

RANDOM ENCOUNTERS



VOL. 2



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A COLLECTION OF RPG MAPS
BY JUSTIN DAVID RUSSELL

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 July, 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 participation 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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BROADSWORD MAGAZINE is a monthly book packed with 4 separate adventures, supplemental material such as spells and monsters, and more! BROADSWORD carries a distinctly old school vibe. Though the rules are for the 5th Edition of the World's Greatest Role Playing Game, the content can inspire and suit anyone with a touch of Grogarditus. Additionally, 'The Secret of Forsaken Peak' megadelve will appear in the pages of BROADSWORD! Keep your eyes peeled and, as always, GAME ON!

Find out more at: www.broadswordmagazine.com

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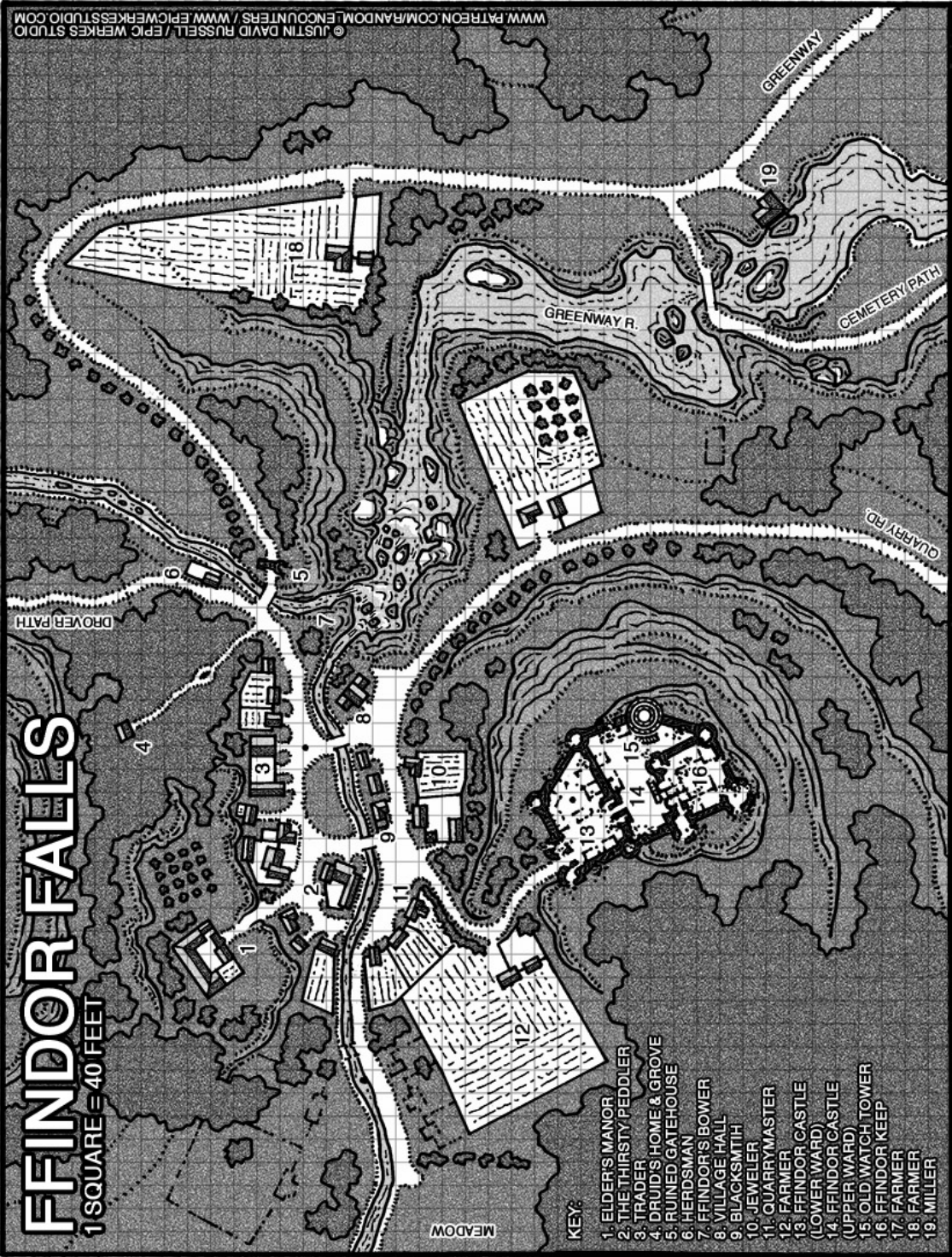
Ffindor Falls

Ffindor Falls is another one of those special locations that is near and dear to me. It is a location in my 2e home brew campaign world. I designed the map a long time ago, before my players even visited it. We are finally at a place in the campaign that it will feature prominently. I am very excited.

Inspiration for Ffindor Falls comes from an Angus McBride illustration on a MERPS cover, the Village of Hommlet, and a Rush song.

You'll notice several buildings have been destroyed, there are foundations left over from old farms, etc. Ffindor Falls was one of the original settlements in the realm in which my PCs are adventuring. It was later destroyed by the forces of evil. It sat, vacant and abandoned, until 50 years ago when the local lord decided the settlement needed to be rebuilt to help protect the border. Stones were salvaged from the old village to build the new one. The quarry was reestablished, as well. Ffindor's Castle is little more than a shell, save for the watch tower that somehow remained standing. The tower was mostly restored, though it still shows the signs of its great age and years of disuse. There are labourers currently camped inside the castle grounds to begin restoring the old fortress. The village leader, The Elder, lives in a manor house constructed using some of the stones salvaged from the castle.

In ancient times, Ffindor Falls was the site where the dispossessed people from a fallen civilization first settled. It was where Ffindor, himself, fought and defeated the fearsome dragon that threatened the area. Ffindor's Bower was where the hero collapsed after the battle, and where he was succoured by a beautiful dryad. Since that time, there has been a pact between Ffindor's descendants and the faerie creatures. If the beauty of the land is maintained, and the people take only what they need, then the dryad will bless the region. For generations, the area has been a verdant, flourishing gem of sylvan beauty. An order of priests, the Keepers of the Sacred Oak, serve as spiritual liaisons between the dryad and the humans.



Elder's Manor

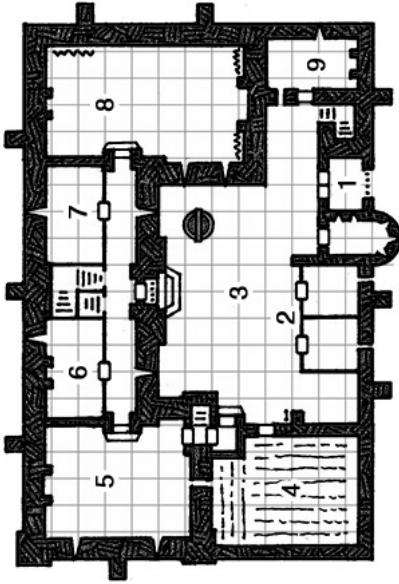
Built from the ruins of Ffindor Castle is the small manor house of the Elder of [Ffindor Falls](#). The Elder is now heading up construction on the old castle, at the behest of the king of the land. One of the key features of the manor house is the large rosette window in the east wall of the great hall. The window is stained glass that depicts the life of Ffindor, his battle with the dragon that once ruled the nearby lands, and his brief time in the care of the dryad.

ELDER'S MANOR

1 SQUARE = 5 FEET

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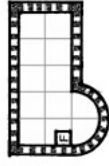
- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| 1. GATEHOUSE | 8. HALL |
| 2. STABLE | 9. BAKEHOUSE |
| 3. COURTYARD | 10. MASTER CHAMBER |
| 4. KITCHEN GARDEN | 11. BEDCHAMBER |
| 5. KITCHEN | 12. WINCH ROOM |
| 6. SERVANTS | 13. PARLOUR |
| 7. STORAGE | 14. UPPER HALL |



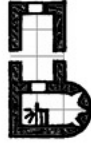
GROUND FLOOR



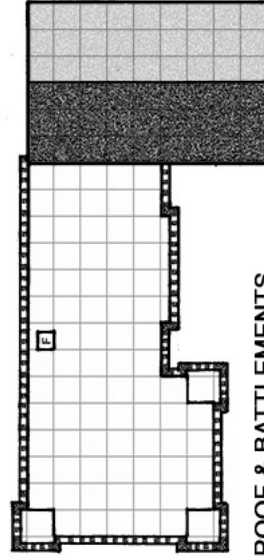
UPPER FLOOR



GATEHOUSE
BATTLEMENTS

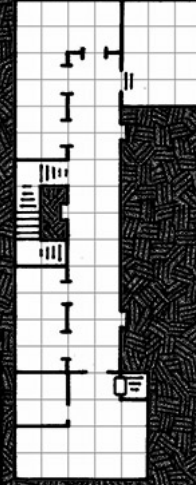


GATEHOUSE
UPPER FLOOR



ROOF & BATTLEMENTS

UNDERCROFT

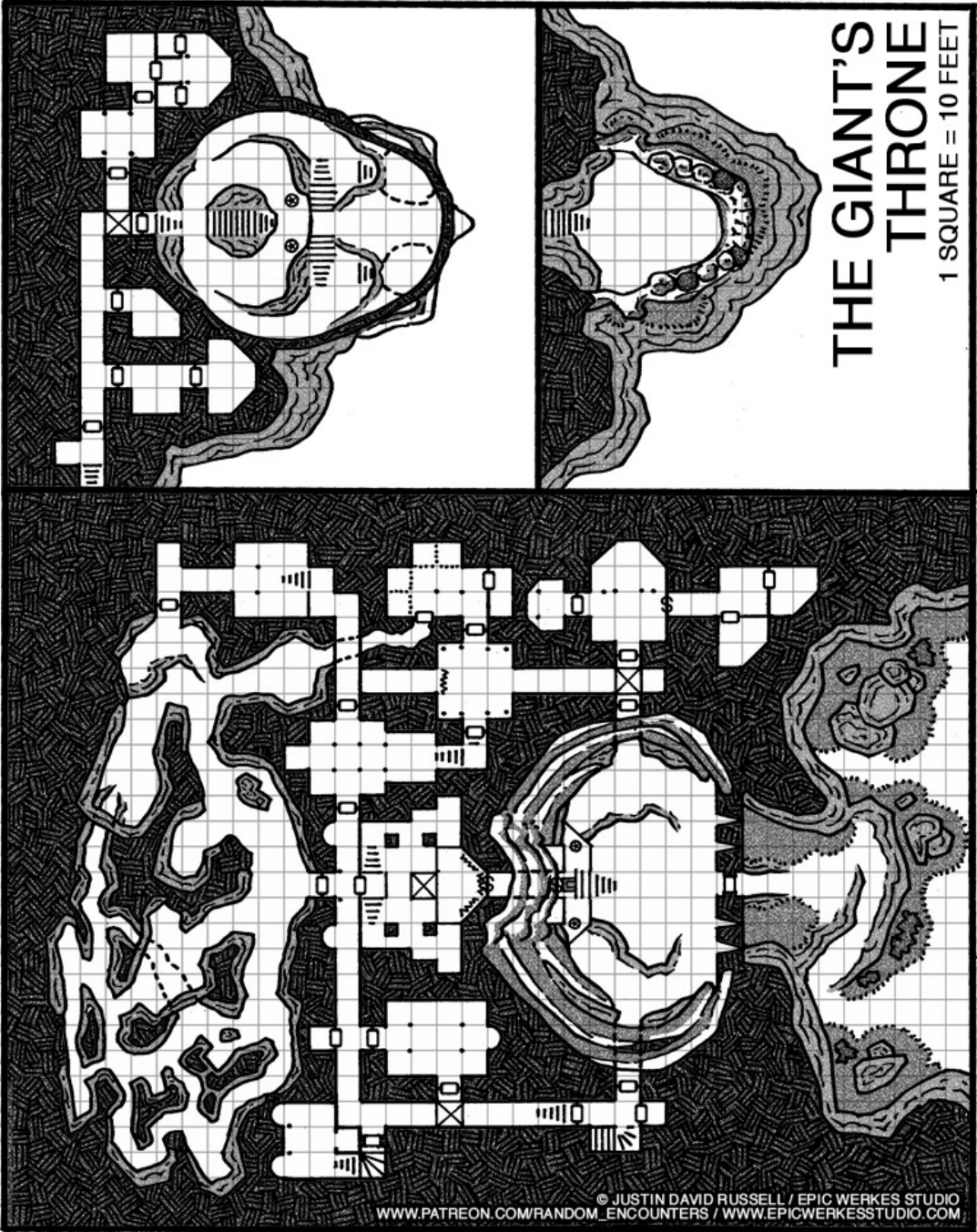


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The Giant's Throne

This map was inspired by Matt Jackson's word, 'Giant.' Thanks, Matt!

At the dawn of the world, when the gods openly warred amongst themselves, their most powerful minions laid waste to-, and reshaped, the landscape with their combat. Though that time has long since past, the bodies of the slain can still be seen littering the landscape. One such example is the skeleton of a powerful giant that once served the cause of Chaos. After a fierce skirmish with the forces of Law, this giant seated himself on a mountain and expired from his wounds. Though most of the organic and mineral matter, such as clothing, armour, and weapons, have deteriorated, the skeleton remains, though the earth has shifted and grown around it. Eventually, servants of Chaos turned the macabre scene into a hideout.



Jungle Caverns of Zorpo

This map was inspired by John Lopez's word, 'Jungle' and Matt Jackson's word, 'Lizard-Man.' Thanks, fellas!

In the humid jungles of the southern lands, the Caverns of Zorpo can be found. Once a site used by a powerful civilization, the caverns sank beneath the earth after a large earthquake. Almost everyone died. Those that didn't fled.

Some ruins dot this cavern, but most significant is the Temple of Zorpo, a granite pyramid with a sphinx statue seated upon it. The only way to access the temple is by climbing the stairs leading up to the sphinx.

Many rumours of riches and death surround the temple. Undead wander the Zorpo Plateau, warding off intruders. Saurians prowl the jungle, mushroom men live in their weird forest, neanderthals and lizard men war constantly, leeches and insects the size of Men lurk in the mosquito-ridden swamps and trees.

Perhaps the most amazing feature of this cavern is the intermittent mist that clings to its ceiling. It drizzles rain onto the high canopy and keeps the plants lush. Light filters down through a variety of cracks in the ceiling, but the only large opening is in the northeast where a large mudslide revealed the cavern.

Zorpo was a priest of Chaos who had the temple and tomb built for himself. When he died, he was interred deep beneath the pyramid. The sphinx's visage is purported to be a representation of Zorpo, himself.



JUNGLE CAVERNS OF ZORPO

1 SQUARE = 100 FEET

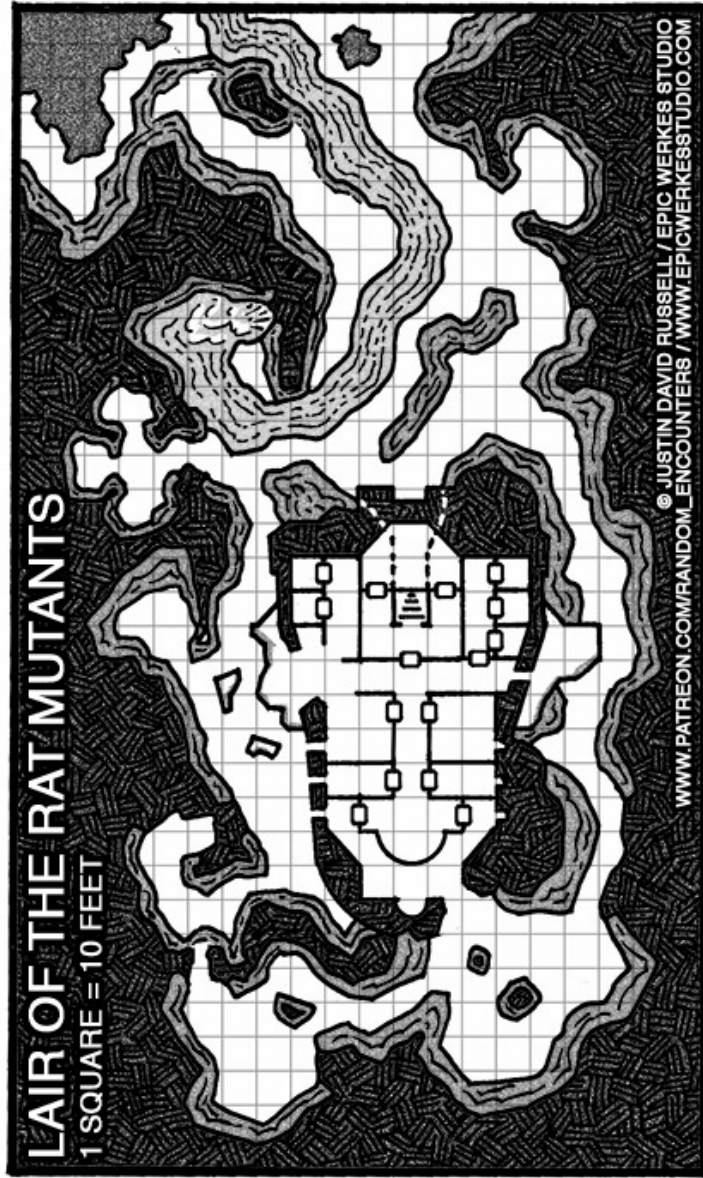
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Lair of the Rat Mutants

This map was inspired by Cody Mazza's word, 'Vermin,' and Andrew Marrington's word, 'Crash.' Thanks, folks!

Many years ago, a strange fire lit up the sky. An object of large size smote the side of a mountain, causing a great sound, followed by shuddering earth. The sound and subsequent quake could be experienced for miles and miles in all directions.

Over time, the earth formed around the shiny, metallic object. Bodies of humanoids were inside, dead. Killed by the crash. Scavengers soon began to wander into the area to investigate. Radiation from the leaking fuel tanks caused the vermin, and some life outside the cavern, to change. The area has become known as a place to be feared and avoided by people living nearby. If the radiation doesn't soon poison a visitor, the mutated wildlife will...

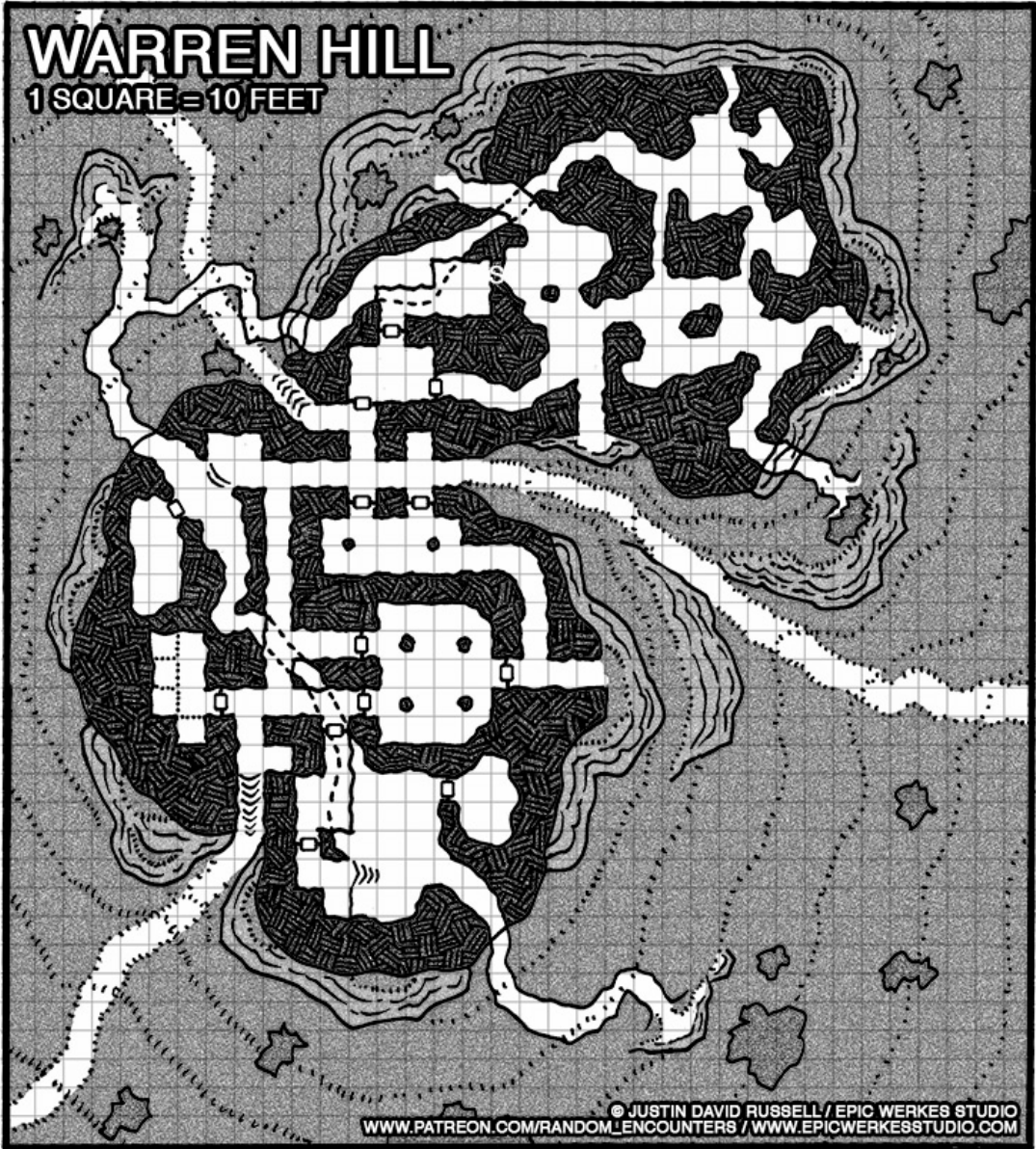


Warren Hill

The map was inspired by Jeff Gatlin's word, 'Downhill.' Thanks, Jeff!

Warren Hill is known for the small, humanoid creatures that live within it. The creatures are known to attack caravans, travelers, and even other monsters. The hill has become known for its deadliness. Those that have tried to approach, from any side, are met with bombardments of projectiles thrown and rolled down the hill. The creatures gather stones and pile them up on the limestone ledges outside their complex, waiting for enemies to come near.

Thankfully, Warren Hill is located far enough away from any settlement, and the creatures are so lazy, that there are usually no direct raids on Lawful communities. The hill, itself, can be seen from miles around, as it looms high over the nearby forest and bears a remarkable, table-like limestone pavement feature on its summit.

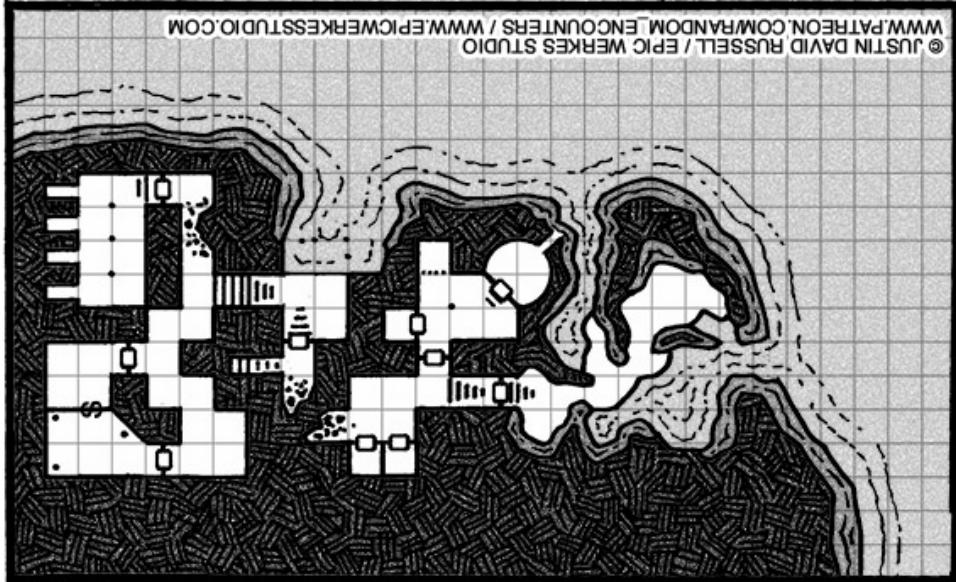


Hag's Tower

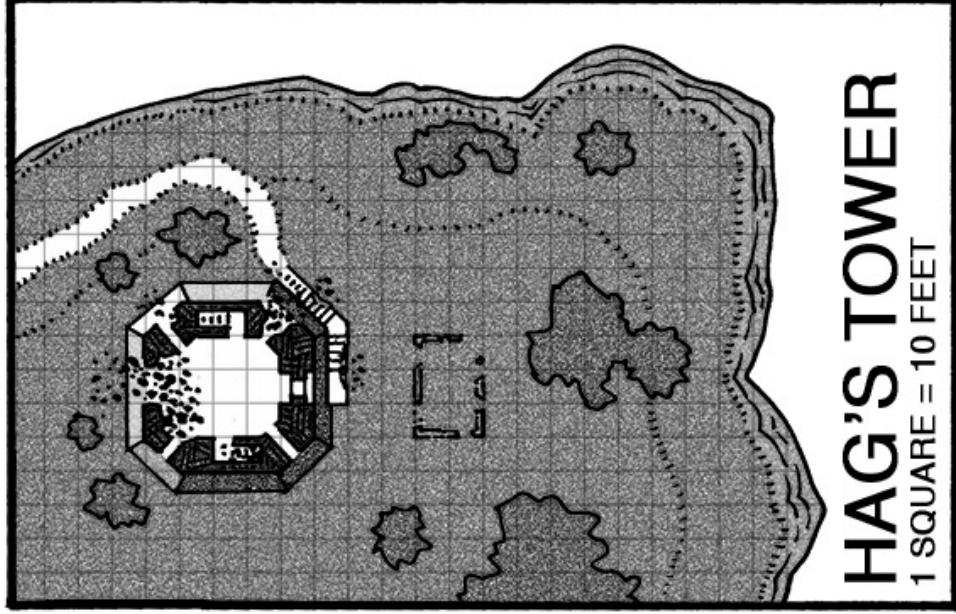
This map was inspired by Edward Kann's word, 'Hag.' Thanks, man!

Up until about 100 years ago, a wizard of some renown lived in a lonely tower on a promontory of rock overlooking the sea. When he died, his tower fell to ruin. It is now a crumbling shell of its former glory.

20 years ago, the caves beneath the wizard's tower became the lair of a sea hag. The hag surrounded herself with a variety of undead and a variety of monsters. Goblins live in the tower above the undercroft and caves. They venture out to raid and kill, and do whatever else the hag desires.



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HAG'S TOWER
 1 SQUARE = 10 FEET

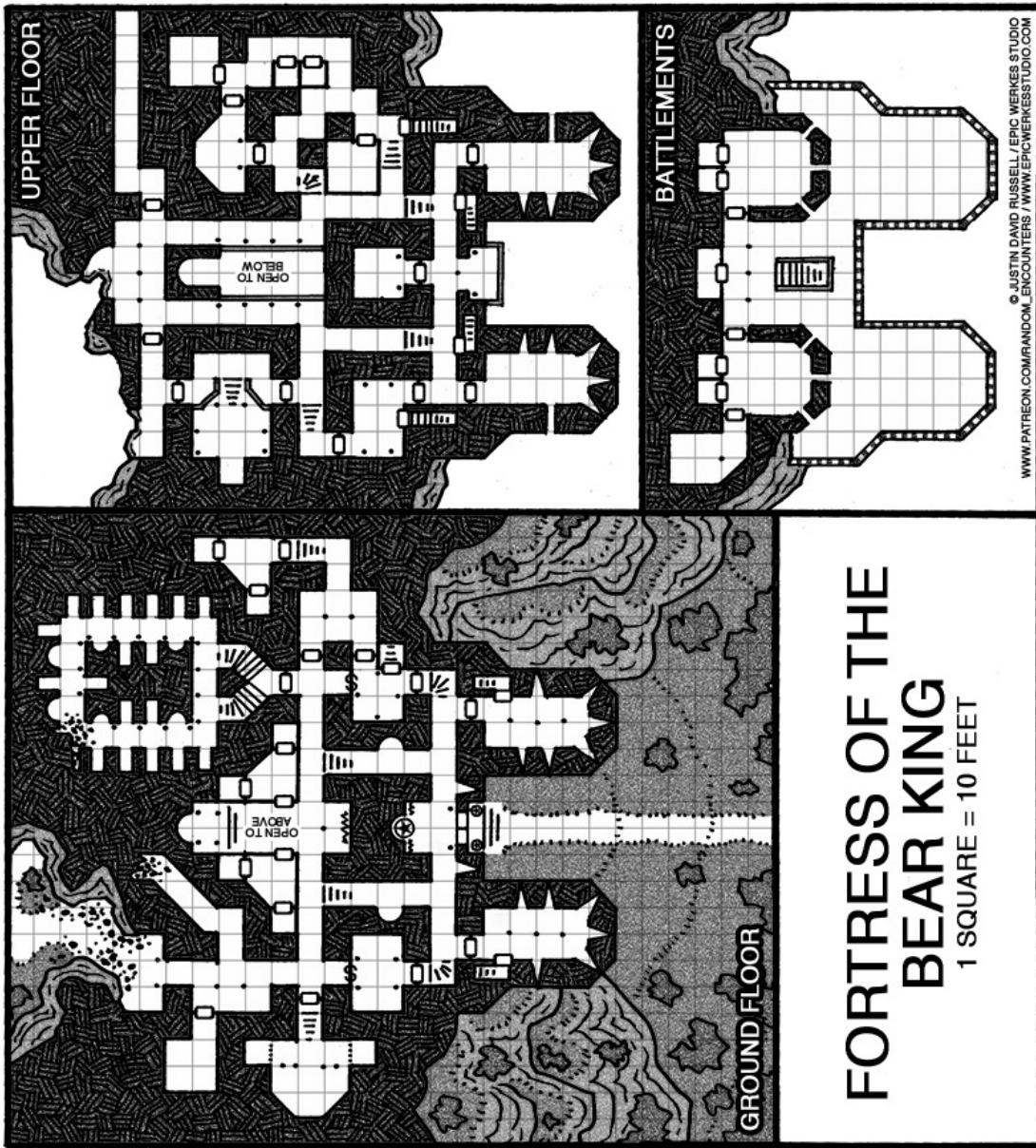
Fortress of the Bear King

This map was inspired by William Cord's word, 'Bear.' Thanks, man!

A few years ago, a Lawful commander operated a fortress on the edges of the kingdom. The complex was built in an area near the wilds where the forces of Chaos have been known to gather and harry the farms of the peasantry.

Four years prior, an earthquake collapsed the rear exit of the fortress and destroyed access to the undercroft. The bandit, Arcturex the Bear King, led a force of Chaotic creatures and Men through the gaping hole created by the natural disaster. They slew all within, including the commander.

Arcturex has designs on the holdings nearby. He intends to rally additional allies, including the monstrous tribes from the wilderness. Efforts have also been made to try to reach the fortress dungeons, but progress has been stymied by the large quantity of rubble and debris.



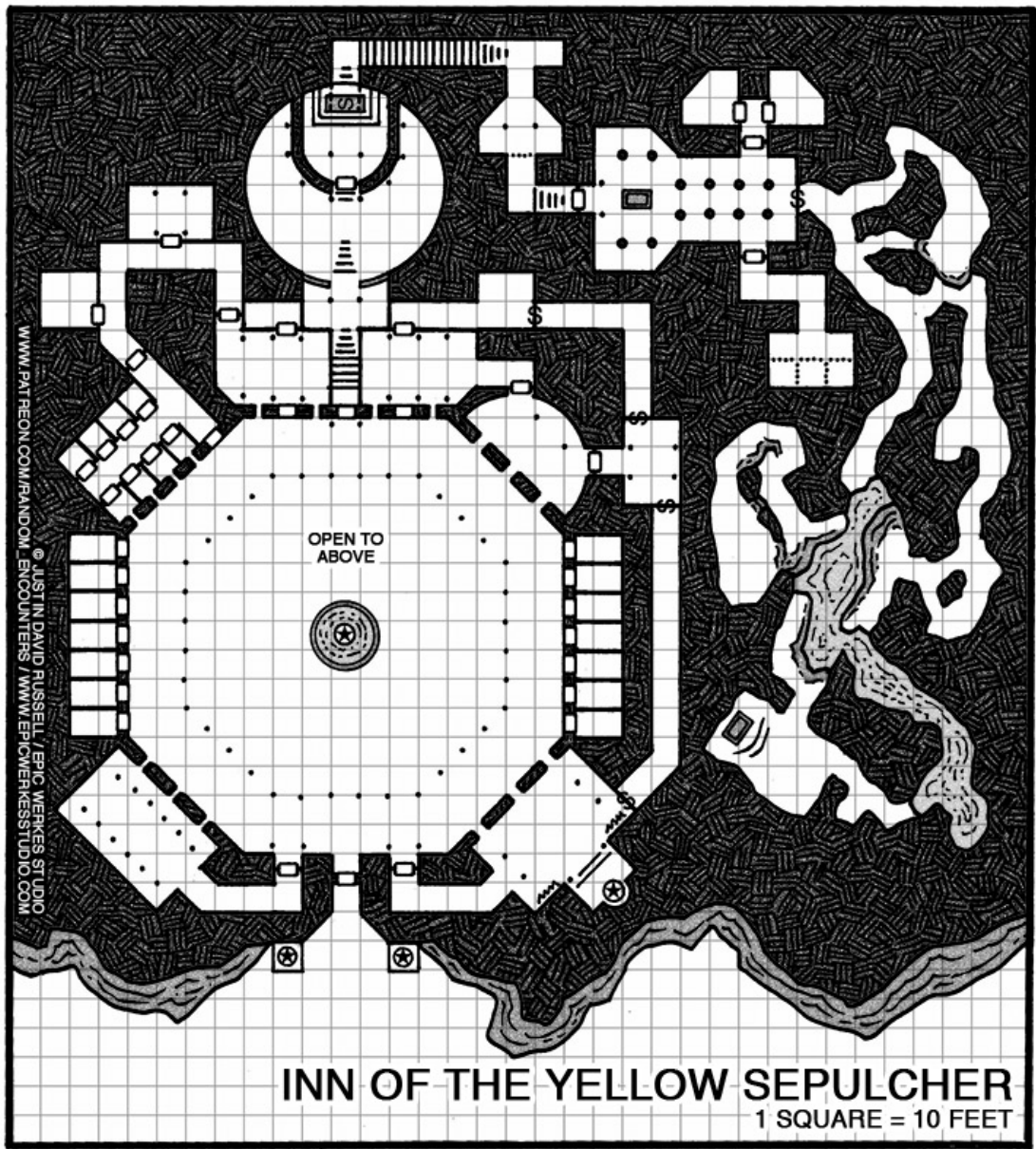
Inn of the Yellow Sepulcher

This map was inspired by Jason Hobbs's word, 'Sepulcher.' Thanks, man.

Inns built in the Fire Lands of Razorn are called 'caravanserai.' They are unique structures consisting of a courtyard with stables and other rooms located along the outer edges of the complex. One such caravanserai is known as the Inn of of the Yellow Sepulcher for the abundance of sandstone .

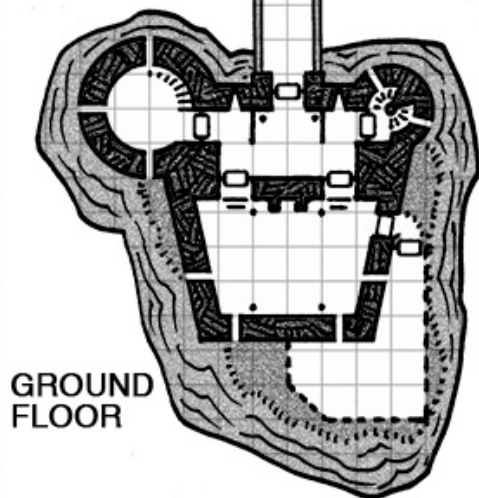
Built around the sepulcher of an ancient saint, the inn acts as a pilgrimage site for Lawful travelers. Unfortunately, the priests keeping up the structure are actually cultists. The body in the Yellow Sepulcher is a fake. It is a ruse to draw unsuspecting admirers and worshippers. The cultists take their captives deep beneath the earth to the centuries old ghoul that lives in the caves beneath the building. The ghoul was once a terrible tyrant, but over the years, his cultists have twisted and rewritten history to make the creature out to be a man of great piety and holiness.

Mostly, the priests pretending to be adherents of Law prey on the homeless and sick, but occasionally kidnap higher profile targets to feed to their 'master.'



Fandrel's Tower

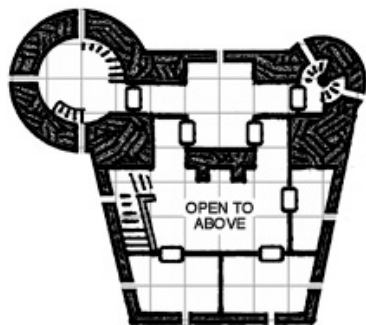
Fandrel the Wise, Fandrel the Counselor of Kings, was a wizard of great power and influence. His apprentices grew to become some of the most influential and skillful magicians, and his mastery of enchantment was unparalleled. The latter years of Fandrel's life were spent in isolation and study, bereft of the company of even his peers. Some say Fandrel was engaged in acts of necromancy, that he was breaking the laws of life and death, and found a way to become immortal. Some claimed that Fandrel died far away from home, and that his tower was free for any wizard or thief to plunder. Still others claimed the tower was secreted off to some other dimension, that it no longer existed in the Known World. Whatever the case, Fandrel's legacy has outlive his presence, and now everyone has something to say about the old wizard. The race to find his old home has become the life goal of many an ambitious magician.



GROUND FLOOR



1ST FLOOR



2ND FLOOR



3RD FLOOR

FANDREL'S TOWER

1 SQUARE = 10 FEET

Lair of the Thief King

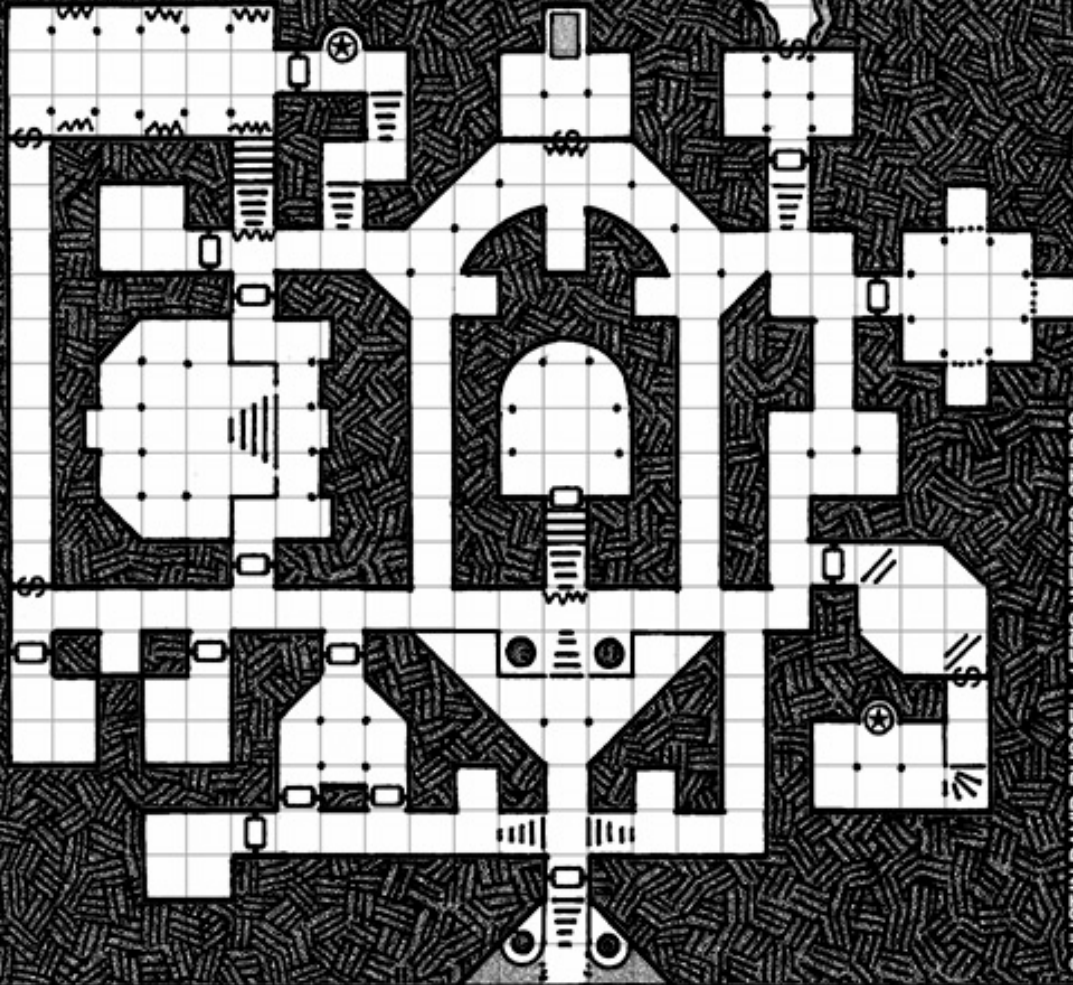
Bordo, the Thief King, is an unlikely ruler. He was adopted as the leader of the bandits living in the hills when the old one died by poisoning. Bordo inadvertently poisoned the old King. When he was confronted by the former ruler's most trusted advisor, a scuffle ensued, and the man fell on Bordo's knife. When the hapless thief was found with the bloody weapon and the body of one of the most respected and powerful thieves in the complex, rumours started to collect around the young man. Soon, he was given the title of King, and the others were so afraid of Bordo that no one thought to challenge him.

Now, Bordo is at the head of a large crime ring, but he doesn't want to be. In fact, he is quite simple. He only ever wanted to follow. He was happy with being unnoticed and performing odd jobs. His minions rob the local populace and supply nearby monsters and outlaws with arms and other equipment.

It turns out that the old complex the thieves inhabit was once the tomb of a powerful necromancer. That necromancer now wants to be 'reborn' into the world. He has chosen Bordo as his mark. By manipulating events in order to elevate the man to a position of power, the necromancer believes his transition and subtle takeover will be made that much easier...

LAIR OF THE THIEF KING

1 SQUARE = 10 FEET

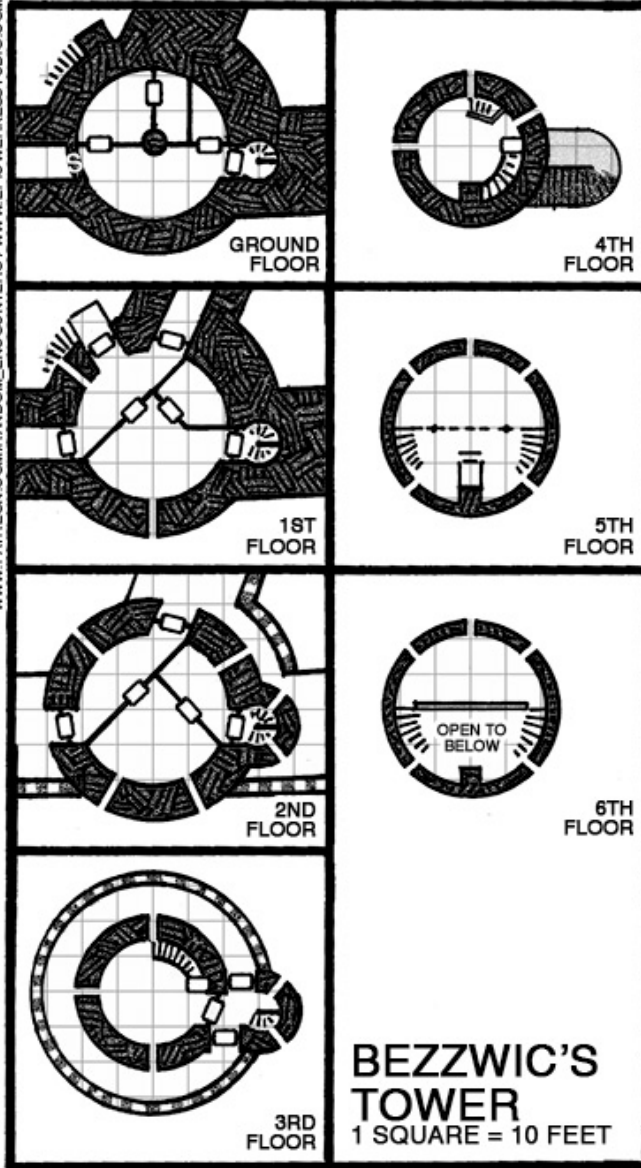


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Bezzwic's Tower

Well, I keep adding on to the [Lantern Falls](#) map. I dusted off my crappy copy of this one to pretty it up for you for the purposes of further developing this little beacon of civilization in my Borderlands campaign. This is the tower of the resident wizard, Bezzwic. He inhabits the tallest structure in town (#13 on the map). The lower levels can be accessed by the town guard, but they prefer to give the place a wide berth. Bezzwic is seen as an eccentric and mysterious figure. He does not brook fools and makes no effort to hide his disdain for those of 'lesser' intelligence.

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Tomb Shrine of the Astronomy Cult

For centuries, a strange cult has been influencing the social elite throughout the many realms of Law. The cult leaders have their fingers in the dealings of many merchants and traders, political leaders, and even the common folk.

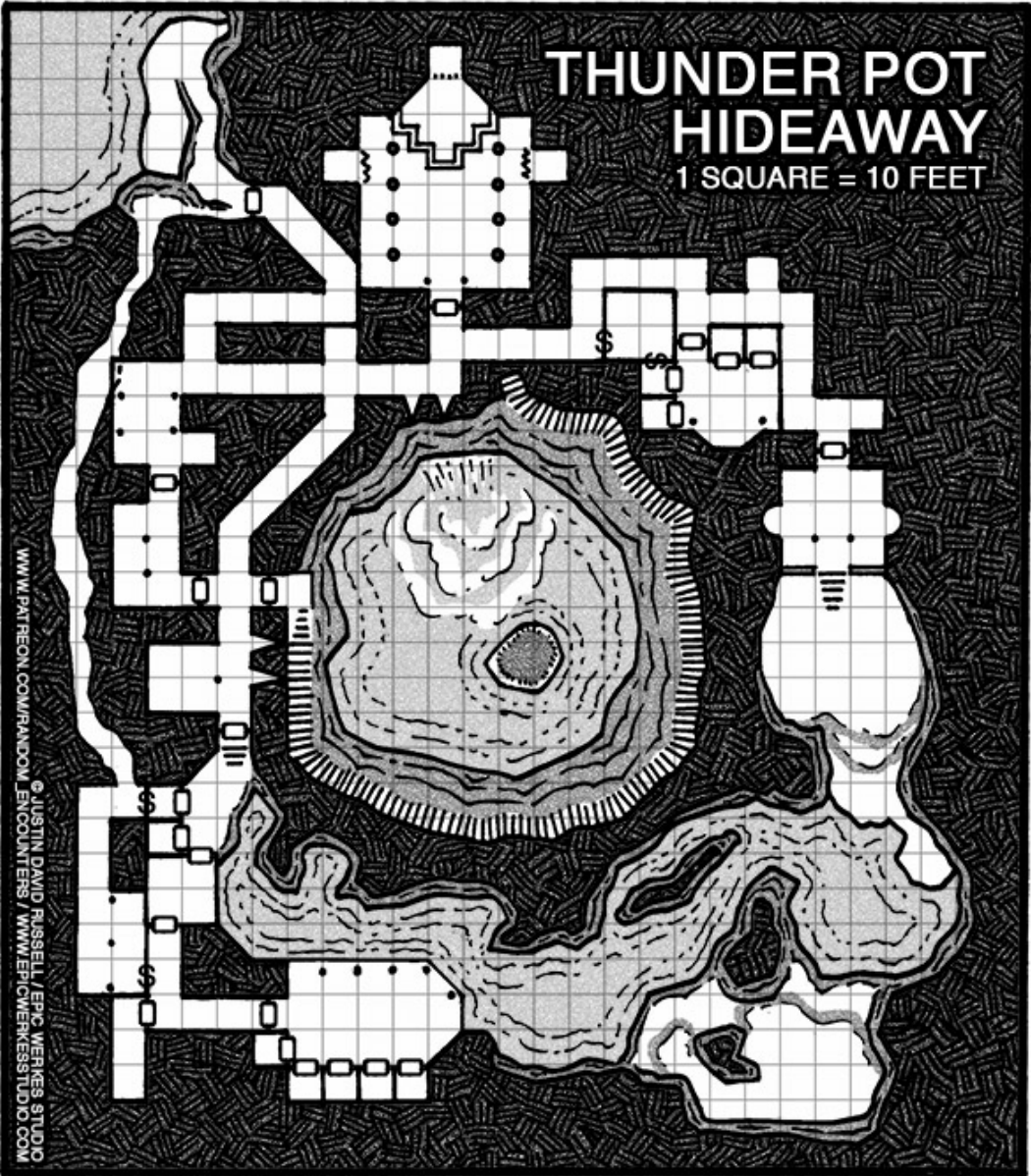
Members of the cult worship beings that came from the stars. Two of the creatures, blue-skinned, tall beings that have proven to be much more advanced than the world they visited, are kept in a shrine, in stasis, until the moment prophesied they would awake and establish order in the land.

Centuries prior, the beings came to the world, established slave colonies, grand temples and palaces, and an empire that controlled nearly every kingdom in the Known World. When the slaves revolted, toppled the alien empire, deposed the human leaders, and brought the oppression to an end, the cultists that remained secreted two of their alien leaders away. Since then, the cult has striven for power in secret, guided by the teachings and telepathic commands of their otherworldly masters. Unable to rely on numbers, they wove themselves into the established politics of several countries, guiding and manipulating. Now, their numbers are greater, and the time they have long awaited may come to pass, if they cannot be stopped...



Thunder Pot Hideaway

Thunder Pot is a large, 60 foot deep sinkhole with a waterfall that tumbles down into its depths. It has become the base of a group of evil dwarves that have established a foothold in the region. They move underground, over vast distances, and hardly visit the lands above. A lake in the northwest offers access to the Mines of the Dwarf King. Rough-hewn stairs wind around the first half of the pot before they disappear behind the waterfall. A tunnel runs from the waterfall, through the earth, to a secret exit behind some rocks several hundred yards away. If one looks down into the darkness of the sinkhole, the stairs are not easily seen.



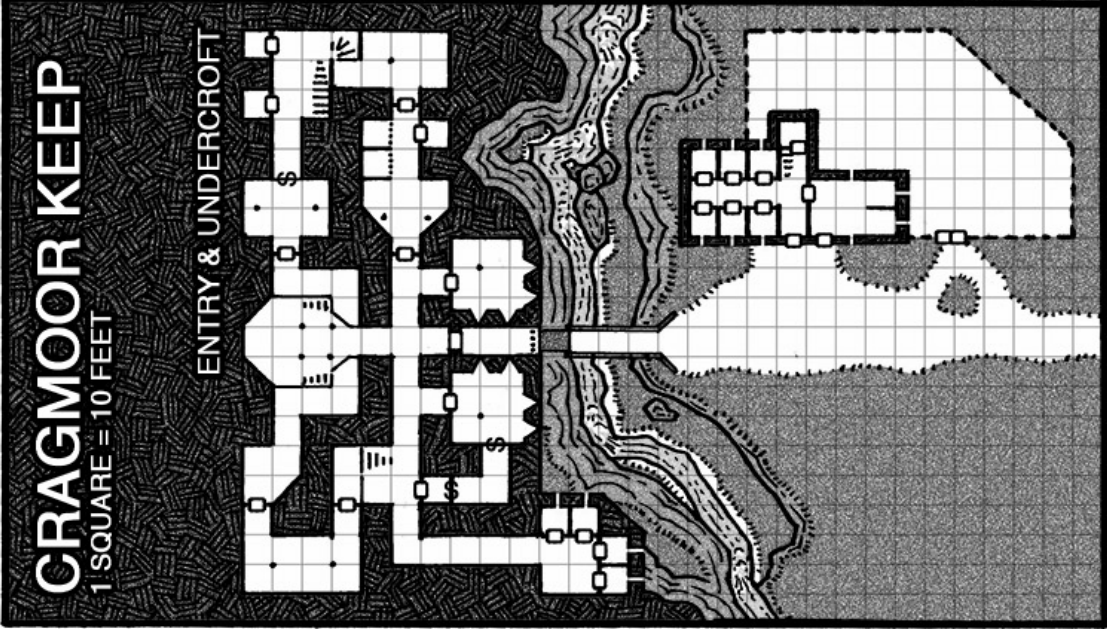
Cragmoor Keep

Thunder Pot is a large, 60 foot deep sinkhole with a waterfall that tumbles down into its depths. It has become the base of a group of evil dwarves that have established a foothold in the region. They move underground, over vast distances, and hardly visit the lands above. A lake in the northwest offers access to the Mines of the Dwarf King. Rough-hewn stairs wind around the first half of the pot before they disappear behind the waterfall. A tunnel runs from the waterfall, through the earth, to a secret exit behind some rocks several hundred yards away. If one looks down into the darkness of the sinkhole, the stairs are not easily seen.

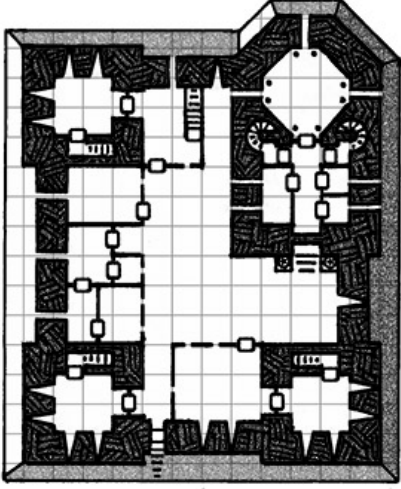
Cragmoor Keep

1 SQUARE = 10 FEET

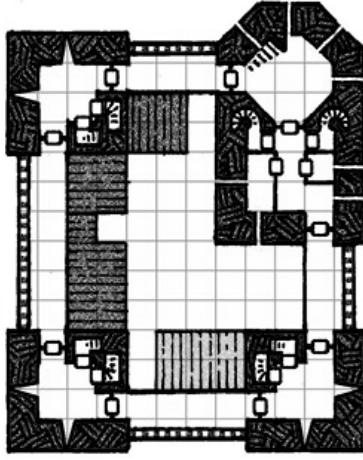
ENTRY & UNDERCROFT



GROUND FLOOR



1ST FLOOR



TOWER



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Hammer Hall

While traveling through the tunnels and caverns of the Underrealms, you come face-to-face with an odd dead-end. Your dwarf companion says that, though things like this can happen, the tunnel *should* continue... A knowing smile spreads across his face as he begins to run his fingers across the surface of the rough wall. After a few moments, the dwarf utters a low, gruff, 'Got it!' You hear a 'click' and a grating sound. A stale breeze wafts into the tunnel. A gaping hole in the wall shows that a secret catch opened a cleverly hidden doorway.

'If this is what I think it is, we are in luck!' The dwarf motions for you to follow. Your torchlight spills into a hallway to your left that dead-ends at a wooden door, straight ahead, and into an alcove to your right. The walls, floor, and ceiling are clean, worked gray stone. Halfway up the walls is a panel of geometric meander patterns that runs as far as you can see in all directions. A rhythmic, metallic, '*Clink! Clink! Clink!*' echoes down the halls. You don't have long to consider this, however. As your dwarven companion raises a calloused hand and opens his mouth to speak, the loud thumping of booted feet, and the clank of weapons, fills the corridor in front of you. A yellow-orange light bounces erratically from around a corner to the right, at the far end of the tunnel.

A company of little men bristling with glinting spears and swords, halts about ten feet away. You realize they are dwarves! The leader, a solidly built man with dark hair and beard and humourless, stone-cold eyes is dressed in a finely cared for chain shirt. He hands his torch off to a dwarf standing next to him, and steps forward, sword drawn and half raised. Your dwarf companion smiles and offers a greeting in his own language...

Moments later, you are dumped unceremoniously into a cell with thick iron bars on one end, and worked stone on the other three. The hay on the floor is scratchy and grimy as you push yourselves up. You glower accusingly at the dwarf...

'What!?' He blusters, throwing his hands up. 'How was I to know this clan was in the middle of a civil war?'

HAMMER HALL

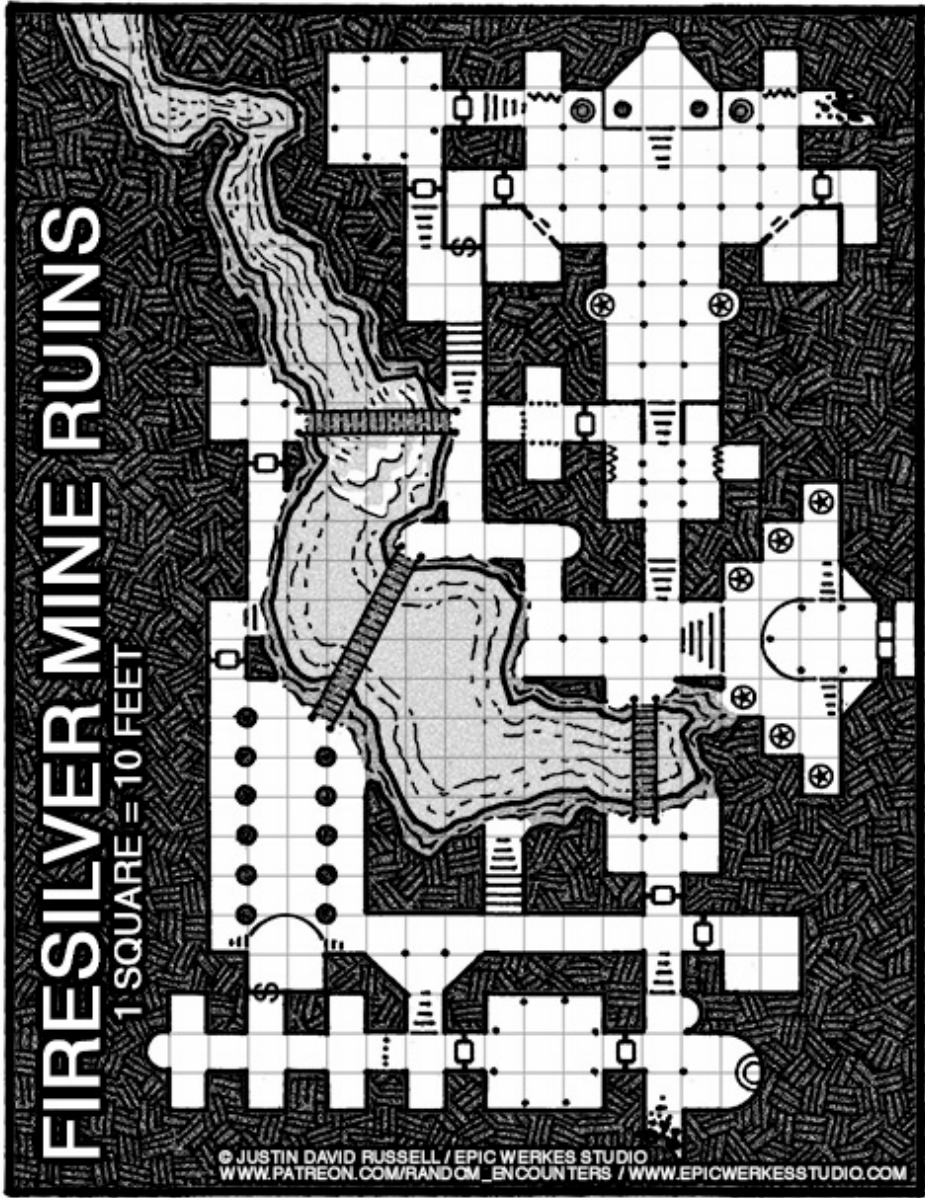
1 SQUARE = 10 FEET



Firesilver Mine Ruins

A group of goblins from the Brokenskill tribe have taken over the ruins of the old dwarven Firesilver Mine. Several centuries earlier, a natural disaster nearly split the complex in two. Unable to repair the damage during a time of war, the dwarves collapsed the mining tunnels, themselves, and left, hoping that after the conflict they could return to reopen the mines.

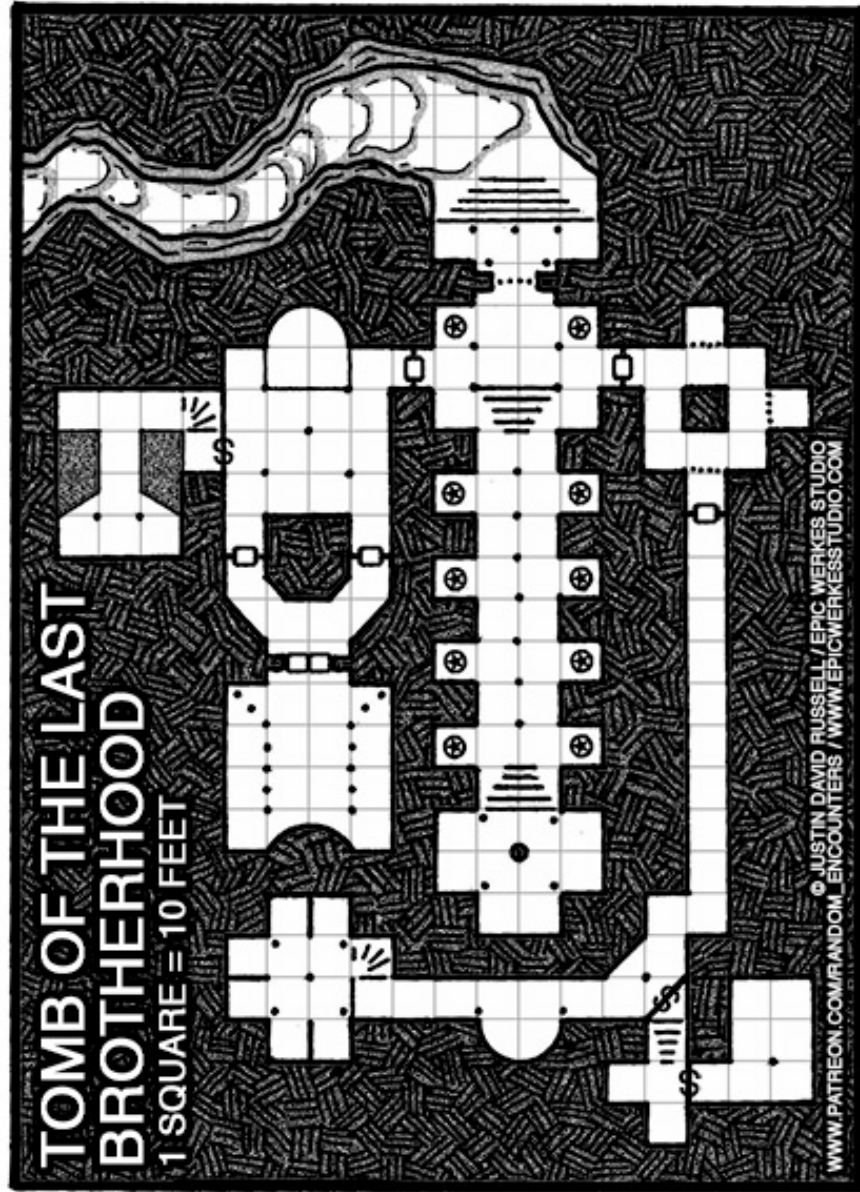
Unfortunately, the dwarves lost the war. The Firesilver Mines remained abandoned, and nearly forgotten, until recently. The mines' new inhabitants are trying to dig out the old tunnels and steal the famed *Firesilver* for themselves. Having discovered this, the Firesilver Clan of dwarves has decided to take the task of reclaiming their home upon themselves. They set up a camp on the opposite end of a large underground cavern and have entrenched themselves. Any help the dwarf lord can find to aid his people in the task at hand is welcome.



Tomb of the Last Brotherhood

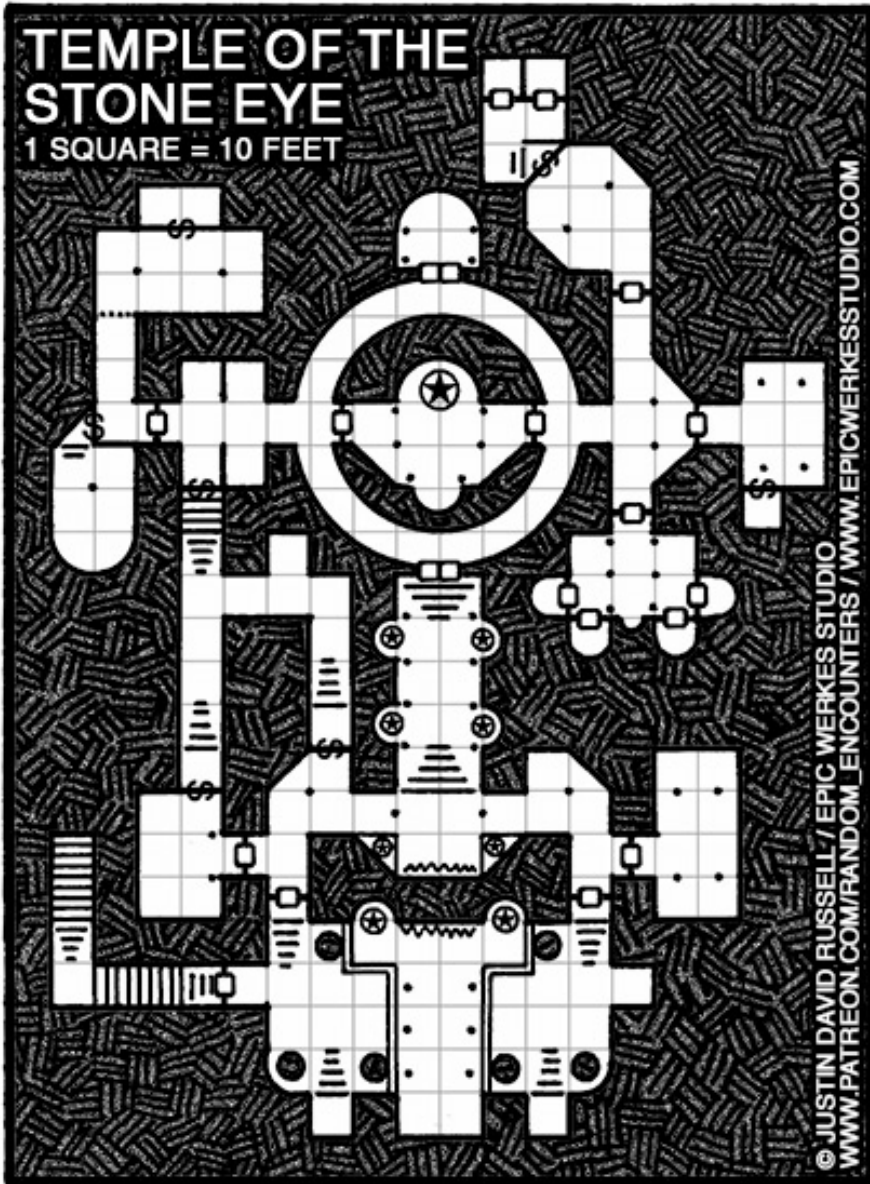
Lost to time, and forgotten by the priests of the Temple of Law, is the Tomb of the Last Brotherhood. During the eighth Chaos Crusades, the Last Brotherhood was a militant order of Lawful priests whose zealous attitudes led them into the hands of Chaos. Dismayed by the ruthless behaviour of the Last Brotherhood, the High Priest of Law decided they needed to be stopped, once and for all. Clerics were sent to apprehend the order's members, but some escaped and fled underground. They were not seen again.

After a time, the priests of Law decided the order finally exhausted itself and faded away. Unfortunately, this was not the case. The Last Brotherhood secreted their wealth away to a hidden tomb. There, the order's unwillingness to yield has lengthened their lives beyond death. Now, many years later, the Last Brotherhood wishes to bring their ideals to bear on the modern world, but this time, their mission is to eradicate the members of the Temple of Law. Their hatred for Chaos is only outmatched by their hatred for the priesthood that prevented them from fulfilling their holy mission many years ago.



Temple of the Stone Eye

Beneath the manour house of the local lord is a temple dedicated to the god of Chaos. A massive stone eye statue in the centre area is a shrine to Chaos. It is a powerful artifact left over from the days when the world was new. It is said the stone eye was actually cut from the Chaos god's head by one of the gods of Law.



Tomb of Yorok the Warlord

Nearly two hundred years ago, Yorok was known as a warlord of great renown. During his life, he managed to split his body and soul into two physical entities, one dedicated purely to Law, the other to Chaos. The Lawful side was kept chained away so the Chaotic half of him could act without a conscience to stand in his way.

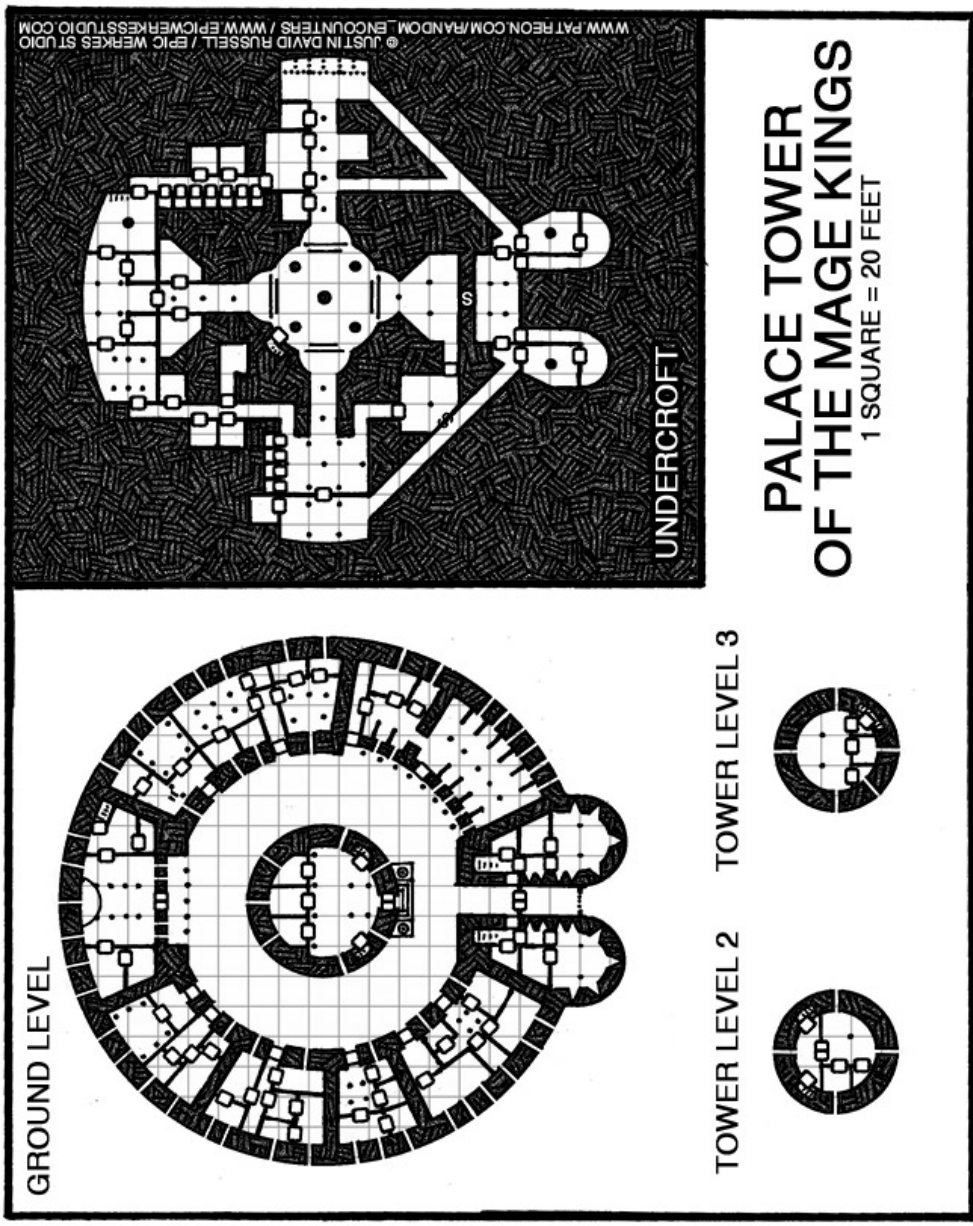
When the Chaotic side died, the Lawful side was sacrificed, as well. Both were interred in a hidden tomb, but kept separate. Recently, tomb robbers disturbed the burial chamber of the Chaotic side. Yorok's angered spirit managed to free itself and it has been wreaking havoc on the nearby countryside. The only way to stop him is to reunite the two halves...



Palace Tower of the Mage Kings

Located on an island, in a cove surrounded by mountains, is the palace Tower of the Mage Kings. Clustered around the Tower is the City of Sages, with its many crafts districts, flamboyant merchants, rampant crime, and fabulous sights. For many centuries, the Mage Kings have overseen the thriving port.

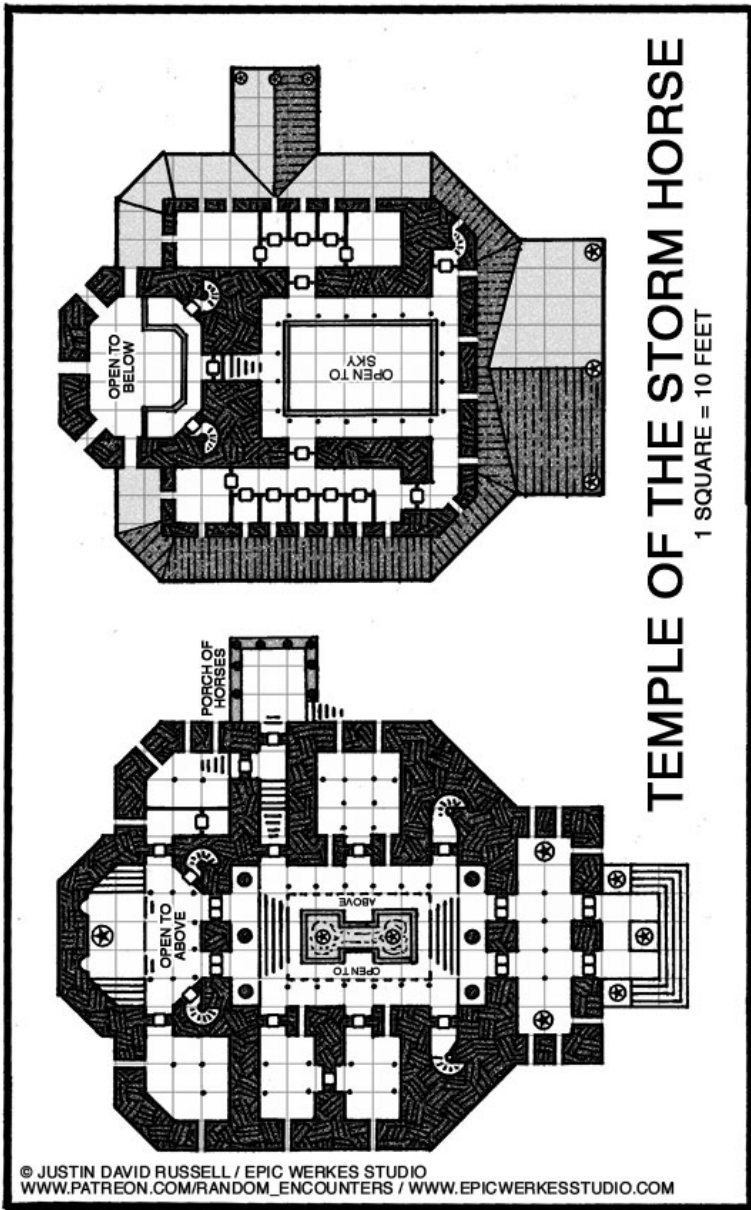
Some say the pearly stone the Tower is comprised of was enchanted by the first mage King. The Tower and the city walls that surround it scintillate under the bright sun. The structure is a true wonder. Its Great Library full of carefully collected knowledge and its labyrinth of hidden passages and ancient secrets suit the layers of intrigue that keep the fabric of the city from unravelling. Some say the city and its pearly walls are nothing more than an illusion, though anyone visiting it will say otherwise. The fool that steps foot within the City of Sages is either enchanted by its beauty, and blinded to its many dangers, or immediately appalled by its opulence and the thronging crowds that overwhelm the senses.



Temple of the Storm Horse

Located in the capital city of the Kingdom of Doone is the Temple of the Storm Horse, a large stone structure dedicated to the goddess of the seas, storms, and horses. Priests of the temple are renowned for their haunting songs and oral storytelling. From a young age, acolytes are taught the poems and stories of their people so that they may immortalize the deeds of their ancestors and remind their kin of the importance of their national heritage. Priests also serve as lawmakers, judges, and healers. A central courtyard open to the sky contains a fountain with two large alabaster sea-horses.

Doone's horse archers and cavalry are among the most feared in all the Known World. Priests spend long hours dedicated to training and breeding the famed storm horses that carry warriors into battle.



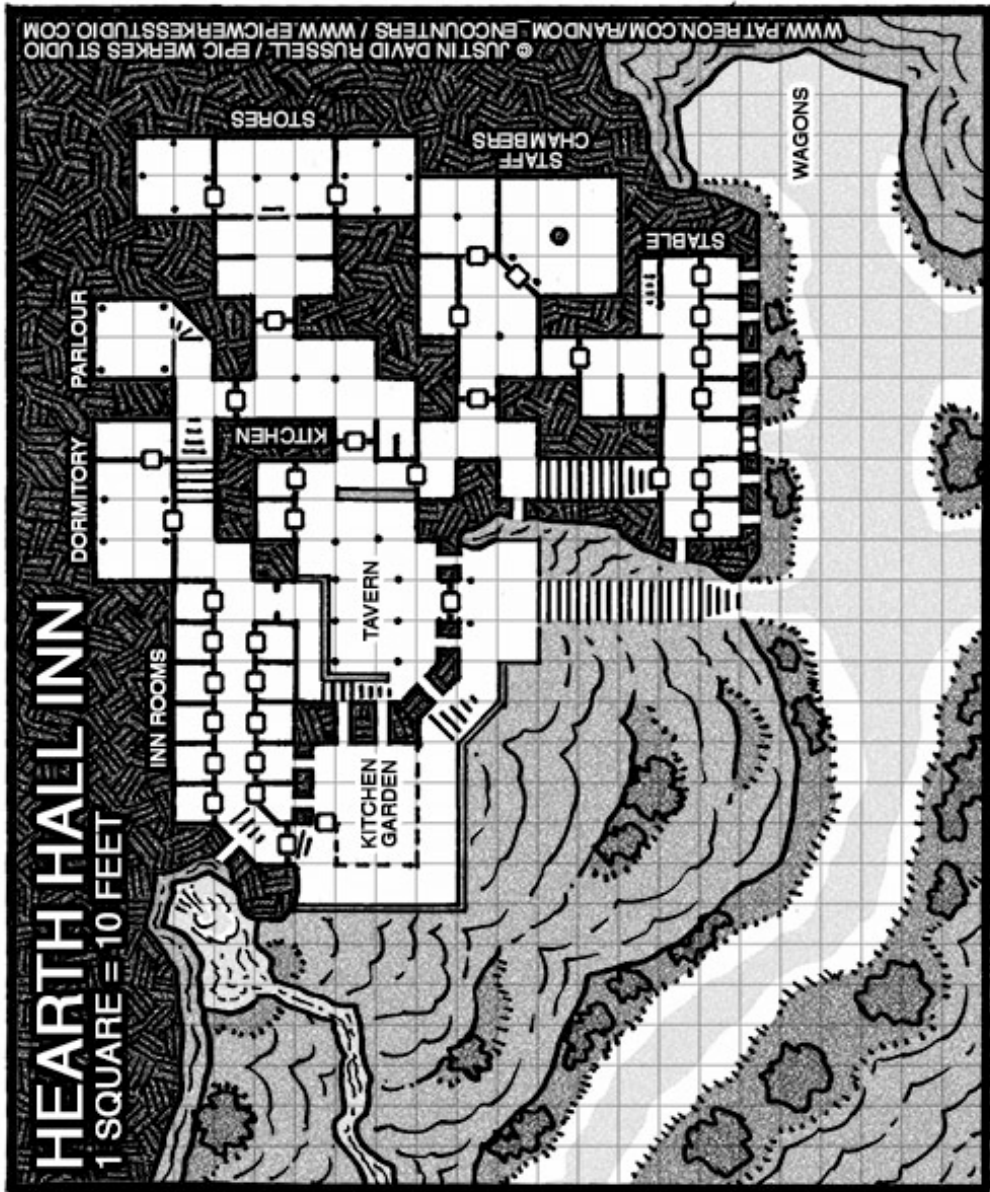
TEMPLE OF THE STORM HORSE

1 SQUARE = 10 FEET

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Hearth Hall Inn

Dwarves traveling the windy mountain roads can rely on the hospitality of mountainside inns and taverns, like this one. Wagons and beasts of burden can be held overnight or a few days when weather, or nightfall, permits no safe travel through the treacherous passes and gorges.

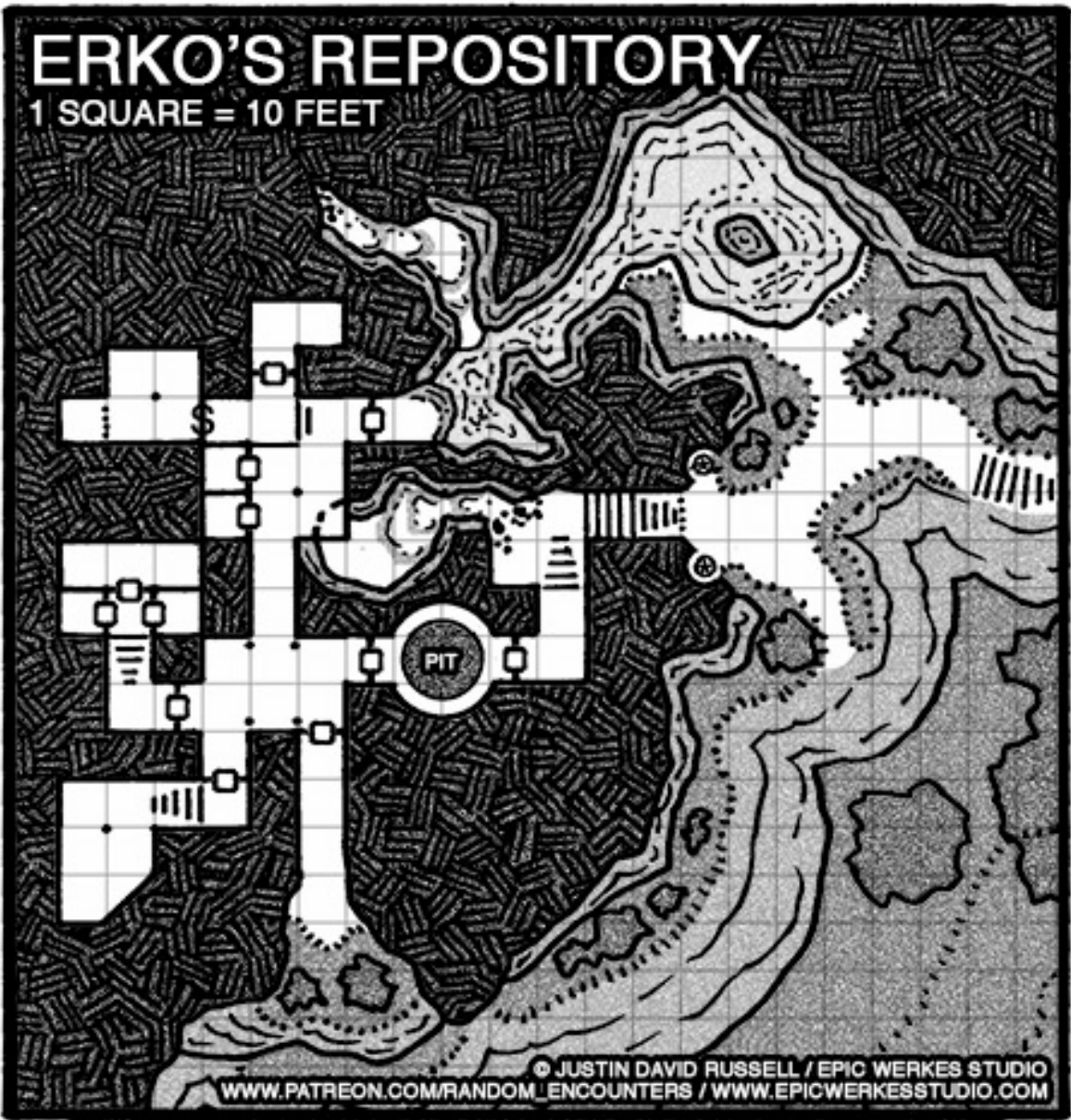


Erko's Repository

Located within a cliffside complex is the abandoned home of the eccentric hermit priest, Erko. Before he suddenly vanished, he made sure that anyone entering his safe house would be met with nasty surprises. A natural tunnel once led into caverns to the north. It was collapsed on purpose to prevent anyone else from having direct access to the Cursed Caves.

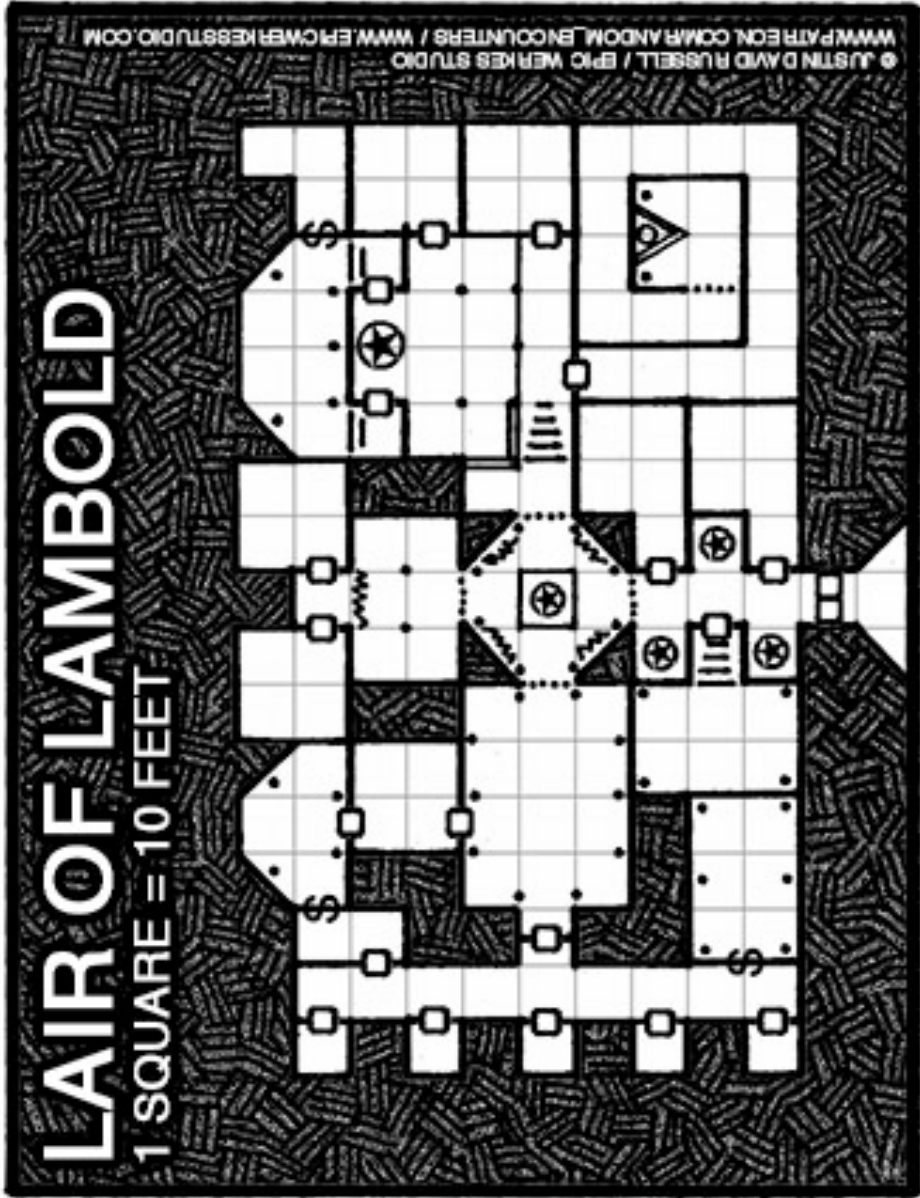
Erko was regarded as an iconoclast. He kept no idols, but he did ask for the aid of an old magic-user friend, from his younger days, to trap his home. Erko discovered caves that led down far, far into the earth. His research carried him far along lightless halls to discover the truth behind some ruins he discovered only months before.

In truth. Erko discovered a diabolical power thriving in the darkness, awaiting someone like him to bring it to back to the world of the living. It took over Erko's body and mind, but not before the man used his newfound strength to collapse the tunnel to the lower realms. he now lives in a room he dug with his own, undead fingers. Erko haunts his lair as a ravenous creature that only hungers for the blood and flesh of the living.



Lair of Lambold

The Lair of Lambold is a complex occupied by Lambold the Cunning, a secretive and influential cleric that spared no expense in building his labyrinthine home and monastery. A few acolytes live with Lambold and do his bidding. A statue and old tapestries in the central chamber provide clues to help solve the riddle that allows access to the monastery.

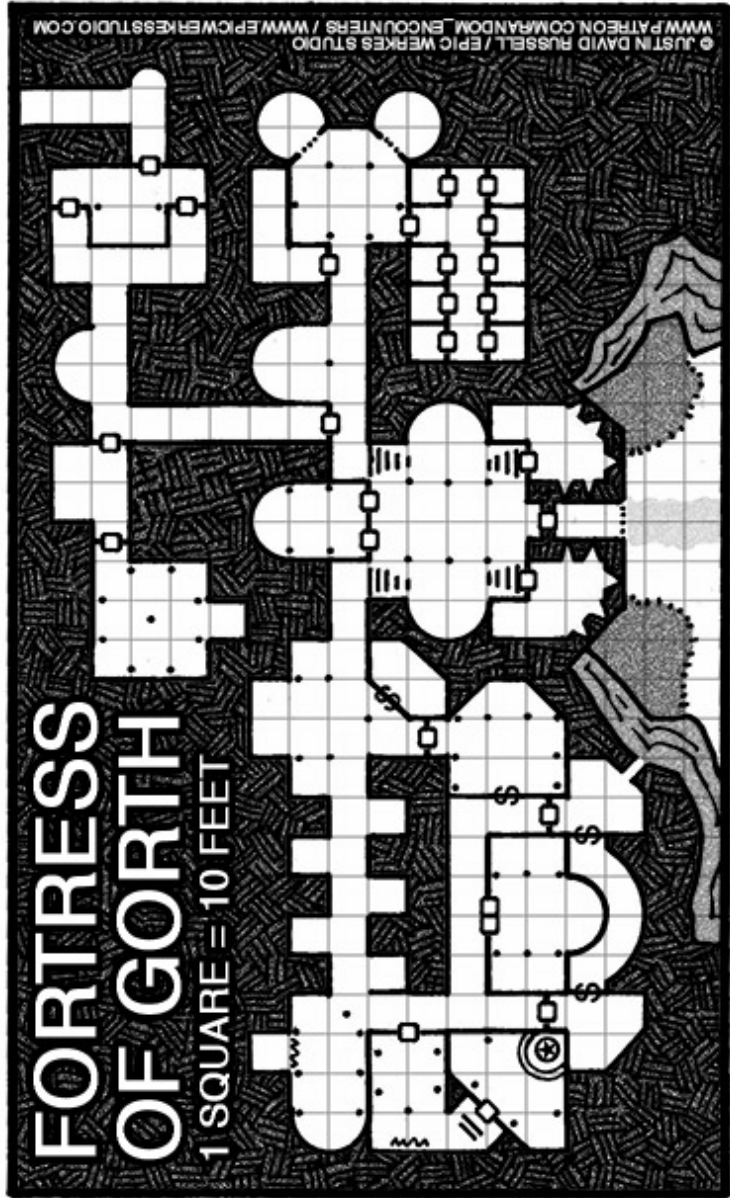


Fortress of Gorth

In the scrub-covered, arid Cackling Hills, a violent bandit leader, Gorth the Butcher, has gathered a force of cannibalistic madmen to his side. They all wear the skins of hyenas, worn like hoods. They raid and brutally attack travelers and caravans. Their activities are chaotic. They sometimes burn the entire caravan, and kill everyone, taking nothing.

Survivors claim the hyenas in the hills have turned into monsters. Locals are extremely superstitious and believe there is a curse upon them. When characters arrive in the nearby town, they find a populace in the throws of superstitious fervor. Local priests have been saying the town's inhabitants need to move or make some major sacrifice to appease the gods.

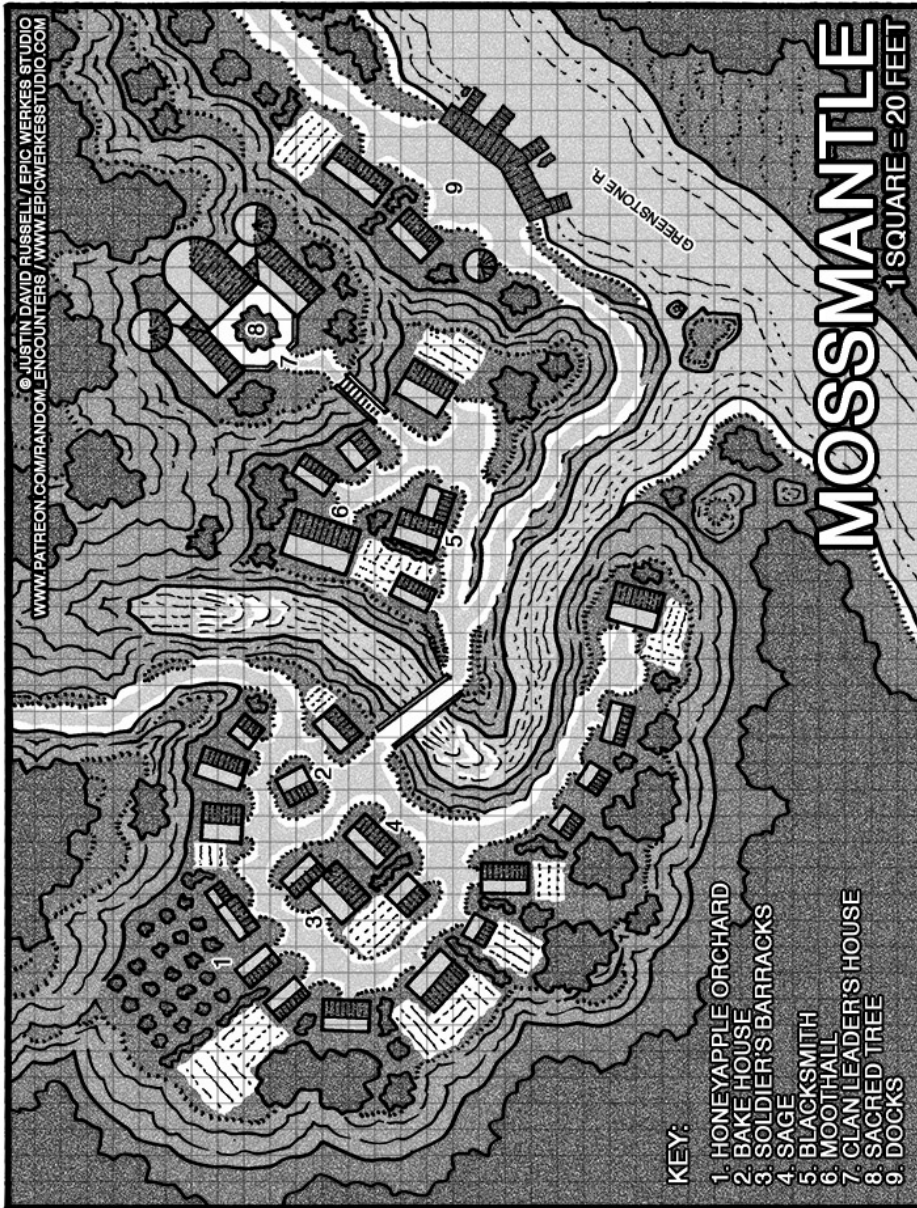
Fearful for his position and his wealth, the ruler of the town is insistent that there is some more logical reason for the attacks. He looks to hire mercenaries to investigate and take care of the problem. Unfortunately, the leader fears that sending someone into the hills will upset the priests and populace and make the situation worse. Discretion and secrecy are of utmost importance in this situation...



Mossmantle

The elves of the Silverleaf are led by the Starmeadow Clan Leader, Eryl. He is an ancient elf whose children and kin adore him. Eryl has been leader for many, many years. Though his time is drawing nigh (far off, in human terms), he retains the vigour and kindness, as well as the caution and shrewdness, that made him popular in his youth. Mossmantle, itself, is old, older even than many of the oldest elves. It was established long ago by Eryl's ancestor, Gloryl Starmeadow, after he retired from a life of adventure and errantry.

Mossmantle's small population of 250 elves trades with the gnomes and faerie creatures that live in the Silverleaf. They are dependent upon one another to survive the harsh northern climes.

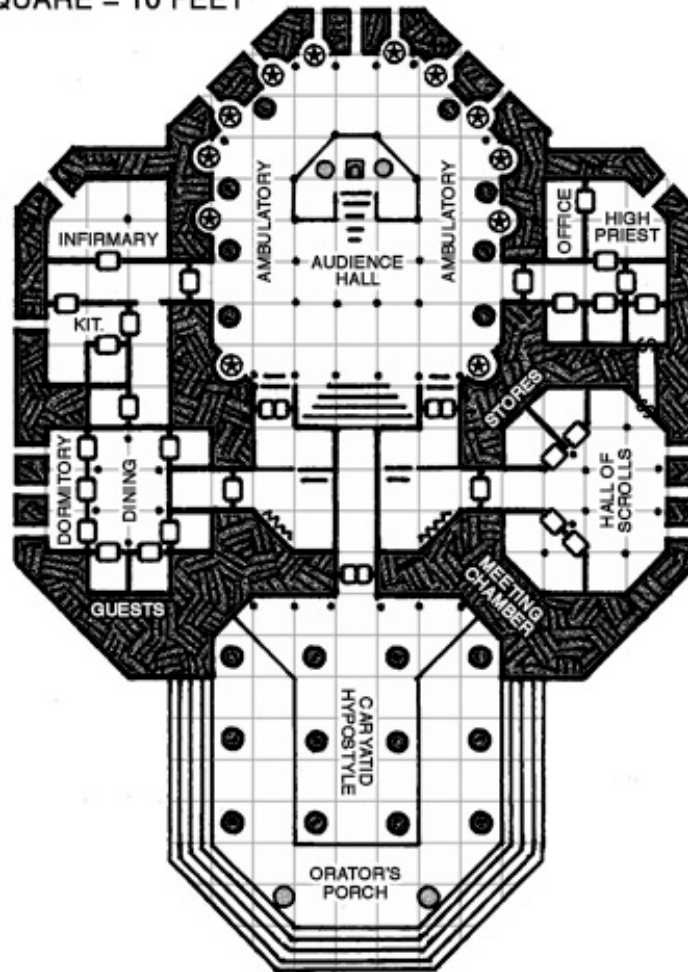


Temple of the Twelve Shrines

The Temple of the Twelve Shrines is located in the city state of Alabastrium on the Pearl Coast. All manner of people come to worship and pay their respects to the gods. An oracle sits in the Audience Hall and dispenses prophecies, for those willing to pay. of particular note is the caryatid hypostyle. Each god in the majour pantheon is represented in the finest marble, holding aloft the roof that protects the temple entry.

TEMPLE OF THE TWELVE SHRINES

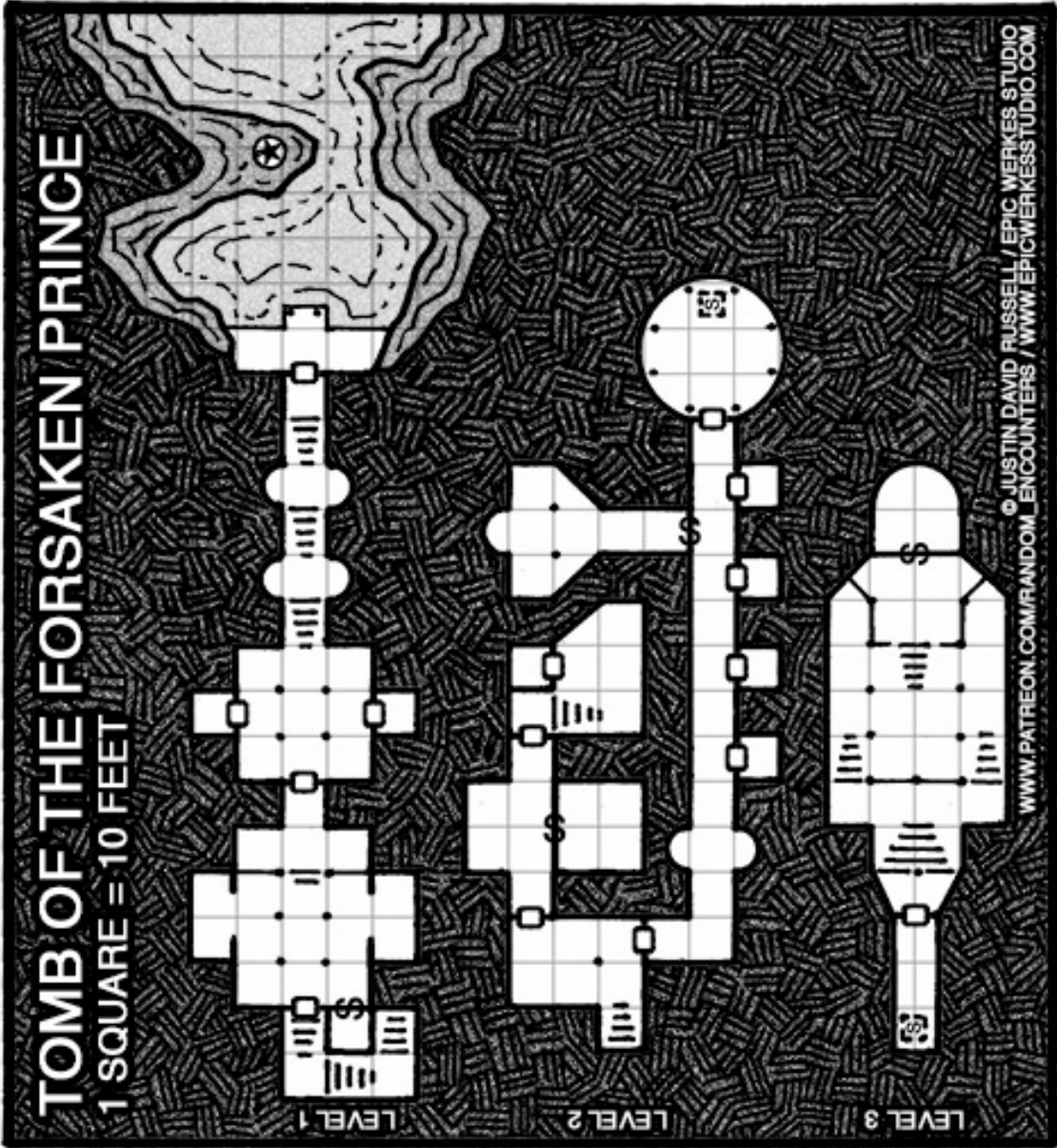
1 SQUARE = 10 FEET



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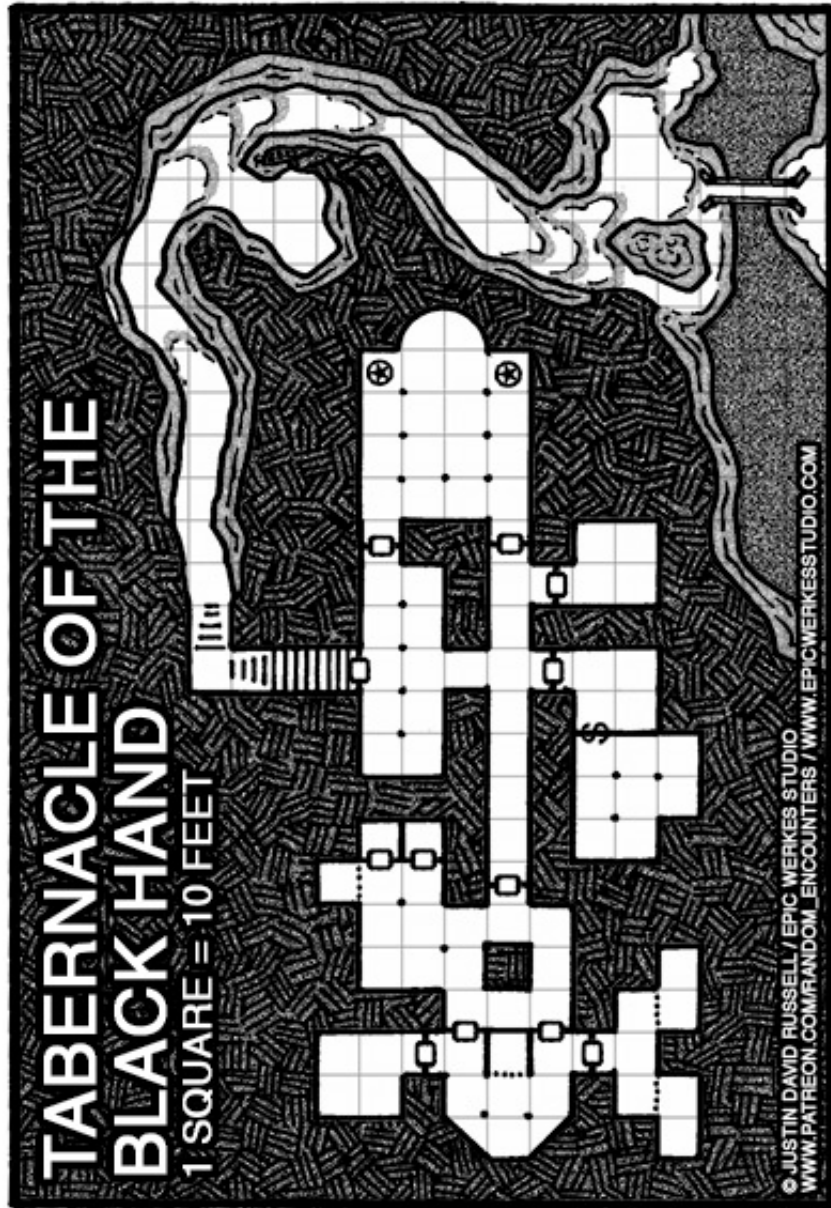
Tomb of the Forsaken Prince

In the Kingdom of Urlan there is a story of a man known as the Red Prince. He was a cruel and vicious man who devoted himself to the gods of Chaos. He was eventually overthrown, his body cremated, and sealed in an urn in the lowest level of a hidden tomb. None now know where the tomb is, save for the most learned scholar devoted to the histories of Urlan.



Tabernacle of the Black Hand

The Tabernacle of the Black Hand is the secret base of operations of a cult dedicated to the god of disease and death. Llorvandar, the Unholy, a vile priest, was the greatest of the death god's servants. His hand was severed from his body, after death, and mummified. It remains a powerful relic. It is housed in a special container in the bowels of the complex. many fear its devastating might.



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!