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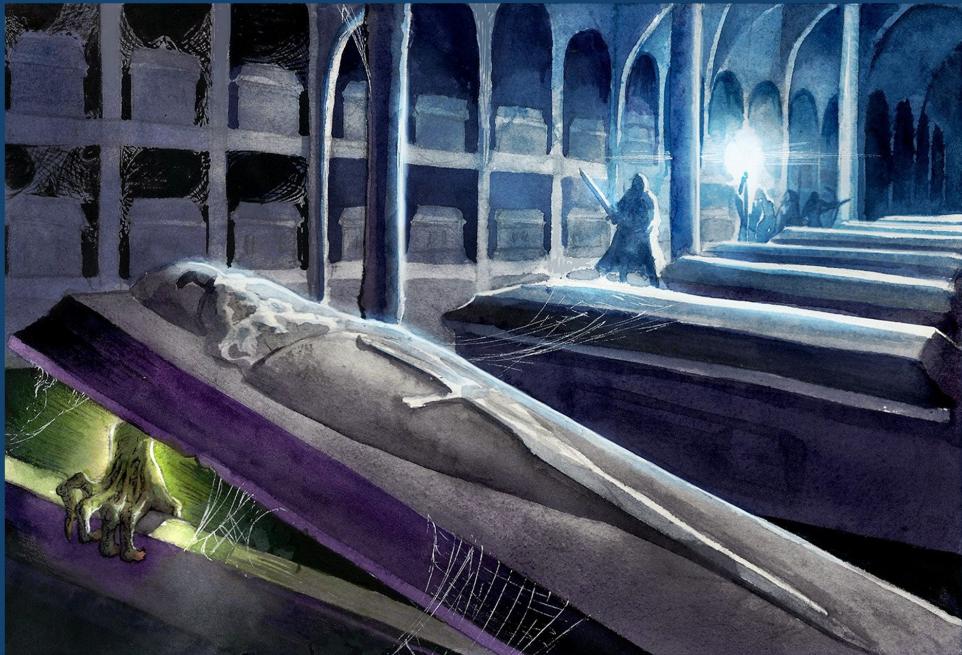
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OSRIC™

## Dungeon Module C9

### Lux Aeterna

by carlos a.s. lising

AN ADVENTURE FOR CHARACTER LEVELS 5-10



*The Basin of Ash is perhaps the world's most infamous wasteland, all that remains of what was once the Xuel Imperium. Burned beneath a rain of colorless fire, nothing of its majestic grandeur exists but vast and empty plains of grey cinders, blasted by gale winds and the ghosts of its history. One of the most inhospitable locales on the planet, nothing abides within the ashen desert but for horrid monsters and the restless dead. Can your heroes brave a buried necropolis beneath the infamous Basin of Ash and live to boast of plundering its treasures?*

*This module was originally used for tournament play at GameHole Con VI. It contains a challenging scenario and eight pre-rolled, playtested tournament characters. C9 is a complete adventure in and of itself and it may thus be used for competition among players (or groups of players) or as a non-scored adventure included in the context of an ongoing game. Also included are referee's maps, notes, encounter descriptions for players, and a background scenario allowing the module to be easily placed within a pre-existing campaign.*



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## Dungeon Module C9

### Lux Aeterna

#### Introduction

Here is wisdom. Let ye who hath understanding know the name of the fiend: His name is Anzaniol, and what follows hereafter is his lament:

*In those days before colorless flame fell from the sky like blessed Cendor's tears, the world between the mountains was a good place. It was a land where its animals grew tall and strong and its soil was fertile and fecund. Those who were no strangers to toil could expect reward for their labors and the aggrieved just could rest assured in their recourse to the law. This was the Empire of the Xuel: Mightiest of all worldly kingdoms and mightiest of all that will ever come to be.*

*Perhaps no Xuel loved the land of his birth more than did Anzaniol. A First Citizen of the Imperium and a sorcerer of no small potency, he had earned the respect and trust of no less than the Emperor himself, who had given him leave to extend his authority over a great tract of green and rolling steppes in the hinterlands of the Xuloise domain. So much did he adore this land where beauty and plenty did abound that it is said that he created a mighty spell: A pact that would forevermore bind his body and soul to the spirit of its nature. As it was suspended in forever springtime, so he would stay young and vital eternally, enjoying its delights beneath sun and moon in equal measure.*

*Yet, just as the sands through Cendor's timepiece cannot be halted in their passage, nothing is destined to last forever. On a cool midsummer's eve, the folk of the Xuel Imperium gazed skyward for an instant's glance at the colorless rain that fell from the clouds. Their eyes would burn in their sockets for that perfect, glittering moment - and they would see no more. From his great tower, Anzaniol watched powerlessly as a fire without shape nor form raged across the lush and beautiful steppes, draining the color from all that he loved and held so dearly until it was at last a barren and ashen grey. He watched the animals, tall and strong, scream before they burned. The crops and trees, vibrant and proud in their fields and copses, burned as well. Finally, all those folk that had placed their trust in him to provide for their safety, they burned too.*

*The Xuel Imperium died in a day. All that remained of its inestimable glory was a vast and endless sea of dust.*

*Yet Anzaniol was not so fortunate to die along with the folk of his land. No, the mighty spell that he had cast saw to that. When it had lived, so had he, in a glorious manner in which most men are never destined to know. Now that it had burned to ash, so too did he, experiencing an endless horror that most are blessed never to glimpse, let alone comprehend. It is said that Anzaniol left his tower and fled to the catacombs beneath the structure, in which his family had been interred for countless generations. There, he continues to work his magics, dabbling in unspeakable sorceries in a vain attempt to bring life back to the Xuel Imperium - like the proverbial phoenix, rising from its ashen ruins.*

*Pity great Anzaniol! Hear his lament!*

*Pity the dead, the Xuel Imperium!*

#### Module History:

*Lux Aeterna* was designed as an official convention module for *GameHole Con VI*, held in Madison, Wisconsin in November, 2018. The module has been designed in such a way that it can be placed in any published or homebrewed Campaign Setting with little difficulty. It has been written so as to be usable with the **OSRIC™ Role-Playing System**. While the module was developed for the purpose of convention play, it can easily be adapted for use as either a one-shot adventure or worked into an ongoing Campaign with little in the way of alteration on the part of the Game Master.

#### Adventure Location:

*Lux Aeterna* takes place within the confines of *In Perpetuum Anzaniol*. The catacombs in which the sorcerers of Ad-Xol once buried the dead of their family. Although this location can be placed wherever it fits best within the fabric of a Game Master's Campaign, in the context of Convention play, it is located within The Basin of Ash. This region is formed by a great ring of mountains that surround a central landmass, one which the legendary Xuel Imperium once stood for millennia. Tragically, that great civilization was all but eradicated from the face of the world when their massive attack upon their enemies to the north met with retribution apocalyptic in scale in the form of colorless flame that rained from the heavens. Now, only a bleak wasteland lies in the once-wondrous land between the peaks, a vast ocean of ashes. The memory of what once was, alone but for the company of the westward winds.

It is beneath this harrowing place that *In Perpetuum Anzaniol* lies sleeping, a series of subterranean corridors that serves as the necropolis populated by the ancestors of one of the greatest of all Xuel magi. In that silent and undisturbed place, most (if not all) of *Lux Aeterna* takes place. It is here where fabulous riches and hideous death await all those who dare stride boldly where aught but the restless dead tread, now.

#### Background:

*Lux Aeterna* is a classic dungeon crawl. It has been specifically designed in such a way to get right to the heart of the action when used in the context of a Convention game or to allow a prospective Game Master to insert it seamlessly into a pre-existing Campaign experience. Some recommended ways in which this can be done follow:

- A treasure map, sold to the Player Characters or found as a part of some powerful monster's horde;
- A tale told to the Player Characters by a traveling bard or through exhaustive library research;
- A legend well-known to all those within a given region, thought by some to be a fanciful tale, but known to be true by those eldest within the area.

The legend (such as the Player Characters know it, at least) can be furnished by the Game Master from the following description:

*In Perpetuum Anzaniol:* Somewhere beneath a lonely tower in the midst of the Basin of Ash lie catacombs labyrinthine. This grim and forlorn place is filled with rich treasures both precious and magical, gathered through generations of lives lived by a

series of powerful sorcerers. These were the ancestors of Anzaniol the Brilliant: A magus of surpassing power who it is said interred himself within the burial place of his forebearers as a final act, rather than gaze for another moment upon the ruined place of his birth that he so loved. Yet such tales suggest that the effects of a powerful spell cast during his youth granted Anzaniol everlasting life and he now waits for the end of eternity comporting with those that once shared his blood, their flesh long since rotted away and eaten by moths and worms.

Accounts consider it unlikely that any will ever find the location of In Perpetuum Anzaniol for the harrowing nature of the Basin of Dust and its resting place beneath the wasteland's ashen dunes. Furthermore, its catacombs are fraught with terrible traps and magical protections. So it is that only large and well-prepared parties filled with the bravest and strongest of heroes should even consider attempting to plumb its depths. If those possessed of such mettle somehow manage to locate In Perpetuum Anzaniol, they must be prepared to face the most terrible of challenges within its confines. Any expedition must be composed of characters of exceptional experience and varied profession. They must have magical protections and enchanted weapons aplenty, and equip themselves with every sort of device possible to insure their survival.

## Notes for the Player Characters:

If *Lux Aeterna* is being played as a Convention game, the scenario put forth in the **Background** section implies that the Players are using the pre-generated characters included with this module (see **Appendix C** for details): An experienced and hard-nosed adventuring party. That said, should the Players wish to use their own characters (as one might expect, if this module were used within the context of an ongoing Campaign), the **Background** section can be easily ignored. In such a case, it falls to the Game Master to adjust the text of the module so that it fits seamlessly into the fabric of their individual game.

In the Convention scenario, the Player Characters are taking the roles of members of the Brotherhood of the Brass Bulette. They are seasoned adventurers and explorers whose successful exploits have made them wealthy, influential, and well-known across the breadth of several nations. Having known one another since they were but children, they are boon friends and understand one another's strengths, weaknesses, and overall capabilities well. Their trust in one another is implicit and every one of them can rest assured that if their life was threatened, their fellow members of the Brotherhood would risk all to come to their aid.

Given what they have learned in the **Background** section, they are quite likely to have several questions. However the Game Master has chosen to fit *Lux Aeterna* into their game experience, this much is universal: The legend of Anzaniol is an ancient tale comprised of many parts, many of which will prove nearly impossible to find, thanks to their antiquity and obscure nature. Player Characters attempting to glean specific information regarding the story through methods such as consulting sages or through *legend lore* spells may still have difficulty obtaining as much hard knowledge as they desire, for such is often minimal in substance and mystical in nature. Player Characters that perform exhaustive research on the life of Anzaniol and his catacombs may learn all that has been put forth in the **Background** section above. If such efforts are judged by the Game Master to have been exemplary in nature, they may learn all the information in the **Introduction** section, as well. This is all, however, that they are likely to learn regarding that redoubtable personage and his domain.

As In Perpetuum Anzaniol is a static location in a lonely and forlorn place, the Game Master is encouraged to allow the Player Characters as long as they would like (within reason, in the context of a Convention setting, of course) to prepare themselves for the ordeals ahead of them. They are very likely to need every moment they can muster.

## Notes for the Game Master:

This module was designed for convention-style play, and is intended for characters from 5th to 10th level. At such an advanced level, each character involved in this adventure has a tremendous amount of power available to them. Likewise, the abilities at their disposal are many and varied. Therefore, it is **strongly** advised that a Game Master preparing to run this module closely studies the pre-generated character sheets at the back of its text (contained in **Appendix C**). In the context of an ongoing Campaign, the Game Master should closely inspect the character sheets of each Player to be involved in the adventure. Needless to say, before beginning play, the Game Master must additionally read all parts of the module thoroughly. If the module is being used as part of an ongoing Campaign, the Game Master will want to take notes, making changes in the module text to fit its particulars into the Campaign. In this way, they can be prepared to adjudicate the results of any of these powers or abilities as they might relate specifically to the environs in which the Players will be operating.

During the course of the adventure, the Player Characters are welcome to use followers, henchmen, and hirelings to supply needed skills on their behalf. Such Non-Player Characters that are loyal to specific pre-generated characters have been included in **Appendix C** when they are assumed to be present at the beginning of the scenario. Should the GM choose to substitute the pre-generated characters supplied with this module with their own (such as is the likely case if this adventure is used in the context of a Campaign setting, rather than a Convention) they should compare Campaign characters and their magic items with the characters and items included in the module, in order to assemble an appropriate party. Likewise, they should compare the included Followers and Henchmen in this module and adjust as necessary to ensure a balanced experience.

Information presented in the key is divided into two sections. The boxed script is material which should be read to the players unless special circumstances prevent their knowing the information given there, such as no light to see by. The information not boxed is material for the 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.

## Convention Notes:

*Lux Aeterna* was designed to be used as a single-event session, featuring six players and lasting 3 to 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 enter In Perpetuum Anzaniol, loot it of its many treasures, and somehow survive to tell the tale.

Since the adventure was designed to be played several times over the course of GameHole Con 2018, certain rules were followed in convention play to insure that many situations were

handled in the same way:

1. The Players are presented with pre-generated characters. All characteristics have been listed, along with equipment, spells, and magic items. Likewise, when relevant, their Followers & Henchmen will be presented to them at the start of the game session. Players may not add to or alter this list. This will guarantee that all Players start with the same chances. Players would be allowed the use of the sections of the **OSRIC™ Reference Manual** meant for Player use (but those sections reserved for Game Master use are forbidden), although all magic items they possess will be known and understood by the owner completely.
2. Monsters will fight intelligently and to the best of their abilities. They show no mercy or quarter to invaders. Monsters encountered in convention play need never check morale and will fight to the death, unless otherwise noted in the text. Monsters will be fully aware of the powers and limitations of their weapons, magic items, and spells and will use them to their best advantage. In many cases, specific tactics have been listed for monsters to use in melee. If these plans are frustrated by the Players' actions, the Game Master must find an alternative. If the Players are unusually inventive and find something that is not covered in the adventure, a few minutes may be taken to establish some sort of defense for the monsters – possibly having them regroup and counterattack if necessary. In convention play, monsters will not pursue fleeing adventurers out of an encounter area unless otherwise noted. Players will not know this, however. Monsters will make a lot of noise and will make feint attacks to give the impression of pursuit.
3. Players will never know the function of special treasures they acquire unless they should happen to discover their powers by examination or experimentation.

## Campaign Notes:

The Basin of Ash is a bleak and foreboding place. It is a vast and seemingly-endless wasteland of grey dust that was once the great Xuel Imperium before it was immolated to long-dead colorless cinders by mighty magics cast by the nation's ancient enemies to the north. Where once this was a lush and vibrant place, it is now a ghastly landscape resembling a desert incredible in scope and composed wholly of fine ash.

This is no place for the living. Desert winds terrifying in their intensity whip the rolling dunes within the basin into immense choking clouds that are quite capable of stripping flesh from bone. Vision is impossible here and mere breathing is a torturous labor. No plant or tree has a chance of growing within these harrowing environs. Beneath the dusty surface of the wasteland, the ash that comprises it is packed as hard as rock. It is here that life yet exists in the Basin of Ash, however. Awful things skitter and creep within tunnels caved through the grey dust by still greater and more terrifying monsters, of a like that defy easy description.

It should come as no surprise that this place is largely underexplored. No matter the depth of their searches, Player Characters will be hard-pressed to find a guide who can attest to having visited the Basin of Ash and returned to tell tale of the

endeavor. Likewise, they will almost certainly be unable to procure a reliable map of the region. Instead, it will be most probable that they will have to learn everything they will come to know about the Basin of Ash once setting foot in it themselves. Indeed, future adventurers may come by the information the Players wish to know themselves after reading books written by those characters that survive this expedition!

As has been mentioned, the Basin of Ash is a harrowing place in which the land's environment itself seems to conspire to murder a traveler at every turn. This is a place in which massive sinkholes created by voids in its dusty substrate can open without warning to swallow an entire caravan in an instant. Likewise, winds can whip up from gentle zephyrs to shrieking gales just as quickly, flaying a visitor to the wasteland alive in the blink of an eye. So it is that those few who have some purpose for visiting the region often wear thick and heavy leather or furs to protect themselves from the onslaught of the elements. Of course, wearing such apparel comes with its own dangers. As Sol glares down unblinkingly and without pity from a cloudless sky, temperatures can rise as high as 150° during noontime in the Basin of Ash, making heatstroke a serious concern. Conversely, when comes the darkest part of the night, one might freeze to death in temperatures that fall well below freezing. The heavy garb is most welcome during such times.

Although a complete treatment of the effects on inclement weather as it affects Player Characters is well beyond the scope of this adventure, a brief set of guidelines for Campaign play are hereby offered. The primary hazards in the Basin of Ash are heat (during the daytime hours), cold (during the nighttime hours) and dust blown at gale-force velocity. With regard to such temperatures, the Game Master should require that a 1d20 is rolled by every Player Character for each day and each night (for a total of two a day) they travel through the Basin of Ash. Player Characters with rolls equal to or beneath their Constitution scores are unaffected by the brutal clime. This die roll is affected as follows:

Basin of Ash Climate Effects		
Apparel Type	Daytime	Nighttime
Heavy Clothing	+3	-3
Light Armor	+1	±0
Metal Armor	+3	+3

Player Characters rolling above their Constitution scores suffer 1d4 damage and temporarily lose 1 point of Constitution, reflecting the physical toll the climate has taken upon them. This lost Constitution returns after a full day's rest (assuming they are able to eat and drink during this time, as well) at the rate of 1 point for each 24 hours of recuperation.

Likewise, the powerful winds that scour the face of the Basin of Ash make for a real problem for would-be travelers. Typical visibility through the swirling grey dust that churns above its dunes at all times normally vary between 100' and 1 mile. The Game Master should roll three times for each day of travel through the region. On a 1 on a 1d6, the winds have grown severe enough to cause damage to characters wearing anything less than extremely heavy clothing. If a die roll has indicated that severe winds are present, the Game Master may consult the following chart to determine their danger:

Basin of Ash Wind Effects		
Die Roll	Wind Severity	Damage to Unprotected Characters
01-60	<i>Moderate</i>	1d8
61-90	<i>Severe</i>	2d12
91-00	<i>Ashstorm</i>	6d6*

\* Treat as if caught within a Genie's *Whirlwind* effect.

It is suggested that those traveling through the Basin of Dust employ *Skaraff*. Long, thin wooden vessels that ride upon either wheels or (more rarely) paddles, bearing a great sail that allows them to ride the ashen dust of the Basin as a ship does water. Unfortunately, such vehicles are exceedingly rare and highly prized by those who either own them or have occasion to visit the region with any frequency. It is far more likely that adventurers or explorers such as the Player Characters will be forced to walk the dunes of grey dust as they make their way towards their destination – and in doing so, become much more susceptible to inclement weather or predatory creatures within the Basin.

In the context of a Campaign setting, the introduction to *Lux Aeterna* may play out quite differently than it would when run in a Convention environment. In this case, the Game Master may wish to play out the Player Characters' journey from civilization to In Perpetuum Anzaniol. If this is the case, then the Game Master should be sure to consult the following **Basin of Ash Wandering Monster Table** to determine if the participants encounter any unexpected resistance on their way to the location.

As the party travels to their destination, it is expected that they will be following a map provided them by some source that made the presence of the catacombs (and likely, its legend) known to them in the first place. Since this is likely their sole means of finding the necropolis, they have a 15% chance per day of becoming lost somewhere within the Basin of Ash. A lost party or individual member of that group may backtrack to the point where they got lost and try again, provided they have the map as a means of navigation. If they do not, then such backtracking is impossible and they are considered lost. Random encounters are checked three times each day and the chance for an encounter is 1 in 4. The normal encounter distance is 6" - 24" (6d4). If a random encounter is determined to have taken place, check the following table to resolve exactly what is encountered.

Random Encounter Table (Basin of Ash)		
Die Roll	Encounter	Number Appearing
01-03	Beetles, Boring	3-18
04-05	Bulettes *	1-2
06-12	Centipedes, Giant	2-24
13-17	Dune Stalkers	1-6
18-28	Jermlaine **	12-48
29-32	Meenlocks **	3-5
33-34	Men, Characters	3-30
35-36	Men, Nomads	30-300
37-42	Mites	6-24
43-50	Osquips	2-24
51-59	Pernicon	4-40

60-66	Rats, Giant	5-50
67-69	Scorpions, Giant	1-4
70-71	Snakes, Giant, Amphisbaena	1-3
72-74	Snakes, Giant, Poisonous	1-6
75-77	Snakes, Giant, Spitting	1-4
78-82	Snyads	1-8
83-85	Spiders, Huge	1-12
85-88	Thoqua ***	1-2
89-00	Roll again or choose any creature	-

#### Notes:

\* Half-strength, sand variety.

\*\* These creatures inhabit Thoqua tunnels.

\*\*\* 2'-4' diameter, sand/ash eaters.

## Background for the Game Master

The legends surrounding Anzaniol the Brilliant are quite true. As he watched his beloved Imperium burning to ash, he quit his tower in favor of the confines of his ancestral catacombs, fully expecting to breathe his last in the company of his forbearers. Would that Cendor had blessed him with such a fate. Instead, the spell that he cast decades before that made him one with the land he loved transmogrified him into something monstrous as it was devoured by colorless flame. With the death of the land, Anzaniol breathed his last, just as he expected he might.

He did not anticipate opening his eyes again, however.

Anzaniol continues to live an existence eternal, just as he did when he was known as "The Brilliant", a creature of light and life. He now does so as a **vampire**, however, the immolation of the land filling his body with the shadowy force of negative energy. As water consumes a volume, so did this tenebrous power devour his life, leaving aught but darkness in the place of his soul. This did nothing to dim his mastery of the Invisible Art, however, and as Anzaniol awoke as the undead, he remained as potent a magi as ever he was during his life. So it was that he used his powers to, one by one, revivify those ancestors of his whose bodies could withstand the experience of unlife, animating them through a series of unspeakable necromantic rites.

Within the confines of In Perpetuum Anzaniol, the now-ancient mage conducts experiments of a nature forbidden when the Xuel Imperium yet lived – those that deal with the fluid nature of time. In particular, Anzaniol (who now calls himself "The Emperor of Dusk", as a nod to his current condition) toils at the creation of an artifact he calls *Cendor's Hourglass*: A magical item of surpassing potency that, when activated, has the capability of peeling back the years of time, just as easily as one might peruse the pages of a book. He hopes to use this mighty artifact to travel to a time before colorless fire rained down upon the Xuel, utterly destroying those sorcerers with his own hand before their apocalyptic attack might be launched. He hopes to bring his beloved Imperium to life once more; he wishes to bring himself to life along with it.

As the Player Characters come upon In Perpetuum Anzaniol, The Emperor of Dusk sees Cendor's Hourglass very near its completion. So it is that a group of explorers and treasure hunters that set out to investigate an ancient and forgotten crypt find themselves all that stand in the path of the total erasure of over

a thousand years of time – and all that has come since the fateful moment that the greatest empire the world has ever known died screaming.

Their actions within that fell place are literally destined to change history forever.

\*

## Chapter One: Ozymandias

Your passage through the Basin of Ash has been fraught with great peril and suffering. It was as if the foul place was somehow possessed of a malign spirit that permeated the entirety of its nature and substance. You have struggled through dust storms powerful enough to flense the flesh from a man's bones. With dawn came temperatures hot enough to boil you alive; at sunset, the cold forced you to huddle shivering in makeshift hovels to prevent freezing. Unspeakable monsters thirsty for the blood of unsuspecting travelers seemed to appear from beneath the bleak dunes when you were most vulnerable, forcing you to fight for your lives with each new day. Soon enough, food and water supplies were almost exhausted – and the endless ash dunes offered no place to replenish such vital supplies. Indeed, such were your travails across the blasted and barren wasteland that even experienced adventurers such as you and your fellows began to despair...and wonder to yourselves if you might ever see your homelands again.

Perhaps the only thing that offered hope to your fellowship in such dark hours was the ancient and weathered piece of parchment you held to yourselves with the sort of care generally reserved for the greatest of treasures. This was the map that had compelled you to your expedition in the first place. And to judge its dimensions, you all knew that you had to be getting quite close to your destination. It was no time to quail beneath hardship! The time had come to redouble your efforts!

It had been exactly two weeks that you had trudged the ashen dunes flat in search of your goal. In the early afternoon of that day, a structure began to resolve itself through some brief lull in the wind-spun dust. Not far from your procession, you were able to see what seemed to be a great obelisk or tower, rising from the grey plains like a crone's crooked finger, leaning at such an angle that it seemed as if it might collapse at any moment. The sight of the building, even ruined as it was, did not fail to stir excitement within you all. It was the only structure you had seen in over a fortnight – and to judge the map, surely it could be nothing other than great Anzaniol's tower!

Such is the blinding nature of the wind-hurled ash that, when the Player Characters arrive to this point, visibility for most creatures has been reduced to perhaps 100 yards. This will almost certainly render the tower but a vague silhouette within the whipping grey winds. It will also quite likely make the structure's guardians invisible (they have a base 75% chance of being unseen), and therefore exponentially more dangerous.

The weight of long years and the rigors of the wasteland's environment have rendered Anzaniol's once-palatial tower little more than a hollowed-out husk of a structure, undermined, weathered, and nearly crumbling under its own weight. Yet it still

provides enough protection from the elements that it has made an excellent lair for a pair of monsters that endure the brutal clime within the Basin of Ash. This is a pair of mated pair of **wyverns** who have become so accustomed to the dust and winds within the region that their senses are quite unaffected by the weather conditions. So it is that they are 70% likely to detect the approach of the Player Characters the moment the winds relent enough to reveal the shape of the tower (the other 30% of the time, they should be considered to be asleep). If the wyverns are awake, then they will immediately take to the skies above the grey dunes and attack those that have so brazenly entered their territory.

**Wyvern** (2): AC 3, MV 6/24, HD 7+7, HP 63 and 58, THAC0 13, #AT 2, Damage 2-16/1-6, SA Poison.

The wyverns will take full advantage of their superior eyesight, taking to the skies above the Player Characters as they make their way to Anzaniol's tower. The weather conditions in the Basin of Ash reduces the effectiveness of this tactic somewhat, however, cutting their flying speed in **half**. Regardless, they will circle their prey, attacking them from the rear (and taking them quite likely by surprise). The monsters favor hit-and-run attacks in this way, swooping down from great heights to lash out at their opponents with their tails, then ascending above their reach again. Only if they sense that their prey is weak will they engage with their fangs (which will allow them to be attacked in kind much more easily).

If the Player Characters manage to overcome the wyverns, they will find their lair within the wreckage of Anzaniol's tower. This nest exists on what was once the third floor of the structure, which was once easily accessible by a set of stone stairs that ran about the walls of the spire until it reached its top. The lair itself is a haphazard array of beaten and scathed furnishings and other finery held together (most disturbingly) by the rotting flesh and bleached bones of the creatures' victims. Amongst this terrible detritus can be found the wyverns' treasure: 328sp, 216gp, and a badly-scratched crystal case in which a set of 3 *+1 daggers* lie on a bed of red velvet. The coinage found in this small trove is of ancient Xuel mint and worth twice that of coins found in the Player Characters' homeland (if sold to one who properly understands their historical significance).

At the bottom of the tower, to its southernmost side, a structure similar in design to a storm cellar exists. Unfortunately, this adjoins the true foundation of the spire, which has been buried under a substantial layer of ash (perhaps a foot of the stuff must be somehow cleared away before some hint of the entryway's presence can be gleaned). This makes finding a way into In Perpetuum Anzaniol exceedingly difficult. It is suggested that significant investigation – including a stated attempt to clear away some of the ash in the area to reveal what lies beneath the surface – must be made of the ground within and around the footing of the tower before a Game Master should allow a die roll to detect the angled double doors (after such takes place, the process of finding the entryway is identical to that of finding a concealed door). Unfortunately, this act is very likely to disturb the nest of giant centipedes that lair beneath the ash as well, which feast well on the carrion that falls from the wyvern's nest above, after they have returned to their home with a new kill.

**Giant Centipedes** (20): AC 9, MV 15, HD 1/4, HP 2 (all), THAC0 20, #AT 2, Damage Nil, SA Poison.

If disturbed, the ash will begin to churn and heave with frenzied motion as the insects move to defend their home. This act of stirring the ancient dust around the tower's footing, however, will have the effect of making the entryway to the catacombs

beneath its foundation much easier to detect (give each Player Character a bonus 1d6 roll in addition to any other search attempts; on a 1, they have found some clue as to its existence). These creatures have no form of treasure.

If the Player Characters are able to locate the entryway, they will find that it takes the form of a pair of angled double doors composed of solid steel and set into smooth white marble. These portals are magically fixed in place and will not open, no matter how much physical force is employed against them. They are also incredibly resistant to damage from all sources. Spells cast upon their surface have a 25% chance of failure and a 25% chance of being reflected against their caster. Likewise, they cannot be damaged by non-magical weapons. Successful attacks made upon the doors must total 100hp before they are sundered and allow entry. These are not completely sovereign barriers, however: A *dispel magic* spell capable of unbinding an 18<sup>th</sup> Level enchantment will remove the potent protective magic that makes the doors impervious to harm, while a *knock* spell that defeats the doors' inherent resistance to magic will allow them to be opened normally for up to 1 Turn (after which, the enchantment that holds them fast takes effect again).

Once the doors are located and somehow opened, Player Characters with the courage to do so may enter In Perpetuum Anzaniol as they wish.

Of course, bravery is often mistaken for crass foolishness.

\*

## Chapter Two: The Bleak Catacombs

Beneath the surface of the tower lies the catacombs in which generations of Anzaniol's Xuel ancestors were interred within individual crypts. Of course, since the magus' transformation into the horrific, he has roused many of these worthies from their eternal slumber and made of them guardians to see to his solitude as he works upon *Cendor's Hourglass*. Needless to say, this has made this series of corridors an exceedingly dangerous place. Anzaniol now refers to this necropolis as *The Bleak Catacombs*: An appellation that refers both to the state of the land above its depths and the powerful undead that now lair within its reaches.

Wandering Monsters will only be encountered within The Bleak Catacombs if this adventure is used in the context of Campaign game play only. Even then, such encounters will occur only in hallways, empty rooms, or areas cleared by the Player Characters. The Game Master should check for such Wandering Monsters each Turn, with a roll of 1 on d6 indicating an encounter. When an encounter is indicated, use the Bleak Catacombs Encounter Table to determine what creature is met.

Bleak Catacombs Encounter Table		
Die Roll	Encounter	Number Appearing
01-40	Skeleton	2-20
41-55	Swordwraith	1-6
56-65	Wight	1-6
66-70	Wraith	1-4
71-00	Zombie, Ju-Ju	1-6

The entirety of this level of In Perpetuum Anzaniol seems as if it was somehow composed of a single, gigantic slab of white marble. Veins of trace gold run through this mineral, giving the whole of it a breathtaking appearance of the sort usually reserved for holy places considered wonders of the world. There is no source of light within the catacombs. As Anzaniol and his minions are capable of seeing perfectly well when bereft of light, this is only a disadvantage for potential intruders into their demesne. The Player Characters will be forced to bring their own light sources, if they require them, in order to see properly. Each of the doors found on this level of the catacombs are composed of the same marble, which slide upwards into recesses in the ceiling. These stone entries are exceedingly heavy and require a combined strength score of 30 to lift. The doors are wide enough for three characters to work at the labor of lifting them at a time. Once lifted to the level of the ceiling, these portals will lock into place, unless otherwise noted in their descriptions. Finally, each one of these doors general bears an inscription upon its face in Ancient Xuel, often giving a hint as to those interred within their bounds.

**IMPORTANT NOTE!**: This level of the catacombs is filled with the undead, many of whom are of the intelligent variety. These have been given the spark of dark life so as to serve Anzaniol as guardians, while he labors upon the creation of *Cendor's Hourglass*. Therefore, they will not wait in their lairs idly as the Player Characters run roughshod through their demesne. Those that have the capacity to do so will spring to the defense of the catacombs if the party is making undue noise or engages their enemies in some mass combat that the Game Master has reason to believe would rouse their attention. It is quite possible that, in this way, the Player Characters may bring the whole of the catacombs' hordes of the restless dead upon them through their carelessness!

### 1. ENTRY

The doors at the surface of the Basin of Dust open outward, revealing a wide staircase that descends perhaps 30' at a steep slope. From the width of the entry, the hallway narrows as it burrows deeper into the world, until at last it is but 5' wide. The entirety of the corridor seems to be composed of a brilliant white marble, veined with rivers of gold throughout its substance. You can see that the stairs are covered by a thin coating of ancient dust. In stark contrast to the blistering environs above ground, the hallway is rather cold. Its air is still and filled with the scent of antiquity.

The entry to In Perpetuum Anzaniol is untrapped, but is enchanted with a specialized form of the *guards and wards* spell. Stepping on any of the stairs activates the spell on the second level of the catacombs. The spell has been designed in such a way that the *magic mouth* component of the enchantment warns Anzaniol that intruders have entered his demesne and that he should begin preparing himself for their arrival immediately (which he does by casting a bevy of differing spells upon himself; see **Appendix A** for specific details).

### 2. TRAPPED CRYPT

Inscribed upon the door: *Here lies General Brixtal Ad-Xol. As fierce in death as ever he was in life.*

This chamber is 10' wide and 20' deep. Ancient, undisturbed dust covers the floor bespeaking the room's

great antiquity. It is apparently unappointed but for an obsidian casket cut into the shape of a man along its back wall, which is flanked by a pair of brass urns. These containers sparkle at the tops, where a panoply of glittering stones seem to almost overflow from their bounds.

This entire room is a trap, prepared to snare the greedy or foolish. In truth, there was never actually a "General Bixtal Ad-Xol"; the door's inscription was a subtle warning meant to give those who actually were members of the family pause before entering the sepulcher. Whenever an individual ventures more than 10' into the room, putting any sort of pressure on its floor whatsoever, it triggers the delicate plate beneath the thin marble veneer. At that point, the entirety of the ceiling collapses on the unfortunates within the chamber, dealing 5-50hp of damage upon them - no saving throw allowed.

If the Player Characters somehow manage to make it to the far side of the room without triggering the trap (perhaps using some sort of flight or telekinesis), they will quickly see that all is not as it seems to be. The casket is composed of cheap wood, painted black. Likewise, the glittering stones are but pieces of colored glass which lay atop flats placed near the tops of the urns (they are 95% empty). There is no treasure of worth within the room; only death awaits the careless treasure hunter.

### 3. THE AEDILE OF VORATIN

Inscribed upon the door: *You gaze upon the final repose of Asreta Ad-Xol, Aedile of Voratin. The wonders of the Xuel glisten less brightly for her absence.*

This chamber is 10' wide and 20' deep. It might have once resembled a resplendent boudoir, though time has rendered it a dead and decaying place. In its absolute center, a 2' wide trench filled with water is cut into the substance of the floor in the shape of a square. At each of its corners, the liquid fountains 5' into the air before tumbling down into the artificial river once more. In each of the corners of the room, great brass urns contain what might have once been lush trees, but have since died and rotted, collapsed under their own weight upon a blanket of withered and dried leaves. Likewise, flower petals scattered upon the floor have long since dried and gone black upon the marble firmament. On the far end of the room, a great canopy bed stands. White lace curtains hide all but a silhouette within its bounds, laying still atop its comfortable silken sheets. The bed is flanked by an ivory dresser and desk.

Standing next to the bed, holding elaborate fans made of leaves and the plumage of peacocks are four women. All of them wear once-elegant gowns, now ruined by age and terrible stains of rot and dried blood. They are desiccated and horrid of appearance, their skin withered and gone black. Their lips are peeled back to reveal frightful, bared teeth and their eyes are hollow things, lit by some hellish green light. At your appearance, they turn and snarl at you with a vicious and angry hissing.

The air within the room is heavy with the scent of ancient decay. And thick with the smell of things long-dead.

This crypt belongs to Asreta Ad-Xol. As the Aedile of the city of Voratin, she was responsible for planning and seeing to the functionality of the community's public works. This is the reason for the presence of the fountains in the chamber; indeed, she was

responsible for inventing the magic that allows them to perform even now, several hundred years after she drew her last breath. Such was her stature within Xuel society that when she was buried, she was interred with her four favorite handmaidens, who were charged with seeing to her needs until Aedile Asreta completed her departure to the afterlife.

Since her organs were removed and her body wrapped in funerary bindings before she was placed in her crypt, it was a relatively easy matter for Anzaniol to rouse her from slumber eternal in the form of a **mummy**. That the gauze ribbons that shroud her decayed flesh were covered with all manner of eldritch symbols simply made her all the better a guardian for this level of the catacombs, to the mind of the magus. Likewise, her handmaidens were awakened, their souls replaced with negative energy that saw them become four **wights**. Anzaniol looked forward to whiling away eternity with this particular member of his lineage, but Aedile Asreta rebuffed him. A rare goodly member of her generally-wicked society when she lived, Asreta hates and loathes the thing that she has become and refuses to treat with her ancestor. At the same time, through the process of her becoming the restless dead, her alignment has shifted drastically. So it is that the Player Characters can expect no mercy when they come upon the Aedile (see **Appendix A** for specific details on this very special mummy) and her handmaidens within this room - they will all attack them immediately, seeking to drain the life force from those who so boldly intrude upon their familiar catacombs until they are hollow husks of what they once were.

**Aedile Asreta, Mummy:** AC 3, MV 6, HD 6+3, HP 36, THAC0 13, #AT 1, Damage 1-12, SA Disease, Fear, Symbols, SD Only harmed by +1 or better, Spell resistances, SQ Spellcasting.

**The Aedile's Handmaidens, Wights (4):** AC 5, MV 12, HD 4+3, HP 25 (all), THAC0 15, #AT 1, Damage 1-4, SA Energy drain, SD Silver or magic weapons to hit, Spell resistances.

When the Player Characters enter the room, the Aedile's Handmaidens will attempt to run around behind them, cutting off their exit. They will then rush to melee with them, relying on their *energy drain* ability to swiftly sap away their puissance. In the meantime, Asreta will stay to the rear of the room, using her spellcasting to attack her enemies, confident in the knowledge that her *fear* effect and *symbolic funerary wrappings* make her quite difficult to engage directly in melee. In particular, she especially favors casting *web* to entangle the Player Characters, leaving them helpless against the attacks of her Handmaidens.

If the Player Characters manage to overcome the Aedile and her Handmaidens, they may pillage the treasures of her chamber at their leisure. First, the canopy bed, desk, and dresser are all actually made of solid ivory and are worth 7,500gp, 2,000gp, and 4,000gp respectively (though their bulk and weight will likely make them impossible to move). The dresser is filled with all manner of fine clothing, about half still in excellent condition. These pieces are worth about 1,500gp on their own and twice that to an apparel collector or historian who understands their significance. The desk is filled with numerous tomes on civil engineering, all written in Ancient Xuel. These are worth 5,000gp, if sold in the proper market. Likewise, the Aedile's spellbook is amongst these librums, which contains all the spells noted in her description in **Appendix A**. Finally, in the top drawer of the desk is a bone scroll case. This contains the spell of her invention, *Asreta's Aeration* (see **Appendix B** for details), as well as 3 flawless rubies, each worth 1,000gp.

#### 4. THE BOATMAN'S CALL

Inscribed upon the door: *In this land that he so loved, the body of Anzaniol Ad-Xol rests at last. As for his inquisitive mind and wandering spirit, only Cendor might know.*

This room is 10' wide and 20' deep. Its white marble confines are completely bare and unadorned. It appears to be completely empty.

This crypt was built for Anzaniol the Brilliant upon the day of his birth, so that he might one day take his rightful place aside his ancestors. One of those cursed few to behold the death of the Xuel Empire with his own eyes, however, he would never come to use the place - and with his transmogrification into the restless dead, it was destined to lay empty forever. However, even after that, the vampire saw to it that the place had its use. He tunneled through the bedrock in which In Perpetuum Anzaniol lies, creating a secret passage between the crypt and **Area #10**, accessible by only a small void at the wall's top in both locations (which are easily reached when in *gaseous form*). If hard-pressed, he will escape to this corridor, then retreat to **Area #11** to either recuperate or plan a last stand against a truly-determined party.

#### 5. WARRIOR'S REST

Inscribed upon the door: *Only death proved an opponent that Raan Ad-Xol could not defeat. Here he lies upon his final battlefield.*

This room is 10' wide and 20' deep. The whole of its back wall is a great bas-relief etched into the marble, depicting a massive battlefield in exacting detail. To the left of the image is a rack that supports a suit of fine splint mail, lacquered a deep crimson. To the right of the image, another rack holds a long, thin sword and a pair of crossed, wickedly-curved daggers. The room's center is dominated by a rectangular marble casket, supported by a small central pedestal that makes it seem as if it floats in mid-air.

Raan Ad-Xol was a unique figure in Xuel history. Born of a slave that would rise to become a champion in the society's gladiatorial pits, he was adopted into the family bearing his surname as a child when his father at last met his match in the contests from which they derived so much pleasure. That his blood would rise to the fore and that he would one day aspire to become a warrior of great renown himself is of little surprise. However, Raan never forgot that he was always the son of a slave - not one of the nobles that had taken him in and raised him as their own. It was a great shame to him that those that should be his fellows lived as wretches in terrible squalor, while he had all that he could want and so much more.

So it was that when Anzaniol came to this tomb and imbued Raan's corpse with the spark of unlife, he resisted the compulsion to rise again with an unbreakable ferocity. The warrior simply refused to do the bidding of one such as The Emperor of Dusk, to bring woe to the world in the name of a family of which he was always ashamed. No matter how powerful the magics that Anzaniol would ply to cause him to walk once more, Raan remained still and silent, taking his great martial puissance with him to the grave forever. Eventually the vampire spat on him and gave up the cause of counting him a guardian. He had those aplenty, in any case.

It is moderately unlikely that the Player Characters will ever learn why it is that Raan Ad-Xol lies still in his casket.

However, given the possibility that they may use *speak with dead* (or like magics) upon his body, his tale has been related above. In the event such a situation takes place, the warrior is all too happy to aid those speaking to him in any way he can, if it means the defeat of Anzaniol. Unfortunately, what he knows of the magus and his plans is precious little. He is aware that he has become a vampire and is aware that he is in the process of constructing a potent magical artifact with time-bending properties (he told him as much when he was trying to persuade the warrior to give in to the call of undeath). Of anything else, such as the other crypts within In Perpetuum Anzaniol or those guardians which might not have had the same compunctions as he, he knows nothing at all. Indeed, aside of the above information, Raan's best gift to the Player Characters might be his permission to use his mighty sword *Praenuntia Aurora* with his blessing (the only way that its true power can be stoked to life; see **Appendix B** for details).

It is that blade that rests in the rack to the rear of the room. The crossed kukri beneath it are especially well-made, but are non-magical in nature. The armor to the left of the weapons was Raan's in life and acts as +2 *splint mail* armor. Both the sword and armor are well-known to the Ad-Xol family and those intelligent undead within the catacombs will recognize it instantly upon sight (their reactions to it, naturally, will vary). These are the only treasures in the room, as Raan Ad-Xol was buried in sackcloth and his body was stuffed with ash in the traditional manner that a slave could expect (a fact of which he is eternally shameful).

#### 6. EMPTY VESSEL

Inscribed upon the door: *Within rests Villanelle Ad-Xol. May your ghost be as buoyant and light as your spirit was in life.*

This room is 10' wide and 20' deep. Its floor is comprised of a gridwork of 64 evenly-spaced holes, in which some small bit of water can be seen resting in the bottom of each. Aside of that curious feature, the room seems completely empty and without any sort of décor.

This room was created to one day house Villanelle Ad-Xol: A poet of the finest caliber whose first and only love was the wide, open sea. It was her request, upon her death, to be set adrift upon a boat on the ocean so the tides could decide upon where her grave might be located. Her family, however, would hear nothing of the sort and demanded that she be buried in their traditional crypts. Eventually, she relented, provided that wherever she was meant to lay for the remainder of eternity was as one with the ocean as possible. This chamber was the result of that request. Upon her death, Villanelle was meant to be cremated and her remains mixed with pure salt water taken from the sea. The holes were meant to use the spell created by her great-grandmother Asreta (see **Area #3**) to cause the water to "leap" back and forth from one of the receptacles to the next, as a dolphin might breach the ocean's surface. Unfortunately, the clever piece of magical engineering was never put to its intended use. Villanelle Ad-Zol was one of those unfortunate few to be alive when the Xuel's northern enemies burned their great empire under a rain of colorless flame. So it is that this chamber is - and likely, always will be - empty.

## 7. HIRED HELP

Inscribed upon the door: *All light leaves shadow; so, too, do the great usher forth silhouettes, of whom history will never rightly praise. Here lies those faithful to the name Ad-Xol. Hereafter, may their lights shine brightly of their own.*

This room is 10' wide and 20' deep. Each of its walls bear twelve rectangular drawers that rise nearly to the ceiling stacked atop one another, 4' wide and 2' high. Beneath each one appears to be a coat of arms of some type, engraved into the marble, then carefully painted in an appropriate fashion. Several of the covers to these drawers seem to have been destroyed and now litter the ground of the room as shattered flats of stone.

Sitting within the room in a circle, as if gathered around a campfire, are a group of men, eight in number. Armored and armed, they are deadly silent as the door to their demesne opens. With your presence, however, they all turn as one to look at in your direction. Their flesh is a sickly grey color and their eyes seem dead but for some terrible, malign spark in their quality. As they set their gaze upon you, as one, they offer a series of thin, cruel smiles.

This crypt was meant to hire those *cohorts praetorianae* – the personal bodyguards and men-at-arms – of utmost power and loyalty that served the Ad-Xol family. When the Xuliose Empire was wiped off the face of the map, about half of the small sepulchers in the room were filled with the remains of these brave and puissant men and women that hailed from virtually every corner of the territory this mighty nation claimed, gathered over several millennia of history.

Of these, only eight were in good enough a condition to be reanimated by Anzaniol as undead allies. These are now **swordwraiths**: Those restless dead that are considered amongst the most powerful and trustworthy of the forces available to the vampire. When they are not performing some task at his order – exactly as they did, in life – they sit in this room and exchange stories from their days as a collection of the finest warriors that the Xuel Empire could offer. When the Player Characters encounter them, they will immediately be set upon their total destruction. These are men and women to whom duty was everything. That is something that not even death could change within them.

**Swordwraiths** (8): AC 3, MV 9, HD 7, HP 39 (each), THAC0 10, #AT 3/2, Damage 1-10+6, SA Strength drain, SD Only harmed by +2 or better, Spell resistances.

It was customary for those within the Ad-Xol family to appropriate the possessions of their allies, should they fall in battle. As a result of that policy, none of the Swordwraiths carry any items of interest besides the mundane chain mail armor and longswords they wear and wield. There is no other form of treasure in this room for the Player Characters to loot, presuming they manage to survive the onslaught of the undead. It should also be noted that these undead are both intelligent and fanatically loyal to Anzaniol. If the Player Characters engage them, then attempt to flee, they will be willing to pursue them to the far corners of the world to affect their destruction!

## 8. A QUIET PLACE

Inscribed upon the door: *You so loved the silence in life, Navik Ad-Xol. Let your peace, then, through the ages go undisturbed.*

This room is 10' wide and 20' deep. It differs drastically from the rest of the catacombs that you have seen thus far in that the stony composition of the chamber is that of utterly dark marble with rivers of silver meandering through its substance. On the far end of the room is a silver casket, flanked by what seem to be small petrified trees. The dust of years long gone by coats every surface within the room. Heavier still is the sense of utter silence within its walls.

When he lived, Navik Ad-Xol was a troubled soul. Haunted by the whispers of unseen creatures throughout his life, some thought him a rare visionary while others dubbed him a madman. In truth, he was neither. The artist was actually a *sensate* with a rare psionic gift that allowed him to perceive activity upon the Astral Plane where it overlapped with his location on the Prime. As none understood this, Navik thought himself insane and did whatever possible to surround himself with complete silence, hoping to at last quiet those disturbing voices echoing within his consciousness. When at last he could bear them no more and committed suicide, it was a tragedy, but few that actually knew the man were truly surprised.

Navik continues to live on, however, in the form of a **ghost**. Though he only vaguely understood it when he lived, the artist was possessed of a singular mental talent: He was able to project a *psionic blast*, exactly as can an mind flayer. So strong was the power of his mind and such was the torment he endured at the moment of his death, however, that his soul could not rest easily even with his death. That makes him one of the few undead within In Perpetuum Anzaniol that was not woken from their endless slumber by The Emperor of Dusk. As such, the magus does not comport with Navik's spirit, instead leaving him to his own devices to do as he will – comfortable in the knowledge that his mere demeanor is trap enough to snare the unwary.

When the Player Characters enter his crypt, Navik will do nothing at all. However, at the slightest noise they make, the ghost will reveal himself as he appeared as he was discovered some time after his death (which came by flinging himself from a tall cliff upon the ocean rocks below): A broken and twisted horror, bloated gruesomely with sea water, and half rotten and putrescent. After showing himself in such a fashion, the ghost will retreat, but follow the Player Characters through the catacombs. He will wait for them to become engaged with some of its other undead denizens, then reveal himself again (perhaps assaulting them with his psionic blast ability, as well), hoping in such a way to put an end to the noise they make forever.

**Navik Ad-Xol, Ghost:** AC 0/8, MV 9, HD 10, HP 55, THAC0 10, #AT 1, Damage Age 10-40 years, SA Aging, Fear, Magic Jar, Psionic Blast, SD Incorporeal body, Only harmed by magic or silver weapons.

## 9. THOROUGHFARE

The face of this door is smooth and unblemished.

This room is 10' wide and 20' deep. Its ceiling rises nearly 40' from the floor, coming to a great vault at its peak. The whole of the place is both unappointed and undecorated, giving it the feel of a vast and empty cathedral, full of dust and ancient memories.

This room once served as a chapel within the catacombs, from which clerics of the Xuel Pantheon would often perform brief ceremonies, previous to the interment of a member of the Ad-Xol family within its many crypts. Since making it his home, however, Anzaniol has cleared it of its rich and lavish furnishings, as such brazenly displayed religious artifacts now make him quite uneasy. Instead, the room serves as an access point to his hidden room in **Area #10**. As is the case in **Area #4**, small holes have been drilled at the very top of the chamber's back wall, allowing the vampire to pass into the secret tunnel behind its substance in gaseous form. If hard-pressed by the Player Characters, it is likely that he will flee the second level of In Perpetuum Anzaniol into this room, retreating to **Area #10** to either recuperate, plan his revenge against his enemies - or much more likely, both.

## 10. OASIS AMONGST THE ASHES

As you have progressed down the corridor, the smooth marble that has comprised the whole of the catacombs thus far has abruptly given way to rough-hewn stone. Eventually, this tunnel terminated in a plain-faced door of solid iron.

Beyond that door lies a vast cavern. Its floor is an undulating terrain, replete with stalagmites, some nearly three times as tall as an average man. Likewise, so many stalactites hang from the ceiling that it is impossible to see precisely where it terminates. Instead, it vanishes into shadows amidst those dangling stones. A small pool of water rests at the furthest part of the area, drops falling from the rocks downward to create ripples in its surface in a rhythmic fashion. At the rear of the cavern, you are able to see a place where the wavering floor rises to a plateau. There, a great rectangular block of stone rests. The room seems to be unoccupied and, otherwise, empty.

The door leading to this room has been inscribed with a *symbol of death* that activates whenever a living individual comes within 10' of its face. Until it comes to life, it is completely invisible.

As might be gleaned from the description of the area above, neither this cavern nor the corridor that leads to it were parts of the catacombs when they were originally constructed. Instead, when Anzaniol claimed it as his demesne, the magus employed repeated castings of the *disintegrate* spell to carve out both, fashioning for himself a lair to which he might retreat in the case of some future emergency. While it does not offer him the comfort to which he is accustomed, it serves his needs quite well in this regard.

As the Player Characters forge their way through the cavern, they may notice that the ceiling is infested with thousands of bats. Anzaniol summoned the creatures here and sees to their sustenance by feeding them the carcasses of the creatures he is forced to summon or return to the surface of the world to prey upon each night. The pool to the north end of the voluminous area sees to their hydration. If the Player Characters should enter the

cavern without Anzaniol being present, these bats will shift and chirp uncomfortably as they pass beneath them, but they pose them no other threat. If the vampire is present as they enter his secret lair, however, he will command them to fly about the Player Characters in a whirling storm of flapping wings and tiny screeches. He will use that distraction to transform into a bat himself, escaping the cavern in the mass confusion certain to ensue.

The stone rectangle atop the plateau that rises from the cavern's undulating floor is an all-but-solid slab of dark granite. The small space within it is only large enough for Anzaniol's body and a handful of ash taken from the surface above. These serve as the vampire's coffin and soil from his native land, which he requires on the occasions he needs to recuperate. Of course, these are but spares, with his main place of repose being located in his laboratory. Still, the stone slab is appointed with some treasure, in the unlikely event that Anzaniol might be forced from his catacombs entirely. This takes the form of a red velvet bag filled with seven large rubies, each worth 1,000gp.

## 11. ESCAPE

Those responsible for constructing this portion of the catacombs cannot be the same as those that built the bulk of the subterranean crypts. As the corridor ends, it opens up into a vaguely-circular room, rough-hewn and inconsistent in nature. It appears much more like a small cave than a properly-finished chamber. In the center of the room, a hole is cut in the floor, perhaps 3' in diameter. Surrounding that void stand five figures, each wearing chain mail armor. At your approach, they turn to you and offer grim smiles from beneath their helmets. This is evident because their half-rotten and worm-eaten visages are dimly lit by the malign lights that burn within the empty sockets that once housed their eyes.

These are the final guardians charged by Anzaniol to watch over the entrance to the lower level of his catacombs. Once, they were the ancestors of his lineage; now, they are **ju-ju zombies**, given the spark of unlife by The Emperor of Dusk. Immediately upon seeing the Player Characters, they will charge to attack them. Under no circumstances will they allow them to approach the hole in the midst of the room unmolested. In fact, they are among the few undead within In Perpetuum Anzaniol that will not pursue the Player Characters, should they choose to flee the area for some reason or another. They have been ordered to protect the hole at all costs, so they will not stay from it past the mouth of the corridor that leads to its chamber.

**Ju-Ju Zombies** (5): AC 3, MV 9, HD 3+12, HP 28, THAC0 13, #AT 1, Damage 1d6, SD Immune to many normal weapons, Only harmed by +1 or better, Spell immunities, SQ Climb as a 6th level Thief.

These malefic creatures possess no form of treasure, aside of the suits of mundane chain mail that they wear. Their lucre comes in the form of the entry to the second level of the catacombs...and when one considers that in that place, an opportunity lies to save a millennia of existence, it is a price of inestimable value, indeed.

## Chapter Two: Look On My Works, Ye Mighty, and Despair!

The lower level of In Perpetuum Anzaniol is only a recent

creation. It was excavated by way of mighty spells cast by the magus so that it might afford him privacy while he undertook the great labor of constructing *Cendor's Hourglass*. In addition to housing his foundry and laboratory, this depth of the catacombs is guarded by powerful monsters and undead – summoned, created, and roused by Anzaniol, all.

The hole that leads from the upper level of the catacombs to its lower level is but 3' wide. It also bears a permanent *darkness 15' radius* spell at its midpoint, which was meant to give potential intruders pause before recklessly entering it. Anzaniol purposely created it in its extremely narrow fashion, as he was easily able to traverse the slender passage in either bat or *gaseous form*, taking those materials he needed for the construction of guardians or *Cendor's Hourglass* down the shaft in *diminished* form (see **Area #17** for details on how he achieved this feat). The Player Characters are likely to have much more difficulty traversing its path, of course. Most probably, they will be forced to squeeze down the passage one at a time – making the task of contending with the guardians on the other side much harder, of course.

As on the upper level of the catacombs, there is no form of light (for the sole exception of **Area #17** (see below), and even this is quite gloomy). Player Characters possessed of conventional forms of vision will have to bring their own, if they hope to see. The doors on this level are all solid sheets of solid and heavy iron (conjured forth through the use of the *wall of iron* spell and thus susceptible to *dispel magic*), which require no less than a Strength score of 18 (51%) to move. As the various chambers on this level were never meant to act as crypts, there are no inscriptions on their faces.

If the Player Characters stepped on the stairway in **Area #1** (see above), Anzaniol's unique form of *guards and wards* has been triggered on this level. In such an event, the following is all true:

1. All corridors on the level are misty, and visibility is reduced to 10';
2. All doors on the level are *wizard locked*;
3. The door leading to **Area #17** is covered by an *illusion* as if it were a plain wall;
4. The hole leading down from the upper level to the lower one is filled with *webs* from top to bottom;
5. Where there are choices in direction on the lower level – such as a cross or side passage - a minor *confusion*-type spell functions so as to make it 50% probable that intruders will believe they are going in the exact opposite direction;
6. The whole area radiates magic;
7. A *magic mouth* will appear in **Area #13**, rousing Anzaniol's guardians to move to **Area #12** and engage intruders within the catacombs;
8. A *magic mouth* will appear in **Area #17**, warning Anzaniol of the presence of intruders in the catacombs, prompting him to begin casting protective spells upon himself in preparation for their arrival.

#### In Perpetuum Anzaniol Lower Level Encounter Key:

##### 12. LANDING

The shaft leading from the upper level of the catacombs opens into the ceiling of a rough-hewn, vaguely circular room, perhaps 30' in diameter at its widest. The floor is but perhaps 7' from the bottom of the vertical corridor. A 10' wide passage issues forth from the chamber to the north. Around the perimeter of the room, eight figures stand. You are able to see rotting flesh squeezing forth from the plates in their armor, festering and sickening in quality. The air is thick with the scent of putrescence and the sensation of malice. The figures immediately spring from their places along the wall, eager to rend the skin of the living with fingers of jagged bone and rancid meat.

Anzaniol has placed some of the undead he has created from the bones of his ancestors within this room. These number four **wights** and four **ju-ju zombies**. Cleverly, he has designed the shaft leading from the level above in such a way that it extends three feet into the room from the ceiling. This has been done so that the point of view of an individual descending its length is narrowed. They will not be able to see the room's guardians until they have actually exited the vertical passage.

**Wights** (4): AC 3, MV 9, HD 4+3, HP 25 (all), THAC0 15, #AT 1, Damage 1-4, SA Energy drain, SD Silver or magic weapons to hit, Spell resistances.

**Ju-Ju Zombies** (4): AC 3, MV 9, HD 3+12, HP 28, THAC0 13, #AT 1, Damage Age 3-12 years, SD Immune to many normal weapons, Only harmed by +1 or better, Spell immunities, SQ Climb as a 6th level Thief.

Naturally, these undead guardians will immediately move to attack those Player Characters entering the room. If the party managed to trip the *guards and wards* spell in **Area #1**, they will also be reinforced by the flesh golems normally located in **Area #13** (see below for details). As for Anzaniol himself, even if he is aware of the presence of intruders in his lair, he will not move from **Area #17** under any circumstances. He is quite confident in both his power and relative indestructibility and, in any case, protecting *Cendor's Hourglass* is his first priority.

Aside of the plate mail armor they wear, the undead in this room have no treasure.

##### 13. THE CREATED

This room is a rough square, almost 30' on each side. Two long workbenches line the left and right walls, atop which all manner of tools lay interspersed with a series of thick books and an array of large clay pots and jars. To the rear of the room, along that right wall, rest the glassworks of what looks like an alchemist's apparatus, gentle wisps of white smoke rising from one of its alembics. Along the back wall of the room stand four armored men, great in size and powerful of physique. As you open the door to the chamber, tiny lights like distant stars come to life within the shadows of their helms.

The restless dead, for a host of reasons, are not suitable servants upon which Anzaniol can rely to aid him in the construction of *Cendor's Hourglass*. So it is that, within this secondary laboratory, he has constructed a series of **flesh golems** capable of performing tasks to which the undead are poorly suited. It is these creatures

that the Player Characters behold at the rear of the room. Generally, they aid him in his Forge (see **Area #16**, below), where they are often exposed to incredible heat and other destructive energies. However, they also serve as a cadre of bodyguards for the magus. It is in this role that the Player Characters are likely to meet these golems.

It is probable that these four creatures will meet the Player Characters as they enter **Area #12**, having been alerted to their presence by *magic mouth*, after they spring the guards and wards in **Area #1**. If they managed not to trigger that alarm or otherwise alert Anzaniol to their presence within his catacombs, they will be found within this room, as described above. In such a case, they will rouse to wakefulness the moment the Player Characters enter this room, then move to destroy them with ruthless efficiency.

**Armored Flesh Golems** (4): AC 3, MV 8, HD 9, HP 40, THAC0 12, #AT 2, Damage 2-16/2-16, SD Only harmed by +1 or better, Lightning attacks heal, Spell immunities.

The vapor that rises from the alembic (which is of Anzaniol's own invention) on the right wall of the room interacts with the strange biomystical physiology of the flesh golems in an unusual manner. For as long as they remain in contact with the gas and 3 Turns after that, they are effectively *hasted* (as the spell), gaining twice their normal attacks per round and movement rate. The vapor currently fills the whole of the room. It is harmless and inert with respect to all other creatures.

Should the Player Characters overcome the flesh golems, there are several items within the room that might pique their interest. Aside of the alembic (and the minerals and oils that comprise the raw materials, which are contained in pots next to it), there are a complete set of tools necessary for the creation of constructs, along with a pair of unused *manuals of flesh golem creation*. Two more clay pots contain the equivalent of 8 doses of *potion of speed* (which Anzaniol used in his research to create the vapor within the room). Finally, there is an obsidian-bladed knife equivalent to a *dagger +3* (which the magus employed as a scalpel in the creation of his servants).

#### 14. MORTUI ENIM ESTIS

This room is a perfect cube, 30' on each side. It is completely jacketed in cold and hard iron. Upon the floor lie perfectly-aligned rows of cots, thirty in all, small and rising only a few inches from the floor. Upon these canvas mats, human remains rest. Each one of them appears to have been arranged so that their flesh and bones – every one of them in some state of advanced decay – lay in some approximation of a complete body. The air within the chamber is cold and so putrescent that the stomach churns and nose revolts just to enter its bounds.

Within this room, Anzaniol keeps the remains of his ancestors that he intends to gift with the dark spark of unlife. In most cases, they have been exhumed from crypts on the upper level and brought to this place until the vampire has ample time and opportunity to weave the blasphemous magics that will allow them to rise again. While many Player Characters may be on their guard at the sight of such a place, the truth is that the bodies within are inert; they have no fear of them staggering from their places to bring them harm. However, the air within the room is hardly so placid. It is filled with ancient bacteria of a most deadly nature. Anyone living that opens the door must make a saving throw vs poison at a -4 penalty or be inflicted with a respiratory disease that acts identically to

*mummy rot*. The illness is extremely contagious, as well; all those making contact with those afflicted by it must make a successful saving throw (this one, unpenalized) or contract it as well.

There is no treasure to be found here. Only ancient death lies within these walls.

#### 15. LEAD TO GOLD

This room looks as if it was excavated from the world's bedrock around it with some sort of rough tool. It is vaguely square in shape, perhaps 30' on each side. Its floor is constructed of a single immense slab of iron. Each one of the chamber's walls, save the one that bears the door, is appointed with a wide shelf that sticks out two feet into the midst of the room. Arranged upon each one of these workspaces is a labyrinth of glassworks, twisting and turning from one flask, beaker, and decanter to another. Unlit braziers stand on metal trays beneath some of these.

This maze of glass contains several different colored fluids and compounds within their bounds. At the feet of this immense set of piping, metal tools can be found. Small hammers, tongs, and knives set the imagination racing as to what use each might have.

In the room's center, a square table rests. The top of this table seems to be made of a single piece of smooth, polished granite. Atop it, you are able to see small remnants of powder and old burn marks, marring its surface.

This chamber serves as Anzaniol's primary laboratory. Though this is an impressive distinction, the truth is that the vampire actually spends little time within the room any longer. The most of his labors are conducted within **Area #17**, instead. Once, however, one could almost always find the magus here, whiling away the decades by amusing himself in conducting transmutations of ever-increasing difficulty. Such pursuits kept his mind engaged and his eldritch skills sharp, ensuring that the crushing weight of ennui was held at bay from his shoulders. In particular, he worked at the highest art of alchemy: The achievement of turning lead to gold. After much trial and error and perhaps a century of toil, it was an achievement he was able to claim, at last.

The various apparatus that can be found within the room are those which Anzaniol used to affect the legendary transmutation. These may be removed from the room by interested Player Characters and, because of their extremely high quality, they are worth a total of 2,500gp to any alchemist worth the title (though getting it out of the catacombs without smashing it beyond repair might be quite difficult!). The various reagents on the shelves, while seemingly valuable, are actually quite worthless – for one notable exception. A small, dark rock that rests in a small silver pan at the furthest end of the glassworks is actually a *philosopher's stone* and is nearly priceless to one who knows how to glean its secrets from its substance.

## 16. THE FORGE

As you open this door, you are instantly greeted by the sensation of overwhelming heat and a flickering orange glow. This temperature and radiance issues forth from the far wall of the room, which is composed entirely of dark stone...save for a great swath in its center, in which a wide flow of the world's molten blood runs downward as if a river or a waterfall, beginning somewhere above the ceiling and ending somewhere beneath the floor! To come anywhere close to the open vein of magma is uncomfortable, the incredible heat issuing forth from it causing all to break into a heavy sweat. The air shimmering around it reflects its menace appropriately.

Along the leftmost wall, many large, clay molds lay disused upon the floor. On the rightmost part of the room is a great rectangular slab of metal. Lying next to this bulk are a great pair of tongs, a leather apron, a metal hammer, and dark goggles. Dark marks upon the steel hint to a time when smoldering metal or stone was placed upon its flat and hammered into some shape its creator desired. A thick layer of dust upon each of the items in the room indicates that it may have been some time since it was last used.

This room once served as the forge at which Anzaniol shaped the forms of the many magical items he created subsequent to his death – including *Cendor's Hourglass*. For all their prodigious might, however, perhaps none of them is as visually impressive as the *stasis wall* spell (see **Appendix B** for details) he created that holds the blood of the world in abeyance, preventing it from flooding into this room and filling the remainder of the catacombs.

Those that wish to test the boundaries of the spell do so at their own peril. Entering its limits is not a difficult thing; to do so is as easy as running an object through briskly moving water. This does nothing to reduce the heat of the magma within its envelope, however: Those who come into contact with the exposed lava take 10-100hp of damage (no save allowed). Anzaniol typically plucked the world's blood from its river or immersed objects within its stream by way of a *telekinesis* spell. Curious Player Characters would be wise to follow his example.

Despite its spectacular appearance, there is little within the room to interest Player Characters. That said, they may wish to try to use the molten magma behind the stasis wall as a weapon. Creatures immune to fire may do so simply by plucking some bit of it from the river of lava and hurling it at some opponent. If so, they do 5-50hp of damage (save vs. petrification for half) to their target with a successful strike. Otherwise, they may attempt to destroy the whole of the catacombs by subjecting the stasis wall to a *dispel magic* or a spell of the like. This can be done, provided that the spell being used is sufficient to dispel or disjoin a 16th level spell. In such a case, the magma quickly looses its bounds and begins creeping into the room, popping and smoldering with great menace. It will take several weeks for the flow of lava to completely fill the catacombs, but it will eventually do just that – destroying everything within it beyond all hope of reclamation. This may well be one of the few ways to put a final end to Anzaniol and his terrible plan to sunder history, though it is one that will be glacially slow in execution – and the Player Characters will have to think of a way to contend with him until it is done.

## 17. CENDOR'S HOURGLASS

This room is a great spherical expanse. The walkway that extends from the door goes directly forward, up the curved edge of the wall, then back again to the top of the door. Across the room, from left to right, another walkway extends, looping above before descending to the point of its origin on the opposite side of the room. This has the effect of segregating four distinct patches of the room's floor and ceiling, and each one of these somehow grows lush with green grass, amongst which white lilies grow tall, as if reaching for an invisible sun. The air within the room is dim, as if early in the night, like it was illuminated only by the moons and stars above. Directly in the center of the room, hanging suspended in mid-air, you can see a large silver hourglass that spins gently, as if adrift on an unseen ocean.

Above you, careless as to the force of gravity, stands a man, slender in tall. He wears crimson robes and has pale skin and hair, white as snow. In one hand, he holds a wand, in the other some sort of medallion. He gazes down upon you with piercing blue eyes that somehow seem older than the world itself.

An instant later, he is gone. He now stands upon one of the walls. His robes flutter, as if caught in a gentle breeze.

And before you can fully regard him, he is gone again. Reappeared directly in front of you.

*Gone. Appeared. Gone again.* As if some part of life, played on a maddening loop.

The man in the room is Anzaniol, the Emperor of Dusk. In the center of the room is the mighty artifact upon which he toils: *Cendor's Hourglass* (see **Appendix B** for details). The party is witnessing the vampire as he currently exists, just out of sync with respect to the flow of time. This is quite intentional, on his part. Long ago, the magus discovered that he would be able to complete the magical item with which he intends to unravel the fabric of time much more quickly (relatively speaking) by pulling himself outside its flow. The artifact is not quite complete, however. Currently, it is capable of affecting the speed of temporality in any direction – however, it does so without any kind of control. So it is that the entirety of this chamber is both dilated and truncated, distorted and warped, with respect to time.

While Anzaniol has become relatively used to this, it is likely an experience that will harrow Player Characters experiencing it newly. Every round, time within the chamber randomly changes with respect to each individual within its bounds. The Game Master may consult the following chart in order to determine each of these effects:

### The Effects of Cendor's Hourglass

Die Roll	Effect
01-05	Double <i>Slow</i> (as spell, but effects are doubled)
06-20	<i>Slow</i> (as spell)
21-80	<i>Blink</i> (as spell)
81-95	<i>Haste</i> (as spell)
96-00	Double <i>Haste</i> (as spell, but effects are doubled)

When the Player Characters enter the room, Anzaniol is in the process of *blinking*. The vampire has partial control over the artifact, such that he can either suspend or change the effects within the room 15% of the time. Whether or not he has control over the *Hourglass* should be determined by the Game Master at the beginning of each round. If he has control over it, he will use its Double *Slow* power to render them all but motionless, then assail them with a combination of his gaze attack and spells. If he fails to have control of the artifact, he will instead use area-effect spells and take advantage of his great mobility in order to bring low his enemies. Failing those options, he will engage his foes in melee with his *wand of force*. In any case, the vampire will not waste time in conversation with the party (who likely does not understand him, in any case). He has worked for millennia to come as far as he has – and he will not be denied by a group of foolish mortals in search of a few baubles to hock.

**Anzaniol, The Emperor of Dusk:** AC -4, MV 12/18, HD 16, HP 88, THAC0 0, #AT 1, Damage 5-10, SA Energy Drain, Gaze attack, SD Only harmed by +1 or better, Regeneration, Spell immunities, SQ Shapechanging, Spellcasting.

Should the Player Characters prove capable of harming Anzaniol, he will change to *gaseous form* and retreat to **Area #10** in the upper level of the catacombs. Depending upon his opinion of the party's strength, he will either then allow them to escape his home or lay an ambush for them on their way back to the Basin of Ash. If he has reason to believe that they have taken his *Hourglass*, he will definitely opt for the latter, fighting to the death to retrieve it. In the event that the Player Characters have given him cause to truly fear them, he may even dismiss his stasis wall in **Area #16** and allow the whole of the catacombs' lower level to fill with magma. After all, he has an eternity to allow it to cool, then chip away and recover it.

If the Player Characters manage to overcome Anzaniol, they may loot his body for the powerful magical items and valuables he keeps on his person (see **Appendix A** for a complete list of these wondrous treasures). Of course, the true prize within the room is far beyond mortal means to measure in terms of coin: *Cendor's Hourglass*, which floats weightlessly in the center of the chamber. Any character that can reach the artifact may do so and claim it for their own. If this adventure is being played in the context of a Convention game, then the Player Characters have emerged from their trials in the Basin of Dusk victorious. They should be congratulated on their achievement. If they are playing in the context of a Campaign, however, there is a final matter to resolve, regarding the artifact most potent in their possession.

Indeed, it might change their minds on the matter of owning such a terrible item.

## Coda

As you exit the catacombs and prepare for the long trek through the Basin of Ash, you are able to see a lone figure, barely visible through the blinding gales of grey dust. The figure shambles through the maelstrom undaunted, directly towards your number. Encroaching closer and closer, it soon becomes apparent that it is a lone traveler: A husky old man with long white hair and a beard to match. He meets each one of you with blue eyes that have an undeniable gravity to their character. He looks like a pauper, but in his gaze is the authority of a king.

The old man greets you with a smile. "Well done, ye," he says. His voice has a Xuel lilt to it, but the manner in which he speaks the language seems neither ancient nor modern. Instead, it is somehow timeless. "You have done your world – and countless of those which you cannot even conceive, as well – a great service. History is a book upon which the ink is dried. What is written cannot be erased; what is done is done. So it has been, so it will ever be."

He nods softly in the direction of the member of your party in possession of the *Hourglass*. "You have something that belongs to me," he says. "But what is fair is fair, and I am not so far removed as to be beyond gratitude. I would give you something in return for it. Though none may ever sing songs of your deeds, all creation owes you a great debt. And I will pay you justly."

The figure before the Player Characters is none other than an avatar of **Cendor** himself: The Xuel god of Time and father of their deific pantheon. He is well-aware of the party's struggles within In Perpetuum Anzaniol and understands completely the disaster that they have averted by overcoming its master. They have proven themselves to be heroes of the finest caliber in the eyes of a Greater Deity – no mean feat! Yet despite their mettle, he is loathe to allow such a potent artifact as the *Hourglass* to lie in the hands of mortals, with all their foibles. So it is that he asks them to give the enchanted timepiece over to his custody, where it will be safe.

If the Player Characters seem reluctant to turn the *Hourglass* over to a perfect stranger, Cendor understands their reticence. He will then offer them some meager display of his power, perhaps mentioning some very minor event in the life of the bearer of the artifact that no one but a god could possibly know (though nothing embarrassing, as humiliation is not his aim). He might even open a window in the fabric of reality where that individual might watch that same event, exactly as it happened. After the conclusion of such a display, he will offer a good-natured shrug and smile. "History witnesses all things – not just that which is written in dusty old tomes," he will remark with the wink of an eye.

Should the Player Characters be so foolish to attack Cendor's avatar, he will not brook such disrespect. He will age them to dust with barely a thought, letting the gale take them wherever it will. They are forever gone: An apt punishment for their temerity.

If those assembled should refuse giving him the artifact, even after his provenance of godhood, his response will be different.

Cendor offers a sigh. "So be it, then," he nods. "Let wisdom be your guide – and know that history watches, always."

The Xuel god of Time will then allow himself to be scattered into dust, soon swept away by the harsh winds that forever roam the Basin of Ash. Mortals have made their choice and written their fate, to his opinion. So now they must reap whatever they have sown.

If the Player Characters give Cendor the *Hourglass*, the following occurs:

Cendor fetes you with a gentle smile. "You have my thanks. And though they might not know the whole of it – all of creation owes you its thanks, as well. I am a part of that vast landscape of existence. And as I said, I am not without gratitude."

As the possessor of the *Hourglass* gives it to Cendor, he takes a moment to slip off a ring of which, before, it was not even apparent that he wore. He then places it softly in the palm of the one who gave him the artifact. This is the god of Time's famous *ring* (see [Appendix B](#) for details) that he often loans to those heroes worthy enough to earn such a prize. He then takes a moment to distribute rings to each member of the party. Each one of them bears a single large diamond with a central flaw resembling a sundial in its center.

"Reflect, heroes," Cendor says. "And think upon that which you desire most. In the way it always does, fate will deliver that to your hands."

Each of the rings (including Cendor's own) allow the Player Character bearing it a *wish*. Before the party has a chance to look back up from the bejeweled loops, the Xuel deity of Time has vanished, turned to dust and carried away on the winds. Such is ever the way of the gods.

*The lone and level sands stretch far away.*

## CREDITS

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## **Appendix A: IMPORTANT NPCs**

# Anzaniol, The Emperor of Dusk

Race / Gender: Xuloise Human Male Vampire

Level / Class: 16<sup>th</sup> level Magic-User

Alignment: Neutral Evil



<b>Strength:</b>	18.76%	TH Bonus: +2	Dam. Bonus: +4	Op. Doors: On 1-4	B. Bars: 30%
<b>Intelligence:</b>	19	7 Additional Language Known			
<b>Wisdom:</b>	10	Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0			
<b>Dexterity:</b>	16	Reaction / Attack Adjust.: +1 Defensive Adjust.: -2			
<b>Constitution:</b>	18	Hit Point Adjustment: +2 System Shock: 99%			
<b>Charisma:</b>	11	Reaction Adjustment: ±0%			

**Armor Class:** -4 (*Black Robe of the Archmagi, Ring of Protection +3, Dexterity Bonus, & Natural Armor*)

**Hit Points:** 88

**Movement Base:** 12" / 18"

**Weapon in Hand:** *Wand of Force*

**Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0:** [Fist] 12  
[Wand] 5

**Adjusted Weapon Damage Base:** [Fist] 5-10  
[Wand] 2d4+9 (S/M) / 2d8+9 (L)

**Attacks Per Round:** 1

**Non-Proficiency Penalty:** -5

**Languages Known:** Ancient Klunish, Ancient Orcish, Ancient Xuel, Cloud Giantish, Derro, Duergar, Fire Giantish, Red Dragonish

Adjusted Saving Throws	
<b>Paralyzation/Poison</b>	6
<b>Petrification/Polymorph</b>	3
<b>Rods/Staves/Wands</b>	2
<b>Breath Weapons</b>	5
<b>Spells</b>	2

\* Is permitted a Saving Throw of 16 vs. effects not normally allowing a save.

## Magic Weapon Descriptions

*Wand of Force:* Can cause a shaft of energy to spring forth from its tip equal to a +5 bastard sword. Can be employed to create a *wall of force*. Can create a *Bigby's Forceful Hand*.

## Other Magic Items

*Black Robe of the Archmagi, Ring of Protection +3, Scarab of Protection (51 charges), Portable Hole, Scroll of 5 Spells (Conjure Elemental, Invisible Stalker, Limited Wish, Tongues, and Wall of Fire).*

## Special Racial Abilities

*Immune to 1<sup>st</sup> level illusion/phantasm spells, as well as sleep, charm, hold, poison, and paralysis effects. Touch drains 2 life levels. May charm person with a gaze. +1 or better, Regenerates 3hp/round, Reducing to 0hp forces change to gaseous form, Shapechange into a bat or gaseous form at will. Summon bats, rats, or wolves at will.*

## Spells & Special Class Abilities

**Spells Memorized (5/5/5/5/5/3/2/1):**  
 1<sup>st</sup>: *Magic Missile (x2), Protection from Good, Sleep, Unseen Servant*; 2<sup>nd</sup>: *ESP, Invisibility, Knock, Mirror Image, Web*; 3<sup>rd</sup>: *Dispel Magic (x2), Hold Person, Lightning Bolt, Monster Summoning I*; 4<sup>th</sup>: *Confusion, Dimension Door, Ice Storm, Minor Globe of Invulnerability, Wizard Eye*; 5<sup>th</sup>: *Contact Other Plane, Feeblemind, Telekinesis, Wall of Force, Wall of Iron*; 6<sup>th</sup>: *Anti-Magic Shell, Disintegrate, Legend Lore*; 7<sup>th</sup>: *Limited Wish, Power Word, Stun*; 8<sup>th</sup>: *Maze*.

<b>Gold &amp; Wealth:</b> (All contained in <i>Portable Hole</i> ) 5,000 Xuloise gold pieces 10 1,000gp rubies 1 5,000gp ruby and platinum ring 1 2,500gp platinum coronet	<b>Experience Gained:</b> 0
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## Asreta Ad-Xol, Aedile of Voratin

**Race / Gender:** Xuloise Human Female Mummy  
**Level / Class:** 7<sup>th</sup> level Magic-User  
**Alignment:** Lawful Evil



<b>Strength:</b>	18	TH Bonus: +1	Dam. Bonus: +2	Op. Doors: On 1-3	B. Bars: 16%
<b>Intelligence:</b>	17	6 Additional Language Known			
<b>Wisdom:</b>	15	Magical Attack Adjustment: +1			
<b>Dexterity:</b>	7	Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0			
<b>Constitution:</b>	18	Defensive Adjust.: ±0			
<b>Charisma:</b>	14	Hit Point Adjustment: +2			
		System Shock: 99%			
		Reaction Adjustment: +5%			

**Armor Class:** 3 (*Symbolic Funerary Ribbons of Pain*)

**Hit Points:** 36

**Movement Base:** 6"

**Weapon in Hand:** None

**Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0:** 13

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

**Attacks Per Round:** 1

**Non-Proficiency Penalty:** -5

**Languages Known:** Ancient Elvish, Ancient Klunish, Ancient Orcish, Ancient Xuel, Cloud Giantish, Derro, Duergar.

Adjusted Saving Throws	
<b>Paralyzation/Poison</b>	13
<b>Petrification/Polymorph</b>	11
<b>Rods/Staves/Wands</b>	9
<b>Breath Weapons</b>	13
<b>Spells</b>	10

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
None.	<i>Cause rotting disease with touch, Cause Fear &amp; Paralysis on sight, Only harmed by +1 or better, All weapons cause only ½ damage, Immune to Sleep, Charm, Hold, and Cold-based spells.</i>
<b>Other Magic Items</b> <i>Potion of Speed (x2), Ring of Fire Resistance, Symbolic Funerary Ribbons of Pain.</i>	<b>Spells &amp; Special Class Abilities</b> Spells Memorized (4/3/2/1): 1 <sup>st</sup> : <i>Charm Person, Magic Missile, Protection from Good, Unseen Servant</i> ; 2 <sup>nd</sup> : <i>Asreta's Aeration, Invisibility, Web</i> ; 3 <sup>rd</sup> : <i>Dispel Magic, Slow</i> ; 4 <sup>th</sup> : <i>Dimension Door</i> .

**Gold & Wealth:** See Area #2 for details. **Experience Gained:** 0

## **Appendix B: NEW MAGIC ITEMS & SPELLS**

## NEW MAGIC ITEMS & SPELLS

### Asreta's Aeration (Alteration, New Spell)

Level: 2  
Range: 1"/level  
Duration: 2 rounds + 1 round/level  
Area of Effect: 10 cubic ft. of liquid/level

Components: V, S, M  
Casting Time: 1 round  
Saving Throw: None

Explanation/Description: This spell can make some body of liquid move repeatedly in some pre-programmed manner. Typically used to create functional aqueducts and fountains, the magic-user casting the spell must concentrate on the liquid they intend to move, then imagine the precise manner in which they wish it to take motion. The magic-user must have direct line of sight to the target of the spell, which cannot be of a chiefly organic material. Since there is no limit to the ways in which a magic-user can command a liquid to move using *Asreta's Aeration*, it can be used for a host of applications, from creating indoor plumbing to temporarily rerouting a small river. The material component for the spell is a hollow rubber ball with some sort of tube run through the side of it. The magic-user must squeeze the ball as they cast the alteration. This spell can be made permanent.

### Stasis Wall (Alteration, New Spell)

Level: 9  
Range: 1"  
Duration: 1 turn/level  
Area of Effect: Special

Components: V, S, M  
Casting Time: 1 round  
Saving Throw: Special

Explanation/Description: This spell brings a shimmering, translucent wall into being. Everything within the area encompassed by the wall is affected as if under the influence of *temporal stasis* (see the ninth-level magic-user spell listed in the **OSRIC™ Reference Manual** for details). The wall is of maximum proportions of 4' wide per level of experience of the spell caster and 2' high per level of experience. The material component to create a *stasis wall* is a powder composed of diamond, emerald, ruby, and sapphire dust, one stone of each type being required.

### Cendor's Hourglass (Major Artifact)

One of the greatest of their magi when the Xuel Imperium yet lived and breathed, Anzaniol wept for the passing of the land he loved. With hot tears in his eyes, he cursed the march of history and swore a vow to all the gods in the heavens and the ghosts of his brothers and sisters, burned to ash in a colorless fire, that he would find a way to restore their great nation to the way it was when it held dominion to each horizon, no matter where in the world the eye was cast. So it was that he constructed a magnificent timepiece made of flawless platinum, its glass composed of solidified memories of the past and its sands taken from the dust of his ancient Empire, laid low so long ago. The function of the artifact was simple in description, yet awesome in scope: It was capable of no less than turning the flow of the perpetual river that is time back upon itself. Therefore, one capable of bringing forth its full power could transport themselves to any moment they chose, undoing history as was their wont. Anzaniol named this artifact *Cendor's Hourglass*, after the king of the Xuel deities, the god of Time, himself.

It is said that when *Cendor's Hourglass* left Anzaniol's hands, the artifact was not yet complete. Perhaps this is why history continues to remain intact, rather than being unraveled as the magi would have it be. In any case, legends regarding the potent magical timepiece live on, compelling adventurers from all corners of the world – and across the Planes themselves! – to seek it out, so that one of them might become the Master of all Histories.

*Cendor's Hourglass* is, in fact, incomplete. Yet it is possessed of an incredible power to alter the flow of time in its vicinity. Within a range limited to the span of their sight, one in possession of the artifact can cause it to accelerate, slow, or distort temporality. Sadly, the effects it causes are quite random. When *Cendor's Hourglass* is activated, a Game Master should consult the following chart to determine what effects occur within its range:

**The Effects of Cendor's Hourglass**

Die Roll	Effect
01-05	Double <i>Slow</i> (as spell, but effects are doubled)
06-20	<i>Slow</i> (as spell)
21-80	<i>Blink</i> (as spell)
81-95	<i>Haste</i> (as spell)
96-00	Double <i>Haste</i> (as spell, but effects are doubled)

The wielder of *Cendor's Hourglass* is also capable of using its power to create the following effects:

- *Obscurement* (1/day);
- *Dimension Door* (2/day);
- *Time Stop* (1/week, twice normal duration).

As soon as any of the powers within *Cendor's Hourglass* are used, its possessor's hair goes a snowy white. They also become slowly, but completely, obsessed with the goal of using the artifact to reverse the flow of time to some ideal point in their mind (when the world was at its most perfect, from their point of view). This notion pushes any other goals from their mind, completely and utterly consuming them, until they either accomplish such an aim or are slain in the trying. The Game Master should note carefully that there are many entities in the Multiverse – such as Elder Time Elementals, gods of Fate, Destiny, and Time – that would go to great lengths indeed to see such a possibility averted...

### **Cendor's Ring (Minor Artifact)**

Cendor is the father of the Xuel Pantheon of gods and goddesses. It is said that a mighty blow from his great sword *Afterglow* was the force that started the flow of time at the dawn of the universe. Yet he is a reclusive and aloof deity, preferring to sit back and watch that which he set into motion as a master watchmaker observes the gears of his clocks ever turning. So it is that he has given mortal men and women agency to do as they might and free will to determine their own fates.

It is said that Cendor wears a large diamond ring (worth 500,000gp) that will act as a *ring of protection +5* for anyone to whom he may deign lend it. To those mortals that have particularly pleased him or have performed some great labor in his name, he will also give the loop the ability to grant them a single *wish*. He can recall this ring at any time to his person with 100% certainty. In the known history of the Xuel – at least, that which has been recovered thus far from that long-dead empire – such a great favor has been given to a man or woman less than three times. It may well be that *Cendor's Ring* is the harbinger of great destiny, in addition to its other magical properties, as each of those great heroes and heroines receiving the artifact have gone on to perform feats that have forever etched their names in the annals of history.

### **Praenuntia Aurora**

A well-known Xuel tale describes a day when the legendary warrior Raan Ad-Xol led a cohort of 99 brave soldiers against their hated Klunish enemies and the foul necromancer Jazan ibn al-Hanza. Though they fought well, the Xuel warriors would find themselves pinned down within a deep gorge, hordes of the restless dead bringing their doom to them upon a thousand shambling and skittering legs. When the sun fell beneath the horizon and all seemed lost, the great Ad-Xol stood upon a great boulder in the midst of his men and held his blade aloft. *Let your courage loose the bounds of your quailing hearts*, he is said to have shouted, spinning his mighty sword above his head, *and so our foes will see a new sun rising!* With his cry echoing across the battlefield, his blade burst into a shaft of purest sunshine, sending the undead around them into a full rout. Their spines stiffened by the sight, Rann Ad-Xol led the 99 to the tower of al-Hanza, laying his severed head at the feet of the Xuel Emperor just as the next dawn broke.

Raan Ad-Xol's great enchanted blade was called *Praenuntia Aurora* (Ancient Xuloise: "The Herald of Dawn") in honor of this event, and it is said his foes fell beneath its edge as wheat before the scythe, until at last Cendor bade his time on the good world ended. The weapon was said to have been a bastard sword and certainly damaged its opponents exactly as such a blade would normally, but such was the enchantment that it bore that it performed as a short sword in all other tangible ways (encumbrance, weight, speed factor, and ease of use). In normal combat, the glowing golden blade of the weapon was equal to a +2 magic sword. Against evilly-aligned creatures, however, its bonus was doubled to +4. When it was used against creatures from the Negative Material Plane or those that drew power from that plane (such as many of the undead), the sword inflicted double normal damage, regardless of whether the bonus of the weapon is +2 or +4. Finally, upon command, *Praenuntia Aurora* could be swung vigorously through the air and the blade responded by shedding a bright yellow radiance equal to full daylight. The radiance began shining within a 10' radius around the sword-wielder and spread outward at 5 feet per round for 10 rounds thereafter, thus encapsulating a total area 60' in radius. Thereafter, the illumination faded to a dim glow which persisted for another 10 rounds before disappearing entirely. This power could only be used once per day.

It is said that Raan Ad-Xol had a peculiar habit of conversing with *Praenuntia Aurora* under his breath, often acting as if it responded to him in kind in some sort of voice that only he was capable of hearing. Whether this was but an eccentricity on the part of the legendary warrior or a hint to some sort of inherent intellect within the weapon, none can truly say.

### **Symbolic Funerary Ribbons**

Mummification of the dead was not an unknown practice amongst the Xuel, especially with regard to burial rituals involving those of great wealth, influence, or renown. The primary reasons for this were religiously-based. Beginning in the third century of their empire, the Xuel began to see the preservation of the body after death as an important step to living well in the afterlife. As their goddess of death – The Ruby Sorceress – was quite vain in nature, it was thought that by beautifying a corpse, one might see themselves well-received by The Stern Lady when she at last received their soul in the afterlife. Mummification was one way in which this was accomplished. Depending upon one's social status, their dead and hollowed bodies might be treated with rare aromatic oils, stuffed full of flower petals, or even filled with

precious metals or gemstones before they were interred in their crypt.

One of the most notable ways in which Xuel corpses were beautified before burial was their shrouding in funerary ribbons. These long bands of material were wrapped about the body in the process of mummification and took many different forms, to the point where the skills of some especially-talented Xuel morticians were much coveted, as their artwork upon these ribbons was considered of the highest caliber. Fine materials like silk and lace were decorated with poetry and vast sprawling murals in the greatest examples of such bands, often composed with inks and dyes infused with the powder from gemstones or precious metals. Indeed, Emperor Haxan Ad-Yrik was said to have been bound with silk funerary ribbons on which every word of Xuloise history during his reign had been written in ink wrought from flawless rubies, so that The Stern Lady might gaze upon that which he had wrought in life and smile upon his soul.

Some powerful magi took this practice a step still further. Upon their funerary ribbons were incantations that served as proof against their ever rising again as the restless dead. Others laid terrible curses upon their enemies who thought to rob their graves, if they laid eyes upon their pictoglyphs. The most potent of all were funerary ribbons that bore repeating patterns upon their lengths, which acted as *symbols*. Xuel magi became particularly adept in the creation of such bands, making would-be treasure seekers think twice before daring to exhume the bodies of the dead or even disturb their sepulcher. Any kind of *symbol* might be found on one of these symbolic funerary ribbons. This is likely chief among the reasons that so few surviving Xuel artifacts have been recovered from the ashes of that dead kingdom - few live to survive the experience.

## **Appendix C: PRE-GENERATED CHARACTERS**

Player Name:

Character Name: Jorith Blacksough

Race / Gender: Grey Dwarf Male

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

Alignment: Lawful Neutral



Strength:	17	TH Bonus: +1	Dam. Bonus: +1	Op. Doors: On 1-3	B. Bars: 13%
Intelligence:	10	2 Additional Languages Known			
Wisdom:	10	Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0			
Dexterity:	9	Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0			
Constitution:	17	Defensive Adjust.: ±0			
Charisma:	7	Hit Point Adjustment: +3			
		System Shock: 97%			
		Reaction Adjustment: -5%			

Armor Class: 3 (Chain Mail & Shield +1)

Hit Points: 76

Movement Base: 6"

Weapon in Hand: Footman's Pick +1

Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0: [Footman's Pick] 12  
[Heavy Crossbow] 14

Adjusted Weapon Damage Base: [Footman's Pick] 1d6+3 (vs. S/M), 1d6+4 (vs. L)  
[Heavy Crossbow] 1d4+1 (vs. S/M), 1d6+2 (vs. L)

Attacks Per Round: 3/2

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2

Languages Known: Common, Dark Elven, Dwarven, Undercommon

Adjusted Saving Throws	
Paralyzation/Poison	10
Petrification/Polymorph	11
Rods/Staves/Wands	8
Breath Weapons	12
Spells	9

\* Save vs Poison: 6

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Footman's Pick +1</i> : No special abilities.	<i>Infravision: 60'</i> ; <i>Detect grade or slope in passage: 75%</i> ; <i>Detect new construction: 75%</i> ; <i>Detect sliding or shifting walls or rooms: 66%</i> ; <i>Detect traps involving pits, falling blocks or other stonework: 50%</i> ; <i>Determine approximate depth underground: 50%</i> . Attacks from Ogres, Trolls, Ogre Magi, Giants, or Titans are at -4 To Hit. <i>Immune to illusions, paralyzation, and non-natural poisons</i> ; <i>Surprise others 3 in 6</i> ; <i>Only surprised 1 in 10</i> . <i>Vulnerable to light attacks</i> .
Other Magic Items	Spells & Special Class Abilities
<i>Potion of Growth, Potion of Hill Giant Strength, Shield +1</i> .	<i>Attacks 3 times every two rounds</i> . During round of two attacks (Player's discretion), attack comes at beginning and end of round. Allies and enemies benefiting from <i>haste</i> or the like supersede this advantage.

Distribution of All Items Carried					
Left Side		Center, Back, or Feet		Right Side	
Item	Location	Item	Location	Item	Location
Shield	Carried	Chain Mail	Worn	Military Pick	Carried
Large leather pouch	Belt	Backpack	Back	Waterskin	On belt
		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)		
		Potions	Back (Backpack)		

Gold & Wealth: 25pp.	Experience Gained: 0

**Notes:** The most recent member of the Brotherhood of the Brass Bulette, Jorith was found by the group while they were exploring the Underworld. He had been exiled by his community (he does not share the same Evil outlook as they did) and left to die on his own. Jorith joined the fellowship as a guide through the dangerous subterranean world and has remained with them ever since. He is not yet accustomed to surface customs such as "brotherhood" and "friendship", but finds such concepts to his liking, thus far. Jorith is serious and driven in demeanor and has some difficulty giving his trust over to others.

Player Name:

Character Name: Marissa Adzell  
 Race / Gender: Xuel Human Female  
 Level / Class: 7<sup>th</sup> level Magic-User  
 Alignment: Lawful Neutral



Strength:	7	TH Bonus: -1	Dam. Bonus: ±0	Op. Doors: On 1	B. Bars: 0%
Intelligence:	17	6 Additional Languages Known			
Wisdom:	10	Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0			
Dexterity:	14	Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0	Defensive Adjust.: ±0		
Constitution:	12	Hit Point Adjustment: ±0	System Shock: 80%		
Charisma:	10	Reaction Adjustment: ±0%			

Armor Class: 6 (Bracers of Defense AC6)

Hit Points: 25

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Dagger

Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0: [Dagger] 20  
 [Dart] 19

Adjusted Weapon Damage: [Dagger] 1d4 (vs. S/M), 1d4-1 (vs. L)  
 [Dart] 1d4-1 (vs. S/M), 1d2 (vs. L)

Attacks Per Round: [Dagger] 1  
 [Dart] 3

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -5

Languages Known: Common, Dwarvish, Elvish, Halfling, Modern Klunish, Modern Xuel, Orcish

Adjusted Saving Throws	
Paralyzation/Poison	13
Petrification/Polymorph	11
Rods/Staves/Wands	9
Breath Weapons	13
Spells	10

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
Dart +1 (10): No special abilities.	None.
<b>Other Magic Items</b>	
Bracers of Defense AC6, Potion of Healing, Scroll of 3 Spells (Fireball, Mirror Image, Slow), Wand of Magic Missiles (31 charges).	<b>Spells &amp; Special Class Abilities</b> Spells Memorized (4/3/2/1): 1 <sup>st</sup> : Burning Hands, Magic Missile (x2), Protection from Evil; 2 <sup>nd</sup> : Invisibility, Knock, Web; 3 <sup>rd</sup> : Dispel Magic, Lightning Bolt; 4 <sup>th</sup> : Polymorph Other.

Distribution of All Items Carried					
Left Side		Center, Back, or Feet		Right Side	
Item	Location	Item	Location	Item	Location
Bracer of Defense	Worn	Bandolier	Worn	Bracer of Defense	Worn
Large leather pouch	Belt	Darts (10)	On bandolier	Quiver	Belt
Hemp Rigging	Belt	Backpack	Back	Wand	Sheathed on belt
Potion	In Rigging	Soft leather boots	Feet	Waterskin	Belt
Scroll Case	Belt	2 Oil Flasks	Back (Backpack)		
Scroll	In case	50' Rope	Back (Backpack)		
Mapping materials	In case	2 Large leather sacks	Back (Backpack)		
		3 Torches	Back (Backpack)		
		Tinderbox, flint, & steel	Back (Backpack)		
		2 weeks Iron Rations	Back (Backpack)		

Gold & Wealth: 30pp.	Experience Gained: 0

**Notes:** The brilliant Xuel sorceress defies many of the stereotypes assigned to the world's magi, being warm, friendly, and grounded in nature. She grew up with many siblings, however, and her experiences with them instilled within her a wide competitive streak. In particular, she has a friendly rivalry with the wizard/priestess Jendra il-Xan, and she always tries to "one up" her whenever she can. Yet Marissa hides a private pain: Her familiar (a cat named Phantom) died while the two were adventuring last year, and she has not yet recovered emotionally from the loss. Not one to allow her true emotions to shine forth, this is something she hides from even her brethren in the Brotherhood of the Brass Bulette.

Player Name:

Character Name: Nevis "The Rat" Plumpgourd

Race / Gender: Halfling Male

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

Alignment: Chaotic Good



Strength:	10	TH Bonus: ±0	Dam. Bonus: ±0	Op. Doors: On 1-2	B. Bars: 2%
Intelligence:	11	2 Additional Languages Known			
Wisdom:	8	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%			

Armor Class: 4 (Leather Armor +1, Dexterity Bonus)

Hit Points: 46

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Short sword +1

Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0: [Short sword] 18  
[Sling] 17

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

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -3

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

Adjusted Saving Throws	
Paralyzation/Poison	12
Petrification/Polymorph	11
Rods/Staves/Wands	12
Breath Weapons	15
Spells	13

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Short sword +1</i> : No special abilities.	<i>Infravision</i> : 30'; Detect sloping passage: 75%; Detect direction: 50%; If alone or ahead of party, <i>surprise</i> monsters on 1-4 (d6). Lowered to 1-2 if some sort of portal must be opened.
<b>Other Magic Items</b>	<b>Spells &amp; Special Class Abilities</b>
<i>Leather Armor +1</i> , <i>Potion of Gaseous Form</i> , <i>Potion of Levitation</i> , <i>Ring of Jumping</i> .	Thieving Abilities: <i>Pick Pockets</i> : 70%; <i>Open Locks</i> : 67%; <i>Find/Remove Traps</i> : 55%; <i>Move Silently</i> : 70%; <i>Hide in Shadows</i> : 63%; <i>Hear Noise</i> : 30%; <i>Climb Walls</i> : 79%; <i>Read Languages</i> : 30%. <i>Backstab</i> opponents for x3 damage.

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

**Gold & Wealth:** 111gp.

**Experience Gained:** 0

**Notes:** Nevis was born in a unique Halfling community. The families that comprised their number traveled in a wagon caravan, moving from town to town as a traveling circus. Small (even for a Halfling!) and innocuous, during their performances, Nevis would lose himself amongst the crowd, loosing their purse strings for his family's benefit. This is how he gained his onerous nickname. Tragically, seventeen summers ago, the entire caravan was destroyed by the rampaging monster called the Brass Bulette. This brought Nevis into contact with his current fellows, who had all suffered great losses to the beast. By gaining revenge against it, they bonded into a tight-knit brotherhood. With no place to go, they became adventurers.

Nevis is unsinkable of personality. Friendly and outgoing, he has never found a situation in which he cannot find some silver lining (sometimes to the irritation of his friends!). He makes up for this with his fearless demeanor and generous personality, however. Among the Brotherhood of the Brass Bulette, it is he that always volunteers for some dangerous mission first. When he completes it, he invariably shares the spoils he always seems to find with his friends.

Player Name:

Character Name: Xander Varz  
 Race / Gender: Xuel Human Male  
 Level / Class: 7<sup>th</sup> level Cleric of Morebo  
 Alignment: Chaotic Good



Strength:	5	TH Bonus: -2	Dam. Bonus: -1	Op. Doors: On 1	B. Bars: 0%
Intelligence:	9	1 Additional Language Known			
Wisdom:	17	Magical Attack Adjustment: +3			
Dexterity:	9	Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0	Defensive Adjust.: ±0		
Constitution:	16	Hit Point Adjustment: +2	System Shock: 95%		
Charisma:	14	Reaction Adjustment: +10%			

Armor Class: 5 (Elven Chain Shirt)

Hit Points: 61

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Rapier +1

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

[Light Crossbow] 15

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

[Light Crossbow] 1d4+1 (vs. S/M), 1d4+1 (vs. L)

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -3

Languages Known: Common, Orcish

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

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Rapier +1</i> : No special abilities.	None.
<b>Other Magic Items</b>	
<i>Bolts +1 (10)</i> , <i>Gauntlets of Orcish Might</i> (Raises STR score to 16 while worn), <i>Luckstone</i> .	<p><b>Spells &amp; Special Class Abilities</b></p> <p>Default Cleric Spells (5/5/3/1):  <sup>1<sup>st</sup></sup>: <i>Bless</i>, <i>Cure Light Wounds</i> (x2), <i>Light</i>, <i>Protection from Evil</i>; <sup>2<sup>nd</sup></sup>: <i>Augury</i>, <i>Find Traps</i>, <i>Hold Person</i>, <i>Resist Fire</i>, <i>Silence 15' Radius</i>; <sup>3<sup>rd</sup></sup>: <i>Create Food &amp; Water</i>, <i>Dispel Magic</i>, <i>Speak with Dead</i>; <sup>4<sup>th</sup></sup>: <i>Cure Serious Wounds</i>.</p> <p>Turn Undead:  <i>Skeleton</i>: D; <i>Zombie</i>: D; <i>Ghoul</i>: D; <i>Shadow</i>: T; <i>Wight</i>: T; <i>Ghast</i>: 4; <i>Wraith</i>: 7; <i>Mummy</i>: 10; <i>Spectre</i>: 13; <i>Vampire</i>: 16; <i>Ghost</i>: 20; <i>Lich</i>: Nil; <i>Special</i>: Nil.</p>

Distribution of All Items Carried					
Left Side		Center, Back, or Feet		Right Side	
Item	Location	Item	Location	Item	Location
Rapier	Carried	Chain Shirt	Worn	Crossbow	On Belt
Large leather pouch	Belt	Backpack	Back	Quiver	On Belt
Stone	In pouch	Hard leather boots	Feet	Bolts	In Quiver
Waterskin	Hanging from belt	Cloak	Back		
		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)		
		Holy symbol	Around Neck		
		Holy Water Vials (2)	Back (Backpack)		

**Gold & Wealth:** 3 100gp amethysts.

**Experience Gained:** 0

**Notes:** Xander is a priest of the Xuel God of Luck, Gambling, and Risks. Rather than attempting to gather a flock to his side, his faith led him to the life of an adventurer – a choice he has never regretted. Just over four years ago, he returned to his home town of Gaffhill to discover that a great monster that the townsfolk called the Brass Bulette had marauded through the area and laid waste to much of the community. So it was that he and a group of childhood friends banded together to destroy the beast before it could do more damage. The lot of them worked well together and, after the mission, decided to seek out fame and fortune at one another's sides.

Xander is something of a swashbuckler. He enjoys taking risks and loves looking good while doing so. Yet he also has something of a paternal instinct towards his fellows in the Brotherhood of the Brass Bulette, always making sure to carefully watch over them in the course of their adventures so that he can give them his aid if they require it. He is also something of a ladies' man and his friends often roll their eyes when they learn of some new jilted lover awaiting him angrily in every town they venture. The list of such women is voluminous, indeed.

Player Name:

Character Name: Jendra il-Xan

Race / Gender: Xuel Human Female

Level / Class: 5<sup>th</sup> level Cleric of The Stern Lady / 5<sup>th</sup> level Magic-User

Alignment: Lawful Neutral



Strength:	8	TH Bonus: ±0	Dam. Bonus: ±0	Op. Doors: On 1-2	B. Bars: 1%
Intelligence:	17	6 Additional Language Known			
Wisdom:	17	Magical Attack Adjustment: +3			
Dexterity:	10	Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0			
Constitution:	9	Defensive Adjust.: -±0			
Charisma:	15	Hit Point Adjustment: ±0			
		System Shock: 65%			
		Reaction Adjustment: +15%			

Armor Class: 7 (Bracers of Defense AC7)

Hit Points: 29

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Staff

Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0: 16

Adjusted Weapon Damage Base: [Staff] 1d6 (S/M), 1d6 (L)  
[Dart] 1d4-1 (S/M), 1d2 (L)

Attacks Per Round: [Staff] 1  
[Dart] 3

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -3

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

Adjusted Saving Throws	
Paralyzation/Poison	9
Petrification/Polymorph	12
Rods/Staves/Wands	11
Breath Weapons	15
Spells	12

\* Save vs. Mind-Affecting Spells: 9

#### Magic Weapon Descriptions

None.

#### Other Magic Items

Bracers of Protection AC7, Ioun Stone (Incandescent Blue Sphere), Pearl of Power (3<sup>rd</sup> level), Scroll of 1 Cleric Spell (Remove Curse)

#### Special Racial Abilities

None

#### Spells & Special Class Abilities

Default Cleric Spells (5/5/2/2)  
1<sup>st</sup>: Command, Cure Light Wounds (x2), Detect Evil, Protection from Evil; 2<sup>nd</sup>: Augury, Find Traps, Hold Person, Resist Fire, Spiritual Hammer; 3<sup>rd</sup>: Animate Dead, Speak with Dead; 4<sup>th</sup>: Cure Light Wounds, Divination.

#### Spells Memorized (4/3/2/1):

1<sup>st</sup>: Burning Hands, Charm Person, Detect Magic, Magic Missile; 2<sup>nd</sup>: Continual Light, Invisibility, Web; 3<sup>rd</sup>: Dispel Magic, Fireball, Lightning Bolt, 4<sup>th</sup>: Dimension Door.

#### Animal Companions, Familiars, & Mounts

**Quintessence:** Jendra's ioun stone is possessed of independent intelligence and acts as her *familiar*. When within 12" of her, it adds its hit point (4hp) total to hers, though she can command the stone to fly off in any direction within a 100 yard radius. Quintessence is empathic, but can only answer questions Jendra asks of it with a "yes" or "no" (it flashes and pulses differently as its response). Though it is but a stone, it seems unusually brave and loyal to the mage/priestess.

Distribution of All Items Carried					
Left Side		Center, Back, or Feet		Right Side	
Item	Location	Item	Location	Item	Location
Bracer of Defense	Worn	Ioun Stone	Whirls around head	Bracer of Defense	Worn
Large leather pouch	Belt	Holy symbol	Worn	Wineskin	On Belt
Pearls	In pouch	Backpack	Back		
Scroll Case	Belt	Soft leather boots	Feet		
Mapping materials	In case	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)		
		Holy Water Vials (2)	Back (Backpack)		

<b>Gold &amp; Wealth:</b> 10 small bloodstones, each worth 100gp.	<b>Experience Gained:</b> 0
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**Notes:** Though Jendra is a priestess of The Ruby Sorceress, she hardly shares her goddess' stern demeanor. Indeed, she is quite bookish and a bit shy, having served as Gaffhill's librarian before the incident that formed the Brotherhood of the Brass Bulette. That said, she comes out of her shell amongst her friends, letting her hair down and her personality shine forth in their company. She especially enjoys the friendly rivalry she has with Marissa Adzell and enjoys competing with the mage when the two are off on some adventure together.

Jendra loves learning. She loves finding new information and documenting it so that the knowledge she gains avails future generations. She is also extremely attached to her familiar, Quintessence (or, simply, "Quint"), and though its strange form of communication often confuses and vexes her friends, she adores it just as much as anyone loves a favored pet.

Player Name:

Character Name: Brother Karvelli  
 Race / Gender: Xuel Human Male  
 Level / Class: 7<sup>th</sup> level Monk  
 Alignment: Lawful Neutral



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

Armor Class: 3 (Ring of Protection +2)

Hit Points: 35

Movement Base: 21"

Weapon in Hand: Spear +1

Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0: [Open Hand] 16

[Spear] 15

[Hand Crossbow] 13

Adjusted Weapon Damage: [Open Hand] 1d8+2 (All)

[Spear] 1d6+4 (S/M) / 1d8+4 (L)

[Hand Crossbow] 1d3+3 (S/M) / 1d2+3 (L)

Attacks Per Round: 3/2

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -3

Languages Known: Common, Dwarvish, Orcish

Adjusted Saving Throws	
Paralyzation/Poison	10
Petrification/Polymorph	9
Rods/Staves/Wands	10
Breath Weapons	13
Spells	11

\* Save vs. Mind-Affecting Spells: 10

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
None.	None.
<b>Other Magic Items</b>	
Potion of Gaseous Form, Potion of Healing, Potion of Treasure Finding, Ring of Protection +2.	<p><b>Monk Abilities:</b>  <i>Speak with animals; Resistance to ESP: 78%; Immune to disease, haste, &amp; slow; May Feign death for 16 turns; May Heal 1d4+2 hit points of damage to himself 1/day; If open hand attack is 5 or better than To Hit, opponent stunned for 1-6 rounds; Open hand attacks have (AC+7)% chance to kill; May dodge or deflect non-magical missiles with successful save vs. petrification; Saves vs. spell yield no damage, vice half; Surprised but 22% of the time. May safely fall up to 30', if within 4' of a wall.</i></p> <p><b>Thieving Abilities:</b>  <i>Open Locks: 62%; Find/Remove Traps: 50%; Move Silently: 60%; Hide in Shadows: 48%; Hear Noise: 25%; Climb Walls: 94%</i></p>
<b>Spells &amp; Special Class Abilities</b>	

<b>Gold &amp; Wealth:</b> 3gp.	<b>Experience Gained:</b> 0
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**Note:** Brother Karvelli will not speak of the great quest that led him away from Gaffhill for ten years, when he was but a boy. This is because that odyssey saw him kidnapped by the infamous Crimson Brotherhood, who indoctrinated him in their secretive and sinister culture, training him as one of their monks. He was released back to his home to act as a spy, reporting back to his masters as he could...until he witnessed the horrid Brass Bulette rampaging through the streets of the city, destroying ancient buildings and killing innocents that he had known for years. When he saw some of his childhood friends taking up arms to bravely battle the beast, he could sit idly no longer. In the end, his affection for them overcame his inculcation. When all was said and done and the monster slain, he joined his friends as a traveling adventurer. In truth, it was safer for all within Gaffhill that way, he knew.

Brother Karvelli is quiet and pensive. He is fond of his friends and enjoys their adventures immensely, yet he often finds himself struggling with his conditioning at the hands of the Crimson Brotherhood. He is, essentially, a spy and an assassin with a heart that desires no part of either. So it is that he uses his skills at protect his friends and champion the forces of weal.

Player Name:

Character Name: Guðrún Kordsdóttir

Race / Gender: Xuel Human Female

Level / Class: 7<sup>th</sup> level Paladin of Drökk

Alignment: Lawful Good



Strength:	19	TH Bonus: +3	Dam. Bonus: +7	Op. Doors: On 7-8 (3)	B. Bars: 50%
Intelligence:	9	1 Additional Language Known			
Wisdom:	13	Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0			
Dexterity:	9	Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0			
Constitution:	18	Defensive Adjust.: ±0			
Charisma:	18	Hit Point Adjustment: +4			
		System Shock: 94%			
		Reaction Adjustment: +35%			

Armor Class: 5 (Scale Mail Armor & Cloak of Protection +1)

Hit Points: 83

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Two-Handed Sword +1

Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0: [Two-Handed Sword] 10  
[Throwing Axe] 14

Adjusted Weapon Damage: [Two-Handed Sword] 1d10+8 (S/M), 3d6+8 (L)  
[Throwing Axe] 1d6+7 (S/M), 1d4+7 (L)

Attacks Per Round: 3/2

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2

Languages Known: Common, Modern Xuel

Adjusted Saving Throws	
Paralyzation/Poison	7
Petrification/Polymorph	8
Rods/Staves/Wands	9
Breath Weapons	9
Spells	10

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Two-Handed Sword +1</i> : No special abilities.	<i>Immune to Normal Missiles</i> .
<b>Other Magic Items</b>	
<i>Cloak of Protection +1</i> , <i>Potion of Fire Resistance</i> , <i>Potion of Flying</i> .	<b>Spells &amp; Special Class Abilities</b> Paladin Abilities: <i>Detect evil</i> , 60' (when concentrating); <i>Immune to disease</i> ; <i>Lay on hands</i> heals 14 hit points of damage per day; <i>Cure disease</i> 2/week; Emanates <i>Protection from evil aura</i> , 1" radius; <i>Turn undead</i> as 5 <sup>th</sup> level Cleric.
<b>Animal Companions, Familiars, &amp; Mounts</b>	

*Jökull*: A heavy warhorse that surely must be amongst the largest and most powerful of destriers ever to stride the world's face. Brave, loyal, and quite clever, the steed was drawn to Guðrún as she gained status in the eyes of her father and has served as her *special mount* ever since.

Distribution of All Items Carried					
Left Side		Center, Back, or Feet		Right Side	
Item	Location	Item	Location	Item	Location
Two-Handed Sword	Carried	Scale Mail Armor	Worn	Two-Handed Sword	Carried
Throwing Axe (3)	Slung from belt	Cloak	Worn	Leather Rigging	Slung from belt
Large leather pouch	Slung from belt	Holy Symbol	Worn	Potions	In Rigging
Waterskin	Slung from belt	Backpack	Back		
		Hard leather boots	Feet		
		50' Rope	Back (Backpack)		
		2 Large leather sacks	Back (Backpack)		
		2 weeks Iron Rations	Back (Backpack)		
		Holy Water Vials (2)	Back (Backpack)		

**Gold & Wealth:** 33gp.

**Experience Gained:** 0

Born with unearthly strength and beauty both, Guðrún was but a child of seven years when she became aware of her birthright. The father that she never knew was, in truth, Drökk: The Xuel god of Strength and Courage. Fascinated and filled with pride in her deific heritage, she chose to walk the path of the Paladin, championing the meek and innocent against those forces that might otherwise do them harm. Is it, then, really such a surprise that it was she that charged the Brass Bulette as it rampaged through her home town of Gaffhill, wrestling the monster to the ground with her bare hands? Indeed, that show of bravery rallied her childhood friends to take up arms and join her – and together, they saved their community by laying the beast low. Afterwards, it was Guðrún that dubbed them “The Brotherhood of the Brass Bulette” and set them toward a higher purpose – walking the world at one another’s sides as adventurers. She has not looked back since.

Guðrún is not overly intelligent, but she has a good heart and her faith is unshakable. She is slightly naïve, but she is immensely proud of her heritage and trusts her divine blood to see her through whatever trials she might encounter. She is fiercely protective of her friends and would dare anything in their defense.

Player Name:

Character Name: Maraak

Race / Gender: Half-Orc Male

Level / Class: 5<sup>th</sup> level Fighter / 5<sup>th</sup> level Thief

Alignment: True Neutral



Strength:	17	TH Bonus: +1	Dam. Bonus: +1	Op. Doors: On 1-3	B. Bars: 13%
Intelligence:	9	1 Additional Language Known			
Wisdom:	8	Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0			
Dexterity:	16	Reaction / Attack Adjust.: +1	Defensive Adjust.: -2		
Constitution:	15	Hit Point Adjustment: +1	System Shock: 91%		
Charisma:	8	Reaction Adjustment: ±0%			

Armor Class: 4 (Ring Mail Armor, Dexterity Bonus)

Hit Points: 63

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Broadsword

Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0: [Broadsword] 14  
[Short Bow] 13

Adjusted Weapon Damage Base: [Broadsword] 2d4+2 (S/M), 2d8+1 (L)  
[Short Bow] 1d6+1 (S/M), 1d6+1 (L)

Attacks Per Round: [Broadsword] 1  
[Short Bow] 2

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -3

Languages Known: Common, Orcish

Adjusted Saving Throws	
Paralyzation/Poison	11
Petrification/Polymorph	11
Rods/Staves/Wands	12
Breath Weapons	13
Spells	13

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
Broadsword +1: No special abilities.	Infravision: 60'.
<b>Other Magic Items</b>	
Arrows +1 (20), Gauntlets of Dexterity, Potion of Invisibility	
	Spells & Special Class Abilities
	Thieving Abilities: Pick Pockets: 55%; Open Locks: 47%; Find/Remove Traps: 47%; Move Silently: 40%; Hide in Shadows: 31%; Hear Noise: 27%; Climb Walls: 97%; Read Languages: 15%. Backstab opponents for x3 damage.

Distribution of All Items Carried					
Left Side		Center, Back, or Feet		Right Side	
Item	Location	Item	Location	Item	Location
Glove	Worn	Ring Mail	Worn	Glove	Worn
Quiver	On belt	Backpack	Back	Broadsword	Carried
Arrows (20)	In Quiver	Soft leather boots	Feet	Large leather pouch	On Belt
Waterskin	Sling from belt	2 Oil Flasks	Back (Backpack)	Thief's Tools	In Pouch
		50' Silk Rope	Back (Backpack)	Hemp Rigging	On Belt
		2 Large leather sacks	Back (Backpack)	Potion	In Rigging
		3 Torches	Back (Backpack)		
		Tinderbox, flint, & steel	Back (Backpack)		
		2 weeks Iron Rations	Back (Backpack)		
		Short Bow	Across Back		

**Gold & Wealth:** 22gp.

**Experience Gained:** 0

**Notes:** An outcast from his tribe because of the human blood that courses his veins, Maraak was toughened by a life in which he learned he could count on none but himself, at the end of the day. Over time, he taught himself to be a skilled trapfinder and feared warrior both, hiring himself out to any in need of such skills. He was in the city of Gaffhill when the Brass Bulette destroyed half the town, and as he watched the youths of the town rally together to stare it down despite their being hopelessly outmatched by the creature, he was inspired to do the same. Perhaps the show of unconditional friendship and loyalty sparked something within him? Who can say? In the end, Maraak was surprised to find himself embraced by the group and invited to join them on a life of adventures – as an equal, despite his background and appearance. He has never looked back.

Maraak is serious and determined, with a mercenary's cool and professional demeanor. Until he joined the Brotherhood of the Brass Bulette, he had never known comradeship – and now that he has it, he would not let a dragon wrest it from him. He would gladly give his life for any member of the group. Maraak has never quite gotten the hang of humor, as it exists within human circles. So it is that he tries to tell jokes to his friends – spectacularly unfunny, groan-inducing jokes – that he guffaws at mightily, himself. Although he can't figure out why they don't always laugh at them with the fervor he does, he enjoys trying to get them to smile, nonetheless.

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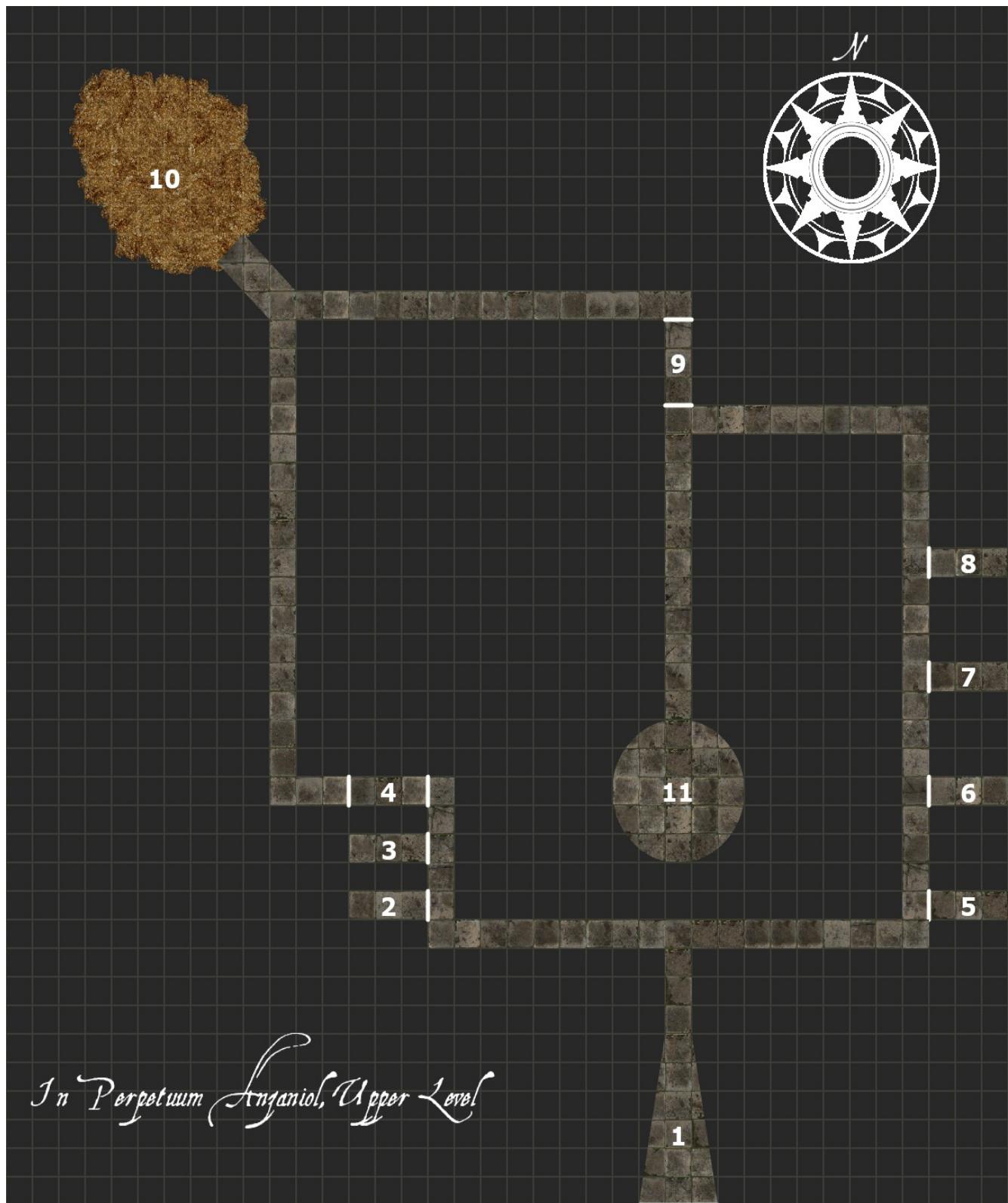
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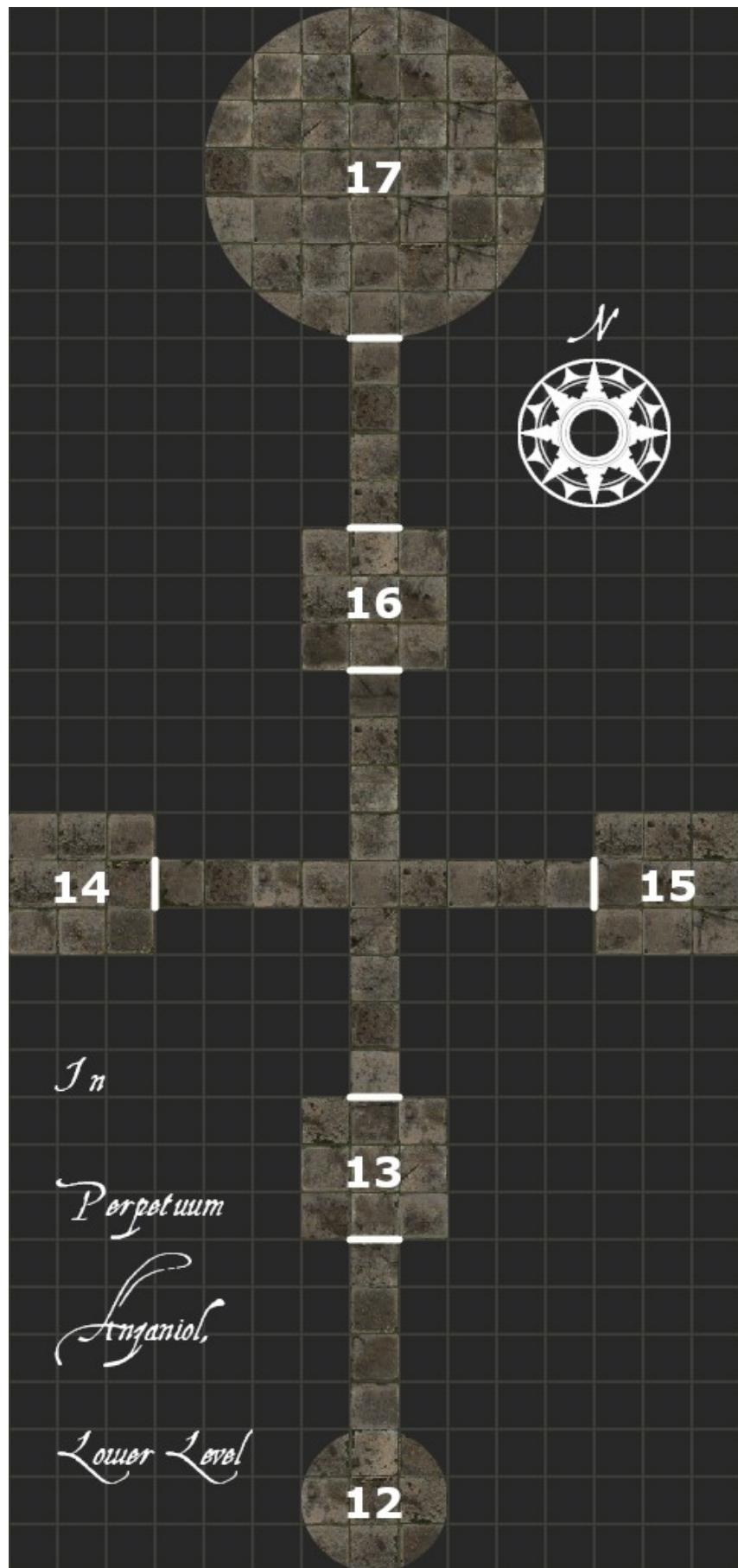
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*In Perpetuum* (Anganiol, Upper Level)



This item is only one of the many playing aids for the OSRIC© role-playing system produced by **casl Entertainment**. Other such products include:

Dungeon Module A5 (Kill Marquessa)  
Dungeon Module A6 (Die, Marquessa, Die!)  
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Dungeon Module C8 (Zavod)  
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