

Midnight Oliviah

(Revised)

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Fail Squad
Games

A first Edition / OSRIC adventure for 4-6 players
level 3-4

Game Master's Background

This adventure begins at a well-known watering hole and occasional auction house known as Oliviah's Inn and Tavern, located in a less-reputable section of the city of Hohm. The focus moves to the hideout of Offul Keyn the necromancer some distance away from the city in a less-traveled wood.

The introduction and set up portion of Midnight Oliviah may require more time than the usual dungeon crawl. This time should be used primarily to solidify the NPC's in question and establish the personalities for the gathering of clues to the mystery. The first half of this adventure is more like a role-playing mystery, the sword swinging comes in the later half. GMs can adjust encounters as suits their gaming style.

Oliviah:

Oliviah is a semi-retired ranger with a reputation for good humor and friendly conversation. She has shoulder-length brown hair, a winning disposition and a sword at her hip, even when serving mugs of ale at her popular establishment. Her sword has become something of her trademark around town. "By Oliviah's sword!" is a frequent expression for telling the truth, or as an expression of astonishment.

Bad Mike:

'Bad Mike' is a constant fixture around Oliviah's tavern. For the night of the auction, Oliviah has contracted the services of 'Bad Mike' as her auctioneer and head of security. He is a large man whose sly smile and pointed gray beard give an unsavory impression. Usually it is an impression that belies his more kindly nature toward those he considers friends. Bad Mike knows every ruffian in the back alleyways of the city of Holm, and likely has some business with most of them.

The Inn and Tavern:

Oliviah's Inn is renowned for the occasional midnight auctions of hard-to-find items in the private back room. The auctions and drink allow some forgiveness for the mediocre food. Oliviah prides herself on serving excellent beers and ales, even if the food could use some help.

Adventurers and collectors travel great distances to this seedy part of town just to attend the auctions. They all know that Oliviah's extensive network of underworld contacts and winning disposition assures her access to items impossible to acquire elsewhere.

The Harness of Ivan Goramavich

The harness is a head-to-toe, complete vestment of armor, including everything from helmet to sabatons. The armor is

legendary for rendering the wearer invincible to all forms of magic and is an item of great legend in many lands. The harness is commonly rumored to not function if it is missing any of the vestment pieces, in this instance, the rumor is true. Oliviah has come into possession of the fabled Harness of Ivan Goramavich and stands to gain a great deal from its sale.

History of the Harness:

The Harness was originally forged for the hero Ivan Goramavich a thousand years ago at great expense of gold and lives. Some say it was the product of great wizardry and craftsmanship, others believe it is divine armor born of the gods. However it was forged, it was created for the battle in which Ivan Goramavich defeated and killed the undead wizard of the house of Karrion.

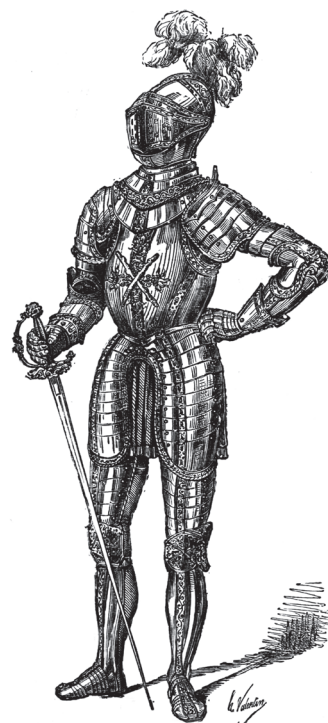
Unfortunately, Goramavich fell victim to a mysterious delayed curse when he removed the Harness. The exact afflictions of the curse have been lost to history. All that is for certain, is that his body was buried in an unknown location by a terrified populace. They buried the armor, the curse and the man to be forever lost to time and light.

The Harness has been missing for the majority of the thousand year history until now. The rumor that Oliviah has come into possession of the harness has attracted the interest of several bidders of various moralities and nationalities. All are eager with gold, some are timid with superstition. Some have come to answer the call of power.

Bidders

Offul Keyn – Resources 13,000 GP

Offul Keyn is a local necromancer. His hideout is an abandoned shrine located in a woodland a few days from the city of Hohm. Offul Keyn's primary reason for wanting to acquire the Harness is to keep it from falling into the hands of the Sons of Ivan, who have sent a powerful representative to the auction. Offul is keenly aware of the Sons of Ivan's reputation for destroying all magic and wizards in superstitious frenzy. He feels the Sons of Ivan could become a real danger to himself and any wizard if they obtain the armor.



Offul will do anything necessary to prevent the Harness from falling into the possession of The Sons of Ivan. He is rather bitter that no other local magic users are aware of the harness or understand its potential for destruction. He feels he is carrying a burden of saving magic use and study completely while other wizards are ignorant of the consequences.

Devon Koir – Resources 100 GP

Devon Koir is a professional thief with loose affiliations to a number of guilds, but commitments to none of them. He is a small wiry man who has grown up on the streets of Hohm and has managed to do reasonably well for himself. His interest in the armor goes only as far as Offul Keyn's continued employment.

If the wizard loses the bidding, he expects Devon to make off with the gauntlets or some other piece of the vestment to render it useless. Devon knows that Offul hasn't the resources to purchase the armor outright and expects him to lose the auction.

During a brief silent preview of the gauntlets for bidders two days prior, Devon had a good long look at the gauntlets. He returned the following day for another viewing with all bidders and narrowly managed to exchange a pair of weathered gauntlets covered in a powder of illusion with the real gauntlets of the vestment. The switch was a bit of fast talking and slight of hand on Devon's part with the serving boy Johnny.

It was Johnny's job, during the presentation, to show each attendee the gauntlets while Oliviah and Bad Mike looked on answering questions. A bit of bumbling around, dropping a fork and talking to the boy was all the time Devon needed to pull the illusioned gauntlets from under a chair and hand them back to the disoriented boy. Johnny was left feeling uneasy about the interaction, but after all, there he was handing the fork back to Devon and had the auction item in his hands.

The Sons of Ivan Goramavich –

Mubarak Alimari – Resources 80,000+? GP

The Sons of Ivan are a small but persistent sect of fanatics, descended from the original followers of Ivan Goramavich. The Sons have kept the memory of Ivan's crusade alive for a thousand years. Where Goramavich's only goal was to overthrow the evil wizard of house Karrion, the Sons of Ivan dream of wiping out all forms of necromancy completely. They hold even the most basic of magic use suspect of necromantic power, and occasionally seek to simply end magic use completely.

They insist the armor is not an item of magical imbuelement, but one of a great holy blessing of the gods. Which gods, is frequently up for debate among members, possession, use and study of the armor may resolve that. They also insist that the only curse of the armor was that it elevated Ivan Goramavich to

a demi-god, something that made created envy among mortals worshipping false gods.

The Sons are currently a small and secretive cult, most citizens have never heard of them and remain blissfully ignorant of the cult's purpose. The cult has recently been backed by a large financial backer which is the Alimari family. They intend to purchase the harness and use it to cleanse the realms of necromancers, mages and sorcerers of all kinds. The reason for the Alimari family funding is unclear.

Mubarak Alimari is a soft-spoken and even tempered man with dark hair and waxed mustache. He usually is dressed in black or dark colors and retains a stern dignity in public. In secret he intends to wear the armor and manipulate the warrior caste of followers into service. His auction bids are very discreet and done only by raising a single finger. He wears a medallion on a chain around his neck that resembles a fist clenching the sun (Sons of Ivan).

Acquiring the armor and the following adoration of the Sons of Ivan warriors will provide the Alimari family with a very powerful army. Mubarak's marginal belief in the cult is a disguise worn for a purpose of power.

Lord Colter – Resources 60,000 GP

Lord Colter is an aristocrat who collects antiques for display on his massive gaudily appointed estate. Lord Colter can easily afford the Harness, but will decide the gauntlets are too plain looking almost as soon as he sees them at the first viewing. He will pursue the bidding war for a few rounds out of a sense of pique, then drop out after the bidding gets heavy. He will make a final spiteful bid to drive the price up. Colter has no idea of the true worth of this item to the Sons of Ivan or Offul Keyn. He purely has come for items of aesthetic value only, particularly those of the loud gaudy type. There is also a certain social status that comes with letting it known that you attended a midnight auction.

Simon Vount – Resources 10,000 GP

Simon is a large boisterous warrior who fancies himself a hero. In fact, he fancies himself so more than anyone else around. He is tremendously strong and good looking, however most of his admirable traits end there. He tends to boast about his renown and fame to the point of annoyance. Nothing he does is discreet or unannounced.

Simon insists on his armor being perfectly polished, wearing the finest clothes, and impressing those around him with his exaggerated tales of valor and daring. Because of his intimidating strength and focus on fitness (Str. 18/00), not many dare to counter his boasts.

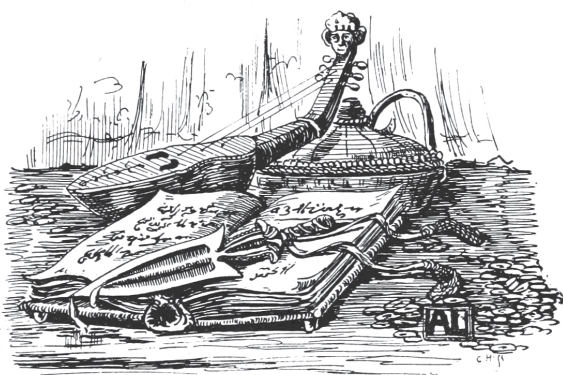
Simon has come across a good store of gold from a recent thrashing of a hill giant, and he would like the armor for his adventuring. What Simon will be loath to admit, is that he has a fear of being cast upon by wizards. He has apparently been victim to cantrip, sleep, and some other embarrassing spell effects in his youth.

In need of security – Calling all adventurers!

Despite the high value and often questionable origin of the items up for bidding, Oliviah only occasionally feels the need to retain a professional security force for her auctions. Her own reputation and that of her sword usually proves sufficient to discourage thieves in most cases. This auction however, is not an everyday event.

Oliviah will take advantage of a few down-at-the-heels adventurers she feels she can trust and who might agree to provide a security force for the occasion. Perhaps in exchange for amnesty on their inn and tavern tab. This is where our adventuring party should enter into the mix. Make sure the party starts with minimal funds and in the debt of Oliviah in some way. This can be in the form of drink, food, gaming, or other services provided to the party.

Due to the sensitive nature of the armor, most of the pieces are not physically present. In the case of the harness, only the gauntlets will be displayed at the auction. The remainder of the armor suit will be kept in the auction storage vault beneath the tavern. Here items await delivery to the eventual purchaser.



The Adventure Begins

When the adventure begins, the party has likely been staying at Oliviah's inn for several days between quests while keeping their ears open for anyone in need of their services. Of course Oliviah's offers a number of services that can leave adventuring

parties in debt. Healing, identifying items, guild application, spell procurement, and gambling are but a few ways other than rooms for hire, that a party may find themselves indebted to Oliviah.

The tavern is well known as a place for connections, ale and people of all sorts. This is frequently the place to begin many quests around the city of Hohm. Many roads lead to the tavern, or you can start your campaign by gathering the party and recruiting adventurers here.

As the inn begins to fill up with adventurers, travelers, and assorted tradesfolk, the heroes may overhear one or more of the following rumors.

- Oliviah is auctioning the Spear of Kendaliq, a charmed weapon that grants the user with invincibility as long as it is fed every day with the owner's blood. Unfortunately, the quantity of blood required by the spear increases dramatically each time it is used. - Partially true. The weapon is in the auction, it does crave blood, but only grants the wielder a +2 protection.
- A known thief has been hired to steal the Spear of Kendaliq, and is in the crowd somewhere. Oliviah is talking about hiring some muscle to protect her interests. - Partially true. He's actually been hired to steal the gauntlets.
- A mysterious cult called the Sons of Ivan have sent a representative to the auction. - True.
- The governor's forces are planning to raid the auction tonight. - False. Oliviah's bribes are all paid up.
- If the barkeep thinks you have some coin and are going to bid in the auction, he will set you up with some Dwarven 'Gut-shaker' moonshine on the house. - True. Light heads frequently make light bidding hands.
- They say Bad Mike has a penchant for capes. - True. Bad Mike does indeed like capes, particularly those of a magical nature. Some say he has a cape of disguise he bartered for during a deal made with a devil.

Business at Oliviah's is booming on the night of the auction and the crowd seems excited. The meat in the stew might be tough and stringy and the broth might be thin, but at least the piper playing to entertain the crowd seems to know what she's doing. As you are finishing yet another round of the excellent ale, Oliviah makes her way directly to your table with a friendly smile on her face and one hand resting instinctively on her sword's pommel.

"I was wondering if you folks would be interested in a small job," she says.

"Nothing too heavy, just a one-night security contract to pay off your bar and inn debts. We're having a midnight

auction tonight in the back room, and I could use a few rough-looking characters hanging around with weapons just in case anyone gets any ideas. We've never had any trouble here before, and I don't expect we will tonight. I do have a rather important item that we need to keep safe. You'd really be doing me a favor.

I need to keep a neutral position as host, so you won't be allowed to bid. I can make it worth your while to help out. There are some wealthy bidders here tonight who are always on the lookout for hired heroes."

If the players attempt to decline the job, Oliviah calls in their bar tabs immediately which totals a surprisingly hefty sum after gratuity. Considering her extensive contacts and all the interesting and lucrative ventures that regularly flow through the doors of the inn and tavern, Oliviah's friends frequently find plenty of opportunities. Bad Mike eagerly reminds the party of the value in Oliviah's friendship should they consider declining the job.

Once the auction begins, the Spear of Kendaliq is one of the first major attractions. It eventually sells for a 1,500 GP.

There are also a number of other items on the auction block that include healing potions, collectible jewelry, and fine elven works of art.

Shortly after these items, comes the harness of Ivan Goramavich represented by a pair of rather plain looking gauntlets brought to the stage by Johnny the serving boy. Bad Mike uses his standard colorful and confusing auctioneer's patter to talk up the harness. Those who have come to bid on the harness know full well what it is and what the gauntlets represent. Bad Mike is especially proficient at friendly goading of attendees to create an air of competition for items.

A particularly attentive character might notice two members of the crowd that perk up and behave differently while the gauntlets are on display. The serving boy Johnny, who helps out around the inn and a short man with oddly dyed dark hair. The odd fellow with dyed hair lingers at the back of the room jostling to get a view between shoulders. The odd man is Devon Koir in disguise.

Both Devon and Johnny become quite attentive when the gauntlets are brought out. Their eyes dart rapidly around the room at each bidder as the price rolls upward. Johnny looks visibly concerned, and the man with dyed hair looks somewhat excited when the numbers of coins start being mentioned.

The gauntlets themselves appear to be nothing special. They look like a completely ordinary, if very old, pair of battered steel gloves with articulated fingers and thumbs.

Bidding on the Harness

Bidding on the Harness starts as Johnny hands the gauntlets to Bad Mike wrapped in cotton. Bidding is initially split between three people up to the first 10,000 GP mark:

Simon Vount: The seasoned adventurer.

Lord Colter: The foppish aristocrat.

Offul Keyn: The necromancer.



Simon Vount drops out as soon as the bidding gets to 9,500. Lord Colter drops out after making a final 11,000 GP bid with a spiteful pained expression. A bidding war then develops between Offul Keyn and Mubarak Alamari until it crests 15,000.

Mabarak Alimari wins the bidding war in a final grand bid spoken quietly, but in a firm voice, "25,000 Gold pieces."

At that soft statement, Bad Mike's face goes a little pale and quiets Offul Keyn's small incremental bids.

The gauntlets are returned to the storage room with all other merchandise until the auction has ended. After a few moments of mumbling in astonishment among the crowd, the auction continues on. There are many items remaining after the vestment bidding.

There is no sign of any sort of trouble for the remainder of the evening. Everything moves along as expected for the rest of the auction. Oliviah even thanks the party for their security services, promising to settle up after the patrons clear out.

Trouble Afoot

As the auction wraps up in the wee hours of the morning and items are distributed to winners from the secure room, Johnny the serving boy emerges from the vault holding the gauntlets. His face is somewhat panicked as he quickly bends Bad Mike to his level whispering urgently in his ear. Bad Mike abruptly unfurls the cotton wrappings of the gauntlets before disappearing into the room with the lad for a moment.

With a pale face and quieted urgent panic Mike locks the secure room and approaches Oliviah with frantic whispers.

No trace of Oliviah's usually friendly demeanor remains on her face, and although she makes a point of keeping her voice low, her anger is apparent. "I don't know exactly what happened here, but we've got a problem," she says. "Someone seems to have switched the gauntlets from the Harness of Ivan Goramavich with worn out garbage. I know I told you this wouldn't be anything heavy, but the fact is, this happened on your watch. I need your help now more than ever!"

Bad Mike approaches behind her as she's talking and gives you a cold smile. "This is a good opportunity for you to display your professionalism before anyone starts to question it," he points out. "That sort of thing can have unpleasant consequences."

"There's no need for that, Mike," says Oliviah. "I know I can count on these friends. Start by questioning everyone you can before they leave the building while I play host and try to smooth things over. Someone in the crowd must know something!"

"The storage room for the auction was locked the whole time, I don't know what happened. Mike and I control the only key, I know I can trust you with it take it and check the storage room if you like. Work quickly, I can't detain our guests with free food forever. Return the key to Mike when you are done"

Gathering Clues

Oliviah

Oliviah is certain that the gauntlets were in her hand before the auction. The vestment pieces were placed in the vault by herself and Bad Mike not long before the bidding began. The vault was locked, she and Bad Mike have the only keys.

Oliviah stood to gain a fair profit off the sale, she has invested 9,000 GP to acquire and sell the armor and needs to complete the sale or her business may be lost!

Bad Mike

Mike is sure that while he was on the auction block the gauntlets he held were the gauntlets he helped Oliviah acquire. When the bidding ended he handed them back to Johnny, who he saw pass them to Oliviah to place back into the vault.

If the PCs question Bad Mike first, he will suggest they talk to Lord Colter. The aristocrat has a reputation for adding to his antique collection by questionable means.

If Bad Mike is asked about Offul Keyn, Mike knows the following:

"Yeah, he is a questionable sort, but seemed to have some gold and was really interested in the armor. Although he also doesn't seem like the armor type."

Every rogue on the streets knows about Offul Keyn's hold outside of the city. He has been paying gold in hand for bodies and other unusual items for some time. Wizards do that sort of thing you know, anatomy study... whatever.

He seems to only take bodies that he can track or don't seem to bump up against the law, so I think the city allows him to be a clean-up guy."

If asked about Devon:

"I don't think he was here tonight, I know he did buy some stuff in town yesterday before he stopped in. I think he has been staying somewhere outside of our district of the city lately."

Simon Vount

"I wanted that armor for sure! I am no thief though. Do you work here? My mug is empty... thanks. Anyway, who needs magic armor when you got bars of iron like these!?"

As he flexes his muscles.

Simon admits to getting distracted after the bidding ended by a young lady who had entered.

"I have been taken down by skinny wizards more than once. You know what happens after those bastards cast sleep spells on you? If you did, you wouldn't be wondering why I wanted that armor. By the way, I'll take an order of those fried potatoes and some of the soup. You still work here right?"

Offul Keyn

Offul Keyn is not present at the end of the auction. Some patrons did see him storm out visibly troubled, muttering to himself and wringing his hands. He spoke to no one other than the barkeep, to whom he paid his tab in full and left in a huff. The barkeep relays that he sent one of the maids up to tend the rooms so they could be rented out again. She has just gone up recently to do the job.

Devon Koir

Devon Koir is also not present and has left. Barkeep acknowledges he left before the auction even began. “funny fellow always looking around like someone was sneaking up on him.”
“Sent the maid up to clean his room too.”

Lord Colter

“Well, I thought I wanted the armor. I mean, it IS an impressive legendary piece. But once I saw it... yech... I mean, so bland! No offense, I mean, I’m sure your bland armor works alright, but then, you aren’t a hero of great legend are you?”

You would think Ivan Goramavich would have a little style! I did bid a few times just to watch that wizards face get a little redder, but I began to become afraid I might actually win that blab-zeh piece of junk!”

Mubarak Alimari

Mubarak is the winner of the auction with wavering patience. His voice stays calm and even, but is strained with anger at being questioned about the theft.

“I have a lot of gold coming for this purchase, I am ready to pay. Interrogating the purchaser like a criminal is obviously a waste of time! Why don’t you take your questions and your weapons and go capture the thief who has stolen MY property!”

Patrons can account for seeing Mubarak the entire night. Much of it sitting quietly at the bar, sipping spiced apple cider. He never orders anything with alcohol.

“I have invested a great deal in this archaic vestment of war, it would be a shame to see Oliviah lose my business now or in the future.”

Devon Koirs Room

The room is now vacant of all goods, but has not been tended by the inn staff yet. The party is allowed access to the room with permission from the bar tender, Oliviah, or Bad Mike.

The side table has the remnants of a half-eaten meal and two empty tankards. One has a drought of water and the second a small bit of strong white liquor. There is a small vial of ink on the side table as well as some graphite sticks.

Upon careful searching, a small 2” shred of paper is found under the bed. With a careful drawing of what possibly could be assumed as a finger.

An intelligence check during a search reveals that there is a small bit of unusual dust trapped between the floorboards.

Casting detect magic or identify on the flecks of dust will reveal them as a magical substance. (Remnant of the dust of illusion).

Offul Keyn’s Room

The room has been cleaned thoroughly by inn staff and contains no significant clues.

Storage Vault

The storage room is nothing more than an over-sized interior stone room in the basement with a sturdy oak and iron door. It is built solidly with a stone floor, no windows, or any other apparent means of entering or leaving other than the single door with a heavy lock. After the auction, all items were distributed to their new owners, which is when the gauntlets were discovered to be something other than those of the vestment to which they belong.

Jasmine the Barmaid

“I saw Offul Keyn and Devon Koir behind the inn. Offul was counting gold into a sack for Devon. I have had Lord Colter in my sights all evening, it was my job to attend to him exclusively.”

Whether Jasmine the barmaid has actually had Lord Colter in her sight all night or not, she has been paid enough by Oliviah and Lord Colter to do so. She has been compensated nearly a year’s worth of barmaid wages for a few days of work. It doesn’t immediately occur to her that by saying she has seen Devon Koir and Offul Keyn that she indeed was not attending the lord exclusively.

It is true that Jasmine witnessed a hand off between the two questionable characters in the alley as she was hastily eating some seasoned bread. Further questioning will also cause some stammering and begging to not tell anyone she had ever removed her attention from Lord Colter. Jasmine has two children and is in dire need of the money she makes at the inn.

Johnny the Serving Boy

“I recognized a man in the crowd, he sometimes sells things to Bad Mike. He was wearing a fake mustache and had dyed his hair, I thought that was kinda strange.”

“I hear a lot of conversation, but I just serve the drinks. If I keep my nose out of talk, I don’t get accused of nothin’ bad.”
“The delivery boy Janus Trollcave from the sundry store came in with a delivery for Devon Koir this morning. He had some powder, like for a wig or something, and some weird looking drafting tools, paper and a bottle of funny ink. I took them to his room and had to take a peek on the way. I don’t think Devon was very pleased that Janus had drawn goblins on the delivery bag and the ink bottle had been opened.”

If pressured about Devon Koir, Johnny will account the following:

“That little funny guy who dyed his hair for the auction came to view the gauntlets two days in a row. That second day, something a bit strange happened, he dropped a fork and accidentally stepped on my shoe heel. I almost fell when I went to pick it up for him, but remembered I was showing the gauntlets to bidders. It’s an important job. So I gave him back the fork and he helped me hang on to the gauntlets. I can’t help but feel like something strange was happening. I still had the gauntlets though, and he apologized... so I guess it was ok.”

Putting Clues Together

Once the investigators determine that the gauntlets were stolen by Devon Koir on behalf of Offul Keyn, Bad Mike is able to give them directions to the necromancer’s keep.

“It’s an old shrine about two days from here,” says Bad Mike. “But you’ll want to be careful. Offul Keyn may not be the most powerful practitioner of the black arts out there, but he is a nasty character. The last unwelcome guest who tried to get into his hidey-hole never came back at all, and the one before that... well, I guess he did come back, but he just wasn’t the same.”

“Don’t scare our friends now,” says Oliviah. “They’re just trying to do the right thing, and I’m sure they’ll succeed. But I’m willing to throw in a bit more reward just to sweeten the pot. There’s a lot at stake here. If you come back with the gauntlets, not only will I forget about your bar tab, you’ll all find yourselves a tidy bonus to make it worth your time. Who knows, maybe you can just reason with the man without incident.”



The abandoned shrine is located amidst a wilderness area at the end of an all but abandoned path. In the distant past, the passage was a pilgrimage trail for the sickly and dying wishing to donate their failing bodies to the shrine.

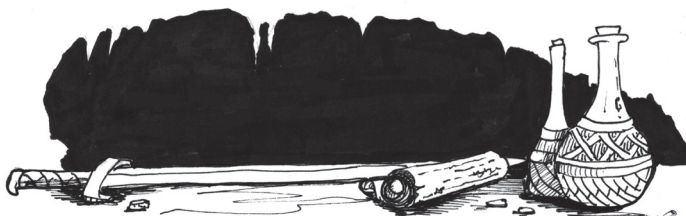
This practice is so antiquated that only the most accomplished scholars have any knowledge of it. If the adventurers ask around about either the trail or the shrine they get very limited information and mostly hearsay.

The best they are able to gather, is that the shrine is supposed to be a “place of death”. The fact that Offul Keyn has been staying there is an open secret on the streets of Hohm, if it can be labeled a secret at all. His use of the shrine is common knowledge among the more criminal fraternity, but everyone seems to assume he’s using it to be more dramatic.

Continuing along the trail for two days reveals an uninhabited wilderness of thorny undergrowth and sickly-looking shrubbery, ending at the abandoned shrine.

This journey is peppered at night with various lesser skeletal and zombified animations, walking skeletal remains being the most common. These skeletons rise up 1d4 at a time when any living creature comes within 100 yards of their resting place among the forest briars and leaves. Animated skeletons will follow the party at a 10 yard distance, and only attempt an attack once there are clearly more skeletons than travelers. If

The Wilderness



any in the party are necromancers, or evil clerics the skeletons do not mount any attacks.

The trees are twisted and tortured in appearance. No berries grow, and few if any, birds or wildlife can be heard or seen. During the last few miles of travel there is no wildlife save for the scarce rat or insect. Even these rare small residents cast an air of unsettled ill intent on the final approach to the ossuary.

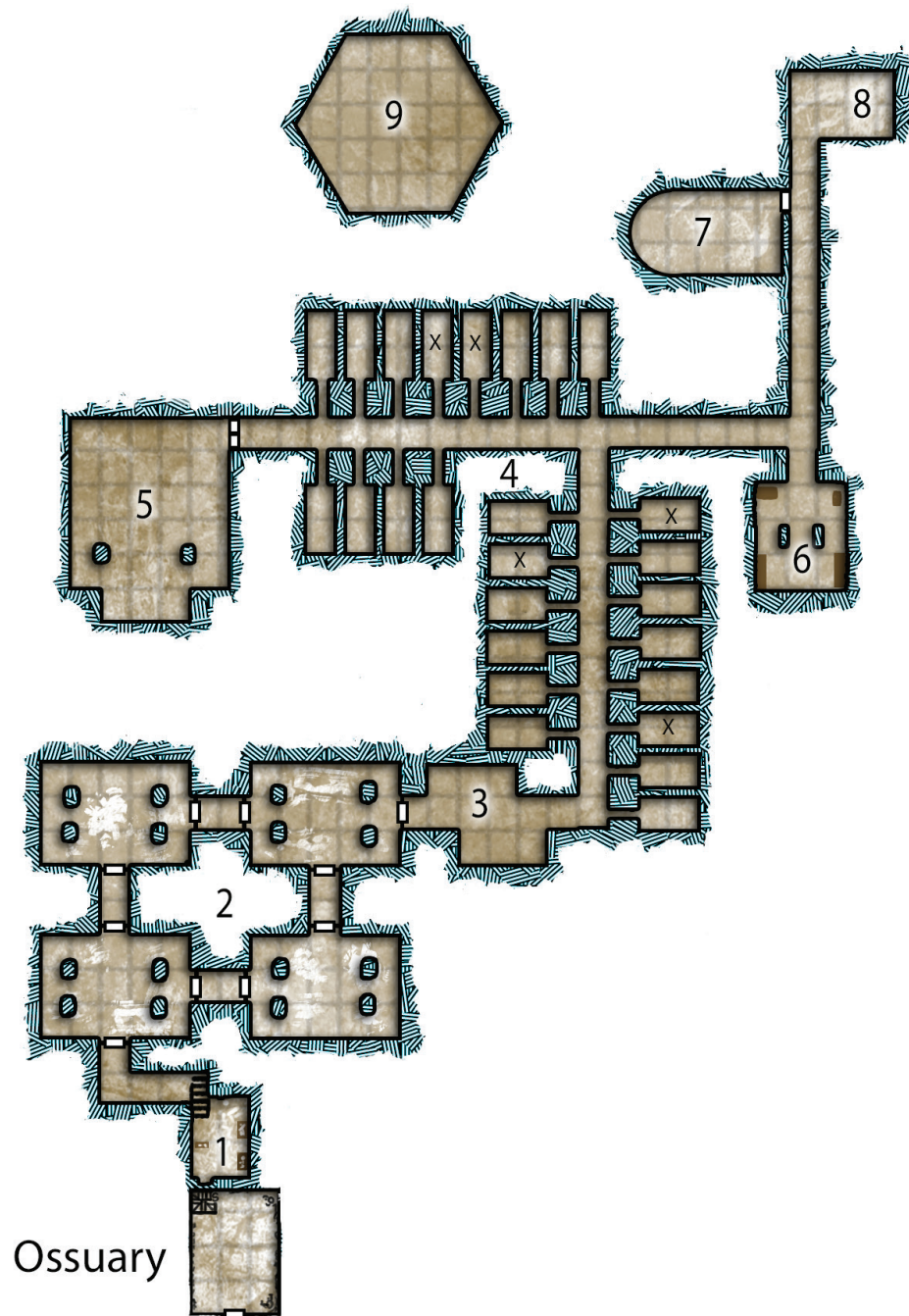
The Ossuary

No information remains among polite society regarding the religion that was once practiced in the shrine. Whatever it was, clearly was based on death and the dead. The stone pillars that still stand around the ossuary are topped with carved skulls of several different races. The rusted remains of an iron fence can still be seen occasionally tangled among thorny briars. The walls of the small building are completely overgrown with vines. The front door has been hastily repaired.

Trees lean over the entrance like sentries to the underworld. The inner tomb of the ossuary is a resting place for thousands of bleached white bones woven and laced together like



Offul Keyn's Hold



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the knot work in an illuminated manuscript. The skulls of humans, goblins, dwarves and other races stare blindly from every corner.

Many of the bones have been arranged into artful sculptures, illustrating incidents in the forgotten mythology of the forgotten shrine architects. Some of the bone sculptures are still moving, acting out ritualistic gestures over and over in an eerie silence.

The macabre nature of these dead silently dancing carries an aura of unnatural fear. All characters must make a Save vs Rod/Staff/Wand or suffer a -1 to all rolls while in the structure below the ossuary as long as even one of the animated arrangements remain active.

There is a secret door in the back wall of the entry room. One of the sculptures is making a gesture of blessing toward the back wall by crossing its right arm across the chest and gesturing an open hand forward. Close investigation reveals that the blessing is exactly opposite an open mouth of a human skull. An adventurer who looks into the mouth of the skull will find a peculiar doorknob that can only be turned while making the same gesture as the bone sculpture. The door opens on a staircase that leads down to a network of underground chambers carved out of solid rock. Divination magic also reveals the doorway when all else fails.

1- The Workroom

Broken old work-benches, rusted tools and scattered bones of all shapes and sizes indicate that this chamber was once the workroom of the monks who built the shrine. This room is where the bone sculptures were constructed and horrifically animated. The monks seem to have been in the middle of a project when they last departed.

The remains of a half-finished bone sculpture still rests on a dust-covered table. It is of a dog with the head of a human sporting a snake as its tail, but the pieces haven't been attached completely. A staircase at the back of the room leads deeper into darkness.

2- The Catacombs

The catacombs are four interconnected rooms stacked from floor to vaulted ceiling with ancient, desiccated corpses. The skeletal remains are embedded into, and make up much of the walls and supports of the rooms. Many of the bodies are nothing but skeletons with flesh being only an ancient memory. Others seem to have been partially mummified in some way. Many of the dead still wear scraps of clothing, recognizable as belonging to earlier ages. A few clutch the rusted remains of deteriorating useless weapons and possessions.

Each of the four rooms is identical in uneasy horror and dark macabre except that the fourth has a doorway leading out of the catacombs into another chamber.

There are loose coins & occasional offering pouches or satchels scattered among the skeletal remains. A single gold coin is offered for each corpse buried in the catacombs. Any gold picked up or disturbed will awaken and animate a skeleton from the wall or ceiling. Some will crawl quietly along ceilings or walls from their resting place over their brethren to reach those that disturbed their offered coin.

Some coins are scattered around the room, but each has a corresponding skeleton that will be animated and angered when touched. There are no less than 978 skeletons in the chambers embedded into and making up the walls and supports of the chambers. Destruction or animation of more than 300 will weaken the structure of the catacombs and initiate a collapse of the vaulted ceilings.

4 Bone Creepers slowly scrape and drag their way around the chambers in regular patterns until living flesh enters the area. As soon as living creatures approach the creepers stop moving in an attempt to ambush. When they stop there is a 50% chance they allow their magical animating item to be seen. (*See appendix for details*)

Bone Creeper (4) (Int. non ; AL NE; AC 6 (Bone conglomeration); MV 2, Cl 1; HD 5; hp 29, 24, 18, 21; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4; SA Crush for 2d4/rnd after hit; SD immune to sleep, charm etc as undead; SZ L; ML Elite (14); XP 190)

Treasure (1 each creeper)- Axe, hand/throwing +1, Dagger -1, Dagger of throwing +1, Lance, light -1





To defeat the skeletons, the victims must destroy the skulls of the prisoners in some way. If they fail to do so, they will fall increasingly under the skeletons' spell, succumbing to their strange malaise.

Each round a character is within hearing range of the captives, they must make a save vs spell or lose 2 points of wisdom. If a wisdom falls to 3 or less the victim will sink to the ground in despair. Chains materialize around the wrists of the defeated and they start to mindlessly mouth predictions of doom for the living. Wisdom is returned by destruction of all the skulls in the hall, or being removed from the crypts for a full hour.

Eventually those stricken and held by the chains will die of starvation, thirst, or exposure. They will continue to make predictions to all living souls who enter the chamber until their head or skull is destroyed. The manacles can be broken in a normal manner after first silencing the other doomed prisoners. If breaking the restraints is attempted prior to silencing all the others, they save as if they were +4 magical steel. Once all the animated skeletons are silenced, the chains and manacles save as weak steel -1.

Once the dead are defeated, only a single pair of manacles remain on the wall. They can be reactivated at any time by restraining a living humanoid to any surface, wall or floor and killing or leaving the victim to die. Once dead, the victim becomes the first of the doomed and begins predicting and affecting all the living that come within 30'. The single set of restraints can entrap and duplicate up to 20 predictors of despair.

As you enter the chamber, your eyes are immediately drawn to the ancient skeletons that line the walls. They are secured by rusting chains and manacles about the wrists and ankles. All of the skeletons share the same burning crown mark on the forehead. One of the skeletons stirs at your approach, turns its head at an unnatural flexure and begins to speak in a dusty crackle.

One by one the prisoners slowly awaken from their captive fate and begin to predict strife for all who enter.

The skeletons predict terrible personal things about the intruders and their loved ones. They predict that a character will die of a plague at a young age or another will lose a child or a spouse. Something about each of their predictions carries a ring of truth for each living soul in the passage. The predictions of doom for each of the living carries familiar names, experiences and likenesses. The approximate knowledge makes predictions impossible to ignore for even the most hardened skeptic. The longer they speak, the more unsettling and dire the predictions become. After the first two rounds the skeletons will be able to recall memories from victims passing through the hall and recant victim's guilt over failures or selfish decisions.

4- The Cells

The cells of the ancient monks line both sides of this long corridor, all but a few are completely empty. Some contain rotting scraps of furniture and bedding and the forgotten remains of scriptures and prayer-books.

Close examination of the books reveal that the pages have decayed and molded beyond the point of legibility. The remaining fragments of paintings and drawings are reminiscent of the corpse sculptures throughout the ossuary. Drawings illustrate a mythology featuring gods or monsters that are twisted conglomerations of various species.

A few of the cells still contain the undead horrors of the monks, as if the last few dedicated inhabitants of this monastery retired to their cells for meditation and never awoke. The dead men are still kneeling in front of their bunks as if in prayer. If any of the 5 monk bodies (Marked with X's on the map) are touched, molested or searched, they will all snap to life in an instant un-death to attack the living wildly as Ghosts.

Ghoul, Ghast (5) (Int. 11-12 Very intelligent; AL CE; AC 4; MV 15; HD 4; hp 3x14, 15, 19; THAC0 17; #AT 3; Dmg 1-4/1-4/1-8; SA paralyzation (5-10 rnds), save vs stench (-2) or retching & nausea; SD immune to sleep & charm, take double dmg from cold iron weapons; SZ M; ML Elite (13-14); XP 650)

Treasure (Combined) – Gold Pieces x7, Platinum Pieces x54, Cursed Scroll, Oil of Elemental Invulnerability (Air), Philter of Glibness, Potion of Healing x3, Vial of Poison(mild), Scroll of Protection from Magic, Scroll of Protection from Petrification

5- The Chapel

The monastery's chapel contains rows of rotted pews, the splintered remains of a wooden altar and several elaborate sculptures made of bones and skulls. The sculptures quietly act out the haunting gestures of forgotten rituals.

One of the figures, which is more than ten feet tall, is created from large heavy remains of a huge bear and an ogre. The parts are arranged aesthetically more than anatomically. The twisted monstrosity of nature continuously opens its arms in a gesture of blessing and then closes them again as if drawing worshippers to its empty ribcage.

Beneath the statue of the creature, obscured by shadow, is a small dark hole three and a half feet across. The void is visible only when the arms are open. Any player who steps into the creatures embrace at this moment will fall into the Summoning Room. (Room 9) Only one being at a time can go through the hidden portal this way.

If any more than one being enters the embrace at a time, those remaining will suffer 1d10 points of crushing damage as the mighty arms draw all inward. The animation takes 2 rounds to cycle through completely. Treat the opening as a concealed door for purposes of detection. The heavy bones break and save as if they were iron.

6- The Animation Room

This is the room where the monks performed the necromantic rituals necessary to animate their various macabre creations. Any adventurer familiar with necromancy will recognize some tools of the trade along with more obscure mysterious instruments. Although the furniture in the room is rotting into

oblivion, the area seems to have been tidied up recently. The serviceable furniture and other accouterments show signs of recent use.

Among the more recent furnishings is a copy of one of the standard necromantic grimoires. The grimoire in question is a guide of practice and technique for many practicing necromancers. Should a necromancer read and study the book completely (Requires 4 hours of study) they will receive the value of 300 experience points. Studying more than once does not grant any further benefit.

7- The Abbot's Chamber

The chamber of the monastery's former abbot is where Offul Keyn has been living for some time. The room is in relatively clean condition. The bedding and other personal effects are tidy and free of dust.

An aged illuminated manuscript is sitting open on a stone shelf cut into the wall. The open page is of a full illustration of the Harness of Ivan Goramavich. The facing page shows an elaborate seal or sigil, recognizable as the same symbol Mubarak Alimari, was displaying on his medallion at the auction. The writing of the medallion and manuscript is in an ancient and obscure script. If any character is educated in ancient languages or can decipher the text by other means, it reads as follows:

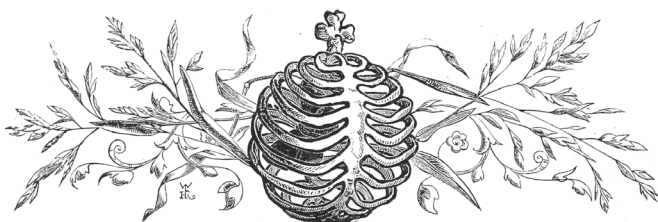
The Harness of Ivan Goramavich, destroyer of Karrion. Invincible paladin on the fields of light.

The book can be read and pages manipulated in the alcove without harm. If any player attempts to remove the book from the shelf without bearing a seal of The Son of Ivan, the tome will crumble into dust. Should a person wear the seal, the book is a valuable resource to historians of both Karrion and house Goramavich. The book and the seal are valued at 2,000 GP. Karrion historians would loath to bear the necessary symbol to read the magical tome, but the knowledge contained within would be deemed to be worth the humiliation.

8- The Acolyte's Chamber

The chamber of the acolyte has been the home of Devon Koir recently. The thief originally intended to loot the necromantic lair, but instead accepted employment from Offul Keyn. Both men have realized a partnership to be to their mutual advantage.

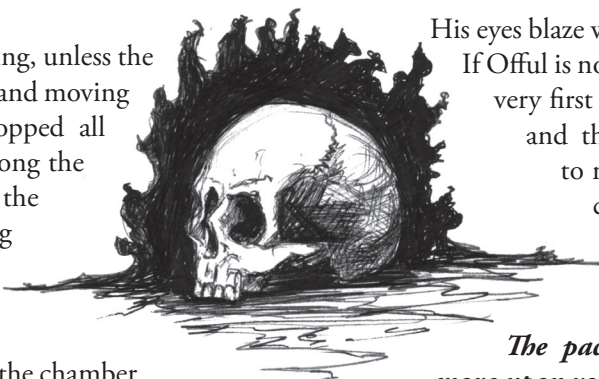
Koir has been acquiring items and bodies for Offul Keyn ever since his first thwarted looting mission to the hold. Among these acquisitions were the manuscript in the abbot's chamber and the Sons of Ivan seal, which is how the necromancer learned of the harness and the risk it represented to his art.



The thief is rapidly packing to leave as the adventurers approach. He is well aware that stealing the gauntlets has set some very powerful enemies, such as the Sons of Ivan, onto his scent. He is hoping to get as far away as possible before they, or their hired muscle, track him down.

Offul Keyn is chanting rapidly in a mystical tongue as a fetid rotting creature is emerging from a magical gate. Offul is wearing the filthy rags of the long-dead abbot over his cadaverous, malnourished body.

Devon has heard the party approaching, unless the entire party is purposefully sneaking and moving without light. He abruptly has stopped all packing activity and hid himself among the shadows. When the door is opened, the room will be quiet and still. Packing obviously was interrupted by the clothing and items strewn about.



His eyes blaze when intruders appear from the portal. If Offul is not slain or knocked unconscious in this very first round, the summoning will complete and the horrid summoned creature is free to move and act. If Offul is defeated, the creature is bound between planes and cannot move from the summoning area, but can still attack.

15 skeletons silently line the walls of the chamber in shadow to instantly rush from their places for a 50% chance of surprise. While the party is engaged with the battle, Devon deciphers the largest threat for a backstab attempt. When 7 or more of the skeletons are destroyed or disabled, Devon will attempt an escape by any means at his disposal.

9- The Summoning Room

The summoning room is a hidden chamber beneath the chapel, once used by the abbot of this monastery for the most dangerous and secret of his order's rituals. The hexagonal room is painted with intricate and deliberate red sigils to bind whatever is summoned here.

The binding wards and symbols are drawn with expert accuracy and maximum potency. Nothing summoned can climb up out of the chamber without the summoner's direction.

Near a wall, in a small plain pine wooden box are the gauntlets of the harness. If the confrontation goes poorly, Offul will opt for life and flee leaving the box behind.

Anyone falling through the portal door in the chapel above will be attacked immediately by the awaiting undead servants of Offul Keyn, who is finishing a summoning ritual.

The gruesome undead servants who guard the summoning room are warrior monks still dressed in the remnants of their monastic order. Their tortured existence as ghouls creates a hatred for all things living. They do not attack their master Offul, but are quick for any opportunity to depart his service should he flee or die.

Ghouls (4) (Int. 5-7 Low intelligence; AL CE; AC 6; MV 9; HD 2; hp 2x7, 2x11; THAC0 19; #AT 3; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-6; SA Paralyzation (3-8 turns); SD immune to sleep & charm; SZ M; XP 175)

The pack of waiting ghoul monks swiftly move upon you.

An oily cloud of dark purple smoke oozes from the altar filling the air with a horrid fetid vinegar stench. Offul Keyn doubles over to vomit on the altar which begins a wicked cackle of laughter as if in relief or triumph. A disembodied voice within the cloud mimics the laugh and amplifies it as a deep rumble of thunder.

"You're too late, whoever you are," says the necromancer struggling to his feet, "My friend is here."

A twisted rotting abomination of undead evil steps out of the fetid cloud and off the altar, with an other-worldly screech it rushes forward.

'The Rotted' is 9 feet tall with flesh rotting in clumps, maggots infest it's fetid skin at every fold. The summoned creature has four arms, ending in cold iron claws. The thing oozes puss and infection from every sore on it's yellow flesh.

On it's forehead among the rotting flesh and maggots is clearly the mark of the burning skull. The creature's rotting presence fills the room with putrescence that requires a saving throw vs spell to keep from retching (As stinking cloud spell).



The Rotted (Int. 8-10 Average (human) intelligence; AL NE; AC 4 (Extra-planar flesh); MV 12; HD 6; hp 28; THAC0 14; #AT 4 or 1 bite; Dmg 1d6 or bite 1d10; SA Cause disease; SD Putrescence (as stinking cloud); SZ L; XP 700; Emits Stinking Cloud 1/turn * See appendix

Offul Keyn will not attack the party if 'The Rotted' is killed or defeated. The necromancer is then considered defeated.

If the heroes manage to dispatch the majority of the conjured creatures, Offul will make an attempt to escape through the entry portal. He is not in particularly good health and the summoning has weakened him to near death. He will not make it past the Abbot quarters before he is overcome with exhaustion and coughing up blood where he will be found battling for consciousness and life.

Offul Keyn's Defeat

"You don't know what you're doing!" gasps the necromancer. "You don't know what you're going to unleash on the world! The Sons of Ivan will destroy all magic..."

If the party gives him an opportunity to speak, Offul Keyn tells them who the Sons of Ivan are and what they intend to do with the Harness. He relays how they intend to destroy the necromantic arts in its entirety, but also how they always seek

out all magic when necromancers run in short supply. Offul also reminds the party that necromantic arts are part of the world knowledge of anatomy, physiology, mundane medicine and surgery.

Knowledge gained through necropsy lends itself immediately to the arts of healing and science. Even a village undertaker is considered a member among many of the necromantic guild orders, and would be subject to the Sons of Ivan's judgements.

Through his necromantic arts, Offul Keyn has received a glimpse of one possible future of the harness. He has seen fields of impaled sorcerers, bonfires of accused mages, a full witch hunt for all those that practice the magical arts.

The Sons of Ivan soon suspect all mana based arts if left unchecked. They fight toward a world with no magic at all as a safeguard against necromantic ways. He begs the heroes not to give the gauntlets to the Sons of Ivan. Offul Keyn succumbs to his injuries and the exhaustion of summoning after making his final plea.



The Final Dilemma

The party has to make the choice of returning the gauntlets to Mubarak Alimari who represents the Sons of Ivan, hiding them away, destroying them, or coming to some other conclusion with Oliviah.

Withholding the Gauntlets

If they choose not to return with the gauntlets, it could lead to trouble with Oliviah in the future. They also won't get paid, and remain in debt to Oliviah. They will likely not be welcomed back, and certainly not offered any work or future recommendations. Oliviah may also offer a bounty to her other connections for return of the gauntlets or members of the party if they abscond with the gauntlets.

Mubarak Alimari will relentlessly pursue the party if they steal the gauntlets. He has a wealth of resources and highly trained fanatical warriors at his disposal.

The GM could arrange for the players to run into Bad Mike in any convenient nearby town, road or inn.

"Dumb move. Poorly played.", Says Bad Mike when he sees you.

His mouth grins, but his eyes don't. "Maybe you figure it's just Oliviah, a washed up adventurer turned barmaid, is that what it is? No need to stick your necks out on this one? You can just go about your business like nothing ever

happened, like you were never hired to do a job? Your word is your signature around here, and you folks were considered under contract. Oliviah's not just some alehouse floosy you can run out on. You owe an item, some gauntlets, or your heads. Gold can make a lot of hungry adventurers eager to fulfill a quest to find some thieves. I wouldn't want to be in your boots unless they are headed back to the Inn, that's all I'm saying."

Bad Mike will offer to forgive the indiscretion if the players change their minds and promise to go promptly to Oliviah with the gauntlets.

Returning the Gauntlets

If the heroes choose to return the gauntlets without explanation, they get paid and paid handsomely for a job well done. They also have access to more jobs through Bad Mike and Oliviah within the city of Hohm with Oliviah's recommendations.

The Sons of Ivan certainly rise to power in the area as zealots bent on destroying necromancy. In short order, ranging troops of the cult quickly turn to the elimination of magic users completely, and only barely tolerate priests. They are led by their new high marshal Mubarak Alimari wearing the legendary Harness of Ivan Goramavich. An attack to undermine and bring down the houses of study within the city is a high priority when the group rise to power.

Oliviah favors you with one of her famous smiles and puts a pitcher of ale on the table in front of you. "That's not your bonus," she says with a laugh. "That's just a little something extra. You folks really came through for me and I won't forget it. Any time you're passing through here in the future, the drinks are on me. And then there's this..."



With a satisfyingly heavy "clink," a bag of coins lands on the table.

Returning the Gauntlets With a Catch

If the heroes bring back the gauntlets but explain the visions and scenario to Oliviah, she pays them their bonus and considers their job complete. She will assure the heroes that she will take appropriate precautions now that she knows the truth behind the threat of The Sons of Ivan holding such a powerful artifact.

"This really is a problem," says Oliviah. "I can't run a business on visions and hearsay though."

"No magic at all? That's just crazy. We have no way of knowing if old Offul was given an accurate vision, or was even telling the truth. He wasn't the most reputable of

scholars, or particularly good at his craft. Hell, for all we know that undead monstrosity could have been feeding him false visions of the future. It's what he gets for dealing with such things."

"I'll hold the gauntlets for now and call for an arbitration hearing with the council sorcerer here in Hohm with Mubarak my auction client. This may hurt my wallet. I also risk letting this artifact slip out of my hands and into the greasy hands of politicians."

"Don't worry so much," says Bad Mike. "You never gave the buyer a guarantee. Everyone knows legendary items are buyer beware, you can't just assume every legend is true."

Oliviah gives a look of uneasiness, "Still, if this item does what they say and The Sons of Ivan are who they suggest, it isn't safe to have the armor just hanging around."

Mike, send a quiet word out to Geoffrey Chaucer in Lorview that I need him here urgently. He is a member of a quiet enclave specializing in forging the exotic. Let's see if he will come to forge new thumbs or something on the gloves to diminish the vestments power until we finish the hearings."

The journey to Lorview can lead into or harken back to Mini Mod - 01 "The Children of Blackweb Bog" if the GM chooses. Geoffrey Chaucer is an NPC in that adventure, and may not make himself available until the quest in Lorview is completed. If it is already completed, the journey to visit old friends in Lorview could become another side quest on its own.

Oliviah is indeed correct in thinking the harness is in danger hanging around. Guarding the gauntlets becomes a full time endeavor while the council convenes. A GM could keep a party busy for many sessions securing and guarding the ancient vestment, and the thumb pieces that Oliviah and Bad Mike keep for themselves until the time comes. A GM may decide to never assemble the harness, as it could be too powerful an artifact when complete.

Every good campaign has villains and powers in the background. This may be an opportunity for a GM to create a cult of zealots that may be a piece of a campaign that requires attention in order for magic users to travel free throughout the lands again. The harness may have different results depending upon the hands in which it lands.

Once the complete armor is in the hands of questionable politicians, it could end up anywhere in a world, and on many different sorts of people.

These possibilities have been left open for the GM. Feel free to tie up this quest in a tidy bundle never to be opened again, or keep the armor and the power hungry forces in your world and at work for as long as you like.

No matter what happens to the armor, as long as it is possible to be assembled completely, there will be someone who seeks desperately to control it.

Midnight Oliviah Appendix



Following you will find more detailed information on new monsters presented in Midnight Oliviah. Those not listed below can be found in your first edition or OSRIC game master or monster section.



Bone Creeper

Characteristics

CLIMATE/TERRAIN: Any

FREQUENCY: Very Rare

ORGANIZATION: Solitary (Creation)

ACTIVITY CYCLE: Any

DIET: Nil

INTELLIGENCE: Non

TREASURE: One lesser magical item

ALIGNMENT: Neutral Evil

Encounter Information

NO. APPEARING: 1-4

ARMOR CLASS: 6

MOVEMENT: 2, Cl 1

HIT DICE: 5

THAC0: 16

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1-4

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Crush for 2d4/rnd after hit

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Immune to sleep, charm, hold, and mind affecting spells as undead.

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: Large - up to 1,000 cubic feet (10' cube)

XP VALUE: 190

Description

Bone Creepers are a conglomeration of bones and pieces of undead or skeletal remains. They are formed by priests in service to gods of death as guardians and can easily be set to patrol a repeated path or area.

Animation of a Bone Creeper requires a magical item of some sort be placed at the center of the mass before the ritual. These items are usually not very powerful and are items that emit a magical aura and can even be cursed items. (Ex: Dagger +1, sword -1, ring of protection - but not alchemical expendable items such as potions.)

Combat

Bone Creepers move slowly by extending arms, claws, various bone masses and dragging it's bulk along. They can crawl up and cling to rough walls but only move at a rate of 1" when doing so.

Bone creepers often sit unmoving in a trafficked area, or an area directed by it's creator to wait for a living creature to come in contact with it. During this still phase it looks like nothing more than a pile of old bones or corpses.

Bone creepers frequently allow their animating item to shine through on occasion as bait to tempt the greedy. If a creature steps in the pile of bones or reaches for the animating treasure in the pile, the first attack is automatically a surprise attack.

Bone creeper attacks are for grappling and ignore armor bonuses. Once a creeper has made a successful hit, it will attempt to hold the victim and pull them deeper within the mass of bones to slowly crush the life out of them.

For purposes of holding, consider the creepers to have an 18(00) strength. After 4 rounds of being held and enveloped by the mass a creature of 8' or less is completely immobilized within the crushing mass. The mass can only hold one creature completely enveloped at a time.

Bone Creepers can be turned as a type 5 undead.

Habitat/Society

There is no natural place or existence for Bone Creepers, they are creations of their evil masters.



The Rotted

Characteristics:

CLIMATE/TERRAIN: Summoned

FREQUENCY: 1%

ORGANIZATION: Solitary

ACTIVITY CYCLE: Any

DIET: Nil

INTELLIGENCE: 8-10 Average (human) intelligence

TREASURE:

ALIGNMENT: Neutral Evil

Encounter Information

NO. APPEARING: 1

ARMOR CLASS: 4

MOVEMENT: 12

HIT DICE: 6

THAC0: 15

NO. OF ATTACKS: 4 or 1 bite

DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d6 or bite 1d10

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Cause disease

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Emits Putrescence once per turn as stinking cloud.

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: Large

XP VALUE: 700



Description

'The Rotted' is 9 feet tall with flesh rotting in clumps, maggots infest its loose fetid skin. The Rotted has four arms, ending in cold iron claws and is summoned from a plane of death. The creature's rotting presence fills the area with putrescence that requires a save vs spell (As stinking cloud) to keep from retching.

The Rotted are summoned creatures of rot, decay and death. Any living creature unlucky enough to suffer a claw or bite from The Rotted must save vs disease or suffer flesh rot. Flesh rot will infect a wound within 1d4 hours of infection. it systematically kills living tissue. Unless cured, a victim will suffer painful internal organ rot and die in 1d4 days.

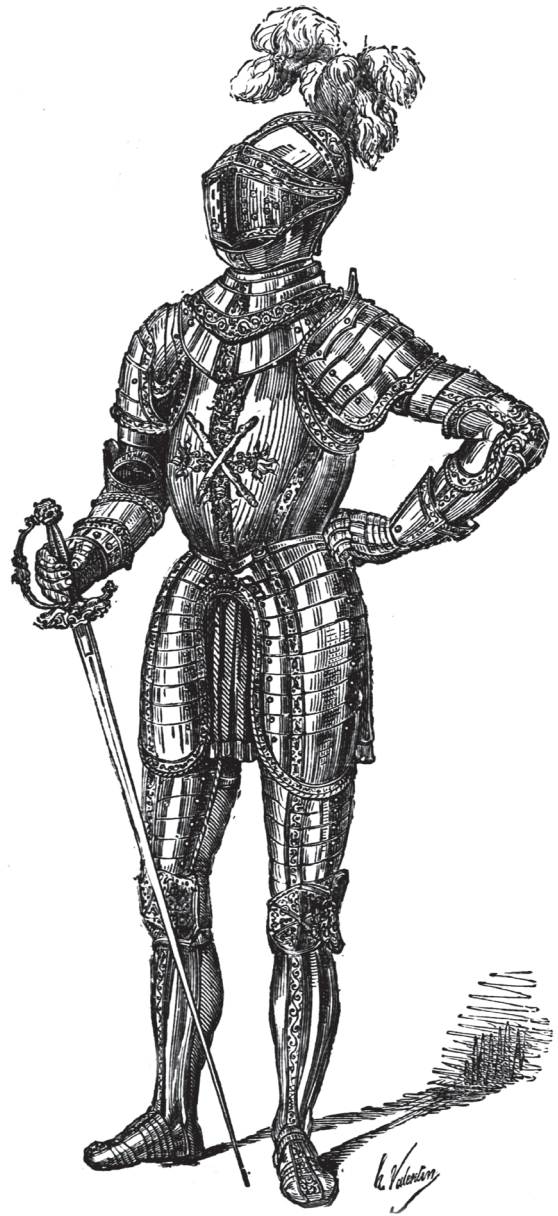
Combat

The Rotted begin combat by emitting their cloud of putrescence. This is an innate ability and requires merely the decision to do so. They can emit such a cloud once per turn. The Rotted are not fond of weapons and prefer to use their jagged cold iron claws in combat.

Their jagged claws are filthy and covered in puss and flesh rot, requiring all who are hit by The Rotted to Save VS disease or contract flesh rot. If The Rotted manage to hit with all four hands it will attempt to hold and bite the head off its victim in the following round. The Rotted has teeth also formed of cold iron.

Habitat/Society

The Rotted are summoned from a plane of death and decay. They are minor demons who serve the underworld. Greater demons may summon small groups of The Rotted in mass combat to create a constant cloud of putrescence when battling mortals.





First Writing

Christopher Scott Thompson & Ian Graham

Re-Writing

Lloyd Metcalf

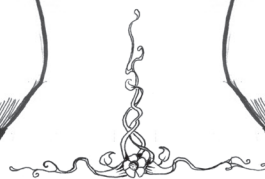
Art

Lloyd Metcalf

**With additional pieces belonging to Public Domain*

Layout, Production and Other Goblin Labor

Lloyd Metcalf



Oliviah the local tavern and inn owner has some of the best private auctions in the realms. The legendary armor of Ivan Goramavich has come into her possession and will be on the auction block.

When bidders have dark practices, and greedy motivations, the wise hire security. The security team may find themselves heading down a dark rabbit hole to keep their favorite tavern and Inn owner in business.



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