

TRUDVANG

CHRONICLES



RIOTMINDS

JUSTIN 14



THE ELVEN HORN

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The legend of the giant's garden
An adventure for Trudvang Chronicles

To Madeleine
Who bares with me

To Moa
Who taught me how

To Stefan
Who was there when I needed him

To Fenrir, Orgus, Arraks and Glorric
Who just need to roll better

The text is unedited, please help us edit.

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◆ THE ELVEN HORN ◆

The Elven Horn is an adventure that can be used in many different ways by a game master. It can be implemented as a part of an ongoing campaign or it can be presented as a completely standalone experience to introduce players to the elves of Trudvang and their homeland, Soj. The Elven Horn is best suited for a group of 3-5 players with quite experienced characters.

ABOUT THE ADVENTURE

The adventure is split into three different episodes, or acts. The first act and the third act are structured more like a classical adventure with predetermined events that occur in a chronological order. The second act is structured in a more freeform way where the game master rolls two six sided dice to determine what is going to happen in the story. These randomly rolled events are not necessarily connected to the main plot of the adventure. They are a part of the story that rather illustrates the arduous and dangerous journey through the ancient island Ymradas and the perils that a group of adventurers might face there. This random structure of the second act is of course completely optional to a game master. A game master that prefers a more structured and classical story in act two may very well take from the events described as part of a random roll and put them together however he or she sees fit to from a chronological and predetermined chain of events.

The Elven Horn often shifts in terms of mood. The adventure walks a fine line between being epic and being mystical. Different moods inhabit the three

acts because the adventure leads the characters through a rather varied set of environments. Each place has its own sense of mood, so to speak. However, what the adventure really does best is to invoke what Trudvang means to all of us, the old norse fairy tales and the deep forests.

PREPARATIONS

As previously mentioned, this adventure is best suited for a group of characters that have a good amount of previous experience. They should not be fresh adventurers that have never spilled blood or survived in the wilderness before. This is an adventure where characters can die if they are not well prepared and know what they are doing. They will face some of the greatest horrors that the world of Trudvang has to offer, and a game master should know going in that this is no easy task for the characters; perhaps not allowing them to play the adventure until they are ready. Of course, a game master can always alter statistics and such to balance the adventure for his/her specific group of players. If you choose to balance the adventure yourself, you

should still make it a challenge for your players as it will provide the most satisfactory experience for both the players and you as a game master.

As a game master it is best if you have some experience with running tabletop roleplaying games before. You don't need to be an expert at the specific ruleset of Trudvang Chronicles but you should have experience when it comes to setting the right mood for your players and running a session of gaming. It is recommended that you read this adventure through at least twice before running the adventure. When running the adventure it is best if you prepare for each session as well as you can. Read up in advance and decide where you want the session to start and where you want it to end. This way you can be well prepared for a specific part of the adventure and provide a fun experience for your players. Most important of all: know your players. Try to think about how your specific group of players would approach any given situation presented in the adventure, as well as how you as a game master might tweak that situation to best fit your players.

This adventure is set on the mythical



island Ymradas, a place that is not described in any other part of Trudvang Chronicles. However, you need not fret! The island Ymradas is described in detail in this adventure. As a game master, you also should not be afraid of improvising upon what is written here and owning the setting yourself. After all, this is your game and you are running it. Try to think about what would be the most fun for you and your players whilst still being true to the mood of Trudvang, then act accordingly.

The Elven Horn can be set during any season that the game master deems most fit for the story. Should the game master decide that the adventure will be set during the winter, it is important to take into consideration how that would change certain elements of the story such as how people dress, how people behave, and how difficult it is to travel in the untamed wilderness of Trudvang.

The characters will be spending a lot of time in locations that are wild

and untamed. It is good if at least one of the characters is experienced in surviving in the wild and hunting for food. The Seafarer discipline is also a valid skill and will come into play during the first act of the adventure. To keep some mystery around Vaeromar, one of the main game master characters in the adventure, it is best if there are no vitner weavers amongst the characters. Of course the adventure will still be fully balanced and fun if there is a vitner weaver in the troupe, but having such an in-depth knowledge of the ways in which one weaves magic might ruin some of the mystery surrounding Vaeromar and his character. Also, having a character that is a dimwalker in the group is a very good idea. The characters will often meet or battle with beings from Dimhall, so having a dimwalker present that has a good understanding for religion and how it is woven into reality is probably a good idea.

Concerning mood

I cannot stress enough how important it is that you as a game master set the correct mood for your group of players when you run an adventure such as The Elven Horn. Much importance is placed on the description of environments and the feeling of how it would be to wander in a place that is almost locked in another period of time. It is important that you vividly describe the people and places that the characters encounter. Try to convey the feeling that everything they see is steeped in mystery, and that even the air that they breathe feels ancient.

Ymradas is a dark and mystical place where the rays of the sun seldom pierce the ghastly fog that envelops the island. As a game master, you should do your best to describe the feeling of oppressiveness that the fog instills. Make the characters constantly look over their shoulder and wonder if that sound they heard during their night watch was just really an owl hooting.

Even if you don't need to place much importance on each step that the characters take, it is quite essential that you convey how difficult it is to travel anywhere on the island Ymradas. Getting from point A to point B is more difficult here than on many other places in Trudvang.

THE LEGEND OF YMRADAS

Here is written the legend of Ymradas, as it is told in its entirety throughout Soj. Each island has its own way of telling the legend, and the versions which are sung in Joikk – the elven custom of singing – are much more elaborate and indeed much more accurate. This is how the legend is told on Samia, the largest island in Soj.

East of Edras, in the land of Soj, rises from the Althissea an island spoken of in myth: Ymradas, called “the giant’s garden” by the illmalaini. Many years ago, when the lives of elves stretched beyond the count of men or dwarves, there dwelled on Ymradas a forest giant named Ymenos. Many say that it was Ymenos himself that once upon a time raised the island from the roaring seas, although no one can know such a thing for certain. It is only told in the ancient legends of the star elves that the giant Ymenos has lived on the island Ymradas for as long as the stars have shone on the heavens of Trudvang. Ymenos cared for the forests and all who dwelt there, and in all the time that he wandered beneath the canopies of Ymradas there was perfect harmony between all peoples of that island and there was neither hate nor war. Ymenos loved all the creatures on Ymradas but most of all he loved the star elves, the illmalaini. As a gift to the star elves, he crafted for them a city now only spoken of in legends. From the heart of the mountain he carved that great city, and it was unlike any other place inhabited by either star elves or dark elves. From the rock of the mountain, Ymenos raised giant trees that stood like great pillars in the hallowed halls of the city. Ymenos filled those trees with sap that ran like liquid silver, and from the branches of

those trees grew leaves that projected a shimmering light that illuminated the city as if burning stars had been hung from the roof of the mountain. The illmalaini rejoiced and they named that city Leafell – The Mountainstar – and its king was Vainhoahve, who ruled with grace and justice.

In Leafell the star elves dwelled for many a year. With the starlight of Leafell, Ymenos created an enchanted stream that ran through the city and further out into the forest by the roots of the mountains. All the creatures that dwelt on Ymradas came to drink from the stream and the magic of its waters healed their hearts of all hatred, fear, and evil. Thus it was that folk as unlike as trolls and star elves came to live together in harmony without animosity or strife between them. From such unlikely friendships came many wondrous things in the form of craft and song that are now lost. Sadly, nothing lasts forever, and the giant Ymenos was now so old that soon his time on Trudvang would come to an end. Ymenos loved his creation so deeply that he never wished to part from it. However, the giant knew that his days would soon be spent and he wished for them to be spent well. Ymenos walked through Ymradas one last time and said farewell to all his friends. He sang to the lakes and seas, he wrestled with the mountains, he danced with the animals, and he whispered to the stars. At last, Ymenos came to Leafell where he spoke with the star elves one final time. For Ymenos loved the illmalaini more than any of his other friends that dwelt on Ymradas, and he gave to them a most precious gift – his left horn. If the harmony of Ymradas was to ever be threatened, the star elves were tasked to blow the great Horn of Ymenos and wake him from his enchanted sleep so that he might defend his beloved creation. Ymenos removed the horn from his head and gifted it to the star elves, and in that moment the illmalaini accepted a great debt from the giant. After that, Ymenos wandered deep into Leafell where he lay down and fell into a deep and enchanted sleep.

The star elves took their debt to Ymenos very seriously and for a long time they laboured hard to maintain the harmony of Ymradas. Then it came to pass that the trolls of Ymradas formed an alliance with the great spiders of the deep forests. Together they built tunnels deep underground in which they dwelled, and there they learned much from each other that is unknown and indeed cannot be understood by men, elves, or dwarves. The trolls bid the spiders to come to Leafell to drink from the enchanted stream, for their hearts were not yet entirely pure. In ages past the illmalaini and the great spiders were bitter enemies and even the fabled waters of Leafell did not make the star elves forget how they were once hunted by the spiders and their kin. The star elves questioned the presence of the spiders and argued that it was not in line with the balance of the giant Ymenos that such foul creatures should dwell on Ymradas. The trolls were shocked, for in their hearts they knew not that such hatred could exist. So it came to pass that the spiders were locked out of Leafell and were not allowed to drink from the stream of that city. No one knows for certain, but it is said that in this moment the spiders whispered to the trolls, and the trolls declared that if their allies were not allowed to drink from the waters of Leafell then neither would they. So the trolls and spiders stayed in their tunnels, and there their hearts grew darker.

No crime was ever committed by the trolls and their allies, but as the years passed the illmalaini watched the trolls and the spiders and they grew suspicious, fearing that they plotted to take the enchanted stream by force. Thus it was that the star elves shut themselves away from the rest of the island behind great gates, and the enchanted stream that had ever been the blessing of Ymradas was now hidden away in Leafell. What transpired in that hidden city no one knows, but it is told in many legends that the star elves were slowly corrupted by their debt and that they even began to mistrust their own kin. A darkness came to Ymradas, now that the enchanted

stream no longer healed those who dwelled there from hatred and evil. The trolls and the great spiders schemed in the shadows, and a new hatred brewed in the hearts of the woodland people. A hatred towards the star elves that had taken their shepherd from them. The forests grew wild and the fog that hung over the mountains grew ever thicker, and soon it enveloped the entirety of Ymradas like a ghastly cloak that hid the island away from the rest of Trudvang. The star elves guarded the giant Ymenos day and night behind closed gates, and the island that had once been the fairest in all of Trudvang had now grown into a tainted place clouded by shadow.

So it came to pass that one day the halls and vaults of Leafell shook as if an earthquake had torn the mountains of Ymradas into dust. The trolls and the spiders fled their blackened pits, and all the animals hid away in their dens as the skies darkened. For in this moment came Klafrarakh, an iron dragon from the ancient times of the world. With his great fire and his giant wings he blackened the forests of Ymradas and tore asunder the dens of the animals. For so great was the might of Klafrarakh and so fierce was his wrath that not even the most feared of troll tribes dared to defy him. At last, Klafrarakh came to Leafell, where he tore down the great gates of that city as if they were clay and he slew the star elves that dwelt there. The star elves made haste to the Horn of Ymenos, but they never managed to summon the sleeping giant, for they were all slain. The Horn was lost in the great halls and vaults of Leafell, and to this day no one knows to where it was lost or hidden away. The star elves fled hither and thither, and it is unknown how many of them managed to escape; presumably their numbers were few. The dragon poisoned the enchanted stream and the silverlight of that once great city was extinguished. So evil were these deeds that the giant Ymenos felt a great sadness in his heart as he slumbered. Even so, he did not awaken.

That city that had been the fairest of all cities of the elves now lay hidden

in blackest darkness. The dragon Klafrarakh bid all the trolls and their spiders to gather at his side. Out of fear, they drank from the poisoned stream and their hearts were twisted into unthinkable wrath and evil. The trolls and the spiders dug a path through the forest for the poisoned stream so that its foul waters might spread, and soon all the sentient creatures who dwelt on Ymradas drank from it. Klafrarakh went down to the place where Ymenos slumbered, and to this day he lies there, pondering how he might best slay the giant. The island of Ymradas has been lost to the shadow of the dragon, and there are now not many alive that still remember how it felt to dwell on that island in the times when Ymenos was still awake. It is said that there are those amongst the illmalaini who survived the wrath of the dragon, and that they in secret plot their vengeance. One day the lights of Leafell shall be rekindled, one day Ymenos shall be awakened, one day the elven horn shall be reclaimed...

ABOUT THE ILLMALAINI AND THEIR TRADITIONS

When their gods, the Vanir, left the elves, they lost the divine power that they had kept for many years; and the illmalaini and the korpikalli had to rely best they could on the knowledge and traditions that they still mastered. Most important of all to the elves were the four traditions. Here are explained the two traditions that are most relevant to the adventure. The illmalaini themselves will also here be spoken of in short.

The Illmalaini

Those who stayed at the enchanted place where Wellithel himself chose to die came to be known as the illmalaini - the star elves. These elves live almost exclusively in the southern parts of Trudvang, and most of their kin dwell in the fabled forest of Valtoris where the stargate Valkalainen lies. The illmalaini carry great wisdom and knowledge. Small enclaves of their kin have chosen to

dwell in the deep and untamed forests of the Stormlands. They are unswayed keepers of ancient traditions and few of these elves choose a life that lies beyond the thicket of the deep forests. The star elves are still a proud people, and they are convinced that they are superior to the other peoples of Trudvang. Their society is characterized by the search for the gods who left them when they had shed blood for their cause. Is it a punishment, a test, or have the dark powers with the aid of ancient magics thrown the gods from the face of Trudvang? No one knows for certain. The illmalaini keep their traditions, even if the meanings are lost. They honor ancient alliances, guard forgotten temples, and protect demonic knowledge from those who would wish harm upon Trudvang. In this way, they continue the mission that their gods once gave to them. But the fight is hard fought and the search is difficult as they face the ultimate enemy of memory and dreams - time. The star elves know this enemy all too well, and through all time they must watch their civilization crumble beneath it as new peoples and kingdoms rise to take its place. They see a dying civilization, and for an immortal race that is indeed a nightmare.

The Tradition of Gifts and

Debt

When the Vanir still dwelt with the elves, they gave many gifts to them. These gifts were so great that the elves would never be able to give gifts of comparable worth back to the Vanir. Therefore, the Vanir urged the elves to instead share their knowledge and wisdom with others that they deemed ready to receive it. The Vanir told the elves that to receive a gift was to receive a debt that one can only be rid of by passing the gift on to others. The elves followed the command of their gods, and in the beginning they taught much to the creatures and peoples of Trudvang. The elves taught men how

to weave vitner, they taught the birds how to fly, and they taught the trolls how to hunt. However, the elves grew worried that their gifts, which had been given with the best of intentions, were not being used for good. The men began to weave darkvitner and the trolls began to hunt the elves. The elves did not wish to pass their gifts on if they would be used in evil, so they became slow to repay the gifts they had been given; and in time they held more debt than they could rid themselves off. The elves still keep great gifts that slowly fade away, in line with the immortality of their people. The burden of these gifts weighs heavily in their hearts and

they wish for nothing else than to be rid of it. Some say that the Vanir will not return until the elves have done away with all their debt, and others say that in these dark days no one can be trusted with the power of such gifts. However, the weight of their debt is constantly with them; so they carry it wherever they wander, seeking a sign that the time is right to pass their gifts – and their debt – on to others.

The Tradition of Nature and its Balance

The Vanir taught the elves all there is to know about nature and its balance.

The elves took part in creating much of the nature that can be seen today, and in doing so they learned the importance of harmony and its role. The elves live with and not of nature, and this tradition is one of the foundations upon which the elves have built their society. The elves do not view nature as a resource to be farmed or mined. Instead, they see it as a being in its own right that requires care and balance if it is to remain. At one time the elves knew how to speak with the trees and sing with the flowers, but much of that knowledge and power was lost with the Vanir. However, their custom of caring for nature and keeping its balance still remains with the elves.

♦ A CALL TO ACTION ♦

As the setting sun casts its final rays upon the rocky landscape, you arrive at the city Ywol upon the most northern point of Edras. You have traveled through the untamed wilderness for days unnumbered, and you now finally see your first chance in a long time to rest in a comforting bed by the light of a warm hearth.

As a fierce and biting sea wind chills you to the bone, you catch your first glimpse of the great earth embankment that protects the city...

INTRODUCTION

The adventure begins in a small city called Ywol, upon the northern point of the island Edras in the land Soj. Ywol is considered to be a part of Throneland, a country in Westmark and a realm of men. The city is led by a farm keeper named Arthyll Naom, and it is rather small both in number of inhabitants and in number of houses. In fact, to call Ywol a city might be an exaggeration and it should perhaps rather be described as a number of farmhouses that have been constructed to resemble a city. Just outside the city rises an earthen embankment that protects Ywol from attackers. Beyond the shores of Ywol lies the stormy and dangerous Althissea, and closest to the shore rises numerous jagged and dangerous sea rocks that have been the doom of many seafarers. Originally, Ywol was used as a lighthouse to guard from these rocks and shoals.

As the adventure begins, the farm keeper Arthyll Naom has invited all the citizens of Ywol to celebrate the Westmarkian feast called Jorda at his hall. During Jorda, the people eat and drink merrily to encourage hard and arduous work for the coming season of harvest so

that all might have food on the table once summer is ended. The feast lasts for three days, and our characters arrive just as the second day of feasting is well under way. Elves have also been invited to celebrate Jorda, since men and elves live in unison on the island of Edras.

The players should come up with motivations for why their characters might take part in such a feast, or perhaps an ongoing campaign has already led them to Ywol. It's up to the game master to decide what he/she thinks makes the most sense. It might be worth mentioning that the citizens of Ywol are not very suspicious of travelers (unless they are obvious or declared vitner weavers) and they would most likely welcome any group of adventurers as long as they have stories to tell and songs to sing.

THE FEAST

The feast is held at the farm of the farm keeper and leader of Ywol: Arthyll Naom. His farm lies closest to the docks of Ywol, and there the people of the city have gathered in a great longhouse to celebrate Jorda. The longhouse is indeed

a good place for a feast. The building is mostly crafted out of stone with beautifully decorative wooden elements built into the walls and floors of the longhouse. There are no windows on that building and the longhouse can only be entered by the front gate. The thatched roof of the longhouse shimmers like gold in the setting sun as the characters enter. Four large long-tables are set in the middle of the house, and there both star elves and Viranns are seated. Some people are standing along the walls of the house and others are dancing merrily in the aisles in between the long-tables. At the far end of the longhouse there is a fifth table, which has been turned so that its long side faces the short side of the other tables. There sits Arthyll Naom, with his daughter Yllwi and a group of weathered warriors. There is music and levity in the air, and soon the warmth of the huge braziers that illuminate the longhouse make the characters almost forget their long journeys through the wilderness of Trudvang.

At the feast, an old and weathered star elf distinguishes himself from the jovial crowd as he is quietly pulling other illmalaini aside to speak more privately



with them in the unlit corners of the longhouse. The younger star elves soon disregard the older elf and walk away from him with troubled looks on their faces. In contrast to the merry feast, this seems like a highly unsavory affair. The old elf soon runs out of other star elves to speak to and at this time he might approach the characters. The old illmalaini is wearing robes made from shimmerweave, all muddled and worn as if he has been traveling for a long time. In his right hand he wields a formidable staff made from a type of wood that the characters don't recognize. It looks very much like the staves that many of the vitner weavers wield.

The elf is named Vaeromar, and he speaks of an ancient island called Ymradas that lies to the east. Vaeromar tells the characters a brief and very rough version of the legend of Ymradas. He

does not mention the poisoned stream or that the star elves hid themselves away in Leafell, although he speaks about the existence of such a city. He presents the story to the point of Ymenos going to sleep and then he skips ahead to when the iron dragon Klafrarakh arrives and stops there, without mentioning the more intimidating parts of the legend such as the tale of how the trolls and the spiders allied together. He is trying to encourage people to join in his quest to reclaim the city from the dragon and find an ancient relic called the elven horn. For most groups of characters, this will only seem like some children's story or the delusions of a madman. However, if there are any star elves in the group, they will take this story seriously as they are previously familiar with the legend of Ymradas as it is described above; they might even be allowed to correct Vaeromar on some

of his plot-holes. In any case, Vaeromar does not do a very good job of selling his quest, and any group of characters will most likely disregard him like the other illmalaini did before them.

Vaeromar walks back and forth in the great longhouse, even going as far as conversing with some of the more drunk warriors that sit closest to Arthyll Naom. The warriors tell him to scurry away or else a dragon will be the least of his problems. Vaeromar is getting quite frustrated, and characters with high perception might see a wild glimmer in Vaeromar's eyes for a brief moment, as if some spark is stirring inside his very soul. Let the feasting continue for a bit longer and allow the characters to get a better understanding of the people attending the feast. Below are listed some of the people that might be worth talking to and what they have to say.

MAP OF YWOL

1. Farm of Arthyll Naom
2. Brotus Braan's House of Prayers
3. The Tavern - The Yellow Fish Yawper
4. The Docks
5. Barracks of the City Guard



Arthyll Naom – Farm Keeper of Ywol.

Arthyll is sitting by his daughter Yllwi and a troupe of drunk and weathered warriors. Arthyll himself does not drink as much as the others and is happy to speak to the characters. He is a large man with a heartwarming laugh and strawberry blond beard. He is not clad in the finest garments, but nevertheless he is far better dressed than the other citizens. He will gladly speak with the characters about the fest Jorda and why it is celebrated. He is not late to reward compliments given to his farm and the city of Ywol, and if the characters provide such compliments he will extend an offer for them to stay on his farm whilst they are in Ywol. The characters should be careful not to give too many shallow compliments however, as Arthyll Naom is very good at telling if someone is lying.

Yllwi Naom - The Daughter of Arthyll Naom

Yllwi is seated next to her father and the weathered warriors at the far end of the longhouse. She drinks merrily, and as the characters are approaching she is just finishing up a song about a bear who tried to make love to a shield maiden. Her song has the warriors roaring with laughter. She is not suspicious of the characters, and is eager to hear stories about their many travels through the wilderness of Trudvang. She is only 16 winters old, but already her hair is pale as winter's snow. She shares her desires of one day going adventuring herself, and she expresses a wish to see the world and even travel as far north as Isvidda. The warriors laugh at her, but Yllwi says that she is indeed serious and that one day she'll even slay a hrímturse with her arrows. She says that her arrows never miss their target. Arthyll laughs at this and says that he would be a proud father if she ever was to make her wishes come true.

Aerdos Liw - Innkeeper at The Yellow Fish Yawper

Aerdos Liw is the innkeeper at the local tavern. He is a former warrior who has seen many battles, and he will likely respond the best to seasoned warriors with scars to show and stories to tell of their conquests. Aerdos ended his career as a sellsword once he lost his left eye and ear in a battle with the chieftain of a tribe of trolls; at least that's the story he likes to tell. In fact, he was drunk at a wedding and challenged a knight in single combat. You can guess how that ended. Aerdos is likely to complain about the presence of the star elves and says that they should not be allowed to attend the feast since they have no understanding or respect for its meaning. If the company has an elf in their troupe, Aerdos will likely be rude to the entire group. If the characters manage to keep their calm during his insults and pretend to agree with him, Aerdos might reveal information and even gossip about the people of the city. As an innkeeper at the city's only tavern, he hears much about the comings and goings of the people in Ywol.

Jonis Daal - Commander of the City Guard

Jonis Daal is a woman in her forties with a strong and muscular body, and long, thick red hair. She is the commander of the city guard and she stands by the gates of the longhouse clad in full armor, as if expecting some ancient enemy to jump out from nowhere and launch an attack on the feast. It is indeed unusual that a woman should reach such a high rank in the city guard, and if one of the characters mentions this she will probably respond with something along the lines of: "Is it your wish to step outside and prove which of us is the more worthy warrior?". She is a fierce woman and will respond best to those who show her the respect she deserves. If the characters play their cards right with her, she will tell them how the forests to the south have been quiet for

a long time and no word has been heard for months from the elves who dwell there. She is worried that something is brewing in Soj, something that is about to strike soon and that the characters should remain vigilant. The city might need heroes like them.

Eirik Noi - Ealdorman of Ywol

Eirik Noi is an ealdorman of the city which means that he is part of a small group of the eldest, most revered, and most learned men in the city. Many come to them to ask for council or for information about what the old stories and legends have to say about the history of the Viranns and Trudvang. Eirik is very polite and wise, and will most likely answer only with what he knows to be true if the characters should ask him something. He is very modest and would never describe himself as very learned or wise if the characters were to ask why he is an ealdorman. Eirik will simply say that he has probably spent more time with books than what is healthy for him.

Brotus Braan - Gavlian of Ywol

Brotus Braan is the Gavlian of the city, which means that he is the spiritual leader for the city in all religious matters connected to the one true god Gave, which the Viranns and people of Westmark worship. He keeps a smaller house of prayers in the city where people come to pray to Gave and worship him. He is quite full of himself and will most likely turn his nose up at the characters. If they are servants to Gave, he will talk for a long time with the characters. Brotus will express frustration over how ungodly the people of Ywol are and that they would do best to think about their sins from time to time instead of wasting the day with affairs of less importance. The characters should soon tire of him, as he has little interest in speaking about anything other than himself and his religion.

Siro Carjo

It is ironic that a man so vile and brutish as Siro Carjo was named after the renowned hero Siro Werte. Siro Carjo is the town drunk, and at a feast such as this he is truly in his preferred element, so to speak. Siro rumbles around the longhouse, grabbing women and picking fights with warriors. If the characters decide to deal with Siro he will without a doubt put up a fight. If a fight breaks out, the entire longhouse will rally to cheer the characters on, but after some time the city guard will step in and remove Siro from the premises. This is a good opportunity for the characters to show off their strength to the other citizens of Ywol.

After some time, Vaeromar cannot take it anymore. As a last resort Vaeromar raises his voice into a loud “Fools!” to gather the attention of the entire longhouse. The festivities come to an abrupt halt and Arthyll Naom stands up from his seat and the warriors closest to him lay their hands on their steel. Jonis Daal walks away from her watch at the gates to listen carefully to Vaeromar; she believes that there is some truth to his words. Vaeromar stands up on one of the long tables and begins to speak in a loud voice.

“You drink and you sing in your great hall, and yet nay a person sees that you are all living on borrowed time! To the east still lieth the island of Ymradas, which was once the fabled garden of Ymenos. Shrouded in fog it might be, but still there it lieth nonetheless. Still breweth the great serpent Klafrarakh above the slumbering giant, and still standeth the city of Leafell even if it hath been plunged into darkness. But for how long? How long will the dragon lieth dormant? How long before he spreadeth his wings and expandeth his terrible reign? Are your farms immune to dragonfire? Do the rocks of the Althissea stand so tall that the dragon might not passeth them? Nay! But there is hope – there are warriors amongst you, and great warriors at that! Leave the harvest to farmers, you were born for greater deeds! Bring forth your ships and join

me into the east! Join me and together we shalt sound the elven horn and see the serpent slain!”

After Vaeromar has ended his speech many others at the feast raise their voices. The Viranns have indeed heard the legend of Ymradas before, but disregard it as nothing more than a children’s story. The elves speak for the authenticity of the legend but ask how Vaeromar proposes to defeat an iron dragon so great as Klafrarakh? Vaeromar says that he has no such power, but that they can defeat the dragon if they awaken the giant Ymenos whilst there is still time. The Viranns are clearly getting annoyed at the fact that these elves are keeping them from their feast, and soon the insults start to fly between the two peoples (mostly from drunk Viranns). Just as word is about to turn to action, the farm keeper and leader of the city, Arthyll Naom, steps onto the table next to Vaeromar and raises his voice. He declares that this is no time for a discussion such as this. Jorda may not be celebrated by Vaeromar and his kin, but they must still respect the customs of Throneland and Westmark whilst they stay under his roof. Vaeromar bows in understanding as Arthyll declares that when the feasting has ended they shall hold council, and at that council it shall be decided what is to be done. Arthyll invites Vaeromar, all the star elves, and the ealdormen of the city to attend the council. There will be no more debate tonight. After that the feast resumes, albeit less merrily. Vaeromar retreats to a dark corner...

THE DAYS OF THE COUNCIL

One more day of feasting passes before the day of the council. Vaeromar does not return to the longhouse of Arthyll Naom for the third day of feasting. Instead, he watches the stars and ponders both past and future. Let the characters decide how they will spend the day in Ywol. Most of the townsfolk are busy with the feasting.

The day after Jorda has ended is the day of the council. Arthyll locks himself away with Vaeromar, the star elves, and

the ealdormen of Ywol in his private, and smaller, farmhouse at the same farm where his longhouse is located. The characters should establish motivations for why they would be allowed to attend such a council if they wish to be present. If any of them is an illmalaini, this becomes much easier. At the council, much is spoken of and each side presents their arguments.

In short, the problem that the council faces is that Arthyll Naom cannot command any warriors to leave for Ymradas if they do not believe in the cause of reclaiming the elven city. Even if the legend is true, it would not matter much if the warriors that are to fight a dragon are not committed to the task. The ealdormen say that it is hard to know whether there is any truth to the legend or not. In Trudvang there are many legends that are indeed reality, and yet there are just as many legends that are just that – legends. Vaeromar asks why they would fear to risk it? If they indeed set foot on Ymradas and learn that the legend is nothing but a fairytale then nothing shall have been lost. “Better is it to listen to the string that broke than to never draw a bow”, he says.

As a game master, you should not be afraid of owning the characters and improvising much of the council or even writing up a script on your own, ahead of time, if the characters attend the council. The council takes one full day, and as midnight is fast approaching the council has still not reached a decision on what is to be done...

YWOL UNDER ATTACK

As the city is fast asleep and the council is still ongoing, a thick and unnatural fog sweeps in over the waters from the east. Soon the entirety of the shore closest to the docks is shrouded in the ghastly fog.

At this time, it is very important to establish where the characters are in Ywol. Are they sleeping? Where are they sleeping? Are they drinking at the tavern or attending the council? Wherever they may be, it is important that the characters describe in detail how



their characters are feeling and what they are doing. It will come into play once the city is under attack.

As the fog approaches, the guards stare aimlessly into the night but see nothing. After some time, they catch a glimpse of small orbs of orange and warm light coming from within the fog. The lights are getting closer...closer... suddenly a shout is heard from the docks, "Fire! Foel". The bells are sounded! Ywol is under attack by trolls!

At the Docks...

If the characters are at the docks, they will be amongst the first to notice the attackers. They will be there with Jonis Daal and her men as they see the fog approaching. Jonis is very suspicious and orders her men to ready their weapons. Describe how the fog produces a chill up the character's spines and how something about the fog seems strange. It appeared so fast and out of nowhere, as if someone had ordered it to appear at that exact time and place.

Suddenly, four black longboats sail in through the fog. The boats are filled

with trolls, armed to the teeth as if ready for war and clad in iron and leathers. The trolls mostly consist of grey trolls, although there are some forest troll archers in their ranks. The trolls charge the docks with a fierce rage, and their horrid shouts break the silence of the night. Jonis sounds the warning bells and alerts the rest of the city just as the trolls emerge from their longboats. There is something strange about these trolls. They are bigger than other trolls of their kind and they fight on without fear. Thick veins pulsating with black blood cover their skin and their eyes glow with an unnatural and demonic red light.

At The Yellow Fish Yawper...

At the local tavern, almost all people have gone to sleep. Down in the common room there are only a few drunks present as well as the innkeeper, Aerdos Liw. If the characters are awake and are down in the common room, then they will be alerted by the warning bells. Aerdos looks up and pulls an old shortsword from behind the bar, then tells the characters that the

city is under attack! The other drunks rush out with them and either flee the scene or join them in the fight, using weapons such as wood chopping axes or blunt daggers and pitchforks.

If the characters are asleep, they will need to perform a situation roll with a situation value of 10 modified by their Perception to see if the warning bells wake them. The roll is also modified by -1 if the characters fell asleep whilst drunk. If they do not wake from the warning bells, then they will only be woken by trolls swarming into the tavern and the smell of burning wood sometime later.

At the Council...

If the characters are attending the council, they will need to perform a situation roll with a situation value of 14 modified by their Perception to see if they can hear the warning bells. The roll is also modified by +3 since the farm of Arthyll Naom lies close to the docks. If they fail on the roll, then they will only be made aware of the attack once the trolls have pushed beyond the docks and Yllwi runs into the room, covered

in black blood, alerting them that the city is under attack! After that they all rush out with weapons in hand (even the ealdormen join in) just as the trolls storm the farm.

Wandering the Town...

If the characters are wandering the town, or are occupied in some other building, they will be alerted by the warning bells and the horrid battle cries of the trolls. If they are inside, for instance at the house of prayers, they will need to perform a situation roll with a situation value of 14 modified by their Perception to see if they are alerted by the warning bells.

The guards rally as best they can to defend Ywol but they are soon overwhelmed by the sheer ferocity of the trolls. The trolls put the city to the torch and many farmhouses are burned to the ground, often with people still inside them. The trolls eventually overwhelm the characters and they are pushed back to the farm of Arthyll Naom. This should be a fight where the characters really understand that these trolls are not your everyday normal trolls that one might find in other places of Trudvang. There is something at work here that lies beyond a normal raid. There is not much time to ponder over this, as many of the guards and warriors of Ywol fall under the advance of the trolls.

Match the characters with as many trolls as you see fit. Give them more trolls to fight if you think that they need more of a challenge, or provide them with less trolls to fight if you think that they are less experienced. Use your best judgement as a game master to organize the battle.

As the troupe reaches the farm of Arthyll Naom they will need to alert the council of the attack. Of course, if the characters attended the council they will be alerted by Yllwi and the fight starts from this point on. At the farm of Arthyll Naom the trolls make a violent push and soon they all retreat back to the longhouse with Arthyll, Yllwi, Vaeromar, the ealdormen, and other game master characters that you think

would be appropriate to include. The fates of Brotus Braan, Jonis Daal, and Aerdos Liw are more or less irrelevant. If they live or die during the battle is up to you as the game master. Just keep track of whether they survived or not and act accordingly during the rest of the adventure. Yllwi lets her bow string loosen as arrow after arrow finds its mark. The ealdormen fight on as best they can beside the elven warriors, who fight with wrathful and deadly grace. It is important that Vaeromar only fights with his long dagger and does not use his vitner at this point in the adventure.

Make the characters fear for their lives as the trolls push on relentlessly. The ealdormen are slain and Eirik Noi falls with them. When all hope seems lost a horn is sounded in the city – a troll horn. The trolls at the longhouse now make a great push, and in the commotion they manage to capture Yllwi. Her bow is broken and her pale hair is torn. The trolls suddenly stop their advance and retreat back towards the docks once they have secured Yllwi. Arthyll Naom, Vaeromar, and the remaining fighters rush towards the docks. They hear the loud cries of women shouting for help! The troupe sees how the trolls are carrying away three young women together with Yllwi. The women are chained down like animals and are being dragged by collars around their necks through the muddy streets. Their hands and feet are bound by rope.

Soon the trolls reach the docks and start to load their hostage onto their horrid longships. The men of the village see their daughters being carried off and rush in without fear with steel in their hands. Arthyll Naom is leading the charge. The trolls put their cold blades against the throats of the young girls, as if warning the fathers what will come to pass if they take one more step. Yllwi cries that it is no use, let them have their way and she'll deal with them in time. "Even trolls have to sleep sometime." The men halt in their tracks. The trolls punish Yllwi for her insult by giving her a deep scar from her right eyebrow, down over her nose, to her left ear. It's

a gruesome sight, and Yllwi cries out in pain as she is gagged and thrown onto the deck of one of the longboats. They set sail and soon the trolls are gone. The fog has dispersed and all our heroes are left with are the sounds of the howling sea wind, the crackling of the flames as the houses around them burn, and the desperate cries of sorrow and pain from Arthyll and the other fathers. Still, the night sky above them is filled with shimmering stars...

THE AFTERMATH

As the stars shine over the sacked town, the remaining citizens of Ywol gather in the longhouse at Arthyll's farm. The farms are burned down to their foundations, the fields are sown with salt, and more than half of the population has been slain. Even some of the star elves fell in the fighting. The townsfolk sit in silence as they dwell on what was lost and wonder how they will ever be able to rise again. Arthyll is shattered by the loss of his daughter, and the other fathers hide their faces as they let the tears come. There they sit for a while without any words breaking the silence. Then suddenly, one of the fathers rises from his seat and begins to speak:

"Mayhaps this is what we should have expected. Too long have been the years of peace, so long that the swords of the guard have almost rusted in their sheaths. I know not how we could have halted this terrible doom, but I know now that what the elf said is true. Mayhaps there is no dragon, and mayhaps there is no giant, but we all saw the fog that the elf spoke of and we all fought the trolls, and we saw their eyes and the evil that brewed there. There is something at work here, and even if I do not claim to know the whole of the truth, perhaps the elf deserves to be heard. Perhaps we should travel east."

The rest of the townsfolk rally to the man and agree with him. "To the east!", they yell in unison. Arthyll rises from his seat and bids the townsfolk to sit down and not be hasty.

"Aye, to the east we must travel. But

it is not you that shall sail, my dear Braga. The elf Vaeromar is the one who wishes to travel, and so it shall be. As for his followers, I have seen great deeds done today. But no greater were the deeds than those of the travelers that arrived here not three days ago. Friends, would you be willing to travel into the east with Vaeromar? Would you bring our daughters back to us? If you would accept, your names shall be sung by all the skaalds on Edras and beyond. I would go myself, but as much as it pains me to say so, my duties as farm keeper must come first. For much has been lost and there is much to rebuild. My people need me, and I need you. I beg of you, will you do this one thing for us?"

The adventure relies on the characters accepting the mission. When they do, all the townsfolk rise from their seats and hold their cups up to the skies and provide the heroes with a loud "Hail!". That night the characters are allowed to sleep in the longhouse. Their dreams are filled with darkness and a brewing shadow in the east...

On the morning of the following day, Vaeromar and Arthyll Naom comes to the characters. They declare that the time to sail east has come and that they shall now gather what provisions they can muster, since much was lost during the attack. In the morning, the three fathers to the kidnapped daughters are found dead. Either hung by the neck in their houses or washed up by the waves. People say that they took their own lives but no one knows for certain.

The characters are provided with whatever they might need without charge. After that they are led down to the docks where they are helped into a boat fit for six people. Vaeromar has a big smile on his face as the ship sets sail out from the shores of Edras. The people of Ywol bid them farewell at the docks and the entire city has gathered to see the heroes leave.

Now begins the quest for the island of Ymradas – to slay the dragon and awaken the giant from his enchanted slumber. The hunt for the elven horn has begun.

ACROSS THE ATHISSEA

"With heavy hearts you leave the town of Ywol and its people behind. It wasn't easy to navigate through the jagged sea rocks that guard the shores of Edras, but with the help of Vaeromar and some luck you managed it. The morning sun has just begun to rise over the clouds and the black and stormy waters of the Althissea lie before you. It is said that a storm in the Stormlands is a breeze on Soj, and now you experience firsthand the truth of this saying. The waves take ahold of the boat and your knuckles whiten as you do your best to keep your grip around the oars. At the head of the boats stands Vaeromar, spying ahead over the untamed waters"

The journey over the Althissea takes 10 days, but if the characters row on through the night with their goal set in their minds the journey may take seven days. This section of the adventure is quite straightforward. Let the characters that the Seafarer discipline use it. However, the journey to Ymradas is neither easy nor without troubles. As a game master,



you should be vivid in your descriptions of the Althissea and try to illustrate that the life on a small boat over the course of 10 days is no easy life. Try to be personal in your descriptions and think about how each of the characters would individually experience all this. Use situation rolls, modified by Constitution and Psyche, to determine how each day is going to play out and how the characters are going to feel. Don't feel obligated to describe each day in detail, but be vivid and try to convey a feeling and an experience rather than life on a day to day basis. Let the characters get to know Vaeromar and some of his personality; however, you should not yet reveal that he is in fact a vitner weaver! Vaeromar will tell ancient legends of the elves and their history, and perhaps he might even sing in Joikk, the elven custom of singing.

As they characters and Vaeromar reach the end of their journey, a thick and ghastly fog soon starts to drift in over the water. In the distance they can see a thick cloud of fog that lies just over the water, and slowly huge mountain peaks

start to appear in the midst of the fog. The characters notice how fear creeps up on them. They would rather throw themselves over the boat than venture into that fog, but now there is no turning back, and soon they sail in through the fog.

As they enter the fog the characters start to hear whispers. Send notes to the playser to provide the characters with personalized whispers. The whispers are all coming from the city of Leafell and the realm of Dimhall as the darkness that brews there can hear them coming. Try to make the whispers fit the characters. Think about what each of the characters would fear the most and act on that.

After traveling through the fog for one hour, they notice how it slowly starts to disperse. The fog never leaves them, but it seems as if the fog was only a ghastly veil guarding the island from the gazes of outsiders. "Yonder it lieth, Ymradas, the giant's garden," Vaeromar declares in a proud voice, as huge sea rocks start to appear around them and the black shores of Ymradas can be glimpsed in

the distance. Further into the fog the characters cannot see.

The characters need to roll for the Seafarer discipline, or the Navigate and Shipsman specialties, to avoid crashing into the rocks. If they fail, the boat is crushed on the jagged surface of the black rocks and the troupe is washed onto the shores of Ymradas. They must all pass a situation roll with a situation value of 10 modified by their Constitution. If they fail the roll, they lose 1d10 (OR 8-10) in body points as they scrape themselves on the jagged rocks.

ADVENTURE POINTS

It is up to the game master to decide how many adventure points the characters should be given. However, it is good if the adventure points are not provided in one big dump at the end of an act. Instead, the game master should provide the heroes with adventure points whenever they accomplish certain things or distinguish themselves during the adventure. Please use the recommendations provided in the Game Master's Guide.

♦ THE GIANT'S GARDEN ♦

Here must now be told the legend of Ymradas, as it really happened in the ancient times of the world. The version of the legend that is told on Soj is only just that, a legend. Much of what was told is true, but some parts have grown in the telling, so to speak. Mainly, these alterations concern the presence of a dragon and how Ymradas truly fell into darkness. This is what really happened:

THE TRUE LEGEND OF YMRADAS

So it came to pass that one day a dark and ancient shadow from forgotten realms came to Ymradas. The trolls and the spiders fled their blackened pits, and all the animals hid away in their dens as the skies darkened. For in this moment came Ihssirguul, a demon of unspeakable horror from the dark places of the five worlds. As he advanced through the forests, he blighted places unnumbered and turned friend against friend and brother against brother, and no one had the strength or power to defy him. At last, Ihssirguul came to Leafell, where he slithered through the gates of that city. You see, Ihssirguul has no shape made from flesh and blood, he was as he now is – shapeless and dark. The star elves felt a great sorrow in their hearts, but knew it not for what it truly was. For Ihssirguul twisted their minds and their hearts as he slithered through Leafell. The demon poisoned the enchanted stream and the silverlight of that once great city was extinguished. Then Ihssirguul came to the place where the giant Ymenos slumbered. In Ymenos, the

demon saw a great host, someone to carry out his deeds of evil. For the demon was powerful and the mind of Ymenos was no match for his evil. So it was that Ihssirguul entered the very soul of Ymenos, and there he let his darkness course through the giant's veins and enter the deepest places of his once good heart. Ymenos awoke, but he was no longer himself. Now he was nothing more than the vessel of Ihssirguul. Ymenos came up from the place where he had slumbered, and there the star elves greeted him with gladness. Before they could realize what fate had befallen the giant, they were all slain by the dark magic of Ihssirguul and the great strength that he wielded through Ymenos. It is said that Vainhoahve, the king of the star elves, and the demon met at the throne of the king, and there a battle was fought now sung of in legend. In that battle, Vainhoahve wielded the fabled sword Alquelainen, and with its help he withstood the onslaught of the demon. In the end, when the hour of need was most dire, even Vainhoahve fell beneath the wrath of Ihssirguul. In that moment the demon took up the sword Alquelainen and twisted its magic to his evil, forcing its power

to serve his dark will. To this day, Ihssirguul wields the sword at his side. The star elves went to find the Horn of Ymenos, in hope that it might awaken the giant from his madness, but the star elves were all slain before they could reach the Horn. The Horn of Ymenos was lost in the great halls and vaults of Leafell, and to this day no one knows to where it was lost or hidden away. The star elves fled hither and thither and it is unknown how many of them managed to escape. Presumably their numbers were few. So evil were these deeds that the city of Leafell was forever blighted and cursed.

That city, which had been the most fair of all cities of the elves, now laid hidden in blackest darkness. Ihssirguul bid all the trolls and their spiders to gather at his side. Out of fear, they drank from the poisoned stream and their hearts were twisted into unthinkable wrath and evil. When they drank from that stream their minds were bound to the mind of Ihssirguul, and to this day his will is theirs. The trolls and the spiders dug a path through the forest for the poisoned stream, so that its foul waters might spread, and soon all the sentient

creatures who dwelt on Ymradas drank from it, and all were they bound to the demon's terrible will. Then Ihssirguul climbed to the peaks of the mountains of Ymrgand, and from there he called forth a gate to Dimhall, the world beyond death. From that gate he called forth a ghastly and thick fog that enveloped the entire island. Through that fog, the line between Trudvang and Dimhall became thinner than any other place in Trudvang.

The island of Ymradas has been lost to the shadow of the demon, and there are now not many alive that still remember how it felt to dwell on that island in the times when Ymenos was still himself. It is said that there are those amongst the illmalaini who survived the wrath of the demon, and that they plot their vengeance in secret. One day the lights of Leafell shall be rekindled, one day the elven horn shall be sounded, one day the demon shall be banished...

A game master should not reveal this information to the characters until it is revealed in the story of the adventure.

ABOUT YMRADAS

The remainder of this adventure is set on the island called Ymradas, which lies east of the island Edras further out into the Althissea. Ymradas is geographically a part of Soj, but no elf has lived here since the demon Ihssirguul arrived. In terms of its nature and plant life, Ymradas is quite alike the other islands that make up the land of Soj. The first sign of Ymradas that presents itself to seafarers is the thick and gloomy fog that envelops the entire island like a ghastly cloak. The fog protects the island from the sight of unwelcome visitors, and no eyes of any man or beast watching from the sea can see through that great fog. Once you are inside the fog and have set foot on the island, you have fairly good sight ahead – as if the fog is not nearly as thick as it seemed to the unknowing seafarer watching from the sea. However, the fog is always present on Ymradas and its gloom instills a feeling that one is

constantly being watched by unfriendly eyes. The fog also functions as a gate between Trudvang and the realm of Dimhall; thus the island is a place that exists in neither world, but rather somewhere in between.

Around the coast great, black, and jagged stone reefs rise like giants from the Althissea. These rocks can grow to ludicrous sizes and have for many years been the doom of countless sailors and their ships. Some smaller reefs are sometimes so well hidden by the stormy waves that seafarers might not spot them before their ships collide with them, torn asunder upon their jagged surfaces. The shores are also mostly covered by dark and jagged stones of varying sizes, as well as black sand and earth. Those shores are almost devoid of all plant life, except for a type of reddish sea-thong that grows like a weed on the larger sea rocks close to the shore. The coasts of the island are especially haunting, since there is no animal life here to speak of. Here you won't hear any fish yawpers or sea eagles, like you would in other parts of Soj. Only the splashing of the waves against jagged rock breaks the silence.

The inland of Ymradas is mostly made up of wild, untamed, and deep forest. Here the gnarly dwarfpines have taken hold atop moss-covered and hilly ground. The roots of the trees form into serpentine shapes and grow into unbelievable sizes. Sometimes they can grow so thick that the only way to pass them by is to either climb over them with the help of tools or other companions, or to dig your way beneath them. It is said and sung that these trees are the silent watchers of Ymenos, corrupted by the evil of the demon. The trees might grow angry with wanderers or perhaps even harm such folk if they try to cut their way through their roots, or make a fire from their branches.

On Ymradas there are no meadows in full blossom nor any fields or valleys. In times long passed, before the darkness came to Ymradas, such places may have existed; but they are now all overgrown with deep and thick forest. Ymradas is truly no place to be travelled through

on horseback. Even whilst travelling on foot, it is hard to traverse the vast and dark wilderness of the island. In addition to deep and untamed forest, there are also some smaller marshes and bogs on Ymradas. Here the dreaded lyktgubbes lie in wait for unwary travelers, which they drown beneath the murky waters. Otherwise, on Ymradas one can find most of what the rest of Soj has to offer in terms of plant life, such as red fireheather and green lyktgubbemoss.

The population of Ymradas is mostly made up of different tribes of trolls and groups of spiders in varying sizes. These often stay deep within the forest, or dwell just outside and under the roots of the mountains. One can even find goblins amongst the ranks of the trolls. Most of the animal life that inhabited the island in ancient times was lost with the coming of the demon. That said – bears, varying types of ungulates, foxes, grey wolves, great horned owls, and other smaller bird species still dwell on Ymradas. However, most of these animals are often so corrupted and twisted by the evil of the demon that they behave more aggressively than creatures of the same kind would in other parts of Trudvang. In addition, it is not entirely unusual to meet barrow wights and other undead or ghastly beings on the island. They come from beyond the fog where the bond with Dimhall is strongest. Barely any sunlight penetrates the ghastly fog that envelops Ymradas. Its dreary gloom constantly lies upon the island. In places where the forest grows thickest, it can sometimes be as dark as the dead of night, even though the hour is just a few moments past midday.

In the middle of the island rise mountains from the thicket of the forest, which are called Ymrgand – the giant's teeth. In those mountains lies the ancient city of Leafell, now fallen to darkness. These mountains are largely inaccessible to any travelers, and they are swarming with trolls and goblins under the command and the will of the demon. Deep inside the mountain they have dug their dank tunnels, with the help of the giant spiders and the craft of the

goblin hammers. There, the goblins mine ore that they shape into the likeness of their horrid gods. All tunnels eventually lead to the dark city of Leafell, which is now completely overrun by the demon's servants. There they have made their cities and dens of immense ugliness, and dug their deep and black pits. In the deepest chamber of that city sits the demon, on the throne of the fallen king Vainhoahve. There he sits at all times, for the demon need not leave his chambers to see beyond its walls. His mind and will is connected to all living things on Ymradas, and through them he carries out his evil. These troll tribes, their goblin subjects, and the giant spiders are all slaves under the demon's oppressive will, and their eyes glow with an unnatural red light whenever the demon is watching through them. Never may they leave his service, for their hearts are no longer their own. Very few trees still grow around the roots of Ymrgand, since Ihssirguul has ordered them to be cut down and burned.

When hunting, the terrain should be set to neither good nor barren (forest), and the weather should be set anywhere from bad to terrible depending on what the game master deems to be most fitting for the story and the mood. When traveling, the landscape should be set to hilly, the terrain should be set to thick forest, and passability should be set to extremely hard.

It is said that there are still places on Ymradas untouched by the evil of the demon. There are places where the ancient mystery and the inexplicable magic that dominates all the forests in Trudvang is the only master. Once you step into such places, no one can truly know what you will find...

SPECIAL RULES

As the characters and Vaeromar enter the forest, the mechanic of rolling dice to determine what the characters are going to experience comes into play. As previously stated, this mechanic is completely optional and a game master may certainly choose to structure these

events as he/she sees fit to best match the present group of players. The game master rolls 2D6 for each in-game day, and the dice are then added together for one result (e.g. 4+6=10). The game master uses this number to determine what the characters are going to experience that day. Once 9 events have been played out, the adventure continues in a traditionally structured manner under the chapter "The Ruin of Memory". If a rolled event has already been encountered previously, the game master should reroll the dice.

In addition, the characters must perform a situation roll each day with a situation value of 13 modified by their Psyche, to see if they manage to withstand the evil of the ever encroaching fog. If they fail on the roll, they suffer a modifier of -1 on everything they do for as long as they dwell on Ymradas; this effect stacks up to -5. Once a character has gained a total modifier of -5, he/she no longer needs to perform the situation roll each day.

CONCERNING VAEROMAR AND VITNER

As a game master, it is up to you from this point forward to decide when you wish to reveal that Vaeromar is a vitner weaver. Vaeromar is a weaver of the vitner called white vitner, which can be read about in detail in Weavers of vitner (Players' Handbook). When Vaeromar does decide to reveal his powers, he should only do so when the situation is dire and the troupe is in grave danger. If he is asked why he did not reveal his powers earlier, he will answer that to weave vitner is indeed a powerful skill, but it is not a weapon that should be wielded when one wishes to battle prejudices. If he would have revealed that he was a vitner weaver to the villagers of Ywol, they would most likely have grown suspicious of him, since the people who worship Gave in Westmark have no love of those who weave the vitner. Perhaps he would have been sent away, or befallen an even worse fate, if they had become aware.

EVENTS IN THE FOREST

The characters arrive on Ymradas weary and tired, and most of them will likely want to stop for a rest after their perilous encounter with the stone reefs of the island. The fog lies thick around the dwarfspines at the edge of the forest, and although the characters could have sworn it was midday as they sailed in through the fog it is now as dark around them as if the sun had set hours ago. Now they must make their first situation roll, with a situation value of 13 modified by their Psyche, to see if they manage to cope with the oppressiveness of the ghastly fog and the forces within, which constantly lash out at them from Dimhall.

The characters do not have much time to collect themselves, as Vaeromar declares that there is no time to waste. For each hour they rest, the daughters of Ywol befall greater and greater harm and the giant falls deeper into his enchanted sleep. They must press on. Vaeromar gathers his things and disappears into the fog beyond the edge of the forest. The characters must now venture into the most dangerous place in all of Soj, and perhaps face greater horrors than any have done before them. As the characters enter the forest, the game master must roll 1d5 to see how many fear points entering the forest provides, then apply the appropriate modifiers found in the Game Master's Guide book before the players note down their accumulated fear points on their character sheets.

In addition to the randomly rolled events, there are other sights and sounds on Ymradas that can be useful to you as a game master. These are not rolled for or described in great detail like the random events, but are rather here to inspire you as to what the characters might see or hear in the forest as they're simply walking along, hunting, sleeping, setting up camp, or exploring. As game master, you should feel free to use these in any way that you like between encounters and specific events to take the gaming experience and the players' immersion to new heights.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

2d6	Sights And Sounds
2	The characters pass by the poisoned stream that comes roaring through the forest. Its waters are black as pitch, and the characters feel uncomfortable in the presence of it.
3	The characters suddenly hear something rushing towards them through the forest on their right-hand side. Suddenly a doe dashes forth from the shrubbery. She stands there for a moment, observing the troupe. Then four small fawns come walking slowly from the place where the doe appeared. They pass their mother by and disappear again. The doe then follows her children back into the thicket of the forest.
4	The characters pass by an old encampment. Someone seems to have camped here not long ago. The campfire's coals are still warm, but no footprints can be found nearby. The characters find a small bag of moldy bread if they search the campsite.
5	The characters find the corpse of a great black bear lying in the woods. The carcass has been fed off of, and maggots crawl all over the meat. A character with the appropriate skill will know that this is the doing of wolves, possibly a pack of them. Wolf tracks that are a day old lead further on to the east.
6	The characters find a large stone statue standing in the midst of the forest. It almost looks like some sort of horrid totempole. This is a statue raised by goblins in the image of their gods.

7	During the night, the characters hear strange howls coming from beyond the thicket of the forest. Suddenly they hear the pounding of drums and some guttural song being sung in a language that they do not understand. If they follow the sound, the characters will find that the sound suddenly disappears only to reappear in another place further away. This continues on throughout the entire night, shifting for as long as the characters pursue it.
8	The characters hear a hooting sound coming from the trees above. As they look up, they see a great horned owl taking care of her chicks in a nest high up amidst the branches of a tree.
9	The characters find a bear den underneath an uprooted tree. The den smells of rotten flesh, and if the characters enter it they will find many rotting carcasses and four small bear cubs sleeping. If they linger long enough, the mother will soon return. She will not be pleased to find the characters in her home.
10	The characters see a moose bull standing further up ahead, grazing on tufts of grass at his feet. As the characters get closer, he looks up at them and quickly bounds away.
11	The characters notice a group of ravens, which fly alarmingly low overhead. The birds almost scrape the heads of the characters as they pass, then disappear beyond the fog.
12	Suddenly a cold wind builds throughout the forest and takes hold of the characters. The wind seems unnaturally bitter and strong. The trees starts to creak and slowly sway back and forth. Without warning, a large wolf jumps forth from the fog ahead. The wolf is carrying a dead bird in its mouth. The wolf stares at the characters for a moment and then turns away and disappears once again into the fog from which it came.

EVENT CHART

Below are listed the events that the characters might encounter through a random roll.

2d6	Title of the Event
2	Happjas in the Trees
3	The Maiden of the Waters
4	Warriors of the Mist
5	Under Tree and Over Tree
6	Marshes in the Mist
7	The Wolf of the Bees
8	A Meeting with Mushrooms
9	Into the Spiders' Cave
10	Twisted Watcher
11	The Witch and the Troll
12	The Mare of the Woods

Below you will find descriptions of each event.

2 - Happjas in The Trees

As the characters are wandering along, or sitting by their camp, they will start to feel as if they are being watched. The fog does not lie as thick as it has in the past. Suddenly they hear a sound from the trees above as if something quickly scurried away. The characters then hear a horrid hissing noise coming from above. As the characters look up, they see three young women sitting in the treetops, completely naked with huge, glittering eyes staring back at them. They seem angry and they frown at the characters. Vaeromar takes a step back. "We should have known better. We're only travelers! We mean you no harm and wilt withdraw from your turf as soon as we have gathered our belongings!" he shouts to the women. Now the characters notice that the women have big owl wings instead of arms. They're Happjas, a dangerous flying creature of the woods. The happjas unleash a horrid cry that echoes through the woods and turns the character's blood to ice. Roll 1d10 to see how many fear points this shout provides (see the Game Master's Guide for modifiers). As soon as Vaeromar or any of the characters make a move, the happjas will fly down and attack the troupe. The happjas will fight to the death.



3 - The Maiden of The Waters

As the fog creeps in around the characters and Vaeromar, thicker than it has before, they hear the sound of running water in the distance. As they emerge from the shrubbery they enter a gloomy and, as far as they can tell, abandoned glade. On

the other side of the glade rises a rocky waterfall that runs down into a small pool of water in the midst of the glade. The fog creeps in closer and suddenly the characters hear the most beautiful song they have ever heard in their lives – as if sung by their mothers when they were only

children in the crib. Now they see that in the pool swims a naked and beautiful woman. Her hair is long and brown, and her face is the most breathtaking visage they have ever seen. Behind her, the characters can see a tail swaying back and forth. She notices the characters and smiles.

She rises from the waters, exposing her body and staring deep into the characters' eyes. Each character feels as if she is singing directly to him/her, about the love between them.

All characters, including Vaeromar, must perform a situation roll with a situation value of 10 modified by their Psyche and any other modifiers that they might have gained. If the character fails the roll, then he/she is bewitched and cannot perform any action during this action round. Instead, that character walks towards the woman and the pool of water as if under someone else's will. After a character has been under the control of the song for 4 action rounds in a row, the character is thrown into the water and loses 1d3 body points each round until the encounter is over or they are released when another character breaks the spell. If they succeed on the situation roll, they will break through the spell and realize what the woman really is a hulder. If this happens the hulder stops her song and attacks the character who managed to break her spell. All other characters still under the impression of the song are awoken as soon as the spell is broken by another player. However, they must roll 1d6 to determine how they are affected by having been under the impression of the song already.

Bewitch

1-4 on the die = nothing happens and the character may act normally.

5-6 on the die = The character's battle capacity is reduced by the character's fear points x2 for the remainder of the encounter. The character never quite manages to shake the power of the song as it lingers in their mind, and they are distracted for the rest of the fight.

The hulder will fight until she is critically wounded, at which point she will then attempt to flee the glade. If no characters manage to break the spell, then consider that Vaeromar might manage it. Use your best judgement as a game master.

4 - Warriors of The Mist

As the characters are walking along in the forest, the fog starts to grow ever thicker around them. Let this go on for a while. After some time has passed, they begin to hear the whispers of the demon and the echoes of pain coming from Dimhall. Now the fog lies so thick around them that the characters can barely see two meters ahead. A chill runs up their spines. Suddenly, something appears from beyond the mist and a ghastly cry is heard. Nine barrow wights, in the form of ancient star elf warriors swoop in from the mist and attack the characters! Roll 1d10 to see how many fear points this situation provides (see the Game Master's Guide for modifiers). The characters are surprised by the sudden attack, see the Game Master's Guide book for specific rules on being surprised in combat.

As a game master, you should feel free to increase or decrease the number of barrow wights that attack based on what you deem an appropriate challenge. If you feel lucky, then you can roll 1d10 (OR 10) to determine how many barrow wights appear. The barrow wights fight with a combination of weapons, magical spells, and special powers. See their character sheets for the specifics in each category.

Once the barrow wights are defeated, the fog disperses and the characters notice that they are standing in a completely different place than they were when they were attacked. "There is something at work here, something evil and dark," Vaeromar says. "Stay together, don't stray from the group. Something is watching us."

5 - Over Tree And Under Tree

After having walked through thick fog for what seems like the entire day, the characters start to grow weary. It has been too long since something happened. Suddenly the fog disperses as if something or someone has drawn it away like a cloak. In front of them grow a tangled mess of tree roots – massive tree roots. They grow in serpentine shapes

around each other and form what seems like an impassable network of wood, towering hundreds of meters in height.

Vaeromar takes a few steps forth and puts his hands on one of the roots, as if he is communicating with them. "I feel nothing," he says. "It's as if these trees are dead or carved from stone. But we must pass them by somehow. The question is only how?" Let the characters together decide how they want to pass the trees. They must be clever in the use of their skills and as a game master you should apply situation rolls freely throughout the event. Let the characters declare what tactic they want to use and then think about how many and what situation rolls that action would require. Be descriptive about the rolls too, don't just say "you succeed"; instead describe how they succeed and precisely what they did that made them succeed or fail.

If the characters decide that they want to cut their way through the trees or try to burn them down, it will fail regardless of how good they roll. Instead, the roots of the trees will band together and, like huge snakes, they will try to strangle the characters. Let the characters lose an appropriate amount of body points and roll 1d10 to see how many fear points this situation provides (see the Game Master's Guide for modifiers). Consider whether Vaeromar should save them from the roots or if they could escape the situation on their own, either by being clever or utilizing their skills well. Resorting to more cutting will only worsen the situation (which includes most methods of fighting back).

6 - Marshes in The Mist

Vaeromar and the characters suddenly step right into what seems like a marsh or bog of some kind. A horrid stench overpowers them as if carcasses were laid rotten there. The fog has hidden the marsh as the characters enter it, and they only notice it once they are already deep inside it. Vaeromar says that they should tread lightly and pass through as fast and quietly as they can. Be vivid in your description of the swamp and really make

the characters feel uncomfortable. There is something unnatural about this bog, and the characters can sense the fear coursing through their veins. Suddenly they notice something move just beneath the surface of the waters, as the characters are now buried in mud and dark water up to their waists. Suddenly something grabs ahold of Vaeromar, and with a brief shout he is dragged underwater. Bubbles rise to the surface and underneath the dark liquid the characters can see gloomy and pale lights. Suddenly Vaeromar bursts forth from the water and lets out a loud cry: "Lyktgubbes!".

Horrid shapes plunge out of the water – rotten carcasses covered in a dry layer of mud, with big and glowing eyes as if their heads were filled with pale and gloomy light. These are the lyktgubbes. Roll 1d10 (OR 9-10) to see how many lyktgubbes appear, then roll 1d5 to see how many fear points this situation provides (see the Game Master's Guide for modifiers).

Every action round the lyktgubbes will attempt to drag the characters under the water to drown them. Whichever character that the lyktgubbes try to drown must pass a situation roll with a situation value of 11 modified by his/her Constitution. If the character fails, he/she is dragged under the water until another character helps, who must spend an entire action round doing so. To help another character up from the water, one must pass a situation roll with a situation value of 12 modified by Constitution. For every action round spent underwater, a character loses 1d3 in body points. The lyktgubbes will fight to the death.

7 - The Wolf of The Bees

The characters and Vaeromar reach a point in their travels where they are so tired from the countless hours of wandering and the ever-present oppressiveness of the fog that they feel the desperate need to set up camp and rest. As the troupe is setting up their camp, they hear a low and sinister growl coming from the undergrowth nearby. Suddenly a huge black bear steps out

from the thicket of the forest. It is by far the biggest bear the characters have ever seen in their lives. It is almost double the size of a typical, full grown bear found in other parts of Trudvang. Its black hide is crosshatched in a multitude of scars and it seems as if it is blind in its left eye, so the bear does not notice the characters right away. The bear smells of death and rotten flesh. As a game master you should clearly describe how this does not seem like a healthy animal. In between its massive jaws, the bear carries a dead stag. The bear drops the stag to the ground with a loud thump and exhales deeply. Now the bear turns its gaze towards the player characters and Vaeromar. The bear's one healthy eye is lit by an unnatural, red light. The bear suddenly rears back on its hind legs and unleashes a roar upon the characters. The roar echoes between the trees and almost throws the characters off their feet.

The game master should roll 1d5 to see how many fear points this situation provides (see the Game Master's Guide for modifiers).

The bear fights with incredible strength and during the fight much of the troupe's camping equipment should be damaged. Once the bear is dead, the characters can harvest it for meat without falling ill, despite the horrid appearance.

8 - A Meeting With Mushrooms

The characters and Vaeromar reach a place in the forest where large rock formations rise from the hilly and moss-covered ground. All around them lie the skeletons of both trolls and elves. It seems like an old battle was fought here in the ancient times of the world. The trolls and elves are so overgrown now that they seem to almost be part of the forest floor. The skeletons still wear their old armor and in their bony hands still rest their broken and rusted blades. The entire area is overgrown with mushrooms, even the skeletons. The stems of the mushrooms are long and their caps look almost withered and

sick. Vaeromar says that no legend tells of battles ever fought on Ymradas, so this doesn't make any sense.

Just as Vaeromar is about to try to find an explanation, the mushrooms start to glow with a pale light. Soon all of the mushrooms are alight and the entire area is lit up by their ghastly gloom. "What is this witchcraft?" Vaeromar asks in surprise. Suddenly the skeletons rise up with ice blue, burning eyes. They grab ahold of their rusted blades and advance against the characters!

Roll 1d10 (OR 9-10) +2 to determine how many skeletons rise to attack the characters and Vaeromar. The skeletons will fight on to the death. If you want to provide a greater challenge, you can roll 1d6 to decide how many action rounds new skeletons will continue to rise. 1d3 skeletons are awoken each action round.

9 - Into The Spiders Cave

As the troupe is wandering through the forest they suddenly stop and marvel at what lies ahead. Huge trees have fallen or been cut down, then stacked on top of each other to form what seems like some kind of wall or dam. The wall stretches on for as far as the characters can see in either direction before disappearing into the fog. At the bottom of the wall is dug a massive hole into the earth, almost like the opening of a cave. The opening plunges down into darkness. Now the characters notice that the trees making up the wall seem to be held together by great spider webs. The characters suddenly sense their welling fear as they realize that they are in fact standing amidst spider webs – surrounded by corpses of beasts and elves, all woven in the same horrid webs. There is only one way to pass this wall, which is through the tunnel. Just outside the entrance to the tunnel the ground is stained with both human and spider blood. This seems highly peculiar, and if the characters investigate further they will find a piece of torn, blonde hair lying amidst the corpses and the stains of blood.

In the tunnel there is no light whatsoever, and the characters will suffer



MAP OF THE CAVE

- 1. Entrance
- 2. Egg Chamber
- 3. Feeding Chamber
- 4. Exit

a modifier of -5 on everything that they attempt to do whilst inside if they do not bring any source of light with them. In the light of a torch, the characters only suffer a modifier of -3. If they bring some form of magical light they suffer no modifier and may act normally.

Entrance

The tunnel that stretches on through darkness beyond the mouth of the earthen cave is quite straightforward. Hundreds, if not thousands, of small spiders creep out from beneath the earth and scurry along the walls of the cave. The air seems to be filled with some horrid fumes, for as the characters breathe in they can feel something burning in their throats. The characters must perform a situation roll with a situation value of 12 modified by their Constitution to see if their bodies can resist the poisonous fumes. If they fail on the roll, they take 1d3 damage in body points. To see how the characters manage to cope with the horror of entering a place such as this, the game master should roll 1d5 to see how many fear points this situation provides (see the Game Master's Guide for modifiers).

Egg Chamber

The egg chamber is a large section of the cave. Here there are at least one hundred pulsating spider eggs along the walls and floor, which are always watched by their mother – a huge spider named Gromla. Gromla hangs upside down from a web attached to the ceiling of the egg chamber, sleeping. The characters may manage to sneak past Gromla if they succeed on a situation roll with a situation value of 10 modified by their Dexterity, or use any of their sneak-related skills. Should the characters destroy some of the eggs in the chamber, Gromla will awaken immediately and be outraged. Since she is fueled by her fury, she gains a modifier of +3 on everything that she does during the encounter. If the characters fail on the situation roll to sneak by, Gromla will awaken and attack without any modifiers. Once Gromla is critically wounded she will attempt to flee the scene.

Feeding Chamber

The feeding chamber is smaller than the egg chamber. The floor of this chamber is covered by hundreds of corpses of elves and beasts, but no trolls. Thousands of

smaller spiders are feasting away at the corpses. The characters now hear muffled screams coming from the ceiling of the cave. As they look up they see that someone is hanging from the ceiling and wrapped in webs. Judging by the size of the figure it is a human female, possibly a child.

In order to not alert the spiders, the characters will have to succeed on a situation roll with a situation value of 11 modified by their Dexterity, or use any other sneak-related skill. If the characters fail the roll then Gromla arrives, with her body points halved, along with her sister Gremla – an even older and greater spider. The spiders will now fight the characters to the death.

After the spiders are defeated, the characters will have to find a way to cut the woman down from the webs. If they cannot manage it, Vaeromar will do it for them with the help of weaving vitner into a small arrow of fire that burns away the webs. The woman falls to the ground but is protected from the fall by the thick webbing covering the chamber. When the characters manage to get her out of her webbed binds they instantly recognize her as one of the

daughters of Ywol. She is young, blonde haired, no older than twelve years old, and incredibly scared. Her name is Allwa and she tells the characters that another one of the daughters, Jonna, managed to help her escape the trolls. They ran from the trolls into the cave where she was captured by the spiders. Jonna was not captured and fled out into the darkness. "She said she would never leave me and yet she did! She said I was...that I was safe with her. Please, it hurts. Take me home, I want to see my father. Take me to my father!" she yells aloud in the cave. Vaeromar's face turns grim as he pulls one of the characters aside.

"It pains me to say so, but her fate is decided. The spider's poison hath already taken hold, she is beyond our aid."

The characters must now choose: Do they leave Allwa here to die, a girl of only twelve winters? Or do they bring her with them and try to save her from her doom. No matter what they do, Allwa will die within a day from the spider's poison. This moment should provide a shift in tonality to the adventure. Things have taken a turn for the worse and a happy ending seems further away than ever.

Exit

The troupe finds an exit from the cave that leads them out into the gloomy light of the forest once again. They now see that the wall of fallen trees has disappeared. As far as their eyes can see there is no wall in sight. Was it some sort of trick? Some witchcraft? They may never know for certain. However, one thing is certain. They have contracted a disease from the spiders without knowing it, which will slowly start to affect their lungs. During the coming days you should try to illustrate that they are gradually becoming more and more tired, and that it is getting harder and harder for the characters to breathe. After one week has passed without treatment they will take 1d3 damage to their body points each day until the disease is treated by drinking water that has boiled with saliva and nettles. See "Extracts" in the Game Master's Guide

for specifics on how a character might know/discover the cure.

10 - Twisted Watcher

The characters and Vaeromar come to a place where the trees and the fog grows thick. The trees are formed into bent and twisted shapes, and it seems to the characters that the trees even have faces. Vaeromar suddenly stops in his tracks.

"I feel something, something I have not felt for ages. There are Yggdrasirs here, revered beings of great wisdom. But somehow, something seems..."

Vaeromar is interrupted by a dark and terrible laugh. The laugh is coming from one of the trees. The face of the tree is suddenly moving and it smiles mockingly at the troupe. The yggdrasir speaks in a guttural voice, making the characters want to drop their weapons and run for their lives. It is the voice of the demon Ihssirguul speaking through the yggdrasir. Of course the characters don't know this.

"Yes? Thou wast speaking, elf. Or hast thou lost thy tongue? What did they send from the ranks of the warriors of old? A withered wizard? A band of wanderers with blunted blades? Thou mockest me, elf. Knowest that there will be nay pardon for this trespassing. Knowest that thou hast set in motion things beyond thy comprehension. In spite of this, I wilt say that I am impressed, truly, impressed. I did not expect that thou wouldst survive for this long. Thy people have tried to thwart me before but have found little success. The same fate shall befall thy troupe. Thou shalt die hither, elf, forgotten by the rest of the withered world that thou callest home."

Vaeromar takes one look at the characters and for a moment his eyes shine red, as if he is under some dark spell. Vaeromar quickly shakes it off and turns to the tree, to Ihssirguul.

"I do not believe thy foul words, worm! This is some dragon's witchcraft and I shalt ney be fooled by it. Be gone! Ere our wrath befalls thee!" Vaeromar says.

"Wyrn? Dragon? Thou art truly mad, elf. I shalt take great pleasure in

destroying thee when the time comes. Or perhaps... yes... a fine plan indeed." The tree smiles a sadistic smile.

Suddenly the characters feel something enter them, something dark. As if some puppet master were controlling them, they watch their own hands reach for their weapons without wanting to do so. The characters must pass a situation roll with a situation value of 10 modified by their Psyche. If they fail then they are under the demon's control for one action round, and must make another roll for the next round. Each action round that passes the characters must pass the same situation roll to either break the connection or avoid falling under its power. Vaeromar does not fall under the demon's spell. It is up to the game master to decide which targets the characters will attack when they are under the spell of Ihssirguul. Once a character has passed three situation rolls in total (not necessarily in a row), he/she is made immune to the impression of the demon for the remainder of the encounter. Once all characters are immune, the encounter is over and Ihssirguul has withdrawn from the Yggdrasir.

The game master should roll 1d10 (OR 10) to determine how many fear points this situation provides (see the Game Master's Guide for modifiers). When the encounter is over, Vaeromar falls to his knees. There he sits in silence for a moment, as if he is meditating. Then he slowly rises, gives the characters a quick nod and moves along without a word.

11 - The Witch And The Troll

The characters suddenly hear a sound coming from beyond the trees. The fog lies thick as the sound is fast approaching. As the troupe gets closer, they can make out that the sound is in fact a conversation. The conversation is being held between two people in a language that the characters don't understand and have never heard before. One of the voices taking part in the conversation is soft, while the other is dark and seems to use a lot less words than the other voice. Suddenly the voices fall silent as the fog disperses.

There the characters see that one of the great trees seems to have almost been cut in half. The tree is covered in lyktgubbemoss and its roots are wreathed and twisted into unnatural shapes. On top of the stump of the great tree stands a figure with long white hair. It's a woman, that much they can tell from her appearance. Her skin is dark grey and in her hands she is holding a staff made of black wood. The top of the staff has been carved into a T-like shape with feathers hanging from it. She stands there for a moment, watching the characters and Vaeromar. Suddenly she speaks in her soft voice.

"Who art thee? Dost thee not know that this is my forest? By what right dost thee enter it? Speak, or hast thee lost thy tongue?" she calls.

The characters should try to be polite to her, as that will ease her already foul temper. She is in fact a witch of this old part of the woods. She came to Ymradas after the coming of the demon, and made a pact with Ihssirguul that she could be the ruler of this part of the forest in exchange for teaching Darkvitner to some of the demon's servants. No matter how polite the characters are to the witch, she will declare that they may not pass through her lands and must either pass around them or turn back to where they came from. Going around would delay their journey by one week. Should the characters turn to hostility, she will only smile at them for a moment and then call to someone from beyond the fog. "Fimbul, my dear son, wouldst thee be so kind and showest these guests the way out?" Suddenly, the characters hear something answer the witch from beyond the fog. A guttural growl is heard and then the ground start to tremble as something appears out of the fog. A great monstrosity of a troll steps forth from the fog and surrounding wood. It stands as tall as the giant stump of the tree and rests its great hulking body on its muscular forearms. It looks very much like a hrím troll, with great, twisted horns and a mane of hair going along its back. However, this troll does not radiate with the same cold that hrím

trolls typically do, and his skin is dark grey like that of the witch. "Fimbuul," the troll growls as he stares down the characters. The witch points at the characters with one of her grey fingers and the troll attacks! Roll 1d5 to see how many fear points this situation provides (see the Game Master's Guide for modifiers).

Once the characters slay the troll, the witch will cry out and come down from her stump and rush forth to be by the troll's side as he draws his last breath. She hangs her head in silence for a moment and then looks at the characters with hatred in her eyes. She attacks with great ferocity and anger. The witch fights with dark spells (see her character sheet for her vitner capacity and the specific spells that she wields). When the witch is critically wounded, she will gather a great cloud of fog around herself and suddenly disappear. There is no sign of her for miles around but she has not forgotten the characters. She will follow them and attack them when they are most vulnerable. At that time she will fight to the death. If any character should try to take up her staff, it will dissolve into dust as it leaves the witch's dead hands.

12 - Mare of The Woods

As the troupe is making its way through the forest, they suddenly hear someone call to them from beyond the fog. Vaeromar stops and stares into the fog. "It...It sounds like an old woman, don't you think?" Now the characters can hear it too, it sounds as if an old woman is calling to them from beyond the fog. "Help!" she cries out. "Is there no one who can help an old woman lost in the forest?"

After a short while a figure emerges from the thick fog. It is indeed a crooked, old woman. She walks forth slowly, staring intensely at the group. She is very old and thin, and her back is bent over as if her spine were carrying the weight of a large stone. Her hair is long and dark, and it is woven into two braids that fall down from behind her ears.

Most noticeable are her eyes – grey and deep. "Oh, luck has finally found me! What lovely strong folk," she says in a squeaky and trembling voice. "I seem to have lost my way and now I do not know what to do! I have wandered hither and thither without seeing the end of my misery. Mayhaps you have a map? May I see it? Come closer children so I can get a good look at you."

The woman raises her hands in front of her and is now very close to the characters. She focuses on one of them (game master's choice, but typically a male) and tries to touch him/her. The old woman is in fact a Mare. She will do anything in her power to get close to one of the characters and paralyze him/her with a kiss, a so called mare's kiss. Once the mare has managed to kiss a character she will transform. She will now appear monstrous and skeletal. Her face will become more skull like and her limbs will elongate. Also, two black horns will emerge from her forehead. After that character is paralyzed, she will try to strangle him/her in order to harvest that character's life energy. For the mare does not feed on things made of flesh and blood, she feeds on the life energy and misery of other unwary souls.

Once a character has been kissed by a mare, that person falls deep into horrid nightmares for the remainder of the session of gaming. Before the character wakes up, he/she must perform a situation roll with a situation value of 14 modified by Psyche to see if he/she manages to live through the nightmare without suffering any permanent, mental harm. If the character fails the roll, then he/she should suffer some lasting mental damage. It is up to the game master to determine what lasting effect best suits the story and the character. From that point on, no matter the result of the situation roll, the character is haunted by nightmares every time he/she goes to sleep. To ever be rid of these recurring nightmares, the characters must visit a holy man and receive a blessing, which should finally rid that character of the nightmares. If a character rolls a 20 on the situation roll, he/she is permanently

trapped in the nightmare and never wakes up. The character at this point essentially retires from adventuring, regardless of what the other characters may do to protect the body.

While the mare his harvesting life energy, she can be interrupted by other characters. Any character attempting to interrupt the mare must succeed on a situation roll with the situation value of 13 modified by whatever trait the game master sees fit. The trait modifier that is applied should be appropriate to the method or tactic the character uses to interrupt the mare. Is the character trying to push her out of the way? Is the character attacking her? If the mare suffers any physical damage she will be immediately interrupted. For every action round that the mare is not interrupted, the person under her spell loses 1d10 (OR 9-10) body points. A character must spend his/her entire action round when trying to interrupt the mare, and may not attempt it more than once per action round.

If the mare is interrupted, she will attack with the power of dark magic. See her character sheet for her vitner capacity and the spells that she can wield. The mare will flee from the scene when she becomes critically wounded. Perhaps she will return to haunt the characters later on? You decide.

From this point on, the adventure continues normally without any randomly rolled events.

THE RUIN OF MEMORY

The characters and Vaeromar come upon a place in the forest where the trees don't grow as closely as they have previously. Beyond the thick fog the characters can glimpse what seem like stone structures. As the fog thins and disperses, they see that they have happened upon an ancient ruin. It's hard to make out much details of the ruin for it is all overgrown with moss, vines, and mushrooms. Any less attentive group of adventurers would most likely have passed it by. However, there is something strange about the ruin that draws the characters towards

it. A voice seems to be calling to them from within it. The characters do not know in which language the voice speaks, nor do they fully understand the words; yet somehow they feel a strong urge that they want to follow the voice. Vaeromar can feel it too. The troupe passes through the ruin and comes to an old set of stone stairs that lead the characters and Vaeromar up a high and moss-covered hill. On the top of that hill stands the overgrown foundations of some ancient stone structure. What that structure used to be, the characters can't determine. The characters that search for it find no trace of battle or death here. It seems like the ruin was simply abandoned one day, and whoever lived here has not looked back since. Suddenly the fog gathers thick around them and soon they cannot see more than three meters in any direction.

The voice calling to them grows more and more intense, and suddenly the characters feel a cold wind come

upon them as their vision disappears and everything in front of them turns black as night. There is absolute silence for a moment, and even if the characters call out to each other they find that they seem unable to produce any sound at all. Slowly the sound of the world around them and their own voices begin to fade back in again, and before you can say rocks and blocks their vision returns. The characters find themselves standing in the middle of the forest. Vaeromar is nowhere to be seen and the fog still drapes thick around them. Suddenly the characters hear a shout coming from within the mist. Out of the fog comes a spectral shape, running right at the characters. As it approaches they see that it is in fact an old star elf, clad in fine robes made of shimmerweave that is rushing towards them. The elf is completely transparent and grey, like a moving memory. He seems to be wounded and he limps as he runs. The spectral elf takes no notice of the characters as he



passes right through their bodies, then disappears behind them into the thick fog. As he does so, the characters feel as if someone had placed a block of ice in their bellies and then suddenly ripped it out through their spines. The characters stand there for a moment, absolutely dumbfounded. Without warning, a horrid cry is heard and suddenly a small hoard of spectral trolls, armed to the teeth, come charging from beyond the fog as well. The trolls also seem to be unable to see the characters, and just as the hoard is about to clash with our troupe the trolls suddenly fade into the fog as if were they had been a part of it all along. The fog soon envelops the characters and they are completely blinded by it. Suddenly they're swept of their feet by an unknown force, and for a short moment they feel like they are falling helplessly through the air. Before the characters can make sense of the situation, they crash to the ground with great force and the fog disperses.

The characters find themselves standing in the same ruin that they had passed before. However, something seems to be strange as all of the characters feel unnaturally cold. They hear a rattling sound coming from behind them and as they turn the characters can see the same old, spectral star elf limping toward them. The elf pays the characters no notice and disappears beyond the thick fog that lies ahead in the same way as he had previously. As the characters make their way through the ruin they come to the same set of stone stairs that lead up the same moss-covered hill. When the characters reach the top of the stairs they come upon the same stone foundation that they saw earlier. However, this time the stone foundation is an old watchtower that rises high above the cloud of fog. By the watchtower sits the spectral elf. It seems as if he is dying. The fog grows thicker again for a moment, so that the characters cannot see the elf where he sits; then it disperses just as quickly as it appeared. Now the characters see that in front of the spectral star elf stands the hoard of ghastly, transparent troll apparitions. One of the trolls walks up to

the old elf and runs him through with his shapeless blade. The star elf takes a deep and rattling breath, then slumps to the ground. The fog around the characters grows thick and yet again an unknown force sweeps the characters off their feet, accompanied by the familiar sensation of falling helplessly through the air at great speed. Yet again the characters hit the ground hard and the fog disperses.

The characters hear the crackling sound of spells being woven up ahead. They find that they are back in the ruin, but now in a completely different part of it. As they rush towards the sound they suddenly notice again how a cold wind comes upon them, evoking a deep urge to throw down their weapons and run in the opposite direction. The fog again grows thick around them as they hear Vaeromar calling to them through it, "Help! I cannot halt it!" As the characters expect to be teleported away another time, the fog swiftly disperses. Up ahead they see Vaeromar rapidly weaving spells towards something approaching from within the fog. A grey and spectral figure steps out of the mists - it's a Diser, a grey man, a ghost. The game master should roll 1d10 (OR 10) to see how many fear points this situation provides (see the Game Master's Guide for modifiers). The ghost appears in the shape of the same old, grey, and transparent star elf with empty and cold eyes that the characters saw earlier.

A diser cannot be wounded by any martial arms and has no true physical shape in this world. Its body points only illustrates that it is undead and can be battled in the world as a creature. A diser cannot be killed, only banished or perhaps pushed back using some Dimvitner spells and certain holy powers. Use your best judgement as a game master as to when you think that the ghost should have been driven back or banished. Reward clever use of roleplaying, skills, or spells and holy powers. The most important thing is that no physical weapons can harm the diser. Some spells or holy powers that might harm or push back a diser are listed below.

Dimvitner Spell: Dismiss Undead (Control Undead)

Gerbanis Prayer: Death Gust (The Breath of Mogunda/The Will of Bodvildur)

The Tenet of Nid Prayer: Holy Bolt (Sacred Burst/Divine Purge)

The Tenet of Nid Prayer: Blessed Spear (Rowthguard's Battle Scourge/Belo Seoth's Ax)

Other ways in which one can banish a diser is by saying aloud its true name (Noihvo), or somehow connect back to how the diser was slain: such as forgiving the diser or in some way releasing it from what is holding the diser to the area that it haunts. As a game master, you should feel free to be creative and react to what the characters are doing.

The diser does not fight with no weapons like barrow wights, but does use special powers. See its character sheet for specific powers and their use.

After the diser is driven back or banished, it dissolves and becomes part of the fog. The fog suddenly swoops in with great speed and blinds the characters and Vaeromar. When the fog finally disperses again, they find themselves standing in the middle of the forest. The ruins that they previously occupied cannot be sighted anywhere.

A FAMILIAR FACE

As the characters leave the horrors of the forest behind them, they hear the sound of roaring waters. They emerge from the thicket and see a huge and swiftly flowing stream thundering through the forest up ahead. A great tree has fallen across it, providing a bridge that the characters can pass. As they get closer to the stream they see that its flowing water is black, as if the stream was made up of a thin form of tar. If they continue to stare deep into the water, the characters may notice a deformed face staring back at them, with red eyes. It is not the face of a man or elf but is in fact the face of the cursed giant Ymenos, under the control of Ihssirguul, watching through the stream. The characters do not know that it is Ymenos that they see, of course.

It is no easy business to cross the stream, even utilizing the large tree

as a bridge. The waters of the stream constantly wash over the trunk of the tree and therefore it is incredibly slick and hard to traverse. However, with some luck the characters manage it and see their way safely to the other side. Feel free to apply a situation roll modified by either Dexterity or Constitution. If one of the characters falls into the waters of the cursed stream, he/she will immediately become a slave under the will of Ihssirguul until the demon is banished from Trudvang.

At the other side of the steam the characters are met by a gruesome scene. At least 4 grey trolls, clad in chainmail and fur, lie dead and completely maimed before them. Some have had their heads cut off, others are nailed to the trees by the tips of their own spears. The ground is stained with black blood, but there is also human blood intermingled there. If the characters search the scene they can tell by the wounds that these trolls were not slain by an experienced warrior. There are cuts and lashes in strange places, where an experienced warrior would not likely land many blows. Someone did not know what they were doing, more likely acting on pure adrenaline and instinct. The characters will also find footsteps that lead further on into the forest. The tracks are stained with human blood.

As the characters follow the tracks they find places where the person who was running here fell down and dragged himself/herself forward. A little further ahead, the person gets up again and the footsteps reappear. They follow the tracks for a while longer until they come upon who they belong to.

Suddenly your skin turns cold and your blood freezes as the hairs stand up on the back of your neck. Ahead of you lies a young woman, no older than fifteen winters, dead in a pool of blood. She has a broken sword in her hand and a troll-made shield lies split in half next to her. Her throat has been cut and she is bleeding heavily from her shoulder. Nearest to where you are standing lies a grey troll like the ones you found before. However, this troll was not slain by any

force of arms. His skin is white as snow and his eyes are pale and cold. That's when you see it. Kneeled in front of the girl stands a ghastly figure. Its skin is almost completely transparent and its empty eyes stare into yours. The spirit's pale hair dances in the wind as if it were floating underwater. It's an illmalaini, or rather the spirit of an illmalaini, clad in just as transparent and beautifully woven shimmerweave of royal quality. You recognize it as the diser that you battled in the ruin. The ghastly wight rises from its knee and raises its hand towards you as if commanding you to halt

If the characters attack the spirit again, they will only have time to draw their weapons before he speaks. As he speaks his mouth does not move; instead his booming and authoritative voice is only heard in the heads of the characters. "Lower your weapons. The girl still yet lives but her time in this world will not be prolonged by your steel."

Vaeromar slowly steps forth. "Stand back, spirit, and we shall come to her aid." Suddenly the girl lets out a loud cough as if she was awoken suddenly from some nightmare. Blood gushes forth from her mouth and she is panting loudly.

"Allwa," is the only word that the characters can comprehend amidst the coughing and hissing of the young girl. The spirit stands back for a moment and Vaeromar rushes forth. He holds the girl tightly in his arms. If Allwa is with the characters, then this will be a heartwarming, yet sad, farewell. If Allwa was left behind or has already died from the spider's poison, Vaeromar will only lie and tell the girl that Allwa is safe at home now with her father. If the characters never encountered Allwa in the spider cave, then they must simply disappoint the girl by saying that they have never heard such a name.

If the characters ask for the dying girl's name, she will say that she is Jonna, daughter of Braga. The characters should now be reminded that they have heard that name before. It was Braga that spoke after the attack on Ywol. It was he who said that they should sail into the east. They remember the sadness in his

eyes and the pain in his voice. And now his daughter inhales one last time, never to breathe again. She dies in their arms.

The spirit steps forth and the characters again feel how their skin turns cold and how the hairs stand up on the back of their necks. "She died fighting. A true warrior." Vaeromar jumps to his feat, as if reminded of the spirit's presence and that he might still be of danger to the group.

"Stand back, wight. Who art thee and from where dost thee come?" he inquires in a trembling voice.

"Forgive me. It was a long time since I spoke with other living creatures," the spirit says. "I am Noihvo of Leafell, although it has been many ages since I dwelt in that city." Noihvo explains that when the characters encountered him in the ruin he was under the dark spell of the demon of Leafell. Noihvo's heart was twisted and his wrath was not his own, for the demon swayed Noihvo into doing his bidding. When the characters defeated Noihvo, they freed him from the influence of the demon and gifted to him his own will. Now Noihvo has come to repay his debt to the characters. If the characters, or indeed Vaeromar asks Noihvo what demon he is talking about, he will act puzzled for a moment. Then he asks the characters if they do not know the horrible tale of how the heart of the giant Ymenos was twisted and possessed by a wrathful demon from the blackest places of the five worlds? Vaeromar does not understand – Ymenos possessed by a demon? That cannot be, the legend tells of the dragon Klafrarakh and how his wrathful fire laid waste to Leafell and its people. Noihvo, however, has never heard of such a dragon.

Noihvo proceeds to tell the characters and Vaeromar the true legend of Ymradas as it is written at the beginning of this act. Noihvo managed to escape Leafell through the lower gate when his people were killed, but eventually a pack of trolls under the control of the demon caught up to him and slew him in the same ruin that the characters visited earlier. After his death, Noihvo tried many times to enter Leafell only

to find that he could not. Something prevented him from entering that city as if some invisible and dark barrier kept him at bay. Even though he could not enter Leafell, Noihvo has spent countless nights watching the gates of that city. He has seen them grow ever darker, and watched more and more trolls and spiders gather to the side of Ymenos – all with red and burning eyes like the ones the giant bore when he came up from his long slumber. Noihvo has seen them dig their great tunnels and caves beneath the mountain, and he has witnessed how the trolls and the goblins have felled tree after tree in the name of their master. Noihvo has heard two names continuously chanted from the black walls and pits of Leafell: Ihssirguul and Vigan. Those are dark names, those are twisted names. At times Noihvo has seen how the giant has left his city and gone up into the mountains to call on something that dwells beyond the mist. There a dark voice answered Ymenos, and from that moment on Noihvo has known what terrible fate truly befell the giant. He must have been possessed by a dark power from the blackest places of the five worlds: a demon. Noihvo is certain that Ymenos is not the master of his own will; he cannot be or else he would not have committed such horrible deeds. That is all the information that Noihvo will tell. Noihvo knows everything about the Horn of Ymenos, but is sworn into secrecy and bound by ancient oath and tradition never to reveal anything about it to outsiders. In fact, it was Noihvo that built the gate of nature that still protects the Horn from outsiders, and only Noihvo has the key that can open that gate.

“In your coming I hear the footsteps of great change. I can no longer enter

Leafell and will be of little aid if you would choose to face the demon and his terrible servants. Nevertheless, I shall do what I can to aid you. You cannot enter the city through the gates, for they are watched by eyes far more evil than those of trolls or spiders. The demon wields a power beyond our comprehension and at all times he sees everything. Perhaps he is even listening as we speak now. Your only advantage is through secrecy, that is the only way or else he will see you and send forth his great armies and Ymradas shall be no more,” Noihvo explains.

Vaeromar is puzzled. He has not fully understood, until now, the full breadth of the evil that he and the characters must face. He asks Noihvo how they would then enter Leafell if it is guarded like he says?

“There is only one way. Only through one place would your path be hidden. There the demon does not keep watch for he does not need to, no attacker would pass through there. There his slaves pound away day and night to forge his dark weapons of blackest magick and evil. You must go through the troll mines, in the darkest and deepest places of Ymradas. I shall lead you there. Come, let us not linger. We do not know who might be watching”.

Vaeromar gives the characters a look as if to ask them if they trust the spectral elf. The characters might and should perhaps be expected to express great concern. They did not sign on for this journey to fight a demon. Noihvo would laugh at this and say that one does not fight a demon; one’s only hope lies in banishing it. Noihvo does not know how. Vaeromar agrees with the characters and says that neither did he desire to drag them into all this, and that he could not have foreseen this evil. But even so, the daughters of Ywol are still

captured in that dark city, now in the clutches of a demon. Would they really leave two innocent girls to such a dark and terrible fate? Vaeromar thinks not, he has seen that the characters are made from greater substance than that. They are heroes and their hearts know no fear. The adventure relies on them going with Noihvo. If they don’t, they will eventually become lost in the wilderness of Ymradas and slowly lose their minds to the demon, never restored to their rightful selves again.

Before the end of the conversation between the characters, Vaeromar, and Noihvo, it should be somehow hinted at that the Horn of Ymenos has a part to play in the banishing of the demon. It is best if you as game master try to drop subtle hints so that the characters can hatch the plan themselves, which would be most satisfactory. If all else fails then Vaeromar should make the connection that since the Horn was meant to awaken the giant from his sleep, then perhaps it can somehow be used to free him from the bonds of the demon. In any case, Vaeromar says that they must hope that the Horn has not been blighted by the demon’s darkness as well, for then its powers would surely have been lost.

ADVENTURE POINTS

It is up to the game master to decide how many adventure points the characters should be given. However, it is good if the adventure points are not provided in one big dump at the end of an act. Instead the game master should provide the heroes with adventure points whenever they accomplish specific tasks or distinguish themselves during the adventure. Please use the recommendations provided in the Game Master’s Guide.

♦ THE CITY OF DARKNESS ♦

Concerning the horn pf Ymenos. Here must now be told what fate truly befell the Horn of Ymenos when the demon Ihssirguul came to the city of Leafell. Before Ihssirguul possessed the giant Ymenos and declared himself the master of his mind, the demon searched in secret for the fabled Horn of Ymenos.

Ihssirguul was in this moment shapeless and could not be seen by the illmalaini as he slithered forth through the great halls and vaults of Leafell. He shunned the silverlight of the trees and hid ever in the shadows.

Thus it came to pass that Ihssirguul came to the place where the star elves kept the Horn of Ymenos. The Horn was not guarded by any warriors, but instead it was locked behind a gate made of thick vines and sharp thorns. Ihssirguul could feel the power of the Horn that laid beyond and knew in that moment that within the Horn lay the only magic that could thwart his plan and awaken the giant Ymenos from his dark bonds. Ihssirguul tried to pass that gate but found little success; for the gate of nature was protected by ancient spells of Ymenos and the illmalaini, which they had woven together in unison, combining their deep knowledge and power. It is said that the star elves passed on some of the power that their gods – the Vanir – had provided them with in ancient times to protect that gate. Not even the darkness of the demon could break those spells, and the Horn remained protected from Ihssirguul. Thus it was that the demon never laid a finger on the Horn

of Ymenos and could never twist it to his evil will. However, the demon is all too aware of the power and potential that lies in that Horn, so by day and by night that gate of vines and thorns is guarded by the greatest and terrible of the demon's servants. Ihssirguul knows that if that Horn was ever to be sounded, his corruption and power would be ended and all his evil work would be undone.

THROUGH THE MINES

A nagging feeling that something is not right overcomes you on the third day of your journey to Leafell, now with Noihvo in the company. Although you were unable to identify the feeling for what it is earlier, you now know for certain that it is Noihvo that causes this discomfort. You have noticed him staring aimlessly into the thicket of the forest throughout the night and communing with the ever encroaching fog, as if he is commanding it to disperse or speaking with something unknown beyond it. He wields a power beyond your understanding, and whether it is of evil or of good you are unsure. All you know is that the greater distance there is between Noihvo and yourself, the better you feel. Slowly but surely you

make your way through the untamed wilderness. Your mind is set on your final destination and now there is no thinking of anything else, no thinking of home. Thoughts of a warm bed and a hot meal have soothed you in the past, but now such thoughts only seem like tragic reminders of something that will never again be yours. For in your hearts you know that you may never return from this venture. Perhaps you have come to accept it, perhaps you have not. However, it may be that you are deep in thought as Noihvo suddenly stops in his tracks. "There it lies," he says and points ahead with a spectral finger.

The fog separates almost completely and then you see it. Just up ahead lies the edge of the forest. The trees are dark and twisted and the ground is black and blighted for as far as your eyes can see. Ahead stretches a wasteland of naught but destruction, death, and utter evil. Neither trees nor any grass grows upon that blighted plain, where rocks twisted into unnatural shapes rise for miles around. Your hearts are filled with dread and suddenly you can feel how the wind grabs ahold of your skin and turns it pale and cold. Before you lie thousands and thousands of black pits. The horrid



cries of trolls and goblins echo through that forsaken landscape, and in the distance you see the mountains of Ymrgand rise up – its peaks penetrating the mist enveloped sky. The mountains are lit up by the torchlight of armies, and from here it seems hopeless that you would ever overcome them, for so great are their numbers. So gargantuan are the gates of the city of Leafell that you can almost see them from where you currently stand; horrid and black they rise for fathoms unnumbered up the mountainside. “There lies Leafell,” whispers Noihvo, “The city of darkness.”

Noihvo leads the troupe onward beyond the edge of the forest and towards one of the troll pits. The pit is incredibly vast in circumference and leads down into darkness. A narrow ladder that drops straight down has been carved from the stone wall of the pit, so that trolls and goblins might travel to this

side of the mountains with ease to fell the trees of the forest. There Noihvo stops and declares that a dark power prevents him from going any further. He wishes them good luck and says that he shall wait and watch for their victory from the edge of the forest. Before the characters descend down, Noihvo turns to them one last time to speak. “There is one last thing I must tell you before we part,” he says while holding his transparent hand out to one of the characters (preferably an elf if there is such a character in the group, or the wisest and most reserved in the group if there is no elf with them). “Give me thy hand, friend.” When the chosen character holds the hand of Noihvo, he/she feels as if his/her whole body goes numb. Everything around the character fades away into a blur until only Noihvo can be seen in front of him/her. However, now the elf is no spectral ghost but an elf made of flesh

and blood. Noihvo looks deep into the eyes of the character and begins to sing the most hauntingly beautiful song that the character has ever heard, or will ever hope to hear again. The song seems to flow into the very soul of the character, and the words somehow make sense in his/her heart even without being able to understand the language. After a time, Noihvo concludes the song and smiles at the character. “Thou wilt need this, although I am sworn into secrecy by ancient tradition to never reveal its use. Remember it, for it may be thy only hope. Forgive me, and fare thee well,” Noihvo says as the world around the character starts to fade back in. Noihvo is no longer visible anywhere, either in physical or spectral form.

Noihvo’s song is the key to unlocking the gate of nature that guards the Horn of Ymenos. Only its words will disperse the vines and thorns of that gate. The

elves of Leafell took a vow many ages ago to never reveal anything about the Horn or how it can be found to any outsider. Noiho is still bound under this oath and he was not released from it, even upon his death. The characters and Vaeromar then descend into the darkness of the pit.

That ladder leads them on downwards for what seems like an hour. During this time the troupe climbs on through utter darkness, since Vaeromar does not dare light any torches as it would alert the pit's inhabitants to their presence. On and on they climb until they can hear the howling of trolls and the clashing of iron upon stone. The air is filled with black smoke from the furnaces of the trolls, and now the characters choke as their lungs begin to burn and ache in pain. At last, the characters can see light slowly fade in from the seemingly endless darkness beneath their feet. Eventually they can even glimpse ground beyond. The troupe reaches the bottom of the pit and as now in the troll mines that will lead them further into Leafell. Now their greatest hope lies in secrecy.

The work in the mines is overseen by a grey troll named Dulbuug. He patrols the mines back and forth to ensure that his subjects never rest. Should he find unruly workers in his ranks, he will either correct them by whipping them with his long, black whip until they faint or he will slay the worker outright with his axe. The demon Ihssirguul only watches through the eyes of Dulbuug, ignoring the other trolls and goblins in the mines. Because of this, their eyes do not burn with an unnatural red light and the characters should not directly be seen by the demon if they are spotted by the workers. However, if Dulbuug should spot the characters, the demon will be alerted and will immediately send his warriors down into the mines. If this happens, the encounter becomes much more difficult and the characters will have a hard time passing through Leafell after they exit the mines since the demon is then aware of their coming. As a game master you should really work to help the characters realize that they made a mistake by alerting the demon to

their presence, or stress the importance beforehand of maintaining this element of surprise. There is no room for error in this part of the adventure. Henceforth this should be the most difficult and arduous task the characters have ever faced, and as a game master you should make sure your players feel that.

Life in The Mines

- ♦ 25 miners - Goblin slaves
- ♦ 1 overseer - Dulbuug the grey troll
- ♦ 8 warriors - Grey troll guards
- ♦ 5 ore carriers - Trolls who carry ore
- ♦ 3 blacksmiths - Hrim trolls who smelt the ore and forge weapons in the smithy

To determine where Dulbuug is when the characters and Vaeromar reach the mines, roll 1d6.

1d6	Dulbuug's Location
1	... overseeing the guards at the gate; whipping them for getting into a fight at their post.
2	... at either of the large openings into the mountains where the goblins mine iron ore. He is overseeing the work and correcting goblins who collapse from exhaustion.
3	... patrolling the passage that leads from the extraction to the smithy. From here, large trolls carry great piles of ore to the smithy where they are smelted down and forged into weapons and armor.
4	... overseeing the work in the smithy. Here, three hrim trolls smelt the iron ore and use it to forge dark and terrible weapons.
5	... resting in his hole by the exit of the mine. Here he tortures and torments one of the daughters of Ywol: Ingi.
6	... just returned from Leafell after being punished by the demon and is now at the exit. If the characters encounter him here, reinforcements from Leafell will arrive very quickly.

Entrance

A small and narrow passage leads forth from the ladder that led the troupe down into the pit. The rock of the mountain that closes in around them is jagged, sharp, and completely black. From up ahead they see warm lights and hear some commotion. It seems as if there is a fight going on up ahead. As the characters peek around the corner, they can see two grey troll guards have drawn their weapons upon each other. They look like the trolls the characters had seen before on Ymradas except for one thing, their eyes are not glowing with a demonic and unnatural red light as the others had before. The trolls are arguing in their own language about which one of them smells the worst, a most sought after attribute amongst trolls.

If Dulbuug is there, he will whip the guards and roar at them, declaring that he is the one who smells the worst and that they should all know that by now. Following the incident, the trolls return to their posts, staring out into the darkness.

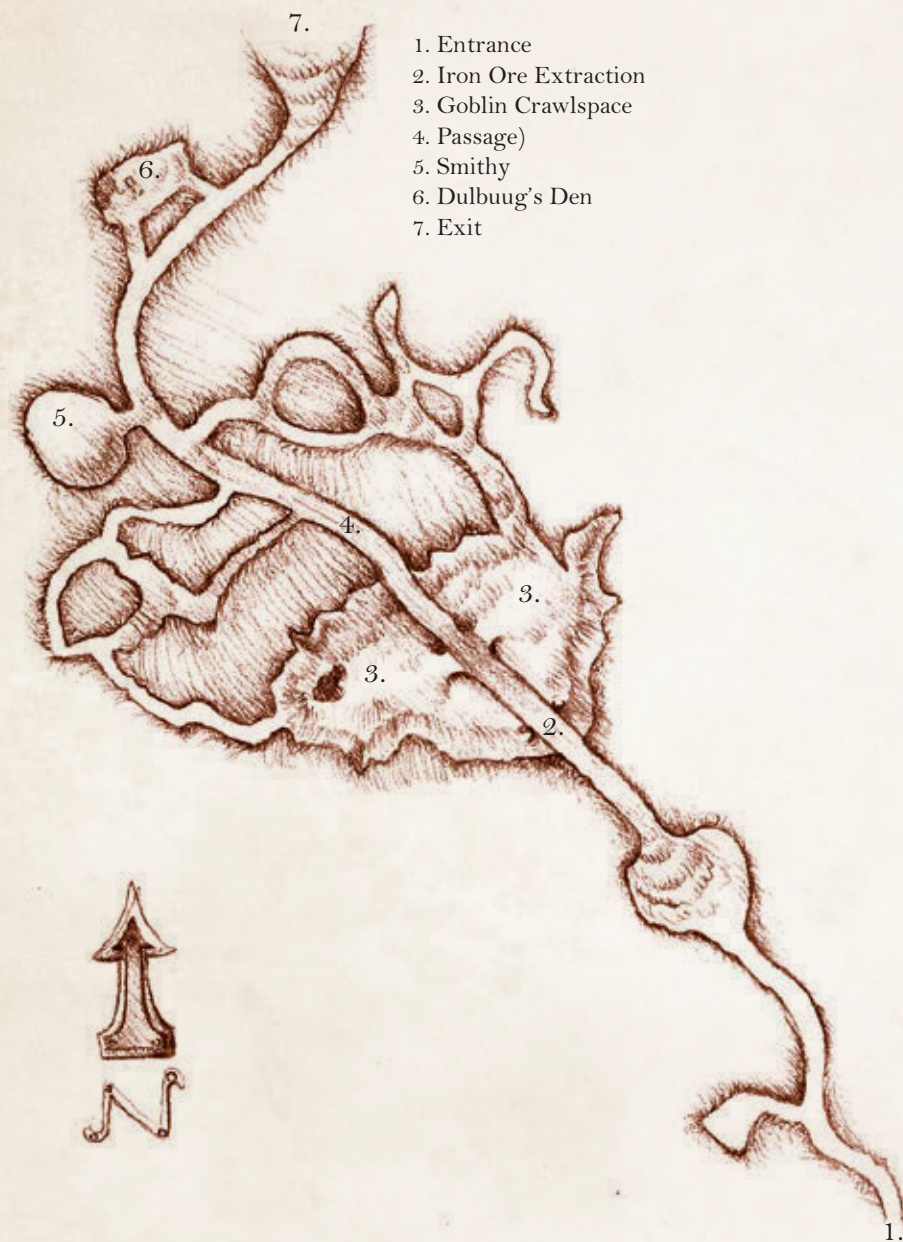
If the characters let the trolls play out their argument then the two trolls will eventually kill each other, leaving the entrance temporarily unprotected.

If the characters attack, the two trolls will forget their argument (for the moment) and attack back with ferocity.

Iron Ore Extraction

The opening in the mountain where the iron ore is extracted is a cavernous place. Here a passage leads forth in between two great openings in the mountain on either side. In each of the openings, great veins of iron ore and other minerals glitter in the flickering light. Here seven grey troll warriors patrol the passage and keep an eye on the workers. At least 20 goblin slaves work here as well, striking their great hammers against the mountain and collecting the ore into large piles that are deposited down by the passage. From time to time the grey troll guards wander down to where the goblins are mining to give them a kick or two. They enjoy feeling superior over the goblin slaves and ensuring that the

Map of The Troll Mines



goblins, for they dare not disturb their wrathful master. If he is anywhere else, then Dulbuug will also be alerted by the goblins. If Dulbuug is overseeing the workers at the time, he will not watch the goblins from the passage but will instead be amongst them and intimidate them or punish them for passing out from exhaustion.

Goblin Crawlspace

In the great rock openings of the ore extraction site, the goblins have dug small tunnels on either side of the passage. These tunnels lead through the side of the mountain, beyond the passage where the trolls carry their ore. To discover and access the goblin tunnels, the players must intentionally designate that the characters are trying to find an alternative way to pass the trolls. The game master should clearly state that the trolls are walking back and forth along the passage at all times and that it seems like it would be extremely difficult to remain hidden there. Characters that search the rock for an alternate path will find a small and narrow opening just where the ore extraction ends and the passage continues on into the mountain. If the characters think it's a good idea to walk tall amongst the trolls, then consider having Vaeromar tell them that they should stick to the shadows. Perhaps Vaeromar finds the opening instead of the characters at that time? In any case, the characters must pass a situation roll of 14 modified by their Dexterity to see if they manage to enter the opening to the goblin tunnel without alerting anyone. If they fail on the roll then the goblins will be alerted of their presence. characters are of course allowed to roll with another sneak-related skill instead of the above mentioned situation roll.

The tunnel is very small and its walls are covered by sharp rocks that poke out like daggers. All characters that are bigger than a normal human must pass a situation roll of 15 modified by their Dexterity to avoid scraping themselves against the jagged stone. Everyone who fails the roll suffers 1d5 damage to their body points.

The tunnel leads on through darkness

goblins feel inferior. Great trolls come to the extraction site to pick up the great piles of ore and carry them further into the mine. If the characters attempt to sneak past the extraction site they will suffer a modifier of -2 on the roll, since the grey troll warriors are keeping an eye out for unwelcome visitors.

If the characters are discovered by the grey troll warriors, the trolls will

immediately attack. 1d6 goblins miners will also attack while the rest will flee in fear. This will result in the fleeing goblins alerting the rest of the mine to the presence of the characters. All other trolls in the mines will thus be prepared for the eventual coming of the characters, gaining a modifier of +2 on their first attack against them. If Dulbuug is in his hole he will not be alerted by the

and opens up again on the other side of the passage, just beside the smithy.

Passage

Originating from the iron ore extraction site leads a long and broad passage to the smithy. Here 5 trolls wander to-and-fro at all times, carrying large piles of mined iron ore. Traversing this passage without being spotted is impossible. The characters must navigate around it by finding the goblin tunnels. If Dulbuug is at the passage, he will be patrolling back and forth and observing the trolls.

Smithy

At the smithy, 3 great hrim trolls receive the iron ore and smelt it down to eventually harvest steel, which they shape and forge into the horrid weapons of war used by the armies of Ihssirguul. Hrim trolls are incredible craftsmen and have been known to work both fair and rare materials. Sometimes they even wield swords and chainmail made from silver. Here five great furnaces stand in a row, roaring by day and by night since the hrim trolls are never allowed to rest from their work – chained down by their feet to the walls of the smithy. This means that they cannot flee from it unless they are released by Dulbuug, who has the key. If Dulbuug is at the smithy, he will most likely be whipping the hrim trolls up into a rage so that they work harder and more intensely. Should the hrim trolls ever be released, they would likely attempt to slay Dulbuug; unless their master Ihssirguul manages to possess their minds before they can act. This, however, is unlikely since Dulbuug is ultimately of little importance to the demon.

When the characters begin to approach the smithy they will notice how a great cold comes upon them. The air around them grows significantly colder and colder as they draw nearer to the smithy. In fact, inside the smithy it is as freezing as if one had stepped right into the uncharted land of Isvidda to the furthest north. The cold bites into their very bones, and the stone of the smithy is coated with snow and ice. The hrim

trolls find great comfort in the cold. The characters will take 1d5 points in damage each action round they spend in the smithy (unless they are wearing fur from a mastomant).

Hrim trolls have a so-called hrim body, which means that for every action round that a character spends fighting the hrim troll he/she must also make a situation roll of 12 modified by Psyche to determine whether or not he/she is able to resist fleeing from the sphere of biting frost. After the second action round against the hrim troll has passed, the characters start to take damage from the frost that surrounds them as outlined below (in addition to the damage sustained from the chill of the smithy). Characters wearing fur from a mastomant ignore this damage as well.

AR	Damage
1	—
2	1d3
3	1d6
+1	1d6

Dulbuug’s Den

Dulbuug’s den is located close to the exit from the mines. The entrance to the den is nothing more than a piece of foul and stinking cloth draped over an opening in the rock. A warm light is radiating from behind the cloth. As the characters enter the den a pungent stench assaults them. The stench reminds the characters of rotten fish and sweat. Inside the den an open fire is roaring, and a long table carved from rock is positioned at the far left side of the den. The floor is covered in old bones and half eaten scraps of food, all rotten and filled with maggots. Some pelts and furs are hung up against the walls as well, some of which are stained with blood.

On the long table at the far left end of the den lies a young woman, naked with her back turned against the characters. She is older, almost twenty winters, with black hair. Her back is covered in gruesome scars, some of which have healed and some are still bleeding. The

stone table and the ground beneath it is stained with blood. The young girl suddenly starts to cry when she hears the characters enter the den. She starts panting and sweating and crouching up against the wall as if she is trying to disappear through the rock of the wall. “Please,” she sniffles. “I can give you no more. Kill me...please kill me. I can’t take it anymore.” As the characters announce that they are not there to hurt her, she suddenly turns and stares at the characters as if she’s seen a ghost. It’s been weeks since she saw another human face. She begins to cry and laugh at the same time, as if overtaken by emotions she doesn’t know how to react to. She jumps up, oblivious to the fact that she’s naked, and runs into the arms of the closest character. Hugging him/her desperately with prolific thanks, begging the characters to take her with them. Her clothes are badly torn, but can be found on the floor of the den. If one of the characters neglects to do so, Vaeromar picks them up quickly and hands them to her, saying that that’s the best they can do for now unless she prefers wearing troll clothing. She nods and declares that her rags will have to do.

If she is asked if she knows where Yllwi is, she will say that the two of them came to the mountain together but were separated after a short time. The trolls said that she was more fair and would be used for pleasure, whilst Yllwi was too wild – she had to be “taken care of”. What that means, she doesn’t know, but it can’t be good. The girl’s name is Ingi and she is the daughter of one of the farmers, named Loar. If the characters tell her that her father is dead, she will only nod as a steely expression crosses her face. She explains that her father never treated her right, and that she is glad her mother is finally rid of him. Ingi can show the characters where she last saw Yllwi and says that she is willing to fight if they have a weapon for her. Her favoured weapons are spears. The characters leave together with Ingi, assuming they agree.

If Dulbuug is at home when the characters arrive at his den, the characters

will find him in the process of torturing Ingi. It's a horrid and gruesome scene and her cries can be heard all the way from the smithy. Roll 1d5 to determine how many fear points this situation provides (see the Game Master's Guide for modifiers). The characters can try to sneak up on Dulbuug in this situation, and if they succeed they will gain a modifier of +4 on both their attack roll and their damage roll. If the characters attack Dulbuug, then the demon Ihssirguul will be alerted to their presence. Dulbuug will put up a difficult fight, but Ingi will also help the characters as best she can by trying to grab ahold of Dulbuug so that the characters can slay him. Dulbuug will most likely call others to his help as well, using the horn that he wields at his side. Dulbuug must use one entire action round to use the horn. If he manages to call for help then three grey troll warriors will come from the ore extraction site, their eyes now burning with a red light as well. Once Dulbuug is slain, Ingi stands above his corpse panting for a moment. Then she grabs a weapon from one of the characters before he can react and starts stabbing Dulbuug's corpse over and over like some wild beast, whilst crying and shouting loudly. Eventually she calms down, but only after massacring Dulbuug beyond recognition.

If the characters decide that attacking Dulbuug is not worth the risk and move on instead, Ingi will die in Dulbuug's den.

Exit

The exit is made up of a gate that looks identical to the one found at the entrance to the mines. However, this gate is not guarded by anyone. The characters should be able to exit without much trouble at this point. Beyond the gate, narrow tunnels with sharp and jagged walls continue on for hours. Any characters that are bigger than a normal human must pass a situation roll of 16 modified by their Dexterity to avoid scraping themselves on the rock. If they fail the roll, then they will suffer 1d3 damage to their body points.

The tunnel system is hard to navigate, but with the help of Ingi they manage it. Without her help they must roll for skills related to knowledge of mountains or underground navigation (as game master you can allow some creativity here, or use your best judgement to determine what should fit and what shouldn't). If the characters fail the rolls, they will become lost for a full day in the mountain and have to spend the night there to avoid collapsing from exhaustion. Roll 1d5 to determine how many fear points they receive while struggling with being lost (see the Game Master's Guide for modifiers).

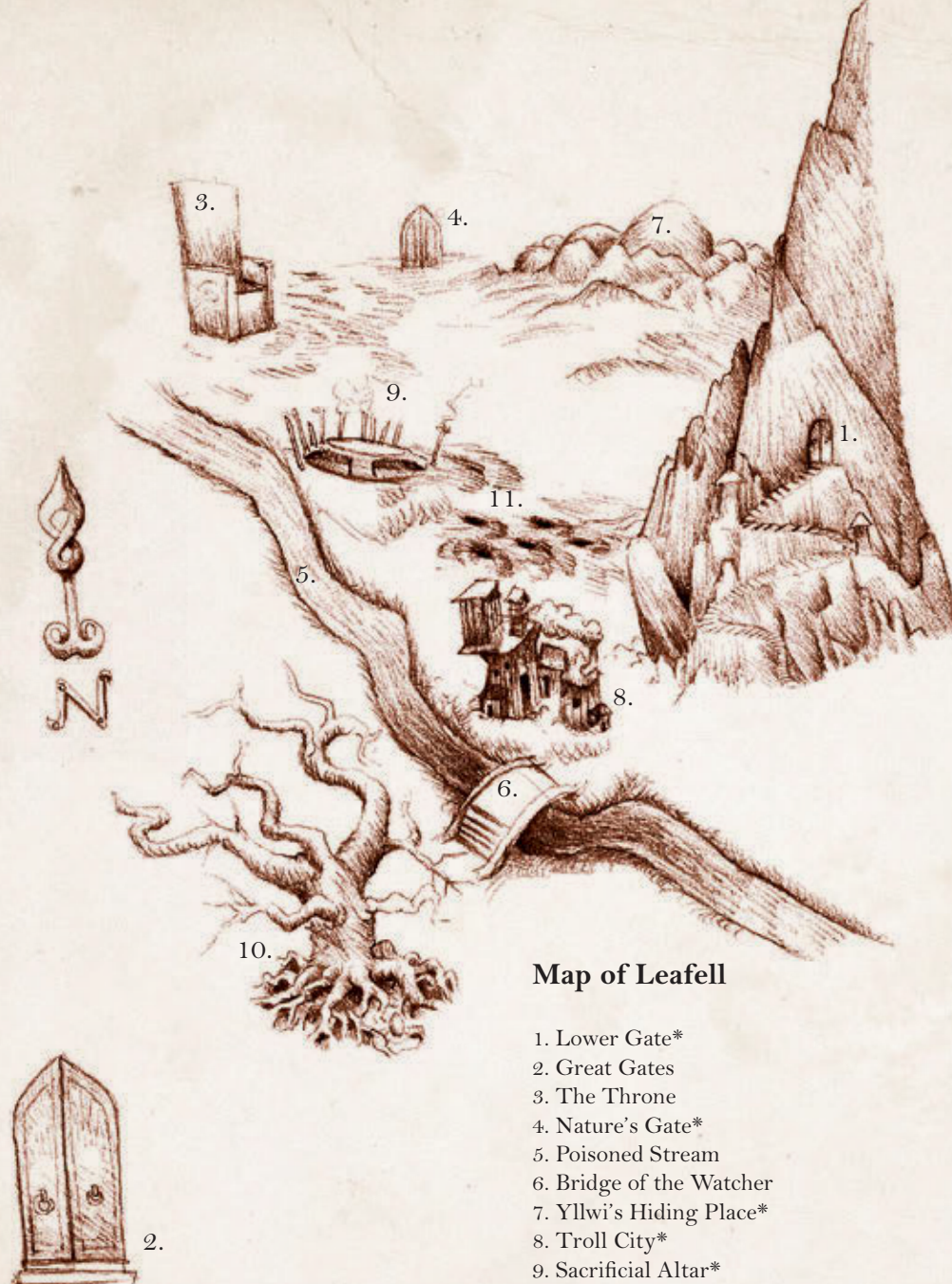
As a game master, you should feel free to have the characters encounter something whilst they are lost and wandering the tunnels. Perhaps they stumble upon some barrow wights from fallen elf warriors that lived in Leafell, or some spiders that have spun their homes here deep down in the mountain? You decide. Eventually the characters and Vaeromar reach a set of stairs that have been carved into the mountain. They lead upwards at an angle, further on into darkness. Ingi states that this is the way into the city and Vaeromar confirms it – he can sense a great evil beyond the darkness that lies ahead.

INTO LEAFELL

The stairs seem to have no end, as the troupe has been ascending them for nearly two hours now. Ingi is falling behind but manages to keep it together with the help of Vaeromar. At last, they hear noise coming from up ahead. Soon a warm light slowly begins to fade in through the darkness and they can glimpse their destination further above: the lower gate of Leafell. The gate stands three meters in height and four meters in width, with two grey trolls holding torches beside it keeping watch. The gate is clearly made by elven craftsmen but covered by troll blasphemy. The trolls are clad in chainmail and leathers and at their side they wield broad shields and long spears. Their eyes are glowing with a red and unnatural light.

The characters need to decide their plan of attack. If they choose to attack head on, the demon will know that it is the characters who are coming and he will send a great force to fend them off. If instead they attempt to kill the trolls with stealth, using an arrow fired from the darkness or anything else along that line of thought, then the demon will only send a small troupe of trolls to inspect the scene. Once the characters and their companions pass the gate they will enter Leafell, the city of darkness.

You step out from the gate and into the ancient city of Leafell – a city that can best be described as a vast and magnificent cave. The roof of the mountain lies hundreds of meters above your heads and as you look up you start to feel dizzy in fear that the roof might collapse on top of you at any moment. Down below is a drop of a few hundred meters, descending into darkness. For as far as your eyes can see the cave stretches further on. Everywhere you look thousands and thousands of burning points of red light crawl about like cockroaches, illuminating the cave in a demonic glow. To stand there watching causes your legs to tremble in fear, and suddenly the grip around your weapons loosens as cold sweats cover your bodies. In several places great braziers are blazing, but the rest of the city is wrapped in complete darkness. All around you and throughout the city the trolls and the spiders have built their horrid communities of utter repulsiveness, and their cries of pain, fear, and hostility echo throughout that great cavern. Towering like dark pillars are the great trees that the giant Ymenos once raised from the rock. Now their silverlight has long been extinguished and their bark is blackened. Amidst the howls of the demon's servants, you hear the roar of rushing water. As you look down you can see a great stream of black water thundering through a large tear in the stone. It flows ahead from beyond the darkness, though you cannot make out its point of origin. Somewhere in that hell on earth, Yllwi is alone. Somewhere lies the Horn of Ymenos. Somewhere lies the end of your long road.



Map of Leafell

1. Lower Gate*
2. Great Gates
3. The Throne
4. Nature's Gate*
5. Poisoned Stream
6. Bridge of the Watcher
7. Yllwi's Hiding Place*
8. Troll City*
9. Sacrificial Altar*
10. Spider City
11. Fornication Pits

Roll 1d10 (OR 10) to determine how many fear points this situation provides (see the Game Master's Guide for modifiers).

Ingi grabs ahold of one of the characters. "Don't look at it! It gets easier, but for now don't look at it. Pretend you're somewhere safe. I can take you to where Yllwi and I last parted, although I cannot promise she'll still be there." If Ingi is not with the characters,

they will have to find their own way through Leafell. They will not benefit from the help of Ingi's knowledge of the city and perhaps they will even get lost for several days before managing to find Yllwi.

Down below a map of Leafell is provided, along with a description of a small number of its noteworthy locations. Places with an asterisk (*) after their name must be visited before the story

can move on, unless something else is explicitly stated. As a game master you should feel free to explore the map and add your own places of interest as you see fit. The exploration of Leafell and the finding of the Horn of Ymenos is a rather free form portion of this adventure. The places that one is most likely to encounter in Leafell are listed below, but there is no set chain of events that forces the characters go to any of the places in any specific order. As a game master, you should be familiar and comfortable with every possible outcome, reading up ahead on these places so that you are well prepared when the characters does something unexpected. If the characters directly follow Ingi they will be led to the troll city (7).

For every day that the characters spend in Leafell they must pass a situation roll of 12 modified by their Psyche. If anyone fails the roll, then the horrors of Leafell get the better of that character who will suffer a modifier of -1 on everything that he/she attempts whilst the demon still dwells on Trudvang. This modifier stacks up to -5. Once a character has reached a modifier of -5, that character no longer needs to perform the situation roll. The city of Leafell is so huge that several days will have passed before this part of the adventure is over.

Lower Gate

The characters enter Leafell through the lower gate. It's a smaller gate that was built by the star elves so that they could pass to the other side of the mountains. Since Ihssirguul came to Leafell it has been used to connect the troll mines to the city. The lower gates are ironically positioned high up against the walls of the city, and a narrow set of stairs is the only way down to the lower levels where most of the city is located. Watchtowers have been built by the trolls along the narrow stairs to guard the gate and oversee shipments of weapons that come up from the troll mines. There are approximately 4 watchtowers here and they are all inhabited by a number of forest trolls. Somewhere between

5-10 forest trolls constantly inhabit each tower. The characters must sneak past each tower if they wish to remain undetected by the demon, who is always watching through the eyes of those towers.

Great Gates

South west of the throne of Ihssirguul lies the great gates of Leafell. The great gates were built by the star elves in ancient times when the trolls came to Leafell to bid the spiders to drink from the enchanted stream of Ymenos. Now the gates are used by the demon and his servants to keep watch over the dead plains that lie outside of Leafell. Five thousand trolls and spiders constantly stand watch by these great gates. Some sit on the battlements and others have built their own cities and pits unnumbered throughout the area in front of the gates, which is now called Mujgagrand - the plains of strength. If the characters should be bold enough to venture here, they will be killed by the massive forces of trolls and spiders who dwell at the gates. The gates themselves tower so tall and are so massive that they can be seen from the bridge Gaignaluund to the northeast. The gates have not been opened since they were first built by the star elves.

The Throne

Against the northernmost wall of the great city is seated the giant Ymenos upon the throne of the fallen elven king Vainhoahve. From that seat flows forth the evil of Ihssirguul to all places on Ymradas. Never does the demon leave the throne except on rare occasions when he ventures to the peaks of Ymrgand to commune with his dark brothers beyond the mists. The throne is carved directly from the mountainside and was created by Ymenos himself out of love for the star elves. Its stone is laid with several inscriptions, runes, and images that tell the story of Ymradas and how the star elves came to live in Leafell. Those inscriptions are now

mostly covered by black blood and burn marks, but they can still be glimpsed from underneath the blasphemy of the trolls and the demon. Around that throne are stationed 30 trolls, who have been bred in the fornication pits from the unholy union of a king's troll and a hrin troll. Those trolls are misshapen and strong. They wield swords and spears of blackest night, forged in the mines by the craftsmanship of hrin trolls.

At his side, the demon Ihssirguul wields the fabled blade Alquelainen. That blade was once the weapon that king Vainhoahve wielded in his final

moments, as the giant smote his body against the mountainside and thus ended his reign. Ihssirguul never lets the blade out of his sight and at all times he rests the giant's great hands upon its pommel.

If a character is nearby the throne, the game master should roll 1d10 (OR 9-10) to determine how many fear points the presence of the throne provides (see the Game Master's Guide for modifiers).

Gate of Nature

The gate of nature lies due east of the throne of Ihssirguul. This gate is not made



of any iron, steel, rock, or dead wood; but instead it is made up of thick vines and sharp thorns that grow from the rock of the mountain. The vines are as thick and strong as tree roots and the thorns are as sharp as short swords. Beyond the gate of nature leads a tunnel through the mountain due north, until that tunnel ends in a dark and unlit cavern. In that cave, huge stalactites hang from the roof and under them lie a large pool of water. This water has remained untouched by any evil, and anyone who dives into its waters heals ID10 in both body points and fear points. To merely touch that water is a cure for all weariness and fear (though fear points are not restored). High up in the roof of that cave hangs the fabled Horn of Ymenos, held up by thick tree roots that grow from the rock of the cave. The Horn itself is not laid with any ornaments or other decorations – it is the pure horn of the giant.

The gate of nature is protected by ancient spells. It is said that the star elves passed on some of the power that their gods, the Vanir, had provided them with in ancient times to protect that gate. Not even the darkness of the demon could break those spells. To pass through that gate one must wield the key. That key was once crafted by Noihvo, the creator of the gate of nature. He shaped the key into a beautiful song, whose words contain the password that may open the gate. Only Noihvo could choose whom would be allowed to learn that song, and only by hearing it sung directly from Noihvo can a person hope to learn it. The one chosen earlier by Noihvo need only sing the song to the gate of nature and that gate shall open until it is closed once more by the same person, who must sing the song again.

Above the gate of nature is carved into the stone the following message in the elven tongue, Eika:

“Herein lieth the salvation of the children of light. May thy gaze never layest upon it. May thy tongue never speakest of it. May thy heart be forever sworn by it. By the promise of the children and the fathers. Forever hallowed in the stars.”

Ihssirguul knows well the power that the Horn keeps and at all times the gate of nature is guarded by his most powerful and terrible servant: The Queen of Spiders, Morkla the Wicked. She is the greatest of all spiders who dwell on Ymradas, and any who are bit by her or stung by her must perform a situation roll of 10 modified by their Constitution. If the roll is not successful, then the character is infected by the spider's darkness and gains 1d3 unmodified fear points every other action round spent battling Morkla. The fear cannot leave the character until he/she leaves Leafell.

When the characters find the Horn of Ymenos they will soon discover that acquiring the Horn is easier said than done. To reach the Horn one must climb up the rock of the cave and remove it by hand. As a game master, you should let the characters perform situation rolls modified by Dexterity or Constitution, or alternatively have them roll for other movement skills. Several rolls should be performed before they are able to reach the Horn.

As the characters begin to climb towards the Horn they hear horrid shouts echoing up from the tunnel behind them, as well as the sound of a great many footsteps stomping the ground. As the characters get closer and closer to the Horn the sound of the approaching horde should intensify behind them, and just as the characters reach the Horn hundreds of trolls and spiders swarm into the cave and overwhelm the characters before they can reach the Horn. The spiders effortlessly climb up the walls of the cave and remove the Horn, bringing it to the strongest of the trolls to carry. The characters are captured by the trolls and spiders, then dragged before Ihssirguul at his throne with the Horn of Ymenos. Skip ahead to “A LEGEND IS REWRITTEN”.

The Poisoned Stream

The stream that was created from the silverlight of the trees of Leafell was once the blessing of Ymradas, able to heal all hatred, fear, and evil from any

being who drank from it. With the coming of the demon Ihssirguul, that stream was poisoned at its source and its water turned black. Now it runs through Leafell and further out into the forests of Ymradas, corrupting the inhabitants of the island and twisting their hearts into unthinkable hatred and wickedness. In addition, all who drink from the waters of that stream are immediately made slaves under the will of Ihssirguul. That includes characters. There is only one way to cross that stream: over Gaignaluund – the bridge of the Watcher. If a character falls into the stream, he/she is immediately made a slave under the will of Ihssirguul and falls into the control of the game master until either the demon is banished or the character is killed.

The Bridge of The Watcher

Gaignaluund – the bridge of the Watcher, the only bridge that crosses the poisoned stream that runs through Leafell. It lies due south of the throne of Ihssirguul. The bridge is made out of solid stone, carved from the floor of the great cave. The bridge was built by Ymenos in times when Leafell was still fair. At that time, the bridge was nameless. Gaignaluund is constantly shrouded in a thick fog so that its watcher can materialize here. Once inside the fog one can only see an arm's length ahead through its thick and ghastly gloom. The bridge earned its name after the coming of the demon, for Ihssirguul sent forth a most terrible being from Dimhall to be the watcher of that bridge: A Draugr. That Watcher is unnamed, for he has no other purpose than to be the chief executioner of Ihssirguul.

Yllwi's Hiding Place

East of the gate of nature lies an area covered by rocky hills. When Ymenos first carved Leafell from the heart of the mountain, he made this area into a small forest where the star elves would dance and sing in ancient times. With the coming of the demon that area was

blighted along with the rest of Leafell. The trees of the small forest withered and died, and now only their blackened stumps remain, standing as reminders of what evil befell this place. Only the rocky hills, the stumps of black trees, and the ever-present darkness of Leafell remain in this ghastly place.

This is the place where Yllwi lies in hiding. After she was brought to the troll city to be executed, she managed to break free from their bonds by killing her guard in his sleep. She stole a bow, some arrows, and makeshift armor pieces together from old troll armor and what was left of her own clothes. She fled north until she found the fornication pits and then turned due east for a while. She was tired and afraid but not yet defeated. She kept thinking about her father – about home. Those thoughts sustained her until she turned north and reached the gate of nature. At the gate of nature she saw the great spider Morkla, but what truly intrigued her was the gate itself. Thus it was that one night, while Morkla slumbered in her giant web, Yllwi snuck up towards the gate of nature and touched its vines with her bare hands. In that moment Yllwi felt something that she had not felt in a long time – happiness. It was as if simply grasping the vines of that gate was a cure for sadness. Yllwi knew not what the gate of nature truly protects, but she had a sense that something good lay beyond it, something untouched by the demon.

Yllwi does not know that Ymenos is possessed by a demon. She would not understand such things due to her lack of experience with the dark powers of the world. However, she has realized that there is no dragon and that something is very wrong with the giant, for she has seen him and indeed heard him as he leaves the city to watch upon the peaks of Ymrgand.

When the characters find Yllwi she will be overjoyed and yet quite sad to see them. She is quite happy not to be alone anymore, but sad in knowing that they will probably all die together in this hellish place. The characters notice that Yllwi is wounded from a cut in her left shoulder. This wound can be easily

treated, since the cut does not go very deep. If she is asked, Yllwi will tell the characters that the trolls thought her to be too unruly and that they said that they were going to sacrifice her to someone named Vigan. However, she explains how she broke free and stole a bow from the trolls after she slew them.

She tells the characters and Vaeromar about the gate of nature, although she does not name it as such. She knows where the gate lies, and if permitted, Yllwi will immediately lead the characters and Vaeromar there.

Troll City

West of the lower gate lies a city of such poor architecture and repulsiveness that it is almost laughable – one of the troll cities of Leafell. A combination of huts have been balanced on top of each other in varying forms and configurations, forming what looks like a shanty town that is likely to collapse at any time under the weight of itself. This specific troll city was recently abandoned and almost no trolls still reside here. The trolls that do still dwell here are some of the misshapen creatures that were bred in the fornication pits, the ones who did not die but were still not strong enough to be of any practical use. These creatures often lay around moaning, slowly starving to death. This abandoned city is one of the smaller cities built by the trolls of Leafell and indeed one of the first ones that was built after the coming of the demon. Therefore, it is incredibly old and unstable; the characters need to tread very carefully here so that the wooden planks don't crumble beneath their feet. As a game master you should vividly describe how horribly the trolls have constructed this city and how it seems as if it all could collapse at any moment.

When Ingi leads the characters to this city she will be surprised that there are no trolls left here. When she was last here, the city was swarming with hundreds of trolls. If the characters search for signs of Yllwi they will first find her torn clothes in one of the huts. In that hut lies a dead, smaller, grey troll. Its throat has been cut and it looks (and smells) like the troll

has been dead for some time. The troll is missing some of its armor, such as its boots and its chainmail. Some of Yllwi's torn clothes seems to be missing as well. If they further investigate the scene, they will see that the troll is not carrying any weapons and no other weapons can be found in the hut.

If the characters continue their search for Yllwi within the troll city, they will find numerous locations where battles have taken place. Both the dead trolls and the splintered wood bear witness to that. It seems like Yllwi is no longer here, but a track of blood leads further north towards the rocky hills and blackened stumps east of the gate of nature (Yllwi's hiding place). The tracks are hard to follow and the blood is quite clearly a few days old.

Sacrificial Altar

South of the throne of Ihssirguul lies the sacrificial altar of the trolls. The sacrificial altar was created after the coming of the demon, consisting of four ramps that have been carved from the city's stone that lead up from the ground to a huge and circular altar crafted from the same stone. The ramps and the altar lie covered in inscriptions that depict stories and beliefs from the Haminges religion, the same religion that the trolls and most wildmen in Trudvang practice. In the midst of the altar rests a huge bowl made from iron. The bowl is chained down by huge, thick, black chains that are set into the stone of the altar. Around the bowl stands four round pedestals, and on top of each of those pedestals rest smaller bowls also made from iron. Here the trolls perform horrid sacrifices where their greatest foes or champions are slain and emptied of all blood. The blood is then poured into the huge bowl in the middle and drunk by the other trolls using the smaller bowls on the four pedestals. The trolls believe that each living creature possesses a spirit, and that these spirits are powerful beings that one can bind to oneself by slaying the body possessing it. At this altar, not only the drinking of blood is

practiced but also cannibalism where the trolls slay their own kind and eat their remains to harvest more souls and thereby gain their power.

In the religion of Haminges, one of the gods is named Vigan. He is the leader, the giant and the destroyer. He is known as a giant with a mask made from bones. The trolls of Leafell believe that Ymenos is Vigan, therefore they perform sacrifices in the name of Vigan at this altar to the corrupted giant of the city.

Spider City

Southwest of the bridge of the watcher lies the place where the spiders have built their own city. In amongst the giant and blackened roots of one of the trees of Leafell they have spun their giant webs into a network of incomprehensible size and terror. Under the tree they have dug tunnels that go on and on for days, down into the heart of Ymradas where they nest and construct their giant egg chambers. Up the giant trunk of the tree their webs climb to the crown of the tree, where the spiders lie waiting for their mistress, Queen Morkla, to return from her guard at the gate of nature. This city is home to at least seven thousand spiders, great and small. To enter the tree and defeat its inhabitants would be an adventure in its own right.

Fornication Pits

Due south of the gate of nature lies an area more twisted and horrific than any other in Leafell. As far as the eye can see, the trolls have dug huge pits where they fornicate in mass to breed forth the most horrid and misshapen kinds of trolls that have ever been seen on Trudvang. Here king's trolls are cross bred with hrim trolls to create atrocious warriors that stand guard at the throne of Ihssirguul. A stench more pungent and repulsive than the characters have ever smelled before clinging to the damp air and covers the whole area like a foul blanket. Bodily fluids, blood, rotting corpses, and sweat make up the stench that oozes forth from the fornication pits. The pits themselves

are not very deep, but are so big in circumference that at least 50 larger trolls can fit in a single pit. It should be noted that most of the monstrosities that spring forth from these unholy unions die as unborn and misshapen things, never living to serve the demon. Their unnumbered corpses lie rotting either in the corners of the pits or thrown onto the walkways that the trolls have crafted out of wood, which lead in between the pits. Trolls that are fornicating here are often completely naked and won't have their weapons nearby. It's also quite likely that they will not be expecting a fight.

A LEGEND IS REWRITTEN

When the characters and their companions were about to claim the Horn of Ymenos they were captured by a horde of trolls and spiders. The demon Ihssirguul watched through the eyes of Morkla as the characters slew her and opened the gate of nature. He knows that the Horn of Ymenos is exposed and that now is his time to make that Horn into his own weapon of terrible might and corruption. The trolls then drag the Horn, the characters, and their companions to the throne where the giant Ymenos sits possessed by the demon Ihssirguul. The trolls also confiscate the characters' weapons and shields. A description of the throne can be found in the previous chapter. When Vaeromar sees the sword of Alquelainen, he gasps and whispers the sword's name to himself.

The giant laughs loudly in the presence of the party and rises slowly from his throne. All of the trolls take a knee and the spiders bow in awe. The giant claps his huge hands, causing the entire cave to rumble and boom from the sheer volume of the sound it produces. The game master should roll 1d10 (OR 8-10) to determine how many fear points this situation provides (see the Game Master's Guide for modifiers).

Ymenos stares at the troupe with his burning red eyes and Ihssirguul speaks through him. As he opens his mouth the characters can see that the flesh inside

of it is completely black, as are his huge teeth and tongue.

"So long thou have journeyed and so great hath been thy struggle, only to end like this. Tis true what I said, elf. Thou will die hither and be forgotten by the rest of the world. There is nay escape nor retribution, for the Horn is now mine and with its power nay even the gods can hinder my conquest. I shalt unleash the unnumbered hordes of death upon thy world and all will know that I am indeed the darkest and most terrible lord in all of the five worlds.

"But ye can consider yourselves lucky, for you wilt not live to see how I take your world and crush it beneath my wrath. All the forests wilt wither, all the mountains wilt be sundered, and all the seas shalt be emptied in the wake of my power. I wilt consume your people like a wolf, and I wilt hide the sun and moon behind mist. Bear witness to this moment and tremble. Bring forth the Horn of Ymenos!"

Suddenly the trolls let out a horrid shriek as their hordes scramble out of the path of a great shadow. From the ranks of the trolls comes forth the Watcher of Gaignaluund, clad in blackest armor and robes while wielding his dark blade. Behind him five hrim trolls carry forth the Horn of Ymenos. The Watcher bows before his master and the trolls lay down the Horn at the feet of the giant. The demon laughs aloud and bends down to pick up the Horn. "Stand back!" Vaeromar suddenly cries out. The characters look at him and see that his eyes are now glowing with white light and some kind of power seems to be radiating from him. With a word from his mouth a great burst of energy is sent forth from Vaeromar's body and all trolls in a circumference of ten meters fall to the ground. The characters must pass a situation roll of 14 modified by their Constitution to keep from falling over themselves. However, it may transpire the characters are all released by the trolls who have been holding them and can now move freely.

At this point the game master should point out that the trolls that kept the



characters' weapons have fallen over and that the characters' weapons now lie on the ground ten meters or so ahead, unprotected. The characters must make a run for it and grab their weapons before the trolls can get up again. Vaeromar

holds his staff high towards the giant. "Thou shalt not touch the Horn! Be gone! Be gone I say unto thee! Leave this world and never return!" Vaeromar shouts in an unnaturally loud voice as if it were amplified by a thousand voices like

his. The giant laughs at Vaeromar and draws the blade *Alquelainen*, pointing it at the old elf. "Thou dost not know what it is thou meddlest with, elf!" the demon roars. Vaeromar suddenly turns to the characters. "The Horn! Sound the Horn!" he cries.

Now begins the final battle of the adventure. Everything has led to this point and the characters should be prepared. As a game master you should have made sure that the characters understand that they cannot simply stroll into *Leafell* and defeat *Ihssirguul*. They should be prepared, and the adventure is designed so that they should have been rewarded adventure points throughout their journeys so that they can overcome this final encounter. In addition to being prepared, they will have to be wise in how they fight and go about reaching the Horn of *Ymenos*.

The point of this encounter is not to kill the giant. In fact, that is not possible for he is protected by the darkness of *Ihssirguul*, whose evil power keeps *Ymenos* alive. The point of the encounter is to reach the Horn of *Ymenos* and sound it so that its ancient and uncorrupted force will awaken the giant and effectively banish *Ihssirguul* from *Trudvang*. Swords are of no use here and the giant cannot be damaged by any martial arms. Should the characters try to fight the giant with martial weapons they will notice that their blows are hindered by a dark and unpassable veil that surrounds him. However, characters may use *vitner* (not *Darkvitner*), holy powers, and magic or holy weapons to battle the giant. Vaeromar will take the lead and use all of the power that he wields through *vitner* to keep the demon at bay. Characters that do not have any magical or holy powers should spend their time fighting their way through the ranks of the misshapen trolls towards the throne of the demon where the *Watcher of Gaignaluund* guards the Horn of *Ymenos*. Once the death wight is defeated, the characters may acquire and sound the Horn. Should any characters that wield the powers necessary decide to join in the battle towards the demon,

the game master should clearly state that their powers don't seem to truly damage the giant – they only seem to slow him.

As a game master it is important that you make the players feel like the heroes. This is an encounter where the characters can easily feel like they are taking a back seat, fighting the lesser evil while Vaeromar is getting all the glory. It should be clearly stated that to reach the Horn of Ymenos the characters have to fight through a small army of mutated trolls almost as big as him trolls, and then fight a death wight standing two times as high as a normal human. A death wight is one of the most powerful and challenging adversaries that a character can ever hope to fight during his/her adventuring career. It is an ungodly force of pure evil, death, and destruction. Make the characters fear for their lives. Make them feel like every roll just barely keeps death at bay. It should also be clear that Vaeromar is not by any means having a fair fight with Ihssirguul. Vaeromar is using all his powers, slowly withering his own life force, to just barely distract and hinder the demon long enough for the players (the true heroes) to reach the Horn of Ymenos. Help the players understand that Ihssirguul is a force of evil and death that they could never hope to face and defeat by any martial means. The characters shouldn't even desire to fight the demon, they should fear to even meet his gaze. Their only hope is the Horn of Ymenos; therefore, the characters are the only hope for Leafell. They are the heroes, they are doing the truly meaningful work.

Just as the characters defeat the Watcher of Gaighalund the following happens:

Suddenly you hear a loud cry from behind you. As you turn, you see that Vaeromar is lying on his back, his staff broken. He is bleeding heavily from many wounds inflicted by the giant. Vaeromar tries to rise but he does not have the strength to lift himself up. Ymenos raises high the blade of Alquelainen and prepares to strike just as Vaeromar turns his head to look at you. His face is peaceful as he calls to you from across

the throneroom. "Promise that I will not be forgotten!" he calls. "Promise that no elf will doubt the truth of what happened here today. You tell them, you tell them what happened here!" As you answer him, he gives you one last nod as if saying goodbye before closing his eyes. Suddenly Vaeromar's body starts to tremble as he rises slowly, his face twisted in great pain. He clasps his hands together with great force and holds them in front of his heart. Vaeromar stomps his right foot into the ground and as he does so the ground shakes as if it was rocked by an earthquake, and all the trolls fall helplessly to the ground. You grasp the throne with all the strength you can muster to keep yourselves up. The demon stands dumbfounded, staring at Vaeromar with the blade Alquelainen poised above his head. Vaeromar whispers something to himself and then let's out an unnaturally loud cry, as if that cry was made up of a thousand powerful voices. Vaeromar suddenly opens his eyes and extends his arms in front of him, palms open towards the giant. It seems to you as if Vaeromar's eyes are made of nothing but a raging inferno of white flames and light. Pieces of his skin start to fly off and reveal yet more white flames where you would expect to see flesh and sinew. Vaeromar cries aloud in pain but does not move from his position. Soon the old elf has transformed into a radiating beacon of light. From his burning hands Vaeromar unleashes a ray of white, radiating light and intense flame. The ray collides with the giant and Ymenos struggles to stay on his feet as the powerful ray slowly starts to force him down to his knees. The force and heat that the ray projects is incredible and unlike anything you have ever felt or seen. Ihssirguul cannot fight the power of Vaeromar's magic any longer. The giant lets go of the blade Alquelainen, and as it hits the ground it shatters into a thousand razor sharp pieces that slay many of the surrounding trolls and spiders. The demon cries out aloud and turns his red gaze towards Vaeromar.

"You will not hinder me!" Ihssirguul cries, though his voice seems to falter.

"I I am the end times! I am legion! Aaaaaargghhh!"

Vaeromar calls to you one last time amidst his cries of pain, "The Horn! Now!"

The characters must choose which one of them will blow the Horn.

The sound of the Horn is ear crushing and you find yourselves falling to the ground, clutching your ears from the sheer volume of it. The trolls all flee before you, trampling each other as they run like some wild horde of animals. The demon's eyes start to glow more intensely red than ever before, as the very foundations of the mountain begin to shake. Huge sections of the cave roof comes falling down, crushing trolls and spiders beneath their awesome weight. All hope seems lost as Vaeromar slowly starts to fade away into nothing but shimmering dust. Ihssirguul is weakened, the power of the Horn starts to affect him. The giant suddenly starts to tremble intensely, and as he clasps his head he turns to you and looks you square in the eye. "NoooOooooOOoo!" he cries as he starts running towards you with the wild look of a madman in his burning eyes. With each step the giant takes the ground shakes and you struggle to keep yourselves standing. The black blood in the giant's veins suddenly starts to disappear and great parts of his skin starts to burst. It seems to you that with each step the giant takes his power and life force weakens, and slowly Ymenos is forced to his knees. The burning red light in his eyes slowly starts to fade, and as it disappears entirely you see a huge, black and terrible shadow flee from the giant's mouth as Ymenos lets forth a loud cry of pain and hatred.

The giant suddenly falls to the cave floor with an earthshaking crash and the ground around him cracks open in several crevices. The mountain is falling apart around you and there seems to be no way to escape this doom. Vaeromar is gone; he sacrificed himself so that you might end the demon's reign. As the hour is darkest, you can glimpse a light at the edge of your vision. You look to see where the light is coming from and notice

that it actually appears to be coming from the giant's body. From his wounds flows forth a fluid that, to your eyes, seems to be liquid silver that glows with a shimmering light. The silver gushes forth from the giant's body and everywhere it touches plants begin to spring from the rock of the cave. Beautiful plants in gold and white grow amidst thick and green grass, which continues to spring from the giant's blood as it flows through the massive cavern. Soon the entire cave is covered in nature's beauty and its stone

can barely be seen under the thicket of wild, colorful vegetation.

The silver blood of Ymenos flows forth into the cracks of the mountain and suddenly you are blinded by bright starlight as the silver reaches the roots of the great trees. Their leaves are once again relit and the darkness of Leafell is dispersed. Thousands of spiders, trolls, and goblins cry aloud in unison as they are singed and slain by the light of those trees. The burning starlight pierces the poisoned stream and suddenly its waters are purified,

black no more. The trees grow even bigger than they already were and now begin to cover the holes in the roof, supporting the collapsing mountain with their thick branches. The power of the giant Ymenos is spent, but the power of Leafell is restored. Again it is the mountainstar, no longer the city of darkness. With a roar the great gates of Leafell come crushing down in the distance as the roots of the great trees bursts through them, and bright sunlight bursts forth through the gates. The day is won, the reign of Ihssirguul is ended.

◆ EPILOGUE ◆

At the end of the story the characters save the day and become great heroes. The adventure essentially ends at this point, but the game master should encourage the characters to return to Ywol and tell of their great deeds and the noble sacrifice of Vaeromar.

As the characters travel back through Ymradas they will see that the forest does not seem to be so dark anymore, and that the fog that once enveloped the island like a ghastly cloak has entirely disappeared so that the characters can see ahead normally through the forest. Sunlight shines down from blue skies above and birds can be heard singing in the trees. The desolate land that once laid before the gates of Leafell has now been turned into a beautiful meadow in full blossom. Here the red fireheather grows in great quantities, covering up the troll pits entirely. It should be clear that a great evil has been lifted from the land and that the characters have saved the island of Ymradas from the darkness. Perhaps they see animals drink from the now clean and enchanted stream. Perhaps they pass through some of the places that they encountered on their way to Leafell, only to find them now completely altered and filled with beauty.

As the characters reach the shores of Ymradas they will find their boat still lying where they left it. If their boat was smashed against the great sea rocks of Ymradas then they will instead be met by a longboat filled with Viranns from Ywol. Great warriors have come for them. The



warriors tell the characters that Arthyll Naom feared that he had sent them into death, therefore he sent the warriors to aid the characters in their quest. The warriors are glad to see them still alive and astonished to hear that their quest was successful. Even though they had no great love for him, the warriors are saddened to hear about the death of Vaeromar. They hang their heads in sorrow when they hear the fates of the daughters.

When the characters arrive in Ywol, Arthyll Naom will be waiting for them at the docks. If Yllwi survived, then this will be a heartwarming reunion. Arthyll invites them to his longhouse, for a great feast shall be held there in their honor. The rebuilding of Ywol is still underway but they have come a long way with their work and a great many new farmhouses can be seen. At the feast the characters are allowed to tell of their adventure and

the entire town is in shock to discover that they have lived in the shadow of such evil for so long. Songs are regaled of the characters' quest and many warriors and wise men come to thank them personally and offer them their service. The characters are given land on Edras, complete with their own farm to use as they please.

The characters should be rewarded handsomely for their deeds. Perhaps they are invited to Throneland in Westmark to meet with the king Eormenric Whotgall on Ard Kumpu. There, great rewards may await them or perhaps even new adventures. It is important that the characters are rewarded handsomely since this was a difficult adventure. As game master, you should thoughtfully consider what these rewards could be and make sure that they are more than simple coin purses. The names of our heroes

will be sung by the skaalds throughout Trudvang for years to come, and they are forever welcome in all parts of Soj and Throneland. The characters may even be knighted into one of the many orders of knights throughout Westmark. So ends the tale of the giant's garden.

ADVENTURE POINTS

It is up to the game master to decide how many adventure points the characters should be given. However, it is good if the adventure points are not provided in one big dump at the end of an act. Instead, the game master should provide the heroes with adventure points when they accomplish specific tasks or distinguish themselves throughout the adventure. Please use the recommendations provided in the Game Master's Guide.

CHAPTER 6

◆ NPC'S ◆

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ANIMATED SKELETON (SÁLHELE)

Type: Humanoid; **Age:** Varies, Max varies; **Size:** 1t; **Movement:** Land 2 CP per 1 m (Max 8 m, 7 m if wearing armor); **Initiative (Base):** -4 (-5 when wearing armor); **Fear Factor:** 1d10 (OR 10).

Body Points: 32–45

Character Traits: Charisma -4, Constitution -4, Dexterity -4, Intelligence -6,

Feats: Control Animals, Durable, Night's Sight, Resilient, Sense Living.

Weapons:	Damage:	Initiative:
Unarmed	1d5	0
One-Handed Light Weapons	1d10 (OR 10)	-1 – -3
One-Handed Heavy Weapons	1d10 (OR 9–10)	-4 – -6
Two-Handed Weapons	1d10 (OR 8–10)	-5 – -7
Armor: Leather Armor	PV 3 / BV 30	-1

Combat Points: Free 9 / Attacks & Parries 4 / Armed 4 (One-Handed Heavy Weapons 4, One-Handed Light Weapons 4, Shields 4, Two-Handed Weapons 4) / Unarmed 1 (Brawling 4).

Samples of Attacks: 2 actions per 1 round

Unarmed SV 10, SV 8

Weapon SV 10, SV 7; (Shield SV 8)

Weapon SV 12, SV 9; (Shield SV 4)

Two-Handed Weapon SV 12, SV 9;

Skills: Care SV 1, Entertainment SV 1, Faith SV 1, Knowledge SV 1, Shadow Arts SV 7, Vitner Craft SV 1, Wilderness SV 1,

Agility SV 7 Horsemanship 1 (*Riding* 2)

Fighting SV 8 Armed Fighting 2 (*One-Handed Heavy Weapons* 2; *One-Handed Light Weapons* 2; *Shield Bearer* 2, *Two-Handed Weapons* 2); Battle Experience 1 (*Armor Bearer* 2; *Fighter* 2); Unarmed Fighting 1 (*Brawling* 2)

BARROW WIGHT

Type: Humanoid; **Age:** Varies, Max varies; **Size:** 1t; **Movement:** Land 2 CP per 1 m (Max 10 m, 8 m if wearing armor); **Initiative (Base):** 0 (-2 if wearing armor); **Fear Factor:** 1d10 (OR 7–10).

Body Points: 78–96

Character Traits: Strength +4

Feats: Dark Vitner (Vitner Capacity +10), Durable, Night's Sight, Shriek, Summon Fog.

Weapons:	Damage:	Initiative:
Unarmed	1d10 + 4	0
One-Handed Heavy Weapons	1d10 (OR 9–10) + 4	-4 – -6
Armor: Chain Mail	PV 5 / BV 50	-2

Combat Points: Free 12 / Attacks & Parries 8 / Armed 2 (One-Handed Heavy Weapons 6, Shields 8) / Unarmed 1 (Brawling 4).

Samples of Attacks: 2 actions per 1 round¹
3 actions per 1 round²

¹Unarmed SV 15, SV 10

¹Weapon SV 14, SV 12; (Shield SV 10)

²Weapon SV 10, SV 10, SV 6; (Shield SV 10)

Skills: The same skills as when the wight was alive.

Fighting SV 10	Armed Fighting 2 (<i>One-Handed Heavy Weapons</i> 3; <i>Shield Bearer</i> 4); Battle Experience 2 (<i>Armor Bearer</i> 2; <i>Fighter</i> 4); Unarmed Fighting 1 (<i>Brawling</i> 2)
Knowledge SV 6	Language 1 (<i>Mother Tongue</i> (.) 3)
Shadow Arts SV 7	Shadowing 1 (<i>Camouflage and Hiding</i> 3);
Vitner Craft SV 6	Call of Vitner 1 (<i>Darkhwtalja</i> 2); Vitner Shaping 1 (<i>Galding</i> 3; <i>Sejding</i> 2, <i>Vitner tablet</i> (<i>Dimvitner</i>) 3; <i>Vitner tablet</i> (<i>Flame Craft</i>) 3; <i>Vitner tablet</i> (<i>Power of Vision</i>) 3; <i>Vitner tablet</i> (<i>Vitner Craft</i>) 2; <i>Vitner tablet</i> (<i>Witchcraft</i>) 2)

Vitner Capacity: 61 Galding SV 12, Sejding SV 10

Shriek

A barrow wight can let out a horrid shriek once per day, and everyone who hears it is filled with horror. The victim takes 2d10 (OR 9–10) Fear Points.

Summon Fog

Barrow wights have a special ability that allows them to fill great areas with fog. Often the fog will lie thick around each place the wight has visited, since the ability is dormant and can activate sometimes without the wight being aware of it. The fog is thick, cold, and sometimes moist, and anyone who stands within it must immediately make a situation roll with a situation value of 10 (Psyche modifiers apply). If the roll fails, the victim becomes woozy and barely aware of what he's doing. The victim will then be pulled toward the core of the area, which most often is the site where the barrow wight is buried. A victim who takes damage will be awoken immediately from the slumber that the fog creates. Depending on how strong the barrow wight is, the fog can cover an area with a radius of 100 to 10,000 meters, according to the GM's judgement. The barrow wight can remove the fog at any time, at which point it completely disappears within a few minutes.

BLACK BEAR

Type: Quadruped; **Age:** 12, max 26; **Size:** 3t; **Movement:** Land 2 CP per 12 m (Max 48 m) **Natural Armor:** 2; **Initiative (Base):** 0; **Fear Factor:** 1d10 (OR 9-10)

Body Points: 72

Damage Levels (for 72 BP): 1-18 (0) / 19-36 (-1) / 37-54 (-3) / 55-72 (-7) / >72 (Dying)

Feats: -

Natural Weapons:	Damage:	Initiative:
Bite	2d10 (OR 9-10)	0
Claws	2d10 (OR 10)	0

Number of Rounds to Spread Combat Points: 2

Combat Points: Free 12; Natural Weapons: (Bite 10; Claws 10);

Samples of Attacks: 3 actions per 2 rounds

Bite SV 12, SV 10; Claws SV 10

DISER (NOIHVO)

Type: Humanoid; **Age:** Varies, Max varies; **Size:** 1t; **Movement:** up to 20m;

Initiative (Base): 0; **Fear Factor:** 1d10 (OR 8-10).

Body Points: 52-63

(not suffering from wound penalties)

Feats: Appearance, Cold of Misthal, Exhaust Life, Fog, Frighten, Lift, Mist Walk, Night's Sight, Sense Life, Shriek of Death, Sight, Speak (Relevant Language), Telepathy, Vitner Manipulation.

GRAY TROLL: PLAGUEBEARER EFFECTS

1d20	Effect
1-5	The stench from the troll sets into the clothes of the victim, which makes the person smell very bad.
6-9	The victim feels a bit woozy and has -1 on all skill values and situation values for the next hour.
10-13	The victim is afflicted with a severe cold and has -1 on all skill values and situation values for the next day.
14-16	The victim is afflicted with a heavy cold and fever for 1d6 days. During this time, they have -2 on all skill values and situation values. Their movement ability is also reduced to 2/3 of normal.
17-18	The victim is afflicted with a severe rash for 1d6 days. During this time, they have -3 on all skill values and situation values. Thereafter, they must make a new situation roll with a situation value of 7 (Constitution modifiers apply). On a failure, the duration is extended by 1d3 days with the same effect.
19-20	The victim develops 1d10 + 5 great boils on their body. Each day, 1d3 boils burst until all have burst. Each boil that bursts causes 1d3 points of damage.

DULBUUG (GRAY TROLL)

Type: Humanoid; **Age:** 25, Max 60; **Size:** 1,5t; **Movement:** Land 2 CP per 1,5 m (Max 15 m, 14 m if wearing armor); **Natural Armor:** 1; **Religion:** Haminges; **Initiative (Base):** +1 (0 if wearing armor); **Fear Factor:** 1d10.

Body Points: 47

Damage Levels (for 47 BP): 1-12 (0) / 13-24 (-1) / 25-36 (-3) / 37-47 (-7) / >47 (Dying)

Character Traits: Constitution +1, Intelligence -2, Strength +4

Feats: Night's Sight, Plaguebearers.

Weapons:	Damage:	Initiative:
Unarmed	1d10 + 4	0
One-Handed Heavy Weapons	2d10 (OR 9-10) + 4	-4 - -6
One-Handed Light Weapons	1d10 (OR 9-10) + 4	-1 - -3
Two-Handed Weapons	2d10 (OR 8-10) + 4	-5 - -7

Armor: Metal- PV 4 / BV 40
reinforced Leather -1

Combat Points: Free 8 / Attacks & Parries 4 / Armed 3 (One-Handed Light weapons 6, One-Handed Heavy weapons 6, Shields 4, Two-Handed weapons 4) / Unarmed 1 (Brawling 4).

Samples of 3 actions per 1 round¹

Attacks: 2 actions per 1 round²

¹One-Handed Weapons SV 8, SV 7, SV 6

¹One-Handed Weapons SV 7, SV 6, SV 5; (Shield SV 7)

²One-Handed Weapons SV 10, SV 8; (Shield SV 7)

²Two-Handed Weapon SV 12, SV 7

Skills: Agility SV 9; Entertainment SV 2, Shadow Arts SV 6; Vitner Craft SV 1.

Care SV 5	Handicraft 1 (<i>Hard Materials</i> 2, <i>Soft Materials</i> 2)
Faith SV 5	Invoke 1 (<i>Noaj</i> 1, <i>Holy Tablet</i> (..) 1)
Fighting SV 7	Armed Fighting 3 (<i>One-Handed Light Weapons</i> 3; <i>One-Handed Heavy Weapons</i> 3; <i>Shield Bearer</i> 2; <i>Two-Handed Weapons</i> 2); Battle Experience 1 (<i>Armor Bearer</i> 3; <i>Fighter</i> 2); Unarmed Fighting 1 (<i>Brawling</i> 2)
Knowledge SV 5	Language 1 (<i>Mother Tongue</i> (<i>Bastjunal</i>) 3)
Wilderness SV 7	Geography 1; Nature Knowledge 1; Survival 2

FIMBUL THE TROLL

Type: Humanoid; **Age:** 40, Max 140; **Size:** 3t; **Movement:** Land 2 CP per 3 m (Max 36 m, 35 m if wearing armor); **Natural Armor:** 3 (0 when wearing armor); **Religion:** Haminges; **Initiative (Base):** -3; **Fear Factor:** 1d10 (OR 8-10).

Body Points: 90

Damage Levels (for 90 BP): 1-23 (0) / 24-46 (-1) / 47-68 (-3) / 69-90 (-7) / >90 (Dying)

Character Traits: Constitution +4, Strength +6

Feats: Night's Sight.

Weapons:	Damage:	Initiative:
Unarmed	1d10 (OR 10) + 6	0
One-Handed Heavy Weapons	2d10 (OR 8-10) + 6	-4 -- -6
Two-Handed Weapons	2d10 (OR 7-10) + 6	-5 -- -7
Armor: Metal-reinforced leather	PV 4 / BV 40	-1

Number of Rounds to Spread Combat Points: 2

Combat Points: Free 11 / Attacks & Parries 6 / Armed 3 (One-Handed Heavy Weapons 6, Two-Handed Weapons 6) / Unarmed 1 (Brawling 4).

Samples of Attacks: 2 actions per 2 rounds¹
3 actions per 2 rounds²

¹ Unarmed SV 15, SV 7
¹ Weapon SV 14, SV 12
² Weapon SV 10, SV 10, SV 6

Skills: Agility SV 9; Entertainment SV 4, Faith SV 3; Shadow Arts SV 8; Vitner Craft SV 1.	
Care SV 10	Handicraft 2 (<i>Hard Materials 4; Soft Materials 3</i>)
Fighting SV 10	Armed Fighting 3 (<i>One-Handed Heavy Weapons 3; Two-Handed Weapons 3</i>); Battle Experience 1 (<i>Armor Bearer 2; Fighter 3</i>); Unarmed Fighting 1 (<i>Brawling 2</i>)
Knowledge SV 5	Language 1 (<i>Mother Tongue (Bastjuma)</i> 3)
Wilderness SV 10	Geography 1 (<i>Orientation 2</i>); Nature Knowledge 2; Survival 3

FOREST TROLL

Type: Humanoid; **Age:** 20, Max 50; **Size:** 1/2; **Movement:** Land 2 CP per 1 m (Max 20 m, 19 m if wearing armor); **Natural Armor:** 1; **Religion:** Haminges; **Initiative (Base):** +3 (+2 if wearing armor); **Fear Factor:** 1d5.

Body Points: 15-24

Damage Levels (for 20 BP): 1-5 (0) / 6-10 (-1) / 11-15 (-3) / 16-20 (-7) / >20 (Dying)

Character Traits: Dexterity +2, Intelligence -4

Feats: Fearless, Mud Camouflage, Night's Sight.

Weapons:	Damage:	Initiative:
Bite/Claws	1d5	0
Hunting bow	1d10	-2
One-Handed Light Weapons	1d10	-1 -- -3
Armor: Leather Armor	PV 2 / BV 20	-1

Combat Points: Free 8 / Attacks & Parries 2 / Armed 1 (Bows & Slings 4, One-Handed Light Weapons 4, Shields 4) / Unarmed 1 (Brawling 4, Wrestling 4).

Samples of Attacks: 2 actions per 1 round

Bite/Claws SV 9, SV 6
Weapon SV 9, SV 6
Weapon SV 8, SV 5, (Shield 6)

Skills: Care SV 5, Entertainment SV 3, Faith 2, Shadow Arts SV 7, Vitner Craft SV 1.

Agility SV 9	Battle Maneuver 1 (<i>Evade 3</i>); Body Control 2 (<i>Jump, Climb and Balancing 4</i>); Horsemanship 1 (<i>Riding 3</i>)
Fighting SV 7	Armed Fighting 1 (<i>Bows and Slings 2; One-Handed Light Weapons 2; Shield Bearer 2</i>); Battle Experience 1 (<i>Armor Bearer 1; Fighter 1</i>); Unarmed Fighting 1 (<i>Brawling 2; Wrestling 2</i>)
Knowledge SV 3	Language 1 (<i>Mother Tongue (Bastjuma)</i> 3)
Shadow Arts SV 7	Shadowing 2 (<i>Camouflage and Hiding 3</i>)
Wilderness SV 7	Hunting Experience 1 (<i>Hunting and Fishing 2</i>)

GIANT SPIDERS (GROMLA, GREMLA AND MORKLA)

Type: other; **Age:** 3.500, max 5.000; **Size:** 5t; **Movement:** Land 2 CP per 10 m (Max 50 m); **Natural Armor:** 2; **Initiative (Base):** -4; **Fear Factor:** 1d10 (OR 8-10).

Body Points: 84-105

Damage Levels (for 95 BP): 1-24 (0) / 25-48 (-1) / 49-72 (-3) / 73-95 (-7) / >95 (Dying)

Feats: Attack Web (SV 9), Night's Sight, Paralyzing Stare, Spin Cocoon.

Natural Weapons:	Damage:	Initiative:
Bite	2d10 (OR 9-10)+6	0
Impaling Leg	1d10 (OR 7-10)+6	0

Number of Rounds to Spread Combat Points: 2

Combat Points: Free 8; Natural Weapons: (Bite 6; Impaling Leg 12);

Samples of 3 actions per 2 rounds

Attacks:

Bite SV 8; Impaling Leg SV 10, SV 8

Paralyzing Stare

The eye spider likes to use the paralyzing power of its eyes. Each action round, the spider can try to hypnotize a victim. The victim must make a situation roll with a situation value of 7 (Psyche modifiers apply) to avoid being paralyzed. If the roll fails, the victim will be paralyzed for 1d3 + 2 action rounds (Psyche modifiers apply to the duration). A paralyzed victim cannot do anything else but stand and stare at the spider. If the spider disappears or dies, the spell is broken.

During the round in which the spider use the paralyzing stare attack, it cannot do other things. The spider will lose only 1 round: if its stare is successful, it can act during the later rounds of paralysis of the victim.

Spin Cocoon

Both the eye spider and the net spider have the ability to wrap their victim in cocoons of web and hang them upside down in the forest. As soon as the giant spider has either paralyzed its victim or trapped it in a net, it will begin to encapsulate its prey in a cocoon, assuming that nothing else is calling for its attention.

The cocoon takes 1d10 + 10 action rounds to create, and a trapped victim who wants to break free must make three situation rolls with the situation values of 3, 7, and 11 (Strength modifiers apply) to break free. The successful rolls do not need to be in a row. One or more failures can separate them. But the three successes must be in the order of SV 3, SV 7, and SV 11.

If the victim fails to break free, it remains in the deadly cocoon and might soon die of starvation or being eaten by the giant spider.

GOBLIN

Type: Humanoid; **Age:** 15, Max 30; **Size:** 1/2; **Movement:** Land 2 CP per 1 m (Max 7 m, 6 m if wearing armor); **Initiative (Base):** +3 (+2 if wearing armor); **Fear Factor:** 1d5.

Body Points: 11-16

Damage Levels (for 13 BP): 1-4 (0) / 5-7 (-1) / 8-10 (-3) / 11-13 (-7) / >13 (Dying)

Character Traits: Dexterity +2, Intelligence -4, Strength -2

Feats: Camouflage, Spiderlegs, Sunlight Weakness, Superstitious, Night's Sight.

Weapons:	Damage:	Initiative:
Unarmed	1d3	+3
One-Handed Light Weapons	1d10	-1 - -3

Armor: Leather PV 2 / BV 20 -1

Combat Points: Free 8 / Armed 1 (One-Handed Light Weapons 4) / Unarmed 1 (Brawling 4).

Samples of Attacks: 2 actions per 1 round

Bite/Claws SV 8 SV 5

Weapon SV 8, SV 5

Skills: Care SV 5, Entertainment SV 3, Faith 1, Vitner Craft SV 1

Agility SV 9	Body Control 2 (<i>Jump, Climb and Balancing 4</i>)
Fighting SV 7	Armed Fighting 1 (<i>One-Handed Light Weapons 2</i>); Battle Experience 1 (<i>Armor Bearer 1</i>); Unarmed Fighting 1 (<i>Brawling 2</i>)
Knowledge SV 3	Language 1 (<i>Mother Tongue (Bastjuma)</i> 3)
Shadow Arts SV 7	Shadowing 1 (<i>Camouflage and Hiding 3</i>)
Wilderness SV 7	Hunting Experience 1 (<i>Hunting and Fishing 2</i>); Survival 1 (<i>Terrain Experience (Mountain) 2</i>)

HAPPJA

Type: Winged humanoid; **Age:** 15, max 35; **Size:** 1t; **Movement:** Land 2 CP per 1 m (Max 15 m); Flying 2 CP per 2 m (Max 15 m); **Initiative (Base):** +2; **Fear Factor:** 1d5

Body Points: 26–32

Damage Levels (for 29 BP): 1–8 (0) / 9–15 (–1) / 16–22 (–3) / 23–29 (–7) / >29 (Dying)

Character Traits: Constitution –2, Dexterity +2, Perception +4

Feats: Attack From Above, Wild Shriek

Natural Weapons:	Damage:	Initiative:
Bite	1d10	0
Claws	1d10	0

Combat Points: Free: 6; Natural Weapons: Bite 6; Claws 12

Samples of 3 actions per 2 rounds

Attacks:

Claws SV 12, SV 6; Bite SV 6

Attack From Above

For a happja to succeed with an attack from above, it must succeed on a skill roll for the ability (SV 8). As part of the attack, the power of the happja’s speed is used, which increases the damage of the claw attack to 1d10 (OR 7–10).

The happja can perform one attack from above every fourth action round, since it must circle around for at least 3 rounds without attacking.

Wild Shriek

At the beginning of a combat the happja lets forth a vile shriek that instills horror in all who hear it. If the happja surprises her victims with the shriek, they must make a situation roll with a situation value of 8 (Psyche modifiers apply) or gain 1d10 (OR 10) Fear Points. Anyone who sees the happja before she shrieks is not surprised and gains +5 on the roll instead (situation value 13).

If the situation roll results in a natural 20, the victim drops their weapons and becomes unable to act for 1d3 action rounds.

HRIM TROLL

Type: Humanoid; **Age:** 40, Max 140; **Size:** 3t; **Movement:** Land 2 CP per 3 m (Max 36 m, 35 m if wearing armor); **Natural Armor:** 3 (0 when wearing armor); **Religion:** Haminges; **Initiative (Base):** –3; **Fear Factor:** 1d10 (OR 8–10).

Body Points: 80–100

Damage Levels (for 90 BP): 1–23 (0) / 24–46 (–1) / 47–68 (–3) / 69–90 (–7) / >90 (Dying)

Character Traits: Constitution +4, Strength +6

Feats: Fear of Magic, Frenzy, Hrim Body, Night’s Sight.

Weapons:	Damage:	Initiative:
Unarmed	1d10 (OR 10) + 6	0
One-Handed Heavy Weapons	2d10 (OR 8–10) + 6	–4 – –6
Two-Handed Weapons	2d10 (OR 7–10) + 6	–5 – –7
Armor: Metal-reinforced leather	PV 4 / BV 40	–1

Number of Rounds to Spread Combat Points: 2

Combat Points: Free 11 / Attacks & Parries 6 / Armed 3 (One-Handed Heavy Weapons 6, Two-Handed Weapons 6) / Unarmed 1 (Brawling 4).

Samples of Attacks: 2 actions per 2 rounds¹
3 actions per 2 rounds²

- ¹ Unarmed SV 15, SV 7
- ¹ Weapon SV 14, SV 12
- ² Weapon SV 10, SV 10, SV 6

Skills: Agility SV 9; Entertainment SV 4, Shadow Arts SV 8; Vitner Craft SV 1.

Care SV 10	Handicraft 2 (<i>Hard Materials</i> 4; <i>Soft Materials</i> 3)
Faith SV 7	Invoke 1 (<i>Holy Tablet</i> ..) 2; <i>Noaj</i> 2)
Fighting SV 10	Armed Fighting 3 (<i>One-Handed Heavy Weapons</i> 3; <i>Two-Handed Weapons</i> 3); Battle Experience 1 (<i>Armor Bearer</i> 2; <i>Fighter</i> 3); Unarmed Fighting 1 (<i>Brawling</i> 2)
Knowledge SV 5	Language 1 (<i>Mother Tongue</i> (<i>Bastjuma</i>) 3)
Wilderness SV 10	Geography 1 (<i>Orientation</i> 2); Nature Knowledge 2; Survival 3

Fear of Magic

When hrim trolls come into contact with a source of magic, they must make a situation roll with a situation value of 8. If the roll is failed, they have a modifier of –3 on everything they attempt and must also attempt a new situation roll with a situation value of 12. A new failure means the hrim troll flees from the source of magic for 1d6 rounds before attempting to approach it again. When the hrim troll dares to approach again, it must repeat the situation roll, this time with a modifier of –2, which equates to a situation value of 10. Upon failure, this process is repeated until the situation value reaches 0, at which point the troll does not dare to approach the source of magic ever again.

Frenzy

The normally leisurely hrim troll becomes a changed creature when it enters battle. For the first 1d6 action rounds, they fight with an amplified frenzy, gaining +2 on all their attacks, but at the same time having a modifier of -2 on all attempted parries. During these action rounds, the troll appears very threatening. It shouts incomprehensibly with its animalistic roar and makes wild gestures with its mighty tusks. The hrim troll does this in an attempt to intimidate their enemies so they are paralyzed or flee the scene.

Hrim trolls often enter battle with a great combat sword or big iron-laid clubs.

Hrim Body

The hrimtroll has lived in the cold for such an extensive amount of time that its body has absorbed the cold. An ever-present frost pulsates in a sphere around the troll. The sphere is 10 meters in diameter. All who stand within it must make a situation roll with a situation value of 8 (Psyche modifiers apply) in order to not flee from the sphere. The cold within the sphere deals the following damage per action round to any who stand within it.

Winter clothes halve the damage during the first three rounds, but for this to have any effect, the clothes must be counted as winter clothing. The following count: thick pants, fur coat, fur hat, fur shoes, and thick gloves. A character with a full set of winter clothing that is made from the fur of a mastomant takes no damage

Hrim Body Damage

Action Round	Damage
1	—
2	1d3
3	2d6
+1	+1d6

Night's Sight

The troll can see with a weak light source (stars, moonlight, torchlight, and so on) as if it were day.

INGI

Age: 18; **Move:** Land 2 CP per 1 m (Max 12 m); **Religion:** The Eald Tradition; **Initiative Base:** +3; **Body Points:** 33; **Natural healing:** 2 BP/day

Damage levels: 1-9 (0) / 10-17 (-1) / 18-25 (-3) / 26-33 (-7) / >33 (Dying)

Character Traits: Constitution +1, Dexterity +2, Psyche +2

Skills: Faith SV 3; Shadow Arts SV 4; Vitner Craft SV 1

Agility SV 7 Horsemanship 1 (*Riding* 2).

Care SV 5 Handicraft 1 (*Soft Materials* 1).

Entertainment SV 4 Storytelling 1

Fighting SV 5 Armed Fighting 1;

Knowledge SV 4 Culture Knowledge - Mittlander 1.
Language 1 (*Mother Tongue - Rona* 3).

Wilderness SV 7 Geography 1 (*Orientation* 1).
Hunting Experience 1 (*Carve and Butcher* 1,
Hunting and Fishing 1).
Nature Knowledge 1.
Survival 2.

Combat Points: Free 6

Other Details on Combat: Initiative +3 (already counted in the base).

Weapons	WA	Damage	IM	PV/BV
Unarmed	-	1d5	0	-
Hunting Spear	3	1d10 (OR 9-10)	-3	4/40
Armor	None			
Sample of Attacks	• Unarmed SV 6 • Hunting Spear SV 6			

LEAFELL TROLL

Type: Humanoid; **Age:** 25, Max 60; **Size:** 1,5t; **Movement:** Land 2 CP per 1,5 m (Max 15 m, 14 m if wearing armor); **Natural Armor:** 1; **Religion:** Haminges; **Initiative (Base):** +1 (0 if wearing armor); **Fear Factor:** 1d10.

Body Points: 40-54

Damage Levels (for 47 BP): 1-12 (0) / 13-24 (-1) / 25-36 (-3) / 37-47 (-7) / >47 (Dying)

Character Traits: Constitution +1, Intelligence -2, Strength +4

Feats: Night's Sight.

Weapons:	Damage:	Initiative:
Unarmed	1d10 + 4	0
One-Handed Heavy Weapons	2d10 (OR 9-10) + 4	-4 - -6
One-Handed Light Weapons	1d10 (OR 9-10) + 4	-1 - -3
Two-Handed Weapons	2d10 (OR 8-10) + 4	-5 - -7
Armor: Metal-reinforced Leather	PV 4 / BV 40	-1

Combat Points: Free 8 / Attacks & Parries 4 / Armed 3 (One-Handed Light weapons 6, One-Handed Heavy weapons 6, Shields 4, Two-Handed weapons 4) / Unarmed 1 (Brawling 4).

Samples of 3 actions per 1 round¹

Attacks: 2 actions per 1 round²

¹One-Handed Weapons SV 8, SV 7, SV 6

¹One-Handed Weapons SV 7, SV 6, SV 5; (Shield SV 7)

²One-Handed Weapons SV 10, SV 8; (Shield SV 7)

²Two-Handed Weapon SV 12, SV 7

Skills: Agility SV 9; Entertainment SV 2, Shadow Arts SV 6; Vitner Craft SV 1.

Care SV 5	Handicraft 1 (<i>Hard Materials</i> 2, <i>Soft Materials</i> 2)
Faith SV 5	Invoke 1 (<i>Noaj</i> 1, <i>Holy Tablet</i> (..) 1)
Fighting SV 7	Armed Fighting 3 (<i>One-Handed Light Weapons</i> 3; <i>One-Handed Heavy Weapons</i> 3; <i>Shield Bearer</i> 2; <i>Two-Handed Weapons</i> 2); Battle Experience 1 (<i>Armor Bearer</i> 3; <i>Fighter</i> 2); Unarmed Fighting 1 (<i>Brawling</i> 2)
Knowledge SV 5	Language 1 (<i>Mother Tongue</i> (<i>Bastjuma</i>) 3)
Wilderness SV 7	Geography 1; Nature Knowledge 1; Survival 2

Lykt Eyes Effect

1d20	Results
1-5	Wanders in a randomly chosen direction for 1d6 hours.
6-10	Wanders in a randomly chosen direction for 2d6 hours.
11-20	Wanders straight into the bog where the lyktgubbe awaits.

LYKTGUBBE

Type: Humanoid; **Age:** Varies, Max varies; **Size:** 1t; **Movement:** Land and Water 2 CP per 1 m (Max 8 m); **Initiative (Base):** -2; **Fear Factor:** 1d10 (OR 10).

Body Points: 52-63

Character Traits: Dexterity -2, Strength +1

Feats: Drown Victim, Durable, Lykt Eyes.

Combat Points: Free 4 / Natural Weapons: Bite 5; Nail 9

Weapons:	Damage:	Initiative:
Bite	1d10 (OR 10) + 1	0
Nail Scratch	1d10 + 1	0

Samples of 2 actions per 1 round

Attacks:

Bite SV 8; Nail Scratch SV 10

Drown Victim

A victim that has been exposed to a lyktgubbe must succeed in getting onto land so that he won't be drowned. If the victim can touch the bottom of the lake or water source with his feet, he must succeed on a situation roll with a situation value of 12 (Strength or Dexterity modifiers apply). For each lyktgubbe that tries to drag the victim down to drown, the situation value is decreased by -2. If the water is so deep that the victim must swim to stay afloat, an Agility Skill roll with the Swimming specialty is required instead of the situation roll. The Agility skill value suffers a -2 for each lyktgubbe that tries to drown the victim. If the Swimming specialty is not owned by the victim no roll is required: the drowning is automatic.

Durable

The lyktgubbe is an undead creature that lacks any emotion or sense of feeling since it is made of energies from the realms of the dead. Thus, it has high Body Points and does not suffer the same damaging effects as other creatures. This means that it is worthless to trace Damage Levels since the lyktgubbe will not suffer penalties from wounds.

Lykt Eyes

The greatest ability of the lyktgubbe is its power to send the fog in its large eyes against unknowing travelers across a distance of several hundred meters. The fog will glow with a paralyzing and enchanting force that impairs the victim's powers of perception. The enchantment often makes the victim lose all sense of time and space and feel forced to keep on walking. The victims often wake up in a state of not knowing where they are or how they got there.

A person that sees the self-illuminating fog must succeed on a situation roll with a situation value of 8 (Psyche modifiers apply) to overcome the enchantment. If the roll fails, the character is lost as noted on the chart below.

Enchanted victims can be freed in two ways: through a priest's prayer or through vitner. Of course, there are other ways to make a victim stop walking, but they won't break the enchantment.

A victim who walks into the bog or marsh will awaken from the enchantment when the lyktgubbe is at a distance of 15 meters (the game master will decide which terms apply for the area). The lyktgubbe moves at a speed of 5 meters per action round below the water so it can attack unnoticed. Only a skill roll with the Shadow Arts skill with a negative modifier of -5 will allow the victim to detect the lyktgubbe. Once it has reached its victim, the lyktgubbe will try to wrestle the victim below the surface to drown it, according to the described rules above. If there are several lyktgubbes, they will help each other to submerge the victim.

MARE OF THE WOODS

Type: Humanoid; **Age:** varies, max varies; **Size:** 1,5t; **Movement:** Land 2 CP per 1 m (Max 6 m); **Initiative (Base):** +1; **Fear Factor:** 1d10 (OR 9-10).

Body Points: 20–25

Damage Levels (for 22 BP): 1-6 (0) / 7-12 (-1) / 13-17 (-3) / 18-22 (-7) / >22 (Dying)

Character Traits: Charisma +1, Dexterity +1, Strength -2

Feats: Mare's Kiss, Misthal's Dream, Night's Sight (details on page 27.)

Weapons:	Damage:	Initiative:
Bite	1d10-2	0
Claws	1d10-2	0

Combat Points:

Free 14

Samples of 2 actions per 1 round¹
Attacks: 1 action per 1 round²

¹ Bite SV 8, Claws SV 6

² Claws SV 14

MAIDEN OF THE WOODS (HULDER)

Type: Humanoid; **Age:** 75, max 120; **Size:** 1t; **Movement:** Land & Water 2 CP per 1 m (Max 12 m); **Initiative (Base):** +2; **Fear Factor:** None.

Body Points: 59–71

Damage Levels (for 65 BP): 1-17 (0) / 18-33 (-1) / 34-49 (-3) / 50-65 (-7) / >65 (Dying)

Character Traits: Charisma +4, Dexterity +2, Strength -2

Feats: Bewitch (details on page 22-23)

Natural Weapons:	Damage:	Initiative:
Unarmed	1d5-2	0

Combat Points:

Free 7

Samples of 2 actions per 1 round
Attacks:

Unarmed SV 7

THE WATCHER OF GAIGNALUUND (DRAUGR)

Type: Humanoid; **Age:** Varies, Max varies; **Size:** 1t; **Movement:** Land 2 CP per 1 m (Max 15 m, 13 m if wearing armor); **Initiative (Base):** +2 (0 when wearing armor); **Fear Factor:** 1d10 (OR 9-10).

Body Points: 104–127

Character Traits: Psyche +3, Strength +4

Feats: Durable, Night's Sight, Smoke Body

Weapons:	Damage:	Initiative:
Unarmed	1d5 + 4	0
One-Handed Light Weapons	1d10 (OR 9-10) + 4	-1 – -3
One-Handed Heavy Weapons	1d10 (OR 8-10) + 4	-4 – -6
Armor: Chain Mail	PV 5 / BV 50	-2

Combat Points: Free 12 / Attacks & Parries 8 / Armed 2 (One-Handed Heavy Weapons 6, One-Handed Light Weapons 6, Shields 6, Two-Handed Weapons 6) / Unarmed 1 (Brawling 6)

Samples of Attacks: 2 actions per 1 round¹
3 actions per 1 round²

¹ Brawling SV 14, SV 11

¹ Weapon SV 14, SV 10; (Shield SV 10)

¹ Two-Handed Weapon SV 16, SV 12;

² Weapon SV 10, SV 7, SV 7; (Shield SV 10)

² Weapon SV 11, SV 9, SV 8;

Skills: The same skills as when the draugr was alive.

Fighting SV 10	Armed Fighting 2 (<i>One-Handed Heavy Weapons</i> 3; <i>One-Handed Light Weapons</i> 3; <i>Shield Bearer</i> 3; <i>Two-Handed Weapons</i> 3); Battle Experience 2 (<i>Armor Bearer</i> 2; <i>Fighter</i> 4); Unarmed Fighting 1 (<i>Brawling</i> 3)
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Knowledge SV 4 Language 1 (*Mother Tongue* (..) 3)

Shadow Arts SV 7 Shadowing 1 (*Camouflage and Hiding* 3)

Durable

A draugr lacks any sense of feeling since it is made of energies from the realm of the dead. Therefore, it has high Body Points and does not suffer the same modifiers from wounds as the living do. This means that it is worthless to track damage levels, since the Draugr will not suffer penalties from wounds.

Night's Sight

A draugr does not require light to be able to see. It can see for as far as the view is clear in all environments.

Smoke Body

A draugr can transform into smoke whenever it wants. While a draugr is smoke, it can move at a speed of 30 meters per action round, though strong winds can heavily reduce that speed. For each day the draugr remains in this form, it will heal its wounds for 10 Body Points.

It takes the draugr 3 action rounds to change shape. During these rounds, the draugr cannot defend itself in any way. Therefore, it is unlikely to change shape when enemies pose a threat.

THE WITCH

Age: 14; **Move:** Land 2 CP per 1 m (Max 10 m); **Religion:** -; **Initiative Base:** 0; **Body Points:** 28; **Natural healing:** ½ BP/day.

Damage levels: 1-7 (0) / 8-14 (-1) / 15-21 (-3) / 22-28 (-7) / >28 (Dying)

Character Traits: Constitution -2, Intelligence +2, Strength -2

Skills: Care SV 1; Entertainment SV 4; Faith SV 1

Agility SV 5	Battle Maneuver 1 (<i>Evade 1</i>).
Fighting SV 6	Unarmed 1.
Knowledge SV 6	Culture Knowledge - Wildfolk 1. Language 1 (<i>Mother Tongue 1</i>).
Shadow Arts SV 5	Shadowing 1.
Vitner Craft SV 7	Vitner Focus 1. Call of Vitner 1 (<i>Darkhwitalja 2, Vitner Habit 2</i>). Vitner Shaping 1 (<i>Galding 2, Sejding 1, Vitner Tablets: Body Vitner 1, Flame Craft 2, Power Of Vision 2, Vitner Craft 1, Witchcraft 3</i>).
Wilderness SV 7	Geography 2. Hunting Experience 1. Nature Knowledge 1. Survival 1.

Vitner Capacity: 72 Basic SV for Spells: Galding SV 12; Sejding SV 10.

Other details on Vitner Weaving: Darkhwitalja (no perfect results, 1d10 OR 8-10 on Fatal Magic Table rolls); SV +1 to remain focused while disturbed, -1 to rolls on Fatal Failure Table.

Vitner Tablets	Spells	Galding/Sejding	Weaving Time	IM	Basic Cost
Body Vitner 1	Grip	SV 10 / SV 8	1 AR	-1	2
	Tripping	SV 10 / SV 8	1 AR	-1	2
Flame Craft 1	Heat Water	SV 10 / SV 8	2 AR	-1	2A
	Spark	SV 10 / SV 8	1 AR	-1	2A
Flame Craft 2	Burning Hand	SV 8 / SV 6	1 AR	-2	4A
Power of Vision 1	Tracking	SV 10 / SV 8	2 AR	-1	2B
Power of Vision 2	Scanning	SV 8 / SV 6	1 minute	-2	4B
	Far Sight	SV 8 / SV 6	1 AR	-2	4B
Vitner Craft 1	Channeling	SV 10 / SV 8	15 minutes	-1	2B
	Vitner Pouch	SV 10 / SV 8	1 minute	-1	2B
Witchcraft 1	Uprooted Tree	SV 10 / SV 8	2 AR	-1	2A
	Phantom Plague	SV 10 / SV 8	1 AR	-1	2A
Witchcraft 2	Fever	SV 8 / SV 6	3 AR	-2	4A
	Curse Object	SV 8 / SV 6	2 AR	-2	4A
Witchcraft 3	Amnesia	SV 6 / SV 4	1 minute	-3	6A

Cost Effects of Darkhwitalja: A) Levels of power cost -1, but no less than 1 per level; B) Levels of power double in cost.

Combat Points: Free 6 / Unarmed 1.

Other Details on Combat: Evade SV 7, Melee Damage -2 (minimum 1 damage).

Weapons	WA	Damage	IM	PV/BV
Unarmed	-	1d5 -2 (Min. 1 dmg)	0	-
Armor	None			
Sample of Attacks	• Unarmed SV 7			