

# RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

VOL 2





**RANDOM ENCOUNTERS MONTHLY MAP COLLECTION**

***Inspiration and adventure, at your fingertips!***

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### Content Creator’s Thanks

Thank you for your Patreon support. This supplement of all maps released in March, 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](http://www.mythoard.com)) and Dice Fanatics ([www.dicefanatics.com](http://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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## ***Vigilante Hideout***

This map is in response to Nathanael Cole's word, 'Batman.' Enjoy!

Recently, a rash of strange deaths have occurred throughout the city. Victims have ranged from high-ranking nobility to the lowly street urchin, all torn limb-from-limb. The one notable thing about them was that they had all somehow broken the law. Incriminating evidence has always been found at the scene. Reports of a winged man with fangs and talons has spread throughout the city. Some say his attacks are heralded by the arrival of a swarm of bats.

Local thieves' guilds are panicking and crime has begun to wane in the city. Officials with something to hide, and powerful criminal masterminds, have begun to actively look for the culprit. The City Watch is also on the lookout for the vigilante.

Opinions vary regarding the killer. Some think he is cleaning up the city. Others think he needs to be caught and executed for taking the law into his own hands. The Duke wants the creature destroyed. The creature is only active at night.

In truth, the vigilante is a werebat. Formerly a member of the City Watch cursed by a member of a thieves' guild, the creature has decided to use its power and knowledge of the city and its criminal element to bring down the rampant lawlessness in the city, violently and cruelly. The werebat found a few abandoned thieves' guild hideouts and store houses linked to some caves in a forgotten part of the city sewers. He has cleverly trapped much of his lair. There are very few clues that he even lives in the areas he haunts. Some of the caves attached to the werebat's home contain other creatures or deadly circumstances that help to protect the vigilante from intruders. A few access ladders permit the various points of access and escape.



# VIGILANTE HIDEOUT

1 SQUARE = 10 FEET

# Isle of Teeth

This map is in response to John Lopez's word, 'Dinosaurs.'

Far out on the Eastern Sea is the Isle of Teeth. Larger-than-life animals and insects, dinosaurs, and wild men live in this isolated pocket of savage wilderness. Chaosmen plundered the isle for its rich resources for years.

Wild men living in the interior are simpler versions of humans. They have sloping heads, large teeth, and thin hair, though the hair on the rest of their bodies tends to be thicker. Two tribes vie for dominance, the Shell Tribe and the Rock Tribe.

**Shell Tribe:** The Shell Tribe relies on the shellfish they find in the waters of Tumak Lake. Much of their art and jewelry features these life-giving mollusks. The people here are more intelligent and mild-mannered than Rock Tribe members, but they often fall prey to the Rock Tribe's violence. Shell Tribe wild men live in huts built along the banks of the lake.

**Rock Tribe:** The Rock Tribe lives in stone caves carved out of the Raptor Hills. Their tools are stone. Rock Tribe members are much more violent and less intelligent than Shell Tribe people.

**Chaosmen:** Chaosmen breached the high Thunder Crown Mountains and established a presence in the lives of the island's inhabitants nearly a century ago. At first, the Shell Tribe fought the intruders, but, soon, the Rock Tribe attacked. Seeing an opportunity, the Chaosmen offered the Shell Tribe steel weapons in exchange for their help in capturing members of the Rock Tribe and acquiring certain rare resources only the island could offer. The Chaosmen were able to cow the Rock Tribe, easily. Careful not to grant the Shell Tribe too much technology, they refrained from giving them armour, or the secrets of iron. They worked hard to establish themselves as near-gods to the wild men. Their equipment is only granted to a chosen few. Shell Tribe members helped the Chaosmen navigate the deadly island's interior.

**Other Notable Information:** The Chaosmen are not the only outsiders to have reached the island. A wizard's ruined fortress lies along the southern edge of the island, at the head of a valley. A crash site in the Uplands near Loana Lake contains the advanced technology of a space-faring ship. No one has discovered the truth of this place, yet, but the wild men speak of a time when the gods hurled a great ball of fire down on the Uplands. All wild men that have investigated have not returned.



# ISLE OF TEETH

1 HEX = 5 MILES

## KEY:

1. CHAOSMAN TOWN
2. CHAOS FORTRESS
3. CHAOS FORTRESS
4. ISLE OF AKHOBA
5. SHELL TRIBE
6. CRASH SITE RUINS
7. FIRE ROCK MOUNTAIN
8. ROCK TRIBE
9. ENCAMPMENT
10. RUINS



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## ***Atzan, the Serpent City***

This map is based on David Hamrick's word, 'Rubber.'

Perched on the swampy marge of the Southern Jungle is Atzan, City of the Serpent. It is a magnificent, cyclopean metropolis. Its people worship snakes. Their god, Otzloatl, is a fire-breathing, scaled reptile with short, feathered wings shimmering with iridescence. Atzan's ruler is the Eternal Empress, Ixoc, a half-snake, half-human woman claiming to be a child of Otzloatl, himself.

Of particular interest to the citizens of Atzan is a game that uses a rubber ball. Two teams compete to see who can get the ball in the other side's 'hoop' (a stone ring, carved with a knotted, coiling snake affixed to a wall). Traditionally, one team is comprised of slaves that play against 'champions' of Atzan descent. Slaves, whether they win or not, are sacrificed to Otzloatl, their heads displayed in the arena on the high walls of the ball court.

Combat events take place in the fighting area. Slaves are forced to fight Atzan warriors, animals, and serpent men. Groups of Atzan soldiers fight each other in mock and real melee, as well.

Rubber, as noted, is a known material to the Atzan people. Not only is it formed into balls, but it is also formed and cut into pieces used in armour. It is also shaped into smaller balls and used in the famous Atzan Sling. The balls are heavy and can kill a target. Their purpose, however, is not to kill. They deal non-lethal damage in whatever system is being used. Atzan hunting parties employ them to capture victims alive to offer up to their god at the arena.

# ATZAN, THE SERPENT CITY

1 SQUARE = 400 FEET

1. PLAZA
2. PALACE OF THE SERPENT
3. PYRAMID OF FEATHERS
4. PALACE OF FANGS
5. ARENA
6. PYRAMID OF FIRE



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## ***Arena of Atzan***

A map expounding on the [Imperial City of Atzan](#). This is the famed and bloody Arena of Atzan. There are only a few chambers beneath its massive stones. Wide stairs lead from the Common Gates straight up to the stands. The Warrior's Gate leads to a few rooms where slaves and soldiers sleep and eat. Animals are led in through this gate to special cages. The Imperial Entrance is flanked by large statues of Otzloatl. It leads directly to the Imperial Seats.

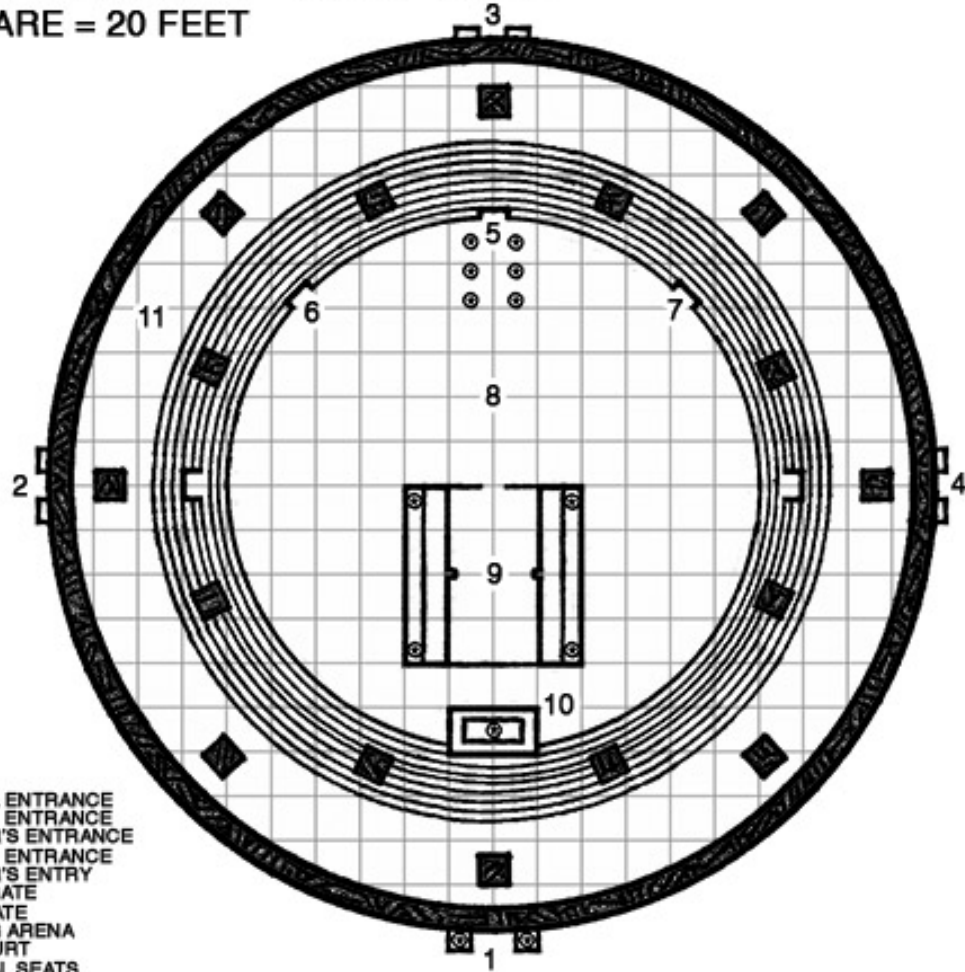
The Warrior's Entry into the arena faces the Imperial Seats so the Empress is greeted by them, first, during events. Seating is high up above the sand of the arena floor. Commoners may seat themselves where they wish, but the last to arrive must stand in the gallery. The ball court is situated in front of the Empress, being that it is part of the most important entertainment for the Atzans. A fighting arena is used for all other sports and entertainment, including gladiatorial events.

Only Atzan warriors are given rubber armour. Whole suits are too heavy. Instead, slivers of the material are sewn into vests and skirts that cover vital areas.

I'd like to thank DM Dave for his selection, 'Rubber,' that inspired the creation of Atzan and its arena.

# ARENA OF ATZAN

1 SQUARE = 20 FEET



1. IMPERIAL ENTRANCE
2. COMMON ENTRANCE
3. WARRIOR'S ENTRANCE
4. COMMON ENTRANCE
5. WARRIOR'S ENTRY
6. ANIMAL GATE
7. SLAVE GATE
8. FIGHTING ARENA
9. BALL COURT
10. IMPERIAL SEATS
11. STANDING GALLERY

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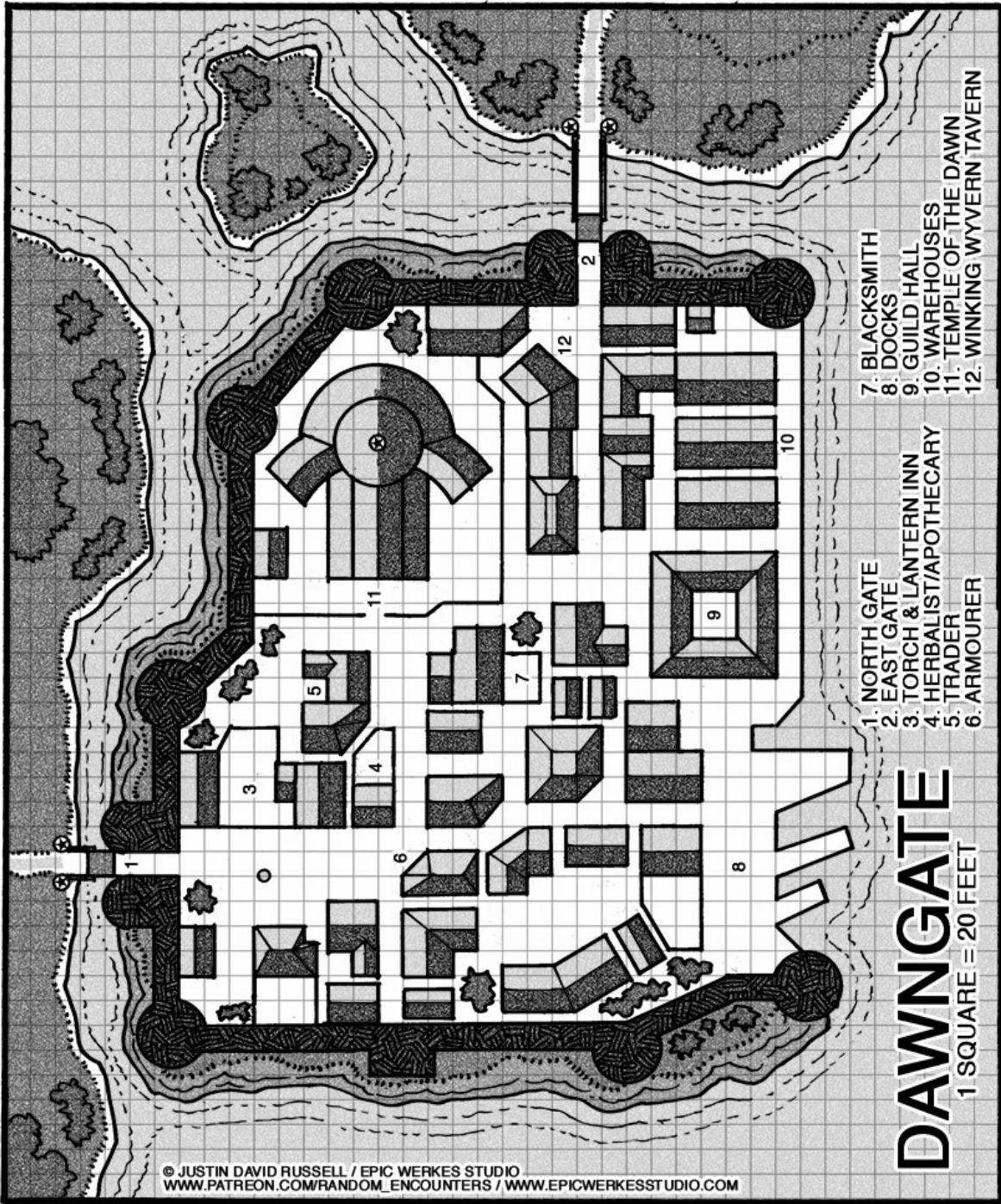


## ***Dawngate***

Dawngate is town located at a river fork. Its lord is a cleric of Law. He has established a large temple and commissioned thick walls to protect it and the town's people. A constable and a garrison of soldiers keep the peace.

Dawngate's location makes it a vital part of trade in the region. Merchants traveling along the rivers stop here to trade or rest before they travel on to another settlement. Mooring posts line the edge of the walkway near the warehouses, for easy access. A large guild house and its operators help to protect and organize local merchants. Dawngate is known for its skilled craftsmen.

Those priests that live in the town are not monastic, but they do live in a separate building on the temple grounds, as does the lord cleric. The priests act as the town's lawyers and historians. A large library can be found inside the temple. It is one of the finest in the region. Many of the books were acquired by the cleric during his errant youth spent visiting exotic ruins and battling Chaos.



- 1. NORTH GATE
- 2. EAST GATE
- 3. TORCH & LANTERN INN
- 4. HERBALIST/APOTHECARY
- 5. TRADER
- 6. ARMOURER
- 7. BLACKSMITH
- 8. DOCKS
- 9. GUILD HALL
- 10. WAREHOUSES
- 11. TEMPLE OF THE DAWN
- 12. WINKING WYVERN TAVERN

## **The Torch & lantern Inn**

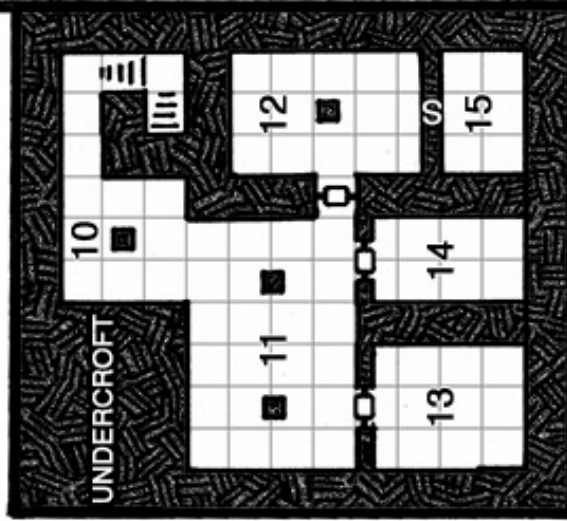
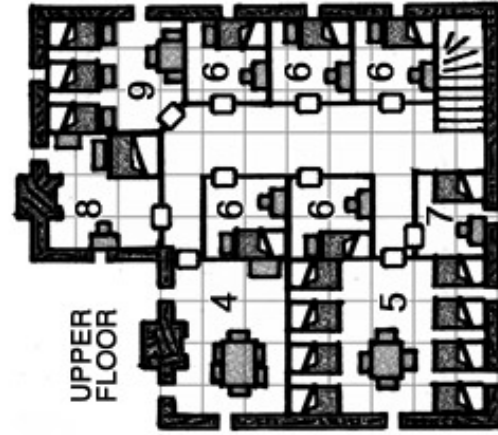
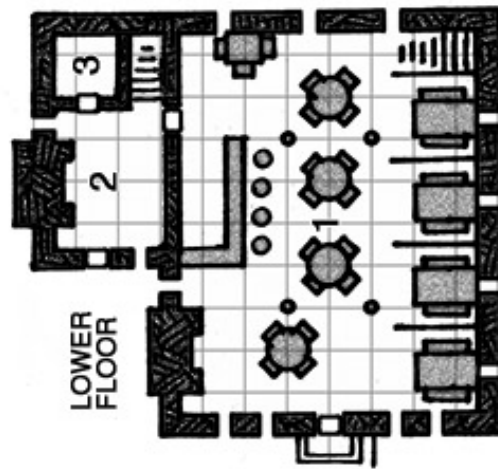
The Torch & Lantern Inn is one of [Dawngate's](#) premier establishments. It is run by a wild young woman, Morgan, the only survivor after a sickness took the rest of her immediate family. She is determined to rebuild and help return the town to a state of normalcy. Her new husband, William is a large, hardworking fellow. Unfortunately, William suffers the effects of the last plague. Though he survived, his mind has been affected. He can no longer manage the bar, a job that Morgan now holds. Serving girls, and Morgan's older male cousin, deal with customers and the cooking. William watches for trouble in the common room and keeps the peace.

A large, rangy dog with grayish blue, wavy fur sleeps near the fireplace. The dog is William's childhood friend, Frog. Frog earns his name by way of his behaviour. William always jokes that the dog is more of a frog than a dog because he can jump so high and so far with his long legs. William also calls Frog 'long shanks.' The animal is old, sleeps most of the hours of the day, but will be by William's side in an instant, should he ever call him. Frog's size is often enough to intimidate most troublemakers.

A secret room in the undercroft is actually unknown to everyone living at the inn. Unbeknownst to Morgan, her father was a member of a high-end fencing ring. The secret room was used to hold secret meetings and hold illicit goods. Recently, a few suspicious characters have been seen frequenting the common room, eyeing the staff and lingering after curfew. Frog hates the visitors. He growls whenever they pass close to him.

# THE TORCH & LANTERN INN

1 SQUARE = 5 FEET



**KEY:**

- 1. COMMON ROOM
- 2. KITCHEN
- 3. STORAGE
- 4. PARLOUR
- 5. DORMITORY
- 6. SINGLE ROOMS
- 7. SINGLE ROOM
- 8. INNKEEPER
- 9. SERVANTS
- 10. STORAGE
- 11. STORAGE
- 12. COLD STORAGE
- 13. DRY STORAGE
- 14. WINE STORAGE
- 15. SECRET ROOM

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## **Temple of the Dawn**

Dawngate's main religious building and seat of power is the Temple of the Dawn. It is a place dedicated to the gods of Law, specifically the goddess of the morning sun. Though the local lord cleric does not live inside the temple, he does live in a nearby building with other priests. The temple's library is renowned for its collection of histories. The lord cleric, known as Kevyn the Erudite, or Kevyn the Scholar, has dedicated his temple and his order, the Order of the Golden Scroll, to the acquisition and preservation of literature, especially documents of historical and religious significance. He sometimes sends priests and mercenaries on errands to recover such texts.

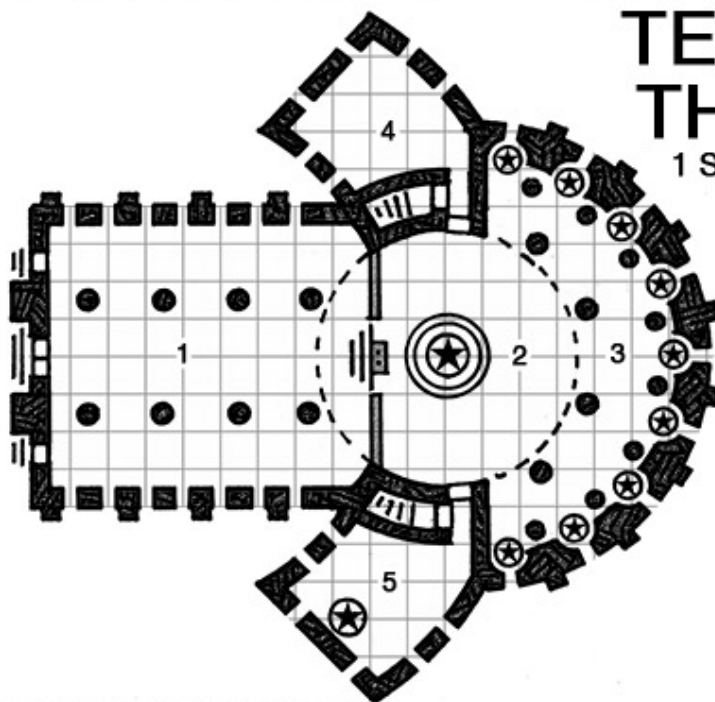
A massive, marble statue of the goddess of the dawn, decorated with gold accessories and precious jewels, occupies the apse. The altar stands just before it. Behind the apse is the ambulatory. Nine marble statues, the other nine Gods of Law, and nine stained glass windows expressing the lives of the gods depicted by the statues, occupy semicircular recesses where people can pray and leave offerings.

Local dead are interred in a cemetery on the temple grounds. Crypts underneath the temple contain the bodies of those dedicated to the service of the dawn goddess. Powerful priests are interred here. Hidden behind secret doors is a powerful Chaos demon that Kevyn imprisoned in the body of the priest that summoned it. Unable to destroy the priest's body without freeing the demon, it was laid to rest within a secret room, placed in-state upon a bier. Strong prayers and blessed walls covered with holy writings keep the demon locked in its prison.



# TEMPLE OF THE DAWN

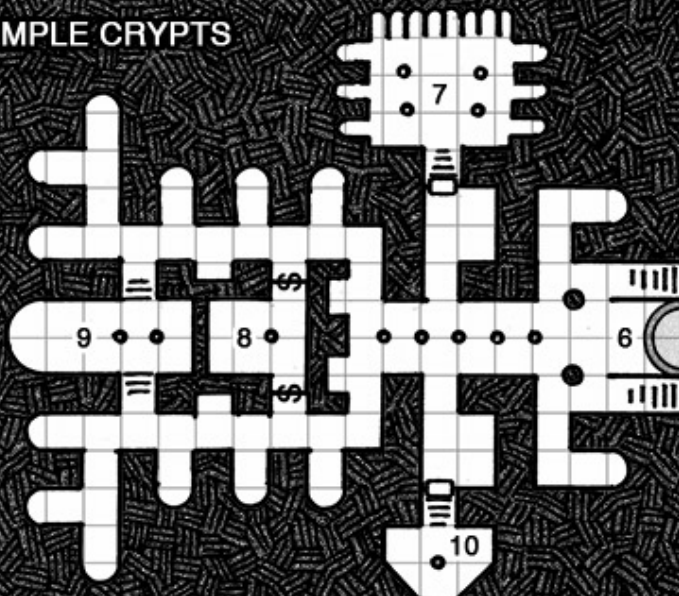
1 SQUARE = 10 FEET



1. NAVE
2. APSE
3. AMBULATORY
4. LIBRARY
5. CHAPEL OF THE GOLDEN MOTHER

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## TEMPLE CRYPTS



6. HOLY POOL
7. OLD TOMBS
8. BETRAYER'S TOMB
9. TOMB OF THE FIVE SAINTS
10. TOMB OF THE THREE ELDERS

## **Sacred Scroll Undercrofts & Crypts**

This map references one of my very first efforts here on Patreon, [the Monastery of the Sacred Scroll](#). It is one of the first special sites developed for my homebrew campaign world, the Borderlands. This map details the crypts, as well as chambers dedicated to the security of the Sacred Scroll of Dorandor. Entry is made through large, double doors set into the craggy face of the hill the monastery is built upon.

Merek, a sainted cleric of Law, founded the monastery in order to hold the Sacred Scroll. Its monks have been dedicated to its safe-keeping, ever since.

It is said the scroll contains the secret to bringing the dead back to life, but the monks have yet to allow anyone but their elders to visit the Scroll's chamber. Vows of silence undertaken by the order help to keep the Scroll's contents a secret. It is rumoured that copies of the scroll, transcribed by the monks, exist.

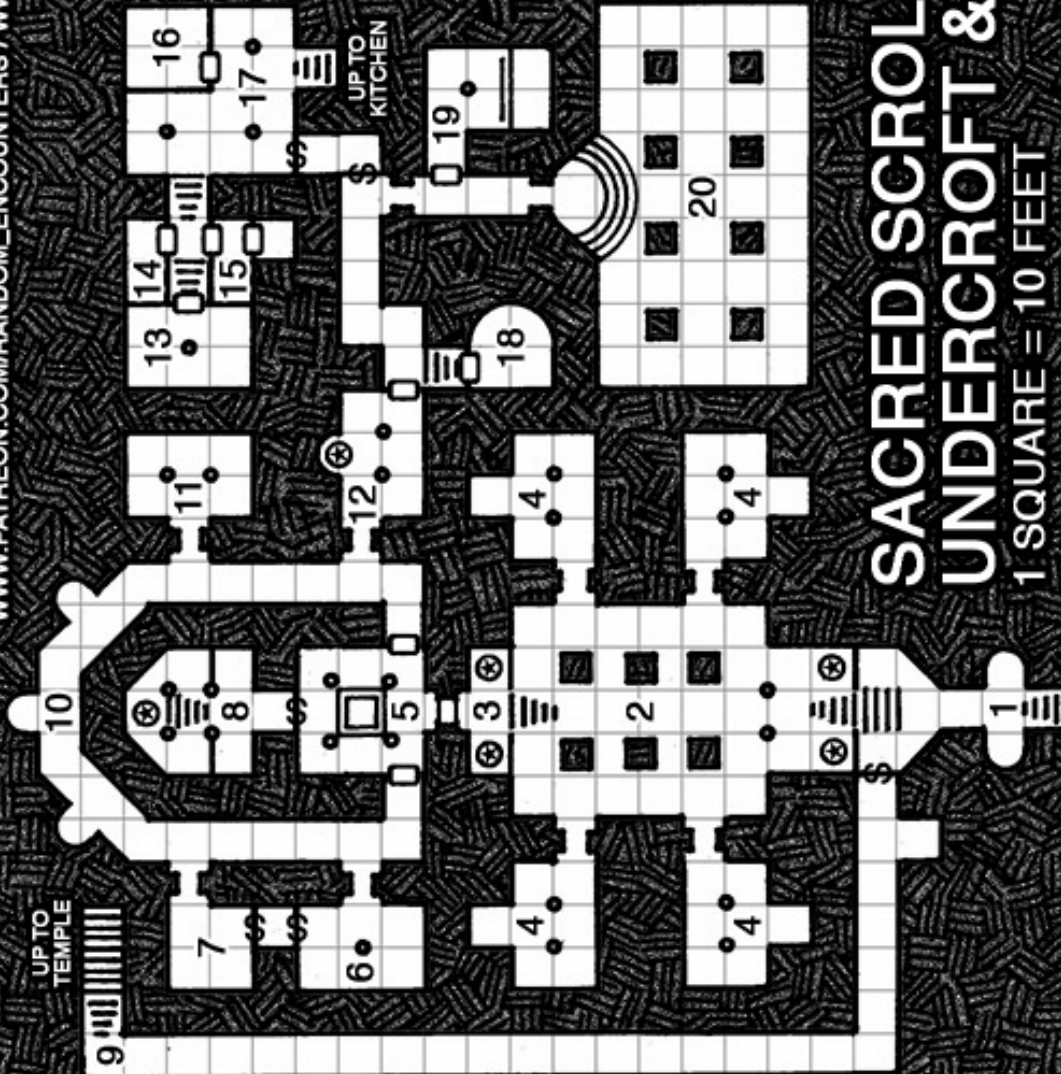
The original crypts were only accessible from the monastery undercroft (basement), and the Scroll was kept in the treasury. Later, when the old tombs were growing full, a Patriarch of the monastery decided it was prudent to expand them and move the scroll to its own chamber. Since then, other rooms have been added. Some are as yet unfinished. Merek's body was also relocated to a chamber preceding the Scroll's. Some relics were taken out of the treasury and placed in special niches, as well.

A special feature of areas 2 and 20 are the pillar tombs. The pillars in these rooms are not just supports. They hold the remains of four Patriarch priests, each. Area 2 is not yet full. Only a couple of pillars contain any bodies. Each pillar's faces are inset with a stone carved with the likeness of the interred priest.

Each exposed 10' section of wall of areas 2, 4, and 20 are lined, floor to ceiling, with five 7' long x 1' high x 3' deep niches that contain the remains of priests. When a priest is interred, a special, carved 'lid' is made to cover the niche.

KEY:

- 1. ENTRANCE
- 2. MAIN TOMB CHAMBER
- 3. SCROLL DOOR
- 4. SECONDARY TOMBS
- 5. MEREK'S TOMB
- 6. UNFINISHED
- 7. STORAGE
- 8. CHAMBER OF THE SCROLL
- 9. ALTAR ACCESS
- 10. RELIQUARY SHRINES
- 11. SCRIPTORIUM
- 12. CHAPEL
- 13. COLD STORAGE
- 14. DRY STORAGE
- 15. ALE & WINE
- 16. KITCHEN STORAGE
- 17. GENERAL STORAGE
- 18. TREASURY
- 19. MEREK'S OLD TOMB
- 20. OLD TOMBS



# SACRED SCROLL & CRYPTS

1 SQUARE = 10 FEET

## Lost Tomb of Oroth

**Hook:** Several months ago, a local boy disappeared near the cliffside ruins. He left his flock milling about to go swimming in the pool at the bottom of the ridge, and never came home for a day. Search parties recovered nothing other than the boy's clothes near the pool's edge, and his lazily grazing sheep. When the boy returned, he told tales of finding an immortal warrior living in a cave accessible through an underwater tunnel in the pool. No one believed him and the boy was bullied and scolded harshly for neglecting his duties.

**Details:** In truth, the shepherd discovered an underwater passage leading under the cliffs to a large, open cavern. He wandered in a ways before being frightened by strange noises. The child did'nt think to bring a light source. He cowered in the dark for a few hours before being found by a strange man, Oroth, a warlord imprisoned in the caves.

Oroth was a renowned warrior known in ages past as a violent and cruel tyrant. During his life, he searched the entire length and breadth of the lands for the secret to immortality, with no success. Despite his stoicism, he greatly feared death.

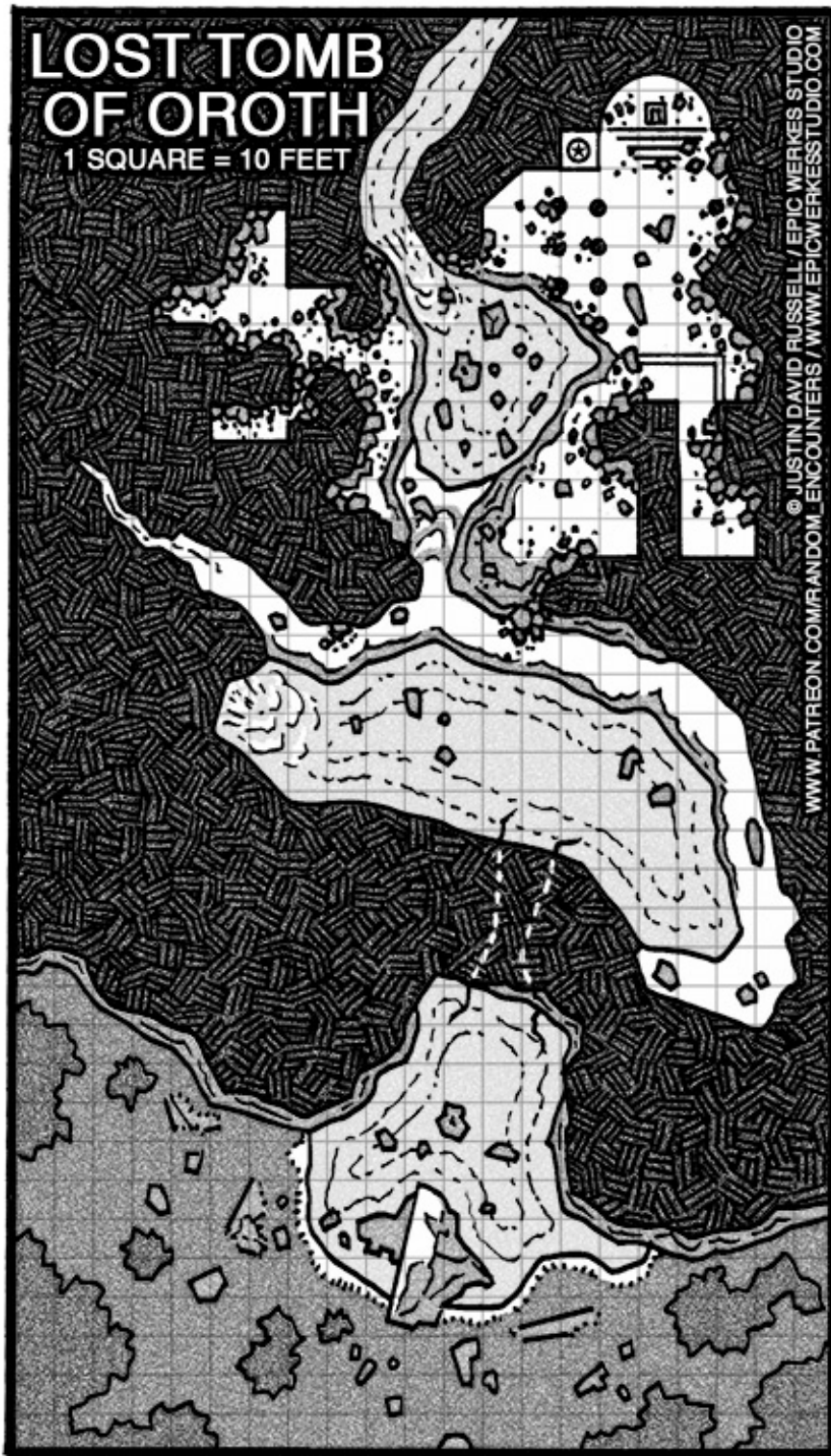
During the last years of his life, Oroth was at the height of his power. But being so cruel and so successful does not come without its price. The warlord made many enemies. One happened to be a mighty wizard. The wizard rained destruction down on Oroth's castle and city. The whole place burned and fell to ruin (and now litters the surrounding forest). Thousands died. The cliff upon which Oroth's castle perched buckled and shook. The earth cracked, swallowing the warlord and some of his castle. The rest crumbled and toppled over the ridge. Despite the utterly destructive force of the attack, Oroth and his throne room survived, though now locked in a stone prison. And, surprisingly, now that he had no one to rule, and his wealth stripped away, the warrior found he could not die.

He now wishes to end his life, after centuries of regret and loneliness. The shepherd spoke to Oroth, in the lightless cave, telling him of the world outside, of the current king, and of the land's prosperity. This pleased Oroth. He then allowed the boy to leave, guiding him to the pool that led outside. He had himself found the exit ages ago, but some force prevented him from leaving. He was now a creature of the darkness, he claimed, and deserved his prison.

There is a riddle the wizard left Oroth with that explains the details of his curse, and how he might die:

'The sun will never find this place of its own accord; no weapon will harm you, neither any spell; no shaking or striking of the earth will break these walls; neither you nor any of your remaining wealth can leave this place, while you yet live; but should the light of day ever bathe your face, you may, finally, rest.'

A simple light spell may suffice, but the answer should be much more difficult.





## Oakmere

Oakmere is a small farming community responsible for producing cereal grains, wool, and lumber. The community is named for the abundance of oak trees near the lake upon which the village is built. Lady Rowan is the local leader. Her husband died last summer, leaving her, her son, and daughter to oversee the settlement. Somewhat suddenly, however, Lady Rowan has become infatuated with a strange visitor claiming to be a merchant from a faraway town. The woman has completely abandoned her responsibilities, leaving the merchant to run the village while she is swooning.

Lady Rowan's son and daughter (both young), are not at all liked by the merchant. They fear for their lives. They believe the merchant (whom they think to be a wizard that has ensorcelled their mother), or his minions (a group of despicable-looking gentlemen), will try to kill them soon. The pair have taken to visiting the local inn in disguise (or sending servants), looking for able men and women to investigate the merchant and save their mother (and, likely, the village). The minor nobles are able to pay those they hire a small, but not unreasonable, sum.



## Dragon Ridge

*It does look like a dragon head, you think to yourselves as you approach the looming promontory.*

You followed the waterways up into the hills, as the villagers bade you, and you were rewarded with this sight. The existence of a rock formation was true, anyway. Whether cultists have sacrificed locals here, or not, remains to be seen.

Your doubts are soon dashed to pieces by the presence of humanoid bones littering the edges of a large pool below the dragon's 'snout.' Some human skulls are ritually placed on the nearby rocks, unlit red candles melting onto their craniums, oozing beeswax and tallow over staring sockets and grinning teeth. A spring forming a waterfall pours from a crack in the stone underneath the promontory. It gurgles happily, despite the grim details all around you.

Steeling yourselves, you climb the curving ridge marked by monolithic blue stones that form the 'spines' of the dragon. They lead to the formation's 'head' where more rocks are placed in a triangular arrangement. Between the head and nose 'horn' stones are large rings that act as the beast's eyes. Vertical stones have been placed behind them so that, when the eyes are viewed from behind or the front, they look like they have slitted pupils. It is now you notice the pupil stones are blackened. The scorched earth at their feet betray frequent fires. You see a set of manacles on each, hammered high up into the pupil stones' north sides.

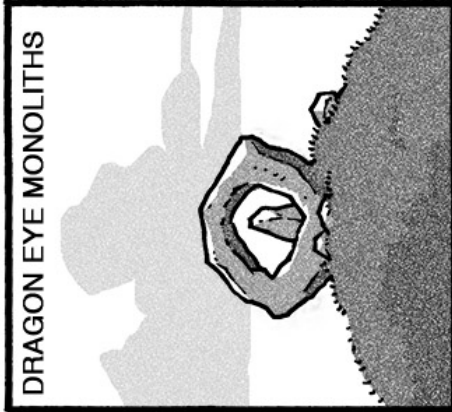
You shudder at the thought of what must transpire here, but you don't have long to ruminate on the grotesque details before you hear a shout from behind you. Turning as one, you are now faced with a group of black-robed men and women, all brandishing wavy, black daggers and scowling at you from under their deep cowls. They block your egress...



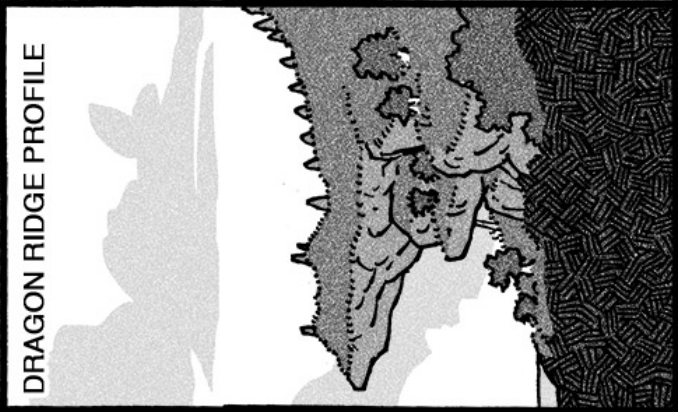
# DRAGON RIDGE

1 SQUARE = 10 FEET

CONTOUR = 20'



DRAGON EYE MONOLITHS



DRAGON RIDGE PROFILE

## Library of Morza

**Hook:** There are rumours of a great library from an ancient age containing vast storehouses of information. It is said the civilization that gave birth to the library has long since fallen to ruin. Despite this, the library is reported to be well-maintained. You have heard warnings that the keepers of the grounds require trade in information for access to their books and scrolls. Otherwise, no one may enter. It is said the bodies of the monks that guard the place have long since turned to dry, yellowed bones shrouded in clean, dark robes. The monks continue to attend to their duties, draining the life out of anyone foolish enough to violate their laws. You are told all of this, and yet, the old wizard still wishes for you to visit the place and record a specific fragment of information he believes must be in the library.

**Details:** The Library of Morza, all that remains of the town of the same name that lay in ruins just to the southwest, is strangely intact. Vines choke some of the walls but, otherwise, the place is meticulously cared for. Indeed, the caretakers are a collection of undead men and women that continue to go about their ritualistic, monastic lives within the library's walls. They are part of an order devoted to the Neutral god of records and history. Even after death, their robed bones go about most of their daily tasks, which include prayer, cleaning, transcribing, walking the walls, and tending to any visitors. The monks are silent, having committed to a vow of silence (though their lack of vocal cords makes speech impossible), though some will tell stories of hollow, lifeless words emanating from the skulls of the monks when their rules are broken.

Being unable to leave the library, the monks require that visitors bring something for them to record in order to be granted access to the grounds. Silence is generally preferred, though low voices are permitted. Violence is completely forbidden. As is any mistreatment or removal of material found within the library.

Though not all of the buildings inside are in use, those visiting and living in the guest quarters will find food mysteriously appears outside their door in the morning and in the evening, though the kitchens never seem to be in use.

There is no limit to the amount of time someone might stay on the library's grounds. Once one leaves, however, they may not return until they bring something new for the monks to transcribe. Anyone violating the laws of the library will be attacked and killed by the monks. They do not interact in any other way, but may stop for a moment, if confronted. Of course, anyone approaching will be met by a monk holding out its hand for something to transcribe, its other hand raised, index finger held before its teeth, as if to indicate silence.



- 1. GUEST QUARTERS
- 2. TEMPLE
- 3. PORTER
- 4. STORES
- 5. LAY BROTHERS & SISTERS
- 6. MASTER LIBRARIAN
- 7. INFIRMARY
- 8. BREWERY
- 9. BAKERY
- 10. KITCHEN
- 11. BELL TOWER
- 12. WOMEN'S CLOISTER & DORMS
- 13. MEN'S CLOISTER & DORMS
- 14. GREAT LIBRARY

**LIBRARY OF MORZA**  
 1 SQUARE = 20 FEET

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## ***Dungeon of Draziw***

Draziw is a cruel and vengeful wizard that lives in a hidden complex built into a hill next to the source of a swift stream. Not only is Draziw cruel, he is also secretive and extremely paranoid. He keeps a group of tiny, horned, red-skinned goblins in his employ to trap and guard the entrances and exits of his home. The wizard's own defenses include a secret front entry preceded by cleverly cut stairs that appear as normal rock. The truth of the steps is unrecognizable unless one is directly on top of them. A magically concealed, small boat is made to appear as bushes near a dead tree that is really a mooring post. The boat is located on the bank opposite the front entry. It can be tied to an iron ring tucked behind some rocks near the stairs. A rear cavern and stairs following the stream is guarded by goblins and a narrow exit point 1/4 mile away. It is almost completely hidden by boulders and overgrown brush. A watchtower only accessible by stairs from the dungeon level rises out of the top of the rocky hill, but there is no easy way to reach it from the outside without exposing oneself to goblin arrows and spears while on the near-barren hillsides.

# DUNGEON OF DRAZIW

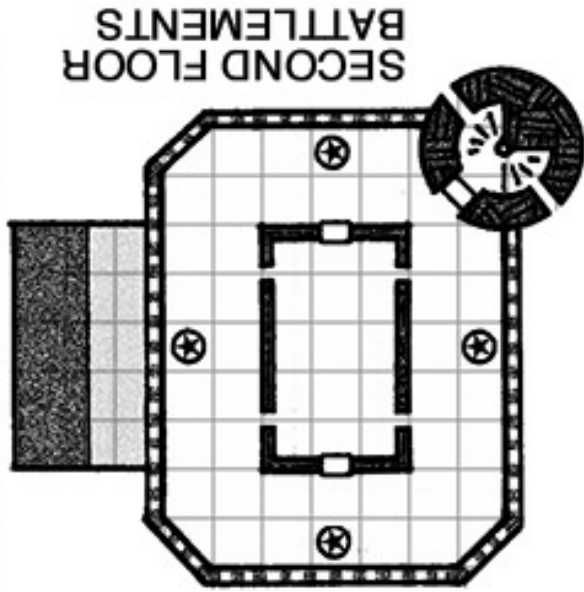
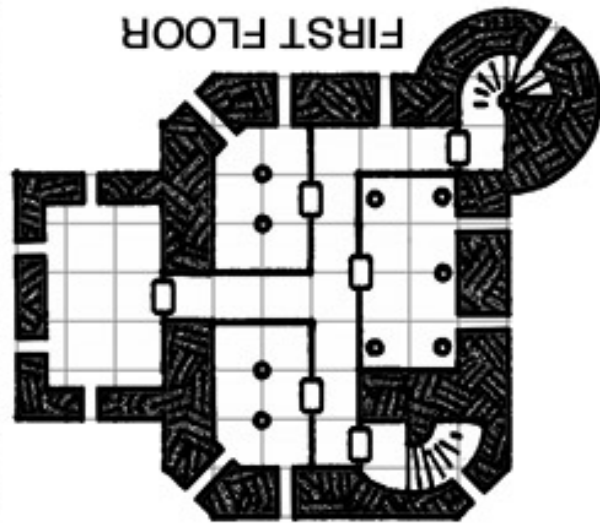
1 SQUARE = 10 FEET



## ***Draziw's Watchtower***

Sticking up out of the hill where the cruel wizard, Draziw, built his [complex](#) is a large watchtower only accessible by a set of interior stairs. Goblins, and any other human mercenaries the wizard hires, guard the battlements. Magical statues in the likeness of fierce griffins perch on the roofs. They take flight and spy on the surrounding countryside for Draziw, attacking any intruders that dare approach.

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# DRAZIW'S WATCHTOWER

1 SQUARE = 10 FEET

## A Problem With Pests

**Hook:** There is a steading out in the farmlands of Lantern Falls that was built over the ruins of an old settlement. Not much remains of the original structures but low walls and scattered stones; even less after the ruins were used to build the residences of the land's current occupants. One might even think the remnants are simply natural stone, especially if one is unsure of what they are looking for.

Over the past month, the stead's owner has had trouble with pests, such as large rats and giant centipedes, creatures usually found in the halls of moldering dungeons. He claims they always have this trouble, especially in the spring and fall, but he is usually able to eradicate the pests, quickly. This year, however, his son was bitten while plowing, his daughter nearly trampled by horses spooked by giant rats, his meager stores left from the long winter were decimated, and, despite his killing a handful of the creatures, they keep coming back. He thinks they are coming up from somewhere below the farm, but hasn't figured out from where. There is no significant forest cover for these creatures to live in, so they must be coming from *somewhere*. He is willing to pay in rations and offer his meager earnings if a group of stalwart heroes will investigate.

**Details:** Unknown to the farmer and his family, they built their home over the remains of a cult's old temple. The cult, dedicated to Gorgoloth, the slug god, was active in the village that used to occupy this land, long before the formation of Lantern Falls (a nearby town). The temple was abandoned after the cult began to think the priests of Law were on to them. Over time, parts of the complex collapsed, including the entrance. There is actually a depression in the land where this happened, but the farmers haven't thought much of the formation. They use it as a pen for their sheep, having ringed it round with a fence.

Several features of this complex make it unique, and dangerous. There is an entry point nearby where the outline of a building can still be seen, if those looking are paying close enough attention. They may also find, under a fallen tree, the hole and badly rusted metal rungs set into worked stone leading down into the waterlogged portion of the complex. There are some cells where prisoners meant for sacrifice were abandoned when the cult left. They are now undead, some roaming freely, others stuck in their prisons. Dungeon scavengers abound here. However, the constant rains this spring have caused a portion of the structure to flood, pushing the fauna into closer contact with one another. Some have escaped above to find shelter in the farm houses and barns, but have met with extreme resistance.

# A PROBLEM WITH PESTS

1 SQUARE = 10 FEET



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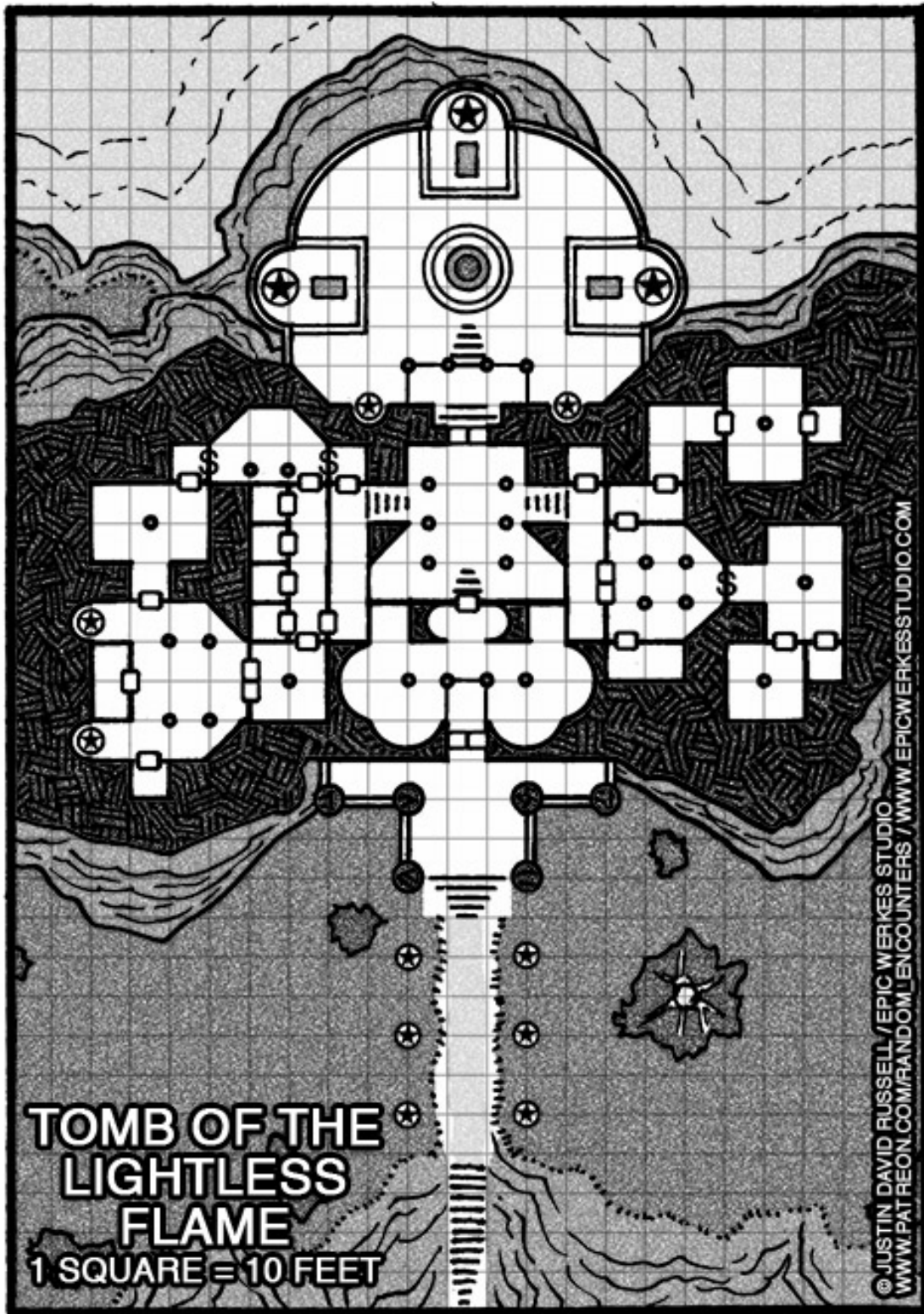


## **Tomb of the Lightless Flame**

There is a tomb facing the sea, located atop a ridge of high limestone, that contains the bodies of three priests of Chaos. They were laid to rest there in order to protect a baleful magic, called *Lightless Flame*. The tomb and its sarcophagi are exposed to the air, a brazier containing a strange, black fire burning fitfully between them. The fire's magic prevents the tombs from suffering the effects of the weather. No living thing can be found on or near the balcony overlooking the sea.

In life, the three priests called upon powerful magic to aid them in a time of war between the forces of Law and Chaos. Together, the priests were able to create a sword of some power, called the *Sword of Lightless Flame*. They were able to conjure a cold, black flame that drains the life of those it touches. The sword was enchanted with this dark magic. One of the Chaos Princes then bore the weapon into combat against the armies of Law during the Second Chaos Crusades. After Chaos lost the war, the priests wished to keep the weapon and the source of the Lightless Flame a secret, lest the Lawful seek to destroy it. The priests guarded the sword, even after their deaths, waiting for a time when Chaos might need it again. Unfortunately, the priests were too successful in their bid to keep their weapon concealed. It was forgotten.

A young priest seeking to gain acceptance in the eyes of the High Prince of Chaos and the Patriarch, has stumbled upon a scrap of knowledge in an obscure tome. It speaks of the Flame and its eponymous sword. The priest was unwilling to share his findings, lest another of his ambitious peers steal his glory. He wishes to lead the expedition for the Sword, himself. A servant of the priest, fed up with a life of cruelty and other unjust treatment, has fled to one of the Southern Kingdoms, bringing the scrap of paper with him, to warn the priests of Law of the danger that now faces them...



## **Fort Cragpass**

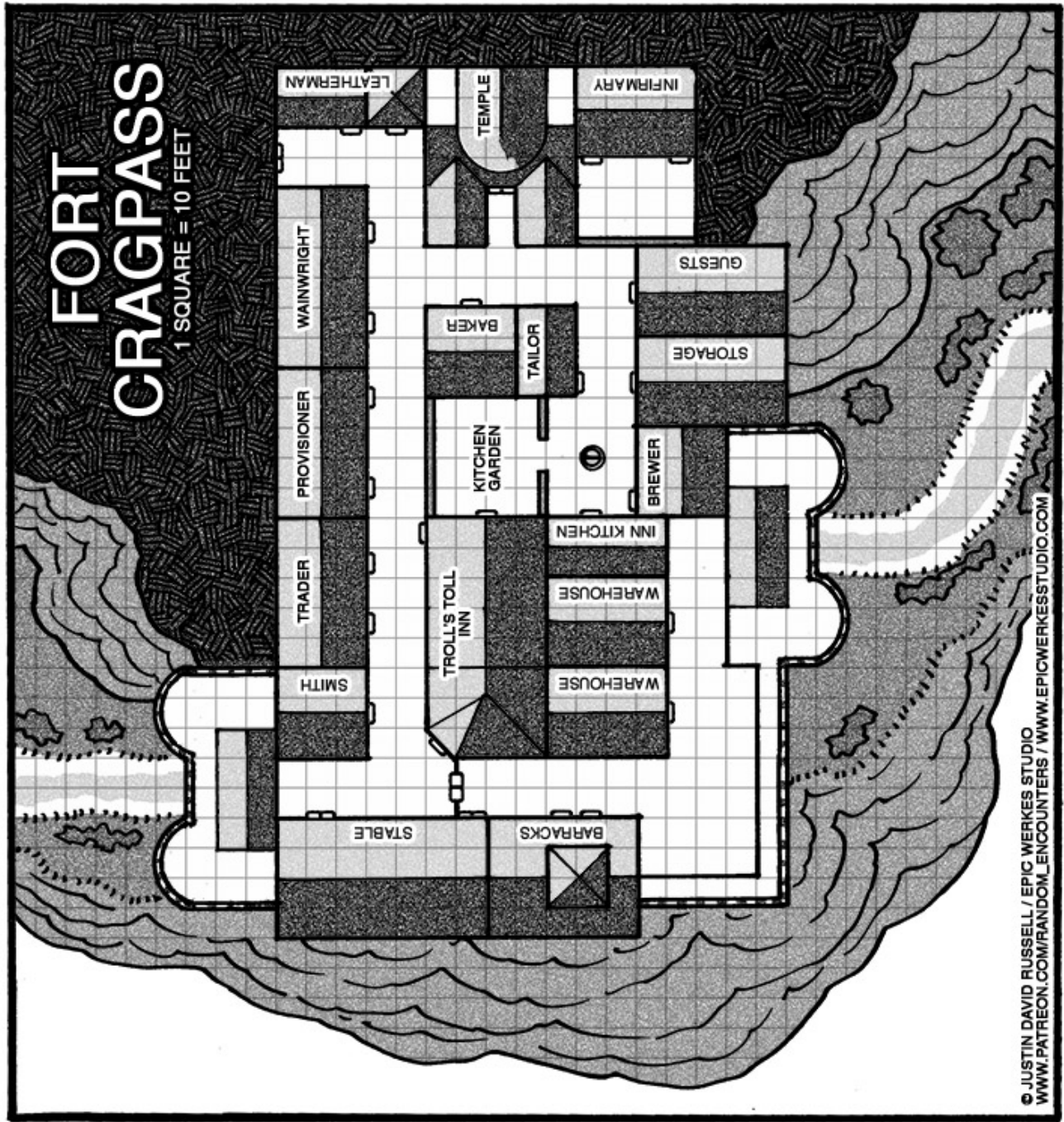
Located high up on a ridge on a road leading through the Towering Mountains from the Valley of Dawn northwest to the Borderlands, is Fort Cragpass. It is an outpost under the command of the Kingdom of Haven. Caravans passing into and out of the valley are taxed and checked here.

In charge of the fort is Captain Madoc Halfhand. He commands a company of Haven's soldiers. A Temple of Law, a variety of craftsmen, and a trader are located here, as well. Central in the fort is the Troll's Toll Inn. It is a comfortable and well-maintained establishment. Some say it is named for a troll that used to guard the high ridge road before the fort was built.

A set of double doors in the northeastern wall lead into emergency tunnels and storage rooms for use by the fort's inhabitants, should they need to use them.

# FORT CRAGPASS

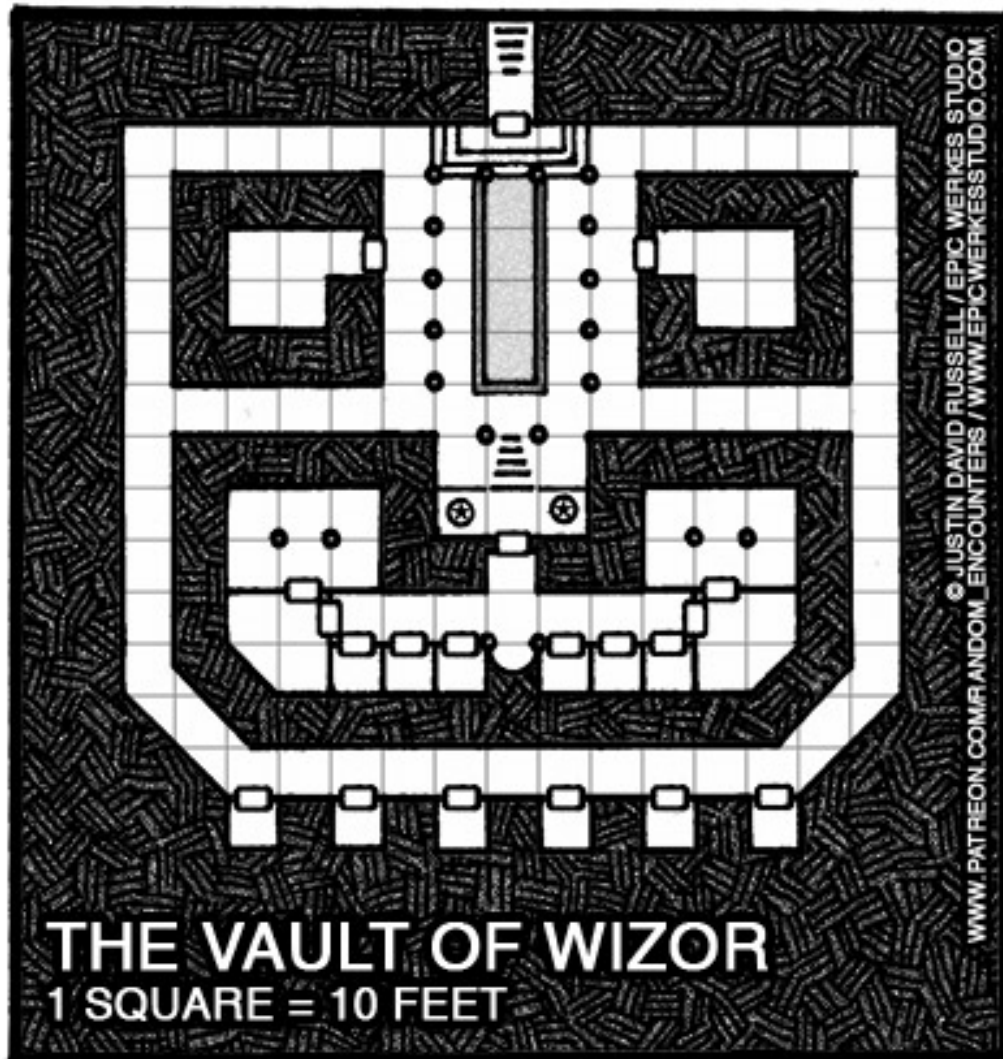
1 SQUARE = 10 FEET



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## **The Vault of Wizer**

Wizer is a mighty magic-user so paranoid about others seeking and finding his hoarded items of power he hid them in a variety of locations, in secret vaults, so that, should someone rob his home, all of his treasure would not be lost. Now, it should be noted that the seemingly simple vault layouts were rife with traps, both magical and mundane, illusions, and guardians. Some vaults were even designed to be red herrings, full of useless junk made to look impressive and tempting, making robbing one of these false vaults dangerous, fruitless, and often expensive. Aside from simply being paranoid, Wizer hates thieves and wishes to punish them in clever and imaginative ways. For this reason, the traps he sets are often strange, comical, and sometimes even humiliating, rather than deadly. Some say that Wizer's magic alerts him to intruders and permits him to spy on them as they encounter his security measures.





## **The Shattered Tomb**

In the Mountains of Mourning, there is a forgotten dwarven tomb that has been sealed for centuries without disturbance, until now. A shifting of the earth has recently opened a crack right through the central portion of the tomb, destroying a large granite statue of the dwarf prince entombed here, several pillars, and nearly collapsing the ceiling. The main entry doors are broken inward, tilting crazily on their hinges. Besides the prince, there are a few other members of his family present, a cousin and a brother (the latter crushed by rubble). The prince's tomb is the northernmost. It has an attached, secret treasure chamber located just to the east, a reward for observant thieves and explorers.

It is possible to traverse the lip of the crack, but it is treacherous going. The rubble-filled stagnant pool at the bottom offers anyone that might lose their footing a painful, cold demise. Creatures have wandered in to take refuge here, as well. Giant leeches live in the water, feeding off of anything that occasionally falls into their pool. Large, blood-sucking bats cling to the crumbling ceiling. Those that try to rob the sarcophagi will find the animated bodies of the dead ready to defend the sanctity of their deaths.

# THE SHATTERED TOMB

1 SQUARE = 10 FEET

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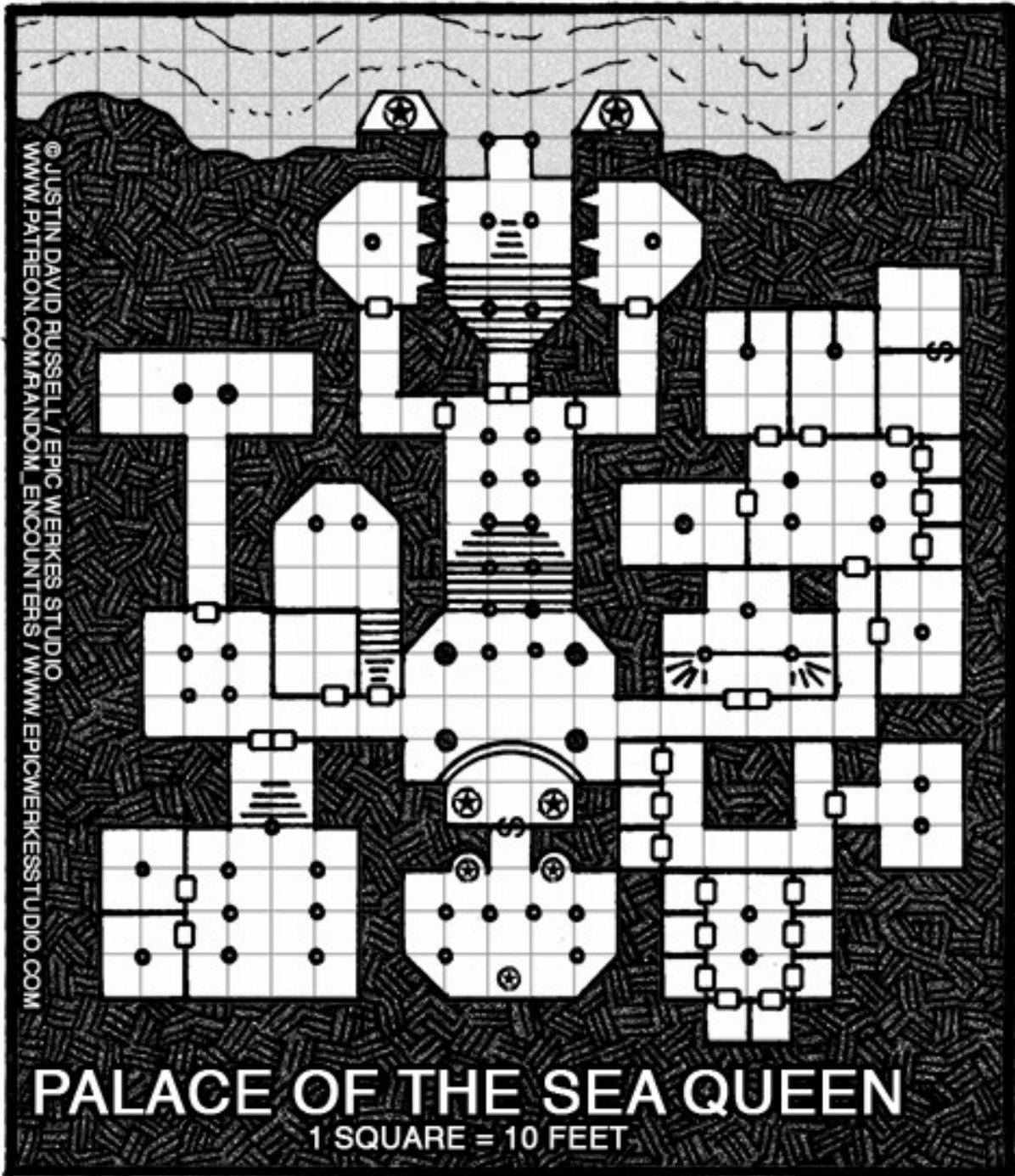


## ***Palace of the Sea Queen***

Carved from the very rock of the sea cliffs is the haunted, weird Palace of the Sea Queen. One of the Nine Sea Demons, the sea queen is a powerful creature that rules a group of ghastly creatures that are part human, part fish. They are savage, simple beings that only obey their mistress.

Entering the palace is dangerous business. The tide ebbs to reveal a stone pier with mooring posts. When the tide returns, the entire chamber is filled with crashing water up to the very top steps leading to the double doors. Though the fish-men may have no trouble navigating this obstacle, terrestrial creatures will have some difficulty.

After the Nine Sea Deamons were defeated by the forces of Law, the Sea Queen's palace has been without a leader. The fish men still linger there, but they exist opportunistically, solely of their own accord, without the direction and purpose of their leader.



## Lair of the Red Corsair

Not much is known of the Red Corsair, save that he is ruthless and unforgiving. Many seafaring vessels fall prey to his savagery. Though there have been efforts made by several coastal territories to stop the raids, none have been successful. The Red Corsair is a ghost, they claim, inhuman. His ships never bear the same description, his men dress differently and bear different flags. One thing always remains constant, however. The Red Corsair, himself. Any survivors describe the same red-clad man, the same sunken features, the same curved dagger hanging from his waist, the same cackling laughter, and the same burning, red eyes alight with excitement. This same man has been described for centuries, despite reports that he has been slain...

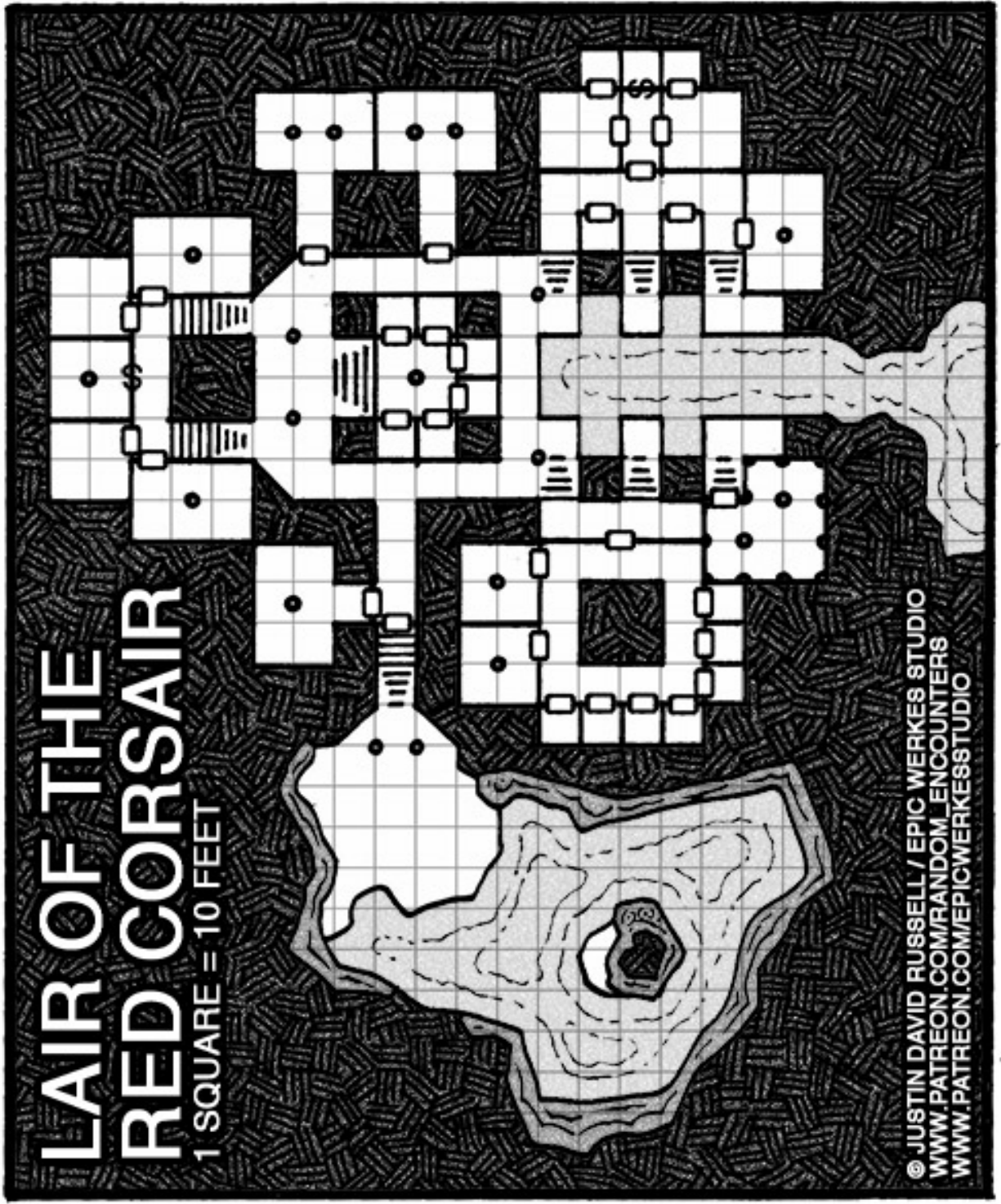
**Details:** The Red Corsair did sail the oceans, but he was mortally wounded after a raid. He took shelter in a sea cave he used as a sometime hideaway, where he expected to breathe his last. He stumbled into a side chamber he had never visited before, where he discovered a strange pool with a pillar jutting out of an island in its centre. On the island, the Red Corsair found a withered, humanoid creature dressed in rags. It promised The Red Corsair immortality, if he could grant it one thing. Eager to be saved, the pirate agreed. The creature laughed and crumbled to dust where he stood. Suddenly, the pirate was no longer on the banks of the pool, but on the island! He found that if he tried to leave it, his old wounds would spring open and he would begin to die. In his place, on the bank, were ten daggers, each identical to his own. Whenever someone picked one up, they *became* the Red Corsair, mind, body, and soul, and the Red Corsair would wither just a bit. However, the pirate could communicate with and somewhat control his clone. Laughing, the man decided that he would have to keep the truth of his real body a secret. More men were summoned to take up the daggers, then the clones dispersed. His first clone sealed the chamber containing the Corsair's true body. An enchanted doorway that only one of the clones could use was built. No ship larger than light, small craft would be able to maneuver the tight entry of the Red Corsair's Lair. Other exits were designed, these were placed in strategic locations that led through tunnels, some of which flooded during high tide.

In short order, the Corsair had a network of pirate dens, including one he had built near the location of his pool, all led by himself! All of the clones claimed to be the true Corsair, which was true. They told their followers they made a bargain with a wizard to gain this strange boon. The truth of the pool chamber and the daggers has been kept hidden to the present day.

Over the years, no daggers have been lost. A close eye is kept on them. The Corsairs do their best to make the ascension of a new Red Corsair private. When a former Corsair dies, his body becomes the person it was before the dagger transformed it. The original Corsair is beginning to feel the effects of his curse, however. Though he can mostly control his clones, he is beginning to grow weary... His body is more emaciated, his hair, thin and wispy, and his mind is beginning to slip. As this happens, the other clones begin to grow less reliable, as well. The clones are desperate to protect their empire, but they are beginning to fear that the secret of the daggers will be revealed, or the original Corsair will finally lose his mind. The Corsairs are as careful as they can be, and often surround themselves with charms, powerful allies, and bodyguards.

# LAIR OF THE RED CORSAIR

1 SQUARE = 10 FEET



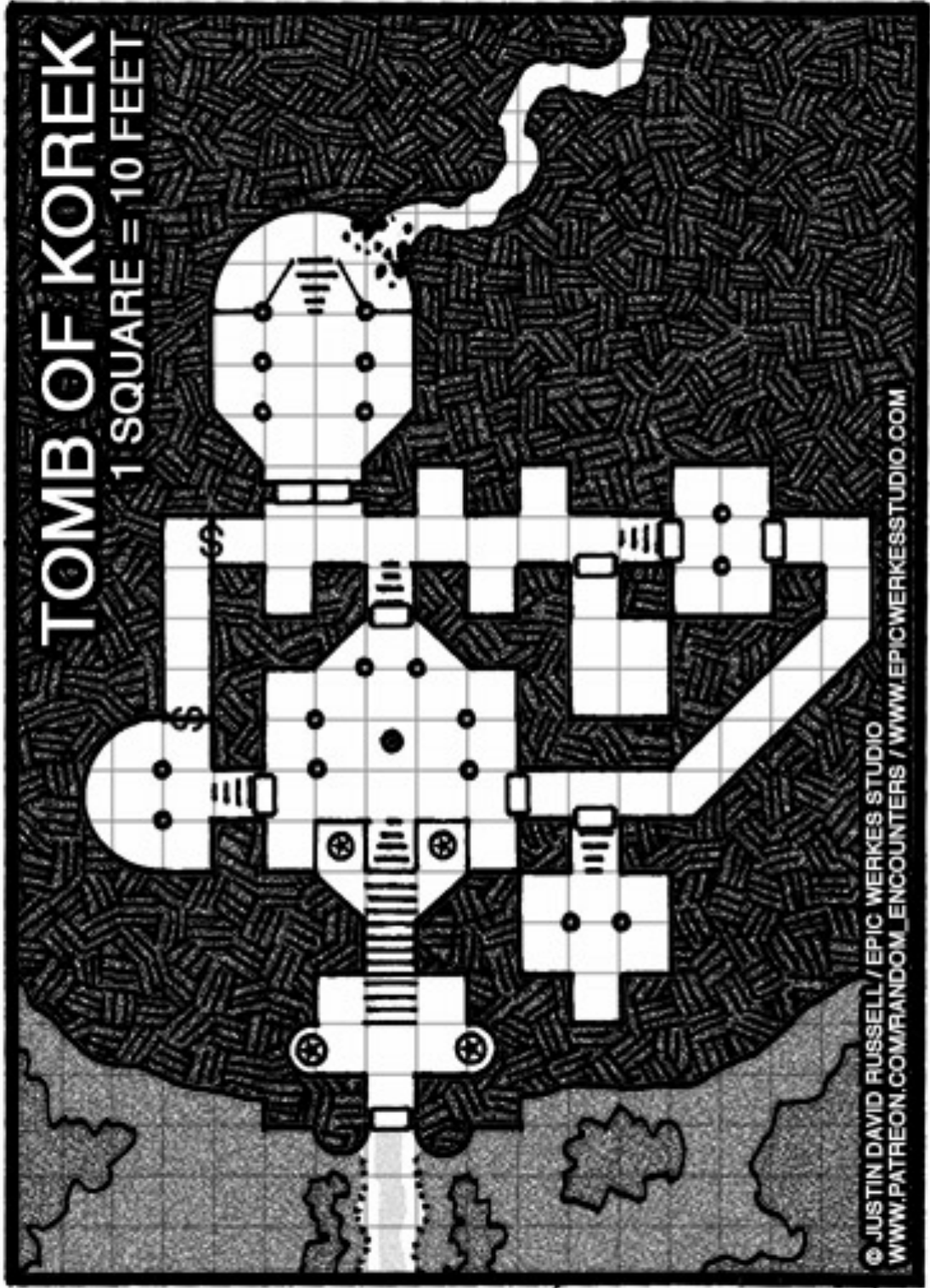
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## **Tomb of Korek**

Korek was a vile and despicable human being, when he lived. He was the lord of a small demesne in the Southern Kingdoms. His activities included worshipping gods of Chaos and sacrificing the locals to his deities. Eventually, his peasants rose up and chased him into the hills. It was there Korek died of his wounds. With his last breath, he cursed his village, swearing that, after 100 years, he would return to take vengeance on them for their treachery. Korek's family buried the man in their family crypt and sealed the door, gratefully.

It has been 100 years, and Korek has awoken, with a terrible thirst. Using his otherworldly strength, he dug his way out of his tomb. At night, he roams the countryside, killing and feeding. He lives in the family crypts during the day, with those he has turned, but he has designs on the local lordship. He has charmed the knight living in his family manour, turning him into a willing disciple and pawn in a game that grows deadlier by the day.



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## **The House of Kells**

This map was made with John Lopez's suggestion, 'Alchemy,' in mind!

Kells is an elven alchemist. He is a man skilled in the ways of transmutation. He wishes, ardently, to figure out how to transform matter from one state to another. His focus and arcane mastery has made him a skilled magician.

In an effort to expand his knowledge, Kells spent his long youth traveling and learning from other magic-users until, in his twilight years, he settled a remote valley to practice his art in peace.

Because Kells is so powerful, he has become a protector of the surrounding woodland. He often converses with centaurs and sprites and other woodland beings of both natural and magical origin.

Kells' tree home is located in the centre of the valley. It is a massive oak that he has cultivated and groomed carefully over the years. There is a well-tended garden, and a small stable with a single elven horse occupying it, at the foot of the tree. A loft over half of the office (accessible via a ladder), acts as a sleeping area for Kells.

Anyone entering the forest in which the Valley of Kells lies is immediately known by the wizard. Any of the animals and magical creatures dwelling in the wood will gladly give their lives for the elf, if he asked. It is they that act as sentries to keep a constant vigil, that Kells might never be unduly disturbed. The elf is a recluse and does not welcome most company. He feels every moment is precious and not to be wasted on trivial matters (which he considers to be almost anything not pertaining to his craft and the beauty of Nature). There are rumours that many of the trees in the wood are formerly unwanted visitors that displeased Kells...

# THE HOUSE OF KELLS

1 SQUARE = 5 FEET

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KITCHEN

WORK ROOM

OFFICE

LIBRARY

STORE

STORES

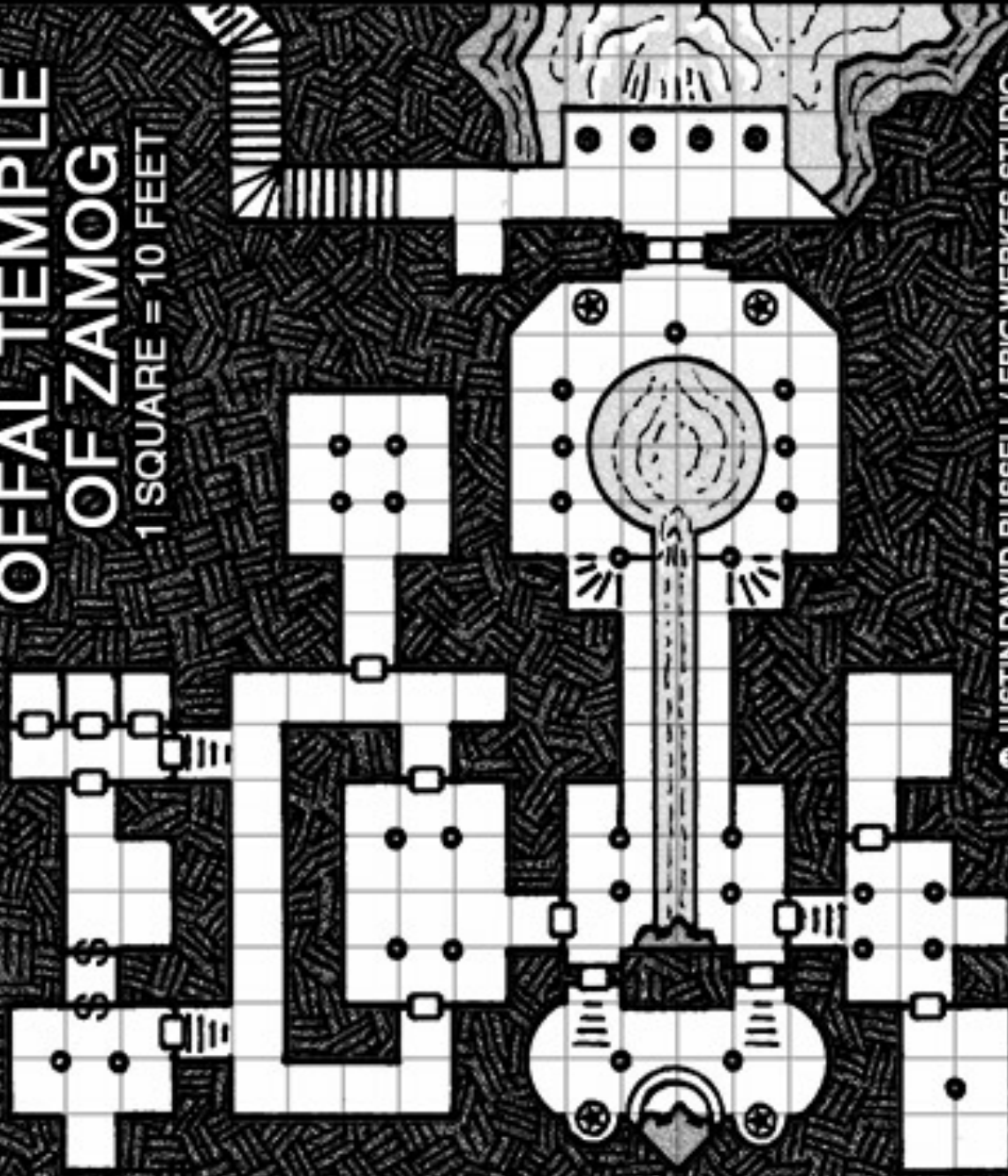
## **Offal Temple of Zamok**

Zamok, a god of Chaos, is a power of gluttony and waste. He is sometimes known as The Gorger, or The One That Always Hungers. His cultists are a particularly vile lot. They are known for polluting rivers and lakes with their god's offerings. When disease crops up in a region, many are quick to scour it for a temple to Zamok.

The priests of the god take victims, throw them into the open Mouth of Zamok sculpture in the westernmost sacrificial chamber, where they plunge into an icy underground river that exits below and west from another mouth. Once drowned, victims are then swept away down a channel to enter the river system. Sometimes, several bodies will be thrown into the mouth at once, then left to rot and break apart before the cultists release a lever that raises a grate in the eastern mouth. This then permits a large number of sacrifices to be vomited forth without clogging up the channel. Of course, it need not be said what effect decaying organic matter can have on the creatures relying on the water the polluted stream provides...

# OFFAL TEMPLE OF ZAMOG

1" SQUARE = 10 FEET



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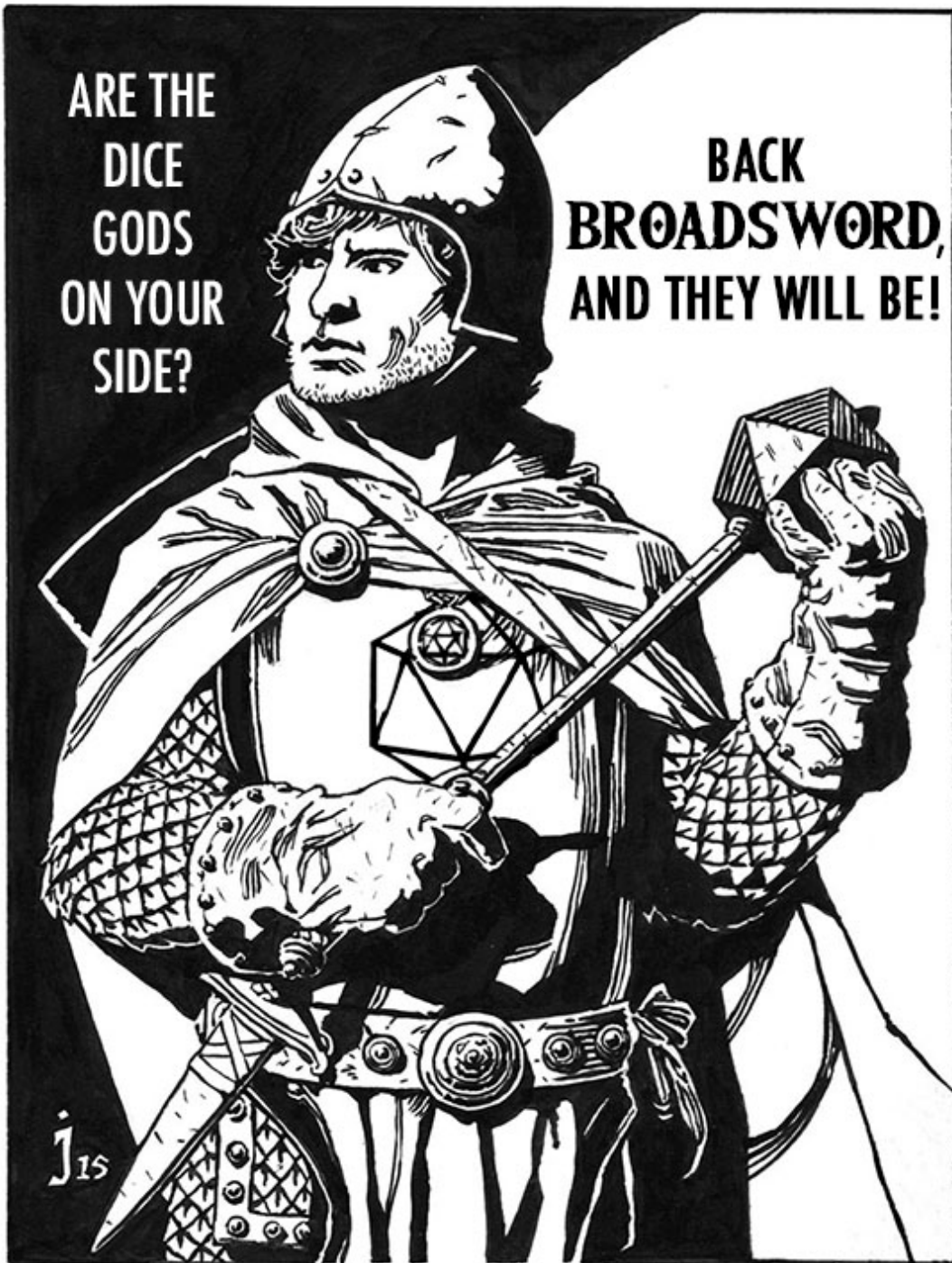


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