

C2

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Dungeon Module C2

Pohjola's Daughter

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AN ADVENTURE FOR CHARACTER LEVELS 3-5



One of the most historic meetings in man's history on Avremier is in danger of failing to ruin with the kidnapping of King Pohjola's daughter on the eve of an accord between the races. Will your characters prove skilled enough to return the captive Jotun-child to her father's side before sunrise separates humanity from a powerful ally forevermore?

*This module was originally used for tournament play at GaryCon X. It contains a challenging scenario and eight pre-rolled, playtested tournament characters. C2 is a complete adventure in and of itself and it may thus be used for competition among players (or groups of players) or as a non-scored adventure included in the context of an ongoing game. Also included are referee's maps, notes, encounter descriptions for players, and a background scenario linked to the **Avremier™** game setting published by **Mothshade Concepts®**.*



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Introduction

It is no great secret that the history of humankind has been marked by great struggle and turmoil since that race's arrival upon the face of Avremier. Theirs has been a tale of perseverance: Of meeting the staggering obstacles posed to them by a world in which the very fabric of nature and its elements were arrayed against them – and not only managing to survive the experience, but actually thriving in a niche cut for themselves within such a place, paid for with blood and toil. Yet this endeavor was not something encapsulated within a single battle, nor even a series of protracted campaigns. Indeed, humanity continues to fight for its place upon the strange new world it has come to call its home, every fresh day bringing forward a new conflict to be met and challenges with which to contend.

Among the greatest of these trials came to humanity as each one of the various races native to the new world became known to them. First contact with these folk, specifically the Banor and Cyrannyn, went poorly and bloody conflict with these worthies ensued only scant days after acquaintance was made between the races. Likewise, contentious contact with Avremier's elemental spirits – manifestations of the very land itself, the breath of its sky and its molten blood – ended in violence and woe. These conflicts, each one with races generally blessed with far greater resources and relative power (and certainly much more established upon Avremier) than the newcomers, saw humanity pushed to the brink of extinction in the course of the horrific series of events known colloquially as *The Harrowing*. In the end, humanity survived even that great test and came away from its crucible with no small wisdom. Their place in Avremier would not be won by way of force of arms, but by learning to work in harmony with the world and in cooperation with its varied folk.

So it was that humanity began to reach out with hands of friendship to their many new neighbors, their collective grasp filled with the olive branches of diplomacy rather than the angry steel of war. Of course, having made such a poor impression upon such folk since their appearance, such outreaches were not always well-received. Yet, by and large, the newcomers continued to do their level best of proving themselves as worthy guests upon Avremier. It has not always been an easy path to tread, but as has been mentioned, humanity is well-used to hardship and ordeal – and overcoming both in the pursuit of their goals. With such goals as peace and fellowship in mind, these seem small prices to pay, indeed.

In YC 456, a momentous opportunity presented itself for Avremier's humans. A group of its greatest heroes learned of a plot hatched by a black-hearted Jotun warlord to assassinate the great King Pohjola Himinnsson and wrest his crown from his brow. These worthies stole away within his majestic stronghold in order to prevent the murder at the last possible moment. Tragically, in saving the life of the king, four of their number were slain – yet their sacrifice was sufficient to melt the rime-covered heart of the titanic regent. After some consideration, King Himinnsson proclaimed that he would consider a minor trade agreement between humanity and the Jotun, an accord that might

serve as the foundation of yet more treaties – and perhaps someday serve as the basis of a great friendship between the two folk. The announcement was like a peal of thunder that shook men the length and breadth of Avremier. Considering the great power and nigh-limitless resources at the command of the Jotun, such an agreement might well serve to shape the fortunes of humanity on their adopted world. It would surely swell their status in the esteem of their fellow neighbors across the whole of its substance. A great conclave, to be held in the legendary realm of Undomini, was planned at which the depth and extent of the trade agreement would be shaped and agreed upon.

Humanity was swift to select its wisest and most skilled diplomats, so that it might be well-represented at the bargaining table. These individuals collected their most trusted aides and made forth for Undomini, where Pohjola Himinnsson – King Of All Jotun – and his own coterie of advisors awaited their presence.

What would transpire afterward would change the very course of human history forevermore...for good or for ill.

Module History:

Pohjola's Daughter was designed as an official convention module for GaryCon X, held in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin in March, 2018. The module is designed to be usable with the **AVREMIER™** fantasy game world setting, using the game rules put forth in the **OSRIC™ Role-Playing System**. While the module was developed for the purpose of convention play, it can easily be adapted for use as either a one-shot adventure or worked into an ongoing campaign with little in the way of alteration on the part of the Game Master.

Avremier Map Location:

Pohjola's Daughter takes place in three discrete locations, delineated neatly in each of the module's troika of chapters. All of these take place either in: 1) the Highdelver nation of Nekari, which is replete with technological marvels, yet somehow manages to retain a strong Mediterranean aesthetic, or 2) upon the vast expanse of the Morningmist Sea that alternatively laps or pounds that land's shores as befits its whimsy. Specifically, Chapter One takes place in the great agora of Covenant, purpose-built for the historic conclave between humanity and the Jotun. Chapter Two follows the characters' passage through the adventure's narrative to the city of Crucible, less than a day's ride northward along the land's rocky coastline. Finally, Chapter Three takes place upon and beneath the surface of the Morningmist Sea, aboard a vehicle most magnificent and unusual. Each of these locations will be placed for the reference of the Dungeon Master on a forthcoming map of Avremier's whole, to be released in future setting supplement.

Background:

The High Palatine Council at Iruhaven gathered those that would represent humanity before the Jotun from all corners of its territories. In all, they summoned eight before them, each one embodying some characteristic central to the human condition. It was their hope that, with this construction in mind, the giants would see the best qualities of those who would be their allies and smile upon that laid bare before them. The importance of the conclave needed to be impressed upon none of them. So it was that they put aside their individual interests and concerns, leaving their dwellings with their most trusted aides and guards, assembling

before the slopes of Mt. Scion in the Arlinshae Mountains. From there, they would be transported by means of a great enchantment to the border of Undomini – that fabled land that serves as the home of the unthinkably powerful Jotun race. Once arrived so, the chosen of their hosts would meet them so as to guarantee their safe passage to the location – unknown to all but King Himinnsson himself, so as to daunt all those who might poison its sanctity with some form of treachery – in which the conclave between man and giant would take place.

The weight that rests upon the brows of mankind's chosen delegates must be immense, indeed, for none of them – even those normally most loquacious of mien – have uttered more than has been absolutely necessary since leaving the lands long ago ceded humankind. Though this is somewhat troubling, it is their burden to bear. Who are you to question the means by which it is carried?

None of you, of course. For you are not the chosen delegates of mankind. You are but their advisers and aides, their boon companions. And yet, fate has conspired to see that, in the end, this will be *your* story – not theirs.

It is unthinkable that those such as you would be left behind with a moment that might well change the course of humanity's destiny forevermore at hand. There is some irony, however, to be found in the notion that – should all go as planned – your considerable skills will not be required for even a moment. You will simply provide an expected presence. There is an expectation of humanity's chosen, tangible reminders of their temporal power and authority. Though none of you could hardly pose such a worthy as even the lowliest of the Jotun any serious threat, the presence of puissant henchmen willing to lay down their lives in the service of their masters provides exactly such an air. So it is that each of those whom you have accompanied to this great conclave have assured you that it is most unlikely indeed that you have come for more than an extended vacation in a fabulous and exotic land. Indeed, each of you have been encouraged to take full advantage of the sumptuous luxury certain to be extended humanity's contingent at this historic event.

When you aren't required to keep up appearances, of course.

Naturally, such instructions did not sit easily upon the collective brows of accomplished and battle-tested adventurers such as yourselves. If any of you can be said to have have one thing in particular in common it is that you have learned through hard-won experience to expect the twin spectres of danger and violence to visit in direct proportion to the level in which you have been assured that all is safe and peaceful. This is why, even as your group assembled and the great enchantment was cast by the covey of the Council's techno-thaumaturgists, not even one of you was prepared to let your guard down for an instant.

It was a mien that did not waver even as the dry and still air within the Council's chambers became whispers of fresh sea breeze, the crackling of candles within the immense room became the abbreviated squawking of gulls, rising the winds over a breathtaking expanse of forever-blue. In the blink of an eye, the legendary chambers of the High Palatine Council had been replaced by a beachfront vista of ocean, more than half a world away from your homes. Far to the north, the silhouette of a great city cut the sky in a sonorous shadow. Chimney stacks rose high above the buildings that comprised its whole, belching gouts of flame and sooty smoke, hinting at great industry. It could only be the great Highdelver city of Crucible, its great steam engines and clockwork gears pounding endlessly in perfect, syncopated time. Meanwhile, to the south, a mammoth edifice of smooth crystal and steel – so large that its shadow engulfed you, even perhaps three

miles distant from its foot – seemed to dominate the entirety of the horizon itself.

Before you could react as adventurers are wont to do – clutching cold steel or hard wood in your fists – your collective hands were stayed by the approach of a modest contingent, from the south. Perhaps fifteen in all strode the landscape in your direction and they could not be more dissimilar. A group of doughty Highdelver warriors – fully armored and with weapons at the ready – ringed a small number of humans, just as bereft of the implements of violence as those who obviously served as their guardians. Just behind them walked a pair of titanic Jotun, one a warrior and the other clearly not. It was nigh-impossible to do aught but stare in their direction. With each mere tread, the firmament on which you stood trembled; with every breath, the direction of the wind seemed to change. They were elemental in their way, impossible, perfect. A mild sense of relief washed through your group as you spotted amidst those approaching the slender and proud form of Chancellor Gabriel Mercier – he who was expected to be chief amongst those representing humanity at the great conclave. At his side stood his young daughter, Anna – a precocious young girl of about eight years old with bright copper hair and a constellation of freckles on her pale cheeks and the bridge of her nose. You found yourselves exchanging only a few short glances amongst one another before you determined to move forward to meet the group.

The Chancellor was quick to introduce each of the dignitaries that accompanied you to the Jotun. These worthies – each one, thirty feet in height and clad in long, loose fitting white robes – were Thane Fjalar Eriksson and the chief amongst the warriors of his clan, Gylfi Hjaltisson. The Highdelvers accompanying them were but a portion of those assigned by the King of that folk to see to the security of the historic event about to begin. The opportunity for Crucible to benefit from a wealful compact between men and giants had not gone unnoticed by the wily regent, who had even gone to the lengths to command the construction of a great meeting place for the occasion. It is that which lingered to the south. This initial meeting progressed in fine fashion and it was not long before you joined their fellowship and began towards that sleek and elegant structure, which you learned had been optimistically-dubbed Covenant for the grand purpose it was intended to achieve.

The trek towards Covenant found you speaking to only the Highdelver guardsmen – and, oddly enough, to the Chancellor's daughter. The child struck you as being quite bright and clever for a girl her age, both gregarious and friendly. Indeed, she was the type of girl it was difficult not to find immediately likable. Still, all of you were well-aware that the meeting which was about to transpire was for the Jotun and mankind's chosen dignitaries to broach and it would be a tragedy indeed if ones such as yourselves somehow managed to commit some sort of *faux pas* that spoiled the agreement before its proceedings even began. So it was that you kept mostly to yourselves until the great doors of the newly-built structure opened for your arrival. When those great valves – flanked on both sides by yet more menacing Highdelver defenders – indeed parted for your entry, you beheld what surely must have been a miracle. The structure itself, perfectly circular and topped by a great vaulted, domed roof, was but a massive, hollow rotunda. Within, the air was cut by many swooping silver pathways, atop which you could see all manner of humans walking about, each one conducting whatever their business might be. In their midst, amongst carefully-tended flower gardens spread out across the building's floor, titanic Jotun strode, they too, meandering about at whatever their individual labors might be. The sight of it all, birds curling through the air and the sound of rushing water hidden away someplace within the cloistered paradise was so staggering that you could not help but stand agape, frozen for a moment by the spectacle of it all. The structure had been designed in such a

way that the representatives of mankind and those of the Jotun could speak face-to-face!

Once inside Covenant, its towering doors were shut tight behind you and the Highdelvers were pleased to allow you to your own devices. Chancellor Mercier wasted little time excusing himself from the Jotun amongst you so that he might show you the comforts of the lodgings that had been made ready for your arrival. Given the incredible elegance of the edifice itself, it was difficult to imagine the luxury that might await you there. As you ascended one of the gently curving walkways to a higher place within the structure, the Chancellor – aided by his daughter, who seemed most-pleased to assist in the labor – began to point out some of Covenant's more prominent features, chief of which was the place in which the conclave itself would be held, coinciding with the rise of the sun tomorrow morn. Before long, your passage took you to an array of suites along the outer wall of Covenant. Each one was sumptuously appointed with fresh food and drink, comfortable furnishings, and yet more luxurious amenities. Too, each of the chambers joined to the one just north of the other by a door. These would be your dwellings during your stay at the conclave. The way the rooms were arranged with portals seeing to the ease of travel between them, you were quite sure that seeing to the security of the dignitaries would be quite easy. Given the appointments in each room, too, it became clear why your charges had given you leave to enjoy yourselves while the conclave proceeded.

Soon enough, the Chancellor and his daughter bid their farewells, urging you all to rest well, for with the morn came great toil.

Notes for the Player Characters:

The Player Characters are the boon companions, advisers, and bodyguards all for the dignitaries representing humanity at the great conclave that might, should all proceed as planned, see the first trade agreement between man and the Jotun race signed into action. Given what they have learned in the introduction and the background to this scenario, they may have several questions. Some of the most likely of these and their corresponding answers (which can be gained easily enough by simply asking either Chancellor Mercier or one of the dignitaries associated with the Player Characters) are listed below.

- *What are we expected to do here?* Your purpose at the conclave is twofold. Primarily, you are here to keep up appearances. Humanity does not wish to appear weak before their would-be Jotun allies and a good way to cultivate an air of strength and power is to demonstrate that man's chosen dignitaries each have at their command mighty and puissant agents. Your presence will assure that such a message is conveyed. Though it would be a fool's errand to attack Covenant or anyone within its bounds during the conclave, your secondary purpose for attending the event is to see to the safety and security of the dignitaries to whom each of you is individually attached.
- *What is the state of Covenant's security?* The Highdelver folk that built the structure have a vested interest in ensuring that nothing untoward occurs during the conclave's proceedings. For one, their reputation as a martially-capable folk would be damaged in such an event. Too, given the position of their land, they would stand to profit greatly from a strong trade alliance between humanity and the Jotun. This is why they have spared no expense in building such a wonder as
- *Who is representing the Jotun?* King Himinnsson himself is present within Covenant, directing the diplomatic efforts of the Jotun. Just as humanity has come to the conclave with nine representatives, he has brought eight of his wisest and most skilled ambassadors from Undomini to join him in drawing up an agreement with mankind that suits both races well. Also, just as humanity's diplomats have brought with them their most trusted aides and advisers – this, in the form of the Player Characters – the Jotun have brought similar personages to assist them and see to their security during the course of the event.
- *Can we trust the Jotun?* This is difficult to say. Previous contact between humanity and the Jotun has been quite contentious, to say the least. Indeed, violence between the two races has generally been the norm throughout mankind's history on Avremier. Yet since the actions of a few heroic humans in YC 456, much has seemed to change. As his life was saved through the sacrifice of a few brave men and women, King Himinnsson has been forced to see mankind in a new light. Since that moment, he has seemed willing to engage humanity peacefully, letting their past conflicts remain in the past. Is this but a ruse, meant to lead mankind into some terrible position of weakness for the Jotun to capitalize upon? It is, for now, impossible to say. For the moment, the opportunity to count the impossibly-powerful giants as allies is too great to be concerned with notions of treachery.
- *Can we trust Chancellor Mercier?* Chancellor Mercier was very-specifically chosen by the High Palatine Council to represent humanity. Throughout its history, hawkish warmongers have historically cast mankind in an unflattering light in the eyes of Avremier's native races. The Chancellor is, in terms of temperament, diametrically opposed to such individuals. He takes a calm and reasoned approach to diplomacy, seeing violence as the abject failure of that for which he strives. He is also a canny businessman with a flair for artful negotiation. Chancellor Mercier is amongst humanity's greatest ambassadors and its surest chance to walk away from the conclave with the Jotun as strong allies. If they can trust anyone within Covenant, it is surely him.
- *Why did Chancellor Mercier bring his daughter to an event like the conclave?* Anna Mercier's presence at the conclave was no mere accident or triviality. King Himinnsson has a daughter himself – Gunnhildur Pohjolasdóttir – that has been the love and the light of his life since the tragic death of her mother, five years ago. The young Jotun rarely leaves his side or his watchful eye. Chancellor Mercier's daughter is almost exactly Gunnhildur's age and he has brought Anna along to

Covenant. It is also why they have committed hundreds of fine warriors to the task of its defense. Guarded around the clock both inside and out, the effort of defending the structure is led by Field Marshal Keldrin Ironthews (LN hdm 10th level Fighter, AC 0, HP 104, STR 18(56%), CON 18 with *chain mail +2, shield +2, +3 axe of hurling, and boots of speed*) and should the Player Characters have any concerns regarding the security of the event, they will find him most willing to assure them that all is well in hand. In other words, there is hardly a way in which the conclave's sanctity could be made any more airtight.

serve as a playmate to the Princess so that she will have company during the events of the conclave (which otherwise might be quite boring for her). The idea was well-received by the King, casting humanity in a positive light even before the beginning of the event. Yet, there is another layer to Chancellor Mercier's actions. He has encouraged Anna to befriend Gunnhildur, hoping that if the two are well-disposed to one another, the King will look still more favorably upon mankind – as might the Jotun's future Queen, should Pohjola's daughter ascend to their throne after her father's passing. So far, the plan has worked amazingly well, as the two girls have become fast friends and can be found at play in all parts of Covenant at any time, night or day. Facilitating this play are a bevy of *potions of diminution and growth* that the girls have been afforded by their parents so that they can engage with one another at either of their native sizes, as their moods see fit.

The Player Characters will be expected to accompany the dignitaries to whom they are attached back and forth to the chambers in which the conclave will be held and to stay at their sides at all times whenever they are not in that meeting place or in their bedchambers. They will not be permitted within the room in which the conclave itself will take place and while that is happening, they are completely left to their own devices. They are encouraged to take full advantage of Covenant's vast array of luxurious amenities and virtually any request they might have (within reason, of course) can be seen to simply by making their desires known to one of their Highdeler hosts. Covenant has all the resources one might expect of a resort lodging of the highest possible caliber, so the Player Characters are unlikely to find themselves bored, if they choose to explore its wondrous expanse.

Unfortunately, they will hardly have the time to do so.

Notes for the Game Master:

This module was designed for convention-style play, and is intended for characters from 3rd to 5th level. A balanced mix of character classes and abilities will have the best chance of success, and the party may be allowed to use henchmen and hirelings to supply needed skills. The GM should compare campaign characters and their magic items with the characters and items included in the module, in order to assemble an appropriate party.

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

Experienced Game Masters will note the lack of a Wandering Monster Table with attached explanations, as is typically included in traditional adventure modules. This is an intentional omission, as *Pohjola's Daughter* has been designed in such a way that the Player Characters will be placed in situations in which they are the aggressors in well-organized environments. All encounters within these locations will be described in the text describing the various areas they might explore. In certain cases, where the environment or situation is more dynamic, instructions will be provided for the Game Master's benefit on how best to handle these specific areas.

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. The various environments in which Player Characters are likely to find themselves operating within in the course of *Pohjola's Daughter* are quite varied, so explicit details are provided to the Game Master in unusual areas, so as to best adjudicate the way in which the game world responds to the actions of player or party.

Once the Player Characters have started the mission on behalf of their patrons, they are effectively on their own. While each one of the delegates to whom they are sworn allies has certainly done their best to ensure that they will meet with success, they will have their hands quite full ensuring that the kidnapping of King Pohjola's daughter remains a secret, lest humanity earn the everlasting wrath of the Jotun folk and see a possible alliance between the two races lost forever. It will fall to their allies (in the form of the Player Characters) to win or lose the day – and indelibly shape the course of mankind's history henceforth.

Convention Notes:

Pohjola's Daughter was designed to be used as a single-event session, featuring six players and lasting 4 hours. Timing begins when the character sheets are distributed, and players should be periodically reminded of the time limit. The goal to which the Player Characters must aspire (and which constitutes a successful completion of their mission) is to locate and return both the daughters of King Pohjola of the Jotuns and Chancellor Mercier of Humanity, before either of their fathers manages to realize that they have been kidnapped by mannish *agent provocateurs*.

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

1. The players are presented with pre-generated characters. All characteristics have been listed, along with equipment, spells, and magic items. Players may not add to or alter this list. This will guarantee that all players start with the same chances. Players are allowed the free use of the sections of the **OSRIC Reference and Index Compendium™** meant for them, though perusing the portions of that book meant for Game Masters is forbidden. All magic items they possess, however, will be known and understood by the owner completely.
2. As has been mentioned above, there are no wandering monsters in convention play. All encounters have already been listed and there is no need to have random encounters, outside of those generated in specific dynamic environments. Each of these is listed below and explicit instructions are provided for Game Masters to follow as guidelines for creating and adjudicating such encounters.
3. Monsters will fight intelligently and to the best of their abilities. They show no mercy or quarter to invaders. Monsters encountered in convention play need never check morale and will fight to the death, unless otherwise noted in the text. Monsters will be fully aware of the power and limitations of their weapons, magic items, and spells and will use them to their best advantage. In many cases, specific tactics have been listed for monsters to use in melee. If these plans are frustrated by the players' actions, the GM must find an alternative. If the players

are unusually inventive and find something that is not covered in the adventure, a few minutes may be taken to establish some sort of defense for the monsters – possibly having them regroup and counterattack if necessary. In convention play, monsters will not pursue fleeing adventurers out of an encounter area unless otherwise noted. Players will not know this, however. Monsters will make a lot of noise and will make feint attacks to give the impression of pursuit.

4. Players will never know the function of special treasures they acquire unless they should happen to discover their powers by examination or experiment.
5. *Le Signe du Cercle Vide* has met with great success as pirates and terrorists largely because of the great utility of their unusual headquarters. Even when they have been successfully located in the past, its special quality has always allowed them to escape their pursuers and the justice they might visit upon them. If the Player Characters are unable to locate and rescue the kidnapped children of the king and chancellor in four hours or less, the scenario comes to an end. At that point, it must be accepted that the villains have made good their escape once more – with their captives most precious in their possession. The Game Master running the adventure should total up all points scored by the Player Characters in the course of the game, name a Most Outstanding Player from amongst them, then adjourn the session. Perhaps they will have better luck in a subsequent run through the adventure – presuming humanity yet survives for their failure!

Campaign Notes:

As has been mentioned, *Pohjola's Daughter* is an adventure consisting of three chapters, each taking place in its own distinct environment. Chapter One takes place in idyllic Covenant, which is a completely sealed and carefully-controlled locale. This place bears little discussion as the setting is but the introduction to the adventure proper and combat is quite unlikely to occur within its confines (indeed, even as much as a map has been eschewed for the location). Should the adventure take an unexpected turn and the Game Master has need of such information, however, refer to the description of Covenant in the **Background** section above for an account of its physical dimensions and properties. Within the bounds of the structure, the air is clean and cool and the temperature perfectly pleasant. It is well-lit at all times, though each individual chamber has a gas valve located upon its wall by which the illumination can be regulated to suit the whim of its occupant.

In Chapter Two, the Player Characters will find themselves in the Highdeler city of Crucible, specifically in a warehouse in its dock districts. This is one of the safehouses kept by *Le Signe du Cercle Vide* and is the place at which its captives were held before they were sent off to sea. This is an old, wooden structure that was once a storehouse for unfinished iron. The scent of rusting metal and salt water is heavy within this building. It is lit by a series of lanterns in which a stone bearing a *continual light* spell have been placed (such an expensive form of illumination might be a tip to savvy Player Characters that all is not as it seems within the structure). In any case, the environment within the warehouse makes it a breeding ground for disease. Anyone suffering a slashing wound within its confines must make a saving throw vs. poison or contract a tetanus-like infection that sees them take 5hp

of damage a day (this cannot be healed by means of normal rest) until they are either dead or have a *cure disease* spell cast upon their person. Successfully making the save against this disease only means that the Player Character in question is safe from contraction on one occasion; each time they suffer a subsequent slashing wound, they must make another saving throw to avoid picking up the very dangerous ailment. They will likely have no opportunity to explore the city of Crucible itself and enjoy the wonders of its techno-magical and ever-industrious environs to any degree.

The conclusion of Chapter Three sees the characters aboard *La Tortue Sinistre* and on the waves of the Morningmist Sea. As the open waters of that body are an ever-enigmatic place, known for its capricious weather conditions and unexplored mysteries, a Game Master running this adventure may wish to familiarize themselves with the rules on swimming – and drowning!

Background for the Game Master

The Highdeler folk are far from the only group on Avremier to make moves to see that they profit greatly from the events ready to take place at Covenant. *Le Signe du Cercle Vide* – a humanocentric terrorist group striving for mankind's dominance in Avremier...or a collection of black-hearted cutthroat pirates, depending upon whom is asked – has managed to learn of the conclave and the trade agreement to be signed over its course. Come the first night of the event, when all are asleep in preparation of the day to come, a small team of their most skilled agents managed to sneak into Covenant in *gaseous form* and find Gunnhildur Pohjolasdóttir and Anna Mercier (in giant form, thanks to her *potion of growth*) at play. They only expected to find a single Jotun – Pohjola's daughter – but since time was of the essence and they could not immediately determine which of the two was the one they were after, they decided to kidnap both. Subduing the two girls, they sneaked them from the conclave site using doses of *potions of gaseous form* and *diminution*, whisking them away in the night to their warehouse headquarters in the city of Crucible. There, they awaited the arrival of *La Tortue Sinistre* to take them out to sea for safekeeping, while sending forth a representative of the group to put forward their ransom demands to the collected ambassadors of both races – making it most plain that it was a human group responsible for the kidnapping. In doing so, they hoped to wrest an unimaginable ransom from the fathers of both the girls and, in the process, create such ill will between humanity and the Jotun that an alliance between the two of them would be ruined forevermore.

After they returned to Crucible, however, the plans of *Le Signe du Cercle Vide* have hit two major snags. When Anna Mercier was given the potions that allowed the group to sneak her and her playmate from Covenant, they were unaware that she was already under the influence of a *potion of growth*. As she was force-fed the second magical draught, the *potion miscibility* created an unexpected effect: Her magically-induced growth became permanent. As has been mentioned, Anna is a very clever young girl and Gunnhild is very nearly her equal in terms of wit. Though neither realizes the truth of the human girl's current condition, they quickly realized that their captors were confused as to which one of them was actually King Himinnsson's daughter. They have used this uncertainty to perpetuate the ruse that it is Anna that is actually the child of the Jotun regent and that Gunnhild is but a playmate from her homeland and a young giantess of but minor nobility and no real consequence. The Chancellor's daughter thinks she is being brave (and she is) and protecting her friend and has no idea of the danger which she has placed herself in by accepting her burden.

The second problem is that Chancellor Mercier's bodyguard happened to be at the gates of Covenant when Le Signe du Cercle Vide's agent arrived at the site with the group's ransom demands. Because of that, he managed to conceal news of the kidnapping from spreading to any ears but his own and also learn the location of their headquarters before breaking the neck of the pirate with his bare hands. He has since relayed that information to the badly-shaken Chancellor, so that he might determine how best to proceed.

That, of course, is where the Player Characters come in....

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START

Chapter One: Covenant

A Private Affair

You are roused from a deep and sound slumber by one of Covenant's Highdeler guards. Spare of words, he urges you to ready yourself as swiftly as possible to meet with humanity's collected number within the structure at a common room not far from your assigned chamber. His instructions and tone cause you no small worry and you are swift to do exactly as he says, preparing yourself as you would if you were asked to stride off to battle, rather than the bargaining table.

When you are ready, you stride forth from your bedchamber and immediately find that the beautiful curving walkway within the amazing confines of Covenant is alive with motion. All of the other dignitaries and their aides are spilling forth from their rooms, heading up the path in the direction of a single open doorway.

Chancellor Mercier has summoned the entire contingent representing humanity to a secure chamber within Covenant to relay to them what he has learned and put forth a plan to rescue the two kidnapped girls. If any of the Player Characters inquire as to his demeanor, they can quite clearly see that it is as serious as the grave - a distinct contrast to the manner in which he has been portrayed to them previously. If any of them begin to speak or ask questions before entering the room at the end of the walkway, he is quick to beg their silence and assure that all will be explained briefly.

When all have arrived in the secure chamber, the door is closed and locked behind them. A quiet falls across the whole of those assembled until Chancellor Mercier strides to the fore of the room and begins to speak.

"Despite the considerable security we have been afforded by our Highdeler hosts," the Chancellor begins, "at some point last night, the Covenant was infiltrated by elements of a group known as Le Signe du Cercle Vide. Their primary objective, evidently, was to extort a ransom from the Jotnar folk by kidnapping King Pohjola's daughter, Gunnhildur. In this, I must sadly report, they were

successful. The girl has been abducted and has been taken to the terrorists' headquarters in Crucible. Once we have acceded to their demands, one of their agents has assured me that she will be released to her father once more."

Shocked murmurs and whispers spread like wildfire amongst your group until Chancellor Mercier silences them with a stern expression and a raised hand that begs your attention once more. "There is far more to this affair than you know," he allows. "I would ask your silence until I have related that which is known. In addition to Gunnhildur Pohjolasdóttir, my own daughter Anna has been abducted. My personal distress notwithstanding, this is a most important detail for a specific reason. The agent that offered the kidnappers' demands told my lieutenant, Maxime, that they had in their possession *two* Jotun-children. I can only think that Anna must have been under the influence of one of the *potions of growth* she was given when she was taken, and that her captors have yet to learn of her true nature. When they discover that she is not what she seems...as a loving father, I dare not imagine what fate awaits her."

The Chancellor pauses, obviously needing to compose himself before continuing. "I am certain you have already come to the conclusion that there is still more to this matter than a mere abduction," he says, when he can speak at last. "I, too, have arrived at such a place. There is an unspoken purpose to the act - and it may well have most dire consequences for all of humanity if we do not move swiftly and decisively to check it. Le Signe du Cercle Vide has long shouted vile exhortations for those with power amongst mankind to rise up and snatch ultimate dominion from the other races of Avremier. It seems quite obvious that by abducting Pohjola's daughter, their secondary objective is to destroy the conclave set to take place later today between mankind and the Jotun-folk. They realize that if it becomes known that humans were responsible for kidnapping the king's daughter from his side, beneath a flag of faith and trust, then it would mean far more than the sundering of any agreement between our people. It would likely mean war - a war that we would certainly lose. Perhaps they have not thought so far ahead in their warped plan, but that consequence would most surely come to pass."

A sigh. "We have but one advantage," the Chancellor says. "None but we in this room are aware yet of the kidnapping. In a short time, the conclave will commence and King Pohjola's attention will be fixed solely upon the dealings in the Covenant's master chambers. Therefore, it is quite likely that he will not learn of his daughter's disappearance until we adjourn. So we have as much time as it takes for a mutually-acceptable agreement to be reached to locate Gunnhildur and Anna and return them to the Covenant safely. I would expect that to take several hours, perhaps until dinner, if we are careful to draw things out and buy ourselves additional time with which to work."

"Unfortunately, the resources with which we have to work are scant," he admits. "Maxime, the delegates, and I...all of us will be expected to take part in the conclave. *You*, on the other hand," he sweeps his gaze across yours and that of the other assembled representatives' aides,

"have already been given leave to do as you please with the day, once the proceedings begin. It may seem odd that you would wish to leave the luxury of Covenant in favor of the delights of Crucible, but not completely unexpected. It will not seem so peculiar as to raise questions, in any case. So it is that I must ask you to do what we cannot: *Rescue Anna and Pohjola's daughter from their captors at any cost*. The very fate of humanity lies in the balance of your actions today."

He tries on a smile. It seems weak and weary on his visage. "Will you accept such a weighty charge?"

Given their association with their individual delegates and their knowledge of the situation, the choice should be an easy one. If the Player Characters seem reticent to undertake such a quest, then those ambassadors to whom they are attached should speak up – or chide them, as best befits their personality – in an attempt to persuade them to do so. If they continue to refuse, then the scenario is effectively over. If you are playing *Pohjola's Daughter* in the context of a convention, you may tally the points gained by the Player Characters to this point, name a Most Outstanding Player from their number and adjourn the session. Within the context of a Campaign, the result is even more grim. Humanity has not only lost out on an opportunity to potentially be uplifted to greatness by a powerful ally, but they will most certainly pay a dire price in coming days – probably in the form of an apocalyptic human-Jotun war.

The Player Characters may have some questions of the Chancellor before accepting his charge. He respects their curiosity and will answer such to the best of his ability, though he truly knows little more of the situation that what he has already laid bare before them. The two questions that will most likely be asked of him are:

- *Why don't we simply tell the Joten what's happened?* While this would certainly be most preferable, it is not an option. Chancellor Mercier will remind the Player Characters asking such a question that the Joten are a mercurial folk, given to mood swings as unpredictable and tempestuous as the weather. While it is possible that they would be understanding of the situation and pledge their aid in recovering those abducted, it is just as likely that they will blame humanity for the kidnapping out of hand and lay waste to Covenant and the world around it for several miles in an indescribable orgy of destruction and violence. Since the latter cannot be allowed to pass and remains well within the realm of possibility, the Chancellor believes that, in this case, discretion is the far better course of action.
- *Can we ask the Highdelvers for their assistance?* Chancellor Mercier is well-aware that the Highdelvers have thus far played the part of the gracious hosts because they understand that they have much to gain financially and politically from an alliance between humanity and the Jotun-folk. Yet, how much *more* would they have to gain were *they* the ones to have an alliance with the giants – possibly with mankind as a mutual enemy? The Chancellor is unsure of the answer to that question and so he does not dare risk involving the Highdelvers in the situation. There is simply too much at risk for him to bring himself to such a measure. This is an endeavor that humanity must undertake on its own.

At this point, the Player Characters are likely to agree to take up Chancellor Mercier's task. Should they do so, an expression of relief and gratitude washes over him. He bids Maxime to give them the name and location of the warehouse that he extracted from the agent he met earlier at the gates of Covenant. He then bids them to get on their way to the Highdelver city as soon as possible. He is unsure how long he'll be able to stall the Jotun – and given the situation, every second counts. From here, the Game Master should move forward in the story to **Chapter Two**, below.

If the Player Characters refuse the task, then you may bring the adventure to its conclusion, with the instructions offered above. The session has come to an end.

Of course, the Player Characters may take a third tack. They may ignore the Chancellor's advice and move to either tell the Jotun or the Highdelvers what has transpired on their own. In that case, the Game Master must decide what either party's reaction to the news will be. More likely than not, Chancellor Mercier will prove correct in his assessment of the situation: The Jotun will be writhing with fury at mankind's treachery and the Highdelvers will take advantage of the situation to have dealings with the giants themselves – at humanity's expense. In either case, the ramifications are dire for the men of Avremier and the time allotted to them on that wondrous land may be running short, indeed. One way or another, the Game Master should be sure to make the Player Characters rue the decision not to accept his advice!

Chapter Two: Crucible

Travel to Testudines

At Chancellor Mercier's request, humanity's Highdelver hosts have arranged for atuafans to arrive at the gates of Covenant so that the Player Characters may visit the city of Crucible. As he expected, they ask no questions in response to his appeal and as the party ventures forth from the beautifully-crafted edifice of glass and steel, they find a good steed for each of them waiting at the ready for a short jaunt northward. In a matter of but a half-hour, they are able to find themselves at the city's gates, doing so without any incident along the way (this close to Crucible, the city's patrols do a fine job of pushing back any sort of monstrous presence in the immediate region around its walls). Likewise, once they display their credentials identifying them as amongst the human delegates at Covenant, the guards manning the great valves that bar entry to the city beyond make all due haste to see that they may enter swiftly, sure to be quite polite in bidding them a good day as they pass.

The Player Characters, at this point, may wish to explore the city, either for some sort of information or perhaps to find some type of weapons or equipment. If they express such a desire, you should gently remind the Player Characters that Chancellor Mercier was unsure how long he would be able to draw out the conclave and that every moment left to them was a precious thing. If they insist on their exploration, however, allow them to undertake it, developing the city of Crucible in whatever manner you choose, using the descriptions of the place detailed in the text so far (a full-fledged fleshing out of the city is far beyond the scope of this adventure). If they should fail in their task because "their Armiger just *had* to have a bec-du-corbin", shed no tears for them. They have reaped what they have sown.

A sensible party, however, will be well-aware that time is of the essence. Such Player Characters will waste little time in following the instructions given them by Maxime to the warehouse headquarters of Le Signe du Cercle Vide. After they do so, the next portion of the adventure truly begins.

IMPORTANT NOTE!

As soon as the Player Characters enter **Chapter Two** of the adventure, the Dungeon Master running the adventure should begin taking a *strict count* of how many rounds elapse. Exactly **twenty rounds** after the beginning of the Chapter, *La Tortue Sinistre* will arrive at the dock opposite the warehouse. It will take Lieutenant LaFlamme **three more rounds** to board the vessel (regardless if he is on the boardwalk or under it), after which time, it begins to sail off on the Morningmist Sea. If the party has tarried too long in Crucible or become embroiled in a protracted combat within *Le Signe du Cercle Vide*'s safehouse, it is completely possible that they may miss the arrival or departure (or both!) of *La Tortue Sinistre* and it will have sailed off for parts unknown. If this takes place, the adventure is effectively over. No vessel docked on Crucible's shores is capable of catching *Le Signe du Cercle Vide*'s exceedingly unique conveyance. At this point, it must be accepted that the group has escaped with its hostages and that the worst will unfold, back at Covenant, when the news of the Player Characters' failure is made known. You may, at this time, move to adjourn the game session as per the instructions detailed above at other points in the module where the party is assumed to have failed in their mission.

Presuming that they have not tarried overlong, however....

Down By the Water

Crucible's docks are comprised of an immense boardwalk of stout wooden planks that jut out into the wild and lapping waves of the Morningmist Sea at irregular lengths in the form of countless piers. A thousand thousand sailing vessels of all shape and size, moored to these landings, gently bob and pitch in time with the rhythm of the tides that float them. Great wooden crates lay landward beyond the water, stacked in truly staggering amounts and covered by heavy cargo nets, arranged up against massive and solemn warehouses meant to store their emptied contents before their day at market.

Your party has followed Maxime's directions to one of these warehouses, tucked inconspicuously near the end of the boardwalk, next to a pier obviously meant to allow the docking of some ship truly monstrous in size. Perhaps forty feet tall and one hundred feet on each of its lengths, you see that all of its doors are barred shut and its windows have been blackened. To all appearances, it seems like a condemned property.

Of course, the warehouse is hardly disused. This is, in fact, one of the safehouses (and there are many, found in nearly every territory in Avremier in which there are humans) used by *Le Signe du Cercle Vide*: A place where their agents can come to rest, exchange news, equip themselves, and receive word of new missions to conduct against the group's enemies. While it typically sees little in the way of activity, on the night the Player Characters visit the warehouse, it is a veritable hornet's nest of activity. Since it is currently being used as a front headquarters for their operation against the Covenant, it now houses nearly four times the amount of agents usually found within its walls. Both Anna and Gunnhildur are currently within the warehouse, under the watchful eye of Lieutenant Mathieu LaFlamme (statistics detailed in **Appendix A: IMPORTANT NPCs**), though even if the Player Characters manage to subdue that villain...they may not recognize them in their current state.

WAREHOUSE ENCOUNTER KEY

1. ENTRANCE

The entrance to the warehouse consists of two immense doors. Designed to slide outwards, both are composed of sturdy, iron bound wood and are currently closed tight. Three men, each wearing leather armor and bearing short swords, mill about the portals, casting furtive glances in every direction as they meander back and forth. Each one of them wears a silver chain about their neck, from which a whistle dangles.

This entrance to the safehouse of *Le Signe du Cercle Vide* is under constant guard. This patrol always consists of three men and rotates every two hours. At the first sign of trouble, they will blow their whistles and engage to attack, confident that they will be supported by their fellows within the warehouse shortly afterwards. If the actions of the Player Characters cause the guards to sound their whistles, Mathieu LaFlamme will immediately move to escape through the secret door in **Area #5**, sneaking out from underneath the boardwalk with his prisoners in hand, waiting there for the arrival of *La Tortue Sinistre*.

The doors the guards protect are not locked but are quite heavy. It will require a Strength of 15 or better to move even one of them single-handedly. Even then, the wheels that allow them to travel have been quite deliberately allowed to rust, making it so that moving the doors creates a loud squealing noise. No matter how cleverly the Player Characters conceal themselves, if they open these doors, they are almost certain to alert all those within the warehouse (*silence* spells and the like notwithstanding, of course).

Le Signe du Cercle Vide Agents, Common (3): CE hm or f 1st Level Thieves, AC 6 (Leather Armor & Dexterity), MV 12", HP 4, THAC0 20, #AT 1, Damage 1-6/1-8 (Short Sword), SA: Backstab for x2 Damage, SQ: Thieving abilities.

2. COMMON AREA

The interior of the warehouse is only dimly-lit. This illumination comes from occasional lanterns hung from hooks on the walls that give off a glow as if fireflies were trapped within their bounds. To your left and right, you can see sizable wooden crates pushed against the structure's walls stacked nearly to the ceiling. Laying out on top of the lowest of them, you see what looks like several sorts of weapons and suits of armor, along with all manner of clothing and bundles of bedding. Perhaps forty feet ahead of you, the crates have been arranged to virtually bisect the warehouse, leaving a twenty foot wide path between them to allow further passage into the building. Past that, you can see another arrangement of crates that splits the portion past that ad-hoc barrier into two sections, left and right.

This general area exists as a place where *Le Signe du Cercle Vide* stores weapons and armor for their agents

staying in the safehouse and need to re-equip themselves. The inventory of this stock is carefully controlled by Intendant Yves Richard (see **Appendix A: IMPORTANT NPCs** for details), who has a nigh-photographic memory when it comes to what passes in and out of the warehouse and can quote the levels of every piece of equipment he has on hand at any given time to the single piece. What currently lies out on display for those agents at the safehouse follows:

- 15 Daggers
- 11 Short Swords
- 3 Long Swords
- 2 Light Crossbows
- 1 Short Bow
- 33 Arrows
- 6 Suits of Leather Armor
- 2 Suits of Studded Leather Armor
- 4 Small Wooden Shields

Exactly what might transpire in this area depends entirely on whether or not the agents of Le Signe du Cercle Vide are aware of the presence of the Player Characters. In the unlikely event that they manage to infiltrate the structure without rousing the notice of its sentries or denizens, they will find this area empty but for the above equipment listed. This is not a place where the agents of Le Signe du Cercle Vide congregate unless they have a particular purpose in mind. The Player Characters are free to investigate further into the building.

In the much more likely case that they have alerted their enemies to their presence, however, this area becomes the site of an ambush and a battlefield. A single agent of Le Signe du Cercle Vide crouches from around both sides of the crates that split the warehouse in half, firing light crossbows at the Player Characters as they enter. Two more position themselves high atop those crate-barriers and likewise employ light crossbows against their foes. However, these are simply a distraction from the real threat, meant to lure potential attackers of the safehouse into charging to try and neutralize those snipers as quickly as possible. The actual threat lies in two more agents that are *hiding in shadows* along the front wall of the warehouse, ready to throw a switch that will drop a weighted cargo net from the ceiling on top of the Player Characters. If this trap is triggered, all characters within a 20' x 20' area just beyond the doors is forced to make a saving throw vs. paralyzation to avoid being caught in the net. Success means that a given character avoids the trap, while failure means that they are held fast in the net until they can either rip or cut themselves free (a successful *bend bars* roll or 3 or more hit points of damage done against the net (treat as if AC7) with a bladed weapon no larger than a short sword will do the trick). Of course, the concealed thieves will quickly fall on any characters caught in the net with their short swords (giving them a +4 chance to hit with every strike). If no characters are caught, they will bide their time in order to maximize the damage they might do with a *backstab*.

Le Signe du Cercle Vide Agents, Common (6): CE hm or f 1st Level Thieves, AC6 (Leather Armor & Dexterity), MV 12", HP 4, THAC0 20, #AT 1 or 2, Damage 1-6/1-8 (Short Sword) or 1-4/1-4 (Light Crossbow), SA Backstab for x2 damage, SQ Thieving abilities.

3. BARRACKS

This wide, open area is bounded by the outer walls of the warehouse on two sides, while stacked wooden crates comprise the remainder of its perimeter. Within the area, five beds are pushed up against the wall, each one with a storage locker and an end table flanking it and a wooden chest at its foot. Across from these, you can see three tables appointed with chairs. Atop the tables, various and sundry items exist: A plate with a half-eaten sausage and a pint of ale next to it, a deck of playing cards, and a bit of parchment, a quill, and some ink.

This area serves as a place where those members of Le Signe du Cercle Vide who come to this safehouse (or are permanently posted there) can see to their rest and recreation. As in the case above, what happens here depends strictly upon the actions of the Player Characters to this point. If they have managed to infiltrate the warehouse without rousing the notice of its denizens, then virtually every agent of Le Signe du Cercle Vide (thirteen, in all; Mathieu LaFlamme and his Intendant generally don't mingle with the common agents) within the place can be found here, milling about, eating, playing games of chance with one another, or sleeping. The Player Characters can certainly get the drop on them in such a situation (surely gaining at least a *surprise* round of actions before a counterattack can be mustered), if they choose to do so. Of course, the cacophony of blown whistles and mass combat that is sure to follow afterward will alert everyone else in the structure as to the presence of intruders within its walls.

It is much more likely that the agents within the warehouse will have been alerted to the presence of the party by this point, of course. In such a case, they will be well-prepared to greet them in the ugly parlance of violence. The three agents within the room will have turned its beds and tables on their sides to serve as cover between themselves and the Player Characters. Hunched behind these ad-hoc barricades, they will assail them with light crossbows. Since there is really no exit for them from the room (climbing the crates might be an option, but more than likely, they'd be slaughtered trying to do so), they fight to the death from their positions, defending themselves with their short swords, should the party move into melee range.

Le Signe du Cercle Vide Agents, Common (3): CE hm or f 1st Level Thieves, AC6 (Leather Armor & Dexterity), MV 12", HP 4, THAC0 20, #AT 1 or 2, Damage 1-6/1-8 (Short Sword) or 1-4/1-4 (Light Crossbow), SA Backstab for x2 damage, SQ Thieving abilities.

Three of the footlockers at the ends of the beds contain the personal effects of the agents within the safehouse that are not permanently stationed there. Totaled, they contain 200sp, an ornate brass-rimmed hand mirror worth 50gp, and 3 small carnelians each worth 25gp.

4. OFFICE

A large, open room has been created here by stacked wooden crates in tall row, pushed against the outer walls of the warehouse. On the south-facing crate-wall, a desk and chair composed of dark timbers rest, its flat face piled high with strewn paperwork. A dry inkpot and disused quill hide themselves behind one of the towers of parchment. The remainder of the room is appointed with maps of all sorts – those of various continents and regions, those of buildings and structures, some that even seem to relate to foreign lands. There are so many of these that they seem to overlap one another in places.

This is the “office” of Lieutenant Mathieu LaFlamme: An officer of modest authority (but silver tongue!) within the ranks of Le Signe du Cercle Vide. The operation of this safehouse is his responsibility and it is an appointment that he takes most seriously. LaFlamme craves power within the organization and hopes to impress his superiors by seeing to it that the place runs without as much as a single hitch. The Lieutenant is quite chaotic and, as a consequence, is horribly disorganized (one can see the evidence of this in his workspace), but manages to succeed at his post because of the work of his Intendant, Yves Richard. A childhood friend of the LaFlamme’s, the site’s Quartermaster is a taciturn man with little in the way of social graces but who is blessed with a frighteningly good memory that ensures the smooth functionality of the safehouse. The two make up well for one another’s weaknesses and form an excellent partnership.

Once again, what transpires here depends totally upon the amount of warning the agents of Le Signe du Cercle Vide have been given by the Player Characters regarding their presence. If the party has progressed to this point without rousing the notice of the safehouse’s denizens, they will catch both LaFlamme and Richard in this location, completely surprised by their appearance. Presuming they both survive the surprise round that the Player Characters will enjoy as the fruits of their stealthy investigation, Intendant Richard will sound his whistle and rush to melee with the party. He is under no delusion that he will actually best their combined might: His move is a sacrifice meant to buy his friend and superior officer time to make good his escape. He only hopes that some few of the agents within the building will make it in time to support him before the Player Characters hack him into finger-sized bits. Meanwhile, LaFlamme will take advantage of the secret door in **Area #5** to begin his escape to the docks. It is his hope that his friend will be able to buy him time until *La Tortue Sinistre* can arrive to spirit him and his precious cargo off to some cloistered place at the bottom of the Morningmist Sea.

If the Player Characters have given those within the warehouse warning of their presence through their actions, then they will find neither the Intendant nor the Lieutenant in this location. Both will have escaped through the secret door in **Area #5** and await the arrival of *La Tortue Sinistre* beneath Crucible’s dockyard boardwalk.

In addition to their personal treasures (which they keep

with them at all times), LaFlamme and Richard have amassed a small “slush fund” for themselves, which is hidden in a false bottom in their desk. This drawer contains a *+1 dagger*, a *ring of animal friendship*, 223gp, and 6 small rubies, each worth 50gp. In addition to this, the maps that line the walls within this room are of no small value, themselves. Though it is beyond the scope of this module to detail, an enterprising Game Master could easily plant a treasure map (real or fake) or two amongst them, making the cartographic haul a springboard to an entirely new adventure!

Note: Though the probability is quite remote, it is possible that the Player Characters might slay Lieutenant LaFlamme before he can escape this room. If this is the case, they should be congratulated! They have conducted themselves as expert players and should be rewarded as such. The lieutenant has in his possession a flask painted utterly black. Within that container are Anna Mercier and Gunnhildur Pohjolasdóttir (reduced to the sizes of beetles, thanks to the use of several *potions of diminution*). Inside, the girls are shaken, but unharmed, and can be restored to their normal size with but one turn of exposure to fresh air. At this stage, you may move to the **Epilogue: Endgame** of this module, where the adventure is at last resolved.

5. ESCAPE PATH

A portion of the floor within the area evidently rests on a great hinge beneath the timbers. By stepping on one end, the other raises above its level and reveals a rough-hewn tunnel that drives eastward, away from the warehouse. Dark and dirty, it smells of dampness and must. Where it might lead is a mystery.

After Le Signe du Cercle Vide took over operations of this warehouse several years ago, this tunnel was dug beneath it to serve as an escape route, should the place ever be overcome by its enemies. It leads perhaps thirty feet eastward before bending south. There, it proceeds in that direction until it at last emerges into a hidden space beneath the dockyard boardwalk, where ships moored before the warehouse can be boarded or debarked secretly. The place is guarded by a lone agent of the group who sits at his post with an oil lantern, a heavy blanket, a mug of brandy, and a large bell that he is instructed to ring to alert those within the warehouse if trouble is afoot. Because of the solitary nature of this posting, it is rather easy for the guards there to become inattentive; Player Characters that somehow locate this place have a double normal chance to *surprise* the guard, if they move upon his position with stealth.

Most probably, if the Player Characters come upon this location, they will do so by pursuing Lieutenant LaFlamme down the tunnel to the secret pier under the boardwalk. In such a case, they will first encounter the guard, who will meet them some distance up the corridor in order to buy his superior some time to make his escape. The guard will empty the oil from his lantern in the tunnel and light it afame as a means of dissuading pursuers from the chase. If they press onward, he assails them with his light crossbow, then moves to melee.

Le Signe du Cercle Vide Agent, Common: CE hm or f 1st Level Thief, AC6 (Leather Armor & Dexterity), MV 12", HP 4, THAC0 20, #AT 1 or 2, Damage 1-6/1-8 (Short Sword) or 1-4/1-4 (Light Crossbow), SA Backstab for x2 damage, SQ Thieving abilities.

If the Player Characters happen to be at this location when the Game Master's twenty round countdown ends (see the **IMPORTANT NOTE!** section above for details), then they will be treated to a most astonishing sight. Before their eyes, the sea's waves seem to shudder and ripple, as if moved by the invisible violence of a strong wind. Soon thereafter, they begin to churn and crash in a riot of motion. Those standing on the dock when this occurs might wish to grab onto something solid, lest they be swept beneath the shattering waters!

At last, the very sea itself seems to explode! A torrential shower of briny sea water sprays all over the dock and boardwalk, nearly knocking the Player Characters from their feet! From beneath the depthless surface of the waves, a great shadow has split the blue eye of the ocean and been born into the world of air above!

La Tortue Sinistre has arrived.

Chapter Three: La Tortue Sinistre

Dream of the Blue Turtles

No one is quite certain how it was that Captain Marcel Lefebvre – one of the five members of the “*Cercle Élève*”: The name given to the enigmatic leaders of Le Signe du Cercle Vide – came into possession of the magnificent and horrific vessel with which he treads the blue landscape of Avremier. All that can be said is that he has used the terrifying might it places at his disposal to become the most feared pirate in mannish history on the world. Indeed, entire cities are said to have vanished overnight from the coast of the Morningmist Sea after receiving a list of demands from his quill and failing to accede to his every request.

On its own, *Le Tortue Sinistre* would be a most fearsome sailing vessel: A four-masted behemoth of a ship with black, rotting sails whose sides bristle with elemental cannons capable of hurling pots of horrific balefire at terrifying speeds with its hidden steam engines. Its rusted chains and iron-patched hull bespeak a history of bloody warfare too awful to contemplate. Of course, the turbines that once drove the ship have long since died, perhaps when its connection to the Elemental Plane of Steam was severed. Its cannons no longer hold menace in their empty and black barrels. All of this ceased to be when the ship ran aground on a shallow reef during a powerful storm many years ago. The legendary vessel was lost then, set adrift forever on the Morningmist Sea.

Perhaps it was Captain Lefebvre himself that saw to bolting the drowned and wrecked hull of the vessel to the shell of the great dragon turtle Xohorus, *charming* the beast into obedient servitude? Who can say? In the end, perhaps it makes no difference. What was once a fearsome sailing vessel is now a juggernaut of ultimate destruction.

And the man directing its course is a villain of the blackest stripe.

From the roiling and churning waters, a great, four-masted sailing vessel surfaces. The sea's contents spill forth across its decks and over its railings as its ebon sails, tattered and rotting, reveal themselves. Though it might have once been magnificent once, it seems as if it has laid at the bottom of the ocean for decades. Its wood is worn and held together by metal patching and rivets. Perhaps the angry spectre of its past glory has caused it to rise from its watery grave and sail once more? It is impossible to say.

As the ship explodes upwards from the water with a sudden violence, you notice that its bottom does not touch the waves themselves. Indeed, it looks as if it has run around, its hull shredded upon upon some great perturbation. Still higher, you can see it is no reef or bar that has caused the damage. Indeed, the massive vessel has been riveted down upon a smooth curve with immense metal brackets and bolts, all rusted and corroded.

It has been fastened to the surface of a gigantic turtle's shell.

This chapter can play out in many different ways, depending on the location of the Player Characters when *Le Tortue Sinistre* arrives at Crucible's dockyard (**exactly twenty rounds** after the beginning of Chapter Two) and whether or not they have managed to subdue Mathieu LaFlamme and rescue his hostages by that time. The chances that they will manage to overcome the Lieutenant and claim his precious cargo before he makes good his escape through **Area #5** are poor. If this does occur, however, and the Player Characters are still in the warehouse by the time *Le Tortue Sinistre* arrives at the safehouse, they will be most unaware of its existence. When he sees that the Lieutenant is not present and their pre-arranged meeting place with his hostages, Captain Lefebvre will realize that something is amiss. He will submerge his vessel and make off for the safety of the sea once more. Though his plans have been scuttled, he is content to live to fight another day – and may yet come to vex the Player Characters again, in another future adventure.

It is slightly more likely that the Player Characters will manage to defeat Lieutenant LaFlamme just before or during the arrival of *Le Tortue Sinistre*, after he has escaped down the tunnel in **Area #5**. In this case, they will have the opportunity to witness the surfacing of the monstrous vessel in all its terrible glory. They will then have one of two choices: Flee with the hostages or attempt to board the ship before it can depart. If they should choose the former option, it will be of little consequence for them to run back along the escape tunnel into the warehouse and a position of relative safety. Captain Lefebvre will not pursue them in such an event, instead taking advantage of their flight to make good his own escape. As above, he may come to plague the characters once more.

The most likely outcome to the scenario, however, is that the Player Characters find themselves chasing Lieutenant LaFlamme down the escape tunnel in **Area #5**, hot on his heels as he tries to board *Le Tortue Sinistre* and make good his escape with his captives. For LaFlamme, climbing up the slippery turtle's shell and clambering aboard the vessel atop it is a relatively easy matter, thanks to his *climb walls* ability. The Player Characters will likely not have the same luxury. Non-Thieves attempting to board the ship have a base chance equal to the sum of their Strength and Dexterity scores (exceptional strengths scores give no additional bonuses) of successfully making it onto the vessel. Characters attempting to

climb aboard the vessel that fail by a number *more* than their base chance of success (for example, a Fighter with a 33% chance of success rolls a 32 on their percentile dice, given that a high result equals success) fall into the water. In such instances, drowning rules might well be in play!

Player Characters that neither succeed nor fail in boarding the vessel may try their luck again. In any case, *Le Tortue Sinistre* will leave Crucible's docks **exactly three rounds** after arriving at Le Signe du Cercle Vide's safehouse. Three rounds after this departure, it will begin to submerge beneath the surface of the Morningmist Sea. Should the Player Characters not be aboard the vessel when it does so, they will be quite unable to catch it. The ship should be considered to have escaped and the day lost for the party. You may move to adjourn the session as per the instructions listed above in places where the Player Characters have failed in their mission.

If any of the Player Characters successfully board *Le Tortue Sinistre*, however, they will be quickly forced to explore the vessel – either for the captive girls or for shelter before they are all drowned beneath the dark waters of the sea.

LE TORTUE SINISTRE ENCOUNTER KEY

1. MAIN DECK

The deck of the main ship is warped from age and the wear of water, holed and treacherous. Broken planks give way to a dark abyss beneath the vessel's firmament. Covered in barnacles and brine, the footing is perilously precarious. Working at the labors of patching the razed timbers and toiling at its ropes are a dozen crew members. Each one of them is horribly bloated, their clothes waterlogged tatters, and their flesh greyed and ringed the the bites of a thousand aquatic creatures. Every one of them has obviously been long since drowned.

The crew of *La Tortue Sinistre* has been assembled from the lost sailors of a score of capsized vessels. At the command of Captain Lefebvre, they work to keep the ship intact as best they can, though in truth their best utility to his is to serve as guardians for his cursed galleon. As soon as the Player Characters board the ship, they will stop at their work and move to attack them.

Zombies (12) CE, AC 8, MV 6", HD 2, HP 8, THAC0 16, #AT 1, Damage: 1-8, SD: Immune to *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, or cold-based spells, SQ: Always strike last in a combat round.

The crew (such that they are) will fight savagely in defense of their ship and captain. If they are able, they will attempt to push a Player Character down one of the holes in the vessel's deck, down into **Area #2**. Other than the tools they use for patching the timbers, they possess no treasure of note. If the Player Characters have chased Lieutenant LaFlamme aboard *Le Tortue Sinistre*, he will attempt to run by the zombies (who recognize him as an ally and will not attack him) and enter the Captain's Room in **Area #3**, hoping to make a last stand there with his superior officer.

The Player Characters have far more to worry about than a host of undead sailors, however. *La Tortue Sinistre*

pushes off from shore only three rounds after its arrival, so the party would be well-served not to become embroiled in a protracted battle with the zombies. One round after the vessel leaves the docks, it begins to submerge beneath the Morningmist Sea. The Player Characters had better not be exposed on the ship's decks when this occurs – unless they are champion swimmers!

2. BELOWDECKS

Beneath its decks, only the forward portion of the ship is accessible. A doorway leading deeper into its heart is blocked by collapsed timber that has been hastily and clumsily patched to as to prevent the whole of the vessel from sundering. Obviously a place where cargo was once held, it is flooded by waters that raise to the height of the knee. Flotsam and jetsam float about in the dark and malign water, hints of the valuables once lining the place. Now, aught but rot and death linger here, embodied by the eight crew members that shamble about in the frigid waters, their eyes glowing with a terrible, hellish light.

Laboring fruitlessly at making the rest of the ship's underbelly accessible, these eight dead men are of far more use to Captain Lefebvre as guardians of the ship than they are as craftsmen. Unfortunately for the Player Characters, it is in the former role that they are likely to encounter them.

Zombies (6) CE, AC 8, MV 6", HD 2, HP 8, THAC0 16, #AT 1, Damage: 1-8, SD: Immune to *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, or cold-based spells, SQ: Always strike last in a combat round.

Perhaps worse than the undead crewmembers, the waters and rotting flesh have made the belly of *Le Tortue Sinistre* a breeding ground for disease. Any character receiving a wound within this area must immediately make a saving throw vs. poison or contract a terrible ailment that sees them lose a single Constitution point a day until they either receive the benefit of a *cure disease* spell or they reach 0 Constitution (at which point, the character dies). This disease is extremely contagious and any character making physical contact with an individual afflicted with the illness must also make a saving throw or contract it as well. Lost Constitution points can be recovered after the disease is cured at a rate of 1 point per week of bed rest.

3. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS

Considering the macabre environs surrounding most of *Le Tortue Sinistre*, this room is staggering for its opulence. Its walls are finely wallpapered in burgundy and brass and it is furnished with elegant antiques that give the place an air of rare sophistication. The canopy bed, each pillar of which is hand-carved like a golden nereid rising from the sea, looks fit for a king, let alone the map-covered desk in the opposite corner of the room that looks like it was carved from a single, massive piece of teak. A wine rack full of expensive-looking vintage runs along the wall next to a delicate bird cage, in which a bejeweled

effigy of a parrot swings with the caprice of the wind.

In the center of the room stands a man wearing the formal dress of a military ship's captain. He drinks wine from a crystal decanter, eyeing you carefully before emptying his glass, then tossing it aside of himself to shatter on the floor. He offers you a thin, cruel smile before brandishing the rapier at his side.

The Player Characters have reached the quarters of Captain Marcel Lefebvre – Commander of *Le Tortue Sinistre* and one of the *Cercle Élevé* of Le Signe du Cercle Vide. Because of the violence that has likely taken place upon the deck of his ship, he is almost certainly aware of the presence of the party and has prepared himself suitably to receive them. When they enter his quarters, he has just finished quaffing a *potion of speed* and immediately greets them with violence. The Captain (whose statistics are detailed in the **Appendix A: IMPORTANT NPCs** section of this book) is an educated man who enjoys luxury and refinement, but he is not so foolish to waste time engaging his enemies in pointless blather.

The Captain is also not alone. His mistress and chief confidante, Manon LeRoux (who is also detailed in **Appendix A: IMPORTANT NPCs**), is hiding near his bed, enjoying the benefits of a *potion of invisibility*. She waits in place until she senses an opportune moment to strike at the Captain's enemies with one of her more devastating offensive spells. It is also possible that Lieutenant LaFlamme and possibly even Intendant Richard are within the room when the Player Characters arrive there. If this is the case, then the party is in for a real fight, as the Captain all by himself is an opponent most deadly – to say nothing of his mistress!

The Captain's quarters are magically proofed against the ravages of the ocean. Whether its door is open or closed, water will not enter the room, even if *Le Tortue Sinistre* is submerged. Its supply of air is self-sustaining and it remains at a constant, comfortable level of pressure and temperature, regardless of its situation. Hence, Player Characters hoping to fling open the door to the chamber as the vessel dives down to the heart of the sea and drown all within will need to concoct a different plan of action.

Should the Player Characters manage to overcome this collection of blackguards, then they are free to plunder both the possessions of their enemies and the spoils within the Captain's chambers (presuming that they haven't damaged them overmuch during the fighting, of course). If they are somehow able to remove the bed and desk from the room, the antique furnishings are worth 1,200gp and 750gp, respectively. The maps on the Captain's desk detail the coastline along Crucible and Covenant and are worth 75gp to one with an interest in cartography. The gilt birdcage is worth but 300gp (many of the jewels on the parrot are but well-polished semi-precious stones) but the wines kept in the rack are extremely rare and each of the thirteen bottles is worth 250gp to any with the palate or refinement to appreciate them properly.

Of course, most precious of all is the treasure in the

painted bottle within Lieutenant LaFlamme's coat, which contains the daughters of Chancellor Mercier and King Pohjola (in *diminished* form, naturally). If they can manage to claim that for themselves, then the day is won – both for them, individually...and for humanity as a whole.

Epilogue: Endgame

Should the Player Characters wrest Lieutenant LaFlamme's flask from his possession, they will be in for something of a surprise when they loose the container's stopper. No sooner do the girls freed from its durance draw three breaths of clean air before they begin to grow from their *diminished* form. They will probably expect King Pohjola's daughter to expand to gigantic dimensions (as a Jotun-child, she is about 8' tall), but will likely be taken aback when Chancellor Mercier's daughter does the same! Unfortunately, Anna's condition is permanent. The admixture of *growth* and *diminution* potions has reacted with her body chemistry in such a way that she is now the world's tallest 8 year old girl. Yet the Player Characters might also be surprised to find that the child is overjoyed by the development. Through their trials, she and Gunnhildur have become so close that they are now like sisters, rather than mere friends. Anna sees her new condition as a miracle: She can now play with the Jotun-Princess at the giantess' size forever. Of course, this might pose some difficulty in finding a way to see the two girls back to Covenant...but given what they had to go through to find them in the first place, it should seem only a trifling concern.

Upon their return to Covenant, none will be more pleased to see the return of the children than Chancellor Mercier. Having only just completed the proceedings of the conclave, her father (tiny, to her point of view) and she will exchange a loving embrace and it is likely that more than one tear will be shed, in the process. The Chancellor will be quick to thank the Player Characters for their role in the recovery of the girls, assuring them that they will be appropriately rewarded for their actions. He will also thank the dignitaries that permitted them to act on humanity's behalf, when all seemed lost. Finally, he will speak to Gunnhildur, both to express how relieved he is to see to her safety and to gently impress on her the need for circumspection at such a delicate moment in the diplomatic process. In other words, he begs her not to tell her father what has happened during the course of the day.

Gunnhildur will permit no such talk in her presence, however. To her mind, the men and women that rescued her and her "sister" are nothing less than heroes and heroines of the highest order and should be recognized by King Pohjola as such. Instead, she commands the Player Characters to follow her to her father's chambers so he can see her rescuers with his own eyes. The Chancellor is horrified by such an idea, of course, but he has little choice but to comply. In a matter of minutes, the entire party, with the dignitaries that serve as their "superiors" assembled behind them, are standing before the mighty King Pohjola Himinnsson – greatest of all Jotun – as his daughter relates the details of her kidnapping. She then turns to the Player Characters to relate the events that occurred afterwards. For his part, King Pohjola is inscrutable. His power is so great that speaking to him is like speaking to some uncontrollable elemental force. It is like having a conversation with a thunderstorm; it is to have a dialogue with the maelstrom.

In the end, when the tales of their deed are told, King Pohjola nods sagely. In a voice like a peal of thunder, he thanks them thusly:

"YOU HAVE VISITED UPON MY HOUSE A GREAT KINDNESS," King Pohjola says, the power of his merest utterance enough to shake the very firmament of Covenant. **"YOU HAVE RETURNED TO ME MY ONLY DAUGHTER, SHE WHO WILL ONE DAY BE KNOWN TO THE TRUE FOLK AS QUEEN POHJOLASDÓTTIR. IN THE DOING, YOU HAVE DEMONSTRATED THAT HUMANITY IS NOT WITHOUT HEROES, CAPABLE AND PROUD. FOR THIS, I WILL SEE TO IT THAT YOU SEE THAT GRATITUDE IS NOT A CONCEPT BENEATH EVEN THE KING OF ALL JOTUN."**

King Pohjola nods once more, begging that he, Chancellor Mercier, and their two daughters have a moment of privacy to discuss that which has happened in the course of the day. The Player Characters are asked to wait outside his chambers until their discourse has finished. This takes perhaps ten minutes, after which the door opens once more. When it does, the Chancellor and the two (not-so-little) girls stride forth from the room to meet them once more.

The visibly-shaken Chancellor explains that, despite the Player Characters' display of selfless heroism, King Pohjola was insulted by humanity's attempt to conceal the matter of the kidnapping from him. He was prepared to break off the trade agreement until Gunnhildhur begged her father have mercy on mankind, as a girl who she now called sister with all her heart was born with mannish blood coursing her veins. Indeed, before he could rebuke the girl, Anna stepped forward and asked her father to release her to return to Undomini with the Jotun at the end of the conclave. With her new condition in her mind, she felt that the world of humans was no longer a world for her, and by going with King Pohjola, she was sure that she could impress upon him that mankind was worthy of such a great ally as the giants. In the end, the Jotun regent was so moved by her sacrifice and that of the Player Characters that he agreed to the treaty between the two folk. The conclave was a success. Anna Mercier would now be known as Anna Pohjolasdóttir – to be raised as if she was of his own blood – and soon, she would bid farewell to the world of men, possibly forever. It was a brave sacrifice for a girl whose size of body at last matched her size of heart.

As for Le Tortue Sinistre, Chancellor Mercier bids the Player Characters forget the vessel. He has allowed the Jotun to do with it what they will. No such creature deserves the fate of servitude in such a manner, nor does any man deserve the right to wield such destructive power. King Pohjola assured the Chancellor that the ship would be removed from the dragon turtle's shell and the beast would be freed of its compulsion and set free to swim the Morningmist Sea in the manner which was always meant to be.

Coda

At the summation of the conclave the Player Characters are released to return to their individual homes with each of their respective dignitaries. They have survived a trial for the ages and have emerged from its harrows victorious. Soon enough, word begins to reach their ears of the first Jotun longboats mooring at the docks of human cities in Dhavon, laden with all manner of nonesuch goods meant for trade. Likewise, the first human boats have already made for Undomini and great hope exists that they will be just as well-received as were their counterparts. Such news is a great reward for a job well done. The repute of the heroes grows significantly in the lands of their homes and they enjoy commensurate respect and authority in those regions. For the part

of the Game Master, you may reward them with a 5,000XP story reward.

Perhaps a week or so later, a package arrives at the home of each Player Character. Inside the container is a custom-made magic item of the Game Master's choice (select one most applicable to the recipient's class and personality; suggested GP value: 10,000), along with a clumsily-drawn portrait of the individual receiving the gift. The artwork is signed *By Anna and Gunnhildur Pohjolasdóttir*. It is as the king said: The Jotun are no strangers to gratitude.

One final item lies at the bottom of the box. It is a piece of protective equipment appropriate to the class of the individual receiving it (for Fighters and Clerics, this is a *large shield*; for Magic-Users and Thieves, this is *bracers of defense*), made from a discarded layer of the shell of a dragon turtle. The device is equal in protective value to a *+5 shield*.

Even Xohoros remembers them fondly.

CREDITS

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

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.

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Appendix A: IMPORTANT NPCs

Character Name: Captain Marcel Lefebvre

Race / Gender: Human Male

Level / Class: 5th level Fighter

Alignment: Neutral Evil

| | | | | | |
|----------------------|----|-------------------------------|----------------|-------------------|--------------|
| Strength: | 16 | TH Bonus: ±0 | Dam. Bonus: +1 | Op. Doors: On 1-3 | B. Bars: 10% |
| Intelligence: | 15 | 4 Additional Language Known | | | |
| Wisdom: | 9 | Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0 | | | |
| Dexterity: | 17 | Reaction / Attack Adjust.: +2 | | | |
| Constitution: | 16 | Defensive Adjust.: -3 | | | |
| Charisma: | 17 | Hit Point Adjustment: +2 | | | |
| | | System Shock: 95% | | | |
| | | Reaction Adjustment: +30% | | | |

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

Armor Class: 3 (Leather Armor +2)

Hit Points: 50

Movement Base: 12"

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

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 14

Weapon Damage Base: 5-12 (S/M), 5-12 (L)

Attacks Per Round: 3/2

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2

Languages Known: Common, Cruxet, Dhavonish

| Magic Weapon Descriptions | Special Racial Abilities |
|--|--|
| <i>Cutlass +2 "Vizier". Detects invisible objects and creatures on command, in 10' radius.</i> | None. |
| Other Magic Items | |
| <i>Pearl of the Sirines, Potion of Hill Joten Strength, Potion of Speed.</i> | Spells & Special Class Abilities |
| | <i>Weapon Specialization (Cutlass). Provides +1 bonus to hit & +2 to damage with cutlass. May attack 3 times every two rounds with cutlass. During round of two attacks (Player's discretion), attack comes at beginning and end of round. Allies and enemies benefiting from <i>haste</i> or the like supersede this advantage.</i> |

| Distribution of All Items Carried | | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------|-----------------------|----------|------------|----------|
| Left Side | | Center, Back, or Feet | | Right Side | |
| Item | Location | Item | Location | Item | Location |
| Ring | Worn | Leather Armor | Worn | Cutlass | Carried |
| Leather Pouch | On Belt | Soft leather boots | Feet | | |
| Potion | In Pouch | | | | |
| Potion | In Pouch | | | | |
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| | | | | | |

Gold & Wealth: 1 350gp value black pearl.

Ownership of *La Tortue Sinistre*.

Three treasure maps of unknown authenticity.

Experience Gained: 0

Character Name: Lieutenant Mathieu LaFlamme
Race / Gender: Human Male
Level / Class: 4th level Thief
Alignment: Chaotic Evil

| | | | | | |
|----------------------|----|-------------------------------|----------------|-------------------|-------------|
| Strength: | 12 | TH Bonus: ±0 | Dam. Bonus: ±0 | Op. Doors: On 1-2 | B. Bars: 2% |
| Intelligence: | 15 | 4 Additional Language Known | | | |
| Wisdom: | 10 | Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0 | | | |
| Dexterity: | 16 | Reaction / Attack Adjust.: +1 | | | |
| Constitution: | 15 | Defensive Adjust.: -2 | | | |
| Charisma: | 14 | Hit Point Adjustment: +1 | | | |
| | | System Shock: 91% | | | |
| | | Reaction Adjustment: +5% | | | |

| Saving Throws | |
|---------------------------|----|
| Paralyzation: | 13 |
| Petrification: | 12 |
| Rods/Staves/Wands: | 14 |
| Breath Weapon: | 16 |
| Spells: | 15 |

Armor Class: 3 (Studded Leather Armor, Boots of Striding & Springing, Dexterity Bonus)

Hit Points: 19

Movement Base: 12"

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

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 20

Weapon Damage Base: 1-6 / 1-8

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -3

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

| Magic Weapon Descriptions | Special Racial Abilities |
|---|--|
| None. | None. |
| Other Magic Items | |
| <i>Boots of Striding & Springing</i> , Containment Bottle (in which to keep <i>diminished</i> prisoners). | |
| | Spells & Special Class Abilities |
| | Thieving Abilities: <i>Pick Pockets:</i> 45%; <i>Open Locks:</i> 42%; <i>Find/Remove Traps:</i> 35%; <i>Move Silently:</i> 33%; <i>Hide in Shadows:</i> 25%; <i>Hear Noise:</i> 15%; <i>Climb Walls:</i> 88%; <i>Read Languages:</i> 20%. May <i>backstab</i> opponents for x2 weapon damage. |

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Gold & Wealth: 37gp. | Experience Gained: 0 |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|

Character Name: Intendant Yves Richard

Race / Gender: Human Male

Level / Class: 4th level Fighter

Alignment: Lawful Evil

| | | | | | |
|----------------------|----|-------------------------------|----------------|-------------------|-------------|
| Strength: | 14 | TH Bonus: ±0 | Dam. Bonus: ±0 | Op. Doors: On 1-2 | B. Bars: 7% |
| Intelligence: | 13 | 3 Additional Language Known | | | |
| Wisdom: | 11 | Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0 | | | |
| Dexterity: | 10 | Reaction / Attack Adjust: ±0 | | | |
| Constitution: | 16 | Defensive Adjust: ±0 | | | |
| Charisma: | 10 | Hit Point Adjustment: +2 | | | |
| | | System Shock: 95% | | | |
| | | Reaction Adjustment: ±0% | | | |

| Saving Throws | |
|---------------------------|----|
| Paralyzation: | 13 |
| Petrification: | 14 |
| Rods/Staves/Wands: | 15 |
| Breath Weapon: | 16 |
| Spells: | 16 |

Armor Class: 5 (Scale Mail Armor & Small Metal Shield)

Hit Points: 41

Movement Base: 12"

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

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 18

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

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2

Languages Known: Common, Cyr, Dhavonish, High Delvish

| Magic Weapon Descriptions | Special Racial Abilities |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| None. | None. |
| Other Magic Items | |
| <i>Potion of Hill Joten Strength.</i> | |
| | Spells & Special Class Abilities |
| | None. |

| Distribution of All Items Carried | | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------|-----------------------|----------|------------|----------|
| Left Side | | Center, Back, or Feet | | Right Side | |
| Item | Location | Item | Location | Item | Location |
| Small metal shield | Carried | Scale Mail Armor | Worn | Longsword | Carried |
| Leather Pouch | On Belt | Hard leather boots | Feet | | |
| Potion | In Pouch | Cloak | Worn | | |
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| | |
|-----------------------------|----------------------|
| Gold & Wealth: As per text. | Experience Gained: 0 |
|-----------------------------|----------------------|

Character Name: Manon LeRoux, Witch of the Waves

Race / Gender: Human Female

Level / Class: 4th level Magic User

Alignment: Chaotic Evil

| | | | | | |
|----------------------|----|-------------------------------|----------------------|-----------------|-------------|
| Strength: | 5 | TH Bonus: -2 | Dam. Bonus: -1 | Op. Doors: On 1 | B. Bars: 0% |
| Intelligence: | 16 | 5 Additional Language Known | | | |
| Wisdom: | 16 | Magical Attack Adjustment: +2 | | | |
| Dexterity: | 9 | Reaction / Attack Adjust: ±0 | Defensive Adjust: ±0 | | |
| Constitution: | 15 | Hit Point Adjustment: +1 | System Shock: 91% | | |
| Charisma: | 7 | Reaction Adjustment: -10% | | | |

| Saving Throws | |
|---------------------------|----|
| Paralyzation: | 13 |
| Petrification: | 12 |
| Rods/Staves/Wands: | 10 |
| Breath Weapon: | 14 |
| Spells: | 9 |

Armor Class: 9 (Sash of Protection +1)

Hit Points: 18

Movement Base: 12"

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

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 22

Weapon Damage Base: 1-3 (S/M) / 1-2 (L)

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -5

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

| Magic Weapon Descriptions | Special Racial Abilities |
|---|---|
| None. | None. |
| Other Magic Items | Spells & Special Class Abilities |
| <i>Sash of Protection +2 (functions as does the ring of the same name), Potion of Invisibility, Wand of Magic Missiles (5 charges).</i> | Spells Memorized (3/2): 1 st : <i>Charm Person, Magic Missile, Sleep;</i> 2 nd : <i>Invisibility, Web.</i> |

| | |
|--|-----------------------------|
| Gold & Wealth: 3 small amethysts worth 55gp each. | Experience Gained: 0 |
|--|-----------------------------|

Appendix B: PRE-GENERATED CHARACTERS

Player Name:

Character Name: Le Chevalier Résolu Antoine D'Avril

Race / Gender: Human Male

Level / Class: 4th level Armiger of the Gryphon Court

Alignment: Lawful Good

| | | | | | |
|----------------------|----|-------------------------------|----------------|-------------------|--------------|
| Strength: | 16 | TH Bonus: ±0 | Dam. Bonus: +1 | Op. Doors: On 1-3 | B. Bars: 10% |
| Intelligence: | 10 | 2 Additional Language Known | | | |
| Wisdom: | 16 | Magical Attack Adjustment: +2 | | | |
| Dexterity: | 12 | Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0 | | | |
| Constitution: | 17 | Defensive Adjust.: ±0 | | | |
| Charisma: | 17 | Hit Point Adjustment: +3 | | | |
| | | System Shock: 97% | | | |
| | | Reaction Adjustment: +30% | | | |

| Saving Throws | |
|---------------------------|----|
| Paralyzation: | 12 |
| Petrification: | 13 |
| Rods/Staves/Wands: | 14 |
| Breath Weapon: | 15 |
| Spells: | 13 |

Armor Class: 2 (Plate Armor & Medium Metal Shield)

Hit Points: 46

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Longsword +1 (Space Required: 3 1/2', Speed Factor: 3)

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 17

Weapon Damage: 1-8+1 / 1-12+1

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2

Languages Known: Anfae, Cruxet, and Dhavonish.

| Magic Weapon Descriptions | Special Racial Abilities |
|---|---|
| <i>Longsword +1 "Le Glorieux":</i> A sword of surpassing beauty and magnificent construction, said to have once been an intelligent holy avenger, though the soul held within its length was stripped from it through some unknown means, leaving it an empty vessel. No special abilities (for now!). | None. |
| Other Magic Items | |
| <i>Potion of flying.</i> | Spells & Special Class Abilities |
| <i>+2 Bonus to saves vs. Fear effects. +30% Charisma adjustment when dealing with Griffons. Immune to Paralyzation. +2 To-Hit & Damage vs. Undead. Blaze of Glory 1/day (manifests as an aura of bright golden light that equals protection from evil and a light spell, revealing the unseen as a gem of seeing, and affecting non-lawful creatures as a fear spell. All undead within the light are turned as if they are one rank lower on the Cleric versus Undead table. Duration is 6 turns).</i> | |

| Distribution of All Items Carried | | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------|---------------------------|-----------------|------------|-----------------|
| Left Side | | Center, Back, or Feet | | Right Side | |
| Item | Location | Item | Location | Item | Location |
| Medium Metal Shield | Carried | Plate Mail Armor | Worn | Longsword | Carried |
| Large leather pouch | Belt | Backpack | Back | Wineskin | Sling from belt |
| Leather Rigging | Belt | Hard leather boots | Feet | | |
| Potion | In Rigging | 2 Oil Flasks | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | 50' Rope | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | 2 Large leather sacks | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | 3 Torches | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | Tinderbox, flint, & steel | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | 2 weeks Iron Rations | Back (Backpack) | | |
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|----------------------|----------------------|
| Gold & Wealth: 64gp. | Experience Gained: 0 |
| | |

Special Notes: Antoine is the thirty-third member of the D'Avril family that has had the honor of serving as House Chamberlain to the esteemed Lord Guillaume Huberdeau. It is said that the ambassador – a political genius *nonpareil* – was of such import to mankind, previous to its crossing to the world of Avremier that he was deemed too valuable to allow to release to death's grasp. So it is that the greatest human sorcerers and scientists worked to extend his lifespan indefinitely. Though his body eventually failed, he yet lives on in the form of a brain, floating in a great glass container, filled with some inscrutable greenish liquid. The responsibility of bearing this jar and protecting it from harm falls to Antoine and it is a privilege he takes most seriously. His relationship with Lord Huberdeau is quite good, and the ambassador seems to have retained quite a good sense of humor, despite his condition. He often enjoys asking Antoine to partake in different sensory experiences, after which he requests that his servant explain to him in as much detail as possible how the differing stimuli delighted (or repulsed) his senses. In that way, the ambassador lives somewhat vicariously through the Armiger.

Player Name:

Character Name: Luna Desjardins, "La Fille De La Lune"

Race / Gender: Human Female

Level / Class: 4th level Assassin

Alignment: True Neutral

| | | | | | |
|---------------|----|-------------------------------|----------------|-------------------|--------------|
| Strength: | 16 | TH Bonus: ±0 | Dam. Bonus: +1 | Op. Doors: On 1-3 | B. Bars: 10% |
| Intelligence: | 11 | 2 Additional Language Known | | | |
| Wisdom: | 10 | Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0 | | | |
| Dexterity: | 17 | Reaction / Attack Adjust.: +2 | | | |
| Constitution: | 16 | Defensive Adjust.: -3 | | | |
| Charisma: | 5 | Hit Point Adjustment: +2 | | | |
| | | System Shock: 95% | | | |
| | | Reaction Adjustment: -20% | | | |

| Saving Throws | |
|--------------------|----|
| Paralyzation: | 13 |
| Petrification: | 12 |
| Rods/Staves/Wands: | 14 |
| Breath Weapon: | 16 |
| Spells: | 15 |

Armor Class: 5 (Leather Armor)

Hit Points: 28

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Heavy Crossbow

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 18 (with Heavy Crossbow) or 20 (with Short Sword)

Weapon Damage Base: 2-5 (S/M) 2-7 (L) or 2-7 (S/M) 2-9 (L)

Attacks Per Round: 1/2 or 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2

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

| Magic Weapon Descriptions | Special Racial Abilities |
|---------------------------|--|
| None. | None. |
| Other Magic Items | |
| <i>Potion of Speed.</i> | <p>Spells & Special Class Abilities</p> <p>May use poison. May disguise. May assassinate victims, if they successfully surprise them.</p> <p>Thieving Abilities: <i>Pick Pockets:</i> 40%; <i>Open Locks:</i> 39%; <i>Find/Remove Traps:</i> 25%; <i>Move Silently:</i> 26%; <i>Hide in Shadows:</i> 20%; <i>Hear Noise:</i> 10%; <i>Climb Walls:</i> 86%.</p> |

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Gold & Wealth: 13gp. | Experience Gained: 0 |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|

Special Notes: There is perhaps no more legendary and notorious figure amongst the mannish underworld as Marc-Antoine St. Croix. He is the terrible spider in the midst of the web that is humankind's organized crime network in Avremier and little occurs in that realm of which he is unaware. It is said that he found the young girl that acts as his Left Hand in a blind alley as a newborn babe, abandoned by her mother. The crime lord took the girl in and raised her as his own, seeing that she received fine schooling and intensive training as a remorseless killer. Now known as *La Fille De La Luna*, she is something like the nightshade bloom: Coldly beautiful and absolutely lethal. Still, those that see her about her adopted father might be taken aback slightly to see that their relationship is actually quite warm and tender.

Player Name:

Character Name: Alexandre Pelletier

Race / Gender: Human Male

Level / Class: 4th level Cleric of the Crow Woman

Alignment: Lawful Good

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

| Saving Throws | |
|---------------------------|----|
| Paralyzation: | 9 |
| Petrification: | 12 |
| Rods/Staves/Wands: | 13 |
| Breath Weapon: | 15 |
| Spells: | 10 |

Armor Class: 6 (Scale Mail Armor)

Hit Points: 26

Movement Base: 12"

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

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 16

Weapon Damage Base: 1-6

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -3

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

| Magic Weapon Descriptions | Special Racial Abilities |
|---|--|
| None. | None. |
| Other Magic Items | Spells & Special Class Abilities |
| <i>Vapors of the Visionairé</i> (provide 1 character breathing in the fumes that pour forth from the container the effect of the <i>augury</i> spell, as if cast by a 5 th level Cleric. Flask contains enough vapors to be used 4 times). | <p>Default Cleric Spells (5/4): 1st: <i>Command, Cure Light Wounds</i> (x2), <i>Portent, Protection from Evil</i>; 2nd: <i>Augury, Find Traps, Hold Person, Know Alignment, Speak With Animals</i>.</p> |

| Distribution of All Items Carried | | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------|---------------------------|-----------------|--------------|-----------------|
| Left Side | | Center, Back, or Feet | | Right Side | |
| Item | Location | Item | Location | Item | Location |
| Quarterstaff | Carried | Scale Mail Armor | Worn | Quarterstaff | Carried |
| Large leather pouch | Belt | Cloak | Worn | Wineskin | Sling from belt |
| Hemp Rigging | Belt | Backpack | Back | | |
| 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) | | |
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|----------------------|----------------------|
| Gold & Wealth: 27gp. | Experience Gained: 0 |
|----------------------|----------------------|

Special Notes: It is generally accepted by most literary scholars that Chloé Danault is the most talented poet produced in mankind's history. Indeed, the perfect symmetry of her compositions have been known not only to bend the hearts of those who read their lines, but to warp and mute reality itself, as struggles to encapsulate that contained within. Yet even the greatest poets cannot produce masterworks with every waking moment and when Danault suffered severe writer's block seven years ago, it was considered a terrible tragedy. So it was that the Church of the Ebon Plume arranged a "chance meeting" between the girl and Alexandre Pelletier – one of Crow Woman's priests and a man of great imagination himself. Since their meeting, the two have been nearly inseparable, the cleric acting as something of a muse to stoke the fires of the poets' heart. Indeed, he is the dark flame about which her creative sparks dance and she depends upon the man greatly.

Player Name:

Character Name: Commandant-Héros Philippe Leclerc

Race / Gender: Human Male

Level / Class: 4th level Fighter

Alignment: Lawful Neutral

| | |
|---------------|---|
| Strength: | 18/76% TH Bonus: +2 Dam. Bonus: +4 Op. Doors: On 1-4 B. Bars: 30% |
| Intelligence: | 7 0 Additional Language Known |
| Wisdom: | 9 Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0 |
| Dexterity: | 15 Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0 Defensive Adjust.: -1 |
| Constitution: | 18 Hit Point Adjustment: +4 System Shock: 99% |
| Charisma: | 10 Reaction Adjustment: ±0% |

| Saving Throws | |
|--------------------|----|
| Paralyzation: | 13 |
| Petrification: | 14 |
| Rods/Staves/Wands: | 15 |
| Breath Weapon: | 16 |
| Spells: | 16 |

Armor Class: 2 (Plate Mail Armor & Dexterity Bonus)

Hit Points: 50

Movement Base: 3"

Weapon in Hand: Halberd (Space Required: 5, Speed Factor: 9)

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 16

Weapon Damage Base: 7-16 (S/M) or 7-18 (L)

Attacks Per Round: 3/2

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2

Languages Known: Dhavonish

| Magic Weapon Descriptions | Special Racial Abilities |
|---------------------------|---|
| None. | None. |
| Other Magic Items | |
| Potion of Vitality. | Spells & Special Class Abilities <i>Weapon Specialization: Halberd:</i> Allows 3/2 attacks per round, at +1 To-Hit and +2 Damage. |

| Distribution of All Items Carried | | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------|---------------------------|-----------------|------------|-----------------|
| Left Side | | Center, Back, or Feet | | Right Side | |
| Item | Location | Item | Location | Item | Location |
| Halberd | Carried | Plate Mail Armor | Worn | Halberd | Carried |
| Large leather pouch | Belt | Cloak | Worn | Wineskin | Sling from belt |
| Hemp Rigging | Belt | Backpack | Back | | |
| Potion | 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) | | |
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| Gold & Wealth: 97gp. | Experience Gained: 0 |
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Special Notes: No one is quite sure what the hulking engine of destruction men call *Le Général* actually is. Some claim that he is but an incredible puissant warrior. Some claim he is actually some strange and advanced type of golem. Others suggest he is an avatar of a god dedicated to warfare. Whatever he might be, it can be said for certain that mankind can boast no deadlier opponent on the battlefield that the awesome 8' behemoth in the jet black, lacquered full plate armor. Why it was that he personally requested Commandant-Héros Philippe Leclerc to serve as his chief advisor and aide-de-camp is likewise a mystery. Though the young soldier was a bright star in the Dhavonish military, impressing his superiors with his discipline and skill at arms, certainly, there were more powerful fighting men with more accomplished backgrounds to choose from. Whatever the reasons for his choice, the enigmatic Général says nothing of it. Indeed, the imposing and sinister war machine speaks only when it is absolutely necessary and even then, only tersely.

Player Name:

Character Name: Brother Raphaël Beaulieu, Hearthfire of the Meek

Race / Gender: Human Male

Level / Class: 4th level Monk (Candlewick)

Alignment: Neutral Good

| | | | | | |
|---------------|----|--------------|-------------------------------|-----------------------|--------------|
| Strength: | 16 | TH Bonus: ±0 | Dam. Bonus: +1 | Op. Doors: On 1-3 | B. Bars: 10% |
| Intelligence: | 7 | 0 | Additional Language Known | | |
| Wisdom: | 15 | | Magical Attack Adjustment: +1 | | |
| Dexterity: | 15 | | Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0 | Defensive Adjust.: -1 | |
| Constitution: | 16 | | Hit Point Adjustment: +2 | System Shock: 95% | |
| Charisma: | 8 | | Reaction Adjustment: -5% | | |

| Saving Throws | |
|--------------------|----|
| Paralyzation: | 13 |
| Petrification: | 12 |
| Rods/Staves/Wands: | 14 |
| Breath Weapon: | 16 |
| Spells: | 15 |

* May Dodge missiles with Save vs. Petrification
 * May Dodge Magical missiles with Save vs. Spells
 * Attacks allowing Saves have no effect if Save is successful.

Armor Class: 7 (None)

Hit Points: 26

Movement Base: 18"

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

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 18

Weapon Damage Base: 1-6

Attacks Per Round: 5/4

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -3

Languages Known: Dhavonish

| Magic Weapon Descriptions | Special Racial Abilities |
|---------------------------|--|
| None. | None. |
| Other Magic Items | |
| <i>Ring of Warmth.</i> | <p>Spells & Special Class Abilities</p> <p>Monk Abilities: <i>Surprised</i> only 28% of the time. <i>Move Silently</i>: 33%; <i>Hide in Shadows</i>: 25%; <i>Hear Noise</i>: 15%; <i>Climb Walls</i>: 88%. <i>May fall 20' without harm</i> if within 1' of a wall. <i>May speak with birds, reptiles/amphibians, fish/aquatics, insects, monstrous animals, & plants</i>. <i>Needs not eat, drink, or sleep</i> for up to 18 days. <i>Resistance to ESP</i>: 30%.</p> |

| Distribution of All Items Carried | | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------|---------------------------|-----------------|---------------------|----------|
| Left Side | | Center, Back, or Feet | | Right Side | |
| Item | Location | Item | Location | Item | Location |
| Ring | Worn | Cloak | Worn | Large leather pouch | Belt |
| Waterskin | Sling from belt | Backpack | Back | | |
| | | Soft leather boots | Feet | | |
| | | 2 Oil Flasks | Back (Backpack) | | |
| | | 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) | | |
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Gold & Wealth: 3gp.

Experience Gained: 0

Special Notes: The High Priestess of the Church of Candlewick, Charlotte Bélieau is known as the very soul of kindness. The Flickering Cathedral in Darkhessa is nearly devoid of the expensive decor and appointment common to the temples of other deminities because its directoress has sold them all so that she can provide alms and shelter to the poor and downtrodden in that oft-troubled region. Indeed, there are many that would take advantage of the gentle heart of the priestess – if not for the presence of her close friend and aide, Brother Raphaël Beaulieu. The man is known as the “Hearthfire of the Meek” for a reason: He is a shelter about which the innocent can gather in safety and a burning brand against those that would do them harm. He is especially protective of the High Priestess, who dotes on him as if he were her own child. The two make a quite effective team and so the impoverished and hungry of their region have champions upon which they can depend.

Player Name:

Character Name: Valentin Ouellet

Race / Gender: Human Male

Level / Class: 2nd level Magic-User / 2nd level Spellfencer

Alignment: Lawful Neutral

| | | | | | |
|---------------|----|-------------------------------|----------------|-------------------|--------------|
| Strength: | 16 | TH Bonus: ±0 | Dam. Bonus: +1 | Op. Doors: On 1-3 | B. Bars: 10% |
| Intelligence: | 17 | 6 Additional Language Known | | | |
| Wisdom: | 9 | Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0 | | | |
| Dexterity: | 17 | Reaction / Attack Adjust.: +2 | | | |
| Constitution: | 15 | Defensive Adjust.: -3 | | | |
| Charisma: | 15 | Hit Point Adjustment: +1 | | | |
| | | System Shock: 91% | | | |
| | | Reaction Adjustment: +15% | | | |

| Saving Throws | |
|--------------------|----|
| Paralyzation: | 13 |
| Petrification: | 12 |
| Rods/Staves/Wands: | 10 |
| Breath Weapon: | 14 |
| Spells: | 11 |

Armor Class: 5 (Laboratory Coat of Defense +1)

Hit Points: 18

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Piurban

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 20

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

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -5

Languages Known: Anfae, Bücca, Dhavonish, High Delvish, Ilfae, Jotun, Yalkhoi.

| Magic Weapon Descriptions | Special Racial Abilities |
|--|---|
| None. | None. |
| Other Magic Items | |
| <i>Laboratory Coat of Protection +1</i> : This white, flowing laboratory coat (more like a kimono, actually) protects its wearer exactly as does a <i>cloak of protection +1</i> . | <p>Spells & Special Class Abilities</p> <p>Spellfencer Abilities: May <i>Counterparry</i>, gaining a +3 saving throw bonus against any spell or magical effect aimed directly at him, such as those delivered by touch or by "ray." Even if this fails, the spellfencer gains a second saving throw with normal adjustments. <i>May deal spells with a range of "touch" through piurban.</i></p> <p>Spells Memorized (3/2): 1st: <i>Charm Person, Magic Missile, Shocking Grasp</i>; 2nd: <i>Invisibility, Strength</i>.</p> |

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Gold & Wealth: 24gp. | Experience Gained: 0 |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|

Special Notes: Juliette Thibault is a singular genius: A girl of fifteen years that is already amongst the greatest scientific minds in human history. A multidisciplinary virtuoso, she is an inventor and an innovator that constantly advances mankind's technological reach in quantum leaps and bounds. Two years ago, the High Palatine Council selected the dashing and handsome Valentin Ouellet – a well-regarded member of the organization of magi known as Tempestward – to serve as the girl's bodyguard, as to permit anything untoward happen to her would be tantamount to crippling the advancement of their entire species. It is probably no surprise that over their time together, the shy and introverted genius would fall deeply in love with her protector, who she sees as her knight in shining armor. For his part, Valentin sees Juliette as startlingly brilliant, adorably clumsy, and incredibly sweet...but very, very young. Whether something might eventuate between the two of them at some point in anyone's guess, but until then, the Spellfencer will defend his teenaged charge with a vigilant eye and razor-sharp blade.

Player Name:

Character Name: Rose Esprit
Race / Gender: Human Female
Level / Class: 4th level Thief
Alignment: Chaotic Good

| | | | | | |
|----------------------|----|-------------------------------|----------------|-------------------|-------------|
| Strength: | 8 | TH Bonus: ±0 | Dam. Bonus: ±0 | Op. Doors: On 1-2 | B. Bars: 1% |
| Intelligence: | 15 | 4 Additional Language Known | | | |
| Wisdom: | 12 | Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0 | | | |
| Dexterity: | 18 | Reaction / Attack Adjust.: +3 | | | |
| Constitution: | 10 | Defensive Adjust.: -4 | | | |
| Charisma: | 16 | Hit Point Adjustment: ±0 | | | |
| | | System Shock: 70% | | | |
| | | Reaction Adjustment: +20% | | | |

| Saving Throws | |
|---------------------------|----|
| Paralyzation: | 13 |
| Petrification: | 12 |
| Rods/Staves/Wands: | 14 |
| Breath Weapon: | 16 |
| Spells: | 15 |

Armor Class: 3 (Padded Armor +1, Dexterity Bonus)

Hit Points: 20

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Dagger

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 20 (with Dagger) or 17 (with Sling)

Weapon Damage Base: 1-4 / 1-3 or 2-5 / 2-7

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -3

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

| Magic Weapon Descriptions | Special Racial Abilities |
|----------------------------------|--|
| None. | None. |
| Other Magic Items | |
| <i>Potion of Polymorph.</i> | <p>Spells & Special Class Abilities</p> <p>Thieving Abilities: <i>Pick Pockets:</i> 55%; <i>Open Locks:</i> 52%; <i>Find/Remove Traps:</i> 40%; <i>Move Silently:</i> 43%; <i>Hide in Shadows:</i> 35%; <i>Hear Noise:</i> 15%; <i>Climb Walls:</i> 88%; <i>Read Languages:</i> 20%. May <i>backstab</i> opponents for x2 weapon damage.</p> |

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

Special Notes: Simon Laurent is one of the most wealthy and powerful spice merchants in mannish Avremier. While few would have had mercy on a waifish guttersnipe of a thief trying to make off with some bit of his family fortune, the shrewd and wily businessman did so with a plan in mind. The savvy and streetwise girl impressed him with her unique perspective and her ability to think outside the box of convention. So it was that he took Rose Esprit in as a ward and a security consultant: She would do her best to break into his various warehouses and rob his caravans, testing their defenses using her singular way of thinking and hard-earned skills at burglary. In this, she was quite a success and over time, an excellent relationship formed between the two. Now Rose acts as Laurent's bodyguard in addition to her role as a consultant, offering her advice when it is warranted and her companionship at all other times. The spice merchant has come to think of the girl almost as a daughter; the thief views Laurent as the proper father she never had. Together, they make a most formidable duo.

Player Name:**Character Name:** Julien Levesque**Race / Gender:** Human Male**Level / Class:** 4th level Wildwalker**Alignment:** Neutral Good

| | | | | | |
|----------------------|----|-------------------------------|----------------|-------------------|-------------|
| Strength: | 13 | TH Bonus: ±0 | Dam. Bonus: ±0 | Op. Doors: On 1-2 | B. Bars: 4% |
| Intelligence: | 13 | 3 Additional Languages Known | | | |
| Wisdom: | 14 | Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0 | | | |
| Dexterity: | 16 | Reaction / Attack Adjust.: +1 | | | |
| Constitution: | 16 | Defensive Adjust.: -2 | | | |
| Charisma: | 10 | Hit Point Adjustment: +2 | | | |
| | | System Shock: 95% | | | |
| | | Reaction Adjustment: ±0% | | | |

| Saving Throws | |
|---------------------------|----|
| Paralyzation: | 13 |
| Petrification: | 14 |
| Rods/Staves/Wands: | 15 |
| Breath Weapon: | 16 |
| Spells: | 16 |

Armor Class: 5 (Studded Leather Armor, Dexterity Bonus)**Hit Points:** 40**Movement Base:** 12"**Weapon in Hand:** Longbow (Range S: 7, M: 14, L: 21)**To-Hit Armor Class 0:** 17 or 18**Weapon Damage Base:** 1-6 (S/M), 1-6 (L) or 1-6 (S/M), 1-8 (L)**Attacks Per Round:** 2 or 1**Non-Proficiency Penalty:** -2**Languages Known:** Anfae, Büccan, Dhavonish, Jotun

| Magic Weapon Descriptions | Special Racial Abilities |
|-----------------------------------|---|
| None. | None. |
| Other Magic Items | |
| <i>Potion of Fire Resistance.</i> | Spells & Special Class Abilities <i>May strike elemental or fae creatures as if wielding a +1 weapon, doing +4 damage to such foes. Saves as if four levels greater vs charm and mind-affecting effects, is surprised 1 in 8 and adds 10% to track such opponents. May throw tree leaves as shuriken.</i> |

| Distribution of All Items Carried | | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------------|---------------------------|-----------------|------------|-----------------|
| Left Side | | Center, Back, or Feet | | Right Side | |
| Item | Location | Item | Location | Item | Location |
| Longbow | Carried | Studdes Leather Armor | Worn | Longbow | Carried |
| Short Sword | Sheathed at Belt | 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) | | |
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Gold & Wealth: 64gp.

Experience Gained: 0

Special Notes: Best friends since their early childhood, Julien Levesque and Stéphane Vincent were lured by different callings, as they grew into adulthood: The former as a Wildwalker of Avremier's untamed panoply of timberlands and the latter as a tiller and nurturer of the world's soil. These paths took them far apart from one another at one point, but as each gained some measure of mastery in their respective fields, their close friendship brought them together again. Vincent and his young family tend a large orchard at the edge of a dense and often menacing forest. Levesque rents a small cottage at the edge of their property from which he can easily set out into the woodland to see that its peaceful creatures are tended to and its more aggressive denizens do others no harm. In the meantime, the two are able to visit one another whenever they please, just as they did when they were children. No one is quite sure why the High Palatine Council saw fit to ask Vincent to join the group of delegates forging a trade agreement with the Jotun folk, but the farmer would be damned if he would undertake such an endeavor without his boon companion at his side. For his part, Levesque relishes the opportunity and watches diligently to ensure his friend remains safe through the whole of the event.

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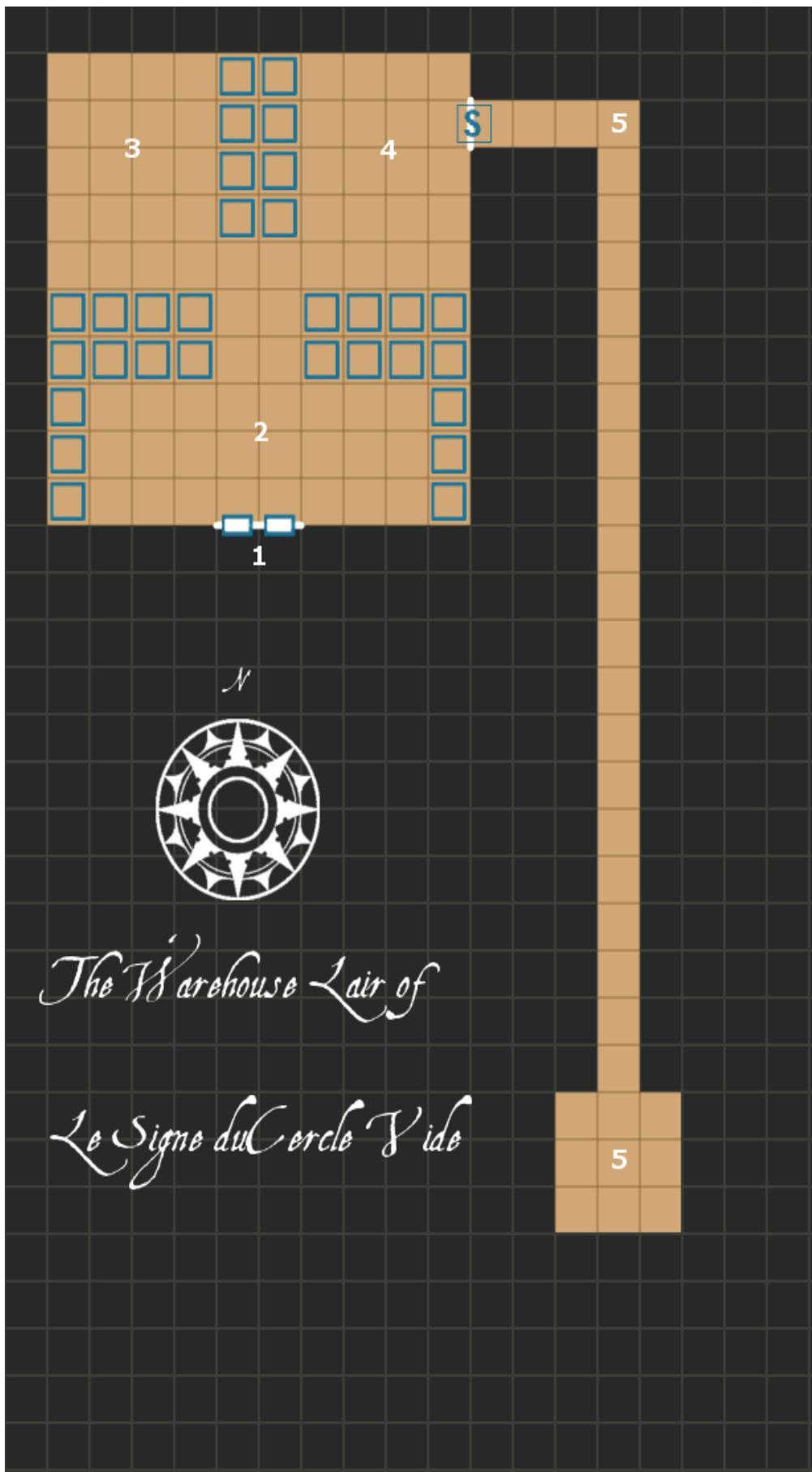
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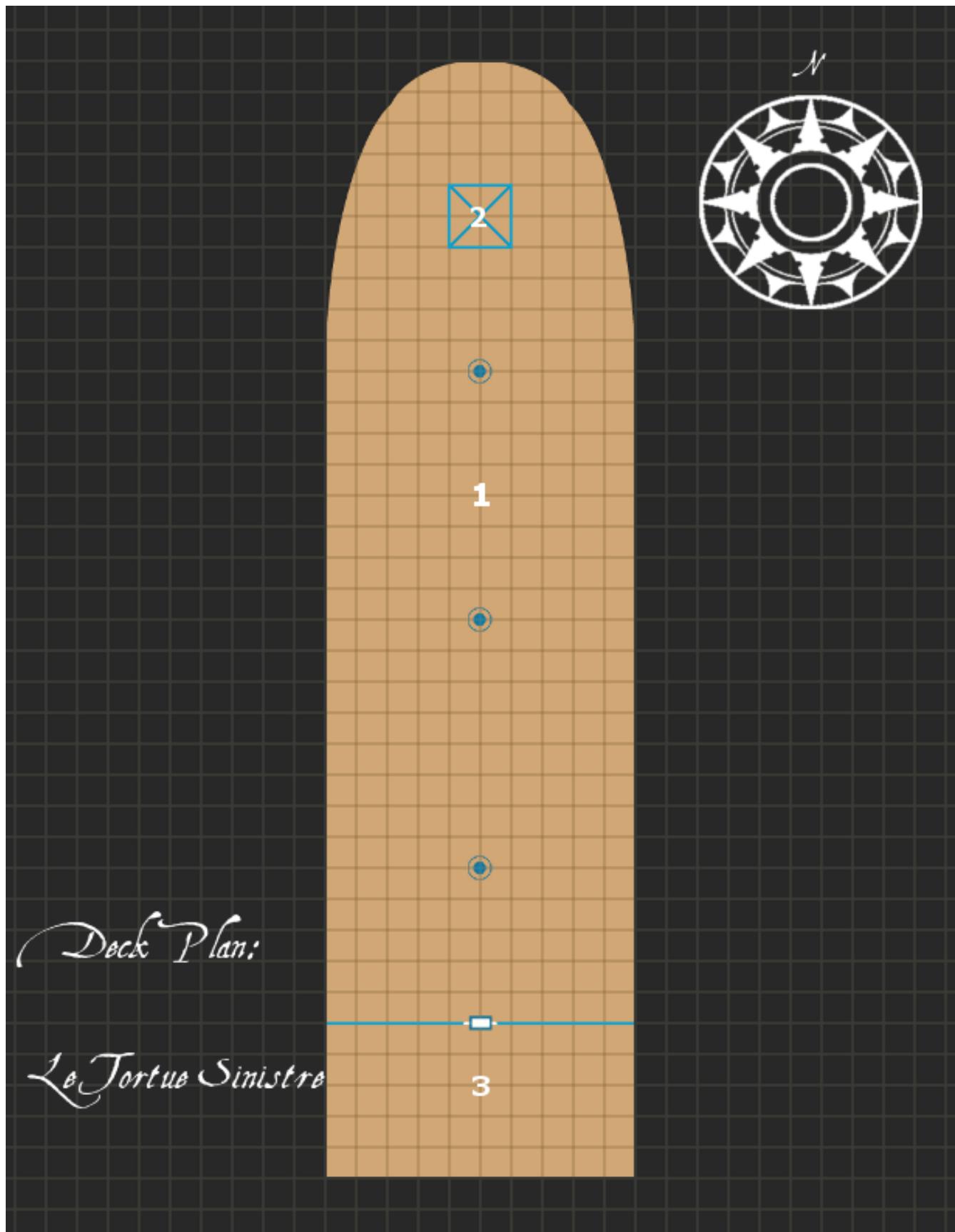
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