

RAGING SWAN PRESS

GM'S MISCELLANY: 20 THINGS IV



SYSTEM
NEUTRAL



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GM's MISCELLANY 20 THINGS IV

Are you a busy GM? Does session prep take too long? Do you never have time to work on the cool little details that can bring your session to life? Well fear not! That's where the 20 Things line comes in.

Compiled from the free 20 Things posts available at Raging Swan's website, this short, focused compilation gives you, the time-crunched GM, the tools to effortlessly add verisimilitude and detail to your adventure. Use the material herein either before or during play and bask in your players' adulation.

This compilation presents instalments #27 - 38 in the 20 Things line.

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FOREWORD

Welcome to this Raging Swan Press System Neutral Edition supplement. Herein you'll find evocative, inspiring text designed to help you—the busy GM—run better, quicker and easier games.

This book is compatible with most fantasy roleplaying games. It's impossible to create a truly system neutral book, though, and some generic game terms—wizard, fighter, human, elf and so on—lurk within. These generic terms are easily modified to the GM's system of choice.

One special note about the NPCs in this supplement. While some are magic-users, fighters, clerics and so on, others are simply normal folk. Because different game systems handle normal folk differently we've made no attempt to note their "class" leaving them simply as "female human" and so on.

USING THIS BOOK

You can use these tables either during session prep or "on the fly" during the actual session. Roll on the desired table and describe the result. Remember:

- Some players may assume because you describe something it is important. This may slow down the party's progress through the adventure. This isn't necessarily a bad thing.
- Modify any result so it fit with your game.
- Ignore or re-roll inappropriate results.
- Have fun!

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MONSTROUS LAIRS

If you enjoy the 20 Things line you'll also find the Monstrous Lair line useful. Each two-page, hyper-detailed instalment focuses on one type of monster's lair and provides you with seven tables you can use in session to add depth and flavour to your campaign. At time of writing, instalments in the line include:

- Monstrous Lair #1: Owlbear Den
- Monstrous Lair #2: Troll Cave
- Monstrous Lair #3: Ogre's Cave
- Monstrous Lair #4: Goblin Raiding Camp
- Monstrous Lair #5: Harpy's Nest
- Monstrous Lair #6: Minotaur's Den
- Monstrous Lair #7: Giant Spider's Web
- Monstrous Lair #8: Ghoull Nest
- Monstrous Lair #9: Wights' Barrow
- Monstrous Lair #10: Mummy's Crypt
- Monstrous Lair #11: Dark Creeper Village
- Monstrous Lair #12: Medusa Lair
- Monstrous Lair #13: Aboleth's Sunken Cavern
- Monstrous Lair #14: Lizardfolk Village
- Monstrous Lair #15: Bandit Camp
- Monstrous Lair #16: Thieves' Hideout
- Monstrous Lair #17: Witch's Hovel
- Monstrous Lair #18: Bugbears' Lair
- Monstrous Lair #19: Gnolls' Camp
- Monstrous Lair #20: Kobold Warren
- Monstrous Lair #21: Pirates' Cove
- Monstrous Lair #22: Sahuagin's Sunken Cave
- Monstrous Lair #23: Troglodytes' Warren
- Monstrous Lair #24: Roper's Cave
- Monstrous Lair #25: Scrag's Sunken Cave
- Monstrous Lair #26: Sphinx's Cave
- Monstrous Lair #27: Cultists' Hidden Fane
- Monstrous Lair #28: Smugglers' Hidden Den
- Monstrous Lair #29: Vampire's Crypt
- Monstrous Lair #30: Assassins' Hideout
- Monstrous Lair #31: Wyvern's Nest
- Monstrous Lair #32: Sea Hag's Grotto

Additionally, the compilation book *GM's Miscellany: Monstrous Lair I* presents Monstrous Lairs 1 - 22 and is available in both print and PDF editions.

I've recently discovered a new, deep and abiding love of the 20 Things line. In my personal campaign, we've started exploring the duchy of Ashlar and the Gloamhold megadungeon. The campaign is much more of a sandbox game than we've recently attempted, and while I love that style of play it certainly has its drawbacks. In short, the drawback is the pack (or perhaps its best called a gaggle) of PCs that seemingly number more than one homicidal, bad-tempered and easily distracted cats among their number. No sooner have they decided to do something, when something else distracts them.

The 20 Things line has been a godsend, for me. With *The Thingonomicon* behind my trusty GM's screen I can quickly whip up NPCs, cool situations, minor treasures and the like on the fly with virtually no delay. I've found the book particularly useful when the PCs are shopping around town or poking about undefiled or empty areas of dungeons and the like.

I hope you find this book as useful as I will, and that it helps you cut down on your prep time

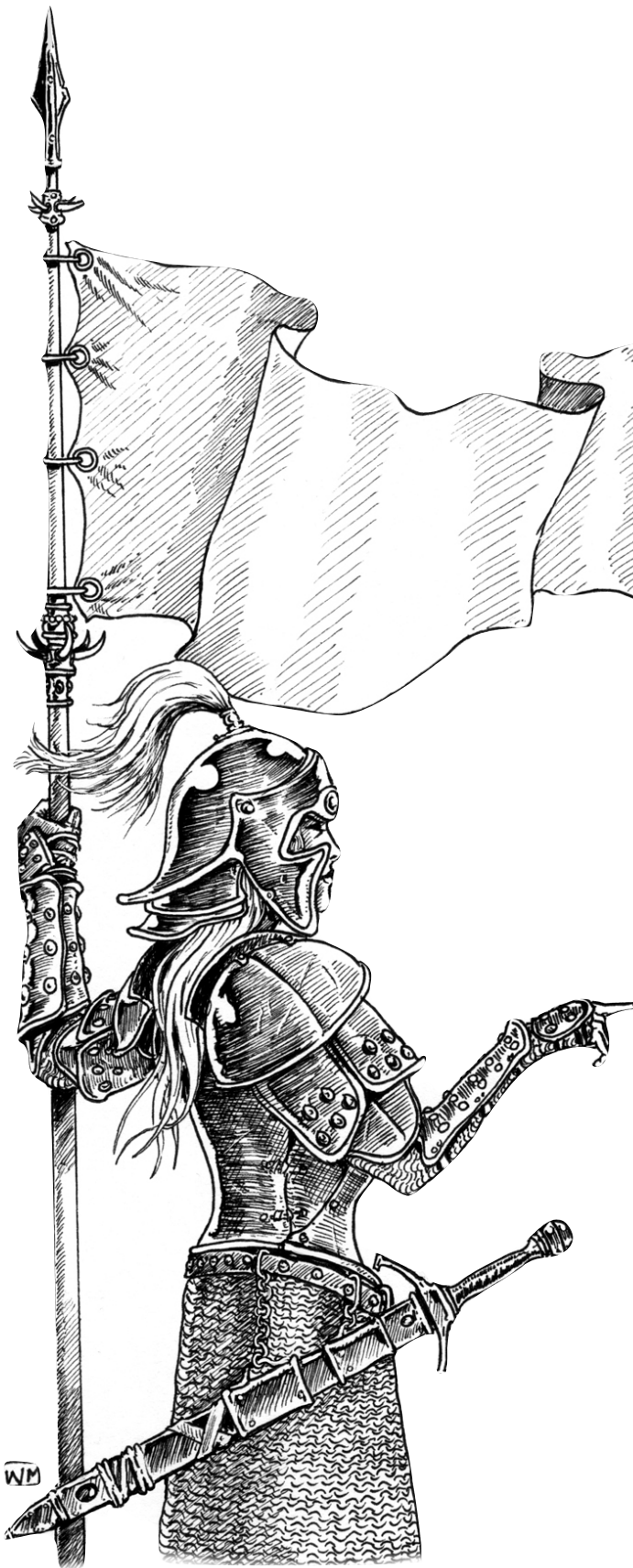
PATREON

You might be aware Raging Swan Press is on Patreon. We signed up at the start of April 2015, and it's going rather marvellously. The thrust of our Patreon campaign is to be able to afford better rates of pay for our freelance game designers. As I'm sure you know, the economics of 3PP are notoriously tight, but Patreon gives us at Raging Swan Press a way to increase our freelancer rates. At time of writing, we've already massively increased our word rate to 11 cents a word, which gives me a warm, fuzzy feeling. We want to pay more, but to do that we need your help! If you sign up, you get our supplements earlier than normal and cheaper than normal. Even better, you can pledge what you want and cancel when you want. If you are interested in supporting us, check out patreon.com/ragingswanpress or head over to patreon.com and search for Raging Swan!

THANK YOU!

In any event, I hope you enjoy this compilation of Monstrous Lairs. More importantly I hope you find it useful and that the descriptions herein enhance your campaign (and make your job easier). I also hope your players appreciate the extra effort you've gone to make their game more awesome.

If you've got any comments or questions about Raging Swan Press, I'd love to hear from you. You can contact me at creighton@ragingswan.com.



BANDITS & BRIGANDS

1: BANDITS & BRIGANDS

The NPCs below could be members of virtually any bandit gang. Brief stats (alignment, sex, race, class and level) appear for each individual. The GM should ignore the class and level entry, if they do not fit the bandit gang encountered by the PCs.

1: EETU ILMA

Recently turned to a life of banditry, Eetu is keen to prove himself to his new "friends".

Wearing dirty armour and travel-stained clothes this burly man looks like he has lived in the wilds for some time. He has long, unkempt jet-black hair and black eyes.

Eetu (NE male human fighter 1) is new to the gang; several weeks ago he was forced to flee his home after nearly beating a neighbour to death over some trivial matter.

Personality: Eetu doesn't see why he should work; might is right and he can simply take what he wants from others. He likes inflicting pain, but hasn't actually killed anyone yet—but that's not through lack of trying.

Mannerisms: Eetu has an intense, aggression-filled stare which he fixes on his enemy.

Hook: Obsessed with revenge against the man he blames for his current lot, Eetu plots a midnight return to his home village to even the score.

2: KOSTI EHTARO

A murderer and rapist, Kosti is feared by his friends and enemies alike.

Thin and wiry this man exudes energy and malice. He wears a dirty cloak with a deep hood and rests a hand on his dagger's pommel.

Kosti (CE male human fighter 2) is a thoroughly foul and odious individual. He has few friends in the gang and soon his fellows will grow tired of him and eject him from the band.

Personality: Consumed with his own lusts, he cares nothing for others except in regards to what they can do for, or give, him.

Mannerisms: Kosti has named his dagger, "Eye Gouger" and is always sharpening or polishing the weapon.

Hook: Kosti has a grudge to settle with Venla Koira (see #8), who last week stopped him raping a woman the gang accosted on the road. In the confusion of battle, he seeks to even the score.

3: HEDVIG KULTA

A reluctant bandit, Hedvig is plotting to steal from her gang and flee in search of a better life far away.

Tall and rangy with a weatherworn face this half-elven radiates competence as well as weariness.

Hedvig (CN female half-elf ranger 2) is as capricious and wild as the winter wind. She loves the outdoors, but grows tired of a bandit's life. She has also seen how her companions treat their

captives—particularly women—and is becoming increasingly uncomfortable in the gang.

Personality: Hedvig has no problem with some light thievery, but she is not evil. Killing, except in self-defence, feels wrong to her and she worries she may be forced to kill someone soon.

Mannerisms: Hedvig often lapses into silence, and stares off into space seemingly focusing on nothing. Some of her fellow bandits find this off-putting and rude.

Hook: Hedvig is plotting to betray her fellows. She plans to steal some of the gang's choicest treasures and escape to a better life. She does not like the ever-present threat of the hangman's noose and dreams of a better, purer life on the frontier.

4: PEKKO MIEMO

This snivelling man does not want to be here at all.

Lank black hair frames a wan face set into a gloomy look of acceptance. Several bruises mar his face. He wears crude, padded armour and carries a spear.

Pekko (N male human fighter 1) was given a stark choice; join the gang or die. Unsurprisingly, he chose to join up and bitterly regrets his current lot.

Personality: It's always someone else's fault and he's normally the helpless victim—at least that's how Pekko sees things.

Mannerisms: Pekko often sighs before speaking and rarely gets animated or excited about anything.

Hook: Sent out on business by his master, Pekko fell into the bandits' clutches. He blames his master for his current lot and cannot wait to wreak his revenge.

5: JYRKI SUSI

Dirty and unkempt, Jyrki cares only for himself and his pet.

This unkempt, dirty-faced man wears a filthy tunic. Face screwed up in a squint, he seems surprised or confused.

Jyrki (NE male human fighter 1) has terrible table manners—for him, eating is a full contact sport; the front of his jerkin and chin are splattered with the remnants of his last meal. He has a pet weasel with whom he shares his food.

Personality: A tad forgetful and often distracted, Jyrki is prone to making assumptions. Arrogant and hateful, he is an unpleasant fellow. He only loves his pet, and cares more for it than he does for any of his companions.

Mannerisms: Jyrki is always digging in an ear or nostril for something.

Hook: Jyrki mistakes one of the PCs for a childhood friend and calls out to them. If the PCs fall into the bandits' hands, he protects the PC in question until he discovers his mistake. Then, he savagely beats the PC.

6: ANTTI VÄINÖ

One-eyed bandit veteran of many years living in the wilderness and preying on travellers.

A ragged, dirty bandage covers this man's right eye. He wears his hair closely cropped at the sides and slicked back on top.

Antti (CE middle-aged male half-orc fighter 2) is a veteran bandit who has survived the destruction or disbandment of many bandit gangs. He has a finely-honed survival instinct and no loyalty whatsoever to his companions.

Personality: Coarse, simple and violent, Antti is in some ways the perfect bandit. He believes might is right and cares nothing for those falling into his clutches. For him, mercy equates to leaving his victims alive and partially clothed.

Mannerisms: When nervous, Antti reaches under his bandage and rubs his empty right eye socket.

Hook: Antti believes the gang is doomed, and is sneaking out of the camp when the PCs attack.

7: MIELIKKI URO

Sneaky, duplicitous and manipulative, Mielikki wants to overthrow the gang's boss.

Tall, and muscular, this brown-haired woman exudes confidence. She wears tightly cut studded leather armour.

Mielikki (CE female human thief 2) knows she's destined for bigger, better things.

Personality: Mielikki hates weak people, seeing them as nothing more than sheep to be preyed on. She uses others without guilt and lives for the moment.

Mannerisms: With a laugh like a hyena, Mielikki often gloats loudly over those in her power.

Hook: Mielikki plans to seduce and then kill the gang's leader. She uses the PCs' arrival to ingratiate herself with her target.

8: VENLA KOIRA

Heavy debts forced Venla into a life of banditry and wild-living. To her surprise, she has found she enjoys the life.

Skinny and lithe, this woman wears her brown hair closely cropped; she wears large bronze bangle-style earrings.

Venla (CE female human fighter 3) enjoys the bandit lifestyle—particularly being unshackled from the society's rules.

Personality: Living in the moment, Venla is wild and unpredictable. She doesn't enjoy violence for violence's sake—viewing it as nothing more than a means to an end.

Mannerisms: Quick to laugh and quick to anger, Venla wears her emotions openly.

Hook: One of the PCs takes Venla's fancy and if the party fall into the bandits' hands she tries to have her way with him (or her).



2: CAMP DRESSING

Bandits prefer hidden, defensible lairs which—preferably—lie close to a ready source of victims such as a well-traveled road, bridge, ford or narrow, sunken lane.

Use the table below, to add points of detail and interest to such a bandit camp:

1. A crude, waist-high wall of tree branches, tree stumps and the like surrounds the camp. The barrier will not keep out determined intruders, but provides cover for the camp's defenders—and keeps some wandering animals away.
2. A hodgepodge of tents, lean-to shelters and so on stand haphazardly throughout the camp seemingly without any order or plan. Small campfires smoulder in front of many of the tents.
3. The skinned and dressed carcasses of several woodland animals—a brace of rabbits, several squirrels and a deer hang from an A-frame near a central cooking fire.
4. One part of the camp is given over to a meeting place of sorts with tree trunks arranged as crude benches around a central fire-pit. A stack of firewood lies nearby.
5. Trash and rubbish are scattered on the ground outside, and within, the camp. A short distance away, the bandits have dug a series of latrine pits in a sunken hollow. Even unwary intruders smell the latrines before blundering into them.
6. A larger tent—what looks to have once been a noble's pavilion—rises above the rest in the centre of the camp. Herein dwells the bandit chieftain.
7. Wisps of smoke from the camp's many campfires drift upwards through the trees; the sunlight slanting down from above creates many shiv lights giving the camp a strange, almost otherworldly feel.
8. A shallow ditch—a half-hearted attempt at a moat—runs along a short portion of the camp's boundary; the lazy bandits gave up soon after starting their work; a few rusting shovels and a mattock lie on the ground nearby.
9. Well trodden earthen paths wend their way through the camp; obviously the bandits have laired here for some time.
10. An empty wagon—without its attendant horse—is drawn up under a tree; an awning hangs down over the wagon, obscuring what lies beneath (a pair of bedrolls set up "dangerously" close together by a pair of courting bandits).
11. A large empty barrel stands near the main fire pit. An axe is embedded in its lid and dried blood covers both the axe and the barrel. Here, the bandits butcher rabbits, deer and other creatures caught in the surrounds.
12. Under a pine's low branches, a thick tarpaulin covers a large pile of firewood stacked close to the central fire pit.
13. A short distance outside camp, several crude grave-markers show where several of the gang have been laid to rest. They dead could have succumbed to battle injuries, a freak accident or virulent disease. The markers do not record names or causes of death.
14. A knotted rope hangs from the boughs of a large tree growing on the camp's fringes. A makeshift platform among the tree's branches serves as a concealed lookout spot.
15. Four cows and two sheep are penned in a small makeshift enclosure in the camp. Proceeds of recent raids, the animals will soon be slaughtered for meat.
16. Six shuttered lanterns hang from the branches of various trees scattered about the camp. At night, the lanterns are lit—except when enemies are in the locality.
17. The ground on which the camp stands is slightly sloped; the bandits have dug flat areas out of the hillside to pitch their tents.
18. A large oak stands at the centre of the camp, its heavy branches reaching down almost to the ground. It is dry, but dim, under the tree's canopy. Graffiti mars the oak's wide, gnarled trunk.
19. The camp stands amid the ancient, tumbled walls of some ruin now swallowed by trees, brambles and weeds.
20. The bandits have set tripwires designed to make a loud noise around their camp. Only three pathways into the camp are devoid of the traps.



3: BANDIT LOOT

Bandits, if successful, accumulate much loot from their victims. Much of this loot is mundane, while other pieces comprise jewellery, coins and other portable treasures. Use the list below, to bring flavour and detail to the bandits' hoard:

1. Sacks, boxes and barrels hold food, wine and other staples. With the exception of the barrels and casks holding wine and other drinks (which are kept near to the leader's tent) the rest are scattered throughout the camp.
2. Several horses are tethered to hitching poles driven deep into the earth. The horses stand under a crude shelter of woven tree branches; bits, bridles and saddles lie nearby.
3. Several sacks hold bolts of fresh linen and other cloths; a small bolt of white silk is hidden at the bottom of one of the sacks. The silk is worth 20 gp—easily more than the rest of the cloth combined.
4. One of the bandits is lucky enough to have a canvas tent of particularly good design large enough to sleep three people. It is essentially rainproof and a great boon to those travelling in the wilderness.
5. Three suits of chainmail languish in the leader's tent; she intends to gift them to trusted members of the band—but hasn't yet decided who is worthy of such treasures.
6. A holy symbol decorates the cover of this large leather-covered book. It is a holy book of the local faith stolen from a wandering priest.
7. The bandits recently captured Alpo Lemminkäinen (LG male human cleric 1), a wandering acolyte of the local religion, and have sent a message to his church demanding a ransom. The message was sent two weeks ago, and the bandits are growing tired of waiting for a reply. In the meantime, they force Alpo to serve them around the camp and to use his spells for the group's benefits.
8. A tinker's wagon stands in the camp. The wagon holds a vast selection of agricultural equipment along with pewter bowls, cups and so on. Packed in sawdust and straw in a large wrought iron cauldron lie a dozen bottles of fine wine once destined for a noble's table.
9. A beautifully carved set of gargoyles stand on a low wagon. Destined for a local noble's home, the gargoyles look to be horrifying demons. They are stoutly tied down to the wagon—perhaps too stoutly...
10. A small heap of blankets and commoners' clothing fills one of the bandits' tents. None of the tent's contents are particularly valuable, but cunning bandits could have hidden something within the pile.
11. Two sealed barrels each contain eight gallons of lamp oil. The symbol of a shuttered lantern is burnt onto each barrel's lid.
12. A bundle of furs fills a chest in the leader's tent; amid the rabbit, beaver and fox pelts is a large black bear's pelt—complete with the creature's head.

LOOTING THE BODY

Bandits carry many odds and ends about their person. Victorious adventurers are sure to loot the fallens' bodies. Use this list, to add colour and flavour to the proceedings:

1. One silver teardrop earring worth 2 gp hangs from the bandit's left ear. The bandit's long, lank black hair hides the earring from a casual search.
2. A battered tinderbox, 4 sp, a short length of twine and a whetstone fill the bandit's pouch.
3. In his boot, the bandit has hidden a dagger with a curious curved blade design. The weapon is obviously old, and is missing its tip.
4. This bandit had a short length of red silk hidden behind his belt. (He took the scrap of silk from an ex-lover to remember her by).
5. A thick leather cloak with a deep cowl fills the bandit's backpack along with other odds and ends including a waterskin, a day's worth of rations and a small sack.
6. This bandit collected daggers; he has four hanging from his belt and one shoved into each boot. His belt pouch contains a whetstone and small dirty rag along with a small oil flask.
7. This bandit wore a leather necklace on a thong around his neck. Four small silver charms—misshapen leaves—or perhaps clover leaves—hang from the thong. The charms are worth 3 gp as a set.
8. A small sketchbook and several sharpened chunks of charcoal fill a small sack stuffed into the bandit's pack. Pictures of local wildlife scenes as well as scene of village life fill much of the book.
9. A book with a torn cover contains a series of local tales, legends and songs. The book once belonged to a bard—it was his commonplace book—until he fell afoul of the group. Its current owner has added a few stories of his own—the change in handwriting is noticeable toward the end of the book.
10. A pair of fine leather gloves are tucked into this bandit's belt. Clearly, they are not his; monogramed initials—A.H.—decorate both gloves. The bandit also has a beautifully carved pipe and a pouch of expensive pipe-weed. The pipe looks like a dragon—the pipe's smoke issues from its mouth,
11. The bandit wears a slender golden ring on the smallest finger on his left hand. The ring is of elven artifice and beautifully wrought, but this is not immediately evident as the bandit has covered it in dirt and mud to make it look virtually valueless. (Perhaps he feared a companion would steal it).
12. Tucked under his jerkin, this bandit wears a primitive tribal necklace—something a barbarian, goblin or orc might wear. The necklace could foreshadow another local threat the PCs might soon meet; the necklace could be a piece of war booty or a gift—depending on whether the bandits are friendly with their "neighbours" or not.

4: COMPLICATIONS, HOOKS & OPPORTUNITIES

Adventures are rarely simple affairs; strange events, shifting alliances and fate's capricious whim often conspire to make adventurers' lives...interesting.

Use the table below to add complications, adventure hooks and opportunities into any encounter involving bandits:

1. One of the bandits is plotting against the group's leader and uses the PCs' interference in the gang's affairs to set her plan in motion. Either through action or inaction, the bandit seeks the death of the gang leader and lordship over the band's survivors.
2. The PCs arrive at the camp as the bandits are preparing to move out. Thus, the bandits have broken down their tents, loaded up their pack animals and their leaders are mounted and ready to go. When the PCs attack, the leaders flee with the packhorses carrying all the group's loot leaving the gang's rank and file to face the intruders.
3. The PCs are not the only ones hunting the bandits. A rival gang or patrol of soldiers arrive shortly after the PCs attack the camp. Soldiers likely attempt to claim the bandits' loot as property of their lord while the new bandits may attack the party if the PCs seem weak. Finally, the soldiers may need convincing the PCs are not bandits themselves.
4. A virulent disease ravages the bandit camp; when the PCs arrive many of the gang are suffering its effects. If the plague is airborne, the party could become infected during the inevitable fighting their arrival heralds. In particularly serious outbreaks, the bandits could be suffering from plague. Some PCs may not feel comfortable returning to the nearby town or village until they can ascertain whether they are infected.
5. As #4 above, except the outbreak of plague is no accident. A local lord arranged for the bandits to take three wagons piled high with corn, grain or cloth. Several infected rats lurked among the trade goods and it is they who have infected the camp. (The PCs may encounter the rats as they move through the camp).
6. The bandit chieftain has just been challenged—ill-advisedly—by one of his minions for leadership of the band. Most of the bandits are distracted by the ensuing fight, when the PCs arrive.



BLUE DRAGON'S LAIR

1: BLUE DRAGON LAIR FEATURES

A blue dragon's lair is rarely nothing more than a cave stuffed full of treasure. Blue dragons are wily, cunning and in-tune with the surrounding environment. Their lairs reflect their intrinsic connection with the desert.

Use the table below, to add major features of interest to the blue dragon's lair. Such features are both flavoursome and things for the PCs to interact with as they explore the lair.

1. A deep drift of fine, shifting sand fills the area. Blown here by the wind—or perhaps placed by the cunning dragon—the sand swirls and billows about when a strong wind—such as that caused by the beating of mighty wings—sweeps through the area.
2. A small subterranean stream flows beneath this area, creating a weak spot in the floor. PCs weighing more than 80 lbs. walking on the unstable section cause it to collapse into a 10-foot deep crevice running across the chamber. Unfortunately, quicksand fills the hole.
3. Rippled dunes of sand fill the passageway, blocking line of sight. Cunning PCs can use the dunes as cover to get deeper into the lair. The wind has effaced all tracks of previous explorers (or lair occupants) although here and there white bones emerge from the sand.
4. A deep, sand-filled crevasse splits this area in two. The fissure appears to be only 20-foot deep but is filled with soft sand to a depth of 30-foot. Characters falling into the sand sink slowly to the bottom. (Alternatively, the dragon—or its servitors—could lurk below the sand; they wait for the PCs to pass by before emerging to attack intruders from behind.)
5. A series of hidden sinkholes lurk beneath the sand, ready to entomb explorers. Characters walking across a sinkhole cause it to collapse into a sandy pit. Even worse, sand continues to flow into the sinkhole from the surrounds for 1d6 rounds (potentially suffocating a victim caught within).
6. A forest of strange, albino cactuses grows throughout this area. Some are as large as small trees; all have prickly, thorny growths.
7. A veritable swarm of scorpions dwells here. Their tracks are easily visible in the sand, and—curiously—the dragon hasn't killed or driven forth this vermin. (The dragon uses the scorpions as an intruder alarm and even encourages their numbers to grow by dumping the occasional corpse in the area for them to feed upon). The bones of several creatures festoon the area.
8. A high drift of sand lies piled up against one wall. The drift obscures the entrance to a passageway or chamber beyond. (The dragon simply burrows through the sand). Perceptive PCs may find the placement of the sand odd—the rest of the area is not similarly buried in sand).
9. Sections of the wall and ceiling throughout the lair are blackened, scorched and even melted—hinting at the awesome power of the dragon's lightning breath. In some places, where the ceiling bears scorch marks, it has collapsed

dumping piles of rubble onto the floor. Beneath some such piles may lie the crushed, broken remains of those who sought to slay the dragon.

10. A large colony of bats—tolerated by the dragon as a natural early-warning system—lairs on the ceiling. If disturbed, they swarm before fleeing the light source; they fly toward the lair exit or some deeper recess of the cave; they do not fly toward the dragon's inner sanctum.
11. A dense field of rubble and boulders covers the floor. Placed here deliberately by the dragon to make exploration by land-bounded creatures harder, some of the stones shift alarmingly underfoot. PCs wise in the ways of caves can determine the rubble came from the ceiling; a close examination of the ceiling reveals deep claw marks suggesting the rockfall is not natural.
12. A wide, deep pool blocks further progress. A few flat stones jut from the water providing a precarious set of stepping stones. Several underground springs feed the pool, which never runs dry. The dragon enjoys bathing in the pool, and signs of something large emerging from the water are easily visible in the surrounding soft sand.

DRAGON DRESSING: FEMALE DRAGON NAMES

All dragons—even baby dragons—should have names.

1. Zyrephtatrain
2. Malaevoar
3. Wyrvalam
4. Zundaedarth
5. Aryxondalah
6. Lohtornabal
7. Endorosballax
8. Seyrtreois

DRAGON DRESSING: MALE DRAGON NAMES

All dragons—even baby dragons—should have names.

1. Oskthotgos
2. Klauthurakamere
3. Nymsaryne
4. Calaunala
5. Aerosuythe
6. Jharangkar
7. Etharmurhmal
8. Durgaradace

2: BLUE DRAGON LAIR DRESSING

Blue dragon lairs are different to normal dungeons. Consequently, the minor pieces of dressing should highlight this difference. Signs of previous exploration—dropped and broken equipment, the fused, burnt corpses of previous adventurers and the like—will also be visible.

Use the table below, to add depth and flavour to the lair's minor features:

1. Piles of gleaming white bones lie amid the lair's shifting sands. Some of the bones are clearly of desert animals—camels, hyenas and the like. Others are obviously human. Many are splintered and crushed; some are fused together.
2. A suspiciously dragon-shaped depression in the sand hints at the size of the lair's inhabitant(s). Perhaps the lair's resident recently rested here.
3. A small, jagged shard of blue scale lies half-buried amid gently shifting sands. The scale clearly came from a dragon, but because it is a fragment of a larger scale, it is impossible to accurately determine the dragon's size.
4. Gouge marks in the walls show where the dragon has sharpened its claws. Canny PCs can use the marks to gauge the dragon's size.
5. A large mottled red stain on the floor shows where someone or something bled long ago. The stain is large—easily ten-foot in diameter.
6. The remains of a gnoll raiding party lie scattered about the area. The party comprised a half-dozen individuals; their scorched and burnt remains, and their melted, burnt or fused equipment, provide mute testimony to the potency of the dragon's breath weapon.
7. A confused mess of large, clawed footprints in the sand coating the floor show where the dragon has come and gone. The most recent footprints lead away from the party.
8. A three-foot natural step divides the area in two; wind-blown sand has piled up against it, forming an almost five-foot wide drift.
9. Faded words, daubed onto the wall in dried blood, read, "Your doom awaits. Flee if you can. Go no further."
10. A narrow, half-foot wide crack cuts through the ceiling. A thin curtain of fine, dry sand sporadically sifts down from above obscuring what lies beyond. Consequently, the fine sand covering this area's floor is deeper than elsewhere in the lair.
11. A mangled and broken steel shield lies discarded on the floor. A single draconic fang pierces the shield at the epicentre of the damage.
12. The mouldering skeleton of some unfortunate explorer stands transfixed on a spear driven up through its groin. The spear's tip nestles in the deceased's skull. The dead explorer still seems to have most of his equipment. (If the dragon can create magical traps this is a perfect place to set one.)

DRAGON DRESSING: DISTINGUISHING MARKS

Blue dragons are as individual as any member of a species; they all have a unique appearance.

1. A vivid scar, surrounded by malformed scales, runs from the dragon's forehead down between its eyes.
2. The scales on the dragon's belly are a beautiful light blue colour—akin to the cloudless desert sky.
3. Blue dragons have a single massive horn atop its head; this dragon's horn is missing its tip.
4. The dragon's scales are beautiful deep blue; desert winds and sand have scoured them completely smooth.
5. Several ragged holes pierce the dragon's bat-like wings; they create a high-pitch whistling sound when the dragon flaps its wings.
6. The dragon's protruding fangs are particularly sharp and curved, although it is missing two fangs from its underbite.
7. Most of the dragon's scales are coloured a deep iridescent azure; a patch under its chin is of a deep indigo hue—perhaps this is a draconic birthmark or a family trait?
8. A large iron bolt, shot from a heavy crossbow, protrudes from the dragon's left shoulder. The wound is an old one, and the dragon's scales have regrown in a ragged fashion about the injury.



3: MINOR SIGHTS, SOUNDS & EVENTS

Dragon lairs are not staid, unchanging places. While they might have only one resident, things of minor note still happen within.

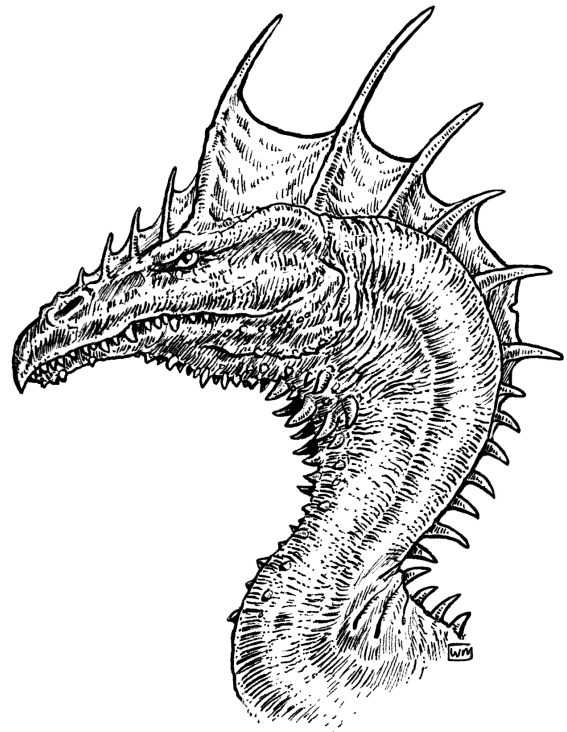
Use the table below, to add minor sights, sounds and events to the blue dragon's lair:

1. The heavy, pungent stench of ozone hangs in the turgid air. The smell is strongest near the floor. In areas with good air flow, the stench is noticeably fainter.
2. A light wind blows through the lair, whipping up small dust devils from the floor that twist, turn and dance before dissipating. This could be a singular event, or it could happen on a cycle—as wind enters the cavern through any number of cracks and crevices.
3. The sound of rocks tumbling to the ground comes from deeper into the lair. Alternatively, this sound could come from the lair's entrance. Paranoid PCs might fear they have been trapped inside by the rockfall.
4. Outside, the wind whines about the lair's entrance like a living, breathing creature, obscuring the PCs' tracks.
5. A faint hum and crackle of electricity in the air permeates the area. Worryingly, the phenomena's point of origin is difficult to identify.
6. A half-dozen columns of pale light pierce the gloom. They emerge from small holes in the ceiling. As the sun passes overhead the shafts of light move and then fade before the sunlight pierces other nearby holes.
7. A deep thunderous roar sounds from deeper inside the lair. The lair's strange acoustic properties cause the sound to echo for a few seconds before it fades away.
8. Sand sifts down through cracks in the ceiling, lightly dusting the PCs' heads and shoulders. Unlucky PCs get sand in their eyes.
9. Shadows move on the ceiling at the limit of the party's lights. (The party has disturbed a small colony of bats.) If the PCs continue onwards, the bats take flight, swarm and flee. The flutter of their wings echoes through the lair—perhaps alerting the dragon lurking beyond.
10. A deep chuckle—redolent with menace and anticipation—echoes through the lair. Perhaps the dragon knows the PCs have invaded its home and is amused by their pathetic attempts to surprise it.
11. The least perceptive PC begins to feel the party is being watched from some unknown, hidden place. Wherever the party goes in the lair, the feeling persists. If the PCs retreat before facing the dragon, the PC can't shake the feeling for the rest of the day—even when they camp for the night.
12. Small cracks crisscross the floor. Faint wisps of warm steam rise from the cracks. As the PCs approach, the volume of steam seems to increase. (This effect is a natural phenomenon and follows a set pattern—the PCs' arrival here is nothing more than a coincidence.)

DRAGON DRESSING: WHAT'S THE DRAGON DOING?

Blue dragons don't just hang around their lair waiting for adventurers to wander inside.

1. The dragon is sleeping after a large meal. It is unprepared for battle and has cast no defensive spells (except those with particularly long durations).
2. The dragon is shaming sleep and may be very aware of intruders in its lair. In this instance, it has taken preparations for battle (including casting defensive spells).
3. The dragon is rolling on its back, to scratch an itch, among its treasure hoard.
4. The dragon is admiring one of its choicest treasures and muttering to itself.
5. The dragon is just finishing a light snack of "camel and rider". Blood and gore cover the ground; luckily for the PCs, it eats away from its hoard—blood-drenched treasure is so difficult to clean, sort and sell.
6. The dragon is away hunting.
7. The dragon is away from its lair but returns shortly after the PCs reach its hoard.
8. The dragon is conversing with a captive humanoid of the opposite sex. It is deep into a conversation about courting rituals and initially does not notice the intruders. (Either design a captive NPC or have the dragon slay the unfortunate in the first round of combat.)



4: BLUE DRAGON HOARD TREASURES & TRINKETS

Dragons are renown for their vast treasure hoards—it's one of the main reason adventurers seek out their lairs. While much of the hoard likely comprise coinage and the like, inevitably other interesting objects—of a variety of values—will be mixed in with the rest.

Use this table below, to add depth and flavour to the dragon's hoard and assign a value to each piece of treasure suitable for your campaign.

1. A small sandstone statuette depicts a desert deity revered by local nomads. Its glimmering blue eyes are tiny sapphires.
2. An ornate leather saddle decorated with beautiful etchings of seemingly endless desert dunes. Dried blood cakes the saddle's underside.
3. A shredded backpack lies under a pile of coins. A pocket-sized, leather-bound book lies within. The book is the diary of Armdel Jeral a wizard of growing skill obsessed with finding a certain ancient buried necropolis said to lie hidden deep in the desert. The journal stops abruptly but could contain enough information to whet the PCs' appetite for further adventure.
4. A drawstring velvet bags holds an ivory and jet chess board along with a mahogany box containing matching pieces.
5. An ornate two-handed scimitar with a beautiful wave-like pattern running along its blade rests in a plain, worn leather scabbard. The scimitar's handle is well worn, and the weapon is in excellent condition.
6. Three tightly wound bolts of silk (blue, red and white) fill a leather sack.
7. A keg of fine white wine. The keg lid is slightly loose, and only half the wine remains.
8. This eerily lifelike stone carving of a man's head is missing its jaw, and the nose has been snapped off. (This could be the remains of a petrified adventurer).
9. A book cover crafted from some kind of thick, heat-resistant leather (a chimera's hide). Unfortunately, the book's contents have long since been lost.
10. A faded parchment map. Large sections of the map are missing. Its centrepiece is a large bay. A mountain looms over the bay. A name—Gloamhold—is emblazoned above.
11. A small cache of thick, square silver coins. Each has a hole in the middle.
12. A large cast iron cauldron holds some of the dragon's more valuable coinage.
13. Decorations of cavorting water nymphs decorate the lid of this small iron-bound coffer. The coffer is locked.
14. A small worn brass lamp lies forgotten on its side, half buried in the sand.
15. A tightly bound bale wrapped in thick canvas holds a great mass of packed leaves—tea.
16. Tied shut with a strip of red leather, this worn leather wallet holds a collection of fine quills and other writing materials.

Two of the quills are of high enough quality to be used in scribing magical scrolls.

17. A pouch holds a small collection of highly-polished shells. Several of the shells have strange sigils daubed on them in purple ink.
18. A hunting horn, banded in iron, hangs from a short leather strap. Sand chokes the horn—it must be cleaned out before it will sound once again.
19. A small, plain coffer holds an iron incense burner along with three small packets of exotic-smelling leaves.
20. The bloody, shredded remains of a man's white shirt lie intertwined with the treasure. Perceptive PCs notice the shirt still has several of its silver buttons—each stamped with the sigil of a noble family from a kingdom bordering the desert.

DRAGON DRESSING: WORN TRINKETS

Blue dragons are vain creatures. Sometimes they'll augment their appearance with various shiny baubles. Some might be magical, others might be merely pretty.

1. This thick banded golden ring is worn as smooth as glass. The dragon wears it on the tip of one of its claws.
2. This dragon wears an ornate, but bent, silver torc as an armband of sorts. Several pale orange stones (carnelians) adorn the torc.
3. The dragon wears a single golden wire earring. Sized for a giant, the earring should be a delicate thing depicting a lidless eye, but it is surprisingly sturdy.
4. A sender black silk rope interwoven with delicate silver wire serves as a necklace of sorts for the dragon.
5. The dragon has three silver rings wedged onto various fangs. The rings are worn and pitted. Bits of the dragon's meal are wedged between the rings and their attendant teeth.
6. A battered locket hangs from a stout silver chain around one of the dragon's claws. It contains a picture of a handsome halfling man wearing a battered gem-encrusted helm.
7. An oversized iron ring forged in the shape of a snake eating its own tail. The ring is incredibly detailed and has resisted the general wear and tear of being worn by a dragon amazingly well.
8. The dragon wears a silver crown that clearly once graced the forehead of a giant or similar creature. The crown's centrepiece is a rearing swan its wings outstretched. Transparent red stones (spinel) serve as the swan's eyes. The dragon loves the crown, and prefers to remove it before combat.

5: BLUE DRAGON HOARD DRESSING

Blue dragon hoards can be immense in scope and value. Among the treasures and trinkets, however, most dragons have also accumulated objects that might not fall under the traditional heading of treasure, but which are interesting and flavoursome none-the-less.

Use the table below, to add such objects of interest to the dragon's hoard:

1. A wagon's splintered remains languish among the hoard. Missing one wheel, it lies on its side; the remains of the wagon's torn reins dangled lifeless, hinting at the draft animal's likely fate.
2. Five large plain earthen jugs stand together. Three are still stoppered while two are cracked and broken. The three intact pitchers hold water, but the water has spoiled over the years. Each jug bears its maker's mark on the base.
3. The remains of a pair of large, splintered barrels lie among the treasure. The insides are charred—deliberately—and once held brandy.
4. The shattered shards of a once beautiful crystal decanter lie under heavier treasures. Crushed by the weight of the treasures lying above, the glass shards lurk ready to catch the greedy, grasping hands of inattentive looters.
5. An ornately carved statue of a half-nude warrior posed in a heroic stance lies on its sand, half-buried by treasure and sand. The figure is in excellent condition, except it is missing its head (see #8, Treasures & Trinkets; this could be a petrified adventurer or nothing more than a statue).
6. A tightly wound, dusty arras stands on its end, leant against a wall. Blackened by lightning—sadly damaged when the dragon slew its owner—it has minor value as a shelter or rug but none as a decorative wall hanging.
7. Carvings of nymphs cavorting in a pool of clear water decorate the sides of this small, portable stone font.
8. A tangled mass of gears, pieces of metal and shards of glass are the remains of a sophisticated mechanical clock. Several parts of the clock are missing; it is unrepairable without considerable expense and skill.
9. Four iron candlesticks and a score of long, thin candles fill a battered box. The box's lid is nailed shut, but the dragon has pried off one corner to see what lies within.
10. Of black iron, this large blacksmith's anvil stands upright amid the dragon's glimmering treasures. Three huge scratches mar one side of the anvil.
11. Buried in a small niche in the floor under the treasure lies a skeleton curled up into a foetal position. (Sadistically, the dragon buried alive a thief under the riches he had so coveted).
12. One skeletal leg emerging from a worn, high leather boot.
13. The wreckage of a vanity screen painted with a beautiful desert scene lies amid the treasure. Splinters lurk to annoy the unwary looter.
14. The jagged shard of an ornate ivory comb lies amid a mass of coinage.
15. Scorched and burnt books lie scattered amid the treasures. Several have large bite marks taken out of them.
16. A pile of humanoid skeletons lies neatly stacked next to a wall. Many of the remains show signs of excessive violence.
17. Several boxes and barrels—all broken open—are piled together haphazardly. All contain food or drink; such contents are either now missing or mouldering.
18. A 20-foot length of good quality rope lies coiled in an iron bucket. The rope is tied to the bucket's handle.
19. Two wagon wheels; one has the desiccated body of a gnoll chained to it. Investigations reveal the gnoll probably died of thirst.
20. A packing box full of sawdust contains a dissembled chandelier. At first glance, the chandelier appears to be particularly fine—crafted from crystal. However, it is made of cheap glass (and the box is heavy and bulky to transport).



FAIRS & FESTIVALS

1: 10 FAIRS & FESTIVALS

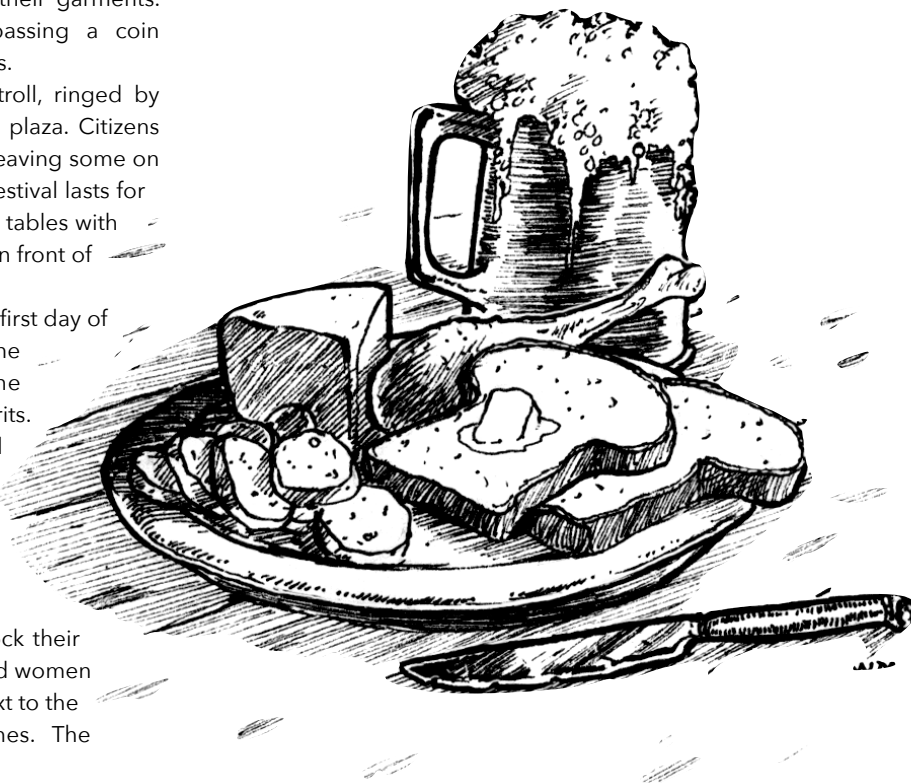
Almost everyone loves a good party. Festivals are often used as reminders of a settlement's history or as reverence to a spirit or deity. They are an important aspect of life in settlements of every size from tiny fishing villages up to cosmopolitan trade cities.

Use the table below, to add some spice to the PC's visit to a fair:

1. **Wisp Mote Festival:** Vendors selling candies and sweetmeats line the avenues during the day. At night, strange blue motes of light rain down from the skies as the townsfolk dance, drink and sing in the streets. The annual celebration commemorates an ancient pact forged between the fey and the town's founders. At the stroke of midnight, the wisps of light freeze in mid-air and all manner of fey creatures appear in the streets to join the celebration.
2. **Carnival of Kuligar:** The citizens have gathered in a clearing just outside town. Strange mechanical contraptions whirl and clank within a clearing alongside several large pavilion tents. A barker calls to anyone and everyone to join him on a fantastical journey. A few brave families can be heard laughing from large compartments as they are tossed about by the whirling and swinging motions of the strange machine; each machine bears a phrase that declares it to be a numbered trial of an individual named Kuligar.
3. **Festival of Scarlet Flames:** Alchemical lamps burning a deep red hue cast the streets in a sinister nocturnal light. Several hooting and laughing townsfolk with faces painted red and garbed in dark robes battle each other with wooden swords. Observation reveals several of the robed combatants have a dark red sigil embroidered on the backs of their garments. These marked individuals appear to be passing a coin between them as they battle through the streets.
4. **Feast of the Troll King:** A carved wooden troll, ringed by tables brimming with food, sits in the central plaza. Citizens moving through the square take bits of food; leaving some on a plate in front of the monstrous carving. The festival lasts for an entire week as locals regularly replenish the tables with food. Throughout each night, the food placed in front of the carven troll gradually disappears.
5. **Day of Walking Memories:** Every year, on the first day of autumn the ghosts of those buried within the graveyard manifest over their graves. The townsfolk awaken at dawn to meet the spirits. Throughout the day the living and deceased discuss events of the past year as well as what is to come. As the sun sets, the spirits return to their graves in a silent procession. Once all of the shades have vanished, the townsfolk hold a feast in the central square.
6. **Wolf Hunt Jubilee:** Bowyers and fletchers hock their wares in the town square. At the gates, men and women string their bows and examine their arrows. Next to the gate stands a scoreboard filled with names. The

competition is a three-day event, held once a year and open to anyone. The winner receives the Wolfbane Cloak, a symbol recognised throughout the region.

7. **Festival of the Chimera's Crown:** Trios of townsfolk tethered by a short length of rope wearing monstrous masks chase children through town. Stalls line the plaza handing out tiny leather pouches filled with flour citizens toss at the tethered trios to knock wooden crowns from their heads. Once all the crowns are removed, the town gathers in the square to commemorate the heroes who faced the legendary chimera.
8. **Harrow's Fall Festival:** At the centre of town, a well-dressed cloth mannequin sits upon a wooden throne. During the day, citizens mockingly bow to the statue when they pass by. At dusk, celebrants bombard the mannequin with colourful dyes before it is paraded through the streets and eventually burned at a feast in front of the town's main church.
9. **The Apprentice Games:** Young townsfolk dressed in the garb of apprentice arcanists gather outside an old ruin just beyond the edge of town. An aged wizard waits at the ruin's entrance to signal the start of a race to collect a hidden orb. The apprentice who retrieves the orb is given a feast in their honour and is taught the ritual to summon a familiar.
10. **Carnival of the Delve:** An array of monstrously decorated tents and wagons outside town promise entertainment and lavish prizes to those daring the trials within. Each tent contains a complicated obstacle course with a different dungeon theme. After paying a small fee, participants finishing the course in a set amount of time receive a tiny chest of assorted baubles and knick-knacks as their prize.



2: 20 MINOR EVENTS

Fairs and festivals are full of sights, sounds and excitement. Beyond the main attraction, dozens of minor events befall festival-goers.

Use the table below, to add depth and flavour to the PCs' visit to the fair.

1. An amorous couple—paying no attention to anyone but themselves—blunder into the party. The pair are innocent of any sinister intent, but suspicious PCs may suspect a pickpocketing attempt.
2. Laughing child rush through the crowds playing a wild game of tag. One child—desperate to not get caught—hurls herself through the legs of one of the party. An unwary or distracted PC may be knocked to the ground by the sudden impact of a hurtling child.
3. Shouts and laughter, coming from a nearby attraction or stall, drift over the crowd. Whatever is going on over there, people are having a good time and more drift over to investigate the commotion.
4. Shouts of, "Thief!" and, "Pickpocket" sound from close by as a richly-clad merchant points an accusative finger at a small boy cowering against a stall or wall. This could be a case of mistaken identity, or the boy could be a thief. In any event, the angry merchant seems intent on thrashing the boy.
5. A juggler moves through the crowd plying his trade—keeping five whirling cudgels in the air. A drunk festival-goer decides it would be hilarious to throw something at the juggler—an apple core, empty wine jack or something similar. Unsurprisingly, this distracts the juggler who drops his cudgels. A loud argument ensues.
6. Doing a roaring trade, a man (Ahti Hopea [LN male human]) moves through the crowd selling hot meat pies from his small handcart. Spotting the PCs—and gambling they have coin to spare—he makes a beeline for the party. His tasty meat pies cost 5 cp each.
7. A stray dog trots through the crowd on the hunt for dropped food. It spies the remains of a dropped pie, and darts forward to wolf it down. Alternatively, if the PCs are eating the dog might follow them around begging for scraps.
8. Three children walk through the crowd laughing and talking. Two are clearly trying to impress the third, and their boasts and jests become ever more outlandish.
9. A well-to-do family wander among the various attractions, enjoying the day. The four children dart about laughing and joking with one another. Occasionally, one or another of the children demands a coin from their parents for a treat or visit to a stall. Laughing, their parents dispense the coins seemingly without a care in the world. Perceptive PCs notice a trio of thugs trailing the family.
10. A tall, smiling man (Eerik Ihamuoto [LN male human]) wanders the crowd shout loading in a deep, booming voice of the bargains to be had at Lauri's Cornucopia of Wonder (see 8 Stalls & Attractions overleaf). He is happy to direct people to his employer's stall.
11. A troubadour (Ari Kultimo [NG male human]) wanders the crowd strumming his lute and singing a happy, merry song. The man has a good, strong voice.
12. Two drunks clutching jacks of ale, which they quaff from between bouts of intelligible singing, stagger through the crowd singing and laughing at each other. Both are much the worse for wear and stink of booze. If they don't notice the party, they might stagger into the PCs.
13. A young child (Kerttu Kalpio [young female human]) stands alone amid the crowds, crying. She has lost her parents and is getting scared. If a PC hoists her onto shoulders, one of her parents quickly spots her. They both rush over to reclaim their daughter and thank the PCs profusely for their aid.
14. A noblewoman—or perhaps the wife of a wealthy merchant—glides through the crowd trailed by two servants carrying a variety of boxes and bundles. A grizzled, stout bodyguard walks beside the noblewoman—his eyes constantly roving the crowd in search of threats. She has no time for social inferiors.
15. A ragged child (Jegor Nousia [CN male human thief 1]) approaches the PCs and tries to talk them out of a few coins. He explains, he wants to have a good time with his friends, but his parents are too poor to spare any coin. He thickly lays on the emotional blackmail and is a persistent fellow. If it becomes obvious he is wasting his time, he loudly swears at the PCs, wishes them bad luck and darts away into the crowd.
16. A balding, stocky man (Kössi Ora [N middle-aged male human]) pushes a handcart through the throng from which he sells jacks of red wine for 1 sp. The wine is thin and vinegary, but he knows much of what is going on—he could be a useful source of information for the PCs. Kössi is a good way of introducing interesting rumours to the party.
17. Niilo Paaso (NE male human thief 2) wanders through the crowd wearing a ludicrously stereotyped wizard's outfit complete with many stuffed pouches and a pointy hat. He has impressive sleight of hand skills which he uses to amaze children. While he does so, his accomplices Aili Ehtaro (NE female human thief 2) and Miro Slycaller (CN male halfling thief 3) pick the pockets of distracted onlookers.
18. Birds soar overhead; occasionally one or more swoops to the ground to gobble up some dropping morsel of food. If the birds get aggressive, they try to steal food from children's hands. Most of the birds are normal creatures, but a wizard's familiar could lurk in the flock for some unspecified purpose.
19. A sudden burst of rain sends festival-goers dashing for cover under trees and in tents. The downpour only lasts 20 minutes, and some of the undercover attractions do a roaring trade in the meanwhile.
20. Two old people—a husband and wife—totter through the crowd; a three small dogs—little more than puppies—dart about their legs, playing happily, and investigating everything.

3: 8 STALLS & ATTRACTIONS

Beyond the fair or festival's main event, most have countless side attractions. Local merchants sell their produce to revellers, and other folk put on special attractions—games of skill, special services and so on. Use the entries below, to add such features to the fair or festival:

1: KREETA' MASKS

This stall sells a variety of colourful face-masks from head-high racks. Most masks depict particularly lurid caricatures of various creatures—orcs, dragons, goblins and the like while a few also depict predatory animals such as hawks and wolves. The storekeeper, Kreeta Tuntia (NG female human), is a pleasant woman well-used to parting customers from their hard-earned coins.

- **For Sale:** basic animal or monster mask 1 sp, detailed mask 3 sp, ornate dragon mask 1 gp.

2: ESOTERIC LODGE OF ALL KNOWLEDGE

This tall, jet black tent glowers over the surrounds like a brooding giant. A sign driven into the ground nearby reads, "Esoteric Lodge of All Knowledge", and the faint scent of incense wafts from within the tent. Inside, Sakarias Vaania (LN old male human wizard 4) tells fortunes. The floor is thickly carpeted, and esoteric symbols cover the tent's inner walls. A glowing brazier provides a faint light, and heady incense fills the air.

- **Services:** basic divination 1 sp, fortune telling 2 sp, spellcasting services 25 gp x spell level.

3: TRY YOUR LUCK

Dozens of pitted wooden targets set at different heights and distances stand throughout this dimly lit tent. One end of the tent is open to customers but is blocked off by a wooden counter. Dozens of (poorly weighted) darts lie on the table. As potential customers approach, the wizened stall-keeper—Kylli Uro (CN old female human fighter 2)—challenges them to hit three targets to win a prize.

- **Services:** three darts 5 cp, seven darts 1 sp.
- **Prizes:** basic stuffed toy, jack of weak ale.

4: THE SQUARE

Here, a whip-thin man stalks a roped-off square. The man (Torsten Kainu [LN middle-aged male human fighter 7]) brandishes two wooden rapiers and offers to fight anyone daring to step into the ring. The rules of the fight are simple: the first one to strike his opponent three times with his wooden rapier wins. Torsten is friendly and often fights mock battles with children (which he loses) if no serious customers dare the ring.

His brawny son, Samppa (LN male human fighter 3), himself an accomplished fencer, collects entries fees and (rarely) dolls out

prize money. When not working fairs and suchlike, Torsten hires himself out to noblemen and the like to train their children in the fine art of fencing.

- **Entry Fee:** 5 sp.
- **Prize:** 5 gp.

5: LAURI'S CORNUCOPIA OF WONDER

Two wagons, drawn up next to each other, form this makeshift stall. Here Lauri Saarelainen (CN male human) sells bric-a-brac, odds and ends and other bits and bobs he has bought from hard-up customers desperate to turn their assets into cold, hard coin.

His carts hold an incredible array of objects. Organisation has wholly escaped Lauri, however, and everything is jumbled together—there is no rhythm or reason to the display. If the PCs search through the jumble, they might find something of interest. If they do, roll on the table below to determine what they find:

1. This pair of well-shod boots with worn heels has a gash across one of its soles. Perceptive characters notice magical symbols pertaining to speed picked out in silver thread on the back of each shoe.
2. This dagger is more of a short sword—being almost 18-inches long. It has an oversized pommel, which can be unscrewed to reveal a hidden compartment big enough for a potion vial. The weapon needs sharpening and comes with a worn, but serviceable, sheath.
3. A strange stubby, prickly plant fills a battered clay pot. Knowledgeable characters recognise the plant as a cactus. How it got here, remains a mystery as Lauri can recall virtually nothing about the seller. Hidden in the pot, beneath the dry earth, lies a forgotten trove of 3 pp.
4. This cracked silver hand mirror has traces of stone clinging to its handle. Disturbingly, the stone remnants seem to be patterned in a way similar to a hand's grip. The stone can be chipped off, but doing so scratches the mirror's handle.
5. Intricately carved, this wooden ship is missing its sails and rigging. Careful examination of the model reveals means to attach lengths of fine string and small pieces of canvas to the model to fully depict a ship under full sail.
6. This small book is a travelogue; it is water stained and has several torn pages. As well as a traveller's general description of the lands he travelled through, it also has several hand-drawn maps of the surrounding region. The maps are not to scale but do show all large regional features and settlements.

6: BLUE BOAR TAVERN

Three sides of this vast, gaudy pavilion have been pulled back to create an open-air tavern. On all three sides, a stout ten-foot high stake driven deep into the ground holds a carved blue-faced boar akin to a ship's figurehead in size and style aloft.

Upturned barrels scattered about the interior serve as make-shift tables about which gather a happy throng. The tavern's bar stands at one end of the tent; here the crowd is deeper as many festival-goers try to get served. Harried servers push their way through the people carrying drinks to the various tables. The tavern's crowd is good-natured, but a small patrol of the watch loiter nearby to keep an eye on the revellers.

- **For Sale:** mug of ale 4 cp, pitcher of wine 2 sp.

Pekko Salme (NE male human fighter 3/rogue 3) owns and runs the Blue Boar Tavern, aided by his extended family. The family are travellers—always on the road to the next market day, festival or fair. Although he appears a bluff, welcoming fellow the Blue Boar tavern has a sinister side—Pekko is a black-hearted thief, murderer and kidnapper who uses the Blue Boar tavern as a cover to go about his sinister doings. Worse than that, his extended family have similar proclivities and the group prey on those who appear weak or vulnerable. Pekko is wary of tangling with adventurers and avoids any confrontations with such folk.

7: TIERA'S WANDERING PLAYERS

This small travelling troupe of actors, bards and sundry stage performers wander the land and make their living performing certain plays and comedies to the masses. Typically found in towns and cities where the audience is plentiful, they sometimes perform at large festivals and fairs.

Led by the charismatic Rusi Tiera (NG middle-aged male human) the group perform a series of short plays, sketches and

other performances during the day. Many of their performances require fantastical costumes and relate epic tales of heroes of old. Most have no basis in reality, but the GM could insert rumours or legends of ancient events pertaining to upcoming adventures into the performances.

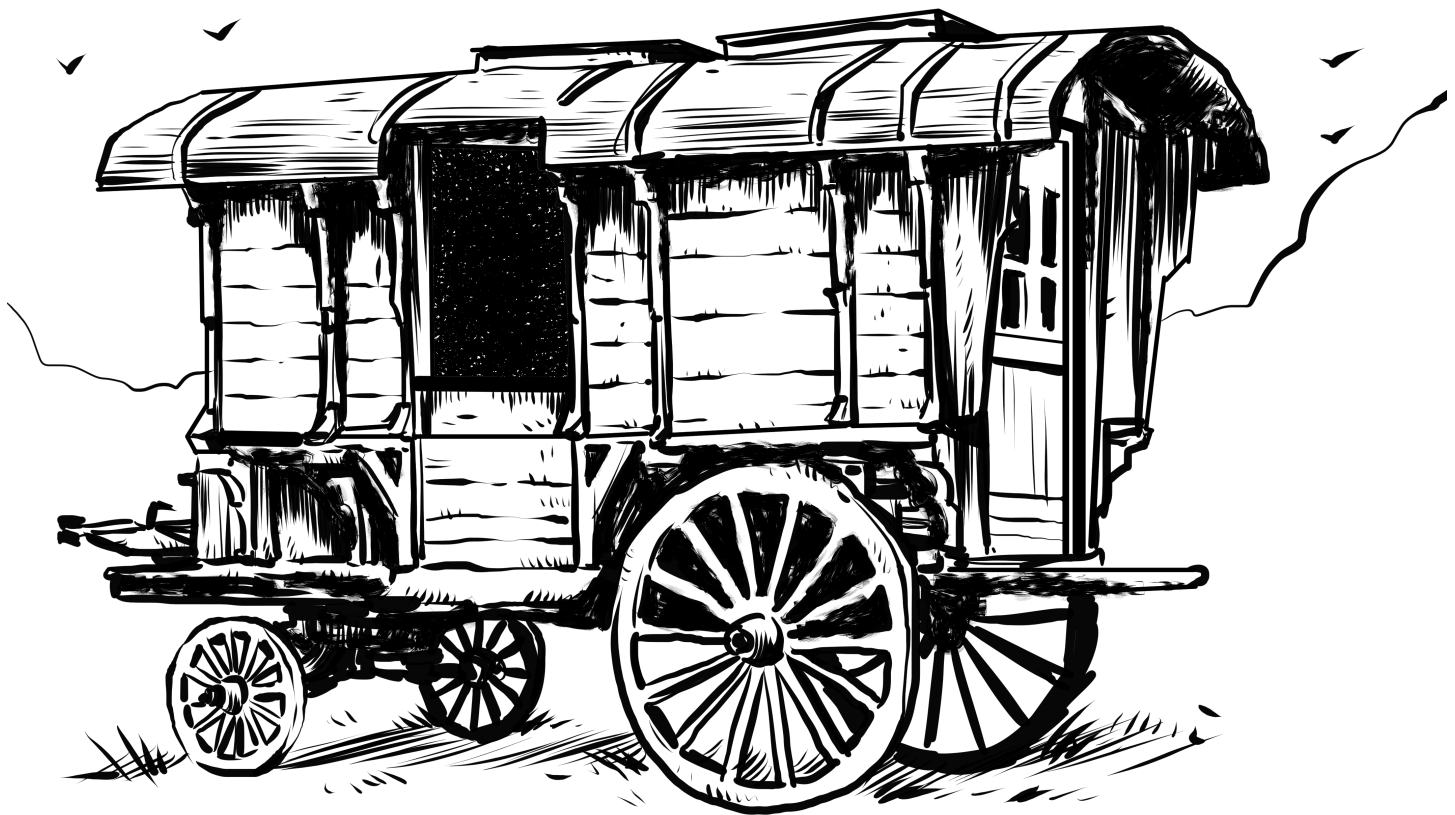
8: KYTENIAN'S PERFORMING BEARS

Kytenian Pyloninn (NG male half-elf ranger 5) wanders from settlement to settlement with his two young trained bears. A consummate animal trainer, Kytenian has raised the pair since he found their mother dead in the woods amid a circle of slain orcs.

The two juvenile bears—My and Solal—travel everywhere with Kytenian in his specially reinforced wagon. He is a friendly and popular man, and his charges are well-trained—something he shows off in a popular show which involves the bears fetching and carrying things, dancing—sometimes with people plucked from the crowd—and so on.

Kytenian is also a trainer of animals for hire. A sign on his wagon proclaims him as such. If hired, he requires 1 gp a day as well as food and lodgings; to complete his duties, he needs somewhere quiet to train his new charge. He only works with natural animals—he wants no part of training potentially sentient monsters.

- **Angry Bear:** A small boy in the crowd is in a mischievous mood. While Kytenian is distracted, the boy throws small sticks, peddles and anything else he can get his hands on at the bears. Eventually, one missile strikes Solal in the eye. The sudden pain sends the bear in a wild frenzy. Solal roars loudly and tries to get at his tormenter. Terrified, the crowd scatters.

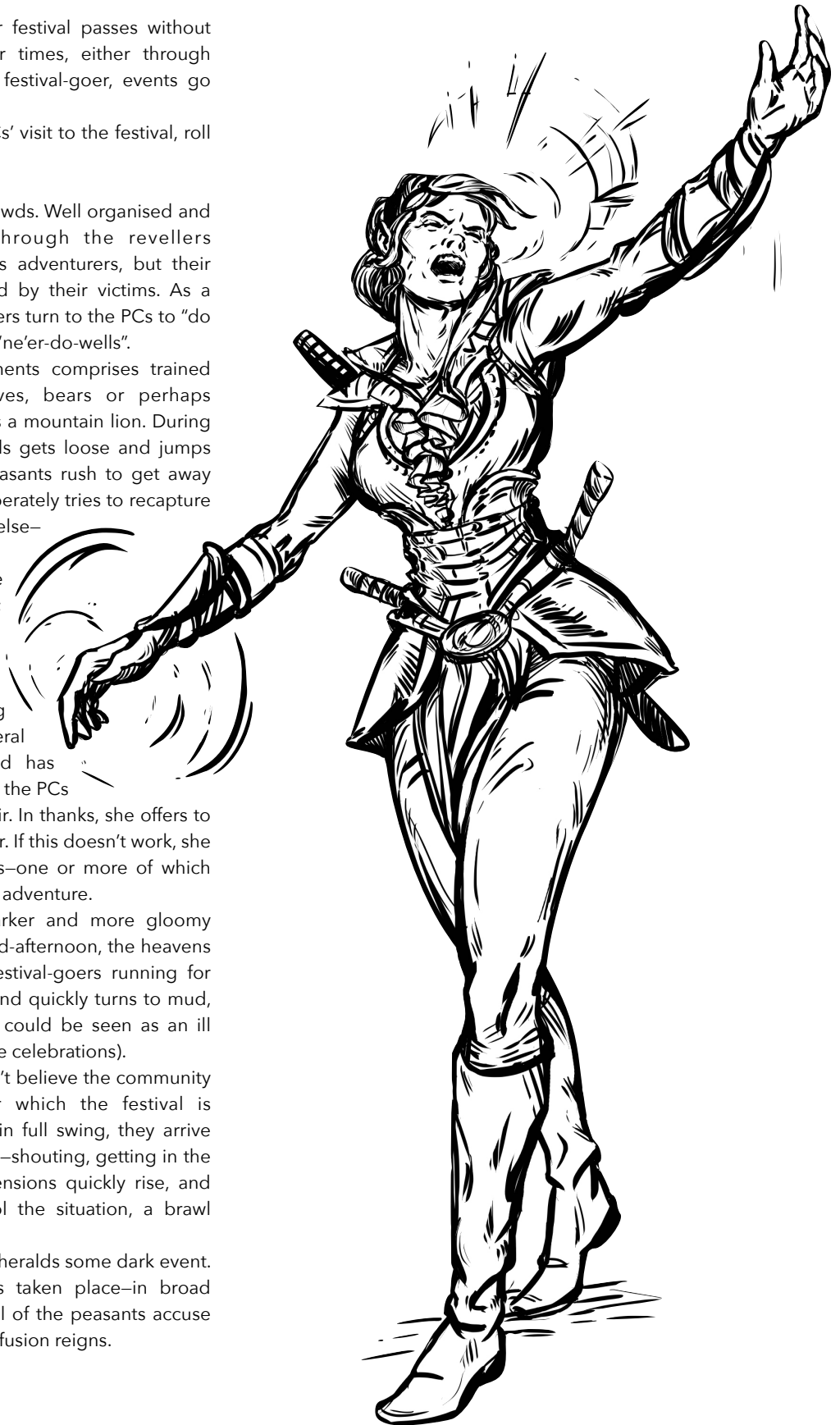


4: HOOKS, COMPLICATIONS & OPPORTUNITIES

Sometimes, the PCs' visit to the fair or festival passes without undue excitement or fell event. Other times, either through accident or the design of some other festival-goer, events go awry.

To inject more excitement into the PCs' visit to the festival, roll on the table below:

1. A gang of pickpockets target the crowds. Well organised and aggressive, the gang moves through the revellers indiscriminately; they avoid obvious adventurers, but their activities do not long go unnoticed by their victims. As a general cry goes up, many commoners turn to the PCs to "do something" about the "bandits" and "ne'er-do-wells".
2. One of the many fair's entertainments comprises trained animals of a ferocious sort—wolves, bears or perhaps something even more exotic such as a mountain lion. During the performance, one of the animals gets loose and jumps into the crowd. Panic ensues as peasants rush to get away from the animal while its owner desperately tries to recapture it before the watch—or someone else—slays it.
3. Desperate, Inkeri Väinä (NG female human thief 2) approaches the PCs; she is a travelling troubadour but has fallen foul of a local thieves' guild or the like over a misunderstanding. While performing for the crowds she has noticed several unsavoury types watching her and has begun to fear for her safety. She asks the PCs to escort her safely away from the fair. In thanks, she offers to compose a song in the party's honour. If this doesn't work, she knows several rumours and legends—one or more of which could propel the party into their next adventure.
4. As the day passes progressive darker and more gloomy clouds gather over the festival. In mid-afternoon, the heavens open and a deluge sends many festival-goers running for cover. The rain is so heavy, the ground quickly turns to mud, and the event is washed out. (This could be seen as an ill omen depending on the nature of the celebrations).
5. A small group of local citizens doesn't believe the community should celebrate the event after which the festival is dedicated. Once the festivities are in full swing, they arrive and begin to be generally disruptive—shouting, getting in the way of festival-goers and so on. Tensions quickly rise, and before the watch arrives to control the situation, a brawl breaks out.
6. A sudden outbreaking of screaming heralds some dark event. Investigations reveal a murder has taken place—in broad daylight! As the watch arrive, several of the peasants accuse each other of the wicked act and confusion reigns.

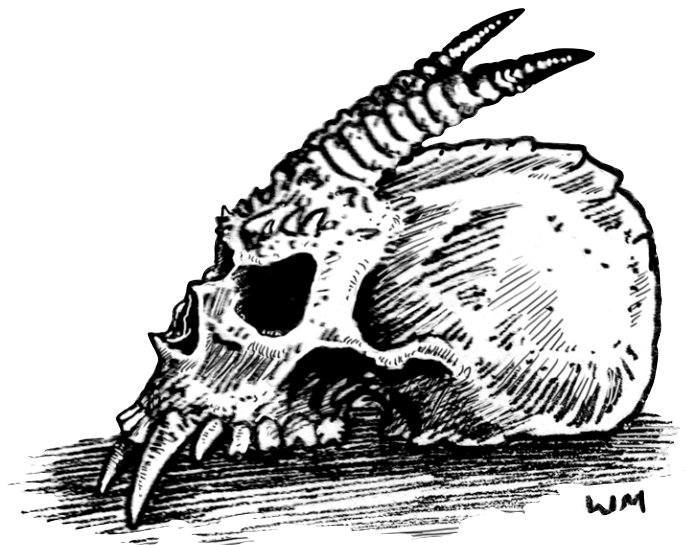


FANE OF EVIL

I: MAJOR FANE FEATURES

Redolent with evil the foul acts of veneration perpetrated in a fane of evil irredeemably leave their mark upon the fabric of the place. The design and decoration of such a locale mirrors its patron's abhorrent proclivities.

1. Two large, vividly painted stone statues of devils or demons flank the fane's entrance. The beasts are depicted in the act of striking at those entering the shrine. Beyond, a veritable forest of slender pillars holds aloft the ceiling. Carvings of lurid scenes of slaughter and sacrifice decorate each pillar.
2. Small iron candle sconces jut from the walls. Wrought to look like grinning skulls each sconce has a hinged lid—the skull's forehead opens—to enable the changing of the candle within. When lit, the candle's light flicker in the skull's eye sockets and gaping jaw.
3. Purple and red tapestries depicting disturbing geometric shapes hide the wall behind the altar. The tapestries hang in a peculiar, unsettling way; their folds hint at deeper, perhaps non-Euclidean, mysteries hidden in their decorative patterns.
4. Thick, viscous blood-like liquid oozes down the shrine's walls into deep channels running around the room which funnel the liquid into a central pool. (Iron in the rock is responsible for the water's blood-red hue).
5. Six 20-foot deep pits pierce the chapel's floor. Each is barely five-foot square and is used to hold prisoners and sacrifices. Nearby, a ladder crafted from leg bones lies on the floor next to a wall.
6. Nauseating bas relief carvings of foul otherworldly creatures pursuing and killing humans in horribly graphic ways decorate the walls.
7. As #6, but perceptive PCs discover a hidden niche opened by slipping a small blade into a jagged belly wound in one of the carved dying humans.
8. A three-panelled brass screen wrought into terrible scenes of devilry and suffering partitions off part of the room. The bulky screen weighs 200 lbs.



9. A huge statue depicting the fane's patron stands fully 20-foot high on a dais in a shadowy alcove. Large chunks of green stone (malachites) glimmer in the statue's eye sockets. A flaming brazier stands in front of the statue, cloaking it in shifting shadows.
10. A wrought iron cage with jagged bars stands behind the altar; big enough for four humans (at a squeeze) the cage is where the priests keep their sacrifices. It reeks of despair.
11. Yellowing bones fill deep precisely cut channels hacked into the floor. From above, it is obvious the channels form a gigantic, unholy symbol.
12. Complicated arrangements of bones—mostly leg, arm and rib bones along with many skulls—decorate the walls. Stuck in place with some kind of adhesive, the bones come from scores—perhaps hundreds—of individuals.
13. Two pyramids of skulls—as high as a grown man's shoulders—flank the chapel's main entrance. Carefully stacked, the piles can be knocked over with a strong push. Doing so, scatters the skulls across a wide area.
14. Two huge iron braziers filled with coal and other foul things belch noxious smoke into the air. Each brazier is large enough to hold two bodies. Black sludge, soot and fragments of bones around the braziers' bases hint at what is burnt within.
15. Some sections of the chapel's walls are crumbling, as if being eaten away by something inside. (The horrible influence of the fane's lord is at work on the very fabric of the place). The stone crumbles at anything but the gentlest touch.
16. An oppressive gloom—the manifestation of all the evil acts committed herein—fills the shrine. Nonmagical light is only half as effective as normal. The gloom does not dissipate until the shrine has been reconsecrated to a good-aligned power.
17. Wrought iron cages—barely large enough for a human to crouch in—hang from the ceiling. Skeletons lie within most of the cages. A clever sets of wheels and pulleys enable the raising and lowering of the cages.
18. A ten-foot wide cleft in the rock pierces the floor and cuts the shrine in twain. A narrow stone span bridges the gap, and faint sounds drift up from below. Beyond the chasm, a thick black curtain, decorated with unsettling, otherworldly patterns, hangs from the ceiling all the way to the floor obscuring sight of what lies beyond.
19. The floor comprises dozens of gravestones stolen from nearby graveyards. The inscriptions on each are vandalised or effaced. Filled with burnt and splintered bones a six-foot long, three-foot wide and seven-foot deep hole in the floor may be nothing more than a bone pit. However, the bones could also hide a secret burial crypt or reliquary.
20. Alcoves pierce the walls. Inside each stands an upright sarcophagus with an ornately carved lid. Each sarcophagus holds the remains of a worshipper. Some might animate, when the chapel is threatened.

2: MINOR SHRINE DRESSING

A fane of evil is a dark and disturbing place different to many other sites the PCs explore during their careers. Many small features mark this as a foul locale.

1. A strange otherworldly smell of some kind of alien, unknown incense hangs in the air.
2. An old sarcophagus' lid is set into the floor. The inscriptions on the lid are faded and indistinct. Prising up the lid is difficult—it has been mortared into place. (It might ward access to a hidden burial vault or merely have been used as an expedient repair.) Many cracks pierce the surrounding floor. A faint (cold or warm) breeze issues forth from their depths.
3. A faint, indistinct haze hangs in the air. Discarded purple robes lie on the floor.
4. Rusting chains and manacles hang from iron spikes driven deep into the walls.
5. A large battered bronze gong hangs from a stand against a wall. A heavy hammer leans against the same wall.
6. Tall wrought iron candelabras standing about the room hold thick red candles.
7. Glowing coals fill several iron braziers set about the room. Each emits a cloying smell.
8. Ancient and worn copper and silver coins fill the deep cracks in one wall.
9. A smell akin to that of wet dogs hangs in the air.
10. Many tiny cracks pierce the walls, floor and ceiling.
11. A faint sobbing sound reaches the PCs' ears.
12. Many iron nails pierce the floor. They form a trail of sorts leading towards the fane's altar.
13. Faint graffiti—names, dates and so on—mar one wall. One set—"JK + IL"—stands out from the rest.
14. Dark, flickering shadows fill the fane's deepest reaches.
15. Six plain pewter cups stand atop a two-gallon barrel half-filled with harsh-tasting brandy.
16. Black, oily water fills a crude font hacked from a slab of rock. Rearing from the floor like the back of some striking, primeval serpent the font itself seems ready to strike interlopers.
17. The floor is of laid flagstones; each has an esoteric symbol of ominous shape carved into its upper surface. Graffiti defaces one flagstone. It reads, "Hail his dark glory".
18. The lower portion of a frayed tapestry 15-foot long and a little over five-foot high, is scorched and burnt. Ash and soot cover the rest, obscuring whatever scene the tapestry once displayed.
19. Voluminous black and red silk robes, an unholy symbol sewn into the chest, complete with deep hoods hang from wooden pegs. The robes are sized for humans.
20. A small oaken box stands on a slim three-foot high stone pillar. A small hole pierces the box's lid which is padlocked shut. The box contains a variety of coins—offerings left by the fane's congregation.

GENERAL SHRINE DECORATIONS

Places of worship are almost always extensively decorated.

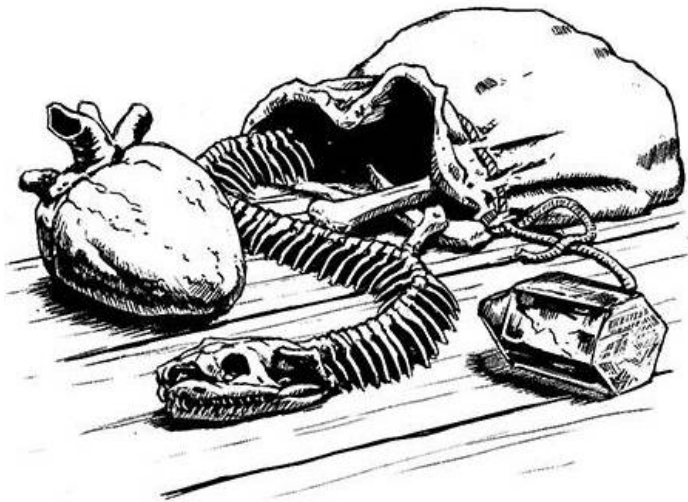
1. Skull and bone carvings decorate the walls and ceiling.
2. Crude drawings done in charcoal of tentacles and other disquieting, sinister shapes cover every flat surface.
3. A list of names (of sacrifices) along with dates (of the unfortunate's death) daubed in blood cover the walls. There are hundreds of entries.
4. Gleaming white skulls fill scores of niches cut into the walls and pillars. Prayers to the shrine's patron cover the surrounding walls in an array of handwriting and styles.
5. Long, plain curtains of red, yellow, black and purple hang from the chapel's walls or pillars.
6. Grotesque piles of bones arranged in strange shapes dot the chapel.
7. Articulated skeletons draped upon wooden posts stand along the shrine's walls and flank the altar. Fell symbols daubed in blood cover the walls and floor.
8. Many half-completed, or ill-formed, statues carved into the walls and pillars are designed to look like the carved creatures are clawing their way out of the stone.
9. Frescoes (or tapestries) of horrible, otherworldly scenes of the patron's home plane cover the walls.
10. A checkerboard of red and black tiles covers the floor.
11. A huge unholy symbol carved in bas-relief dominates one wall. The symbol is at least ten feet high.
12. A massive carving of the dark lord's symbol decorates the floor. It must be walked upon to reach the altar.



3: THE ALTAR

The centrepiece of any shrine or chapel is its altar. Altars dedicated to dark powers, however, are markedly different to those raised up in honour of good-aligned patrons.

1. Twisted and scorched sets of armour—many emblazoned with a holy symbol and containing decomposing body parts—comprise this altar.
2. Comprising a sturdy table built from wood taken from a Abyssal forest and covered in a thick, blood-encrusted hide torn from some primeval beast, this altar is a relic in its own right. A pit in front of the altar holds a great mass of bones—the leavings of the priests' many sacrifices.
3. The shrine's altar stands upon a five-foot high stone plinth, dominating the chamber. Four sets of worn, shallow steps lead up to the altar.
4. A shallow 20-foot wide fire pit stands in front of the altar. Within lies a mass of charred wood, ash and other unidentifiable things. A small pile of oiled wood stands behind the altar, ready for the next service.
5. Fell magic imbues the fabric of the altar; a faint, grey mist constantly flows from its stone, filling the surrounding room to a depth of two-foot. As mist drifts from the shrine it slowly evaporates into nothingness.
6. A jagged chunk of black basaltic rock serves as the shrine's altar. The top of the boulder has been smoothed and deep grooves are cut in the rock to channel and catch the sacrifice's blood. Deep niches in the rear of the altar hold several prayer book, sacrificial weapons and various dirty bowls used to collect blood and internal organs torn from the living creatures sacrificed on the altar.
7. Tiny pinprick-sized holes pierce the altar's upper surface. The altar contains a cunningly hidden compartment filled with dried and congealing blood. The door to the compartment faces the congregation and can be opened by pressing down on a certain part of the altar. Opening the door causes a wave of congealed blood and gore to slop forth.
8. A vast pile of bones covers the floor around the altar. In places, the bones are three-foot deep; the pile contains the remains of scores of individuals dumped here after their sacrifice. Some might animate as guardians.
9. This altar comprises hundreds of skulls bound together with magics of the most ineffable sort. The skulls begin murmuring as good-aligned individuals approach and scream in anger if such a living creature touches or is placed upon the altar. The altar stands in the centre of a large pentagram daubed on the floor in dried blood.
10. The unholy sigil of the shrine's patron is cut into the altar top. Dried blood and gore fills the grooves.
11. A shallow pit lies beneath the altar. Within lies the skeletal remains of the shrine's first high priest or some other luminary. This could also serve as the resting place of an unholy relic or a warped and twisted good-aligned relic.
12. This altar comprises a chunk of razor-sharp, magically hardened smoked glass. Disturbing shadows—thrown by two nearby braziers—writhe in and around the altar. A large pentagram, picked out in silver and gold, covers the floor around the altar.
13. An irregularly shaped chunk of grey rock shot through with red veins of some kind of mineral serves as the shrine's altar. Chips in its surface show where a sacrificial blade has been wielded a little too enthusiastically.
14. Of stone, this blackened and scorched altar looks like it has been repeated set aflame. The faint smell of burnt flesh hangs in the air around the altar. A small coffer behind the altar holds a half dozen vials of particularly flammable, foul-smelling oil.
15. Gnarled, rust-red roots have burst from the floor to entwine themselves round the altar. The roots are preternaturally tough and resist cutting or burning. Re-consecrating the shrine to a good-aligned power, or dousing the roots with holy water, cause them to quickly shrivel and crumble to dust.
16. Almost 15-foot long, this altar is designed to "host" two sacrifices at once. Roll again to determine its other features.
17. Roughly hewn from the stone comprising the floor, this altar is immovable. Iron bands set with glimmering black and red gemstones decorate the sides of this symbol-graven altar.
18. Built from hundreds of leg and rib bones, this altar is bound together by the souls of all those who have died for the glory of the shrine's patron. Only an exorcism or similarly powerful divine magic sunders the bond holding the altar together.
19. Forged from an irregularly shaped lump of iron, the altar has many symbols graven into its surfaces. A faint, but noticeable, warmth emanates from the altar.
20. A mix of lead and bones fills a rent in this altar, which was clearly almost cleaved in two by a single, titanic blow at some point in the past.



4: ALTAR DRESSING

Adventurers will inevitably find many strange, fell or blasphemous things on or near an altar dedicated to an evil power.

1. Standing next to a coiled, thick silver chain this golden thurible is constructed to look like a tiny cage. Beautifully wrought figures contorted in poses of agony are visible inside. Flickering flames in the thurible make it look like the tiny figures' shadows are writhing in agony. About the altar, flecks of dry, rust-red blood decorate the floor.
2. A cluster of small bottles and jars stands behind the altar; they contain certain unguents and powders used during services.
3. Of beaten bronze, this old, fragile bell hangs from a new wrought iron stand. Faint and worn illegible carvings decorate the bell while bloody handprints—obviously from many different individuals—cover the altar.
4. Dried blood and flecks of gore cover the altar. Dried vomit and blood stains its rear. The altar smells of decay.
5. A small gong, complete with a tiny bone hammer, stands atop the altar. Nearby lie a set of pan pipes crafted from hollowed out bones.
6. A scroll of cured human skin, which bears a prayer of cosmic evil, lies unfurled on the altar. A skull holds down each corner of the scroll. With glimmering black gemstones (onyxs) inserted in their eye sockets, and complicated whorl patterns etched into their forehead these highly polished human skull are macabre works of art.
7. A small brass idol stands atop the altar. It is worn as if it has been caressed by hands uncountable. Four candlesticks covered in melted wax cluster about the idol. A small, stout wooden box holds another dozen thick candles whose shape is reminiscent of long bones.
8. This wickedly curved sacrificial dagger has a hollow blade and handle so that when it is plunged into a living sacrifice's heart the blood sprays forth over the priest carrying out the sacrifice. Two pairs of rusted and blood-soaked manacles are set into the altar's top.
9. A single candle, as thick as a man's forearm, stands on the altar amid a puddle of melted wax. A vast array of teeth—some cracked and broken—fill the many cracks and niches pockmarking the altar.
10. A bloodstained leather scourge set with jagged shards of chainmail is coiled atop the altar.
11. A small pyramid of skulls decorates the altar. A half-dozen broken or bent holy symbols belonging to a range of good-aligned powers lie around the pyramid. Dried blood coats many of the symbols.
12. A small brazier filled with ash and splintered, scorched fragments of bone and other unidentifiable things stands upon the altar.
13. Ready for the next ceremony, the altar has been doused with unholy water.
14. A ragged white bloodstained sheet covers the altar. The bloody remains of the last sacrifice yet lie upon the sheet.
15. A small iron bound coffer contains a score or so burnt, smashed or bent holy symbols belonging to common good-aligned faiths. Some symbols have empty mounts from whence precious gems have been prised.
16. Covered in stretched, tattooed human skin, this kettle drum is a macabre, blasphemous creation. Two worn leg bones serve as drumsticks.
17. This nameless book, bound in some kind of supernaturally tough leather type material, contains a discourse on the nature of Hell and the Abyss along with descriptions of their denizens' characteristics.
18. A single glisteningly pure white feather fully two-foot long plucked from an angel's wing lies on the altar. Steeped in blood and ichor, a glimmer of goodness yet lingers in the feather—a glimmer the fane's priests are keen to stamp out.
19. Affixed to a golden base this inhuman skull has had its top removed and the brain cavity coated with molten lead. Within the "cup" lurks a foul-smelling liquid filled with unidentifiable chunks of horrible things.
20. A scroll wrought from flayed and stretched (human) skin contains a litany written in blood dedicated to the shrine's patron. This foul thing fills a simple one-foot-square wooden frame. An ornate wooden chair, black with age and worn smooth by countless years of use, has a back carved into the likeness of a mass of coiled serpents. It stands mere feet from the altar.



5: CLERGY & PRISONERS

A shrine of ineffable evil is nothing without worshippers, priests, prisoners and sacrifices. Use the NPCs below, to portray such odious individuals. In all cases—for maximum flexibility—only a minimum of game-related statistics appear for each NPC.

1: ELINA ITKONEN (PRIESTESS)

This darkly beautiful woman wears plain, but tight-fitting, robes designed to show off her impressive curves.

Elina Itkonen (CE female human cleric) comes from a family of rich merchants. Spoiled her entire childhood, she fell under the influence of a demon-worshipping maid and slew her father in a fit of pique when he denied her a new dress.

Personality: Utterly merciless, Elina covets the high priestess' position and has no moral compass beyond pleasing herself. Elina is capable of deep, but transitory, love.

Mannerisms: Elina is well aware of her beauty; her every movement is calculated to distract and confuse others.

Hook: Elina is plotting against one of the other priesthood, who rebuffed her advances. She sees the PCs as useful pawns to use in exacting her revenge.

2: LILITH GIRSU (PRIESTESS)

Short and dumpy with dark brown hair and blue eyes this woman wears a plain black robe cinched at the waist with a chain-link belt decorated with tiny devil and demon pendants.

Lilith Girsu (CE female human cleric) believes a guardian demon protects her and has otherworldly visions of strange things.

Personality: Deluded in her belief of an otherworldly guardian, Lilith is a dangerous foe. Capricious and sadistic, she enjoys inflicting pain on others.

Mannerisms: Lilith uses curses voluminously and speaks in an archaic fashion using words long fallen from general usage.

Hook: A minor trickster spirit is bounded to Lilith's chain-link belt; it sends her strange dreams and enjoys manipulating its "owner". If the belt is claimed by another, it simply transfers its attention to that unfortunate.

3: MAKOA DER (PRIEST)

Obese with a sallow countenance and ill-fitting, stained robes this man wears his short-cropped black hair slicked back.

Makoa Der (CE male human cleric) bullies anyone weaker than himself, but is terrified of pain and physical violence.

Personality: Scared for much of the time, Makoa is convinced his fellow priests are plotting against him.

Mannerisms: Makoa's whole demeanour screams "coward" for all to see; he rarely makes eye contact with others and seeks to avoid offence wherever possible.

Hook: Makoa surrenders as soon as he is injured and begs for mercy. He tries to ingratiate himself with his captors and doesn't want to pay for his crimes.

4: SATU MARKKU (PRISONER)

Clad in dirty, ragged commoner's clothes this dirty, horribly thin woman has her left arm bound in a crude sling.

Satu Markku (NG female human) believes she has nothing to live for and is nearly catatonic with fear. She has seen her husband and children sacrificed and is now simply waiting to die.

Personality: A broken woman, Satu barely clings to reason. The deaths of her family has left her without purpose; if she is not helped through the aftermath of her ordeal, she'll likely drink herself to death.

Mannerisms: Clutching herself with her one good arm, Satu huddles in a corner shivering uncontrollably. She speaks softly and often bursts into tears.

Hook: If given half a chance, she wildly attacks any of the fane's clergy taken prisoner by the party. If she is not restrained, she'll beat them to death.

5: SOLALITH WILMATYN (PRISONER)

Wiry and tough, this half-elf wears ripped and torn peasant's clothes. Defiance blazes in his eyes.

Solalith Wilmatyn (NE male half-elf assassin) tried to assassinate one of the fane's priests, but was caught and imprisoned. His fate remains unclear; the high priest has not yet decided whether to sacrifice or recruit the brutal, ruthless half-elf.

Personality: Ruthless and vindictive, Solalith sacrifices anyone to ensure his own survival or advancement. Blessed with insight into what makes people tick, Solalith is a master manipulator.

Mannerisms: Solalith has a penetrating, challenging stare; he never blinks.

Hook: Seemingly a peasant, Solalith offers a surprisingly large reward for his rescue and return to civilisation. He explains the amount away as his family's life savings. The money may—or may not—materialise.

6: VARMA ERONEN (PRISONER)

Manacled hand and foot this woman has been viciously beaten—her face is a mass of bruises and her nose is obviously broken.

Varma Eronen (LG female human paladin 4) tried to slay all she found in the temple, but was taken prisoner; the fane's clergy have enjoyed beating her.

Personality: Varma is and pious and feels responsible for the other prisoners' safety. She is brave and eagerly joins the fight against any surviving clergy.

Mannerisms: Obviously in pain, Varma is stoic in the extreme and won't accept healing until her fellows have been tended.

Hook: Varma wants to save the souls of any surviving members of the fane's clergy. She believes only the cleansing fire will save their immortal souls and plans to burn them all to death for their good.

FARMING VILLAGE

1: VILLAGE SIGHTS & SOUNDS: DAYTIME

Most rural farming villages are a hive of activity during the day. Villagers work in the fields or in their small kitchen gardens while children tear around and visiting traders go about their business.

Use the table below, to add interesting sights and sounds to the PCs' daytime exploration of the village.

1. Children clad in dirty shifts run along the road laughing and joking among themselves. They quiet at the sight of the adventurers and give the party a wide berth.
2. A villager pushes a handcart along the road piled high with wood freshly cut from a nearby copse. A woodsman's axe balances precariously atop the wood pile. The villager nods in friendly greeting as he passes by.
3. Thin streams of smoke drift upwards from several chimneys. From the nearby houses, the laughter of children and the everyday sounds of life softly fill the air.
4. Villagers work in the fields, ploughing the earth, weeding and and so on. Here and there, children run up and down waving their arms and shouting to scare away the birds that land to peck at the soil and the seeds therein.
5. A trader (see Table 4 for sample NPCs) rumbles into the village on a cart piled high with boxes, barrels and sacks. Several children run alongside the cart laughing and the trader shouts at them to get away.
6. A flock of birds nesting in a stand of trees at the end of the village suddenly screech and take flight. Perceptive PCs spot a cat slinking through the trees.
7. Villagers—both alone and in small groups—walk the streets going about their daily business. Most greet the PCs with nods or smiles although a few seem scared or awed by the adventurers, their weapons and their relative wealth.
8. The clang of metal on metal—the sounds of the village blacksmith at work—fill the air.
9. Two villagers carrying baskets, and deep in conversation, stroll toward the PCs.
10. A trapper returns to the village, the skinned and gutted bodies of a half-dozen rabbits hanging from a long pole he carries over his shoulder.
11. Urgent calls for help, and wild gesticulations, from a pair of villagers working in a field indicate a horrible accident has just occurred. Moments later, one of the villagers collapses.
12. A chill wind blows through the village, plucking at the PCs' cloaks and sending the smoke drifting from the villagers' homes wildly cavorting through the air.
13. A pack of running, laughing children surround the PCs; they are playing "Catch Me If You Can" and the party are a handy obstacle to be used to avoid capture.
14. Three women stand close together deep in conversation; nearby a dog noses through the woods in search of an interesting smell.
15. A cat sits atop a high roof, watching people come and go below. At the other end of the roof, two birds are doing much the same.
16. As #15 above, but slowly—so slowly—the cat edges down the roof toward the birds.
17. Clouds scud across the sky, bringing alternating patches of light and shadow to the village.
18. Heavy rain lashes the village. As the day goes on, the roads turn into muddy morasses.
19. A horseman, in a fearful rush, gallops through the village. Villagers scatter in his wake.
20. A distant roar—perhaps a bear, troll or other wandering predator—echoes through the air.



2: VILLAGE SIGHTS & SOUNDS: NIGHTTIME

The villagers work hard during the day and as dusk falls most return to their homes to eat and rest. Others visit the tavern or friends' houses while courting couples sneak away from their families for some privacy. The feel of a rural farming village at night is much different to that of its daytime.

Use the table below, to add interesting sights and sounds to the PCs' nighttime exploration of the village.

1. A mangy cat emerges from the undergrowth into the soft moonlight holding something in its mouth. It darts across the road and into the shadow of a building.
2. From somewhere off in the distance, an owl hoots loudly. A few minutes later, the owl hoots again, but this time from further away. A soft wind blows across the village, rustling the leaves and crops.
3. Thick clouds scud across the sky. As they pass in front of the moon, the village is plunged into periods of near darkness.
4. Soft laughter emerges from deep shadows clustering about a tree or building. Perceptive PCs—or those with the ability to see in the dark—spot two villagers locked in a passionate embrace. The two are blissfully unaware of the PCs.
5. The sounds of drinking, laughter and revelry emerge from the village tavern. Outside the tavern, several people stand about drinking and talking.
6. A husband and wife sit outside their house enjoying a quiet conversation and drink. They watch the adventurers as the party passes by. The man gestures at them, says something and the woman laughs softly.
7. Rustling at the side of the road presages the appearance of a mongrel dog—perhaps a stray or a farmer's pet—with a stick in its mouth. It looks at the PCs, drops the stick and wags its tail.
8. A fox darts through the village, accompanied by its two pups, looking for prey. It is cautious and avoids any large group of people, but could be coxed out into the open by a druid, ranger or the like.
9. A farmer carrying a partially shuttered lantern hurries through the village to his field. The man is absent-minded and left a valuable tool—a hoe—there when he finished work. He is worried someone has stolen the hoe and is barely civil to the PCs if they engage him in conversation.
10. Field mice nose about among the weeds and grass growing between buildings in search of food. Only perceptive PCs, spot the tiny creatures.
11. Two men—one carrying a blazing torch—march through the village. Both are armed with a spear and wear leather armour; the men are in the militia and tonight is their turn to “do the rounds”. They do not expect any trouble—the patrol is a local tradition that stems from bandit attacks long ago.
12. A man staggers down the road, singing quietly to himself. He is clearly drunk. As the PCs approach, he totters off in the other direction. Shortly thereafter, the PCs hear a soft thud as he falls over.



3: VILLAGERS

A village is nothing without its villagers. Many are merely ordinary folk trying to get by and to provide for their family. Others are traders or perhaps even retired adventurers and the like.

Even ordinary folk can be interesting, however. Use the table below to portray random villagers the PCs encounter on the road, working in the fields or drinking in the local tavern.

1. **Albin Kari** (NG middle-aged male human) is a brawny fellow well used to long days spent working in the fields. His clothes are dirty and hands calloused. He is respectful, but wary, of any heavily armed strangers visiting the village.
2. **Leena Ilma** (NG female human) carries a full basket of household supplies—a small bag of flour, a selection of vegetables and so on—on her hip. (She is off to barter with the village blacksmith for some urgent repairs).
3. **Eljas Kekko** (CN young male human) is the terror of the village. Wild, precocious and utterly out of control he wanders the streets looking for mischief—and the adventurers as newcomers are his new target. His father is a drunk, and his mother is dead. Eljas is big and strong for his age and has distinctively short-cropped brown hair.
4. **Azakial Vonothvar** (NE male half-elf thief 2) came to the village 20 years ago to escape a murder charge in the nearby city. He finds life in the village boring, but safe, and is looking for excitement. He has a wife he doesn't really like and yearns for escape. The PCs' arrival may tempt him to put his old skills to use once more. Azakial has jet black hair and violet eyes.
5. **Liisa Arpia** (CG young female human) is brave and inquisitive, and obsessed with adventurers. If the PCs are obviously adventuring types, she hangs around them trying to overhear their stories and so on. Liisa dreams of becoming a powerful wizard and of wandering the land slaying evil. Her parents—poor peasants—have no way of paying for the education necessary to make her dream come true; she tries to talk any wizard in the group into taking her on as an apprentice. Liisa has startlingly blue eyes and platinum blonde hair.
6. **Filpus Ilma** (CN young male human) never goes anywhere without his beloved mongrel Brak (N dog). Brak has mottled black and white fur and is little more than skin and bone. The two are inseparable and spend much of their time playing in the fields to keep birds and other pests away from the crops. Filpus is inquisitive and the arrival of adventurers intrigues both Filpus and Brak. Sadly, Filpus has a seemingly inexhaustible supply of questions; if indulged, he asks his questions one after another after another.
7. **Katri Ano** (N old female human) is the oldest human in the village and is a great store of local legends, lore and gossip. Despite her age she has a prodigious memory and her mind remains sharp. She walks with a cane and her eyesight is not good. Katri spends her time visiting friends and chatting, and she can be encountered almost anywhere in the village.
8. **Juho Paaso** (CE male human) is a blackguard and villain. Near universally reviled by his neighbours, Juho only cares for himself. Currently embroiled in a number of disputes with other villagers over debts and land boundaries he sees the party as a means to an end. If given the chance, he spreads vile rumours regards his enemies and tries to suggest any woes the village faces are their fault. With big, black bushy eyebrows, a tangled beard and gloriously untended hair he cuts a distinctive figure.
9. **Hannu Viti** (CN middle-aged male human) knows best. Luckily, for almost everyone he meets, Hannu is wise in whatever subject is being discussed. Most people try and get out of a conversation with Hannu as quickly as possible—and he is so wrapped up in himself he doesn't have a clue how others view him. He is stocky, short-haired and has a podgy face riven with acne and scars from a childhood disease.
10. **Riitta Tornio** (NG middle-aged female human) is short and dumpy. She is Hannu's (see #9 above) long-suffering wife and knows exactly how most people view her husband. She hates confrontation, and has long since given up trying to "improve" Hannu. Riitta is a popular figure around the village—and would be more popular if it wasn't for her husband!
11. **Sanni Torio** (NG middle-aged female human) is an introvert who isn't that keen on chatting to wandering adventurer types (and anyone else she doesn't know well). Skinny, with short brown hair she loves being outside and is often accompanied by her children and dog. Sadly, her husband died several years ago in a farming accident and she is quite lonely, but hasn't met anyone worth getting to know. Wealthy compared to her neighbours she is tired of fending off ill-suited suitors.
12. **Esko Panu** (LG male human cleric 1) is a failed village priest who would rather his past stay in the past. Thrown out of his church in a distant village for inappropriate contact with a woman in his congregation he has fled here to hide and atone for his sins. He has managed to keep his past and spellcasting abilities (mostly) a secret—one neighbouring family knows of his powers after he saved their son from a nasty injury inflicted by a poorly-wielded scythe. He is wary of others from his faith, suspecting any clerics among the party are searching for him so he may be returned to his former church for punishment. In conversation, Esko comes across as surprisingly charismatic and well-read for a "normal" peasant.

Note: Most villagers are normal, mundane folk. If a villager presented above has no class listed assume he or she is a typical commoner of the appropriate race.

4: TRAVELLERS

It is a rare village indeed that sees no villagers except wandering adventurers. Merchants and traders come to make coin, bards visit to tell tales and other folk are merely passing through on the way to somewhere else.

Use the table below, to portray travellers arriving in the village during the PCs' visit.

1. **Frans Vaito** (N male human) is an odd-job man and labourer for hire. Afflicted with an insatiable wanderlust he never stays in any place for long. When the PCs leave, he asks if he can accompany them (as long as they are not off into the wilderness on some "foolish quest").
2. **Jussi Seppo** (NG male human) is a small-time merchant with dreams of the big time. After a few foolish deals, he is down on his luck but is always searching for the one trade or deal that will make him rich. If the PCs seem rich he promises them he has a wide-range of contacts from whom he can get almost anything. This isn't entirely true, but he does his best to meet his clients' needs. He'll need a retainer, though.
3. **Miina Kulda** (N female human) is ill—she has contracted the plague and although it has not yet fully manifested itself she is contagious (and feeling a little bit under the weather). Miina is a skilled silversmith looking for somewhere to settle down far away from her controlling husband. She stays at the village inn; unfortunately, her condition rapidly deteriorates.
4. **Kaapro Miela** (NE male human thief 3) has come to the village in search of easy marks. His plan is to travel with such a group, rob them blind one night and then flee. He particularly enjoys travelling with trusting merchants and the like. Kaapro is tall and brawny and looks more like a warrior than a thief. He suggests travelling together for "mutual protection" from bandits and the like.
5. **Rekiina Salme** (LN middle-aged female human) works as an agent for a wealthy merchant dwelling in a nearby city. She wanders the countryside looking for good business opportunities for her master. She is discrete, and keeps her employer's details secret until a deal is done. With greying brown hair and sharp, inquisitive eyes Rekiina dresses well and travels with her trusted manservant, Silas Bramblehill (LN male halfling) who is himself a keen observer of goings on. The two act more like friends than master and servant. Rekiina carries a substantial sum of coin.
6. **Kurt Vasara** (LG male human paladin 2) is a questing knight searching for evil to slay and wrongs to right. While well equipped, Kurt does not carry much coin, trusting in his divine patron and the kindness of the common folk to provide for his daily needs. While serviceable, much of his gear is battered and dirty—he has spent much time on the road of late and is beginning to dream of a comfortable bed and a good cooked meal. Kurt is muscular and tall, but a long scar runs from his forehead over his left eye and down his cheek—it is a memento of a close encounter with orcs raiders a year or so ago.

7. **Aleksi Tiera** (N male human) deals in scrap metal and travels the land with his horse and cart collecting up broken items and the like to sell to blacksmiths and other craftsmen in nearby towns and city. He is a skilled woodworker, mason and general builder who barter his expertise for the scrap in which he deals. In truth, Aleksi is a spy for a powerful lord; being a scrap merchant is a cover for his real job—keeping an eye out for threats and opportunities his lord can exploit.
8. **Orkas Kilak** (LG male dwarf fighter 2) is on the way to a nearby castle to oversee some urgent repairs caused by a nasty case of subsidence. Orkas is a smidgeon racist, and when deep in his cups at the local tavern derides all human stonemasons and builders as shoddy workmen. He also complains about the weak ale and generally annoys the locals with his boorish behaviour.

Note: Most travellers are normal, mundane folk. If a traveller presented above has no class listed assume he or she is a typical commoner of the appropriate race.



5: VILLAGE DRESSING

Villages have many minor points of interest and flavour; they are not boring, sterile places. Each settlement has its own style and character which the GM can use to bring the place alive in the players' minds.

Use the table below, to add minor points of interest to further bring the village to life.

1. Deep wheel ruts scar the road leading through the village. In autumn or winter rainwater fills the ruts while in summer the sun bakes them hard. Incautious travellers could trip and fall if they do not take care.
2. A tall, wide-girthed tree throws its thick leafy boughs high out over the road. Graffiti, cut into the tree's bark, decorates its trunk and a swing rope hangs from one stout branch. The tree is a popular meeting place for courting couples and the like.
3. A crumbling, dilapidated barn stands amid a stand of dense weeds and saplings. Birds perch atop the barn's sagging roof, cawing loudly.
4. Weeds, brambles and other bushes grow along the road, providing many places for wildlife—and perhaps mischievous children—to hide.
5. Wide hedges of carefully tended bushes and trees separate the village fields.
6. A small, partially overgrown shrine dedicated to the god of travellers stands back from the main road leading into the village. The shrine looks little visited. Clearly the villagers do not maintain it.



7. Many small holes dot the ground in and around the village. Most are only a few feet deep and have clearly been hurriedly excavated. If the PCs ask around, they learn a party of adventurers passed through recently and were overheard discussing burying their treasure for safe keeping in the locality. The villagers are trying to find it!
8. A small, weather-beaten sign partially hidden by weeds, directs visitors to the village inn.
9. A half-full stone water trough and hitching post stands next to the road.
10. A small spring bubbles up from the ground, creating a small pond in a shallow depression. Bull rushes and the like surround the pond; children come here to swim and play in warm weather.
11. Neatly placed stones bound the major roads passing through the village. In the spring, wild flowers grow between the stones and the villagers take great care over the display.
12. A cart—one wheel broken—stands by the road; tools for repair lie nearby, but of the carter (or wheelwright) there is no sign.
13. Some sections of the village streets are cobbled, but in most places the cobbles—if they ever existed—have sunk deep into the mud.
14. Thick man-high hedges bound this section of the road from the villagers' homes and kitchen gardens. The hedges effectively channel traffic; in the wet months, this section of road is a notorious quagmire; locals avoid it, if possible.
15. Over the years the passage of so many wagons, cattle and people has eroded the road which is now a sunken lane. Steps cut into its banks reinforced with wooden risers provide access to the nearby houses.
16. Three elm trees growing in an almost straight line stand a few feet back from the road; their boughs create an area of shadow and shelter. Weary travellers often rest here, before continuing their journey. Sometimes, children gather under the trees to sell knick knacks and refreshments, or to simply have fun.
17. Wind chimes hang from various trees scattered throughout the village's bounds and tinkle quietly in the breeze.
18. A small pond stands where three fields converge. A weeping willow's bough hangs low over the water; perceptive PCs can hear the faint quacking of ducks emanating from the pool.
19. Stone menhirs flank the roads entering the village. The menhirs are ancient boundary posts and predate the village; no one knows who raised them or why, but several have unreadable weathered sigils carved into their surfaces. Strangely, the village has not grown beyond the markers.
20. A large tree recently fell onto a farmer's home. Luckily, no one was inside at the time, but the house was wrecked. When the PCs arrive, the villagers are just organising themselves to remove the tree and start repairs. The farmer's family are staying with friends; if the PCs offer any help, the villagers are delighted to accept.

LICH'S LAIR

1: OUTSIDE THE LAIR

A lich's lair is a terrible, fell place; it is—after all—the home of an evil, undead spellcaster of great power. Such locale are rarely mundane places; magic can permeate the very fabric of the lair. Such effects often bleed into the environs.

Use the table below, to add detail and flavour to the area outside the lich's lair:

1. An ever-present light fog redolent of some nameless, heady spice lingers in the lair's vicinity. The fog does not hinder vision overly, but living creatures spending much time in its depths suffer from watering eyes and mild sneezing fits.
2. Skulls, bones and other gruesome remains litter the ground in the vicinity of the lich's lair. The closer one gets to the entrance, the deeper and more prevalent are the remains. Some of the bones are obviously old, while others appear relatively recent.
3. The trees, bushes and other foliage in the lair's vicinity are warped and stunted. Of unwholesome and ill-looking appearance even their hues seem odd or unnatural.
4. Rubble and stones that once comprised some kind of elaborate building lie scattered about the ground surrounding the lair's entrance. Some of the rubble sports aged and weather-worn ornate scrollwork.
5. The trail leading to the lair is worn smooth as if by the action of countless feet. Here and there, scraps of mouldy or rusting equipment lie scattered about.
6. Wisps of darkness dribble from the lich's lair. They waft upwards like smoke before evaporating into nothingness.
7. No animal will approach within several hundred yards of the lich's tomb. Adventurers with a strong connection to nature—druids, ranger and elves in particular—sense death lurking in the chill air.
8. So much evil magic lurks in the lich's lair that it has poisoned the surrounds. Vegetation is grey, almost colourless, and crumbles into dust if touched. The soil holds no moisture or fertility. Nothing healthy grows here.

from each of its kills to decorate its lair and enchanted some of the slain dragons as undead servitors and/or puissant magical traps.

3. Obsessed with its unlife, the lich researches even more powerful states of unending life. It pays handsomely for tomes of lore or esoteric components to aid its research; thus not all who brave its lair are immediately slain.
4. The lich has developed fell magics to split a target's soul from its body. It imprisons souls in specially prepared gems; once a soul is captured, the unfortunate becomes the lich's slave or is blasted into oblivion.
5. Merciless and drenched in evil, the lich takes particular delight in torturing and tempting paladins and good-aligned clerics. Any such folk surviving the lich's attentions are forever changed...
6. Growing increasingly paranoid the lich has long since fled to an even more hidden and warded locale. It has left many fell servants in its old lair to punish those who dared to believe they could best it.

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

Many whispers and rumours shroud a lich's legend. Spellcasters of surpassing power, they have seen and done much in their long lives and can wield powers scarcely conceivable by the average peasant. Stories of liches and their deeds are the meat and drink of tavern talk.

To use the rumours below, substitute your lich's name for "the lich". Decide which rumours are true, and which are false, based on your campaign.

1. The lich is surpassingly dangerous—as is its lair. Within, the very walls and the air itself can come alive to slay intruders. Countless adventurers have died screaming in its lair.
2. While yet alive, the lich battled dragons in pursuit of their ancient lore and mounded treasure. The lich took trophies



2: LICH LAIR TRINKETS

Few types of undead strike as much fear into adventurers' hearts as liches. Powerful spellcasters, evil and immortal they number among the most puissant of evil's servants.

As befits their power, their lairs are often full of fabulous treasures. Among such treasures, however, lie more mundane, but nevertheless interesting, trinkets. Use the table below, to generate the details of such trinkets:

1. This worn and ancient skull has had its top removed and its eye sockets, mouth and nose blocked up with melted iron. A golden skull cap now tops the skull, which contains a flask's worth of unholy water.
2. A faded portrait, covered in grime, dust and cobwebs depicts the lich as it was in life. A dusty blanket has been thrown over the picture and its heavy, ornate frame.
3. The rent remains of a ripped and bloody sack lie on the ground. Smears of blood and viscera cover the surrounding floor. A single, now mouldering, finger wearing a cheap brass ring lies folded in the sack's remains. The finger bone is cleanly sheered off.
4. Several potion vials sit on a dusty shelf. Over the years, their stoppers have rusted or shrunk, and the potions within have slowly evaporated leaving behind a dried scum coating the bottom of each vial.
5. Brightly polished steel shields cover one wall. All identifying marks have been scoured from their surfaces, which are almost as polished as a mirror.
6. A strange, musty odour redolent of rotting flesh and moist earth hangs in the air. In certain deep or remote parts of the lich's lair, the smell is almost overpowering. The smell emerges from a seemingly simple clay bottle (which radiates magic of an indeterminate sort).
7. A pile of dusty manuscripts, portfolios and other books stand near the lich's workspace. Untouched for years—perhaps decades—the pile sags precariously to one side.
8. An ornately carved stone sarcophagus holds the mouldering remains of the lich's first love. The lich is reluctant to simply animate the remains; instead it has been researching how to create an intelligent skeleton with a range of powers befitting the person's life. Its research notes along with love poems and rambling tracts about how much the lich misses its love fill a large leather bound book standing on a lectern nearby.
9. A small ornately carved iron box filled with rune-covered scraps of parchment lies behind a poorly hidden secret door. This is the lich's decoy phylactery; its real phylactery is hidden elsewhere.
10. A partially melted silver torc of archaic design lies discarded on the floor. Half the torc is missing, and the rest is horribly damaged; it only has value as scrap metal.

HORRIBLE SPELL COMPONENTS

Without exception, liches are powerful spellcasters. Such creatures have need of many strange, esoteric and deeply unpleasant items to complete their fell magics. PCs exploring a lich's lair are bound to discover some such items. Use the table below, to determine what they find:

1. Burnt scraps of leathery parchment intermixed with a dried powdery residue of bone and blood fills a small crudely wrought iron bowl. The writing on the parchment is (luckily) illegible.
2. A boiled and shrunken head, its features set into a terrible rictus of fear, is displayed on an iron stand atop a small plinth. The head's glassy, mostly lifeless, eyes stare into the room—as perhaps they have done for years without counting. The head looks like it might once belonged to a human male.
3. A small iron statuette forged to depict a devil and an angel in a lusty embrace. The statuette is incredibly—scandalously—detailed and depicts an act so vile paladins and the like, or those with particularly sensitive souls, might openly weep at the blasphemy it depicts.
4. The powdered remains of a variety of different-hued gems mixed with a blood paste decorate the floor in the shape of a certain, forbidden rune dealing with eternal undeath.
5. A humanoid's spinal cord; its various bones are daubed in red and purple paint. There seems to be a pattern of sorts, but its purpose is maddeningly unclear.
6. A bone flask seems suspiciously heavy for its size. The vial has a black stone stopper etched with the symbol for the soul. Within the container, the PCs discover a thick, viscous black liquid that defies identification.
7. A long, thin leg bone painstakingly etched with rust red runes dealing with death, undead and control. (The runes are picked out with a specially prepared blood paste).
8. A beautifully woven rug rolled tightly into a tube and wrapped in oilskin. The rug has a bafflingly complex, and for some reason disturbing, pattern woven into it with silver thread. A faint, exotic scent hangs in the air around the rug.
9. This dagger is obviously used as a sacrificial item. Carved from a monstrous tusk its tip is thick with dried blood and viscera. Its pommel holds a dull black, jagged chunk of onyx that seems to suck in the light.
10. This large, once unimaginably valuable, diamond is riven by a multitude of cracks. It seems impossible the gemstone is still mostly in one piece. A chunk of stone is missing from one side, and a strange, unwholesome grey mist slowly dribbles from the remaining stone. (This was once the centrepiece of a rival lich's phylactery, but the lich used it to power his own "ascendancy" to undeath.)

3: LICH LAIR DRESSING

A lich's lair is a terrible and dangerous place. Few adventurers are brave enough to explore a lich's lair (and fewer still are powerful enough to survive the experience). Such a place should be memorable and flavoursome; this is not an average, run-of-the-mill dungeon. Strange—and perhaps deadly—sights and sounds should be the norm.

Use the table below, to add detail to the PCs' explorations.

1. Splintered and scorched bones, wisps and scraps of equipment and death's faint miasma fill the area. The walls are similarly pitted and burned; powerful magic was once unleashed here. The carnage is impressive; perhaps a dozen people died in the conflagration.
2. Shadows haunt the lair's nooks and crannies; mundane light has trouble banishing them. The whole place feels claustrophobic as the darkness clusters thickly about the PCs' lights.
3. Tiny floating motes of glimmering multi-hued light float gently through the air. In some places, the motes seem attracted to the PCs (or perhaps the warmth of their life force) while in others the PCs repel them. When a mote touches warm flesh, it explodes into non-existence.
4. Crumbling mortar and fallen stones have revealed a hidden niche cut into one wall. A gallimaufry of dusty skulls and bones have tumbled from the choked hole and spilt onto the floor. Investigations reveal many of the bones bear unmistakable signs of violence.
5. Fell arcane runes of unspeakable evil decorate the walls. Seemingly burnt into the very stones themselves the runes are jagged and harsh. Some of the jagged holes in the rock are surprisingly deep—deep enough for a foolish (or brave) explorer to thrust his fingers all the way inside...
6. Fine grey dust coats the floor; knowledgeable PCs can determine the dust is akin to that created by the disintegrate spell. The PCs discover another grey pile in the next area they explore.
7. A broken pick juts from the lock on the next door the PCs find. The pick has jammed the lock; it must be removed if the door is to be opened without being broken down.
8. The ceiling sags alarmingly; dust and grit sift down from between the stones onto the floor. Faint marks in the dust suggest someone or something passed this way recently. If the PCs pass underneath, the stones grind and groan dropping more dust and grit onto the PCs' heads.
9. Dead rats and spiders coat the floor in a veritable carpet of death. Many of the creatures seem frozen; their bodies are brittle and crack open if stood upon. From the position of the hundreds of corpses, it looks like the rats and spiders were locked in a titanic battle. Dusty cobwebs hang from the ceiling almost to the floor.
10. A once majestic fresco adorns one wall. Great rents in the mural now show where someone bashed it with a heavy object. Shattered plaster lies mounded against the wall.
11. A mass of jumbled bones completely fills a deep niche cut into the floor. Several grinning skulls stare up from the macabre spectacle. The remains of literally dozens of individuals lie within the niche.
12. The ceiling is painted jet black. Onto this has been daubed a star map of sorts. With extensive study, a knowledgeable PC can discover the map depicts a rare alignment of constellations that will not occur for another 300 years.
13. An ornately forged brass wand with a burnt-out blue gemstone at its tip lies discarded on the floor. Forged to look like a fork of lightning, the wand is an impractical shape for easy storage. The first PC to touch the item feels a faint tingling in his hand; perhaps the wand's magic is not entirely depleted.
14. Incongruously, a single jet black brick of preternaturally smooth stone juts from the wall by about one inch. The stone could be the trigger for a trap, nothing in particular or perhaps the keystone for some kind of powerful magic.
15. The next door the PCs encounter is strengthened with scorched panels of beaten brass. Several (blurred) runes are engraved into the brass. Knowledgeable PCs can determine the runes were part of a magical trap (which has—probably—already been triggered).
16. Glimmering stones set in a sprawling pattern decorating much of the ceiling. The stones glimmer and sparkle in the party's lights like stars. Investigations reveal the stones each protrude slightly from the rest of the ceiling and; graven runes decorate several of the stones. A knowledgeable PC can determine the glimmering stones represent a star map. Perceptive PCs spot a single black stone set among the others; the stone is placed where no star is known to shine.
17. Scrawled on the wall in dried and smudged blood are the words, "We should not have come here." The writing grows fainter toward the end of the sentence as if the person writing it grew tired (or ran out of blood).
18. A statue, depicting the lich in life, stands upon a small plinth in a niche in one corner. The niche is cut so the statue can see the entire room or corridor. The figure has been partially smashed. The walls and plinth are partially melted—as if they had been subjected to a powerful acid-based attack—and the statue's head and one arm lie shattered on the ground.
19. The remains of a shattered potion vial lie on the floor against one wall. Dust and grime coat the glass remains, which have been here for many years. Strangely, when first spotted, several of the glass shards seem to sparkle with some kind of unnatural silvery radiance.
20. A narrow, rough-hewn staircase pierces the floor. The stair ends in an impenetrable rockfall. The words, "Not this way" are daubed in blood on the top step. Perceptive note the words of best read from the direction of the rock fall.

STRANGE SMELLS & SOUNDS

Strange sounds—echoes of past magics, the screams of prisoners or dying adventurers and so on—often echo through a lich's lair. Use the table below, to add such minor events to the PCs' delve:

1. A booming sound—akin to that of mighty waves breaking against a beach—fill the air. The sound is rhythmic— perhaps even hypnotic to those with weak wills or who are easily distracted.
2. The faint, but heady, scent of roses hangs in the air. PCs sniffing the air get a sudden image of impossibly vast roses swaying in the night air at the edge of a fecund jungle
3. The clacking of bone on stone—a skeleton skulking just out of sight—reaches the ears of the most perceptive PCs. A few moments later, the loud clatter of bones collapsing to the floor splits the air.
4. A deep, mournful sigh redolent with despair and melancholy washes over the party. For a moment, it seems like the lair itself is beset by sorrow.
5. All around the party, the air comes alive with the sound of crackling, sizzling electricity. Hairs stand up on the PCs' necks and the back of their arms. The smell of ozone accompanies the sound; perceptive PCs may even hear faint, seemingly distant, screams that fade away as the smell dissipates.
6. A distant, powerful voice, redolent with power and fell intent, rises into a fiendish cackle before slowly fading away into a low cackle.
7. The overpowering smell of formaldehyde and other unidentifiable, but foul-smelling chemicals, hangs into the air. Investigation reveals the stench emerges from a deep crack cutting across two walls.
8. The rattling of chains and the low moaning of a creature in terrible pain reaches the party. It slowly fades away, no matter which way the party move.
9. At seemingly random intervals, a loud chime—a single, chilling note that seems to grate on the PCs' souls—sounds throughout the complex.
10. A loud dripping sound comes from around the next corner. As the PCs approach, it speeds up significantly. When they round the corner, the PCs discover a large, irregularly-shaped puddle of blood on the floor. As the PCs watch, blood dripping from the ceiling feeds the puddle.
11. The repugnant stench of rotten eggs and meat is strong here. The smell is worse closer to the floor; weakly-stomached halfling and gnome explorers could even be overcome by the stench and become violently ill.
12. With no warning, the ear-splitting sound of a mighty gong being repeatedly struck with a heavy mallet assails the party. The sound is near deafening and makes conversation all but impossible. The sound lasts for half a minute or so before ceasing.

STRANGE SENSATIONS & EVENTS

The presence of so much powerful magic inevitably has an effect on the lair. Use the table below, to add such minor events to the PCs' delve:

1. The temperature is only just above freezing in this area; the PCs' breath is visible in the air. The cold is unnatural, and those with a strong connection to nature—druids, elves and rangers in particular—are most afflicted by the effect.
2. The party's light sources—even permanent magical effects— flicker as if caught in a strong wind. Mundane sources of light are extinguished by the strange effect.
3. One of the PCs becomes certain an unseen watcher is observing the party. The feeling does not dissipate, until the party leaves the lair.
4. A sudden sharp, stabbing chest pain, causes one of the party to double over in agony. No wound is evident, but it takes several minutes for the pain to pass.
5. One of the PCs' vision blurs and grows dim. For the afflicted PC, it is as if all the lights had suddenly gone out. (This might be particularly disconcerting for those normally able to see in the dark).
6. Wisps of shadow descend from a corner where the ceiling meets two walls. The wisps float down as if drawn to the party's lights. Once they touch a light source (magical or mundane), they fade into nothingness.
7. Each PCs' largest metal possession—probably a suit of armour, shield or weapon—begins to vibrate subtly. After a minute the vibration increases in intensity before abruptly ceasing. Afterward, the object remains slightly magnetised for 1d4 hours.
8. If the PCs use light sources, their shadows on the wall appear more blurred and indistinct than usual—as if some unseen barrier stood between them and the light. The effect is particularly pronounced with non-magical lights.
9. A blood red rune slowly coalesces on one wall. The rune is massive—easily the height of a grown man. As the party watch, it begins to move and writhe like a snake. The rune is identifiable as the lich's personal glyph.
10. The shadows cast in this area do not seem to completely match the movements of the creatures making them. It is almost like there is a slight delay before the shadow mimics the action.
11. A single gleaming platinum coin hangs suspended in the air. The coin is immobile and cannot be moved without powerful magic; strange images of a haughty man with small horns growing from his forehead decorate one side of the coin; the representation of an immense tower adorns the obverse.
12. Iron face-masks adorn the walls. As the party approach, the masks animate—the faces screwed up into unbelievable expressions of pain and terror. Perceptive PCs notice one mask is different—of a doughty dwarf it appears to be trying to mouth words at the party.

4: LICH'S PHYLACTERIES

As well as being puissant spellcasters, liches are virtually immortal; they cannot be destroyed until their phylactery is also destroyed. Thus, a lich's phylactery is a tremendously important object both for the lich and the adventurers seeking to defeat it. However, a lich's phylactery is rarely described. The default phylactery is a small metal box filled with rune-covered scraps of parchment. Whatever form it takes, the phylactery is surpassingly difficult to destroy. (And obviously heavily guarded or well hidden).

Use the table below, to generate a phylactery's details:

1. This hinged plain iron amulet opens to reveal a small, seemingly empty recess, perhaps once used to hold a small picture of a loved one. The recess is actually a tiny inter-dimensional space which can only be accessed by speaking the lich's name. This space contains the lich's research it used for its transformation.
2. This seemingly rusted iron comb was once apparently inlaid with several small gems, but these have long since fallen from their fixings. The comb is hidden in plain sight, amid a pile of mouldering and rusty equipment taken from corpses of the lich's enemies.
3. A seemingly innocuous platinum coin lies among a hoard of similar coins hidden away in a dusty vault. The coin is one of a handful of ancient coins intermixed among more recent designs. Most of its features have been worn away through use and age.
4. A lump of magical hardened platinum lies at the centre of a large stone boulder created by *stone shape*. The boulder is so thick, *detect magic* and the like do not detect the phylactery's magic, although a perceptive PC may notice the rock was formed by magic (and wonder why).
5. This phylactery takes the form of an over-sized amulet. It hangs from the mouldering collar worn by a huge skeletal dog lying in state in its own sarcophagus hidden in a secret recess in the floor.
6. This lich used the very first dagger it owned as the vehicle for its transformation. It etched the secrets of lichdom onto very thin sheets of gold which were then wrapped around the weapon's blade. The phylactery was then thrown into a deep pool somewhere in the lich's lair.
7. An animal lover in life, this lich decided to use the animated bones of its first animal companion—or perhaps a beloved pet—as its phylactery. The bones were drenched in molten adamantite before being animated.
8. Diamond—one of the hardest substances known to man—makes an excellent phylactery. This lich spent years hunting down a diamond as big as a man's fist. Magically enchanted and inscribed with various special command words the value of the thing is virtually incalculable...unless it is destroyed in which case the magic lurking within its form causes it to evaporate like ice in the midday sun.
9. Vastly powerful, this spellcaster defeated a saintlike paladin during its quest for immortality. The paladin bore a holy

sword that was shattered during the confrontation. The lich used the hilt of the weapon as its phylactery, revelling in the irony of transforming such a potent good-aligned weapon into an object powering its unholy life. To make matters worse the hilt is distinctive—carved from the bone of a balor and inscribed with the symbols of various good-aligned deities; the PCs may recognise it as the shards of a legendary, lost weapon. The lich has kept the shattered piece of the blade and in extremis may offer up the various shard in exchange for its "life" (gambling the PCs will either hesitate to destroy such a weapon or—more likely—not notice the lich's sinister modifications to the hilt).

10. This lich painstakingly etched the secrets of lichdom onto the teeth of a great golden wyrm it slew centuries ago as part of its transformation. It keeps the wyrm's skeletal remains behind a cunning hidden secret door. The skull lies amid a massed bone pile comprising the remains of all those who have attacked the lich in its lair.



ORC VILLAGE

I: ORC VILLAGE SIGHTS & SOUNDS

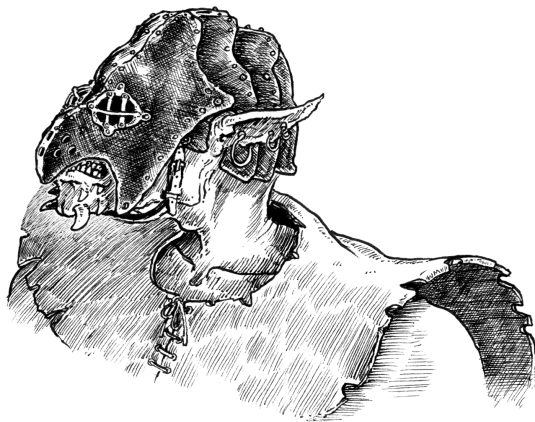
Orc villages are living, breathing places. Events and minor happenings occur all the time as the residents go about their brutish and violent day-to-day lives.

If the orcs become aware of intruders in their midst, the style and tenor of the village changes; use the appropriate table below.

UNAWARE OF INTRUDERS

If the orcs are unaware of intruders, use the table below, to add flavour to the orcish village:

1. The deep bellow of an angry orc followed by the high-pitched screaming of another creature shatters still air. The second creature does not sound like an orc. Any other orcs in sight, pay no attention to the commotion.
2. An orc child beats a cowering slave who has his hands over his head in an attempt to ward off the worst blows. Each time the child's cudgel comes down on the slave, blood splatters the ground.
3. The stench of wood-smoke, cooking fires, sweat and other unwholesome things drifts through the village.
4. Two orc children, wielding wooden weapons, are enthusiastically beating each other. Their high-pitched battle-cries would be comical, except each tiny warrior seems intent on inflicting serious harm on the other.
5. An orc woman, wearing dirty studded leather armour and carrying a sizeable water-filled bucket, violently cuffs a child around the back of its head. As she turns away, the child's murder-filled stare speaks volumes as to its feelings.
6. Low chuckles, pregnant with malice, along with a faint, high-pitched sobbing reaches the most perceptive PC's ears. The sounds seem to be coming from the nearest building.
7. A leather-clad orc warrior slumps against one wall, his head in his hands. He is oblivious to the PCs' presence as he is nursing an epic hangover.
8. The wounded bellowing of a cow, or other large animal, cuts through the general din of the village. A few seconds later, an audible wet thunk brings the bellowing to an abrupt end.



9. Somewhere deeper into the village, someone starts to beat a large drum. Its throb passes through the village; several orcs howl in appreciation.
10. A burly orc warrior drags a human woman toward a hut. The woman sobs, but does not resist her captor, even though he is dragging her by her hair.

AWARE OF INTRUDERS

If the orcs are aware of intruders, use the table below, to add flavour to the orcish village:

1. A half-starved mongrel dog stalks through the village. The animal's ribs are showing through its mottled grey and white fur; if it sees the PCs, it snarls and barks.
2. The shouts of orc battle-cries and the harsh clamour of weapons rhythmically beaten on shields echoes through the village; the orcs are preparing for battle.
3. The tramp of heavy feet and the jingle of armour comes from close-by.
4. A bloody, disorientated human staggers into view. The man has no shoes and wears ragged, blood-stained clothes. Shouts behind him cause him to spin round which reveals a black-fletched arrow buried in his left shoulder.
5. A small group of orcish warriors dash across an open space between two buildings. They are not heading for the intruders; either they haven't seen the PCs, or they are trying to out-flank and trap them.
6. The pounding sound of two drums beaten in unison echoes through the village. A chorus of orcish voices is raised in a battle-chant. The chant is a horrible song; it speaks of the orcs' enemies' horrible fate—to be feasted upon by the victors.
7. The shutters over the windows of the nearby huts are shut, and the doors barred. Here and there unattended items—a bucket, a bundle of cloth (now hopelessly muddy) and a battered helmet lie scattered in the mud.
8. An arrow thumps into the ground at a PC's feet. A few moments later, a second glances off another PC's armour.
9. Clouds of smoke, from cooking fires and the like, drift across the village, suddenly cutting visibility before it is restored mere moments later. One such cloud of smoke descends on the party seconds after they spot a large group of nearby orc warriors...
10. Two orc children—filled with battle lust and a desire to prove themselves to the tribe's warriors—creep through the village. If they spot the PCs before the PCs spot them, they charge screaming high-pitched battle-cries. (Even hardened adventurers may balk at killing children—even armed, homicidal children).

2: ORC VILLAGE DRESSING

The flavour of an orc village is entirely different to that of a "normal" human settlement. Orcs are more barbaric, less civilised folk and their settlements are primitive places that reflect their racial proclivities. Most orc villages are little more than armed raiding camps.

Use the table below, to add flavour to the orcish village:

1. A half-dozen sun-bleached skulls dangle from a hut's overhanging thatched roof. The skulls—set out perhaps as trophies or particularly barbaric wind-chimes clack against one another in the breeze.
2. Tied to a hitching post with a length of short, frayed rope, a miserable-looking, half-starved goat noses among the mud and weeds for something to eat.
3. Sharpened wooden stakes driven deep into the ground and connected by woven tree branches form a ramshackle fence. A grinning skull tops each stake.
4. A weapon rack stands against one wall of a hut. Eight unfinished spear shafts fill the rack; none of the weapons as yet has a spearhead.
5. A dejected-looking, beaten cow stands mournfully in a small pen. Its eyes are glazed over, and its head hangs listlessly. It makes no attempt to graze on the sparse grass dotting the ground.
6. A pall of smoke, fed by thin streams of smoke rising from several chimneys, hangs over the village. The smell of smoke and cooking meat fills the air, and the faint clatter and hubbub of daily life reach the PCs' ears.
7. A discarded suit of studded leather armour lies draped over a crude bench standing in front of a hut. Several large, bloody holes in the armour's chest hint at the fate of whoever last wore the suit.
8. A stacked pile of wood haphazardly leans against one sagging wall of a hut. The hut is in bad repair—it is possible the woodpile is stopping it from collapsing.
9. A fence of sharpened wooden stakes, set at a sharp angle, keeps casual visitors away from this stout, well-maintained hut. Each stake is around four-foot high and stout enough to impale a charging attacker.
10. An odious smear of noxious mud and other fouler things fill a shallow depression lying between several huts. Here and there pieces of rubbish—broken equipment, discarded clothes and so on—jut from the foul ooze.
11. A rickety wooden stair leads up to a platform about six-foot high. Five irregularly shaped hanging posts—cut from thick branches—rise above the platform. Decomposing bodies hang from three of the posts and sway slightly in the breeze. Arrows jut from all three corpses. (The orcs use them as target practice.)
12. The muddy, bare ground is churned up—virtually no vegetation grows within the village. Rubbish is strewn everywhere.

INSIDE AN ORC HUT

Once they enter an orc village and start slaying its inhabitants, the PCs are bound to search a hut or two. Use the table below, to add minor points of interest to such locations:

1. The floor is of packed earth covered with old, rotting rushes, bracken and so on. The stench of sweat and smoke lie heavily in the air.
2. Several battered shields hang from the hut's walls. A thick shafted spear leans near the door—ready for immediate use. Shafts of pale light pierce the thatched roof creating thin rays of light which faintly illuminates the hut's interior.
3. Shafts of pale sunlight pierce the hut's interior through the thatched roof; strange shadows move across the floor—the hut's orcish inhabitants have hung several bags from the rafters. The bags sway slightly, creating the shadows.
4. Several throwing axes jut from one of the hut's walls. The splintered wall in the general vicinity of the axes is "decorated" by many obvious axe strikes.
5. A filthy rug covers a portion of the floor near the hut's fire pit. The rug hides a small, poorly concealed storage niche roofed in timber planks. Pulling up the planks reveals the orc's (meagre) treasures.
6. Five leering skulls—of the orc's rivals—fill a shelf above its bed. Several exhibit obvious signs of violence. A small pile of damaged wooden boxes hold the orc's meagre possessions and foodstuffs. None of the items are particularly valuable or noteworthy.
7. An iron chain attached to a slave collar is wrapped around an iron spike hammered into one wall. Investigations, reveals flecks of dried blood on the collar.
8. Perceptive PCs notice one part of the hut's earthen floor is not as hard-packed as the rest. Digging in the spot reveals a small coffer containing the orc's choicest treasures.



3: NOTABLE ORCS

Most orcs are nothing more than ferocious warriors. They have no notable or redeeming features. Some orcs are different, however. Use the tables below, to add unique and memorable orcs into the PCs' encounters. (Keep in mind, the NPC listings below do not include classes or levels—apply such as is suitable to the adventure and campaign).

WARRIORS, CHAMPIONS & CHIEFS

Use the table below, to generate the details of notable orc warriors the PCs encounter:

1. **Bork** (CE male orc) is an unsophisticated brute happiest in the midst of battle. A livid battle-scar runs across the top of his bald head, and he is missing one ear. Bork has filed his teeth to sharp points and loves nothing more than worrying the flesh of a still living foe.
2. **Enok Throatripper** (CE female orc) is rake thin but possesses a wiry build that belies her strength. She has long black hair she wears in four filthy plaits decorated with beads and tiny pieces of bone. She is savage and loves to rip out her enemies' throats. Even the other orcs are cautious around her.
3. **Grak** (CE male orc) is a savage maniac who delights in grappling his opponents and holding them tight while his fellows stab and hack them to death. Grak is also something of a kleptomaniac, and he can't help but stop and loot the fallen's bodies. He is bald, and several old scars decorate his scalp.
4. **Kagel** (CE female orc) is feral. She misses most of her front teeth but her tusks remain impressive. Kagel has developed a warbling, whistle-like battle cry she uses to strike fear into her enemies. Her nose has clearly been broken repeatedly; consequently, she must breathe through her mouth. She is popular with her companions because of her unnaturally passionate lusts.
5. **Xugal** (CE male orc) was crippled—he lost his left leg below the knee—in a recent skirmish and is yet recovering from his wound. He hobbles about on an improvised crutch and craves a warrior's death. At sight of the PCs, Xugal hops towards them screaming insults and brandishing his handaxe. If he wasn't homicidally intent on their deaths, he might look a little stupid.
6. **Lakak** (CE female half-orc) appears virtually human and at first glance might appear as a mercenary serving with the tribe. More intelligent than her brethren, she has better armour—fine chainmail—and carries an ornate shield bearing a roaring lion emblem. She is not as unthinkingly savage as her fellows and has no intention of fighting to the death. If the PCs seem gullible, she might surrender and try to convince them she is worthy of mercy—describing in great depth the abuse the tribe has heaped upon her.

OTHER RANK & FILE

Not all orcs are warriors. Some might be sneaky scouts, executioners and so on. Use the table below, to generate the details of such orcs the PCs encounter:

1. **Uragh** (CE female orc) is immensely fat and beyond ugly. She wears a filthy, ripped shift that does little to protect her modesty. Uragh watches over the chief's concubines and household. Savagely devoted to the chief, she carries a whip she uses on any she deems disloyal.
2. **Ghamborz** (CE old male orc) is a rarity among orcs in that he has reached old age—an almost unparalleled feat in tribal history. Ghamborz has survived because of his unswerving loyalty to the chief's family and his intelligence. His hard-won battle cunning and natural intellect have served the tribe well. Still muscular, despite his age, he has long, straggly grey hair and wears fine studded leather torn from an elf's bloody corpse decades ago.
3. **Furze** (CE male orc) is responsible for cooking the tribe's communal meals—which often include the diced bodies of fallen enemies. He wears splattered, dirty and bloodstained trousers, but goes about bare-chested (to better display the crude tattoos covering much of his upper body). He literally slavers in the presence of helpless foes—anticipating the pleasure in adding them to his pot.
4. **Narz** (CE female orc) is small, lithe and cunning. One of the tribe's most puissant scouts, her movements are quiet and controlled. She wears deliberately filthy armour designed to blend into the surroundings. Always wary, Narz is difficult to surprise.

SHAMAN

Orc spellcasters are rarely encountered; such folk should be memorable. Use the table below, to generate the details of such spellcasters the PCs encounter:

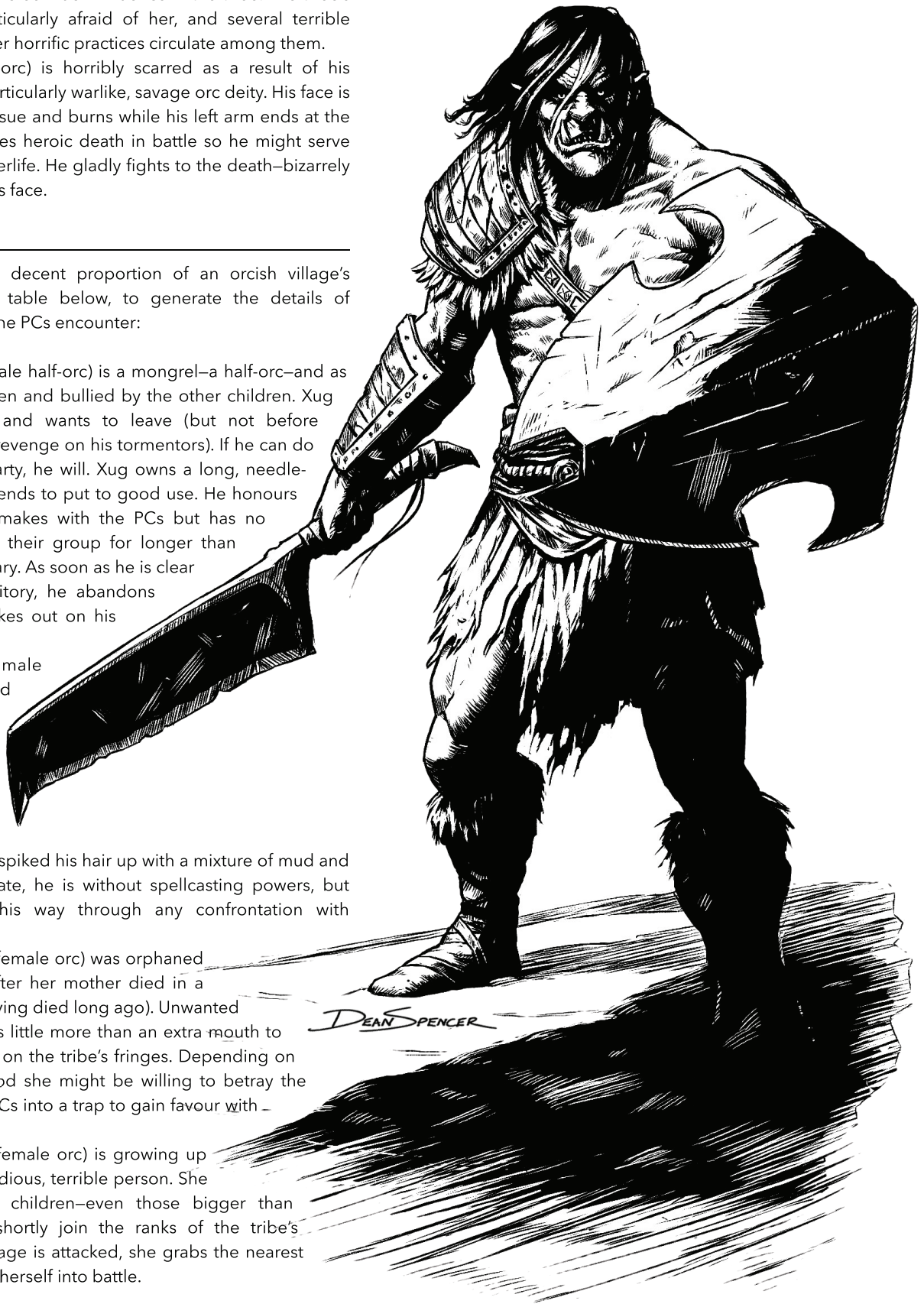
1. **Targ** (CE male orc) has no body hair. Instead, he has decorated his face, neck and arms with lurid, and crude, tattoos of dismembered bodies, battle scenes, weapons and the like. His flat black eyes betray no emotion, except hate and he is utterly without mercy or compassion. Dedicated to the orc's blood-splattered pantheon he drives the tribe's warriors into battle with shouted tales of great orc victories. Some might misidentify him as an orc battle-bard; that would be a mistake.
2. **Wingak** (CE male orc) has a thin streak of human blood lurking in his ancestry—hence his pale blue eyes and streaked blond and black hair. Such a strange appearance marked him out as chosen by the gods, and Wingak joyfully plays along; he acts mad—as if touched by the gods themselves and capers about near naked. For all that, he is not stupid—he wants to live—and he does not needlessly throw his life away.

3. **Shurz** (CE middle-aged female orc) appears unassuming at first glance. Merciless and utterly devoted to the orc pantheon, Shurz holds much influence in the tribe. The tribe's children are particularly afraid of her, and several terrible rumours about her horrific practices circulate among them.
4. **Bakh** (CE male orc) is horribly scarred as a result of his devotions to a particularly warlike, savage orc deity. His face is a mass of scar tissue and burns while his left arm ends at the elbow. Bakh craves heroic death in battle so he might serve his lord in the afterlife. He gladly fights to the death—bizarrely with a smile on his face.

CHILDREN

Children comprise a decent proportion of an orcish village's population. Use the table below, to generate the details of notable orc children the PCs encounter:

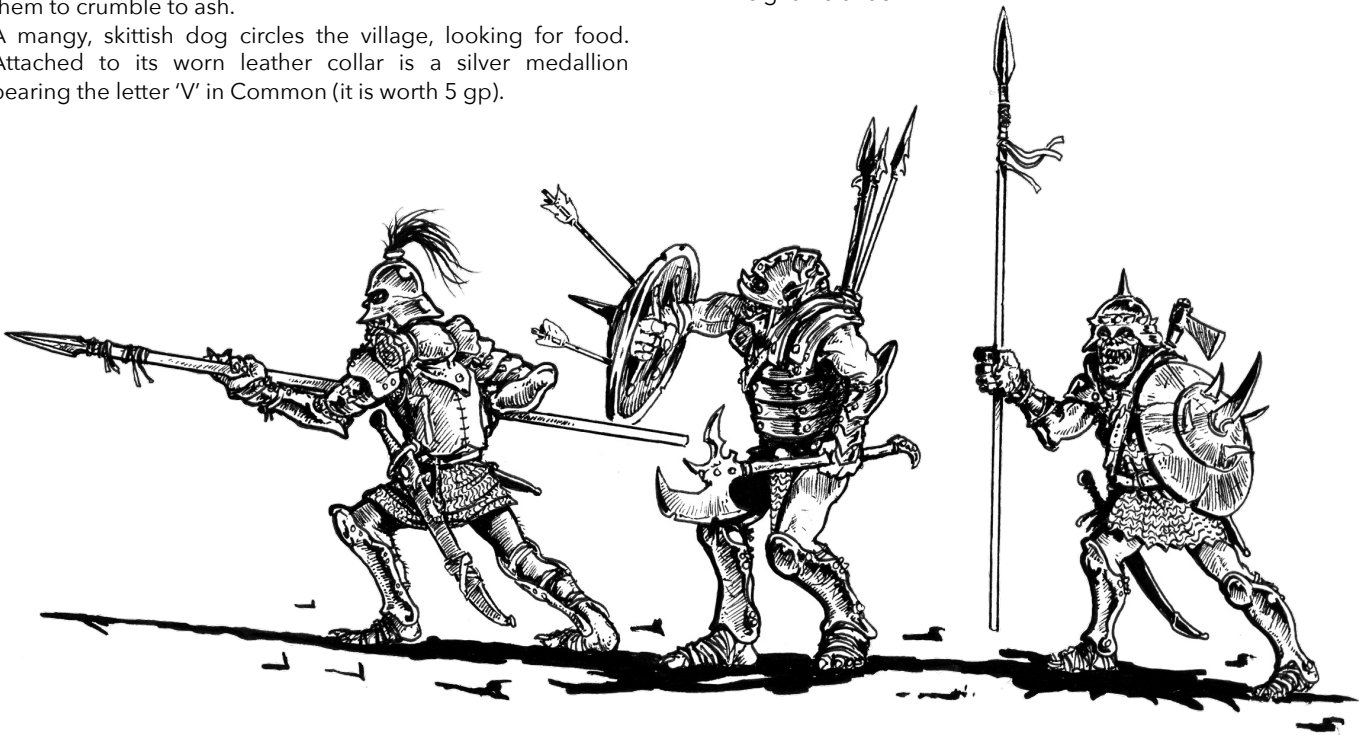
1. **Xug** (CE young male half-orc) is a mongrel—a half-orc—and as such is often beaten and bullied by the other children. Xug hates this place and wants to leave (but not before inflicting horrible revenge on his tormentors). If he can do a deal with the party, he will. Xug owns a long, needle-like dagger he intends to put to good use. He honours any fair deal he makes with the PCs but has no interest in joining their group for longer than absolutely necessary. As soon as he is clear of the tribe's territory, he abandons the party and strikes out on his own.
2. **Ral** (CE young male orc) is apprenticed to one of the tribe's shaman. He wears fine, but dirty clothes, taken from a nobleman's daughter and has spiked his hair up with a mixture of mud and twigs. A new initiate, he is without spellcasting powers, but tries to bluster his way through any confrontation with intruders.
3. **Batax** (CE young female orc) was orphaned at an early age after her mother died in a raid (her father having died long ago). Unwanted by all—and seen as little more than an extra mouth to feed—she survives on the tribe's fringes. Depending on her mercurial mood she might be willing to betray the tribe or lead the PCs into a trap to gain favour with her fellows.
4. **Urzal** (CE young female orc) is growing up into a genuinely odious, terrible person. She bullies the other children—even those bigger than herself—and will shortly join the ranks of the tribe's warriors. If the village is attacked, she grabs the nearest weapon and hurls herself into battle.



4: ORCISH TREASURES & TRINKETS

The PCs are bound to discover all manner of trinkets and treasures while sacking an orc village. Use the list below to add depth and flavour to their looting.

1. This ancient and worn dwarven axe has a crudely serrated blade. Dried scalps and wolf teeth decorate its stained wooden haft which also bears scores of notches along its length.
2. Two-dozen large iron nails pierce this carved wooden statuette of an orc deity. Crude holy symbols of enemy gods decorate each nail's head. One of the symbols defies identification.
3. This doll of an orc child has real hair, teeth and nails. It has amber stones for eyes. A hidden needle coated with sleeping poison pricks whoever squeezes the doll.
4. Six glass jars hold pale chunks of meat floating in foul-smelling brine. A thick layer of yellow wax seals each. While these pickled meats are hard to stomach, they function as iron rations.
5. A leather purse tied with an intricate knot contains 4d6 bear's teeth, each dipped in molten gold. Each tooth is worth 1 gp—perhaps more to a collector or an orc.
6. This thoroughly vandalised spellbook is missing over half its pages; various foul substances smear the remainder. Careful cleaning salvages 1d4-1 low-level spells.
7. A small leather pouch contains the dried remains of a brown fist-sized toad. Tiny amounts of hallucinogenic poison seep from the cracked skin.
8. This tattered war standard bears the faded crest of a nearby kingdom. The current military commander promises a favour to anyone who returns the standard.
9. A pile of smouldering embers holds seven brittle human ribs carved with glowing orcish runes. Touching the bones causes them to crumble to ash.
10. A mangy, skittish dog circles the village, looking for food. Attached to its worn leather collar is a silver medallion bearing the letter 'V' in Common (it is worth 5 gp).
11. Orcs use this set of slender metal eating utensils to extract marrow from thin bones. In a pinch, they can serve as improvised lock-picks.
12. Several strings of dried orc and human ears dangle from frayed cords. One ear is still fresh and bloody and clearly elven. Three elegant silver studs pierce the lobe.
13. A beautifully cut fire opal sits in the centre of a cracked leather eyepatch. When exposed to moonlight, the stone shines a dull, eerie red. It is worth 50 gp.
14. Six dusty green glass bottles of once-fine elven wine remain in this wooden crate. Though the contents have long since turned to vinegar, an empty bottle and three tankards nearby suggest the orcs do not mind.
15. A dozen mangy pelts are crudely stitched together to make this reeking hide armour. Sewn inside are six concealed dagger sheaths. All but one of the weapons is missing.
16. This clay statuette of a charging boar with a two-inch slit cut into its back rattles when moved. It can only be opened by breaking it. Inside are 3d6 copper pieces and two small orc tusks.
17. Wrapped in a bundle of greasy linen are eight pale yellow candles made from animal fat. They are difficult to light and give off a sharp smell. The flame continually sputters and tends to go out at inopportune times.
18. This waxed and polished orc skull is clearly an object of reverence. A tall black iron crown is nailed to the brow, and its broken tusk has been repaired with a silver spike.
19. The barbed point at the rear end of this iron hook is meant to be hammered into bone to replace a lost hand. With the addition of a rope, it can serve as a grappling hook.
20. Graven orcish runes decorate this pair of great ram's horns bound together with copper bands and end in a shared mouthpiece. It produces a loud braying when blown—the orc signal to attack.



RED DRAGON'S LAIR

1: RED DRAGON LAIR FEATURES

A red dragon's lair is rarely nothing more than a cave stuffed full of treasure. Red dragons are wily, cunning and in-tune with the surrounding environment; their lairs should reflect their intrinsic connection with fire, flame and heat.

Use the table below, to add major features of interest to the red dragon's lair. Such features are both flavoursome and things for the PCs to interact with as they explore the lair.

1. Billowing clouds of hot steam drift from jagged cracks in the cavern floor. The steam hinders visibility and a gently breeze blows it toward the lair's main entrance.
2. A pool of bubbling, boiling water divides the area in two. Fed from deep, super-heated springs the pool is a favourite place for the dragon to bathe. The pool is 20-foot deep and the water is scaldingly hot. Creatures in the pool without fire resistance or immunity are quickly boiled to death.
3. One section of wall is partially melted. Clearly, it has been exposed to a sudden blast of incredible heat. A slag heap of cooled rock heaped in strange and weird shapes lies at the base of the wall. The top of a partially melted helmet sticks out of the slag heap, but is impossible to remove without magic or mining tools. Diligent PCs discover the remains of a warrior encased in the rock (perhaps still bearing some magical items).
4. Deep piles of splintered and scorched bones cover the floor to a depth of several feet. The vast amount of bones hinders land-based movement and provides macabre evidence of the dragon's rapacious hunger.
5. As #4, but the bone piles hide several deep holes in the floor. Such bone-filled pits are excellent places for baby dragons to lurk and play. Alternatively, a PC accidentally stepping into such a hole quickly sinks to the bottom of an ever-shifting morass of bones. Escaping without help or magic is virtually impossible.
6. Lava seeps up from far below into this area through fissures in the floor before flowing away deeper into the lair. The air here is super-hot and heat shimmers obscure vision. Occasionally, pressure builds up in the chasms and lava then spurts forth like a fountain potentially deluging anyone unfortunate enough to be passing at that moment. Evidence of these occasional explosions—small patches of lava dripping from the ceiling are evident to those paying attention.
7. Suffocating clouds of steam stream from a wide vent in the floor. The steam is so dense it blocks all vision and anyone without fire resistance or immunity lingering in the cloud experiences trouble breathing. Characters in the steam must hold their breath or start to suffocate.
8. A great shard of black rock shot through with vivid red veins of some other mineral thrusts upwards through the floor. Easily 20-foot in diameter the rock literally pulsates with heat. The air near the stone is scorchingly hot and anyone touching the rock without magical protections is horribly burnt. (At this point, the boundary between the Prime Material and Elemental Plane of Fire is particularly weak; the rock is a shard of elemental stone

that has somehow pierced the barrier between worlds. Skilled spellcasters may be able to carve a piece of the rock away for use in crafting certain fire-based magical items).

9. A veritable river of magma oozes through the caverns. Bubbling up from some deep repository, it flows sluggishly through the cave system out into the world. In several places, the river cuts caverns in twain forming a dangerous barrier to cross. (The profusion of lava and the resultant heat is the main reason the dragon chose this cave as its own and it loves bathing in the molten rock).
10. Geysers of hot mud dot several sections of the cave system. The geysers explode every now and then showering the surrounds in scorchingly hot mud. The muffled thumps of these explosions are audible through much of the rest of the caves. Thick mud covers the walls, floors and ceiling in the geysers' vicinity.
11. The broken skeleton of a dragon lies among the rubble and ruin of an old battle. Chunks are missing from the walls, gouges in the floor show where claws struck stone and so on. The dragon's vertebrae at the base of its neck are shattered; this was likely the killing blow although many of its bones show signs of extreme, savage violence.
12. In the distant past, the dragon's lair was one large cavern in which fire giants built a great hall. A deluge of lava buried much of the giants' home; here and there, ancient stone work—huge, cunning fitted unmortared stone blocks—emerge from the walls, floor and even ceiling.

DRAGON DRESSING: FEMALE DRAGON NAMES

All dragons—even baby dragons—should have names.

1. Galadwyr
2. Irfelseyr
3. Bahroskax
4. Andusksurr
5. Vincgosbane
6. Alymmnur
7. Vaerosrithux
8. Aryxonirden

DRAGON DRESSING: MALE DRAGON NAMES

All dragons—even baby dragons—should have names.

1. Aerosmere
2. Klauthlym
3. Aleumeringeir
4. Malwaur
5. Zyrephnabal
6. Jalanfel
7. Thotaeros
8. Daerevthrinn

2: RED DRAGON LAIR DRESSING

Red dragon lairs are different to normal dungeons. Consequently, the minor pieces of dressing should highlight this difference. Signs of previous exploration—dropped and broken equipment, the splintered, burnt corpses of previous adventurers and the like—will also be visible.

Use the table below, to add depth and flavour to the lair's minor features:

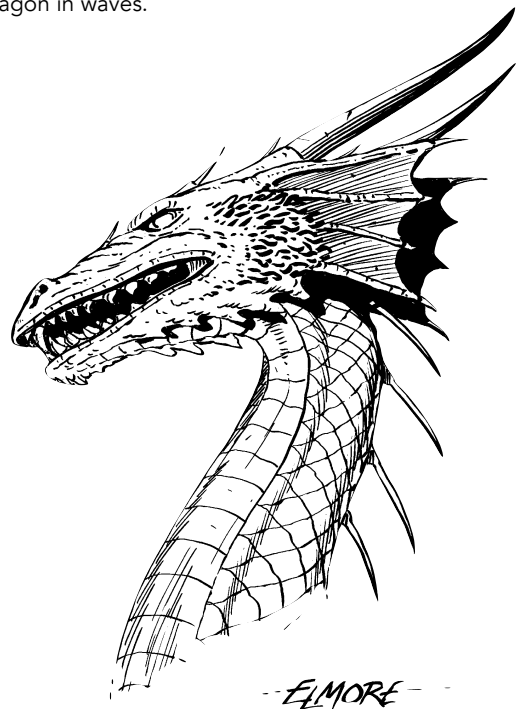
1. The air is particularly hot. So intolerable is it that anyone without resistance or immunity to fire starts sweating profusely. Explorers lingering in the vicinity too long suffer from heat stroke and extreme dehydration.
2. A cracked, partially crushed skeleton of a giant lies draped over an upthrust jagged rock. Evidently, something incredibly strong attacked the giant. Perceptive PCs notice the skeleton shows no sign of fire damage.
3. A flap of burnt and blackened flesh is stuck to the wall at the end of a large smear of dried blood.
4. A great swath of fused and broken stone comprises the floor. In the centre of the devastation lies the sooty outline of a humanoid figure its arms outstretched over its head.
5. The floor is so hot the PCs can feel the heat through their shoes. In places, the leather of the shoes almost sticks to the floor such is the heat radiating from the stone.
6. Soot, flakes of scorched bone and other burnt, but unidentifiable, things cover everything in the area. Amid the ruin lie burnt and melted weapons, pieces of armour and other destroyed adventuring gear. From the volume of remains, it seems a fair-sized party met their end here.
7. A single bent scarlet scale the size of a buckler is wedged into a small fissure in the wall. The scale glimmers enticingly in the party's lights.
8. A wide fissure pierces one blackened, scorched wall. Within, perceptive PCs make out the tell-tale glimmer of metal. Investigation reveals a skeleton yet covered in bits of burnt, decomposing flesh wedged into the end of the fissure. All around the unfortunate, the stone is blackened, burnt and—in places—partially melted.
9. A rudimentary carving—perhaps done by the dragon with a claw—of a five-headed dragon decorates the floor. The five-headed dragon is depicted rearing back with all its mouths gaping wide.
10. Six grinning skulls glower down at intruders from a high ledge cut into the stone above the entrance to a tunnel leading deeper into the lair. Of the skulls, four appear to be from giants while the remaining two seem draconic. (If the dragon has a familiar or other tiny servant this is a good place for it to be hiding and keeping a watch out for intruders).
11. Pools of bubbling water fill gouges in the floor. The water is boiling hot—heated by geothermal activity below. the dragon has placed some minor, near worthless treasures (see Table 5: Red Dragon Hoard Dressing) in the pools to entice foolish or greedy explorers to risk severe burns to retrieve the objects.

12. Ripples of smoothed stone—stone melted by intense heat before cooling—comprise the cavern floor. A line of footprints—clearly the dragon's—mar the otherwise wave-like patterns on the floor.

DRAGON DRESSING: DISTINGUISHING MARKS

Red dragons are as individual as any member of a species; they all have a unique appearance.

1. A vivid scar runs down the dragon's snout from a spot roughly between its eyes. Two jet black curled horns protrude from the back of the creature's head.
2. Small red and black horns festoon the dragon's cheeks and lower jaw. The stench of sulphur and burnt flesh hang in the air about the dragon.
3. This dragon's eyes literally burn with lust or avarice—small flames leap about its irises as it surveys its foes. Brighter, fiercer flames dance about its nostrils and mouth.
4. Ragged holes pockmark the dragon's long, scarlet wings. Wisps of smoke and flame emerge from its nostrils.
5. With a particularly long, sinuous neck and swept back straight horns this dragon has a distinctive profile.
6. One of the dragon's mottled black and red horns is as straight as a spear shaft while the other curves dramatically upwards away from its body. Both horns are flecked with white.
7. Only a ragged stump remains of the dragon's left ear; jagged teeth marks are visible in the remaining portion. From the looks of things the creature that tore away the ear had massive fangs.
8. Most of the dragon's teeth are jagged stumps but its horns are massive bone white affairs curving high above its head. Heat and the stench of smoke and brimstone radiates from the dragon in waves.



3: RED DRAGON LAIR MINOR SIGHTS, SOUNDS & EVENTS

Dragon lairs are not staid, unchanging places. While they might have only one resident, things of minor note still happen within.

Use the table below, to add minor sights, sounds and events to the red dragon's lair:

1. The pungent smell of burnt flesh, wood and something else hangs heavily in the air.
2. A distant roaring akin to a far-off powerful wind echoes through the air. The sound comes from deeper into the lair and subsides as quickly as it began.
3. A bestial roar shatters the quiet. Whatever is making the sound could be angry or in pain, but it is hard to tell as the roaring quickly tails away into silence.
4. A jet of (harmless) hot steam bursts from a narrow fissure in the floor catching the PC stepping over the crack by surprise. This can be nothing more than a minor occurrence or could be foreshadowing of a larger, more dangerous burst of scalding steam (perhaps #1 or #7 on Table 1: Red Dragon Lair Features).
5. Disturbed by a sudden gust of wind, clouds of billowing ash and soot swirl around the party; when the wind subsides the characters are coated in grey dust; it gets everywhere—including in their eyes, ears and mouths.
6. The loud, harsh clatter of falling rocks sounds from elsewhere in the lair.
7. It is particularly hot in this area. The turgid, close air seems to have an oppressive heat to it that saps energy and vitality from any who linger in the area for more than a few minutes.
8. Macabre decorations festoon the walls. Here, the decomposing mangled remains of the dragon's slain enemies



hang from ledges and outcrops. As the PCs observe the scene, the sinews in one of the bodies finally gives way and the two pieces fall to the ground with a disturbing double "splat" sound.

9. Two glimmering lights—at about a human's head height—appear at the extent of the party's lights. The lights are catching shards of glassy rock set into the wall, although paranoid adventurers may initially think they are the dragon's eyes.
10. A deep, throaty chuckle redolent with evil and malice echoes through the lair.
11. Without warning, the cavern begins to violently shake, and small pieces of rock fall from the ceiling. Some PCs could lose their balance and stumble or fall. After a few seconds, the minor earthquake dies away.
12. Suddenly the heat in the area climbs to near-furnace levels. Jets of flame burst from a nearby passageway or fissure. This could be nothing more than an outpouring of flame from a volcanic vent or the dragon could be playing with its fiery breath.

DRAGON DRESSING: WHAT'S THE DRAGON DOING?

Red dragons don't just hang around their lair waiting for adventurers to wander inside.

1. The dragon is sleeping after a large meal of roast elf. It is unprepared for battle and furious to discover intruders in its lair.
2. The dragon is slowly roasting two human corpses transfixed on a long steel-shafted spear. The smell of burning flesh and the crackle of flame gives the party some clue to what they will discover before they enter the chamber.
3. The dragon is faking sleep and is expecting trouble (either it has noticed the intruders or its sixth sense has alerted it to impending danger). It has already cast any long duration protective spells it knows.
4. The dragon is happily sorting through its hoard, examining its most beloved treasures. It is muttering and chuckling to itself, when the PCs arrive.
5. The dragon has just finished torturing and eviscerating a captive. As the PCs arrive, it tosses aside the limp corpse and licks the unfortunate's blood from its claws.
6. The dragon is stalking about its lair in search of one of its treasures that it has just discovered is missing. It is muttering loudly about thieves and what it will do to the thief when it captures him.
7. The dragon is rubbing its scaly body up against a rocky protrusion in one wall and moaning with pleasure as it scratches a hard-to-get-at itch.
8. The dragon is a devout worshipper of Tiamat. When the PCs arrive, the dragon is praying to his dark mistress in hopes of gaining some unspeakable boon. Thus, he sees the intruders as a test (or perhaps a gift) sent by Tiamat herself!

4: RED DRAGON TREASURES & TRINKETS

Dragons are renown for their vast treasure hoards—it's one of the main reason adventurers seek their lairs. While much of the hoard likely comprise coinages and the like, inevitably other interesting objects—of a variety of values—are mixed in with the rest.

Use this table below, to add depth and flavour to the dragon's hoard and assign a value to each piece of treasure suitable for your campaign.

1. Of blackened steel, this thick, heavy two-handed sword sized for a giant is almost ten feet long. Nowhere is the weapon's scabbard evident. Similarly whatever was wrapped around the sword's handle is gone making the weapon harder to wield effectively.
2. Small blobs of precious intermingled metals—gold, silver and platinum—lie throughout the hoard. (These were created by the dragon's breath dripping onto the hoard and melting whatever they landed on).
3. Set with a red spinel in its pommel, this longsword—although covered in dried blood—yet retains its sharp edge. An inscription on the blade reads, "For His Everlasting Glory".
4. This golden statuette represents a hideous squatting toad-like creature with tentacles. In places, the statuette is worn—suggesting it is relic of some bygone age.
5. This pendant of an ant transixed in a lump of amber hangs from a simple leather thong. The leather is surprisingly resistant to fire and flame; a hidden power could lurk within the pendant.
6. This raven-shaped brooch is carved from a chunk of obsidian. It glimmers evilly in the light and two tiny flecks of ruby serve as the bird's eyes.
7. Of cast iron, this skull symbol hangs from a thin leather thong. Dried blood covers the skull, but a small secret compartment inside could hide a small potion vial or similar treasure.
8. With beautiful carvings of cresting waves and birds wheeling above a small sailing ship this engraved ivory tusk is an object of rare beauty.
9. Carved from a single piece of stained wood, this teetering tower has a distinct list to the left.
10. Containing pungent perfume, this small iron vial fits into the handle of a small silver mirror.
11. Contained in a small velvet bag this ivory hairbrush and comb set is inlaid with mother of pearl.
12. Beautifully wrought angelic figures overlook this six-foot tall silver mirror.
13. This well worn leather saddle with matching saddle bags lies among the treasures. Miscellaneous travelling gear fills the bags (although a small precious treasure could also lie within).
14. Set with tiny pieces of cut glass (or perhaps diamonds) this black leather choker is sized for a human or elf. It is missing its clasp.
15. Oversized and thick of base this golden candelabra lies on its side. Dried wax covers its base.
16. With its cover decorated with a single lidless eye motif this weighty tome is a spellbook. It could be the dragon's or it could have belonged to a wizard who fell in battle against the wyrm.
17. Filled with a travelogue, several maps of the surrounding area and three quills and two cracked and empty vials of ink this leather satchel has a black and blue stain on its bottom.
18. Wholly of silver construct this delicate mirror is missing its glass, shards of which lurk among the surrounding treasures.
19. Six fragile clay pots containing alchemist's fire fill a bulging leather belt pouch.
20. This open-faced helmet of shining steel wrought with etched gold and silver filled wave-like patterns rests upside in the hoard, and is filled with coins and gems.

DRAGON DRESSING: WORN TRINKETS

Red dragons are vain creatures. Sometimes they'll augment their appearance with various shiny baubles. Some might be magical, others might be merely pretty.

1. A silver necklace set with a gleaming red ruby hangs around the dragon's neck.
2. Several gold and platinum coins glimmer from the dragon's underbelly—the coins are pressed into the gaps between the dragon's scales to create a shimmering effect.
3. The dragon wears three thick golden rings on the claws of its left forearm. The rings are sized for giants and have giantish runes speaking of kingship and power etched into their bands.
4. The dragon wears an ornate silver and gold necklace set with various geometrically-shaped charms as a bracelet. The bracelet softly tinkles, when the dragon moves.
5. The dragon has bathed in molten gold, which has cooled and solidified all over its body; this gives the dragon a mottled gold and red hue. (Some observers may even conclude the dragon is a golden construct!)
6. The dragon wears an orange signet ring on one of its claws; taken from a questing member of a royal family centuries ago it is much sought after by the noblewoman's descendants. The ring's sigil comprises crossed longwords over a crown.
7. A pendant—a golden chain set with a glimmering blue sapphire—hangs round the dragon's neck. The sapphire is large, flawless and seems to shine with an inner radiance.
8. The dragon is missing an eye. In its place, it has jammed a large glittering deep blue stone (a spinel). The stone glimmers in the light and gives the dragon a sinister, but slightly comical, appearance.

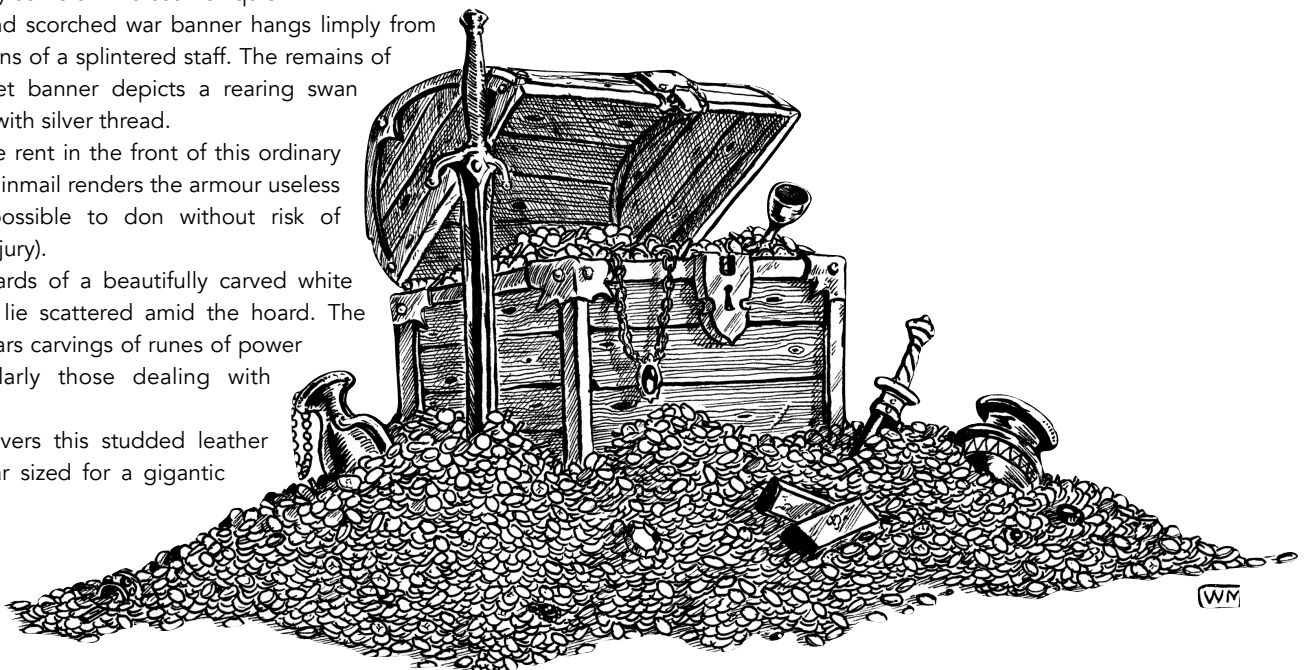


5: RED DRAGON HOARD DRESSING

Red dragon hoards can be immense in scope and value. Among the treasures and trinkets, however, most dragons have also accumulated objects that might not fall under the traditional heading of treasure, but which are interesting and flavoursome none-the-less.

Use the table below, to add such objects of interest to the dragon's hoard:

1. The blackened shards of a particularly fine set of full plate armour are scattered throughout the hoard. The large pieces show signs of being gouged or cut open (so the dragon could get at the tasty snack inside).
2. The dismembered, mouldering remains of animals and humanoids lie throughout the hoard. Many of the corpses show signs of teeth marks; clearly the dragon has eaten well.
3. Incongruously, a blackened wrought iron cage stands amid the glittering treasures of the dragon's hoard. Scraps of burnt flesh and fragments of burnt clothes are yet stuck to the cage's thick iron bars.
4. A broken pick handle is wedged into a fissure in the floor; the pick head is nowhere to be found.
5. A large wooden chest, banded with thick strips of iron, stands half-buried among the hoard. The dragon uses the chest to hold some of the treasures it covets the most. If battle goes badly, the dragon tries to grab the chest and fly away.
6. A ledge overlooking the treasure hoard holds the severed heads of scores of individuals; these are folk who have tried to loot the dragon's hoard and failed. The dragon has placed their heads here so the thieves can stare down for all eternity of the treasures they so coveted.
7. The shards of a shattered crystal ball lie in the ruins of a torn backpack. Parts of the backpack are bleached white as if stained by some unwholesome liquid.
8. A torn and scorched war banner hangs limply from the remains of a splintered staff. The remains of the scarlet banner depicts a rearing swan outlined with silver thread.
9. A massive rent in the front of this ordinary set of chainmail renders the armour useless (and impossible to don without risk of serious injury).
10. Three shards of a beautifully carved white oak staff lie scattered amid the hoard. The wood bears carvings of runes of power—particularly those dealing with healing.
11. Blood covers this studded leather dog collar sized for a gigantic hound.
12. A swarm of rats infest the hoard, growing fat on the dragon's leavings. The dragon catches and kills all it sees, but the rats live in small fissures in the rock and so some always survive the dragon's predations.
13. A teetering pile of broken and scorched armour stands amid the hoard. The pile is a sculpture of sorts—the dragon enjoys seeing how high it can make the pile before it collapses.
14. Several choice items in the hoard lie together on a pile of furs and other soft fabrics.
15. An 18-foot length of partially melted chain hangs from a rocky outcrop in one wall. The chain is thick—it looks strong enough to perhaps ensnare a dragon!
16. A cracked and broken hammer head lies on its side amid the treasures. Nearby lie the charcoaled remains of its handle.
17. A roughly 20-foot-diameter steep-sided pit is gouged out of the floor. Its bottom and sides are blackened and cracked as if having been subjected to repeated high temperatures. Fragments of bone lie at the bottom amid ash and soot. (Here, the dragon cooks its meals alive).
18. This twisted and shattered lantern looks like it exploded from within—its body looks like it has been peeled outwards by some powerful force.
19. The decapitated, charred corpse of a huge black bear lies atop a pile of bones; the pile comprises the remains of both animals and humanoids. Maggots infest the bear's corpse.
20. The skeletal remains of another dragon the same size as the hoard's owner lie where the creature fell; mounded treasures fills the beast's splintered ribcage. Glimmering gems fill the dead dragon's eye sockets.



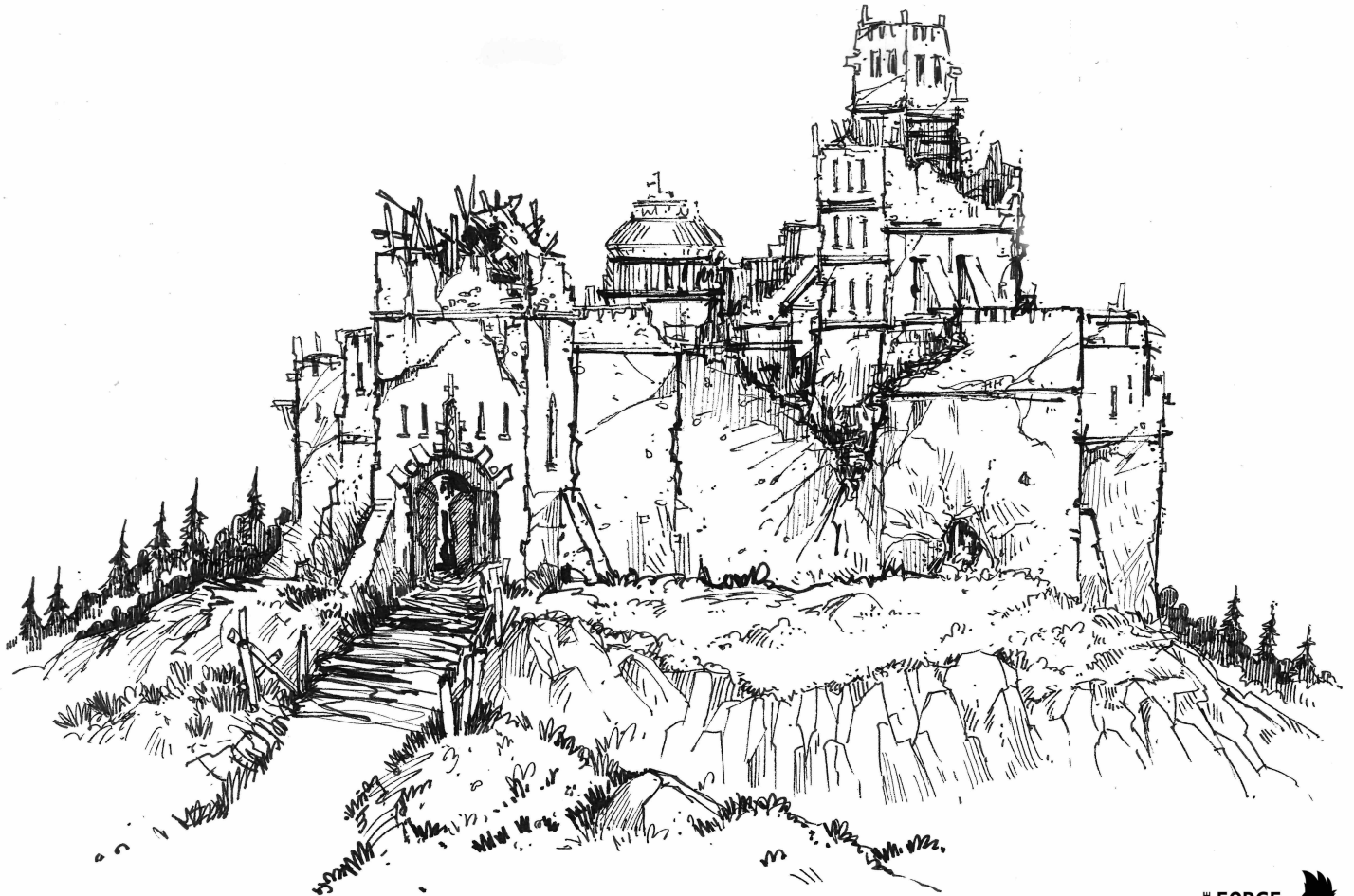
RUINED CASTLE

1: OUTSIDE THE RUINED CASTLE

A ruined castle's approaches are an excellent place to start building the atmosphere and flavour of the upcoming adventure. It's also a great place for the GM to sow hints about the castle's history and what might currently lurk within.

Use the table below, to add minor points of interest to the PCs' exploration:

1. Thick stands of brambles and bushes ward the ruin's approaches. Here and there, game trails force their way through the dense undergrowth.
2. Tracks in the dried mud betray the presence of animals—perhaps deer, foxes and wolves—along with other more dangerous bipedal predators.
3. Partially hidden by thorny bushes, and the boughs of two youngish saplings, a tumbled pile of moss-covered stones hints at an ancient burial.
4. The mouldering remains of a brown cloak are snagged on a thorny bush. They flutter in the breeze; inattentive—or paranoid—PCs may assume the cloak is a lurking enemy.
5. A decaying arrow, its fletching long since rotten away, juts from a tree trunk.
6. A humanoid's yellowing bones sprawl among the weeds. A crushed skull and the total absence of the unfortunate's legs hint at a violent and grizzly death. Rusting fragments of equipment lie scattered around the remains.
7. Bushes and trees crowd thickly along the rutted and overgrown trail leading to the castle's gate.
8. The blackened, scorched ruin of an ancient tree looms hard against the trail. Its skeletal branches arch high overhead as if to fend off any younger, healthier trees daring to encroach on its territory.
9. A campfire's wind-scattered remains hint that previous explorers dared not camp with the castle's crumbling walls; perhaps they feared the ghosts of those who once dwelled—and died—within.
10. Bones—threaded together with twine—hang from tree branches and clack together gently in the breeze. Nearby, a skull leers down at travellers from its perch atop a spear thrust deeply into the ground. A blackbird perches atop the skull and tries to smash a snail's shell open by banging it on the skull's forehead.



2: OUTSIDE IN THE RUINED CASTLE

Ruined castles are ripe with the possibilities of adventure, but present different challenges to those of a normal dungeon for adventurers to overcome. One of those challenges is the abundance of outdoor, open space. A castle likely has a courtyard, outbuildings and more; it's likely the PCs will choose to explore all such areas in search of loot.

Use the table below, to add minor points of interest to the PCs' exploration:

1. Moss and lichens grow in patches across the castle's crumbling walls. In places, the growths entirely obscure the stonework.
2. A scattering of rubble mars the mud and weeds of the castle's courtyard. Here and there stands of taller grass, tangled brambles and small bushes complete the look of decrepitude.
3. The blackened, crumbling carcass of a cart lie amid the rubble and ruin. One of its wheels is missing. Perceptive PCs find the wheel's shattered remains a short distance away, languishing in a patch of thick weeds.
4. The battlements atop this section of wall look to be in particularly bad repair. Moss grows thick across the wall here –and could be the only thing holding the crenelations in place!
5. Weeds grow thickly between the pitted, tilted flags comprising the floor. Some of the flagstones have shifted and moved as a result of subsidence, and rock gently when walked upon. Paranoid PCs may suspect a trap.
6. Doorways and windows gape wide—their doors and shutters rotting away. Deep shadows cluster thickly beyond; perhaps within lurk the castle's hungry, feral denizens...
7. The splintered remains of the crenellations atop the wall look like the jagged, broken teeth of some gigantic beast.
8. A chunk of partly buried masonry lies at the base of the wall. Thick weeds grow around the stone block. Perceptive PCs spot two skeletal legs concealed in the weeds. The skeletal legs protrude from under the chunk of masonry suggesting the rest of the body may lie underneath.
9. Fresh tracks in the mud show where an explorer—or castle denizen—has recently walked. Judging by the footprints' depth, the individual was heavily laden. Additional investigation reveals the tracks go in both directions.
10. A ramshackle wooden building—perhaps once a wood store—leans drunkenly against the castle wall. The structure is dangerously unstable and could collapse at an inopportune moment.
11. A rotting wolf's corpse sprawls in a building's shadow. The remains are clearly old and has been worried by scavengers. The wolf's cause of death is unclear.
12. The ragged remains of a flag or banner yet cling to the castle's flagpole atop a high tower. The shredded flag still flutters forlornly in the breeze.
13. Blackened stones and scorch marks around a doorway show where intruders set a fire to gain entry into the building. The door is long gone, but its partially melted and twisted hinges remain.
14. A rusting longsword lies hidden in the weeds. Its blade is pitted and weatherworn, and the sword's leather grip has rotted away. The weapon falls apart, if used in combat.
15. Wind-blown leaves form a waist-high drift against one wall. The leaves hide several small, rotting crates and barrels. The barrels once held provisions, but the food is now nothing but a foul-smelling suppurating mess. Attracted by the rotting food, all manner of vermin infest the "leaf drift".
16. Scratches low down on one wall list the names of several men-at-arms who served at the castle.
17. A low, narrow hole in a wall provides an impromptu means of entering one of the castle's buildings. The hole is jagged, and rubble lies scattered about. Nearby rests a large chunk of masonry.
18. One of the castle's towers has developed a distinct list and leans outwards from the abutting walls.
19. The defaced and scratched crest of the castle's original owner yet decorates the wall above an empty doorway.
20. Partially hidden by a fallen, now rotting, door a warrior's skeletal remains—still clad in rusting scale mail—sprawl on the ground.

MINOR EVENTS

Use the minor events detailed below, to add tension and atmosphere to the party's explorations:

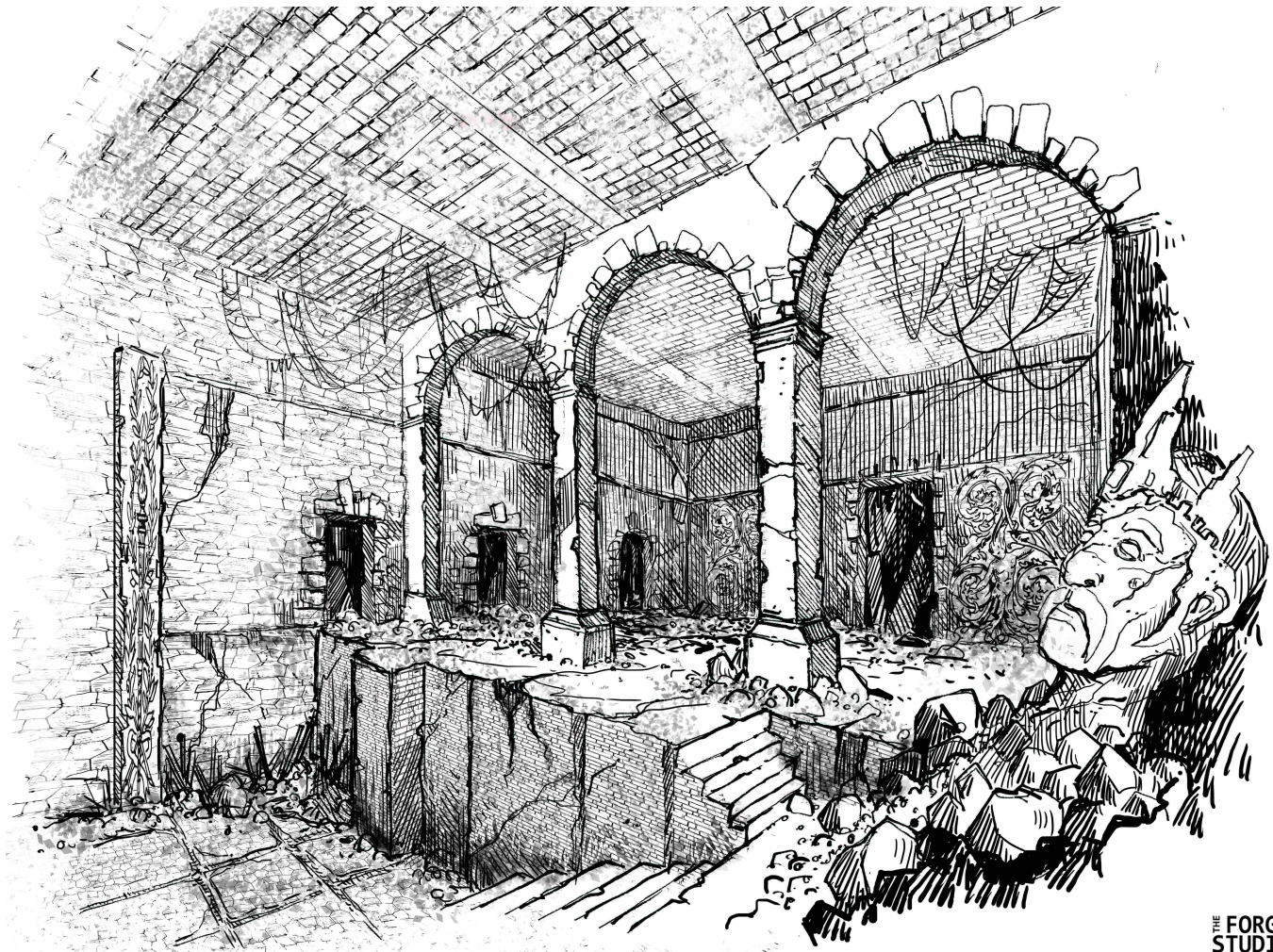
1. The wind moans through the ruins seemingly giving voice to the castle's melancholy. For a moment, it seems like the castle is a living, tortured thing.
2. The clatter of falling rocks from further into the ruin echoes about the walls.
3. A flutter of movement in one gaunt window catches a PC's attention. After a few minutes, the movement repeats itself. Perceptive PCs realise the movement is a fragment of tapestry caught in the breeze. Other—more paranoid—PCs may think it is a lurking foe.
4. Birds explode outwards from a nearby window, calling frantically to their brethren. Their screeches are quickly taken up by others roosting elsewhere in the ruin.
5. A sudden feeling of cold and foreboding sweeps over the party. The sensation lingers for a few minutes before disappearing as quickly as it arrived.
6. A PC begins to feel the nagging sensation of being watched. The feeling persists until the PC either leaves the castle or enters one of its ruined buildings.

3: INSIDE THE RUINED CASTLE

Many things are attracted to ruined castles—for even in their decrepit state they offer shelter and protection from both the elements and enemies. Sometimes organised bands of bandits or raiders inhabit a castle while other times the above-ground portion of the ruins is home to vermin and other—four-legged or winged—predators.

Use the table below, to add minor points of interest to the PCs' exploration:

1. Scratches and marks on the wall record the names of the folk that once dwelled here. Some of the names appear with a date alongside. Some are surprisingly recent.
2. Charcoal smudges on the wall show where someone once stubbed out a torch.
3. The faint smell of mould and rot hangs in the air. Shortly thereafter, the party discover a pile of rotting wood and fabric mouldering away against a wall. (It looks like a tapestry fell over a piece of furniture).
4. The flagged floor is rough and uneven—some of the flagstones have shifted with the passing of the years.
5. A dry, rust-coloured stain on the floor and one wall show where someone lost a lot of blood long ago. It is doubtful the injured person could have survived such a terrible wound without magical aid.
6. Crumbling mortar has made the archway above this doorway dangerously unstable. Incautious movement through the opening could result in several stones falling (onto the unfortunate passing through).
7. The next door the PCs encounter is intact, but horribly swollen in place, making it difficult to open.
8. The pungent smell of mildew fills the area around an open and upturned chest. A thin whitish coating—minute fungi—covers the empty chest.
9. Dust-shrouded cobwebs hang thickly from the ceiling. Thin tendrils of the web—long enough to caress the PCs' shoulders—waft gently in the breeze.
10. Indistinct marks in the dust hint at the presence of small scuttling creatures—perhaps rats or monstrously large centipedes—in the vicinity.



11. The mouldering bones of a large piece of wooden furniture lie overturned in the dust. Its panels are smashed; much of the whole is missing. Shortly afterwards, the PCs discover the burnt-out remains of a campfire below a soot-blackened ceiling.
12. The pungent smell of rot presages the discovery of several sacks of rotting grain and other foodstuffs. Near the spoiled food, the stench is particularly intense.
13. A small wall niche holds the partially burnt remains of several candles. A dusty flint and steel also fill the niche.
14. Shards of broken pottery cover the floor. In a corridor, the shards cover the floor from wall to wall. In a room, they ward a doorway. (The PCs could theorise the shards were placed this way to serve as makeshift caltrops).
15. The remains of an ineffectively set tripwire stretch across the next doorway the PCs discover. The wire wraps around a small peg on one side of the door and is attached to a precariously balanced metal shield on the other.
16. Faded, yellowing whitewash peels from the walls in this locale.
17. While the tapestry decorating this wall is long gone, the thick, long rusting hooks which once held it in place are still evident high up near the ceiling.
18. A pile of old, dry dung sits incongruously on the floor in this area. Rangers, druids and the like can tell the muck came from a large animal.
19. A spidery network of cracks run through the walls of this place' none are structurally significant.
20. The next door the PCs discover is intact and locked. Luckily, the door's key is in the lock. Unluckily, the key and lock have rusted together. The door is also slightly swollen and thus challenging to open.

MINOR EVENTS

Use the minor events detailed below, to add tension and atmosphere to the party's explorations:

1. A faint scuffling sound reaches the PCs' ears. It could be the sound of someone moving stealthily or something sliding down a wall. The sound comes from a random direction.
2. Cold water drips from the ceiling onto a PC's head.
3. The clang of metal on stone echoes through the ruins. Whatever caused the clang, it must have hit its target hard. There is no second clang.
4. A faint thud—perhaps a body falling or someone dropping a full sack—reaches the ears of perceptive PCs.
5. The sudden cawing of birds comes from outside. PCs wise in the ways of nature can tell something has scared or alarmed the birds.
6. Dust and mortar sift down from the ceiling. Perceptive PCs hear a faint grinding from within the stones. (This is just the old stones of the castle shifting, but could cause some alarm among paranoid PCs).

DISCARDED GEAR

Many random pieces of discarded gear and other items lie about ruined castles. Undoubtedly, the castle's resident lost some of the items while the castle's current denizens discarded others. Additional objects may be the leavings of previous explorations.

The objects below can appear virtually anywhere in a ruined castle. Modify the description to suit the locale in which they are found. Discard inappropriate results.

Use the table below, to add such minor pieces of dressing to the PCs' exploration:

1. A broken crossbow bolt lies on the floor below a small mark in the wall.
2. A burnt-down torch stub.
3. An old bandage caked in dust and dried blood.
4. A small pile of haphazardly dumped wood.
5. A ripped, brown cloak and a few other odds and ends of clothing. The trousers look singed.
6. One worn leather boot sized for a human or similar individual.
7. The long shard of a broken bottle.
8. A splintered club.
9. A badly dented helmet.
10. A torn sack.
11. A black button lies hidden in the dust. The button is of obsidian and worth 2 gp.
12. The splintered remains of a lute hang from a small protrusion jutting from the wall.
13. Blackened, mouldy bread fills a torn and ripped wicker basket.
14. A dagger hilt. (The weapon's blade is missing).
15. A pile of leaves and twigs pushed together into what could be a rudimentary bed.
16. One two-inch-long fang. (The tusk could come from an orc, wolf or similar creature).
17. A broken mirror.
18. A moulding bag containing a dozen inch-long nails and a carpenter's hammer.
19. A large looped keyring holding a half-dozen rusty cast iron keys.
20. A sundered 10-foot-long pole broken into two sections—one is three-foot-long, the other seven-foot.



4: UNDER THE RUINED CASTLE

Ruined castles almost always have dungeons, burial vaults and cellars. Such locales are the favourite haunts of undead, necromancers and other foul things trying to hide from the sun's harsh radiance. Heroes often explore such places, in search of gold and glory.

Use the table below, to add minor points of interest to the PCs' exploration:

1. Water oozes through the wall—from the cracks between the faced stone blocks—to collect in a small pool on the floor. The air is musty.
2. Dusty cobwebs festoon the ceiling, obscuring it from sight. In places, they hang from the ceiling and drift gently in the breeze.
3. The sound of water dripping into some far off pool or puddle reaches the party's ears.
4. The skeletal remains of a warrior lie sprawled across the flagstones. A spear rammed through the unfortunate's ribcage pins the remains to the floor. One skeletal hand still clutches the spear's shaft as if he tried to pull the spear free before succumbing to his wounds.
5. A rotting wooden door hangs from its upper hinge at a crazed angle. Soft shards of damp, rotten wood and the remains of the door's missing hinge lie on the floor nearby.
6. Splatters of bat guano dot the floor.
7. A patch of white and dull brown fungi grow in a damp corner amid the bones of some previous unlucky explorer or denizen. Water oozes down the wall, behind the remains.
8. Deep cracks mar the ceilings. A faint, damp breeze emerges from the cracks hinting at a connection to another, unknown space. After lengthy periods of rain, water drips from the cracks.
9. A pungent brown mould covers the floor. Indistinct marks amongst the noisome growth suggest someone has recently walked through the area.
10. A few small blobs of wax on the floor against one wall could—perhaps—betray the presence of a secret door (if the PCs spot them).
11. A faint smell—akin to that of a wet dog—lingers in the air.
12. Shallow, muddy puddles partially cover the floor. Anyone walking through the puddles leaves easy-to-follow tracks for a score—or so—feet.
13. The next door the PCs discover is pinned shut by an iron spike hammered into the floor. The iron spike is not rusted, suggesting it has not been here very long.
14. A small pyramid of carefully selected and piled stones decorates one corner. Clearly "harvested" from the ruins above the stones are carefully slotted together. Chips of stone and masonry dust cover the ground nearby.
15. The air is hazy, and the smell of burning wood yet lingers.
16. A faint outline in the floor suggests the presence of an as-yet unsprung pit trap.

17. A bent torch sconce—forged to represent an ornate basket—hangs at an odd angle from the wall. From the looks of it, something gave the sconce a terrific whack which almost knocked it loose.
18. A scrap of burnt parchment rests on the floor. A spellcaster can determine it likely once held a magic spell and was consumed by flames when its magic was called forth.
19. In this section, the ceiling is unusually low—explorers taller than a dwarf must crouch before moving through the area.
20. The crude chalk figure of a kneeling woman, hands clasped in prayer, decorates one wall. The picture is practically life-sized but poorly done. If the area is wet, water has oozed down the wall giving the figure a blurred, streaky appearance.

MINOR EVENTS

Use the minor events detailed below, to add tension and atmosphere to the party's explorations:

1. Cold water drips from the ceiling onto the party's heads.
2. A slight breeze blows through the dungeon toward the way the PCs entered. PCs wise in the ways of dungeoneering may realise this movement hints at another as yet undiscovered entrance.
3. The dull crack and thud of stones falling reverberate through the ceiling. (Several large chunks of masonry have fallen in the ruins, above).
4. The skittering sounds of many tiny feet moving somewhere unseen in the darkness reaches the party.
5. The clang of something metal hitting stone reaches the party's ears.
6. A faint breeze heralds the arrival of a fetid smell redolent with death and decay. The stench is nearly overpowering and lingers in the PCs' clothes until they wash them.

LOST TRINKETS & TREASURES

Sometimes, the PCs find minor treasures during their exploration. Use the table below, to determine what the PCs find. (The GM should determine the value of each item based on campaign norms).

1. A silver belt buckle forged to look like a gaping dragon's mouth attached to a mouldy leather belt.
2. A mouldy pouch holding a handful of silver and gold coins struck in a distant, virtually mythical realm.
3. A bolt of sky-blue silk wrapped in oilskin that has miraculously escaped the mould and damp.
4. A leather necklace hung with a half-dozen silver and gold nature-themed charms.
5. A silver nib attached to a mouldering ink pen.
6. A gold ring displaying the signet of the family who once lived in the castle above.

TORTURE CHAMBERS

1: NOTABLE TORTURE CHAMBER FEATURES

Torture chambers are horrible places. Often dark and dank they can seem infused with the suffering and pain of those who have endured the torturer's attentions. Use this table, to generate a torture chamber's major features.

1. The chamber is dark; only the flickering illumination provided by several candles and a smouldering brazier provide any light.
2. The foul stench of blood, excrement, vomit and fear hang in the air like a veritable miasma.
3. Old, dirty straw and sawdust—to soak up blood and other liquid—cover the floor. The room stinks.
4. A short flight of stairs lead down into the chamber which has a double height ceiling. Several hooks hang from the ceiling; from one hangs a small cage barely large enough to hold a hunched man.
5. A large rack, easily ten-foot long dominates the centre of the chamber. All manner of unspeakable things stain its surface.
6. An iron maiden—cast in the likeness of a beautiful, smiling woman—stands on a small, bloodstained pedestal.
7. Deep recesses—complete with manacles driven into the stone—pierce the wall. Each recess has a good view of the chamber; here are chained those who's torture begins with watching their fellows suffer.
8. Rats dwell in a network of small fissures piercing the walls. They have learnt to venture forth once the screaming has stopped to feast on the victims' leavings.
9. A deep, rat-infested oubliette pierces the chamber's floor; a wooden ladder lies nearby.
10. Much of the floor comprises iron bars which separate the chamber from the dank cells below. Skeletal remains in the cells glimmer in the flickering light and several prisoners may cower in the cells' farthest recesses.
11. An iron, vaguely man-shaped, cage hangs from the ceiling. Roll on Table 5 to determine who languishes within.
12. The bloody, broken and burnt body of a naked man lies against one wall. The man is dead and has obviously been extensively tortured. Examination reveals one of his eyes has been burnt out and that he has been gelded.

TORTURE CHAMBER DRESSINGS

Torture chambers are replete with horrors beyond the imaginations of most sane folk. Not all such features, though, are as large and domineering as an iron maiden or rack. Use this table, to generate minor points of note in a torture chamber:

1. The room's walls are slick with water oozing through cracks in the stone. It is cold in the torture chamber.
2. A pile of wood and sacks of coal—fuel for the chamber's fires—stand against one wall.
3. A bucket of dirty water and a filthy scrap of cloth stand next to one of the instruments of torture.
4. A small, filthy cage contains six half-starved, feral rats. Sometimes, the torturer feeds them "off cuts" from his victims.

5. Several gently swaying chains hang from the ceiling to a height about five-foot above the floor. Nearby, winches enable the chains to be raised and lowered.
6. Several candles provide dim pockets of illumination; each is placed to illuminate one of the chamber's devices.
7. A row of small hooks jut from the wall nearest the chamber's door; black hoods and dirty, scorched leather aprons hang from the hooks.
8. A pool of congealed blood lies near a notable instrument of torture. A half-hearted attempt has been made to dry up the pool with a small pile of sawdust dumped on the floor.
9. Chains hanging from the ceiling jangle softly in the grip of a slight breeze issuing from some unknown place.
10. Rank and rotting, bloodstained straw mixed with sawdust covers the floor around the chamber's notable torture devices.
11. A wooden bin standing against one wall holds a sodden, filthy mass of clothes torn from the torturers' last score of victims.
12. Deep shadows, pregnant with malice, cluster in the room's corners and recesses. It is as if all the suffering and pain wrought in this room yet lingers on after the victims themselves have died.
13. Dim light from several guttering torches provide flickering illumination in the chamber's recesses. A shuttered lantern hangs from the ceiling and emits a faint radiance over the room's notable instruments of torture.
14. The torturer's next victim is manacled to one wall. (Refer to "5: Prisoners" to determine who the PCs encounter here). Clearly in pain, the prisoner begs to be rescued. Badly injured, they'll need magical healing to be able to escape the dungeon (unless the PCs carry them).
15. A large book stands on a side table next to a quill and ink pot. Herein is written the information extracted from those put to the question. Most pages feature a scrawled, virtually illegible signature, at the bottom.
16. A cage hanging from the ceiling in one corner of the room holds a mass of broken, discoloured bones.
17. Bloody rags and a suspiciously red, partially congealed liquid, fill a rusting bucket standing by the chamber door.
18. Incongruously amid the gore and instruments of torture a platter of food stands atop a small table along with a flagon of wine and a pewter cup.
19. A smear of dried blood leads from a large instrument of torture across the floor to the room's door. (Or alternatively, the smear could lead toward a small cell in which sprawls the torturer's current victim.)
20. A long series of small scratches mar one wall. The scratches are a rough count of the victims put to the question in the chamber. If the PCs question the torturer he proudly reveals what the scratches represent and can even put a name to several of the more prominent marks.

2: NOTABLE INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE

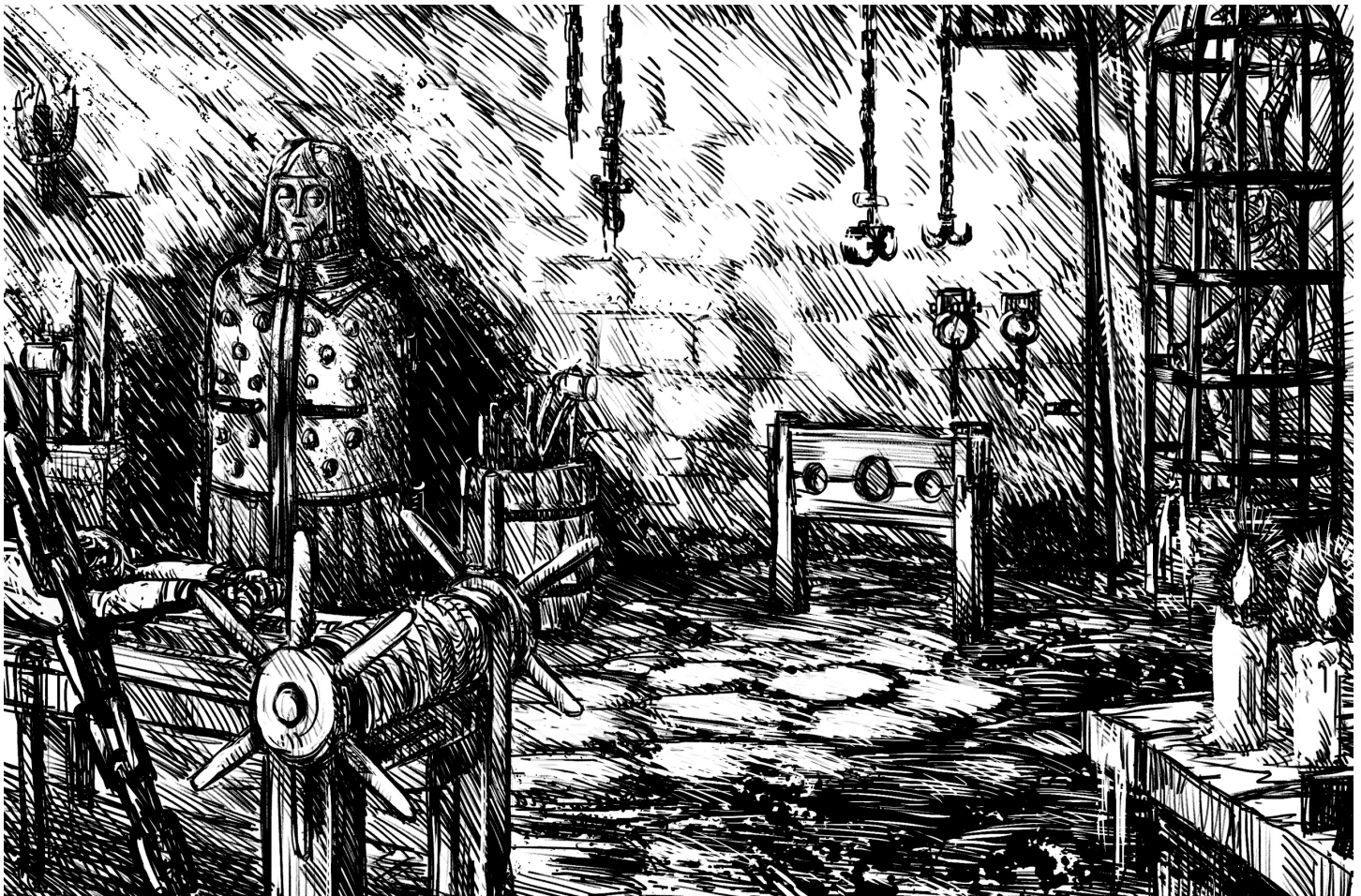
A torture chamber is nothing without the implements of pain that enable a torturer to do their job. Iron maidens, the rack and the wheel are all common sights in such a place. Use this table, to determine which major implements of torture the PCs discover in the torture chamber.

1. Oversized and cast to appear like a hideous devil or demon, this iron maiden is a favourite of the torturers. The spikes within are not long enough to pierce vital internal organs.
2. Squat, and obviously stoutly made, this long rack features a winch at one end and manacles to secure the prisoner. Dried vomit covers one end of the device.
3. A thick-bodied cast iron cauldron stands on a metal tripod over a smouldering fire pit. A horrible mix of water and tar bubbles away, within the cauldron.
4. Small, blood-stained sharp spikes cover the armrests and seat of this metal chair; locking manacles festoon the chair's armrests and legs.
5. An oversized and bloodstained cart wheel replete with sturdy straps hangs from an A-frame. A small fire pit below the wheel yet smoulders.
6. A large cauldron atop a metal frame stands over a fire pit stacked with oil-soaked wood and coal.

LESSER INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE

Not all instruments of torture are large, "impressive" pieces of equipment. Small items—cunningly crafted—can cause immense pain. Use this table, to generate such minor items of torture the PCs discover in the torture chamber:

1. Thumbscrews of brass and wood rest on a table among various knives and other tools of the torturer's trade.
2. A smouldering cast iron brazier holds several branding irons thrust deeply into the coals half-filling the brazier. Strips of dirty cloth are wrapped around each branding iron's handle.
3. Wisps of burnt, blackened flesh cling to a metal bucket's rim.
4. Thick-nosed pliers hang from a hook on one wall amid an array of knives and other tools of the trade.
5. A long carpenter's saw, dried blood and gore clinging to its jagged teeth, hangs from a wooden peg driven into a wall.
6. A blood-soaked cat o' nine tails hangs from the wall.
7. A set of curved knives of various sizes fills a soft leather pouch. Compared to the other implements of torture they are surprisingly clean.
8. The haft of a hand hammer protrudes from a bin of tools.



3: TORTURERS

Foul, odious folk well versed in inflicting pain—and ignoring their victim's increasingly desperate pleas for mercy—torturers are among the vilest, most hated folk.

Use the NPCs below, to populate the torture chambers in your campaign.

1: BAGGI

Fat and filthy this muscular orc woman wears a dirty, bloodstained shift. Her black eyes glitter with fell intent.

Baggi (NE female orc fighter 3) loves her job and delights in the screaming she elicits from her victims. She loves her victim's frenzied pleas for mercy even more.

Personality: Merciless and driven to odd levels of excitement by other people's pain and suffering, Baggi has no friends and rarely emerges from her dismal lair. Cunning—for a bloodthirsty orc—she is good at discovering her victim's deepest fears...and then fulfilling them.

Mannerisms: Baggi licks her lips and snorts with excitement while working on a victim. Sometimes, she licks fresh blood from her victim's quivering, pain-wracked flesh.

Hook: If accosted in her lair, Baggi uses a red-hot poker in battle. She has a small cache of treasure hidden in her chamber and offers it in exchange for her life, if a fight goes against her. She marks any enemies defeating her for later revenge and could become a reoccurring villain.

2: BARKAL

Covered in coarse brown fur this tall humanoid has milk-white glittering eyes and a look of feral glee on its face.

Barkal (CE female bugbear) lives to inflict pain on those in her sinister grasp. She favours near death by strangulation as well as the slow, methodical breaking of her subject's bones in her quest for knowledge, confession or punishment.

Personality: Feral, sadistic and enthusiastic to the point of mania in her role as torturer sometimes Barkal gets carried away and her victims die before they can confess. When this happens, Barkal eats well. She particularly enjoys snacking on a still-living prisoner's recently removed fingers, toes or ears—preferably, while they watch.

Mannerisms: Barkal licks her lips at the thought of an upcoming torture session. When she's actually torturing someone, drool runs down her chin and she emits unwholesome grunts and moans of excitement.

Hook: Barkal is particularly proud of her necklace of human ears; she rarely takes it off. If anything should happen to her beloved trinket, she flies into a berserk rage.

3: KUSTAA AMPUJA

Skinny, and wearing little more than a breechcloth, this black-haired man moves with economical grace.

Kustaa Ampuja (LE middle-aged male human thief 2) holds no particular grudge against those he must put to the question, but much prefers to be the one asking the questions than the one answering them. When he was younger, Kustaa was a notorious thief who fell foul of the law, after a particularly brutal murder. He was given a choice: death by boiling or serving as a torturer. He chose the latter.

Personality: Kustaa doesn't particularly enjoy his job, but believes in an interrogation well done. He leaves no stone unturned—or no finger unbroken—in his search for the truth.

Mannerisms: Kustaa is slowly slipping into madness; all the pain and suffering inflicted by his hand has slightly unhinged his sanity. Thus, he constantly mutters to himself (or perhaps to an invisible confidant).

Hook: Kustaa throws himself on the PCs' mercy if all seems lost and relates the whole sorry tale of how he became a torturer. He expects sympathy and mercy—after all, what choice did he have? It was either become a torturer or suffer a horrendous, drawn-out death.

4: OLAVI AIKIO

Wearing clean robes of startlingly fashionable cut this wiry old man carries a large, curved knife at his hip. Although he is clearly aged, his eyes shine with intelligence and his thews yet seem strong.

Olavi Aikio (N old male human fighter 4) prefers to not resort to the crude, traditional methods of torture much beloved by his more normal contemporaries. Although old, Olavi remains strong and his mind remains clear.

Olavi has seen much in his long life; when he grew too old to continue serving his lord as a soldier he volunteered to become a torturer; thus, he feels he is still useful and his life has purpose.

Personality: In Olavi's mind, if you end up in his "care", you've probably done something to deserve it. His charge's suffering is naught to him; he could care less one way or the other. However, he has a fanatical belief in the beauty and strength of the truth. Olavi brooks no lying in his presence, and would much prefer a civilised conversation over the blood, gore and endless screaming of a normal interrogation.

Mannerisms: Olavi smiles sadly and sighs deeply when he believes someone is lying to him. Prisoners get one chance to change their story before Olavi resorts to more "traditional" methods of questioning.

Hook: Olavi is well aware of how adventurers intruding in his lair will likely feel about torturers. While he is prepared to sell his life dearly, any prisoners present may speak up in his defence—probably surprising the PCs.

4: MAJOR PRISON CELL FEATURES

Prison cells—chambers of misery, despair and pain—are rarely featureless chambers with no interesting features.

Use the table below, to add features of interest to the prison cells in your campaign:

1. The cell is sunken below the level of the corridor outside. A flight of narrow steps leads down into the cell. In places, water oozes through cracks in the walls low down near the floor.
2. Sets of manacles high up on one wall lead to short lengths of rusting chains set deep into the stone. The manacles are set at such a height as to keep a prisoner's arms above their head.
3. Deliberately designed with a low ceiling, humans and the like cannot stand upright in this cell.
4. A length of chain hangs from the ceiling; driven into the ceiling with a gigantic iron spike it reaches down to about seven-foot above the floor. Bloody manacles hang from the chain.
5. As #4, but several chains hang from the ceiling—one in each corner of the cell.
6. A small drain barely two-foot square pierces the floor in the lowest part of this dank cell. A rusty iron grate blocks the hole; perceptive PCs notice the mortar holding the grate in place is crumbling away in places.
7. A skeleton lies against a wall amid rotting straw and mouldering clothes. The skeleton is of a human male, and perceptive PCs notice the man is missing a leg bone. Searching the straw reveals the sharpened bone has been transformed into a crude, but sharp, dagger.
8. This cell is partially underwater; a pool of dirty, muddy water covers most of the floor—only a small raised area by the door remains dry.

PRISON CELL DRESSING

Prison cells are rarely featureless chambers.

Use the table below, to add minor pieces of dressing to the prison cells in your campaign:

1. Mouldering straw covers the floor of this cell; the smell of rot mixes with that of urine, excrement and fear.
2. Marks on the back of the cell door show where a previous occupant has scratched pitifully at the wood.
3. A splatter of dried blood decorates one wall.
4. Graffiti—cursing the lord of the dungeon—hidden under a pile of mouldering straw decorates one section of floor. A sharpened bone lies among the straw.
5. A bucket, reeking of excrement and urine, stands in one corner of the cell. The cell stinks.
6. Perceptive PCs notice a loose brick or chunk of stone in one wall; removing the stone reveals a small secret niche in which someone has hidden a gold ring. Dust and grime covers the ring, suggesting it has lain here for many years.
7. The name "Johann" is daubed in dried blood on one wall.
8. A small crack in one wall intersects with the next room, enabling the cell's occupants to hear what is going on there, and perhaps communicate with the other room's inhabitants.
9. Small holes in one wall against the floor lead to a rats' nest; their excrement dots the floor in front of the entrances.
10. Dirty straw covers the floor; perceptive PCs discover several gnawed rat corpses hidden within.



5: PRISONERS

A prison cell without any prisoners is far less interesting than a prison cell with prisoners. Prisoners add depth and colour to play, could turn out to be allies (or enemies) of the PCs and can relate rumours or offer rewards for their safe return to civilisation.

Use the NPCs below, to add depth and verisimilitude to any prison cell the PCs discover.

1: ANTERO KULTAMIES

Clad in ripped and torn leather armour, this man has been savagely beaten—his face is a mass of bruises and cuts.

Antero Kultamies (CG male human ranger 2) made the fatal mistake of getting too close to who he was employed to spy upon. Caught and beaten he languishes here until he reveals his employer's name. Thus far, Antero has resisted the preliminaries, but gloom fills his heart for he fears no rescuers are coming for him—the PCs' arrival gives him fresh hope and energy.

Personality: Taciturn and brave Antero has managed to remain quiet. However, the pain of his various injuries is fast becoming too much for him to bear. He knows he will soon break and believes his death will soon follow. Like a cornered wild thing, he waits his chance to attempt a final break for freedom or to die fighting his captors.

Mannerisms: Antero involuntarily flexes his muscles and clenches his hands into fists when frightened, angry or stressed.

Hook: Antero prefers a quick death to the long drawn-out misery of further torture. In combat, he is frenzied and without fear—particularly if the torturer is within his grasp.

2: NAK

Wearing dirty, soiled clothes this small goblinoid creature sits huddled in a corner sobbing to itself.

Nak (NE female goblin) lusted after the dungeon's shiny treasures and couldn't stop herself filching several when the opportunity arose. Caught redhanded, she expects no mercy from the torturer who suspects she was not working alone.

Nak only speaks Goblin.

Personality: Nak is terrified; she's heard horrible tales about what happens in the torture chamber and will do anything to avoid her fate. She is, however, stupid and little more than a feral scavenger. She's not clever enough to escape on her own.

Mannerisms: Sobbing uncontrollably, Nak's speech is virtually unintelligible. If she can be coaxed into conversation she uses only short, simple words.

Hook: Nak will say or do anything to escape back to her fellows (who will be in trouble because they have not tried to rescue her). She is impulsive and makes a break for freedom at the first opportunity—even if it's a terrible opportunity.

3: PIETI MEURAKAS

Tall and muscular, this obvious warrior wears shredded and torn clothes. Small burn marks mar his forearms and a horrible mass of burnt skin covers the left-hand side of this neck.

Pieti Meurakas (CE male human fighter 1) served as a guard in the dungeon until he fell asleep while on guard. It so happened his lapse of concentration coincided with a theft, and suspicion has fallen on Pieti as an accomplice to the thieves in question. Pieti knows his fate if he confesses and he's resolved to hold out as long as possible.

Personality: Lazy and self-serving, Pieti nevertheless has great potential as a warrior—if he could find a cause he believes in sufficiently. Pieti believes he is destined for greatness and his current low station is only temporary.

Mannerisms: Pieti picks his nose, when he doesn't think anyone is watching.

Hook: Pieti isn't an idiot; he suspects the truth will not ingratiate him with potential rescuers. Rather, he lies to the PCs telling them he is the only survivor of a mercenary caravan, but perceptive PCs may notice certain inconsistencies in this story. If escorted from the dungeon, he loots as much equipment and treasure as possible before fleeing.

4: RASAL TURLE

Dirt and bruises cover this gnome's once cheery face. She wears ripped clothing and a torn, grey-hued cloak pulled tight around her slight form. Her hair is a startlingly deep blue in colour.

Rasal Turle (CG female gnome illusionist 4) believes she is the only survivor of an adventuring party that dared this dungeon a week before the PCs began their forays. The Company of the Cloaked Creepers were a six-strong group plagued by poor planning and impetuous decision making; their luck finally ran out.

Personality: Devastated at her friends' deaths, Rasal remains unbowed and unbroken. She plots her revenge against the dungeon's denizens and has recently discovered she has a great capacity for hatred and revenge. This worries her—the depth and strength of such negative emotions is new to her.

Mannerisms: Dried blood clogs Rasal's broken nose. She is having difficulty breathing and every now and then blows her nose hard to try and dislodge the various clots and blockages within. (Her noses needs to be reset, but Rasal is scared of the pain such a treatment would inevitably inflict).

Hook: Rasal wants to retrieve her friends' remains and to give them a decent burial far away from this evil place. She is clearly incapable of doing this without help (even assuming the remains in question can be located). She is also desperate to retrieve her spellbook, and begs for the party's help in this also.

TRAVELLERS' INN

1: FELLOW TRAVELLERS

The PCs will likely not be the only travellers resting at the inn. All manner of folk—both fair and foul—could be relaxing or seeking shelter within. Such fellow travellers provide the GM with opportunities for world building, foreshadowing and even plot hook dangling. Use the table below, to determine which notable travellers the PCs encounter at the inn:

1. **Raereen Azariarn** (CG female half-elf ranger 3) wears a wide-brimmed, feathered hat and a thick, mud-stained traveller's cloak. By the state of her clothes and gear, she has been on the road for days (or even weeks). Raereen is a private person who does not seek out company. She is polite, but distant to strangers and is meeting a friend here at the inn in a few days. Several elven tattoos decorate her face; knowledgeable PCs know the symbols signify revenge and fire.
2. **Pekko Laso** (NE middle-aged male human thief 4) is travelling with his nephew, Reko (CN male human thief 2), to a new home in a nearby town or city. The two fled their home several weeks ago after they robbed the wrong person—a person with connections to the underworld. Pekko is potbellied and prematurely greying while his nephew is



essentially a younger, fitter—and slimmer—version of his uncle. Both wear good quality travelling clothes. A perceptive PC may notice they never let a stuffed backpack out of their sight. Both carry stout walking staves and have concealed several daggers about their persons.

3. **Samppa Ora** (LE male human magic-user 5) is trying to remain unnoticed and unremarked upon. He has eschewed his usual dark robes for fine traveller's clothes, but the faint smell of spell components—identifiable by other spellcasters—yet hangs in the air about his person. With short blond hair and pale blue eyes Samppa appears exotic to the ordinary inn folk. He is pretending to be a merchant in search of new business opportunities and has hired a couple of servants (who are unaware of his true identity) to complete the charade. (Samppa's purpose is to find the burial mound of an ancient king said to lie nearby; he has uncovered research suggesting certain powerful items lie within). PCs investigating Samppa's gear might be surprised at how much arcane and exploring equipment the merchant needs.
4. **Unto Susi** (CN middle-aged male human) is a wandering pedlar intent on reaching the next town or city. Uncomfortable travelling alone, he latches onto the PCs and asks to accompany them. Unto offers to help with making camp, cooking and so on as well as mending broken equipment and suchlike. He's not above trying to sell the PCs some of his stock as well—most nights around the campfire turn into an "impromptu" sales pitch. With a greying droopy moustache and sad, doleful eyes, Unto is adept at making others feel sorry for him.
5. **Soini Torio** (LN male human fighter 3) is a wandering mercenary looking for his next job. Equipped with fine scale mail, shield and a warhorse as well as several weapons Soini is a cut above the average wandering sellsword. His hard, flinty eyes have seen many horrible sights, and he'll quick size up the PCs. He may travel with them for a while, if they are going in the same direction.
6. **Etune Highhill** (CG female halfling) is travelling to visit some distant relatives. Her sister—Roylla—has been staying with the relatives for almost a year and recently her letters have stopped reaching Etune (who is understandably worried at this development). Above all else, Etune is looking for reassurance, and perhaps travelling companions. She's never been far from home before and has only just realised how big the world is and how far she has to go. Friendly, but distracted by her worries, Etune has little to offer the PCs if they help her. She travels with her beloved mule—Surnak—who toils along on the road under a considerable amount of travelling gear.

2: LOCALS & STAFF

Few travellers' inns stand alone in the middle of nowhere. Typically, folk dwell in the surrounds, and many of them will visit, or work at, the inn.

Use the table below, to insert interesting locals and staff into the PCs' stay. (Keep in mind none of the regulars below has a listed trade—this is intentional so that the GM can customise the NPCs to the inn's location).

1. **Heikki Kare** (LN old male human) is grey-haired, stocky and lame. He totters about the inn with his stick, occasionally whacking—good-naturedly—at people in his way. Heikki is an excellent source of local legends, history and lore. He is, however, lonely and loves to chat with travellers. Sadly, this means the adventurers could be in for a long night.
2. **Liisa Jurva** (NG middle-aged female human) loves to read, although she doesn't have access to many books. Whenever she has a spare moment, she finds a quiet corner of the taproom and plonks herself down with a book. She gravitates to any newcomers also reading, and begs to take a look at their books. Liisa's hair is going slightly grey, and she looks tired and a little haggard. She does not take well to comments on the subject.
3. **Juhani Ilma** (N male human) is ever-cheery and loves working at the inn. He is fascinated by distant—particularly non-human—cultures and takes extra care when serving non-humans. He often besieges such customers with questions about their home, traditions, culture and so on. This lanky, brown-haired, blue-eyed youth has no intention of actually going to any of the places he hears about; his family need him here. When not at the inn, he works to support his family in another local business.
4. **Mateli Kulda** (CN old female human) has been a fixture at the inn for decades. Now wizened and near-broken from a life of hard labour she spends most of her time telling everyone else what to do. Even though she has a sharp tongue, many locals love her and would not take kindly to visitors being rude to their unofficial matriarch. With her stooped frame, wispy grey hair and startlingly blue eyes she cuts a distinctive figure as she shuffles about the inn.
5. **Kaarle Mieli** (CN middle-aged male human) is corpulent, unfit and a borderline alcoholic. A popular figure he is in failing health and often ill. When he works, he is always hustling for free drinks and can become a traveller's best friend in the blink of an eye.
6. **Solalith Natityrr** (NG middle-aged male half-elf) is gregarious and amiable, but chronically disorganised. Pot-bellied and short-haired, Solalith is usually encountered wearing work-stained clothes of ill cut. Despite his appearance, Solalith is comparatively wealthy compared to other locals. He works hard and is not afraid of getting his hands dirty. His wife—Rideth—is the organisation brains of the family; he would be lost without her.
7. **Sohvi Raita** (CN young female human) is the daughter of one of the local families and loves working at the inn. With a shock of long, flame-red hair Sohvi is easily visible among the crowd. Sadly, she is a little forgetful and easily distracted. Her customers often go longer than others without their food or drinks. For all that, though, the rest of the staff love her; always positive and smiling Sohvi brightens all but the most miserable crowd. She is learning to sing—she harbours dreams of one day singing for the local ruler—and is easily cajoled into performing. (As a fledgeling entertainer, she knows many local legends, which may prove useful to the party).
8. **Kilbir Ovlag** (N male dwarf fighter 2) serves as the inn's bouncer. He enjoys his job and has little patience for those daring to endanger the customers or staff. Kilbir is generally in the inn during the evening—when trouble is most likely to occur. Once an adventurer, Kilbir lost his love of the life after most of his friends died in a disastrous dungeon delve. His black eyes fill with tears when he remembers his slain friends, and he is melancholy even for a dwarf. Kilbir keeps his hair cropped short, but his beard is an unruly mess.



3: TAPROOM DRESSING

Taprooms are not dull, bland places devoid of interesting features. Sometimes, the inn keep decorates the room with rare, esoteric or just downright odd items while other times prior events leave their mark on the area.

Use the table below, to add depth and flavour to the inn's taproom:

1. A ragged banner hangs from a beam running all the way across the taproom. Heavily smoke-stained and dusty the banner has been in situ for many years. It depicts the battle flag of a nearby kingdom or barony. (Perhaps one of the staff—or the owner—once served in that kingdom's army).
2. The ceiling is unusually low—too low for hanging lanterns. Thus, at night, light comes from candles on the tables and the taproom's fire. During the day and early evening, the room's windows are thrown wide open to admit light.
3. The tables and chairs are a hodgepodge of styles and finishes. Many show signs of repeated repairs. A polite customer would call the collection eclectic. A snob might call it dilapidated.
4. Smoke stains the brickwork around the taproom's chimney. Firewood fills a nearby nook in the wall, and a long, black wrought iron poker hangs over the fire.
5. Dusty shelves—filled with all manner of curiosities—line one wall. Several discarded tankards and an empty wineskin lie in the shelves' shadowy reaches.
6. The shards of a broken pewter tankard lie under a chair. The surrounding floorboards yet have a faint beer stain.
7. The names of several customers are carved into the PCs' table top. The carvings while deep are old; they are worn and stained with the slop from uncountable mugs of beer.
8. Beams run across the ceiling. Nails affix various squashed, dented or otherwise unusable pewter tankards to the rafters, as decoration. Dust and cobwebs fill most of the tankards; but one or more of the tankards could be an unusual hiding place for some forgotten treasure or trinket.
9. The taproom has several tables and chairs sized for halflings, gnomes and the like. The furniture is not always laid out, but if such a diminutive customer appears the staff rush to bring them out. Sometimes, they use the furniture for the children of their normal-sized customers.
10. Heavy duty shelves run along the wall behind the bar. Barrels of ale rest on the rack, and it is from these the staff dispense drinks. Expensive drinks—wine, hard spirits and on—fill a locked cabinet.
11. A beautifully carved and stained wooden sign emblazoned with the inn's name hangs behind the bar. The sign is the-keeps pride and joy; if anyone damages it, they are the target of his—and his regulars'—ire.
12. The taproom's wooden tables and benches are unusually heavy. Sometimes, the tables are pushed together to form an impromptu stage for visiting bards, performing troupes and the like.
13. Various stuffed animals—foxes, rabbits, stoats and so on—gaze down at the taproom from shelves along the walls. Many of the stuffed animals are dusty and threadbare suggesting they have been here for a long time. One wolf's head, though, appears freshly stuffed; late in the evening, its eyes seem to shine unnaturally; some PCs may also experience the sensation of being watched.
14. A threadbare, singed rug of indeterminate colour covers the floor in front of the taproom's fireplace. Here, three dogs—the innkeeper's beloved pets—sprawl. They eagerly accept any leftover food or drink. Some nights, the dogs get positively tipsy.
15. Barrel lids nailed to the wall behind the bar record all the different kinds of ale served (past and present) at the inn. Most have maker's marks burnt into the wood; a few are nothing more than plain lids with names of the ale written in chalk.
16. The taproom features an ornately carved fireplace. A breathtaking work of art, the old stonework depicts coiled and writhing dragons; the level of craftsmanship is entirely out of place for the locale. The fireplace and the chimney are all that remains of a much older building that once stood on the site; the current inn was built in and on the ruins. (Ancient—and perhaps some unknown—cellars lurk deep beneath the inn).
17. A line of small round tables along one wall comprises nothing more than upturned barrels repurposed for the job. All have much staining from the leavings of decades of drinking; several have inventive graffiti, along with the names of countless travellers, carved into their sides.
18. Many bags and sacks hang from rafters via short lengths of rope. Within, the inn-keep stores all manner of things; customers may also hang their possessions here to keep them safe. For a fee, the inn-keep stores items thusly while customers are away doing other things. He also runs a service whereby patrons can leave bags and suchlike for friends or customers to pick up at a later date.
19. A suit of scale mail on an armour stand dominates a raised plinth in one corner behind the bar. A slender spear leans against the armour; the spear's tip is yet sharp. The gear belonged to a customer who could not pay his bill—the items were his payment. They are for sale.
20. Several tapestries hang from the taproom's walls. All are old, faded and stained with smoke. One depicts a woodland scene while another is merely a series of concentric rings. The final tapestry shows a floundering ship under sail in a heavy sea.

4: SIGHTS, SOUNDS & EVENTS

Few nights in a travellers' inn are boring and wholly without intriguing—or at least slightly interesting—events. Visiting bards may sing songs and customers might argue, gamble or even brawl. And—of course—where there are travellers there are thieves lurking ready to separate a tired, distracted or drunk patron from his purse.

Use the table below, to add depth and flavour to the PCs' visit to the inn:

1. Laughter erupts at a nearby table as four men play a simple dice game of Dragon and the Thief. One of the men is enduring terrible luck, and his fellows are delighting in his discomfort.
2. A server wends around the tables collecting used plates and tankards. As he passes one table, he stumbles and trips over a chair leg; his tray falls to the ground with a loud crash. After a moment of silence, many of the locals break into spontaneous, good-natured clapping and cheering.
3. The door bangs open, and everyone turns to stare at the newcomers. Two travellers (see 1: Fellow Travellers) barge their way loudly into the taproom, dump their bags on the floor and shout for the inn-keep.
4. Two drinkers are engaged in a loud discussion about the weather or some other mundane and tremendously dull subject. Neither is listening to the other one, and both are getting increasingly frustrated with the other. A dog—a stray or someone's beloved pet—sneaks under their table and start licking up a pool of spilt ale.
5. Sparks fly from the fire warming the taproom as one of the large logs burning therein falls apart. Part of the burning log rolls out of the fire onto the hearth. A server rushes to return the wood to the fire.
6. A customer sits in one corner trying to entice other patrons into a "friendly" game of chance. He has no luck for a half-hour or so until a couple of fellow customers sit down to play. It quickly transpires he is very well acquainted with the game and is a consummate gambler.
7. Three children—bored into mischief by being forced to sit quietly while their parents drink and chat—begin to misbehave; this culminates in the children breaking into an impromptu game of tag in the taproom—with predictably disastrous consequences for the PCs' drinks.
8. One of the barrels of ale behind the bar runs dry—service is interrupted while the bar-keep and a server manhandle it away and bring up a replacement. Some of the inn's customers are less than patient.
9. A hunter enters the taproom carrying bloody bags filled with meat from his recent kill. He gestures to the inn-keep and the two repair to the end of the bar to haggle.
10. A drunk customer bangs his tankard on the table and calls loudly for more ale. When served, he tries to weasel out of paying—and gets angry when he has to cough up the coin for his drink.

11. Two drinkers are engrossed in conversation; they hoist drink after drink and are soon slurring at each other. As they descend into drunkenness, a young boy sneaks over and steals one of their half-finished drinks by swapping it with an empty flagon; neither man notices.

12. Two travellers (see 1: Fellow Travellers) sit hunched over their table intently studying a map of the surrounding area—they are plotting their route and are happy to discuss their plan with other travellers as they are new here and want advice on the best way to go.

BRAWL TRIGGERS

Sometimes, a brawl breaks out. Brawl triggers can include:

1. A traveller insults the inn; the locals are offended.
2. A traveller makes a drunken, lecherous pass at a local's wife or husband.
3. Someone knocks over someone else's drink and refuses to replace it.
4. Someone is caught cheating at cards or dice.
5. A local scallywag is caught failing to pick a pocket.
6. A long-standing feud between locals gets out of hand.



5: BEDCHAMBER DRESSING

When wandering adventurers stay at a travellers' inn, they'll likely hire their own bedchambers—not for them is sleeping in a draughty and noisy taproom. Bedchambers are—usually—boring places with no redeeming features. However, a cunning GM can use even the PCs' rooms as sources of depth, flavour and verisimilitude. They can also hold hooks leading to minor side adventures.

Use the table below, to add depth and flavour to the PCs' bedchambers:

1. A small mound of haphazardly folded blankets of various colours and sizes sits in the corner atop a small clothes chest. The blankets are musty but warm.
2. The bed wobbles; one of the end legs is shorter than its fellows and is propped up on a small lump of wood. Vigorous movement in bed displaces the piece of wood.
3. The widely-spaced floorboards in this room let a faint breeze come up through the floor; when the taproom is busy, the sounds of revelry are clearly audible.
4. The candles holders affixed to the wall are surprisingly ornate of a travellers' inn. Of brass they depict rearing serpent heads. The serpents have their mouths opened wide as if about to strike.
5. A clay jug filled with water and two clay mugs stand on a small side table by the window. The water is clean but tepid. The clay mugs are clean but comically undersized for adult hands.
6. One of the room's shutters is loose on its hinges. If there is any wind at all, it bangs against the window frame. Only the heaviest of sleepers get a decent night's slumber in this room—spellcasters may even fail to get enough rest to prepare their spells the next morning.
7. A threadbare rug covers some of the floor by the bed. PCs pulling up the rug discover an old, yellowed piece of parchment stuck to the back. Hidden long ago (and forgotten) it shows the location of a buried treasure nearby. (Of course, the cache may have already been found or could now lie unknown under someone else's property).
8. The bedchamber's walls are whitewashed, and a local artist has decorated one wall with a view of a prominent local landmark. (At the GM's discretion, the painting could even provide a hook or clue to an upcoming adventure such as a hidden, tree-shrouded ruin and so on).
9. The sigil of a dark, evil god—along with a short prayer calling his attention to whoever sleeps in the room—is carved into the back of the bed's headboard. Perhaps the innkeeper (or one of the staff) is part of an evil cult, or a cult member recently stayed at the inn.
10. A perceptive PC notices a floorboard beneath the bed is loose. It conceals a dusty, but sadly empty, storage niche.
11. A small vase of wilting wildflowers stands in the centre of the room's window sill.

12. The chamber has two pegs on the back of its door. One is loose, and falls off during the night—likely waking the chamber's occupant who might assume some kind of sinister doing is in progress.

THINGS LEFT BY THE PREVIOUS GUEST

Sometimes guests leave suddenly and do not take all their belongs. Others are merely forgetful. Use the table below, to determine what the PC may find:

1. A traveller's pouch lies discarded under the bed. Left here months ago, it is dusty but still contains flint and steel, some char cloth and a length of twine wrapped around two small carved wooden pegs.
2. An off-white shirt—carefully laid out to de-crease it—lies under the bed's mattress. A perceptive PC notices the shirt's cuff sticking out from under the mattress.
3. A tiny, worn statuette depicting an octopus crossed with a dragon is hidden in one of the bed's pillows. Obviously old, the statue is a disturbing, blasphemous thing best immediately destroyed. (The individual who left the figurine has realised his error and returns to the inn a few days after the PCs move on; ascertaining who stayed in the room he begins to track the party down).
4. The previous guest was paranoid and slept with a dagger under his pillow. It slipped down between the mattress and the headboard during the night. The dagger's scabbard is of supple leather stained a deep brown and has loops to secure it to a belt.
5. A short traveller's cloak sized for a halfling, or a human child hangs from the back of the bedchamber's door. The cloak is worn, but good quality. It has several inside pockets at the waist. Inside one is a scrap of paper with the message, "Help me. They are taking me to (insert name of a nearby town), Jarko."
6. The chamber's bin—a carved and hollowed out length of tree trunk—has not been emptied. PCs searching through the rubbish discover a shredded, bloody sock, some food wrappers and a crumpled piece of parchment. Sadly, the parchment has suffered water damage and is bloodstained; it is illegible.
7. A previous guest did not get on with the inn-keep and left a message crudely carved into the back of the door questioning the landlord's ancestry and morals. The landlord is unaware of the carving and becomes angry if it is mentioned.
8. The pungent odour of urine and sweat fills this bedchamber. Leaving the door and window open dissipates the smell, but—bizarrely—it returns later. (Investigations—or an unpleasant nighttime discovery—reveal the bed's mattress is suspiciously sodden.)

WHITE DRAGON'S LAIR

1: WHITE DRAGON LAIR FEATURES

A white dragon's lair is rarely nothing more than an ice cave stuffed full of treasure. White dragons are wily, cunning and in-tune with the surrounding environment. Their lairs reflect their intrinsic connection with the surrounding ice and snow.

Use the table below, to add major features of interest to the white dragon's lair. Such features are both flavoursome and things for the PCs to interact with as they explore the lair.

1. A dense field of ice stalactites hang from the ceiling like the shining fangs of some gigantic creature. Some are so immense they almost reach the floor and can provide limited cover from attacks. Weird, ever-shifting shadows, created by the party's lights, cluster thickly among the stalactites.
2. The floor is of dense, hard-packed ice covered with a light dusting of snow. Consequently, the ground is incredibly slippery. Unwary explorers could slip and fall.
3. As #3 above, except the floor slopes steeply down to another area—or perhaps even a precipitous drop into a crevasse. PCs slipping and falling slide into this other area with potentially fatal consequences.
4. The floor is nothing more than an ice bridge of varying thickness stretching over a chasm. Some sections are thick and easily support a PC's weight. Other areas—by accident or design of the dragon—are thinner and may collapse when walked upon. PCs falling through the ice end up in the area below, likely taking falling damage and becoming trapped.
5. The shattered remnants of several large stalactites litter the ground, creating areas of rubble difficult to pass through. Other large stalactites hang from the ceiling. Perceptive PCs notice cracks running through several of the stalactites. They are unstable, and if subjected to loud noises or fire magic collapse into the chamber below.
6. A large part of the ceiling has collapsed, partially blocking the way ahead with a pile of ice and snow. Climbing over the tumbled ten-foot high obstacle is difficult as the jagged shards of ice are slick and, in some cases, razor-sharp. The pile also blocks line of sight to what lies beyond.
7. A jagged crevasse cuts this area in twain. The crevasse is between ten- and 20-foot wide and about 40-foot deep. A roiling, freezing mist obscures what lies at the bottom. Narrow passageways hidden by the mist could lead to a sub level or provide refuge from the large, savage dragon lairing in the upper caverns.
8. A rambling pile of frozen bones forms the leavings of the dragon's meals. A cursory search of the frozen mass turns up huge humanoid bones (from frost giants) as well as other splintered remains from unidentifiable sources.
9. A multitude of slender, razor sharp icicles hang from the ceiling almost reaching the floor. The glistening icicles cluster thickly together creating a series of small maze-like passages for explorers to traverse. One wide avenue of splintered and broken icicles shows where something—in all likelihood the dragon—passed by.
10. Large boulders emerge from the ice floor and walls of this area giving it a strange, studded appearance. Carried here by the ice, the misshapen boulders form a series of makeshift stepping stones. Some are quite small while others are the size of a wagon. All are frozen into immobility. Several rocks also emerge from the ceiling—melting the ice around the stones cause them to plummet to the ground, with potentially fatal consequences for anything beneath them.
11. Huge ice sculptures of astonishing complexity and skill loom out at the PCs from one high wall. The sculptures depict a white dragon hunting and killing a variety of creatures and humanoids. The sculptures flank a tunnel leading further into the lair. Paranoid PCs may assume the sculptures are part of some kind of trap or are animate guardians that will activate when intruders get too close.
12. The ice forming the floor is so pure and unmarred it is completely transparent. In fact, at first glance a distracted explorer may believe the floor is actually somewhat lower—a level of hard packed opaque ice about 15 feet down. (If the dragon is particularly devious it could have dug some pits out of the ice into which the PCs could blunder.)

DRAGON DRESSING: FEMALE DRAGON NAMES

All dragons—even baby dragons—should have names.

1. Bahrtosz
2. Malaeosk
3. Mereseyr
4. Xinirfel
5. Aghamnabal
6. Reozthalu
7. Aradacevureen
8. Turacepalax

DRAGON DRESSING: MALE DRAGON NAMES

All dragons—even baby dragons—should have names.

1. Turacikkan
2. Ilyiammurh
3. Jalanmal
4. Dalaghdarrh
5. Andraturac
6. Othimdurg
7. Sorlothtor
8. Nymur

2: WHITE DRAGON LAIR DRESSING

White dragon lairs are different to normal dungeons. Consequently, the minor pieces of dressing should highlight this difference. Signs of previous exploration—dropped and broken equipment, the frozen, gnawed-upon corpses of previous adventurers and the like—will also be visible.

Use the table below, to add depth and flavour to the lair's minor features:

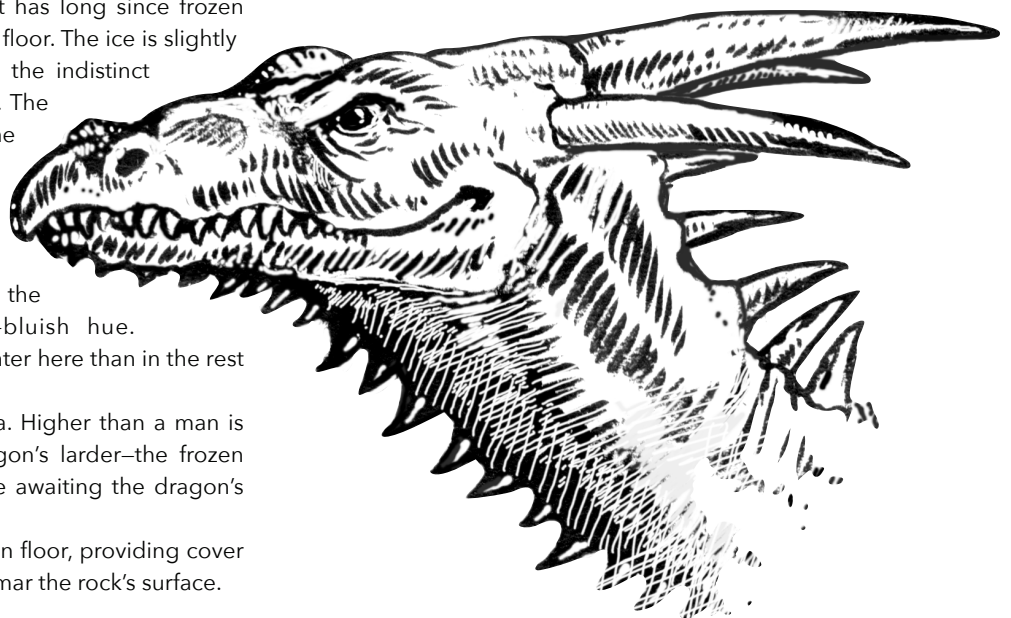
1. Faint footsteps of a booted, human-sized individual are visible in the soft snow. The footsteps lead deeper into the lair; they do not return.
2. The large, clawed footsteps of a dragon are clearly visible in the snow. Canny PCs can use the footprints to estimate the size of the dragon that made them.
3. The air is particularly cold. Ice crystals form on and around the PCs' noses and mouths as well as in their eyebrows. It is so cold here, it takes the PCs' breath away.
4. A faint mist covers the floor to around ankle depth. The mist does not overly obscure vision. Perceptive PCs notice the mist seems to be issuing from somewhere deeper into the lair.
5. A faint shadow in the ice alerts the PCs to something vaguely man-sized entombed in the frozen wall. If the PCs hack the wall down, they discovered the frozen, disembowelled body of a human. (Hacking the wall down takes several minutes and makes a fair bit of noise, which might alert nearby lair inhabitants).
6. Great gouge marks in the snow and ice show where something large and powerful has scrapped and torn at the wall and floors.
7. A single ten-foot wide ice pillar sprouts from the floor linking it to the ceiling. The ice is opaque and incredibly hard—compacted as it is by the vast weight of the ceiling pressing down from above.
8. A pool of water once lay here, but it has long since frozen creating a patch of incredibly slippery floor. The ice is slightly opaque and within the PCs can see the indistinct entombed forms of several creatures. The ice is thick and easily supports the party's weight.
9. In this portion of the lair, the rippled ceiling ice is incredibly pure and clear. Thus, some small amount of light filters down from above giving the ice a beautiful—and unexpected—bluish hue. Consequently, the illumination is brighter here than in the rest of the lair.
10. A large snowdrift fills part of this area. Higher than a man is tall, the snowdrift serves as the dragon's larder—the frozen corpses of several creatures lie inside awaiting the dragon's attentions.
11. A slab of rock emerges from the frozen floor, providing cover from what lies beyond. Deep gouges mar the rock's surface.

12. A network of minute cracks and fissures honeycomb the floor and part of one wall. The cracks are not dangerous—yet—and are just a result of the surrounding snow and ice moving and shifting.

DRAGON DRESSING: DISTINGUISHING MARKS

White dragons are as individual as any member of a species; they all have a unique appearance.

1. The dragon has a livid, red scar running down its snout. The wound is old, and has not healed well. Several of its bottom teeth are broken and jagged.
2. The dragon's scales are incredibly white and unmarred by any markings, scars or other discolouring. The scales glimmer in strong illumination creating a nimbus of light around the creature.
3. The dragon's scales are not completely white; it's underbelly is mottled grey and white. The scales running up the underside of its neck are mostly grey.
4. Missing one talon from its back left foot, the dragon favours its right when walking. It has a short, slender neck.
5. The dragon has a small and sharp beak on its nose and a slender, almost graceful chin. A few of its scales on its throat have a slight blueish tinge.
6. An impressive pure white crest tops the dragon's head, and the tips of its wings have a faint pink tinge.
7. The dragon has strangely coloured eyes—one is red while the other is a pure, cobalt blue. Both burn with a feral intensity when the dragon gazes upon foe or food (which is normally the same thing).
8. A large, ragged hole pierces the dragon's left wing, near its powerfully muscled thigh.



3: WHITE DRAGON LAIR MINOR SIGHTS, SOUNDS & EVENTS

Dragon lairs are not staid, unchanging places. While they might have only one resident, things of minor note still happen within.

Use the table below, to add minor sights, sounds and events to the white dragon's lair:

1. Cracking sounds emanate from the ceiling and walls resulting from the ice moving and shifting. The noise is ongoing, but not a warning of imminent structural collapse.
2. A shard of ice breaks free from the ceiling and plummets to the ground, barely missing one of the PCs.
3. A high pitched whistling—the sound of the wind passing through many small cracks and crevices in the ice—fills the air. It also grows slightly colder while the whistling sounds, which may worry paranoid PCs.
4. Shreds of mist cling to the cold floor. As wind sweeps through the area, the mist leaps and coils like a living thing into strange, eldritch shapes reminiscent of snakes, or perhaps even ghosts, before settling back to the floor.
5. Faint howling from outside penetrates the lair. Some PCs might think the howling to be nothing more than the wind, others might identify it as the calls of a pack of hunting bears or—perhaps—the faint call of the dragon returning to its lair.
6. A sudden wind blows through the area, whipping up the soft, uncompacted snow blanketing the floor. The snow flurry swirls about the PCs for a few moments before settling back to the ground.
7. Shadows play and dance deep in the ice wall. The effect is caused by the sun and clouds scudding through the air high above the lair. The dancing shadows speed up—or slow down—depending on the wind's speed.
8. A faint sobbing—or perhaps a mewling—reaches the party's ears. A few minutes later a horribly mauled frost giant child crawls into sight. The child has left a smeared blood trail on the icy floor—a trail that leads back to the dragon.
9. As the party advance, several ominous cracks sound from under the ice beneath their feet. Although, they may fear the floor is unstable, nothing untoward happens. Alternatively, after the cracking sound the floor does give way beneath PC's feet, but the chasm below the floor is only about five feet deep; the PC escape any real injury, must still climb out of the hole.
10. From somewhere deeper into the lair the PCs hear a deep whooshing sound followed by a deep chuckle redolent with evil, malevolent intent.
11. With only the briefest of warnings a large chunk of wall behind the PCs cracks and falls away. It hits the floor and explodes pelting the party—and the surrounding area—with snow and shards of ice. The collapse causes no damage to the party, but paranoid PCs might suspect some kind of trap.

12. Through some strange trick of the light, part of the wall ahead is both slightly transparent and reflective. Because of the unique characteristics of the lair, a faint reflection of the dragon appears in the wall. At first glance, it could appear the dragon is a ghostly figure. Unfortunately, if the PCs are carrying lights the reflections are two-way and the dragon might spot the party approaching unless it is asleep or distracted.

DRAGON DRESSING: WHAT'S THE DRAGON DOING?

White dragons don't just hang around their lair waiting for adventurers to wander inside.

1. The dragon is sleeping after a large meal of yeti. (The remains lie scattered nearby). It is unprepared for battle and has cast no defensive spells (except those with particularly long durations).
2. The dragon is shaming sleep and may be aware of intruders in its lair. In this instance, it has taken preparations for battle (including casting defensive spells).
3. The dragon is rolling on its back, to scratch an itch, among its frozen treasures.
4. The dragon is admiring one of its choicest treasures and muttering to itself.
5. The dragon is just finishing a light snack of yeti. Blood and gore cover the ground; luckily for the PCs, it eats away from its hoard as blood-drenched treasure is so difficult to clean, sort and sell.
6. The dragon is away hunting.
7. The dragon is away from its lair but returns, dragging a dead frost giant, shortly after the PCs reach its hoard.
8. The dragon is using its claws to scratch a design into the ice walls of its lair. The design is comprehensive and covers much of the walls. Anyone damaging the walls with a fire spell gains the dragon's particular ire.



4: WHITE DRAGON HOARD TREASURES & TRINKETS

Dragons are renown for their vast treasure hoards—it's one of the main reason adventurers seek out their lairs. While much of the hoard likely comprise coinage and the like, inevitably other interesting objects—of a variety of values—is mixed in with the rest.

Use this table below, to add depth and flavour to the dragon's hoard and assign a value to each piece of treasure suitable for your campaign.

1. A ten-gallon wooden barrel has been staved in on one side. The liquid inside—fine brandy—was frozen by the intense cold of the dragon's breath and has formed a spilled puddle by the barrel. The frozen puddle of expensive brandy is stuck to the barrel making retrieving this treasure tricky.
2. A gigantic white winter wolf fur cloak—once belonging to a frost giant—lies draped over a portion of the hoard. The fur is incredibly soft and keeps the wearer warm in all but the coldest climes.
3. A ripped and torn belt pouch lies amid the snow and ice. Only perceptive PCs—or those searching very, very carefully—realise some of the ice crystals in the pouch are in fact small, unblemished diamonds.
4. A beautifully forged battleaxe is stuck to the nearby treasures by a thick layer of frost. The weapon's head has a fine coating of frozen blood—the dragon's—on the blade. One severed—frozen—hand yet clasps the axe's haft.
5. Two carefully bound piles of wolf and bear pelts roughly the size of a human's torso lie close to one another. The piles are bulky, but the pelts are of excellent quality.
6. Wrapped in a strip of faded, blue silk this small statuette represents a hunched yeti-like figure. Strangely the creature has a human's face twisted into a sadistic grimace. (The statuette is a representation of a local nature spirit—the capricious god of the surrounding mountains).
7. Some kind of foul-smelling grease which has somehow resisted the freezing temperatures in the dragon's lair fills this large pot. (The grease is melted whale blubber and has many uses including being used to protect creatures from hypothermia).
8. This bronze and silver armband is sized for a human and has been cunningly worked into the shape of a writhing dragon—its open jaw ending just above the wearer's wrist.
9. A pair of heavy silver candelabras. One yet holds a stub of red candle.
10. This cracked crystal decanter has a silver stopper cleverly wrought into the shape of a rearing swan's head. Magic can repair the crystal.
11. A silver unholy symbol of a skull missing its jaw.
12. A long bronze-edged hunting horn complete with strap. The horn creates a long, undulating sound when blown.
13. This small iron statuette depicts a slender tower—perhaps a wizard's tower or a lighthouse.
14. This ripped front cover of a large book—perhaps a spellbook or grimoire has a secret slip pocket; perhaps a small treasure such as a scroll lies within.
15. A small sack, tightly tied with string, contains 20 packets of salt and 20 packets of pepper along with enough beef jerky to sustain a traveller for one week.
16. A wolf fur-edged cowl tops this voluminous scarlet cloak. The cloak has fangs for buttons and four internal pockets.
17. A monocle attached to a slender golden chain lies in a padded box small enough to fit into a pocket or pouch.
18. A pair of soft, velvet slippers lie one inside the other under some coins. Anyone wearing such shoes in the mountains must have been insane—or protected by powerful magic.
19. The stopper of this empty cast iron vial is attached by a fine silver chain to the vial's neck. The runes for magic and healing are picked out on the vial in silver to match the stopper's chain.
20. This slender belt comprises nothing but hundreds of small iron rings.

DRAGON DRESSING: WORN TRINKETS

White dragons are vain creatures. Sometimes they'll augment their appearance with various baubles. Some might be magical, others might be merely pretty and shiny.

1. The dragon wears a golden torc as an armband or bracelet (depending on the dragon's size).
2. Several small glimmering rubies are wedged between the scales around the dragon's eyes. The glimmer red flecks of light give the dragon a fell, demonic aspect.
3. The dragon wears a necklace comprising several interlinked silver and gold necklaces sized for humans. A forgotten locket hangs from one of the smaller necklaces comprising the whole.
4. A single, fat golden ring—its surface thick with glistening hoarfrost—decorates the tip of the dragon's crest.
5. Several gold rings lurk on the tips of the dragon's claws. The rings are firmly wedged on, but every time the dragon rolls a natural 1 for an attack roll one snaps and falls off.
6. The dragon has wrapped a bloodstained polar bear fur cloak around its right forearm. It likes the rusty red splash of colour on the cloak and is eager to refresh it.
7. The dragon wears a gigantic giant skull as a helmet of sorts. The skull gives the dragon a slightly ridiculous, comic appearance, but the skull—which once belonged to its most hated enemy—has great sentimental value to the beast.
8. The dragon wears a small, cracked and frozen metal box around its neck on a thick iron chain. The key for the metal box—actually a lich's phylactery—is long lost. Within the box, strips of leather crafted from human skin name the lich—Ningal Kutha; if the phylactery is smashed, the lich is immediately aware of its destruction—and who broke it.

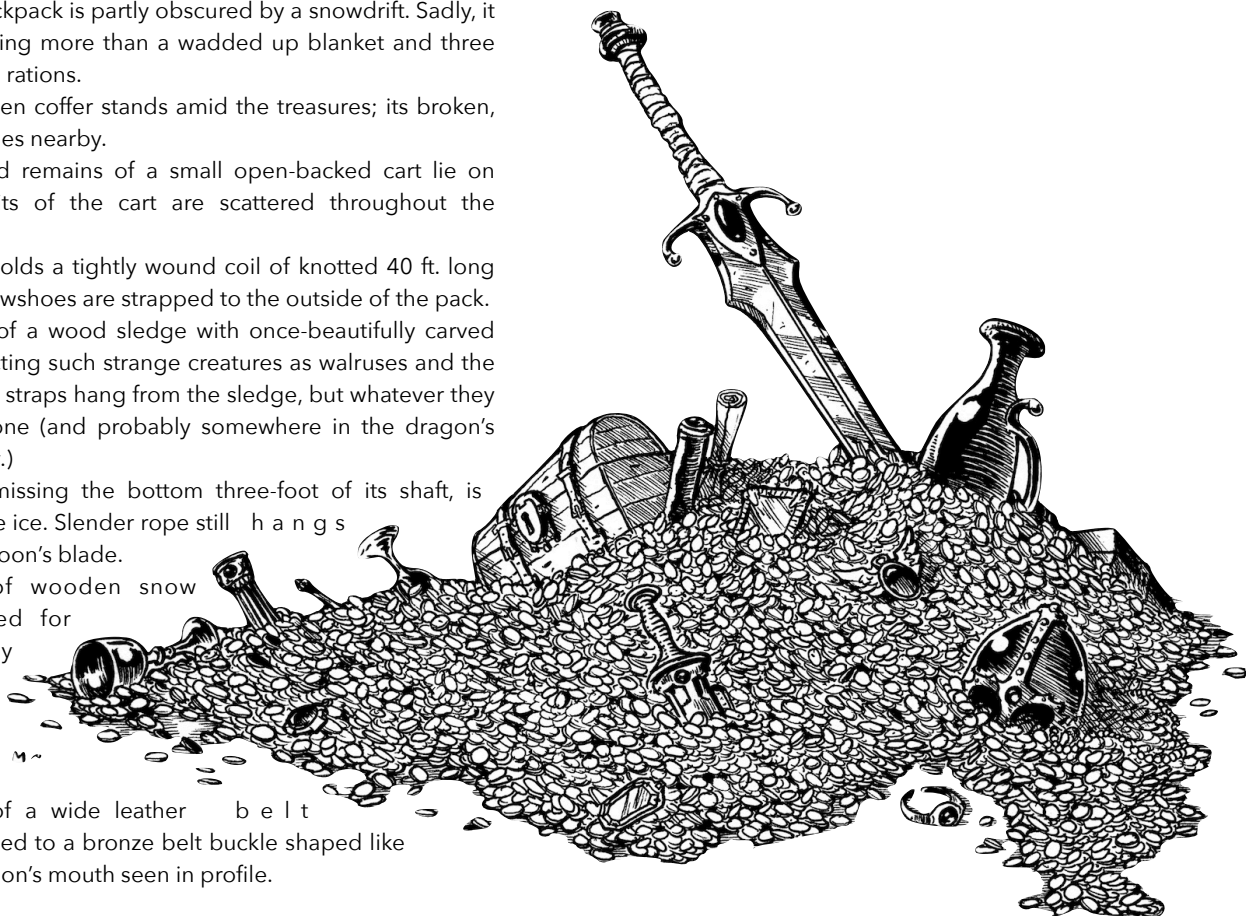
5: WHITE DRAGON HOARD DRESSING

White dragon hoards can be immense in scope and value. Among the treasures and trinkets, however, most dragons have also accumulated objects that might not fall under the traditional heading of treasure, but which are interesting and flavoursome none-the-less.

Use the table below, to add such objects of interest to the dragon's hoard:

1. The disembowelled frozen corpse of a yeti lies among the treasure. Some of the dragon's treasure has slipped into the creature's chest cavity.
2. The splintered bones of a long-dead explorer lies intermingled among the dragon's hoard. The unfortunate's skull still wears the shattered remains of a once fine iron helmet decorated with fantastic etchings of mountains and valleys. Sadly, due to the helmet's condition, it is essentially worthless.
3. A deeply dented and scratched metal shield far too large for a human to use effectively lies amid the hoard. The dragon has filled the concave shield with coins.
4. The treasures lie around a large shard of cloudy ice carved—crudely—into a rough image of a dragon rearing up on its hind-legs. It looks like the ice sculpture was never finished—perhaps the carver did not survive the experience because the dragon was displeased with his efforts.
5. A bulging backpack is partly obscured by a snowdrift. Sadly, it contains nothing more than a wadded up blanket and three days of frozen rations.
6. A small wooden coffer stands amid the treasures; its broken, upturned lid lies nearby.
7. The splintered remains of a small open-backed cart lie on their side. Bits of the cart are scattered throughout the treasure pile.
8. A backpack holds a tightly wound coil of knotted 40 ft. long rope. Two snowshoes are strapped to the outside of the pack.
9. The remains of a wood sledge with once-beautifully carved runners depicting such strange creatures as walruses and the like. Scraps of straps hang from the sledge, but whatever they secured is gone (and probably somewhere in the dragon's hoard or belly.)
10. A harpoon, missing the bottom three-foot of its shaft, is impaled in the ice. Slender rope still hangs from the harpoon's blade.
11. Two pairs of wooden snow goggles sized for particularly small—perhaps halfling—heads.
12. The shreds of a wide leather belt are still attached to a bronze belt buckle shaped like a gaping demon's mouth seen in profile.

13. Shreds of ribbon in bright colours such as yellow, orange, red and blue are scattered throughout the hoard.
14. A once fine, now shattered bronze long-necked ewer etched with an engraved mountain scene is missing its bottom. Nothing but snow and ice remain within.
15. This lacquered hardwood travel case once held a lute (the shattered lute lies elsewhere in the hoard). The case's catch is also missing.
16. A stout oaken travel staff worn at one end and decorated with a half-dozen (frozen) eagle feathers tied to the other with slender, near invisible string.
17. A pile of frozen bodies lies stacked against one wall. All are of humans (or whatever humanoid race dwells in the surrounding locality) and are naked. Nearby, covered in drifting snow lies their shredded clothes and so on.
18. A length of pitted and corroded chain almost 20-foot long lies intertwined among the hoard.
19. A healer's bag, minus its shoulder strap, full of clean, unused bandages, jars of frozen unguents and a small surgical kit.
20. A single scrap of parchment lies under a light dusting of snow; the only marking on the parchment is a faintly traced pentagram picked out in red and black ink.



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