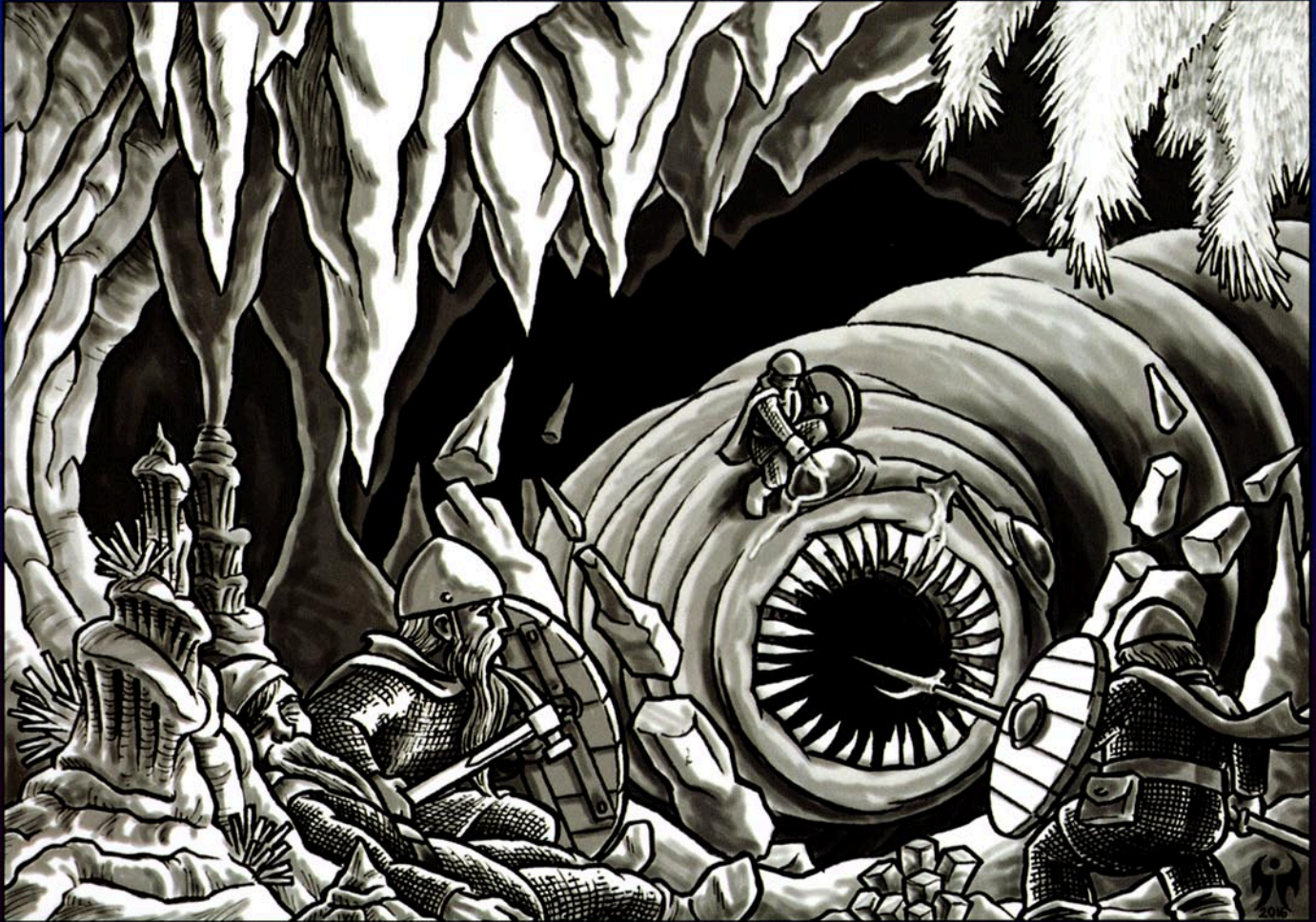


WORM WARS OF THE DWARVEN ICE KINGS

WILDERNESS MODULE 1

by Geoffrey McKinney



WORM WARS OF THE DWARVEN ICE KINGS contains a large-scale hex map, introductory information, geographical notes, and detailed encounters keyed to the map. This module presents a complete setting for **ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS**, intended for use by experienced Dungeon Masters. It can be used on its own, in conjunction with your own campaign world, or as part of the entire Wilderness milieu.

Luigi Castellani's cover art depicts the grim and fearless dwarven warriors of the Purple Ivory Throne defending their halls of unearthly beauty from a mindless purple worm (cf. hex 1110 within).

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INTRODUCTION

Worm Wars of the Dwarven Ice Kings assumes that the Dungeon Master possesses the following three **ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS** volumes written by Gary Gygax: **MONSTER MANUAL**, **PLAYERS HANDBOOK**, and **DUNGEON MASTERS GUIDE**.

THE WILDERNESS CAMPAIGN MAP HEX DESCRIPTIONS

This book includes a map of a small portion of the Wilderness. As the distance between two parallel sides of a hex is 5 miles, the map covers an area approximately 85 miles north to south and 113 miles east to west (9,605 square miles). Only the most pronounced of features are drawn on the map. Most of the blank hexes are certainly not featureless land. Many hexes on the map are given points of interest. Of course, these encounters are only the merest fraction of what can be found in the lands represented on the map.

COMBINING THE WILDERNESS MAPS

While each Wilderness module is self-contained, they may also be combined into a larger setting as follows:

Map 1	Map 2	Map 3	Map 4
Map 5	Map 6	Map 7	Map 8
Map 9	Map 10	Map 11	Map 12
Map 13	Map 14	Map 15	Map 16

HEX MAP

A Note on Nomenclature: Some names on the map and in the text have been left incomplete (such as the M__y Mountains) to allow the Dungeon Master to complete the names in accordance with his view of the setting.

Geographic Features

Bitter Mire: Patches of ice cover areas of the fen's waters except in the height of summer, though even then the air remains chilly.

Empty Desert: Frequent winds swirling the fine sands of the desert ensure that most travel around rather than through the desert.

Galdring, Forest of: Though the forest has its share of dangers, its dominant beech trees illuminated by the sunlight filtered through the green leaves give it a welcoming air.

Goblin Skull Stream: Every year on the night of the hunter's moon a goblin skull floats down the water. Most say it is a good omen, but a few fear otherwise.

Great Canyon: Though the canyon is of breathtaking majesty, all but hardy adventurers avoid the dangers of the dark lairs on the canyon floor.

G__t River: This stretch of the mightiest river of the Wilderness averages 500' in width and reaches depths of 25'.

G__y Mountains: Millennia ago the black terror that had taken these mountains as its stronghold suffered defeat. Tales conflict as to whether it still hides deep beneath the roots of the mountains. Over the centuries humanoids multiplied to infest this range, but a terrible battle nine years ago reduced them to one-fourth their previous numbers.

G_____d, Mount: One of the highest mountains in the Wilderness, G_____d's dark, rocky slopes stretch 17,000' into the sky. Most avoid coming within miles of the foreboding peak, for humanoids in general and goblins in particular force their captured slaves to work the mountain's rich silver mines.

M___y Mountains: These greatest mountains of the Wilderness reach heights of 16,000'. Tree line is at 7,200', and snow covers the peaks of the highest mountains year-round. The craggy and steep aspects of the mountains as well as their great number of monster lairs make crossing the mountains perilous.

Hex Locations

0117 Despot of the Night Gate: Atop a bare, lonely hill stand the black ruins of a castle of an ancient kingdom of wicked men. Fires have blackened the gray granite of the crumbled walls and broken towers. One man-hour of searching will reveal in a northern wall the 2' long foundation stone obscured by dust and debris. Engraven in a lost language of men is the following: "GRANDEUR AND IMMORTALITY TO AHESNES XVI, DESPOT OF THE NIGHT GATE". Most sages of mankind's ancient history know that Ahesnes XVI reigned in these lands for 28 years before his violent death over two millennia ago in the year 2419. Anyone speaking the despot's name while touching the stone will cause it to shift two inches to reveal an aperture holding a bone scroll case protecting a map to a stand of blue spruce less than a mile to the northwest. A search of 2-4 man-hours amongst the spruce will uncover a fallen grave marker, any inscriptions once there utterly effaced by weathering. The gravestone is actually hollow, and a successful secret doors check will disclose its interior space that holds a *footman's flail* +1. On the handle is enscribed the flail's name, Eiscurent. Because it delivered the

killing blow long ago to Kanglam the silver dragon, any metallic dragon will look upon Eiscurent's wielder with grave disfavor (-25% to reaction rolls).

0203 Blink Dog Pack: A dozen blink dogs (AC 5; MV 12"; HD 4; hp 19, 15, 21, 22, 16, 10, 29, 16, 18, 17, 20, 14; #AT 1; D 1-6; SA from rear 75% of the time; SD teleporting; AL LG; XP 170 + 5/hp) roam these plains. These are friendly and helpful but viciously protective of their six pups (HD 1; hp 4, 4, 4, 5, 6, 2; D 1-2). The blink dogs know of and hate the displacer beasts in hex 0305, but they await the maturation of their young before moving against their foes. The wise leader of the blink dogs wears a gold collar crusted with amethysts (worth 5,000 g.p.). Should he see the sword, Tilros (cf. hex 0305), he will recognize only that it is elven and will counsel that its bearer take it to the wood elves in hex 0604.

0210 Westgables

Human village

Population: 816 (able-bodied: 204)

Alignment: LG

Resources: Market

Leaders: Abunel, human male LG F6; and
Haddi, human male LG MU7

Significant NPCs: Aldun, human male CG F4
(militia leader)

Wilgar, human male NG F4 (market master)

Oswald, human male LG C8 (rector of St.
Wilgyth's Church)

Cadred, human male LG C4 (Oswald's
assistant)

Curan, human male N F3 (barkeep)

Hehulf, human male N MU5 (curmudgeon and
expert on the lands up to 25 miles
distant)

The clean and rustic village of Westgables consists of wooden buildings grouped around a large clearing, and the village does not have any defensive structures. Here at the western edge of the Wilderness, Westgables still has a

certain amount of the comforts more usual to the civilized lands to the west. All of the items on the equipment lists (pages 35-36 of the **AD&D PLAYERS HANDBOOK**), except for the five transport items priced in the thousands of g.p., are available year-round. The law-abiding and good-natured inhabitants every month hold a three-day fair culminating on the full moon. During these times the population swells to 1,000 as retired adventurers come from the west to peddle their wares. Westgables's few laws and lack of taxes makes the village prosperous, and the militia (204 strong) has been sufficient to repel any dangers. Crimes against property are dealt with on a purely restitution basis, and exile on pain of death for others. Wanderers can rent two-bunk rooms for 1 g.p./night at Curan's tavern, the Bitter Bugbear. Horses receive stabling and feed for 5 s.p./night.

0305 The Frost Brand: Three displacer beasts (AC 4; MV 15"; HD 6; hp 25, 27, 29; #AT 2; D 2-8/2-8; SD -2 on opponent's attack dice; AL N; XP 675, 691, 707) make their lair within the forest. In their shallow cave lair their treasure lies scattered and unhidden: 4,201 e.p., a *potion of poison* (a variegated syrup of fawn, sapphire, and metallic gold with a fiery taste; skin contact harmless, +1 on saving throw vs. poison if tasted) in a ceramic flask, a *scroll of protection--petrification*, and a *longsword* +3, *Frost Brand*: +6 vs. fire using/dwelling creatures. Its gleaming scabbard is of mithril, and the pommel is set with six pale moonstones (four worth 50 g.p. each, two worth 100 g.p. each). The blade burns with a blue-white flame in temperatures below 0° F. Its name, Tilros, is engraved upon the blade in moon-runes, which letters appear and subtly glimmer in the light of the waning crescent moon alone. Any kingdom of the high elves would yield up to 12,500 g.p. for Tilros, for it was wielded thousands of years ago by the mighty elven hero, Ristrilion, in the high elves' wars against

the Black Terror. Anyone of so noble a heart as to freely give the sword to the high elves would earn their undying friendship. King Iondor (hex 1416) will immediately recognize Tilros, for Ristrilion was his ancestor.

0414 Mosaic of the Brass Dragons: The fine sands of the Empty Desert mostly obscure a roughly 10' diameter cave mouth in a rocky outcrop measuring 200' by 300' by 40' at its highest. Small effort can clear away enough sand to allow easy entrance. The rough passage leads 45' before opening into a 20' high cavern stretching 100' by 140'. Herein lair a mated pair of average-sized, adult brass dragons (AC 2; MV 12"/24"; HD 7; hp 35 each; #AT 3; D 1-4/1-4/4-16; SA breath weapon + magic use; AL CG [N tendencies]; XP 1,230 and 930). The 87-year-old male is Trongthay, and the 81-year-old female is Xanhquen. While both can speak, only Trongthay can cast the following spells as a 7th-level magic-user: *enlarge*, *unseen servant*, *ventriloquism*, *fools gold*, and *pyrotechnics*. The dragons--assisted by their *unseen servant*-- have spent countless hours painstakingly arranging their treasure of 46,198 s.p., 40,088 e.p., and 37 gems (five 7 g.p., five 50 g.p., ten 100 g.p., five 130 g.p., five 200 g.p., five 500 g.p., an oriental amethyst worth 1,000 g.p., and an oriental topaz worth 2,000 g.p.) into a floor mosaic covering a 50' diameter circle near the back of their lair. The coins, laid only a single layer deep, form swirling patterns of interweaving strands giving the impression of stylized clouds. The 37 gems adorn the center of the design. Trongthay and Xanhquen both love long conversations with visitors, with art and dragon, human, and demi-human genealogy being their greatest interests. They greatly desire the piece of exquisitely carved jade known as the Carp Lazily Swimming in the Celestial Pool. This fist-sized piece of pale, sea-green jade flecked with white is worth 7,000 g.p. The dragons correctly believe that it lies within a dungeon in hex 1609. They will

give 28,000 e.p. to anyone who brings them the jade.

0604 Principality of Galdring

Wood elf principality

Population: 153 (able-bodied: 79)

Alignment: CG

Resources: bows and arrows

Leader: Princess Mithwin, wood elf female CG F2/MU2

Significant NPCs: Ivmenon, wood elf male CG F6 (the princess's chief guardsman)

Avdrin, wood elf male CG C2/F2/MU2 (wood priest)

Kirgoliol, wood elf male CG F4 (captain of the host)

Finrim, wood elf male CG F3 (foremost hunter)

Hariol, wood elf male CG F5 (old bowyer and fletcher)

A man could walk through the midst of the habitations of the Galdringrim and believe them to be untouched woodland. These semi-nomadic wood elves wander the forest freely, but they most often repair to this beloved spot. The Princess Mithwin allows those of good will to traverse her forest, while mercilessly ordering her archers to extirpate the wicked. Her royal insignia is the Chain of Mithlith, a gracefully fashioned necklace of platinum set with emeralds (worth 11,000 g.p.). The princess will recognize Tilros (cf. hex 0305) as a legendary sword of the high elves and will counsel that it be taken to King Iondor in hex 1416.

0607 The Crossroads Inn: Standing alone at the junction of two ancient stone roads nearly obliterated by time, the wooden inn offers not only room and board, but also rumors and warnings about the dangers of the Wilderness. Men, dwarves, gnomes, and elves intermingle around the old wooden tables, benches, stools, and chairs, all dimly illuminated by a smoky fire kept alight year-round. Those who come to the inn tend to be good-aligned (75% good, 20%

neutral, and 5% evil), and a typical mix of the 4-24 patrons is 40% men, 20% dwarf, 20% gnome, and 20% elf. A grizzled mountain dwarf named Bild (LG F4), 289 years old, almost always sits by the fire with a mug of mead, eagerly telling all and sundry of his role in the old dwarf-goblin wars in the northeast. Only the proprietor, Howel (CG F2), is more faithfully present. This big, burly, black-haired man with mutton chops is 46 years old, hale, and jovial, but with no tolerance for wickedness--such will be lucky to be thrown out of the inn in one piece. He lives in his attached private quarters with his wife, son, and two daughters. Howel rents 2-bed rooms for 1 g.p./night and 4-bed rooms for 2 g.p./night. Stabling includes feed and watering for 1 e.p./head. Food and drink prices are per page 36 of the **PLAYERS HANDBOOK**. An owlbear steak (when available) is 2 g.p., and Howel's choice mulled mead is 12 s.p./pint.

0808 Steaks for Howel?: In a quarter of the forest thickly tangled with scrub oak lair three owlbeats (AC 5; MV 12"; HD 5+2; hp 21, 28, 24; #AT 3; D 1-6/1-6/2-12; SA hug; AL N; XP 393, 449, 417) a stone's throw to the north of the northern tributary. Their pair of rich brown eggs (8" long and 6 pounds each) in their cave will hatch in 29 days. Also easily visible within is the 3' by 2' top of a mostly-buried chest. The lock is easily broken to reveal 4,867 c.p. Gnawed bones of a wood elf are scattered about the nest, along with a leather pouch holding four gems: obsidian (worth 10 g.p.), chalcedony (30 g.p.), bloodstone (50 g.p.), and a violet garnet (1,000 g.p.). The elf maiden, Marlieth, in hex 0604 will tearfully recognize the distinctive obsidian teardrop as belonging to her brother, Marlion, who never returned from a journey a year ago. She will pay up to 100 g.p. for it.

0813 The Burrows

Gnome kingdom

Population: 506 (able-bodied: 296)

Alignment: LG

Resources: woodwork

Leader: King Tlaubmil, gnome male LG F5

Significant NPCs: Purring, gnome male LG C4
(earth priest)

Torkdashil, gnome male LG F3 (furniture
maker)

Kroimm, gnome male LG F2 (owner of the
Gorged Badger tavern)

Among the wooded hills adjoining the western slopes of the M___y Mountains live the rich and content gnomes of the Burrows, who owe the gold coins clinking in their pockets to their trade with the hill dwarves in hex 0916. The gnomes treat their dwarven coins more as tradeable artwork than as money, for which they have little use. These gnomes make delightful and marvelous carved wooden furniture, decorative posts, and anything imaginable that can be carved out of wood. Even their young play routinely at carving with their little knives. The women tend the hundreds of tiny, decorative spruces that grow in their hills. Recent nocturnal attacks by bands of cobalt blue-gloved kobolds have furrowed the brow of King Tlaubmil, especially since their enemies' lair remains undiscovered. Surely dwarven gold would be traded for information or aid.

0916 Kingdom of Coins

Hill dwarf kingdom

Population: 154 (able-bodied: 94)

Alignment: LG

Resources: gold coins

Leader: King Svior, hill dwarf male LG F5

Significant NPCs: Kili, hill dwarf male LG F3
(coin master)

Vindalf, hill dwarf male LG F4 (trader)

Expertly carved and constructed gates of wood and stone are built into a large hillside overlooked by the M___y Mountains. Beneath the hills dwells a small kingdom of dwarves, the acknowledged masters of the minting of

gold coins. The gnomes in hex 0813 trade their woodwork for the dwarves' artistic coins. Each coin is unique, and collectors will pay up to a platinum piece for each of the gold coins. The finely-incised coinage comes in a profusion of shapes: hexagonal, octagonal, pentagonal, rectangular, triangular, circular, irregular, etc. The dwarves also rejoice in the drinking of ales that they brew, but they are such an acquired taste that none but these dwarves relish them.

1004 Bugbear Allies of G_____d: A small cave system beneath the hills serves as the lair of a tribe of 51 bugbears (AC 5; MV 9"; HD 3+1; #AT 1; D 2-8 or by weapon; SA surprise on a 1-3; AL CE; XP 135+4/hp):

Grshak the chief (30 hp)

1 sub-chief (24 hp)

1 leader (23 hp)

24 males

12 females

12 young

In addition to the coins each bugbear warrior carries in his pouches, the chief keeps 2,132 s.p. and 1,988 g.p. in clay vessels in his chamber. These bugbears ally themselves with the goblin tribes of Mount G_____d less than 15 miles to the northeast (hex 1303). The not-too-bright Grshak (intelligence of 5) is privy to Blashnak's predilection for dwarven ale (cf. hex 1303). He consequently slays all save dwarves, whom he brings to Blashnak, which makes the goblin sub-chief angry. This befuddles Grshak: "Well, who else do you think could get *dwarven* ale?"

1007 The Engraved Stone Golem: A single-story structure (50' by 60') made of pine logs nestles amongst a stand of 160' tall lodgepole pines. Before its only exterior door towers a stone statue of a man nearly 10' tall, with about two-thirds of its surface covered with minute asemic runes only a tenth of an inch in height. This in fact is a stone golem (AC 5; MV 6"; HD 14; hp 60; #AT 1; D 3-24; SA *slow* spell; SD hit only by +2 magic weapons, immunity to most

spells; AL N; XP 8,950), commanded by its maker to prevent entry to all others. Within dwells the outlandish Wulfrik the Mage (AC 7; MV 12"; MU16; hp 34; #AT 1; D 4-7 [*dagger* +3]; AL N; XP 5,850) who, thinking it the solution to Durin's enigma in hex 1014, began covering his golem with meaningless runes before losing interest and actually forgetting why he began the project in the first place. Wulfrik will hurry any visitors away, declaring that his researches keep him far too busy to waste his time on the shenanigans of others. Though the little old man appears harmless, he and the stone golem make dangerous foes. Wulfrik possesses a *potion of ESP*, *potion of gaseous form*, *potion of invisibility*, *scroll of transmute mud to rock* (x2), *ring of multiple wishes* (with only one wish remaining), *ring of protection* +2, *rod of absorption* (46 charges), *crystal ball*, *eyes of minute seeing*, *ioun stone* (scarlet and blue sphere), and a *dagger* +3. He typically has the following spells memorized:

1st Level: *dancing lights*, *feather fall*, *jump*, *unseen servant*, *ventriloquism*

2nd Level: *fools gold*, *forget*, *Leomund's trap*, *magic mouth*, *mirror image*

3rd Level: *blink*, *Leomund's tiny hut*, *phantasmal force*, *protection from normal missiles*, *slow*

4th Level: *confusion*, *enchanted weapon*, *extension I*, *polymorph self*, *wizard eye*

5th Level: *Bigby's interposing hand*, *Leomund's secret chest*, *passwall*, *stone shape*, *transmute mud to rock*

6th Level: *geas*, *globe of invulnerability*, *project image*

7th Level: *duo-dimension*, *statue*

8th Level: *polymorph any object*

1014 Durin's Riddle: A masterpiece statue of a 4' tall dwarven warrior carved more than 10,000 years ago by the dwarven sculptor, Durin, stands in absolutely lifelike detail atop a natural rock formation. Some dweomer protects it from weathering, harm, or being moved. A *detect magic* spell will reveal very

strong alteration magic. The stone figure is fashioned so as to wear chainmail and a helmet. His left hand bears a gleaming shield covering his breast, and his right holds a mighty hammer. Tiny dwarven runes a mere tenth of an inch in height cover the face of the shield. The runes are expertly executed in their purest, most classical form, but any dwarf can readily affirm that they do not spell any words of the dwarven language. A *legend lore* spell cast before the sculpture will yield the following:

"Reflect runes--

Dwarven dower descends."

If a copy of the runes (even a roughing taken from the shield) is held before the original, the one holding it (or a randomly determined one if two or more hold it) if of good alignment will receive the Boon of Durin for 3-13 months.

Note that holding a mirror before the shield will accomplish nothing. The Boon bestows a dwarf's constitution bonuses for saves vs. spells, wands, and poison; the ability to speak dwarven and gnome; 60' infravision; and dwarves' detection and determination abilities listed on page 16 of the **PLAYERS**

HANDBOOK. Lastly, all dwarves will regard the recipient with considerable goodwill.

Dwarves receiving the Boon will double their saving throw bonuses, and their detection abilities will increase to the following:

detect grade or slope: 95% probability

detect new construction: 95% probability

detect sliding or shifting: d6, score 1-5

detect traps: 75%

detect depth: 75%

Only one person can carry the Boon at a time, and anyone present at its bestowal can himself never receive it.

1110 The Purple Ivory Throne

Mountain dwarf kingdom

Population: 731 (able-bodied: 431)

Alignment: LG

Resources: gems and precious metals

Leader: King Motsognir, mountain dwarf male
LG F8

Significant NPCs: Nori, mountain dwarf male
LG F7 (chief worm-slayer)

Radsvid, mountain dwarf male LG F4 (keeper
of the treasure-room)

Frar, mountain dwarf male LG F6/C7 (supreme
stone priest)

Fjalar, mountain dwarf male LG F4 (master
artisan)

The kingdom of the Purple Ivory Throne is one of the oldest and perhaps the most glorious of all the dwarven kingdoms of the Wilderness. High in the alpine zone of the M___y Mountains stand the impregnable gates to a vast and complex system of natural caverns of breathtaking enchantment. They give the lie to the suggestion that dwarves are unmoved by beauty. Ever since the forefathers of these dwarves discovered the caves over 14,000 years ago, they, with glacial slowness, have opened pathways to previously undiscovered chambers and passages, leaving all undamaged. Their stonework can be distinguished from nature by other mountain dwarves after some study, after a longer time by hill dwarves, and after still longer by gnomes. None else can so distinguish. The most fabled of dwarven artisans, Nisir, carved the first king's throne from purple ivory (cf. note below), for purple worms tunneling up from the depths serve as the kingdom's hereditary foes. The dwarves spend much effort repairing the damage done to their home by the worms. In the last few years, attacks by the purple worms have nearly doubled for some unknown reason.

Purple Ivory: Purple worm teeth are the sole source of purple ivory. Purple worms always have an even number of teeth (at least 26 and no more than 34). As they grow, they get more teeth as follows:

If a worm has 15 to 35 hit points, it has 26 teeth.

If a worm has 36 to 56 hit points, it has 28 teeth.

If a worm has 57 to 78 hit points, it has 30 teeth.

If a worm has 79 to 99 hit points, it has 32 teeth.

If a worm has 100-120 hit points, it has 34 teeth.

A purple worm's open mouth averages nearly . 5.5' in diameter. A purple worm tooth is conical and about 2" in diameter at the base, and they vary from 3" to 4" long. A typical tooth weighs 1 pound. Thus, on average, a dead purple worm will supply 30 pounds of purple ivory.

Purple ivory is worth 54 to 108 g.p. per pound. An average purple worm, therefore, has 1,620 to 3,240 g.p. worth of purple ivory in its mouth, which averages to 2,430 g.p.

Purple worm teeth look merely white in the heat of an encounter with one of these unspeakable beasts. When a tooth is examined it becomes obvious that, just as elephant ivory is white with a slight tint of yellow, so these teeth are white with a slight tint of purple. This purple tint deepens over the centuries, thus helping experts in estimating the age of such treasures.

Mottled purple ivory (also called "mottled ivory") comes from the mottled (purple) worm. Since these beasts are aquatic and thus that much harder to harvest teeth from, mottled ivory is 50% more valuable than regular purple ivory (81 to 162 g.p. per pound).

Mottled ivory is (appropriately enough) mottled with various shades and hues of purple. It becomes more variegated with age, its shades becoming ever more difficult to name or describe. Indeed, while connoisseurs of the ivory have names for over 100 hues of its purple, some of these experts can discern twice that number of shades.

1212 Giant Eagle Eyrie: High on an inaccessible shelf at an altitude of 14,800 feet nests a convocation of a dozen giant eagles (AC

7; MV 3"/48"; HD 4; hp 14, 8, 16, 21, 9, 19, 16, 25, 16, 19, 20, 16; #AT 3; D 1-6/1-6/2-12; SA diving [+4 to hit, 2-12 x 2]; SD eyesight; AL N; XP 150+4/hp) with fifteen eggs that will hatch in 17 days. While the eagles are fierce in defense of their six nests and eggs, they are not otherwise aggressive and are on good terms with the Purple Ivory Throne (hex 1110), the dwarven Kingdom of the Frozen Fire (hex 1307), and the high elf Kingdom in the Mists (hex 1416). The eagles' lord greatly desires to find the lost nesting place of his distant ancestor, Wiailflis, where he breathed his last. Long years of soaring amidst the peaks and valleys of the M__y Mountains have revealed nothing. The eagle lord will bargain with men to seek the answer from the Stone Sage of the Mountain (hex 1603), which will disclose in the language of the eagles: "Upon the fallen crest of Shwaigir within the Klerringliry Cleft repose the mellowed bones." After taking a day to confirm the accuracy of this answer, Wiailflis will give a choice of guerdon: a *gem of seeing*, a *rope of climbing*, or a box of four matching aquamarines worth 1,000 g.p. each.

1303 Goblins of the Guttering Torch: This tribe of brick red goblins patrols the hills surrounding Mount G____d, ranging up to 5 miles from the peak, spending most of its time in the southern reaches. They carry tattered banners--some solid black, others blood red--high aloft. Their fires and war-drums make it impossible for them to surprise anyone. The Goblins of the Guttering Torch number 259 strong as follows:
Blashnak the Sub-Chief (hp 8)
Blashnak's 3 guards (hp 8 each)
5 leaders (7 hp each)
20 assistants (7 hp each)
204 foot soldiers
26 riders mounted on worgs
30 riderless worgs
The host tends to attack first and ask questions later. All are under orders to slay dwarves and

gnomes without mercy, and to take all others captive as slaves to mine the silver in the black pits of Mount G____d. Their field chief, Blashnak, has a secret vice known only to his three bodyguards (who are sworn to secrecy upon pain of death): dwarven ale. Blashnak's command would be forfeit and his reputation irretrievably gone if the other goblins found out about his favorite drink. One of the guards will interrogate the captives if any are discovered to possess dwarven ale. Blashnak will try to work out a deal for release for any (but not dwarf or gnome!) who can discreetly bring him a good supply. Being lawful, Blashnak will honor his end of the agreement, but any treachery will be met with death.

1307 The Kingdom of the Frozen Fire

Mountain dwarf kingdom

Population: 405 (able-bodied: 240)

Alignment: LG

Resources: platinum

Leader: King Frosti, mountain dwarf male LG F6

Significant NPCs: Veig, mountain dwarf male LG F4 (master of the platinum mines)

Miodvitnir, mountain dwarf male LG F3 (ambassador)

Nyrad, mountain dwarf male LG F4/C5 (priest and prime counselor)

Seven millennia ago in the deep winter a star fell to the earth atop the snowy peak of one of the M__y Mountains. The dwarves gathered the special iron steel of the meteorite and over the centuries sold it to wizards for the manufacture of magical armor. Within the fallen metal star burned a tongue of frozen flame. In appearance a 6" long tongue of flame (predominantly blue) blown by the wind, it feels as cold as ice. The eldest and wisest of the dwarven clerics and sages declared the Frozen Fire to be impervious to all save the digestive juices of a purple worm. Each dwarf king passes the Frozen Fire to his heir, and it becomes the sign of his kingship. The Frozen

Fire preserves the dwarven king alone from the debilitating effects of age (though it does not extend his lifespan). It is worth 50,000 g.p. for its beauty and uniqueness alone. Those aware of its history will deem it of greater value, while dwarves consider it priceless. The dwarves would march to war to retrieve the Frozen Fire should it ever fall into others' hands.

1312 St. Eadwine's Table of Blessing: A flat-topped, 4' diameter stone with a 12' high waterfall sprinkling upon it will give a magical blessing to men or demi-humans of good alignment who kiss it. Lawful good clerics will have a 1% chance per level of recognizing this as the stone on which St. Eadwine supped and gave thanks to the divinity nine centuries ago. The saint's holiness descended upon the rock, imbuing it with the power of benediction. Those of the proper alignment kissing St. Eadwine's Table will gain the following blessings for one month:

LG: +3 to all saving throws, plus escape all damage from any one attack or mishap of the character's choice (which decision can be made after the DM rolls the damage dice)

NG: +2 to all saving throws, plus can one time escape all damage (as above) if a saving throw vs. death magic is made

CG: +1 to all saving throws, plus can one time escape half of all damage (as above) if a saving throw vs. death magic is made

A man who has received the blessing cannot do so again until after the next spring equinox.

1406 Flowers of the Worm Cult: A field of heliotrope covering more than an acre blooms on an eastern hill slope in late spring, summer, and early fall. A faint feeling of unease, an indefinable feeling of something not quite right pervades the violet blooms and their vanilla-like fragrance. Each turn spent searching has a 6% chance per searcher of finding amongst the heliotrope a wooden unholy symbol of a

writhing purple worm. During the months of the flowers' blossoming, there is an 8% chance per day that mounted CE clerics of the heliotrope faction of the worm cult will come to gather floral sacrifices to their dark deity. Such a group of cultists will certainly include 3-12 1st-level clerics in mauve robes and dark purple cowls, with a 50% chance of 2-12 2nd-level clerics in dark purple robes and thistle-colored cowls accompanying them. If 2nd-level clerics are present, there is a 50% chance of 1-3 3rd-level clerics in heliotrope-colored robes and dark purple cowls and capes. The cultists seem inexplicably disturbing and disquieting, but not menacing. They will ignore others. If approached, they will be mild and reticent, preferring no contact at all but explaining that they come merely to gather heliotrope. The clerics will attack only in self-defense but will fight to the death. Not even under torture will they speak about their temple or its location (hex 1901).

1416 Kingdom in the Mists

High elf kingdom

Population: 90 (able-bodied: 48)

Alignment: CG

Resources: elven lanterns

Leader: King Iondor, high elf male CG F4/MU7

Significant NPCs: Tesurinen, high elf male CG F2/MU2/C2 (priest of the stars and winds)

Korendea, high elf male CG F6 (champion of the kingdom)

Malinan, high elf male CG F2/MU2 (head craftsman)

King Iondor reigns over his tiny elven kingdom in a bowl-shaped valley almost always filled with mists. The peaks surrounding the valley reach a height of 9,400'. During the day the kingdom's four giant eagle guards (AC 7; MV 3"/48"; HD 4; hp 24, 23, 16, 16; #AT 3; D 1-6/1-6/2-12; SA diving [+4 to hit, 2-12 x 2]; SD eyesight; AL N; XP 246, 242, 214, 214) soar over the valley keeping a watchful

eye. The king will recognize the sword Tilros (cf. hex 0305), and he knows that its moon-runes will reveal themselves solely by the light of a waning crescent moon. King Iondor will name elf-friend (being thereafter treated by high elves as though they were elves with 18 charisma) anyone who freely gives Tilros into his keeping, and he will banish any who refuse. For many centuries these elves of the mists have patiently searched the valley for an ancient elven relic that can be found only in the mists at night by the light of the deep elves' magic lanterns. These lights are wrought of silver and crystal, and they burn with a pale blue flame as of a glowworm that nothing can quench, shimmering with a 6" radius globe of unblinking light of unparalleled purity and beauty. They typically have four rectangular shutters, allowing illumination as follows:

4 shutters closed: no light

3 shutters closed: 90° illumination

2 shutters closed: 180° illumination

1 shutter closed: 270° illumination

no shutters closed: 360° illumination

The elves will not sell or trade these lanterns of elegance and grace to any save elves or elf-friends.

1515 Grumpy Badgers: A mated pair of giant badgers with two cubs (AC 4; MV 6" (3"); HD 3; hp 17, 14, 10, 6; #AT 3; D 1-3/1-3/1-6; AL N; XP 86, 77, 65, 53) roams the lower slopes of the M__y Mountains amongst spotty growths of scrub oak. The adults (particularly the female) are grumpy and cranky, and the four badgers have a 90% probability of attacking any who approach them closer than 30'. They make an exception for gnomes, towards whom they feel sociable. The badgers will attack parties that include at least one gnome only in self-defense.

1516 The Deep Elves' Lore of Deep Heaven: In the high hills, amongst elven ruins shallowly buried, stands an ancient arch of the high elves. Elven script and designs of foliage and

blossoms weaving in and out in elegant and complex patterns cover the pale gray stone. The elven runes comprise a star catalog, detailing and naming the various stars and constellations visible in their seasons at this latitude. No dry list, these paeans of praise for the stars' beauty beseeches their guidance. Any high elf can discern the arch's age at approximately 8,000 years because of the globe's precession. Others with appropriate knowledge of field astronomy can also determine this. A pillar buried alongside the arch includes information about the five wandering stars, as well as two more invisible ones, plus lore about satellites of some of the wandering stars and ring formations. A human sage with either a major or minor field in astronomy (such as Alstan in hex 2116) would pay 6,000 to 8,000 g.p. to have this knowledge recounted and 10,000 to 12,000 g.p. to have the pillar's runes transcribed (which would take 4 hours). The sage of course would require the exact location of the ruins.

1603 The Stone Sage of the Mountain: In the lower slopes of the G__y Mountains a life-sized statue of a bald and bearded man sits upon folded legs with its arms crossed on its chest. Carved from an outcropping, the statue cannot be moved. If a human (but none else) asks it a question in the lost and forgotten language of the Grey Empire, the statue will give a truthful answer in the same language if the inquirer makes a saving throw vs. petrification (with the following bonus or penalty based on alignment: +3 for LE, +2 for LN, +1 for LG, -1 for CE, -2 for CN, and -3 for CG). A failed save indicates silence. A person can ask only one question each fortnight. Unfortunately, the "consciousness" of the statue is bound to a time about 3,100 years ago. Any answer it gives will assume the conditions from that era. ("King Velthur III reigns from the Azurite Throne", though said king has been ashes for millennia.) Should anyone wish to destroy the statue, it

has 50 hp and only spells of at least 8th level can harm it. If destroyed, anyone who inflicted damage on the statue will be cursed to have one of his ability scores (randomly determined) drop to 3. No spell less puissant than a *limited wish* can break the curse.

1613 The Church of St. Credan: A small, wholesome coppice shelters a wooden church. Here 289 years ago the holy St. Credan gave his life defending a woman of the woodland and her children from trolls who had wandered down from the M__y Mountains looking for their next meal. The saint's bones were buried here and the church's altar erected atop the grave. St. Credan and other celestial beings appeared at its completion, bestowing their benediction before vanishing through the walls and ceilings, leaving thereon images of their hieratic countenances and forms. The cleric Froda (AC -1 [*chain mail* +3 and *shield* +2]; MV 12"; C10; hp 42; #AT 1; D 5-10 [*footman's mace* +3]; AL LG; XP 2,538) serves as the current guardian of the church and of its miraculous fountain. When a young girl prayed here for healing 112 years ago, St. Credan appeared and caused a fountain to spring from a nearby rock. Anyone of good alignment washing in it will receive all the benefits of a *heal* spell. Froda has become so attuned to his surroundings that no one can surprise him within the woods. He casts *know alignment* on visitors, welcoming those of good alignment and forbidding the wicked to approach the church. He will tentatively welcome neutrals only if they are in the company of good. Froda will cast spells for those of LG alignment at the prices given on pages 103-104 of the **DUNGEON MASTERS GUIDE**. Adjust the prices upward by 10% for those of NG alignment, by 20% for CG, and by 50% for neutrals. (He will of course not cast spells for evil men at any price.) He will also train LG clerics for the fees on page 86 of the **DUNGEON MASTERS GUIDE**. The church's coffers hold 924 c.p., 1,011 s.p., 807 e.p., 1,928

g.p., and 123 p.p. Froda will fearlessly fight to the death defending the church. In addition to his magic arms and armor, he possesses a *LG candle of invocation*, a *phylactery of long years*, and a *talisman of pure good* (6 charges). He typically has the following spells memorized:
1st Level: *command*, *detect magic*, *light*, *protection from evil*, *sanctuary*

2nd Level: *hold person*, *know alignment*, *silence*
15' radius, *speak with animals*

3rd Level: *dispel magic*, *prayer*, *remove curse*

4th Level: *detect lie*, *neutralize poison*, *sticks to snakes*

5th Level: *flame strike*, *insect plague*

If adventurers need spells cast but do not have the funds, Froda will cast spells in exchange for the adventurers going on quests for him. He will trust LG clerics, but all others he will subject to *quest* spells. Some possible quests include:

1. bringing to Froda the Braid of St. Wendreda (in hex 2313)
2. return a holy scroll in hex 0209 to Froda
3. burn incense upon the tomb of Lord Ordberht (hex 2206)
4. confirm or disconfirm the existence of the temple of the worm cult in hex 1901

1705 Great Hall of the Berserkers: Living and feasting in a great hall made of long logs on the lower slopes of the G__y Mountains, a hardy band of thirty berserkers (AC 7; MV 12"; HD 2-7 hp; #AT 1 (or 2); D by weapon type; SA battle lust; AL N; XP 7+1/hp) keeps a roaring fire going all year round in which they roast the various animals and monsters slain by their hunting parties, washing it all down with great tankards of strong mead. In addition to their war chief and the two subchieftains, their force of thirty is bolstered by three F1s, a F2, and a F3. The berserkers tend to attack all they see (unless outnumbered by more than 50%), though they will listen to a parlay to arrange single combat between their admired war chief, Vithjar (F9; hp 72; #AT 3/2; XP 1,764), and the

trespassers' champion. If Vithjar wins, his dead opponent's arms, armor, equipment, and treasure is forfeit, but the rest of the party is free to go. If the champion slays Vithjar, he will receive the respect and friendship of the band as well as Vithjar's *battle axe* +1 and 100 coins of each type from the berserkers' coffers which hold 1,213 c.p., 3,744 e.p., and 1,009 g.p. The subchieftain Lyngvi (F6; hp 50; XP 525) will become their new chief, leaving his younger brother, Geirmundur (F6; hp 44; XP 489), as the band's sole subchieftain.

1808 Fires of the High Elves: In a flowery clearing stand three stone fire-rings made by the high elves long ago. Wood thrown into the fire-rings will immediately catch fire, will burn twice as long as usual, and will release a wholesome and enticing smell of resinous pine, cedar, and juniper. The flames themselves glow vividly red, orange, and yellow, dying down to blue and even white in the embers. By some enchantment the fires do not obscure the stars. Those who remain by one of these fires for at least an hour will receive a +1 to hit and on saving throws for the next 2-8 days if an elf or fighting alongside one. Humanoids fighting such elves or allies will have -1 to hit and saves. In addition, moral checks for elves and their allies will have a 10% bonus, while humanoids will have a 10% penalty.

1811 Elder Battlefield: Brittle bones of high elves and orcs mingle with ruined weapons, armor, and insignia. Such a great slaughter was wrought on both sides that most avoid the site. Each 3-6 turns spent searching will reveal one of the three elven artifacts described below. Elves will certainly recognize them. If the searching party does not include an elf, then each item has a percentage chance of being recognized equal to 10 times the highest level character in the party.

1. A shard of the blade Brassenamath, wielded

by Bragolphen the Grey. Graceful runes of the high elves adorn its 18" length all the way to its tip. They are a fragment of an ode to the stars.

2. The sea-green banner of Narmir, prince of the high elvenfolk of the sea crags far to the south. Cunning waves of sea-blue foam are woven into it.

3. The black and yellow-gold flag of the elvenfolk of the Aradab. A copper dragon couchant figured in yellow-gold thread is upon the black upper half of the banner.

Those presenting one of these artifacts to a kingdom of high elves will be named elf-friends. As such, they will be treated by high elves as though they were elves with 18 charisma.

1901 Unholy Fane of the Worm Cult: In the gray waste a small cave entrance leads to a natural passage carved with 493 steps, worn smooth by the tread of countless feet. It opens into a small system of caverns of stone the color of deepest purple, faint with the odor of vanilla. The caves fill intruders with a sense of ennui and malaise, a sickly feeling that things are not right. This elusive quality of the temple inheres in every particular and pervades throughout. The main chamber, over 150' in diameter, features a sheer wall revealing a perfectly fossilized purple worm. While the cultists worship demons, they venerate purple worms. Before it stands a plain stone altar liberally strewn with heliotrope. The blossoms on and around the altar range from somewhat wilted to utterly dessicated. Another, much smaller, cavern has on its ceiling deeply-carved letters (revealing the pale lavender of the interior rock) in the occult language of the worm cult. Only magical means can decipher their message: "Heliotrope portends the final dominance of the purple worm. As these blossoms rise into the sunlight from the mire,

so the purple worms, ever spawning in the subterranean voids from time primeval, will burst forth in their swarms and devour all life. We need only await the Day of the Worm."

Each day has a 16% chance of worm cultists of the heliotrope faction coming to the shrine. Refer to hex 1406 for the main body of the cultists with the following chances of additional, higher-level CE clerics:

10%: C4, heliotrope robes, dark purple cowl

9%: C5, heliotrope robes, cowl shading from dark purple on the bottom to heliotrope on the top

8%: C6, heliotrope robes, heliotrope cowl covered with figures of purple worms

7%: C7, heliotrope robes, heliotrope cowl with a single figure of a purple worm

6%: C8, heliotrope robes, heliotrope cowl with an undulating purple line

5%: evil high priest (50% C9, 25% C10, 15% C11, 10% C12), heliotrope robes, heliotrope cowl (all unadorned)

The worm cultists can unerringly sense at the fane's entrance if any are within. They will attempt to conceal themselves and wait for the intruders to leave. Failing that, they take no prisoners.

2009 Silent Wonder of the Wilderness: Alone in the wind-swept grasses in the southeast part of the hex stands a 200' tall statue, carved of pale gray granite, of a noble fighter in full armor, his visor raised and holding his sword above his head with both hands. It was apparently shaped from a single, massive stone since it has no signs of seams or blocks. This wonder of the Wilderness stands as an enigma to all who come to gaze upon it. No legend tells of the monument's making, and even the demi-humans shake their heads in bewilderment when questioned as to its age. The perfectly square base it stands upon points precisely to the rising sun on the summer solstice. A series of linguistic symbols, 8' tall

and eight or nine in number (depending on whether the third and fourth symbols reading from the left form two glyphs or but a single one), are boldly carved in relief upon the base. The jagged glyphs have mystified all who have puzzled over their decipherment, with virtually all ultimately throwing up their hands in defeat. Forty-three years ago the maverick sage, Athelmund of the Tower of Red Gold, rather insistently postulated that their proper translation into the common tongue is as follows: "the makers, the makers, immense distances strode to the [or perhaps "this"] sphere, the makers". Other scholars have rejected this proposal out of hand (if kind) or have laughed at it (if not). Athelmund went to his grave six years ago maintaining his thesis in the face of universal opposition. Over the millennia scholars, sages, and adventurers have come even from lands far distant from the Wilderness to study or to simply wonder at the monolith. Some primordial enchantment protects the statue from all harm (magical or otherwise) other than relatively light weathering. The eccentric sage, Katin Sulgrah of the Immortal City, even expended a wish from a magic ring (asking for one of the statue's toes to crack--which did not) to prove a point.

2104 Glacial Ice Home: A band of four yeti (AC 6; MV 15"; HD 4+4; hp 27, 18, 18, 26; #AT 2; D 1-6/1-6; SA squeeze [2-16], paralyzation; SD impervious to cold; AL N; XP 570, 525, 525, 565) resides in a glacial cave of blue ice, softly luminous under the sun. The slipperiness of the labyrinthine passages makes intruders have to choose each round of combat between being careful not to slip (resulting in a -3 to hit), or being heedless and having to save vs. petrification to avoid falling at the end of the round and being unable to strike in the next. Any invader running must similarly save each round or fall, dropping anything held and losing a round in getting up. The yeti will fight

to the death in their lair, but they will not pursue more than 50' outside the entrance. In the floor of one passage under about 6" of clear, blue ice are scattered 4,115 g.p. Three men with tools working for 2 turns can free 3,500 coins, and the remaining 615 would take an additional 2 turns.

2112 Toads in the Bitter Ice: The giant ice toads, Krakey and Hopquag (AC 4; MV 9"; HD 5; hp 26, 33; #AT 1; D 3-12; SA cold radiation; AL N; XP 335, 370), lair amongst the icy waters of the fen in the northern part of the hex. Submerged and buried they keep a gold ring encrusted with scores of tiny rubies (worth 5,000 g.p.) and a wrought gold seal (worth 1,300 g.p.). The heptagonal seal bears upon it the image of the Frozen Fire (cf. hex 1307). The ice toads know that the dwarves of the Kingdom of the Frozen Fire would bestow 7,000 g.p. upon anyone who returned this long-lost seal to them. The ice toads will try to bargain with any likely-looking party to return the seal to the dwarves and bring back half of the reward to the toads. (Obviously the canny toads will not deal with any party that seems untrustworthy.) If the party cannot communicate with the toads, or if the party refuses to strike a bargain, all is not lost: They can always serve as a meal. The toads will reveal the location of their treasures only to save their lives.

2116 Perpetual Wildflowers of the Gnomes

Gnome kingdom

Population: 74 (able-bodied: 44)

Alignment: NG

Resources: wildflowers

Leader: King Feshdli, gnome male NG F4

Significant NPCs: Vlal, gnome male NG C2
(the dreaming priest)

Hriotov, gnome male NG F3 (master
musician)

Snowdrop, bluebell, primrose, cowslip, wood anemone and a plenitude of other wildflowers

blanket the lightly forested hills of this hex year-round, for an ancient enchantment maintains the late spring weather in perpetuity. The peaceful gnomes tend the flowers, content to ignore the outside world unless it impinges upon their kingdom, in which case they defend their magical home fiercely. Thirteen fat badgers (AC 4; MV 6" (3")); HD 1+2; hp 5, 4, 6, 6, 10, 4, 5, 6, 10, 6, 5, 4, 7; #AT 3; D 1-2/1-2/1-3; AL N; XP 20+2/hp) aid in the defense. In addition to the gold coins the gnomes all carry in their pockets, the king holds a treasure of 3,199 e.p. and 62 pieces of various types of quartz (smoky, rose, blue, rainbow, etc.) worth 50 g.p. each. For the last two years Alstan the sage (hp 19; AL NG) has lived and worked amongst the gnomes, learning their lore. His major field of study is gnomes, with specialized knowledge of their art and music as well as their language. He has minor fields in flowers and astronomy. His books contain the following spells:

1st Level: *comprehend languages, read magic*

2nd Level: *continual light, locate object, wizard lock*

3rd Level: *blink, feign death, gust of wind, tongues*

Alstan has learned from Vlal that this enchanted realm of spring originated in the days following the deluge. Vlal's long-ago predecessor was warned in a dream of the great waters coming upon all the Wilderness. The gnomes dug their burrows deeper and waited, until one evening an eerie light of a pale and indescribable hue filled the northern sky, and a dimmer but no less uncanny illumination shone in the south. The gnomes took shelter in their burrows underground and sealed them as the first cold and mighty winds presaging the flood roared over the land. Many moons later the old cleric was told in a dream that it was safe to emerge, and they found their hilly homeland covered in delicate flowers beginning to bud. Ever since the hills have been robed in a profusion of blossoms. The kingdom's chief cleric has thenceforth been titled the dreaming priest.

2206 The Tomb of Lord Ordberht: Atop a lone hillock stands the marble tomb of Lord Ordberht, a brave and just warrior who fell in combat to an overwhelming horde of humanoids two centuries ago. Inscribed upon the western wall in the common tongue is the following:

"Glorious Ordberht,
Alone he stood,
Dispatched to darkness
The ravening hordes."

Humans have a 12% chance per level and demi-humans a 7% chance per level of knowing the legend of how Ordberht stood alone against the humanoid hordes and bought with his life the escape of dozens of travelers. The legend further makes known that those who venerate Ordberht's tomb will receive blessing, while those who desecrate it will be cursed. Those blessed will have their maximum hit point totals increase by 2 hp per HD for 28 days, while those cursed will have their maximum hit point totals decrease by 2 hp per HD for 28 days. A *remove curse* spell is not powerful enough to lift the curse, though a *limited wish* will. The tomb has no opening. Within Ordberht's skeleton is dight in damaged plate mail and helm, and it clasps a shield and a broken broadsword.

2303 Metamorphosis of Ice: A ledge about 200' by 200' juts out at an elevation of 8,000' from the northern face of a peak of the G__y Mountains. The sage Ceolnoth long ago theorized that elemental spirits, ignorant of the conflict of good and evil, touched this spot and forever after imbued it with their potency. The winds scour the ledge clean of snowfall, keeping it covered only with dark, dull ice. Any living being touching the ice (including through boots, gloves, etc.) must save vs. spells or become an indistinguishable part of the sheet of ice. A saving throw must be made for each round of contact. Only appropriate spells of at least 7th level (such as *limited wish* or *wish*)

can reverse the transformation. The field's most recent victims have left about 15' from the edge of the ice a suit of plate mail, splint mail, *chain mail* +1, a morning star, bastard sword, battle axe, and a pouch of 371 p.p.

2307 Ensorcelled Mottled Worm: In a silty bank of water no more than 2' deep lies a quiescent mottled (purple) worm (AC 6; MV 9"; HD 15; hp 80; #AT 1 and 1; D 2-24/2-8; SA swallow whole, poison sting; AL N; XP 6500). Some subterranean enchantment in its lightless, aqueous lair put the worm into a semi-comatose state, also robbing it of most of its color. The white and pale lavender splotched thing washed down from beneath the G__y Mountains to quiver here in the shallows. The worm will weakly squirm if any warm-blooded creature comes within 10' of it. Anyone actually touching the vile creature will dispel the glamor: Its normal colors will return, and it will attack (though the worm will not wholly leave the water). Its initial sluggishness will cause it to automatically lose initiative on the first round after its reanimation.

2313 Noisome Troll Nest: Dark, oily smoke slowly snakes into the air from the black mouth of a cave along the northern banks of the river. Within lairs Dick, a particularly ugly troll (AC 4; MV 12"; HD 6+6; hp 35; #AT 3; D 5-8/5-8/2-12; SD regeneration; AL CE; XP 805). He is on the intelligent side--for a troll (intelligence score of 7)--and likes to plan ahead by always keeping, instead of eating, a single female captive to do the cooking. His current mistress of the cauldron is a 0-level 20-year-old named Hilla (hp 3), dirty and unkempt with long, stringy hair. Dick ensures that she does a good job with the food by occasionally reminding her that she can be replaced and become a meal instead of preparing them. A year ago the troll attacked and ate her parents and brothers while they barged down the river heading south, and she has been cooking ever since. She

has no wealth or connections to offer rescuers. Scattered in Dick's lair are 1,813 c.p. and a filthy braid of sandy brown hair. This latter is actually the Braid of St. Wendreda. She was slain and eaten here by one of Dick's ancestors three generations ago. This relic is worth at least 1,000 g.p. to a LG cleric, and such clerics have a 5% chance per level of sensing the braid's holiness.

2415 Stone Bridge of the Eld: In the extreme south of this hex a stone bridge stretches 2,900' across the canyon over the G__t River thundering 4,200' below. No ornamentation adorns the expert stonework wrought by some forgotten civilization of men thousands of years in the past. It measures 20' wide with 4' high parapets. The harpies from hex 2416 will attack anyone that they notice on the bridge. The chance of this is 5% per turn at night and 50% per turn during the day. These percentages increase to 50% and 95% if those crossing make a lot of noise. It takes the harpies two rounds to fly to the bridge. Their preferred attack is lifting a man into the air and dropping him to his death (no saving throw) on the canyon bottom. If two harpies both hit a single target with both of their claw attacks, he must save vs. petrification to fight free of their clutches before being dropped and falling to his doom.

2416 Foul Harpies' Nest: Six repellent and spiteful harpies (AC 7; MV 6"/15"; HD 3; hp 18, 19, 15, 13, 11, 14; #AT 3 and 1; D 1-3/1-3/1-6; SA singing and charm; AL CE; XP 199, 202, 190, 184, 178, 187) lair in a cave on the western cliffside about 300' south of the bridge in hex 2415. The roughly 10' diameter cave opening is 50' below the canyon's edge. A foul stench exudes from the harpies' den. The nests within are made of bushes, sticks, tattered clothing, and bones (including human and demi-human). Scattered about amidst the filth are 6,213 c.p., all begrimed.

2503 Snake in the Snow: A footpath in the forest turns into an ancient road lined with heavily weathered and cracked paving stones leading into the G__y Mountains. In the snowdrifts near the southern edge of this hex hunts a giant white-furred constrictor snake (AC 5; MV 9"; HD 6+1; hp 43; #AT 2; D 1-4/2-8; SA constriction; AL N; XP 569). It slithers only through snow banks, avoiding rocky ground, and thus surprises on a 1-4 on a 6-sided die. The snow snake's long line of hunting successes has made it fearless, so it will attack even a large party. It will savagely fight until reduced to 5 hit points, at which time the snake will flee. As many adventurers know, the giant white-furred constrictor snake makes good eating. Within its stomach is a dwarven badge of gold (worth 400 g.p.) with the name "Hlavang" engraved upon it in dwarf runes.

2609 Trapped between the Seconds: In a copse of pine trees near the sloping hills stands a helmed gnomish warrior in chainmail, a short bow and quiver strapped to his back. His left arm bears a small shield, and his right hand grasps a glowing short sword. Other than the gnome's white hair and beard gently moving in the breeze, he stands perfectly still. About a month ago the arch-mage Hereward killed all the members of an adventuring party to acquire from them three ancient and eldritch scrolls of forgotten lore. His well-known quirk of refusing to slay a dwarf or a gnome led him to cast *temporal stasis* upon Niotfidmil, recently hired by the party as a treasure guide. His *short sword +1, luck blade* has 3 wishes, an intelligence of 12, semi-empathy, LG alignment, ego 3, and the ability to detect large traps in a 1" radius. If freed, Niotfidmil (LG F4) will offer to take his rescuers to the treasure. He knows the general location (somewhere in hex 1516) of valuable astronomical secrets engraved upon an elven pillar of eld. If refused, he will bow low and politely say, "Niotfidmil at your service" before going east to his home in Wilderness Map 2.



1 hex = 5 miles

Cartography by Dion Williams (aka Burning ~ Torso)