

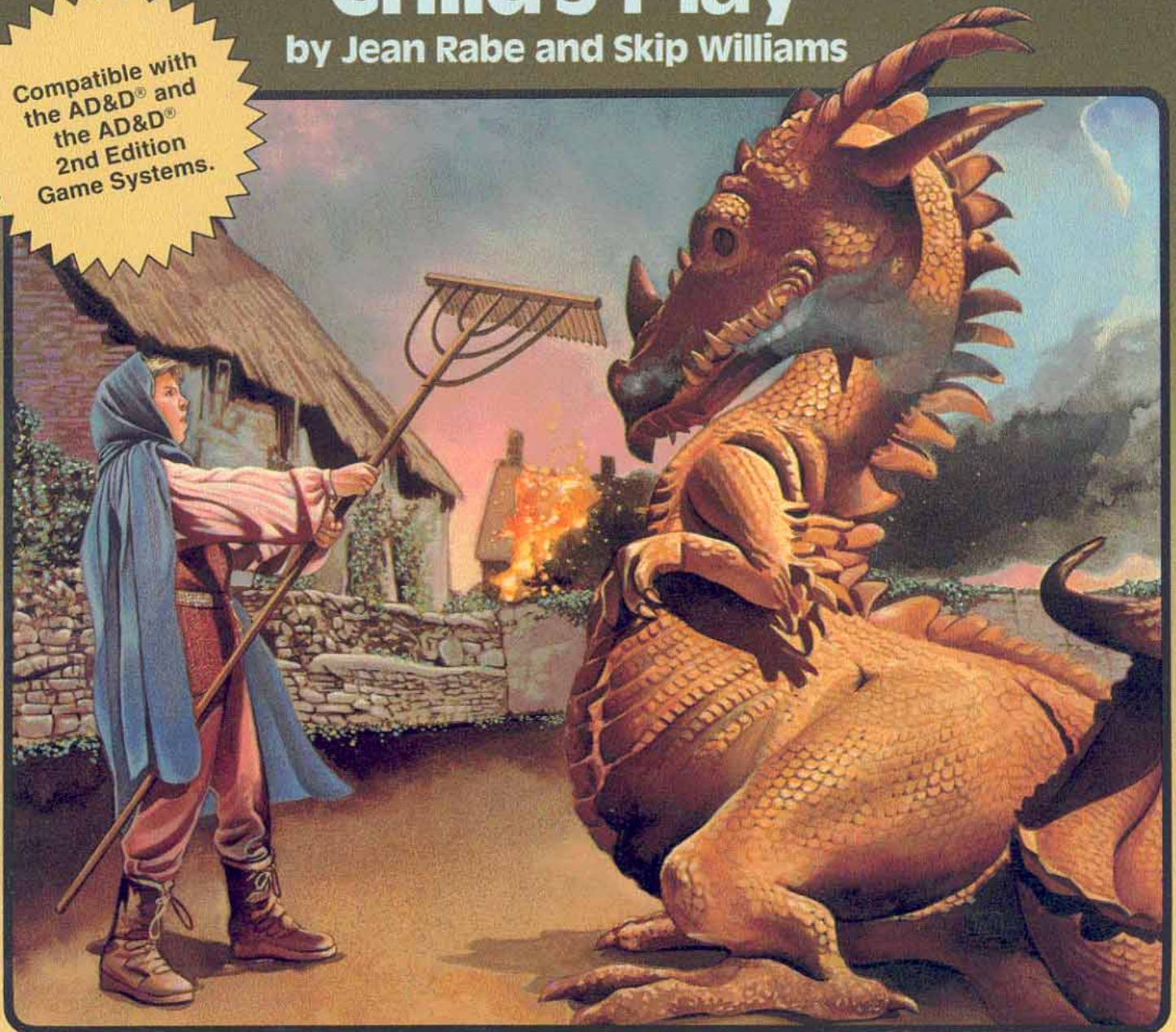
GREYHAWK[®] ADVENTURES

Official Game Adventure

Child's Play

by Jean Rabe and Skip Williams

Compatible with
the AD&D[®] and
the AD&D[®]
2nd Edition
Game Systems.



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INTRODUCTION

Child's Play was originally created as an RPGA™ Network Tournament module for characters of levels 13 through 15. It is presented here as a stand-alone adventure suitable for play in regular gaming sessions.

Pregenerated Characters

Pregenerated player characters are provided and may be run if desired. These characters are referred to throughout the course of this module. Background information is given about these adventurers so that players can role-play them in character. Character cards containing that information are printed on pull-out sheets in the middle of this module for use by the players. In addition, player character attributes are summarized on a separate sheet for the DM, so that pregenerated PC stats can be easily referred to when needed during the game.

If players are running their own characters in this adventure, the DM should omit PC descriptions in the text or alter them to fit the characters being played.

Changing PCs

Two pregenerated characters leave the adventuring party at the mid-point of the module, and two NPC characters (Wolf and Ateinne) are taken over by players. This allows players to further challenge their role-playing abilities, and gives the party two powerful characters to aid in the completion of their quest.

If players are running their own characters in this adventure, it is not necessary for a PC to "leave" the game. The presence of Wolf and Ateinne are not essential to the completion of the adventure. However, if the DM feels that the party could use the help of two powerful characters, he can run Wolf and Ateinne as NPCs in the second half of the adventure. Alternatively, selected players may be allowed to run Wolf or Ateinne as a secondary player character.

Spells

Speak with animals and *dispel magic* are two spells which are almost essential to the successful completion of *Child's Play*. The pregenerated player characters already have these spells available to them. If PCs are used who do not know these spells, it is recommended that the DM contrive to give spellcasters *Speak with animals* and *dispel magic* before they are very far into the adventure. The simplest way to do so is for Queen Joanna to bestow scrolls on the party which contain these spells, perhaps with one or two others which may or may not prove to be of use during their adventure.

DM BACKGROUND

The monarchy of Rhesdain, nestled deep in Greyhawk, somewhere on the edge of the Yetil Mountains, is in danger of toppling. A group of young noblemen, among them a few of Queen Joanna Lune's grandchildren, have launched a campaign to turn the country into a democracy. The group claims a constitution exists which proves Rhesdain was never intended to be a monarchy. The rebels claim the land is free and the people who live there, according to the constitution, are free to choose their own rulers. The constitution is a fake, but it is loosely based on a document written 300 years ago by King Jacobus Fanchion, reputedly the founding monarch of Rhesdain.

The grandchildren have started this trouble because they do not wish to wait several decades to inherit the crown. They want control of the country now. They believe that if they can get the populace behind this idea of a constitution, they would be elected as the ruling body. Once power is firmly in their grasp they intend to turn the government into an oligarchy, guaranteeing themselves (and their hand-picked successors) control. They know that power in this kingdom

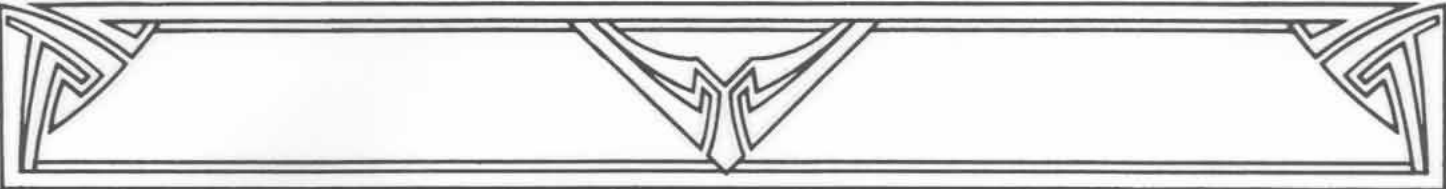
equates to prolonged life, because the royal regalia grants its wearer two additional lifespans. And the crown need only be worn a year for this magic to take effect. This is a closely guarded secret which is kept from the public eye through the passing of the crown. Each monarch reigns from 40 to 60 years, handing over the rulership to a child or grandchild of the monarch's choice.

The grandchildren who have banded together have made a pact to share the power of the crown if this "democracy" can be instituted. Each grandchild does not want to take the chance he or she will be passed over when it comes time to choose a successor, so they decided this agreement would meet all of their needs. They have not divulged the secret of the crown to the other humans they have wrapped up in their democratic cause.

The group has been spreading word of the democracy through the smaller villages in the kingdom and will soon take their campaign to more populated environs. They say the original constitution rests with King Jacobus, who took it to his tomb to prevent power from being taken from his heirs. They claim to have stumbled across an ancient copy hidden in a secret vault. In fact, the copy is a recent fake. The grandchildren are certain Jacobus' tomb is lost, as the people who knew of its location are long since dead.

Queen Joanna needs to prove the rebels' scrap of paper does not exist. She has no desire to humiliate her grandchildren—or to make it public that it is her grandchildren who are doing this and why—but she wants their bid for power stopped. She is a just and wise monarch who has led the people of Rhesdain into prosperity, and she does not want to see the land fall into the hands of a few powerful youths who want to live to the age of 300. Unbeknownst to the rebels, the crown only works once every 100 years, so only one rebel can benefit from its use.

The Queen hopes her grandmother, Amber Lune, the retired monarch, knows



where the tomb of Jacobus is. Amber is a reclusive magic-user who has disappeared, probably to distance herself from politics, and the Queen does not know where to find her. However, she is hopeful Wolf can. Wolf, the Queen's champion, whom she affectionately refers to as Her Majesty's Indispensable Minister, had occasionally worked for the former queen and doubtless knows where she can be found. Unfortunately, Wolf has not visited Queen Joanna for nearly two weeks, and she can no longer put off addressing the democratic threat.

Enter the heroes. The Queen has summoned six of Rhesdain's finest to go to Wolf's home and make him aware of the problem. The group, under Wolf's direction, will then travel to the retired monarch, learn the location of the dead king's tomb, and recover the original document. The group must prove the rebel's scrap of paper is a forgery. If they are not successful, the monarchy could fall.

To complicate matters, however, Wolf is not himself. He has been turned into a rabbit by the mage Tymgereth, one of the Queen's grandchildren who felt that stopping Her Majesty's Indispensable Minister would mean eliminating a roadblock in the bid for the crown. Wolf, retaining his mind, was able to elude Tymgereth's grasp. Ironically, Tymgereth was not able to elude the grasp of a large group of gnolls hunting nearby. The mage traded his life for information about the ranger's present state of body.

Now, Yeenoghu, lower-planar lord of the gnolls, knows about the champion's condition. Wolf was single-handedly responsible for the defeat of several groll bands, and Yeenoghu wants to pay the ranger back for those acts. Yeenoghu has sent dozens of gnolls and a few demons to search the countryside for this special rabbit. In questioning some of the other less-than-good residents of the area about rabbits, Yeenoghu has piqued the interest of two lamia nobles and their crew. The lamias do not know what is special about the rabbit. But they know it must be important for Yeenoghu to be interested. The lamias are capturing as many rabbits as possible and plan to sell them.

So far, the ranger rabbit has been able to successfully elude all hunters and predators. This "rabbit" has more than 100 hit points and has been seen jumping 20 feet straight up, due to Wolf's *boots of striding and leaping*.

The PCs in this tournament will encounter the rabbit hunting forces, a group of giants having a good time, and will travel to the champion's house and eventually find the champion/rabbit.

PLAYERS' INTRODUCTION

Read the following text out loud to the players.

You stand before Castle Spring, residence of Rhesdain's Queen, Joanna Lune.

The monarch has summoned you for a purpose that certainly must be pressing. You are Rhesdain's finest, the highest-level adventurers in the realm. You came by invitation only, wearing your best clothes and armor, and carrying your most powerful weapons. If the Queen is in trouble or the land in jeopardy, you will not hesitate to offer your aid.

You puzzle at the invitations, each one hand written by the monarch herself. *"Join me at Castle Spring at noon on the morrow. There is a matter of grave importance to discuss. I need your aid."* An adventure is in the offing, you are certain. You only wish you had a clue what all of this was about.

The six of you stand outside the raised drawbridge discussing the possibilities and the invitations—Karmyn, the female valley elf magic user, who has an astonishing command of magical forces; The Professor, the halfling thief who is more of a scholar than a lockpick; Scotty, the jovial dwarf fighter-thief; Coeur, the human female who is in charge of the kingdom's watch; Yachscha von Nurvie, the hu-

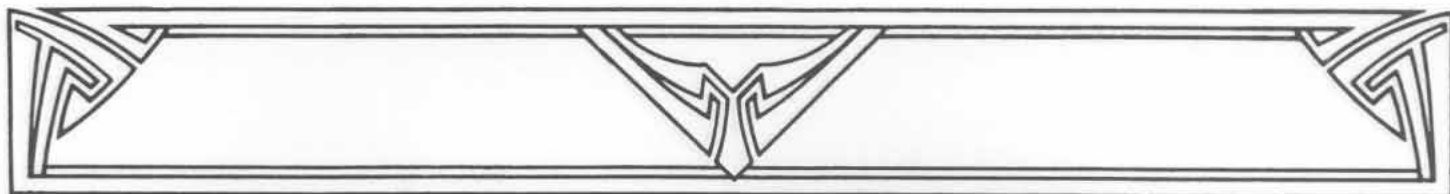
man male cavalier who has won more jousts than anyone in this part of Greyhawk; and Alan of the Sunset, the generous human churchman who is never without a cookbook and a mace.

Allow the players five to ten minutes of real time to role-play before continuing with the introduction.

The drawbridge drops almost silently on well-oiled hinges and chains, and a knight motions you inside. A veritable feast is laid out before you in the castle's great hall. Several of the Queen's advisors and local noblemen sit at tables spaced evenly throughout the room. The knight beckons you forward. It seems the head table has been reserved for you. Eight chairs are arranged about the table, one large chair each at the north and south ends, and three on each side. Yachscha walks to one of the head chairs and begins to pull it out, but stops when the knight glares. You take up your usual seating arrangements and wait for the Queen.

As you sit at the side chairs waiting for Her Majesty to enter from the north, servants begin pouring wine and bringing fruit. You turn to see Queen Joanna already seated at the southern chair. She moved so silently you didn't hear her enter. The servant moves to pour her wine, but the Queen waves the girl away. Her Majesty looks pale and tired, but her eyes are intense. She looks at each of you in turn, then speaks.

"My friends, a threat to Rhesdain's monarchy has reared its ugly head. A close-knit group of very young, very power-hungry humans has decided they want control of the kingdom. They claim a constitution exists, which states Rhesdain is a free country that is supposed to be governed by elections and the populace's decrees.



They are gaining support, and I am certain they believe they could win a public election. If that happens, I believe the democracy would be short lived. I know these youngsters, and I think they would keep power indefinitely once elected. Rhesdain is prosperous now. It flourishes. I don't want these upstarts to change that. Even if they lost such an election, or the majority of people decided they want me to remain in power, the kingdom would be weakened and divided.

"The monarchy has remained in my family for centuries. I know there is no such 'constitution,' no such scrap of paper that would throw this country into utter turmoil. But it seems I am going to have to prove it. The youths say this constitution lies in the tomb of the first Rhesdain King, Jacobus Fanchion. The youths also know that the location of this tomb is a mystery, as those who knew its whereabouts are long dead. However, I believe my grandmother, who passed the crown to me, has a clue to its location. The former queen is a recluse now, keeping away from politics and power struggles. I don't know where to find her, but I am hopeful Wolf can track her down. Unfortunately, he did not respond to my invitation."

The Queen looks forlornly at the large empty chair at the end of the table. After a moment she lowers her gaze, sighs, then looks up at you again. The intensity is gone from her eyes.

"Wolf, my champion, perhaps better known to you as Her Majesty's Indispensable Minister, must be apprised of the situation. If he knows about this power struggle he will come to my aid. And you will be the ones to do the appraising. Here is a map to his home. You will instruct him to lead you to my grandmother, whom you will respectfully ask for information about the first king's tomb. Wolf's home is a three-day journey by horse, so you must start today. Sometimes Wolf is a little headstrong, refusing to become in-

involved in causes if there are giants in the area to slay. So, if you are unable to persuade him to lead this expedition to the retired queen's, you will have to locate the druidess, Ateinne, who does not live too far from Wolf. They have like minds when it comes to protecting the wilderness, and I know for certain she could persuade him to help. Besides, she could prove a valuable addition to your party. For all her attachments to nature, she is very loyal to this throne.

"Help me. Help Rhesdain. You are my best hope. You must prove this scrap of paper doesn't exist. The fate of the kingdom and all my prayers ride with you. I realize this mission could be dangerous. And at any time if you feel your hearts are not in this, please go your own ways."

A servant girl comes to your table to bring more wine. The Queen vanishes while you are distracted. The knight approaches. "Her Majesty wants you to start on this mission as soon as possible. Your horses have been fed and watered and are ready."

He escorts you outside into the crisp October air. In several days November will arrive, and the whipping winds of winter will not be far behind it. You hope this mission is finished before the cold weather sets in.

THE ADVENTURE

THE RABBIT HUNT

The Nets

Once the party has started on its journey, read the following text out loud.

The castle is five hours behind you, and the sun is starting to slip toward the horizon. You have one or two hours more of travel time before you must stop to rest the horses and con-

sider setting up camp. The trip so far has been uneventful, but you've just spied something that could change that. Ahead and to your right, about 40 yards from the road, you see several nets strung up on poles. The nets range from 10 to 30 feet off the ground. One of the nets hangs twisted in a tree.

The nets have been set up by a group of six mongrelmen. These mongrelmen are among the few dozen working for a pair of lamia nobles. The lamias were approached recently by Yeenoghu, demon lord of the gnolls, and asked if they had seen any rabbits. The lamias, realizing rabbits must be a very valuable commodity if the demon lord wanted one, began setting up traps and catching as many as they could. They plan to find out what is so special about these creatures and sell them for as much gold as possible. They were able to hire the services of the mongrelmen by giving each one a fancy outfit and a few pieces of gold. Otherwise, the lamia nobles treat the mongrelmen poorly.

These six mongrelmen hunters saw a very special rabbit that could jump about 20 feet straight up in the air. That's the rabbit they're after, because they figure it will get them a big bonus from the lamias. Therefore, rather than string their nets along the ground, they have put their nets on poles at about the height the special rabbit jumps. They almost had him once. The net in the tree, which has a big hole in it, held the special rabbit for almost a minute. These mongrelmen are using their ability to blend into the background to avoid being seen by the PCs. They will only be noticed if the PCs specifically state they are scrutinizing the trees and bushes. These mongrelmen do not want to fight. They just want to catch rabbits. And that's exactly what they'll tell the PCs if they are caught and questioned: "We were hired to catch rabbits." These mongrelmen are exceptionally well dressed. Their snappy attire is explained under "The Tent".

Mongrelmen (6): AC 5; MV 9; HD 2; hp 11 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6; AL LN; Size M; wealth 2 gp each. THAC0 16

The Tent

If the PCs go over to the nets, they will catch sight of a red flag waving in the breeze. Read the following out loud.

As you approach the nets you notice something else. About seven hundred yards distant, down a gently sloping hill, is the top of a big, beautiful tent. The red flag on top waves merrily in the breeze. It looks just like a tent Yahscha used to own.

This is the base camp of the two lamias, who appear in the guise of mongrelmen, and their 26 mongrelmen flunkies. Six of these are encountered under "Nets", eight at "The Tent", and 12 under "Rabbit Fields".

The tent comes from a *rod of splendor* once owned by Yahscha. The lamias acquired it when they killed a couple of hapless evil adventurers. If asked, however, they will say this tent has been in the family for years. A tip-off that this is from a rod of splendor should be the clothes worn by the mongrelmen. Each mongrelman has an outfit worth hundreds of gold pieces. Each outfit is different and is made of silks, velvets, and brocades. The clothes fit perfectly, but are loudly mismatched.

The tent stands proudly in the middle of an open field. About 100 feet from the tent are wooden crates, set upside down, but with one end propped up by a wooden stick. Under the crates are carrots. And leading from the sticks are long pieces of twine that are held by seven odd-looking figures. The figures, which are standing very, very still, are decked out in seemingly one-of-a-kind, splendid, and obviously very expensive garments. One of the figures, an ugly,

disfigured man, looks up at you and waves. It seems he is motioning you to approach the tent.

As you get closer, you note the figures are mongrelmen, members of a misshapen race. They look out of place in velvet capes, silk clothes, and fine thigh-high boots. The mongrelman who motioned to you is dressed in a deep purple velvet top coat, which is trimmed in silver braid. His fuschia leotards dip into a pair of finely-tooled leather boots that are embroidered with leaf designs. He wears a wide-brimmed purple hat festooned with a three-foot white plume. He wipes his nose on his coat sleeve, scratches his chin, and extends a dirty, calloused hand.

"Didja bring some rabbits fer da boss? Big uns? Didn't hurt em much, didja? Boss don't want em if pieces are missin. An dey better not be dead, either. Boss kilt Harry 'cause he accidentally stepped on a little one's head. If'n ya kilt a rabbit and stuck it in one of yer bags thinkin ta pass it off on da boss, ya better hightail it outta here."

"Shhhh!" interrupts another garishly-dressed mongrelman, who ambles up behind the first. "You know the rules. You're supposed to be quiet on the field during the hunt. You make too much noise and you'll scare away the rabbits before we can net them. Hey, who are you anyway? You're not supposed to be here. We're hunting here. This is our stake-out. You better get inside and talk to the boss."

If the PCs comply, they will be led inside the tent. The DM should inform the Yahscha player that the fighter recognizes the tent. This, indeed, is the tent produced by his rod of splendor. If the PCs do not go in the tent, one of the two mongrelmen outside will enter to get the boss (the female lamia) unless the PCs prevent him. If a mongrelman is prevented from going into the tent, the boss will eventually come out, hearing the ruckus. There are seven mongrelmen

outside the tent, and one inside, plus the lamia, who looks like a mongrelman. The remaining 12 mongrelmen are at the nearby Rabbit Fields (see encounter below). A fight at the tent will bring the mongrelmen and the male lamia running from the Rabbit Fields. The mongrelmen at the nets stay put. The lamia noble will first fight with spells, avoiding direct melee if possible.

Mongrelmen (8): AC 5; MV 9; HD 2,2, 2,2,3,3,3,3; hp 11,11,11,11,19,19,19, 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (2 HD creatures), 1-8 (3 HD creatures); AL LN; Size M; wealth 2 gp each. THAC0 16

Female Lamia Noble: AC 3; MV 9; HD 10+1; hp 64; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6; AL CE; Size M; SA spells. THAC0 10.

Spells (innate, once per day): suggestion, charm person, mirror image, and illusion.

Spells:

1st: *burning hands*, *detect magic*, *magic missile* x2

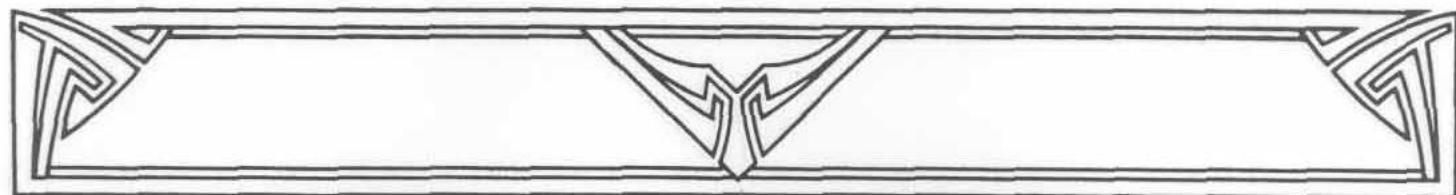
2nd: *stinking cloud*, *web* x2

3rd: *dispel magic*, *fireball*, *lightning bolt*

4th: *ice storm*, *wall of ice*

A lamia noble's touch permanently drains one point of wisdom from the target creature. When wisdom drops below three, the creature willingly serves the lamia. This lamia functions as an 8th-level magic user. She has a *ring of protection +3*, a *wand of fire* (9 charges remaining), a *wand of frost* (11 charges remaining), and a *ring of fire resistance*. In addition, she carries two *potions of extra healing* and a *potion of gaseous form*.

The inside of this tent is decorated with silk hangings, large ostrich plumes, and plush furniture. Two mongrelmen are inside, one female reclining on a settee, and a male inspecting rabbits. A few dozen rabbits are caged along the far tent wall. The female mongrelman, draped in pink silks and chiffons, sits up and looks quizzically at you.



The lamia, who continues the ruse of being a mongrelman, asks the PCs what they are doing here. She also wants to know if they are looking for rabbits, if they've been successful, and if they have any rabbits they might want to part with for a gold piece each. She tries to avoid answering why the mongrelmen are looking for rabbits, but if the PCs are very insistent, she says they are starting a rabbit farm and plan to sell the meat to butchers and the skins to furriers. However, she has not yet figured out what is so important about the rabbits. Until she is certain, she is keeping the rabbits alive and whole.

The lamia tries to find out what the PCs are doing here, and she cautions them to stay out of the field just south of the tent, not wanting the adventurers to disrupt the mongrelmen's operations. She is adamant that her people found this spot first, and that if the PCs insist on searching for rabbits too, they must do it quite a distance away—and preferably in the desert. If the PCs agree to leave, she has one of her mongrelmen follow them to make sure they really leave the area. If Yahscha or another character presses her about the tent, the lamia becomes irritable. She will not relinquish it. If Yahscha mentions his stolen *rod of splendor*, the lamia retorts that all *rods of splendor* produce the same tent. The mongrelmen also defend the tent, as they know it is somehow linked to their fine clothes. In addition to the fine furnishings, the tent contains 3,100 gp and 2,500 sp.

If the PCs are being argumentative and refuse to leave, the lamia suggests they do so by means of her suggestion power (see statistics for description). If that doesn't work, she begins using other innate abilities and then begins casting spells. The mongrelmen join the fray. Any fight here brings the mongrelmen and the other lamia noble from the Rabbit Fields encounter area.

The Rabbit Fields

If the characters enter the area south of the tent, read the following out loud:

The field before you is filled with nearly a hundred rabbits contentedly munching on carefully-tended carrots. They do not seem to acknowledge your presence, not even looking up for a moment to interrupt their meal.

The male lamia and the 12 remaining mongrelmen are in this field. The lamia has used illusions to generate about a hundred little rabbits happily munching on thousands of carrots. There isn't a weed in the patch. This is the lamia's rabbit trap. He hopes real rabbits will be drawn by the illusory rabbits and carrots. All of his rabbits have brown tails (to help the mongrelmen tell them from the real ones). The mongrelmen, who are well hidden in the surrounding foliage, periodically bark to startle the real rabbits. If any rabbits are seen running, the mongrelmen go after them with large nets on poles, resembling sturdy butterfly nets. These mongrelmen have a dozen weasels. The weasels go down into holes to help chase out any rabbits that escape. This lamia also does not know the real reason for pursuing rabbits.

If the PCs enter this field, the male lamia, looking like a mongrelman, comes forward and attempts to shoo them away. He suspects they are not recruits hired by the female lamia because of their fancy armor. He becomes belligerent if they refuse to leave, citing the fact that he found this rabbit hunting ground first.

If a fight starts on the field, the mongrelmen and lamia noble from the tent run to their comrades' aid. The mongrelmen at the nets stay where they are. Characters searching the perimeter of the field will find 12 large sacks containing a total of 28 rabbits.

If either lamia is caught and forced to talk about the rabbits, they reveal that they heard rabbits are valuable in this part of the country. They will not, under any circumstances, mention Yeenoghu. They are afraid of him. If the PCs prove pesty, the lamia noble tries to touch the PCs and drain them of a point of wisdom. One tactic he uses to accomplish this is to

pull something out of a pocket and turn it over and over in his hands, apparently scrutinizing the object. If a PC tries to grab the object, he is touched automatically. Another tactic is for the lamia to "trip" in a rabbit hole and get a PC to assist him to rise.

Each mongrelman has 2 gp. The male lamia carries 10 platinum pieces, 10 gp, and a 200 gp ruby. The female lamia has 10 gp and a gold and ruby necklace worth 4,200 gp. In the pocket of one of the mongrelmen's fancy jacket is a small bunny, only two weeks old. This particular mongrelman thought it was too cute to turn over to the lamias, so he has been caring for it as a pet. If the PCs forcibly take any of the clothes from the mongrelmen, the clothes disappear (this is a property of the *rod of splendor*).

Mongrelmen (12): AC 5; MV 9; HD 4x2; 4x3, 4x4; hp 4x11, 4x19, 4x26; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (2 HD creatures), 1-8 (3 HD), 1-10 (4 HD); AL LN; Size M; wealth 2 gp each. THAC0 16/16/15

Male Lamia Noble: AC 3; MV 9; HD 10 + 1; hp 71; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (+2); AL CE; Size M; SA spells. THAC0 10

Spells (at will): *suggestion*, *charm person*, *mirror image*, *illusion*

Spells:

1st: *color spray*, *hypnotism*, *phantasmal force*, *spook*

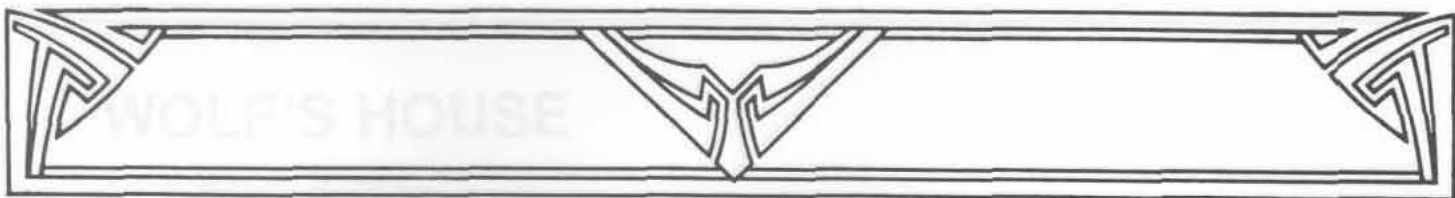
2nd: *fog cloud*, *improved phantasmal force* (used to create the rabbit field illusion), *invisibility*

3rd: *spectral force*

This lamia functions as a 6th-level illusionist. His touch permanently drains one point of wisdom from a PC. He wears a *cloak of protection* +3, carries a *short sword of quickness* (+2), *potions of growth* and *storm giant strength* (+12 damage bonus), and *oil of ethereality*.

Well-Done Moose

This encounter occurs the first evening the PCs make camp, no matter where they camp. Characters on the second watch hear a "whump," "thud," "whump," "sploosh" every few minutes. The noise



is followed shortly by the sound of several deep, throaty voices exclaiming "aha!", "lucky shot!" and "oops." The noise is not loud enough to wake sleeping PCs. If the PCs on watch do not investigate the sound, the source of the disturbance eventually comes to them.

The noise is from eight fomorian giants who are holding a convention here because they learned the ranger who protects this area has vanished. To them, Wolf's disappearance is a great opportunity to celebrate and wreak havoc. These giants have been drinking barrels of wine they "obtained" from a traveling merchant. Bored with solely drinking, the giants have created a game: tossing moose haunches into an abandoned well. This game is similar to horse shoes. The "whumps" and "thuds" are misses. The "splooshes" are successful tosses.

If the PCs investigate the noise, they see the eight giants and the legless carcasses of six moose. The giants are attempting to toss the moose haunches into the well. Some of the giants do not do well. Fomorians are monstrosities with limbs at odd angles. For example, one of the giants is having a hard time participating because he has a right arm where right arms should be, but his other arm extends from his back.

When PCs investigate, read the following out loud.

Following the sounds, you come to a small clearing with a well in the center. There are eight giants here, disfigured monstrosities with gruesome features. The giants appear to be drunk. Indeed, one of them is hoisting a barrel to his mouth, which is on the right side of his face, and drinking deep. Each of the other giants has a moose leg in his hands. The largest giant flexes his muscles, tests the weight of the leg, and tosses it at the well several yards away. The leg bounces off the side of the well with a sickening "thump." The giant appears dejected. "S'okay," he mutters. "I'll gid da nex one in. Hic. Hic. Hic. S'cuse me."

Another giant takes his place on the throwing line and prepares to heave the moose haunch. He stumbles, probably from the effects of the alcohol, and then sniffs the wind. He turns to face you. "Hey, there's little people here. Maybe we can git one of them ta play! Wanna play? Hey you, the little guy wearin all the metal, how about givin' it a toss?"

The giants are not immediately hostile to the PCs, preferring instead that they join the game. The giants try to coax Yahscha into the sport, believing him to be the largest and strongest of the group. If he hesitates, they chide him with taunts such as "puny human," "little loser," and "baboon breath."

If the taunts produce a contestant, one of the fomorians tosses a moose haunch to that PC. The PC must have a strength of 18/50 or better to participate in the game. A PC must hit AC 2 to get the haunch into the well. This attack roll must be made at a non-proficiency penalty and can include DEX bonus, but not STR bonus. The armor class takes into account the unwieldy object that is being thrown. If a PC is successful in getting the moose haunch in the well, the giants are furious, as they haven't been very lucky with it. If, however, the PC is unsuccessful, the giants remain friendly.

If the taunts do not get a PC to join the game, the giants openly discuss using the PCs instead of moose haunches. Their first choice is Scotty, or the smallest member of the PC party. The PCs may wander away from this encounter without a fight, unless they insult the giants at any point in the game. Insults result in the giants grabbing the moose haunches and using them as clubs or projectiles.

If the PCs do not investigate the noise, their camp is visited by a fomorian, who has had more than a little too much to drink. He is stumbling away from his peers, tired of them making fun of him because he can't get the haunch into the well. He immediately spots the PCs and gets the other giants' attention, yelling,

"Hey guys. There's little people here. Maybe we can get them to play, too."

If this does not cause the characters to attack, the giant tries to get the PCs to play. Again, if that doesn't work he suggests to the other giants that the PCs be used instead of moose haunches.

If the PCs battle the giants and take time to search the clearing afterward, they find 22 barrels (five of which are half full of wine), six partial moose carcasses, one very fancy human-sized hat with a big red plume, and the following treasure which is kept in bags near the carcasses: 2,000 copper, 2,000 silver, 2,000 electrum, 1,000 gold, and a gold and pearl necklace (worth 3,500 gp).

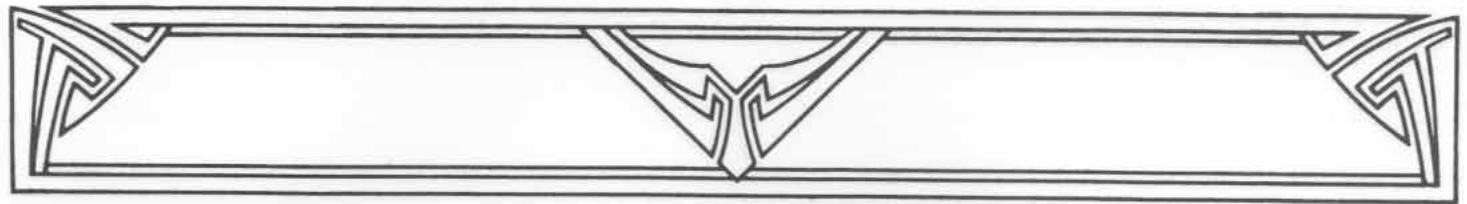
Fomorian giants (8): AC 1 (crude armor); MV 9; HD 13+1-3; #AT 1; Dmg 2-16+8 (large spiked clubs), or 4-32 (moose haunches swung as club), or 3-24 (moose haunches thrown); AL NE; Size H (13:5' tall); THAC0 9.

WOLF'S DEN

As the PCs proceed to Wolf's house, read the following.

The trek up the rocky mountainside was tiring, but you reach the top by late afternoon. The view is inspiring. A deep ravine, about one mile wide, stretches across your line of sight. Beyond the ravine is a tall hill. You can see steps leading up from the depths of the ravine to a small manor built into the hillside. According to the Queen's map, this is Wolf's home. You should be able to make it there before sunset.

The PCs have no encounters on their way to the house. The ravine's sides are steep, and the path is narrow, making descent difficult for characters on foot, harrowing for any who try it mounted. At the bottom, a crystal-clear stream runs through the center of the ravine. The stream is as wide and straight as a city street, but appears natural, not man-made. The 153 stone steps that lead up to



Wolf's house are low and wide, allowing horses to negotiate them. As the PCs reach the stairs, they hear a dog barking. The barking persists throughout their climb, but the PCs are not able to see a dog in the foliage or near the house.

The manor is sturdy, but beautiful, with vines covering the walls and the trees nearly surrounding it. The massive walnut door is adorned with a brass wolf's head, the lolling tongue serving as the knocker. Wild flowers grow along the path that leads to the door and in profusion under the first-floor windows. The brass wolf's right eye pops open and stares at you.

If the PCs look around the outside of the house before trying to gain entrance, they see a large pond to the right of the house and a large dog house to the left. There is no sign of a dog, although if the PCs go near the dog house they hear barking again. The PCs will notice the tracks of a large dog and a large humanoid. They can find nothing else of significance. The barking will rouse the maid. Otherwise, they have to knock at the door to get her attention. The eye on the wolf knocker is a permanent *wizard eye*, which allows the maid or Wolf to see who is coming to visit. The maid recognizes Yahscha and Coeur from descriptions Wolf provided in a few of his adventuring tales. She knows Scotty because he has been to visit on several occasions. However, she does not tell Yahscha and Coeur that she knows who they are.

The woman who opens the door is large, nearly seven feet tall. She wears a plain dress, partially covered by a red checkered apron. Her long black hair is tied with a wide purple sash embroidered in gold designs. She looks down at you with her steely blue eyes and purses her lips. "Hmmm," she says. "More visitors. Well, at least you're a change from those noisome halflings who track dirt all over

with their big hairy feet. If you're looking for Master Wolf, you've made a long trip up those stairs for nothing. He's not here. I don't know where he is. I don't know when he's coming back, but you're welcome to come inside. Just don't track in any dirt. Say, are you all friends of Wolf? Do you know where he might be? Maybe he's with the Queen. It's just not like him to go off this long without telling me."

The maid leads you into the house, which smells of pine and jasmine. The wooden floors are so highly polished they reflect the carved walnut furnishings. As the maid ushers you in, she stops in front of a small walnut shelf that hangs at about eye level. A small, but highly polished, gold medal rests on it. She sighs, takes it down from the shelf, and opens a flat walnut chest on the table underneath. Putting the small gold medal inside of it, she pulls out another larger medal and sets it on the shelf. There must be about as many medals in that chest as Yahscha wears. Then she runs her feather duster across the top of the case and the newly-displayed medal on the shelf before taking you into the living room.

"Tea and cookies? I've been baking all morning. Somebody might as well eat them up." She hurries from the room, dusting the top of a bookcase as she goes.

Eeanna the maid is Wolf's storm giant follower. She lives in the large pond outside the home. She is very attached to the ranger and very concerned about his disappearance. She asks the PCs all sorts of questions about what is going on in the kingdom in the hopes she might pick up on any event that could have drawn Wolf away. She fears for his safety, as she knows he is not the most popular person in this part of the country.

Normally a fastidious creature, Eeanna has become obsessed with cleanliness to keep her mind off Wolf. She scrutinizes the PCs to make certain they do not track in any dirt, move the furniture, or do any-

thing to mar the beauty of the home. If their clothes are dirty, she offers to clean them, providing blankets until the clothes are dry.

She invites them to spend the night here, telling them there are terrible predators after dark. Actually, she is just looking for a little company to help keep her mind off Wolf.

Eeanna immediately becomes interested and more hospitable if the PCs tell her they are looking for Wolf. She is very proud of the ranger and asks if they want to see his medals and awards—he has 26 of them! However, she can only display one on the wall at any given time, since Master Wolf doesn't like showing off. If the PCs are interested, she explains what some of the awards are for: the Queen's Award of Valor, the platinum medal of Outstanding Service, the Lavender Heart, etc. Eeanna doesn't know it, but she is wearing one of Wolf's awards—the purple sash. It is identical to the one Yahscha wears. If the Yahscha player states his character is watching the maid, quietly let him know he recognizes the award she is using as a bandanna. The maid found the sash laying around the house and decided to put it to use. If Eeanna discovers she is wearing one of Wolf's awards she is dismayed and immediately rushes off to clean and press it.

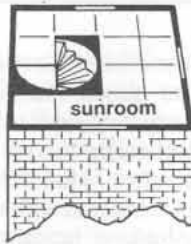
Eeanna makes sure the PCs are well fed and have plenty to drink. She has been cooking and baking to keep herself occupied and is happy to find people to eat her efforts. She is tired of feeding most of it to the dog.

If the PCs ask Eeanna about what has been going on in this area, she tells them about a few halflings from the nearby village who have been here looking for Wolf—wanting to give him some kind of Golden Foot award for something or other—and the pesky rabbit that has been getting in the house and making a mess of the library. She explains she got the dog from her sister to keep the rabbit away, but it hasn't been working too well. Still, the dog comes in handy for eating the leftovers. Also, one of Wolf's druidess friends, Atienne, came for a visit, also looking for Wolf. Eeanna can give the

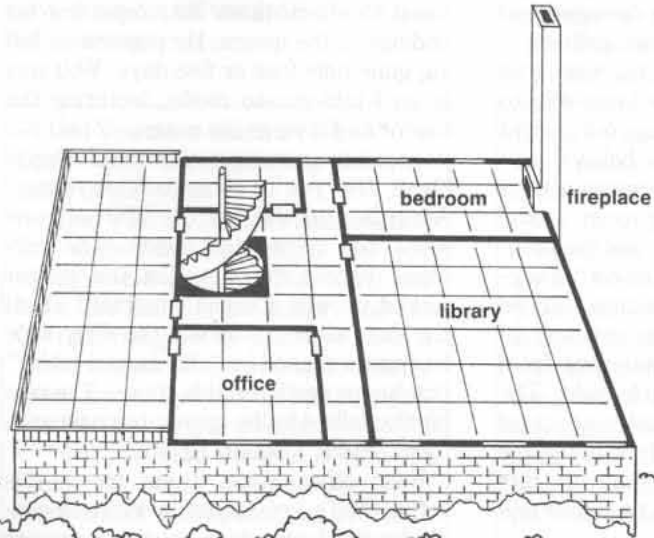
WOLF'S HOUSE

1 square = 5 feet

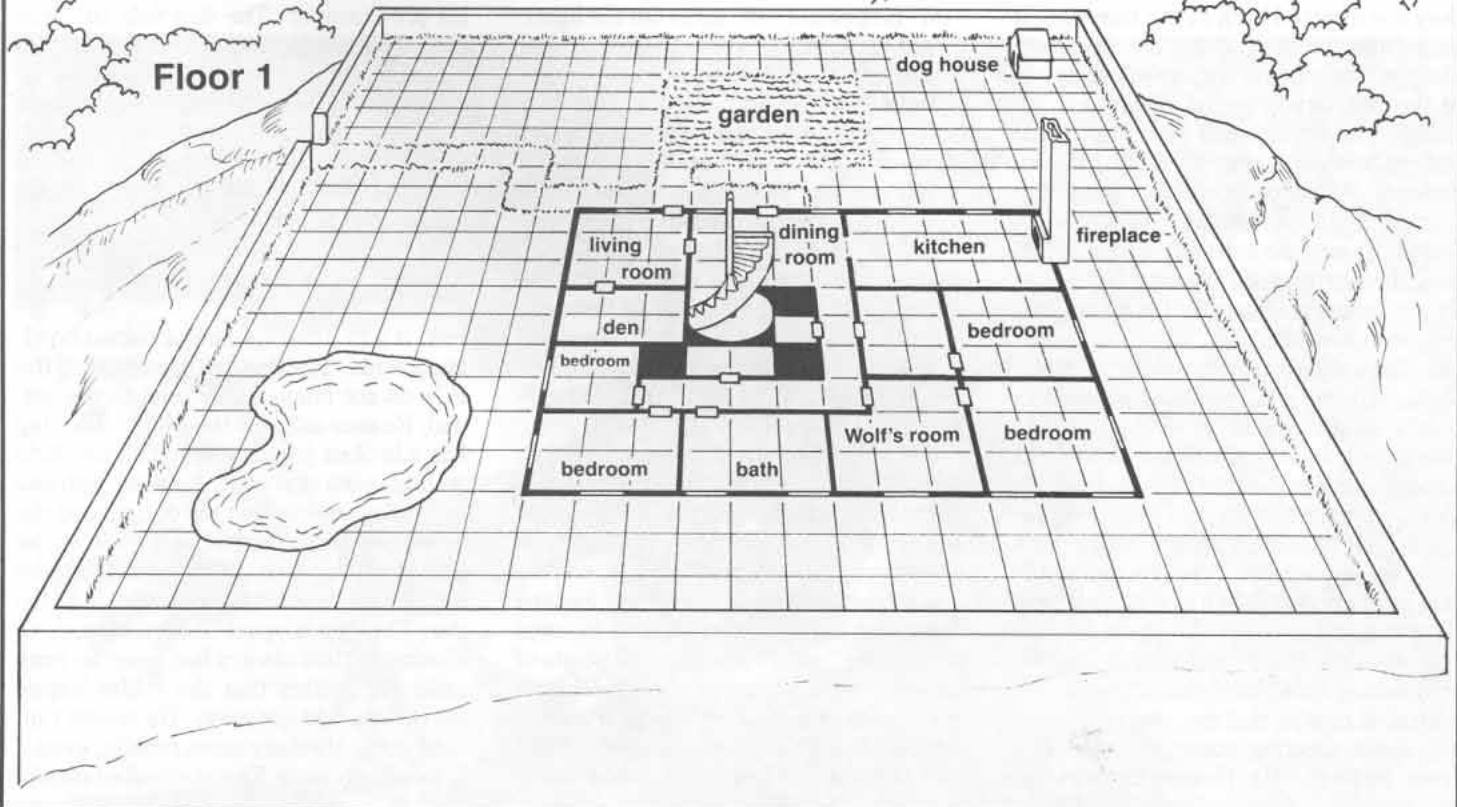
Tower

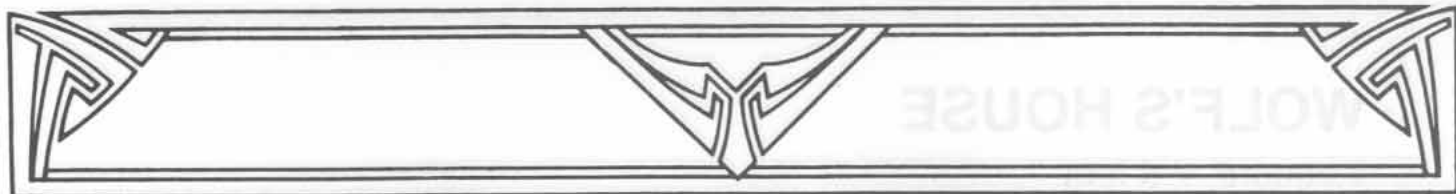


Floor 2



Floor 1





party directions to both the village (1 day's ride away) and Atienne's grove (3 day's ride away). Eeanna notes that the halflings seem to have seen Wolf most recently.

If the PCs cause a disturbance or harm the house, Eeanna orders them outside. If they attack her, she goes outside to prevent the house from being damaged and retaliates with her storm giant abilities.

The "dog" is a blink dog the size of an Irish wolfhound. It has not been able to catch the rabbit. The dog stays out of sight until it becomes injured (see below).

Wolf's two-story home consists of a kitchen, dining room, living room, study, and library on the first floor, and four bedrooms, a den, and a sun room on the second floor. Each room contains carved walnut furniture and an assortment of knickknacks, which are mementos from adventures and gifts from friends. The PCs will not be able to spot a speck of dust anywhere, no matter how hard they look. A map is not needed for this encounter. The DM is free to create one if desired.

If the PCs agree to spend the night, they are ushered back to the three guest bedrooms. Eeanna does not let them sleep in Wolf's suite. There is nothing out of the ordinary in any of the rooms, although the DM should feel free to list normal bedroom contents if the PCs are curious. Wolf's bedroom is simply furnished and, of course, spotless. A walnut-framed floor-length mirror occupies the northwest corner of the room. The mirror is magical. Wolf, a loner, likes to talk to himself. The "mirror of recall" acts like a tape recorder, taking in everything he says and repeating phrases or points of discussion when asked. The mirror operates automatically; it does not need a command word. If the PCs get Eeanna concerned enough about Wolf or ask for her help in locating him, she mentions the mirror and tells the characters that perhaps Wolf talked to it about where he was going.

If the PCs talk to the mirror, specifically asking about Wolf's last conversation with it, it relates that the ranger was upset about wearing some silly, ostentatious uniform. He thought it was too

sparkly, but decided he should put it on to satisfy the queen (since it must have taken a very long time to have it made). Wolf was planning to visit the queen and talk about a few of her grandchildren. He spotted two of them with a small group of unsavory-looking humans, and has decided to check them out, reporting his findings to the queen. He planned on being gone only four or five days. Wolf was in an I-told-you-so mode, lecturing the mirror as if it were the queen. "I told you your relatives were up to no good. One of these days you're going to listen to me." According to the mirror, Wolf left one week ago to see the queen. The only other recent conversation the mirror picked up was Eeanna frustrated about the dust in the room and the dirty little footprints caused by "the darned rabbit" that keeps getting in this house. The rabbit also talked to the mirror, but only said, "Ffft, Fffft, Mmmft, Pppft!"

Four other magic items are in this room: Wolf's *crystal ball*; a wickless candle by the bed, which produces enough light to read by when the command word "on" is spoken ("off" turns out the light); a pillow which gives the sleeper the equivalent of eight hours' sleep in the span of three hours; and a golden quill that writes whatever the commander says (command words are "Too Easy").

The majority of Wolf's wealth is stored in a hidden compartment in his closet, which is filled with brown and green clothes. His treasure consists of five dozen gems worth a total of 40,000 gp.

Eeanna (storm giant maid): AC -1; MV 15; HD 15+2-7; hp 97; #AT 1; Dmg 7-42; AL CG; Size Gt; THAC0 7.

SA 8-die lightning bolt once per day, levitate twice per day. In addition, once per day at will Eeanna can perform the following: predict weather, call lightning (3 bolts of 10-15 6 sided die each), control winds and weather summoning. Eeanna uses her large feather duster to swat things, the "swat" causing 2-20 points of damage. Eeanna wears a pinky ring of *protection +2*, *feather falling*, a *medallion of diminution* (which allows her to look like a seven-foot-tall human female),

and carries two *potions of extra healing*, a *potion of ESP*, and a *potion of invisibility*.

Blink wolfhound: AC 5; MV 15; HD 4; hp 32; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6; AL LG; Size M; THAC0 15

Rabbit Chase

At midnight the PCs hear the dog barking frantically, then a crash, quickly followed by Eeanna's heavy footsteps coming up stairs from the ground floor. If the PCs investigate, they see Eeanna burst into Wolf's room, feather duster upraised. If the PCs follow her inside they see the maid rush to the window, brandishing her feather duster. After taking a swipe at something, she leans out the broken window and furiously orders the dog to "get the rabbit." If the PCs inspect the room, they see rabbit tracks on the floor and notice an overturned inkwell on the writing desk. A closer look reveals a rabbit print on a piece of paper. The rabbit—Wolf—was trying to leave a message for someone to let them know about his predicament. The dog fails to catch the rabbit and Eeanna begins cleaning up the desk and fussing over the inky rabbit prints on the floor. She spends the next two hours cleaning this room. If questioned, the maid simply rants on and on about the pesky rabbit that keeps breaking into the house.

A Rude Awakening

At 3 a.m. the PCs hear a pained howling outside. The dog has been hurt. If the PCs do not immediately tend to the animal, Eeanna asks for their help. The dog has a broken jaw and needs a *cure light wounds* spell cast on it. A *Speak with animals* spell reveals that the dog chased the rabbit and finally cornered it. Just as the dog was ready to move in for the kill, the rabbit turned around and kicked it in the jaw. The dog is upset and frightened, as chasing rabbits always had been an easy task. He relates that the rabbit leaped into a tree and got away. He doesn't intend going after any more rabbits, even if it means no more Eeanna-cooked meals.

The dog explains that the rabbit has been hanging around this house for the past several days. On previous occasions it moved *too* quickly. The dog surmises the rabbit must have been tired tonight—but definitely not weak. He asks to sleep inside for the remainder of the evening. The dog can provide no further information.

Fishing For Rabbits

When the PCs continue their search for the missing ranger, read the following.

Your journey in search of the missing Wolf takes you through a peaceful glen and down a gently sloping hill covered with yellow and pink wild flowers. However, in several places the wild flowers have been smashed into the ground. The trail of crushed blossoms points to a large pond at the foot of the hill. Two gnolls stand thigh-deep in the water, facing each other and looking intently at something under the surface.

The “gnolls” know the PCs are there, so the PCs will not be able to surprise them. However, the gnolls have better things to do than waste their time on adventurers, so they are continuing their fishing operation. They will not talk to the PCs unless they come closer. If the PCs move down the hill toward the pond, read the following.

“Do you think that’s a rabbit?” the larger gnoll says, pointing at something in the pond.

“Don’t know. Doesn’t look like that last scaly thing we caught that you thought was a rabbit. That thing had legs. Too bad you got hungry and ate it. That thing better not have been a rabbit ‘cause I haven’t seen one of them since. But maybe you’re right. Maybe this thing is a rabbit.”

“Well, at least this is a better bet than your hunch that the big green furry critter with spikes was a rabbit,”

the larger gnoll counters. “That thing bit me, and rabbits are supposed to be soft and cuddly.”

“Yeah?” the smaller one sneers. “So what? At least I didn’t climb up that cliff to get that putrid smelling leathery creature with wings. You should have known rabbits can’t fly. Or can they? Anyway, just shaddup and try to catch one of these slippery things. That old farmer said there were plenty of rabbits around. Sooner or later we’re going to catch one.”

Suddenly, the larger of the two gnolls dives beneath the surface of the pond and emerges a moment later with a two-foot-long, blue-and-green speckled fish. The pair amble out of the pond and sits in the shade of a large oak tree. Next to the trunk are two crates and three large sacks. The gnoll tosses the fish in one of the sacks and reclines against a crate. His associate



has other ideas, however. Something in the tree has caught his attention. A squirrel is leaping from branch to branch, and the gnoll's yellow eyes follow its every move.

These aren't really gnolls. They are glabrezu, lower-planar beings polymorphed to look like gnolls. When they came to this area, gnolls were the first humanoid creatures they saw, so assuming their shape was the first thing that came to mind. These glabrezu are working for Yeenoghu, lower-planar lord of the gnolls, who has instructed them to find rabbits. Yeenoghu wants one rabbit in particular, but he didn't want to waste time explaining that to his minions. The glabrezu don't know what a rabbit looks like, so they have been wandering the countryside, catching any animals under 50 pounds. They plan to take their prizes, kept in the crates and large sacks, to Yeenoghu, and let him pick out the rabbit.

The glabrezu did not want to ask their master what a rabbit looked like, as they did not want to appear stupid in front of him. If the PCs make any noise or come out into the clearing where the glabrezu can see them, the creatures will act very friendly, since they can use a little information from the adventurers. They continue to speak in common, and ask questions such as the following:

"Do you guys have any rabbits you might want to part with?"

"Have you seen any rabbits around here?"

"Do you mind telling us just what a rabbit looks like?"

If the PCs act hostile or attack the "gnolls," the glabrezu fight back. They are quite confident and arrogant, and are not at all afraid of the PCs.

Glabrezu (2): AC -4; MV 9; HD 10; hp 50, 67; #AT 5; Dmg 2-12/2-12/1-3/1-3/2-5; magic resistance 60%; AL CE; Size L; THAC0 10. Glabrezu can cause *darkness* in a 10-foot radius at will. In addition, and also at will, they can cause *fear* (per the

wand), *levitate* as a 10th-level mage, *polymorph self*, cause *pyrotechnics*, *telekinese* 4,000 gp weight, and *teleport* without error. Glabrezu are capable of *gating* in others of their kind, but will not do so during the course of this adventure.

If the characters spend more than four rounds chatting with the "gnolls," or if a fight breaks out before then, they will see a young, beautiful woman join the "gnolls." If a fight hasn't started, she asks the "gnolls" about their catch. The woman is Yeenoghu, polymorphed to look like a sylph or a dryad. The PCs shouldn't be too sure just what she is. They might even believe her to be a druid. Yeenoghu is just checking up on the glabrezu and will be a little curious about the PCs—especially if they seem to show any interest in the "gnolls" catch or in rabbits.

If Yeenoghu becomes involved in a fight with the PCs, he does not initially summon gnolls to his side, as he believes he and his lower-planar minions can handle the PCs. He also wants to keep his identity a secret. Yeenoghu avoids melee, letting the glabrezu act as fighters while he uses his spells and magical abilities. In any event, Yeenoghu teleports away if he sustains more than 40 points of damage, or when one of the glabrezu is killed. The glabrezu escape via teleportation when Yeenoghu does.

Yeenoghu: AC -5; MV 18; hp 100; #AT 1 (special); Dmg 3-18 (plus special); AL CE; Size L; THAC0 5.

SA See below. SD +1 or better weapon needed to hit; magic resistance 80%.

Yeenoghu carries a flail with three adamantite heads (a separate attack roll must be made for each head). The first head does 3-18 points of damage; the second will paralyze a victim unless the victim saves vs. wands; the third will confuse the victim unless he saves vs. magic. Yeenoghu can teleport without error and can summon 6-66 gnolls (he uses the latter ability only under extreme circumstances in this encounter). In addition, he can perform any of the following once per melee round: *darkness* 10' radius, *magic missile* (3X a day, 6 missiles per use each doing 2-8 points of damage and having a +2 to hit), *detect magic*, *read magic*,

read languages, *detect invisible objects*, *invisibility*, *fly*, *hold person*, *dispel magic* (as a 20th-level mage), *suggestion*, *polymorph self*, *fear* (as the wand), *telekinese* 10,000 gp weight, *transmute rock to mud*, and *mass charm*. Yeenoghu is capable of *gating* in additional lower-planar minions, but will not do so during the course of this adventure.

If the PCs go near the crates or sacks, they hear scratching, thumping, and other assorted animal noises. The crates and sacks smell musty. The "gnolls" do not willingly show them what is in the crates and sacks, simply saying they contain "rabbits." The glabrezu decline to open the sacks and crates because they don't want the rabbits to get out.

If the PCs defeat the glabrezu, or if the planar beings and their lord beat up the PCs and leave, the characters can find the animals in the crates and sacks. In addition, behind the larger crate is a leather sack containing 150 pp and a carved figurine of an elephant. The figurine is exquisite and is worth 400 gp. Early in their hunt the glabrezu took this from a merchant, thinking it might be a stuffed rabbit.

The "gnolls" have captured the following creatures:

Crate #1: giant ant, beaver, otter

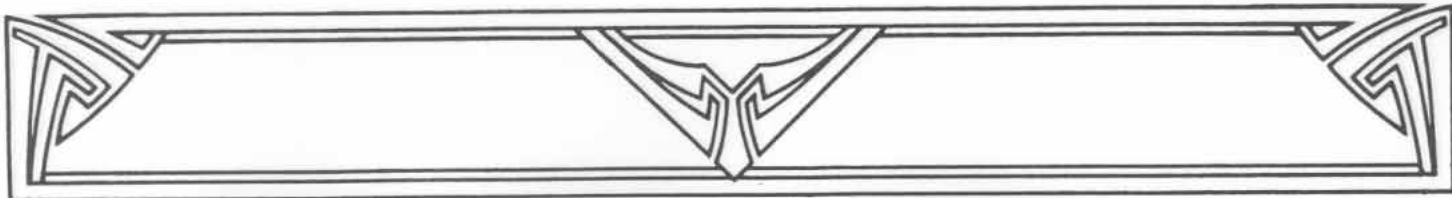
Crate #2: dead owl, dead giant frog, dead giant rat, dead snake, dead tortoise, live wolverine

Sack #1: dead blue-and-green speckled fish, cave cricket, rabbit, mole, raccoon

Sack #2: minimal wild camel, minimal baboon, rat, chipmunk, three baby possums

Sack #3: muck dweller (with its mouth tied shut), giant black squirrel, skunk

Using a *speak with animals* spell on anything in a crate or sack produces little information. The animals know only that they were captured by these powerful, ugly, dog-like creatures, which seemed intent on finding a particular species of something. The only thing on the animals' minds is escape. The skunk, which is upset and confused, is mad enough to be a real stinker about things.



Bulette Business

When PCs approach the halfling village, read the following.

The halfling village is buzzing with activity. There are a half a dozen muscular folk smoothing out large ruts that run through the village and up to several of the halfling burrows. Women and older children move behind them, breaking up the dirt into smaller chunks and planting grass seed.

In the center of the village a few halflings are busy polishing many large shields. And to their right, several more halflings work at drying and cooking large strips of meat.

A few halfling children spot you and tug on their parents' clothes. The adults smile and wave.

A total of 88 halflings live in this village, 40 of them male adults. The following statistics apply to the male adults:

Halflings (40): AC 7; MV 9; HD 2; hp 12 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (spears or arrows); AL CG; Size S; THAC0 20

One week ago a very large bulette found this village and began tearing up the ground around the halfling burrows. This particular bulette liked the taste of halflings and saw a feast laid out before its tiny eyes. The bulette devastated a few burrows and the above-ground meeting lodge. The halflings' attempts at driving it away were futile. The entire village could have succumbed to the monster's hunger if Wolf hadn't stopped by.

Wolf was on his way to spy on a small group of humans, which included two of the Queen's grandchildren, and then report back to Her Majesty. He stopped at the village when he heard cries and screams. He quickly killed the creature, stopping only for a few hours to enjoy a thank-you feast, which filled him up but also slowed him down. Wolf, being modest, asked the halflings not to publicize his actions. The halflings, ever grateful, are diligently following his request.

The halflings are still recovering from the disaster. They have repaired their

lodge and cooking pit and have been working on smoothing out the huge ruts leading to their burrows. The halflings have also been putting the dead bulette to good use. They have stripped it of its tough exterior, creating fine shields, and they have pulled a lot of meat from its bones, which they are still smoking to put away for winter. The halflings buried the bones, but the bulette's skeletal head now adorns the top of the door into the lodge.

If the PCs ask what happened to the village, the residents are quick to relate the defeat of the bulette, pointing out spots where "Harry thrashed it severely" and where "Monsun Jones stood when he fired an arrow with deadly accuracy." The halflings describe in great detail how they did the beast in; a score of their best archers peppering it with arrows, while halflings in the burrows poked up at it with their very, very long spears. The arrows, the halflings continue, were coated with deadly poison culled from the gigantic snake they killed the week before.

These stories should be a bit too wild for the PCs to believe. The PCs might question just how long spears could fit inside halfling burrows, but the halflings will respond that the PCs have never been inside a burrow in this village to know precisely what would fit. The halflings will not let the PCs into their burrows, claiming they are all dirty and are being cleaned.

However, the halflings will invite the party to stay for lunch or dinner (depending on what time of day it is). This invitation should be made very tempting to Alan of the Sunset. During the meal they will ask if the PCs are friends of Wolf, who is loved and admired by all the halflings in the village. The halflings haven't seen him for several days and would like to find him so they can give him a special award. They will not admit—under any circumstances short of being charmed—that Wolf killed the bulette.

During dinner, a small halfling child runs up to the head table, crying and talking almost intelligibly. The little girl's rabbit has run away again! The rabbit (Wolf) appeared in the village several days ago. Wolf hoped the grateful halflings might

help him out of his predicament, but he was unable to communicate with them. He eventually left the village and went to Ateinne's grove.

All halflings' attempts to chase the rabbit away were unsuccessful. The halflings would have tried to catch it and cook it for dinner if the little halfling girl hadn't made a "pet" out of it. Her father made a little cage for the rabbit, but it got out by breaking through the wire sides. The little girl is heart-broken. The rabbit she describes is white with a few black spots and brown "boots" on its hind legs. It is very soft, and it is very, very smart, she claims. She tells the PCs it can jump as high as a tree and can frighten away dogs. She has named her pet Harvey, and she would like very much to get it back.

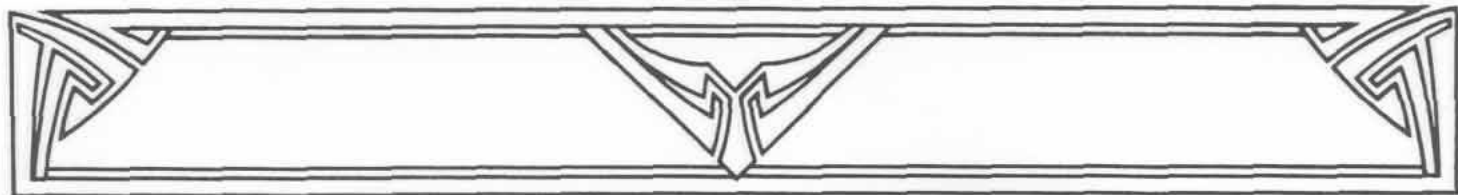
The Grove, or Rabbit Rampage, or, One Bugged Bunny

By now the PCs should have figured out that Wolf is a rabbit. This encounter is meant to cement that notion.

When the PCs arrive at the druid's grove, they see a large hill with ancient oak trees growing on its slopes. The hill is crowned with an ancient ring of monoliths arranged in an oval.

In spite of what the Queen and Eanna told the party, Ateinne, Wolf's druidess friend, does not live here. This is just a place where she comes on her frequent trips to determine the state of the wilderness. Ateinne finds the oak trees excellent for spells which allow her to transport herself via plants, and feels this is a good setting for communing with nature.

The place is deserted when the PCs arrive, but they can sense something watching them from the woods. The watchers are two unicorns, Ateinne's friends/servants. They do not approach the party unless the PCs try to harm the place; then they attack. If Karmyn tries to communicate with "whomever is watching", the unicorns allow themselves to be seen, but do not allow any PC to get close. The unicorns have no useful information, although they know about the flurry of rabbit hunting and



about Wolf's disappearance. They don't know when the druidess will return. The unicorns will speak to the party only briefly, warning them not to harm the grove, then disappearing into the forest.

Wolf has come here hoping to catch Ateinne. He'll have to wait a long time, as her last visit was days ago. The unicorns didn't notice the rabbit.

By now the ranger is getting upset. He's tired of being a wolf in rabbitskin clothing, and has not been able to make the halflings or Eeanna realize who he really is. Eeanna considers him a pest. The halflings consider him a pet. His already bad temper is making him one hot, cross bunny. To top it off, he knows something bad is happening to the queen and the kingdom (he's picked that much up by spying on the queen's grandchildren), and is frustrated because in his current condition he can't do anything to help. In Wolf's mind, it is time to pull out all the proverbial stops and get someone to pay attention to him. He's going to get the PCs to help him, even if it kills him—an act which isn't very likely considering his hit points and armor class.

Just before dawn, Wolf quietly enters the PCs' camp, no matter where the camp is, and hops over to Alan of the Sunset, or any clerical character. Wolf knows clerics can cast *Speak with Animals* spells, and he hopes Alan had the presence of mind to carry such a spell. The PCs on watch will not notice Wolf's approach, as the ranger moves very quietly and is very low to the ground.

Read the following to the cleric character:

Alan of the Sunset, you are awakened by a thumping sound and a small shower of dirt in your face. You open your eyes and find yourself face to face with a small black-and-white rabbit. The rabbit continues to thump its back leg, almost as if it is waiting for something.

Wolf tries to avoid being captured. However, he isn't going to leave the PCs alone until they talk to him. He begins jumping very high for a rabbit (about 20

feet straight up) so the party can get the idea that he is more than your garden-variety rabbit. Karmyn or Alan can alleviate his polymorphed "condition" with *dispel magic*. When this is done, Wolf will be very pleased, very dirty, and disheveled, as he has been through a lot of brambles in his successful attempts to avoid the rabbit hunters. His fancy uniform is stained.

Rabbit Wolf: AC -2; MV 12; HD 15th-level ranger; hp 110; #AT 1 (bunny kick); Dmg 1-3 +7; AL NG; Size S; THACO 6

When Wolf has been returned to his elvish form, he explains that he saw a group of humans camping in the woods not too far from his home. Curious, he moved closer to observe them and overheard a plot to overthrow the Queen by turning the country into a democracy. This democracy would last a year or so, until the small group of humans could shape it into an oligarchy of their own design.

Wolf knows about the magical power of the crown, which is in part the reason for the treasonous plot, but he does not divulge that information to the PCs. Wolf explains that among the small group of humans were two of the Queen's grandchildren. (Some of the PCs may be a little curious at this point, as the queen didn't look quite old enough to have grandchildren.) Very concerned with this threat, Wolf decided to rush this news to the Queen. However, he was spotted by one of her grandchildren, Tymgereth, a powerful magic user. Tymgereth was somehow able to follow him, and in a confrontation turned him into a rabbit. The rabbit/Wolf eluded the mage, leading him straight into a band of gnolls. Wolf didn't stick around to find out the results of that encounter, although he has a good idea of what happened by witnessing the rabbit-hunting gnolls.

Wolf is still concerned about this threat to the monarchy, and insists the PCs help him save the kingdom. He does not know they are out to do just that and were sent to find him to apprise him of the attempted overthrow. Wolf will, of course, agree to take them to the home of the retired monarch. However, he instructs the

characters to leave their horses at his home, since the journey will have to be made on foot.

If Yachscha has anything to say to Wolf, the ranger carelessly shrugs it off. If the Yachscha player follows his character background and tries to tell Wolf to become more political, the ranger tells Yachscha that it is service that is important, not personal power or getting recognition for service. Wolf declares that there are too many people who have joined the royal service just to advance themselves, and glares accusingly at Yachscha. When the party is ready to leave, Wolf leaves a note for Ateinne in the hollow of a tree and leads the way back to his manor.

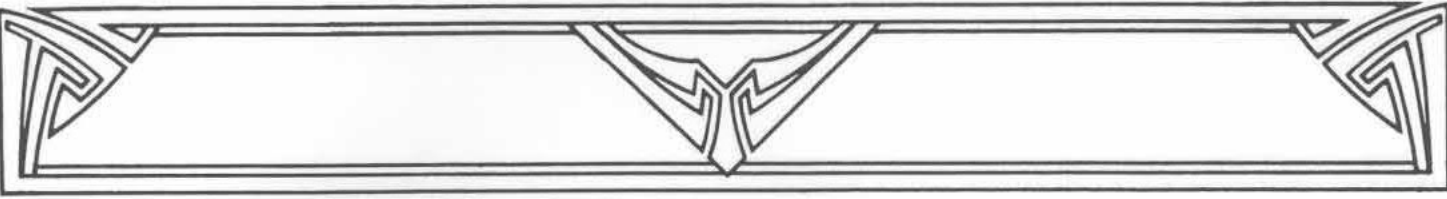
Yeenoghu and Company

On the way to Wolf's manor, read the following:

The trip back to the manor goes quickly—Wolf knows a few shortcuts. One of these leads you past a glade. You stop and stare when you hear a peculiar sound in the clearing. Dozens of gnolls move into the field ahead of you. They are thrashing the bushes and tall grass with their weapons. A few of the lead gnolls sniff the air, look up, and notice you. They move forward to attack.

Yeenoghu, 66 gnolls, and two lower-planar beings called *nalfeschnee* are beating the grass and bushes with their weapons to scare up rabbits. Yeenoghu and the *nalfeschnee* appear as normal gnolls. If Yeenoghu recognizes the PCs from a previous encounter with them, he orders his gnolls to attack. Assuming the PCs know what he is up to, he wants to put an end to their threat. Even if he doesn't recognize the PCs, he has his force attack so the adventurers cannot escape to summon help. He wants his rabbit hunting operation kept quiet.

Yeenoghu sends the gnolls against the PCs while he summons 10 ghouls, then begins his spell assault. It will take three



rounds for the ghouls to arrive. If the battle is going against Yeenoghu, he teleports away to plan other rabbit-hunting tactics and revenge against the PCs. If the battle is going too quickly in favor of the gnoll force, Ateinne arrives on the scene to help the player characters.

Yeenoghu has the same statistics noted under "Fishing for Rabbits".

Gnolls (66): AC 5; MV 9; HD 2; hp 10; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8; AL CE; Size L; THAC0 16.

Ghouls (10): AC 6; MV 9; HD 2; #AT 3; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-6; SA paralyzation; AL CE; Size M; THAC0 16.

Nalfeschnee (2): AC -1; MV 9. Fl 12; HD 11; hp 68, 59; #AT 3; Dmg 1-4/1-4/2-8; MR 65%; AL CE; Size L; THAC0 9.

SA Once per round, can *create illusion, cause fear, levitate, detect magic, read languages, dispel magic, polymorph self, telekinese, project image, symbol of fear or discord, gate* another nalfeschnee, 60% chance.

Once the obstacle of the gnolls is overcome and Wolf is restored, the group has

no trouble locating Ateinne, the Great Druid, and recruiting her for the mission. If PCs do not think to do so, Ateinne approaches the party on her own. The Druid's grove is not far from the scene of this last encounter (see map).

Meeting the Retired Queen

It is not necessary to play out the details of the party's travel to find the retired queen, Amber Lune. Read the following to the characters.

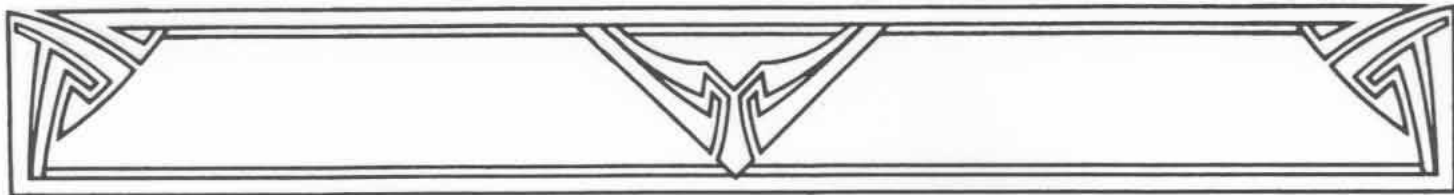
You spent several days traveling on foot to the retired monarch's hidden abode. Wolf took you over tall hills and through a swamp and a very dense forest, until even Ateinne was thoroughly lost. Clearly the ranger did this on purpose so that no one could find the reclusive monarch again. You arrived at the house of Amber Lune after working your way past hallucinatory terrain and passing under the eyes of unseen

guardians whose presence made your spine tingle. The stone mansion was impossibly vast inside, attesting to the magic which guards the former monarch and her solitude.

You and your companions sat before the former queen in a sunroom filled with plants and chirping canaries. The lines on the woman's face made her appear only middle-aged, although you had heard she must be well over 100. She chatted with you briefly, while knitting a long-sleeved sweater, and revealed that she honestly didn't know where the tomb was.

Amber said she was at the tomb once—about seventy or eighty years ago, and she does not remember its exact location. However, she went there in the company of August, an old sage who frequently counseled her father the king.

"If anyone can help, August can. He lives in the ruins a day's journey east



of here. He is kind and most wise, and he will impart his sage advice for a gift. If you are successful, please give my best to the king. Although I never met him, I heard he was a wonderful ruler. My library is filled with works on his military strategies and political theorems.”

The former queen graciously escorted you out of her home and pointed you toward the ruins.

If players are using pregenerated characters, this transition phase is an appropriate point at which to let players assume the roles of Wolf and Ateinne. This can easily be done by having Yabscha and the Professor bow out of the groups' adventures, Yabscha because of a personality clash with Wolf (see character notes), and the Professor in order to remain with Amber Lune and study in her well-supplied library.

Yeth or No

As PCs head for the ruins, read the following.

As you set up camp for the evening, you notice a campfire about a half mile away. Despite the distance, you can tell what the campers are doing even though you can't see them. They are obviously preparing dinner. Scotty notes the smell of roasting boar wafting through the trees.

This is a trap set up by rebel agents, Mallus and Luigi.

Mallus, a 12th-level magic-user vampire, and Luigi, a 10th-level clerical vampire, were hired by the rebels to kill the queen's team of champions. In exchange for their services, the vampires were promised a safe place to keep their coffins. The young humans also agreed—to place the vampires in charge of the planned secret police, which would provide the foul creatures a steady supply of victims and would keep the kingdom's streets clean.

The rebels have gathered lots of information about the queen's six champions through a few carefully placed spies in Castle Spring. They know the champions were directed to find the tomb and to prove the constitution does not exist. They also have good estimates of each character's power.

Mallus has been carefully tracking the party's progress with his *crystal ball*. He knows of the encounters with the mongrelmen, demons, and the ranger rabbit. Mallus also knows the PCs went to the former monarch and have been directed to someone who knows where the tomb really is. Mallus and Luigi have decided to attack the champions before they can reach August using Scotty's weakness—roast boar and lots of ale—as bait for a trap.

If the PCs do not come to the vampire's camp, a few of the charmed "hunters" will go to the PCs and invite them to dinner. If this does not work, the vampires, charmed hunters, and yeth hounds will come to the PCs' camp and attack.

However, if the vampires' original ploy works, the PCs approach a camp that contains a very large boar roasting over a campfire, a dozen hunters (two of whom are Luigi and Mallus), a few boar carcasses, and four large hunting dogs (yeth hounds). Two of the charmed "hunters" invite the PCs into the camp to share the roast boar. This is an attempt to get the PCs close together so the vampires' spells can affect as many as possible.

The fire is about 40 yards in front of a large, dark red tent. Several horses are tethered outside the tent.

When PCs see this scene, read the following out loud.

The boar roasting on the spit is huge. It must have been cooking for hours. Its skin is a deep brown and glistens with succulent drippings and seasonings. A few hunters in trail-dirtied clothes sit around the fire, watching the boar cook and casually peeling vegetables. At a table nearby another hunter works at filling a few huge pitchers with ale from a freshly-

opened cask. He sets them on a huge trestle table draped with a checkered tablecloth. A few other hunters are dressing the carcasses of three large deer.

"G'day, mate!" One of the hunters near the fire calls. "You're welcome to join us if you keep your weapons sheathed and you help with the dishes. There's plenty of pig for all of us."

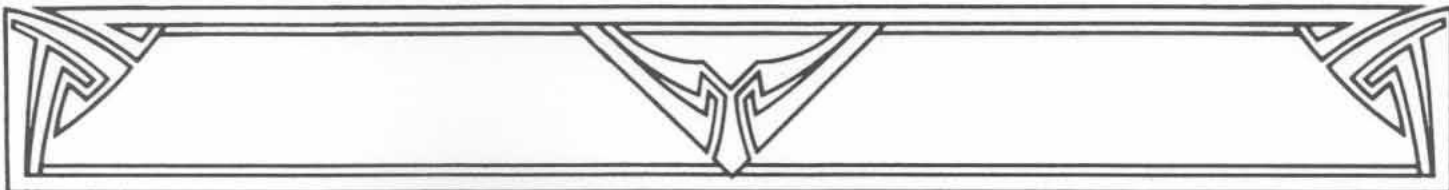
If the PCs enter the camp, the vampires' attack plan goes into effect. If the PCs leave or refuse to enter the camp, the vampires attack anyway, following their attack plan as closely as possible. The vampires do not talk to the PCs so they won't have to show their fangs and their true natures. The charmed hunters will do the talking. If questioned, they claim to be out hunting (they are), and add there's no season like fall for getting boar. (Actually, winter is the traditional boar season. Ateinne and Wolf know this, but don't give this information unless somebody asks).

Play up the role-playing phase of this encounter, and do your best to get the PCs to enter the camp.

The vampires have several spells already cast: *haste* on Luigi and the yeth hounds, which are staying still at their masters' commands; *protection from good* on Luigi; *minor globe of invulnerability* on Mallus; and *obscure alignment* on both vampires.

During this encounter, the vampires use these tactics. The hunter at the table (Luigi) crawls under the table to retrieve a dropped glass. The PCs will not be able to see him, as the red-and-white checked tablecloth extends to the ground. While he is under the table, he activates his *ring of invisibility*, casts *silence* on a coin, turns into bat form and flies into the air to observe the party.

While this is going on, Mallus is mentally summoning bats. The bats swoop down on the party, in particular around Karmyn or any other PC magic-user. The invisible Luigi follows with his silenced



coin. Luigi flits around Karmyn close to the ground to keep her in the area of the magical silence. Only if the Karmyn character states she is feeling around her person will she notice something flitting about her, which she can't see. After two rounds Luigi attempts to drop the coin in Karmyn's clothes so he can fly away and begin his spell assault and attempts to drain the PCs' life levels.

While the bats are fluttering about, Mallus casts *slow* on as many party members as possible, covering his attack by having the 10 charmed hunters gesture along with him. He then motions the *hasted* yeth hounds forward to attack the PCs.

Next, Mallus begins a vicious spell assault, again using the charmed hunters as cover. His position in the line is as follows:

h h h M h h h h h h h h

After attempting to place the coin in Karmyn's clothing, Luigi lands, changes to his humanoid form, casts *flame strike* and one or two other heavy damaging spells. He then moves forward invisibly to engage a party member in melee on the fringes of the group in an attempt to drain him or her of life levels.

While the vampires are fighting aggressively in this attack, they will not fight to the death. If they are reduced to 10 hps or less each, they turn gaseous and escape, leaving the yeth hounds and the hunters to their own fates. The vampires figure they can try to take the PCs on their way back to the Queen, although they do not accomplish that in the course of this adventure.

Be familiar with the vampire's abilities as detailed in the *Monstrous Compendium*, and with Luigi's and Mallus' spells and magic items detailed below.

Mallus (Vampire): AC 1; MV 12 Fl 18 (B); HD 12+3 (WZ12); hp 48; #AT 1; Dmg 5-10 + 2-level energy drain; AL CE; Size M; THAC0 12.

Spells:

1st: *magic missile x4, unseen servant*, feather fall*, ventriloquism**

2nd: *web, stinking cloud, detect invisibility**, wizard lock*

3rd: *slow, haste**, dispel magic, lightning bolt*

4th: *minor globe of invulnerability**, Rary's mnemonic enhancer**, fire shield*

5th: *wall of force, cone of cold, hold monster*

* learned and cast with *Rary's mnemonic enhancer*

** cast and running at the beginning of the encounter

Mallus carries the following magic items: a *robe of stars* (+1 to saves, 5 "stars", range 6", damage 2d4), *wand of flame extinguishing* (6 charges, command word "splash"), *ring of fire resistance, crystal ball.*

Luigi (Vampire): AC 1; MV 12 Fl 18 (B); HD 10+3 (P10); hp 51; #AT 1; Dmg 5-10 + 2-level energy drain; AL CE; Size M; THAC0 12.

Spells:

1st: *command x2, protection from good**, cause fear x2, sanctuary*

2nd: *silence 15' radius, hold person x3, obscure alignment x2***

3rd: *prayer, dispel magic, cause paralysis x2*

4th: *undetectable lie, spell immunity, poison, sticks to snakes*

5th: *flame strike, slay living*

Luigi carries the following magic items: *ring of invisibility, ring of water walking.*

Luigi is *hasted*. This gives him double normal movement, a +4 defensive bonus, and two melee attacks. However, he can only cast one spell per round, and can drain levels only once per round.

Both vampires are immune to sleep, charm, hold, poison, paralysis. They suffer half-damage from cold and electricity, are hit only by +1 or better weapons, and regenerate 3 hp/round.

At will, they can shapechange to gas cloud or bat, charm by gaze (save at (MS) 2), summon 10-100 bats (arriving in 2 rounds for purposes of this adventure); they can also summon wolves or rats, but

will not do so during the course of this encounter. Their Strength is 18/76. These vampires assume gaseous form if reduced to 0 hp. They recoil from garlic, holy symbols, or mirrors (latter only if there is enough light to see the mirror, infravision notwithstanding). They are slain by sunlight (1 turn exposure), running water (3 round exposure), wooden stake through heart, or by decapitation and the placement of a holy wafer in the mouth. (Pregenerated PCs have no holy wafers in this adventure). Holy water inflicts 2-7 hp damage.

Hunters (10): AC 7; MV 12; HD 1; hp 5 each; #AT 1 or two; Dmg 1-8 (sword) or 1-6; AL CE; Size M; THAC0 18.

Yeth Hounds (4): AC 0; MV 15, Fl 27; HD 3+3; hp 24 each; #AT 1; D 2-8; AL CE; Size M; THAC0 16.

The Yeth hounds are *hasted*. This gives them double normal movement, a +4 defensive bonus, and two melee attacks.

Ummm

Read the following when the party reaches the ruins where they hope to find August the sage.

You have followed the retired monarch's directions to these old ruins nestled amidst climax forest on a steep hillside. Massive trunks of ancient trees seem to be trying to crowd the ruined wall off the slope. Entering the ruins is like stepping into another world. On the few building walls still standing you see faint mosaics of dryads and dragons dancing around a fountain. Other beasts are depicted, but the years have worn away the images, leaving only fragments of the creatures. It is peaceful here and very, very pleasant. Fall is in full display, with brightly colored leaves framing the ruins and the musky scent of dying wild flowers permeating the air. Fallen leaves coat the surface of a pool buzzing with insect life, which reaches close to the doorway of a nearly-intact building.

As you take in the scene, the face of a young girl pokes out of the doorway of that building and then retreats into the shadows inside.

This is August, the ancient gold dragon, in one of his favorite guises, a very young, very shy girl named Ninon. The "girl" will keep poking her head out of the doorway until she is certain the PCs have noticed her and will come to visit. August does not get many visitors, and these visitors look pretty impressive—for humans and demihumans.

The girl is young, maybe 14 or 15 years old. Her round brown eyes meet your gaze for only a moment before she casts her head down to carefully study her plain shoes. She is dressed in a simple, but clean, beige peasant dress, partially covered by a white apron. Her hair is tied back with a white ribbon, and her face, although beautiful, is plain and free of makeup. She smiles and cocks her head to look at you out of the corner of her eyes.

"Ummm," she says, twisting her little finger. "I'm Ninon. I, ummm, work for August. Looking for him?"

The girl seems to gain a little more confidence and escorts you into a sitting room filled with sturdy furniture that presents a sharp contrast to the ruins. Ninon presents a bit of a contrast, too. As she takes off her apron to sit and chat, you notice a cheap, gaudy bauble about her neck and two platinum rings set with very large stones on her left hand. A carved ivory stick, possibly a wand, pokes out of her right dress pocket.

The necklace is a *necklace of missiles*. From it, Ninon can cast four fireballs each of 4d6 damage. One ring is a *ring of regeneration*, the other is a *ring of fire resistance*. The ivory stick is a *wand of illumination*. In addition, on the low table before her is a *bowl of commanding water elementals*. She has four *beads of force* in

her left pocket.

In the form of the girl, August is posing as his own maid. The girl talks quietly when addressing the PCs, frequently casting her eyes down, only meeting their gazes for the briefest of moments before blushing. She fidgets with her fingers, alternately twisting the first finger and little finger of her right hand in the palm of her left hand. She occasionally shuffles her right foot and strikes a demure, coquettish pose when the PCs talk to her. Her dialog goes something like this:

"Ummm, August isn't here. He, ummm, he has gone away on a trip," she says, as she twists her finger and studies something on the dirt floor. "Ummm, he wasn't expecting any, ummm, visitors. And ummm, well, I'm sure he'll, ummm, be upset he missed you. Ummm, I don't expect him back for oh, ummm, maybe four or five years. Ummm, is there anything I can do to help you?"

If the PCs mention their need to find the tomb of the first Rhesdain king, the girl will be very eager to help, offering to go through some of August's notes. She will not permit the PCs to go through the notes. However, if at any point the PCs try to search August's records on their own, ignoring her protests, Ninon begins to decrease the number of "umms" she uses in her speech and lowers her voice. This should give the PCs an idea that all is not as it seems. If the PCs foolishly act belligerently to Ninon, or make any threats to her, she exits the ruined building after grabbing the *bowl* from the table. Once outside she uses the *bowl* to summon a water elemental from the pool and turns into August the gold dragon. She tells the PCs they have blown it, and now they will have to find the tomb on their own. However, it is possible for the PCs to make amends by apologizing profusely and offering lots of gifts. Their apologies will have to be good, and their sincerity terribly obvious for August to

have a change of heart.

If the PCs want to fight, August and his water elemental oblige them. If a fight breaks out, do your best to kill the PCs. However, give them a chance to surrender after the first PC casualty. If the party surrenders, August escorts them back to the old queen, on the off chance they were actually sent by her. If this happens, the ex-monarch gives them a royal chewing out and persuades the dragon to give the PCs the location of the tomb. Do your best to embarrass the players for failing to negotiate.

August (ancient gold dragon): AC -11; MV 12, Fl 40 (C) Jp 3 Sw 12 (15); HD 16; hp 120; #AT 3 + special; Dmg 1-10/1-10/6-36, or by spell, or 22d12 + 11 for fire or gas, save vs. breath weapon for half; Size Giant; AL LG; THAC0 7.

SA *Polymorph self* three times per day; casts spells at 12th level of skill; *water breathing* at will; immune to fire and gas; *bleed*, *detect lie*, *detect gems* 3x day; *animal summoning*, *quest* 1x day; *luck bonus* 1x day (+1 to STs);

Wizard Spells:

1st: *magic missile*, *shield***

2nd: *ray of enfeeblement*, *web*

3rd: *dispel magic*, *protection from normal missiles*

4th: *dimension door*, *shout*

5th: *wall of force*, *cloudkill*

6th: *chain lightning*, *death spell*

7th: *power word stun*, *reverse gravity*

Priest Spells:

1st: *command* x2

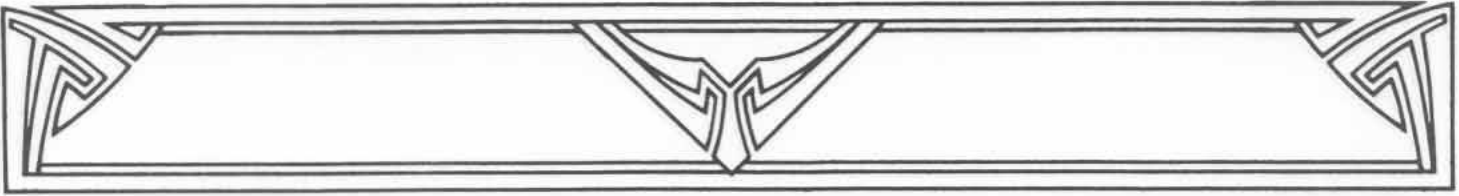
2nd: *silence 15' radius*, *know alignment***

3rd: *cure disease*, *remove curse*

August carries these magic items: *ring of fire resistance*, *ring of regeneration*, *necklace of missiles* (four 4-die missiles), *four beads of force*, *wand of illumination* (22 chgs), *bowl of commanding water elementals*.

** cast and running at the beginning of the encounter

Water Elemental (1): AC 2; MV 6 Sw 18; HD 12; hp 66; #AT 1; Dmg 5-30; AL N; Size H (12'); THAC0 9.



SD Hit only by +2 or better magical weapons. The elemental always remains within 60 yards of the pool. When out of the pool, the elemental's attacks do -1 point of damage per die (minimum of 1 point per die.)

The PCs have to specifically mention they are looking for a tomb or the resting place of the first Rhesdain king to get any help from August. August respects honesty, and quickly helps the PCs if they are honest.

If the PCs act appropriately, Ninon says something like this:

"Ummm, the tomb of Rhesdain's first king. Ummm, yeah, I remember August talking about the ummm, the ummm, the king. I ummm, bet August would sure like a gift, maybe a couple of gems for my imparting ummm, this knowledge to ummm, you. Well?"

If the PCs comply with this request, Ninon says the following.

"He must have been, ummm, a very nice man, ummm, to be king and all. So why do you ummm, need to go there? You're ummm, not going to ummm, rob the tomb or anything ummm, like that, ummm, are you? I won't help you if ummm, you're going to ummm, do something like that.

"Well, ummm, if I remember what August told me, ummm, the tomb is in the face of a cliff. You ummm, have to walk, ummm, through some water to get there. Ummm, but first you have to go through this, ummm, little glade with lots of very pretty flowers and over a small lake. Ummm, it's that way. Ummm about five or six miles toward that big, ummm, rock. Just ummm, keep going in that direction, and ummm you'll eventually see the water you have to walk ummm, through. Ummm, nice meeting you. Ummm."

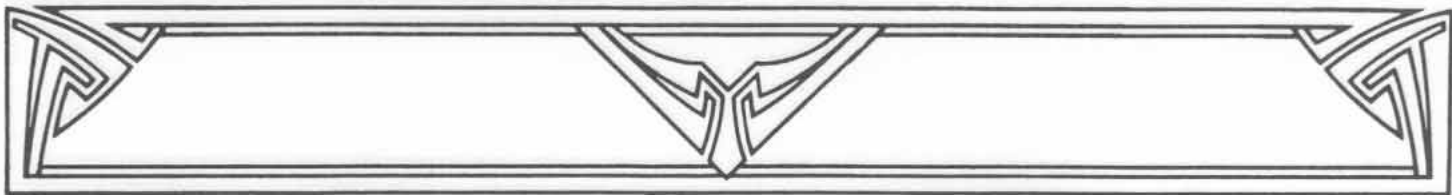
August has been testing the patience of the PCs to see if they are worthy of find-

ing the tomb of the first king, who was a good friend to the gold dragon. They pass the first test if they are kind to Ninon and apparently are honest with her. The second test is the absurdly big monster in the small lake. August will watch the PCs to see if they avoid the monster, which he thinks is the best move. However, he will not be too upset if they kill it, as it does pose a threat to the area. August will watch the characters to see how they approach the enigma presented by the signs and how they deal with what's in the lake. See "Frog Legs", below.

Frog Legs

When the PCs head for the tomb of Rhesdain's first king, read the following.

The terrain has been relatively easy to negotiate, the few low foothills presenting little problem and taking little exertion to cross. It is mid-afternoon by the time you reach a pleasant field.



The flat ground apparently stretches for several miles and is broken only by a wide stream. A wooden bridge crosses the stream, and several crudely-lettered signs decorate the bank.

If the PCs move closer and express interest in the signs, read the following information out loud. Each sign is written in Common, Elvish, Gnome, Dwarvish, and Halfling.

Sign #1: *No Fishing*

Sign #2: *Positively No Swimming*

Sign #3: *Warning! Very Deadly Absurdly Big Monster!*

On closer inspection, the party sees that the bridge is quite rotted through. They may or may not wish to try crossing it; instead, perhaps they would prefer to try wading, swimming, or boating (if they have a boat). In the water is a froghemoth, waiting for tasty prey. If the party uses the bridge to quietly cross the stream, it leaves them alone. However, if they wade, skim stones, swim, boat, fish, lean over the bridge railing, throw things in the water, or make loud noises or carry on prolonged conversations, it comes out and attacks. The monster fights to the death.

Froghemoth: AC 2/4/6; MV 2 Sw 8; HD 16; hp 88 + 4 tentacles (22 hp each) + tongue 16 hp; #AT 1 bite or 4 tentacles or tongue; Dmg 5-50 (bite) or 1d4 + 4 (tentacle); AL N; Size H; THAC0 7.

The froghemoth is immune to normal fire. Very large or very hot fires inflict half damage and force the monster to retreat for one round. Magical fire inflicting more than 10 hp of damage also drive the creature back for one round. Electricity inflicts one point per die and slows the monster for one round.

Its 10-foot-long tongue, with an 18/50 Strength, drags a victim instantly to its mouth. The victim is swallowed whole on an attack roll of 19-20 (size M opponents) or 14-20 (size S opponents); otherwise, damage is 5-50 hp from biting/chewing. If the tongue is severed (by inflicting 15 hp

damage on it), tentacle attacks do double damage (2d4 + 8).

Read the following after the PCs have dealt with the monster.

As the monster's form goes limp, the stream begins to boil. A large mauve tentacle, at least ten feet in diameter, rises from the surface of the stream, wraps around the inert body, and drags it under.

This monster is the dreaded flatilus, a 40-hit-die amphibian, which is lurking at the bottom of the stream. For the purposes of this adventure it does not make another appearance and does not under any circumstances attack the PCs (it's too busy making a light snack of the froghemoth). The characters wouldn't stand a chance against this monster, but hopefully it will serve to speed them along their way. Neither the froghemoth nor the flatilus has any treasure.

Like, The King's Not Here

Evening is quickly approaching. The king's tomb can't be too much farther. Ahead you see a small, fenced-in cemetery. Despite its isolated position, it appears to be well-tended. You can see a man moving about inside the cemetery, putting flowers on a few graves.

The caretaker is August, the ancient gold dragon from the encounter "Ummm". He has the same statistics as noted under that encounter description. He is here to check up on the PCs. August watched their progress over the bridge and decided to test them further. In this encounter August appears elderly and dresses in worn work clothes, which are clean and very much out of style. A big blue handkerchief hangs out of his left pocket, and a bunch of fall-blooming wild flowers protrude from his right pocket. He wears a wide-brimmed leather cap and sports a short, stubbly white beard.

Many of August's human friends are buried here, and he has taken it upon himself to keep the place free of weeds. He is also using the cemetery as a vehicle for a practical joke. He has set up a false grave, 10 feet back from the front gate. Characters walking in through the front gate and continuing on into the cemetery trigger a pressure plate in front of this grave. A two-dimensional wooden vampire springs up, its wooden fangs dripping with red paint. A billowy, dirty black cape is tied about the construct's neck to make it look more lifelike.

Unless the lead character who triggered the plate states he or she was being especially alert, the PCs do not initially realize this is not a real man. Immediately ask the PCs what they are doing. The characters are automatically surprised unless the PCs stated they were being cautious. If the PCs made such a statement, the DM should roll for surprise. If the PCs are surprised, they do not realize what the "vampire" is until four segments have passed. In other words, give them four segments to take actions.

After the four segments have passed, August the caretaker comes forward snickering, pleased that his prank worked. He is mildly upset if the PCs destroy his construct. In this persona August has a different speech problem. Like, he uses the word "like" a lot. "It's like this, you know." "Like, this graveyard has been here for, like, three or four hundred years." "Like, I take care of it, like, pretty good." And so on. There are no undead or hostile creatures in the cemetery.

If the PCs are being difficult or belligerent, he pretends to be hard of hearing. If the PCs attack him, he turns into his dragon form and flies upwards from the cemetery. He does not want a battle in that place to hurt the graves of his friends. August flies away, giving the party no further help in locating the king's tomb.

However, if the PCs are friendly and cooperative August is helpful and provides as much information as possible (if, of course, the characters ask). If the PCs

inquire about the cemetery, he takes them on a tour, talking in this manner:

"Like, this is the grave of Silus Smith, who in life was a delightful miller, like, who had seven sons and an ugly ill-tempered wife. Like, Silus and I used to go fishing, oh, about a hundred years ago. And, like, this here is..."

If the adventurers ask about the king, read the following out loud.

"Well, like, you know seven Kings are buried here. I'll, like, show you if you want me to. Nobody has come to visit a King for, like, like, eighty or more years. Like, it'll be nice. I've been keeping their graves clean like."

The old man leads you to a row of small, very weathered tombstones. They are so old you cannot make out all the writing on them. However, on the largest you can read the word, "King."

"Like, this is the grave of Henry King. He was a miner from down in the valley. And, like, this is the grave of his step-sister Henrietta. I, like, liked Henrietta a lot. She made a real nice chicken soup. But that was, like, a long time ago. And I ain't never had as good a, like, chicken soup since."

"And this here is the grave of Ethram King. He's no relation. I don't know much about him other than, like, he was, like, hung for stealing something from somebody. And here's Jolley and Posey King, twin sisters who delved, like, a little too much in, like, alchemy and, like, one of their experiments got them."

"And this here is the grave of King King. Like, he's the only dog buried here. Like, the last King is a little obscure. I'm not quite sure of, like, his first name. It's like either Nathan or Marshal or David. I couldn't, like, quite make out the letters. Can't nobody make them out now. Like the years have worked away at the stone too much."

If the PCs stop him at any point or ask

about the first king of Rhesdain, the old man is attentive and asks why they want to know. If they continue to be cooperative, he gives them very precise directions and wishes them well.

Tomb It May Concern

If the PCs were cordial to August in both of his disguises, they have no trouble locating the tomb. However, if they were less than cordial and did not receive precise directions, they eventually find the tomb anyway. In the latter case they may not initially realize what they have stumbled onto. Read the following to the characters.

It is late morning by the time you reach the rock-covered hill. Despite the sun, the cool wind of November is making its presence felt. Overhead, rows of birds fly south. Perhaps you will be able to finish with this mission before it gets too cold. Ahead in the face of the hillside you see a massive door. A stream trickles out of the rocks near it.

The door is ancient, its wood nearly turned to stone with the years. It is bound with discolored brass and held together with heavy brass bolts. Its iron hinges are covered with thick rust. There are no markings or symbols to identify what is inside.

This door is not locked or trapped. However, it takes a character with an 18 or greater Strength to get it open. No one has visited this tomb for several decades, and the hinges have become rusty with disuse. There are two ways for the PCs to enter the tomb. They can go in the front door, or they can cast *passwall* on the rock where the stream trickles out. If they use the latter method, the character or characters attempting to enter must also be very small—six inches tall or less—and not need to breathe air. The stream travels through a very narrow channel, filling the channel and leaving no space for air. In addition, they will have a

hard time moving forward through the fast-rushing stream.

"I'm The King!"

When PCs enter the tomb, read the following.

The heavy door opens on stiff, creaking hinges, and dank, musty air pours out. The room beyond the door is small, 20 feet by 20 feet, and dark. The sunlight coming through the doorway casts only enough light to make the place seem eerie and cloaked in shadows.

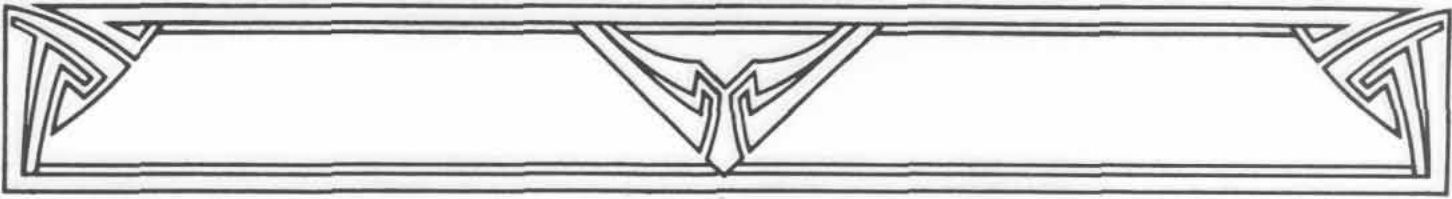
Up against the wall opposite from the entrance is a stone sarcophagus inlaid with precious metals. A ghostly form rises from the sarcophagus lid. Although nearly translucent, the form of a man dressed in regal robes is visible to you. About his neck is a key on a chain. His ghostly fingers are covered in rings.

"Who has come to pay their respects to me, the first king of Rhesdain? Who dares disturb my resting place? Who interrupts my royal sleep? Speak quickly and bow before me, the king!"

This really isn't the king. It's Guillaume the Steadfast, a very special ghost who has been ensorcelled to guard this tomb. Guillaume has been here for nearly 300 years and has gotten very bored. After the first few decades he began to fancy himself as the king instead of just the guardian of the king.

Guillaume (ghost): AC 0/8; MV 9; HD 10; hp 55; #AT 1; Dmg age 10-40 years; AL LE; Size M; THAC0 11.

SA Victims save vs. Magic on sight or age 10 years and flee in fear for 2d6 turns; clerics of 7th level and above are immune, all others get +2 to the roll if 9th level or above. AC 8 on astral plane. Can *magic jar* once per day (personality factors 36), range 6". Guillaume cannot be turned. Will dissipate and reform in



three rounds if reduced to 0 hit points. Can be “slain” by convincing him he’s not the king of Rhesdain.

Guillaume’s chamber is only one small part of the real king’s tomb. However, the ghost does not tell the PCs there is more to the complex than this. They have to find that out by detecting for secret doors or by using the X-ray vision capability of Coeur’s sword. Guillaume explains that this is the entire tomb. A humble servant of the people, he did not want much wealth spent on a burial place for himself.

If the PCs have not tried to attack him, Guillaume begins to expound on the great accomplishments he made while in charge of the kingdom. DMs can be as creative and pompous as they like, as Guillaume is making all of this up. However, if the PCs listen to Guillaume for more than four rounds, they must save vs. spell or become confused (as per the spell) for 10 rounds. During this time Guillaume will attack.

If the PCs begin to search this area, Guillaume becomes aggravated and attacks. He also attacks if they begin looking around his sarcophagus or declare they do not believe he is the king.

If the PCs ask about a constitution, Guillaume says he created one. “It is the finest constitution Rhesdain ever had.” Guillaume doesn’t know what a constitution is, but he tries to bluff his way through it. If the PCs ask where it is, he says the present ruler has it.

If the PCs question him about the key he wears, Guillaume becomes very evasive. They must either guess correctly what it is, or convince him he is not the king before he admits the key opens the secret door in this chamber. PCs must defeat Guillaume (knock him down to 0 hit points) to get the key from him.

Guillaume is special because of his confusion effect and because the PCs cannot kill him unless they convince him he is not the real king. Guillaume dissipates when he reaches 0 hit points. However, three rounds later he returns at full hit points. Guillaume cannot be turned. When not angry or attacking, Guillaume does not

cause fear or aging on sight. Guillaume cannot pass beyond area B (so a quick exit through the secret door there rid the party of him), and he does not know what lies inside the tomb.

There are several ways to prove Guillaume is not the king. The easiest is to point out that King Jacobus is supposed to be buried here, and that Guillaume must be a servant or guardian or he wouldn’t be wearing a key.

The secret entrance to the remainder of the tomb is behind Guillaume’s sarcophagus. The sarcophagus must be moved before the wall can be swung aside. The secret door is magically locked. The key around Guillaume’s neck opens it. Otherwise, the PCs need to cast two *knock* spells in succession, or a *passwall*. Inside Guillaume’s sarcophagus is 1,000 sp, 1,000 gp, and a love poem from an old flame. The poem is addressed to Willy Dearest.

If the PCs meet the requirements to open the secret door, they again are hit by a wave of musty, dank air.

Wrapped-Up Followers

When the party opens the secret door, read the following to them.

The 20-foot-wide corridor beyond angles sharply to the southeast. The walls of the corridor are covered with perfectly preserved murals of the Rhesdain countryside. You recognize several of the landmarks, including Wolf’s hill. But many changes have taken place in the past few hundred years. Where a large grove of trees is depicted a village stands, and where small trees are painted now stands a climax forest. Your admiration of the artist’s work is cut short as you feel a wave of numbing cold hit you. Before you recover from your shivers, three mummies shuffle into sight.

The mummies are under Guillaume’s control, so they cannot be turned unless he is destroyed. The mummies have

been instructed to kill all intruders. They are a little more deadly than most mummies, for these are permeated with brown mold. Setting fire to these mummies or casting fire-based spells at them sets off the brown mold, which could spell death for the party. If the mummies are set on fire, Karmyn’s cold spells (if she’s memorized them) could save them.

Mummies (3): AC 3; MV 6; HD 6+3; hp 51 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1-12 + disease; AL LE; Size M; THAC0 15.

SA Save vs Spells on sight or be paralyzed 1d4 rounds; humans receive +2 bonus to save. Members of large parties outnumbering mummies 6 to 1 gain +1 to saving throw. Touch *causes disease*; fatal in 1d6 months, disease negates all *cure wounds* spells and slows non-magical healing to 10% of normal. Creatures killed by mummies cannot be resurrected unless *cure disease* and *raise dead* are applied within 6 turns.

Mummies are immune to normal weapons, sleep, charm, hold, cold, paralysis; 1/2 damage from all weapons (round down); magical fire does +1 per die; torch does 1-3 per blow; flaming oil does 1d8 first round, 2d8 second round; holy water does 2d4.

Brown mold infestation draws heat from living creatures in 5’ radius, doing 4d8 damage/round to humans and demi-humans. Cold magic (ice storm, wall of ice) causes dormancy for 5d6 turns; cone/wand of cold kills. Fire causes growth; torch 2x, oil 4x, *fireball* 6x, red dragon breath 8x. Ultraviolet light (sunlight) kills.

If the PCs beat Guillaume down to 0 hit points in the other room, he is rejuvenated by now and enters right behind the mummies. Remember that Guillaume continues to come back and plague the party until they convince him he is not the king, or until they exit the secret door to the east.

When the PCs defeat the mummies (and Guillaume), continue with the following:





A crumbling staircase can be seen to the south. It descends into a burial vault containing three stone caskets. The murals continue on the walls on both sides of the stairs and down into the vault.

The mummies' treasure, kept in the stone caskets, totals 1,000 gp and a dozen carved ivory and coral statues (worth about 800 gp each).

There is a secret door in this complex just north of the stairs leading to this vault. It is in the east wall. The secret door is not locked or trapped. However, because it is so massive, it will take a character with an 18 or greater Strength to open it.

Behind the secret door a 10-foot-wide stairway climbs into the Stygian darkness. The air is very stale here and feels cool. The stairs continue to ascend, then turn sharply south, and ascend more steeply to a landing. From this landing more stairs can be seen going up and to the east. The air feels moist now, and from somewhere above you hear rushing water. As you ascend, the noise becomes louder.

If the PCs continue up the stairs they reach a water-slick landing. Ten feet ahead of them is a rushing waterfall.

Rough Headwater

Read the following out loud when PCs encounter the waterfall.

The water thunders in a churning fall from a space near the ceiling. It gushes into a large grating in the floor of the chamber.

The PCs must pass through the waterfall to continue their journey into the tomb. If they have used the stream to enter the tomb they come out here, but they must still deal with the grate, which

has holes too small even for six-inch tall characters to pass through.

Directly behind the waterfall is a stone door with a bas relief of a hydra on it. It serves as a second guardian to the tomb. When approached, four of the heads animate and attack. The heads act just as if they were heads from a lernean hydra of the largest size. That is, they regenerate (see hydra statistics) unless fire is applied to the slain heads. However, the spray from the waterfall drenches the entire room, making normal fires impossible and making all fire-based spells 100% ineffective.

Hydra Construct: AC 5; MV none (10' reach); HD 10 points/head; #AT 1/head; D 2-12; AL N; Size H; THAC0 9.

The hydra has four heads. Each slain head regrows 2 heads in 1d4 rounds up to a maximum of 12, unless fire is applied to slain member or stump.

The characters have to deal with the water before they can effectively deal with the hydra. The following spells will accomplish this: *lower water*, *part water*, or two *create water* spells cast in reverse form. Other options might work depending on what the characters do. However, DMs must not let the players solve this problem easily.

PCs cannot go through the grate unless they are less than six inches tall, do not need to breathe air, and can cast *passwall* when they reach the rocky area the water spurts out of (see the description of the stream gurgling out by the tomb entrance).

Beyond this door is another set of stairs leading down into the earth. The air is getting colder and a little uncomfortable as you continue your descent. The stairs end at a small landing. Corridors heading north and south lead off the landing.

These corridors link up, then separate, with the north one leading to a dead end, and the south one leading to the next

encounter. Consult the map for the location of the "fun house" mirrors. These mirrors make the characters appear tall, fat, short, and split in two as they move in front of the glass. The mirrors radiate magic. However, the only magical property about them is their sturdiness. These mirrors cannot be broken until seven structural points of damage are done to each.

These corridors are lined in lead so Coeur's sword is not able to use its X-ray vision. Follow the PCs' progress, and when they reach the appropriate point on the map, continue with the following encounter.

Threading The Needle

As you continue down the corridor, you notice a brief spark of red light ahead. As you get closer, you see that the corridor ends in a wall with a narrow slit in the center; it reminds you of the eye of a needle. The "eye" is just wide enough for an unequipped human to walk through. As you study the crack, a small ball of light flashes by on the other side of the crack, about four feet off the floor. The ball was going north.

This is an elaborate trap that leads to the third and final guardian of the tomb, an iron golem which stands at the north end of the corridor beyond the "eye." The balls of light are delayed blast fireballs. They appear at the south end of the corridor and streak toward the golem. The golem picks up the ball and loads it into a slot high in the wall (9 feet up), thus reloading the fireball mechanism.

The trap produces seven fireballs per day, and recycles them indefinitely as long as they are picked up and put in the slot. One of these delayed blast fireballs arrives every other round. If the golem does not put it back in the wall, it will explode three segments after it appears. Each delayed blast fireball does $8d6 + 8$ points of damage. The blast range is indicated by dots on the map. Characters in

the blast range take full damage unless they save vs. wands. In addition to damaging the characters, the delayed blast fireball repairs damage to the iron golem. For every point of damage caused by the blast, the golem heals one point.

The walls here contain lead, making it impossible to spot the golem with X-ray vision.

To get through the "eye of the needle" and into the room with the golem, the characters have to take off backpacks and shields and squeeze through one at a time. The golem will attempt to prevent the PCs from continuing; the characters must deal with the golem and the delayed blast fireballs to go farther. For example, if the PCs realize they must put the balls in the slot in the wall, they may be able to avoid some of the blasts. To do this, however, they must reach the slot. The DM might allow a human to jump and stuff the ball in. This requires a successful attack roll vs. AC 0.

Iron Golem: AC 3; MV 6; HD 18; hp 80; #AT 1; Dmg 4-40; AL N; Size L; THAC0 7.

SD Hit only by +3 or better weapons; immune to most spells; electricity slows the golem for 3 rounds; fire heals, curing as many hp as there are points of damage inflicted. Once per 7 rounds the golem breathes poison gas in a 10' cube.

There is a secret door beyond the golem. It leads to the real king's tomb. The corridor (E) which extends to the south, forks and rejoins, and then leads into a small room, is of no significance. The corridor (F) which extends to the east, seems to fork and rejoin, and then leads to a small room, leads to the object of the PCs' quest. These corridors are lined with lead.

A Waste Of Time

The secret door beyond the iron golem leads to two corridors, one to the south and one to the east. If the PCs take the one to the south, read the following:

Following the corridor to the south, you find the passage forks, then rejoins, then leads into a small empty room. The walls of the corridors and the empty room are covered with more preserved murals, these featuring beautiful nature scenes of animals, birds, dryads, and centaurs.

There is nothing else of interest in this chamber.

"Really, I'm The King"

If the PCs take the eastward corridor, read the following:

This corridor to the east forks, rejoins, narrows, and leads to a small empty room. The walls here are covered in murals of palace scenes: beautiful women waiting on well dressed gentlemen, minstrels playing a variety of instruments, and young girls dancing.

To discover the entrance to King Jacobus's resting place, the PCs have to move the blocks marked on the map. The best way to discover this is to tap on the walls, noting a hollow sound behind the walls in these corridors. There is no such hollow sound in the corridors to the south (E). These blocks cannot be found by searching for secret doors; they aren't secret doors, they are solid pieces of stone. However, Scotty can spot them with a successful check for shifting walls. It takes a combined strength of 35 to move a block.

Behind the block is a gleaming gold sarcophagus covered in designs made of chipped rubies, emeralds, and pearls. The visage on the sarcophagus' lid is square-jawed and regal. Surrounding the sarcophagus are piles of gold, platinum, and gems. Weapons and armor jut from the piles.

If the PCs remove the lid of the sarcophagus, which is very heavy because it is solid gold, they see the magically-preserved remains of a man dressed in silks and velvets. A scepter rests in his right hand. This really is the first king of Rhesdain. The characters have to use *Speak with Dead* spells to communicate with him. However, unless the characters limit their questions to yes or no answers, Jacobus gives endlessly elaborate answers, exhausting the spell duration while imparting very little information (see below).

If the king is aware of the PCs taking any of his treasures, he will not help them because this causes him to distrust them. However, he will be cooperative if they leave his things alone.

The king is glad to have visitors and details the treasure he accumulated during his life, which the builders of the tomb buried with him. He is also proud of his sarcophagus, which he is certain cost a great deal of wealth to construct. He explains that he is a little dismayed about his tomb, however, as they didn't use the floor plan which he designed.

King Jacobus rambles on in the following manner in response to PC questions:

"See that sword to my right, the one sticking in the 34,000 platinum pieces? I got that as a gift from a knight of the kingdom of, oh, I forgot. Anyway, it's quite valuable. I know it's magical. I slew a small red dragon with it single-handedly. Well, the dragon was actually very large. Very, very large. And see that thick gold chain with the large emerald on it? When I traveled abroad one year I saw that in an exclusive jeweler's shop and bought it. And that urn..."

"My plan for a tomb was much better. And it really wouldn't have been any more difficult to build. I wouldn't have put all these stairs in. I would have made it all on one level, but there would have been lots of mazes and more impressive traps. If they had done things my way, you wouldn't be here."

If the PCs are eventually able to explain about the threat of the democracy and the rebels' claims of a constitutional charter, the king is aghast. He emphasizes that Rhesdain always has been a monarchy. The "charter" the rebels have referred to is actually a legacy Jacobus left for his successors, instructions on how to rule. He will be very upset if he learns that the present monarch is not following it to the letter. There is a copy of the charter carefully preserved in a secret compartment inside the sarcophagus. A successful search for secret doors inside the sarcophagus reveals the compartment without having to talk to the king.

The document interred with the king is a charter of rule signed by Rhesdaimian nobles from ancient times. The document is proof that the monarchy of Rhesdain is the sole sovereign government of the state, thus putting the lie to any claims of parliamentary rule. This document bears the king's signature and seal and is irrefutably genuine. It provides absolute proof that King Jacobus never intended Rhesdain to be a democracy.

Conclusion

With the discovery of the lost charter, the adventurers have completed their mission. They have only to return to Castle Spring with the document and present it to Queen Joanna. The journey can be expanded on with random encounters, or be summarized with a simple statement that the trip is uneventful. If played as part of a campaign, the return journey might be a suitable time for the PCs to have an encounter with one of the Queen's treasonous grandchildren or their minions. Any such side-adventures are for the DM to devise, and are beyond the scope of this module.

Queen Joanna greets the PCs on their return, and a feast is proclaimed in their honor. Read the following to the PCs.

You are greeted in the Great Hall of the castle with a fanfare of herald's trumpets. With pomp and ceremony you are welcomed by Queen Joanna

herself. Her words of praise are veiled, for the recent threat to the monarchy has never been discussed openly by the Queen. Yet the aristocrats and nobility present have no doubt what she is referring to when she says, "You have thwarted disloyal enemies of the throne, and upheld the legacy of King Jacobus. You are truly heroes of the realm."

If this adventure is played as part of an ongoing campaign, it may be appropriate for the Queen to bestow cash rewards or minor titles and rank on the successful PCs. Further adventures might include the PCs having to contend with the Queen's disgruntled grandchildren, upset at the derailment of their bid for power.



Player Characters

Karmyn 14th Level Mage/Female Elf

ST 12, IN 18, WS 12, DX 14, CN 11, CH 18; AC 2; MV 12; hp 31;
#AT 1; Dmg by weapon; AL NG; THACO 15.

Spells:

1st: *charm person, detect magic, jump, read magic, unseen servant*
2nd: *deep pockets, ESP, invisibility, Mel's acid arrow, web*
3rd: *detect illusion, dispel magic, lightning bolt, slow, protection from evil 10'*
4th: *charm monster, Evard's black tentacles, Rary's mnemonic enhancer, remove curse*

Karmyn carries a large *bag of holding*, a *belt pouch of holding*, a *crystal ball*, *helm of telepathy* (enchanted with a permanent *tongues* spell), a staff of striking, cloak of displacement, ring of warmth, ring of regeneration, earrings of protection +1 (10' radius), and a *pouch of useful items*. The pouch contains a dagger, lantern, 30 feet of rope, 8' pole, small sack, 18' wooden ladder, 8' rowboat, small campfire, 1 gallon canteen of fresh water.

Description: Karmyn is 479 years old, an elf from a remote wilderness valley. She is 5'6" tall and weighs 100 lbs. Her hair is silver blond and her eyes are kelly green.

5th: *airy water, animal growth, cloudkill, feeblemind*

6th: *control weather, Tenser's transformation*

7th: *delayed blast fireball*

Weapon Proficiencies: dagger, dart, staff.

Nonweapon Proficiencies: desert survival (18); heat survival (18); fire-building (11); weather sense (11).

Languages: Common, Elvish, Dwarvish, Gnome, Blue Dragon, Red Dragon, Gold Dragon, Green Dragon.

The Professor 15th Level Thief/Halfling

ST 10, IN 18, WS 14, DX 18, CN 15, CH 14; AC 0; MV 9; hp 57;
#AT 1; Dmg by weapon; AL CG; THACO 11.

Thief Skills: PP 95, OL 95, FT 85, MS 95, HS 95, DN 60, CW 89, RL 65

The Professor wears leather armor and carries a *short sword* +2, three silver daggers, a 2' metal rod and an 8' metal rod stored in his portable hole; he uses these rods to deliver *shocking grasp* at a distance. In addition he has *Quaal's feather tokens* (bird, tree, whip), a *ring of shocking grasp*, *wand of magic detection*, *wand of wonder*, *cloak of the bat*, *bracers of defense* (AC 6), *boots of speed*, *portable hole*, *bag of tricks*, *spectacles of comprehending languages*, *gloves of missile snaring*, *continual light rock*, and a *potion of growth*.

Description: The Professor is 50 years old, 3'2" tall and weighs 76 lbs. His hair and eyes are brown.

Weapon Proficiencies: dagger, dart, sling, club, short sword

Nonweapon Proficiencies: Animal Lore (18), Plant Lore (18), Rope Use (18), Fungus Identification (18), Ancient History (17)

Languages: Halfling, Common, Gnome, Pixie, Hill Giant, Elvish

Personal History

This halfling likes to be called "The Professor": a name that fits better than his real one, which he never reveals. Learning is his vice, for knowledge is more valuable to him than any treasure. The Professor also likes to share his knowledge with others, especially children.

Scotty 10th Level Fighter/13th Level Thief/Dwarf

ST 18/00, IN 10, WS 14, DX 18, CN 15, CH 14, CM 14; AC 2; MV 9; hp 62; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon; AL CG; THACO 11.

Thief Skills: PP 95, OL 80, FT 90, MS 95, HS 60, DN 40, CW 89, RL 51.

Weapon Proficiencies: short sword, bastard sword, scimitar, dagger,

Scotty wears *leather armor* +2 and carries five doses of *Keoghtom's Ointment*, a *short sword of quickness*, *crossbow of distance*, 12 *quarrels* +2, a *dwarven throwing hammer* +3, three pinches of *dust of disappearance*, *boots of levitation*, a *figurine of wondrous power* (golden boar), and a *potion of invulnerability*. He also carries magical bagpipes, which cause *fear* in opponents within 100 yards (ST vs Spell at +2 to the roll).

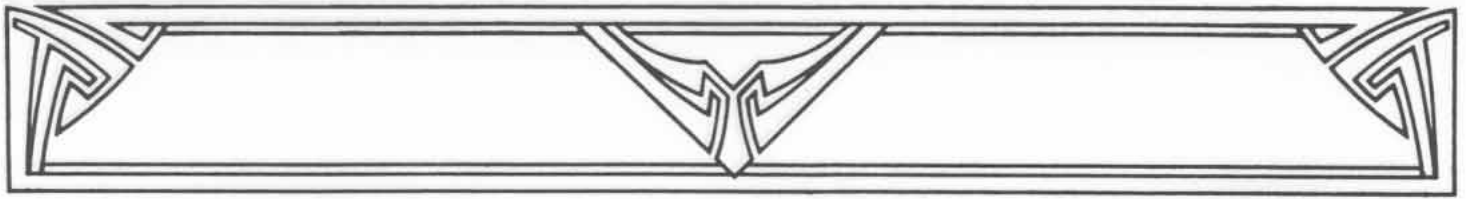
Description: Scotty is 100 years old. He is 4'2" tall, weighs 156 lbs., and has brown hair and green eyes.

battle ax, hand ax, crossbow

Nonweapon Proficiencies: blacksmith (18), weaponsmith (7),

armorer (14), bowyer/fletcher (17), rope use (18), stone mason (16)

Languages: Dwarvish, Common, Gnoll



Personal History

Orphaned in a village raid as a youngster, Karmyn and other surviving elf children were discovered and taken in by wandering priests, who found homes for most of the orphans. Karmyn, however, stayed with the clerics and grew up in the temple, where she was taught to respect all races of good alignments.

Karmyn's magical talent was recognized early on by the temple mage, a woman who gave the elf her initial training in magic. But Karmyn's ambition eventually drove her to leave the temple, in hopes of increasing her abilities beyond the limits normal for mages of her race. Nearly obsessed with this dream, she pursues all opportunities to acquire magic items and arcane knowledge. Most of all, she wants to find a ring of wishes or some other powerful magic that can boost her personal powers.

Karmyn has been with her present comrades for about a year and has come to think of several of them as close friends. She is always with at least one of them, for as a result of her childhood trauma she is afraid of being by herself. She masks her fear behind a facade of bravery and self-importance, bragging about her abilities and constantly pointing out the value of her presence in the group. She often goes out of her way to show off her powers, and always tries to find ways to impress others.

Karmyn's favorite vehicle for showing off is using her linguistic ability. She likes to learn languages and gladly teaches them to others. This mage takes offense quickly, exhibiting a short and dangerous temper when insulted or questioned. But she is also quick to forgive, one of her better traits.

The Professor is at his best when surrounded by books and children. Books are his best friends, and children of all races always seem eager to learn, so he gets along well with them. He loves to tell them stories of his adventures and what he has learned from his books.

This halfling is easy going and finds something good in everyone, even though the scholar in him studies the faults of others. Taking life slowly, he soaks in every experience, every sound, every blade of grass. He likes to adventure because it lets him experience as much as possible. Some day the Professor plans on writing a book about his exploits.

The Professor likes to be in the limelight and recognized for his accomplishments, sometimes going out of his way to get attention. Nevertheless, he is a down-to-earth fellow who makes friends easily, and would do almost anything for those he considers close.

The Professor is acquainted with the retired queen, Amber Lune, and is happy to serve the reigning queen, Joanna, in this quest. He has little tolerance for this nonsense about a democracy—the Professor recalls from his ancient history that Rhedain was always intended to be a monarchy. Unfortunately, the proof to that is in a library a thousand miles distant. Besides, the halfling knows that not everyone would believe his historical pronouncements about this matter—especially not the upstarts who are trying to depose the queen.

Personal History

When he has a magical short sword in his right hand, a jug of good ale in his left, and a few stalwart companions at his side, life can't get any better. His favorite recollections are those of evenings spent in crowded inns with big wild pigs roasting over open fires and ale pouring freely and often. Why, it wasn't too long ago that his friend, Wolf, speared a giant boar that fed everyone in the tavern at least twice.

He was born Soctoryn the Bold, fourth son of Soctoryn the Red of the Great Clan of the Cave Boar. However, he calls himself Scotty because it is more friendly and easier for humans to pronounce. He lives life to its fullest, grabbing all the ale and good times he can get. He enjoys a good fight, a good joke, and a good party—not necessarily in that order. Sometimes he goes out of his way to get all three. He likes thieving, too. It's a great thrill to steal a well-guarded treasure. But he's careful not to steal from people less fortunate than himself. He's even been known to do a little robbing from the rich to give to the poor.

Scotty proudly wears the red-and-green tartan of his family and carries his magical bagpipes wherever he goes. He is never without his grandfather's shield that is etched with the head of a cave boar, a family heirloom he intends to pass on to his children. Scotty has eight children and a wife at home.

Scotty gets along with everyone and does his best to get everyone to like him. He is jovial and easy-going and almost never without a smile. Life is much too short, even for dwarves, to carry around a bad temper. That's the problem with some humans, he thinks: they anger too easily and look for the bad in people rather than the good. It's unfortunate that some of them can't adopt his philosophy.

Player Characters

Coeur 15th Level Fighter/Female Human

ST 17, IN 16, WS 16, DX 10, CN 18, CH 13, CM 15; AC -1; MV 9; hp 104; #AT 2; Dmg by weapon; AL LN; THACO 6.

Weapon Proficiencies: long sword, short sword, two-handed sword, bastard sword, broad sword, scimitar, falchion, khopesh

Nonweapon Proficiencies: blind fighting, tracking (16), running (12), endurance (18)

Ruddas: INT 17, EGO 13, AL LN. X-Ray vision twice per day, detect charm five times per day, detect large traps. All abilities work in a 30-foot range. Speaks Common, Dwarvish, Woodland Mammal, Burrowing Mammal. *Ruddas* does not want its possessor to carry additional swords. The sword takes over when Coeur drops below 44 hit points.

Description: Coeur is 31. She is 5'5" tall and weighs 120 lbs. Her hair is flame red and her eyes cobalt blue.

Languages: Common, Elvish, Dwarvish, Lizardman, Gnome, Goblin

Coeur wears *plate mail +2*, and carries a *shield +2*, a *scarab of protection (2 charges)*, *3 javelins of lightning*, *gauntlets of ogre power*, *oil of sharpness (x2)*, *oil of impact (x3)*, *oil of protection (x3)*, and an intelligent *long sword +3* named *Ruddas*.

Personal History

Coeur is an absolute perfectionist. When faced with a problem she considers everything carefully until she reaches the perfect solution; then she makes a plan and proceeds with a fervor few possess. She never backs down from a mission or refuses one. She pays attention to detail. Nothing gets by her.

Yahscha von Nurvie 14th Level Fighter/Human

ST 18/00, IN 15, WS 13, DX 15, CN 18, CH 14; AC -2; MV 9; hp 103; #AT 2; Dmg by weapon; AL LG; THACO 7.

Weapon Proficiencies: lance, broadsword, horseman's flail, horseman's mace, scimitar, javelin, military pick.

Yahscha wears full plate mail and bears a *shield +1*. In addition, he carries a *broad sword +3* called *Aloysius*, a *lance +1*, *horseman's flail +1*, *horseman's mace +1*, *scimitar +1*, *javelin +1*, *horseman's military pick +1*, a *rod of cancellation*, *beaker of plentiful potions*, *ring of free action*, *Bucknard's everful purse*, a *scroll of protection vs. illusion*, *scroll of protection from possession*, and a *jewel of flawlessness* (5 facets remaining). Former magic items include a *rod of splendor*, which was stolen. His preferred weapon is his intelligent broad sword, *Aloysius*.

Aloysius: INT 16, EGO 15, AL LG. Detects precious metals, their kind and amount; detects evil, invisible, and magic; clairaudience 3x day; speaks Common and Lawful Good. *Aloysius* has an intense desire to overthrow chaos.

Description: Yahscha is 43 years old. He is 5'10" tall, weighs 170 pounds, has black hair and blue eyes. He wears his 25 medals and awards visibly at all times.

Nonweapon Proficiencies: Riding Horses (16), Blind-fighting, Tracking (13), Fire-building (12), Endurance (18)

Languages: Common, Elvish, Dwarvish, Halfling

Atienne 14th Level Druid (The Great Druid)/Half Elf

ST 14, IN 10, WS 18, DX 15, CN 16, CH 18; AC 4; MV 12; hp 91; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; AL N; THACO 12.

Weapon Proficiencies: staff, scimitar, sling, dagger

Nonweapon Proficiencies: direction sense (19), weather sense (17), riding horses (21)

Languages: Common, Druidic, Elvish, Gnoll, Dryad, Hill Giant, Treantish

Spells:

1st: *animal friendship*, *create water*, *cure light wounds*, *detect poison*, *detect snares & pits*, *entangle*, *locate animals or plants*, *shillelagh*

2nd: *barkskin*, *charm mammal*, *dust devil*, *heat metal*, *messenger*, *obscurement*, *resist cold*, *slow poison*

3rd: *call lightning*, *plant growth*, *pyrotechnics*, *snare*, *stone shape*, *summon insects*, *water walk*

4th: *animal summoning I*, *cure serious wounds*, *hallucinatory forest*, *hold plant*, *lower water*, *neutralize poison*, *speak with plants*

5th: *air walk*, *animal growth*, *commune with nature*, *rainbow*, *transmute rock to mud*

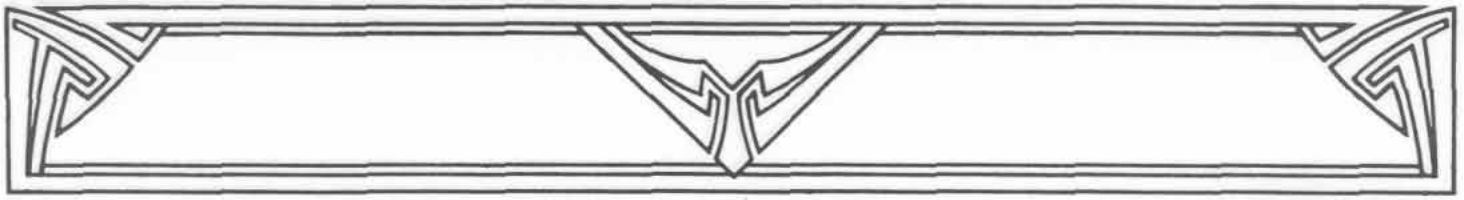
6th: *conjure animals*, *conjure fire elementals*, *turn wood*, *weather summoning*

7th: *changestaff*, *earthquake*, *wind walk*

Druidical Abilities: +2 to STs vs fire or electrical attacks; identification of plants, animals, and pure water; pass without trace through overgrown areas; immunity to charm spells cast by woodland creatures; shape change into reptile, bird, or mammal, 3X per day.

Atienne wears *leather armor +3* and bears a *wooden shield +3*. She carries a *staff of the woodlands*, a *hornblade +2*, *dagger +2*, *periapt of health*, *robe of blending*, *amulet vs. undead*, and one stick of *incense of meditation*

Description: Atienne is 101 years old. She is 5'1" tall, weighs 110 pounds, has pale blond hair and violet eyes.



These traits helped her advance through the ranks of the Rhesdain Army until she was given command of the Queen's Watch. In charge of the monarch's personal guard, Coeur answers only to the queen and her few other superiors—including, she is sad to admit, Wolf, Her Majesty's Indispensable Minister.

Coeur lives her life according to the strictest of military regulations. She is rarely seen without her uniform surcoat, with belt, medals, and gold braid strictly in place. Her preciseness is evident everywhere. She carries small metal sticks to accurately measure the amounts of her magic oils, and the hem of her surcoat falls precisely two and a half inches from the heels of her polished boots. She presents a striking image and is a role model for the kingdom's young people.

This high-ranking fighter is loyal to Queen Joanna. She obeys orders, recognizing that some orders are open to interpretation—especially orders that aren't perfect. She hopes her great accomplishments will catch the Queen's attention so that Her Majesty will promote Coeur again. Her goal is to be Marshal of the Rhesdain Army.

Coeur realizes that her present mission could decide who will control the Kingdom of Rhesdain. If the Kingdom falls under someone else's control, she will have to consider switching allegiance. It really doesn't matter to her whose army she commands. However, she is concerned about being away from her troops on this mission, since their discipline could erode. She will have to put them through a rigorous routine when she returns.

Personal History

Yahscha von Nurvie is the highest-level noble fighter in the Kingdom of Rhesdain—and the richest. He wears his medals and awards like a duke wears a crown. He is proud of his great achievements and wants to be recognized by his peers as a true champion.

Yahscha tries to take charge of any undertaking, especially missions like this one. He wants the Queen to realize that he should be considered her champion—not some upstart elvish ranger who isn't a proper nobleman. Yahscha will do all he can to make the current mission successful, and will take full credit for doing so.

This noble fighter loves battle, where he is free to independently exercise his unmatched fighting skill. He shows no restraint in pointing out a subordinate's (or friend's) faulty techniques. His chief goal is to fight enough battles and defeat enough monsters in the kingdom to improve his prowess, level, and status. Yahscha fears nothing and will dare anything, confident of his incredible strength and his magic sword, Aloysius. He is vain about his personal appearance and always appears dressed in uniform and medals.

This nobleman comes from an impeccable family. His father, a duke, is very old; Yahscha is the eldest son and next in line for the title. He dislikes Wolf, Her Majesty's Indispensable Minister, seeing him as a rival for Queen Joanna's favor. When Yahscha inherits his father's title, the Queen and the rest of the populace—including Wolf—will have to deal with this fighter on his own terms.

Yahscha's favorite possession is a big black warhorse named Wolf. This Wolf does what he tells him to.

Personal History

Atienne, the Great Druid, is one with nature and usually finds the company of animals to be better than the company of humans. She likes the outdoors, especially seashores and the beaches, but admires all natural beauty. She will defend nature to her death, dealing out harsh justice to those who needlessly injure plants and animals. For example, evil creatures have recently flocked into her territory in search of rabbits, and far too many of the cute, furry creatures have been trapped and killed. The beings who have instigated this attack—whatever the reason—are going to pay.

Atienne shows respect to all creatures and plants by talking with them whenever practical. Their outlook on life nearly matches her own, untainted by the corruption of civilization, although their ideas and goals are simplistic.

There are times when this druid feels a need to be with people who are not among her druidic circle of associates. Afterwards, she better appreciates nature and the behavior of animals, since she feels that people are a little too preoccupied with civilized achievements. Her own position of leadership among the druids is "natural," since she received that rank through merit. She feels superior to others who search for success in their artificial civilization. Atienne enjoys defeating challengers to her position, and looks forward to the day when she will be experienced enough to challenge the Grand Druid. She is certain she will win.

Civilization is one of the few things the Great Druid fears. She becomes overly cautious around the trappings of man, relying on her friends to help her fit into society when necessary. She has much to learn about civilization, and feels she will never fit in.

Player Characters

Alan of the Sunset 14th Level Priest/Human

ST 16, IN 12, WS 18, DX 12, CN 18, CH 16; AC 2; MV 12; hp 79; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; AL NG; THACO 12.

Weapon Proficiencies: mace, staff, club, flail, hammer

Nonweapon Proficiencies: riding horses (21), fishing (17), healing (16), swimming (16), cooking (14)

Languages: Common, Dwarvish, Elvish, Orcish

Spells:

1st: *bless, create water, cure light wounds, invisibility to undead, light, purify food and drink, remove fear, sanctuary*

In addition, as a cleric of Ulaa, Alan has gained the following spells: *detect invisible objects, dig, passwall, and stone to flesh*. Furthermore, his special chosen foe is hill giants, against which in melee he attacks at +4.

Alan wears chain mail +3, which dispels exhaustion 1x day. He carries a *mace +1, hammer +1, a large bag of holding, girdle of hill giant strength, alchemy jug, ring of sustenance, and 10 vials of holy water.*

Description: Alan of the Sunset is 32 years old. He is 6' tall and weighs 180 pounds. His hair is black and his eyes gray.

Personal History

Alan is a priest, a chef, and a gentleman. He likes to eat good food, and lots of it. A true gourmand, he carries with him all the essential supplies for making a good meal—except, of course, fresh meat—that must be acquired shortly before meal time. He insists on stopping early enough each evening during an adventure to properly prepare a repast. A good meal will keep any group of adventurers happy and healthy. Alan firmly believes it isn't good to fight and explore on an empty stomach. Hungry adventurers have slower reflexes, and the priest doesn't want to see friends die in battle because they couldn't dodge a killing blow for lack of proper nourishment.

Actually, Alan believes his companions have little to complain about anyway. He performs excellently in a fight. With his *girdle of hill giant strength* he can cut down any foe. And when physical might doesn't work, he always has an assortment of clerical spells that deal out damage. So, not only can he save the party's bacon, but he can cook it as well.

Alan admits he has a few faults. He isn't the snappiest dresser, choosing to wear clothes in shades of green or brown that others might have discarded a few years ago. But he is comfortable in them. He's just a jovial churchman who is more interested in serving people other than himself with wealth. He is incredibly generous, always putting others before himself. His deity is Ulaa, patroness of miners, hillmen, mountaineers, and quarrymen. His deity doesn't care for violence. Neither does Alan, although he realizes it is necessary sometimes.

Wolf 15th Level Ranger/Elf

ST 18/00, IN 17, WS 18, DX 13, CN 18, CH 10; AC 2; MV 12; hp 110; #AT 2/1 (5/2 with long sword); Dmg by weapon; AL NG; THACO 6.

Weapon Proficiencies: long sword (specialized; +1 to hit/+2 dmg), long bow, spear, dagger, hand axe, bec de corbin, quarterstaff, sling

Nonweapon Proficiencies: endurance (18), running (12), riding horses (21), animal lore (17), wilderness survival (17), swimming (18), hunting (17), tracking (22).

Languages: Common, Elvish, Gnomish, Centaur, Brownie, Pixie.

Wolf wears *bracers of defense (AC 2), a ring of protection +2, cloak of protection +2, and boots of striding and springing*. He is armed with a *long sword +4 Defender, long bow +2, quiver of Ehlonna, 10 arrows +3, and 8 arrows +2*. Wolf has *Heward's handy haversack, a periapt of health, an amulet vs. undead, a ring of mind shielding, 2 potions of extra healing, 2 potions of sweet water, 1 potion of rainbow hues, and a gem of life energy protection (3 charges)*.

Description: Wolf is 481 years of age. He is 5'2" tall and weighs 110 pounds. His hair is sandy brown and his eyes are hazel.

Personal History

Wolf is embarrassed by his title, "Her Majesty's Indispensable Minister", but is flattered by it nonetheless. He has little tolerance for the favor-courrying courtiers or the gaudy uniform that came with the title. Wolf avoids court when he can, residing in his modest wilderness castle. There he spends time in reflection and wilderness patrols, recently saving a halfling village from a bullet. Though the halflings wanted to glamorize the deed, Wolf vowed them to silence, reluctant to be made out a hero for a simple task.

Wolf is content with his level of accomplishments and no longer cares to advance himself. He continues to adventure for the fun of it, and to keep the less fortunate safe from things they can't handle. Wolf realizes that he is unpopular with some important people in the kingdom because of the favor shown him by the Queen. Regardless, he continues his loyal service to Queen Joanna and will do all he can to keep the Kingdom of Rhesdain and the monarchy from harm.

Wolf is a natural leader, capable of taking charge of a situation and making decisions quickly. However, he does not seek the leadership position, preferring instead that one of his companions takes that role. If no one assumes leadership (of if the party begins to dawdle), he speaks up. Wolf is a driving force in many adventuring parties because of his strong desire to succeed. He never accepts defeat as long as he has a chance to survive and accomplish his goals.

2nd: *chant, enthrall, fire trap, goodberry, hold person, silence 15', spiritual hammer, wyvern watch*

3rd: *continual light, create food & water, cure blindness, cure disease, dispel magic, glyph of warding, remove paralysis*

4th: *cloak of bravery, control temperature 10', detect lie, protection from evil 10', spell immunity, tongues*

5th: *atonement, flame strike, true seeing*

6th: *blade barrier, heroes' feast*

Halfling, Gnome

Ranger Abilities: In studded armor or lighter, can fight two-handed at no penalty; move silently 99%; hide in shadows 99%; +4 to attacks vs gnolls; animal empathy.

Spells (cast at 8th level of skill):

1st: *detect snares & pits, invisibility to animals, pass without trace*

2nd: *barkskin, snake charm, speak with animals*

3rd: *hold animal, plant growth*

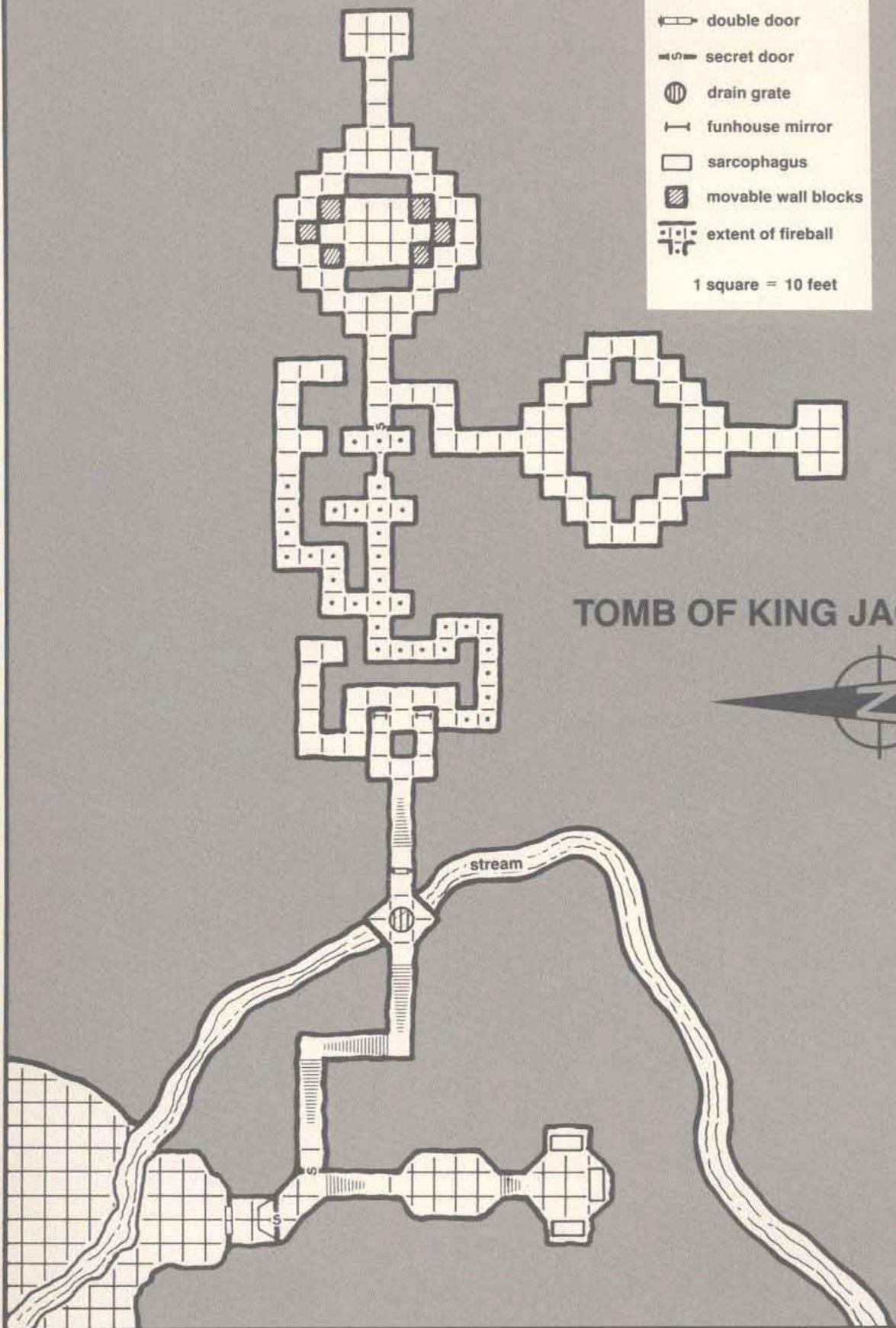
DM's Character Summary

Character Summary

	Race	Class	Level	THACO	AC	hp	MV	#AT	Weapons	Proficiencies	Spells	Thief Skills	Special Skills
Alan of the Sunset	Human	Priest	14	12	2	79	12	1	mace +1, hammer +1	horse riding (21), fishing (17), healing (16), swimming (16), cooking (14)	8/8/7/6/3/2	—	—
Atienne	Half Elf	Druid	14	12	4	91	21	1	horriblade +2, dagger +2	direction sense (19), weather sense (17), horse riding (21)	8/8/7/7/5/4/3	—	+2 on fire/ electrical ST's, immune to charm, pass without trace, shapechange
Coeur	Human	Fighter	15	6	-1	104	9	2	3x javelins of lightning, long sword +3 (Ruddas; controls Coeur at 44 hp)	tracking (16), running (12), endurance (18), blind fighting	—	—	—
Karmyn	Elf	Wizard	14	15	2	31	12	1	dagger	desert survival (18), heat survival (18), fire building (11), weather sense (11)	5/5/5/4/4/2/1	—	—
The Professor	Halfling	Thief	15	11	0	57	9	1	short sword +2, 3x silver daggers	animal lore (18), plant lore (18), rope use (18), fungus identification (18), ancient history (17)	PP 95, OL 95, FT 85, MS 95, HS 95, DN 60, CW 85, RL 65	—	—
Scotty	Dwarf	Fighter	10/13	11	2	62	9	3/2	short sword of quickness, crossbow of distance, dwarven throwing hammer +3	blacksmith (18), weaponsmith (7), armorer (14), bowyer/fletcher (17), rope use (18), stone mason (16)	—	PP 95, OL 80, FT 90, MS 95, HS 60, DN 40, CW 89, RL 51	—
Yabscha von Nurvie	Human	Thief	14	7	-2	103	9	2	broad sword +3 (Aloysius; detects metal, evil, magic and invisible), lance +1, horseman's fall +1, horseman's mace +1, scimitar +1, javelin +1, horseman's military pick +1	horse riding (16), tracking (13), fire building (12), endurance (18)	—	—	—
Wolf	Elf	Ranger	15	6	2	110	12	2 (5/2 with long sword)	long sword +4 Defender, long bow +2	endurance (18), running (12), horse riding (21), animal lore (17), wilderness survival (17), hunting (17), swimming (18), tracking (22)	3/3/2	—	MS 99, HS 99, animal empathy, +4 vs grolls

-  door
-  double door
-  secret door
-  drain grate
-  funhouse mirror
-  sarcophagus
-  movable wall blocks
-  extent of fireball

1 square = 10 feet

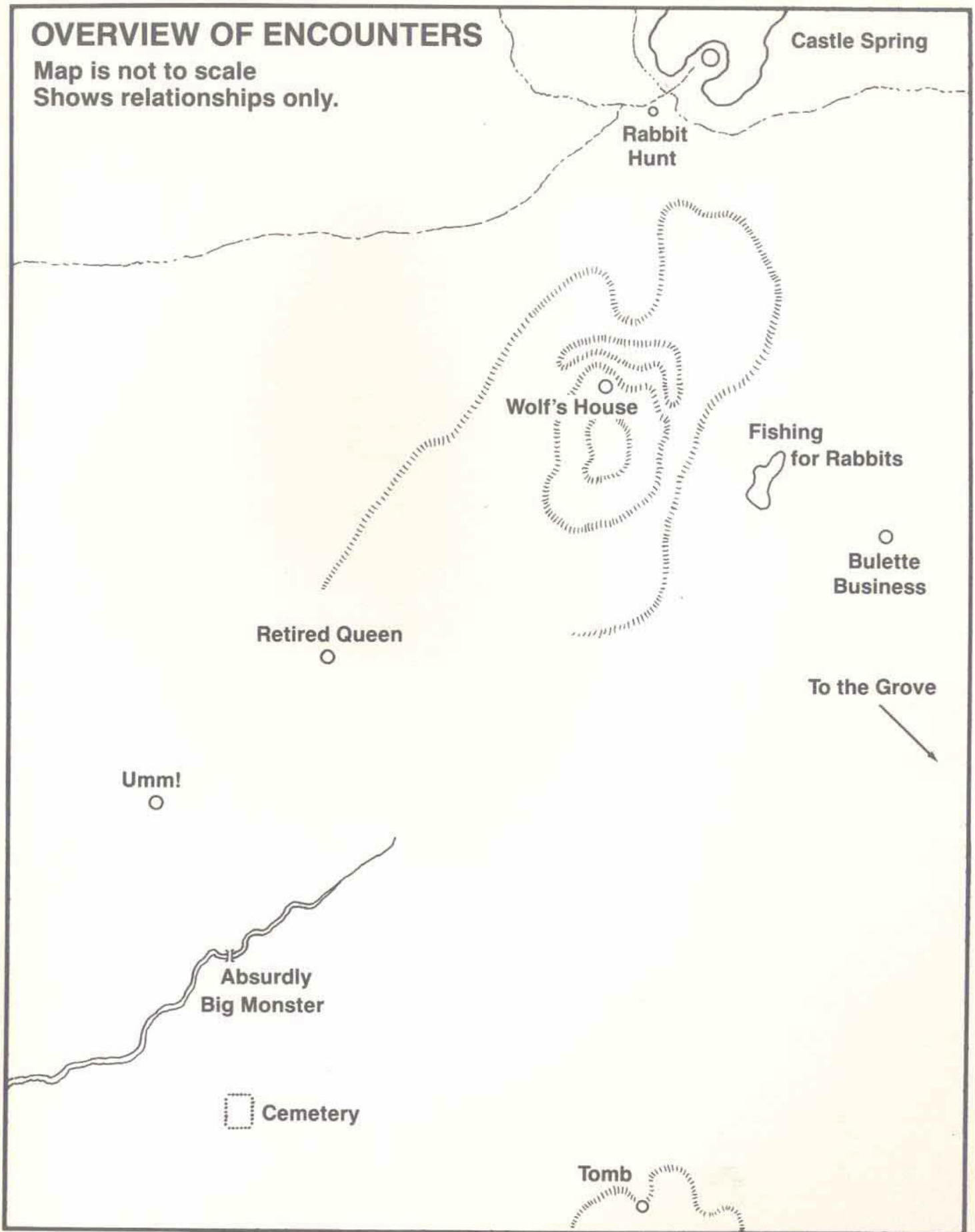


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OVERVIEW OF ENCOUNTERS

Map is not to scale
Shows relationships only.



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