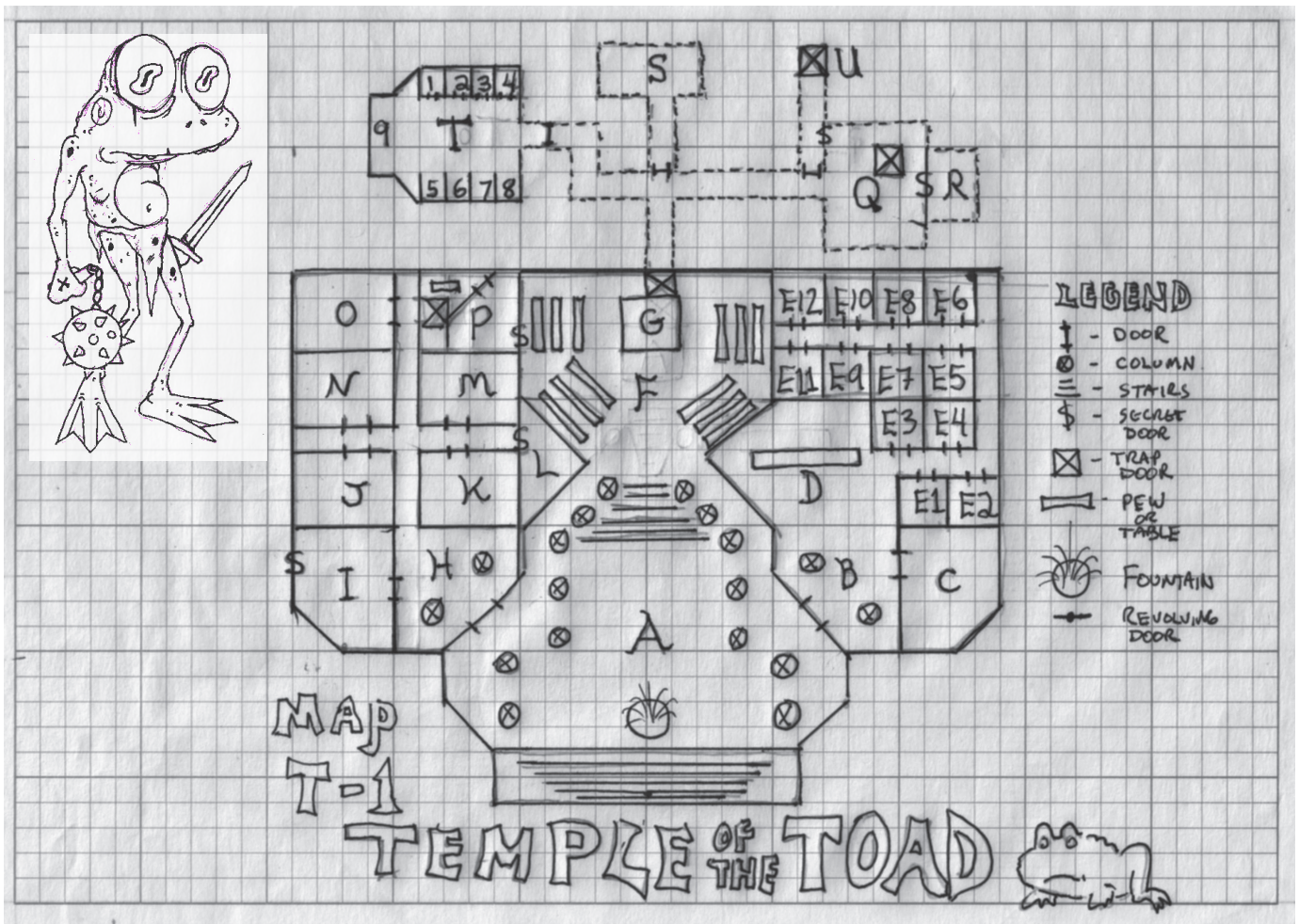
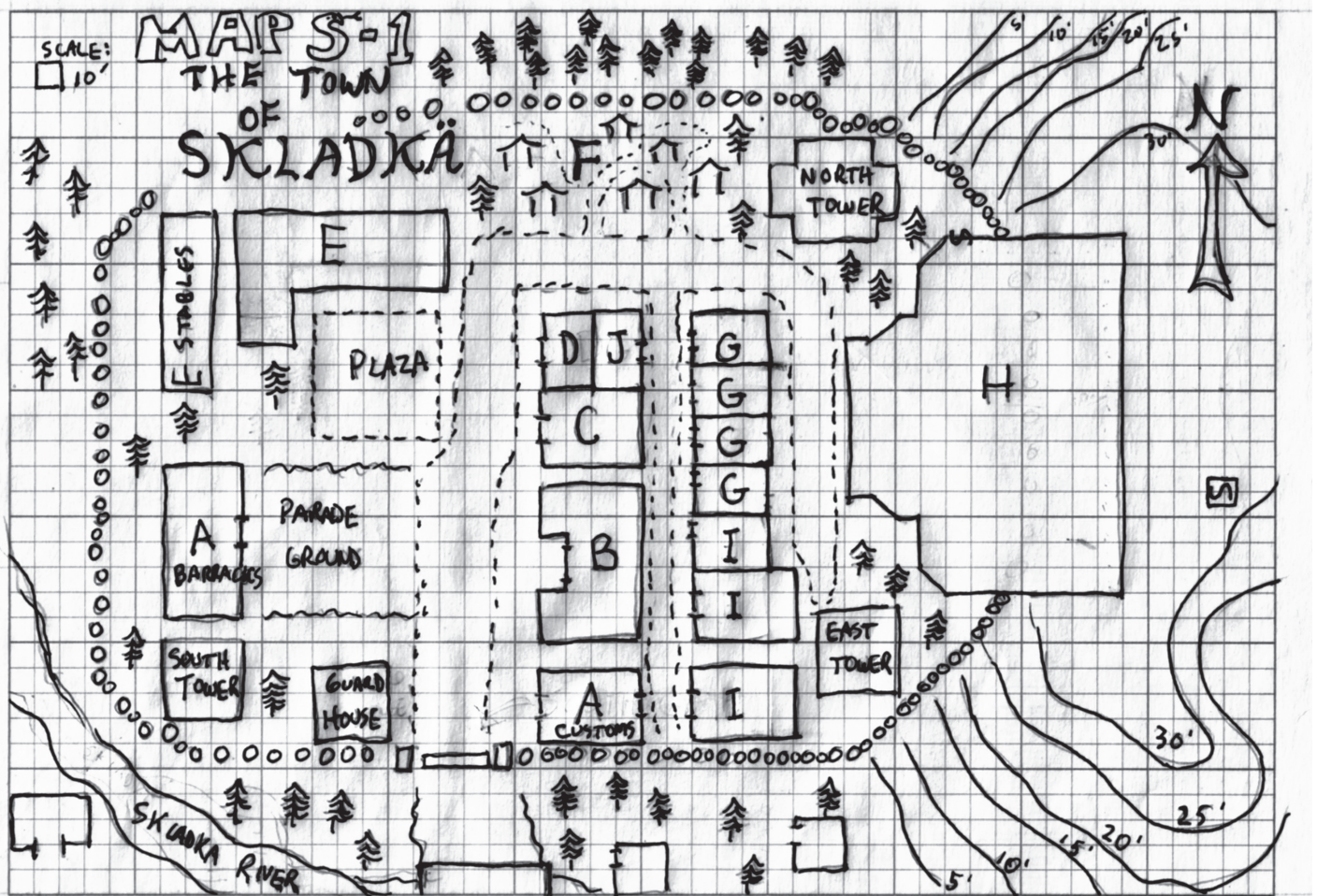


DRUIDS & DEMONS

A LINUS PAULING QUARTET GAME ADVENTURE

ASSAULT ON THE VAULT OF THE ANCIENT BONGLORDS





MODULE LP-4: ASSAULT ON THE VAULT OF THE ANCIENT BONGLORDS

An Adventure for character levels 7-12. Suitable for use with Druids & Demons or most fantasy role playing systems.

Introduction

In the Land of Yarrl, long have there been legends of powerful, godlike beings inhabiting the mountainous regions far to its north. These tales tell of beings which could fly, smite down their enemies with thunderbolts, and even create anything they desired out of the thin air. These mysterious entities supposedly acquired their powers from the use of the Great Bongs, artifacts rumored to have come from other planes of existence and imbued with the very essence of the universe itself in their material. In the cavernous spaces beneath the great northern mountain range, they built an underground fortress - a Vault - to hide the Great Bongs of Power from their enemies, and from foolish mortals who would dare to acquire and use them for their own purposes.

Guitar & Vocals: Clinton

Guitar & Vocals: Charlie

Guitar: Ramon

Bass: Stephen

Drums: Larry

A Selection of Music by: Linus Pauling Quartet

Curated by: Lord "BUBBA" Hightower

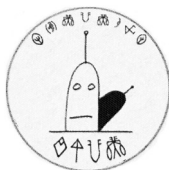
Module Design/Layout: Linus Pauling Quartet,
Stevie Sims, and Autumn Frederick

Artwork: Stevie Sims, Eli Brumbaugh, and Wes Tx

Mastered by: Stephen Finley at Digital Warehaus Productions

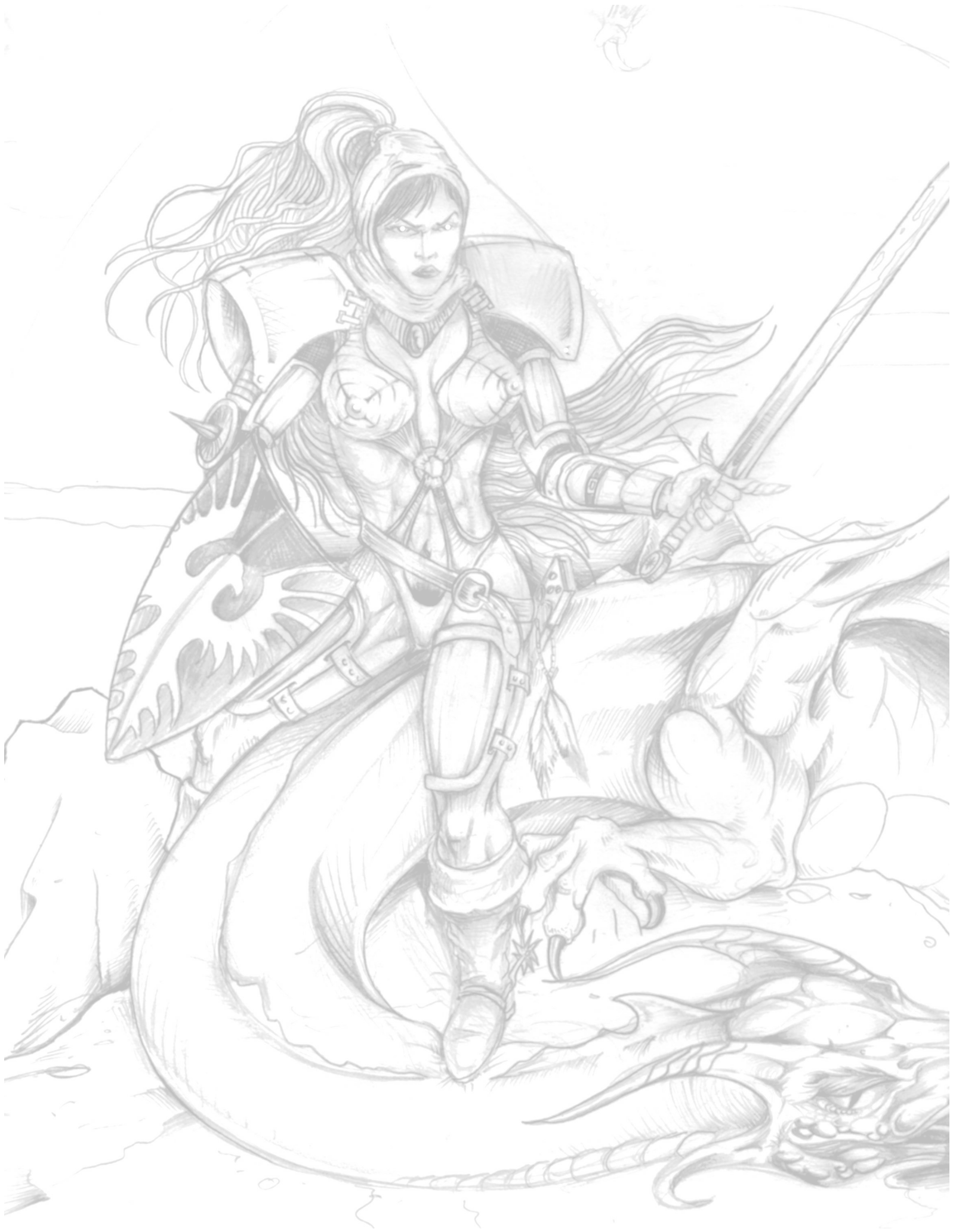
All Music by: Linus Pauling Quartet

Special Thanks: Michael Markovich, creator of "Druids and Demons", for inspiration



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SUGGESTED PLAYER CHARACTERS

Name: Clinton The Heiderian
Level 8/4 Male Human Fighter/Wizard (Barbarian)
Alignment: Chaotic Good

STR 15
INT 15
DEX 16
WIS 8
CON 9
CHA 13

Hit Points: 72
Armor Class: 7
Weapons: +3 Gibson SG, +2 Mesa Boogie
Items: +3 Pedalboard of Power, +1 Ring of Protection

Abilities:
+4 saving throw vs. alcohol attacks
+2 saving throw vs. electricity attacks
-2 saving throw vs. hemp
-2 saving throw vs. big booty girls

Spells: Confusion, Orb of Sound, Bestow Curse, Light, Darkness, Detect Evil, Detect Traps, Bigsby's Tremelo

Clinton the Heiderian is a Germanic barbarian warrior who is never found far from drink, food or good times. While generally preferring the tavern to adventure or a life at war, he nonetheless can be a fearsome axeman if provoked. His weapon of choice is a '73 Gibson SG run through a Mesa Boogie Dual Recto, though he has been known to also carry a +3 Rickenbacker 360. Although he is no sorcerer, he has learned some rudimentary magic skills from his association with the dark Mage Stephanus Finlus. The strangest and most dangerous magical artifact in his possession is the Pedalboard of Power. This ancient device, built by strange Necromancers using long forgotten arts, has many unknown capabilities - and though he has spent long hours trying to master it, it may behave unpredictably. His purpose in joining the Quest for the Bongs of Power is not clear: perhaps it is only to amuse himself or to seek fame and booty, or out of a desire to prevent the Bongs from falling into the wrong hands. What is certain is that he does not desire to possess them for himself, having seen the dark fate that befell his old comrade Mike Gunn after using one of them extensively.



Name: RamonLP4 of Medina
Level 8/3 Male Human Ranger
Alignment: Chaotic Good

STR 14
INT 14
DEX 10
WIS 8
CON 16
CHA 12

Hit Points: 60
Armor Class: 8
Weapons: Samik 1d6, Superfuzz 1d8, Jaguar 2d4, Laboz 3d8
Items: +6 Flask of Fortitude, -5 Bong of Initiative, +3 Voodoo Tremelo

Abilities:
+5 saving throw vs. Nickelback attack
+5 saving throw vs. kimono melee attack
-7 saving throw vs. quarterly drug tests
-5 saving throw vs. cubicle attack
-9 saving throw vs. slim blond Croatian women
Blazing Solo Proficiency (Light), Iron Will, Riff Proficiency (Heavy), Favored Enemy, Shield Proficiency.

RamonLP4 of Medina is a Ranger from the Low Countries whose origins remain shrouded in mystery. His skills as a tracker and fighter combined with the invaluable assistance of his faithful penguin companion Osfrid have seen him through many adventures, many of them immortalized in song. It is well known that while his wisdom is often questioned, his tenacity is not. Lo, for he was known to drag a dead riff endlessly for eight days across the desert sands, convinced that sooner or later it would be "pretty fucking awesome" - it was not. He is renowned for his ability to withstand violent blows from his enemies yet he does not fare as well against the fairer sex. Stout ales and whiskeys are his only sustenance of choice while on a quest as his people believe these to hold the key to "kicking out the jams." His weapon of choice - the Samik. A weapon forged in the Far East from the fires of the deepest interior of White Plume Mountain; it is rumored that the spirits of dead sirens inhabit its cursed wood. While often loquacious, he has kept his reasons for seeking the Bongs of Power on this quest tightly guarded. Some say he seeks to enact revenge on the hideous Giant Space Hamster that laid waste to his home village while others say that he seeks the Bongs as a spiritual quest given him by the high priests of Corellon Larethian. The only soul truly privy to his reasons is Osfrid but, alas, the ancient tongue of his icy people is one few understand.



SUGGESTED PLAYER CHARACTERS

Name: Lars Ljyskä
Level 10 Male Dwarven Cleric
Alignment: Neutral Good

STR 14
INT 17
DEX 13
WIS 18
CON 12
CHA 10



Hit Points: 80

Armor Class: 4

Weapons: +3 Staves of Thumping (dual attack), +2 Dwarven Mallet

Items: Gong of Destruction, Bag of Holding, Jug of Smoke, +4 Duct Tape, Pork Rinds of Sustenance

Abilities: Repair item, Disable Trap, Use Rope, Open Lock
+3 saving throw vs. funk attacks
-4 saving throw vs. neckties

Spells: healing, turn undead, passwall, earthquake, protection, regenerate, charm monster, summon golem, fist of stone, charm animal, cacophonous shield, wall of doom, animate object, remove curse, purify food and drink, detect evil, bless, divine insight, create food and water, summon elemental, stonehold, fantastic machine, move earth, creeping doom, control plants, dispel evil, simulacrum, Mordenkainen's faithful hound, teleport, flesh to stone

Lars Ljyskä is a wanderer whose origins are unclear, though some say he is an exiled king who assumes the appearance of a travel-weary dwarven tinkerer to disguise his true might and wisdom. Lars is known for his ability to build or repair almost anything, usually through the use of his magical, unending roll of +4 Duct Tape of Protection. On the rare occasions when he is forced to enter combat, he will cover himself with this tape, which has the strength of chain mail. Wielding dual Staves of Thumping in each hand, he is quite fearsome to behold on the field of battle. He will often use his Jug of Smoke to create confusion and make him difficult to see, but if that fails he will fall back on the Gong of Destruction. When struck with his Dwarven Mallet, this Gong will cause 2d6 damage to any foes within 30 feet, who must also make a saving throw vs. constitution or be stunned for 2 rounds.

Fellow adventurers on the Quest for the Bongs of Power view Lars as a wise counselor and the quiet leader of their group, whose pronouncements will often settle any disagreement. He is also considered an authority on almost any realm of arcane knowledge, and is rumored to have an enormous library filled with learned tomes on almost every subject. His fealty to his Dwarven god, Lothar Stonebeard, is a source of some mystery to his companions, as they have never seen him practice any rites - but it is well known that at least one secret ritual involves the brewing of his Ale of Enlightenment, which is said to have the power to heal, cure wounds, and lift curses. This Ljyskäbrau, as it is known, is prized among his associates who will go to great lengths to obtain it. Lars is believed to pursue the Bongs of Power out of a desire to offer them to his deity, who he believes will keep them safe and unused until the end times.

Name: Charles the Naked
Level 8/5 Thief/Druid
Alignment: Neutral Good

STR 12
INT 14
DEX 15
WIS 16
CON 12
CHA 15



Hit Points: 70

Armor Class: 8

Weapons: +2 Epiphone, +3 Fender Bassman

Items: Pedalboard of Many Lights, +4 Horn of Saxing

Abilities: Rhythmin' & Stealin', Hemp Resistance, Climb Walls, Move Silently
-4 saving throw vs. girlfriends
-2 saving throw vs. mushroom pizza

Spells: Alter Self, Amplify, Charm Monster, Bigsby's Pimp Hand, Bless, Orb of Sound, Light, Darkness, Detect Monster, Cacophonous Burst, Command Plants, Summon Rodent

A mysterious figure from the southern swamps, Charles the Naked earned his moniker from those who observed strange midnight rituals outside his hut in the forest. Having originally been trained for the Druidical Order of the Sacred Moose Lodge, he fled during his apprenticeship and became an accomplished thief, often utilizing his druidical powers to accomplish daring exploits of burglary. Oddly, he never seems to profit from the many famous thefts he is alleged to have been involved in, living simply in a small hut on the outskirts of town. Charles bears an Epiphone Les Paul, projected through an ancient, war-scarred Fender Bassman which nonetheless is quite effective. The Horn of Saxing, which he uses to drive forth his enemies in defeat, is rarely used but bears great power. Perhaps most mysterious, though, is his Pedalboard of Many Lights. Similar in many ways to the Pedalboard of Power, it appears to have been constructed for similar purposes but by different means, possibly by rivals of the necromancers who constructed the latter.

Charles has joined the Quest for the Bongs partly because of the challenge: the theft of one, or both, of the Bongs of Power would earn him renown as one of the greatest burglars in history, if not the greatest. But it is also rumored that he plans to incorporate them into his bizarre rituals, perhaps in hope of gaining further spiritual enlightenment or enhancing his animal summoning powers, which so far have only succeeded in generating a somewhat obese squirrel.

SUGGESTED PLAYER CHARACTERS

Name: Stephanus Finlus
Level 9 Half-Elven Mage (Necromancer)
Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

STR 12
INT 17
DEX 15
WIS 9
CON 15
CHA 15

Hit Points: 75

Armor Class: 7

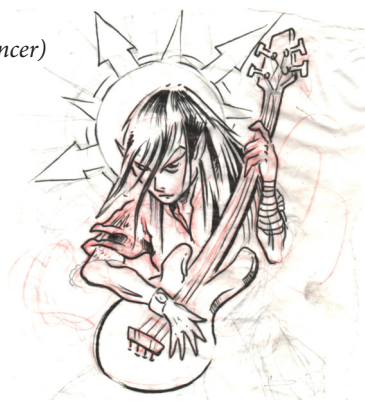
Weapons: +2 bound bass of precision

Items: Bag of Stashing, Tannoy's Speakers of Infinite Volume, Bowl of Toking, Makarov's Pistol of Perforation

Abilities: Sleep Resistance, Hemp Resistance, 50% Magic Resistance
+2 with projectile weapons
-2 saving throw vs. guitar attacks

Spells: Haste, Fireball, Fireburst, Animate Dead, Cacophonic Burst, Lightning, Chill Metal, Clairvoyance, Cloud of Bewilderment, Combust, Confusion, Fog Cloud, Darkness, Dancing Lights, Detect Evil, Detect Good, Dirge of Discord, Dispel Magic, Dissonant Chord, Distort Speech, Dominate Person, Echo Skull, Entangle, Fear, Force Chest, Ghost Sound, Giant Vermin, Glowing Orb, Halt Undead, Spark of Life, Slow Burn, Sleep, Shambler, Servant Horde, Revive Undead, Summon Monster, Summon Undead, Resistance, Remove Curse, Ray of Stupidity, Rage, Prismatic Spray, Power Word Kill, Phase Door, Ooze Puppet, Nondetection, Modify Memory, Mind Fog, Loyal Vassal, Hold Portal, Hypnotism, Imperious Glare

Stephanus Finlus is a dark Mage of great skill and cunning. From within his lair, he conducts many strange experiments and consults eldritch spellbooks and tomes of lore, many centered on the tales and magical properties of the Great Bongs of Power. Indeed, he has attempted to construct his own Bong of Power, but his research led him to believe that this cannot actually be done, and that the Bongs of Power are, in fact, a unique pair. Nonetheless, he has made many other dark discoveries, which he guards closely and which have given him powers beyond those of any Necromancer of his era. While he normally stays within his dark fortress, guarded by the massive Speakers of Infinite Volume obtained by him through great risk and personal cost, he will sometimes venture out in search of adventure and new lore. Usually he will bring with him his Bag of Stashing, which contains certain herbs known to give him strength and mental acuity when it is most needed. Armed either with his +2 Fender Bass or Makarov's Pistol of Perforation, he tends to rely more heavily on his deep knowledge of magic to defend himself. This is rarely necessary, as he often surrounds himself with armies of Undead Interns and other vassals who protect him, and who may also help him with his thaumaturgy. His purpose in joining the Quest is clear: obtain access to one, or both, of the Bongs of Power. Confident that his mind is strong enough to allow him to use the Bongs productively, he believes that their use will allow him clear knowledge of the future, clairvoyance, and the ability to read minds. This will further accentuate his power, and also let him know in advance whether a guitar take will be any good or not, so he can avoid wasting session time by recording it. Whether he will cooperate with the other members of the Quest should they achieve their goal of obtaining the Bongs isn't clear; his personal motives remain cloaked in shadow.



Name: Mlee
Level 9 Female Human Druidess
Alignment: Neutral Good with Lawful Tendencies

STR 8
INT 14
DEX 15
WIS 17
CON 11
CHA 18

Hit Points: 52

Armor Class: 6

Weapons: +2 Casiotone

Items: +2 Shark Tooth Necklace of Protection, Analog Delay of Endless Mesmerism

Abilities: Command felines
Command water creatures
+3 saving throw vs. LA metal
+3 saving throw vs. water attacks
-3 saving throw vs. sleep attacks

Spells: Charm monster, charm person, bless, healing, light, darkness, detect monster, command plants, summon monster, hypnotism, detect evil, remove curse, polymorph, summon water elemental, invisibility, turn undead, speak with plants, phase door, teleport, fireball, animal trance, calm animals, cat's grace, clairvoyance, detect lies, dissonant chant, entangle, fly, foresight, disguise self

A devotee of the nature cult of Freyja, the cryptic druidess known only as Mlee has joined the Quest after experiencing a strange Vision, in which one of Freyja's cats presented her with a diamond-encrusted Gibson Explorer with classic '57 pickups. Convinced that she is destined to play this guitar before the fallen heroes in Freyja's great Hall Sessrúmnir, she desires to use the Bongs of Power only to find the path to this blessed instrument, and thus to the Hall itself. Some say that her longing for Sessrúmnir comes from a legend that she was, in fact, born of a union between a Valkryie and a wounded Viking soldier she took pity on. Others say that she is a fallen Valkryie herself, and that her only path to return to her home is to use this strange guitar to play a song of such sorrow and beauty that Freyja's heart will melt, and she will relent and readmit her to the Hall, if only to hear her sing. Whatever the case, Mlee does not desire the Bongs for themselves, but only as a means to an end. Mlee prefers to avoid combat, instead using magic, charm or deception to defeat foes. Chief among her weapons is her famed Analog Delay of Endless Mesmerism - a strange device which, when triggered, will hypnotize enemies, stopping all combat, spell casting or other activities for up to 4 turns if the listener fails a -2 saving throw vs. wisdom. Mlee is typically accompanied by 2-4 cats, which act as her familiars and protectors (Hit Dice 2, armor class 5, attack 2x 1d4 claw, 1x 1d6 bite).



Lord Hightower's Letter

Suggested Listening: Disc 2, "Interstellar Absolute Power Bootycall Explosion".

Each player in the game has been contacted by a mysterious benefactor, Lord Hightower - by means of a white dove bearing a scroll. Inside the scroll is a signed letter of credit for 12,000 Yarrlian Gold Pieces payable as an advance retainer for services as yet to be determined. The scroll itself bears a message from Lord Hightower, which reads as follows:

Greetings. You may not have heard of me, friend, but I know of you - long have I observed your skill and determination, and long have we both traveled the path of the Quest - though we may not have always known it, or even dared to say it aloud - the Quest for the Great Bongs of Power. We share the same desire - to hold these miraculous agents of universal truth in our own hands, that we may perhaps use them to transcend the human, perhaps even the physical world - yes, indeed to even reshape the world as we see fit and to usurp the power long reserved for their ancient masters.

Though I have sought these Bongs myself for many years, years beyond count, in fact - I have concluded that it is not a task for one alone, no matter how skilled or mighty, but a task for many whose destinies lie upon the same road. We will share as one in the triumph of their capture, and the bounties of their use, becoming a new pantheon, wiser and greater than the ones who came before us. Thus I have sought out you, and others like you, to join with me in this task. I recognize, of course, that the attached letter of credit may seem a bit gauche, but it is intended to fund your activities and necessities going forward on the Quest, and to indicate the seriousness of my intentions. Should we ultimately prevail, mere riches will be the least of our worldly concerns.

What I must share with you first is the only partially completed puzzle I have assembled from my deep delvings into Bonglore. Indeed, it is but a collection of fragments, rumors, and tall tales - and yet still, I believe, the clearest picture yet of the truth about these bizarre artifacts.

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The Twin Bongs - Mournbong and Stonebringer - were, in fact, forged by an ancient race of astounding wisdom and lore, on a distant planet, around a distant star not unlike our own. Using these bongs, they became the masters of time and space. But such power brought conflict both amongst themselves, and with dark and determined enemies the likes of which they had never faced - the dreaded Bug People - a vicious horde of insect-like horrors driven by a desire to consume, enslave, or destroy all other living things. Though the Dro, as they called themselves in their own language, ultimately prevailed - their race began to fail, even as their planet faced doom in the fire of an expanding sun. The victories they had won had exhausted them, many of their best minds and greatest leaders had fallen in the Galactic Bong Wars, and their wealth and power had declined. Nonetheless, determined to avoid their own extinction, they searched throughout the galaxies for a new world where they could begin their civilization again. In great arks, capable of sailing through the aether, they embarked upon their journey - bringing with them the mighty Bongs of Power, and seeds of the miraculous plant that they burned to keep their minds, senses, and vision clear. Yet they dared not bring the Twin Bongs upon the same craft, for fear that the factions controlling them would war amongst themselves again. Through eternal aeons they sailed these strange vessels through the deepest regions of intergalactic space. Many of them perished on the journey, not for illness or old age, which they had conquered long ago through their mystical arts - but simply from grief, madness, mishap, or loss of hope. Much of their lore was lost too, as the oldest and wisest of their race sat in drugged fumes, dreaming of the ancient days of their civilization. Whether it was fortune, providence or some other hand of fate that guided them after so long to our world, is not known - but they arrived in their strange ships, and found a lush planet abundant in all variety of plants and animals - a virtual paradise that reminded their elders of the place they had left behind. And they observed with humor, and fascination, the ape-men who cavorted through the primeval forests, gibbering and slinging primitive spears and stones at them before running away in terror. They were quick to note that these creatures were very similar to themselves both in appearance and habit, if not intelligence - almost as though they were a forgotten branch of their own strange race. With a little work, they reasoned, these creatures would make excellent servants and help them to build their new civilization.

It is said that a golden age upon the Earth dawned at that time, as our forefathers learned magical arts from their benign overlords, and discovered other valuable things too, such as how to till the soil and grow plants, or how to make steel with which to forge weapons and armor. They were apt pupils, it seems, for the cleverest amongst them became wizards and priests, even as the Bonglords retreated further into the dreamlike pleasures of their new home. Deprived of sensation during their aeons-long voyage through the aether, the Bonglords cared little for the politics or struggles of their human underlings, unless it somehow involved their own pleasure or amusement. Was it wrong that they were worshiped almost as gods, when they had in fact brought a new age of enlightenment to men who had lived the most brutish lives imaginable before their arrival? And indeed, men should be pleased to offer their fairest sons and daughters to them, for the children born of such unions thrived and quickly became chieftains, lords and masters among their own people. As the ages passed, so rose the civilization of Mankind to its greatest manifestation - great cities rose and thrived, wild lands were tilled and filled with grain and herb, strange and wonderful music filled the air, and men toiled upon the arts and mysteries of the universe - even as cults of wizards and priests and gods grew without bound and began to struggle for mastery. How many books of lore, strange machines or devices, fine paintings or statues or instruments of pleasure have survived into our own age, to give us only a hint of their prowess?

Yet it was not meant to last - for eventually, the servants of the Bonglords became so wise in lore that they came to know of the source of their masters' power - the Great Bongs themselves. The name of the dark Wizard who eventually betrayed his masters and lifted Stonebringer to his own lips is lost to history - but the results are clear to see, for a cataclysmic war erupted shortly after. City upon city fell to the black forces of evil unleashed by this mage. Yet those who survived

banded together, and even the Bonglords themselves were shaken from their slumber and joined the fight to stem the tide. But this wizard could not bear defeat, and made the fateful decision to call upon even darker allies. How he learned of the existence of the Bug People, or even came into contact with the remnants of their race still lingering around distant stars, cannot be told; but it can be surmised that Stonebringer brought him many visions, and knowledge of things beyond our own world. If the Galactic Bong Wars of distant planets and distant ages were greater in scope, they were certainly no greater in their brutality or the completeness of the destruction unleashed upon their participants than the now legendary War of the Bong. The Bug People, who had slowly grown in strength and numbers over the ages, awakened to the possibility of finally defeating and destroying their now weakened and decadent arch-enemies. They flooded the Earth in strange craft, drawn there by the evil Mage who had betrayed the presence of the Bongs of Power and their masters. Ironically, he was said to be among the first to be vaporized as the insect horde swept across the earth. The Great Bong in his possession was seized once again by the Bug People, and they turned it to evil a thousand times worse than he had ever dreamed. Thus did Stonebringer, in the hands of the hated insects, wage war upon its twin brother Mournbong, which was still in the possession of the ancient Dro and their human allies. Or so it seemed to the survivors of that conflict, though it is said that the Bongs themselves have no consciousness other than the very eye and mind of God itself, the singularity at the heart of the Universe, and that their purpose is one and the same, and yet each is set in opposition to the other by nature itself.

The Dark Age that has settled upon our world since those days of cataclysm, when the very shapes of the mountains and rivers and even the oceans were changed, and most cities were reduced to dust, has not yet lifted, my friend. The antagonists of those days are long dead, or perhaps still lie in slumber; but the Bongs themselves remained behind because they cannot be destroyed. Who the ultimate victor was, we know only because had the Bug People prevailed, we would not be here at all. It is said that the few survivors among the Dro withdrew completely from the world of Men, taking with them one, or perhaps both, of the Great Bongs of Power. They could not bear, however, the idea of leaving the lovely new world they had found, shattered though it was. And so they built a great fortress somewhere in the northernmost wastes, and beneath it built a Vault, where the Bongs might be kept safe from all who would dare to use them - even themselves. And it is said that many magical bindings and strange guardians have been set upon this Vault, to prevent the theft of these greatest Treasures of all. If the Bonglords yet live on this earth, perhaps they appear only in disguise, or wander beneath the stars in lost places where no Man dares to venture, waiting and watching for, yet dreading, the day when those mighty seals are broken and the horror and majesty they wrought upon the world howls forth again.

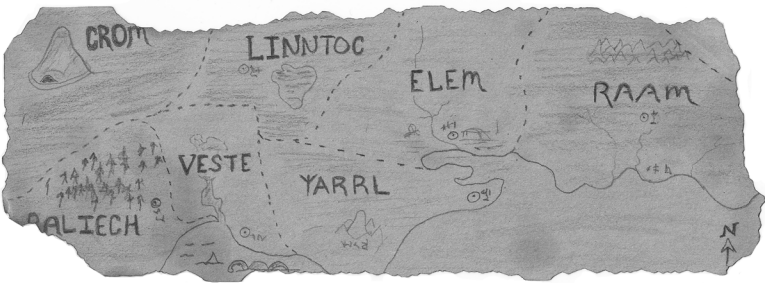
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It has recently come to my attention that the ancient folklore of northern Yarrl, concerning an ancient fortress of the Gods in the mountain ranges north of the cold wastes of Linntoc, may have some basis in fact. Long have they told tales that lost Yarrlian shepherds who somehow found their way to lovely groves of trees growing near the great Lake of Realc, just west of these forbidding mountains, have seen beautiful beings shrouded in mist wandering there, speaking in strange tongues. And when the shepherds cried out for help, they fell into a deep sleep and awoke again on the edge of their own country, fully healed in body and mind. In recent years, the mad druid Dhwalnos declared his determination to find what was described by these folk tales as a lost Paradise. Supposedly he had one of only a few copies of the famed Lost Map of Yarrl, which also shows the details of the now forgotten and uncharted northern realms of Linntoc and the legendary fortress rumored to be there. He found only greater madness there, and was found by Yarrlian rangers near death, at the edge of the Cold Waste. Before he expired, he raved of a "great Fort of stone and ice, shimmering like fire, and the Gods dance there, to the music of the Four Winds crossing". The Ranger who took his few earthly possessions back to his temple for disposition could not help it if he kept one coin from Dhwalnos' purse for his trouble, particularly one so unusual looking and with a strange seal upon it in a language he had never seen. This innocent fellow could hardly have expected that the money changer he brought this token to was an associate of mine, and when the matter was brought to my attention I was able to arrange an "interview" with this stout Ranger, under circumstances which encouraged him to tell the truth about its origin. This coin, which is made neither of gold nor silver nor any metal known to the smiths of our own times, resides now in my personal collection. I have given you a rubbing of it below as my Seal, and trust that you will recognize the mark of the Ancient Bonglords upon it. If Dhwalnos did not find Paradise in the far northern reaches of Linntoc, he most assuredly found a cache of the Bonglords' treasure. And this, friend, along with some other minor details and investigations that I will not trouble you with here, is enough to merit a thorough investigation of his claims. Should you accept my invitation to join this Quest for the Lost Bongs of Power, you should sign this parchment with a mark of your own Blood, then make haste to the Inn at Skladka in northern Yarrl. Bear this letter and its seal with you; and look for others who carry the same. Should you choose not to take up the Quest, please accept my deepest apologies for any side-effects of the mind disruption spell that is about to overtake your memory of this letter, which will disintegrate, along with the enclosed Letter of Credit.

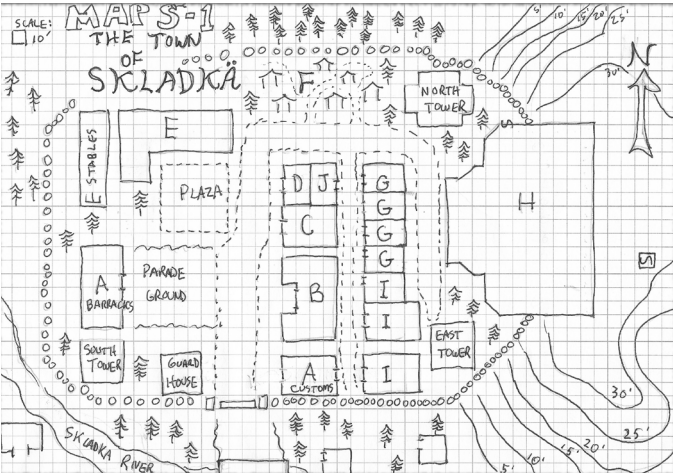
Sincerely, & with deepest Affection, Honor, Distinction & etc.,
your Humblest Servant,
Lord Hightower

The Town of Skladka (see map S-1 for details)

The Land of Yarrl sits between the Gulf of Raam on its east, the strange sorcerer-state of Veste on its western border, and the lush green forests of Elem on the northeast. Its northernmost province is the cold wasteland and forbidding mountain ranges of Linntoc, within which lies the great inland Lake of Realc. Yarrl's warm, flat coastline, which holds the majority of its population including its capital city of Bosgin, changes gradually inland to a hilly, forested region bordering on Linntoc's cold waste. It is in the northwest corner of Yarrl that our adventure begins, in the frontier village of Skladka. The characters all should meet at the tavern, coming together there and discovering their common purpose.



Skladka is the largest town in Northern Yarrl, built at a naturally fortified position inside of a bend of the Skladka River. It is known most famously as the location of the Temple of the Toad, whose mysterious priests consult their deity for oracular predictions of startling accuracy. Otherwise it is mostly a frontier town and trading post, with a small armed garrison, an inn with a tavern, and a few other buildings inside a wooden palisade. Outside the palisade are the thatched huts of the thousand or so grubby peasants, tradesmen and beggars who scratch out a meagre existence there. Dominating the whole town at the top of a bluff on the east side is the enormous Temple, the only stone structure in Skladka. Because the Temple is the main focus of the town's economy, few residents question their dark practices, or concern themselves with the strange lights, screams in the night, or occasional disappearances of less prominent citizens. Most of the town's soldiery are Yarrlians from the south, who really don't want to be there and long to be transferred back home. Their only source of solace is Yurdrad's Tavern and Inn, a large, rambling building that serves as the main social gathering place for the town's inhabitants. The most notable inhabitant of the town is the garrison captain, who also serves as the district governor. His personal assessment of the town gained some notoriety when he wrote a letter back to the capital stating, "If you like religious fanatics, rotgut liquor, whores and mud, consider a transfer to Skladka".



For every day the party spends in Skladka, roll d6 from Table S-1 for a random encounter:

S-1	TOWN ENCOUNTERS (roll d6)
1	1d6 Toad Priests on temple business. If the party has a thief and attempts surveillance, or if they waylay and interrogate a priest, they may learn of the temple's secret entrance.
2	1d6 ruffians looking for a brawl (level 1 fighters, AC 8, HP 6, damage 1d6)
3	1d6 Wenches. 20% chance of losing a member of the party for one day (DM's choice).
4	1d6 Soldiers. May interrogate party, ask for bribes. (level 1 fighters, AC 6, sword 1d8, crossbow 1d6)
5	1d4 Pickpockets. Will attempt to steal items (level 1 thieves, AC 8, dagger 1d4)
6	Beggar. There is a 10% chance the beggar is a wizard, and if treated kindly, will reward the party with a magic item; if treated poorly, will curse one item in the party's inventory (DM's choice).

A) Guard House, Defense Towers, Customs & Captain's Quarters

The palisade gate is operated by 4 foot soldiers (level 1 fighters, AC 6, sword 1d8, crossbow 1d6) in a guardhouse who will challenge visitors and ask what business they have in the city center. A small bribe or even a good story will ease their passage. Nearby is a customs building for tax collection and other administrative functions, which is operated by an official who reports to the garrison commander. The garrison consists of about 50 soldiers, who at any given time will be patrolling the town, manning the three defense towers, or drilling on the parade grounds. The garrison commander, Captain Krunk (level 8 fighter, 72 HP, AC 4, +2 sword 1d8) may be willing to meet with the party if offered a suitable gift (the soldiers at the gate will suggest fine Yarrlian brandy). If interviewed, the commander will offer very little other than a suggestion to "Stay away from that damn Temple, I don't want a lot of lunatics loose on my hands". If asked about the Vault of the Bonglords, the Lost Map of Yarrl, or any other such information, he will merely laugh them off as childish tales. The Captain is mostly concerned with padding his personal accounts by skimming money from the customs office, which he considers "hazard pay" for being unlucky enough to be stationed in Skladka.

B) Black Louie's Heade Shoppe and Emporium

Suggested Listening: Disc 1, "Roll Out The Bong", "Luis Black".

Black Louie's is, according to the sign hanging from its eaves, the finest and largest trading post and head shop in the greater Northern Yarri region - a statement which is undoubtedly true since there aren't any others. Inside is a freakish collection of objects ranging from the stuffed head of an Umber Hulk, a bin of dragon bones, pipes and hookahs of various shapes, colors and sizes, and a used record bin. Black Louie's does not offer credit, but Black Louie himself (level 5 wizard, 42 HP, Staff of Confusion) will helpfully point out the Triple Troll pawn & loan franchise right up the street as a way to obtain funds. Here the party may find many of the more useful items needed for their adventure: torches, rope, picks, bongs, packs, shovels, rations, replacement 6L6 tubes, etc. The Emporium will also buy some items back at a steep discount. Louie is good for a lot of local information as well, and if the party is willing to stay and listen for several hours, they may roll d8 for the following rumors:

1 - "Well, you didn't hear it from me, but I hear tell there are prisoners kept in secret passages underneath the Temple of the Toad"

2 - "I've heard that many who quest for the Bongs of Power have died in the Cold Waste."

3 - "One fellow you might want to talk to is old Nomlad, over at the inn. He knows a thing or two about Bongs of Power..."

4 - "Some crazy bastard came in here the other day and told me he saw a Unicorn in the forest west of here... What a kook!"

5 - "You're not going to find much of anything in that old crate of records over there... some guy traded me that collection for a bag of porkrinds. That dude really liked Al Stewart, that's for sure..." (he is referring to the Bin of Many Records, see below)

6 - "Umber hulks are hella ticklish."

7 - "I hear the pass to the Mountains of Lalshram, at the far edge of the Cold Waste, is guarded by a fell warrior known as the Grimm Scot".

8 - "If there's one thing you don't want, it's to get mixed up with some Elf broad. Nothing but trouble, I tell you."

Wizards can find many items used in the making of potions, as well as scrolls, ink and other necessities. There are many magical or unusual items stashed inside the nooks and crannies of the store. Determined searches of the premises will turn up:



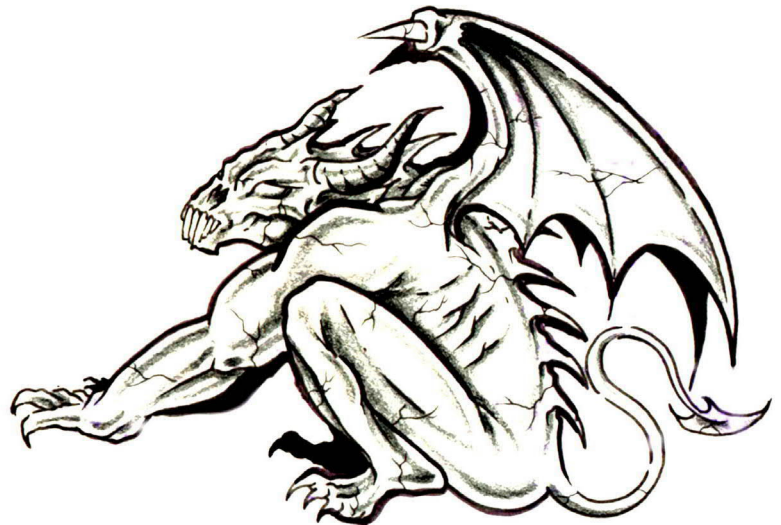
ITEM	PRICE (GP)	DESCRIPTION
Umber Hulk Trophy	450	The disembodied and stuffed head of an Umber Hulk. If a player perches the trophy upon his/her head, it gives a 5% chance of fooling a wandering monster into thinking the player is an Umber Hulk, and backing down from melee. If a player wears the trophy on his hand and performs a humorous pantomime for his fellow travelers, or any NPC encountered, each audience member must make saving throws against both Hilarity (10% chance of being rendered unable to speak or act for one turn while immobilized with laughter) and Disgust (10% chance of being rendered unable to speak or act for one turn while immobilized with vomiting).
Official Game Guide for Mortal Kombat	15	A tattered copy of the Official Game Guide for Mortal Kombat. Exactly what it says it is. It's legible, but would not be worth anything in resale, and would be laughed off even the most disreputable Comicon floor. Unbeknownst to anyone, if a player buys it, simply having it in their possession will greatly improve the player's abilities at playing Mortal Kombat, a skill which might come in handy in the Vault of the Bonglords.
Young Ones Episode	30	A collection of Young Ones episodes on beta, taped from PBS rebroadcasts. 30 gold pieces? Seriously? What is Black Louie thinking? No one even has a betamax anymore. This is the very definition of useless crap.
Supply of Astounding Power	400	It certainly is expensive, but when you need it, you need it. This power supply allows the player to utilize fully TWICE as many effects pedals, and eliminates the need for the player to make a saving throw against battery suck or failure when rocking out.
Agent Orange Pipe Cleaner	20	When properly applied, this eliminates the need to make a saving throw against Cough Attack and Disgust due to revolting resin. Though it is not widely known, this also can be used to lubricate the hinges on the door to the Bonglords' inner sanctum, thus granting a +2 to stealth.
Extend-O-Grabber	20	This common janitorial item is simply an three-foot shaft with a handle at one end, and two grabby things at the other end. You use it to pick things up which are roughly three feet away. I don't know, it might come in handy.
Rations Package	150	Each Rations Package contains: one forty-five caliber automatic; two boxes of ammunition; four days' concentrated emergency rations; one drug issue containing antibiotics, morphine, vitamin pills, pep pills, sleeping pills, tranquilizer pills; one miniature combination Russian phrase book and Bible; one hundred dollars in rubles; one hundred dollars in gold; nine packs of chewing gum; one issue of prophylactics; three lipsticks; three pair of nylon stockings. Shoot, a fella' could have a pretty good weekend in Vegas with all that stuff.
6L6 Tubes	350	Magic Replacement 6L6 Tubes in a matched pair. When installed properly in a player's amplifier, new magic matched tubes add +3 bonus to all Rockin' scores, and allow the player to truly sear the eardrums of the audience, with 1d4 damage done. First time use requires a saving throw made against a Dramatic Explosion, with a 5% chance of occurrence, for 2d6 damage in a ten-foot radius.

table continued on next page...

ITEM	PRICE (GP)	DESCRIPTION
Ancient Hookah of Raptuen	600	A one-of-a-kind arcane item, use of the Ancient Hookah of Raptuen produces a deep abiding euphoria which lasts for 2d10 hours, resulting in total resistance to all effects of Disgust, Fear, Stress, and Boredom (the player automatically succeeds at all saving throw opportunities), but gives the player a -2 to any saving throw rolls involving Mind Control, Sleep, and Hilarity. When under the influence of the Ancient Hookah of Raptuen, players move at half speed, but also feel no pain, and can summon a berzerker attack once per total melee which will double their attack damage. Once the effects of the Ancient Hookah of Raptuen subside, the player will have an immediate need for victuals and 1d4 hours of sleep. There will be nothing that can be done to avoid these requirements to continue.
MXR Dyna Comp	300	Brand new, still in the box. When properly powered, this pedal creates infinitely clean sustain. It uses a signal-limiting processor that varies its gain so that the output signal stays constant. The MXR M-102 Dyna Comp Pedal features Output and Sensitivity knobs and LED on/off indicator. Son of Thomer, Archer of the Duke's Lily White Guard, and Guitarist for Bongus Dei says: "For the price range under 400 gold pieces, it is the best compressor pedal out there. I loved it!! I was going for a Ross compressor sound and this pedal delivers. The only bad thing about the pedal is a lot of background static when it's turned on, but the crisp tone it delivers makes up for it."
Helm of the Priest of Dartania	1000	An absolutely unique item, and thus almost assuredly stolen, this Helm utilizes the deepest White Magic to delve into the wearer's very mind to divine the tunes he/she would most like to be listening to at any given time, and then project them into the wearer's ear canals, tucked discreetly inside the Helm. Aside from a +3 armor bonus to the cranial area, the Helm confers upon the wearer +1 to all attack damages, but due to the distraction provided by the constant music playing, a -1 to defense, and a -2 to all saving throws made against Surprise. The Helm of the Priest of Dartania is a highly prized and very recognizable item, so stow it when the Po-Po come sniffing around. It has an excellent resale value, provided the buyer is a music lover. If they are not, fuck them.
Roto Vibe	250	A Vintage 1960s roto vibe. +3 damage for guitar attacks.
Bong of Enlightenment	200	One of many fakes modeled after the Bongs of Power, it has fooled many a neophyte on the Quest. However, smoking from it gives its user a 10% chance of a vision helpful to the Quest (DM's choice).
Potion of Wakefulness	300	A small can with a red dragon on the label. Will keep the user awake for 24 hours. 3 doses.
Bag of Stashing	300	This bag will hold 20 times its cubic volume and maintain almost zero weight. It also has some handy concealed pockets for...uh, well you get the idea. For an extra 200 gold pieces, Louie will sell it to you filled.
Bin of Many Records	50	Once a day, the possessor of this artifact may pull a record from the bin. Roll d12 and consult table B-1 below for the result. If the character pulls more than once a day, he or she will only produce copies of Al Stewart's "Year of the Cat".

B-1	BIN OF MANY RECORDS (roll d12)
1	A mint copy of Blue Cheer's "Outsideinside", signed by Leigh Stephens
2	A scratched copy of Black Oak Arkansas' "Raunch and Roll"
3	Carole King's "Tapestry" album jacket but the disc inside is actually Ace Frehley's solo album
4	Fleetwood Mac "Rumors"
5	Parliament's "Trombipulation"
6	Rick Wakeman's "Journey to the Centre of the Earth" including the color booklet
7	Tyrannosaurus Rex "A Beard of Stars", mint
8	Blue Oyster Cult "Agents of Fortune" with a joint still stashed in the gatefold.
9	Yes "Tales of Topographic Oceans"
10	Willie Nelson "Red Headed Stranger"
11	Ultimate Spinach "Behold and See", mint
12	Van Halen "Van Halen" - Disc only, scratched, no dust jacket

If a party spends enough time at Black Louie's, they may also run across the enigmatic Philip of Osmondia (see NPCs below). Philip may offer to join the party for part of the Quest, and may provide guidance, assistance with magic items, or act as an emissary of Lord Hightower.



C) Ye Olde Armor-Alle

This arms & armor shop is run by a sturdy Dwarven blacksmith. Any non-magical weapons or armor needed by the party can be obtained here, or custom-built to fit if not available. For a fee (see Temple of the Toad, section H), the blacksmith will offer ToadPlus™, a service which involves bringing in a Toad Priest to bless the armor or weapon. At that time, the Toad Priest will also offer an extensive line of life insurance products as a value-add proposal, “just in case” the blessing doesn’t take.

D) Triple Troll’s Pawn & Loan

Triple Troll is one of the largest and fastest-growing providers of short-term loans and financial services in the Greater Kingdom of Yarrl. Do you need a variety of convenient, easily-accessible financial services, such as payday loans, title loans, installment loans, lines of credit, or cash for gold, jewelry, magic items or gems? Come by Triple Troll and let our friendly customer service representatives take care of you!

(Standard interest rates and late penalty fees may apply.

Failure to repay loan may result in extensive head injuries or dismemberment).

E) Yurdrad’s Tavern and Inn

Suggested Listening: Disc 1, “Drunkest Man”.



Upon entering this establishment, the party will note the familiar aroma of spilled ale and unwashed humanity, but also the sweet fragrance of roasting meat. Yurdrad’s is known all over the region for good ale, surly regulars, buxom wenches and especially for its greasy but flavorful cuts of beef. The tavern also functions as an inn for travelers (10 gp/night for the best rooms), a stable, and a forum and meeting place for townspeople doing various kinds of business. The party will find Yurdrad’s to be a home away from home, provided they avoid brawls or conflicts with the bar staff, headed by the formidable Nomlad the Bearded (level 7 fighter, AC 7, 68 HP, +3 Stein of Crushing 2d8 damage). Nomlad’s affability is disguised by his gruff exterior, and if the party chats with him they will find him a wealth of information - particularly if they tip well. Roll d10 every time a member of the party tips Nomlad a gold piece for the following rumors:

- 1 - “The Temple is guarded by fanatical priests who pray to the Astral Toad...”
- 2 - “Did you know that the bass player for Pentagram used to be in a band called “Space Meat” ?
- 3 - “Paul DiAnno era Maiden is vastly superior, but I still listen to the later stuff anyway...”
- 4 - “The other day, I overheard a Toad Priest say that the one thing the Astral Toad covets above all else is a mint copy of Blue Cheer’s Outsideinside”

5 - “Never could understand why Budgie didn’t break through to a bigger audience...”

6 - “The only way I can think of to find the Vault of the Bonglords would be to consult the Astral Toad oracle...but from what I understand, the Toad can be very discerning about the sacrifices offered to it”

7 - “From what I understand, there’s a secret entrance to the Temple of the Toad somewhere on the north wall”

8 - “There’s a grizzled old warrior I met in here one time...they called him the Grimm Scot. Dude was *really* into Blue Oyster Cult.”

9 - “I used to date this broad who worked as the secretary for Tarkus, the High Priest of the Temple of the Toad. Nice looking girl... really, really likes Twinkies.”

10 - “There are some who say that there is a secret, dark force driving the Toad Priests...that the Astral Toad itself is just a front...”

A frequent visitor to Yurdrad’s Tavern is Red Karole (see NPCs below), a dangerous warrior woman. While recounting her tales of battle over several tankards of ale, she will indicate that she may be willing to join the Quest for a short time, acting as either a guide or a soldier for hire.

F) Common Market

Ordinary tradesmen, farmers from the lands nearby, tinkers, cobblers, and many other interesting characters inhabit the tents and stalls of the open air market on the north side of Skladka. Adventurers may go here for supplies of food or other items that they can’t find at Black Louie’s. While browsing the common market, each character may have the following encounters (d10):

- 1 - Get your palm read - “Your path is shrouded with mystery and darkness”. -2 on all saving throws for 1 week
 - 2 - Find a lucky rabbit’s foot. +1 protection.
 - 3 - Eat a “unicorn kebab” (Skladka slang for cat meat). Food poisoning results in -2 strength and constitution for 3 days.
 - 4 - Pick up a slightly worn “We Sold Our Soul for Rock and Roll” Black Sabbath T-shirt - +2 protection against magic attacks
 - 5 - Overhear a cobbler - “The other day, I sold my finest pair of boots to Tarkus, the High Priest himself! He said he had to look his best for his trip to Ms. Mercy’s that night, hehehe...”
 - 6 - A strange old tinker with a gleam in his eye says, “Once, I heard a tale that there was a great fortress in the mountains north of Linntoc. But there is a huge chasm there before the mountain pass, with a narrow bridge, guarded by a fell warrior who will not let anyone cross”.
 - 7 - A Toad Priest sits under a tree with a dazed expression. Recently expelled from the order, and down on his luck, he can only say, “Who would have thought that the Toad hated Al Stewart so much?”
 - 8 - Find a pack of 6 Magic Glow Sticks. Break them in half, they act as a Light spell.
 - 9 - Overhear a grizzled one-eyed soldier - “Man, ToadPlus™ is a total scam. They blessed my helmet, and look how much good it did me?”
 - 10 - An urchin approaches selling trinkets. If the urchin is treated kindly, he will tell the party “You know, you should take care to stay away from that Temple. I snuck inside once, to see what all the hoopla was about and if there were really tunnels and a torture chamber underneath the Temple. Well when I was there, I saw old Tarkus himself go behind the altar, and disappear! I think there is a trap door back there that leads to the dungeons...”
-

G) Private residences

The town’s finest homes, where its wealthiest inhabitants, mostly merchants and town officials, reside safely inside the palisades. A clever thief can make quite a good living by paying these homes a few visits.

H) Temple of the Toad - (see map T-1 for detail)

The Temple of the Toad is a massive stone, brick and marble building built in exceedingly poor taste. It recently was expanded and remodeled after the High Priest Tarkus had a particularly effective pledge drive telethon, and it has also been rumored that the broadcast rights to his sermons paid for the lavish offices in its north wing. Adding to the Temple's financial success has been its recent agreement with several of the arms and armor manufacturers of Yarrl, offering their ToadPlus™ protection programs. "Toad Plus" begins with a standard Astral blessing for 1000 gold pieces(+1), and goes up to silver (2000 gp), gold (3500 gp) and platinum (5000 gp) tiers (+2, +3, +4, respectively). The priest will perform an Enchant Item incantation over select high quality weapons and armor from top manufacturers, yielding armor that offers superior protection in battle, or improved accuracy and maiming power for swords, maces, and battle axes. But more importantly, the Temple of the Toad also offers excellent rates for term life insurance, in the event that the blessings don't work out as expected (Premiums based on preferred plus non-tobacco. No health exam required. Two-year contestability and suicide provisions apply. Policy descriptions provided here are not a statement of contract. Please refer to the policy forms for full disclosure of all benefits and limitations). While the effectiveness of the ToadPlus™ protection incantations have often been called into question by a number of Yarrlian consumer advocacy groups, this has not hindered the Temple's growth or financial successes, and Tarkus himself has been heard to say, "Any publicity is GOOD publicity".

Taking up the entire eastern side of the fortified center of Skladka, the Temple is far and away the most forbidding structure in the town. Marble steps lead up to its pillar-lined foyer, which is heavily guarded.

Movement inside the Temple

The Temple is off limits to the general public, except on certain days when they are allowed to bring offerings of gold and silver to be left on the steps of the altar. In general, if the party enters the temple they must move with stealth or risk being discovered. If the party tries to force its way in through the foyer, or if they are detected by the Toad Priests, an alarm will be sounded, 2d6 priests will respond, and if the High Priest Tarkus is present he will join the attempts to repel the invaders. The Temple can be also accessed through a secret side door on its north wall (H-I); this is the Temple library.

H-A) Foyer. This large entryway is lined with pillars, with steps leading to the apse and the Astral Altar at the rear of the Temple. It is guarded by 6 Temple guards (level 3 fighters, 25 HP, AC 4, broadsword 1d8). These guards are completely brainwashed, and serve the Priests of the temple with absolute obedience. The Foyer's massive gates are usually open during the daytime, with the guards on patrol. If the guards face a superior force or are in danger of being defeated, they will attempt to sound an alarm on the wall which will cause two of the large carved pillars in the foyer to spring to life (Stone Golems). This alarm will also bring 2d6 Toad Priests to defend the foyer.

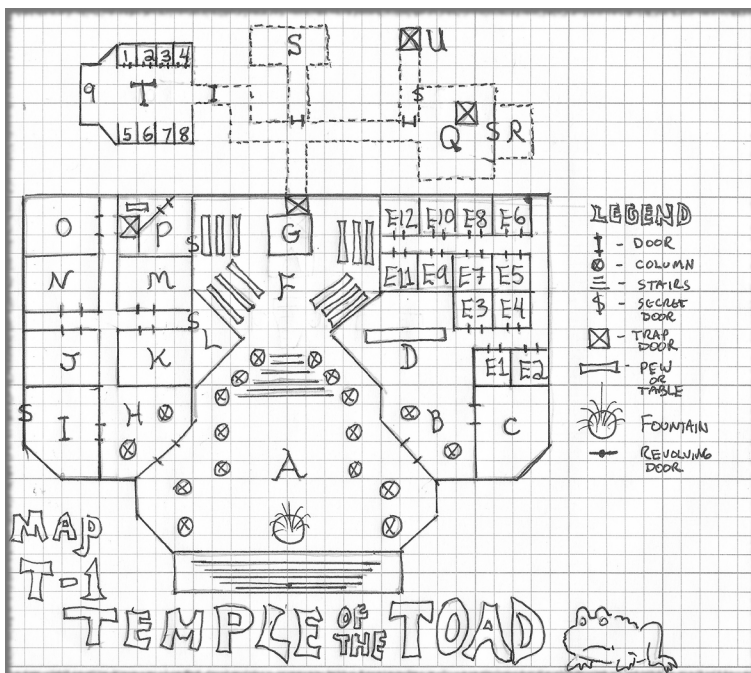
H-B) Antechamber. Carved pillars and a vaulted ceiling with stained glass skylights. Walls are lined with "Toad of the Year" gold plaques with the names of priests with the highest ToadPlus™ sales figures.

H-C) Galley/Kitchen. Food is stored and prepared here. The party will also find substantial reserves of exceptional beer and wine, as well as a pantry serving as a dry aging room for beef, several exotic cheeses, sausage, foie gras, etc. Their executive chef (L3 fighter, 22 HP, AC 7, 2d4 cleaver) will initially offer battle if confronted, but will quickly surrender if his spice rack is threatened.

H-D) Grand dining hall. This is where the humble Priests eat their meagre rations of ribeyes, baked potatoes, mushroom herb risotto, caesar salad, Cabernets, and crab cakes.

H-E1-12) Priest Quarters. These dormitory-style rooms may contain a Toad Priest (50%) who will raise an alarm if confronted. Each room contains a cabinet in which the priests store their belongings. Roll d12 to select the contents from the following treasure table:

H-1	TOAD PRIEST TREASURE TABLE (roll d12)
1-4	Empty
5	60 Gold Pieces, crystal ToadPlus™ sales award
6	Potion of Booze
7-8	Record collection - make two rolls from the Bin of Many Records (table B-1)
9	Potion of Invisibility
10	Pile of unpaid child support bills, dog-eared copy of Zig Ziglar's "Secrets of Closing the Sale"
11	That's not a cabinet - that's a Mimic!
12	Cloak of Stealth



H-F) Temple Cathedral. Here, the dark and twisted ceremonies of the Toad Priests are conducted. The celebrants will chant in unison, often reading strange passages from the evil tome “Goldmine’s Price Guide to Collectible Record Albums”. Few who have witnessed these hideous rituals have lived to tell the tale, but the dark, suspicious looking stains on the altar in the center of the room suggest the outcome for the overly curious. In the back of the room, behind the altar, is a hidden trap door leading into the subterranean passages tunneled into the side of the bluff on the east side of the town. A secret door on the left side of the cathedral, behind the pews, leads to Tarkus’s private office.

H-G) Astral Altar.

Suggested Listening: Disc 3, “The Colour Out of Space”.

This is the altar to the Astral Toad, which also serves as an oracle to the Toad Priests. If a celebrant makes an offering, it will be seemingly consumed by fire if it is accepted; in fact it will be spirited away to the Astral Plane where the Toad resides with his dope-ass Technics direct drive turntable and Sennheiser headphones. If pleased, the Toad will make an oracular declaration. If angered, he may not respond at all, or may possibly attack. If a character places an item upon the altar, consult the following table for results:



H-2	ASTRAL TOAD ENCOUNTER
OFFERING	RESULT
Al Stewart “Year of the Cat”	50% chance the Astral Toad will materialize and attack the Celebrant. Further offerings will be ignored for the rest of the day.
Virgin	In the unlikely event that the party can find a virgin in Skladka, the Toad will accept them, but will not make an oracular pronouncement. The virgin will later be found wandering around in the woods outside Skladka talking about how awesome it was to finally hear the Moving Sidewalks on original vinyl.
Magic Item	Yeah, whatever. The Toad has a whole warehouse full of crap like that. Not interested.
Carole King “Tapestry”	Regardless of what shape it’s in, this will result in a 25% chance of a Toad attack.
Tyrannosaurus Rex “A Beard of Stars”	The Toad will attack immediately, and cannot even be appeased by a mint first pressing of Electric Warrior.
Magic weapon or armor	The Toad will attempt to eat these, then throw them up. No result.
Ribeye	Hellz yeah. 25% chance that the Toad will appear, demand a nice Malbec, and then bless the party with +2 protection for the rest of the adventure.
Rick Wakeman’s “Journey to the Centre of the Earth”	The Toad is pleased. Not that he’ll actually listen to the record, but he’s been wanting a good copy of the poster for a while to hang up in his pad. The Toad will accept the offering and reciprocate with a magic item (DM’s choice).
Any other record	50% chance that the Toad is pleased. If so, the Toad will accept the offering, appear, and predict that the Detroit Tigers will win the World Series in 2019.
Blue Cheer’s “Outside-inside”, signed by Leigh Stephens	The Toad is exceptionally pleased. Not only will he spirit away the celebrant and let him listen to the record with his Sennheisers, he will then return the celebrant with a +2 protection blessing and a Lost Map of Yarrl, which the DM can now share with the Party.
“Psychedelic Sounds of the 13th Floor Elevators” signed by Tommy Hall	The Toad is exceptionally pleased. Not only will he spirit away the celebrant and let him listen to the record with his Sennheisers, he will then return the celebrant with a +2 protection blessing and a Lost Map of Yarrl, which the DM can now share with the Party.
Anything else	Whatever ridiculous crap the Party can think of to put on the altar will probably just get evaporated to the Astral Plane, where it will end up in the Toad’s garage.

H-H) Antechamber. A large room with stone columns, and an LCD Plasma TV playing a loop of ToadPlus™ promotional videos.

H-I) Temple Library. This large room has a mezzanine level with a ladder for access to numerous books. The room also has a secret door leading to the outside, triggered by pulling on the edge of a copy of “Hammer of the Gods”. From the outside, the secret door can be accessed by pushing on a small stone emblem that looks suspiciously like the word “zoso”. There is very little that is remarkable here, though determined searching will result in the party turning up a very interesting log book detailing sacrifices to the Astral Toad over the years, and his oracular responses. The Toad correctly predicted the outcome of at least 3 WWE Smackdown championships, the release date of Call of Duty 3, the reappearance of Schlitz beer with the classic 60s formula, and the breakup of Coldplay - apparently missing only on the last item and it was observed by the attending Priest that “maybe it was just wishful thinking...”. It also appears that the Astral Toad really, really hates Al Stewart and that while he liked Carole King’s “Tapestry” well enough, after the 124th time it was offered to him, he swallowed the celebrant whole.

H-J) Telemarketing boiler room. This room is used by the Priests to hawk ToadPlus™ Protection and ToadPlus™ term life insurance, and to solicit donations for the Temple (which is a certified 501c(3) charity, by the way). Smelling of stale sandwiches, sweat and misery, it is the nerve center of the Temple’s financial enterprises. 2-8 Priests may be present in this room at any time, but will be unlikely to notice any intruders since they all have their little headsets on.

H-K) Storeroom. Mostly contains a lot of binders and filing cabinets full of Temple records, and boxes of ToadPlus™ promotional materials. There is also a large statue of Tarkus in the corner, which if investigated too closely, will prove to be a Stone Golem.

H-L) Secret Observation Room. A small secret room with a door activated by pushing a stone with a crack in it, this offers a view into the Temple Cathedral through small one-way mirrors set inside stained glass panels on the other side. This room also contains a number of levers and knobs, which trigger various lights, smoke, and sound effects around the cathedral and the altar.

H-M) Conference Room. Here, the Toad Priests hold their most important meetings. If the party enters this room, they will find it empty except for a sideboard with bottled water, a picked over fruit plate, and some stale bagels.

H-N) Break room. A vending machine contains a variety of snacks and cakes. Determined efforts with the machine (level 5 Thief or saving throw vs. dexterity) will shake loose the sole remaining Twinkie, which has been wedged between a Ho Ho and a Little Debbie Oatmeal Pie.

H-O) Tarkus’s personal chamber. This luxurious suite contains a large 4 poster bed with various mirrors placed strategically nearby, a hot tub, and a large fresco on the wall portraying Tarkus as a bare-chested centaur. A cabinet contains several bottles of fine Cognac and an audiophile-quality turntable. Going through Tarkus’s record collection will let the party roll 4 times from table B-1, and will also contain an original “Psychedelic Sounds of the 13th Floor Elevators” signed by Tommy Hall.

H-P) Tarkus’s office. This suite has a small antechamber with Tarkus’s rather curvy secretary (L3 female cleric, WIS 16, INT 15, DEX 15, CHA 17, AC 7, +2 cricket bat). The secretary will insist that Tarkus is very, very busy right now and can’t be bothered to come out and fight the party. She will make this very clear by tenderly fingering a nearby cricket bat with a well-worn handle. She will also trigger a trap door which will drop visitors into a 10’ pit if they are too ag-

gressive. If offered the Twinkie, however, she will say that you didn’t hear it from her, but Tarkus was rumored to be having an affair with that new priestess that had just joined up a couple of months ago and already she’d won Top Toad twice even though everyone knew she didn’t even make her numbers, and people were starting to talk. She will then not resist any attempts to enter Tarkus’s office, which has a 25% chance of containing Tarkus himself, unless he has already been detained or encountered somewhere else. The office itself contains a large, ornate wooden desk covered with various sales awards, autographed memorabilia, and a large gold-plated mace with the words, “Don’t Stop Believing” inscribed on it. The drawers contain the following treasure & magic items:

- *Potion of Booze*
- *Potion of Invisibility*
- *Ring of Protection +2, Texas Tech class of 1983*
- *Cursed -2 Necktie of Strangulation*
- *700 gold pieces*
- *Dog-eared “Elf Booty” magazine, June 1993*
- *Mitre of Visions (clairvoyance when worn, 10’ radius)*

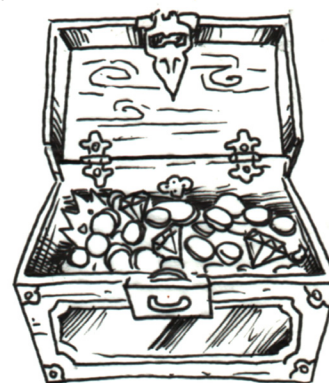
Along the back wall are numerous photos of Tarkus with various celebrities. One of these photos triggers a two-way secret door which opens into the cathedral, useful by Tarkus as a quick avenue of escape (see room H-F above).

If Tarkus is confronted in his office, and feels he cannot defeat the party, he will attempt to escape through this secret door, then go down the trap door behind the altar to his secret underground chambers. If the party attempts to bargain with him, he may use promises or threats to negotiate, and may even offer to allow the party to sacrifice items to the Astral Toad in the hopes of an oracular consultation. In general, however, he will oppose efforts by the party to gain access to the Toad, whose secrets he guards jealously. He also fears disclosure of other even darker secrets within the Temple.

H-Q) Secret Chamber. After going down the trap door into the catacombs beneath the Temple’s back wall, the Party will find damp walls, guttering torches, and a foul smell. The large chamber to the right has a pit with an iron door. A lever on the wall triggers this door to open, and two Umber Hulks will emerge - Tarkus’s pets. He has trained them to be tame to him, and they will fight anyone or anything he tells them to. Next to the lever is a secret door which leads to a short tunnel and a secret trap door that emerges atop the bluff outside of Skladka’s palisade. Tarkus will use this path to try to escape from a pursuing party, releasing the Umber Hulks to delay them. Another secret door opposite the entrance leads to room H-R.

H-R) Treasure room. A large portion of the Temple’s riches are stored here, including:

- 60000 gold pieces
- 40 diamonds (500 gp each)
- 150 emeralds (200 gp each)
- +3 Plate Mail
- +3 Mace
- +2 Shield
- +3 Two Handed Sword
- +4 Axe
- +2 Chain Mail
- +3 Helmet
- +4 Talisman of Protection
- A silver key
- 5 cases of twinkies
- Bag of Stashing, including a kilo of some seriously kind bud



H-S) Hidden Altar. The door to H-S has a Wizard Lock placed upon it, such that only Tarkus can open it without it being forced. The silver key found in H-R, or a copy on Tarkus’s person, will also unlock the door. In this dark, strange room sits a strange, twisted

black altar covered with gore - and inscribed on its scarred surface are runes which, if translated by a knowledgeable wizard or priest, spell out a most singular and chilling phrase - STEELY DAN.

It had been rumored for years that Tarkus and his innermost circle observed secret demonic rites here, even committing human sacrifices. The Toad Cult may, indeed, serve a darker master who has lent them unearthly powers even beyond those of the Astral Toad. If the altar is approached, any non-evil character must make a saving throw vs. wisdom, or will have one item in their possession become cursed. Additionally, there is a 50% chance that a lesser Gate will open and a Type III Demon will materialize. There is no treasure here, no magic, no meaning - only horror.

H-T) Prison and Torture Chamber.

Suggested Listening: Disc 1, "Dance of the Bug People".

Like H-S, this chamber has a door which Tarkus has placed a Wizard Lock on. The silver key from H-R, or an identical one kept on Tarkus's person, will also open it. From the passageway outside, groans and cries can be heard of the damned souls within. Once the party enters, they will find a burly, bent man with a leather mask thankfully obscuring his features. The half-mad Torturer (L8 fighter, HP 65, STR 18, CON 17, AC 7, Axe 1d8) will engage the party in combat to the death, realizing that the Temple's torture chamber is discovered and that his only delight, tormenting others, is about to come to an end. Three Bug People accompany him, aiding him in mental as well as physical torture. The Bug People will attack, but if they sense impending defeat, they will try to escape. How the Bug People became allied with the twisted cult of the Toad Priests is not known, but the extent of their evil influence on Tarkus and his underlings seems clear.

The following can be found in the room:

- 1) Cell containing a dessicated skeleton
- 2) Cell containing a half-mad renegade Toad Priest. If released, he will be grateful, but will gibber mindlessly and wander off, repeating the same words "you don't wanna call no body else..." over and over again.
- 3) Cell containing a garrison lieutenant who had been reported missing recently. Captain Krunk will reward the party with 500 gold pieces for the lieutenant's return, and be grateful enough that he will overlook any, er, incidents which may have occurred during the raid on the Temple.
- 4) Cell containing a lovely, but half-starved Elf woman. She claims that she was scheduled for the next dark sacrifice, because she had held off Tarkus's advances. If she is released, treated kindly, and given a Twinkie, she will reveal that she is an Elf Princess and that her daddy has a whole shit ton of gold. Each member of the party will receive a blessed Elven item (DM's choice - for example, elven cloak, elven boots, +2 elven bow, +2 elven longsword) and 5000 gold pieces. If any party member tries to get fresh with her, though, she will pimp-slap their teeth right out of their fool head.
- 5) Iron Maiden
- 6) Rack
- 7) Cauldron with some very suspicious looking things floating in it
- 8) Bloodstained turntable with Steely Dan's "Pretzel Logic" on it. The needle rests on "Rikki Don't Lose That Number". If touched, the party member will suffer 2d8 damage and cursed (-2) armor, unless making a saving throw vs. constitution. If the Torturer succeeds in reaching this cell and turning on the turntable, everyone in the party will suffer 1d8 damage every round until it is destroyed.
- 9) Chains holding a skeleton, a cat of nine tails hangs nearby.

H-U) Trap Door. This trap door has a rope ladder that leads to the surface, on the bluff just outside of Skladka's perimeter. Tarkus will try to use this as an avenue of escape if his other defenses fail him. Tarkus has also placed a Wizard Lock on the door to the passage leading to H-U.

I) Warehouses

Several warehouses for goods such as cloth, grain, whiskey, metal ores, lumber, oils, etc. Lots of spinning blades, swinging pulleys, ropes, empty crates, catwalks, barrels, carts, etc. make this a great place to stage a fight with some heavies.

J) Ms. Mercy's Chateau du Chat

Suggested Listening: Disc 1, "She Bad She Thowed".

The classiest brothel in town - which isn't saying much. Ms. Mercy's girls are, however, the only licensed professionals in Skladka - and owe this position of prominence to the frequent patronage of both Captain Krunk and Tarkus, the High Priest of the Astral Toad. Krunk's bill at the Chateau is in arrears, but Mercy considers this a small price to pay for his protection of her establishment. Mercy is a somewhat interesting character - (Level 7 half-elf thief, AC 6, INT 16, DX 17, CHA 18, 45 HP, Chaotic Good, +2 cloak of protection, +3 elven dagger). With raven hair, a slinky figure, and looks that kill, she is a sharp, streetwise businesswoman - but she has a soft spot for guitar players. Should the party patronize this establishment, roll d6 for the following encounters -

- 1 - Black Louie's is supposed to have an ointment to clear up what you caught - for a very reasonable 200 gold pieces.
- 2 - A garrison soldier is drunk in the parlor room, and is making a bit of a ruckus - start a brawl with 1d6 town guards.
- 3 - A group of Toad Priests are having quite a good time, and rather conveniently have left their robes hanging up in the parlor room.
- 4 - Tarkus, the High Toad Priest, is in attendance and is thoroughly pickled. This creates an opportunity for the party to enter the Temple without confronting him, although once the priests there alert him he will return to the Temple and confront the party. Being significantly impaired, he will fight at half his level, with -2 on all attacks and his spells will fail 50% of the time due to slurred speech.
- 5 - One of Ms. Mercy's girls says, "I see old Tarkus sneaking out of the Temple all the time, from a hidden door on the north wall of the Temple. He thinks no one can see him, what a goof!"
- 6 - Spend the evening with Ms Mercy herself. She has a very interesting tattoo on her lower back which depicts the same image as the coin rubbing on Lord Hightower's letter. If asked about it, she will say only that she got it a long, long time ago. She will then say cryptically, "I know of what you seek - and you are a fool to seek it. But after all, the toughest enemy you will face on your quest is yourself".



The Geography of Yarrl and Linntoc

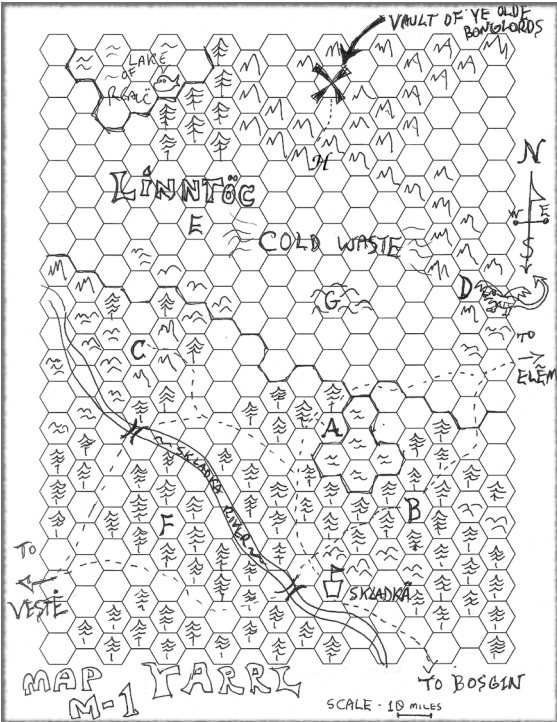
The DM should become familiar with the Lost Map of Yarrl (Map M-1). Scale is 1 hex=10 miles. Travel for a mounted, fully encumbered party should amount to 20 miles per day on clear terrain or roads, half that if they are on foot. Mountains and water are impassable except where noted. Hills and forest without roads reduce movement by 50%. Each 24 hour day represents a wilderness turn.

Northwestern Yarrl is a hilly, heavily forested region. The most prominent feature is the river Skladka, which flows southeast before ultimately emptying out in the Gulf of Raam at Yarrl's largest city and primary port, Bosgin. The river is navigable southward from the town of Skladka but is too narrow, rocky and dangerous for boat travel farther north. The town of Skladka itself is a crossroads for the east-west trade route between Elem and Veste, and the southern road and river route to Bosgin.

Linntoc is a largely uncharted region about which very little is known, as few have ventured there and those who do rarely return. From the northern border of Yarrl, all that can be seen is a vast, icy plain pockmarked with geysers and rubble. Haze and fog obscure vision beyond more than a few miles. There are no current maps of Linntoc, but it is said that on the other side of the Cold Waste, there is a large inland lake, to the east of that is a massive, impassable mountain range. Tradition holds that Linntoc was once a part of Yarrl in happier days, but since then even Yarrl will not make any claim on it, and it is widely believed that only madmen would have any reason to go there at all.

Wilderness Monster/Treasure Encounters

For each wilderness turn (24 hours), consult the appropriate encounter table below. With each encounter, there is a 40% chance of each category of treasure - see Treasure Type table below.



Y-1	WILDERNESS ENCOUNTERS IN YARRL (roll d20)
1-6	No encounter
7	Bongmaster. Type F Treasure
8	Elves (2d6 Elves, leader level 6 fighter). Treasure Type A.
9	Dragon (d4, 1-Green, 2-Black, 3-Red, 4-Blue). Treasure Type B.
10	Revenant. Treasure Type H.
11-12	Band of Orcs (3d6 orcs, leader level 5 fighter). Treasure Type A.
13-14	Band of Bikers (2d6 bikers, leader level 6 fighter). Treasure Type B.
15	Band of Orc Bikers (2d6 Orc Bikers, leader level 7 fighter). Treasure Type B.
16	Unicorn. Treasure type G.
17	Umber Hulk. Treasure type E.
18	Band of Toad Priests (2d6 Priests). Treasure Type C.
19	Hippies (2d6 Hippies, leader level 4 druid). Treasure Type D.
20	Bug People. Yuck. (Night only - 1d4 bug people). Treasure Type F.

L-1	WILDERNESS ENCOUNTERS IN LINNTOC (roll d12)
1	Orc raiding party. 2d6 Orcs plus a level 5 fighter commander get the drop on the party under cover of darkness. Treasure Type A.
2	Revenant attack. 1d4 revenants assault the party under cover of darkness, +3 initiative. Treasure Type H.
3	Wraiths - 1d6 wraiths assault the party under cover of darkness, +3 initiative. Treasure Type H.
4	Knock Knock. Who is it? Candygram. Really? No -- surprise! It's a Land Shark, a.k.a. bulette. Good luck. Treasure Type E.
5	Umber Hulk attack. Why? Because Umber Hulks are cool, that's why. Treasure Type E.
6	Giant Armadillo. Treasure Type I.
7-8	2d4 Black Kangaroos. Treasure Type E.
9	Bug People. Uh oh. (Night only - 1d4 bug people). Treasure Type F.
10-12	Night passes uneventfully.

T-1	TREASURE TYPE TABLE					
TYPE	SILVER	GOLD	GEMS/ JEWELRY	MAGIC ITEMS/ ARTIFACTS	WEAPONS	POTIONS
A	1d6 X 100	1d4 X 100	1d4	None	+2 Sword	Healing
B	1d6 X 100	1d4 X 100	1d4	None	+2 Crowbar	Meth, Booze
C	1d6 X 100	1d4 X 100	1d4	Scroll of Hypnotism	+2 Mace	Poison
D	None	None	2d6	Tambourine of Dancing, Bag of Stashing	None	Patchouli
E	None	None	1d6	None	None	None
F	None	1d6	None	Staff of Teleportation	+2 Ray Gun	Invisibility
G	None	None	1d4	Smoke Machine of Total Awesomeness	+3 Flying V	None
H	1d6 X 100	1d6 X 1000	3d6	-2 Cursed Hauberk	+3 Axe	None
I	None	1d6 X 100	3d6	None	None	None

Note:
normal currency exchange rates apply, 5 silver pieces = 1 Yarrlian Gold Piece.

Highlights and Lowlights of Yarrl and Linntoc

A) Ye Olde Hawge Stoppe

Suggested Listening: Disc 1, "Hawg".

This biker bar on the edge of the forests of Yarrl is the informal headquarters for the gangs of bikers roaming the area. While suspicious of strangers, the landlord of the Hawge Stoppe (level 7 fighter) will offer ale and food to guests. At any time, the Hawge Stoppe will have several dozen bikers and their Old Ladies, all heavily armed. Most bikers, if approached affably, will be willing to trade equipment, drugs, liquor, or other items though they will always barter aggressively. Should the party attempt to steal one of their bikes (good for 5 times the normal rate of movement and capable of carrying a full equipment load, or an Old Lady, at no extra penalty) the entire biker community will respond, and pursue the thieves with vengeance in their hearts. Among the bikers at the Hawge Stoppe is a burly red haired fellow known as the Rebel of Stock (see NPCs below). He is a mercenary looking for adventure, and may be willing to join the party as a scout or guide. For each day spent at the Hawge Stoppe, each character should roll d6 for an event from the random encounter guide below.

- 1 - Someone slips you a mickey - spend 1 day unconscious, stripped of all possessions.
- 2 - Hear a rumor from a grizzled old biker - "Word has it that the Bonglords have returned...but so have their enemies..."
- 3 - Knock over a bike, starting a brawl (vs. 2d6 bikers).
- 4 - Get a tattoo - Bikers offer an armed escort (2d6 bikers) to the Tomb of Kings (G) but will go no further..
- 5 - Win game of pool vs. biker chief, starting a brawl (vs. 2d6 bikers).
- 6 - Eat 1 order of Chili Cheese Fries of Stupefaction. Lose d6 of either intelligence, wisdom or charisma for 2 days.

B) Lembas Hut

Suggested Listening: Disc 3, "Hamburger Girl".

An Elven-run establishment deep inside the Forest of Yarrl, this rather odd food truck offers a number of delectable items, not least of which is the comely Elf lass running the register. If a member of the party approaches the Lembas Hut and orders a menu item (10 gold pieces each...kind of pricey, eh?), they should roll d6 from the random encounter guide below. If for some reason the party is foolish enough to refuse to pay, or to hassle the Lembas Hut in any way, they will be attacked by 3d10 heavily armed Elves with a level 7 fighter captain.

- 1 - Elves are immortal. Which means they don't have to worry about food poisoning, but you do. Non-elf characters roll saving throw vs. constitution or are sickened for 2 days (-2 strength, dexterity, constitution).
- 2 - Elf wench says, "So I have this mithril thong I've been wanting to try on..." Roll -2 saving throw vs. wisdom or player disappears from the party for one day.
- 3 - Elven Ale adds 2 to your wisdom for 7 days
- 4 - Elf Fusion - Lembas, bean sprouts, lemon aioli sauce, with crushed red pepper on Thai noodles. Player has no need to eat for 7 days.
- 5 - Hear a rumor from the Elf wench - "Like, don't go over and eat at the Hawge Stoppe because their food is NOT organic and it's totally disgusting and I heard they make their chili out of unicorn meat."
- 6 - Buffalo wing & Waffle Taco - +2 constitution and strength for 7 days.

C) Orc Pit

Pretty much what it says it is, a foul black pit full of Orcs in a bad mood. If the party approaches this stronghold, they will be attacked by 3d10 Orcs and a level 6 Orc captain. If the party defeats the orcs, they can explore the dark catacombs beneath them and roll d6 to see what each of them encounters:

- 1 - Ochre Jelly. Enough said.
- 2 - Find a copy of the famed Lost Map of Yarrl, still clutched in the bony fingers of an unfortunate adventurer. The DM can share the full Wilderness Map with the party.
- 3 - Find a cask of Orc Stout. Drinks all round, and if you pass the saving throw vs. constitution, gain permanent +2 strength and resistance to poison. If you don't, spend 2 days unconscious.
- 4 - Find a captured Elf Maiden. Naturally, she will be very grateful. Roll -2 saving throw vs. wisdom or player disappears from the party for one day.
- 5 - Stumble upon a lost Sovtek Big Muff Pi in vintage condition. Adds +2 to all guitar attacks.
- 6 - Orc Treasure Trove - includes:
 - 32 back issues of "Elf Booty" magazine (not mint condition)
 - 12 bottles of Aqua Velva musk - unopened
 - 10 cases of Little Debbie oatmeal pies
 - DVD collection of the first 3 seasons of Aqua Teen Hunger Force
 - +3 brass knuckles
 - 5 sheets of really bad acid

D) Dragon Lair

On a mountain near the eastern edge of the Cold Waste is a large cave, which has been occupied by a massive (12 hit dice) green dragon. This dragon has been hunting in the area, mostly eating stray cattle, and is getting pretty comfortable. Like most dragons he isn't really interested in fighting, and if encountered by the party he will probably try to talk them down from any conflict. Inside his lair, he has stowed a few treasures, including 16000 gold pieces, some shiny +2 plate mail from a knight that wouldn't take no for an answer, and a really nice plasma TV with the satellite NFL package. If the party approaches the dragon cave, roll d6 to determine the following random encounters:

- 1 - "Dudes. If you are gonna crash my pad, at least bring beer next time." Dragon attacks, with +3 initiative.
- 2 - "Man, I took a hit off that Bong of Power once. Pretty disappointing." Dragon offers to eat one of the party if they really insist, but otherwise begs off and complains about an old back injury.
- 3 - "Come on in, fellas!" Dragon is in a good mood because the Steelers just beat the spread. Offers to fly the party directly to the Vault of the Bonglords, bypassing the Cold Waste completely.
- 4 - "Listen, I gave at the office. But if you guys will beat it, I'll give you a few gold pieces". Dragon gives the party 1000 gold pieces to leave.
- 5 - "You boys got any virgins? Hahahaha just kidding." Dragon says that the party can take as much gold as they like since it's "just taking up space... as long as you don't mess with the remote or the La-z-boy".
- 6 - "Let me give you guys some advice..." Dragon warns that if the party doesn't set a watchman overnight when traveling through the Cold Waste, it will likely result in them being eaten by a grue. "If you need something to help keep you awake, I know a guy..."

E) Cold Waste

Suggested Listening: Disc 3, "Through Darkness and Distance".

This vast expanse of frozen, desolate misery is the most fearsome natural obstacle standing between the party and its goal - the Vault

of the Ancient Bonglords. Under normal conditions it will take a week to cross by foot. At night, the wind howls, the temperature drops below zero, and frightful horrors creep out of steaming holes in the ground. If the party neglects to set a watch at night, one member of the party will be eaten by a grue. For each day spent in the Cold Waste, roll an additional encounter from the following table:

C-1	COLD WASTE ENCOUNTER TABLE (roll d6)
1	Night watch must make saving throw vs. constitution or fall asleep. If the latter occurs, one member of the party will be eaten by a grue.
2	Snowblind. Party cannot travel safely for 2 days. If they move from their position, it will be in a random direction.
3	Extreme cold. Party members suffer from frostbite, 2d6 damage each for failed saving throw vs. constitution. Lighting a fire will draw Umber Hulks.
4	Member of the party falls in a geyser. 2d6 damage and a 200 gold piece fine payable to the Linntoc Department of Parks and Recreation for disturbing a natural formation.
5	Party discovers a frozen adventurer still clutching a Lost Map of Yarrl. (The DM may share the wilderness map with the party).
6	1d4 Frost Giants attack during a blizzard. If defeated, the party will find no treasure on them other than a case of Old Style, some cheese curds, and a Green Bay Packers game program from 2003 with a missing cover.

F) Unicorn Grove

Suggested Listening: Disc 2, "Sunn Beta".

In a meadow amidst a beautiful circle of majestic trees lives a noble white Unicorn. In the unlikely event that a virtuous maiden is accompanying the party, the Unicorn will bless them and bestow upon them a magical artifact. Otherwise, they will have to bribe the Unicorn with some pretty righteous bud - but either way, the Unicorn will say, "May this magical token bestow good fortune upon your path and aid you in your quest..." and one of the following (roll d6) will appear:

- 1 - A Psychedelic Oil Lamp of Many Colors
- 2 - A Smoke Machine of Total Awesomeness
- 3 - A Jug of Endless Ale
- 4 - A Lost Map of Yarrl (the DM can share the wilderness map with the party)
- 5 - A +3 Flying V
- 6 - A Pedalboard of Power

If attacked, the Unicorn will simply teleport away, and the grove will disappear.

G) Tomb of Kings

Suggested Listening: Disc 2, "Waiting for the Axe to Fall".

Some half dozen unusually symmetrical shaped mounds dot the landscape here. Closer examination will reveal that these are actually burial mounds, each with a small stone door in its base, which opens into a black crypt. If the party is foolish enough to attempt to enter one of the burial mounds, they will draw an attack of either 1d4 revenants or 2d6 ghouls once they get inside. Each burial mound may contain Treasure Type H (40% chance), but entering

the mound will cause one item belonging to each member of the party to become cursed (saving throw vs. magic attack). For every hour the party lingers in the area, they may (20% chance) draw a coordinated attack of 1d4 revenants and 2d6 ghouls. However, for each hour the party stays in the area they may (20%) find a strange, ancient runic inscription on a stone amidst the mounds. This inscription consists of an arrow pointing due north, with the words "HYPOGAEUM ANTIQUI REGES CANNABINI", and several strange markings similar to the ones on the seal affixed to Lord Hightower's letter.

H) Pass of the Grimm Scot

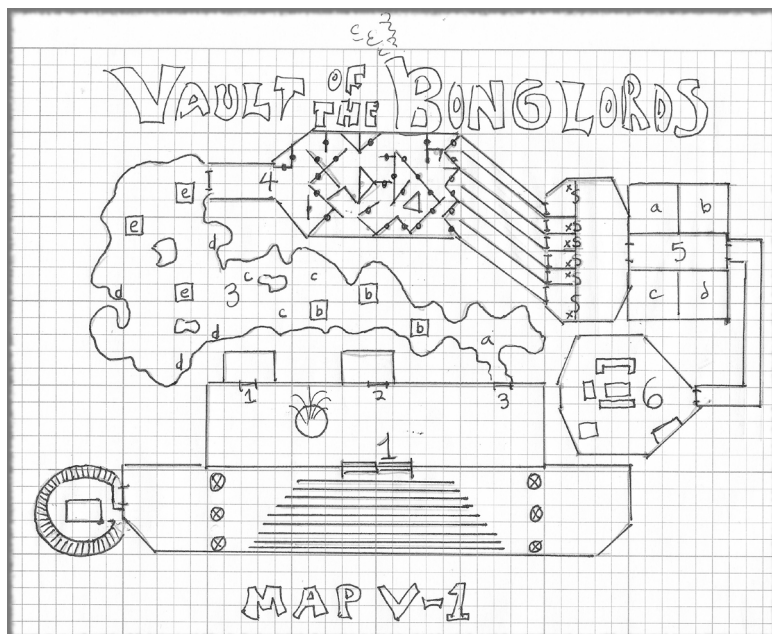
Suggested Listening: Disc 2, the Dunlavy's "Mastadon".

At the foot of the two largest mountains of the massive Lalshram range in the northernmost reaches of Linntoc, there is a gaping chasm so treacherous that not even a mountain goat could climb down and return out again. The bottom of the chasm is full of jagged rocks and stinking, vile pools of poisonous water. The only way across to the narrow mountain pass that winds into the valley beyond is a frayed rope bridge some 200 feet in length. On the far side of the chasm there is a small thatched hut, where a battered old warrior sits near a guttering fire (see the Grimm Scot under Non-Player Characters below). He guards the bridge, allowing passage to no one. According to legend, he has waited there for centuries untold for his masters to return and release him from this duty. If the bridge is approached, the Grimm Scot will advance to the midpoint of the bridge, and cry out a challenge. "My Lords have commanded me to allow passage to no mortal. Fight me to the death, or free me from my bondage". The Grimm Scot is quite sure-footed on the wobbly bridge, which does not handicap him; however any foe who tries to fight on it has -2 to hit on all attacks. The Grimm Scot can summon earth and air elementals to aid him, and if worse comes to worse he will attempt to cut down the bridge, dumping his opponent into the chasm to a certain death, while clutching the other half and swinging back again to the far side. It is said that only one thing besides the return of his masters will release him from the spell holding him there - and that is if his challenger bestows upon him a vinyl copy of Blue Oyster Cult's "Agents of Fortune". He will then return to his hut, pull out an ancient, scarred Gibson SG, cue up the record and attempt to play the guitar solo from "Don't Fear the Reaper" over and over and over again. At this point, with the spell of bondage broken, he will avoid any further contact with the party and will no longer hinder their passage across the bridge.

The Vault of the Ancient Bonglords (see map V-1 for detail)
Suggested Listening: Disc 1, "Southern Pine".

Once the party begins the descent into the pass beyond the Lalshram mountains, they will notice the temperature becoming warmer. Trees, plants, and even birds are present. Mountain streams form from melting ice, and the interior foothills gradually recede to the lush plains of a wide, flat valley. The pass turns into a well marked and seemingly well maintained road, which runs straight through the center of the valley plain. Opposite this plain is a huge mountain, never seen on any map known to this age of men - and the road winds up the foothills of this mountain to a gleaming fortress seemingly carved straight out of the face of the mountain. A pale green banner atop a slender minaret flits lazily in the breeze. It bears the same sign as the seal on Lord Hightower's letter.

As the party moves closer, they will realize that the 6 ornate stone dragon carvings along the eaves of the entrance to the Vault are actually wyverns, which will attack (+3 initiative). Other than this, there will be no indication of any other guardians.



V-1) The Gate and Tower

A massive open forum lined with pillars holds stairs leading to the entryway to the Vault. Inscribed above the ornate gate, which appears to be made entirely out of some unknown metal, are the cryptic words, "Speak, dude, and enter". This phrase can be deciphered by any magic user in the party with a saving throw vs. intelligence, and if the phrase "Dude" is spoken, or if any member of the party sparks up a fatty, the gates will silently swing inward. To the left of the forum is a tall Tower, which has a locked iron door at the bottom. If the door is forced and the party ascends the tower, they will find it empty, except for a stone basin with a small fountain in it, with runes spelling the word FANTA beneath it. Drinking from the fountain will result in (roll d4)

- 1 - Orange - Potion of Protection (+2 for 24 hours)
- 2 - Strawberry - Potion of Invisibility
- 3 - Grape - Potion of remove curse
- 4 - Root Beer - Potion of Healing (3d8)

V-2) Some Monsters

Suggested Listening: Disc 3, "Dartania".

When the party passes through the Gate, they will see a large, wide anteroom with ornate and beautiful carvings on all walls. Three doors appear before them on the opposite side, with the numbers 1, 2, and 3 inscribed on them. A fountain in the center of the room contains a water spirit and his lovely water nymph assistant Tina. They will not attack the party, but the water spirit will greet them - "Welcome to the Vault of the Ancient Bonglords! Let's have a look behind one of these three doors and see what you've won!" The party will be asked to choose a door, which the assistant will gracefully open, to be described by the water spirit --



Door #1) "Congratulations, you've won a brand new Manticore! This exciting monster has tail spikes, fearsome claws, and a human head - but best of all, it can fly! Don't be fooled by the relatively low hit dice of this man-eater - he has three attacks, and can fling those tail spikes just like crossbow bolts!"

Door #2) "You've seen it in movies, and on TV - but now you can have your very own Shambling Mound! A pile of rotting vegetable matter that is as dangerous as it is disgusting, it can suffocate you or simply club you to death with its strangely human-like arms!"

Door #3) "Let's see what they've won, Tina - why, it's an all expenses paid trip to the Cavern of Doom! Inside, you'll find a multitude of horrors designed to keep you bleeding. Whether you are basking in the luxury of swinging blades or taking a wild tumble into a spiked pit, don't forget to set aside time for the flaming oil sauna or the Cavern's famous Gelatinous Cube spa treatment!"

V-3) Cavern of Doom

Suggested Listening: Disc 2, "Alien Abduction".

Once the party passes through the antechamber, they will come into a large, irregularly shaped cavern. Stalagmites and other strange rock formations abound, and the whole cavern is eerily awash in a dim light coming from phosphorescent mold covering the walls. Small pools of steaming ooze and water are everywhere. The party must navigate the following traps, while also engaging 6 gibbering mouthers which ooze out of pits or hollows around the cave:



- a) Swinging pendulum blade. -2 saving throw vs. dexterity or 3d8 damage.
- b) Spiked Pits - 2d8 damage and trapped for 3 melee rounds
- c) Piercer.
- d) Flaming oil spout. -2 saving throw vs. dexterity or 2d8 damage, destroy one item (DM's choice)
- e) Gelatinous Cube drops from trap door in ceiling.

On the far end of the cavern is another ornate door, carved with mystical symbols similar to the one Lord Hightower used as his mark. This door leads to the Hall of Mirrors (V-4), and can be opened easily by simply touching it.

V-4) The Hall of Mirrors

The Hall of Mirrors is a complex array of shifting and spinning mirror doors, which will swiftly confuse and separate the party so that each member is alone. Each member of the party will eventually find themselves alone in a narrow passage that will lead to a chamber which is empty, except for a shapeless humanoid form in the opposite corner (x). This creature is a doppelganger which swiftly morphs into the form of the character entering the room. However, unlike ordinary doppelgangers which are relatively weak and easy to defeat, this doppelganger will be an exact duplicate of the player character's statistics, hit points, armor, items, spells and powers. Each character must defeat himself or herself in battle, at which point a secret door opens which will lead them to the anteroom of V-5.

V-5) Chambers of the Bonglords

Suggested Listening: Disc 1, "Cole Porter".

Several rooms here are accessed by a wide hall with doors on either side. The rooms are not locked, and not occupied, but appear to be sleeping quarters with unmade beds. They are unremarkable aside from containing the following items:

- a) Black Sabbath T-shirt, +2 Fender Mustang bass, scratched copy of the Offender's "Endless Struggle".
- b) Iron Maiden poster, three unopened packs of condoms, skateboard.
- c) Complete volumes of Cerebus the Aardvark in mint condition. Unfinished plastic model of the Millennium Falcon.
- d) Apple II computer with a 5 1/4" floppy drive. Three boxes of floppy disks with labels reading "Bilestoad", "Bolo", and "Conan", among many others. 40 watt Peavey amplifier with a blown speaker.

V-6) Inner Sanctum of the Bonglords

Suggested Listening: Disc 2, "Switzer".

At the end of the wide hall with the sleeping quarters is a door leading to a long passageway. At the end of this passageway is another door, which is cracked slightly open, showing a dim light on the other side. An odorous mist seeps out from the opening in the door. Upon entering, the party will see the floor littered with debris such as empty Cheeto bags, half-eaten Little Debbie oatmeal pies, comic books, pizza boxes, and beer cans. A black light flickers weakly in the corner, above which a wall-sized Led Zepelin poster dominates the room. The light is coming from a TV that is turned on, playing the theme music from Mortal Kombat in an endless loop. On the table sits a Sega Genesis, half a pound of hydroponic, and a rather unremarkable black bong. Nearby, four Bonglords are fast asleep on a large, rather dingy sofa - one of them with his hand still clutching a bag of pork rinds. If the party takes the bong without attempting to wake the Bonglords, they can just walk on out the way they came.

Attempts to rouse the Bonglords will result in the following encounters (roll d4) -

- 1 - "Dude... leave us alone, man..." Bonglords return to sleep.
- 2 - "Is the pizza here?" Bonglords return to sleep.
- 3 - "Somebody flip the record..." One Bonglord rises, goes to a turntable in the corner, and flips over to side 2 of King Crimson's "Islands". Bonglord returns to sleep.
- 4 - "These dudes want our bong, man!" Bonglords awake, and challenge the party to a winner-take-all bout of Mortal Kombat.

Mortal Kombat Duel

Roll d6. If a member of the party has a copy of the Mortal Kombat cheat guide, add +2 to the roll.

1 Bonglords insist on everyone taking a bong hit before the game, to make it more fair. Unfortunately, this is a trap. (see The Great Bong of Power below). After everyone in the party has taken a hit, the Bonglords start laughing their asses off, say, "So long, suckers!!" then teleport away.

2 - 4 Bonglords win. Party is immediately teleported back to the edge of Yarrl and has to start all over again.

5+ Party wins. The Bonglords suddenly disappear, leaving the Great Bong of Power on the table.

The Great Bong of Power

The Bong of Power here within the Vault appears to be an ordinary acrylic water pipe, though it is pitch black from what appears to be eons of use without being cleaned. There is no inscription, marking or other indication of any magical properties on it. The Party may then decide how to take best advantage of the mighty Artifact in their possession; whether to return with it to Yarrl and Lord Hightower, try to keep it for themselves, or battle one another to gain control of it.

However, should a member of the party actually use the Bong, they will soon begin to see visions. They will be able to identify the bong in their possession as Mournbong, and learn that its twin Stonebringer is nowhere nearby. But more dangerously, they will begin to slowly gain a complete understanding of the Bongs of Power, their history, both past and future, and their unique place in the Cosmos. As their soul and their consciousness become one with the Bong, they will realize the utter futility of doing really anything at all, other than hanging out on a sofa, eating pizza, and playing Sega. They will then use whatever means possible to return to the Vault of the Bonglords and their Inner Sanctum. There, having no desire to do anything else, they will replace the very Bonglords that they so recently defeated and become one of the new guardians of the Bong. The cycle will begin again, until a new wave of adventurers can defeat them at Mortal Kombat and break the curse.



NON-PLAYER CHARACTERS

Name: Lord Hightower
Level 11 Male Wizard (Illusionist)
Alignment: Chaotic Good

STR 9
INT 17
DEX 14
WIS 7
CON 18
CHA 17

Hit Points: 60
Armor Class: 8
Weapons: None
Items: Bag of Stashing, Cloak of Confusion, Pedals of Taurus, Pipe of Many Visions
Abilities: Sleep Resistance, Hemp Resistance
+3 saving throw vs. sleazy promoters
-4 saving throw vs. Elf Booty

Spells: obscuring mist, shapechange, acid fog, word of binding, wall of smoke, servant horde, phase door, teleportation, gate, stinking cloud, anarchic storm, regenerate, darkness, Leomund's secret chest, summon monster, summon elemental, dimension door, plane shift, appraising touch, augury, contact other plane, divination, dream sight, identify, locate object, speak with plants, vision of glory, clarivoyance, detect thoughts, enthrall, charm person, command, suggestion, confusion, feeblemind, sleep, hypnotism, hold person, insanity, mesmerizing glare, maddening whispers, Otto's irresistible dance, ray of stupidity, prismatic spray, reality maelstrom, defenestrating sphere, word of chaos, veil of shadow, lightning bolt, shocking grasp, wall of fire, ethereal chamber, dancing lights, cacophonic burst, illusory wall, project image, invisibility, shifting paths, phantasmal assailants, shadow form, wall of gloom, net of shadows, bestow curse, shadow hand, wail of the banshee, animate dead, camouflage, command plants, curse of ill fortune, expeditious retreat, extend tentacles, levitate, polymorph

Lord Hightower is known as the prime financier and driving force behind the Quest for the Bongs of Power. He is an enigmatic figure whose charm and skill with magical illusions has gained him vast influence, if not the wealth and power he desires. Preferring to act indirectly through others to realize his schemes, he has not joined the Quest himself, but guides the actions of his underlings from his hidden fortress. He may appear to members of the Quest as an astral projection from time to time, encouraging them or offering advice, although this frequently causes as much confusion as it does guidance. Occasionally he will even invite his proteges to share his Pipe of Many Visions, hoping that it will lead them to greater comprehension of the spheres of the universe and the role they have to play in the Quest. If a player partakes of the Pipe of Many Visions, they must make a -4 saving throw vs. wisdom. If they fail, they will stay in a state of confusion for 7 days, but if they succeed, they will gain +2 wisdom and intelligence for the same period. Lord Hightower carries no weapons into combat, but instead uses spells or illusions to defeat his opponents. If cornered or defeated, he will simply teleport back to his lair, leaving behind a cloud of smoke. Oddly enough, Lord Hightower has no great desire to actually use the Bongs of Power, but merely wishes to make them the centerpiece of his vast collection of magical artifacts. It is rumored that his fortress is filled with mystical objects collected from all around the universe, many of which are disused or in unknown states of disrepair - including such oddities as the Pedals of Taurus, several Amplifiers of Unlimited Wattage, the Lyre of Vulcan, and perhaps strangest of all, the Guitorgan - a musical instrument forged by an alien race which can play any song which ever existed in the space-time continuum, except that it can only be played once, and then it explodes; hence it has never been played. To possess the Bongs of Power would be the capstone of his career as a mystic and wizard, even if he simply sets them aside unused. He has privately mused that the Quest itself is far more interesting than its actual object.



Name: The Grimm Scot
Level 12 Male Human Fighter
Alignment: Lawful Neutral

STR 17
INT 16
DEX 13
WIS 15
CON 18
CHA 9

Hit Points: 95
Armor Class: 2
Weapons: +2 Gibson SG Bass, +3 Two Handea sword
Abilities: Magic Resistance, Summon Elemental, Move Earth

The Grimm Scot is an ancient warrior who has been cursed with the task of guarding the bridge and the narrow pass into the Mountains of Lalshram. Seemingly ageless, he defends the mountain pass with zeal; it is said that the bones of many warriors litter the bottom of the huge, steep chasm over which the frayed rope bridge is suspended. Fearsome to behold, he is bearded and gray, living as a hermit in a thatched hut near the pass. Very rarely, he will make the long trip into Skladka for supplies or a trip to the tavern, during which time he cuts down the bridge so no one may enter the mountain stronghold; he then uses a secret path known only to him to cross back again and replace the bridge. It is not known what masters he serves, or why he never seems to age; he has been the guardian of the pass for as long as anyone can remember. Should any challengers become difficult for him to deal with, the Grimm Scot can summon 1d4 earth elementals to aid him, or use his power to Move Earth to create landslides or avalanches to stop their progress. If his foes attempt to fly across the chasm using some form of sorcery, he will summon air elementals instead. Ordinarily, however, he will engage each opponent in hand-to-hand combat in the center of the bridge, dispatching them one at a time.

Name: The Sorcerer of Sims
Level 12 Human Wizard
Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

STR 16
INT 17
DEX 15
WIS 12
CON 15
CHA 17

Hit Points: 80
Armor Class: 7
Weapons: +5 Machine of Tattooing, +3 Switchblade
Items: Mug of Everlasting Lone Star, +3 Staff of Seeing, Pipe of Plenty
+4 Saving Throw vs. Alcohol
-2 Saving Throw vs. False Metal

Spells: wizard's mark, confusion, fog cloud, darkness, detect evil, detect good, mind fog, sleep, lightning, magic missile, fireball, protection, summon demon, detect magic, identify, psionic blast, polymorph, curse, clarivoyance, Bigsby's metal fist, enchant item, invisibility, levitate, teleportation, stinking cloud, feeblemind, summon undead, magic mouth, arcane sight, charm person, gate, disintegrate, symbol of fear, summon monster, wall of stone

The Sorcerer of Sims is known to wander the lands of northern Yarrl, where he offers a unique service: for a fee, he will use his +5 Machine of Tattooing to mark his clients with magical tattoos - cryptic, fearsome or beautiful images which also convey protection, strength, or other beneficial properties. The enchantment will wear off after a couple of months, however, leaving behind only the permanent image engraved on the client's skin. There are some who tell tales that the tattoos the Sorcerer creates can take on a life of their own - or even that they slink off the skin at night to report to their master, returning to their place in the morning - but this has never been proven, and he still has plenty of customers. He often will set up shop in a tavern, where he can be seen with a mug of ale bearing a single star rune; this mug is never empty and yet no barkeep can recall ever filling it. Smoking frequently from his Pipe of Plenty, which also seems to always be full of a pungent green herb, he will say little of his past or his purposes. However, it is rumored by some that he is an exiled Bonglord - the circumstances of his fall from grace are not known - and that the Pipe of Plenty was the only artifact of his people which he was able to bring with him. Perhaps he seeks the Bongs of Power out of a desire to wreak vengeance on his former comrades, or to prove he is worthy enough to end his exile.

In combat, the Sorcerer tends to favor an attack with Bigsby's Metal Fist, or a heavy shower of fireballs, followed by waves of monsters or demons which he summons and forces to do his bidding. He is particularly difficult to surprise, because his wizard's staff has a single eye on a stalk growing out of it. This eye never sleeps or closes, and it is said that it can see in all directions at once even in total darkness. Those who speak to the Sorcerer often comment that the eye's penetrating gaze is most unsettling, as though it can even see inside their minds.



NON-PLAYER CHARACTERS

Name: Red Karole
Level 8 Human Female Fighter
Alignment: Chaotic Good

STR 14
INT 15
DEX 16
WIS 14
CON 16
CHA 15

Hit Points: 68
Armor Class: 6
Weapons: +2 Bass
Items: +3 Pedalchain of Mystery, +3 Shades of Protection
Abilities: Stun (10' radius) - prismatic hair attack
+3 Saving Throw vs. sound attacks
-2 Saving Throw vs. Hemp attacks



Despite her youthful appearance, Red Karole is nonetheless an experienced veteran of many campaigns. Her flaming red hair and fearsome bass attack have felled many a foe, and those who underestimate her may find themselves facing the Pedalchain of Mystery, an intricate series of lights, cables, boxes, knobs and buttons which will respond only to her. This sonic attack (+3, 2d10 damage) is often combined with a burst of light from her hair, which will change colors during combat and create a Prismatic Spray that will stun her foes (saving throw vs. constitution). She does not bother with armor in battle, donning only brightly colored protective eyewear (+3 Shades of Protection). Red Karole will offer to join the party on the Quest if promised a suitably sized amplifier, but her own motives are unclear. She will be a faithful ally on the Quest, but will not suffer fools and may break a foot off in someone's ass if there is too much clowning around.

Name: Philip of Osmondia
Level 9 Half-Elven Wizard (Alchemist)
Alignment: Neutral Good

STR 9
INT 17
DEX 14
WIS 15
CON 10
CHA 14

Hit Points: 65
Armor Class: 7
Weapons: +3 Moog Opus 3
Items: Crumar of Endless Resonance, +2 Ring of Protection
+3 Groove Attack
-3 Saving Throw vs. Ale
Abilities: Repair item, create trap



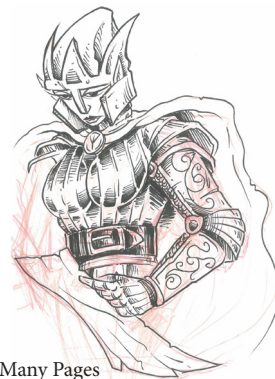
Spells: Healing, animate object, fabricate item, lightning, create potion, remove curse, detect evil, bless, summon elemental, stonehold, fantastic machine, protection, charm monster, cacophonous burst, fireball, dancing lights, prismatic spray, curse, enchant item, summon lesser demon, project image, polymorph, invisibility, wall of fog, summon monster, identify, charm person

A scion of one of the great families of Yarrl, Philip of Osmondia was kidnapped and enslaved by a band of roving hippies at a tender age. He learned many of their ways and their arts. Later, he was sold to the evil wizards of the sorcerer-state of Veste, and forced to work endlessly in their magical sweatshops. Finally escaping through a daring feat, he returned to Yarrl and began a small business in alchemy and magic items, making many wondrous devices and collecting or selling others. Although he is fascinated by the legend of the Bongs of Power, he will not seek them on his own. As a favor to Lord Hightower, however, he may join or assist the party along the Quest. Particularly adept at building, obtaining, repairing or identifying unusual magic items, he may also offer to buy unusual artifacts obtained by the party. In combat, he generally will deploy his ancient Moog Opus 3, which is a fearsome weapon (2d8 damage) but doesn't tolerate humidity very well and may behave unpredictably under poor weather conditions.

Name: Autumn (Lasselanta)
Level 9 Elven Cleric
Alignment: Chaotic Good

STR 14
INT 16
DEX 12
WIS 17
CON 15
CHA 16

Hit Points: 70
Armor Class: 2
Weapons: +3 Mace of Smiting
Items: Quill of Scribing, +2 Elven Cloak, Tome of Many Pages
Abilities: Sleep resistance, patience
-3 Saving Throw vs. nerds
-2 Saving Throw vs. anchovies



Spells: read magic, detect magic, detect evil, identify, guidance, mending, healing, cure critical wounds, remove curse, illusory script, remove disease, summon monster, dispel evil, regenerate, turn undead, explosive runes, divination, create scroll, augury, light, calm, comprehend languages, enchant weapon, bless, curse, word of chaos, holy aura, miracle

Autumn (or Lasselanta, as she is known among her own Elven people) is a cleric and scribe, known for her great skill with calligraphy, illuminations and magical writing. From time to time, however, she desires to leave the reclusive environment of her temple's libraries and scriptorium to seek adventure. Accompanied by her great hound Catfish von Liqueurstein, she will wander far in search of interesting things to write down in her Tome of Many Pages - a magical book which, though light as a feather, contains everything she has ever written in it, and yet will always have one more blank page upon which she can inscribe her observations. Naturally, the Bongs of Power are a subject of great interest to her, and though she is far too wise to seek them for herself, she finds the Quest to be a fascinating tale. Thus, she will join the party with the hope of recording their journey, and perhaps supplying them with advice or aid along the way. She has the additional gift of being able to use her Quill of Scribing to create scrolls for magic users, though she can only make one scroll per day. Autumn is peaceful by nature and will not seek combat, but she will not put up with any nonsense either and will knock the holy snot out of somebody with her +3 Mace of Smiting if she has to; she is also well protected by her +2 mithril cuirass and a +2 elven cloak. Her loyal hound (AC 7, HP 35, 1d8 bite, 50% magic resistance) will defend her to the death, and it is said that she can see and hear with his sight and ears, and he with hers.

Name: The Rebel of Stock
Level 9 Male Human Fighter
Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

STR 17
INT 15
DEX 12
WIS 5
CON 18
CHA 14

Hit Points: 77
Armor Class: 7
Weapons: +2 Yamaha Acoustic
Items: Hightops of Stealth, Bottomless Flask
Abilities: Alcohol resistance, -3 saving throw vs. Elf Booty, Confusion

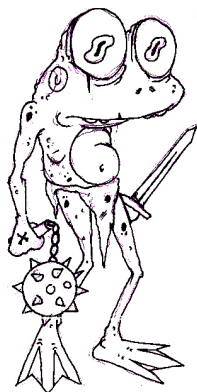


The Rebel of Stock is a wandering soldier of fortune, who knows no master but his own hungry belly and limitless thirst. In his quest to sate the latter, he has obtained the mystical Bottomless Flask, which will pour forth any potable liquid he desires - usually something distilled. In combat he can be quite dangerous, and in general he can be somewhat unpredictable. He can spread confusion in his foes at will (and, unfortunately, his comrades as well). Often found haunting the taverns of Yarrl, he seeks only to join a party for a chance at fame, fortune, and women. If he takes a liking to a party, and is paid reasonably well, he will be a loyal ally and traveling companion; he is familiar with even the most remote parts of Yarrl and will act as a guide, scout, or guard as needed. Nonetheless, he is prone to getting into difficult situations or provoking trouble, often requiring the party to extricate both him and themselves from brawls, run-ins with authorities, scorned women, creditors, angry tavern owners, and the like. Known also as a poet and something of a mystic, his own philosophy of life can be best summed up by the strange prayer he recites each night before falling asleep -- "No God, Only Shlong"....

ADDITIONAL MONSTERS

Astral Toad

FREQUENCY: Rare
ARMOR CLASS: -2
MOVE: 12"
HIT POINTS: 300
NO. OF ATTACKS: 2
DAMAGE/ATTACK: 2d8
SPECIAL ATTACKS: See Below
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Teleportation
MAGIC RESISTANCE: 70%
SIZE: 8'
ALIGNMENT: Neutral
WORSHIPER'S ALIGNMENT: Neutral Evil
PLANE: Astral
S:20 I:20 W:25 D:20 C:20 CH:23



The Astral Toad is a deity worshiped by the Toad Cult of Yarrl. Existing primarily on the Astral plane, where it has an incredible record collection and some amazing audiophile quality turntables, it manifests itself physically under certain circumstances known only to its evil followers. It is rumored that the Toad really doesn't like being summoned to the physical plane very much, but that every once in a while it needs a new turntable belt or some record cleaning solution and has to make the trip. Its followers will offer it sacrifices of sacred vinyl in exchange for oracular predictions that they use to rule Yarrl with an iron fist. While the Toad's followers are certainly evil in nature, the Toad itself does not really want to deal with a lot of people's hangups or hassles, and kind of just does what it needs to do to get by, you know? It possesses deep knowledge of many things past and future, acquired through extensive time travel in search of rare or unusual records. If a celebrant at its altar presents it with a particularly coveted album, for example, a mint copy of an early Budgie 7", it may grant that person a gift of knowledge or a vision of the future. The Toad does not seek to engage in combat and will generally flee to its astral lair if attacked, but if cornered, or enraged by an offering (say an Al Stewart "Year of the Cat" with a torn dust jacket) it may strike with astral beams of light from its huge, half-lidded eyes (2d8 damage) or simply attempt to swallow and eat its opponent (saving throw vs. dexterity).

Toad Priest

FREQUENCY: Rare
ARMOR CLASS: 6
MOVE: 12"
HIT DICE: 2
NO. OF ATTACKS: 1
DAMAGE/ATTACK: Club (1d6)
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Brainwashing
SPECIAL DEFENSES: None
MAGIC RESISTANCE: 30%
SIZE: 6'
INTELLIGENCE: High
ALIGNMENT: Neutral Evil



The Toad Priests are a religious cult bent on complete domination of the land of Yarrl through dark arts and their ability to control access to the oracular Astral Toad. Their central creed is based on awe of the Toad's vast knowledge of late 60s and early 70s British rock, and the belief that by bending the world under their iron fist, they can finally establish beyond a doubt that Jimmy Page did, in fact, record the guitar solo on the Kinks' "You Really Got Me". When encountered in large groups, they can use their brainwashing chants to recruit members into their ranks (roll 3d6 saving throw vs higher of intelligence or wisdom). Victims of brainwashing will join the cult for d6 days, at which time a second failed saving throw will result in them permanently joining the cult. During the initiation period, the victim will trade all their possessions for mint 60s vinyl. They will rapidly lose the abilities associated with their character class, and lose interest in anything other than their record collections and the cult. Suspicious of outsiders, particularly those who they cannot sway to their way of thinking, they are violent if encountered in their temple and will fight fiercely to protect the Oracle of the Toad, a large stone altar upon which they place their sacrifices. They are led by a level 10 Cleric known as Tarkus (HP 79, AC 4) who bears a +4 Disc of Punishment - a rare, 220 gram audiophile-quality picture disc of Mike Oldfield's "Tubular Bells" which will return to its wielder after delivering 2d10 damage. This priest also carries a spellbook of darkest necromancy bound in human skin, titled "Goldmine's Price Guide to Collectible Record Albums".

Hippies

FREQUENCY: Common
ARMOR CLASS: 8
MOVE: 12"
HIT DICE: 1
NO. OF ATTACKS: 0
DAMAGE/ATTACK: N/A
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Drum Circle
SPECIAL DEFENSES: None
MAGIC RESISTANCE: 0%
SIZE: M (6')
INTELLIGENCE: High.
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Good



Hippies are frequently found wandering in the forests of Yarrl. Entirely peaceful and generally friendly, they will approach adventurers and ask if they want to "jam". If attacked, they will run away although if they have a leader (level 4-6 druid) with them, he or she may cast spells to evade or otherwise distract the party. Members of the group may also form drum circles as a form of attack, a saving throw vs. constitution must be made or the victim will find the urge to join irresistible and will drop all armor and weapons in exchange for a tambourine or drum. If plied with food (preferably organic) or herb, they may provide information and/or directions.

Bikers

FREQUENCY: Common
ARMOR CLASS: 4
MOVE: 12", 60" mounted
HIT DICE: 1
NO. OF ATTACKS: 1
DAMAGE/ATTACK: Tire Iron (1d4), Switchblade (1d4), Chain (1d6)
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Fear
SPECIAL DEFENSES: None
MAGIC RESISTANCE: 0%
SIZE: M (6')
INTELLIGENCE: Normal
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic neutral



Bikers will be encountered in groups of 2-12, often led by a level 4-6 fighter. They will attack if they see a party that looks weak enough, with the prospect of gaining booty but can be deterred with a show of force. When mounted, they can strike terror in the hearts of their enemies by gunning their engines. They are generally disorganized, however, and can easily be distracted by promises of drugs, women or booze.

Bug People

FREQUENCY: Rare
ARMOR CLASS: 2
MOVE: 12"
HIT DICE: 7
DAMAGE/ATTACK: 2d6 or by weapon
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Fear
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Jump 30"
MAGIC RESISTANCE: 50%
INTELLIGENCE: Genius
ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil



The Bug People are an alien, insect-like race from a distant galaxy. Their home world having been destroyed many years ago during interstellar wars with the Bongmasters, they have scattered across the universe, gradually evolving to creatures capable of living in almost any environment and enduring long trips through space in a hibernated state. Frequently in possession of technological artifacts of great power brought with them from their ancient civilization, they have nonetheless lost much of their former knowledge. Bug People are driven by a single impulse: survival - and will accelerate their own evolution as needed through genetic engineering techniques. Though highly intelligent, they submit their own individual wills to the hive mind, and coordinate together quickly and efficiently into a dangerous force. When isolated they are still capable of great evil, as their suppressed individual will and desire begins to surge forth. Their arch-enemies are the Bongmasters, another ancient interstellar race who they see as the greatest threat to their own existence. Their perception of humanity varies somewhere between viewing them as slaves or as food, or both, but they are capable of cooperating with humans if it suits their greater goals. Special attacks include generating fear; most biological lifeforms will react with horror as the Bug People approach, even if they are not visible. If cornered, they can coil and jump for a large distance to escape. Their hard exoskeleton is as effective as platemail, and if they do not wield weapons they are capable of inflicting heavy damage with their pincers and claws.

ADDITIONAL MONSTERS

Bongmaster (Bonglord)

FREQUENCY: Very Rare
ARMOR CLASS: 7
MOVE: 12"
HIT DICE: 9
DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d6 or by weapon
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Cloud of Hemp
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Teleportation, Confusion
MAGIC RESISTANCE: 80%
INTELLIGENCE: Supra-Genius
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Neutral/Chaotic Good



The Bongmasters are an ancient humanoid race which once ranged across multiple galaxies. Known to humans as Bonglords or Bongmasters, they called themselves the “Dro”, which in their language meant “Enlightened Minds”. Their society was highly advanced technologically, with almost complete mastery over the physical and chemical world. Their greatest achievement was the creation, at the height of their civilization, of the twin Great Bongs of Power. Scattered after the eventual destruction of their home planet by the explosion of its sun, the Bongmasters ranged across several galaxies, searching for a new home world. This is no doubt how they came into contact with humans - a species which they resembled physically and biologically, but which was much less intelligent. Bongmasters will appear as pale, slim and somewhat fragile humans, with a subtle tendency toward elongated fingers and slightly larger heads and eyes. Generally they do not wear arms or armor, and prefer to simply confuse their foes (-2 saving throw) or teleport themselves out of danger rather than face physical combat. If forced to fight, however, they are quite formidable with weapons, especially projectile weapons (+3 to hit). A Bongmaster can also project their most fearsome attack, the Cloud of Hemp, which will envelop foes in a gaseous wave of intoxicating hemp smoke, 30 feet in diameter. Any intelligent creature coming into contact with the Cloud must make a saving throw against intelligence or roll 1d6 for side effects from the following table:

- 1,2 - Temporary loss of 5 intelligence and wisdom
- 3 - Eat all food in one's possession
- 4,5 - Sleep
- 6 - All of the above

Generally, the Bongmasters have a benign, if somewhat amused, view of humanity and the human race. Their aims may depend individually on which political factions they belong to among their own race, but they often can be found befriending or aiding humans who are not hostile to them. They have been rumored to intermingle anonymously among humans, in some cases even interbreeding with them, but this cannot be confirmed.

Black Kangaroo

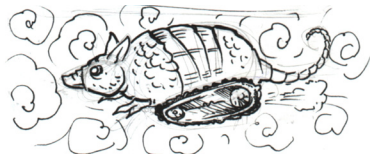
FREQUENCY: Rare
ARMOR CLASS: 7
MOVE: 18"
HIT DICE: 3
DAMAGE/ATTACK: 2x4 kick
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Suicide bomb
SPECIAL DEFENSES: N/A
MAGIC RESISTANCE: N/A
INTELLIGENCE: Low
ALIGNMENT: Neutral



Among the smoking craters and geysers dotting the bleak southern plains of Linntoc live the Black Kangaroos. This animal looks rather like a large, ordinary kangaroo, except for being completely black and carrying a fuse bomb in its pouch. These beasts run in groups of 2-8 and may attack if approached or molested. If pressed, one of their number may light their bomb with a match and explode after leaping into the midst of the party (3d6 damage in 10' radius). And sometimes the Black Kangaroo will detonate its bomb just for the hell of it anyway, because it's a stone-cold motherfucker.

Giant Armadillo

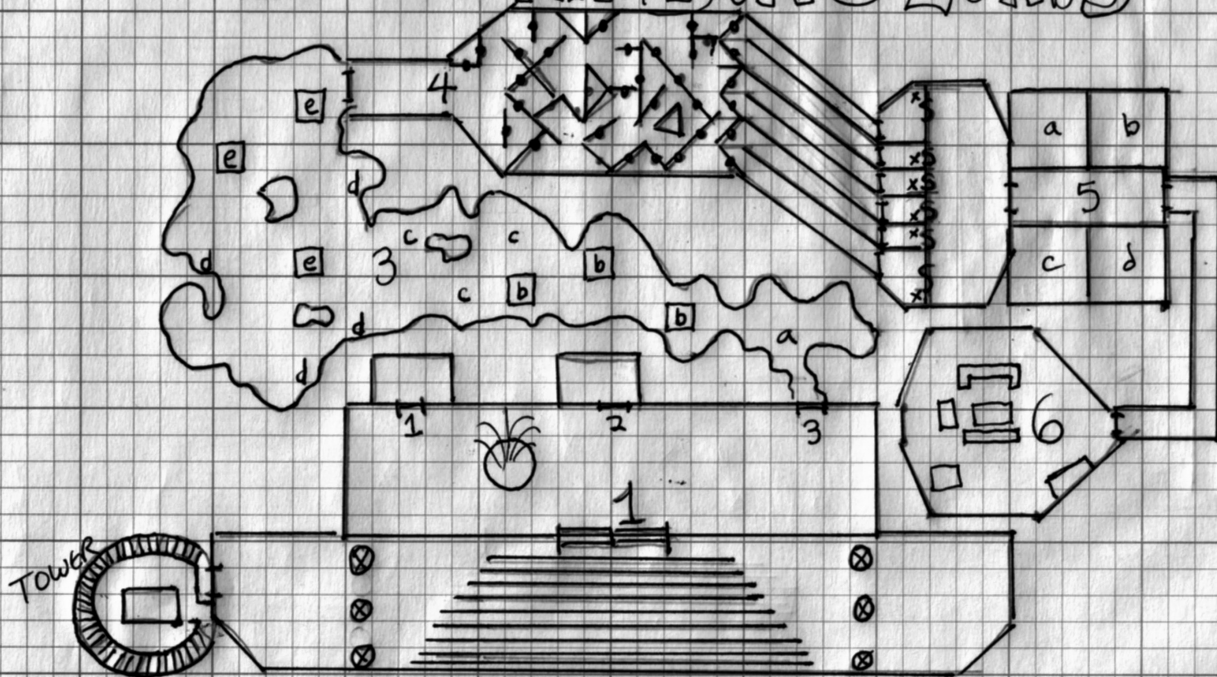
FREQUENCY: Very Rare
ARMOR CLASS: 0
MOVE: 18"
HIT DICE: 12
DAMAGE/ATTACK: Snout mounted shotgun 2d8, side mounted cannon 3d8
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Crushing
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Rolls into a ball
MAGIC RESISTANCE: 50%
INTELLIGENCE: Low
ALIGNMENT: Neutral



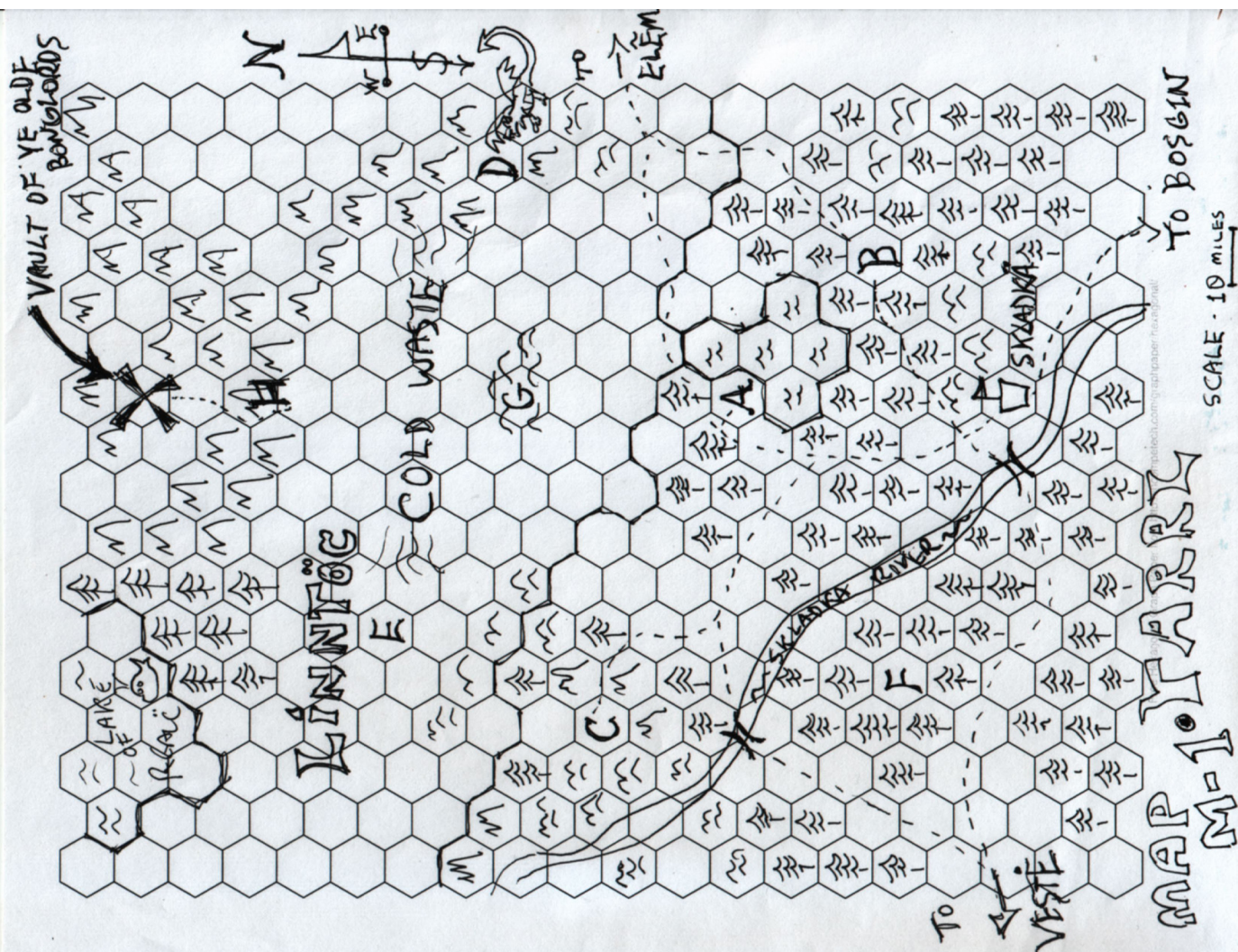
The Giant Armadillo is a fearsome beast residing near the plains below the volcanic mountain ranges in the northernmost reaches of Linntoc. Rising over 15' at the shoulder, they move around on huge tank treads, scanning the landscape for prey that they can gun down with their swivel-mounted cannons. When encountering groups, they will charge and simply crush their foes beneath their treads (-2 saving throw vs. Dexterity or suffer 3d10 damage). On the rare occasion where they find themselves outmatched or surrounded, they will roll into a ball and their armor class becomes -4. In this state they can still attack (see crushing above) by rolling over their enemies. They breed only once an eon, laying gigantic eggs near the lava of an active volcano. Thankfully, they are encountered only one at a time, for they are truly the most incredibly bad ass monsters you could ever think of, even if you were tripping balls and listening to Emerson, Lake & Palmer.



VAULT OF THE BONG LORDS



MAP V-1





Disc 1

- 1 Linus Theme 05:48
- 2 Luis Black/Roll out the Bong 10:31
- 3 Monkey 02:27
- 4 Dance of the Bug People 05:01
- 5 Beer, Women and Sunflower Seeds 02:46
- 6 Possum Love (live) 03:13
- 7 Drunkest Man 06:15
- 8 Cole Porter 05:11
- 9 Cannonball 02:39
- 10 La Tapatia 05:22
- 11 Old Crow 04:31
- 12 40oz 03:12
- 13 Southern Pine 05:42
- 14 Hawg 10:52

Disc 2

- 1 Penis Free Zone 02:23
- 2 Class of '85 01:50
- 3 Larry's Song 05:35
- 4 Henry Floats 03:52
- 5 Hendrix Boots 05:15
- 6 Sunn Beta 03:44
- 7 Insomnia 3:35
- 8 Interstellar Absolute Power Booty Call Explosion 04:17
- 9 Brain 06:31
- 10 Mastodon 02:41
- 11 Switzer 06:38
- 12 Alien Abduction 08:52
- 13 Waiting for the Axe to Fall 06:26

Disc 3

- 1 Hamburger Girl 03:46
- 2 Friendswood Development Co. 06:14
- 3 Lost in Darkness and Distance 07:40
- 4 Dartania 07:01
- 5 Turtle Song 04:57
- 6 The Eye of God 02:31
- 7 Colour out of Space 10:20
- 8 Two Artifacts 05:30
- 9 Rats (Live Improv) 05:52
- 10 Jason Bill (live) 05:26
- 11 Thorn 11:14
- 12 Porno in the Sink (Rock Mix) 02:14

More in the series:

- † Hidden Secrets of the Pedalslaves
- † In The Thrall of the Cat Lords
- † Ascent to the Lair of the Bug People