

# DESOLATION OF THE BLACK TERROR

WILDERNESS MODULE 2

by Geoffrey McKinney



DESOLATION OF THE BLACK TERROR 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 green dragon, Atrenu, atop her treasure amidst the tangled, pestilent gloom of M\_\_\_\_\_d (cf. hex 4108 within).

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### INTRODUCTION

*Desolation of the Black Terror* assumes that the Dungeon Master possesses the following three

#### ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS

volumes written by Gary Gygax:

#### MONSTER MANUAL

#### PLAYERS HANDBOOK

#### 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 M\_\_\_\_\_d) to allow the Dungeon Master to complete the names in accordance with his view of the setting.

### Geographic Features

**Cold Hill:** This melancholy and lonely hill sits in the shadow of the G\_\_y Mountains. Short, soft grasses cover it, and silvery flowers similar to snowdrops crown it save in the depths of winter. Once an important site of the high elves in their ancient wars against the Black Terror, the elves now generally avoid Cold Hill for the memories of great loss and sorrow that gather about it. Rumors abound that old, high elven halls of indescribable grace and loveliness extend beneath the hill, but of this the elves are silent.

**Forest River:** Originating from the melting snows of the G\_\_y Mountains, the icy waters of this dark stream rush swiftly, becoming as wide as 200' in the southern part of the included map and as deep as 20'.

**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.

**M\_\_\_\_\_d:** This greatest of all the natural features of the Wilderness stretches more than 150 miles east-west at its widest and well over 300 miles to the south. The forest is a patchwork of dozens of different types of trees, each predominating in its own area. Since before the coming of men to the Wilderness

four and a half millennia ago, M\_\_\_\_\_d has been infamous as a forest of gloom and a seemingly endless dark. When evil's power wanes, the wood grows more wholesome and its darkness less. The shadows have been gradually lifting ever since many white wizards nine years ago expelled a potent evil from M\_\_\_\_\_d's southern reaches. Nevertheless, the forest remains harrowing. Food and fresh water are hard to find. The forest-roof gathers so thick in large tracts as to block all sunlight but a dark green glimmer. Beneath the trees' huge and gnarled trunks, hung with ivy, lichens, and dense cobwebs with thick strands, many layers of blackened and rotting leaves blanket the moist earth. In much of the forest the air is still and stuffy. Black squirrels, huge bats, and far queerer things live within, their uncanny eyes gleaming in the dark.

**Narrow Gorge:** Between Cold Hill and M\_\_\_\_\_d, Narrow Gorge is a deep rift stretching about 15 miles and plunging 1,260' towards its center. A mere 50' separates the two cliffs. Small pines grow here and there on the gray, craggy walls. Only in times of great rain does a stream flow at its bottom. The high elves have secret traditions about Narrow Gorge, and when they journey between the high walls a hush falls over them.

**Silver Peaks:** The mountains of this small chain reach an elevation of a little over 10,000'. They served as home to an ancient civilization of dwarves, long ago destroyed during the reign of the Black Terror. These dwarves had blue hair and beards, which occasionally still occur in their descendants. (Cf. hexes 3406 and 3507.) The peaks took their name from the vast amounts of silver once mined here. Though goblins, hobgoblins, and orcs for ages infested the G\_y Mountains, they have always tended to avoid the Silver Peaks because of unseen presences that fill them with unease.

## Hex Locations

**2716 Not Extinct After All...:** A wooden house with a thatched roof stands alone in the grassy plain, the home of Eawulf, his wife Eadgyth, and their two youngest sons, who have not yet seen twenty winters: Hathored and Wulfged (all 0-level). While living in the wild has always borne its share of dangers, in recent weeks they have seen the dorsal fin of something "swimming" under the ground. Eawulf last week hired three mounted warriors to deal with the monster, but the horrid beast killed and feasted on them after bursting to the surface. To his astonishment, Eawulf recognized the "landshark" as a bulette (AC -2/4/6; MV 14" (3"); HD 9; hp 53; #AT 3; D 4-48/3-18/3-18; SA 8' jump; AL N; XP 2,936), which he thought extinct. He will offer 100 e.p. and 97 g.p. to any who slays the bulette, which has a 75% chance per day of showing itself. Eawulf and his family will not fight save as a last resort, knowing that they are in over their heads. In addition to the coins, Eawulf will offer to give directions to and write a message addressed to his dwarven friend, Skafid, the master armorer of the hill dwarves in hex 3507. For anyone bearing the letter Skafid will forge the plates from behind the bulette's head into an extraordinary shield. The dwarven armorer will not know how strong the shield will be until after the forging is complete. Roll on the following table for the strength of the shield and for how long it takes Skafid:

01-50: +1 (3-5 days)  
51-78: +2 (6-7 days)  
79-00: +3 (8-10 days)

**2804 A Great Stench:** Foul gases rise from an 8' diameter pit, reeking of dung and rotten flesh. Humanoids often throw captives, corpses, and other waste into the hole. Anyone wishing to go down into the darkness must make a saving throw vs. poison, failure indicating that disgust and violent retching makes it impossible until

an hour has elapsed in the fresh air, at which time he can try again. The rough pit, coated with slime, descends 20' before opening into a 30' diameter cave, its floor apparently another 20' below. In actuality, though, the cavern's bottom is an additional 5' down, for carrion, dung, offal, and other unspeakable wastes cover the stone floor to a depth of 5'. It reduces movement to 3". Buried in the filth, only its sensory stalk protruding above the vile mess, wallows a small otyugh (AC 1 (2); MV 6"; HD 6; hp 34; #AT 3; D 1-8/1-8/2-5; SA disease; SD never surprised; AL N; XP 972) of average intelligence. It weighs the appearance of living creatures that come here, deciding if it could add them to its meal without too much trouble. The waste does not impede the otyugh's movements. If it decides to flee, it submerges itself and squeezes into a 6' deep depression in the stone floor, out of reach of all but the most resolute of foes. Every turn spent within the cave necessitates a save vs. poison. Those failing can only cough and retch for the next 2-7 rounds. No treasure is within, so nothing is to be gained in coming here save a great stench which requires an hour of bathing and determined scrubbing to dispel. Such odoriferous individuals cannot possibly surprise anything.

**2907 Lair of the False Dragons:** Three giant fire lizards (AC 3; MV 9"; HD 10; hp 48, 56, 53; #AT 3; D 1-8/1-8/2-16; SA fire puff; SD immune to fire; AL N; XP 2022, 2134, 2092) lair in a dim cavern in the hills. A fortnight ago these "dragons" sacked and burned to cinders the thorp of Silvershadow in the northern part of hex 2908, leaving nothing there besides the blackened embers of the thorp's wooden buildings and twenty-two fresh graves marked with simple wooden crosses. The survivors of the attack fled to the village of Bymirk in hex 2914, a little over 30 miles south. The lizards collected the shiny metal coins and glittering stones and bottles they found in Silvershadow

and brought them back to heap in their lair. They amassed 4,166 c.p., 2,848 s.p., 4,033 e.p., 2,940 g.p., 29 gems (nine worth 10 g.p. each, ten worth 50 g.p. each, nine worth 100 g.p. each, and an oriental topaz worth 1,200 g.p.), and the following five potions in clear crystal flasks: *human control* (a viscous, apricot-colored substance tasting of earth), *invulnerability* (transparent and dove gray), *oil of slipperiness* (variegated colors of cream, lake, pearl, and cerise), *sweet water* (watery, with a perfumed fragrance and ivory color), and *water breathing* (pale yellow and smoky-tasting). Anyone entering the cave will be attacked unless he has the luck to find all three fire lizards sleeping. They also have a 50% chance per turn of attacking anyone coming within 60' of their cave entrance (unless, again, all three are slumbering).

#### **2914 Bymirk**

Human village

Population: 628 (able-bodied: 157)

Alignment: NG

Resources: Potatoes, cabbage, carrots

Leader: Hagona, human male LG F5

Significant NPCs: Eanberht, human male N F3  
(proprietor of the Friendly Forest Inn)

Theodred, human male CG F4 (guide)

Denefrith, human male LG C6 (priest of the village church, St. Haedda's)

Byrhtic, human male LN MU7 (exile from Silvershadow)

Five miles west of M\_\_\_\_\_d stands the farming village of Bymirk, surrounded by fertile grasslands. The dark smudge of the forest extends north and south as far as the eye can see. The hardy men of Bymirk use long bows to hunt and to defend their village from the perilous wandering monsters of the wilderness. Hagona and Denefrith are old friends. Theodred will guide travelers to the gnomes in hex 3212 for 50 g.p., or to the western edge of the clearing in hex 3411 for 100 g.p. Nearly two weeks ago the thirty-two

survivors of the thorp of Silvershadow (cf. hex 2907) came to Bymirk to receive sanctuary from the marauding "dragons" that destroyed their homes. Byrhtic the enchanter will offer PCs a reward if they bring him the heads of the giant fire lizards in hex 2907: Half of Silvershadow's stolen coins and gems (the other half of which he will distribute to his fellow exiles), the PCs' choice of three of the five potions (which Byrhtic can identify) in the giant fire lizards' hoard, and an accurate map to "the magic sword of the gnomes guarded by the viridian gargoyle" in hex 4604 (though he does not know the particular powers of the blade).

**3103 Cave of the Treacherous Frost Giants:** A 20' high cave opening in the mountainside leads into the 80' by 100' lair of four male frost giants (AC 4; MV 12"; HD 10+1-4; hp 53, 36, 50, 45; #AT 1; D 4-24; SA hurling rocks for 2-20 hit points; SD impervious to cold; AL CE; XP 2992, 2754, 2950, 2880) and one female (AC 4; MV 12"; HD 9+1-3; hp 47; #AT 1; D 3-18; SA hurling rocks for 2-20 hit points; SD impervious to cold; AL CE; XP 2458). The bluish, slate gray stone of the cave has patches of ice, but not so much as to affect combat. The giants keep in the back of their cave nearly one hundred rocks for use as missile weapons. Near the rocks they also keep a small chest holding 3,209 s.p. and their five bags that hold the following amounts of gold pieces: 3923, 1111, 992, 4062, and 2899. While they do not typically treat visitors kindly, the frost giants will talk with those who offer to parley. They despise the fire giants in hex 4803, whom they refer to as "runts", saying that the bossy and demanding fire giants' treasure was stolen from the frost giants. For the heads of the four fire giants, they will offer their entire treasure, even mentioning, "And you can keep all the treasure that the runts stole from us." (The frost giants will not mention the hell hounds, thinking it a grim jest.) They are so free with treasure, whether their own or not, because they have no

intention of honoring their agreements. Any adventurers returning with the fire giants' heads (which weigh 92 pounds each) will get what is coming to them: an all-out attack. It will never occur to the arrogant and dim-witted giants that any party that can defeat the fire giants will be a serious danger to frost giants.

**3206 The Argent Death:** In the mountainside blackly yawns a perfectly square 6' by 6' opening. Within a shaft leads gently down to a large and complex network of tunnels. Any dwarf or gnome will immediately recognize this as a dwarven mine. A few damaged carts and mining tools are scattered within, and sharp eyes will notice trace amounts of silver in some of the walls. The dwarves abandoned this mine eight centuries ago when they opened a pocket of Argent Death. Very rarely in rich silver mines the veins of silver react with the surrounding stone, forming a corrosive gas that over geologic time makes an ever-expanding spherical hollow filled with nothing but the toxic gas known as Argent Death. If punctured, the gas escapes and rapidly spreads. The surrounding rock absorbs the gas, which later exudes at random times and places, thus typically leading to a mine's abandonment. Anyone whose skin is touched by the cold and damp gas must save vs. poison or die, his limbs and face contorted and his skin a glossy gray. Explorers have a 1 in 12 chance per turn of exposure to the Argent Death. After 1-4 turns within the mine, explorers will find two berserker corpses, victims of the gas. After 2-8 turns of exploration, the opening into the Argent Death's original spherical hollow (about 8' in diameter) will be found. When encountering the bodies or the hollow, dwarves have a 10% chance/level of recognizing them as the result of Argent Death, while gnomes have a 5% chance per level. For multi-classed dwarves or gnomes, use the higher level. A dwarf or

gnome who does not recognize the marks of the Argent Death in the bodies still has a chance of recognizing it in the hollow (and vice versa).

### **3212 Gnomes in the Deep?**

Gnome village

Population: 470 (able-bodied: 275)

Alignment: LG

Resources: Black onyx

Leader: Chief Mibing, gnome male LG F5

Significant NPCs: Fimtarv, gnome male LG C5  
(chief priest)

Shgilfil, gnome male LG C2 (wolverine keeper)

Roval, gnome male LG F3 (lieutenant)

Nodshokmil, gnome male LG F2 (younger  
brother of the missing Niotfidmil)

These industrious gnomes have surrounded a region of woodland about a mile and a half in diameter with stakes, about 5 in 6 of them surmounted with kobold heads and the rest with goblin. Here they have thinned and tended the trees (mostly birch, oak, and elm), dispelling the gloom of the forest. Any monsters of the dark woodlands that dare to invade the gnomes' land around their earthen burrows will be met not only by the doughty gnomish warriors but also by their five guard wolverines (AC 5; MV 12"; HD 3; hp 18, 15, 21, 18, 12; #AT 3; D 1-4/1-4/2-5; SA musk; AL N; XP 179, 170, 188, 179, 161). A little more than a month ago the gnomish guide, Niotfidmil, led a group of adventurers west towards the M\_\_\_y Mountains. His brother, Nodshokmil, will pay 500 g.p. in black onyx to any trustworthy sort who has knowledge of Niotfidmil's whereabouts. (If the DM wishes to use Wilderness Module 1: WORM WARS OF THE DWARVEN ICE KINGS, Niotfidmil can be found in hex 2609 therein.) The gnomes mine onyx beneath their burrows, and lower still waits the still fane of the gnomes, resplendent with huge crystals of pale blue quartz, where none but gnomes and dwarves may join the silent and solemn worship.

Leading deeper still, and known only to Fimtarv, the chief priest, and to his most trusted adept, Shgilfil, is a natural passage concealed by a large stone. Fimtarv confided to him that he once met therein a group of exceedingly strange gnomes that claimed to live in the untold depths. Their existence, utterly unexpected, has bewildered the priest. If an adventuring party includes a gnome, the adept may reveal to him the story of the gnomes from the deep, and will show him the aperture. Shgilfil doubts Fimtarv's story, for the latter is well over 600 years old, and his mind is sometimes given to fancies. Shgilfil will give 1,000 g.p. worth of black onyx to any party that can confirm Fimtarv's story.

### **3308 Lornlight**

Human village

Population: 588 (able-bodied: 147)

Alignment: N/LG

Resources: Market

Leader: Elstan, human male LN F7

Significant NPCs: Wulfnoth, human male CE  
F4 (patriarch of the family of wolweres)

Hereman, human male LG C4 (priest of the  
village church, St. Cuthbert's)

So named for the custom handed down from time immemorial of keeping a light burning in the church's steeple at all hours of the dark, the village of Lornlight has of late become a dour place. For the last four years, a pack of eleven wolves with coal-black fur has preyed upon the villagers and upon travelers in the region. These wolves are particularly elusive and canny, for the men of Lornlight have never managed to slay one. The attacks always occur at night, and they tend to cluster around the times of full moons. In spite of this latter circumstance, none suspects lycanthropes, for the attackers appear as nothing other than simple wolves. They are in fact wolweres (AC 5; MV 15"; HD 4+3; hp 21, 20, 13, 27, 24, 23, 25, 19, 23, 21, 12; #AT 1; D 2-8; SA surprise on 1-3; SD hit only by silver or +1 or better magic

weapons; AL CE; XP 205 + 5/hp), as described on page 64 of the **MONSTER MANUAL**. In addition to Wulfnoth, patriarch of the wolwere family, there are his three sons, one daughter, one son-in-law, two daughters-in-law, two grandsons, and one granddaughter. While this family has hair as black as the wolves' fur, this is not notable since most of the men of Lornlight have black hair. The wolweres' attacks on the last two full moons were especially dreadful, leaving many villagers dead. The townsfolk will pay 400-700 g.p. per wolf slain--a head or a pelt enough to claim the bounty. Hereman, the simple but brave and earnest priest of St. Cuthbert's Church, has seen church-going and other pious practices slowly increase as the villagers seek solace in these troubled times. The priest has in the church vaults a gross of silver-tipped arrows, a silver longsword, and a silver footman's mace. If the wolves are discovered to be in fact wolweres, Hereman will himself bear the mace against them and arm others (whether adventurers or townsfolk as the case may be) with the sword and arrows. He also knows where belladonna grows nearby and to administer it to those bitten by wolweres.

**3316 An Error of Fact:** In a roughly 350' diameter clearing of grass, clover, and wildflowers, the grass grows to a height of 7' in a square with 38' long edges. In this strange square two giant porcupines (AC 5; MV 6"; HD 6; hp 24, 23; #AT 1; D 2-8; SA shoot quills; SD quills; AL N; XP 494, 488) enjoy the shade and munch contentedly on clover and flowers. At the center of the monstrosly tall grass two recently killed human adventurers lie, each with half a dozen 3' long quills sticking out of his body. The porcupines have a 75% chance each round that anyone spends examining the bodies of feeling threatened and attacking. The dead fighter wears chain mail and bears a *shield +1*, a broadsword, a battle axe, and two daggers. His belt pouch holds 42 e.p. The slain

magic-user has a short brown beard and mustache, and he wears a conical hat of blue-gray and a robe of the same color with a silvery-white circle on its back. His left hand still clutches a *wand of wonder* (7 charges remaining) made of birch tipped with copper, with the command word of "galophalump" engraved in small letters on the tip. One of his three belt pouches holds 17 g.p., and the second holds a small blue feather, a piece of iron pyrite, a chip of mica, a snake's tongue, and a bit of honeycomb. Within his final pouch is a small, leather-bound journal recounting his and the fighter's travels. The last entry (dated a week ago) records their meeting with the gnomes in hex 3212. It ends as follows: "While otherwise very intelligent, the gnomes believe the moronic misconception that porcupines can shoot their quills."

#### **3403 Cursed Purple Ivory of the Forgotten Shrine:**

A snow-covered rockfall has almost completely obscured a 4' by 8' stone door in an outcropping of purple slate. Above the upper edge of the door is a symbol of the worm cult--a writhing purple worm--stained into the slate in so dark a purple as to appear black in all but direct sunlight. Nine man-hours of labor will clear the doorway. A 5th-level magic-user cast *wizard lock* on the door long ago. Even if the spell is temporarily overcome, the door is so heavy that it can be opened only with a successful bend bars/lift gates roll. Once opened, the portal will swing shut of itself if not wedged. The shrine is a featureless chamber in the shape of a 10' cube filled with the musky scent of the desiccated purple orchids scattered on and around the 3' square altar in the fane's center. A total of four shallow bowls, white with a tint of pale purple, in the shape of curved isosceles triangles carved from purple ivory (i. e. purple worm teeth) sit atop the altar at its corners. Intricately engraved twisting lines cover the entirety of the bowls, and gazing upon the lines makes one feel dizzy

and slightly sick. Each bowl is worth 1,500 g.p., but if taken from the shrine their sorcerous emanations attract purple worms. Each day at a random time there will be a 1 in 12 chance that 1 or 2 purple worms will attack, depending on how many of the bowls are within 50' of each other:

1 bowl: 1 worm (80%) or 2 worms (20%)

2 bowls: 1 worm (60%) or 2 worms (40%)

3 bowls: 1 worm (40%) or 2 worms (60%)

4 bowls: 1 worm (20%) or 2 worms (80%)

A *remove curse* spell cast upon the bowls will dispel their weird aura that draws purple worms.

**3406 From Behind the North Wind:** Set in a rocky outcrop of the Silver Peaks is an iron horn with inlaid silver bands. The 40' length of the spiral-shaped horn curves a total of 540° from the mouthpiece to the bell. Only dwarves and gnomes can possibly sound the great horn. A gnome has a 1% chance per level, a dwarf a 2% chance per level, and a descendant of the blue-haired dwarves of the Silver Peaks has a 3% chance per level. Add the levels of multi-classed characters. A F3/C3 dwarf would, for example, have a 12% chance of sounding the horn. Any particular dwarf or gnome can attempt the horn no more than once per month, and it can be sounded no more than once each year. If successfully blown, the sonorous note will summon two silver dragons from behind the north wind, arriving 1-4 rounds later. They will always be of age category 6 or older and can speak common, lawful good, and silver dragon. Determine all their other characteristics randomly. The dragons will aid their summoner in any good and noble task, even at great risk to themselves, and they will wing back to behind the north wind no later than 14 hours after arriving.

**3507 Caves of the Moon Dwarves**  
Hill dwarf citadel

Population: 4 (one F4/C4 [Ai], one F3/C3 [Thror], and one F2/C2 [Hepti])

Alignment: LG

Leader: Skafid, hill dwarf male LG F6/C7

A last, faded remnant of the great dwarven civilization of the Silver Peaks preserves the ancient traditions in these halls of stone. The venerable Skafid is 427 years old and sound of limb, his once blue hair now snow white. His three clerical apprentices still have the remarkable blue hair and beards of the scions of the dwarves of the Silver Peaks. Their halls could easily house 300 dwarves, but mostly now serve as home only to echoes from the past. The highest chamber has as its ceiling a large sheet of 1' thick quartz of utter clarity. Within this room stands the forge of the dwarven forefathers. Skafid leads rites here when the light of the moon gleams through the quartz upon the forge which also serves as an altar. Upon this forge Skafid has fashioned the magic arms and armor of the Moon Dwarves. Each has *plate mail* +3 and *shield* +3, and Skafid wields a *hammer* +3, *dwarven thrower* while the rest bear *hammers* +2. The dwarves will cast spells for dwarves for half the prices given on pages 103-104 of the **DUNGEON MASTERS GUIDE**, and they will charge 75% of these prices for gnomes and 200% for all others of good alignment (only). In the lower levels stretch the labyrinthine rune-crypts, their walls filled with histories of the dwarves of the Silver Peaks, carved in bas-relief runes in the loftiest and purest Old Dwarven language. None but dwarves and gnomes are permitted into the forge/altar area or into the rune-crypts.

**3604 The Leg Breakers:** The entrance to the underground lair of the hobgoblin tribe known as the Leg Breakers faces south on the slopes of the G\_\_y Mountains. The following hobgoblins live within:

Kshrgog the chief

Kshrgog's 9 bodyguards

1 subchief



6 leaders  
12 assistants  
120 warriors  
180 females  
360 young

In addition, eight carnivorous ape guards (AC 6; MV 12"; HD 5; hp 25, 23, 29, 28, 18, 26, 30, 31; #AT 3; D 1-4/1-4/1-8; SA rending; SD surprised only on a 1; AL N; XP 170 + 5/hp) prowl about in the front of the cave. Kshrgog did not march his tribe to the goblins' disastrous war in the southeast nine years ago because he thought it sounded too easy to be credible. ("You really think only thirteen dwarves stand between us and a whole dragon's hoard?") Consequently, the Leg Breakers have maintained and even bettered their relative position amongst the humanoid tribes in the G\_\_y Mountains. Kshrgog wears a rude helmet set with six eye agates (worth 10 g.p. each) and five black opals (worth 900 g.p. each). His warriors stole the helm from a returning tribe that had been decimated in the battle. The Leg Breakers are not particularly aggressive for hobgoblins, but they will certainly attack any group that does not appear too powerful that consists of at least 25% elves, and they have an 80% chance of attacking a group if it includes even a single elf.

**3610 The Well of Enchantments:** In a preternaturally still part of the forest, amongst old willow trees hanging with lichen, stands a stone well. The water level lies 18' below in the darkness, and the well is bottomless. Water is easily drawn up with the oaken bucket attached to a rope. The first person to drink even the merest sip of the well's water from a bucketful will be affected as though he had drank an entire potion, randomly determined from the table on p. 120 of the **DUNGEON MASTERS GUIDE**. Subsequent drinks from the same bucketful will have no magical effect. If the bucket is refilled, the water within will act as a random potion for the first to drink

therefrom. A given man cannot be re-enchanted by the well until 8-32 hours after his enchantment has faded. Results are always utterly unpredictable. A man might drink the water and be healed as though by an *extra-healing potion*, while his companion minutes later might drop dead as from a *poison potion*. Water transported away from the well immediately loses its potency. The enchantment will work only by drinking forthwith the well's water from the oaken bucket.

**3715 Metamorphic Chess Board:** A marble chessboard measuring 2' by 2' by 6" with salmon and blue-gray squares lies on the ground in the clearing. Other than its key (now in hex 5107), only a *wish* can open its magically-sealed drawer. The board weighs 60 pounds, indicating something within (though shaking reveals nothing). Upon the bottom of the board is inscribed the following in the medusian language:

"Travel 73 miles northeast to the pillared portico of white marble between M\_\_\_\_d and the G\_\_y Mountains. Therein you will find the key. Guard against the creatures that go two ways." Each day at noon the message will reconfigure to match the relationship between the board and the key's location. For example, if someone took the board 25 miles towards the key, the first line would change to read "Travel 48 miles northeast". Once opened, the drawer's inscription, lock, and key vanish forever. The drawer holds a complete set of iron chess pieces, half of them plated with gold and the others with silver. The entire game set could be sold for 1,200 g.p. If the pieces are still locked within, the board could be sold for 101 to 200 g.p. for its artistry and magical nature.

**3803 Explosive Ruins:** Over four thousand years ago a force of high elves during their wars against the Black Terror entered one of

their enemy's forts. The magical trap placed upon it detonated, leaving only the present ruins of blacked stone standing no more than 6' high and covering an area roughly 30' square. A fraction of the sorcerous explosive power yet lingers in the empty ruins. Each round spent within has a 5% cumulative chance of triggering a fiery explosion doing 8-48 points of damage (save vs. spell for half) to all within. The Dungeon Master need not hide the fact that he is rolling the percentile dice each round, as this allows the players to experience some of the dread their characters perceive all the while they explore the blackened shell. The detonation will release all the enchantments bound up in this place, and no further explosions or feelings of terror will occur. After 2-16 rounds of searching, the ancient mithril brooch of the high elf Finnen the Fair will be found, shaped like a tern in flight. High elves would pay 1,500 g.p. for it, while others would pay half that.

**3911 Kobold Camp:** About a dozen miles from the edge of M\_\_\_\_d, near the river, dwells a small band of 40 kobolds (AC 7; MV 6"; HD 1-4 hit points; #AT 1; D 1-4 or by weapon; AL LE; XP 5 + 1/hp) led by their chief, Kretzmak (AC 6; HD 1-1; hp 4; D 1-6 or by weapon; XP 14), who is always accompanied by his two guards (stats as Kretzmak). All can speak goblin and orcish. The gloom of the forest protects the kobolds from bright sunlight. Four giant weasels (AC 6; MV 15"; HD 3+3; hp 15, 16, 23, 15; #AT 1; D 2-12; SA drain blood; AL N; XP 185, 189, 217, 185) guard the kobolds' habitual camp, and they are particularly effective against the nocturnal giant insects of M\_\_\_\_d. The decimation nine years ago of the goblins, hobgoblins, and orcs of the G\_\_y Mountains has given the kobolds a freer hand raiding outside of the forest. A fortnight ago Kretzmak and his band fell upon a party of their hated foes, gnomes, traveling east along M\_\_\_\_d's northern border. The plunder gained (a citrine worth 60 g.p., a

sardonyx worth 70 g.p., an alexandrite worth 350 g.p., a violet garnet worth 500 g.p., and an emerald worth 1,000 g.p.) has formed the beginning of a treasure trove beyond the copper coins jingling in the kobolds' pockets. They will not attack any party that seems strong and capable, though their hatred of gnomes makes it 90% likely that they will attack even a strong party if it includes gnomes. Since Kretzmak does not want to lose any of his already small band if he can help it, a weak party can possibly bribe its way out of a fight. Each 10 g.p. worth of treasure offered gives a 1% chance of Kretzmak accepting the bribe. Being lawful, the kobolds will keep their word. If encountered more than 24 hours later, though, the kobolds will consider the agreement fulfilled and will feel free to attack or to demand another bribe.

**3915 Fiery Faithfulness:** In the southern clearing, 200 yards from the edge of the woods, burns a bonfire before a log cabin. Within dwells the 24-year-old Var Leayh (AC 6; MV 12"; F4; hp 28; #AT 1; D by weapon type; AL LG; XP 172), the sixth of his name. He wears *leather armor +1* and bears a *short bow +1* and a *spear +2*. This noble and honorable man has never traveled more than a few miles from his home, for he swore (as his fathers did) to never let the bonfire die. His family tradition avers that his ancestor, the first Var Leayh, fled here from his distant home in "the Green City State" in the southeast about 150 years ago, and each firstborn son is given the strange name of Var Leayh and swears an oath to the flame. Those dying are buried unmarked in the flowery meadow. The symbol of the house of Var Leayh embossed upon his armor is a Shetland sheepdog and a coney, their noses almost touching. He does not know the purpose of the oath, but will under no circumstances be forsworn. Buried in the field is the family trove of 28 peridots worth 500 g.p. each. He will bargain with those he deems worthy to bring

him by fair means a young wife of pure heart so that the line of Var Leayh might continue to fulfill its oath. He will offer one gemstone but can be bargained up to two.

**4003 Elementals of Fire and Air:** High amongst the rocky gray peaks, barren of all save snow, stands a perpetual high elven guard before an 8' diameter vault-door of pure adamant 1' thick. Ever since the elves and the hosts of light defeated the Black Terror over four millennia ago, three sentries have stood watch here, relieved every 333 years. The fourteenth and current guard, now in its 106th year, consists of Tirisseo (AC 1; MV 12"; F6/MU6/C6; hp 37; #AT 1; D by weapon type; AL CG; XP 572), Ohto (AC -2; MV 12"; F6; hp 50; #AT 1; D by weapon type; AL CG; XP 450), and Lahtaron (AC 2; MV 12"; F6/MU9; hp 41; #AT 1; D by weapon type; AL CG; XP 1,992). Each wears *chain mail* +3, and Ohto bears a *shield* +3. Tirisseo wields a *mace* +4, and Ohto a *longsword* +4, *defender*. Lahtaron possesses a *potion of polymorph (self)*, a *ring of fire resistance*, and a *bowl of commanding water elementals*. Even the elves have forgotten the exact nature of what lies imprisoned in the vault behind the adamantine door, though it is commonly held to be a spirit of fire and air of incredible puissance. In fact it is two salamanders (AC 5/3; MV 9"; HD 7+7; hp 63 each; #AT 2; D by weapon type/2-12; SA heat; SD +1 or better weapon to hit; AL CE; XP 1,455) and two wind walkers (AC 7; MV 15"/30"; HD 6+3; hp 51 each; #AT 1; D 3-18; SD telepathic, ethereal, limited immunity to spells, magic; AL N; XP 983). Their millennia-long captivity has driven them into bottomless rage. If the vault is opened (which the elven guard will prevent with their lives), the elementals within will kill all present before going south as a group to seek and to slay all elves.

**4108 Lair of the Venom-Drake:** The ground slopes down to its lowest point in the center of

this hex, 300' lower than the surrounding land. While M\_\_\_\_\_d proper has grown less murky and unwholesome in recent years, this pestilent patch of tangled forest remains unchanged. Foul-smelling vapors snake heavily amongst the dark boles. In the quiet gloom lairs Atrenu, an ancient green dragon (AC 2; MV 9"/24"; HD 8; hp 64; #AT 3; D 1-6/1-6/2-20; SA breath weapon + magic use; AL LE; XP 2,090) notable for her intelligence, cruelty, and malice. Her spells are *burning hands*, *erase*, *push*, *Tenser's floating disc*, *detect good*, *knock*, *locate object*, and *web*. Atrenu will attempt to slay all but those obviously more powerful than herself. The mists give her a +1 bonus to surprise, and they make her immune to surprise unless found sleeping upon her mound of nearly 65,000 mixed and loose coins: 6,656 c.p., 6,528 s.p., 16,096 e.p., 34,620 g.p., and 864 p.p. While Atrenu plundered most of this from passing caravans, her most valued treasure she took from the copper dragon, Min-chul, whom she deceitfully slew. This consists of an elegantly carved box of teak wood (itself worth 100 g.p.) that holds nineteen figurines (each worth 3,000 g.p.) of delicately-colored, pastel-hued jade, carved into fantastic shapes: dragons, squid, phoenix, ki-rin, etc.

**4203 High Priest of the Iron Desolation:** In the midst of the highest and sharpest peaks of the G\_\_y Mountains stretches for nearly a mile a barren and blasted waste of twisted and shattered iron, scorched black from some intense heat. The destruction is so total that none can tell that here once stood the iron towers of the Black Terror's ancient stronghold upon the earth. Even most of the dungeon levels below the surface suffered near annihilation, leaving merely fragments of the deepest levels intact, accessible only via the winding, 8' to 9' diameter tunnels dug over the millennia by purple worms. Each 24-hour period has a 95% chance of 1 or 2 purple worms (AC 6; MV 9"; HD 15; #AT 1 and 1;

D 2-24/2-8; SA swallow whole, poison sting; AL N; XP 4,900 + 20/hp) arriving at a randomly-determined hour, with a 10% chance of a second such arrival at another time the same day. Besides the mindless worms, no life comes here except clerics of the worm cult. Many years ago, how many he cannot remember, an evil high priest of the cult (AC -5; MV 12"; C16; hp 66; #AT 1; D by weapon type; AL CE; XP 8,200) felt drawn to the ruins. His ceaseless wandering of the purple worm tunnels and dungeon depths, along with frequent sightings of the great worms, has so unhinged his mind that he cannot remember his own name. Over the years other worm cultists have come and gone, for none besides the evil high priest can long endure the bleak, worm-infested desolation. Because of his long familiarity with the area, the evil high priest has only a 1 in 12 chance of being surprised. Under his lilac-colored cloak he wears *splint mail* +4, bears a *shield* +4 and a *hammer* +2, and possesses a fully-charged *talisman of ultimate evil*. He typically has the following spells memorized:

1st Level: *cause fear, command, curse, darkness, detect good, detect magic, protection from good, resist cold, sanctuary*

2nd Level: *augury, chant, detect charm, hold person, resist fire, silence, 15' radius, snake charm, speak with animals, spiritual hammer*

3rd Level: *bestow curse, cause blindness, cause disease, continual darkness, dispel magic, locate object, prayer, speak with the dead*

4th Level: *confuse tongues, divination, lower water, poison, protection from good, 10' radius, speak with plants, sticks to snakes*

5th Level: *dispel good, flame strike, insect plague, slay living, true seeing*

6th Level: *harm, stone tell, word of recall*

7th Level: *symbol*

The evil high priest prefers to use the *talisman of ultimate evil* on good clerics (who receive no saving throw because of the worm cultist's great wickedness), immediately followed by

his *word of recall* spell, which will take him to his unholy fane deep in the dungeons. There some lingering influence of the Black Terror keeps lilacs growing, their sweet, heady smell filling the shrine. These he sacrifices to his dark deity. If cornered, the evil high priest will fight to the death.

**4212 Guardian of the Pale Gems:** Speckled with variously-colored patches of dried moss, a granite statue of a green dragon atop a pedestal stands 6' high upon its rear legs. Two faceted specimens of rock crystal (worth 50 g.p. each) glitter in the eye sockets. A human skeleton lies before the dragon in the fallen leaves. The trees here grow so thick that one could walk two yards away from the statue and not notice it. A party simply passing through has only a 5% chance (10% if the party includes an elf) of stumbling upon it, while a party actively searching this hex for anything unusual has a 10% chance (20% if the party includes an elf) per day of discovery. Greedy characters removing either or both of the rock crystal eyes dispel the magic of the statue, though replacing the eyes restores the enchantment. Close inspection of the pedestal reveals the following inscription in the tongue of green dragons, partly obscured by the moss: "Pick your poison. Place within. Push!"

If anyone places his right hand in the dragon's open mouth, it will deliver a bite for 1-6 points of damage (and save vs. poison at +2 or die). If anyone places his left hand within, a cloud of yellowish-green gas will billow out of the mouth, and all within 10' must save vs. poison at +4 or die. If either of these dangers occurs, the statue can then be easily pushed back on its pedestal if done within 2 rounds, revealing a hollow containing 3,333 s.p., 3 white diamonds worth 600 g.p. each, and 3 opals worth 1,000 g.p. each. (For the provenance of these treasures, see hex 4313.) Enterprising

characters can then pry loose the rock crystal eyes as a bonus.

**4311 Green Life's Flame:** A rich riot of large, dark green ferns grows in a 20' radius around a blackened, column-like boulder 3' in width and standing 14' high. Careful searching through the ferns will reveal the burned remains of a buck deer 6' from the stone. Every day between 8 a.m. and 3 p.m. (determined randomly) pure red flame pours from the boulder's top, runs down its sides, and swiftly courses across the ground to a distance of 20'. The blaze lasts for one minute before its sudden quenching. The ferns around the monolithic rock thrive in the merely warm fire, which will not ignite even dry pine needles. A man thrusting his hand or arm within the blaze will suffer no effects. Any animal (including humans and demi-humans) which stands completely within the flame must save vs. spell, failure indicating that it suffers 2-16 points of agonizing fire damage. Success indicates that it is healed of 2-16 points of damage as a comforting warmth suffuses its body, unless the saving throw is the exact minimum number needed, in which case nothing whatsoever happens. Any living plant other than a tree brought within the flame will immediately become healthy and experience a week's worth of growth.

**4313 Wood Elf Camp:** Amongst a growth of beech trees camps a company of 16 wood elves (AC 5; MV 12"; HD 1+1; #AT 1; D by weapon type; AL CG; XP 20 + 2/hp), armed as follows: two have long swords and short bows, three have long swords and spears, three have long swords, one has a two-handed sword, five have spears, and two have short bows. Their captain is the merry Mirdan (AC 1; MV 12"; F4/C4/MU4; hp 19; #AT 1; D by weapon type; AL CG; XP 450) who has memorized the cleric spells *command*, *detect evil*, *detect magic*, *light*, *find traps*, and *speak with animals* and the magic-user spells *dancing lights*, *identify*, *sleep*, *detect*

*invisibility*, and *locate object*. He wears elfin chain mail, bears a *shield +1*, and carries a *short sword +1*. His greatest possession is a *rod of resurrection* with 38 charges, fashioned from an unknown, greenish wood as hard as iron. The elves have traveled up alongside the forest's river from their underground home (in Wilderness map 7) at the behest of their elven king to search for the statue of a dragon within M\_\_\_\_\_d which according to legend stands over a trove of silver and pale white gems. (Cf. hex 4212.) With the gloom of the forest gradually lessening over the last nine years, the elven king judged it finally prudent to search for the treasure. Mirdan and his elven fighters, in light of the delightful beech trees, have elected to conduct a particularly thorough and time-consuming search of this area of the woods. Mirdan will agree to resurrect others using his rod in exchange for 1,000 g.p. per charge required. He will accept only silver, platinum, opals, and white or colorless gems in payment. If anyone conducts him to the dragon statue in hex 4212, Mirdan will afterwards offer to present these benefactors to his king, who will name them elf-friends (being thereafter treated by wood elves as though they were elves with 18 charisma), for these treasures the king gave millennia ago to his queen but later were taken by dwarves.

**4402 Ice Architecture of the Ancients:** High on a plateau in the G\_\_y Mountains amidst the unmelting snow loom castles and towers made of translucent white ice. The weird architecture covers the entire top of the plateau--about a square mile in area. A hushed feeling of melancholic loss and of hopeless death long ago pervades the broad avenues and empty chambers. Monolithic statues of blue-gray stone stand 20' to 30' tall, depicting terrible and imposing figures frowning down upon their insignificant viewers. The statues' armor and garments denote extreme antiquity. Their pedestals once bore inscriptions, but all except

one have been roughly hammered away. The foundation of a statue of a bearded and robed man still displays writing, with only about a fourth of it defaced. The orthography consists of mysterious, thick, curving, non-pictorial characters. A *comprehend languages* spell will be useless, but a *read magic* spell will reveal it as an archaic rendition of the *magic jar* spell. Any magic-user (assuming he makes his chance to know roll) can begin to copy it into his spell book after spending a number of hours equal to 20 minus his intelligence score decoding its unusual style. Unfortunately, after copying the spell there is a non-cumulative 25% chance per night for the next three nights that an air elemental (AC 2; MV 36"; HD 12; hp 72; #AT 1; D 2-20; SA whirlwind; SD +2 or better weapon to hit; AL N; XP 3,930) will attack the magic-user and not depart until it has slain him. Its blowing winds are noticeably colder than those of most air elementals. Also, after the magic-user casts *magic jar* for the first time after copying it from the statue's base, he has a non-cumulative 25% chance per night for the next three nights of being attacked by the air elemental. Note that the elemental of the curse can appear only once.

**4507 St. Rumon's Cross:** A Celtic cross of white granite stands 7' high in the grassy plain. Lawful good clerics have a 7% chance per level of knowing that St. Rumon erected the cross here about 450 years ago in thanks for mankind's victory over a kobold army raiding out of M\_\_\_\_\_d. Lawful good clerics have a 5% chance per level of knowing that if they pray for one hour before the cross, they will have all of their spells restored to memory with no rest time required. Clerics of NG alignment have a 50% chance and CG clerics have a 25% chance of receiving this benefit each day that they make the attempt. While the powers above will grant the benison times without number, any given cleric can receive it no more than once per day.

**4604 Trollslayer and the Viridian Gargoyle:** In the hills adjoining the G\_\_y Mountains stands a 6' tall statue of a viridian gargoyle made of aventurine, hideously lifelike, as though it will spring to life at any moment. The statue will detect as alteration magic, and *dispel magic* will dissolve it into a bright, yellow-green acid. This can also be accomplished by simultaneously touching both of the gargoyle's eyes, though the person doing this will take 4-24 points of damage (half if a saving throw vs. poison is made) when it liquefies. The acid will dissolve the earth and rock beneath it, revealing a 10' by 10' chamber, its floor 15' below the ground. Within glitters a pile of exactly 1,000 p.p. and a *short sword* +1, +3 vs. *regenerating creatures*, with its name in gnomish runes along the blade: Trollslayer. The sword has an intelligence of 14, an ego of 9, and an alignment of LG. It can speak gnome, lawful good, and brownie. While the weapon prefers gnomes and (secondarily) dwarves, it can tolerate any of LG or NG alignment. Trollslayer also can detect "elevator"/shifting rooms/walls in a 1" radius as well as detect gems, kind, and number in a ½" radius. Unfortunately, two giant gray centipedes (AC 9; MV 15"; HD ¼; hp 1 each; #AT 1; D Nil; SA poison; AL N; XP 31 each) reside under the coins, and the aggressive myriapods will strike with surprise on a roll of 1-5 on a six-sided die.

**4707 Did She Say "the Invisible Overlord"?:** Within the copse dominated by hornbeam, seven boulders form a rough circle about 15' in diameter, within which nothing grows. Whether the placement of the boulders is natural or artificial is debatable. Anyone entering the small clearing will hear within his mind the command "Wait" in a girl's oddly-accented common tongue. This occurs every time a person enters the circle, regardless of how often he does so. If anyone enters between the hours of 7:00 and 9:00 p.m. the following has an 85% chance (and a 100% chance the first

time entered during those hours) of occurring: An insubstantial but life-like image will appear, hovering a foot above the ground, of a sitting 7-year-old girl with dark brown hair and eyes and slightly reddish skin. She keeps her hair in a single braid, and she wears a plain, cream-colored nightgown. She speaks common with an unplaceable accent, and her name is similarly foreign: Brisandiena. If asked, she will say that she lives in "the City State", and she knows no other name for it than that. Also if asked, she will say that the ruler of the City State is "the Invisible Overlord, but he's not really because my uncle has seen him". Brisandiena will swiftly grow bored with adult conversation and say that she has to go to sleep, at which point her image will stand up, turn around, take a few steps, and vanish. She in fact is a normal little girl who lives in the City State over 700 miles to the east-southeast, and she has spoken with nearly a dozen people in this enchanted manner. The ancient magic of the stone circle has a mysterious connection with the land under her house, allowing this two-way communication. She believes that anyone with whom she thus speaks is a spirit.

**4803 Steam Caverns of the Fire Giants:** A 12' high cavern mouth in the G\_\_y Mountains opens into a cave of black basalt measuring 30' by 40'. Billows of steam move through the air, giving the two stealthy hell hounds (AC 4; MV 12"; HD 7; hp 37, 24; #AT 1; D 1-10; SA breathe fire; SD see invisible [50%]; AL LE; XP 546, 442) only a 1 in 12 chance of being surprised, and a 5 in 6 chance of themselves surprising intruders. At the far end of the cave a tunnel leads to a 10' wide and 40' long natural walkway over an abyss erupting with sheets of flame. Anyone crossing will take 12-72 points of damage (save vs. breath weapon for half damage). Beyond the walkway lies the lair of four fire giants (AC 3; MV 12"; HD 11+2-5; hp 59, 59, 63, 61; #AT 1; D 5-30; SA hurling rocks for 2-20 hit points; SD impervious to fire; AL

LE; XP 3644, 3644, 3708, 3676) armored in gold dragon hide. They will come to investigate trouble in 1-3 rounds should their hell hounds enter combat. The giants hate the erratic frost giants in hex 3103, and the fire giants can be bargained up to 2,000 g.p. per frost giant head (each of which weighs 180 pounds). The payment will be made with precision, but once done the party will be sternly ordered away and told that the slate is cleared between them. Should anyone attack the fire giants in their lair, the steam therein will enable the giants to surprise 50% of the time, while their enemies will surprise only 1 chance in 6. At the back of the 90' by 120' cavern the fire giants keep scores of throwing stones as well as their four bags, which contain the following numbers of gold pieces: 1200, 5003, 5887, and 3089.

**4815 Giant Mud Wasps:** On the trunk of a huge and hoary oak tree, thirteen giant wasps (AC 4; MV 6"/21"; HD 4; hp 25, 14, 27, 18, 21, 17, 20, 22, 20, 17, 18, 22, 19; #AT 2; D 2-8/1-4; SA poison; AL N; XP 320 + 4/hp) have made their 12' by 12' nest of mud in the shape of a pan flute. Everything in M\_\_\_\_\_d is intelligent enough to leave the aggressive wasps alone, except for adventurers. These latter are tempted by the shiny gems that the wasps have incorporated into the walls of their nest. Only thoroughly destroying the nest will reveal all 46 gems (32 worth 50 g.p. each, and 14 worth 500 g.p. each).

**4914 Pine Cones of Electrum:** Amidst a stand of ponderosa pine trees sprinkled with other sorts of pine, one ponderosa is conspicuous for its gleaming pine cones coated with electrum. The paper-thin metal does not make the cones any less fragile, nor does it add to their negligible weight. As delightful curiosities each would fetch between 1 e.p. and 5 g.p., depending on the buyer as well as the cone's size (ranging from less than an inch to six inches long), symmetry, and condition. Assume

that each month 8-96 cones suitable for sale could be harvested from the tree. Scales from the electrum cones litter the earth around the tree. A cursory search through the scales will discover an old leather purse with a torn strap. Within is a smooth river stone that fits comfortably in the palm of the hand, engraved with a worn elf-rune for the letter D.

**5009 Wizard of the Northern Wood:** Stigand the Enchanter (AC 7; MV 12"; MU7; hp 22; #AT 1; D by weapon type; AL LN; XP 701) has lived a life of solitary research here in a wooden cottage for the last 97 of his 126 years, his longevity the result of his daily consumption of special bark teas that he brews. He appears as a hale 60-year-old man with chestnut hair and beard. His excursions within the dark forest are aided by the fact that he is under the effect of a permanent *potion of plant control*. An aura of magical fear fills most of the clear area of this hex, preventing anything from wandering in from mere curiosity, though an intelligent and determined being can withstand the fear. Stigand's last visitor was his old friend, the wizard G\_\_\_\_f, who nearly 9 years ago brought along two unusual companions (one very large and one very small).

In spite of his solitude, Stigand carries on extensive communications via intelligent ravens with the wizard R\_\_\_\_t who lives near the southern edge of M\_\_\_\_d, concerning their minute and exacting cataloging of the multitudinous flora of the forest. Their labors benefit from a fragment of an exceedingly ancient map (in fact made by men almost 5,000 years ago) stumbled upon by Stigand, showing with precision the outline of the part of M\_\_\_\_d (including its clearings) given on the back cover of this module, as well as the small outlying stands of woods to M\_\_\_\_d's immediate north. A series of hexagons, each labeled with a four-digit number, is superimposed on the map. Stigand

guards the map jealously and keeps its existence a secret. He will offer to give a copy of the map to those who have gained his trust if they will complete any two of the following three tasks for him:

1. He knows of a pine tree "south of the clearing" that grows electrum pine cones (hex 4914). He would like to know the exact location of the tree and to have his backpack returned full of the precious cones.
2. He has heard of the flame in hex 4311 ("west of a small clearing between here and the river"). In addition to the flame's exact location, he wants to know what happens to plants put within the fire.
3. He has heard rumor of the Well of Enchantments (hex 3610) "west of the river". He wants the exact location and for each party member to drink thereof and tell him the results.

**5107 Blood of the Medusa:** The plain stretches arid and empty for miles. Here stands a lonely portico of white marble with a faint roseate blush. Beside an indelible red stain on the portico's floor is engraved in the centaur language: "Here we slew the medusa." A colony of harmless black ants (a quarter inch in length) beneath ensures that hundreds of the insects crawl on the marble structure during daylight hours. Consequently, two giant amphisbaena snakes (AC 3; MV 12"; HD 6; hp 38, 32; #AT 2; D 1-3/1-3; SA poison; SD not harmed by cold; AL N; XP 703, 667) never roam far, for they relish feasting on the endless supply of ants. The amphisbaena will attack anyone entering the portico 2-8 rounds later, rolling like hoops over the flat land. The surface of each of the eight pillars of the structure is filled with carvings of non-representational, angular designs. In the southernmost one about 3' from the floor a magical key (also made of white marble) has been cunningly inlaid. No one will notice it by



non-magical means unless he scrutinizes that pillar's design for a full turn. The key, easily removed, will open the drawer beneath the chess board found in hex 3715.

### **5201 Dragon Kings of the Dwarves**

Mountain dwarf kingdom

Population: 565 (able-bodied: 332)

Alignment: LG

Resources: Copper

Leader: King Bombur, mountain dwarf male  
LG F5

Significant NPCs: Nar, mountain dwarf male  
LG F6/C7 (copper priest)

Dolghthrasir, mountain dwarf male LG F6  
(champion of the kingdom)

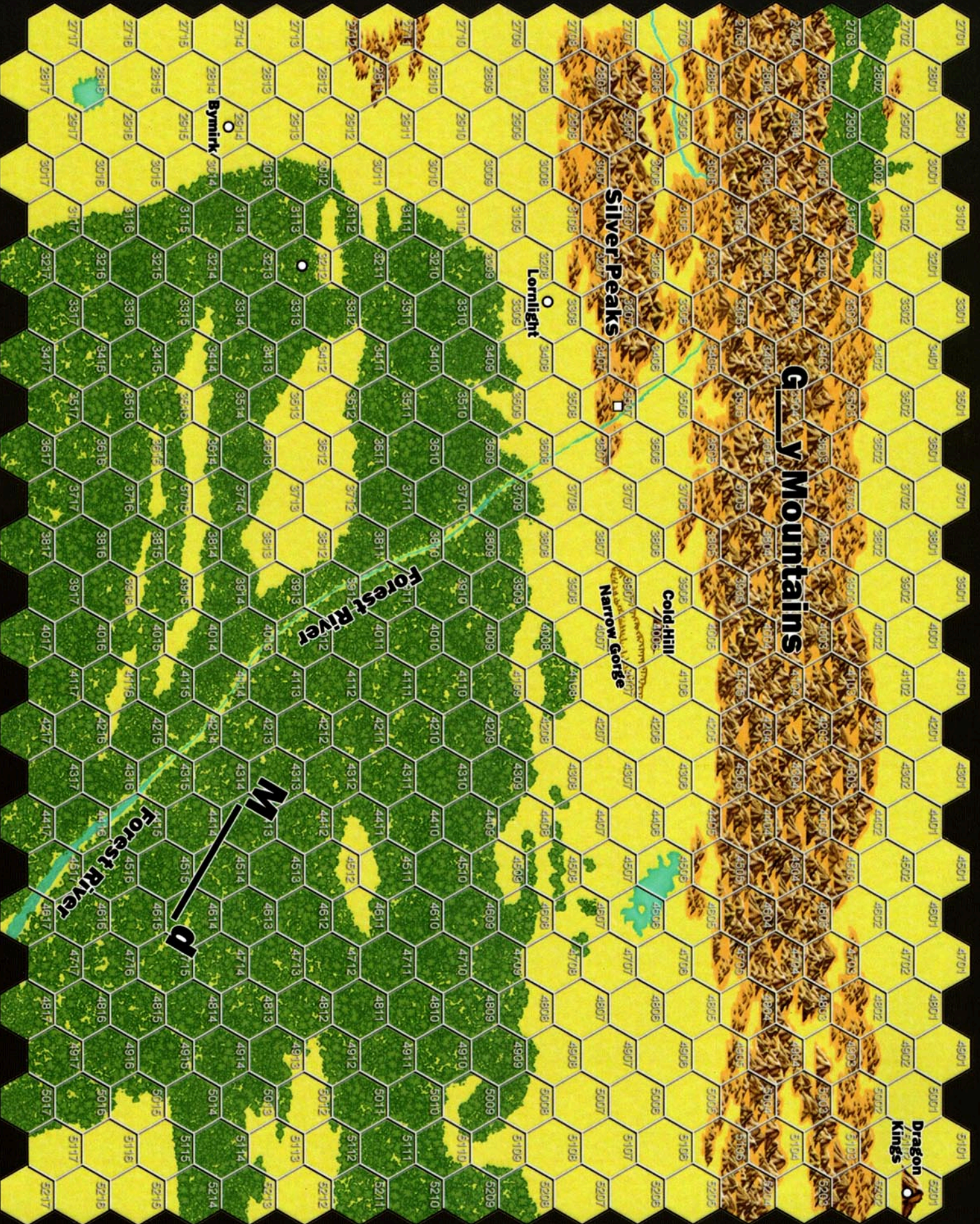
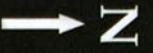
Yngvi, mountain dwarf male LG F3 (head  
miner)

Ginnar, mountain dwarf male LG F4 (chief  
coppersmith)

A lone peak rises 7,700' above the surrounding waste. Within hewn halls dwells an ancient kingdom of dwarves that came here in the aftermath of the victory over the Black Terror more than 4,400 years ago. The dwarves mine their wealth from the mountain's inexhaustible veins of copper, said to be the blood of copper dragons slain by evil dragons during the final battle against the Black Terror. The symbol of the kingdom is a copper dragon rampant on a black field. King Bombur's horde consists entirely of treasures of copper and of gems. Even the arms and armor of these dwarves are forged of copper, rendered as strong as steel by the secret skills of their smiths. While copper is ubiquitous in their tools and ornamentation, other metals are unknown here. The dwarves will readily trade their copper weapons and armor for comparable, dwarf-sized ones made of other metals. If the new owners of the copper arms and armor can convince others of their steely qualities, they will fetch two to three times the prices listed on page 35 of the **PLAYERS HANDBOOK**. Travelers rarely enter the kingdom. In fact, none of the dwarves

has ever seen an elf, for the last to tread their halls did so over 800 years ago. Elves will therefore be regarded with wonder rather than with the antipathy usual for dwarves. The kingdom's long solitude has resulted in its dialect becoming only roughly half understandable by those who speak dwarvish. The dwarven word for "copper", for example, has completely disappeared here to be replaced by the term "dragon's blood". Since the basic grammar is the same, dwarvish-speakers can learn the differing vocabulary and pronunciation of the kingdom's dialect in 6-12 weeks rather than in 6-12 months (cf. page 34 of the **PLAYERS HANDBOOK**). The perennial enemies of the kingdom, mind flayers and gray oozes, invade from the natural passages that extend an indeterminate distance far into the north.

**5207 Crystallized Skeleton of the Hydra:** More than half-buried in the dry ground lies the skeleton of a seven-headed hydra that seemingly lied down and died, and some wizardry 54 years ago transmuted the bones into pure rock crystal. Nothing grows within 60' of it. The bones of the skeleton are fused together, making it utterly rigid. Men with shovels could completely unearth it in 60 man-hours, while those without would take 300 man-hours. The crystalline skeleton is impervious to all forces save the following: *Bigby's crushing hand* will shatter it after 18 rounds, a *wish* can vaporize it, a *sphere of annihilation* will erase it from existence, and (at the DM's discretion) certain powers of artifacts or relics can damage or destroy it. Wealthy sages, collectors, and similar individuals would pay 401,000 to 500,000 g.p. for the skeleton. Unfortunately, it is 30' long and weighs 4,000 pounds. Prospective buyers of the hydra skeleton would almost certainly have to be sought in one of the great cities far to the southeast. In the City of Mages a seller could depend upon receiving 500,000 g.p. for it.



1 hex = 5 miles

Cartography by Dion Williams (aka Burning ~ Torso)