting to those first exploring it will be the countless array of glass vials that line one whole of its walls. These sealed tubes are topped by lines of braided metal hose that whisk away their contents to some place hidden within the mechanical structure of Crow Woman's Tear by means of a powerful pump. Those of a scientific mien amongst the Player Characters will be able to identify the apparatus as some sort of dispersal system, meant to take the contents of the vials into a central tank, then externally disseminate them outside the satellite. Sadly, all but nine of the glass tubes have shattered in Crow Woman's Tear's tumble from the heavens, their contents spilled across its floor and ruined in a thin azure pool. Those that remain intact contain a liquid the color of a kindly summer sky. These undisturbed vials are easily pried from their housings in the satellite's walls and freed of the hoses attached to their tops. If their contents are drunk by members of any race, they find themselves invigorated at the genetic level by the thin, yet incredibly potent liquid. These individuals gain both 1d4hp and a +1 bonus to their prime requisite statistic (Charisma, if this is not applicable to that character's class) *permanently*.

Regardless of what transpires within Crow Woman's Tear, extracting the satellite from the Wound in the World will prove a labor worthy of true heroes. The space vehicle consists of several tons of metal, plastic, glass, and composite - enough that it was a struggle for two creatures with as much physical might at their disposal as black chimerae to take it to its current resting place. Wise Player Characters will likely resort to establishing a camp outside the fallen star and send word to Countess Illiandra - likely using Sir Gable as a proxy - that her prize has been secured and much assistance will be required to see to its safe return to her manor. Of course, Player Characters are anything but a predictable

lot and all manner of scenarios – ranging from the shrewd to the ridiculous – can be imagined regarding their treatment of the satellite once it has been safely brought under their control. Such affairs can become the basis for adventures in and of themselves. And then, there is the matter of the Wound in the World, itself. Adventurers worth their salt will be hard-pressed to resist the lure of challenge and potential riches to be found within its many yet-unexplored cells.

Indeed, even as the mystery of the fallen star is set to rest...their adventure might only be beginning.

## CREDITS

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Special thanks to David Hill. The flutterings of the Moth shall ever lead the inquisitive to the wondrous land that is Avremier. Thank you for giving the world your *magnum opus*.

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.

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## NEW MAGIC ITEMS

### Aribus' Lanthorn (Minor Artifact)

The deeds of the sorcerer Aribus Etritus require little introduction. Indeed, were the whole of his fabulous adventures and tales of his surpassing power to be recounted here, it might well require another entire tome to do such legends their due justice. Though accounts of the renowned magus' life suggest he was in possession of many differing magical items, clearly the chief of these was the enchanted lantern he is said to have carried. These accounts describe the beacon as being comprised of a single piece of wrought iron, intricately twisted and elegantly inlaid with gold and platinum. Its glass panes are so clear as it be utterly invisible to the naked eye. Even before it was bestowed with its great power, it was clearly the work of a master craftsman.

Aribus' Lanthorn possesses many differing powers. When it is lit, it bathes a 100' radius area in a brilliant and flawless radiance that dispels all *darkness* (of either a magical or natural nature) and *illusions* within that range. All *polymorphing* and *shapechanging* magics (to include those abilities of the druid class and were-creatures, and those of a like nature) are likewise neutralized and those creatures employing them are forced to return to their original forms while touched by the light of the Lanthorn. Three times per day, when held aloft and spun, Aribus' Lanthorn can produce dazzling beams of purest, blinding light - one for each character level possessed by he or she commanding the lamp - that unerringly strike out at the foes of the beacon's bearer. In game terms, these radiant shafts conform in all ways to the *magic missile* spell.

As a consequence of its ability to reveal all hidden things, the bearer of Aribus' Lanthorn is incapable of lying or uttering a falsehood of omission while the beacon is lit. Tales exist that suggest that those who have tried to do so in the past have been immolated in a blazing light by the artifact's power and utterly consumed. The veracity behind such claims is dubious, yet few readily volunteer to test it, the same.

### Gentle Sarina (Minor Artifact)

It is said in the *Libram of Wailing Squalls and Gales* that, when the djinn of the Elemental Plane of Air suffered as slaves under their hated efreet masters, it was but a mere child of a genie from the humblest of roots that would prove their savior. Her name was Amaya and by bringing hope to her subjugated folk, the djinn were able to overthrow their masters, sending them fleeing for the safety of Elemental Fire and reclaiming their freedom in the process. This is how she became known as Saoshyant to the Devout amongst those to whom the sky is a birthright and, eventually, ascended to the station of Princess of the Four Winds of All Worlds.

Throughout the many harrows Amaya is said to have endured, a constant companion stood steadfast at her side. This was the doll given to her by her mother upon the day of her birth, stitched from cloth and yarn so as to resemble a smiling woman, dressed in the traditional garb of the djinn. Old and tattered, fraying at its ends, the plaything was remarkably ordinary and hardly the work of any craftsman of note, yet Amaya loved it with all her heart and carried it with her even as she stared the Smoldering King in the eye and demanded he release his hold over her people. She called this doll *Gentle Sarina* for the perpetual and ever-peaceful smile on her face. In the passages of the *Libram*, it is said that Amaya filled her doll with the kind of love and belief that can be found only in the heart of a child and, as the djinn began to likewise give their belief over to their Saoshyant, so the power within *Gentle Sarina* swelled impossibly great. The text of her tale suggests that it is that rare type of magic invested in the doll that protected her from the

incomprehensible might of the Smoldering King's rages. It describes the manner in which the fires that raged about her grew ever more cataclysmic in scope as he found it impossible to immolate her alive until at last the incandescent tyrant burned himself out to a impotent cinder. With the dying of his flame, Amaya and *Gentle Sarina* stood amongst the ashes untouched - and the efreet king had been defeated.

Yet, the efreet would have their revenge. When the Saoshyant of the Devout's beloved doll was stolen from her by a mysterious agent of the burning folk known as the Invisible Fire, the theft is said to have steeped the greatest religious figure in the history of the djinn into a terrible melancholy. The priceless - if tattered - doll was never seen again.

Whomever holds *Gentle Sarina* enjoys a sovereign protection. Any opponent must make a saving throw versus magic at a -6 penalty in order to strike or otherwise attack him or her. If the saving throw is not made, the creature will attack another and totally ignore the individual protected by the doll's power. If the saving throw is made, the doll's bearer is subject to the standard attack process including dicing for weapons to hit, saving throws, and damage. Unlike the protection offered by spells such as *sanctuary*, *Gentle Sarina* completely prevents the operation of area attacks (*fireball*, *ice storm*, etc.) from functioning against the doll's bearer. Such attacks still take effect, but they (and their associated effects, such as smoke, ice, or fire that might engulf the environment around them) simply fail to touch the one holding the plaything, as if they did not exist. They stand, essentially, in a magically-induced "eye of the hurricane".

While protected by *Gentle Sarina*, its bearer cannot take offensive action, but he or she may move freely, heal wounds, use non-attack spells, or otherwise act in any way which does not violate this prohibition. Should the doll's bearer take offensive action while in possession of *Gentle Sarina*, its protection ceases immediately and will not function again until it is touched by the first light of dawn and the fresh air of the open sky. It is suggested in the pages of the *Libram of Wailing Squalls and Gales* that those of an especially violent or evil mien find it impossible to enjoy *Gentle Sarina*'s protection, as hearts dedicated to strife and woe cannot hope to yield the type of love and belief that stokes the boundless power held within the form of the tattered old doll.

### Kaleidoscope

This weapon appears as a finely-crafted steel bastard sword, polished to a mirror's shine. Its razor-sharp edges and spherical, *glassteel* pommel both shine with the rainbow sheen of oil upon water or the glint of sunshine upon a soap bubble. Its hilt is wrapped in thin wire that appears to be grey at first blush, but upon closer inspection can be seen to be comprised of every color imaginable, blurring together homogeneously when only glanced upon. These are the only visible clues to the nature of the extraordinary power contained within its substance. This is the weapon known as *Kaleidoscope*: Forged upon the Elemental Plane of Radiance for one of the mightiest champions ever to hail from that dazzling and illuminated place. It is a +5 weapon that, while possessed of the physical dimensions of a bastard sword, can be swung with the ease and speed of a dagger. When its wielder rolls a natural 20 to strike an opponent, it visits upon their foe an effect identical in all ways to a *prismatic spray*.

### Ring of Commanding Elementals (Smoke)

Appearing as a simple loop of silver with a tarnish that cannot be polished away, set with a flawless round black onyx stone, it is thought that there may be but one of these rings in existence. No

one is certain who is responsible for its creation or for what purpose it was originally forged. When worn, Smoke Elementals cannot approach within 5' or attack the wearer of the ring. If the wearer desires, he or she may forgo this protection and instead attempt to *charm* the creature (saving throw applicable at -2 on the die). If the latter fails, however, total protection is lost and no further attempt at charming can be made. Other creatures native to the Elemental Plane of Smoke attack the wearer at -1 on their "to-hit" die. Further, the ring wearer takes damage from such creatures at -1 on each hit die, making applicable saving throws from their attacks at +2. All the ring wearer's attacks against these sorts of creatures gain a +4 bonus "to-hit" (or -4 on the elemental creature's saving throw) and do +6 damage to them, adjusted by any other applicable bonuses and/or penalties. Any weapon used by the ring wearer can hit Smoke Elementals or creatures of Elemental Smoke, even if it is not magical. Additionally, the wearer of the ring is able to converse with Smoke Elementals or creatures of Elemental Smoke. They will recognize that he or she wears the ring and will afford them a healthy respect. If the alignments of wearer and creature are opposed, this respect will be manifested as *fear* if the wearer is strong, *hatred* and a *desire to slay* if the wearer is weak.

*The Ring of Commanding Elementals (Smoke)* can produce the following effects, one at a time:

- *smoke cloud* (as *fog cloud*; once per round)
- *fly* (at will)
- *pyrotechnics* (three times per day)
- *invisibility* (at will)
- *smokeform* (as *wraithform*; once per day)

The possessor of the *Ring of Commanding Elementals (Smoke)* suffers a -2 saving throw penalty against elemental earth or elemental water-based attacks. The ring appears to be nothing more than a typical *invisibility* ring until some certain condition established by the Game Master (such as slaying a Smoke Elemental or steeping it in the substance of the Elemental Plane of Smoke) is met.

## NEW MONSTERS

### BREATHSTEALER

FREQUENCY:	<i>Very rare</i>
NO. APPEARING:	1-4
ARMOR CLASS:	0
MOVE:	<i>Nil / 18" (MC: B)</i>
HIT DICE:	5
% IN LAIR:	<i>Nil</i>
TREASURE TYPE:	<i>Nil</i>
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	2-16
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	<i>See below</i>
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	<i>See below</i>
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	<i>Standard</i>
INTELLIGENCE:	<i>Semi-intelligent</i>
ALIGNMENT:	<i>Chaotic evil</i>
SIZE:	<i>S</i>
LEVEL/XP VALUE:	<i>VII / 825 + 10 / hp</i>

Breathstealers are creatures native to the Elemental Place of Smoke. Possessed of little substance – but an unending desire to murder the living by replacing the precious air in their lungs with their volume – they are rightly feared by all those that know of their existence and require respiration to perpetuate life. These horrors appear as darksome wisps of smoke, coursing the obscuring environs of their native plane like ill and malicious zephyrs within the roiling mass of a looming, ebon storm.

A breathstealer possesses almost no mass, and so, it is incapable of doing physical damage to those with tangible forms. Instead, they attack their prey by choking them, forcing themselves down the noses and throats of these victims until they can no longer breathe and die from asphyxiation. They are able to do this with frightening swiftness and effectiveness and when they successfully attack an opponent, this assault upon their respiratory system does 2-16hp of damage to their foes. Once such an attack is scored, their prey immediately begins to suffocate, continuing to live only as long as they are able to hold their breath. Perhaps most horrifying of all, once they have killed a victim in such a way, they are able to expand themselves in such a way to conduct their bodies as a warrior wears a suit of armor. They do this in a clumsy manner, performing any action they undertake in such a way at a -4 penalty, but depending upon the equipment possessed by those whom they motivate in such a way, this can make them incredibly fearsome opponents. Strikes against a body conducted by a breathstealer do no damage to the creature within its lungs and, indeed, the terrifying smoke elementals seem to take some dark delight at the notion that they often cause others around them to hack a trusted friend or loved one to bits simply to get at that which possesses them.

Because of a breathstealer's nearly intangible form, +1 or better weapons are required simply to strike them. All other weapons simply pass directly through them harmlessly. Likewise, most spells fail to affect them in any way. *Aerial servants*, *conjured air elementals*, and *dust devils* can affect them as per the description of the spell. *Control winds* or *pyrotechnics* spells cast upon a breathstealer allow the caster to move them about at will for the duration of the spell as if by *telekinesis*. *Wind wall* spells keep breathstealers at bay for the entire duration of the spell. *Zephyr* spells cast upon a breathstealer inflict 3-30hp damage upon the creature and force them to make a saving throw vs. spells or be sent back to their native plane. *Air walk*, *gust of wind* or *wind walk* spells kill a breathstealer utterly without the benefit of a saving throw.

### HURRICRANE

FREQUENCY:	<i>Very rare</i>
NO. APPEARING:	2-40
ARMOR CLASS:	4
MOVE:	6" / 120" (MC: D)
HIT DICE:	3
% IN LAIR:	65%
TREASURE TYPE:	<i>R</i>
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-10 or 1-6
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	<i>Create Hurricane</i>
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	<i>None</i>
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	<i>Standard</i>
INTELLIGENCE:	<i>Animal</i>
ALIGNMENT:	<i>Neutral</i>
SIZE:	<i>L (8' tall)</i>
LEVEL/XP VALUE:	<i>IV / 120 + 3 / hp</i>

Hurricrane are a rare sort of avian native to the Elemental Plane of Air. Tall, slender, and regal, they appear quite similar to the cranes found upon the Prime Material Plane. If those *gruidae* can be said to be commoners, however, Hurricrane are kings and queens, princes and princesses amongst birds. They are ever stately and graceful and boast plumage of such flawless white color that they seem to shine like silver under the daytime sun.

It is quite possible that no bird is capable of flying as swiftly as the Hurricrane. They are so fast that their passage through the endless skies of the Elemental Plane of Air often renders them little more than shimmering, pale blurs across those fields of forever-blue. Though they are not aggressive animals by nature, when forced to defend themselves, they utilize their blinding speed to its maximum effect, making white strokes of lightning of themselves that strike their attackers for 1-10hp of damage. Alternatively, a single Hurricrane is capable of flying in a tight circle that whips up a whirlwind sufficient to deal 1-6hp of damage. Though these avians are at their most breathtaking when flying *en masse* in large flocks, this is also when they are at their most dangerous. When in such groups, they are capable of generating windstorms of truly terrifying force. For every three Hurricrane in a flock, the damage they deal when creating their whirlwinds grows by 1d6. For example, a group of the birds 13 strong would be able to create a hurricane capable of inflicting 4d6 damage to those caught within its winds. When such a whirlwind reaches 7d6 strength or greater, it instantly kills any non-avian creature of 2HD or less caught within such a maelstrom. While of a generally gentle demeanor, Hurricrane are known to create such windstorms during their mating season or when at play, so they often unintentionally wreak much havoc.

Hurricrane are known to be attracted to shiny objects such as precious metals and jewelry, lining their nests with such prizes in order to attract mates.

### PYROCLASTIC SPHINX

FREQUENCY:	<i>Very rare</i>
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	-2
MOVE:	18" / 30" (MC: D)
HIT DICE:	12
% IN LAIR:	75%
TREASURE TYPE:	<i>R, X</i>
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	2-12 / 2-12
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	<i>See below</i>
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	<i>See below</i>
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	<i>Standard</i>
INTELLIGENCE:	<i>Genius (sometimes Supra-Genius)</i>
ALIGNMENT:	<i>Neutral</i>
SIZE:	<i>L (8' tall)</i>
LEVEL/XP VALUE:	<i>VIII / 2850 + 16 / hp</i>

Native specifically to the Elemental Plane of Magma is the Pyroclastic Sphinx. These creatures appear as a winged lioness composed of volcanic obsidian with the head of a human woman, shot through with glowing veins of superhot lava that pulse and flow as does the lifeblood of the world, far beneath its crust. Smoke and steam rises from her body for its merest interaction with the natural world.

As the Prime Material Plane has its own sphinxes, so too is the Elemental Plane of Magma possessed of counterparts to these powerful and enigmatic creatures. These are the pyroclastic sphinxes and they are every bit as knowledgeable and wise as their counterparts in other realms of existence. They are of a neutral mien, ever-calm and above the common fray, and so if they are approached with peace, they are often willing to exchange gems and other sorts of wealth resistant to the conditions in their native plane for their aid or for the uniquesuch and singular information they collect over the span of a lifetime of untold millennia. In some cases, however, pyroclastic sphinxes are willing to offer such benisons in return for especially rare riddles, poetry, prose, or knowledge. If such payment is not tendered, the sphinx will not hesitate to devour those offender(s) with the temerity to deny them their due.

A pyroclastic sphinx is able to use the following spells once per day: *Detect magic, read magic, detect invisible, locate object, dispel magic, clairaudience, clairvoyance, remove curse, and legend lore*. They can use each of the *symbols* once per week each. Pyroclastic sphinxes are completely immune to fire, lava, and smoke. Touching their smoldering bodies brings with it peril; those that do so suffer 2-12 hp damage (save vs. dragon breath for half) for each round they remain in contact with the creature. Pyroclastic sphinxes are able to draw nurturing subsistence from magma and their bodies regenerate 2hp each round, provided they are able to remain in direct contact with it.

It is said that pyroclastic sphinxes have a particular gift for language, both spoken and written, and may read, speak, and write any language in existence with perfect fluency. Purportedly, it is theirs to understand everything that has ever swum within the burning blood of the world and it is because of this legend that most who search out pyroclastic sphinxes do so. From the first moments of Avremier's birth to the complete histories of everything consumed in its most recent volcanic eruption, if these tales are even close to true, then their knowledge is a profound treasure beyond easy reckoning, indeed.

### KSATRIYA-SHAHDOKHT SORAYA, THE SOVEREIGN

EFFLORESCENT ( <i>Princess of Evil Salt Creatures</i> )	<i>SORAYA, THE SOVEREIGN</i>
FREQUENCY:	<i>Very rare</i>
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	-5
MOVE:	9"
HIT DICE:	24 (101 hit points)
% IN LAIR:	65% (normally; now, 0%)
TREASURE TYPE:	<i>H, U, Z</i>
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2 or 1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	4-40 / 4-40 or 6-36+16+Special
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	<i>Desiccation, Spell-Like Abilities</i>
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	<i>See below</i>
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	85%
INTELLIGENCE:	<i>Genius</i>
ALIGNMENT:	<i>Neutral evil</i>
SIZE:	<i>L (70' tall)</i>
LEVEL/XP VALUE:	<i>X / 39,450 (for Material Form)</i>

Those who are the Princes and Princesses of evil elemental creatures are powerful beings whose principal areas of domination are on the various Elemental Planes, but who also have many followers on the Prime Material Plane. They are often at odds with one another (mainly through the actions of their underlings and chosen intermediaries) as befits the character of the elements they represent and as dictates each one's individual wont.

Soraya, who is the Princess and Ksatriya-Shahdokht of all Evil Salt Creatures, appears as a 70' tall woman of breathtaking beauty composed completely of naturally-occurring salt. The composition of her body is such that all creatures within 15' of her suffer 1-6hp of damage, as the moisture is stolen from their bodies (while some non-water based creatures might be immune to this effect, there is typically no saving throw against it). Creatures susceptible to such injury that come into direct contact with her suffer 2-12hp of damage, regardless of how briefly they might touch her. She attacks either with her two mighty fists or her 100' tall two-handed sword, *The Blade Brackish*. The terrible and legendary weapon is +5 to hit and damage, in addition to the Elemental Princess' +11 strength-based damage bonus, and it desiccates all water-based opponents that it successfully strikes. Such individuals are forced to make a saving throw vs. spells: Success means they suffer 1-10hp of damage as the moisture is wrenching from their bodies, while failure results in instant death, leaving their corpses little more than dried and shriveled husks before her. The Ksatriya-Shahdokht can only be damaged by +3 or better weapons.

As the Princess of Evil Creatures of Salt, Soraya may summon one of the following groups once per day: 1-4 salt elementals, 1-4 salt giants, or 2-8 salt mephits (though her ability to summon such abilities do not function while she is trapped in her prison beneath the Wound in the World). Her royal station also affords her the ability to *detect invisible, dispel magic* (at 24th level of ability), see with *infravision* (duration one day), *know alignment, implant a suggestion* (duration 12 hours), and *teleport without error*, all at will. She furthermore possesses a special telepathic power which enables her to understand and converse with any intelligent creature. Finally, three times per day, she can *hold person*, produce a triple-strength *wall of salt* (as stone), *read languages or magic*, and cast a *salt storm* (as ice) of 4-40 points; once per day she can project a *cone of salt* (as cold) for 15d6hp of damage and *telekinese* 6,000 gold pieces weight. She may *grant another's wish* three times, after which, this ability ceases to function for that given individual.

Water attacks against Soraya are at +2 hit probability (if applicable) and inflict an additional point of damage per attack die against her person. Salt-based attacks heal her in an amount equal to the intended damage, up to but not exceeding her maximum total.

Moisture draining attacks do not affect her at all, nor do poisons or effects that would turn her to stone.

Previous to her imprisonment beneath the Wound in the World, the Princess of Elemental Salt dwelt in a massive, effloresced castle upon the Elemental Plane of Salt, situated at the juncture of the Elemental Plane of Water and the Negative Material Plane.

## Pregenerated Characters

Player Name:

Character Name: Aerathis Talindri

Race / Gender: Cyr Male

Level / Class: 4<sup>th</sup> level Bard (5<sup>th</sup> level Fighter / 5<sup>th</sup> level Thief)

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Strength:	15	TH Bonus: ±0	Dam. Bonus: ±0	Op. Doors: On 1-2	B. Bars: 7%
Intelligence:	17	6 Additional Languages Known			
Wisdom:	15	Magical Attack Adjustment: +1			
Dexterity:	12	Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0			
Constitution:	15	Defensive Adjust.: ±0			
Charisma:	18	Hit Point Adjustment: +1			
		System Shock: 91%			
		Reaction Adjustment: +35%			

Armor Class: 3 (Anfae Chain Mail +2)

Hit Points: 84

Movement Base: 12"

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

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 13

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

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2

Languages Known: Anfae, Bücca, Dhavonish, Ilfae, High Delvish, Urfae, Volgate

Saving Throws	
Paralyzation:	9
Petrification:	11
Rods/Staves/Wands:	12
Breath Weapon:	13
Spells:	14

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Longsword +3 "Frost Brand"</i> : +6 against fire-based creatures. Acts as <i>ring of fire resistance</i> . 50% chance to extinguish fires when thrust within them	<i>Infravision: 60'</i> ; <i>Resistance to Sleep &amp; Charm: 90%</i> ; +1 <i>To Hit with Bows &amp; 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>Leather Armor +2, French Horn of Blasting, Potion of Water Breathing.</i>	<p><b>Thieving Abilities:</b>  <i>Pick Pockets: 55%; Open Locks: 37%; Find/Remove Traps: 40%; Move Silently: 52%; Hide in Shadows: 41%; Hear Noise: 25%; Climb Walls: 92%; Read Languages: 25%.</i> May <i>backstab</i> opponents for x3 weapon damage.</p> <p><b>Bardic Abilities:</b>  <i>Horn of Blasting: 50% greater damage; Charm: 24%; Legend Lore: 10%.</i></p>

<b>Gold &amp; Wealth:</b> 57gp.	<b>Experience Gained:</b> 0
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**Special Notes:** Aerathis Talindri was born in Ciderfell in the County of Brising. A sellsword and a treasure hunter as a young Cyr, he learned early in his travels that the finding of valuable loot did not nearly quicken the pace of his blood as much as did learning the histories and origins from which the baubles he won came. So it was that, as he gained in experience and knowledge, he devoted himself over to the way of fable and legend found in the life of a bard. He has only come to regret the decision once. Aerathis was in love with a beautiful Cyr that lived in Brising, who he had known since his childhood. After each of his fabulous adventures, he would come home to her and since her the songs of his various adventures. Three years ago, they decided that they would be married come the next spring. Happily, Aerathis went forth on what he expected might be his last expedition, along with a group led by the renowned Highdeler thrill-seeker, Kraga Gloomslough. When he returned, however, he found that his sweetheart had been murdered and her body burned in the heart of her house, set aflame. Witnesses to the killing named her slayer as the wicked Lord Sebastian L'Étoile. In the process of Aerathis' singing to his beloved, he had given her an inestimable trove of the land's lore. The Armiger of the Wyvern Court had taken it from her.

Now, Aerathis travels Dhavon as a broken Cyr. Overcome by a terrible melancholy, he walks the land in search of wonders that might stoke fire once more to his broken heart. So far, he was found nothing of the kind of magnificence he once beheld in the eyes of his beloved.

Player Name:

Character Name: Resklaín, The Azure Sorcerer

Race / Gender: Cyr Male

Level / Class: 9<sup>th</sup> level Magic User

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Strength:	10	TH Bonus: ±0	Dam. Bonus: ±0	Op. Doors: On 1-2	B. Bars: 2%
Intelligence:	18	7 Additional Languages Known			
Wisdom:	15	Magical Attack Adjustment: +1			
Dexterity:	16	Reaction / Attack Adjust.: +1			
Constitution:	11	Defensive Adjust.: -2			
Charisma:	14	Hit Point Adjustment: ±0			
		System Shock: 75%			
		Reaction Adjustment: +10%			

Armor Class: 2 (Bracers of Defense AC5, Cloak of Protection +2, Dexterity Bonus)

Hit Points: 35

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Quarterstaff (Space Required: 3, Speed Factor: 4)

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 19

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

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -5

Languages Known: Anfae, Bücca, Dhavonish, Ilfae, High Delvish, Oni, Volgate

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

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Faewand:</i> Couples the abilities of a Wand of Enemy Detection, a Wand of Illusion, and a Wand of Polymorph 32 charges remain.	<i>Infravision:</i> 60'; <i>Resistance to Sleep &amp; Charm:</i> 90%; +1 <i>To Hit with Bows &amp; 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>Bracers of Defense, AC5, Cloak of Protection +2, Iridescent Spindle Ioun Stone, Potion of Water Breathing.</i>	Spells Memorized (4/3/3/2/1): 1 <sup>st</sup> : <i>Charm Person, Magic Missile (x2), Sleep, 2<sup>nd</sup>: ESP, Invisibility, Web, 3<sup>rd</sup>: Dispel Magic, Fly, Haste, 4<sup>th</sup>: Charm Monster, Dimension Door, 5<sup>th</sup>: Cone of Cold.</i>

<b>Gold &amp; Wealth:</b> 3gp.	<b>Experience Gained:</b> 0
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**Special Notes:** Though the folk native to Avremier often view humanity as a collection of violent and unwanted interlopers upon the face of their world, Reskláin is not one possessed of such an opinion. Born in a small Cyr town in what is now the County of Nedrae, he looks upon the human visitors to his homeland as worthy of his pity as they bumble through their brief lives, trying and often failing in an attempt to adjust to their adopted world. Such folk need a champion and a steward to help guide and protect them if they are ever to live in harmony with Avremier – and Reskláin considers it his solemn duty to be such a hero. He travels Dhavon far and wide to pacify the lands nearest to human settlement to make those places safe for the world's new guests, visiting its hidden and harrowing places in order to lay claim to its most potent and dangerous magical items and artifacts and hiding them away so that mankind cannot mistakenly bring about their undoing with them.

While he is famous amongst humans for his kindly manner and mission, these things have likewise made him many enemies of his amongst Avremier's natives, as well. No few of his fellow Cyr have turned their backs on him for his opinion, some of which he once considered close friends. Perhaps none hates him so much as the legendary Oni warrior Yasunori, though. After Resklaín came to the rescue of the mannish heroines Jacqueline DuMont and Elisa Marleau when that terrible personage was about to visit their end upon them, she vowed that she would one day see the Cyr dead at her feet. He smiles when he thinks about the silver scar he drew across her brow during their encounter and looks forward to their next meeting with relish.

Player Name:

Character Name: Kraga Gloomslough

Race / Gender: Highdelper Female

Level / Class: 7<sup>th</sup> level Fighter / 7<sup>th</sup> level Thief

Alignment: Lawful Neutral

Strength:	16	TH Bonus: ±0	Dam. Bonus: +1	Op. Doors: On 1-3	B. Bars: 10%
Intelligence:	10	2 Additional Languages Known			
Wisdom:	9	Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0			
Dexterity:	17	Reaction / Attack Adjust.: +2			
Constitution:	16	Defensive Adjust.: -3			
Charisma:	15	Hit Point Adjustment: +2			
		System Shock: 95%			
		Reaction Adjustment: +15%			

Armor Class: 3 (Leather Armor +2, Dexterity Bonus)

Hit Points: 74

Movement Base: 6"

Weapon in Hand: Hand Axe +2 (Space Required: 1, Speed Factor: 4)

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 12

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

Attacks Per Round: 3/2

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2

Languages Known: Anfae, Bücca, Dhavonish, High Delvish

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

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Hand Axe +2, "The Seer"</i> : Allows its wielder the equivalent of the <i>true seeing</i> spell, 1/day. Effect lasts for 10 consecutive rounds.	<i>Infravision</i> : 60'; <i>Detect grade or slope in passage</i> : 75%; <i>Detect new construction</i> : 75%; <i>Detect sliding or shifting walls or rooms</i> : 66%; <i>Detect traps involving pits, falling blocks or other stonework</i> : 50%; <i>Determine approximate depth underground</i> : 50%. Attacks vs. Goblins or Hobgoblins are +1 To Hit. Attacks from Ogres, Trolls, Ogre Magi, Giants, or Titans are at -4 To Hit. Saves vs. Fire-Based Attacks are as 12 <sup>th</sup> level Fighter.
Other Magic Items	Spells & Special Class Abilities
<i>Leather Armor +2, Pale Lavender Ellipsoid Ioun Stone, Oil of Sharpness +3, Potion of Flying, Potion of Invisibility</i> .	Thieving Abilities: <i>Pick Pockets</i> : 65%; <i>Open Locks</i> : 72%; <i>Find/Remove Traps</i> : 65%; <i>Move Silently</i> : 60%; <i>Hide in Shadows</i> : 48%; <i>Hear Noise</i> : 25%; <i>Climb Walls</i> : 84%; <i>Read Languages</i> : 30%. May <i>backstab</i> opponents for x3 weapon damage.

<b>Gold &amp; Wealth:</b> 57gp.	<b>Experience Gained:</b> 0
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**Special Notes:** Kruga was born in the hills of the County of Leigh, the daughter of a pair of famous adventurers. Surrounded by tales of their exploits throughout her life, she craved an exciting life in which she might follow their footsteps and one day surpass even their considerable achievements. So it was that she set off for a life as an explorer as soon as she was able, joining an adventuring company with her childhood friend, Jorin Deepforge. Though that band did not remain together for long, the experiences she enjoyed amongst them was everything she dreamed they might be and she soon set off for the mysterious and unknown once again.

Kraga is an adrenaline junkie. She enjoys new experiences – the more dangerous, the better. This mien has nearly led her to disaster more times than she can count, but she has always emerged from her travails unscathed. This lucky streak has nearly come to an end several times in the last year, but she continues to adventure undaunted, always leaving laughter behind her as she escapes come ironclad deathtrap none the worse for wear.

Player Name:

Character Name: Jorin Deepforge

Race / Gender: Highdeler Male

Level / Class: 9<sup>th</sup> level Fighter

Alignment: Lawful Neutral

Strength:	18/64%	TH Bonus: +2	Dam. Bonus: +3	Op. Doors: On 1-4	B. Bars: 24%
Intelligence:	16	5 Additional Languages Known			
Wisdom:	10	Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0			
Dexterity:	16	Reaction / Attack Adjust.: +1			
Constitution:	17	Defensive Adjust.: -2			
Charisma:	15	Hit Point Adjustment: +3			
		System Shock: 97%			
		Reaction Adjustment: +15%			

Armor Class: 1 (Plate Mail Armor +2, Dexterity Bonus)

Hit Points: 101

Movement Base: 6"

Weapon in Hand: Battleaxe of Speed +2 (Space Required: 4, Speed Factor: 1)

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 8

Weapon Damage Base: 1-8

Attacks Per Round: 2

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2

Languages Known: Anfae, Dhavonish, High Delvish, Ilfae, Raska

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

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Battleaxe of Speed +2, "Swift Reaver".</i> Always makes the first attack in a melee round, even though some magical effect might have otherwise slowed its wielder's speed and reaction time. This initial attack will come in the first segment of the round, ahead of any other action that may also take place in that segment. The weapon also allows more than one strike in some rounds; it increases the wielder's figure for attacks per melee round by one place, so that if 1 attack is normal, the improved figure is 3/2, and if 3/2 is normal, then the improvement is to 2 attacks per round. This increase in attacks is cumulative with any other bonus attacks (such as those provided by a <i>haste</i> spell).	<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. Goblins or Hobgoblins are +1 To Hit. Attacks from Ogres, Trolls, Ogre Magi, Giants, or Titans are at -4 To Hit. Saves vs. Fire-Based Attacks are as 12 <sup>th</sup> level Fighter.
Other Magic Items	
<i>Plate Mail Armor +2, Hat of Disguise, Potion of Gaseous Form, Potion of Water Breathing.</i>	Spells & Special Class Abilities
	None.

<b>Gold &amp; Wealth:</b> 97gp.	<b>Experience Gained:</b> 0
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**Special Notes:** Jorin hails from a community of Highdelves in Grim Redoubt in the County of Nolfast. After making a name for himself as an adventurer in Dhavon, Jorin made a discovery about himself: Even more than the thrill of combat and swordplay, he enjoyed exploring long-forgotten ruins, uncovering the legacies of cultures thought extinct, and returning to civilization with the priceless treasures found on the course of his journeys and bringing to light their significance to Avremier's mysterious prehistory. Over the course of the last decade, he has worked as an agent for the University of Darkhessa doing exactly these sorts of things, acting as a trusted fellow and professional explorer on behalf of the institution, where many of the relics he has won in his career remain on display.

In the last year, Jorin has made the acquaintance of Damon Farwanderer – said to be the greatest mannish guide of the age – when he traveled forth in search of the Drowned City of Masrandel. Though the both of them nearly died when his arch-enemy – Gerard D'Arnold, the Keeper of Aribus' Lanthorn – trapped them within the Joten-King's interdicted throne room, rapidly filling with sea water, the adventure won the renowned explorer his mighty axe, *Swift Reaver*. It also did little to sate his thirst for adventure and knowledge, which remains an almost unquenchable compulsion.

Player Name:

Character Name: Andreas Du Sombreville, The Black Rose

Race / Gender: Human Male

Level / Class: 9<sup>th</sup> level Assassin

Alignment: Lawful Evil

Strength:	15	TH Bonus: ±0	Dam. Bonus: ±0	Op. Doors: On 1-2	B. Bars: 7%
Intelligence:	14	4 Additional Languages Known			
Wisdom:	10	Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0			
Dexterity:	16	Reaction / Attack Adjust.: +1			
Constitution:	16	Defensive Adjust.: -2			
Charisma:	9	Hit Point Adjustment: +2			
		System Shock: 95%			
		Reaction Adjustment: ±0%			

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

Hit Points: 64

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Short Bow

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 12 (with Short Bow) or 14 (with Rope)

Weapon Damage Base: 1-6 or 2-12

Attacks Per Round: 2 or 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -3

Languages Known: Anfae, Bücca, Dhavonish, High Delvish, Thieves' Cant.

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

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Woven Fiend.</i> This specialized Woven Friend is a 50' length of silk rope that can be commanded 3/day to double (1 use) or triple (2 uses) its length. It can become invisible 1/day. Otherwise, it functions as a <i>rope of climbing</i> . The rope has been trained to assist its user when employed as a garotte, striking at +2 in such instances, then acting as a <i>rope of constriction</i> upon its victims.	None.
Other Magic Items	
<i>Short Bow +3, Leather Armor +2, Potion of Diminution, Potion of Invisibility, Potion of Poison (x3).</i>	<p><b>Spells &amp; Special Class Abilities</b></p> <p>May use poison. May disguise. May assassinate victims, if they successfully surprise them.</p> <p>Thieving Abilities:  <i>Pick Pockets:</i> 60%; <i>Open Locks:</i> 57%; <i>Find/Remove Traps:</i> 50%;  <i>Move Silently:</i> 55%; <i>Hide in Shadows:</i> 43%; <i>Hear Noise:</i> 25%;  <i>Climb Walls:</i> 94%; <i>Read Languages:</i> 35%.</p>

<b>Gold &amp; Wealth:</b> 13gp.	<b>Experience Gained:</b> 0
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**Special Notes:** Cloaked in mystery, few can truly claim to know the man called The Black Rose well. Still fewer can call him a friend. Yet all that know of his deeds either through the many legends told of him or by first-hand experience can attest to his incredible puissance as a murderer and - though it might seem confusing on its face - to his dedication as a defender of humanity.

It is thought that Andreas Du Sombreville was born in a small town in the County of Falushai that was destroyed by elemental fire when he was but a child. The experience indelibly scarred him and, as he grew up in an orphanage in Iruhaven, he swore that he would make himself strong enough to kill the monsters that destroyed his family and home - so that no one would ever have to suffer as he did. None knows how he came to gain the skills he possesses as an assassin, nor do they know how he arrived upon his signature of leaving a handful of black rose petals upon the bodies of those he slays. All that can be said for certain is that he emerged a decade ago, roaming the Dhavonish countryside, moving from village to village at the hinterlands of the land's mannish occupation. Clad all in black, he would appear at those settlements plagued by unspeakable monsters and offer to put an end to their fear and restore peace to the land...for a modest fee. In this acumen, the Black Rose was never known to fail - and many are those hamlets and towns that owe their continued existence to the assassin. In this way, he continues to operate, making a vast fortune for ridding the world of its greatest terrors. And for his presence, the mannish folk of Dhavon sleep much more soundly, come the nightfall.

Player Name:

Character Name: Camille Lisandre, The Living Mosaic

Race / Gender: Human Female

Level / Class: 7<sup>th</sup> level Cleric of the Patchwork Man / 7<sup>th</sup> level Magic-User

Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

Strength:	10	TH Bonus: ±0	Dam. Bonus: ±0	Op. Doors: On 1-2	B. Bars: 2%
Intelligence:	17	6 Additional Languages Known			
Wisdom:	17	Magical Attack Adjustment: +3			
Dexterity:	12	Reaction / Attack Adjust: ±0			
Constitution:	12	Defensive Adjust: ±0			
Charisma:	6	Hit Point Adjustment: ±0			
		System Shock: 80%			
		Reaction Adjustment: -10%			

Armor Class: 2 (Glittering Scale Mail Armor +2)

Hit Points: 42

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Sparkle Rod (Space Required: 4, Speed Factor: 7)

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 16

Weapon Damage Base: 2-7 (S/M) 1-6 (L)

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -3

Languages Known: Anfae, Bücca, Dhavonish, Ilfae, Raska, Urfae, Yalkhoi.

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

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Sparkle Rod</i> : Grants immunity to electricity. Can be used as +1 mace, which creates a thunderclap on a natural 20, stunning and deafening for 6 turns. Can be commanded to emit a shower of sparks, adding 3d6 electrical damage to a successful hit.	None.
<i>Glittering Scale Mail Armor +2</i> : Composed of an assembly of tech components layered atop one another, this labcoat protects as does <i>scale mail +2</i> .	
Other Magic Items	Spells & Special Class Abilities
<i>Ring of Free Action</i> , <i>Potion of Healing</i> (x2), <i>Potion of Stone Giant Strength</i> .	<p>Default Cleric Spells (5/5/3/1):  1<sup>st</sup>: <i>Command</i>, <i>Cure Light Wounds</i> (x3), <i>Sanctuary</i>; 2<sup>nd</sup>: <i>Aid</i>, <i>Augury</i>, <i>Dust Devil</i>, <i>Find Traps</i>, <i>Hold Person</i>; 3<sup>rd</sup>: <i>Cure Disease</i>, <i>Dispel Magic</i>, <i>Speak With Dead</i>; 4<sup>th</sup>: <i>Cure Serious Wounds</i></p> <p>Magic-User Spells Memorized (4/3/2/1):  1<sup>st</sup>: <i>Detect Magic</i>, <i>Magic Missile</i> (x2), <i>Sleep</i>; 2<sup>nd</sup>: <i>Invisibility</i>, <i>Mirror Image</i>, <i>Web</i>; 3<sup>rd</sup>: <i>Fireball</i>, <i>Fly</i>, <i>Lightning Bolt</i>; 4<sup>th</sup>: <i>Ice Storm</i>.</p>
Animal Companions, Familiars, & Mounts	
<i>Die Fledermaus</i> : A mechanical ornithopter composed of junk and bits of technological pieces scavenged from all manner of sources. Though it is alien and often malfunctions amidst fits of sparks and painful squacking noises, the machine is unfailingly loyal and surprisingly affectionate.	

<b>Gold &amp; Wealth:</b> 17gp.	<b>Experience Gained:</b> 0
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**Special Notes:** Camille Lisandre was born in the city of Avengard, in the County of Isarte. The child of a doctor and a scientist, she grew up mostly alone, surrounded by ruins and death, turmoil and destruction. Such environs indelibly shaped the child and she grew up to be a quiet and grim girl with a darksome sense of humor. She would often dig through the rubble of the city as a form of play, finding broken bits once belonging to the dead and experimenting with them to see how they might be made whole and useful once again. This inevitably brought her to the faith of the Patchwork Man, and amongst his devout, she learned the ways of both arcane and divine magic. When coupled with her natural intellect and background in the sciences, she was regarded a child prodigy first, then one of the finest minds amongst all mannish Dhavon.

As she has grown older, Camille often hires guides of the likes of Damon Farwanderer and Jacqueline DuMont to guide her to old battlefields and long-forgotten ruins, where she repairs ancient, damaged artifacts to restore them to their former glory and understand their functioning. She was almost slain last year when she and The Keeper of Aribus' Lanthorn, Gerard D'Arnold vied for a ruined bottle that once imprisoned the Princess of Elemental Waters, yet she continues on her course undeterred. She is a knowledge-seeker and a great repository of lore and, despite her curmudgeonly mien and black sense of humor, she has gained a reputation as an individual of profound intellect and creativity who is skilled at accomplishing goals most difficult.

**Player Name:****Character Name:** Jacqueline DuMont**Race / Gender:** Human Female**Level / Class:** 7<sup>th</sup> level Fighter / 7<sup>th</sup> level Magic-User**Alignment:** True Neutral

<b>Strength:</b>	16	TH Bonus: ±0	Dam. Bonus: +1	Op. Doors: On 1-3	B. Bars: 10%
<b>Intelligence:</b>	14	4 Additional Languages Known			
<b>Wisdom:</b>	14	Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0			
<b>Dexterity:</b>	16	Reaction / Attack Adjust.: +1			
<b>Constitution:</b>	17	Defensive Adjust.: -2			
<b>Charisma:</b>	13	Hit Point Adjustment: +3			
		System Shock: 97%			
		Reaction Adjustment: +5%			

**Armor Class:** 2 (Anfae Chain Mail +1, Dexterity Bonus)**Hit Points:** 72**Movement Base:** 12"**Weapon in Hand:** Bastard Sword**To-Hit Armor Class 0:** 14**Weapon Damage Base:** 2-8 (S/M) / 2-16 (L)**Attacks Per Round:** 3/2**Non-Proficiency Penalty:** -2**Languages Known:** Anfae, Bücca, Dhavonish, High Delvish, Yalkhoi.

<b>Saving Throws</b>	
<b>Paralyzation:</b>	11
<b>Petrification:</b>	10
<b>Rods/Staves/Wands:</b>	10
<b>Breath Weapon:</b>	14
<b>Spells:</b>	11

<b>Magic Weapon Descriptions</b>	<b>Special Racial Abilities</b>
<p><i>Bastard Sword +2: "Ilnarthis".</i> This weapon has a <i>Ring of Feather Falling</i> set into its pommel, which functions without needing to be worn on the finger.</p> <p><i>Shoes of Longstrider.</i> Allows a wearer to never grow fatigued from walking. If the wearer is of N or NG alignment, they will never trip, step into a snare or a pit, or become entangled. Such a wearer may even climb hills with a 45-degree angle without effort and becomes able to walk along narrow ledges or slippery logs without fear of a slip. Worshippers of Longstrider wearing the shoes cannot become lost and nothing walking on the world can surprise them. They can run at 18" movement rate and jump horizontal distances of up to 20 feet. They may climb vertical surfaces as if a 10th-level thief. Finally, whenever there is earth (including dust, sand, or mud), the wearer can walk as if he or she were on a smooth roadway.</p>	None.
<b>Other Magic Items</b>	
<i>Anfae Chain Mail +1, Arrow of Direction, Potion of Vitality.</i>	
<b>Spells &amp; Special Class Abilities</b>	
Spells Memorized (4/3/2/1): 1 <sup>st</sup> : <i>Charm Person, Magic Missile (x2), Protection from Evil</i> ; 2 <sup>nd</sup> : <i>Invisibility, Knock, Strength</i> ; 3 <sup>rd</sup> : <i>Fly, Lightning Bolt</i> ; 4 <sup>th</sup> : <i>Polymorph Self</i> .	

<b>Gold &amp; Wealth:</b> 24gp.	<b>Experience Gained:</b> 0
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**Special Notes:** Born in a small town on the edge of the County of Nedrae, Jacqueline has earned a reputation as one of the greatest guides amongst the men of Avremier. She has a friendly rivalry with Damon Farwanderer as to whom is considered the best trailblazer and, when she was hand-chosen by Dame Yysaanda Ayentyr to take her to the most beautiful places in her holding, she took that appointment as a most colorful feather in her cap. Of course, the explorer often finds herself in far more dangerous places than such pastoral reaches as those. Nothing makes her blood race so quickly as when she finds herself in some place hidden from the eyes of men since their arrival upon Avremier and she is magnetically drawn to such locations where peril usually abounds.

Jacqueline enjoys maps of all kinds immensely and the ones she personally creates are worth their weight in gold to adventurers from all mannish lands. However, many of these were lost when her home was invaded by the Khabar hunter Ghraazák who set fire to the place before stealing her masterpiece – a map she was in the midst of creating detailing the whole of Avremier – nearly killing her in the process. The episode has caused her to redouble her efforts in adventuring and creating a map from her experiences that dwarfs the purloined document in detail and magnificence.

Player Name:

Character Name: The Pale Hart

Race / Gender: Human Male

Level / Class: 9<sup>th</sup> level Horned Druid

Alignment: True Neutral

Strength:	14	TH Bonus: ±0	Dam. Bonus: ±0	Op. Doors: On 1-2	B. Bars: 7%
Intelligence:	12	3 Additional Languages Known			
Wisdom:	17	Magical Attack Adjustment: +3			
Dexterity:	14	Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0			
Constitution:	17	Defensive Adjust.: ±0			
Charisma:	17	Hit Point Adjustment: +2			
		System Shock: 97%			
		Reaction Adjustment: +30%			

Armor Class: 3 (Leather Armor +2, Shield +2)

Hit Points: 65

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: +2 Warclub (Space Required: 3, Speed Factor: 4)

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 14

Weapon Damage Base: 2-7 (S/M) / 2-4 (L)

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -3

Languages Known: Anfae, Dhavonish, Druidic, Ilfae, Gamrun, Karga, Misha, Raska

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

+2 bonus vs. Fire and Earth-based Effects

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Mantle of Seasons.</i> Camouflages wearer regardless of surroundings, making them invisible if stationary and giving them a 75% chance to remain unseen if in motion. Immune to extreme weather conditions or temperatures from -30° to 130°. Adds 1 spell slot/day to each level the wearer is capable of casting. May become a treant with the ability to command trees 1/day.	None.
Other Magic Items	
+2 Warclub, Leather Armor +2, Shield +2, Decanter of Endless Water, Potion of Healing (x3).	Spells & Special Class Abilities
Identify plants, animals, & pure water. May pass without a trace through overgrowth. May shape change into a stag 3/day, other forms 1/day. Immune to glamor of earth, fire, and wood fae; +2 bonus to save against all others.	
Default Horned Druid Spells (8/7/5/3/2): 1 <sup>st</sup> : Animal Friendship, Entangle (x3), Faerie Fire, Invisibility to Animals, Precipitation, Speak With Animals; 2 <sup>nd</sup> : Barkskin, Charm Person or Mammal, Cure Light Wounds (x3), Flame Blade, Heat Metal; 3 <sup>rd</sup> : Neutralize Poison, Spike Growth, Water Breathing; 4 <sup>th</sup> : Cure Serious Wounds, Dispel Magic, Speak With Plants; 5 <sup>th</sup> : Insect Plague, Wall of Fire.	

Distribution of All Items Carried					
Left Side		Center, Back, or Feet		Right Side	
Item	Location	Item	Location	Item	Location
Shield	Carried	Leather Armor	Worn	Warclub	Carried
Large leather pouch	Belt	Mantle	Worn	Decanter	Slung from belt
Hemp Rigging	Belt	Backpack	Back	Waterskin	Slung from belt
Potions	In Rigging	Hard leather boots	Feet		
		2 Oil Flasks	Back (Backpack)		
		50' Rope	Back (Backpack)		
		2 Large leather sacks	Back (Backpack)		
		3 Torches	Back (Backpack)		
		Tinderbox, flint, & steel	Back (Backpack)		
		2 weeks Iron Rations	Back (Backpack)		

**Gold & Wealth:** 3gp.

**Experience Gained:** 0

**Special Notes:** Hailing from the wilderness in the County of Leigh, the Horned Druid known as "The Pale Hart" is almost as much a beast as he is a man. When his family - a group of foresters dwelling far from civilization's edge - were killed by Ilfae marauders, he was literally raised by the animals of the timberlands. The pack of wolves that nurtured him helped him grow strong and wise to the ways of Avremier's verdance. Too, somehow, he seems to have taken on some of the land's primal elemental majesty, perhaps borne of his nearness to its nature. Now, a strapping mammoth of a man with snow-white flesh and a magnificent rack of horns, he is the region's most powerful Druid and a living legend amongst the folk that know of him and whisper his name to their children as the subject of folktales.

The Pale Hart is fascinated by the natural world and the incredible mysteries it hides away from all eyes but for those with the strength and courage to seek them out. So is it that he has become a nomadic adventurer, constantly seeking out places mysterious and unknown to the rank and file of humanity. Such an existence has brought him experiences both sublime and terrible - such as when he found his wonderful magical Mantle or earned the ire of the Khabar hunter Ghraazâk who has vowed to mount his head as a trophy upon the wall of his den - yet he has learned much of the world and his human birthright in their course. These are things that quicken his blood and make his life worth living...and though they have nearly brought about his doom on more than one occasion, he could never think of ceasing to seek out such adventures wherever they might arise.

Player Name:

Character Name: Elisa Marleau

Race / Gender: Human Female

Level / Class: 9<sup>th</sup> level Illusionist

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Strength:	6	TH Bonus: -1	Dam. Bonus: ±0	Op. Doors: On 1	B. Bars: 0%
Intelligence:	16	5 Additional Languages Known			
Wisdom:	10	Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0			
Dexterity:	18	Reaction / Attack Adjust.: +3			
Constitution:	14	Defensive Adjust.: -4			
Charisma:	18	Hit Point Adjustment: ±0			
		System Shock: 88%			
		Reaction Adjustment: +35%			

Armor Class: 2 (Cloak of Displacement, Ring of Protection +2, Dexterity Bonus)

Hit Points: 35

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: None

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 19

Weapon Damage Base: None

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -5

Languages Known: Anfae, Bücca, Dhavonish, High Delvish, Volgate

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

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Breath Mint (Wintergreen):</i> Grants the use of a breath weapon equal to that of a Young White Dragon within five rounds of eating.	None.
<i>Pinwheel of Clashing Colors:</i> When held and blown, emits an effect identical to a <i>color spray</i> .	
Other Magic Items	Spells & Special Class Abilities
<i>Wand of Illusion</i> (54 charges), <i>Cloak of Displacement</i> , <i>Ring of Protection</i> +2.	Spells Memorized (5/3/3/2): 1 <sup>st</sup> : <i>Change Self</i> , <i>Chromatic Orb</i> (x2), <i>Phantom Armor</i> , <i>Wall of Fog</i> ; 2 <sup>nd</sup> : <i>Blur</i> , <i>Hypnotic Pattern</i> , <i>Mirror Image</i> ; 3 <sup>rd</sup> : <i>Paralyzation</i> , <i>Spectral Force</i> (x2); 4 <sup>th</sup> : <i>Confusion</i> , <i>Improved Invisibility</i> .

<b>Gold &amp; Wealth:</b> 44gp.	<b>Experience Gained:</b> 0
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**Special Notes:** When the small southern town she hailed from in the County of Falushai was decimated during the mannish hostilities with Avremier's fae, Elisa was forced as little more than a child to pick up her life and start anew in the north. Living by little more than her wits, she learned that she had a profound natural charisma that led people to trust her and so she embarked on a career as a charlatan and confidence woman. In this, she was incredibly successful. Indeed, no few of the frauds she perpetrated are marked amongst the most lucrative and daring in mankind's history on the new world. When rumors of her approach to a town begin to circulate, it is not uncommon for merchants and innkeepers to shut their doors for a full week, lest they wake one morning bereft of their goods and gold - and their breeches too, if they're especially unlucky.

Not long ago, Elisa was approached by the renowned explorer Jacqueline DuMont when that world-famous explorer was setting off to the lair of the legendary horror Aristredes, as it was thought that only her skill as a swindler might part the lich-sphinx from the artifact known as the *Prison of Summer Stars*. Before their group was betrayed by a traitor, she and DuMont struck up a great friendship, though it was almost short-lived when they were ambushed by the Oni warrior Yasunori. Indeed, the two of them would have certainly been murdered that day if not for the intervention of The Azure Sorcerer, Resklaín. Still, Elisa was undaunted for the experience and continues to wind her way across the Dhavonish countryside, using her charm and wiles to carve a fortune and exciting treasure for herself. Sometimes, she's not quite sure which of the two she craves more.

Player Name:

Character Name: Lady Arralynne Du Armonde

Race / Gender: Human Female

Level / Class: 9<sup>th</sup> level Armiger of the Unicorn Court

Alignment: Neutral Good

Strength:	16	TH Bonus: ±0	Dam. Bonus: +1	Op. Doors: On 1-3	B. Bars: 10%
Intelligence:	16	5 Additional Languages Known			
Wisdom:	17	Magical Attack Adjustment: +3			
Dexterity:	15	Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0			
Constitution:	17	Defensive Adjust.: -1			
Charisma:	18	Hit Point Adjustment: +3			
		System Shock: 97%			
		Reaction Adjustment: +35%			

Armor Class: -2 (Corset of Defense AC2, Parasol Shield +2, Phoenix Ring, Dexterity Bonus)

Hit Points: 101

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Rapier +3 (Space Required: 3, Speed Factor: 3)

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 9

Weapon Damage Base: 1-8

Attacks Per Round: 3/2

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2

Languages Known: Anfae, Büccan, Cruxet, Dhavonish, High Delvish,

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

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Parasol Shield.</i> A lacy lady's umbrella that, despite its appearance, is steel-hard and can be collapsed into a small round shield. When held and spun, it is capable of weaving a <i>hypnotic pattern</i> 1/day. Thin weapons, such as rapiers, can be hidden within its handle's length.	None.
<i>Phoenix Ring.</i> Couples the powers of a <i>Ring of Protection</i> +1 with a <i>Ring of Feather Falling</i> . If wearer is killed, it raises them from the dead (with 1hp remaining) in a fiery 10' explosion that inflicts 1d6 damage to all within range.	
Other Magic Items	Spells & Special Class Abilities
<i>Rapier +3, Corset of Defense AC2, Phoenix Ring.</i>	
<i>+2 Bonus to saves vs. Fear effects. +40% Charisma adjustment when dealing with Unicorns. Immune to Charm. +4 To-Hit &amp; Damage vs. Evil. Dimension door 1/day. Turn Evil as 5<sup>th</sup> level Cleric.</i>	

Distribution of All Items Carried					
Left Side		Center, Back, or Feet		Right Side	
Item	Location	Item	Location	Item	Location
Parasol	Carried	Corset	Worn	Ring	Worn
Rapier	Hidden In Parasol	Backpack	Back	Wineskin	Sling from belt
Large leather pouch	Belt	Soft leather boots	Feet		
Leather Rigging	Belt	2 Oil Flasks	Back (Backpack)		
Potion	In Rigging	50' Rope	Back (Backpack)		
		2 Large leather sacks	Back (Backpack)		
		3 Torches	Back (Backpack)		
		Tinderbox, flint, & steel	Back (Backpack)		
		2 weeks Iron Rations	Back (Backpack)		

**Gold & Wealth:** 64gp.

**Experience Gained:** 0

**Special Notes:** Though Lady Du Armonde is a well-respected Armiger of the Unicorn Court, she is quite unusual amongst their body. She is a proper lady of noble birth that eschews armor and shield for a frilly dress and a parasol and haughty challenges for a kindly politeness. Hailing from Banneret in the Archcounty of Darunskarn, she is one of the most celebrated adventurers in the history of the Unicorn Court, bringing much in the way of respect and glory to that faction with expeditions across Dhavon's countryside that are literally the stuff of legend and folklore.

Lady Du Armonde is also recently a widow. Her constant adventuring partner was her husband, Gilles, who was murdered during their last endeavor – an exploration of the Hidden Temple of the Briar King in the County of Falushai. The duo was ambushed there by Gilles' arch-enemy, Lord Sebastian L'Étoile of the Wyvern Court, and Lady Du Armonde was forced to sit helplessly by as that villain slashed her beloved husband's throat. She might have shared a similar fate were it not for the fortuitous arrival of Professor Gerard L'Etienne of the Illuminated Quill, a longtime friend and colleague of Gilles'.

Though the incident devastated her, Lady Du Armonde has resolved herself not to let it break her. She continues to adventure Avremier, dedicating her expeditions to the most dangerous and forlorn places upon its vast landscape to her husband's memory. All the while she seeks out news of what might have become of his murderer, hoping that their paths might cross one day in the future. Woe be to the Wyvern Lord if such a thing ever comes to pass!

Player Name:

Character Name: Damon Farwanderer

Race / Gender: Human Male

Level / Class: 9<sup>th</sup> level Wildwalker

Alignment: Neutral Good

Strength:	16	TH Bonus: ±0	Dam. Bonus: +1	Op. Doors: On 1-3	B. Bars: 10%
Intelligence:	14	4 Additional Languages Known			
Wisdom:	15	Magical Attack Adjustment: +1			
Dexterity:	15	Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0			
Constitution:	18	Defensive Adjust.: -1			
Charisma:	12	Hit Point Adjustment: +4			
		System Shock: 99%			
		Reaction Adjustment: ±0%			

Armor Class: 1 (Scale Mail Armor +2, Shield +1, Dexterity Bonus)

Hit Points: 101

Movement Base: 12"

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

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 11 or 10 (vs. Regenerating) or 9 (vs. Cold) or 8 (vs. Undead)

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

Attacks Per Round: 3/2

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2

Languages Known: Anfae, Büccan, Dhavonish, Yalkhoin

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

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Scale Mail Armor +2.</i> Made from the tough hide of a Khalkotaur. Light as Leather Armor while protecting as well as Scale Mail.	None.
Other Magic Items	Spells & Special Class Abilities
<i>Longsword +1 "Flame Tongue", Shield +1, Ring of Fire Resistance, Healing Oil.</i>	<p><i>May strike elemental or fae creatures as if wielding a +2 weapon, doing +9 damage to such foes. Saves as if four levels greater, is surprised 1 in 8 and adds 10% to track such opponents. May throw tree leaves as shuriken.</i></p> <p>Default Wildwalker Spells (4):  <i>1<sup>st</sup>: Detect Magic, Faerie Fire, Protection from Evil, Purify Food &amp; Water</i></p>

Distribution of All Items Carried					
Left Side		Center, Back, or Feet		Right Side	
Item	Location	Item	Location	Item	Location
Shield +1	Worn	Scale Mail Armor +2	Worn	Longsword +1	Carried
Ring of Fire Resistance	Worn	Backpack	Back	Wineskin	Sling from belt
Large leather pouch	Belt	Soft leather boots	Feet		
Hemp Rigging	Belt	2 Oil Flasks	Back (Backpack)		
Potion	In Rigging	50' Rope	Back (Backpack)		
Mapping materials	In case	2 Large leather sacks	Back (Backpack)		
		3 Torches	Back (Backpack)		
		Tinderbox, flint, & steel	Back (Backpack)		
		2 weeks Iron Rations	Back (Backpack)		

**Gold & Wealth:** 64gp.

**Experience Gained:** 0

**Special Notes:** Damon is celebrated as one of the greatest mannish guides of his age, a true pathfinder and trailblazer to whom few places in Dhavon's vast landscapes are unknown. Born in Avengard, in the County of Isarte, his family was amongst the countless refugees fleeing that land in the wake of The Harrowing, a nomadic lifestyle flows through his blood. But where once the need to roam the countryside was a necessity for Damon, it is now a way of life, central to his heart and soul. He simply knows no other way to be. So it is that when it proves necessary to travel to the most dangerous, remote, and mythic places known to the men of Avremier, he is amongst the first to be sought by the truly desperate or adventurous to lead their path to such locales.

Such expeditions are like meat and drink to Damon. He is insatiably curious and enjoys little more than learning of new folk and cultures by visiting their long-abandoned homes alongside the scholars or adventurers of Dhavon. Even when he accepted a commission from the wicked Maxime DuBois to conduct the High Priest of the Tumblebridge Hag to her forgotten Chilblained Chapel and he was hamstrung by that villain and left to die in one of that unspeakable place's frozen oubliettes, he relished the experience, learning much about that mysterious faith as he clung to survival and eventually managed to escape alive. Likewise, he is tough enough that the incident was not enough to change him for the worse. He has accepted commissions from the likes of Jorin Deepforge and Camille Lisandre and enjoyed far better adventures at their sides. His skill has seen it that few are those that dare to cross him as the High Priest once did, making it so his positive experiences far outweigh the negative ones.

Player Name:

Character Name: Gerard L'Etienne of the Illuminated Quill

Race / Gender: Human Male

Level / Class: 9<sup>th</sup> level Cleric of the Wishsinger

Alignment: Neutral Good

Strength:	9	TH Bonus: ±0	Dam. Bonus: ±0	Op. Doors: On 1-2	B. Bars: 1%
Intelligence:	17	6 Additional Languages Known			
Wisdom:	18	Magical Attack Adjustment: +4			
Dexterity:	10	Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0	Defensive Adjust.: ±0		
Constitution:	9	Hit Point Adjustment: ±0	System Shock: 65%		
Charisma:	15	Reaction Adjustment: +15%			

Armor Class: 0 (Anfae Chain Mail +2, Shield +2)

Hit Points: 65

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Rod of Smiting (Space Required: 3, Speed Factor: 4)

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 16

Weapon Damage Base: 4-11

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -3

Languages Known: Anfae, Büccan, Dhavonish, High Delvish, Ilfae, Volgate

Saving Throws	
Paralyzation:	6
Petrification:	9
Rods/Staves/Wands:	6
Breath Weapon:	12
Spells:	7

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Cloak of Lace.</i> Makes wearer immune to aging effects. Wearer may become <i>incorporeal</i> for 15 min/day. Wearer may <i>levitate</i> 15 min/day. Wearer may create 3" x 3" x 6" area of <i>webs</i> each day.	None.
Other Magic Items	
<i>Rod of Smiting, Anfae Chain Mail +2, Shield +2, Potion of Healing (x3).</i>	Spells & Special Class Abilities
	Default Cleric Spells (6/6/4/4/2): 1 <sup>st</sup> : Bless, Command, Cure Light Wounds (x2), Magic Stone, Protection from Evil; 2 <sup>nd</sup> : Aid, Dust Devil, Find Traps, Hold Person, Know Alignment, Spiritual Hammer; 3 <sup>rd</sup> : Create Food & Water, Cure Disease, Dispel Magic, Speak With Dead; 4 <sup>th</sup> : Cure Serious Wounds, Spell Immunity, Spike Stones, Tongues; 5 <sup>th</sup> : Commune, Cure Critical Wounds.

Distribution of All Items Carried					
Left Side		Center, Back, or Feet		Right Side	
Item	Location	Item	Location	Item	Location
Shield	Carried	Alfae Chain Mail	Worn	Rod	Carried
Large leather pouch	Belt	Cloak	Worn	Waterskin	Sling from belt
Hemp Rigging	Belt	Backpack	Back		
Potions	In Rigging	Hard leather boots	Feet		
Holy Water Vials (2)	In Rigging	2 Oil Flasks	Back (Backpack)		
		50' Rope	Back (Backpack)		
		2 Large leather sacks	Back (Backpack)		
		3 Torches	Back (Backpack)		
		Tinderbox, flint, & steel	Back (Backpack)		
		2 weeks Iron Rations	Back (Backpack)		

**Gold & Wealth:** 27gp.

**Experience Gained:** 0

**Special Notes:** Hailing from Iruhaven in Dhavon's heart, it is quite possible that no reverent of Wishsinger has uncovered more of Avremier's secrets nor brought so much knowledge to its mannish folk as has Gerard. He is one of the most tenured and respected of the Professor-Priests at the University of Mt. Scion, traveling forth from that bastion of knowledge in pursuit of relics of the world's prehistory and understanding of its mien. Though his beautiful young wife Josephine (their marriage was something of a scandal, as she was once his student!) worries about him terribly when he is away at expedition, she understands that he pursues his passion and would never think to gainsay that which stokes his heart.

Professor L'Etienne hides a private worry, however. He is aging swiftly, something exacerbated by a respiratory disease he contracted while investigating the Hidden Temple of the Briar King. Once, he was a powerful and robust man, but he can feel his youth slipping away, which weighs heavily upon his soul. Soon, he knows that he will be unable to adventure and he cannot imagine his life after such a time. Making this worse, his friends and colleagues are dying all around him. His best friend, Gilles Du Armonde, was recently murdered while adventuring by the fiendish Lord Sebastian L'Étoile of the Wyvern Court, leaving his wife (who he admires greatly) a widow far too young. Too, he has learned that the High Priest of Wishsinger is growing increasingly infirm. As the two of them studied together at the seminary, it is another reminder of his very real mortality.

The Professor has decided that he will not succumb to time without a fight. He has pressed ever harder, even as his strength and vitality flee his body, adventuring dangerous locales and conquering their challenges with a vigor normally reserved for a man half his age.

Player Name:

Character Name: Ryzerra

Race / Gender: Totem Gnome (Raccoon) Female

Level / Class: 9<sup>th</sup> level Thief

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Strength:	11	TH Bonus: ±0	Dam. Bonus: ±0	Op. Doors: On 1-2	B. Bars: 2%
Intelligence:	15	4 Additional Languages Known			
Wisdom:	12	Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0			
Dexterity:	18	Reaction / Attack Adjust.: +3			
Constitution:	10	Defensive Adjust.: -4			
Charisma:	9	Hit Point Adjustment: ±0			
		System Shock: 70%			
		Reaction Adjustment: ±0%			

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

Hit Points: 46

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Short Bow

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 10 (with Short Bow) or 16 (with Dagger)

Weapon Damage Base: 1-6 or 1-4 (S/M) 1-3 (L)

Attacks Per Round: 2 or 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -3

Languages Known: Anfae, Bücca, Dhavonish, Raccoon Gnome, Thieves' Cant, Urfae.

Saving Throws	
Paralyzation:	11
Petrification:	10
Rods/Staves/Wands:	8
Breath Weapon:	14
Spells:	11

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Arrows of Elemental Essence</i> (6). After touching the heads of one of these arrows to air, earth, fire, or water and whispering a command word, its point takes on the character of the element touched. Thereafter, the arrow does double damage to creatures borne of its opposing element in addition to any normal penalties they might receive from contact with such substances. After their use, the arrow is expended.	<i>Infravision</i> 60'. Detect secret or concealed doors within 10' (1 in 6). Find secret doors in search (2 in 6) or concealed doors (3 in 6). Detect pits, falling logs, and snares in a wilderness setting within 10' (50%). +1 to hit in melee vs. dark folk or goblins. -4 to hit from bugbears, gnolls, ogres, trolls, ogre magi (oni), giants, ettins, and titans (jotuns).
Other Magic Items	
<i>Dagger +1</i> , <i>Short Bow +2</i> , <i>Leather Armor +2</i> , <i>Ring of Fire Resistance</i> , <i>Ring of Invisibility</i> .	<b>Spells &amp; Special Class Abilities</b>
Thieving Abilities:	
<i>Pick Pockets</i> : 85%; <i>Open Locks</i> : 82%; <i>Find/Remove Traps</i> : 70%; <i>Move Silently</i> : 90%; <i>Hide in Shadows</i> : 81%; <i>Hear Noise</i> : 35%; <i>Climb Walls</i> : 83%; <i>Read Languages</i> : 40%. May backstab opponents for x4 weapon damage.	

<b>Gold &amp; Wealth:</b> 7gp.	<b>Experience Gained:</b> 0
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**Special Notes:** Almost nothing is known of the Raccoon Gnome known as Ryzerra. No record of her existence can be found, yet she seems to have many contacts in all corners of Dhavon, suggesting that she has been active as an adventure and a heroine for a goodly time. It almost seems as if there is a greater force at work, ensuring that she remains anonymous as she does that which she is compelled to by her wont. Such a thought gives the few who know of her enough pause that they dare not pry too deeply into her affairs. Nevertheless, all seem to agree that the Gnome is of a goodly - if playful and sometimes mischievous - mien and that she is both a trustworthy and extremely successful adventuress.

Player Name:

Character Name: Brother Izhraak, the Crimson Crane

Race / Gender: Yalkhoi Male

Level / Class: 9<sup>th</sup> level Monk (Lorekeeper)

Alignment: Lawful Neutral

Strength:	16	TH Bonus: ±0	Dam. Bonus: +1	Op. Doors: On 1-3	B. Bars: 10%
Intelligence:	9	1 Additional Language Known			
Wisdom:	17	Magical Attack Adjustment: +3			
Dexterity:	17	Reaction / Attack Adjust.: +2			
Constitution:	17	Defensive Adjust.: -3			
Charisma:	6	Hit Point Adjustment: +2			
		System Shock: 97%			
		Reaction Adjustment: -10%			

Armor Class: 0 (Ring of Protection +3)

Hit Points: 36

Movement Base: 23"

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

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 19

Weapon Damage Base: 2-20 (All)

Attacks Per Round: 2

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -3

Languages Known: Dhavonish

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

\* May Dodge missiles with Save vs. Poison

\* May Dodge Magical missiles with Save vs. Spells

\* Attacks allowing Saves have no effect if Save is successful; failed saves result in only half damage.

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
None.	All reflected in Special Class Abilities.
Other Magic Items	Spells & Special Class Abilities
<i>Cloak of the Manta Ray, Periapt of Proof vs. Poison, Ring of Invisibility, Ring of Protection +3.</i>	<p>Monk Abilities:</p> <p><i>Surprised 1 in 10. Move Silently: 95%; Hide in Shadows: 86%; Hear Noise: 35%; Climb Walls: 98%. May fall 40' without harm if within 4' of a wall. May speak with birds, reptiles/amphibians, fish/aquatics, insects, monstrous animals, &amp; plants. Needs not eat, drink, or sleep for up to 18 days. May feign death for up to 9 days. Resistance to ESP: 99%, May heal self for 6-11hp damage 1/day, May adapt body to extreme or hostile environments for a single turn, enduring 1 die of damage.</i></p>

Distribution of All Items Carried					
Left Side		Center, Back, or Feet		Right Side	
Item	Location	Item	Location	Item	Location
Ring	Worn	Cloak	Worn	Periapt	Worn
Waterskin	Sling from belt	Backpack	Back	Ring	Worn
Hemp Rigging	Sling from belt	Soft leather boots	Feet	Large leather pouch	Belt
Holy Water Vials (2)	In Rigging	2 Oil Flasks	Back (Backpack)	Book of Secrets	In Pouch
		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)		

<b>Gold &amp; Wealth:</b> 3gp.	<b>Experience Gained:</b> 0

**Special Notes:** Found upon the steps of the *Abbey of Librams*, the Yalkhoi that would grow to be called Brother Izhraak would be raised by the monks dwelling within that immense monastery's granite walls. He would prove a dedicated student and a devout reverent of Lorekeeper, becoming one of the most gifted practitioners of the Akashic arts in that faith's history in but a short time. There, he became known as "The Crimson Crane" for the style in which he fought and his predilection for wearing the color red at all times. Unfortunately, he was away on a retreat when The Keeper of Aribus' Lanthorn, Gerard D'Arnold, killed every single monk within the walls of his home in search of the hidden knowledge they held – a tragedy that saw him left to his own devices as he was when but a child, once again.

The Yalkhoi monk was steeled by the experience. He began a great trek across the Dhavonish countryside with a great leather tome tucked in his backpack. Within its pages, he was resolved to record as much forgotten or obscure lore as he could amass, that those after him might be enlightened by that which he would eventually learn before he died. This quest for information brought him into contact with all manner of goodly folk that required his aid or adventurers in search of similar knowledge. It was on such travels that he came into the acquaintance of such luminaries as Damon Farwanderer and Jacqueline DuMont. In all cases, he proved himself a powerful champion and a resolute companion.

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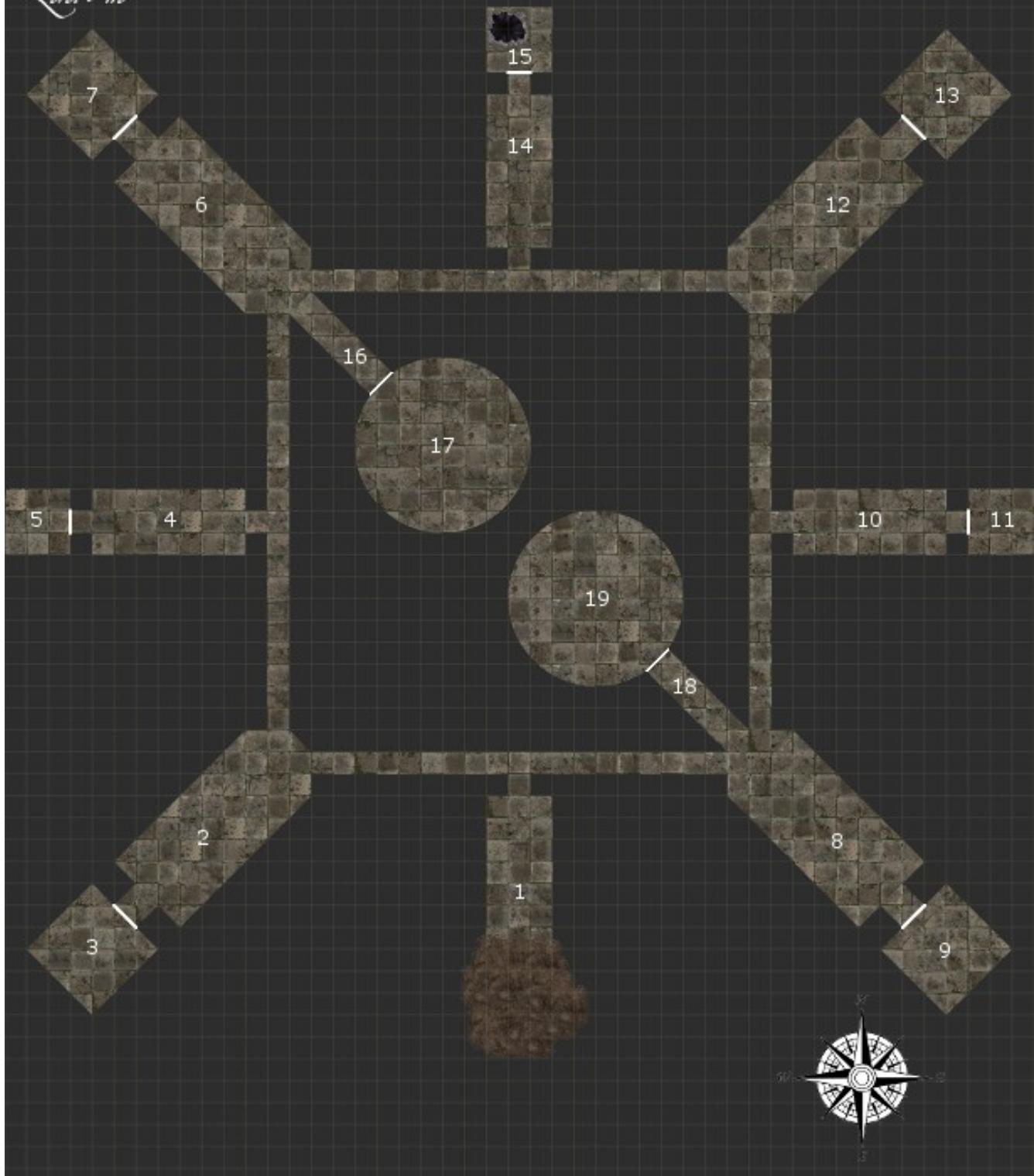
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# The Wound In the World

## Level One



*The Sound in the World*

*Level Two*



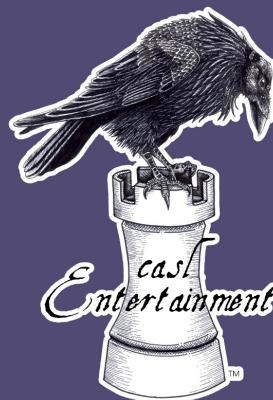
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