

## **Domains of Dread: Pellios, The Raging Vale**

### A History of Pellios

Many years ago, the town of Pellios sat lazily in the middle of a fertile valley. A gently flowing river supplied all the water Pellios needed for consumption and for the plentiful crops that fed the small town. While not a wealthy town, the residents of Pellios were a happy bunch. They might not have always had everything they wanted, but they did have everything they needed.

The town of Pellios was under the rule of an elected group of five elders who were known as the Collective. The five members that made up the Collective were, for the most part, kind and considerate of the town's residents. The members of the Collective made all of the laws that residents and visitors to Pellios had to obey. None of the laws were abnormal or all that different than laws of other towns, and there were seldom instances of law violations.

A small group of ten men were selected by the Collective and deemed the city militia. While their services were rarely called for, the ten men were adamant in their duty to carry out the laws set down to them. The occasional robbery or bar-fight was the only real times the militia was called on. The appointed leader of the militia was a man named Hallik, a young human male of large build and steady temperament. All orders from the Collective were first passed to him, and then he would disperse the information to his militia. During his duty as leader of the militia, Hallik married a local maid that to this day is referred to as an exceptional beauty. Together, they had three children and were a very happy couple.

All was fine for many years, and the town lived in a pleasant peace. According to legend, that peace came to a horrific end at the hands of a horde of mercenaries hired by a nearby baron intent on owning Pellios and taxing its citizens. Unknown to most of the towns' residents, the baron, named Merris, had offered his protection and resources to the town if they would agree to become part of his barony. The Collective politely declined his offer, stating that Pellios had existed as a free town for many generations, and had no need for anyone else's protection. As for resources, the fertile valley provided everything the town needed.

Not to be swayed, Merris proposed his offer repeatedly, always to have it declined by the Collective. Before the mercenaries arrived, Merris had proposed his final offer, along with a threat. According to rumor, the Collective received a messenger of Merris who told them that the baron was going to own Pellios, be it by peace or by war. The Collective, as it is told, instructed the messenger to return to his baron and tell him that Pellios will remain a free town no matter what threats he made. Within a week, the mercenaries came.

The Collective never actually believed Merris would wage war over such a small town with no apparent significance or importance. Pellios was not a merchant town, nor was it situated on a trade route or port. It was a simple farming town. Their presumption about the power-hungry baron was a grievous mistake.

The mercenaries, which numbered over one hundred, flooded into the town and began a systematic slaying of its residents. They burned homes, churches, and businesses without concern. Hallik, the leader of the militia, tried in vain to organize his troops, but they were no more than armed farmers with no real training in battle and tactics. His militia fell like cut timber under the blades of the mercenaries. Making his way to the hall where the Collective held council, he found them all missing. Fearing for his beautiful wife, he battled his way to his home near the edge of town. Throwing open the door, he saw a slumped body in the floor wearing the clothes of his beloved. Rage overtook the young Hallik, and he screamed in agony. He fled from his home into a nearby thicket and hid from the slaughter.

Within a few hours, the mercenaries had killed almost every citizen of Pellios. The few survivors were led away as slaves. Hallik watched the band of hired killers lead their prisoners from the wreckage of Pellios, presumably back to Baron Merris. His blood still boiling with anger, he crept back into town. He was determined that the evil baron would receive nothing for his troubles, as he was going to burn the town to ashes, leaving nothing for the slayer of his kin to rule over. House by house, Hallik made his way around the town, lighting each building on fire. When only a few houses remained, Hallik heard screams coming from his own home which was in flames. The door of his house flew open, and a burning woman fled out into the street, collapsing on the cobblestone ground. Rushing over, Kallik discovered the burned remains of his

beautiful wife. Whoever he had first seen on the floor in his house was not his beloved. It seemed as though she managed to hide from the raiders, only to be burned alive by her own husband. With a howl of grief and fury, Hallik's mind snapped. He picked up the body of his dead wife and carried her as he made his way to the keep of Baron Merris.

With his beloved over one shoulder, Hallik struck down any who stood to stop him. He strode with a purposeful gait, slowing only to slay any who would try to stand in his way. His sword cut a bloody path right to the door of Merris. With a furious yell of rage, Hallik called out to Merris to come to him and be judged. When the door of the mighty keep opened, dozens of armed soldiers rushed out. Laying the body of his dead wife on the ground, Hallik began an assault that would not stop until the blood of every soldier that exited the keep dampened the earth beneath his feet. When none were left, Hallik picked his wife's lifeless body up once more and slowly made his way up the winding stairs that led to the private quarters of Merris.

Kicking open the door, Hallik found Merris seated on a throne of gold. Surrounding him were the members of the Collective. One of the elders spoke to him, telling him that the only way to survive was to join ranks with the baron. The Collective had sold out the residents of Pellios to Merris in exchange for the promise of power and wealth. Hallik laid his wife's body down one final time. With one smooth motion he struck with his sword. As the body of a now-headless elder slumped to the floor, Baron Merris stood and drew his own sword.

Little is known about the exact moments that followed, but what is known is that Hallik emerged from the keep of the baron several hours later. Covered in blood, he made his way to where the mercenaries were housed. Rage pumped through his veins like fire, and his eyes were as vacant as a corpse's. When he reached the long barracks hall, Hallik began a slaughter that would become as legendary as it was gruesome. Every man that came near him fell to his sword. As he fought, his rage seemed to build until he was something more than a man. He was something more akin to a bloody tornado, destroying everything it came across.

When every mercenary was dead, Hallik found the captive townsfolk. He released their bonds, instructing them to return to Pellios and rebuild it. He told them Merris was dead, as was the Collective. He told them that he was now in charge of Pellios and the lands owned by the baron. He told

them that to disobey him meant death, and he would not hesitate to spill more blood. Scared, hopeless, and grief-stricken, the surviving townsfolk returned to what was left of Pellios and began to rebuild it. Hallik was not seen for many weeks. When he finally did return to Pellios, he was a different man. He no longer was the kind, caring man that had fled to the thicket during the raid.

He now had the look of a madman, his eyes darting constantly about him, his fists clenching and unclenching, his teeth gritting in a constant snarl of rage. When he would look at a person, they would seem to shrink under his gaze. The townsfolk were happy to be alive, and more than happy to rebuild the town, but they were very cautious about this man Hallik had become. Hallik barked orders at the townsfolk, striking out at any he deemed deserving.

By the time the town was rebuilt, Hallik had been staying in the baron's tower more and more. He visited Pellios to check on the progress the town was making, but his visits were becoming less frequent. When he did visit, however, it usually ended with the death of a townsfolk. Hallik had become so filled with rage that the slightest glance from a local was seen as a challenge, and he would lash out, striking them down.

It was around this time that the townspeople reported seeing a creature walking the streets of town at night. It resembled a human female, and was clothed in what used to be a beautiful dress, but it was burned and charred. The creature itself, local rumor states, looked like Hallik's lost wife. Her hair had been burned away, and her flesh was blackened from the fire. She would be seen occasionally passing through the streets, vanishing from sight almost as quickly as she appeared. No one ever approached her, for fear of the living dead was a common phobia amongst the people of Pellios.

Word finally got back around to Hallik, who immediately sought to find this creature. He stalked the streets of Pellios by night, waiting for this fantastical spirit to appear. When she finally did, it was in grand fashion. It is said that Hallik's screams could be heard throughout the entire town, waking all who were sleeping. For the next several months, no one saw Hallik, nor did they see the effigy of his wife during his absence. The town members were concerned, as Hallik was the one person able to save them when they were captives of the mercenaries, but his tyrannical rule made them fearful of him.

Life in Pellios gradually returned to some semblance of normalcy. Babies were born, crops were grown, and businesses were re-established. When Hallik was next seen, he was again a changed man. His skin had an almost grey hue to it. His eyes were very sunken, but still retained their darting about quality. He spoke very little, which made no difference, as no one dared approach him.

He seemed bigger, almost giant-sized. His muscular frame had grown since he had left. Most peculiar, though, was the woman who accompanied him on his rare walks. She was the mirror-image of his dead wife. Like Hallik, she looked almost grey, with sunken eyes that darted about in an almost paranoid fashion. Her dress was identical to the one she was wearing when she dies, including the burn marks. She never spoke, but always seemed to have an odd smile that appeared more frightful than warming to those that saw it.

On their rare walks through Pellios, the terrible couple never spoke. They would simply walk through the town, looking at all who passed near them. These visits continued for a number of months, all the while Pellios was returning to what it once was, save for the Collective. They were never re-established, and the locals were content to police each other, relying on the basic laws of the old town to guide them. On one of the horrid couples' trips, the relative peace that had settled once again over Pellios was shattered, and this time the effects would be felt every day afterwards.

Hallik and his bride were walking through the streets of Pellios, not unlike any other trip they made, when suddenly the woman screamed loudly. Her hands held to the sky, her body burst into flames. Her wailing could be heard all over the town, and residents came to witness what would soon become an all-to-common occurrence. Hallik seemed like his old self for only a moment, but it was long enough to try to snuff the flames that once again consumed his beloved. His tears and yells of fury mimicked the day of the raid. As he patted her clothing, her body collapsed and was lifeless. Hallik lashed out, slaying any who dared to come close. His eyes burned like a demon's, and his frame seemed to grow back into the form the residents had become accustomed to. Falling to his knees, Hallik sobbed for his dead bride once again. When the body was consumed by the fire, it vanished. Hallik rose, hung his head, and then walked away slowly toward his grim keep.

One year to the day later, the residents saw Hallik again, and once more the beautiful woman was with

him. The exact same events unfolded as they did before. She screamed, caught fire, fell to the ground, and died. Hallik raged, killing any near him or his dead bride. After it was over, Hallik did as before, walking slowly back toward his keep. The following year, the events repeated. This went on for many years, the events never changing even in the slightest way. The locals became convinced that the tragedy that befell Hallik now served as a curse to torture him until the end of his days.

Several years went by, and Hallik was only seen on the anniversary of the cursed tragedy. However, one calm summer day Hallik entered the town alone and, in an unusual manner, asked for the finest builders in the town to meet with him. He spoke calmly and pleasantly, a sight the locals were convinced was nothing more than a sign of ill things to come. When several of the town's builders approached Hallik, he told them in a soft voice that he wanted a duplicate of his keep built in Pellios. He instructed them to build it in the center of the town, so he might be better able to protect it should anything bad happen. Hesitantly, the builders complied. It took a year to complete, but they assembled Hallik a keep identical in all ways to the one he currently stayed in. When it was finished, Hallik returned to the town, his horrible bride on his arm. They took up residence in the keep, which the residents called Hallik Hall.

As always, though, once every year the terrible events would unfold as they had, with Hallik morning the loss of his bride. However, since moving into the keep in town, every time his wife would be consumed by the fire, he would enter the keep, climb to the roof, and wail into the sky with rage and sorrow. Whenever he did this, the town itself seemed to respond. The ground would shake, fires would appear in various locations in the town, and the sky seemed to darken. Each year it would get a little worse than the previous year. Sometimes large pieces of the very ground would be propelled into the sky, never to return. The fires grew more powerful and larger as well.

One year, perhaps as little as twenty years ago, the raging fury of Hallik manifested to a terrible degree. His screams were reported to be heard for miles. The entire ground under the town was broken free and hurled upward. Fire filled the area where the town was, and a thick fog rolled in that blanketed the region. The next day, when the fog cleared, Pellios was in shambles. It looked identical to the day the mercenaries came and razed it. It was abandoned, and in the years since has become little more than a pile of ruins rarely visited by travelers.

## The Dark Truth

What the farmer-scholars of Pellios don't know is that on the day the mercenaries came, and Hallik found his love dead, he swore an oath to any who would listen. He swore revenge for his lost love and the lives of the townsfolk in exchange for whatever creature answered asked for. Something answered Hallik in that grim moment. A demon, or perhaps something worse, answered Hallik's call, and imbued him with the strength to defeat his enemies. In exchange, he would submit to the will of the demon. Thus, a Dark Lord was born.

When Hallik entered the great keep of the baron Merris, slew the Collective, and set his sights on the baron, Merris drew his sword. In a flurry of sword-strokes, Merris impaled the young Hallik through his abdomen. Smiling triumphantly, Merris turned his back on the body of the slain man and was about to leave the keep when Hallik rose. Stopping in his tracks, Merris turned to face the risen man. The fires of Hell burned in Hallik's eyes, and in a single stroke he cut the head from Merris' body. Hallik had become a thrall of something made of true evil, and it was working its vile blood through his veins.

The dark infusion altered Hallik's body, swelling it in size and shape to something almost-human. What Hallik did not know was the nature of the creature he had struck the deal with. Feeding off of fear, misery, rage, and revenge, the demon that controlled Hallik's body cared nothing for the young man and his plight, aside from the death he would bring. In a twist of dark fate, the demon controlling Hallik underestimated the boy and his own rage.

Locked away in his keep, Hallik lashed out at the demon inside him, battling for his very existence. Rare as it is, Hallik was triumphant in breaking the bond he shared with the demon. In the process, his mind was wiped of all compassion, aside from the love of his dead wife. It was then that the defeated demon brought back Hallik's true love. Her burned body rose, powered by the evil of the demon. This was to be the demon's revenge on Hallik. He might not be able to control him any longer, but the torment he could inflict on the boy would be legendary.

Upon first seeing his dead bride's walking body in the streets of Pellios, Hallik's mind snapped even more. He cried out, falling to his knees in agony. His bride, Lauren, went to him. Her charred corpse regained the beautiful appearance Hallik had known when she was alive. The bonds of love were still

strong in the heart of Hallik, and he held her close, knowing that this was the work of the demon. He cared not, as he had his love back, and that was all that mattered to him anymore.

They returned to Hallik's keep, content to exist there until the demon found them. They enjoyed taking walks around the area, but never ventured too far from the keep. The furthest they would go is to Pellios, and it was there that the demon exacted his revenge. As Lauren's burning body fell to the ground again, Hallik knew what had happened. His rage overwhelmed him, though, and he lashed out.

When he returned to his keep, he would lock himself in for days, feeding off of the rage that flowed through his swollen body. One week after she burned for the second time, Hallik awoke one morning to find Lauren lying next to him in their bed, a gentle smile on her face. This was to be the fate of Hallik until the end of his days. He would relive the death of his one true love every year on the exact anniversary of her original death. Hallik would feel every ounce of grief and pain as though it were new. That rage built up over the years, until finally it was so strong that it tore the very moorings of Pellios free and hurled it into the Shadowrealm. What was left was a shell that resembled the town the day the mercenaries came.

It would be from his domain of dread that Hallik would rule over Pellios, forced to relive his grievous loss again and again. The people of Pellios are also forced to relive those events each year, and live in constant fear of the raging lunatic Hallik had become, ever wary of the dark lord and his furious temper. He is said to be able to tear the very limbs off of his victims, and he does so with an unnatural glee seldom seen outside of the Abyss or the Hells. His bride, while very solemn and rarely speaking to others, is also quite capable of defending herself with an unnatural fiery aura that can burn even beings that originate in fiery locales.



Courtesy of [vanesska.blox.pl/resource/Fire.jpg](http://vanesska.blox.pl/resource/Fire.jpg)

## The Lost Ruins of Pellios

Since its abandonment, the ruins of Pellios stand as quiet sentinels amid the fertile plains of the great valley. Trees and other plant life have taken over the once cobbled streets. Falling buildings dot the areas inside the crumbling walls, and many of the remains still show the marks of the fires that spread through the town.



Explorers that enter through the south gate will see little but rubble and the trees and plants that have reclaimed the area. There is a constant faint odor of smoldering fire that is almost not noticeable if there is a strong breeze blowing. Nothing inhabits the ruins, or if they do, it is not for very long.

The river still flows through the center of town, but it is almost dammed in places from the crumbling ruins that drop into it. During heavy rains, the river overflows onto the banks of the ruins, creating huge puddles and areas of marsh.

The large keep in the middle of Pellios is still mostly intact, but it is also in a state of disrepair. When individuals or groups do decide to hold up in Pellios, the keep is usually where they stay. It is the only place in the ruined town that the odor of smoke is not present. No one can explain why, but it does appear to be a kind of void, free of smells.

Just outside the crumbling northern wall is what remains of the city's cemetery. Centuries old graves sit silently in the terribly overgrown graveyard. The small wall that surrounds the cemetery is in just as bad condition as the main city wall, and several entire sections have crumbled to dust. Trees grow erratically between the graves, many of which have unearthed some of the ancient caskets with their expanding roots. The crumbling cemetery is considered cursed, or at least a sign of ill omen by all who pass near it. There has been no evidence to point to any actual curse, but convincing those that have seen it could prove to be a difficult task.

### Getting the PCs There

The most common way to get the PCs to Pellios is by pure happenstance. In its simplicity, Pellios is an out of the way place. It is doubtful the PCs would ever visit it intentionally. Perhaps the PCs are on their way to another location, and crossing through the fertile valley gives them their first sight of Pellios' ruins. Below are some suggestions to help get your PCs into the ruined city, as the veil between the ruined town and the domain of dread is thinnest within the town's crumbling walls.

**During travel:** The most common way, as detailed above. Pellios is simply a stop-off point for the PCs as they are traveling somewhere else.

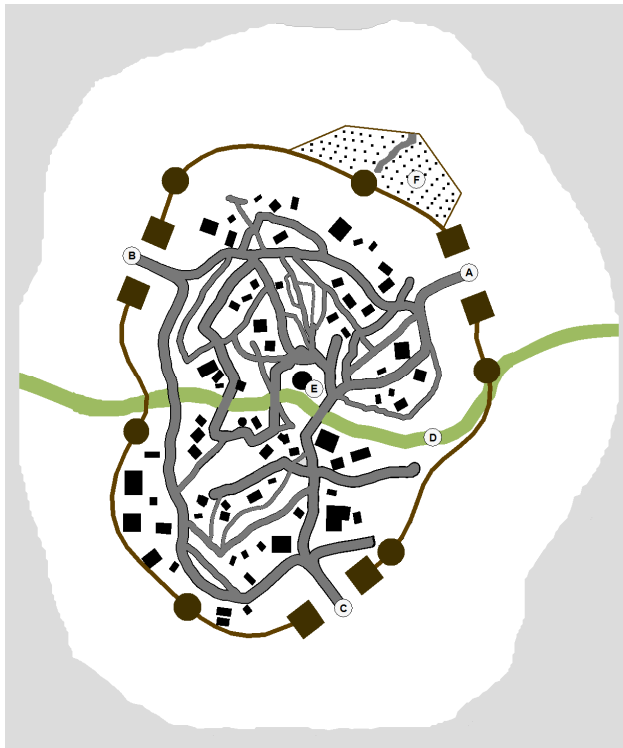
**Rumors of Treasure:** Perhaps the PCs have heard that the abandoned ruins contain ancient treasures ripe for the picking, but few attempt it due to the legend of the area's curse.

**Portal Accident:** Occasionally, portals exist that teleport people to various places. As no known portals are directly tied to Pellios, if the PCs end up there due to a portal, either the portal has random destinations, or the portal is somehow malfunctioning.

### Crossing Over

At random times during the day and night, thick mists roll over the ruined city. When the mists clear, anyone in the city is taken over to the Shadowrealm. Aside from predetermined planar travel, it is unknown if there are any other ways to directly access Pellios, the Raging Vale.

## Pellios, the Raging Vale



Surrounding the entire town is a thick blanket of mist. The mist has a distinct metallic odor, it is not harmful to be in. A person who tries to navigate the mist will only end up back where they originally entered. The nature of this domain of dread is such that a being can only leave if the dark lord specifically allows for them to. Otherwise, the being is trapped in the domain. The mists do, however, allow for other creatures to enter the domain. Often, these creatures are simply lost and enter the mists by accident, only to end up in Pellios. Others, however, are of such an evil nature that they are drawn directly to Pellios and its dark lord. These creatures can come from all planes, including the Abyss and the Far Realms.

Within the borders of the mist is the valley, which is not the fertile place it used to be. Instead of rolling green hills, the area is mostly sand and scrub brush. The few crops that are planted have to have constant maintenance to ensure they survive.

**A, B, and C- Main City Gates:** These are the main entrance points to Pellios. They have no guards, nor are they of any protective value. One can simply pass through without question. The locals realize that any strangers who pass through the gates are prisoners such as themselves, and offer little more than fleeting sympathy to them.

**D- The Pellios River:** The once beautiful, life-giving river has become infected with the evil of the domain, and its waters have turned from cool and clear to a sickly green color that will support no life, aside from a select few aberrant creatures that swim its length hoping for anything that should fall...or be pushed...into it. The river flows beneath many of the town's streets and both the east and west walls. It vanishes into the mists in both directions, but attempting to travel the river as a means of escape from Pellios will result either in death, or in the fleeing creature simply reappearing somewhere else in the mists. It is in no way a channel to bypass the supreme rule of Hallik, the Dark Lord.

**E- Hallik Hall:** This several-story keep is the home of Hallik and his grim bride Lauren. Entrance to the keep is strictly forbidden, as it would surely bring down the wrath of Hallik on the entire town. As it is, access to the keep is not possible unless the dark lord specifically allows it. From the outside, there is no visible door, windows, or any other means of entrance. When Hallik so wishes, two huge black iron doors appear on the east-facing side of the keep. Residents know that when the doors appear, Hallik will soon exit the keep along with his fiery bride. It is at this time that most locals will leave whatever it is they are doing and retreat into their homes, lest they fall under the blank gaze of the ravenous dark lord or his wife. Days, even months, can go by without the locals ever seeing Hallik, but when he does emerge, death is sure to follow.

**F- The Cemetery:** During the day, the cemetery is not unlike any other graveyard. The only noticeable difference is the mounds of disturbed earth near every gravestone. Locals visit the cemetery to pay respects to their ancestors and friends like anywhere else. At night, however, the graveyard comes alive with the living dead. Every grave empties its dead out into the domain to prowl the area for living flesh. This is another reason that the residents refuse to go out at night, because for some reason, the living dead cannot enter homes with closed doors. If a door is left open, though, the undead will enter and attempt to slay any they come across.

**The Locals:** The residents of Pellios are a forlorn lot. There is no happiness in the town, and most people have no real hopes or aspirations. Smiles are rare, and joy is almost non-existent. Characters that interact with the locals will discover very quickly that the residents are soft-spoken, dour, and almost completely devoid of any real personality. This is not to say that they are rude, but that they simply have little reason for happiness. They toil and work

to simply survive, forever wary of the dark lord, the things that inhabit the mists, the poisoned river, and the very domain itself.

**Life in the Raging Vale:** Daily life in Pellios is a struggle. From finding food to avoiding the various threats that could be roaming the streets at any time, visitors to Pellios will find very little to comfort them. The residents are very cautious about opening their homes to strangers, and jobs are very scarce. A stranger to Pellios could possibly find employment in the farming trade, as a few residents are willing to part with a bit of the food grown and shelter for help maintaining the struggling crops. Another possible means of finding shelter or food would be to serve as a line of defense from the night creatures that prowl the Raging Vale. People might be willing to part with food and shelter for the protection a group of adventurers could provide. The majority of the population of Pellios is human, but since being taken away by the mists, several other races now call the doomed town home. Dwarves, elves, Tieflings, and occasionally a rare Drow or Halfling can be seen.

**When the Vale Rages:** Once every year, as mentioned before, Dark Lord Hallik must endure the loss of his beloved Lauren. When this happens, it is always in the streets of Pellios, and always on the anniversary of her death. When this happens, Hallik lashes out at any who might be around, slaying them without thought. His fury manifests in the land itself, tearing loose great chunks of the ground and flinging it upward into the grey sky. Locals have grown accustomed to this yearly date, and make sure they stay wary of Hallik's location at all times, fleeing inside their homes before the Vale Rage happens. Of course, this is not insurance against harm. Should the ground under their home tear loose, they have nowhere to go.

It is unknown where the land that is sent skyward actually goes, but what is known is that it never returns to Pellios. Huge craters are left everywhere in the town after such a rage, but the following day the ground is as though it never happened. Such is the way of the domains of dread. Forced repetition is as constant as the threat of death.

Of course, the Vale Rage happens more frequently than once per year. Anytime Dark Lord Hallik is angered, it manifests not only in him, but in the land of Pellios. His anger is always sudden and intense. Anything can send him into a rage, from a by-passer who does not acknowledge him with the proper respect to a simple fit of anger which cause is unknown to all. In any given year, a Vale Rage

occurs about once per month. Sometimes it is more, and sometimes it is less. The effects of being near a portion of the town when it tears loose are very deadly, as explained below.

Rage Motes are the actual name of the chunks of ground that tear loose. If the PC is on a section of ground that becomes a Rage Mote, they should make an athletics check (DC 15) to try and get off of the mote before it is lifted upward. If they do not make the check, or fail the check, they are thrown upward along with the mote, which deteriorates as it rises in elevation. At a certain point, there is not enough left of the mote to support the character, and they will fall back the ground, taking falling damage at the rate of 1d10 for every 10 feet they fall.

Large motes can support a character until it reaches 80 feet in the air, while smaller motes might only make it 20 to 30 feet before deteriorating to the point the PC is no longer supported by it. If the DM wishes, a PC can undertake a Skill Challenge to leap from mote to mote until they are close enough to the ground to land safely. This should at least involve the athletics or acrobatics skills, and be of a difficulty rating appropriate to the PCs level, but no less than a complexity of 2 (6 successes before 3 failures), and no less than a DC of 15.

### Dark Lord Hallik and Lady Lauren

During the course of daily activity, Hallik and his bride reside in the central keep, neither caring about or getting involved in the lives of the residents. Little is known about what goes on in the keep, as access to it is completely under the control of Hallik. When they do emerge from the keep, they walk the streets of Pellios quietly. On the rarest of occasions, Hallik will acknowledge a local resident, nodding slightly but never speaking. Lauren never speaks, nor does she ever acknowledge any being other than Hallik. If approached, however, Hallik will become enraged, striking out at whoever he wishes. Lauren can, when she wishes, invoke the terrible fires in her soul, bursting into flames or showering her foe with bluish flames that burn hotter than any natural fire.



Picture courtesy of [www.wizards.com](http://www.wizards.com)

<b>Dark Lord Hallik</b>		<b>Level 20 Solo Brute</b>	
Medium immortal humanoid		XP 14,000	
<b>Initiative</b> +24	<b>Senses</b> Perception +14		
<b>HP</b> 1200; <b>Bloodied</b> 600			
<b>AC</b> 34; <b>Fortitude</b> 34, <b>Reflex</b> 34, <b>Will</b> 32			
<b>Immune</b> disease, poison <b>Resist</b> 5 variable			
<b>Saving Throws</b> +2			
<b>Speed</b> 6			
⬇ <b>Longsword</b> (standard; at-will) ⬆ <b>Weapon</b> +23 vs. AC; 3d8 + 7 damage, and ongoing 10 damage (save ends).			
⬇ <b>Fury of Darkness</b> (standard; recharge ⬆⬆⬆⬆⬆) ⬆ <b>Weapon</b> Dark Lord Hallik makes 2 Longsword attacks against one or two targets. If Hallik is bloodied, add 2d6 to the damage roll.			
⬇ <b>Bloody Rage</b> (immediate reaction, when first bloodied, and again when Hallik reaches 0 Hit Points) ⬆ <b>Weapon</b> +21 vs. Fortitude; 3d8 + 7 damage, and the target is pushed 3 squares and knocked prone.			
<b>Sly Threat</b> Whenever a creature provokes an opportunity attack from Hallik, Hallik makes a longsword attack against that creature with a +4 bonus to hit.			
<b>Alignment</b> Evil		<b>Languages</b> Common	
<b>Skills</b> Intimidate +20			
<b>Str</b> 26 (+18) <b>Dex</b> 18 (+14) <b>Wis</b> 18 (+14)			
<b>Con</b> 24 (+17) <b>Int</b> 18 (+14) <b>Cha</b> 20 (+15)			
<b>Equipment</b> Longsword, leather armor			

<b>Lady Lauren</b>		<b>Level 15 Solo Skirmisher</b>	
Medium immortal humanoid (undead)		XP 6,000	
<b>Initiative</b> +18	<b>Senses</b> Perception +9; Darkvision		
<b>HP</b> 900; <b>Bloodied</b> 450			
<b>AC</b> 31; <b>Fortitude</b> 29, <b>Reflex</b> 31, <b>Will</b> 31			
<b>Immune</b> disease, poison <b>Resist</b> 20 fire			
<b>Saving Throws</b> +2			
<b>Speed</b> 6			
⬇ <b>Flaming Touch</b> (standard; at-will) ⬆ <b>Fire</b> +20 vs. AC; 2d8 + 6 fire damage, and ongoing 5 fire damage (save ends).			
⬅ <b>Flames of the Deep</b> (standard; recharge ⬆⬆⬆⬆⬆) ⬆ <b>Fire</b> Close blast 3; +18 vs Reflex; 2d8 + 6 fire damage and ongoing 5 fire damage			
⬅ <b>Consuming Flame</b> (immediate reaction, when Lauren reaches 0 Hit Points) ⬆ <b>Fire</b> Close blast 5; +18 vs. Reflex; 3d6 + 6 fire damage, ongoing 5 fire damage (save ends), and the target is pushed 2 squares and knocked prone.			
<b>Sly Threat</b> Whenever a creature provokes an opportunity attack from Lauren, Lauren makes a Flaming Touch attack against that creature with a +4 bonus to hit.			
<b>Alignment</b> Evil		<b>Languages</b> Common	
<b>Skills</b> Intimidate +10			
<b>Str</b> 14 (+9) <b>Dex</b> 18 (+11) <b>Wis</b> 14 (+9)			
<b>Con</b> 15 (+9) <b>Int</b> 18 (+11) <b>Cha</b> 15 (+9)			
<b>Equipment</b> none			

### Dark Lord Hallik and Lady Lauren's Tactics

If engaged in battle, Hallik will always use *Fury of Darkness* to begin his assault, and then make standard Longsword attacks. Lauren will lead out with *Flames of the Deep*, followed by her *Flaming Touch* attacks. Lauren's flame attacks do no damage to Hallik, nor can Hallik harm Lauren in any way.

### Pellios, Hallik, and Lauren Lore

There is no way for anyone to know exact information on the town of Pellios, the Dark Lord Hallik, or the undead Lady Lauren. However, bit of ancient lore might be found out during a character's travels or in historical books. A successful History check will reveal the following:

**DC 25:** The town of Pellios used to reside in a fertile valley. One day, all of the residents simply vanished from the town, and Pellios began crumbling into ruin almost immediately.

**DC 30:** An evil baron wanted to control the fertile lands of Pellios, and tried to negotiate for ownership of the town. The elders of the town refused, and the baron had all of the residents slain in a great raid.

**DC 35:** After the baron's raid on Pellios, all but one citizen was either dead or taken as slaves. That one citizen tracked down the baron and slew him. It was shortly after this that the town began to crumble into ruins, and neither the man nor the slaves were ever seen again.

### Killing Hallik and Lauren and Escaping Pellios

Killing Hallik or Lauren does not mean the end of their existence. Unless specific steps are taken before hand, the bodies of the couple will reappear in the large keep the day after they are slain. During the time before the couple reappear, those who wish may leave Pellios through the mists, exiting near the ruins of Pellios in the natural world.

The danger in this mission is that, in the time when the dark lord is dead, the undead from the cemetery erupt into the streets of Pellios, and their door boundaries are set aside as they seek out every living creature and slay them, turning them into the undead as well. To kill the lord and lady is to certainly spell doom for the residents of Pellios.

The only sure means of permanent death is to speak the name of the demon responsible for Hallik's transformation, thus invoking her. She will appear before the speaker, and demand a sacrifice of them, at which time they will be given the power to slay the Dark lord and Lady forever. The price for this is, of course, the soul of the speaker of the demon's name. The demon is a Marilith named Braeetha, and she is the only creature capable of entering and leaving the domain of dread as she wishes. The speaker can, of course, kill the Marilith after learning the name, thus ending the curse forever. See p. 57 of the Monster Manual for the Marilith's. ✕