

Dungeon[®]

ADVENTURES FOR TSR[®] ROLE-PLAYING GAMES

MARCH/APRIL 1990 ISSUE #22
VOL IV, NO. 4 \$3.75 USA



0-88038-824-2



Expect the Unexpected

A subscription to DRAGON® Magazine prepares you for anything

Dragon
MAGAZINE

Fill out and mail the subscription card in this issue. If the card is missing, Write to:

Subscriptions
Dragon Magazine
P.O. Box 111
Lake Geneva, WI 53147

Fred Fields © 1985

DUNGEON®

ADVENTURES FOR TSR® ROLE-PLAYING GAMES

MARCH/APRIL 1990 ISSUE #22



COVER: A band of humanoid diplomats sets off on an important mission. Humanoid diplomats?!? As you can tell from the tone of Jim Holloway's cover painting for "Rank Amateurs," no one takes the idea too seriously.



A Few Words on Ethics

During the same week that I proofread Jim Ward's "Angry Mothers From Heck" for issue #154 of DRAGON® Magazine, I received a letter in response to my plea for thought-provoking editorial ideas. Jim's article deals with how TSR makes decisions about what topics are acceptable in TSR's game products by eliminating whatever would anger a normally calm and caring mother (or father, for that matter). The person who wrote to me had not yet read Jim's article, but he independently suggested that I use my editorial to define the ethical standards that exist for submissions to DUNGEON® Adventures.

There is a paragraph buried in our writer's guidelines that not all readers may see, so I'd like to repeat it here and give you my own thoughts on what personally turns me off:

Tastelessness should be strictly avoided. Do not write adventures involving the destruction of children or helpless persons, excessive gore or violence, descriptions of Satan or Satanism, or game versions of major religious figures. Explicit sex, the encouragement of alcohol or drug abuse, offensive language, and bathroom humor cannot be used.

I'll admit right now that gratuitous cruelty and violence bother me a lot more than sex, and I get positively enraged about substance abuse (this includes starting every adventure with the PCs swilling down mugs of ale in a tavern). I also prefer honorable, heroic goals and dislike adventures in which pure greed is the primary motivation. I'll turn away unread any module that requires the use of evil PCs. If I were to publish such adventures, I'd lose all credibility in claiming that role-playing games show the moral superiority of good triumphing over evil and are therefore not tools of the devil.

On the other hand, I don't believe that mere mention of something condones its use. If this were so, you could say that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* condones slavery, or that *The Diary of Anne Frank* condones fascism. When we depict scenes of vilest evil, they're not meant to condone these acts but to motivate the heroes. If no one ever threatened to sacrifice the beautiful princess, enslave the hard-working villagers, or open a gate to the Abyss, what use would we have for heroes?

Barbara G. Young

Vol. IV, No. 4

PUBLISHER: Jim Ward
 EDITOR: Barbara G. Young
 ASSOCIATE EDITOR:
 Roger E. Moore
 EDITORIAL ASSISTANT:
 Dale A. Donovan

ART DIRECTOR:
 Paul Hanchette
 CARTOGRAPHER: Diesel
 TYPESETTING:
 Kathleen C. MacDonald
 SUBSCRIPTIONS:
 Janet L. Winters

The Readers	LETTERS	2
Dan Salas	THE DARK FOREST (AD&D levels 2-3) The alchemist would like some fungus and spores, but no one wants to get them. Perhaps you could help.	4
David Howery	THE LEOPARD MEN (AD&D levels 8-10) The wicked Leopard Men might have loads of treasure—but no one has ever met one and lived to talk about it. ...	13
Randy Maxwell	TOMB IT MAY CONCERN (AD&D paladin, levels 4-6) You wake up in a dungeon. But how did you get there, and why?	28
Bruce Norman	UNCHAINED! (AD&D DRAGONLANCE® adventure, levels 6-10) "We gnomes built this wonderful dragon but now the darn thing seems to be out of control."	36
John Terra	RANK AMATEURS (D&D humanoids, levels 1-3) You and your fellow humanoids are going to be diplomats! Can you say "disaster"? I knew you could. ...	50

Gandalf's eyes flashed, and his brows stuck out like bristles.

"Mr. Frodo, sir!" cried Sam, quaking. "Don't let him hurt me, sir, don't let him turn me into anything unnatural! My old dad would take on so."

The Fellowship of the Ring, J. R. R. Tolkien

LETTERS

Ship Slip

I recently purchased issue #20 of DUNGEON® Magazine and found it quite enjoyable. My only problem is that in Wolfgang Baur's adventure, "The Ship of Night," there is no description for the wand of petrification that Madame Narcosa uses. It's not in the *Dungeon Master's Guide* or *Unearthed Arcana*. Could you give me an accurate description of this item?

Jeffrey Williams
Las Vegas, Nevada

Madame Narcosa's wand of petrification emits a 40'-long dark gray beam which the victim may avoid with a successful saving throw vs. petrification. If the save is not successful, the victim is turned to stone and may be restored only by a stone to flesh spell. Damage sustained while in stone form is real and may kill the character.

The wand is made of thin, rusty iron with a heavy, 2"-long fossil shark's tooth set at the tip. It has 17 charges left and may not be recharged. This wand may be used only by wizards, who gain 3,000 XP for its use.

Note that Madame Narcosa's wand of petrification does not teleport its victims in the way that Whiskers's wand does (DUNGEON issue #21, page 22).

Krynn Missing

I am 14 years old and have been an avid AD&D® player for three years now. I have risen quickly through the local ranks to reign as Dungeon Master of a world known as Krynn, and am a well-respected adventurer of the Forgotten Realms.

One thing that has greatly disturbed me in my two years of reading DUNGEON Adventures is the lack of any DRAGONLANCE® adventures. I can adapt a few of the adventures presented, but I have not seen one adventure designed for a DRAGONLANCE campaign. That really hurts. I make my own adventures, but I'm just a kid and they just don't stack up with the ones in this magazine. I know you must get some DRAGONLANCE adventures.

Sandy Hunter
Florenceville, New Brunswick

We receive very few DRAGONLANCE adventures and until recently had not found one that we liked enough to publish. Our first DRAGONLANCE adventure, "Unchained!," appears in this issue.

If you read the paragraph at the start of each DUNGEON adventure, you'll discover that many of our contributors are also "just kids" (or think they are).

Too Much!

I loved issue #20 except for one thing. In the adventure "Ancient Blood," which calls for 4-8 characters of levels 3-5, you have the PCs fight Mok-Turoknin's apparition, a 16-HD monster with no THAC0. That's too much for 3rd- to 5th-level PCs! Please don't do that in the future.

Danny Boiko
Rockville, Maryland

Mok-Turoknin's apparition does not physically attack, therefore it has no THAC0. The monster kills by suggestion. If the players think things through,

their characters should never have to fight the apparition.

Exoticity

We Venezuelan role-players just wanted to send a big "thank you" to DUNGEON Magazine. True role-players are hard (very!) to find here. In fact, all of us discovered FRP games through a friend who brought the game from the U.S. (there are no role-playing hobby shops here). The only way to get our hands on AD&D material is when someone we know goes to the United States. Last year I subscribed to your magazine (through a friend who lives in Miami).

It's truly gratifying to receive, each month, a magazine packed with adventures. I would like to thank you and all of your staff for the wondrous magazine you have been (and will be) putting out. Stephen Bonario's letter in issue #20 sums it up: "An excellent product." I don't think I could add another good feature to those he mentioned.

A characteristic trait of DUNGEON Magazine over the last two years has been exotic adventures. By "exotic" I mean everything from strange ("Chandrather's Bane" [#18], "The Elephant's Graveyard" [#15], "Out of the Ashes" [#17]) to enticing ("Vesicant" [#16], "The Wererats of Relfren" [#14]), passing through haunting ("House of Cards" [#19], "The Glass House" [#15]).

Briefly, DUNGEON Magazine has published a large repertoire of adventures, a (good) sign of its wide criteria in choosing them. Nevertheless, I ask myself how exotic is too exotic for you? How much "exoticity" will you tolerate? What would you think of an adventure

DUNGEON® (ISSN 0890-7102) is published bimonthly by TSR, Inc. 201 Sheridan Springs Rd., Lake Geneva, WI 53147. The mailing address for all material **except** subscription orders is DUNGEON, P.O. Box 111, Lake Geneva WI 53147; telephone (414) 248-3625.

Subscriptions: Subscription rates via second-class mail are as follows: \$18 in U.S. funds for six issues sent to an address in the U.S. or Canada, \$35 in U.S. funds for surface mail delivery to any other address, and \$52 in U.S. funds for air mail delivery to any other address. Prices are subject to change without notice. Payment in full must accompany all subscription orders. Payment should be by check or money order, made payable to TSR, Inc., or by charges to valid MasterCard or VISA credit cards. Send subscription orders with payments to: TSR, Inc., P.O. Box 72089, Chicago IL 60678. The issue of expiration of each subscription is printed on the mailing label for each subscriber's copy of the magazine. Changes of address for the delivery of subscription copies must be received at least six weeks prior to the effective date of the change, in order to assure uninterrupted delivery.

Back issues: Limited back issues of this magazine are available from the TSR Mail Order Hobby Shop, P.O. Box 756, Lake Geneva WI 53147. For a copy of the current mail-order catalog, write to the above address.

Submissions: All material published in DUNGEON becomes the exclusive property of the publisher, unless special arrangements to the contrary are made prior to publication. DUNGEON welcomes unsolicited submissions of written material and artwork; however, no responsibility for such submissions can be assumed by the publisher in any event. Any submission accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope of sufficient size will be returned if it cannot be published. Please write for our writers' guidelines before sending a module to us; send a self-addressed, stamped envelope (9 1/2" long preferred) to: Module Guidelines, DUNGEON, TSR, Inc., P.O. Box 111, Lake Geneva WI 53147.

DUNGEON is a registered trademark for the TSR role-playing adventure periodical published by TSR, Inc. All rights to the contents of this publication are reserved, and nothing may be reproduced from it in whole or in part, without first obtaining written permission from the publisher.

* designates registered trademarks owned by TSR, Inc. ® designates trademarks owned by TSR, Inc. Most other product names are trademarks owned by the companies publishing those products. Use of the name of any product without mention of trademark status should not be construed as a challenge to such status.

©1990 TSR, Inc. All Rights Reserved. Printed in the U.S.A.

Second-class postage paid at Lake Geneva, Wis., USA and additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to DUNGEON, c/o TSR, Inc., P.O. Box 111, Lake Geneva WI 53147.

with blue elves tattooed on the face, that live on isles made up of debris, algae, and mud, and fight against four-armed sahuagin?

Do not misunderstand me. I am not talking of cosmetic changes in appearance. Neither am I asking you to accept a submission solely on the basis of "exoticity." Suppose you received a submission with a solid plot, strong and consistent background and NPCs, and clear outlines, but the setting was far from the standard AD&D setting. Would you accept it?

In the last issue (#20) you talked about high-level adventures. Of all high-level adventures I have seen in DUNGEON Magazine, most of them rely heavily on crawls either through dungeons or wilderness (a 100 mile by 100 mile dungeon). They are also quite long. I liked "Of Nests and Nations" [#13] very much, mainly because it was a city setting with a mystery plot. Will (or could) you publish more adventures that keep with this line of thought (high-level adventures different from seek-and-destroy in a dungeon populated with high-level monsters)? There is also the matter of space. How much are you ready to give to a high-level adventure?

Lastly, what will you do with submissions dealing with psionics, given the fact that the AD&D 2nd Edition game has dropped them?

If you decide to print this letter, could you please print my full address. Thank you.

Also, keep those great covers and praise Paul Jaquays for his interior illustrations.

William Vernon
Ave. Sojo, Res. El Escorial, #12,
Urb. El Rosal, Caracas 1060
Venezuela

It's true that we like to publish unusual adventures, but we like to think that each is also an exciting story in which the DM and PCs can participate. I don't know how much "exoticity" I will tolerate. Each adventure proposal is judged on its own merits. If the blue elves were involved in a heck of an adventure, their color wouldn't bother me. If, however, too many of the games' rules are strained to provide novelty, we'd have to draw the line.

Psionics, having been written out of the AD&D 2nd Edition game, will probably not appear in DUNGEON Adventures. Not many people used psionics for their player characters, and those monsters (such as the mind flayer) that relied on psionics have been rewritten so that their powers are attributed to spell-like abilities. You can do the same with any psionic power you want to preserve in a creature or NPC, but it's unrealistic to require psionically endowed PCs for an adventure.

We are always looking for more high-level adventures (and low-level ones, for that matter). Unfortunately, we can't spare half the magazine for one adventure. That would be like publishing a "full" module and would defeat the purpose for which DUNGEON Adventures was designed. We try to limit our "feature" adventure to around 20 pages.

Too Few Players . . .

Personally, I prefer boxed descriptions because, as Shado Hart put it, they allow "the DM to easily read a description for each room." As I am a fairly inexperienced DM, I need this extra help.

On the other hand, I realize the need for variety and the feelings of those obstinate people who don't like being told what to say. So, I believe that there should be more boxed descriptions, but not all adventures should have them.

I have a hard time finding anyone to play with. What can I do? How can I find desperate AD&D game-starved swashbucklers and get in touch with them?

Aaron Higgins
Flint, Michigan

Aaron, you didn't specifically say that we could print your full address, so I don't feel I have the right to do that. You might look for compatible gamers at a local gaming or hobby shop. Such stores usually have bulletin boards where you can post notices of games and players wanted. You could also prominently carry around your copy of DUNGEON Adventures and see who shows an interest. We don't mind the free advertising, either.

To start off, I would like to thank you guys for publishing such a great magazine. I love to play AD&D games but unfortunately, I only have three or four people to play with. Several times I have turned to your magazine for help because not all of your mini-modules require a large group of players.

However, I find that games with 6-8 players are more enjoyable, so I've come up with an idea that I don't believe has been tried before. How about a D&D* or AD&D game by mail. If any readers out there would like to hear more about it, please write me.

Jeff Bobb
332 Parker (rear)
Toledo, Ohio 43605

. . . Or Too Many?

I have been a Dungeon Master for several years now, and I just got a new shipment of players for my party. I now have 10-15 novice players (that's about 17 characters) at each meeting, and I can't find an adventure that fits that size of a party. If I put them up against a lot of easier monsters (let's say 25 goblins), the party clobbers them and hardly takes a hit point of damage. If I put them up against harder monsters (like two shambling mounds), they get a slightly greater challenge, but if one of the monsters hits even once, it almost always kills the character.

I was wondering if you could try to publish an adventure that could work in this situation. Also, if you have any suggestions, please let me know.

If you should decide to publish this letter, please print my full address so that others can write to me.

Richard Williams
1985 Palace Ave.
St. Paul, Minnesota 55105

Well! This is certainly a different problem from the "no one to play with" cry of many DMs. We've been acutely aware of keeping party sizes small, because many of our readers have a difficult time gathering more than four or five players per game. We're sure you'll get many letters from readers asking where you get your "shipments" of players.



THE DARK FOREST

BY DAN SALAS

Troubles simply mushroom in the Underdark.

Artwork by Tom Baxa

Dan is still working on his bachelor's degree in biology while trying to suppress his urge to write fantasy novels instead of studying. He encourages all hopeful AD&D® adventure writers to use their imaginations, pay attention to details, learn from their mistakes, and never give up.

"The Dark Forest" is an AD&D adventure for 4-6 player characters of levels 2-3 (about 12 total levels). Good-aligned PCs are recommended, and warriors may be most suited to deal with the encounters. Underground proficiencies will be useful, and the PCs should be equipped for a journey across mountains and through caverns. The adventure can be set in the northern mountains of any temperate wilderness.

The ustilagors encountered in the Dark Forest are psionic. If psionics are not used, similar magical powers or a similar type of fungus monster may be substituted. The starvation rules in the *Wilderness Survival Guide* are also referenced, but they may not be needed.

Adventure Background

Read or paraphrase the following to the players:

Your travels have taken you to the mountains of the north. This morning you passed a stone fortress and entered a pass between rugged peaks. As you have made your way northward along this pass, you have been careful to watch for bandits and orcs.

The trail is 100' wide, with rocky slopes rising sharply up to the mountains on either side. The trail detours around numerous boulders and scrawny trees, and the mountain walls are pocked with niches. The path at your feet is scarred with hoofprints and wheel tracks.

Late in the afternoon, you see a caravan on the trail ahead, traveling in the direction you are going. You count four wagons, each pulled by two horses, plus almost 100 other horses ridden by armored warriors. The force is 150 yards ahead of you.

The PCs have encountered a merchant caravan. Roll for surprise, but note that the caravan guards are anticipating an attack from a third party, as yet unseen by the PCs (+2 bonus to guards' roll). The guards appear uncon-

cerned. They are traveling at a movement rate of 12, as fast as the caravan's draft horses can walk.

The guards are all human mercenaries equipped with chain mail, long swords, daggers, and short bows with 20 arrows in each man's quiver. They ride medium warhorses. Each man has a belt pouch containing 1-10 gp per level.

Mercenary captain: AC 5; MV 9; F8; hp 65; THAC0 13; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type; ML 15; AL LN.

Lieutenant: AC 5; MV 9; F7; hp 58; THAC0 14; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type; ML 14; AL LG.

Elite guards (12): AC 5; MV 9; F2; hp 11 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 12; AL any lawful.

Normal guards (65): AC 5; MV 9; F1; hp 7; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 11; AL any.

Medium warhorses (79): AC 7; MV 18; HD 2+2; THAC0 19; #AT 3; Dmg 1-6/1-6/1-3; ML 11; AL N.

Each wagon is pulled by two draft horses driven by a hired laborer. Drivers wear leather armor and use clubs and daggers in their defense.

Wagon drivers (4): AC 8; MV 12; zero-level humans; hp 3 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 9; AL N.

Draft horses (8): AC 7; MV 12; HD 3; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3; ML 6; AL N.

In the first wagon rides a priest named Devin, a brown-robed follower of Diancecht, Celtic god of physicians (*Legends & Lore*, page 27). His wagon is filled with old furniture, as he is moving to a new home.

Devin: AC 10; MV 12; C9; hp 48; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; W 14, other abilities average; ML 12; AL LG; quarterstaff; spells: *bless*, *cure light wounds* (×3), *detect evil*, *sanctuary*, *barkskin*, *resist fire*, *slow poison*, *withdraw*, *dispel magic*, *remove curse*, *remove paralysis*, *cure serious wounds*, *neutralize poison*, *cure critical wounds*.

The second wagon belongs to a skinny elven merchant, Prentice the Art Dealer. His wagon carries 23 paintings by humans and elves, with subjects that include dragons, warriors, castles, and landscapes. These paintings are worth 100-2,000 (100d20) gp each. If a PC buys a painting and later sells it to an upper-class NPC, he can make a 10-40% profit on the investment.

Prentice the Art Dealer: AC 10; MV 12; zero-level elf; hp 2; THAC0 20; #AT

1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 11; AL CG; two daggers.

In the third wagon is a fat merchant, Byron the Bookseller. His wagon holds many types of unusual leather-bound books, including a small tome of dwarven drinking songs (worth 25 gp), a text on fungus identification (worth 35 gp), an Elvish/Orcish dictionary (worth 150 gp), a thick cookbook written by halflings (worth 50 gp), and a gnomish book of practical jokes (worth 25 gp). Nearly all of the books were printed on crude printing presses.

Byron the Bookseller: AC 10; MV 9; zero-level human; hp 4; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 9; AL N; dagger.

An old, white-bearded merchant, Randal the Alchemist, travels in the fourth vehicle. His wagon carries a single chest containing 30 ceramic vials decorated with symbols and letters. Wool is stuffed in between the vials for padding. There are eight potions of *extra healing* (worth 900 gp each), eight *elixirs of health* (worth 2,300 gp each), one potion of *animal control* (worth 500 gp), five potions of *healing* (worth 500 gp each), one potion of *fire resistance* (worth 500 gp), four potions of *water breathing* (worth 900 gp each), and three *philters of love* (worth 400 gp each). He also has a *wand of metal and mineral detection* concealed in the wagon, though this is his secret.

Randal the Alchemist: AC 10; MV 9; zero-level human; hp 3; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 12; AL LG; unarmed.

The Attack

If the PCs are spotted or draw attention to themselves, the rear guards immediately slow their horses, turning to look at them. Warning shouts are called to the rest of the caravan, and short bows appear in the warriors' hands.

Before the PCs have time to get close to the caravan, however, they hear loud growls from the slope on the left. Charging down from the rocky mountainside are 30 flinds wielding clubs and wearing thick studded leather armor padded with wolf fur.

One flind leading a squad of five attacks the party, while the remaining creatures attack the caravan. While the PCs fight for their lives, the caravan guards fire arrows into the charging flinds, then surround them and cut

them down. The mercenaries lose nine (1st-level) men in the process, and the battle between mercenaries and flinds lasts 10 rounds. If the PCs are still fighting after that time, the mercenary lieutenant and four 2nd-level warriors ride over to assist them. If the PCs have killed or driven off all their attackers, these five NPCs ride over at a slow trot. If the adventurers finish their part of the fight before the mercenaries, the PCs are free to take whatever actions they desire.

Flind lieutenant: AC 5; MV 12; HD 3+3; hp 25; THAC0 17; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg by weapon type; SA disarm with flindbar, +1 to hit and damage due to strength; ML 12; AL LE; MC (gnolls); wields flindbar, has club on belt; belt pouch with four uncut bloodstones (worth 40 gp each) and 60 gp.

Flind squad leaders (2): AC 5; MV 12; HD 2+3; hp 19 (×2); THAC0 19; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg by weapon type; SA disarm with flindbar, +1 to hit and damage due to strength; ML 12; AL LE; MC (gnolls); each wields flindbar, has club on belt; each has belt pouch with three uncut bloodstones (worth 40 gp each) and 50 gp.

Flind warriors (27): hp 12 each; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 11; each has one club and one belt pouch with 2-20 gp; all other statistics as per flind squad leaders above.

After the Battle

When the fighting is done, the lieutenant hails the PCs. "Good afternoon!" he says. "The dogfaces had been stalking us for three hours. We didn't count on your group getting caught in the fight." The lieutenant appears friendly and asks what the PCs are doing in the mountains. He informs them that his group is escorting some merchants to the town of Ellenburg, at the northern end of the pass, and he offers to allow them to travel with the caravan (though the mercenaries will keep a close watch on the adventurers).

If any of the PCs were injured in the fight against the flinds, Devin casts his healing spells on them, using the most powerful spell to heal the character who took the most damage. None of the mercenaries were seriously injured (except those who died!), and Devin is especially grateful to the PCs for helping to protect him. The dead mercenaries are wrapped in cloth and loaded

onto wagons before the caravan sets off again.

When the sun begins to set, read the following to the players:

From ahead in the line of march, the captain shouts, "Let's make camp for the night!" and everyone climbs down from horses and wagons. The drivers feed the wagon horses while the mercenaries gather wood from the slopes, feed their horses with grain from their saddlebags, and lay the campfire. Soon, everyone is sitting around a blazing fire, eating stale bread and cheese, drinking cheap ale, bragging about the fight with the flinds, and mourning their fallen comrades.

Ten guards (nine 1st-level and one 2nd-level warriors) are sent a quarter mile north along the trail, and an equal number are posted to the south. These guards are changed every three hours, but the night passes without incident.

Before everyone settles down to sleep, the PCs are approached by the art dealer and the bookseller. These merchants are polite and friendly. They greet the PCs, compliment them on their battle prowess, and describe the items they have for sale. If the PCs refuse to buy, the merchants thank them for their time and return to their wagons for the night.

When these two have gone, Randal the Alchemist appears. He sits down as if to stay for a while and says, "I have an offer to make that you might find of interest." If the PCs express any interest, he continues.

"Two days ago, I was camped outside the fort that guards the southern end of this pass. At that time a dwarf came to me and described a maze of tunnels that he had discovered; he said the maze ended in a large, empty cavern. Beyond this place was a second cavern containing a forest of giant mushrooms, with some strange red fungus as well. The dwarf said that he was chased out of the cavern by a band of fungus men.

"I am interested in the dwarf's story because I would like to obtain some of the fungi that he described. I'll pay you 125 gp for each handful of red fungus you can collect. In addition, I will give your group a potion of *extra healing* and an *elixir*

of health for your trouble, before you set off. These may help against the worst sorts of fungi. When you return, follow this pass north to Ellenburg. I'll be staying there for the next two months.

"Tomorrow morning we should come to a narrow side-pass that the dwarf claimed would lead to a doorway. Beyond the door you'll find the maze. Remember that the true path is the one that always slopes downward. Follow it to reach your goal.

"There is one other thing. I would also like to obtain some myconid spores for my studies. I'll pay you 300 gold pieces for each handful of myconid spores that you bring back. But remember this: The spores disintegrate when the myconids die, so you can't obtain them by force. You'll have to convince the fungus men to give up their spores willingly. I will not be a party to needless slaughter."

If asked why he doesn't hire the caravan guards, the alchemist says, "I've tried. These men are simple mercenaries. They don't have the heart for underground expeditions, and they have their own jobs to do." If the PCs ask why he wants the red fungus, Randal says, "I'm studying its ability to cure diseases."

If the PCs try to squeeze a better deal out of Randal, roll a reaction check. At worst, he gets angry and refuses to change his offer; at best, he raises the gold piece awards by 50%.

At dawn, the caravan prepares to leave. Randal encourages the PCs to set out now to retrieve the fungi samples he wishes to study. By Randal's directions, it should take only a few hours to reach the opening into the tunnels (see "Into Deepearth").

For the Dungeon Master

Randal the Alchemist doesn't know the complete story of the dwarf's adventure, though he knows more than he has said. When the dwarf entered Deepearth, he fought a scouting party of flinds who were exploring the same area. Though gravely wounded in the battle, the dwarf obtained from the flinds the *wand of metal and mineral detection* that the alchemist now owns. The dwarf crawled out of the tunnels and to the fortress to the south, where he told his story to Randal. The dwarf gave Randal the

wand before dying of his infected wounds.

The alchemist is unaware that the dwarf fought only a small part of a large flind clan. The flinds who attacked the caravan were sent after the dwarf and the wand, and had tracked the dwarf to the southern fort. They correctly guessed that the wand was in the caravan, but they had a poor grasp of the power of mounted and bow-armed mercenaries. Though it is assumed that all flinds who attacked the caravan were slain, three flind warriors (hp 12 each) remained behind at the top of the slope overlooking the caravan. These survivors fled when they saw their companions die, heading back to their tribe to inform their chief of the defeat.

Randal is a true scientist, and his desire to get samples of the red fungus and myconid spores is genuine. He has no intention of launching a mining expedition but plans to take the wand elsewhere, to save the myconids from the greed of surface dwellers. He does not know of the flind clan in Deepearth, nor does he realize the reason for the attack on the caravan.

History of the Caverns

The tunnels and caverns accessible from this pass were originally cut by mountain dwarves who mined for precious gems. To disguise the mine, they hid its entrance with secret doors (area 1 on The Dark Forest map) and excavated a maze (area 2) to confuse intruders. They also dug out areas 3, 4, and 5. After many years, the mineral veins were depleted and the dwarves abandoned this place.

As time went on, water seeped into the caves from the soil above, forming the tunnel that leads south from area 5. This passageway eventually connected to caverns in Deepearth, and it was not long before the denizens of the Underdark ventured up into the old mines.

First came the duergar, the evil gray dwarves. They discovered a new pocket of gemstones and immediately began mining operations in area 6. However, they foolishly made few precautions against invaders from the surface. They were discovered by a small group of adventurers who decided to raid the dwarven mines for gems. To prepare their escape route, the adventurers carried many bushes and small trees into the largest of the caverns. They

then entered Deepearth and attacked the dwarves, stealing many bags of uncut gems.

As the party fled through area 5, one of the adventurers—an elven priest—cast a *plant growth* spell on the bushes and trees in the cavern, filling it with a tangled, thorny barrier that only a few of the dwarves could force their way through. In the battle that followed, many gems were scattered. The adventurers left with what treasure they still held and never returned to the domain of the gray dwarves.

Over the years, the dwarves' shovels reshaped the mine, creating area 7 and the tunnel leading northwest from there. Eventually, the dwarves abandoned this section of Deepearth for richer veins. The bushes and trees could not live without sunlight and began to rot. Later, a group of myconids wandered into the area and claimed it as their own, spreading the spores of many fungi in the tangle of the dead forest. The fungus forest thrived, fed by the rotting wood, old fungi, and water that dripped from the ceiling.

The Flinds

The powerful chief of the flind clan is named Azed-Pasha. A few years ago he formed a flind tribe from various scattered bands in the forests south of the mountains. He and his warriors became successful raiders in the woods. One day they ambushed some adventurers and acquired a *wand of metal and mineral detection* as well as several dozen flasks of lamp oil. Deciding to test the wand, Azed-Pasha led his tribe north into the mountains, where they found the old dwarven mine.

In Deepearth the flinds met the fungus men, who fought the invaders. The flinds retreated, but as they continued to explore the tunnels, they found the duergar's alternate entrance into the Dark Forest (through area 7). In area 5 they discovered a small pocket of uncut gemstones, though three flinds died in a fight against a basidiron.

Soon Azed-Pasha set up camp in area 7 (area 3 was too small for his tribe). Just as he was planning a return expedition into the Dark Forest, his scouts were attacked by the lone dwarf who stole the magic wand. Azed-Pasha sent 33 flinds to recapture the wand—but only three survivors returned to tell him of the disastrous attack against the



caravan. Enraged by the loss of so many comrades, Azed-Pasha made plans to vent his anger (and achieve his economic goals) by setting fire to the Dark Forest and clearing a way for the gathering of the gems.

Azed-Pasha: AC 5; MV 12; HD 5 + 3; hp 30; THAC0 15 (14 due to strength); #AT 1 or 2; Dmg by weapon type; SA disarm with flindbar, +1 to hit and +3 to damage due to strength, hurl oil; ML 14; AL LE; MC (gnolls); wields flindbar, has club belt on belt; belt pouch has five uncut bloodstones (worth 40 gp each) and 75 gp.

With Azed-Pasha in Deepearth were his lieutenant, two squad leaders, and 67 warriors (the lieutenant, leaders, and 30 of the warriors were sent above to attack the caravan). Azed-Pasha now has only 37 warriors left (hp 12; see "The Attack" for their statistics). As this is a tribe and not merely an outpost, the group is accompanied by 40 noncombatant **female flinds** (AC 7; HD 1 + 2; hp 7 each; #AT nil) and 12 **young flinds** (AC 10; MV 10; HD 1/2; hp 3 each; #AT nil).

In addition to his other possessions, the chief carries three leather flasks of

lamp oil on a shoulder strap. Each of his 37 warriors has two flasks, and 20 of the females now carry one flask each. The flinds intend to use this oil to burn the Dark Forest after they kill the myconids. All of the flinds in the caverns use torches, as the tunnel floors are very rough and uneven throughout; each adult flind will have 1-3 torches (one lit).

To be used in combat, a flask of oil must be lit in hand (with a 2 in 6 chance of the oil burning uncontrollably for 1-6 hp damage to the holder), then thrown at a target (to-hit roll necessary; 60' range). Burning oil causes 2-12 hp damage on the first round and 1-6 hp damage on the second, third, and fourth rounds, with splashes causing 1-3 hp damage to characters within 5' of the spot where the oil struck.

The DM may rule that an oil flask is destroyed in a fight, releasing its contents onto the flind or PC who carries it. The base chance for this to occur is 0%, with the following cumulative modifiers: +5% per hit by a bludgeoning weapon, +5% per hit by a piercing weapon, +10% per hit by a slashing weapon. Note that oil spilled on a char-

acter can be lit by a torch (to-hit roll necessary) for normal burning damage.

The Myconids

Area 4 is inhabited by 21 fungus men, one circle of 20 led by a 12'-tall king named Armillaria.

Armillaria: AC 10; MV 9; HD 6; hp 38; THAC0 5; #AT 1; Dmg 6-24; SA spore clouds; ML 13; AL LN; MC.

The rest of the group consists of four **10'-tall myconids** (HD 5; hp 32, 30, 28, 27; THAC0 15; Dmg 5-20; ML 12), four **8'-tall myconids** (HD 4; hp 25, 24, 22, 20; THAC0 17; Dmg 4-16; ML 12), four **6'-tall myconids** (HD 3; hp 18, 17, 15, 13; THAC0 17; Dmg 3-12; ML 12), four **4'-tall myconids** (HD 2; hp 11, 9, 9, 8; THAC0 19; Dmg 2-8; ML 12), and four **2'-tall myconids** (HD 1; hp 6, 5, 4, 4; THAC0 19; Dmg 1-4; ML 12).

All myconids can shoot clouds of special spores from the undersides of their mushroom-cap heads, where the spores grow at a rate of one "packet" per day. Each packet can create one spore cloud, and a myconid has a maximum of five packets of each specific spore type at any one time. As a myconid grows to the next size level, it becomes able to spray an additional type of spore. The number of times a day that each type of spore can be sprayed equals the myconid's hit dice.

The order in which the types of spores are gained by the growing myconid is listed below:

HD 1: Distress spores: alert other myconids to danger.

HD 2: Reproducer spores: released by a dying myconid to create a new myconid.

HD 3: Rapport spores: used in the myconid melding ritual and to allow telepathic communication with other intelligent beings.

HD 4: Pacifier spores: immobilize attackers.

HD 5: Hallucinator spores: used in the

melding ritual and to give enemies frightening hallucinations.

HD 6: Animator spores: animate dead creatures to fight for the myconids (used by the myconid king only).

Direct sunlight affects myconids by drying their moist skin, causing 1 hp damage per round. Similarly, myconids take double damage from fire. For this reason, the fungus men are terrified of the surface world and the sun. Other fungi are also affected in this way, including red fungus and blue mushrooms.

Armillaria is an alchemist and can create potions at the rate of one per week. He knows how to make potions of *vitality*, potions of *extra-healing*, and *elixirs of health* (in addition to those potions listed in the *Monstrous Compendium*). Any nonfungus being who drinks one of these potions must roll 1d10 and consult the Fungal Internal Infections table below. Treat the symptoms as a skin infection (see "Concluding the Adventure"), though the character may lose one point of constitution rather than charisma.

The melding ritual is more than just a form of entertainment for the fungus men. It serves to bring their minds together in unity, to increase their awareness of themselves and other fungi, and to heal them at a rate of 1 hp per hour. Unique to their culture, melding is too well adapted to myconids to be understood or fully experienced by other creatures.

Myconid life begins as a dying myconid ejects reproducer spores, which are gathered by other fungus men and carefully cultivated. Sometimes a myconid king adds his own reproducer spores to create an improved hybrid individual. There are no genders in myconid physiology.

For the first year of a new individual's life, the myconids are very careful to provide the right amount of nutrients and water to the growing spores, which

they eagerly defend against hostile creatures and sunlight. Finally, the spores grow together to form a new myconid, who grows at a rate of 6" per year.

The myconids have no goals except to care for the fungus cavern and gather blue mushrooms to eat. They refer to their farm as the "Dark Forest" because of the absence of light, but other creatures may learn to call it "dark" for more grim reasons.

Into Deepearth

Refer to The Dark Forest map for the locations of the following areas. The maze (area 2) is dusty and dry, but the caverns and other tunnels are damp. Rainfall above is not abundant enough to create streams of flowing water below ground but is sufficient to keep the caves moist enough so that fungi, lichens, and mold grow profusely.

Ventilation of air through the maze is slow but adequate to maintain fresh air in the caverns. A major source of circulation is the geothermal heat rising from volcanic lava many miles below the surface. As the warm air rises toward the surface, it is replaced by air from other sources in Deepearth.

The entire underground area is pitch black unless artificially illuminated, either by player characters or flinds. Check the rules for light sources in the AD&D 2nd Edition *Player's Handbook*, page 118.

1. The Tunnel Entrance.

In a vertical slab of rock is an open doorway, 3' wide and 6' tall. Over the entrance, a large rune is carved into the rock. Broken rubble is piled to the sides of the entrance. A faint breeze blows out from the entryway.

The rubble is the remains of the secret doors that once guarded this opening. Above the doorway is a *glyph of warding* placed by an ancient dwarven cleric, which served to keep out wild animals and trespassers. The glyph's name has long been lost; anyone who passes by the glyph must save vs. spells or flee in fear for 2-5 rounds. Repeated attempts to enter may be made.

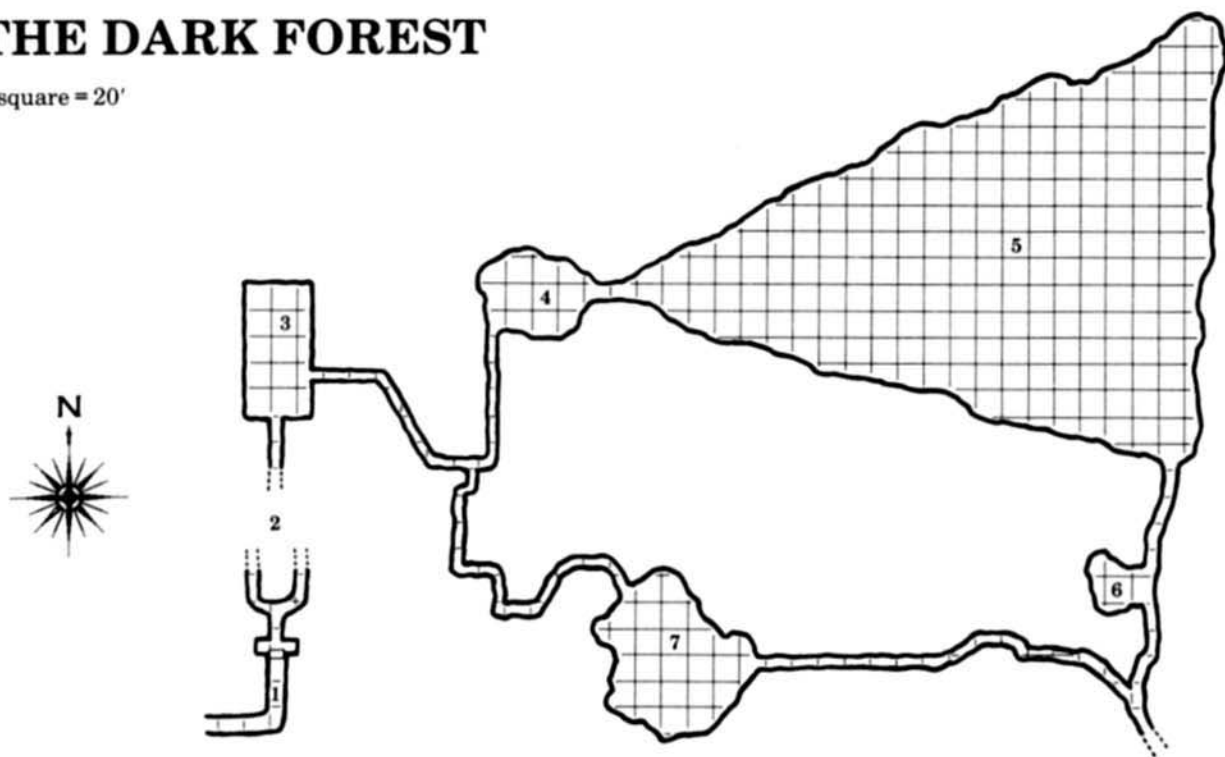
2. The Maze. The single 8' wide, 8' tall tunnel branches almost immediately in two directions, both sloping downward. From there the way becomes a tangled net of tunnels, side tunnels,

Fungal Internal Infections (Roll 1d10)				
1d10	Severity	Chance to lose CON	Move rate	To-hit penalty
1-3	severe	25%	1/2	-2
5-8	mild	10%	3/4	-1
9-10	none	none	full	none

Modifiers:
 +/ - constitution hit-point bonus
 -2 per potion drunk after the first

THE DARK FOREST

1 square = 20'



stairways, and long dead-ends—all conceived by the dwarves who carved out the mines as a passive defense against intruders.

The maze slopes steeply down from areas 1 to 3, putting area 3 about 1,000' below the surface. Once the PCs enter the maze, they find that many paths incline down into the earth, though many of them wind upward again, turn in circles, or end at solid walls of rock. Mapping quickly becomes tedious, then impossible.

However, there are three ways to shorten this journey. Randal the Alchemist offered the simple advice to follow only the paths that continue to lead downward. This will involve some backtracking and confusion, but it will still shorten travel time considerably.

Any dwarf in the party will think to look for small runic inscriptions on the right side of the tunnel walls, placed at eye level (for dwarves, of course). Such inscriptions are known to be used by dwarves in this area to guide them through subterranean areas previously explored by dwarves; the writing is in Dwarven and usually consists of one or two words that guide or warn the reader.

Indeed, such inscriptions are present, and the dwarf who entered these tunnels and stole the wand from the flinds used them to find his way about.

Dwarves, gnomes, and characters with mining proficiencies will note that the ceiling is covered by soot trails left by flinds and adventurers who used torches to light the darkness. A particularly thick soot trail marks the main path down to area 3. However, an intelligence check is required for anyone besides the above PCs to think of using this method.

The shortest possible way through area 2 is still 6,000' long. Half of the time spent traveling through this area must be spent in rest despite the lack of traps and encounters, as the footing is very rough (and, of course, the PCs won't know of the lack of traps and encounters, so they will move cautiously). At a movement rate of 12, PCs will make it through the shortest route in 1 $\frac{2}{3}$ hours; at a rate of 6, they will need 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. If the dwarven markings and soot trails are used, these times are unmodified; use of Randal's advice adds 1-2 hours to the total. If none of the above methods are remembered, a hit-or-miss method

must be used.

To determine the number of days spent by unguided PCs in the maze, roll 1d4 and add the following modifiers: +3 if all the PCs are elves, +2 if the PCs fail to use markings or string to guide their ways through the maze, -1 for each PC who makes a successful direction-sense proficiency check (one roll allowed per person). At the end of the prescribed number of days, the PCs finally stumble out of the maze and into area 3.

For each day spent in the maze, deplete the PCs' supplies by as much food, water, torches, and other supplies as necessary. Rules for starvation and dehydration can be borrowed from the *Wilderness Survival Guide*, pages 50 and 52.

All surviving flinds in this area remain below ground as the PCs approach area 3. The flinds have their own concerns and are unaware of the PCs' arrival.

3. The Dwarven Hall.

This rectangular chamber is 100' long, 50' wide, and 10' high. Its walls and floor are smooth, though the

ceiling is roughly cut. In the center of the room is a long table of solid rock. A large wooden chest with a broken lock sits in the chamber's northeast corner.

This place was once the guard chamber, meeting room, and feast hall of the mountain dwarves. Now it is abandoned, and sounds echo loudly through it.

The table is 75' long and 8' wide. It was created when the floor was dug away around it, so it is a permanent part of the room. The table has many scratches and chips on its polished surface. Lying on it are a 7'-long heavy chain, an empty bone scroll case, and a pair of worn leather boots for dwarf-size characters.

In the chest are two wax candles, an empty glass bottle, and six rusty metal spikes. Leaning against the wall next to the chest is a pick axe, which can be used as a weapon for 1-6 hp damage.

The western tunnel is 10' wide and 6' high. Its floors are smooth, but wheel tracks run the whole length from area 3 to area 4. The side pass to area 7 is more roughly cut, has no wheel tracks, and appears to be a crude addition to the main tunnel. Dim orange light is visible in the side pass, coming from area 7, and the PCs may also smell the faint odor of smoke.

4. Lair of the Myconids.

This chamber is circular, with a diameter ranging from 60' to 80'. The floor is evenly cut, but the walls and 20'-high domed ceiling are rough. You notice a number of large mushrooms as well—and some of them are moving!

This cavern was once a mining site, and the walls bear the scars of many heavy tools. Piled at the northern end are some remnants of the mine: a rusted pick-axe head, a small iron shovel, a dozen iron spikes, a chain-mail gauntlet for a dwarf-size hand, and the broken remains of a wooden cart with four wooden wheels.

All 21 of the myconids are here for 16 hours each day, either resting or melding. Otherwise, 10 of them are in the Dark Forest (area 5), making sure the fungi have plenty of water, trimming overgrown areas, and gathering crops of blue mushrooms. During this work

period, there is a 25% chance that the myconid king is in the Dark Forest rather than in the lair. When the PCs enter, a 1d6 roll of 1-4 indicates that all myconids are present, and they will remain in the area for the next 1-12 hours. On a roll of 5-6, the missing 10 myconids (and their king, if he is gone as well) will return in 1-6 hours.

Guarding the western entrance are three animated dead flinds. These are victims of an earlier encounter between the flinds and the myconids; they now fight to the death against anyone who attempts to enter the chamber. PCs may roll intelligence checks to notice purple fungus on the flinds' bodies. Only *Armillaria* can stop the dead flinds from attacking intruders.

Animated dead flinds (3): AC 10; MV 9; HD 1; hp 4 each; THACO 19; #AT 2; Dmg 1-3/1-3 (bony claws); SA always strikes last in a round; SD cannot be turned; MC (myconid).

When the PCs enter the chamber, the nearest fungus men release distress spores to alert the others. If the group is melding, *Armillaria* releases the distress spores. Immediately, the king and the 5-HD myconids approach the intruders to survey the situation. The DM should describe this "welcoming committee" as one 12'-tall and four 10'-tall fungus men approaching the PCs.

The PCs may fight the dead flinds, but if they do not attack the myconids, the fungus men make no hostile moves. However, *Armillaria* shoots a cloud of rapport spores at the PCs, who may easily avoid the spores' effect by holding their breaths or retreating. Those who inhale the cloud must fail a save vs. poison to gain telepathic communication with the myconids. *Armillaria* shoots more clouds of rapport spores (up to six clouds) until one of the PCs' minds answers his telepathic questions: "Who are you? What do you want here?"

If the PCs respond to the king's questions and do not attack, go to the section, "Exam Time." If the party attacks the peaceful myconids, run combat with the statistics in "The Myconids." Any myconids in area 5 arrive 2-5 rounds after the start of a battle.

5. The Dark Forest.

This chamber is shaped like a cone lying on its side, with the narrow end to the west and the wide end at the

east. The floor and walls are roughly cut, and niches are dug out of the walls in many places.

Before you stretches a bizarre and somewhat repellent sight: a vast forest of 20'-tall mushrooms, pale gray in color with splotches of white. Across the cave floor is a thick carpet of green molds and black fungi, with finger-size blue growths appearing among the rest. The damp air is thick with the stink of mold and rot, and you feel as though you will suffocate if you smell the air much longer.

The ceiling height varies from 10' in the west to 50' in the east. In the northeast corner, a thin layer of red fungus (10 handfuls total) lays hidden under the black fungus. Even in the best light, the giant mushrooms cast many shadows in the forest. Though the PCs will hate the air, they are in no immediate danger from the stench.

Water drips from the stalactites above and falls soundlessly into the fungi below. The flow rate is around 100 drops per minute, just enough to keep the floor moist.

For each hour spent in this area, roll 1d20 and consult the Dark Forest Encounters table on page 11 to determine what the PCs face.

6. Mining Hole.

This chamber is dug into the side of the tunnel. Ankle-deep mud makes the floor sticky, and the walls are chopped at random as if by disorganized miners. The ceiling height is only 10'.

This hole was the first of two mining spots for the duergar. The southern tunnel winds down 5,000' into Deep-earth, where it connects to other passageways into the darkness.

Anyone who searches through the mud has a 10% chance per round to find an uncut bloodstone worth 40 gp. There are only six such gems to be found.

7. Lair of the Flinds.

This cavern is roughly cut, with uneven surfaces all around. The walls and floor are hacked as if by shovels and pick axes, and resemble none of the careful dwarven workmanship of the upper chambers. The ceiling height is about 25'.

The second mining pit of the duergar, this cave is now the temporary camp of Azed-Pasha and his clan. The entire chamber is lit by slow-burning torches on poles that are spaced 20' apart along the walls. Though the area smells smoky, most of the smoke leaves by way of the western tunnel.

Deerskins are stacked as mattresses everywhere, and at the northern end of the chamber are two medium-size tents built of wooden frames covered with bear hides. The bones of many small animals are scattered among the mattresses, but there are no signs of a cooking fire anywhere.

Five flind warriors stand at the western exit, and five guard the eastern exit (see "The Flinds" for their statistics). Azed-Pasha and the 27 remaining flind warriors will be found arguing among themselves or with the female flinds and children. All of them are under great stress with the loss of so many of their kind, as well as the wand.

If attacked here, the flinds fight ferociously and do not retreat unless all adult male flinds are slain. Females carrying oil flasks will use them against the PCs, as will males who cannot get close enough to strike in hand-to-hand combat.

Exam Time

When the PCs attempt to negotiate for the red fungus, the myconid king says, "Though we have evolved far beyond your kind, we will not yet judge you barbarians. You will be allowed to prove that you are worthy to walk as equals among us."

The king plans two tests for the PCs: survival in the Dark Forest and participation in a melding ritual.

In the first test, the PCs are instructed to spend six hours in the Dark Forest. The myconids will be watching them from the western end. Before the PCs go, Armillaria says, "Let me suggest that you avoid fighting the creatures you may encounter. Your goal is survival, not success in combat."

For each hour the PCs spend in area 5, roll 1d20 and consult the Dark Forest Encounters table.

When the PCs return from the Dark Forest, Armillaria explains that the myconids will have a melding ritual. The PCs are instructed to sit in a circle with all the fungus men except the king, who remains outside the ritual. As soon as the

PCs join the circle, the 6'-tall myconids shoot clouds of rapport spores throughout the circle. Once the spores take effect, the PCs hear a steady humming as if from human mouths, though the sound comes from inside the myconids.

Next, the 8'-tall myconids shoot pacifier spores at the PCs. Each PC must save vs. poison at +4 or become completely relaxed and calm, unable to move. Those who resist the spores may move normally.

Moments later, the 10'-tall myconids shoot hallucinator spores. Each PC sees a cloud of rainbow colors swirling in front of him, and each must pass a wisdom check or be hypnotized as if by a *hypnotic pattern* spell. Characters who retain their wits may notice that the myconids are swaying back and forth, waving their arms like seaweed in an ocean current, and humming continuously.

Though only a few minutes seems to pass, the ritual actually lasts eight hours. Near the end of that time, each PC must save vs. poison or be overcome with wild hallucinations. The exact effect is determined by rolling 1d6:

1. The PC believes that his hair is on fire, and he slaps himself to put it out.
2. The PC watches an imaginary comedy show by elves and gnomes, and he laughs hysterically.
3. The PC imagines that he has turned into a flind. He barks like a hyaena, then lays on his side and tries to scratch behind one ear with a foot.
4. The PC believes that his nose has fallen off, and he crawls on the floor on his hands and knees to find it.
5. The PC imagines that his eyes have rolled back to view his brain, and he stares blankly at swirling colors and

insignificant sparks.

6. The PC believes that he has turned into an orc, and he picks his nose and ears vigorously.

At the end of the melding ritual, all the PCs who failed any of the previous saving throws during the meld (including elves) fall asleep. Each must pass a system-shock check or lapse into a coma. Only an *elixir of health*, a *neutralize poison* spell, or the reverse of a *sleep* spell can awaken a comatose character. Those not comatose awaken in 7-10 (1d4 + 6) hours.

If all the PCs go into comas, the DM has three options:

1. Fudge the dice rolls so that one PC (chosen randomly) awakens in 1-4 hours.
2. Let the PCs die and be consumed by the fungus forest.
3. Have Randal the Alchemist send a second expedition into Deepearth. These NPC adventurers find the PCs comatose and naked (all equipment missing), as well as 21 dead myconids (all of them), 13 dead male flinds (all flinds except Azed-Pasha, the females, and the young—all of whom have fled), a burned Dark Forest, and all of the caverns completely cleaned out of gems. The adventurers take the PCs back to Randal, who awakens them and expects some form of payment for saving their lives (perhaps another mission, which should involve treasure looting for the PCs).

To PCs who awaken or are revived after the melding ritual, Armillaria says, "No other intelligent being has recovered from sleep after a meld. You are more highly evolved than we expected. You may collect the red fungus as you wish. It lies at the northeastern edge of the Dark Forest."

Dark Forest Encounters (Roll 1d20 per game hour)

- 1-2: **Basidironid**: AC 4; MV 6; HD 5 +5; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8; SA smothering spores (save vs. poison or die in 2-5 rounds unless *cure disease* spell is cast or an *elixir of health* is drunk); SA hallucinatory spores; SD immune to mental attacks, cold-based attacks do no damage but slow the creature to 50% normal movement and prevent spore attacks; ML 14; AL N(E); MM2/15.
- 3-5: **Phycomid**: AC 5; MV 3; HD 5; THAC0 15; #AT 2; Dmg 3-6/3-6; SA infection (save vs. poison or take 5-8 hp additional damage; death in 5-8 turns unless a *cure disease* spell is cast or an *elixir of health* is drunk); SD immune to mental attacks, +4 on saves vs. fire-based attacks, for half normal or no damage; ML 14; AL N(E); MC.
- 6-10: **Ustilagor**: AC 5; MV 9; HD 3 +3; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2-5; SA poison (save vs. poison or take 2-5 hp additional damage), psionics; SD immune to mental attacks; ML 13; AL N(E); MM2/122.
- 11-20: **No encounter**.

The Battle

When the PCs return with the red fungus, Armillaria says, "Some evil creatures have been sneaking around these tunnels for the last few weeks. They are the same type as the ones that I animated to guard the cavern when you first met us. However, I suspect that there are many more in the lower caverns, and that they plan to attack us." The myconid king believes this because of the flinds' travels back and forth through the tunnels and their scouts spying on the myconid lair. Armillaria continues, "We may need your help in fighting them. If you stay for the battle, I offer you whatever reasonable gifts you may ask."

Myconid spores are on the king's list of "reasonable gifts." The limit is four handfuls of spores. If the PCs agree to stay for the fight, Armillaria gives each of them a potion of *extra healing* of his own making; anyone who drinks one of Armillaria's potions must roll 1d10 and consult the Fungal Internal Infections table on page 8.

Unless the PCs have already encountered and destroyed the flinds, Azed-Pasha gathers his remaining flind warriors six hours after the melding and marches from area 7 to area 4. He has no plan except to rush into the myconid lair and kill as many fungus men as possible. Azed-Pasha heads the attack. The myconids meet the attack with surprising energy, and a vicious battle quickly ensues. Flaming oil bombs are generously used by flinds.

If the PCs join the fight, generate a round-by-round melee battle between them and their immediate opponents (one flind warrior each). Also roll 1d4 and consult The Final Battle table for the outcome of the entire battle. Add 1 to the roll if the PCs assist the myconids. Be prepared to improvise if the PCs use unique tactics.

After the battle, reduce the hit points of all surviving flinds and myconids to half maximum to simulate damage taken in the fight.

The Final Battle (Roll 1d4)

1. Azed-Pasha and 2d4 + 10 flind warriors survive. No myconids survive.
2. Azed-Pasha and 2-8 flind warriors survive. No myconids survive.
3. Azed-Pasha and Armillaria survive, but all other flinds and myconids are slain.
4. Armillaria and 1-4 myconids survive. No flinds survive.
5. Armillaria and 5-8 myconids survive. No flinds survive.

Modifier: +1 if PCs help myconids.

Concluding the Adventure

If the PCs leave Deepearth before the last battle, they have a routine journey to Ellenburg, where Randal pays them the agreed-upon amount of gold for bringing him the red fungus.

If the PCs join the battle, the flinds fight to the death. If Azed-Pasha wins the battle, he tries to kill the PCs or at least drive them back into the maze.

If Armillaria survives, he honors his promise to give the PCs a gift. If the PCs ask for spores, he gives them a handful of each of the following types: rapport spores, pacifier spores, hallucinator spores, and animator spores (a handful is equal to one packet of spores). He can spare no more than that.

The king then says to the PCs, "The evil ones sought the rocks that lay in the southwest corner of the Dark Forest. You may take these rocks so that no other invaders will bother us for them." If the PCs dig through the black fungus in the place that Armillaria described, they find 22 uncut bloodstones, each

worth 40 gp. Roll 1d20 and consult the Dark Forest Encounters table for an encounter as the party gathers gems.

Armillaria and the surviving myconids have much work to do. They must tend to their reproducer spores so that new fungus men may grow. Meanwhile, the king animates two dozen dead flinds to guard the caverns from further intrusions. For the next week, the myconids drag the remaining flind bodies into area 7 and dump all flind equipment in area 6.

The adventurers may receive one last "gift" from the Dark Forest. Roll 1d10 for each PC and consult the Fungal Skin Infections table below. Mild infections last 1-3 weeks, while severe infections last 1-2 weeks in the severe stage and 1-2 weeks in the mild stage. Each infected character has the percentage chance shown on the table to lose one point of charisma, and also has penalties to his movement rate and to-hit rolls because of pain.

The Experience Point Awards tables suggest ways for the DM to give out experience point awards to the PCs. Group experience awards are divided among all PCs who participated in each victory, while individual awards are given as shown to each PC.

Experience Point Awards

Group Experience

<i>Opponent Defeated</i>	<i>XP Award</i>
Animated dead flind	15
Flind young	0
Flind female (unarmed)	0
Flind female (armed)	35
Flind warrior	65
Flind squad leader	120
Flind lieutenant	175
Azed-Pasha	270
Basidironid	650
Phycomid	975
Ustilagor	210

Individual Awards

<i>Action</i>	<i>XP Award</i>
Participated in melding ritual	100
Participated in final battle	200
Each bloodstone claimed	40

Ω

Fungal Skin Infections (Roll 1d10)				
1d10	Severity	Chance to lose CHA	Move rate	To-hit penalty
1-2	severe	25%	1/2	-2
3-5	mild	10%	3/4	-1
6-10	none	none	full	none

Modifiers:
 +/- constitution hit point bonus
 -1 per day spent in area 4 or 5
 -1 per 3 hp lost from contact with fungus creatures



THE LEOPARD MEN

BY DAVID HOWERY

A deadly rumble in the jungle.

Artwork by Lucy Synk

David has been writing for *DRAGON*[®] Magazine and *DUNGEON*[®] Adventures off and on for four years. This is his third *DUNGEON* Adventures module. He still lives in Dillon, Montana, and will turn 30 in May ("how depressing," says David). "The Leopard Men" is part of a series of jungle-based adventures from one of David's old campaigns in the *WORLD OF GREYHAWK*[®] setting. For another of his jungle adventures, see "The Elephants' Graveyard" in *DUNGEON* issue #15.

"The Leopard Men" is an AD&D[®] adventure for 5-7 characters of levels 8-10 (about 54 total levels). At least two fighters and one cleric or druid are recommended. Information from the *Wilderness Survival Guide* is frequently referenced, as are statistics on new African monsters presented in "Out of Africa" and "Gaming the Dark Continent," two articles in issue #122 of *DRAGON* Magazine.

The adventure may be set in the Amedio Jungle or Hepmonaland in the *WORLD OF GREYHAWK* setting, Chult in the *FORGOTTEN REALMS*[™] setting, or any jungle near a large trading post. This adventure may also be used as a sequel to "The Elephants' Graveyard" (*DUNGEON* issue #15), as both modules use the same setting. The player characters could start this adventure in Fort Thunder after the conclusion of the previous module.

There are many NPC monks in this adventure. These use the rules from the 1st Edition *Players Handbook*, not those from *Oriental Adventures*. Some barbarians also make an appearance here and are as described in *Unearthed Arcana*, which will help in running them.

For the Player Characters

The DM should arrange for the PCs to begin this adventure at Fort Thunder, a walled trading post at the edge of the vast jungles to the south of the usual campaign area. The PCs may have been drawn here by a previous adventure (e.g., "The Elephants' Graveyard," *DUNGEON* issue #15) or by rumors promising enormous wealth from ventures into the savage wilderness. Once the adventurers have arrived in Fort Thunder and settled in, read or paraphrase the following to the players:

The trading post called Fort Thunder is the last outpost of civilization in the

south. Beyond it lies hundreds of miles of untamed jungle. Although the southern jungle is a dangerous place, inhabited by savages and beasts, it is also a place of wealth. Its herds of elephants yield ivory tusks, gold nuggets are washed up in the rivers, and rare spices can be gathered from the underbrush. Leopard skins and exotic incense round out the jungle's bounty. All of these products are brought to Fort Thunder, which is a wealthy town in spite of its isolation. Caravans then carry the goods to northern markets.

The people of the fort are a diverse lot. Native traders in barbaric regalia mix with scheming merchants and bold elephant hunters. Trappers and gold panners, thieves and assassins, mercenaries and criminals, sorcerers and holy men—all can be found on the streets of Fort Thunder. Even a group as powerful as your own party goes almost unnoticed in this town.

Your group now stands in front of the mansion of Arn Galter, one of the wealthiest merchants in Fort Thunder. A short time ago, one of his servants delivered a message to your inn. The note asked for your assistance, and brief mention was made of a risky journey and great rewards. While you are pleased that this influential man chose your group, you can't help but wonder why he needs outside help.

Finally you are admitted into Galter's study. Of the two men inside, one is obviously Galter—a large man who wears a signet ring and plush silk robes. The other is a tall, proud, elderly native decked out in a zebra skin and feathers. The heavy-set man shakes your hands and laughs. "Galter, Arn Galter. Glad you could come, and welcome! To come right to the point, I wish to hire you to do a job for me—a dangerous job that will require your unique skills and experience. This man is Nanga, the highest shaman of the Watangas. One of my hunting parties recently made contact with his tribe, which lives to the southeast. In spite of their harsh lives, the Watangas are a good people. If I could open a trade route with them, it would greatly benefit both myself and the tribesmen. But there is one stumbling block, which Nanga will explain."

The native shaman stands quietly and looks at you with a hopeful expression. Speaking in halting Common, Nanga says:

"My people suffer from the fear of a tribe of evil men. This tribe is a cult of those who worship the wicked leopard god and call themselves the Leopard Men. They are sorcerers and murderers who stalk at night, looking for men to kill. They demand tribute of all tribes, and none dare oppose them. They take everything of value from us. No one knows exactly where their temple is, although it is said that they live on an island in the Leopard Swamp, which is far to the southwest of this village.

"When Galter's men came to us, we gladly welcomed them. Our people want very much to trade. You make the steel spears, copper pots, and cloth that we cannot. We gather the ivory, spices, and gems that would cost you many lives to gather yourselves. Trade would be good for both peoples. But the Leopard Men stand in the way. We have nothing left of value to trade after they take their tribute. It is impossible to hide anything from them. They have invisible spies, and even the wild animals talk to them. Soon they will come for me, since I have come to you for help."

Nanga shudders, then says, "I will be waiting for your decision." He shakes hands with Galter, then quietly leaves.

Galter raises a hand as if to stop your questions and says, "You've probably guessed by now that I want you to find the temple of the Leopard Men and destroy them. I can't hire locals because they are all too frightened of the cult to be of any use. I could send my own people, but they all have knowledge and experience in my business; losing them would be a financial blow. Besides, if it became known that I had gained the treasure of the Leopard Men, every rival merchant in town would send thieves and assassins after me. I wouldn't have a moment's peace! I'd rather have an exclusive trade agreement with the Watangas; not much money at first, but it's better business over the long term.

"But adventurers like yourselves are a different matter. You make a living risking your lives for wealth and legendary fortunes. And believe me, the Leopard Men have a fortune! Think of it; they have been extorting wealth for centuries. Gold nuggets, ivory, maybe even gems from the hills. Since you are connected with no merchant house, you threaten no one if the treasure falls into your hands. You will be just one more independent group of adventurers who

acquired a fortune. You wouldn't be the first to do so in this fort."

Adopting a businesslike tone, Galter continues. "If you agree to take this job, I will provide supplies and canoes for travel in the swamp, and guides to take you to the edge of the marsh. Your reward is to be the entire treasure of the Leopard Men. On your return, I will pay for any clerical services required. Well, what say you?"

Allow the PCs time to consider Galter's proposal. The chance to root out and destroy a force of evil and gain a legendary treasure horde in the process, as well as the challenge of pitting themselves against the grim wilderness, should convince the PCs to accept Galter's proposal.

For the Dungeon Master

The PCs can buy any standard items in the fort's many inns, shops, and markets. About 1,500 civilians and 500 soldiers live in Fort Thunder, and the DM may design the town to fit his own campaign's needs.

Southwest of Fort Thunder lies a vast marsh called the Leopard Swamp by local natives, after the Leopard Men cult that lives there. The Leopard Men is an organization of monks, although some have training as assassins, clerics, and wizards. They use their power to extort tribute from the native tribes in the area—even from headhunters and cannibals.

Agents of the cult live in many villages, but they keep their identities secret. No one openly speaks or acts against the Leopard Men, since a spy is sure to report such behavior. All who have ever tried to throw off the cult's hold have been found murdered in the night, usually with their throats slashed by claws. Few local natives willingly travel at night, for their folklore tells many tales of Leopard Men who stalk the jungle, looking for people to ritually kill with their clawed gloves.

The home of the Leopard Men is an island deep in the center of the Leopard Swamp, where they have a village and a temple. Zاتمec, the cult's current high priest, is a man completely dedicated to evil, as were his predecessors. But Zاتمec is also very ambitious and desires to spread his tyranny farther into the jungle. To this end, he has hired several mercenary creatures into his service.

The ancestors of the Leopard Men came from the mysterious regions to the south of the jungle. They worship Kazhak, a lawful-evil god of power, wealth, and secrecy (very similar to Tezcatlipoca, from *Legends & Lore*, page 35), whose holy animal and personal symbol is a spotted leopard.

Many of the Leopard Men are monks who wear clawed gloves tipped with steel claws. These "leopard claws" add damage to the monks' open-hand attacks at the rate of 1 hp per two experience levels. Like other non-Oriental monks, the Leopard Men do a set amount of damage per attack according to their levels (1st Edition *Players Handbook*, page 31), but the glove attack is a slashing one, not a strike. Therefore, Leopard Men cannot stun or instantly slay opponents, but they do have all other monk special abilities: —Monks attack using the clerics' (priests') to-hit tables and make all saving throws using the thieves' tables. —All ability scores for monks herein are assumed to be: S 15, D 15, C 11, I 11, W 15, Ch 11. No bonuses to armor class are gained for dexterity, and no bonuses to to-hit rolls or damage are gained from strength.

—Monks cannot wear armor, use shields, or use flaming oil or poison. The Leopard Men usually refuse to use any weapons other than their steel "leopard claws," though if deprived of these they will readily pick up clubs, daggers, hand axes, javelins, spears, staves, etc., as permitted to their class. They also gain 1 hp damage per two levels to attacks made with weapons.

—Nonmagical missiles may be deflected or dodged by monks if the monks make their saving throws vs. petrification for each potential hit. If a monk makes a saving throw vs. an attack form that allows reduced damage for a successful save, the monk takes half damage with a failed save and takes no damage with a successful save.

—Thief abilities granted to monks are given as per the 1st Edition *Players Handbook*, and these (as well as all other special abilities granted per level) are noted with each NPC described. The "leopard claws" do not hamper the use of any thieving skills.

A PC monk cannot use "leopard claws" as a weapon of proficiency, since these require special training not available to the PC. Also, the Leopard Men monks are a special order, separate from

other orders of monks in the DM's campaign world. A PC monk who defeats one of the cult's masters cannot claim this victory for level advancement.

Galter is basically telling the truth, although the Leopard Men are almost unknown in Fort Thunder. Their rumored wealth is just one of dozens of treasure legends. Galter may seem to be altruistic, but he is far from it. In his view, the PCs are an expendable group who can be used to remove a dangerous obstacle to trade with the Watangas. It would cost him time, lives, and money to do the job himself.

The long-term goals of a trade agreement appeal to Galter's merchant soul more than a rumor of treasure that may or may not be true. If the PCs do acquire a treasure, he won't have to pay them anything! If the PCs agree to the terms, Galter will keep his end of the agreement. He provides food, canoes, and any nonmagical gear requested by the PCs. But the adventurers cannot talk him into altering any of the terms of the agreement.

Arn Galter: AC 5; MV 12; F10; 60 hp; THAC0 11; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type; S 17, D 12, C 15, I 14, W 13, Ch 14; ML 14; AL CG; *bracers of defense AC 5, long sword +2, dagger.*

The Journey South

The edge of the Leopard Swamp is about 33 miles southwest of Fort Thunder; the trip there takes three days by foot. The shallow, fast-flowing Tiger River must be crossed before the swamp is reached, but this is easily done as there are many fords. The dense rain forest is broken by many small grassy clearings. The climate is hot and humid. Thousands of colorful birds, screaming monkeys, and small antelope may be seen in the jungle.

The DM should use any standard encounter table for this terrain and climate if he wishes to play out the PCs' journey to the swamp in detail. Check for encounters in the rain forest six times per day, at roughly four-hour intervals starting at midnight. An encounter occurs on a roll of 1 on 1d12.

Pack animals, porters, and guides are all supplied by Arn Galter; they may be detailed as the DM likes, but this may not be necessary. Galter's guides take the party as far as the hex marked A on the DM's map, along the banks of the Tiger River. Porters carry the canoes to

this point, but from here on, the PCs are on their own.

The Leopard Swamp

The Leopard Swamp is a dismal place. Water stands over most of it, from a few inches to several feet deep. Tall grass and gnarled trees grow in the shallows. Flat water plants cover the surface in the deeper areas. There are several areas of open water in the swamp. The heat is oppressive, and the humidity is high. Mosquitos, biting flies, and gnats are constant irritations. Many waterfowl and cranes are present. Loud reptilian bellows and grunts can be heard in the distance.

There are many islands of firm ground in the swamp, ranging from a few feet to miles in size. Each island has a fringe of tall reeds, well over 7' high, along its shores. The Leopard Swamp lies west of Lake Nyoko. The swamp gives way abruptly to the lake, with the water depth increasing sharply. If the PCs jump or fall into the swamp, roll 1d8 to determine the water depth in feet (unless depth is specifically stated in the text). Water depth can change drastically in only a few feet.

Movement

The DM's map shows the entire Leopard Swamp at a scale of three miles per hex. Due to the dense vegetation, shallow water areas, and sandbars, the PCs can move only two hexes per day in the swamp. Assume that there is at least one small island of firm ground in every hex, so the PCs will have a place to make camp at night. Only the largest islands are marked on the DM's map.

Canoes

The canoes provided by Galter are equal to the small canoe described on page 44 of the *WSG*. These are the only watercraft available in Fort Thunder. Larger boats cannot move through the marshy shallows. Each canoe is 10' long and 3' wide, with two hull points. A canoe can hold three people, or two people plus 250 lbs. of supplies. Galter assumes that the PCs will travel by twos, so he provides one canoe per two party members, plus one extra canoe if there is an odd number of PCs. Each canoe weighs 70 lbs. and must be portaged over dry areas. The canoes must be paddled in the swamp; the wind is negligible for

sails, and there is no real current in the water. The DM should be sure to keep a close record of who and what is carried in each canoe.

Jungle Fever

Disease lurks in the water and air of the swamp, and insects carry many germs. Those who are not native to the jungle run the risk of coming down with *jungle fever*, a virulent disease. Monks above 4th level and all paladins are immune, as usual. There is a 10% non-cumulative chance every day for each party member to catch the disease. Any PC who swallows or swims in the swamp water has a 75% chance of catching the disease. Boiled water is safe to drink.

Those who catch jungle fever lose two points each of strength and constitution

every day. Fighters with 18/01 or better strength are reduced to strengths of 17 on the first day of illness. This loss of strength becomes noticeable only when the PC attempts something strenuous, such as heavy lifting or combat. When one of these two abilities drops below three, the PC must make a system-shock survival roll (based on his original constitution, not the reduced score). If the roll is successful, the fever is broken. If the roll fails, the PC slips into a coma (with effectively 1 hp) and dies in 1-4 days. A *heal* or *cure disease* spell will break the fever at any time. Once the fever is broken, the PC regains two points each of strength and constitution for every full day of complete rest. Anyone who recovers from jungle fever without the aid of magic is forever immune to the disease; magical cures give only one month's immunity.

The Wilderness Survival Guide

Several parts of this book are helpful in running this adventure:

Heatstroke (page 28). Due to the heat and humidity, the following types of armor cannot be worn: plate armor, plate mail, studded leather, chain mail, padded armor. After one hour, the heat becomes unbearable to any person in such armor. If a PC persists in wearing armor of this type, there is a 20% cumulative chance per hour afterward of suffering heatstroke.

Moisture and equipment (page 28-29). The extreme humidity causes the party to spend at least one hour per day drying metal and waterproofing leather. Otherwise, this gear suffers the effects noted in the WSG.

Swimming (pages 41-43). These rules will be very critical during combat in the swamp (see below).

Hunting and foraging (pages 53-57). The terrain is tropical swamp and the season is summer. Only small game will be encountered.

Fishing (page 57). Due to the stagnant water, fishing in the swamp is always fair.

Visibility (pages 72-73). Due to the dense tree and grass cover, nothing can be seen from the air. The few areas of open water are bare of cover. These areas are all noted in the encounter area descriptions. Assume that all other areas are shallow but can be traveled by canoes.

Fighting in water (page 85). The DM should review these rules, since it is likely that the PCs will be in the water at some point (especially at areas C, G, and H).

Random Encounters

Roll for random encounters once for each hex traveled through and once at night. A roll of 1 on 1d12 indicates an encounter. Roll 1d100 and check the Leopard Swamp Encounters table. In addition, an immediate check should be made on the Water Encounters table when a person falls into the swamp (to see if anything is lurking nearby). The Leopard Swamp is filled with animal life, but most of it will ignore canoes. Of course, a person thrashing about in the water is another matter.

Leopard Swamp Encounters (Roll 1d100)

- 01-02: **Ascomoid** (1-4): AC 3; MV 12; HD 6+6; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg special; SA spore jet; SD immune to mind attacks and blunt weapons; edged weapons cause only 1 hp damage, save vs. magical attacks at +4; ML 15; AL N(E); MC.
- 03-04: **Basidirond** (1-4): AC 4; MV 6; HD 5+5; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8; SA smothering spores (save vs. poison or die in 2-5 rounds unless *cure disease* spell is cast or an *elixir of health* is drunk), hallucinatory spores; SD immune to mental attacks, cold-based attacks do no damage but slow the creature to 50% normal movement and prevent spore attacks; ML 14; AL N(E); MM2/15.
- 05-06: **Bloodthorn** (1-4): AC 4 (tendrils)/3 (trunk); MV nil; HD 5-16; THAC0 variable; #AT 5-12; Dmg special; SA tendrils; ML special; AL N; MM2/18.
- 07-08: **Chepekwe** (1-2): AC 6; MV 12; HD 10; THAC0 11; #AT 2 (1 horn, 1 trample); Dmg 2-16/2-16; SA charge; ML 13; AL N; taken from "Out of Africa" and "Gaming the Dark Continent," in DRAGON issue #122. This aggressive, swamp-dwelling herbivore looks like a small elephant with a rhinoceros horn above its trunk. It can trample and gore opponents every round. Once per turn, it can charge at an 18 movement rate and do double damage with the horn. Only man-size or smaller creatures may be trampled. It is a creature derived from African legends.
- 09-10: **Crane, giant** (1-3): AC 5; MV 9, fly 18 (C); HD 3; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-10; ML 8; AL N; MM2/26.
- 11-20: **Crocodile** (1-8): AC 5; MV 6, swim 12; HD 3; THAC0 16; #AT 2; Dmg 2-8/1-12; SA -2 penalty to opponent's surprise roll; ML 9; AL N; MC.
- 21-23: **Dragonfly, giant** (1-3): AC 3; MV 1, fly 36 (B, hover); HD 8+1; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 4-16; SA +2 on initiative; ML 6; AL N; MM2/59.
- 24-28: **Frog, giant** (1-4): AC 7; MV 3, swim 9; HD 3; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8; SA tongue, swallows whole, jump; ML 8; AL nil; MC.
- 29-33: **Frog, poisonous** (1-4): AC 8; MV 3, swim 9; HD 1; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SA poison (save at +4 or die); ML 6; AL nil; MC.
- 34-38: **Leech, giant** (1-4): AC 9; MV 3, swim 3; HD 1-4; THAC0 19-17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4; SA blood drain, disease; ML 7; AL nil; MC.
- 39-43: **Lizard, giant** (1-4): AC 5; MV 15; HD 3+1; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8; SA double damage on natural 20; ML 9; AL N; MC.
- 44-48: **Lizard men** (2-8): AC 5; MV 6, swim 12; HD 2+1; THAC0 19; #AT 3; Dmg 1-2/1-2/1-6; ML 14; AL N; MC.
- 49-50: **Mantrap** (1-4): AC 6; MV nil; HD 4-9; THAC0 nil; #AT 2-5 leaves; Dmg special; ML 12; AL nil; MC.
- 51-53: **Nzefu-loi** (1-4): AC 6; MV 9; HD 11; THAC0 9; #AT 1 bite or 1 trample; Dmg 2-8 or 4-24; ML 10; AL N; taken from "Gaming the Dark Continent," in DRAGON issue #122. This large, water-dwelling herbivore has the body of a hippo, a long giraffelike neck and face, and a horselike hairy tail. It can bite or trample, but not both at once. This creature is derived from African legends.

continued on page 17

The Leopard Swamp

A. Fringe of the Swamp.

As the sun rises on your camp, you can see the edge of the Leopard Swamp just a hundred yards away across the Tiger River. Already you can hear a loud chorus of animal noises: cranes, waterfowl, frogs, crocodiles, and unknown things. Even as you watch, a small crocodile stalks along the water's edge. Several yards away, a mottled yellow viper slides out of a tuft of grass and into the water. Obviously, the swamp is a haven for reptilian life. It is a fitting home for such evil as the Leopard Men. As you break camp and prepare the canoes, the porters who have carried your belongings this far retreat several hundred yards away from the shore. There they establish a new camp to await your return. You are on your own.

The porters (four per canoe) cannot be persuaded to join the party by promises or threats. In any case, it would be foolish for the PCs to do so, since they barely have enough room for themselves and their supplies in the canoes.

Porters: AC 10; MV 12; zero-level humans; hp 4 each; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 12; AL any; daggers.

As noted earlier, other NPC members of this expedition should be created by the DM as needed.

B. The Holy Beast. This large island stands a mere 200 yards from the swamp's edge. It is the home of a huge male kamadan with seven snake heads. Due to its leopardlike form and destructive nature, the Leopard Men regard this beast as a sacred creature sent by the god Kazhak to help the spread of evil. Occasionally, the Leopard Men offer sacrifices to it.

Recently, the kamadan encountered a female displacer beast in the jungle. As the two species are related, these two creatures have mated and produced a litter of seven hybrid cubs.

The lair of this odd pack is on the southeast part of the island in a shallow depression left by the roots of a fallen tree. All the monsters are in or near the lair, and all can swim well.

Kamadan: AC 4; MV 18; HD 4 + 2; hp 30; THAC0 17; #AT 10; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-6/1-4 (× 7); SA *sleep* breath weapon; ML

15; AL N; FF/55.

Displacer beast: AC 4; MV 15; HD 6; hp 30; THAC0 15; #AT 2; Dmg 2-8/2-8; SD -2 on opponent's attack roll, saves as 12th-level fighter; ML 14; AL N; MC.

Three of the cubs look exactly like kamadans and have four snake heads each, but each cub has part of the displacement ability of its mother. Opponents have a -1 penalty to hit them, and they save as 6th-level fighters. Their *sleep* breath weapon is a 15' cone with a base diameter of 10', affecting up to 2-HD creatures with no saving throw; others must save vs. dragon breath to avoid the effects.

Kamadan cubs (3): AC 4; MV 18; HD 2 + 1; hp 11; THAC0 19; #AT 7; Dmg 1-2/1-2/1-4/1-3 (× 4); ML 8; AL N; FF/55.

Three of the cubs look like displacer beasts, but they have part of the breath

weapon of their sire. The breath weapon's cone is 10' long and affects up to 1-HD creatures with no saving throw; others save vs. dragon breath at +2 to avoid the effect. Their displacement ability is the same as that of their mother; opponents receive a -2 penalty to hit them, and they save as 12th-level fighters.

Displacer beast cubs (3): AC 4; MV 15; HD 3; hp 15; THAC0 17; #AT 2; Dmg 2-5/2-5; ML 12; AL N; MC.

The last cub is a huge hybrid, combining the full abilities of both its parents. Its *sleep* breath weapon is a 30' cone with a 10' diameter that affects creatures of up to 4 HD with no saving throw; others must save vs. dragon breath to avoid the effect. This cub has six snake heads (from its father) and two tentacles (from its mother). The cub

continued from page 16

54-55: **Phycomid (1-4):** AC 5; MV 3; HD 5; THAC0 15; #AT 2; Dmg 3-6/3-6; SA infection (save vs. poison or take 5-8 hp additional damage; death in 5-8 turns unless a *cure disease* spell is cast or an *elixir of health* is drunk); SD immune to mental attacks, +4 on saves vs. fire-based attacks, for half normal or no damage; ML 14; AL N(E); MC.

56-57: **Pudding, brown (1):** AC 5; MV 6; HD 11; THAC0 9; #AT 1; Dmg 5-20; SA dissolves leather and wood; SD immune to acid, cold, poison; ML special; AL nil; MC.

58-59: **Retch plant (1-4):** AC 8; MV nil; HD 6; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg special; SA/SD fruit; ML special; AL N; MM2/106.

60-64: **Scum creeper (2-8):** AC 8; MV 3; HD 1; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SA fastens to prey; ML special; AL N; MM2/107.

65-67: **Shambling mound (1-6):** AC 0; MV 6; HD 8-11; THAC0 13-9; #AT 2; Dmg 2-16/2-16; SA suffocation; SD immune to fire, weapons do half damage, lightning adds 1 HD; ML 17; AL N; MC.

68-77: **Snake, constrictor (1-2):** AC 6; MV 9; HD 3 + 2; THAC0 17; #AT 2; Dmg 1/1-3; SA constriction; ML 8; AL N; MC.

78-87: **Snake, poisonous (1-6):** AC 6; MV 15; HD 2 + 1; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SA poison; ML 8; AL N; MC.

88-90: **Tri-flower frond (1-10):** AC 9; MV nil; HD 2 + 8; THAC0 16; #AT 2-8; Dmg special; ML 10; AL nil; MC.

91-93: **Twilight bloom (1-6):** AC 8; MV nil; HD 3 + 8; THAC0 17; #AT special; Dmg special; SA poison; ML special; AL N; MM2/122.

94-97: **Ustilagor (1-2):** AC 5; MV 9; HD 3 + 3; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2-5; SA poison (save vs. poison or take 2-5 hp additional damage), psionics; SD immune to mental attacks; ML 13; AL N(E); MM2/122.

98-99: **Yellow musk creeper (1-4):** AC 7; MV nil; HD 3; THAC0 17; #AT 2-12; Dmg special; SA pollen; SD immune to mind-affecting spells; ML 20; AL nil; MC.

00: **Zygom (1-3):** AC 8; MV 1 or host; HD 3 or host; THAC0 17 or host; #AT by host type; Dmg by host; SA milky glue; SD immune to mind attacks; ML special; AL N(E); MM2/132.

Water Encounters (Roll 1d20)

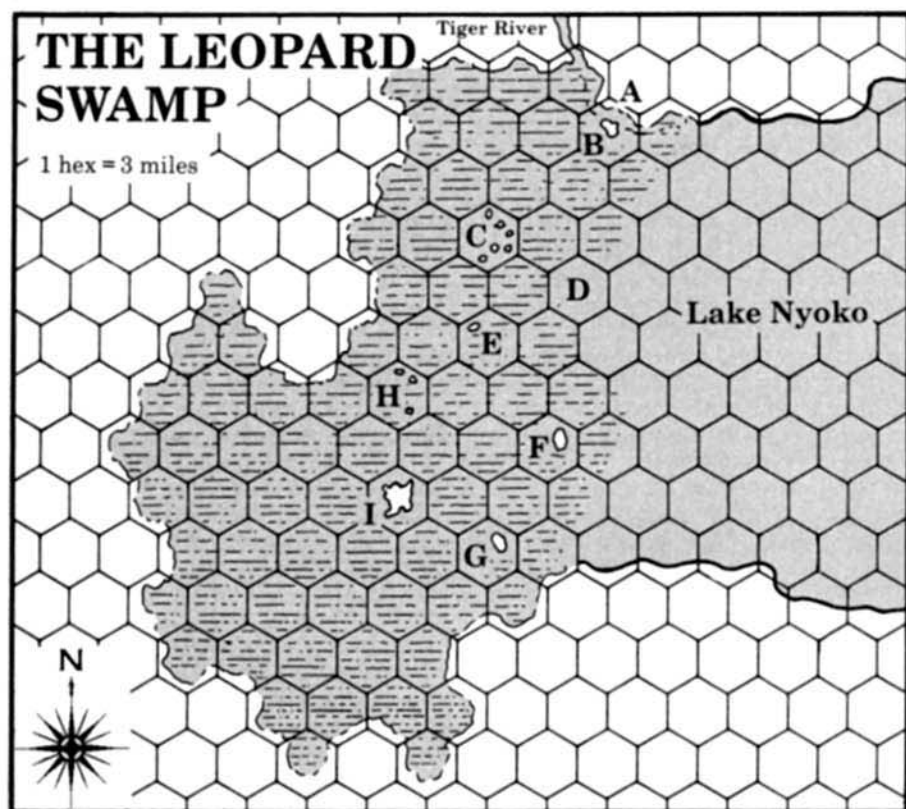
01-10: **Crocodile:** See 11-20 above.

11: **Dragonfish:** AC 4; MV swim 6; HD 2; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6; SA poison spines; SD natural camouflage; ML 5; AL nil; MC.

12-13: **Leech, giant:** See 34-38 above.

14-19: **Snake, poisonous:** See 78-87 above.

20: **Throat leech (1-20):** AC 10; MV 1, Swim 1; 1 hp; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3; SA choke; ML 6; AL nil; MC (leech).



appears to be all black, but leopard spots can be seen on its coat in bright light.

Hybrid cub: AC 4; MV 18; HD 5 + 1; hp 28; THAC0 15; #AT 11; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-6/2-8/2-8/1-4 (×6); ML 14; AL N; FF/55 and MC (displacer beast).

If the party intrudes on the lair, all these creatures fight savagely. If they take severe losses (three cubs or one parent), the rest scatter as if panicked. They then silently stalk the party from cover, trying to pick off stragglers, and do not retreat until all are slain.

The treasure of the beasts lies under a pile of bones and leaves at the bottom of their pit lair: 60 gold nuggets (worth 5 gp each), 16 uncut gems (worth 10 gp each), two pieces of native jewelry (worth 500 gp each), a potion of *sweet water*, a large *shield* +2, and a *girdle of many pouches*.

C. Cannibals Afloat.

This part of the swamp is a nightmare of tangled weeds, sandbars, and tall grass punctuated by many small islands of firm ground. You've

hacked your way for hours now, often stopping to slide the canoes over shallow obstacles. Finally you break free of the shallows, and your canoes glide into a stretch of deep, open water. Another island stands out of the water ahead of you. As you stop to catch your breath, the canoes' momentum carries them alongside the island. Just as you dip your paddles in the water to continue, splashing sounds to your rear attract your attention.

Several canoes are rounding the island behind you and heading in your direction. The canoes are crude dugouts, and the men in them are dressed in loincloths and rough leather armor. Bright red feathers are tied in their hair and on their spears. The prow of each canoe is decorated a bundle of human skulls.

These men are a group of young Kanakre cannibals. This evil tribe is hated by other natives, but even the Kanakres pay tribute to the Leopard Men (although grudgingly). This war party is made up of men who cannot

bear the insult any longer and have decided to find the Leopard Men's temple and kill them. This happens periodically among the natives, but they have been defeated every time. These men are brave but foolish. Only the leader, Kalambari, has any real combat experience. Due to their traditional hatred of all non-Kanakres, the natives regard the PCs as enemies to be destroyed.

The Kanakres appear 50' away from the PCs. Since this encounter is sudden, roll for surprise on each side (1 in 10 for the Kanakres). The natives' small canoes are about equal to those of the PCs. There are 45 cannibals traveling three men per canoe (15 canoes total). The canoes are traveling roughly five abreast, with a minimum of 10' between canoes. Kalambari rides in the central front canoe.

Regardless of the PCs' actions, the Kanakres attack. Since each Kanakre has boating proficiency (*WSG*, page 45), they will catch the PCs' canoes unless the PCs all also have boating proficiency. As the Kanakres overtake a PC canoe, one of them leaps aboard to melee. This action has a 45% chance to upset the canoe jumped into, but all the Kanakres can swim and are lightly encumbered (*WSG*, page 41). The Kanakres will not break off the attack until 25 of them are killed.

This area of the swamp is one of the few that is a large open stretch of water. It is also a favorite place of **crocodiles** (hp 15 each; see *Leopard Swamp Encounters* table for statistics). These creatures arrive two rounds after a canoe capsizes and attack anyone in the water, whether PC or Kanakre (1-3 crocodiles per person).

The Kanakres are barbarians, as per *Unearthed Arcana*, pages 18-21. Their tertiary skills are as per barbarians from the Amedio Jungle or Hepmonaland (*Unearthed Arcana*, page 20). Bonuses to saving throws, movement, and armor class, as well as other skills and combat abilities, should be carefully checked and noted. Assume each warrior has strength, constitution, and dexterity scores of 15, with other characteristics equal to 11 (unless otherwise noted).

Each Kanakre has 1d4 - 1 gold nuggets (worth 5 gp each). Kalambari has six gold nuggets, a leather pouch filled with 30 gp worth of gold dust, and an uncut garnet (worth 5 gp).

Kalambari: AC 2; MV 15; Barb5; hp

70; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 18/80, D 17, C 18, I 11, W 9, Ch 12; ML 16; AL CE; spear, knife, leather armor.

Kanakres (45): AC 6; MV 15; Barb1; hp 8 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 13; AL CE; each has a spear, knife, and leather armor.

D. Open Wide!

The swamp here suddenly gives way to a large lake. The trees and grass stop at a ragged line, defining the boundary between swamp and lake. You can see that the bottom deepens abruptly here.

If the PCs watch the lake for at least one round, they notice some odd things. No fish jump in the vicinity, even though many others can be seen out in the distance. Even the water birds act strangely; one or two dive close to the water, only to suddenly turn up and away sharply.

If the party continues out onto the lake, a monster rises up to intercept them. This huge fish, a verme, automatically destroys one canoe with its bite, throwing all occupants into the water. Then the creature tries to swallow the swimmers. There is a 50% chance that the PCs will see the fish rising and have one round to react.

Verme: AC 3 (head)/5 (body); MV 18; HD 18 + 18; hp 105; THAC0 3; #AT 1; Dmg 7-28; SA swallows creatures whole; SD edged weapons do 1 hp damage, fire does half damage unless it burns internally; ML 19; AL N.

E. Giant Crocodiles. This part of the swamp seems no different from the rest, but it is home to a pair of giant crocodiles. These huge reptiles have outlived all their kin and, like all reptiles, never stopped growing. If the PCs enter this hex, the crocodiles attack, gaining a -2 on surprise rolls. They either bite (for 0-2 points hull damage) or ram (for 0-1 point damage) a random canoe (equal chance for either attack). An attack has a 40% chance of capsizing the canoe. The crocodiles attack people in the water in preference to attacking a canoe. Both crocodiles fight to the death. The larger one has 10 gold nuggets (worth 5 gp each) imbedded in its stomach wall.

Giant crocodiles (2): AC 4; MV 6, swim 12; HD 7; hp 35, 32; THAC0 13;

#AT 2; Dmg 3-18/2-20; ML 11; AL N; MC.

F. Lizard Folk.

There is a low island of ground ahead of you. The muddy island has been cleared of vegetation, and you can see an odd building on the shore. This round, beehivelike structure appears to be made of dried mud and grass.

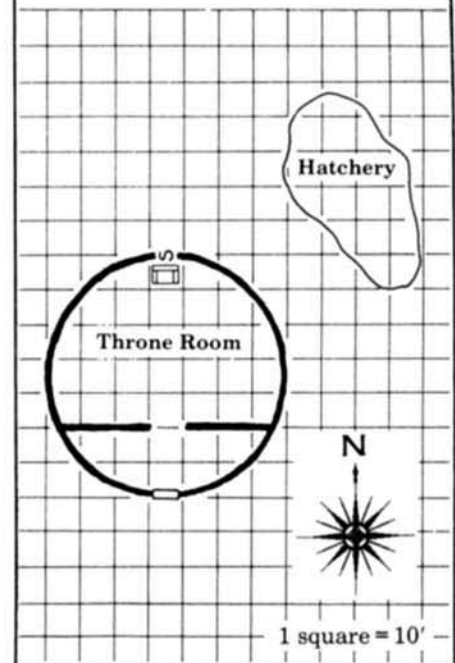
This building is home to a clan of lizard men. Zatmec, the Leopard Men's high priest, often tried to hire the lizard men as mercenaries. But the reptiles, being truly neutral, were repulsed by the evil of the leopard god Kazhak, so completely opposed to the edicts of Semuanya, the lizard men's deity (*Legends & Lore*, page 96). They refused all offers, and their large numbers enabled them to enforce their refusal.

Zatmec, crafty as ever, had his servants capture a lizard king named Ssargo. The high priest used his magic to impress Ssargo (who is not bright by lizard king standards), and the reptile gladly became an ally of the Leopard Men. Zatmec then sent Ssargo to the lizard men's lair, where the lizard king's natural control gave him domination. After killing the lizard men's chief and shaman, and smashing their idol of Semuanya, Ssargo became the dictator of the clan. Zatmec has ordered the lizard men to patrol some areas of the swamp, which frees Leopard Men and leopards for more lucrative tasks.

The lizard men are unhappy with the change in their lives. Among other indignities, Ssargo has ordered the female lizard men to produce three times as many eggs as normal. Ssargo's future army is incubating in the mud banks of the island.

There is no plant cover on the island. If the party approaches openly, 30 **lizard men** (hp 11 each; see Leopard Swamp Encounters table for statistics) leave the building and attack when the PCs are within 100 yards. If all these lizard men are killed, Ssargo tries to defend the lair with the remaining 25 lizard men and 30 **female lizard men** (hp 11 each; see the Leopard Swamp Encounters Table for statistics). They try to hold the door first, falling back to the throne room, then running out the secret door to make a last stand in the hatchery.

LIZARDMAN LAIR Area F



The mud walls around the hatchery are 3' high. Two **giant crocodiles** (hp 35 each; see area E for statistics) stand guard inside and fight all intruders.

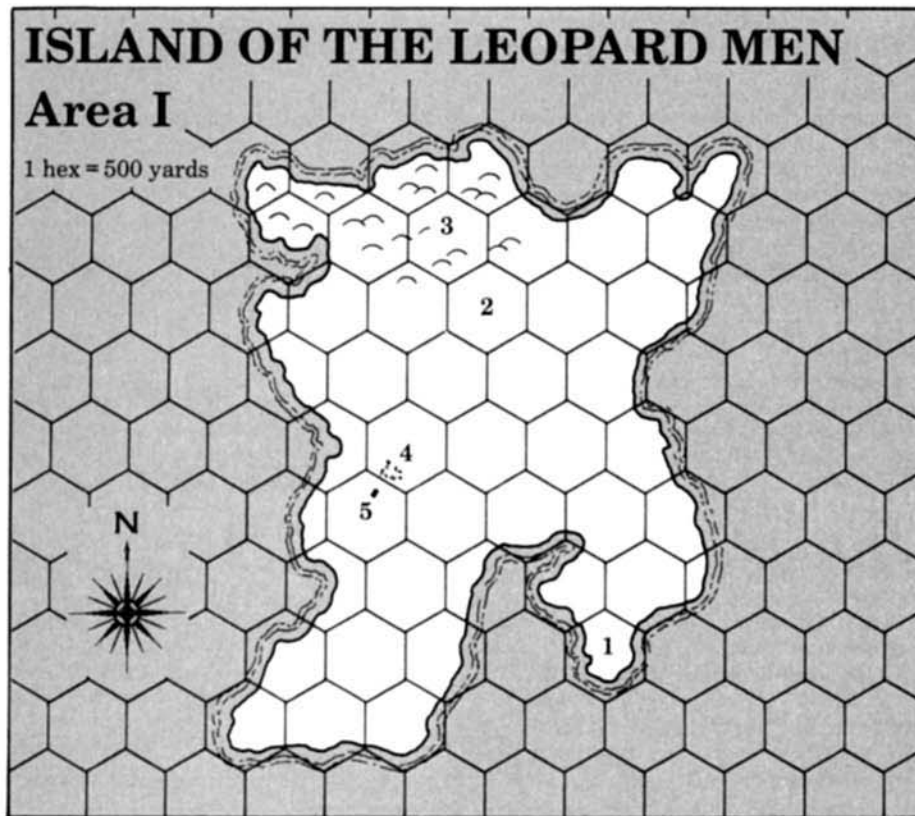
If Ssargo is killed, the surviving lizard men stop fighting and try to make peace with the party. The lizard men will lead the PCs to the island of the Leopard Men (area I); 2-5 lizard men will serve as guides, if that many survive.

There is no treasure among the lizard men. If the PCs search Ssargo's body, they find around his neck a bronze medallion with the snarling leopard emblem of the Leopard Men.

Ssargo (lizard king): AC 3; MV 9, swim 15; HD 8; hp 43; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 5-20; SA skewer; ML 16; AL CE; MC (lizard man); trident.

Lizard man children (40): AC 7; MV 6, swim 10; HD 1; hp 5; noncombatant.

G. Frogs. Another small island lies in this area of the swamp, with a large area of open water around it. This is the camp of a troop of bullywug mercenaries, hired by Zatmec to patrol this part of the swamp. There are 40 normal bullywugs (hp 5) armed with spears, four bullywug warriors (hp 8), and a



bullywug leader (hp 13). They keep 15 **giant frogs** (hp 24 each; see Leopard Swamp Encounters table for statistics) of the largest sort for use as mounts. One of the warriors has a pack of 20 killer frogs under his control.

If the PCs travel through this hex, they encounter the bullywugs just after the creatures have broken camp. Thus, all are mounted; they ride four per frog, with the warriors and the leader alone on their frogs.

Unless the party's canoes are invisible, the bullywug sentries spot them moving through the open water. The whole group charges forward into battle, starting 40' away from the PCs. The bullywugs use their spears as lances from the backs of their weird mounts. There is a 25% chance per canoe that a giant frog will try to clamber aboard, automatically capsizing the canoe. The killer frogs attack one canoe on command from their trainer. When 25 bullywugs, two warriors, and the leader are slain, the rest will flee.

Each bullywug has 1-4 sp, the warriors have 2-8 sp, and the leader has 25 gp plus a bronze medallion of the Leopard Men.

Bullywugs (44): AC 6; MV 3, swim 15; HD 1; hp 8 (×4), 5 (×40); THAC0 19; #AT 3 or 1; Dmg 1-2/1-2/2-5 or by weapon type; SA hop; SD camouflage; ML 10; AL CE; MC.

Bullywug leader: AC 5; MV 3, swim 15; HD 2; hp 13; THAC0 19; #AT 3 or 1; Dmg 2-3/2-3/3-6 or by weapon type +1; SA hop; SD camouflage; ML 10; AL CE; MC.

Killer frogs (20): AC 8; MV 6, swim 12; HD 1 +4; hp 6; THAC0 19; #AT 3; Dmg 1-2/1-2/2-5; ML 6; AL nil; MC (frog).

H. Water Snake. A giant anaconda lives in an underground cavern on the edge of an island in this hex. If the PCs enter this area, the snake silently glides out of concealment and follows the last canoe. The snake tries to coil around a PC in the rear of the canoe (with a 4 in 6 chance to surprise). If successful, the snake drags its victim to the bottom of the swamp (8' deep here) and holds the unfortunate person down until he drowns (see WSG, page 43). If the snake is reduced to 8 hp or less, it releases its victim and retreats to its lair. It has no treasure.

Giant constrictor snake: AC 5; MV 9; HD 6 +1; hp 31; THAC0 15; #AT 2; Dmg 1-4/2-8; SA constriction; ML 9; AL N; MC (snake).

Island of the Leopard Men (Area I)

This island, the largest in the swamp, is the home of the Leopard Men. On this firm and fertile ground, the Leopard Men have killed off all large animals and dominate all remaining life.

Leopard Men always wear cloaks of leopard hide, with each leopard head mounted on top of the monk's head, the animal's front legs tied to the arms, and the rear legs tied to the monk's legs. The tail hangs free behind. Each monk also wears the steel-clawed gloves of the cult and a loin cloth.

If the PCs camp in any of the hexes adjacent to the island, they automatically encounter a Leopard Man patrol consisting of 11 Leopard Men and five leopards (details follow). The monks and their leopard pets fight to the death. However, one leopard will be told to run and warn the other monks at the temple. If it escapes, there will be no chance to surprise the other Leopard Men at their village. A maximum of three such patrols may be encountered; if any patrol is slain, its absence will be noted at the village of the Leopard Men in 1-8 hours.

Leopard Men (10): AC 7; MV 18; Monk4; hp 15; THAC0 18; #AT 5/4; Dmg 1d6 +2; ML 14; AL LE. These monks may *speak with animals* at will (as per the priest spell), and *ESP* has only a 30% chance of success against them. They may fall up to 20' without harm if within 1' of a wall. They are surprised only 28% of the time using AD&D 1st Edition rules; give them a -1 modifier to surprise using AD&D 2nd Edition rules. Their thief skills are: OL 37%, F/RT 35%, MS 33%, HS 25%, HN 15%, CW 88%.

Leopard Man leader: AC 6; MV 20; Monk6; hp 21; THAC0 18; #AT 3/2; Dmg 2d4 +3; ML 16; AL LE. This monk may *speak with animals* at will (as per the priest spell), and *ESP* has only a 26% chance of success against him. He may fall up to 30' without harm if within 4' of a wall, is immune to disease of any sort, is never affected by *haste* or *slow* spells, may use self-induced catalepsy to appear to be dead for 12 turns (2 hours), and is surprised only 24% of the time using AD&D 1st Edition rules

(give him a -1 modifier to surprise using AD&D 2nd Edition rules). His thief skills are: OL 47%, F/RT 45%, MS 47%, HS 37%, HN 20%, CW 92%.

Leopards (5): AC 6; MV 12; HD 3+2; hp 17; THAC0 17; #AT 3 (claw/claw/bite); Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-6; SA rear claws for 1-4/1-4 if both front claws hit, -3 on victim's surprise roll, leap 20' up or 25' ahead, climb and swim 99%; SD surprised only on a 1; ML 9; AL N; MC (cats, great). Use these statistics for all leopards encountered in this module.

When the PCs enter the hex marked I on the DM's map, read the following to the players:

After you pass through a long stretch of open water, a large island comes into view. Judging from the stands of reeds that stretch out of sight to either side, the island is at least two miles long.

While the PCs are on the island, roll for random encounters for every hex they travel through, with a 1 in 6 chance of an encounter. All encounters will be with a patrol of one Leopard Man leader and 10 ingogo, a new monster originally detailed in DRAGON issue #122.

Leopard Man leader: AC 6; MV 20; Monk6; hp 24; THAC0 18; #AT 3/2; Dmg 2d4+3; ML 16; AL LE; see the previous statistics on the Leopard Man leader of the off-island patrol for more information on his powers and skills.

Ingogo (10): AC 6; MV 12; HD 1+3; hp 8; THAC0 19; #AT 2 hand grasps, 1 bite; Dmg 1-6 (bite); SD immune to all enchantment/charm spells; ML 12; AL NE; taken from "Gaming the Dark Continent," in DRAGON issue #122. The ingogo are a race of man-eating creatures that look like large baboons with humanlike faces. They are dirty, odorous, and foul in general. Zاتمec recently enlisted a tribe of the baboon men into his service and uses them for patrolling the island, which frees Leopard Men for other duties. Each ingogo has two grasping (no damage) attacks and one bite attack. If either grasping attack hits, the ingogo bites at +4 to hit and +1 to damage. These bonuses last until the ingogo is killed. This creature is derived from African legends.

Key to the Island

For the following encounters, use the Island of the Leopard Men (Area I) map.

Several areas on the island have their own detail maps.

I1. Canoes. There are 20 small canoes drawn up on the beach here, each about the same size as the party's canoes. A small 10' x 10' hut stands nearby. Inside the hut are three Leopard Men who keep tabs on the groups using the canoes. If these guards are attacked, one of them will try to escape and warn the temple (area I5), while the other two fight savagely, since the canoes are vital to their existence. None of them has any treasure, although their leopard-skin cloaks could serve as temporary disguises.

Leopard Men guards (3): AC 6; MV 20; Monk6; hp 26, 25, 23; THAC0 18; #AT 3/2; Dmg 2d4+3; ML 16; AL LE; see the previously given statistics on the Leopard Man leader of the off-island patrol for more information on their powers and skills.

I2. Stake.

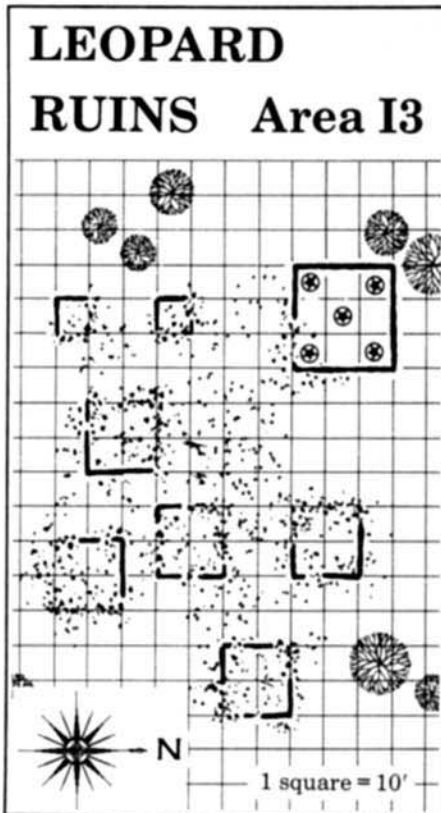
A large wooden stake has been driven into the ground here, with a pair of copper manacles set into the wood. You can see many scratches and gouges in the wood, and old bloodstains are splashed everywhere. Many bones litter the ground.

Anyone who examines the bones can see that they are human. A PC with tracking or hunting abilities will notice many large cat tracks in the dirt. The stake is used to hold victims given to the leopards at area I3.

I3. Leopard Ruins.

This part of the island rises into a circle of low hills with a central bowl-shaped valley. At the center of the valley, you can see a number of crumbled stone buildings. There are a few walls standing, along with one building that is almost intact. Everything else is in ruins; the buildings have collapsed, and you can see where a tower has fallen onto a lower building.

The map above shows the layout of the rubble, walls, and single standing building. The people whose village stood here vanished ages ago when the



swamp advanced and swallowed the fields around the town. Long after these people moved away, a group of natives who belonged to a leopard totem cult found the island. When the ancestors of the Leopard Men came to the island, they absorbed these natives into their own culture.

If the PCs watch carefully, even from a distance, they can see many spotted forms moving about in the rubble. There are 23 adult leopards (hp 15-18) and many noncombatant cubs living here. The Leopard Men feed them and take the largest ones to be guards and pets.

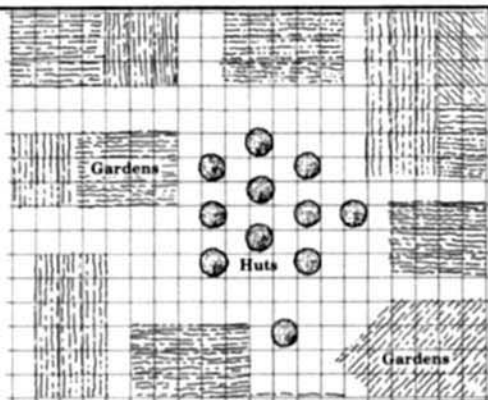
If the PCs wear the leopard-skin cloaks of the Leopard Men as disguises, the leopards let them enter the ruins. Otherwise, all the big cats attack (2-8 leopards arrive per round until all 23 are attacking) when the PCs come within 50 yards.

Even if disguised, the PCs will have several leopards near them at all times. There is a 10% cumulative chance per round that a leopard will come within

LEOPARD MEN VILLAGE

Area I4

1 square = 10'



60' to sniff at the party. The disguises will not hold up to the leopard's keen nose, and the cat will attack. In the following round, 5-8 leopards attack, and 2-5 more join in each round thereafter until all 23 have attacked.

The sole standing building is littered with bones, leaves, and hair. Four wooden statues stand on round stone platforms, one in each corner of the building. A fifth platform stands in the center of the room, but there is no statue on it; this statue was taken by the Leopard Men and placed in their temple.

The statues are deity figures: an agricultural goddess with a sickle and a bough laden with grapes, a winged sky god holding a bolt of lightning, and a war god holding a boar spear. All stand about 7' high. The statue in the northwest corner depicts a god of healing holding a staff covered with carved runes. The deity depicted by the statue placed a powerful spell on it. To most eyes, the runes on the staff are meaningless. But to the eyes of a good-aligned cleric, the runes form a spell, and the cleric will also see that there is a cap on the end of the carved staff. No one else can see these things regardless of magic or level. The cap hides a cavity in the staff that holds a bottle of ink, a writing quill, and a sheet of parchment. Using these, the cleric can make a permanent copy of the runic spell, which can be used over and over again.

The runic spell is a counterspell effective against tuyeweras, a new type of undead found only in the Leopard Men's temple (see the description at the end of this adventure). The spell renders these undead monsters vulnerable to weapons, but the cleric will know only that the spell is used to remove a special unknown enchantment from an unknown type of undead. This counter-

spell affects all tuyeweras within 20' of the cleric reading the scroll; its effect is instantaneous.

14. Village.

The tall elephant grass gives way here to a broad clearing. A small group of thatched huts stands in the center, with vegetable gardens planted around the buildings. The natives you can see are dirty, listless, and dispirited.

These villagers are the dregs of the island's society, those who are not worthy to be trained as Leopard Men. These outcasts make a meager living by farming and fishing. They supply food to the temple and raise children. The monks keep a close watch on the village and have left five **leopards** (hp 17 each) to live here among the huts. Naturally, the villagers resent this treatment and have no desire to aid the Leopard Men.

The villagers will not hinder the PCs but merely watch the party, answering questions with surly and vague answers. They point out the direction of the temple (area I5) if asked.

One hut stands by itself to the south of the village. This is the home of Catemoc, a former Leopard Man priest who was expelled for laziness and incompetence. He is desperate to regain his position and regards the PCs' arrival as an opportunity to prove his worthiness.

If the PCs enter the village, Catemoc sends word to the villagers to arm themselves. One turn after the PCs arrival, 32 villagers half-heartedly attack them. Catemoc stays in the rear to command and cast spells. He uses his person-affecting spells (*silence*, *command*, etc.) to neutralize spell-casting PCs. When these run out, Catemoc stays at the

back of the battle, hoping the other villagers will overcome the PCs. He won't join the melee until five or more villagers are defeated.

Once 10 villagers are slain, the rest flee, leaving Catemoc and the leopards to face the PCs alone. If the PCs give chase, the villagers fight only to protect their 13 noncombatant children. Catemoc is not very brave and will try to surrender if reduced to 10 hp or less. The leopards will fight to the death, except for one that runs to warn the monks at the temple. If it escapes, there will be no chance to surprise the monks.

There is little treasure here. Each hut holds 0-5 cp. Catemoc's hut has a chest holding 14 gp, 20 sp, 30 cp, and a spell scroll that Catemoc stole from Zatmec for his own protection. The scroll contains a counterspell for rendering tuyeweras (described at the end of this adventure) vulnerable to weapons and is identical to the runic spell found at the leopard ruins (area I3).

Villagers (32): AC 10; MV 12; zero-level humans; hp 5-7; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 8; AL any neutral or evil; clubs.

Catemoc: AC 7; MV 12; Monk1/C7; hp 33; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg by spell, by weapon type, or 1-3 (open hand); W 15; ML 11; AL LE; leather armor, shield, club; spells: *bless*, *command* (×2), *cure light wounds* (×2), *hold person* (×2), *silence 15' radius*, *continual light*, *dispel magic*, *cure serious wounds*.

15. Temple of the Leopard Men. The temple stands 300 yards southwest of the native village (area I4). A trampled dirt path leads from the village through the elephant grass to the temple.

A large stone building looms ahead of you. The stone is dark granite, and the building stands about 20' high. Three broad long steps lead up to the entrance.

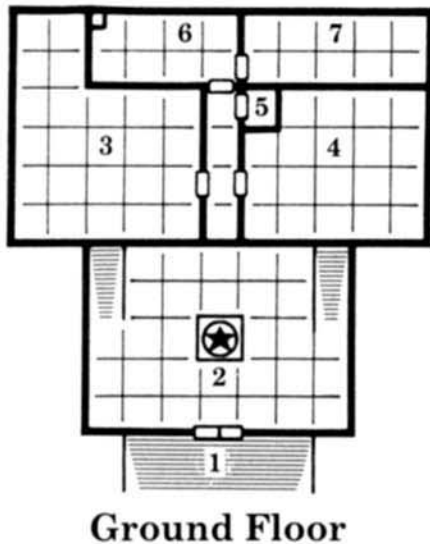
There are several opportunities in the adventure for leopards to warn the monks in the temple of the PCs arrival. If this has occurred, the Leopard Men will be alert and cannot be surprised. Leopards that gave the warning will wait on the steps with the one leopard permanently stationed there (see area I).

Unless noted otherwise, all rooms are 10' high. All Leopard Men wear the traditional leopard-skin cloak. Also, all of the monks wear steel-clawed gloves.

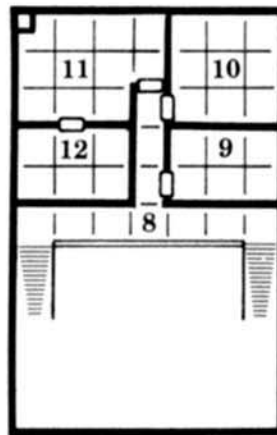
TEMPLE OF THE LEOPARD MEN

Area I5

1 square = 10'



Ground Floor



Second Floor



Dungeon



Ground Floor

1. Steps.

The three steps leading up to the double-door entrance are broad slabs of solid granite. The doors and walls of the building are featureless, with no carvings or ornamentation.

One **leopard** (hp 17) always stays on the steps as a guard. If any leopards previously encountered escaped to give the warning here, they will be on the steps with the assigned guard leopard. If the PCs openly approach the building, or if the leopard detects them, it growls a warning that can be clearly heard by anyone in room 2. If the PCs walk onto the steps or attack from a distance, the leopard leaps to the attack.

2. Shrine.

The room beyond the doors is 70' × 60', and 20' high. A balcony (area 8) set into the north wall overlooks the room. In the center of the floor, a large wooden statue of a sitting leopard is elevated on a slab of

stone. The animal's head is held low, its eyes glaring. Two sets of stairs lead up to the balcony.

The double doors are closed but not locked. If the temple has been warned of the PCs' approach, six guards from room 3 are stationed here, three in front of the north doorway, and three up on the balcony. Otherwise, there are only four guards here, two on each level. In either case, the guards shout an alarm when the PCs enter, alerting rooms 3, 4, 9, 10, and 11. The Leopard Men from those rooms arrive three rounds later. While the monks melee, their leaders will not hesitate to use magic in the temple to defeat the PCs. Six **leopards** (hp 17 each) are always stationed on the balcony. If an enemy approaches within 10' of the balcony, the leopards leap down on them and attack. The Leopard Men will try to keep the PCs in this room and off the balcony so that all attacks can be concentrated on them.

A PC who examines the statue must roll an intelligence check. If the check is successful, the PC notices that the base of the statue is set on rolling wheels.

The wheels, however, are locked down. A thief must make a successful picklocks roll to unlock them. The statue can then be rolled aside, although this requires a total of 100 strength points. The trapdoor beneath the statue leads down into the dungeon (room 13). A ladder has been set into the side of the shaft and runs 50' straight down to the floor of the room below.

3. Barracks.

There are many bundles of sleeping blankets scattered about the floor, but there are no other furnishings in this room.

This room serves as a barracks for the Leopard Men who serve as common soldiers. A total of 50 are quartered here, but only 20 are currently in the temple; the others are on patrols. Of the 20 that are here, either four or six are on guard duty in room 2. The rest are meditating in this room. There is also a **tuyewera** (hp 30, see end of module for statistics), placed here by Zatmec to keep an eye on things. The undead creature makes the monks nervous, but

they are forced to tolerate it. If surprised in this room, the Leopard Men and tuyewera have no choice but to fight to the death. Combat in here alerts rooms 4 and 6 (and vice versa).

Leopard Men (20): AC 7; MV 18; Monk4; hp 17; THAC0 18; #AT 5/4; Dmg 1d6+2; ML 14; AL LE; see the previously given statistics on the 4th-level monk Leopard Men in the off-island patrol for more information on their powers and skills. Each monk carries 2-8 gp and nothing else. There is nothing among the blankets.

4. Champion.

This room has several meditation mats on the floor and bundles of sleeping blankets stacked by the east wall. A scarred dummy stands in a corner.

Adammuz, champion of the Leopard Men, lives in this room. Since he trains the monks, the younger ones stay with him until they reach 4th level, then they move to room 3.

If the alarm is raised, these monks run to room 2 as noted previously. Otherwise, all are in here. Adammuz always tries to fight the strongest-looking warrior. The 18 trainees fight enthusiastically, if less skillfully.

The trainees each carry 1-6 gp. Adammuz, as befits a monk, carries only a small pouch with 20 gp and 30 sp. He wears a pair of enchanted leopard-skin gloves with adamantine claws; these do an extra 2 hp damage above the normal open-hand damage of +1 per two levels, and also are +2 to hit.

Adammuz: AC 3; MV 24; Monk10; hp 45; THAC0 14; #AT 2; Dmg 2d6+8; S 16; D 15, C 16, I 13, W 15, Ch 15; ML 18; AL LE. This monk may *speak with animals* at will (as per the priest spell), and *ESP* has only a 16% chance of success against him. He may fall up to 30' without harm if within 4' of a wall, is immune to disease of any sort, is never affected by *haste* or *slow* spells, may use self-induced catalepsy to appear to be dead for 20 turns, may *heal* himself for 1d4+4 hp once per day, is 55% resistant to certain mind-affecting spells (*beguiling*, *charm*, *hypnosis*, and *suggestion*), has an effective intelligence of 18 against *telepathic* and *psionic blast* attacks using 1st Edition psionics rules, and is surprised only 16% of the time using AD&D 1st Edition rules (give him

a -2 modifier to surprise using AD&D 2nd Edition rules). His thief skills are: OL 67%, F/RT 65%, MS 78%, HS 63%, HN 30%, CW 99%.

Novices (10): AC 10; MV 15; Monk1; hp 5; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3; ML 12; AL LE; thief skills: OL 25%, F/RT 20%, MS 15%, HS 10%, HN 10%, CW 85%.

Initiates (5): AC 9; MV 16; Monk2; hp 7; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 +1; ML 12; AL LE; thief skills: OL 29%, F/RT 25%, MS 21%, HS 15%, HN 10%, CW 86%.

Brothers (3): AC 8; MV 17; Monk3; hp 10; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 +1; ML 12; AL LE; thief skills: OL 33%, F/RT 30%, MS 27%, HS 20%, HN 15%, CW 87%. These monks may *speak with animals* at will (per the priest spell).

5. Garbage Disposal. This room is bare except for a 15'-deep pit in the floor used for disposing of garbage. A black pudding lies at the bottom of the pit. The pudding has dissolved everything, so there is no treasure here.

Black pudding: AC 6; MV 6; HD 10; hp 50; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg 3-24; SA dissolves wood and metal; SD immune to acid, cold, and poison; ML special; AL nil; MC (puddings, deadly).

6. Forge.

A wave of hot air hits you as the door opens. The room inside has been set up as a blacksmith's workshop. There are several anvils on the floor, and smith's tools hang on racks on the walls. A large forge and chimney sit in the northwest corner.

This is where the Leopard Men forge their medallions, coins, and steel claws. The smith and his apprentice are both here unless alerted to combat in room 2. Neither wears the steel-clawed gloves, since these interfere with their work. If cornered, both fight with their heavy hammers (Dmg 2-5).

Smith: AC 10; MV 12; Monk1/F8; hp 60; THAC0 13; #AT 3/2 or 1; Dmg by weapon type or 1-3 (open hand); S 18/80; D 14, C 16, I 13, W 10, Ch 13; ML 18; AL LE; see area 4 for other statistics on thieving skills for 1st-level monks.

Apprentice: AC 10; MV 12; Monk1/F2; hp 18; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 17, D 14, C 17, I 12, W 11, Ch 12; ML 12; AL LE; see area 4 for other statistics on thieving skills for 1st-level monks.

The room contains many items for metal working. In addition to a complete set of anvils and hammers, there are molds for medallions, coins, and claws. Raw materials include 10 bars of bronze stock (worth 2 gp, weigh 5 lbs. each), 20 bars of iron stock (worth 1 gp, weigh 5 lbs. each), and five bars of silver stock (worth 5 gp, weigh 1 lb. each). Beneath the largest anvil (requires a combined strength of 30 to move), there is a cavity in the floor holding a small bar of adamantite worth 500 gp and weighing 2 lbs. Sufficient tools are here for any metal work needed, from simple forging to weapon crafting.

7. Storage.

Many things have been stored in here: boxes, barrels, kegs, coils of rope, and the miscellaneous items needed for everyday life. A small stove sits in the corner with many cooking tools.

This room doubles as a storeroom and kitchen. The food in the boxes totals 50 weekly units of iron rations. There is one small keg of wine (worth 10 gp), but the other barrels hold water. Other items in the room include 150' of rope, boards, nails, spikes, bags, 10 flasks of oil, and numerous mundane items of only practical value.

Second Floor

8. Balcony. This narrow walkway overlooks room 2. Six **leopards** (hp 17 each) are stationed here. When the PCs enter room 2, the leopards wait for an opportune moment to leap down on them.

There are either two or three Leopard Men on guard duty here, as noted in the description of room 2. These men try to keep the PCs from gaining the balcony. The occupants of rooms 9, 10, and 11 arrive three rounds after the alarm is raised.

9. Assassin.

This room is sparsely furnished with three cots, a prayer mat, and a footlocker. A rack on the south wall holds a spear, a scimitar, two throwing daggers, and a short bow. A target hangs on the east wall, and a practice dummy stands in the far corner.

This is the quarters of Talico (the Leopard Men's assassin), his two apprentices, and four leopards (hp 17 each). Talico is the agent of fear who carries out murderous assignments among the native villages, killing those who criticize or rebel against the Leopard Men.

When the alarm is raised, Talico sends his apprentices and leopards out to melee, then spends one round covering himself with a bag of *dust of disappearance* (which lasts for 2-20 turns). He enters the balcony (area 8) and uses his short bow against any PCs who stand in the clear. Talico has a black rune-covered arrow, an *arrow of slaying mages* +3. He will use this only if he is sure one of the PCs is a wizard (he is familiar with mage-type spells). When his arrows are gone, Talico slips down the stairs to backstab PCs in room 2.

The two apprentices each have 1-20 gp. Talico carries 28 gp in his pouch. His footlocker holds clothing, 20 arrows, a dagger, and a pouch with 50 gp and a 500-gp sapphire. The weapons in the rack are normal practice weapons.

Talico: AC 6; MV 12; Monk1/T8; hp 39; THAC0 17; #AT 1 or 2 (with bow); Dmg by weapon type or 1-3 (open hand); S 14, D 18, C 16, I 13, W 15, Ch 10; ML 18; AL LE; *short bow* +1, 20 arrows in quiver, *scimitar* +3, *dagger* +1; thief skills: PP 65%, OL 65%, F/RT 50%, MS 60%, HS 55%, DN 55%, CW 90%.

Apprentices (2): AC 9; MV 12; Monk1/T1; hp 4; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type or 1-3 (open hand); ML 12; AL LE; *scimitars*, *daggers*; thief skills: PP 25%, OL 20%, F/RT 15%, MS 20%, HS 15%, DN 25%, CW 60%.

10. Mage.

This room seems to be devoted to study. A bookcase stands against the north wall, with many books and scrolls on its shelves. A set of shelves on the south wall holds dozens of bottles. A large table stands in the center of the floor, and a cot is placed against the east wall.

Kilero is the chief advisor to Zatmec. He is proud of his spell power and will not hesitate to use it. He first uses spells that affect only individual enemies (*magic missile*, etc.), saving area-affecting spells (*fireball*, etc.) as a last resort. His *wand of steam and vapor* is used on PCs who get close enough to melee.

Most of the books and scrolls are about mundane subjects, written in a language unknown to the PCs. The 44 books are worth 5-20 gp each to a sage, and the 30 scrolls are worth 2-8 gp each. There are two magic scrolls among the others. One has *hold monster* and *confusion* spells inscribed, while the other has *protection from normal missiles*. The bottles hold chemicals and spell components. One of the bottles is filled with gold dust (20 gp worth), but the others are worthless. Kilero carries 40 gp in his pouch.

Kilero: AC 4; MV 12; Monk1/M10; hp 40; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type; S 11, D 16, C 16, I 18, W 10, Ch 9; ML 16; AL LE; *dagger*, *bracers of defense* AC 6, *wand of steam and vapor* (26 charges), spell book (contains all memorized spells and *read magic*); spells: *burning hands*, *charm person*, *magic missile* (×2), *irritation*, *levitate*, *Melf's acid arrow*, *stinking cloud*, *fireball*, *hold person*, *suggestion*, *Evard's black tentacles*, *fumble*, *cone of cold*, *feeblemind*.

11. High Priest.

This is the only room you've seen with any sign of luxury. Leopard skins cover the whole floor, and a large comfortable bed stands by the back wall, with a large chest to one side. A large glass terrarium is on a stand by the chest. Oil lamps hang on every wall. A pair of small cots has been placed near the west wall. A large leopard is pacing the floor.

This is the quarters of Zatmec, high priest and absolute ruler of the Leopard Men. His two apprentices live here also, as does his pet leopard (hp 24); details on these helpers follow. In addition, two *tuyeweras* (hp 30 each; see end of adventure for statistics) are his constant companions.

In melee, here or on the balcony (area 8), Zatmec's *tuyeweras* stand one on each side of him to fight anyone who gets within range. If attacked, Zatmec uses his person-affecting spells first. *Blade barrier* is used to prevent PCs from escaping. *Flame strike* is used only on a group of PCs who are far enough away from Zatmec's own men. Touch spells (*cause blindness*, etc.) are used only in melee. If he runs out of useful spells and is not in melee, Zatmec uses his *staff of thunder and lightning*. The

apprentices use spells or their maces as appropriate.

Zatmec will never surrender, and while he is alive the others fight savagely to the death (however, see area 13 for notes on Zatmec's reactions should he be near death). If Zatmec is killed, there is a 5% cumulative chance per round that the surviving Leopard Men will lose heart and flee.

Zatmec wears a pair of gloves with short steel claws that do not interfere with his spells. The short claws give him a bonus of +1 on open-hand damage. If he is reduced to 20 hp or less, Zatmec uses his *word of recall* spell to escape to the temple dungeon (area 13).

The apprentices each have 2-40 gp. Zatmec carries 55 gp in his pouch, along with the keys to his chest and lab (area 12). The chest is locked and has a poison-needle trap (save vs. poison or die). Inside the chest are two leopard-skin cloaks, 1,500 gp, 20 gems (worth 500 gp each), and a potion of *extra healing*. Beneath the false bottom of the chest is a cavity that holds two scrolls. One scroll has the counterspell to make *tuyeweras* vulnerable to weapons—identical to the spell in the leopard ruins (area 13). The other scroll lists the names of Leopard Men spies who live in the native villages around Fort Thunder. A merchant of Fort Thunder will pay up to 200 gp for this scroll, for its usefulness in rooting out the last Leopard Men.

The leopard is Zatmec's pet and is here to guard his possessions. It attacks anyone who does not wear a leopard-skin cloak. Due to its size and skill, this leopard is +2 to hit on all attacks. It picks one opponent and fights to the death.

The terrarium houses a dozen small but deadly spiders. Anyone foolish enough to put a bare hand in will be automatically bitten and must save vs. poison at -2 or die. Zatmec uses these to guard the door to his lab (area 12).

Zatmec: AC 3; MV 17; Monk3/C12; hp 55; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 2-7 (open hand) or by spell or weapon type; S 16, D 16, C 15, I 12, W 18, Ch 14; ML 19; AL LE; *bracers of defense* AC 3, *footman's mace* +2, *staff of thunder and lightning* (20 charges); spells: *bless*, *command* (×3), *cure light wounds* (×3), *darkness*, *chant* (×2), *hold person* (×3), *silence 15' radius* (×2), *cause blindness* (×2), *dispel magic* (×4), *cloak of fear*, *cure serious wounds* (×2), *poison*, *cure*



Destroying the book within 24 hours will reverse the effects, preventing the person from turning into a tuyewera. Once the transformation is complete, only a *wish* spell can restore the character. A good-aligned character who destroys the book gains 1,000 xp.

13. Dungeon.

As you look down into the large room below the leopard statue, your light shines on a huge mound of treasure. Elephant tusks make up the largest part of the pile, but you can see tall clay vases and kegs among the ivory. There are two large boxes by the ladder, and you can also see many bits and pieces of weapons, armor, and adventuring gear. A second glance shows that some items that look like ivory are really many white bones scattered over the floor.

This underground room is where the Leopard Men store their ill-gotten gains. The amount of treasure here is huge and will require a minimum of five hours to sort.

There are 12 alcoves set into the walls. Each is hidden by a secret door. Eleven of these spaces each have two **tuyeweras** (hp 30 each) squatting inside. The alcove marked with an X is Zatmec's sanctuary for his *word of recall* spell. The following magical items are stored here: two potions of *extra-healing*, a *rod of cancellation* (one charge), two clerical scrolls (*flame strike*, *hold person*). A large lever is set into the wall of this alcove.

If Zatmec is in his sanctuary, he watches the room through an eyeslit in the door. When four PCs (if there are that many survivors) have descended to the ground, Zatmec pulls down the lever, causing the leopard statue above to roll back over the trapdoor and lock into place. It cannot be rolled back from below unless a *knock* spell first unlocks it. If the lever in the alcove is pushed back up, the leopard statue rolls away from the trapdoor.

When the lever is pulled down, the secret doors all swing open and 22 tuyeweras shuffle out to attack with their heavy machetes (Dmg 2-7).

Zatmec stays out of melee and uses his spells and magical items to attack the PCs. If Zatmec is reduced to 15 hp or less and survives, he calls in desperation to Kazhak for aid. His call is an-

critical wounds, *flame strike*, *blade barrier*, *heal*; see the statistics for the 3rd-level monks in area 4 for details on thief abilities and monk-class powers.

Apprentices (2): AC 6; MV 9; Monk 1/C3; hp 19; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by spell, weapon type, or 1-3 (open hand); W 12 (5% chance of spell failure); ML 13; AL CE; studded leather armor, shield, footman's mace; spells: *command*, *cure light wounds*, *hold person*.

12. Lab. The door to this room is locked. One of the deadly spiders from the terrarium in Zatmec's room (area 11) sits on the back side of the handle. Anyone who grasps the door or picks the lock without gloves or gauntlets is automatically bitten and must save vs. poison at -2 or die. Zatmec uses his monkish ability to speak with animals to control the spiders.

The room behind the door is a horrible sight. On each of three large tables lies a corpse, its legs removed at the knees. A podium holding an open book stands near the north wall.

This is where Zatmec creates his tuyeweras, as Leopard Men high priests have done for centuries. The corpses were all enchanted recently, but the spell requires a full day after casting before it takes effect. One tuyewera will animate 5-8 rounds after the PCs enter the room, and the others will animate in 11-20 hours. Before animation, the corpses do not radiate magic or evil, or react in any way to the PCs' actions. If Zatmec is not here to control the undead when they animate, the tuyeweras seek out and attack living creatures on their own.

The book on the podium contains notes on the procedure for making tuyeweras. It was discovered by the ancestors of the Leopard Men, hidden in the leopard ruins (area I3). It also contains the spell used to animate tuyeweras and the counterspell that makes them vulnerable to weapons.

The book radiates magic and evil. Any nonevil person who carries the book will lose one point of constitution per week and turn into a tuyewera when his constitution drops to 2. Both of his legs will simultaneously shrivel into nothing, as if struck by a *staff of withering*.

swered (even a *silence* spell cannot stop it), but at a high price. Since he has failed, Zاتمec is killed instantly and his tuyeueras crumble into dust. One round after the call, a spirit leopard appears in Zاتمec's alcove. This is a personal servant of Kazhak, who hails from an alternate Prime Material plane. Since the spirit leopard is a creature of a Prime Material plane, it cannot be turned by clerics. The spirit leopard will try to destroy the PCs. If it is slain, the spirit leopard vanishes and returns to its home world.

The spirit leopard looks like a leopard but is larger than a cave bear. Its eyes sparkle with intelligence, and its upper fangs are long like those of a sabertooth cat. Its claws are very long and cannot be completely sheathed.

The spirit leopard has several special abilities. Its leaping ability allows it to move anywhere in the room in only seconds. Due to its size, it can attack three different opponents at once if they are to its front or sides. Once every five rounds, it can direct a blasting roar at one opponent, who must pass a wisdom check on 1d20 or else be stunned and helpless for three rounds. The spirit leopard has 120' infravision and can detect *invisible* objects at will.

The spirit leopard's most deadly attack is its bite. On a natural to-hit roll of 18 or 19, the bite does double damage, and the opponent will be held fast in the mouth. The spirit leopard automatically does normal bite damage to the held victim every round thereafter. On a natural to-hit roll of 20, all of the above occurs, and the victim is drained of one level of experience in the first round of biting.

The spirit leopard has a number of spell-like powers that can be cast one per round: *dispel magic*, *fear* (as a *wand of fear*), *suggestion*, *darkness* 15' radius.

Spirit leopard: AC -2; MV 18; HD 15; hp 85; THAC0 5; #AT 3 (claw/claw/bite); Dmg 1d6 +4/1d6 +4/5d4; SA spells, bite; SD +2 or better weapon to hit, 30% magic resistance, immune to *charm* and *hold* spells; ML 20; AL NE. This is a new monster created for this adventure.

The bulk of the treasure is elephant tusks, many yellowed and broken with age. The valuable ones include: 12 worth 600 gp each, 22 worth 500 gp each, 30 worth 400 gp each, 54 worth 300 gp each, 48 worth 200 gp each, 40 worth 100 gp each. Ivory has a weight

in pounds equal to one-quarter its gold-piece value.

There are eight kegs of spices. Three have spoiled, but the others are worth 50 gp each. A small cedar box (worth 10 gp) holds 10 sticks of incense (worth 20 gp each). There are two bolts of cloth stolen from a caravan (worth 40 gp each).

Eight vases of native make stand out of the pile. Each is filled with 4d100 +400 gold nuggets (worth 5 gp each). Four large woven baskets are each filled with 4d100 +300 uncut gems (worth 10 gp each).

One of the large boxes is filled with native jewelry. There are 40 pieces of ivory and silver (worth 500 gp each), nine necklaces of silver and gems (worth 1,000 gp each), a pair of gold armbands (worth 300 gp each), and 34 large hoop earrings (worth 20 gp each).

The other box is filled with a variety of objects taken from the few adventurers who penetrated this far into the swamp. The PCs will quickly recognize that these items were made in their own culture. There are 560 gp, 402 sp, 110 cp, 30 gold rings (one is a *ring of water walking*; the others are worth 10 gp each), two tinderboxes, three silver mirrors,* four flasks of oil, two sets of thief picks, a dozen assorted holy symbols, two potions (*animal control*, *sweet water*), a *periapt of health*, and a *wand of defoliation* (five charges) in a wooden case.

Mixed in with the treasure pile are many weapons and armor pieces: swords, daggers, shields, spears, helmets, etc. Assume that 1-3 of any weapon or armor type can be found, but there is only a 25% chance that it is usable. Rust and dents have ruined most items.

There are a few magical items among the other items. These include: a *long sword* +1, +4 vs. reptiles; a *javelin of lightning*; an *elixir of health*; a *potion of vitality*; a *scroll of protection from plants*; two clerical scrolls (*cure disease*, *restoration*); three wizard scrolls (*stone shape*, *fear*, *passwall*).

Concluding the Adventure

After the Leopard Men are defeated, the PCs will be faced with trying to transport a huge pile of treasure. The DM must carefully enforce encumbrance limits by keeping track of what is being carried by each PC and in each canoe. The PCs obviously cannot remove all the treasure at one time, and the DM

may decide that tribesmen or other adventurers make off with whatever is left behind. And who knows what the PCs will encounter on the way back to Fort Thunder!

If the PCs kill the spirit leopard sent by Kazhak, the DM may set up some type of reprisal: numerous encounters with leopards on the journey home, an encounter with another (bigger) spirit leopard in the future, or even the opening of a gate to the deity's home world so that Kazhak can have his own minions deal with the characters.

Not all the Leopard Men are at the temple. All surviving off-island patrols will return and discover their brethren's defeat, filling them with a desire for revenge. Thirty 4th-level and three 6th-level monks (unless their numbers were reduced by the PCs) will use their spy network to find out where the PCs came from and plan an attack. Entering Fort Thunder at night, these monks ambush the PCs at the inn where they are lodged. They might bring their leopards, too. Details are left to the DM.

If the PCs do not eliminate one or more of the Leopard Men leaders (Zاتمec, Adammuz, Talico, Kifero), these will join up with the followers returning from patrols. This small force will assassinate many native leaders in an attempt to revive the Leopard Men's control and power. Nanga, the native chief introduced at the beginning of the adventure, will be among those targeted. Following this, they will attempt to slay the PCs, though they will use great caution in doing so.

If they have enough experience points to rise a level, the PCs can receive training in Fort Thunder at the usual fees.

Although Galter promised to pay for any clerical services required, there is a limit on what is available. All clerics in the fort are unwilling or unable to cast any spell higher than 6th level for pay. Thus, *cure wounds*, *heal*, and *raise dead* spells are available, but not *restoration* or any other seventh-level spell.

continued on page 35



TOMB IT MAY CONCERN

BY RANDY MAXWELL

You don't know where—
or what—you are.

Artwork by Bob Gladrosich

Randy says that the antagonist in this module was inspired by a Henry Vaughn poem entitled "The World." Of particular interest is the third stanza:

*The darksome statesman, hung with weights
and woe,
Like a thick midnight-fog, moved there so
slow,
He did not stay, nor go;
Condemning thoughts—like sad eclipses—
scowl
Upon his soul,
And clouds of crying witnesses without
Pursued him with one shout.
Yet digged the mole, and lest his ways be
found,
Worked under ground,
Where he did clutch his prey (But one did see
That policy);
Churches and altars fed him; perjuries
Were gnats and flies;
It rained about him blood and tears; but he
Drank them as free.*

"Tomb It May Concern" is an AD&D® adventure for one DM and one player, involving a single paladin of 4th to 6th level. This module is designed as a paladin's quest for his war horse and assumes that the paladin makes this journey alone. The DM may turn the tables on the PC and have the war horse "call" the paladin (see "The Dreams" section). With a little work by the DM, the module may be used as an adventure for a *quested* or *geased* PC other than a paladin. The DM may prefer to change the module to suit a party of 4-6 characters of 1st and 2nd level. The tomb may be placed under any sylvan glade or forest wilderness. As always, any names or places mentioned in the adventure can be changed to suit the DM's own campaign.

For this scenario, the paladin PC is suffering from amnesia and should be portrayed as a fighter rather than a paladin. The player may be let in on the fact that his paladin has amnesia, or he may be asked to play a "new" character for one session. This "new" character has the same statistics and ability scores as the paladin but does not remember any of his special abilities, such as turning undead (see "Role-Playing Amnesia" for instructions concerning special abilities). The PC believes himself to be a normal fighter of the same level as the paladin and will act accordingly, but should catch on quickly to the deception.

For the Dungeon Master

The PC has amnesia caused by a blow to the head. He remembers only his name and that he is a fighting man of some sort. He does not remember that he is a paladin. Although the PC still retains all benefits and abilities of paladinhood, he may not remember to use them. He does remember how to use his gear and equipment, and he realizes he is in a dungeon of some sort. He does not remember where he is, how he came to be there, or why he is there. He engages in combat at his present level (i.e., a 5th-level paladin attacks and saves at 5th level). Just as the paladin does not forget how to talk, walk, read, and write (if he knew how to do these things to begin with), he doesn't forget how to use his weapons or armor. The paladin also remembers how to use most magical items. However, a memory roll (see "DMing Amnesia") is required for any magical item that functions by a command word. The paladin has a 15% chance per item of remembering its command word (roll once only per item).

The PC awakens in area 1 of the tomb complex, and his adventure begins there. The DM should carefully note what sorts of things the PC can and cannot know at first, and how the PC may eventually find what he needs.

Role-Playing Amnesia

Amnesia is a complex affliction. It leaves the victim in a strange netherworld where bits and pieces of memories form no coherent whole. It is important to remember that one memory does not necessarily lead to another, but in some cases one memory may trigger another related or unrelated memory. A victim of amnesia may remember his wife but not his parents or children. He may remember his home in minute detail but not what town it is in or what street it is on.

The player should keep in mind that his character may remember that he can detect evil but not that he can turn undead, etc. However, there is a percentage chance (given with the DM's information) that the paladin will remember a given ability or information about his adventure each time he encounters a situation where the ability could be used or the information is appropriate. Thus, each time he encounters undead, the paladin has a nagging

feeling that he knows something important but just can't remember what it is. The paladin retains all automatic special abilities, such as his +2 on all saving throws, immunity to disease, and aura of protection but is not conscious of them. When role-playing an amnesiac, remember to keep player information separate from character information.

DMing Amnesia

The PC is in the middle of an adventure when this module begins, but because of his amnesia he does not remember how it all came about. The DM will relate the information given under various headings ("The Dreams," "The Winter Glade Tale," etc.) as the paladin remembers them. The text instructs the DM to make a "memory roll" on 1d100 to see if the paladin does or does not remember a given detail. If the paladin remembers an ability or piece of information, he may use his knowledge immediately and no further memory rolls need be made for that ability or piece of information. If he does not remember, he is unable to use the ability or information at that time. Even if the paladin remembers he can heal by laying on hands, he cannot cure his amnesia this way. Time will eventually cure the paladin's amnesia, but for magical healing treat amnesia the same as a *forget* spell.

Equipment Carried

The PC is wearing and carrying his normal clothing, weapons, and armor. Unless his weapons or armor have some magical quality, he has no magical items with him. He carries a bullseye lantern on his belt and the following items in his backpack: six torches, two flasks of lamp oil, a tinderbox, a small hammer, 10 iron pitons, 50' of rope, one vial of holy water, a large sack, and food and water for 48 hours. This list may be adjusted by the DM to suit his particular campaign needs or to include equipment that the adventuring PC normally carries.

What Has Gone Before

The following events have already happened to the PC and are given in chronological order. There is no guarantee, however, that the PC will remember them in this order; it is more likely that

he will recall them in a garbled or jumbled sequence.

The Dreams. The paladin has been troubled by a recurrent dream in which he struggled through a winterscape, a blustery wind blowing wet snow in his face, and great bare trees reaching out as if beseeching him for help. The most troubling part of the dream was the hoofbeats. As the paladin struggled through the icy scene, he heard the sound of hoofbeats growing louder and louder until they were suddenly right behind him. In the dream, he turned and looked but behind him was neither an animal nor its tracks, just the endless unbroken line of his own heavy bootprints in the snow. At that point the paladin always woke.

The paladin had virtually the same dream three times, but the third dream ended differently. When he turned to see what was behind him, he saw a scroll and a piece of jewelry in the snow. As he unrolled the scroll, its gold letters disappeared as fast as he could read the words. When he was through, he held nothing but a blank sheet of vellum as white as the falling snow. He then looked down at the jewelry, but it was slowly being covered by the falling snow and he couldn't quite make out what it was. As he bent down to retrieve the object from the snow, he woke.

The PC doesn't know what the piece of jewelry was, but he may remember the poem on the scroll:

*Winter Glade, the cold's desire,
No warmth of sun nor heat of fire.
In tunnel dark or chamber deep,
Break frozen heart, end winter sleep.*

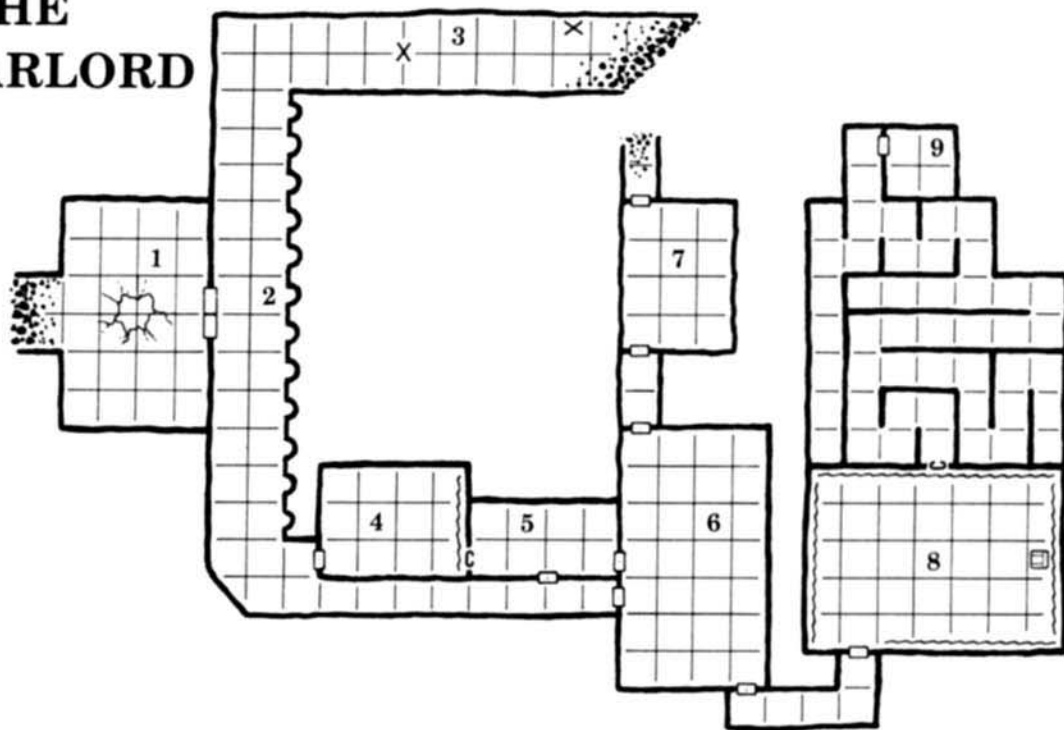
The Sage: The paladin consulted a sage about his dreams and asked what the poem might mean. The sage could tell him only that his dreams had something to do with his war horse, whom the paladin has not yet called. The sage located Winter Glade on a map and told the paladin the tale behind the name.

The Winter Glade Tale: Long ago, in the Year of the Owl, there lived a wizard named Sollers Vestitus. The wizard settled in the sylvan woodlands and befriended all creatures of the glades and groves. He lived as one among them and did no harm to trees or woodland beings.

After a time, though, the wizard slowly changed. Some say he was placed under a curse by an evil sorcerer; others claim he was evil to begin with and

TOMB OF THE SYLVAN WARLORD

1 square = 10'



merely bided his time earning trust and good will until his plans were ripe. Whatever the reason, instead of living among the woodland creatures, he attempted to rule over them. He built himself an underground fortress and proclaimed himself the Sylvan Warlord, claiming ownership of the forest and absolute rule of its denizens. The woodland creatures turned against him and attempted to drive him from the forest.

In the warfare that followed, the wizard could not break the siege on his lair, and the sylvan armies could not breach the lair's defenses. In the end, the desperate wizard placed a curse of everlasting winter upon the glade surrounding his home. No matter how bright the spring or hot the summer day, winter never releases its icy grip from this cursed area. The prolonged winter eventually broke the siege, sending the attacking brownies, centaurs, and satyrs scurrying for shelter in warmer areas of the forest. No one knows what became of Sollers; he was never seen leaving the forest, and it was assumed he died in his underground fortress, perhaps a victim of his own curse. The area is now avoided by everyone and

everything, and it bears the name Winter Glade.

The Search. With the sage's interpretation of his dreams and the clue from the poem, the paladin rode off to find Winter Glade and his war horse. After scouring the area, he found the entrance to the mage's old labyrinth. As his war horse was obviously not in the area, the paladin entered the dungeon hoping to find some clue as to what he was looking for. The rest of his story is continued in the description of area 1 in the following section.

The Tomb of the Sylvan Warlord

Most of Sollers Vestitus's lair collapsed long ago. What remains is guarded by the undead he created for his war with the sylvan creatures, now 200 years past. The entire complex is musty, dusty, dirty, and dingy. The ceilings throughout the tomb are 12' high. Unless otherwise noted, doors open without difficulty and require no strength-based open-doors roll.

1. Entrance Hall. The paladin awakens lying on his back near the

center of the northern wall of this room. His torch still burns nearby.

Upon entering this area, the paladin triggered an explosive gas trap (it cannot be triggered again) that blew him hard into the wall head first, knocking him unconscious for a few seconds and causing the amnesia. The DM may also deduct 1-2 hp damage from the paladin's total, but the PC should begin the adventure relatively unharmed.

When he awakens, the PC remembers entering this room and can recall the poem on the scroll in his dream. It runs through his head over and over, but he does not know its significance.

The paladin may remember additional information without knowing how he came by it. He has a 10% chance (at the start) of remembering the following (roll percentile dice for each):

- that he can turn undead
- that he can heal by laying on hands
- that he can detect the presence of evil intent
- the dreams
- the sage
- the Winter Glade tale

All else is yet too distant and hazy to be remembered.

The room itself was once an assembly area near the entrance to the Sylvan Warlord's lair. It is now just a large, dusty, empty room. The explosion collapsed the entrance tunnel in the western wall and knocked a hole in the roof. If the PC attempts to dig his way out through the rubble of the entrance tunnel, he will see almost instantly that it is impossible. Without material to use for shoring up the roof and walls, dirt and rock fall into the tunnel as fast as they are removed. If the paladin finds material for shoring up the tunnel, it will take him 1d12 + 12 hours to dig his way out.

The hole in the roof is 12' overhead and impossible to reach without a ladder. Even if the paladin fashions a grappling hook out of materials in the dungeon, he has no luck in using it to get out. If the PC attempts to use a grappling hook, roll 1d6 and consult the following results:

1-2: The grapple misses the hole and falls back into the room.

3-4: The hook goes through the hole, doesn't catch on anything, and falls back into the room when the rope is pulled.

5-6: The grapple hooks on something. When the paladin puts his weight on the rope, it pulls free and falls back into the room, bringing down a shower of rubble from the ceiling that does 1-4 hp damage to anyone standing below.

If all the paladin wants to do is get out, he can escape by building a large mound beneath the hole in the roof using the dirt and rock from the collapsed tunnel. It will take 1d12 + 24 hours of hard labor to build a mound high enough to reach the hole.

2. Alcoves. This is nothing but a wide, long hallway. The eastern wall contains 12 curtained alcoves that once housed statues of sylvan creatures. Now each alcove holds the animated skeleton of a brownie.

Brownie skeletons (12): AC 3; MV 12; HD 1; hp 4 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3 (old dagger); SD edged weapons do only half damage, immune to *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, and cold-based spells; ML special; AL N; MC (skeleton); each does 1-3 hp damage with any weapon used. Brownie skeletons have a higher armor class than normal skeletons because they are a much smaller target (only 1½' tall); in combat, a normal-size human or demi-human can only kick or

strike down at them. They are turned as normal skeletons.

When confronted with them, the paladin has a 25% chance of remembering he can turn undead. If the paladin takes 1 hp or more in damage from the skeletons, he has a 25% chance of remembering he can heal by laying on hands.

These skeletons attack only in self defense or if someone moves down this hallway farther than 30' from the door to area 1. Once one skeleton is attacked or begins attacking, all the brownie skeletons attack. These skeletons guard area 2 only and will not pursue the PC into any other area.

3. Collapsed Area. The entire eastern end of this long dusty corridor is blocked by rubble where the roof has collapsed. This was once the main hallway that led to the center of the complex, but most of the hallway's ceiling, as well as the roof of the main area, collapsed long ago. If the PC survives this adventure and returns here with an army of laborers, he could eventually unearth the barracks, dining halls, kitchen, larders, latrines, and storage areas of the complex but would discover nothing of value. The hallway is guarded by eight centaur skeletons.

Centaur skeletons (8): AC 7; MV 18; HD 2; hp 9; THAC0 19; #AT 2; Dmg 1-6/1-6; SD edged weapons do only half damage, immune to *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, and cold-based spells; ML special; AL N; MC (skeleton).

Centaur skeletons move faster than normal skeletons and, due to their curious mix of animal and humanoid bone structures, are more powerful (2 HD) as well. A centaur skeleton is turned as if it were a zombie. These monsters are able to attack twice per round, striking with their bony hooves.

When first confronted with the centaur skeletons, the paladin has a 35% chance of remembering he can turn undead. If the paladin takes any damage in combat with them, he has a 35% chance of remembering his healing ability.

The centaur skeletons immediately attack anyone entering area 3. They will pursue the PC only as far as areas 1 and 2. The centaur skeletons will not follow into area 4. If the PC evades the centaur skeletons by going into area 4, the skeletons remain in area 2 for 1-8 hours before returning to area 3.

Apparently, the paladin is not the first

adventurer to enter the tomb. Lying face down in the center of the hallway are the moldering remains of a halfling corpse, and against the northern wall is another decaying corpse. If the halfling corpse is examined, nothing of any interest is found. If the corpse by the northern wall is examined, the paladin discovers that this dead dwarf has a pouch containing 25 gp in mixed coins and a small silver disk with the dwarf's name and address, Ynvar Swergheim of Mirabar, etched in both the common tongue and in dwarven runes. Still in the dwarf's skeletal hand is a rune-inscribed *hand axe* +1.

The runes say that the axe is a Swergheim family heirloom and declare that anyone caught carrying it without permission will be in for a fight. If he survives this dungeon, the paladin should certainly attempt to return the pouch and axe to the Swergheim family. The paladin need not personally deliver the dwarf's belongings to his family; they may be sent by messenger with a short note as to how the paladin came by them. If the paladin does so, he will receive 500 gp as a reward from the Swergheim family in Mirabar.

4. Meeting Hall. This was once a well-appointed meeting and council chamber. It now contains the rotting remnants of silk and satin sofas and chairs. The eastern wall of the room is covered by a large, heavy tapestry. This room is guarded by six satyr zombies that immediately attack anyone entering the chamber.

Satyr zombies (6): AC 8; MV 9; HD 2; hp 9 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8; SD immune to *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, and cold-based spells; ML special; AL N; MC (zombie, common). Satyr zombies are slightly faster than normal zombies because they were fast when they were alive. The zombies attack using their horns, but like normal zombies they attack last in each round. However, because of their curious humanoid and animal mixture, they are more difficult to control and are turned as ghouls.

When first confronted with the satyr zombies, the paladin has a 35% chance of remembering he can turn undead. If he takes any damage from the satyr zombies, he has a 35% chance of remembering his healing ability.

The tapestry on the eastern wall is old and black with age, making it impossible to tell what it once depicted. If the

PC moves the tapestry to look behind, the fabric collapses, engulfing the PC. This causes no damage, but entangles the PC in the heavy tapestry for 1d4 + 2 rounds before he can work himself free. During this entanglement, the PC suffers a -2 penalty to his to-hit and damage rolls because of the encumbering tapestry. Anyone attacking the PC gets a +4 bonus on to-hit rolls because the paladin is unable to defend himself properly.

The collapse of the tapestry (or some other form of detection) reveals a concealed door that leads to area 5.

5. Storage. This was once a storage room for the laboratory (area 6). It contains shelves and cabinets filled with all sorts of pots, vials, and containers. Many of the containers are either empty; the once-dangerous and expensive alchemical contents of many others have been rendered inert and harmless by time and long exposure to the stale air of the room.

However, if a collection of 12 stoppered jugs in the northwest corner is carefully examined, the PC will find three jugs containing a powerful and still-potent acid. The paladin can use these acid-filled jugs as grenadelike missiles against Sollers (see area 8) or other creatures in the tomb (consult the AD&D 2nd Edition *Dungeon Master's Guide*, pages 62-63 and Table 45: Grenade-Like Missile Effects, page 63). The old jugs holding the acid will break immediately upon hitting something and do not require an item saving throw.

6. Laboratory. This large room is filled with all manner of laboratory equipment: beakers, funnels, hammers, kettles, mortar and pestle, scales, test tubes, tongs, tweezers, vials, and many alchemical devices and other apparatus of arcane usage. The room contains several tables and workbenches that, while rather old and rickety, can be fashioned into a ladder for exiting the crypt through the hole in the ceiling of area 1 or used as digging tools and shoring for clearing the entrance tunnel.

On a table near the northern wall is a large stack of books and papers. If the paladin examines this stack, he will not be able to understand everything but will realize that some of the papers and books are instructions and formulas for

a mage's transformation into a lich. If the paladin destroys the papers and books, he receives 200 xp for the deed. However, these items would be of interest to those of evil alignment, so they may be kept and sold for 200 gp. If the paladin does so, deduct 200 xp from his total. The stacks of books and papers also stir memories in the paladin. While examining the stacks, he has a 50% chance of remembering the sage.

7. Armory. This was once the lair's armory but now holds little more than dust now. There are several wooden racks used for neatly stacking spears and swords, but these hold only three wooden spear shafts without spearheads. The door in the northern wall opens on a collapsed tunnel. If the PC attempts to dig through the rock and earth blocking the tunnel, he will need something to shore up the walls and ceiling. If the PC digs steadily northward for 1d6 + 12 turns, he will break through to area 3. The racks and spear shafts can be used to construct a makeshift ladder for exiting the tomb through the hole in the ceiling of area 1 or used as digging tools and shoring for clearing the entrance tunnel or a tunnel between area 7 and area 3.

8. Tomb. The once-rich furnishings in this large chamber are now crumbling slowly to dust. Rotting tapestries hang on all four walls. The tapestry in the middle of the northern wall conceals the door to the treasury (area 9).

At the eastern end of the room is Sollers Vestitus. He sits on a rickety wooden throne that rests on a dais of rough-hewn granite. He is a curious mixture of the pathetic and the dangerous. Lord of nothing, ruler of naught, Sollers is a victim of his own arrogant mistakes. He attempted lichdom before he was sufficiently powerful to create such a crossing between life and unlife. His eyes glow with a pale hateful light as he sits in a condition he brought upon himself. He has turned himself into a ju-ju zombie.

Semilichdom. Any wizard may attempt to become a lich at any time. Even low-level wizards have been known to try. Whether in terror of death or in some mistaken belief that they held the key to the process, those who attempt lichdom without sufficient power are doomed. The lucky ones die in the process. The unlucky ones cross

the boundary into undeath, arriving on the other side with much less power than a lich.

The term "semilich" is really a misnomer and applies only to wizards who attempt lichdom but succeed in achieving only a lower undead status. The term has nothing to do with the relative power of these creatures. These self-made undead generally appear in a wide range of forms including coffer corpses, ghouls, shadows, mindless zombies, and hate-filled ju-ju zombies. Because of the many variables involved in the lich-creation process (the race and power of the wizard attempting lichdom, and any major or minor mistakes made in the arcane magicks and conjurations involved), the unlucky wizard may find himself as almost any form of undead other than a lich.

Sollers Vestitus (ju-ju zombie): AC 6; MV 9; HD 3 + 12; hp 25; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 3-12; SA attacks as 6-HD monster; SD +1 or better weapon to hit; immune to *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, and cold-based spells; half damage from fire-based attacks and blunt weapons; turned as spectre; ML 13 (self-controlled); AL NE; MC (zombie, ju-ju).

Sollers still retains average intelligence and is, therefore, more intelligent than a normal ju-ju zombie. However, he can no longer cast spells. Sollers has a belt pouch containing seven keys: a large gold one worth 10 gp and six small silver ones worth 1 gp each. The gold key unlocks the door to the treasury (area 9) and the six silver ones unlock the chests therein.

Sollers is aware of the PC from the explosion caused in area 1 but waits here to see if the person daring to enter his lair is a worthy opponent. The unfortunate opponent proves his worthiness by passing the undead guards and finding his way to this tomb, where Sollers has kept himself for the last 200 years. He broods on his failures, on his hatred for living things, and on his revenge should he ever be disturbed.

Once the PC enters this room, Sollers attacks unceasingly and pursues until either he or the PC is dead. However, Sollers will not leave the tomb complex. If he knows or is aware that the PC cannot escape the tomb, he will be in no hurry to kill the paladin but will attempt to prolong the "fun."

Sollers is evil and is affected by a paladin's aura of protection. Upon first meeting Sollers, the paladin has a 75%

chance (roll separately for each) of remembering his dreams, the sage, the Winter Glade tale, and his ability to turn undead. If he takes any damage in combat with Sollers, he has a 90% chance of remembering he can heal by laying on hands.

The door to the maze leading to area 9 is concealed by a tapestry. It otherwise appears to be a normal door, though it requires a strength-based open-doors roll to unjam.

9. Treasury. This small bare room is at the end of a winding maze of corridors. Its locked wooden door will take 10 hp in damage before being knocked from its hinges or before the lock gives away. If the paladin has not recovered the key from Sollers, he will have to batter the door open.

Bugbear zombie: AC 6; MV 9; HD 6; hp 26; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 4-16; SD blunt weapons do only half damage; immune to *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, death magic, and cold-based spells; ML special; AL N; MC (zombie, monster).

This horrible creature was set to guard Sollers treasure before he attempted lichdom. It waits patiently while the door is being battered down or opened with the key but immediately attacks anyone other than Sollers who enters the room. In combat, the thing will not pursue an intruder beyond area 6. The monster zombie can be turned as if it were a ghast.

Upon first meeting the creature, the paladin has a 50% chance of remembering he can turn undead. If the PC takes any damage from the monster zombie, he has a 50% chance of remembering his healing ability.

Sollers's treasury was never huge to begin with, and it was greatly depleted by his conflict with the woodland creatures and by the purchase of the necessary ingredients and devices for the lich-creation process. The remnant of his treasure is arranged in six chests along the western wall. The chests are untrapped, but each is locked and will take 4 hp damage to open. Unless the PC has obtained the keys from Sollers, the PC will have to batter them open.

The first chest contains only mixed coins, mostly silver and electrum pieces, worth 1,000 gp total.

In second chest are 10 vials of unholy water. The paladin should get experience points equal to the gold-piece cost of these items if he consciously destroys



them. The glass is fragile, and if the PC has battered open the chest, 1-10 vials will be broken by the battering (the PC gets no experience points for destroying them accidentally).

The third chest contains three potions: *oil of fumbling*, a *potion of levitation* (the PC may use this potion to escape through the hole in the roof of area 1), and a *potion of healing*. Each potion is in a small stoppered jug. There is a chance that battering the chest open has broken the potion containers (roll a 5% chance for each potion).

Chest four contains jewelry: a necklace worth 150 gp, four rings worth 90 gp each, two brooches worth 50 gp each, and an *equus* (see description at end of adventure to determine type and description). Immediately after discovering the *equus*, the PC remembers that he is a paladin and is aware of all special abilities appropriate to paladinhood (no roll necessary), if he has not remembered them already. He also remembers his dreams and recognizes the *equus* as the piece of jewelry lying in the snow of the third dream. The paladin has a 50% chance of remembering each of the following events: the sage, the Winter

Glade tale, and the search.

Whether he has called for his war horse or not, the paladin recognizes the *equus* for what it is: his war horse. He knows, by divine enlightenment or simple intuitive insight, that this magical item belongs to him. He will not automatically know what it does or what its command word is, but he will know that the piece of jewelry is his by right of that mysterious bond between paladin and war horse. Every paladin knows well that there are no guarantees with fate; he may die or the war horse may be destroyed before he finds the creature. Only the gods know how a particular creature is fated to be a particular paladin's war horse. It is therefore up to the paladin to find the creature, win it, and protect it from harm.

Chest five holds a crystal shard called Sollers's Heart. If the paladin finds Sollers's Heart, he has a 75% chance of remembering the Winter Glade tale and the sage (roll separately for each). The Heart is actually a heart-shaped piece of crystal, cut and polished in such a way

(continued on page 35)

Equus

An *equus* is a magical piece of jewelry that, upon command, *polymorphs* into some form of beast of burden. The word "equus" (plural "equi") comes from an ancient language and has no literal translation in the common tongue. The closest translation is "beast of burden" or "horse," but the word can be applied to anything that is used like a horse. Thus, an actual horse, mule, worg, camel, dogsled team, nightmare, or any other creature that can be ridden, used to pull a load, or carry goods can be termed an *equus*. *Equi* come in many different varieties, with the most common listed below.

While 80% of *equi* are either good or neutrally aligned, 20% *polymorph* into evil creatures such as nightmares, worgs, and giant spiders. It is said that the death knight Shan Nikkolet once possessed an *equus* that *polymorphed* into gorgon form.

Jewelry List

The DM may choose the type of jewelry most appropriate for the PC or roll randomly using 1d8. All jewelry forms of *equus* are worth 101-200 (1d100+100) gp in value. Once the command word is spoken, it takes one round for the piece of jewelry to change into the creature or for the creature to change back into jewelry. The duration of the *polymorph* is unlimited, but while in creature form the *equus* ages as if it were a normal creature. Therefore, the *equus* may grow old and die as any mortal creature. Should this happen, it immediately reverts to its jewelry form and loses all magical properties. If damaged or destroyed in jewelry form, all magic is lost and the *equus* forever ceases to function.

1: **Brooch.** This item is a simple copper or silver brooch in the shape of the creature it *polymorphs* into. The command word is engraved on the reverse of the brooch. It can be pinned to a garment as decoration or used as a clasp for a cloak or cape.

2: **Medallion.** This is a large copper disk with an engraving of the creature it *polymorphs* into on one side and the command word etched on the other.

3: **Coin.** This large silver or gold coin is always broader and thicker than a standard silver or gold piece. One face is stamped with the command word for the item and the other with the creature it turns into.

4: **Bracelet or wristband.** These are invariably made of silver with one side engraved with the creature it will become and the reverse side etched with the command word.

5: **Pendant.** This tiny figurine of a creature hangs from a silver chain. The pendant must be examined carefully to find the command word. When this word is spoken, the figurine *polymorphs* into the creature depicted.

6: **Earring.** This item is the same as the pendant version but is worn through the ear on a wire instead of around the neck.

7: **Cameo.** The cameo may be worn on a chain or pinned to a garment. It is an obsidian silhouette of a creature against a turquoise background. The command word is etched on the reverse side.

8: **Scarab.** This small figurine is carved of either onyx or jade in the likeness of the creature it *polymorphs* into. It must be examined carefully to discover the command word. The scarab cannot be worn on a chain or pinned to a garment but must be carried in a pocket or pouch like a coin or gem.

Creature List

The DM may choose the creature form into which the *equus polymorphs* from the following table. The jewelry form *polymorphs* into one type of creature only. The DM who prefers to roll randomly should add the roll of 1d8 to that of 1d12 and consult the table below. He should use only a creature he feels comfortable with and is sure will not give the PC an unfair advantage in the campaign. Types of creatures can be added to or deleted from the list as the DM sees fit. Any of the following creatures that do not appear in Table 49 on page 78 of the AD&D 2nd Edition *Player's Handbook* should be considered equal to a heavy horse in movement rate and encumbrance.

If the *equus* is slain (reduced to zero hit points or less) in creature form, the creature immediately reverts to jewelry form and cannot be changed into creature form again. Damage to the creature form of the *equus* can be healed magically by *cure wounds* spells. If the creature is allowed food and rest, it heals naturally at the rate of 1 hp per day. However, the *equus* cannot heal itself or be healed in its jewelry form.

2: **Unicorn:** AC 2; MV 24; HD 4 + 4; hp 28; THAC0 15; #AT 3 (hooves and horn); Dmg 1-6/1-6/1-12; SA charge, +2 to hit when attacking with horn, -6 penalty to opponents' surprise rolls; SD *teleport*; immune to poison, *charm*, *hold*, and death spells; can sense approach of enemy at 240 yards distance; makes all

saving throws as 11th-level wizard; ML 16; AL CG; MC. The unicorn's intelligence is 9-12 (1d4+8). It can be ridden only by female characters; if a male character rolls the unicorn, use the ultraheavy war horse (#20) instead.

3: **Giant stag:** AC 7; MV 21; HD 5; hp 30; THAC0 15; #AT 1 (antlers) or 2 (hooves); Dmg 4-16 or 1-4/1-4; ML 14; AL N; MM1/92. This creature's intelligence is 4-7 (1d4+3).

4-5: **Bull:** AC 7; MV 15; HD 4; hp 24; THAC0 15; #AT 2 (horns); Dmg 1-6/1-6; SA charge; ML 15; AL N; MM1/12. The bull has an intelligence of 4-7 (1d4+3).

6-8: **Superheavy war horse:** AC 6; MV 15; HD 4 + 4; hp 28; THAC0 15; #AT 3 (hooves and bite); Dmg 1-8/1-8/1-4; SD 30' infravision, immunity to all *hold* and *charm* spells; ML 16; AL NG; MC (horse). This horse has an intelligence of 7-12 (1d6+6).

9-13: **Heavy war horse:** AC 7; MV 15; HD 3 + 3; hp 21; THAC0 17; #AT 3 (hooves and bite); Dmg 1-8/1-8/1-3; ML 15; AL N; MC (horse). This horse has an intelligence of 5-8 (1d4+4).

14-16: **Superheavy war horse (special):** Same as above (roll of 6-8), though it has MV 18, a 40-lb. bonus on its carrying capacity load limits, and no infravision.

17-18: **Camel:** AC 7; MV 21; HD 3; hp 18; THAC0 17; #AT 1 (bite); Dmg 1-4; SA spitting; ML 14; AL N; MC (animal, herd). This camel is of a more mellow disposition than his meaner cousins and has an intelligence of 4-7 (1d4+3).

19: **Water buffalo:** AC 7; MV 15; HD 5; hp 30; THAC0 15; #AT 2 (horns); Dmg 1-8/1-8; ML 16; AL N; MC (animal, herd). This water buffalo has an intelligence of 4-7 (1d4+3).

20: **Ultraheavy war horse:** AC 5; MV 24; HD 5 + 5; hp 35; THAC0 15; #AT 3 (hooves and bite); Dmg 1-8/1-8/1-4; SD 60' infravision, immunity to poison and all *hold* and *charm* spells; ML 18; AL LG; MC (horse). This special horse can understand but not speak the common tongue and is able to use *animal friendship* and *pass without trace* spells three times per day each, *locate animals* or *plants* once per day, and *water walk* once per week. This horse has an intelligence of 9-16 (1d8+8).

XP Value: 2,000 GP Value: 8,000

(continued from page 33)

as to always sparkle and shine. Its many facets catch light from any source and throw it back as a cold white glare. Throwing the crystal against the wall, ceiling, or floor inflicts 1 hp damage to the Heart; edged weapons do only half damage, while blunt weapons inflict full damage. When 8 hp damage have been inflicted on the Heart, it shatters to a fine frosty powder. If Sollers's Heart comes in contact with unprotected skin, such as if picked up in a bare hand, it inflicts 1-4 hp in cold damage per round of contact. Sollers's Heart was a key ingredient to the curse upon Winter Glade, and its destruction ends the curse.

The sixth chest contains a well-preserved tapestry worth 250 gp. The

tapestry depicts a sylvan glade where many creatures frolic and play. When the paladin looks at the tapestry, he has a 25% chance of remembering the Winter Glade tale and the search (roll separately for each).

Concluding the Adventure

The trees and plant life of Winter Glade are not dead but are dormant because of the endless winter. If the paladin destroys Sollers's Heart, he lifts the curse from Winter Glade. The glade does not immediately burst into bud and flower but warms gradually as if undergoing a natural spring thaw. After about one month, the plants and trees will begin leafing out and returning to normal. If

the paladin fails to destroy the crystal, Winter Glade continues under its icy curse until someone finally does destroy Sollers's Heart.

If the paladin escapes the tomb without destroying Sollers or recovering the *equus*, Sollers realizes what the paladin is after and keeps the magical item with him at all times. If the paladin returns alone, he may try to win the *equus* from Sollers. Should the paladin return later with an adventuring party, Sollers will destroy the *equus* and all other magical items in his lair rather than let them fall into the party's hands. In any case, once the paladin has escaped the tomb, his memory returns to normal in one month's time.

Ω

(continued from page 27)

Tuyewera

CLIMATE/TERRAIN: *Tropical, any terrain*

FREQUENCY: *Uncommon*

ORGANIZATION: *Bands*

ACTIVITY CYCLE: *Any*

DIET: *Nil*

INTELLIGENCE: *Average*

TREASURE TYPE: *Nil*

ALIGNMENT: *Any evil*

NO. APPEARING: *1-3*

ARMOR CLASS: *8*

MOVEMENT: *6*

HIT DICE: *6*

THAC0: *15*

NO. OF ATTACKS: *1 weapon or fist*

DAMAGE/ATTACK: *By weapon type or 1-4*

SPECIAL ATTACKS: *Steals breath, causes disease*

SPECIAL DEFENSES: *See below*

MAGIC RESISTANCE: *Standard*

SIZE: *M*

MORALE: *Special*

XP VALUE: *2,000*

The tuyewera is a horrible type of undead monster created by evil clerics in remote jungle villages. The cleric takes the corpse of a man slain by death-magic spells and ritually removes the legs at the knees. The tongue is also severed. The cleric then enchants the

corpse, bringing the ancestral spirit of a mage or priest into it to give the corpse a horrid animation.

The tuyewera moves about on its hands and leg stumps. It is as intelligent as a man and has the following thieflike skills: move silently 50%, hide in shadows 90%, pick locks 50%. It serves as a thief and bodyguard to the cleric in addition to being an assassin.

A tuyewera can use a weapon in melee but is restricted to using weapons that can be held in one hand, since the other hand is needed for balance and movement. If disarmed, a tuyewera will strike with its gnarled hand for 1-4 hp damage. Each hit by the hand has a 25% chance to inflict a fatal disease on its opponent, as per the spell *cause disease* in the 2nd Edition *Player's Handbook*.

The deadliest attack of the tuyewera is its ability to drain breath. If it encounters a sleeping, unconscious, or helpless person, a tuyewera can suck the breath out of the victim's mouth, thereby slaying him. This requires one full round, at the end of which the victim must save vs. death magic at -4. If he fails to save, he is instantly slain; if he makes his saving throw, he is placed in a deathlike coma for 1-4 days.

As undead, tuyeweras are immune to all mental attacks, cold, *sleep*, and *fear*. Holy water does 2-8 hp damage per vial. Tuyeweras are turned as spectres, but an evil cleric cannot take control of a tuyewera away from the cleric who created it.

A special enchantment goes into the making of a tuyewera that renders it immune to all weapons (turning and destructive magic, such as *fireball*, are still effective). However, there is always a counterspell that removes this enchantment. Clerics who create tuyeweras keep this counterspell handy, just in case they meet someone else's tuyewera.

The spells and counterspells used for creating tuyeweras are granted only by the deities of evil witch doctors in tropical lands. Such spells are not normally available to PCs who do not visit these lands. It is recommended that PCs be unable to create such monsters, but they should be able to use the counterspells to make the tuyeweras vulnerable to attack.

The legendary version of this monster is described in "Out of Africa," in DRAGON issue #122.

Ω



UNCHAINED!

BY BRUCE NORMAN

The gnomes built a dragon. Can you turn it off?

Artwork by Richard Bennett

Bruce Norman is a 16-year-old Canadian high school student. He is the editor and publisher of his own role-playing magazine and loves writing modules, especially humorous ones. Bruce is currently working on a new module involving kender who are mysteriously being transformed into dragons.

"Unchained!" is an AD&D® DRAGONLANCE® adventure for 5-8 player characters of levels 6-10 (about 50 total levels). It is essential to have at least one priest of a good god in the party. This adventure takes place near Mount Nevermind on Sancrist Isle in the world of Krynn. To run this adventure, it is helpful to refer to the *DRAGONLANCE Adventures* manual. If you do not have this book, you may still use this module by referring to the information about Krynn that follows. Note that this module takes place in the year 377 AC, 25 years after the War of the Lance, though this date may be adjusted to fit the campaign.

It will also be helpful for the DM to have access to *The Atlas of the DRAGONLANCE World*, by Karen Wynn Fonstad, for the maps and information on Mount Nevermind on pages 88-89; the map of Sancrist Isle on page 78 is useful for reference. The article "All About Krynn's Gnomes," from DRAGON® Magazine issue #103 (reprinted in *Leaves From the Inn of the Last Home*, edited by Margaret Weis and Tracy Hickman, pages 49-57), gives other additional background material.

This adventure was originally play-tested with the heroes of the lance (Tanis, Caramon, Raistlin, Goldmoon, Riverwind, Flint, Tasslehoff, and Sturm) using the statistics supplied in module DL3 *Dragons of Hope*. If you wish to play these characters, it is suggested that you change Raistlin to a red-robed wizard (level 6), Sturm to a Knight of the Crown (level 8), and Goldmoon to a cleric of Mishakal (level 8). You may also prefer to use your own characters.

Item saving throws are used in a number of places in this adventures. Check the 1st Edition *Dungeon Masters Guide*, page 80, or the 2nd Edition *DMG*, page 39, Table 29.

Information About Krynn

The following information is for DMs who wish to play this module but do not own a copy of *DRAGONLANCE Adven-*

tures. If you are familiar with the world of Krynn, you may skip ahead to the next section. Feel free to make changes to this adventure to make it compatible to your own campaign world.

Takhisis and the War of the Lance: Recently, the evil goddess Takhisis sought to destroy all that was good in Krynn. Her Dragonarmies, composed of dragons, draconians (dragon men), and mercenaries, swept across Krynn like a plague. The good armies of Krynn rediscovered ancient holy weapons known as *dragonlances* with which they managed to repel the Dragonarmies. Due to the significance of the magical lances, the war was named the War of the Lance.

Dragonlances: A *dragonlance* is a magical weapon that causes huge amounts of damage to dragons. Whenever a *dragonlance* strikes a dragon, it causes normal damage plus the number of hit points of the wielder. Thus, a *dragonlance* +2 wielded by a fighter with 31 hp would cause 1d8 +31 hp damage to dragons.

Draconians: Born from corrupted good-dragon eggs, these violent, sadistic creatures make up the main force of Takhisis's evil Dragonarmies. They resemble lizard men but possess a variety of special abilities, including magic resistance.

Aurak draconians are intelligent but cowardly leaders and powerful magic-users. When an aurak reaches 0 hp, it is enveloped in green flames and attacks berserkly (+2 on to-hit and damage rolls). At this time, anyone attacking the aurak takes 1-6 hp damage each round from the flames surrounding its body unless a save vs. petrification is made. Once the aurak reaches -20 hp or six rounds pass, it transforms into a ball of lightning and attacks as a 13-HD monster. These attacks cause 2-12 hp damage. After three more rounds the aurak explodes, stunning for 1-4 rounds and causing 3d6 hp damage to all within 10' (no saving throw). Once it explodes, the aurak is truly dead.

Baaz draconians are the weak, expendable troops of the Dragonarmies. When a baaz reaches 0 hp, its body turns to stone. Whoever struck the killing blow must make a dexterity check at -3, or his weapon will stick in the draconian's corpse until its body crumbles into dust 1-4 rounds later.

Bozak draconians are mages, usually possessing the powers of a 4th-level wizard. When a bozak reaches 0 hp, its

flesh shrivels up to expose its bare bones, which then explode for 1-6 hp damage (no save) to all within 10'.

Kapak draconians are the assassins and skilled warriors of the Dragonarmies. Kapak bites are venomous, inducing paralysis for 2-12 turns unless a save vs. poison is made. Kapaks often lick their weapons, making them poisonous for three rounds. When a kapak dies, it dissolves into a 10'-wide acid pool that causes 1-8 hp damage each round to anyone it touches. All items exposed to the acid must save vs. acid or be destroyed. The acid evaporates in 1-6 rounds.

Sivak draconians are the spies of the Dragonarmies. They have the power of limited shapeshifting. Whenever a Sivak kills an opponent, it can choose to take its foe's physical form. When a sivak is killed, it instantly transforms into an exact replica of its killer.

Gully dwarves: A cross between dwarves and gnomes, these pathetic creatures have inherited the worst traits of both parent races. They are outcasts from all societies in Krynn due to their low intelligence and general incompetence. Gully dwarves usually flee at the first sign of danger, but when cornered they fight viciously.

Knights of Solamnia: The knights of Solamnia are powerful warriors and a major force for law and goodness in Krynn. The honor of a knight is held above all else. When a knight gives his word, he would rather die than break it. Two types of knights are mentioned in this module: Knights of the Crown (no special abilities, treat as fighters) and Knights of the Sword (limited clerical abilities.) The spells of a Knight of the Sword are cast as if the knight were a cleric of five experience levels lower.

Tinker gnomes: The technology-minded gnomes of Krynn are best known for their ability to make huge, complex devices that either don't work or perform no useful functions. Gnomes speak so quickly that humans often have trouble understanding what they are trying to say.

Wizards: In Krynn, most wizards are not normal AD&D game mages or specialists. Instead, they are either black robed (evil), red robed (neutral), or white robed (good). Each order of High Sorcery places restrictions on the spells its members can learn, but wizards in Krynn learn spells more quickly than other AD&D game wizards.

Adventure Background

In the year 344 AC (four years before the War of the Lance), a human cleric of Takhisis named Blackstone was commanded by the Dark Queen to perform a dangerous task for her: summoning the spirit of Ahmoras, a powerful deceased black dragon, and restoring him to life. Blackstone researched the problem and prayed for many weeks, but his task seemed impossible. Calling forth Ahmoras's spirit would be relatively easy, but binding it to the mortal plane would not. In order to contain Ahmoras's conjured soul, he would have to construct a black jade statue, an exact copy of Ahmoras's original body in both size and detail. The cost of such a construction would be astronomical.

Blackstone mulled the problem over for several days. Takhisis would not accept failure, he knew. Alarmed, he made one last desperate attempt to find a solution; he went to Sancrist Isle to seek the help of the gnomes.

Blackstone was cunning. Instead of revealing his true purpose, he simply told the gnomes that he had an engineering task for them. Could they make him a mechanical dragon? It should be full size and able to duplicate all the legendary abilities of a black dragon. The gnomes never thought to ask him why he would want such a creation and set up a committee to research the problem. It took them three weeks to do the research and three months to write it up. The entire 14-volume report can be summarized in one word: Yes.

By now, Takhisis had lost patience with Blackstone. She stripped him of his clerical powers as an obvious warning to quickly finish his task. Blackstone nervously told the gnomes to hurry, and he moved to Castle Uth Wistan, some distance away from Mount Nevermind. There he took a quiet job as a librarian and patiently awaited news from the gnomes. He waited many years. Many, many years. Blackstone had made one fatal mistake when dealing with the gnomes: He had promised to pay them for the materials and labor of not only the finished product but also for "any necessary prototypes."

The gnomes had decided to design a perfect dragon. They spent years researching the abilities and physical characteristics of black dragons. Their research was made easier by the War of

the Lance, but they failed to capture a live black dragon to study. They did, however, get a chance to analyze a black dragon's different attack methods (half their team's lives was a small price to pay).

Shortly after the war, the gnomes finally began building the dragon. Each prototype took about two years to construct, after which it was scrapped and an improved model was designed. About five dragons later, the gnomes concluded that their dragon could do everything a real dragon could do (except fly, but even gnomes aren't perfect). They then began adding improvements to make it better than a real dragon. Finally, in 377 AC (25 years after the end of the war), the gnomes contacted Blackstone (they decided that they had better collect their fee before he died of old age).

Blackstone was by this time nearly insane. The War of the Lance had come and gone, but still he had heard nothing from the gnomes. His frantic written inquiries were all lost by the gnome mail-sorting machine. He had dared not leave the security of the castle to check up on the gnomes himself; one of Takhisis's dragon "children" might slay him for his failure. He gave up all hope and concentrated on becoming a competent librarian.

After the war, a new city, Whitestone, was built near the famous glade of the same name, and Blackstone became head of the town archives there. Then one day a gnome messenger arrived to tell Blackstone that his dragon was finally ready.

Blackstone's first thought was to grab the short, cheerful messenger gnome and wring his neck, but he calmed himself. He went to Mount Nevermind and agreed to pay the gnomes for their work but not, of course, until after he had inspected it.

Blackstone was led to the huge room where the dragon was kept. He was shocked—the gnomes' creation was a monstrosity! Its wings obviously could not support it in flight, and it didn't resemble Ahmoras at all—or any other dragon, for that matter. A premonition of doom struck Blackstone, but he ignored it. He was determined to proceed with his plan. If it didn't work, Takhisis would surely have him killed, but he silently swore to take as many gnomes with him as he could if that happened. Cheered slightly by this thought, he

told the gnomes that he would need to be alone while he examined the dragon. With some reservations, they left.

Blackstone acted quickly. He anointed the dragon's head with unholy oil and placed two jade spheres in the machine's eyeholes. He begged Takhisis to give him one more chance and—to his surprise—she did. He summoned Ahmoras's spirit, using a powerful magical item that he had found years ago with Takhisis's help. Using this *icon of Chemosh*, he then guided the spirit into its new body. The ritual done, Blackstone saw a spark of fire alight in the mechanical dragon's eyes. He stopped chanting and gazed expectantly at the dragon.

The huge, sinuous neck rocked back and forth drunkenly. The iron jaws opened and closed experimentally, and then it spoke. "WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME, HUMAN?" it roared, and it lurched clumsily after Blackstone. Luckily for Blackstone, Ahmoras was still so disoriented that he collapsed before he could properly attack. Blackstone fled hastily. The gnomes could not stop him, as they themselves were too busy avoiding the dragon, who was making an extremely destructive exit from their mountain.

Ahmoras finally reached the outdoors and began a rampage of terror through the wilderness known as Gnomevale that surrounds Mount Nevermind. He searched unceasingly for Blackstone, killing anyone he came across.

Blackstone, stripped once again of his clerical powers, finally went insane. He fled to Whitestone, where he was forced to retire as head archivist after he started eating the books. He has since decided that he will not be able to rest in peace until he destroys Ahmoras, and he has returned to Gnomevale seeking a final confrontation.

The gnomes are worried by recent events. The destruction the dragon caused in leaving Mount Nevermind was extensive but not abnormal (the gnomes are used to their creations running amok). The trouble is that they can no longer leave Mount Nevermind without risk of being attacked.

Finally, an industrious gnome named Mamsh, from the Aeronautics Guild, decided to do something. He managed to fly halfway to Whitestone in a gnomelighter of his own design. Then the wings of his glider snapped and he crashed. He emerged from the wreckage unhurt and

managed to walk the rest of the way. Once in Whitestone, he planned to beg the Solamnic Knights to slay the dragon. Unfortunately, the knights were being plagued by a strength-robbing disease and were under quarantine. The industrious Mamsh has since wandered the streets of Whitestone trying to raise enough money to hire an army of mercenaries by selling small mechanical devices he has designed.

The City of Whitestone

The coastal city of Whitestone is a relatively recent addition to Krynn. Built on Thalan Bay near the glade of Whitestone soon after the War of the Lance, it has attracted huge numbers of settlers who seek to escape the war and begin a new life.

Whitestone began as a small village of people brought to Sanctrist by the knights to escape the chaos of war. It has since grown into a bustling metropolis of over 5,000 people, with more arriving every year. Whitestone is ruled by the Solamnic Knights, who protect it and maintain law and order. The old pathway from the Knights' castle Uth Wistan up to Mount Nevermind has been improved and now also connects with Whitestone (22 miles from Uth Wistan to Whitestone, and 64 miles from Whitestone to Mount Nevermind). Carts, horses, carriages, and foot travelers use the road, which is patrolled by Knights and is now called the Knights' Path.

For the Player Characters

Read or paraphrase the following to the PCs. The gnome's speech should be spoken very quickly for best effect.

You are in Whitestone for the festival of spring dawning, and music is in the air. Your eyes are constantly drawn from the various booths offering games of chance and skill to the street illusionists performing their "magic" for a gullible peasant crowd. One particularly unusual spectacle catches your eye. A middle-aged gnome dressed in dirty work clothes and a leather apron is pushing a small wagon filled with a variety of small devices. He spots you looking at him and stops his cart.

"Hello gentlemen I see you have been viewing my fine wares and I

certainly hope that you will take a closer look at some of them." He rummages through his cart and takes out what appears to be a brush attached to a metal flask with a small lever on the side. He shoves it at an armored member of your group. "Ah I see you wear armor well this little trinket is exactly what you need for I guarantee that nothing will ever clean your armor better." He starts scrubbing away at the armor energetically with one hand while pumping the lever back and forth with the other. "I can recognize that you are exactly the type of people who embrace the wonders of technology while rejecting the annoyance of magic for as you know technology doesn't rely on bats' wings or snake sepia or any other silly things though the gnome mage guild is working on building a new device known as a spellteller that renders each spell syllable perfectly each time and can be used over and over again unlike mage spells which run out after the first time which is why I don't know why mages don't give up spells and start building machines but my uncle used to say only a gnome has the patience to fix a machine that has just killed his entire family but I digress. . . ."

As the gnome babbles on, you notice thick green foam forming on the armor he is "cleaning." An acrid smell fills the air.

For the Dungeon Master

The adventurers have just met Mamsh the tinker gnome. He is still peddling small items in order to raise money to hire an army. His cart is full of useless devices. Any PC who steals or buys an item from Mamsh finds that it does nothing at all or has some harmful effect.

His armor cleanser is much too strong. Unless it is washed off within one round, it will have damaged the armor, reducing its protection value by one AC point (magical armor must save vs. acid or lose its magical protection). The PCs may be angry at Mamsh and demand that he pay for the armor, or they may attempt to buy one of his devices. Since Mamsh needs a lot of money to hire an army, he has worked out that he must charge 313 steel pieces

per device. If the adventurers are angry at Mamsh for damaging their armor, he defends himself by telling them the story of the rampaging mechanical dragon. If they say his devices are too expensive or are "junk," he sits down sobbing and tells his story. If they buy one of his items, he is so happy to have finally sold one that he joyfully tells his story. One way or another, make sure he tells it:

"I am sorry to have troubled you nice people but we gnomes are in a lot of trouble because one month long ago we finished building a mechanical dragon that came to life due to a malfunctioning experimental self-piloting mechanism that caused it to destroy the main entrance to our mountain and knock down some trees and do structural damage but that isn't really so bad because we were going to rebuild the mountain anyway because the Architectural Guild has discovered a new method

of weight-stress transferral that is much superior to the mountain's own natural methods only now we can't build it because the dragon keeps knocking it back down and kills anyone who goes outside so we have to stay in and we're really getting tired of eating mushrooms and fungus so I decided to fly here and get the knights to help destroy the dragon only I miscalculated the stress on the wings of my gnomeglider and they snapped causing me to fall into some trees but luckily the central wing and shoulder harness functioned as an admirable parachute so I wasn't hurt and was able to walk here to get the knights only they are all sick with some disease and can't help me so I've decided to hire an army to help kill the dragon only it's hard selling enough of these innovative inventions to get an army and I am getting worried about my wife and children and I wish that someone would help me."

The Icon of Chemosh

The *icon of Chemosh* is a powerful holy item created by the god of the undead from the souls of dead black dragons. It does not radiate magic. The icon can act as a soul container, such as the one required for a *magic jar* spell, but this is the least of its powers. If the icon is empty and in contact with a dying creature, it absorbs the soul of that creature; the body of the creature decomposes into black ash. If the icon is brought into contact with the body of another dead creature of the same general race and alignment as that of the contained soul, the icon transfers the soul into the body, raising it from the dead and healing it of all wounds. The soul now has all the physical characteristics of the new body, as if the original creature had *shape changed*. Once a soul has been transferred by the icon, that soul is forever in contact with the icon. The next time the body of the soul dies, the soul will be sucked through the icon into the Abyss.

If an exact duplicate of the soul's original body is constructed from black jade, the soul may animate the duplicate and transform it from jade to flesh. It is not normally possible for a

soul to animate a mechanical body as Ahmoras did, but Takhisis used her divine powers to extend the abilities of the icon for this one transferal.

All who have ever had their souls within the icon can sense its presence if within 50 miles of it. This sensing ability tells only that the icon is near, not its exact location. However, if the icon is held by a good-aligned creature, those linked with the icon are able to sense the direction in which the icon lies, though not its distance.

The icon is an indestructible artifact. It is 6" long and resembles the physical body of the last creature whose soul it has absorbed. If Blackstone is killed while carrying the icon, his soul will be absorbed. At present, the icon is in the form of a small black dragon.

The icon can hold only one soul at a time. Other souls that attempt to transfer into the icon are either sucked into the Abyss (evil souls) or repelled by the icon (good or neutral souls).

If the PCs have the *icon of Chemosh*, all random encounters are automatically with Ahmoras (even on the Knights' Path, the road from Mount Nevermind to Whitestone).

The PCs will probably have difficulty understanding what Mamsh has just said because he speaks so quickly. He gladly answers any questions they ask and will even repeat his statement in its entirety.

Remember that the gnomes do not know that the spirit of Ahmoras possesses their creation. They believe that the dragon's strange actions can be blamed on the experimental autopilot system they installed, and they do not call the dragon "Ahmoras"; it is simply "the dragon."

Mamsh gladly accepts any offers of help from the adventurers. If they can destroy the mechanical dragon, he and the other gnomes would be very grateful.

If asked what their payment will be for helping the gnomes, Mamsh volunteers to give the PCs "incredibly superadvanced just-made-by-the-Weapons-Guild dragon-fighting equipment" which they may keep if they slay the dragon. He also pledges that he and the other gnomes will help the adventurers in any reasonable matter that they may request at a later date. If the party refuses to help Mamsh, he sighs deeply and returns to peddling his wares. Any good clerics in the party thereafter find themselves unable to memorize any spells. This should be an obvious clue to help Mamsh.

Mamsh, male gnome: AC 8; MV 6; tinker 8; hp 19; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 7, D 16, C 9, I 15, W 10, Ch 12; ML 10; AL LG; small hammer; lifequest: build the perfect glider. Tinker gnomes use the to-hit tables of wizards and the saving-throw tables of priests, but they may use any weapons (see the *Time of the Dragon* boxed set, the Rule Book of Taladas, page 4).

The Journey to Mount Nevermind

Mamsh will lead the party along the Knights' Path to Mount Nevermind. The Knights' Path is usually safe to travel, but with the dragon loose, Mamsh is visibly worried and talks nonstop about its destructive ability (exaggerating all of its powers, since he knows little about it). Actually, the dragon is nowhere near the path at this time, but the PCs may run into other nasty surprises on the way (check for random encounters on the Gnomevale Random Encounters chart, page 44). When the adventurers do reach Mount

Nevermind, read the following passage:

At last you have reached Mount Nevermind, fabled home of the gnomes. The tallest mountain on Sancrist Isle, this extinct volcano is truly a majestic sight. Green terraces line its slopes up to its flat-topped summit. The only blemish to Mount Nevermind's beauty is a great gaping hole at its base, where the Knights' Path runs up to the mountain. Huge bronze doors that once stood at the entrance to the gnomes' city now lie flat against the earth, torn from their fixings. The earth around the entrance is ripped apart, and the Knights' Path itself has been destroyed. As you approach, you look down and see many enormous clawed footprints unlike those of any known beast. The damage must have been caused by the dragon you will be hunting.

The PCs are taken through the hole in the mountain to meet Piers, a gnome diplomat to other races. He cordially invites them to sit down and relax. If they wish, he will allow them to stay overnight and rest, and the gnome Medical Guild will tend to their wounds. Piers has equipment ready for the PCs if they wish to go after the dragon immediately. He keeps other gnomes away from the PCs, as he does not wish the PCs to be distracted by requests to examine any odd equipment they may have.

Piers, male gnome diplomat: AC 4; MV 6; T11; hp 37; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 14; AL N; S 11, D 16, C 13, I 17, W 9, Ch 17; *bracers of defense* AC 6, *short sword* +2. Piers is an unusually crafty and cynical gnome. He always seems kind and courteous but is capable of being ruthless to serve the needs of the gnomes. He would gladly sacrifice the PCs' lives if it would rid the gnomes of the dragon. Piers will be helpful to the PCs because they are, at this time, acting in the interests of gnome society. Piers speaks as slowly and as carefully as a human.

The DM should be prepared to ad-lib his description of Mount Nevermind's intricate "urban dungeon." *The Atlas of the DRAGONLANCE World* should be consulted for basic details of the mountain's layout.

If the PCs wish to rest overnight, the

gnomes lead each of them to his own comfortable, identical bedroom (size and layout are left to the DM). Read the following description to the players as their characters enter their rooms.

Well, now you've seen it all: a normal room with normal furniture, designed by gnomes! The room isn't large, but it looks comfortable. There is a desk, a chair, a closet, and a soft bed. Attached to the foot of the bed is a large red button.

The desk and chair are normal, just as they appear to be. The bed and the closet, however, are technologically advanced.

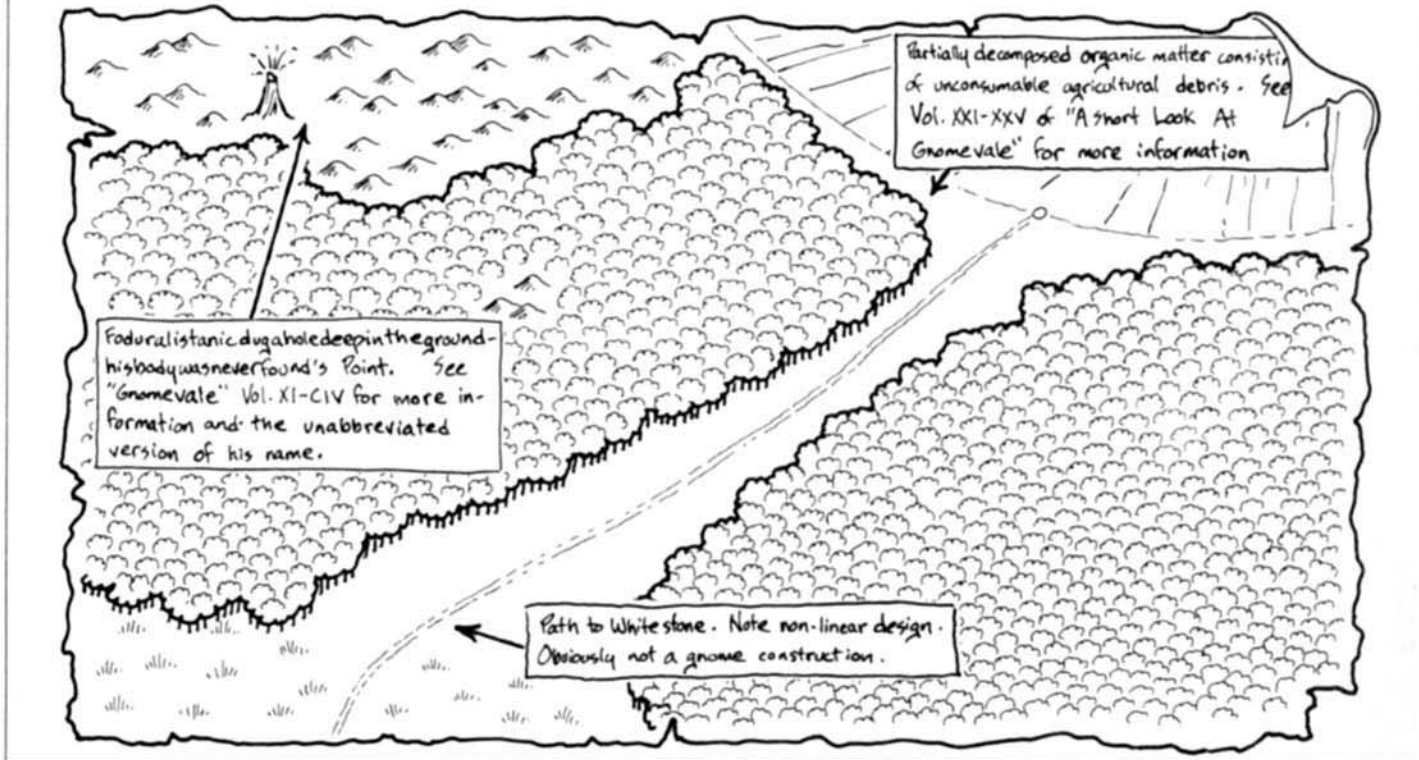
The bed, a gnome vibrosleeper, activates when the button is pressed. Two large arms emerge from the walls and grab at the button-pusher (THAC0 13, no damage), then forcibly place that character in the bed, which begins to vibrate rapidly for one round while the arms hold the victim secure. This violent vibrating action causes 1-4 hp damage. The mechanical arms are too strong to be resisted by strength alone but may be attacked (each arm is AC 2 with 10 hp). The arms withdraw after the vibrating bed stops (breaks down, actually).

The closet is a gnome easycleaner. As soon as the door is shut, the floor opens and any items inside are sucked down into a gnome laundromat. The cleaning machines work reasonably well on clothes but tend to badly mangle more solid items. Any inflexible items subjected to this process must save vs. crushing blow to avoid being severely damaged. Flexible items (including clothing) have a 10% chance of being horribly torn. Paper items are ruined by this cleaning process, though kind DMs will exclude spell books. Any PC who somehow manages to get "cleaned" takes 5-20 hp damage from the experience and must be rescued.

The bedroom doors of any kender will, as a precaution, be barred shut from the outside to prevent wandering.

If the PCs ask for healing, the gnome Medical Guild will be happy to provide it. The patients (or victims, as the knights say) are led to the gnome infirmary where they are treated with medicines, salves, bone stretchers, and good old-fashioned leeching. Each person treated must make a system-shock check. Those who make their check are

PIERS'S MAP



healed for 1-4 hp damage. If the check fails, the patient takes 2-8 hp damage. Only one successful treatment may be made per week.

When the adventurers are ready to leave, they are introduced to Springshaft, their guide—a gully dwarf. Springshaft was accepted into gnome society because of his willingness to test devices for the gnomes. He was re-named Springshaft after the first device he tested (a gnome elevator). Springshaft claims to be an able guide for the adventurers, and a master tracker.

Springshaft, male gully dwarf: AC 6; MV 6; F6; hp 43; THAC0 15; #AT 2 or 1; Dmg 1-4/1-4 (fist/bite) or by weapon type; SA saves at two levels higher; S 17, I 8, W 6, D 18, C 12, Ch 5; ML 6; AL CN; club. Springshaft thinks himself to be the equal of a gnome and thinks gnomes are the most wonderful race in Krynn; after all, they taught him to count to three! Springshaft believes he is far superior to anyone in the party and angrily responds to any questioning of his ability to lead them by saying, "Me know forest like own right hand!" while waving his left hand in the offending PC's face. Actually, Springshaft

has no idea where the dragon is and will wander about in a seemingly random pattern (see Springshaft's path on the map). This random wandering eventually leads the adventurers through all important encounters. If there is a gnome in the party, Springshaft's morale becomes 12 and he takes an active part in any combat. This is also the case if a party member compliments him by saying he is as smart or as brave as a gnome.

Once the adventurers have met their guide, they are led to a large room where they receive three pieces of dragon fighting equipment: a "bigwheel cart," a suit of "ironman battle armor," and a "steamsticker harpoon gun." For a complete description of this equipment, see page 42.

Piers gives the adventurers a map of the rough wilderness surrounding Mount Nevermind. He drew the map himself and warns the PCs not to let gnomes in the Mapmakers Guild find out about it, as they would demand that the PCs use their own superaccurate map (which only members of the Mapmakers Guild can understand). If he is asked for the design plans for the me-

chanical dragon, Piers informs the PCs that the plans were all destroyed in the chaos of the dragon's escape.

Mamsh will not continue with the party. He is eager to return to the Aeronautics Guild to design an improved gnomeglider.

Gnomevale

Gnomevale, the rocky, forested wilderness surrounding Mount Nevermind, is a strange place indeed. Hundreds of misguided gnome ecological experiments have transformed what used to be a quiet, mountainous forest into a strange and confusing place. Elves are inherently annoyed by the unnatural plants the gnomes proudly refer to as their "hybrids." One example is a cross between a potato and a carrot (the gnomes have named it a parrot). Gnome hybrids usually receive the worst genetic traits of both parents; a few hybrids are poisonous or carnivorous.

Ahmoras's rampage through Gnomevale has destroyed much of the vegetation. Because his trails overlap repeatedly, it is virtually impossible to successfully track him. One good thing

Gnomish Devices

The PCs should be given the physical description and told the powers of each device given them by the gnomes. All gnomish devices listed below have been tinkered with and modified to the extent that their successes/mishaps are standard. Each device has abilities and fallibilities. Tinkers may further modify these devices in any way the DM allows, but guidelines for modifications are given for each device. Fallibilities marked with an asterisk may be detected by PC tinkers in very rough detail. As an example, here is a conversation between an adventurer and a tinker gnome who has just examined the ironman armor:

Party leader: "So, have you examined the armor?"

Tinker: "Oh yes I have and I detect that while wearing this armor you should not try to wind up the key in the back for too long as the armor will jam up and be useless."

Party leader: "How many times can the key be safely turned?"

Tinker: "Well I thought you would want to know that so I wound up the armor for 6 minutes 44 seconds and then it jammed."

All tinkering attempts are made against difficulty levels. Roll 1d20 and add the tinker's level to the roll. If the result is equal to or greater than the listed difficulty level, the attempt is successful. If the attempt fails, the tinker may not try again until he gains a level of experience. Tinkering will not usually damage a device if the attempt fails. No tinkering requires the buying of parts, as the gnomes provide these to the tinker for free.

If the party brings a malfunctioning device back to Mount Nevermind and requests that it be fixed, a 4th-level tinker gnome will dutifully try to repair the item. This gnome will also tinker with the device if he is asked to.

As you read over the descriptions of these devices, you may come to the conclusion that they will be of little use to the adventurers. Well, what do you expect from gnomes?

Ironman Armor

Complexity Level 11

This 1,200-lb. device has been designed

for human-size operators (5'6" -6'6" tall). Unfortunately, due to the necessary size of the operator, it has not been tested.

Physical Description: This 10'-tall iron armor completely covers the entire body of the wearer. A large metal key protrudes from the suit's back. The wearer of the ironman armor resembles an awesome metal giant or an old movie robot.

Abilities:

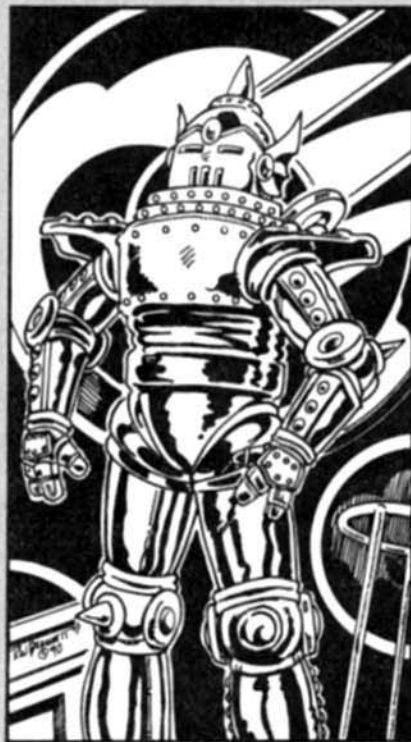
- The armor has AC 0.
- The wearer takes half damage from blunt weapons (includes dragon stomp attack) due to the armor's structure.
- The user gains an 18/00 strength (+3 to hit, +6 to damage) when using any one-handed weapon while wearing this armor.
- The armor comes with a giant one-handed mace that does 2d6 hp damage (+6 hp damage with suit's strength bonus).
- The user gains a movement rate of 8 and is not slowed down by undergrowth or shallow mud or water.

Fallibilities:

- The device must be wound up or its limbs will not move. The armor requires one round of winding for each turn of action. If the armor is wound for more than six rounds, the winding mechanism breaks. When the device winds down, it instantly becomes immobile. Fixing a broken winding mechanism is a difficulty 11 task and takes 2-16 hours.
- The wearer attacks last in a melee round, losing all rolls for initiative.
- Spells with somatic components may not be cast by the armor's wearer.
- The wearer may not get out of the armor without help from a companion.
- Any to-hit or saving-throw roll that results in a 1 means the device has broken and needs repair (difficulty 11, 2-12 hours). Any roll of 2 means that the machine bashes itself in the head with any weapons carried (doing half damage to the wearer). Any roll of 3 indicates the device has dropped all carried items (one round per item is required for recovery).
- No two-handed or missile weapon may be wielded.
- If the wearer is struck with a physical weapon for 20 hp or more damage (before damage is modified), he must

save vs. petrification or be knocked prone. A combined strength of 35 is needed to right the wearer, or the wearer may right himself after 2-7 rounds. However, a saving throw vs. crushing blow must be made for the metal wind-up key in back (7 or better required) or the key jams in place (difficulty 11, 1-4 hours to fix).

Results of Tinkering: A tinker may add an automatic winding mechanism that will allow the device to wind itself as the wearer moves. To make this modification takes 2-20 hours at difficulty level 12. After this modification, the armor is badly balanced so that a save vs. petrification is required when 10 hp damage or more is taken (see last fallibility).



Bigwheel Cart

Complexity Level 15

The bigwheel cart is useful for high-speed land movement, but getting it to stop once it has started rolling is not easy. The bigwheel cart may carry up to eight man-size creatures, and up to 18 gully dwarves may cling to the sides.

Some creatures encountered in the wilderness (carrion crawlers and wild dogs, for example) will be unable to effectively attack those riding the cart. Intelligent opponents will usually scatter (to avoid being run down) and must use special or ranged attacks to reach riders on the cart.

Physical Description: This huge wagon, the size of a small cottage, is the closest thing the PCs will ever find to a Sherman tank. The bigwheel cart is so named because of the six 10'-diameter wheels that propel it. As the bigwheel cart rolls merrily along, it jets forth a trail of steam (damage 1-6 hp) from its rear exhaust that hits anyone within 10' of the rear of the cart. The cart's side walls are 3' high, providing 50% cover from missile fire to those inside (-4 to armor classes). Four two-man benches are provided inside the cart, with the driver sitting on the front right side of the interior.

Abilities:

-The cart has a movement rate of 60(!), meaning that once it gets underway it is moving at about 20 MPH, or covering 600 yards per minute. While this speed is slower than a fast horse on a dead run, the size of the cart and the wild ride will almost certainly make this speed seem terrifying.

-The cart does 1d20 + 10 hp damage to creatures that stand in its way (save vs. petrification to avoid if within 60' of moving cart's path).

-The cart will plow through small trees, bushes, and animals. This will reduce the cart's movement rate briefly to 18.

Fallibilities:

-This device, once started, is virtually impossible to stop as the brakes will malfunction. Only when all the water in its steam-engine fuel tank is used up will the cart roll to a halt (10 miles and half an hour after starting).

-The cart has bench seats but no seat belts. All passengers must make one dexterity check on 1d20 per round the cart is in motion or be thrown to the floor for 1 hp damage (this damage continues even after the PC is on the floor, as the motions of the car will hurl the PC around until he can make a strength check on 1d20 to grab a bench or the side of the cart).

-Steering the cart is difficult. When a PC attempts to steer the cart, roll 1d20 and consult the following table:

- | | |
|-------|--|
| 1 | Cart is jammed permanently into reverse and must be fixed (but only after it stops). |
| 2-4 | Cart drives in reverse for 2-8 rounds, then rolls forward again. |
| 5-8 | Cart goes in opposite of desired direction. |
| 9-10 | Cart stalls for 3d6 seconds (get off while you can!), then continues on its previous course. |
| 11-20 | Cart goes in desired direction. |

-If the cart is traveling backward, all who ride on it take 1-3 hp damage per round from steam. Gully dwarves clinging to the sides of the cart avoid this damage.

-The cart requires 12 gallons of water for every mile traveled, and its storage tank holds 120 gallons. The water is heated into steam by a solar lens, so the cart may not travel at night or on cloudy days. The cart will run out of water long before the adventurers return to Mount Nevermind if they follow Mamsh's path.

Results of Tinkering: A tinker may fix the steering mechanism in 1-4 hours so that it will steer properly (difficulty 14). The braking mechanism simply has a screw loose. PC tinkers must make a saving throw vs. spells to replace the screw (difficulty 4). If the tinker fails, he will spend 2d20 hours building a screw replacement machine (complexity 14). NPC tinkers automatically fail their saving throws. Seat belts may be made with ropes by anyone.

Steamsticker Harpoon Gun

Complexity Level 11

This 500-lb. harpoon gun is a powerful weapon, but it is impossible to predict when it will go off.

Physical Description: The steamsticker harpoon gun resembles a cannon mounted on a platform. It is currently mounted on the bigwheel cart and shares its water tank, but the gun may be removed (in which case an alternate source of water is required). The gunner must sit on the front left side of the cart's interior.

Abilities:

-The harpoon fires a single 10'-long steel bolt for 3d20 hp damage, at a range of 300'.

-A *dragonlance* fired from the harpoon gun causes 2-12 hp damage plus the firer's hit points in damage if it hits a live, nonmechanical dragon (do not tell the adventurers of this ability). Normal lances cannot be fired from the harpoon gun.

Fallibilities:

-Once the device is set to fire, it will do so in 1-6 rounds.

-Until the device fires, a PC must aim it or it will automatically miss its target.

-Once fired, the harpoon gun may not be fired again until it is reloaded. This may not seem to be much of a problem, but only one harpoon comes with the device, and the target may be unwilling to return the bolt.

-On a roll of 1-5 on the aimer's attack roll, the harpoon gun jams. Steam envelops everyone within a 10' radius, causing 5d6 hp damage.

-If the harpoon gun is fired while mounted on the bigwheel cart, the steam blast generated reduces the amount of water left for fueling the cart by 12 gallons.

Results of Tinkering: A PC tinker can reduce the time of firing to 1-2 rounds (difficulty 13). The chance of the harpoon jamming can be reduced to 1 in 20 (difficulty 20).

Gnomevale Random Encounters

1d12 Wilderness	1d10 Knights' Path
1 Carrion crawlers	1-3 Draconian patrol 1
2-5 Draconians*	4-5 Draconian patrol 2
6-8 Gully dwarf foragers (9)	6 Draconian patrol 3
9 Red dragon	7-10 Solamnic search party
10-11 Wild dogs	
12 Ahmoras	

* Roll 1d6 on the Knights' Path table to see which patrol is encountered.

Carrion crawlers (4): AC 3/7; MV 12; HD 3 + 1; hp 24, 23, 20, 18; THAC0 17; #AT 8 (tentacles) or 1 (bite); Dmg nil or 1-2; SA each tentacle causes paralysis for 2-12 turns; ML special; AL N; MC. These monsters have been wandering around aimlessly since Ahmoras destroyed their burrows.

Draconians: There are three unique draconian patrols. If a patrol is slain, it will not be encountered again. The patrols are searching for Ahmoras, seeking to make him loyal to the Dark Queen once again. Each patrol has a potion of *black dragon control* that they plan to use against the dragon if he will not join them. However, the potions will not affect Ahmoras in his mechanical body.

Patrol 1: These draconians are the least important of the three search parties. Among the patrol of 10 are two unusually weak baaz draconians, Grekk (3 hp) and Gnash (2 hp). They stay at the back of combat and surrender immediately if their companions or their leaders are killed. They eagerly give information in exchange for their lives and are too stupid to lie effectively, but they may try ("No, there are no draconians in this forest, not a single one.") Grekk and Gnash do know that the rampaging mechanical dragon has the soul of a powerful black dragon, named Ahmoras, trapped within it.

The patrol's bozak leader, Flatch (27 hp), possesses a wizard scroll with the spells *wall of fog*, *wizard lock*, *minor globe of invulnerability*, and *dig*. His lieutenant, Pitch (17 hp), carries the potion of *black dragon control*. The draconians wear standard battle garb.

Bozak draconians (3): AC 2; MV 6 or 15 (on all fours), fly 18; HD 4; hp 27, 17, 10; THAC0 17; #AT 2 claws; Dmg 1-4/1-4; SA spells; SD all saves at +2, 20% magic resistance, exploding bones; ML 15; AL LE; DLA/74; spells (as 4th-level wizard): *burning hands*, *magic missile*, *shocking grasp*, *invisibility*, *web*.

Baaz draconians (7): AC 4; MV 6 or 15 (on all fours), fly 18; HD 2; hp 12, 11, 10, 9, 8, 3, 2; THAC0 19; #AT 2 claws or 1 weapon; Dmg 1-4/1-4 or by weapon type; SD 20% magic resistance, killing weapon sticks; ML 13; AL LE; DLA/74; long swords.

Patrol 2: This is the second draconian patrol in search of Ahmoras. Silicis, the 20-hp sivak, has the potion of *black dragon control* and is *polymorphed* into the form of a half-elven fighter. The 33-hp sivak, Myshan, currently resembles a Knight of the Sword. The kapak draconians under their command wear standard battle garb.

Sivak draconians (2): AC 1; MV 6 or 15 (on all fours), fly 18; HD 6; hp 33, 20; THAC0 15; #AT 3 (claws and tail); Dmg 1-6/1-6/2-12; SD all saves at +2, 20% magic resistance; ML 15; AL NE; DLA/75. The sivaks consider themselves too important to risk in combat and will stay behind the kapaks. If all the kapaks are slain, make a moral check to see if the sivaks fight or flee.

Kapak draconians (5): AC 4; MV 6 or 15 (on all fours), fly 18; HD 3; hp 15, 13, 6; THAC0 17; #AT 1 bite or 1 weapon; Dmg 1-4 or by weapon type; SA poison; SD acid pool, 20% magic resistance; ML 15; AL LE; DLA/75; long swords. The kapaks spend one round poisoning their blades before they attack.

Patrol 3: This is by far the most dangerous of the groups to be encountered. Be sure to remember that some of the aurak's special attacks may affect his companions.

Shraak Walder, aurak draconian: AC -1 (with ring); MV 15; HD 8; hp 34; THAC0 13; #AT 3 (claws and bite); Dmg 1-4/1-4/1-6; SA fire energy blasts through hands (two attacks per round, 1d8 + 2 hp damage each, 60-yard range), breath weapon (three times per day, 20 hp damage plus blindness, save applies, 5' range), *suggestion* and mind control, spells; SD save at +5, 30% magic resistance, *dimension door* (three times per day); ML 13; AL LE; DLA/73; spells (as 8th-level wizard): *enlarge*, *shocking grasp*, *ESP*, *stinking cloud*, *blink*, *lightning bolt*, *fire shield*, *wall of fire*; *ring of delusion* (spell turning), *ring of protection* + 1.

Shraak has been successfully deluded by his ring and will attempt to use it if a spell is cast at him. If killed, he will use his lightning form to attack not only the PCs but his own companions (whoever is closest). When Shraak dies, his rings must save vs. magical fire, lightning bolt, and crushing blow or be destroyed. Shraak wears standard Dragonarmy battle garb but uses his *change self* ability to mimic Barachius, his mage companion, when he encounters the PCs.

(continued on page 45)

(the only good thing) is that the now-devastated wilderness is relatively easy to travel through.

In the northwest corner of Gnomevale is a tiny volcano known as Fodur's Point (area 6) surrounded by hills and valleys. Small plants and bushes grow here, but there is too little soil to support trees or other large plants.

Check for an encounter each time the PCs enter a new hex or remain stationary for three hours. Encounters occur on a roll of 1 on 1d8.

Except for the wild dogs, all encountered groups are unique. If a group is slain, it may never be encountered again. If an encountered group is not slain, it can be encountered repeatedly. Treat encounters with slain groups as no encounter, or reroll if you prefer.

Set Encounters

1. Entrance to Mount Nevermind.

This spot marks the place where the mechanical dragon broke out of of Mount Nevermind. Once it was the main entrance to the home of the gnomes, but now it is merely a gaping hole in the mountainside. The PCs may return here at any time if they wish to rest or have their gnome devices fixed.

2. The Wounded Copper Dragon.

In this clearing is a wounded copper dragon, Scatterspray, who was flying over the forest when she spotted the mechanical dragon. Ahmoras was already aware of her presence and remained completely still. Scatterspray flew down to investigate and was quickly attacked and slain. Due to her *ring of regeneration*, however, Scatterspray revived a short time later, but she can no longer fly as her wings have been damaged. One of Scatterspray's claws is also injured, thus limiting her to two attacks per round.

Scatterspray is napping until her ring finishes its healing; she then plans to fly home and find some other dragons to help her slay the "metal one." Scatterspray feigns death to avoid interaction with the party (she isn't in the mood for conversation). If the PCs investigate her body, she angrily warns them to leave her alone. If the PCs heal her, tell her a few jokes, or do something entertaining, she agrees to locate the mechanical dragon by air (once her wings have healed) and lead the party to him. Scatterspray will not fight the "metal one"

personally and will not lend her *ring of regeneration* to anyone. Scatterspray's plan to destroy the dragon will take a few months to prepare (not long for a dragon), so it is of little use to the PCs.

Scatterspray, adult copper dragon: AC -3; MV 6 (when healed: 9, fly 30, jump 3); HD 15; hp 66 (74 when healed); #AT 2; Dmg 1d6 + 6/5d4 + 6; THAC0 5; SA breath weapon (12d6 + 6), spells, combat maneuvers; SD spells, combat maneuvers, 15% magic resistance; ML 16; AL CG; MC; spells: *cantrip*, *phantasmal force*, *ventriloquism*.

3. The Corpses of the Knights.

Unknown to Mamsh, many of the Solamnic Knights have been cured of their disease since his visit. Six of them were sent, heavily armed, to find and slay "the gnomes' dragon." They were traveling along the Knights' Path when they saw a section of forest that showed signs of the dragon's passing. They followed the monster's path until they found him and attacked. Unfortunately, they lacked the power to defeat Ahmoras and were slain. Their bodies should be taken back to the Solamnic castle so they can be given a proper burial. Their weapons and armor should also be returned. If the PCs have the gnome bigwheel cart, they will be able to carry the bodies and armor without trouble.

There are six human bodies and the corpses of their horses scattered about the clearing. Worn by the dead knights and strewn through the area are five suits of normal plate mail, one suit of Solamnic armor, three normal two-handed swords, a *two-handed sword* +1, a long sword +2, a *footman's dragon-lance* +2, and five normal medium lances. If the PCs return the knights' bodies and all of the weapons, they will be very well received. Any PC Knight of Solamnia will gain extremely valuable social status in the knighthood. Any good warrior may gain honorary knighthood. If the PCs return some but not all of the items or bodies, they will be questioned by a priestess of Mishakal using a *detect lie* spell. If the PCs return none of the items, they will certainly be in trouble if the knights ever find out!

4. Gully Dwarf Village. This gully dwarf settlement is populated by two families, the Soolths and the Gulmphs. A few years ago, the gnome agricultural

(continued from page 44)

Dayana, female kagonesti dark elf: AC 0; MV 12; F7/T7; hp 34; THAC0 14; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type +1; SA backstab; S 16, D 19, C 11, I 8, W 9, Ch 13; PP 80%, OL 55%, F/RT 35%, MS 65%, HS 55%, DN 55%, CW 90%, RL —; ML 16; AL CE; *bracers of defense AC 4*, *long sword* +1, *potion of black dragon control*. Dayana is completely loyal to the Dark Queen and will never betray her. She wears standard Dragonarmy battle garb.

Barachius, male human: AC 8; MV 12; red-robed Wizard 7; hp 14; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type; S 7, D 16, C 9, I 15, W 8, Ch 10; ML 6; AL CN; staff; spells: *magic missile* (×4), *flaming sphere* (×2), *mirror image*, *fly*, *item*, *dimension door*. Barachius is a coward who will quickly change loyalties during battle if his opponents seem to be winning. He stays behind as his companions charge into combat, or he uses his *dimension door* spell to avoid physical confrontation. Barachius's first action during battle is to cast a *mirror image* spell on himself (Shraak will hide among these images). The wizard carries a traveling spell book (trapped with *explosive runes*) containing all his memorized spells. Barachius's second- and higher-level spells have all been subjected to *secret page* spells (the command word is "paranoia") to resemble notes on alchemy.

Tetcha, female human: AC 4; MV 12; cleric of Takhisis 6; hp 31; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type; S 14, D 12, C 14, I 12, W 16, Ch 18; ML 16; AL NE; chain mail, shield, mace, spells: *endure heat*, *protection from good* (×2), *sanctuary* (×2), *barkskin*, *silence 15' radius* (×2), *spiritual hammer*, *wyvern watch*, *cause disease*, *dispel magic*.

Tetcha is a strikingly beautiful young woman who will surrender to the party if her companions are killed. She agrees to join the adventurers and is helpful until Ahmoras is found. Then she attempts to win him to her side and destroy the party (but Ahmoras will attack her). Tetcha claims to be a cleric of the neutral god Sirrion.

Gully dwarf foragers: These gully dwarves, led by one named Gurph, have been sent out to patrol the forest and look for food. Unfortunately, they are lost and have no idea where their village is. They have by pure chance avoided Ahmoras so far. If treated kindly, they follow the adventurers around asking "This way to village?" every five minutes. If they are asked questions, they give whatever answer they feel is most likely to get the PCs to take them home ("You want dragon? Dragon in village!") They cannot be convinced that the PCs do not know where the village is. If the PCs say anything that the gully dwarves do not understand, they look around worriedly, mutter to each other, then laugh loudly at "funny joke you make!"

Gurph, male gully dwarf leader: AC 5; MV 6; F5; hp 24; THAC0 16; #AT 2 or 1; Dmg 1-4/1-4 (fist/bite) or by weapon type; SD save at two levels higher; ML 6; AL N; S 16, D 17, C 11, I 6, W 8, Ch 8; DL3/30; *hand axe* +1, animal-hide armor equivalent to leather. A few years ago, a gnome who was researching gully dwarf intelligence asked Gurph two simple mathematical questions. Gurph guessed "One" for the first answer and "Two" for the second answer. He was informed that he was wrong; the answers were six and eight. Gurph knows that gnomes are smart, so ever since then he has answered "Six" to all questions to which he thinks the answer is one and "Eight" to all questions to which he thinks the answer is more than one.

Gully dwarves (9): AC 10; MV 6; HD 2; hp 11 each; THAC0 19; #AT 2 or 1; Dmg 1-4/1-4 (fist/bite) or by weapon type; SD save at two levels higher; ML 4; AL CN; DL3/30; wooden spears. Few of the gully dwarves will fight any opponent; most flee until the danger is over. These dwarves are less useful than the average gnome invention, but at least they don't explode.

Red Dragon: Inferno, a red dragon, was sent by Takhisis to find Ahmoras, which she quickly and easily did, flying right up to the mechanical monster and greeting him. Inferno escaped Ahmoras's subsequent attack without taking critical amounts of damage (though one of her wings is broken). She is not seeking trouble and tries to avoid combat if possible, but if the party seems weak and visibly wealthy, her greed may overcome her caution.

Inferno, young adult red dragon: AC -4; MV 9, jump 3; HD 14; hp 31 (71 when healed); THAC0 7; #AT 3 plus special; Dmg 1d10 + 5/1d10 + 5/3d10 + 5; SA breath weapon (10d10 + 5), spells, combat maneuvers; SD immune to fire, innate spells, 30% magic resistance; ML 17; AL CE; MC; spells: *charm person* (×2). Inferno will not use her breath weapon unless she is reduced to 10 hp or fewer, as she fears it will attract Ahmoras's attention. Inferno is looking for the third draconian patrol in order to relay her information to it. Her first priority in combat is to *charm* any mages to prevent them from casting powerful spells.

Wild dogs (4-16): AC 7; MV 15; HD 1 + 1; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4; ML 6; AL N. These animals will not attack if the PCs are accompanied by the gully dwarf foragers. They can be distracted by food.

(continued on page 46)



(continued from page 45)

Solamnic Search Party: These knights were dispatched to find out what happened to the knights sent to slay Ahmoras (see encounter 3). They have completely recovered from the strength-robbing disease with which they were infected. The knights ask the PCs if they have seen the lost knights and describe them in detail. If the PCs have the bodies of the knights (from area 3), they may give them to the search party and still receive all the benefits of returning the bodies to castle Uth Wistan. If the PCs cooperate fully in returning the bodies and equipment, the knights' leader, Xanthor, will offer to let them "borrow" the *dragonlance* carried by the first party of knights. Xanthor must return the bodies and equipment of the dead to castle Uth Wistan but may be persuaded to allow some of his Knights of the Crown to accompany the PCs on their quest (if the DM judges the party is in need of help).

Xanthor Kafton: AC 0; MV 9; Knight of the Sword 8; hp 52; THAC0 13; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type +1; S 17, D 9, C 15, I 11, W 14, Ch 15; ML 17; AL LG; *two-handed sword* +3, Solamnic armor; spells: *cause light wounds* (×2), *silence 15' radius*.

Regis Philant: AC 1; MV 9; Knight of the Crown 8; hp 59; THAC0 13; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type; S 15, D 15, C 15, I 11, W 10, Ch 14; ML 17; AL LG; *long sword* +2, *shield* +1, plate mail.

Knights of the Crown (4): AC 5; MV 9; Knight of the Crown 4; hp 41, 29, 28, 27; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 15, D 11, C 15, I 11, W 11, Ch 12; ML 16; AL LG; *two-handed sword*, chain mail.

Medium war horses (6): AC 7; MV 18; HD 2+2; hp 13, 12, 10 (×2) 9, 6; THAC0 19; #AT 2; Dmg 1-6/1-6; ML 7; AL N; MC.

Ahморas: This encounter is supposed to make the PCs truly aware of the menace they face, not to kill them or the dragon. Ahморas is currently looking for the *icon of Chemosh* (see page 39 for details). He wants the icon because he believes that it will be able to free his soul from his mechanical body and allow him to possess that of another dragon. If the PCs are in possession of the icon (from Blackstone at area 5), they will be attacked by Ahморas without mercy or reprieve. It is possible to avoid combat by threatening to destroy the icon (as Ahморas does not know that it is indestructible). This is only a temporary solution, though.

If the PCs do not have the icon, Ahморas will not bother to fight them for long. A short time ago he was in a suicidal fighting frenzy, but now that he has thought of using the icon to transfer his soul, he has become more cautious. Due to his evil nature, he is unable to resist the urge to cause chaos and destruction among the party. Thus, he usually makes one attack before fleeing. Possible attacks include charging the PCs and trampling them or casting a *rock to mud* spell underneath the bigwheel cart. Before running this encounter, be sure to read Ahморas's statistics and background fully. It is important to understand his attack methods and his motivations.

guild decided they would construct a compost heap in this area. The huge mound was a godsend to the two families, who moved here from their forest huts to feast on garbage. The gully dwarves have a good life, as 59,000 gnomes produce enough edible waste to keep them well fed. The Gulgumphs have also been experimentally raising rats as edible livestock.

Unfortunately, the gnomes have not dumped their garbage since Ahморas escaped because they are too scared to go outside. The gully dwarves have been forced to go hunting and have had no luck so far. The villagers beg the party for food, but the PCs can never give them enough; the dwarves will eat until they are bloated if given the chance. If the PCs remain stationary for any length of time, a gully dwarf child attempts to pick the pocket of one of them (as a 1st-level thief). Other children will try to steal iron rations or other food.

If the PCs have found the gully dwarf foragers, they can leave them in the village. The foragers will soon reenter the forest, however, as their village still needs food. They may be encountered again.

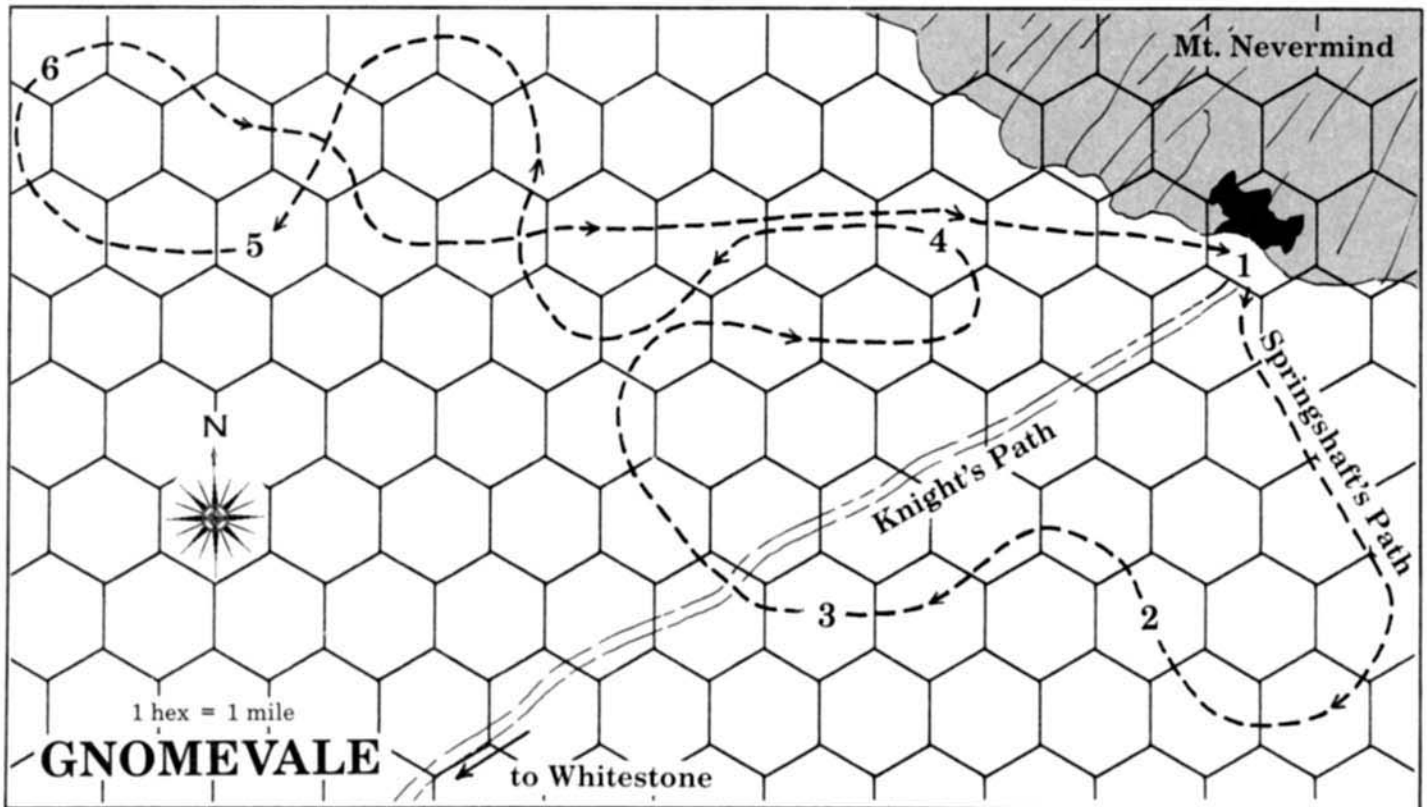
Springshaft sniffs disdainfully at the village and ignores the other gully dwarves. He considers himself superior to them as he lives with the gnomes, and is "civ'lized," as he says.

Gully dwarf males (24): AC 10; MV 6; HD 2; THAC0 19; #AT 2 or 1; Dmg 1-4/1-4 (fist/bite) or by weapon type; SD save at two levels higher; ML 3; AL CN; DL3/30; spear.

Gully dwarf females (40): AC 10; MV 6; HD 2; THAC0 19; #AT 2; Dmg 1-4/1-4 (fist/bite); SD save at two levels higher; ML 5; AL CN; DL3/30.

Gully dwarf children (126): AC 8; MV 6; HD 1; #AT 2; Dmg 1-2/1-2 (fist/bite); SD save at one level higher; ML 2; AL CN; DL3/30.

Shamon, male gully dwarf shaman: AC 10; MV 6; HD 4; hp 24; THAC0 nil; #AT nil; SD save at two levels higher; ML 7; AL CN; DL3/30. Shamon never attacks physically but instead uses his "magic" (he swings a dead chipmunk over his head while chanting). All gully dwarves in his presence have their morale increased by two points while Shamon is chanting.



5. Blackstone. Here beneath a small tree lies the now-insane Blackstone. Once a strong, charismatic young man, he is now old and tired. His insanity has brought him new vitality, though, and a fanatical gleam is easily apparent in his eyes. He is waiting patiently for Ahmoras to wander by so he can kill the dragon.

When Blackstone sees the PCs, roll his reaction on the Encounter Reactions table (2nd Edition *DMG*, page 103). Reroll his reaction every five minutes, as his insanity causes him to have an unstable personality. If Blackstone is friendly toward the PCs, he answers any questions they ask. If he is indifferent to the PCs, he ignores them. If he is cautious or threatening, he warns the party that he is a powerful cleric of Takhisis. If he is hostile, he grimly identifies himself as the Nightlord of Takhisis and begin chanting wildly. Blackstone never physically attacks. If the PCs ask him to come with them, he becomes permanently friendly and follows them around on their "quest to slay Ahmoras."

The first time Blackstone becomes friendly toward the PCs, read the following to the players:

With a sudden confused look on his face, the man beneath the tree looks at you as if he had never seen you before. Then a big smile creeps across his face. "Well, you're finally here," he says. "I guess you'll kill Ahmoras for me, won't you? Of course you will!" He reaches into his robes and pulls out an ornamental statue of a dragon carved from black jade. "This is the *icon of Chemosh*. It once held Ahmoras's soul before he animated that gnome machine. He wants to use it to transfer his essence into a new body. But watch out! He can sense its presence except when I hold it. Don't take it unless you are ready to fight him for it! He'd do anything to get this statue. He hates his new body, you know." The man's smile turns into a snarl, "Ungrateful creature, after all the trouble I took animating him!"

Blackstone: AC 10; MV 12; former cleric of Takhisis 11; hp 61; THAC0 nil; #AT nil; S 14, D 12, C 15, I 15, W 5, Ch 17; ML 20; AL LE; no spells. Blackstone's wisdom score was originally 16,

but due to his insanity it has been drastically lowered. Blackstone's only possession is the *icon of Chemosh* (see page 39).

6. Fodur's Point. Several hundred years ago, a master craftsgnome named Fodur tested his greatest achievement here. He invented a machine that would mine and process ore, and he brought it here where he suspected there would be great mineral deposits. He started it up, and the machine dug deeper and deeper into the earth, successfully processing what ore it found. Unfortunately, Fodur could not get the machine to stop, and it tunneled until it reached a magma vein. This created the only known active (if small) volcano on Sancrist Isle: a 40'-wide opening with a 10'-high parapet, dropping 270' straight down into live magma.

The gnomes proclaimed Fodur a true gnome genius and have held his name in reverence ever since. Fodur's Point is known as a great place to test geothermal energy generators and to cook hot dogs. In addition, it is an ideal place to construct a trap for Ahmoras. If the area can be cloaked in illusion, such as by a *hallucinatory terrain* spell, it is

possible that Ahmoras might be tricked into blundering into the crevasse.

Fodur's Point rarely erupts but does give off a continual supply of toxic gas (which will not affect Ahmoras nor be concealed from anyone else by any illusion). Anyone who comes within 120' of Fodur's Point will inhale the gas and must save vs. poison at +2 each round or begin coughing uncontrollably, with the effects of a *stinking cloud* spell. Those who rolled a 1 for a saving throw will collapse and must be taken from the area or die in 1-4 rounds. Gnomes who come here wear special breathing devices that only rarely suffocate the wearer.

Concluding the Adventure

The party could attempt to defeat Ahmoras in several ways. A few of them are listed below with their possible consequences. Many of these methods make use of the *icon of Chemosh*. For a complete description of how Ahmoras reacts to the icon, see his description at the end of the module.

1. The party bashes Ahmoras to bits. Though crude, this method is possible. If the party is powerful, it may locate Ahmoras (perhaps with Scatterspray's help) and destroy him in physical combat.

2. The party melts Ahmoras in the volcano. Tricking Ahmoras into falling into Fodur's Point is difficult but not impossible. Ahmoras is so obsessed with the *icon of Chemosh* that he would actually jump after it if it were hurled into the volcano. This would destroy Ahmor-

as and make the icon inaccessible.

3. The party builds a trap for Ahmoras (either by themselves or with the help of the gnomes). Getting Ahmoras into the trap is easiest if the *icon of Chemosh* is used as bait. Traps could range from huge pits to fields of mud. Don't let the party pass the buck and tell the gnomes to design the trap. If the gnomes begin designing a trap, it will be so huge and complex that it will take years to construct. The PCs must organize and supervise the gnomes if they want the latter to build a trap.

4. The party manages to get a tinker gnome to ruin Ahmoras by taking him apart. This is a difficult way to defeat the dragon, as it is necessary to get the gnome *inside* Ahmoras's body in order to achieve success. There is an entry hatch in Ahmoras's back, but most tinkers will think of more interesting ways to get in (such as crawling down his throat, into the acid container). If a gnome manages to somehow get inside Ahmoras, he automatically causes 1d8 plus his tinker-gnome level in hit points of damage to Ahmoras if he attempts to tinker with the dragon's mechanisms. Due to the intense heat inside Ahmoras's body, the unlucky gnome takes 1-3 hp damage per round. Spells or magical items that protect from heat are a necessity if this plan to defeat Ahmoras is undertaken.

5. The party attempts to transfer Ahmoras's soul and slay him in his new form. This is possible only if the party has encountered and slain Inferno, the red dragon. If Ahmoras transfers into

Inferno's body (which he will gladly do), it is immediately restored to full health and takes on all of the aspects of Ahmoras's original form. If the party does manage to slay Ahmoras in his new body, his soul is sucked into the Abyss by the *icon of Chemosh* (even if the party doesn't have it).

6. The party attempts to negotiate with Ahmoras. Attempts to strike a deal with Ahmoras always fail. The dragon accepts no deals that do not end with him gaining the icon. Once he has the icon, he hunts down and kills Inferno, then uses the icon to animate her body. Then he attacks Whitestone by air, combining might and magic to demolish the city.

The possibilities for subsequent adventures are considerable. Now that the party knows the gnomes, they might be hired to deliver some technological item elsewhere in Krynn. And what of the icon? If it is still around, the PCs could go on a quest to find out how to destroy it. Or perhaps Ahmoras's spirit didn't dissipate harmlessly or return to the Abyss after he died. The dragon might find, to his surprise, that he can travel in spirit form, possess the body of another evil dragon, and seek out those who slew him. What if he is able to reenter his own body, now a buried skeleton, and animate it as an undead dragon? The party may be forced to fight him in this new form when they have reached higher levels (use the statistics for Dragotha on page 29 of DRAGON Magazine issue #134).

Ahmoras

	Mechanical Form	Original Form*
INTELLIGENCE	Exceptional (16)	Exceptional (16)
ALIGNMENT	Chaotic evil	Chaotic evil
ARMOR CLASS	-2	-3
MOVEMENT	24	12, fly 30 (C), swim 12
HIT DICE	20	16
HIT POINTS	120	96
THACO	5	5
NO. OF ATTACKS	3 (claw/claw/bite) plus special (see page 49)	3 (claw/claw/bite) plus special (see Monstrous Compendium)
DAMAGE/ATTACK	1d6 + 6/1d6 + 6/5d6 plus special (see below)	1d6 + 8/1d6 + 8/3d6 + 8 plus special (see Monstrous Compendium)
SPECIAL ATTACKS	Spells, charge, breath weapon	See Monstrous Compendium
SPECIAL DEFENSES	Immune to electricity, poison, rust, normal missiles	See Monstrous Compendium
MAGIC RESISTANCE	See below	60% (unique ability)
SIZE	G (68' body with 55' tail)	G (68' body with 55' tail)
MORALE	Fearless (19)	Fanatic (16)
XP VALUE	23,000	21,000

* Old black dragon, 447 years old at death.

(continued on page 49)

(continued from page 48)

Spells: *charm person, detect magic, feather fall, shield, invisibility, fog cloud, stinking cloud, web, haste, slow, spectral force, dimension door, minor globe of invulnerability, cloudkill, transmute rock to mud* (spells may be used whether Ahmoras is in mechanical or live form).

Ahmoras the dragon was one of Takhisis's finest if most erratic servants. Gifted with incredible brilliance for a black dragon, he exceeded the normal limits of his kind and obtained the powers of a 10th-level renegade wizard in addition to his usual spells.

But Ahmoras was not a very dependable servant. Though brilliant, he was stubborn and unusually egotistical, even for a dragon. Proud Ahmoras, leader of the black dragons, was tricked into an ambush and slain by seven adult copper dragons during the Age of Dreams.

Ahmoras's soul drifted into the Abyss, where he refused to make himself useful. He brooded and planned revenge on the seven who slew him. As punishment for his uncooperative attitude, Takhisis trapped his soul in an uninhabited region of the Abyss and forgot about him until Blackstone prayed to her, begging for a task to perform. Takhisis, who disliked Blackstone, told him the location of the *icon of Chemosh* and set him the task of finding some way to resurrect Ahmoras. Takhisis told Ahmoras he would soon be free, and he eagerly waited for his return to life. He waited over three decades. How dare he be made to wait so long! He would return to life and rend Blackstone limb from limb. Then, when his queen had apologized to him, he might consent to serve her.

Suddenly Ahmoras was free from his prison of jade. He awoke and found himself in a mechanical body! In his disoriented state, he thrashed about wildly, mindlessly smashing everything until he had escaped from the gnomes' mountain.

After a few hours he could think again and surveyed himself. He was disgusted with the mechanical body that was so ugly compared to his own. His queen had betrayed him! He prayed to her, but she laughed at him. "Perhaps now you will learn some humility!" Ahmoras almost bowed down and begged forgiveness, but he didn't. His pride restrained him. He swore revenge on Takhisis, on Blackstone, on the gnomes, on everyone. Then he began a rampage of wanton destruction.

His rampage stopped a month later when he had an idea. If he could slay another evil dragon and regain the icon, he could possess that dragon's body! He dare not attack Whitestone in his quest for the icon, as the knights would surely destroy him. Ahmoras has convinced himself that Blackstone will return to try and slay him. By pure luck, he

is correct. Ahmoras hunts for Blackstone as he did before, but now it is the hunt of a conscious and intelligent beast.

Ahmoras is now a huge marvel of gnomish technology. Though he can move with great speed in any one direction, making a 90° degree turn takes him a full round. Ahmoras has 20 HD and saves as such, but he is a clumsy fighter.

Ahmoras's mechanical breath weapon is amazing. A tube emerges from his mouth (he cannot use his bite attacks at this time), taking one round to fully extend. In the next round, he can fire a stream of acid 3' wide that extends 30'. The acid causes 10d4 + 5 hp damage (save vs. dragon breath for half damage). There is a 25% chance that the acid of any particular shot is only soapy water (the gnomes installed one wrong tank.) The breath weapon must be retracted (taking one round) and reloaded (taking another round) before it can be reused. The dragon must be stationary to fire his breath weapon but can be moving at any other time. He can claw in the same round that he uses his breath weapon.

For physical attacks, the dragon can charge his opponents. All in his path must save vs. petrification at -4 or take d12 + 12 hp damage. They must make an additional save vs. petrification, with no modifier, or be stunned for 1-4 rounds. If the PCs scatter,

the dragon will be able to get only one or two of them at a time with this attack.

Ahmoras can also attack opponents with a claw/claw/bite routine. Claw and bite attacks are treated as described in the *Monstrous Compendium*. Ahmoras may not snatch (as he cannot fly) or wing buffet (his gnomish wings don't work well). He can, however, use his tail to slap up to 12 foes behind him (Dmg 2d6 + 12). Ahmoras can also kick as a normal dragon.

Whenever Ahmoras is successfully hit and damaged by a weapon, his attacker makes an additional to-hit roll (but no damage roll). If this second roll is also successful, the dragon has been structurally damaged. Roll 1d20, add the damage done, then consult the Dragon Mishaps table to see what happens to him.

If Ahmoras is reduced to 0 hp, he collapses; anyone under him takes 2d20 hp damage. His eyes begin to glow brightly, and he regenerates physical damage at the rate of 1 hp per round. Once he reaches full hit points, he reanimates and attacks. The regeneration process may be halted by removing the two jade spheres in his eye sockets. Removing them also separates Ahmoras's spirit from his physical body. The jade spheres are worth 2,500 gp each. They may not be removed except when Ahmoras is comatose (at or below 0 hp).

Dragon Mishaps

1d20 + hit points

of damage taken	Structural damage caused
02-05	Bells and whistles go off.
06-10	Ahmoras is off balance and attacks at -1 for 2-5 rounds.
11-15	Ahmoras is off balance and attacks at -2 for 2-5 rounds.
16-20	Ahmoras's tail is paralyzed for 3-6 rounds.
21-25	Ahmoras's head is paralyzed for 3-6 rounds. He may not use his breath weapon or bite. He may still cast spells (see MC).
26-27	Steam blasts from Ahmoras's wound, hitting the attacker for 4d6 hp damage.
28	Acid sprays from Ahmoras's wound, hitting the attacker for 10d4 + 5 hp damage.
29-32	Smoke pours from Ahmoras's ears, affecting everyone within a 20' radius as a <i>stinking cloud</i> spell. Ahmoras attacks at -1 for 2-5 hours but is not affected by the gas.
33-35	Ahmoras's legs are paralyzed for 3-6 rounds. He may not run or claw.
36	Toxic gas pours from Ahmoras's wound, affecting all within a 20' radius (save vs. poison or be overcome by nausea and fall unconscious; if save is successful, attack at -4 for 3-6 rounds; no spell-casting possible). Ahmoras attacks at -2 for 2-5 hours but is not affected by the gas.
37-39	Ahmoras's internal workings jam, and he begins to hop up and down for 1-4 rounds. While hopping, he can take no other action but may make one crush attack per round. A successful attack causes 2d12 + 12 hp damage. Ahmoras may hop 30' forward or 20' in any other direction.
40 +	Major structural damage. Ahmoras may take no actions for 2-5 rounds. Alarm bells ring deafeningly for 3-6 rounds, and spell-casters must save vs. spells at -4 or their spell concentration will be broken. Fire extinguishing foam sprays everything within a 20' radius. All attacks made (by either Ahmoras or the adventurers) are at -2 due to slippery footing. A disgusting odor radiates from the dragon's body in a 20' radius for two turns. Those in the cloud must save vs. poison or take no action until they are removed from the cloud. Those who remain in the cloud and make their saving throws attack at -2. Purple dust sprays from the dragon's ears; the dust does absolutely nothing, but it looks nice.

Ω



RANK AMATEURS

BY JOHN J. TERRA

“Somewhere ogre
the rainbow....”

Artwork by Jim Holloway

John Terra is a free-lance writer who lives happily with his wife, Ellen, and children, Adrienne and John III. Some of his past gaming projects include entries in WG7 Castle Greyhawk and Monstrous Compendiums I and II. He is currently working on The Teen Titans Sourcebook for Mayfair's DC™ HEROES game. His RPG group playtested the following adventure, and the players are all recovering nicely at a local mental health facility.

“Rank Amateurs” is a D&D® module for humanoid PCs created with GAZ10 *The Orcs of Thar Gazetteer*. It is intended for 6-8 players, preferably as the start of an all-humanoid campaign, though any humanoid PC of levels 1-3 can be used. It is preferable to include at least one “big gun” such as an ogre or troll, one thief-oriented type such as a kobold, and a shaman or wicca. Access to GAZ10 is required. Those who want to truly do justice to the latter part of the adventure should also have access to GAZ3 *The Principalities of Glantri*.

The DM is encouraged to read the GAZ10 Player's Guide (PG) thoroughly, especially the sections dealing with the condition of weapons and humanoid skills. All references to this book are listed by page number. For extra fun, the DM should consult the Weapon Defects Chart (PG, page 42) for specific weapon problems.

For the Dungeon Master

Flooshpragh is the name of the new village that serves as the horde center for the Rude Mongrels, a tribe made up of the odds and ends of various goblinoid races. It is situated in Upper Bugburbian territory, but fortunately, Chief Mmm-Buh! (an ogre) is on great terms with bugbear Tribal Chief Ohr'r and is owed a favor by the latter. Of course, any bugbears in the Mongrel tribe may very well be spies for Ohr'r. In any case, the Mongrels, due to their unquestioning acceptance of all who wish to settle with them, are very popular with loners and anyone wanting a fresh start in life.

Unfortunately, the number of stragglers recently has swelled the ranks to a truly unmanageable number. To make matters worse, a dozen of Chief Mmm-Buh!'s more disgusting relatives are moving into the horde in a fortnight. The Chief has to come up with an idea

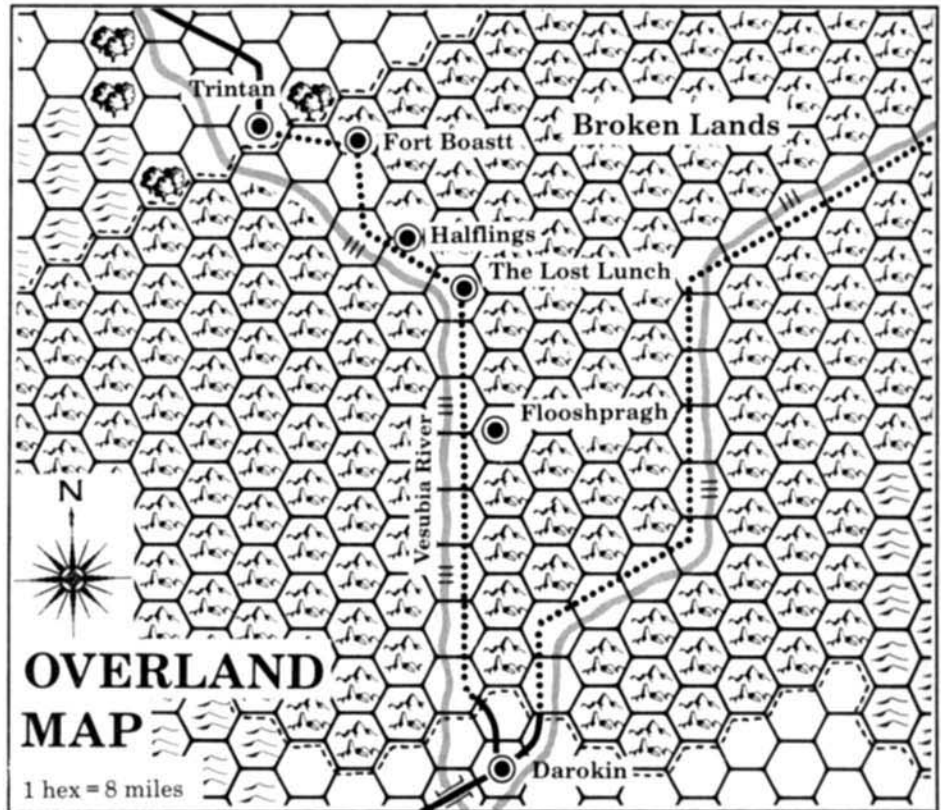
to deplete the ranks of the lower echelons, but in a way that will give him power and prestige.

The PCs are low-level types whom the Chief has declared expendable, though they do not know this. Mmm-Buh! feels like annoying his neighbors in the Principalities of Glantri. The PCs are led to believe that they are envoys for the Chief, delivering a declaration of war to the Glantri village of Trintan.

Though at first glance this adventure seems to be a trash-the-player scenario, it is not. The PCs deserve a chance to avoid the painful deaths awaiting them. Throughout this module there are subtle clues showing the PCs that Not All Is As It Seems. These clues should be delivered in an off-hand way, without unduly alerting the PCs to their significance. If the PCs are smart enough, they will realize the significance of these hints. If they are obtuse and sloppy—well, it was nice knowing them.

While it is true that humanoids are relatively stupid, they do know how to handle themselves in battle and other dangerous situations. This skill comes from sheer paranoia, a natural gift for violence, and an aggressive nature. It should be emphasized, however, that even though humanoids are the “heroes,” there is no reason for the adventure to disintegrate into a mindless mess of killing, looting, burning, and pillaging of NPCs. Some NPCs are indeed deserving of relatively unpleasant treatment, but it will be obvious who they are, and even these instances should be handled with class and good taste. Make sure to strike a balance between the humorous aspect (“Humanoid heroes? Come on now!”) and the serious aspect (these PCs are being cruelly set up).

If any player who rolls up a bugbear is interested, his PC can be a spy for Tribal Chief Ohr'r. There can be only two such spies in the party, and they each start off with one good weapon and 10 gp. Any PC who has a Knowledge skill (PG, page 35) such as tribal culture, homeland terrain, etc. can make a roll to see if he knows the Rude Mongrels' history and universal appeal as well as the state of affairs between Chief Mmm-Buh! and Tribal Chief Ohr'r. The only bits of information that he cannot know are the Chief's real plans for the party and the fact that the Chief's revolting relatives are due to arrive soon.



Mission Impossible

Read or paraphrase the following to the players:

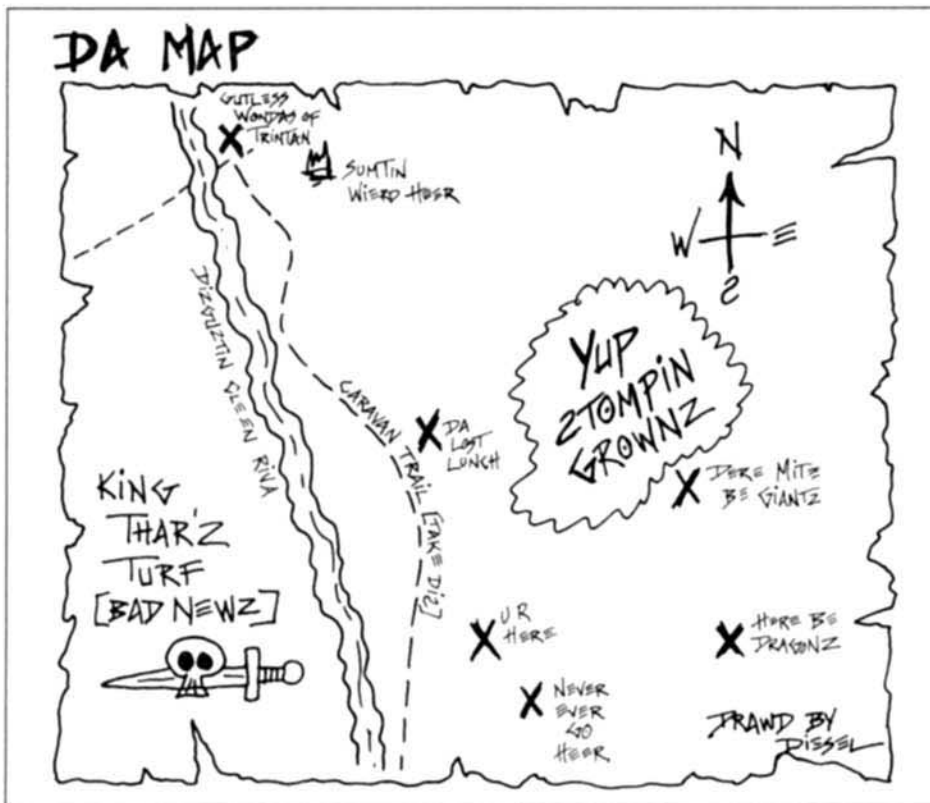
You all are hanging around one of the cookfires in your native village of Flooshpragh, warding off the winter's chill and discussing important matters such as: How many evil spirits can dance on the head of a pin? and: If an elf falls down a pit in a quarry and no one is around to hear it, does it make a noise? These philosophical arguments tend to be resolved by a few strategically placed blows in certain appropriate areas, and even now the punches are beginning to fly. So absorbed is everyone in this intellectual discourse that you fail to see the Head Garbage Picker, Harrideal the kobold, striding purposefully toward your conversation pit.

He strikes the smallest one in your group on the head, unrolls a mouldy scroll, and begins reading in a pompous bellow: “Be it known dat on dis day, da following garbage has been picked to a duty of great importance

to da royal, abominable, terrible, and very unpleasant Almighty Chief Mmm-Buh! The below-mentioned garbage is expected ta report to His Chiefness on da double or yer lungs’ll be ripped out!” He rolls up his scroll, spins on his heel, and gestures for the group to follow him.

The hut of Chief Mmm-Buh! is dark, dingy, and very smelly. The Chief is perched on a throne made of a pile of rocks and deadwood skillfully arranged to look like a heap of stones and branches. The Chief is the biggest ogre any of you have ever seen. Behind him, ready to attack any enemy, real or imagined, stand his six troll bodyguards. Seated here also are Harrideal; Ooku Sepp, the hobgoblin shaman; and Scratch, the goblin chief scribe.

The Chief clears his throat, a process that takes two minutes, and speaks. “Okay, youse guys! Lissen up, cuz yer gonna do sumpin’ dat will give ya heaps o’ glory! Dose stoopid hoomin types up in Glantri are tryin’ to muscle in on our turf, bringin’ in der godless wizards an’ fat mer-



chants to settle on our frontiers! We ain't gonna take dis lyin' down! It's war, an' youse guys are gonna be da dips . . . uh . . . da diplomats an' deliver to dose guys in da village of Trintan a challenge to fight.

"Jes' take a diplomatic pouch to der number one honcho an' wait fer der answer. Don' worry, diplomats get sumpin' called immoonity, so dey won' kill ya. Do dat an' come back, an' we'll give ya all some gold an' stuff like dat. In fact, go to Eb Neez, our supply chief, an' get da special equipment ya gonna need.

"Youse are ordered ta take da marked trail. Da goin's is easier an' you might make yerselves useful by attackin' any stoopid hoomin merchant caravans. Da trip takes a couple a days, so make sure ya stop at da Sign of da Lost Lunch, a neat inn. Keep yer ears open dere fer any good infemation. I'll pay ya extra if ya gets any useful news. You has my permission ta do a bit o' adventurin' an' explorin' if da oppotoonity presents itself. If youse guys do everyting right, ya can keep any

neat stuff ya find! Now gid outta here before I change my mind and assign ya some javelin-catchin' dooty!"

The PCs are escorted to Eb Neez the Scrounge, the gnoll supply chief, and left alone with him. Eb is expecting them and has their equipment and weapons laid out for them to take. If the Weapons Defects Chart (PG, page 42) is used, make a note of which PC gets which weapon. The inventory includes:

- 2 swords
- 1 club
- 1 battle axe
- 1 hammer
- 1 dagger
- 1 bow
- 2 maces
- 24 arrows
- 2 suits of leather armor (one kobold size, one orc size)
- 2 suits of chain mail (one orc size, one ogre size)
- 1 suit of plate mail (ogre size) It falls to pieces the first time the DM rolls the exact number needed to hit the wearer. Of course, the group can salvage the bits and use them as partial armor.
- 2 shields (one with the same disadvantage as the plate armor)
- 8 backpacks (empty; one has an unnoticed small hole)

- 2 coils of 50' of rope (one coil is defective and will break if used to support the weight of more than one orc-size or two kobold-size creatures)
- a pouch with 10 gp, 20 sp, and 30 cp
- a map of the area to be traveled ("Da Map")
- a letter of credit entitling the group to free room, food, and drinks at the Sign of the Lost Lunch, a humanoid-run inn on the road to Trintan
- a diplomatic pouch, sealed with a blob of green goop, that supposedly holds Chief Mmm-Buh's declaration of war (it actually holds 2 lbs. of a vile, smelly, unidentifiable glop). The PCs are instructed not to open this pouch on pain of a relatively unpleasant death.

If there are more PCs than weapons, armor, and equipment, too bad! Only a successful use of Intimidation or Bawling skill (PG, pages 35 and 38) will sway Eb to give over one additional item. Such tactics work only three times. If attempted a fourth time, a half-dozen ogre bodyguards come in and beat up (but not kill) the PCs, then kick them out of the supply hut and hastily send them off.

Chief Mmm-Buh! (an unusually large ogre): AC 5; HD 5 + 2; hp 39; MV 90'(30'); #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; Save F5; ML 12; AL C; XP 150; BD/35.

Harrideal (kobold): AC 7; HD 1/2; hp 3; MV 90'(30'); #AT 1 weapon; Dmg by weapon type - 1; Save Normal Man; ML 8; AL C; XP 5; BD/32.

Ooku-Sep (1st-level hobgoblin shaman): AC 6; HD 1 + 1; hp 7; MV 90'(30'); #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type; Save F1; ML 10; AL C; XP 15; BD/31 and MD/21-22. Ooku-Sep has no spells.

Scratch (goblin scribe): AC 6; HD 1 - 1; hp 5; MV 90'(30'); #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; Save Normal Man; ML 9; AL C; XP 5; BD/31.

Troll bodyguards (6): AC 4; HD 6 + 3*; hp 22 each; MV 120'(40'); #AT 2 claws/1 bite; Dmg 1-6/1-6/1-10; Save F6; ML 10; AL C; XP 650; ER/56.

Eb Neez the Scrounge (gnoll): AC 6; HD 4; hp 22; MV 90'(30'); #AT 1 weapon; Dmg by weapon type + 1; Save F4; ML 8; AL C; XP 50; BD/30. Eb is very greedy and miserly, hating to part with any of his precious equipment.

Ogre bodyguards (6): AC 5; HD 5 + 2; hp 40 each; MV 90'(30'); #AT 1 club; Dmg by weapon type + 2; Save F5; ML 11; AL C; XP 150; BD/35.

Hit the Road, Jack!

As the sun sets, the PCs depart on their hazardous mission. The entire tribe (which has been let in on the chief's neat plan and sworn to secrecy) has come out to give them a rousing sendoff.

The PCs may notice that their relatives are wearing black while wailing and gnashing their teeth. A black cat crosses their path as they walk below 13 vultures perched on a nearby tree. A gong bongs 13 times, a nearby mirror cracks, and the tribal flag is flying at half mast. Perceptive PCs may feel that something is wrong.

According to the *D&D Expert Rulebook*, the party moves overland at the rate of its slowest member. This movement rate per turn, when divided by five, gives the number of miles per day that can be covered. When traveling off the road, the party's mileage is two-thirds the normal rate. Roll for random encounters once in the morning, once at noon, and once at night. An encounter occurs on a 1 or 2 on 1d6. If an encounter is called for, roll 1d8 and consult the Random Encounter Table.

At the Sign of the Lost Lunch

Your journey finally takes you to a haven of rest, a sprawling three-story inn called the Sign of the Lost Lunch. Posted outside is a board that reads:

SIGN OF THE LOST LUNCH—
LOOKMA NOHANDS, PROP.
NO BEAR FEAT
SHIRTZ MUST BE WORN
NO DWARVZ, ELVZ, OR HALFLINGS,
EXCEPT ON LEESH
NO HOOMANS ALLOWED EXCEPT
FOR RICH KAOTIC TYPZ
NO SWEARIN' ALOUD
BEWARE UV RANDOM VIOLENCE
NO PROZLETYZIN'

Opening the door reveals a smoky, smelly, dark, loud taproom where humanoids of all races congregate for drinking, eating, drinking, gaming, drinking, gambling, drinking, brawling, and drinking. Behind the bar is a gnoll dressed in a greasy apron. The most unusual feature of this fellow is his lack of hands. You are impressed by his ability to move mugs around with the hooks at the

ends of his arms and turn the ale spigot with his snout. When he sees you, he grins a broken-toothed smile and welcomes you, introducing himself as the proprietor and asking what you wish to order.

The PCs will be safe here as long as they behave, which is unlikely to be long. Even if they are on their good behavior, the rest of the patrons most certainly will not be! Lookma is friendly and properly subservient, as the letter of credit impresses him greatly. If anyone buys him a drink, he may tell how he lost his hands juggling axes on a bet. Everyone else here is out for blood and a few cheap laughs at someone else's expense. For each PC, roll 1d10 and consult the following table:

Inn Mishap Table

1: Six yellow orcs from the YUP horde recognize the armor and weapons of their fallen comrades and attack, no questions asked. Everyone else bets on

the outcome of the fight.

If this mishap never happens, eight YUPs will engage the PCs in a tavern brawl at the end of the evening, since their tribe and the Rude Mongrels are intense rivals.

Yellow orcs (6): AC 7 (leather); HD 2; hp 10 each; MV 120'(40'); #AT 1 weapon; Dmg by weapon type (sword); Save F2; ML 11; AL C; XP 20; BD/35. Their equipment is in good shape, and they each have 5 gp.

Note: if the party did not pick up any of the YUP equipment from the tiger beetle random encounter, use mishap #2 instead.

2: Balch, an ogre, challenges the PC to a drinking contest using the Constitution skill (PG, page 38). He has a Constitution of 17. The first person to fail loses one possession. Balch owns a large club, a shield, and 23 sp.

Balch (ogre): AC 5; HD 4 + 1; hp 30; MV 90'(30'); #AT 1 club; Dmg by weapon type +2; Save F4; ML 11; AL C; XP 125; BD/35.

3-4: A kobold tries to steal one item or 10 coins from a PC victim. The thief

Random Encounters

1: **Tiger beetles, giant** (2): AC 3; HD 3 + 1; hp 13 each; MV 150'(50'); #AT 1 bite; Dmg 2-12; Save F2; ML 9; AL N; XP 50; BD/26. This pair of tiger beetles ambushed an orc patrol and is enjoying a light snack. If the party ignores them, they close in to acquire more food. The four dead orcs have two suits of leather armor, one suit of chain mail, one shield, two good swords, one good spear, one dagger, 12 gp, 34 sp, 55 cp, and a potion of *healing*. The shields and armor are emblazoned with a tribal symbol. A Knowledge roll (PG, page 35) for tribal culture skill reveals that the symbol represents the Yellow Ugly Pignoses (YUPs), a yellow orc horde that is a fierce rival of the Mongrels. This encounter happens only once.

2-3: **Traders** (4): AC 5; HD 1; hp 4 each; MV 90'(30'); #AT 1 weapon; Dmg by weapon type; Save Normal Man; ML 7; AL N; XP 10; BD/34. They are escorted by eight **fighters** (AC 5; F1; hp 7 each; MV 90'(30'); #AT 1 weapon; Dmg by weapon type; Save F1; ML 9; AL N; XP 25). This caravan is composed of four wagons, each pulled by two horses and occupied by one trader and two fighters. The traders are armed with short swords, the fighters are armed with long swords, and both groups wear chain mail. Loot consists of type A treasure. The caravan's reactions are rolled with a -2 penalty due to basic human distrust of humanoids. In battle, the traders will not join the fray unless four or more of their escorts are slain.

4: **Stupid caravan**: As #3 above, but these traders were too cheap to hire an escort. They are very anxious to avoid conflict and will give the PCs up to 75% of their wares, as well as rumor #2 from the rumor chart on page 54. If pressed for more, they launch a desperate attack. This encounter happens only once.

5-6: **Bugbear bullies** (8): AC 5; HD 3 + 1; hp 17 each; MV 90'(30'); #AT 1 weapon; Dmg by weapon type +1 (battle axes); Save F3; ML 9; AL C; XP 75; BD/27. These bugbears are members of Tribal Chief Ohr'r's clan and are here to shake down passersby for money. They are satisfied only after taking 90% of the PCs' coins (50% from any PC bugbear). If a PC bugbear is a spy for Ohr'r and somehow lets the bullies know this, no money is taken from that PC.

7: **Troglodytes** (5): AC 5; HD 2*; hp 10 each; MV 120'(40'); #AT 2 claws/1 bite; Dmg 1-4/1-4/1-4; Save F2; ML 9; AL C; XP 30; BD/38. All troglodyte encounters are scouting parties from subterranean lands. They have no treasure. During battle, however, they secrete an oil that the PCs find really neat. It sort of reminds them of home cooking.

8: **Giant shrews** (4): AC 4; HD 1*; hp 3 each; MV 180'(60'); #AT 2 bites; Dmg 1-6/1-6; Save F1; ML 10; AL N; XP 13; BD/36. When this encounter is rolled, 1d4 - 1 PCs step on some loose earth, causing them to fall 4' into a tunnel full of hungry shrews. Unfortunately, the Broken Lands are infested with such geological flaws!



must roll his Dexterity (17) or less on 1d20. On a roll of 1 or 20, the victim detects the attempt.

Kobold: AC 7; HD 1/2; hp 4; MV 90'(30'); #AT 1 weapon; Dmg by weapon type (short sword); Save Normal Man; ML 6; AL C; XP 5; BD/32.

5-6: The PC is challenged to a Bawling contest (PG, page 38) with Ikky-Nikky, a gnoll. The gnoll has a Charisma of 16. The bawlees are a group of four kobolds. The first contestant to fail a skill check must buy everyone a round of drinks (at a cost of 30 gp). If the loser will not or cannot buy, he is attacked by all 45 customers, who force him to sleep outside for the night.

IkkyNikky (gnoll): AC 5; HD 2; MV 90'(30'); #AT 1 weapon; Dmg by weapon type (long sword); Save F2; ML 8; AL C; XP 20; BD/30.

7-9: A brawl breaks out for 2-20 minutes (no more than one brawl per hour). Each PC fights one humanoid with the same statistics as the PC. The battle is nonfatal, using the unarmed combat rules on page 23 of the *Expert Rulebook*. If any PC goes looking for more victims, he gets one similar to the first opponent but with one extra hit die.

10: A PC is invited to join a dice game with five goblins, all of whom have Gambling skill and Charismas of 14. They play 3-12 (3d4) games for a pot of 3-30 sp per game. The winner of each game is the one who rolls the highest on 1d20. A successful roll against the Gambling skill (PG, page 38) gives the roller a +2 bonus. If the PC loses, he must pay 6 sp per game.

While in the taproom, each PC picks up 1-4 rumors. Roll 1d8 and consult the following chart:

Rumor Chart

- 1: "You come from Chief Mmm-Buh!? What a guy! He just loves attacking his enemies without giving them any warning!" (True)
- 2: "There be a small abandoned fort to the northwest. They say that there be lots of treasure and neat stuff there, but the risk be big, too!" (True)
- 3: "Dere is a small fort nearby. It iz abandoned becuz sum stoopid ol' dragon ate everyone dere and still duz it today! Stoopid dragon! Probably tinks da fort

is its long-lost baby or sumpin! Stoopid dragon!" (False)

4: "A whole lot of elves and wizards from Glantri are patrolling the trail that leads south from Trintan." (False)

5: "Hee Hee Hee!! I heard dat ol' Chief Mmm-Buh! is gonna play a neat practical joke on dose Trintan wimps! If it works, he'll get lotsa respect an' prestige from da other chiefs." (True)

6: "Man, those humans in Trintan don't mess around! They hate goblin races and are just aching for a reason to bash any of our kind!" (True)

7: "Chief Mmm-Buh!! What a guy! Salt of the earth! When they were defining honor, they had him in mind!" (Very False)

8: "I hear dat da Rude Mongrels are gonna be gettin' in a whole lotta relatives of da Chief's! Dat tribe is gettin' too big ta feed itself! Somethin's gotta give!" (True)

9: "There's a group of real dumb half-lings north of here, between us and Trintan. They is so easy to fool." (False)

10: "King Thar is working on a new book called *King Thar's Manual of Good Conduct: Second Edition*." (False)

The evening ends in the usual drunken humanoid good fellowship, with most arguments and hatreds (as well as dead customers) swept aside as everyone joins in a grand old taproom singalong. Among the featured songs: "I'm a Humanoid and I'm Okay" ("I raid all night and I sleep all day"), "Ninety-Nine Dwarven Skulls On the Wall," and the potentially fatal "If You're Nasty and You Know It, Stab Your Friend." After this, everyone turns in.

There are extra tough iron locks on the bedroom doors, and the beds are of passable quality. Each room has a window that can be barred from the inside. The rooms each accommodate four medium-size guests.

But the YUPs are not finished with the PCs quite yet. In the hour before dawn, four YUPs attack each of the PC's rooms. This is a battle of life and death, the YUPs being fanatical about their tribal rivalry. Use the same yellow orc statistics provided in Tavern Mishap #1. Any PC with the attribute skills of Instinct, Alertness, Hear Noise, or Odor Scinting (PG, pages 37-38) automatically gets a roll which, if successful, enables the PC to be awakened (getting initiative) by the sounds of the YUPs coming into the room (they stole the master key from Lookma).

Small Inconveniences

Leaving behind the warmth, companionship, and bloodshed of the Lost Lunch, your intrepid little band strikes its way down the trail that stretches across the wastelands. Monotony sets in again, and it seems painfully likely that everyone is on the verge of having another "philosophical discussion" when you see a group of eight small figures riding ponies and leading three pack animals. They are 200 yards ahead, and apparently they see you too, because they are waving and calling.

The strangers carry no visible weapons. Ask the PCs if they would like to close in. If they refuse to get closer, the strangers shout out an encouraging, respectful greeting. If even this fails to sway the PCs, the strangers shrug and ignore them also. Should the party indeed close, continue the description:

As you draw closer, the identity of the riders becomes clear. They are halflings! The eight little people, all clad in leather and warm clothing, wave cheerfully and shout out: "Good sirs, let us trade! We have many goods to interest the likes of you!" The presence of several casks of ale lashed to the packhorses provides a further temptation.

The halflings set up camp and begin cooking some savory stew and rolling out barrels of ale. It is the aim of the halflings to drug the PCs and rob them blind or, failing this, to sell them defective and false goods. The "traders" carry the following items, which they offer for sale at the prices listed:

- potion of *healing*: 10 gp (sugar water)
- potion of *giant strength*: 25 gp (also sugar water)
- glowing magical sword: 50 gp (a phosphorous-coated, unbalanced blade)
- 50-gp diamond: 50 gp (nice glass, but that's all)
- wand of trap detection*: 75 gp (a varnished twig)
- ring of water walking*: 100 gp (a nice brass ring)
- black wolf-fur cape: 50 gp (actually, it's rat hair)
- loaded dice: 10 gp (they're perfectly normal dice)
- warm, waterproof boots: 50 gp (they leak profusely)
- wood sculpture of a dragon: 70 gp (termite-ridden)
- guide to speaking the language of Glantri: 5 gp (all the phrases are hopelessly wrong, being the most insulting and disgusting in that language)

Besides selling bad merchandise, the halflings tell the PCs about the legendary Fort Boastt and how there is much gold and other treasure there. They say that the old fort lies to the north off the main trail. The halflings give the party this information, not out of the goodness of their hearts, but out of the hope that the poor suckers will buy the halflings' defective equipment in order to go adventuring at the fort. The halflings plan to catch up to the PCs at the fort and scavenge from the dead.

The halflings have three casks of ale. They drink from the first cask, which is untainted, and let the party drink from the other two. Roll a secret Constitution check for each PC for each hour spent drinking. Any PC who has the Drinking

skill (PG, page 38) rolls against half his Constitution. Those who pass their rolls are not aware of anything wrong unless they are suspicious of poison. Attribute-related skills that can be used to detect something amiss are: an appropriate Knowledge field of study, Instinct, and Odor Scinting (PG, pages 35-38).

There is enough ale for each PC to spend four hours drinking. At the end of the four-hour period, all who failed their Constitution checks fall into a deep sleep for the next eight hours (unless roused). During that time, the halflings take the PCs' armor, weapons, gold, and anything even remotely useful. Anyone who did not succumb to the poison is attacked by all eight halflings wielding clubs. They do not wish to kill, so damage is nonlethal.

Of course, the party may very well decide to throw aside any semblance of civility and thrash the halflings, taking all their booty. This is considered appropriate behavior for humanoids.

All the gag items are labeled as if they were the real thing. Unfortunately, each horse's pack holds a nasty-tempered ferret that has been trained to attack any nonhalfling who opens a pack.

Ferrets (3): AC 5; HD 1; hp 4 each; MV 150'(50'); AT 1 bite; Dmg 1-4; Save F1; ML 8; AL N; XP 10; BD/30.

The halflings' real treasure consists of 800 gp, 1,245 sp, 2,331 cp, six rubies worth 100 gp each, two *battle axes* +1, a *two-handed sword* +1, a *war hammer* +2, four potions of *healing*, a suit of man-size *chain mail* +1, and a *wand of magic detection*, all of which are correctly labeled—in the halfling tongue! The eight ponies and three packhorses are a versatile prize and can be used as mounts, beasts of burden, or tasty snacks.

Halflings (8): AC 7; HD 2; hp 10 each; MV 90'(30'); #AT 1 weapon; Dmg by weapon type; Save Halfling 2; ML 9; AL C; XP 20; BD/31. Each halfling has a dagger, short sword, and club. The halflings are taking the trail bound for Darokin. They had also hoped to run into some not-too-bright humanoids and swindle them. If they survive this encounter, the halflings continue on their merry way. However, if the halflings outnumber the PCs, they will follow the party, staying one hour behind them at all times, waiting for the humanoids to strike it rich so they can swoop down and rob them. Nasty little wretches, aren't they?

Fort Boastt

1 square = 10'



Tower, 3rd Level



Tower, Top Level



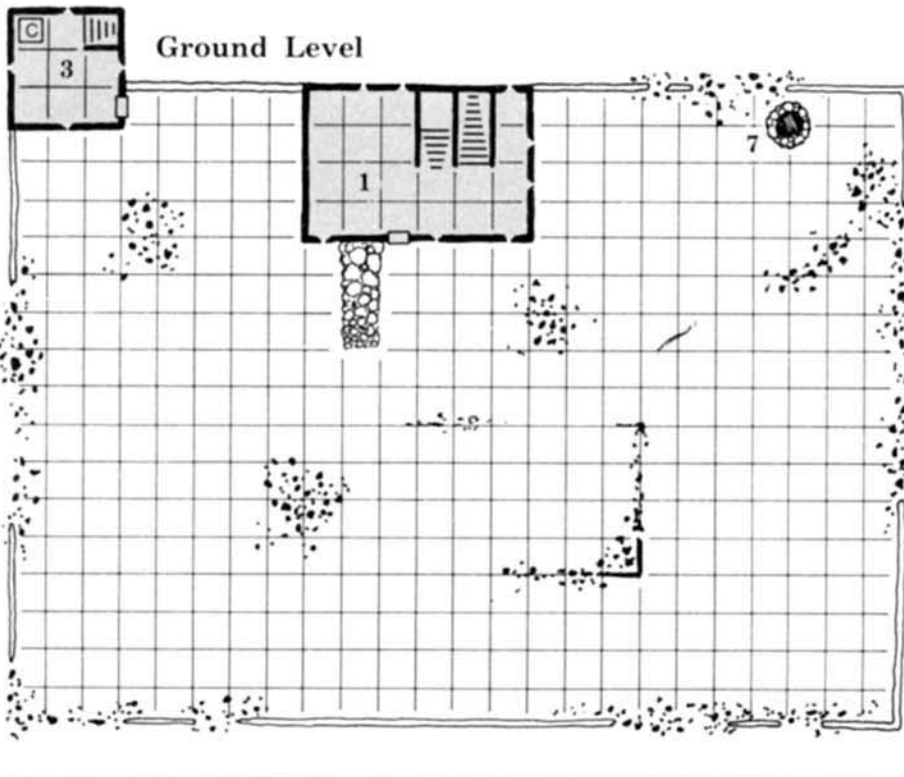
Tower, 2nd Level



Barracks, 2nd Level



Ground Level



Note: If the party has not taken the trail and has consequently avoided this encounter, make it their next random encounter.

The Haunted Ruins of Fort Boastt

Though the trail here turns to the northwest, a second trail, almost obliterated by age, stretches northward. Could this be the way to that legendary ruin, Fort Boastt?

If the PCs follow the northbound trail, read the following:

The stark, tumbled ruins of Fort Boastt, formerly a bugbear outpost, are enough to snap everyone's mind back to serious matters. The very area radiates an ominous feeling of disaster. There is a single watchtower still standing, surrounded by a few walls (one of which abuts the remains of a barracks) and lots of rubble. The only vegetation in the area is made up of wilting gray and brown weeds and a few dead trees that still cling to the rocky soil. There are no signs of animal life except for a solitary vulture that stares balefully at your party.

This place was abandoned 75 years ago after a group of bugbears performed a cowardly deed and enraged Bartziluth, their god of strength and bravery. The Immortal cursed the place, and all proper bugbears in Upper Bugburbia shun the area despite their belief that it is a minor storehouse of treasure. What good is wealth if you've been turned into a piece of beef jerky? Any PC bugbear with the Knowledge skill of Tribal Lore (PG, page 35) automatically knows the story. Any PC of another race must make his roll in Tribal Lore.

1. Ruined Barracks, First Level.

The door sticks, requiring a Strength roll to open. An Intelligence roll shows that this was once a barracks.

The room has been reduced to a shambles. Heaps of rubble are everywhere. Each wall is pierced with arrow slits. One set of stairs goes up and one set goes down.

Under a pile of rubble in the northwest corner of the room lie four inhabitants who are very much alive.

Pit vipers (4): AC 6; HD 2*; hp 9 each; MV 90'(30'); #AT 1 bite; Dmg 1-4 + poison; Save F1; ML 7; AL N; XP 25; BD/37 (snake). The have no treasure.

2. Ruined Barracks, Upper Level.

On the outside of the building, a ramp made of rubble leads to the second floor. At the top, a boulder seals off a gap in the wall from casual visitors.

This is the lair of Jerk, a hill giant. He lives in the upper level of the barracks, using the ramp to get up here and the boulder as his front door (the original door is long gone). Since this is an all-humanoid adventure, Jerk will not attack immediately. In a perverse manner of speaking, the PCs are like long-lost "little cousins," a term that Jerk will use if his reaction to them is favorable. He has moved into this level, sealing off the staircase leading down and the hole in the wall by massive boulders, each requiring a Strength roll (at -2 penalty) to move.

Jerk loves food and wine, and may be bribed by such. If he is given large amounts of both plus the promise of treasure, and his Monster Reaction is Immediately Friendly, he will join the PCs as a henchman, though if he is verbally or physically abused, he undergoes another reaction roll. Note: If Jerk joins the party, add one more creature to every multiple-creature encounter, adding the extra beast to the type of monster that has the greatest number already (e.g., if the party encounters 12 rats and a wererat, add one extra rat, not an extra wererat).

Jerk (hill giant): AC 4; HD 8; hp 39; MV 120'(40'); #AT 1 club; Dmg by weapon type; Save F8; ML 8; AL C; XP 650; ER/50. His treasure consists of 2,105 sp, 1,028 gp, 477 pp, a *spear* +2, a suit of human-size *leather armor* +2, a potion of *healing*, a potion of *invisibility*, and a *ring of protection* +1. This is all hidden in a hole under the rock that blocks the down stairway.

A trapdoor in the northeast corner of the ceiling leads to the roof. Up there, Jerk has a stash of 24 boulders to hurl at his enemies. There is no ladder. Jerk is big enough to grab the lip of the opening and pull himself up.

3. Tower, Ground Level.

The door is stuck [requiring a Strength roll to open]. As you enter, the odor of freshly turned earth assails your noses. There is also the smell of bodies both living and dead. The room looks bare save for the arrowslits in the walls, the stairs heading ominously downward, and the ladder leading to a trapdoor in the ceiling.

There is nothing of any consequence in here. The stairs lead down to the area 8 in the underground complex.

4. Tower, Second Level.

The trapdoor is stuck, like the door at area 3. As you push the trapdoor open, you notice many strands of webs crisscrossing the room and catching the light streaming in from the arrowslits. There are some vaguely humanoid-shaped lumps in the webs. The north wall has a 3'-wide hole in it. The ladder you climbed continues up to another trapdoor in the ceiling of this room.

A giant black widow spider rests at the X and scuttles to the trapdoor as soon as it is opened, trying to surprise the first PC to pop up. The three lumps are orcs, but the only salvagable items are a dagger, 45 gp, 83 sp, and a good pair of boots.

Spider, giant: AC 6; HD 3*; hp 12; MV 60'(20'); in web 120'(40'); #AT 1 bite; Dmg 2-12 + poison; Save F2; ML 8; AL N; XP 50; BD/38.

5. Tower, Third Level.

This level has the usual arrowslits and the ladder continuing ever upward to another trapdoor. There seems to be some nesting material jumbled in the rafters.

Scrawled on the east wall are these words in hobgoblin:

Bartziluth's curse for our cowardice.

We die but do not rest.

Away from sunlight to the depths below,

If you know what's good for you, you better not go.

Hidden in the rafters are eight stirges. Their nest contains a potion of *healing*, a *ring of identify*, six rubies worth 500 gp each, and 23 sp.

A *ring of identify* enables its wearer to correctly identify, 95% of the time, the exact properties of any six items every 24 hours. The item must be grasped in order for the ring to work. The ring identifies itself to its wearer as soon as it is put on. Note that a *curse* item appears to be a legitimate item of value.

Stirges (8): AC 7; HD 1*; hp 3 each; MV 30'(10'), flying 180'(60'); #AT 1; Dmg 1-3; Save F2; ML 9; AL N; XP 13; BD/38. The stirges fly out of the arrow slits in order to hunt.

6. Tower, Top Level.

It smells bad up here. There is guano all over the floor, and twittering sounds come from the rafters. The ladder continues upward.

Four giant bats reside here, though sharp PCs will pick up on this.

Bats, giant (4): AC 6; HD 2; hp 10; MV 30'(10'), flying 180'(60'); #AT 1 bite; Dmg 1-4; Save F1; ML 8; AL N; XP 20; BD/25. They have no treasure.

The ladder leads to a stuck trapdoor that opens out into the fresh air of the roof. There is much rubble up here, but this high perch affords an excellent view of the countryside. One can see an enemy miles away. If the halflings are following the PCs, secretly roll for any PC up on the roof against any skill that may alert him to the danger.

7. Covered Well.

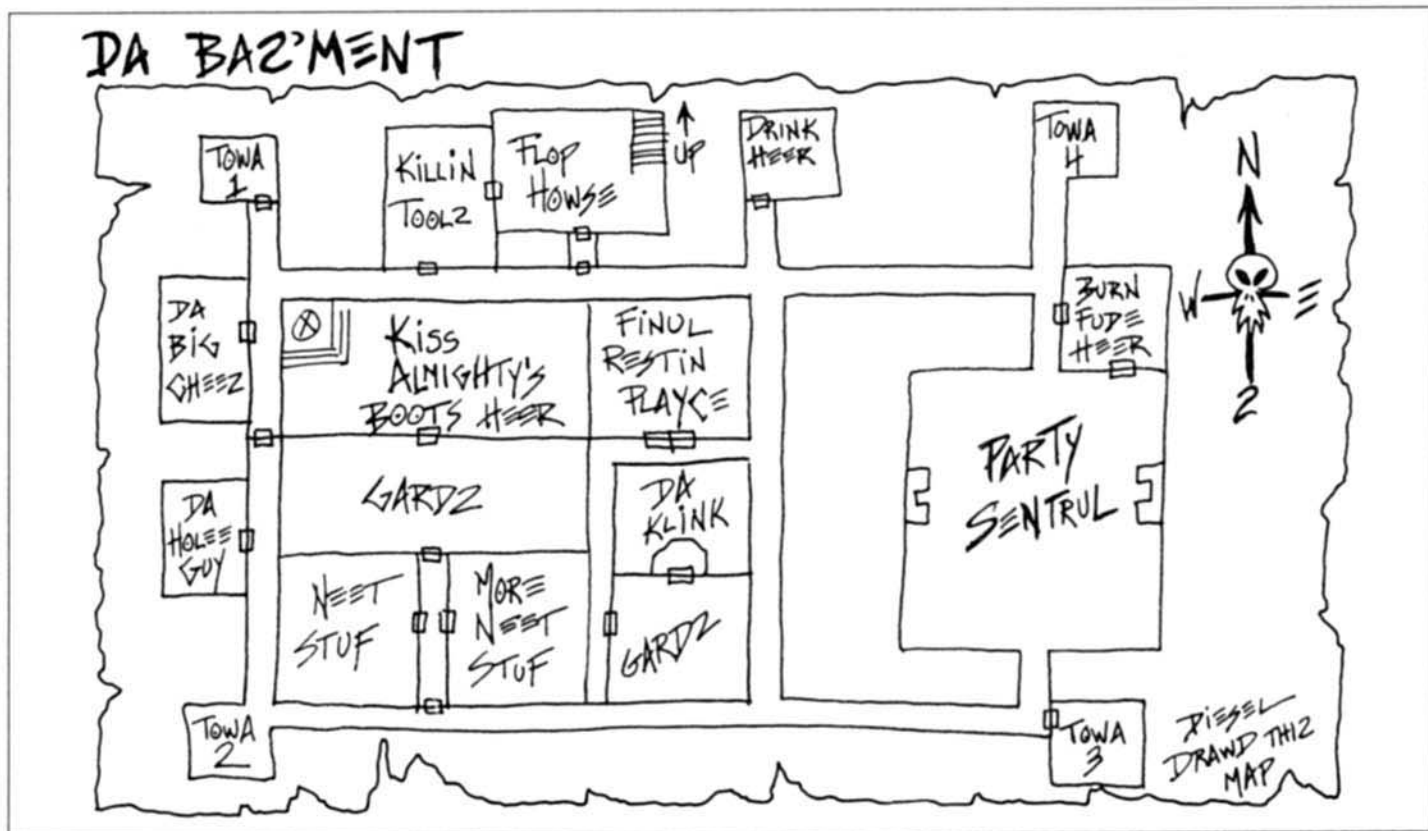
This stone-rimmed well has boards covering its mouth. Some of the boards have been chewed through.

It takes five minutes to pry all the boards away. The air that billows out is mildewy, and a disgusting green growth clings to the well's sides. Anyone attempting to use Climbing skill (PG, page 37) to descend does so at a -2 penalty. The well shaft leads to area 20.

Fort Boast—The Underground

8. Barracks, Lower Level.

Descending the stairway, you see two dozen beds and footlockers. What is more disconcerting is that 10 beds still have figures lying in them, the covers drawn over their faces.



The figures are the skeletons of 10 bugbears that were *cursed* all those years ago. Now they do in death what they failed to do in life: be vigilant and brave, fighting and killing all intruders without quarter.

Skeletons (10): AC 7; HD 1; hp 4 each; MV 60'(20'); #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; Save F1; ML 12; AL C; XP 10; BD/37. The skeletons are armed with short swords but have no other treasure.

9. Armory.

The air is still and quiet in here. There are four torches set in sconces, one in each wall. Running along the walls are shelves that hold a variety of weapons. Quite a find!

This was the armory, and it still holds some good weapons. There are two swords (one long and one short), two daggers, a mace, two spears, two pole arms, a battle axe, two quivers with 12 arrows each, and a two-handed sword. If the DM wishes, up to half of these weapons may be defective (PG, page 42).

10. Tower, Cellar Level.

The air is stale here, and death hangs all around you—literally. There are skulls, partial skeletons, and other gruesome trophies nailed to the walls. The floor is a carpet of bones and skulls. Even more disturbing, the bones look as if they have been gnawed.

It gets worse. Any PC who investigates the bones closely and makes an Instinct check (PG, page 37) notices that the gnawing has been done in patterns. An intelligent creature did this, not some animal. The wererat in area 22 was here enjoying a repast and gnawed the patterns on the bones as a way to alleviate the boredom while waiting for his next meal.

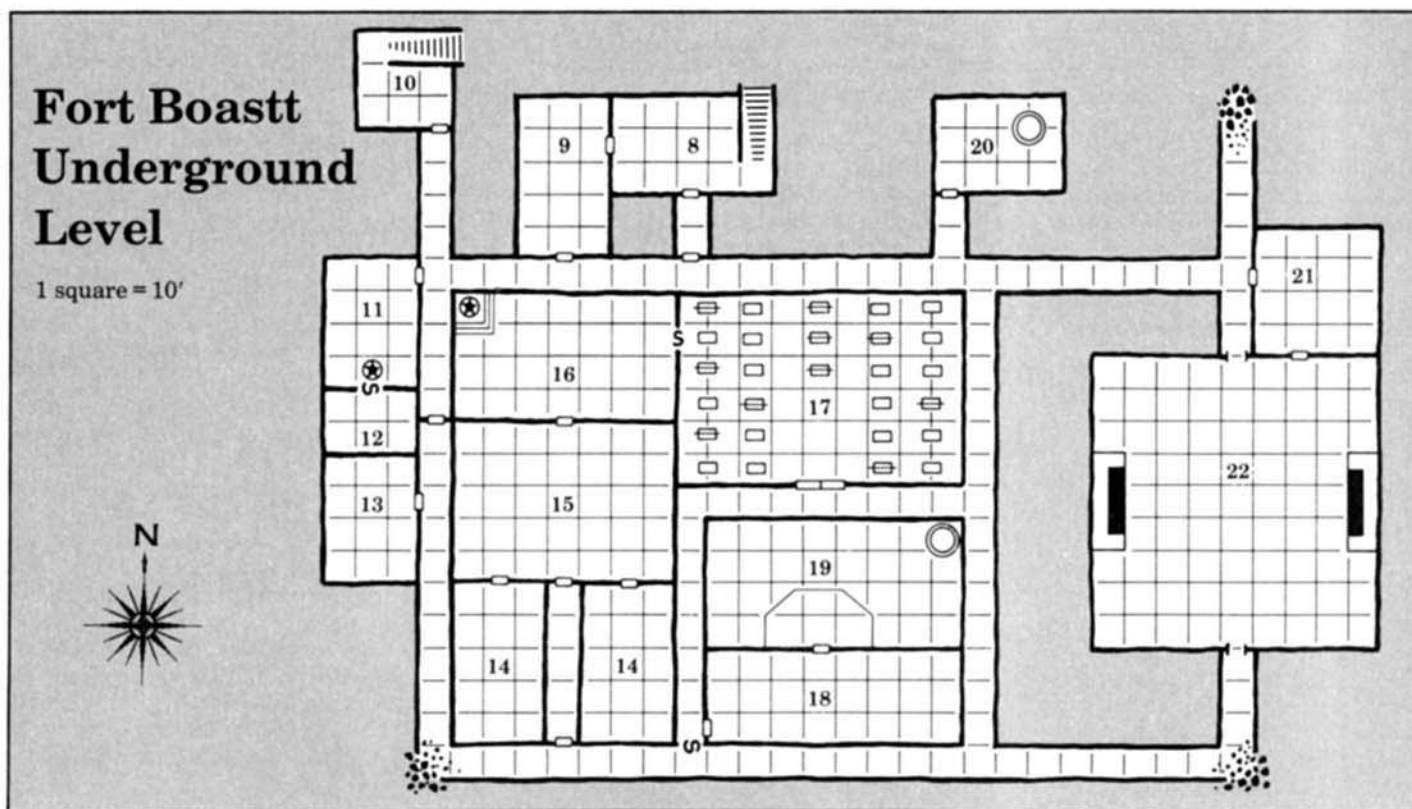
11. Chief's Room.

The heavy oak door before you is locked and has a halfling skull mounted on it at eye level. A message is scrawled on the door (in the bugbear language, of course):

"Cheef's Rume. Dont cumm inn unles u r invitid. Nok an tok into da skull!"

The room beyond the door is quite comfy. The floor is covered wall-to-wall in rugs made from polar bear skins. A brazier hangs over the plush bed, presumably for warmth. A crude writing desk has been placed against the east wall and holds some parchments in clear sight. The statue of a bugbear in battle armor stands menacingly in front of the south wall.

This was the bugbear chief's room. One parchment, written in bugbear, says: "Okay, so we messed up. We turned an' ran when attacked by dat group of elves, dwarves and halflin's. Okay, so dey only outnumbered us two ta one. Dose are okay odds for tough fighters like us! But no, we ran back to our comfy fort, cuz we were all bleeding too much. So, Mighty Bartziluth gives us all da double whammy curse, an' now we gotta wander aroun' an' guard da place, livin' but kinda dead too, ya know? But hey, ol' Bart, he's a nice guy an' sez dat all anyone's gotta do is ta



kill da dirty rat dat is gonna sumday move inta our fort even dough we are supposedly guardin' it, so I guess we're gonna be failures in death as we were in life, huh? So, anyways, if any fellow bugbear or udder goblinoid types can kick out da dirty rat dat moved in, an' toss his body down da well, den we kin rest in pieces and da neat types dat did da favor will get lotsa valooable cash prizes! Good luk, an' since I'm now a guard in my own fort, I'm really lookin' forward to my dead body killin' ya real good, real soone. After all, I'm closer den u tink! Signed, Chief Heltu"

The other parchment is a map of the lower level of fort ("Da Bas'ment").

Anyone who tries to move the statue should make a Strength roll. If the PC is successful, the statue swings away and a secret door opens.

12. Treasure Room.

As the stone secret door swings open with a loud grating sound, you are amazed to see a large pile of gold, silver, gems, and other loot glistening under the light of a half-dozen

torches burning with what is obviously magical light. There *does* seem to be one thing barring your way from all of this treasure, though: a dead bugbear who bears an uncanny resemblance to the statue in the Chief's room.

It's the Chief, all right. He's a zombie, transformed by Bartziluth. His hoard is there for the taking, if the PCs can defeat him. Of course, they can always run away and fight another day.

Chief Heltu (zombie): AC 8; HD 5; hp 38; Move 90'(30'); #AT 1 sword; Dmg by weapon type +3; Save F5; ML 12; AL C; XP 50; BD/39 (this is a nonstandard zombie). Chief Heltu is using a *two-handed sword* +3.

The treasure consists of 3,264 gp, 3,933 sp, 11 diamonds worth 300 gp each, two potions of *healing*, a potion of *heroism*, a *ring of invisibility*, a halfling-size suit of *leather armor* +2, a *dagger* +1, a *shield* +2, a *wand of fear*, a *flying carpet*, a *scroll of protection from magic*, and the *two-handed sword* +3 wielded by the zombie chief.

If the lucky PCs can kill off Chief Heltu, the "dying" zombie says, "Nice goin', guys! Nothin' personal, right? Now do me a favor an' get da dirty rat dat has moved in. Aaarrgghhh!" If the PCs have already slain the wererat (area 22), the Chief says everything except the last sentence.

13. Shaman's Room.

A sign on this locked oaken door reads, "Shaman Tanc, Chief Priest of Fort Boastt. No visits without an appointment. Confessions at 10:00, absolutions at 1:00, inquisitions whenever no one expects them." There is a small slot in the door for donations to the poor box.

Inside, a bed even richer than the Chief's dominates this comfortable room. Even after all these years, the smell of incense still hangs in the air—a smell like a backed-up sewer at low tide (yep, that's the favored incense of bugbear shamans, all right!). Various mystical symbols are drawn on the walls, and a locked cabinet stands against the south wall.

Any shaman in the party will recognize the symbols as incantations of great power beyond his meager understanding. The only other interesting thing is the cabinet. If the PCs get it open, read the following:

The hinges squeak as the doors of the cabinet creak open. Inside are only two things: something that appears to be a rattle decorated in odd colors, and the grinning head of a bugbear. The head focuses its eyes on your group and speaks:

"Greetings, intruders! You didn't make an appointment, did you? Bwah-ha-ha! Then die, fools!" The head flies off the shelf and begins swooping around the party, cackling menacingly.

Yes, this is Shaman Tanc. He was truly cursed and now exists as something that could be called a "flying head." He intends to pass his bad fortune on to the PCs as best he can. Each PC must make a Saving Throw vs. Death Ray or flee from the room in gibbering fear for 1-6 turns. Those PCs who make their Saving Throws may choose to attack the head.

Shaman Tanc (flying head): AC 3; HD 3; hp 24; MV flying 120'(60'); #AT 1 bite + *curse*; Dmg 1-6; Save F3; ML 10; AL C; XP 395; new monster. The shaman head can *curse* one PC per round as well as biting a victim (they need not both be the same PC). The curse manifests itself as either a new physical detail (55% chance; PG, page 31) or a new unfortunate legacy (45% chance; PG, page 46).

If anyone attempts to touch the so-called rattle (it's a gri-gri; see GAZ10 "Dungeon Master's Booklet" (DMB), page 8; any PC shaman will recognize it as such), the offender loses one point from any one attribute, randomly determined, before the gri-gri loses its power. All *curses* and afflictions are permanent.

14. Supply Rooms.

You see a room that shows clear signs of abuse and looting. There are heaps of rubble everywhere, and an occasional startled rat darts out from the piles.

These areas have been looted and ruined, but in each room there is a 15% chance per PC of finding one of the

following: backpack, 50' rope, tinderbox, lantern, large sack, small sack, mallet, six iron spikes, chalk, blanket, bedroll, four-man tent, wineskin.

15. Guard Room.

Obviously once used as a barracks, this large room has been reduced to a place of junk. Splintered cots and torn-up pillows lie strewn everywhere, with chicken feathers covering every surface. The north wall has an elaborately engraved door made of solid iron.

The place smells bad even by your standards. The eight mouldy-looking bugbears who are shuffling toward you with sightless eyes and slack jaws may have something to do with the aroma.

The PCs get the first strike against these bugbear zombies, who are the corpses of *cursed* garrison soldiers. There is no treasure here.

Bugbear zombies (8): AC 8; HD 2; hp 10; MV 90'(30'); #AT 1 claw or 1 weapon; Dmg 1-8 (claw) or by weapon type (sword); Save F1; ML 12; AL C; XP 20; BD/39. The weapons are rusty, but only PCs get penalties for using them (see PG, page 42).

16. Shrine.

The iron door leading into this room is locked. Engraved on the door's surface are scenes of the torture and sacrifice of halflings to a bugbearlike Immortal. It is a beautiful and rare work of art that warms your heart.

Entering the room, you are amazed at the reddish glow that lights up the place. In the northwest corner, on a three-tiered dais, is the statue of a bugbear Immortal with an altar of black basalt at his feet. The entire eastern wall is decorated with a plaster fresco showing hordes of bugbears defeating an army of elves, dwarves, and halflings.

Paying homage to the statue are two bugbears, but they look rather odd. Their fur is falling out, and the flesh beneath is a sickly gray color. They sport fangs the likes of which are not seen during a bugbear's normal life. Their eyes burn a feral red, and their filthy (even by humanoid standards) fingernails reach out

hungrily toward you. They do not stand up straight but lope hunched over toward you.

The statue is of Bartziluth. The bugbears are ghouls, changed to this state by Bart himself. Now they spend their days pleading to his image for mercy. All these years of fruitless pleading have gotten them a bit angry, and they would just love to take out their frustrations on someone.

If the plaster fresco is chipped away, a secret door is revealed in the middle of the eastern wall. Furthermore, any PC who puts an offering of at least 10 gp on the altar will receive +1 to his hit and damage rolls for one hour. If some wise-guy PC steals this offering when no one's looking, he is permanently changed into a ghoul like the others. Any PC who actively worships Bartziluth and makes a sacrifice gets 1,000 XP in addition to the combat bonus. There is nothing of value in the room.

Bugbear ghouls (2): AC 6; HD 2*; hp 10; MV 90'(30'); #AT 2 claws/1 bite; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-3 + special; Save F2; ML 9; AL C; XP 25; BD/30.

17. Crypt.

The double doors leading into this room are heavy stone. Inside, the place is unnaturally cold—so cold that you can see your breath. Twenty-seven stone coffins are lined up in rows. They're not the carved stone works of art that those wimpy humans use, but slabs of rock stuck together in rough semblances of rectangles. Ten of them, unfortunately, have been broken open—from the inside. The place is quiet, like crypts are supposed to be.

Any PC attempting to open the door must make a Strength check. There are 10 bugbear skeletons lurking behind the intact sarcophagi, ready to spring out at the PCs once they enter the room. This is more of Bartziluth's work.

Bugbear skeletons (10): AC 7; HD 1; hp 4; MV 60'(20'); #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type (sword); Save F1; ML 12; AL C; XP 10; BD/37.

18. Guard Room.

This gloomy room contains three cots, two tables, eight chairs, two flagons on each table, a set of dice on one table, and a key ring with a single iron key on it hanging from a hook on the east wall. Two unlit lanterns hang from ceiling chains.

This room belonged to the guards who kept an eye on the prison area to the north (area 19). The prison door is iron and has a big padlock on it. The key on the east wall opens the door.

19. Prison.

A stale blast of air assails you as you open the door. It smells like an elf crawled in here and died. You're standing on a stone plateau, beyond which is a 30' drop to a vast chamber with damp walls. A 35' ladder lies across the plateau. A small pool of water lies below in the northeast corner. Dancing around down there are two short skeletons and two elf-size skeletons. They look up at you with their horrific sockets and open their mouths in a noiseless scream of defiance.

Prisoners were tossed into the pit, its slimy walls making escape impossible. When the place was cursed, six prisoners (three elves, two dwarves, and a halfling) were left here to die—which they did. They, too, were cursed and became skeletons. Two of them, a dwarf and an elf skeleton, have climbed up the plateau and lurk just below the edge. If anyone gets too close to the brink, the skeletons make a grab for ankles and toss their victims into the pit. Each skeleton must make a to-hit roll to obtain a grip on a single PC. If a grasped PC fails to roll his Strength or less on 1d20, he is dragged over the ledge and plummets screaming off the plateau, taking 3d6 hp falling damage as well as automatically losing initiative against the skeletons at the bottom.

Skeletons (6): AC 7; HD 1; hp 3 each; MV 60'(20'); #AT 1 claw; Dmg 1-6; Save F1; ML 12; AL C; XP 10; BD/37. Despite their size differences, all of the skeletons have the same statistics.

The pool of water is a well filled with green, slimy water. Anyone who drinks or immerses himself in it stands a 75% chance of getting a disease of the DM's discretion.

20. Rancid Well.

The well shaft from the surface opens into this room. A rancid pool of water sits directly under the shaft. That leaves 10' of open air between the end of the shaft (set into the ceiling of this room) and the well proper. The water is a sickly green, but that is not your worst problem. The creature walking on the ceiling is.

This is a rhagodessa that has taken to hunting down here. There is nothing else of consequence here, except that the water has the same nice qualities as that in room 19.

Rhagodessa: AC 5; HD 4 + 2; hp 22; MV 150'(50'); #AT 1 leg/1 bite; Dmg 0 + suckers/2-16; Save F2; ML 9; AL N; XP 125; ER/55. Use the same strength procedure outlined in room 19 to determine the chance for a victim to free himself from the rhagodessa's suckers.

21. Kitchen.

Oh joy! Oh bliss! Could it be? Yes! Sides of beef! Links of sausage! Wheels of cheese! All of it fresh and ready to eat! And could that be a cask of ale lying in the northwest corner? Yes, it is! This is a kitchen, which even someone with the brains of a small soap dish could tell, judging by the battered cookware, the two bread-baking ovens, and the two firepits. There's even some cutlery here, rusty but servicable.

The food is both preserved and cursed by Bartziluth. Roll 1d6 to determine the effect on anyone who ingests food from this room.

1: Embarrassing gas noises for the next 24 hours, so loud that they can be heard 40' away.

2: Singing off key for the next turn.

3: Weakness. All die rolls at -1 for the next 12 hours.

4: Pointer's curse. Victim points at one object every five seconds, loudly declaring what it is ("Floor! Sword! Boot!"). This lasts for one hour.

5: Severe nausea. Failing a Constitution check means the victim is wracked by intense stomach pains, unable to do anything for one hour.

6: Fall asleep, snoring loudly, for the next two hours, not waking up for anything.

22. Great Hall.

In its day, this must have been a truly wondrous feasting hall. The tattered remains of bugbear banners line the walls, and there are large fireplaces to the east and west sides of the room. Several long oak tables and dozens of chairs lie in splinters on the floor. Skulking about is a thin human in ratty clothing, surrounded by 12 giant rats. He sneers and points at you.

The young man, named Will Erd, is a wererat. He commands the giant rats to attack the party and takes that round to transform into a man-size rat.

Will Erd (wererat): AC 7 (9 in human form); HD 3*; hp 18; MV 120'(40'); #AT 1 bite or weapon; Dmg 1-4 or by weapon type; Save F3; ML 8; AL C; XP 50; BD/33 (lycanthrope).

Giant rats (12): AC 7; HD 1/2; hp 2; MV 120'(40'); #AT 1 bite; Dmg 1-3 + disease; Save Normal Man; ML 8; AL N; XP 10; BD/36.

Will Erd is the "dirty rat" whom the party must defeat in order to end the curse on the fort. If the PCs have made excessive noise coming in here (a loud feeding frenzy in the kitchen, for example), the rats will be hiding, and Will Erd will try to lull the PCs into lowering their guard before he signals the rats to leap out and attack.

Hidden in the east fireplace is a sack with 25 gems (each worth 50 gp), a potion of healing, a ring of invisibility, and a sling +2.

Will Erd is the "dirty rat" whom the party must defeat in order to end the curse on the fort. If the PCs have made excessive noise coming in here (a loud feeding frenzy in the kitchen, for example), the rats will be hiding, and Will Erd will try to lull the PCs into lowering their guard before he signals the rats to leap out and attack.

Hidden in the east fireplace is a sack with 25 gems (each worth 50 gp), a potion of healing, a ring of invisibility, and a sling +2.

Concluding the Fort

If the PCs are victorious against Will and toss his remains down the well (as they were told to do by Chief Heltu's note), the ghosts of all 40 bugbears appear and thank them. Furthermore, Chief Heltu's spirit appears and says,



“Thanks for clearin’ out my fort! Great Bartziluth is so impressed wit ya dat he sent me to tell ya dat your chief is pullin’ a fast one. Take dat for what it’s wort!” He then disappears forever.

Should the PCs desire to continue on their mission to Trintan in spite of Bartziluth’s warning, don’t try too hard to dissuade them. In fact, a truly mean DM can wonder aloud whether anyone can trust a dead bugbear to tell the truth.

Of course, if the PCs choose to heed the ghostly warning, the question of what to do next arises. The PCs can go anywhere in the Broken Lands that they wish. There are several other places on the map that may provide some entertainment (see “Continuing the Adventure”), but the DM should make sure that the PCs have at least been able to advance in level before going off exploring on their own. Concluding the fort is a good stopping point to allow PC level increases.

Welcome to Glantri—Who’s Your Next of Kin?

If the PCs decide to continue on their diplomatic mission to Trintan, read or paraphrase the following:

It’s sunset, and at long last your weary bunch arrives at the village of Trintan. Situated on a hill and surrounded by a wooden palisade, it looks well defended. This opinion is reinforced when two dozen guards dressed in chain mail and surcoats emblazoned with Trintan’s colors, all bearing crossbows and long swords, pour out of the gate to challenge you. “Halt, nasty unwashed humanoids! What business do you have among honest folk?” the squad leader demands.

It will take some heavy convincing to persuade the guards to let the PCs into town. Mentioning that they bear tidings from a powerful chief, and that their mission is a diplomatic one, will most likely sway the guards into being at least coolly courteous. A PC with Servility skill (PG, page 38) may wheedle permission for the party to enter. In any case, a Reaction roll should be made, and each PC can try his hand at it. If the guards relent (and they should eventually—just make the PCs work at it), they insist that the PCs not draw any weapons while in the village. (If Jerk accompanied the party, he must remain outside the palisades—no ifs, ands, or buts!) They are given directions to the Dog and Bone, a low-class inn on the river front, and told that they have an appointment with the village lord for the next morning at three hours after sunrise (9:00 A.M.).

If the party tries to fight the gate guards, an alarm sounds and another 60 guards arrive in 10 rounds to reinforce the first group.

Gate guards: AC 5; F1; hp 8; MV 60’(30’); #AT 1 weapon; Dmg by weapon type; ML 9; AL L; XP 10.

Unknown to the PCs, the guards send two human thieves to tail the group through the city.

Thieves (2): AC 6; T2; hp 6, 5; MV 120’(60’); #AT 1 weapon; Dmg by weapon type; ML 8; AL N; XP 15. They are armed with short swords and have 25 gp each. The PCs can discover the thieves only with a successful roll on a skill that can help them realize are being followed, and if either thief fails his Hide in Shadows roll (15% each).

Also, a contingent of 12 guards are never more than two rounds’ traveling time from the party, though they remain unseen, relying on silent signals from the two thieves. These guards have the same statistics as the gate guards.

Curious PCs may go shopping in the village, buying common items found in the *Player’s Handbook* and being assured of their quality. They could buy clothing (though this may be tough for ogre-size PCs!) and perhaps even horses. They will be treated with fear and suspicion at best, outright hostility at worst. All prices have a 50% markup due to their race. Many people flee in panic when they appear, and mothers hide their children.

Trintan Key

1. Main Gate. The only gate into Trintan is open from dawn to dusk. It is usually manned by six guards, having the same statistics as the gate guards.

2. Sign of the Dog and Bone. This less-than-respectable inn is three stories high. Food and drink of average quality are served here.

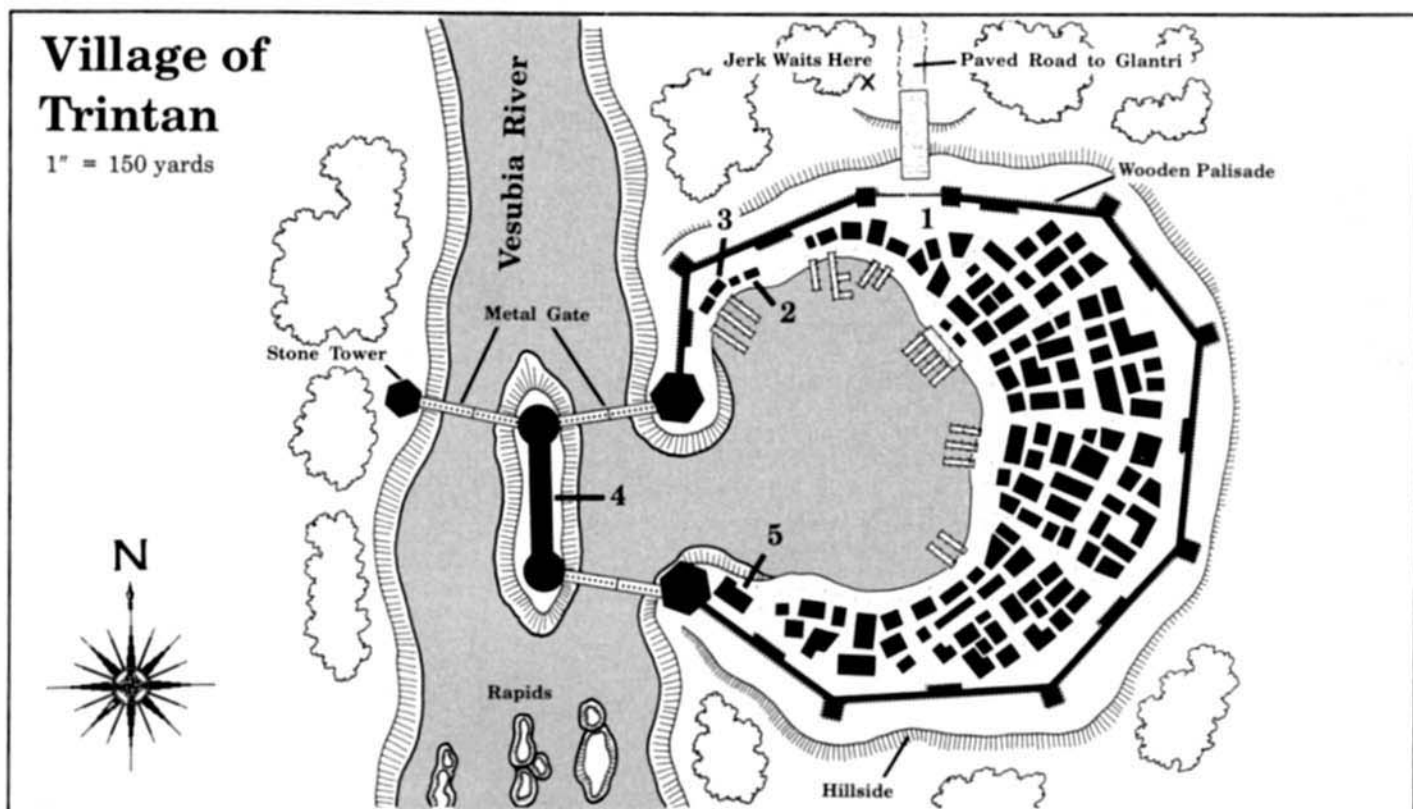
3. Raoul’s General Goods. This is probably the only establishment that will wait on the PCs. Any common item from the various D&D rulebooks can be bought here at 50% markup.

4. Island Fortress Castle. This is the PCs’ ultimate destination. It is garrisoned by 200 fighters with the same statistics as the gate guards.

5. Constabulary. This building is manned by 24 guards having the same statistics as the gate guards. Any PCs who misbehave will be confined here in cells with iron bars.

This Is Diplomacy?

If the PCs behave in Trintan (never assume it), there are no incidents but they remain under surveillance every minute that they are in town. The inn is a nasty sort of dive, but it is opulent by humanoid standards. There are 10 horses in the inn’s stables, a fact that the PCs may want to file away for future reference. There may be a tavern brawl or two at the DM’s discretion, and if the City Guard is summoned, the PCs automatically get the blame. They are



fined 20 gp each and thrown into jail (area 5) overnight. Otherwise, the night passes without event.

The next morning, a group of guards equal to twice the number of PCs appears at the inn to escort the group to the village lord. These guards have the same statistics as the ones at the gate. The PCs are led across the metal gates that span the Vesubia, onto an island castle-fortress in the middle of the river. After numerous security checks and paperwork, the party is led into the great hall of the lord.

You step onto a red carpet and into vast hall of cleverly worked stone. There are 40 guards in the place, their halberds, crossbows, and long swords nonchalantly cradled in their arms. At the end of the red carpet stands a vast dais, and atop it sits a man in elegant robes. He is rather chubby and his nose is red. Gray hair tumbles down his shoulders, and his gray beard reaches to his navel. He is dressed in brocaded green robes and wears much jewelry on his hands, neck, ears, toes, and waist. A

scraggly orange cat with a misshapen eye sits perched unsteadily on his shoulder.

Flanking him are several lords and ladies, the only ones whose curiosity has overcome their revulsion at the sight of you. Many of them are squirting perfume about and fanning the air in your direction. Stifling a burp, the lord addresses you in his most officious voice:

"I am the Lord Ivroigne [pronounced: Eee-vron-yah], master wizard and Lord of Trintan. This fine animal (the cat, you assume) is my familiar, Guillame. You are humanoid swine and we spit upon you and your efforts to be civilized." In what is obviously a rehearsed action, everyone in court spits.

Ivroigne, looking satisfied, continues. "I am told that you have business with me. Very well, then! Conduct your business and be done with it! Your presence offends us deeply and makes us feel not at all well!" He takes a deep breath and sits back to a smattering of applause.

Guillame topples off his shoulder and hits the floor, passing out. Everyone pretends not to notice.

At this point, the PCs should hand over the diplomatic pouch if they have not already tampered with it (or if they have looked in it and decided to give it to Lord Ivroigne anyway). Fortunately, the lord has seen such pouches and accepts it readily.

Ivroigne breaks the seal and opens the pouch, tipping it in the process, which causes a disgusting-looking mass to plop rather unceremoniously onto his lap. Everyone in the place draws a sharp breath in horror, with some of the ladies (and yes, some of the men) fainting from the stench. If it's any help, the smell revives Guillame. The cat sits up and looks at Ivroigne, at the party, at the mess on his master's lap, then curls into a fuzzy orange ball and falls asleep. The lord, his face turning a deeper red than his nose, rises out of his chair. "Strike them! Ruin their day!" he snarls.

Yes, something is horribly wrong, but the PCs *were* warned, weren't they? Fortunately, the guards are so overcome by this disgusting turn of events that the PCs automatically get a round of free action before making an initiative check. Running seems to be the best choice and should be suggested by the conscientious DM.

Ivroigne: AC 4; MU6; hp 12; MV 120'(40'); #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type; Save MU6; ML 10; AL C; S 5, I 17, W 10, D 16, C 5, Ch 11; spells: *magic missile, shield, invisibility, web, hold person*; magical items: *ring of protection +3*.

In case of battle, Ivroigne has cast *protection from evil* and *protection from normal missiles* spells upon himself. Guillaume gives him no noticeable benefits.

Ivroigne has a deep-rooted fear of humanoids. He has repeatedly pleaded to Glantri City for additional funds for more troops to strengthen his outer defenses. If at all possible, Ivroigne should not die in this adventure.

Run Away! Run Away!

There are several ways out of town. Five boats are moored by the lord's castle, and the south gate of the citadel

is open. Smart PCs could steal one or two boats and sail south down the Vesuvia River.

The PCs could also try to flee through the city gate by which they originally entered Trintan. Fortunately, there are only half a dozen guards at the gate during the day. The hue and cry from the castle will spread throughout the village in seven rounds. The PCs, if they run, can make the gate in six rounds. If they remember the horses stabled at the Dog and Bone, they can be out in four rounds.

If Jerk is still waiting outside of town for the PCs, he runs along the banks of the river and eventually swims toward the boat if the PCs go by water. If they leave via the gate, he lobs rocks as artillery support to cover their escape.

The Lord of Trintan will not send any guards out to chase the PCs, fearing an elaborate ruse to draw out the village's defenses so that it can be sacked. The PCs should be able to make a good escape if they think (and act) fast.

We're Baaaa-aaack!

It would serve Chief Mmm-Buh! right if the PCs never returned. They could go off on their own, wandering the Broken Lands and trying to put together a tribe

of outcasts like themselves. This could be the start of a whole new campaign!

If the PCs decide to return to their tribe and confront Chief Mmm-Buh!, read the following:

You trudge back to the familiar lands of the Rude Mongrels, holding your heads high despite the humiliation, cold, suffering, injury, and all-around inconvenience you've been put through. All of the tribe looks amazed to see you. A select few demand payment of many coins from an army of grumblers who glare at you. Bad losers, you guess.

Harrideal the kobold drops his scroll in amazement and snivels and simpers at your feet, promising to take you to Mmm-Buh! personally if only you do not kill him. You arrive at the Chief's tent, where all of the tribe members you saw during your initial briefing are here again. Mmm-Buh! looks amazed that you survived. His reaction is even more pronounced if Jerk is with the party!

The Chief shifts uncomfortably and clears his throat. "Well, youse guys made it, huh? Well, uh . . . it was a joke! Yeh! Joke! Okay? So . . . uh . . . you can keep da neat stuff, but we can't pay ya anythin' else. Now get back to yer huts or else!" The trolls take a few steps closer and snarl.

There are clearly too many enemies to take on all at once, even for the PCs in their new state of riches. Needless to say, their adventures have gained them much prestige in the tribe, and they will not be kicked out to make room for Mmm-Buh's sleazy relatives. PCs who cannot stand the Chief anymore may try to start their own horde (PG, page 32; DMB, pages 31-35).

If Jerk is with the party, Chief Mmm-Buh! tries to sway the hill giant to his service. The Chief and one PC should make Reaction Rolls to see who gets a better reaction from Jerk, and therefore gets his loyalty. Mmm-Buh! has a Charisma of 17.

Should Jerk stay with the party, the Chief will get very chummy with the PCs, calling them his "good friends." They will enjoy the pick of the spoils and a relatively good life, including some truly heroic missions. For instance, the Chief wants to send an envoy to Darokin . . .

Ω

Mark Your Calendars Now!!

Plan to Attend the World's Largest
Gaming Convention.



August 9th-12th, 1990
at the MECCA Convention Center
Milwaukee, WI

GEN CON is a registered service mark of TSR, Inc.

Take Aim on *Adventure*

Adventures can hunt for you, too. Subscribe to DUNGEON® Adventures for the best in AD&D® and D&D® modules delivered to your home. Be ready when adventure calls.

Fill out and mail the subscription card in this issue. If the card is missing, write to:

Subscriptions
DUNGEON Adventures
P.O. Box 111
Lake Geneva WI 53147

• DANIEL R. HORNE •

Dungeon^{®87}
ADVENTURES FOR TSR® ROLE-PLAYING GAMES

Pick A Winner!

Join the **ROLE PLAYING GAME ASSOCIATION™**
and you'll be joining thousands of gamers *world-
wide* who have discovered adventure in the **RPGA
Network!**

**Here are a few of the benefits of joining
RPGA:**

- You will receive six issues every year of the award-winning **POLYHEDRON™** Newszine.
- You will be eligible for discounts on gaming products.
- You will have the opportunity to participate in special contests and compete in top-quality role-playing tournaments.
- And you'll have the chance to meet other gamers right in your own neighborhood or city.



ACT NOW! See our subscription card in this issue or write to RPGA Network, P.O. Box 515, Lake Geneva, WI 53147.

Or if you have a credit card, you can join by phone. Call (414) 248-3625, ext. 511 today!

In the UK and Europe, write to RPGA Network, TSR Ltd., 120 Church End, Cherry Hinton, Cambridge ENGLAND CB1 3LB. If you have a VISA or ACCESS card you can join by calling (44)0223-212517.

**Pick a winner. . . pick the RPGA™
Network!**

BUTLER

© 1989 ROLE-PLAYING GAME ASSOCIATION. RPGA and the TSR logo are trademarks owned by TSR, Inc. 1989 TSR, Inc. All Rights Reserved.