

CR1

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Dungeon Module CR1

En Reve

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AN ADVENTURE FOR CHARACTER LEVELS 3-5



A failed bid for immortality. A kingdom of shades, damned to an eternity of horror. A traveling group of heroes on a lonely heath, oblivious to that which awaits them beyond a mysterious bank of rolling mists. Do your heroes have the strength and the courage to face a journey into nightmare...and emerge to wake victorious?

This module was originally used for tournament play at GameHole Con VI. It contains a challenging scenario and six pre-rolled, playtested tournament characters. CR1 is a complete adventure in and of itself and it may thus be used for competition among players (or groups of players) or as a non-scored adventure included in the context of an ongoing game. Also included are referee's maps, notes, encounter descriptions for players, and a background scenario allowing the module to be easily placed within a pre-existing campaign.



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Introduction

The details surrounding that which became of the fallen Kingdom of Saeghál continue to vex even the wisest and most learned sages of the dwarvenfolk. The names and lineage of the rulers that presided over the era in which it stood as a proud and vibrant nation within the skin of the world have been lost to the vague sands of antiquity, as if history itself has tried to strike its very existence from its record so as to hide away its profound shame. The loss of such knowledge is piteous, to be sure. Yet such things seem to matter little when the horror that befell those that once called the legendary place their home is considered. Such is the way of the greatest tragedies, indeed.

What is known of Saeghál, when it yet lived and breathed, was that it stood as an island of peace and reason at the center of the hurricane of war. Deep within the belly of the world lay two ancient dwarven empires whose names have likely been lost, perhaps forever. The seeds of enmities sown by these two immense lands towards one another that none of those who dwelt in either could truly remember where their hatreds had begun or who was responsible for laying their foundations. All that either knew was the war: The sounds of the hundreds that died screaming in its consuming fires with every passing day and the wailing laments of mothers and brides that would send forth their children and lovers to its front, never to be seen again.

Yet there were those within the battle-torn land to whom the fray would remain a stranger. These were a handful of dwarves hailing from each one of the kingdoms, wise enough to recognize the folly of war and strangling the last breath of life from one's brother. These few renounced the places of their birth and the kings to whom they pledged service, turning their backs upon the fighting in search of someplace untouched by violence, where they might begin anew. Eventually, as kindred spirits so often do, those wayward dwarves made contact with one another. Joining in friendship through their shared experience, it was not long before they numbered enough to establish for themselves a small town, buried deep in the world directly below the battlefield and betwixt the two nations they'd abandoned. A place born of peace and reason, they called it *Saeghál*: A word in their language meaning sleep, and implying the unlimited promise held in dreams. As time passed, the settlement grew and flourished into a kingdom in its own right, its leader a dwarf of awesome martial puissance and great wisdom. Guided by the brilliance of his word as law, the tiny empire came to live and breathe as might a breathtaking maiden flourishing into womanhood.

Some time later – as day and night have little meaning so deep within the belly of the world – a Stranger came to Saeghál. Although none could say with certainty from whence he came, he arrived to the tiny kingdom bereft of arms or armor and so he was welcomed there by its peaceful folk. The Stranger proved a powerful sorcerer, capable of performing the most difficult alterations and transmutations with remarkable ease. He used these powers to benefit Saeghál and its dwellers and it was not long at all before he had the ear of its king, himself.

Into this ear, the Stranger began to pour poisoned words. He begged the king gaze out upon great Saeghál and immerse himself in its glory and its accomplishments. From the iron soil of war, he and his folk and somehow nurtured a lovely rose to bloom.

And yet, this could not last forever. Eventually, a time would come when his flesh came to pale and blood began to slow. And then what? All of the good things his kingdom had accomplished, all those it had managed to save – all these things wrought by his leadership alone – would be as no more.

If Saeghál was to live forever, the Stranger said...then its king would have to do the same.

Whether it be by means of his honeyed speech or some subtle sorcery, who can say? All that is certain was that the Stranger's appeal to the king's pride and vanity seduced him, setting his feet firmly upon a path that would lead him to an utter and inexorable darkness. He convinced the king to allow him to lead the regent through a series of unspeakable arcane rites and experiments that would see the very stuff of his flesh and blood replaced by depthless shadow. And while his boasts that these foul rituals would see him live forever were not hollow ones, their price was truly terrible in nature. To create the shadow necessary to suffice the king with the substance of night, an equal light had to be stoked into being. This brilliance took the form of the sacrifice of the souls of every living man, woman, and child within Saeghál – wrought screaming from the shells of their bodies with a single blasphemous spell. Even as the king felt the dark power fill his thews, along with the knowledge that eternity had become nothing less than his birthright, he filled the air with a horrid laughter. For what did the loss of so many meager lives matter – when now Saeghál was a place where the sun never rose or set?

It is said that the Stranger slipped wordlessly from the king's throneroom and his empire of shadow with a thin, awful smile upon his lips. The maiden became a woman had turned into a hideous crone by means of only a few whispered promises.

There were more places to visit. And more horror to visit upon the world. *Much* more, indeed.

Lament for the King of Shades! Lament for lost Saeghál!

Module History:

En Reve was designed as an official convention module for GameHole Con VI, held in Madison, Wisconsin in November, 2018. The module is designed to be usable with the **OSRIC™ Role-Playing System**, in conjunction with the Horror-based game rules and setting of the Game Master's choice. 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:

En Reve takes place within a small dwarven stronghold. Although this citadel was formerly located in the Kingdom of Saeghál, on the Prime Material Plane, it has subsequently been torn from its foundations in that place and absorbed into the Demiplane of Terror as one of its infamous domains. Essentially, this means that a Game Master should not be overly concerned by its placement; the stronghold is effectively a plane of existence unto itself and **nothing** exists outside its bounds. Because of this, a Game Master running *En Reve* can place it wherever they please. This makes it ideal both for those looking for a “one-shot” adventure as well as those who wish to incorporate it into the fabric of a greater Campaign.

Background:

Although it staggers the imagination why they may wish to do so, there are many ways for Player Characters to enter the Demiplane of Terror. All typical means of planar travel – ranging from the use of naturally-occurring portals, to the employment of spellcasting, to the utilization of specific magical items – are avenues that might be used to accomplish such a feat. The following background, however, takes into account the recommended level of the Player Characters taking part in this adventure – at which time such resources will not be available to them. Therefore, it has been specifically-designed so as to be generic in nature and easily worked into a pre-existing Campaign scenario. For the purposes of Convention play, its use is even easier. A DM simply has to read the following boxed text aloud for their Players.

The sun has long since set and your group is a weary lot. It is a moment of which the bards never speak when they regale the epic deeds of the world's adventurers: Those long and lonely treks overland from town to town, following tenuous threads of information that might lead to glory. Far in the distance ahead is a sleepy town that contains a tavern with an old innkeeper with a list of tales lengthy enough to put even the most learned of sages to shame. Or so you have been told, at least. It may be fruitful or it might be folly...but the chance to gather about the fire, picking his stories for slivers of information that might lead to a coven of sinister witches or a cult in truck with things not of this world is still enough to quicken the pulse and stoke the imagination. In the end, regardless of how it might eventuate – it is worth the travel.

Your path has taken you onto a long and level moor. The moonlight rains upon your procession from high above, kissing all that beneath its gaze with a silvery, gossamer radiance. It reveals gentle swirls and eddies in the fog that clings close to the ground – everpresent, now, in the late spring – when the wind deigns whisper through its substance. Around you, all is still and calm. This evening, not even the night birds sing their mournful songs for whomever might listen to their sweet dirges.

As you proceed across the heath, the rolling fog rises yet higher. In the distance, you can see that it grows even greater, dense and thick. The wind blows it as it will, yet it still encroaches upon you, closer and closer. Stealing a glance to the left and right, it becomes evident that it circles all about your path. To flee it will do no good; to pass through its substance is the only way that avails you. Yet you are adventurers, all of you, and this is but a niggling thing. It will take more than a bank of fog across a lonely moor to put a bolt of fear into your spines.

Within the fog, the world around you is hidden. All that is evident is the play of the wind through its density, swirling and rolling with its every caprice. As you walk, you can see its every change, instantly shifting direction and quailing in intensity. Still, even though you find that your hand has found the grip of your weapon, this is nothing to fear. Indeed, it is only a matter of moments and a few strides further until the wind dies entirely. Even the fog is beginning to relent, you see.

When it at last fades and the world resolves around you, your blood runs cold in your veins. Gone is the moor and the moon, replaced by plain cold stone, surrounding you

on all sides. The scent of fresh air has been replaced by the indescribable smell of things very old and undisturbed dust.

The mists, everpresent only a moment ago, have completely vanished. It is as if they have plucked you from your very place in the world...

...leaving you someplace very *different*.

Notes for the Player Characters:

Naturally, in the context of a Campaign, the Player Characters may take whatever form into which their game has shaped them. This may require the Game Master running *En Reve* set the stage for them to be together in a single group, so that they might all be swept up by the Inscrutable Mists and deposited into the Demiplane of Terror in a single party.

In the context of a Convention setting, this is unnecessary. The pre-generated characters included with this module are witch-hunters: A group of church-sponsored inquisitors roaming the land in search of heretics to persecute. Despite such a dire background, their trials and travels have served to forge them into friends and allies. Each has no small bit of history that ties each one to another so as to reflect these individual relationships.

Given what has transpired in the Background section above, the Player Characters are likely to have several questions. The two most likely of these and their corresponding answers (a few of which are for the Game Master's eyes only!) are listed below.

- *What in the world just happened to us?* During their travels, the Inscrutable Mists descended upon the Player Characters. Though seasoned Players are likely to suspect this already, it is recommended that the Game Master does not explicitly state or confirm this fact. Instead, they should reply with vaguery, implying that only by exploration of their new environs might such a question be answered. With such an answer, you encourage both the storytelling and role-playing aspects of the game that allow Horror-based role-playing games to aspire to their maximum effect.
- *Where in the world are we?* This is probably a more salient question than the above, in any case. Once again, your game experience will likely be much more rewarding if you reply just as was described above.

In any case, the matter will become most apparent soon enough.

Notes for the Game Master:

This module was designed for Convention-style play, and is intended to be played by six characters from 4th to 7th level. It is somewhat unique from many published game adventures as it utilizes Horror-based role-playing rules and game mechanics, yet has been designed so as to be as system-agnostic as possible. This means that, although some recommended rules are included with this module so that it might be run swiftly and easily, a Game Master who wishes to use the module with their own favorite Horror-based role-playing game rules – such as Wizards of the

Coast™'s RAVENLOFT® setting, for example – will have to substitute them for the material in this adventure where such adjustment is warranted.

Although the Player Characters adventuring through *En Reve* are likely to be far too low in level to have gained such benisons, those rare characters that possess henchmen and hirelings to supply needed skills will find themselves unable to use them. If such NPCs accompany the Player Characters at the beginning of the adventure, the Inscrutable Mists simply leave them behind when they sweep away their masters and mistresses. Simply put: They are on their own, on this one. Should the Game Master 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.

Before beginning play, the GM must read all parts of the module thoroughly. Particular attention should be paid to way in which the presented material intersects with the Horror-based role playing system being used in conjunction with the adventure. If the module is being used as part of an ongoing Campaign, the GM will want to take notes, making changes in the module text to fit the module into their continuing story.

Information presented in the key is divided into two sections. The boxed script is material which should be read to the players unless special circumstances prevent their knowing the information given there, such as no light to see by. The information not boxed is material for the GM only, and provides game details about the encounter. Characters may discover this information as play continues, but they will not know it from the start of the encounter. The various environments in which Player Characters are likely to find themselves operating within in the course of *En Reve* are quite varied, so explicit details are provided to the Dungeon Master in unusual areas, so as to best adjudicate the way in which the game world responds to the actions of player or party.

Convention Notes:

En Reve was designed to be used as a single-event session, featuring six players and lasting 3 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 somehow find their way back to their home plane from cursed Saeghál, without succumbing to its denizens.

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

1. The players are presented with pre-generated characters. All characteristics have been listed, along with equipment, spells, and magic items. Players may not add to or alter this list. This will guarantee that all players start with the same chances. Players would be allowed the use of the chapters of the **OSRIC™ Reference and Index Compendium** meant for their eyes – and not those meant to serve the Game Master! This said, 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 power and limitations of their weapons, magic items, and spells and will use them to their best advantage. In many cases, specific tactics have been listed for monsters to use in melee. If these plans are frustrated by the players' actions, the DM 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 experiment.

Campaign Notes:

Only a very small portion – that of the King's Citadel – of the Kingdom of Saeghál was ripped from its moorings on the Prime Plane and whisked away to the Demiplane of Terror. As one might imagine, given its builders, the entirety of the structure is made of cold, hard stone. Given the nature of Player Characters, it is possible that one such worthy may wish to attempt tunneling through the substance of its walls, ceilings, or floors. Where once this might have been possible, the properties of the Demiplane of Terror will unfailingly thwart such attempts at every turn. While Players capable of progressing through solid granite will be able to dig their way through the substance of the King's Citadel, they will find that the passages they create are endless. Magical attempts at circumventing the constraints of the stronghold are also likely to be thwarted, as is usually the case in Horror-based role playing games. This even holds true when attempts are made upon portions of the citadel which on the map may seem to be but thin barriers. A man could die old and grey before they made their way from Saeghál in such a manner. As ever, the Demiplane of Terror undoes even the most diligent of escape attempts.

Given the nature of Saeghál's population, it is highly likely that Player Characters lingering within the confines of the King's Citadel overlong will cross paths with Wandering Monsters. While such encounters lack a great amount of diversity, this should not be mistaken for a lack of threat in their content. Such random encounters are checked once each turn and the chance for an encounter is 1 in 6. If a random encounter is determined to have taken place, check the following table to resolve exactly what is encountered.

Wandering Monster Table		
Die Roll	Monster	Number Appearing
01-40	Shadows	1-6
41-70	Shadows, Greater*	1-4
71-90	Creeping Silhouettes*	1-3
91-100	Tenebrous Murderers*	1-2

Notes:

* See **Appendix A: New Monsters** for details.

Background for the Dungeon Master

The legends that detail the fall of the great dwarven refuge are all true. In offering the King Jaravan of Saeghál his immortality, the Stranger at his side also wrought his kingdom's undoing. The unspeakable spell that he taught the ruler was that which would make him a *shade*, replacing the flesh, blood, and very spirit of the king with the stuff of purest dusk. However, as even children know, shadow cannot exist without light – and to bring such a potent form of darkness into being, the source of light casting it needed to be proportionately immense. Thus, the sacrifice of every living creature within Saeghál was necessary – ripping the light that gave them life from their bodies to produce the effect that would allow King Jaravan to defy the inevitability of death itself.

The dwarven king knew all this as the final, fateful words of the terrible spell were spoken aloud. The Stranger had long ago seduced him with an appeal to his vanity. He convinced King Jaravan that the ruler alone was responsible for all the wonders Saeghál had worked since its establishment. What were a few thousand souls sacrificed, then, to ensure that the kingdom could continue on forever?

What King Jaravan did *not* know, however, was that the folk of his kingdom would not simply die with the casting of the spell. Their fates were far, far worse than that. Bereft of the light of life, the blasphemous enchantment transmogrified the innocent folk of Saeghál into *shadows*: Their own silhouettes coming to life and devouring them whole, screaming. This singular, horrific moment was enough to attract the attention of the Demiplane of Terror, which ripped it from its footing on the Prime Plane and made it one of its infamous domains.

There, in that bleak and awful place, Saeghál has rest. Waiting in utter dark and terrible silence...until the Player Characters came to shatter that stillness.

The Birth of Dire Shades: Special Game Mechanic

The effects of the blasphemous spell that once tore Saeghál from its home on the Prime Plane are still very much in effect within the portion of the kingdom that now lies within the Demiplane of Terror and pose an insidious threat to Player Characters adventuring within its confines. Slowly, for as long as they are trapped within Citadel Saeghál, this spell works to leech away each one of their souls and gift its essence to their shadows. Eventually, this has the effect of giving these silhouettes independent life, mobility, and a desire to do away with their flesh and blood counterparts.

For each turn a Player Character remains within Citadel Saeghál, they lose one hit point *permanently*. If a character should lose an amount of hit points equal to their hit die type (for example, 8 in the case of a cleric, or 4 in the case of a magic-user), they lose a level, with all the corresponding benefits that come with such advancement. These hit points (and potentially hit dice) are transferred to their shadow, which supplements their strength and vitality. When these silhouettes have gained more than 8 total hit points, they have become full-fledged *shadows* (as the monster).

At this point, they are capable of tearing themselves away from the character casting them and acting as independent entities. They will wish to murder the character they once belonged to -- but they may not do so right away. The Game Master is encouraged to play these shadows with the same sort of intelligence possessed by the characters to whom they once belonged. For example, a fighter's shadow might bide its time until it feels it is strong enough to challenge its former owner – then slip away in a moment of darkness so as to mount a tactical ambush at some later point. The shadow of a thief might wait patiently until its former owner is locked in combat with some other foe. Then, when their attention is turned, it might strike from the unprotected rear. In this, the Game Master is encouraged to be both ruthless and devious. Likewise, in a similar manner, the GM is encouraged to play up the horror angle when a Player Character realizes that their shadow has fled them or works against them. Few things might bring a greater sense of dread into the hearts of a PC than to notice their silhouette pause a moment while they are still in motion, offering them a menacing stare before slipping away...or simply to turn one moment and notice that they no longer cast a shadow at all. This is excellent fodder with which to put a real terror into your Players. Don't waste such a golden opportunity!

*

Start

Citadel Saeghál: Upper Level Encounter Key

1. THE BLEAK ATRIUM

You stand in an immense octagonal room. All around you, the walls are dull brown stone. The scent of ancient, unturned dust lingers in the air, giving the chamber the still and staid atmosphere of a mausoleum. On each of the room's walls, an iron sconce holds a single flickering torch. The flame burning atop these brands dances and shudders, even though the room is bereft of any sort of breeze or current. These torches illuminate the room in a gloomy half-light that casts your shadows across its walls and floors in long and slender effigies of your shapes. Above, the walls slant to some unknown height, obscured by darkness once the light of the brands at last die.

In this lonely place, the walls have been marred with some sort of writing, graven artistically all around from the point where they begin to slope to the ceiling, all the way to the floor. Atop that, more writing has been scratched into the stony surface, this script haphazard and jagged in appearance.

In the center of the room, a great circular hole offers descent to someplace deeper within the structure. The torchlight within the room only allows clear sight perhaps ten feet into the hole, after which all that is visible is darkness. Around that well of inky blackness, a large set of iron-bound double doors is set in the center of each of the eight walls, allowing passage away from its void.

There was once Citadel Saeghál's grand atrium. It was the center of its community when it once lived and breathed: The place where it would receive its visitors and the place where all of its folk would gather to enjoy both the performances of its bards and the

pronouncements of its king. Then, it was by far the busiest place in all the citadel, a chamber full of light and laughter.

The atrium is now a cold and empty place. Player Characters exploring its confines will hear their voices seem to echo endlessly about its octagonal construction for its utter silence. The torches arranged within the chamber do little to raise the temperature within it, either, and so their every breath will bring into being a cone of frost from their lips (until, at least, the heat of their bodies come closer to the room's clime).

The writing the Player Characters are able to see is most impressive. It takes the form of foot-high characters chiseled into the stone that circle the room in a constant script (ancient Dwarven; those capable of reading modern Dwarven will find the language used to be stilted and overly formal, but mostly intelligible). Each one of the characters has been inlaid with a golden paint that catches the torchlight from within the chamber and makes them seem to glow as if molten. Player Characters reading the whole of the writing may learn the name of the place (Citadel Saeghál) and the violent circumstances that caused the great city to be founded (described at length in the **Introduction** section).

By reading the scratches on the wall, however, they might glean some insight as to what happened after the arrival of the Stranger to the doomed kingdom. These marks were made by terrified dwarves wishing to issue warnings to those who might happen upon Saeghál, even as their bodies were being consumed by their own shadows. These hastily-scrawled missives to the living are likely to prove disturbing to the Player Characters capable of reading them. Some of these read as follows: BEWARE! FLEE! WEEP FOR LOST SAEGHÁL! A single warning is repeated hundreds upon hundreds of times across the face of the stone walls, however: FEAR THE SHADOWS. Player Characters taking especial time to pore over these scrawls of the dying will realize that they are not actually chiseled into the substance of the walls. Rather, what they see are the residue left by the ground fingernails of the terrified dying.

Investigation of the hole in the center of the room will reveal a series of holes carefully-drilled into the rock around it. They lie at each cardinal compass direction and are equally-spaced, one foot down from the other. These holes were once meant to accept a scaffolding that would easily allow passage downward, yet could be easily retracted so as to deny attackers the lower level in the case Saeghál was ever invaded. Currently, the scaffolding has been retracted (though the Player Characters will not be able to see this until they descend to the bottom of the hole). Somehow finding their way down the open shaft is the only conventional way the Player Characters might find their way to the **Lower Level** and possible escape from the Demiplane of Terror.

There is nothing else here (aside of the torches, which will magically burn for as long as they remain within Citadel Saeghál) that might interest those of an adventuring mien.

2. PRAETORIAN SUITE I

You see a large room, well-lit by a group of torches held in iron sconces on each wall. Their flickering, even in the still air of the room, sends shadows aplenty dancing across the walls and floors of the chamber's confines. Each of these brands rest next to a heavy, iron-bound door. Circling the room is an elaborate bas-relief that depicts a vast, wild ocean with a great island at its center.

Warships sail the sea, lobbing fiery pitch at a lone tower upon the isle, yet it stands resolute in the face of the assault.

In the center of the room, a stone table stands, four chairs set around its volume. In the west and east corners of the room, rest wooden racks bearing armor and weaponry respectively.

This is one of the four chambers that once served as headquarters to Citadel Saeghál's guards. The bas-relief that characters see adorning the walls does not mark a particular event. Rather, it is an allegory that refers to the complex's standing as an impregnable oasis in the midst of terrible war. The suddenness of the spell that overcame the mighty stronghold saw to it that this room stands almost exactly as it did the moment it was cast. Evidence of this can be seen in the iron plates, mug, and cutlery that remain atop the table. The food and mead that once occupied each has long since been reduced to so much dust by the inexorable gravity of time, however.

Though the room seems empty, this is hardly the case. Two of the former Praetorians that once occupied it were overcome by King Jaravan's awful spell and now exist here as **greater shadows** (see **Appendix A** for details). As it has the physical substance of the food and drink on the table, the ever-eroding force of long years has worn away the sanity of these two damned souls. Given to madness, now, they will likely bide their time until the Player Characters relax their guard (hopefully isolating a single member of their group to concentrate their attacks upon) before they strike.

Greater Shadows (2): AC 5, MV 12, HD 4+2, HP 26, THAC0 15, #AT 1, Damage 2-8, SA Strength drain, SD 90% undetectable, Hit only by +1 or better, Spell Immunity.

The racks laden with arms and armor bear two battleaxes, a pair of short swords, and two sets of scale mail (sized to fit a dwarf, naturally). None of these is magical. The plates, mug, and cutlery are ordinary in nature.

3. PRAETORIAN SUITE II

This stone-jacketed room is lit on all four sides by torches held in iron sconces, which cast a flickering half-light into the chamber's open air. These are set into each wall next to a heavy, iron-bound door that allows egress from its center. In a wide band all around the center of the room's walls is an impressive bas-relief depicting a great underground kingdom, seemingly without end.

In the center of the room is a stone table, surrounded by four chairs. Atop the flat of the furnishing is a silver hip flask lying on its side amidst four iron mugs. In the west and east corners of the room are wooden racks that look as if they were meant to hold armor or weapons, but all that hangs upon their arms now is a single, beaten metal shield and an old helmet which could only fit the head of a dwarf.

This was another chamber meant to serve as a headquarters for the guards of Citadel Saeghál. This one in particular was generally ceded to the eldest of the Praetorians, a dwarf named Glorin.

Despite his age and the dreadful condition of his arms and armor, he was feared by all for his skill in the arts of war. Of course, as the last words of King Jaravan's fateful spell were spoken aloud, Glorin was overcome by its dark magics, which saw him transformed into a horrific creature known as a **creeping silhouette** (see **Appendix A** for details). Gone mad from his utter solitude and the state he has been reduced to, he will wait until the whole of the party has entered the room (as far as he can tell), then attack them immediately.

Creeping Silhouette: AC 8, MV 12, HD 4, HP 24, THAC0 15, #AT 1, Damage 1-4, SA Slow, Strength drain, SD 90% undetectable, Hit only by +1 or better, Spell Immunity.

When the spell that murdered Saeghál was cast, Glorin was entertaining a group of friends in this room. In specific, he was showing them a prize he had won from a fallen foe during the war. This still exists in the room: While all the other mugs are empty, one remains half-full of a blue, slightly effervescent liquid. This is a *potion of flying*, and enough for more two doses remains in the hip flask on the table, as well. It is likely his friends might have been even more impressed were he to demonstrate the properties of his *shield* +1 (which bears a nigh-pornographic, yet incredibly well-drawn, depiction of a dwarven maiden on its inside face), hanging on the weapon rack. Unfortunately, he never got the chance; the spell snuffed out all their lives with its power, leaving him the sole survivor of the group.

4. PRAETORIAN SUITE III

Beyond the door lies a dour stone room. Torches set in sconces on every wall flicker half-light and a panoply of shadows into its air, which smells of long years and unturned dust. Around the entire center of the chamber's walls, a bas-relief has been sculpt into its substance in a wide band. The artwork seems to depict a tall, slender figure ministering unto a group of hungry dwarves with bread and water while above devas and demons struggle in a horrific conflict. Four heavy, iron-bound doors, set in each compass direction, lead away from the room.

In the midst of the room is a stone table attended by a pair of chairs. The bones of some animal lay upon the former, next to a small pile of coins. In the east and west corners of the room are a pair of wooden racks, upon which both arms and armor hang.

This is the third of the rooms reserved as a headquarters for Citadel Saeghál's guards. The bas-relief that circles the room is the newest of its like: A scene meant to commemorate the arrival of the Stranger to the city, who once used his powerful magics to save its folk from starvation. As can be easily gleaned with a glance at its appointments, a pair of Praetorians were in the midst of a game of knucklebones when the kingdom they protected was overcome by King Jaravan's dark magic. This was a daily ritual for these two particular guards, who were both incredibly competitive and who took their game most seriously, indeed. So it is that, even in death, they jealously guard the pot in the center of the table, slinking about in the corners of the room until some Player Character disturbs it. When this occurs, they both attack.

Greater Shadows (2): AC 5, MV 12, HD 4+2, HP 26, THAC0 15, #AT 1, Damage 2-8, SA Strength drain, SD 90% undetectable, Hit only by +1 or better, Spell Immunity.

The Praetorians' treasure in the center of the table includes 57cp, 23sp, and 16gp. Along with this is an IOU promising a week's worth of cleaning toil along the habitation area of the citadel, written on a sheaf of parchment so brittle that much of it will disintegrate to dust when it is so much as touched. Interestingly, the back of the document has the word "ILVARIS" written in large, crimson characters.

On the armor and weapons rack are a battleaxe and a broadsword, unremarkable in nature, along with a set of dwarven-sized scale mail and leather armor. While the latter is so old as to be completely nonfunctional, its construction employs many advanced techniques that were unique to Saeghál. This makes it of exceeding interest to an armorer away from the doomed kingdom, who might pay as much as 1000gp for the chance to own it.

5. PRAETORIAN SUITE IV

This stone chamber is strewn with rubble, the remains of a table that once stood in the center of the room. Likewise, the four chairs that once stood around that furnishing have been either hacked to pieces or smashed against the walls. One seems to have been hurled with sufficient force that it ruined the weapon rack in the east corner of the room, though its mate bearing armor in the west corner appears untouched.

This scene of destruction is lit by four torches that hang in iron sconces on each of the chamber's walls. They cast eerie shadows with their flickering flames across the whole of the room. This is especially true of the detailed bas-relief that circles the entire chamber in a broad band. The sculpture depicts a great procession of dwarves that stride forth from two fire-engulfed kingdoms, towards a proud tower. With the shadows dancing upon the vista, the dwarves seem to actually move as if they were composed of flesh and blood, rather than unfeeling stone. The scene is only broken by the four doors that issue forth from the room in each cardinal direction.

The bas-relief emblazoned on the walls here is meant to depict the turning away from the two warring dwarven kingdoms by the enlightened, leading to the establishment of Saeghál. Like the other rooms near the Bleak Atrium (**Area #1**), it once served as a headquarters for the Praetorians that guarded the citadel, placed so as to be able to either race easily to the defense of the king or repel intruders invading their home with ease.

When Saeghál fell, three guards were in this room. Their physical forms warped and corrupted, they panicked and thrashed about the chamber, leading to the destruction apparent within its confines. Still gripped in the throes of madness, their shades will attack the moment the party has entered the room.

Greater Shadows (2): AC 5, MV 12, HD 4+2, HP 26, THAC0 15, #AT 1, Damage 2-8, SA Strength drain, SD 90% undetectable, Hit only by +1 or better, Spell Immunity.

Amidst the rubble in the room, some of the former guards' treasure yet exists. While the iron plates, mugs, and cutlery beneath the table is worthless, a small cloth bag that contains the sum of their monthly pay is certainly not. This pouch contains 33 thin and nigh-weightless, silvery coins of a strange mint (mithril!) worth 10gp, each. The three battleaxes in the east corner of the room are ruined, their hafts all snapped. The two sets of scale mail

armor (sized for dwarves) and the shield in the west corner are intact, though they are unremarkable in quality.

6. THE MYCOTORIUM

This room is built something like a five-tiered inverted ziggurat. The first tier forms a ring all around the room and provides access to both the four torch-scones that light the room and the four paths that stretch from the room's corners down to its bottom. The successive tiers are all covered with wide fields of dirt which are each overgrown with all sizes, shapes, and colors of fungi. These brilliant and strange growths make for a riot of textures and colors when the flickering light of the room's torches touch upon their surfaces. Three doors lead away from the odd, yet strangely beautiful chamber.

This room was once known as *The Mycotorium*: A fungal garden that saw to the dietary needs of those dwelling within Citadel Saeghál. The room's confines are cool and relatively dark (magical effects, which can be *dispelled* as a spell brought into being by a 12th level caster), even in the sway of the torchlight. Though the room's scent is rather dank, there is a certain type of alien beauty to the strange curves and colors of the fungi growing in the shallow patches of dirt, here.

While the minds of veteran Players are likely to race at all the possible fungal or amorphous threats within the room, no such dangers exist. Indeed, that which grows within the room were considered rare delicacies to the dwarven palate and were well-tended by their keepers (when they yet lived; this is why they are so overgrown, now). Instead, the hazard in The Mycotorium exists in the form of its former caretakers: A trio of shades that rage at the condition of their charge and are all-too eager to take out their anger at the Player Characters entering their demesne.

Creeping Silhouettes (3): AC 8, MV 12, HD 4, HP 24, THAC0 15, #AT 1, Damage 1-4, SA Slow, Strength drain, SD 90% undetectable, Hit only by +1 or better, Spell Immunity.

It may seem that little exists in this room in the way of treasure, but this is not so. As was mentioned, the fungus growing within this room was quite rare and considered fit for the appetite of a king, when Saeghál yet lived. So it is that samples of these mushrooms and tubers would easily fetch 5,000gp to the right buyer in a large dwarven kingdom.

7. THE BLUE DEEP

This stone room is dominated by a foot-high metal circle, laid directly in its center. The four torches set into the walls within the room reveal a perfectly still liquid, electric blue in color, within that loop. Against the walls, several dozen wooden buckets are stacked, abbreviated by the three doors that lead away from the chamber.

The land that would eventually come to bear Citadel Saeghál was very specifically-chosen. One property that made it especially amenable was the unique natural spring that lay just beneath it. The engineers that would build the stronghold tapped into this spring to provide a constant source of fresh waters to its denizens. Cool, clean, and possessing a startling electric azure hue, the spring

was known as The Deep Blue by those dwelling within the fortress, and its presence was considered a blessing of the gods.

Though Citadel Saeghál is no longer rooted on the Prime Material Plane, water continues to fill the well, nonetheless. Player Characters seeing it as a potential way out of the Demiplane of Terror will be sorely disappointed, however. Now, the Blue Deep simply seems bottomless to all those who try its depths and it is less of an escape than it is a sure way to see oneself drowned.

The room was empty when King Jaravan sacrificed his kingdom for eternal life, and so it mercifully remains that way today. This makes it an ideal place for a harried party of Player Characters to hole up and rest, if they trust its doors to hold back the malevolent shades that inhabit the citadel around them.

8. WAREHOUSE

You see a stone room littered with all manner of building supplies. The torches in iron scones that appoint each wall reveal hundreds of granite blocks arranged neatly so as to avoid blocking the three doors that lead from the chamber. Large, sealed pots lie amidst rods of iron and steel and thick, banded bushels of cut timber. The tools of laborers -- picks and shovels, trowels and hammers -- lay occasionally atop these materials.

This is the storehouse used by those laborers and engineers that once made Citadel Saeghál their homes. Raw materials were kept here until some repair or upgrade to the stronghold needed to be made. Sadly, one of the kingdom's builders happened to be in this chamber when King Jaravan cast the terrible spell responsible for the transmogrification of his subjects into shadows. Terrified and alone as his silhouette devoured his living flesh and blood, his last moments were of abject horror -- and now, in his madness, he wastes no time in lashing out at any of the Player Characters unfortunate enough to enter this room.

Lesser Shadow: AC 7, MV 12, HD 3+3, HP 21, THAC0 16, #AT 1, Damage 2-5, SA Strength drain, SD 90% undetectable, Hit only by +1 or better, Spell Immunity.

The shadow in this room fights slightly differently than the others of its ilk within the citadel. Though it attacks immediately, it will not do so to the death. If a Player Character proves capable of doing it physical harm, it will slip through the narrow cracks in the stacked building materials, forcing its foes to hack through them (a nearly impossible task) in order to get to it. Then, once the Player Characters have left the room, it will follow them at some distance. When they let their collective guards down (preferably, finding themselves locked in combat with another of its kind), it will pick up the attack again.

The only item of value within the room are the hammer and trowel, which are of exceptional quality (both have a small emerald set into their handles and are engraved "*Father - we love you. Your children*"). Individually, they are worth 150gp and if sold as a set can fetch 500gp, in the right market.

9. THE STINKING ABSCESS

The three doors that lead from this stone room are spaced between the torches flickering from their sconces on each of the chamber's walls. The flames rising from these iron braziers seem to flutter quicker, despite the lack of wind, than any others you've seen so far. Likewise, they seem to shed slightly more light than those others.

Small carpets lay on the floors just beyond each door, deep stains in their earthy brown coloration. Flanking each of the portals are two large clay pots. In the center of the room, a foot high circle of steel rises from the floor. It has been covered by a great, flat iron cover. On the wall on which no door stands, a chain winch rests. You can see that the chains that rise from its spool reach up to a large pulley set into the ceiling, then descend to three points on the iron cover. Clearly, this is how the massive stopper, which must weigh hundreds upon hundreds of pounds, is lifted.

When Saeghál was yet a place of light and life, this room was where its denizens came to dispose of their refuse. Then, a dwarf of great strength named Karig used the chain winch on the wall to lift the cap from the well in the center of the chamber, allowing the folk of the kingdom to toss whatever they wished into the void below. One can only imagine the sort of smell that might issue forth from the well, bearing the weight of centuries of dwarven offal and waste, when it was opened -- and so it was that the place gained the name *The Sinking Abscess*.

Karig yet watches over his charge, diligent and mighty as ever, in the form of a **greater shadow**.

Greater Shadow: AC 5, MV 12, HD 4+2, HP 26, THAC0 15, #AT 1, Damage 2-8, SA Strength drain, SD 90% undetectable, Hit only by +1 or better, Spell Immunity.

Yet Karig is far from the worst of threats within the chamber. Player Characters seeking to open The Stinking Abscess will have to contend with the scent that rises from its confines. This forces them to roll below their Constitution score on a 1d20 or be *stunned* for 1-4 rounds and they retch and vomit from the awful aroma. If they decide to explore The Stinking Abscess further, they will find a tank at the bottom of a 50' well, nearly empty from the long years that saw most of its contents rotted away.

Nearly empty, save for those that once served to chew away the refuse within its depths, of course.

Undead Lesser Otyughs (2): AC 3, MV 12, HD 7, HP 40 and 38, THAC0 15, #AT 3, Damage 1-8 / 1-8 / 1d4+1, SA Disease, SD Never surprised, Spell Immunity.

In addition to the threat of the **Undead Otyughs** (see **Appendix A** for details) at the bottom of the refuse tank, the conditions within that horrid place are so deplorable that Player Characters taking any damage whatsoever in that area have a 100% chance of contracting a circulatory disease (fatal in 1-100 turns, during which time, the afflicted character takes 1hp damage per elapsed turn).

The immense amount of garbage collected in The Stinking Abscess staggers the imagination. Notably, amidst this refuse (though it will take PCs searching the mess at least 10 rounds to find even a single piece of this largesse) is a total of 471cp, 45sp,

22gp, a 75gp diamond with a serious flaw at its center, a *stone of weight*, and a malfunctioning *ring of protection* +2 (which only works in the absence of sunlight). The Game Master is encouraged to add or subtract from this wealth, depending on whether the persistence of the Player Characters retrieving it has impressed or disgusted them.

10. FAMILY HOME

As soon as you set foot within this room, you see that you are not standing on its floor. Instead, a steep set of shallow stairs descends perhaps ten feet to the chamber's actual firmament. At the same level at which you stand, you can see two doors leading away from the room, accessible by stairs rising from the floor. Spaced between them are a small kitchen and a writer's desk. The back of that wooden furnishing has folded out into what looks like was once a dining table, surrounded by several chairs. Along the walls, several ladders rise up to four broad, stone shelves. Atop these, small beds stand. The whole of the room, which you are able to see well, thanks to the two lit torches along its back wall, has obviously been cleverly designed so as to be able to house an entire family. Still...no sign of their recent presence seems evident.

Being of diminutive stature and hailing from a culture in which personal privacy is nearly unknown, it is quite normal for dwarvenfolk to live in exceedingly close confines. So it is that in the various habitations they claim, virtually every bit of space available to them is put to good use. This was no exception in Citadel Saeghál, where entire families could live their lives quite comfortably in single chambers of relatively small sizes.

The Player Characters are liable to notice this fact right away. What they are unlikely to notice as easily are the pack of five **lesser shadows** that they have become in the wake of King Jaravan's awful spell. Indeed, they hide away in the darker corners of the room, underneath beds and behind furnishings, spiraling ever downward to madness and hate with every passing moment spent in their tenebrous condition. The moment a single character descends the ladder into the room, they will take advantage of their separation from the rest of their fellows to swarm over that sole unfortunate, lashing out upon them with all their terrible rage.

Lesser Shadows: AC 7, MV 12, HD 3+3, HP 21, THAC0 16, #AT 1, Damage 2-5, SA Strength drain, SD 90% undetectable, Hit only by +1 or better, Spell Immunity.

The family that once made this chamber their home was of but modest means, their primarily breadwinner a compulsive (but very poor) gambler. As a result, there is precious little of real value within the room, unless one considers the kitchenware and bedding that appoints it (which can often be of great use to those of an adventuring mien). Along with such housewares (which the Game Master is encouraged to decorate the home with, as they see fit), atop the desk/table is a pair of solid gold dice and a set of playing cards. While the latter are ordinary in quality, the former are worth 250gp to a dealer in such curios. They are, however, also the source of the family's poor fortunes: They are marked with a minor curse that sees anyone using them in a game of chance suffer a -20% of winning any given contest.

11. WARRIOR'S HOME

This stone room is spartan in decor. Steep, shallow stairs immediately lead from the door down to a floor where all that is visible is a large table and a small kitchen. Unfurled upon the table is a large, colored map upon which tiny figures sit in emulation of a battlefield scene. All manner of lines have been drawn in charcoal on the map, delineating borders and potential tactics and maneuvers between two factions. Occasionally, the light from the two torches set into the back of the wall flickers in such a manner that the pieces on the board seem to move.

Three more staircases, identical to the one in front of you rise from the floor. Two lead to doors issuing forth from the room, while a last rises to a broad shelf upon the wall. Atop that platform, bedding and pillows rest.

This room once belonged to General Darloz, a close friend of King Jaravan even before the establishment of Saeghál. The former dwarven battlemaster remained the ruler's most trusted confidante until the Stranger that came to their stronghold poisoned him with his honeyed words, spoken from a forked tongue.

Though the General dedicated himself to a life of peace, he wanted to remain ever-sharp should war come to the door of his adopted home. Consequently, he took up wargaming as a hobby, challenging those he considered especially intelligent amongst his friends to matches here in his home. As talented a dwarf as he was, it is little wonder that he was never defeated (indeed, never even seriously threatened) in any of these contests. That which lies on the table is his last, unfinished match. Any warrior with an interest in battlefield tactics has only to take a single look at the situation on the table to realize that this room was once the home to a genius at war. In fact, General Darloz considered the game in play to be one of his great triumphs -- a masterstroke of planning and timing.

The General yet exists, though as a mockery of life, in the form of a **tenebrous murderer** (see **Appendix A** for details). Driven to madness by his terrible transformation, he has little patience for the tactics that one made him so feared on the battlefield but for one exception: He clings to the ceiling above the party, waiting for them all to enter his abode. When the last of them stands on the stairs, he slips behind them, so that only one Player Character (barring unusual tactics) can fight him at a time.

Tenebrous Murderer: AC 3, MV 15, HD 6, HP 36, THAC0 13, #AT 1, Damage 2-12, SA Slow, Strength drain, SD 90% undetectable, Hit only by +1 or better, Spell Immunity.

When taking up his life of peace, the General renounced most of his material possessions. That said, he could never bring himself to cast aside the arms and armor that had become as loyal friends to him over his martial lifetime. These are kept in a false floor, directly beneath the place where he might have stood at his table when conducting his hypothetical troops in his wargames. These treasures are an *axe of hurling* +3 (INT 10, detects invisible 10') and a set of dwarven-sized *plate mail* +2 and *shield* +2.

The powerful spirit of the dwarven general struggled hard against its transformation into shadow. So much so, in fact, that some vestige of it remains within this room. If any character should complete the final moves in his wargame (they should be apparent to any with an Intelligence or Wisdom score above 14), this spirit will smile upon them. They will receive the benefit of a

bless spell for as long as they remain within Citadel Saeghál.

12. HOME OF THE MAGI

To open this door is to open a view into the open sky at night. All around, distant stellar bodies twinkle for your approval. Stars glimmer like a firefly's wink and brilliant comets roar past your pane of view before disappearing into the eternal blackness. Worlds and moons, suns and clouds of cosmic dust, glitter and shine off in the distance. Some seem so close that you could reach out and touch them, while others seem lifetimes away. A thin stone platform extends into this world of night, ending in a circular observatory platform. It seems to fall off the side of that granite causeway might be to fall into forever.

Naturally, the environs within this chamber are *illusory*, a state befitting the home of Saeghál's Chancellor of Magicks, Varlokk. A rare dwarven magic-user, he and King Jaravan had a rather unusual relationship. The two personally disliked one another immensely and their bickering was often said to put dwarf-couples married a few centuries to shame. Nonetheless, both respected one another in equal measure and Varlokk's measured and ever-logical advice (not to mention his considerable skill in the way of the Invisible Art) made him an invaluable asset to his liege. Sadly, it was this contentious relationship that blinded King Jaravan to the treachery of the Stranger amongst them. Even as Varlokk proclaimed that a deadly serpent had come to dwell within their house, it was easy for the Stranger to point out that such words were exactly the sort that would come from the mouth of a jealous wizard -- and one fearful that he might be supplanted at the king's right hand. Eventually, Varlokk came to treat with his king less and less frequently...until finally doom was upon them all.

When he lived, Varlokk was fascinated by the night sky, of the promise that there was much more to the universe -- even on his own plane -- than the world on which he tread. Therefore, he created a *permanent illusion* (dispelled as if cast by a 12th level caster) that made it seem as if one swum in space as they visited his demesne. In truth, two sets of shallow, steep stairs flank the walkway into the center of the room (which is, in fact, real), leading to the chamber's lower level. There, a small kitchen, a writer's desk and chair, and several voluminous tomes rest. Across the room, three more staircases of an identical type rise to the doors that lead from the room and to a large stone ledge, atop which a bed rests. Should Player Characters entering the room successfully disbelieve the illusion before them, they can see that a pair of torches flank the sleeping ledge and flicker light into the room's air. This will reveal the whole of the chamber as it actually is.

However, it will likely not reveal the presence of what remains of Varlokk: A **tenebrous murderer** eager to wreak revenge against the living for that which he has become. In one sense, however, they are fortunate, as the magi did not bring either his tremendous intellect nor his spellcasting ability with him on his final journey into darkness. Instead, he will simply bide his time until one member of the group or another has wandered to a position by themselves, perhaps exploring his personal effects. He will launch an attack on that individual, sparing them none of his pain or rage in the process.

Tenebrous Murderer: AC 3, MV 15, HD 6, HP 36, THAC0 13, #AT 1, Damage 2-12, SA Slow, Strength drain, SD 90% undetectable, Hit only by +1 or better, Spell Immunity.

Varlokk's chambers contain but a fraction of the magical items he owned, as his transformation was completed while in possession of those fabulous treasures. Nevertheless, a few of these wondrous implements still remain. He has a bag of 100pp on his desk, next to a **wand of magic missiles** (27 charges). In the top drawer of his desk are a **potion of fire resistance**, a **potion of healing**, and a **potion of speed**, along with a **scroll of three spells** (*affect normal fires*, *pyrotechnics*, and *slow*). Unfortunately the desk is **trapped** with a mechanism that sprays forth an acid cloud in a 10' cube around the furnishing. If the trap is triggered, it will do 10hp of damage to all those within that area and an additional 3hp per round for three more rounds, or until the acid is neutralized. Also, should the trap be triggered, it will absolutely ruin the scroll and wand, if they remain in the area when the cloud roils forth.

13. FAMILY HOME

Opening the door reveals wide open air. The floor is not at the level of the portal, rather, you would have to descend the steep set of shallow stairs that leads perhaps ten feet down to walk upon it. Around the level on which you stand, you see two more doors leading away from the room, linked to the floor by stairs just like the ones before you.

Upon the room's floor, you see a small kitchen and a writer's desk, several chairs surrounding the former. Along the walls on the other side of the room, several ladders rise up to four broad, stone shelves. Topping each one is a small bed covered with pillows and blankets, inviting in appearance. You are able to see the whole of the room because of the two lit torches along its back wall. Aside from its furnishings and appointments, the room seems empty and still.

This room is, indeed, empty. King Jaravan ordered that it be made ready and furnished for his younger brother, Koval, and his family, who were expected to slip from their war-torn home to make new lives in Saeghál. When the king cast the spell that sealed the collective fates of all within his charge, he unwittingly saved the lives of Koval and his wife and daughter, who never made it to the kingdom before the final word of the dark magic was spoken.

Player Characters that find this room will find it an excellent place to hole up, rest, and recuperate (though they best not tarry overlong, lest shadow take them; read **The Birth of Dark Shades** above for more details!). If they are being pursued, however, the chamber's doors will do them little good, as they are. The shadow creatures within Citadel Saeghál are quite capable of slipping themselves beneath doorways....

14. FAMILY HOME

You see a stone room, made larger to the eye by the fact that the floor rests perhaps ten feet beneath the level of the door. Two other doors exist on the east and west walls, likewise connected to the floor by thin, shallow stairs of granite. Two more staircases leave the solidity of the floor to rise up to broad, stone shelves on the far wall, where comfortable-looking beds rest, lit by a pair of flickering torches in iron sconces, next to their substance.

On the floor, you can see what looks like a small kitchen, then an area with a desk that seems as if it should serve as a den. Lastly, you can see a table in the far corner of the room, surrounded by chairs. An unlit candelabra rests in the center of the round furnishing, ringed by plates and cutlery, tankards and folded bits of cloth. The room is silent and still, but for when the torches on the wall send shadows within its volume a'dancing.

This was once home to a most unusual family. To the other folk dwelling in Saeghál, they seemed quite ordinary: The Gulsons, a humble lineage known to be skilled blacksmiths and craftsmen. So adept were they at their craft, indeed, that they managed to impress King Jaravan sufficiently that the ruler of the citadel invited the family of four to make its confines their home.

He was unaware, of course, that they were actually a gang of spies, sent by one of the warring kingdoms from which Saeghál's folk fled. Their mandate was to keep a close watch on the breakaway kingdom and report their findings to their masters, so they might know how best to use this new faction against their enemies. Of course, their missives to their homeland stopped abruptly, once King Jaravan cast the Stranger's spell that turned all his subjects into unliving shadows. This is the state the four former Gulsons exist in now, and when the Player Characters enter their home, they are most eager to demonstrate the rage that centuries suspended in dusk can stoke within the heart.

Lesser Shadows (4): AC 7, MV 12, HD 3+3, HP 21, THAC0 16, #AT 1, Damage 2-5, SA Strength drain, SD 90% undetectable, Hit only by +1 or better, Spell Immunity.

For the most part, Player Characters managing to overcome the shadows and search the room for its treasures will find aught but a few personal effects and typical houseware. There is, however, a can within the kitchen cupboards containing 27cp, 19sp, and 4 gp. The container, however, has a false bottom, in which 15 tiny sapphires, each worth 100gp lay. Their existence might serve as a hint to the Player Characters that this was no mere humble home.

Beneath a loosened stone underneath one of the beds, a small, flat leaden case rests. In this were kept the tools of the spies' trade: A **ring of invisibility**, a **ring of x-ray vision**, and a leatherbound journal relating in painstaking detail all that the Gulsons observed during their time in Saeghál (through these writings, the Player Characters are able to learn all that revealed in the **Introduction** section above, for the exception of what transpired after the Stranger began teaching King Jaravan the spell that saw to the kingdom's undoing). Anything written within this journal normally appears in a matching journal, kept in the kingdom to which the Gulsons were loyal, but given Saeghál's current location, the conduit that makes this magical transfer possible has been severed.

15. SPINSTER'S HOME

The clutter within this stone room is noticeable immediately. This lies about ten feet beneath you, beyond the thin and shallow stairs just past the door, where the chamber's floor spreads out. There, where you can see a small kitchen and table, the latter surrounded by chairs, all manner of personal effects and household goods are

stacked up high, making the whole of the room a messy and chaotic sprawl of a place.

Two doors lead away from the room, connected to the floor by more staircases, exactly like those before you. Another staircase leads to a broad stone shelf on the back wall, flanked by a pair of flickering torches. Even that loft looks to be loaded to almost overflowing with all manner of objects and trinkets.

This was once the home of Zarma, an elderly dwarf that would seem terribly out of place within Citadel Saeghál unless one took into account her relationship to King Jaravan's late mother. A childhood friend of hers, the ruler swore to see that she was taken care of as his parent lay on her deathbed. He lived up to that promise by ensuring that she had a place of comfort within his kingdom. This was not always easy; Zarma was a crotchety old dwarf and an insatiable snoop. She was aware that something was odd about the Gulson family and distrusted the Stranger to Saeghál immediately upon his arrival. That King Jaravan failed to listen to her complaints about both was a great failing of his.

Zarma was something of a hoarder and lived within this chamber with her seven cats. Because the spell that transformed the flesh and blood of Saeghál's subjects into shadow affected all living creatures within the kingdom – including Zarma's beloved cats – this arrangement has made this room one of the deadliest in all of the citadel.

Greater Shadow: AC 5, MV 12, HD 4+2, HP 26, THAC0 15, #AT 1, Damage 2-8, SA Strength drain, SD 90% undetectable, Hit only by +1 or better, Spell Immunity.

Lesser Shadows (7): AC 7, MV 12, HD 3+3, HP 21, THAC0 16, #AT 1, Damage 2-5, SA Strength drain, SD 90% undetectable, Hit only by +1 or better, Spell Immunity.

Upon their arrival within the room, these shadows will attack the Player Characters immediately. Worse for them, if they manage to somehow overcome these malevolent shadows, there is nothing of real value amidst Zarma's great horde. To search the room, they are likely to pore over massive piles of garbage, all for naught.

16. HOME OF THE OTHER WOMAN

Just beyond the door, a thin set of shallow stairs leads downward perhaps ten feet to a floor below. Just as the portal you've opened, two more doors ring around the midpoint of the room, likewise leading to the firmament of the chamber by a staircase. On that floor, you are able to see a small kitchen and dining table, attended to by a pair of chairs. Atop the furnishing is a silver tea set. Across the room from that, you can see a writing desk, flanked by two more sets of stairs that rise to a wide, stone shelf on the wall. Atop that rests a frilly four-post bed, flickering torches casting elegant patterns through the room as the light winds its way through the lace cover of the bed.

This was once the bedchambers of Fiora, a lady of grace and bearing. The apple of King Jaravan's eye when they were but children, the dwarven ruler bore a love for the maiden that he was never really able to get over – even after he took Liana (who was

from the kingdom at war with his and who he wed with an eye to political convenience) to be his queen. Indeed, King Jaravan would sneak away from his royal bedchambers to while away idle moments with Fiora, enjoying pleasant dalliances with her when the eye of his wife was turned. By the time Queen discovered the existence of their liaisons, it was too late. She had stormed up to this room to confront “the other woman” with the King's infidelity and was prepared to demand that she be executed...just as the spell that claimed her body and soul was cast.

Now both Fiora and Queen Liana exist within this room. Become shadows, they hate one another with a passion beyond description – an enmity that has only grown hotter with the knowledge that neither has the capacity any longer to bring physical harm to the other.

Greater Shadow (2): AC 5, MV 12, HD 4+2, HP 26, THAC0 15, #AT 1, Damage 2-8, SA Strength drain, SD 90% undetectable, Hit only by +1 or better, Spell Immunity.

Normally, the remnants of the Queen and her opposite simply sit in corners of the room, glowering at one another and hoping that somehow they might be able to kill each other with the power of pure spite. Given this ill humor, as the Player Characters enter the room, they will waste little time in moving to take out their rage upon their number. Indeed, they will harry and follow the Player Characters anywhere they go within Citadel Saeghál once they become aware of their existence, until they are destroyed.

Given her standing in the king's eye, Fiora was kept in a state of luxury that abides even after her death. The tea set (she was a great enthusiast of rare mushroom infusions) on her table is actually made of finely-worked platinum and worth 2,500gp. If the Player Characters have the wherewithal to move her bed, that piece of furniture is worth 1,000gp (the silk and lace linens themselves are worth 250gp). Upon her desk is a diary that describes the events of her life (along with the salacious details of her relationship with the king), and that silver-bound document might be worth as much as 100gp to a sage interested in dwarvish history. Of course, all these pale in value (and potential use to the Player Characters) to the copy of the King's signet ring, which is contained in the top drawer of her desk. This represents the only conventional means by which they might bypass The Grinder (**Area #18**) and enter Citadel Saeghál's lower level. Of course, Fiora was too self-conscious herself ever to visit the king at his own bedchambers, but the Player Characters will likely lack such compunctions.

17. FAMILY HOME IN CONSTRUCTION

Opening this door, you see that the room's floor lies ten feet below you. Two doors lie to the east and west, both at your level. Three thin, but stout, planks of wood stretch from one way to another in both directions, forming something of a grid that allows passage back and forth across the room. Ropes have been tied at each intersection of the timbers, by which the firmament below might be accessed. On that floor, you can see several stacks of wood and many blocks, along with barrels and the tools of craftsmen. Other than the two torches set into the far wall of the chamber, the place seems utterly empty.

This chamber was to be the home of the Ynrith family: A talented collection of bards who had impressed King Jaravan with their skill

at song since escaping their war-torn homeland, years before. He had ordered his builders to make the room ready for their dwelling in the same fashion the other homes within the citadel had been readied. Unfortunately, the plans never advanced that far before the fall of Saeghál.

The group of four laborers tasked with the construction of the home were at toil within the room when their bodies were transformed by the profane spell cast by King Jaravan. Here they remain, ready to lash out in pain and rage at the living as soon as the Player Characters enter the room.

Lesser Shadows (7): AC 7, MV 12, HD 3+3, HP 21, THAC0 16, #AT 1, Damage 2-5, SA Strength drain, SD 90% undetectable, Hit only by +1 or better, Spell Immunity.

The chamber will likely contain nothing else of real interest to the Player Characters, unless they have a fondness for raw building materials, in which case they will be most pleased.

*

Citadel Saeghál: Sub-Level Encounter Key

Note: The omission of a Wandering Monster Table in this section is intentional. Because of its small size and the difficulty involved in passing between levels of the citadel, it can be reasonably expected that the only time Player Characters will encounter monsters within this area is if they are pursued by them down to its expanse.

1. THE GRINDER

Descending the hole from the upper level, you find yourself in a circular chamber, 100' in diameter and 10' in height. Along its walls, you can see retracted metal scaffolding arranged in a perfect circle, ringing the entire perimeter of the room. From those walls, it slowly slopes up to a center pedestal. This is an unadorned bit of stone but for a depression in its top, which is shaped like a small gemstone with a slight band extending from its sides.

This room is unlit. The description above should only be read to the Player Characters if they have brought their own source of illumination into its confines.

This room serves as both the access to the Royal Chambers of Citadel Saeghál and a deadly trap for those who would seek to enter them without invitation. The depression in the top of the room's central pedestal is shaped in such a way to allow only the king's signet ring (a copy of which can be found in **Area #16**) to fit within its hollow. Should the pedestal be touched in any other way, the **trap** within the room is triggered. Or, rather, the entirety of the chamber is set into motion, as its whole represents one gigantic trap for the unwary.

Triggering of the trap causes the hole leading to the upper level of the citadel to be closed off by a sliding piece of solid stone, sealing the Player Characters in the room with no real avenue of escape. After this, the entirety of the floor begins to spin on the axis of the pedestal. Characters attempting to hold onto the pedestal must roll their Strength score or lower on a 1d20. They must do so for every round they wish to hold the stone

perturbation. In the meantime, the thin stone walls that form the bounds of the chamber are proven to be false, as they sink into the floor...revealing a whirling ring of 10' gearwork blades that extend from floor to ceiling. Their sharpness and strength is made evident by the fact that they will utterly devour the metal scaffolding (meant to allow the hole to be descended easily, when the citadel yet lived) with a horrid ease and the sound of wrenching and shearing metal. All the while, the floor spins faster and faster, threatening to toss everything into the room into their hungry maws by way of centrifugal force.

Characters who are not holding onto the pedestal and wish to remain upright will be forced to roll beneath their Dexterity scores on a 1d20. This roll is assessed a cumulative +2 penalty with every passing round (reflecting the increasing speed of the trap). Success means the Player Character making the roll has remained on their feet and in place. Failure means that they have been flung into the gearworks. They will then suffer 1d20 damage for each horrifically agonizing round they remain in contact with the sharp and unforgiving teeth of the machine. The Game Master is encouraged to describe the carnage that unfolds thusly to the surviving Player Characters, in the form of terrifying screams, the rending and chewing of flesh and bone...and finally, the spray of hot blood as they are eventually devoured whole.

If the king's signet ring (or its copy) is pressed into the top of the pedestal, the entire stone cylinder will glow gently, then begin to sink into the floor. It will stop for one round when it is level with the floor, then begin to sink again, as it makes its way to the Royal Chambers. It is meant to act as something of an elevator: To be stepped upon, then ridden to its destination.

Where an ancient horror awaits the Player Characters.

*

Citadel Saeghál: Lower Level Encounter Key

Note: The omission of a Wandering Monster Table in this section is intentional. All encounters within the Royal Chambers are pre-placed, which is a reflection of the sedentary nature of those within its bounds.

Players entering this level from **Area #1** (The Grinder) above, do so at the large circular area on the map. From there, they may move in any direction they choose. Game Masters should note an unmarked room on the map of this level. This has been purposely placed, so as to allow customization of the adventure. A GM should feel free to place whatever they wish here, offering their Players a challenge commensurate with their abilities.

2. GUEST SUITE

The large stone room that opens up before you is opulent by dwarven standards. A large, comfortable-looking bed dominates the rear of the room, covered with thick blankets and pillows. A brass-bound trunk rests at the foot of the furnishing while a heavy animal skin rug sits in the midst of the room. Opposite the bed is a desk made of dark, fine wood, upon which rest a quill, inkpot, and ample parchment. On the two sides of the room adjacent to the bed, you can see dressers that match the desk and torches in brass sconces that give light to the chamber.

This room was once reserved for special guests of the king, to whom he felt compelled to afford some degree of luxury. As the Stranger increasingly began to work himself into King Jaravan's confidence, such guests became less and less frequent...to the point that, when Saeghál met its end at last, it had been disused for several months. For the purposes of the Player Characters, this is a good thing, as it is one of the few chambers within the citadel bereft of some horrific monster or deadly trap.

Those in search of treasure within the chamber will find it, though they may be displeased by the weight and bulk of the valuables found within its bounds. The ornate wooden bed is worth 500gp and the animal skin (black bear) rug is worth 150gp. The only treasure within the room that is truly portable is the inkpot, which contains a special glittering ink capable of scribing spells on a scroll of spellbook without chance of failure, provided the spell is of 3rd level or below (if it is higher, it offers a +25% chance of success).

3. THE STRANGER'S SUITE

This stone room is decorated much differently than any other within the complex. A small cot rests at its rear, with a dark mat that reaches beneath it from the wall to the center of the room. Upon that thin carpet is a bright white symbol: An odd-sided geometric shape from which three hungry serpents seem to rise. The light in the room issues forth from a tiny point in the ceiling, from which a cone of brilliance stabs downward onto the mat and the symbol upon it. There is no furnishing within the room aside of the cot and it seems very empty but for an almost palpable silence and a gentle chill in its air.

This was the room assigned to the Stranger, once he had worked his way into King Jaravan's confidence sufficiently to warrant such lodgings. He was given leave to decorate it as he would – and its current condition is a reflection on that liberty afforded him. Something of an aesthete, his idea of comfort included his simple bed, under which he typically stored his few belongings. The mat was created at his explicit instructions by dwarven craftsmen loyal to the king and represents his personal sigil (something that will be explored in detail in forthcoming adventures from **casl Entertainment**).

At the back of the room, a small catch lies beneath the cot, which is capable opening the secret door in the wall (the existence of which is hinted at by the placement of the mat). This portal is **trapped** with a poison needle (save vs. spell at -4 or be stricken with the effects that slowly transforms the victim into a **greater shadow** over the course of 1 turn that will immediately attack the party afterwards).

4. THE ABBOTOIR

The air in this small room is considerably colder than anywhere else within the complex. Likewise, there is an unnerving stillness and silence within its bounds that makes the hair stand on end, unbidden.

At the rear of the room, a pair of iron manacles hang from the wall, along with a pile of old, worn rags. Bloodstains spatter the wall and floor where the chains hang, a dry pool of which sit beneath a pair of pliers and a hacksaw.

In the center of the room is a small pit, in which many charred protrusions sit. They are burned to the extent that it takes some time before it dons upon you that they are a tangle of so many discarded limbs.

When the Stranger made the room outside this ghastly charnel house his own, he wasted little time employing the magics at his disposal to tunnel through the unfeeling stone of the world to create for himself a chamber in which he could explore the baser extents of his nature. The unspeakable acts that he once perpetrated within this room are evident enough from that which remains behind. The less said about their particulars, the better.

However, because of the nature of the Demiplane of Terror, that which has been left behind within the room does not rest easy. Upon entering this room, those severed and charred limbs within the pit join together and rise, chittering and gibbering in the awful, smoldering form of a **cackling carrion** (see **Appendix A** for details). Witnessing this horrific undead spark and clamber to life is certainly sufficient to trigger a **Terror Check** in all the Player Characters present for the blasphemous spectacle.

Cackling Carrion: AC 2, MV 6, HD 6, HP 36, THAC0 13, #AT 6, Damage 1-4, SA Burning touch, *Fear* effect, SD Hit only by +1 or better, Spell Immunity.

Should the Player Characters manage to overcome the cackling carrion, they can recover its treasure: The collected wealth of those sacrificed to the dark mirth of the Stranger (who cared little for such personal trinkets). Though digging through the litter of dwarven remains is distasteful in the extreme, diligent Player Characters can recover the following from its substance: 84cp, 49sp, 44gp, 6pp, 2 gems worth 50gp each, and a *figurine of wondrous power* (silver raven) attached to a child's necklace worth but 1 gp.

5. ROYAL BEDCHAMBERS

Before you, opulence reigns. Only bits of the stone walls of the room peek forth from behind lush tapestries in red and black. A great bed mounded with pillows and blankets dominates the back of the room, in the same colors. Dressers made of rare woods and a desk of the same composition ring the room, lit by a great crystal chandelier that burns at many points with actual fires. Still, that luminescence looks...*odd*. It seems muted, as if casting twilight forth instead of pure radiance.

In the center of the room, a single figure stands. A dwarf, he wears a rich cape over the top of his plate mail armor. In his right hand is a scepter; in his left, he holds an axe. Over all, he wears a crown atop his head that bespeaks his influence and authority, both. The entirety of his body, from the jewels atop his coronet to the toes of his boots, seem to be composed of utter darkness.

He turns to you as if he has been waiting for you for a very long time. Gazing out at you through eyes as black as night, he offers a thin smile. "You've come, then," he nods once.

"Very well," he adds. "Let us begin."

His last utterance, before lashing out to the attack.

The figure standing before the Player Characters is none other than King Jaravan the First of Saeghál, the substance of his body replaced by that of purest shadow through the unspeakable magics taught him by the Stranger. He is now a **shade**: Both irretrievably mad and incredibly dangerous. Driven insane both by the centuries spent within this room in solitude and the knowledge of the terrible act he has committed, he has convinced himself that it would only be a matter of time before word spread of his deeds and retribution would come to visit him at his door. So it is that he believes the Player Characters to be agents of some nameless party sent to execute him for that which he is responsible.

He is not willing to loose his grip on immortality so easily.

King Jaravan of Saeghál (Shade): AC 2 (*plate mail +1, cloak of protection +1*), MV 12, 4th level Fighter, HP 44, THAC0 12, #AT 1, Damage 1-8+6 (*battleaxe +2*), SA Casts spells as 4th level Magic-User, SD 20% Spell Resistance, SP Hide in shadows.

The ruler of Saeghál will fight to his end in order to avoid oblivion. He will do so largely in silence. He has no need or desire to sink to the depths of speaking to a brusque lot of commoners with the temerity to bring low a king.

In addition to the magical items on his person, King Jaravan possesses impressive wealth within his room. Beside his bed is an ornate bowl (worth 50gp) filled with 500 10gp gemstones of all sorts. The signet ring he wears is worth 1,000gp (and possibly more to those with an interest in royalty or dwarven history). An iron-bound chest hidden within a false-bottom in his dresser (which is locked and armed with a spring-loaded poison dart trap that sprays sharps in a 90 degree angle in front of the container, which do 1d4 damage (roll 1d4 to see how many strike anyone in its area of effect) for each barb and force a save vs. poison (1d6 damage on a successful save, death on a failure). The chest holds a beautifully-rendered portrait of Fiora by the dwarven master Savaras (worth 1,000gp) and 1,000pp in a strong leather bag.

Perhaps still more importantly, hidden behind the dresser opposite this first furnishing, a steel-rimmed oval has been cut into the stony substance of the wall. Within the frame of this metal, drifting mists roil and twist, as if in the sway of an intangible breeze. The scent of heather drifts forth from this bank of fog, held in abeyance.

Regardless of the denouement between the Player Characters and the shade of King Jaravan, they find their adventures within the cursed confines of Citadel Saeghál at an end.

This may not be the end of their story, however.

Epilogue: This Mortal Coil

If the Player Characters are slain within Citadel Saeghál or otherwise fail to find the hidden iron-bound portal in King Jaravan's bedchambers, all is lost. They are but a handful of the countless swept into the Demiplane of Terror by its Inscrutable Mists, never again to be seen.

If the Player Characters manage to defeat the shade of the dwarven king, discover the portal, then dare pass through it, those managing such a feat are overcome by a strange sense of timelessness and the displacement of space. This experience is

something like rising slowly from warm water or a pleasant dream. They walk in this way through the mists for some time before at last the wavering fog gives way to the hint of a forest in the distance and the night sky above. Slowly, they become aware of heather beneath their boots and perhaps the call of an owl. Lastly, the silhouettes of horses (or whatever means of conveyance the Player Characters entered the adventure astride). They have returned home – exactly where they left! They may not realize it, but they are among the scant few who can honestly claim to have entered the Demiplane of Terror...and escaped its dire embrace.

And yet, something in their environs will trouble the Player Characters. At a moment that should be among their greatest triumphs, one of the most perceptive among them will notice something peculiar. Footprints have been trampled in the heather, leading away from the ever-receding mists that even now release them. They head off towards the city that was their initial destination at the beginning of this adventure. As they follow the trail with their eyes, they imagine the sleepy town in the distance.

A town soon to be visited by a mysterious Stranger.

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

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

This module is dedicated to my friends and gaming companions, David Aho, Alberto De Jesus, and Luke Niedner. You inspire me to be a better gamer, and in the doing, I have become a better person for your friendship. Thank you for everything.

"Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing, doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before."

--Edgar Allan Poe

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Appendix A: NEW MONSTERS

CAACKLING CARRION

FREQUENCY:	<i>Very rare</i>
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	2
MOVE:	6"
HIT DICE:	6+ (<i>See below</i>)
% IN LAIR:	100%
TREASURE TYPE:	Nil
NO. OF ATTACKS:	6+
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-4
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	<i>Burning touch</i>
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	<i>Gains 1 temporary hit point per 4 points of fire damage inflicted upon it, Hit only by +1 or better, Immune to charm, sleep, enfeeblement, fire, hold, polymorph, insanity, and death spells.</i>
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	<i>See below</i>
INTELLIGENCE:	<i>Semi-intelligent</i>
ALIGNMENT:	<i>Chaotic evil</i>
SIZE:	<i>Variable (M to L)</i>
LEVEL/XP VALUE:	<i>VII / 825 + 10 / hp</i>

Cackling Carrion are undead creatures that haunt the smoldering embers in places where the bodies of a great number of individuals have been disposed of with fire. Crematoriums, fire pits, and other mass graves are all places where the restless dead are liable to rise in the form of this nightmarish monster, ready to wreak revenge on the living for their unspeakable suffering.

A Cackling Carrion begins as a sickening pile of scattered limbs, charred beyond all recognition. When it senses the living nearby, it rises horrifically, the various blackened and burned body parts joining together, fused with glowing embers of pure hate. Burning with a terrifyingly hot inner flame, it then lashes out with its dozens of appendages at all those unfortunate enough to abide its presence, all the various mouths of the dead that form its body chittering and gibbering in a terrifying fashion. Alternatively screaming litanies and laments regarding the manner in which each one was murdered, weeping for its current condition, and shouting threats of an awful revenge, it is this sound – which comes from each set of its charred set of lips – that gives the creature its dreadful name. Cackling Carrion are as large as the event (and the number of bodies within the area) that gave them birth. Some can be as small as a bonfire (6HD), while some can be truly gargantuan in size. Some legends whisper of truly horrific Cackling Carrion nearly the size of a city. The creature may attack each round one time for every Hit Die it possesses.

The Cackling Carrion's form contains within it the incredible heat that consumed the bodies that comprise its mass. As a result, when it successfully strikes an opponent who is not immune to fire in combat, it forces them to make a saving throw vs. breath weapon or suffer 1-6hp of damage in addition to the damage inflicted by the blow itself. Those suffering this supplementary damage must make a saving throw vs. breath weapon in every round afterwards. Failure means that they have caught fire and suffer another 1-6hp of damage. Success means that the flames engulfing them have been extinguished. They suffer no more immediate fire damage and need not make another save in the next round (unless they are struck by the creature again, at which point, the process begins again).

The unholy union between fire and flesh that constitutes a Cackling Carrion makes it immune to fire attacks of any kind. Indeed, such assaults strengthen the terrible creature, giving it 1 temporary hit point for every four inflicted upon it with a fire- or heat-based attack. These bonus hit points first replace those lost in combat. If already at full vitality, they are added to the Cackling

Carrion's hit point total until it is double its normal total (which is the maximum it is able to gain in such a manner). Finally, these bonus hit points are lost after 1 hour, when its flames begin to ebb to their normal intensity.

The Cackling Carrion's undead nature gives it several immunities common to such creatures. It is unaffected by *charm*, *sleep*, *enfeeblement*, *hold*, *polymorph*, *insanity*, and *death* spells (or forces set upon it from other sources that replicate their effects).

CREEPING SILHOUETTE

FREQUENCY:	<i>Rare</i>
NO. APPEARING:	4-16
ARMOR CLASS:	8
MOVE:	6"
HIT DICE:	4
% IN LAIR:	40%
TREASURE TYPE:	F
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-4
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	<i>Slow, Strength drain</i>
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	<i>Hit only by +1 or better, Immune to charm, cold, hold, and lightning-based spells, Undetectability.</i>
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	<i>See below</i>
INTELLIGENCE:	<i>Low</i>
ALIGNMENT:	<i>Chaotic evil</i>
SIZE:	M
LEVEL/XP VALUE:	<i>IV / 245 + 5 / hp</i>

Creeping Silhouettes are undead creatures similar in many ways to shadows (see the **OSRIC™ Reference and Index Compendium** for details). Like shadows, they exist primarily on the Negative Plane, appearing on the Prime as pitch-black blobs, with amorphous twistings to their outlines that make them appear to grow or shrink (from four to six feet across) as they move. Creeping Silhouettes are 90% invisible in dusky or moderate light, such as torchlight, and 50% undetectable in full daylight. In darkness, Creeping Silhouettes are invisible to normal vision, but stand out against warm surfaces when seen by those with infravision.

Creeping Silhouettes attach themselves to their victims with a successful attack roll. They then inflict 1d4 points of cold-based damage and *slowing* their victim (as per the spell) at the same time. No saving throw is permitted to resist this effect. Every round the Creeping Silhouette is attached to a victim, they automatically lose another 1-4hp until either they die or the Creeping Silhouette either dies or is driven off. Multiple Creeping Silhouettes attached to a single victim inflict cumulative damage (however their *slow* effect is not cumulative).

Creeping Silhouettes are not affected by *cold*, *lightning*, *hold*, *charm*, or weapons of less than +1 enchantment. They can be turned by as if they were wights. A *haste* spell is capable of driving away 2d10 Creeping Silhouettes, if the spell is cast before they attach themselves to their victims.

Humans and humanoids killed by Creeping Silhouettes become **Lesser Creeping Silhouettes** within one turn. These creatures have all of the abilities of Creeping Silhouettes but must remain within 40 feet of where they underwent their transformation or within a 40-foot range of the creature who slew them. This change can be prevented by casting *remove curse* on the body before the process is complete. Once the change has taken place, recovery is practically impossible.

Creeping Silhouettes often roam through dungeons and

ruins searching for humans and demihumans to transform. They can sense such creatures up to 100 feet away. Once a victim is found, the Creeping Silhouette withdraws into the surrounding cracks and corners and waits for the victim to come to them. When the victim passes by, they rush out and attack.

OTYUGH, UNDEAD

FREQUENCY:	<i>Rare</i>
NO. APPEARING:	1-2
ARMOR CLASS:	3
MOVE:	6"
HIT DICE:	6-8
% IN LAIR:	Nil
TREASURE TYPE:	<i>See below</i>
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-8/1-8/2-5
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	<i>Disease</i>
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	<i>Hit only by +1 or better, Immune to charm, cold, hold, and lightning-based spells, Never surprised.</i>
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	<i>See below</i>
INTELLIGENCE:	<i>Low-average</i>
ALIGNMENT:	<i>Chaotic evil</i>
SIZE:	M-L
LEVEL/XP VALUE:	<i>VII / 700 + 8 / hp</i>

These abominations were once typical Otyughs but have risen from the grave after being touched with a spark of unlife. This process is usually performed by some deranged necromancer interested in creating some pawn or tool with which to carry out some profane task or to serve as an especially-terrifying bodyguard. They appear as do normal Otyughs, differing only in that they are almost always in some form of advanced decay (their flesh and organs rotting away to reveal the bone beneath), often to the point where their every movement trails revolting putrescence behind themselves.

They are usually tasked by the creator to guard some special location or individual and perform this task with surprising loyalty, only very rarely straying away from their given charge. If they are not given explicit instructions against doing so, they will attack any form of life they perceive in their vicinity. Though they no longer need to do so, they continue to eat as voraciously as they did when they lived, consuming dung, offal, carrion, and almost any inanimate object they are able to fit into their razor-sharp maw.

The Undead Otyugh perceives the world using the semi-telepathic ability they possessed when alive (curiously, this makes other undead creatures invisible to them). This mental acuity additionally makes the creature completely immune to surprise by any creature possessing unobserved thought. When they sense some living creature around them worthy of attack, they lash out with smashing blows from their bony-ridged tentacles. If the Undead Otyugh manages to bite a victim, they are 100% likely to be infected by disease (an advanced form of typhus that progresses 50% more quickly than a normal strain of the illness).

The Undead Otyugh has no interest in treasure, though as mentioned above, it is often tasked to guard some master's valuables. Given its terrifying form and horrid abilities, one can imagine that they are quite effective in such a role.

SHADOW, TERROR

	Lesser	Greater
FREQUENCY:	<i>Rare</i>	<i>Rare</i>
NO. APPEARING:	2-20	1-10
ARMOR CLASS:	7	5
MOVE:	12"	12"
HIT DICE:	3+3	4+2
% IN LAIR:	40%	60%
TREASURE TYPE:	F	F, I
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	2-5	2-8
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	<i>Strength Drain</i>	<i>Strength Drain</i>
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	<i>Hit only by +1 or better, Immune to charm, cold, hold, and sleep spells, Undetectability.</i>	
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	<i>See below</i>	<i>See below</i>
INTELLIGENCE:	<i>Low</i>	<i>Average</i>
ALIGNMENT:	<i>Chaotic evil</i>	<i>Chaotic Evil</i>
SIZE:	M	M
LEVEL/XP VALUE:	<i>III / 255 + 3 / hp</i>	<i>IV / 285 + 4 / hp</i>

Sinister and malefic, these undead creatures are typically found amidst ancient ruins or deep beneath the ground. They primarily exist on the Negative Plane, and so they are able to drain strength by merely touching an opponent. They attack living things without hesitation in order to steal the life force of their prey. In addition to the 2-5 hit points of damage their frigid touch causes, each successful hit also saps 1 point of the victim's Strength. If a foe sees either their strength or hit points reduced to zero through their attacks, the shadow drains their life force. The victim then rises again within 1 turn as a shadow, themselves. Strength lost to the touch of a shadow returns to a creature 2-8 turns after their being touched.

Shadows are not affected by *charm*, *hold*, *sleep*, or *cold*-based spells or effects replicating such enchantments. Shadows are 90% undetectable, as they appear to be nothing more than their name. If bright light is cast, however – such as that shed by a *continual light* spell – they can be clearly seen.

TENEBOUS MURDERER

FREQUENCY:	<i>Very Rare</i>
NO. APPEARING:	1-2
ARMOR CLASS:	3
MOVE:	15"
HIT DICE:	6
% IN LAIR:	80%
TREASURE TYPE:	F (x2), I
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-4
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	<i>Slow, Strength drain</i>
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	<i>Hit only by +1 or better, Immune to charm, cold, hold, and lightning-based spells, Undetectability.</i>
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	<i>See below</i>
INTELLIGENCE:	<i>Average to High</i>
ALIGNMENT:	<i>Chaotic evil</i>
SIZE:	M
LEVEL/XP VALUE:	<i>VI / 875 + 8 / hp</i>

The Tenebrous Murderer is by far the most feared sort of shadow: A sinister monster that fuses all of the capabilities possessed by the various sorts of undead silhouettes into a single terrifying creature. The exact process by which a Tenebrous Murderer is created is unclear, but it is thought that they are the result of the slaying of an especially-powerful soul (i.e., A character or creature having high Hit Dice) by some form of shadow.

In any case, the Tenebrous Murderer shares many characteristics displayed by the other known sorts of undead silhouettes. They are 90% invisible in dusky or moderate light, such as torchlight, and 50% undetectable in full daylight. In darkness, the Tenebrous Murderer is invisible to normal vision, but stand out against warm surfaces when seen by those with infravision.

With a single soul-chilling touch, they can inflict 2-12hp damage. This contact also has the effect of *slowing* their victim (as per the spell) at the same time. No saving throw is permitted to resist this effect. The creatures are not affected by *cold*, *lightning*, *hold*, *charm*, or weapons of less than +1 enchantment. They can be turned by as if they were ghosts.

Humans and humanoids killed by Tenebrous Murderers become **Lesser Shadows** within one turn. These creatures must remain within 40 feet of the location where they underwent their transformation or within a 40-foot range of the Tenebrous Murderer who slew them. This change can be prevented by casting *remove curse* on the body before the process is complete. Once the change has taken place, recovery is practically impossible.

Given their stature previous to their transformation, Tenebrous Murderers are often found within stately or majestic locations such as an ancient king's throne room or a ruined and forgotten temple. Regardless of their lair, they have an abiding hatred for light and the living and seek to wreak death and destruction against both whenever possible.

Appendix B: PRE-GENERATED CHARACTERS

Player Name:

Character Name: Sister Arabel Autumnleaf

Race / Gender: Half-Elf Female

Level / Class: 4th level Cleric

Alignment: Neutral Good

Strength: 13 TH Bonus: ±0 Dam. Bonus: ±0 Op. Doors: On 1-2 B. Bars: 4%
Intelligence: 9 1 Additional Language Known
Wisdom: 17 Magical Attack Adjustment: +3
Dexterity: 10 Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0 Defensive Adjust.: ±0
Constitution: 14 Hit Point Adjustment: ±0 System Shock: 88%
Charisma: 15 Reaction Adjustment: +15%

Saving Throws	
Paralyzation/Poison:	9
Petrification:	12
Rods/Staves/Wands:	13
Breath Weapon:	15
Spells:	14

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

Hit Points: 26

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Footman's Mace +1

Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0: 17

Adjusted Weapon Damage Base: 3-8 (vs. S/M), 3-9 (vs. L)

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -3

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

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Footman's Mace +1:</i> No special abilities.	<i>Infravision:</i> 60'; <i>Resistance to Sleep & Charm:</i> 30%; <i>Detect Secret or Concealed Doors</i> 1 in 6 (if passing by), 2 in 6 (if actively searching), 3 in 6 (if door is concealed, not secret).
Other Magic Items	
<i>Chain Mail Armor +1, Potion of Diminution.</i>	Spells & Special Class Abilities
	Default Cleric Spells (5/4): 1 st : <i>Bless, Cure Light Wounds</i> (x2), <i>Light, Protection from Evil</i> ; 2 nd : <i>Find Traps, Hold Person, Spiritual Hammer, Silence</i> 15' Radius.

Distribution of All Items Carried					
Left Side		Center, Back, or Feet		Right Side	
Item	Location	Item	Location	Item	Location
Large Metal Shield	Carried	Chain Mail +1	Worn	Footman's Mace	Carried
Large leather pouch	Belt	Holy symbol	Around Neck	Waterskin	Sling from belt
Hemp potion rigging	Belt	Backpack	Back		
Potion	In rigging	Hard leather boots	Feet		
Holy water vials (2)	In rigging	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)		

Gold & Wealth: 26gp.	Experience Gained: 0
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Special Notes: First acolyte at her temple, Sister Arabel has been assigned by the High Priest of her deity to serve alongside Senior Arbiter Mardral Ironheart and his *Courtroom of the Devout*: A fellowship sent to locate known heretics of the faith and pass judgment upon them, wherever they might hide. It falls to her to offer spiritual support and interpretation of the faith's scripture when needed by the Senior Arbiter. She has seen many inflexible and ruthless Arbiters since she was ordained and enjoys working with the more even-tempered and reasonable Ironheart.

Player Name:

Character Name: Templar First Class Nora Broadhammer

Race / Gender: Dwarf Female

Level / Class: 4th level Fighter

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Strength: 17 TH Bonus: +1 Dam. Bonus: +1 Op. Doors: On 1-3 B. Bars: 13%
Intelligence: 8 1 Additional Language Known
Wisdom: 10 Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0
Dexterity: 12 Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0 Defensive Adjust.: ±0
Constitution: 17 Hit Point Adjustment: +3 System Shock: 97%
Charisma: 11 Reaction Adjustment: ±0%

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

* Saves vs. Poison: 9

Armor Class: 3 (Banded Mail +1)

Hit Points: 46

Movement Base: 6"

Weapon in Hand: Battleaxe +2

Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0: 15

Adjusted Weapon Damage Base: 4-11 (vs. S/M), 4-11 (vs. L)

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2

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

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Battleaxe +2: No special abilities.</i>	<i>Infravision: 60'; Detect grade or slope in passage: 75%; Detect new construction: 75%; Detect sliding or shifting walls or rooms: 66%; Detect traps involving pits, falling blocks or other stonework: 50%; Determine approximate depth underground: 50%. Attacks vs. Half-Orcs, Goblins, Hobgoblins, or Orcs are +1 To Hit. Attacks from Ogres, Trolls, Ogre Magi, Giants, or Titans are at -4 To Hit.</i>
Other Magic Items	Spells & Special Class Abilities
<i>Banded Mail +1, Potion of Healing.</i>	None.

Distribution of All Items Carried					
Left Side		Center, Back, or Feet		Right Side	
Item	Location	Item	Location	Item	Location
Battleaxe +2	Carried	Banded Mail +1	Worn	Battleaxe +2	Carried
Large leather pouch	Belt	Backpack	Back	Waterskin	Sling from belt
Leather rigging	On belt	Hard leather boots	Feet		
Potion	In rigging	2 Oil Flasks	Back (Backpack)		
Holy water vials (2)	In rigging	50' Rope	Back (Backpack)		
		2 Large leather sacks	Back (Backpack)		
		3 Torches	Back (Backpack)		
		Tinderbox, flint, & steel	Back (Backpack)		
		2 weeks Iron Rations	Back (Backpack)		

Gold & Wealth: 24gp.	Experience Gained: 0
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Special Notes: Nora is a soldier, yet she is also devout of her god. This brought her from the battlefield to the service of the church of her faith. She attempted at one point in her life to be a paladin, but quickly discovered that she was not possessed of the mettle for such a life. So instead, she took on a commission as a templar, fighting alongside Mardral Ironheart and his *Courtroom of the Devout*: A fellowship sent to locate known heretics of the faith and pass judgment upon them, wherever they might hide. She is deeply ashamed of her failed attempt at paladinhood and keeps it a close secret, yet finds redemption in the fact that she is able to serve her god in a martial manner, nonetheless – especially at the side of a good and just man such as the Senior Arbiter.

Player Name:

Character Name: Lesser Gryfon Laniel Tanavii

Race / Gender: Elf Male

Level / Class: 4th level Magic-User

Alignment: True Neutral

Strength: 7 TH Bonus: -1 Dam. Bonus: ±0 Op. Doors: Nil B. Bars: 0%
Intelligence: 17 6 Additional Language Known
Wisdom: 12 Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0
Dexterity: 9 Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0 Defensive Adjust.: ±0
Constitution: 15 Hit Point Adjustment: +1 System Shock: 91%
Charisma: 9 Reaction Adjustment: ±0

Saving Throws	
Paralyzation:	14
Petrification:	13
Rods/Staves/Wands:	11
Breath Weapon:	15
Spells:	12

Armor Class: 8 (Bracers of Defense AC 8)

Hit Points: 13

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Dagger

Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0: 21

Adjusted Weapon Damage Base: 1-4 (vs. S/M), 1-3 (vs. L)

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -5

Languages Known: Common, Dwarvish, Elvish, Fey, Gnome, Halfling, Goblin, Ogrish, Orcish, and Gnoll.

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
None.	<i>Infravision: 60'; Resistance to Sleep & Charm: 90%; +1 To Hit with Bows & Swords; Detect Secret or Concealed Doors 1 in 6 (if passing by), 2 in 6 (if actively searching), 3 in 6 (if door is concealed, not secret); If alone or ahead of party, surprise monsters on 1-4 (d6). Lowered to 1-2 if some sort of portal must be opened.</i>
Other Magic Items	Spells & Special Class Abilities
<i>Boots of Levitation, Bracers of Defense, AC 8, Wand of Magic Missiles (15 charges)</i>	Spells Memorized (3/2): 1 st : <i>Burning Hands, Magic Missile, Sleep</i> ; 2 nd : <i>Invisibility, Web</i> .

Player Name:

Character Name: Senior Arbiter Mardral Ironheart

Race / Gender: Human Male

Level / Class: 4th level Paladin

Alignment: Lawful Good

Strength: 14 TH Bonus: ±0 Dam. Bonus: ±0 Op. Doors: On 1-2 B. Bars: 7%
Intelligence: 12 3 Additional Language Known
Wisdom: 16 Magical Attack Adjustment: +2
Dexterity: 9 Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0 Defensive Adjust.: ±0
Constitution: 14 Hit Point Adjustment: ±0 System Shock: 88%
Charisma: 17 Reaction Adjustment: +30%

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

* Save vs. Spells Involving Will: 14

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

Hit Points: 32

Movement Base: 9"

Weapon in Hand: Bastard Sword +1

Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0: 17

Adjusted Weapon Damage Base: 3-9 (S/M), 3-17 (L)

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2

Languages Known: Common, Dwarven, Elvish, Orcish

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Bastard Sword +1 "Adjudicator": This blade is an intelligent weapon (INT 12) that has not yet revealed any special powers to its owner.</i>	None.
Other Magic Items	
<i>Shield +1, Potion of Sweet Water.</i>	Spells & Special Class Abilities
	Paladin Abilities: <i>Detect evil</i> , 60' (when concentrating); <i>Immune to disease</i> ; <i>Lay on hands</i> heals 8 hit points of damage per day; <i>Cure disease</i> 2/week; <i>Emanates Protection from evil aura</i> , 1" radius; <i>Turn undead</i> as 5 th level Cleric.
Animal Companions, Familiars, & Mounts	
<i>Brazen:</i> A shining white heavy warhorse, the charger serves as the paladin's special mount. He is especially loyal, brave, and intelligent. Trained on the battlefield, he loves to aid his master by employing kicks and charges against his enemies.	

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

Gold & Wealth: 9gp.	Experience Gained: 0
---------------------	----------------------

Special Notes: Senior Arbiter Mardral Ironheart is the leader of the *Courtroom of the Devout*: A fellowship sent by the church of his deity to locate known heretics of the faith and pass judgment upon them, wherever they might hide. As an Arbiter, it falls to him to hear the deeds of the accused and determine whether or not they deserve punishment. In sharp contrast to many of his fellow judges who find their charges guilty even before hearing their cases, he is a reasonable man and (despite his surname) not hard of heart. This brings him no small grief at times from his peers, but he bears it as a burden necessary to ensure that the innocent are not needlessly punished.

Player Name:

Character Name: Justiciar Second Class Tanith Xalshanna

Race / Gender: Human Female

Level / Class: 4th level Ranger

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Strength: 15 TH Bonus: ±0 Dam. Bonus: ±0 Op. Doors: On 1-2 B. Bars: 7%
Intelligence: 14 4 Additional Language Known
Wisdom: 14 Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0
Dexterity: 10 Reaction / Attack Adjust.: ±0 Defensive Adjust.: ±0
Constitution: 15 Hit Point Adjustment: +1 System Shock: 91%
Charisma: 7 Reaction Adjustment: -5%

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

Armor Class: 3 (Studded Leather Armor +1)

Hit Points: 36

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Two-Handed Sword +1

Adjusted To-Hit Armor Class 0: 17

Adjusted Weapon Damage Base: 2-11 (S/M), 4-19 (L)

Attacks Per Round: 1

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -2

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

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Two-Handed Sword +1 "Executioner", No special abilities.</i>	<i>Infravision: 60'; Resistance to Sleep & Charm: 30%; Detect Secret or Concealed Doors 1 in 6 (if passing by), 2 in 6 (if actively searching), 3 in 6 (if door is concealed, not secret).</i>
Other Magic Items	
<i>Potion of Healing, Studded Leather Armor +1</i>	Spells & Special Class Abilities
	Ranger Abilities: +4 <i>Damage bonus</i> against "giant-class" creatures; <i>Surprise</i> opponents 50% of the time; <i>Tracking</i> ability.

Distribution of All Items Carried					
Left Side		Center, Back, or Feet		Right Side	
Item	Location	Item	Location	Item	Location
Two Handed Sword	Carried	Studded Leather Armor	Worn	Two-Handed Sword	Carried
Large leather pouch	Belt	Hat	Worn	Waterskin	Sling from belt
Leather rigging	Belt	Backpack	Back		
Potion	In rigging	Hard leather boots	Feet		
		50' Rope	Back (Backpack)		
		2 Large leather sacks	Back (Backpack)		
		2 weeks Iron Rations	Back (Backpack)		
		2 flasks of Oil	Back (Backpack)		
		Tinderbox (Flint/Steel)	Back (Backpack)		
		3 Torches	Back (Backpack)		

Gold & Wealth: 19gp.	Experience Gained: 0

Special Notes: Tanith was born into the faith. As an orphan found on the very stoop of the church, she was raised by the High Priest as no less than his own daughter, inculcated throughout her whole life in the way of her deity. Her zealotry saw her eventually fall into the role of a Justiciar: She who executes the will of an Arbiter, when he has pronounced some party guilty of heresy. Currently, she fulfills this role alongside Mardral Ironheart and his *Courtroom of the Devout*. She uses her skills as a tracker locate known heretics of the faith, wherever they might hide, executing the judgment of the Arbiter when such must be done. While she enjoys her good work immensely, she sometimes finds Senior Arbiter Ironheart to be too kind-hearted and subsequently too soft on those she ferrets out.

Player Name:

Character Name: Lesser Troubleshooter Jorith Periwinkle

Race / Gender: Halfling Male

Level / Class: 8th level Thief

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Strength: 9 TH Bonus: ±0 Dam. Bonus: ±0 Op. Doors: On 1-2 B. Bars: 1%
Intelligence: 15 4 Additional Languages Known
Wisdom: 8 Magical Attack Adjustment: ±0
Dexterity: 17 Reaction / Attack Adjust.: +2 Defensive Adjust.: -3
Constitution: 14 Hit Point Adjustment: ±0 System Shock: 88%
Charisma: 16 Reaction Adjustment: +20%

Saving Throws	
Paralyzation:	13
Petrification:	12
Rods/Staves/Wands:	10
Breath Weapon:	16
Spells:	15

* Save vs. Poison: 9

Armor Class: 4 (Leather Armor +1)

Hit Points: 20

Movement Base: 12"

Weapon in Hand: Sling +1

To-Hit Armor Class 0: 16

Adjusted Weapon Damage Base: 4-7 (S/M), 4-9 (L)

Adjusted Attacks Per Round: 2

Non-Proficiency Penalty: -3

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

Magic Weapon Descriptions	Special Racial Abilities
<i>Sling +1: No special abilities</i>	<i>Infravision: 30'; Detect sloping passage: 75%; Detect direction: 50%; If alone or ahead of party, surprise monsters on 1-4 (d6). Lowered to 1-2 if some sort of portal must be opened.</i>
Other Magic Items	
<i>Leather Armor +1, 10 Sling Bullets +1.</i>	Spells & Special Class Abilities
	Thieving Abilities: <i>Pick Pockets: 55%; Open Locks: 52%; Find/Remove Traps: 40%; Move Silently: 48%; Hide in Shadows: 45%; Hear Noise: 20%; Climb Walls: 73%; Read Languages: 15%.</i>

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

Gold & Wealth: 56gp.	Experience Gained: 0

Special Notes: *There is a role even for thieves within the faith*, found Jorith Periwinkle. An urchin on the streets of a major city, he was given alms when sickly by a member of the church and has counted himself among the devout ever since. Putting his skills to use as a professional trapfinder (a *Troubleshooter*, in the parlance of the church) he trained hard for years before being entrusted with actual field work. Thus, he finds serving along Mardral Ironheart and his *Courtroom of the Devout* – a fellowship to which he has been assigned, to whom it falls to locate known heretics of the faith and pass judgment upon them, wherever they might hide – both a blessing and a joy. Sometimes, he is slightly too enthusiastic for the more sober members of the group (particularly the ever-serious Justiciar), but he can hardly help himself. He is exactly where he wants to be, doing what he loves, in the name of a god he trusts with all his heart.

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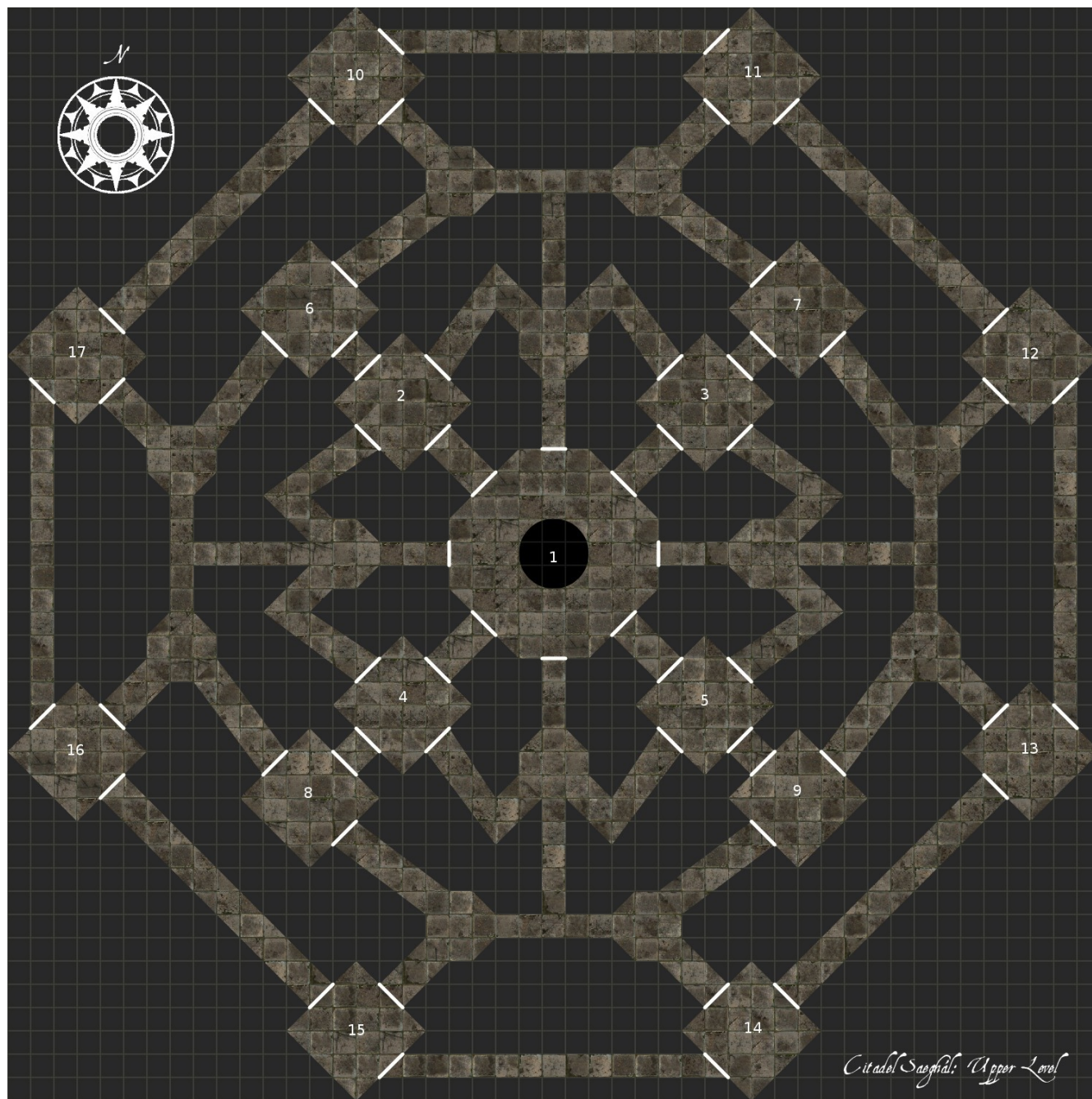
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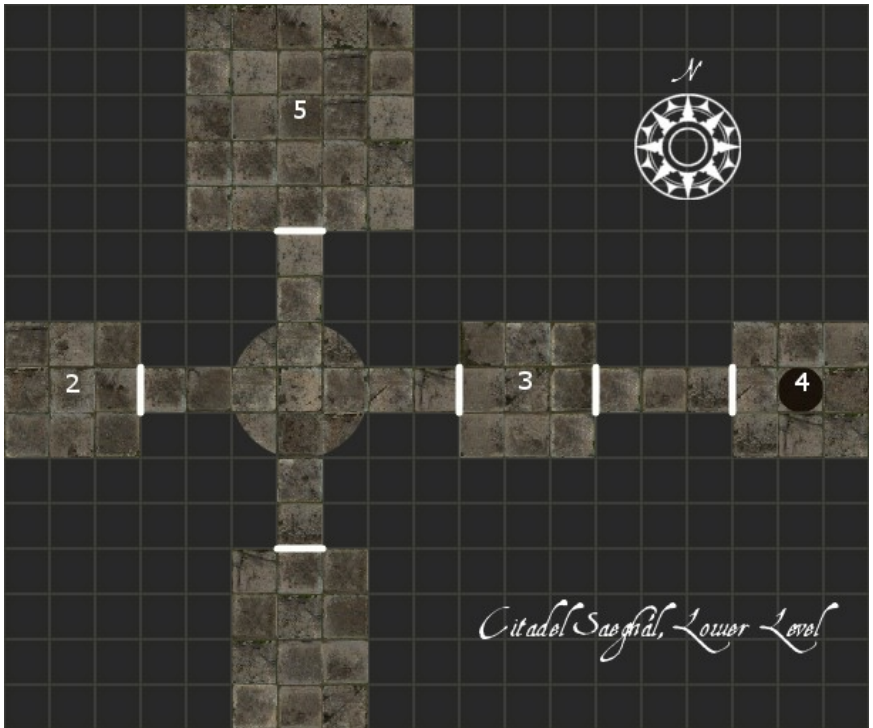
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Citadel Saeghial: Upper Level



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

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