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Advanced Dungeons & Dragons[®]
2nd Edition

LANKHMAR™

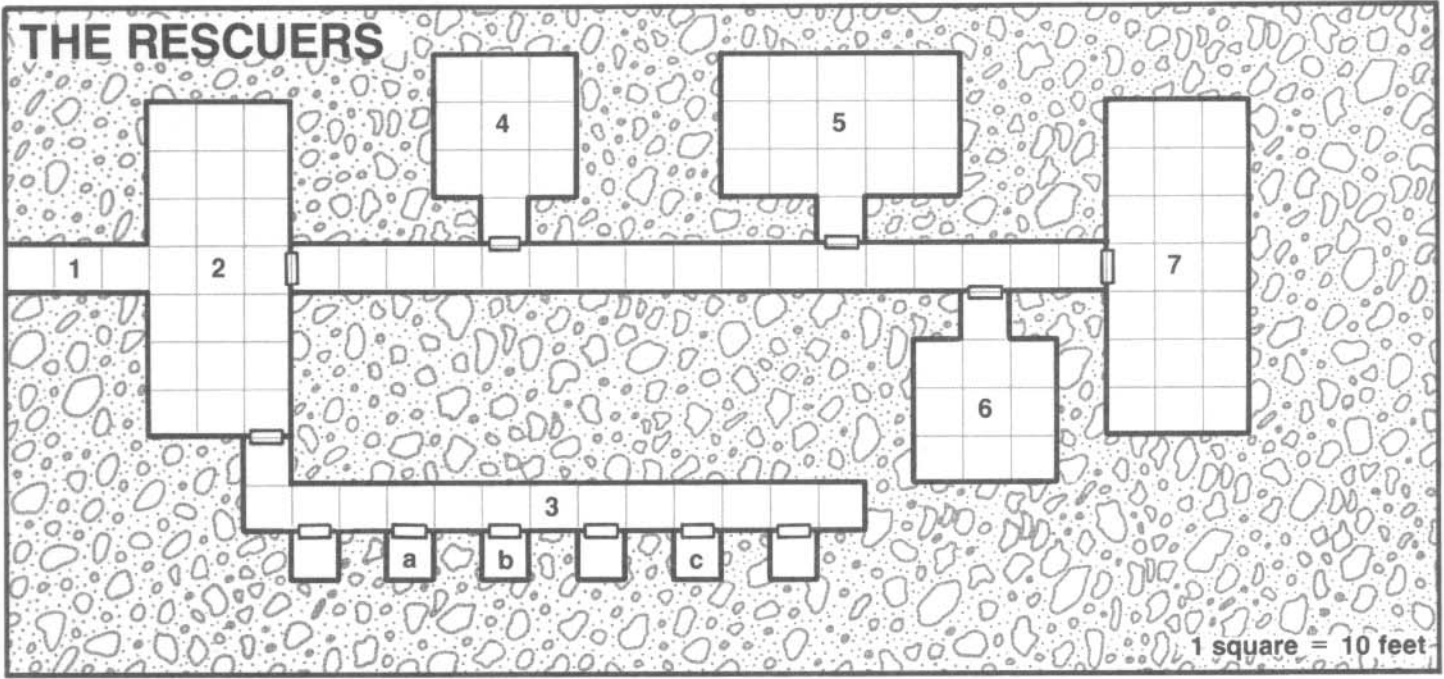
Official Game Accessory

Tales of Lankhmar

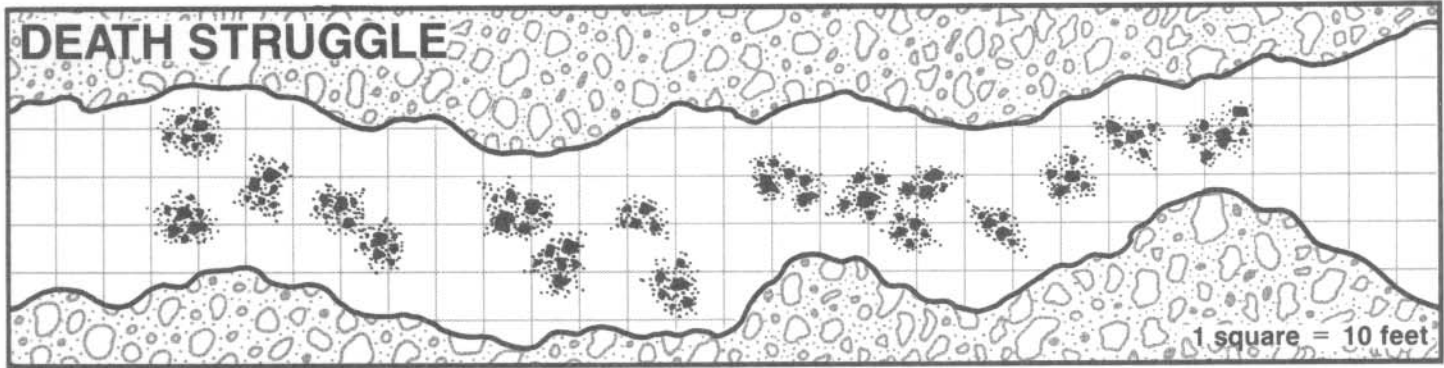
By Anthony Pryor



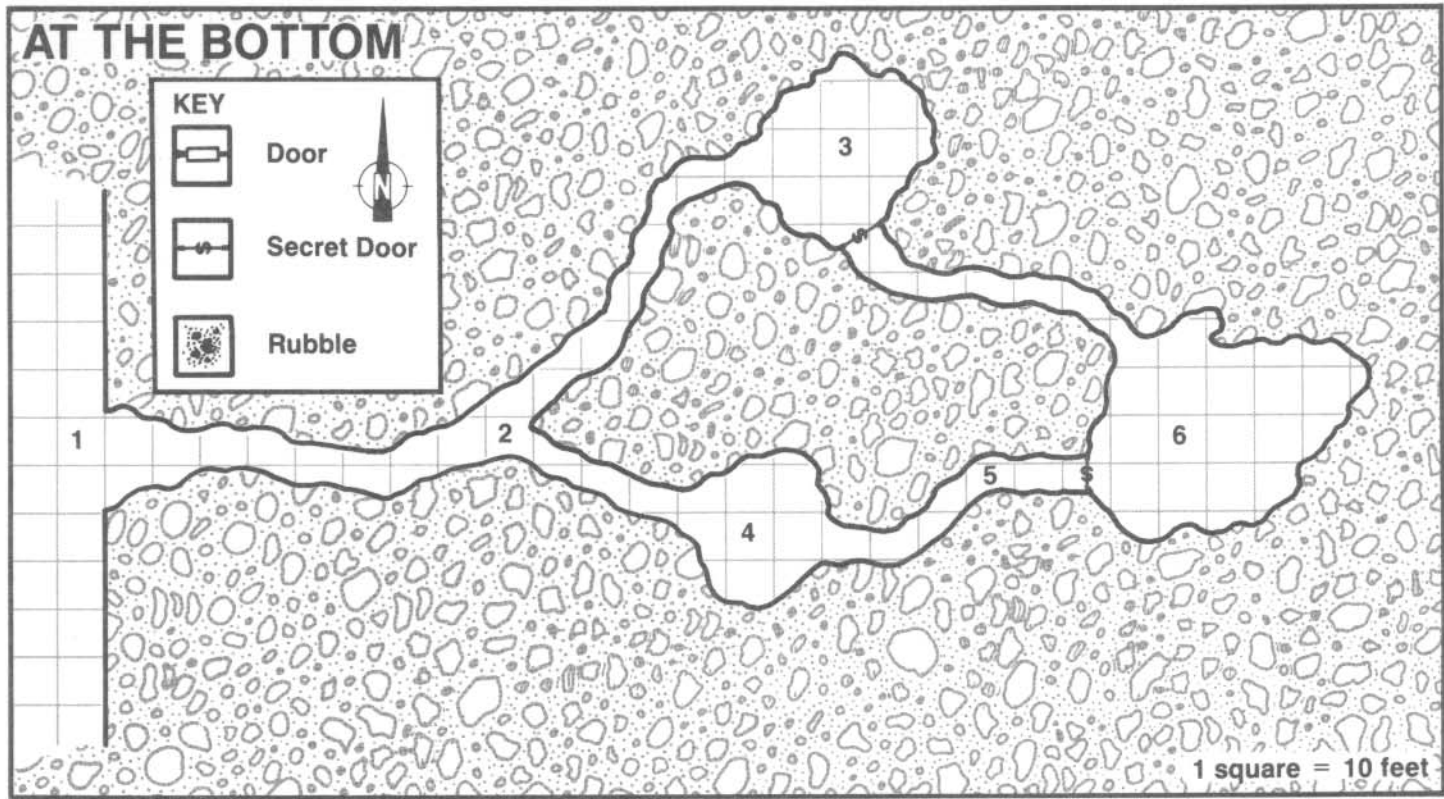
THE RESCUERS



DEATH STRUGGLE



AT THE BOTTOM



LANKHMAR™

Official Game Adventure

Tales of Lankhmar

by Anthony Pryor

Table of Contents

Introduction	3
The Silver Eel Tavern	4
A Cask Full of Trouble	12
Red God's Curse	16
When Walks the Wyrn	22
In the Land of the Pale Ones	29
House of Mazes	38
A New God	43
War in Lankhmar Below	49
Part 2: The Rescuers	53
Part 3: Death Struggle	57
Part 4: At the Bottom	59
Askhalite	62
Ice Cat	63

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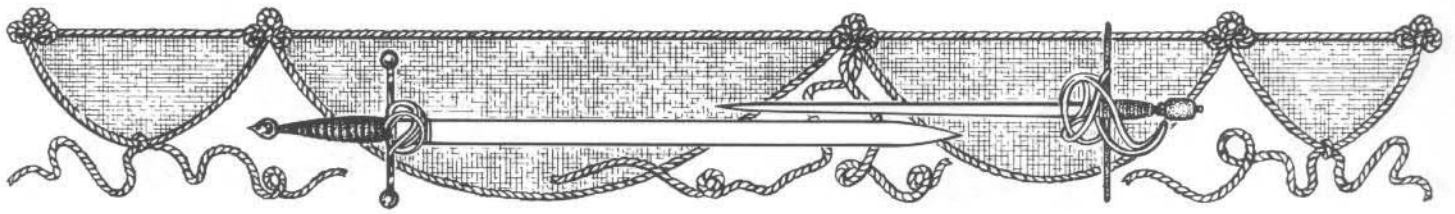
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Introduction

Welcome to Lankhmar, ancient city of Sevenscore Thousand Smokes, where thieves scheme behind every door, and rats lurk in every sewer. Here, brave adventurers may find their fortune or, more often than not, peril.

Tales of Lankhmar is a collection of adventures for AD&D® game characters set in Fritz Leiber's world of NEHWON™, home of the infamous rogues FAFHRD™ and the GRAY MOUSER™, as well as their associates, the wizards Sheelba and Ningauble, the civilized rats of Lankhmar Below, the Invisibles of Stardock, and many others.

Each adventure begins with a brief fictional introduction, intended to set the tone of the tale to come. Suggested party levels are listed; these can be adjusted up or down by varying the number and level of the party's opponents.

Monetary Conversions

The following coins, listed with their AD&D game equivalents, are in common circulation in Lankhmar.

Lankhmar Coin	AD&D Equivalent
Iron Tik	Copper Piece
Bronze Ago!	Silver Piece
Silver Smerduk	Electrum Piece
Gold Rilk	Gold Piece
Diamond-in-Amber Gluldich	100 Platinum Pieces

Spell Casting in Lankhmar

While magic is a fact of life in Lankhmar, Nehwon is a magic-poor world compared to other AD&D campaign settings. Magical items are much rarer (and consequently more valuable), and casting times are increased as listed in the following chart.

Casting Time	Nehwon Equivalent
Segment	Round
Round	Turn
Turn	Hour
Hour	Day

Social Level

Social level is an important factor in day-to-day life in Lankhmar. In addition to an overall measure of importance, social level also determines the severity of criminal punishment (see below).

A character's social level is equal to one-third of the character's level to a maximum of 10. This number is then modified as listed on the Social Level Modifier Table.

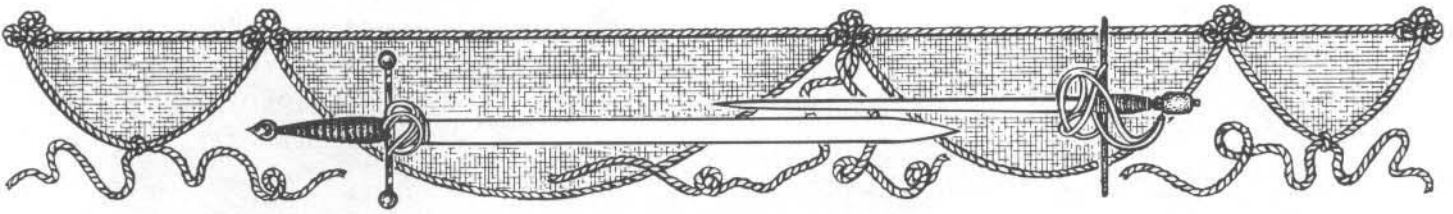
Social Level Modifier Table

Modifier	Cause
+2	Publicly saves city from catastrophe (applies to that city only)
+1	Allied with a powerful institution (i.e., the Thieves' Guild)
+1	Spend twice the money associated with this SL
-1	Displays cowardice publicly
-1	Creates serious problem for many people (large fire, murder of guildmaster, etc.)

Social level determines reactions by NPCs. Reactions are adjusted by the difference (positive or negative) between a PC and an NPC. When encountering the city guards, there is a 10% chance for each SL above 1 that they will ignore any illegal act.

Criminal Justice

Idealists who speak of such high-minded concepts as "Law" and "Justice" while within Lankhmar's walls usually meet with derision, and often a serious knock on the head. Lankhmar's city guard is notoriously corrupt, and is willing to look the other way, or otherwise tacitly cooperate in criminal activities if the price is right. The Overlord, supposed fount of all justice in Lankhmar, is usually too busy with matters of state (such as feasts, masked balls, and dealing with his mistresses). Legal penalties are dealt with on page 11.



The Silver Eel Tavern

The Silver Eel bustled with pleasantly raucous excitement. Fighting men predominated and the clank of swordsmen's harness mingled with the thump of tankards, providing a deep obligato to the shrill laughter of the women. Swaggering guardsmen elbowed the insolent bravos of the young lords. Grinning slaves bearing open wine jars dodged nimbly between. In one corner a slave girl was dancing, the jingle of her silver anklet bells inaudible in the din. Outside the small, tight-shuttered windows a dry, whistling wind from the south filled the air with dust that eddied between the cobblestones and hazed the stars. But here all was jovial confusion.

—From *The Bleak Shore* by Fritz Leiber

A rickety structure, ravaged by the elements and in constant disrepair, the Silver Eel is not the most luxurious building in Lankhmar, and far from the finest inn. Dirty and ugly, a haven for the lowest level of Lankhmar society, the Silver Eel is nonetheless famous, especially for those who follow the career of Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser, for the Eel is their favorite tavern, and the scene of both triumph and tragedy.

The Eel is presently four stories tall—the fifth having been destroyed in a fire started by Fafhrd and the Mouser after the deaths of their two loves at the hands of the Thieves' Guild. Braggi, the obese and somewhat slovenly owner of the tavern, had the damage repaired, but the fifth floor was never replaced.

The building is a typical Lankhmart structure—tall, run-down looking, stained a dirty gray by the night-smogs. The Eel is open around the clock, although business slows down in the early morning hours, when Braggi's staff gives the place a cursory cleaning, and remove clients who have passed out on the floor. Spirits are served at all hours, while meals are prepared from 6-10 P.M. Cold meat, cheese and bread are served the rest of the day. Strangely enough, Braggi serves excellent fare, and his kitchen is kept scrupulously clean. Lankhmart nobles have been known to visit the Eel when Braggi is serving his beef stew. Typical prices for food and

drink are listed. A flagon is an ordinary drinking vessel; a pitcher holds four flagons. The meals below are accompanied by bread and vegetables.

Silver Eel: Typical Prices

	flagon	pitcher
Beer	1 tik	1 agol
Ale	2 tiks	2 agols
Wine	1 smerduk	3 smerduks
Mead	2 tiks	2 agols
Fermented Mare's Milk (a Mingol favorite)		
	1 gold rilks	
Cider	1 smerduk	
Brandy	2 gold rilks	
Mutton Stew	1 agol	
Beef Stew	2 smerduks	
Chicken/Poultry	2 smerduks	
Bread (loaf)	1 tik	
Cheese (wheel)	1 agol	
Soup (bowl)	1 agol	

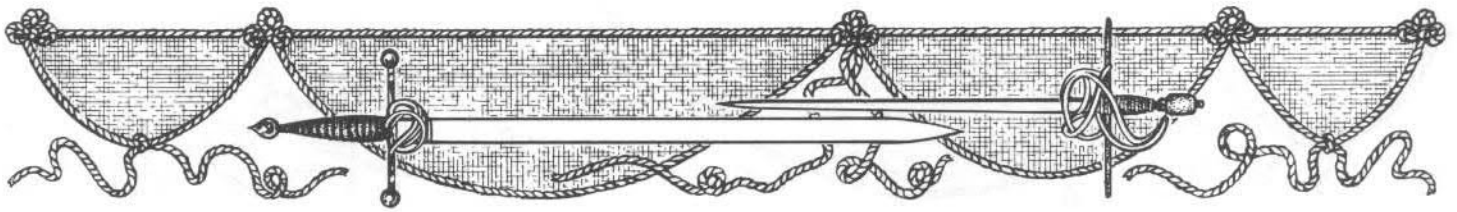
Key to the Silver Eel

1. Windows

The Eel's windows are barred, and are usually tightly shuttered to keep out the dust and night-smogs. They are opened in the spring, when even Braggi feels a need to air the place out.

2. Entrance

The Silver Eel's only sign is a soot-crusted serpent crafted of pale metal, which hangs above the doorway. On the rare occasions when the Eel closes, the entrance can be secured with a heavy, oaken door. At all other times, the entrance to the tavern is a simple curtain of dirty leather.



3. Bouncer

Vorbas, a dim-witted, but physically imposing lthmart, sits idly on a stool here, humming quietly to himself. He is unarmed, but should any clients decide to make trouble, Vorbas is extremely adept at wielding tables and chairs to deal with the offender (who is then bundled up by Vorbas and the staff, and unceremoniously flung into Bones Alley).

Vorbas: AL N; AC 8; F5; hp 50; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 + 2.

4. Common Room

Normally jammed with a crowd of raucous, unwashed humanity, the common room contains tables of every shape, stools, benches and rude chairs. Most of the furniture in the common room has been repaired many times, having been used as weapons in brawls or broken by careless patrons. The floor is strewn with straw or sawdust, which the staff sweeps up and renews just before dawn every day or so.

The common room crowd seethes like a huge animal of only rudimentary intelligence—servants bustle here and there with drinks and platters of food; soldiers and mercenaries gamble with dice or engage in contests of skill; drunken patrons sing tunelessly; rivals argue or occasionally scuffle; courtesans dance or solicit patrons; secret deals are struck or payments made; men and women dance on tables for money; lovers meet, quarrel and part—all of these things, and many more happen daily at the Silver Eel.

5. Bar

Braggi spends most of his time behind the bar, moving ponderously from customer to customer, serving drinks, making conversation and occasionally bawling orders to servants. Casks of wine are kept open here; pitchers and flagons are filled by simply dipping them in.

6. Booths

Separated from the common room, the booths are somewhat more private, and the lower noise level makes normal conversation possible. Many clandestine meetings take place here, where a well-placed eavesdropper may hear many

interesting things. A silver smerduk or two will insure that Braggi's servants keep a close watch on a booth, shooing potential listeners away.

7. Private Room

Use of this room costs one bronze agol for an hour, five agols for an entire day. It can be used for private meals, parties, or meetings (for an extra agol, Braggi will see to it that the meeting has no unwanted observers). The table is a fine piece of furniture, crafted of Kleshite mahogany, and the chairs are comfortably padded with quilted leather.

8. Latrine

Both sexes use this room, which is connected directly to Lankhmar's sewers below. It was used by the Rats of Lankhmar Below in their invasion years ago, making current users somewhat cautious.

9. Back Door

Normally kept bolted, this is where the kitchen staff tosses their refuse and scraps into Bones Alley, to be eagerly set upon by mongrels, rats, and the occasional beggar.

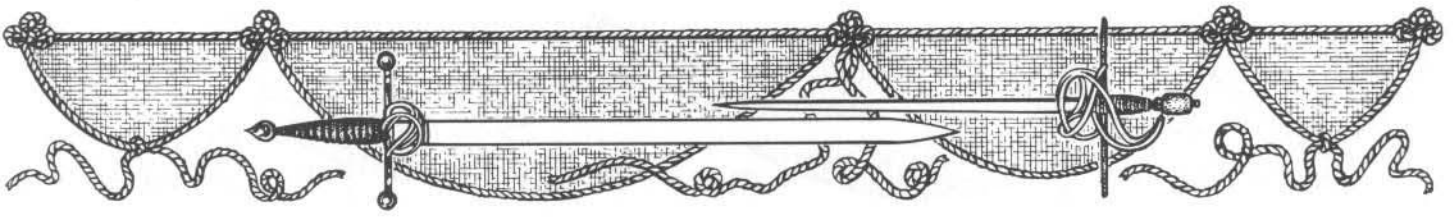
10. Kitchen

Although otherwise somewhat lax in the area of cleanliness, Braggi insists that his kitchens remain spotless, well stocked, and completely free of vermin. Quiet during the morning and afternoon, the kitchens come alive during the dinner hours, full of cooks, servants, slaves, and small boys with daggers or sharpened sticks hired to watch for rats and roaches.

Braggi's beef stew is particularly popular, often attracting a high class of clientele. Rumor has it that a bucket of Braggi's stew was once delivered to the Overlord Radomix Kistomercus, who enjoyed his meal thoroughly.

11. Storage

Casks and bottles of spirits for immediate use are brought up from the cellar and stored here. The room also contains tankards, brooms, candlesticks, candles, spare chairs, and miscellaneous cleaning supplies.



12. Braggi's Quarters

The tavern's jovial owner and head bartender lives in this suite of rooms. When Braggi is not here, the doors are double padlocked, and set with an alarm that jangles loudly, alerting the entire tavern. The suite is comfortably furnished with a double bed, writing desk, small table, private latrine and small dining room.

Each day's receipts are stored in a strongbox hidden beneath the floorboards under Braggi's bed. The box currently contains 675 gold rilks, 450 silver smerduks, and 112 bronze agols. Braggi has also secreted a personal horde consisting of five rare diamond-in-amber glulditches in a false leg in his bed.

13. Stairs

These rickety stairs lead to the Eel's lower level. Most servants refuse to use them, partially out of fear of injury, partially out of fear of what might lurk in the cellar. Braggi encourages these fears to keep anyone from discovering his secret room. The door is normally locked.

14. Wine Cellar

Dark, damp, cobweb-shrouded, the wine cellar holds numerous casks of spirits, and a large rack for bottles and jars. The rack is so large that many bottles have not been touched in years—unknown to Braggi, many are now of such ancient vintage as to be virtually priceless.

15. Secret Room

A latch hidden in the wine rack opens the door to this small room, where Braggi allows individuals to hide for five silver smerduks per day, no questions asked. Braggi himself, or particularly trusted servants, bring meals to the fugitive, who is free to come and go as he pleases. The existence of the room is not widely known—not even by the Thieves' Guild.

16. The Mouser's Refuge

Here, in an adjoining building also owned by Braggi, Gray Mouser once lived with his first love, Ivrian. Ancient, rickety, and dangerous in even the best of times, only the top floor, reachable by an exterior staircase, was habitable. After Ivrian was slain by the Thieves'

Guild, Fafhrd and the Mouser set fire to the building, gutting it and (unintentionally) destroying the top floor of the Silver Eel. Today the building is an empty shell, inhabited only by rats and occasional beggars. Braggi keeps promising to renovate the structure, but never seems to get around to it.

17. Balcony

Ten feet above the floor, the balcony runs around the outside of the common room. The railing has been reinforced due to extensive damage during the Eel's numerous bar brawls.

18. Additional Tables

This wide space along the balcony contains extra tables and is almost always busy. Drunken barbarians and ne'er-do-wells have been known to entertain themselves by dropping coins, mugs of ale, and other, less savory, objects on the crowd in the common room below.

19-24. Private Dining Rooms

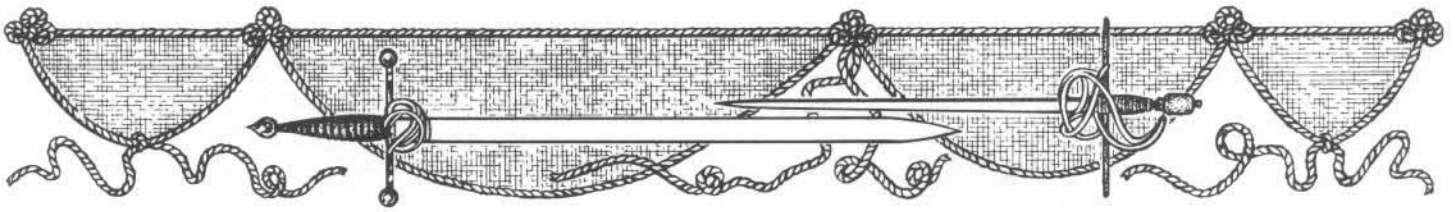
Use of a room costs two bronze agols for an hour, five agols for an entire evening. Each room contains a long table and six padded chairs (more can be added if desired). Light is provided by a small overhead chandelier, which can be supplemented with candelabra. These rooms are perfect for private parties, meetings and gaming, and are almost always occupied. Braggi will keep the rooms secure for an extra agol, and will periodically send a servant up to check on a party's condition.

25-27. Gaming Rooms

These rooms are devoted exclusively to gambling and other pursuits. Use is free, if one can find an unoccupied table. Gaming goes on around the clock, and virtually any form of gambling with cards or dice can be found. Brawls or disputes are infrequent, as troublemakers are permanently banished, a decree enforced by Vorbas and Braggi's other hired guards.

28. Chandeliers

Light is provided by a half-dozen candle-laden iron chandeliers, which hang on chains from the ceiling.



29-57. Sleeping Rooms

The third floor is occupied by these small cubicles, the economy class of Braggi's establishment. Each room costs ten bronze agol a night, three silver smerduks a week, and eight smerduks a month. A room contains a single bed with a straw-stuffed mattress, a small table, a stool, an earthenware pitcher and chamber pot (changed daily). Windows are to be kept shuttered and locked between sunset and sunrise; violation is grounds for immediate eviction.

58-63. Suites

Fourth floor lodging is somewhat more luxurious. Each suite has a sitting room with a leaded glass window, and a bed chamber. The sitting room contains a dining table with two chairs, and the bedroom contains a double bed with a feather-down mattress, table, chair and chamberpot. Like the smaller rooms, the suites are required to be locked and shuttered at night. A suite costs one gold rilk a night, five rilks a week, and 15 rilks a month.

64. Lounge

Only Braggi's best customers, or those staying in the rooms on this floor, are allowed to eat and drink here. It is a popular destination of nobles unwilling to brave the smelly, unwashed mob in the common room below.

65. Stairs to Nowhere

With the demise of the Eel's fifth floor, Braggi had the stairwell boarded up. The stairs currently vanish into the ceiling.

NPC Encounters

Many members of Lankhmar's lower or criminal classes frequent the Silver Eel. Most of those individuals listed in the *Lankhmar: City of Adventure* book who earn their living as mercenaries, thieves, or courtesans can be found there at some time or other.

The DM can use the following tables to generate encounters, or to get an adventure rolling. First, roll d100 to determine the type of NPC encountered.

Lankhmar Encounter Table

1-15	Fighter
16-30	Thief
31-40	Wizard
41-50	Priest
51-60	Noble
61-70	Assassin/Spy
71-85	Courtesan/Dancer
86-95	City Guard
96-00	Special

Next, roll d10 on the appropriate sub-table to determine the nature of the encounter.

Subtable I.: Fighter

1-2: A drunken fighter challenges a PC to a fight. Fortunately, the fighter is too drunk to fight properly, and the player character should win easily.

3: A less-drunk fighter challenges a PC to arm wrestle for money. The fighter is a sore loser, and the victorious character may have to deal with the fighter and his friends later.

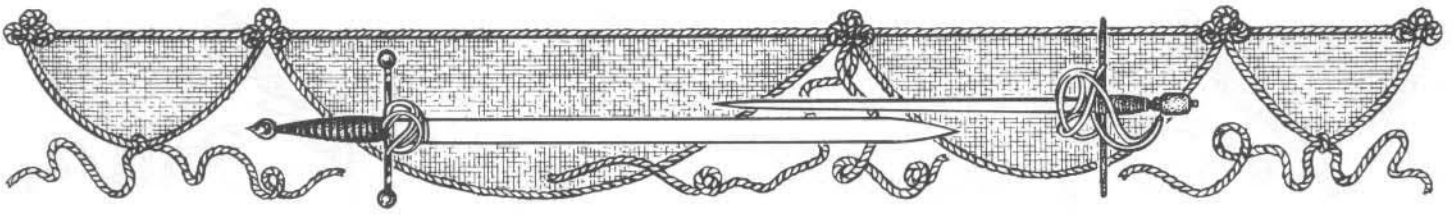
4: A sober fighter invites a character into a friendly game of dice. If he loses, the fighter will accuse the character of cheating, and try to plant a pair of loaded dice.

5-6: The fighter rises from his table with a roar of recognition, accusing a PC of being a long-sought enemy. The fighter has several friends at his table, so the PC and his companions will have to use their wits to talk the fighter out of his delusion and avoid bloodshed.

7-8: The fighter rises from his table with a roar of recognition, thinking the PC is a long-lost friend (or, if of opposite sex, a long-lost lover). When he finds out that the character is not who he thought, the fighter may accuse the character of deceiving him, possibly starting a brawl.

9: A grizzled mercenary captain offers the party employment guarding a shipment of silk to the Eight Cities on board a ship that leaves the next day. Unfortunately, the Sea Mingols are aware of the shipment, and will cause trouble.

10: The fighter will invite a character to gamble. The DM should allow the character to win; the



fighter will hand over an ancient, and apparently valuable sword as payment, then leave. The sword is a valuable heirloom of a barbarian clan from the Cold Wastes, who will be searching for it shortly.

Subtable II.: Thief

1-2: A bumbling apprentice thief attempts to rob a character, then breaks down in tears, begging for mercy when caught. If released, the thief will follow the party around like a puppy for several days, begging to join or help.

3: A furtive thief in a black cloak approaches the characters offering information on a valuable treasure in the possession of a Lankmart nobleman. He asks 100 gold rilk for the information; it is up to the DM whether it is true or not.

4-5: A swaggering guild thief approaches the party. If there is a non-guild thief in the party, the guildsman will threaten to inform on the party member for freelancing unless paid 200 gold rilk. If paid, he will return once a month, asking for his money. If the thief is killed or otherwise removed from circulation, the guild will investigate, possibly alerting them to the freelance thief's existence.

6-7: Wounded, tired, hungry, a freelance thief asks that the characters put him up for a few days as he seeks refuge from the guild. If the characters agree, they will have to help hide the thief, and will have to deal with inquisitive guild operatives who begin sniffing around shortly thereafter.

8: A confident, self-assured thief contacts the party, asking for help on an unauthorized mission against a wealthy nobleman. Unfortunately for the characters, it is a trap designed to expose freelance thieves and their associates; guildsmen will be lying in wait for the party at the appointed meeting place.

9-10: The thief attempts to recruit party members into the guild. If they refuse, he will threaten to report them.

Subtable III.: Wizard

1-2: A black wizard needs a subject closely resembling one of the characters for a dangerous experiment. He will offer to employ

the character. If the character refuses, the wizard will attempt to have the PC kidnapped, forcing his companions to locate and rescue him.

3-5: A wizard asks the PCs to help him obtain a valuable magical item or substance, found in a cavern nearby. He will wait at the Eel, and pay them well if they bring the item to him tonight.

6-8: A white wizard asks for protection from his rival, a black wizard, and his followers. The black wizard, he says, is going to make an attempt on his life tonight, here at the Silver Eel. Any one of the Eel's customers, the wizard says, could be his enemy or a follower.

9-10: A wizard has discovered that he is the target of a guild theft attempt. He gives the party a valuable magical item for safekeeping, but warns them that he expects it back in three days, or he will take revenge. In the meantime, the item may be stolen, or disappear for other reasons, forcing the characters to locate it or face the wizard's wrath.

Subtable IV.: Priest

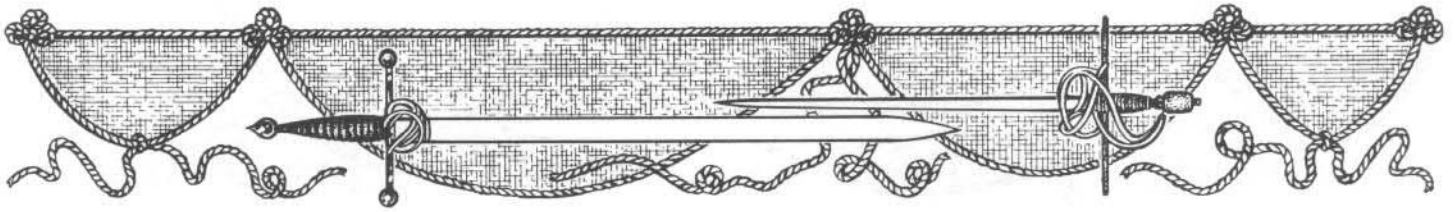
1-2: A priest of a fanatical sect appears, and tries to convert the characters. If they attack him or injure him in any way, other members of the sect will continue to persecute the characters.

3-4: An Ilthmart priest of the Rat God releases several large rats in the Eel's common room, causing various sorts of mayhem.

5-6: A priest of Kos appears, accusing a party member of cowardice in battle. Whether this is as a result of mistaken identity, or an actual incident, is up to the DM. The priest will grow progressively more vehement, and finally challenge the character to a fight.

7-8: A fight breaks out, and a priest of Aarth appears, appealing for calm and understanding. He calls on the characters to help him break up the fight. If they refuse, he curses them in the name of Aarth. If the DM wishes, he may have the characters do penance in the form of a number of acts of neutrality in order to lift the curse.

9-10: A northern barbarian tells the characters that they have the Mark of Kos upon them. This means, in the barbarian's view, that they are



doomed to a heroic and noble death. The "Mark" is not real, and the barbarian is drunk, but the DM may use this story to make the characters nervous in future gaming sessions.

Subtable V.: Noble

1-2: A dandified nobleman instructs his toadies to start a fight with the party so that he can watch from a safe distance and make useful comments.

3-4: A nobleman asks the party to serve as his personal bodyguards, as he thinks that his present guards have been bribed. The noble's enemies are plotting to kidnap him and hold him for ransom, and the party will have to defend him if they escort him home.

5-6: The noble is convinced that one of the PCs is a long-lost child. He insists on making the character his heir, and invites the party to stay at his estate. This may be a confidence game to rob the party of their valuables, or it may be legitimate, in which case the party has a valuable patron and base of operations.

7-8: An amorous nobleman, accompanied by his simpering hired bravos, takes a liking to a female party member, and flies into a rage if his advances are rejected. He may have the characters beaten up, or he may attempt to kidnap the female PC and convince her of his love.

9-10: The nobleman approaches the party, asking them to rob a rival nobleman and pin the blame on someone else. If anything goes wrong, the nobleman will abandon the party and claim that he had nothing to do with it. If the party succeeds, the nobleman will be slow in paying and if pressed, will threaten to expose the characters to the guild.

Subtable VI.: Assassin/Spy

1-2: A hired killer from the Slayers' Guild mistakes one of the PCs for his "mark," and tries to carry out his contract.

3-4: A spy mistakes the character for his contact, and passes on secret information on trade or the military of Lankhmar or her enemies. Rival spies will want the information back, and may attempt to kill the character to keep their identities secret.

5-6: One of the Overlord's spies asks the characters to infiltrate a smuggling ring now operating out of Lankhmar's docks. He says that one of the suspected ringleaders uses the Silver Eel for recruiting, and asks the characters to volunteer, then feed him information. Should the operation succeed in smashing the smuggling ring, the spy will claim all the credit, and scrupulously avoid mentioning the characters' participation.

7-8: A frightened man tells the party that he is convinced that there is an Assassins' Guild contract out on his life, and begs for protection. In reality, there is no contract, but the DM should throw numerous false alarms at the characters in order to keep them on edge, before they finally learn the truth.

9-10: A guild assassin approaches the party and asks them to become operatives for the guild. Although the pay is excellent, the characters will be asked to perform numerous evil acts, and if any decide to quit, they will discover that the guild is willing to kill to protect its secrets.

Subtable VII.: Courtesan/Dancer

1-2: A dancer angrily claims that a party member insulted her, causing several gallant male defenders to challenge the PC to a fight.

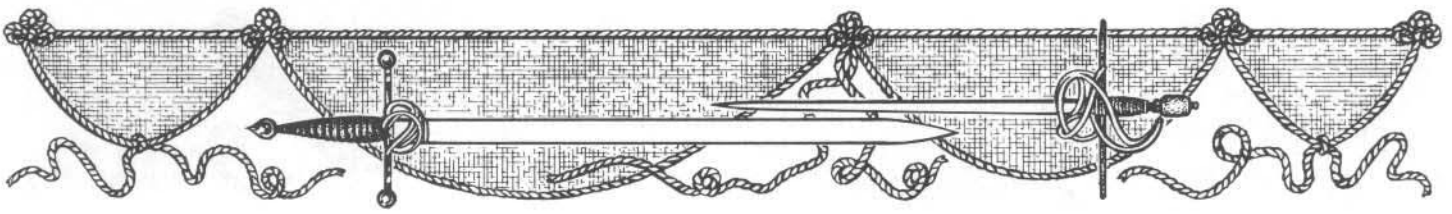
3: The dancer becomes infatuated with a character, but her former beau is jealous and seeks to win back his love by defeating the object of her affection in combat.

4-5: A dancer seems to be paying special attention to a character. In reality, she will attempt to pick his pocket.

6-7: A courtesan invites a male PC up to her room, then an "angry husband" bursts in demanding reparations. In reality, it is a con game, and if the character stands up to the pair they will flee.

8: The dancer loses a rich bauble from her costume, offering her affection to any man who can bring it back to her. Any characters attempting to locate the bauble will find that numerous other male admirers are seeking it, too.

9-10: An attractive dancing girl is being annoyed by a lecherous nobleman, and calls for help.



Subtable VIII.: City Guard

1-2: A dozen guards burst in with a warrant for a PC's arrest. They can be bribed, but if the offer is not enough, the bribers may also be arrested.

3-5: A party of guards shakes down the Eel "looking for escaped criminals." In reality, they are on the take and use the opportunity to rob the inn's patrons.

6-8: A group of city guards invites the party to participate in a card game. The guards cheat, but if the PCs draw their attention to this, they may wind up under arrest.

9-10: A small band of guards asks for help from the PCs in a midnight raid on a smuggler's warehouse on the waterfront. They have not been given enough manpower for the raid, and offer the characters whatever booty they can carry as payment.

Subtable IX.: Special

These encounters all involve NPCs listed in the *Lankhmar: City of Adventure* book. Roll d100 to determine the encounter.

1-5: Basharat the racketeer, along with several hired toughs, approaches a PC priest and demands money to keep the cleric's temples safe. Basharat is crafty, and any future harassment will be through hirelings.

6-10: Elakeria, niece of former Overlord Glipekero Kistomercies, and her retinue arrive at the Silver Eel, interested in sampling Braggi's famous beef stew. While there, she takes a fancy to a male PC, and attempts to recruit him as a lover. The relationship is likely to be short, and end with the PC unceremoniously dumped outside the palace walls. Despite this, the PC may gain valuable contacts inside the palace.

11-15: Eesafem, a beautiful woman with blue and green tattoos in place of hair, approaches the character offering a poison-fanged ring for 500 gold rilks. If the PCs buy the ring, Eesafem will become their friend, and become a source of reliable information about Lankhmar's underworld.

16-20: Fissif the thief offers to share in the loot of his next job if the party will act as his lookouts. In reality, he intends to accuse the PCs of being the thieves to divert his victim's attention while

he performs the robbery, then let the party take the fall for him.

21-25: Grilli the assassin has been assigned to kill one of the PCs. He will wait until he can get his victim alone, then attack from the shadows with twin razors. If he fails, Grilli will flee, then try again later.

26-30: Harsel, a scarred, one-eyed bandit, tries to recruit the party into his band of thugs. If they agree, the PCs will have a merry time for several months, preying upon caravans and merchants, then end up as hunted fugitives, fleeing the Overlord's wrath.

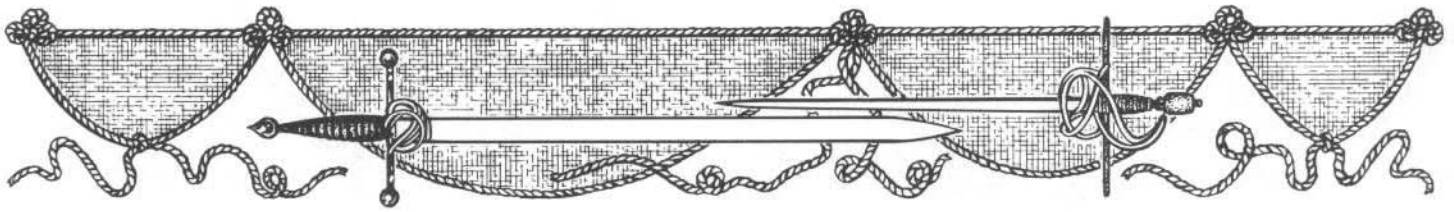
31-35: Ivlis, an attractive, ambitious woman, asks a character to help her steal a Thieves' Guild file on a prominent noble, which she intends to use for extortion. She will promise the character virtually anything, but will be reluctant to deliver, considering her own wealth and safety first.

36-40: Jenago, a rich jewel merchant, asks the PCs to guard a chest of gems from the Thieves' Guild as it is transported down to the docks. The Guild will stop at nothing to get the chest for itself.

41-45: Lessnya, a beautiful courtesan, begins to pay a great deal of attention to one of the characters. In reality, she is simply trying to make her current lover, a duel-crazed nobleman, jealous. If he reaches the right level of jealousy, the nobleman will challenge the character to a duel. If he is killed, Lessnya will be extremely upset, and will blame the PC.

46-50: Lilyblack, a street dancer, and lover of Grilli the Assassin, makes a pass at a male character, in an attempt to lure him to her home, where Grilli (or her current lover if Grilli is no more) will try to rob and kill the character.

51-56: Naph, a blind beggar who smells somewhat like a garbage dump, shambles up to the party, asking for money. If they refuse, he will follow them around, his stench ruining their lives. It is probably best to pay him to make him go away, but Naph remembers his friends, and may be back. A positive aspect to Naph is that he is an excellent underworld contact.



57-62: Pulgh, supposedly one of Lankhmar's leading heroes, will ask the PCs to help him guard a nobleman threatened with death by the Slayers' Guild. In reality a guildsman himself, Pulgh will kill the nobleman, and frame the PCs for the crime.

63-67: Ravis Rightby, a sword smith, will offer the party a sword commissioned by Fafhrd. Some weeks later, Fafhrd will appear, demanding that the character sell him the sword.

68-73: Skel, a brutal alleybasher, is seen accosting a beggar outside the Eel. If the PCs help the beggar, he will become an ally and source of information, even getting them access to the Thieves' Guild if needed.

74-79: Snarve, a nobleman and gentleman thief, is mounting an expedition to the decadent Empire of Eevanmareensee. There, he plans to sack the city of its ancient riches. He offers the characters equal shares in the treasure, but has not yet reckoned how they will avoid standing out in a city where men, women, and even animals, are hairless.

80-86: Stravas, a well-known guild thief, has heard a rumor that lights were seen above the Temple of the Gods of Lankhmar, and has

decided to go investigate. Being superstitious and a bit of a coward, he asks the characters to accompany him.

87-91: The Gray Mouser, who has caught the fancy of the attractive female companion of a popinjay noble, asks the party to create a diversion so that he can steal the woman away while her beau is occupied. He will promise to repay the characters' kindness later, which can lead to an adventure with Fafhrd and the Mouser.

92-97: Fafhrd, drinking moodily in one corner, begins to ramble on about the grudge he still holds against Lankhmar's Thieves' Guild. He will loudly ask the characters to accompany him to the Guild House in order to break in and cause havoc. If the characters do not silence or distract him, Fafhrd will attract the attention of nearby guild thieves, who will think that the characters are his "accomplices."

98-100: A small boy with black eyes brings a message from **Sheelba of the Eyeless Face**. The message says that a thief currently drinking at the Eel with his friends is in possession of a magical gauntlet (that adds 15% to all thief ability rolls). Sheelba offers the characters a rich reward for stealing the gauntlet and bringing it to her.

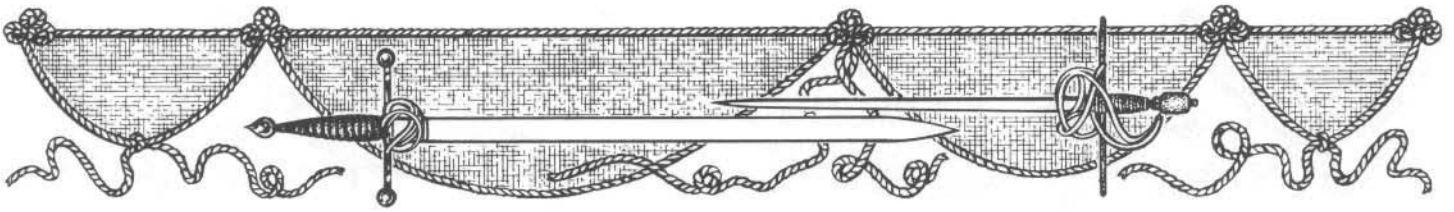
Lankhmar Sentence Table

Crime	Sentence	Fine (rilks)	Crime	Sentence	Fine (rilks)
Murder	Death	—	Insolence to a noble	Flogging	1d6 × SL
Assault	Flogging	3d6 × SL	Property		
Theft*	Lose Finger	5d6 × SL	Destruction*	Flogging	3d6 × SL
Treason	Death	—	Disfigurement	Lose Eye	4d6 × SL
Tax Evasion*	Slavery	50% wealth	Debt*	Slavery	1d6 × SL

*This fine is in addition to reimbursing the victim of the crime for all losses.

Justice, such as it is, is dispensed by the Overlord's judges, who are often just as corrupt as the city guards. Standard punishments for criminal acts in Lankhmar are listed above.

The fine can be paid in lieu of punishment within a month of conviction. Otherwise, the criminal must face the listed punishment.



A Cask Full of Trouble

Total Party Levels: 15 (Average 3)

Kroz, Master of the Vintner's Guild, spoke in a tone of deadly urgency:

"There you have it, gentlemen. Braggi, owner of the Silver Eel, has had a cask of fine wine from Kiraay smuggled into Lankhmar, has failed to offer our Vintner's Guild the appropriate tribute, and will not be cutting us in on the profits. I am open to suggestions regarding an appropriate response."

"I say we send a sharp note of protest to the Overlord," said Weslar, an earnest if somewhat naive young vintner.

"Perhaps we should post bills condemning Braggi and demanding that he pay us our due," suggested another vintner, a silver-haired and somewhat unassuming gentleman.

"We should lodge an official protest with the Guilds Ministry," said another.

"Ahem," said the black-clad guild thief who had delivered the report of Braggi's violations, and now sat beside Kroz.

"Perhaps," said a slender, bearded man, "we should buy an adjoining shop and—"

"A-hem!" said the little thief, somewhat louder.

"Order, order," called Kroz. "We vintners are nothing if not civilized in our meeting procedures. I recognize Tork the Cutpurse of the Thieves' Guild."

The little thief smiled, bowing slightly.

"The way I see it," he began, "this Braggi has flaunted the rules of your guild, which demand that every tavernkeeper share his profits from the sale of wine with you, correct?"

"Well," Kroz began, "it is more of a guideline than a rule—"

"Correct. And should this offense be allowed to go unpunished, soon every tavernkeeper in the city will be flaunting your rules, and refusing to pay your guild its due, correct?"

"Not necessarily," said Weslar, holding up a hand. "I can see a situation where—"

"Correct." Tork silenced the young man with a wicked stare. "Now, I happen to represent a portion of the Thieves' Guild that helps to keep

individuals and businesses in line when they get behind on their bills." His smile was like the slash of a knife, cold and cruel. "For a modest fee, we can see to it that this Braggi will never flaunt your guild's rules again. What do you say?"

He scanned the room, finding either perplexity or outright agreement written on all the faces there.

"I do believe that we are in agreement, gentlemen."

A Cask Full of Trouble is an adventure for a party of low-level Nehwon characters. The story begins in the common room of the Silver Eel, an inn both famous and infamous throughout Lankhmar. As the adventurers sit and drink amid the Eel's hustle and bustle, Braggi, the fleshy owner of the inn, approaches their table.

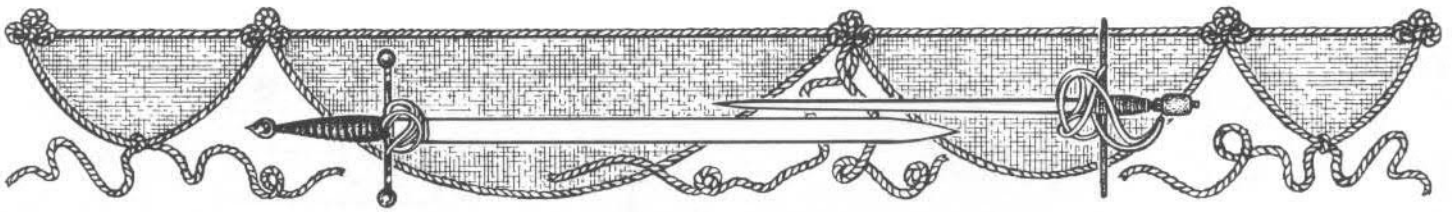
Braggi draws up a chair and sits down next to you without asking permission. As you know him as the owner of this fine establishment, you feel it is politic to allow him to do so.

"Adventurers," he begins. "Your names are known to me. I've seen you come here several times, and have been impressed by your apparent experience and noble bearing. I have a profitable proposition to discuss with you, if you are interested."

If they express interest, Braggi smiles expansively, orders a round of ale on the house, and continues.

"Several weeks ago, I had the chance to purchase a cask full of rare violet wine from Kiraay—you are familiar with it, I'm sure. I have sent out word that the wine is available, and connoisseurs from all over Lankhmar will be coming here tomorrow to sample my wine for a hundred gold rilks for glass—a small glass.

"Now, the Vintners' Guild has demanded a ridiculously high tribute, as well as a portion



of my profits, or they will have the cask destroyed. I need a band of bold adventurers who will defend the cask until tomorrow. Are you agreeable?"

The unspoken portion of Braggi's statement should be "bold adventurers who will work cheap." His funds are short, and he will offer each party member a token payment of 10 gold rilks, with a promise of 200 more the next day for protecting the cask.

If the characters agree, Braggi will then tell them that he plans to close up the Eel for the night (an unusual occurrence to say the least) in order to make their job easier. He then shoos out all customers, as well as the current occupants of the upper floors.

Braggi himself is reluctant to leave, and will lock himself in his quarters. Throughout the evening, however, the temptation of the violet wine will prove too much, and the characters will periodically catch him attempting to tap the cask, claiming that he "only wants a sip." As the evening progresses, he will grow more

persistent, eventually trying to get a taste in the midst of combat. Fortunately for the characters, Braggi's tolerance is low, and he will pass out happily after only a couple of drinks, after which his rather sizeable frame will be a further hazard to the characters.

The cask is located behind the bar, where it will be used when the connoisseurs arrive the following day. Braggi will not allow the characters to move it.

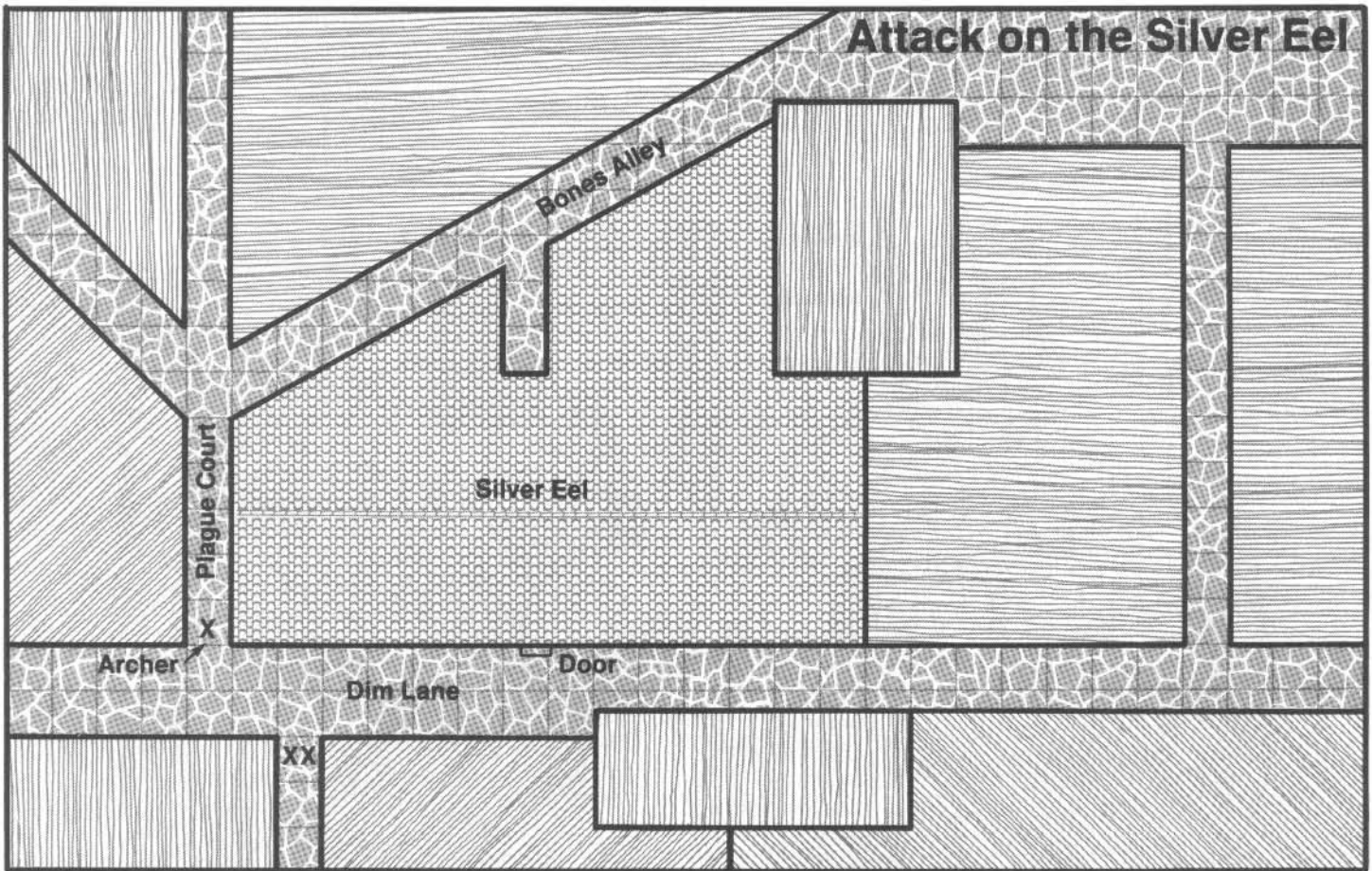
The first few hours after sunset will be peaceful. The Thieves' Guild's first attempt is a somewhat simple-minded break-in with the intention of wrecking the Eel and smashing the cask. The two guild burglars hired for the task are unaware that anyone is guarding the tavern. They will attempt to enter through the locked shutters.

Guild Thieves (2): AL LE; AC 8; T4; hp 18; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6.

The thieves will not be much of a challenge. As soon as they are attacked, they will panic and flee.

Frustrated in their first attempt, the Vintners

Attack on the Silver Eel



will follow with a direct assault on the place with the goal of burning it to the ground. The characters will hear several loud “thunks” and smell something burning. A half-dozen fire arrows have just struck the Silver Eel, and unless they are removed, the entire inn will be destroyed.

Guild Thieves (3): AL LE; AC 7; T4; hp 18; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6, 1d8 (bow).

All six arrows must be removed to save the inn. The characters must go outside to remove them, exposing themselves to arrow fire from the hidden thieves. There are two thieves who will shoot sheaf arrows (1d8 damage) at any characters attempting to remove the fire arrows. Successful Intelligence checks will reveal the thieves’ hiding place, the alleyway across the street (see map). If they realize that they have been spotted, the hidden thieves will flee.

Characters can remove one fire arrow per round. The arrows must be removed in 2d6 rounds, or the fire will be out of control. The DM may not wish to allow the Silver Eel to burn down, and have the Lankhmar fire brigade arrive in time to save it.

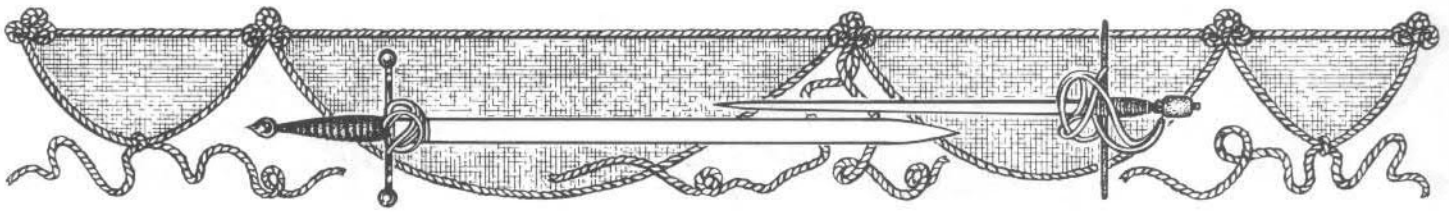
Realizing that the Eel is a tougher nut to crack than they thought, the Guild will send a party of thieves to scale the outside walls and enter the building through the locked shutters, then approach the common room from above.

Guild Thieves (6): AL LE; AC 7; T4; hp 18; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6.

If the party has not placed any guards outside the building, successful hear noise or listening rolls are required to hear the thieves scaling the walls. If a character stands guard outside, the thieves will try to backstab the character before climbing the walls.

If the thieves succeed in climbing the walls, they will then try to break in through the shutters of a second floor room. Party thieves are allowed a second attempt to hear noise to hear the breaking shutters.

Should the thieves gain access to the Eel, they will then move silently down the inn’s stairs, then hide in shadows until an opportunity to backstab one or more characters arises. Two thieves will remain on the stairs with their bows at the ready, loosing arrows at the characters below if combat begins.



The previous attacks all double as cover for the guild's main thrust. Six elite thieves make their way through the sewers, to a place where a branch runs only a few feet below the Silver Eel's basement, then dig upward with muffled picks, emerging into the common room only a few minutes after the last battle with the guild thieves.

Elite Thieves (6): AL LE; AC 8; T6; hp 24; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6.

If three of these last thieves are slain, the remainder will attempt to flee back down through the sewers. The attacks will end as a grim, smokey dawn turns the black of Lankhmar's night to a dirty gray.

Should the DM feel that the party has been too badly beaten up, he may reduce the number of attacking thieves, or do away with some attacks altogether.

As the sun grows brighter and the dirty gray lightens to the familiar filthy colors of the Tenderloin District, Braggi will awaken, yawning and rubbing his eyes (and, if he "sampled" too much of the wine, nursing a severe headache).

Braggi will offer wounded characters free rooms in which to recuperate. He will ask healthy characters to stay on for the rest of the day, to keep an eye on the keg.

By mid-morning, Lankhmar's have already begun to arrive—merchants, nobles, and dilettanti, all eager to pay a hundred gold rilks to taste a wine normally reserved for the Overlord himself. Lacking a proper tap, Braggi simply removes the top of the keg and serves the wine by the dipperful, occasionally taking a sip for himself. If not stopped in this, he will again wind up insensible on the floor.

Although the night's assaults were unsuccessful, the Thieves' Guild still has a card to play, possibly because the Vintners will not pay them if Braggi manages to sell his wine.

Tork the Cutpurse, a low-level guild operative, will approach the cask, posing as an eager customer. He will engage Braggi in conversation, then surreptitiously attempt to drop a packet of poison into the open keg.

Any characters on duty must make an Intelligence check to spot Tork and realize what he is up to. A normal attack roll is required to

knock Tork's arm out of the way; failure indicates that although the wine has been poisoned, at least Braggi is aware of it, and will be able to stop anyone else from drinking.

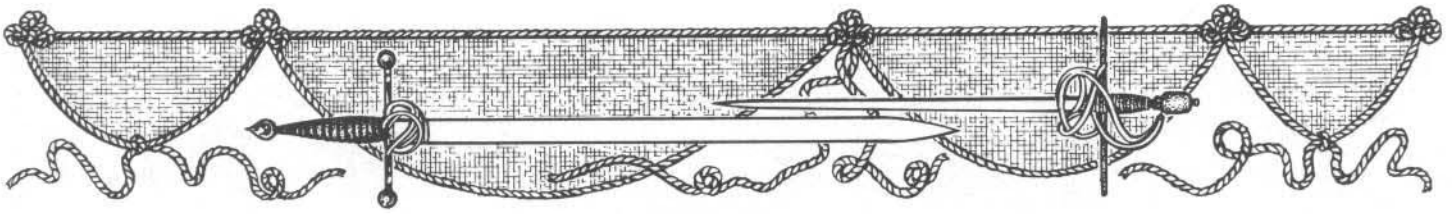
If detected, Tork will attempt to flee. If caught, he will surrender immediately, and beg for mercy. If the characters slay Tork after he surrenders, the Thieves' Guild will seek remuneration or similarly appropriate vengeance.

Tork the Cutpurse: AL LE; AC 7; T2; hp 10; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4.

When the cask is finally empty, Braggi will turn to the remaining characters, beaming broadly, and count out the remaining 190 gold rilks to each character, plus a 100 rilks bonus to any who were wounded or showed special bravery.

Additionally, Braggi will offer the characters free food and lodging at the Eel for as long as they wish, giving the characters a base of operations for future adventures.





Red God's Curse

Total Party Levels: 20 (Average 4)

Night crept over Lankhmar, the City of Sevenscore Thousand Smokes. From hovels, holes and hidden lair crawled the creatures of the night—the thieves, assassins, spies and others who conceal themselves beneath a cloak of night smog and darkness.

The two gray-clad thieves moved catlike along the garden wall of one Count Kvekys, the last survivor of a once-influential noble family. Kvekys' house had fallen on rough times lately, and it was said that his wealth has been reduced to a single blood-red gem of great size.

"Come on, Klev," hissed Oomosh, a tough veteran of numerous guild missions. "Let's get out of here. . . we've had the gods' own bad luck tonight."

"Ah, you're full of it, old man," replied his companion, merrily skipping along the wall. "We've got the gods' own haul out of it, as well. Old Kvekys' red gem is ours. Ours and the Guild's."

With a flourish, Klev struck a pose on the wall, arms and leg extended like a dancer. "If we were having bad luck, would I be able to do this?"

Abruptly, the wall beneath Klev's feet crumbled, and with an oath, the rat-like little thief vanished.

Oomosh rolled his eyes, then moved, none too quickly, to the place where his companion had fallen.

"Klev, you club-footed little slime mold, are you all right?" he asked, almost hoping that there would be no answer.

Below, a patch of gray in the middle of the street moved feebly. Klev waved a feeble hand.

"Hello, Oomosh," he said, brightly. "What are you doing up there?"

As the characters sit idly at their familiar places in the dim recesses of the Silver Eel, they overhear the following conversation between two guild thieves sitting at a table nearby.

"Damn and blast!" grumbles the first, a bearded, muscular man with a badly scarred

face. "It's only by the grace of Omphal Himself that we got out of that one! I've never had so many things go wrong on one job before!"

The second, a slender, somewhat rodent-like thief who looks like he has fallen off a wall recently, laughs and takes a deep tug from his tankard. "Ah, quit griping, Oomosh," he squeaks. "Any job ye walk away from's a good one."

"Yeah, and you barely walked away from this one, you clumsy excuse for an apprentice."

"Yes, but the size of that gem we got. . ."

"Shhh! You blasted fool!" Oomosh hisses. "If you can't be a Journeyman, at least act like one! You want everyone in Lankhmar to know we're carrying that gem?"

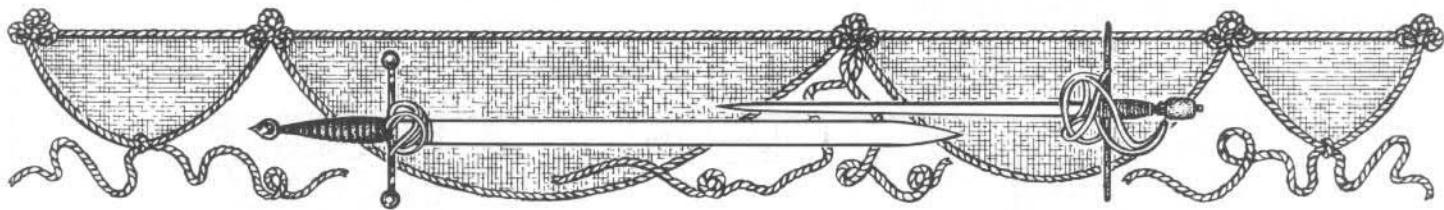
"Ah, quit griping, Oomosh," the smaller thief replies, putting down his tankard. "Still in all, it wasn't a bad. . ." Abruptly, he spills the tankard's contents all over his companion.

"Blast you, Klev!" Oomosh roars. "That's the second time tonight you've done that!"

The characters may respond to this conversation in two ways: they may ambush Oomosh and Klev and try to steal the gem they carry, or they may ignore them and go about their business. If they attack the two thieves, proceed to the fight below.

If the party does nothing, Oomosh and Klev will attack them, thinking that the characters overheard the conversation and are planning to rob them.

"Leaving so soon, are you?" demands Klev, stepping from the shadows, dirk and rapier gleaming in the moonlight. "Thinking to relieve us of our hard-won profit, are you? I think they've another thing or two coming, don't you, Oomosh?"



"I do, indeed, young Klev," Oomosh growls, stepping from the shadows behind the party, broadsword at the ready. "We'll show you how we treat freelancers in Lankhmar, don't think we won't."

Klev: AL CE; AC 7; T5; hp 22; THAC0 18; #AT 2; Dmg 1d6 + 1/1d4; SA two weapons, rapier at -2, dagger at -4.

Oomosh: AL CN; AC 6; T6; hp 28; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 2d8.

Klev and Oomosh are both canny thieves, not normally known for taking foolish risks. If they have attacked the party, which probably outnumbers them, it is as a result of the gem's influence asserting itself.

Normally skilled streetfighters, Klev and Oomosh will find in their fight with the party that nothing goes right. Attempts at backstabbing, wall climbing and other tactics will automatically fail. When fighting, they will invariably step into holes, trip, and possibly even injure each other. Their antics should be played up as humorously as possible, with vivid descriptions of pratfalls, howls of anguish, and other mayhem.

In the end, Klev and Oomosh need not die, but will more likely end up rendering themselves unconscious, allowing the party to steal their gem.

If the party searches the two thieves, they will find 10 gold rilks in petty cash, and in Oomosh's backpack they will find an iridescent red gem the size of a man's fist.

Unknown to anyone at this point, the gem is the source of the two thieves' recent misfortunes, as well as the decline in the Kvekys' family's influence. It bears a curse that causes its owner and those around him to have bad luck and take foolish risks. In addition, the gem can only be stolen if its owner is incapacitated or killed.

From the point that they take the gem, the party members' fortunes should go into decline. They will become clumsy at important moments, fail crucial rolls (despite apparent success), and be severely misinformed as to the strength of potential foes. The DM should play this up as humorously as possible—characters falling out windows, down stairs, and into deep holes,

misguided arrows striking the afflicted character in embarrassing locations, spells misfiring in creative ways, enemies appearing in unexpected places, and so on.

If they should try to sell the gem, they will find that no merchant will be willing to buy it, but after seeing it, will instead hire thieves or toughs to steal the gem. Despite misfortune in these encounters, the gem's owner should be allowed to survive, if only barely, after being beaten black and blue. If the owning character attempts to dispose of the gem, he will return home to find it sitting in the middle of his bed.

After a week of such mishaps, the character who owns the gem will awaken one morning to see a green parrot tapping at his window. If he lets it in, it will flap to the foot of the bed, squawk, "Awwwk! Message from Sheelba! Message from Sheelba!"

Tied to the bird's leg is a small piece of parchment.

"My dear benighted adventurer:

Your recent misfortune has come to my attention, and rather than watch you continue to suffer, I have decided to help you. Come to the Great Marsh tonight, and I will meet you. Sincerely,

—Sheelba of the Eyeless Face."

If the party visits the marsh that night, they will have to wait for some time before Sheelba puts in an appearance.











Just as the stinging gnats and the dismal stench of the Great Marsh is beginning to overwhelm you, and you consider returning home, a curious thing happens. A great hut, walking on long, stilt-like legs lurches out of the darkness, to stand in the marsh nearby, restlessly tapping its broad, saucer-shaped feet.

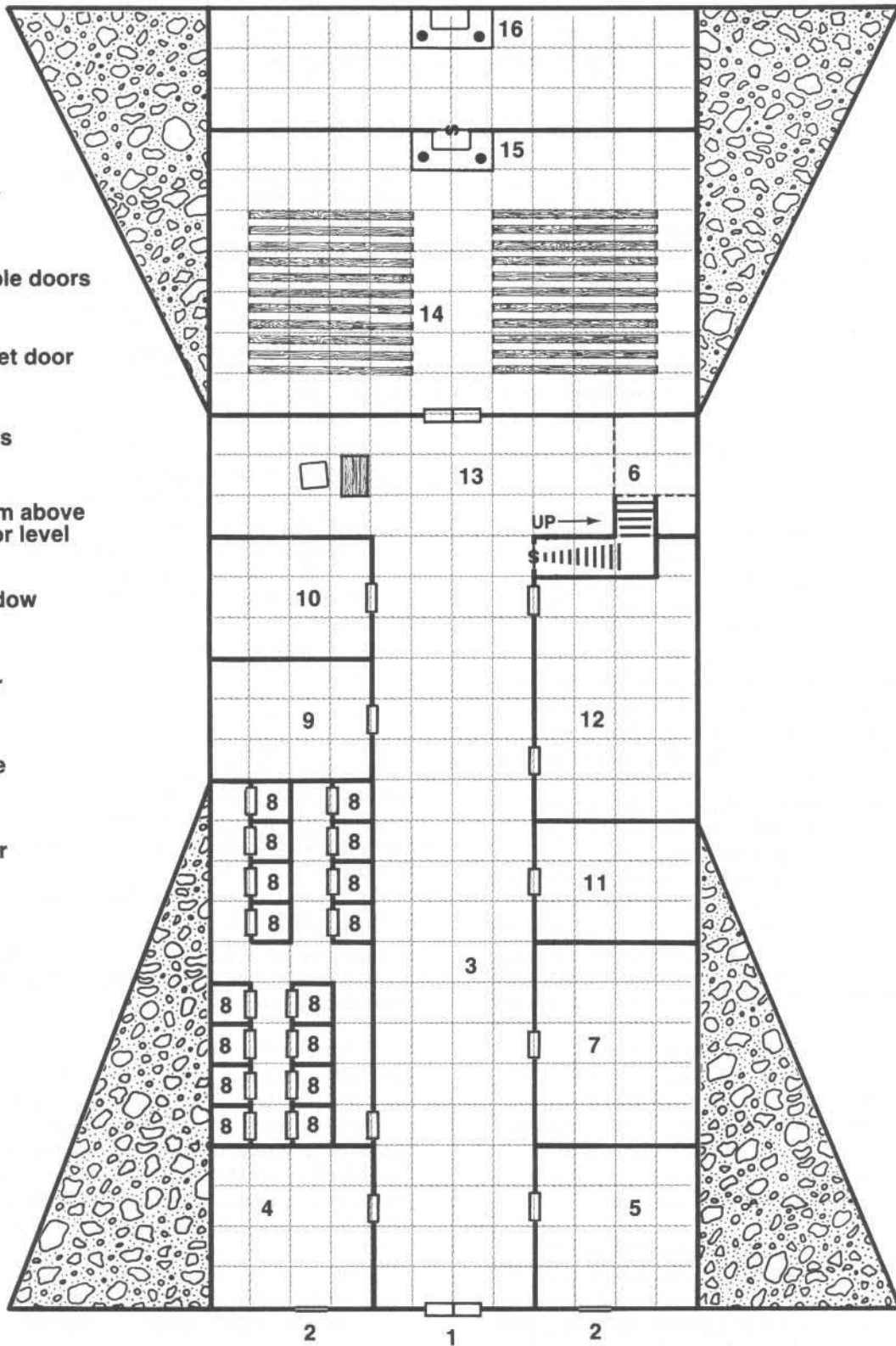
"Well, what are you waiting for?" demands a voice from inside. "Come in! Time is short!"

The interior of the hut seems larger than the outside, and is strangely devoid of furnishings. Sheelba of the Eyeless Face sits tailor-fashion, the interior of her deep hood showing only darkness.

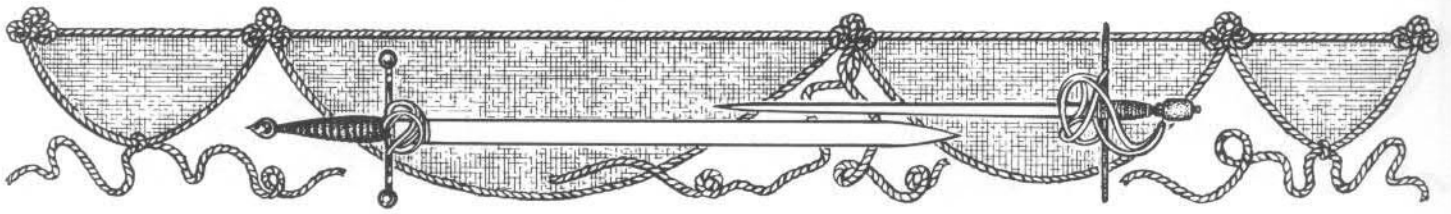
Temple of the Red God

Key

-  Door
-  Double doors
-  Secret door
-  Stairs
-  Room above floor level
-  Window
-  Altar
-  Table
-  Chair
-  Pew



Scale: 1 square = 10 feet



"Greetings," she says curtly. "I have learned that you have been plagued by bad luck lately."

Your tongue feels heavy, and you are unable to speak, so you nod dumbly.

"In fact," she continues, "your bad luck has taken on epic proportions. . .you are famous throughout Nehwon as the unluckiest adventurers in the world. The Mingols tell tales of you around their campfires, wizards search for the secret to inflict on their enemies, and the Gods in their fastness at Godsland give thanks that they are not the victims of your misfortune."

She pauses for a moment. "Actually, I exaggerate. . .I put it down to excessive contact with that seven-eyed freak Ningauble. In any event, I have determined that the source of your bad luck, as you may have already guessed, is the red gem that you recently obtained. If you agree to assist me in the future, I can help you break the curse."

If they agree, Sheelba nods and continues.

"The gem was stolen several decades ago from the Temple of the Red God in Lankmar. In order to lift the curse, you must return it to the temple's main altar."

If the characters ask about what sort of services might be required, she will promise not to call on them more than once per year, and never ask for a mission that will take more than three months out of Lankmar's thirteen. This is the same arrangement that the alien sorceress made with the Gray Mouser, and can serve simply as a springboard for future adventures.

The Red God's temple is a modest structure located near the middle of the street. Its position fluctuates each year, sometimes moving up, sometimes down. At present, the temple is on the way down, and the priests are dissatisfied and spoiling for a fight. If the party approaches them with the gem the priests will think that it is a scheme to gain access to the temple and send them away, leaving the party to either live with the bad luck or sneak into the temple.

Inside the temple, the party will encounter warrior-priests and normal priests. They all have the following statistics. Warrior-priests are actually fighters who have chosen to worship the god through acts of martial valor, while the priests can cast clerical spells.

Warrior-Priests: AL LN; AC 4; F4; hp 20; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8.

Priests: AL LN; AC 8; C4; hp 18; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; Spells: *bless, cure light wounds, detect evil, chant, spiritual hammer.*

Key to the Temple

1. Main Doors

These heavy, bronze doors are etched with images of the Red God in battle, and of his priests performing acts of valor and selflessness, while warriors swing swords and fire wizards cast spells.

The doors are kept locked at night, and are guarded by four warrior-priests during the day. Worshippers entering must bring an offering of at least a bronze agol.

2. Windows

Barred and locked, these windows require both a successful bend bars/lift gates and a successful pick locks roll to open.

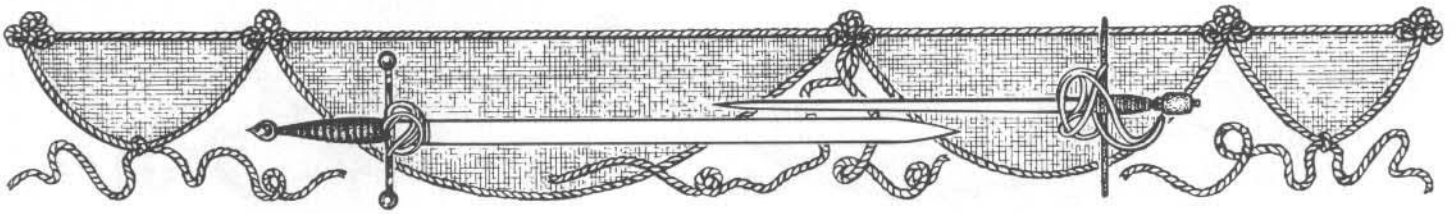
3. Vestibule

This hallway is lined with columns, between which are painted scenes of battle, heroism by various followers of the Red God. Light is provided by iron lanterns suspended by chains from the ceiling. The floor is green-veined white marble.

Worshippers are led down this hall during daily services. All exits are guarded by warrior-priests during the day. At night, two of every three lanterns are extinguished, and the hall is patrolled by pairs of warrior-priests once an hour.

4. Guard Post

This small room is bare save for a bench and



low table, upon which rest a knife and a wedge of cheese.

Normally, this room is empty during the day. At night, it is occupied by six warrior-priests, who patrol the building in pairs. The priests pass the time by playing cards or telling stories.

5. Cloakroom

Along one side of the room is a rack containing several cloaks and coats, as well as four red cloaks like the ones worn by the warrior-priests.

Worshippers' outer garments are checked here for an iron tik. Several forgotten cloaks and coats remain, as well as four red priests' cloaks. The room is occupied by a single normal priest during the day, and is locked at night.

6. Small Chamber

This room contains two chairs. An opening at one end of the room looks out over the cathedral below.

This room is accessible through a secret door and a short flight of stairs. It is normally used by the high priest to observe services unseen.

7. Reliquary

In the dim, shadowy light, you see numerous dark shapes, and smell the accumulated dust of decades. The room is filled with many objects—clothing, sacks, chests, weapons, armor, books, and more. From an open bag, you see the faint glimmer of gold.

Many sacred relics are kept in this room, which is normally kept locked. In addition, it is guarded by a pair of warrior-priests during the day. The door is also rigged with an alarm; opening the door without a successful remove traps roll will set it off, summoning the high priest and six warrior-priests. If the high priest sees the gem, he will react as described below. Otherwise, the priests will attack, ignoring any protestations of innocence by the party.

The room contains 1552 gold rilks in various denominations and 1319 in gems (in sacks), a dozen silken robes worn by the warrior-priests (worth 100 gold rilks each), a helmet worn by the high priest in battle (gives wearer infravision, and -4 to armor class), a *mace* $+3$, and numerous other non-magical items. Note that all of these items are sacred to the Red God, and may (at the DM's discretion) cause effects similar to the gem.

8. Priests' Quarters

This small, square cubicle contains a narrow pallet with a thin blanket, a chamber pot and a small table, upon which rests a thick, red leather-bound book.

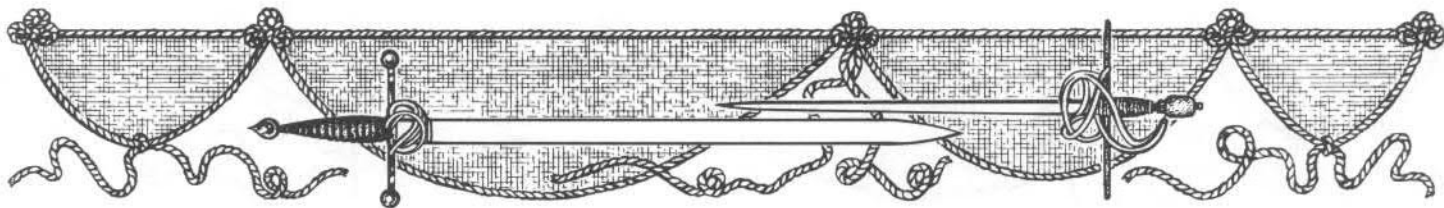
These cells are occupied by the temple priests. When not going about their duties or training for combat, they spend their time here, meditating and studying. Each cubicle contains a copy of the sect's sacred tome, the *Red Book* (consisting mostly of tales of heroism and self-sacrifice by the Red God's followers), robes, sandals, and a few miscellaneous personal effects of no great value. The cubicles inhabited by warrior-priests (two in six) also contain carefully-maintained suits of red lacquered scale armor and various hand weapons.

9. High Priest's Quarters

This room is only slightly larger than the others, with a somewhat more comfortable bed, and a big, luxuriantly bound copy of the *Red Book*. On one wall is a large tapestry portraying the Red God vanquishing an army of evil deities.

The high priest's copy of the *Red Book* is worth 260 gold rilks, but few will want to buy it, and the priests will seek revenge. The room also contains a suit of *scale armor* $+2$, and the tapestry, which is worth 110 gold rilks.

The high priest will be here unless the alarm is raised, in which case he will move to attack the party. He is the only one left in the temple who remembers the gem's theft—if he sees the gem he will order his fellow priests to stop attacking, and take the gem from the party. He will realize what the characters have been up to and forgive



them for any damage or mayhem they may have committed, but will tell them never to show their faces around the Red God's Temple again.

High Priest: AL LN; AC 7; C9; hp 52; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8; Spells: *bless, cure light wounds* (x 2), *detect evil, resist fire, slow poison, spiritual hammer, withdraw, dispel magic, prayer, protection from fire, cure serious wounds, neutralize poison, flame strike.*

10. Storage Room

This room mostly contains old books full of lists of worshippers, account ledgers, and copies of obscure religious texts. One of the books describes the theft of the gem, but it is well hidden amid all the other material.

11. Armory

This room is lit by small oil lamps. The light glints off weapons and armor, neatly stacked on shelves or racks.

This room contains 15 sets of leather armor, 24 maces, 12 short bows, and 240 arrows.

12. Gymnasium

This room is large, with expensive wooden floors. The walls are painted with scenes of battle.

The warrior-priests train here, and teach the lesser priests combat techniques. During the day, at least six warrior-priests and a dozen ordinary priests occupy this room, engaging in mock combat with blunted weapons. At night, the room is closed and locked.

13. Outer Chamber

This room is built of simple white marble. A desk and chair sit in one corner, bronze-bound doors stand at the opposite end.

The massive double doors are guarded by two warrior-priests in the day, and locked at night.

A second bronze agol offering is solicited from the faithful upon entry to this small chamber. Those who do not have the money may pray or meditate here while the rest of the congregation worships in the Cathedral.

14. Cathedral

The cathedral is vast, high-ceilinged room lined with wooden pews. At one end is an elaborate altar, beneath the Red God's red sunburst symbol. Iron lamps hung from the ceiling provide light. Niches in the walls contain statues of the Red God and his various heroes.

Worshippers are led into this room to hear priests sing the praises of the Red God. These services are only intended for the general public, and to raise funds. True worshippers of the Red God worship in the hidden shrine beyond.

15. Altar

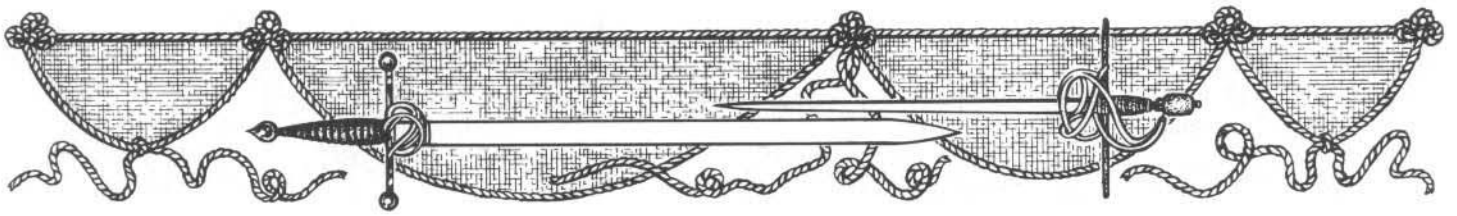
The altar is a rectangular box, three feet high. It is plated with gold and covered with rich gems.

This altar is where offerings are placed each day. Although it is apparently covered in gold and gems, this is not the place where the red gem must be returned. The gold and gems are fake, and the real altar is located through a secret door behind the altar. If the characters leave the gem here, it will return to the owner as described above.

16. Inner Sanctum

The room is painted gold, with red sunbursts on each wall. In the center is a rather nondescript stone altar, with a sunburst carved at one end.

Public services are put on simply to raise money for the temple. The truly faithful gather here after the regular services, and pray to the Red God. The red gem was stolen from this location. Upon closer inspection, characters will discover that the sunburst has an empty socket in the center, where the red gem must be placed in order to lift the curse.



When Walks the Wyrn

Total Party Levels: 30 (Average 6)

Sheelba of the Eyeless Face looked into the depths of a steaming bowl that rested in the center of her mobile hut, presently tottering across the marshes outside of Lankhmar.

"I have made a discovery of great import," she said in her normal direct style. "One which may affect both of us disastrously."

In the steaming waters of the bowl, Ningauble of the Seven Eyes, his glowing oculars floating uneasily about in his robe's otherwise empty hood, waved a hand.

"I would have expected no less, my esteemed colleague, given that you have deigned to actually contact me. So to what imminent disaster do I owe the inestimable pleasure of your sparkling conversation?"

If Sheelba had a face, she would have made a sour expression. "All of Nehwon may be threatened," she said. "Exhaustive research has led me to the conclusion that an indestructible creature known only as 'The Wyrn' is soon to end its millennia-long sleep, and rise up to ravage our world."

"Most distressing," Ningauble replied in a somewhat bored voice. "I infer from your tone that you are suggesting we combine forces to save Nehwon. Is this correct?"

"Not exactly. Despite our considerable mystic skills, we can do little to damage the Wyrn. We need the services of. . ." Sheelba paused. "Heroes."

"Ah! Heroes!" Ningauble said brightly. "Such as our favored Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser."

Sheelba's dark hood shook sadly. "They appear to be unavailable at this time. Off on some adventure or other."

"Shame and pity. I suppose we shall have to go slumming. It is so difficult to get good heroes these days."

Dragons are almost unknown on Nehwon, save for the ancient beast known to legend only as "The Wyrn." After slumbering for a millennium, the Wyrn emerges to wreak havoc, and is said to be responsible for the fall of

several ancient civilizations. Today, as the wizard Sheelba has discovered, the Wyrn is beginning to stir, possibly bringing untold suffering to the world of Nehwon. Sheelba summons the characters to her hut in the Great Marsh. Once there, she describes the Wyrn and the threat it represents.

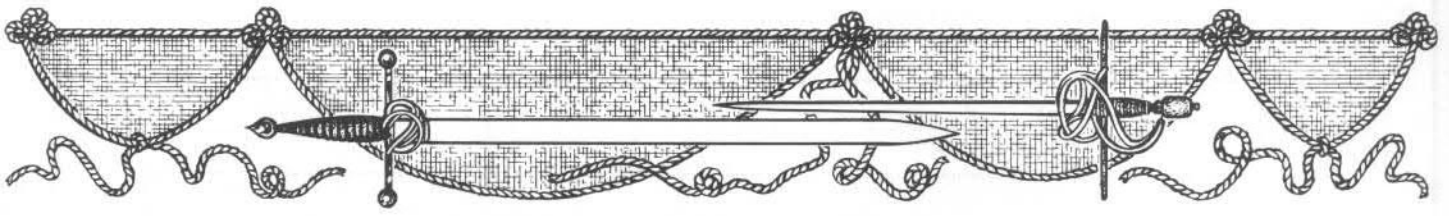
"It is said," Sheelba tells you, "that the white wizard Hwal fashioned a silver flute, which he played, putting the Wyrn to sleep for a thousand years. This was, of course, exactly one thousand years ago.

"The flute itself has a varied history, one which would interest only such collectors of minutiae as my colleague Ningauble of the Seven Eyes, who has determined that it currently resides in the manse of the nobleman, Kelepho Alzamexes. I estimate that you have two days to obtain the flute, travel south to the Lakes of Pleea, where the Wyrn presently dwells, and play it back to sleep before it destroys all of Nehwon."

If the party has not previously agreed to serve Sheelba, she will grudgingly agree to pay each party member 300 gold rilks upon successful completion of the mission.

Kelepho is a famous collector and dilettante, and his parties are known throughout Lankhmar. His household is currently recovering from his last fete, and he is not inclined to meet with a group of ne'er-do-wells such as the adventurers. If the party approaches him with an offer to borrow or buy the flute, Kelepho's footman will rudely shoo them off and slam the door in their faces, forcing them to consider taking the flute by guile.

Kelepho's mansion is a typical Lankhmart noble dwelling—a windowless fortress specifically designed to foil thieves. If the party seems to be having trouble planning a break-in, Sheelba will persuade a guild thief who owes her a favor to surreptitiously inform the characters of the existence of the loose window pane at location 9.



Within Kelepho's mansion, the characters will encounter his personal guards, all of whom have the following statistics:

Kelepho's Guards: AL N; AC 6; F4; hp 28; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8.

1. Outer Walls

The entire complex is surrounded by a high stone wall, topped with iron spikes.

The wall is fairly easy to climb, as the defenses inside are expected to be the main deterrent. Two guards walk the perimeter of the wall at all times, and shoo off anyone who gets too close.

2. Outer Gates

Two guards stand watch at these wrought-iron gates. The gates are chained and locked.

The guards are not terribly interested in their job, and will not bother anyone who doesn't approach too closely.

3. Inner Grounds

These scrupulously maintained grounds are planted with lush exotic trees, colorful shrubs and decorative plants. Exotic-looking birds sit in the trees, and guards walk a slow circuit, carefully watching where they step.

Kelepho keeps his grounds stocked with tropical songbirds, which are replaced each winter when they die from the cold or fly south. The grounds are covered with poisoned caltrops each night, then gathered up in the morning before the master takes his daily constitutional (Kelepho's last groundskeeper was somewhat lax; his failure to collect all the caltrops resulted in the untimely deaths of three gardeners). The caltrops are hidden in the grass (-20% to find trap rolls), and cause 3d6 damage if stepped on (save vs. poison halves damage).

Two guards normally patrol the grounds, following a carefully prearranged route around the caltrops. This, of course, limits their ability to attack intruders; if they catch sight of the party,

they will run inside to sound the alarm.

4. False Front Door

The door is ornate, carved hardwood, decorated with silver and brass fittings. The latch appears to have a complex lock.

This ornate door seems to be the only entrance to the structure. In reality, it is a trap. Any attempt to open the door will trigger an alarm that will alert the household, bring the twelve guards from room 17 running to attack, and launch six spears from behind the false door. The character opening the door will be struck by 1d6 spears (successful Dexterity check to avoid), while the remainder of the six will be evenly divided among the characters directly behind the first victim.

5. Real Front Door

Guards are not permitted to enter this door while on patrol unless there is an emergency. It is disguised as part of the wall, and is not particularly well defended. A normal pick locks roll will open the door.

6. Inner Walls

The outside of Kelepho's manse is of rough-hewn stone. There appear to be numerous hand- and foot-holds.

These walls are weathered and easy to climb, even for non-thieves.

7. Roof

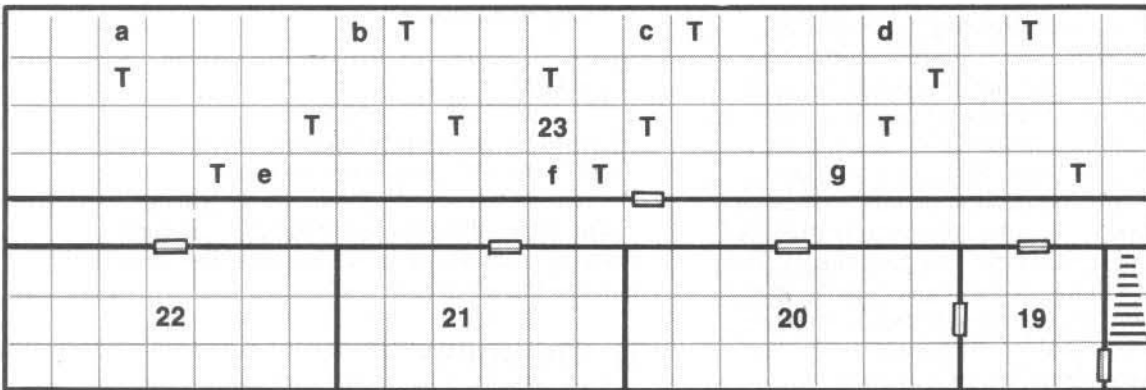
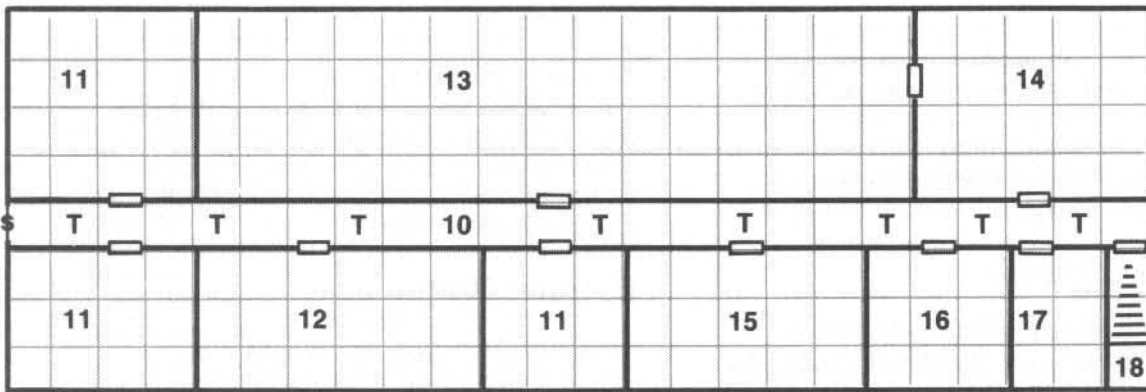
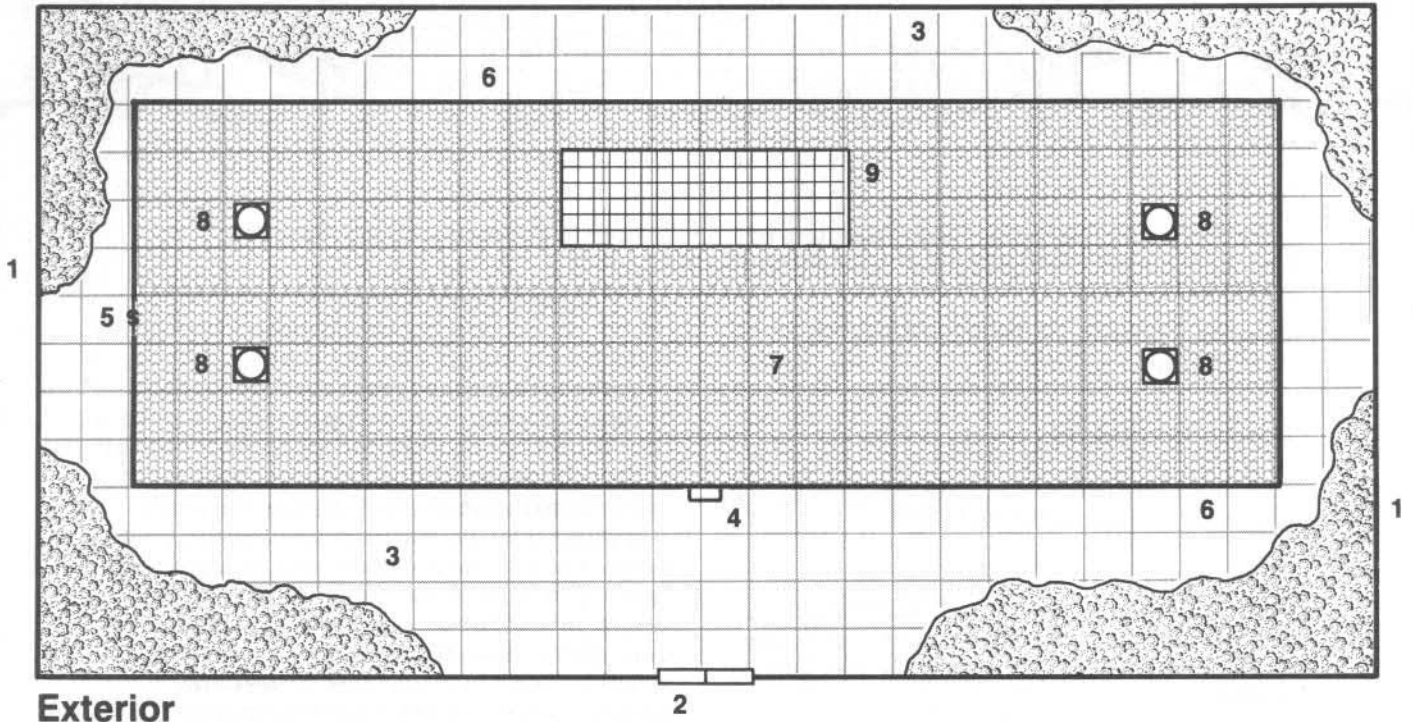
The mansion's flat roof is dark, studded here and there with small chimneys.








The flat roof is also scattered with caltrops, although they show up well against the dark surface (no penalty to find).

8. Chimneys

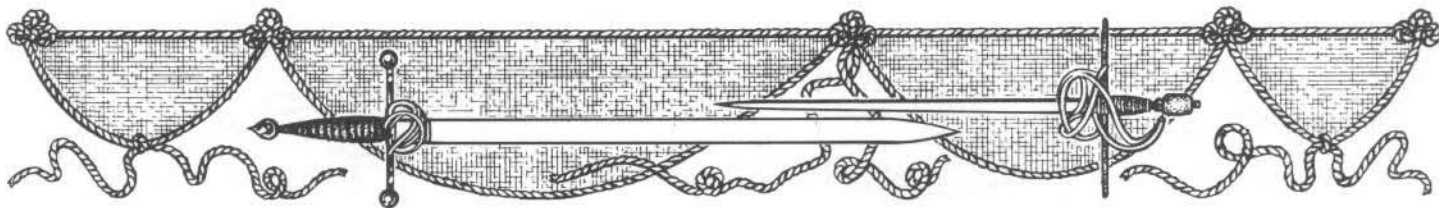
These chimneys are neither trapped nor guarded, but as they are only one foot square, they cannot accommodate a normal-sized human. The DM should reward creativity by the

The Mansion of Kelepho



-  Door
-  False door
-  Secret door
-  Stairs
-  Trap
-  Gate
-  Skylight

Scale: 1 square = 10 feet



characters in attempts to enter the building by this route.

9. Skylight

In the middle of the roof lies this expanse of leaded glass in a stout iron frame. Looking through, you see down into the interior of the mansion. In the darkness, you see shadows of what could be plants.

Several weeks ago, Thieves' Guild operatives loosened a pane in the extreme southwest corner of the skylight, in preparation for possible future action. Upon inspection, the characters will discover that the pane is still loose. Removal leaves just enough room for all the characters to lower themselves down to the interior of the solarium (room 13).

10. Entry Hall

The hallway is floored in dark hardwoods from Klesh, and white marble columns extend the length of the passage.

Squares marked **T** trigger poisoned arrows that do 2d8 points of damage (save vs. poison halves damage).

11. Small Rooms

These rooms are rarely occupied, and are used mostly as closets and storage areas. They contain clothing, foodstuffs, and the detritus from past parties, which was swept into closets and forgotten. If the party searches the rooms, they may find some small items of value such as gems, coins, ornate weapons, and jewelry (no more than 500 gold rilks worth).

12. Library

This cozy, hardwood-paneled chamber contains a writing desk, several comfortable chairs, and bookshelves that reach to the ceiling.

Most of Kelepho's books are on obscure ancient history, but some biographies of notable

Nehwonese noble families might be of interest to collectors.

Kelepho's desk drawers contain reams of correspondence, and among the scribbled pages are several letters implicating Kelepho and a cabal of noblemen in a smuggling ring that ships spices from Klesh in barrels supposedly containing dried fish, thus avoiding the heavy Lankmart state tariffs. This information may be turned in to the Overlord's agents, earning a 250 gold rilk reward; sold to the Thieves' Guild, who will pay 500 rilks; or be used to blackmail Kelepho and his fellow conspirators. The amount available is up to the DM, but the smugglers will probably contract the Slayers' Guild to eliminate the blackmailers.

13. Solarium

Suffused moonlight shines down from the skylight above. The room is built entirely of white marble, with columns stretching from floor to ceiling. The room is full of potted greenery from Klesh and points south, and is covered with bits of food, broken dishes, and miscellaneous trash.

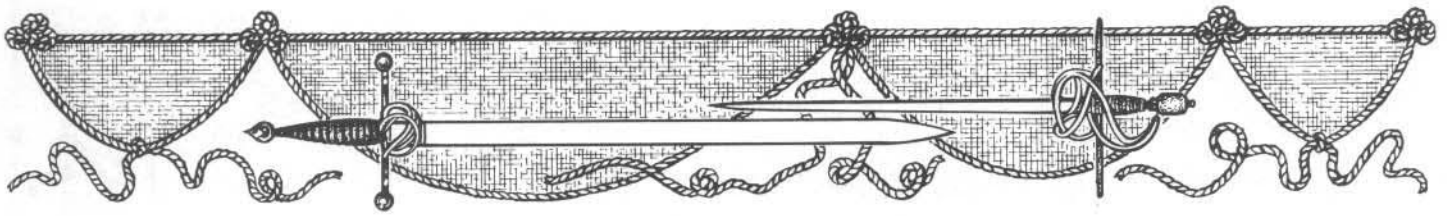
Balking at the traditionally dark and musty dwellings of Lankmart nobles, Kelepho insisted that a room be built to allow sunlight in. Today, stocked with tropical plants, the solarium is where most of Kelepho's entertainments take place. The floor is covered with debris from his last party. Nothing of any value remains in the room.

The skylight overhead was built of heavy glass and iron, intended to keep thieves out. Guild operatives have loosened one of the panes (as noted above) for use in future operations.

14. Dining Room

A long, dark wooden table and a dozen comfortable chairs occupy this room. Apparently used recently, the dining room is still a mess, with soiled plates, remains of meals, and dirty napkins scattered all over the table and floor.

The plates, tableware, candlesticks and utensils are worth 220 gold rilks.



15. Kitchen

Apparently left uncleaned for several days, the kitchen is a shambles, and smells quite unpleasant.

Kelepho's cooks and kitchen drudges are all home sleeping off the last several days' labor. The kitchen is therefore in disarray, containing only food scraps, dirty dishes, and nothing of any real value.

16. Guards' Quarters

Twelve guards sleep on bunks in this featureless room. They do not patrol the interior of the house, relying instead on the traps and outside guards to raise the alarm. Each guard has a small bag of personal effects at the foot of his bunk (approximately 100 gold riks total in various coins), and the guards' armor and weapons are sloppily piled in one corner.

17. Latrine

Linked directly to the running water sewers beneath Lankhmar, the latrine is a potential (if somewhat disgusting) route for a break-in.

18. Stair Access

Closed and locked, this heavy door opens onto the stairs to the second floor. The lock is set with an alarm that goes off unless successfully found and removed. The clanging alarm will rouse the guards in the adjoining room, who will immediately don their armor (taking 1d6 rounds) and attack. Kelepho and the upstairs guards will also be alerted if the alarm goes off and will be ready to defend against any attack.

19. Landing

This small, featureless room contains four heavy crossbows, which Kelepho and his guards will shoot down at the characters if the alarm is raised. If this fails to deter the characters, the guards will fight hand-to-hand, but Kelepho is intelligent enough to retreat or surrender if it seems he is in danger of losing.

20. Master Bedroom

This room is richly paneled, and the floors are covered with the skins of exotic animals. Six elaborate tapestries hang from the walls. The room contains several chests and wardrobes, and Kelepho's large, luxurious bed. A silken sash hangs from the ceiling near the bed.

If Kelepho has not been awakened by the alarm, he will be sleeping here. The six tapestries are worth 130 gold riks each; the chests of drawers and wardrobes contain 1125 gold riks worth of expensive clothing, as well as Kelepho's personal weapons and armor (a finely made sword worth 250 riks, and a suit of chain mail).

Kelepho's fluid cash supply is kept in a heavy iron casket beneath his bed. The casket currently contains 2340 riks in coins and gems; it is trapped with a poison needle (3d6 damage, save vs. poison halves damage), and cannot be removed without first lifting up the bed, an act sure to wake the sleeping Kelepho. If awakened, he will immediately pull the velvet sash, which will sound an alarm gong, bringing all surviving guards to his bedroom. He will then fight with a dagger he keeps beneath his pillow, attempting to hold off the characters until help arrives.

If in danger of death, Kelepho is willing to negotiate. He will agree to let the characters take the flute and not press charges if they let him live. Unfortunately, Kelepho will not keep his word, and after the adventure the characters may have to deal with the authorities.

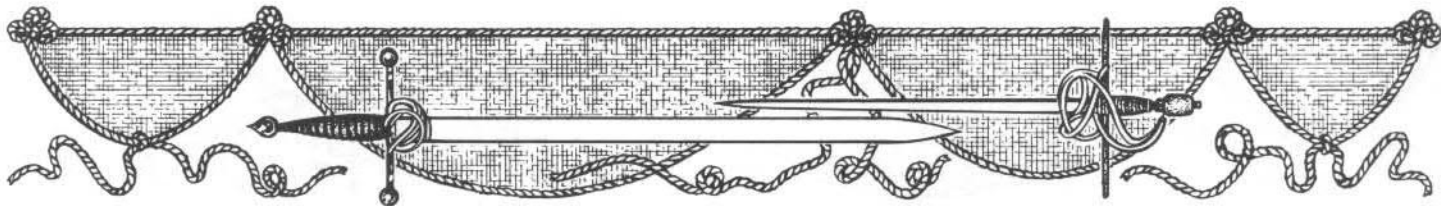
Kelepho: AL CN; AC 10; F6; hp 50; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 + 1. (If Kelepho is alerted, he will don his armor and grab his sword, giving him AC 5 and damage 1d8 + 1).

21. Upper Guard Room

Another ten guards sleep here. Otherwise, it is identical to room 17.

22. Guest Bedroom

This room is hardwood paneled, the floor is covered with rugs. A canopied bed sits in one



corner. A sleeping form stirs beneath the silken coverlet.

Kelepho is loathe to share his sleeping space with anyone, so most of his overnight guests sleep here. The rugs are worth 160 rilks. The current occupant of the large canopied bed is Lady Jespeth Odamexos, wife of a prominent noble. If awakened, she will offer the party 235 rilks in jewelry if they keep their mouths shut about her presence here. Otherwise, she will scream, raising the alarm.

Lady Jespeth: AL N; AC 10; F1; hp 6; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4. (Jespeth also has a dagger beneath her pillow—Kelepho likes his guests to be prepared for anything.)

23. Display Room

Most of the second floor is taken up by this room, where Kelepho keeps his most valued treasures for personal enjoyment. Very few guests are allowed to see the collection.

The main doors are locked (–15% to pick) and set with an alarm (–15% to find and remove). If set off, it will bring Kelepho and his guards running. If the characters manage to gain access to the room, read the following paragraph.

Compared to the rest of the house, this room displays distinctly understated decor. The treasures that line the walls are apparently intended to be the sole center of attention. Empty torch sockets line the walls.

The floor is set with false tiles (marked T) that will set off the alarm if walked upon (–15% to find). Each item in the room is also linked to the alarm system and will set it off if removed (normal chance to find and remove). The room is full of items, far too many for the party to take in a single trip. The DM is free to make up his own items if he so chooses. Each item has a small plaque describing it (read the boxed text to the players). Among the most prominent are:

a. Painting

The painting "The Triumphal Entry of the

Overlord Umenes Thazoborix into the Citadel of Trond," by the famous artist Haldomis.

The painting itself is a blatant piece of propaganda (Umenes never actually entered Trond), but is worth 975 rilks.

b. Sword

The sword of King Krimaxius, an ancient foe of Lankhmar.

A rather nondescript blade, it was nonetheless wielded by a legendary figure, and is worth 1220 rilks to a collector.

c. Tapestry

An ancient tapestry depicting the founding of Lankhmar.

Tapestry portrays a group of muscular, noble-looking men with serious expressions. Although no one knows who made it, the tapestry is considered a valuable historical document, and the Overlord would pay 1475 rilks for it.

d. Coronet

The coronet of Guon of the Eight Cities, stolen by a daring thief during a sumptuous state banquet.

The current rulers of the Eight Cities would happily pay up to 500 rilks to get it back and erase the embarrassment.

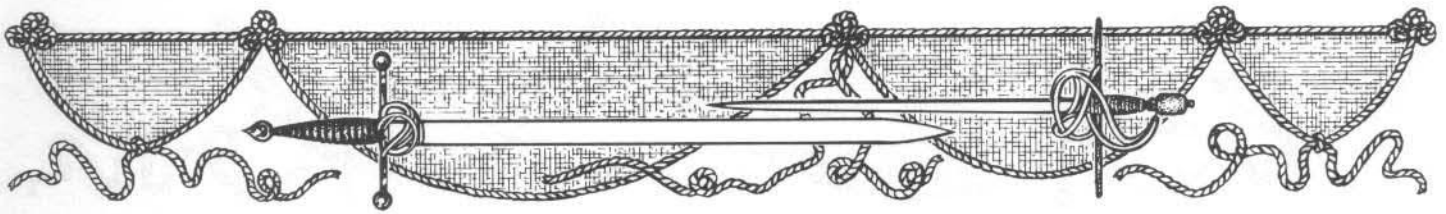
e. Key

A gold and onyx key said to open the gates of Godsland.

No one has yet tried to see if the claim about the key is true. In reality, it opens one of the Overlord's private latrines in the Rainbow Palace. Worth 25 rilks.

f. Book

The notebook of the ancient wizard Karsho.

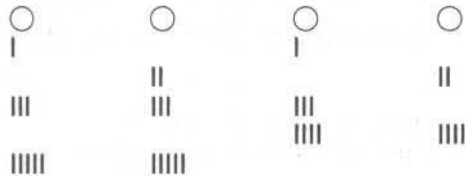


This heavy leather-bound book contains alchemical formulae and possibly several useful spells, and would be worth at least 2000 rilks to a wizard or scholar. Of course, player character wizards can also use the book's information. The exact spells that it contains (if any) are up to the DM.

g. Flute

The *Silver Flute of Hwal*, said to be useful in the calming of certain wild animals.

This is, of course, the object of the quest. The flute is actually quite nondescript, normally worth about 200 gold rilks. The flute has only four holes. Each hole has a series of marks beneath it, as follows.



If the DM feels that the party has gotten away with too much loot, he may determine that the stolen items are fakes, worth only a fraction of their apparent value. In addition, Kelepho will not be happy at the theft, and will stop at nothing to avenge himself. He will also use his connections to unleash the authorities upon the party (regardless of any promises he made to save his life), and will report the party to the Thieves' Guild for illegal freelance activity.

Upon obtaining the flute and escaping from Kelepho's mansion, the characters will again be contacted by Sheelba.

"Journey south," Sheelba says, vaguely. "To the Lakes of Pleea. The Wyrms sleep somewhere in that area. I have been unable to find its exact location, but I'm certain that you will know it when you find it."

The journey south is without incident, but as the party approaches a fishing village on the shores of the lakes, they hear screams and the sounds of battle from one of the nearby fishing villages. As they approach, they see the following.

The tiny village lies in ruins, the remnants of its huts smoldering, as smoke rises in the cold air. A pitiful handful of villagers—old men, women and children—flees from the scene, as behind them a few men with improvised weapons struggle in vain to stop the colossal, scaled horror that follows.

The Wyrms has come—nearly 300 yards long, ponderously dragging itself along on titanic feet, its claws digging furrows nearly six feet deep as it goes. Its narrow, horned head waves from side to side, its jaws clash, seizing unfortunate warriors and swallowing them in a single gulp. You realize with horror that no human force can possibly stop this creature, and it is moving inexorably north, toward Lankhmar.

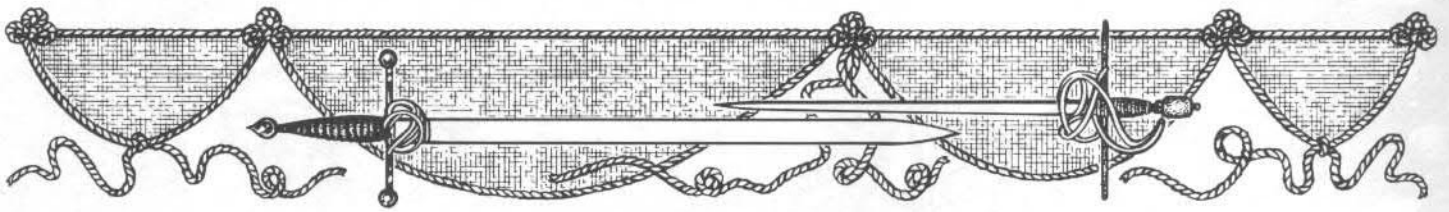
There are no stats for the Wyrms—it is, for all intents and purposes, unkillable. The characters must figure out how to play the flute and cast the beast into magical slumber before it reaches Lankhmar.

The marks beneath the holes are the secret of how to defeat the Wyrms. A five-note pattern is required. The first note is produced by blowing on the flute while blocking the holes marked "I", the second by blocking the holes marked "II" and so on.

If the notes are played in this manner, the Wyrms will begin to move slower and slower, then finally sink into the earth, to sleep for another thousand years.

If the characters have a hard time figuring this out, the DM can have the Sheelba or one of her agents appear, and provide the party with some clues.

If the Wyrms is put to sleep, the characters have saved Lankhmar. Unfortunately, no one but Sheelba and Ningauble will know it, for all the Lankhmarts will hear is vague rumors of a terrible beast that destroyed a Pleea fishing village.



In the Land of the Pale Ones

Total Party Levels: 25 (Average 5)

A hunter slogs painfully across the snowy plain, dragging a sledge full of skins behind him. It has been a long trip, but when he reaches Mlurg Nar the gold he gets for his skins will make the cold, pain, and exhaustion worthwhile. He pauses to mop his brow, marveling at how even in the bitter cold he sweats so much. He adjusts the slitted eye coverings that help prevent snow blindness but make him look something other than human.

Abruptly, the hunter frowns. The snow in front of him seems to waver, as if shifting from below. He is cautious; sinkholes and bottomless crevices lie hidden throughout this region. He probes the ground before him with his ice-axe.

Suddenly, an enraged roar echoes up from beneath his feet, and the snow rises up like an iceberg breaking the surface of the ocean. The hunter tumbles back. His sled overturns, scattering furs.

Looking up in terror, the hunter beholds a great, white-furred beast crawling from its hiding place, its roars deafening.

The hunter tries to flee, but he knows that it is too late. . . .

In the Land of the Pale Ones takes the characters to the Cold Wastes of the north, purportedly to hunt the rare Snow Behemoth. In reality, they will find themselves caught in a power struggle between two factions of the Pale Ones, a tribe of northern barbarians. This adventure is somewhat unusual, in that the most prudent course of action is for them to abandon the hunt that brought them to the Cold Wastes in the first place.

A white wizard, his eyes bright with curiosity and intelligence, approaches the party. His name, he says, is Cleph, and he is a member of the Lankmar Society of Nature Sages. He speaks in an enthusiastic voice.

"You are, I assume, familiar with the

creature known as the Behemoth?" he asks. The Behemoth, also known as the Swamp Whale, is a massive, whale-like creature that lives on land, moving about on four stumpy legs. It is rare, and very dangerous.

"Well," Cleph continues, gesturing excitedly, "I have just heard reports from the Cold Waste of a white-furred subspecies of the creature that lives in the snow. If you could journey north and bring one back, dead or alive, I can make it worth your while."

Cleph will offer 2000 gold rilks for the Snow Behemoth, although he claims back problems and refuses to accompany the party on the expedition.

If the party agrees, the Sages' Society will provide up to 500 gold rilks in equipment and supplies, and has arranged passage on a rather disreputable vessel to Klelg Nar (the Society is somewhat stingy, as they consider the expedition a bad risk).

From Klelg Nar, the characters must journey north through the Great Forest, to Mlurg Nar.

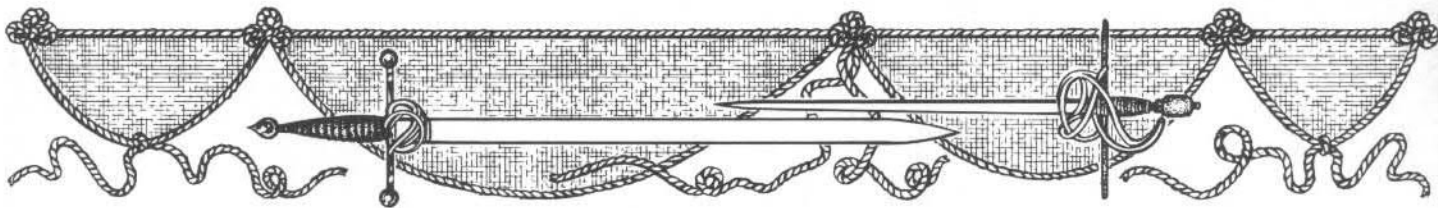
In Mlurg Nar, the characters find lodging at an inn, where they hear many rumors about the Snow Behemoth. At least one, and possibly more, is ravaging the Cold Wastes, the party is told, and several expeditions to slay them have failed to return.

The last report of a Snow Behemoth was just north of the pass between the Trollstep Mountains and the Bones of the Old Ones, about 100 leagues (50 miles) to the northeast. Characters will be advised to buy snowshoes (2 gold rilks each) and possibly a dog sled (eight dogs at 18 Gold rilks each, and a sled at 20 gold rilks) for travel across the snow fields beyond the Great Forest.

Once beyond the pass, the Cold Wastes stretch off into the horizon, broken by occasional drifts and low hills.

Several days after entering the Wastes, a lean, white-furred cat resembling a long-haired cheetah wanders toward the camp. At a





respectful distance she sits on her haunches and calmly licks her paw. Then she looks up with intelligent eyes, as if expecting to be invited into the camp.

If the party allows the ice cat to approach, she will look longingly at any food that is visible. If the party ignores her, she will look offended and wander away. If the party offers food to the ice cat, she will accept, and will adopt the party, following along like a loyal dog, for as long as the food holds out. She will remain in the Cold Wastes if the party leaves, but if they return, she will find them, and follow them again.

Ice Cat (1): INT Ave; AL N; AC 6; MV 15; HD 3; hp 18; THAC0 17; #AT 3; Dmg 1d4/1d4/1d6; SA rear claw rake, 1d6 each; SD surprised only on a 1; SZ M; ML 9.

After several days in the wilderness, the party comes upon a camp of northern barbarians who call themselves the Pale Ones. The Pale Ones will be hospitable, give the characters rest and shelter, and help them heal any damage they have taken. However, the DM should keep in mind that the Pale Ones worship the Snow Behemoth as one of their sacred totem animals, and will turn against the party if they learn the true purpose of the expedition.

As the party approaches the Pale Ones' camp, read the following paragraph.

In the distance, across the shining fields of snow, you see the rising smoke of campfires. Moving closer, you see that it is an encampment—a huddle of tents, with tall, pale forms moving about.

Suddenly, you hear the crunch of snow underfoot. Turning, you see two blonde, fine-boned warriors dressed in animals furs, carrying broadswords, standing nearby.

"Hail, travelers," one says. His voice is strangely accented, but you understand him. "We are the Pale Ones. Come you as friends or foes?"

If the characters say they are friends, the two warriors will escort them to the encampment. They introduce themselves as Kan and Chosal, and they will remain friendly towards the

characters for the remainder of the adventure. Use normal warrior statistics for the pair.

Pale One warriors, shamans, and healers all have the following statistics:

Pale One Warrior: AL N; AC 7; F5; hp 42; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4 + 1.

Pale One Shaman: AL N; AC 9; C6; hp 30; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; Spells: *animal friendship, bless, faerie fire, produce flame* (x 2), *speak with animals, call lightning, prayer.*

Pale One Healer: AC 9; C5; hp 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; THAC0 18*; AL NG; Spells: *bless, cure light wounds, purify food & drink, goodberry, produce flame, aid, cure disease.*

*Healers will fight only in self defense.

1. Banners

You see numerous intricately-crafted banners, planted in a circle around the camp. A wide variety of creatures is depicted on the banners, which flap weakly in the cold air.

"Those are the symbols of our sacred totems," says Kan. "They are there to drive away hostile spirits."

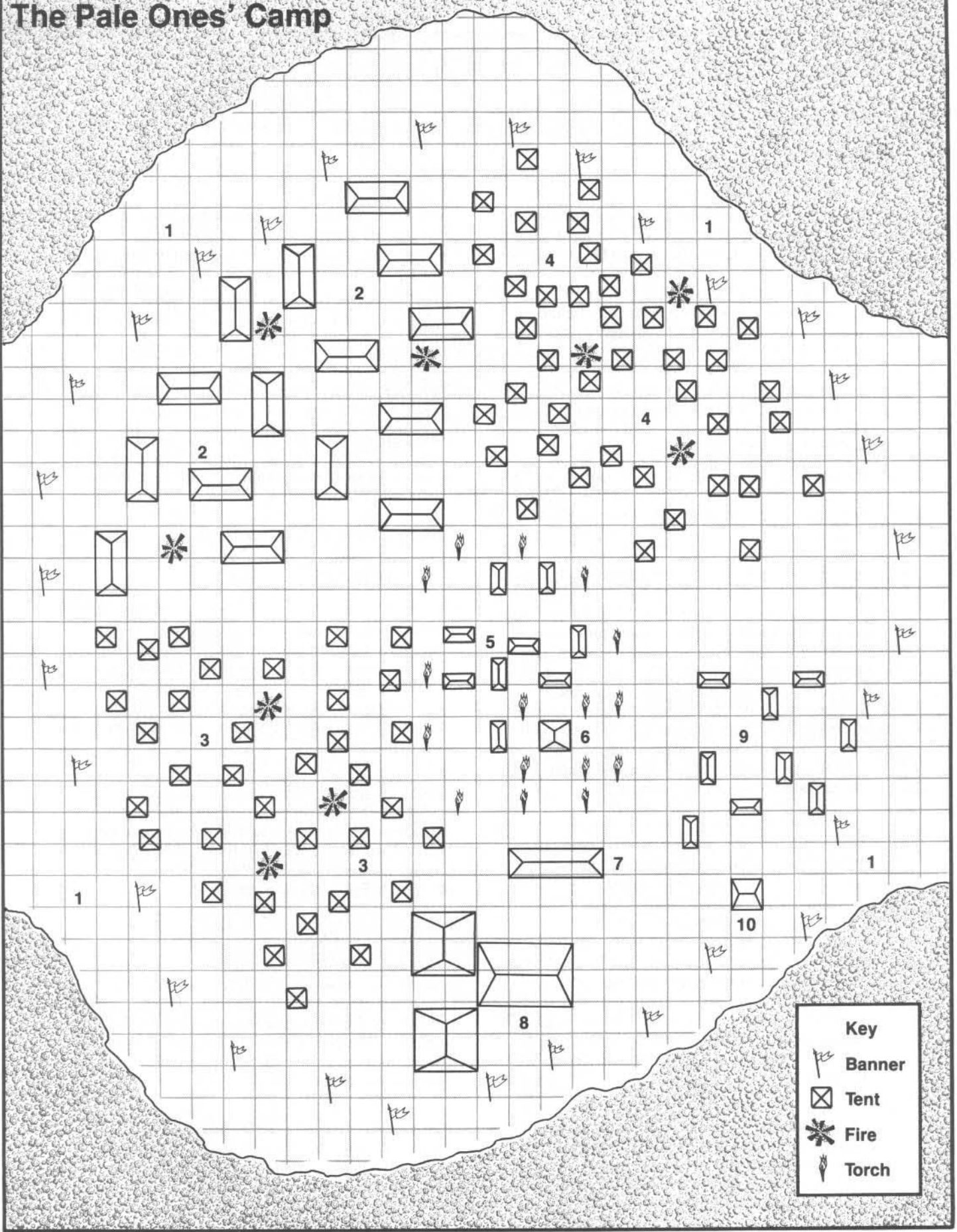
If the characters inspect the banners, they will notice that several of them depict what appears to be a furry killer whale with small, stumpy legs. It is, of course, the Snow Behemoth, which is a sacred animal to the Pale Ones, although the party does not know this yet.





2. Married Couples' Tents

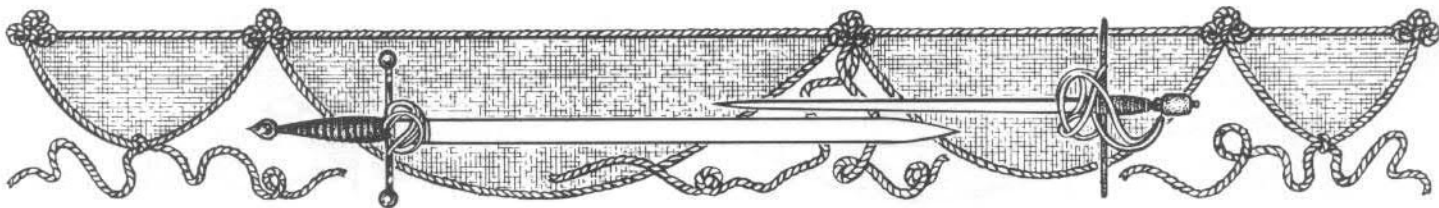
Numerous hide tents occupy this area. The tents are large, some have small fires burning in front of them. Male and female Pale Ones wander between tents, knocking snow from roofs, making small talk, carrying wood, and performing other chores.

Sexes are normally segregated in Cold One society. When a couple gets married, they move to this area. There are thirty married couples here, along with ten young children.

The Pale Ones' Camp



Key	
	Banner
	Tent
	Fire
	Torch



3. Single Men's Tents

Some smaller tents cluster here. You see only male Cold Ones wandering about. They are dressed in rude hide garments and are tall, pale-haired. Most are bearded, and many carry wicked-looking broadswords at their sides.

These small tents are where men live before finding a bride. This area of the camp is the scene of much drinking, singing, contests of martial skill and numerous other manly activities. Most single men sleep late, and spend evenings partying, drinking and boasting. The tribal shamans never cease berating the young men for their libertine ways. There are presently 55 men in this area.

4. Single Women's Tents

This compound is much like the men's area, but only women seem to live here. The women are the counterparts of their men—tall, robust and blonde, clad in leather and fur garments. You see little ornamentation, and none of the women are armed.

While custom expects Pale One women to be demure and retiring, the single women's compound has recently become, like that of the men, the scene of drinking, singing and raucous entertainment. Older tribe members shake their heads and wonder what the younger generation is coming to, and married couples click their tongues, look askance, and usually sneak over to join the festivities. The shamans also rail against the women's flaunting of custom, and frequently call for a return to the old ways. There are currently 42 women here.

5. Shamans' Tents

A ring of torches surrounds these tents. Both men and women move quietly about—they

are dressed in white fur and leather, and wear silver circlets around their heads.

Your guide says, "Do not enter that place. It is taboo. Only shamans may go there."

The heart of tradition and unbending adherence to the ancient ways, this area is forbidden to all save the shamans. Tribal shamans may be male or female, and are traditionally celibate, spending their time contemplating nature, casting auguries, and ranting against youth and its sinful ways. The adventurers, representatives of the corrupt outside world, will be viewed by the shamans with considerable suspicion. The tribe currently has sixteen shamans.

6. Sharil's Tent

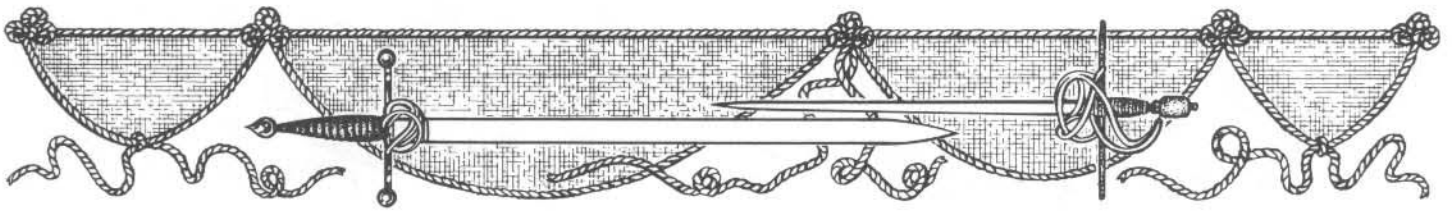
The largest tent in the shamans' encampment is surrounded by four torches. Planted in the ground close by is a large pole with a bear skull tied to it.

Sharil, the High Shaman of the Pale Ones, will view the party with the most suspicion of all. She is an old woman, and a skilled spellcaster, but her prejudices have grown stronger over the years. She blames the corrupt influence of outsiders for the current permissive attitudes of young people, and will take every opportunity to condemn the party before the chief and the tribal elders.

Sharil: AL N (E); AC 9; C10; hp 32; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; Spells: *animal friendship, bless, command, purify food & drink, aid, chant, flame blade, speak with animals, call lightning, create food & water, prayer, speak with dead, animal summoning I, speak with plants.*

7. Council Tent

This is a long, featureless tent. Inside you see a long table with several chairs placed around it.



The elders of the tribe meet here. When not used for such activities, the tent is used as a feasting hall. A long table stretches the length of the tent, along with wood and leather chairs. Currently, it stands empty.

8. Chief's Tents

Warriors stand guard at these large tents, elaborately embroidered with suns, moons, trees, and stylized animals. Shamans and healers move from tent to tent. You glimpse a large, grizzled warrior in a fancy cloak of snow serpent fur.

"See?" hisses your guide, pointing. "That is Great Habrik, our chieftain."

This small complex of tents is where the current chief, Great Habrik, lives with his wife Tuena, his two sons Voslak and Churma, and his daughter Yoa. Formerly a great warrior and hunter, Habrik has lately grown old and somewhat preoccupied.

Habrik and his family have the given statistics. Also noted are possible plot developments for each NPC, which the DM can use to further complicate the adventure.

Great Habrik: AL N; AC 5; F12; hp 40; THAC0 9; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d10 + 2.

Habrik was once a mighty warrior who led his people to many victories, but never shunned wise council. He has since grown weary and slow. He is usually swayed by the last person he speaks to. Habrik is currently caught in the middle of the Shamans-Healers conflict.

Tuena: AL N; AC 9; C4; hp 20; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8; Spells: *animal friendship*, *bless*, *cure light wounds*, *goodberry*, *produce flame*.

Habrik's wife Tuena has received some training from the Healers, and is generally sympathetic to Ganiya's faction.

Voslak: AL NG; AC 7; F1; hp 6; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8.

Voslak is a pleasant young man, favored by his father, and envied by his brother. He may

even be willing to accompany the party to explore the cities of the south, especially if his father ends up favorably inclined toward the characters.

Churma: AL NE; AC 7; F2; hp 12; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8.

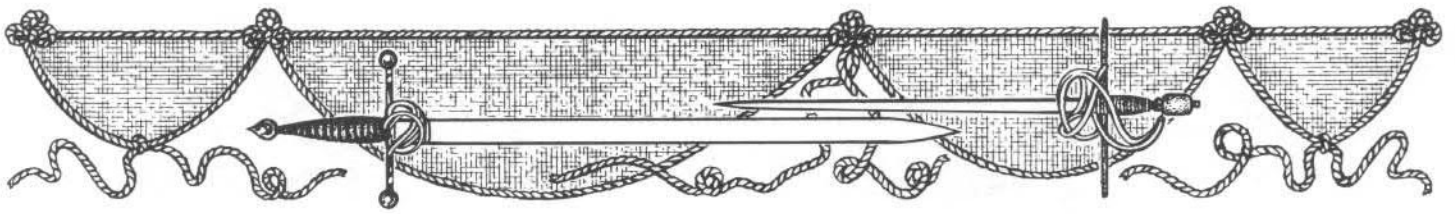
Churma believes that his parents favor Voslak and is consumed with jealousy. Encouraged by Sharil, he has contemplated numerous schemes to get his brother out of the way and become heir apparent of the Pale Ones. If circumstances seem strongly against him, Churma would not be above framing the party for a crime— theft of an idol from the Shrine Tent, the kidnapping of his sister, or even the murder of Voslak. Churma's primary role is to make the characters' lives miserable, and as an ally of Sharil and her fellow shamans.

Yoa: AL NG; AC 9; C1; hp 4; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; Spell: *cure light wounds*.

Yoa is an attractive but somewhat naive young woman, and is married to Habrik's greatest warrior, an ugly bear of a man known as Gruma. Yoa has balked at this match, noting that Gruma is missing an eye and has table manners that would shame an ice gnome. Her imagination fired by romantic tales of the civilized world told by Ganiya and the other healers, Yoa is searching for a way to escape from the planned marriage. One avenue may be the characters, and a possible plot complication would be to have her approach the adventurer with the highest Charisma, begging to be taken away to a life of romance and adventure. Exactly how Great Habrik and the rest of the tribe react to this is up to the DM, but Gruma, who has a temper to match his appearance, will not be pleased.

Gruma: AL N; AC 4; F6; hp 44; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8.

The characters' guides will introduce them to Great Habrik. When they do, read the following paragraph.



Habrik smiles, but he seems to be trying to grasp exactly who you are.

"Welcome, travelers," he says in a weak voice. "I offer you our hospitality for as long as you wish."

He then introduces his wife, Tuena, a handsome, silver-haired woman, his attractive daughter Yoa, and his two sons Voslak and Churma, both competent-looking young men. They greet you politely.

Habrik will welcome the characters in a friendly manner. If influenced by the shamans, and particularly Sharil, however, Habrik will slowly grow distant, and finally openly hostile to the party. Habrik will be particularly hostile if he learns that the party is hunting his tribe's sacred totem animal.

Habrik's tent contains several items of value, including 520 gold rilks in coins, six tuns of imported liquor (difficult to transport, but worth 50 rilks each), 630 gold rilks in gems and jewelry, and Habrik's most prized possession, a *broadsword* + 2 called *Trouble Seer* (acts as a *wand of enemy detection* when unsheathed).

9. Healer's Tents

Here, you see more small tents, each with a silver circle painted on the door-flaps. You also see men and women in white robes and fur cloaks, tending fires, talking, or sitting in tents.

Your guide waves. "Hail, healers!" he cries, brightly. The robed ones wave back, smiling.

A special type of shaman, the healers are an important part of the Pale Ones' society. Traditionally pacifistic and vegetarian, the healers are required to ceremonially try to dissuade Pale One Warriors from hunting or going to war. They usually fail in this endeavor, but their presence can help prevent a chief from leading his people into an unwinnable struggle while still maintaining his warrior's honor—there is no shame associated with accepting a healer's entreaty to peace. No act of violence

may take place in the healers' compound, and violence against the healers themselves is punishable by death.

The healers are natural allies of the characters among the Pale Ones. They may defend the adventurers against attacks by the shamans, even going so far as to grant sanctuary in their compound in exchange for a pledge of non-violence from the party. Healers will also be able to explain tribal traditions and beliefs, especially the sacred status of the Snow Behemoth. While they will not physically stop the characters from hunting the Behemoth, the healers will passionately try to talk them out of it.

10. Ganiya's Tent

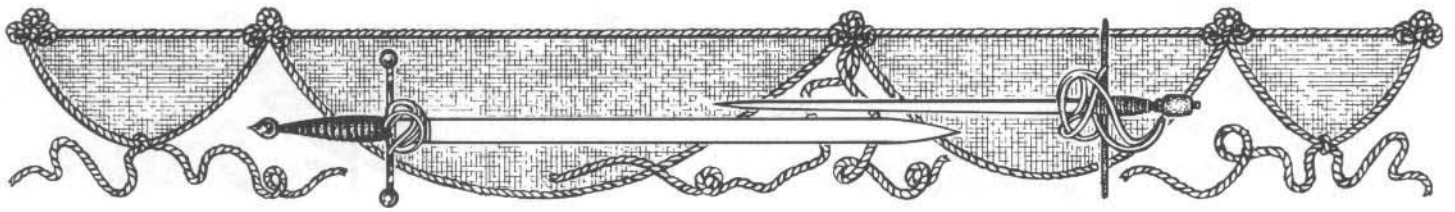
This tent sits by itself, apart from the other Pale Ones. It is devoid of adornment, save a single staff ending in a silver disc, planted near the entrance.

"That is where Ganiya, the High Healer, lives," says your guide. "She is a good woman. If you have troubles, speak with her, and she will help you."

The High Healer is a gentle woman who wills harm to no creature. She spends much time casting auguries, teaching other healers, and reading from her collection of books on philosophy (she is one of the few Pale Ones who can read). In conversation she is eager to learn about the outside world, and always eager to discuss philosophy. Her views are quite progressive for a Pale One, and she is extremely unpopular with the shamans, who can do nothing save condemn her verbally. Although Ganiya is dedicated to peaceful pursuits, her son is a tribal warrior, a situation that she accepts philosophically.

Ganiya will be a strong advocate for the characters, although she will try to dissuade them from violence, particularly if she learns of their expedition to hunt the Behemoth. All the same, Ganiya will be a powerful ally.

Ganiya: AL NG; AC 9; C12; hp 45; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; Spells: *animal friendship*, *bless*, *cure light wounds*, *detect magic*, *locate animals or plants*, *purify food & drink*, *aid*, *augury*,



goodberry, produce flame, speak with animals, create food & water, cure blindness or deafness, cure disease, prayer, remove curse, animal summoning I, cure serious wounds, neutralize poison, cure critical wounds, raise dead.

11. Shrine Tent

A circle of small banners like the ones around the camp surrounds this small tent, which is lit from within as if by numerous candles.

"That is a sacred shrine," your guide tells you. "Forbidden to all save shamans."

Tended by the tribal shamans, the tent contains holy fetishes and totems, representing the gods and nature spirits worshipped by the Pale Ones. The shrine tent is strictly forbidden to all save the shamans. Violation of the tent is punishable by banishment which, for a Pale One, is tantamount to a death sentence.

If a character enters the tent surreptitiously, he or she will see numerous small idols and miscellaneous objects, illuminated by tiny candles. Among the idols are several tiny Snow Behemoths, indicating the importance of the beast in the Pale Ones' pantheon. There is nothing of real value here, and the theft of any item from the tent carries a sentence of immediate death.

The characters have walked into a power struggle between the Pale Ones' shamans, who favor a return to tribal tradition, and the healers, who believe in change and a less warlike outlook. In the middle is Great Habrik, the chief, who is no longer as strong and assertive as he used to be, and has problems of his own. The characters are the catalyst that will bring these conflicts to a head. After the party arrives in the camp of the Pale Ones, the following events will occur:

The characters will note deep divisions in the Pale Ones' society, evidenced by the fact that some Pale Ones greet the party warmly, asking eagerly for information about the south, while others look askance, often openly hostile. In general, the shamans' attitudes toward the characters will be negative, while the healers will be friendly.

Sharil will see in the characters the potential to finally discredit Ganiya and her reformers. She will loudly condemn the characters as decadent city-dwellers who have come to subvert Pale Ones' traditions. Her condemnations will grow progressively more abusive, as she attempts to goad the characters into attacking her. The healers, led by Ganiya, will defend the characters, and try to dissuade them from any acts of violence.

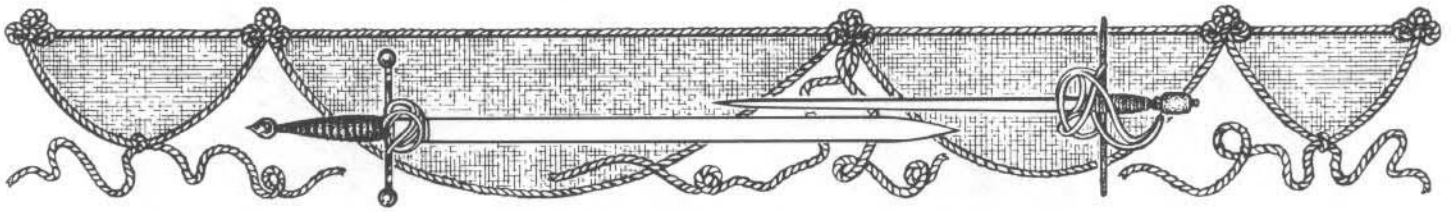
Sharil's attacks will have the effect of deepening the divisions in Pale Ones' society. The healers will appeal for reason, and if they are assisted by characters of high Charisma, it is possible that many wavering Pale Ones may join the reformist faction against Sharil. Great Habrik will be the deciding factor, and he will resist making any decisions.

If her attacks on the characters fail to draw a response, or if the characters and the healers seem about to convert Great Habrik, Sharil will resort to trickery or outright crime. She may recruit Churma to frame the characters for a crime, as described above. They may plant an item from the Shrine Tent in a character's belongings, arrange to have Yoa kidnapped, or even assassinate the likeable young Voslak and plant evidence implicating the characters. If all seems lost for the characters, and they are unable to refute the accusations, a healer may come forward and claim to have seen Churma or Sharil planting the evidence, or even committing the crime.

If Sharil manages to discover that the characters are hunting the Snow Behemoth, she will immediately condemn the party as heretics and call for their execution. Once again, the healers will come to the party's defense, but will afterward insist that they abandon their hunt.

Great Habrik will be the deciding factor in the conflict. If he can be convinced that the characters are not guilty, or that they have mended their ways and will not hunt the Behemoth, then he will side with the healers, and order Sharil and Churma exiled. If the characters have done anything to anger Habrik, or if they fail to convince him of their innocence, he may find against them and order their deaths.

The healers will oppose any violent solutions to the conflict. If the characters succeed in resolving the situation without bloodshed, they



should be rewarded accordingly. If they truly abandon their quest for the Snow Behemoth, they should receive double the experience points that would have been awarded had they slain the beast (see below). Also, as the bringers of change to the Pale Ones, they will be venerated as living saints, and will always receive assistance from the Pale Ones if they are in the Cold Wastes.

The healers will especially respect non-violent solutions, and will always help the characters whenever they are able. Ganiya in particular will be a permanent ally for the members of the party.

If the characters abandon their quest, they can return home without further incident. Cleph will be disappointed, but also relieved that he will not have to pay the promised reward.

Should the characters decide to continue with the hunt, they receive no experience bonuses, and the Pale Ones will never help them again. If the party decides to continue with the adventure, it proceeds as follows:

As the characters move across a snow field, they will get a warning from the ice cat, if she has adopted the party. She stops abruptly and hisses, her fur standing on end.

Immediately after this, the snow beneath the characters lurches up. All characters caught in the Behemoth attack must make a Dexterity check or fall, giving the Behemoth one or more free attack rounds as they struggle to regain their feet. The great, white-furred monster pulls itself free from the snow, as it moves to the attack.

Snow Behemoth: AL N; AC 4; MV 12, 18 br; HD 15; hp 90; THAC0 5; #AT 1; Dmg 4-40.

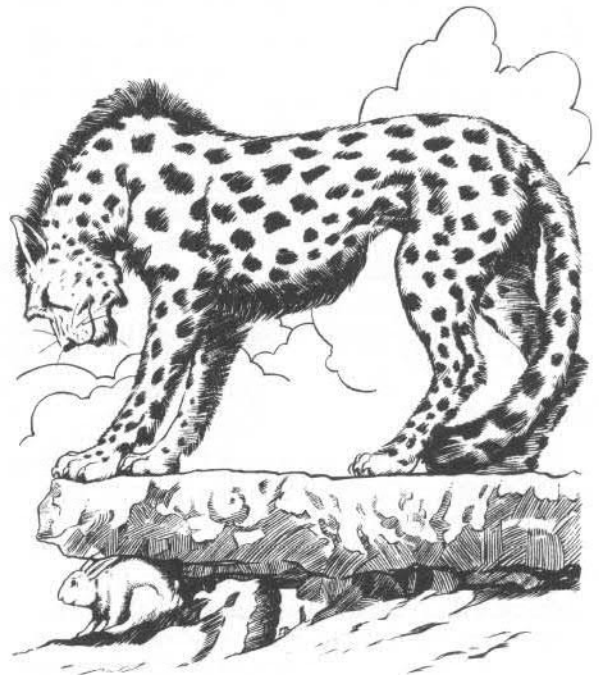
As the party engages the Behemoth, its mate and offspring burrow in from behind the characters and attack. Unless someone is specifically watching the rear, these two Behemoths each get a free round of attacks on the characters. The second adult Behemoth has the same statistics as the first.

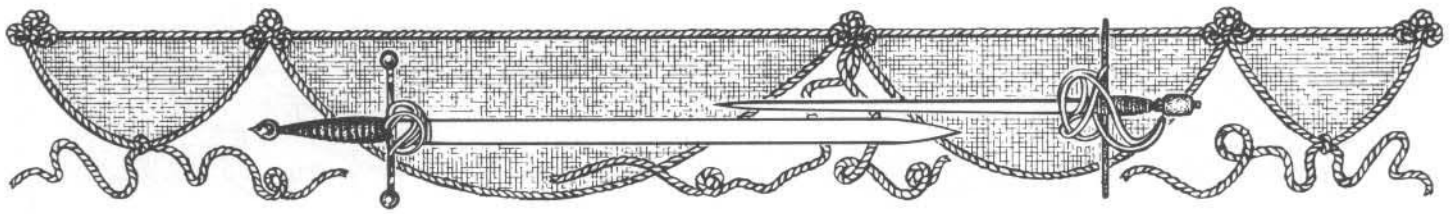
Young Snow Behemoth: AL N; AC 5; MV 12, 18 br; HD 10; hp 60; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg 2-20.

If one Behemoth is killed, the other two will continue to attack with a +1 ferocity bonus. If a second is killed, however, the survivor will burrow beneath the snow and flee.

In order to collect the reward, the party must transport at least one of the corpses south to Lankhmar. Once they leave the frozen north, the bodies will begin to decompose. If the party does not salt the bodies, keep them in ice or otherwise preserve them, they will be thoroughly rank and disgusting by the time they reach Klelg Nar. At Klelg Nar, any number of sailors will be happy to salt the bodies down for 10 gold rilks each.

The Snow Behemoths will cause a sensation among the members of the Sages' Society, and the characters will have the opportunity for several other expeditions. Cleph, however, is sad to inform the party that the Society has fallen on hard times and the reward is only 1000 rilks. No amount of persuasion will raise the amount immediately, although if threatened Cleph will agree to "owe" the remaining 1000 rilks to the party. The money will arrive in dribs and drabs (10 to 50 rilks each) over the next year, until the money is paid or the party forgets the entire matter.





House of Mazes

Total Party Levels: 40 (Average 8)

This adventure starts in the Silver Eel.

A pair of guild thieves sit in a corner, reading a parchment. They stare at it with grim frowns and converse in low, angry whispers.

"Who does this fool think he is?" hisses the first. "Throwing down the gauntlet like this? The guildmaster will have his head!"

The second thief slowly shakes his head. "He's a nobleman. He has protection. All we can do is take up his challenge. We've no other choice."

The first thief grumbles wordlessly. "Come on," he says at last, getting up and casting aside the parchment. "Let's get out of here."

The parchment lies on the floor, almost daring to be picked up.

The parchment reads as follows:

"I, Count Maluf, in my infinite skill and daring, have stolen the crown of the Master Thief Khmapha from the incompetent, bungling fools who call themselves the Lankhmar Thieves' Guild. I have secreted the crown somewhere in my House of Mazes, and now challenge all thieves in Lankhmar—guild and freelance—to retrieve it. Now, we shall see who is the finest thief in Lankhmar, and just how soft, spoiled, and decadent the so-called 'Thieves' Guild' has become. Good luck to the contestants!

"Signed, Count Maluf the Bold."

The House of Mazes is a well-known mansion in the Nobles' Quarter. Constructed decades ago, the maze was designed to foil thieves. Unfortunately, it only protected the front of the house, leaving the back and sides open to attack. Wily guild thieves bypassed the entire maze one night, entered the windowless main building through a chimney, and stole its owner

blind. Count Maluf bought the mansion recently and did extensive renovations. An aspiring "gentleman thief," Maluf used the maze to secrete his ill-gotten loot, also stocking it with wild animals and traps.

To date, no thief has succeeded in stealing anything from the maze, but few have tried. Now, with Maluf's calculated insult to the guild, thieves from all over Lankhmar will attempt to retrieve the stolen crown, either for profit or to restore the guild's tarnished honor.

The main doors to the maze stand open. In addition to the specific items listed in the key, the maze is full of random traps and wild beasts released to keep things interesting.

1. Entrance

The entrance to the maze yawns open and unguarded, an invitation to the daring or foolish. Carved into the stone around the outside of the entrance is the inscription: "Thieves are free to enter, but not to leave."

2. Corridors

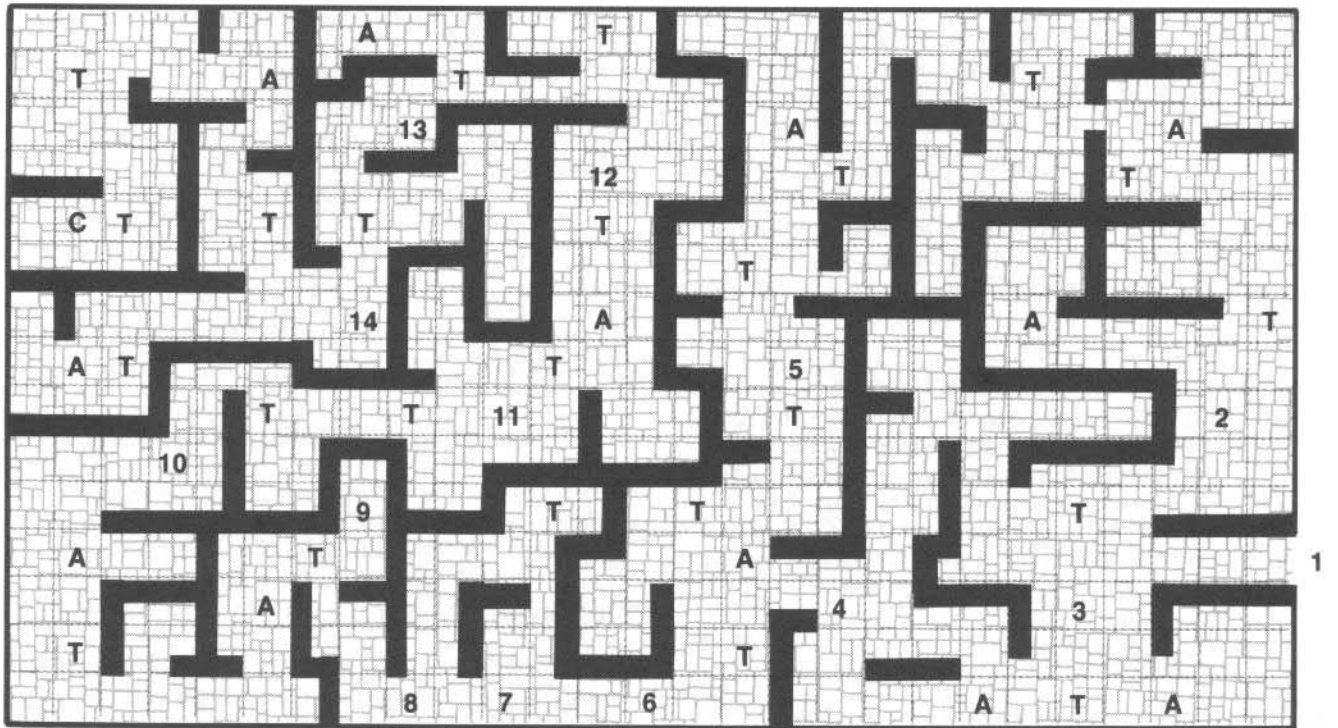
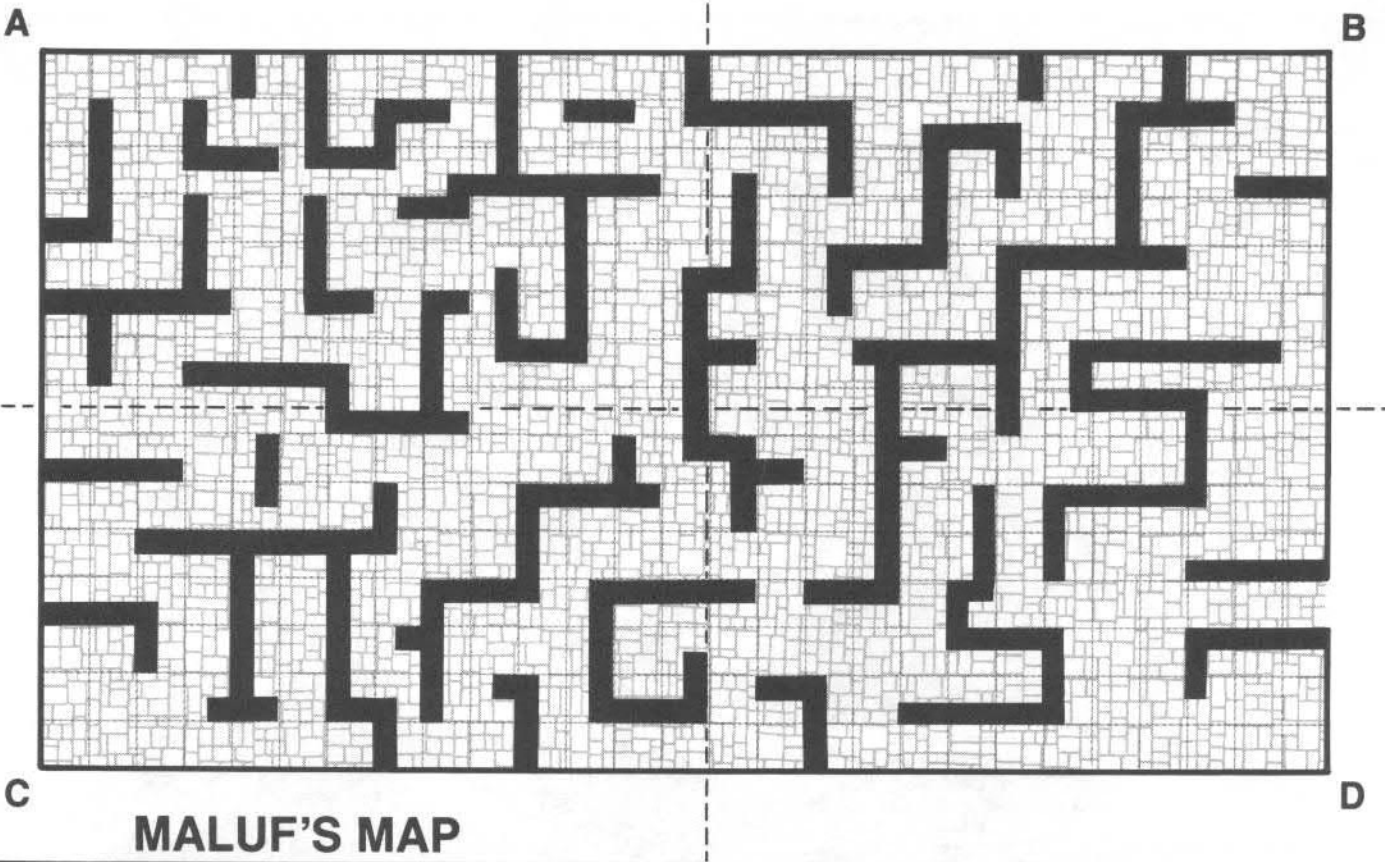
The corridors of the House of Mazes are all carved of identical gray stone, polished smooth to prevent thieves from climbing them (automatic failure).

3. Message

There is an iron spike driven into the wall here, with a piece of parchment hanging from it. The parchment says,

"Let all thieves beware:
Death awaits you here. It is not too late to turn back. Though you will prove yourselves cowards, you will at least live—M!"

If the parchment is removed, it triggers one of the random traps below. (See page 41).



A = Animal C = Crown
 T = Trap ■ = Stone Wall

The House of Mazes



4. Bodies

Two guild thieves lie dead here, their faces horribly contorted.

The thieves were killed by Maluf's death gas. The trap has already been sprung, but the corpses bear mute witness to Maluf's demented skill and severity. Each carries a dagger and miscellaneous thieves' equipment, but nothing of great value.

5. Hidden Compartment

Any thief making a successful find traps roll will note that one of the stones in this wall is of a slightly different color and texture. It is not a trap, but a false stone concealing a hidden compartment, where Part A of Maluf's map is hidden (see below for more information on the map).

6. Free Gold

A small sack sits, seemingly unguarded, in the middle of the corridor.

The sack is not trapped. It contains 100 silver smerduks, and another note from Maluf, which says:

"Congratulations on getting this far. I am impressed. Now take this pittance and leave with something to salve your wounded pride. Cowards you remain, but live, slightly richer towards nonetheless—M."

7. More Free Gold

Another sack, identical to the first, rests in the middle of the corridor.

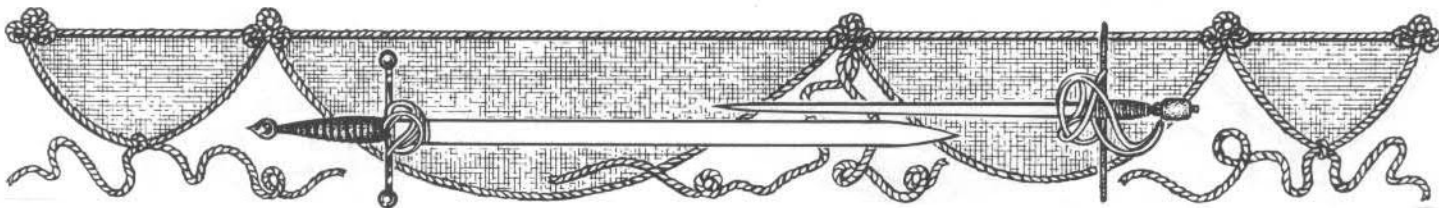
The sack contains 100 gold rilks, and the following note:

"You are indeed persistent. Take my advice, and be satisfied with what you have gained so far—M."

8. More Free Gold?

Another sack sits unguarded in the middle of the corridor.

If the sack is lifted, it will drop glass death gas spheres into the corridor (effects as described)



on Trap Table, #10). The sack contains 100 iron ticks and the following note:

"If you are still alive to read this note, admit that you are defeated and return home. Cowardice is justifiable when one is faced by superior intellect—M."

9. Secret Compartment

Another secret compartment identical to location 5 is here, containing Part B of Maluf's map.

10. More Bodies

Two more dead thieves lie here. Scrawled on the wall are the words:
"Fools Find Only Death."

11. Water Trap

When the party passes under this section of ceiling, hidden spouts open, dousing the party with water and putting out all non-magical torches. Then, as the party fumbles about in the darkness, they are attacked by an animal from the Animal Table p. 42.

12. Secret Compartment

Another hidden compartment identical to locations 5 and 9 contains Part C of the map.

13. More Death

A dead thief lies here, pierced by arrows. Scrawled on the wall are the words:
"Leave While You Can, Fools."

14. Secret Compartment

Another hidden compartment contains Part D of the map.

The Map. The four parts of the map are reproduced on page 39 to give to the players as they find them. Note that the map is wrong, and that following it will lead the characters straight into disaster. This is more of Maluf's humor.

T = Trap. When the party enters one of these squares, the Dungeon Master rolls 1d10 on the Trap Table to determine the nature of the trap. Damage is to the individual who triggered the trap, unless otherwise noted.

Trap Table

1. False floor over 10' spike pit. Spikes do 2d12 damage.

2. Springal (multi-arrow launcher). Shoots 2d8 arrows into party. Each arrow does d6 damage.

3. Deadfall. Drops rocks and rubble on party, doing 3d6 damage to first rank, 1d6 to second rank.

4. Glass spheres containing sleep gas under false floor. Party must save vs. spell or fall asleep. While asleep, there is a chance (DM's discretion) of attack by wandering animals, or theft by rival exploring parties.

5. Flaming oil jet. Strikes for 4d4 damage first round, 2d4 second round, 1d4 third round unless extinguished.

6. Scythe. Sweeps room at knee level, doing 3d8 damage to front rank, 1d8 to second.

7. Steel spear. Launched from hidden crossbow, does 3d10 damage.

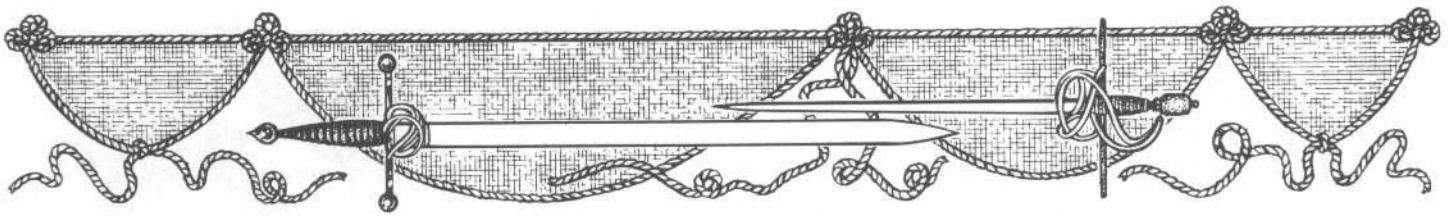
8. Poisonous snakes (3d6). Drop from ceiling onto party.

Snakes: AL N; AC 6; MV 15; HD 2 + 1; hp 9; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SA poison.

9. Jaw trap. Holds lead character, then ceiling begins to move down. The trapped character must be rescued within five rounds or be crushed. The jaws can be opened with a successful *bend bars/lift gates* roll.

10. Glass sphere. Drops from ceiling, releasing death gas. Party must save vs. poison or take 1d6 damage per level.

A = Animal. Here, the party encounters a wild animal or monster. Roll 1d10 on the Animal Table.



Animal Table

1. Marsh Leopards (1d4): Int Semi; AL N; AC 6; MV 9; HD 3; THAC0 17; #AT 3; Dmg 1d3/1d3/1d6; SA rear claw rake 1d4/1d4; SD surprised only on a 1.

2. Salt Spiders (1d6): Int Ani; AL N; AC 6; MV 15; HD 3 + 3; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8.

3. Giant Worms (2d6): AL N; AC 10; MV 6; HD 1; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4.

4. Skeletons (3d10): Int Non; AL N; AC 7; MV 12; HD 1; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; SD special.

5. Giant Slug (1): AL N; AC 8; MV 6; HD 12; THAC0 9; #AT 1; Dmg 1d12; SA spit acid 4d8; SD immune to blunt weapons.

6. Winter Wolves (2d6): AL NE; AC 5; MV 18; HD 6; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4; SA frost breath 6d4.

7. Black Pudding (1): AL N; AC 6; MV 6; HD 10; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg 3d8; SA dissolve metal.

8. Owlbears (2d4): AL N; AC 5; MV 12; HD 5 + 2; THAC0 15; #AT 3; Dmg 1d6/1d6/2d6; SA hug 2d8.

9. Snow Serpent (1): AL N; AC 6; MV 9; HD 10; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10; SA constriction 2d10.

10. Gladiator Lizards (1d4): AL LE; AC -3; MV 15; HD 7; THAC0 11; #AT 2; Dmg 1d10/1d10.

C = Crown. The Dungeon Master can relocate the crown if he so wishes, especially if the party has had too easy a time of finding it.

Encounters: In addition to the animals and monsters at the encounter areas, the characters may also encounter other parties of thieves searching for the crown. The DM rolls 1d6 once each turn. An encounter with other thieves occurs on a 6. Thieves so encountered will automatically be hostile. Roll 1d6 on the following tables to determine the composition of the thieves' party.

1. 2d6 Thieves: AL LE; AC 7; T2; hp 8; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6.

2. 2d6 Thieves, as above; 1 Journeyman Thief: AL LE; AC 6; T8; hp 36; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10 + 1.

3. 1d6 Thieves. 1d3 Journeyman Thieves. Stats as above.

4. 1d6 Journeyman Thieves. 1 Master Thief: AL LE; AC 6; T10; hp 48; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10 + 1.

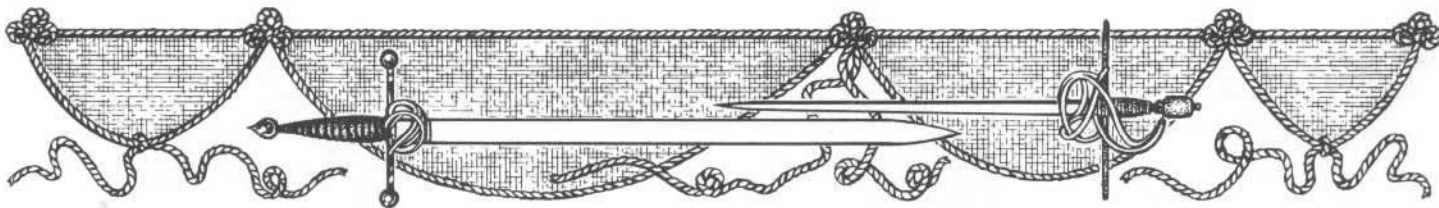
5. 1d6 Journeyman Thieves. 1-2 Master Thieves (stats as above). **2d4 Guards:** AL N; AC 4; F6; hp 40; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10 + 1.

6. 2d8 Journeyman Thieves. 1d3 Master Thieves. 3d4 Guards. Black Wizard: AL LE; AC 9; M6; hp 20; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; Spells: *affect normal fires, grease, hold portal, shield, darkness (15' radius), stinking cloud, fireball, hold person.*

Once the party has retrieved the crown, they will still have to get out. Thief encounters now occur on a 5 or 6, and one is added to the roll for the enemy's party composition.

If the party escapes with the crown, they can return it to the Thieves' Guild, receive a 500 gold rilk reward, be granted immunity from any further persecution, and be allowed to operate as freelancers without interference for 30 days, after which they will be invited to join the Thieves' Guild. . . or else. They can try to sell the crown intact, in which case no one will dare buy it. They can hack the crown apart and sell its gold and gems separately for a total of 2000 gold rilk. If this happens, however, the Thieves' Guild will hold a grudge against the party and (if the DM is especially vengeful) the Dead Master Thieves may take an interest in the characters for stealing their valuable relic.





A New God

Total Party Levels: 30 (Average 6)

Harb pushed his clumsy cart down Bones Alley. The pots and pans he sold clanked and rattled alarmingly as the cart lurched into a hole and stuck.

Harb swore by several different gods. It was getting dark—strands of night-smog were already creeping around the corners of buildings like obscene tendrils of some vast, black plant. He would have to hurry if he were to get home before the thugs came out and started demanding cuts of his day's take. He braced a shoulder against the cart and pushed.

"Hold, brother," came a gentle voice nearby. Harb jumped and whirled, eyes wide.

Beside him stood a man in a long black robe. He wore no decoration save a simple silver medallion that portrayed the handsome, chisel-jawed profile of a man, crowned with a laurel wreath.

"You seem to be having trouble, brother," the man continued in a quiet, reassuring tone. "Here, let me help you. Askhal tells us that we must help those in need."

With that, the man seized Harb's cart and in a single motion, lifted it out of the hole.

Harb stared in amazement. The man met his stare with a pair of deep, dark eyes.

"I am a humble priest of Askhal, greatest of gods," the man said, indicating the medallion on his chest. "We do good deeds and work for harmony between all men. Will you join us?"

Despite his gratitude to the priest, Harb felt a momentary tug of caution, with an edge of actual fear, at the man's words. Then, the priest's eyes seemed to change, growing somehow darker and deeper. "Join us, man. See how merciful our new god is."

Like a man in a trance, Harb nodded, and stood motionless as the man drew a second medallion from his robes. Harb watched as the priest placed the medallion around his neck.

"Rejoice brother!" The priest's voice became a harsh, almost inhuman bark. "You are now one of us!"

Harb's eyes widened in terror, as he felt a cold

hand close around his soul. He tried to scream, but could not.

Then, peace descended over Harb. Yes, he thought. Of course. I am one of them now. It is good.

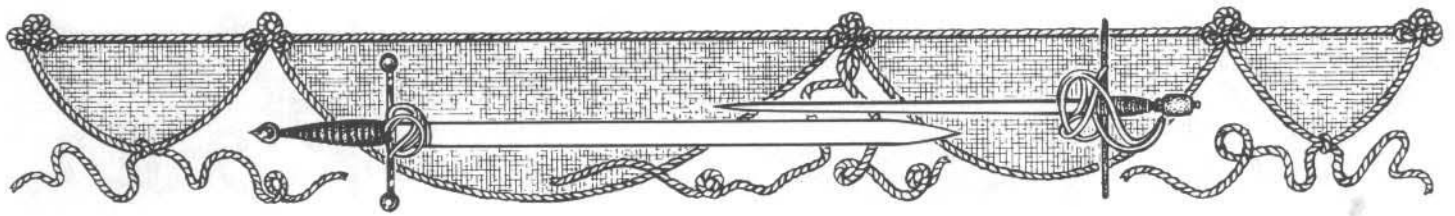
The temple of a new faith has appeared on the Street of the Gods. Askhal the Merciful, usually portrayed as a tall, muscular, perfectly-featured man wearing a laurel wreath, has attracted numerous followers. The priests' somewhat mundane message of peace and understanding has a strangely hypnotic effect on the normally jaded and cynical Lankhmarts. Beginning as a modest hovel near the eastern end of the Street of the Gods, Askhal's temple has moved westward with a speed unseen since the days of Issek of the Jug.

Rumors float around the city, and especially in the smoky common room of the Silver Eel, that this is no ordinary faith. Could it be, some wonder, that Askhal is the god who will at last unite all Lankhmarts with love and tolerance?

As hardened adventurers, it is likely that the player characters will remain skeptical of this new god. The DM can lay the groundwork for this adventure by having the adventurers encounter priests and followers of Askhal in the streets of Lankhmar, being polite and friendly, and generally doing good deeds and making nuisances of themselves. The DM should emphasize their constant friendly demeanor, along with the fact that they always seem to be smiling and happy.

Needless to say, this pleasant situation will not prevail for long. Several weeks after the faith's appearance, the characters will receive a notice delivered by a green parrot, who will squawk, "Message from Ningauble. . .Awwk! Message from Ningauble!" then flutter away. The note reads as follows:

"As the burning orb descends toward darkness eternal, journey to the place where the great compass points the way to the restless sea—N."



The note is signed with an ornate letter “N”. Ningauble, in typically verbose fashion, is telling the characters to meet him at the ornate Starsman and Navigators’ Guild House in the River District. Those who know Ningauble will realize that only an event of great urgency will cause him to leave his caves, and that great haste should be made.

Should the characters have a hard time figuring out what Ningauble wants, a second note, this one from Sheelba of the Eyeless Face, will arrive by parrot-post.

“He means go to the Starsman and Navigators’ Guild House, if you have enough sense to know where that is, you idiots. Hurry! Time is short!—S”

Upon arrival at the Guild House, the parrot will reappear and fly to a small ship anchored nearby. The vessel, black, unlit and rather ominous-looking, has no name. As they approach the ship, the characters will hear Sheelba shouting impatiently, “Come on, then! Do you think we have all night?”

When the characters enter the vessel, read the following paragraph.

The interior of the vessel is dim and reeks of old fish. A small lantern casts only wan light, illuminating the standing figures of the two sorcerers, Ningauble and Sheelba. You realize that for the pair to leave their respective dwelling places, and go so far as to cooperate, their errand must be urgent indeed.

“Welcome, bold adventurers,” says Ningauble, his seven eye-lights moving uneasily within the darkness of his hood. “My compatriot and I apologize for the crudity of these accommodations—it was only at Sheelba’s insistence that I felt compelled to bestir myself from my own domicile. My caves have been quite comfortable of late, what with the damp weather—”

“Ning, the day that you get to the point, I do believe that the world-bubble of Nehwon will burst,” interrupts Sheelba impatiently. “We

have called you here on a most urgent mission—”

“Indeed,” Ningauble pipes up again, all of his eyes staring directly at you for a moment, “all of Nehwon may well be threatened by a foe so insidious, so terrible, so ruthless, and dreadfully brutal—”

“That they may well conquer us before Ningauble finishes a sentence,” says Sheelba. “You are familiar, I take it, with the new cult of Askhal, and his annoyingly helpful followers?”

You nod, but before you can speak, the seven-eyed sorcerer breaks in again.

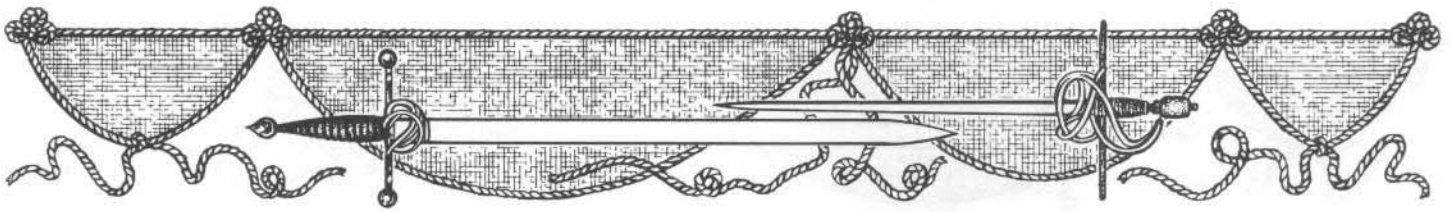
“We have determined, through means obscure and arcane, that their seeming selfless goodness is nothing more than an elaborate sham—a hoax intended to lure the gullible into a false sense of security, before the Askhalites’ diabolical plans can come to full fruition—”

“What my esteemed colleague is so eloquently saying is that we believe this new faith to be the front for some evil power, whose actual designs on Lankhmar we do not yet know.”

“Yes, yes,” continues Ningauble. “Long have I sought to penetrate the miasma of magical protection that surrounds their priests. Many were the mystic formulae and rituals that I aimed at them. . . first, I applied the twelve runic Transformational Incantations, originally described by Dzarbus the Long Toothed in the Third Era of—”

“Curse Dzarbus to the twelfth inferno!” snaps Sheelba. “And you too, while I’m at it. Their priests seem to be protected from our magic. We believe that the protection originates in the medallions that all of Askhal’s followers wear. We called you here to charge you with obtaining one of those medallions and bringing it to us here.”

Ningauble and Sheelba are used to getting what they want without negotiations, and expect the characters to obey out of the goodness of their hearts. If, however, the party insists on remuneration, Sheelba will wave a weary hand and offer them 1,000 gold rilks for a medallion.



Finding a medallion will not be difficult—Askhal's followers are all over the city now. Convincing an owner to part with one, however, is more of a challenge. Individuals asked for their medallions will smile politely and refuse.

The Askhalites usually operate in groups of two or more, and do their good deeds in public places in broad daylight. If the characters attempt to steal a medallion, or otherwise annoy any of Askhal's disciples, nearby Lankhmarts will come to the victims' aid, possibly starting a riot. In addition, while each priest seems to carry a supply of medallions to give to converts, any pickpocketing attempts will invariably fail. These difficulties should persist for several days before the party's best opportunity arises.

Eventually, the characters will spy a lone Askhalite priest walking into Plague Alley. If confronted, the priest will stop, smile, and ask if he can help.

If the characters offer to convert, the priest will reply that he knows that the conversion is not genuine. He will then ask the party to let him leave the alley in peace.

If the party agrees, the priest will brush past, giving a party member a chance to grab one of the medallions. When a medallion is removed, go to the boxed paragraph below. If the party refuses to allow the priest to leave, he will attack as described below.

A sudden, terrifying change comes over the Askhalite priest. He seems to grow taller, his body growing broader and more muscular, his eyes glaring bright red, his brows growing heavy and knotted. His skin darkens to black, and his fingers grow into slashing claws.

"You could not let well enough alone, foolish cattle!" he snarls in a deep, predatory voice. "Now, prepare to die!"

The priest, now revealed in his true form, attacks the characters. If slain, the creature will vanish, leaving only the medallion lying on the ground. If worn, the medallion has no effect, as the creature bound to it has been killed.

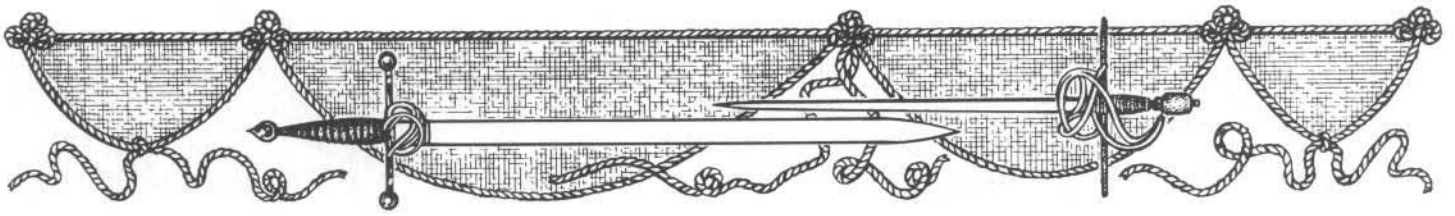
Askhalite (1): AL LE; AC 1; MV 15; HD 8; hp 56; THAC0 13; #AT 2; Dmg 1d10/1d10.



When the characters bring the medallion to the two sorcerers, Ningauble will respond with enthusiasm, while Sheelba will gripe about how long it took and how miserable ship accommodations are. After several minutes of examination and consultation, the pair addresses the characters.

"This medallion is of alien manufacture," says Sheelba. "It seems to contain the spiritual essence of the creature that owns it. Or at least it did before you killed its owner. Should a human don one of these medallions, he would be instantly taken over and become little more than a host body for the alien spirit. In short, those Lankhmarts who have accepted Askhal's medallion are no longer human."

"Aptly put, my colleague," says Ningauble. "We believe that it is not too late to save Lankhmar. We must, however, prepare to our respective domiciles in order to formulate a plan. In the meantime, we advise you to use



great caution, and to avoid the disciples of Askhal. Wait for word from us before taking further action.”

If Sheelba promised payment, they will deliver, then vanish from sight. The characters will be on their own for several days before the sorcerers get back to them. Two nights later, the characters will face an attack by Askhal’s followers, who now see them as a threat to the conquest of Lankhmar.

If the party lives at the Silver Eel, the assault will come there. Otherwise, it will occur wherever the party is staying. If they are foolish enough to stay at separate locations, divide the attacking Askhalites among the different groups.

The Askhalites will approach the characters’ rooms in human guise, then transform into their natural form for the attack.

Askhalites (6): AL LE; AC 1; MV 15; HD 8; hp 56; THAC0 13; #AT 2; Dmg 1d10/1d10.

If half the Askhalites are slain, the survivors will retreat. After the attack, the characters will have a nervous feeling that they are being watched if they venture out into public, and Lankhmarts on the street will stare at them strangely. The DM should work to develop a paranoid atmosphere, discouraging the characters from venturing too far from their lodgings. If desired, the DM can have the Askhalites attack again.

The next major event will bring matters to a head. One day, while on the streets, or hiding in their rooms, the party will hear criers walking the streets (an unusual occurrence in the Tenderloin District).

“Hear ye, all of Lankhmar!” shouts the crier. “Let it be known that our beloved and benevolent Overlord, Pulgh Arthonax*, has agreed to embrace the gentle and all-powerful faith of Askhal the Merciful. All Lankhmarts are hereby invited to attend the ceremony at the Temple of Askhal at dawn tomorrow!”

* If Pulgh is not Overlord in your campaign, substitute the appropriate name.

Immediately after the characters hear this, the green parrot arrives again with the following note.

“Woe! Despair! Disaster! All sorts of unpleasantness! The Overlord has been drawn into the evil ones’ web! Before our counterattack could be fully developed! Woe! Despair! Dis. . .”

There is a sudden scrawl, as if a quill was suddenly grabbed and dragged away, then the message resumes in a different hand.

“Stop the Overlord’s conversion or Lankhmar is doomed! Steal a medallion from one of the priests doing the presentation and his true form will be revealed and the Lankhmarts will see that they have been deceived. Swiftly, now! Time is short!—S.”

Further down the page, in the original hand, is a scraggly “and N.”

Unless the characters do as the wizards urge, and stop the Overlord’s conversion ceremony, Lankhmar will be overrun by the Askhalites. A platform has been built in front of Askhal’s temple, and the conversion will begin there at dawn.

The DM may describe the platform to the characters, and allow them to formulate their own plans for infiltrating the ceremony and unmasking one of the Askhalite priests. Some appropriate plans are listed below, and if the characters have a hard time coming up with their own schemes, the DM could have the party member with the highest Intelligence think of one of them:

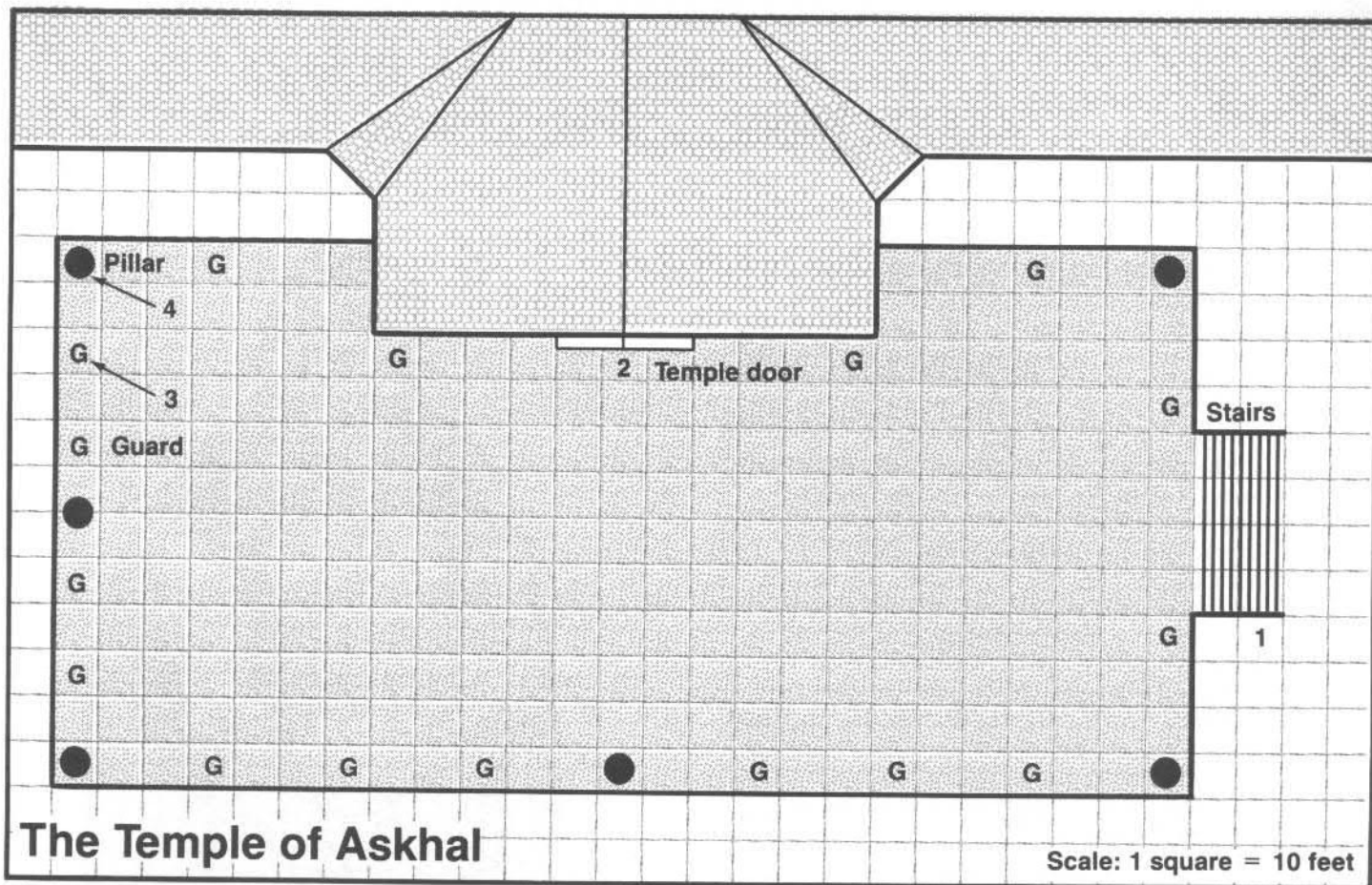
—Impersonate a city guardsman and sneak close enough to grab a medallion.

—Cut a trapdoor in the platform during the night, then leap out and seize a medallion during the ceremony.

—Cause a diversion that allows a character to climb onto the platform and unmask one of the priests.

—Simply rush the platform and hope that the guards will remain confused long enough for a character to grab a medallion.

Note that the characters should be advised to



avoid killing any guards, or committing any more violence than is absolutely necessary, for although the characters will save the city, the Overlord does not take kindly to acts of violence committed against himself or his companions.

The Platform

1. Steps

A crowd of happy Lankhmarts surrounds the platform, and city guards have formed a corridor through which the Overlord will enter. The Overlord will mount the platform on these stairs.

2. Doors of Temple

After the Overlord and his guards are on the platform, 10 Askhalite priests will exit these doors and approach, the Overlord's medallion at the ready.

Askhalites (10): AL LE; AC 1; MV 15; HD 8; hp 56; THAC0 13; #AT 2; Dmg 1d10/1d10.

3. Elite Guards

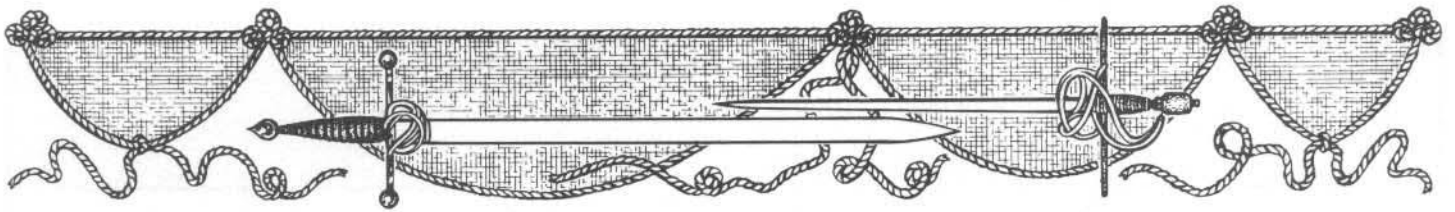
At each position is a single Lankhmar city guard armed with a pike and sword. These are not run-of-the-mill guardsmen, but elite individuals chosen for their experience and loyalty. They will be on the lookout for any unusual occurrences, and are not easily misled.

Guards (8): AL LN; AC 3; F5; hp 30; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (pike) or 1d8 (sword).

4. Poles

Gaily-beribboned poles are set at each corner, supporting a festive blue and yellow canopy over the platform. They are flimsy; knocking one down will cause the canopy to partially collapse, temporarily distracting the guards' attention.

If a character succeeds in grabbing one of the priests' medallions before the Overlord receives his, the priest will instantly be revealed in his inhuman form. After a moment of shock, the Overlord will stumble backwards, ordering his guards to attack. The platform guards will assault the priest, while other guards fight their way through the now-panicked crowd.



The remaining priests will now reveal themselves and attack, seeking to slay the Overlord. If, at this point, the characters attack, they will distract the priests long enough for the Overlord to escape. If half their number are slain, the priests will fall back and attempt to flee through the doors of their temple.

The doors of the temple will resist attempts to knock it down for several minutes. Once the doors are opened, the temple will be found to be empty, and the Askhalite priests fled.

All across Lankhmar, Askhalite priests will vanish, and those Lankhmarts controlled by amulets will collapse into heaps, to recover several hours later with headaches and confused memories of the past few days. The characters have saved Lankhmar, but, as usual, no one seems to notice.

The following day, the parrot will again arrive, carrying a purple gem worth 5,000 gold rilks, and yet another note.

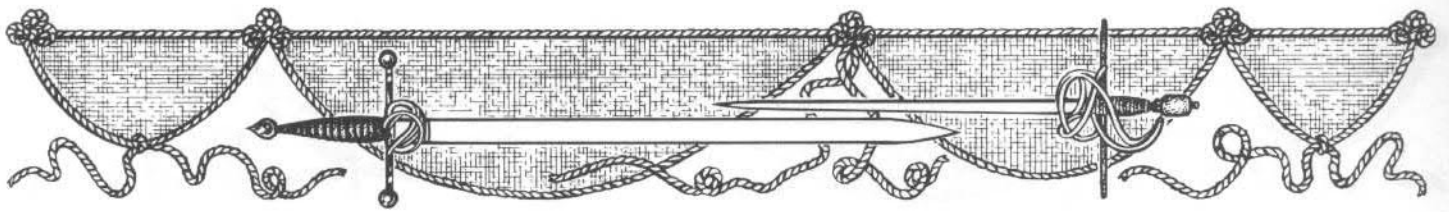
“Greetings and Salutations, brave warriors, doughty rogues, and hardy adventurers! Please accept this pitiful, humble remuneration and our heartiest congratulations on the triumphant conclusion of your mission—a feat worthy of the great heroes of yore, such as Gath Zandomoxos, who singlehandedly slew the nine ogre chieftains of—”

Another scrawl interrupts the note, which resumes in a second, familiar hand.

“Congratulations. Lankhmar is saved. You have done well. Although we are both impoverished students of the mystic arts with few resources to our credit, we have managed to locate the enclosed bauble as payment for your services.”

The note is signed “S,” and, predictably, near the bottom of the page “and N.”





War in Lankhmar Below

The following scenarios form a connected series of adventures involving a civil war among the rats of Lankhmar Below. They are designed for a party of levels 6-8.

Introduction

More than any other city in Nehwon—more even than Ilthmar, whose citizens worship the Rat God—more than any other city, Lankhmar deserves the title “City of Rats.” In days long gone, an ancient race of rats ruled what is now Lankhmar, and today their descendants dream of ruling again. Once before, the rats fought a disastrous war against the men of Lankhmar, and were defeated with heavy losses.

Since that time, rats and men have lived in relative peace, with the exception of a minor attempt by the man-rat Hisvin—aka Lord Null—to export the worship of Ilthmar’s Rat God. While the rats quickly replenished the numbers lost in the war, and continued to thrive in Lankhmar, most Lankhmarts were glad that the natural order of things, with man above and rat below, had been restored.

Recently, however, rats have been scarce in Lankhmar. Ratholes have grown dusty from lack of use. Walls from which squeaks and scratchings once echoed are now silent. Heaps of trash lie undisturbed, and in the sewers only the rush of water and an occasional splash can be heard.

Most Lankhmarts are grateful for the absence of the rats, ascribing their disappearance to a rat-plague or the work of a friendly deity. Others, however, feel an uneasy sense of foreboding, as if Lankhmar now sits in the eye of a vast storm, soon to return with redoubled force.

DM’s Introduction

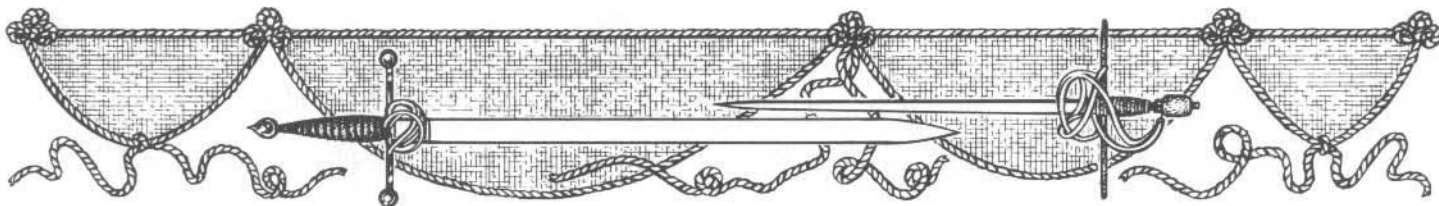
The rats’ disappearance is, indeed, ominous, and can result in the rats becoming once more the deadly foes of humanity that they once were. The evil Hisvin, recently frustrated in his attempts to establish the cult of the Ilthmart Rat God in Lankhmar (as described in the adventure “Return of the Rats” in module CA2, *Swords of Deceit*), has returned, along with his equally evil and untrustworthy daughter Hisvit.

The pair, along with their ally, Skwee, last survivor of the original Council of Thirteen, have re-established the Council, and seek to bring all of Lankhmar Below under its control. This accomplished, their plans for rat domination of Nehwon can once more proceed.

While the Council has been very successful, and most of Lankhmar Below is now under its authority, a small core of resistance, the so-called Lawful Rats, has managed to thwart their drive for total domination. While the Lawful Rats are neither all Lawful nor even Good, they favor peaceful co-existence with the humans of Lankhmar, much in the same fashion as the Thieves’ Guild, and are infinitely preferable to the evil Hisvin and his followers.

Unknown to most Lankhmarts, fierce battles now rage beneath their streets, and the future of their city may hang in the balance. As the Lawful Rats find themselves losing ground, they now seek to recruit human heroes, appropriately reduced in size, to aid them in their battle. This, of course, is where the player characters fit in.

These adventures can be played on their own, or as a sequel to “Return of the Rats.” The large map of the sewer system beneath Lankhmar from *Swords of Deceit* is useful, but not necessary, as the following adventures take place in specific locations.



Part 1: Recruited by Rats

The man is fidgety and nervous. He speaks in a low, sharp voice, and continually glances around, as if searching for hidden enemies.

"I represent individuals who can offer you a considerable sum for your services as bodyguards and freelance agents," he says, softly. "I have been asked to contact you and ask if you are available for such employment."

The man is Kels, a drifter employed by the Lawful Rats. If the characters agree, he sets up a meeting at an abandoned building in the Tenderloin District, one hour after sunset. If the characters go to the place, Kels opens the door and ushers them into a small, dingy room.

Dust lies thickly on the floor, and a number of ratholes have been gnawed in the wainscotting. A pair of torches provide a dim light, and cast weird shadows. Besides Kels, there is only one figure in the room. He sits at a low table and is dressed in black finery with silver trim and an elaborate broad-brimmed hat with a long white feather. The figure's features are obscured by a black and white mask. On the table are several vials containing a black liquid.

The seated figure nods in greeting. It takes a small pouch from its belt and tosses it to Kels. You hear the clink of coins.

"Now, begone," it says in a muffled, but surprisingly high, squeaky voice. Kels leaves. The figure stands and doffs his mask. With a start, you realize that although he stands like a man, his features are those of an enormous rat.

"Do not be alarmed," he says, quickly. "I am Kree, representative of the Lawful Rats, who even now fight a desperate battle beneath the streets of Lankhmar. I am here to offer you employment. Will you stay and listen?"

If the characters allow Kree to speak, he will quickly launch into a description of his job offer.

"I realize that my appearance is somewhat alarming—I have been artificially enlarged in order to speak with you. Rest assured that I mean you no harm."

An expression of concern, obvious even on Kree's rattish features, clouds his face. "You are familiar, I am sure, with the Great Rat War fought here several years ago? Lankhmar's rats, under the leadership of the man-rat Hisvin and his cohorts, the Council of Thirteen, sought to take control of the city. They were defeated, and Hisvin fled. We Lawful Rats have done our best to live in peace with the humans of Lankhmar ever since."

Kree sits, throwing down his hat with evident disgust.

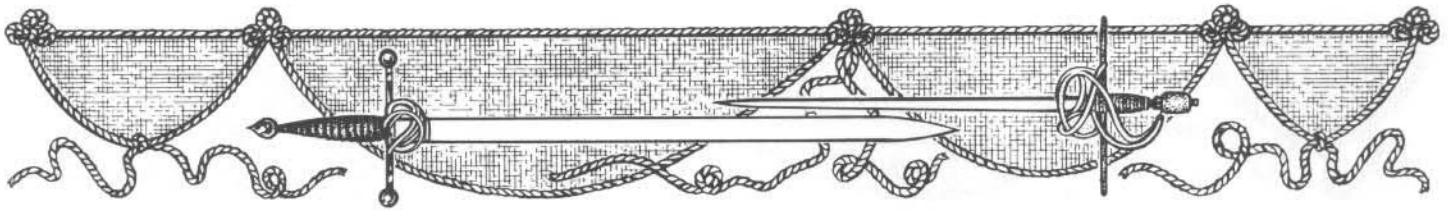
"Now, Hisvin, along with his perverse daughter Hisvet, and Skwee, the sole survivor of the Council of Thirteen, has returned, and is attempting to take control of Lankhmar below. The reconstituted Council has captured our leader, Greechy, and is torturing him to learn where the Lawful Rats are hiding. Our forces have all been pinned down by the Council's troops, and are unable to mount a rescue. I came to you as a last resort."

Kree will offer them 500 gold rilks each if they rescue Greechy. If they agree, Kree will give them *diminution potions* and tell them to drink.

DM's Note: If this adventure is being played as a sequel to "Return of the Rats", the characters will be familiar with Lankhmar Below, and will know about Greechy.

If the characters wish to haggle, Kree will up his offer to 750 rilks per person. When the characters drink the *diminution potion*, read the following paragraph.

You suddenly realize that your surroundings are growing bigger. Those around you begin to tower over you. As you dwindle, you notice a pool of pink slime, surrounded by a powdery substance of the same color as your garments. By the time the process ends, you



realize that you are now rat-sized, and the gnawed holes in the wall yawn before you like caverns.

Diminished characters retain their normal hit points and abilities; the rats and other creatures encountered in Lankhmar below have all had their hit points adjusted to put them on a comparable level with the characters.

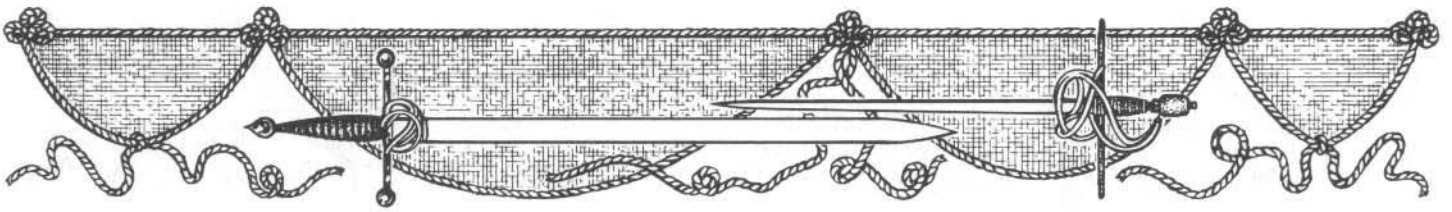
After the entire party has been reduced, Kree drinks a potion. When he has been reduced, he produces several more *diminution potions*, as well as several bottles of white potion. He gives three black potions and one white to each character.

"Each black potion lasts approximately nine hours. Should you need to return to your normal size before that, use the white potion. Use caution, however, for as your shrinkage

caused you to lose flesh, cloth and metal," Kree gestures at the pink pools that surround you, "so you must gain flesh, cloth and metal when you grow to human size. If your own flesh is not available, it will be drawn from any nearby source, with possibly disastrous results. Also, take care not to enlarge yourself inside these tunnels, lest you incur a fate too unpleasant to contemplate."

Kree points toward the opening that yawns ahead of you. "Come quickly," he says. "Time is short."

If the party drinks the potions, proceed to the next adventure.



If the characters refuse to help the Lawful Rats, read the following paragraph:

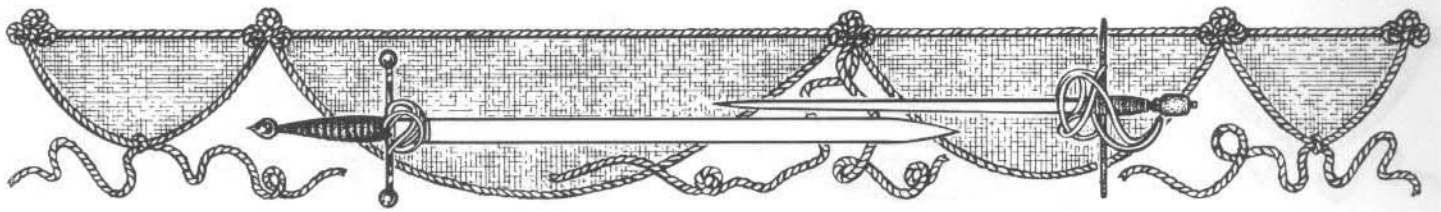
A sudden splintering and hubbub of voices erupts outside the room, and a mob of strange creatures bursts in. They are man-sized, but resemble nothing less than rats walking on their hind legs, and brandishing a variety of wicked-looking weapons.

"Take the potions!" shouts Kree, grabbing a potion and downing it. "Take them or we're all dead!"

If the remaining characters all take the potions, they will be able to escape through the rat-holes. Otherwise, they will be forced to fight the enlarged rats, who are some of Hisvin's crack warriors sent to capture Kree.

Elite Rats (6): AL LE; AC 4; MV 12; HD 5; hp 35; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8.

If all the original attackers are killed, more elite rats will arrive. The only way for the normal-sized characters to escape is to take the *diminution potions* and escape with Kree through the rat holes.



Part 2: The Rescuers

Kree leads the party down the passageway that leads from the rathole. The corridor is (at least in your diminished state) broad, and finely constructed with brick and mortar. The craftsman who made it must have been exceptionally skilled. And exceptionally small.

"This was one of the attack tunnels from the rat war," Kree says. His voice is lower, but retains a rat-like chitter nonetheless.

"We Lawful Rats rarely use the attack tunnels, save to occasionally raid for food.

"We did not want to turn to the humans for help," Kree continues, leading the characters through an intricate series of stairs, doors and passages, always leading downward. "But now we have no choice. We lack sufficient force to rescue Greechy, but if he talks, we will be wiped out. He is being held in a dungeon near the Council apartments. I will lead you there."

If the characters participated in "Return of the Rats" they will be familiar with the ways of Lankmar Below. Kree is a disciple of Chives, the pacifist rat from the earlier adventure. If the party asks, Kree sadly informs them that Chives was killed in Hisvin and Hreest's takeover. Muskatel, the swashbuckling rat from "Return of the Rats" has thrown his lot in with the Council of Thirteen.

Any characters unfamiliar with Lankmar Below can question Kree, who will answer to the best of his ability. As he speaks, Kree guides the party to a hidden chamber, where several Lawful Rats stand guard, and rat disguises are available.

Kree shows you a closetful of luxurious garments. The civilized rats of Lankmar Below like to ape the fashions of the humans above, and rich costumes are a sign of great status. Fancy boots, silken pantaloons, elaborate shirts and jackets, and feathered hats are all available, along with embroidered

masks that are still popular with rat-nobles, and also have the advantage of obscuring human features.

"Yes, I know. . .rat fashions are gaudy in the extreme," Kree hisses. "But choose quickly! Each tick of the water-clock brings us closer to doom! Greechy is not strong; he may break at any time!"

The rat-boots are uncomfortable, forcing the characters to shuffle along with a rat-like gait, reducing movement by 25%. If a character insists on wearing his own boots or shoes, each rat encountered has a 1 in 6 chance of discovering the imposture.

Kree then leads the party to a secret door, which opens onto a side passage to the main corridor. The characters go down a short corridor, and out into the brightly-lit rat-passage.

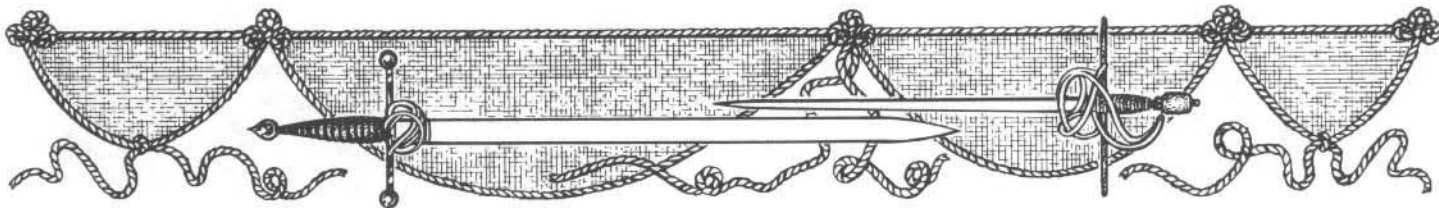
The corridor is brightly lit compared to the passages you just traversed. Scrupulously clean, the hallway stretches along, with wooden doors at intervals. Occasionally, rats walk by. There are rat-peasants in rude clothing, rat-laborers carrying picks, shovels and other implements, and savage, unclothed rats who scuttle along on all fours. All maintain a respectful distance, and avert their eyes from your party of "noblemen."

A party of rat-bravos swaggers along, eyeing you suspiciously. "By the great rat's whiskers!" exclaims one. "By my cheese-stealing aunt!" declares another. "Those are the ugliest rats I've ever laid eyes on!"

If the characters ignore the bravos, they will move along without further incident. If, however, the party responds in kind or attacks, they will have a fight on their hands. Other rats will maintain a respectable distance, thinking it another conflict between swaggering rat dandies.

Rat-Bravos (4): AL LE; AC 4; MV 12; HD 5; hp 35; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8.

If the party defeats the rats, traffic will resume in the corridor as if nothing happened.



At length, the corridor ends at a heavy, wooden door. Two rat-warriors stand guard, clad in brown-iron breastplates and bearing evil-looking halberds. Ordinary rats avoid this area, so the characters should be able to dispatch the two guards without attracting attention.

Rat-Warriors (2): AL LE; AC 6; MV 12; HD 3; hp 15; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10.

The door is locked. The characters must get the door open quickly, as there is a 1 in 6 chance each round that a party of 2d6 rat-warriors will appear, see the slain guards, and attack.

Beyond the door lies the Council Dungeon, where the most dangerous enemies of the Council of Thirteen are held.

1. Entryway

The passage ahead is dark and damp, lit only by two matches, now seemingly grown to torch size. From down the hall, you hear shrieks, and the babble of conversation.

There is a 1 in 6 chance that the entry hall will be patrolled by a pair of rat-warriors. If either of them escapes to raise the alarm, all the rats from the guard posts (Room 2) will move to attack.

Rat-Warriors (2): AL LE; AC 6; MV 12; HD 3; hp 15; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6.

2. Guard Posts

Lit by match-torches, this room resembles nothing less than a human guard-room, save for the fact that the guards are huge rats in human-style armor. They sit idly on benches, conversing quietly, sharpening weapons, or eating small scraps of cheese.

Each of these rooms contains six rat-warriors and one officer. The officers carry *short swords + 1*, which will function while their holder is rat-sized, but will not be affected by the enlargement potions. Each guard post also contains 1,000 rat-sized gold coins (worth

approximately 10 gold rilks in Lankhmar) and various personal effects of the rat guards.

Rat-Warriors (12): AL LE; AC 7; MV 12; HD 3; hp 15; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6.

Officers (2): AL LE; AC 6; MV 12; HD 5; hp 25; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 + 1.

3. Cells

A foul odor wafts down this corridor. You see a long passage, and heavy, iron-bound doors with stout locks, and small barred windows. A single rat stands guard, marching with little enthusiasm down the corridor.

The rat-jailer will have his back to the characters, enabling them to automatically surprise him.

Rat Jailer (1): AL LE; AC 6; MV 12; HD 5; hp 20; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 + 1.

Prisoners are kept here prior to interrogation. Currently, three cells contain living prisoners.

a. Keeska

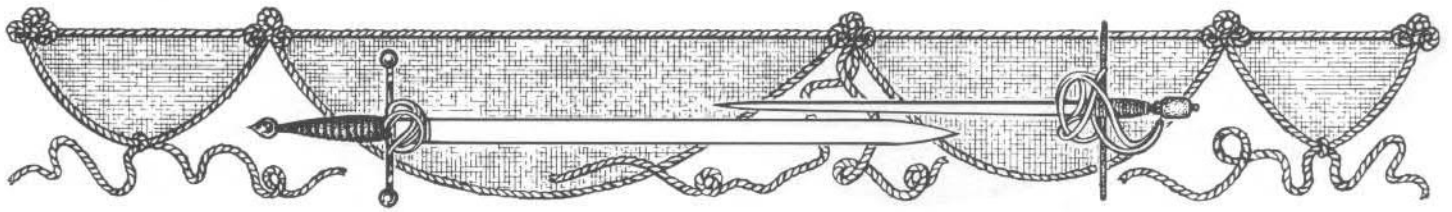
A dark-haired human woman in a torn shift sits dejectedly in the middle of the cell. When she sees you, she looks up, her eyes filled with sudden hope.

Keeska, a human woman, was permanently reduced in size by Hisvin's magic, to serve as a maid and companion for his daughter, Hisvet. She proved unsatisfactory, even going so far as to plot escape from Lankhmar Below. Now, she occupies this cell, awaiting punishment which is certain to be unpleasant.

Keeska: AL N; AC 10*; T5; hp 24; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 0*.

b. Skos

A rat sits on a bench. His clothes are still comparatively clean, but are stained with



blood. He looks up, eyes filled with anger and defiance.

"If you've come for me, Hisvin," he snarls, "I've nothing to tell you. Do your worst."

Skos, an agent of the Lawful Rats, was captured while trying to assassinate Hreest. He is wounded, but will be able to fight with the party.

Skos: AL N; AC 10*; F6; hp 25 (40); THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 0*. Skos is currently reduced to 25 hp due to his wounds.

c. Heeshi

A filthy, sad-looking rat crouches in the cell. When he sees your face, he croaks, "Help me," in a feeble voice.

Heeshi is a loyal Lankhmart rat who was accused by a rival of plotting to betray the

Council of Thirteen. He is eager to redeem himself to the Council and prove his faithfulness. If freed, he will pretend to cooperate, then betray the party to the Council or guards at the first opportunity.

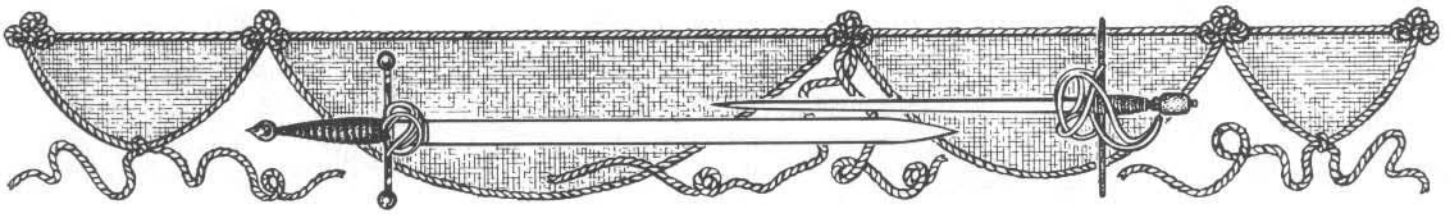
Hreeshi: AL LE; AC 10*; F4; hp 20; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 0*.

* Prisoners have neither weapons nor armor.

4. Killer Shrews

The interior of this room is dim, but the floor is covered with trash, bits of wood and broken timber. A single match-torch burns on one wall. In a corner you see what looks like a chest.

This room actually contains several normal-sized shrews used by the rats to dispose of garbage and dead bodies. They are currently sleeping, hidden in the trash on the room's floor. At the characters' current size, the shrews are



huge, and will attack ferociously if the party enters the room.

Shrews (3): AL N; AC 6; MV 15; HD 3; hp 20; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2d6.

The chest in the corner is old, broken, and empty. There is nothing else of value in the room.

5. Storage

You see several barrels, and in one corner a pair of cheese wedges have been stacked. They are human-scale, seemingly enormous. The wedges have obviously been nibbled at, and a pair of rat guards currently lies stuporous on the floor nearby.

The barrels contain grain and wine. The two rats have gorged themselves, and are now sleeping it off. If awakened and threatened, the rats will tell the party where Greechy is being held in exchange for their lives.

6. Snake Room

This room was abandoned several weeks ago. Since then, unknown to the rats, a gopher snake has burrowed in and made its home here. If the characters enter, the gopher snake will attack. Treat it as a giant constrictor snake for combat purposes.

Gopher Snake (1): AL N; AC 5; MV 9; HD 6 + 1; hp 42; THAC0 15; #AT 2; Dmg 1d4/2d4; SA constriction 2d4; AL N.

7. Torture Chamber

The darkness in this room has a near-solid quality; the two torches that burn on the walls only dispel it slightly. In the shadows, you see several rats and a stooped, sour-faced, gray-haired man dressed in leather garments. They are clustered around another rat, who has been strapped into a metal chair.

As you watch, the human gestures, and fire leaps from his fingertips to strike the captive in the face. The rat shrieks, and struggles against his bonds.

“Talk, Greechy!” barks the human. “That is only a sample of the torment I can inflict!”

Characters who played in “Return of the Rats” will recognize the human as Hisvin. He is here with Muskatel, a young firebrand rat who the characters may have also met. They are interrogating Greechy, using Hisvin’s magic to break down the rat’s resistance. Four elite rat guards also occupy the room.

Hisvin: AL CE; AC 8; BW10; hp 30; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; Spells: *charm person, detect magic, friends, magic missile, blindness, levitate, ray of enfeeblement, web, clairaudience, feign death, lightning bolt, fear, polymorph self, cloudkill, feblemind.*

Muskatel: AL CN (E); AC 6; F7; hp 40; THAC0 14; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d6 + 1.

Elite Rats (4): AL LE; AC 4; MV 12; HD 5; hp 35; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8.

Hisvin looks up, his face a mask of disappointment.

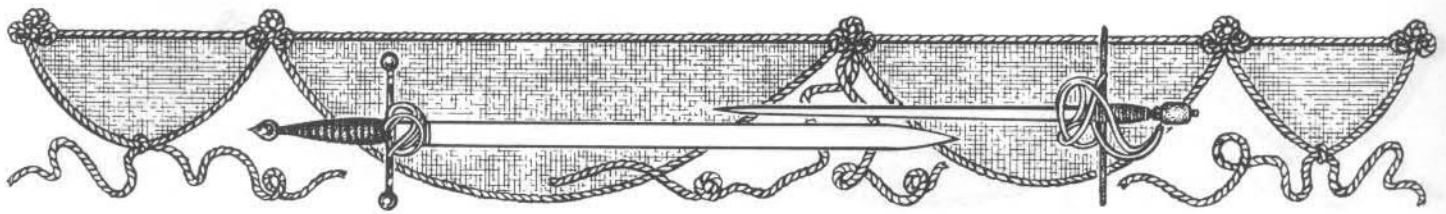
“Oh, dear,” he says. “Uninvited visitors. Have you come to interrupt our fun?”

“Ho, humans!” cries a gaudily-dressed rat, leaping forward, sword flashing. “Long has it been since I tested my steel on one of your kind! Come, let us see who is the abler!”

“Oh, Muskatel,” sighs Hisvin, “your theatrics will be the death of us.” He motions to the other rats in the room. “Do me a favor, and kill these humans, won’t you please?”

With squeaks of rage, the rats leap forward, steel bared.

If the characters seem on the verge of victory, Hisvin will escape through a secret door, and raise the alarm. If the characters take Greechy and flee immediately, they will have no problems. Otherwise, they will be overwhelmed by rat-warriors and killed or captured, effectively ending the adventure. Captured characters will be held in the dungeon, and have to be rescued later.



Part 3: Death Struggle

Tiny matches illuminate the room, although at your size they seem to be flaming torches. A group of haggard, tired-looking rats sits around a conference table. You listen as they speak.

"Despite the noble efforts of our new human allies," says Kree, indicating your party, "our fellow rebel Greechy was forced to reveal our secrets."

Greechy, his wounds newly-banded, replies contritely, "I held out as long as I could, Kree."

Kree waves a paw. "Few, if any of us, could have stood up to Hisvin's sorceries for long. We do not blame you."

"Blame is irrelevant," growls a scarred veteran warrior-rat, who sits slouched at the table, still wearing helm and breastplate. "The fact remains that Hisvin and his rat-dogs are onto us. My troops are ready to make a last stand rather than submit to that half-breed human. What are your orders?"

Greechy rises, slowly and painfully, to his feet. "A last stand may not be necessary, General Skith. We have made plans to evacuate our people aboard a ship in Lankmar Harbor. We will be taken to Ilthmar, where Hisvin made many enemies. There, we can plan our next move."

"Retreat?" Skith snarls. "Bah! Better to die like rats with steel in our paws! Damme, I'd rather be eaten by cats than flee from the likes of Hisvin."

Kree places a paw on the general's shoulder. "Patience, Skith. There will be a time for vengeance. But now, we must escape and stay alive." He turns to address your party. "I fear that our original offer of payment must be suspended. If you help the Lawful Rats escape, I can offer you our gratitude, but little else."

If the characters refuse, Kree will sadly nod his head and provide them with a guide back to Lankmar Above. The Lawful Rats will escape, but with heavy losses, and Hisvin and the

Council of Thirteen will be unquestioned rulers of Lankmar Below.

If the party agrees to help, the rats at the table will raise a ragged cheer, and Kree will leave the characters with General Skith, who will outline the escape strategy.

Skith points to a yellowed map of Lankmar Below. "These two corridors are the enemy's only attack routes. We can hold this one. Your party must hold this corridor for as long as you can while our people escape."

Skith accompanies the characters to the corridor that they must defend. The players may note their locations on the map provided.

The tunnel is narrow, choked with refuse, evidently long disused. The floor is damp and the air smells musty. Nearby you hear the rush of water—a sewer main must run close to you.

"I must leave you now," Skith says. "My scouts say that the enemy is on his way. I will come and get you when our people are safe. Good luck, my friends."

The party remains in the silent tunnel for long minutes before the first sign of attack comes.

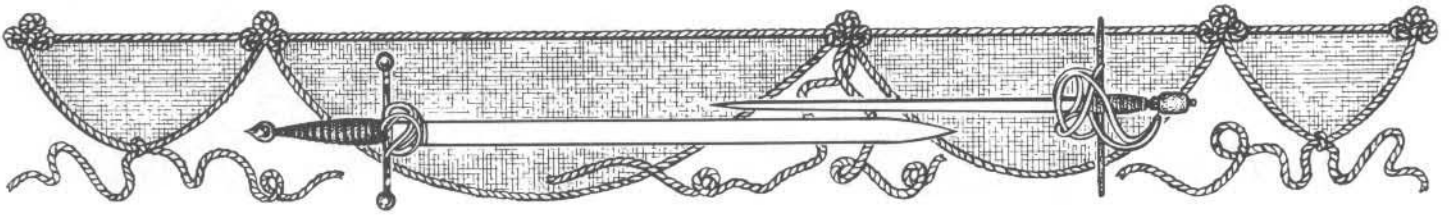
In the distance you hear the chitter of rat-voices, and glimpse the distant glitter of torches.

There are several piles of rubble suitable for ambush (see map), and the party may have a free round on the enemy. The characters are opposed by a party of 10 ordinary rat-warriors, led by a single elite rat.

Rat-Warriors (10): AL LE; AC 6; MV 12; HD 3; hp 15; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6.

Elite Rat: AL LE; AC 4; MV 12; HD 5; hp 35; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8.

The rats are not expecting any opposition yet, and will be doubly surprised that they are under



attack by humans. If the leader, or four of the rat-warriors are killed, they will retreat.

A second rat party, will attack several minutes later. Led by another elite rat, this party contains ten more ordinary rat-warriors armed with crossbows. They will stand off and take pot shots at characters as opportunities arise, and will not retreat until half of their number has been slain.

Rat-Warriors (10): AL LE; AC 6; MV 12; HD 3; hp 15; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 or 1d4 + 1.

Elite Rat: AL LE; AC 4; MV 12; HD 5; hp 35; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8.

The third assault will consist of several elite rats under the leadership of Muskatel (if he still lives; if not, another rat of similar abilities).

“Humans!” echoes a familiar voice. “Flag of truce! Do not attack—I am unarmed.”

A rat approaches. You recognize him as Muskatel, the rat-swashbuckler who has thrown in his lot with Hisvin.

“You have fought well,” he says. “I may even go so far as to copy some of your more dramatic flourishes. But this fight is pointless. Surrender, and we will let you go unharmed. If you stand and fight we will overwhelm you eventually—this foolishness is a waste of our time and your lives.” Muskatel’s voice grows friendly. “What do you say?”

If the characters are so foolish as to accept Muskatel’s offer, they will be slain at the first opportunity. If they refuse, Muskatel will shrug philosophically, then disappear into the darkness of the corridor. The attack will be renewed a few moments later.

Rat-Warriors (6): AL LE; AC 6; MV 12; HD 3; hp 15; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 or 1d4 + 1.

Elite Rats (4): AL LE; AC 4; MV 12; HD 5; hp 35; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8.

Muskatel: AL CN (E); AC 6; F7; hp 40; THAC0 14; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d6 + 1.

The ordinary rats will retreat if Muskatel or the elites are killed. The elites will fight to the death,

while Muskatel will retreat if he is reduced to 10 hit points or less.

The final assault will come nearly a half hour later, and it will be led by Hisvin’s daughter, Hisvet. Still as hungry for power as ever, Hisvet will see the possibilities of the brave warriors she is fighting, and may attempt to capture a party member, to be used in her plots later.

An enticing female voice echoes down the corridor.

“You wouldn’t attack me, would you?” it says. “Poor Muskatel, you gave him a terrible fright, you know. I must apologize for his behavior. He can be quite naughty sometimes. Can we talk now? I’m sure you’ll find me much more entertaining.”

Without waiting for an answer, she approaches. You are struck for a moment at her noble carriage and serene beauty. She is short, her face is delicately featured, with fine silver hair, and striking pink-irised eyes. She is clad in close-fitting black leather armor and her fine hair is drawn through a hole in the back of her black helm.

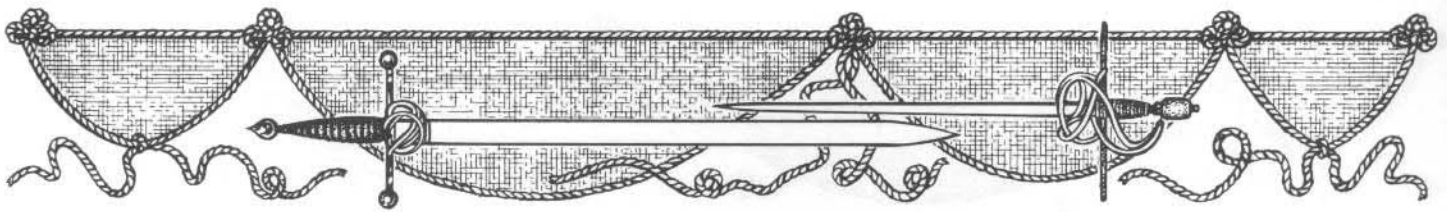
“I am Demoiselle Hisvet,” she says in a voice both soothing and melodic, “daughter of Hisvin, who is also Lord Null of Lankmar Below. You have proved your skill with swords,” here, she eyes you lasciviously, “and your comrades have undoubtedly escaped by now, making further combat useless. Come with me, and I will see to it that you are treated as betokens the brave warriors you are. Muskatel intended to kill you, by the way. You exercised good judgement in rejecting him.”

If the party refuses, Hisvet will sigh.

“Oh, well,” she says in a pouty, hurt voice. “I shall have you one way or another.”

Hisvet will take no active role in the fighting, but will send her rats forward with instructions to capture and carry off at least one party member.

Hisvet’s warriors are all elite rats who have sworn personal fealty to her, and they will



continue to attack until Hisvet calls them off. They will not use deadly force any more than necessary, attempting instead to overpower, bind, and carry off a party member. When they have captured one, they will leave, although Hisvet may order them to continue if there seems a good chance of capturing more party members.

If Hisvet succeeds in capturing a character, she will attempt to beguile him using her magical crossbow bolts, and recruit him in her plots against her father. A beguiled character will serve Hisvet slavishly, and will fight any rescue attempts with all his abilities.

Elite Rats (6): AL LE; AC 4; MV 12; HD 5; hp 35; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8.

After the attack, as the party licks its wounds, General Skith will appear, himself nursing several sword wounds.

“The evacuation is complete!” he hisses, his eyes full of pain and exhaustion. “Come, quickly, before they attack again!”

You follow him down the corridor, leaving the battleground behind.

Part 4: At the Bottom

The passageway slants down sharply; sometimes rude stairs are cut in the stone, more often you find footing amid rubble and detritus. The air is cold and damp, and sometimes you feel as if a black, clammy fist is closing around you, intent on trapping you, extinguishing your torches, and choking the life from your body.

General Skith’s voice sounds from ahead. “Quickly! Quickly! We’ve never been down this far before! All the other passages are too heavily guarded. We have no idea what might be down—”

There is a sudden silence.

As the characters attempt to follow the Lawful Rats to safety, they travel through some of the lowest portions of Lankhmar Below, passages

hewn by the rats centuries before, and now long abandoned. As they follow General Skith, their guide suddenly vanishes.

Now isolated, the characters must continue alone, uncertain of the dangers that lie ahead.

The corridor ahead is dark and foreboding. The cave passage is mapped out below. It is a stronghold of savage, barely-civilized rats who have lived here since the area was abandoned, and now seek revenge against the rats above.

1. Passageway

The corridor is narrow, damp, and choked with rubble. This is where you think Skith was when he disappeared. A wide, craggy passageway intersects with the main corridor here.

The corridor is unguarded, and leads to the savage rats’ domain.

2. Fork in the Tunnel

The air here seems strangely warm and humid. The tunnel seems to have been cleared of debris, although the stone floor shows no footprints. Ahead, the corridor branches.

Any non-rat passing here will be attacked by a pair of large (and at rat-size, gigantic) roaches.

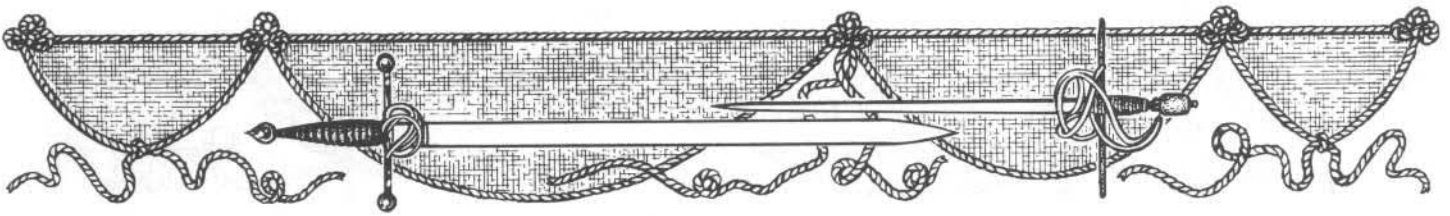
Roaches (2): AL N; AC 3; MV 6; HD 6; hp 35; THAC0 15; #AT 3; Dmg 1/6/1d6/2d6.

3. Offal

A horrid stench wafts from this room, where the humid heat seems to have its source. In the semi-darkness you see piles of debris.

This room appears to be full of refuse and miscellaneous garbage. Anyone who walks into the center of the room, however, will fall through the garbage, and into a refuse pit below.

The refuse pit is 20 feet deep; the fall causes



2d6 points of damage. Inside is rotting offal of the most offensive kind. The walls are slick with slime and condensation, causing thieves to take a -35% penalty when attempting to climb out.

As soon as a character lands in the garbage, he or she will be attacked by 2d6 carnivorous maggots (treat as rot grubs).

Maggots (12): AL N; AC 9; MV 1; HD 1; hp 1; THAC0 Nil; #AT 0; Dmg Nil; SA burrows in flesh and kills victim in 1-3 turns.

Once the character gets up, the maggots will no longer be able to attack. Also hidden in the trash are two leeches (treat as giant leeches), which will attack before the character can attempt to get out.

Leech (1): AL N; AC 9; MV 3, sw 3; HD 4; hp 26; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; SA blood drain 4 hp/rnd.

Other characters who jump or climb down into the pit will not be attacked by the maggots, but will still have to fight the leeches.

3. Secret passage

A small, hidden opening leads to a narrow, twisting passage, which comes out at area 6 below.

4. Guard Post

The room is some sort of natural cavern. Four huge, ogrish rats armed with clubs stand guard here. They are pale, almost albino, and filthy.

The rats are wary since Skith's capture, and will attack immediately if approached.

Savage Rats (4): AL NE; AC 8; MV 12; HD 6; hp 40; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 + 2.

5. Corridor

This passage is lit by shelf fungus, which glows with a dim blue fluorescence. The corridor ends in a crude stone door.

6. Master's Chamber

Four savage rats guard this room, while the bound General Skith is interrogated by a savage rat-shaman clad in various leather, metal and bone decorations and holding a staff. In the middle of the far wall, however, is a horrifying sight—a vast, bloated, vaguely rat-like creature. The thing stares at the scene from piggy, pinkish eyes, and occasionally makes spasmodic motions with its small, almost vestigial paws. Its hide is mangy and covered with sores, and its fur grows in uneven patches.

The bloated thing raises its small head as you enter the room.

"So," it hisses, in a faint, barely intelligible voice, "the rat-traitors from above have thrown in with the humans! Know you that we are the remnants of the rat-slaves who were left to die when the traitors left these caverns." Its voice rises to a ragged shriek. "But we did not die! We survived down here in the darkness and the ooze, and now we have taken one of the oppressors." The creature waves a feeble paw at the bound Skith. "We will at least do you the mercy of killing you quickly!"

With feral cries, the savage rats leap at you.

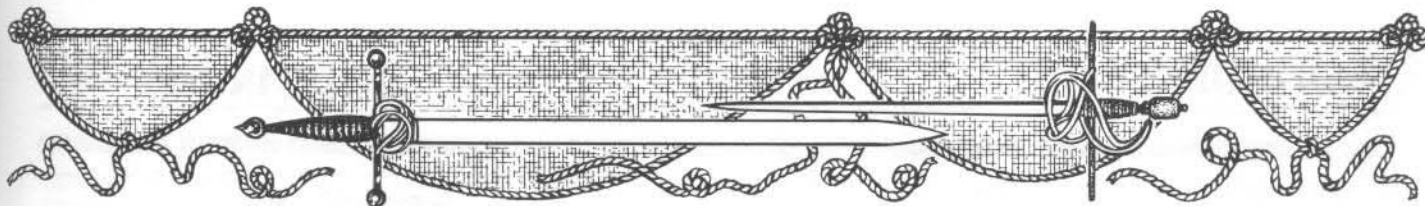
The rat-shaman has no spell abilities, but will fight along with its fellows.

Savage Rats (4): AL NE; AC 8; MV 12; HD 6; hp 40; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 + 2.

Rat-Shaman (1): AL NE; AC 9; MV 12; HD 4; hp 25; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4.

The bloated creature cannot move or attack. If the characters wish to kill it, there is nothing it can do to defend itself. If they attack it, however, it will curse the party as it dies.

"Curse your black souls, humans," the thing squeaks with its dying breath. "Curse you and your descendants, and may both Lankmar and Lankmar Below collapse in ruin and be forever forgotten!"



It is up to the DM whether the curse is real or not. General Skith will continue to guide the party if freed, but he has been reduced to half hit points by combat.

The journey through the darkness continues. After a time, the corridor begins to slant upward. At length, light shines ahead. . . it is the Lankhmar Waterfront.

Through a jagged hole beneath a warehouse, you see a crowd of Lawful Rats scrambling up the gangway and mooring lines of a small Lankhmar vessel. In the crowd you see Kree and Greechy, who give you a merry wave.

"My thanks, friends," says General Skith. "I must leave you now, but the Lawful Rats will always remember what you have done. Perhaps someday we will return and destroy Hisvin. Until that day. . ." Skith's voice breaks, he turns, and joins the exodus.

If the characters have lost their enlargement potions, Skith will replace them. The characters

still have the problem of their reduced mass, and will have to find a place with appropriate flesh, cloth and metal for their restorations to be successful. In the worst of cases, Skith will summon a number of enlarged rat-warriors, who will "trade" their body mass for the characters.

Aftermath

The Lawful Rats have been defeated, but have escaped from Lankhmar with their numbers more or less intact. In Ilthmar, they will attempt to regain their strength before attempting to destroy Hisvin.

In the meantime, the Council of Thirteen is once more in control of Lankhmar Below. Hisvin, Hisvit, Skwee and their fellow conspirators are now free to hatch more plots against the humans of Lankhmar Above. Within a few weeks, the rats will once more be the sworn enemies of humanity.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Clan
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	High
TREASURE:	K, Q
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful evil
NO. APPEARING:	2-8
ARMOR CLASS:	1
MOVEMENT:	15
HIT DICE:	8
THACO:	13
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-10/1-10
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	50%
SIZE:	L (9' tall)
MORALE:	Elite (13)
XP VALUE:	1400

Askhalites are a race alien to Lankhmar, and may have come from the same general locale as the Devourers. As members of a malign race that seeks to spread its influence over other worlds, the Askhalites take over the bodies of other beings, making them little more than empty vehicles for Askhalite will. Under certain conditions an Askhalite will assume its true form, physically transforming the host body as it does so. An Askhalite, in its true form, is taller, broader, and more muscular than a man. Their skin is ebony and their brows are heavy and knotted. Their fingers end in slashing claws instead of nails. Askhalites speak their own language, as well as any language known by the host creature.

Combat: Each Askhalite is bound to an object, often a medallion. The object must be given (usually by another Askhalite), to a intelligent creature, who must accept it willingly. The victim must then save vs. spell or be taken over by the Askhalite bound to the object. The Askhalite then controls the victim, and can use any of its mental abilities through him.

The Askhalite will keep its object on its person (that is, the person of its host) at all times. If the object is removed, the Askhalite will change into its own true form, and fight to get the object back. When the creature takes on its true form, the host undergoes an immediate physical change; its effective level, hit dice, and attack forms become identical to those of the Askhalite (the net effect of this is similar to a polymorph other or shape-change spell controlled by the Askhalite).

The transformation from host to Askhalite frees the host body from mind control effects such as charm and beguiling. (Note that since Askhalites are not persons by the definition of the hold person spell, a host bound by this spell would be freed by the transformation). The Askhalite form can perform prodigious feats of strength (comparable with ogre strength), and can take advantage of any magical augmentation beyond that possessed by the host.

The Askhalite has the ability to *teleport* or *plane shift* the host body to the location of its object at will. It also has the ability to leave the host, to the point of having the host give its object to another intelligent being (who is presumably more powerful or useful).



If the Askhalite is killed, the object becomes inert and safe to handle. Slaying the physical form of the Askhalite is fatal to the host, who reverts to normal form. What happens to the Askhalite if its medallion is destroyed while it inhabits a host is unknown. This event is, however, fatal to the host.

An intelligent being that has been taken over by an Askhalite can be freed of its influence by a *dispel evil* spell cast upon the victim specifically for that purpose. The Askhalite's magic resistance must be overcome and the Askhalite receives a saving throw vs. spell to avoid being displaced. If displaced, the creature is forced back into its object.

The Askhalites will abandon their invasion plans and withdraw without further harm to the hosts if their threat is discovered by the general population.

Habitat/Society: The Askhalites are followers of a mysterious god-ruler known as Askhal, and seek to subjugate other worlds in his (or its) name. Their society is a theocracy, with those Askhalites who have achieved the most in the name of the god-ruler considered closest to the deity, and most capable of rulership.

The existence of more powerful Askhalites, with spell capabilities and additional innate powers is suspected but unproved.

The Askhalite Medallion

It has been theorized that the Askhalites are of extra-dimensional origin, and that their object is required to effect or maintain their existence on this plane. The object seems keyed to the individual Askhalite; at least there is no record of a second Askhalite being bound to or responding to a captured medallion after the original one has been slain.

While the Askhalite lives (including the time before its object is accepted by an intelligent creature) the object has extraordinary resistance to being broken or destroyed. After the Askhalite has been killed, the object loses all special properties.

At least four different patterns of Askhalite medallions are known to the wisest sages, although whether these correspond to ranks within the Askhalite hierarchy, or to factions within the Askhalite society is unknown. It is possible that the form of the bound item, whether ring, circlet, phylactery, gemstone pendant, etc., has a specific meaning for the Askhalites.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Arctic, tundra
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Diurnal
DIET:	Carnivorous
INTELLIGENCE:	Average
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral

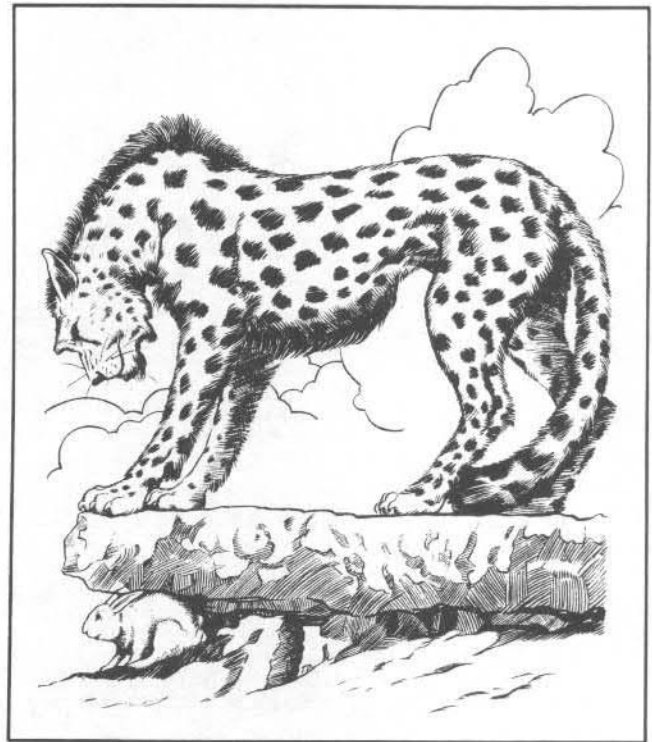
NO. APPEARING:	1 (10% chance of 2)
ARMOR CLASS:	6
MOVEMENT:	15
HIT DICE:	3
THACO:	17
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-4/1-4/1-6
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Rear claws, 1d6 each
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Surprised only on a 1
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	M
MORALE:	Steady (11-12)
XP VALUE:	120

An intelligent and elusive predator of Nehwon's Cold Wastes, the solitary ice cat resembles a cheetah with long, white fur. The ears, cheek fur, and pads are tufted, though this fur is heavier in the male than the female.

Combat: An ice cat is surprised only on a 1; its victims receive a -3 penalty on their surprise rolls. The ice cat can leap up to 20' horizontally. If both of its forepaws hit, the ice cat will rake with its rear claws for 1d6 points of damage each (1-6/1-6).

Habitat/Society: They are solitary for most of the year, until the spring mating season. Young are born six weeks later. They are raised in seclusion, and reach maturity by the end of the following fall.

Ice cats have been domesticated by the Invisibles, who employ them as guard-beasts, messengers, and companions. They rarely attack humans, and have in fact been known to befriend humans, and serve them faithfully. Once given, an ice cat's loyalty is unshakeable, unless it abused, in which case the ice cat will depart, never to return.



Ecology: The prey of the ice cat includes rabbits, small birds and rodents. Their fur is prized by the garment makers of the south who will pay richly for a pelt in good condition. Nobles with a taste for the exotic will pay much more for a live specimen.

Spotted Ice Cat

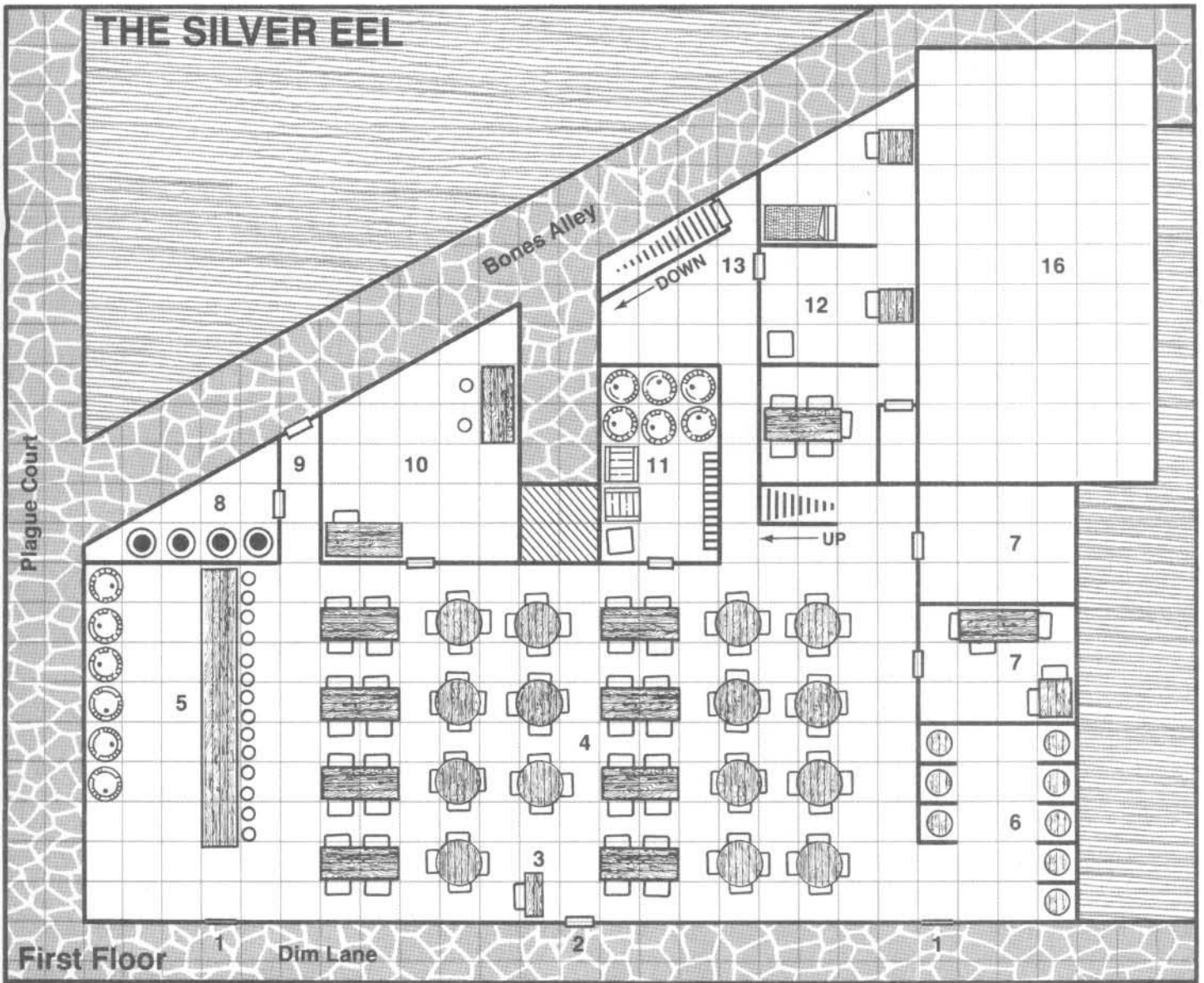
This rare form of the ice cat has a spot pattern similar to a snow leopard. It is reputed to be both more intelligent and more cunning than the non-spotted variety.

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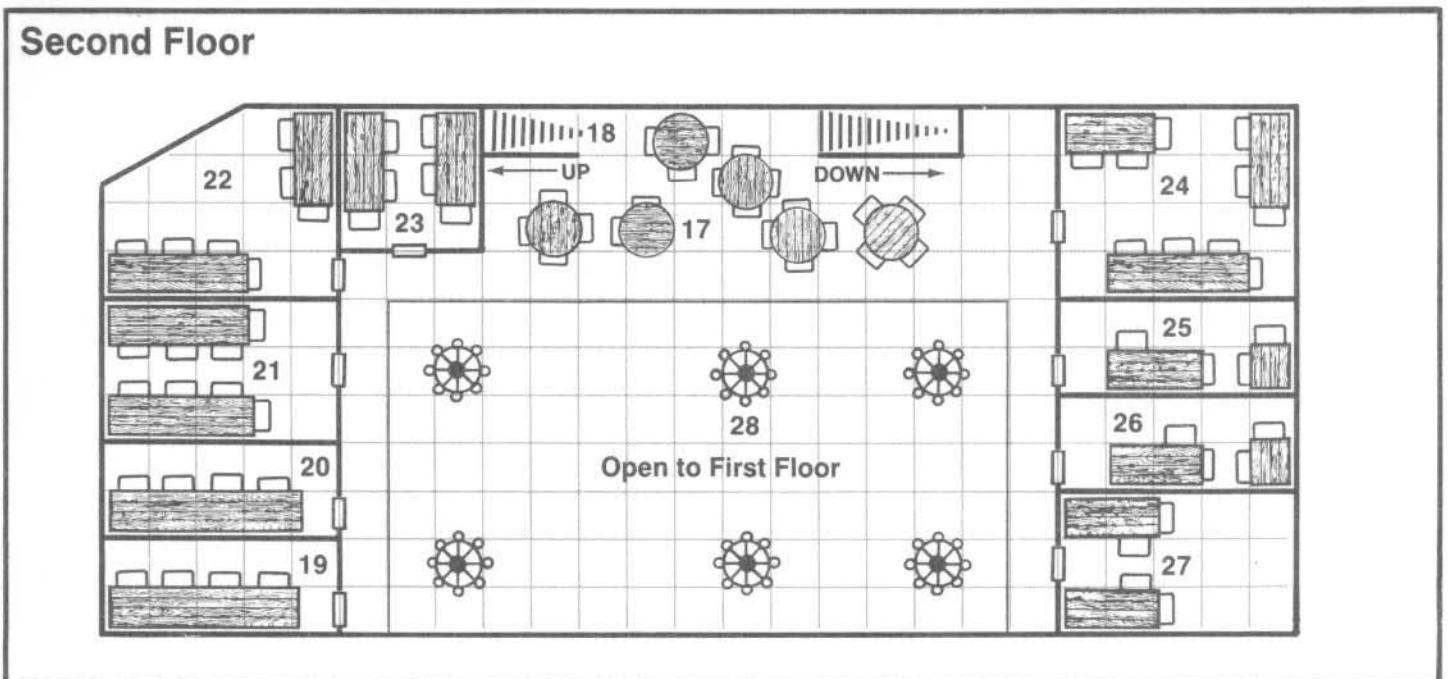


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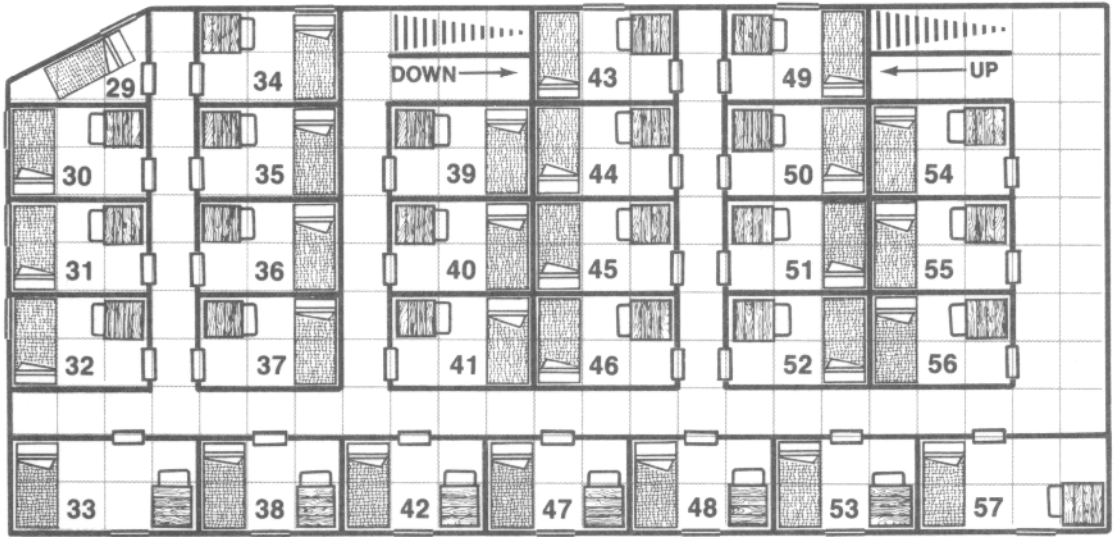
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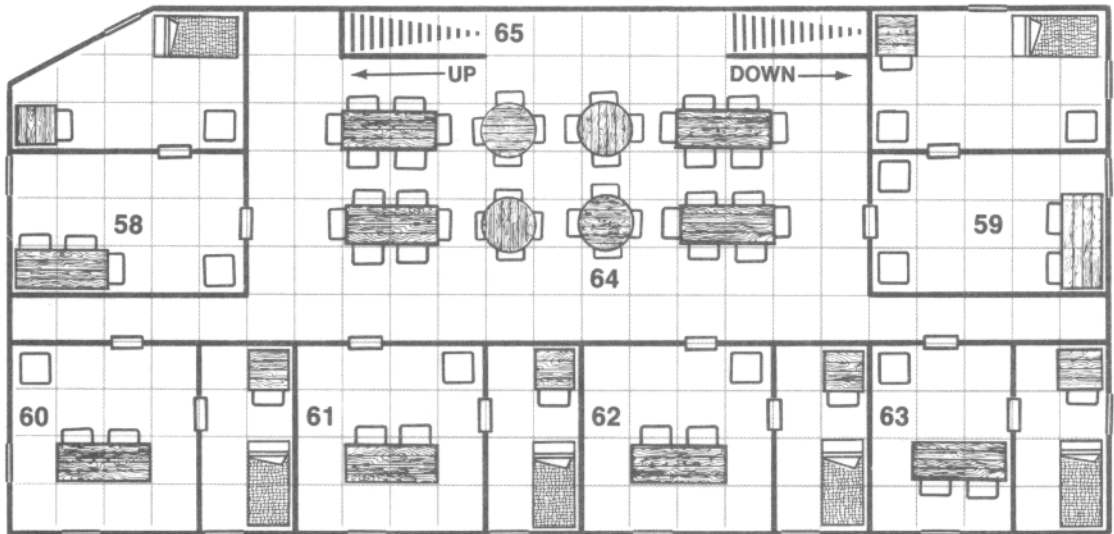
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Third Floor



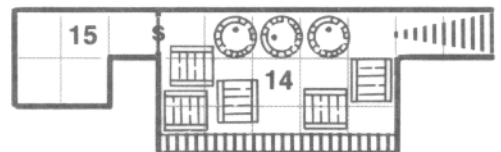
Fourth Floor



MAP KEY



Basement



PREROLLED CHARACTERS

Derya

Level 7 White Wizard

Strength: 9
Intelligence: 13
Wisdom: 18
Dexterity: 13
Constitution: 9
Charisma: 17
Hit Points: 20
Armor Class: 9
THAC0: 18
Damage: 1d4
Social Level: 6
Alignment: CG



Level 1: *cure light wounds*, (3) *light*, *protection from evil*
Level 2: *augury*, (2) *obscurement*, *slow poison*, *speak with animals*
Level 3: *cure disease*, *glyph of warding* (2)
Level 4: *cure serious wounds*, *divination*
Equipment: *ring of human influence*, staff, riding horse, 43 gold rilks, 17 silver smerduks, 25 bronze agols

After driving herself into bankruptcy through obscure spell research, Derya has taken up adventuring to earn extra income. She has even gone so far as to accept an occasional assignment from the Thieves' Guild, although she finds such work distasteful. Currently, she is engaged in the search for a lost spell book by an ancient mage, said to be in the possession of a Lankhmart collector of antiquities.

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Quilph

Level 5 Fighter

Strength: 18/75 (+2/+3)
Intelligence: 10
Wisdom: 9
Dexterity: 14
Constitution: 17
Charisma: 12
Hit Points: 52
Armor Class: 6
THAC0: 16
Damage: 1d8
Social Level: 2
Alignment: LN



Equipment: Leather armor, small shield, scimitar, mingol helm, mingol riding horse, 5 gold rilks, 8 bronze agols

Quilph is an outcast from his Mingol tribe who has, after several years of wandering, found himself in Lankhmar. There, he found occasional employment in the retinues of various noblemen, guarding caravans, and adventuring. By nature he is saturnine and prone to violence, but is loyal to his companions, and keeps his word when he gives it.

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Jarvo Dav

Level 8 Fighter

Strength: 17 (+1/+1)
Intelligence: 12
Wisdom: 11
Dexterity: 16 (+1/-2)
Constitution: 14
Charisma: 10
Hit Points: 62
Armor Class: 5
THAC0: 15
Damage: 1d8 + 1
Social Level: 4
Alignment: NG



Equipment: Studded leather armor, *long sword* +1, dagger, nasal helm, round shield, light warhorse, hunting dog, 20 gold rilks, 22 silver smerduks

Jarvo is an experienced mercenary who sought adventure in the Eight Cities, where he found and lost more fortunes than most men can imagine. A good-natured sort, he would not trade his life for even that of the wealthiest nobleman. After saving the life of a Ghoulish warrior, Jarvo made a friendship pact with a band of Ghouls, who will come to his aid if they are able.

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Krolys

Level 6 Thief

Strength: 12
Intelligence: 15
Wisdom: 8
Dexterity: 17 (+2/-3)
Constitution: 15
Charisma: 9
Hit Points: 34
Armor Class: 4
THAC0: 18
Damage: 1d6
Social Level: 2
Alignment: CN



Equipment: Leather armor, short sword, thief's picks, *amulet versus undead*, grappling hook, 50' silk rope, 16 gold rilks, 25 bronze agols

An accomplished Guild thief, Krolys's alignment makes him inclined to work alone. He is often in trouble with the guildmaster for short changing the guild's cut of his jobs.

Krolys will occasionally work with others, and has accompanied adventuring parties to Quarmall, the Cold Waste, even as far as jungle-shrouded Klesh. In such situations, Krolys is reasonably friendly, and does what is required of him, but always insists on his exact share of any profits.

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