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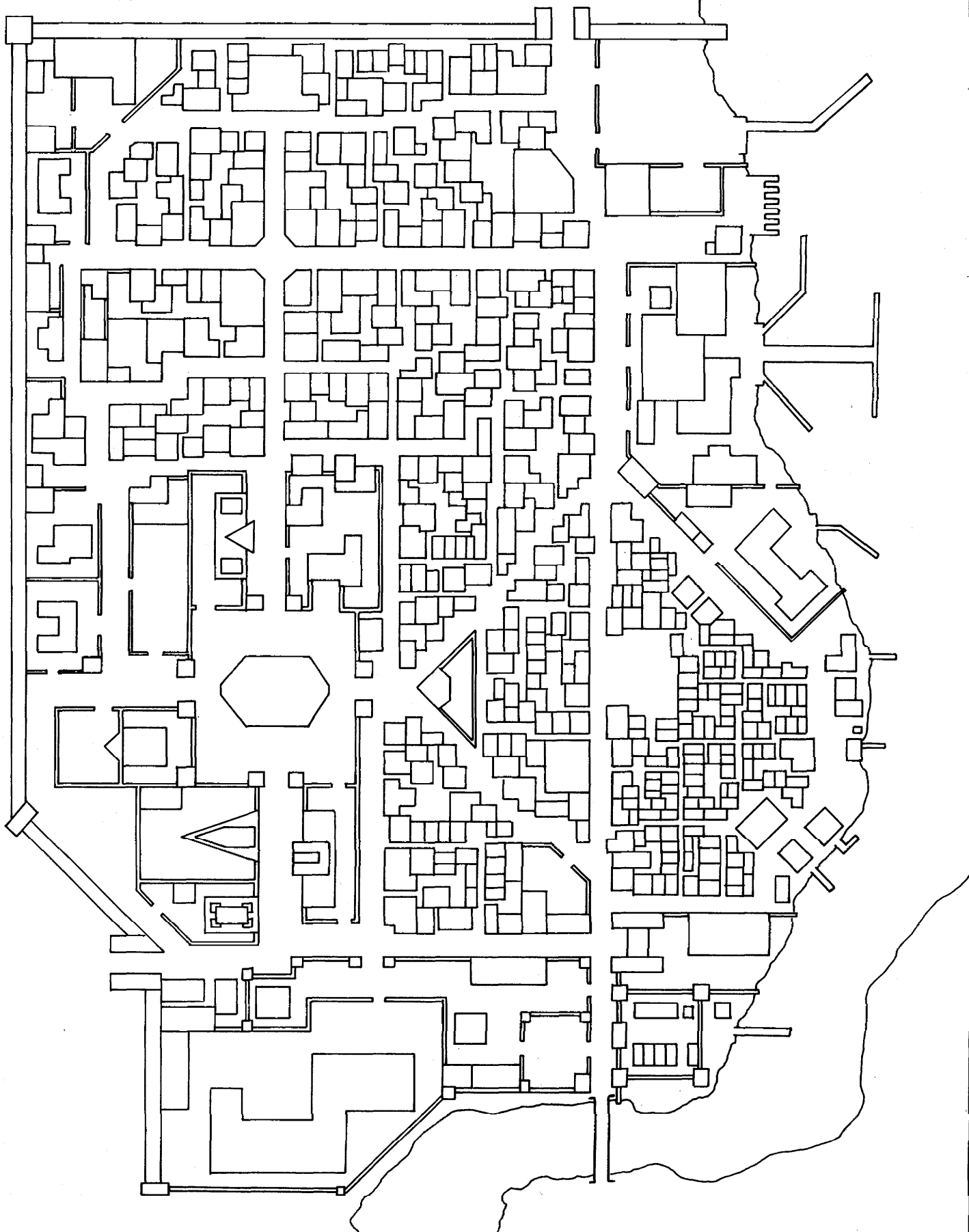
Lords of Darkness

Introduced by Ed Greenwood



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Players' Map



Advanced Dungeons & Dragons®



THE LORDS OF DARKNESS

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ISBN 0-88038-622-3

\$8.95 US

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INTRODUCTION AND DMING UNDEAD

With a final sharp, splintering sound, the door gave way. The warriors forced it aside and peered into the dimness beyond, blades drawn.

They beheld a dark, littered chamber, silent and dead. Dust lay thick everywhere. Though there were no traces of anyone having come there, an old man sat in its midst, sucking a pipe and humming into his beard as he regarded them levelly.

"And who are you, graybeard?" demanded the foremost man-at-arms, approaching warily. In reply, the old man spoke a word of power that smote their ears with a clap of thunder. His challenger staggered back as if dazed, dropping blade and shield with a clangor.

"My name, despoilers of tombs," he said in a deep, rolling voice, "is Elminster. I sit in this crypt to be with my friends. You will leave them, and you will leave me—NOW." And he rose, eyes flashing. The men turned and, with one accord, fled.

The old man chuckled, sighed, and sat down again. "You were saying?" he prompted the darkness. And the darkness answered. . .

Undead are among the most vividly chilling monsters in AD&D® game campaigns, from awesome vampires to silent, purposeful skeletons. Many adventurers have battled wraiths and cut their way through zombies; DMs wanting to give players more such excitement will find adventures aplenty here. Everyone has fears and gruesome images of the undead; may you find more in these pages.

This sourcebook begins with introductory notes on the nature and handling of undead. "Tales From Beyond the Grave" then presents 10 complete adventures. Each highlights a "classic" undead type, with the challenges rising as one proceeds to the later scenarios. DMs should modify these as necessary to better integrate them into campaign play.

"Creature Notes" accompany each adventure. These studies of the featured undead are particularly useful to

DMs devising their own undead adventures.

"The Night Gallery" details the main character or creature of each adventure and is useful in planning a series of encounters.

It is followed by "A Mundane Guide to Wards vs. Undead, Spirits, and Other Entities," which explores the magic and lore of dealing with undead. Some lore will be "common knowledge" (readable to players), and more can be revealed by consulting veteran adventurers, sages, or crumbling tomes. Much should be learned only by trial and error, during combat.

"The Lords of Darkness" section presents new spells for "necromancers" (those mages who specialize in working with undead). They are fully compatible with the spells in other AD&D® game rulebooks, and are recommended as rare and mysterious magics, not spells widely known and available. Clerical equivalents may be devised in accordance with the deities of individual campaigns.

Undead in The Forgotten Realms

Although this sourcebook is set in the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ fantasy world, DMs need not have other Realmslore (such as the campaign set) if they wish to set these adventures in different fantasy campaign settings. For those whose campaigns are set in the Realms, a few notes will help in planning further undead adventures.

Many types of undead are known in the Realms, including sorts not in the official AD&D game rules; boars, horses, wolverines, and even owlbears have been reported. There are also undead animated by mages, such as crawling claws and dracoliches (see DRAGON® Magazine issue Nos. 32 and 110), little known in other worlds. Undead are a recognized fact of existence in the Realms, much feared and little understood. Many gory tavern tales about liches and vampires and armies

of shuffling zombies chill farmers and merchants alike late at night around dying hearth fires.

Some undead are clearly evil, directed or created by or allied to dark powers. Others are just as clearly neutral, and the intelligent undead have proven time and again that they are capable of all the emotions and alignments of their living counterparts: treachery, suspicion, friendship, honor, and even kindness. There are benign undead who warn or aid travelers as well as those who kill the living. Whatever causes undead to come into existence (spell, natural process, divine deed, or unknowable mystery) are strong in the Realms; there are a LOT of undead.

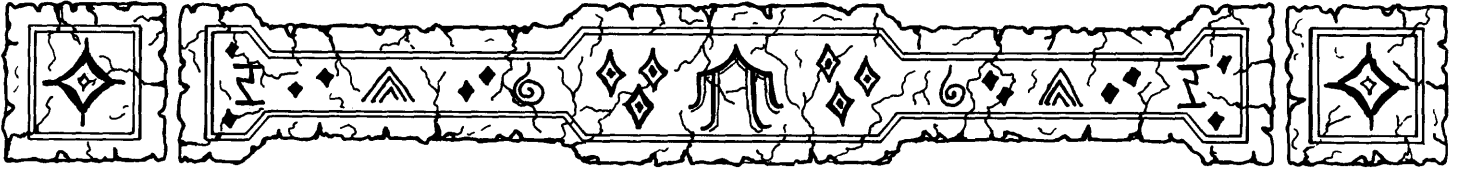
DMing Undead

Most DMs use undead for their memorable, fearsome nature and their unique powers, which can sorely test low-level player characters. How undead are handled in battle is of paramount importance; while the mindless nature of lesser undead allows a DM to rescue foolish PCs from battlefield folly, too often, more powerful undead are handled in as mindless a manner.

Consider a lich, for example: a mage or cleric so thirsty for immortality as to try to cheat death, and already powerful at magic. All too often a lich is played by the DM as a being who suddenly throws a paramount instinct for survival beyond death away, to stand and trade spells with a band of adventurers. Liches should be cunning and elusive—why be destroyed when one can slip away to strike again another night? What's the hurry, what's time, to a lich?

The DM should always have a clear idea of what encountered undead are trying to accomplish, from skeletons or zombies mindlessly seeking to slay, to a vampire or lich defending a trap-filled lair. Why defend such a lair?

The lich's lair presented in this book has a purpose: Alokair is trying to strip greedy adventurers of all the magic (and valuables which can buy more



magic) he can. A vampire or spectre may try to separate individuals from a party with pit traps and the like, so as to drain them at leisure, and gain undead followers.

All intelligent undead will have aims (even if they are insane ones, or whimsies to entertain them). The "natural" creation of greater undead seems related to strength of purpose and character, so thinking undead without something to do (beyond exulting in killing and mayhem) should be rare.

A vampire or lich that clashes with player characters many times to become a behind-the-scenes personal foe is far more memorable, frightening, and satisfying to defeat than an undead menace seen for only an instant before PCs let fly with all their firepower. All too often, undead are defeated with boring ease, when a wily vampire would become gaseous and escape, only to ambush PCs later when asleep, separated, or battling another monster. If DMs play undead as energetically as PCs, players will soon have their own chilling tales of undead and hard battles in the dark.

Alternatives To Energy Draining

Many DMs are reluctant to use undead as much as the vivid descriptions of these monsters tempt them to; it seems unfair to DMs and players alike to lose 10 years of life (in a campaign where time is largely ignored, the loss is meaningless; in a roleplaying campaign, the loss seems horribly steep) at the mere sight of a ghost, or have a single undead attack drain one or even two levels of hard-won experience, robbing a player of the game benefits of what might be literally years of AD&D® game play.

The horror and might of undead must be preserved: to merely turn a level-draining ability into so many dice of physical damage seems a poor solution. DMs may well devise their own solutions, but here are some alternatives to an attack that would normally

result in a loss of character experience.

- Temporary paralysis with no saving throw, either complete or partial, thereby preventing spell-casting, climbing, picking locks, and giving a -2 penalty to AC and attacks, for 1d12 + 10 rounds; curable.

- Loss of all experience gained back to the minimum required for the character's current level.

- Immediate loss of consciousness, loss of 2d6 hit points, plus a permanent loss of 1 hit point per drain attack, plus possible loss of currently memorized spells.

- Loss of ability points at random; character must save vs. poison to see if each loss is permanent.

- Permanent withering of touched limb (limited wish or wish notwithstanding), or bestowal of a disease of severe, chronic nature.

- Bestowal of minor permanent curse (see "Curses!", DRAGON® Magazine, issue No. 77).

- Character stricken with insanity (refer to DMG for types), or, if the character is a spell-caster, the PC permanently loses knowledge of how to cast a certain spell at random or perform a type of a magic.

- Alignment shift of character, one step per attack, toward that of the attacking undead. Note that this could cause back-and-forth alignment shifts as a character with a long career encounters undead of different alignments.

- Immediate feeblemindedness plus a permanent loss of 1 ability point (random choice, save vs. poison to avoid).

Non-Evil Undead

The arts of creating and controlling undead are Evil-and, as many have learned to their detriment, very dangerous.

But undead themselves are not always evil. In the Realms, and many other real and fictional lands, there are tales of apparitions that warn the living of hazards such as washed-out bridges and impending disaster. Others provide

silent, non-attacking grim reminders of long-ago battle valor, or guard family crypts and the resting places of heroes.

Other undead are of the sorts described in the AD&D® game rules: dangerous monsters that must be fought. There are vampires in the Realms who command small armies of undead, and liches who rule entire cities or underground realms.

But vampires have helped travelers and battlefield survivors. Liches have trained, advised, or chatted amiably with adventurers. Skeletons have marched out of crypts in besieged cities to snatch up children-their descendants-and bear them to safety.

The great paladin Ralgorax, the "Sword of Tyr," in the dead of night roused the sleeping northern village where he had been born, riding his charger down its streets and banging his great sword against his shield. He warned of an oncoming orc horde—and slew its boldest scouts as the villagers scrambled to gather their belongings and flee.

The next day, after the paladin's blade had slain many an orc, the full light of day revealed that Ralgorax's flesh was withered. He bore old death wounds, and the horse beneath him was also carrion. He smiled sadly at their revulsion, saluted, and rode away-into the horde.

DMs should keep players on their toes by occasionally using monsters that vary from their official versions: intelligent, unturnable skeletons are frequent undead examples. Why not helpful undead? Or neutral undead who do not even know they have died, such as merchants caught encamped and asleep by a long-ago blizzard? Undead need not always have malicious personalities.

That is how easy it is to create non-evil undead. Such variety in an AD&D® game campaign will give its participants glowing memories of exciting, vivid play . . . and isn't that what gaming is for?

SKELETONS

Monster: Skeletons (12)
Terrain: Village
Party Levels: 6 (Average 1st)
Gold X.P.: 800
Treasure X.P.: 1,000
Monster X.P.:
Kill: 744 Defeat: 558
Retreat: 186

Setup

- Several churchyards in local villages have been desecrated. Grave robbers are suspected of unearthing the tombs and strewing bones about the cemetery. Only one cemetery in the area remains untouched. PCs are asked by the local temple to guard the churchyard and prevent this sacrilege.

- The village temple's sexton runs screaming from the tavern about the dead rising from their tombs in the vaults beneath the temple. Villagers who dare investigate are attacked by moldering skeletons. The PCs are roused from their sleep at the inn and pressed into service against this menace.

DM Background

Village cemeteries in the area are being disturbed, not by grave robbers, but rather by the odd magical powers of Kendra, a madwoman with the ability to animate the skeletal dead (see "The Night Gallery"). Recently, she has wandered into the village of Daufin. A few days before, a caretaker chased the filthy vagabond woman away from the temple grounds. Now, at the dark of the moon, Kendra visits the cemetery, raises the dead at midnight, and turns their wrath against the temple staff who live in nearby outbuildings. Joined by the dead of the mausoleum vaults within the temple, the skeletons will slay the living and desecrate the temple unless heroic actions prevent them from doing so.

If PCs have agreed to guard the cemetery from what is thought to be grave robbers, they are in on all the action of this adventure. If they are roused from

sleep to aid the villagers, they come into the scenario when novices are besieged, under the heading "The Siege", below.

The Adventure

Daufin Temple and Cemetery

The temple in Daufin is small but well-supported by farmers and villagers. The curate is Hannes, a third-level cleric. His assistant is the first-level cleric Jilla, and they have accepted three village youths into service as acolytes.

Hannes (first-level cleric): AC 8; MV 9"; hp 14; # AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (mace); AL CG.
Spells: *Chant, hold person, bless, cure light wounds.*

Hannes is fat and jovial, thoroughly content to be a rural cleric. He lives in a fine house at the edge of town. He does not think clearly in an emergency and is rather cowardly. Hannes is the one who suggests that the PCs help if PCs are not already on the scene. He stays in the background of any action.

Jilla (first-level cleric): AC 10; MV 12"; hp 6; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (quarterstaff); AL CG.
Spells: *Cure light wounds.*

The night Kendra raises the skeletons, Jilla has been carousing late into the night at the local tavern. She may or may not aid the characters, as the DM sees fit. If the PCs acquit themselves well, she asks to join them when they depart.

Acolytes (3 zero-level clerics): AC 10; MV 12"; hp 3 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1d2 (fists); AL CG.

Petrus, Davic, and Lauren are obedient and hard-working teen-agers, easily awed by things and people beyond normal village experience. They believe Hannes is a very wise man, and follow

his orders without question.

The temple is a tall and spacious building of whitewashed stone with a red-tiled roof. Although the exterior is simple, the interior is decorated with gold leaf, frescoes, and richly carved woodwork. Below ground, in the foundation walls, are crypts, the final resting place of leading clerics and some distinguished villagers. Each crypt is plugged with a slab of marble carved with the name, dates, and accomplishments of the deceased concealed behind it. The temple mausoleum is almost completely filled, and is all but ignored under Hannes' administration.

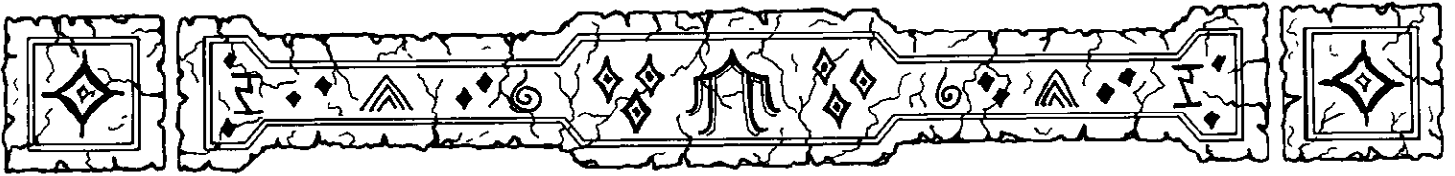
Along the hill behind the temple are a few outbuildings, including the acolytes' quarters. The cemetery occupies the sunny hillside below and behind the temple. Surrounded by shady trees and planted with flowers, the place is restfully beautiful by day. Folk often pay their respects to the graves of the departed; there is little local history of active undead, and the cemetery is not considered to be a fearful place.

A Graveyard Vigil

The cemetery is located in an area approximately 200' long by 100' wide. Trees grow on every side of the graveyard. The temple and outbuildings are visible 300' away near the top of the hill.

Once the PCs have posted themselves around this area for guard purposes, a quiet and boring vigil begins. This cloudy and overcast night is also the night of the new moon. It is completely dark in the cemetery and the surrounding woods. The only light that can be seen comes from a lamp over the distant temple door, which burns all night. The village is out of sight beyond the hill, and any light from there fails to illuminate the graveyard.

Night birds sing for a time after sunset, then settle down for the evening. Near midnight, a breeze springs up which rustles the tree leaves and obscures small noises -such as Kendra's approach through the woods, and



her quiet muttering as she draws near. The madwoman's 30'-infravision helps her in the darkness, and she is almost animal-like in her ability to move through undergrowth and slip between nearly unseen trees.

Kendra: AC 10 (7 if enraged); MV 12"; hp 5 (stays conscious to -5 hp); #AT 1; Dmg 1d2 (teeth and claws, attempts to bite victim's throat); AL CE; XP 1,000; ST 10 (18 if enraged); IN 16; WI 5; DX 9; CO 12; CH 7.

Spells: *animate dead*. Wears a *ring of invisibility* Infravision, 30'; 30% immune to *sleep*, *charm*.

To see if PCs or Kendra encounter each other before she can do her magic, roll 1d6. On a result of 1, 2, or 6, go to "Running Into Kendra," below.

Otherwise, Kendra strolls out into the middle of the graveyard, constantly humming and muttering under her breath. Her sounds are hidden by the wind in the trees, unless a character is using magic or has exceptionally acute hearing. As the madwoman walks around this open expanse, there is a 25% chance that she may pass within the range of sight of characters with infravision. PCs may respond however they wish when they discover her in the cemetery—at any rate, her magic has already done its work, and the skel-

etons will soon be rising from their graves. Go to "Enough to Raise the Dead!"

Running Into Kendra

On a die roll of 1, Kendra passes close enough to a PC that the player character becomes aware of her presence. If the PC wins an initiative roll, he is close enough to make a leap or grab for her.

If the PC is successful in this, Kendra fights and shrieks, calling skeletons to her aid. 1d4 rounds later, 1d4 skeletons rise out of the closest graves and come to her assistance, attacking her assailant or captors. If the undead free her, she flees into the woods and comes back the next night to try this all again. Otherwise, go to "Rewards."

If the PC fails to catch Kendra right away, she runs into the cemetery and dashes in frantic circles, singing and calling out to her grave-bound friends. Regardless of PC actions, the entire skeleton crew of the graveyard is about to rise up and assist Kendra. Go to "Enough to Raise the Dead" and alter events as necessary to reflect the madwoman's circumstances.

On a die roll of 2, a PC with infravision glimpses a human-shaped figure moving through the edge of the trees, but is not close enough to tackle it immediately. Oblivious to this attention, Kendra continues on into the cemetery.

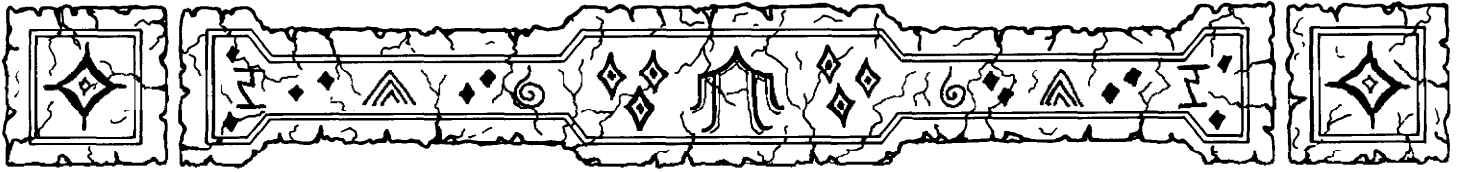
If she is free to walk around there for at least one round, her magic takes effect, and play continues with "Enough to Raise the Dead."

If the PC grapples with Kendra in the course of that round, she calls out and summons 1d4 skeletons which come to her aid in the next 1d4 rounds. If the undead free her, she flees into the woods and returns the next night to try this all again. Otherwise, go to "Rewards."

If the PC fails to catch Kendra right away, and she is alerted to danger, she flees and runs around the cemetery, calling skeletons to her aid. In this case, continue with "Enough to Raise the Dead."

On a die roll of 6, Kendra becomes aware of the PCs before they notice her. She changes her course and then heads for the temple mausoleum. Slipping inside, she raises the skeletons from the mausoleum crypts. The sexton, alerted by the thudding of marble slabs onto the floor, investigates—and sees the blood-chilling sight of walking bones and grinning skulls. He screams in terror and flees to the village to give the alarm.

If Kendra is diverted in this way, there is only a 2% chance for PCs guarding the cemetery to notice her slipping into the temple. At their distance from the temple, they notice only a furtively moving figure. However, the



sexton's screaming exit some minutes later should draw their undivided attention. If PCs investigate, their encounter is described under "The Mausoleum."

Enough To Raise The Dead

Once Kendra has summoned the graveyard skeletons, they begin to rise from the grave two rounds later. It takes one round for a skeleton to become animated, and one additional round for it to claw its way out of the ground (see "Ecology of the Skeleton," elsewhere in this book). In the next four minutes, all undead that are going to will have responded to her summons. If PCs are present, the skeletons attack characters immediately after emerging from the ground.

Skeletons (7): AC 7; MV 12"; hp 7 each; #AT 1, Dmg 1d6 (claws); AL CE.

One skeleton will appear in the second round, four more in the third, and the last two in the fourth.

If there were no PCs guarding the graveyard, Kendra proceeds to the temple mausoleum, followed by her skeletons. There she "frees" more of her friends, and the sexton escapes through a side door to warn the village. Play continues with "The Siege," below.

If Kendra has encountered PCs and is captive or slain, the skeletons attack the player characters. If PCs are victorious, play concludes with "Rewards." Otherwise, Kendra runs to the temple mausoleum to "free" more of her "friends" while the cemetery skeletons engage the PCs.

The Mausoleum

Kendra may have noticed PCs guarding the graveyard, and detoured instead to the temple mausoleum. Alternately, she may have escaped to the temple from the melee in the graveyard. If Kendra knows she is pursued by characters, she bars the front door of the temple to slow pur-

suit and is drawn unerringly to the mausoleum by her affinity for the dead.

In either case, she summons the skeletons from their crypts in the mausoleum. If adventurers arrive within one turn to investigate the disturbance, they are confronted inside the temple by skeletons.

Skeletons (2): AC 5; MV 12"; hp 10; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 + 1; AL CE.

One wears a *ring of feather falling*.

Skeletons (3): AC 7; MV 12"; hp 6; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (claws); AL CE.

These undead fight without reservation, and can only be stopped by destroying or turning them. They do not pursue fleeing characters far from Kendra. The first two skeletons are the remains of adventuring clerics. They were buried in their armor and carry +1 *maces*, hence are the most powerful fighters among these undead. One of the other skeletons was buried with a bag of 300 gp in the crypt at his feet; it is clearly visible to anyone looking directly into that tomb.

The Siege

When Kendra has marshaled her force of skeletons-unless prevented by PCs- she leads them directly to the acolytes' quarters, the largest outbuilding. She has mistaken it for the caretaker's residence, and singled it out for her revenge.

Awakened by the sexton's screams, the acolytes see the undead marching toward their quarters. They bar the door and stand inside, grasping chair legs as improvised weapons. Kendra stays concealed at a distance, watching what the undead do. When the skeletons assault the building, they tear shutters off the two windows and enter. The acolytes can hold out for one turn before they are overwhelmed by the undead and slaughtered. If skeletons are attacked from the rear (by PCs), two-thirds of their number turns to the new threat, and the others persist in their siege of the house.

Rewards

If the PCs successfully guarded the cemetery and/or saved the acolytes, they are thanked by Hannes and rewarded with 500 gp. If the acolytes perish, the PCs receive only 100 gp for their efforts. If Kendra is captured, Hannes wants to keep her in hopes of curing her insanity. The cleric doesn't expect PCs to loot the dead, but unscrupulous characters may acquire the *ring of feather falling*, two +1 *maces*, and the 300 gp in the crypt.

Ecology of The Skeleton

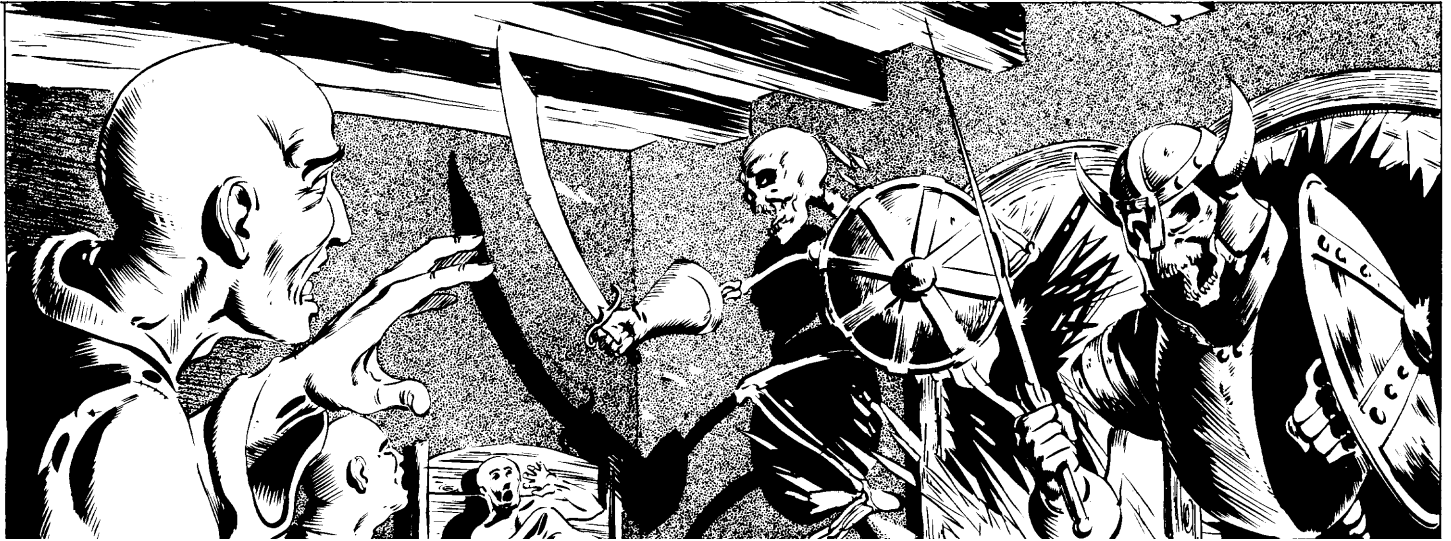
Hubert was blustering his way through his third pitcher of ale at the The Empty Tankard tavern. His audience was mostly reduced to younger adventurers who welcomed the blowhard's tales while Callis, the innkeep, readied the evening meal.

"Last month Rado and I stumbled across the tomb of Tynik the Robber King, in the Gray Hills," the big man said. "You've all heard of it . . ." he paused while heads nodded on cue in the lamplight, ". . . but they don't tell you about the carnivorous skeletons that guard it. We fought them as long as we could, but we were outnumbered. They crave human blood, and when we ran, they gave chase . . ."

After the past hour of similar yarns, one listener wasn't having any of it. "That's enough misinformation right there, you ignoramus!" blurted a rough voice.

Hubert blinked in surprise at the unexpected interruption. A female dwarf moved into the lamplight, and put her empty mug down on Hubert's table with a definitive *thunk*.

"I'm Tarif Zag," the dwarf introduced herself, "and I fought skeletons before you were born. Learned a lot about them in the field. Then I retired, and became a cleric," she said, fingering a medallion around her neck in the form of a silver hammer, "and learned a lot more. Any adventurer deserves to



know the truth about those creatures, and not a lot of hogwash.

"Now, let's get some of this straight," declared Zag, surveying the audience she had so deftly stolen from Hubert. "Skeletons are both more dangerous and less fearsome than you've been led to believe. Anyone who makes them out to be worse than zombies or ghouls has never fought zombies or ghouls." She took a long pull from her mug, and shot a sideways glance at Hubert. "And anyone who says they're nothing but a pile of bones, easy to beat, has never had a close call with 'em."

"But I've seen the ones that want human blood," rejoined Hubert, not so easily quelled. "They chased us, and brought my friend down like a pack of dogs . . ."

"Sure," Tarif cut him off. "That's what it looked like. But let me tell you a thing or two about skeletons.

"When a skeleton is animated, the enchantment accomplishes two things. First, it knits the bones together magically, binding them with force drawn from the Negative Energy Plane. Almost all the bones have to be there—without mostly complete remains, the spell is almost impossible to hold together.

"Second, the spell binds energy called the *animus* into the skeleton to animate it. That's not the same as the spirit or soul of the deceased. It is only a fragment of soul energy, the portion that helped keep the soul in the living body.

In death, the *animus* lingers around the remains until they turn to dust. This is true no matter what the race of the creature whose bones are animated."

Tarif drained her mug and looked squarely at Hubert. "Since skeletons have no brain and no soul, they likewise have no emotions and no desires—much less 'cravings for blood.'" The dwarf snorted and refilled her mug from Hubert's pitcher.

Hubert peered unhappily into his near-empty pitcher, and drained what was left with one swallow. "Then how do you explain those skeletons that killed Rado?" The fighter belched, then continued. "Once they caught sight of us, they chased us forever. They were bloodthirsty enough to do that!"

Tarif shook her head. "There's only one thing that motivates a skeleton: the orders of the spell-caster that created it. Once the *animus* is housed in the bones, the spell-caster tells it, in a few words, exactly what he wants it to do. Skeletons follow those orders exactly—no more, no less. They behave rather brainlessly, actually, taking those orders at their literal face value. More than one necromancer has been undone by wording skeleton orders sloppily."

A studious young man in robes put a full pitcher on the table near the dwarfish cleric, then asked a question as he refilled her mug. "So you mean if a spell-caster tells a skeleton to guard an

area, that might not be good enough?"

Tarif studied him for a moment. "Have thoughts of animating the dead yourself, do you?" His blush was adequate response. "Hmph." Her disgust was apparent, but she sampled the ale anyway and mused out loud.

"No, an order like that wouldn't be good enough," she said. "What does 'guard' mean? Stand at attention with a halberd at port arms? Kill anyone in sight? If the orders aren't specific enough, the skeleton either stands there undecided, or takes a random action that seems to fulfill the order.

"The best orders are simple and exact: 'Stop anyone from leaving this room, killing them if necessary,' or, 'Kill anyone who enters this hallway.'" Zag inclined her head to Hubert. "I suspect that's the kind of order your skeletons had. As you noticed, you can only stop them from carrying out their orders by destroying them—or by evading them completely."

Hubert returned her gaze. "Are skeletons always used as guards, or do they have other purposes too?" he asked, helping himself to the new pitcher.

Zag shrugged. "That's their most common use, I'd say—either guarding a person, or a place like Tynik's tomb. They're too brainless to do much else. But they make tenacious and ever-alert guards. Besides obeying their orders to the letter, they are the easiest type of undead to raise, and are relatively simple to create.



Of course, you only find them employed by unscrupulous sorts who don't mind disturbing the remains of the dead. Then again, they don't even exist among people that practice cremation!

The robed fellow spoke up again. "Can a skeleton be raised if it's buried? Or does it have to be uncovered first?"

Tarif frowned as she replied. "No, skeletons can be raised right up out of the ground. When the magic knits their bones together, they're charged with Negative Plane energy. This unnatural force has an 'unbinding' effect on Prime Material Plane matter, allowing the skeleton to push and scramble its way out of the ground like a worm through sand. Or push the stone plug out of a crypt. And so on. But that burst of energy fades after a minute or so, and then the skeleton is no more powerful than a healthy man or dwarf!"

The room fell quiet as listeners envisioned skeletons rising from their graves. A few shuddered.

"Is there no protection against a sacrilege like that?" grumbled Hubert, voicing the thought of many.

"Well, in fact, there is:" said the cleric. "Not many bother to have it done, but the clerical ceremony, *eternal rest*, drives the *animus* from one's remains and makes it impossible for the deceased to be raised as any sort of undead creature. It's a rather costly ceremony, and one not too many consider essential. But it can be done."

Hubert nodded thoughtfully as a youth in a ring-mail vest spoke up.

"How hard is it to fight and destroy skeletons? I've heard they're pretty easy to kill—if that's the word for it."

"They have a few quirks that are important to know about:" replied Tarif. "Holy water or fire are especially useful against them. Holy water hurts skeletons because it undoes the Negative Plane energy that binds them together. Fire burns them like it does a person, and you don't have to worry about your aim too much when you use it.

"Swords, axes, spears—all bladed weapons, in fact, do only about half the damage you'd expect them to. Slashing

a bone does a lot less damage than slashing flesh would. Arrows and other missiles are next to useless, since they glance off bones and fly right through the skeleton. Maces and blunt weapons do wonders, though, smashing bones into bits. They're the best hand weapon to use against skeletons."

"Why didn't you just turn the skeleton instead?" asked Hubert.

"I wasn't a cleric then!" Zag laughed. "It's hard to turn undead if you're not. But, just as skeletons are the easiest undead to create, they're also the easiest to turn. So you have a good chance if you have a cleric along when you meet a skeleton!"

"I've heard there are potions that turn undead as well." It was the robed man again.

Tarif shook her head. "Not to turn undead, really, but to control them, as if they were charmed!" The dwarf made a face. "If there's ever a disgusting thing to drink, a *potion of undead control* is it. The more powerful creature it's made to control, the more nauseating the taste. Bleah." She shuddered. "I've known some people who couldn't keep one down, it's that bad. At least a *potion of skeleton control* isn't as awful as the rest. It's a gruesome brew to make, but effective, if you can stand to swallow it."

On that appetizing note, the innkeep announced that the roast was done. As thirsty customers ordered their meals, their attention turned away from Hubert and the dwarfish cleric. Tarif turned to the adventurer, looking sadly at his once-again empty pitcher.

"Don't worry," she said under her breath. "At least the bones of your friend Rado will never be animated as undead. I suppose those were his remains I blessed with *eternal rest*."

"What?" Hubert looked at Tarif, uncomprehending.

"And here," said the cleric, placing a gold coin on the table in front of Hubert. "Have dinner, on me. If you hadn't reduced the number of skeletons guarding that tomb, I might not have made it in and out again. Thanks."

The coin was stamped with the mark

of Tynik, the Robber King. Zag was gone before Hubert could think of a response.

Creature Notes

1. Orders are given to a skeleton at the time the skeleton is animated. Once given, they cannot be revised unless the animation spell is terminated and the undead raised a second time.

2. A spell-caster's orders cannot exceed 24 words in length. The shorter and more precise the orders are, the better chance there is for the skeleton to carry them out without error. If there is ambiguity in a skeleton's order when it is confronted with a particular situation ("Guard this room"), there is a 50% chance that it will stand inactive and confused. The remainder of the time, the creature may interpret its order in any way the DM may conceive as being in accordance with the original wording.

3. After the appropriate spell is cast, it takes one round for a skeleton's animation to become complete. At the DM's discretion, certain spell variations may allow the skeleton to be raised from its grave. In such a case, one additional round is required for it to free itself if buried in the ground or sealed in a crypt. At the DM's discretion, this may take longer due to unusual circumstances. In certain situations, the undead cannot free itself at all (if, for instance, it is sealed behind a brick wall or buried beneath a landslide).

4. The important ingredients for a *potion of skeleton control* are ground bone (from the type of skeleton the potion is to control); graveyard dirt; mandrake root; hair from a cleric of 10th-level or greater; and a dash of holy or unholy water (depending on alignment of user). This is the most palatable of any *potion of undead control*.

5. Skeletons are immune to the effects of *charm*, *sleep*, cold-based magic, and all spells which affect willpower. Holy water inflicts 2d4 points of damage on a skeleton, while sharp or bladed weapons do only ½ normal damage (round down).

ZOMBIES

Monster: Zombies

Terrain: Moor and castle

Party Levels: 6 (Average 1st)

Gold X.P.: 5,000 per member

Treasure XP.: 500

Monster X.P.:

Kill: 1920 Defeat: 1440

Retreat: 480

DM Note: This adventure is set up to stress roleplaying and storytelling. There's combat and the like herein, enough for anyone, but the focus is on helping the players define their characters and build a link into the Forgotten Realms world.

Setup

• Hard luck means hard choices. In your case, your financial insolvency means accepting positions as guards for a caravan passing through the Lonely Moor. You know there are safer routes, but the merchant has been told that the shipment (to avoid official scrutiny) must pass through the Lonely Moor. The only good things about this mission are the pay and the fact that Zhentarim raids in that area have been cut way back. Of course, it is not reassuring to dwell on the reasons why the raids have been cut back, because the rumors are dark and horrid. But, then, they're only rumors, right?

• Though seen as a clear sign that he has gone utterly mad, a scholar confides in you that he believes the conjunction of the stars and planets points to a revival of the Netherese sorcerers and their power. As Aumvor the Undying (commonly believed to be a lich and secreted away in a northern cave) is perhaps the best known and roundly infamous of the Netherese magickers, this revival is not looked upon with favor by anyone. The scholar, Bookman Thomas, believes much could be learned from the Netherese and commissions the group to survey the Lonely Moor for signs of Netherese's return to power. (He's hired a low-level party because more experienced adventurers have turned him down.)

• Food has become scarce, and money even more so. In return for the promise of a night's lodging and a couple of meals, your crew agrees to dig a well for the owner of the farmhouse you've discovered in your travels. As you take up the picks and shovels he offers you, one person quips, "When adventuring, we get to keep whatever we find when digging."

The farmer nods pleasantly. "Whatever you find you may keep. The only thing I want out of that hole is water."

You all laugh and, as the day wears on, you dice for the rights to the odd gold coin recovered from the hole. As the sun begins to set, you hear a yelp from the person down in the well. He tugs frantically on the rope, and you haul him to the surface.

In his hands you see a glittering silver sword that practically radiates magic. Your companion looks at you, his hands wrapped tightly around the pommel. "Don't ask me how I know this," he says in a mournful voice, "But the sword's name is *Cleaveheart* and its master, who is in the middle of the Lonely Moor, needs it badly." He swallows hard. "If we don't get the sword there in time, I will die!"

These openers can bridge into the first, second, and third parts of this scenario. The lead setup ties into the scenario from the start. The second and third openers tie best into the second section. Setup No. 4 goes best into the third section of the scenario. Even so, no matter what opener you wish to use, the scenario can be played straight out with very little modification.

Part I: Night Camp

As deserts go, the Lonely Moor has a great advantage over Anauroch—it has enough scrub brush to fuel a fire when night falls. It falls fast, and with it goes the heat of the day. Jackals and hyenas greet the night with enthusiastic yowls. All too quickly, it seems to those gathered at your camp, the howling beasts seem to have focused their serenade on

your fire.

The campsite is on a low expanse of alkali flat in a narrow but long stream bed. While it does not have the strategic advantage of high ground, it does shield the group from the chilly desert night winds and will channel attackers to the north or south approaches. The sand dunes that form the valley walls are too soft for horses to run through. There are signs (most notably a fire ring) to suggest others have found a haven here and, by digging down about 5', the party can create a seep well for water.

Zhentarim raiders will hit the party/caravan in the wee hours of the morning. Approaching from the south, they will ride through the camp in two waves. The first wave will have warriors who are meant to occupy the caravan's guards while the second wave pauses long enough to gather up loot and, most importantly, destroy or carry off all freshwater supplies they can see.

Raiders (25 in each wave): AC 8; MV 24"; HD 2 (mount), 4 (men); hp 10 (mount), 24 (men); # AT 2 (mount), 1 (men); Dmg 1-4/1-4 (mount), 2-8 or 2-7 (broad sword), 1-6 or 1-8 (lance); AL CE; XP 354 per each raider and mount.
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The raiders will hit fast and try to get away as quickly as possible. Certainly let the players know, through the Zhentarim leader's cursing, that their combat abilities (no matter how meager) have forced him away sooner than pleases him. The raiders will leave the site to the north and, if the players don't think of this themselves, the merchant will urge them to head out after the raiders.

Carnage Knowledge

As quick as they might be, the adventurers do not catch the raiders. Instead they come upon a scene that is something more than horrible. In another sandy valley, they find the raiders dead, or almost so. It looks, clearly, as though the raiders were ambushed, but who-



ever attacked them did it with their bare hands.

By easing the pain of one victim or through Intelligence Ability rolls, the following picture emerges. The ambushers lay hidden beneath the valley's sandy walls, then attacked when the raiders paused to split up the loot and make it easier to carry off. From a carcass or two with split spines, it is obvious the attackers were zombies, but the efficacy of their attack surprises the players. Zombies, because of their stupidity, could not normally coordinate such an attack. Something controlled them.

Their tracks lead off to the west where, as it appears from the highest point the adventurers can reach, a hand has reached up from the Lonely Moor to clutch at the moon.

Part II: House of Nightmares.

The black basalt castle sits in a valley into which sand has drifted and seemingly choked off all life. In reality, about 10' beneath the sand, the ground is covered with the remnants of the mountain from which the castle has been carved. Its five spires stab toward the sky like fingers, and the castle's gate is shaped like the muzzle and head of a hyena skull. The whole structure has an antiquity of design and warped quality to it that would send a shiver down the spine of even the most jaded adventurer.

Created by Aumvor (now known as Aumvor the Undying) the castle's ownership has fallen to his great-grandniece, Morasha. The manner and attitude of the party will determine how she greets their appearance at her home. Having had a pack of hyenas shadowing the party's approach (controlled by a living zombie hyena), she will know if they are coming in a warlike mood, or if they merely happened upon her castle by accident in a search for water or the Zhentarim captives.

If the party is hostile in its approach,

Morasha will use the hyenas to harry the party while she summons up the zombie defenders of her castle to mount the walls. If the players overcome the hyenas and zombies, they can proceed directly to "Part III: Nuris Elfward Walks Again." If not, truncate the next section (eliminating dinner) and have the players languish in Morasha's clutches.

Hyenas (8): AC 7; MV 12"; HD 3; hp 10; # AT 1; Dmg 2-8; AL NE; XP 65 each.

Pelts are worth a 5 gp bounty.

Zombies (1d10 + 10): AC 8; MV 6"; HD 2; hp 6; # AT 1; Dmg 1-8; AL NE; XP 32 each.

Players arriving without evil intent will be greeted by Morasha as they enter the castle's courtyard. Morasha will be standing at the top of the stairway leading into the castle's keep and will openly welcome the strangers. Her attitude toward them will depend upon their responses to her greeting -the more gracious and educated they seem, the more likely she is to play it straight with them.

Morasha will lead them into a huge banquet hall that has exquisite stone carving beautiful enough to drive any dwarves almost mad. The pillars arching up toward the ceiling are carved to represent the arched spines of skeletons. Up toward the ceiling, the skeleton's arms and hands spread out to form the ribs upholding the vaulted ceiling. Other details of the work appear to be modeled after bones of various creatures and, despite the macabre source of inspiration, the hall is a masterwork of the stonemason's art.

Complaining she is not often called upon to entertain travelers from afar, she invites the players to seat themselves at her long ebony table. Once seated, five different servants come out bearing platters of meat, dried fruits, wine and other foods. The meat is probably horse, but is so well spiced that its

real flavor (or that of anything else) is virtually impossible to detect.

The servants do not appear unusual except that they react to Morasha's unspoken commands. She is courteous enough to thank them for some task performed, but she never vocalizes an order. In addition, they appear somewhat drawn and gray. Aside from avoiding collisions with each other, the servants appear to notice no one but Morasha. Lastly, all the servants look to you to be Zhentarim.

Small Talk

Roleplaying will be very important during the dinner section of this scenario because Morasha will use it to solidify her opinion of the characters. Because necromancy (like surgery and game design) makes for lousy dinner conversation, Morasha will, through asking questions about the party members, eventually bring the discussion around to love. She will not be looking to seduce any of the characters and will be put off if any passes are made at her. Her point is to determine how the players react to the statement, "Well, then, would you say that any action taken in the name of love is justified by its end?"

The answer to this question, whether it's positive or not as well as the depth of sincerity of the response, will determine how the scenario plays itself out. If the players roundly come down against that attitude, Morasha will see them as a threat. She will offer them accommodations for the night and provide each with a pillow scented with narcotic flowers. The flowers smell very pleasant and will ensure the players sleep deeply-deeply enough to be dragged into "Part III" of this adventure.

If the players are sincere in answering the question positively, Morasha will trust them. Depending upon how the DM wishes to play her in terms of mental balance, her actions will be skewed. If the DM plays her as utterly and irredeemably crazy, Morasha will look upon the players as a source of



parts for Nuris' body ("You have such soft hands for a big man. I need your hands . . .") Morasha will immediately order her living zombies to capture the players and carry them down to the vaults below.

Living zombies (7): AC 6; MV 9"; HD 3+ 12; hp 45; # AT 1; Dmg 3-12; AL N; XP 240 each.

If the DM wishes to play Morasha as somewhat more sane than evil, she will invite the players to the vaults to view her masterwork. This will usher them into "Part III," but only after she gets a vision from one of her living zombie jackals that some Zhentarim raiders (a veritable army of them) are coming to destroy her home. She asks the players to help defend her castle as she takes the last step in her experiment. She will request one adventurer, the one who has evidenced the most pure and brave heart among the group, to accompany her.

Possessing the sword *Cleaveheart* will affect this outcome somewhat. If Morasha is crackers, the sword will urge the individual carrying it to search out the vaults. Morasha and the living zombies will oppose this move. If Morasha is not nuts, the person possessing the sword will be asked to join her in the vaults. The sword will be

pointed out as a powerful artifact that can help her attain her goal.

Part III: Nuris Elward Walks Again

Playing out this final segment will depend upon the personality the DM has chosen for Morasha. The descriptions below will largely remain the same no matter what the case, but should be made more sinister and creepy if Morasha is played as mad. A good technique for this is to include lots of slime, spiders, snakes, and other crawly things in the descriptions if one or more of your players does not like them in real life.

The Vaults

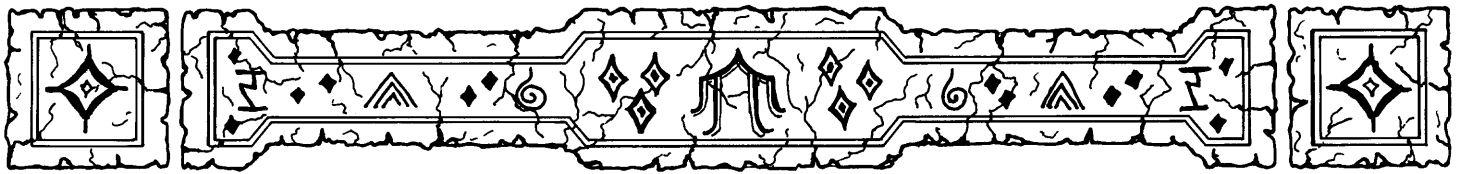
While the pillars above were vertebrae, these pillars have the form of warped thigh bones. From the doorway, the round room's floor is down a set of 20 concentric circles of steps. The main floor is 40' in diameter and lies 20' below the level of the doorway.

Rusting cages with skeletons in moldering clothes hang from the ceiling and ring the upper level. Below, on the main floor, two tables contain alembics and jars of ingredients commonly found in a magician's lab. The nearest table includes a fat tome, bound in black leather, with gold script worked on the

cover. The lettering spells, "Death's Book," and seems to shift and crawl across the cover like fog creeping up from the ocean. It's worth 50,000 gp, provided a buyer can be found for it. In a small pile, off to the left, you see a whole host of weapons well suited to a man of war.

Above the center of the floor, suspended halfway between the floor and ceiling, is the body of a man. Tall and incredibly muscular, he would seem to be sleeping except for the grayish pallor of his flesh. Black basalt tendrils spread from the center of the ceiling's lotus design and appear to be holding him up, but they seem far too slender for the job. In addition, he is not resting upon them, but it appears they are sunk into his flesh at the neck, chest, shoulders, waist, thighs, and calves. The body appears perfectly formed, unless Morasha is mad, in which case the body is a patchwork of flesh with more stitching than a quilt to hold it together. His golden blond hair will be a mangy collection of scalps if Morasha is not playing with a full deck, and his normally symmetrical muscles will look mismatched and lumpy.

If the characters are prisoners, they will look on from the cages while Morasha eyeballs them for a leg muscle or a patch of flesh. She will become distracted by the Zhentarim raid and leave. In this case, the players will have



to escape and destroy Nuris' body. That will break Morasha's mind, leaving her open to death, or unable to control her zombies, which will allow the party to escape with whatever loot they can find. (If the players kill Morasha, the living zombies will have their minds returned to them, and her corpse will turn to dust right there in front of them.)

The Zhentarim Raid

This raid should pose a threat to the players only in the number of foes they will face. For all intents and purposes, the castle will be overrun by Zhentarim sick and tired of their people being kidnapped and turned into zombies. Combat should be spiced with descriptions of zombies attacking Zhentarim that would have killed a player, or using their own bodies to shield players when stuff gets very nasty. This fight should have killing enough for all, but it should seem as though, in the end, the players will be overwhelmed.

The Hero Awakens

Morasha wants to bring Nuris Elfward to life. She would have infused the life force from one of her zombies into him, but none of the Zhentarim had the courage and purity of heart the Nuris of legend possessed. She wants to draw enough life force from the player character to start Nuris up and recall his spirit from wherever it is.

If the player accepts the challenge, Morasha will ask him/her to strip off all clothing, rings, or other stuff that could interfere with the process. More stone tendrils will grow from the ceiling at her command and attach themselves to the character's neck, chest, shoulders, waist, thighs, and calves. The stone will feel cold, then those areas will go numb as the tendrils retract and raise the character into the air. (If the player had *Cleaveheart*, the blade will be placed on Nuris' chest.)

Two tendrils will grow from the ceiling and touch both character and Nuris

in the forehead. Morasha will be chanting out her spell, sending a tingling over the character's body, as she powers up the transference. (This can be made especially dramatic if the other players are being backed through the castle toward the vaults by the incredible Zhentarim raider group. Alternating between the two venues of play will heighten the tension with the transference (and the attendant display of pyrotechnics) finally taking place when the player characters are backed into the vaults themselves.)

As the transference ritual proceeds, the player character will see Nuris' life flash before his eyes. The scenes will all be heroic and most often feature Nuris and his moon elf companion, Aranthon Eliaom, battling some evil or another. While most of it goes by too fast to be captured, and the views of the world are easily 2,500 years old, enough information could be slipped in to direct players toward a future scenario. Having "Nuris flashbacks" can provide interesting color or data as the campaign progresses (and can explain away some amazing dice rolls later).

Muscles rippling and blue eyes flashing with a keen light, Nuris drops to the ground and lands on the balls of his feet. With *Cleaveheart* in hand, or an ax picked up from the pile on the floor, the hero moves to help the players drive back the Zhentarim horde.

Part IV: What Do We Do Now?

If the players have killed Morasha, her living zombies will be released and will help the adventurers get out of the Lonely Moor. As they are Zhentarim, acquaintance with them will have little value, unless the players are forced, at some point, onto the outlaw trail.

In gratitude for the players' help in saving her castle and bringing Nuris back, Morasha is more than willing to release some of the zombies from thralldom. If the players insist, she will release all her living zombies, though

she will protest that they are just Zhentarim and will only get themselves killed in some less productive way.

Morasha will bestow upon the person of good heart who endured the transference a *magical shield* +2 that will dispell possessions. She will also give that individual and the others in the party 5,000 gp for the risks they took during the fight.

The implications of Nuris' return upon your campaign can be great or small. If you wish him to have no influence whatsoever, have him head out for Evereska to live with the elves until again called from the earth. You could also have him return Morasha's love, leaving the both of them in the middle of the Lonely Moor. This latter solution would make Nuris more accessible in dire times, but would keep him out of the way.

If you desire a more important role for Nuris, he could report a desire to see the world. Nuris remembers a world 2,500 years gone. The players would have to teach him about the new world. Seeking out ruins long hidden, but fresh in Nuris' mind can also be the source of adventure.

Creature Notes

I pressed my fingertips into the boot print and felt the triangular lump that matched the place Aranthon Eliaom had notched his heel, I looked down at the track, availing myself of the silvery moonlight the clouds let pass to light my way. Time had not much eroded the crisp edges of the track, but I did not delude myself. *I'm days behind him. Black Bess must be laughing mightily at me.*

My left hand dropped to the hilt of *Cleaveheart*, the weapon I'd favored since Aranthon and I pried it from the dead Pirate King's own hands. Forged from the metal of a rock hurled from the sky by that new god, Tyr Grimjaws, it was a weapon of which much would be sung. Its heaviness pulling at my sword belt reassured me, for only its unearthly magic would win my way



through Aumvor's zombie legions. I'll free you, Aranthor, and I'll pay Aumvor a most horrible ransom.

Barely a league further through the darkened Netherese countryside, I came to Aumvor's castle. Ringed by hill-sides and mountains that still grew thick with green beauty, the keep festered like an obscene wound in its valley. Strewn around it, mocking the forests, the stone chaff blighted the ground. Twisted dolmens stood like limbless trees, while smaller rock shards smothered all plant life.

His zombies are but fingers on his hand, and now his castle reaches from the earth to the sky Is he so bold as to dare to claim divinity? I smiled grimly to myself. *Guide my hand, Tymora, and I will give him his release.*

The castle's gate gaped open for, with his command of zombies, Aumvor had nothing to fear. The gate had been fashioned after the skull of a hyena. As I strode into its mouth, I waited for the portcullis to crash down, but nothing happened. If Aumvor anticipated my visit, he knew I would not turn away, no matter what he chose to do to me.

Once through the beast's stone throat, I slipped into the shadows to skirt the courtyard. I quickly mounted a set of steps hacked into the western wall. Half hidden in blackness, I froze as murmured voices issued from a passageway that opened beneath the stairs.

The stench of decay confirmed what my eyes told me about one of them. Human, or what had once been human, it shambled forward mindlessly. Flesh hung limply from its gaunt frame, and the filthy rags wound round its middle seemed there more to hold it together than out of any sense of modesty.

The other creature sniffed the air, then spun with an agility only a Netherese living zombie could muster. The ogre-thing pointed a taloned finger at me, its eyes blazing with an unholly intelligence. "Take him, take him!" The words, croaked through a throat not shaped for higher speech, turned the zombie and drove it at me.

Cleaveheart slid from the scabbard in a circular draw that flashed moonlight from its razored edge. I wrapped both my battle-scarred hands around its warm hilt, then leaped down into the courtyard. I rolled to absorb the shock of impact, then gained my feet and engaged my foes.

The human zombie still focused upon where I had been. Taking a half step forward, I swept *Cleaveheart* around in a crosscut that cut through the zombie's back and out its chest. The once-man staggered, its bony hands clutching at its split chest, then crashed to the ground.

Believing it finished, I turned to face the ogre-thing, for I knew it to be the greater danger. The human zombie lunged at me, dragging its lifeless legs behind it. Its fleshless fingers raked through my leather breeches and traced bloody furrows on my shin. Pain flashed like lightning up to my hip. I stumbled back yet managed to swipe *Cleaveheart* through the creature's neck, severing its spine for the second and final time.

The ogre's backhanded blow exploded stars before my eyes and sent me sailing a dozen feet across the courtyard. I landed hard, the jerkin beneath my mail absorbing a bit of damage, and rolled to a stop. *Cleaveheart* sprang from my nerveless right hand when my elbow slammed into the ground. Disoriented, I stood before I'd located the gray-skinned monster or my blade.

I heard something behind me and pivoted just in time for the ogre-thing to sink its fingers into my chest. Rings of mail snapped in the creature's grip and agonies I'd not known since my battle with the Blue Sword of Archendale burned through my ribs. With laughter little more than guttural grunts, the ogre pulled me close to its face and turned me so the moon could illuminate my features.

Recognition flashed in those blood-shot eyes, but I knew the intelligence therein was not native to the ogre. "Nuris Elfward! I am blessed!"

I spat in the monster's face. "Tell that





to Old Lord Skull!" I dropped my left hand on the ogre's jaw and sank the fingers of my right through its greasy black hair. Screaming as it sought to crush my chest, I wrenched hard to the left and heard a loud snap, though I could not tell if the ogre's neck or my ribs had produced the sound.

The ogre-thing collapsed, dropping me to the ground. My left leg gave way, its urgent aching demanding attention now that my ribs no longer found themselves in a vise. I massaged my leg until it stopped hurting so much and then, after wiping my bloody hands against my thighs, found *Cleaveheart* and homed the blade.

I levered myself up on my left knee and bent toward the ogre. I pressed the fingers of my right hand to its neck and felt, right below the point of the break, a small lump over the spine. Shaking the dagger Wasp from the sheath on my right forearm, I slit the lump and pulled free a translucent white crescent.

It looked exactly like what it was: a fingernail paring. Through an exacting ritual, a necromancer like Aumvor could insert the nail paring over the creature's spine and gain control over it. It would still be alive, at least until its life force had all been fed back into the necromancer along this magical connection between them, and would be under the necromancer's complete control. As long as they are fed and healed of disease, they will live out a normal life span as the necromancer's slaves.

I narrowed my eyes. *Another finger on his hand.* The number of zombies a necromancer could control would depend upon his abilities, but a half dozen zombies in thrall to one man was as many as I'd ever heard of. That is, of the living zombies, because they still have some will and require active control. Almost anyone can command legions of the other kind.

Zombies that are actually dead often, at least in the Netherese tradition, come from once living zombies. As the body's spirit dies, rebellion goes with it. By substituting the nail paring from the necromancer for one from another

creature (including a living zombie), undead zombies can be given to and controlled by others. Of course, the fact that they are dead and putrifying does make them less than ideal servants.

My fingers felt the break in the ogre's neck. *The pillar of life.* That's what my sword master had called the spine. "Remember, Nuris, cut the spine and you'll win the fight. Works on men, beasts and them what should have died long ago. Fire's not bad either, or molten silver, but the latter aren't always available."

The sound of clapping echoed from the shadowy walls to fill the courtyard. I turned, and my heart leaped to my throat. Aumvor, short and stocky, with moonlight glinting from his sweat-slick pate, stood atop the wide staircase leading into the keep. Resting his fat hands on the paunch supported by his black robe's sash, the necromancer smiled almost graciously.

Below him, trying to hold his head tall, stood Aranthor Eliaom. On the moon elf's face I saw the struggle for control of his body being waged with Aumvor. "Go, Nuris, flee. My folly of asking Aumvor to return my beloved Marissa to life has trapped me. Let not your friendship doom you as well." His voice strangled hoarsely to silence, but the look in his eyes still begged me to leave.

I looked up at Aumvor. "Release him and I will let you live."

Aumvor shook his head, then raised his hands like a puppeteer. With a few deft motions he forced Aranthor to draw his blade, *Bloodquick*, and descend to the courtyard floor. "Save yourself, Nuris Elfward."

A furious moan keening from his throat, Aranthor charged me. By reflex I drew *Cleaveheart* and barely managed to turn my friend's head cut. I twisted my blade free of the parry and almost slid into a riposte, but held myself back.

"No!" screeched Aranthor, "You must end this!" Aranthor abandoned himself to Aumvor's control and *Bloodquick* blurred into a silver circle. I parried the

attack, then bound Aranthor's blade against mine. Reaching up with my left hand, I clawed at the back of his neck, then drove my right knee into his stomach. Aranthor caved in and fell at my feet.

Aumvor smiled. "There, I forced the great Nuris Elfward to break his vow and kill one of the elder race. Wait until the court at Evermeet hears . . . Ack!"

Wasp flew from my hand and pierced the necromancer's breast. He clutched at it with pudgy fingers, then stumbled backward into his keep. For a half second I thought to follow and finish his evil for all time, but a more important mission stopped me. I slid *Cleaveheart* into its scabbard, then homed the elf's blade, knelt and lifted Aranthor into my arms.

Once clear of Aumvor's demesne, I lay Aranthor down and cleansed the wound on the back of his neck with the brandy in my wineskin. The sting of it shocked some life back into him. I smiled down at him. "You were almost done for, back there, you know?"

My elven companion nodded weakly. "Once you ripped the nail out, I was free of him. It probably relieved him not to be fighting me so hard."

I nodded. "Couldn't have recovered you had the wound fully healed over." I glanced back toward the keep. "Some day, my friend, we're going to have to go back there and kill him."

I smiled and helped Aranthor to his feet. Suddenly the landscape shifted in my sight. Sand covered everything I could see and incredible heat bled up through the ground into my boots. Gone was all the greenery and life, only jackals and other carrion beasts lived within the land I saw. Glancing up into the sky I saw that even the stars had changed their positions.

In a second, everything shifted back to what I knew of the world. Aranthor studied me with concern in his green eyes, but I shook my head. "I trust your judgment, my friend. Let us return to the land of the living."

GHOULS AND GHOSTS

Monster: Ghouls, ghosts
Terrain: ruins, underground warren
Party Levels: 18 (Average 2)
Gold X.P.:
Treasure X.P.:
Monster X.P.:
Kill: 1373 Defeat: 1030
Retreat: 343

Setup

- Prior Utrecht Bronagan, who tends the village's Lathander shrine, has always suspected that ghouls dwelled in the village graveyard, yet so long as the "eaters of the dead" did not disturb the living, there was little cause for alarm. Now, a brash young villager has entered the graveyard and not returned.

- The villagers have recently begun to cremate their dead, rather than bury them. Now, several villagers have disappeared in the night, and the corpse of a recently deceased man was stolen directly from its bier during a wake, in front of aghast family members and friends.

- The local lord wants the mystery of his missing tax money solved. His tax collector died in a remote village without revealing the whereabouts of the collected taxes.

The Horror Factor

There are things that men were not meant to see and seeing them tends to unhinge the mind, fray it a bit around the edges. Generally, this does not occur when a character sees a monster for the first time. Adventurers expect to see monsters. Horror engulfs those who see the effects a monster has had on their fellows, or realize the awful truth about something, then begin to fear what might happen to themselves. When an encounter requests that a character make a "Horror Check," the character must make a Wisdom Ability Check with a d20. If the d20 roll is less than or equal to the combined total of the character's Wisdom attribute and experience level, the check succeeds,

and the character is able to either deal with, or rationalize what has been experienced.

If the check fails, the character is horror-struck and suffers the following effects: -4 penalty to all die rolls, the character's Wisdom is temporarily lowered by 1d6 points, he will have a phobia (unreasoning fear) toward the source of his horror, and he has a 10% chance to develop a mild form of insanity (roll a d20 and match the result against the Types of Insanity Table on page 83 of the DUNGEON MASTERS GUIDE). If a character afflicted with mild insanity is unable to separate himself from the source of horror, the insanity becomes more severe.

Player characters may continue onward, but horrified NPCs (including hirelings and henchmen) must make a Morale Check at a 35% penalty. NPCs who fail this check will attempt to flee in panic (as if struck by a reversed *remove fear* spell).

The effects of a failed Horror Check linger until the afflicted character is treated with the clerical *remove fear* spell. Even so, the effects of the horror are lingering. Any subsequent Horror Checks are made at a -1 penalty. Such penalties are cumulative; that is, each time the character fails a Horror Check, the next check is more difficult.

The Plot

Rugen Phimister, a fat, evil man who was the local duke's tax collector, died and became a ghost with an insatiable appetite for flesh and gold. In order to feed his hungers, the ghouls he leads have kidnapped and imprisoned victims in their fetid warren. Occasionally, a victim dies prematurely and joins their number.

Running The Scenario

If the PCs avoid making loud noises, they may enter the lair undetected through either the mausoleum (area No. 1) or the disturbed grave (area No. 2). The ghouls do not form an organized

defense until one of their number has been encountered and escaped to warn Rugen Phimister in area No. 7. Lone ghouls who encounter more than two adventurers will attempt to flee and join with the pack, otherwise they attack. Ghoul tactics in the warren are hit and run-leap from hiding, fight one round, then flee into the small tunnels. Ghouls also lead the chase away from Rugen Phimister and across pit traps whenever possible, never springing their own traps.

If Phimister the ghost is encountered, he may wish to bargain with the adventurers, either for their continued safety or his own (see NPC description in "The Night Gallery" chapter).

The Lair

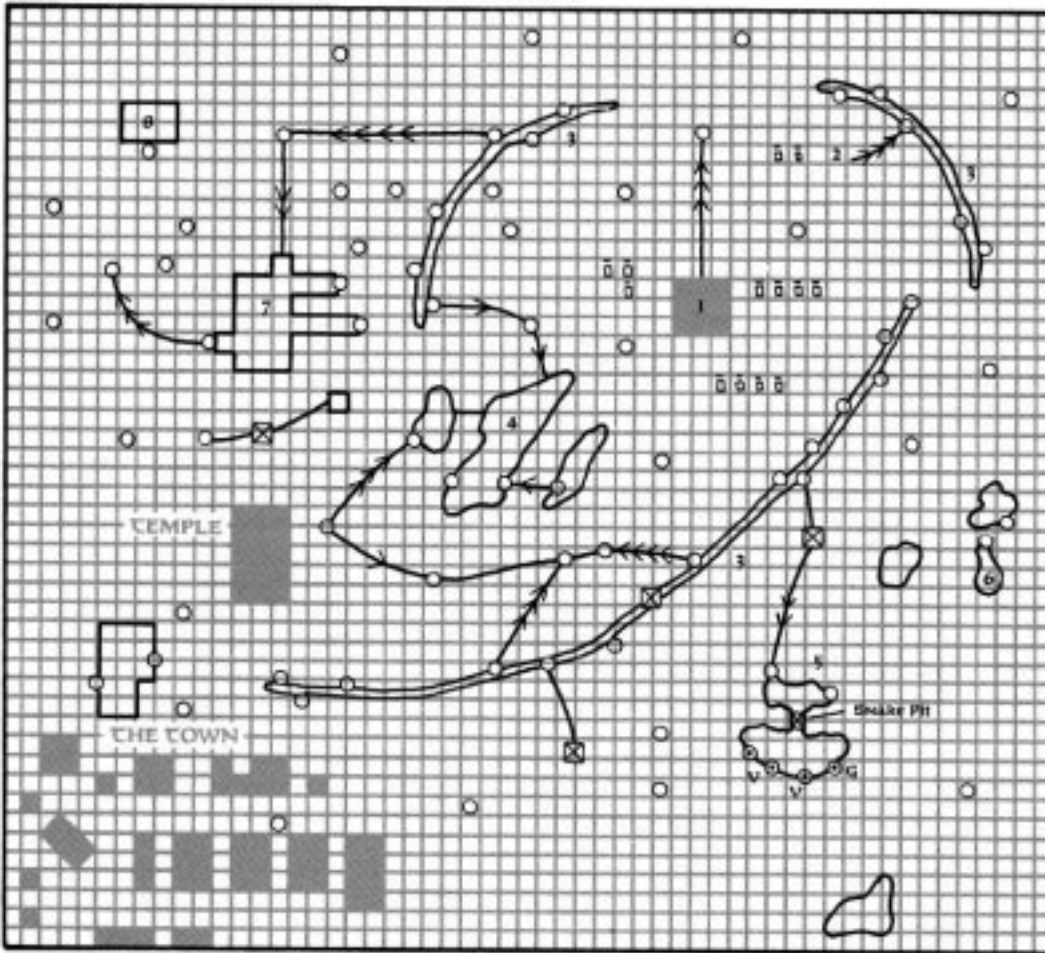
The ghoulish lair is extensive. Dozens of passageways, most little more than narrow crawl spaces, form a complex warren beneath the graveyard, and more recently, the village itself. The passages link graves, mausoleums and crypts, private family burial plots, and a number of homes and businesses.

Mapping The Warren

The ghoulish warren is designed to let each DM customize it. Only the numbered encounter areas, enlarged tunnels, and tunnel intersections need be marked on the map the DM draws. To complete the map, the DM must draw most of the smaller crawl ways. The steepness and direction of the slope for each passage must be marked (see map symbols in the key—the arrow marks on the tunnel lines indicate the direction of slope between tunnel intersections). The number for each encounter area indicates its relative depth. The higher the number, the deeper it is located beneath the surface.

The DM should take care to vary the slopes of the passageways, realizing that steeper passages make travel more difficult, and the adventure a bit more deadly.

GHOUL AND GHAST LAIR



- Level Tunnel
 - 10°. slope down
 - 30°. slope down
 - 45°. slope down
 - 60°. slope down
 - Above ground building
 - Tunnel intersection
 - ⊗ Pit trap; see RANDOM ENCOUNTER #8
 - Ⓧ Pit containing victim
 - Ⓧ Pit containing ghoul
 - Ⓧ Prominent grave
- Scale: 1 square = 20 feet



Movement in The Warren

All the numbered encounter areas are tall enough to allow a man to stand upright. The small connecting tunnels are different. Any character wearing more than leather armor will be reduced to a movement rate of 4". Ghouls and ghastrs move at their normal speed through the tunnels.

Random Encounters

Check for random encounters once every three turns. A roll of 1 or 2 on 1d8 indicates that an encounter takes place. If an encounter is indicated, roll 1d8 again and use the corresponding encounter number from the following table:

1. The hunting pack. A single ghast leads a pack of ghouls, yipping and yammering through the warren. If the ghast is destroyed here, it cannot be met in Rugen Phimister's lair.

Ghast (1): AC 4; MV 15"; HD 4; hp 20; # AT 3; Dmg 1d4/1d4/1d8; SA nausea, paralyzation; SD immune to sleep and charm; AL CE; XP 140.

Ghouls (1d4+2): AC 6; MV 9"; HD 4; hp variable; # AT 3; Dmg 1d3/1d3/1d6; SA paralyzation; SD immune to sleep and charm; AL CE; XP 109.

2-5. A ghoul.

Ghoul (1): AC 6; MV 9"; HD 4; hp 10; # AT 3; Dmg 1d3/1d3/1d6; SA paralyzation; SD immune to sleep and charm; AL CE; XP 125.

6. A grisly corpse, partially devoured, falls out of a niche upon the party member most likely to be frightened by it (lowest wisdom). That character must make a Horror Check (though the DM may have other characters make checks too).

7. An ochre jelly.

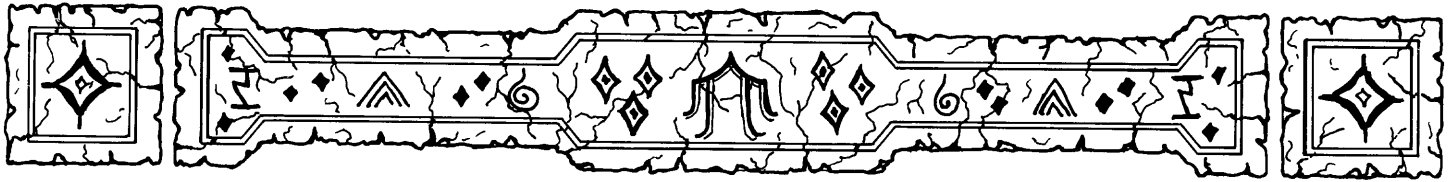
Ochre jelly: AC 8; MV 3"; HD 6; hp 25; # AT 1; Dmg 1d10 +2; SD split by lightning bolts; AL N; XP 300.

8. Pit of spikes, hidden by offal and refuse. A character falling in takes 1d6 points of damage and has a 25% chance to contract a disease.

Encounter Areas

1. The Mausoleum

The graveyard contains but a single mausoleum, the final resting place of a prominent local family. The tomb door is closed and has an excellent key lock, which is still fastened. The interior of the mausoleum is in shambles; bones and stone coffins lie strewn about like gruesome, discarded toys. None of the body pieces bears any finery. All has been taken by the ghouls. The ghouls' secret entrance is in the corner. Below this hidden trapdoor is a narrow shaft, about 20' deep. It connects with a ghoul tunnel. However, the base of the shaft is



a pit trap with spikes, hidden by offal and refuse. Anyone who falls in takes 1d6 points of damage and has a 25% chance to contract a disease.

2. A Disturbed Grave

At first, this new-made grave appears unmolested. Yet upon closer examination, the loose soil has settled in an unnatural way, as if its support had collapsed from below.

Any villager can lead the PCs to the most recent burial plot in the graveyard. The mere concept of exhuming the body, is abhorrent to the villagers. If the grave is excavated, the lid of the coffin is intact, yet the coffin is empty. The coffin has been breached from below, and the corpse removed. In its place is the rotted body of a dead ghoul, crawling with maggots and giant white centipedes (which attack anyone opening the coffin). None of this is evident unless the coffin is opened. Have the coffin opener and any villagers present make a Horror Check. Penalize the check by -2 if the body is exhumed at night by torchlight.

Giant centipedes (3): AC 9; MV 15"; HD ¼; hp 1, 2, 2; # AT 1; Dmg nil; SA poison; AL N; XP 32 each.

3. AT a Dead Run

This is a long, curving, high-ceilinged passageway, large enough for adventurers to walk upright in double file. It ends abruptly at both ends. The many side passages afford the ghouls ample opportunity to ambush unwary PCs. The DM should mark several passage intersections as coming from directly above the passage, or at high, steep angles.

4. The Bone Yard

Every inch of the irregular floor of this large cavern is deeply covered with human bones. It is difficult, if not impossible to cross this room without crunching bones. Giant rats dwell here, feasting on the leavings of the ghouls. If the rats outnumber the PCs, they attack. Bats on the ceiling are disturbed by noises, and create a great enough clamor to alert the ghouls.

Giant rats (11): AC 7; MV 12"/6"; HD ½; hp 2, 2, 1, 2, 4, 1, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4; # AT 1; Dmg 1d3; SA disease; AL N; XP 9 each.

5. The Pits

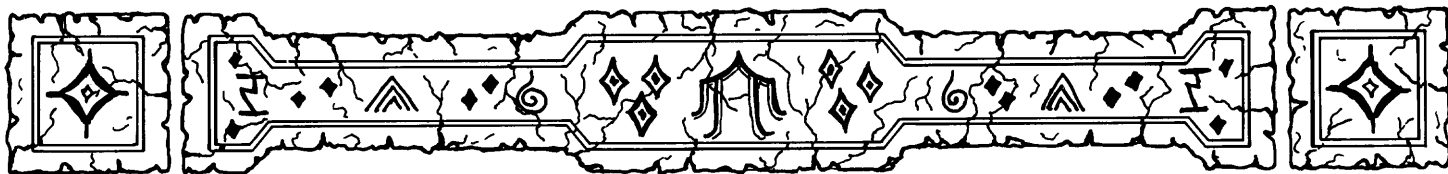
The ghouls keep their live victims here as a sort of "larder" for use in hard times. A wide, snake-filled trench fills the passageway to the pits. The snakes

are difficult to spot in the rubbish filling the trench (a 2 in 6 chance if the PCs scan the pit for traps). The snakes are normal sized, but deadly poisonous. A character who enters the trench is attacked by 1d4 snakes each round. If bitten, a character must make a saving throw vs. poison or take 3d6 damage. Characters who make their saves take ½ damage.

Each of the four pits is 15' deep, carved into stone, and covered by flat, heavy stones that were obviously once tombstones. One is empty, two contain living victims and the fourth contains a starving ghoul, a former victim who has just recently died. One victim is a local farmer's son, and the other is a traveler who spent the night too near the graveyard. Both are sick, and the traveler is gravely wounded.

The ghoul imitates the cries of the sick victims. When its pit is opened, it reaches out with surprise (3 in 6 chance) and grabs the closest character by the neck (up to four attack chances) and drags the character in. Anyone who witnesses this must make a Horror Check.

Ghoul (1): AC 6; MV 9"; HD 4; hp 6; # AT 3; Dmg 1d3/1d3/1d6; SA paralysis; SD immune to *sleep* and *charm*; AL CE; XP 109.



Victims (2): AC 10; MV 6"; HD 0; hp 2, 3; # AT 1; Dmg 1d3; AL N; XP 7 each.

Snakes (12): AC 6; MV 9"; HD 1/2; hp variable; # AT 1; Dmg 1d3; SA poison; AL N; XP 8 each.

6. Ghoul Goodies

The ghouls have collected a modest treasure apart from Rugen Phimister's hoard (area No. 7). They have buried it under refuse in this chamber. However, except for a path around the room's edge, the floor is loosely packed earth and trash, hiding sharp stakes. Anyone who walks here will sink down and do themselves 1d4 damage on the spikes and have a 25% chance to contract a disease.

The treasure includes: 3,000 cp, 1,100 sp, 2,000 ep, two gems (50 gp each), and an enameled box containing two *darts of homing*.

7. The Crypts of The Holy Fathers

Silent skulls stare bleakly from wall niches where priests of long ago were laid to rest. Torchlight glitters upon polished gold and silver plates, candelabra, and statuary set out on a huge trestle table like a banquet for a king. Yet no king sits here, only a grotesque mockery of man, a grossly fat ghoul. And what is set before him is a meal fit only for madmen.

This is the ghastrugen Phimister's lair. Here, he has collected his recent treasures, taken from local graves, distant tombs, and other worlds. The "food" on the table is corpse parts, many quite fresh. Rugen the ghastrug will be eating with gusto while his two ghoul guards pounce upon his castoffs. Looking at the "food" and feasting requires a Horror Check.

Rugen's description and those of his two ghoul and one ghastrug guards are to be found in "The Night Gallery" section. If it looks like he can win a fight, Rugen will fight, otherwise he will barter for

his life (or unlife).

Rugen's treasure is large and quite cumbersome (very little of it is coin). Six golden candelabra at 500 gp each; three golden place settings (dishes and flatware) at 100 gp each; 10 ornamental religious statues of gold, silver, and gems worth a total of 8,000 gp; a leather satchel containing 100 harbor moons (a Waterdeep coin of platinum and electrum worth 25 gp in Waterdeep, but only 10 gp anywhere else); two 500 gp gems; six pieces of jewelry 2 x 500 gp, 3 x 1,000 gp, 1 x 2,500 gp, an *elixir of madness*, *potion of speed*, *potion of healing*, *scroll of protection: undead*, *spell scroll: one third-level spell*, *spell scroll: one second-level spell* (all spells DM's choice); and a map. The map reveals a location where Rugen stored his ill-gotten tax money when alive. He can no longer remember where he hid it or decipher the map. The treasure is hidden in a cave near the village; several mechanical and deadfall traps guard the treasure, as do the fierce grizzly bears who make the cave their lair. The treasure is worth 3,000 gp, mostly silver, copper, and jewelry.

8. Door INTO Darkness

A pair of 20'-tall, intricately carved pillars stand half buried in the chamber's center. Magical runes (if read) reveal them as the plinths of a gate, a conduit to another plane. The ultimate destination is up to the DM, but given Rugen Phimister's background, the Abyss or Tarterus are likely end terminals.

Ecology of Ghouls and Ghastrugs

The gnarled old priest stepped silently through the high grass and tumbled stones, picking out a path he knew well, even in the near darkness. Edging behind him like frightened children, a trio of young novices gingerly stepped around and over fallen grave markers and statuary.

Abruptly, the old priest stopped and the first of the novices collided with his

teacher, apologetically stepping back only to fall limbs askew into the cold arms of a smiling marble cherub.

"Brother Felloman, why bring us to this graveyard, and at this hour of the night?" the irritated novice whispered, disentangling himself from the statue's embrace. "Surely there is nothing here that we cannot know from the scrolls in the temple's scriptorium."

Felloman, gave the novice a stern glance and tugged at his own ear, then turned his attention to pouring water from a flask in circle around them. When the circle was complete, the water glowed momentarily. Young brother Amelior knew the look and the gesture and remained quiet, though he hoped the darkness hid the flush in his cheeks.

"Watch," Felloman mouthed silently and crouched down into the tall grass. Amelior and his two fellows, Vortigur and Grendul, hunkered down into the grass with their teacher and waited.

Something was with them in the graveyard. The rising hairs on the back of Amelior's neck bespoke the supernatural. As he peered across the moon-dappled graves, a figure clambered silently into sight, shaking off dirt and clutching some prize to its chest. The thing (Amelior could not rightly call it a man) trotted a short distance from its hole and squatted. Red, feral eyes darted about, seeking any who would take its prize.

"Grave robber," Vortigur gasped under his breath. Startled, the thing jumped up and looked wildly about. Dog-like, it sniffed the breeze, then froze. Red eyes focused directly on Amelior. He panicked, rose and tripped, falling outside the circle of protection. The thing was on him, smelling of death. Its touch burned like ice and fire together, and his limbs refused his call to flee. Amelior shrieked as filthy claws shredded his robe and raked his chest, while snagged teeth ripped away at his shoulder. Old Felloman rose, shoving Mystra's encircled star before him, and just as quickly, it was over. Amelior lay



gasping and bleeding in the tombstones and the thing writhed spasmodically beside him, still clutching its grisly prize . . . a rotting human arm, gnawed nearly to the bone.

The moon was higher now. They retreated into an open mausoleum where brother Felloman called light into being.

"I knew that man," Amelior said, scratching at new-healed flesh on his shoulder. "Well, I knew him when he lived and was a man. He was Wexelar, the moneylender. My father said he cheated folk of their livelihood. I think my father owed him a great deal of money. Wexelar died suddenly of the 'plexy. I remember watching as they dumped his body in the earth. The old tale must be true then, that ghouls were once evil humans who preyed upon others in life and who died unblessed."

"Indeed," said the old priest as he bandaged Amelior's injured face. "It is lucky for you, young brother, that you did not die also. Victims who are killed by ghouls become ghouls themselves if they are not blessed before being buried."

"It's not my place to pry, reverend brother," Amelior said as he glanced toward the mausoleum entrance, "but shouldn't *you* renew your *protection* spell? If ghouls beget other ghouls, I fear Wexelar may not be alone here."

"You will do it, young Amelior."

"Uh . . . uh . . . I, reverend one?" Amelior choked, wishing he had heard wrong. He had done it once before, but now hoped that Mystra could fill in the gaps in the prayers he only half remembered. Hands shaking, he spilled the holy water in a rough circle around them, making sure to include the door. Clutching his "star" he mouthed the prayer. With a smiling sigh he collapsed to the floor. No ghoul could cross that magical barricade.

Amelior's smile faded as glowing eyes gathered beyond the door. One, two, three pairs. He gagged, swallowing back sour bile. While two stayed back, one stepped casually into the light, a crooked smile cracking the scabs on its

face as it hopped excitedly from leg to leg.

"Circle-bright hurt frenzzz," it hissed, eyeing the damp stone. "Maybe it not lassst forever? Maybe warm flesh become cold soon, you think. Maybe we feast very soon?"

Felloman stepped forward, presenting Mystra's holy star as before, but the ghoul-thing only cringed momentarily, then smiled until its face seemed it might crack under the strain. Stunned by his failure, the old man staggered backward.

"Maybe circle bright keep back frenzzz, but not me, eh? What you think?" And with that, the ghast stepped through the ineffectual circle of protection.

Creature Notes

The ghoul is a human or demi-human who has risen from the grave to feed on human and other corpses. Some ghouls are self-made. In life, they were human predators who fed off the ill fortune of their fellow men. Their lives ended, yet their evil survived. Dying unblessed and buried un sanctified, they are cursed to continue feeding as ghouls.

Ghasts are ghouls who have wandered or been taken into the Abyss and gained superior powers due to exposure to the intense evil there. Ghasts are used as hunting "dogs" by demons, and are often called the "Hounds of the Abyss." Occasionally, they are set free and rejoin ghoul packs as leaders.

Still, most ghouls and ghasts are the victims of other ghouls and ghasts, folk who died of wounds inflicted by those undead monsters. If victims are not blessed, they rise again in three days as ghouls, under the control of their slayer. Furthermore, unblessed victims may neither be resurrected nor reincarnated.

The energy of the Negative Material Plane imbues ghoul and ghast alike with a chilling, paralyzing touch. The effect of this touch is to disrupt the victim's nerve synapses. Occasionally the paralyzation affects only a limb,

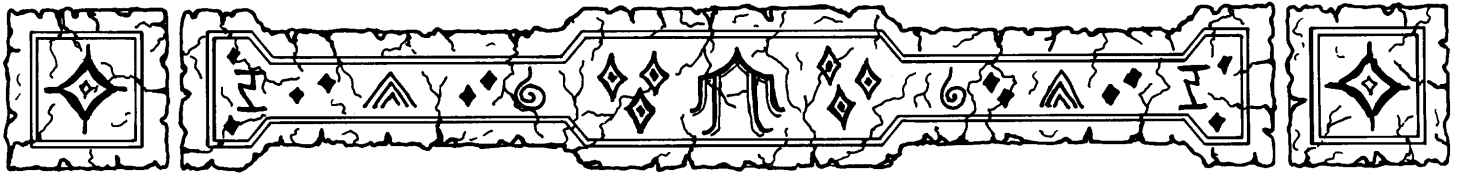
restricting movement, spell-casting, and combat. More often than not, the entire body is affected. Rather than simple immobility, the victim suffers a terrible seizure and may thrash about for minutes before the muscles no longer respond and the victim is paralyzed.

The duration of the paralyzation depends on the victim's Constitution. Subtract the victim's Constitution from 20 and add 1d6 if the attacker is a ghoul and 2d6 if the attacker is a ghast. The result is the number of rounds that the paralysis lasts. Once the paralysis wears off, the victim's dexterity is reduced by 2d6 for an equal number of turns (not rounds). DMs may wish to make reduced dexterity a side effect that continues until a special herbal elixir is imbibed, made of rare healing herbs.

Elves are immune to the ghoul's touch. The presumed reason stems from the belief that elves are descendants of the god Corellon Larethian. Elven lore states that the purity of an elf's bloodline makes him heir to the god's gift of immunity, wrenched from the demons defeated in the time of myths and legends. As legend goes, the gift once extended to an immunity to all undead, but now only protects against the lesser powers of the ghoul (ghasts, with their greater power, can paralyze even an elf who fails to make a saving throw vs. paralyzation). Half-elves gain no protection against either ghoul or ghast.

Ghouls and ghasts exist only to eat. All else is secondary to a hungry ghoul or ghast. Ghouls and ghasts must have human flesh to survive. They attack the living only when corpses are not to be had, or in self defense. They find animal flesh unpalatable. The flesh they eat maintains their physical bodies and their energy connection with the Negative Material Plane.

It is possible for a ghoul or ghast to be starved out of existence. It may go without food for seven days before it feels the effects of starvation. A starving ghoul or ghast loses one hit point per week, and ceases to exist when it has no



more hit points, its soul passing onto torment in the Abyss.

In a similar vein, ghouls and ghosts are not immortal. Because they are physical beings, they are subject to eventual decay. Most ghouls do not exist for more than 200 years. Even so, uncommon specimens have been found over 1,000 years old. The evil enhancement of the ghosts allows them to exist for 500 years or more—though ghosts who remain in the Abyss are nearly immortal.

Ghouls are superb hunters and trackers' (tracking as fifth-level rangers). Ghosts are better still, and track like seventh-level rangers (see UNEARTHED ARCANA). They track by sight, sound, and especially smell.

They prefer to hunt in packs, gibbering and yammering as they relentlessly pursue their prey. They never give up a pursuit. Whether they are alone or in a pack, ghouls and ghosts are fearless, willing to chance all for a tasty treat.

Ghouls are burrowers and tunnelers. It begins when they are "born"—a buried ghoul must dig its way out of its grave. Common ghoul tunnels are little more than crawlways, letting the ghoul creep its way to its next meal. Ghoul warrens may form vast networks beneath graveyards and nearby towns. Many tunnels in these warrens are enlarged to allow a upright stance.

The process which transforms a man's soul, mind, and body into a ghoul leaves little left of what was once the

man. Its face takes on a canine aspect, developing an extended muzzle full of sharp, discolored teeth. Even so, those who knew the victim well may still see the the man within the monster.

Hands and feet become clawlike, while rank, oozing sores erupt on the body, scabbing over with scale-like hardness. In the ghoul, these scaly sores exude an odious, nauseating, carrion stench so powerful that it causes retching and nausea in those nearby (within 10' and failing a saving throw vs. poison).

Likewise, the ghoul's mind is warped out of shape. A cunning, predatory semi-sentience overrides the victim's personality, essentially replacing what is lost by the horror of transformation. Remnants of the creature's mind remain intact, but the ghoul (or even the ghost) rarely realizes (nor accepts) that it is dead—the last vestiges of the mind cannot accept that it thrives upon human carrion. The subsequent transformation to ghoul reawakens the creature's intelligence. Some may actually be personable, more prone to conversation than conflict (though they are still undeniably evil and more than a little insane)—so long as one avoids discussing their ghoulishness or insisting that they have died.

Bereft of sanity, ghouls and ghosts are all afflicted with some form of mental aberration (selected from the insanities in the DUNGEON MASTERS GUIDE). Common afflictions include paranoia,

hallucinations, megalomania or delusional insanity, monomania, and split personalities.

Ghouls are kept back by a simple *protection from evil* spell. However, cold iron must be used as a part of the spell if a ghoul is to be repelled—pure, unalloyed iron, as close to elemental iron as possible.

Paralysis Hit Location Table

1d8 roll	Hit location	Effect
1-2	Right arm	No. 1 (see below)
3-4	A leg	No. 2 (see below)
5-6	Left arm	No. 1 (see below)
7-8	Full body	No. 3 (see below)

No. 1: Character may not cast spells having somatic components. If this is the character's weapon arm, melee is impossible (85% of all people are right-handed). If this is the character's "opposite" hand, a shield may not be used.

No. 2: Each round, the character must make a Dexterity Ability Check to stay on his or her feet. Dexterity bonuses to armor class are lost. DM may wish to choose the affected leg.

No. 3: Character is fully paralyzed, though subject to spasmodic seizures. Movement and combat are impossible. If the victim does not make a Constitution Ability Check, he does himself 1d3 points of damage.

(Special thanks to Vince Garcia for his article, "A Touch of Evil," in DRAGON® Magazine, issue #126.

THE TOMBS OF DECKON THAR

Monster: Wight
Terrain: ruins
Party Levels: 40 (Average 3-4)
Gold X.P.:
Treasure X.P.:
Monster X.P.:
Kill: 2071 Defeat: 1553
Retreat: 518

This adventure is set in the North of the Forgotten Realms, where the tombs of a long-dead culture have sat alone in a hidden valley for centuries. The adventure is meant for characters of between third and fourth level and the total number of levels of members of the party should be between 36 and 48. At least one character should be a fourth-level, Good cleric.

History

After the breakup of the Lost Kingdom, a bandit culture took root in the mountains between what is now Silvermoon and Sundabar. Even then, these were relatively large population centers which traded between themselves, and the Chieftains in Gold, as the bandits called themselves, grew rich either raiding the trading caravans or charging high tolls for their safe passage, depending on how accommodating the rulers of the trading lands were. For eight generations these chieftains led their people in this activity, but eventually they were caught in the path of an orc horde and are said, in ballads, to have died fighting to the last man, woman, and child.

The orcs looted the chieftains' great keep in the mountains, but no one has ever discovered the tombs of the seven chieftains who died before the orc invasion.

The Ravaged Caravan.

Recently, a trading party, driven off its trail by unseasonal storms, discovered a hidden mountain valley containing what looked like burial mounds. The traders took refuge in the buildings that guarded these tombs. During the

night, monsters attacked and dragged three caravan workers away. The caravan leader and his men searched the area the next morning but could find no trace of monsters or victims.

They left the valley, but marked its location on their maps and left a cairn to mark its hidden entrance.

Setup

- The simplest is to say that one of the victims from the caravan is a relative or friend of one of the player characters. The characters will seek revenge, and/or an attempt to find the victim before the monsters can destroy him (unlikely, but perhaps worth the try).

- Another method, meant for the more avaricious, is to have someone who hears the story (or some player character doing some research) learn that the valley is known in ancient legends as the Tombs of the Chieftains in Gold. The ancient nation that used to exist here was known to bury its chieftains in great state. The caravan leader saw no sign of grave robbing-but the place was covered with snow.

- Finally, the DM may just ignore the previous story of the trading caravan. Drive the adventurers into the valley with a storm, and let them do their own exploring and perhaps be attacked at night by the ever-lurking wights.

The Valley

The Tombs of Deckon Thar (named after the first of the royal line to be buried here) are nestled in a box canyon on a western mountain slope. The entrance to the valley is along a narrow, twisted trail. The entrance is obscured by brush, but it is marked by a cairn, which was erected by the trading caravan. (If the party is not following up the traders' story, the cairn is still there. The party just never heard the traders' story.)

As you clear the brush away from the entrance, you realize that it leads to a defile going right into the cliff face. You can only enter single file, leading any animals you have brought with you. You can see that there are ledges and crevices above you that might hold ambushers, but it would take a good climber to reach any of them from where you are.

The party may think that this narrow defile looks perfect for an ambush. However, there is no ambush, and they can get through safely.

When you reach the other end of the defile, you can see the valley dips drastically away from you, then starts to climb again toward the mountain cliffs at the back. As you look at the valley with the setting sun at your backs, you can see two ruined buildings that still have most of their walls and some of their roofs. Beyond the buildings are seven large mounds, each of which looks large enough to hold a small raiding ship.

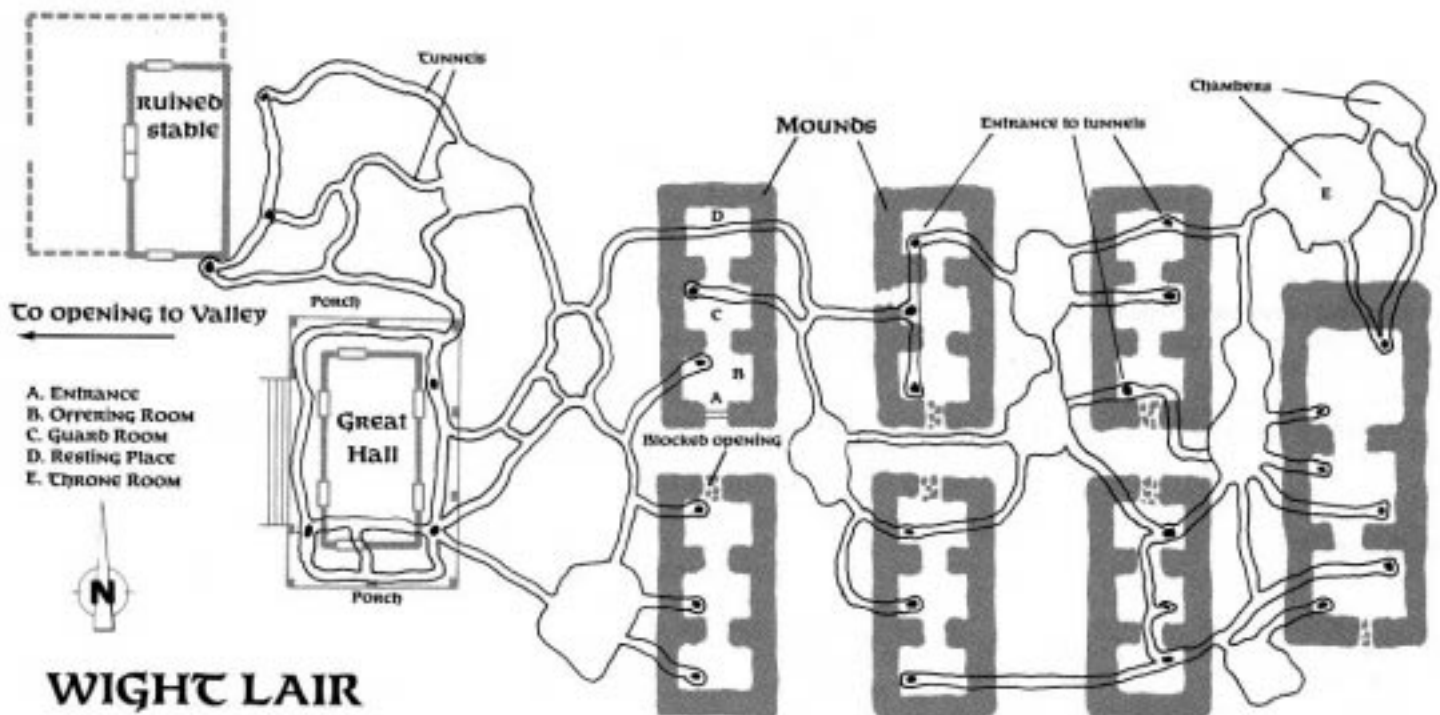
Six of the mounds are arranged in three rows of two each, and the center of this formation leads directly from the sturdier of the two ruins toward the seventh, and largest, mound.

The closest edifice to your entry point is the more ruined of the two buildings.

The First Building

This building is at the end of a twisty trail that takes the party a hundred feet or so down from the valley mouth to the building. When the party arrives, the sun is going down below the hills to the west.

Looking at the building from the outside, you realize that its wooden roof is just about gone, the wood and



plaster walls are disintegrating. From the outside, you see that it had one wide door (no longer present) in the middle of one long wall, and normal-sized doors (also gone) at each end. You can see the ruins of a wooden fence that enclosed an area outside the wide doors.

There is no sign of any life but the assorted birds, rodents, lizards, and insects you would expect to find in such a place. The daylight is about gone.

If the party decides to camp outside, ignore the following until they actually do look inside the building.

Looking inside, you see that the center portion was one large room. The long walls were broken up into smaller rooms about big enough to hold a horse. In fact, you realize that you are looking into the ruins of a stable. At each end of the building is a small room that was obviously a

tack room. Now they are the homes of many different small animals, most of which leave when you enter. You can see that there are places where the wall has broken down, leaving holes, throughout the building. If this is a stable, then the formerly fenced-in area outside was probably the paddock.

Players who make a very careful examination (taking about an hour in daylight) of the northernmost tack room will find the remains of a silver bit from a bridle that could fetch 20 gp for its workmanship. Everything else is rotted or rusted away.

If the party decides to settle down in this building or in the relatively clear area in front of the building (where the paddock used to be) go to "First Night!"

If the party decides to continue and to explore the second building, which is about 300' away, remind them that the night is closing in fast, and they should set up camp.

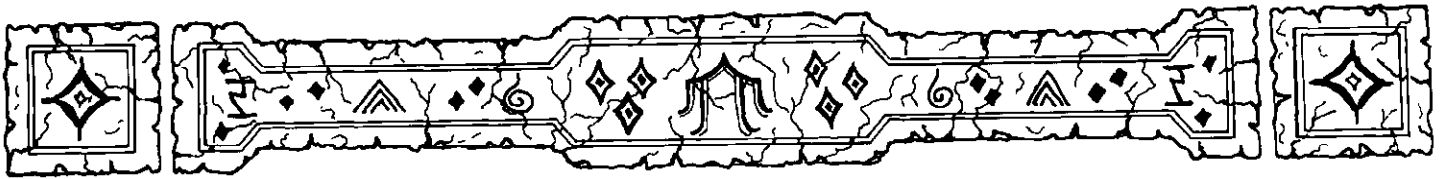
The Second Building

This rectangular building looks like a great hall or mead hall. There is a porch running around the building, two doors in each long wall, and one door in each short wall. Its walls are wood and plaster, but reinforced with rock; its roof is obviously of higher quality than the barns. Nevertheless, it, too, is falling apart.

As the player characters look at the outside, add details of cracks in the walls, rotted wood in the porch floor, and a general feeling that the place will probably last until the next storm, but then all bets are off. Fortunately, no further storms are expected for months.

If the party enters:

Whatever walls used to divide up the central room of this building have not lasted as well as the exterior. The building is one large room with what



were obviously once closet beds along the wall. Three of these are still intact. If any of you desire privacy, you can throw out the debris that had been the bed and lay out a bedroll in the closet. There just is enough room for two humans to sleep side by side. There is plenty of room for a score or more to sleep in the central room. In the center of the stone-paved floor is a large fire pit with the remnants of a fire about a month old.

If the party has been exploring this building after the barn, the sun has gone down. They can either camp here, back at the barn, or in the paddock. One assumes they will not decide to sleep among the burial mounds.

In the fire pit are the remains of a fire set by the trader caravan when it was there. This is where the traders were attacked by monsters.

Careful examination of the fire pit reveals an opening hidden by a rock that looks like it is part of the bedrock, but isn't. It is a tunnel big enough to allow a man to crawl through like a snake. If a party member wants to crawl in, see "In the Tunnels."

If this party consists entirely of elves, half-elves, and dwarves—all capable of seeing in the dark—remind them that they have been traveling and climbing all day. Perhaps it is time to rest.

First Night

Assuming the party settles down to camp, it will probably set up guards and the rest of the group will go to sleep. About three hours before dawn, the wights strike! They do nothing if the party has *continual light* spells lighting the area.

Use a group of wights that is half the number of the adventurers. The wights' purpose is to sneak into the camp, find an isolated victim (anyone sleeping in the remains of a stall or in one of the great hall's closet beds is an excellent target, and the wights know

just how to enter these unobserved) and eat his life energy until he is dead. If it seems possible, they will attempt to drag the body out of the camp so the victim can turn into a half-wight undisturbed.

While wights can detect the presence of life, they cannot tell the difference between targets who are awake and asleep. Thus, they may try to grab a guard who is not moving, or a character whose player has specified he is staying awake. They are smart enough not to grab someone apart from the others (unless they are in a stall or sleeping closet), because these are probably guards, no matter how still they are. They also do not go after horses, because horses don't have the right sort of life energies.

If the victims put up a struggle and alert the rest of the party, the wights scatter, heading for their tunnels. If the characters are foolish enough to follow them in at night, see "In the Tunnels."

In the dark, the wights look like rock-hard, humanoid forms. A life drain victim who is not killed and/or carried away can explain what has happened to him. Unless the characters have seen wights before, there is no need to name them to the players. Be as vague as possible. Give them descriptions that could just as easily cover ghouls or zombies or trolls or really ugly hobgoblins.

If a cleric tries to turn the attackers away and succeeds, he will know they are undead. Don't tell him what roll he needs, just watch his roll and tell him if he is successful or not. Better yet, roll the *turn undead* attempt yourself, so he doesn't know how successful he was.

Holes in The Earth

When fleeing pursuit or a successful turning, or taking off a victim, the wights run to the holes leading to the tunnels that intertwine throughout the valley. There are holes beneath the fire pit of the great hall, outside the walls of the hall and outside the walls of the barn. There are no holes to the tunnels that lead directly into the paddock area.

Each hole has a rock over it that looks like a normal one, long since packed into the surrounding earth. The stone covers have been carefully shaped by the wights to look like thick rocks buried deep in the earth.

When a wight leaves the hole to attack someone on the surface, it leaves the rock off of the hole so it can make a quick getaway.

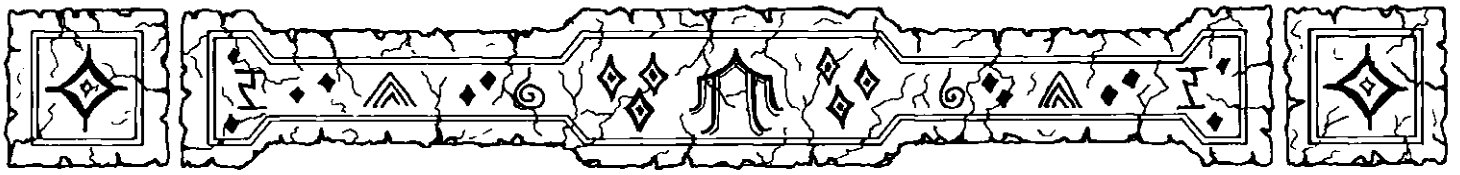
Each wight goes to a different hole if possible, tossing any victims into the hole first, then jumping in after them. While these wights have no real vision, they have long ago memorized the area and know exactly where to throw and where to jump. If they are not being pursued, they carefully place the cap back on the hole.

Each hole is a narrow shaft just big enough for a person wearing nothing but rags to fit in. Normal men and dwarves wearing armor will have to shed their protection or widen the holes. Elves, gnomes, and halflings have no trouble fitting.

The shaft goes down 10' to a connecting tunnel. Read the following to anyone jumping in a hole directly after a wight.

You drop down a narrow shaft, your clothes or armor scraping on the sides. You hit the floor 15' down, but the scrape of the walls obviously slowed you down enough so that you didn't take any damage. You seem to be in a pit, except for one wall, which opens up into a narrow tunnel. You think it runs roughly east and west. You can hear the monster running away down the tunnel to the east. Even as your eyes adjust to the dark, you realize that the only light illuminating the tunnel is the reflected light from above you. Otherwise the tunnel is totally dark.

The wight is not trying to be silent. However, unless the character can see in the dark or somehow managed to bring a torch with him while chasing the wight, he cannot see a thing.



If the character is going into the hole cautiously following after a wight, or just because the party found the hole (same chance as for secret doors), use the description above, but drop the comments about the wight.

The Next Day

If the party is not attacked the first night because of how it is set up or having *continual* light spells illuminating it, the characters can explore the whole valley easily. It is a pleasant place, full of grass and copses of trees, still enjoying the benefits of that recent unseasonal storm which brought in lots of water for the plants.

In fact, looking very carefully (druids, rangers, and elves would be best for this), party members can see (using the same chance as for secret doors) what seem like twisted lines running through the grass. They can realize that this phenomenon is caused by the stunted nature of those plants that are along these lines, and it doesn't seem to have any connection to the type of plant or the soil directly under the plant. It's almost as if there is something under the topsoil (actually there is) that makes the plants not grow as well as they should under these conditions.

These lines are about 3' wide and do not seem to follow any particular pattern except that they avoid any large

rock outcroppings.

The Burial Mounds

The seven large mounds seem to follow the pattern of burial mounds elsewhere in the Forgotten Realms. They are covered with grass and other shallow-rooted plants and creepers, but seem thoroughly intact. There is no immediate evidence of the grave robbing so common elsewhere. Of course, this is an isolated location, probably picked because it was unlikely to attract grave robbers.

However, closer examination reveals that there is a tunnel dug into the west side of the middle of the northern mounds. Perhaps some grave robbers have been here. The tunnel is overgrown with brush and plants, but hasn't filled in.

None of the other mounds show any evidence of tampering.

General Descriptions—The Floor Plan

Each of the mounds is about 100' long, 45' wide, and built to the same floor plan. The seventh mound is slightly longer (about 140') and wider (about 60'), and its internal rooms are larger, but the floor plan is the same.

Each room in the mound has a hard-packed earthen floor, rocks lining the

walls, and thick wooden beams holding up the ceiling (the beams are only about half rotted).

Entrance.

This is a passageway that has been filled with rocks and earth. It is, in fact, harder to get through this passageway than it is to dig through the walls, if the characters have digging tools. The passageway is 10' deep, the walls are all about 10' thick but consist of a higher ratio of earth to rock than found in the passageway.

Strong men can move the rocks out of the passageway at a rate of 1' per hour for every 10 points of Strength over 10 applied. No more than three people can fit into the passageway to work on it at once.

Alternately, if the party has tools such as shovels and picks, the party can dig into a mound at a rate of 1' per 10 Strength applied per hour. No more than three characters can work on one tunnel at a time. Without the proper tools, there is little the party can do to dig through the walls, and they're better off clearing the passageway.

Offering Room.

This room holds items offered by the chieftain's followers to honor him in death. Much of the stuff has rotted or rusted away. Some items like chairs or



hangings look good as new, but crumble at a touch.

Anything of value in any of these rooms has been added to the treasure in the Hall of the Mound King.

The Guard Room.

One thing this culture believed was that a dead chieftain needed a proper honor guard. This room holds earthen platforms, about 2' off the ground, on which two to four of the chieftain's followers laid themselves to die when their chieftain died. Sometimes the already slain bodies of followers were put on these platforms when a leader died in battle along with most of his men.

There are no bodies on the platforms. However, explorers can find the rusted remnants of chain mail shirts and swords on the platforms, as well as the imprint of long-rotted leather undergarments and fastening thongs.

There are earthenware jars holding rotted offerings of grain and other items meant to help the spirits of the dead on their journey to the afterlife.

The Resting Place.

This is where the chieftain was laid on another earthen platform. His resting place was covered by a valuable fur which has long since rotted away. Again there is no body, but there are remnants of the dead chieftain's armor and weapons. However, there is a 15% chance in each resting place that the wights missed some item of value that the party could find in a corner. Use the DUNGEON MASTERS GUIDE to determine the value of the item.

One of the mounds shows signs of a break-in by grave robbers. Following the tunnel dug into the side of the mound, the party finds the shovels and picks used for the grave robbing scattered in the guard room of the mound at the end of the tunnel. There are no bodies, but there are some signs of a struggle. The metal of the tools is long-rusted-the grave robbers came by a long time ago. They didn't leave.

Running Into Wights

The wights prowl their old tombs on occasion in groups of two to five. If they detect the adventurers, they wait along the wall of a room in the mound and attack as the characters come next to them. If they are losing, and have the opportunity to run, they do so.

Use the following table to determine if wights are encountered in any particular burial mound.

Location	Roll 1d10*
First mound	1-2
Second mound	1-4
Third mound	1-5
Fourth mound	1-6
Fifth mound	1-7
Sixth mound	1-8

- If the wights win, the adventure is over. If the adventurers win, killing all the wights, they have the same chance of running into a wight group in later mounds. If wights get away, the party finds no more wights in the mounds until it gets to the last one (whichever one it is), where it is attacked by all the remaining wights. These wights use the tunnels to split up into two groups and attack simultaneously from two sides.

If this attack does not seem to be working, the wights run back to the tunnels and retreat, running to Vinjarek, the great wight, for his leadership.

Other Ways Into The Tombs

Besides following the grave robber tunnel or digging into a tomb themselves, the only way adventurers can get into a tomb is by the tunnels. The warren of tunnels dug by the wights has entrances into each of the rooms of each of the mounds. Like the outside tunnels, the entrances are big enough for a man to crawl through very carefully and are covered by one of the rocks that line the walls of the mound rooms.

Also like the outside tunnels, these holes drop the person down a shaft for about 10', which leaves him in a hole looking into a tunnel which winds off in

at least two directions. Occasionally (see the map), the tunnel just leads directly away from the shaft, which is the end of the line.

These entrances to the tombs are very obvious from the tunnels. There is no attempt to hide them from the tunnel side.

As described before, there is no light in these tunnels, since wights don't need it.

In The Tunnels

These tunnels have been dug by the wights over the centuries since they first came to this valley. The wights just use their hands and their great strength, attacking the softer pockets of rock and earth and avoiding the harder stone, so the tunnels are continually twisting without more than 10' of straight passage.

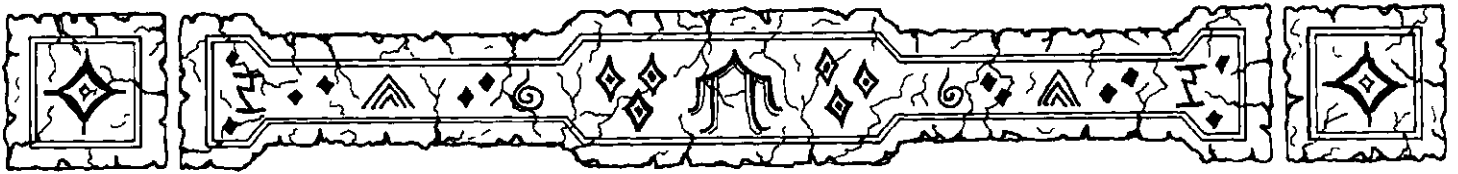
You are in a snaky little tunnel with very little walking space. Tall members of the party (over 6' tall) have to bend over, and even humans of normal height feel a need to duck down for fear of running into something in the ceiling. The walls are irregular, and the ceiling is barely supported by occasional strategically placed logs.

There are occasional open spots where massed wights can ambush the party if they have not already done so in one of the burial mounds. The wight tactic is to blend into the walls of the chamber and let most of the party in before stepping out to attack.

They will only do this in chambers with more than two exits, so they know they have the chance to get away to report back to Vinjarek.

The Topography of the Tunnels

The tunnels are continually changing depth, rising and falling to match the contours of the softer rock through which they are dug and the harder rock they avoid. Frequently one wall of the



tunnel is packed earth and the other is hard rock that the wights found while digging.

The chambers can be above or below the level of the tunnel coming into them. Some of the chambers have streams running through them and/or pools in their centers.

Hall of The Mound King

This is not in the king mound, but underneath in a tunnel. Vinjarek, the great wight, waits here, +3 *frost-brand* broad sword in hand. He has assembled all his remaining followers to help him in this last fight.

You enter a large underground cavern with no more light than any other place you have been in among these tunnels. The room is roughly oblong, and set out from the far wall, you see a chair made of stone that looks like a rough throne.

If Vinjarek is waiting for them, read the following:

A man-sized rock imbedded in the far wall crashes forward, revealing another tunnel beyond. Out of that tunnel steps another wight. This one is garbed in rotting chain mail armor and carries a sword that reflects your light like ice.

"Welcome," rasps a voice that has obviously not been used for centuries. "Your strong souls will warm me for years." He swings his sword up in both hands and attacks.

The chamber is small enough that only one missile shot, or spell, can possibly get off before Vinjarek is in the middle of the party. If a cleric without sufficient levels attempts to turn him, be sure to play up the ineffectiveness of the attempt (especially if it does affect the wights Vinjarek has accompanying him) and Vinjarek's delight in the attempt. He should laugh hoarsely and promise to take great delight in the soul of the cleric.

The Enemies

There are 16 wights and Vinjarek, the great wight. There are also three half-wights who were members of the trading caravan killed and stolen by the wights some months ago.

If the wights lose half their number (not counting the half-wights) and receive some warning of the coming of the adventurers, they will retreat to the throne room and prepare their defense around their leader. He will not venture out to find the adventurers. He knows they want his treasure, and he intends to catch them when they come for it.

Vinjarek: AC 3; MV 12"; HD 7 + 3; hp 60; # AT 2; Dmg 1d6 +2(fist)/1d6 + 6*(sword); SA energy drain with fist; SD only magic/silver, no charm or hold spells; AL LE; XP 1250.

Wights (16): AC 5; MV 12"; HD 4 + 3; hp 22; # AT 1; Dmg 1d4; SA energy drain; SD only magic/silver, no sleep, charm, or hold spells; AL LE; XP 475 each.

Half-wights (3): AC 7; MV 12"; HD 2 + 3; hp 12; # AT 1; Dmg 1d3; SA energy drain; SD only magic/silver, no sleep, charm, or hold spells; AL LE; XP 346 each.

Tactics: The wights have no missile or ranged attacks, they have to get close to an enemy to affect him. Thus, they use the ambush techniques described before, a stealthy approach to an unaware foe, or a headlong rush if there's no alternative. Note that they will not venture out of their tunnels except to try to catch sleeping adventurers.

In the tunnels, ranged weapons and mass destruction spells have definite problems. There is no real way to use a bow in the narrow tunnels, and the chambers leave the adventurers facing a determined foe with no real room for arrow fire. The adventurers have to get to close quarters, which is all to the wights' advantage.

Wights will not attack any party using

a continual light spell for illumination in the outdoors. Light spells and torches do not bother them at any time. If a party is using a *continual light* spell on a staff or other item it is carrying underground or in the mounds, the wights attack the *continual light* holder first and try to kill him and bury the light in the hard-packed earth or earthen walls or ceilings around them. Note that they are not hurt or even affected in their fighting ability by the *continual light*, it just irritates them. If they are backed up to the last chamber in which they can fight, they ignore the light and just fight.

The half-wights have no problem with *continual light* at all, since their eyes are normal.

The Mound King's Treasure

The chamber beyond the throne chamber of the tunnels is the treasure house of Vinjarek. All of the wight treasure is stored here.

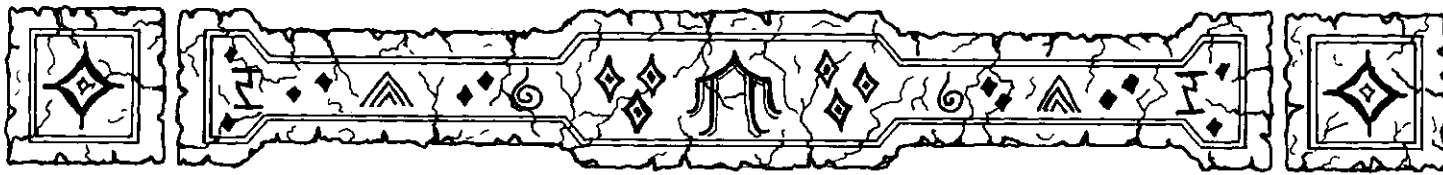
Since the wights have never had possession of an all-metal box, all of the containers that held the various treasure items rotted away long ago. The treasure is just scattered on the floor.

Vinjarek's greatest treasure is never far from him. This is his sword.

Deepchill – + 3, + 6 vs. fire users broadsword, INT 15, Lawful Neutral, detect secret doors in 1/2" radius, detect sloping passages in 1" radius, detect elevator/shifting walls/rooms in 1" radius, speaks Lawful Neutral and Dwarf. Ego 13.

This sword is only really happy underground. It used to belong to a dwarven king, who lost it in battle to the human king who was then buried in one of the mounds. It is not particularly happy with its current master, who can't even talk to it, but Vinjarek has complete mastery of the sword.

Deepchill would rather belong to a dwarf, but anyone who spends a lot of time underground is all right. He prefers to speak in dwarven. He only speaks the alignment language if absolutely necessary. And, of course, he has



nothing but disdain for anyone who does not speak either language.

Also among the wights' treasures is a *shield* +2 that Vinjarek cannot use because the arm and handholds have rotted away, and a shiny spearhead. If fastened to a spear shaft, the spearhead becomes a *spear* +1. Its former shaft has rotted away.

The fine leather scabbard that sheathed *Deepchill* rotted away long ago, but the treasure includes three matched gems which are worth 55 gp each, but 200 gp as a matched set. They used to be inset in the scabbard.

There are also 47 other items of jewelry that have an average value of 150 gp each (a total of 7050 gp in value). One of these items (worth 300 gp for the value as jewelry) is actually a *ring of spell turning*. Another brooch, worth about 400 gp as jewelry, is actually a *brooch of shielding*. There is also a *long sword* +2, *cursed berserking* which had been the proud possession of one of the more warlike of the chieftains buried in these mounds.

There is also 4,000 gp in gold ingots and trade weights, 10,000 sp in silver that used to be part of various items of jewelry, and 2,000 ep in coins.

The Ecology of The Wight

These notes on the wights of the Forgotten Realms are taken from the writings of Jilda the Sage, a priestess of Oghma who has taken as her specialty the study of undead. When reading her dissertations on undead, however, one must remember that (1) all of her knowledge is taken second-hand, as she has never been an adventurer or seen most of the creatures about which she writes, and (2) being a daughter of royalty, her social prejudices show in some of her conclusions. From the *Notebooks of Jilda the Sage of Neverwinter*:

. . . Wights are formed from the bodies of men and women of noble birth who are buried in earthen tombs.

There, their bodies are sought out by an evil spirit of power which has no way of interacting with the Prime Material Plane unless he inhabits such a body.

When the spirit inhabits the body, it halts the normal process of decay and instead works its magic to partially petrify the body. When the body has the right balance of flesh and mineral, it can move again under the spirit's guidance. The presence of the spirit also causes the body to exist on both the negative and normal planes of the material plane, making it invulnerable to damage by any but silver or magic weapons.

Why the spirit wants to return to a semi-fleshy form is unknown. Wights lead a dank and cheerless existence. They avoid sunlight or any bright light, and spend their extremely long lives in a maze of tunnels under the tombs that originally encased their bodies.

The only relief for this cheerless existence is the occasional intrusion of living beings. These they attack without parlay or pity, trying to drain the life energies of the victims and make them into pale shadows of wights themselves.

These pitiful victims are doomed to a long but not eternal existence with the remnants of their spirits bound to their slowly decaying bodies. They do not gain the rock-like skin of their masters because they are never petrified, and eventually they become too decayed to hold together and return to dust.

What becomes of their spirits is still a matter of speculation. It is known that slaying such a creature releases its spirit in normal fashion; this has been confirmed with *speak to dead* spells. But whether the spirits of those half-wights (as they are known) that just finally dissolve are finally allowed to pass to other pastures is still undetermined.

Entering a burial mound infested with wights is a risky undertaking. No matter how quietly a party moves, the wights seem to know they are there. Moreover, the wights themselves are very quiet movers, and often surprise

even the most alert of parties.

Many survivors of wight attacks speak of the creatures "coming out of the walls," which would lead one to believe they can tunnel through the earth. However, while they do tunnel out their mazes under the burial mounds, this seems the work of many months of painstaking labor, not the sort of thing one can use to surprise an adventuring party.

The approach of wights, when seen, is a frightening sight indeed. They travel hunched over, one hand on the wall or on the body of one of their comrades. They look something like zombies or ghouls, but their skin is more rock-like in color and the colors can be as varied as those found in a limestone cavern; frequently, several colors are in stripes in the same body.

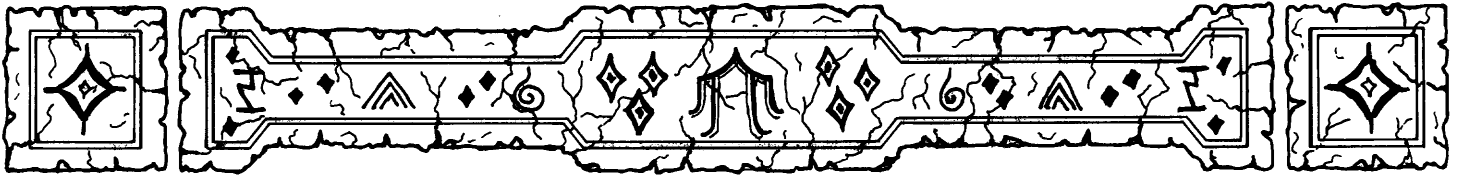
Wights communicate in some fashion that has nothing to do with normal speaking. Many wights have been heard to wheeze and gasp and moan in the middle of combat or when they thought they were unobserved, but this does not seem to be a language. Indeed, many wights have been seen whose original bodies are such that they could not possibly speak.

Sages theorize that the spirits communicate through interaction of their life forces. As such, this must take place at very close range, meaning that they have no real way of making themselves heard to other wights at long range.

Creature Notes

1. Wights have eyes, but do not rely on them for sight. In fact, their eyes are so calcified that only a little light from a strong source can penetrate to the brain, which pains the spirit inhabiting the body. This is why they avoid sunlight and other strong lights.

However, wights have a strong sense of touch and an ability gained through the spirit inhabiting them to detect life energies. Any living creatures within 120' of a wight immediately becomes perceptible to the wight, no matter how thick the walls might be between them



and their prey.

If wights are in their normal tunnels and burial mounds (and they rarely travel out of them), they have memorized all the passages, and can pinpoint just what route they must take to reach the life energies they have detected. Thus, no matter how quiet an adventuring band may be, the wights will know they are present and move to attack them.

A side effect of their ability to detect life energies is their ability to detect the aura that a living intelligent body gives the valuables carried on the body. These attract wights at a range of about 30' and the wights collect and hoard such objects—apparently for their aesthetic value as auras.

They actually collect any such objects of value, but usually only those made of long-lasting, non-rusting substances, such as gold and silver and most gems, since wights do not maintain them.

2. Wights are very stealthy in their movements. The chance of hearing them creep up on a party is only the same as the usual roll to find a secret door.

They are also very adept at hiding in shadows, so that sometimes they are described as “coming out of the walls” when they actually simply blended their earth-toned flesh into the walls around them and held incredibly still.

3. Because of their undead nature, wights do not show up well on infravision. Thus, elves and dwarves have little better chance than humans of knowing there are wights in the neighborhood, unless the wights are in a warm room, where their cold bodies will stand out like statues against the warmed walls.

4. Despite their obvious intelligence, most wights seem to have lost all ability to use weapons. Their attacks are smashing blows with their calcified hands, which incidentally puts the inhabiting spirit in contact with the aura of the target and lets the wight drain some of the soul energy of the victim.

5. The reason why wights and other undead drain life energy from their vic-

tims is open to speculation. However, one theory is that the life energy of intelligent living creatures is what allows these creatures of two planes to move about in the Prime Material Plane.

This would explain why such creatures frequently seem almost statue-like and totally dead until living creatures are close enough to grab. The inhabiting spirits are operating either on their own reserves or a residue of energy from their last victims.

Also, it seems clear that absorbing a great deal of life energy allows a wight to grow more powerful, and slightly independent of its urges. A wight that has absorbed 20 life energy levels in a month gains in power and has a chance to become a great wight—a wight leader.

The number of energy levels that need to be absorbed and the benefits derived are shown in the Wight Advancement Table.

Wight Advancement Table

Energy Levels	Hit Dice
20	5+3
60	6+3
140	7+3*

• This is Vinjarek, the great wight described in “The Night Gallery.”

Wights of higher-than-normal hit dice are antagonistic to one another, but unless one has attained the stature of great wight, the rivals do not actually fight one another. However, once a wight has collected its 140th energy level, he wages a war against all the current 5 + 3 and 6 + 3 hit dice wights to eliminate any competition. He also attempts to slay any wights who progress to 5 + 3 dice after the great wight has established his dominance.

6. The wight spirits are effectively immortal. Slaying a wight with silver or magic weapons or most destructive spells simply sends the spirit off to find another body to inhabit.

If a cleric destroys a wight by using his *turn undead* ability, the spirit is ban-

ished to the Negative Material Plane for a century before it can come back, but it is not killed.

These spirits can be killed only on the Negative Material Plane or by a *raise dead* spell.

7. A cleric can turn a half-wight with the same chance he can turn ghouls.

The spirit of a half-wight that is slain or dissolves without ever draining a life energy level goes to whatever reward to which he normally would have gone. He can also be *raised from the dead* by a cleric of sufficient level. However, once the creature has stolen the life energy of a victim, its spirit becomes that of a wight. In effect, the creation of half-wights is the wight reproduction system. *Raise dead* will no longer work on this victim, though it will destroy the wight spirit.

The half-wight is described thusly:

FREQ uncommon; # APP 1-20; AC 7; MV 12"; HD 2 + 3; % IN LAIR 80; TREAS TYPE nil; # ATT 1; Dmg. 1d3; SA energy drain; SD silver or magic weapons to hit; MAGIC RES as wights; AL LE; Size M; IN average; PSI nil; ATT/DEF MODES nil.

Half-wights have to follow the orders of their creators. Once they have drained an energy level, they become willing wights. If they strike a target, they automatically drain energy. They still have some command of their communication facilities, but wights rarely allow their half-wights who have not drained energy to get to a position where they might warn potential targets.

SHADOWS

Terrain: Ruins
Party Levels: 20 (Average fourth)
Gold X.P.: 1,000
Treasure X.P.: 2,000
Monster X.P.:
Kill: 2,790 Defeat: 2,092
Retreat: 698

Setup

• A scholar approaches the PCs and hires them to recover a rare book he seeks. It is somewhere in the ruins of the walled city of Tor Mak, and he has provided them with a device which should simplify locating the item.

• While traveling, PCs make camp at the edge of extensive ruins. In the morning they see several persons doing something in the wide avenue in the middle of the crumbled town. Suddenly, the strangers are enveloped in a shadowy cloud. Faint cries come to the PCs' ears—and the cloud begins to move toward them.

DM Background

Adventure Summary

The test of a modified cubic gate goes slightly awry, and shadows from the ruins of Tor Mak are drawn to the energy they sense from the kindred Demi-Plane of Shadow. The group then seeks out the nearest life forms they can drain of energy: the player characters.

The Transforming Cubic Gate

Damien Nuren (see "The Night Gallery") has developed a device which will transform the user into a shade or shadow-person on the Demi-Plane of Shadows. The device is similar to a *cubic* gate, but is keyed only to the Shadow Plane. When the cube is activated, it transforms those nearby and opens a interplanar vortex to that place.

If the device works properly, Damien will be able to continue his arcane researches for an extended time on the Plane of Shadow, and have a way of

returning to normal when he is done. However, he wants an expendable person or persons to field test the device. Watching from a safe distance by means of a *wizard eye* spell, Damien can observe whether or not the vortex appears and the device properly transforms its users. He does not point this out to those he dupes into testing the cube for him.

The Setup

The person who approaches the PCs in the first setup situation is Damien Nuren. He claims to be a scholar in search of a rare philosophy book entitled *The Path of Peace*, the last known copy of which lies in Tor Mak. His cube, he claims, is a direction-finding device that he has used many times before. The adventurers must go to the middle of the ruins and stand in the plaza there. Once the device is activated, it cannot fail to lead the PCs directly to the book. Damien will not accompany the party because, he explains, he barely escaped a leucrotta in the ruins a day or two ago, and fears to return. He awaits the party at the gatehouse outside the ruins.

The wizard has chosen the center of Tor Mak for this experiment because he has calculated that the barrier between planes is especially unstable there, and it should be an easy matter to open the planar vortex in that place. Damien agrees to any kind of payment the party asks for their services, but does not intend to pay them after they have assisted him.

Damien Nuren (12th-level magic-user): AC 8; MV 12"; HD xx; hp 28; # AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +2; AL NE; XP 2,400; ST 13; IN 18; WI 10; DX 12; CO 10; CH 14.

Spells: *charm person, feather fall, light, protection from good, knock x2, wizard lock x2, dispel magic x2, fly, lightning bolt, confusion, dimension door, fear, wizard eye, hold monster, teleportation, wall of force,*

globe of invulnerability The wizard has a *cloak of protection* +2, a *ring of negative energy protection*, a *ring of undead (shadow) control*, and a *quarterstaff* +2. For more details, see "The Night Gallery."

If the second setup is used, Damien Las two NPCs conduct this test for him. He observes their actions while out of sight at the other side of the ruins. PCs enter the action as described under "The Attack of the Shadow," below.

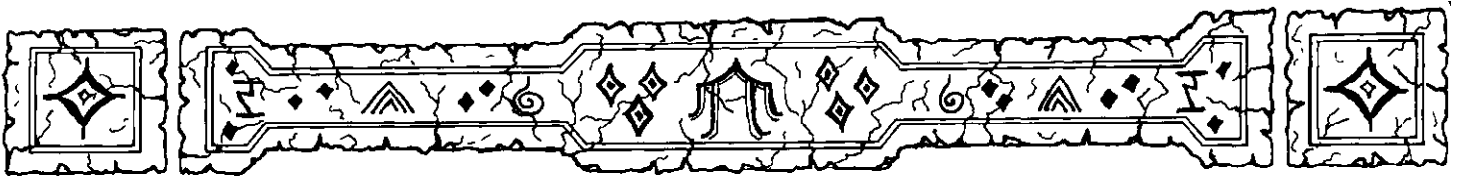
The Adventure

The Lay of The Land

Widden Valley is a broad expanse of grassy fields and tree-lined hills. The narrow Widden River bisects the valley. To the south of it is the village of Meryn. To the north is the ruined city of Tor Mak.

Tor Mak was once a prosperous place, a center of learning that was home to scholars and wizards. But the walled city was laid waste in the Goblin Wars, now long past. The fields surrounding it have long since reverted to wild grasslands, in places barely concealing a carpet of bones where goblins fell in vast numbers. The city walls are crumbled and collapsed, overgrown with young trees and clinging vines. The gates no longer stand, but the broad Avenue of Sages that once connected them runs through the middle of town. In the center of Tor Mak, the avenue widens out into the Grand Plaza. This square, like the rest of the avenue, is littered with scattered stonework, blown leaves, and the detritus of years. Throughout the city are piles of rubble and buildings that are collapsed or treacherously decayed.

Animals and other creatures lair in Tor Mak. They are seldom seen during the day, but emerge to hunt at night. The threat of danger is real enough to keep beggars and casual explorers out of the ruined city.



Camping and Exploration

If the second setup is used, the PCs must camp somewhere close Tor or Mak. One likely place for them to do so is in one of the old gatehouses. They are fairly intact and weatherproof, and wayfarers sometimes shelter in them. The gatehouses are vacant when the PCs arrive. If the PCs choose to camp elsewhere, they should at least have a view into the ruined city and down the Avenue of the Sages in the morning.

Exploration of Tor Mak is not necessary for the purposes of this scenario. If characters wish to explore, DMs should note that any easily found valuables have long since been carried off. It requires considerable searching in hazardous ruins to find anything worthwhile in the city. If PCs poke around Tor Mak in the course of this adventure, they are likely to encounter one or more of the following creatures: giant rat, wererat, huge spider, giant centipede, osquip, shadow, leucrotta, jerm-laine. Experience points for such encounters are not included in the adventure total.

The Cube of Location

PCs who agree to locate the valued book for Damien the "scholar" receive the *cube of location* from him. The cube is 2" on each side. It is heavy, as if made of stone or lead, but is enameled in black on five faces and is made of silver on the other. Characters are instructed to press the silver face one time to activate the cube, and a second time to turn it off. Damien claims that the device will tug the holder toward the hiding place of the book. The cube can withstand 20 points of damage before it is destroyed, and is allowed to save as a hard metal object vs. crushing blow. If the cube takes enough damage to be destroyed, it explodes in a 2d6 *fireball* affecting everything within a 20' radius.

Disaster in The Grand Plaza

When PCs start down the Avenue of the

Sages, Damien stands just out of sight near one of the city gates and casts *wizard eye* to follow their progress. Though he doesn't want to risk his own neck near the experimental vortex and transformation, the wizard *does* want to see first-hand exactly what transpires when the cube is activated. If PCs have insisted he remain in sight, he does so grudgingly, since he doesn't want to arouse their suspicion with his spell-casting.

When PCs reach the Grand Plaza, about 400' from either gate, they are in the proper place to activate the cube. In fact, the cube functions in any location in which it is set off. If for any reason PCs decide not to use the cube, Damien remedies their lapse in judgment with a *charm person* spell.

When the cube is activated, the character holding it gets such a powerful shock he is forced to drop it. The cube flies from his hands and rolls to a stop some distance from the party. Meanwhile, the party finds it is suddenly surrounded by a large, roughly globular shadow 40' across. It has no substance and chills the PCs with its contact. Dim shapes move within the murky cloud, which swirls and roils around its center (a few feet from where the cube lies). Any characters entering the exact center of the shadow-cloud step into the heart of the vortex; they are drawn into the Demi-Plane of Shadow and so exit this scenario.

If PCs have camped at the ruins and watched NPCs activate the cube, they see the cloud form, the NPCs collapse, then a hint of something moving out of the cloud and in their direction.

The Shadow Plane

Though it may not be clear to the party, Damien recognizes immediately what has happened. His cube failed to transform the adventurers into shadow-creatures, but has succeeded in opening a vortex that leads to the Demi-Plane of Shadow (see page 21, MANUAL OF THE PLANES and "Ecology of the Shadow," following).

The Attack of The Shadow

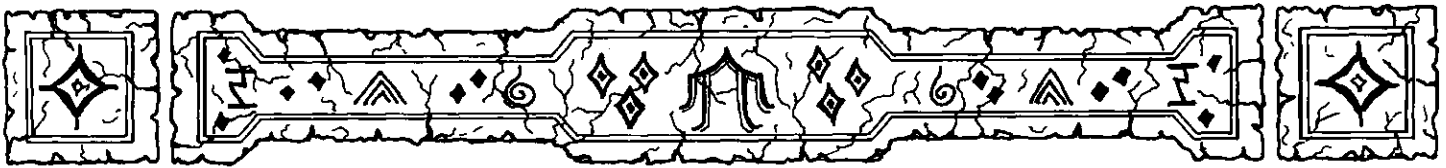
One shadow from the Demi-Plane of Shadow attacks characters caught in the cube effect. If NPCs used the device, the shadow dispatches them quickly, then, by itself, heads for the PCs, wherever they are. The shadow pursues its intended victim until it is destroyed, turned, or has killed its target.

Shadow: AC 7; MV 12"; HD 3 + 3; hp 10; # AT 1; Dmg 1d4 + 1; SA each hit drains 1 ST point, victim becomes shadow if his hp or ST reaches 0; SD + 1 or better weapon to hit, unaffected by *sleep*, *charm*, or *hold* spells and immune to cold-based attacks; AL CE; XP 465.

The shadow chooses as its victim either the character with the greatest HP/Strength combination, or an NPC the DM judges expendable. If the character is slain, he becomes a shadow and returns to the vortex cloud with his slayer.

If the shadow is killed or turned, PCs have a chance to notice that more of these undead are coming out of the ruins and gathering around the vortex. Shadows are very difficult to spot and the DM should make it clear that the PCs see only "hints" of movement, and "what might be" a shadowy form, unless the area is in bright enough light to show the shadows clearly.

Damien, still posing as a scholar, seeks the party out immediately. He is disturbed by the partial failure of his device, which he now wants to recover. To mollify the PCs, he admits the cube was an untested invention, but protests he had no idea it would do this. He asks the party to recover the cube from the shadow cloud, insisting that it must be used to deactivate the planar vortex before something more awful than shadows comes through it. As before, he agrees to any price to accomplish this, trusting to his own magic to get the cube from the PCs and escape with it later.



Lifel

The undead shadows of Tor Mak all sense the planar rift in the Grand Plaza, and the presence of a great amount of both positive and negative energy which has suddenly appeared there. Drawn to investigate, the shadows gather near the vortex-but find, to their disappointment, that it does not offer them a source of life energy upon which they can feed. Yet the shadows sense a large concentration of life forces, more than have been near Tor Mak for some time. In a few moments, they realize that this force comes from the party of player characters-and the shadows of Tor Mak descend on the adventurers.

Six shadows attack the party, minus any that have been slain or turned before. The shadows have 9, 10, 12, 15, 16, and 21 hit points; all other statistics are as given above. If Damien is in the area, he retreats from the shadows' attack.

The shadows are unaffected by the vortex, and their response does not alter if a PC reaches and deactivates the cube (thus closing the planar gate). Most of these undead are tied to the ruins of Tor Mak and cannot pursue characters beyond a quarter mile from the ruins. The exception is the first shadow which came from the Demi-Plane of Shadow; it is free to follow characters any distance to drain their life forces.

Shadow Boxing

If human characters are slain by the shadows, they become shadows in the ruins of Tor Mak. If the PCs are victorious, they still have to deal with Damien Nuren. The "scholar" attempts to get his cubic gate back from the PCs. If PCs refuse to cooperate, he uses his spells to best effect. His most desperate measure is to touch the cube and teleport away. (His destination is described in "The Night Gallery" character sketch.)

Final Note

Damien dupes the PCs, then skips out, so no experience points are included in this adventure for his death or defeat. He returns for revenge if the PCs have kept or destroyed his cubic gate.

The Ecology of The Shadow

The wizard, Damien Nuren, frowned in thought. "I suppose I could help you with that," he said to Elegar, a young cleric-in-training. "Always happy to help the temple school, you know. But this is apt to be an unpleasant scene. May I ask if you wish to see it?"

Elegar shrugged modestly. "We're studying the undead right now," he explained. "It is safer to observe in this way-and since you are said to be an authority . . ."

"Quite right," agreed the wizard. "I do know a bit about them. And I know just the place to look for a suitable encounter. Let's go to the study, shall we?"

Elegar followed the wizard to a gloomy, cluttered chamber lit by a single lamp. Damien pulled a crystal ball out from under a pile of astrological calculations. Dusting it off, he bade Elegar sit down, and invited the youth to study the ball closely. "Don't be surprised if you share their thoughts" the wizard warned. "It's the ESP in the crystal -the only kind of crystal ball worth having, really!" Elegar nodded his understanding, and Damien closed his eyes in concentration. After a minute, a misty scene took shape in the globe.



Laocoon held his blackwood staff poised in one hand, a *light* spell shining about one end of it. Pebbles tumbled down the staircase he had just descended, throwing small echoes down the halls of the subterranean corridors.

Beside him stood tall Robin, her head barely clearing the ancient stonework of the passageway. A throwing dagger

gripped in each hand, Robin looked nervously behind them, then tried to see past the darkness ahead.

"Where do you think they are?" she asked the cleric, her voice low and tense.

Laocoon shrugged. Though they were just roommates, they knew each other well enough to share the same unspoken thought. Their three companions had vanished one by one in this underground maze, and the shadow-hidden attackers that had struck down their friends were after them next—Robin, at least, was certain of it. "There it is again!" she hissed, jabbing a knife to point. "A stirring in the shadows-do you see?"

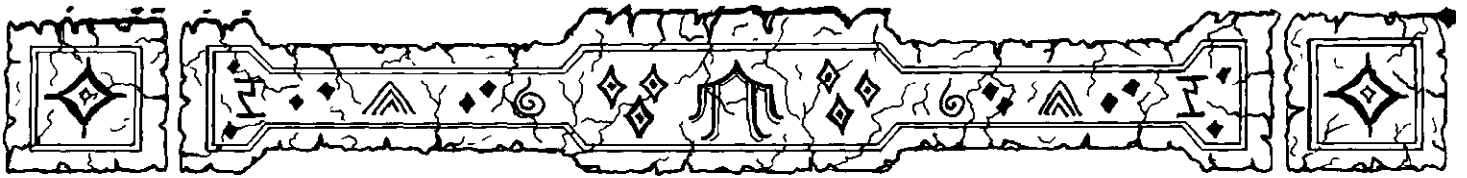
Laocoon, frankly, did not. "Jumping at shadows won't help," admonished the cleric. "Let's be practical, now . . ."

The priest's voice died away as he realized something truly was hiding in the shadows beyond the archway. Thinking quickly, he pulled a short piece of iron from his pouch and spoke the words of a *hold* spell. At the same time, Robin's daggers sang through the air-and flew into the darkness with no effect at all.

The cleric's spell was equally useless. The darkness moved again-and a single shadow moved forward, clearly defined by the light from Laocoon's staff. It was close enough for the adventurers to feel the slight chill which radiated from its form, and Laocoon's thoughts raced furiously.

From his training, the cleric knew this must be one of the undead—either a shadow or a wraith, to judge by its shape. If it was a shadow, he had a good chance of turning it. In either case, no regular weapon was capable of injuring it. "Your sword!" the cleric blurted to Robin, as he began the complex motions required to *turn undead*.

Though she favored throwing knives, Robin did not need encouragement to use the short sword at her hip. The magical weapon should be effective against the unearthly foe she faced. She pulled the blade from its sheath, and stood shoulder to shoulder with Laoco-



on as the undead thing drew closer.

Laocoon gripped the holy crystal around his neck, symbol of his deity, and challenged the shadow form with it. But it swept on, unaffected by the cleric's efforts to turn it, and stretched one arm towards the priest.

Robin's blade flashed out, and sliced through the arm of the insubstantial creature. Soundlessly it recoiled, obviously hurt by the shining weapon. "Hah!" exclaimed the fighter as she leapt after it. Laocoon's words of caution came too late. Robin's next blow missed, but the undead creature tagged the fighter squarely on the swordarm. A chilling numbness swept up Robin's arm, staggering her in midstride and causing the limb to dangle uselessly by her side. The short sword tumbled from the fighter's deadened fingers, and a wave of weakness washed over her.

Laocoon fumbled urgently in his belt pouch. He saw Robin blanch when the shadowy form attacked, but he was not yet certain what kind of undead they faced. Whether shadow or wraith, it could drain the life force from its victim-but a shadow would deplete its victim's strength, which could be restored later, while the more powerful wraith drained entire levels of life energy at a touch.

"But I suppose it doesn't matter," thought the cleric. "I can't turn it, and I'll know soon enough what it is if it touches me." Pulling his only vial of holy water from the pouch, Laocoon uncorked it with his teeth. As the shadowy figure moved to grasp Robin once more, the vial flew toward it, hurled with dispatch by the cleric. The vial itself tumbled harmlessly through its form, but the fluid which sprayed from its mouth splattered against the undead figure as if it were a solid thing.

The thing shrank back, more injured by the holy water than it had been by Robin's sword stroke. The fighter had recovered her sword, and held it now in her offhand; Laocoon stepped to her side as they began a cautious retreat.

The wave of cold at their back

warned them. Laocoon glanced behind, then whirled with a strangled cry. Three more of the shadowy figures floated behind them- figures bearing a distinct resemblance to their recently vanished companions. Frozen with horror, the foremost one struck the cleric before he could respond.

Its numbing touch and the weakness that followed told him, finally, what they faced. "Shadows!" he croaked to Robin in a pain-hoarsened voice.

"Tell me something new," spat the fighter. "Run for it, Laocoon—we can't fight them all!" Robin shoved the cleric in the direction of the shadow they had already fought and injured. The companions ran, slashing wildly at the shadow before them as the three at their backs gave chase. Robin led the way as Laocoon prayed intensely for aid. He knew, though the fighter did not, that his light spell would soon expire. And when it did, they would be blind as well as lost in these underground passages, with only the darkness and the shadows for company. And shadows could track the living by the life energy they radiated-energy the shadows were eager to drain from them.

Laocoon ran faster, and continued to pray.



Elegar leaned thoughtfully back in his chair as the crystal vision faded. "I'll offer a prayer for their safety," he thought out loud. "But how is it, sir, that shadows are created in the first place?"

Damien smiled sadly. "You know, of course, that some persons who die are not yet ready to leave life. Others are murdered or killed under traumatic conditions." The wizard tapped the crystal ball to make his point. "When that happens, the one who died may leave behind a shadow-that part of a spirit or soul that grasps greedily after life. It is usually tied to a place of emotional significance-the scene of its death, for instance.

"The shadow is a pitiful sort of

undead being. It has but a vestige of the intelligence it had when alive. It is driven only by a desire to recapture the life it has lost. A shadow drains life essence of its victim in a doomed effort to live again. Sad beings, shadows." The wizard shook his head.

Elegar pondered for a moment. "Then why is it that the living can survive a shadow's touch at all? I thought, existing mostly on the Negative Energy Plane as they do, that a single touch would be enough to drain its victim of *all* life."

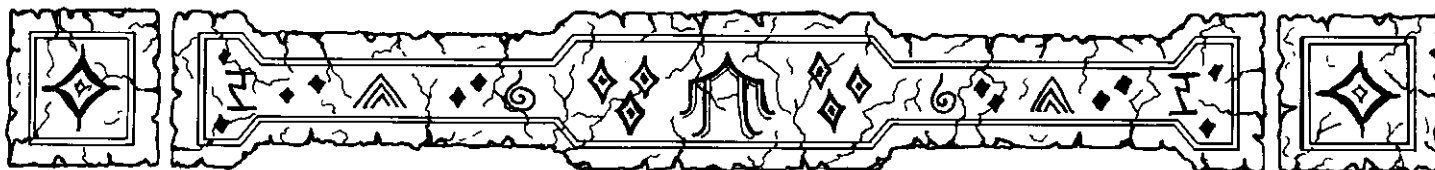
"No, no, no," Damien shook his head emphatically. "You've several misconceptions in one, there.

"Certainly shadows are undead, and they are capable of draining life energy-but only a little at a time. Once it was thought that this showed a clear connection to the Negative Energy Plane, which sucks the vital energy from material things. However, planar travelers have discovered that *nothing* can live on the Negative Energy Plane. Nor is it connected to the Prime Material, so no entity can be on both planes simultaneously."

"Well, then," asked Elegar, baffled, "where *do* shadows exist, and where do they get their powers from?"

"To the best of our knowledge," Damien replied, "shadows exist on two planes at once. The 'physical' part of them is usually found on the Prime Material Plane, taking form as the shadowy figure of a person. This shadow is most human-looking shortly after death, but soon loses detail of outline. The shadow can be clearly seen in bright light, and is impossible to pick out of darkness. Sometimes this 'physical' aspect is also encountered on the Negative Quasi-Planes, which shadows seem to like because of the closeness to the Negative Energy Plane.

"At the same time, the shadow exists partially on the Demi-Plane of Shadows. That plane is made up of equal parts of pure negative and positive energy, and it is connected to the Prime Material Plane and Negative Quasi-Plane. The negative energy of that demi-plane



allows shadows to drain life force in the form of the strength of their victims. And the positive energy allows them to manifest on the Prime Material Plane and retain their forms even in sunlight."

"Oh." Elegar sat silently while he absorbed the new information. "So when a person is slain by a shadow and becomes a shadow himself: the novice ventured, "he can also be found on the Demi-Plane of Shadows?"

Damien nodded. "A part of the shadow, yes, because the negative energy of that demi-plane is easily tapped by shadow undead. Although if a shadow is destroyed on either plane, the negative energy which gave it form dissipates and it vanishes completely from both planes."

"Does that mean," asked Elegar, "that all shadows on the Demi-Plane of Shadows are undead?"

"Not at all!" exclaimed the wizard. "Most inhabitants of that demi-plane are 'shadows' in the general sense—such as shades and shadow dragons. The undead 'shadows' of Prime Material persons gravitate to that place because the balance of energies there enables them to exist. It is said that undead shadows can be a problem to inhabitants of the Demi-Plane of Shadows as well as to us on the Prime Material Plane."

Elegar raised his eyebrows. "Have you had a chance to travel to that plane, sir?"

Damien smiled and gave a slight nod. "And I am happy to share what I know. Now-not to rush you off, Elegar, but I have something to attend to."

"Certainly, sir. I understand." The novice thanked Damien for his help and took his leave. The wizard lingered by his table after Elegar was gone, and studied the crystal ball that lay there. He reviewed the running figures in the misty glass. Settling back into his chair, he faced the small door in the far wall and waited.

Some minutes later, the door burst open. Laocoon and Robin charged into the wizard's study, panting from their long run and the dash up the short,

flight of stairs. They paused in mid-stride and looked wildly about, startled to find themselves in a wizard's study.

It was a fatal indecision. In a moment the three pursuing shadows were upon them. Soon, five shadows, not three, wavered in the air of Damien's study.

With muttered words, the wizard opened a planar vortex in the darkest corner of his study. Protected from the shadows by a *ring of undead control*, the wizard gestured to the Demi-Plane of Shadows, visible beyond the murky gate. "Business awaits me," he said to the undead. "If I need you, I'll see you five on the other side." He stepped through the gate, and it faded from sight behind him.

The shadows faded into the dark corners of the study to await their master's return.

Creature Notes

1. Undead on the Negative Energy Plane are discussed in the *MANUAL OF THE PLANES* on page 54 under "Undead."

2. Holy water is effective against shadows because it dissolves the negative energy bonds of their shadow form. Enchanted blades (+1 and greater) do the same, but silvered weapons have no special effect on shadows.

3. When newly created, a shadow has the least hit points possible. The undead being gains points (up to the HD maximum) at the rate of 1 per Strength point absorbed from any victim slain.

4. Shadows on the Prime Material Plane are bound to the place of their earth death and can travel no farther than quarter mile away from that place.

5. A shadow is destroyed if *eternal rest* is cast upon the victim's physical remains. If the victim is brought back to life, the shadow is reabsorbed with the souls return to its body. If the shadow is destroyed before the victim is returned to life, the character suffers a -20% penalty to his system shock survival roll. If he revives, he can never become a shadow again, even if slain by one in the future.

MUMMIES

Monster: Lizard Man Greater Mummy
Terrain: Tombs
Party Levels: 360 (Average 5-6)
Gold X.P.:
Treasure X.P.:
Monster X.P.:
Kill: 8056 Defeat: 6042
Retreat: 2014

Setup

The ideal location for this module is the Anauroch Desert where it borders that part of Faerun known as The Savage Frontier (FR5). However, the DM may locate it any remote, desolate area, regardless of surrounding terrain.

- Lizard men have been seen in the desert, a place they are not known to frequent. They seem to be searching for something, and like birds seeking a worm, they cock their heads and listen to the desiccated ground, ever seeking.

- The walls of a deep sink well at a desert oasis crumbled recently, revealing the front of an ancient tomb, decorated with weathered carvings of dinosaurs and lizard-like men.

- The PCs encounter a dying elf, who claims to be a representative of the elven council at Evermeet. The adventurers must recover a pair of golden scrolls from an ancient tomb, before they fall into the wrong hands.

The Horror Factor

Although mummies inspire paralytic fear in those whom they encounter, other occurrences can terrorize characters as well and require that a Horror Check be made. Several such occurrences may take place in the mummy lair. For details on how to make a Horror Check when it is requested by the text, see the lair description for ghouls and ghosts.

Background

During Faerun's prehistory, a time called The Days of Thunder when dinosaurs roamed the world, a number of non-human races, called the creator races by the elves, held sway. Magic

was more potent in those primeval days, and the creator races cast magical spells of power undreamed of in modern times. Sages believe that these ancient races were the forebears of the lizard men, the winged aarakocra and the bullywugs, and that they were responsible for the magical creation of the known races and creatures of the modern ages. Yet in spite their great power, the creator races vanished long, long ago, leaving behind few legacies.

The greater mummy Hsssthak of the ancient reptilian creator race guards one such legacy—a pair of spells left to their lizard man descendants, spells which could allow that race to regain much of its lost power and prestige.

His tomb was discovered by ancestral elves who did not want the lizards to regain lost stature, but felt that the spells might have value in the future. Using the rituals found within the tomb, the elves mummified their own people to keep interlopers away from the ancient spells.

Time passed, and debris covered the tomb, until a recent rock slide revealed its presence to a far older world.

Running The Scenario

Soon after the PCs enter the tomb (wait until the PCs leave area No. 3), a band of 10 lizard men (including a seventh-level lizard man shaman) enter the tomb as well. The lizard men seek the crypt of Hsssthak and the spells. They prefer to avoid the PCs, but will not permit the party to leave the tomb with the golden Nether Scrolls.

If it looks like the PCs will deal with Hsssthak too easily, have the lizard men show up and complicate matters.

The Lizard Men

The lizard men's legends have told of what to expect, and at least one scout has been here before. They are familiar with areas No. 1 through No. 6 on the lair map and believe that what they seek lies beyond the thunder shaft (area No. 9).

Hresska, the lizard man shaman, is cunning and clever. Though he dislikes non-reptilian folk, he will barter gems (up to 10,000 gp kept nearby) for the scrolls. He speaks the Common tongue poorly (stereotypical "immigrant" grammar and phrase misusage—and with a hissing accent).

Once the lizard men are aware of the PCs' presence within the tomb, they hold back and let the adventurers take the brunt of the damage that may be inflicted. After the party has encountered the mummy Hsssthak, they show up to claim the Nether Scrolls.

Lizard men (9): AC 4; MV 6"/12"; HD 2 + 1; hp 10, 12, 7, 12, 4, 12, 11, 3, 13; # AT 1; Dmg (javelin) 1d6, (club) 1d8; AL N; XP 65 each.

Lizard man shaman, seventh level (1): AC 4; MV 6"/12'; HD 7 + 1; hp 36; # AT 1; Dmg (club) 2d4 + 2*; SA/SD uses spells as a seventh-level cleric * * ; AL NE; XP 120.

* His club is a *magical club* + 2/+ 3 vs. bullywugs. It is also grants the wielder the ability to levitate.

** The shaman's spells are limited to those listed on page 40 of the DUNGEON MASTERS GUIDE.

The Lair

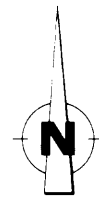
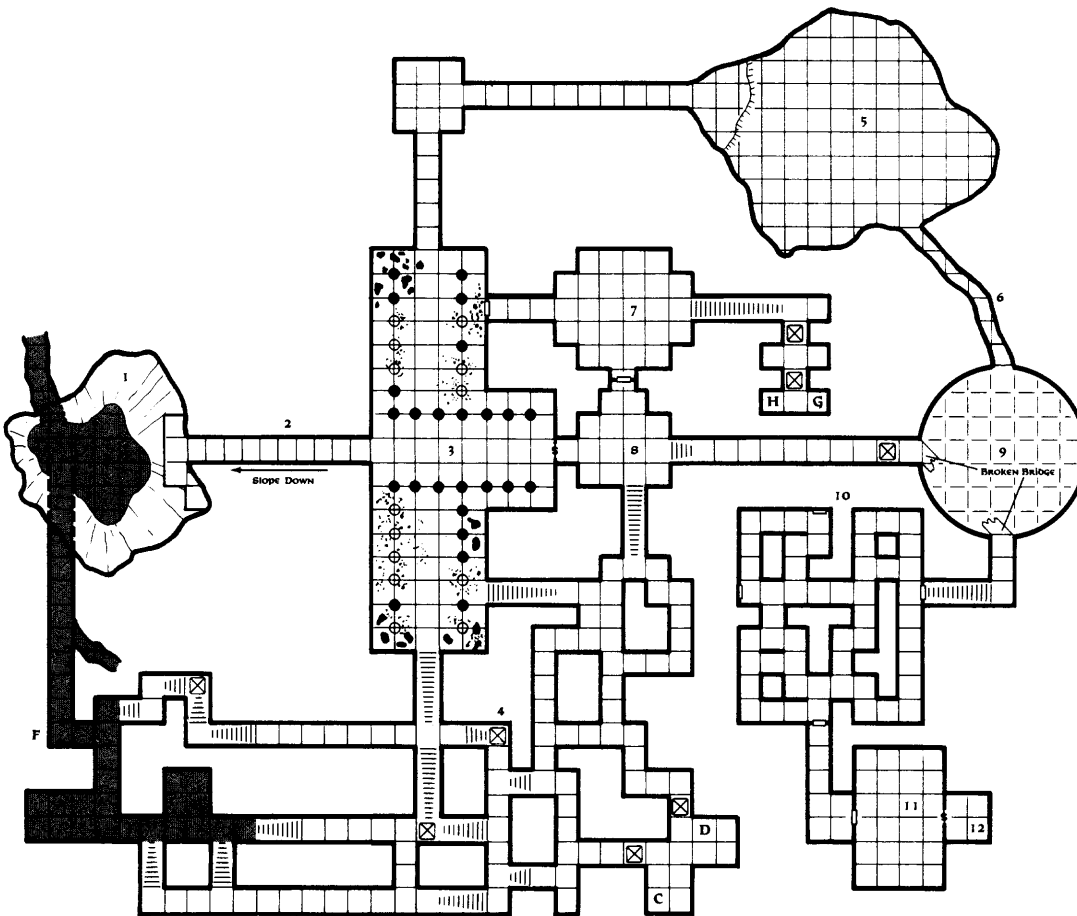
Random Encounters

Check for random encounters once every two turns. A roll of 1 on a d6 indicates that an encounter takes place. If an encounter is indicated, roll 1d6 again and use the corresponding encounter from the following table:

1. A lizard man scout. This is one of three, separated from the main group and patrolling other areas of the tomb. If possible, he will remain hidden. If this encounter is selected, roll 1d6 again. On a result of 1-3, the lizard man is hidden and attempts to avoid contact with the party. Given the chance, he returns to the main group to advise the shaman of the PCs' presence here. Keep track of the number of lizard men killed by

MUMMY LAIR

Scale: 1 sq. = 10 feet



these encounters and subtract them from the total number.

Lizard man (1): AC 4; MV 6"/12"; HD 2 + 1; hp 10; # AT 1; Dmg (javelin) 1d6, (club) 2d4; AL N; XP 65.

2-3. Dinosaur skeleton.

Dinosaur skeleton (deinonychus) (1d3): AC 4*; MV 12"; HD 2; hp 13, 10, 8; # AT 3; Dmg 1d3/1d3/2d8; SA gutting talons 2d6**; SD ½ damage from sharp or edged weapons, immune to fire*, immune to *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, and cold-based spells; AL N; XP 48 each.

*The deinonychus skeleton bones have petrified over the eons, giving them a higher armor class and an immunity to fire.

** The special gutting attack may be done instead of all other attacks and is +2 to hit.

4. If the PCs are searching this area

or if a ranger is present in the party, they will notice odd and quite recent tracks in the dust: The lizard men have been here! Following the tracks (rangers only), leads the PCs to area No. 6 on the map.

5. A mummy.

Mummy (1): AC 3; MV 6"; HD 6 + 3; hp 30; # AT 1; Dmg 1d12; SA fear, paralysis, disease; SD immune to non-magical weapons, ½ damage from magical weapons, immune to *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, and cold-based spells, immune to poison and paralysis; AL N; XP 640.

The mummy steps out of a niche in the wall and attacks. If the party is surprised (normal chances), make a Horror Check for the character nearest the mummy. Once destroyed and examined, it is obvious that this creature was once an elf, though incredibly ancient. Only one such mummy will ever be encountered.

6. Collapsing ruins. The floor where the party stands collapses from age, dropping the PCs down into an empty cave and doing 1d6 points of damage to all who fail to make a Dexterity Ability Check. It is impossible to climb back up (though characters can fly). However, a low, narrow cave passage connects with the southern wall of the well of bones (area No. 7).

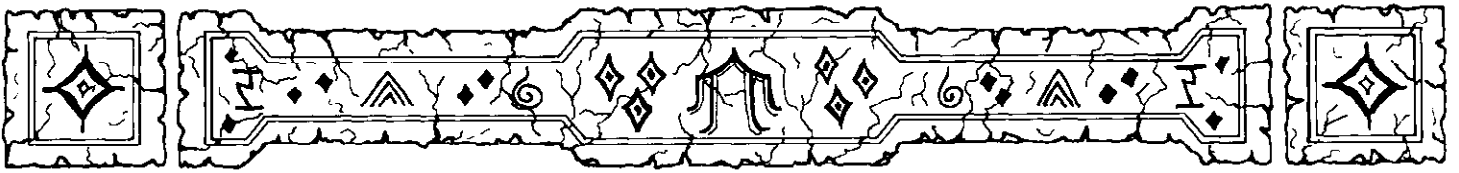
Traps

The areas marked with an "X" on the map are spike spring traps, hidden in the stone walls. When a character enters the trapped area, the trap has a 2 in 6 chance of working-sharp stakes thrust out of the wall, doing 4d6 points of damage.

ENCOUNTER AREAS

1. The Haunted Well

Long ago, a cave collapsed here, opening a wide hole to the surface. Dry winds whistle hollowly above this deep



limestone sinkhole, while far below, shadowed in darkness for all but a few hours each day, lies a pool of cool, sweet water. By using a steep stair carved into the rock, travelers could reach the pool.

Rich vegetation blankets the floor of the sinkhole, except where it has been covered by a recent rock slide, which has destroyed part of the stone stair and revealed a piece of an ancient building, so old and weathered that there is nothing to tell who built it, or why.

Were it not for the dark, open door in the structure, the mystery would have ended here, just another curious relic of Faerun's ancient past. Yet the door is open, frightening the superstitious who claim the well cursed, but beckoning bold, brave heroes onto adventure.

The sinkhole is 80' deep. The walls are steep, but climbable, with a number of thick vines clinging tightly to the rock (non-slippery, rough, with ledges-climbing rate of 24'/round). Non-thieves climb at ½ thief ability, and add their Dexterity Reaction adjustment to their climbing rate.

The stair down is steep, carved into the crumbling walls of the sinkhole. The last 30' have been destroyed by a rock slide. Characters must climb to reach pool or the tomb entrance.

The sinkhole, once a limestone cave, contains a pool of sweet, clear, cool water. The pool is fed by a deep underground stream which has also breached the lower passages of the catacombs (area No. 4). It is possible for a character using a *water-breathing* spell or some means of creating a moving air pocket to travel from the pool to the catacombs or vice versa.

Thick vegetation covers much of the rocky sand floor, and thick creeper vines cling to the sinkhole walls, making climbing 25% easier for non-thieves. A character with a plant lore proficiency will be able to find enough of the rare medicinal herb mothersleaf to aid in the curing of six cases of mummy rot.

The stone of the tomb is black, and though much harder than the surrounding limestone, it is incredibly ancient, much more so than anything

the PCs have ever seen before. Strange shapes in the stone hint at ancient carvings, but the forms are eerie, inhuman.

The entrance was not always open. Shattered remnants of a black stone slab lay around the 10' × 10' opening. If a large piece of the shattered slab is examined, writing becomes apparent. The runes are elvish, the language unreadable without magic. If read, the pieces say (in no particular order): " . . . ancient secrets not to be . . . guardians who shall keep . . . preserved in unlife . . . may Corellon Larethian forgive us of our sin."

The opening has a stale, dry, bitter spicy smell, of something long decayed in spite of preservatives. Any animals accompanying the party, no matter how well trained, will cower and refuse to enter the tomb.

2. The Outer Passage

The long corridor descending into the depths is twisted and broken, sloping down here, tilting up there, heavily cracked. Massive black wall stones lean at dangerous angles, yet still remain in place, supporting the oppressive black ceiling. Carvings in the black stone show fantastic monsters, great creatures with long snaky necks, terrible long fangs and sharp rending claws.

The 100' long black stone corridor (shown contracted on the map) has suffered eons of settling, pressing, and twisting. The floor is not level, and the PCs must pick their way through it. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to run through this corridor. The twisted, tilting stone blocks provide ample hard cover with many places to hide, for say, a last-ditch lizard man ambush. The carvings depict dinosaurs.

3. The Grand Hall

The corridor opens onto a vast chamber, lined with columns, so large that the PCs' light does not reveal the far walls. The chittering of bats on the ceiling echoes eerily in here and the room stinks of their guano. Flowstone covers

parts of the walls and stalactite/stalagmite columns are everywhere. Like the corridor, the massive black floor stones here are steeply pitched up or tilted down, and in many places, are littered with massive rubble piles, the remnants of crumbled columns. This was once a temple to a forgotten lizard man deity. The statue of a huge, bat-winged, crouching tyrannosaurus-like creature occupies the east wall, sitting atop a 10' tall pedestal, flanked by columns. The columns all have a scaly texture, like alligator skin. Carved panels on the base of the pedestal hide a secret entrance to area No. 8.

4. The Catacombs

The catacombs are high-ceilinged corridors whose walls are lined with niches containing crumbled dust that was once the skeletons of ancient lizard man ancestors. Many of the niches show signs of having been disturbed, as if someone removed something from the dust (tomb robbers).

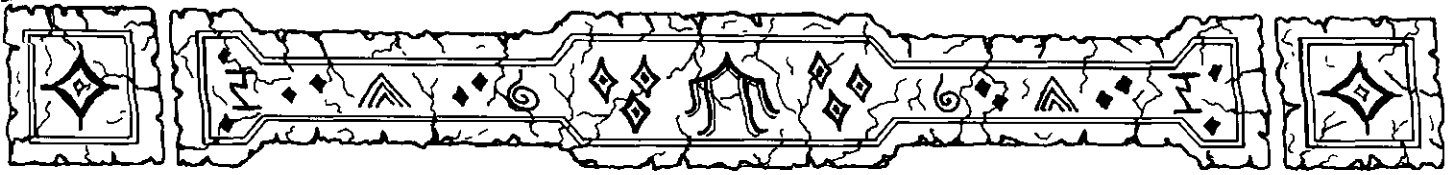
If the party chooses to search in here, they have a 5% chance each turn of searching to find a piece of exotic jewelry, worth 2,500 gp. Limit the total number to be found to four, though other items of historical value may be found (DM's discretion needed here).

Random encounters in this area have a 50% chance to be 1d4 deinonychus skeletons. Otherwise, roll encounter normally as described above.

Several special areas within the catacombs are marked by letters.

A. and B. These areas are covered by 5' of water and are each guarded by two deinonychus skeletons, which remain hidden beneath the dark water.

Deinonychus skeletons (2): AC 4*; MV 12'; HD 2; hp 13, 10 8; # AT 3; Dmg 1d3/1d3/2d4; SA gutting talons 2d6**, SD ½ damage from sharp or edged weapons, immune to fire*, immune to *sleep*, *charm*, *hold* and cold-based spells; AL N; XP 48 each.



* The deinonychus skeleton bones have petrified over the eons, giving them a higher armor class and an immunity to fire.

** The special gutting attack may be done instead of all other attacks and is + 2 to hit.

C. and D. These each contain a sealed, upright sarcophagus. If the sarcophagi are opened, the contents are mummies that come to life, but crumble to dust as they begin to move.

E. This is a sprung trap. On the business end hangs the impaled corpse of a desert nomad. The body is positioned so that someone turning the corner (regardless of which direction) will come face to face with the rotting corpse. Roll for surprise (normal chances). If the character is surprised, roll a Horror Check.

F. This water-filled corridor gets slowly deeper until it intersects the underground stream which feeds the pool in the sinkhole. It is possible for a character using a water-breathing spell or some means of creating a moving air pocket to travel from the pool to the catacombs or vice versa.

5. Well of Bones

The ledge here overlooks a vast pit of gray, lumpy sand and dust. Large green runes of exotic shape have been inlaid into the reddish stone floor around the pit.

This is the burial site for commoners of the ancient lizard people. After a short but proper ceremony, the body was cast into the pit below to decay. The gray sand and dust is all that remains of the bones of thousands, perhaps millions of dead lizard people who lived in Faerun's prehistory.

The drop down to the dusty floor of the well of bones is 35'. The walls here are unusually slippery and nearly impossible to climb without ropes.

If magic is used to read the runes, they say "From darkness you have come and now to darkness you shall

return."

Sounds echo eerily in this chamber, like whispering, half-heard voices.

If the party descends to the dusty floor, eerie events occur. After about a turn, several parts of the bone pile start quivering, as if trying to come to life. At first, it is just humps of bony dust. This should happen several times near the party. Then, the floor begins to quiver as if an earthquake were taking place. The PCs have one round to flee before a gigantic tyrannosaurus rex skeleton erupts from the dust and attacks. This giant skeleton turns as a wraith.

Tyrannosaurus skeleton (1): AC 6; MV 15'; HD 12; hp 60; # AT 3; Dmg 1d6/1d6/3dS; SD ½ damage from sharp or edged weapons, immune to fire *, immune to *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, and cold-based spells; AL N; XP 2710.

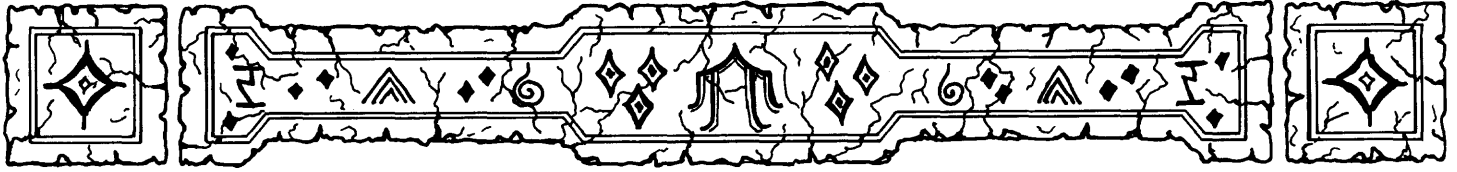
If PCs have been discovered by the lizard men, the lizard men wait here before following the PCs to Hsssthak's chamber. The lizard men are not troubled by the tyrannosaurus skeleton.

6. Crawlway

This passage connects areas No. 5 and No. 9. It slopes slightly upward toward the thunder shaft. It is not possible for a character taller than 4' to stand upright here, but two characters can easily fight side-by-side (on their knees if necessary).

7. Operating Room

Twelve long, waist-high stone tables fill the room. Each bench has little spillways coming off the edges that pour into troughs which eventually feed into a stone bowl beneath each bench. In one corner of the room, lies a trio of crumbling skeletons, possibly elven. In this room, the ancient lizard people prepared bodies for mummification. Priests removed the internal organs from living victims on the tables. The bodies are the remnants of the ancient elves who created the mummy guard-



ians in area No. 10.

A stair leads down from this chamber to a hall of alcoves. Each of the alcoves contains supplies for mummification. In spite of the intervening eons, they remain in good shape. One contains spices, another, cloth wrappings, and the third, empty canopic jars. The lids of the jars depict the heads of saurian creatures.

Each of the traps in this alcove hall is set with three of the spike traps (see "Traps" above).

G. This area contains 36 sealed canopic jars. Twelve of these jars contain the internal organs of the elven mummies in area No. 10. The others contain the dried organs of non-monster mummies. The opening to the alcove is protected by three *glyphs of warding* that will each do 16 points of electrical damage to those entering the alcove. Finally, the entire alcove is a yellow mold colony.

Yellow mold (1): AC 9; MV 0"; HD nil; # AT 1; Dmg 1d8; SA poison spores; SD affected only by fire-based attacks; AL N.

H. Like the opposite alcove, this area is guarded by three *glyphs of warding* which will do 16 points of electrical damage. A loose tile in the floor hides something rectangular, wrapped in spice-scented bandages (like a mummy). The wrapped package is a book, the *Tome of Life Eternal*.

The Tome of Life Eternal

The tome describes the process used to create normal mummies and the best means to destroy them. An Evil cleric who possessed this volume would be able to preserve a living human (or demi-human) and turn it into a mummy. Non-Evil clerics may safely read the book, but turning a living being into an undead one is an intensely Evil act and should have a definite impact upon the character's alignment. Furthermore, any sane character, Good or Evil, who reads the book must make a Horror

Check.

To destroy a mummy, destroy its canopic jars (which contain its internal organs). Each smashed jar does 2d6 points of damage to the mummy.

8. Pale Blue Death

Cool, blue light lights the chamber, emanating from a glowing orb in the center of the ceiling. Each corner contains a tall, reptilian statue with horrendous fangs and terrible claws.

The light is magical, created eons ago by the makers of the tomb. It taps into the Negative Material Plane and its radiation drains hit one point of life energy every round spent in this room. The draining causes the victim to have a "hot flash" each time a point is lost.

9. Shaft of Thunder

The passageway opens up onto a wide shaft. Sounds echo hollowly and intensify with each subsequent echo.

The thunder shaft is deep, deep enough to possibly connect with a portion of the Deepearth (the underground realm of the drow and mindflayers). Its weird effect is to intensify sound so that even a whisper soon becomes a thundering roar and the last words of each conversation battle each other in intensity.

Spell-casters must make an Intelligence Ability Check each time a spell is cast or they cannot cast spells in here, as concentration is continually broken by the painfully loud sounds.

Fragments remain of a bridge that once connected the passage from area No. 8 with the passage to area No. 10, but there is not enough left to cross over. The PCs must find another way across the shaft by flying, climbing the walls, building bridges, or even teleportation.

10. ELVEN HORROR

The ancient elves who sought to prevent access to Hsssthak's tomb converted this outer tomb area into a trap, populated by mummy guardians of

their making-their own people turned into horrendous undead guardians.

The four mummies in this maze-like chamber will use hide-and-seek tactics, lurking behind corners then stepping out to paralyze intruders with fear, dealing a blow to the nearest paralyzed character then stepping back into hiding. The mummies split up, coming at the party from many directions. Usually the second and third attackers wait until the party is engrossed in combat, then they attack from the side with surprise. Remember that a cleric can only *turn* undead in one direction at a time.

Though the mummies have been here for eons (though not quite so many eons as the greater mummy Hsssthak in area No. 11), they still remember their kin who turned them into guardians. Their hatred is such that it overrides their directive to guard Hsssthak's tomb. Elven intruders will be singled out for special vengeance. A mummy who faces an elf will attempt to grapple the elf, drag the elf to the precipice, and cast him or her into the thunder shaft (area No. 9).

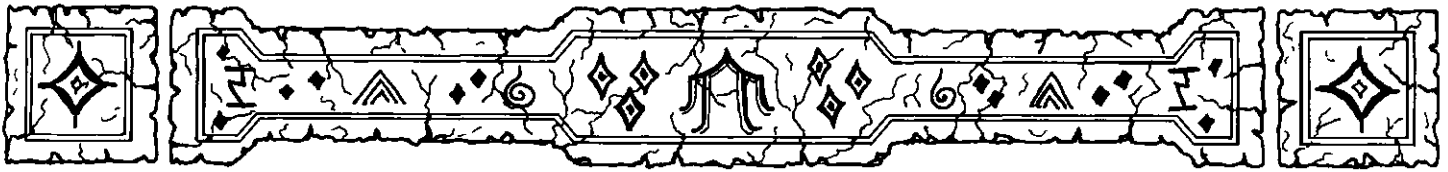
Elves who view an elven mummy must make a Horror Check in addition to their fear saving throw.

Each of the doors out of this chamber are guarded with a *glyph of warding* that will do 16 points of electrical damage to any who attempt to open them.

Mummies (4): AC 3; MV 6"; HD 6 + 3; hp 30; # AT 1; Dmg 1d12; SA fear, paralysis, disease; SD immune to non-magical weapons, ½ damage from magical weapons, immune to *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, and cold-based spells, immune to poison and paralysis; AL N; XP 640 each.

11. Eternal Vigilance

As the door opens, the air in the hall rushes into the room, stirring up small cyclones of dust. When the dust clears, a dry, cadaverous creature, something that was never human, is seated on an ebony throne, studying you with glow-



ing eyes.

The cadaverous creature is Hsssthak, a greater mummy (see his description in "The Night Gallery"). His purpose is to guard two ancient spells (see the "Nether Scrolls" below) for future generations of his racial descendants, the lizard men.

His first goal is to either charm the PCs into taking the scrolls and giving them to the lizard men or to place one of the PCs under a *geas* spell to do the same. The *geas* spell is read from a scroll.

If a battle ensues, the lizard men, who by now have been skulking close behind the PCs, will join in on Hsssthak's side.

Once the door is opened, and air enters the sealed chamber, Hsssthak begins to decay, despite his magical preservation. Each round, he loses one hit point (seen as pieces crumbling off), until he crumbles into dust.

A magical mirror on the south wall functions exactly like a *crystal ball with clairaudience*.

12. ANCIENT SECRETS

This secret door hides Hsssthak's treasure. Use dice to select items from the D, Q and X treasure types. Any magical items will function like the item selected, but will have an exotic, even alien appearance. In addition to what the tables allow, Hsssthak guards two pieces of the Nether Scrolls.

The Nether Scrolls

These magical scrolls were created during the Days of Thunder (Faerun's ancient prehistory, when dinosaurs and non-human races ruled) by mages of the creator races. Later they became the magical foundations of ancient Netheril (an ancient human civilization in the North, located on the western edge of Anauroch the Great Desert). The Nether Scrolls disappeared long before Netheril fell into ruin.

The two golden scrolls that Hsssthak guards contain the following two spells:

Awakened Intelligence: Level: 4; Range: touch; Duration: permanent; Area of effect: 1 creature; Components: V,S,M; Casting time: 4 segments; Saving throw: none.

Gives sentience to a non-sentient creature (roll 3d6 to select Intelligence score), or in already sentient creatures, improves Intelligence by 2d6 points. Requires a system shock roll to survive its effects. Awakened Intelligence may not be passed on to offspring unless "locked" into the creature's genetic makeup by the *alter beast* spell. The material components are a dried fish and a piece of brain coral.

Alter Beast: Level: 8; Range: touch; Duration: permanent; Area of effect: 1 creature; Components: V,S,M; Casting time: 1 turn; Saving throw: none.

Allows the caster to modify a selected part of a living creature's physical form. This could be changing paws into hands, giving a quadruped an upright, bipedal stance, increasing brain capacity, and so on. Changes made by this spell affect the creature's genetic makeup and are permanent. The effects can be passed on to offspring if the creature mates with a similarly altered creature of its own original species. Only a *limited* or full *wish* will reverse the spell's effects. Each use of this spell requires a system shock survival roll. The material component is two strands of heavy gold wire twisted together in a double helix.

Ecology of The Mummy

"... and so we find that here in the North, the crypt guardian, or mummy is known through what sages call the 'Netherese oral tradition,' a collection of common legends found among folk descended from refugees of ancient Netheril. Whether or not these gruesome creatures actually exist anywhere in Faerun other than the mysterious Raurin desert is not known."

"Excellent. Send it over to Florins for copying. A good ending, don't you

think, eh Ereke?"

"Good if you like boring dribble about dusty dead. Why don't you spice it up a bit, add some color, some adventure. Too bad about old Felloman and your friend Vortigur. Was it true the council of clerics was about to send you as a missionary to the ice wastes after that?"

"If brother Felloman had not interceded, I'm sure they would have. Imagine, someone who actually liked being a ghoul... or was it a ghost? But that's not important. The Journal of the Watchful Order of Magists and Protectors is a scholarly publication, not a collection of wild stories.

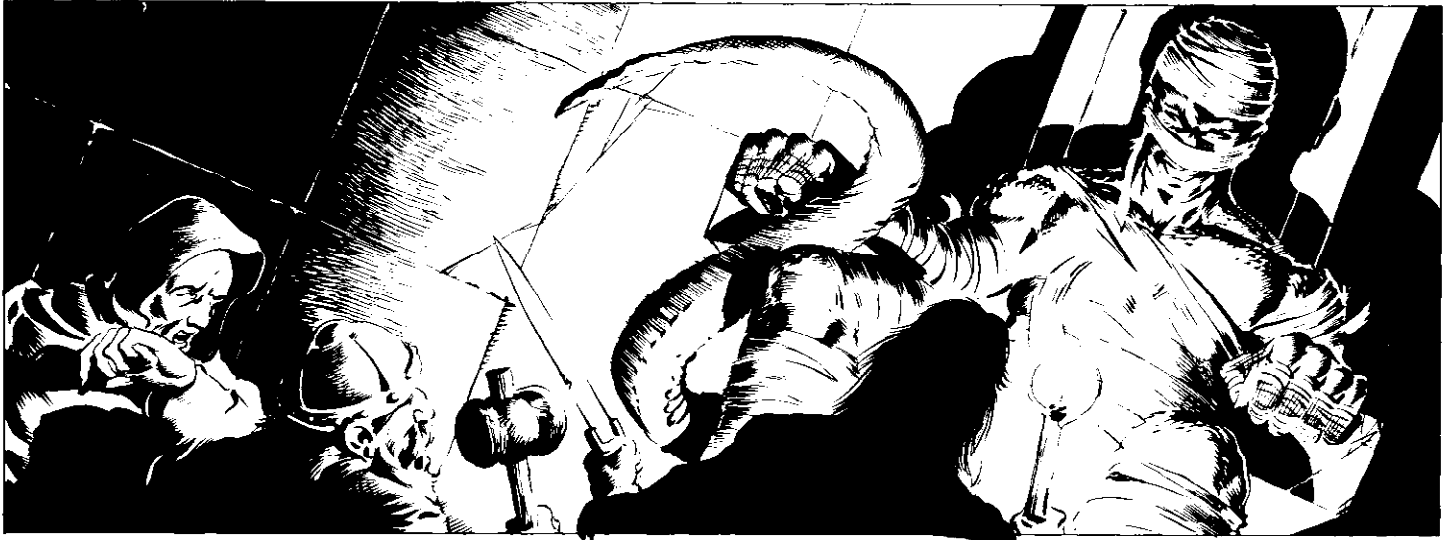
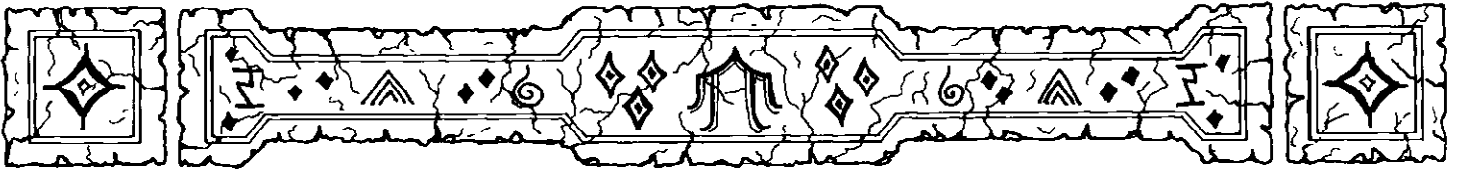
"Still, there was that time when I joined a band of adventurers when they journeyed into lost Ascore, on the periphery of the Great Desert. I like to call that adventure, 'The Curse of the Mummy's Eye'...

"As I said, mummies are not common to most cultures of Faerun—only in those civilizations that religiously preserve the bodies of their dead or that are pervaded by Lawful Evil, does one find mummies. Dwarven Ascore, though not a part of ancient Netheril, contained much lost lore and guardians to protect it.

"I had been studying magic for a few years, and had adventured some, but with other companions. I was hired to accompany a band of warriors and thieves who had found a map revealing the location of a minor piece of ancient magic called the golden eye. They had also paid a seer to gaze into her crystal ball and reveal what obstacles stood between them and their goal.

"We found ourselves inside the outer shrine of an ancient tomb. The glyphs on the walls were ancient, but readable: 'The golden eye of Rethekan, avenger of Bhaal, curses tomb-robbers forever.' Of course, that was the usual warning one finds in tombs, doomed and cursed forever and all that, yet what was more interesting were the tomb paintings. They depicted, in gruesome detail I might add, the creation of a tomb guardian, what we call a mummy.

"The preparers, usually priests,



began the mummification process with a live victim, usually a warrior—one of their own people. Their spells kept the poor soul in his body after it died, while they removed and preserved his vital organs, then dried out and preserved his body. Remember, the victim is alive through this whole procedure and is aware of what is happening to him. Still gives me the shudders to think about it. It's no wonder the resulting creature hates life so much.

"Anyway, we entered this dusty tomb and as we went deeper, there were more paintings, and mind you, if the other ones only made your stomach queasy, these were nightmare makers. Who could imagine someone choosing to become a mummy? Yet, these pictures showed just that. A man who willingly submitted to mummification and retained much of his power from life. I began to get a bad feeling about the whole thing.

"My brave but incredibly thick-headed comrades laughed when I suggested that the guardian here might be more than just a mummy. 'The seer would have known if it were other than a tomb guardian,' they smirked. 'The golden eye is not that important. Maybe you should go back to being a priest,' they said condescendingly.

"Red-faced, I entered the outer sanctum with them. Of course, we met mummies, two of them, garbed in

ancient armor and tattered linen windings. I had not seen a mummy before, but I knew I faced them now. Even my encounter with ghouls had not prepared me for this. The smell, the creaking joints, the unnatural glaring eyes . . . they horrified me. I was paralyzed with fear—they do that you know. My companions hurled fragile glass bottles filled with volatile oil at the things, then ignited them with torches until they burned like bonfires, stumbling about engulfed in flames.

"When I could force myself into motion again, the battle was over. The guardians were little more than smoking ruins in the shape of men. One of my companions had sustained a minor wound, and it had begun to stink already with the dreaded rot disease, often called Talona's Curse after the goddess of disease.

"The cleric of Lathander, who like me had been hired to accompany the party, applied dried mothersleaf powder to the wound and prayed to his god, but it still would not heal. I later learned that the herb must be brewed as a tea to be effective, but by then, the unfortunate warrior had already lost the arm to the rot.

"Undaunted, my companions burst into the inner sanctum, confident they would soon have the golden eye. Meanwhile, I was engrossed in examining the room, and, urn, neglected to follow

them. Poking around, I found a secret niche, filled with odd bottles, jars and a small wooden box. Then it struck me, the jars looked exactly like those in the mummification pictures.

"I grabbed everything and ran after my companions, only to find them all asleep. Standing over them was yet another mummy. Like the ones behind me, it smouldered, yet it seemed to have resisted the fire attack. Now it prepared to slay my companions. They were fools, but they were paying me to keep them alive.

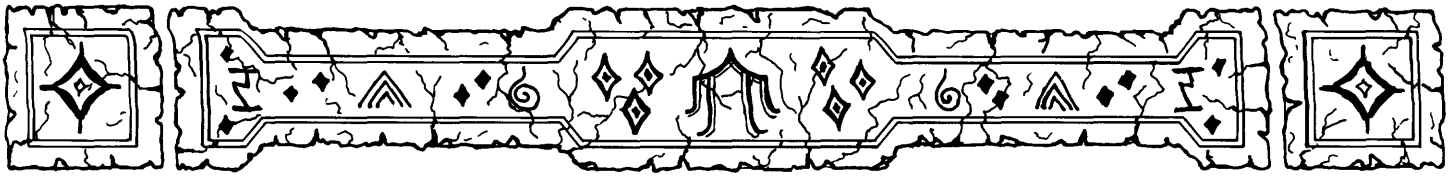
"Then, as if it heard me enter, it looked up and I saw, the mummy was blind! It had no eyes. And it talked!

" 'Yet another disturbs my vigilance: it whispered, 'Prepare to die at the hands of Rethekan.'

" 'I don't think so,' I countered. 'I'd like to trade these jars, your canopic jars, the ones that contain your preserved guts, for my friends there. Otherwise, I drop them or fall on them if you try to put me to sleep. Either way, they break and you're dust.'

"Its hands clawed air. It couldn't see me, couldn't see the jars, couldn't tell if I was bluffing. Yet it knew.

" 'I propose a different trade, mage,' it hissed. 'I wait for the return of my beloved, the priestess Asharla-Rhil, I would gaze on her again. I need an eye, a living eye freely given, as I freely gave my life for Asharla-Rhil.' "



"So that's how you lost that eye, I thought you just accidentally poked it out with a stick or something" EreK interrupted.

"I'm not done with the story. As I said, it wanted an eye. 'Only if my friends go free first.' I demanded.

" 'Agreed,' it whispered and then began to dance around in what I can only guess must be glee. I gave the thing its gruesome gut jars, then dragged my friends outside to safety. Stealing my nerve, I returned to the inner sanctum. As it waited, I jammed my fingers into my right eye socket and yanked hard on its contents, then thrust it into the mummy's outstretched claw. I didn't wait to see Rethekan pop the grisly thing into its own empty orbit or listen to the chanting that followed. I just ran. My companions wisely, for once, decided to pursue other adventures."

"What a sacrifice, removing your own eye in trade for someone else's life."

"I didn't say I gave him my eye, did I? Just the contents of the eye socket, which at that time was a simple glass eye. I'd lost the real one long before that. On the other hand, it was an eye for an eye. I somehow failed to mention that I had found the golden eye along with the canopic jars. I doubt if Rethekan had any real use for the golden eye anymore. EreK, that sounds like the door, get it will you."

"Amelior, there's a big box out here, big enough for a coffin or something like that. Real dusty too. Say, who do you know in Ascore?"

Creature Notes

Known mummy-producing cultures include the ruined cities found in Raurin in the Desert of Desolation (13-51 and lost Netheril in the Savage Frontier (FR5). It is also said that the tombs of the Zhentarim are rife with such guardians.

Mummies do not exist of their own accord. Unlike life-draining undead, they do not give birth to their own kind out of the bodies of their victims. Mum-

mies are created by men to act as tomb guardians. The process is similar to that required to create a skeleton or a zombie, but requires long preparation of the body, expensive and rare preservative spices and compounds, and a spell to bring them to "life." For the mummy-creation ritual to be successful, the mummy must be a living being (usually human) when the mummification process begins. The unspeakable horror and agony of the process (the body dies, but the soul and mind remain aware and trapped within) are responsible for the mummy's "unholy hatred of life."

Mummies are not skeletal beings, nor are they always wrapped in cloth (though this is a common practice, since the cloth retains the preservatives that keep the mummy from decay). The preservation process may leave the mummy with the appearance it had in life, though its flesh is dried and withered.

The mummification rituals draw upon power from the Negative Material Plane, replacing life energy with death energy. While the desiccation (drying) of body tissues makes them hard and increases the strength, negative energy makes it invulnerable to non-magical weaponry.

Even those weapons do only ½ damage. Yet the spices and resins that preserve the mummy's flesh from decay are flammable and make the mummy highly susceptible to damage by fire. Even the fire of a simple torch can destroy a mummy, eventually.

The potent energy within the mummy, combined with its preservatives, affects those it injures in a deadly way. The negative energy reverses the effect of the preservatives on the victim. While the mummy is preserved from decay, the victim begins to rot away, permanently losing two points of Charisma, and will die of the disease within 1d6 months. All the while, he smells like a rotting corpse, as flesh, features, and limbs slowly decay and slough off.

In Faerun, the clerical spell *cure disease* cannot fully cure the advance of the mummy's rotting disease. At best, it

halts its progress for a number of weeks equal to the caster's level, but in the end, the spell must be renewed. The disease builds up a tolerance for the spell and each casting lasts 1d3 weeks less than the previous use. To cure the disease, the PCs must have mothersleaf (fresh or properly preserved), a leafy medicinal herb found in most northern temperate and subarctic regions. When the herb is imbibed as a tea before the casting of *cure disease*, all traces of the rot from the body disappear. The herb is rare, and can be found only by characters with a Plant Lore proficiency (see WILDERNESS SURVIVAL GUIDE).

There are two types of mummies. The common mummy (as described in the MONSTER MANUAL), which has been brought into being by the acts of others, and the greater mummy, the undead remains of a man (or woman) who has chosen to be mummified. The common mummy is a fighting creature. It retains its intelligence, but the magics of its creation binds it to its purpose. A greater mummy, like a lich, may use spells (though it is limited to the talents of a seventh-level spell-caster), or any special powers, abilities, skills, or proficiencies that it had in life.

As part of the mummification process, the internal organs of the living victim are removed and preserved separately in three canopic jars, immersed in an elixir made from the bodies of larvae. These organ jars must remain within the tomb guarded by the mummy. Destroying a canopic jar and its contents does 2d6 points of damage to a mummy. As one might imagine, these organs are often well hidden and protected in some way (such as magical or mechanical traps).

The appearance, smell, and magical aura of the mummy elicits a paralyzing revulsion and fear. Those who see a mummy and fail to make a saving throw vs. spells are subject to paralysis.

VAMPIRES

Terrain: city (with a developed sewer system)

Party levels: 42 (Average 7th)

Magic X.P.:

measure X.P.:

Monster X.P.:

Kill: 17,258 Defeat: 12,943

Retreat: 4,314

Setup

- During the past several weeks a few members of the local merchants' guild (and a few other citizens) have vanished. However, two nights ago one of those missing merchants reappeared-complete with fangs and a thirst for blood. The merchants' guild is offering a reward to any daring group of adventurers able to put an end to the town's terror. And the guild knows of a barkeep who might have a lead on the mystery.

- People are getting nervous, afraid to go out on the streets at night. It is rumored some horrible creature is killing those who wander alone. And the creature must be stockpiling a good amount of wealth, as it also robs its victims.

- The player characters learn of a tavern owner in town who often provides adventurers with rumors about old ruins and treasure-filled dungeons.

DM's Background

About 400 years ago Jonathon and Jeremiah Morningmist were twin high elven brothers in an adventuring party that stumbled upon ancient ruins leading to a cavern complex deep within the bowels of the land. The complex was filled with treasure. However, Jonathon, a headstrong fighter, and Jeremiah, a quick-tempered mage, soon learned their new-found wealth had a price.

The dank complex was home to a vampire, which made short work of Jeremiah and several members of the adventuring band. And as fate would have it, a succubus, who surprised the remainder of the party as it fled

through the long twisting corridors, killed Jonathon.

Thus the twins, who shared so many similar experiences in life, shared a similar fate in death. Jeremiah became a lesser vampire, who for many decades served the vampire who had created him. This head vampire eventually was killed by another band of adventurers, so Jeremiah became free-willed and set out on his own to devastate the area.

Jonathon, so drained by the succubus, had become a greater vampire, possessing power like his brother, Jeremiah, but able to walk the Earth during daylight hours.

Eventually the pair was reunited, and they began a reign a terror in the lands hundreds of miles north of Ravens Bluff. Stuffing their *bag's of holding* with soil from their graves, they were able to wander the Forgotten Realms in search of wealth and more power. On one of their expeditions into an old castle, the pair discovered a treasure of magical armor and weapons (the adventurers carrying the treasure didn't put up too much of a fight). Jonathon claimed the magical shield and the helmet, and Jeremiah claimed the magical staff and powders. The helmet was a *helm of opposite alignment*, which forever altered Jonathon's undead life, as it changed his alignment to Lawful Good. This development pitted the brothers against each other, and since neither could win, they went their separate ways.

Jonathon eventually settled in Ravens Bluff (DMs may use a different town in their own campaigns), and he used part of his accumulated treasure to set up the Blue Dolphin, a tavern that has become quite popular among adventurers and sailors. The inn features fine food, the best of spirits, and tall tales of glorious adventures that are spun long into the early morning hours.

"Life" was good for Jonathon until several weeks ago when a rash of murders was reported in town. The victims were drained of blood, and some of the local adventurers learned a few of those victims were coming back as vam-

pires. Jonathon knew in his heart Jeremiah was responsible and must be dealt with. So Jonathon has been screening the adventurers who frequent the inn to try to find a party tough enough to deal with the threat. He will not give away the fact he, himself, is a vampire. And a *magic mirror* in his establishment helps his ruse; it is magicked so that Jonathon casts a reflection in it. No matter which of the three setups the DM uses for this adventure, the PCs should somehow be directed to the Blue Dolphin where they can meet Jonathon. Alter the PCs' introduction to fit the chosen setup.

Player's Introduction

It is late summer, and your unsuccessful search for adventure brought you to the Blue Dolphin tavern near the wharfs in Ravens Bluff. you had hoped you might pick up rumors of ruins or dungeons or something that would lead to a treasure-filled outing. But it seems the only talk at the tavern is of the recent murders in town. You were about ready to give up and go home when Jonathon, the bartender, approached.

Jonathon Morningmist, a strikingly handsome silver-haired high elf, seemed a little out of place to you in this dark, rustic inn. Jonathon, who has operated this establishment for many years, wears fine, pressed clothes, which are in stark contrast to the garb of his adventurer clientele. But despite his appearance of aloofness, he seems quite friendly. You have witnessed him sitting with the customers, listening to their tall tales and telling a few of his own. Now he seems to want to talk to you. He sits at your table, the long, dark shadows from the room's interior falling across his face. His violet elfin eyes focus on you, and he begins to speak in a soft, somber tone.

"The adventure you seek is within



the city," Jonathon whispers. "A vile, undead creature, which has accumulated much treasure, is responsible for the recent killings in town. If you're really seeking adventure, stake out the streets and kill the creature. And if you haven't the courage, leave town now before you become the creature's next victims."

Jonathon will stare into the eyes of the player character fighters, using his vampiric ability of charming to get them to take up this quest beginning tomorrow evening (this gives them tomorrow during the day to investigate).

If asked about the menace, Jonathon will provide the following information: the majority of the creature's attacks have taken place within a nearby three-square-block section of the city, which is a warren of tenements, offices, and warehouses; the creature only attacks at night; the player characters might want to purchase some garlic before they attempt to take on the creature.

Statistics and other information about Jonathon Morningmist and his evil brother, Jeremiah, appear in "The Night Gallery" section. If for some reason the player characters attempt to attack Jonathon, other patrons will intercede in his behalf. Jonathon will go into a back room, turn gaseous, and escape.

If the characters try to get information from other patrons in the Blue Dolphin, they will be told the following:

"The creature comes with the darkness. The townspeople have dubbed it the bane, because it truly is a bane to this once-peaceful community. It stalks the streets. Almost nightly the terrified screams of its victims echo hauntingly throughout the city. Those investigating the deaths and disappearances have found only a few bloodstains to mark the citizens' passing. Jonathon, here, has offered a reward of a +3 *shield* to anyone

who can stop this bane. And the merchants' guild is putting up a reward of 4,000 gp. None has stepped forward to earn it, at least none of those who have stepped forward to earn it have returned. And a terrible aura of fear has settled over the area. Some people are talking of moving out of this city."

If the PCs contact the merchants' guild, they will be given the names and detailed descriptions of a half-dozen merchants who have vanished in the past several weeks. The merchants' guild believes the bane has taken them and probably killed them, as a few other merchants have turned up as bloodless corpses lying in shadowy alleys. The PCs will be introduced to a high-ranking member of the guild who will point them to where the latest victim was found. If the PCs search the area they will find a few scuff marks leading to the west alley between two buildings. The marks will disappear a few feet down the alley. However, if the PCs continue to search beyond the scuff marks, they will find a sewer grating (through which the creature escaped).

The merchants' guild representative will explain the guild's concern over the attacks. The attacks started about one month ago and always happen in the evening. No one has lived through an attack. However, three evenings ago two city guards heard a cry from the empty marketplace and spied a shadowy humanoid dragging a body into the alley to the northeast. They gave chase, but the shadow abandoned the mangled body and disappeared into an alley, not to be found. The city guards have begun patrolling the streets in force at night, but the bane is obviously smart and makes its attacks after the guards pass by. The city has organized a small force of fighters to deal with the creature, but so far this effort has proved fruitless. So the guild has offered this reward in an attempt to recruit a band of adventurers. The guild is so concerned over the situation because a few

of its members have closed up shop and moved elsewhere.

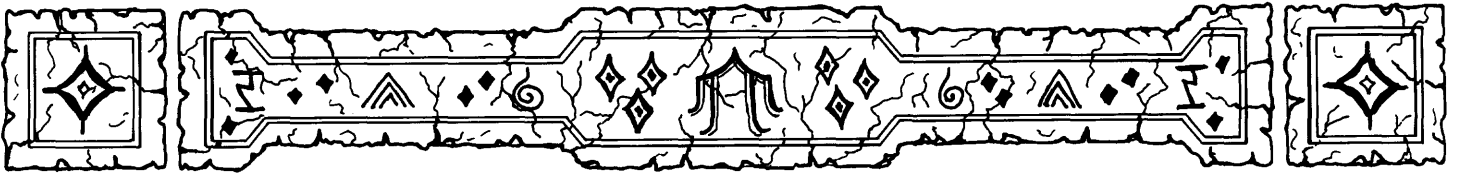
Catching The Creature

The player characters, whether charmed or acting of their own volition, will have to stake out the streets during the evening hours by lying in wait or posing as possible targets. There is a 50% chance each night that Jeremiah will hunt out victims. The following table should be checked to determine in which section of the city the vampire will strike:

1. **Area A:** Mostly warehouses and office buildings.
2. **Area B:** Tenements varying from one to three stories tall.
3. **Area C:** Tenements and shops.
4. **Area D:** Primarily pricier shops.
5. **Area E:** Ship chandleries and the Blue Dolphin.
6. **Area F:** Shops and assorted businesses.
7. **Area G:** Marketplace with stalls and a money-changer's booth.
8. **Area H:** Slums.
9. **Area I:** Warehouses.
10. **Area J:** Warehouses and docks.

For the purpose of this scenario, Jeremiah will not attack a PC on the street during the first night of a stakeout. Jeremiah has been careful in choosing his victims, preferring those who have been frequenting the Blue Dolphin. This is his way of getting back at his brother.

If the characters are within the area in which an attack occurred, they will hear a cry. It will take 2d4 rounds to reach the scene of the crime. For each round Jeremiah has before help arrives, he will have a 10% cumulative chance of retreating safely with his victim through a handy sewer grate. In this case, the party will find only scuff marks that lead the grate. If the party arrives before Jeremiah has fled, read the following:



Hurrying to the sound of the cry, you emerge from an alleyway to catch sight of a gaunt form with silver hair that reflects the light of the moon. The form is dragging a body over to an open grate, which presumably leads into the city's sewer system. Even as you move to engage the creature it sees you and abandons its victim. With a snarl trailing from its blood-stained lips, it drops into the sewer and disappears into the inky blackness below.

The victim, which has numerous claw and bite marks about its neck, is dead. If the PCs search the body they will recognize the victim as being one of the patrons who sat near them in the Blue Dolphin. If they make the connection with the silver hair, and seek out Jonathon, they will discover he has an ironclad alibi. More than a dozen patrons will vow he never left the inn all evening.

If the players investigate the grate, go to the sewer section. If they continue to perform stakeouts, and are in an area Jeremiah strikes next, one of the PCs will be the next intended victim.

If the latter is the case, refer to Jeremiah's statistics and spells in "The Night Gallery."

If the PCs interview citizens and various merchants, they will hear wild reports of huge monsters emerging from the shadows, flying creatures that swoop out of the skies to grab innocent people, and giant skeletons. They also will run into Gembor, a bum whom Jeremiah has charmed. Gembor, who is usually located in Area 6 in the sewers, will say all manner of things to throw the PCs off the track, such as directing them to other sections of town where Jeremiah has no intention of going. He will warn the PCs that they mustn't attempt to take on the creature, as the creature is probably very strong and probably doesn't like people who try to attack it. If the PCs are suspicious and try to follow Gembor, they will see him drop down into the sewer.

The Sewer System

Beneath the city streets of Ravens Bluff runs an excellent stone-tiled sewer system, its branches and arteries intertwining throughout the city. This underground maze of passages has become home to Jeremiah. It permits him much freedom of movement. It also had been the home of a few thieves who used the system to travel between target businesses. The now-charmed thieves and ruffians work for Jeremiah.

The PCs may gain entrance to the sewers through one of the many sewer gratings dotting the streets. Under each grating is an iron ladder that extends down 20' into a main artery of the sewer system. The arteries are uniform in size, 20' wide and 10' high. While the sewers are unpleasant, they are relatively clean, with constant drainage to the sea outlets. Despite this, there are an abundance of slime growths throughout the main arteries and branches, and the DM must make a point to describe the slime growths to the PCs.

The PCs will have to conduct a thorough search of the system to locate Jeremiah's lair.

1. This area is filled with water about 2' deep. Various piles of refuse rise above the water in this artery, which leads west below a row of manor homes in the better section of town. The inhabitants of this area are two giant crocodiles.

Giant Crocodiles (2): AC 4; MV 6"/12"; HD 7; hp 35, 37; # AT 2; Dmg 3d6/2d100; AL N; Size L (25' long); XP 513 each.

2. This small artery, mostly dry, is used as a dump by those living in the tenements above. It is filled with debris. And crawling about on top of the debris are 35 giant rats. These are sometimes controlled by Jeremiah.

Giant Rats (35): AC 7; MV 12"/6"; hp 3 each; # AT 1; Dmg 1d3; AL NE; Size S; XP 8 each.

Each PC bitten by a rat has a 5% chance per wound of contracting a serious disease.

There is nothing of value in this area.

3. Water about 3' deep fills this section. If the adventurers travel this way, they will stumble upon an electric eel which has swum in from the ocean and has not found a way out. Jeremiah knows of this inhabitant, but has done nothing to chase it away. It is one more guard for his lair.

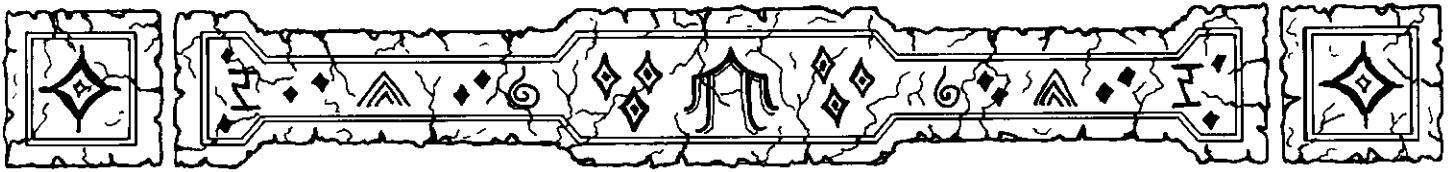
If the PCs closely watch the water before entering the lair, let them detect movement in the water on a roll of 1 or 2 on 1d6.

If the group does not take any precautions and enters the area, the eel will feel their approach when they come within 60'. The eel will quietly swim to within 10' of the party and generate an electric current in the water doing 4d6 damage (please note PCs within 5' take 6d6, and those between 10' and 15' take 2d6). It will then swim farther away, hiding in a smaller sewer pipe, waiting to see if any of the PCs fall. The eel will avoid combat if at all possible, preferring to shock its victims to death. If the PCs leave this area, it will begin to "stalk" them, following them at a discreet distance if it can. The eel can generate its shock once a turn, so for every turn the eel is able to follow the party, it will move up to within 5' to 10', shock the PCs and try to dart back.

Electric eel (marine): AC 6; MV 9"; HD 7; hp 37; # AT 1; Dmg 3d4; SA electrical discharge (electrified victims must save vs. paralyzation or be stunned); AL N; Size L (25' long); XP 646.

The eel can generate its electrical attack once a turn. It has no treasure.

4. This section of the sewer system has caved in. Rubble closes off an entire branch. Slime also is abundant here.



However, this slime is not harmless. It is green slime, and it will drop upon PCs entering the area. Jeremiah caused the cave-in to seal off some of the arteries leading to his lair. He is unconcerned about the slime. The PCs will find nothing by digging here, and the cave-in is so extensive they would have to dig for two days to open up the passage.

Green slime: AC 9; MV 0; HD 2; hp 11 each; # AT not applicable; Dmg special; XP 50.

The slime attaches itself to flesh, turning the victim into green slime 1d4 meleé rounds later. It can be scraped off easily.

5. If the player characters journey here during the day, they will find dirty plates, rolls of bedding, and a half-dozen lanterns. Several footprints can be seen. The footprints lead to the nearest ladder and sewer grating. If a ranger is in the party, that character will also notice prints leading to a worn section of wall (see section after Ruffians). Packing the prints above ground will do no good, as outside the prints get lost among the tracks of the city's many residents.

However, if the PCs arrive at this area during the night, they will catch sight of several men huddled together around the light of a few lanterns. Muffled voices reveal that the men are engaged in a discussion. The characters can approach within 60' without being noticed.

The men are a group of ruffians from one of the thieves guilds. Jeremiah has charmed them to occupy the sewer system during the evening hours. During the daylight hours they serve as spies for him, gathering the local gossip about the murders and trying to find fences for some of the merchandise Jeremiah has taken off his victims.

If the PCs make any noise or come within 60', the ruffians will hear them and attack. If the PCs capture and/or question any of them, the ruffians will explain they are common thieves in hiding. If pressed or threatened, they will say their employer is Jeremiah, a pale-

facéd, silver-haired high elf who travels through the sewers. The ruffians do not know the location of Jeremiah's lair, nor do they know they are charmed. However, they will tell the PCs that Jeremiah cannot be defeated, as all of the other adventurers who have entered the sewers have died.

Ruffians (6): AC 7 (leather and shield); MV 12"; HD 3 (attack as third-level fighters); hp 20 each; # AT 1; Dmg 1d8; AL NE; Size M; XP 95 each.

Each ruffian carries 3d10 gp and 3d10 sp. In addition, one of the ruffians has a *potion of extra healing*. Another ruffian has a *potion of healing* and a *potion of sweet water*.

Against the western wall is a section of loose masonry (PCs must roll to find concealed doors). If a few of the blocks are pulled away, a small tunnel will be found leading to a makeshift ladder. It leads up to a removable section of flooring in a corner of a large warehouse used by the thieves guild to store smuggled goods.

6. Mud, muck, and moss fill this passageway, which leads to the entrance of Jeremiah's lair. It is guarded by the vampire's minions. If the characters venture here, they will encounter the bats, rats, and nine merchants under the control of the vampire. The bats will not damage the characters and will fly off after five rounds. However, because there are so many of them, the player characters will suffer a -2 to hit modifier during those five rounds.

Bats (100): AC 8; MV 1"/24"; HD not applicable; hp 1; # AT not applicable; Dmg not applicable; AL N; Size S; XP 6 each.
Rats (60): AC 7; MV 15"; HD 1/4; HP 1 each; # AT 1; Dmg 1; AL N(E); Size S; XP 6 each.
 Characters bitten by a rat have a 5% chance of contracting a disease unless they save vs. poison.

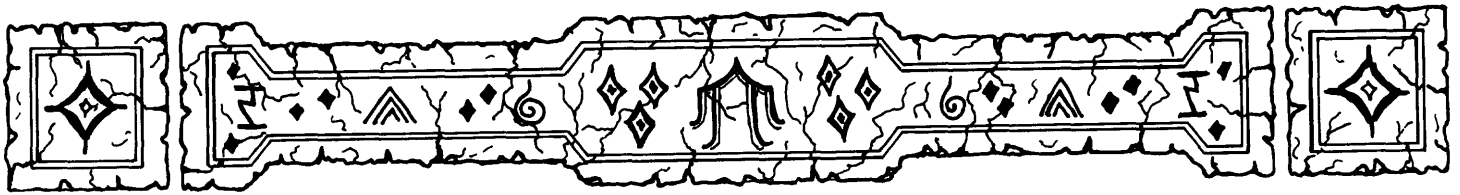
Merchant No. 1 (third-level human fighter): AC 7; MV 12"; HD 3; hp 24; # AT 1; Dmg 1d8; AL NG; Size M; XP 107.
Merchant/citizens No. 2 to No. 8 (zero-level humans): AC 9; MV 12"; HD 0; hp 5 each; # AT 1; Dmg 1d6; AL NG; Size M; XP 10 each.
Merchant No. 9 (sixth-level dwarven fighter, + 1 to hit): AC 2 (bracers AC 5 and dex); MV 9"; HD 6; hp 51; Dmg 1d8 +5 (STR bonus and +2 *long sword*); XP 456.

This encounter could tax the PCs, as the merchants and citizens are not evil, merely charmed. They have no treasure (except the dwarf's items), as Jeremiah stole almost everything from them. The PCs will recognize a few of the merchants from the guild's description of the missing members.

If the characters have been carrying a light source, they will not be surprised by the bats, rats, and merchants. The bats will be the first to descend upon the party, with the rats joining in on the second round. The merchants join the meleé on the third round. Because of the movement rates of these creatures, the PCs will not be able to outrun them. However, fire will drive the rats away after two combat rounds.

Beyond this area the PCs will find a crude living quarters. Off this living quarters is a decaying stone wall with an iron-banded door (this is the door to Jeremiah's lair, he turns gaseous to get inside). Sitting in front of this door is an elderly man, who is reading a book by the light of an old lantern. If the PCs had interviewed people on the streets and in the alleys about the creature's attacks, they will recognize this man as one of those to whom they talked. Otherwise, the PCs will recognize him as a beggar who used to be seen in the vicinity of the Blue Dolphin. The beggar has been charmed by Jeremiah, who uses him to run simple errands.

Gembor, a quiet, humble man, will be pleased to see the characters. The ruffi-



ans Jeremiah *charmed* don't talk to Gembor, and Jeremiah isn't around much for company. Gembor is mildly insane and will carry on bizarre conversations with the characters, pontificating about the finer quality of his friends the bats and rats. He doesn't know anything about a creature or vampire. He just knows about a kind, silver-haired man who feeds him.

Gembor: AC 10; MV 6"; HD 1; hp 4; # AT 1; Dmg 1d4; AL N; Size M; XP 9.

Gembor has a dagger, tattered clothes, and 5 sp.

To get beyond this door, a PC thief must successfully open locks at a -20% chance (because the lock is very rusted). The door can be forced open with a combined strength of 36. If the PCs choose, they can wait here for the vampire to show. If they take this action, Jeremiah and his minion vampire will attack the party when some of the characters are sleeping.

6a. Beyond this door is an octagonal room. Against each wall are weathered and empty wine racks. This room served as a wine storage area for an old business. When the business burned down many years ago, this area was closed off and a new building constructed above. There is no way to travel into the building above (unless you're a vampire in gaseous form). Behind one of the wine racks is a concealed and locked iron door.

6b. Opening the concealed door, the PCs see a set of stairs going down about 20', leading to a triangular-shaped room. This, too, was once used as a storage room. If the characters go down the stairs, they will be greeted by a charnel stench. A light source will reveal the remains of three of the vampire's latest victims. These corpses have not turned into vampires because they have not been buried, and Jeremiah did not want them to be undead. About 50 rats swarm over the bodies and throughout this room. The rats will not attack the PCs, unless the PCs attempt

to harm them. If the room is searched, the PCs will find a crack in the wall which leads off in the direction of another sewer branch. This crack is wide enough for a character to squeeze through (albeit uncomfortably). However, it leads to a dead end. Also in this room is another door, which is locked.

6c. Opening this door the PCs will see darkness. This chamber is hidden by a spell of *continual darkness* and protected by the minion vampire. The vampire (not by mere coincidence), a female silver-haired elf, will attack as soon as any PC steps inside. Jeremiah wanted to confuse any authorities as much as possible by having two silver-haired creatures attack citizens in different sections of town. In addition, Jeremiah hoped this might throw suspicion on his brother, Jonathon.

Angelique, the vampire: AC 1; MV 12"/18"; HD 8 + 3; hp 35; # AT 1; Dmg 1d4 +6; SA energy drain; SD + 1 or better weapon needed to hit, regenerates 3 HP per round; AL CE; Size M; XP 1420.

If Angelique is losing the melee too badly, she will turn into mist and attempt to leave to warn Jeremiah.

If the characters search this room they will find coffers containing 124 pp, 5,500 gp, 2,600 sp, 960 cp, a silken tapestry embroidered with various creatures of the night (value 750 gp), a silver scepter capped with an Evil holy symbol (value 2,100 gp), a silver dagger with a skull pommel (value 900 gp); a *short sword* +2; a *potion of heroism*; a *potion of climbing*; and a scroll with the following magic-user spells: *knock*, *dispel magic*, *dimension door*; and *teleport*.

A door off of his room leads to another octagonal chamber. The door is magically trapped and will deliver a 4-dice fireball to those within 20' of the door. The coffers have been carefully placed out of the range of the blast.

6d. This is Jeremiah's chamber. A coffin rests at the center of this room. The room is damp and foul-smelling.

Opulent chairs and a marble-topped table occupy half the room. The other half contains statuary and tapestries (total value 5,000 gp). However, the furnishings do nothing to improve the gloominess of the setting.

If the characters enter this area during daylight hours, they will have to contend with Angelique (if she is still alive) and Jeremiah. If the characters enter this chamber in the evening, there is a 40% chance Jeremiah will be here. If the characters lie in wait for Jeremiah in this chamber, he (and possibly Angelique) will surprise them. Refer to Jeremiah's statistics in "The Night Gallery" chapter. If Jeremiah is alerted to the PCs' presence, he will attempt to come up behind them, begin a spell assault, and then move in to level drain them.

Read this description to the characters when they find Jeremiah:

The man before you looks like Jonathon Collins, his silvery hair cascading to his shoulders. But the clothes are different, dark and draping, and he appears pale. The expression on his face is pure evil. He grins, and you note the blood-encrusted fangs as he moves to attack.

7. This downward-slanted artery leads to a sea outlet beneath a wharf, which also functions as an entry for a rowboat (usually filled with contraband). If this section is explored during the night hours, the party will notice three smugglers unloading a boat filled with stolen silk (value 3,500 gp). The smugglers, who are not charmed but willingly work for Jeremiah, will notice the characters if the characters come closer than 100'. If the PCs are noticed, the smugglers will waste no time with words, but will attack.

Smuggler No. 1 (Joe): AC 8; MV 12"; F 4; hp 30; # AT 1; Dmg 1d8; AL CE; Size M; XP 180.

Joe wears leather armor, carries a long sword, dagger, and has 50 gp.



Smuggler No. 2 (Rolf): AC 2 (Dex bonus and magic armor); MV 12"; F 6; hp 45; # AT 1; Dmg 1d8 +2 (strength bonus); AL CE; Size M; XP 420.

Rolf wears +2 *leather armor*, carries a long sword, +1 *dagger*, and has 10 gp and a 50 gp pearl.

Smuggler No. 3 (Ned Fast Hands): AC 4 (Dex bonus); MV 12"; T 9; hp 40; # AT 1; Dmg 1d6 + 1; AL CE; Size M; XP 1080.

Ned wears leather armor, carries a +1 *short sword*, and has 20 pp. His prized possession is a *ring of spell storing*, which holds two 6-dice *lightning bolts* (it cannot be recharged). His first action will be to direct a bolt against a spell-caster. Otherwise, he will direct the bolt against as many targets as possible, trying to save the last bolt in case he needs it to cover his escape.)

8. Waist-deep water fills this artery. About 100' from the outlet are a few denizens which will attach themselves to a random explorer.

Giant leech (6): AC 9; MV 3"; HD 3; hp 19 each; # AT 1; Dmg 1d4; SA drain blood; AL N; Size S; XP 107 each.

9. The water in this section of the sewer system is not as deep as elsewhere, and the stone tile walls don't have slime growths. However, it appears that rust clings to the walls in one section. The rust is actually russet mold. Jeremiah is not aware of the creature.

Russet mold: AC 9; MV 0"; hp 18 (this mold covers only 10 square feet); # AT 0; Dmg 0; SA spores; AL N; Size S; XP 25.

Sewer Encounters

Roll 1d10 for every half hour the PCs are in the sewer system. A 1 indicates a wandering encounter; a 1 or a 2 indi-

cates an encounter if the PCs are not taking any precautions to be quiet. Roll 1d6 from the table below to determine the encounter. Do not reuse encounters. If the list becomes exhausted the PCs will not encounter further wandering monsters.

1. **Vampire guard.** The PCs will hear someone or something sloshing through the water in the sewer, coming toward them. This is a city guard who was attacked by Jeremiah and has since become a vampire. He is patrolling the sewer pipes to make sure no adventurers or foolhardy merchants are hunting for Jeremiah. Initially, he will not attack the PCs, letting them think he is a city guard. He will converse with the PCs, telling them he is down here looking for the horrible creature, and he will caution the PCs to be careful. If the PCs let him by, he will wait till they move on, and then he will sneak up behind them, attempting to first level drain those in the rear. This vampire will not fight to the death, opting to escape, if possible, so he can warn Jeremiah. If the PCs are able to kill him, however, they may believe they have eliminated the menace. If the PCs leave the sewer, they will find this is not the case, as the attacks against merchants and citizens will continue each night.

Vampire guard: AC 1; MV 12"/18"; HD 8+3; hp 35; # AT 1; Dmg 1d4+6 (plus energy drain); AL CE; Size M; XP 1420.

2. **Zombie patrol.** If the PCs are being reasonably quiet, they will hear sloshing sounds, as if several creatures or people were walking through the sewer pipes toward them. Jeremiah looted a local graveyard and magically animated 18 corpses to be his zombie patrol. They wander the sewers looking for people who shouldn't be there. The zombies have been commanded to stay away from the ruffians' area, the smugglers' section, and have been ordered to leave Gembor alone, so they

will not be encountered in those three locations. They likewise have been commanded to kill people wandering in all other areas.

Zombie patrol (18): AC 8; MV 6"; HD 2; hp 2@16, 5@14, 5@12, 3@10, 3@8; # AT 1; Dmg 1d8; AL N; Size M; XP 44 each.

3. **Gray Ooze.** The ooze have made their home in the sewers for the past few months, feeding lately off Jeremiah's victims, an occasional sea creature trapped here, and adventurers.

Gray ooze (2): AC 8; MV 1"; HD 3+3; hp 22, 15; # AT 1; Dmg 2d8; SA corrodes metal; AL N; Size L, M; XP 173 each.

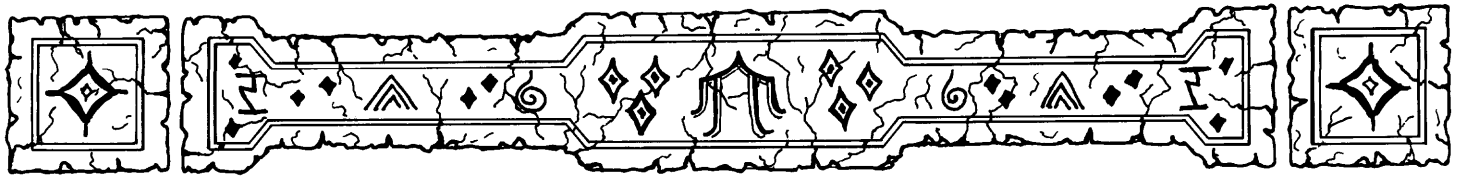
4. **Zombie monster patrol.** These bugbear zombies, magically created by Jeremiah, have been given the same instructions as the 18-member zombie patrol. The PCs will hear them approach if the PCs are being reasonably quiet.

Zombie monsters (5): AC 6; MV 9"; HD 6; hp 45,40,2@30,22; # AT 1; Dmg 4d46; AL N; Size L; XP 348 each.

5. **Vapor rats.** These rats, drawn here out of curiosity because of the large number of rats in the sewer, will not attack the PCs unless first attacked or cornered.

Vapor rats (8): AC 6 (or special); MV 12"/6"; HD 2; hp 4@12,4@9; # AT 1; Dmg 1d2; SA stinking cloud; SD gaseous form; AL C(N); Size S; XP 48 each.

6. **Crystal ooze.** This creature is a newcomer to the sewer system. It has not had much luck finding food, as the other creatures in the sewer have been doing a good job keeping the sewer clean of bodies and debris. However, it has managed to eat a few of Jeremiah's zombies. Jeremiah is unaware of its presence.



Crystal ooze: AC 8; MV 1"/3"; HD 4; hp 17; # AT 4d4; SA paralysis; SD immune to heat, cold, fire. Weapons do 1 hp per blow; AL N; Size M; XP 193.

Lesser Vampires

To use the word "lesser" in regard to any vampire is a misnomer, but the typical vampire begins as a luckless mortal who falls prey to one of these creatures of the opposite sex. It is through the original vampire's feeding off the blood of the host that this process takes place, with the host creature losing one experience level per feeding until death. Within 24 hours after burial, the host then arises as a vampire under the control of its original slayer, remaining under its dominion until the slayer is itself somehow destroyed.

The Appearance of Vampires

Unlike other sorts of undead, who exist mostly on the Negative Material Plane, vampires retain much of their original appearance. What physical changes do occur tend to be limited to a chalkiness in complexion and a penetrating, unnerving stare. Vampires in human form avoid armor, and in most cases will be attired in the shrouds or clothing in which they were buried.

Of course, vampires are not always met in human form. These monsters may assume canine (usually wolfen) form or that of a large bat. A polymorphed vampire differs from a normal animal whose form it has assumed by being exceptionally large and having burning eyes.

The Vampire's Lair

One consistent factor in all lairs of vampires is that they are set within a locale that is difficult and time-consuming to search out. The creature is well aware that its need to rest during the hours of daylight is its Achilles' heel, and it

always takes steps to make the discovery of any of its resting places as difficult as possible for pursuers.

About the general vicinity of the lair the vampire will have a number of lesser guardians to protect it. This can range from something as simple as a pack of wolves or rats, to one or more charmed helpers to mislead the unwary into going the wrong direction in their quest for the vampire's coffin(s). These lesser animal guardians need not be limited to the two creatures mentioned, for certainly in locales where wolves and rats are not commonplace the vampire may employ other sorts of creatures. In all cases, such guardians will be non-benign—snakes, scorpions, hornets, or other similar things.

Charmed creatures near the lair will always act in the vampire's best interests, willingly sacrificing themselves to protect their master if necessary. If deliberately employed as spies or assassins, they may even join up with a party of adventurers who "rescue" them from a dungeon—turning upon their comrades at a critical time.

Attack Forms and Special Abilities

The most deadly attack form of the vampire is its energy-draining touch, which the creature employs with the benefits to hit and damage imparted by its exceptional strength. This ghastly touch operates in much the same manner as a ghost's.

An opponent slain through physical melee with a vampire does not become undead through this process. Rather, the creature's soul and vital life essences are destroyed and no resurrection is then possible, notwithstanding *wish* or similar magics.

It is perhaps a psychological weakness of vampires that fighter-class undead of this type often resort to the use of melee weapons, with applicable strength and/or specialist bonuses, to show their contempt for living counterparts.

As is well known, vampires may pro-

ject a powerful *charm* through their eyes. The range for this is 20', and it is most frequently employed against members of the opposite sex.

The *charm* certainly may be used against those of the same sex and lasts indefinitely in either case. As an alternate usage, when the monster desires to remain inconspicuous, a creature making eye-contact with the vampire is subject to a *suggestion* spell.

Among the most useful of the creature's abilities is that of assuming gaseous form. When in this form, the vampire resembles a cloud grey smoke and may travel at a 10" movement rate under doorways and through cracks and holes within masonry. In gaseous form, the creature is immune to all damage-causing spells save *magic missile* or other spells similar in nature.

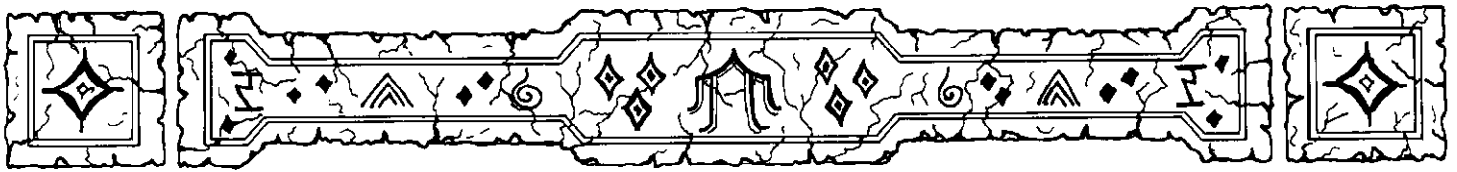
Due to its undead status, vampires cannot be harmed by poison, or *charm*, *sleep*, and hold-type magics.

The ability of the creature to regenerate 3 hit points per melee round is effective against all sorts of damage except that caused by holy water fashioned by a good-aligned cleric (the rate of regeneration vs. this damage is 1 point/full turn).

It is untrue that a vampire must always rest within its coffin during daylight hours. If deep underground and well away from the sun, a vampire may function if necessary, although it loses ½ its hit points for each day it does not rest. The vampire may not under any circumstances go more than three days without rest. And should it be fought and reduced to 0 hit points while daylight remains, it will not turn gaseous and is subject to final destruction through a stake in the heart.

Dealing With Vampires

The creature exists solely for its own benefit. And while it lacks the hatred some other undead feel toward the living, it certainly views living characters with contempt, not unjustifiably believing itself to be superior. Yet vampires are known to work occasionally in con-



cert with Evil forces for mutual gain.

When a party of adventurers is forced into a confrontation with a vampire, their ultimate goal must be finding its resting place and driving a stake through the vampire's heart.

Tools effective against the vampire include:

Garlic. This causes the vampire to make a save vs. spell in order to attack someone either wearing or presenting it.

Mirrors. Vampires try to avoid being between a mirror and a target. The effect is to make the monster hesitate 1d4 rounds before attacking.

Neutral holy symbols. These likewise result in the vampire's hesitating 1d4 rounds while it musters strength to attack the possessors.

Good holy symbols. Such objects, especially the cross, are an absolute defense against the creature, forcing it to turn away if boldly presented. Their protection is lost should the vampire be subsequently attacked by the bearer.

DMing Vampires

Vampires should be played as the powerful and intelligent creatures that they are. Their contempt for lesser living beings provides opportunities for active roleplaying between the monster and the characters, for a vampire would enjoy few things more than taunting its pursuers verbally and leading them into a number of traps and tricks as well.

The fact that vampires "cannot" cross bodies of running water is true only to the extent that they cannot move through such terrain. They certainly may cross over by means of spell, boat, or magic items such as a *ring of water walking*.

Ultimately, the vampire's motives will be to survive, and so it should never be "easy" for a group of adventurers to locate and slay the creature in its lair. Certainly, though, the ego of the monster is such that while it leads its pursuers on a merry chase before its intended escape, it might well place

itself in a position where it could be defeated by a fast-thinking group of opponents.

Greater Vampires

It is from the life-draining kiss of the succubus that greater vampires are born. A major difference between these and lesser vampires is that the creature may exist safely in daylight, although it possesses no special abilities other than spell immunity common to all vampires, and its great strength (18/00). During the hours of darkness, however, the creature is every bit as deadly as its lesser counterpart. And the fact it is mobile during daylight hours makes it that much more so.

The Appearance of Greater Vampires

These creatures look no different from lesser vampires. Their greater freedom of activity and weakness during the daylight, however, may result in their being more prone to wearing various outfits and armor.

The Lair of Greater Vampires

Greater mobility makes this monster's lair all the more difficult to locate. Because the vampire may look no different from any other citizen, the location of its resting place can be hidden almost anywhere, with guardians often totally unaware of their master's true nature.

Attack Forms and Special Abilities

These creatures possess all the regular attack forms and abilities of lesser vampires. In addition, their gaze weapon also may be employed as a *hold person* spell.

Another talent they may employ is to summon minor demons to serve them for up to 24 hours. This only may be attempted during the hours of darkness, obviously, and the monster has a

40% chance of successfully summoning a Type 1 demon, and a 20% chance of summoning a Type 2 demon.

These monsters are turned by clerics as specials.

Dealing With Greater Vampires

During the hours of darkness, the greater vampire may be handled in much the same fashion as any lesser vampire.

An important difference is that the monster is entirely immune to all lesser charms. Even good holy symbols affect the creature only if it fails a save vs. spell.

During the hours of daylight, the monster is far more limited. If caught and battled at that time, it may be slain much more easily and will not turn gaseous upon reaching 0 hit points. A stake through the heart still is required to assure its end.

DMing Greater Vampires

Greater vampires are far more deadly than their lesser counterparts. In almost every case, the creature will adopt the persona of a normal citizen, frequently wealthy, and will do its utmost to keep its true nature a secret, often moving on to a new locale after garnering a few victims. It needs rest in a coffin filled with earth from where it died only if reduced to 0 hit points and gaseous form.

Should this be impossible, the vampire will die with the coming of dawn.

AC 0; MV 12"/18'; HD 10; # AT 1; Dmg 2d6; SA energy drain; SD +1 or better weapon need to hit; AL CE; XP 5000 + 10 per hit point.

GHOSTS

Terrain: City outskirts or countryside
Party Levels: 42 (average 7th)
Magic X.P.: 1450
Treasure X.P.: 4775
Monster X.P.:
Kill: 8949 Defeat: 6711
Retreat: 2237

Setup

- A year or so ago, Hieronymous Bosco, a powerful wizard dwelling outside the port of Ravens Bluff, died a victim, some say, of his unholy experiments. Rumors abound in the city that his abandoned manor is filled with treasure and artifacts collected over the years.
- After a bit too much bragging, one of the PCs has been goaded into accepting a dare that he and his friends will spend the night of a full moon within the deserted estate of Hinton Ampner, a haunted mansion shunned by local city dwellers-or forfeit an item of great personal value.
- Night falls, and with it comes a driving rainstorm. In the distance, nestled by a crossroads miles from nowhere, a dark and brooding mansion looms up, offering shelter from the elements. For a moment, a feeble light shines forth from a tower window, possibly illuminating a face staring down. Then all is dark.

The Mansion

From the outside, the mansion can be seen to be a three-story structure with a single round tower at its southeast corner one additional story in height. Stained glass windows are set into many of the manor's outer walls, with frescoes and statuary of gargoyles and other such nether creatures bursting forth from the manor's many gables and ramparts.

Entry may obviously be gained through direct approach up the front stairs, or more discreetly through the gates of an inner courtyard to the southwest.

1. Main Entry

Fronted by two statues of laughing gargoyles set at the base of its railings, a stone stairway leads up to a porch and double doors. Here a pair of brass knockers in the form of lions' heads are set into the stout, black oak portals, and cursory examination of the handles will reveal the doors apparently are unlocked. If the knocker is used, a hollow reverberation will echo from within, and the doors will slowly creak open of their own accord. They otherwise will prove to be oddly unyielding, resisting any attempts to be forced, short of a *knock* spell. Upon the group's abandoning the idea and turning away, however, the doors will swing open of their own accord, daring the brave to enter.

2. Gateway

Two wrought iron gates, 8' in height, are chained closed with a rusty padlock. On the other side, an outbuilding and a cobblestone courtyard are visible.

3. Stables

Long before the wizard acquired and modified the mansion, these stables housed riding and draft beasts. Stalls filled with rotted hay now line most of the barn to the south, whilst a forge and smithing equipment is set to the north. When the adventurers enter, they will hear a light scampering in the rafters above, the home now of a few rats.

4. Courtyard

Scratches and scuff marks on the cobblestone courtway suggest it has been heavily used by horses. To the northeast is the mansion's well, where an old bucket hangs from a frayed hemp rope. If the shaft is explored, a passage will be discovered a few feet above the water leading to a 10' x 10' room holding an empty coffin.

5. Entryway

Beyond the front doors lies a long hallway with a large chandelier hanging just inside, cobwebs covering its many crystal facets. As the last PC passes near it, the rope holding the chandelier will suddenly part, causing the character to save vs. dragon breath or suffer 2d6 points of crushing damage.

Along the east and west walls hang a few valueless paintings of nondescript subjects, and at both ends of the north wall stand two sets of decorative plate armor.

6. Guard Stairway

With a groan, the twin doors of the outer hallway will open to reveal a magnificent stairway of pink and white marble leading up to the second story. A web-covered grandfather clock, its hands stopped at 12:00, stands against the opposite wall. If examined, the clock's movement will be found to be broken. If the PCs move to the east, however, the clock will chime 13 times, a warning of danger from Lady Samantha, a lesser ghost from the manor's third story.

7. Cloak Room

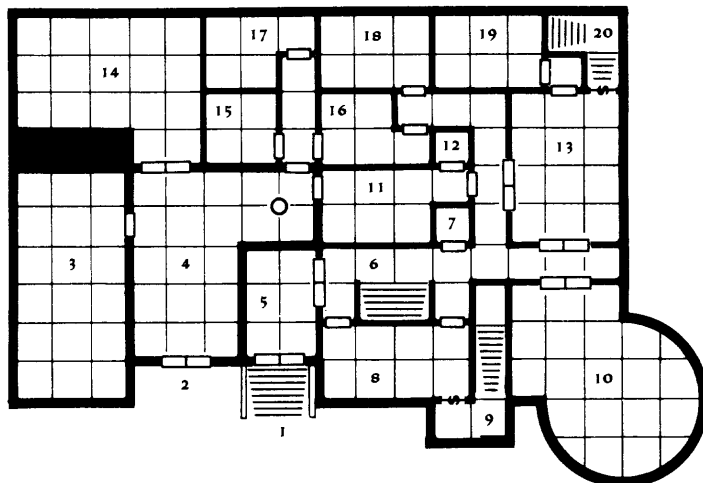
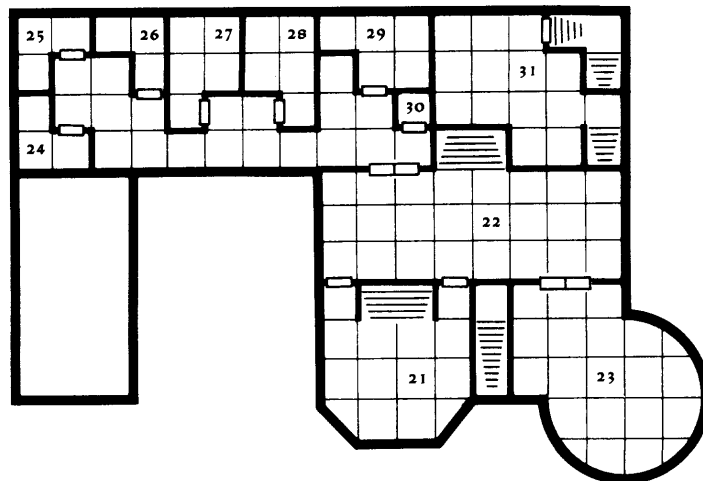
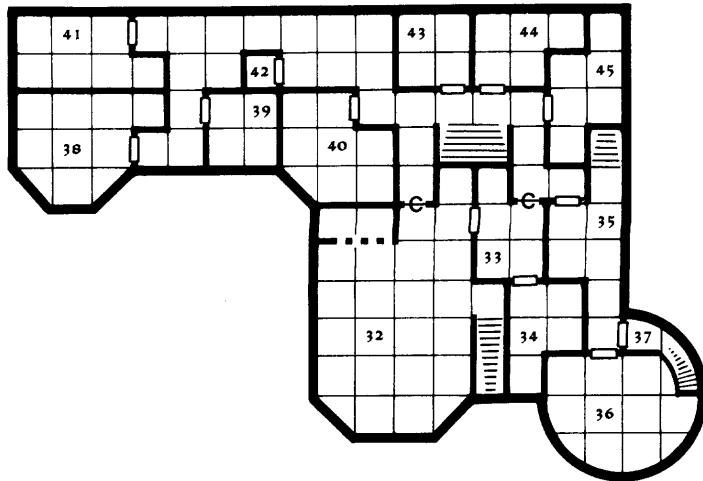
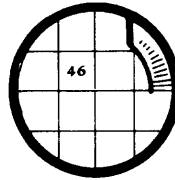
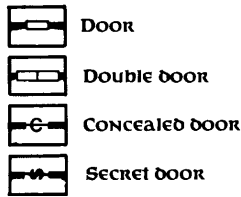
This cubicle once held the cloaks and furs of visiting nobles. Now, only a simple black body cloak hangs from a wall peg. If it is examined, within a pocket will be found an iron skeleton key that will unlock the laboratory door (Room 31).

8. Library

Bookcases line the southern walls of this teak-paneled room, while an empty desk sits to the north beneath a coat of arms. A character with heraldry skills will note the crest belonged to a noble family which fell into financial difficulties a few years ago and faded away.

Many books (total value 2,500 gp) dealing with history and magical subjects line the shelves of the bookcases. If the tomes are used in spell research, they will aid in the creation of necro-

GHOSTS



mantic spells up to the fourth level of power.

Long ago, one of the wizard's young apprentices was fetching a book from an upper shelf when it slipped from his grasp and fell to the floor. His enraged master beat the boy mercilessly, causing his death. The lad's spirit now haunts this room in the form of a poltergeist.

Poltergeist (1): AC 10; MV 6"; HD 0; hp 2; # AT nil; Dmg nil; SA fear; SD invisibility, silver or magic weapon needed to hit; AL LE; XP 36.

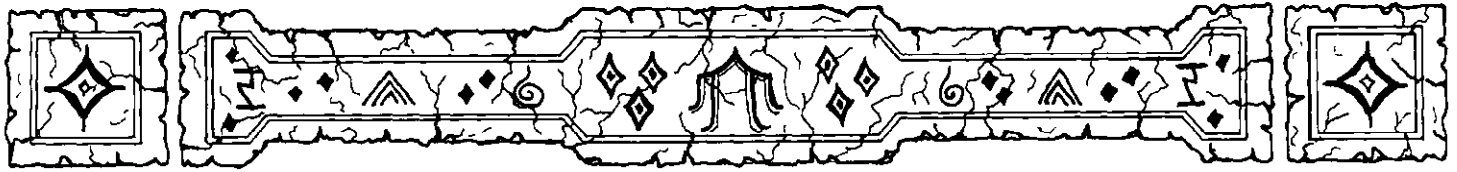
The boy's angry spirit, now bound to the room in which he died, will toss a book at a random PC, causing the character to save vs. fear or flee the room if struck. Others may attack the invisible force at a -4 penalty to hit, or clerics may deal with it in the usual manner.

9. Secret Stairway

This hidden stairway to the chapel on the third floor is reached through a swiveling bookcase in the southeast corner of the previous room. Cobwebs filled with harmless spiders choke the passage upward, and those mounting the creaky wooden stairs will be aware there is little if any potential of gaining surprise on any hidden foes.

10. Ladies' Sitting Room

Upon the opening of its brass-handled doors, the sound of a softly babbling brook will be heard from within. Once used by a former mistress of the house as an after-dinner gathering place for women of refinement, this large chamber is pleasantly decorated with paintings and tapestries depicting attractive floral settings and themes. Dainty furniture, including couches, chairs, and tables, are set throughout the room, which is hauntingly illuminated by shafts of silver moonlight penetrating through the turret's stained glass windows. It is here in the area of the windows, which offer a pleasant panorama



of a woodland scene, that a permanent *audible glamor* spell has been placed. The sounds heard by the party are a result of the spell, reminding visitors of the great outdoors.

A marble fireplace, long unused, is in the southwest corner of the room with a coat of arms identical to the set in the library sculpted into it. A cabinet to the northeast will be found to contain a fine tea service, hand-painted with floral garnishings (value 70 gp).

11. Kitchen

Meals were once prepared here, and two ovens stand in the southwest corner of the room. Various sorts of cutlery and dinner services are on the shelves, along with a few rats.

12. Pantry

No longer stocked with food, this cubicle has become the domain of a few mice.

13. Dining Room

Dominating this chamber is a huge mahogany table with a brass candleholder placed at the center. Dust now covers several quality dinner services (total value 250 gp) and 10 chairs ringing the table.

The most unusual facet of this room, however, is a full-length portrait of the wizard attired in a black robe and leering down from its gilded frame at those entering this chamber. It hangs above a fireplace to the east, and while it is a simple artist's trick to make the eyes of a subject appear to follow one about the room, this portrait is unique in that the entire face of the wizard seems to turn with the movement of observers, keeping them ever in his sight. If closely examined, the signature of Dreamspinner, a famous local artist known for fashioning magical paintings, will be found in the lower right-hand corner. Because of its intimidating theme, the painting has a value of but 50 gp.

14. Carriage House

In the northwest corner of this barn stands a fine carriage of black, with lamps and trim of silver and gold. Although retaining the crest of the original owners on its glass-paned doors, the wizard had it altered somewhat to conform to his own tastes. The result—skull-shaped lamps, and the like-gives the carriage a hearse-like appearance. Four to six draft horses are needed to haul the carriage about, but a price of 1,500 gp could be obtained for it.

The heavy carriage was deliberately left in this corner to protect an iron spike hammered into the ground. It was here in this corner that the wizard, once servant to the family who built the mansion, arranged for an "accident" to befall the family patriarch upon learning the man intended to denounce him as a practitioner of the black arts. A rope tied to the rafters, which held a heavy set of wagon wheels, was cut, causing the wheels to fall and crush their victim. Although buried in the family crypts within the house, the old man's spirit remained here, seeking revenge, until a cleric was paid to lay it to rest, pinning the spirit in the ground with the spike. Should that spike be removed, the man's haunt will be released.

Haunt (1): AC 0; MV 6"; HD 5; hp 20; # AT 1; Dmg special; SA possession; SD nil; AL NG; XP 265.

The haunt, a former fighter, will seek to attack and possess a member of the fighter class if at all possible, thereafter using the host to enter the secret stairway (9) and ascend to the chapel on the third floor, where it will acquire for the party a weapon helpful against the wizard's ghost.

Someone possessed by the haunt will suffer no lasting effects, but will be unable to communicate or take his or her own initiative until the creature leaves upon gaining the sword in the chapel crypt.

15. Stableman's Quarters

This room holds only a small wooden bed and a closet in which there is a pair of old boots encrusted with mud.

16. Overseer's Quarters

In addition to a bed and empty closet, a desk sits in the northwest corner of the room. If searched, ledgers illustrating the monthly household budget will be discovered in a drawer along with an inkwell and pen.

17. Workers' Quarters

Twelve bunks and as many empty lockers will be found here.

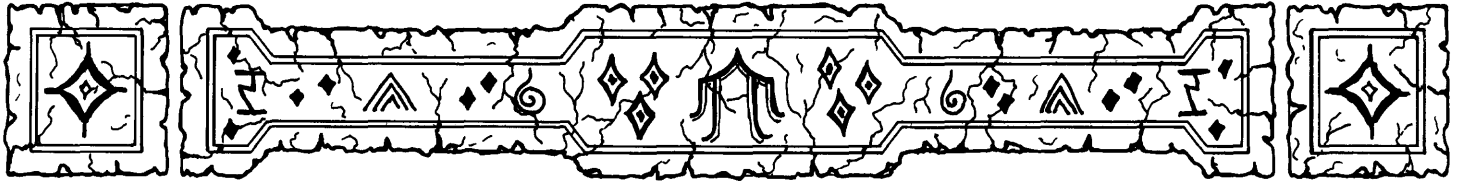
18. Maidservants' Quarters

Eight beds and lockers along with a small table will be found in this room.

19. Smoking Room

Once used by the master of the estate as a room to entertain fellow noblemen after dinner, cabinets against the southern wall hold a fine selection of liqueurs and not-so-fresh tobaccos. Since the master was proud of his hunting exploits, quite a number of stuffed heads, ranging from deer to an owl bear, hang on the walls of this rustic chamber, paneled in oak and cedar. Stained glass windows in the northeast wall show a hunting panorama, while above a fireplace to the west hangs a fine large crossbow (value 300 gp), inlaid with the silver filigree crest of the family. Although non-magical, the crossbow's fine workmanship is such that it grants a bonus of +1 to damage rolls.

Another selection of crossbows, bows, and spears is arranged on the western wall, and should the group explore the room, a spear will launch itself at a random character, striking to hit as a 5 HD monster.



20. Secret Stairway

Behind a sliding panel in the dining room, stairs eventually climb to a locked room on the second floor. As the adventurers step forward, a low moaning backed by the sounds of rattling chains and heavy footfalls will be heard approaching from above. The noises will continue until reaching the landing. They will then stop, not to be heard again.

If the stairs are ascended, a door will be found on the second floor. The door, which leads to the wizard's laboratory, is *wizard locked*, but a character with the skeleton key from the cloakroom (7) may open it.

21. Landing and Gable

Those ascending the grand staircase will emerge at a showcase point of the manor, for here, set into two arches within a gable to the south, are a set of stained glass windows proudly displaying from floor to ceiling the crests of both the former lord and lady of the manor. Thick, dust-covered maroon carpeting decorated with golden peacocks is upon the floor, and two sets of double doors will be noticed in the northern wall. As the doors are approached, the noises of organ music, laughter, and merriment will be heard coming from the other side.

22. Ballroom

The sounds will instantly die as the portals are opened to reveal an oak-floored ballroom. Cobwebs now lace the ceiling between six sets of unlit chandeliers, and a thick layer of dust upon the floor reveals the tracks of a few rats and mice. Stairs up to the third level will be observed in the northern wall, along with a set of double doors which lead to the west wing.

A huge pipe organ and bench stand against the eastern wall, covered, like everything else, in dust and cobwebs. Those drawing near to it will note a faint flapping noise coming from deep within the mahogany shell of the organ,

which will radiate magic if checked. Bound into a magic canvas bag within the organ is its source of power:

Air elemental (1): AC 2; MV 36"; HD 8; hp 40; # AT 1; Dmg 2d10; SA whirlwind; SD +2 or better weapon needed to hit; AL N; XP 3,450.

If the upper lid of the organ is pried loose, the bag will be observed flapping about within the large recess it occupies. Should the bag be disturbed by a sharp object, it must save vs. normal blow or part, releasing the elemental.

A similar danger exists if a character untrained in the use of keyboards fiddles with the organ's dozens of keys and tabs, misusing the instrument. If this happens, there is a 10% chance each round that the neck of the bag will part from the pipe conduits, allowing the elemental to escape and attack.

A check of the bench compartment will reveal a few score sheets of common tunes.

23. Music Room

Cheerfully paneled in white and gold, this large chamber holds several chairs, couches, and a variety of musical instruments including a set of bagpipes, a mandolin, three lutes, a guitar, a harp, a zither, a virginal, and a large harpsichord.

This room was once a favorite of Lady Samantha, daughter of the lord of the manor, and target of the wizard's unwanted affections. Her spirit often spends much time here, and the first character through the door will feel a slight wafting of air brush past him. Because of the distance between this room and the chamber in which she died, Lady Samantha cannot form or otherwise make known to the adventurers the fact that she and the other spirits on the grounds are bound to the manor while the wizard's ghost remains. In an attempt to gain the group's attention, though, she will for 10 rounds manage to possess her harpsichord, sharply rapping the keys

thrice. If anyone takes the cue and asks questions, she will respond by rapping once for yes and twice for no until 10 rounds have passed. She knows all about the manor and the various spirits inhabiting it, as well as the fact that a sword may be found in the chapel crypt of her father which can help slay the wizard's ghost.

24-27. Guest Rooms

Large brass beds will be found within these chambers along with an empty wardrobe holding a copper bed warmer.

28. Guest Room

While a duplicate of the former room, leaves and debris lie about the floor here, blown in from an open window in the northern wall. On the door's being opened, a fluttering will be heard as the chamber's sole occupant becomes aware of intrusion into its lair:

Gryph (1): AC 6; MV 21"; HD 2; hp 10; # AT 1; Dmg 2d6; AL NE; XP 48.

The six-legged bird is lairing in its empty nest in the ceiling rafters.

29. Guest Room

Heavy throw rugs and tapestries imported from Tethyr decorate the walls and ceilings of this chamber, along with a small brass bed, a wardrobe, an overstuffed chair with ottoman, and a writing table.

30. Linen Closet

Inside here are a few quilts and other bedding.

31. Laboratory

It is here, within his old laboratory, that the wizard's ghost spends much of its time, and it will certainly take steps to protect its lair from intruders. Aware of the group's movements about the manor, the ghost will treat those ascending from the dining room to the



sounds of its moving down the stairs to meet them. The sounds of its rattling chains will cease midway down as the ghost de-materializes and floats through the walls, circling around to attack the group from behind if they enter its lair.

As mentioned, the door to the laboratory is *wizard-locked* (at the 13th level), but a character with the skeleton key from the cloak room may neutralize the spell by using it. Inside, tables filled with beakers, braziers, tongs, and other assorted alchemical supplies will be found. Shelving holds vials of glass and crystal, many of which are filled with different sorts of powders, and a human skeleton is hanging from a hook on the ceiling in the northwest corner. Near a set of stairs leading to the third level in the southern portion of the chamber, a *circle of conjuration* will be seen. A small shelf in the wall above it holds several tomes dealing with some of the darker aspects of necromancy. (Good-aligned characters who are able to and fail to destroy the books will lose 500 experience points. The tomes otherwise will gain a magic-user skilled in necromancy a like amount of experience if they are closely studied.)

Upon the party's incursion into this room, the wizard's ghost will materialize behind the party and attack.

Ghost (1): AC 0/8; MV 9"; HD 10; hp 60; # AT 1; Dmg 1d4x10 years; SA *magic jar*, fear; SD silver or magic weapon needed to hit; AL LE; XP 4,090.

The creature barely resembles its former self, with transparent features now twisted and distorted. About its body are wrapped heavy chains, which bespeak of the wickedness of the wizard in life.

The ghost will seek to *magic jar* a magic-user if one is present, thereafter utilizing its host's spells against the party. If this is unsuccessful or impossible, the creature will materialize to physically attack, departing through the roof

if it sustains over 20 points of damage.

Attacks upon the host will not harm the ghost, but the creature will depart if the magic-user is slain or otherwise prevented from casting spells.

32. Chapel

The original owners of the manor were good people with a great respect for their faith. Here, on the uppermost story of the house, they had a small chapel constructed and overseen by Brother Frederick, a just and honorable cleric of Torm. Always an opponent of the wizard, it was Brother Frederick who first suggested to the lord of the estate that the mage was dabbling in forbidden arts. In the south gable, a stained-glass panorama of the world's creation may be viewed, and a few feet in front of it is a dusty altar. Four wooden pews rest in the center of the chamber, and set within an alcove in the northeast wall behind them is a 8' statue of Torm. To the statue's left, a doorway permits entrance to the quarters of Brother Frederick, and a set of double doors to the statue's right once allowed exit to the outer hallways; now they are boarded up and blocked off on the other side. Lastly, a small crypt area lies within the northwest wall of the chapel. Three plaques list those whose remains lie within, and a fourth is empty. The first holds the body of the mistress of the manor, and is engraved:

"Dame Paige Hinton—
Beloved wife and mother"

Next is her husband's crypt, that of Sir John Ampner. The plaque has irreverently been stone-shaped with a rude inscription by the callous wizard, and now has an added line:

"Here lies John—
We're rather glad he's gone"

It is toward this crypt that Sir John's haunt will head if it has the opportunity, prying loose the plaque to unearth his remains. The character possessed by the haunt will then reach in and pull out the lord's broadsword, and the spirit will thereafter depart the body, floating down through the flooring.

The sword is a *flametongue*, whose powers may be activated by utterance of the word "Flicker" engraved on the blade.

Brother Fredericks resting place is last and has its own caustic epitaph:

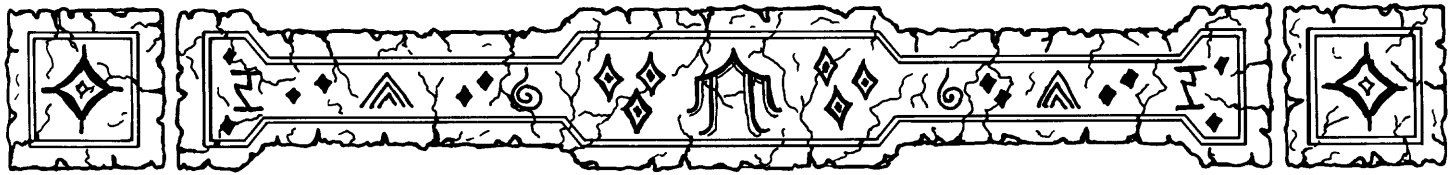
"Here lies Fred—
He's better off dead"

It was after successfully arranging the murder of Sir John while Brother Frederick was away on retreat that the wizard next schemed to remove the last barrier between himself and Lady Samantha. The cleric in fact fell prey to the wizard here in his own sanctuary, and there is much psychic energy left in the area.

Those entering the chapel face two possible visions of the priest's last moments. Should the party start to enter the chapel without the presence of the haunt, a brown-robed figure will suddenly press beyond the rearmost characters, passing through those in its way as it heads toward the altar. All viewing it, save those immune to fear, must save vs. spell at -2 or be affected by the equivalent of a *fear* spell. This is the phantom (see MONSTER MANUAL II) of Brother Frederick, and it will approach the altar, where a dark man awaits. The figure, bathed like the cleric in a feral light, will be noted to be the same man in the portrait in the lower dining room. Silently, the two will argue, with the discourse becoming more heated as time progresses. Suddenly from the darkness of the ceiling rafters, three shadows will descend upon and attack the priest, and the wizard will let fly magic missiles. A bright flash will then occur, and the scene will be gone. A character who enters with the haunt will, upon retrieval of the sword, note the light in the chamber. They may then turn and observe the last moments of the argument and the cleric's end.

33. Living Quarters

Brother Frederick's simple chambers are here, containing a bed, wash table, and a few old robes hanging from wall



pegs. A doorway once leading to the outer hallway has likewise been boarded up from the other side.

34. Vestry and Library

Here, a few ceremonial robes hang within a wardrobe, and a number of bookshelves hold religious writings. A small writing table and stool stand in an alcove to the south. Upon it rest a few leaves of parchment and a dried bottle of ink holding an old quill.

35. Alchemical Storeroom

This room contains miscellaneous supplies for the laboratory below. A non-magical cloak also hangs upon a peg on the eastern wall.

36. Lady Samantha's Cell

After the demise of those who stood in his way, it took little time for the domineering wizard to gain control of the estate, assuming its debts and using his own fortune to support its upkeep. Despised by Lady Samantha, who spurned his offer to remain mistress of the estate if she would submit to him, the mage finally locked the damsel in this tower room until such time as she would change her mind. Resistant to the end, she eventually starved to death here. Past the locked door, spartan living quarters will be discovered, with only a few sticks of furniture. A skeleton clad in a long satin dress, Lady Samantha's remains, lies in a corner, cruelly left here to molder.

Because it was here within this room that she died, Lady Samantha is able to materialize and attempt communication. Those who enter will catch sight of a transparent form coalescing over the body, and it will be obvious to all that this must indeed be the spirit of whomever's body lies upon the flagstones. In spirit form she still retains all of her grace and beauty, but upon her face is a look of great sorrow. Pleadingly, she will stretch out a hand (preferably toward a female PC), indicating for someone to grasp it.

Lesser ghost (1): AC 3; MV 18"; HD; hp 16; # AT 0; Dmg nil; SD silver or magic weapon needed to hit; AL LG; XP 260.

Should the offer be taken, the spirit will disappear, temporarily possessing the body of whomever took her hand. The host's mouth will then open, and Lady Samantha's voice will urge the adventurers to slay the wizard's ghost, explaining that he is responsible for the many deaths of those who once dwelled here, and that the spirits on the grounds cannot rest until then. She will go on to mention that the wizard's ghost spends most of its time in his laboratory below or in his bed chamber above, and if it is not in sight, she will urge the PCs fetch the sword from her father's crypt to aid in the ghost's slaying. Lastly, she will request the adventurers, upon completion of their quest, inter her in the empty vault in the chapel. She otherwise will be able to answer any of the group's questions for up to three additional rounds before departing the host and fading to nothingness.

If no one grasps her hand, she will turn away, silently weeping, and fade away into a corner. If attacked, she will seek to dematerialize and escape through the floor.

Should the chamber be searched, each character has a 25% chance of noting a golden ring lying in a dusty corner of the room. The ring, delicately sculpted with tiny flowers and hummingbirds, will radiate magic if checked. It was a gift from Hieronymus Bosco which Lady Samantha threw away. The only thing magical about the ring is that it has been enchanted to a great hardness despite its apparent fragility (consider it to have a saving throw of 2 vs. all effects, with a value of 50 gp).

37. Stairway

Through this door, a web-filled stairway winds upward into the tower.

38. Bedroom

A large gable affords an excellent view of the surrounding countryside through its three teak-framed windows to the south of this chamber. In the west stands a cherry wardrobe filled with moth-eaten men's and women's clothing, and against the northern wall is an ebony dressing table holding a number of crusty bottles of makeup and a few pieces of jewelry (value 75 gp). Lastly, a double canopied bed with a red satin comforter stands in an alcove to the east.

This chamber was once occupied by the lord and lady of the manor during happier times. When the lady died of natural causes and was laid to rest in the chapel, Lady Samantha's father kept the room unchanged until his own death a few months later.

39. Bath

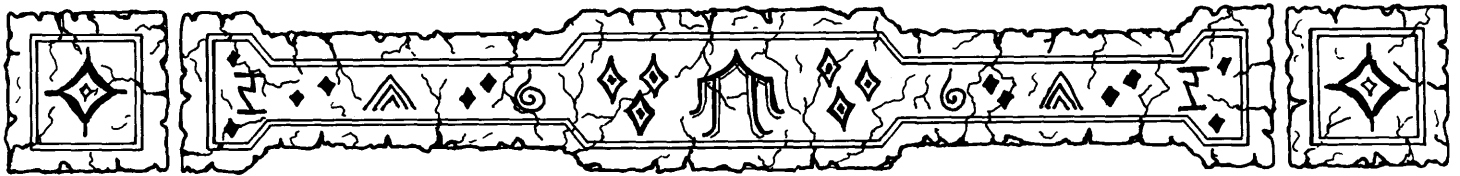
This room is tiled in marble and contains a large brass bathtub to the south. Shelving holds a few towels along with a selection of bath salts.

40. Study

This cheerful room was obviously a study, although its bookcases hold items of more interest to a younger person than a serious scholar. A desk stands before a window seat overlooking the courtyard, and should it be searched, an abacus will be found along with a few sheets of less-than-accurate math work.

41. Bedroom

As the adventurers draw near the door of this room, the tinkling strains of a music box will be detected coming from within. This was Lady Samantha's chamber, which the group will notice has a markedly feminine look to it, with frilly furniture and soft carpeting. A bed with a white canopy from which hang rows of silvery tassels rests in the eastern alcove. A dressing table and mirror stand against the southern wall,



next to a wardrobe filled to capacity with various gowns of lace and satin, along with dozens of pairs of shoes. Next to windows in the western wall is a wicker luncheon table and four chairs, two of which are occupied by very old dolls. An open music box rests upon the center of the table. If Lady Samantha hasn't yet been encountered, a random character entering the room will feel a rush of air with her spirit's passing.

42. Linen closet.

Inside here will be discovered a few sets of normal linens.

43. Bedroom

This was once the bed chamber of Lady Samantha's tutor. In later times, though, she was dismissed and replaced by an apprentice of the wizard. Now, only a pair of beds and an empty wardrobe remain.

44. Bedroom

Three upstairs maids were once quartered here until their dismissal by Hieronymous. The room then fell into disuse and is now filled with a few boxes of rubbish.

45. Bedroom

This chamber was last occupied by the wizard's chief apprentice. And it is perhaps fitting that the mage met his own duplicitous end through the hand of his equally ambitious apprentice. Remaining in the room are a brass bed in the northern alcove, an empty wardrobe to the northwest, and a few bookcases to the south. A desk filled with a few leaves of parchment and old inkwells stands against the eastern wall.

46. Wizard's Room

The dust-covered steps from below will soon emerge into the tower's uppermost level. Once filled with the tools of the wizard's trade, the entire chamber will be observed to have suffered thor-

ough ravaging and searching. Shelves once holding beakers of unknown components have been emptied, with much of their contents dumped onto the floor. Beneath an empty bookshelf to the south, the drawers of a large desk lie carelessly overturned on the ground, their papers trodden on in someone's haste to quickly seize any goods of value.

The wizard's web-covered and blood-stained bed lies against the northern wall next to an empty wardrobe. Still lying upon the floor, where it fell from his grasp, is the goblet once holding the poisoned wine that was his undoing.

Even as his master convulsed in agony, his ambitious chief apprentice entered the room and plunged a dagger into his heart, ending the wizard's life. Wasting no time, the mage then ransacked the chamber and packed away his teacher's valuables. He then made good his escape from the grounds, leaving it for a frightened servant to discover the dead wizard the next morning.

With Hieronymous' demise, the manor immediately became taken over by the dead. The frightened servants stayed just long enough to inform the local authorities of the wizard's death before leaving the estate to whatever was responsible for the unearthly noises that began by the next night, and in no time, the area became shunned by all.

Lady Samantha's fate was never known, the tale being spread earlier by the wizard that she had sold the manor to him and departed for other lands. Thus, the true depth of his depravity was never ascertained.

Angered at his unplanned end and the group's penetration of his chamber, the ghost, if not already slain, will materialize from the stairway behind the group and attempt to magic jar a PC magic-user as outlined earlier. If unsuccessful, it will fight, this time to the death.

Creature Notes

"Ah! I knew it was here some . . ." The old halfling, coattails flapping nearly up

to his head as he lost his footing upon the bookcase ladder, landed with a thud behind his desk.

The elf leaned forward and peered over the desk. "You all right, Desmore?" she asked.

Still clutching the leather-bound tome as he lay on the floor, the halfling lifted his powdered wig from the front of his face, properly replacing it upon his head. "Yes, quite," he managed, pushing his spectacles back up upon the bridge of his nose. "We Wigheads are a family used to falling from heights"

He made it to his feet and placed the book on the desk before her. "In fact my father once made it almost to the top of an old pyramid in the desert" he continued. "I should preface that by saying, however, that he found it quite by accident when a camel he had purchased—which I should add was actually the property of a certain sheik, who was renowned . . ."

"You say this deals adequately with the subject of ghosts, Desmore?" the elf broke in, thumbing through the tome.

"What? Oh, yes. It does mention quite a bit about them."

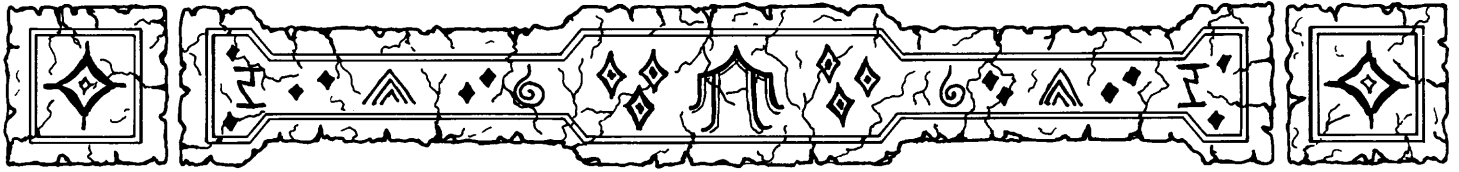
Delsenora slowly thumbed through the yellowed pages of the old work, shaking her head. "Whoever wrote this obviously was no adventurer, but was repeating tales heard from others," she sighed. "I see a few mistakes about spirits I've observed firsthand in the Greycloaks. Still, it looks fundamentally adequate. How much?"

"Ah, well, for a friend such as you, only 10 golden crowns."

"Fine." She reached into her purse, dropping a small pile of golden coins onto the mahogany desk.

"If I might apologize for prying," the halfling said, "why are you so interested in ghosts? Planning on an adventure someplace? Might there be a chance of some rare books being found that you wouldn't want? As you know, I'm ever in the market for . . ."

She tucked the book under her arm. "Nothing like that, Desmore," she said, stopping the halfling before he really got going. "I've an apprentice planning



to explore the haunted mansion outside of town, and I wanted to get her some detailed information about ghosts."

"Oh. Well, if you want to know about ghosts, you have come to the right place. For instance, the very word ghost has always conjured up the image of the spirit of a departed individual. Yet, as is well known, there are many different types of spirits, ranging from the true ghosts to lesser cousins such as haunts, poltergeists, etc.

"Now true ghosts almost always began as powerful humans who during life possessed both an evil disposition and a powerful will. How exactly such a person actually does become a ghost remains a mystery, but one recurrent factor seems to be that their passing from life is marked by great anger or hatred.

"Whether or not this ultimately results in the spirit's being unable to rest, or whether the departed 'earns' its status as a result of its earthly misdeeds isn't really known, and perhaps both likelihoods are possible. All true ghosts, though, keep the powerful wills they had in life, and often they are possessed of a singular purpose—usually revenge on the living. It's said that this driving purpose causes the ghost, even if chaotic in life, to tend toward an organized evil to accomplish its particular goals.

"Few things faced by adventurers are more frightening in appearance than true ghosts: the halfling continued. "Such creatures resemble white-hued, semi-transparent humanoid shapes, often with distorted features revealing the true awfulness of the soul during life. In connection with this, true ghosts may bear spiritual chains and weights—which some, I might add, believe to be a warning by the gods to the living that such a fate awaits them if they follow the same sort of path as the wretch before them was foolish enough to do. Yet I should add some notable sages, such as the renowned Thomas of Cormyr, who it's said was a fanatical lover of horses amongst other things, although in my own perusal of his works, I tend to think his love or

equines was more or less a hobby. But it is true that he owned one of the finest stables in this part of the . . ."

"You were talking about the appearance of ghosts, Desmore," Delsenora prompted.

"What? Oh, yes. Just as often, true ghosts may also display a gaping wound or a headless form, illustrating the manner of their ultimate demise.

"The visage of a ghost is made even more terrifying by the fact that the creature usually materializes with surprise from a wall, floor, ceiling, etc., which may so startle those who see it they flee in terror from the area — with a few extra white hairs.

"It's said that only those clerics who during their early years of training have received the proper instruction on the undead are able to stand for certain against the sudden horrible sight of a true ghost and the supernatural awe it inspires. And even battle-hardened adventurers are known to have found the vision so horrible that friends and comrades have been temporarily abandoned in their haste to move away from the area!

Delsenora nodded, pondering the halfling's words. "I guess a ghost is a tougher customer than I thought. Is there any way to tell if you're nearing the heart of a ghost's lair?"

"As a matter of fact," the halfling answered, "the lair of a ghost is always near the spot at which it died, and the surroundings invariably betray the fact that the living have long since abandoned the area. Thus, it cannot be disputed that some psychic tie binds the restless spirit to the vicinity of its original demise.

"True ghosts possess the ability to wander about the area without losing any of their powers, and so they can indeed be encountered by happenstance. Their sojourns are limited, however, to a particular level of a dungeon, or the grounds of a castle or manor they might be haunting. Naturally, because of their unceasing wandering and ability to penetrate solid spaces, a ghost will have perfect knowledge of

the dungeon it inhabits."

"I've seen spectres, and the like — and I know what they can do, and how they do it," Delsenora said. "Does a ghost behave any differently when it attacks than other spirits?"

"Well, to some extent" the halfling answered. "As I mentioned, true ghosts have a singular drive to revenge themselves upon the living. The most obvious way in which they accomplish this is by shifting from the Ethereal Plane and fully materializing on the Prime Material Plane to make their dreaded touch, which draws away the life force of the ghost's unlucky mortal opponent, withering and aging him. This horrid attack is known to sometimes be such a shock to the system that a non-elf can die from it.

"A more subtle means of allowing the ghost to accomplish its goals is through an attempted magic jarring of a target — usually one of the same profession as the creature in life. Should this be successful, the creature may, for instance, utilize the spells of its host against its enemies. The new shell also permits the ghost egress from the area to which it is tied. The creature may then wander forth to continue its plan for revenge.

"When a ghost is in possession of a body, it may speak, but the voice, which is that of the ghost in life, comes from deep inside the victim. Certainly there is no detectable movement of the tongue or jaws.

"The hapless shell possessed by the creature retains its hit points. But as the ghost takes no steps to obtain nourishment, the host weakens progressively, suffering the normal consequences from starvation and dehydration until the spirit is forced to abandon it. The creature thereafter is free to wander about until it finds another prospective host to inhabit."

"Hmm. So a ghost may as likely seek to possess someone as kill him."

"Yes, indeed. But ghosts may also possess objects to aid them in causing mayhem. Most frequently they limit themselves to, for example, causing a chandelier to fall upon a target below,



or a bookcase to topple over upon someone examining it. At other times, the creature may even possess a weapon such as a crossbow or spear, causing it to strike out at a victim. The duration of such possessions is always very short, usually along the line of a few minutes.

“Adventurers mixing it up with true ghosts certainly have a difficult time ahead of them. The creature’s overwhelming hatred of the living, and urgency to gain revenge, make it an extremely dangerous foe. Negotiation certainly is something for which there is little hope, and in almost every case, the choices of those encountering such a creature are limited to either leaving the area of the ghost’s lair or fighting it. The creature’s immunity to spells while on the Ethereal Plane places a heavy burden on party fighters to slay the creature through close melee, thereby placing themselves at great risk with respect to the monster’s touch attack. A useful defense, however, is the protection *from evil* spell, which prevents the ghost from successfully making its horrid touch upon one so protected!”

“You earlier said something about a ghost dominating its dead victims. Do you mean to say a ghost can have other ghosts under its control?”

“Not really. What I was referring to are lesser ghosts. They’re merely restless spirits whose passing on to the next world is prevented for a number of reasons: For instance, the person may have died with an urgent need to pass on an important message to someone or accomplish some sort of unfinished task. Thus, it remains on the Prime Material Plane, unable to rest until the message is delivered or the task completed. In another case, the lesser ghost may, as true ghosts, be angered over its betrayal and murder in life, and the creature cannot rest until the one who committed the crime against it is properly punished.

“A lesser ghost might also, through its own misbehavior in life, find itself bound to an unhappy existence between worlds until it finds some sort

of way to atone for its deeds. Lastly, the relatively weak spirit might remain under the domination of a greater ghost, free from obeying it, but tormented and unable to rest until the creature is destroyed.

“Unlike true ghosts, lesser ghosts always resemble themselves in life, appearing as transparent figures, often dressed as they were at the time of death or in what they were fond of wearing prior to that. The visage of such creatures, while possibly unnerving, certainly doesn’t even approach the horror of that belonging to a true ghost.

“As true ghosts, lesser ghosts likewise are limited to staying near the area of their original demise. They may, however, wander about the general vicinity, although their weakness makes it difficult for them to make their presence known. In some rare cases, lesser ghosts have been known to be tied to particular objects — usually something it was fond of in life — accompanying the object when it is removed elsewhere.

“During their wanderings, lesser ghosts are entirely invisible, for it is only at the location where they died, or where their body lies, that they may become visible to the living. Their presence might otherwise be noted through a gentle wafting of air as they pass by, and some individuals seem able to even sense their presence.

“One clue that lesser ghosts are about the area is through encountering certain sounds that are obviously out of place to their surroundings. Somehow, perhaps unconsciously, these creatures project the sounds that the spirit enjoyed in life. This can range from the sounds of children at play to the merriment of balls and dances, to good-natured swordplay. In all cases, such noises will be heard coming through a wall or closed door — and they will always cease when the living enter the area in question, lending credence to the idea that such phenomena are not consciously created, but instead occur through some natural process while the

creature’s thoughts wander back to happier times it once knew.

“Lesser ghosts have no real attack forms, other than perhaps acting in a threatening manner when their lair is penetrated,” the halfling replied. “They may, however, possess objects for up to about 10 minutes, causing, for example, the chimes of a clock to ring, or a chandelier to swing oddly, or the strings of a musical instrument to be strummed. Unlike true ghosts, these creatures lack the strength to actually cause physical harm through haunting an object, and such phenomena are at worst poltergeist-like.

“Lesser ghosts may for several minutes possess an individual in order to communicate. The host usually must allow physical contact to be made, although the creature may attempt to touch a target, gaining temporary possession of his body if successful. The duration for such possession is up to 10 minutes, after which the ghost will depart, leaving the host none the worse for the experience.”

“Hmm. They don’t sound as nearly as nasty as their cousins.”

“No, indeed. It is also much easier to deal with lesser ghosts than their greater counterparts. If communication is established, the creature usually is more than willing to impart what may be done to lay it to rest. It otherwise may be turned as easily as a shadow by clerics, and may be slain with silver or magical weapons.”

“You’re a fountain of information today, Desmore,” Delsenora said. “But tell me — why didn’t you mention all this before I bought the book?”

“You didn’t ask,” the halfling answered with a grin and a wink, “and I’d have been 10 crowns poorer.”

Other Notes

The statistics for lesser ghosts follows:

AC 3; MV 18”; HD 3; # AT 0; SA nil; SD silver or magic weapon needed to hit, turned as shadows; AL any; XP 100 + 10 per hit point.
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ORIENTAL SPECTRES

Terrain: Castle
Party Levels: 45 (Average 9th)
Gold X.P.: 20,000 tael, 500 ch'ien (12,500 gp)
Treasure X.P.: 6,300
Monster X.P.:
Kill 11,570 Defeat 8,680
Retreat 2,890

Setup

- PCs adventuring in Kozakura have accepted the hospitality of Yamashita Obuno at his stronghold in Okane Province. When family members and retainers are mysteriously killed, Lord Obuno asks the PCs for their help in resolving the mystery.

- A character with ties to the Shikken of Kozakura finds that he is not safe in the castle of his host, Yamashita Obuno. He is stalked by spectres of the vengeful Tanomitsu clan, the castle's previous owners, who were killed by the PC's relatives in the Hojo War.

DM's Background

Tanomitsu Mitsuro was one of Hojo Todahiro's generals in the Hojo War. At the Battle of Norinoshima nine years ago, Todahiro lost his claim to the shogunate. During that conflict, General Tanomitsu and his personal retainers were cut off from the battle by an ambush. Hard pressed and unable to come to Todahiro's aid, Tanomitsu Mitsuro took his retainers and fled in boats to the mainland. Closely pursued by the troops of Yamashita Ichiro, Tanomitsu retreated to his castle in Okane Province to defend his family there.

Yamashita's troops swept into the town of Ezuwara before Tanomitsu had time to prepare for their attack. The general and his retainers made themselves secure inside Ezuwara Castle, where Yamashita demanded his surrender. Mitsuro refused.

Yamashita was scornful of the coward's desertion and had no time to conduct a long siege. His troops fired the castle with arrows and watched it burn to the ground, destroying all within.

Ezuwara Castle and the surrounding town were later given to Yamashita Ichiro as a reward for his services to the Takenaka clan during the Hojo War.

Ichiro's son, Obuno, is jito of Ezuwara estate. He has had the castle rebuilt and recently moved in with his family and retainers. In the past two weeks, one family member and three vassals have mysteriously vanished. Ninja are suspected, but the disappearances continue in spite of the most stringent security.

The Spectres

Unbeknownst to the Yamashita clan, there is a secret escape passage in the stone foundation of Ezuwara Castle. Tanomitsu Mitsuro, his kensai daughter Isui, and his shukenja/ninja cousin Masako were fleeing through that passageway as the castle was burning overhead. However, the trio died from smoke inhalation before they could move free of the castle. Consumed with hatred for the Yamashita clan, and unwilling to let go of their abruptly shortened lives, the three Tanomitsu haunt Ezuwara castle as spectres.

This was a normal spectral existence as long as the castle was in ruins. But since it has been rebuilt by the Yamashita, the spectres' anger is stirred. Not only is their resting place disturbed, but it is now inhabited by their enemies. Mitsuro, the most powerful of the three, wants to destroy the Yamashita that inhabit "his" castle. He and his spectral companions are draining the castle residents of life one by one, converting them to spectres under Tanomitsu control. Soon the spectres will be powerful enough to slay most of the Yamashita in Ezuwara Castle.

The entrance to Mitsuro's escape passage is well concealed in the cellar flagstones. Besides fighting their forms, the spectres can be destroyed by performing proper clerical ceremonies on their remains which lie in that passageway (see "Ecology of the Spectre"). Tanomitsu clan treasures are also there, described under "The Passageway," below.

PC Setup

If the DM determines that one player character (or more) was related to the winning side in the Hojo War, then he may single that person out for attack by the Tanomitsu spectres as a matter of personal vengeance. In that case, that adventurer will always be the first target of spectral attacks in the course of this scenario. Otherwise, characters become involved simply at the request of their host, Yamashita Obuno. If PCs vanquish the spectres but do not find the Tanomitsu treasures, Obuno gives them a cash reward of 20,000 tael. If they do find the Tanomitsu treasures, Obuno allows them to keep what they find and does not reward them with anything else.

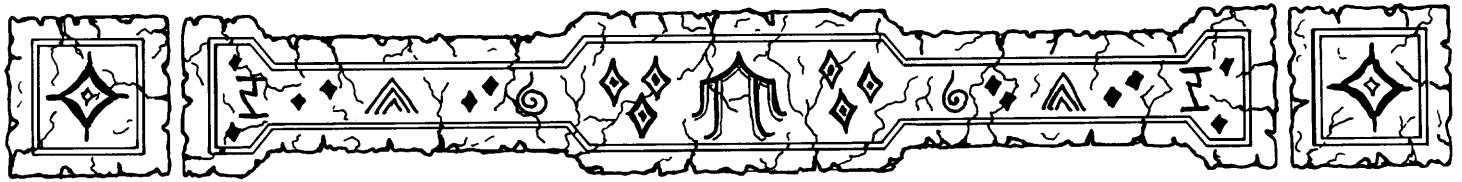
The Adventure

Ezuwara Castle

Pausing in their journeys, the player characters are hosted at Ezuwara Castle, a Yamashita estate under care of jito Yamashita Obuno. Read the following to the PCs:

Ezuwara Castle stands on a hill overlooking the coast of Okane Province. The town of Ezuwara stretches between the castle and the rocky harbor, home to a sizable fishing fleet that works the waters of the Inland Sea. A rustic location with a beautiful ocean vista, Ezuwara was once the favored retreat of the powerful general, Tanomitsu Mitsuro. The castle was destroyed at the close of the Hojo War, but has since been rebuilt by Yamashita Obuno, jito of the estate.

Lord Obuno, your host, is a solemn-faced samurai in his mid-30s. He is lame in one leg and moves awkwardly on foot, but it is common knowledge that Obuno is a masterful rider and as skilled a fighter as any on horseback. He makes you welcome in his stronghold.



Yamashita Obuno, seventh-level samurai: AC 2; MV 9"; HD 7; hp 56; # AT 1; Dmg 1d10 +1, AL LG; XP 448.

Obuno has a *katana* +1 and a *do-maru* +2.

Yamashita Obuno lives at Ezuwara Castle with his wife Suke and infant daughter, and his 15-year-old cousin Maatsune, fostered to Obuno's household to learn samurai training.

In the last two weeks, Obuno's cousin, his guard captain, a cook, and the castle steward have been murdered. He is disturbed and worried about these deaths, but does not yet share this concern with his guests. Attentive PCs should be able to discern that something is amiss at the castle. Servants look furtively about as if on the watch for something, and Obuno's bushi are grimly serious. The guard is doubled on the castle gate and sentry posts.

If PCs ask direct questions about what is wrong they'll receive evasive answers. In his own time, at the evening meal, Obuno broaches the subject and asks for the PCs' help. Lord Yamashita explains that his cousin, Maatsune, was in the stables, the guard captain in his office, the cook and the steward in the storage cellars when they died without a mark on them. Ninja are suspected, but the last death, that of the cook, took place in spite of increased security. There have been no clues about what happened or why. Anything the adventurers can do to help will be appreciated.

Sentry's Walk

That night, after dinner, the alarm is sounded in the courtyard. As people gather to see what is wrong, an odd sight greets their eyes.

On the battlements, faintly visible in the light of the wind-blown torches, a ghostly figure walks the ramparts. The spirit is transparent, but the cut of its robes and the hat it wears are unmistakably those of the Tanomitsu clan —

the former occupants of Ezuwara Castle. The spirit moves without stepping on the wooden walkway, and draws closer to a lone bushi, frozen with fear or surprise in a watchtower corner.

Other foot soldiers advance along the ramparts, and the one in the lead slashes at the spirit's back with his halberd. The blade passes harmlessly through its body — but not unnoticed. The figure turns on the hapless bushi, steps forward through the threatening halberd, and strikes the man where he stands. With a cry, the bushi collapses, tumbling off the walkway to the ground below. Ignoring the other bushi, whose advance has slowed, the spirit grapples with the man it had cornered. He, too, cries out and collapses to the walkway — but the spirit maintains its grip. In a moment, a transparent ghost-like form rises from the bushi's body and follows the first spirit down the battlement stairs and into the courtyard.

Tanomitsu Mitsuro (spectre): AC 2; MV 15"/30"; HD 7 + 3; hp 45; # AT 1; Dmg 1d8; SA drains 2 levels per touch, slain victim becomes half strength spectre under spectre's control; SD immune to *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, cold-based spells, paralyzation or poison, +1 or better weapons to hit; AL LE; XP 2,100.

A spectre is powerless in daylight, and can be destroyed if a *raise dead* spell is cast on it (saving throw vs. magic allowed). Holy water inflicts 2d4 hp damage.

Bushi spectre (1): AC 6; MV 12"/24"; HD 3 + 3; hp 21; # AT 1; Dmg 1d4; SA as above; SD as above; AL LE; XP 930.

The spectre of Mitsuro has just gained another recruit for his force of spectres. When the spectres reach the courtyard, they are intent only on entering the castle and joining the other spirits beneath the cellar. They head

directly for the castle wall and vanish through it. The attacks of bushi or player characters are ignored unless the spectres are struck with magical weapons. In that case, Mitsuro looks carefully at the PCs fighting with magical weapons, and flies away with his companion, moving at maximum speed. He and the other spectres will engage PCs later, forewarned about the dangerous weapons.

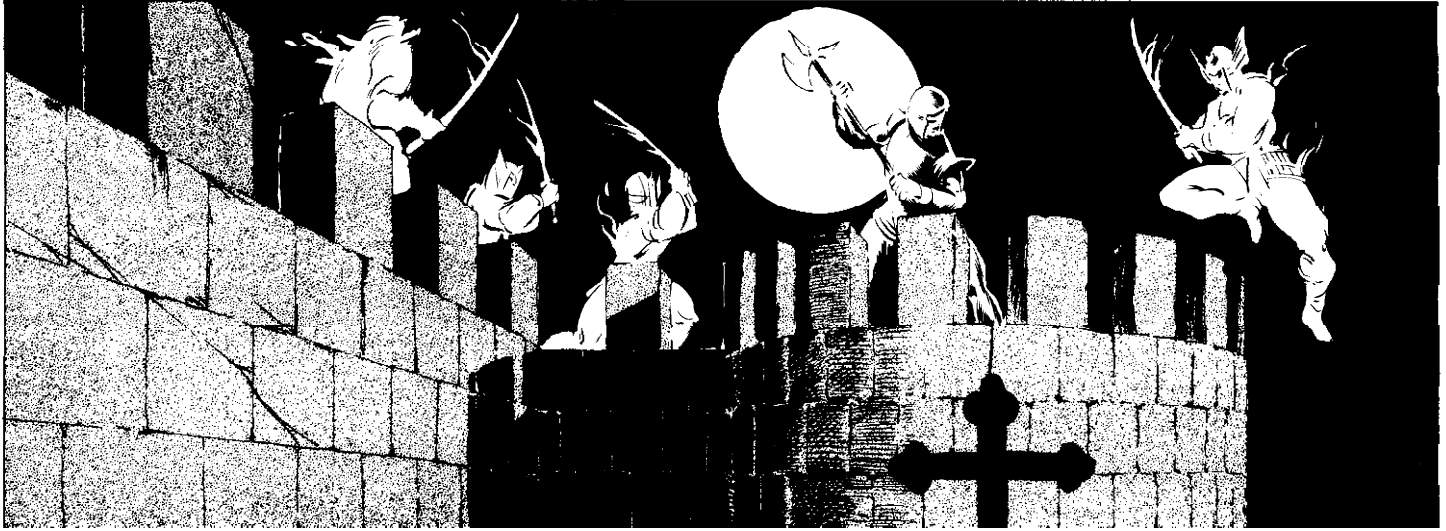
A speak with dead spell is not likely to get any helpful answers out of the body of the bushi who died on the ramparts. In life he knew nothing about the spectres.

Information Gathering

The man who fell to the ground is seriously injured and reduced to the level of a first-level bushi, although this drop in level is not yet evident. He reports that the spirit's touch was chilling and cold. By its clothes, the bushi recognized the undead figure as the spirit of a Tanomitsu man in his 50s, but does not know who he might be.

In regards to the ghostly clothing worn by the first spirit, it is common knowledge that many Tanomitsu died in the flaming ruins of Ezuwara Castle. The place was so devastated that the dead could not be specifically identified. If PCs inquire more closely into the destruction of the castle, locals can tell them the information given under "DM's Background." If the correct questions are asked, PCs might also be told that Lord Mitsuro had Tanomitsu clan heirlooms with him when he entered Ezuwara Castle. These items were the *Harmony Sword*, a magical blade capable of detecting harmony and magic, and an enchanted *war fan* which shielded him from missiles. It is common opinion that the sword and fan could not have survived the ruin of the castle.

Divination and spells such as *commune with lesser spirit* can pinpoint the identities of the spectres which haunt the castle, and might reveal something of their plans (i.e., to destroy the



Yamashita) if the right questions are asked. However, the spectres will not talk about their earthly remains nor mention their location unless forced to do so by the questioner. Even then, answers are as evasive as possible.

The shukenja of Ezuwara shrine is Abutsu, an elderly man of sixth level. If the party lacks a cleric or needs the assistance he can offer, Abutsu can help the characters.

Abutsu (sixth-level shukenja):
AC 8; MV 9"; hp 23; # AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (tetsubo); AL LG; XP 288.

Spells: *cure light wounds, know history, trance, weapon bless, commune with lesser spirit, protection from spirits, invisibility to spirits.*

Visitation in The Night

When the PCs retire for the night, one or more of them are visited by the spectre of Tanomitsu Mitsuro.

The spectre moves through the walls of the castle, thus avoiding guards, and enters the room or rooms occupied by PCs. If a *charm of protection from spirits* or similar spell has been installed where the PCs are, it is useless against Mitsuro, since the spectre already occupies the castle and can enter its individual rooms without difficulty.

If PCs are in more than one room,

Mitsuro approaches the character staying in the most luxurious and well-appointed chamber first. It is likely that Yamashita Obuno has the party's leader or a senior samurai PC quartered in such a room, and Mitsuro naturally assumes that this person is the leader of the group of visitors. Read the following to the character(s) so visited:

A chill draft flows into your room, and the lamplight wavers on the rice-paper wall. A transparent figure passes through the wall and stands motionless at the end of your futon. The spirit looks down upon you. It is clearly an older man, dressed in samurai armor and ghostly robes bearing the mark of the Tanomitsu clan. Its faint voice rasps from beyond the grave. "What is your lineage?" the spirit demands to know.

If Mitsuro is attacked at this point, he flees by sinking through the floor of the room, then sends the lesser spectres to attack the PCs. Two rounds later, one spectre arrives per PC in the room, up to a maximum of five half-strength spectres. They enter by rising up through the floor.

Half-strength spectres (5 max):
AC 6; MV 12"/24"; HD 3 + 3; HP 25, 21, 19, 16, 14; Dmg 1d4; SA as given above; SD as given above; AL LE; XP 161 each.

If half the number of attacking spectres is destroyed (round down), the remaining undead retreat to the cellar and regroup.

PCs slain by these undead become half-strength spectres also under the control of Tanomitsu Mitsuro. PC spectres have the same statistics as for the half-strength spectres given above. Such undead return to the cellar to await further orders from Mitsuro.

If he is not attacked, Mitsuro is intent on finding out what clans to which the PC is related or connected. If the spectre can see the insignia of an enemy clan on the PC's clothes or equipment, Mitsuro asks specifically about that relationship. The clans Mitsuro considers enemies are the Takenaka, Yamashita, Sato, Otomo, and any others the DM determines opposed the Tanomitsu and Hojo Todahiro in the Hojo War.

If Mitsuro finds that the PC is firmly tied to an enemy house, the spectre targets that character as his next victim. If the adventurer refuses to discuss his heritage, Mitsuro assumes the charac-



ter is an enemy, and likewise marks him as his next victim. In either case, Mitsuro departs to question other PCs. The spectre avoids answering any questions the PC may ask of it. If the spectre cannot gain the cooperation of any of the party members, he sends lesser spectres to attack them as explained above, starting with characters who insulted him or acted rudely.

VENGEANCE

If the PC reveals his heritage and is not a confirmed enemy of the Tanomitsu clan, Mitsuro tries to recruit his aid. The spectre says, "The Yamashita murdered us in dishonor. We must have vengeance. Burn the castle down, tonight!"

If PCs argue with this, but seem sympathetic to his hatred, Mitsuro will settle instead for the head of Yamashita Obuno. This is not the limit of the revenge desired by the spectres, but it does give them something tangible they otherwise could not gain for themselves.

If PCs agree (at least verbally) to do this grisly task for Mitsuro, the spectre pushes them for a commitment and tentative plans about when and how it will be done. His first step in doing so is asking the PC to swear an oath or make a vow to fulfill this task. Mitsuro bargains as best he can to get the PC to do this. If a character agrees, the DM must decide what impact this has on the PC's alignment and honor. Mitsuro offers a reward to the character in exchange for his help, but refuses to define what it will be. Actually, the spectre plans to slay the PC who aids him and allow that character to serve him, Mitsuro, as his reward.

The Tanomitsu spectre agrees to a waiting period of no longer than 24 hours, then retires to wait for this mission to be accomplished. The spectre cannot be tricked into saying where he wants the head delivered, although he can be forced to say "the cellar" if an appropriate spell is cast on him. Normally, the spectre will tell the PCs that

information only after they have Obuno's head.

ON THE RIGHT TRACK

The morning after this visitation, it becomes known that the injured retainer has been reduced to the skill level of a first-level bushi, although he was formerly a third-level fighter. This should help any knowledgeable shukenja, sohei, or monk to determine the nature of the spirit being faced. If the characters fail to figure this out on their own, the DM may allow them to make an Intelligence check. Successful ones "remember" about spectres and deduce what they must be confronting.

Now that the spectres are letting themselves be seen openly, it is possible to learn from Yamashita vassals exactly where the spirits are being sighted on the castle grounds. If the party asks around the castle or follows the spectres for any distance, it is clear that the spirits are moving back and forth between the kitchen cellar and the rest of the castle. The staff is unable to think of any particular reason why the spectres should favor the cellar area. If PCs investigate the cellar now, go to "In the Cellar;" below.

THE HAPLESS HANDMAIDEN

Women (except for PC characters) dine separately from men at meal times, taking their food in the women's quarters in the north wing of the castle. At the first meal after dark, the adventurers are asked to dine with Lord Obuno. The meal is interrupted halfway through.

You are disturbed by distant shrieks echoing through the castle halls. Lord Obuno looks up, riveting his guards with a questioning glance. In the next moment, you hear the slap of sandaled feet running down the cedar passageways. A guard dashes into the hall, and hurriedly kowtows to Lord Obuno.

"So sorry, Lord . . ." he gasps, " . . .

your wife's handmaiden, taken by a spirit as she served dinner . . ." Obuno leaps to his feet before the bushi can finish. He motions you to join him, and the guard's shouted words follow as you run down the hall:

"Her spirit follows the other down the East Hall!"

Because of his lame leg, Obuno is quickly outpaced by the PCs. He shouts to the party to go ahead and pursue the spirits, and he will see to his wife. Four guards accompany Obuno to the women's quarters. Two bushi guards run with the adventurers, to give them assistance and lead the way to the East Hall.

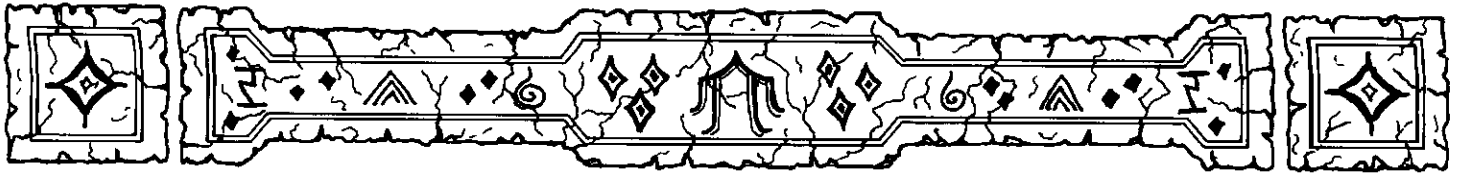
Bushi (second level) (2): AC 7; MV 12"; HD 2; hp 12; # AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (spear); SA nil; SD nil; AL LN; XP 44 each.

THE EAST HALL

In the rush of the moment, the party's bushi guides are intent only on leading them to the East Hall, which connects the kitchens with the north wing of the castle. By going this way, the party approaches the spectres from the rear, and must run in order to catch up and close with them.

If a character thinks to ask, the guards can take them through corridors that bring the party into the East Hall ahead of the spectres. In that way, if the party wants to fight or confront the spirits, they have a better chance of doing so.

Characters see two transparent forms moving down the hall. Both are women. The one in the rear appears young; the one in the lead wears robes that bear the Tanomitsu symbol. If characters intercept the spectres from the front, they can see that the leading spirit is clothed in partial armor (of spirit form) and carries a ghostly naginata. This spectre is Tanomitsu Isui, the kensai daughter of Mitsuro. With her is



Ninoye, a handmaiden who interposed herself between Lord Obuno's wife Suke and the spectre.

Tanomitsu Isui (spectre): hp 37; XP 2020. All other statistics as for full-strength spectre given above.

Isui fights with her spirit-form naginata, but damage is the same as if it were a regular spectre attack.

Handmaiden spectre (1): hp 11; XP 880. All other statistics as for the half-strength spectres given above.

The spectres fight the PCs if they are attacked or prevented from continuing down the East Hall. If they are pursued into the kitchens at the end of the hall, Isui decides they have been followed far enough, and the pair turns about and attacks the adventurers. They fight until the PCs retreat or are slain. If Ninoye is killed and Isui loses half her hit points, she drops into the floor and vanishes, retreating in this undetectable way to the cellar. If Isui is killed, Ninoye flees to a random place in the castle, moving as far away from the characters as quickly as possible.

If Ninoye is captured or somehow compelled to talk, she can tell nothing of the Tanomitsu plans. If the same happens to Isui, she volunteers nothing and evades questions in every way possible. If Isui is captured or bespelled while Ninoye is still at large, Isui sends the handmaiden to fetch the other spectres. This ploy, if successful, brings all Zanomitsu undead and any lesser spectres under their control to the scene within 1d4 rounds. The spectres fight the PCs to free Isui or avenge her 'death' if she has been slain. PCs killed by these undead become lesser spectres under the spectres' control with statistics as given above.

Brave Sacrifice

In the women's quarters in the north wing, the story of Ninoye's sacrifice soon comes out. As the women were

having dinner, the female undead spirit came to them, cursed Lady Suke, and stepped toward her, hand outstretched. Suke scrambled back, pursued by the spectre, and her handmaiden, Ninoye, stepped between the spirit and her mistress.

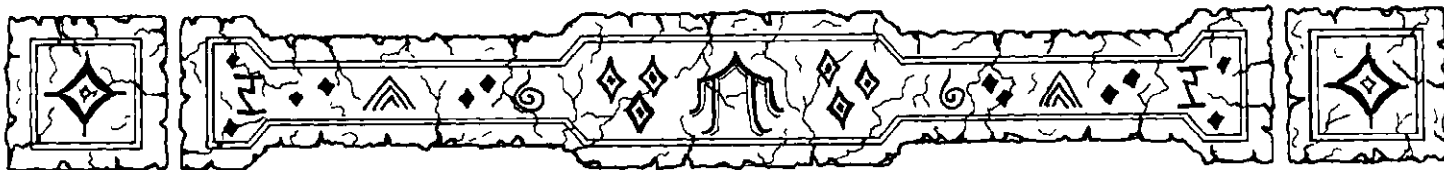
The spectre laughed when it had slain Ninoye, then turned to Suke and said, "I'll be back for you later!" As in the courtyard last night, the guards' weapons proved useless against the undead creature, who left with the spirit of Ninoye. The handmaiden's body now lies in the north wing.

As with the bushi from the battles, a *speak with dead* spell cast on Ninoye is not likely to provide useful answers. In life, the handmaiden did not know anything about the spectres. However, if characters are stumped and need help dealing with this problem, the DM may allow that Ninoye's soul has learned some helpful information since her death, and so can respond to a cleric's questions.

Lord Obuno is willing to arrange to have Ninoye restored to life, in thanks for her sacrifice in saving Suke's life. If a player character is capable of doing so, Obuno offers an appropriate reward (DM's discretion) to accomplish this. If Ninoye is brought back to life, her spectre is destroyed in the process as it is reabsorbed into her soul (see "Ecology of the Spectre").

Working To Get a Head

Mitsuro impatiently awaits results from any character who has agreed to secure Obuno's head for him — or even better, to burn down Ezuwara Castle. This is easier said than done, if the PCs are serious about doing so. Adventurers are accompanied by at least two bushi guide/escorts whenever they wander about Ezuwara Castle. Lord Obuno is accompanied by two second-level samurai and five first-level bushi at all times. These retainers also guard him and his wife when they sleep.



Samurai (second level) (2): AC 5; MV 12"; HD 2; hp 18, 15; # AT 1; Dmg 1d10; AL LG; XP 52 each.

Bushi (first level) (5): AC 7; MV 12"; HD 1; hp 6 each; # AT 1; Dmg 1d6; AL LN; XP 16 each.

While he is waiting for results, Mitsuro remains in the cellar (a central contact point for all the undead) and sends Masako, his shukenja/ninja retainer, to spy on the aforementioned PCs and keep an eye on what they are doing. As long as it is in a place away from sunlight, Masako lurks nearby, hidden in the shadows but within sight and earshot of the adventurers.

Masako (spectre): hp 32; XP 1970; all other statistics as given above for 1 full-strength spectre.

Although he takes care in his hiding and can fade back into stone or walls at a instant's notice, attentive characters may notice the chill that announces the spectre's nearness. Spells or magical devices may also reveal his presence. If he is not attacked, Masako simply smiles at his discoverers, then fades out of sight — only to return in another place and continue his spying. Having been a ninja in real life, Masako is good at picking places from which to spy undetected. He may be just behind a rice-paper door, for instance, or blend right into a wooden wall in the same room with the characters.

If Masako is attacked by PCs, he fights with his first opponent until that character is slain or Masako loses half his hit points. Then the spectre retreats to the cellar to confer with Mitsuro.

Mitsuro is content to let Masako continue spying until the waiting time is up and Obuno's head is supposed to be delivered. Mitsuro then meets the PC to tell him to bring the head to the cellar. If by some chance Yamashita's head is actually delivered or the castle burned, Mitsuro attempts to slay the PC who helped him (so he can serve as a spectre), then all spectres retire for a time to

gloat over their coup.

If there is no head when the appointed time arrives, or if Masako's spying has revealed treachery, Mitsuro becomes enraged. He orders all spectres to attack the "foresworn dogs' pawn adventurers." The attack occurs en masse as soon as the undead can locate the PCs within the castle. Lesser spectres fight until they are destroyed, but the three greater spectres retreat to the cellar only when each is reduced to ¼ of its original hit points.

In The Cellar

If PCs are not drawn to investigate the cellar more closely, the spectres proceed with their plan to eliminate the PCs (who pose a threat to them), then Obuno's family, Obuno himself, and his retainers. This plan can only be stopped by destroying the three Tanomitsu spectres, or by dealing with their earthly remains.

The first time characters look around the cellar they are unhindered by the spectres, who do not wish to draw too much attention to this location. The cellar is lined with quarried stone, and is part of the stone foundation of the castle. Below the kitchen area is a well and a storage cistern for rainwater.

If the characters return to the cellar and search for the secret passage or its trapdoor entrance, they are bothered by the spectres. The undead first attack one at a time, starting with the weakest spectre available. After all, Mitsuro doesn't want to clue the party that there is anything especially valuable here to protect.

If PCs do not run away, or if they slay or turn at least two spectres, Mitsuro sends the rest of the half-strength spectres to fight the PCs all at once. Adventurers may notice that the undead materialize each time over the same spot in the cellar floor. That is because the remains of the Tanomitsu are in the hidden underground passageway at that place, and the spectres tend to collect there when they are not elsewhere in the castle. PC investigation of this

spot provokes the same spectral attacks as detailed above.

The spectres have the objective of keeping the PCs away from the secret passageway and out of the cellar. If their fight with the humans escalates as outlined above, the three Tanomitsu spectres join the fray, if it has become a battle and their side is losing. By that time, it is pointless to pretend the cellar is unimportant, and Mitsuro sets half-strength spectres to guard against anyone entering the cellar.

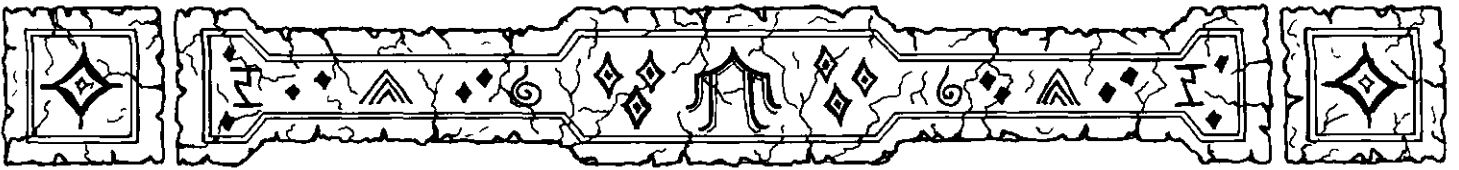
If spectral forces become depleted or turned, and if time allows, some of the Tanomitsu go through the castle in search of victims they can easily turn into half-strength spectres. Each full-strength spectre returns to the fight with one new lesser spectre in tow.

The Secret Passageway

A large flagstone behind and beneath the kitchen stairs is not mortared into place. It is built on carefully balanced pivots, and swings easily when weight is put on one end. The flagstone can be barred in place from below, as it is now, left that way when the Tanomitsu made their escape down this passage. It is also secured with a *wizard luck* spell which was keyed to Tanomitsu Mitsuro's voice and password. The flagstone trapdoor is so masterfully crafted that there is nothing there to distinguish it from any other flagstone or rock that paves the cellar floor.

A spectre may be forced to point out the location of this trapdoor, but otherwise it can be found only with divination spells, a spell of true seeing, or a device that duplicates such effects. The flagstone door can only be opened with a *knock* spell, or smashed open with a sledgehammer. Breaking the flagstone takes one turn of work.

At the flagstone entrance is a 20' long ladder, descending to the 10' square passageway of stone. The passage runs from below the kitchen, descends beneath the stone foundation to an underground tunnel excavated in dirt, and finally leads out to a rocky cavern



at one end of Ezuwara harbor, easily within sight of the castle, but some distance from it.

If characters decide to investigate the spot where spectres keep appearing, any spell which lets PCs examine a space underground will tell them much. *X-ray vision*, *passwall*, *dimension door*, and other spells can let them look into or enter the passageway below. At that spot they will see the remains of the three Tanomitsu and the treasures they carried. If PCs do not have the aid of magic or the use of the hidden flagstone entrance, it takes hours of excavation through stone to get into the hidden passageway.

The Last Stand

If PCs get into the secret passageway without having to battle the entire spectral force, they will certainly have to do so before they can reach the earthly remains of the Tanomitsu spectres. Unless the spectres have been turned or are otherwise powerless to act, the final all-out conflict takes place in the secret passageway in the castle foundation. Spectres fade through stone to attack characters from the rear, and even rise up unexpectedly in their midst. The spectres fight until all PCs are defeated or at least chased out of the cellar. The spectres then pursue them through the castle until the characters are dead or flee the area.

The Tanomitsu

Victorious PCs who explore the passage come upon the remains of the three Tanomitsu. They died when they were overcome by smoke which had gotten sucked into the passage's hidden stonework vents. Their clothes and armor are as they have appeared on their spectral forms.

Tanomitsu Mitsuro bears a matched katana and wakizashi. The wakizashi is a +3 *weapon*, and the +3 *katana* is the heirloom blade called the *Harmony Sword*. The sword has an intelligence of 14, has semi-empathy, and can detect

harmony and magic within 1". At Mitsuro's waist hangs his *war fan of shielding*, which functions as a *brooch of shielding*.

The naginata carried by Xmomitsu Isui is a weapon of quality. She also carries a *potion of gaseous form*. Masako has on his person a *potion of mist dragon control*, a *scroll of protection from hengeyokai*, and an ordinary kawanaga. A small wheeled handcart lies near him. Spilled from it are two chests, one containing 20,000 tael, the other 50 gems worth 10 ch'ien each.

Appropriate clerical ceremonies done with the Tanomitsu remains will eliminate their spectres. (See "Ecology of the Spectre.") If by chance the spectres should return before these ceremonies can be performed, and PCs have made off with Tanomitsu belongings, the spectres will pursue and attack the PCs, fighting to the "death."

The Ecology of The Spectre

Oshin-san, the venerable recluse from the holy mountain Ichiyama, bowed to the imperial councilors who had gathered to hear her speak. Sitting down on the fine cushions provided, her hand absently stroked the rich embroidery that covered the silk. "Much like I used to have," she mused, her mind wandering.

Attentive faces studied her wrinkled one. She pushed a wisp of gray hair out of her eyes, and began.

"You wish to know about spectres. I have gained some insight into their ways, it is true. A result of long hours of meditation and prayer." She paused, and wet her lips from the cup of tea that had been placed by her side. "I have even confronted two spectres at once, and dealt with them without assistance from anyone."

A respectful murmur ran through the room. When it died down, Oshin continued. "Spectres are Evil things, clinging to unlife because of their consuming hatred for life itself.

"Because of this hatred, spectres contain more of the negative energy which animates undead than most of their kind. They are more powerful and harder to destroy. And they are not content simply to hate. More intelligent than most undead, they act on their ill-will for the living, sometimes planning ways to destroy life. They can be wily foes!"

Heads nodded in agreement. "But I get ahead of myself. First, to review the common knowledge about spectres:

"They prefer to haunt desolate and uninhabited places, for they would rather avoid life even while harboring their hatred for it. They hate sunlight, for though it does not physically hurt them, the positive energy embodied in it makes them powerless.

"A spectre's touch is chill, for the negative energy which gives it form drains energy and life from whatever the undead creature touches. Any human drained completely of life energy by a spectre becomes a half-strength spectre under its control.

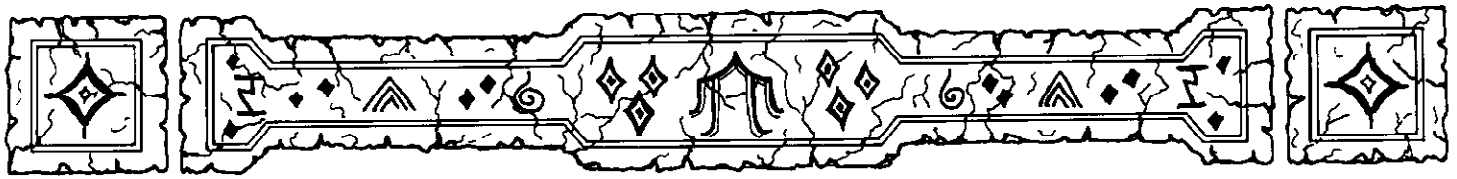
"But I understand you are mostly concerned with how to fight spectres?" she addressed her listeners.

Voices murmured in the affirmative.

"Well, then . . ." Oshin considered for a moment. "Spectres are harmed by holy water or magical weapons because they unbind the negative energy which gives a spectre its form. These undead are immune to *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, or cold-based spells. Nor does poison or paralysis harm a spectre, since it does not have enough of a physical form to feel those effects. A *raise dead* spell cast on one destroys it completely.

"Now, I have discovered some other things through meditation that may prove instructive to you." She smiled slightly at her listeners, the picture of the beneficent recluse. "Spectres can be slain completely if they are attacked and fought on the Negative Energy Plane. They are found on no other planes, by the way, than the Prime Material and the Negative Energy Planes.

"It is not widely known that a spectre



is bound to the place where it met its death. It cannot leave that area, so you need not fear its pursuit over a very great distance.'

Oshin nodded sagely, accepted her payment, and was relieved when the journey back to Ichiyama was complete.



It was only a matter of time before the spectre came to visit Oshin. Every few months it stopped by to report on the progress of its plans and to find out what it could about worldly events from the old woman.

This time it was startled and angered to learn of her lecture at the capital.

"What do you mean, you told them all about us?" rasped the disembodied voice of Tanomitsu Mitsuro. The spectre loomed threateningly over Oshin — who glowered at the transparent figure in return.

"No need to exercise your foul temper on me!" she snapped. "I helped your cause, Mitsuro, and you owe me your thanks!"

The spectre paused. "Helped me? How?"

"What I mean is this: I told them a pack of lies, and they believed every word of it! Well, the common information I had to tell the truth about. About holy water, and your feelings toward life — things like that. But then,,, she smiled conspiratorily, "I told them what I'd learned in meditation. Meditation!" Oshin laughed.

The spectre didn't smile. "What sort of things?"

"For instance, I told them you exist on the Negative Energy Plane, and can be killed there. They believed that! They don't realize that just because you consist of negative energy, you don't have to be on the Negative Energy Plane. The fools don't even know it's impossible for anything to exist there.

"They also believed me when I said the only other plane spectres are found on is the Prime Material. Your jaunts to the Negative Quasi-Planes should remain a secret for some time, I should think."

Mitsuro raised a spectral eyebrow. "Not bad."

"It gets better. I didn't mention a word about physical remains, and they didn't ask. Not even the clerics there realized that *resurrection*, *raise*, or *reincarnation* cast on a spectre's physical remains will destroy the spectre because it is reabsorbed into the returning soul — even if the revival itself fails. That's why *raise dead* cast on your spectral form works — it forces you to go search for your body, and dissipates your negative energy in the process!"

"I said you are tied to the place you died, and they bought that, too. It should take them some time to realize that spectres are powerful enough and intelligent enough to go anywhere they choose — even though you stay in one place out of habit. It'll be some time before before they realize only one spectre is creating these lesser spectres around the country.'

Oshin clapped her hands in amusement. "Oh! And the half-strength spectres! The imperial councilors are content now, certain that a half-strength spectre can only create a spectre half as strong as itself — that is, a quarter-strength spectre. They think they need only worry about weaker and weaker spectres! Fools! I didn't tell them that the life-draining process leaves so much negative energy in its wake that half-strength is as weak as a spectre can be. Otherwise it just isn't a spectre anymore, is it, Mitsuro?"

The spectre regarded Oshin in grudging amazement.

Creature Notes

1. A spectre's touch does 1d8 points of damage, and drains 2 levels of life energy. Any human victim completely drained of life becomes a half-strength spectre under command of the one that slew it. Half-strength spectres have these statistics: AC 6; MV 12"/24" ; HD 3 + 3; # AT 1; Dmg 1d4; AL LE; SA, SD as regular spectre.

2. When a person is drained of life by a spectre, his body does not vanish

into thin air. Rather, the corpse remains, the soul leaves, and the negative part of the being that is jealous and hateful of life takes form as a spectre. Only humans can become spectres. Other races drained of life by a spectre simply die.

This can also occur spontaneously when an evil or hateful NPC of Lawful Evil alignment dies. If that NPC has sufficient motivation (in the DM's judgment), he may return to haunt the living as an undead spectre. The NPC should make a saving throw vs. death magic. If successful, he becomes a spectre.

3. If the clerical ceremony *eternal rest* is cast on a spectre's physical remains, that spectre is destroyed. No such ceremony spell is currently available to Oriental Adventures characters, but DMs may wish to make similar ceremony spells available to shukenja and sohei characters.

4. In a case where the spectre's physical remains have been destroyed through accident or intent (such as cremation), a spectre can only be destroyed by slaying the undead creature, or casting *raise dead* on its spectral form.

5. A spectre is the embodiment of negative energy. Its form is transparent and can move through material objects without difficulty. It is affected by gravity only in a limited way, and can appear to float, fly, and rise or sink through ceilings and floors. It retains these movement abilities even when exposed to sunlight. Unlike a ghost, however, a spectre cannot fade completely from sight, since it is not usually capable of phasing out of the Prime Material Plane.

6. Some spectres are drawn to the Negative Quasi-Planes because of the concentration of negative energy found there. The spectres capable of going to that plane are generally those whose earthly remains have been destroyed and who have no overriding personal reason to remain on the Prime Material Plane. Spectres are not normally planar travelers, and once they reach the Negative Quasi-Planes they usually stay there.

THE DREAD LAIR OF ALOKKAIR

Monster: Lich
Terrain: Cave
Party Levels: 60 (Average 10th)
Monster X.P.:
Kill: 8,780 Defeat: 6,585
Retreat: 2,195

Setup

- In the woods north and east of the settled area of Shadowdale lies Fox Ridge – an edge of broken, overgrown rock riddled with caves and fissures, once home (ere local farmers went hunting) to many foxes. Local rumor says that one of the largest caves in the ridge is haunted.

- An adventurer once told a tavern full of festival-goers in Hillsfar of a cave in Shadowdale, “somewhere along the Fox Ridge” that led to underground chambers and passages where “flying horrors” lurked, ending in a great open cavern where countless rocks danced and crashed together in endless, whirling motion.

- “Great magic lies beyond the Grinding Gulf” says a passage in *The Lore of Hlontar*, an old history of the lost realm of Hlontar which lay along the River Tesh at the western end of the Moonsea 600 to 800 years ago. The Grinding Gulf is said to be “underground, behind a cave in the elven woods near the river Ashaba” – Shadowdale fits this description. The party learns this and the news from Hillsfar (above) from a merchant encountered while traveling.

Fox Ridge

In deep woods east of Shadowdale’s northerly farms lies Fox Ridge, a broken, often overgrown ridge of weathered and cracked limestone. The cracks and small caves within it are many, and are home to many normal bats, snakes, spiders, centipedes, and groundhogs. Porcupines sometimes shelter in them in wet weather, and a faint odor betrays occasional use by skunks. One cave (key No. 1) is much larger than the rest.

Key To The Lich’s Lair

1. This cave is a natural cavity in the limestone, widened over the years by winter ice. It is dark and smells of earth. Dirt, stone rubble, and pools of seepage water cover its stone floor in places, and its ceiling is a jumble of stone, earth, and tree roots. Among the latter rest six stirges who will flutter to the attack when their lair is invaded.

Stirges (6): AC 8; MV 3”/18”; HD 1+1 but attack as 4HD monsters; hp 8, 7, 7, 6, 6; # AT 1; Dmg 1d3 (proboscis) plus 1d4 hp per round (blood drain) to maximum 12; XP 42 each.

On the floor of the cave is carved a curious rune, in the shape of a stemless three-leafed clover (three joined loops), in front of a stone door. The door has a rusted-out metal keyhole and crumbling pull-rings. It is *wizard-locked* by Alokkair, at 20th level, and has no key. In front of the door gleams a litter of six gold pieces – bait placed by the lich.

On one side of the cavern a crack has been widened by digging into a narrow, twisting tunnel from which a faint charnel smell emanates. Much earth and rock rubble has been thrown out of this passage, and trampled by many bare, apparently human feet. Any loud noises will bring an attack from No. 2 along this passage.

2. The uneven-floored, cobwebbed tunnel and the door both lead to this large chamber cut out of solid rock, with a trampled, sandy earthen floor. Twenty plain stone coffins, hollowed-out granite blocks with lids, rest here in two rows of 10. They have been rudely torn open, and the bodies within devoured; cracked and gnawed bones litter the ground. Four of the coffins are empty; from them four ghouls rose long ago. The ghouls will attack anyone entering their lair. They are very hungry.

Ghouls (4): AC 6; MV 9”; HD 2; hp 16, 15, 14, 13; # AT 3; Dmg 1d3/1d3/1d6 (claw/claw/bite); SA touch causes paralyzation for 2d6 rounds to a11 but elves, save to avoid; SD immune to *sleep, charm, fear*; XP 93 each.

In the center of the chamber mosaic tiles have been set into the earthen floor in the shape of the cloverleaf rune in the outer cavern. (This is Alokkair’s sigil.) At the rear of the chamber is a set of stone doors, *wizard-locked* at 20th level, with 22 gp scattered before them. They have been scratched and clawed by the ghouls.

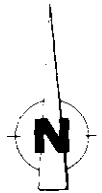
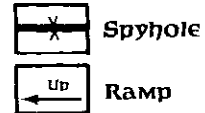
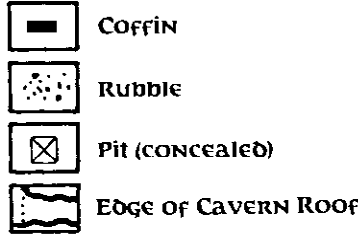
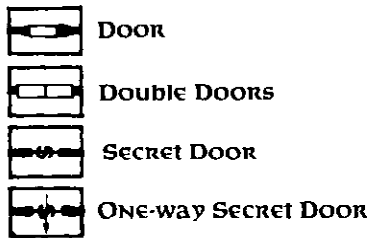
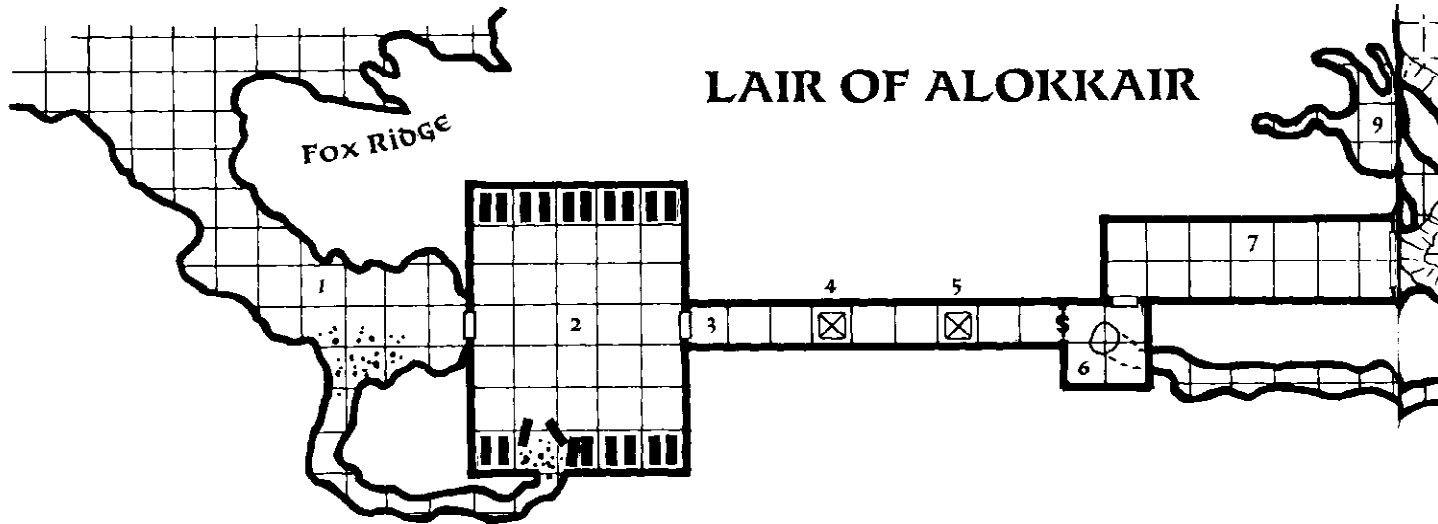
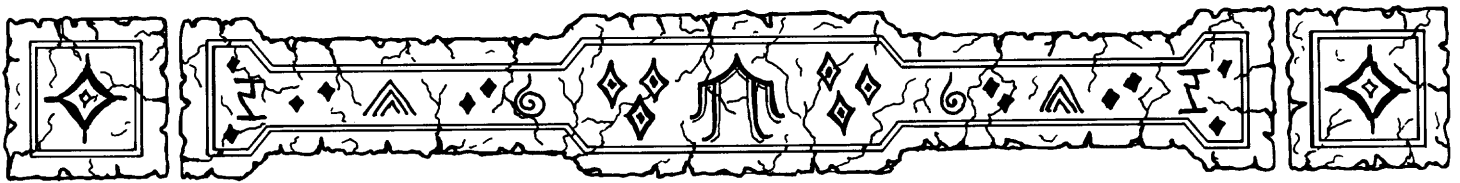
3. The doors open into this corridor, also cut from solid rock, with a floor of dressed stone slabs. It stretches away some 90’ to an empty stone seat or throne, which glows with a faint, flickering faerie fire-like radiance. The corridor appears empty.

The throne is an illusion; the corridor actually ends 90’ away in a single, unlocked door of counterbalanced stone. The corridor’s ceiling is 30’ up, well above the tops of both doors. Hiding just above the door from No. 2, on the inside, is a ghost spider, which immediately drops down to attack anyone entering the corridor.

There are also two concealed pit traps in the corridor, No. 4 and No. 5.

Ghost spiders are common in the Inner Sea lands of the Forgotten Realms. They are simply a variety of large spider with translucent, light-reflecting skin making them appear pearly white in light, and nearly –90%

–invisible in darkness. Their venom does not kill; instead, it causes a paralyzed slumber lasting 2d4 rounds (save vs. poison at + 1 to avoid). Victims cannot be roused by shaking, slapping, noises, or the like. The potency of a ghost spider’s venom varies: each time a creature is bitten it must save or be sent into slumber which begins quite suddenly, in the round after the victim is bitten.



Ghost spider (1): AC 8; MV 6"/15"; HD 1 + 1; hp 4; # AT 1; Dmg 1 plus venom; Size 1½'; XP 73.

4. Anyone stepping on the section of floor marked on the map causes the entire 10'x10' area to tip on concealed pivots like a teeter-totter, and flip over after the character has fallen into the pit thus revealed. Anyone in the 10' area must make two successful Dexterity checks to leap clear; a single successful check means that the character has been struck by an edge of the moving stone slab, for 1d4 damage. If the character was the adventurer who triggered the trap, this means he fell into it, his feet coming in contact with the monster below, but grabbed the edge of the pit, and was struck from above by the falling, flipping slab. If alone, he must make a third successful Dexterity check to climb free of the weight of the slab and avoid falling into the pit. Otherwise, his fate depends on the actions of

his fellows vis-a-vis the teeter-totter slab.

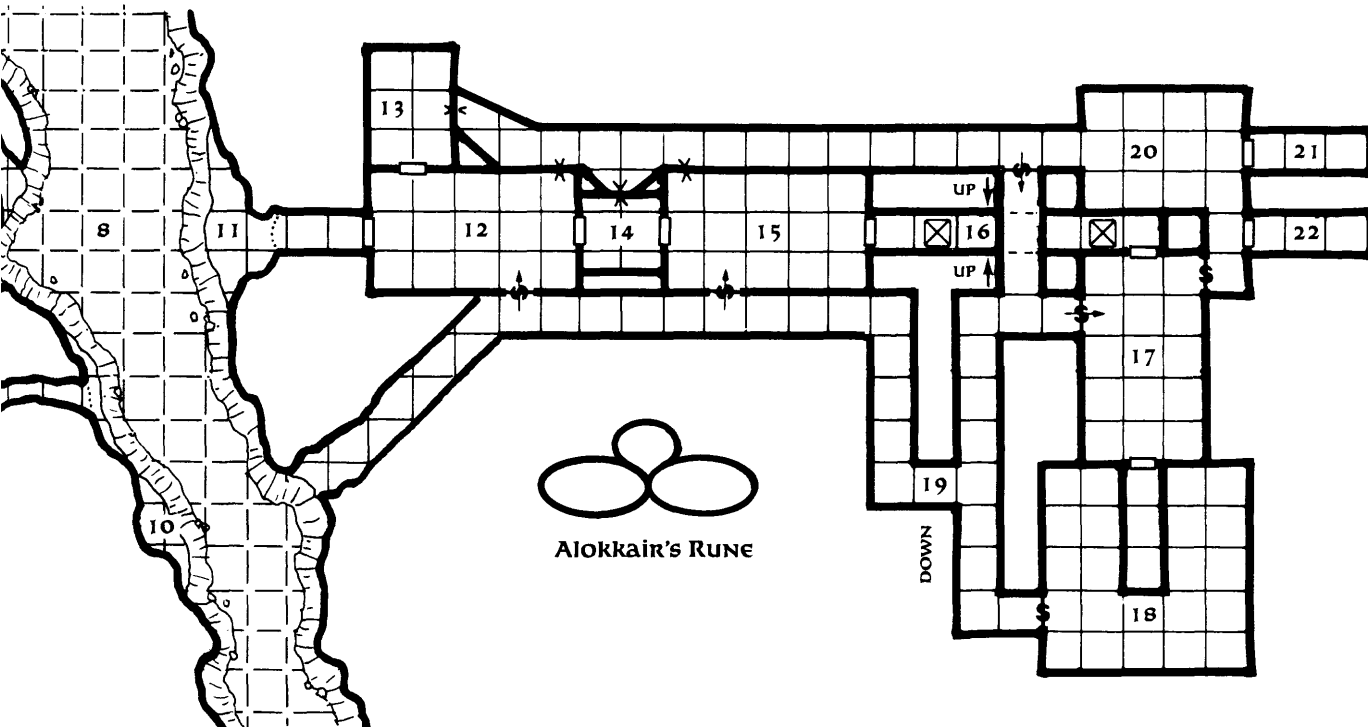
In the 10' x 10' pit is a gelatinous cube, placed there by Alokkaïr, which is hungry and seeking to leave. As the teeter-totter flooring about it is disturbed, it extends pseudopods upward. If the trap is jammed open, it will creep up the walls in one corner and try to leave the trap in the round after the trap is triggered. It can fit through a 1' gap of any width. If this is prevented, it will attempt to envelop anyone in the pit. If it does escape the trap, it follows the adventurers as far as the Grinding Gulf, blocking their retreat.

Gelatinous Cube (1): AC 8; MV 6"; HD 4; hp 29; # AT 1; Dmg special, contact does 1d8 + 1 hp of tissue-corrosive damage, touch paralyzes for 4d4 +4 rounds unless save is made; XP 241.

5. This pit trap is identical to No. 4, except that it contains water, not a

gelatinous cube. The water is 20' deep, polluted (8% chance of mild parasitic infestation of the skin of any creature contacting it) and contains the body of a drowned ghost spider. Anyone falling into the pit will be plunged into the water, unable to breathe, and has one round per point of Constitution above 14 to attempt to force up the teeter-totter slab and get out. (Regardless of Constitution score, an immersed being always has at least one round to escape.) A successful Strength Check is required to do this. Note that if any companion of a victim moves the slab, the victim must make a Dexterity Check to avoid being hit by the moving stone and dealt 1 hp of damage per round of slab movement.

After running out of air, a character in the water can survive for one round longer if a successful Constitution Check is made, but during this time, the character is unconscious and must be pulled from the pit by another character or join the ghost spider in the watery grave.



Alokkair's Rune

6. The door at the end of the corridor (No. 3) opens into this room. It is a 20' x 20' chamber carved out of solid stone, with a man-height mirror of polished bronze facing anyone entering it. Another stone door is also visible, cut with the cloverleaf rune of Alokkair. It is locked, and the key is missing; it must be picked.

The mirror is non-magical and harmless. The ceiling rises up 30' into a roughly carved stone tunnel, which leads on to No. 8. At its lip, high above the adventurers, squat two gargoyles. Each has a *wand of magic detection*, which it trains on anyone entering the room.

Gargoyles (2): AC 5; MV 9"/15"; HD 4+4; hp 32, 30; # AT; Dmg 1d3/1d3/1d6/1d4 (claw/claw/gore/bite); SD +1 or better weapon to hit; XP 245 each.

When it has discovered what it can, each gargoyle swoops down and

attempts to snatch one magical item from an adventurer, unless there are no such items, in which case the monsters attack to slay. They will leave their wands in the tunnel, above. To avoid a snatch, an adventurer must make a successful Strength Check. Each gargoyle makes two snatch attempts per round (replacing the claw attacks). When each has taken at least one magical item or killed one intruder, both flee up through the tunnel, swinging a great iron grating down behind them to block off any pursuit. This locks into place with a clang; only Alokkair has the key to release it, although the old massive mechanism can easily be picked (+5 on all chances).

The gargoyles know only that their master is "a great and terrible wizard," and "very powerful"; they promptly take any magical items they seize (and their wands) to Alokkair. He has enchanted them into immunity from any mental or magical control or influence except his own.

7. The locked door from No. 6 opens

into a smoothly carved hallway which is hung with weapons. It ends 70' away in stone double doors. On the left wall, by the doors, at shoulder level for an average-height man, the cloverleaf rune is carved.

Two battle-axes (dmg 1d81, two guisarmes (dmg 2d41, six daggers (dmg 1d41, two hand axes (dmg 1d61, and three clubs (dmg 1d6) hang from rusty hooks on the wall. They are normal, non-magical weapons, and can be freely handled, but they and the whole hallway radiate a *dweomer*.

They are enchanted: when the stone double doors at the end of the hallway are touched, all will animate and attack any living creatures within 6", levitating wildly about. Each weapon is AC 4 to hit, moves 24" per round (MC: A), and attacks twice per round. Each shatters if dealt 6 hp of damage. Any character grasping one and attempting to control it must make a non-damaging, weaponless attack (successful hit roll required) to grab the weapon, and two Strength Checks per round thereafter;



the first to control the weapon, preventing it from twisting and jerking about to attack its holder or another creature, the second to keep hold of it. The weapons attack until there are no living creatures within 6", pursuing if necessary, until they are all destroyed, or until someone presses or touches Alokkaïr's rune on the wall. If this happens, the weapons instantly drop to the floor, forever lifeless and non-magical. The double doors at the end of the hall are *wizard locked* at 20th level.

8. The Grinding Gulf. Adventurers getting through the doors from No. 7 emerge onto a ledge over cacophony. A black gulf or chasm stretches before the party, its unseen bottom 220' below, its ends a quarter-mile in either direction, its stalactite-studded limestone ceiling 10' above.

The gulf is full of floating, rapidly moving rocks which swoop, tumble, and soar about, crashing off the walls and each other. This mighty enchantment worked by Alokkaïr discourages casual invasions of his lair, and the bone-strewn floor far below serves him as a garbage disposal. It is strewn with bones, a knee-deep rubble of stone chips, battered and unusable weapons, and a scattering of coins, rotting purses and baldrics, and perhaps a scavenging monster or two. At the DM's option, the ceiling might contain a few piercers, nestling in cavities where they are less likely to be crushed by ricocheting rocks. The Grinding Gulf is constantly rocked by stony collisions, and sprays of stone chips do 1d2 points of damage per round to all beings in the area who fail a save vs. death magic in that round.

Most of the rocks are large enough for two people to cling to. At least six are large enough for three man-sized creatures, four are large enough to seat four, and two are large enough for six; one can carry 10. These rocks can be controlled by the thoughts of intelligent creatures touching them; look at a place, think of being there, and the rock moves toward it at 10' per round, if all such creatures on a given rock concentrate on the same destination, of course.

Stones, 2d8 of them per round head for the ledge or any rock ridden by characters. For combat, consider the rocks' attack rank as fifth-level fighters, and their AC to be that of the nearest adventurer. Hits do 1d12 points of spray/shards damage to all characters within a 22' radius; a direct hit on any character will do 1d20 + 10 points of damage.

To proceed, adventurers have to master the rocks of the Gulf, and guide them to the correct cave mouth (No. 11) to reach Alokkaïr's lair (see No. 10). For falling rules, see No. 11.

9. This cave mouth leads to a natural fissure cavern where three spread-winged gargoyle skeletons are suspended in midair, in webs. It is the lair of two giant spiders. A successful save vs. the venom of these 20'-long black spiders means that the venom of that particular spider can never harm the successfully saving character. The spiders rest on the ceiling and drop down upon any intruders, seeking to slay and feed.

10. This ledge and overhang is home to two more gargoyles (stats as in No. 5, previous, but hp 24, 26), who leap onto the moving rocks of the Gulf, controlling them expertly — reaching out to deftly touch free-moving rocks, allowing them to boost the rocks in a desired direction: to ram characters' rocks. The gargoyles leap onto the rocks of wounded characters to kill, and then seize all items carried, on Alokkaïr's orders. Like the gargoyles in No. 6, they cannot be mentally or magically controlled.

11. This ledge and cave mouth is the entrance to Alokkaïr's lair. The ledge is crumbling away under repeated rocky impacts, and is treacherous. Any adventurers attempting to leap from a rock to land safely on the ledge must make a Dexterity Check. Those who fail fall into the Gulf (perhaps with part of the ledge) or are struck by a rock. A character falling into the Gulf comes into contact with 1d8 + 11 rocks. Determine the number of rocks and roll hits for each; any successful hit does a character 2d4 points of impact damage, plus a possible 1d12 points of shard damage if other rocks are near. A character can cling to

or grasp any rocks striking him by making a successful Dexterity Check, but damage is still suffered. Characters who ride rocks into any part of the Gulf's walls, floor, or ceiling suffer direct hit damage (see No. 8).

Alokkaïr's lair from this point on is cut out of earth and rock, and sheathed in smooth-dressed stone slabs, which are fixed to a hidden lead lining behind them by a thick mortar of Alokkaïr's devising. It contains gorgon's blood, *oil of ethereality*, and other exotic ingredients, and has the following effects:

- Every part of the lair radiates a *dweomer*.
- No one can teleport into or out of the lair; teleportation within the lair is unaffected. *Word of recall* will not work.
- No one can pass through any walls of the lair by turning ethereal.
- No one can scry or otherwise magically look into or cast spells into the lair from outside.
- No one can summon a *Leomund's secret chest* or successfully use *Drawmij's instant summons* into the lair from outside, or out of the lair from inside.

12. The unlocked, heavy stone door to this chamber will ring a far-off, deep gong when it is opened, alerting the lich. Its inside is smeared with what appears to be stucco (Alokkaïr's special mortar, see No. 11 above).

The chamber is empty except for unlocked plain stone doors to the left of entering adventurers and straight ahead, across the room. Fourteen skeletons stand here, armed with old, rusting weapons. Any strike with these has an 8% chance of causing blood poisoning; treat as "terminal acute blood disease" and refer to the DMG for details. The skeletons attack any living creature entering the chamber who is not a gargoyle under Alokkaïr's enchantment.

Skeletons (14): AC 7; MV 12"; HD 1; hp 7 each; # AT 1; Dmg 1d6; SD cannot be turned or clerically destroyed or damned; XP 17 each.



Alokkair watches intruders from this point on, using a series of peepholes concealed by solid stone wall illusions from his secret passage. He uses a *wand of magic detection* to learn further about magic carried by intruders, and, by a lever in No. 20, can open the door between No. 12 and No. 13 if the party seems strong, activating the golem (otherwise, he releases it after they leave No. 12, to block their retreat).

13. A stone golem stands here. It will attack any living being that enters No. 13 or is present in No. 12 when the connecting door is opened. The golem avoids striking weapons or other items if possible (in case they are magical), concentrating on the bodies of the creatures it faces. It will not move beyond chambers No. 12 and No. 13 unless directly commanded to by Alokkair.

Stone golem (1): AC 5; MV 6"; HD 14; hp 60; # AT 1; Dmg 3d8; SA cast slow-spell every second round on any opponent within 1" of its front; XP 3,730.

14. This room contains seven skeletons (stats as in No. 12, above, 7 hp each), all armed with rusted weapons and cannot be clerically destroyed or turned. Three wait against the wall on either side of the door from No. 12, and will surge forward to attack intruders entering the chamber. The seventh skeleton stands in front of the closed, locked, plain stone door to No. 15, facing the door from No. 12. It will cast *hold monster* at any living creature entering the room. (See "The Lords of Darkness," *imbue undead with spell ability*.) It casts this as if it were Alokkair, with a 10" range and 20-round duration, affecting as many creatures as possible and then attacking. Note that if a single target successfully saves against the spell, all affected beings are *slowed*, not *held*. The skeletons pursue intruders throughout the lair to slay, but cannot cross the Gulf without aid because they have no minds to guide the rocks. (Alokkair can

cause the rocks to form an unbroken, unmoving temporary bridge across the Gulf if he wants to send any creatures after fleeing adventurers.)

15. This room has a 30' high ceiling, and a plain stone door *wizard-locked* at 20th level opposite the door from No. 14. The room contains an illusion of six stout, iron-bound wooden chests ranged against the left wall. In reality, the room is empty, and is a trap: Anyone stepping on the floor at any point beyond 10' from the wall adjoining No. 14 brings tragedy down on the heads of all in the room. Literally.

The floor sinks several inches, triggering a mechanical trap. The entire ceiling splits across in seven lines, folding down in rows of doors, spilling carrion, rot grubs which have been feeding on it, and glass flasks of poison gas down into the room.

The 14 flasks all shatter as they land, releasing gas that fills the room in three rounds, lasting for six rounds thereafter before dissipating, and affecting No. 14 and No. 16 in the fourth and fifth rounds. Anyone in these areas while the gas cloud is effective must save vs. poison each round, or fall into a drowsy dizziness beginning in one round, lasting for four rounds, and ending in a 2d6 turn sleep. Drowsy victims are -3 to hit and suffer an AC penalty of -4. Sleeping victims can be roused by slapping or attacks, but will be drowsy for 1d4 rounds (effects as above) on awakening.

The 19 rot grubs attack hungrily.

Rot grubs (19): AC 9; MV 1"; hp 1; Dmg special; A burrow to slay in 1d3 turns unless killed by *cure disease* or flame (1d6 flame damage to victim); XP 8 each.

16. This plain, apparently empty corridor has two pit traps (see No. 4) hidden in its floor. Falling damage of 2d6 applies to anyone falling in, and at the bottom of each is a zombie which attacks any arrivals.

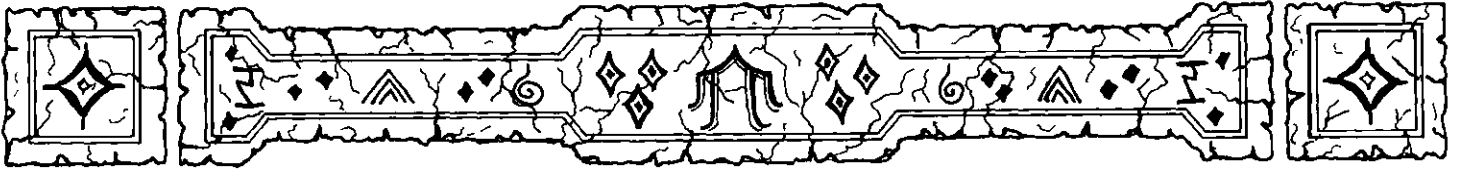
Zombie (1): AC 8; MV 6"; HD 2; hp 15; # AT 1 (always last); Dmg 1d8; SD immune to *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, and cold-based spells; XP 58.

Alokkair's enchantments cause a *reverse gravity* spell to affect everyone in the corridor except someone in, or partially in, a pit trap every time a pit trap lid flips over. The ceiling is 15' above the corridor's floor; all affected creatures suffer 1d6 damage (reduced to 1 if they make a successful Dexterity Check) from falling "up" to the ceiling, plus an immediate 1 hp damage upon falling back down to the floor. The latter can be avoided with a successful Dexterity Check.

17. In this chamber stand 16 zombies (stats as in No. 16, 15 hp each). All have been specially enchanted by Alokkair to be immune to turning or destroy/damn attempts. All are holding flasks of poison gas (one per zombie, for effects see No. 16). They hurl these at the floor if any living creature enters the room, and then attack. Facing the door from No. 16 is an archway filled by a massive, unlocked wooden door with ornate scrolled iron hinges. It leads to No. 18.

18. This chamber is vast and dark, with a ceiling 30' up and a floor 20' below. The entry door swings back into No. 17, to reveal a projecting jetty: The 10' wide floor passing through the archway projects out into the room like a lowered drawbridge, ending in mid-air. At its end, a glowing two-handed sword levitates point downward in the air. It is the only source of light in the room. By its pearly-white radiance, heaps of gold pieces can be seen gleaming on the floor below the jetty. The jetty is 6" thick, and has no rails.

The sword is an illusion. So are the gold pieces. A *darkness 15' radius* spell on the underside of the jetty conceals a lernaean hydra. The hydra hides silently until at least one creature passes over it, and then its heads rise on either side of the jetty to cut off retreat to the door.



The jetty floor has little chimes attached to it that ring faintly as each stone is trodden on, so the hydra can readily tell how far a creature has come without showing any of its heads by looking.

Lernaean hydra (1): AC 5; MV 9"; HD 5; hp 8 x 5 (5 heads); # AT 1 per head; Dmg bite for 1d6, then 1d8 and 1d10 as it gains heads; SA grows 2 new heads in 1d4 rounds whenever one is killed or severed, unless fire is applied; XP 315.

Instead of the illusory gold pieces, bones and zombies wait below the jetty. There are 15 zombies (as in No. 16, previous, 12 HP each, unaffected by turning or destroy/damn) waiting to attack all intruders who reach the floor of the room. The zombies try to lead strong opponents across two 10' x 10' x 30' deep pit traps (3d6 falling damage) hidden among the bones. When anyone falls in onto a layer of sharp bones, the zombies swing shut barred gratings over the traps (normal "bend bars" chances to escape) to cage the intruder for later interrogation by Alokkaïr. There is no treasure, nor visible doors, in the lower level of this room.

19. These lightless service corridors open into Nos. 12, 15, and 17 by means of one-way secret doors. A "normal" secret door connects them to No. 18, and a one-way secret door from No. 20 opens into them. Ten zombies (as in No. 16, previous) wait here. The closing of doors leading out of the rooms listed ring little gongs not audible in the rooms themselves. These gongs activate the non-turnable zombies to enter any vacated room, one holding the door open with its body, and the others removing all debris, corpses, and magic. Corpses will be decapitated and the bodies dumped into No. 8, the heads retained for Alokkaïr to magically question or use in his researches.

If any living creature not accompanied by Alokkaïr enters an area where these zombies are working. They

immediately attack, and the zombie standing in the doorway retreats and closes the secret door. The one-way doors cannot be opened from the "wrong" side (inside the rooms), and must be destroyed to permit passage.

Where the corridors fork, two shriekers stand. They shriek as a warning system if light reaches them. From the fork, one of the corridors slopes downward to No. 18. A peephole concealed by a "solid stone" illusion looks down through the floor into No. 16.

Shriekers (2): AC 7; MV 1"; HD 3; hp 22, 20; XP 98 each.

20. This passage and sanctum is inhabited by the lich Alokkaïr (described in "The Night Gallery" section of this book). Peepholes concealed by solid wall illusions open into Nos. 12, 13, 14, 15, and through the secret door into No. 17. Refer to No. 12 for Alokkaïr's activities observing intruders. He can use *wizard eye* to observe adventurers not in the rooms noted, and will employ *vocalize* and *minor globe of invulnerability* before any expected combat. DMs should refer to "The Night Gallery" for details on Alokkaïr. His primary aim is to prevent intruders from leaving, and gain any magic or magical knowledge that he can from them. His secondary aim is to avoid face-to-face combat; he will attempt to avoid PCs, using his spells mercilessly to disable and destroy if pursued, and will go via the one-way secret door into No. 19 and out to No. 8, where he can teleport away to where he has hidden his phylactery — and become a tireless, long-term foe of the PCs.

The passage has a 20' high ceiling. The sanctum room has a 40' ceiling, and contains Alokkaïr's spell books and juju zombies. If the globe is discovered and broken by *dispel magic*, the zombies attempt to take the spell books out to No. 8, attacking any living creatures in their path. The globe confers invisibility on all movable objects and crea-

tures within it, and is a long-lasting variant of *Tenser's floating disc*.

The sanctum is connected to No. 17 by a secret door that is *wizard-locked* at 20th level by Alokkaïr, and carries an additional enchantment: except to Alokkaïr, it opens only once every nine rounds. The one-way secret door from the sanctum into No. 19 carries a similar enchantment, as do the two secret doors into Nos. 21 and 22.

The sanctum contains a table and chair, next to a wall shelf holding a row of severed heads. Alokkaïr intends to interrogate the remains of these unfortunate adventurers. The DM should devise leads to future adventures that these can communicate to PCs if a *speak with the dead* spell is used. On the table are rows of vials contain various rare material component substances in fluid, and (at the DM's option) useful potions such as extra *healing*, *flight*, and *invisibility*.

21. This low-ceilinged (5') cellar contains treasure: 16 neatly arranged strong chests of magically preserved oak bound about with metal straps. All are *wizard-locked* at 20th level by Alokkaïr, as is the cellar door. Their contents are as follows:

- Twelve contain 1,000 gp each, in cloth bags of 100 gp.
- Two contain silver trade bars, tarnished black over the years, each worth 25 gp. There are 60 trade bars in one chest, and 53 in the other.
- One contains loose gold pieces gleaned from intruders (876 in all), and a cloth bag of 26 platinum pieces.
- One contains loose silver pieces (516) and copper pieces (428) taken from intruders, all mixed together.

22. This low-ceilinged (5') cellar contains Alokkaïr's magical treasure: a *broom of animated attack*, a false spell book trapped with explosive runes, and any legitimate magical items a DM wishes to introduce into his or her campaign are here. It is suggested that an assortment of +1 weapons gleaned from adventurers be among them. The cellar door is *wizard-locked* at 20th level.



Running Alokkaïr

Alokkaïr has a cruel sense of humor, and amuses himself by devising elaborate illusions. Once he is aware of adventurers approaching (usually by the gargoyles from No. 8), he begins to entertain PCs with illusions. Standing in the open doorway of No. 12, Alokkaïr uses seven illusion scrolls plus a *wizard eye* scroll to follow the activities of adventurers closely, remaining hidden deep in the cavern mouth and retreating if PCs begin to master the rocks of the Gulf.

Alokkaïr's primary motives, besides entertainment, are to learn what magic a party carries, and to prevent their retreat. He will employ a very elaborate illusion of a menacingly drifting beholder behind the party if a wholesale PC retreat begins, to stop the retreat and keep the PCs underground, if he can. He also challenges them with illusions of such creatures as illithids and intellect devourers, rust monsters and disenchanters, and the like, to make PCs reveal their magical equipment.

A journey into Alokkaïr's lair should be memorable not only for the Gulf and the many traps, but the many illusory attacks. These should include such delights as:

- A stone golem revealed when a door is opened, striding to the attack. If this is used several times, the real golem in No. 13 may take the party by surprise.
- A black-robed, cruel-faced mage casting a spell at PCs.
- A skull silently rising from the floor, resembling a demi-lich.
- Nero or more drow bending over a stone block where a nude human is bound, preparing for a sacrifice or magical experiment.
- Dead relatives, lovers, or recent acquaintances of PCs appearing as undead, revenants, or zombies. The appearances are divined by Alokkaïr using ESP, if anyone in the party thinks of a person not present in the party. Alokkaïr will use information gleaned by his ESP to make such images speak to the PCs in a realistic manner if he

chooses vampiric images and the like. Such illusory beings could entice PCs on into the lair by speaking of treasure beyond that slew them, or that drained their magic. Famous artifacts could be mentioned, or famous missing persons for which many seek and/or a reward is offered.

- A drow caravan wending its way along the bottom of the Grinding Gulf, presumably using magic to prevent damage from the rocks. Many heavily laden pack lizards under only a light guard, ripe for attack by PCs from above. PCs who succumb to temptation may find themselves facing a variety of formidable monsters who inhabit the Gulf floor; cloakers, large groups of stirges, galeb duhr, and the like.

The cumulative effect of Alokkaïr's illusions should be that PCs never trust what they see in the lair. The DM should make full use of description to make the lair seem eerie and menacing, as with all undead lairs.

Beyond The Lair

Alokkaïr has at least one other hide-away, somewhere in the Stonelands, where he keeps his phylactery — and perhaps other caches/lairs in Sembia and in the Desertsmouth mountains near the old dwarven realm of Tethyamar. The DM should decide where Alokkaïr will escape to, if he can, and how strong his ties with local drow are. He has access to an unlife spell (see "The Lords of Darkness" section), and will send created undead after any PCs who escape with some of "his" magic in their possession. And who knows: Perhaps he will ally with the Zhentarim and rise to rule a re-founded realm of Hlontar again, able to tirelessly send many agents after the PCs!

Alokkaïr is no coward, but he will see little profit in confronting PCs to battle it out, when he can strike from the shadows and flee, to attack again when PCs are weak or unprepared. He has many servant creatures to send after PCs — and PCs wanting to face him directly will find flushing him out very

difficult unless they seize all of Alokkaïr's magic. PCs who need aid to survive encounters with Alokkaïr could be rescued by his missing daughter, Alaphlame (a mid- to high-level magic-user) if the DM desires. Certainly Alokkaïr should be an opponent players will not soon forget.

Creature Notes

The urge for immortality is so strong in some powerful mages and magic-user/clerics that they aspire to lichdom, despite its horrible physical side effects and the usual loss of friends and living companionship. Lichdom must be prepared for in life; no true lich ever is known to have come about "naturally."

Becoming a Lich

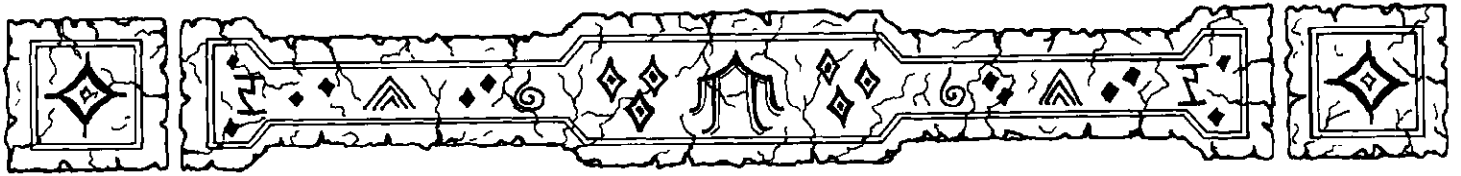
To become a lich, a magic-user or magic-user/cleric must attain at least the 18th level of experience as a magic-user. The candidate for lichdom must have access to the spells *magic jar*, *enchant an item*, and *trap the soul*. *Nulathoe's Ninemen*, a fifth-level magic-user spell (detailed in the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ boxed set) which serves to preserve corpses against decay, keeping them strong and supple as in life, is also required.

The process of attaining lichdom is ruined if the candidate dies at any point during it. Even if successful resurrection follows, the process must be started anew. The process involves the preparation of a magical phylactery and a potion. Most candidates prepare the potion first and arrange for an apprentice or ally to raise them if ingestion of the potion proves fatal. Preparation of the phylactery is so expensive that most candidates do not wish to waste all the effort of its preparation by dying after it is completed but before they are prepared for lichdom.

The nine ingredients of the potion are as follows:

Arsenic (2 drops of the purest distillate)

Belladonna (1 drop of the purest distillate)



Blood (1 quart of blood from a dead virginal human infant killed by wyvern venom)

Blood (1 quart from a dead demi-human slain by a phase spider)

Blood (1 quart from a vampire or a being infected with vampirism)

Heart (the intact heart of a humanoid killed by poisoning; a mixture of arsenic and belladonna must be used)

Reproductive glands (from seven giant moths dead for less than 10 days, ground together)

Venom (1 pint or more, drawn from a phase spider less than 30 days previous)

Venom (1 pint or more, drawn from a wyvern less than 60 days previous)

The ingredients are mixed in the order given by the light of a full moon, and must be drunk within seven days after they combine into a bluish-glowing, sparkling black liquid. All of the potion must be drunk by the candidate, and within 6 rounds will produce an effect as follows (roll percentile dice):

Lichnee Potion Table

01-10 All body hair falls out, but potion is ineffective (the candidate knows this). Another potion must be prepared if lichdom is desired.

11-40 Candidate falls into a coma for 1d6 + 1 days, is physically helpless and immobile, mentally unreachable. Potion works; the candidate knows this.

41-70 Potion works, but candidate is *feble-minded*. Any failed attempt to cure the candidate's condition is 20% likely to slay the candidate.

71-90 Potion works, but candidate is paralyzed for 2d6 + 2 days (no saving throw, curative magics notwithstanding). There is a 30% chance for permanent loss of 1d6 Dexterity points.

91-96 Potion works, but candidate is permanently deaf (01-33), dumb (34-66), or blind (67-00). The lost sense can only be regained by a *full* or *limited wish*.

97-00 Death of the candidate. Potion does not work.

The successfully prepared candidate for lichdom can exist for an indefinite number of years before becoming a lich. He will not achieve lichdom upon death unless preparation of his or her phylactery is complete. A successfully prepared candidate may appear somewhat paler of skin than before imbibing the potion, but cannot mentally or magically be detected by others as ready for lichdom. The candidate, however, is always aware of readiness for lichdom, even if charmed or insanity or memory loss occurs. (A charmed candidate can never be made to reveal where his phylactery is — although he could be compelled to identify what the phylactery is, if shown it.)

The phylactery may take any form — it may be a pendant, gauntlet, scepter, helm, crown, ring, or even a lump of stone. It must be of inorganic material, must be solid and of high-quality workmanship if man-made, and cannot be an item having other spells or magical properties on or in it. It may be decorated or carved in any way desired for distinction.

Enchant an item is cast upon the phylactery (this is one of the rare cases in which this spell can be cast on unworked material), a process requiring continual handling of the phylactery for a long time, as described in the *PLAYER'S HANDBOOK*. The phylactery must successfully make its saving throw as noted in the spell description. It must be completely enchanted within nine days (not the 24 hours normally allowed by the spell). Note that the "additional spell" times given in the *enchant an item* spell description are required.

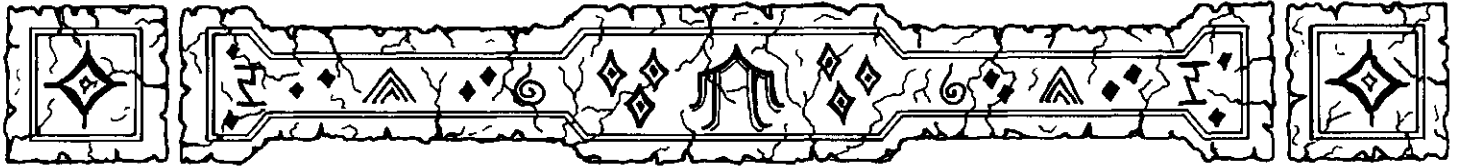
When the phylactery is thereby made ready for enchantment, the candidate must cast *trap the soul* on it. Percentile dice are rolled; the spell has a 50% chance of working, plus 6% per level of the candidate (or caster, if it is another being) over 11th level. The phylactery glows with a flickering blue-green faerie fire-like radiance for one round if it is successfully receptive for the candidate's soul.

The candidate then must cast *Nulathoe's Ninemen* on the phylactery, and within one turn of doing so, cast *magic jar* on it and enter it with his life force. No victim is required for this use of the *magic jar* spell.

Upon entering the phylactery, the candidate instantly loses one experience level along with its commensurate spells and hit points. The soul and lost hit points remain in the phylactery, which becomes AC 0 and has those hit points henceforth. The candidate is now a lichnee, and must return to his own body to rest for 1d6 + 1 days. The ordeal of becoming a lichnee is so traumatic that the candidate forgets any memorized spells of the top three levels available to him, and cannot regain any spells of those levels until the rest period is complete. (Candidates usually then resume a life of adventuring to regain the lost level.)

The next time the lichnee candidate dies, regardless of the manner or planar location of death, or barriers of any sort between corpse and phylactery, the candidate's life force will go into the phylactery. For it to emerge again, there must be a recently dead (less than 30 days) corpse within 90 feet of the phylactery. The corpse may be that of any creature, and must fail a saving throw vs. spell to be possessed. If it makes its saving throw, it will never receive the lich.

If the creature had 3 hit dice or fewer in life, it saves as a zero-level fighter. If it had 3 + 1 hit dice or greater in life, it saves as if it were alive, with the following alignment modifiers: LG, CG, NG: + 0; LN, CN, N: - 3; LE, - 4; NE: - 5; CE: -6. The candidate's own corpse, if within range, is at -10, and may have been dead for any length of time. The lichnee may attempt to enter his own corpse once per week until succeeding. (A phylactery too well-hidden might never offer the lichnee a corpse to enter. Many lichnee commit suicide to save themselves such troubles.) When the lichnee enters its own corpse, it rises in 1d4 turns as a full lich, with all memorized spells and all undead abili-



ties as described in this book and the MONSTER MANUAL.

If the lichnee enters another's corpse, he is limited to the corpse's living strength, and will have no more than 4 hit dice. The intelligence and wisdom of the lichnee candidate are preserved, and the corpse will rise after 1d3 turns of apparent continuing death (the lichnee's presence being undetectable during this time) as a wight. This wightish body cannot drain life energy, and will be telepathic if it could speak in life. If it could cast spells when alive, the lichnee may cast already memorized spells, or study and cast new ones, of up to fourth level (clerical, magic-user or both, according to the candidate's original class abilities). In the wightish body, the lichnee will seek his own body.

Thanks to the potion ingested earlier, the candidate's own corpse can only be destroyed by failing a save — as if it were the living candidate, just prior to death — against a *disintegrate* spell. Even if the body is burned or dismembered, its ashes or pieces will radiate an unlimited-range *locate object* to the lichnee. He may well encounter difficulties in regaining his body parts, but if and when he does so, he will eat them.

Seven days after ingesting any part of the candidate's original body, the wightish lichnee body will metamorphose into a body similar to the candidate's original one, and manifest full lich powers and abilities (re-roll hit points using eight-sided dice).

Lich Magic

Once attaining full lichdom, a lich can elect to "permanently" memorize one spell per character experience level attained in life. Such spells require one full day to impress on the lich's mind. Once so remembered, they will automatically be regained 66 turns after casting, forever after without recourse to spell books or need for study. Liches can always elect to leave some spell slots open for memorization of new spells, or carry an assortment of spells as needed in the manner used in life.

Both sorts of spells must be chosen from spells available to the lich for initial study. Permanent spells are cast just as normal spells, but require no material components. Liches cannot gain experience levels, and are sterile.

A lich can use all scrolls and magical items used in life. Many liches arrange their lairs as traps to gain new magic from adventurers, offering treasure as bait. All liches know or have the spell *Nulathoe's Ninemen*, because at least once every 777 days they must cast it on their phylacteries, or they (and the liches) will crumble to dust on the 778th day.

Life as a Lich

Each time a lich's life force flees to its phylactery, it loses a level. A 10th level lich will be destroyed by a return to its phylactery, its soul going on to the Lower Planes as the phylactery crumbles. A lich will always try to teleport (if the spell is available) his body back to the phylactery before being reduced to zero hit points. (At 0 hit points or less, a lich is destroyed forever.) The life force can get back to the phylactery (unstoppable and unattackable on the way) without the body, but must then attempt to possess a nearby corpse all over again, develop a wightish body, and search for his lich body again. A lich's body will never decay (due to the *Ninemen* spell). If it is disintegrated, the wightish lichnee will need a *wish* spell to reform it.

Pseudo-Liches

Pseudo-liches resemble real liches in all characteristics except energy draining and the possession of a phylactery. They cannot be turned, and can produce progeny. They are created when a very powerful magic-user is fanatically pursuing a certain goal at the time of death. Some inexplicable force, perhaps due to years of exposure to magic, allows the wizard's soul to inhabit the shell of its dead body until the goal is achieved or the body crumbles to dust.

Such pseudo-liches exist only 1d100 years beyond death, cannot successfully prepare for lichdom while in this state, and are entirely intent on their research or goal. Unless attacked or prevented from furthering their all-important work, they will pay events (and adventurers) around them no attention.

Demi-Lichdom

The process of attaining lichdom can sustain a lich for many lifetimes, as long as *Nulathoe's Ninemen* is faithfully cast upon the phylactery, and the phylactery itself survives (other preservative magics may be cast on it without harming its efficacy). In the Forgotten Realms, the lich Charchee is known to have existed in Mulhorand for almost 3,000 years. But usually the magic fails to sustain a lich much beyond 900 years of full lichdom. Insanity (see the DMG) afflicts the lich, and the body crumbles.

Some liches survive beyond this point as demi-liches (described in the Monster Manual II), with abilities even more dangerous than those of a "normal" lich. Demi-lichdom is not a state that can be deliberately chosen or prepared for; why and how it occurs to some liches and not to others remains a mystery, although great strength of will and activity as a lich seems to make demi-lichdom more likely. Perhaps fell Lower Plane or divine powers are involved. Some liches consume larvae (see Monster Manual) on a regular basis rather than employing *Nulathoe's Ninemen* to maintain bodily vitality; some sages have advanced the hypothesis that a demi-lich's sentience originates with such creatures. Investigative research into such details continues — but slowly, sages remind us, very slowly.

THE NIGHT GALLERY

Kendra The Mad

Description

Kendra is a half-elven woman in her late 30s, but looks like a crone because of her bedraggled, lined appearance. Her clothes are tattered, she bathes only when she is rained upon, and the light of insanity shines clearly in her brown eyes.

Kendra seldom converses, and may no longer be capable of normal speech. She chuckles, laughs, mutters to herself, and sometimes breaks out in shrieks and sobs of anger or grief. For all that, she is relatively self-sufficient, stealing what she needs to eat from farmers' fields and sleeping in barns and haylofts when she is not in a ditch or copse of trees. The madwoman flees human contact, and is leery of beasts and demi-human creatures. She has superhuman strength and the terrible cunning of the insane. Even when she has been hunted, she has evaded pursuit, and has at times slain barehanded those who managed to close with her.

Statistics

Kendra: AC 10 (7 if enraged); MV 12"; hp 5 (stays conscious to -5 hp); Dmg 1d2 (teeth and claws, attempts to bite victim's throat; AL CE; XP 500; ST 10 (18 in self-defense); IN 16; WS 5; DX 9; CN 12; CH 7.

Spells: *animate dead*.

Her ability to raise skeletons comes from an arcane grimoire and does not require normal spell-casting procedures to be effective (see "History"). Kendra wears a ring of invisibility and understands Common and Elvish. She is a half-elf with infravision to 30', and is 30% immune to sleep and charm spells.

History

Kendra was unbalanced to begin with. At the start of her apprenticeship they seemed simple eccentricities, tolerated by her master, the fell necromancer Daal Kamin: her fits of giggling, her odd fondness for things dead and decaying . . .

One day she sneaked away with the black-bound tome of Garris Hominus, no true man, he, but a shadow creature

skilled in the arts of necromancy and conjurings from beyond the grave. Most of what she read there was beyond her ability to grasp, but all of it burned terribly into her brain, and cursed her with night-haunted visions of corpses and worm-eaten bones. Bones with the clean, simple lines of death, uncomplicated by disorderly flesh and human needs. Bones that fascinated her with a growing compulsion, until she had no choice but to try a spell she had gleaned from the black volume.

The spell worked better than she could have imagined. The long-separated bones of the dead reformed with unnatural life, and pushed forth from their graves in every village for miles around. Her laughter rang out as she opened the gates to their clattering knock, and tears of amusement streamed down her face as the dead attacked the living, leaving only bones that reformed in their turn and swelled the ranks of her skeletons. Her minions. Even Daal Kasmin was startled from his sleep and died protesting that such magic was beyond her.

The power of that first terrible spell soon faded. Her mind was incapable of repeating such awesome magic. Laughing, muttering, and sometimes sobbing to herself, Kendra wandered away down the moonlit road, leaving a stronghold of dead men and bones behind her.

Yet the magic lingers around her. Kendra is drawn to graveyards and tombs, and when she walks past, the bones of the dead knit together once more and follow her on her nighttime expeditions. She is unthinking, and the skeletons which follow her are uncontrolled. She has no bidding for them save her unspoken wish to see the clean lines of death so nicely represented in skeletal form.

And the skeletons obey.

Encounters with Kendra

Kendra is found in rural areas where villages are scattered within walking distance of each other. It is this sort of place that provides her with adequate hiding places and sources of food. She seldom lingers longer than a week or two near any one village. If she is seen or encountered by a single individual, there is a 40%

chance that Kendra will attack that person outright in order to keep her whereabouts secret. Otherwise, the madwoman flees the area immediately (unless bribed as detailed below).

At least once a month, during the new moon, Kendra is drawn to a graveyard or other place where skeletons may be found. At that time, she sings and mutters to herself, undoubtedly repeating portions of the original spell. Soon 2d6 skeletons rise from the ground and join her for her midnight ramble. The skeletons remain animated for 1d4x10 hours before the magical effect automatically dispells.

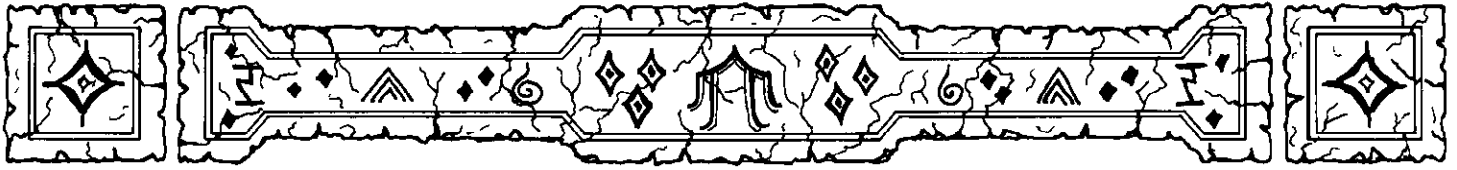
Although Kendra may not have a conscious thought of wreaking havoc or revenge, she often returns with the skeletons to a place where she was harassed or injured in the course of the last week or two. There, prompted by her unspoken hatred, the skeletons attack the living who were responsible for the "offense" to Kendra, whatever it may have been.

Bribed with food and kind words, Kendra can sometimes (10% chance) be lured into accompanying a person for a short time or distance. If they are with her at the time, the skeletons follow as well. At least one Evil magic-user has tried to enlist the madwoman's assistance in this way, and succeeded for a short time — until the skeletons attacked him, too.

Kendra is believed to have hidden the lost tome of Garris Hominu, which was not found after Daal Kasmin's death. Clerics agree it would be an act of great charity to track the madwoman and somehow restore her sanity, but no one has yet succeeded in doing so.

Morasha The Netherese Necromancer

A slender, graceful woman of pale skin, light eyes and black hair, Morasha's apparent youth belies the nearly two millennia she has owned and lived in the castle. No one looking at her would imagine her to be a day over 40, and only a jealous woman or a blind man would make that assessment. Her speech will be archaic, and her manners a bit rusty, but she com-



ports herself very much as one born to a minor branch of the Netherese royal house.

Morasha is the great-grandniece of Aumvor the Undying. Like her great-granduncle, she is a magic-user who studied necromancy, but she moved into a different area of study from her other relatives. For all intents and purposes, she is a research necromancer, which means her work impinges on reality as much as the work of a quantum physicist does in our world.

Brought up on tales of Aumvor's mistreatment at the hands of Nuris Elfward, Morasha decided to redress the dishonor done her family. She succeeded in locating Nuris' tomb in the mountains of Evereska and had his bones transported back to her castle. She reassembled the skeleton and, in contemplating how to exact revenge upon the dead hero, she began to read about him in sources other than family chronicles.

She enchanted his skeleton to perform some of the complex fencing maneuvers attributed to him by the bards and discovered that, for an enormous man, he moved with incredible agility. She read more, including certain memoirs of a Netherese sorceress who had lusted after Nuris despite his repeated rejection of her advances.

Slowly, though her studies, Morasha fell in love with Nuris. At first she tried to deny it because it would be treason against her family, but the more she tried to shut Nuris out of her mind, the more she came to think about him. Even as Netheril dried out and Anauroch's sandy tentacles strangled it, Morasha decided she would do whatever it took to bring her Nuris back to life.

Her longevity is directly attributable to the creation of living zombies. By implanting a paring from one of her fingernails into the flesh over their spines, she gains control of the individual. This mystical link also feeds the individual's life force back into her. She does not age, because she has literally lived out the lives of thousands of animals and Zhentarim. (She sees the Zhentarim as little more than animals with hands.)

Ultimately, Morasha is obsessed with returning Nuris to life. Her experiment is

almost complete, and her attitude toward people from the outside depends upon how much or how little she believes they can aid her goal. As a research magician, her practical knowledge of offensive and defensive spells is nil. For all these years, she has had her zombies to protect her. Other Netherese magic-users, if others do survive still, might have much less of an academic knowledge of magic.

Success in bringing Nuris back could have several different outcomes. Morasha could accompany Nuris on any and all adventures, if he decides he likes her company. If he rejects her, the chances are about even that she will go nuts or wander into exile. If crazy, she will flee in the short term to plot her revenge against those who helped bring Nuris back to life. After all, had the players not done something wrong, Nuris would love her. If she wanders into exile, she could return from time to time, especially if she needs help doing something. She'd not intervene in an adventure as a *deus ex machina*, but certainly could offer the characters employment in one quest or another.

Care and Feeding of a Living Zombie

The ritual that binds a living zombie to a necromancer takes about 12 hours and requires intense concentration. The zombie is given narcotic draughts, then subjected to a whole series of stimuli that is shared by the necromancer. For example, both zombie and master would smell the same incense or be lowered into the same pool of warm water. By sharing these experiences, the necromancer and his or her victim are brought close, making it easier for the magic-user to take control of the victim's body.

Inserting a fingernail paring into, or tying a braided loop of hair around, the victim's neck is the final action in the ritual. It creates a line between the necromancer and the living zombie that allows for control of the zombie and for the zombie's life force to stream back into the necromancer. The necromancer will literally live out the zombie's life for him or her.

The return benefits for the living zombie are such that no one chooses this as a

career. Heightened strength and an increased ability to take damage are the only good points about this condition. While a zombie might, with proper care, live out his or her normal life span, this seldom happens because the victim most often surrenders to despair. If a victim has not been broken, removing the nail paring or cutting the braided hair loop will free him or her, though the former zombie will probably be in bad shape for some time thereafter.

A recovering living zombie would probably know some of the necromancer's secrets, as a result of their close link. This could prove an interesting source of information for a campaign.

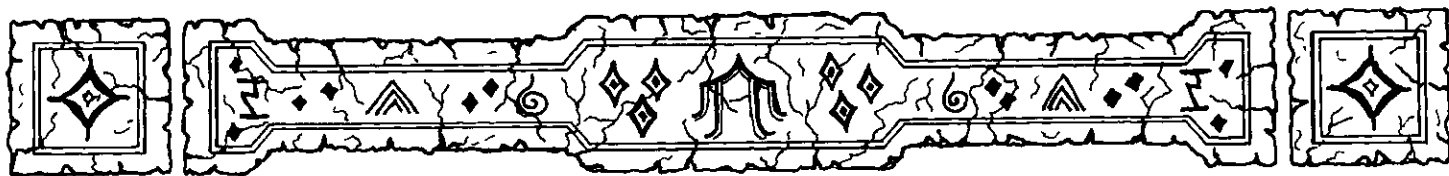
Rugen Phimister The Ghast

Rugen Phimister: AC 4; MV 6"; HD 9; hp 38*; # AT 3*; Dmg 1d4/1d4/1dB; SA nausea, paralyzation; SD immune to *sleep* and *charm*; AL CE; XP 1,456.

* Rugen's great bulk gives him extra hit points, but it also slows him down, giving him a -3 initiative during physical combat.

Rugen Phimister was (or still is, as he sees it) a tax collector for a local lord. While alive, he overcharged the tax, pocketing the extra money, but more often than not, he cheated his lord. Rugen loved his gold, yet he loved what gold could buy for him just as much, if not more. He owned a fine villa, fine clothing, and of all things, he ate well. To him, it seemed that he could never eat enough. In life, he was corpulent, grossly fat.

Yet all Rugen Phimister's ill-gotten wealth could not save him. While collecting taxes in a small, remote town, the strain of his extra weight overtaxed his heart, and he died. The dutiful townsfolk notified their lord of the tax collector's demise (and sent along what money Rugen had on him, along with his record book), and then buried the fat corpse in their burial grounds, in a mass grave, along with a handful of plague victims and two bandits who had been executed the same day, unblessed and without ceremony.



For most men, this would be the end of their tale, but not Rugen. An appetite like his could survive even death. When he awoke, there was enough to satisfy his hunger . . . at least for the time being.

Called by some inner sense, Rugen burrowed deep beneath his grave, and found a warren of ancient ghoulish tunnels populated by a few emaciated, starving ghouls. Unlike his fellows, more of Rugen's intellect survived the horrid transformation, and the fat, wily ghoulish led the starving creatures to new feasts in the graveyard above. However, Rugen the ghoulish soon became Rugen the ghast. Captured by demons, he served as a "hound," or hunting beast, for demons of the Abyss, but was later taken as a spoil of war by followers of the Type VI demon Grinthalke, who controls Hellgate Keep in the North (see FR5, THE SAVAGE FRONTIER). Upon gaining his release from Grinthalke's minions, Rugen returned to his former haunts, drawn by dim memories of the treasure he had secreted nearby in life.

Rugen's Allies

He is always guarded by a single ghast and two loyal ghouls, former grave robbers who were willing to risk plague in order to relieve the notorious Rugen Phimister of any funerary valuables. The ghast is his hunt leader, and an ally from his time in the outer planes.

Ghast (1): AC 4; MV 15"; HD 4; hp 20; # AT 3; Dmg 1d4/1d4/1dB; SA nausea, paralyzation; SD immune to *sleep* and *charm*; AL CE; XP 205.

Ghouls (2): AC 6; MV 9"; HD 2; hp 12, 9; # AT 3*; Dmg 1d3/1d3/1d6; SA paralyzation; SD immune to *sleep* and *charm*; AL CE; XP 85 each.

Roleplaying Rugen The Ghast

Like most ghouls and ghasts, the mind of the man who was once Rugen Phimister has been destroyed by the change and replaced by a cunning intellect which partakes of both Rugen Phimister's memories and baser desires and the cruel savagery of creatures of the Abyss.

Rugen always thinks of himself first. He will do anything to improve his own status, increase his own wealth, or ease the constant, gnawing hunger within his titanic scabrous belly. He makes agreements he will not honor and asks for trust when he will give none, No lie is too base, no betrayal too difficult, and no deed too heinous for Rugen Phimister to perform. There is nothing in him like compassion, mercy, honesty, or trust.

When encountered, he is always eating, stuffing rotting flesh into his snaggle-toothed mouth or gnawing an all-too-human bone. His voice is both guttural and hissing, and his frequent smile is near enough to drive a man mad. He is haughty, but needs constant reassurance that men (and others) still need him.

If his undead status is mentioned in his presence, he becomes more unbalanced than usual. Like many ghouls, Rugen does not believe himself to be dead. A part of his personality still thinks of himself as Rugen the tax collector (it is the only way the small, sane part of his mind can rationalize eating corpses — he calls it "collecting"). He fully intends to turn the taxes he has accumulated over to his lord, but he can't remember where his ill-gotten tax treasure is hidden.

Rugen loves gold and treasure, almost as much as he loves to eat, and so long as his enormous appetite is sated, his services and knowledge can be bought.

Rugen The Guide

Though Rugen is as disgusting a creature as one might imagine, he also has his uses, though the price is high. As the former slave of demons, he knows the location of conduits to the outer planes, gates to other Prime Material Planes, and can act as a guide on several layers of the Abyss and Tarterus. So long as his personal risk is low, he will accompany adventurers on such missions. The fee for such a service is 2,000 gp for locating a gate or conduit entrance on the Prime Material Plane, and 10,000 gp if the fat ghast must accompany PCs as a guide. On guide missions, he requires half payment in advance and a hostage from the PCs to ensure his own safety. He is always accompanied by his ghast and ghoulish guards. In Tarterus or the

Abyss, there is a 75% chance that he can contract a resident who owes him a "favor from the old days."

Rugen knows a secret entrance to the 137th layer of the Abyss where he was a slave of one of Orcus' lesser demonic allies. If properly bribed (Rugen still loves gold), he can act as a guide for travelers on the 137th and 138th layers of the Abyss, several spheres of Tarterus and at least the part of the Prime Material Plane that has been conquered by Orcus.

Rugen can also act as a guide for characters wanting to find their way around in Hellgate Keep. He knows of at least one poorly guarded above-ground entrance and is intensely familiar with the ghoulish warren beneath the city.

Vinjarek The Great Wight

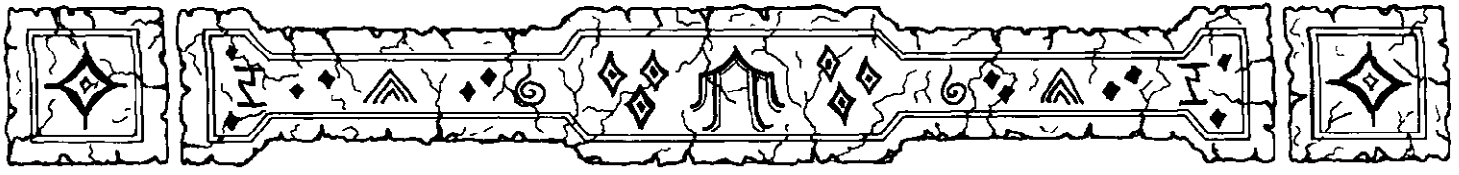
From the Notebooks of Jilda the Sage of Neverwinter

The great wight is a leader of wights, a very rare creature that can only form from the body of a being of consecrated royal blood. The original body must have been of lawful good alignment and been dedicated to the service of a lawful good deity, then fallen from grace and not been reconciled to the religion of his birth before he died.

All wights must follow the commands of such a leader, and these leaders are very jealous of their leadership. No more than one such leader can be found among any collection of wights. Tyrkan the Wanderer speaks of seeing a battle between two such creatures that ended in the slow shrinking of one of the wights until he was no bigger than the others who watched, at which time he submitted himself to the great wight. Tyrkan then left his vantage point before he could be discovered by the no-longer-distracted wights.

Unlike other wights, great wights are known to use armor and weapons to supplement their normal combat techniques, making them even more fearsome opponents than their followers.

Great wights are also more resistant to the commands of clerics. Bishop Sherganil of Waterdeep once attempted to turn a horde of wights in the cata-



combs of Waterdeep, and saw one wight, the leader, stay his ground while his followers fled; the creature continued to attack, but fortunately, the bishop's companions were of sufficient strength to destroy the monster before the bishop could be harmed.

Notes

FREQ rare; # APP 1; AC 3; MV 12"; HD 7 +3; % in lair: 100%; TREAS A&B; # AT 2; Dmg weapon +2/special; SA energy drain; SD silver or magic weapons to hit; MR as wights; IN average; AL LE; Size M; PSI nil; ATT/DEF nil.

1. Where most wights have lost all ability to use weapons (see wights description), the great wight still retains the weapon-using abilities he had in life. Moreover, his undead strength gives him a +2 modifier to hit and damage for any blow he strikes with a weapon.

2. Because of their greater power, a great wight must be turned as a spectre is, not as a wight. Thus, a cleric must be at least fifth level before he can hope to affect a great wight.

3. Despite the statements of Jilda the Sage, great wights come from no more noble a background than their followers. A great wight is simply a wight that has managed to absorb enough life energy to gain in power. This to some extent explains the enthusiasm of wights in attacking their prey. The more successful a wight is at draining energy, the better chance it has of becoming a great wight and getting its chance to rule its kind.

The spirits that animate wights may not have quite this motivation, but this is the best way it translates in human terms. The bodies animated into wights are usually those of noblemen because they are the ones buried with the most care given to preservation, thus giving the spirits more opportunity to find the bodies and inhabit them before they decay beyond use.

4. Vinjarek, the great wight of the Tombs of Deckon Thar, stands with the same stooped-over posture as his followers. He wears a chain mail shirt that hangs in tatters and rags around him, but is still intact enough to give him his

higher-than-normal armor class. He wears the crown of the people who buried the original bodies in these tombs. This is a gold and silver crown with many gems in it and is worth about 15,000 gp. The rest of his treasure is detailed in the adventure.

Vinjarek prefers to sit alone in his throne room with about three messengers to take his commands to the other wights. He uses these wights to carry his commands and get back reports as to what is happening.

When there are no intruders in the valley (the normal circumstance), he and his messengers sit in an immobile state, just aware enough to be able to detect the presence of arriving strangers. When they do get intruders, the throne room becomes a hive of activity (for wights) with messengers entering and leaving at all times with commands on how to arrange the wight defenders/attackers.

When Vinjarek realizes he is confronting a major force of adventurers who actually pose a threat to him, he will command the other wights to lead the player characters to him, and he will ready his defense, as delineated in the adventure description.

Damien Nuren The Shadow Masters

Description

Damien Nuren is in his 40s, a slender human of medium height. His piercing gray eyes are deep set, and his long black hair is touched with gray at the temples. Urbane and scholarly, Damien often presents himself as a gentleman, an alchemist, or a doctor of philosophy. Though perfectly qualified to carry out any of those poses, he is actually a wizard who divides his time between the creation of new magical devices and interplanar exploration.

Damien is knowledgeable and self-confident enough to tackle the riskiest of magical researches completely alone. In spite of this, he is cowardly when it comes to personal risk in dangerous places. The wizard is secretive about his findings and is an expert at double talk. Out of choice, he spends little time in the company of

humans and has few scruples in his dealings with them. Damien is self-centered and concerned only with furthering his personal interests. He has amassed considerable wealth, but it is kept in his residence on another plane. (See "Encounters".)

Statistics

Damien Nuren (eighth-level magic-user): AC 8; MV 12"; HD 8; hp 28; # AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +2; AL NE; XP 2,400; ST 13; IN 18; WS 10; DX 12; CN 10; CH 14.

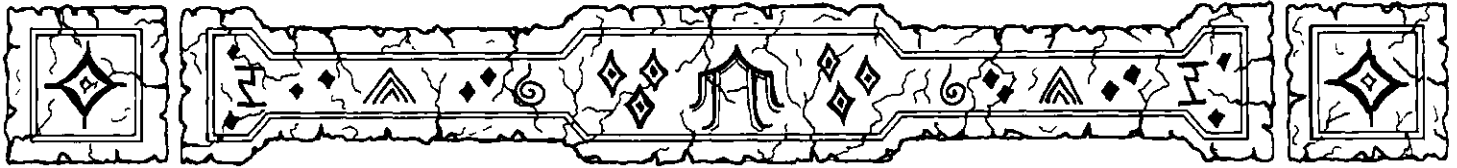
Spells: *charm person, feather fall, light, protection from good, knock x2, wizard lock x2, dispel magic x2, fly, lightning bolt, confusion, dimension door, fear, wizard eye, hold monster, teleportation, wall of force, globe of invulnerability*

Damien wears a *cloak of protection +2*. He carries a walking stick that is actually a quarterstaff +2. He wears a *ring of undead (shadow) control* and an onyx *ring of Negative Plane protection*, which gives him the protection as the clerical spell of the same name. It has only 12 charges remaining; one is used each time the wearer is attacked by a creature tied in any way to the Negative Energy Plane. Hence, it is also effective against creatures using negative energy attacks on the Demi-Plane of Shadows (see "Creature Notes"). Damien's other valuables are at his residence on the Plane of Air.

History

In his younger days, Damien studied with a master who introduced him to the wonders of the Inner Planes. Loren taught his eager pupil the secrets of planar travel, and shared some of his researches into the Negative Energy Plane. Loren believed that the greatest power in the multiverse lay untapped in that plane, and he strove to discover a way to harness those energies for his own ends.

Damien agreed with his master, and worked closely beside him for years. Although not all of Loren's work and notebooks were intended for his student to read, Damien refused to let lack of per-



mission hinder his learning. Catching Damien at his unauthorized studies, Loren felt his greatest discoveries had been betrayed. Furious, Loren dismissed the errant mage. Damien refused to go, and, in the heat of the moment, murdered his master.

Quickly reconciling himself to the "accident," Damien adopted Loren's researches for his own purposes. His brilliant mind saw unexplored avenues and likely connections that the older wizard had overlooked. Using Loren's resources and magical laboratory, Damien began his own researches into the nature of the Negative Energy Plane. He soon realized that no living person could hope to tap the awesome power of the energy planes. Yet almost as much power was embodied in the Demi-Plane of Shadow, composed of equal parts positive and negative energy, and his researches sought a way to tap into *that* power.

Over time, Damien found it more advantageous to live on the Elemental Plane of Air, a convenient place from which to probe the elusive Demi-Plane of Shadow. Necessarily, much of the wizard's time is spent in the creation of special purpose magical items intended to further his researches. He often travels to the Prime Material Plane to test these devices or to gather materials for their construction.

ENCOUNTERS

Damien is encountered most often on the Ethereal Plane, the Elemental Plane of Air, or the Demi-Plane of Shadow. He explores and travels these planes frequently, maintaining his primary residence on the Elemental Plane of Air. His domain there is guarded by ildriss, an invisible stalker, and a djinn in servitude.

When Damien is encountered on the Prime Material Plane, it is almost always when he is collecting materials for magical research or conducting a field test of something he has created. Since most of his tests have to do with the Demi-Plane of Shadow, he looks for the presence of undead shadows, one indicator that the demi-plane may be close to a particular Prime Material location. As a consequence, he often conducts his field tests

in such locations, and is sometimes guarded or accompanied by undead shadows. Damien sometimes hires adventurers to gather materials that he needs, or may get characters to test a new device without telling them the full truth about its nature or purpose.

When Damien wants to leave the Prime Material Plane, he *teleports* to the secret location of a permanent wormhole into the Plane of Air. From there it is a simple matter for him to travel to other Inner Planes. Anyone touching the magic-user may be drawn with him into the wormhole and onto the Plane of Air.

Recently, Damien has felt he is on the verge of a great breakthrough. His stays on the Demi-Plane of Shadow have been difficult, dangerous, and of short duration. He knows his research would progress better if he was, for all intents and purposes, a native of the Demi-Plane of Shadow. He has built a device which should achieve this effect. Now, he only needs to find some expendable persons to test it . . .

Hssstak The Greater Mummy

The greater mummy is not just a more deadly version of the creature commonly known as a mummy, it is a mummy who has chosen to undergo the mummification process, in which the victim's body dies, but the soul does not. Through its choice, the greater mummy retains much of the power it had in life, including the ability to cast spells (clerical, magic-user, or illusionist, depending on the mummy's former class). It may cast spells like a living being, but spell use is limited to seventh-level ability.

Of all greater mummies encountered, 80% will be spell-casters. Of those, 50% are former evil clerics, 45% are magic-users, and 5% are illusionists. The greater mummy also retains most, if not all, its former intelligence. It tends to be a thinker and a schemer, not a mindless fighting machine.

While the lesser mummy fears fires, the greater mummy has been enchanted to *resist fire* (as the ring). Like the lesser mummy, the mere sight of a greater mummy within 6" causes fear in the

viewer and, unless a saving throw vs. spells is made, the PC is paralyzed with fright for 1d4 rounds. Numerous allies give PCs courage when confronting a mummy. For each ally above a 6:1 ratio to the mummy, non-humans gain a +1 to their saving roll, while humans gain a +2.

The greater mummy can only be struck by magical weapons, and even those do but ½ normal damage, with all fractions rounded down (a 5 becomes 2, a 3 becomes 1, and so on). *Sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, and all cold-based spells have no effect on the greater mummy, and neither does poison or paralysis. A *raise dead* spell will turn the mummy into a normal human (though it has a saving throw against the spell) of its former character class, at up to seventh-level ability.

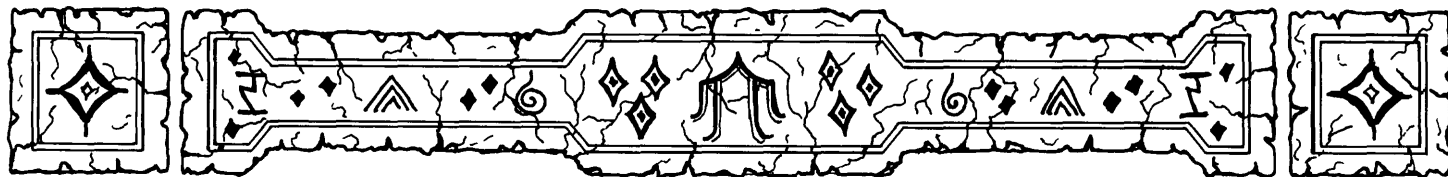
Holy water which strikes a mummy does 2d4 points of damage for each full vial. The touch of a greater mummy infects a victim with a rotting disease, which is fatal in 1d6 months. For each month the disease progresses, the victim permanently loses 2 points of Charisma, as infected body parts rot and slough off the body. The deadly disease can only be cured permanently by the casting of a *cure disease* spell after the victim has imbibed an herbal tea made of mothersleaf, a healing plant. The disease negates all *cure wounds* spells and infected creatures heal wounds at 10% or the normal rate. Any creature killed by a greater mummy rots and cannot be raised from death unless *cure disease* and *raise dead* spells are used within 6 turns.

Hsssthak as Himself (Lizard Man)

(Pronounced Eeesss-TAK)

Hsssthak (greater mummy): AC 0; MV 6"; HD 7+3; hp 55; # AT 1; Dmg 1d12; SA fear, disease, spell use; SD fire resistant, and immune to *sleep*, *charm*, and all cold-based attacks; AL LE; XP 1200.

Spells: Level 1 — *charm person* x2, *magic missile*, *sleep*; Level 2 — *flaming sphere*, *darkness* 15' radius; *ray of enfeeblement*; Level 3 — *haste*, *hold person*; Level 4 — *minor globe of invulnerability*.



Surrounded by dusty carvings of beasts no man has seen, Hsssthak of ancient Isstosseffiiil broods upon his ebony throne, in an airless hall deep beneath the mighty desert. Across the eons he has rested here, but he has found no peace. He dreams dark visions of an age when his people ruled, practicing mighty sorcery, creating exotic new life forms, and forever battling both the winged folk of the Aearee and wretched wet-skinned batrachi.

Of the Isstossef, only Hsssthak now remains, his dry, withered features barely hinting at the lost glory of his reptilian race. Someone taking a quick glance at him would identify him as human, yet his taut snake-like skin, dry, bony tail, and distorted features categorize him otherwise.

The time of the creator races was waning, the dinosaurs dying out and being replaced by other creatures more able to withstand the new, colder climate. Seers among the reptilian creator race felt that a time might come when the lizard folk would need help to reclaim their rightful place in the world. Hsssthak, once a noted sorcerer among his reptilian people, willingly allowed himself to be mummified in order to protect part of the heritage of his race – the ability to magically modify other creatures. Hsssthak patiently awaits the day when the descendants of his ancient race will come seeking the golden spell scrolls that he guards.

Roleplaying Hsssthak

Hsssthak has sat upon his dark throne for countless years (possibly millions). He is aware of much of what goes in the outer world through the use of his magical *mirror of sight and sound* (which functions exactly like a *crystal ball with clairaudience*). He can speak haltingly in most modern languages.

He is aware of activity in the outer crypt areas, and will prepare himself accordingly, depending on whether or not the intruders are reptilian or humans and demi-humans.

Hsssthak is patient and does not act hastily. He has had eons to prepare for the meeting with his descendants. If the intruders are lizard men, he will give

them the two golden scrolls (containing *awaken intelligence* and *alter beast*; see “Mummy Lair”) to aid them in their return to power. If the intruders are humans or demi-humans, he will seek to charm them into doing his bidding, and if that fails, then geas them using a scroll spell (with a 25% chance of failure).

Even though he has watched their progress over the ages, Hsssthak considers all non-reptilians to be little more than beasts.

Jonathon Morningmist The Greater Vampire

Jonathon Morningmist (greater vampire): AC 0; MV 12"/18"; HD 10; hp 67; # AT 1; Dmg 2d6; SA energy drain; SD + 1 or better weapons to hit, regenerates 3 hp per round; AL LG; Size M; XP 2,438.

Jonathon stands 5'10" and has a slightly ruddy complexion. He is strikingly handsome. He has shoulder-length silver hair and piercing violet eyes. He is an extremely kind man who frequently takes in beggars or other misfortunates for the evening. He is quick to champion a cause, aiding people (in the evening, of course).

He will occasionally *charm* Evil female thieves and use them as barmaids, hoping continued exposure to him will change their ways. He possesses a *djinn ring*, which creates “nutritious” food for him. However, when his “hunger” for blood becomes too great, a few of his closest friends willingly share some of theirs. He is extremely careful to not hurt his friends.

His magic items include the mirror in the Blue Dolphin, which shows his reflection, a large *bag of holding*, the *djinn ring*, + 3 *long sword*, *ring of spell turning*, *cloak of the bat*, and the + 3 *shield* he is offering as a reward. His wealth is stored in his room above the Blue Dolphin and consists of 5,800 gp worth of gems, 10,000 gp worth of jewelry, 50 pp, 120 gp, and 2,000 sp.

Jeremiah Morningmist The Lesser Vampire

Jeremiah Morningmist: AC 1; MV 12"/18"; HD 8+3; hp 67; # AT 1; Dmg 1d4+6; SA energy drain and spells; SD +1 or better weapons to hit, regenerates 3 hp per round; AL CE; Size M; XP 1,804.

Jeremiah stands 5'10" tall, and although he has a very, very pale complexion, he is strikingly handsome. He has shoulder-length silver hair.

Jeremiah is Evil incarnate, killing on a whim and treating others with as little regard as inhumanly possible. He strives to gain more power and wealth, caring little for anything else.

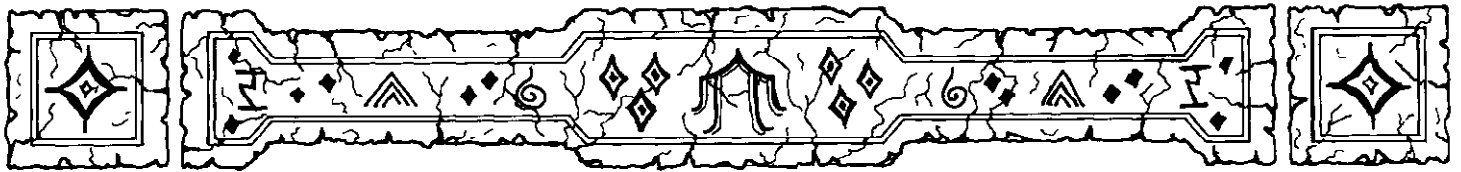
Jeremiah's magic items include *dust of sneezing and choking*, *ring of water walking*, *small bag of holding*, *ring of spell turning*, + 3 *staff*, *cloak of the bat*, and *dust of disappearance* (three uses).

Jeremiah, a 12th-level magic-user, has memorized the following spells: first-level – *magic missile* x2, *ventriloquism*, *hold portal*; second-level – *darkness* 15' radius, *web*, *stinking cloud*, *mirror image*; third-level – *lighting bolt*, *protection from good* 10' radius, *hold person*, *slow*; fourth-level – *ice storm*, *confusion*, *Rary's mnemonic enhancer* (3 *magic missile* spells); fifth-level – *cone of cold*, *transmute rock to mud*, *transmute mud to rock*.

If Jeremiah is aware of the PCs' presence, he will cast *hold person*. He'll also use *transmute rock to mud* and *transmute mud to rock* to attempt to capture the PCs with the stone floor.

If Jeremiah is turned, he will become gaseous, only to later come upon the party from behind. Jeremiah is relentless and will not let the party escape unscathed. However, Jeremiah will not fight to the death. If he truly believes he is losing the battle, he will flee.

If Jeremiah is slain, and the PCs bring some proof of their deed to the merchants' guild and to Jonathon, they will be rewarded. The PCs may have an interesting time confronting Jonathon with the look-alike vampire. Jonathon will dismiss



it as coincidence or an attempt by some devil to impersonate him. If the PCs persist, and Jonathon believes them to be honorable and Good individuals, he will reveal the tale of the two vampires and will explain about the helmet, which has forever made him Lawful Good.

Hieronymous Bosco The Ghost Wizard

Hieronymous Bosco (ghost wizard): AC 0/8; MV 9"; HD 19; hp 60; # AT 1; Dmg 1d4x10 years; SA magician fear; SD silver or magic weapon needed to hit; AL LE; XP 4,090

Hieronymous Bosco was born in Thay to parents both schooled in the ways of sorcery. From a young age, he was tutored in the ways of magic, but his career as a successor to his parents as a member of the Red Wizards was encumbered by the fact he in no way possessed their degree of intellectual brilliance. Nevertheless, Hieronymous proved himself to be at least an average mage, showing a particular interest in necromancy and the occult. Upon his mother's death, his father, dissatisfied with his son's aptitude, cast the young mage out, and Hieronymous took to wandering the Realms, hiring himself out to various nobles, and even a bandit group or two, as a wizard.

Invariably, his employers would find the mage lazy, untrustworthy, and lacking the skills of sorcery that did not somehow relate to death or necromancy. This wasted life continued for a number of decades until the mage found himself in the employ of Sir John Ampner, a nobleman seeking a wizard for his estate. Now in his 50s, and anxious to find a permanent position somewhere, Hieronymous did his best to put on a good act, convincing Sir John he was an honorable, skilled mage. Seeing through his facade from the beginning was Brother Frederick, Sir John's resident cleric. The old priest investigated the background of the mage, discovering his past misdeeds, and the fact he was known to be a practitioner of the black arts who was wanted for a number of crimes.

Angered at having been lied to, Sir John intended to denounce the mage and hand him over to the local authorities. But Hieronymous learned of this, and with the help of a disreputable stable hand, arranged for the death of his employer while Brother Frederick was absent. The estate then passed into the hands of Lady Samantha, Sir John's daughter.

Lacking the funds to manage the estate (which the mage had stolen and hidden), Lady Samantha was forced to accept the wizard's offer to fund the manor's continued operation in return for being allowed to stay on as seneschal. Brother Frederick eventually returned, confronting the wizard, and was slain in his own chapel. With no one left to oppose him, the mage now forced his attentions on Lady Samantha, hoping to wed her. Defiantly, she spurned him, and was locked in a tower, where she starved to death. The mage then spread the tale she had sold the manor to him and departed. Not long afterward, Hieronymous met his own end at the hands of an ambitious apprentice. Although buried elsewhere, his spirit was cursed to haunt the manor where he had caused so much trouble to so many.

Roleplaying The Wizard

Hieronymous hates the living for the torment of unrest he endures. The manor house in which he brought misery to those around him is now his prison – and he seeks to leave it. Toward that end, the presence of a group of adventurers or plunderers might well give him the opportunity he needs. So great is his hatred of the living, though, and so large his ego and domineering his personality, that the mage will not content himself with merely possessing a host and then seeking egress. He will instead first frighten and harass the living by playing tricks and possessing objects. The whole idea is to sustain the tension amongst his enemies as much as possible. Only when he tires of the game, or the group comes too near the room in which he died, will things suddenly become lethal, with the ghost seeking to possess a PC wizard in order to use sorcery against the intruders. Failing that, he will physically attack his enemies, hoping to rob them of

the life he now is denied. In life, the wizard was tall, muscular, and bald, with a Vandyke beard. In death, he barely resembles a former human, his features now being distorted and grotesque. Carrying the spiritual chains he forged in life, the evil spirit of the mage is slow-moving – but deadly.

Tanomitsu Mitsuro The Samurai Spectre

Description

In life, Mitsuro was the samurai general commanding part of the forces which fought – and lost – the Hojo War in Kozakura. A stern and humorless man, Mitsuro prided himself on his practicality and ruthlessness in accomplishing his ambitions.

In death, the spectre of Tanomitsu Mitsuro is much the same. He is calculating and ruthless, and continues to harbor great ambitions. His undead hatred for the living is surpassed only by his hatred for the enemies of the Tanomitsu clan. Never an idle man, the spectre Mitsuro is obsessed with his plan to destroy enemies of his house and restore the Tanomitsu clan to fortune and power.

Statistics

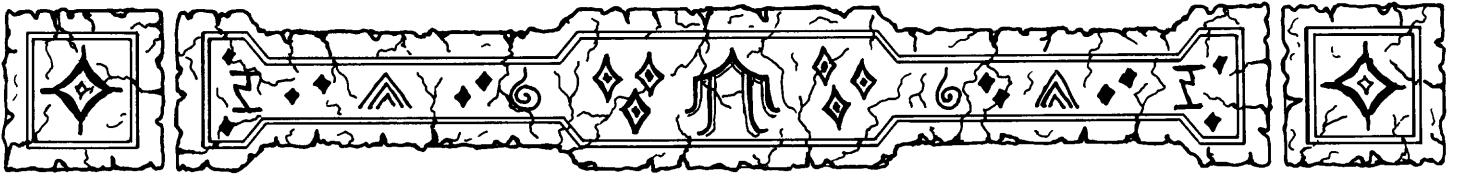
Tanomitsu Mitsuro (spectre): AC 2; MV 15"/30"; HD 7+3; hp 45; # AT 1; Dmg 1d8; SA drains 2 levels per touch, victim becomes half-strength spectre under Mitsuro's control; SD immune to *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, cold-based spells, paralyzation or poison, +1 or better weapons to hit; AL LE; XP 2,100.

Mitsuro is powerless in daylight and can be destroyed if a *raise dead* spell is cast on him (saving throw vs. magic allowed). Holy water inflicts 2d4 points of damage.

Although he was an accomplished samurai when he was alive, those skills have no effect on the spectre's fighting abilities.

History

Tanomitsu Mitsuro was one of Hojo Todaihiro's generals in the Hojo War. Head of the powerful Tanomitsu clan, Mitsuro's



clan was one of the most influential supporters of the shogun and was in great favor.

During the battle of Norinoshima, which was ultimately lost by Todahiro's forces, General Tanomitsu and his personal retainers were cut off from the battle by an ambush. Recognizing that Todahiro forces faced defeat, Tanomitsu Mitsuro fled to Okane Province to defend his family at Ezuwara Castle.

Knowing the battle was virtually won and not wishing to let the general escape, Yamashita Ichiro and his troops pursued the Tanomitsu party closely. Yamashita took the town of Ezuwara before the general could prepare a defense, then confronted Tanomitsu in his castle.

Yamashita demanded his surrender, but the general refused. Unwilling to conduct a long siege and scornful of Tanomitsu's "cowardly desertion," Yamashita had his troops fire the castle with arrows. It burned to the ground, destroying all within. Ezuwara Castle and the surrounding town were later given to Yamashita Ichiro as a reward for his services to the Takenaka clan during the Hojo War.

The Tanomitsu clan was perhaps the greatest loser of all after the Hojo War. These longtime supporters of Hojo Todahiro lost their lands and estates, and most of their numbers were executed or forced to flee to distant provinces to preserve their lives. The Tanomitsu clan has sunk into obscurity, and is a dangerous name to use in Kozakura today.

These wrongs have not gone unnoticed by the spectral Mitsuro. His hatred burns against those who used his kin so poorly. He is particularly vengeful toward the Yamashita and Takenaka clans, the two most responsible for the destruction of the Tanomitsu.

Tanomitsu Mitsuro's remains lie under the castle foundation in a secret passageway, along with those of this daughter Isui and his cousin Tamako (see adventure elsewhere in this book). The spectres haunt Ezuwara Castle, which is now a fief of the hated Yamashita clan. Obuno, the son of Lord Yamashita, lives in the rebuilt castle; he and his family have become the first targets of Mitsuro's spectral revenge.

ENCOUNTERS

One encounter with Mitsuro is detailed elsewhere in this book, as he and his fellow spectres try to destroy the Yamashita inhabitants of Ezuwara Castle. However, the death of these few Yamashita is by no means the limit of Mitsuro's ambitions. Either before or after that adventure takes place, Mitsuro may be encountered elsewhere, putting his grand plan into action.

It is Mitsuro's ambition to create a spectral army, which he will eventually lead on a mission of death and destruction against all who have hurt the Tanomitsu clan since their defeat in the Hojo War. His favorite "recruits" for his spectral army are bushi and samurai, although he will take anyone he can get his hands on. Nor is he particular about what clan they come from; Mitsuro considers it a good joke to recruit spectres from among his enemies, since they are destined to slay their living relatives.

Mitsuro likes to do this business himself, since the half-strength spectres that result are then under his direct control. While Isui and Tamako remain near Ezuwara Castle, Mitsuro ranges about the countryside, sometimes traveling quite far away. He singles out a likely prospect for his spectral army, then attacks and drains the life from his victim.

Mitsuro orders the resulting spectre to stay where he was created, since Mitsuro does not want to tip his hand by letting his spectral army collect prematurely at Ezuwara Castle. Needless to say, there are a growing number of half-strength spectres floating about the countryside — all awaiting the call to Mitsuro's service, and in the meantime hating and preying on the living around them.

Mitsuro's half-strength spectres might be encountered anywhere. The general himself is encountered if he singles out a PC as an attractive prospect for his spectral army. Mitsuro is clever, and does not usually attack individuals in company. He will wait until he can get the PC alone, and then go after him or her when the victim cannot readily be helped by the others.

Alokkair The Wizard-King

Alokkair (lich, 20th-level magic-user in life): AC 0; MV 12"; HD 20; hp 76; # AT 1; Dmg special; SA "Chilling touch" for 1d10 hp damage plus paralysis (lasts 2d4x10 rounds; save vs. paralysis to avoid); SD Immune to *charm, sleep, enfeeblement, polymorph* cold, electricity, insanity, death spells/symbols and attack forms; AL CE; XP 8,780; ST 16; IN 18; WI 17; DX 17; CO 15; CH 12.

Spells: DM's choice, M-U spells 5,5,5,5,4,3,3,2

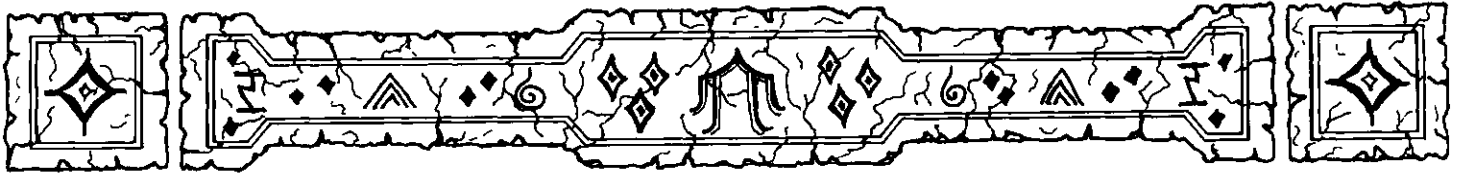
Note: Alokkair's phylactery is not in his lair, but hidden elsewhere.

Description: Alokkair is a very tall (6'8") thin male human lich, with a long, flowing white beard and long, wispy white hair. His skin is a putrid gray, but otherwise whole, and has shrunk to wrap his bones closely, so that he appears horribly gaunt. Except for glowing eyes in skeletal sockets, his face appears almost normal for a living man. His limbs, however, are nearly skeletal. He wears long, flowing robes of purple silk and thick gray musterdelvys, which are frayed and stained with mildew around the trailing edges, but otherwise whole and splendid. He remains supple and agile.

Personality: Alokkair is brilliant, a cold and sarcastic being who anticipates attacks and stratagems with cunning, paranoid ease. He is driven by his greed for magic, which he constantly must acquire. One day soon he intends to reclaim his long-lost kingdom, Hlontar (which lay in and around the valley of the Tesh some 800 years ago) with the aid of the drow who dwell deep underground in the area.

Alokkair is persuasive and eloquent, and enjoys a good debate. He cares nothing for the life or existence of any creature but himself, and will often magically attack someone he is in the midst of joking with, without hesitation or change in expression.

Behavior: Alokkair appears courtly and friendly to intruders, unless they attack him forthwith. He appears saddened by threats of violence, and asks



only to be left alone. If the traps and hidden ways of his lair isolate one or two adventurers from the rest, he appears to them, makes them rich gifts of gold, jewelry, and gems from his hoard (never magic), showing them many more riches in the process. He then *teleports* these survivors out, to draw further intruders later.

The DM could use a fortunate NPC adventurer to whom this happened as a setup, showing the gold and telling his or her tale in a nearby village (Voonlar or Tilverton, if the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ campaign setting is used). The fortunate adventurer should be too powerful and wrongly aligned for PCs to simply rob or slay — and very worried as to the fate of his companions, a stout band of adventurers who set off to find this kindly, obviously deranged old lich and get the rest of his treasure. They have not been heard from since, and 14 days have passed. They may stand in need of a rescue.

Spells: The spells Alokkaïr is carrying when encountered are listed below. Those marked with an asterisk are “permanent” and require no study to be regained by the lich. In the case of multiple permanent spells carried, only one (e.g. one of the four *magic missiles*) is actually permanent.

First level: *Magic missile** x4 (each spell produces 10 1d4 + 1 hp missiles), *jump*.

Second level: *Darkness 15' radius*, *ESP*, *invisibility**, *mirror image*, *wizard lock*.

Third level: *Dispel magic** x3, *lightning bolt*, *slow*

Fourth level: *Confusion*, *dimension door*, *ice storm*, *minor globe of invulnerability*, *wizard eye**.

Fifth level: *Animate dead*, *cone of cold*, *feeblemind*, *hold monster*, *teleport**.

Sixth level: *Chain lightning*, *death spell*, *flesh to stone* x2.

Seventh level: *Delayed blast fireball*, *phase door*, *reverse gravity*.

Eighth level: *Maze*, *mind blank*, *Otto's irresistible dance*.

Ninth level: *Imprisonment*, *temporal stasis*.

Carried magic: Alokkaïr carries three *vocalize* scrolls. He reads one just before any encounter, if possible. He also

has scrolls of *permanency*, *demand*, and *prismatic sphere* at his belt.

Alokkaïr wears a *ring of free action* and a *ring of spell turning*, both of which function as they would on a living human. Like all liches, Alokkaïr can make use of any magical item a magic-user could, except those that specifically require the touch of a living being.

Cached magic: Alokkaïr has some scrolls and items hidden with his phylactery, far away. The DM should determine the cache.

His spell books are in his lair. They contain all the spells given here, plus *read magic*, *slow*, *magic jar*, *Nulathoe's Ninemen*, *enchant an item*, *project image*, *polymorph any object*, *trap the soul*, and *energy drain*, as well as 4d4 additional spells of each level (at the DM's option). They are hidden in an invisible, floating sphere of force, which also contains two guardian creatures: female human juju zombies, Delartha and Ilmeera (once Alokkaïr's daughters).

Juju zombies (2); AC 6; MV 9"; HD 3+12; hp 30, 29; # AT 1 (as 6HD monster); Dmg 3d4; SD can only be hit by +1 or better magical weapons; XP 180 each.

Refer to MONSTER MANUAL II for the immunities of these creatures.

Background: Eight hundred winters ago in the Realms, men farmed and herded sheep on the fertile banks of the river Tesh at the western end of the Moonsea. Local lords arose, their patrols defending the land against orc attacks, and the farmers prospered.

The 16th-level mage Alokkaïr came out of the west at this time, and befriended a minor lord, Hlonagh. With his magical aid, Hlonagh viciously defeated lord after lord until the kingdom of Hlontar was founded. Alokkaïr “the Wise” became its court wizard, and soon slew Hlonagh to take the throne.

Alokkaïr the Wizard-King quickly became known for his ruthlessness. Hlonagh's kin and friends, and any magic-user reaching fifth level, were hunted down and slain. Alokkaïr took to wife Hlonagh's youngest daughter, Shalaera, overcoming her hatred and resistance by

force and art. When she gave him only daughters, he changed her into the form of a red dragon, and by art drove her to attack nearby elves, who slew her with arrows.

Alokkaïr's fearful subjects attacked him repeatedly. One night his three daughters tried to kill him. Enraged, Alokkaïr slew two by *energy drain* spells. They became juju zombies under his control. The youngest, Alaphlame, was either vaporized or escaped by magic. Alokkaïr fled to his lair, underneath far-off Fox Ridge, where he gathers magic and vows to regain his kingdom.

A MUNDANE GUIDE TO WARDS

*Through graveyard and ruined city/
Beneath a moon pretty/Went the brave warriors of the Black Roan/They swung sword and hammer/But lacked priestly glamour/
And against the undead they went down-a-down-oh! – From an old adventurers' song (tune: "Molly Malone")*

Even farmers in the Realms know what to do when you see an undead thing – and survive. Run, don't walk, to a cleric. Clerics battle undead, where others cannot. But what if no cleric is at hand? Or if the local friar turns white and trembles at the breathless news and hides beneath the altar?

Old veterans of all races have all sorts of advice as to how to fight undead. Bardic ballads and old lore abound with suggestions, wild (and tall!) accounts of adventures, and sure-fire tactics . . . but what is true, and what is false?

If one's information is wrong when one faces a swooping vampire, there'll be no going back to town to tell everyone so. One usually only gets one chance. So, here's a guide to what does and doesn't work when the living must deal with the undead. Players should allow DMs to reveal as much of this section as is deemed right for a given campaign, and resist the urge to read all. (Besides, who can tell what a fiendish DM may have altered, to "reward" just such deceitful snooping?)

The information that follows is divided into handy subsections for DM reference. A DM should read through this section before play begins, to find where everything is and what we've used as headings. Any questions that arise when reading these pages should be written down, and the DM should decide on answers before players are neck-deep in battle and arguments begin. The written answers and notes should be kept with this rulebook; consistent rulings are more important than fully detailed or accurate rules or guidelines in a campaign where roleplaying is stressed.

Cold Iron

"Cold iron" is iron that has not been deliberately alloyed with other metals, or treated to become steel (although it can be, and usually is, impure). Weapons of cold iron are brittle when cold, and dull easily; they are not favored by warriors having to deal with other armed opponents, whose weapons often shatter those of cold iron on contact.

Cold iron does, however, do ghosts double

damage, and a *protection from evil* spell circle adorned with iron (iron filings, a hoop of iron, or iron weapons laid, touching, to form an unbroken ring 3' in diameter) keeps ghosts at bay. The iron will be consumed in the spell-casting, but its protection will move with the protected creature, preventing any ghosts from approaching within one' of the protected creature.

Cold iron also does double damage to ghouls, and its presence will cause shadows to recoil for 1d2 rounds at an initial encounter, although it does not actually harm them. A ghost confronted by cold iron will recoil (hanging back or becoming ethereal) for 1d2 rounds in an encounter, but is not harmed by contact with cold iron. Other undead are not reported to be specially affected by cold iron.

Cure Disease

Unlike lycanthropy, undeath is not a disease. Undead cannot be harmed by a *cure disease* spell, but such a spell does affect diseases carried by undead. (Note that ghoul-touch paralysis is not a disease.)

An undead upon which *cure disease* has been cast cannot confer rot grubs, parasites, leprosy, or other diseases to creatures they strike. A mummy cannot rot victims or confer a rotting disease by its touch. This protection against disease affects all undead (unless they can by spell or item cast *dispel magic* to remove it) for one turn per level of the spell-caster employing the cure. (Scrolls function as if the spell was cast at a level as determined on page 128 of the DMG.) Parasites and rot grubs within an undead are not slain by a *cure disease*, only rendered inactive and ineffective for a time, as noted above.

Fire vs. Undead

Fire is effective against all undead, doing the same damage to them in undeath as it did in life. (A fire-using dracolich would take less damage from a given flame than a dracolich that had been a non-fire-using dragon.) Mummified undead and very old, desiccated lichs and zombies, are especially susceptible to fire (a torch blow causing 1d3 hp damage, a flask of burning oil 1d8 hp on the round it strikes and a further 2d8 points on the round that follows).

Less known to most adventurers in the Realms is the fact that intangible or gaseous (non-corporeal) undead such as shadows and wraiths, and vampires when in gaseous

form, suffer double damage from all fiery attacks – that is, double what the attack would have done the undead's living counterpart.

In all cases, magical fires are at + 1 per die of damage against undead. Fire and intense heat both seem to adversely affect the connection between the Negative (or Positive) Material Plane and the Prime Material Plane that exists in all greater undead, as well as doing purely physical damage. Rumors of "fire ghosts" or "fire spirits" are based on undead who can, by electrical discharge or fiery attacks, cause other substances to burn, and on non-undead creatures such as firebats and will-o'-wispis that are thought by some to be associated with, or to be, undead.

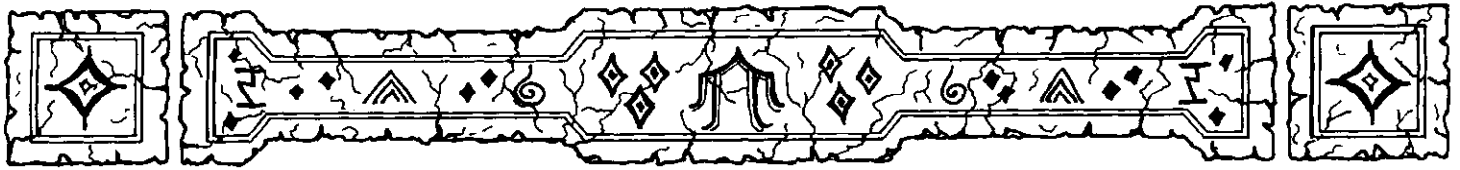
Garlic

This strong spice in powdered form, bud, or intact plant has an odor that is offensive to vampires. It does not harm or permanently repel them, but causes them to hesitate for 1d4 rounds before attacking. Garlic butter smeared on creatures or doorways, or liquid garlic – cooked into oil in a high concentration – sprayed or splashed on beings or areas will cause similar hesitation. Such applications of garlic will be effective for two days. On the third day, the waning power of the garlic will cause only a one round of hesitation, and thereafter the garlic will have evaporated and dissipated to such an extent that it will be completely ineffective. This is a chemical effect, and cannot be extended or made permanent by magical means short of a *limited wish*.

Garlic seems to be effective only against vampires. The sage Aldiver, who has made a study of such matters, believes that its effectiveness is due to two factors: a strong chemical revulsion, and an instinctively perceived peril to the gaseous form of the vampire, with which the garlic reacts. This reaction slows the changeover between solid and gaseous form to a two-round process, during which time the vampire is vulnerable to all attacks, i.e. normal weapons as well as magical ones. In order to be affected, the vampire must be within 4" of the garlic or been exposed to it in the last 14 rounds. A vampire knows garlic is somehow dangerous to it, even if it has never encountered garlic before.

Gestures

Without divine favor (clerical turning) or



magical powers (spell-casting) to back them up, threatening or warding gestures against undead are just that: gestures. Undead cannot be frightened or tricked by such – and may well be amused. More than one tale is told in taverns of the Realms of spectres or skeletons who mockingly mimicked the gestures of a terrified adventurer before slaying the unfortunate, or even pretended to dance or cast spells back at future victims. As the adventurer Gorstag once said, “Save your breath for running.”

Holy Symbols

The holy symbols borne by clerics and by the most devout lay worshippers may take the form of scepter-like held objects, pendants, or even flat, two-dimensional images graven or painted on shields, vestments, coffers, and the like. In all cases, such images must have been properly consecrated (a magical process, details of which are left to DMs) by a cleric of at least third level in order to function as holy symbols. The mere image, even if perfectly depicted, will not suffice.

A holy symbol is required for turning, destroying or damning, or (for evil clerics) compelling undead to service. Any attempt to turn undead without a holy symbol will automatically fail, with one exception: clerics of ninth level or greater, and paladins of 11th level or greater, can attempt to do so. When doing so, they function as clerics of only third level, i.e., they cannot destroy or command undead, or automatically turn any undead. Paladins can never successfully use the holy symbol of another deity in a turning attempt. Clerics using the holy symbol of another deity (a serious matter indeed) in a turning attempt, even one allied to, or identical in alignment to their own, function as clerics of six levels lower than they do with the holy symbols of their deity. If this results in a negative level, they cannot turn undead with that holy symbol.

All undead except poltergeists, revenants, and penanggalan in full human form suffer “burning” damage from actual contact with a holy symbol, identical to the damage they suffer from a vial of holy water. This replaces any physical damage; a mace or crossbow bolt with a consecrated holy symbol on its business end does not deal both holy symbol damage and physical attack damage to an undead.

This damage will occur regardless of what being wields or discharges the holy

symbol as a weapon; class and alignment have no effect. Priesthoods and deities will take a somewhat dim view of adventuring bands of non-worshippers bearing their holy symbols as weapons, however. Clerics loaning holy symbols typically give them only to companions who worship the same deity as they do. Holy symbols “strike” intangible undead or undead normally struck only by silver or magical weapons, regardless of the composition of the holy symbol.

The holy symbols of lawful good deities cause vampires to recoil, although the mere sight of such devices does not harm a vampire in any way. Vampires of all alignments and faiths (in life) are affected by lawful good holy symbols, even if they have never seen them before. Why vampires – and of all undead, only vampires – are so affected by lawful good holy symbols remains a mystery.

Knocking on Wood

This has absolutely no effect on undead. A lich or vampire could conceivably be distracted if a character’s rapping was mistaken for something else. Otherwise, this practice is a mistaken waste of time, dangerous if it attracts the attention of other monsters.

Light

Many undead are affected by full, intense sunlight or magical effects which cause a bright, Positive Material Plane-like burst of radiant energy. DMs should refer to the druidic *sunray* spell in UNEARTHED ARCANA book, the sunburst of a *wand of illumination*, detailed in the DMG, and the sunstrike symbol detailed in this Mundane Guide when determining the precise effects of newly devised magical items and spells upon undead. One such spell, the *sunburst*, appears in the “Lords of Darkness” section of this book. Darkness, on the other hand, is normal for most undead. Its presence gives them no special benefits beyond surprise and concealed movement.

As a general rule, light has the following effects on undead:

Torchlight, lamplight, faerie fire, dancing lights, and light spells may irritate or annoy undead, drawing them to attack the light source, but have no harmful effects on undead. Moonlight and starglow have no effect on undead.

Sudden or bright lights, such as that

caused by a *continual light* spell or indirect sunlight entering the window of a ruined chamber or filtering down into a wooded glade, will cause ghosts, shadows, spectres, wights, wraiths, and vampires to recoil for 1d3 rounds before attacking. Shadows can be seen 60% of the time in such light, and if the light source can be attacked (e.g. it is coming from a lamp or other item held or controlled by a creature), undead will seek to attack or extinguish it. (Undead not listed here are unaffected by light.) Note that a *sun blade sword*, as described in the UNEARTHED ARCANA book, can flare with a light equivalent to full sunlight.

Full sunlight is hated and shunned by shadows who know they can be clearly seen, spectres, wights, wraiths, and vampires. All draining attacks on energy or abilities (e.g. the Strength drain of a shadow) fail to operate in full sunlight. Undead who exist on both the Negative Material and Prime Material planes also cannot do chilling damage by touch. (Note that liches can still do chilling damage in sunlight.) Such undead cannot maintain control of half-strength undead they may have created, have an Armor Class penalty of -2, and can be hit by all types of weapons. Ghosts in full sunlight are forced into a “semi-material” state until they can reach shade. A penanggalan’s detached head and gut are paralyzed until nightfall. A *sunstone talisman* (see “Talismans”) will cause 1d3 rounds of paralysis to a penanggalan, but other bright lights have no effect.

Undead of any sort cannot regenerate in full sunlight. They can change form at will if normally able to do so, but many move at ½ rate (see “Run! Run!”). This is what “powerless” means to spectres, wraiths, and vampires.

Only vampires are actually slain by sunlight. A vampire in full sun will instantly be forced to ½ movement rate, have an AC penalty, and lose all but purely physical attacks. It will be wracked with pain, visibly shuddering and snarling, and will seek darker areas at all costs, even exposing itself to attack to do so. It will suffer a loss of 10% of its current hit points per round or partial round of exposure, be unable to regenerate, and if brought to 0 hit points while in full sunlight will crumble forever into dust. (Vampire dust is a valuable chemical ingredient.)

It is stressed that the effects of sunlight on rare sorts of undead have not been fully explored due to the highly dangerous



nature of the necessary research. DMs should determine actual effects of sunlight on newly devised types of undead after the general guidelines given here.

Magical Items Concerned With Undead

The AD&D® rulebooks describe many scrolls, rings, wands, and other artifacts and magical items useful in dealings with undead. These include the *arrow of slaying undead*, *mace of disruption*, *protection from undead scroll*, *wand of illumination*, *amulet of life protection*, *scarab of protection*, and other items described in the DMG book.

The UNEARTHED ARCANA rulebook also contains undead-related magical items, such as the *sun blade sword*, *protection from paralyzation scroll*, *amulet vs. undead*, *shadow lanthorn*, and others.

The FORGOTTEN REALMS™ sourcebooks also include items useful to beings dealing with undead. FR4, *The Magister*, contains the *staff of skulls*, *wand of darkness*, *wand of Ochalor's eye*, *Mierest's starlit sphere*, *orb of holiness*, *trumpet of doom*, and *Nidus' wand of endless repetition*.

Three additional items appear here: the *bone ring*, the *dark crown*, and the *hand of harrowing*.

Bone ring: This plain finger ring is always carved from human bone; the method of making such magical rings is secret, but they seem numerous. When worn, a bone ring prevents energy and strength drain from all sources (such as undead and hostile spells). Each such ring has from 1d100 charges; each attempted drain against which it protects exhausts one charge, until the ring crumbles to dust. The wearer is not made aware of how many charges a given bone ring has remaining. Bone rings are not rechargeable.

gp value: 20,000 XP value: 4,000

Dark crown: This magical circlet of metal is set with teeth and bones of various creatures. It alters in size to fit any wearer, and may be removed freely. Despite its name, a *dark crown* is not Evil. It is a protective item conferring immunity to natural and magical fear, paralyzation, and petrification. The wearer cannot be magically aged as by a ghost, or harmed by chilling attacks such as the touch of a lich. The wearer of a *dark crown* receives a +4 bonus against all

undead attacks for which saving throws are allowed.

Once in every nine turns the wearer of a *dark crown* can disrupt undead as with a *mace of disruption*, by touch and act of will. A successful hit roll is required (i.e. a maximum of one undead creature can be affected), and the wearer of the crown is subject to any side-effects of such contact. If the attack misses or fails, the called-upon power of the crown is wasted, and the power is ineffective until nine more turns have passed. The wearer of a *dark crown* can see with 9" infravision and ultravision, and will always know undead normally visible (i.e. not concealed behind barriers or within closed coffins) for what they are. A crown-wearer looking at a skeleton lying in a casket can tell in an instant whether it is undead or just a normal skeleton.

gp value: 20,000 XP value: 2,000

Hand of harrowing: Creation of this magical item requires the severed hand of a human. It will be rendered steel-hard and inflexible (AC 0, 16 hp damage to shatter) by its enchantment. It functions as follows: When released by a living creature, it will lie or levitate in midair in exactly the spot in which it was released, without regard to gravity, until it is touched by a living creature again.

Its touch does undead creatures 3d4 points of damage, and stuns them for 1d4 rounds. (See "Mirrors" in this section for effects of stunning on undead.) When placed on or against a door, archway, or threshold (a windowsill or drain opening), undead seeking to pass the guarded area in any direction or manner (including a ghost's ethereal means) suffer wracking pain. Undead creatures within 3" of a *hand of harrowing* are slowed to a movement rate of 1" per round, no saving throw allowed. Each round they are within active range of a hand, the undead must save vs. death magic or be forced 1" away from the hand. In addition, during each round they are within active range, all undead suffer 2d4 damage (1d4 if they save vs. breath weapon). *Hands of harrowing* are typically used to guard tombs against plundering by hungry ghouls or magic-seeking lichs.

Evilly aligned creatures suffer 1d3 hp of damage per round of contact with a hand (or per blow, if one is used against them), but may place or wield such hands if they wish. No other creatures are affected by a *hand of harrowing*, except as a normal club-

bing weapon, doing 1d2 points of damage. Hands are typically mounted on rods for ease of use.

Ten percent of all *hands of harrowing* are evily aligned, and affect good-aligned creatures and not undead.

gp value: 25,000 XP value: 2,000

MIRRORS

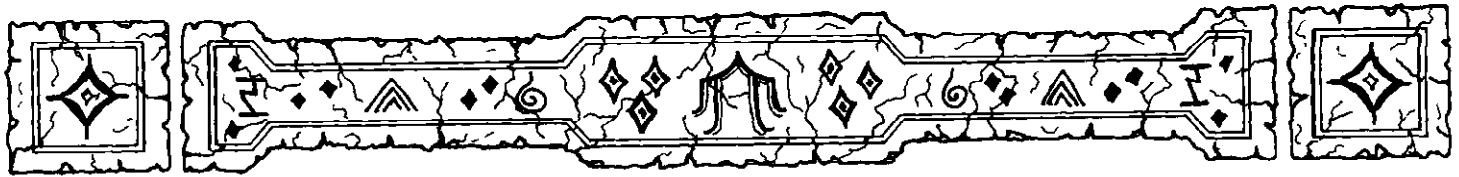
Mirrors are effective only against apparitions and vampires, who will recoil from the reflective face of a mirror. Other undead are only affected by mirrors when they reflect bright light or sunlight, or are fashioned of silver or cold iron and brandished as weapons. A vampire cannot charm itself by having its gaze reflected back at itself, nor can it charm any other undead under any circumstances. While the mirror is confronting it, and the vampire is aware of the mirror's presence, it will not look at the eyes of other creatures, however situated. It will seek first to destroy or cover the mirror — because a vampire meeting its own gaze is stunned for 1d2 rounds, and unable to charm with its gaze for 1d6 +2 rounds.

A vampire so stunned will reel, unable to launch or parry attacks or change form, and will suffer an armor class penalty of —1. Bat-form vampires can be affected just as human-form vampires are. Any being can wield a mirror against undead, not just a cleric.

Apparitions are affected as follows: Roll 1d26. On a result of 18-20, the apparition vanishes utterly, for a period of 2d4 turns. It is not destroyed, only driven elsewhere, out of any contact with the mirror-wielder and any companions. On a result of 13-17, the apparition is stunned (identical effect as for vampires, above) for 1d4 + 1 rounds. On a result of 8-12, the apparition recoils (does not willingly approach within 2" of the mirror wielder) for 1d4 + 1 rounds. On a result of 6 or 7, the apparition recoils for one round. On a 1-5 result, the apparition is entirely unaffected.

Apparitions and vampires can only ever be affected once per 666 turns by a given mirror, although multiple mirrors will have separate effects. If an undead is confronted with more than one mirror simultaneously, only the most severe effect occurs. Note that some light must be present for a mirror to be effective.

An eye of fear and flame confronted with a mirror will hesitate for one round before unleashing any fireball from its red-gem



Movement rates Table:

Key to Table Abbreviations:

A = Arm's length or adjacent

DD = Double Damage

E = Ethereal

F = Change Form

FB = Fireball

G = Gaseous/incorporeal

H = Hesitation (rounds given)

HM = Half move

I = Invisible

L = Lose 10% of current hit points

M = See Monster description (rulebooks)

MJ = *Magic jar*

R = Radius

RR = Recoils (rounds given)

S = Shun

ST = Stunned (rounds given) if own gaze met

T = Teleport (see Monster Description)

X = Can't use Special Attack

Y = Can't use Special Attack for 1-3 rounds

Z = See text of *Mundane Guide* under "Light"

- = Not Applicable or No Effect

(MM) = *Monster Manual*

(FF) = *Fiend Folio*™ Tome

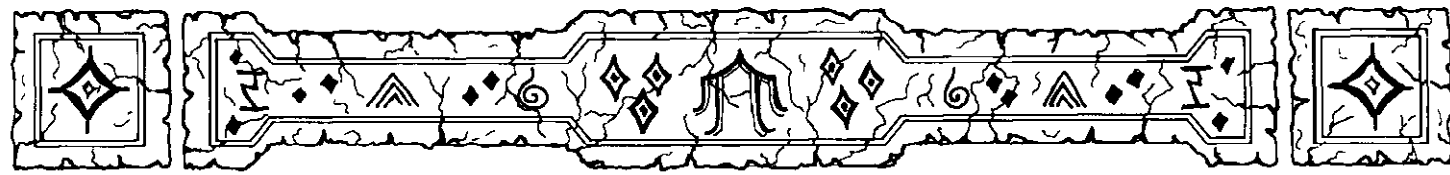
(MM2) = *Monster Manual II*

Run! Run!

For the non-adventurer and very often for adventurers, too, the most sensible thing to do when undead are encountered is to flee as fast as heart and legs will permit, in the general direction of AWAY.

For handy reference in such situations, the movement rates of known types of undead (and common modifiers to them) are summarized here.

Name	Normal Move	Special Move	Special Attack Range	Cold	Iron	Mirrors	Garlic	Sunstone Talisman	Bright Light	Full Sunlight
Apparition (FF)	24"	E	ESP 100'	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Coffer Corpse (FF)	6"	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Crypt Thing (FF)	12"	-	T (M)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Death Knight (FF)	9-12"	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Demilich (MM2)	M	M	M	M	-	-	-	-	-	-
Eye of Fear and Flame (FF)	9"	E	10" FB	-	H1	-	-	-	-	-
Ghast (MM)	15"	-	10' R	DD	-	-	-	-	-	-
Ghost (MM)	9"	E,G	6" MJ	RR1-2	-	-	-	RR2-5	RR1-3	Z
Ghou/Lacedon (MM)	N	-	-	DD	-	-	-	-	-	-
Groaning Spirit ("Banshee") (MM)	15"	-	3" R	-	-	-	-	Y	X	HM, X
Haunt (MM2)	6"	M,I	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Huecuva (FF)	9"	F	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Ixitxachitl, Vampiric (MM)	12"	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Lich (MM)	6"	-	Spells	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Mummy (MM)	6"	-	6" R	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Penanggalan (FF)	12"	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	M
Poltergeist (FF)	6"	I	M	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Revenant (FF)	9"	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Shadow (MM)	12"	G	-	RR1-2	-	-	-	RR2-5	RR1-3	HM, S, X
Sheet Ghoul (FF)	9"	-	-	DD	-	-	-	-	-	-
Sheet Phantom (FF)	6"	-	-	-	-	-	-	RR2-5	RR1-3	HM
Skeleton (MM)	12"	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Skeleton Warrior (FF)	6"	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Son of Kyuss (FF)	9"	-	A	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Spectre (MM)	15"/30"	G	-	-	-	-	-	RR2-5	RR1-3	HM, X
Vampire (MM)	12"/118"	F,G	-	-	-	ST1-2	H1-4	RR2-5, L	RR1-3	HM, L
Wight (MM)	12"	-	-	-	-	-	-	RR2-5	RR1-3	HM, X
Wraith (MM)	12"/24"	G	-	-	-	-	-	RR2-5	RR1-3	HM, H, X
Zombie (MM)	6"	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Zombie, Juju (MM2)	9"	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Zombie, Monster (MM2)	9"	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-



eye, but mirrors have no effect on the powers of this undead. After its initial hesitation, the eye will attack normally, regardless of any other repeated mirror displays. Mirrors offer no protection against the fireball of an eye.

Prayers

Deities answer few prayers actively; they prefer to work in the Prime Material Plane by means of granting faithful clerics certain magical powers (spells), in response to prayers. The prayers of non-worshippers are rarely heard by deities, and never answered. The prayers of non-clerical but faithful worshippers may be answered if the protection or furtherance of the deity's aims is at stake, but not merely the survival or well-being of individual worshippers.

Put plainly, this means that an on-the-spot prayer of even the leader of a priesthood in the Realms would probably be ignored if the prayer concerned only the survival of the high priest. Certainly no adventurer could expect to be rescued from a tight spot by divine magic. But a worshipper pleading for divine intercession to preserve the deity's temple from attack, for instance, might well be answered.

A gravely wounded worshipper might be healed of all current wounds or surrounded by a glowing nimbus of *protection from evil* (or good). Hostile magic might be dispelled, or creatures sent to aid the faithful or alerted if nearby; e.g. a paladin might receive a vivid vision, with instructions.

An adventurer who enters a dungeon or ruin to battle whatever might be there and gain treasure - even if for the deity's temple or priesthood - is, however, on his own. No special prayers will be answered. The gods help those who help themselves, it has been said, and in the Realms this is certainly true. If an adventurer is on a quest or special task to aid the aims of a deity, any special help to be given will already have been rendered.

Of course a DM can aid player characters who are in real trouble by the sudden presence of a guide to a way out, the arrival of other creatures for the undead to turn and attack, the presence of a magical weapon in a tomb or among treasure that can be used to fight the undead, and so on. If the trouble is of the PCs' own making, the DM may wish to have rescuers demand payment or service - or dump PCs out of the frying pan into the fire. Perhaps the party lacking magical

weapons can escape the wraith by using a permanent magicalgate in its lair - but perhaps that gate leads to a lamia-haunted ruined city in the midst of a vast desert, or into the midst of drow-held tunnels in the Underdark . . .

Running Water

The fallacy of the belief that undead cannot cross running water is readily apparent to those who have encountered "water ghosts," marine undead such as lacedons, and ghost ships crewed by undead. Undead who have a tangible physical existence can be swept away or hampered in their activities by the actions of waves and currents just as living creatures can. Magic that influences water can therefore be used effectively against undead who are in contact with water. If a mage devises a wall of water spell, it could be used to bar the passage of undead unable to physically avoid or pass through it.

Holy water does harm undead, usually dealing 2d4 hit points of damage per one-quart vial. (For larger amounts, increase the damage proportionately.) Only poltergeists and revenants are immune to holy water effects.

Sages have postulated that holy water harms undead not because of any divine will, but because water that has been consecrated is chemically altered in a manner that brings it somehow closer to the Positive Material Plane in nature, and therefore inimical to Negative Material Plane-related creatures of all sorts, including undead.

This does not explain why Positive Material Plane-related undead, such as mummies, and ethereal-related ghosts are also harmed by holy water. Does holy water act on the interplanar bonds of a creature existing in two planes at once? If so, why are zombies and skeletons, Prime Material-bound undead, also affected by holy water? Research continues.

Certainly the presence of clergy or even faithful worshippers of any deity is not necessary to give holy water its damaging effect - nor does the alignment or nature of the undead target seem to matter in this regard. (Unholy water does not "heal" undead.)

Intangible or gaseous undead can be touched and affected by holy water flung or splashed through them, though not if the holy water is within a stoppered, sealed vial. Shadows, spectres, wraiths, and similar

undead have the same height in undeath as they possessed in life. If such non-corporeal undead appear to be standing or walking about, their intangible substance extends to the ground or floor whether it is visible or not. Holy water, symbols, protective circles, and the like on the floor will affect non-corporeal undead who try to move over them.

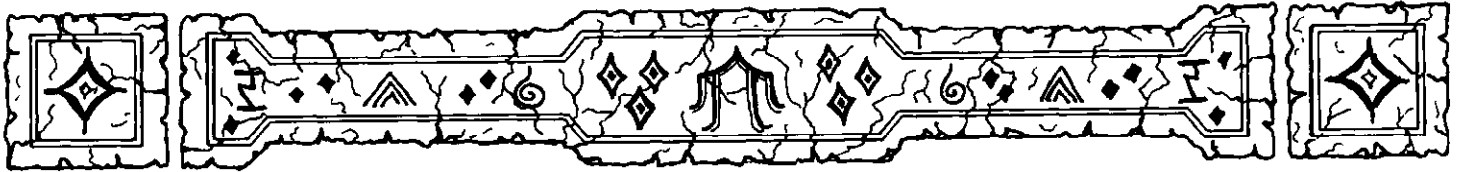
Vampires alone among undead are destroyed - reduced forever to dust - by three continuous rounds of immersion in running water. The "undead cannot cross running water" belief probably arose from encounters with cautious vampires who did not follow adventurers onto bridges or onto the banks of streams or moats for this reason. Vampires are not hurt by being splashed with buckets of normal water, and experience no pain or disability by contact with running water until three rounds have elapsed. A vampire could wade across a small stream, and might not bother to fly across in bat form if it thought no creature could halt its crossing and imperil it. A vampire always instinctively knows when it is in contact with running water, and of its peril.

If a vampire's grave soil is immersed or scattered in running water, the vampire is not directly harmed, but can never have its powers restored by contact with that soil, even if it somehow regathers and dries out the soil. See "Salt," below for the effects on a vampire of permanent loss of all its grave soil.

Salt

The folk habit of tossing salt over one's shoulder to ward off evil or misfortune has no direct usefulness against undead, but it is born of tales of fleeing adventurers tossing salt behind them at pursuing undead. Undead are not harmed by amounts of salt normally carried by living persons, but contact with even a handful of salt will cause undead who have a tangible presence to recoil for one round (the contact will cause the salt to be consumed, in cold, non-flammable "blue flames").

A pound or more of salt striking a zombie (including animal or juju zombies), wight, revenant, coffer corpse, penanggalan, ghoul, or ghastr causes 1d4 + 1 points of damage. For hit purposes, consider flung salt to be a "grenade-like missile" if in a sack or other container, and to be + 4 to hit as a missile weapon launched by the character, maximum range 1", if flung in an open spray.



A vampire suffers only 1d4 points of damage from such contact, but vampires especially fear salt, and will seek to slay any beings carrying it. Salt can rob vampires of their power (regeneration, energy drain, and the ability to reform a corporeal body) if sown on the soil from their grave. A vampire will lose such powers within 12 turns of salt contacting his soil (unless he has a second, unaffected coffin of grave soil to which he goes, and touches the soil, during the 12-turn period). The powers will not be regained until 1d4 + 1x10 days have passed.

If the soil is thoroughly mixed with salt, requiring 10 pounds of salt for each coffin the vampire has, the vampire becomes a shadow forever.

Silver and Magical Weapons

Weapons of silver or enchanted weapons are the only means of physically harming some undead. The following table shows the effects of such weapons on the more common sorts of undead. DMs should extrapolate from this information to determine the effects of silver and magical weapons on rarer (i.e. newly devised) undead.

Symbols Effective Against Undead

The runic glyph and symbol spells available to spell-casters of several classes are not effective against undead, with a few exceptions. These exceptions include runes that cause fire and other physical attacks unless the undead is immune to the particular attack form, e.g. a cold-magic glyph. Two special symbols effective against undead, life and sunstrike, are detailed below. Life energy draining runes never affect undead.

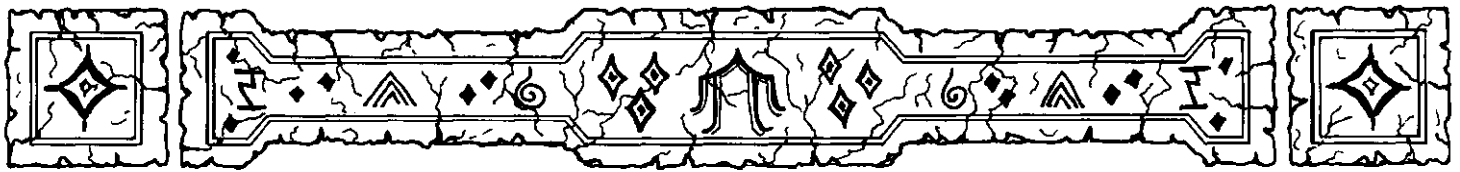
Life: Any undead touching, passing over, or passing through an opening, doorway, or portal protected by this symbol will be utterly destroyed – except liches, who are disrupted for 1d6x10 days, reforming as demi-liches thereafter. This powerful symbol lasts for a number of uses or activations equal to the level of the cleric or magic-user who cast it. It is often used to protect the doors of crypts or catacombs (to keep undead in) and temples or palaces (to keep them out).

SILVER AND MAGICAL WEAPONS TABLE

Key to Table Symbols

- = Cannot strike
- * = Normal damage
- 1 = Half damage from sharp or edged (piercing) weapons
- 2 = Double damage
- 3 = Half damage (round down)
- 4 = Appear to do damage, but have no real effect
- 5 = See Monster Description (rulebooks)
- 6 = Blunt/bludgeoning/crushing weapons do only half damage
- 7 = Weapons may dismember; dismemberment may delay attacks for 1 or more rounds (according to situation)
- 8 = Considered undead by most sages, but not turnable or harmed by holy water or holy/unholy symbols. Treat zombie ixitxachtli as "normal" zombies.

Undead	Normal	Cold	Iron	Silver	Magical (+1 or better)	Notes
Apparition	-	-	-	*	*	
Coffer Corpse	4	4	4	4	*	
Crypt Thing	-	-	-	-	*	
Death Knight	-	-	-	-	-	
Demilich	5	5	5	5	5	5
Eye of Fear and Flame	*	*	*	*	*	1,5
Ghast	*	2	*	*	*	
Ghost	-	-	3	*	*	
Ghoul/Lacedon	*	2	*	*	*	
Groaning Spirit	-	-	-	-	*	
Haunt	-	-	*	*	*	5
Huecuva	-	-	*	*	*	1
Ixitxachtli, Vampire	*	*	*	*	*	
Lich	-	-	-	-	*	
Mummy	-	-	-	-	-	3
Penanggalan	*	*	*	*	*	
Poltergeist	-	-	-	*	*	
Revenant	-	-	-	-	-	7
Shadow	-	-	-	-	*	
Sheet Ghoul	*	2	*	*	*	
Sheet Phantom	*	*	*	*	*	
Skeleton	*	*	*	*	*	1
Skeleton Warrior	*	*	*	*	*	1
Son of Kyuss	*	*	*	*	*	
Spectre	-	-	-	-	*	
Vampire	-	-	-	-	*	
Wight	-	-	*	*	*	
Wraith	-	-	3	*	*	
Zombie	*	*	*	*	*	
Zombie, Juju	-	-	-	-	*	1
Zombie, Monster	*	*	*	*	*	6



Sunstrike: This symbol is activated by the mere presence of an undead creature within a 2" radius. It operates only once, flaring into an intense outpouring of radiant light energy that affects nearby creatures as follows:

Any creature touching or within 1" of an activated symbol suffers 4d6 points of energy damage (undead are not allowed a saving throw, but other creatures may save for ½ damage).

Any creature within 8" of the activated symbol must save vs. death magic or be blinded for 1d12 + 1 turns, unless protected by a blindfold, unconsciousness, or similar means.

Any undead 1" to 4" distant from an activated sunstrike symbol must save vs. poison (using the Monster Saving Throw matrix, as per their hit dice) or suffer 2d8 points of damage (save for ½ damage).

Talismans

The most commonly known of these "good luck charms" is the rabbit's foot: the severed paw of a small, furry creature, sometimes blessed or bound about with herbs (or both). Some simple folk believe that these will protect them from undead. They are very wrong: Such body parts actually attract undead within 7" to attack their bearers. The reasons for this are much argued about by sages (in other words, little understood).

Certain mineral substances known in the Realms can provide light with which to see undead or even absorb one or more energy-draining attacks, but only three sorts of non-magical things help to keep undead away. They are as follows:

Herbs: Certain herbs or combinations of herbs, distilled in a salve or worn as a garland, keep lesser undead at bay as a *protection* from evil spell does. Such protections can never be stronger than the spell named. What herbs are effective are secrets which sages and alchemists make much money divulging for fees; the commonly known ones heard in tavern tales and old gossip tend to be wrong or lacking in important details.

Gemstones: Sunstones, when set in a ring and worn as a bracelet, necklace, or crown, can act on undead as full sunlight does. This will only occur if the ring of stones has been left in full sun for at least one clear day's sun (36 turns). Such a talisman does not give off any light or otherwise warn undead, but when a protected creature is successfully

attacked (physically touched) by an undead that can be harmed by light, the undead will recoil for 1d4 + 1 rounds. During that time, its AC is penalized by - 2, it cannot regenerate, drain life energy or character abilities, do chilling damage, or control half-strength undead. (Liches, however, CAN do chilling damage.) Ghosts are forced into their "semi-material" state.

A given sunstone talisman only works once between recharges of exposure to full sun, and a single undead can only be affected once in every 66 turns by sunstone contact, no matter how many sunstone talismans it encounters. There is no saving throw to avoid the talisman's effects. Undead not harmed by light (e.g. skeletons, zombies, mummies, and liches) are completely immune to sunstone talisman effects. Vampires lose 10% of their current hit points upon contact, but take no further damage, and cannot be slain by a sunstone talisman alone. For effects on a penanggalan, see "Light" in this section. Only the detached head and gut of a penanggalan are susceptible to sunlight effects.

Carrion crawler essence: When the tentacles of a carrion crawler are boiled, and the resulting residue properly treated by an alchemist or other knowledgeable individual to make a potion, the imbiber of the potion can be protected against paralysis of all sorts for 1d10 + 2 turns. This will protect any sort of creature from ghoul or ghost attacks. More common uses of carrion crawler essence are to create a potion that paralyzes the drinker (the usual result if unskilled amateurs try to derive carrion crawler essence without complete instructions), or in an ointment that allows the anointed one to paralyze other living creatures (not undead) by touch.

Other non-magical substances effective against undead doubtless remain to be discovered. (DMs should devise one or two for their own campaigns, but keep their usefulness limited or the substances involved rare; otherwise, undead would soon be eradicated.)

Undead vs. Undead

Clerics and magic-users able to animate dead can animate and direct skeletons or zombies against undead without fear of losing control of them. Note that undead able to fly will easily be able to avoid such slow-moving undead.

A magic-user employing an *unlife* spell

(see the "The Lords of Darkness" section in this book) an Evil cleric successfully compelling undead (see "Turning Undead: Evil Clerics" in the DMG) can command undead to attempt the service of fighting other undead.

These are dangerous pursuits – but to the desperate, they may seem less dangerous than facing hostile undead themselves. Powerful undead commonly command less powerful undead, but no undead can counter a clerical turning or compulsion attempt, except a lich who was a magic-user/cleric in life.

Evil clerics fare better against mixed groups of undead than Good clerics; they can actually turn segments of an undead army against the undead host. Good clerics can only turn or destroy the undead – and if the most powerful member of a mixed group of undead is unaffected by a turning cleric, no undead in the group can be successfully destroyed by that cleric. The DM should all "destroy/damn" results to be successful turnings, and may allow "turning" results to be successful. Half-strength undead under the control of a more powerful creator undead (such as adventurers slain by a vampire) can only be turned if their creator is turned – or if their creator is affected by full sunlight (see "Light" this section), and temporarily loses control of them, whereupon they can be separately affected.

Undead cannot drain each other of life energy, one or both undead combatants have recently drained a living creature of such energy. Undead cannot "chill" each other, nor can one undead be charmed or magically scared by another. Undead can and do threaten each other, and some undead can wield magic or magical items to compel other undead to perform certain tasks, or serve them.

Death, withering, and aging attacks have no effect on the undead. An undead who "kills" another in physical combat has the option of destroying or controlling that undead. Controlled undead regenerate one hp per day at their normal rate, whichever is greater, and are under absolute control of the victorious undead until it is itself destroyed (ending the control). A controlled undead is loyal to its controller, and cannot turn on it. Undead who defeat undead more powerful in ability or hit dice than themselves cannot control such undead, and must destroy them. "Mindless" undead such as skeletons and zombies cannot control anything.



den by one or more creatures and/or carry burdens, to a maximum weight of 3,000 gp. Overloading such a mount, or attempting to create one from insufficient bones, will break the spell instantly, wasting the magic. (Note that the bones used need not all come from the same creature.) Broken bones and crippled or lame corpses can be successfully used.

An undead mount is unintelligent and thus unaffected by *enchantment/charm* magic, is neutral in alignment, and moves at a 22" rate regardless of encumbrance (or slower at the caster's mental bidding). Undead mounts always move in utter silence, and can be destroyed by inflicting 1d4+1 hp per level of the caster points of damage on them (ail types of weapons will hit). The caster may choose in the initial casting to have the mount glow very faintly. The material components for this spell are a drop of water, a human hair, a pinch of powdered hoof from any riding animal, and the corpse or bones that will act as the body of the mount. Undead mounts cannot be turned.

Invisibility To Undead (ALTERATION)

Level: 2 Components: V,S,M
Range: 0 Casting Time: 2 segments
Duration: 1 round/level
Saving Throw: Special
Area of Effect: One creature

Explanation/description: By means of this spell, the caster or a single creature touched during spell-casting is made invisible to undead. Despite any sounds made by or activities of the protected creature, undead will not sense the creature's presence. A protected creature who successfully attacks an undead is instantly revealed to that undead only, and cannot be hidden again except by application of another spell. Accidental contact between an undead and a protected creature (even if damage to either creature results) will not reveal the protected creature. Protected creatures cannot turn undead.

Wraiths and more powerful undead are allowed a saving throw against this spell; if successful, they will be unaffected. Note that a powerful undead free of the spell's effects can urge lesser undead to attack a protected creature, but cannot make them see it. The material components of this spell are a piece of bone, a pinch of powdered silver, and an eyelash. Note that this spell has some important differences from the first-level clerical *invisibility to undead* (see UNEARTHED ARCANA rulebook).

Skull Watch

Level: 2 Components: V,S,M
Range: 0 Casting Time: 2 segments
Duration: 1 round + 1 round/level
Saving Throw: none
Area of Effect: Special

Explanation/description: By use of the intact skull (including jawbone) of a skeleton from any intelligent race, a thread, and a flake of the caster's earwax, this magic creates a magical warning system. At casting, the skull is set in midair where it will hang, motionless, until activated, or on a surface, so that its eyesockets point in a certain desired direction. If any living creature passes into the gaze of the skull (a 20'-wide path extending from the eyes straight ahead for 90', or until a solid barrier intervenes, whichever is closer), the skull will be activated. It will emit a sudden and very loud shriek. This dies away in a horrible wail as the skull sinks slowly to the ground.

This sound can be heard by ail in the vicinity up to as much as a quarter of a mile away and can always be heard by the spell-caster, if anywhere on the same plane. Silence magics will stifle the skull's wail for ail in the vicinity, but the caster will still hear it.

Destruction of the skull (AC 7, 1 hp per level of the caster) or movement of it to look elsewhere will not cause it to wail, but the caster will hear an echoing rumbling, Skull warnings sound in the caster's head, and are not audible to others nearby. Note that although a caster may have multiple skull guardians, ail will sound identical when activated. Rumors persist of a third-level version of this spell that has an unlimited waiting period between casting and activation.

Spectral Wings (EVOCATION/NECROMANTIC)

Level: 2 Components: V,S,M
Range: 0 Casting Time: 1 round
Duration: 1 round + 1 round/level
Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: Special

Explanation/description: This spell creates an unseen, largely intangible flying steed. The steed forms from an intact bone of any flying creature (the material component of the spell, consumed in the casting). The bone may be from a creature of any size in life, such as a normal bird or bat. The caster can clearly see the mount at ail times, as a grey, translucent winged shape of giant size, typically 12' long (plus tail, if any). Its wingspan is over 26'. The steed resembles the creature from whose bones it came. The mount is invisible to others,

but creatures or objects carried are completely visible.

The aerial steed is unintelligent and cannot be mentally or magically contacted, controlled, or influenced. It is a force, not a creature, and is totally controlled by the will of the caster. If the caster is slain, rendered unconscious, or turns his attention elsewhere, the *spectral wings* will continue to act on the last command given them (perhaps flying into solid obstacles and the like). A *spectral wings* is not undead; it cannot be turned and has no alignment. It can carry 1,000 gp in weight per level of the caster, living and/or non-living material, and provides a solid, stable platform for aerial transportation or spell-casting.

A *spectral wings* is utterly silent, has a Maneuverability Class of "A," and may pass through solid objects without dissipating or being damaged. Beings and materials carried are not empowered to pass through solid obstacles, and will suffer impact damage and/or be separated from the wings. A *spectral wings* loaded in excess of its weight capacity will simply allow the last objects added to pass through it, along with anything attached to, or held by, these last objects, and fail away. Thus, an adventurer who leaps onto a fully-loaded *spectral wings* and grabs hold of its rider would pass through as though the *spectral wings* did not exist - but so would the rider, as long as contact was maintained.

Mummy Touch (ALTERATION/NECROMANTIC)

Level: 3 Components: V,S,M
Range: much Casting Time: 3 segments
Duration: 1 round/level Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: Special

Explanation/description: By means of this spell, the caster is rendered immune to the rotting disease caused by the touch of undead mummies. The caster is also empowered to inflict the rotting disease by touch. The disease causes the flesh of a victim to rot (no saving throw, but ail undead are affected), permanently causing a loss of 2 Charisma points per month, and is fatal in 1d6 months. It can be cured only by *cure disease* or more powerful magics, and negates ail *cure wound* spells. Infected creatures heal wounds at 10% of the normal rate. The caster's appearance is not changed by the spell, nor are his Strength, alignment, or hp of damage of blows dealt by him. The caster must make a successful hit roll to deliver a *mummy touch*, and cannot choose to turn the power on or off to affect certain creatures but not others; once the spell is ended by will of the caster, who can end it prematurely if desired, it cannot be revived again.



The caster cannot transfer the powers of this magic to another creature. A caster with an active *mummy touch* can suffer physical damage from mummies, but is not afraid of or paralyzed by them, and if slain by mummies during the spell duration, will not rot. Creatures slain by a *mummy touch* do not rot as the victims of mummies do. The rotting disease created by the magic cannot be transferred to weapons, drinkables, or the like for later transference to victims; it works only by direct touch (maximum of one touch per round). The material components of this spell are a pinch of mummy dust, a drop of the caster's blood, and a scrap of rotting meat or fish, which are brought together in the casting and consumed by the gathering magic.

Revenance (ALteration/Necromantic)

Level: 3 Components: V,S,M
Range: Touch Casting Time: 3 segments
Duration: Special Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: One undead/level

Explanation/description: This powerful magic enables caster to make undead creatures temporarily immune to turning attempts and destruction or disruption (even if normally automatic) by paladins and clerics. A *mace of disruption* and similar holy items will still have normal effects on undead protected by this spell, but *protection from evil* magics will be ignored by revenant undead.

The caster can affect one undead creature per level, for one turning attempt (each) per level of the caster. All creatures to be affected must be touched by the caster within two rounds of casting. The magic will last until the undead are destroyed until they have faced as many turning attempts as the caster had levels at the time of casting the revenance. This spell is much used to render skeleton or zombie treasure guardians more effective. Its material contents are a flake of ash, a pinch of dust, a drop of the caster's blood, a fragment of bone, a stone and a drop of the caster's spittle, All of which vanish during casting. A little-known higher-level variant of this spell is said to create revenant undead (see the FIEND FOLIO™ book, "Revanant").

Ward Against Undead (Abjuration/Necromantic)

Level: 3 Components: VS
Range: 1" /level Casting Time: 3 segments
Duration: 1 round + 1 round/level
Saving Throw: Neg.
Area of Effect: Sphere, 1" radius/level

Explanation/description: This spell allows the caster to prevent undead creatures entering a certain area – typically a cross-section of corridor, chamber, or another area containing the caster and companions. Undead attempting to enter the protected area, which glows with a faint blue faerie fire-like radiance, visible to all, must save vs. breath weapon according to their hit dice to do so.

Undead within the warded area when it is cast are slowed to ½ movement rate for the spell duration; undead who save vs. the spell are totally unaffected. The warded area is stationary, once cast, and does not affect movement, combat, spell-casting, or turning attempts. It cannot be prematurely ended, once cast, except by *dispel magic*, and does not require continued concentration by the caster to maintain its existence. Undead may attempt to enter a warded area once per round, and are allowed a saving throw for each attempt. Once a save is successful, that undead is never again affected by the same *ward* spell. A slowed undead who leaves a warded area and then attempts to re-enter it must successfully save to do so. Multiple wards may be cast in the same area, and undead would have to save against all of them to enter. A *dispel magic* will bring down such a ward (one ward per dispel, if multiple wards exist).

Death's Door (Necromantic)

Level: 4 Components: V,S,M
Range: Touch Casting Time: 6 segments
Duration: 1 hour/level Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: One creature

Explanation/description: Like the third-level clerical spell of the same name, death's door works by touch upon a creature "at death's door" (-1 to -9 hit points). An important difference from the clerical spell is that it works on all creatures – including undead. The spell brings the touched creature to 0 hit points and stops bleeding and deterioration for the spell duration (further magical means can thus restore the creature to a functioning state). The material components of the spell are a clear gem or crystal, a drop of water or dew, a drop of blood, a drop of milk or nectar, and any form of unguent.

Speak with The Dead (Necromantic)

Level: 4 Components: V,S,M
Range: 1" Casting Time: 1 turn
Duration: Special Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: One creature

Explanation/description: Like the third-level clerical spell, this magic allows the caster to ask questions of dead (not undead) creatures and receive audible replies. Caster and dead must share a common language, and the spell must be cast on the remains or a portion thereof. The material components are a flame (of any source), a drop of the caster's blood, and the tongue of any creature (which may be dried or powdered). Number of questions answered, time allowed for questioning, and length of time after the creature's death that it may be successfully questioned all depend on the caster's level, as follows:

Caster's Level	Maximum Time Dead	Time Questioned	Number of Questions
Up to 7th	1 week	1 round	2
7-8	1 month	3 rounds	3
9-12	1 year	1 turn	4
13-15	10 years	2 turns	5
16-20	100 years	3 turns	6
21st and up	1,000 years	6 turns	7

Teleport Dead (ALteration/Necromantic)

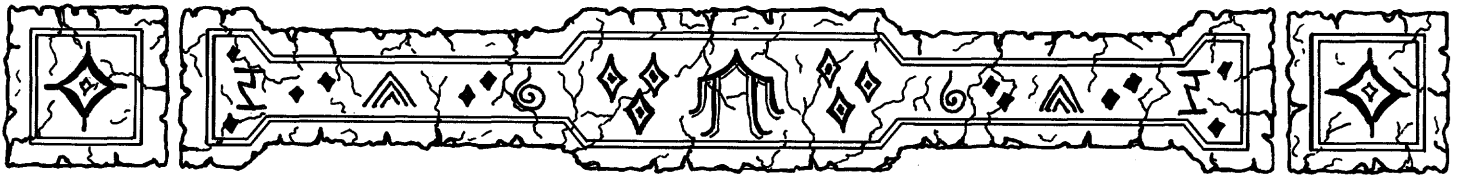
Level: 4 Components: V,S
Range: Touch Casting Time: 3 segments
Duration: Instantaneous Saving Throw: Neg.
Area of Effect: One undead

Explanation/description: By means of this magic, the caster can instantly teleport a single undead creature to any location desired on the same plane. Chances of teleporting high or low are as for the fifth-level *teleport* spell, but the caster cannot deliberately direct the undead high or low. A successful hit roll is required to touch undead not animated by the caster. (Note that intangible undead such as spectres, gaseous vampires, and the like can still be touched.) All undead are entitled to a saving throw vs. breath weapon according to their hit dice to avoid the spell effects. If they save successfully, the spell is wasted and lost.

Chill Touch (ALteration/Necromantic)

Level: 5 Components: V,S,M
Range: Touch Casting Time: 5 segments
Duration: 1 round/level Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: Special

Explanation/description: This spell enables the caster to touch creatures as a lich does, chilling for 1d10 points of damage and paralyzing all creatures who fail to save vs. breath weapon. The caster cannot turn the touch on and off, choosing not to harm certain creatures he or she touches while deliberately harming others,



but only one creature per round can be affected. A successful hit roll is required to deliver a *chill touch*. Undead are immune to this magic. In turn, a caster with an active *chill touch* is immune to the chilling attacks of liches, and is immune to all forms of fear and paralysis. The material components of this spell are a drop of the caster's blood, a thorn, and a piece or pinch of powdered lich bone.

Disguise Undead (ILLUSION/PHANTASM/ALTERATION/NECROMANTIC)

Level: 5 Components: V, S, M
Range: 1' /level Casting Time: 1 turn
Duration: 1 turn/level Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: 1 undead/level

Explanation/description: This spell enables the caster to alter the appearance of undead so that they appear as living creatures. They appear as they would have in healthy life, with flesh, eyes, and so on, and give off no charnel odors. Disguised undead have no discernible alignment; consider them Neutral for purposes of magical item contact. They do not detect as undead (although they will not detect as life, either), and can't be turned or destroyed by a cleric or paladin during the spell duration. All undead attacks and powers not related to appearance are unaffected by this spell. Flesh created by this spell will feel solid and normal to the touch, although it will not bleed or sweat. Disguised undead, of course, do not need to breathe. If the disguised undead can't normally speak or act independently, the spell does not enable them to do so. Mages dabbling in necromancy often use this magic to conceal the nature of skeleton or zombie bodyguards when visiting cities. The material components of this spell are a pinch of ashes, a pinch of dust, a drop of the caster's blood, a bone or bone fragment, a scrap of flesh, a human hair, and an insect cocoon.

Hold Undead (ABJURATION/NECROMANTIC)

Level: 5 Components: V, S, M
Range: 6" Casting Time: 5 segments
Duration: 1 round/level Saving Throw: Neg.
Area of Effect: One to three undead

Explanation/description: Like the second-level clerical spell, this magic holds affected targets immobile. The targets must be undead, who save against the spell as follows: one undead saves vs. spells at -2; two undead dach save at -1; three undead save normally. The type of undead has no effect on the saving throw; the caster need not even know how

many undead are present. No more than three undead can be affected. Those making their saving throws are completely unaffected. Held undead cannot be disrupted or turned, nor can they change form or cast spells. Any physical attack striking a held undead breaks the hold. The material components of the spell are a bone wrapped in ferrous wire and two magnets or lodestones.

Imbue Undead With Spell ABILITY

Level: 6 Components: V, S, M
Range: Touch Casting Time: 1 turn
Duration: Special Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: One undead

Explanation/description: By use of this spell, the caster bestows the ability to cast a particular spell on a single undead. The spell to be cast by the undead must be one known to, and usable by, the caster, who must cast it immediately after the imbue magic to transfer it. Any sort of spell can be transferred, and will take effect when released by the undead (no further verbal, somatic, or material components being required) as if cast by the living caster. A set of conditions for release of the spell must also be part of the casting, typically at any living creature entering a certain guarded area. The spell is "one-shot," that is, a single undead can only unleash the transferred spell once. It is then exhausted (as if the living caster had cast it). A given undead can only be imbued with a single spell at a time. This spell is often used to allow zombies to unleash *fireballs* or *lightning bolts* in hallways or shafts, or allow skeletons to blink when fighting intruders or employ *magic missiles*.

Spectral Guard (EVOCATION/NECROMANTIC)

Level: 6 Components: V, S, M
Range: 6" Casting Time: 1 round
Duration: Special Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: 2" radius sphere

Explanation/Description: This spell creates an invisible guardian at a specific, immovable location. The caster requires a spare weapon, a human bone, a drop of blood, and the eye of any creature, which may be dried or preserved (all are consumed during the casting). The spectral guard waits, undetectable by normal, non-magical means, until dispelled or until specific conditions, stated in the spell-casting, are met. Such conditions are typically the unlocking of a certain door or chest, a creature who is not the caster entering a certain area or touching specific objects, and so on.

When the conditions are fulfilled, the spectral guard will appear as a wraith-like, swirling, flying being, with a tapering, legless form and distinct limbs necessary for wielding of the weapon. The wraith-like weapon will be a duplicate of the material component weapon consumed in the casting, and will do normal weapon damage. It is non-corporeal, able to pass through solid barriers, shields, and so on. It can strike ethereal and gaseous creatures, and creatures normally hit only by +2 or better magical weapons. Victims struck feel a chill as the spectral blade strikes.

The spectral guard strikes twice per round, is AC 0, strikes as the caster would, has phantom hit points equal to the caster's (at the time of casting this spell), and, if not dispelled by being slain, will fight for one round per level of the caster. *Dispel magic* is ineffective against a spectral guard. The guard flies at 24" per round, is Maneuverability Class A, and is utterly silent. It cannot be charmed, turned, repelled, blinded, or duped by illusions. It will detect living creatures unerringly within 5". Once activated, a spectral guard can be dispelled at will by its caster, but cannot be stopped and restarted later; another spell is needed to replace the guard. The physical appearance (features, height, etc.) of spectral guards may be fashioned by will of the caster during casting, to resemble a specific real person or beings of a particular build, race, age, and/or sex.

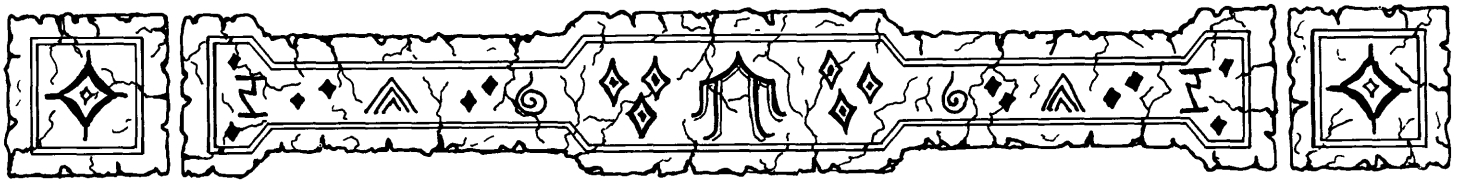
Undead Regeneration (Necromantic)

Level: 6 Components: V, S
Range: Touch Casting Time: 6 segments
Duration: Instantaneous Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: One undead

Explanation/description: This magic enables the caster to heal an undead by a number of hit points equal to the caster's own level, plus 1d6. Note that gaseous and intangible undead can be touched by the caster passing into the space they occupy. The reverse of this spell, *undead drain*, requires a successful hit roll (if missed, the spell is lost), and inflicts a like amount of hp damage. Damage to undead is dissipated, not gained as extra hit points by the caster. Only undead can be affected by either version of this spell.

Sunburst (EVOCATION/ALTERATION)

Level: 8 Components: V, S, M
Range: 0 Casting Time: 4 segments
Duration: 1 round Saving Throw: Special
Area of Effect: Special



Explanation/description: When a magic-user casts a sunburst spell, a globe of radiance explodes soundlessly outward in all directions from his body. The radiance races out in a single round to a maximum effective radius of 1" per level of the caster, and then dissipates. Like the druidic *sunray* this radiance blinds all creatures within it for 1d3 rounds (save vs. spell to avoid). Creatures using ultravision are blinded for 2d4 rounds if they fail to save. Creatures to whom sunlight is harmful are blinded for 2d6 rounds (or 1d100 days if they fail to save). Creatures within the radiance also have their infravision, if any, ruined for 1d4 +1 rounds. Undead including vampires suffer 8d6 points of damage, half if a save vs. spells is successful. The ultraviolet light of the sunburst does 8d6 points of damage to fungoid creatures and subterranean fungi (no saving throw). The material components of the spell are a piece of aventurine feldspar (sunstone) and a naked flame, from any *source*.

Unlife (Necromantic)

Level: 8 Components: V,S,M
 Range: Touch Casting Time: 1 round
 Duration: Permanent Saving Throw: None
 Area of Effect: Special

Explanation/description: This powerful magic enables the caster to create undead from corpses and skeletal remains. Undead take 20 turns (minus the level of the caster) to come to unlife, and upon appearance, will attempt to carry out one task or action stated in the spell-casting (typically, to attack the first creature other than the caster to enter the place where the spell was cast). The created undead is not otherwise under the control of

the caster. The caster has a 7% chance per level of successfully choosing the type of undead created. Otherwise, use the following percentile table to determine what sort of undead the carrion is transformed into.

Normally only a single undead can be created by this spell. Sometimes (2 in 6 chance) two or three may be inadvertently created, if other carrion is within 2" of the casting. Types of extra undead are not selectable by the caster, nor are such extra undead obligated to carry out any task or refrain from attacking the caster, who may not even be aware of their existence.

The reverse of this spell, *go down*, causes a single undead to be reduced to lifeless remains (if non-corporeal, it is reduced to dust forever). Such remains, not dust, could be reanimated by later magic. The material components for both forms of the spell are a pinch of dust, a pinch of ashes, a drop of blood, a drop of water, and a fragment of bone.

Control Undead (Necromantic)

Level: 9 Components: V,S,M
 Range: 1"/level Casting Time: 2 segments
 Duration: 1 round/level
 Saving Throw: Special
 Area of Effect: Special

Explanation/description: This spell enables the caster to control undead creatures perfectly and precisely, as though they were intelligent creatures under a charm. Controlled undead can perform precise tasks such as climbing, sorting or unlocking things, binding

wounds, and the like, but cannot cast spells or perform other class abilities denied to the spell-caster.

When a *control undead* is cast, the caster is instantly aware of all undead within range. All must save vs. spell at -6 to avoid being affected. As many undead as the caster has levels can be affected; if more are present, which ones are affected is randomly determined, not decided by the caster. On the third round of control, all controlled undead save against spells at -5, to break free of control. On the fifth round, they save at -4, and so on, until the spell expires or all undead are free of control. After 15 rounds of control, the save will be made at +1, gaining a plus on every save thereafter. Once control of a particular undead is lost, it can never be regained. Death, departure, unconsciousness, or further spell-casting on the part of the caster will end the *control undead* spell. Note that undead, unlike charmed living creatures, are not freed of control by being directed to do things harmful to them.

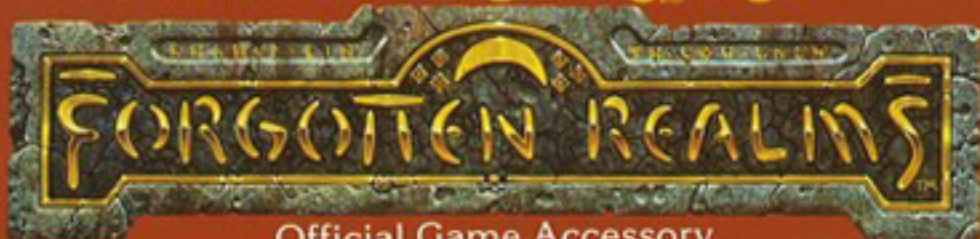
Dark Art

These pages have only touched on some highlights of necromancy and the study of undead of which it is a part. Eminent sages of the Realms such as Elminster warn that many Evil individuals in the Realms have learned much more than is set down here, and are most formidable, if encountered. The sage Ransair of Silverymoon's famous warning seems a good place to end, for now. He told adventurers: "Never, never hope to defeat a lich with a *raise dead* spell." Be warned, and fare you well when the night is dark and something is moving, behind you.

UNLIFE SPELL TABLE

Level of Caster	Skeleton or Zombie	Ghoul	Ghast	Shadow	Wight	Wraith	Mummy	Spectre	Ghost	Vampire	Other (DM'S choice)
16-18	01-12	13-25	26-36	37-48	49-57	58-64	65-71	72-83	84-87	88-93	94-00
19-21	01-10	11-23	24-34	35-46	47-55	56-62	63-69	70-81	82-85	86-91	92-00
22-24	01-08	09-21	22-32	33-44	45-53	54-60	61-67	68-79	80-83	84-89	90-00
25-27	01-06	07-19	20-30	31-42	43-51	52-58	59-65	66-77	78-81	82-89	90-00
28-30	01-04	05-17	18-28	29-40	41-49	50-56	57-63	64-75	76-79	80-89	90-00
31+	01-02	03-15	16-26	27-28	39-47	48-54	55-61	62-73	74-77	78-89	90-00

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TSR, Inc.
POB 756
Lake Geneva, WI
53147

TSR Ltd.
120 Church End, Cherry Hinton
Cambridge CB1 3LB
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ISBN 0-88038-622-3

