

OTHER HANDS

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EVIL RACES

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EDITORIAL
Journey to the Crossroads

Just over two months ago, Iron Crown Enterprises “filed a voluntary petition in the United States Bankruptcy Court pursuant to Chapter 7 of Title 7 of the United States Code, which governs the liquidation of companies.” As of October 25th, 2000, the company that created *Middle-earth Role Playing* and fostered it for fifteen years is dead. This event sounds the final death knell to the long defeat that began on September 19th, 1997, when the MERP series was placed on indefinite hiatus, and which reached its climax in Tolkien Enterprises’ retraction of ICE’s Middle-earth license on September 22nd, 1999.

So, whither MERP? Well, on November 20th, 2000, David Imhoff, executive vice president of worldwide licensing & merchandising for New Line Cinema (the company that is producing the forthcoming LotR films), responded thus to a query from one of our subscribers: “We are currently in discussions with two major roleplaying game publishers for the rights to LOTR. We expect to announce a new licensee by the end of 2000.” Nothing has been heard from New Line since then, but delays are to be expected in matters of licensing.

Without further facts in hand, it is pointless to speculate about which companies are under consideration or what they might do if they acquired the license. Regardless of what the future may hold, the task of *Other Hands* remains clear: ignore the gaming industry, keep the legacy of MERP alive and growing, and bear written testimony to the unshaken vitality of the Middle-earth FRP community at large. To date we have been midwife to nearly a thousand pages of original gaming material. “More still shall we make!”

Nevertheless, 2001 is fated to be a year of great change for Middle-earth gaming. With the impending release of *The Fellowship of the Ring* in movie theaters next Christmas, the apocalyptic floodgates of new (or renewed) enthusiasm for all things Tolkien are poised to burst, and we must be ready.

We all know what needs to be done. Middle-earth still wants for a game mechanics that will do it justice. It needs a magic system in detail, not just theory. It calls for more foundational resources that will map out the world in all its dimensions: physical, cultural, linguistic. And most important of all, it demands good story-telling—adventure scenarios and campaigns that will foreground and encourage the exploration of the pivotal themes of Tolkien’s *legendarium*. Tales to produce Enchantment.

I am a practicing GM. I run a Middle-earth campaign for five different groups of players—twenty in all, on-line and off, at least once a week. Between that, orchestrating the next issue of OH, and writing a dissertation, my ability to contribute actively to the greater task at hand is limited. This is a harvest for which the laborers must be many and dedicated if it is to succeed.

Happily, there has been no lack of laborers for the present issue, so let us proceed with the customary introductions.

The first piece is the most crucial to my mind, because it holds out hope that the magic feature inaugurated last issue will become a permanent fixture of the magazine. Although this is his first contribution to OH, David Wendelken is no stranger to MERP. Some years back (‘97?), David expressed interest in undertaking a revision of *Lórien & the Halls of the Elven-smiths* for the 2nd edition MERP series. After meeting with David in

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NEXT ISSUE:
 WARCRAFT

person, I was convinced that the project could not have been entrusted to better hands. To this day, I have never encountered any gamer with a keener sense for "Elvishness" or more innovative ideas about how to translate enchantment into game mechanics.

David has published many of his thoughts in *MOTIVE*, a privately distributed gaming and writing forum that often featured Middle-earth materials. He has graciously offered to reprint some of these treasures here in the pages of OH. The first of these is actually a compilation of three shorter pieces having to do with Elven magic. May they resonate with your own creative "heartstrings" as you read, and inspire future articles of equal caliber.

My original idea for this issue was to focus on the theme of the evil races of Middle-earth. One of the first subscribers to rise to the challenge was George Photopoulos, our solitary foothold in Hellas. For some time now, George has been developing cultural details on various regions of Arthedain, so the topic of his current offering—one of the Orc-tribes inhabiting the frontier between Arthedain and Angmar—should come as no surprise. The *Angmar* module catalogues no fewer than twenty distinct Orkish sub-groups inhabiting the Witch-king's realm. Each of these deserves a treatment as individualized and textured as George gives here to the Lughoth. Someone has their work cut out for them for a long time to come!

Just to reassure you that he has not been idle, Jeff Erwin has turned out yet another installment of background material for his eagerly awaited Lindon module. This time Jeff enters largely uncharted territory, giving us a first exciting glimpse of the forgotten isles of sunken Beleriand. There's more out there than just Himring! Thomas Morwinsky delivers the icing on the cake with an exquisite map of Tol Fuin, those storied highlands where Beren once walked, and Sauron took up his abode after his defeat by Lúthien and Huan, filling its darkling woods with horror. An untapped reservoir of adventure awaits, washed by the pathless leagues of Belegaer.

Justin Morgan-Davies has been itching to write about giant

spiders, and now at last he has gotten his chance. Told from the dramatic vantage point of one Brandir of Esgaroth, a veteran spider-hunter, you'll find here all you ever wanted to know about fighting and surviving Middle-earth's arachnid perils.

Brian McNeilly taps into yet another significant development: the recent publication of the 3rd edition rules for *Dungeons & Dragons*. This streamlining of the primordial FRP system epitomizes many contemporary trends in role playing and promises to be influential in many respects upon the larger gaming community. Regardless of which world they play in, many gamers will use the D&D rules. Brian's intervention into very pragmatic issues of how to adapt the premises of this rule system to Middle-earth could not have been more timely.

Our Mithril feature continues this issue with a look at some of the nastiness that goes on beneath Mount Gundabad. Once again, Quentin Westcott wields light and shadow to highlight some of Chris Tubb's most dynamic early designs for the MERP series.

OH has been in need of a good adventure for a few issues now, so I felt it was time to unveil one of the "Lost Tales" I had stumbled upon. Some of you oldies out there will remember John Morin's foundational contribution to the original MERP series, *Sea-lords of Gondor*. A lot of water has flowed down Anduin since 1987. Like many freelancers who wrote for ICE, John wrote more than he actually allowed ICE to publish. The reason? ICE's failure to live up to its contract obligations. As a result, there are many unpublished (yet complete) MERP manuscripts floating around in limbo. *The Eyes of Oclanoc and Other Tales* is one such tome, and we are honored to have John's permission to bring it into the light at last. Enjoy!

Chris Seeman
January 1st, 2001



HEARTSTRINGS

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"Tell you about 'Elven magic' and how Items of Power are made?" repeated Míriel, gently laughing in the light of their wilderness campfire. "Shall I include the meaning of life and the rightful ordering of all Arda as well—all before you bed down for the night, page Perin?" One glance at the hurt expression upon Perin's youthful face prompted her to add, "I do not jest with you! For in truth it is not fit to learn one without the other. You know this is so, for does not the lore of your land have it an ill-deed to grant a sword to one who knows not whom to strike and whom to protect?"

"I strike whom my liege-lord commands, Lady," he answered with simple courage and grace. There was no doubt in his voice.

She smiled at his knight, her champion, Faelin of the Eldarioni, and replied gravely, "Ah, but your knight is wise beyond the measure of most who still dwell in Middle-earth. Yet honour belongs in the soul of one who gives loyalty, not in the hands of those who receive it. Whom would you have obeyed in the days of the kin-strife of Gondor? Would you have slain your countrymen at the command of one of your kings? For what purpose, and to what end?"

"I... I..." he stammered. "I do not know, Lady. All choices would have seemed evil until the true nature of Castamir became known. And even then ... there could be little joy in Eldacar's service, for it too placed grievous wounds upon my land."

"Then you have the beginnings of wisdom, young Perin, and I will try to answer your question."

She paused for a while, to gather her thoughts and her harp to her. The feather touch of her fingers drew forth a plaintive tune from the harp as she looked upwards to the stars. Almost he could follow the patterns in the music, the patter of small feet dancing in May in the upland vales of his home, the special smile he hoped to one day see...

"Have you a lady-love, young Perin?" she asked suddenly. His blush was answer enough for all to see. "Well, you need not reveal her name if you do not wish. Does she return your affection?"

"I know not, Lady. It is my hope, for we were childhood friends. But maybe I am just as a brother to her." He sighed.

"I watched you in the market in Esgaroth. Did you find a gift for her? Or do I guess poorly?"

Again, his blush made the truth plain to all. "I could not find the right present to give."

"But why not, Perin? We have traveled even unto Shrel-Kain upon Rhúnaer, the crossroads of the great plains, and yet I guess not even there have you found the right gift for her! What is it you seek?"

"I do not know, Lady. I ... I am sure I shall know it when I see it."

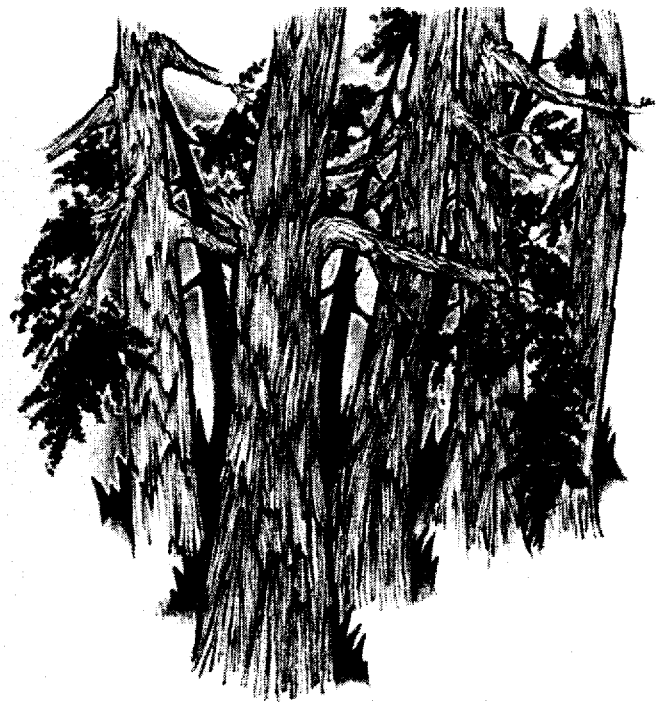
She laughed softly, the gentle lilt of her voice holding music. "All lovers have such difficulties, young Perin! Let us see, it

should be—something very special—not too intimate, yet with the hint of intimacy to come. Something that she needs and desires very much, yet not such that she would have gotten it for herself. That would meet a need only one who understands her heart would see, and thus only you could bring it to her. Is that what you seek?"

"Oh! Yes, Lady!" he exclaimed, looking first at her and then to his knight. "That is it exactly!"

"Well, young Perin, so it is with the making of Items of Power." She watched the confusion quickly arrive in his expressive face. "There must be a great desire in the heart of one who undertakes such a task, which is why some endeavors can never be repeated. The heart and soul must be aligned with desire and married to sufficient skill to succeed. Yet, in the act of making, as in all else, we are changed and no longer precisely who we were before. And, one must find the 'right' components or the heart will rebel and the item will not be made." Perin nodded to show his comprehension.

"Yet," she continued, "the Song of Creation, fashioned by Eru and his servants before the making of Eä, binds us all in some fashion. My kindred more than yours, perhaps; yet all that has been, and perhaps all that will ever be, has been contained within the greatest of all Songs. Your heartstrings vibrate to the echo of that Song; and, if your work is in harmony with it, the making will be a joy to you. Some, like the fallen Lord of the Rings, set their Will against Eru's Song and forged Items of Power to dominate and enslave others. Yet, the Heart knows its Maker, and Eru's Will is the strongest of all."



HEARTSTRINGS (BARD BASE LIST)

These spells are used by Elven bards and those mortals trained in the Elven manner. The spells on this list qualify for use with the appropriate spells on the Bard "Sound Projection" list, just like the Bard "Controlling Song" spells.

Lvl	Name	Area of Effect	Duration	Range
1	<i>Traveling Song</i>	1 target	Concentration + 1 rd / lvl	50'
2	<i>Song of Relaxation</i>	1 target	Concentration + 1 rd / lvl	60'
3	<i>Party Song</i>	1 target	Concentration + 6 rds / lvl	50'
4	<i>Song of Praise</i>	1 target	Concentration + 6 rds / lvl	50'
5	<i>Song of Joy</i>	1 target	Concentration + 1 rd / lvl	50'
6	<i>Song of Pride</i>	1 target	Concentration + 1 rd / lvl	50'
7	<i>Marching Song</i>	1 target	Concentration + 1 rd / lvl	50'
8	<i>Song of Shame</i>	1 target	Concentration + 1 rd / lvl	50'
9	<i>Song of Hope</i>	1 target	Concentration + 12 rds / lvl	50'
10	<i>Hero's Song</i>	1 target	Concentration + 1 rd / lvl	50'
11	<i>Party Song True</i>	1 target	Concentration + 6 rds / lvl	50'
12	<i>Song of Reverence</i>	1 target	Concentration	50'
13	<i>Love Song</i>	1 target	Concentration + 12 rds / lvl	50'
14	<i>Song of Reflection</i>	1 target	Concentration + 1 rd / lvl	50'
15	<i>Satire</i>	1 target	Concentration + 1 rd / lvl	50'
16	<i>Song of Resolve</i>	1 target	Concentration + 1 rd / lvl	50'
17	<i>Song of Compassion</i>	1 target	Concentration + 1 rd / lvl	50'
18	<i>Heart's Ease</i>	1 target	Concentration + 12 rds / lvl	50'
19	<i>Battle Song</i>	1 target	Concentration + 1 rd / lvl	50'
20	<i>Song of True Love</i>	1 target	Concentration + 12 rds / lvl	50'
25	<i>Lord Satire</i>	1 target	Concentration + 1 rd / lvl	50'
30	<i>Sound of Silence</i>	1 target	Concentration	50'
50	<i>Satire True</i>	1 target	Concentration + 3 rds / lvl	50'

Lvl	Name	Type	Description
1	<i>Traveling Song</i>	M	One Target has only 1/2 normal fatigue loss when traveling or performing some other form of physical activity.
2	<i>Song of Relaxation</i>	M	x2 fatigue point recovery rate for one target.
3	<i>Party Song</i>	M	One target present at a festive social occasion has a good time. This spell works especially well with the Bard "Sound Projection" list, and gives 3x the normal radius or number of targets if performed at an appropriate social gathering.
4	<i>Song of Praise</i>	M	One target is the subject of the praise, and gains a +5 to Public Speaking or Seduction due to increased confidence and self-image, +10 if those being addressed were also targeted as an audience (with the help of the Bard "Sound Projection" list).
5	<i>Song of Joy</i>	M	One target gains an extra RR to attacks of mild depression or anxiety. Target feels generally happy during the song and for some time afterwards, unless events dictate otherwise.
6	<i>Song of Pride</i>	M	One target gains an extra RR or morale check versus Fear attacks. Target feels proud of the worthwhile accomplishments of their past, their family's, tribe's, or other appropriate social unit. If none of the above apply, target becomes very determined to do something noble.
7	<i>Marching Song</i>	M	1/2 fatigue loss for one target when traveling or performing some other form of activity.
physical			
8	<i>Song of Shame</i>	M	One target gets -5 OB, does 2/3 concussion damage when attacking, and has -5 RR due to the debilitating effects of the ridicule. Target has -5 to all activities based upon Presence with all who witnessed the event for 1 hour / 10% RR failure.
9	<i>Song of Hope</i>	M	Awakens hope for a better future in one target. Target gains an extra RR to attacks of strong depression or anxiety. If suffering from mild depression or anxiety, the extra RR gains a +10. Target feels generally happy during the song, and for some time afterwards, unless events dictate otherwise.
10	<i>Hero's Song</i>	M	One target gets +5 OB, does 1 1/3x concussion damage when attacking, and has +5 RR due to the inspirational effects of the song.
11	<i>Party Song True</i>	M	One target present at a festive social occasion has a VERY good time. This spell works particularly well with the Bard "Sound Projection" list, and gives 5x the normal radius or number of targets if performed at an appropriate social gathering.

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12	<i>Song of Reverence</i>	M	One target becomes more attuned to Eru's Song, +10 to channeling skill.
13	<i>Love Song</i>	M	One target is affected by the song and gains +10 to Seduction due to increased confidence and self-image, +20 if those being seduced were also targeted as an audience (with the help of the Bard "Sound Projection" list).
14	<i>Song of Reflection</i>	M	x2 PP recovery rate and gives +15 to meditation for one target.
15	<i>Satire</i>	M	One target gets -10 OB, does 1/2 concussion damage when attacking, and has -10 RR due to the debilitating effects of the ridicule. Target has -5 to all activities based upon Presence with all who witnessed the event for 1 hour / 5% RR failure.
16	<i>Song of Resolve</i>	M	One target gains an extra +10 RR or morale check versus Fear attacks. Target feels proud of the worthwhile accomplishments of their past, their family's, tribe's, or other appropriate social unit. If none of the above apply, target gets very determined to do something noble.
17	<i>Song of Compassion</i>	M	One target remembers their better nature. Target must make an RR to do an unkind act. (An unkind act is based upon the upbringing and knowledge of the target, both at the conscious and subconscious level.) This RR is modified by the basic nature of the target: +20 Diabolic +5 Evil +0 Average (95+% of all people!) -5 Good -20 Saintly
18	<i>Heart's Ease</i>	M	Lessens great sorrow in one target. Target gains an extra RR to attacks of severe depression or anxiety. Target feels generally happy during the song and for some time afterwards, unless events dictate otherwise.
19	<i>Battle Song</i>	M	As <i>Hero's Song</i> and <i>Song of Resolve</i> combined.
20	<i>Song of True Love</i>	M	The target gains +15 to Seduction due to increased confidence and self-image, +30 if those being seduced were also targeted as an audience (with the help of the Bard "Sound Projection" list). As this song helps the target express their true feelings better, the target must already be truly in love with the object of their desire.
25	<i>Lord Satire</i>	M	One target gets -15 OB, does 1/3 concussion damage, has -5 DB, and -15 RR due to the debilitating effects of the ridicule. Target has -5 to all activities based upon Presence, -10 with all who witnessed the event for 1 hour / 5% RR failure. There must be a grain of truth behind the satirical verses.
30	<i>Sound of Silence</i>	M	One target is in tune with Eru's Song of Creation. As <i>Song of Relaxation</i> , <i>Reverence</i> and <i>Reflection</i> with x2 effect.
50 is	<i>Satire True</i>	M	One target gets -20 OB, does 1/2 concussion damage, has -10 DB, and -20 RR. Target at -10 on all Presence based activities, -15 to those activities with any who witnessed the event for 1 hour / 1% RR failure. This spell has been known to raise welts on the victim. The satire must be solidly based upon truth, or it will backfire upon the bard.

Notes on the Heartstrings List

The Bard "Controlling Songs" list is the closest Bard list to Heartstrings. Many of those songs have a duration of "concentration + 1 rnd / rnd of concentration." This list uses "concentration + a number of rnds / lvl of the spell caster." There are two reasons for this.

First, the Controlling Songs depend upon mental dominance of an individual's actions—they have greater effect the longer the spell caster exerts their will because they deaden or suppress the target's own desire. The Heartstrings list affects emotions; it is not intended for overt dominance. Instead, the target's natural emotions are heightened. Thus, the Heartstrings list will gain a bigger yield with less effort, but it is far more difficult to control the target for a longer time. This is because the target's own nature will more quickly reassert itself.

The second reason is simpler, yet more intuitively obvious. For example, a joke is not better because it is longer; it is better because it is funnier. Thus, the higher level Bards (presumably more skilled) can create the desired effect with less effort than their lower level compatriots. The spell duration does, however, make allowances for "shaggy dog" performances.

TEACHING LORE (RESTRICTED BARD BASE LIST)

This set of spells was created by the Elven bard, Míriel of Lórien, as a way to improve the instruction of key individuals in the Elven realms of Lórien, Lindon, Imladris (Rivendell), Aradhrynd (Thranduil's Halls in Mirkwood) as well as Mar Hinion, the hidden orphanage/refuge she founded in Arthedain. One copy of the spell books is in each of the Elven realms, while her working copy is in Mar Hinion. A few dozen people in all those realms combined know these spells, and they do not speak of them to others save with the consent of their rulers.

Although the spells are not taught to outsiders, the right type of Elf-friend might (unknowingly) receive instruction with their aid as a reward for services to the Free Peoples.

Míriel has only researched the list to 30th lvl. The remainder of the list is included for those who might wish to use the full list.

Lvl	Name	Area of Effect	Duration	Range
3	<i>Message Implant</i>	1 target	Length of message limited to 1 rd/lvl.	Touch
6	<i>Remove Message Implant</i>	1 target	N/A	Touch
10	<i>Teach Academics</i>	1 target / 2 lvls	Concentration	50' radius
11	<i>Subconscious Message Implant</i>	1 target	Length of message limited to 1 rd/lvl.	Touch
12	<i>Teach Craftwork</i>	1 target / 2 lvls	Concentration	50' radius
13	<i>Teach Magic</i>	1 target / 2 lvls	Concentration	50' radius
14	<i>Teach Physical Skills</i>	1 target / 2 lvls	Concentration	50' radius
16	<i>Teach Academics II</i>	1 target / 4 lvls	Concentration	50' radius
18	<i>Teach Craftwork II</i>	1 target / 4 lvls	Concentration	50' radius
19	<i>Teach Magic II</i>	1 target / 4 lvls	Concentration	50' radius
20	<i>Teach Physical Skills II</i>	1 target / 4 lvls	Concentration	50' radius
25	<i>Teach Academics III</i>	1 target / 8 lvls	Concentration	50' radius
30	<i>Teach Craftwork III</i>	1 target / 8 lvls	Concentration	50' radius
*40	<i>Teach Magic III</i>	1 target / 8 lvls	Concentration	50' radius
*50	<i>Teach Physical Skills III</i>	1 target / 8 lvls	Concentration	50' radius

*Represents a spell that has not yet been researched.

Lvl	Name	Type	Description
3	<i>Message Implant</i>	P	Target must willingly accept the implanted message in their memory. The target has a perfect recall of the message stored in their mind. An unwilling target gains a RR modification of +50. The memory lasts until dispelled (or the target's brain is damaged). This was developed partly for the obvious uses, but mainly as a proof of concept by Miriel to see if the rest of the list was even plausible to research.
6	<i>Remove Message Implant</i>	P	Removes one set of information stored in the target's mind by the <i>Message Implant</i> series of spells, with the target's consent. An unwilling target gains a +50 RR modifier.
10	<i>Teach Academics</i>	P	Teacher gains insight on how best to teach the chosen targets on an individual basis. This grants them the ability to learn at 2x the normal rate. (See notes below.) This spell works only for the instruction of Academic (intellectual) courses. Students may not learn (in this manner) more than 10% past the skill level of the instructor (in total bonus, not skill ranks, and not including magic bonuses for either party). The student must be fully willing to learn, the spell has no effect upon them otherwise.
11	<i>Subconscious Message Implant</i>	P	Target must willingly accept the implanted message in their subconscious memory. An unwilling target gains a RR modification of +50. The target has a perfect recall of the message stored in their subconscious only when caster-specified conditions are met—and will (without any choice on their part) divulge the message at those times, but will not remember doing so. The subconscious memory lasts until dispelled (or the target's brain is damaged). NOTE: Should the subconscious memory be of particular importance to the target, the subconscious may "leak" information in the form of dreams or by the target feeling a sense of déjà vu in appropriate circumstances. The longer the target bears the subconscious memory, and the more important the subject of the memory implant, the more likely that this might happen.
12	<i>Teach Craftwork</i>	P	As <i>Teach Academics</i> above, but assists in the instruction of artistic skills that require hand-eye coordination and a sense of aesthetics.
13	<i>Teach Magic</i>	P	As <i>Teach Academics</i> above, but assists in the instruction of the esoteric principles and uses of magic.
14	<i>Teach Physical Skills</i>	P	As <i>Teach Academics</i> above, but assists in the instruction of skills that require the student to apply both mental concentration and strenuous bodily effort to perform feats of an athletic nature.
16	<i>Teach Academics II</i>	P	As <i>Teach Academics</i> above, but learning is at 3x the normal rate.
18	<i>Teach Craftwork II</i>	P	As <i>Teach Craftwork</i> above, but learning is at 3x the normal rate.
19	<i>Teach Magic II</i>	P	As <i>Teach Magic</i> above, but learning is at 3x the normal rate.
20	<i>Teach Physical Skills II</i>	P	As <i>Teach Physical Skills</i> above, but learning is at 3x the normal rate.
25	<i>Teach Academics III</i>	P	As <i>Teach Academics</i> above, but learning is at 4x the normal rate.
30	<i>Teach Craftwork III</i>	P	As <i>Teach Craftwork</i> above, but learning is at 4x the normal rate.
*40	<i>Teach Magic III</i>	P	As <i>Teach Magic</i> above, but learning is at 4x the normal rate.
*50	<i>Teach Physical Skills III</i>	P	As <i>Teach Physical Skills</i> above, but learning is at 4x the normal rate.

*Represents a spell that has not yet been researched.

Notes on the Teaching Spell Series

#	Standard Cost	2x	3x	Notes
1	x	x/x	x/x/x	Allows multiple skill ranks to be learned per level, at the base cost times the number of ranks learned.
2	x/y	x/x/y/y	x/x/x/y/y/y	Lowest cost repeats first, then second lowest cost.
3	x/y/z	x/x/y/y/z/z	x/x/x/y/y/z/z/z	As number 2 above.
4a	x/*	x/*	x/*	There are three options for this standard cost category. In this option, there is no further benefit, as the class can already learn as much as desired.
4b	x/*	x/x-1/ x/x-1/etc.	x/x-1/x-1/ x/x-1/x-1/etc.	This makes this type of skill very inexpensive to purchase if the base cost is 1/*.
4c	x/*	x/* (10% per)	x/* (15% per)	This makes learning spells less expensive when the base cost is not 1/*.

The 4x rate follows the same pattern.

The teaching spells must be used consistently over the time that it takes for a student to learn the skill ranks. Once the rate multiplier is chosen, a higher rate may not be used until the next set of skill ranks is learned. For example, if the student started learning at the 2x rate, they may not switch to the 3x rate on those skills until they complete the skill ranks already started at the 2x rate.

The teacher may refrain from teaching all the skill ranks possible with the spell, and the student can also refrain from learning all the ranks possible. For example, Elanor, a fighter, can normally learn the broadsword at 1/5 (x/y). If instructed with *Teach Physical Skills*, she could learn two ranks at 1/1 (two points total), three ranks at 1/1/5 (seven points total) or four ranks at 1/1/5/5 (twelve points total). Using method 4b and *Teach Magic*, Morvellon (a magician), could attain a 100% chance to learn one of his base spell lists for ten points total at the rate of 1/0/1/0/1/0/etc.

Researching a spell list is a massive undertaking, one not performed without a very strong motivation. In many cases, there is a problem that needs to be solved by the researcher or their patron. For this reason, a spell list should reflect its creator's personality and approach to solving problems as well as provide some useful functionality. This list was created by a gentle Elven woman to aid those who chose to excel in their chosen craft—as a way to intensify the bond that exists between students and an excellent teacher. Thus, the spells only work if the student wishes to learn. They aid in opening the doors of insight, thus the students can actually learn more than the teacher already knows.

Consider, for a moment, what the spell list would be like if Sauron had created it:

The teacher controls the student's mind while the spell is in effect, and forces into it the knowledge that the teacher wishes to impart. The student can resist learning anything at all with a normal RR. The student learns only what the teacher deems necessary.

Already existing knowledge which conflicts with the chosen lesson will be crushed and thrust aside unless the student resists (at a -50 to the RR, as the barriers to the student's mind have already been thrust aside). Depending upon the degree of inner conflict that this process sets up within the psyche of the student, the student may exhibit symptoms of psychic distress such as nervous ticks, stuttering, odd behavior, etc. Such behavior is viewed as a weakness and marks the student as unsuitable for advanced positions. 'Flawed' students may be destroyed, as they show evidence of independent thought, which makes them potential rivals.

As this spell series only puts the instructor's knowledge into the student, the student can only learn 100% of the teacher's knowledge, not 110%. (It is unlikely that a student would ever be taught so much, as that would make them a rival!) Prolonged exposure to this spell series dampens initiative and independent action, and makes the student more and more like the teacher in other beliefs, habits, and actions.

Notes on the Memory Implant Series

The spells were developed as initial delvings into the lore necessary to implement the Teaching spells; and modified to be a secure method of communication when it was not safe to send confidential messages in writing. The courier can be quickly told a message with the caster secure in the knowledge that it will be delivered accurately. For exceptionally confidential messages, the *Hidden Message Implant* is used. Typically, the memory implant is erased by the recipient of the message. Although not developed as attack spells, the *Hidden Message Implant* spell can be used in that manner. For example, a devious bard could implant a hidden message to make rude comments to the wrong folks at court.

THE LUGHOTH

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The Lughoth are one of the Orc-tribes briefly described on p. 25 of ICE's Angmar module. The Lughoth guard the border region between Angmar and northern Arthedain, patrolling the windy southern fields of the Rammas Forod and standing watch over an 80-mile front. This article provides new information about the Lughoth and Zaulug, the stronghold from which they derive their name.

The ancestors of the Lughoth settled the Rammas Forod in the aftermath of the War of Wrath, having fled the swords of the Elves and their Edain allies. The fugitive Orcs were not without foes in their new haunts. Dwarves from the Blue Mountains had also begun colonizing the region at that time—some displaced by the cataclysm of Beleriand's drowning, others hoping to discover untapped mineral wealth amid the wreckage of the Iron Mountains. To these were added many Adanic tribes (Enedrim) who had been driven north by the traffic of Morgoth's former Mannish servants fleeing eastward, like the Lughoth, into Eriador.

A jumbled landscape of mixed heath-barrens and taiga forest, the limited resources of the Rammas Forod were fiercely contested by these settlers. Ascendancy shifted back and forth indecisively between the Orcs and Free Peoples for three thousand years until the establishment of the Kingdom of Arnor in SA 3320. The Lughoth were no match for Elendil's troops, fresh out of Númenor. The Dúnedain almost exterminated the tribe and claimed the Rammas for their own.

The surviving Orcs hid themselves in isolated caves of the Emyr Nimbrith, far beyond the reach or ken of Arnor, and rarely ventured to trouble the exiles of Númenor. The subtle influence of Sauron's re-awakening in TA 1050 quickened the reproduction rate among the Lughoth. By 1170 they fielded enough warriors to aid the Witch-king in his conquest of Angmar, though their depredations of the Arthadanian frontier remained confined to small-scale raiding.

Only with the Second Northern War of 1409 did the Lughoth truly come out of hiding, launching a series of offensive campaigns that culminated in the capture of Khibil-baraz, the chief Dwarf-hold in the Rammas, in 1476. The Orcs took up residence in Khibil-baraz, re-naming it Zaulug (Ork. "Black Tower") after its dark basalt stonework. It is from this association that the Lughoth got their own name: *Lug-hai*, the "Tower-tribe," which the Men of Arthedain assimilated to Sindarin as *Lug-hotb*.

A few decades later, the Lughoth were sufficiently entrenched to evade or deflect Dúnanadan counter-attacks. A stalemate ensued: the Lughoth held the Rammas, but ranger forays and mounted patrols by the Arthedain made their hold on the area tenuous. Fortunately for the Orcs, the ever-worsening climate of Eriador depleted the resources of Arthedain's border-fiefs necessary for maintaining pressure on the Lughoth.

The advent of the Great Plague (1636-1637) signaled the

adoption of a more passive stance by the Arthedain, who by 1640 struggled to maintain their hold over the territories adjoining the Rammas. The Lughoth, because their lairs were dispersed and isolated from one another, suffered little from the Plague (except in Zaulug, where the casualty rate was quite high).

As Arthedain recovers from the effects of the epidemic, the Lughoth are beginning to entertain thoughts of an attack against the weakened border fiefs on their southern flank.

Lifestyle and Customs

Lughoth warriors wander the Rammas in hunting bands formed on the basis of *fas* (Ork. "clan;" pl. *fosu*). Living off the land and abetted by preserved rations, these bands range over wide areas, lairing intermittently in a chain of camps and caves, each of which is rarely occupied for more than four weeks of the year.

Warriors not on the hunt lair in more permanent *fas*-holds, where they oversee the non-combatants—females, imps (young Orcs) and those males who, though lamed by age or wound, nevertheless retain their usefulness due to some specialized skill—as the latter work in preparation for the harsh winter. This work is heavy and the taskmasters unforgiving. Slaves (mostly other Orcs captured in raids against neighboring tribes) seldom last more than a few years under these conditions, but the Orcs' warlike nature ensures a constant influx of new slaves. Females and imps, who are treated little better than the slaves (with the exception of young males who show promise as warriors) also have a short life expectancy.

The Lughoth are more self-sufficient than most Orc-tribes of the Angmarean frontier, relying as much upon *lotbrandir*-herds, whose migration routes pass through the Rammas, as upon foodstuffs arriving by caravan from Carn Dûm during the campaigning season. In addition to meat, these reindeer provide raw materials from which the leatherworkers and horncarvers of the Lughoth craft a variety of barter goods. In exchange for these, the Lughoth procure items they cannot produce themselves, such as weapons and metal implements. (The Rammas no longer yield sufficient ore for this purpose.)

Their skills in hunting and barter, combined with a stature smaller than most Orcs, lead the Lughoth to value cleverness and perception over brute strength. Most Lughoth warriors are competent scouts and trackers. Even in times of (relative) peace, intrigue and conspiracy are a part of everyday life. It is considered normal to murder another member of the tribe for as little as a silver coin; what is important is that one is not caught doing this. Those few of the Lughoth who reach middle age are among the most cunning of Orcs. The *kri* (Ork. "chieftain;" lit. "head") of each *fas* is usually such an individual.

The position of *kri-kriur* (Ork. "tribal chieftain" lit. "head of heads") is held by the most powerful of the *fas* chiefs. Upon seizing the title, the *kri-kriur* appoints a successor as *kri* of his own *fas* and takes up residence in Zaulug. The *kri-kriur* meets with envoys of other tribes, authorizes (and on rare occasions leads) patrols, raids and campaigns, supervises all barter and

Other Hands

answers to Angmar for the tribe's actions.

The Lughoth are on relatively good terms with the Snagoth who live to their east. Their peace with the Faulgurum to the west is uneasy at best. The large, heavily equipped Faulgurum warriors can overpower their neighbors in a melee, but their lack of skill with missiles and disregard for life (even their own) makes the Faulgurum easy prey when ambushed by the Lughoth. Thus, raids by the Faulgurum are bloody affairs even by Orkish standards and maintain the tradition of enmity between the two tribes, which have been at odds for centuries. The Uruk-uflag to the north make sure that this enmity does not develop into a full-scale war.

The Lughoth are very cruel, even by Orkish standards. Their habit of immediately blinding prisoners and cutting off the feet of the captives they set free has earned them much notoriety. Their cruelty is also reflected in their religious rituals, invariably bloody affairs during which a victim is tortured for hours before dying horribly.

Religion and Beliefs

Like all Orcs, the Lughoth worship Morgoth (whom they call simply Zot, the "Master"). In the absence of any dominant evil power in Eriador, however, the form of that worship remained primitive until the establishment of the Witch-king's realm. This event brought Lughoth shamans into contact with priests of Mulkhêr (the name by which Morgoth is worshipped among the Black Númenórean-led Angmarrim).

While total ritual conformity was not a goal of the Mulkhêrian priests—since they deemed "sub-humans" unworthy to practice their exalted traditions—ideological conformity and submission to the Angmarean hierarchy were. Independently-minded cults could become a hindrance to order within the Witch-king's dominion and had to be brought into line with his objectives.

Incentives were introduced to encourage compliance with the dictates of Carn Dûm. Lughoth shamans who displayed enthusiastic support for their Mannish overlords were taught limited rituals that increased their personal power and prestige among the Orc-tribes. This in turn precipitated the growth of a priest-like hierarchy within the Orkish shamanry.

The Lughoth shamans rose to the opportunity, delving a huge altar chamber, the Thororod, within Zaulug—the only true temple to Zot in the Rammas. Styling himself *nalt-sharbtur* (Ork. "high priest"), the most-favored shaman of the Lughoth resides in the Thororod together with about a fifth of all the *sharbturu* (Ork. "priests;" sing *sharbtur*) of the tribe. The rest live in semi-permanent *fos*-holds, each of which contains a small shrine dedicated to Zot, or accompany Lughoth warbands on the prowl.

Warcraft

In combat, the Lughoth rely on their mobility. Most wear no armor, but a few don reinforced leather coats. They carry shortbows and small scimitars. The Lughoth are competent archers who can maintain a high rate of fire. Very fast, their warriors can outrun and outmarch almost any foot-troops. They prefer stealth and ambush to open battle, and the varied terrain of the Rammas has honed tactics to lure their enemies into ambushes.

The best warriors of the Lughoth join the elite guard company of either the *krî-krîsur* (the *rog-krîsur*) or Zaulug (the *rog-krab*). The former is a 100-strong warrior force picked for size and skill at arms. The *rog-krîsur* wear chainmail shirts and metal greaves, carrying scimitars and round shields. The *rog-krab* consists of 100 elite archers and 300 foot-soldiers equipped with scimitars.

Most metal weapons used by the Lughoth are of bronze. The steel scimitars and mail of the *rog-krîsur* are imported from

Carn Dûm. The leather armor of the Lughoth usually has pieces of *caru* or *lotbrandîr*-horn sewn in for reinforcement. Wood from the pines of the Rammas Forod is used for shields (which few of the Lughoth carry) and bows.

During the campaigning season, warriors of each *fos* are organized into squads under *drartulu* (Ork. "sergeants;" sing. *drartul*). These squads combine to form a warband led by a *krî* and his *drartulu*. A typical warband has about 200 warriors. Because each *fos* claims its own territory of the frontier, warbands usually operate independently. Sometimes two or more *fos* will temporarily join forces to fight a common enemy (usually another *fos* or tribe). Treachery by one or more of the parties and opposition from the *krî-krîsur* (who invariably considers such alliances a threat) account for the ephemeral nature of these pacts.

A *krîtar* (Ork. "captain"), roughly equivalent in rank to a *fos*-chief, commands each *rog-krab* unit. When the *krî-krîsur* dies—even if he dies from natural causes—the *krîtar* of his *rog-krab* is executed. For this reason, most tribal chieftains appoint particularly ambitious warriors of their own *fos* as *krîtar* to remove any threat such individuals might pose.

In an emergency or during a major campaign, all Lughoth forces are gathered under the command of the *krî-krîsur*, forming a warhost 2400-strong. On such occasions Rogrog, warlord of the Orcs of Angmar, uses the Lughoth to provide support for his elite troops.

ZAULUG

Dwarves established a small mine at Khibil-baraz in the 6th century of the Third Age. This was gradually expanded into a massive tunnel complex as they delved deeper into the hill for ore. As the years went by and the iron became scarcer, many of the Dwarves abandoned Khibil-baraz in search of other, richer veins. Holding the mine against intruders consequently became more difficult, so the remaining Dwarves fortified the only obvious entrance. Still, the defenders were too few to repel the Lughoth invasion of 1476 and Khibil-baraz fell.

In 1640, the Lughoth capital with its population of almost 2000 is one of the largest Orkish settlements west of Carn Dûm. Its inhabitants include the *krî-krîsur* and the two elite guard companies, the *nalt-sharbtur* and his underlings, the most skilled woodwrights among the Lughoth (the wood found in the region is excellent for carving) and a great number of females, imps and slaves.

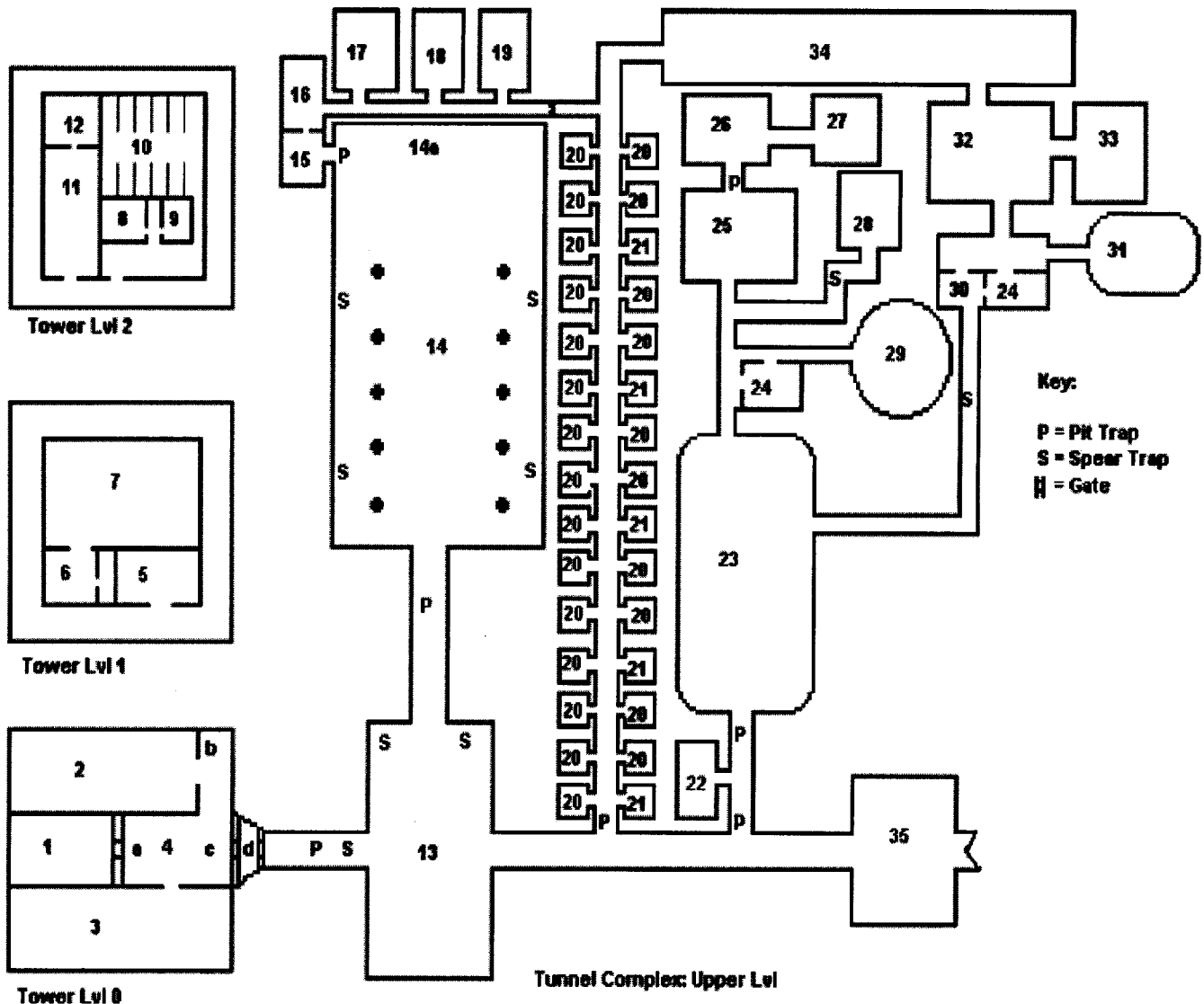
Zaulug consists of two levels. An upper level, once home to the Dwarves, is marked by regularly shaped chambers joined by straight tunnels. It is the home of the tribal leaders. A lower level, the former mine, is a maze of twisting tunnels and irregular chambers.

Defenses

Zaulug is a very strong fortress. The entrance to the underground complex is located near the peak of a particularly tall (2850') hill of the Rammas Forod. A narrow winding path descends from the gate into a wooded valley 2000' below. Attempts to scale the cliffside without special equipment would be absurd.

To augment these natural defenses, the Dwarves enclosed the tunnel leading into the complex with a square tower of black basalt. A force of 100 Orc-archers now garrisons the tower. These live in barracks located on the ground floor so that they can man the walls minutes after the alarm is sounded.

The elite troops of the *krî-krîsur* have been entrusted with the safety of Zaulug's upper level. Access to some areas of this level is restricted and therefore guards are stationed at their entrances. Other guard companies patrol this level to ensure that all is well. Pit traps and spear traps (spring mechanisms in the



walls that launch spears at those who trigger them) have been set throughout the upper level to supplement its defenses.

The 300 warriors of the *rog-krah* supposedly guard the lower level. Since they spend most of their time terrorizing the rest of the inhabitants, however, they do not perform this duty well.

Gate Tower and Upper Level

Even after three centuries of Orkish vandalism, Zaulug's upper level still displays the majesty of Dwarven stonework. The walls are faced with limestone that glows softly under torchlight. The floor is covered with grey-blue slate tiles. The ceilings, at least 10' high, have been left unfaced. However, the shimmering grains of the granite create a "starlit sky" effect.

- 1. Entrance Hall.** This chamber is completely bare so that intruders can find no cover.
- 2. Training Room.** Weapon racks line the walls. The members of the *rog-krah* use this room to practice with their scimitars or bows. The presence of so many armed Orcs frequently results in violence. Concealed arrow slits allow defenders to fire into the entrance hall (#1).
- 3. Barracks.** The troopers of the *rog-krah* live here. Each has a bed and a small chest to keep his belongings. All chests are locked and 70% are poison-trapped; they contain filthy

clothes and coins or items worth 1-4 sp.

- 4. Antechamber.** The gate to the upper level of Zaulug (#4a) is made of iron. A portcullis of crossed iron bars can be dropped in front of it either from this chamber or from the gate mechanism room (#5). The gate is guarded by 6 Orcs. Another pair of guards is stationed at the stairs to the upper floors of the tower (#4b) while yet another pair guards the second gate (#4c). The hall between the second and third gates (#4d) is similar to the entrance hall (#1), only smaller.
- 5. Mechanism Room.** The mechanism that opens and closes the gate is located in this room. 2 Orcs are needed to operate the device. 4 guards are stationed here at all times.
- 6. Kitchen/Pantry.** Meals for the *rog-krah* are prepared here.
- 7. Mess Hall of the Rog-krah.**
- 8. *Kritar's* Chamber.** 2 guards are stationed in the corridor outside this room and another pair guards the entrance to the *drartulu's* quarters (#8 & #10).
- 9. *Rrosbatar's* Chamber.** The *rrosbatar* (lieutenant to the *kritar*) resides here.
- 10. *Drartulu's* Quarters.**
- 11. Mess Hall.** Off-duty *drartulu* spend most of their time here. The *drartul* (40%) and *kritar* (15%) of the *rog-krah* may also be present.
- 12. Armory.**

Other Hands

13. **Hall.** 8 guards are stationed here.
14. **Thororod.** Two rows of columns of black basalt run the length of this enormous chamber. The walls and ceiling are also of polished black basalt. An altar of obsidian (#14a) is used for cultic functions.
15. **Vestibule/Storeroom.** The *sharbturu* use this room to store the equipment needed for the ceremonies performed in the temple.
16. **Chamber of Lore.** Primitive wall-paintings depicting scenes of Orcs performing rituals of Morgoth's worship line this chamber.
17. **Nalt-sharbtur's Chamber.**
18. **Sharbturu's Chamber.** 4 *sharbturu* live here.
19. **Vogal-sharbturu's Chamber.** 8 *vogal-sharbturu* (acolytes) share this room.
20. **Rog-krab's Quarters.** 4 members of the *kri-kriour's* guard reside in this room.
21. **Drartulu's Quarters.** This room is shared by 2 *drartulu* of the *rog-kriour*.
22. **Guardroom.** A full squad of the *rog-kriour* under a *drartul* is stationed here.
23. **Audience Chamber.** A throne sitting on a dais at the northern end of this huge chamber is used by the *kri-kriour* of the Lughoth when he holds court. The *kri-kriour* also uses the chamber for feasts. On such occasions, low benches and tables cover most of the area below the dais.
24. **Guardroom.** 4 guards are stationed here.
25. **Private Audience Chamber.** The *kri-kriour* uses this room when secrecy is more important than formality.
25. **Kri-kriour's Quarters.** The *kri-kriour* lives in this luxuriously furnished chamber.
26. **Treasury.** The *kri-kriour* uses this room to hoard his fortune. A locked (Very Hard) and poison needle-trapped (Very Hard to detect, Hard to disarm) chest holds assorted coins and jewelry worth 5000 gp. Weapon and armor racks hold the *kri-kriour's* personal gear as well as the following war trophies:
 - An Elven longsword of *adarcer* (+15 OB) made in Rivendell by the exiles of Ost-in-Edhil. The blade glows with a silvery light when within 30' of Orcs.
 - A complete set of Dwarven plate armor (AT 20, +5 DB), including a helmet and mask. It is made of fine steel.
 - An Elven longbow (6 1/2' long, all ranges increased 20%).
 - A +10 war mattock of Man-slaying which belonged to Ruarg, *kri-kriour* of the Faulgurum. Lugronk killed the huge Orc in a duel that has become a legend among the Orcs of Angmar.
 - Ruarg's breastplate (AT 17, +10 DB).
27. **Kritar's Quarters.** The *kritar* of the *kri-kriour's* guard lives in this room, second only to the *kri-kriour's* in luxury.
28. **Kri-kriour's Harem.**
29. **Trap.** The guards in the next room can trigger a trap mechanism, which locks the doors and lowers the ceiling, crushing anyone unfortunate enough to be caught here.
30. **Guards' Harem.**
31. **Kitchen.**
32. **Pantry.**
33. **Servants' Quarters.**
34. **Entrance to the Lower Level.** The entrance to the tunnel descending to the lower level is guarded by 4 guards.

Lower Level

The lower level of Zaulug is a maze of tunnels and caverns. The majority of the inhabitants of Zaulug live here under

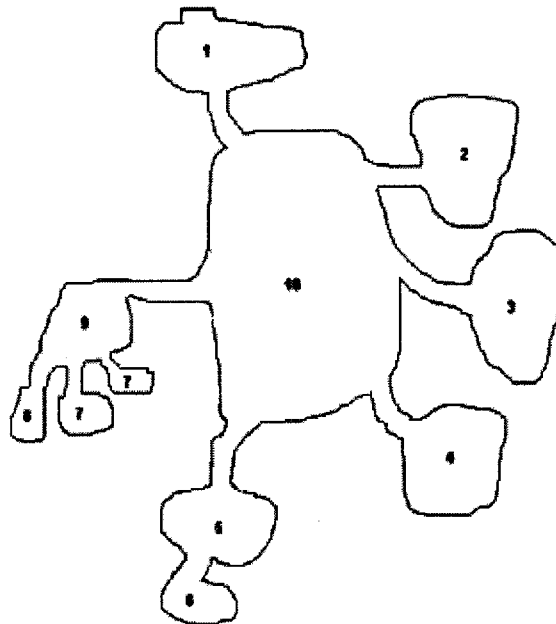
appalling conditions. Most of the caverns are large, but the tunnels are so cramped that intruders of Man-height must walk in single file (and the tall ones might have to crouch). The complete darkness makes things even more difficult. The *rog-krab* patrols the tunnels, but the patrols act more like raiding parties, grabbing whatever they fancy and generally terrorizing the population.

GM Note: *No layout for this level is provided. Should a party decide to explore the level, the GM may draw a map or (to better convey the chaos reigning here) roll to determine what lies on the PCs' path.*

AN ORKISH FOS-HOLD

The *fos*-hold of the Kâsak-gurz (Ork. "Deathfangs") is a typical Lughoth lair. A covered earthwork village constructed a century ago (TA 1534), at first glance it appears like a low hill rising out of the surrounding plain. The settlement has a population of about 500 (about 80 adult males; the rest are females, children and slaves). Their numbers are subject to great fluctuation as the Kâsak-gurz are the most martial of the Lughoth *fosu*. The lair is located near one of the southernmost *lotbrandir*-migration paths and therefore several *fulachtar* (corral-like structures used for the skinning and packing of animals; see *Angmar.95-96*) have been built in the area.

1. **Entrance Hall.**
2. **Warriors' Pit.** The Kâsak-gurz warriors share this large cavern. Several fights are taking place here at any given moment.
3. **Females' Pit.** The Kâsak-gurz females who are not doing chores can be found here, at the disposal of the warriors.
4. **Slaves' Pit.** Orkish and Mannish slaves are kept here. 4 guards are stationed at the entrance to this hall.
5. **Kri's Hall.** The *kri's* advisors and a couple of his favorite females spend most of their time here.
6. **Kri's Chamber.** Next to the *kri's* bed (an ornate ebony four-poster) lies a heavy chest where he stores his prized possessions: ca. 500 gp in various coins, ca. 20 pieces of jewelry worth a total of 750 gp, and Skrag's gear (described below).
7. **Cell.** The heavy wooden door to this cell remains locked (Hard) at all times.
8. **Torture Chamber.** The Orcs are quite imaginative when designing things like torture implements and the collection here is quite large.
9. **Guard Chamber.** The 2 Orcs guarding the prisoners in the



cells spend their time playing dice.

10. Central Hall. Serving as a village square, this hall is a gathering place for the Kâsak-gurz. Imps scurry about, only occasionally avoiding kicks from adult males, while Orkish warriors and craftsmen argue, curse and fight each other to their hearts' content.

LUGHOTH PERSONALITIES

Lugronk

(*Krî-krîsur* of the Lughoth)

Unlike most of chieftains of Angmar's Orc-tribes, Lugronk is not particularly large or imposing. His opponents in battle tend to underestimate him for this reason, a mistake they usually do not realize until it is too late. Extremely fast and agile, Lugronk fights with a scimitar in each hand and knows a myriad dirty tricks. He is also a deadly shot with the traditional Lughoth

shortbow. His ability to pick out ambush spots and deploy his troops has earned Lugronk great fame among the Angmarrim. Even some of the Mannish commanders of the Angmarean army speak highly of his ability.

Lugronk governs the Lughoth with a firm hand and is utterly merciless when dealing with potential threats to his authority. He is cunning enough to realize that the Lughoth could not wish for a higher standing in the Angmarean hierarchy and is quite content with what his tribe possesses. The aim of his policies is to consolidate his personal standing and that of his tribe.

Profession: Rogue.

Level: 10th.

Stats: St 92, Qu 99, Pr 82, In 73, Em 51, Co 84, Ag 94, SD 90, Me 81, Re 80.

Notable Possessions

- **The Fangs:** two +10 magical steel scimitars, one of *Man* and the other of *Orc-slaying*.
- **Leather Breastplate:** protects as AT 13; does not encumber.
- **Shortbow:** of yew, +5 OB, +10% to all ranges.



Karhash**(Nalt-sbarbtur of the Lughoth)**

One of the few Orcs who manages to realize his potential for longevity, none of the living Lughoth know when Karhash was born. (Since the Lughoth keep no written records and cannot boast of a rich oral tradition, the tales of his past are dead and buried.) Cunning as a fox, fanatical in his beliefs and extremely cruel, Karhash embodies the ideal of a Morgothic priest.

Since Lughoth *cultus* borders on heresy in the eyes of some of the more rigidly orthodox Mulkhêrite priests, Karhash is wary when dealing with them. His relationship with Lugronk used to be very good; but lately Karhash has begun to fear that the *kri-kriur*'s rather passive cultic attitude will result in complacency among the Lughoth. The priesthood draws much of its

power from the religious fervor of the Lughoth and so the old priest would support a more aggressive leader's bid for power.

Profession: Cleric.

Level: 10th.

Stats: St 73, Qu 65, Pr 94, In 92, Em 82, Co 76, Ag 62, SD 96, Me 99, Re 91.

Notable Possessions

- **The Black Staff:** A 6' long staff of ebony. It has the following powers:
 - *Lesser Utterdark* 2x/day.
 - Attacks as a +15 quarterstaff.
 - Becomes warm when within 30' of Elves.

Skarg**(Kri-kriur of the Kâsak-gurz)**

Skarg's *fos* has suffered more than any other from the raids of the Faulgurum, since the Kâsak-gurz lands border those of that powerful tribe. Skarg has appealed many times to the *kri-kriur* for support, but has so far received none. Partly because of this and partly because of his ambition, Skarg has come up with a plan to remove and supplant Lugronk. He has convinced Grujak, *kritar* of the *rog-kriur* to aid him in his attempt to kidnap Lugronk. While he has told Grujak that Lugronk will be kept alive so that Grujak can become *kri-kriur*, Skarg plans to immediately kill the *kri-kriur* and then invoke the law that orders the *kritar* executed. Skarg has not yet decided whether to ask for Karhash's support for his plan.

With his experience, cunning and limitless endurance, the chief of the Kâsak-gurz is hailed as the best hunter among the Lughoth, a fact that ensures his popularity within his *fos*. The Kâsak-gurz's lands crosses one of the most important *lothbrandir*-migration paths, and the Orcs of the *fos* are taught the ways of the hunt from early imp-hood. Skarg has applied many of his hunting techniques to warcraft and has met with great success, since the Lughoth are exceptionally well suited to guerilla warfare.

Profession: Rogue.

Level: 9th.

Stats: St 91, Qu 90, Pr 79, In 74, Em 62, Co 99, Ag 90, SD 78, Me 69, Re 69.

Notable Possessions

- **Bow of Piercing:** enchanted to ignore organic armor (including animal hide).



Grujak
(*Křitar of the Rog-křisur*)

A huge warrior standing almost 6' tall and weighing 220 lbs, Grujak's fighting prowess is legendary and, despite his rather limited intelligence, is regarded by Lugronk as the most dangerous contender for the title of *křt-křisur*. Grujak holds Lugronk in contempt, believing him weak and undeserving of the title. When drunk and in the company of warriors he trusts, Grujak boasts that the *křt-křisur* would not last five minutes in single combat with him.

Grujak was recently approached by Skarg, chief of the *Křsak-gurz fos*, who proposed a plan to bring Grujak to power. He claimed that if Lugronk were to be kidnapped and displayed to the Lughoth in a cage, Grujak would not have to be executed. Grujak has agreed to go along with Skarg's plan and the two are in constant communication, trying to determine the right time to strike.

Profession: Warrior.

Level: 11th.

Stats: St 101, Qu 88, Pr 89, In 46, Em 34, Co 100, Ag 89, SD 53, Me 51, Re 41.

Notable Possessions

- **Chain Shirt:** steel, AT 13 +5 DB vs physical attacks.
- **Scimitar:** steel, +10 OB, +1 hit/round from bleeding wounds.



TOL FUIN AND THE SHADOWY ISLES

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This article provides a coherent description of the islands lying west of Lindon in the Great Sea. Much of this was consolidated from notes for my ongoing Lindon project, and continues to evince a somewhat sketchy detail; as it is, I plan on no major changes to the general assumptions here, but will be happy to consider corrections and observations.

The final Lindon text will probably vary considerably in style and depth. Readers interested in the real-world lost islands of the North Atlantic should read Donald S. Johnson's excellent Phantom Islands of the Atlantic (NY, 1994). The published MERP module most germane to the article is The Northern Waste (1997).

The main island, Tol Fuin, is dealt with in detail after brief notes on each of the Shadowy Islands which lie to its west. Most of these vanished in the Globing of Arda, but may be attained by a lucky mariner. Or so it is said; no one actually knows a mortal sailor who has visited them. Even if sighted, charting them and taking readings are notoriously difficult. Their distance and location seem variable over time.

A GAZETTEER OF THE SHADOWY ISLES

Himring

(S. "Continually Cold")

The island of Himring rises between Tol Fuin and the coast of Lindon. Until the Fell Winter it was garrisoned by a troop of Noldor of the Fëanorean houses. Himring is described in *Palantir Quest* (pp. 61, 64) as it existed in the early Fourth Age. (The text implies the fortress saw no habitation after the First Age, but this is not plausible, because of its strategic location.)

The Elven presence on Himring, under the command of Fëanorean Noldor, consists of a small force of archers and shock troops entrusted with the guardianship of the island. Mithrin ships were attached to this command, sturdier and more enclosed than the Falathrin swan-ships of the Gulf of Lune. This force was entrusted with watching the watery approaches of the Bay of Forochel and Angmar. In the mid-Third Age the commander was Findobar, a

ranger of Mithrin and Fëanorean stock. Fishing boats from the Noldorin and Mithrin villages of northern Lindon often cruised the shallows of former Beleriand until the Long Winter (TA 2758-2759).

Oiomúre

(Q. "Ever-[-?]")¹

This land, formerly attached to Aman and forming part of the plains of Araman, was separated from the main mass, perhaps to form a shield for the lands of northwestern Middle-earth when the world was made round. Its Sindarin name is *Haerast*, the Far Shore, in reference to the Nevrast of Beleriand.

It is barely habitable by seasonal hunters among the berg-dwelling Lossoth, but the Snow-elves of Forodwaith are known to roam its shores. The interior of this land (whether peninsula or island is hard to tell) is a vast glacier blending in the north with Dor Bendor, the Landless Land.

Men could not enter this forbidding region before the removal of the Blessed Land, and it has still a reputation as a land of death, banned to the Second-born.

Taras

(S. "Eminence")²

This island was encountered in the Second Age by the Númenóreans, but has not been verifiably sighted since. Only open ocean beckons.

The slopes of Taras were the site of Vinyamar in the First Age, before its abandonment in favor of Gondolin. In the Second Age, there was reports of an Elven settlement here, built from the ruins, guiding ships West, or protecting them in storms.

Perhaps the island was taken up into the Straight Road, but since uncorroborated tales exist of sailors encountering the Elves of Taras after the world was made round, it must be near to the mortal world. [based on *Hy Breasil*, an Irish legend, and the *isle of St. Brendan*]

Tarthir

(S. "High View")³

This mountain, before the sinking of Beleriand, was the highest peak of the Ered Wethrin, and stood above the

The Great Sea he saw through its unquiet regions teeming with strange forms, even to its lightless depths, in which amid the everlasting darkness there echoed voices terrible to mortal ears. Its measureless plains he surveyed with the swift sight of the Valar, lying windless under the eye of Anar, or glittering under the horned Moon, or lifted in hills of wrath that broke upon the Shadowy Isles... (UT.30)

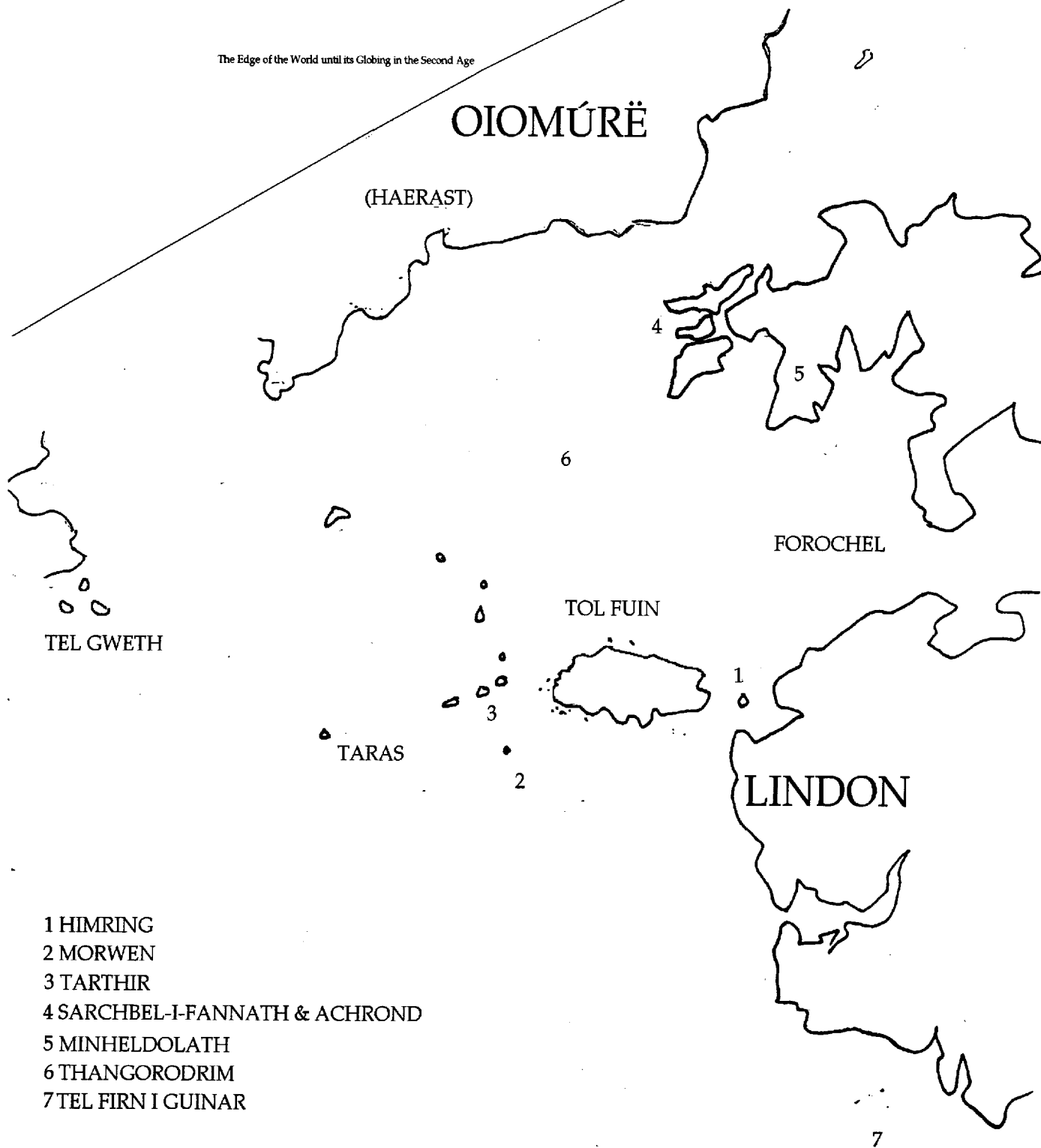
But the Great Sea is terrible. Tuor son of Huor; and it hates the Noldor, for it works the Doom of the Valar. Worse things it holds than to sink into the abyss and so perish: loathing, and loneliness, and madness; terror of wind and tumult, and silence, and shadows where all hope is lost and all living shapes pass away. And many evil and strange it washes, and many islands of danger and fear infest it. (UT.35)

The Shadowy Isles of the Great Sea

Shewing the Remnants of Beleriand, and the Lost Isles

EKKAIA

The Edge of the World until its Globing in the Second Age



- 1 HIMRING
- 2 MORWEN
- 3 TARTHIR
- 4 SARCHBEL-I-FANNATH & ACHROND
- 5 MINHELDOLATH
- 6 THANGORODRIM
- 7 TEL FIRN I GUINAR

MAYHEM UNDER THE MO



Karagat the High Priest

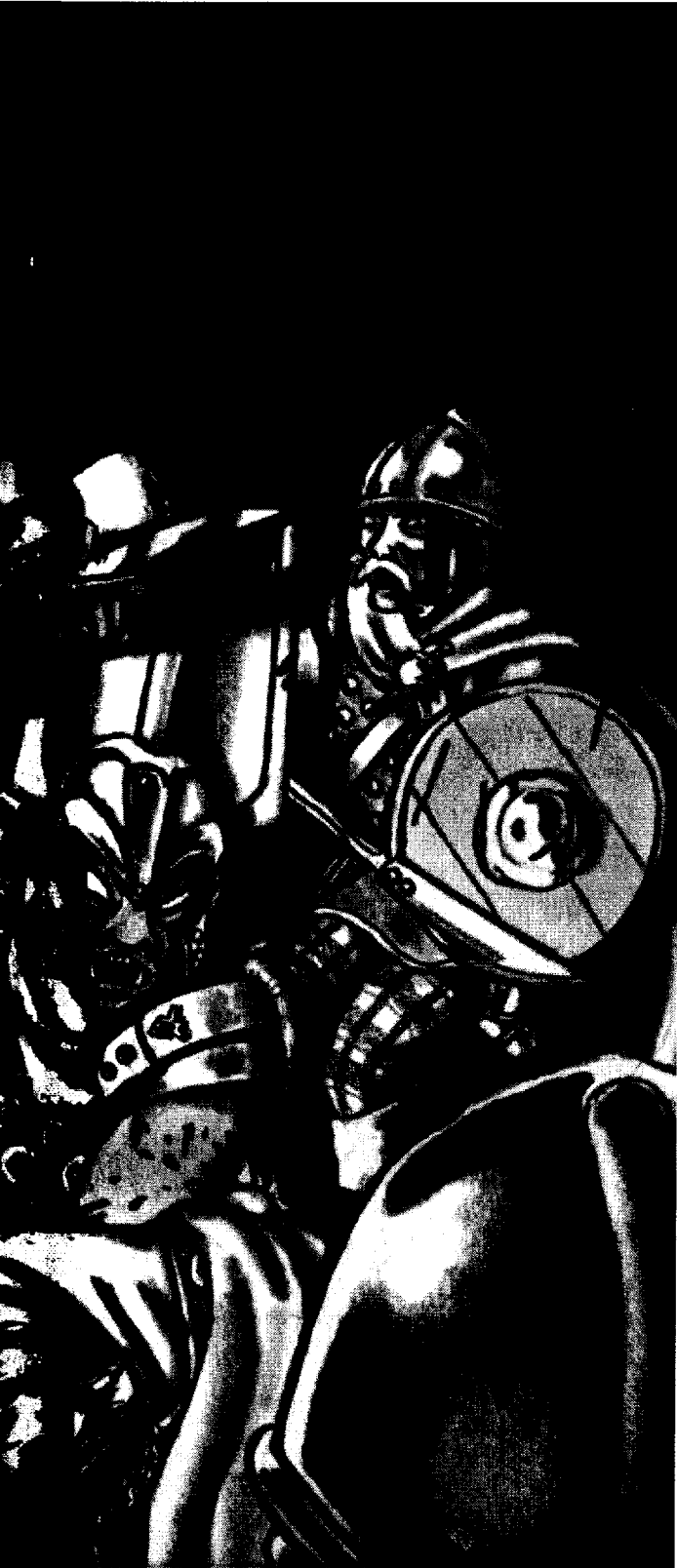
Saviga, the King's Consort

Zalg, the Goblin

Akargûn the Warlock

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(chris1224@aol.com)

MOUNTAIN



Goblin-king

Carl Willner's 1989 *Mount Gundabad* module details the ultimate Orkish stronghold in Middle-earth. It was graced with a range of Mithril miniatures to match. In this range, Chris Tubb concentrated his efforts on the principal Orc-leaders, four of which are featured in this centerfold, doing what they do best.

Zalg, the Goblin-king (M93) is overlord of the Orcs of the Misty Mountains during the mid-Third Age (late 1400s through at least 1640). As a descendant of Skorg, Sauron's Orkish general who captured Gundabad from the Dwarves in SA 1699,* Zalg wears the Ice-helm, a high-peaked *mithril* helmet marking his supreme authority. This diamond-studded headpiece is generally worn only on ceremonial occasions, as we find Zalg wearing it here in the Great Temple of Darkness, the Orcs' shrine to Morgoth.

The occasion is clear: **Karagat the High Priest (M99)** raises his ruthless sickle, ready to deal the deathstroke to his sacrificial victim of the hour (probably a Northwoman captured in a raid on the Anduin vales). Reputedly the longest-lived Orc in Gundabad, Karagat claims to have surveyed the passage of more than a thousand years (though none among the Orcs can boast of a lifespan long enough to bear witness to the veracity of his claim).

Akargûn the Warlock (M96) is arguably the only Orc of Gundabad capable of contesting Karagat's monopoly over the supernatural, enjoying the (among Orcs) rare distinction of being an accomplished sorcerer. Akargûn owes this uncommon aptitude to the fact that he is actually a Half-orc, a blasphemous spawn of the Goblin-king and a captured Northwoman. Schooled in the black arts by emissaries from Litash in Angmar, Akargûn wields the power of Morgoth's lingering essence for the bane of the Free Peoples, as is seen in the present scene — incinerating two would-be rescuers of the high priest's captive with a bolt of lightning from his Coiled Staff.

Behind all the mayhem stands **Saviga, the King's Consort (M95)**, patiently awaiting the resolution of the melee. Like Akargûn, Saviga is a Half-orc; unlike him, she was raised among Men — the Men of Esgaroth. Alas, Saviga's chances for a normal life were torn from her when she was seized in a Goblin-raid and carried off to Gundabad as booty for Zalg. No simpering captive, Saviga's indomitable spirit, even in captivity, won her the respect of her new master — indeed, so great was the power of her will that Saviga succeeded in elevating herself to the status of consort and counselor to the Goblin-king. Why does she not intervene in the combat that surges all around her? Does she desire to prove her loyalty to Zalg, or does she secretly hope for his death?

*This is a modification of the MERP module, based on Tolkien's late essay "Of Dwarves and Men" published in HoMe XII. For a full reconstruction of Gundabad's history that incorporates this material, see Thomas Morwinsky's revised Gundabad article in the OH Archives (Issue 28).

Other Hands

home of Morwen and Húrin (UT.68). The Nen Lalaith still springs here, and was a useful source of fresh water for the exploring Númenóreans (who claimed it for their patrimony, but planted no colony). Few have encountered this island since.

Most of the lesser Shadowy Isles associated with Tarthir are remnants of the Ered Wethrin and were the barren homes of innumerable sea-birds in the Second Age, including the greater albatross (an emblem of the Guild of Venturers).

Tol Morwen

(S. "Morwen's Isle")

Here lies Morwen, wife of Húrin Thalion, her son Túrin and her daughter Nienor. On the small, beech-covered island stands their gravestone, on one side carved *Túrin Turambar Dagnir Glaurunga* and *Nienor Níniel in cirith*, and on the other side *A st caeda Morwen Edhelwen*.

This is the only island besides Tol Fuin and Himring to be reliably visible and chartable in the northern Belegaer, out of the many which stood here in the Second Age.

HISTORY

The First Age

The highlands of Dorthonion arose during the war between the Valar and Melkor in the days of the awakening of the Elves, as part of the defenses of Utumno and the north (Sil.51). Its further history was unremarkable until the return of Morgoth with the Silmarils, when Ungoliant made her lair in the southern mountains.

Dorthonion does not appear to have been inhabited by Elves prior to the establishment of princedoms by Orodreth, Aegnor and Angrod along the northern border in the years after the Dagor Aglareb (1A 60). Fortifications, northward-facing, were built, and herds of horses grazed (HoMe XI.38).

In 410, Boromir of the House of Bëor and his people were granted lands in Ladros, part of the domain of Angrod. Only forty-five years later the land was invaded and conquered by the forces of Morgoth, under the generalship of Sauron, who made it his own until the War of Wrath (much as he did with Mirkwood in the Third Age).

Only the highest portions of Beleriand escaped the rising sea-level at the end of the First Age, caused by catastrophic earthquakes and the melting of much of the ice-sheet. These included the highlands which became Tol Fuin and the peaks of the Ered Wethrin, though that became an island chain.

The Second Age

The first explorations of the northern Belegaer were conducted either under the command or by the leave of Aldarion, sixth king of Númenor (reigned 883-1075). The explorers rediscovered much of the region: Lindon, Tol Fuin and the Wastes of the far North.

Númenórean sailors had charted the isle of Tol Fuin, though its evil reputation meant few risked landfall. They made contact with the Elves who had settled Taras and visited Tol Morwen to the south. None the less, Tol Fuin was coveted by the seafarers for its tall pines, excellent for spars and masts, and was ideal for provisioning on the route north to the fishing and

whaling grounds of the Forochel.

No Elves lived there, so finally, a charter was issued on the grounds of the original grant to Beren's tribe of Ladros; it was argued that the isle (or at least that part—like Tarthir to the west of Tol Fuin) had in fact remained an original possession of the royal house from the First Age. Documents were sent to Mithlond, and Gil-galad, while uneasy, was prepared to admit the claim. The other portions of the island were Gil-galad's own inheritance, to which he reserved his formal right.

The first Númenórean settlement was built ca. 910 in the northeast near Himring, and was supplied from Númenor as late as the death of the retired Aldarion in 1098. Thereafter the colony was dependant on stocks from Lindon (Vinyalondë having been destroyed in 1078). Unable to eke out more than a

modest crop from the island, the few hundred colonists who remained built a new settlement on the southern coast, unfortunately isolating them from the Elves.

The next mention of the Númenórean colony occurs in 1700, over six hundred years after the last ship arrived. The colony, diminished in numbers, came under attack from the awakened spiders of the Ered Gorgoroth—whom, it was later believed, were roused by the creation of the One Ring in far-off Mordor.

The survivors were rescued by the arrival of a shipwrecked Elf, Glorfindel, who had been

sailing east from Númenor (having debarked there from the Elven traders who then frequented its western ports), and whose ship had been sunk in the tremors which pooled out from Orodruin.

Glorfindel and the Dúnedain made contact with the Noldor stationed on Himring and the Men resettled near the Lhûn at Gobel Calarnen, few choosing to return to their homeland. Shortly later in the same year, a flotilla of ships from Númenor branched out from the main fleet sent to defend Lindon from Sauron and investigated the island and the approaches to Forochel, but the ice was severe that year. Gil-galad entrusted the watch on the island to the garrison at Himring, which was made up of Fëanorean Elves.

The peace which followed Sauron's invasion of Eriador meant that the Elves had sufficient time to address the reawakened evil (ca. 1750). An expedition led by Gil-galad and Glorfindel scoured the land and exterminated the most potent or least cunning of the evil things there. On Amon Foen, the king pronounced a Word of Power and lay the remaining spirits to rest, or bade those who walked still to be bound and flee the light. However, certain shades, lulled into slumber, were still dangerous to unwary fools who might stumble into their lairs.

Although Aldarion had wisely stewarded the timber of Númenor, the stocks were depleted over the millennia, and efforts were made to take control of available coastal forests, particularly after ca. 1800. Thus a second effort was made to colonize the island; but the initial survey expedition disappeared (1823), and the interest of the Númenórean kings turned to the mainland.

The next settlement therefore was a shelter and revictualling store built independently by the whalers of the Númenórean colony in Cardolan, built probably only a few decades before

Then he [Húrin] rose up, and he made a grave for Morwen above Cabed Naeramarth on the west side of the stone; and upon it he cut these words: Here lies also Morwen Eledhwen.
It is told that a seer and harp-player of Brethbil named Glorbuin made a song, saying that the Stone of the Hapless should not be defiled by Morgoth nor ever thrown down, not though the sea should drown all land; as indeed befell, and still Tol Morwen stands alone in the water beyond the new coasts that were made in the days of the wrath of the Valar... (Sil.229-230)

their delving of Achroind on the isles lying off Minheldolath in Forochel (1941). This lay on the other end of the island, north of the rock of Tol Gwareth or Gondobar. This rough assemblage of halls, smoking pits and storehouses fell into ruins sometime around when Tar-Ancalimon ascended the throne (2221), about the same time as the disappearance of the Beadmaker culture of the far North.

Thereafter the seas about Lindon were avoided by royal ships. It appears, however, that some talk of recolonizing Ladros was made by the Faithful, but there is no evidence of real efforts in that direction. Fishing ships were known to frequent this area from Cardolan from time to time, according to the records of Lindon.

Naval charts show several areas were shallowly submerged in the Downfall of Númenor, mostly on the western edge of the islands, though the remnants of the Ered Wethrin (including Taras, Tarthir and others) vanished completely, without even seamounds where they stood.

The Third Age

After the defeat of Sauron and the sundering of his form from the Ring, the evil of Tol Fuin presumably returned to hibernation. With Sauron's return it again became dangerous, though the link between these events was not made by the Wise.

As inheritor of the Ring of Barahir, the throne of Arnor was occasionally interested in their ancestral lands in the Belegaer. Under the encouragement of Tarcil (reigned 435-515), who had himself visited the North and the waters around Lindon as crown-prince, a new effort was made to attach Tol Fuin to the lands of Arnor. Several surveying expeditions were sent from Lond Gwathló (Sudúri). However, to do this they needed the permission of the Warden of Himring, and therefore of the Fëanoreans of northern Forlindon.

The embassy of the Dúnedain was treated amicably, but they were warned that exploration or colonization efforts would be foolhardy. This incited the pride of the Dúnadan commander, who pressed the point of Arthadanian dominion over Ladros, and the skills of his men. The Elves were offended.

A detachment of veterans from the wars in the Misty Mountains against the Goblins was sent with the commander to construct a new fort on the island not far from the ancient Númenórean settlement in Ladros. A small bay was selected, and the town planned. The captain returned to Arnor later in the year to gather settlers.

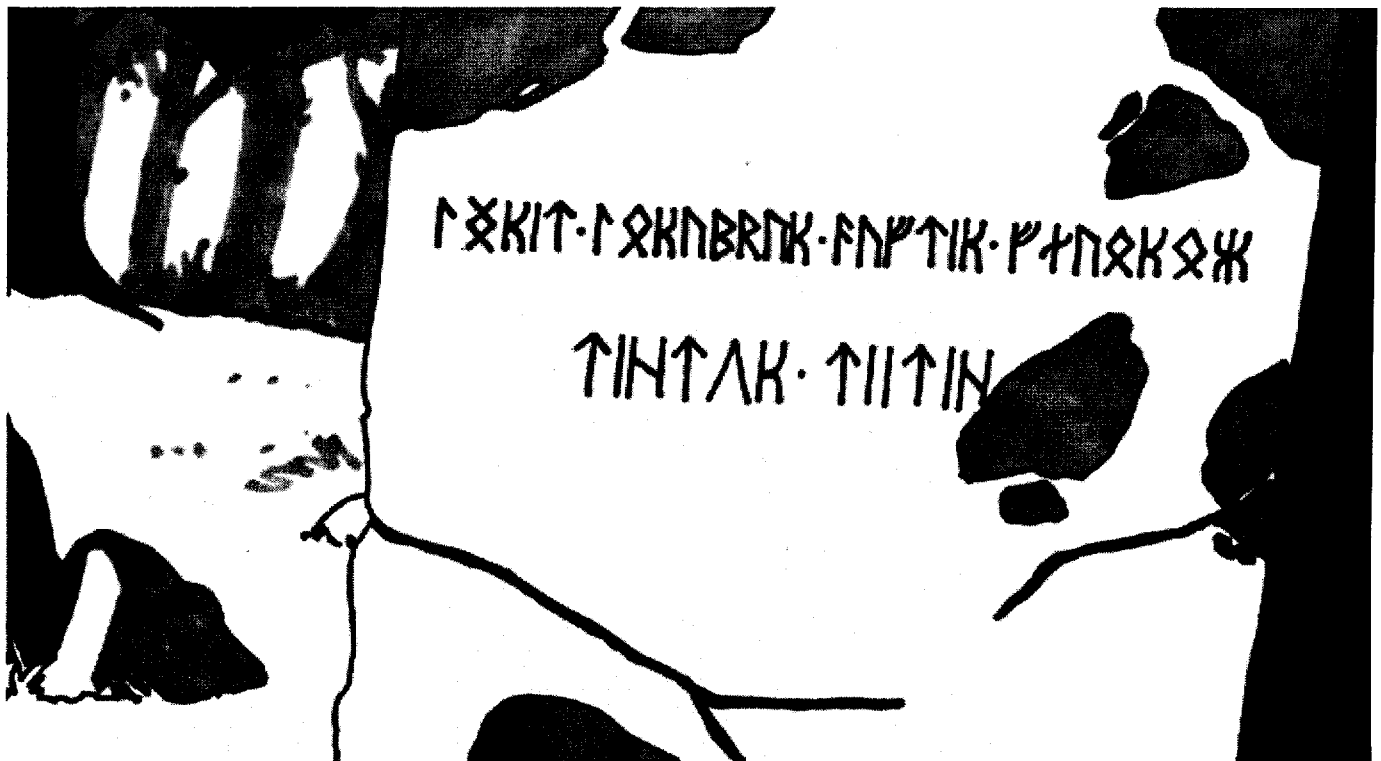
In the meantime, Tarcil had died (515). This postponed debarkation for nearly a year, as a new council of state was organized under his successor, Tarondor. When the settlers (many fewer in number than planned) arrived, it was discovered that the garrison was near mutiny. Nearly a quarter of the troops had vanished in a scouting expedition to the highlands, and in the ill-fated rescue operation then organized, about a month prior, as winter turned to spring.

The settlers were disturbed and many families decided to return to Arnor. As with the Númenórean colony, agricultural efforts were not sufficient to sustain the settlement, and regular provisions were required from the mainland.

Nonetheless, the investment of troops, supplies and materials was continued until the disastrous division of Arnor. Internal strife and dissension caused the colony to be neglected. Supplies were diverted and the whaling ships (now the primary means of trade and communication) operating from Cardolan were temporarily impressed into the royal fleet. Cardolanian politics prevented the new kingdom from aiding the colony—since it was viewed as claimed by the North-kingdom. The subject was too minor for the squabbling courts, and was eventually forgotten.

A whaling ship, sighting the fort in late 862, found the site had been abandoned. A single fishing boat had taken to sea for Himring and had been rescued by the Elves. A second ship, curiously damaged, showed signs of being overwhelmed at the shore. Deep scratches and dried blood marked its timbers. The survivors were mostly women and children, and were suffering signs of nervous shock, hallucinations and madness. There was clear evidence of malnutrition.

No coherent story ever emerged, but Elven warriors were sent to investigate, without avail. Thereafter the whalers superstitiously relied on off-shore islets for supply caches and



rendering, until the disintegration of Cardolan at the end of the seventeenth century.

GEOGRAPHY

Tol Fuin may be divided into five parts, proceeding clockwise: 1) Ladros (the north-eastern plain), 2) the Ered Gorgoroth of the south-east, 3) Anach to the south-west, 4) the vale of Rivil to the north-west, and 5) Foen and the forest of Dorthonion in the midst of the island.

In the First Age what is now Tol Fuin stretched some 'sixty leagues from west to east' (Sil.119; originally this was measured at 100 leagues. See HoMe V.260.) The maps from HoMe XI.182-183 show a length of about 200 miles. By comparison with the scale on the maps included in HoMe VII.302 (it extends east-west some 150 miles), it may be presumed even after the drowning of Beleriand to have nearly the same extent. Most of the loss appears to have occurred on the western margin of the vale of Sirion and on the northern border.

In her *Atlas of Middle-earth*, Karen Wynn Fonstad suggests that the vale of Gondolin was a volcanic crater (p. 10). There is no reason to argue with her conclusion. She also suggests the composition of the highlands was glaciated granite.

In general, the climate of Tol Fuin is cold, similar to the northern frontier of Arthedain and nearby Lothlann in Lindon. The blocking highlands of the south prevent warm winds and currents from rendering the island more pleasant. A semi-constant wind from Ekkaiia brings snow and cold all winter, making even the summer chilly and damp.

Climate

Narwain-Gwaeron averages about 0-20°F, and snowfall is common. The sea is lashed with storms and icebergs ride the northern shores.

Gwirth-Nórui sees a gradual warming. By the end of the sixth month, the temperature reaches 45-65°F, though it rains frequently, and harsh winds make the apparent conditions seem worse.

Cerveth-Ivanneth (summer) sees the island flower and the grimness of the land becomes sublimity (biting insects, however, make the land uncomfortable for most). Temperatures range 50-80°F.

Narbeleth-Girithron (fall) sees the heat fall swiftly to 20-35°F, and light snows begin to fall. In general, the other islands range between 5°F higher (Himring, Tarthir and Taras) and 10°F higher (Morwen).

Ladros

(S. "Plain of Rain")

The northeastern portion of Tol Fuin was the abode of the Men of Bëor's tribe, and was the homeland of Beren Camlost. This land, as in the First Age, is a moor, with scattered glacier-deposited boulders and peat bogs. Isolated copses of trees and small, wiry forests, grow here. The land is ever unsuitable for cultivation, and a constant wind from the north chills the ground, making the lands towards the shore semi-tundra. In the spring, however, wildflowers and insect life share these pastures with elk and deer.⁴

This region is described as "bleak and lofty" with "many tarns at the feet of bare tors whose heads were higher than the peaks of Ered Wethrin (Sil.119)." The land was "barren" and its "people were few" (Sil.120). After the submergence of the North, the coast here is exposed to the northern winds and waters of the polar seas. It reverts to tundra, and like the remnants of Lothlann to the east, is dappled with the beauty of flowers in the spring and summer, only to plunge into bitter cold in the winter.



Another description given is "here there was much heath, and there were many tarns; but the ground was full of deceit, and there was much fen and bog (HoMe V.134)." Since the land was isolated from the sea and to north was desert, the waters here must be deposited from the snowy peaks of Dorthonion, and imprisoned in the soft soil.

Adjacent to Ladros to the west is Drûn, which was Angrod's realm. Here Gorlim settled with his folk, but Orc-raids and camps made the country (much akin to Ladros proper) grim and unfriendly. Gorlim's house stood here and here he perceived the phantom of his wife. The meaning of the name "Drûn" is obscure, though perhaps it may be associated with the *Drû*, of which a plural is *Drûin* (UT.385), though there is no settlement of that people known to have been there in the histories. Perhaps the name hints at a lost tale.

Anach

(S. "[?])⁵

Anach was the high pass by which the Orcs made their raids into Beleriand. Their road rose from the mountains to Eithel Rivil (in that land) and due north from there to Thangorodrim.⁶

Crissaegrim, Hûb Gondolin and Echoriath are the remnants of the vale of Gondolin and its lofty peaks, now perilous rocks and shoals, or forbidding islands. The great eagles which once lived here have emigrated to the mainland (to the Ered Luin or the Misty Mountains), but they may circle the island in the hunt for prey.

Gondobar (Tol Gwareth), the rock on which Gondolin was built, now lies near enough to the surface to wreck deep water ships. Its ruins, seldom visible, lie within freezing and murky waters. The bending of the world and the chill waters make diving foolhardy and useless.⁷

Dorthonion

(S. "Land of Pines")

Also known as Taur-nu-Fuin, Dorthonion is the second most treacherous region of Tol Fuin, being a dayless wood haunted by evil spirits, phantoms and great spiders. Trolls, huorns and nameless horrors slumber waiting for the scent of blood. Once it lay pristine and green, the home of Ents, before Evil fell upon it.

The forest is mainly pine, with tall, dark trees (which shed their lower branches in ages past) blocking all natural light. Eerie lichens and glimmers shine in the gloom. Even keen-sighted Elves are easily lost here.

The country of Dorthonion is also called "Taur-na-Foen" after its principal peak (HoMe XI.187). The mountain rises above the tree-line, perhaps alone of the peaks of the highlands. It is capped by the ruins of a fortress of the Noldor, rebuilt and

extended by Sauron.

Stripped of her cloak, the evil spirit Thuringwethil hides in the forests of Dorthonion. Sometimes ghosts here take the form of wolves with burning eyes, and evil walks the land when ill will waxes in Middle-earth.

The "dreadful woods" (Sil.206) and "mazes of Taur-nu-Fuin" (Sil.207) were transformed from a natural wilderness after the Dagor Bragollach (1A 455):

Now Morgoth's power overshadowed the Northlands; but Barahir would not flee from Dorthonion, and remained contesting the land foot by foot with his enemies. Then Morgoth pursued his people to the death, until few remained; and all the forest of the northward slopes of that land was turned little by little into a region of such dread and dark enchantment that even the Orcs would not enter it unless need drove them, and it was called Deldúwath, and Taur-nu-Fuin, The Forest under Nightshade. The trees that grew there after the burning were black and grim, and their roots were tangled, groping in the dark like claws; and those who strayed among them became lost and blind, and were strangled or pursued to madness by phantoms of terror. (Sil.154-155)

The original version of the Quenta contained the line following "remained;" "and he took all the forest and highland of Dorthonion, save the highest and inmost region... (HoMe V.281-282)."⁸

The forests were dark by day and night—the only difference being the "fainting beams" from the sun (HoMe II.79). As such, the forest was essentially a desert. The only underbrush would be the twisted roots of the trees, mosses and fungi. Fauna would be likewise limited to the (rare) glades and fields and the mountain rills which rise above the tree line. The character of the forest would have altered from the First Age because of the increasing rainfall due to the submergence of the mainland, perhaps becoming less markedly of the fir type and tending to the redwood or water loving varieties.

Foen (uncertain meaning, possibly related to *Fuin*, or said to mean "long sight") is the highest peak of Tol Fuin, though probably too low to peer over the rim of the Echoriath. It is probably to be identified with Treebeard's Orod-na-Thôn (S. "Mountain under Pine"). To here Sauron probably withdrew after Beren and Lúthien cleansed Minas Tirith: "And immediately he took the form of a vampire, great as a dark cloud across the moon, and he fled, dripping blood from his throat upon the trees, and came to Taur-nu-Fuin, and dwelt there, filling it with horror (Sil.175, dated in HoMe XI.62 to 1A 465)." The mountain would have been a fine vantage for governing the forest and was convenient to the Orc-road.

Eithel Rivil

(S. "Rivil's Well")

Also called the land of Orodreth or Aglon Sirion (S. "Beyond Siron"). A country of stark beauty "clad with pines" (Sil.120), it is cut by the Rivil river, which arises at Rivil's Well. Near this spring an Orc-camp stood after the conquest of Dorthonion. Here Beren pursued his father's murderers and recovered the ring of Barahir. The forests here were cut by Orc-axes in the First Age and have never truly recovered. None the less, the region around the Well must have been forested enough for Beren to have approached it unseen (Sil.163).

To the northern edge of this land lay another Orc-camp "on

the high slopes that ran down to the barren dunes of Anfauglith (Sil.207)." Here Beleg rescued Túrin from the Orcs, but was himself slain by his friend. So Gwindor and Túrin buried Beleg there.

Little remains here in the way of ruins, since it was part of the course of the great Army of Wrath at the close of the First Age. For this reason, the country is considerably safer than the rest of the island. Fauna and flora are natural and not inimical to life, and the streams which run here are clean and wild. The ruins of the Noldorin forts along the northern rim of Tol Fuin are blacked and twisted, sheared at odd angles. This is evidence of Glaurung, father of dragons.

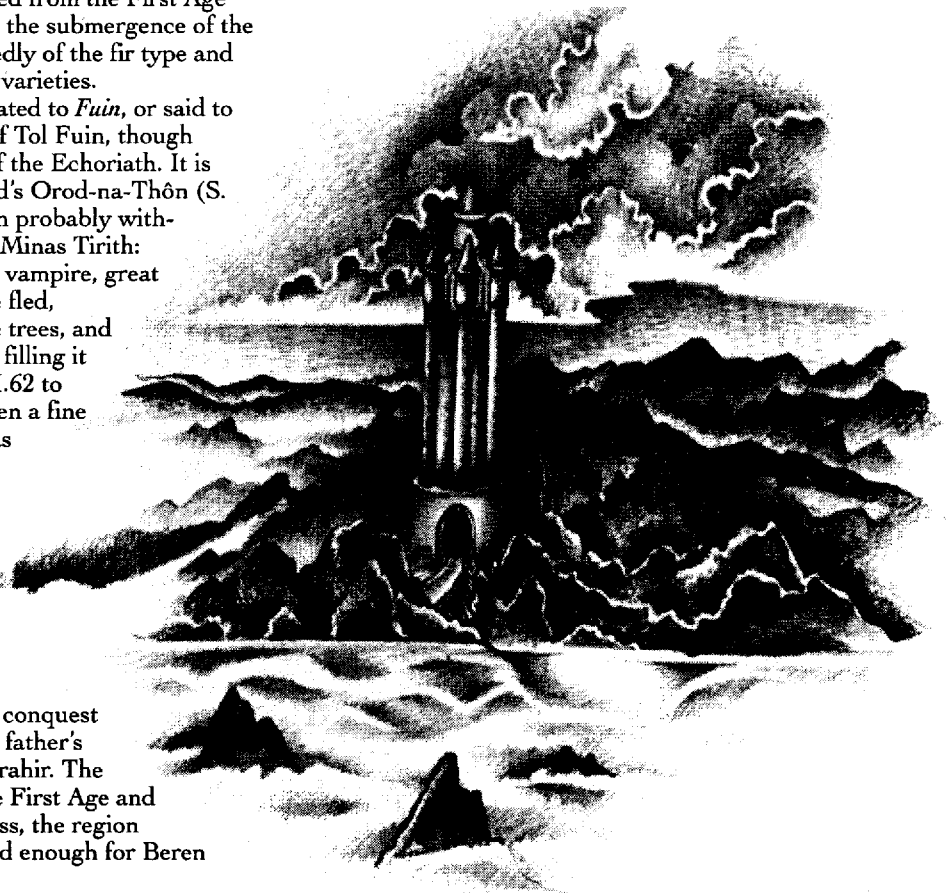
Ered Gorgoroth

(S. "Mountains of Terror")

These form the steep south-eastern edge of Tol Fuin. They are described as "dreadful precipices" (Sil.120). Few paths ascend these nearly unscalable mountains. Their height may be estimated at about 6,000' if they are a little lower than the Blue Mountains to the east. The tallest peak is Orod Ungol, which rises above Gorothes (S. "Vale of Terror").

Nan Dungortheb is the former abode of Ungoliant, and is cast in perpetual shadow through its narrowness and by enchantment. It lies close by Anach. As Ungoliant herself could be said to pre-exist Morgoth, its "nameless gods" (see below) are possibly the brood of Ungoliant or the consort-spirits she bred them by.

This region is described as "a land of dark forest east of Artanor where on a wooded mountain were hidden idols sacrificed to by some evil tribes of renegade men" in the Gnomish dictionary (p. 31; cf. HoMe II.62). These evil tribes may be among the folk of Ulfang, who settled Hithlum after



472. They arrived in Beleriand in 463, which introduces some problems, since the whole Beren and Lúthien tale begins in 464. The next mention, and the main one, of these idols, was in relation to the tale of Túrin from which the quote above was taken. The events of this tale in Taur-nu-Fuin were in 489.

The *Lay of Leithian* mentions madness-inducing waters of which Beren drank on his travel south toward Doriath. These are probably to be identified with the Shadowy Spring from which Aros and Esgalduin flow. Because of the terrors of the island raised by Sauron's Ring, runes of warding were carved in the mountains and along the coastal cliffs, and enchanted by the Noldor. Warning the foolhardy away and driving off the evil from the approaches to the sea, only blindfolded climbers can ascend with unbroken resolve.⁹

CREATURES

The continuing appellation of *Fuin* (Shadowy) that was first given with the dominion of evil implies the presence of monsters after the First Age. Of the monsters listed in *Creatures of Middle-earth* (2nd ed), we might reasonably expect the following denizens:

- Evil Huorns and Trees (p.83)
- Giant Spiders (p.123)
- King Spiders (p.124)
- Corpse Candles and Lanterns (p.125)
- Ghosts (p.125)
- Mewlips (p.127)
- Specters, Swamp Stars (p.129)
- Various types of Trolls, Goblins and spirits may be found at some times.
- The bodiless spirits of Werewolves, Vampires (including Thuringwethil) and other minions of Sauron probably still haunt his fortress.

However, the island has natural fauna as well, comprising deer, bird-life, bears, wolves and smaller rodents and hares, mostly found in the less tainted north. The heights of the Ered Gorgoroth are, however, silent and eerie. Carrion birds gathered around the fallen at Tarn Aeluin, and probably still roost throughout. Insects and bats fill the dark voids of Dorthonion and the Nan Dungortheb. Owls (in particular), hawks and eagles might be expected in the dense forest and mountains. In the open sea around the islands, many seabirds can be seen. Seals, whales and dolphins surface in these waters frequently, making them favorites among mortal whalers and hunters.¹⁰

FLORA

Tolkien mentions birch trees (HoMe III.335) and pines (*ibid*, Sil.119). The "enchanted alders" described around the gate to Gondolin are probably enchanted by the Elves, since the alder tree is traditionally associated with Elves in Northern mythology. (In German, the alder-könig is the same as the alf-könig.) Similarly, the alders on which the ravens croaked near the body of Barahir were probably to be associated with the protective nature of Tarn Aeluin, not its desecration. Tolkien's illustration of Taur-nu-Fuin shows many mushrooms, but the ground cover is sparse.

NOTES

1. "Perhaps 'Ever-Mist', but *múre* = 'mist' is a sheer guess based on context. It *might* be somehow related to MOR 'dark', but that's dubious as well." [David Salo] "Through this region Morgoth and Ungoliant passed in haste, and so came through the great mists of Oiomúré to the Helcaraxë..." (Sil.80)

2. Reading uncertain. [David Salo]
3. i.e. 'high lookout point'; cf. Hyarmen-tir. [David Salo]
4. Pertinent quotes for Aeluin and Ladros:

"Now the forest of Dorthonion rose southward into mountainous moors; and in the east of those highlands there lay a lake, Tarn Aeluin, with wild heaths about it, and all the land was pathless and untamed, for even in the days of the Long Peace none had dwelt there. But the waters of Tarn Aeluin were held in reverence, for they were clear and blue by day and by night were a mirror for the stars; and it was said that Melian herself had hallowed that water in days of old (Sil.162)."

"...no soldier could to Morgoth bring news even of their hidden lair; for where the highland brown and bare above the darkling pines arose of steep Dorthonion to the snows and barren mountain-winds, there lay a tarn of water, blue by day, by night a mirror of dark glass for stars of Elbereth that pass above the world into the West. Once hallowed, still that place was blest: no shadow of Morgoth, and no evil thing yet thither came; a whispering ring of slender birches silver-grey stooped on its margin, round it lay a lonely moor, and the bare bones of ancient Earth like standing stones thrust through the heather and the whin; and there by houseless Aeluin the hunted lord and faithful men under the grey stones made their den." (HoMe III.335-336: *Lay of Leithian* ll.178-98)

5. "Unanalyzable. An extreme conjecture might suppose it to be related to *anc* 'jaw' as *carach* 'set of jaws, toothedness' is related to *carb* 'tooth, spike' (e.g. **anakke* or **anakve*); the meaning might then be 'jaws'. This is guesswork." [David Salo]
6. "Never did we go so far from the borders," said Beleg. 'But you have seen the peaks of the Crissaegrim far off, and to the east the dark walls of Gorgoroth. Anach lies between, above the high springs of Mindeb, a hard and dangerous road; yet many come by it now, and Dimbar which used to be in peace is falling under the Black Hand..." (Sil.200-201).
7. ...through empty hills and valleys by dark nights and perilous days, till his blue lamp magic-kindled, where flow the shadowy rills beneath enchanted alders, found that Gate beneath the hills, the door in dark Dungorthin that only Gnome-folk knew. (HoMe III.148: *Lay of the Fall of Gondolin*) [at this stage in the mythology the door to Gondolin was placed in Dungorthin, not in the vale of Sirion]

Tolkien illustrated a vantage from this region, the northern slopes of the Echoriath, printed in *J.R.R. Tolkien: Artist and Illustrator* (p. 59). The view is of Tol Sirion and Minas Tirith. What appear to be two birch trees are shown and a steep cliff to the northeast (the region of the Rivil) which is pine-clad. My use of the term "Gondobar" for the sea-mount of Tol Gwareth derives from the *Lost Tales*: "O happy mariners

upon a journey far, beyond the grey islands and past Gondobar... (HoMe II.275)."

8. "...Thus did it fall out that Beleg became lost and benighted in a dark and perilous region so thick with pines of giant growth that none but the goblins might find a track, having eyes that pierced the deepest gloom, yet were many even of these lost long time in these regions; and they were called by the Noldoli Taurfuin, the Forest of Night. Now giving himself up for lost Beleg lay with his back to a mighty tree and listened in the wind in the gaunt tops of the forest many fathoms above him, and the moaning of the night airs and the creaking of the branches was full of sorrow and foreboding, and his heart became utterly weary." (HoMe II.78)

Originally a pine-forest without taint. Treebeard makes reference to it in his hymn of praise to lost Beleriand:

'To the pine-trees upon the highland of Dorthonion I climbed in the Winter.

Ab! the wind and the whiteness and the black branches of Winter upon Orod-na-Thôn!...

9. There the twain enfolded phantom twilight
and dim mazes dark, unholy,
in Nan Dungorthin where nameless gods
have shrouded shrines in shadows secret,
more old than Morgoth or the ancient lords
the golden Gods of the guarded West.
But the ghostly dwellers of that grey valley
hindered nor hurt them, and they held their course
with creeping flesh and quaking limb.
Yet laughter at whites with lingering echo,
a distant mockery of demon voices
there harsh and hollow in the hushed twilight..."
(HoMe III.59: Lay of the Children of Húrin, ll.1475-86)

"...and fleeing from the north she went down into Beleriand, and dwelt beneath Ered Gorgoroth, in that dark valley which was after called Nan Dungortheb, the Valley of Dreadful Death, because of the horror that she bred there. For other foul creatures of spider form had dwelt there since the days of the delving of Angband, and she mated with them, and devoured them; and even after Ungoliant herself departed, and went whither she would into the forgotten south of the world, her offspring abode there and wove their hideous webs..." (Sil.81)

"Terrible was his [Beren's] southward journey. Sheer were the precipices of Ered Gorgoroth, and beneath their feet were shadows that were laid before the rising of the Moon. Beyond lay the wilderness of Dungortheb, where the sorcery of Sauron and the power of Melian came together, and horror and madness walked." (Sil.164)

10. "...he [Beren] became the friend of birds and beasts, and they aided him, and did not betray him..."

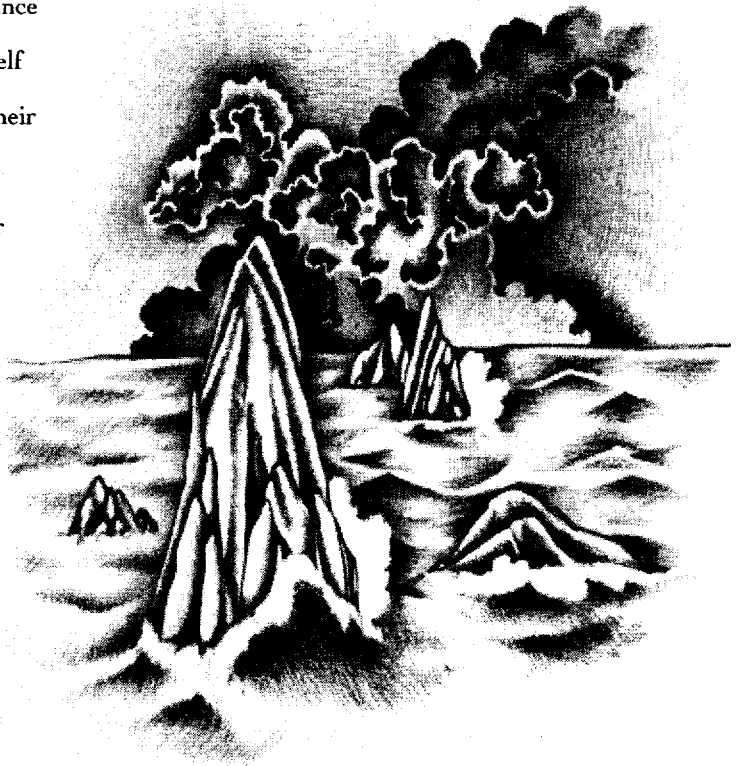
...Therefore an army was sent against him [Beren] under the command of Sauron; and Sauron brought werewolves, fell beasts inhabited by dreadful spirits that he had imprisoned in their bodies. All that land was now become filled with evil, and all clean things were departing from it...

...There [the Ered Gorgoroth] spiders of the fell race of Ungoliant abode, spinning their unseen webs in which all living things were snared; and monsters

wandered there that were born in the long dark before the Sun, hunting silently with many eyes. No food for Elves or Men was there in that haunted land, but death only..." (Sil.164)

...Then all his journey's lonely fare,
the hunger and the haggard care,
the awful mountains' stones he stained
with blood of weary feet, and gained
only a land of ghosts, and fear
in dark ravines imprisoned sheer—
there mighty spiders wove their webs,
old creatures foul with birdlike nebs
that span their traps in dizzy air,
and filled it with clinging black despair,
and there they lived, and the sucked bones
lay white beneath on the dank stones—
now all these horrors like a cloud
faded from his mind. The waters loud
falling from pine clad heights no more
he heard, those waters grey and frore
that bittersweet he drank and filled
his mind with madness—all was stilled.
He recked not now the burning road,
the paths demented where he strode
endlessly... and ever new
horizons stretched before his view,
as each blue ridge with bleeding feet
was climbed, and down he went to meet
battle with creatures old and strong
and monsters in the dark, and long,
long watches in the haunted night
while evil shapes with baleful light
in clustered eyes did crawl and snuff
beneath his tree—...

(HoMe III.175-176: Lay of Leithian ll.563-591)



USING D&D 3rd EDITION FOR MIDDLE-EARTH CAMPAIGNS

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Dungeons and Dragons 3rd Edition (*De3D3*) provides an excellent framework for games set in Middle-earth, but there are a few minor modifications to the rules to make them more appropriate for the setting as described by Tolkien. This article provides some suggested modifications that will make the *De3D3* rules better suited to the Middle-earth setting.

Material for this document was adapted from the *De3D3* Player's Handbook (PH) and Dungeon Master's Guide (DMG), published by Wizards of the Coast, and from Middle-earth Role Playing, 2nd Edition, published by ICE. Dungeons & Dragons is copyright of Wizards of the Coast.

THE RACES OF MIDDLE-EARTH

Allowed Races

The following races may be chosen for PCs. Since there are no Gnomes in Middle-earth, this option is not available as a PC race. As far as the rules are concerned, there is little variation between the sub-groups of the same race. The main differences between the sub-groups occur in the background and personality of the character.

Race Racial Sub-Groups

Dwarf	Dwarf, Umit (Half-dwarf)
Elf	Avarin, Noldorin, Silvan, Sindarin
Half-elf	n/a
Half-orc ¹	n/a
Hobbit	Fallohide, Harfoot, Stoor
Human	Apysan (Far Southron), Beorning (Berning), Black Númenórean, Corsair, Daen (Dunlending), Drúadan (Drúg, Wose), Dúnadan, Easterling, Eriadorian (Rural), Folyavulda (Dorwinion), Gondorian (Urban), Haruze (Near Southron), Losson (Snow-man), Northman (Horse-lord), ² Northman (Woodman), Variag

Height and Weight

To account for racial variations as far as height and weight are concerned, use the table found on PH.93 with the following exceptions:

Elves

- base heights are 5'10" (male) and 5'8" (female)
- base weights are 110 lbs. (male) and 100 lbs. (female)
- Silvan Elves use a Height Modifier of +2d4

Half-elves

- base values are the same as Humans, with a Height Modifier of +3d8

Humans

- Beornings, Black Númenóreans, Corsairs, Dúnedain and Apysan have a Height Modifier of +3d8
- Easterlings, Haruze, and Lossoth have a Height Modifier of +2d6
- Drúedain determine Height and Weight using the Dwarf entries, using base weights of 95 lbs (male) and 70 lbs (female) and a Weight Modifier of x(2d4) lbs

Aging

Elves ignore the aging effects detailed on PH.93. Half-elves who choose mortality use the aging effects as listed. Immortal Half-elves use the Elf entry in the table to determine maximum age. For Elves and immortal Half-elves, reaching the maximum age does not result in death, but indicates when the urge to travel to the West and leave Middle-earth becomes too strong to ignore. Note that the urge to travel to the west affects only the Eldar (the Avari are unaffected).

Favored Classes

The favored classes listed in the PH do not necessarily apply to Middle-earth races. Non-human characters will have an appropriate favored class assigned to them when the character is created.

Class Restrictions

The D&D3 rules do not have any restrictions for combinations of race and class. There are some, however, which do not make sense in Middle-earth and would be quite rare. The Gamemaster (GM) will have to decide whether or not to allow any of the following combinations, which would have to be explained by special circumstances.

Race

Beorning
Drúadan
Dwarf
Hobbit
Non-human

Restricted Classes

Sorcerer, Wizard
Sorcerer, Wizard
Sorcerer, Wizard
Cleric, Druid, Sorcerer, Wizard
Monk

Special Abilities

Species	Special Abilities / Additional Details
Dwarf	special abilities are detailed in the PH
Elf	special abilities are detailed in the PH
Hobbit	special abilities are detailed in the PH
Human – Beorning	+1 rank in Animal Empathy; wild animals will not attack unless provoked
Human – Black Númenórean	+1 rank in Profession: Sailor
Human – Corsair	+1 rank in Knowledge: Weather
Human – Daen	+1 rank in Climb
Human – Druadan	Low-light Vision (see ability descriptions for Elves in the PH)
Human – Dúnadan	+1 rank in Diplomacy
Human – Easterling	+1 rank in Handle Animal
Human – Eriadorian	+1 rank in Knowledge: Plants and Animals
Human – Folyavulda	+1 Fortitude save vs. poisons
Human – Gondorian	+1 rank in Gather Information
Human – Haruze	+1 Fortitude save vs. heat
Human – Losson	+1 Fortitude save vs. cold
Human – Northman (Horse-lord)	+1 rank in Ride: Horse
Human – Northman (Woodman)	+1 rank in Wilderness Lore
Human – Variag	+1 rank in Ride: Horse or Camel
Peredhel (Half-elf)	special abilities are detailed in the PH
Perorch (Half-orc)	special abilities are detailed in the PH
Umit	+1 Fortitude save vs. cold; other special abilities are the same as Dwarves, except Umit possess no Darkvision or Stonecunning

The above chart details the special abilities and additional details for each Middle-earth race.

LANGUAGES OF MIDDLE-EARTH

Partial Fluency

There are many languages in Middle-earth, and most characters have exposure to a wide variety. To obtain fluency with a new language, 2 skill points are required. For a single skill point, however, a character can become partially fluent in a new language. At this skill level, the character will only know basic vocabulary, and will likely speak with a heavy accent. Only basic written concepts will be known as well, and complex works will be unreadable.

A character with partial fluency in a language can obtain full fluency by spending the extra skill point. Bards obtain full fluency in a language by spending a single point and therefore never have partial fluency.

Starting Languages for PCs

The chart below lists starting languages for each Middle-earth race. *Italicized* languages are the home language for that race. A character is considered to be fully fluent with native languages, but only has partial fluency in the other listed languages. Bards are fully fluent in all listed languages (native and other).

Language Descriptions

Adúnaic—native tongue of the Númenóreans; the ancestral language of Westron.

Apyсанic—language of the people of Southern Harad.

Avarin—there are six major Dark Elven language groups, spoken respectively by the Kindi, Cuind, Hwenti, Windan, Kinn-lai and Penni tribes.

Berniska—tongue of the Beornings.

Drúgic—language of the Drúedain.

Dunael—language of the Daen.

Ehwathrumiska—language of the Ehwathrumi (Northmen of the early and mid-Third Age).⁸

Haruze—common tongue used in Northern Harad.

Khuzdul—Dwarves' name for their own secret language.

Labba—tongue of the Lossoth of Northern Middle-earth.⁹

Logathig—common tongue of the Easterlings and the Men of Dorwinion (Folyavuld).

Orkish—languages of the Orcs.¹⁰

Quenya—tongue of the High Elves in Valinor, spoken by Noldor and learned Dúnedain.

Rohiric—language of the people of Rohan.¹¹

Silvan—language of the Wood-elves of Mirkwood, Lórien and Lindon.

Sindarin—language of the Grey-elves; most common Elf-tongue in northwestern Middle-earth.

Umitic—language of the Umiti.

Varadja—tongue spoken by the Variags.

Waldiska—nature-signals used by the Beornings.

Westron—common speech of northwestern Middle-earth.

Woodman—language of the Woodmen.¹²

MONEY

The most common coin used in Middle-earth is a silver piece, typically minted in Gondor. Each silver piece is worth 10 bronze pieces, and a bronze piece is worth 10 copper pieces. Gold and *míthril* coins are quite rare. A gold piece trades for 10 silver pieces, and a single *míthril* coin would, in theory, be worth 100 silver pieces.

In the equipment charts in the PH, replace “gp” with “sp”, and replace “sp” with “bp”.

CRITICAL SUCCESSES AND FAILURES

This skill variant is found on DMG.92. Similar to attack rolls, a natural 20 on a skill roll is an automatic success and is potentially a critical success. A second skill roll is made and if another success is achieved, a critical success is the result. The nature of the result is left up to the GM.

Any natural roll of “1” on a skill check or attack roll results in an automatic failure, and could potentially be a critical failure. The player should make a second skill or attack roll, and if this results in another failure, a critical failure or a weapon fumble has occurred. The GM should determine an appropriate result based on the situation the character is in. For example, a weapon fumble might result in a broken bow string or a dropped weapon. A critical failure when picking a lock might mean that the lock has been damaged and cannot be opened at all.

RELIGION

The default pantheon provided in the PH is not applicable to Middle-earth. While Middle-earth does possess a pantheon (the Valar), the GM will have to consider carefully how they might be used for the creation of Cleric characters. Any intervention of the Valar or Maiar (lesser divine beings) in the

Species	Native Language(s)	Other Language(s)
Dwarf	<i>Khuzdul, Westron</i>	Sindarin
Elf - Avarin	<i>Avarin</i>	Sindarin, Westron
Elf - Noldorin	<i>Quenya, Sindarin, Westron</i>	
Elf - Silvan	<i>Silvan</i>	Sindarin, Westron
Elf - Sindarin	<i>Sindarin, Westron</i>	Silvan
Hobbit	<i>Westron</i>	
Human - Apyisan	<i>Apyisanic</i>	Haruze, Westron
Human - Beorning	<i>Berniska, Waldiska, Woodman, Westron</i>	
Human - Black Númenórean	<i>Adúnaic, Southron (Apyisanic or Haruze)</i>	Westron
Human - Corsair	<i>Westron,² Southron (Haruze)</i>	Adúnaic, Apyisanic
Human - Daen	<i>Dunael</i>	Westron
Human - Drúadan	<i>Drúaic</i>	Westron
Human - Dúnadan	<i>Sindarin,⁴ Westron</i>	Adúnaic, ³ Quenya
Human - Easterling	<i>Logathig</i>	Westron
Human - Eriadorian	<i>Westron</i>	
Human - Folyavulda	<i>Logathig, Westron</i>	
Human - Gondorian	<i>Westron</i>	Sindarin, ⁶ Quenya ⁷
Human - Haruze	<i>Haruze, Westron</i>	Apyisanic
Human - Losson	<i>Labba</i>	Westron
Human - Northman (Horse-lord)	<i>Northron (Ebwatbrumiska or Robitic), Westron</i>	Dunael
Human - Northman (Woodman)	<i>Woodman</i>	Silvan, Westron
Human - Variag	<i>Varadja</i>	Haruze, Westron
Peredhel (Half-elf)	<i>Sindarin, Westron</i>	Quenya
Perorch (Half-orc)	<i>Westron</i>	Orkish
Umit (Half-dwarf)	<i>Umitic</i>	Khuzdul, Labba, Westron

a non-Devotee.

- As a Devotee performs deeds consonant with the virtues espoused by their Vala, they acquire a certain amount of “clout” or favor with that divinity. (The GM may wish to define this in terms of levels or by some other form of measurement, such as points.) When this support

affairs of their devotees in Middle-earth would be indirect, and therefore special rules may be required to handle this.

The crux of the matter is theological: Middle-earth is ultimately a monotheistic universe; the Valar and Maiar are derivative of this One True God (Eru), to whom alone “worship” may be legitimately given and received. For a Vala to usurp this exclusive divine prerogative would be an act of open rebellion against Eru. Consequently, the Valar simply will not respond to or encourage misguided mortals who seek to gain supernatural power by worshipping them in the conventional sense.

Worship of Eru, on the other hand, will not elicit tangible benefits for the worshipper, because Eru is so remote. Sustaining the world and aiding its inhabitants is a job Eru delegated to the Valar and Maiar. The net result of this arrangement is that there are **limitations** on the sort of divine aid a clerical character can hope to elicit. Here are some guidelines:

- Clerics associated with one of the Valar or Maiar should be re-defined as **Devotees** (a term which connotes reverence but not necessarily direct dependency). The goal of a Devotee is to maintain a harmonious relationship with the natural or social **sphere** over which a particular Vala exercises power. (See table below for a list of these divine “provinces.”)
- The affinity of a Devotee with this sphere will result in unique skills, powers and bonuses not otherwise available to characters. The source of these exceptional abilities is not the Vala but the Devotee themselves. The role of the Vala is to help the Devotee realize their inherent potential—physical, mental, spiritual—in this sphere. For example, in the case of Elbereth the very invocation of her name causes damage to evil creatures. This is true for anyone who utters her name. A GM might rule that an invocation by a Devotee would have a more potent effect than that of
- reaches a certain level or intensity, the Devotee may call upon their Vala to aid them in some way (or, alternately, the GM may choose to have the Vala intervene without the Devotee’s volition at critical moments). Dúnadan mariners, for instance, traditionally call upon Uinen, Lady of the Waters, when negotiating a dangerous storm at sea. Elbereth, Queen of Starlight, made both Frodo and Samwise unwitting vessels of her power in Shelob’s lair.
- Rarely will a Vala **directly** intervene in the affairs of Middle-earth. (Ulmo’s appearance to Tuor at Vinyamar is one of those rare, fated exceptions to this rule.) Remember that the Valar sent the Five Wizards to Middle-earth for this very purpose (i.e., so that the Valar themselves would **not** have to intervene directly). So if the Valar manifest their will at all to their Devotees, it will most likely take the form of a visitation by one of their Maiarin servants, or by creatures associated with their particular sphere. A Devotee of Yavanna, for instance, may enjoy the aid and intimacy of Radagast the Brown (who is normally uninterested in the fate of the Free Peoples). A Devotee of Manwë might win the timely assistance of the great eagles. A friendly dolphin might rescue a Devotee of Ulmo lost at sea. And so on.
- Another indirect link between the Valar and Middle-earth are those rare Noldorin Elves, still remaining in Middle-earth, who were born in the Undying Lands and personally interacted with the Valar in the Elder Days. Such individuals (such as Galadriel or Glorfindel) exude a tangible aura of sanctity and have knowledge and wisdom that no being born in Middle-earth could possess. Attaching and apprenticing oneself to such an individual may be an effective means of acquiring (or realizing) “religious”

powers in a world where organized religious institutions are otherwise absent.

Spell Restrictions

There are certain spells in D&D3 which are inappropriate for use in Middle-earth. Some examples include *Resurrection*, *Limited Wish* and *Wish*. There may be others that can be excluded at the discretion of the GM.

Manwë Súlimo	Lord of the Valar	Air
Ulmo	Lord of the Sea	Water
Aulë	The Smith	Earth, Crafts
Oromë	The Hunter	Hunting
Mandos (Námo)	Doomsman of the Valar	Judgement, Prophecy
Lórien (Irmo)	The Dream Master	Visions
Tulkas Astaldo	Champion of the Valar	Combat
Varda (Elbereth)	Queen of the Valar	Light
Yavanna Kementari	Queen of the Earth	Vegetation, Agriculture
Nienna	The Mourner	Grief, Compassion
Estë	The Healer	Healing
Vaire	The Weaver	Lore, Memory
Vana	Ever-young	Spring
Nessa	The Dancer	Performance Arts
Melkor (Morgoth)	The Black Enemy	Evil, Sorcery

Spell Failure Roll

Whenever a spell (ritual or arcane) is cast in Middle-earth, there is a chance the spell will fail, due to the mysterious nature of the forces that govern these events. Whether or not the failure occurs is determined by a modified version of the Arcane Spell Failure rules detailed in the PH.

The Spell Failure roll is made by rolling percentile dice at the time a spell is cast. The base chance of failure is 5% plus the level of the spell being cast. The Ability Modifier for the spell casting attribute of the caster (INT for wizards, CHA for bards and sorcerers, WIS for clerics, druids, rangers and paladins) is subtracted from this total. Wizards, sorcerers and bards who are wearing armor add the Arcane Spell Failure percentage from table 7-5 in the PH.

If the caster rolls above the calculated chance of failure, the spell is cast normally. Any roll equal to or less than the chance of failure results in the loss of the spell being cast. Results of 05 or less on the roll are automatic failures, and a roll of 01 results in a critical failure.

Critical Spell Failures

A result of 01 on a spell failure roll has the potential for disastrous effects on the caster. When such a result occurs, the GM rolls 2d6 and consults the following table to determine the effects of the critical failure on the caster.

Roll	Result of Critical Spell Failure
2	A sickly look crosses the caster's face as all of the energy for the spell is internalized. They fall to the ground and are completely immobilized for a number of rounds equal to the level of the spell being cast. Each round the caster is immobilized, they take 1d10 of internal damage. Anyone touching the caster suffers the same effects. (10 extra CP)
3	The caster gathers the required energy for the spell, but as the casting attempt is made, the energy leaps from the hands of the caster and enters their eyes. The caster is blinded for a number of rounds equal to the level of the spell, and takes 1d8 damage for each round of blindness. Anyone coming into contact with the caster takes the same damage. (8 extra CP)
4	The energy for the spell is misfired and travels through the caster's body at high speed. This rather uncomfortable sensation lasts for a number of rounds equal to the level of the spell, and causes 1d6 damage per round. Anyone touching the caster will receive some of the energy, causing the same effects while contact is maintained. (6 extra CP)

The Valar are listed below for reference. Players interested in creating Cleric characters should discuss the appropriate use of the Valar, as well as appropriate domain selections, with the GM.

However one chooses to treat Clerical (or Druidic) powers in game, the important thing to keep in focus is the concept of where supernatural power originates: is it part of a character's inherent mental/spiritual potential, or does it come from somewhere else? In Tolkien's world, this is partly defined by race. In the Undying Lands, the Valar taught the Elves how to better use their own inherent powers, not to manipulate or placate powers outside themselves. Most abilities which mortals would view as "magical," Elves would simply think of as mundane "skills" to be developed just like any others.

Mortals, on the other hand, are not "designed" to achieve such a high facility with these skills, though they do have a limited potential for developing talents traditionally thought of in D&D categories as "psionic" (telepathy, mind-reading, etc.). Since devotion to the gods is subject to similar limitations, the other option is "sorcery," which in Middle-earth means the wielder "borrows" power (often with religious connotations) from Morgoth's latent spiritual energy, which inheres within all matter like a cancer. So only for evil characters is it truly possible to manipulate and channel a magical energy outside oneself.

For most mortal characters and societies, the only practical alternative to this religion-less, evil magic-biased world is the shamanic model of soliciting the aid of local, mundane spirits (lesser Maiar) who inhabit Middle-earth in one form or another and who have less scruples about involving themselves in the world than the Valar. Many such spirits may even entertain the idea of "worship" by mortals—though their willingness to intervene directly is moderated by the correspondingly lesser magnitude and narrower scope of their powers. As often as not, however, soliciting such supernatural aid may entail no religious element whatsoever. Tom Bombadil's assistance to the Hobbits is a good example of this.

MAGIC

Magic in Middle-earth is much more subtle than the system detailed in D&D3, and is potentially more dangerous to the user when it is abused. These rule adjustments allow the possibility of failure whenever a spell is cast, and detail other potential dangers for spell users.

Other Hands

- 5 The spell misfires and affects the caster rather than the intended target. If the caster was the intended target, the spell fails. The caster takes 1d4 damage per level of the spell. (4 extra CP)
- 6 The energy from the spell is internalized but dissipates outwards in an unusual fashion. Add 4 to subsequent Detection roll(s) in this area. (2 extra CP)
- 7 The caster loses control of the energy for the spell before casting is attempted. Add 2 to subsequent Detection roll(s) in this area. (0 extra CP)
- 8 The caster glows as the energy from the failed spell dissipates away quickly. Add 4 to subsequent Detection roll(s) in this area. (2 extra CP)
- 9 The spell misfires and affects a random target other than the intended one. The deflection causes 1d4 points of damage to the caster per level of the spell. (4 extra CP)
- 10 In a dazzling display of color, energy fountains up from the caster's head, then crackles outwards, striking anyone within 10' of the caster for 1d4 damage per level of the spell. The energy burns the caster as it leaves, causing 1d6 damage per level of the spell. (6 extra CP)
- 11 Too much energy was used for the spell, and the excess shoots out of the caster in various directions, striking anyone up to 10' away, and causing 1d6 damage per level of the spell. The caster takes 1d8 damage per level of the spell. (8 extra CP)
- 12 With a brilliant flash of light, all of the energy of the spell is violently expelled from the caster's body, as well as a significant amount of the caster's own life force. The caster takes 1d10 damage per level of the spell. Anyone

Corruption

Magic in Middle-earth is potentially corrupting. The lure of power is often the undoing of goodly mages. As they delve further into the mysteries of their art, they may fall victim to its power and turn to the ways of evil.

If a spell is not used for good or noble purposes, or if a caster uses blatantly excessive power to accomplish a task, the GM adds a number of Corruption Points (CP) equal to the level of the spell to the total for the caster. The CP total is kept secret from the player.

If the total CP for a caster ever exceeds 100, their alignment shifts to evil and their lust for more power becomes overwhelming. The GM will inform the player when this occurs, so that they can role play their character accordingly.

As CPs increase, the caster becomes more susceptible to the power offered by creatures already corrupted. For every 10 CP in their total, a caster receives a -1 Will Saving Throw penalty when commanded by such creatures.

The CP total can be reduced by spending time in a magically safe environment (i.e. a Haven). Each day spent in meditation and contemplation of the dangers of magic abuse will reduce the casters CP total by 1. Another method for reducing the CP total is for the character to somehow atone for the actions which caused their CPs to increase. The method of the atonement is left up to the GM to determine.

Detection

When spells are cast in Middle-earth, a force emanates from the caster, much like the waves created when a pebble is tossed into water. Shadow-forces are lured to this emanation. Whenever a spell is cast and the situation is deemed appropriate, the GM makes a Detection Roll and consults the chart based on the location where the spell casting was performed. If several spells are cast within a one hour period at the same location, only one roll is made using the highest spell level.

Detection Roll: d20 + level of caster + level of spell + (Time Period Modifier)

Detection Roll	Haven	Civilized	Border	Wilds	Shadow Lands
5 or less	No effect	No effect	No effect	No effect	No effect
6-10	No effect	No effect	No effect	No effect	Sighting
11-15	No effect	No effect	No effect	Sighting	Spotting
15-20	No effect	No effect	Sighting	Spotting	Spotting
21-25	No effect	Sighting	Spotting	Spotting	Creature/Patrol
26-30	Sighting	Spotting	Spotting	Creature/Patrol	Creature/Patrol
31-35	Spotting	Spotting	Creature/Patrol	Creature/Patrol	Special
36-40	Assassin/Kidnap	Assassin/Kidnap	Assassin/Kidnap	Special	Special
41 or more	Special	Special	Special	Special	Special

within 10 feet of the caster takes 1d8 points of burn damage per level of the spell. (10 extra CP)

Time Period Modifier: -2 (early Third Age), +0 (mid-Third Age), +4 (late Third Age), -4 (Fourth Age)

Explanation of Effects

- **Sighting**—shadow-forces know a spell was cast as well as the general direction of the caster
- **Spotting**—same as *Sighting*; plus the exact direction and approximate distance to the caster are known
- **Creature/Patrol**—same as *Spotting*; plus a shadow-creature or organized patrol stalks the spell caster
- **Assassin/Kidnap**—same as *Spotting*; plus an assassination

For critical failure results where the caster takes damage for several rounds, first aid attempts will not work until the energy of the failed spell dissipates. Any magical healing attempted before the energy of the spell dissipates will fail and the healer will suffer the same damage that the caster is currently taking.

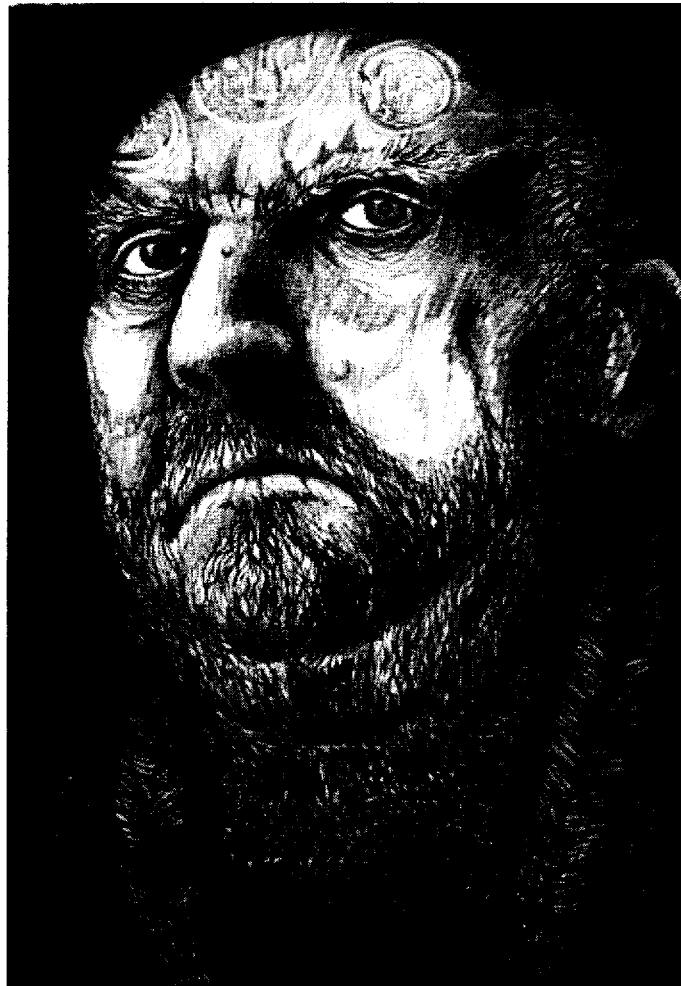
When a critical failure occurs, the caster automatically takes Corruption Points (CP) equal to the level of the spell, plus the extra points indicated in the Spell Failure Roll Table above.

or kidnapping attempt is made on the caster

- *Special*—same as *Spotting*; plus a very powerful shadow-force becomes aware of the caster

NOTES

1. Half-orcs in Middle-earth do not resemble the description provided in the PH. They are a created race, and only males exist. Half-orcs are better described as large, strong and exceedingly ugly humans. Usually only a very close examination by a knowledgeable person will reveal their true identity.
2. Includes the Ehwathrumi of the mid-Third Age and the Rohirrim of the late-Third Age.
3. The languages spoken by the Corsairs of Umbar vary according to time period. At the time of their first appearance (TA 1448), the Corsairs comprised the predominantly **Dúnadan** supporters of Castamir the Usurper. Over the next two centuries, however, they intermarried with the Haruze of Near Harad so that, by TA 1634, all except Castamir's immediate family were thoroughly integrated into Southron culture. After TA 1810, all but the occasional Gondorian expatriate renegade among them should be considered **Haruze** for purposes of determining languages.
4. The Dúnedain claim to be the only mortal race that speaks an Eldarin tongue as a home language, and the ability to speak Sindarin is regarded as proof of Dúnadan ancestry.
5. Classical Adúnaic is available to the Dúnedain only during the Second Age. In the Third Age, it is only used by the Black Númenórean realms of the Far South.
6. Sindarin is the language of the Dúnadan nobility but is not inaccessible to urban commoners, especially those who engage in academic pursuits. It is **not** likely to be acquired through governmental careers, however, since the official language of Dúnadan government is Westron.
7. Quenya is an academic language only accessible to loremasters.
9. Labba is "translated" by real-world Finnish.
10. Orcs possess no common tongue. Each tribe speaks mutually incomprehensible languages. To communicate between tribes, Orcs use Westron.
11. The language of the Rohirrim is "translated" by real-world Old English.
12. Ehwathrumiska, Woodman and early/mid-Third Age Berniska are "translated" by real-world Gothic.



"TOUCH MY DICE AND I'LL KILL YA."

THE GREAT SPIDERS

Justin Morgan-Davies: Flat 1F4, 101 Grove St, Edinburgh EH3 8AB, Scotland (justin@cee.hw.ac.uk)

The fear of spiders has struck terror throughout the ages in many of the races of Middle-earth. I know, for I have traveled far and I have heard tales that would chill your blood and set your heart to pounding within its fragile cage. Not just tales for the nightmares of children have I recounted, no! For ever since that which the Elves called Ungoliant passed south, cloaked in nighted darkness of spider form, leaving a barren swath behind her across the land, spiders of evil intent have dwelt in the dark places beyond civilized lands and preyed on all who lose their way and fall for their expertly wrought traps.

No, these spawn of Ungol, and none more feared in later times than her foul daughter Shelob the Great, have slowly but surely populated the earth with their hideous offspring, each one born with the ever-present legacy of hatred and hunger given them by their great mother, the Demon from beyond the Pale, a hunger to devour all that has been made by the Song.

Yes! For this is my own fear also. That when the Last Battle comes and the Dead in the Halls of Mandos awake to do battle for the Valar against the Hordes of Morgoth and Sauron his lieutenant, after the last sword has faltered and dropped to the bloodied earth beside the battered corpse of its wielder, then shall the spiders sally forth from the darkneses of the world and drink upon the slaughter and revel in their newfound lordship over all that is left.

But wait. The night is still young, and we have a way to go yet before that final battle. Let me tell you some of what I have learnt concerning the spiders of Middle-earth...

I will tell you in due course what I have heard concerning the greatest of the arachnids—of Shelob the Great in the Ephel

Dúath; of Enna san Sarab beneath the silent cone of Dol Guldur; and of the Mother of them all, Ungoliant, the Great Darkness. But first let me tell you of the varied sort of spiders known to inhabit Endor, and their methods.

Most folk will agree on basic principles: that a spider comes in the form of a bloated body, small head with pointed beak and eight hairy legs; that they spin webs of silken strands that hang across a path or gap between rocks or trees to trap the unwary. Well, this is true; but the real art of the spiders is their adaptation to circumstance and to the prey they hope to catch. Not dumb insects these!

No, spiders have a cunning comparable at least to us Men or to the Elves. Dwarves have great respect for them also and leave a spider, when they can, in place, using it to guard a secret passage or exit from their hold. I do not know if Orcs understand them, but indeed they fear them; for a meal of Goblin-flesh is like any other food to the Great Spiders, and all are considered prey.

It is little known fact that spiders come in many varied forms, from bloated to thin and elongated, with short stubby legs or long tubular ones like branches, hairy or smooth. Their eyes are many and scattered across the face, some with only two, the more dangerous with eight or ten, but all emanating a malevolent intelligence—regarding, calculating, assessing. For the tactics of spiders are as ingenious as the machines of the Dwarves and almost as numerous as the insects themselves.

Shelob, Queen of the Dark, is a classic example of what I would call a "Type A" spider. She is most like Ungoliant in aspect. Swollen with poison to huge proportions, she hangs suspended within a deep cavern near to the Orc passages



through Cirith Ungol. Great horns she has set before a spindly neck and a bloated bag of a body that is black as the night above but pale below, giving off a stench potent enough to paralyze the most hardy. Great knobby joints she has on arching legs that stretch high above her back and end with great single claws like steel spikes, capable of puncturing Dwarf-mail as if it were parchment.

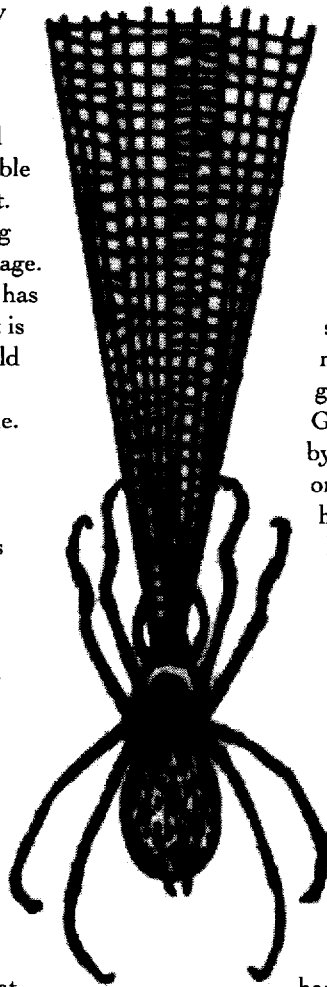
And think not that her cunning skills of hunting are purely physical and due to her great size and age. For no, Shelob, daughter of the Great Darkness, has become adept in the powers of mind and spirit. It is said that not even the Dark Lord of Mordor would challenge her outright, preferring her to be a neutral guardian on his borders and left well alone. Nay, Shelob is a great one to be feared.

But I have heard of ways to outwit such a demon. Spiders are flighty creatures, easily deterred by swift and determined action. Shelob's game is one of stealthy approach and sudden ambush, yet she detests light in most forms. The brighter the light, the more likely she will flee (only to return once more aided by the shadows). I heard from an Elven friend long ago that he was able to avoid Shelob, armed only with a flaring torch, but I would consider him to be tempting his luck more than I would care to.

Now Ungoliant was a creature against which not even Melkor was able to stand (or so it is claimed by the Quendi). They are loath to speak of her, or even to utter her name; but I have worked long to gather information concerning her. This is what I can tell: The Elves had great cause to fear this spirit, whom they named the Demon of the Void and the Queen of Unlight; for she was an entity of shadow, drawn from beyond the Doors of Night and was ever hungry for the fire of living spirit that indwells all things. She was like a huge dark cloud of nothingness, but with the vague form of a great spider.

It was Melkor who first encountered Ungoliant, deep within the Pelóri Mountains in southern Aman, and called her to form a truce. She was hungry for the promises given by the fallen Vala. For Melkor's plan she spun a dark bridge of silk over the great mountain chain bordering Valinor, and together they attacked the Two Trees and the Wells of Varda beneath them. Where Melkor struck the Trees of Silver and Gold, Ungoliant sucked up every drop of the light that poured forth and then, turning, she drank the two great wells dry. Her demon-spirit filled the Trees with venom, killing them both and befouling the hill upon which they stood.

Made much more powerful by the liquid inside her, Ungoliant fled with Melkor to Endor. But the legend does not end with their escape; for after Melkor had crossed the Grinding Ice of the Helcaraxë, the Great Spider grew hungrier still and demanded the treasure of the Noldor that they had captured in payment for her aid. Melkor refused and called upon his allies, the dreaded Balrogs, who drove off Ungoliant with whips of flame. She turned and fled south, pausing often



to brood and tend her hurts in the deepest and most shadowed places of the world. In these places, even now, you can find her offspring, spiders with an intelligence and cunning far beyond Yavanna's gift, and with their mother's hatred of all that is alive and pure.

Do I see you shudder there in the firelight? That is good, for these are truly tales of great woe that I tell here. But there is one other great spider worthy of note, for she rests still near to us now. Even as I speak, Enna san Sarab spins her great webs across the dark caverns beneath Dol Guldur. I can vouch for this tale, for it was told me by an aged and wise friend of mine. Living alone on the west side of Mirkwood with his birds and his beasts, he hears much that is in the world and knows of the deadly brood of the White Queen — of Enna san Sarab, whom the Orcs call Lady of the Web. She is the White Widow of fireside tales, but those I will leave for another time.

Now, let me dispense with these tales and provide you with what knowledge I have gained from fighting these dire creatures. For though they come in many varied forms with tactics all, I have found ways to combat them. Indeed, I shall tell you how.

First, you must forget the idea that all the great spiders spin webs, for this is not so. A handy torch is a good match for the silken strands of the spiders of Mirkwood, but will do you no good if the creature is already sinking its fangs into your shoulder before you've even seen it! There are some spiders, especially in the very North of Middle-earth, in the stony recesses of the Ered Mithrin, that dig a pit into the hard earth, then drag a large, flat stone — perhaps three feet wide — which they place over the top like a lid. The spider will brood within, spinning soft tendrils of silk linked by strands to the ground outside.

As large creatures pass nearby, they brush these trailers, alerting the spider to movement, and the beastly hunter ascends its tube ready to pounce from under the very ground upon its next meal. They are very clever in the arts of camouflage, these so-called 'trapdoor' spiders. But the dangers do not end there; for others take this tactic further, injecting their victims with a paralyzing venom and dragging them helpless to the bottom of the tube where they lay their eggs upon him. The spider then leaves to build another trap elsewhere. Believe me when I say that you never want to hear the screams of a poor soul trapped beneath the ground when those starving little insects awaken. It is a sound to make one go mad!

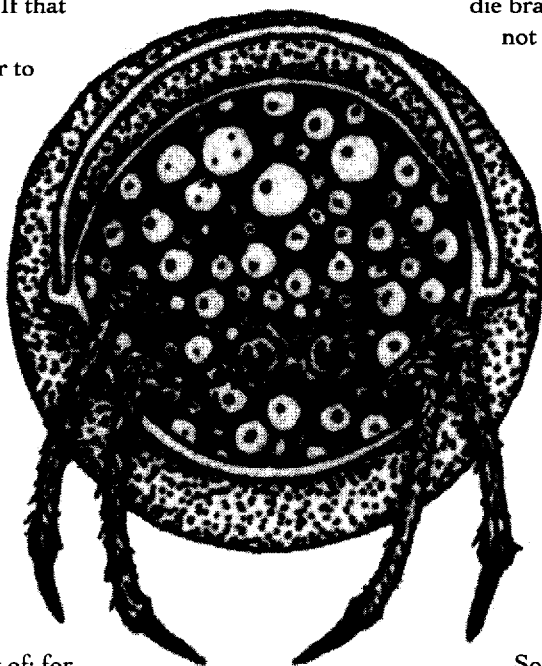
Let us move swiftly on then to another variety frequenting the open grassy wilderness of the eastern plains. The Easterlings call them wolf spiders because they often hunt in packs and drag their victims to the ground (from horseback even) rather than sit and wait for a meal to arrive. These spiders are extremely stealthy and can leap many feet from

Other Hands

cover, knocking their target to the ground and gripping him with many clawed feet. If that happens, you are as good as dead.

Now, these spiders are quite similar to another variety in the deep jungles in the South beyond the Yellow Mountains that I have heard about. These I call simply jumping spiders; for I have been told that they exist high in the trees and with their many huge eyes can spot a man passing below at distances of greater than a hundred yards. Some will leap in great bounds from tree to tree before dropping silently upon their prey from above, while others use a trailing strand of silk as a kite to help them glide on the wind or anchor themselves to the surrounding foliage.

But wolf spiders have a different method of attack that you must know of; for should you see the ambushing creature, your natural reaction would be to run as fast as possible away from it, would it not? Well, some of the larger wolf spiders have been known to outrun a horse! My answer to that is: turn



and fight! Show it some steel. If you're going to die, die bravely with your face to the enemy and not run down like a dog.

The last form of tactics I have heard tell of these arachnids is perhaps the most bizarre of all. For a traveling friend from the Utter East has told me of a further species that actually 'fishes' for its prey! Apparently it also lies in silent waiting, its front legs suspended up and outwards above a path until an unsuspecting visitor passes within reach. This spider, a long-legged variety, throws a 'net' of meshed silken strands upon its victim, who is immediately entangled. The spider then drops down to finish off the unfortunate with a swift bite to the throat. These do not bother with tenderizing first, they will kill you there and then.

So, you have been warned my friend. To be knowledgeable of such things is to be fore-armed, and your chances of survival in the wild places of Middle-earth will be greatly improved. I am not the most experienced hunter of vermin in the northern world just by chance you know!

—Brandir of Esgaroth upon Long Lake



GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF SPIDERS

<i>Generic Great Spider</i>								
Level	Number	Speed (MovM)	HP	AT	DB	Attacks	Type	Crit
5	1-10	MF	50	SL/4	40	60Pi/MGr20/MSt20	Med	Normal

There are a number of well-known variations present still in the Third Age:

Giant Spider of Mirkwood (C&T.22; <i>Mirkwood</i> .28)								
Level	Number	Speed (MovM)	HP	AT	DB	Attacks	Type	Crit
18	1-20	F	160	SL/4	40	75HSti/60LGr/75LBi	Large	Large

Brood of Dol Guldur (DG.212; Den of DW.29)								
Level	Number	Speed (MovM)	HP	AT	DB	Attacks	Type	Crit
8	1-10	MF	160	SL/4	40	75HSti/70LPi/poison*	Large	Large

*Any bite ('A' crit) yields a RR vs 5th lvl poison or fall unconscious. If RR successful, RR vs extra bite, +2 to target lvl. RR fail >50, target dies in 2D6 rnds as organs become an icky puree.

Ennerlings of Mirkwood (<i>Necromancer's Lieutenant</i> .27)								
Level	Number	Speed (MovM)	HP	AT	DB	Attacks	Type	Crit
0	1-100	F	10	No/1	30	10Pi	Small	Norm

Enna San Sarab (DG.209)								
Level	Number	Speed (MovM)	HP	AT	DB	Attacks	Type	Crit
25	1	MF	375	RL/12	60	120HPi/95LHo/90Hbi	Large	Large

Shelob the Great (CoMe.123)								
Level	Number	Speed (MovM)	HP	AT	DB	Attacks	Type	Crit
50	1	M (50)	500	PI/20 RL/12 legs SL/4 belly	80	120HPi/100HHo/120HBi	Large	Large

Ungoliant (<i>Valar & Maiar</i> .117-119)								
Level	Number	Speed (MovM)	HP	AT	DB	Attacks	Type	Crit
450 ¹	1	VF (235)	1238	PI/20	275+	450HPi/300HHo/420HBi	Large	Super Large
500 ²	1	VF (285)	1625	PI/20	325+	520HPi/400HHo/500HBi	Large	Super Large

1. before drinking the Wells of Varda.

2. after drinking the Wells of Varda.

In Summary:

Using the Great Spiders in your campaigns can be far more dangerous and exciting than presented in past publications. As well as the simple attack methods such as Pincer, Horn or Bite you could also employ the following...

Trapdoor Spider

Level	Number	Speed (MovM)	HP	AT	DB	Attacks	Skills	Crit
8	1	MF	90	SL/4	40	70LGr/50MPi/20MSt/*poison	90Hide	Normal

Fishing Spider

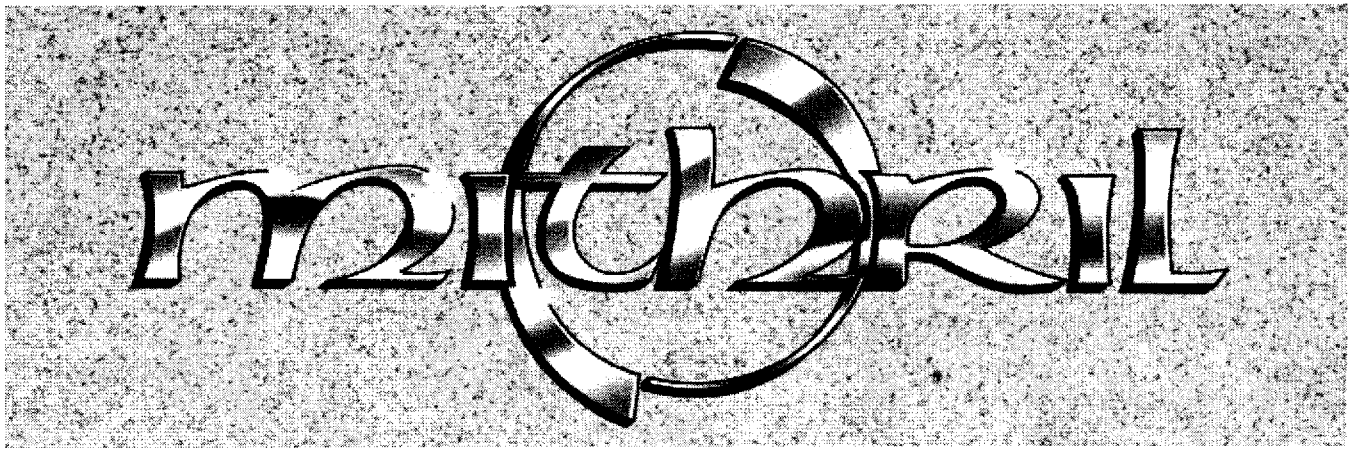
Level	Number	Speed (MovM)	HP	AT	DB	Attacks	Skills	Crit
6	1-3	MF	60	SL/4	40	90NetGr/60Pi/MSt20	110Hide	Normal

Hunting Spider

Level	Number	Speed (MovM)	HP	AT	DB	Attacks	Skills	Crit
5	1-10	VF	50	SL/4	40	70MGr/50Pi/MSt20	80Stalk 60Hide	Normal

Jumping Spider

Level	Number	Speed (MovM)	HP	AT	DB	Attacks	Skills	Crit
4	1-5	VF	40	SL/4	70	110MGr/40Pi/MSt10	90Hide	Normal



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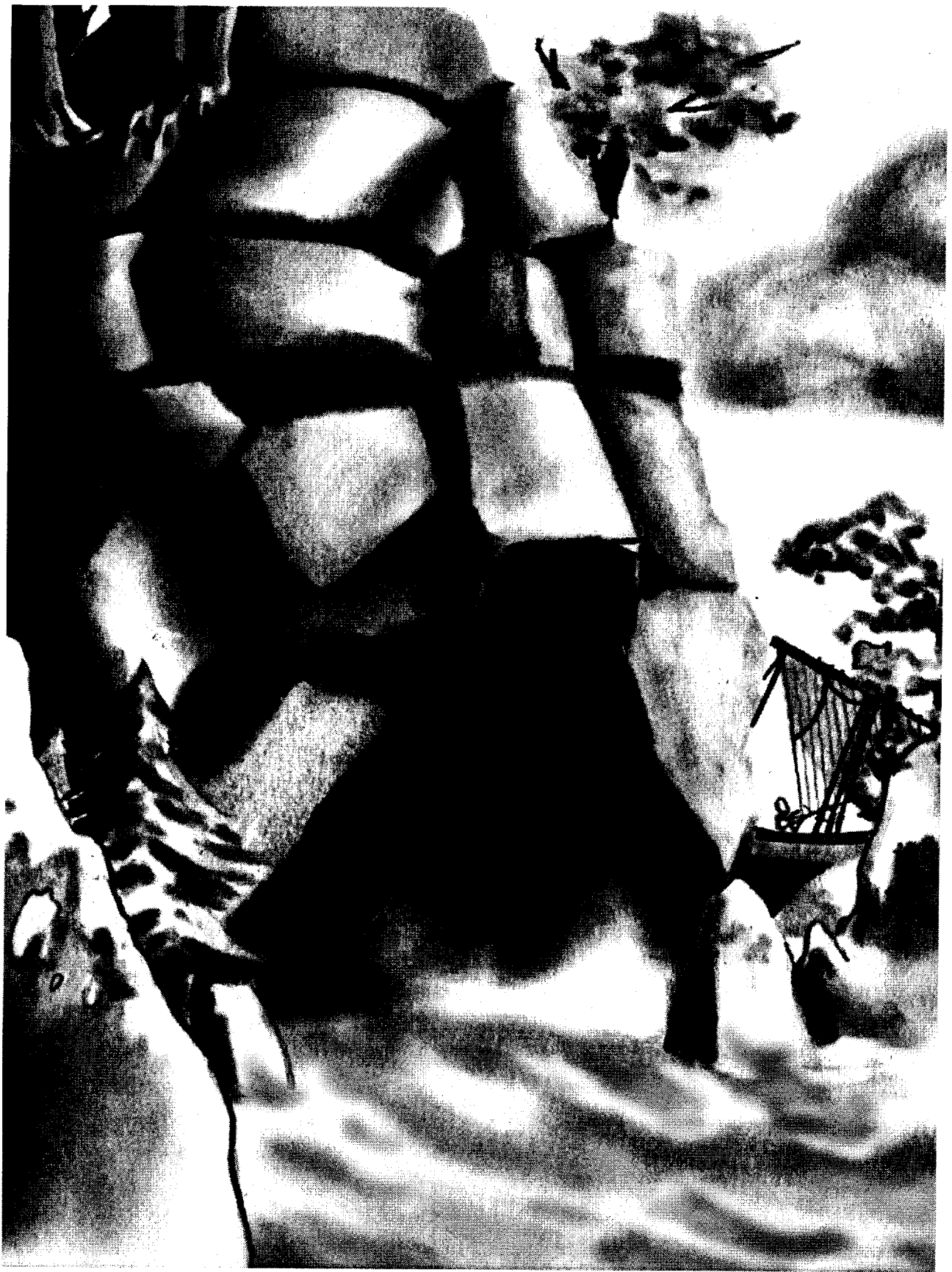
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**THE EYES OF OCLANOC
AND OTHER TALES**

Other Hands

The wide Gilrain estuary of Gondor is both an arm of the sea and the conclusion of a great river with its origins in the White Mountains, more than 200 miles to the north. It is roughly 30 miles in length and 20 miles at its greatest width, separating the province of Lebennin from the fiefdom of Dor-en-Ernil, Land of the Prince. Although much of its shoreline consists of high, rocky cliffs formed over millennia as the river cut its way to the Bay of Belfalas, here and there along its shores are fishing villages, mostly of Dunnish, pre-Númenórean origin.

These villages are linked by both the Gilrain and the Rathon Falas, the Coast Road which runs along the river's eastern shore from Linhir, far to the north, down to the castle of Minas Daldor at the river's mouth, then eastward. The road follows along the high sea-cliffs, dropping down now and then to the rivers which have cut their way to the estuary.

A few miles north of the village of Gaeros, bordering the Lanthiriath river, is a forest known as the Erinath. Among the legends of the Dunmen are tales of a great and foreboding forest which once extended from the Gilrain many miles to the east. This forest was called in their tongue Cil-Iscoed, the Shadow Wood, and was greatly feared. The Erinath evokes similar tales among the local folk, and may in fact be a remnant of the once great and fearsome Cil-Iscoed.

SOUTHWESTERN LEBENNIN

Gaeros lies between the colder north and the milder south. Snow is rare, even in mid-winter, but a morning frost is common. Rain, rather than snow, falls often in the winter. Yet summers too are mild since Gaeros is so near large bodies of water, which tend to regulate the temperature.

Grasses grow in profusion throughout the area, including a tall, tough variety the local fishermen use to make their nets and lines. These grasslands are interspersed with wildflowers in a myriad of colors. Near the streams and rivers grow the curious white lilies from which the Dunmen brew *meathbran*, their traditional drink. The forests in the area have been decimated over the ages to a few small groves, with many individual trees here and there, the exception being the larger Erinath.

The fauna one might encounter in the area include a number of wild mammals, such as bear, deer, wolf, and wild boar, wild kine and wild goat. There are a few poisonous snakes and insects. Oh yes, and within the caverns of the great face known as Oclanoc, which looks down upon the estuary from the cliffs, is a large, dangerous and cunning...mystery!

With few exceptions, nearly everyone in this area is of Dunnish descent, although few now speak the old language; most use the Common Tongue. There are a few with some Dúnadan blood, but they are far removed from those ancestors. Even the inhabitants of the Harbor Fort at Gaeros are mostly Dunnish. A few of the officers—commissioned and non-commissioned—are from further east, even as far as the great port of Pelargir.

There are few travelers on the road these days. One may meet itinerant merchants, groups of refugees, traveling musi-

cians, the diseased and the dispossessed—and the lawless. The Gondorian Cavalry, which once patrolled this road, has been recalled to critical points closer to the capital and major ports.

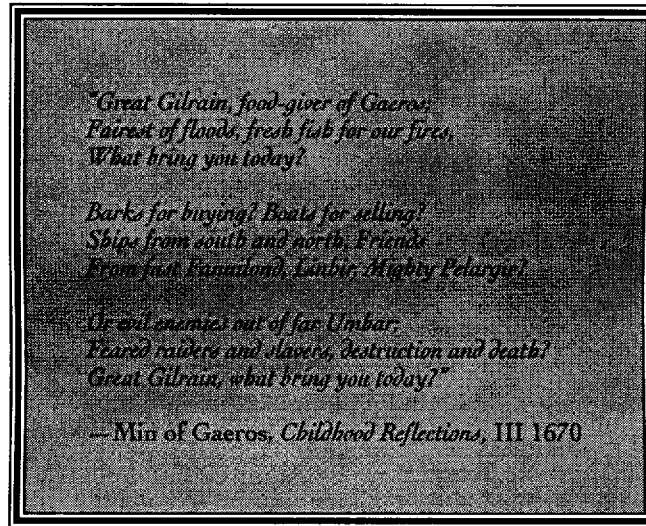
GAEROS

Gaeros is a small fishing village on the bay through which the Lanthiriath river enters the Gilrain estuary. The entire town was burned to the ground only a few years ago by Corsairs of Umbar, and many of its inhabitants were killed or taken captive.

In recent times, such small settlements have been subject to raids by warships and slavers from the south. Hard-pressed to defend her cities, the small but growing naval forces of Gondor have had to leave the towns and villages to fend for themselves.

The results of this unavoidable policy have been largely disastrous for the local population. Nearly all the survivors fled southward along the Coast Road to the safety of the castle of Minas Daldor, 5 miles away, or to the district capital of Fanuilond.

The exception to this mass exodus is the family of Othwellon, a former sergeant-major of the royal marines. With Milis, his wife, and their ten children, he has rebuilt the Port Tavern, long a favorite stopping-place for fishermen and travelers



along the Coast Road.

Down a winding road, now bordered with burned-out homes, is the stone quay of Gaeros, surrounded by the blackened ruins of warehouses and the seared stumps of several docks. The road continues rising along the cliffs to the nearby Harbor Fort.

Since the last Corsair raid, there has been little commerce in the area. The once plentiful fishing fleets are gone and few wagons now brave the lonesome Coast Road. Occasionally, cargo ships operating between Fanuilond and Linhir will stop at the stone quay of Gaeros.

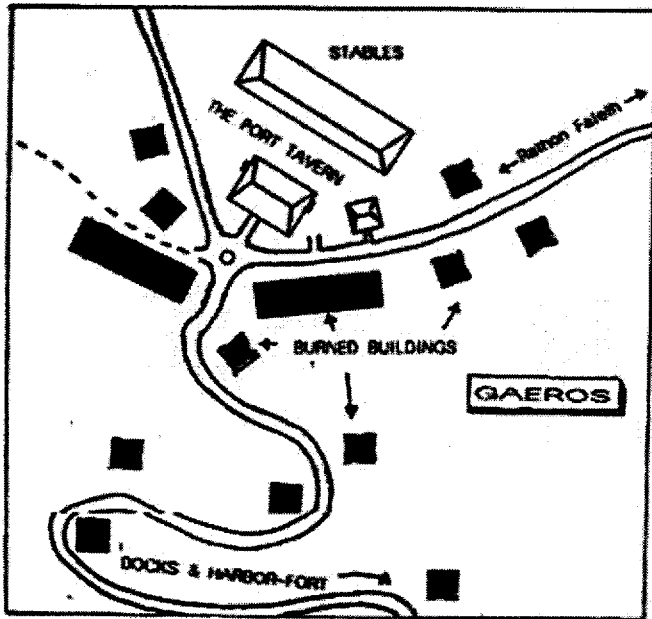
The Harbor Fort and Tower

This small fortress, once again operational after a few years of neglect, stands upon a rocky prominence at the southern end of the harbor of Gaeros. It is triangular in design so that its catapults and ballistae have some control over both the river and the harbor. Its dimensions are 90' x 90' x 100', the wider side and entrance facing shoreward. Its tower or keep rises 30' above the 20' outer walls.

Although small as forts go, it is a formidable and dangerous foe to enemy ships that come within the 500-yard range of its deadly ballistae. A battery of 3 medium-sized ballistae lines each of the two forward walls of Level 2, each supported by one of the fort's large-size ballistae. At the top of the keep are the remaining 2 medium-sized ballistae and another large-sized ballista.

- **Level 1** is a large, rectangular room in which the garrison eats and sleeps. Most are royal artillerymen (22), but a squad of royal marines (12) occupies one corner. The thick, wooden gates to the fort are here, between the fort and a 100' cliff. There is a modest stable for horses against the cliffside, along which a small dirt road runs to Gaeros.





- **Level 2** includes the officers' quarters (3 officers) and storage.
 - **Level 3** is used exclusively for storage of various missiles and barrels of oil for the royal artillerists. Like the top of the keep, Level 3 also features a davot and pulleys to haul heavy objects from lower levels. All levels are connected by ladders.
 - **Barad Gaeros**, the ruins of an ancient watch-tower, stand atop the cliff behind the fort. The fort keeps 2 men up there day and night to monitor ships on the estuary and to watch for large groups approaching from the north or south along the Coast Road. A system of trumpet-calls informs the fort of any visitors—friendly, unfriendly or of unknown demeanor.
- The garrison is presently commanded by Captain Magorion, a native of Pelargir.

The Port Tavern

The Port Tavern is a brightly-painted two-story inn at the intersection of the Rathon Falas and the road down to the harbor. Its lower story is of good stone, which survived the raid, and features a small store, kitchen and a lively public room offering delicious meals. Between the store and the kitchen, steps lead down to a storage cellar. Stairs in the public room lead up to the inn's upper story, with four small private rooms and a large communal room. With the exception of a few imported items in the store, prices at the Port Tavern are most reasonable.

Other structures nearby include the stables (with a smithy hearth and the inn's latrines at opposite ends) and the large house of Othwellon and his family.

Othwellon is a retired sergeant-major of the royal marines. Therefore, he is a close friend of some of those stationed at the Harbor Fort and his establishment is a popular hangout for off-duty marines. Although he doesn't mention it, this large, jovial man who walks with a limp has a drop of Dúnadan blood in his family.

Milis, his Dunning wife, inherited the property from her older brother when he failed to return from an expedition to the Erinath. She remembers many Dunning songs and proverbs in the old tongue, but understands little of the language.

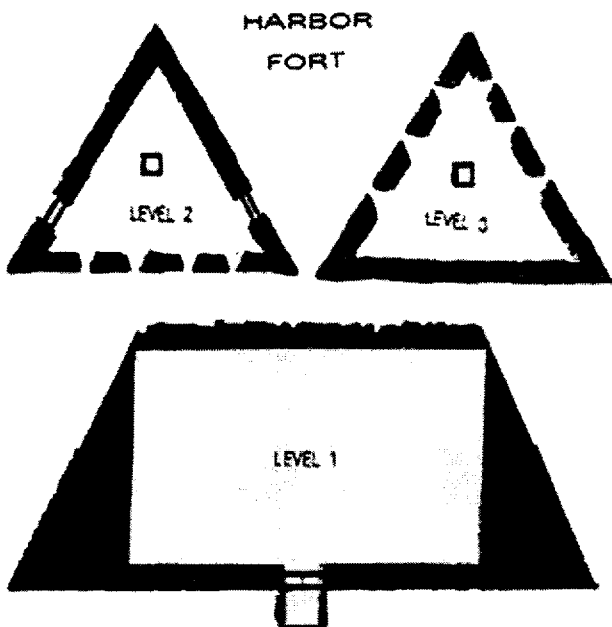
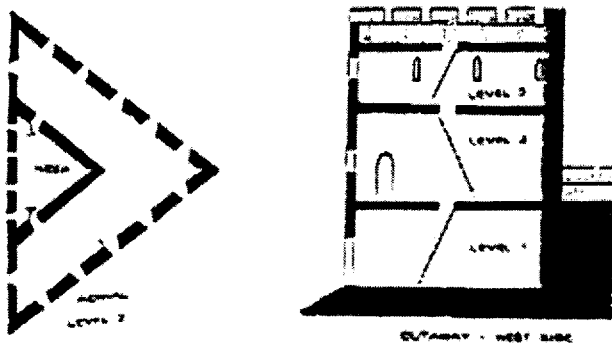
Othwellon and Milis' Children

- **Awil (20)**—He hunts, fishes and supervises the family gardens.
- **Finne (19)**—She supervises the serving of tables and cleaning of rooms.
- **Averan (17)**—A good blacksmith, he runs the stables.
- **Fiaga (15)**—He normally assists his brother Awil.
- **Sona (14)**—She helps cook, serves tables and cleans rooms.
- **Senta (14)**—Sona's identical twin; serves tables and cleans.
- **Min (12)**—She helps Averan with the livestock.
- **Fecha (10)**—She has responsibility for her younger siblings.
- **Malrac (7)**—He is mischievous and always under foot.
- **Ûli (6)**—She is Malrac's co-conspirator and shadow.

Guests at the Inn

In the Communal Room

- **Midòg**—a thin, rat-faced man from upriver; quiet.



- **Ascal**—Midòg's large, stupid male companion.

In Private Rooms

- **Maval**—a quiet, secretive woman, often asks questions about the area and its history when the public room is full. She seems to have plenty of gold and silver.
- **Ablor the Juggler**—arrived on the same ship as Maval, from Fanuilond, although they apparently do not know one another. He frequents the public room too, but hardly speaks to anyone. He pays for his stay by entertaining nightly, with his juggling, harp and songs.

Frequent Visitors

- **Off-duty soldiers**—Several off-duty royal artilleryists and royal marines are always in the common room during the day, and occasionally stay overnight in the communal room. They are a bit competitive with each other, and when in their cups, fistfights can occur.
- **Sholtor**—an old fisherman who visits the inn when he goes on a drinking binge.
- **Sgihir**—Sholtor's daughter, who will come looking for him when he is late returning to their small house northwest of Gaeros along the Coast Road.

THE TOWN OF LÓRILAD

Not a single building in this town escaped a devastating fire set by the Corsairs a few years ago, after looting the village and taking prisoners for ransom. Only the stone bridge over the River Alac stands, blackened but unharmed. All that are left of the village docks are blackened stumps in the water.

THE ERINATH

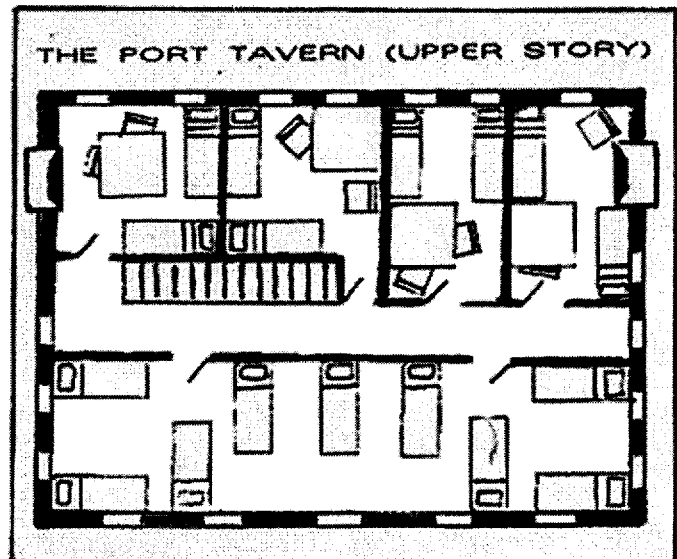
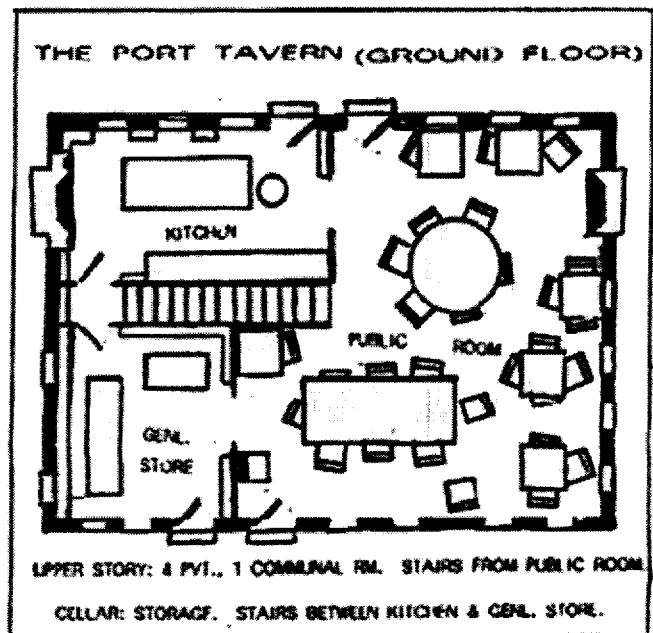
A few miles north of Gaeros on the river Lanthiriath is a fair-sized forest called the Erinath. Dunnish folk-tales identify this with a legendary forest of long ago called Cil-Iscoed or Shadow Wood. When Gaeros was more populous, hardly a man of Dunnish descent could be found who would enter the Erinath, even in broad daylight. There were stories told by the fireside of persons who dared the shadows of that evil forest and were never seen again.

THE CLIFF CAVES

Along the miles of high cliffs bordering the Gilrain estuary are many caves of widely varying sizes. Some near the water-line are sea-caves, eroded by ages of crashing waves; others appear to be ancient volcanic fissures, often smaller than a man's hand. Some of these conduct underground water to the estuary; others are dry. But the most famous of these caves are the two just north of Gaeros which form the eyes of the great stone face: the Eyes of Oclanoc. In fact, the entire cliff-face is known to mariners as Dol Oclanoc.

No tales have survived the long years to tell the origin of this strange visage. Whether it was wrought by the hands of ancient Men and weathered by the centuries, or created by some mysterious coincidence of nature, no living man knows.

The mouth of the face appears to be the opening of a huge cavern, but in reality is only a few yards deep and guarded by treacherous currents. The eyes are true cave entrances, about 4' high, through which two small rivulets flow continuously, giving the face the appearance of weeping. There is a small landing, visible only at low tide, just to the left of the gaping mouth. From it, a steep and hazardous path winds slowly upward, back and forth across the cliffs to the very top of the head, several hundred feet above the river.



reputation among mariners. "Steer by the Eyes of Oclanoc to reach the Sea," states a Dunnish proverb, "but steer it widely by!" The more superstitious Dunmen even today warn that the face of Oclanoc actually possesses great hands below the surface which can grab and pull under even the largest ship foolish enough to come too close.

ADVENTURE GUIDELINES

Selecting an Adventure

The three suggested adventures in this module have been arranged from the least to the most difficult, but a group of PCs may choose to explore the area on their own, making their own choices and encountering what may be encountered.

Choosing a Time Period

The time period of this module is ca. TA 1650, but of course GMs may select a time earlier or later, according to their

Other Hands

personal preferences.

Gaeros has been the site of a fishing village almost as long as Dunmen have lived in the area. Early times would reveal Gaeros and Lórilad as a cluster of wattle-and-thatch huts above small bays busy with the rowboats of fishermen and their nets. Before the Corsair raids (1448 ff), both towns were bustling villages of sturdy wooden homes. Downhill, near the long piers and stone quays, rows of warehouses held items of river trade between Fanuilond and Linhir.

After 1650 and into the Fourth Age, Gaeros again became a thriving town, with a larger population than before, more warehouses and two more stone quays. The Coast Road once again became a busy thoroughfare for wagons and horsemen, and was again patrolled by units of the Royal Cavalry. A second, nearly identical Harbor Fort was built on the northern side of the bay. Lórilad, however, was never rebuilt, and its ruins were gradually assimilated into the landscape until few could tell there had ever been a town there.

Suggestions for Running Adventures

GMs should become familiar with the land, the structures and the people (NPCs) of each area in this module. The descriptions of NPCs in the body of this module and the Master NPC Chart, toward the end, will be helpful. The Master Beast Chart will give the GM an idea of the likelihood of specific encounters in specific areas.

Encounters

Players may encounter NPCs and others who have landed at one of the docking areas along the Gilrain river, or anywhere along the Coast Road, north or south of Gaeros. Off the road, encounters with animals are more likely than people.

A DANGEROUS FELON

An Adventure along the Coast Road

It is common knowledge that royal artillerymen as a whole feel somewhat superior to the general combat troops and sailors. They often take the "art" in "artillery" rather literally, considering themselves "artists of accuracy" and military intellectuals. This, of course, does not sit well with the royal marines, who are often assigned to carry bolts and other missiles for the fort's ballistae and catapults, and to move the heavy artillery about the battlements during real or practice engagements. More than a few marines, trained experts in ship-to-ship combat, feel somewhat put upon by such menial tasks.

It's not surprising, therefore, that thoughtless remarks between these two groups have often led to arguments and occasional fist-fights at the Port Tavern in the past. Such contests are usually stopped before any serious damage results, by Othwellon and more sober soldiers. About six months ago, however, one such incident resulted in a murder. This act of unprecedented violence was so shocking that it's still a matter of discussion, particularly at the inn's public room.

An artilleryman who had had a bit too much *meathran* made the careless remark that marines, in general, were "all brawn and no brains." One of a group of marines at the next table loudly observed that "In a real fight, an artilleryman's about as good as a milkmaid, and only half as pretty!" The shouting match erupted into a brawl so quickly that no one was able to prevent the tragedy that followed.

A burly, red-headed marine sergeant named Anscian drew his broadsword and, before his comrades could stop him, slew the drunken and unarmed artilleryman. While everyone stood in

momentary shock, Anscian bolted for the door and disappeared northward along the Coast Road.

By the time word got back to the fort and a patrol could be sent after him, he was nowhere to be found. Later, Anscian was court-martialed *in absentia*, stripped of rank and sentenced to twenty years imprisonment at Pelargir. A reward was offered for information leading to his capture, but remains unclaimed.

After eluding his pursuers, Anscian fell in with four unsavory characters in the hills above Lórilad. With his great physical strength and combat abilities, Anscian quickly became their leader. Operating out of a burned-out house in Lórilad and a cabin in the hills above the Coast Road, Anscian and his band prey upon travelers passing along the way. On the tenet that "dead men tell no tales," they systematically rob and murder their victims, dragging the bodies off into the hills for carrion.

Since most of their victims have been refugee families (ironically, fleeing from Corsair raids along the shores) or traveling tradesmen, their disappearances have gone unnoticed. Two days ago, however, a victim actually survived long enough to stagger into Gaeros to tell of "a great red-headed brute in uniform" whose men robbed his family of everything of value, then murdered them. The unfortunate man awoke to find himself lying in a gully among the bodies of his family. Though mortally wounded himself, he managed to find his way back to the road and into Gaeros, where he died before telling more.

The Harbor Fort, not unusual for these troubled times, has been placed on alert, and Captain Magorion can spare only one man to recruit civilian volunteers to capture or destroy the robber band. The soldier's name is Duberd, a sergeant in the royal marines who knows Anscian well. Captain Magorion is offering 5 gp per volunteer, an equal percentage of all unclaimed valuables the highwaymen might have, and an equal share in the reward money. This latter has been increased to 100 gp for Anscian, dead or alive, and 50 gp for each member of his gang.



THE NPCs

Anscian

At 24, this large, muscular warrior is a truly formidable foe. He is an expert at close combat, wielding broadsword, dagger, spear and short-bow. Quick to anger and fearful of imprisonment, Anscian will fight to the death if he cannot escape capture.

Unknown to any but themselves, Anscian and Duberd have known each other since they were orphans in the streets of Pelargir, forced to steal in order to survive in that large city, living in alleys, empty buildings and on unwatched boats in the harbors. Arrested for petty theft when they were 18 and 15 respectively, Anscian and Duberd were given their choice of

Fadsrònac

Back in camp with Anscian, Fadsrònac is the least predictable of the gang. His most recognizable characteristic is his prominent proboscis, however Fadsrònac is a dangerous psychopath. While all the members of the gang have committed murders, only he enjoys tormenting his victims as long as time and his companions permit.

Ablac

Although he is the youngest and smallest of the group, Ablac is easily the most agile. Ablac can move extremely fast; he can climb a tree or wall at a running pace, and is an expert cut-throat.

Layouts

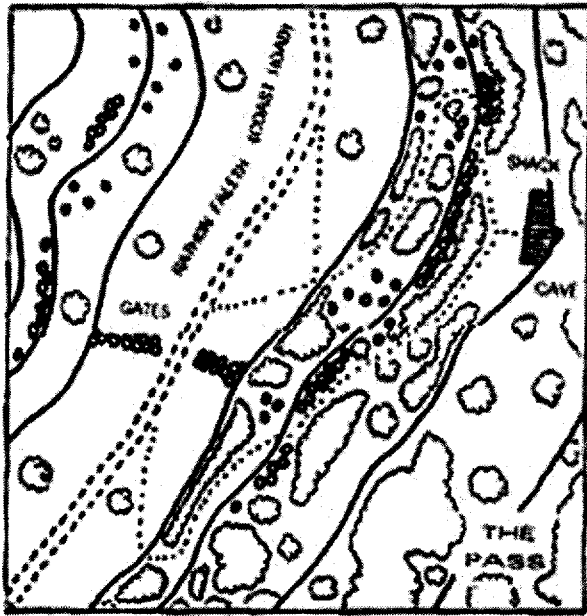
Located about a mile and a half from the ruined town of Lórilad, a fairly new stone wall with double gates has been installed by Anscian and his men at this narrow pass between high hills. They stop travelers and demand toll "for the Crown" to pass the gates, while moving into position to assault their victims.

On one of the nearby hills, the bandits have built a crude shack in which to stay periodically. The back of the shack conceals a small cave (3' x 2' x 8' deep) in which they have stashed a portion of their loot.

Not a single building escaped the Corsairs' fires when this village was looted and burned. The blackened shell of the last house on the road to Gaeros conceals another lair of Anscian's gang. It's the cellar of the house, its entryway hidden by "debris." More of the gang's loot is stashed here in the robbers' five individual, locked sea-chests.

The Task

Duberd will ask for volunteers in the public room of the Port Tavern. In addition to the PCs, three NPCs will volunteer for the expedition. Awil, eldest son of Othwellon and Milis, and thoroughly familiar with the road as least as far as Lórilad, will volunteer to act as guide. Two other volunteers who will join the expedition are Midòg and Ascal, who are actually part of Anscian's gang.



valiantly in the futile defense of the city against the Corsairs in 1634. After that, both men rose in the ranks, Anscian earning his sergeant's emblem in Pelargir, Duberd at their most recent assignment at the Harbor Fort near Gaeros.

Anscian has never forgiven the fates for the hard life he was born into. He has always been envious of those more fortunate, and has shown it with verbal scorn and occasional violence all his life. His achievement of rank gave him the opportunity to bully others with relative impunity. Needless to say, he was most unpopular with those in his charge.

Duberd

Like his childhood companion, Duberd found a home in the royal marines, but unlike Anscian, he has taken every opportunity to improve himself, not only in combat skills but in his attitude toward life. Duberd's philosophy is "Loyalty, Courage and Leadership," the ideals of the royal marines.

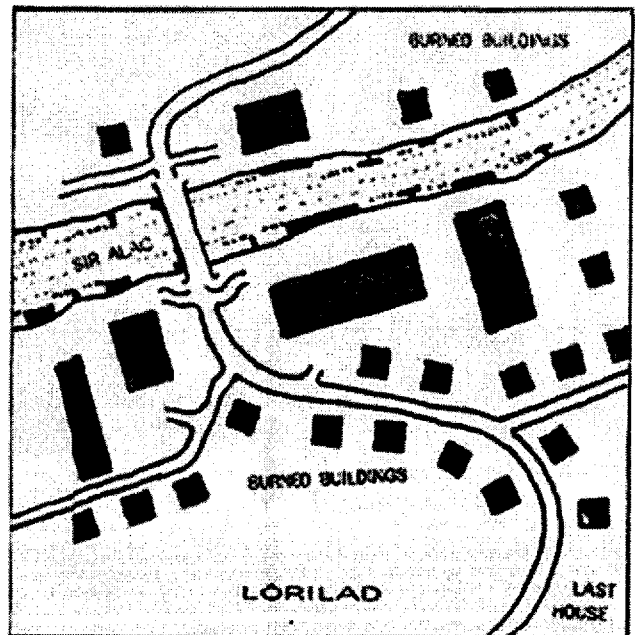
As Duberd improved himself and matured, he found Anscian's contempt for others no longer tolerable. He spent more time with new comrades, and the two former friends grew apart. At 21, Duberd is one of the most popular and efficient non-commissioned officers at the fort, a fact that has not gone unnoticed by Captain Magorion.

Midòg

This 40-year old cut-throat is second-in-command of Anscian's highwaymen. Although he was once the leader of the band, his valid fear of Anscian prevents him from either attempting to take over or informing; he knows only too well what would happen to him. Midòg is presently staying in the communal room of the Port Tavern. Sent with a companion to purchase goods for the gang, he has stayed over a few days in hopes of discovering potential victims traveling north along the Coast Road.

Ascal

Accompanying Midòg is this huge but dim-witted thief, primarily used to carry supplies back to the hideout.



Aids

In the search for Anscian and his gang, Duberd will take the volunteers northward from Gaeros along the Coast Road. His plan is to have two volunteers disguised as itinerant tinkers, with huge packs of pots and pans concealing their weapons. (There's an 80% chance Duberd will choose Awil for this role.) They are to keep a few hundred yards ahead of the others to lure the robbers into the open, and to drop their packs noisily if attacked. Othwellon will provide three good horses and the pack of pans at no charge, but expects everything back if all goes well.

Obstacles

The terrain favors the robber-band, affording ample cover on both sides of the road, and a fair view of the road from their hillside hideout. There's a 50% chance that Anscian and his gang are either in their shack at the pass or in their cellar at

Lórilad. In either case, there's an 80% chance one of the gang will be on lookout duty nearby.

Midøg and Ascal will, of course, join in on the side of Anscian in a fight. They may also attempt to warn their comrades with coughing, sneezing, etc., or they may try to sneak away from Duberd's group at the first opportunity.

Rewards

Each volunteer who survives will be paid 5 gp, regardless of the success or failure of the mission, and an equal share of the reward money offered by Captain Magorion (100 gp for Anscian, 50 gp for each member of his gang). If the volunteers care to wait 30 days or to return at that time, an equal share of all unclaimed loot will also be theirs.

ENCOUNTERS

Number	Type	Coast Road	Coastal Hills	Lórilad
1	Natural Hazard ¹	—	01-05	01-05
Animal				
1-2	Badgers	—	06-12	—
1-2	Bears	—	13-19	—
2-40	Bees/Hornets	01-05	20-29	06-13
1	Boar	—	30-37	—
1-10	Dogs (wild)	06-10	38-45	14-18
1-2	Foxes	—	46-51	—
1-10	Goats (wild)	—	52-57	—
1-10	Rabbits	—	58-66	—
1-20	Rats ³	—	—	19-28
1-2	Skunks	11-14	67-75	29-36
1-2	Snakes/Spiders (poisonous)	15-18	76-80	37-41
Refugees/Travelers⁴				
1-2	Adventurers	19-21	81	—
1-2	Entertainers	22-24	—	42-46
1-10	Farmers	25-29	82	47-51
1-10	Fisher-folk	30-34	83	52-56
1	Madman/woman ⁵	35-37	84-85	67-63
1-2	Merchants	38-42	—	64-68
1-10	Military ⁶	43-44	—	—
1-6	Outcasts ⁷	45-47	86-87	69-75
1-2	Physicians/Healers	48-50	—	76-80
1-10	Religious zealots ⁸	51-55	88-89	81-85
1-10	Corsairs	—	—	86-92
—	Loud Roaring Sound ⁹	56-00	90-00	93-00

1. Crumbling cliff-edges, weak timbers, hidden walls, etc.
2. 50% of lone animals are rabid and will attack. Bite transmits rabies!
3. 10% of rats and their fleas carry disease, including the Plague.
4. Refugees carrying everything they own, merchants with goods for sale.
5. Delusions, hallucinations, paranoia. 25% chance they are homicidal.
6. 1-4 = a patrol; 6-10 = replacements for the Harbor Fort.
7. People carrying the Plague, very infectious. 50% show signs of it.
8. Devotees of "the Dark Fire of Númenor." "He'll rid the land of Corsairs! Pray to him!"
9. Sound appears to come from a fog-bank out in the estuary. Source unknown.

A BOY CRIES WOLF

An Adventure in the Erinath

There's a folk-rhyme in the ancient tongue of the Dunmen which few among the living can recite and fewer still understand:

*En Cil-Iscod cònadar,
Ag gleadar do gelac-bàn,
Ag fanaðar dom sè, do àr!*

However, there exists a riddle in Fanuilond in the Common Tongue which, though no one remembers, was based upon the older rhyme:

*In the Shadow Wood they stay;
At the pale moon do they bay,
And they wait for you, to slay!*

Milis, the wife of Othwellon of the Port Tavern, can recite the ancient rhyme word for word in the old tongue, and though she understands little of it, she knows it refers to the Erinath and its evil reputation. But it means more to her than just a fireside tale.

Milis was 13 when her parents died, and ownership of the Port Tavern passed to her only brother, Mala. At 22, Mala cut a dashing figure; he was young, handsome and a property-owner, and therefore the object of many a mother's matchmaking and many a daughter's dream. It was only two years later that Mala disappeared and Milis inherited the popular inn.

Mala and some friends had been rebuilding and enlarging the inn's stables and ran short of good timber. Someone suggested, jokingly, that there must be good oak in the Erinath. One comment led to another until the men were daring each other to go that very morning, each man masking his private fears with laughter and bravado.

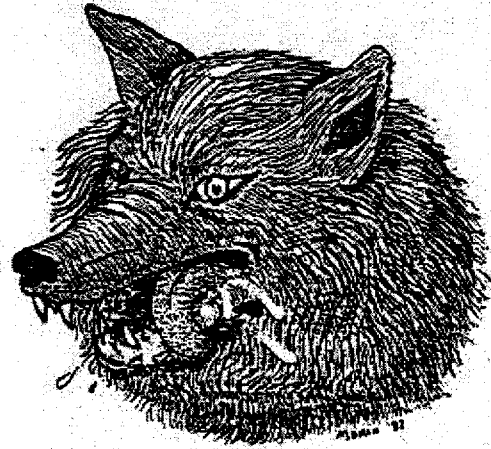
Off they went, five strapping men, a pair of draft-horses and a wagon carrying axes, saws, wedges and mauls. Somewhere near the center of the forest they found a stand of tall oaks, and soon the strokes of their axes echoed back to them from the wooded hills.

Suddenly they were attacked by a large pack of wolves. The men fought a desperate battle, but were far outnumbered, and one by one they were brought down by the ferocity of the wolf-pack. Forced to the ground by a great beast and bleeding severely, the last thing Mala remembered before passing into oblivion were massive, fanged jaws slaving with anticipation.

Mala, who had had his choice of the prettiest maidens of several towns along the river and had rejected them all, awoke to look upon the face of the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. He was so moved by her beauty as she knelt beside him, that he fell instantly and passionately in love for the first time in his life.

He learned that the woman's name was Falchù as she helped him along a forest path to a small cabin deep in the woods. For several days he fell in and out of consciousness as she tended his wounds. At last the fever broke and his wounds healed through Falchù's patient and tender care.

As his strength returned, Mala determined to marry Falchù, but she repeatedly refused his proposals. Rather than making her happy, Mala was puzzled to find that his declarations of love only seemed to sadden the reclusive Falchù. She begged him to leave for days after he was well, offering to take him safely back to the road to Gaeros, but Mala found he could



never leave this mysterious and beautiful woman who has saved his life.

At last Falchù agreed to be his wife, but conditionally: that he would remain with her in the forest, never to see friends or family again. Mala readily agreed to this strange demand and others. She would remain with him throughout the day, but she would be free to leave him from sunset to sunrise; and during the hours of darkness he must never leave the cabin.

The NPCs

Falchù

This strange lady of the Erinath is a skin-changer, a werewolf in fact, as are her four older children by Mala. The youngest faces the same destiny as she matures.

During the day Falchù appears to be an ideal wife and mother, except that she seems devoid of humor; there is ever an air of sadness about her, as though she bears the weight of a dark and secret burden. Her children have none of her gloom, however, for they have accepted the duality of their lives as both civilized humans and wild wolves.

At night, Falchù is the dominant female of the large wolf-pack of the Erinath, utterly ferocious and devoid of human emotions, as are her older children. They are indistinguishable from the natural wolves that are utterly devoted to Falchù as their leader (even when she is in human form). During the day, a female wolf, Falchù's "lieutenant," leads the pack in hunting.



Mala

Although he has ambivalent feelings about the strange offspring he has sired, he so loves Falchù that he will defend her to the death, even when she is in wolf form. Mala will make every effort to send visitors away, short of telling them the truth about his wife and children.

Layouts

This deciduous forest is about three miles long and a mile wide. Within its boundaries are many heavily wooded hills and a few brooks.

- A. This well-used path into the forest begins near the ford of the river Lanthiriath, above its several falls.
- B. This forest stream joins the Lanthiriath just below the waterfalls.
- C. This well-kept, fairly large cabin belongs to Mala, Falchù and family.
- D. Deep in the forest and honeycombed with dens, this is the Hill of the Wolves. A small rivulet runs down from a spring on this hill. A small pond lies nearby.

NOTE: *The original bridge over the steep gorge of the Lanthiriath river (not depicted) was of wood, skillfully engineered to support heavy wagons. This bridge, however, was destroyed by fire more than 10 years ago. Lacking the technical know-how to rebuild it, the inhabitants of Gaeros constructed a suspension bridge for foot travelers and re-routed the wagon road to a ford (also not depicted) about 3 miles upstream. At the ford, the Lanthiriath is wide and shallow, but just downstream, the river drops several hundred feet in a spectacular series of waterfalls. The suspension bridge crosses just above the first of these cataracts.*

The Task

Othwellon, with his sons Averan and Fiaga, has been making repairs on the long suspension bridge of the Lanthiriath Gorge, north of Gaeros. Back at the inn for lunch, he asks guests in the public room for assistance. He offers "ten coppers and a free lunch per day."

Suddenly, his 10-year-old daughter, Fecha, runs in the front door of the inn, crying. She tells her father that her younger brother and sister, Malrac and Ùli, are missing. Her story is this: Malrac insisted that they walk up to the bridge to watch their father and older brothers working. She did not know that they had already returned for supplies and lunch. After much badgering, Fecha grudgingly consented and the three children started up the road toward the bridge.

Just as they were approaching the bridge, a voice called to them from the overgrown fields north of the road. Turning, the children were surprised to see a young girl of 9 or 10 years, smiling and motioning for them to come to her.

Fecha was puzzled, for the only children she knew within five miles of Gaeros

were her own brothers and sisters. Before she could stop them, Malrac and tiny Ùli were running through the tall grass toward the strange girl. By the time Fecha reacted and ran after them, she had lost them in the dense underbrush and grass. They seemed to be teasing her—now and then as she desperately chased them, she could hear their taunting laughter, ahead or on either side of her.

At last poor Fecha found herself at the very edge of the dreaded Erinath, and the only sounds she heard were the calls of birds and the buzzing of insects. She felt suddenly quite alone and afraid, torn between the guilt of losing her charges and a great fear of the unknown. Should she continue into the evil forest to search for Malrac and Ùli, or run for help, perhaps just to save herself? In the end it was mortal fear, rather than calm reason, which compelled her to run in blind fear back through the fields to the safety of the road. Discovering that her father and brothers were no longer at the bridge, Fecha ran back to Gaeros with her tale of woe.

Othwellon now hurriedly asks for help in finding the missing children, and offers 500 gp to whomever finds them and brings them safely back.

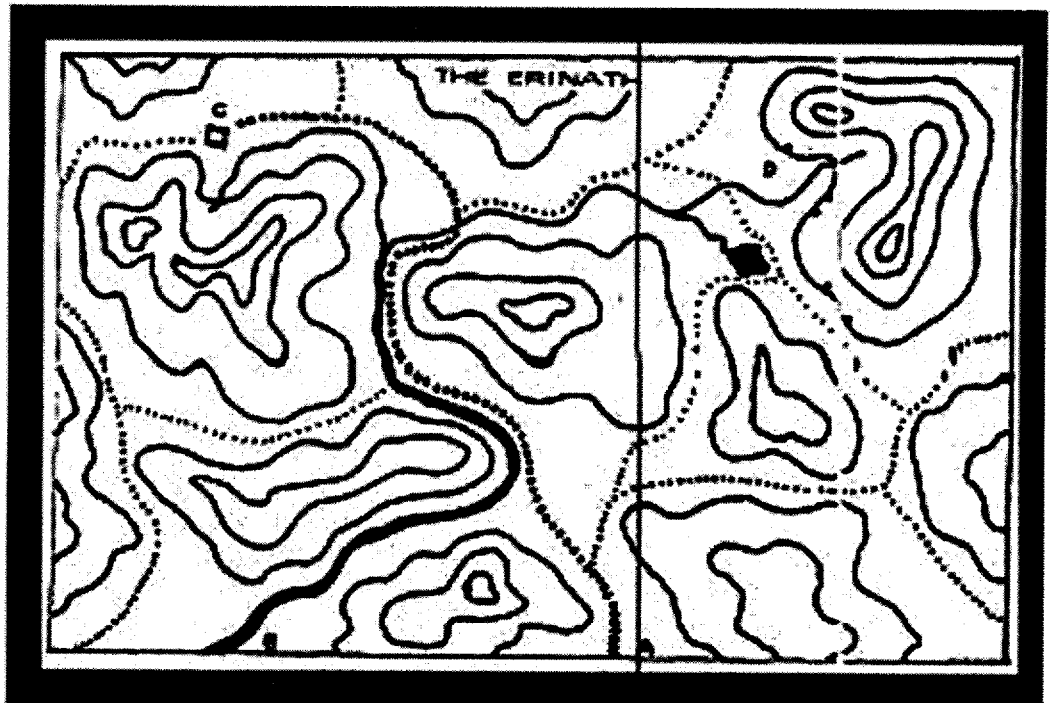
"Before nightfall," adds the tearful Milis, "Please!"

Note: *By this time, there is a 30% chance the children are at the cabin of Mala and Falchù and a 70% chance that they are somewhere (random) in the forest, playing with their new friend and her strange-looking "puppy" (actually a wolf-cub).*

Aids

Fecha with Milis will lead the rescuers to the place from which the children left the road and indicate the direction of their flight. She will then return home with her anxious mother.

Othwellon will recommend splitting the party, with he and his sons attempting to follow the children's trail, the PCs entering the forest by a path near the ford further north. The PCs are expected to rendezvous with Othwellon's group "before nightfall" somewhere near the center of the Erinath. The PCs, of course, are free to choose any path or course of action they wish. The trails into the Erinath are clear and easy to follow, at least in daylight.



Obstacles

Elements of the wolf-pack prowl the forest day and night, and might be encountered virtually anywhere, even within a mile outside the Erinath. Worse, at nightfall the pack will be joined by Falchù and her four older children, who will not permit trespassers to live.

Rewards

Aside from rescuing two small children from certain death or lifelong captivity, there is Othwellon's cash reward of 500 gp. This will be given to the individual who first locates the missing children, providing they are safely returned. This sum will be paid even if only one of the children is returned alive, by Othwellon or, in the event of his death, by Milis. The finder may share all or a portion of the reward with his or her companions. Should the children perish in the rescue attempt, the reward may be less. (Roll 1D100 to determine the percentage of 500 gp which will be paid.)



Encounters

Number	Type	Coast Road	Grasslands	Erinath
1	Natural Hazard ¹	—	01-05	01-05
Animals²				
1-2	Bears	01-02	06-08	06-11
2-40	Bees/Hornets	03-07	09-14	12-17
1	Boar	08-10	15-20	18-22
1-20	Cattle (wild)	11-13	21-26	—
1-2	Deer	14-16	27-32	23-27
1-2	Foxes	17-19	33-38	28-32
1-10	Rabbits	20-22	39-44	33-37
1-2	Skunks	23-25	45-50	38-42
1-2	Snakes/Spiders	26-28	51-56	43-47
1-20	Squirrels	—	—	48-53
1-2	Wildcats	29-31	57-62	54-58
2-40	Wolves ³	32-34	63-67	59-77
Refugees/Travelers				
1-6	Farmers	35-45	—	—
1-10	Fisher-folk	46-56	—	—
1	Madman/woman ⁴	57-62	68-77	78-79
1-2	Merchants	63-73	—	—
1-6	Outcasts ⁵	74-79	78-86	—
1	Physician/Healer	80-85	—	—
1-10	Religious zealots ⁶	86-97	87-94	—
1-5	Falchù & children ⁷	98-00	95-00	80-90
1	Mala	—	—	91-96
2-1	Malrae, Oli & friend ⁸	—	—	96-00

1. Hidden animal traps, bogs, falling trees or limbs, loose rocks, etc.
2. 25% of lone animals are rabid and will attack. Bite transmits rabies!
3. These are actually wolves, not werewolves.
4. Delusions, hallucinations, paranoia. 25% chance they are homicidal.
5. People carrying the Plague, very infectious. 50% show signs of it.
6. Devotees of "the Dark Fire of Númenor." "He'll rid the land of Corsairs! Pray to him!"
7. After sundown they become werewolves, accompanied by 1-10 wolves.
8. The lost children with the young daughter of Falchù and Mala.

THE EYES OF OCLANOC

An Adventure among the Cliff Caves

A folk-rhyme of the Dunmen along the shores of the Gilrain estuary refers to a well-known mariner's landmark north of Gaeros:

*Im d'facil na suls-dal,
Na suls-goil Oclanoc.
Ta n'goil don marvain;
Dom se, don amadain!*

Although few contemporary Dunmen fully understand the ancient rhyme, its literal translation is:

*Watchful are the blind eyes,
The weeping eyes of Oclanoc.
The weeping is for the dead;
For you all, for fools!*

After looting and burning the villages of Gaeros and Lórilad a few years ago, Fanthol of Umbar was to lead his Corsair squadron of three warships back down the Gilrain to join in the siege of the castle of Minas Daldor. Two of his ships joined in the unsuccessful siege, but Fanthol and his flagship with 160 men, 38 captives and a hold full of treasure, did not.

Fanthol's captains later reported that their mission upriver had been completed with little opposition, and that their commander's ship was last seen anchored off the burning town of Lórilad. He was to have sailed for Minas Daldor the following morning. The Corsair fleet, however, was driven away from Minas Daldor by the approach of Gondorian warships out of Linhir and Fanuilond, and sailed south without Fanthol and his flagship.

One of those retreating captains of Umbar was a woman named Rúthiel. She alone noticed Fanthol's fascination with the great stone face on the cliffs at Dol Oclanoc and kept that information to herself. She planned to return someday to look for Fanthol's treasure-laden ship.

On the day of the burning of Gaeros and Lórilad, an old fisherman and his daughter happened to be above the cliffs, gathering the long, tough grass whose fibers are used to make cordage for nets or ropes. Below them, anchored off Dol Oclanoc, they were startled to see a Corsair ship, from which a long boat was being rowed toward a small cove nearby. Twenty-four men stepped from the boat to the beach, and walked along the narrow ledge (revealed only at low tide) toward the mouth of the great weeping face. A short time later, the strangers returned and, seeing the winding trail up the side of the cliff, began the treacherous ascent.

The fisherman and his daughter gathered their things and hid themselves in the thick grass some distance from the edge of the cliff, so that they could continue to see without being seen. When the Corsairs reached the top of the cliff above the great face, they tied off three strong ropes to nearby trees and began rappelling down, leaving no one behind to guard the ropes.

The fisherman and his daughter moved back to the cliff's edge just as they last man disappeared into one of the eyes of the massive face. Moments later, when the Corsairs were too far inside to hear, their warship was suddenly and unexpectedly attacked by something large and ferocious, which came up from below the surface of the water. Before the shocked seamen could respond, their ship and all aboard were pulled into the depths of the estuary.

The aged fisherman cackled with laughter as he and his daughter hauled up the last rope. They added those ropes to their gathered grass and carried them back to their small hut, less than a mile away. Later on, the fisherman was even able to obtain a few gold pieces from some Corsair bodies which washed ashore below the cliffs on which he lived.

The NPCs

Fanthol

An otherwise able officer, this Corsair commander has two great weaknesses, curiosity and greed. It was curiosity that compelled him to investigate the great weeping face of the Gilrain, and greed for what he suspected might lie hidden inside. Although he can be both witty and charming, Fanthol is a cunning and dangerous adversary, accomplishing his goals with a detachment that allows no mercy.

Sholtor

A temporary resident of the Port Tavern in Gaeros, Sholtor is the old fisherman who witnessed the Corsair debacle at Oclanoc. He lives with his now-grown daughter, Sgihir, in a small hut high above a small bay and the great face. Between drinking bouts, Sholtor is shy and reserved; when "in his cups," he is boisterous and loud.



Sgihir

Now 35 and still unmarried, Sgihir's life has been spent caring for her father since her mother was taken by the Corsairs 23 years ago. Though strong and healthy, hard work and worry have aged Sgihir's face beyond her years. It is she who nurses Sholtor back to health, at least until his next drinking spree.

Maval/Rúthiel

Maval, the mysterious lady presently staying in a private room at the Port Tavern who has shown such interest in the local gossip and lore recited there is, in reality, Rúthiel of Umbar, the Corsair captain bent on unlocking (and profiting from) the riddle of Oclanoc. She is attempting to gather information about: 1) the fate of Fanthol and especially his ship, 2) events of the burning of Gaeros and Lórilad and the days after, and 3) everything known about the great weeping face on the cliffs. She is even willing to finance an expedition to the site, although she hardly intends to share any treasure found through such a venture. Like her former commander, Fanthol, she is cunning and dangerous, but unlike him, she is totally lacking in humor.

Ablor the Juggler

Like Maval, this traveling entertainer is staying in a private room at the Port Tavern and is not at all what he seems to be. Ablor is a special agent of the Crown, a counterspy who moves from town to town along the coast of Lebennin seeking out agents of Umbar and free privateers operating within the province.

In Fanuilond, he observed the woman calling herself "Maval" sitting at an inn with two known smugglers. Her costume contrasted sharply with the rough attire and demeanor of her companions, and Ablor's suspicions were aroused. He has followed her to Gaeros to discover her true identity and purpose, and will continue to follow her, even on an expedition to Dol Oclanoc.

Delgalen the Dreadful

The ultimate source of all the tales and rumors of the Eyes of Oclanoc is Delgalen, who came to live deep beneath the cliffs several centuries ago. She is somewhat reclusive, showing herself only when certain that neither victims nor witnesses will live to tell of her. She has preyed upon countless ships of the Gilrain estuary and the Bay of Belfalas, devouring their crews and accumulating a bewildering amount of treasure.

Delgalen is a great sea-drake, an aquatic dragon of high intelligence and cruel wit. Blue-green scales cover her 94' frame. Her massive, 30'-span flippers, combined with her powerful tail, enable her to swim incredibly fast and leap up to 100' out of the water. Although she is somewhat cumbersome and incapable of flight on land, she is nonetheless nearly indestructible. Add a host of powerful magic spells at her command, and her total power is terrible indeed. To openly attack Delgalen in her lair or at sea is sheer folly.

Delgalen's most recent acquisition has been the ship and crew of Fanthol the Corsair, whose own ill-gotten gains are now but an infinitesimal portion of her vast hoard. Finding themselves marooned in the upper caverns of Dol Oclanoc, the Corsairs soon discovered that they weren't alone. Trapped between the sheer cliffs outside and the large, larcenous lady in the lower caverns, the Umbareans would long ago have perished from hunger had not Delgalen welcomed their intrusion as a rare opportunity for a bit of "sport."

Having accumulated literally hundreds of barrels of such fare as salt-fish, dried beef and hard-tack, all of which she considers unappetizing, Delgalen made a cruel arrangement with Fanthol and his men: a month's rations in exchange for a living man. Thus the Corsairs were forced each month to choose a victim from among them so the rest could live a little longer.

At first both the selection and the task was easy, with 23 desperate men taking the weakest, least popular seaman, stripping him of all possessions, and bodily tossing him out into

the lower passages accessible to Delgalen. Later, as their numbers decreased, the fighting among the doomed men became truly vicious, until after two years of captivity, only Fanthol himself remained. He has kept himself alive these last months by amusing Delgalen with tales, riddles and flattery.

Layouts

- The exterior of the cliff is such that reaching the eyes by climbing is extremely difficult if not impossible. Aside from a few small cracks in the rock face, the surfaces above, below and to either side of the eyes are worn smooth by centuries of weathering and made slippery by moist lichens and mosses.
- The "eyes," affording entrances to the maze of passages within Level 3, all inaccessible to Delgalen.
 - The small rivulet which flows above Level 3 and out through the "eyes."
 - Descending passage between Levels 3 and 2.
 - Cavern of the Whirlpool. Water flows toward this cave and exits down through its center in a dangerous whirlpool.
 - The water-filled passage through which the whirlpool drains, eventually falling 50' from the ceiling of a lower cave.
 - Lake-filled cavern fed by water issuing from several cracks in the cave's walls.
 - Large passage between Levels 2 and 1.
 - Large inner cavern heaped with Delgalen's treasure-hoard and not infrequently with Delgalen herself. At the extreme rear of this cavern are 6 large eggs on a nest of treasure.
 - Extremely large cavern, half-filled with water. This is the upper end of Delgalen's link to the Gilrain estuary.
 - The underwater entrance to Dol Oclanoc, about 30' below the surface of the river.

The Task

It's evening in the public room of the Port Tavern, and the aged, inebriated fisherman, Sholtor, is sitting with a number of off-duty soldiers from the Harbor Fort. They've been buying him drinks in exchange for what they deem to be just another of his tall stories. Near the fireplace, Ablor the Juggler is singing a ballad about a great sea battle of yore. In a corner of the room sits the woman, Maval, apparently lost in thought.

From the soldiers' table a roar of laughter explodes, followed by the angry protests of old Sholtor, who now stands leaning unsteadily on the edge of the table.

"I tell ye, I did destroy 25 Corsairs during the raids!"

"All by yourself, too, I bet! Old man, do you take us for fools?"

"Foolish? Indeed ye be such! I ne'er said I wash alone. Me beautiful daughter Sgihir wash there too!"

"Your daughter, eh? Maybe 'twas her face what done in all them Corsairs!" This, followed by another roar of laughter.

"Ye'll all be shorry, ye will! T'wash Oclanoc hiself what done fer the ship. Reached up wi' shtoney handsh an' pulled 'er down, he did, and' me and Sgihir, we done for them what come to land! By Oclanoc and the Dark Fire, I shwear 'tis true!"

During this loud exchange, the singer lowers his voice and the woman, Maval, now leans eagerly forward.

But old Sholtor's dignity is offended, and even the offer of another pitcher of *meathbran* can't keep him at the table with the scoffing soldiers. He strides away from them with his nose in the air and bumps heavily into Maval's table, spilling a bottle of expensive wine and her glass. As he begins to apologize, instead of berating him, she pulls him down into one of the chairs at her table and begins speaking softly and earnestly with him.

Presently, the old man's daughter arrives to take him home. She too accepts a seat at Maval's table and joins in the inaudible conversation. After Maval has apparently quizzed the



Delgalen by Maval

Other Hands

pair for nearly half an hour, she seeks out the innkeeper for a brief exchange, then goes upstairs.

When she returns, she is carrying what appears to be all her belongings in a rucksack. She and Sgihir help the unsteady Sholtor to his feet as two of the innkeeper's older children follow the trio out the back door with the luggage.

The singer, Ablor, finishes his ballad and quietly slips out of the room by the same exit taken by Maval and company. When he returns a few minutes later, Ablor looks carefully around the room, examining the face of each guest. He comes over to the tables occupied by the PCs and orders a round of drinks for all. He patiently inquires about the name and loyalties to the Crown of each member of the party. If he is satisfied, he will address the group.

"I have learned of the possible existence of a wrecked treasure-ship on the coast not far from here. There may very well be Corsairs nearby. I know not how many, but the treasure may be well worth the risk. You seem capable of doing in a few of our King's enemies, so I ask for your aid. Whatever we recover, we share equally with the Crown, if that's satisfactory."

If the PCs agree to his offer, he will insist that they move out within the hour. He asks that they gather their equipment and meet him in front of the inn.

By the time the PCs are ready to start, Maval and the fisher-folk will be about four miles ahead of them on the long, winding road that rises from the vale of Gaeros up to the northern cliffs. However, they are moving at a leisurely pace and their lantern-light can be seen whenever the pursuers reach the top of any of the many hills along the way. If they come close enough, within half a mile, they will hear old Sholtor singing sea chanteys at the top of his lungs. There is a full moon in the sky, so it will be easy to comply with Ablor's insistence that they use no torches or lanterns.

Aids

Fanthol the Corsair knows the caverns of Dol Oclanoc very well, having been marooned there for more than two years. If encountered, he will offer to lead the PCs to the treasure in exchange for helping him to leave, but he has no intentions of sharing. He will either lose them in the upper caves or wait until the PCs are near the treasure and then shout to Delgalen "Intruders! Awake!" He will then take all the treasure he has been able to accumulate from his hiding place and exit Dol Oclanoc via the party's ropes. Although he can be most friendly, even charming, in no case can he be trusted.

Maval (more properly, Rúthiel the Corsair) is equally devious and cunning, but lacks Fanthol's charm. Her object will be to accumulate wealth for herself, using others, even Fanthol, her former leader, until they are no longer necessary, at which time she will dispatch them in the most expedient manner.

Sholtor and Sgihir, while independent and somewhat distrustful of "the gov'mint," are nonetheless good folk. If they knew Maval was a Corsair, they would hardly help her for any amount of gold; they would more likely try to maroon her as they did Fanthol and his men.

Obstacles

As powerful as Delgalen is, taking some of her vast treasure is not impossible. Providing, of course, that one is not too greedy and takes too long at the task.

Delgalen leaves her caves at least once a day to scout for prey in the estuary or, sometimes, in the Bay of Belfalas. She may be gone anywhere from 15 minutes to several hours. (Roll 1D100 for total number of 15-minute segments she is absent.) There is a 10% chance she will be gone the first time the PCs visit her lair each day.

Delgalen likes to sleep quite a bit while "at home," although she is highly sensitive to the sounds and scents of intruders, even while sleeping. There is a 60% chance she will be asleep in her lair the first time the PCs encounter her each day.

Delgalen's movement is limited to the first and second level corridors of Dol Oclanoc (and there is even one corridor in Level 1 which is too small for her great bulk) and the water. She cannot reach either Level 3 or the top of the cliffs. Should she become sufficiently enraged, is it possible she might access the cliff top by crawling up from one of the adjacent valleys and along the Coast Road. This type of atypical behavior might be triggered by damage to any of the six large eggs which lie in a nest of treasure behind the greater pile.

Rewards

The rewards possible from raiding the dragon-hoard are virtually limitless; provided, of course, one survives Fanthol, Maval/Rúthiel, the great sea-drake and the dangerous tunnels and caves of Dol Oclanoc. In addition to coins beyond number, there are precious gems and jewelry, ornate weaponry and armor, casks and strongboxes containing potions and scrolls and valuable decorative pieces. If successful, one is limited only by what one can carry out of the great weeping face.

Encounters

Number Level	Type	Coastal Hills	Level 3	Level 2	
1	Natural Hazard ¹	01-11	01-39	01-39	01-39
Animals²					
1-2	Badgers	12-16	—	—	—
1-2	Bears	17-21	—	—	—
2-40	Bees/Hornets	22-27	40-59	—	—
1	Boar	28-32	—	—	—
1-10	Dogs (wild)	33-38	—	—	—
1-2	Foxes	39-43	—	—	—
1-10	Goats (wild)	44-48	—	—	—
1-10	Rabbits	49-54	—	—	—
1-2	Skunks	55-59	—	—	—
1-2	Snakes/Spiders	60-64	60-79	41-59	40-50
NPCs					
1	Madman/woman ³	65-73	—	—	—
1-10	Outcasts ⁴	71-82	—	—	—
1-10	Religious Zealots ⁵	83-93	—	—	—
1-10	Corsairs	94-00	—	—	—
1	Fanthol ⁶	—	80-00	60-79	51-71
1	Delgalen ⁷	—	—	80-00	72-00

1. Crumbling cliff-edges, slippery or falling rocks, etc.
2. 25% of lone animals are rabid and will attack. Bite transmits rabies!
3. Delusions, hallucinations, paranoia. 25% chance they are homicidal.
4. People carrying the Plague, very infectious. 50% show signs of it.
5. Devotees of "the Dark Fire of Númenor." "He'll rid the land of Corsairs! Pray to him!"
6. At the first sight of him by PCs, he'll prefer hiding and observing them for a while.
7. May only be the sounds or smells of her (GM's option for first encounter).

Master NPC Table

Name	Lvl	Hit	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	MovM
Anscian	4	55	RL/10	35	—	—	87bs	—	10
Mixed Man Warrior/Fighter.	+5 broadsword, quick-tempered.								
Midóg	3	28	SL/	10	—	—	75sp	60lb	5
Dunnish Scout/Assassin.	Wily, but past his prime.								
Ascal	2	30	SL/	5	—	—	60cl	50ro	5
Dunnish Warrior/Fighter.	Very large, very strong, very stupid.								
Fadarónac	2	26	SL/	5	—	—	75da	70da	10
Dunnish Scout/Thief.	Intelligent, sadistic, insane.								
Ablac	1	30	—	20	—	—	75da	80da	25
Dunnish Scout/Thief.	Young, extremely fast and agile.								
Duberd	4	62	RL/10	35	Y/5	A/L	87bs	—	10
Mixed Man Warrior/Fighter.	+5 broadsword.								
Awil	2	50	SL/	10	—	—	70bs	45sb	20
Dúnadan/Dunnish Warrior/Fighter.	Eldest son of innkeeper at Gaeros.								
Falchú	3	130	—	15	—	—	60da	75sb	25
Mixed Woman Scout/Thief.	A lycanthropic skin-changer by night. See Master Beast Table for stats as wolf.								
Children	1	30	—	5	—	—	40da	50sb	25
Mixed Man/Woman Warrior/Fighters.	Like their mother, Falchú's four teenagers (excluding her youngest daughter) become ferocious wolves by night.								
Mala	2	50	SL/	10	—	—	75ha	60lb	20
Dunnish Warrior/Fighter.	Husband of Falchú and brother of Milis of Gaeros. Utterly devoted to his wife.								
Othwellon	3	70	RL/10	15	—	—	70bs	40sb	5
Lesser Dúnadan Warrior/Fighter.	Innkeeper, ex-royal marine sergeant; left leg permanently disabled; movement and maneuverability somewhat slowed.								
Averan	2	30	SL/	10	—	—	60bs	85lb	20
Mixed Man Warrior/Fighter.	17-year old son of Othwellon and Milis of Gaeros; very strong arms, in keeping with his blacksmith's vocation.								
Fiaga	1	25	SL/	15	—	—	50bs	50lb	25
Mixed Man Warrior/Fighter.	15-year old brother of Averan.								
Fanthol	11	141	RL/10	40	Y	—	140bs	120cp	10
Mixed Man Warrior/Fighter.	Corsair squadron commander.								
Sholtor	2	15	—	0	—	—	20st	20st	-5
Dunnish (Rural Man) fisherman.	Old and weakened by alcohol.								
Sgihur	3	30	—	20	—	—	60da	50da	20
Dunnish (Rural Woman) Animist/Cleric.	Daughter of Sholtor.								
Maval/Ruthiel	7	86	—	35	—	—	100bs	100da	15
Dúnadan Warrior/Fighter.	Corsair captain.								
Abior	8	91	Ch/	40	—	—	100bs	100da	10
Dúnadan Bard.	Counter-spy for Gondor; poses as traveling entertainer; harp has special chords of enchantment (<i>Charm, Sleep, Calm</i> and <i>Vibration</i>) which affect all living creatures within hearing.								
Delgalen	See Master Beast Table for stats.								

Master Beast Table

Beast	Lvl	Size	Speed	Hits	AT	DB	Attacks
Badger	2	S	FA/VF	45	3	50	40MBi60/40Cl20/Both 20
Bear	5	L	MF/MF	150	8	20	60LGr60/50LCI/50MBi/70MBa40
Bee/Hornet	1	S	F/M	1	1	40	TSi-10/-/-
Boar	3	M	FA/MF	110	4	30	50MHo100/50MBa/40STs
Cattle (wild)	4	L	MF/MF	150	4	10	60MHo50/60LBa50/70Tsf
Delgalen*	25	H	FA/MF	350	16	30	110HB/80HCL/150Hba
Deer	2	M	VF/FA	70	3	40	20MHo90/20MTs10
Dog (wild)	4	M	VF/FA	65	3	40	46MBi100
Fox	2	S	FA/FA	45	3	50	50SBi100
Goat (wild)	2	M	F/MF	50	4	30	40MHo(male)/40MBa/10MTs
Lynx	3	S	VF/VF	60	3	60	30MCI30/20SBi30/Both 40
Rabbit	1	T	VF/FA	10	1	50	0TBi100/10SBa(6)
Rat	1	S	MD/MF	10	1	25	30TBi100/30SBi(6)
Skunk	1	S	MD/FA	30	1	40	30SBi100/20TCL/Spraying"
Snake (poisonous)	1	S	VF/BF	15	1	50	20MSt/Poison/-
Spider (poisonous)	0	T	IN/VF	1	1	10	0TPi(50)/0SS/Poison
Squirrel	0	S	MD/MF	8	1	30	20TBi100/20SBi(6)
Wildcat	3	S	VF/VF	60	3	60	30MCI30/20SBi30/Both 40
Werewolf	7	M	VF/VF	130	4	50	Both-70MBi/60SCI

*Use super-large criticals. Also, 80HHo and (in water or recently) 150 waterbolt (300' range). **Magic (+50 PP):** Essence Perceptions, Essence Ways, Illusions, Spell Defense, Water Law. When traveling upon the surface of the estuary, she is fond of shrouding herself in fog of her own making. **Attack Patterns:** 1) waterbolt (if possible) + 1 claw or 1 bash (tail); 2) horn + 1 claw or 1 bash (tail); 3) bite + 1 claw or 1 bash (tail); 4) 2 claws + 1 bash (tail). Delgalen is not prone to anger, but will protect herself and her eggs by the most expedient means. These eggs resemble water-worn boulders, about 1 yd in diameter. Roughly spherical, each weighs ca. 500 lbs. Their surface, while rock-like in appearance, is leathery to the touch and has double the strength of plate armor. The six eggs are at the back of Delgalen's treasure chamber.

Master Military Table

Name/#	Lvl	Hir	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	Mov M
Commander of Harbor Fort									
Capt. Magorion	13	155	PI/19	45	Y10	(A/L)	155bs	146cp	5
This royal knight was assigned to this small, remote post for political reasons, but has accepted it as any other assignment. Magorion leads with firmness, fairness and dignity. He is highly respected by those under his command. His +5 silver platemail wears as AT 10. Normally he carries a +10 broadsword and a +5 shortsword. In battle he adds a +10 shield. Outside the fort, add a colored lance and a battle-tested warhorse, Elen. He knows 3rd level Animist Spells and wears a Captain's Ring (+1 spell adder).									
Elen	4	155	SL/3	25	-	-	LTr65	-	25
Heavy warhorse, yet very fast. When armored, merely fast and has +10 MovM, but she defends as AT 15 (-5).									
Royal Artillery									
Lieutenants/2	8	85	Ch/10	35	Y/5	A/L	60ss	80hcb	5
Sergeants/3	4	76	Ch/5	25	Y	N	50ss	70hcb	5
Normally carry a +5 shortsword and a +5 dagger. In combat, add shield and crossbow. These men are experts with any form of siege weapon: ballista, catapult, etc. but are not personal combat oriented.									
Artillerists/19	3	40	SL/5	5	N	N	30ss	60lcb	10
Royal Marines									
Sergeants/2	4	76	RL/10	35	Y	(A/L)	87bs	67ha	6
Marines/10	3	52	RL/9	30	Y	N	74bs	44ha	5
Each carries a +5 broadsword, a +5 boarding axe.									

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Dedication: To my daughters, grandchildren and great-grandchild. JBM

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