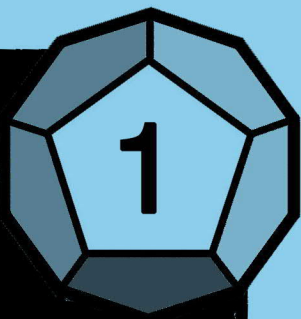


RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

VOL. 2



RANDOM ENCOUNTERS MONTHLY MAP COLLECTION

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Content Creator’s Thanks

Thank you for your Patreon support. This supplement of all maps released in January, now in high resolution, is offered in sincere appreciation of those pledging at the \$3 tier. Thanks, again, and may this bring your gaming experience to a whole new level! As always, have fun and, GAME ON!



I would also like to thank Mythoard RPG Crate (www.mythoard.com) and Dice Fanatics (www.dicefanatics.com) for their partnership and support! Any new and existing patrons will receive one (1) FREE set of acrylic polyhedral dice, courtesy of Dice Fanatics. Are you looking for quality rpg loot delivered right to your door? Then visit Mythoard RPG Crate and feature one of my printed high-loot! Visit one or both of these Random Encounters sent you!

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Monastery of the Shattered Star

Your little craft pitches from side-to-side on the heaving sea. It's night. You seriously question the intelligence behind traveling the ocean in the fall, in the dark, heading toward a structure built into the very cliff face upon which countless ships and crews have been dashed.

Steeling your resolve, you push any doubts from your minds. You know that entertaining such feelings can only lead to disaster when faced with critical decisions. After all, the journey is necessary. You were told the priests hold the key to stopping the wave of Chaos washing over the Southern Kingdoms.

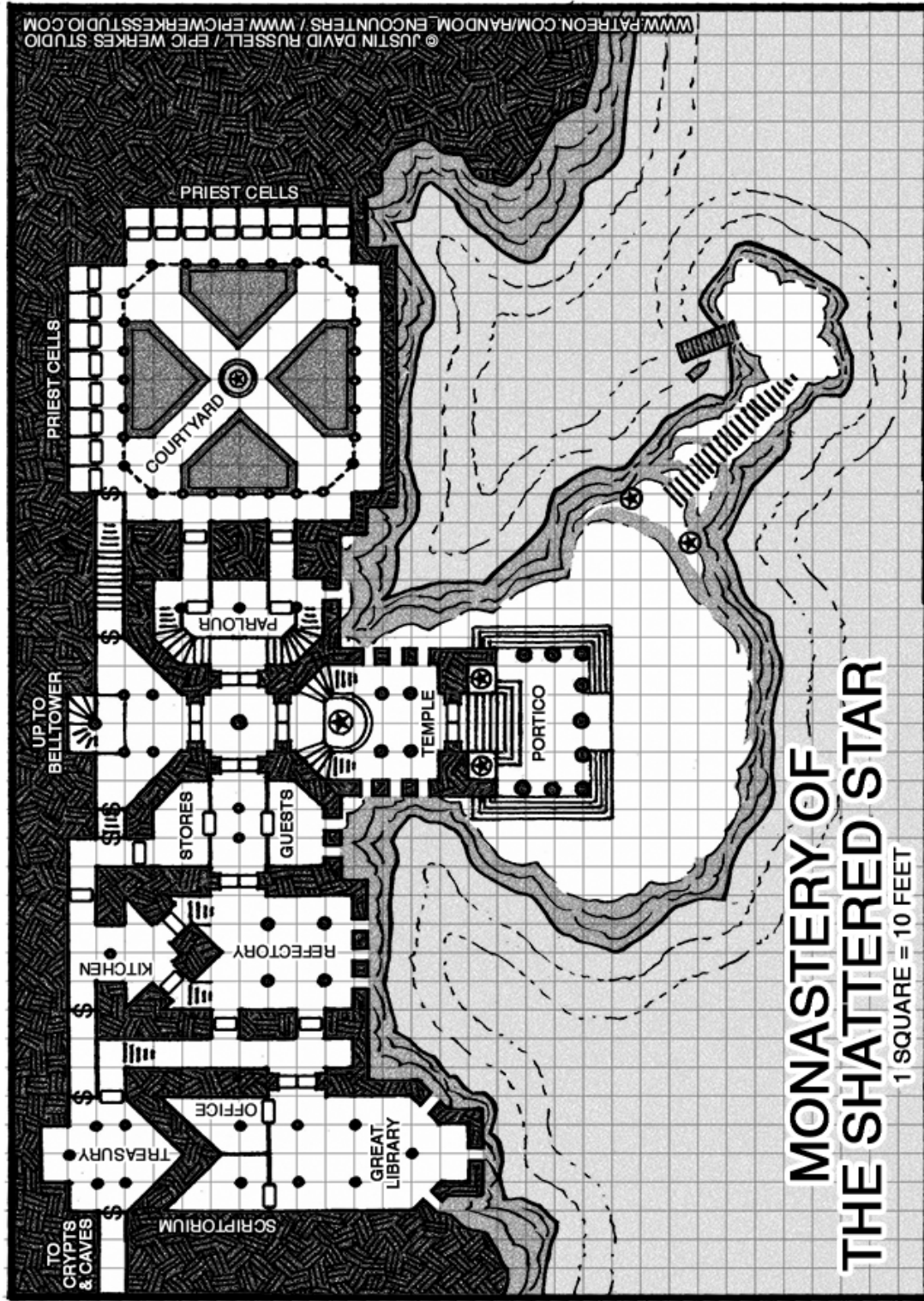
The monks of the monastery maintain a massive library, an ancient, rich treasury, and other secrets you have only heard about in rumour and gossip. Besides all of these things, however, you know the monastery houses the Shattered Star, the shards of which nullify both Law and Chaos.

It is said the star fell during the earliest wars between Law and Chaos. The gods of the Balance knew that the two would destroy the world, if their combat did not cease. The gods of Neutrality called forth a massive comet to smite the earth where the greatest powers of Chaos and Law fought. It destroyed many lives, but it also robbed both sides of any potency. It interfered with the blessings of priests channeling the power of their deities. It nullified protections put in place by Lawful and Chaotic entities. It ended one of the first wars and helped prevent many others.

A priesthood arose to protect the Star. They built their monastery into one of the sides of the comet, itself. They mine the material, sparingly, to make weapons for themselves and their agents operating in the world. They serve as protectors of The Balance. The comet, itself, was large enough to become a series of small, barren islands and jagged, dangerous shoals.

Your lantern blazes in the darkness from its hook on the prow of the boat. It seems to you an insignificant, but comforting, firefly making an erratic flight to its destination. And, finally, you see it, flickering yellow light dancing in the windows of a looming black edifice perched on high cliffs. You know that finding the monastery was dangerous, but landing at the small platform on the narrow arm of rock you were told about may prove even more troublesome.

A voice rings out, but it's torn away quickly by the whipping wind. You turn to see a single figure on a dock struggling to keep a wriggling cloak in place with one hand, while holding a furiously swinging lantern up high with the other. Using the lantern as a beacon, you aim your craft toward it, knowing only luck will keep the serrated stone under the waves from shredding the underside of your boat. Soon, you are close enough that you can throw the rope to the tall man with the lantern. The cloaked figure grasps the thick hemp lifeline with the arm he was using to hold his cloak, and lashes it to one of the moorings on the pier. You hastily disembark, clambouring onto the wooden dock, gratefully...



Temple of the Eaters

Hook: Recently, peasants have been disappearing from several villages in the region. The high priest of the local temple and monastery dedicated to Law has been taking it upon himself to determine the cause of the disappearances. He claims that a local cult operating in the hills might be responsible. A call for aid has been issued for brave mercenaries to travel into the nearby countryside, confront the cult, and put an end to the problem, once and for all.

Details: In reality, the high priest and those under him are servants of Chaos, known as the Eaters of the Dead. They serve Larvok the Defiler, a powerful petty god that delights in acts of cannibalism and necromancy. The priests are keeping a ghoulish creature in the cave beneath their temple. The creature is hungry for human flesh, and the priests are happy to give it what it craves.

No one has been in the Temple of the Eaters besides the priests, those loyal to Larvok, and those the Eaters wish to sacrifice to the ghoul. The compound is private, anyway, being an enclosed structure meant to serve as a place of solitude for priests wishing to meditate on the tenets of Law. This makes it easy to conceal the true nature of the cultists and their deeds. The outside of the temple is decorated with trappings of Lawful gods and goodly deeds and heroes, but the inside is a shrine to the Defiler.

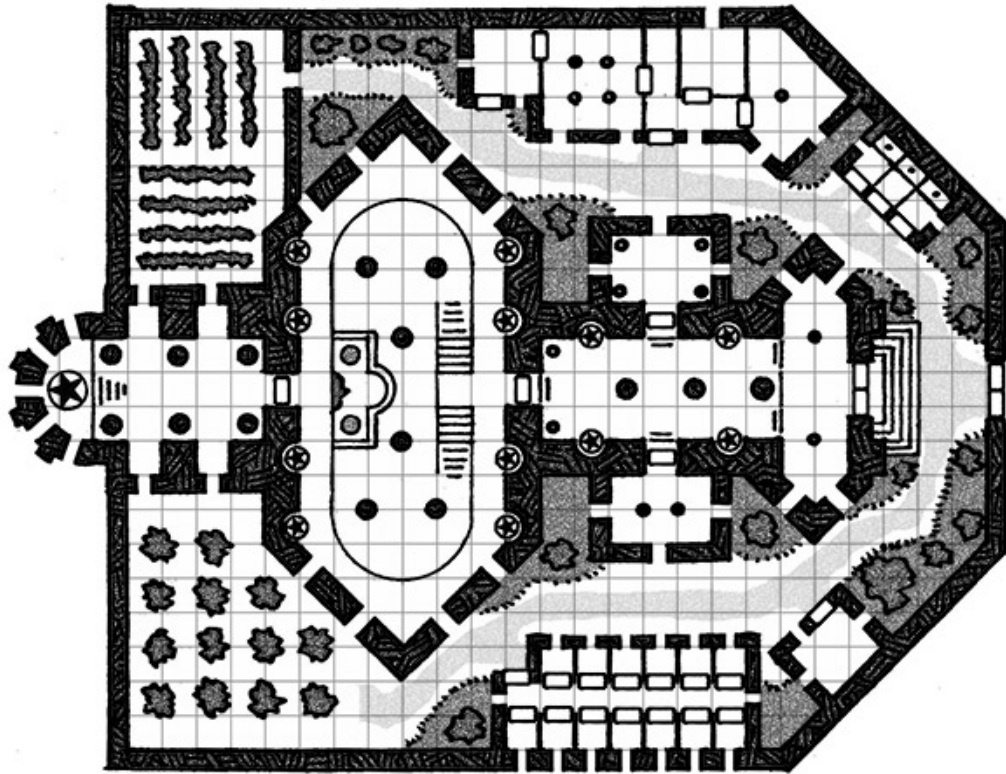
A large open area in the middle of the central chamber once served as an area for worship. It still serves this purpose, but it has been transformed into a horrible mockery of the ideals the temple once represented. Chiefest among these details is the massive, ghoulish face of Larvok. It is set into the centre of the northernmost wall of the open area. Larvok's jagged teeth arch over a portal that leads to a flight of stairs descending into the earth to the crypts. The walls and alcoves are covered, floor to ceiling, in the carefully stacked bones of dead men, women, and children, victims of the ghoul.

In the southern chamber, the large cave, is the powerful creature the high priest has raised from the dead. It is intended to serve as the vessel for Larvok, once an appropriate number of sacrifices have been made in his name.

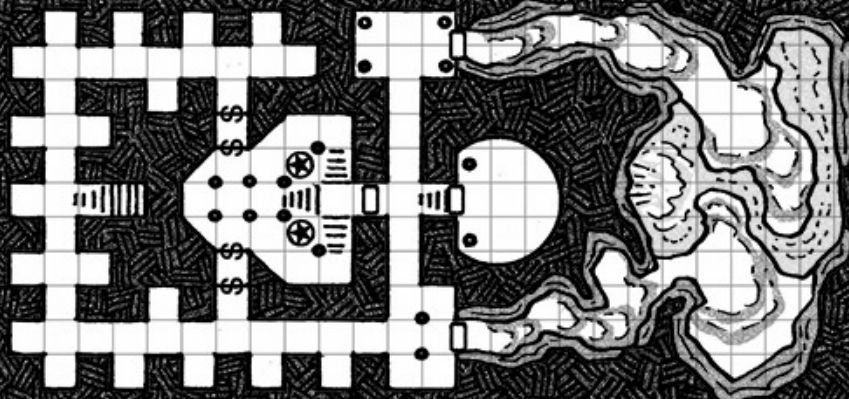
If killed, any of the priests will rise from death to attack again. The tombs in the crypts contain the bodies of servants of Law, formerly priests at the temple. They are skeletons and zombies. They will push off the lids of their sarcophagi and attack intruders.

TEMPLE OF THE EATERS

1 SQUARE = 10 FEET



CRYPTS, & CAVE OF THE EATERS



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Amber Drone

Gnomes are known for their ingenuity; often finding unique (and frequently flamboyant) ways to handle the most common problems. They are expert miners and craftsmen, as well. Unlike the dwarves that prefer to dwell in the dark, under their mountains, locked in their routines, the gnomes prefer the rolling, forested hills where they may work either out in the sun, or beneath the land. Possessed of the dwarves' suspicious and creative nature, they also possess a curiosity and joviality that rivals that of the elves.

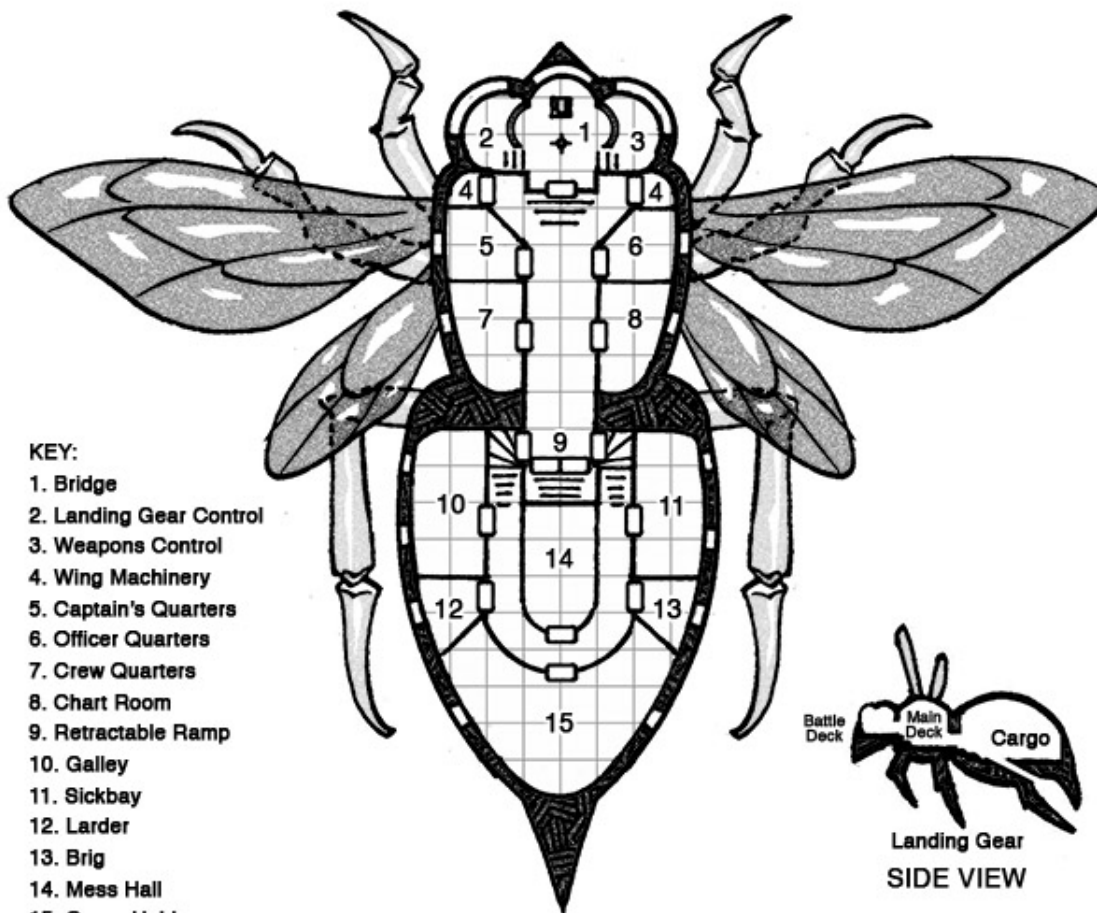
One of the most unique creations to have ever come from the gnomish mind is the Amber Drone. It is a machine powered by magic. Its wings, made from the enchanted, pliable honey of giant honeybees, are translucent, iridescent gold. They shimmer when they flap with blinding speed to lift the large, bronze and iron bee into the air. Machinery in the battle deck controls the legs (landing gear), stinger, and the direction in which the machine travels.

Only two people know all of the secrets of the Amber Drone. One of them is the gnome, Gizmic. He is many centuries in his grave, now. He made the thing as a gift for the twentieth gnomish king, Farbold III, who loved mead and the bees of the hills. Farbold desired to travel through the skies, so he had his best engineer design for him a flying machine. It was used, initially, to carry Farbold to and fro on a variety of diplomatic and personal errands. After Farbold died, the new king did not wish to use the Amber Drone for frivolous, vain, and self-indulgent things. He decided to use it to take miners to the hard-to-reach gem mines in the nearby mountains.

After many years of use as a mining tool, the drone was given to a powerful wizard, Herold of Many Names, as a gift for his aid in a terrible battle that saved the Deep Halls of the gnomes. That wizard used the machine to take him to many places throughout the world. The Drone became known as Herold's Wondrous Machine, and many people spoke of the weird contraption across the length and breadth of the Southern Kingdoms. Eventually, Herold, and the Drone, disappeared. There were rumours that the wizard desired to see the stars, and took the Drone into the heavens to find them...

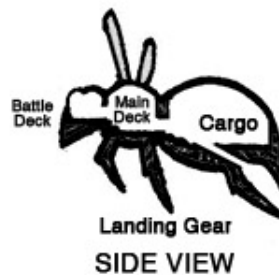
AMBER DRONE

1 SQUARE = 5 FEET



KEY:

- 1. Bridge
- 2. Landing Gear Control
- 3. Weapons Control
- 4. Wing Machinery
- 5. Captain's Quarters
- 6. Officer Quarters
- 7. Crew Quarters
- 8. Chart Room
- 9. Retractable Ramp
- 10. Galley
- 11. Sickbay
- 12. Larder
- 13. Brig
- 14. Mess Hall
- 15. Cargo Hold



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The Secret Forge

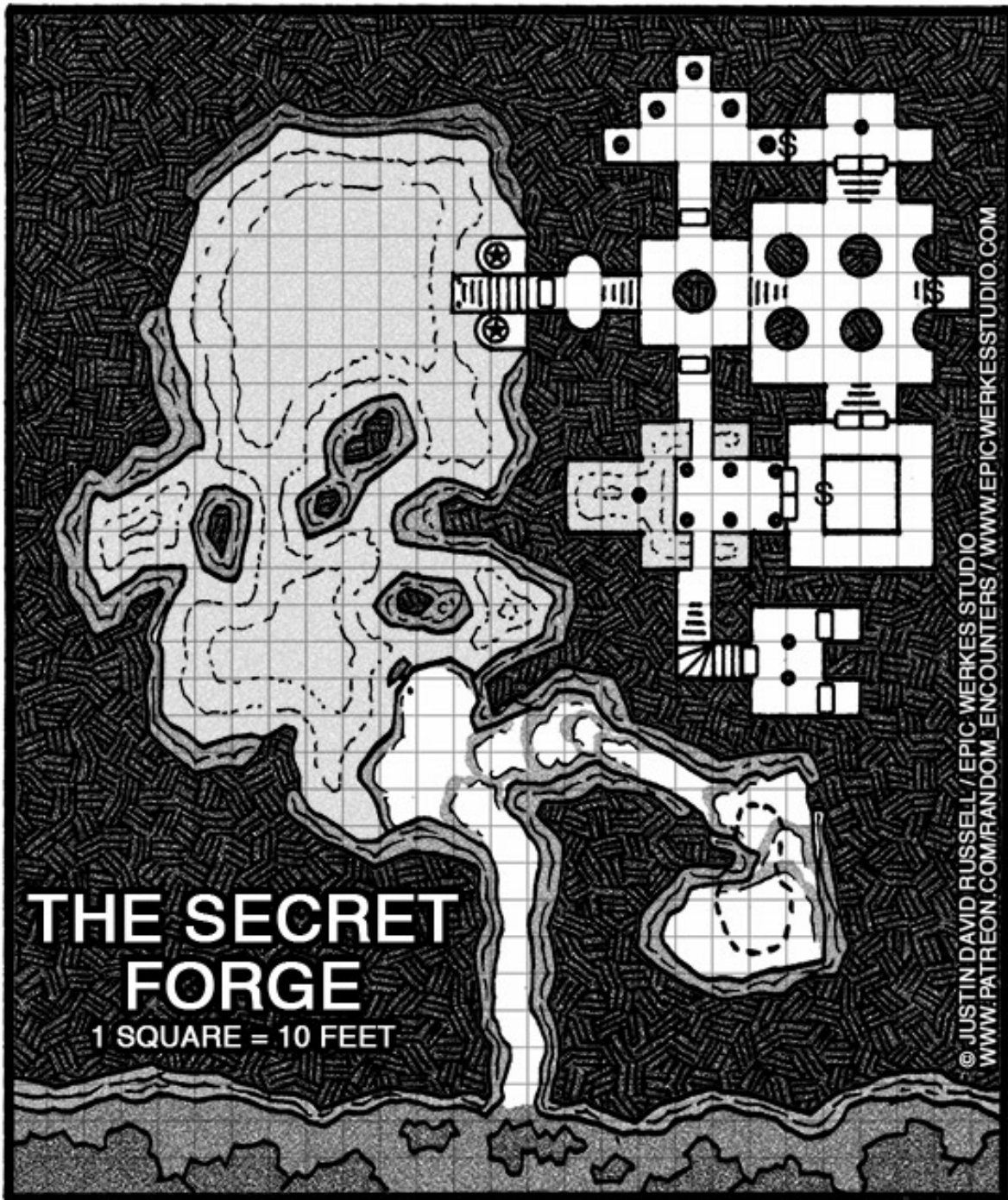
Hook: One of the Southern Kings has reported that a long lost holy site has become the lair of a necromancer. The site has been known from ancient texts for many years, but when agents of the King finally uncovered the site's location, it was learned, at some cost, that an agent of Chaos was already taking refuge there. The wizard has been in residence for some time. The King wishes to hire a group of capable mercenaries to clear the site.

Details: According to scholars, the Secret Forge was hidden on purpose. It was once a sacred site for the Temple of Law.

Many years ago, a master smith, Leongren, was charged with the creation of five swords. They were to be blessed by Lawful Priests for the purpose of battling the forces of Chaos during the 8th Chaos Crusade. These five swords, once made, turned the tide and won the day for the Southern Kingdoms and all Free Men.

The five blades were dubbed, the Swords of the Pentangle. They were gifted to the king's five greatest knights. They were part of a secret order, known as the Pentangle. The swords are currently being held in the treasuries of their respective lords, holy relics of a time long past. They were last used in the 11th Crusade.

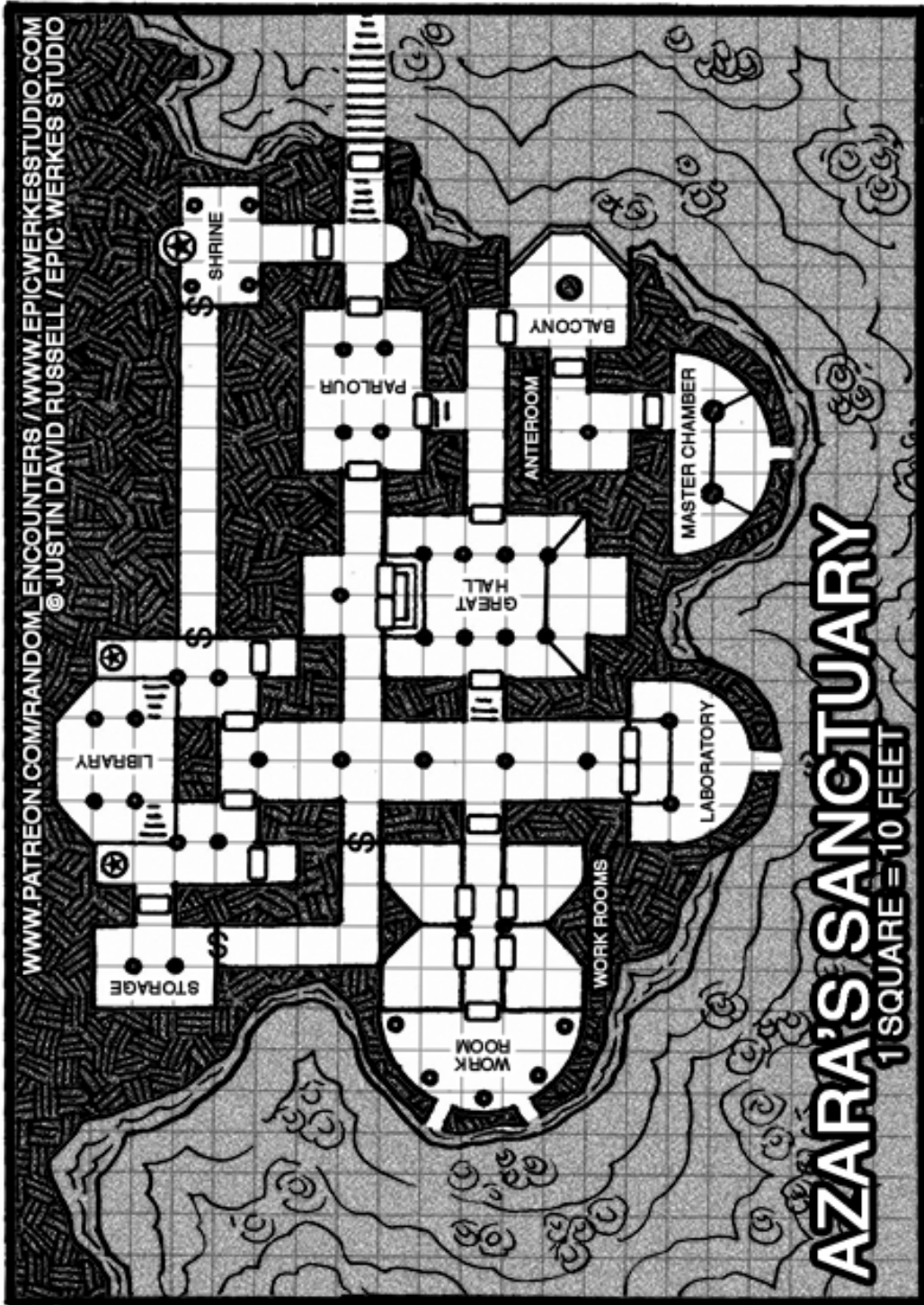
In the heart of the site, there was a pool of holy water where the blades were doused during their creation. A secret door leads to a central chamber where the forge was located. Who know what evil the necromancer has worked in this once holy place of Law?



Azara's Sanctuary

Azara the Enchantress is a sage and magician of great power, but she is also extremely paranoid and evil. She trusts no one, and for good reason. She is well-known for her treachery and opportunistic ways. She learned her power from the now dead necromancer, Bazach the Eternal, whom she killed to obtain his books and artefacts. She keeps a group of gargoyles perched upon the balcony ledge overlooking the approach to her home to stop unwanted visitors. Other cave denizens and monstrous minions serve her, as well.

Of particular note concerning Azara's Sanctuary is its location. The complex is located *inside* a portion of a large cavern's ceiling. The entire structure is situated upside down, defying gravity. A magical pathway and set of stairs lead to the entry to the wizard's lair. When the magic word is spoken, before stepping foot upon the magic stair, the individual gains the ability to walk up the wall, even upside down. However, the pathway and sanctuary are the only areas affected by this magic. While there, gravity is reversed. If one were to step off the path, they would plummet to the cavern floor as far as they managed to climb.



Stronghold of the Wizard King

Uneven ground leading up to the stronghold has been treacherous. And yet, somehow, the brutish servants of the Wizard King make this trek daily as they come down from the lair of their master to bother the lands below. Lands inhabited by your own people, people suffering under the boot of the Wizard. Your people have been subjugated for so long, no one can remember a time when there wasn't a power reigning from the Violet Mountain.

Bestial savages that serve the King come and go from the large cave mouth that serves as the entrance to the Stronghold. The creatures have been the minions of the Wizard for many, many years. Some say they were the land's first inhabitants, before your people came and pushed them back into the caves littering the heather-choked mountain-side.

Strange sounds emanate from the Violet Peak. Whizzing, whirring noises rush down to the valley floor, like storm winds without a storm. You have always been curious about these noises. The people of your homeland claim they are the secret prayers and chants of the King, unfit for the ears of mortals. They claim it is the Wizard supplicating to the Great Powers for continued immortality.

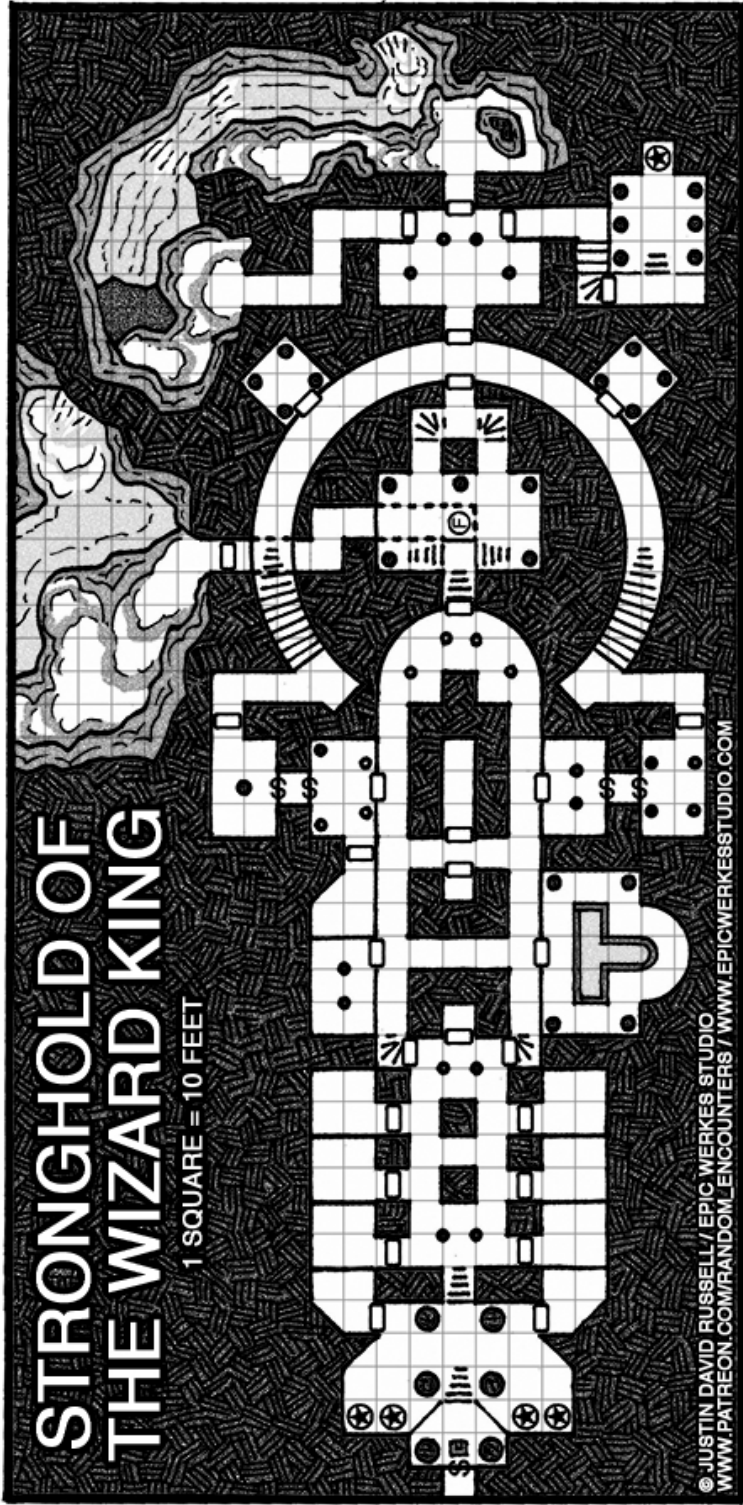
As you draw nearer the cave mouth, those same sounds surround you and overwhelm your senses. But you must push on. The Wizard King must be stopped. His tyranny has reached its end...

Details: The Wizard King is actually an intelligent computer, an android AI that has outlived the crew that crashed the ship it is a part of. Many centuries ago, even before the men of this planet had even considered the implications of fire, beyond the need to stay warm, a small ship from a distant star plummeted earthward, carving a valley (the same valley the people of the land now occupy) in its wake.

A group of primitive humanoids were imprisoned by the AI. The machine kept them from evolving. Instead, they were bred them for their strength and simplicity. The android wanted mindless minions capable of unquestionable loyalty.

Now buried by time and shrouded in myth, the Wizard King and his aged ship (what's left of it) are now symbols of stability and unchanging despotism. No one that has risen to challenge the Wizard has survived. Those that venture into the Violet Mountain are never heard from again.

Located at the end of a worked-stone passageway accessed by the large cave mouth is a strange, raised, disc-like contraption that, once stepped onto, teleports the individual up to an alien chamber. The entire structure is made of metal and circuits and odd lights. The sounds that emanate from the cave mouth have their origins here. It is the power-source and operating parts that keep the structure working that make the noise.



STRONGHOLD OF THE WIZARD KING

1 SQUARE = 10 FEET

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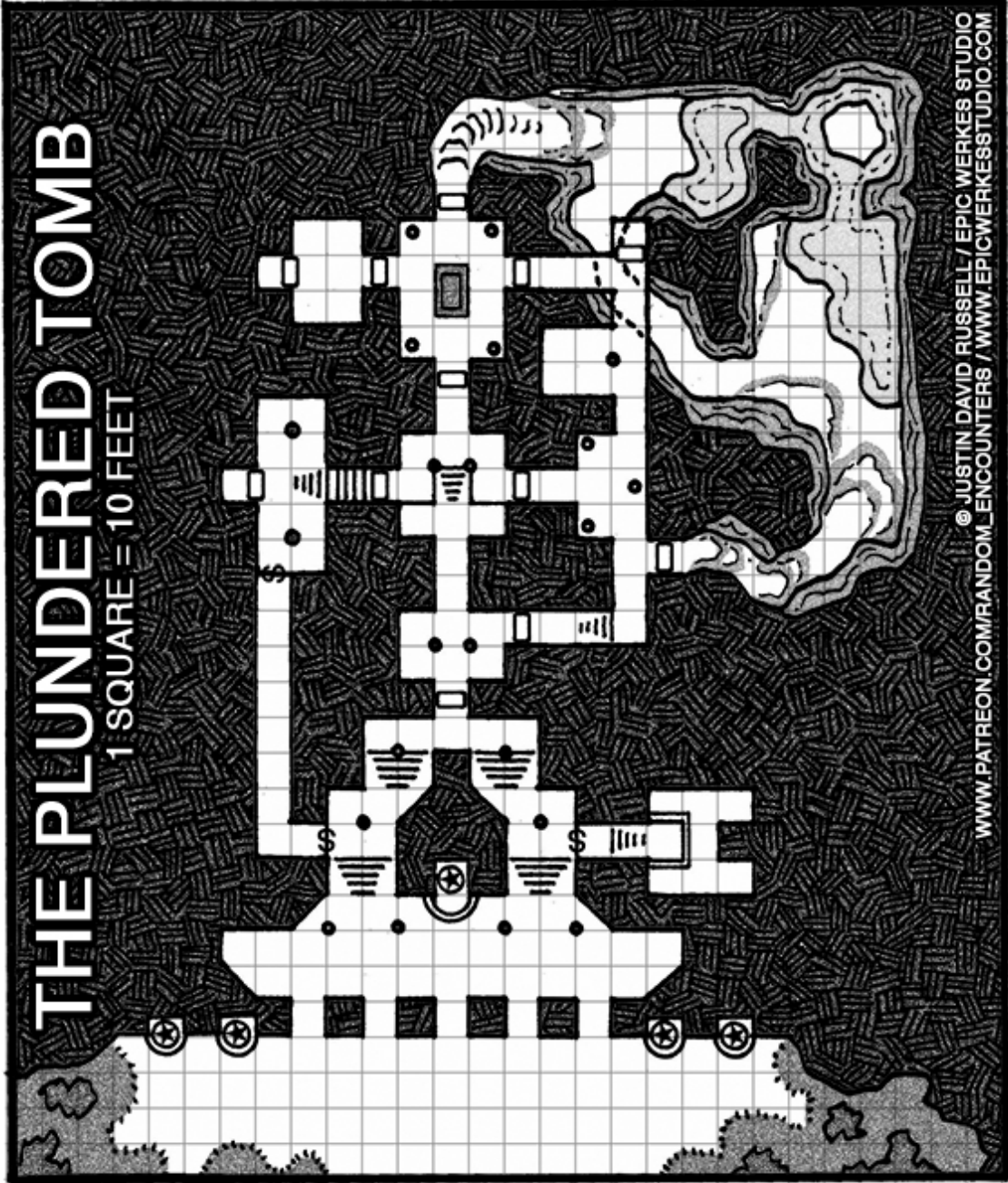
The Plundered Tomb

Hook: Over the past month, there have been rumours about a clan of goblins operating out of the remote tomb of a dwarven prince. Two days ago, a small, bedraggled group of dwarves claiming relation to the entombed royalty entered town. They have taken up residence in a local inn. Rumour has it that they recently attempted to reclaim the body and sacred weapon of their ancestor. It is said that something in the tomb, something bigger than a goblin, soundly defeated the dwarves. Only three of the stout men survived. Each night they hunker down with their cups of mead and drown their sorrows in drink.

Details: The Stouthammer Clan once occupied the area where a human town is now located. The tomb of one of their princes is located in the nearby forest. Goblins have taken to lairing in the place, but until recently, they have been fairly disorganized. A large creature, another type of goblin, has recently entered the tomb. It killed the largest goblin, then assumed control. The creature's name is Grom the Great.

When the dwarves ventured into the area around the tomb, they were not expecting Grom to be there. They expected a small camp of goblins, or maybe even human bandits. What they got, instead, was death delivered by Grom's own hands. The few dwarves that survived managed to flee on the backs of the pack ponies they brought. They lost all of their equipment, and more than a little bit of their honour and pride, as well.

Any mercenaries willing to venture into Grom's territory and liberate the tomb of its inhabitants will be given a handsome sum of coins the lead dwarf promises to deliver after the quest is complete, notably because he does not have the gold. The dwarves dropped the majority of their wealth while fleeing the goblins.



THE PLUNDERED TOMB

1 SQUARE = 10 FEET

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Prison of the Serpent Queen

Hook: A curse has been visited upon the Alabaster City. Many Cityfolk have been vanishing at an alarming rate. It began after the Queen's disappearance. The King has assured the people that nothing is wrong, that the problem, if there truly is one, will be dealt with swiftly, without further disrupting the lives of the citizens.

Geoffrey the Just, The city warden, has taken it upon himself to discover the problem, but he has been blocked at every turn by the King's orders and agents. He suspects that members of the city watch are part of a conspiracy trying to keep him from the truth. He believes his life may be in danger.

In an effort to remain covert in his future investigations, the warden wishes to employ a secret group of mercenaries to investigate the disappearances. He will give those he hires what information he has, direct them to his last known lead, but makes it plain that if the mercenaries are caught, he will disavow any and all knowledge of the group. The reward is high, but so is the risk...

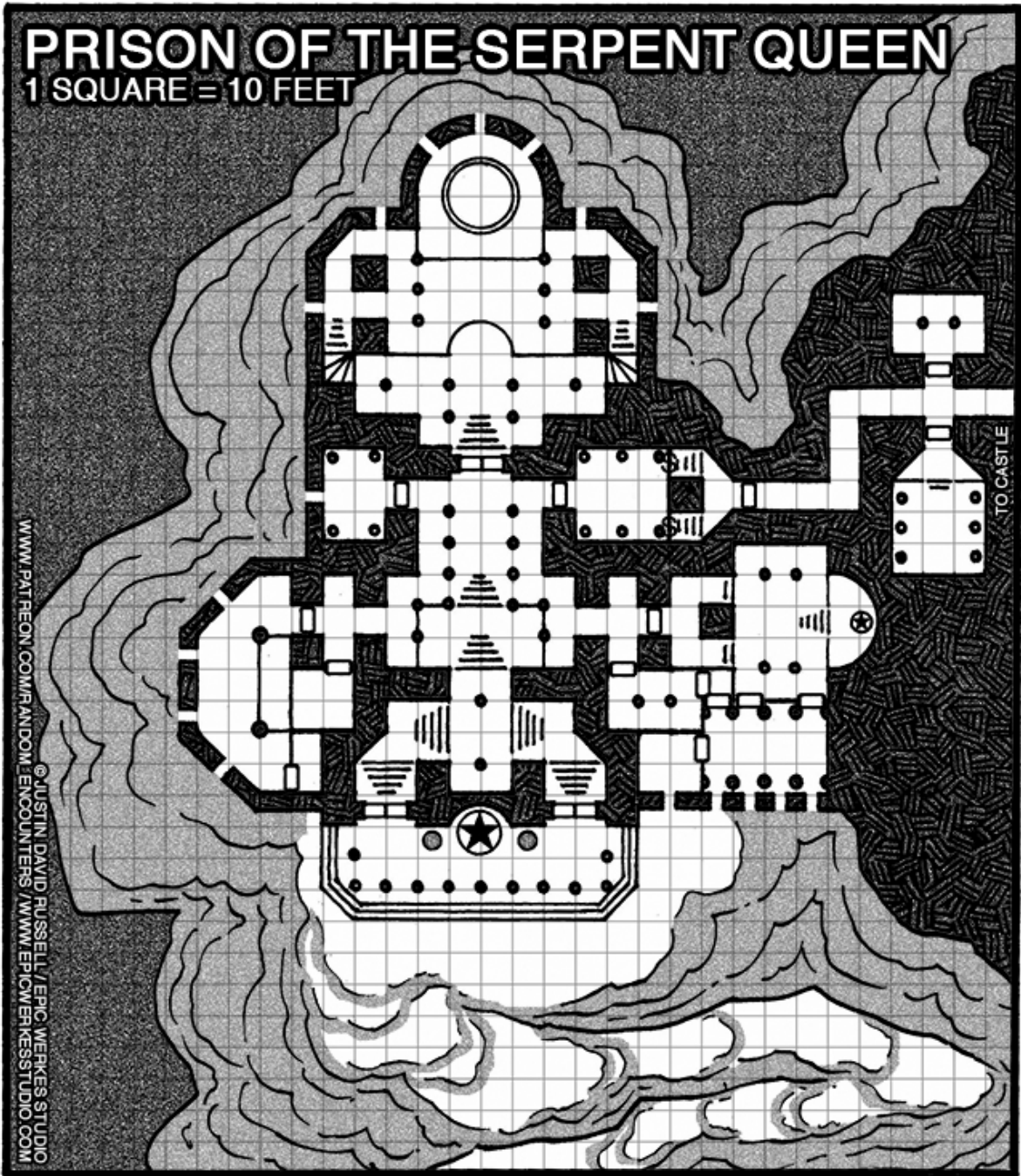
Details: West of the Castle, perched on the ridge overlooking the Hollow Valley where the great tombs are located, the King has commissioned a special complex to contain a dreadful secret. His wife, the Queen, was transformed by the malicious evil wizard, Azaxos the Thrice-Cursed. Azaxos turned the Queen into a dreadful serpent with many heads. In order to keep the truth from his people, the King bid his priests of Law bind the creature with blessed chains in the prison he had designed to hold her.

Disappearance of city people is due to the high volume of food the Queen must consume, daily, to stay alive. The King cannot bear to see his wife suffer, so he feeds her. At first, he emptied the dungeons of murderers, thieves, poachers. Any type of offender is dealt with in the strictest sense. The King was hoping he could find the cure before anyone noticed, but prisoners are now in short supply, and the homeless are beginning to grow afraid and leave the city.

In desperation, the King looks for a solution to the curse afflicting his wife. He will do anything to keep the truth hidden.

Tensions are high in the city. Residents fear the wrath of their sovereign. Despite the King's assurances, it has become obvious that something is wrong...

If the King discovers the nosy mercenaries, will he feed them to his wife, or send them, himself, to find the secret of her salvation?

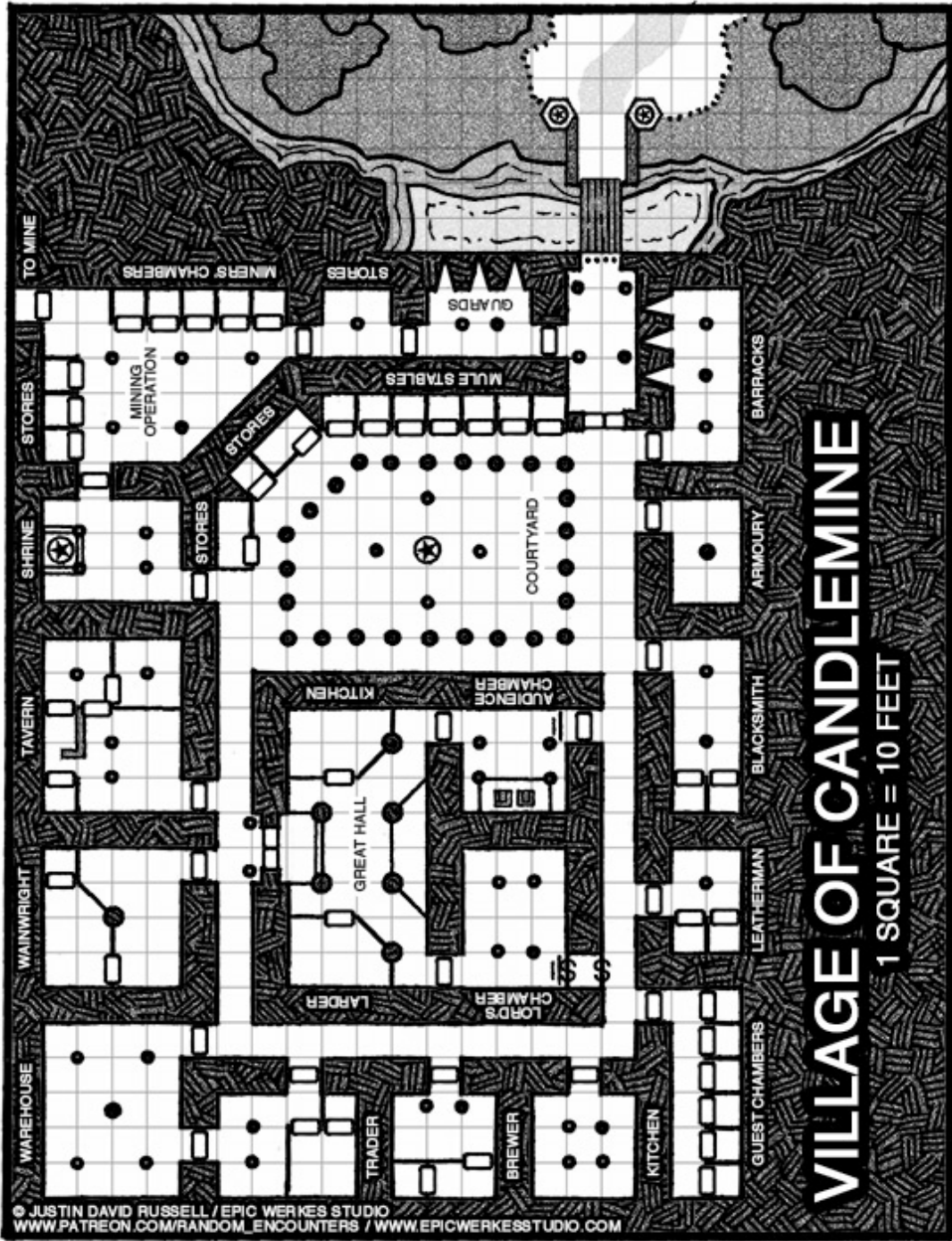


Village of Candlemine

It is known that dwarves are very organized, methodical people. They construct organized, well-crafted homes. These dwellings are often carved out of the very rock of the mountains. The Village of Candlemine is a prime example of such dwarven architecture. The natural rock of the cliff face aids in warding off intruders. A narrow, moated entry with a portcullis further protects the front gate.

A large, pillared courtyard serves as a gathering place. Stables house the sturdy mules that have grown accustomed to life underground in the mines. Air vents drilled into the rock of each stall help to relieve the smell. Compost from the mules is taken to the mushroom gardens situated off of the mine to the north.

Gundolf, the Wise, a well-regarded dwarf lord, runs the village. The ore he mines here is taken to Graykeep in the Towering Mountains. Candlemine is unique in that it gets some traffic from the outside world. There are guest quarters for visitors. Human travelers bring vegetables and other perishable goods, since dwarves don't farm.



Morga's Tower

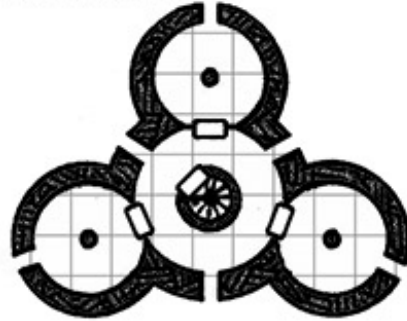
This is one of a three-part map series devoted to the towers of three wizards of renown: Morga the Incomparable, Fizzlewig the Far-Sighted, and Mondar the Unscrupulous.

Morga is a great wizard. She was apprenticed to the Red Wizard of Koom, a mighty man, when he was alive. Morga's aptitude has earned her the title of 'the Incomparable,' because, in many ways, no other wizard is her equal.

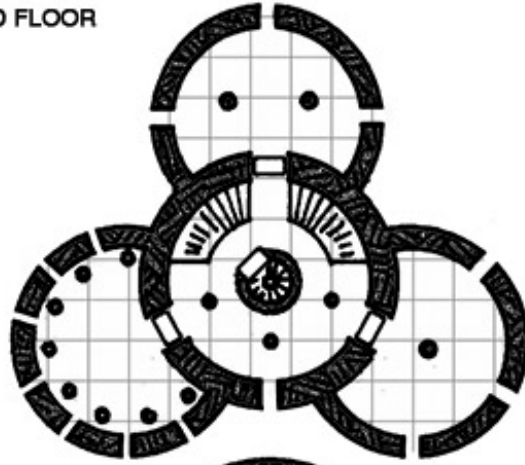
Morga's abode is made of three tall towers adhered to a fourth, central one that extends even higher. Each tower is made of a different material. One is pink marble, another steely grey granite, and another, still, is sandstone. The central tower is made of onyx.

MORGA'S TOWER

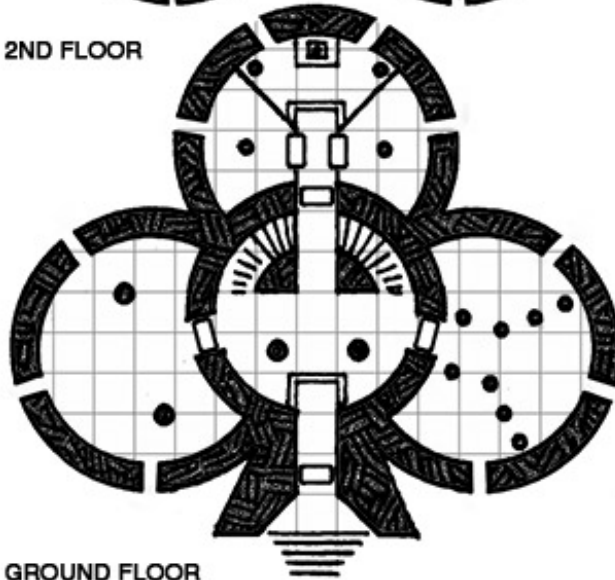
1 SQUARE = 10 FEET



3RD FLOOR



2ND FLOOR



GROUND FLOOR

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Mondar's Tower

This is the second of a three-part map series devoted to the towers of three wizards of renown: Morga the Incomparable, Fizzlewig the Far-Sighted, and Mondar the Unscrupulous.

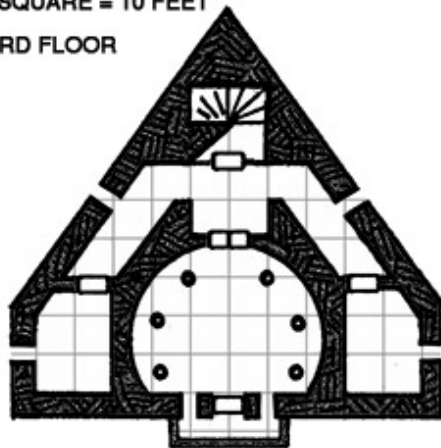
Mondar the Unscrupulous is a patient, plotting man. He is well-known among the small number of wizards of the world. The middle-aged magician has achieved all of his power by a variety of unsavoury methods. Many of his peers know to be wary of the treacherous and ambitious man.

Mondar's tower is not tall, but it is a solid, imposing edifice of black marble blocks. Its thick walls contain secrets no man was meant to know. Unspeakable grimoires and tomes full of ancient mysteries fill Mondar's formidable library. Wretched horrors walk the halls of the black tower, unsleeping guardians unfazed by the threat of death.

MONDAR'S TOWER

1 SQUARE = 10 FEET

3RD FLOOR



2ND FLOOR



GROUND FLOOR



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Fezzlewig's Tower

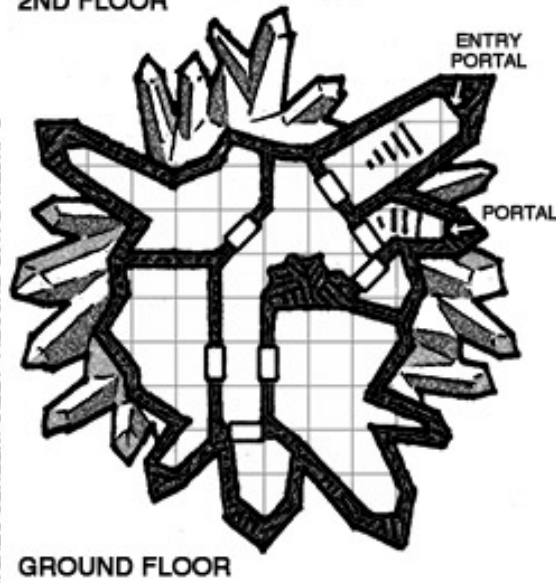
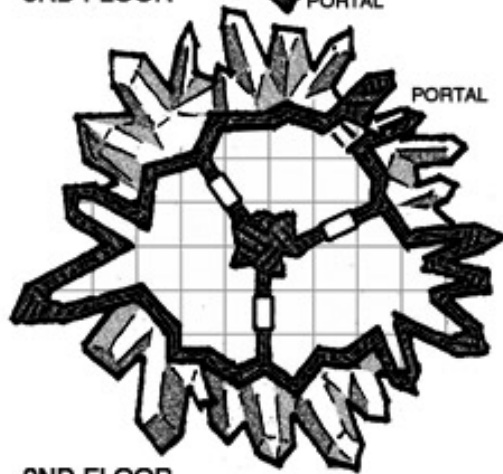
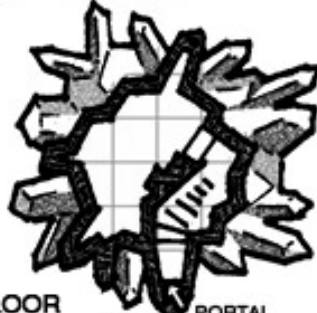
This is the third of a three-part map series devoted to the towers of three wizards of renown: Morga the Incomparable, Fizzlewig the Far-Sighted, and Mondar the Unscrupulous.

Fezzlewig the Far-Sighted is a mysterious individual. He is fond of mirrors, glass, and crystal surfaces. He claims that secrets can be divined from reflective planes. An awkward, but focused man, Fezzlewig prefers to live his life far from the worries and business of human society. He focuses better without distraction. He has assumed the life of a hermit, spying on the world without from afar.

Fezzlewig's tower is a tapered pillar of Amethyst crystals. For this reason, Fezzlewig is often referred to as the 'Purple Seer.' His tower has no windows, but all facets inside can be used to scry on anything the wizard desires. There are no doors. Instead, specific facets within hollowed crystals act as portals. Individuals wishing to see the wizard must be given 'permission' to pass through. They may then walk through any facet at the base of the tower, and appear in the tower itself, walking out of the entry portal facet on the ground floor. From there, certain facets act as portals to the floor above or below. Fezzlewig may even teleport himself to anywhere he spies on within the southern portal facet on the ground floor.

FEZZLEWIG'S TOWER

1 SQUARE = 10 FEET



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River Outpost Ruins

Hook: Farmland surrounding a border outpost along the swift Shining River has been terrorized by a dragon. It is young and not yet very large, but it is fierce and deadly. It has been killing livestock, attacking the horses of travelers, and generally being a nuisance. The captain of the garrison has sent men to deal with the creature, but it has proven to be more than a match for his forces. The King won't send aid, as the outpost is far out and hardly sees any trade or traffic. The captain is willing to pay handsomely for anyone able to slay or evict the creature from its current home.

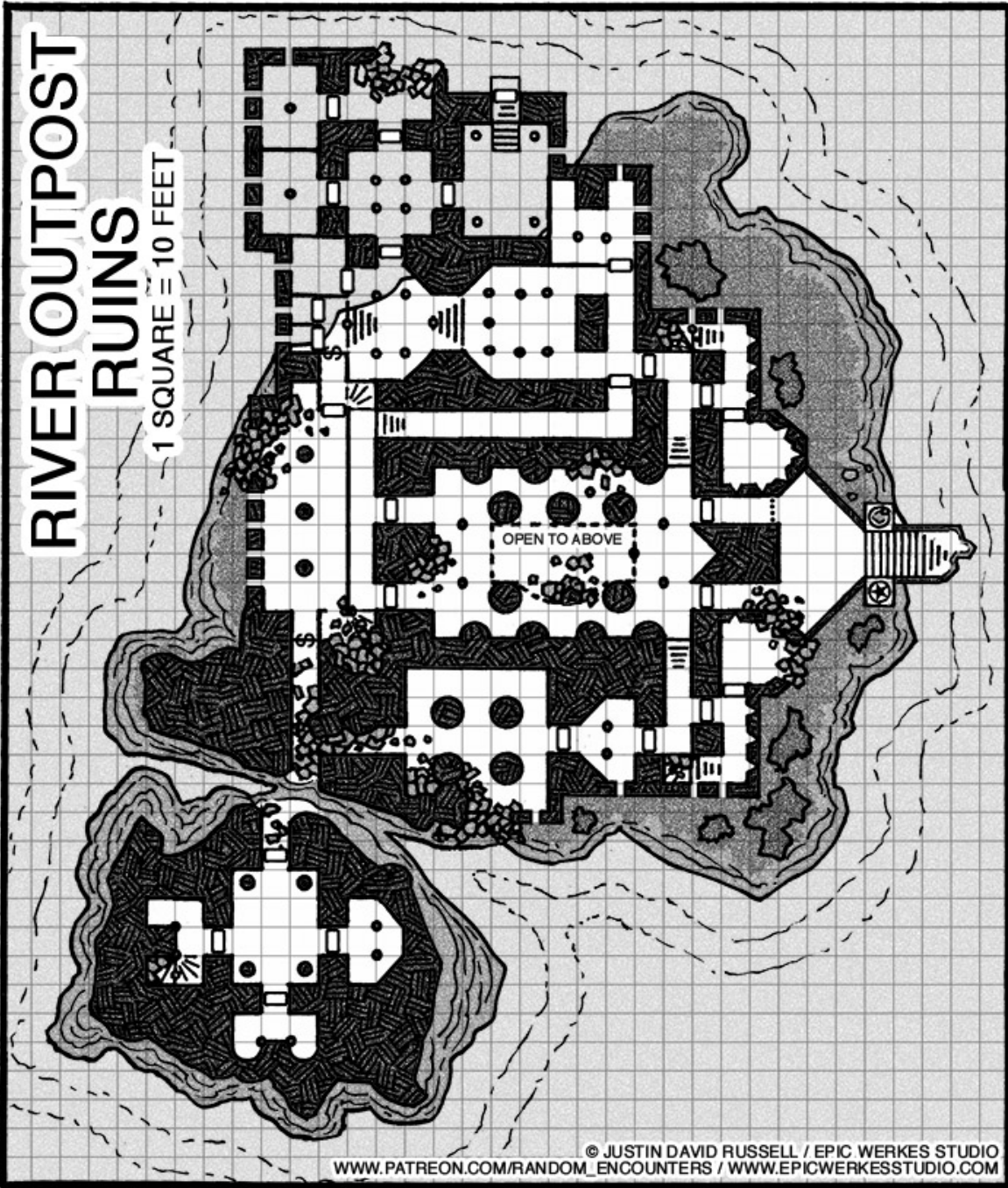
Details: About 30 years ago, a watchtower and outpost built on a rocky island in a swift river was destroyed by a devastating earthquake. The isle upon which the outpost proper was built cracked away from the jutting rock supporting the tower, tilting the structure at a 30 degree angle east into the river. Many people died and the outpost was abandoned. Another was built a few miles south, downriver.

The dragon dwells in the ruins of the watchtower. The low walls and high position serve the creature well, helping him to see intruders in all directions.

It should be noted that the upper level and battlements of the lower structure are extremely unstable and, for the most part, unreachable. Sections of the ceilings are collapsed in many rooms. Standing in certain areas is difficult due to the canted nature of the place. However, the area under the western watchtower is correctly oriented, though the stairs leading up to the tower are choked with rubble.

RIVER OUTPOST RUINS

1 SQUARE = 10 FEET



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The Sapphire Sanctuary

Some wizards are known to carry on their person links to special planar sanctuaries. These are typically gems that are enchanted and placed in rings, pendants, and other jewelry. Upon uttering a magical word or phrase, the wizard, and anyone else he wishes to bring with him are transported to or from a dimensional pocket contained within the gemstone. The sanctuary's walls, ceiling, and floor are made of the same stone of the gem used to contain it.

When the wizard is transported to his sanctuary, his gemstone and whatever it is set into also go with him. For each consecutive week the wizard remains in the dimensional pocket, he has a 5% chance of becoming stuck there, permanently, unless someone else can find him and release him (an extremely difficult task).

Only the one possessing the sanctuary can enter and leave the space at will. If the wizard enters and leaves the sanctuary more than once in a seven day period, there is a 1% chance per use beyond the first that the gem breaks. If the wizard is in the sanctuary when this happens, any living beings left inside will be instantly killed.

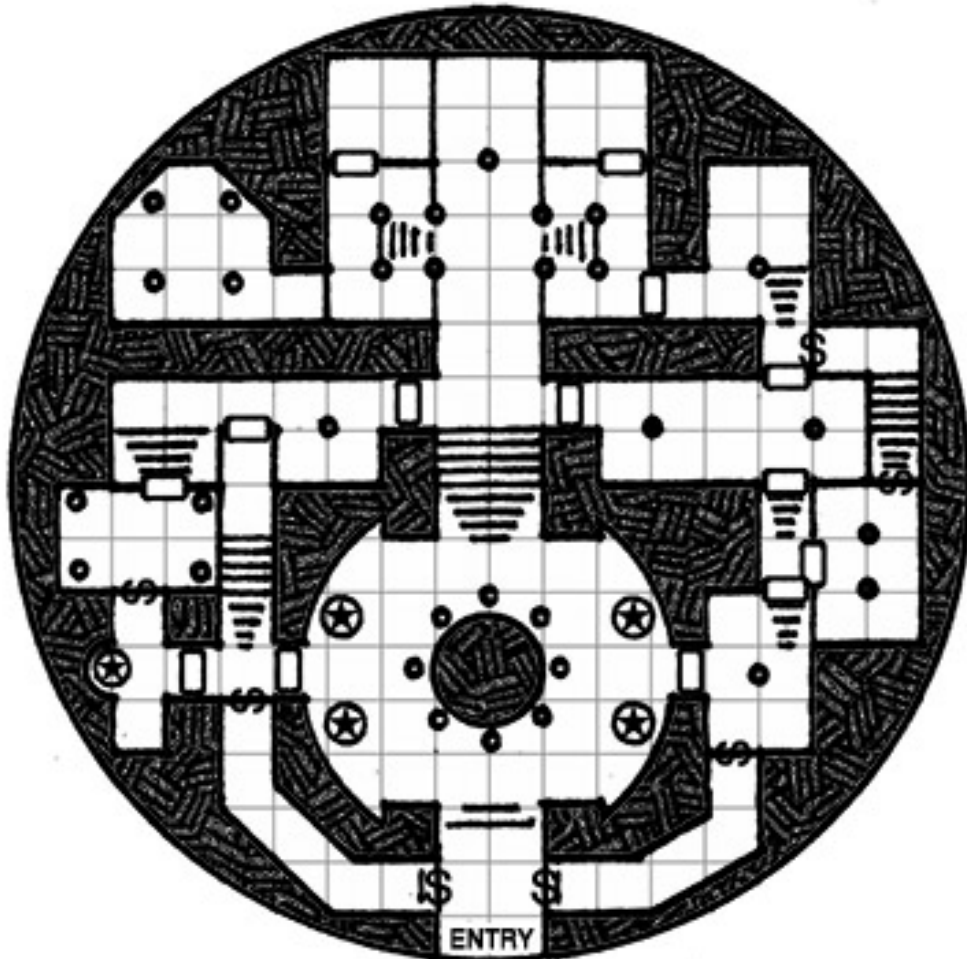
If the wizard wishes, he can send others to and summon them from his sanctuary, but they suffer the same chances of becoming stuck there, and the frequency of the gem's use incurs the same chances of it breaking.

Food and water is not constant in the planar pocket. It must be brought with whoever enters, or they suffer the same effects of starvation and thirst.

It should be noted that the sanctuary fits inside a shape identical to that of the gemstone. There may be some link to the size of the stone used and the size of the dimensional pocket. If one looks closely enough, one can see the tiny details of the space contained within the gemstone, and those contained within it. But that is difficult and depends on the transparency of the stone. Those inside the gem do not see out as others can see in. They see only a surface (usually with the appearance of worked stone) made of the same material of the gem. Light inside the stone depends on what sources are brought into it. Wizards often use candles or spells of light to create illumination.

THE SAPPHIRE SANCTUARY

1 SQUARE = 10 FEET



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The Ruby Sanctuary

Some wizards are known to carry on their person links to special planar sanctuaries. These are typically gems that are enchanted and placed in rings, pendants, and other jewelry. Upon uttering a magical word or phrase, the wizard, and anyone else he wishes to bring with him are transported to or from a dimensional pocket contained within the gemstone. The sanctuary's walls, ceiling, and floor are made of the same stone of the gem used to contain it.

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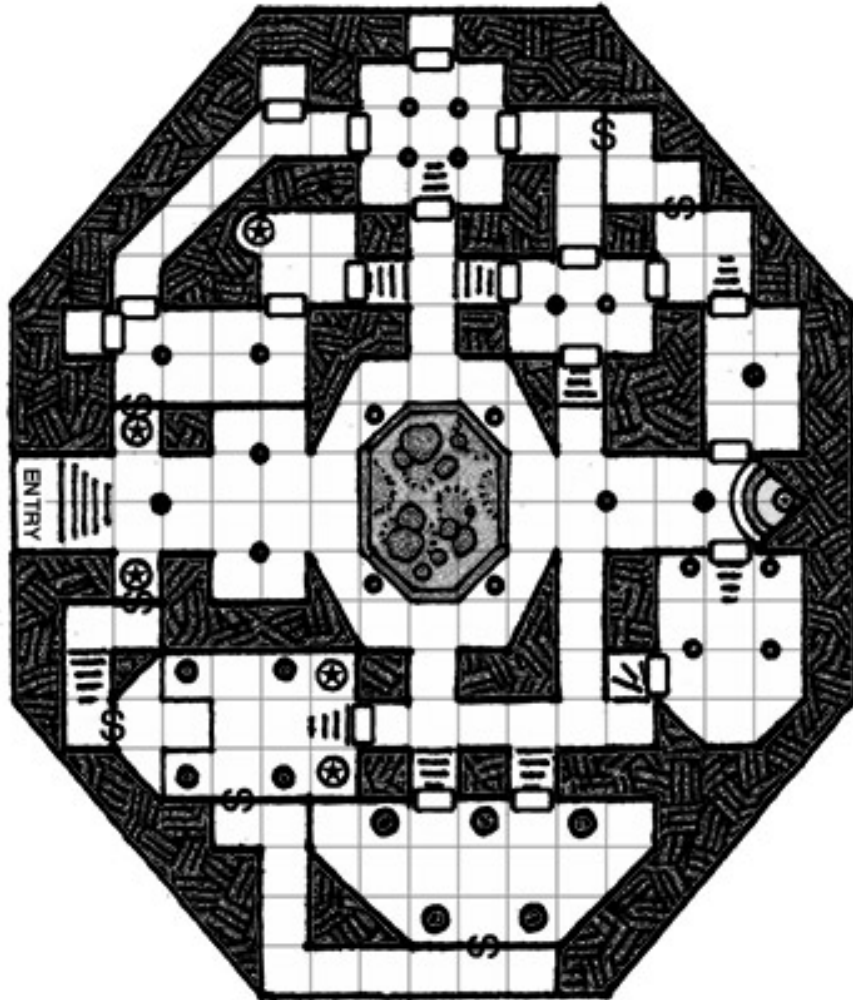
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THE RUBY SANCTUARY

1 SQUARE = 10 FEET



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The Red Temple

You traveled for days through the arid steppes before reaching the Fang Mountains and the deep gorge, Gorgan's Tongue. It is cold morning. Mist clings to the high, steep cliffs of the gorge. Your eyes linger on it, trying to pick out any shapes that might prove to be the fearsome creatures said to inhabit this place.

Biting wind howls through the gorge, or is it the fearsome cry of manticora in the shifting fog above you? Your anxiety is palpable. None of your companions say a word. You jump at every shifting stone. Oddly, you have seen no monsters, or any other life, for that matter. No hawks screaming from the heights, no goats bleating or leaping nimbly up the cliff faces. If it weren't for the bones littering the stones at your feet, and the stench of death that clings to your nostrils, you would swear the warnings of the horse clans was nothing more than superstitious nonsense.

A rise in the trail leads to a narrow stair. It wends its way up the, leaving the tumbling river you have been following far below. You are soon consumed by the mist. Your weapons clutched tighter, you forge ahead with determination borne out of necessity. You have to make it through this gorge to reach the Lands of Kango. Your errand for the old wizard requires you find a strange flower that grows only in those steamy jungles.

It is at this point you hear the strange scraping sound. A break in the cloud cover around you reveals the creature you were warned of. Its tawny feline body slinks down a pathway that opens up to your right. If the mist hadn't cleared, you would have missed it, entirely. The creature's bat-like wings are folded close to its sides as it stalks closer. Perhaps the most terrifying thing is the manticore's face. Out of a thick mane of brown hair, a leathery, seamed visage grins back at you through a mouthful of yellow fangs. Red, burning eyes bore into you. The mist closes on the creature and the pathway, but not before you notice a row of spines running down the thing's back, ending in a scorpion's tail. It curls backward, its bulbous stinger hovering near the manticore's terrible head. Fear immediately grips your hearts.

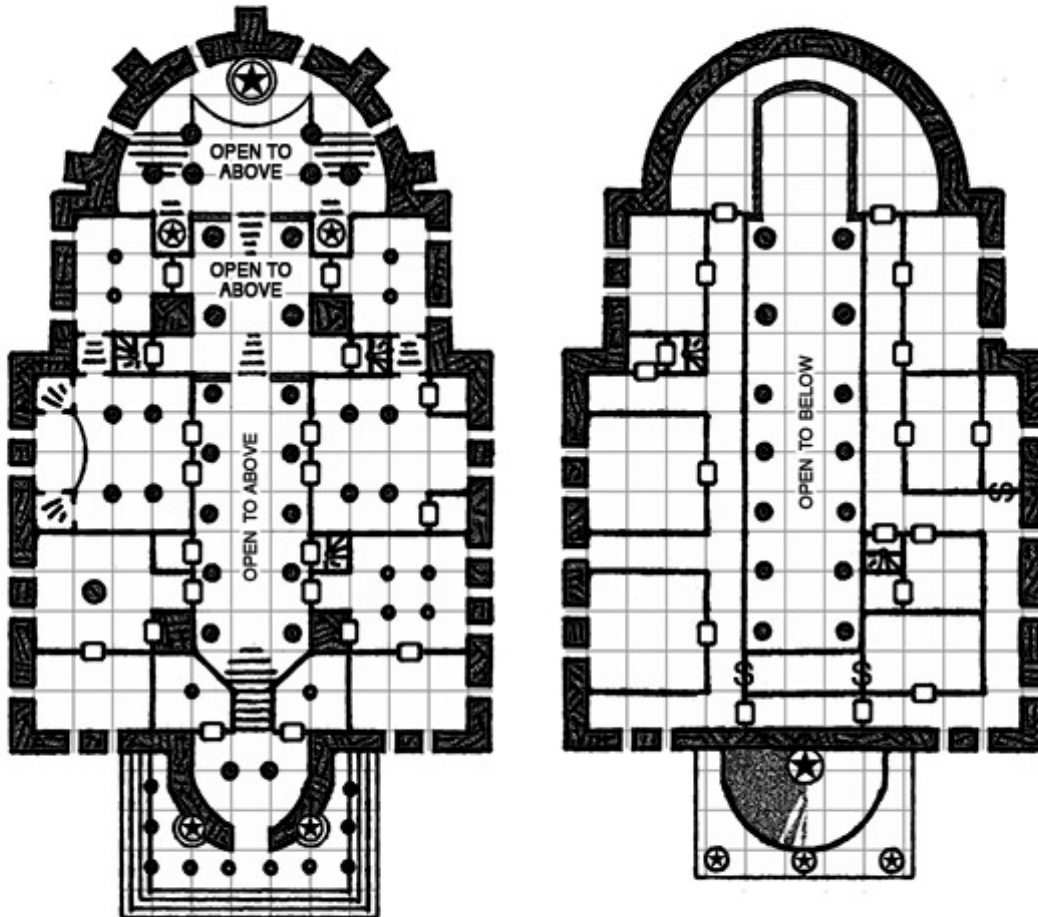
Before you can wonder about the beast, a flash of fur, talons, and teeth erupts into the middle of your company. Your mules squeal and plummet over the edge into the river, with all of your supplies. You hear a scream as you see your guide lifted bodily from the ground. You are buffeted by forceful gusts of air. The wind shreds the mist enough that you see the creature winging out over the edge of the gorge, your guide, the son of the King of the Horse Clans gripped tightly in its mouth.

Your chests tighten as you witness the likely death of a good man. What you are surprised to see, however, is another break in the clouds in the direction the manticore is flying. Even more astounding is the building you see high overhead. Its large, cut stones are blood red. Statues in the likeness of manticora line the pediment of the entry. The creature lights upon the cliff edge near where the structure sits and begins its gruesome feast. The screams of the King's son mingle with the howling wind to create a horrible music that turns your stomachs. Turning away from the scene, you notice a red bridge spanning the gorge. Statues of manticora, two at both ends, act as silent sentries...

It appears the King's warnings were correct, even the one about the red temple built long ago by some unknown architect. No one knows what lives within it,

THE RED TEMPLE

1 SQUARE = 10 FEET



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only that the manticora guard its massive entry, and no one that has entered has ever returned...

Details: The Red Temple was built by a priesthood devoted to the beast god, Gorgan. They constructed their temple here, among the steppeland's mountains, because they worship the manticore, the symbol and mortal embodiment of their deity. Unfortunately, Gorgan cared little for the cultists. His hunger was insatiable, and his desire for blood, great. The manticora devoured all of the them. All of them, save their leader, the high priest. He alone lives in the temple, commanding the beasts and other foul minions that dwell there. The blood of those devoured by Gorgan's minions keeps the temple standing and whole.

Lorden's Keep

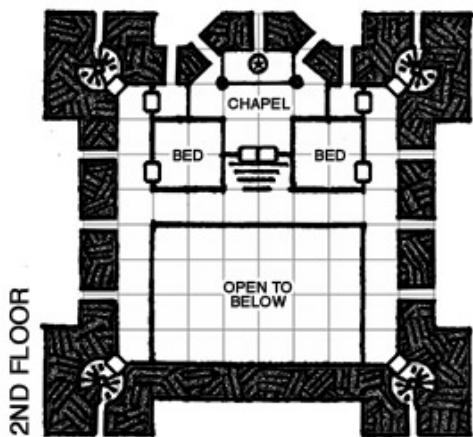
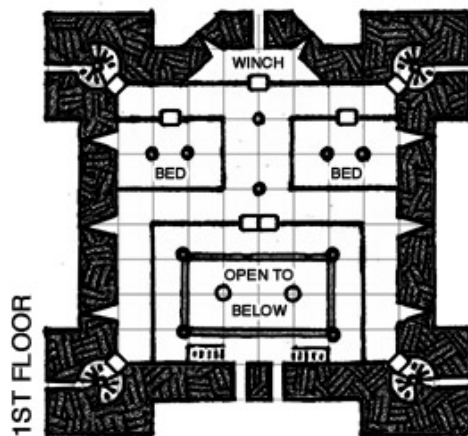
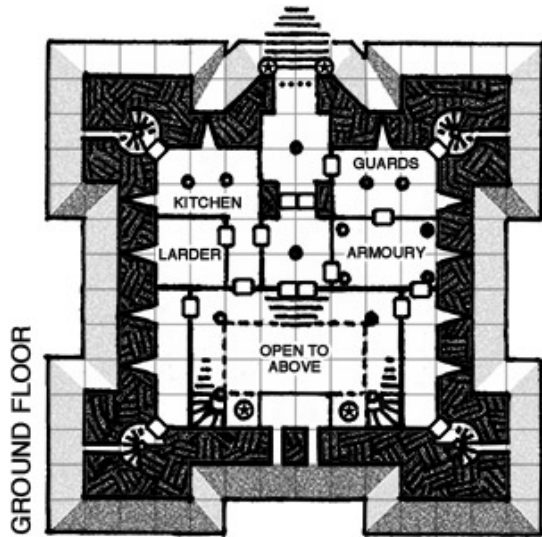
Today, I am revisiting Lantern Falls. The one map I didn't detail of the notable locations I wanted to visit there, was Lorden's Keep, or Lantern Keep, as it is also known. Lorden is the Steward of Lantern Falls. There is no king. The town acts as an outpost in the Borderlands. Priests of Law travel with passing caravans to protect them against the trials of the mountain passes and wilds to the west.

Lorden is descended from the mercenaries that were hired to protect the developing town. The man is short, stout, and red-faced. He is a combative fellow that loves being involved in forays into the surrounding hills to deal with any threats that might arise. Lately, though, his wife, the Stewardess Gwendolina, and Lorden's advancing age, have kept the man upon his carved throne much more often than he would like. Lorden is prone to exploding into fits of rage, though such bouts are mostly bluster, as his wife will be quick to point out. Lorden's son, Uthric, is his pride and joy. He is tall like his grandfather, fierce like his father, and acting constable for the town.

There are old passages beneath the Keep, and many mysteries surrounding them. But, that is a tale for another day!

LORDEN'S KEEP

1 SQUARE = 10 FEET



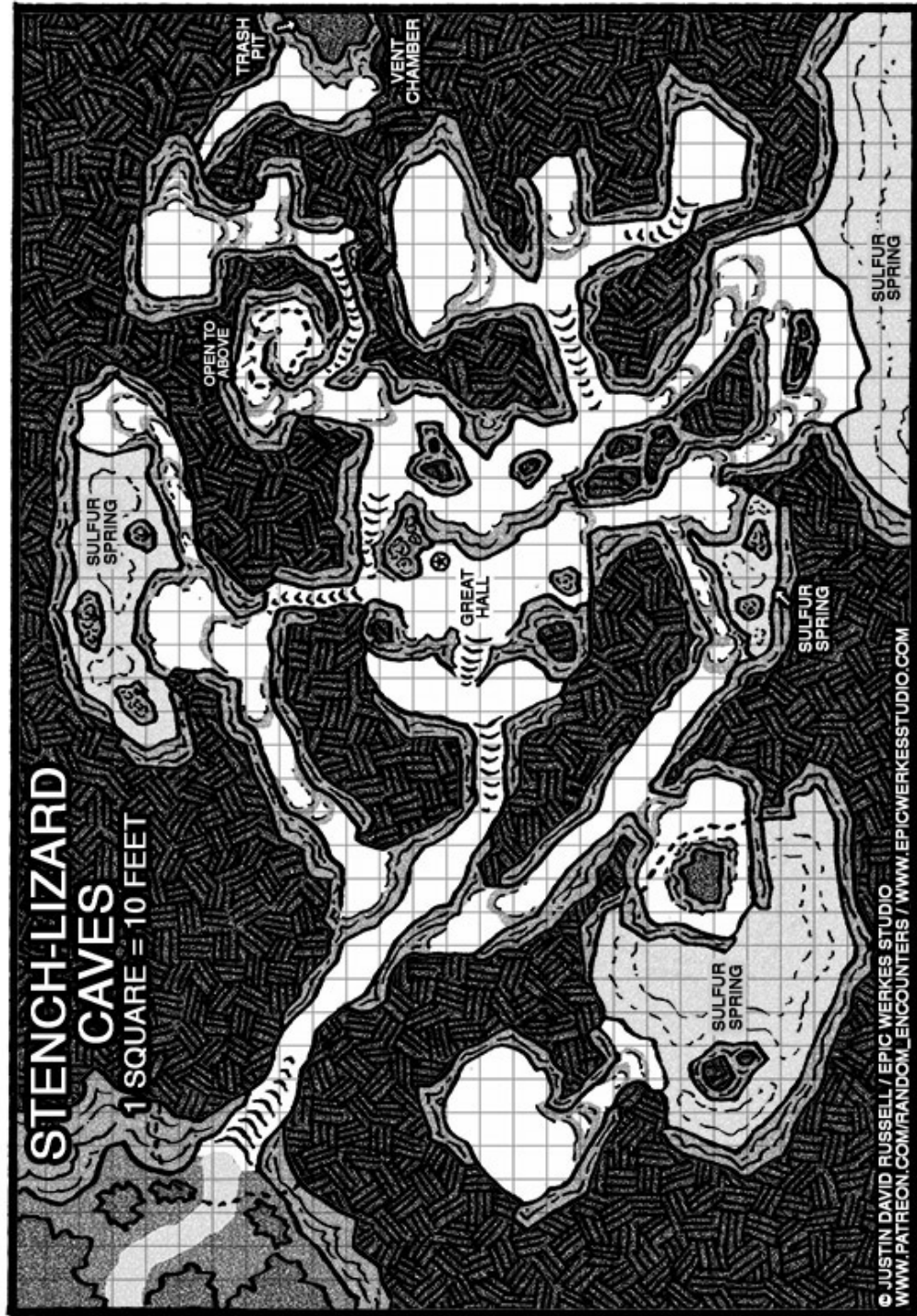
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Stench-Lizard Caves

At the northern edge of the Silverleaf Forest lay a den of stench-lizards. Stench-lizards are grey and brown humanoid reptiles that are able to express certain glands in their bodies in such a way that they may emit a foul odour capable of rendering most men incapacitated. These creatures bear no love for most Lawful beings. They raid humanoid settlements, relying on their spoils to supply them with tools necessary to both survive and wage war.

This particular set of caves is linked to a larger volcanic vent network. Several chambers contain hot sulfur springs. This causes the caves to remain warm, even during the Eastern Borderland's bitterly cold late fall, winter, and early spring. One chamber contains a vent tube that leads down to the steam chamber that erupts on the surface once every 12 hours. It blows the refuse from the Stench-Lizard Caves all over the area surrounding Bonemist Geysir.

Walking through the caves is unpleasant due to the smell of the sulfur springs, the disorienting odour of the lizards, and the humid, warm air that fills the entire system. Sometimes, the lizards aid goblins and other monsters by selling them humanoid slaves and offering their services as mercenaries, if they share parallel goals.



Tower of Oruk, the Granite Wizard

Hook: Years ago, a strange tower appeared on the dark grey cliffs near the village. The local lord ordered his bravest man to investigate the mysterious edifice and report back. The man never returned. Somewhat daunted and not wanting to cause any trouble for his people, the lord never sent another man. No other incident with the tower ever took place, until recently, though a slew of rumours developed around it in the intervening years.

Despite their curiosity, no one dares approach the odd-looking building. Flickering illumination brightens some of the high windows, and shapeless shadows can be seen passing in front of the light. Some even report large, winged shapes circling the grey tower. Sometimes, haunting calls and shrill cries can be heard, though no one in the village reports any trouble. At least, not until a week ago.

Local farmers and their livestock have been coming up missing. Their bodies are nowhere to be found. Five people and half a flock of sheep are reported absent. For this reason, the lord has moved back the curfew for the villagers and put out a call for mercenaries to visit the strange tower on the cliff. He is convinced the place is the root of the village's issues.

Details: Oruk is tall, strong man of great magical might. He does not concern himself with the affairs of Men, or elves, or dwarves, or any of the other societies of the world. He cares only for his work, which he takes very seriously.

To do that work, he traveled far from the heart of the kingdom he was born into, to its northern border, and had his slaves build a tower of large, thick granite blocks. Oruk's slaves, strong, monstrous gargoyles created by transforming a score of unfortunates, did all the labour the wizard bid them perform.

Oruk chose to build his tower five miles from a village, because he needed supplies, including bodies for his work. For several years, the various monsters, bandits, and other ne'er do wells were enough. But the area gained a reputation among the outlaws and goblins for being a dangerous and unusual place. They began giving it a wide berth. This initially helped the village, for there were no more ambushed wagons or raids on local farms. After a time, however, Oruk desired more materials for his research...

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LEVEL 1

LEVEL 2

LEVEL 3

UNDER LEVEL

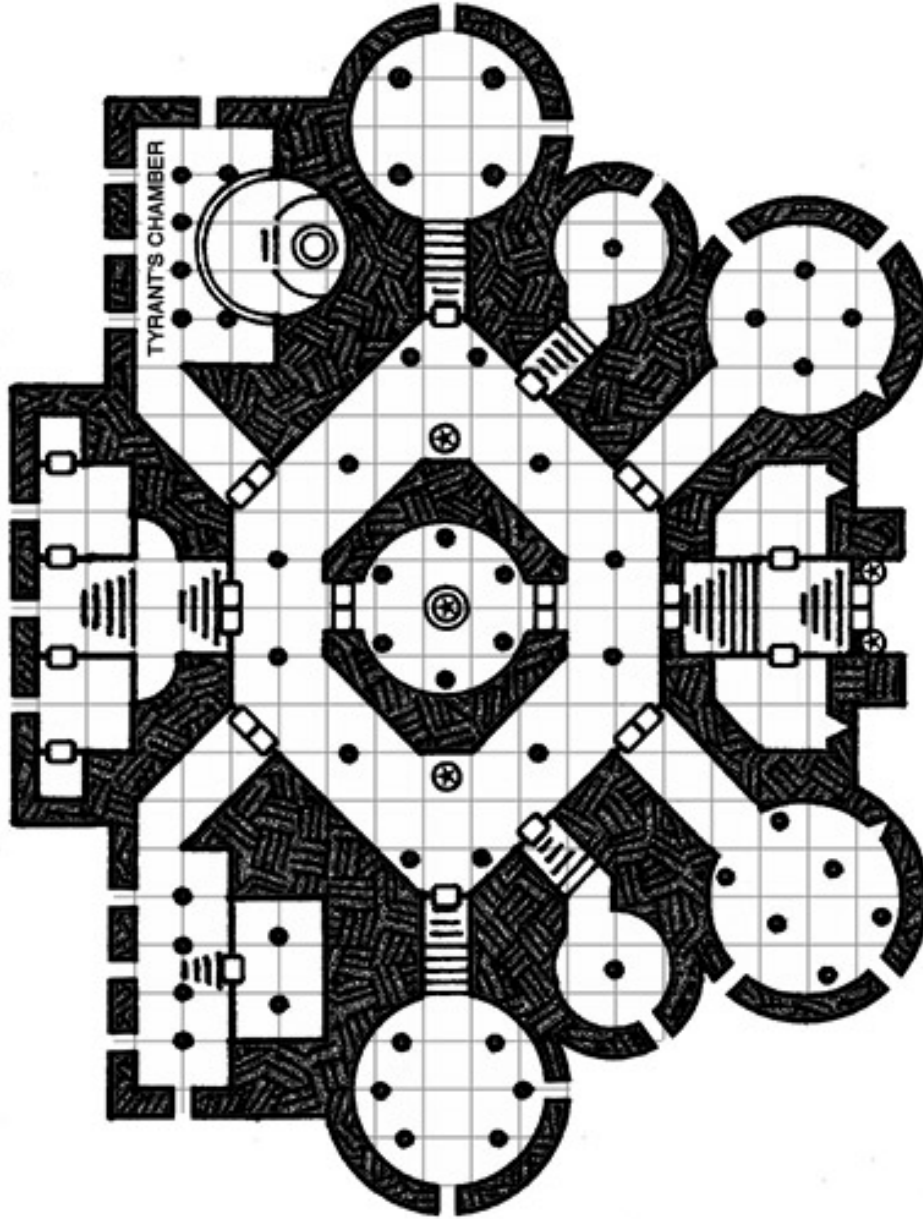
**TOWER OF ORUK,
 THE GRANITE WIZARD**

1 SQUARE = 10 FEET

Temple of the Hateful Eyes

Chaos has many faces, but none are more terrifying than that of the Hundred Eyed God, Orak. His minions lurk in every corner of the world, doing their master's evil bidding. Of the creatures that serve him, the Eye of Orak is the most fearsome. There have only ever been one hundred in the world (fewer now after many wars). They are Orak's oldest and most loyal servants. They are also his generals. Eyes of Orak dwell in the world to marshal their lord's forces and cause the destruction of Law.

Orak's Eyes are often extremely vain. It is one of their greatest and most exploitable faults. Often, they direct the activities of cults dedicated to them. The cults tend to the Eye's every whim. Most of Eyes' the foul temples, and the Eyes that dwelt within them, were destroyed in ages past. However, a few still remain. Their masters have lain dormant but have suffered no shortage of worshippers. When they can, they interfere with the affairs of the Lawfully-minded.



TEMPLE OF THE HATEFUL EYES

1 SQUARE = 10 FEET

Tomb of the Riddled King

You finally found it! The Tomb of the Riddled King. The bandits' map had been correct. You followed it into the forest, to this location. You know the king buried here was the last member of a dying dynasty. His kingdom fell after northern invaders swallowed it whole. Those still loyal to the king secreted his body away to be buried in a hidden location.

Two massive sphinxes, each in remarkably beautiful shape, stood sentry outside. You passed between them with no little uncertainty.

You're now standing upon a large, stepped dais between four massive square pillars. On the dais are four statues, each a representation of a different god of Law. They stand, eyes cast downward, their hands outstretched. They face out away from the dais. Looking down at your feet, you notice a badly worn low relief carving with some sort of writing on it. Under the dust and through the damage, it is nigh impossible to read what it says. One of your number, a man in red robes, takes a tall cap from his head and holds it to his breast as he kneels down and blows the dust from the carving. A small cloud billows out into the darkness, then dissipates.

'It says something here! Quick, warrior, bring your torch so I might better see!' The wizard reads aloud the following riddle:

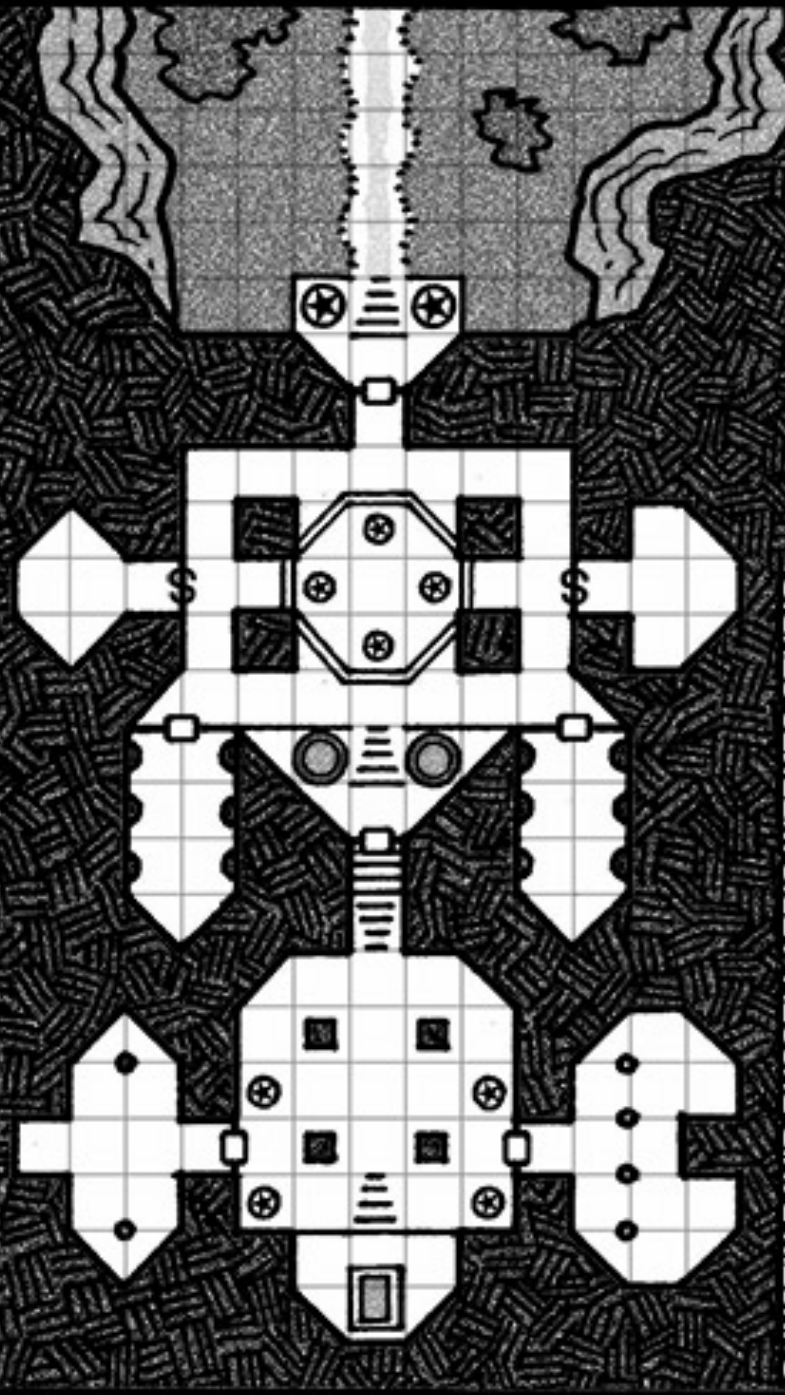
Each good turn deserves another,
No sun rises without its brother.
Don't let appearances blind thee,
The weight of the world does not bind thee.
Some men think that it is not mete,
For the high gods to regard thy feet.
If you be worthy, take this blade,
And through the dark tide of Chaos wade.

Details: The riddle is in relation to the king's sword, a blade forged by Law to serve Law. If anyone is brave enough to solve the king's riddle and face the challenges within his tomb, they can claim the blade (of little or great power, depending on the need). The king, himself, will rise to challenge any comers. He will use the sword he wielded in life, bringing it to bear against anything of Chaos, or those that prove unworthy. If facing Lawful individuals, the king will encourage those he bests to leave his resting place, or die. Neutral and Chaotic creatures the king will try to kill, outright.

The riddle means that the large marble statues of the Law gods can be turned easily to face inward. There will be a distant click and the sound of stone on stone. The carved granite portal up the stairs between two massive (now lit) braziers slides into the wall, revealing access to the inner tomb.

TOMB OF THE RIDDLED KING

1 SQUARE = 10 FEET



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A Long (Nearly) Forgotten Place

Hook: A recently settled region has revealed some evidence of prior civilization (notably, an organized collection of stones and shards of pottery near the river, where a village or ritual site may once have existed). Nothing truly exceptional was uncovered, but it was obvious that people once occupied the area. A nearby sinkhole has garnered a bad reputation. No one that has gone down into it has returned. That was not surprising, considering the dangers that surrounded the settlement.

After a hard winter, no resources, including people, can be spared to explore the place. The pit is so deep, none are particularly excited to try, anyway. For anyone willing to, the local authorities will tax 20% of whatever is found in the place, if anything of value can be gained, and the local temple/church will offer non-magical healing to those that become injured there. Explorers will be compensated for dispatching any threatening creatures.

Details: Unfortunately, and unknown to anyone, is the fact that the hole leads down to a series of caves that guard the final resting place of an ancient evil.

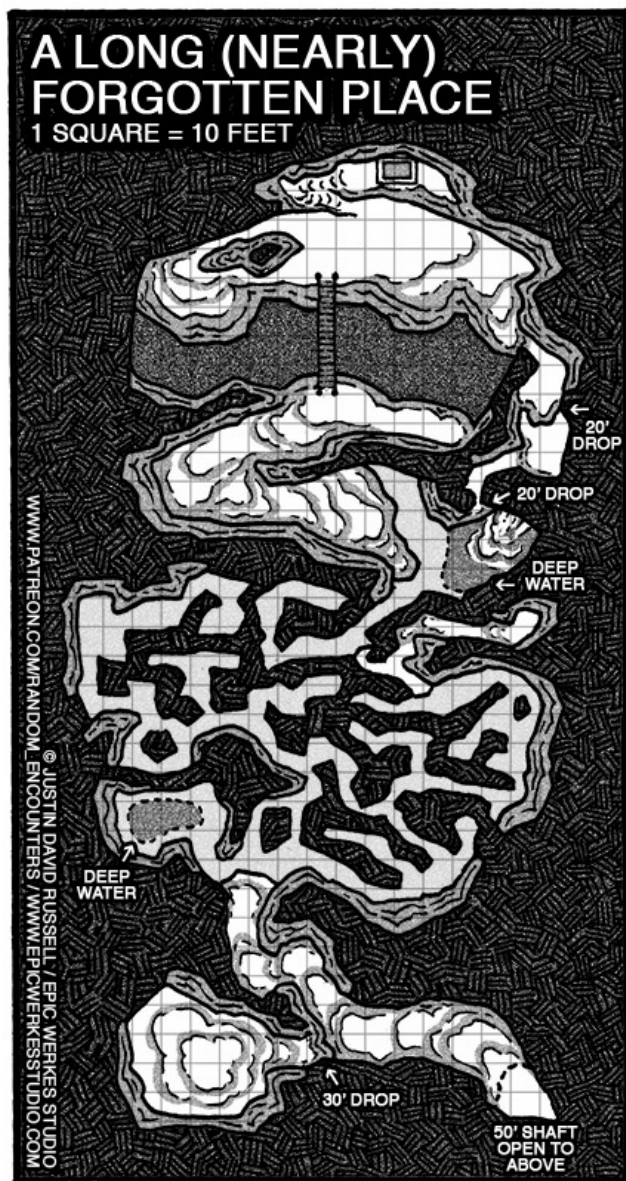
A Lawful group of people that lived in the region were once the victims of a powerful, evil tyrant, an undead monster that sought to enslave them. Their lord had not initially been so evil, but a pact he made to extend his life (at the cost of draining the blood of the living) made him into a monster. The lord's peasants, not sure how to destroy their seemingly immortal despot, trapped him and rendered him helpless. Their chief priest put a powerful seal upon the monster's sepulcher. The people built their lord's prison deep under the earth, at the far end of a series of natural caves and tunnels, far from any settlements, where he would be forgotten.

There are variety of challenges, including natural hazards, possible monsters lairing in certain areas, and ancient, decaying bridges, waiting for anyone wishing to dare the place.

50' Shaft: A vertical shaft of near sheer rock drops down into the earth here. It grants access to the caves. The bones of a few unfortunate falling victims litter the bottom.

The Labyrinth: The floor in this collection of meandering tunnels is drowned in calf-deep water. The walls are close, making the way narrow, forcing those traversing it to walk in single-file, and causing difficulty when fighting in close-quarters. Some areas restrict movement even further, making carrying any packs through impossible, unless they are removed and handed through. Giant leeches, carnivorous cave fish, and/or other denizens may dwell here, as well.

Bridge: This rope and wood bridge is very treacherous. It spans a chasm that plunges deep into the earth, deeper than anyone might reasonably survive, if they fell. Progress over the bridge is slow, due mostly to the precarious nature of it. Any amount of violent agitation may cause it to swing or tilt, spilling anyone on it into the abyss. Of course, checks should be made to see if the thing breaks. Its ropes are moldering, the planks are likewise decaying. The mooring posts on either side of the chasm are also brittle with age.



Side Passage: A side-passage may be discovered by observant individuals. A narrow crack in the slick stone twenty feet up a rock face near the waterfall grants access to a path that leads up to the tomb chamber, bypassing the bridge.

Tomb Chamber: A set of rough-hewn steps have been carved into the stone leading up to a landing where a featureless sepulchre sits lonely and forgotten. It radiates the power of Law, and a great force of Chaos. If opened, the near-desiccated body of the vampire lord will be discovered. Once the lid is off, the seal is broken. The creature will immediately try to attack anyone nearby and drain them of blood. The creature is a true horror. No longer the handsome soldier of old, he is now wasted and skeletal. Feeding may replenish him, but he is weak, making this an interesting encounter for low to high level individuals. The lord is half-mad from isolation and starvation, so he will likely try to fight to the death. If, however, he senses his imminent destruction, the creature may attempt to flee, even going so far as to dive into the chasm to escape.

Temple of the Ruined Star

Your trek through the wilderness, along the Lake of Ruins, has been beautiful, if uneventful. The morning mist clings to the still water and the forested hills about you like a cloak. Birdcall rings out in all directions, and the cerulean spring sky reveals itself after a night of violent storms. Mud sucks at the heels of your boots and shoes, muddying the hems of your clothes. You almost can't believe the locals have had trouble from this area...

The brisk morning air is punctuated by an unearthly scream and a whistling thunk to your right. Lake birds erupt into the sky, disrupting the mist and churning the water, offering surprised, angry cries to the sudden violence. Looking down, you see a feathered shaft sticking out of the mud at your feet. The soft earth nearly consumes the entirety of the arrow. You glance up at the rock face ahead of you. There you notice a couple of dark openings. You were so distracted by the natural magic around you, you didn't see the danger high overhead! Shapes dance and gibber in the openings as more arrows rain down around you...

Details: Long ago, a cult of Neutrality dedicated to the goddess of the sky once operated in the region. An earthquake destroyed almost the entire structure, collapsing the majority of it into a newly-created lake, killing nearly every member of the cult. Only a few rooms survived, including the main worship chamber featuring a (now defaced) marble statue of the star-eyed goddess. Time, a variety of looters, monsters, and weather, have ruined much of what lies within, but there may yet be something of value. Collapsed tunnels grant access to the outside and act as suitable watch posts. A stair hugging the nearby cliff was cut out of the stone long ago by some forgotten resident. Currently, the place is the lair of a group of goblins that use the temple as a base of operations. The goblins have even begun mining operations, but their efforts have not been fruitful. A tunnel leads to a few abandoned shafts and chambers.

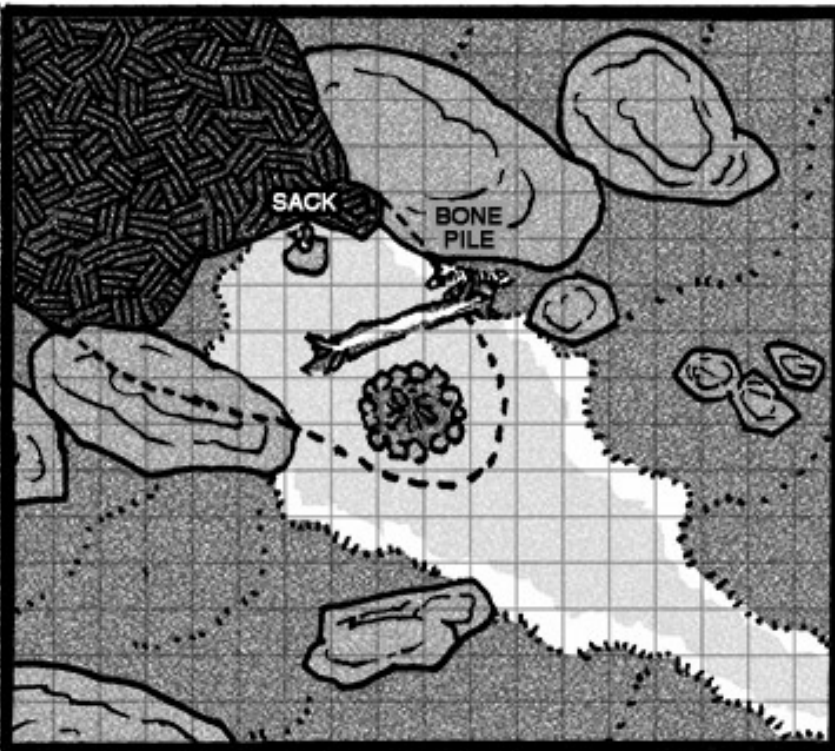


Abandoned Giant Camp

A group of travelers slew a giant. Its large, nook of a home is now abandoned. The lone, roving dumb brute just recently killed and consumed an elven traveler, and his mount! In the giant's sack, among other, less savoury things that served as personal property, are a few choice treasures that belonged to the elf. A nearby bone pile served as a refuse heap for the giant. The large, now cold, campfire had been used to spit and roast the horse, but the spit is down, having collapsed in the high winds and absence of any care. A large, downed tree served the giant as a seat. There is even some evidence that scavengers visited the bone pile. Some of the remains are scattered and bear evidence of fangs, in addition to the blunt, crushing scrapes caused by the giant's blocky teeth.

ABANDONED GIANT CAMP

1 SQUARE = 10 FEET



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Tomb of the Dragon King

Hook: Strange, hooded figures have been seen lurking around town, and local roads have become dangerous places for traders and merchants. Some people have even said that lights have been seen in the hills near the old dragon lair. Some folk have also been reported missing, including the head of the local priests of Neutrality, the Oathkeepers.

Martin the Huge is ruler in Mosswillow. He wants a group of trustworthy souls to go undercover in town to find the truth behind the odd occurrences. Martin feels that if the town guard begins investigating, they will draw too much attention and scare away their quarry, hurting their chances of finding the truth.

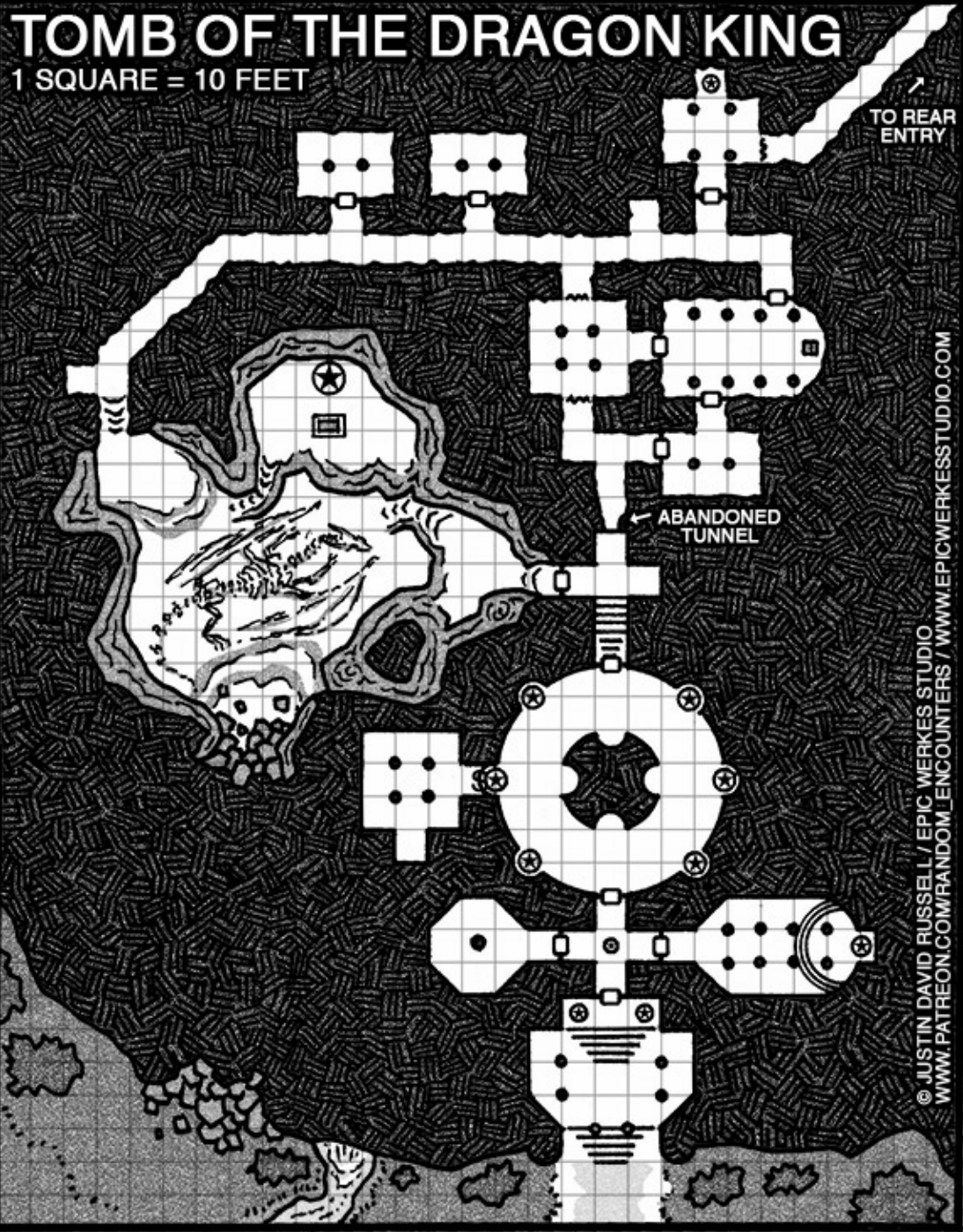
Details: The Town of Mosswillow is renowned for the heroic tales of its ancient past. The oldest of such tales involved a tyrant dragon that once ruled the area, but the village's founder, Lord Ronald, slew the creature. Local priests of Neutrality, the Oathkeepers, collapsed the entry the dragon used and built a shrine complex to bless and ward the site against evil.

Many years later, a dragon cult began operating in the region. Their priest wished to resurrect the dragon and destroy the town of Mosswillow.

The cultists are the ones that have been skulking around the town at night. Several of the townsfolk are cult loyalists. They have been supplying trade routes, slaves, and goods to the priest and his minions.

Not wishing to bring the Oathkeeper's down upon them (and also because they are unable to penetrate the wards of Law placed on the tomb, itself), the cultists dug into the dragon's tomb from a nearby hillside.

There are several wards, riddles, and false leads as one traverses the tomb. When the dragon's chamber is discovered, it will be revealed that the priest is dead, sacrificed to the dragon god. The cult priests must be stopped and peace returned to Mosswillow Town.



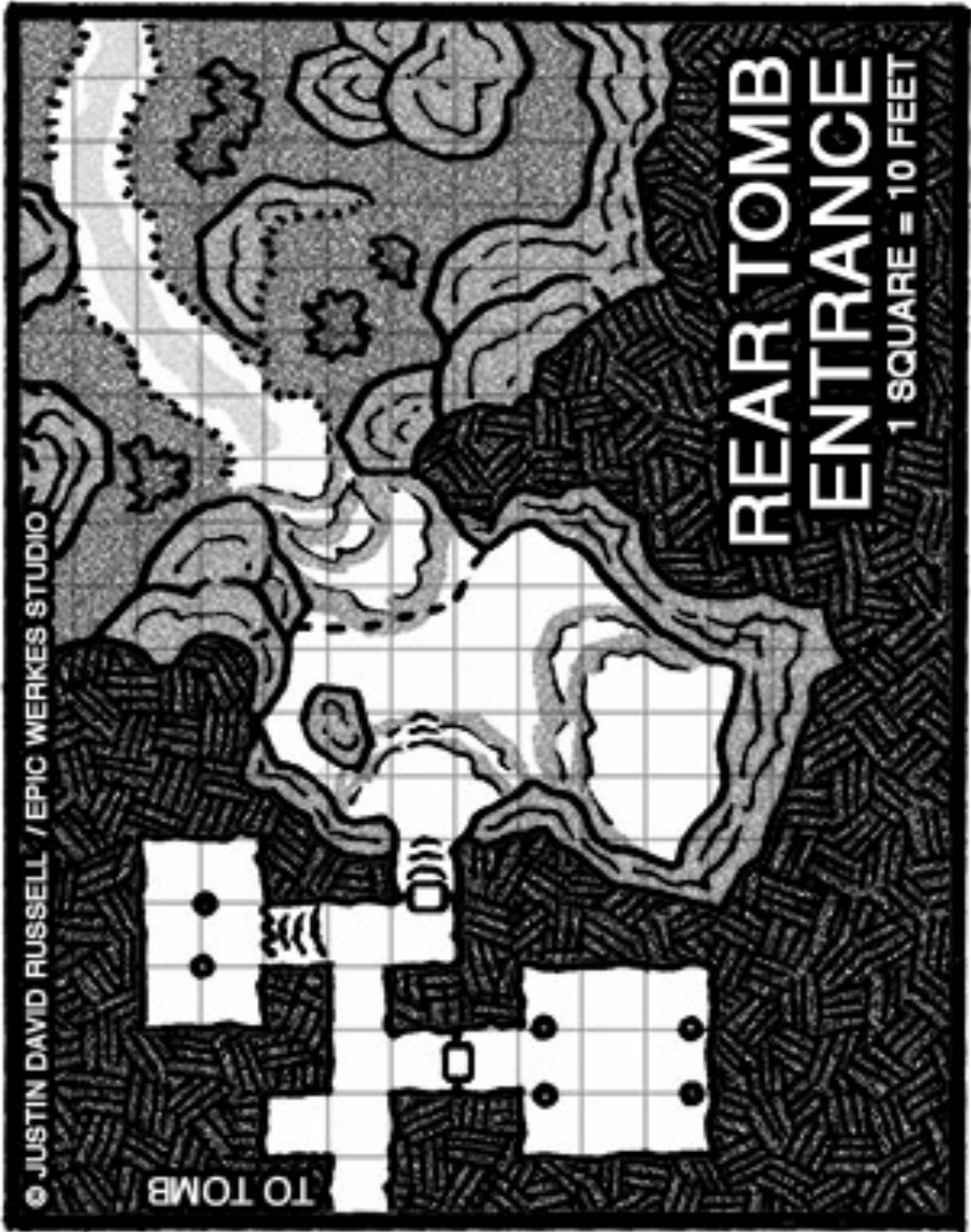
Rear Tomb Entrance

This map is affiliated with the '**Tomb of the Dragon King.**' The rear entry is a well-hidden guard post used by the dragon cult. It is where the cult accesses the hill to reach the tomb of the dragon tyrant. Excavated stone is secretly carted off and dumped elsewhere so evidence of the activities remain a secret.

Mosswillow Town's people do not often traverse the hills where the cult operates. It is dangerous. The cultists do not keep horses or livestock, but instead bring prepared food in so the sounds of animals do not alert the servants of Law.

Digging took several patient years to accomplish. The activities were painstakingly slow, but the cultists used the time to perfect the rites necessary to resurrect the dragon tyrant and integrate themselves into the daily lives of the Mosswillowsmen.

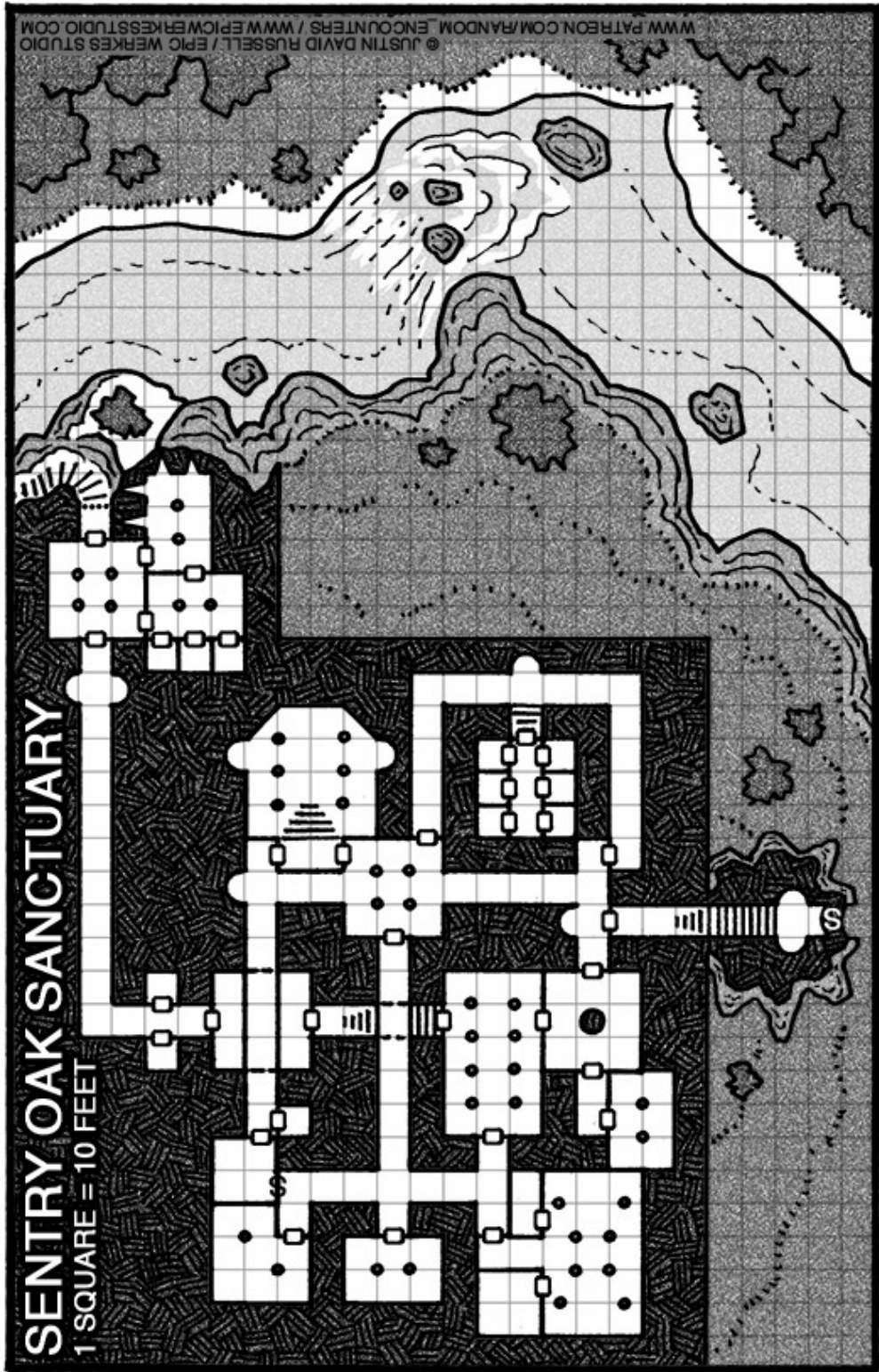
Now that their efforts are complete, the cultists have been less careful, believing their plan to be so foolproof that nothing can interfere.



Sentry Oak Sanctuary

During an ancient war, an elven lord decided to take his people below ground. He ordered his forces to hide below large trees, called Sentry Oaks. The decision was made in an effort to evade the forces of Chaos. Goblins and evil men marched on the woods, burned the trees and slew the elves with abandon. Sentry Oaks allowed the elves to mostly conceal resistance activities. While the forces of Chaos roved about, the elves could strike, then disappear into their secret strongholds. Many of them are still in operation, today, especially near the edges of the elven forests.

Entry into the Oak is only made after a magical word is spoken. The tree's bark parts, forming a portal 10' wide and 12' high. The portal automatically closes behind the entrant.



Wizard's Folly

Hook: While wandering the wilderness, players see a peculiar sight. A ruined tower sits lonely and hollow upon an outcropping of stone high upon a natural precipice. The tower can be seen from a fair distance, but one might mistake it for an outcropping of stone, at first. A narrow path wends its way up from the bottom of a ridge, leading to the ruins.

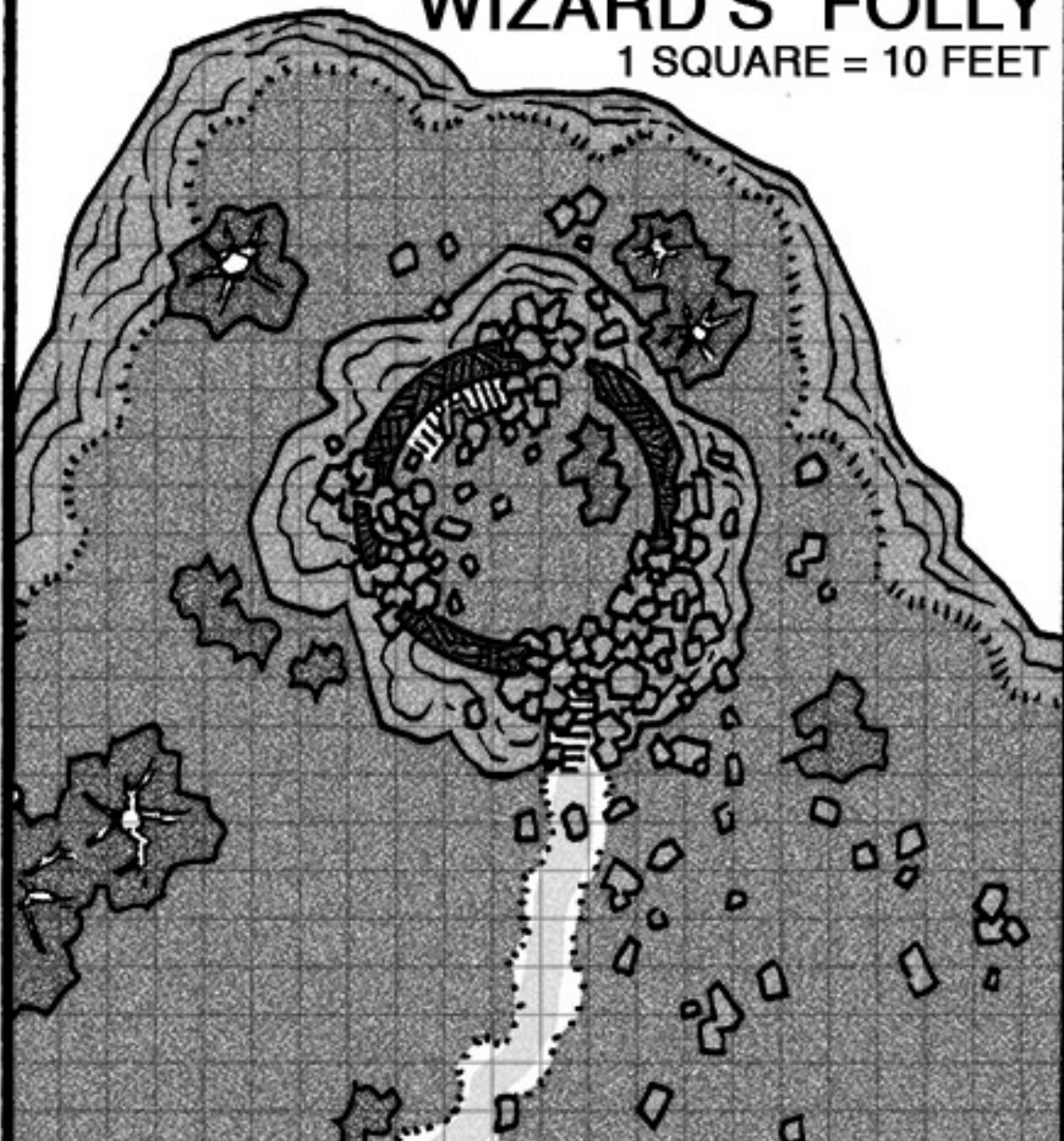
Details: About one-hundred years ago a wizard lived in the tower. He performed a rite that caused the top half and front of his home to explode, scattering the wizard and large blocks of stone outward. When approached, immediately noticeable is the charred stone, still blackened from the explosion. The rest of the structure has crumbled naturally with the passage of time and the punishment of weather. The inside of the tower is filled with broken, moss-covered stone, grass, and bushes.

For many years after the wizard's death, his familiar, a small dragon, gathered all of its master's remaining trinkets and squirreled them away in a small lair under a large flat stone near the crumbled stair. The creature remained there until it, too, passed. Anyone searching carefully may find the now overgrown burrow and its warden, now only a tiny skeleton curled around a pile of treasure.

There may be some other monster lairing here, now. Maybe a bear or a few goblins call this place home.

WIZARD'S FOLLY

1 SQUARE = 10 FEET



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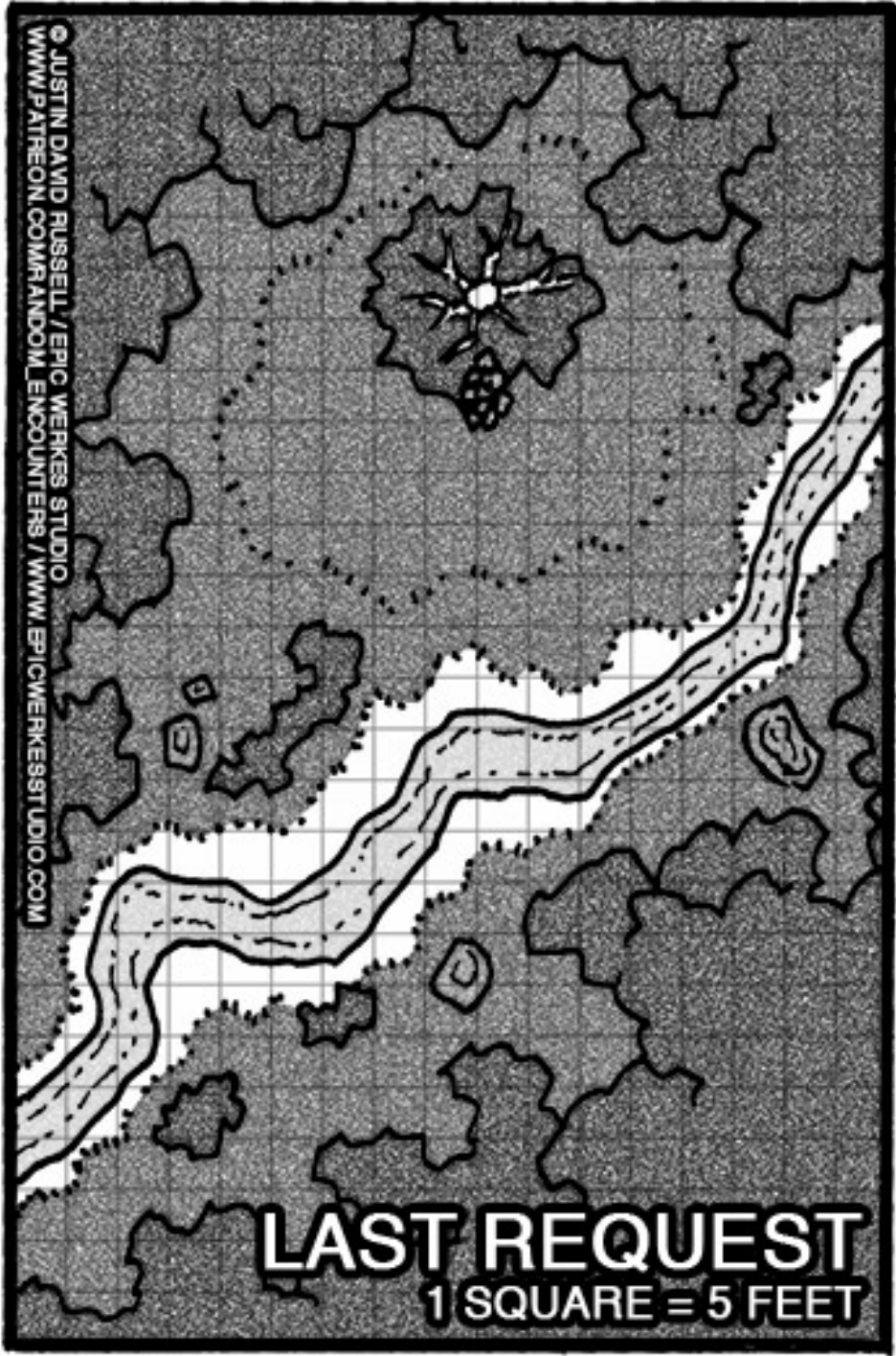
Last Request

Hook: An idyllic, peaceful clearing in the woods, through which runs a clear stream, reveals a pile of stones heaped under an old Maple tree. Upon the mossy cairn rests the remains of a shield. When the grave is approached, a voice seems to whisper on the wind, and a blueish, translucent figure materializes from out of the Maple. It is a middle-aged man, dressed in plate armour, bearing a shield. An empty scabbard sits at his waist.

Many years ago, he was mortally wounded by goblins while attempting to rid the region of the creatures. He and his friends had to flee into the forest. After the man died, his companions buried him here, in this clearing. The warrior appeals to the group to find his missing sword, which should still be in the lair of the goblins. The weapon is a magical blade that he found early in his career and carried on many expeditions. He cannot rest without it. He asks that the group bring him the sword and place it on his grave.

Details: Many adventures end in victory, but some end in sadness. This grave is a grim, solemn reminder of the sometime price of an adventurous life. The warrior, unfortunately, did not survive his encounter with the clan of goblins living in the mountains. The warrior dropped his sword in the goblin lair after he was wounded by an arrow. Knowing that the sword is in the hands of the forces of Chaos, the warrior cannot rest peacefully. He lingers in this world, hoping for individuals of worth to happen by.

As a form of payment, the warrior will tell the group that his clearing is a holy place, blessed by the gods of Law. Those of Lawful ethos may rest here and be at ease. Wounds heal faster in the clearing, and the mind is soothed during sleep.



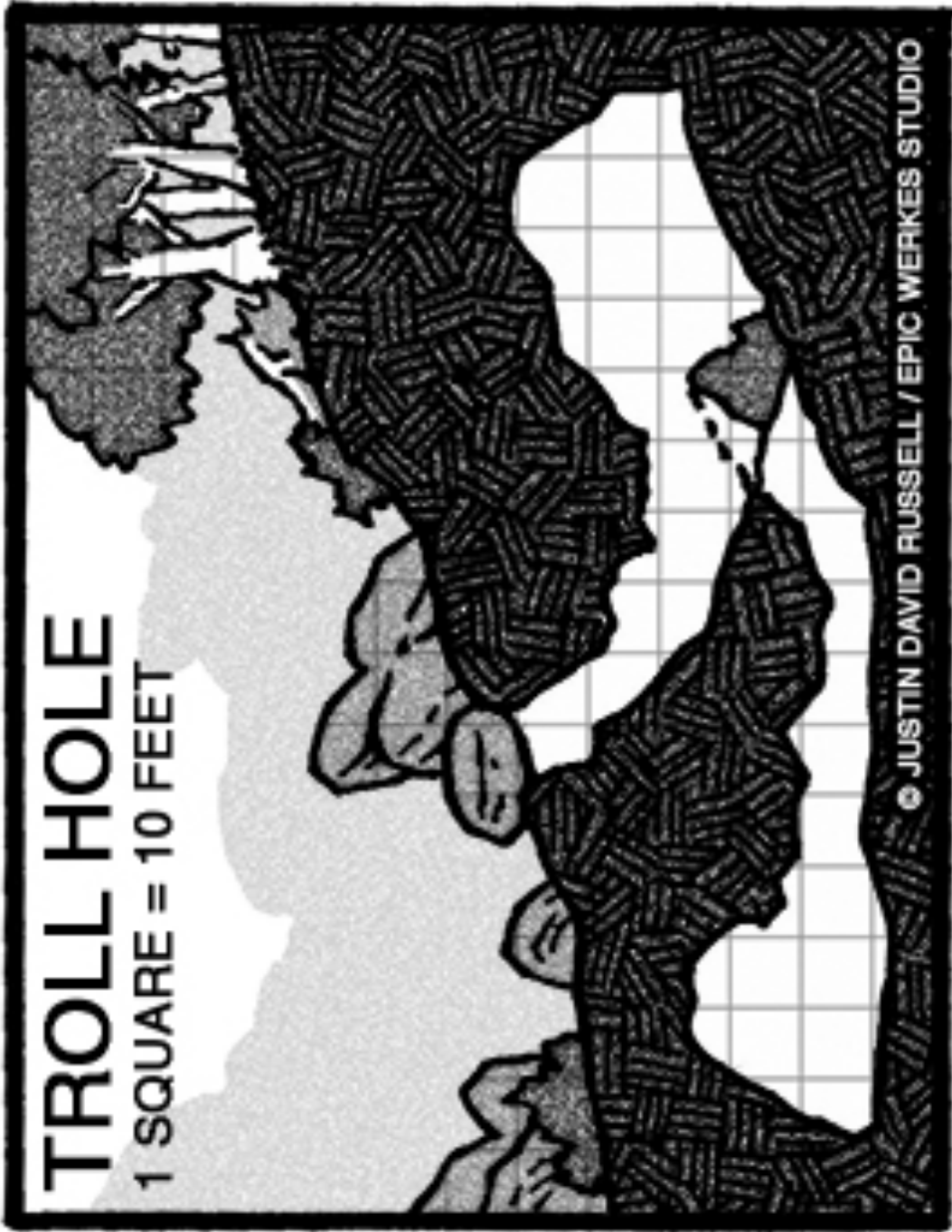
Troll Hole

You've been wandering the hills for hours, looking for the old stronghold where goblins and evil men have been rumoured to lair. The grey hawks of the region tear the sky with their shrill cries as they wheel overhead in search of prey. Fierce wind rips through the clefts in the hills, buffeting and howling. Leaden sky weighs down on you, pressing your spirits to the ground where you tread on them with every weary boot step.

Large boulders rise up all around you. Narrow canyons, steep rock faces, and cirques lie at every turn, turning the hills into a troublesome maze. Then you smell it. Briefly, at first. A hint of death on the violent wind. Then you see the bones, some still bearing meat. You see a few human and humanoid skulls, but most are animal remains. They litter the hillside you just stumbled upon. A cluster of rocks higher up seem to be where the bones are most concentrated. The smell is nearly overwhelming, now...

You know something dwells here, but what, you are not sure. As of yet, you feel no eyes upon you, but that doesn't mean that you are safe...

Details: A troll dwells in a cave hidden by a block of stone. The creature is able to shift the heavy door enough to get into and out of his home. Though no farms dwell nearby, the creature has a rich food supply here feeding on the local wildlife, goblins, and, occasionally, adventurous individuals. The inhabitants of the old stronghold know the creature is here, but they leave it to serve them as a kind of guardian. The creature may or may not be home, though it usually sleeps during the day. Night time is a dangerous period to be wandering in this part of the hills.



Cursed Shrine

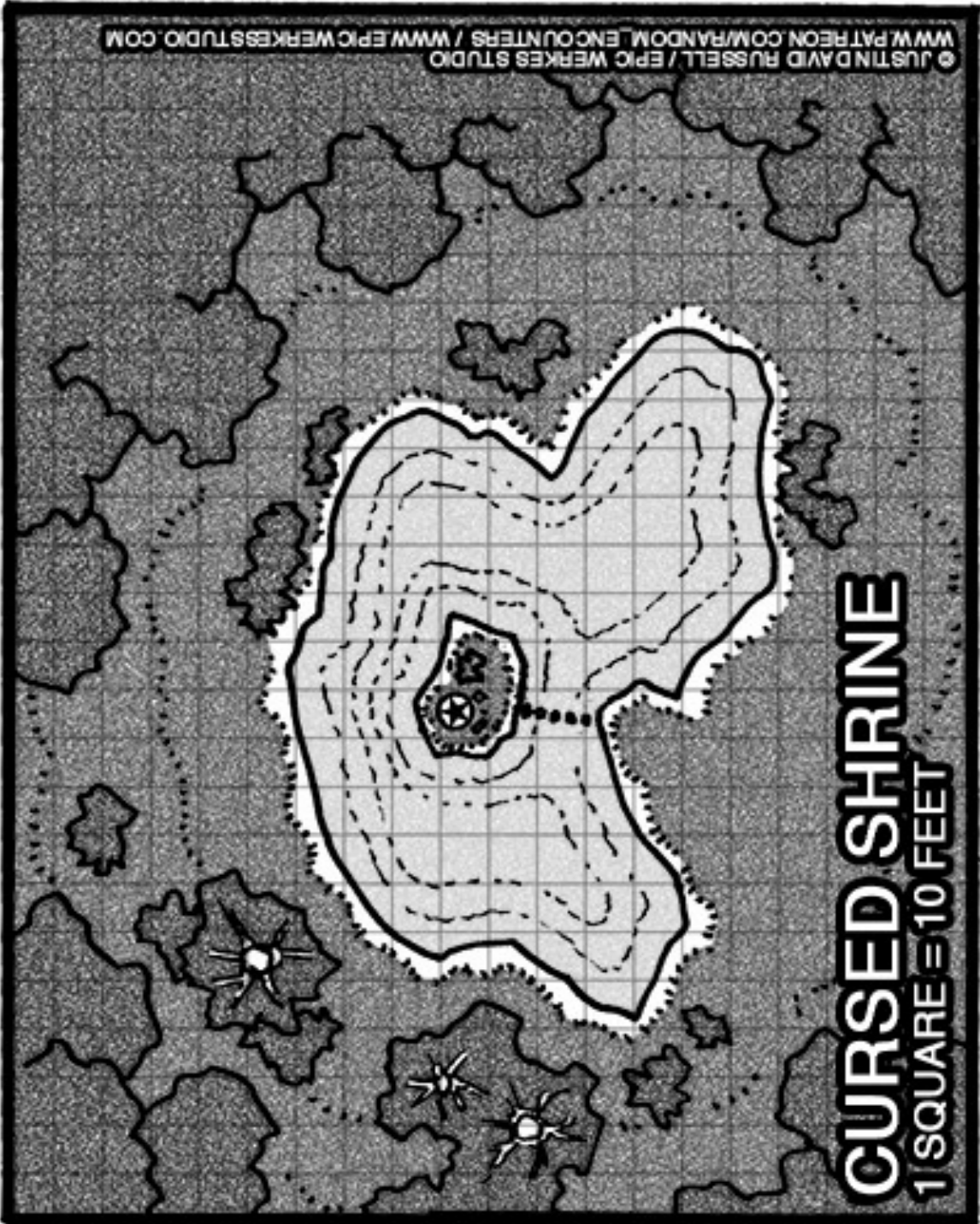
Hook: While wandering the forest, a group of travelers happen upon a shrine on a small island in the middle of an isolated pond. There is no animal life here, no nature sounds. A series of crudely cut, black marble blocks serve as a pathway to the island. A crude, black marble statue of a bestial, horned man with a wide open mouth sits all by itself on a dais made of the same stone. Some of the statue is worn away with the passage of time, but it is still remarkably intact. One of its horns is missing, though the missing piece's location is not immediately apparent. Offerings (a few coins, an old leather pouch, a fetish, etc.) have been placed in the statue's mouth.

Details: The shrine is an old monument to Chaos. Built by goblins a long time ago, the thing has outlived its makers. Now and again, servants of Chaos stumble upon the shrine and make offerings. Though there is not enough traffic to wear a significant pathway, the grass is not as thick around the bank near the stepping stones. Rainwater replenishes the shallow basin that surrounds the statue and island.

Anyone not of Chaotic temperament touching the shrine is immediately cursed. Making an offering at the shrine, depending on what is offered, and the temperament of the offerer, causes a variety of effects. Chipping a piece off of the shrine will immediately slay the person that does so. A search of the area around the shrine reveals the broken part of the horn under the human bones.

Lists of curses can be found in numerous supplemental material for any number of fantasy role-playing games, so I will not make an exhaustive list here. A few examples may include:

- Level loss
- Attribute score point loss
- Permanent hit point loss
- Blindness
- Death
- Deafness
- Loss of taste
- Temperament change
- Sex change
- Race/creature type change
- Teleported to another dimension/location
- Maladies (suffer penalties to rolls until the curse is removed)



BANDIT LORD'S HALL

BY JUSTIN DAVID RUSSELL

BACKGROUND: The success and wealth of the characters has attracted the attention of Gorzork, the Bandit Lord. He has sent his men to ambush the characters as they travel, liberate any treasure they have, and kill or recruit them. If any characters survived the attack, they would likely wish to find the bandit lair. A few ways to do so include:

- A. Follow tracks back to the hideout.
- B. Captured and led to the bandit lair to meet with the Lord.
- C. Recruited and led to the lair.
- D. Discover agents in the local village or town.
- E. Aided by constable/local lawmen who know where they are.
- F. Led by secret bandit agent into an ambush at the lair.

DETAILS: Everywhere but the dock (area 2) is worked, grey granite. Ceilings are vaulted between pillars, and arched everywhere else. Construction is somewhat rough, but clean and solid. The floors are strewn with straw.

1. LANDING: The landing is a trampled portion of pebbly, muddy ground near the stream. An old, wooden mooring post sticks up out of the ground. There may be a boat tied here or pulled up onto the bank.

2. DOCK: A 40' long wooden dock has been built off of an elevated landing. There is another raised area that is usually occupied by a bandit sentry (X) with a spear or polearm in hand, and a warning horn attached to his belt. A lantern hangs from an iron hook in the wall opposite the sentry post. There is always at least one boat moored here.

3. STORAGE: This room is full of crates, barrels, and sacks of goods waiting to be loaded, unloaded, and cataloged. No valuables are kept here, just foodstuffs and mundane items. The door to this room is never locked.

4. GUARD ROOM: A collection of human bandits are posted here in case of trouble. They also help unload and load boats. Three bunk beds with locked chests at their feet sit against the south wall. A trestle table and benches occupy the centre. A lantern hangs from a hook on the north west wall by the door. The guards' activities and response time may be random and/or depend on

with a twisted visage, sharp teeth, curly hair, and horns. Candles and human bones adorn the above floor.

8. GREAT HALL: Six pillars line this chamber. Four sport an iron scone and torch. Two trestle tables occupy the centre. A large oak chair carved with horrifying images is and draped with filthy furs. It sits on a raised dais reached by several stairs. Human skulls litter the stairs and the ground around the chair. Some rest on top of it. Several skulls have candles mounted on their crowns. This room smells of blood and stale beer.

9. BARRACKS: A wardrobe and four bunks with chests at their feet line the south wall. A trestle table and benches sit in the room's centre. A torch in a scone is mounted to each pillar. A weapon rack sits against the north wall east of the door.

10. LOOKOUT POST: This chamber is open to the waterfall to the west. The floor, especially in the western portion, is slick. A horn and lantern hang from the wall near the door. Barrels with arrows and bows sit against the south wall.

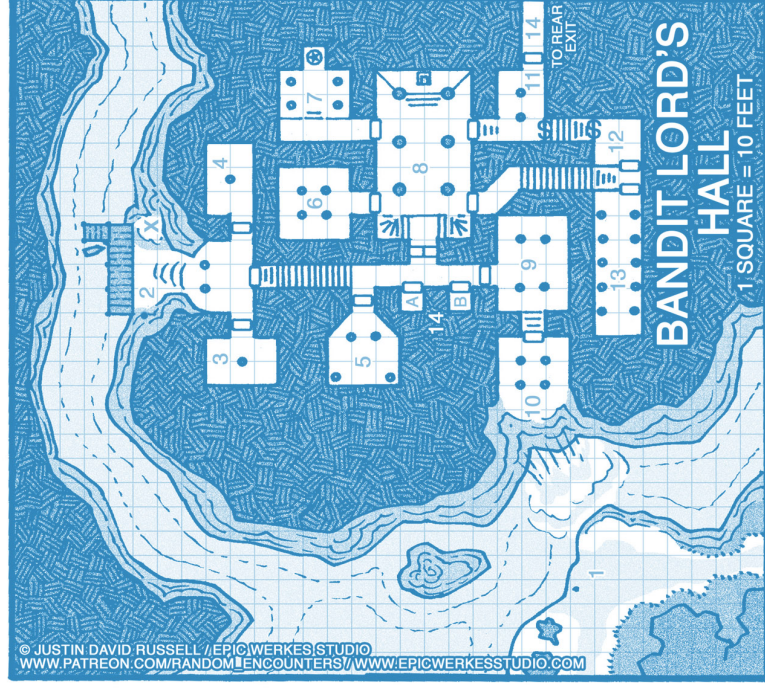
11. GUARD ROOM: This room contains a weapon rack, small table, and chairs. A lantern hangs on the north wall next to the entry stairwell.

12. COLD STORAGE: Perishables are kept in this room. It is lower and cooler than other rooms (except the treasury), and kept locked.

13. TREASURY: This long, pillared chamber contains whatever treasure the bandits have amassed. The door is always locked. Gorzork wears the key around his corpulent neck.

14 REAR EXIT: A locked door leads from area 11 to a long hallway three quarters of a mile out to a hidden cave in the hills. The rear entry is always watched by a small camp of bandits.

GORZORK: Gorzork is a large, slovenly being. He is human, but he can assume the shape of a large, wild pig. He assumes one or the other during the daytime. Gorzork is a powerful, evil man. He is a cannibal. In addition to human bandits, there may be monsters in his employ.



the time of day. They will likely be quicker to respond during the daytime.

5. HOLDING CHAMBER: This room reeks of human waste and blood. Shackles hang from the pillars and walls, and filthy straw litters the floor. There may or may not be prisoners here. There is a small, rectangular, barred opening in the door at eye-level.

6. LORD GORZORK'S CHAMBER: This room is well-appointed, but unkempt. Heavy, rich tapestries flank a fireplace on the west wall. A writing desk, chair, and wardrobe line the east wall. A large, well-made bed covered in filthy, thick furs occupies the centre of the north wall. A heavy, locked chest sits at the bed's feet. A table and chair occupy the southeastern wall. The fireplace vents through a natural fissure in the stone.

7. CHAOS SHRINE: This room is unlike all others. It's walls are polished, black marble. The floor and pillars are polished red marble. An alcove contains a white marble statue depicting a man

Thank you for your support!

Want help finding inspiration for your next adventure? Are you a busy GM looking for a quick map? Do you want unique locations to spice up your random encounter tables? Then you've come to the right place! Random Encounters provides creative solutions for gamers. It specifically caters to the Old School Renaissance, but the maps and descriptions found in this book can be used for any fantasy role playing system.

Please enjoy this offering. Have fun and, as always, GAME ON!

