

# THE ⊕ERTH 6 JOURNAL

Produced by the Council of Greyhawk

Vol. 1 #6  
November 25, 1997

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The Council of Greyhawk is an informal organization of gamers dedicated to keeping the World of Greyhawk a viable campaign world. At present, this group meets and communicates primarily on America Online and through regularly-scheduled IRC chats at [www.empnet.com/cog](http://www.empnet.com/cog). Send inquiries to [TikaMaj@aol.com](mailto:TikaMaj@aol.com).

# EDITOR'S NOTE

## THE MORE THINGS CHANGE. . . .

A lot has changed since last I addressed you in this column. In fact, I think it fair to say that everything has changed.

TSR, as we had known it for so many years, is gone. The company is now a subsidiary of Wizards of the Coast, and appears to be on an upswing, gradually crawling its way out of a pit that took almost two decades to dig.

The implications for Greyhawk players and Dungeonmasters are enormous. Greyhawk is no longer dead. Wizards of the Coast has committed to a slate of Greyhawk products in 1998, with Oerth Journal contributor and long-time online Greyhawk enthusiast Roger Moore as a key designer. Implications have been made that suggest Gary Gygax may also become involved, though as usual, we shall have to wait to find out what becomes of this.

This change in the status of Greyhawk would seem to signal a major overhaul of the beliefs and tenets of the Council of Greyhawk. Our mission has been one of Greyhawk advocacy, with the overall goal being a commitment to maintaining the World of Greyhawk as a viable setting for Advanced Dungeons & Dragons campaigns.

Ok, so not everything has changed.

Though new Greyhawk materials are just over the horizon, the Council will continue to act as a focus for online creative material of quality, and we hope our support of Greyhawk DMs will remain strong in the coming years. Your numbers are liable to grow.

The Council of Greyhawk has made a number of largely administrative changes since the release of OJ5. To begin with, we have implemented "officers" to see to the day-to-day activities of the Council, which will, if everything goes according to plan, ensure that fewer than 11 months go by until we meet again.

Gary Holian (Psmедger@aol.com), our new Chairman, is no stranger to the online Greyhawk community. Gary "invented" GREYtalk, the primary method of online communication between Greyhawk enthusiasts. About four years ago, I discovered a history of Zagig Yragerne that Gary had written, on MPGN. I was overjoyed to learn that there were others out there like me. Now, we've come 'round full circle, and I'm excited and glad Gary's with us.

As Chairman, Gary sets policy of the Council, runs IRC meetings, and makes sure the Journal and other Council projects are on schedule.

Helping him in these tasks is Fred Weining (Psychlops@aol.com), who likes to call himself "Chairman of Vice." Fred turned in an article on Blackmoor for OJ5 that

may be my favorite submission, yet. He knows how to cut through the bull and get to the point, and for that I'm pleased to have him along.

Donna Weible (TikaMaj@aol.com) rounds out the new officers, in the role of Secretary. Donna is actually much more than a secretary, as she has helped us improve our Web presence and is the first line of contact between the Council and the Internet at large.

I'd like to thank Gary, Fred and Donna for their patience and dedication to our goals.

This issue speaks for itself. Learn about taverns in the Flanaess, pull up a stool at the One-Eyed Mug, and listen to the tale of the Wyrms of Woe.

One of the most frequent requests we get here at the Council is for more utilitarian articles. I must confess a greater degree of interest in history and background than rules and figures, but I hope that the (meglomaniacally named) Iquandex suffices for those of you looking for instant application.

Finally, Rob Kuntz, Co-DM of the original Greyhawk Campaign has been kind enough to send us the tale of Robilar's Journey to the City of the Gods, as adapted from an adventure judged by Dave Arneson. I found it fascinating, and I hope you do, too.

As usual, questions, comments and criticisms are always welcome. Be sure to check our new web site at [www.empnet.com/cog](http://www.empnet.com/cog), where you're sure to find some new goodies every three weeks or so.

Until next time, I think the entire online Greyhawk community owes each other a pat on the back. We did it.

Greyhawk lives.

Until the Starbreak,

Savant Iquander  
(Erik Mona)

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FEATURE:

TAVERN FARE OF THE FLANAESS

by Rachel Lyndstrom

Wherever you go throughout the Flanaess and whatever your travels or adventures, you are sure to be able to find a tavern in which to relax at the end of the day. Taverns are places to rest, to reflect and unwind after the events of the day. However, no two taverns are the same. Each has a bit of local color that will distinguish it from its fellows leagues distant or next door. The most certain differences are really the most obvious. What is there to drink and by whom will it be served?

With clean, safe drinking water not always available, (usually due to poor sanitary conditions or other pollutants), beer, wine and liquor are the drinks of choice for the majority of adults in the Flanaess. The brewing, aging or distilling process filters out impurities in the water, making for a safe but potent concoction that hopefully tastes good as well. In some places, drinking is not only a social pastime but a matter of health.

All taverns serve beer. Many brew their own on the premises or purchase it from a nearby brewery. This makes for highly individualized brews. Some taverns actually develop a reputation for their particular style or variety of beer.

However, leaving the finest of beers to one side, there is a certain sameness to home brews from a given area. Most beers found in the average tavern, while satisfying, are hardly high examples of the brewer's art.

Though the majority of all taverns claim to serve wine, what actually passes for it is another matter entirely. Most taverns will have a single local vintage and perhaps another from a nearby village. Here again, the vintner's art is hardly on display. Wines available in an average tavern in an average locale will be suitably average. Wine, like beer, may be of good quality, more so for being welcome after a hard day's work, but they are rarely exceptional.

It is only when we consider stronger liquors that we find, even in the most out of the way places, truly distinguishing local features. Because liquors contain a more potent concentration of alcohol than either beer or wine, they are often more impressive in their fiery power to incapacitate, even if distilled without great skill.

While the average tavern will not stock the fine liquors enjoyed by the Overking of Aerdy or the Kings of Furyondy, Nyronde or Keoland, the local distillate may still have a rough, coarse appeal, unsophisticated and indelicate, but demanding attention and worth drinking nonetheless.

It is largely locally-available ingredients that set the liquor of one area apart from that of another. While beer is made from barley and hops and wine from grapes, liquor knows few such staples.

The following list presents but a sampling of some of the rural wonders found in taverns across the Flanaess. The tastes compiled below are not fine brandies and the like, but local produce intended for the farmer and the shopkeeper, not the king.

**Slivovitz:** The hardy natives of Geoff and Sterich produce this plum brandy of 80 to 100 proof. The drink is popular over the border in Keoland in Flen, Cryllor and even Longspear. Slivovitz is sweet when first drawn off but grows sour with age. Drinkers commonly argue over which taste is better.

**Bosq:** As a melting pot of at least three distinct cultures, Ket produces many beverages worthy of comment. Bosq, a sweet honey vodka, is perhaps the most popular exported drink and it has gained much popularity in neighboring Bissel and the Gran March. Bosq is between 70 and 80 proof, and can be cut with water without harming the taste. The vodka travels and stores extremely well. If allowed to age it gradually forms an amber-like substance that can be liquefied by heating or adding water.

**Steinhager:** From the slopes of Perrenland comes Steinhager, a variety of gin between 60 and 70 proof made from extremely concentrated juniper berries. The gin's taste is so distinct that even the olvenfolk of the Vesve and Highfolk Valley enjoy it. Steinhager is also popular throughout northwestern Furyondy. Perrenlander merchants export Steinhager, but local varieties exist wherever juniper trees can be found.

**Borovicka:** Another gin-like beverage, Borovicka also bears a resemblance to vodka in its raw form. The drink is popular in Tenh, though it seems to have originated in Stonehold, where a wilder and more potent version is produced. In both nations, drinking contests involving shots of Borovicka are tests of toughness. Borovicka is between 70 and 80 proof and 100 to 120 proof in its two varieties.

**Corenwijn:** In the immense open plains of Nyronde, Corenwijn is the local distillate. At 80 proof, it has a strong schnapps-like character. The best Corenwijn is actually produced in distilleries in Oldred, where the rural staple takes on a new sophistication in a proper distillery. Corenwijn is also popular among the demihumans of the Flinty Hills, a rarity for a human beverage.

**Strega:** Thanks to its excellent river and road systems, few areas of the Great Kingdom are without access to excellent wines, beers or liquors produced by skilled hands. This has all but wiped out eccentric local concoctions. Strega is one of the

few still produced in quantity. Distilled from 70 different herbs, Strega is 80 proof and has a sweet spicy taste, unlike any other type of liquor. It can most commonly be found in rural Medegia, along the Rel Astran coast and along the banks of the Mikar River.

**Grappa:** Grappa is a primitive brandy produced exclusively in Ahlissa. It is 80 proof and very smooth, almost oily, with a hearty, slightly woody or nutty taste. Straight, it is best sipped. A chaser often accompanies a glass, beer being preferable to wine. Grappa can be chilled to good effect or taken at room temperature. While considered a local and rural beverage by most, Grappa enjoys an excellent reputation in Ahlissa, where local nobles, peasant farmers and village shopkeepers alike enjoy its unique flavor.

**Pulque:** Pulque is not native to the Flanaess. It is a 70 to 80 proof distillate from the Olman Islands, fiery but friendly. First encountered by explorers, it has grown in popularity since its discovery, and is now imported along much of the southern coast. Scant and Gradsul are major centers for its importation. Pulque is unique in that it mixes extremely well with almost any additive, creating myriad variations.

**Akavit:** In the far north, Akavit is the 70 to 100 proof drink of the Suloise Barbarians. Ice, Snow and Frost barbarians each produce distinctive varieties of the drink, which is distilled from potatoes, caraway and an almost incomprehensible assortment of local herbs, which the barbarians feel give the drink a medicinal quality. Accordingly, most southerners find it distasteful, likening it to tasting fermented pine pitch. This disapproval pleases the people of Rhizia, where akavit means, literally, “water of life.”

Often, the most important factor in a liquor’s taste is the vessel in which it has been stored. Barrels and casks are universal storage vessels but too long a time in one can give a drink an undesirable, woody taste. Skins, though less common, are actually preferable. Large skins, though relatively delicate, serve just as well as a cask but leave no lingering taste.

The costrel, looking for all the world like a portmanteau, is another cask substitute, composed of either leather or earthenware. Leather costrels are to be found only in dives as they leave an aftertaste and are not as sturdy as a cask or barrel. They are, however, inexpensive and hence exceedingly popular. Glazed earthenware costrels, on the other hand, make fine storage containers, strong and without any aftertaste.

Like storage containers, drinking vessels reveal a great deal about a given tavern. Not every cup is the same.

When ordered in quantity, most drinks are brought to the table via the flagon, a two-quart pitcher-shaped container with handle, spout and lid.

Taverns at the lowest end of the financial spectrum offer drinks in a blackjack or “jack”. Jacks are leather drinking vessels coated with tar to make them tight against

leakage. They generally hold no more than a half pint. Jacks are common only in very primitive areas or the worst dives for no decent drink is had from one.

The drinking horn is slightly more evolved but not by much. Made of animal horn, each drinking horn will be unique to the animal from which it was taken. Better horns have metal feet attached at a balance point so that it is possible to set the horn down. Otherwise, the vessel must be held until empty. Some horns belonging to chieftains, their jarls or huscarls can be exquisite pieces of art, skillfully carved, decorated with metals and inlaid with precious and semi-precious stones.

The mug is a plain metal or earthenware cup with a handle but no lip. It is the generic standard in drinking vessels. Mugs are mass-produced and cheap; those fashioned from earthenware are even cheaper.

A stein is a variety of earthenware mug holding a full pint or more. Steins, however, are decorated, often richly and elaborately. The finer the decorations, the more prosperous and generally reputable the tavern. Steins are not mass produced. Each is a work of art and stein collectors are not unknown.

Tankards are even finer variations of the basic mug. Made exclusively of silver or pewter, tankards all have attached lids that open by means of a foot extending just above the handle. While tankards may be plain, often the metal is worked with raised or incised designs. The meanest tankard is worth at least one silver.

Glass mugs are known as bumpers and are generally quite large, holding anywhere from a pint to a quart. They are by tradition filled to overflowing, being ideal for heady beers. A bumper is also traditionally a celebratory drinking vessel, and an order of one is usually a sign of merriment and celebration.

Akin to the bumper is the rummer. A tall drinking glass without a handle, a rummer is ideal for drinking beer or wine. Larger rammers are for beer drinking, while thinner ones are used for wine. A rummer, however, has no particular associations as the bumper does.

For drinking truly fine beers, a tankard or stein is a must, especially in high society. Wines in such surroundings are drunk from special wine glasses of which the balloon and tulip are the most common. Liquor is taken by the snifter. While closely associated with brandy, the snifter is ideal for any liquor as the glass is designed to hold the bouquet and allow for adequate palm warming.

When next you enter some out of the way tavern, if circumstances permit and you have the inclination, sample more than the local brew. The flavor and atmosphere you’ll find will prove ample reward. The locals may also look more kindly upon someone who seems interested or knowledgeable about their ways.

# WYRMS OF THE FLANAESS THE WYRM OF WOE

by Eric L. Boyd (EricLBoyd@aol.com)

Inspired by the "Wyrm of the North" articles by Ed Greenwood that have appeared of late in *Dragon* magazine and by the paucity of dragons that appear in published Greyhawk materials, I offer the second of what I hope will continue as a series of installments on the prominent dragons of the Flanaess. In my mind, I envision that the dragons of Oerik are important participants in the events of the region, although they do not play nearly as prominent a role as the dragons of Ansalon or even the dragons of the Realms. The reasons behind this diminished influence (for they were once dominant in an age long past) are manifold, but the strong influence of fiends from the Outer Planes on the unfolding tapestry of events in the Flanaess in recent centuries is thought to be the most critical factor (although the exact causality of this relationship is still a matter of debate).

When possible, I will draw on existing source material, but in many regions of the Flanaess no material even mentioning the existence of dragons exists. Although at least one Oriental dragon has appeared in a Greyhawk module, *II—Dwellers of the Forbidden City*, as well as the original *Fiend Folio*, I believe wyrms of this type are not appropriate for the Occidental cultures of the Flanaess and, as a result, I will not include mention of them in this column.

Finally, it may be of use to discuss the rules governing dragons and the spells they may cast. Officially, draconic spellcasters fall into one of two categories: those who cast spells and those who are spellcasters. The former group learn magic haphazardly and thus cannot choose their roster of incantations. The number and levels of spells available to them are detailed in their *Monstrous Compendium* write-up, and they regain their spells automatically. All such spells have a casting time of 1 and only require a verbal component. The latter group are true wizards. Dragon wizards must learn their spells from spellbooks and may choose which spells they know and which subset of spells they memorize. (Note that the previous two categories have nothing to do with the natural spell-like abilities common to each species.) While these rules serve reasonably well, I would propose one important modification for the dragons of Oerth: Dragons of the World of Greyhawk who cast spells, but are not wizards, may judiciously select their permanent roster of spells and do not learn them "haphazardly." This variant of the core rules frees the Dungeon Master to choose a dragon's spells so as to enhance the wyrm's personal or lair defenses to maximum effect.

## Wanyrocathystus, "The Woeful Wyrm"

Wanyrocathystus (wa-nee-ROE-ca-THYS-tuss), once known as

Nyroccathystus, is an amethyst wyrm who claims the sunken Isles of Woe and the deep waters of the Nyr Dyv as his watery domain. The Woeful Wyrm, Wanyrocathystus' common appellation, has dwelt amidst the ruins of an ancient Aerdian enclave for centuries, and he is well ensconced in his domain. The Lord of Unknown Depths, as Wanyrocathystus styles himself, is a melancholy creature, consumed with a quest that has occupied him since the days before the Isles of Woe sunk beneath the surface of the Nyr Dyv.

Over nine hundred years ago, the Isles of Woe, as they are now known, were a small Aerdian kingdom encompassing several small islands of the Nyr Dyv and ruled by Yagrax the Wizard-Priest. The maritime kingdom, built atop the ruins of at least one previous empire, had been founded by the Oeridian tribe of Aerdi, whose descendants would later found the Kingdom of Aerdy, only a few decades before Yagrax came to power.

Under the firm rule of the Wizard-Priest, the fledgling nation had quickly come to dominate the Lake of Unknown Depths and the surrounding shores. Obsessed with increasing his personal power, Yagrax observed the rapid influx of migrants into eastern Oerik and sought sufficient magical might to enslave them under his island throne. Toward that end, the Wizard-Priest sought out ancient sources of magic that pre-dated even the Flannae and the Olve.

In one fragmented account, Yagrax learned of an artifact of fell power known as the *Codex of the Infinite Planes*. After years of searching, he was able to acquire the malefic tome by means of a young amethyst dragon he had enslaved to serve as his mount.

Nyroccathystus, as the relatively naive gem dragon was known at that time, agreed to travel to a water-filled layer of the Abyss on Yagrax's behalf and bargain with Dagon, a tanar'ri prince of great power, for the tome in exchange for his freedom and a priceless horde of amethysts.

While the young dragon succeeded in obtaining the *Codex* and received the promised payment, Yagrax effectively betrayed his draconic ambassador by not revealing the hidden cost of the young dragon's expedition. The pact struck between Yagrax and the Abyssal prince was sealed for all eternity with the energy of the Nyrocathystus' life force.

The arcane binding effectively tied the dragon to the vicinity of the portal through which he had passed to the Abyss by progressively increasing the spiritual torment the wyrm felt the farther away he ventured from the magical *gate*.

As a result, the Woeful Wyrms has not flown farther than 200 miles from the center of his underwater demesne since his fateful expedition to the Abyss, and he seldom summons sufficient willpower to leave the immediate vicinity of the Abyssal portal located in Yagrax's sunken throne room.

Thereafter, the young amethyst dragon was known by the name Wanyrocathystus – the draconic prefix a testament to his sorrowful plight.

The Wizard-Priest failed in his attempt to conquer the central Flanaess after the Flannae tribes of the region rallied under Warlord Krovis, and, as a result, he had no choice but to betray the terms of his unholy pact with Dagon. The submerging of his island kingdom a decade later was but one manifestation of the penalties invoked by the pact. Wanyrocathystus, as the despairing wyrm has taken to calling himself in recent centuries, believes that eventually the Isles of Woe will be drawn entirely into the Abyss.

Before that event finally comes to pass, Wanyrocathystus seeks the long-lost *Codex* for which he and his former master paid so dearly. The Woeful Wyrms believes that he can avoid an eternity of torment in the Abyss by returning *Yagrax's Tome* to its previous possessor and thus break the unholy pact that binds his spirit in torment.

## Wanyrocathystus' Lair

>From an underwater vantage, the Isles of Woe appear as a sextet of sunken mountains that peak approximately one thousand feet beneath the surface of the Nyr Dyv. The central and largest peak is nearly ten miles in diameter where it once broke the surface, and it is encircled by the five smaller peaks, none of which is more than two miles in diameter at the same height.

The Lord of Unknown Depths lairs amidst the ruins of the Wizard-Priest's capital city. Yagrax's white marble palace sits astride a small tor and dominates the surrounding tableau, still frozen in time. All manner of sea life swims amidst the sunken domes of the lost city, and some arcane energy reduces the water pressure in the region, permitting creatures normally found only in shallow depths to survive in this environment. While little light penetrates to this depth, an animated zombie dragon turtle enshrouded in countless *continual light* spells swims endless orbits above the Isles of Woe, providing a soft illumination like that of a miniature sun.

Numerous caves have been dug into the underwater mountains, both on their always submerged flanks and their once-above-water crowns. A trio of mature adult white dragons, bound to Wanyrocathystus by means of a *Yagrax's unbreakable servitude* spell (see below) and capable of breathing water thanks to their *necklaces of adaptation*, swim above, below, and inside the sunken islands at all times, using their breath weapons to treat any and all interlopers to a horrific frozen death.

Wanyrocathystus maintains several lairs scattered throughout the sunken isles, but his primary lair lies in the great hall of Yagrax's throne room. This once-grand chamber is bedecked with finery looted from a thousand or more sunken ships and guarded by an ancient dragon turtle at all times. A large chasm leads to the massive tunnels honeycombing the central peak and to the ancient portal to the Abyss. Wanyrocathystus' court is composed of bunyips, kelpies, nereids, nixies, scraggs, water nagas, and other aquatic denizens of the fresh water depths, and scores of each race occupy the chambers surrounding the wyrm's lair.

Ancient wards laid by Yagrax alert Wanyrocathystus to the presence of intruders in his domain, and serve to entrap and disable interlopers, if the Lord of Unknown Depths so desires. One such ward is known to entomb surface denizens in a ten-foot diameter bubble of ever-refreshing air from which they cannot escape. Automatic, daily castings of *create food and water* spells ensure survival, but provide no guarantee against madness from the enforced captivity in an alien environment. Such bubbles are impervious to penetration, except to Wanyrocathystus, and never seem to drift far from the central peak. Many of the larger denizens of Wanyrocathystus' domain (particularly the white dragons) enjoy pushing the floating bubbles around as if they were toys, much to their occupants' horror.

## Wanyrocathystus' Domain

From his lair in the depths of the Nyr Dyv, Wanyrocathystus lays claim to all of the Lake of Unknown Depths, the few small islands that dot its surface, and the surrounding coastline as far as ten miles inland. The Woeful Wyrms' territory is disputed by several other dragons, particularly to the south and west, but his stewardship of the largest freshwater lake in the Flanaess has not been seriously challenged for over a century.

Wanyrocathystus' sovereignty within his domain is not absolute, however. By ancient agreement forged before human settlement in the Flanaess, any dragon of any species may bathe in or drink from the deep waters of the Lake of Unknown Depths whenever they wish.

Wanyrocathystus feels perfectly with his rights, however, to drive off any draconic malingerer who evinces territorial designs on his demesne.

Wanyrocathystus permits several dragon turtles and younger dragons to lair within his domain, as long as they acknowledge their fealty to the Woeful Wyrms and do not challenge his infrequent edicts. When such lesser beasts grow irksome or too powerful, Wanyrocathystus is quick to exile them from his waters, by force if necessary.

## The Deeds of Wanyrocathystus

Wanyrocathystus is perhaps best known among scholars of arcane lore for his centuries long and thus far fruitless search for the *Codex of the Infinite Planes*. *Yagrax's Tome*, as the artifact is also known, is believed to have disappeared

centuries ago when its possessor, the Archmage Tzunk, attempted to conquer the City of Brass on the Elemental Plane of Fire and enslave the efreet who dwelled within. The amethyst wyrm has spent several king's fortunes tracking down every wild rumor and fanciful tale purporting to reveal the tome's latest sighting to no avail. Why the Lord of Unknown Depths is so obsessed with recovering the *Codex* is unknown to all but Wanyrocahystus, but various bards have ascribed the wyrm with motives as benign as a desire to protect humanity from the *Codex's* nigh-omnipotent evil and as malign as a so-far unrealized plan to enslave the central Flanaess with an army of efreet. In truth, the Woeful Wyrms hungers for his freedom from the curse which binds him to Yagrax's sunken throne, and he believes that the recovery of the *Codex* might free him from his unending torment.

Toward this end, Wanyrocahystus is known to have sunk and plundered the *Sorcerer's Apprentice*, the floating home of the archmage Hoolcant, a mile downstream of the city of Dyvers, and to have slain at least one Hierarch in the years before Iuz's invasion of the Horned Lands. While he has little interest in violence or cruelty for its own sake, the amethyst wyrm cares nothing for the consequences of any action that serves to bring him closer to his goal. He detailed the defenses of a former mate's lair to a company of dragon hunters in exchange for a centuries-old tome in which the author purports to have glimpsed the *Codex*. The amethyst wyrm devoured over half of the crew of a Rhennee barge—one by one—until the ship's captain agreed to turn over his own son to the wyrm. (Wanyrocahystus thought the boy might have been involved in the plundering of an abandoned wizard's tower in the Suss Forest whose previous owner was said to be well versed in the history of the *Codex*.) Yet, in contrast to the depravity evinced by such actions, the Woeful Wyrms is well known for his habit of surfacing near ships crossing the Lake of Unknown Depths and following them for miles on end, never communicating except for the look of longing at their relative freedom that radiates from the depths of his eyes.

The amethyst wyrm is also blamed in part for complicity in the fall of Admundfort. In the months leading up to his invasion of the Shield Lands, Iuz extracted a pledge of neutrality and unhindered passage for his troops from the Lord of Unknown Depths in exchange for the accumulated lore possessed by the Lord of Evil with regards to the current location of the *Codex*. While the wyrm has yet to track down all of his newly acquired leads, to date he has made little progress in his centuries-long search for *Yagrax's Tome* and, for his troubles, garnered only the enmity of those Knights of the Holy Shielding who still survive and are aware of his perfidy.

Wanyrocahystus often chooses to act indirectly in the region through his vast network of independent agents who have infiltrated all of the surrounding domains, including the City of Greyhawk, the City of Dyvers, the Lands of Iuz, and the County and Duchy of Urnst. Although most of the wyrm's proxies are human, their ranks include a few demihumans, humanoids, and even more exotic creatures. While the dragon's agents are primarily employed in an

endless search for more information on the *Codex*, they also serve as the Woeful Wyrms' eyes and ears, alerting him to galleons laden with loot and arcane lore and to infrequent expeditions organized by adventuring bands to explore the sunken Isles of Woe.

Wanyrocahystus' network of agents is directly administered by Kuparcasitinam, a young adult bronze dragon of unknown alignment tendencies who commonly masquerades as one of the Rhennee. (Although bronze dragons of Oerth are typically restricted to assuming the shapes of higher mammals, Kuparcasitinam is believed to employ an ancient magical torc provided by Wanyrocahystus that allows him to assume the form of humans and demihumans as well.) As a member of the nomadic Rhennee bargefolk, Kuparcasitinam visits every port on the Lake of Unknown Depths on a regular basis. While ashore, it is a simple matter for the young dragon to meet with Wanyrocahystus' other agents, receive their reports, and update them with new orders from the Lord of Unknown Depths. While at sea, Kuparcasitinam then slips overboard during the night and meets with his draconic lord. Kuparcasitinam has never evinced any disloyalty to the Woeful Wyrms, but those few draconic sages who have learned of the bronze dragon's existence speculate that he serves the Council of Didactic Scales, a secretive assembly of metallic wyrms active behind the scenes of the Flanaess who, among other goals, wish to keep an eye on Wanyrocahystus and the ancient magics that he guards.

## Wanyrocahystus' Magic

Wanyrocahystus employs at least one rare draconic spell that is fairly well known within the community of amethyst dragons in the Flanaess. This spell, *delayed lozenge blast*, is detailed below. In addition, Wanyrocahystus is believed to have studied numerous texts from the library of Yagrax and from them gleaned otherwise unknown incantations that have been lost for millennia. One such fell incantation — *Yagrax's unbreakable servitude*, the means by which Yagrax bound Wanyrocahystus to his service and by which the Woeful Wyrms has bound his three white dragon servitors — is also detailed below. Finally, the Lord of Unknown Depths has numerous unique magical constructs of ancient construction at his disposal. Many enable the summoning of extraplanar beings, particularly creatures from the Elemental Plane of Water and from the Abyss.

### Delayed Lozenge Blast

(Alteration)

Level 3

Range: 0

Components: V

Duration: Special

Casting Time: 3 (1 for Wanyrocahystus)



Area of Effect: Special  
 Saving Throw: Special

This deceptively simple yet dangerous spell is known only to amethyst dragons. By means of this spell, an amethyst dragon may delay the explosion of the next faceted, violet lozenge it expectorates. The lozenge must be spat in the round immediately following the casting of *delayed lozenge blast* or the spell is wasted.

When a lozenge enchanted by means of this spell impacts upon another object (such as the ground), it does not immediately explode, as is normally the case. Instead, much like a remotely triggered bomb, the lozenge remains inactive until touched by another creature (living or undead), the amethyst dragon which expectorated it mentally commands the lozenge to explode, or a period of one day per level of the caster passes. Prior to the occurrence of any of these three events, the caster can safely handle the lozenge without triggering the explosion of concussive force.

An amethyst dragon can enchant multiple lozenges with multiple castings of *delayed lozenge blast* spells. However, the caster cannot regain a spell in the slot used to cast a *delayed lozenge blast* spell until the prior casting expires and the lozenge explodes.

Amethyst dragons commonly employ this spell to guard their lairs against unwanted intruders. While it is impossible for any caster to employ this spell on another dragon's lozenge and thus *delayed lozenge blast* would be useless to any non-amethyst dragon caster, amethyst dragons are very careful not to reveal the workings of this spell to any creature outside their own species as they fear that it might assist wyrms of other species or other spellcasters of other races to research a more powerful variant which could disable an amethyst dragon's breath weapon and be employed against them or their kin.

## Yagrax's Unbreakable Servitude

(Enchantment/Charm, Evocation)

Level 8

Range: 10 yards

Components: V, S, M

Duration: Special

Casting Time: Special

Area of Effect: 1 creature

Saving Throw: Special

This spell is variant of the more commonly known *binding* spell. The casting of *Yagrax's unbreakable servitude* is subject to all the requirements and restrictions of a *binding* incantation, but this spell allows a different form of binding than available those available to the caster of a *binding* spell.

*Yagrax's unbreakable servitude* creates a magical restraint to ensnare a creature, usually from another plane of

existence. Extraplanar creatures must be confined by a circular diagram during the casting of this spell; other creatures can be physically confined. The duration of the spell depends upon the level of the caster(s), as well as the length of time the spell is actually uttered. The components vary according to the type of creature to be enslaved, but they include a continuous chanting utterance read from the scroll or book page giving the spell; gestures appropriate to the form of the binding; and materials such as miniature chains of special metal (silver for lycanthropes, etc.), soporific herbs of the rarest sort; a corundum or diamond gem of great size (1,000 gp value per Hit Die of the subject creature); and a vellum depiction or carved statuette of the subject to be captured.

Magic resistance applies unless the subject's true name is used. A saving throw is not applicable as long as the experience level of the caster is at least twice as great as the Hit Die of the subject. The caster's level can be augmented by one-third of the levels of each assisting wizard of 9th level or higher, and by one level for each assistant of 4th through 8th level. No more than six other wizards can assist with this spell. If the caster's level is less than twice the Hit Dice of the subject, the subject gains a saving throw vs. spell, modified by a +5 bonus. If the subject is magically weakened, the DM can assign a -1, -2, or even -4 penalty to the saving throw. A successful saving throw enables the subject to burst its bonds and do as it pleases.

*Yagrax's unbreakable servitude* can be renewed by repeated castings of this spell. Otherwise, after one year, and each year thereafter, the subject gains a normal saving throw vs. the spell. Whenever it is successful, *Yagrax's unbreakable servitude* is broken and the creature is free.

## Wanyrocathystus' Fate

Wanyrocathystus and his entire lair will be fully absorbed into the Abyss within a century if he fails to break Yagrax's ancient pact. Even if the amethyst wyrm completes his nigh-impossible quest to recover the *Codex of the Infinite Planes*, it is far from certain that he will be able to break the fiendish ritual that binds and torments his spirit. As a result, the Woeful Wyrm is almost certain to succumb to his long-anticipated fate. As that day draws nigh, he may become increasingly erratic, alternating between moods of extreme activity and violence and periods of intense despondency and inactivity. Even if Wanyrocathystus becomes suicidal or fatally careless, the premature demise of the amethyst wyrm will simply hasten his day of reckoning (and the absorption of the sunken Isles of Woe into the Abyss) and not break the terms of the pact.

# DYVERS: City of Adventure!

## (3) The One-Eyed Mug Tavern

by Rick LaRue

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### History of the Tavern

Every city has its taverns, but only Dyvers has the One-Eyed Mug. Located two blocks from the old Furyondian palace, just off Tallowbend Road, this two-storied structure has long been a landmark in the City of Sails.

Eural Lechar, an adventurer from the Wild Coast, built the tavern some fifty-three years ago after retiring and settling down with a local girl. Accustomed to the bawdy drinking establishments of his homeland, and unused to the quaint watering holes of the former capitol, he decided to build a tavern that he called “the pride of the Western Gate.” Using the gold accumulated during his tenure as a sellsword, Eural hired accomplished architects and carpenters, and the bar was completed in a matter of months. Eural named it “The Shivering Wyrn,” a moniker that stirred many conjectures among the drunken revelers who soon called the place home.

Eural himself trusted the tale of the tavern’s name only to his closest friends and confidantes, who in turn remained tight-lipped. While on a mission for a local lord, as Eural told it, he became separated from the rest of his adventuring company during a severe winter storm. Nearly frozen and close to death, he sought shelter in a cave. To his surprise, something else was already there. The large shape lay motionless in the darkness, its shallow breath barely noticeable in the chill air.

Sensing no immediate danger, Eural slipped off his pack and took out a torch. A few strikes of the flint on steel, and light flooded the large cave. Lying still before him was a large golden dragon, badly wounded and shivering in the cold.

Surprised by the sight, Eural stumbled back and lost his footing. He fell to the floor with a thump, knocking the air from his lungs. The dragon, weak and dying, struggled to lift its heavy eyelids.

Their eyes locked and something stirred within the warrior’s heart. He could not allow this magnificent creature to die.

With renewed strength, he spent the rest of the night tending a small fire and feeding the dragon hot mulled cider from his enchanted mug.

The morning sun brought heat, and the two survived the night together. Still weak, the dragon asked Eural why he had helped him. His only reply was “Because you needed it.”

This surprised the dragon, who until now had known only fear and hatred from humans. A unit of human

soldiers, quick to jump at a chance to slay a dragon, had been responsible for his recent wounds. Outside the cave, the storm raged still, so the pair decided to wait it out in relative safety.

After talking and sharing the rest of Eural’s rations throughout the entire night, the warrior and the dragon exited the cavern to clear skies and the calls of Eural’s companions. Eural and the dragon, whose name he learned was Nasuskainlis, parted as friends, each knowing that without the other, they both would have died that first night.

Soon thereafter, Eural retired and opened the Shivering Wyrn, which he operated for twenty-seven years before his death in 559 C.Y.

Each year, on the anniversary of the night spent in the cave, Nasuskainlis the Gold came to the tavern in human form and shared a mug of hot mulled cider with his human friend. After Eural’s death, Nasuskainlis continued the tradition, silently honoring his fallen friend.

Eural had never explained the story of this mysterious visitor, but indicated in his will that if a cloaked stranger was to come to the tavern on the winter solstice, he was to be given whatever he wanted and left in peace.

The tavern’s second owner, an unremarkable man named Annod Retep, purchased the tavern from Eural’s widow on the grounds that he honor the terms of the will. For ten years, Annod watched unknowingly as Nasuskainlis continued his solemn tradition. A greedy man, Annod was unable to refuse the current owner’s generous offer to buy the tavern for much more than its true worth.

Now, a retired dwarven adventurer named Banthor Grim-Axe, nicknamed One-Eye the Grim, owns and operates the tavern. Banthor has owned the tavern for sixteen years, since shortly after the encounter with a renegade wyvern that cost him his right eye and the lives of three of his companions.

Using the reward money paid for the wyvern’s hide, Banthor bought the Shivering Wyrn and renamed it “The One-Eyed Mug” in a fit of grim humor. The Spur that blinded him hangs above the bar to this day.

Banthor settled in to his new life easily. He had always liked spending his time in taverns anyway, and now he got his chance. He considered himself a connoisseur of sorts when it came to ale, mead and beer, and prided himself on always having the best. A shortage one spring forced him to try brewing his own ale. His patrons loved it, and he nearly doubled his normal sales for half the

overhead. He began brewing regularly and experimented with many different recipes.

Today, he imports ingredients from all across the Flanaess, and offers well over a hundred styles of ales, meads and beers. His reputation as a master brewer grew at an alarming rate, and he now exports hundreds gallons each year. He is most famous for five types: Shadowale, a dark, bitter stout, One-Eye's Wheat, an aromatic wheat beer, Wyvern Mead, a rich honey mead, Earth Wine, another type of mead, heavily flavored with special mushrooms (a dwarven favorite), and Banthor's Best, the ale that started it all. These five are available all year and are the only types he exports regularly. Depending on the season, he will have as many as a dozen other styles available at the tavern.

Export of the Tavern's brew is through the Underdark, as indicated by city regulation governing dwarven merchants. Underdark merchants then transport the kegs to buyers outside the city, both above and below ground. Regular buyers dwell as far away as Nirole Dra in the Kingdom of Keoland. The Tavern's symbol (a mug with a bloodshot eye on it), is marked on each exported keg. Trade agreements require that the brew's true origin be disclosed to the purchaser by both wholesalers and retailers.

When Banthor purchased the tavern from Annod Retep, he too agreed to honor the terms of Eural's will. Each year, the Mug, receives a mysterious visitor on the winter solstice. A cloaked figure enters the tavern just after midnight, approaches the bar and quietly stands there until given two mugs of hot mulled cider.

He then moves toward the fireplace, places one mug on the mantel and drinks the other slowly, unconcerned by the stares focused on him.

The figure's hood hides most of his features, except for his eyes, which reflect the flickering fire light. In all his visits, he has not spoken a word, sat down, or even removed his heavy cloak.

Strangely, his presence seems to dim the fire's light, smothering the dancing flames and reducing the blaze to steaming embers. After finishing his drink, the stranger places a gold coin of ancient vintage on the bar, and leaves. Soon afterward the fire returns to normal.

In the sixteen years the tavern has been under the current management, only one person has dared disturb the stranger. A rather large fellow, well into his cups, attempted to deter his exit until the stranger identified himself. The stranger did nothing but turn his gaze upon the drunk, and the man backed down, sober and fearful. Since then, the employees warn all patrons to give the stranger a wide berth.

In the last few years, the event has begun to draw a growing number of curious patrons who wish to see the cloaked stranger. Banthor and his employees do their best to discourage the gawkers, and leave the stranger in peace.

Rumors fly as to who he really is. The more outrageous stories tend to paint him as a god in mortal form, one of the Circle of Eight in disguise, or even Old

Iuz himself. Eural Lechar is long dead and none alive know the truth about the stranger. His identity may never be rediscovered, but each year, on the longest night, a lonely dragon returns to honor his only true friend.

## The Tavern

The One-eyed Mug is especially popular with the local dwarves, but all races frequent the establishment. The prices are fair and many tavern foods, including bread, cheese, jerky, pickled eggs and beets, spiced potatoes, mutton pies, and a unique type of hard cracker made of ground dried mushrooms and lichen (definitely an acquired taste, but the dwarves devour them by the handful) are offered.

Officially, the Mug is a tavern and not an inn, but Banthor maintains a few spare rooms for excessively indulgent patrons to sleep it off for a few hours. Occasionally, he rents these rooms to employees.

The Mug opens at noon and closes its doors at three hours past midnight. They will serve anyone with gold, but tend to cut off anyone who cannot handle their drink. A list of prices for various items is included below.

As mentioned above, the Mug has become very popular with the dwarves of the city, particularly the constabulary. At any time, there is likely to be at least one small group present. As a result, the tavern and surrounding streets have become some of the safest in Dyvers, much to the Thieves Guild's displeasure. The guild has made several attempts to draw the dwarven patrons' attention to other areas (via dwarven brothels and gambling establishments, etc.), hoping to reduce their presence on Tallowbend Road. Some of the dwarves have become so fond of the Mug that they refuse to drink anywhere else, and can become aggressive if anyone speaks poorly of it. As a result, none of the Thieves Guild's attempts have had more than temporary success.

The Mug is clean and respectable, just the way Banthor wants it. He dislikes thieves and trouble makers. The Thieves Guild has made only one attempt to establish it as a meeting place and to provide "protection" for a small fee. Banthor's refusal was spectacular to behold. No one believed the two hundred and fifty pound middle-aged dwarf could still move so quickly, particularly the guildsmen who experienced his wrath. Their physical injuries were nothing compared to the lasting impression the crazed, red-faced, one-eyed, axe-wielding dwarf left on them. Now, a gift from an old adventuring friend helps him keep the troublemakers out and stop problems before they begin (see below).

As is the law in Dyvers, Banthor is a member of the Brewer's Guild and the Guild of Taverns and Inns. He holds considerable influence in the former, but maintains a low profile, preferring to avoid politics and remain neutral. Nominated as Guild Master several times, he routinely declines politely in favor of another "more able" nominee. His nominee ultimately wins, due in large part to Banthor's support.

The Mug employs a full-time staff of eleven (six serving girls, two bartenders, two bouncers and a cook), but Banthor also has three Brewer's Apprentices and a journeyman who help him with brewing. Well paid, the assistant brewers are exceptionally loyal, and never disclose recipes to outsiders. There are usually at least three serving girls, a barkeep and bouncer working at all times. The cook arrives in the morning to prepare food for the day, and keeps it warming in pots over the fire. During the trade months, a temporary staff is hired as needed.

Unmarried, Banthor treats his employees like the children he never had, ready with advice or help. He does not tolerate disrespectful behavior to his "girls," as he calls them, and more than one amorous patron has found himself face down in the street outside the tavern. His surly demeanor hides a truly compassionate heart that wants what is best for his people.

## The Interior

The entrance to the Mug sits on the eastern corner of the tavern's south wall, beneath a large sign. The sign shows a large wooden mug with a single bloodshot eye on it, resting on a deep blue field. The door leads into an entry hall lined with pegs for cloaks and robes. On the eastern wall of the entry hall hangs the employment message board (see below) and in the middle of the west wall is the doorway into the main room.

The main room of the mug has an open ceiling with rough hewn beams and is dominated by two key features: the long oak bar and the huge field stone fireplace.

The bar of polished oak stretches across most of the north wall and is lined with padded stools. Its top is remarkably unmarred considering its constant use. Banthor takes special pride in polishing the bar top, and frowns on those that abuse it. Any who dare carve on its surface soon find themselves out of doors.

The fireplace's huge hearth yawns from the west wall. To the left of the fireplace is a small door leading to a wood and tool shed. The shed has a set of double doors leading into the alley beside the tavern. This door is locked at all times (locks of good quality, -10% to Pick Locks chances) and Banthor keeps the only key on the key ring he wears on his belt. All year long, piles of firewood fill the shed and sit on either side of the hearth. During the colder months, anyone who volunteers to haul wood from the shed receives a free drink.

Two large wax candle chandeliers and several oil lamps illuminate the main room year 'round. When lit, the hearth adds considerable light and a rich woodsmoke odor to the room.

A passage to the right of the hearth leads to a staircase that provides access to the guest rooms and Banthor's private rooms. There are three guest rooms, each with a bed and straw mattress, a small table with two chairs, and a trunk.

On the table are a wash basin and water pitcher. Under the bed is the chamber pot. The rooms are unheated, but each bed has a thick comforter.

Banthor's private rooms are spartan by human standards, but lavish by those of the dwarves. He occupies three connected rooms — a bedroom, living area, and private bath. Banthor keeps all of his private possessions locked in a heavy trunk, but entrusts all tavern assets to the Guild of Taverns and Inns for safe keeping. A small fireplace heats Banthor's apartment in the colder months.

Back in the main room, various knick-knacks line the mantel, beneath a painting of a surpassingly beautiful female dwarf. The portrait, commissioned by Banthor, is of Vora Stonesplitter, a long-lost companion. Several padded chairs sit close to the fire, and are coveted prizes in the dead of winter.

The rest of the room is unremarkable, having numerous tables and chairs, and a cork dart board. Various adventuring items and mining tools decorate the walls in an attempt to make dwarven and adventurer patrons feel more comfortable. When present, performers occupy a small space, cleared in the southeast corner.

A door behind the bar leads to the kitchen, from which comes sounds of clanging pans and the smells of home cooked food. The kitchen is about half as big as the main room. It is filled with cooking utensils, a brick baking oven, a small cooking fireplace, and various foodstuffs.

Two doors lead out of here, one into the alley behind the tavern, and the other, on the east wall, leading into the pantry. The pantry is an all purpose storage room, filled with kegs of beer, ale and mead, potatoes, jerked meats, flour and other staples. A hatch in the floor leads into a root cellar for storing additional supplies.

Rumors persist that there is an entrance to the sewers in the root cellar, which Banthor adamantly denies. Banthor owns the building across the alley, which contains all his brewing equipment as well as many barrels and kegs of brew in various stages of fermentation and aging.

The Mug holds a secret unknown to any within the Tavern, including Banthor. A storm drain in the root cellar, intended to drain into the sewers, actually drains into a long-forgotten passageway. The natural stone passageway leads north, towards a large cavern set within the cliffs on the south shore of the Nyr Dyv. There is no longer an opening to the outside, having long ago collapsed during the quakes following the sinking of the Isles of Woe.

The cavern holds what appears to be the remains of a dwarven outpost, long abandoned and crumbled to near ruin. Since none have explored these ruins in countless centuries, it is unknown what truly lies within, and what if any connection it holds with the ancient Kingdom of Nomthandal.

## Adventure Ideas

### Patrons in need

The party, in need of funds, seeks out Banthor in hopes of finding a job. With a little work, Banthor finds a merchant sponsor with a rather profitable assignment for them, involving little risk and only a few days travel. After successfully completing the job, the party returns to collect their pay but the “merchant” has disappeared. Worse, several members of the party are arrested for transporting stolen goods. It’s up to the remaining party members, helped by Banthor, to find the truth, prove their friends innocent, and capture the real thief. The whole affair is an elaborate ruse by the Thieves Guild in an attempt to ruin Banthor’s reputation with adventurers and get a little payback for his refusal to pay them.

### **The Renegade Wyvern**

Recently, a large wyvern has been stealing herd animals and attacking lone travelers. Each time the attack is within several miles of a small village named August Hill, the same village where Banthor and his companions defeated another wyvern sixteen years ago.

Banthor, concerned at the unusual coincidence, hires a group of adventurers to investigate. Their investigation discovers the secret of August Hill. An evil wizard has been using the village as a base to conduct experiments on wyvern, trying to create a more intelligent and powerful breed.

Recently, one escaped, only the second ever. The first one escaped some sixteen years ago. To make matters worse, the whole village secretly works for the wizard, and will actively try to stop the party, while pretending to help the “heroes” rid the village of the “villain” and his horrible beasts.

### **An Uninvited Guest**

Banthor approaches the party with a job offer. It seems, that a fellow member of the Guild of Taverns and Inns has an uninvited guest. Several nights ago, just after three bells past midnight, one of his guests awoke to find what seemed to be a ghost searching his room. Suddenly the spirit turned and faced the door as if surprised. It began backing away, clutched at its chest and cried out in a bone-chilling wail and then faded away. It has returned at the same time every night since, searching a different section of the room, but always ending the same way.

The innkeeper has lost all his guests and is desperate for help. He has offered to pay handsomely any who can solve the problem.

Unfortunately, the problem goes quite a bit deeper than a simple haunting. There is indeed a ghost haunting the Inn, but it’s for a good reason. About a month before the first appearance, a guest was murdered in the very same room. The only witness, the innkeeper himself, told no one.

The innkeeper has for years used a secret door to gain access to the haunted room, and steal valuables from rich guests. This time something went wrong. The guest who was in the room was himself a thief who had stolen a magic candle from a merchant under the Thieves Guild’s

protection. On the night he was to return the candle in exchange for his life, the innkeeper stole it from the thief.

The Thief searched furiously, dreading the arrival of the guild. The guild interrupted him in his search and mistakenly assumed he was trying to pack to escape. When the thief could not turn over the candle, an agent of the guild killed him with a crossbow bolt to the chest.

The guild members quickly searched the room and removed the body and all evidence. They never found the candle and assumed the thief had sold it or hidden it. The only witness to the crime was the innkeeper, who peered through a crack in the secret door, terrified of discovery, desperately clutching the magical candle in his sweaty hands.

When the guildsmen left, he hid the candle in the floorboards beneath the bed and tried to forget the whole night. A few weeks later, the haunting began, and now the innkeeper is afraid the truth will come out and the Thieves Guild will come after him to retrieve the candle. The party must learn the truth and decide what to do about the innkeeper and the Thieves’ Guild. Regardless, the only way to free the ghost is to light the candle while he is in the room. The candle has the magical power of dispelling spirits trapped on the prime material plane by illuminating the correct path to the afterlife, but it only works once.

### **So He’s Just a Bee Keeper, Right...?**

Banthor hires the party to pick up a shipment of high quality honey from a bee keeper while he is away on other business. The bee keeper is a druid who lives a few days to the East. He has a reputation for raising Giant Honey Bees, which produce very high quality honey. Banthor assures them it will be an easy trip, since the road is not dangerous, and the druid is quite friendly. What Banthor does not know is that a hive of giant killer wasps has moved into the area and is trying to force the giant bee hive out of the region. To get the honey, the party must help the druid end the conflict without killing any of the bees or wasps or upsetting the natural balance of the surrounding area.

<b>Prices at the One-Eyed Mug:</b>	
<b>Drinks:</b>	
Ale, Mug	
Common	8cp
Banthor's Best	2sp
Seasonal	5sp
Beer, Mug	
Common	5cp
One-Eye's Wheat	2sp
Seasonal	5sp
Cider, Hard, Glass	3sp
Hard Liquors, Glass	
Brandy	1gp
Dwarf Spirits	5sp
Grog	5sp
Rum	3sp
Mead, Glass	
Common	5sp
Wyvern Mead	7sp
Earth Wine	1gp
Seasonal	8sp
Fruit	7sp
Stout, Mug	
Common	3sp
Shadowale	6sp
Seasonal	8sp
Wine, Glass	
House	5sp
Good	1gp
Fine	10gp (by bottle only)
Elven	20gp+ (by bottle only)
Seasonal brews vary in style and price. The cost listed is the average. The specific ingredients are left up to the DM.	
<b>Food:</b>	
Bread, Loaf	6cp
Cheese, 1 lb.	
Cheddar	4sp
Herb	6sp
Pepper	6sp
Dwarven Crackers, Bowl	1sp
Jerky, Strip	1sp
Mutton Pie	5sp
Pickled...	
Beets	2cp
Cucumber	2cp
Egg	5cp
Sausage	1sp
Soups, Cup/Bowl	
Bean (when available)	3sp/6sp
Broth	1sp/2sp
Pea (when available)	3sp/6sp
Stew, Meat	5sp (bowls only)
Vegetable (when avail.)	3sp/6sp
Spiced Potatoes	2sp
<b>Banthor's Brews:</b>	
Sizes: Hand Keg (2gl.), Cask (12 gal.), Barrel (30 gal.), Butt (100gl.), Tun (250gl.)	
Banthor's Best Ale	3sp/14sp/34sp/12gp/30gp
Shadowale	5sp/2gp/6gp/19gp/45gp
Wyvern Mead	8sp/4gp/9gp/30gp/50gp
One-Eye's Wheat	4sp/18sp/4gp/14gp/32gp
Earth Wine	1gp/5gp/13gp/35gp/60gp

### Earth Wine

Non dwarves must make a CON check or become extremely ill (-2 to all rolls for 1d6 hours). A successful check means the imbiber was able to hold the drink down, but is affected normally for alcohol consumption and has a chance for some possible side effects. For non-dwarves, the brew is twice as potent as normal ale or mead. For each mug after the first (CON check required for each!) there is a cumulative 10% chance (upto 50%) of a random side effect.

To determine the effect, roll 1d8: 1-4 imbiber gains the dwarven saving throw bonus vs. poison; 5-6 imbiber gains the dwarven saving throw bonus vs. magic; 7-8 imbiber's facial hair growth-rate increases enough to provide a full beard by the next morning. All effects (except the beard, that's real hair) last only while intoxicated, and are replaced after several hours by the mother of all hang-overs.

Dwarves are immune to the side effects of this brew, but still enjoy it, since it is among the few drinks that can truly intoxicate a member of this sturdy race. A secret the

dwarves try to keep to themselves is that the consumption of large amount of the hard lichen crackers tends to lessen the severity of the next day's hang-over.

### Banthor "One-Eye the Grim" Grim-Axe (Male Dwarf Fighter 8th lvl)

Alignment:	Lawful Good		
Move:	6		
AC:	2		
THAC0:	13		
Hit Points:	63		
Strength:	17	Intelligence:	13
Dexterity:	13	Wisdom:	11
Constitution:	16	Charisma:	10

Proficiencies: Battle Axe (mastery), light crossbow, hand

axe, dagger, Brewing -18, Cooking -13, Survival (Underground) -13, Riding (Land Based) -14, and Gaming -10.

Languages: Common, Dwur, Euroz  
 Armor: Splint Mail +1  
 Weapons: Battle Axe +1, Crossbow of Speed  
 Equipment: *Eyepatch of Seeing\**  
 Age: 160  
 Height: 4' 3"  
 Weight: 247 lbs  
 Hair/Eyes: Dark red hair with streaks of gray and stone gray eyes.

\* An old adventuring companion made this magical eye patch for Banthor to help ease the loss of his eye. It appears as a normal eyepatch made of fine black leather. While worn, it allows the use of *detect magic*, *know alignment* and *detect invisibility*, in any combination three times per day. Once per week the owner may use *true seeing* as the 5<sup>th</sup>-level priest spell. All powers are cast at 12th level. The Eyepatch has one drawback. With each use, there is a flat 25% chance that Banthor will develop a painful headache, which lasts 1d3 hours, during which time he is at -2 to all rolls. Removing the patch will not relieve the pain, but spells and painkillers produce their normal effects.

## Background

Banthor is a somewhat typical dwarf, having been raised in the dwarven enclave of Gryrax. He left as a young adult, hoping to find a purpose in life. Although he shared the dwarven love of stone and metals, he had always lacked skill in stoneworking and metalsmithing. A fair warrior, he hired on as a caravan guard and left his childhood home. He spent many years traveling, and had many professions along the way. He has spent time as a caravan guard, city watchman, mercenary, tavern bouncer, boot salesman and adventurer, to name a few. Only with the last adventuring group he joined, did he form any lasting bond. Their adventures together formed a strong friendship that still exists between the survivors.

Banthor formed a special bond with a fellow dwarf named Vora Stonesplitter. Deeply in love, the two were to be joined in dwarven ceremony after the completion of the wyvern hunt. During the final confrontation, the mad wyvern slew Vora and two others. The death of three companions devastated Banthor and convinced him to retire and ultimately purchase the Mug.

Outwardly, Banthor is surly and grim. His ability to utter a long tirade of scorching curses when angry or frustrated is legendary. He grumbles constantly and is stubborn and closed-minded — the typical dwarf. Those close to him know the real dwarf. He is deeply compassionate and caring. He dislikes watching others suffer, and feels guilty of his prosperity when others nearby are down and out. Although far from naive, Banthor gives everyone a fair chance to prove

themselves. Unfortunately, if they do not live up to his standards, he is never so trusting again.

He believes that to get along with people, you have to understand them. You do not have to like them, just know how to deal with them. The only types of people Banthor truly dislikes are liars and thieves. He believes they lack courage and honor, and are beneath contempt. “A dwarf is only as good as his word, and a liar’s word is worth nothing,” he often says.

He has a soft spot for adventurers. As a result he has become a reliable source for employment opportunities. A large tack board on the east wall of the entry hall holds an assortment of employment notices. For a small commission, he sometimes acts as an intermediary for jobs of a delicate nature. He does not allow postings for illegal activities, bounty hunting or any other unsavory types of work. To date, Banthor has helped more than one “down on its luck” adventuring party collect fees owed them by dishonest employers. He feels that adventurers need to stick together in order to get a fair shake.

Officially retired from adventuring, Banthor often travels during the trade months. He enjoys maintaining a personal relationship with his brewing suppliers, and travels to visit them as often as he can. His summer “business trips” have led him into several adventures. Each time he grumbled about lost time and needing to return to the tavern, but deep down, he enjoys returning to his old lifestyle, even if only for a short time.

Banthor’s sense of responsibility and honor never allow him to let an injustice go uncorrected, a trait that has always gotten him in trouble. When not engaged in a reluctant adventure, Banthor is often found among his fermenting spirits, testing the brews every step of the way. He is also a renowned storyteller, and it has become a Dyverse pastime to visit the One-Eyed Mug and listen to the ramblings of the old dwarf while nibbling tavern fare and sampling the finest ale in the City of Sails.

## FEATURE:

## THE IQUANDEX, V. I.Ø

by Erik Mona

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The following index represents hours of painstaking rummaging through the original World of Greyhawk Fantasy Campaign Setting boxed set. I have long held that Greyhawk is a viable and complete campaign setting, but that all (or most) of the information crucial to piecing together something of an “official” campaign is spread throughout the entire body of available work. Not “conflicting” with existing material, if such is something a Dungeonmaster even remotely cares about, is tricky, and it often seems as though it requires some sort of cheat sheet or, at the very least, an index.

I must admit to purely selfish reasons for undertaking this monstrous task. Countless times have I consulted my gazetteer, just knowing that there was information on the Coltens Feodality (or some other minutia) to be found, but without a clue as to where to find it. This index not only provides that clue, but it will point readers to the exact quarter-page where the item in question is located. As an aside (and more selfishness, I assure you), *Oerth Journal* contributors no longer have an excuse for missing something in the original boxed set. Well, that’s the idea, anyway.

The format of the Iquandex has been lifted wholesale from the Encyclopedia Britannica. Most entries are for proper nouns, though the index also includes entries for concepts, chapter headings and more. At present, the Iquandex covers only the two books contained in the first boxed set. It is possible that I will go on to index *Greyhawk Adventures*,

*Fate of Istus and From the Ashes*, but if that happens, it will not be for a good while.

**How to Read the Iquandex**

A typical entry in the following index looks much like this:

**Celestian** (god) 1:65:2a  
 basic information 1:63:1b  
*see also* Fharlanghn

The name of the entry is listed in **boldface**. The first numeral (1) indicates the source of listed information, as listed in the table below. The second numeral marks the page number, and the third alpha-numeric lists the information’s location in a given column, in this case “2” being the rightmost column, and “a” representing the top half of the page.

Very few liberties have been taken with the text. The sole example is in the “Flannae” names of certain demihumans. Whereas future material established “kell” as gnolls, for instance, this is not done in the original boxed set, where they are referred to without explanation. To clear up any possible confusion, I have listed the “common” version of each name as well, demarking it with a“(?)” if the translation is not verified in the source text (though I have in no case invented correlations from whole cloth). Additionally, any underscored entry represents mistaken or contradictory information.

**Source Key**

- 1: *A Guide to the World of Greyhawk Fantasy Setting*
- 2: *Glossography for the World of Greyhawk Fantasy Setting*

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character of natives 1:60:1a

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# TALES FROM THE GREEN DRAGON INN ROBILAR RETIETTERS: JOURNEY TO THE CITY OF THE GODS

by Robert J. Kuntz

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*Based on a Blackmoor Adventure undertaken by  
 E. Gary Gygax as "Mordenkainen" and Robert Kuntz as  
 "Robilar."*

DM Comments by Blackmoor's Designer, David L. Arneson.

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## I. TWO HEROES

The arm missed him.

The tall fighter untangled his sword and rolled left while dodging the out-thrust arm. He'd ducked the net thrown at him by the automaton and fouled its attempt to throttle him. His roll had put him to the right of the large table and away from this adversary, but in front of yet another.

Lord Robilar brought his sword up in a great sweeping arc to deflect the next robot's lunge. The effect of the impact was startling: the robot's green torso was cloven and its various insides--bolts, gears, wires and an odd green-glowing gem--emptied from the gash. Its knees buckled and it fell to the floor, there to spasm and emit sparks and smoke.

Robilar wasted no time. He leapt across the room and then turned to look. He smiled. The other robot had become

entangled in the net. *This would be too easy*, he thought. He then looked at the far wall and up its length: it rose to a domed ceiling of beveled mirrors that reflected the image of the room--a room replete with furniture, weapons, and a tapestry of three green dragons. His squarish face, pierced with two blue eyes and a sweat-streaked mane of blonde hair, stared back at him. He smiled hugely; and raising his sword he defiantly shook it at the mirrored ceiling.

Just then a sliding door behind him opened and five more robots piled in in a mad rush. They separated and made for him. The netted robot had untangled itself and was now holding a chair.

Robilar cursed as he vaulted to the large oak table and then jumped from it to a sofa against the far wall. There he grabbed hold of the dragon tapestry and started to climb. He'd reached the base of a mirrored section just as the first

robot reached for his feet. The others started to pull at the tapestry. Robilar kicked his first assailant and leveled it. But he felt the tapestry starting to pull apart under his weight. Positioning himself he quickly swung his sword upward; and the leather girdle about his large frame seemed to stretch with the effort. Robilar bellowed as the mirror section broke, which sent silvery pieces everywhere but revealed a walkway behind it. Just then there was a rending noise. He grabbed the overhead railing with his free hand and pulled himself up and onto the walkway as the tapestry was jerked down behind him.

Robilar regained his footing after slipping on some mirror fragments. He was on a walkway circling the room below; and much to his consternation he saw a man approaching him from the left. He spun to confront him, and thrusting his blade outward he motioned to him--almost accusingly. But the rotund man only hobbled closer. And as he drew alongside Robilar, he laughed. His green eyes blinked as he turned to look behind him. There was an echoing laugh from down the walkway. Robilar looked. Standing before a doorway was a figure in gray robes leaning upon a staff of ironwood.

"You have a guest, Lord Robilar," spoke the rotund wizard as he idly scratched his balding pate.

Robilar stared at him. "Why wasn't I informed, Otto?"

The wizard shrugged and looked at one of the many rings adorning his pudgy fingers and then began polishing it with a section of his vermilion robe. His green eyes sparkled like those of a sprite making merry and his thin lips hardly seemed to move as he said, "Mordenkainen thought it best that you learn of his visit at the proper time."

Robilar smiled as Mordenkainen the Mage walked up to him and bowed courteously. His old friend had not changed much since their last meeting: Brown eyes a little more worn wise from experience and always used for effect by way of his sidelong look; a face slightly withered by time but still engendered with spirit; and black hair streaked with silverish-gray. Mordenkainen leaned upon his staff and eyed him with a mirthful yet curious look. Yes, he was robed in simple gray, thought Robilar, but that is where his friend's simplicity surely ended.

"So you thought to make me dance? A likely duet, you two." Robilar looked over his shoulder at the automatons below. One had almost gained the railing of the balcony. It clawed for a hold.

"A bit too effective today, Otto." He looked at Mordenkainen and then gave the robot a swift boot. It fell to

the floor of the practice room with a great crash. "One would think that I was being tested to battle the Gods themselves."

"Ah, but you were, dear Robilar," offered Mordenkainen.

Robilar stared first at Otto, who was now fingering his right ear as if to dislodge something, then back at Mordenkainen. He smiled awkwardly as the two wizards chuckled.

"You say that this city--City of the Gods--is beyond Blackmoor then." Robilar had directed his question to a tired Mordenkainen, who lay curled up by their camp fire. The evening air was brisk, as was the fighter in his questioning. Mordenkainen sat up and looked at him.

"Dear Robilar. Friend. You will not unravel anymore about what I've told you tonight. It's been a long journey so far. There are many leagues before us 'til we see that fabled city. Rest!"

"But what if it is true? What the tales speak of, Mordenkainen. I am no coward mind you. But gods, Mordenkainen, that is no jesting matter. Or one for the ignorant. What if there are gods there?"

"And what of the dream--the one you told me about? A city of gold and silver, Mordenkainen. Surely no one but the gods themselves could have built it."

Mordenkainen was fully awake now and staring at the fighter like a child mesmerized by some fairy tale. He then looked past him and up at the dark sky. As he did, a shooting star fell eastwards. Both were silent for a time after this. Then without a word between them they made to sleep, though neither did.

The next day they reached the village of Blackmoor.

"There's a store over there," Robilar pointed out, as they walked their horses into the village square.

Mordenkainen nodded. He had been quiet for the entire ride here, thought Robilar. He probably needed to cast a spell or something, he thought.

They entered the store as Mordenkainen looked north towards Castle Blackmoor, another enigma of the North which for now would be left unplumbed by them.

Robilar was brisk with his dealing with the local merchant. Mordenkainen noted his friends tact when dealing with such transactions.

"Ah, of course we know good Baron Fant," spoke Robilar as he waved his gauntleted hand above the objects he desired to purchase. It had taken the storekeeper much time in ordering the objects that Robilar had requested: rope, caltrops, two bulls-eye lanterns, rations, water skins, oats, and wine.

"Of course," rejoined the beleaguered merchant. "Everyone knows Fant. And even he pays the prices that I set in my store. I do goodbusiness with adventurers such as yourself. Many would try to bargain away my profits while gaining their own from the Castle. Is that fair to me, Lord?"

Robilar tried his last gambit. "But you misunderstand. We are not borne for the castle but follow the roads that lead to the Gods."

At this mention the man started, paling like a drunk who had been made aware that he was dry and the next inn was eighty leagues distant. He quickly made a simple sign of the druids to ward spirits and cautiously asked, "The city, you do mean?"

Robilar nodded.

"Then you will need many such provisions and beyond that more than I can offer. And perhaps I can offer something in return.

Mordenkainen spoke. "And what could that be?"

The merchant swallowed, eyeing the wizard. "Well, no insult intended, Master. But you could store some of your valuables here, for a small fee of course. I am willing to relay these to any part of the land you so desire. And with any last messages you might have."

Robilar stared; and Mordenkainen blinked, incredulous.

"What's the meaning, merchant?" asked a greatly perturbed Robilar, who saw this subterfuge as but a way of stifling his bargaining advantage.

"Well," he gulped. "None return from that forlorn place, it is said. So it is best that they have their affairs in order before going there, that is all."

Robilar began to laugh but thought better for Mordenkainen's grim look. "How much merchant?" he said, motioning to the goods.

The man held high his hand. "They are my blessing to you and your friend. Take them, for your needs will be greater than mine come a fortnight from now."

With their provisions in hand Mordenkainen and Robilar walked back to their horses. They afforded a few scoffing smiles between each other as they road away from the village but soon both fell into an unwelcome silence, which made their trip across the nearby plains and towards the City that much more ominous.

## II. INTO THE CITY

The two adventurers bade farewell to their steeds as they surmounted the stairs to the city. Robilar had been against letting them go, but Mordenkainen had convinced him: "They cannot surmount the landing above, and they would fall prey to an animal or monster if we tether them. If we have great need to escape, Robilar, I will employ a spell of teleportation. Besides, to cross the plains again would be madness."

Robilar had given in to that line of logic. The plainsmen they had encountered while crossing the barren area before the city had been tenacious in their pursuit and always strong in numbers. And it had been tricky for a day or two while eluding them.

No doubt these would be watching for their return. Robilar did think it odd that their pursuers had not followed them to the city's outer precincts. Surely their scouts must have seen them finally approach the city and prepare to enter it. But

none were to be seen. Robilar disliked his next thought: *What sort of fear commanded this type of respect?*

As for the city--it was all too much for them to take in in such a short time. Mordenkainen noted that the place had to be miles round, though Robilar contended that it was more rectangular. It had been hard to tell as they'd approached. Surely it was a sight. All golds and silvers, with towers and buildings of the oddest shapes and hues and sizes. Many towers seemed proportioned the same; but this in no way indicated mundanity, for surely the towers gleamed in morning's sunlight. Metal towers, and hundreds of them! Both Mordenkainen and Robilar muttered a few prayers to the gods of protection as they started along its strange streets.

After a moment they stopped before what appeared to be a tower that twisted like a plant to the height of at least a hundred feet above them. Its base penetrated a large chasm in the ground. Robilar peered into the hole but could not spot the stalk's base, for all below was obscured with mist. Robilar inhaled some of the warm air.

"Perhaps I should scout below?"

Mordenkainen shrugged, looking about, and particularly up the tower's height.

Robilar knew what this meant. Mordenkainen felt ill at ease and would not make a suggestion either way. A true neutral, Robilar thought. But over the years of their adventuring together, Robilar had learned that his friend communicated this way and no other. In effect Robilar assayed it as a "yes" if Mordenkainen looked anywhere else but at the ground immediately following any such suggestion.

"Earwig." Robilar whispered a magical word; and in half a moment he was propelled off the ground by his magical boots of flying. He guided himself with various thoughts; and the boots responded. And in no time he was entering the chasm, circling downwards about the stalk-tower.

At first the mist seemed a distraction; and he barely avoided colliding with the tower several times. As the moments passed, however, his vision adjusted slightly. Or the mist thinned. Either way he became aware that this stalk descended for quite some distance, and perhaps farther than he wished to plumb without conferring with his partner. He was just slowing his descent when noises from above made up his mind for him. He sped upwards towards the swirling light above. Unlike his descent, which had been slow and wary, his ascent was a great rush upwards. He dashed aside the mist, clove its fabric and broke to the surface with a whoosh, followed by trails of mist which were to quickly dissipate in the sunlight. To his amazement Robilar saw several figures fighting near the chasm edge. One was his companion Mordenkainen.

Mordenkainen was not taken unaware by the flying fighters as they landed. Though his hat lay cloven on the ground before him, he was still intact. He raised an arm as one of his steel-encased foes rushed him. It was a mad rush, much like he had witnessed during Robilar's robot encounter. But if it carried to him... Mordenkainen repeated the line of a spell, finishing his period with a single word: "Dust!" It was an outline of a form once powerful, once in heated motion, that collided with him. But it was as no more than a weak

wave breaking on a rock and flowing around it. Mordenkainen had disintegrated his foe in time; and dust was all that remained of the fighter to be blown away at the wind's will.

It was then that Mordenkainen heard the whoosh and saw Robilar, like a skyrocket, shoot forth from the chasm and momentarily hover in the air. Surprised, the two remaining fighters stopped short in their charge towards the wizard and looked up. As they did this Robilar shouted, "Coming Mordy!" and plummeted towards them.

Mordenkainen had wasted less time than his foes; and even as Robilar sped ground-ward, the mage was upon the fighters, striking one with his ensorcelled staff. A solid hit propelled a fighter to the chasm's edge; and he would have fallen into it had it not been for a strange levitation power which allowed him to walk on the air. But the fighter merely turned and fought where he was. The mage danced around the chasm's edge swinging his staff mightily while the fighter floated and fainted, hacking at the mage's legs. A second later another crack from the staff decided the affair. The fighter fell out of sight into the mist below. Mordenkainen whirled about and saw Robilar overbearing his own opponent. He turned away as his friend finished.

Robilar brought the dead body of the fighter to Mordenkainen and dropped him at his feet. Mordenkainen smirked, for this summoned memories of a time in Greyhawk Castle where they'd fought an even tougher battle and barely survived. Robilar had guarded the mage for hours after Mordenkainen's spells had been exhausted, withstanding charge after charge of orcs and their ogre leaders. Robilar had piled their foes all about them until a hill of dead flesh existed and the remaining orcs had run away shrieking. They had not bothered checking the bodies for treasure on that occasion. But they were in the City of the Gods now.

Mordenkainen stooped over the body and softly spoke his spell designed to detect magic. He grinned and reached for the sword the fighter still had clenched in his gauntleted hand. With Robilar's aid he wrenched it loose.

"Let's see what they look like, these fighters of the gods." Robilar lifted the figure's visor and gasped. The armor's insides were empty.

Mordenkainen remained unmoved. "We shall no doubt see stranger things." He looked into the heart of the city. Nothing moved. It was a quietness that both felt, but because of their many strange experiences, did not mind. As Robilar stored the sword in his sack, Mordenkainen started to walk. Robilar followed, looking right and left--and occasionally affording a telling glance skyward.

It was because of Robilar's preoccupation with the sky that he noted a strange trapezoidal-shaped building differently colored than the rest. It was nestled amongst some towers which almost obscured it from their vantage point. But Robilar had looked over his shoulder and back, and in so doing had caught just a fraction of a glimpse of it. Mordenkainen agreed that this should be investigated, since it was an enigma, it not being a tower!

Minutes later they arrived before the structure and stopped to view it. It was like a pyramid tipped on its side,

with red, white and bluish stripes coursing its entire surface. It was about half as high as the nearby towers were. And like all the other structures here--or so they were becoming too realize just now--there were no immediate entrances into it--no doors, no porticos, and no windows.

"Yet another oddity, Mordenkainen. I say that this is the City of the Dead, not of the gods. Those fighters were ghosts and the towers are tombs. Why else would there be no entrances--and no life?"

"There!" The mage was now wide-eyed and pointing at the odd-shaped building. Robilar had been lost in his rambling, but turned to look where the mage pointed.

"Where?"

"The crack. It just opened. Like a..." But it was too late. The largest giant weasel they had ever seen was upon them. It had issued from the ever-growing crack in the pyramid so fast that it seemed to pop into existence. Before Robilar could draw his sword he was borne aside. He rolled sideways, trying to absorb some of the blow. The weasel continued like a juggernaut and bore down on Mordenkainen. Its jaws were snapping wildly as it charged.

Robilar regained his footing in time to see the weasel reel under a flash of light which had issued from Mordenkainen's staff. It screamed in agony as the searing bolt fried fur, then flesh; and it raised up on its rear haunches and struck its head back. The head was aimed right at Mordenkainen. Robilar attacked its flank, hoping to at least distract the creature from its target. This worked too well. His blade bit deep and there was another flash--but this time from the weasel's insides! Robilar stumbled backwards, his mind stunned, his eyes filled with smoke of burnt fur. He dropped his sword and attempted to prop himself up with his free hand. *Stand, damn it! Stand!*

The monstrosity whirled upon Robilar and a claw connected, sending him tumbling across the pavement. A piece of his plate-mail, sheered from his breast by the impact, rattled along the street. The monster struck its head back and prepared to lunge. The second lightning bolt struck faster.

Mordenkainen had leapt aside upon first blasting the creature. And as it had turned to attack Lord Robilar, he aimed anew. He realized the chance of striking his friend, but under the circumstances action was needed. As the creature raised up to attack, Mordenkainen struck. The bolt flashed forth and up and across the creature's backside, searing fur and biting the creature deeply. It whirled again; and Mordenkainen prepared for the worse. But its motion wasn't guided, only instinctual. There was nothing left to its thoughts as it fell in his general direction and slumped to the ground.

Mordenkainen circled the creature with fast steps. His comrade was wounded--perhaps seriously, and perhaps more seriously than he cared to consider. As Mordenkainen circled he regarded the weasel: something was definitely odd about it. He had fought creatures like it, though these had been puny by comparison. And then there were the wounds. The bolts should not have sheered away so much flesh. But they had; and there the monster lay, as if it had been worked over by some boring instrument.

Upon reaching the fighter Mordenkainen knelt and examined him: He was breathing; and after a few moments he groaned and opened an eye. Mordenkainen smiled grimly. His friend's wounds were not light, but he'd live.

Robilar grunted: "My pouch... The green bottle."

Mordenkainen claimed the pouch, rummaged through it and brought forth a bottle which had on it a piece of paper with the inscription: "Drink full dosage after any serious wound--Otto." Mordenkainen smiled and handed it to Robilar, who uncorked it.

"Here's to "Doctor Otto." Robilar imbibed the draught. Mordenkainen noted the immediate results. Robilar's exposed chest--a mass of blood and torn flesh--healed. The blood had ceased escaping and the flesh had mended. Robilar stood and fingered his chest.

"A nasty cut, that." He looked about for his cuirure, which with a section of his breastplate had been shorn away. He claimed the piece moments later and looked at it disgustedly. "Useless." He flung it to the pavement. And then with some spare leather strips he worked on reconnecting the torn chain beneath the breastplate. After a while of this he seemed satisfied.

In the meantime Mordenkainen had studied the weasel; and then he examined the crack from which it had emerged. Robilar was prodding the weasel with his sword when Mordenkainen approached.

"How are you feeling?"

"Good enough." Robilar didn't avert his gaze from the monstrosity before him.

"It's mechanical. Like the automatons Otto makes."

Mordenkainen shook his head, agreeing. "But much more sophisticated. Note the internal casings and wires."

They both looked at the gaping wounds which exposed the weasel's insides: A mass of fused wires and metallic constructions were noticeable. A spark suddenly leapt and the weasel's body spasmed.

"Let's move on," Robilar said, stepping back.

"No doubt a good choice," said Mordenkainen. "The crack revealed a space beyond, but considering the disadvantages..." Mordenkainen looked up for only a moment.

"Agreed. I have no desire to see whether this things lair contains relatives." His friend wouldn't hook him this time. "Unless, of course, you'd like to lead the way, Mordy?"

Mordenkainen snickered. "No. I think that tower, erh, there," he said, pointing towards the relative center of the city, "should suffice. It is the tallest."

"And the richest, eh?"

Mordenkainen walked away slowly, followed by his friend.

"A true neutral," mumbled Robilar.

They arrived at the tower's base minutes later. They stood there and gaped up. Robilar shuffled his feet and looked at Mordenkainen.

The mage was already looking at him. "How are you feeling now?"

"If you mean: 'Have I forgotten the command word for my boots?' then the answer's no, I haven't."

"I've a levitation spell." Mordenkainen said this rather defensively.

Robilar smiled. "Time's up. And so am I. If things get tough I'll drop in on you." Robilar spoke the command word and sailed skyward. Mordenkainen didn't even have a chance to tell him to be careful.

It wasn't until about a hundred feet up that Robilar felt the wind really start to jostle him. But after a few moments of this he regained level ascent and continued taking in the city. The panoramic view reminded him of several southern cities— domes of white, gold and silver, and shades in between were everywhere to be seen. He glanced down at Mordenkainen and saw that the mage was moving about, no doubt attempting to find an alternate way into the tower. Ever resourceful Mordenkainen!

Robilar put some distance between him and the tower: This gave him a better vantage point to view his ascent and, secondarily, provided a defense against any surprise attack that might be launched from within. He had by now dealt away with his deserted city theory — cracks appearing from nowhere had really dispelled any other notion besides that of deliberate and purposeful attacks having been launched upon him and his companion by some sort of intelligence.

After a few moments Robilar noted a ledge of sorts just below the tower's crown. It seemed wide enough and looked to circle the entire top structure. He glided towards it and landed. He looked around for a space of seconds and then started walking clockwise on it. Every so often he paused and tapped his sword against the tower's dome. After a third such tapping he was startled to note a door slide open--no, actually two doors slid open at once, and silently. He paused and looked into the darkness. And noted a wavering light therein.

Suddenly, the light grew, like an approaching lantern in the dark of night. But then it expanded to fantastic proportions; at the same moment there issued a scream from inside which sent fear into him. The light had become a blazing fire, with smoke issuing before it and pouring out of the aperture and onto the ledge. Robilar stepped back as a flaming figure taller than himself leapt onto the ledge. In one hand it held a flaming sword; in the other a whip dangled, curling back and forth by the ministrations of the creature's ever-flexing wrist.

Robilar faced one of the most feared enemies of legend, and one he had never chanced to combat in the past: a Balor. Its wings spread high and wide and then its baleful eyes pierced him. Robilar winced, avoiding those eyes. He gripped his sword, awaiting the demon's rush. Its flames, even from the odd distance of ten feet between them, was painful to endure. Robilar thought of Mordenkainen. He did have a levitation spell...

The Balor leapt. It was an incredible feat, for it adjusted for Robilar's dodge by using its wings to glide. The fighter swung at empty air. The creature landed upon the metal ledge with a sharp thud. Robilar wheeled left, attempting to flank it.

There was a cracking sound. Robilar thought of ducking, but the thought came too late. He felt a tug and he

moved involuntarily. His sword arm was wrapped in the whip and he was being dragged towards the demon!

As Robilar struggled with the creature he thought of every wrestling match he'd won, from Greyhawk City to Narwell, to the courts of Ivid the Mad himself. But this was an inhuman strength he'd never encountered, and even his girdle didn't seem to matter.

Robilar was pulled closer until the smoke and flames were about him. He screamed, and wrenched at the whip. A sword cut through the smoke, barely missing his head. He had felt it pass--and too close. He let go of his own sword, heard it clang to the ledge as he took firmer hold of the whip. This steadied him for a second, but there was that damn flame again. It seemed to be feeding on him, growing more powerful as he remained in it. He grew faint, numb; and he barely felt his hands blistering while noting the distinct smell of burning leather--his gauntlets. His eyes swelled shut and he gasped as the flame heated his armor, branding his body. He was roasting! The accursed thing was roasting him!

Robilar desperately tugged at the whip. He could feel it give a little; but his grasp was slipping fast. He knew that his hands were charred; and he mentally fought to hold on--to tug.

Robilar arched his back and planted his feet. He tugged upwards with all his might. He screamed as he did so. The whip broke with a loud snap. Robilar tumbled backwards and fell from the ledge, cutting through the cool air like a stone. Unable to concentrate on bringing his boots to work, he plummeted toward the street below. Toward death.

Mordenkainen had been preoccupied with searching for secret doors for some time after Robilar ascended. Failing to find any, he had returned to his vigil of watching above. Minutes after Robilar had landed on the ledge, he had seen the smoke, then the flame. He was in the process of casting his levitation spell when a body appeared and fell groundward.

Mordenkainen adjusted the verbalization in time and cast the spell upon the body: it slowed but did not stop. It was all Mordenkainen could do to control the spell effect, bringing the body of his companion, who he now recognized, to a less than perfect landing on the pavement below, where it tumbled and rolled for a few seconds afterwards. Mordenkainen approached a dazed and burnt fighter. He shook his head in dismay.

Robilar sat up and shook his head, trying as he might to rid himself of his newest, bad memory. He then looked at his hands: the gauntlets were cindered. His hands were better off, and he realized now that the pain he had felt had affected his imagination somewhat. He was scorched, but not a burnt offering at least.

After bandaging his wounds as best as possible, Robilar explained the encounter to his friend.

"A Balor!" Mordenkainen was openly amazed. "In a city where the gods supposedly dwell!"

"Gods or demons. Little difference there," Robilar said.



"Well. I'll need your boots," Mordenkainen said, inclining his head upwards. "There's only one way to deal with this."

Robilar peered at his friend--and at the staff that was his "prop." He suspected the "one way" that the demon would be dealt with. He slipped his boots off and Mordenkainen put them on, tossing Robilar his own pair. Mordenkainen then sprang into the air and flew off.

"Hey! How'd you know the command word?! You couldn't hear it!"

Mordenkainen chuckled as he climbed, making sure to ascend from the opposite direction Robilar had. After a few minutes of flying he gained the tower's top and flew over it. If he'd estimated correctly, the ledge area where the fight had taken place would be directly over the other side. He continued to rise until he saw it. There, standing and looking over the ledge towards the ground, was the demon. It hadn't noted his approach.

Mordenkainen hovered where he was and pointed the staff. A white beam shot forth from it and struck the Balor square in the back. The creature, its flame now extinguished and its body wrapped in a sizzling mist, screeched. Turning, it spread its gigantic wings and leapt skyward towards the mage.

It would be no contest, however. Mordenkainen merely put some distance between him and his opponent and shot it with another frosty beam. The Balor screeched horribly as it died. Its wings collapsed in upon it, enwrapping it like a shroud. It fell like a shadow earthward, a stream of smoke trailing it, signaling its passing.

Mordenkainen landed on the ledge. The door Robilar had described was still open. A corridor led off to the north. Mordenkainen entered it and stepped ahead. He stopped and listened. Demons, he thought, were often summoned for some purpose--and he knew those who summoned them had to be powerful indeed. Mordenkainen softly spoke a word and his staff lit, shedding light for some distance down the passage. He continued walking.

After turning some corners he stopped. A set of stairs led down to his left. He had lost his direction sense, but he assumed that they led east. He stepped onto them and went down. After about twenty feet they emptied into a large room of the sort he recognized. Before him was laboratory. Tables filled with alchemical equipment were everywhere to be seen. Centered between these was a glass bowl, or vat, large enough to hold a man.

Mordenkainen stopped and examined a table. On it was a cross-like object the size of a battle axe. Next to this were several scrolls of vellum. He cautiously prodded the cross with his staff. It looked to be made of precious metals, some recognizable, but some, to his amazement, not so easily placed. He thought of adamant, and other god-metals. It was then that a hissing sound averted his attention from the object. He looked at the vat. It had had only a clear liquid in it moments earlier, but now, unmistakably, it contained mist. Mordenkainen stepped closer to examine it. The mist swirled when he did this. He peered closer. A face of some hideous horned creature formed before his amazed eyes. He stepped back as the mist started to rise from the vat's unstopped top.

It hovered above the vat for a second and started to congeal, to actually form in the likeness of some gargantuan creature with a leering face and spine-covered body!

Mordenkainen reacted swiftly. Thrusting his staff forward he sent ray after ray of frosty coldness into the manifestation. Each ray seemed to disperse part of it; but new mist rose from the container's insides, sustaining the reformation process. Mordenkainen sweated as he continued the attack. He thought he heard voices, and he cursed himself for not having examined the room, and its environs, more carefully. He was in it now, up to his neck.

After several more rays the creature began to dissolve and the mist ceased flowing upwards. He had stopped it, whatever it had been. But the voices were coming. He heard the swooshing sound of a door opening. Without thinking he grabbed the cross-artifact and scrolls and ran across the room and up the stairs. He gained the outside ledge minutes later. Stooping, he claimed Robilar's sword. He looked behind him as he spoke the word which commanded the boots. As he flew down he looked back. He thought he'd seen a gleam near the ledge, but couldn't be sure that it wasn't part of the tower reflecting the mid-day's sun or a trick of his eyes. Robilar walked up to him as he landed.

Mordenkainen handed him his sword saying: "I heard voices up there, perhaps those that summoned the demon." He then recounted the tale about the strange vat creature and how he'd dispatched it. Robilar smiled.

"Do we stay? If we do, we should clear out of this general area at least."

Mordenkainen didn't need to look up. He nodded and then handed the artifact to the fighter. Robilar's eyes lit up just slightly as he placed it in his bag. They then exchanged boots and took to the streets again.

### III. ESCAPE FROM THE CITY

Mordenkainen was panting as they approached a series of smaller buildings. These of course had been obscured by the other architecture around them, and it had taken some time to reach this point. Already the daylight was waning, and there was perhaps a few more hours of it left for them to be guided thereby. Mordenkainen halted and called after Robilar.

"How about those buildings there?" He pointed at a grouping of three one-story high structures. Robilar looked back at him.

"Do you sense something?"

The wizard smiled. "Not really. They're just close."

"You should practice--work out more often. If you follow Otto's school of thought too closely you'll be a tower-mage in no time."

Mordenkainen shrugged. "Quite the contrary. It's you who are in too good of shape. But let's continue." Mordenkainen lurched ahead towards the buildings. A smiling Robilar followed.

As the pair arrived before the nearest building's door--a wooden one of normal make--they noted many torches stacked neatly beside it.

Mordenkainen claimed a torch and looked at it, even sniffed it. He shrugged and placed it back in the stack.

"They were left outside for some reason. I suggest that we follow the example."

Robilar nodded; and before Mordenkainen could suggest a course of action the fighter slammed into the door with all his weight. The door was more fragile than it looked, and it easily gave way, even splintering in places. The two entered the building.

One room comprised the entire building. It contained barrels, small crates, and cabinets with bottles, some empty, some full. The wizard moved toward the latter as Robilar stopped to examine a crate filled with stoppered bottles.

Robilar opened and sniffed the contents of a bottle. It smelled of foul water. He spat and replaced the bottle in the crate.

"Don't light a fire in here." Mordenkainen stood before an open cabinet while sifting through various powdery substances. He then produced a box containing what appeared to be candles with short wicks. He scooped many of these candles into this pack whilst saying, "The chemicals here are highly flammable."

Robilar grunted. Though wounded and seared he had expected a fight, in fact had been itching for one after being beaten by the Balor. Standing about and examining wizard mixes was not to his liking.

Mordenkainen moved to him. He held a bag with the box of candles in it.

"Anything interesting?" The mage looked at the crates.

"If you like stagnant water." Robilar turned and walked from the building.

As they closed the door and stepped away from the building a bolt of lightning appeared from behind them. It was obviously mis-timed or hurried, for it missed them entirely. But it impacted on the building. Robilar and Mordenkainen were blown to the ground by the resulting explosion. It was still raining fragments of wood and stone as they rose to run from the area.

As they fled, another bolt impacted on their left. Mordenkainen pointed to the right and ran.

"There's a crack in the street back there."

Robilar was nodding and panting as he ran.

"Did you see it? The creature in the crack?"

Robilar merely nodded. They rounded more structures and then halted to collect themselves.

"It was octopoid, I believe. Three eyes. And one cast..."

"Yes. I saw it." Robilar was becoming perturbed again.

Mordenkainen gave him a sturdy look. "We could leave."

"That crack wasn't there when we went in." Robilar was now looking everywhere.

Mordenkainen had never seen him so agitated. But there was something to be said for his friend's concerns. Normally when Robilar showed such stress it was time to move on — fast.

Mordenkainen chose his next words slowly: "Perhaps we are being sought." Mordenkainen thought of the voices he'd heard in the tower.

Robilar laughed. It was a loud laugh but couldn't hide a tinge of suppressed fear. Then Robilar squinted, looking off into the distance past some smaller towers. He slowly raised his hand in that direction and pointed, shaking his finger up and down.

Mordenkainen followed the action with his eyes and noted what the ever observant fighter was seeing. Off in the distance, perhaps 200 or more yards away but flowing steadily towards them was a stream. And upon it floated several bulbous plants. It shouldn't have been there, but there it was; and it was winding ever so slowly towards them.

"Being sought!" Robilar laughed again. "What would possibly make us think that!" Robilar drew himself up and hoisted his bag. He looked at Mordenkainen. They both ran.

They had covered some distance toward the stairs out of the city when Mordenkainen noted a new danger. From above came the flying fighters. Mordenkainen immediately started mumbling a spell.

Robilar drew his sword: "The same vermin!" He cursed, hacking at the nearest foe in bitter rage.

The fighter engaging Mordenkainen threw a spear at him which pinned the mage's robes to the pavement. But the wizard's spell had not been ruined, as his opponent could have attested to if it could speak, or walk for that matter. For there it stood, no more than ten feet from the mage. It didn't move. Mordenkainen walked past it towards the melee.

Robilar had easily dispatched the first fighter with three strokes, one which had dislodged his foe's helm, sending it clattering along the street.

"Now I'm even for the weasel!" Robilar shouted. The remaining fighter lifted off the ground and fled. Robilar bounded into the air after him, and felled him with a stroke which severed his mid-section. But even as the last fighter fell from the sky a high-pitched whistle sounded.

Robilar landed and both he and Mordenkainen assessed this new development.

"Something's stirring," said Robilar.

Mordenkainen looked off in the direction they'd fled from and noted many silvery objects floating above the rooftops and dipping lower to the ground on occasion. When the latter maneuver was performed, one or more of the objects would emit a colored beam of light, blanketing the area directly beneath and around it.

"The *gods* are curious today," the wizard said, after explaining what he'd seen to the fighter, who merely grunted. "If we are lucky our escape will not be barred."

After dodging in and amongst the structures of the city they arrived before the stairs out of the city. They halted and viewed their next predicament: Before the stairs was a mass of plant material, which drew itself up to about ten feet in height as they stood there.

"Easy enough solution," said Robilar. "We go around it."

They proceeded to the left of the creature, skirting its immediate vicinity by a good hundred feet. It didn't move. But Mordenkainen stopped Robilar before going too far.

"Something is not right here." Mordenkainen stepped forward and thrust his staff outwards. It contacted and stopped before an invisible barrier. He tapped it gently.

"A defensive precaution taken by the inhabitants. It no doubt encircles the entire city." He paused. "But don't be concerned." Mordenkainen turned to view the plant-monster, and raising his staff he said: "A well placed lightning bolt should rid us of that watch-dog; and then we'll see about the stairs." The mage concentrated for a space of a second and the bolt flew forth. The creature, hit dead center, exploded into many pieces, disintegrating before their eyes.

"Hurry. We've revealed ourselves." Mordenkainen ran towards the stairs. Robilar followed, looking around in all directions. Upon reaching the landing Mordenkainen shouted in dismay: "It is blocked here as well!" Mordenkainen withdrew a few paces, and aiming his staff at a spot further down the barrier's length cast another bolt. It merely ricocheted off. Mordenkainen was silent for too long a period after this.

Robilar had taken an interest in two short metal poles — striped white and red — to either side of the stairwell. He wiped a piece of plant matter from one and touched it, thinking.

"Something's coming." The mage looked behind him. Approximately 200 yards away were humanoid-like figures in strangely wrought silver armor. They moved in pairs; and Mordenkainen counted at least four sets of them approaching in a search pattern, covering the territory they'd fled.

"Teleport us out of here, Mordy." Robilar said this calmly.

"I can't!"

"Can't!?"

"I--erh--lied; just so you'd let the horses be."

"No-teleport-spell?"

"No--ah--passwall. It is a city, after all!"

Robilar jerked up as stiff as a statue as Mordenkainen finished speaking. The wizard looked at him quizzically.

"Passwall! My dear bumbler! Passwall!" Robilar grabbed one of the striped poles and hefted it up with all his might. There was a flash as he pulled it loose from the pavement.

"Smoke and wires, Mordy. Weasel stuff!" Robilar dropped the pole and reached out to feel for the barrier. It wasn't there.

"There's more than one way to skin a god!" And he said this while almost falling down the stairs in his mad rush ahead. Mordenkainen wasn't far behind him.

They ran far from the city and way on into the night before they thought it safe to rest. As they crouched by a stand of withered trees they heard noises in the distance.

Mordenkainen stood. "I recognize the speech--the plainsmen again. I'll return shortly." With a spoken word the mage disappeared. An hour later he returned leading two

horses. Robilar examined them and chose the sturdiest of the pair for himself.

Robilar commented as they mounted: "It seems that you have a spell for almost every occasion."

Mordenkainen laughed: "And when I don't, I have you!"

They both laughed heartily; and spurring their horses they rode south.

## CITY OF THE GODS Dungeon Master Comments (Arneson)

It is much easier to judge a situation from hindsight and especially so when one is the DM. The DM has access to all information after all. So in this instance judgments can be made about the conduct of this expedition that are not too pretentious.

One of the very first considerations for a party entering a new and unknown area should be to keep a low profile, i.e., keep one's eyes and ears open without drawing too much attention to oneself. In this expedition there was a rather indiscriminate and widespread use of lightning bolts which could be observed from a multitude of points throughout the city. The use of such pyrotechnics from a very early stage in the adventure was risky to say the least and was one of the reasons that more and more wandering monsters were encountered thereafter.

As the adventurers spent more and more time within the city confines they made little or no attempt to conceal themselves or their activities and so more roving creatures were drawn to their ramblings.

The lack of treasure found on the adventure was quite simply due to the party's failure to look for any. As in the case of the giant weasel, no effort was made to check the pyramid it had emerged from after it had been disposed of. The supposed reasoning behind this was the desire to avoid any other creatures that might be drawn by the fighting. A prudent but hardly remunerative attitude.

The adventurers were poorly equipped to operate together, showing greater willingness to take as much different equipment as possible. This resulted in their engaging in separate adventures such as "R's" flight to the tower while "M" was left standing around in the open doing nothing. Such action risked a double chance of encountering more wandering monsters while reducing their ability to resist such encounters. Also, since "M" did nothing in the absence of "R" there was no increase in the expedition's search capability for the increased risks involved.

The expedition's main claim to fame was their escape from the city when it appeared that the entire complex was searching for them. Why our two heroes were surprised that their activity had aroused the city, and that the Guardians had taken the elementary precaution of guarding the exits, was quite naive of them. They did, however, leave before it became impossible to do so, and they also kept moving rather than stand and fight (although they did consider doing so)

their pursuers. This latter fault has been the downfall of other expeditions to the city where the desire for more goodies merely led to the loss of PC lives and all that they had found.

The heroes also showed uncommon wisdom in disposing of the goodies they had found--quickly. Whether this was motivated by caution or greed I cannot say, but it certainly saved them from the fate that overtook the unfortunate merchants involved. Again, when previous expeditions left the city they had desired to "take it (the treasure) home" and thus brought down doom upon their heads and castles.

In summation, this group engaged in highly visible activities but was reluctant to probe the lairs of creatures, with the result of a relatively poor (money- and experience-wise) adventure resulting. Our two heroes were clearly running scared at the end of the adventure, although they did manage to pick the right time to do so. This was rather surprising since things were quiet at the time they decided to depart the area of small buildings they were in, which should have drawn them into more exploring.

I must state that they did the best of any group that has visited the city to date, which means after some three years of existence. But I was not impressed by their highly visible exploration and devil may care style. This group could just as easily have been destroyed on a number of occasions, as been successful, as they ultimately were.

## Afterward (Kuntz)

## Story Notes

This story is whole except in one aspect: the ending. The cross-artifact was disposed of in Blackmoor for an enormous sum of gold; the merchants who bought it were later slain by those from the city who came searching for it. The cross, it is assumed, was taken back to the city. I considered this part of the adventure anti-climatic to the story as written, so it was dropped as a source from the onset, but here you have at least the summary.

The adventure took place in 1976 at TSR's Dungeon Hobby Shop. Gary, myself and Dave Arneson were the only participants. Dave's campaign had been running for some time previous to this and many adventures into that fabled city had taken place before ours.

Dave had in fact published a Blackmoor piece with an accompanying map in the long defunct newsletter for the Castle and Crusade Society, "Domesday Book," issue #13, 1972 (Editors/Founders: Gyax/Kuntz). This article and map were referenced for the Blackmoor sequence in this story. To my knowledge this article was the first "published" occurrence of Blackmoor, though I might stand corrected upon divine intervention!

## On Mordenkainen's and Robilar's Names

Gary chose Mordenkainen as his main character whilst adventuring in Greyhawk (tm) and my own World of Kalibruhn (tm). In those early days of adventuring yore, PCs flitted back and forth between worlds with few caveats except for what magics and monies they were allowed to bring back into the original campaign in which they had started. This caveat did not apply to Gary's adventures into Kalibruhn as this multiverse was considered an adjunct to Greyhawk. Mordenkainen's name is most certainly influenced by heroes from the *Kalevala*, that magnificent Finnish epic by Lonnot, Vainamoinen being Gary's favorite hero therefrom.

Robilar's name is derived from Gary's novel, "The Gnome Cache." Written prior to the formation of TSR, Robilar occurs therein as the baron who sends the questing Dunstan after the gnome treasure. Since I had contributed a minor sequence idea to the novel (wherein Dunstan, having succeeded, requires the Baron Robilar to uphold his part of the bargain by knighting him, which he does, quickly and without ceremony and then runs off to claim fame from higher-ups for "his", the Baron's, success) Gary later suggested the name for my primary PC in Greyhawk.

## Miscellaneous Notes (On DM Style, Magical Items Allowed, New Items Found)

Dave Arneson was (and still is, for that matter) a grand DM. His toughness started at the onset of the adventure--Gary and myself were allowed to choose only three magical items each. Dave thought our item lists were over burgeoned with goodies. **Robilar:** +3 sword, Girdle of Storm Giant Strength, Boots of Flying; **Mordenkainen:** Staff of Power, Bracers of Protection AC2, Ring of Wizardry (doubled 4th and 5th level spells). We were each allowed to bring one curative potion in addition. I will only add this closing note on Dave's style: he tended to scare the *boohickies* out of you. That is why Gary and I showed some (perhaps, too much) caution whilst this adventure unfolded. Though we carried off less loot than expected, we did do well. The cross netted over 100,000 gold; the scrolls were all *clone* spells (Dave's invention); and the candles were "Nobelite" (i.e, dynamite).

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