

THE FORGOTTEN REALMS
FORGOTTEN REALMS

ADVENTURE

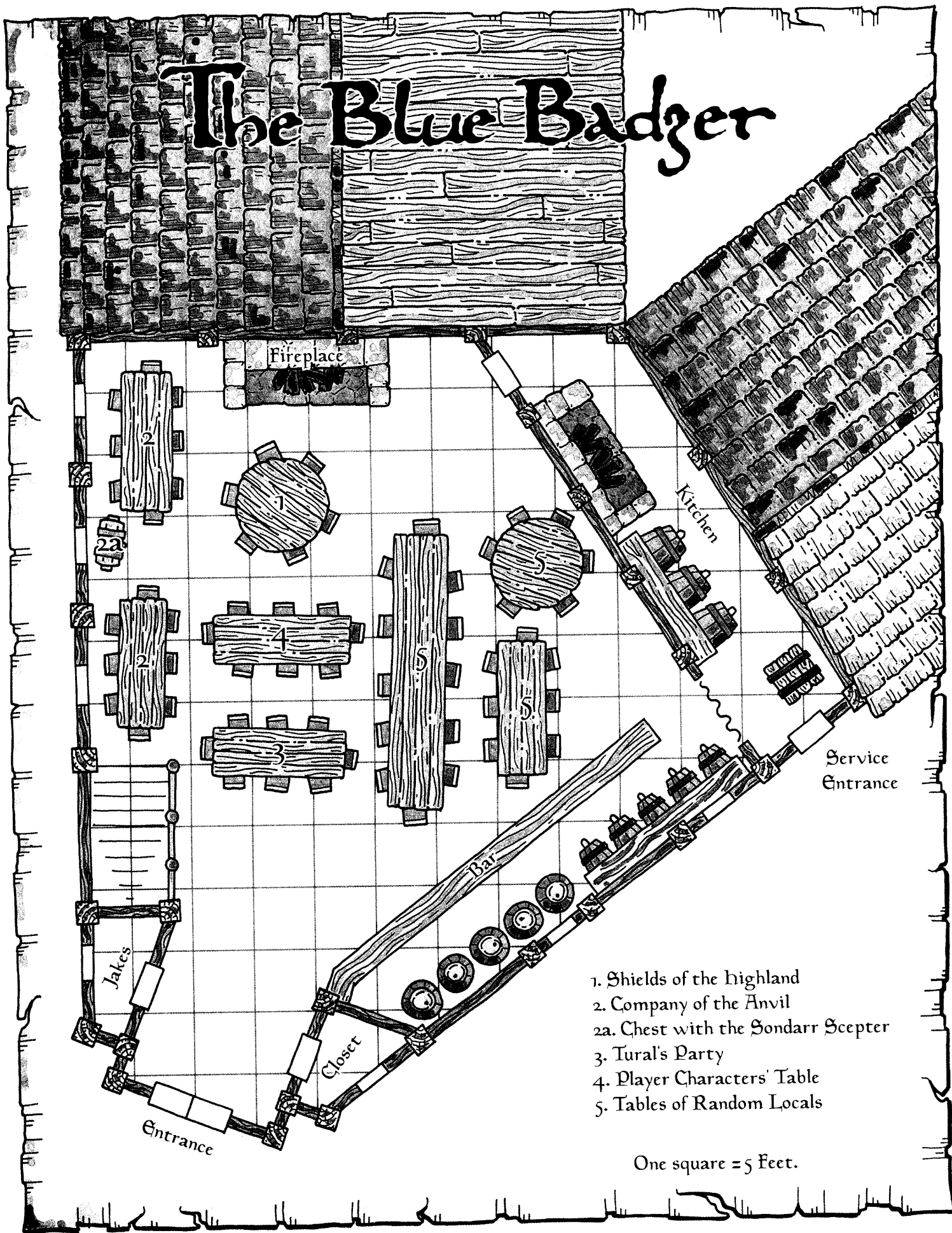
FOR FOUR TO EIGHT CHARACTERS OF LEVELS 4-7

**WINDS OF
TERROR**



STEVEN E. SCHEND & THOMAS M. REID

The Blue Badger



- 1. Shields of the highland
- 2. Company of the Anvil
- 2a. Chest with the Sondarr Scepter
- 3. Tural's Party
- 4. Player Characters' Table
- 5. Tables of Random Locals

One square = 5 feet.

Advanced Dungeons & Dragons®



The Wyrmskull Throne

STEVEN E. SCHEND and THOMAS M. REID

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Introduction

Lost for centuries, the *Wyrmskull Throne* has many legends and wild tales attached to it, but one thing remained certain: He who claimed the *Wyrmskull Throne* claimed the legacies and lost treasures of the lost dwarven kingdom of Shanatar. That alone made the obsidian seat worth seeking. Now, its location is rumored, but remains hidden, and many hands reach out of the shadows seeking to touch its power, its wealth, and its influence.

Welcome to *The Wyrmskull Throne*, the latest adventure within the FORGOTTEN REALMS® campaign setting. This module is designed for mid-level adventurers (levels 4-7), though it can be adjusted for higher-level play with simple adjustments to the monster ratios and additional encounters. All that the DM and players need to use this module in a Realms campaign is this module, the *Player's Handbook*, *DUNGEON MASTER*® Guide, and the *MONSTROUS MANUAL*™ tome. *The Wyrmskull Throne* provides all the information the Dungeon Master needs for one major adventure and numerous smaller side adventures; in addition, it also provides material to expand the details and plots into a full-blown campaign. While not essential for this adventure, we strongly recommend using the *Sea of Fallen Stars* campaign supplement (TSR #11393) to both easily understand many of the details in this adventure and to expand the scope of the adventure into an undersea campaign in the aquatic world of Serôs (the name used by its inhabitants to refer to their home) in Faerûn's Inner Sea.

Bridge Between Two Worlds

The *Wyrmskull Throne* adventure bridges numerous gaps in FORGOTTEN REALMS (FR) campaign continuity and attempts to bring a number of broad factors into any FR campaign. Its purpose as a bridge is two-fold, bringing the past alive and reminding folks of the glories of by-gone eras, and creating an exciting series of events that reveal the newest area to be explored within the FORGOTTEN REALMS campaign.

This adventure uses the history of southern Faerûn and the evocative name of the *Wyrmskull Throne* to provide a connection to Faerûn's past, and some hope for the future, by having PCs locate this artifact and possibly help use it to restore Shanatar, the greatest empire of the dwarves! While there are few immediate historical lessons in this module for those PCs unfamiliar with Shanatar's lore, merely finding and claiming the *Throne* can lead to an exciting campaign of discovering the past's secrets.

With its villains and the major setting of this adventure, this module also serves as an introduction to Serôs, the underwater world of the Inner Sea. For those who have not yet examined the *Sea of Fallen Stars*, do not worry; this module is constructed to avoid the pitfalls of rules difficulties and to give brief explanations for things examined more fully therein. Simply put, *The Wyrmskull Throne* provides both DMs and players with a small, focused area in which to explore Serôs, and placing the entire adventure within the confines of an elven *mythal* greatly eases the transition between a land-bound and an aquatic campaign. If this adventure leads your gaming group into an extended stay in Serôs, the above-mentioned campaign supplement provides all of the Realms-related source material and a brief overview of rules. For in-depth rules on underwater adventuring, look to *Of Ships and the Sea* (TSR #02170) by Keith Strohm.





The Big Picture

Below is a listing of each of the major power groups that participate in this adventure. A quick overview of the group's outlook and goals is provided, followed by an entry for each of the major NPCs belonging to that group. Given the number of power groups and NPCs all eager to exploit the power of the *Wyrmskull Throne*, this is the best way to get a clear look at who's doing what to whom and why. In some cases, no specific NPCs are provided, as the group in question remains in the background of this scenario. However, if the DM wishes to expand the plot threads begun in this adventure, the background groups may become more prominent, and it is worth noting how they are tied into the whole.

Dwarves of Clan Ghalmrin

This dwarven clan resides in the eastern Starspire Mountains of Tethyr and is the only clan of dwarves known in Tethyr, though other clans are recognized in nearby Erlkazar and other lands. As Tethyr lies above the heart of the former kingdom of Shanatar, its dwarves are very sensitive to talk of the *Wyrmskull Throne*, the Ruling *Scepters*, and Shanatar itself. While the members of Clan Ghalmrin never before made the reclamation of Shanatar or the *Throne* an active priority, they never hesitated to act once word reached them that the *Throne* was rumored to have been found or that one of its *scepters* was being unearthed by tomb robbers. Bapar and his trusted companions made seeking out such rumors their crusade, and they have found evidence enough to lead them to the Company of the Anvil and the town of Toralth.

Unfortunately for the dwarves of Clan Ghalmrin (and by extension all the dwarves), the only beings currently eligible by blood-relation to the old kings of Shanatar (and thus, the only legitimate candidates to inherit the *Throne* and the leadership of what once was Shanatar) are among the dwarves' hated enemy, the duergar. Among the three dwarves who appear in this adventure, only Bapar is aware of this embarrassing difficulty, and he is intent on keeping it to himself until circumstances demand otherwise. Ultimately, if events leave him no other option, he will attempt to destroy the *Throne* before letting it fall into duergar hands. For the time being, however, he is content to put his faith into the possibility that a way will be found to return the power of the *Throne* and *scepters* into proper dwarven hands.

For the present, the dwarves of Clan Ghalmrin have made it their solemn duty to find the *Throne* and take possession of it—through just about any means necessary. For the purposes of this adventure, that means enlisting the aid of the player characters (willing or not) to the cause. Assuming Bapar and his companions aren't convinced that the characters are evil and intent on bringing harm to the *Throne* (or, worse yet, delivering it into the hands of dwarven enemies), they use any means of persuasion they can: appealing to honor or duty, using bribery, or even resorting to kidnapping—to make the PCs their allies.

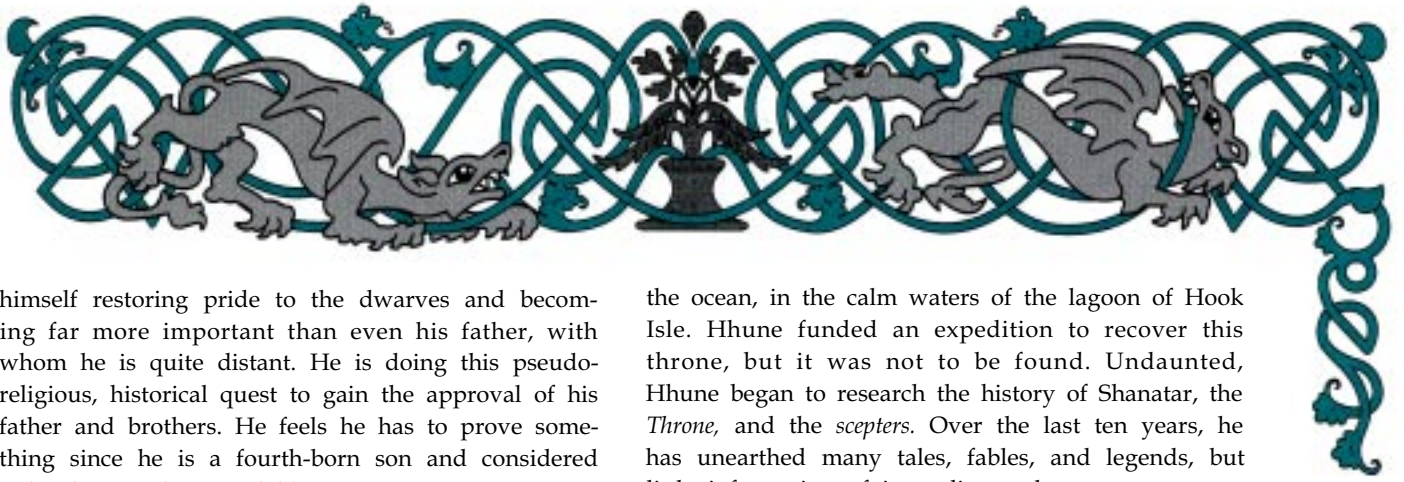
This adventure presents an excellent opportunity to players of dwarven PCs to take an active role in the future of their race in Faerûn. Bapar's mission should appeal to all dwarves of goodly nature and stout heart; the possibility to reclaim lost Shanatar by finding the *Throne* is a quest few dwarves, regardless of outlook (or alignment), are likely to pass up. DMs can take advantage of this by appealing directly to any dwarven PCs (via Bapar) to join in this honorable, dangerous quest, thus gaining an ally within the party to take part in this adventure.

If the dwarves do manage to gain possession of one of the *scepters* and by extension the *Throne* (and are thus able to figure out how to control the thing), they have no qualms about abandoning their allies in the Sea of Fallen Stars in order to return the *Throne* to a place of safekeeping within their mountain home. (The only exception to this being dwarven PCs who have proven themselves to be worthy allies to Bapar. These characters could be invited to return with the dwarves of Clan Ghalmrin and begin the reclamation of Shanatar as follows.) There, they will continue to research the location of the other *scepters*, working tirelessly to bring the entire set home. Of course, this is all strictly dwarven business and efforts on the part of outsiders to interfere will not be looked upon favorably at all (unless the DM decides otherwise).

Bapar Ghalmrin

Game Statistics: (NG dm F5) He carries a *warhammer* +2 with a special ability to *locate objects* specifically crafted or enchanted by dwarves (200-mile radius of detection); can *fly* if it locates something or light a path leading toward it

Personality: The fourth son of Arduke Obar Ghalmrin is among the most serious of dwarves. This dour mien covers an ego-dream where he sees



himself restoring pride to the dwarves and becoming far more important than even his father, with whom he is quite distant. He is doing this pseudo-religious, historical quest to gain the approval of his father and brothers. He feels he has to prove something since he is a fourth-born son and considered redundant and expendable.

Goals in Scenario: Find the *Throne* and restore the glory of Shanatar to his clan and the dwarven race!

Odak Truesteel

Game Statistics: (NG dm P5 of Dumathoin) Leather armor, military pick, sling, warhammer

Personality: Fat but with a powerful frame, this aging dwarf wears the drab brown robes and leather armor of Dumathoin's church. He is as cheerful as Soram and Bapar are serious, and while still friendly to non-dwarves, his humor is edged and sarcastic, and often at the expense of others.

Goals in Scenario: Help his prince find the *Wyrmskull Throne*, but also to protect the secrets and knowledge of the dwarves from outsiders. Odak believes the reason Shanatar fell and the *Throne* was lost was due to knowledge leaked to humans or other nondwarves. He is suspicious of all, but he sees that Bapar has the true vision and has led them right to the *Throne*!

Soram Battlebellow

Game Statistics: (CG dm F6) Chain mail, shield, battle axe, two hand axes for throwing

Personality: Soram Battlebellow is a hotheaded gloryhound who disagrees with Bapar on this quest due to his lack of faith in the dream of Shanatar. Pragmatic and bullheaded, Soram sees insults everywhere, either due to his height (he is shorter than average) or the quest he is on. While he dislikes the quest himself, he will let no one laugh at Bapar.

Goals in Scenario: Keep his prince (and best friend) alive on this fool's errand that he hardly believes in.

The Knights of The Shield

Lord Inselm Hhune (NE hm F8) has long been interested in the fabled *Wyrmskull Throne*, spurred primarily by a fanciful tale told to him a decade ago. A pirate named Havilos Thrunn, whom Hhune saved from drowning and captured, revealed to the Lord that a strange throne rested beneath the surface of

the ocean, in the calm waters of the lagoon of Hook Isle. Hhune funded an expedition to recover this throne, but it was not to be found. Undaunted, Hhune began to research the history of Shanatar, the *Throne*, and the *scepters*. Over the last ten years, he has unearthed many tales, fables, and legends, but little information of immediate value.

Recently, Hhune gained his first true lead. Evidence suggested that one of the *scepters*, the *Sondarr Scepter*, had been taken east by descendants of one of the dwarven ruling houses of Shanatar, where it apparently came to rest in a ruined dwarf outpost. Using his network of agents, Hhune arranged for the *scepter* to be recovered and brought to him under the cover of secrecy. Unfortunately, the security of his network is not as complete as he believes, and word reached others of his plan. The race was on to reach the *scepter*, and Hhune's agents won. Of course, getting the *scepter* into Hhune's own hands was another matter entirely.

Hhune's political schemes are, as always, far-reaching and complex. To possess one of the lost *Ruling Scepters of Shanatar* would be a significant boon, but Hhune's ultimate goal is to control the *Wyrmskull Throne* itself. He hopes to use it as a substantial bargaining chip with the dwarves of the Starspires, graciously returning their heritage to them in return for favorable trading alliances, as well as for leverage to aid in his undermining of the monarchs of Tethyr and to usurp more power for himself.

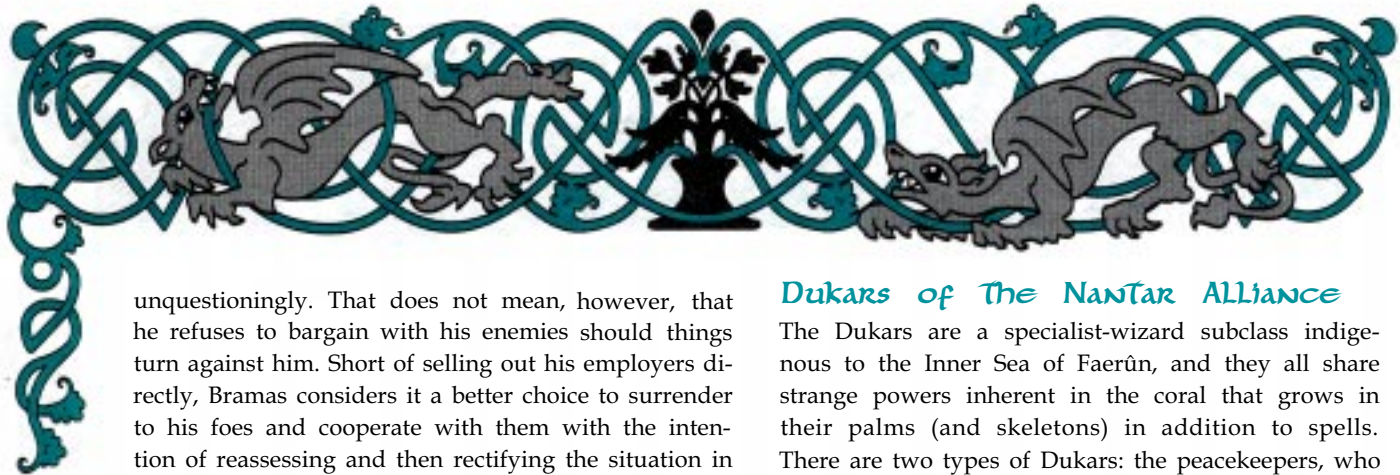
Bramas Thorntree (see below), the disagreeable fellow in possession of the *scepter* at the beginning of the adventure, is a smuggler and thief who works for Kiros Tamadan, a spice merchant in Athkatla. Tamadan, in turn, has ties to Hasheth Balik, who is the apprentice of and has immediate ties to Lord Hhune. Unfortunately, Tamadan's primary vizier/advisor, Tamus Casid from Calimshan, is secretly a Cowled Wizard of Amn. Casid serves as a major information source to the Wizards, who have followed Hhune's and the Knights' every maneuver over the past ten years.

Bramas Thorntree

Game Statistics: (LE hm F7) *chain mail* +2, *lucern hammer* +3, heavy crossbow, *oil of etherealness*

Personality: Bramas takes his work very seriously, and when he is involved in business dealings, he rarely smiles. His loyalty to those he works for is steady, and when he enters into a contract, he honors its term





unquestioningly. That does not mean, however, that he refuses to bargain with his enemies should things turn against him. Short of selling out his employers directly, Bramas considers it a better choice to surrender to his foes and cooperate with them with the intention of reassessing and then rectifying the situation in the long run. While he adheres to this code of conduct, Bramas nonetheless has quite a nasty streak in him; when a job is done and done well, he has been known to taunt his vanquished adversaries, taking delight in watching them as they realize the depth and breadth of their defeat at his hands.

Goals in Scenario: Bramas fully intends to deliver the *scepter* to Lord Hhune, as per the orders of his immediate superior, Kiros Tamadan. He considers the defeat at the hands of the characters and the dwarves of Clan Ghalmrin to be a temporary setback at most. Thorntree will definitely try to “make amends” by tracking down the heroes (or the dwarves, or both) later, even beyond the boundaries of this adventure.

Cowled Wizards of Amn

When the Cowled Wizards discovered the *Wyrmskull Throne* in 1354 DR, one of their own sat upon it, expecting to command it to dry land. Instead, the poor fool became trapped in the Usurper’s Field and slowly starved to death. A year later, his apprentices and allies came in search of him, and then formed a plan to locate the *Alatorin Scepter* in order to lay claim to the *Throne*. They were as surprised as Hhune by the loss of the *Throne* in 1360, but they did not have long to wonder what had happened.

The wizards have long monitored events and personalities in Amn and Tethyr, so when Lord Hhune continued showing such a strong interest in the *Throne*, the wizards paid careful attention to what he learned. Able to keep track of Hhune’s plotting and scheming through the vizier of House Tamadan in Athkatla (see “Knights of the Shield,” above), they began to take an active hand in things once it became apparent that Hhune was making progress.

The wizards see advantages on many levels of having Shanatar partially restored. The possibility of increased trade with a dwarven nation could only be a boon for the entire region, and having a new, dedicated source of monster fighters to oppose the Sythillisian Empire in Amn would also benefit them and Amn. The wizards’ plans are far-reaching and subtle, indeed.

Dukars of The Nantar Alliance

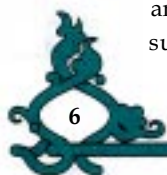
The Dukars are a specialist-wizard subclass indigenous to the Inner Sea of Faerûn, and they all share strange powers inherent in the coral that grows in their palms (and skeletons) in addition to spells. There are two types of Dukars: the peacekeepers, who are active agents with unique coral weaponry and mandates to defend Serôs; and lorekeepers, whose mission is to preserve history and lore. Their primary duty currently is to preserve the fledgling alliance of aquatic powers at the city of Myth Nantar and protect the peace. While the details on the Dukars are in the *Sea of Fallen Stars* (SoFS) supplement, three of them are presented here.

The Dukars can play as large or as small a role in this adventure as the DM and the players wish, depending on their approach to the problems they face as they try to recover the *Throne*. The Alliance certainly welcomes the visitors to Myth Nantar with open arms (assuming they come with peaceful intentions) and may be able to provide some minor aid in the characters’ quest (a place to rest and heal, or perhaps a means of locating the entrance to the caverns if Bapar is no longer with the group). However, they have much in the way of their own affairs to attend to, and it is doubtful they will be willing to spare a legion of agents to join the PCs in exploring the caverns and finding the *Throne*, unless the DM specifically wishes to draw the Dukars into the middle of these issues and expand this adventure beyond what is presented here.

In any event, the Dukars take it upon themselves to keep a watchful eye on the Shipwreck Plains, and so they are interested in any information the characters may be able to provide concerning that area, particularly the discovery of the cavern complex beneath them. Of course, if any of the heroes returns with even sketchy information about the Library of Aryselmalyr, the Dukars will be quite excited and launch an immediate investigation. They very well may offer the PCs lucrative rewards in exchange for further investigations and explorations; that is entirely up to the DM and his or her intentions for the campaign.

Dinam

Game Statistics: (NG hm dual F3/Du-M (P)5; Dex 16; AC 5). Dinam has almost fully adapted to undersea life, though he wears silverweave armor pants (+3 bonus to Armor Class). A Dukar of the Order of Maalirn, Dinam casts *Divination* and





Conjuration/Summoning spells only and has two innate abilities (Dukar Paths as detailed in *Sea of Fallen Stars*), both of which are listed below:

- Weapon Path—Fist (2 steps; 1d8 piercing damage);
- Path of the Warrior's Eye—Step 1 (+1 initiative bonus, surprised only on a 1);

Spellbook (4/2/1): 1st— *detect magic* (X2), *detect undead*, *unseen servant*; 2nd— *glitterdust*, *know alignment*; 3rd— *carrier current* (from *SoFS*; in short, allows all within a 30' radius to travel at the speed of the fastest swimmer among the area of effect for eight rounds—useful for catching up to the enemy or escaping the same)

Personality: Dinam is polite, cultured, and well-mannered, but once folk prove their friendship or loyalty to him, he will reveal a ribald sense of humor and a trust of comrades-at-arms. Equally so, if folk betray his trust or even his initial politeness, he carries grudges like an Amnian carries coins.

A former Sembian nobleman who took to the seas for adventure, the burly red-haired Dinam suffered head injuries in a pirate attack on his ship in the Year of Maidens (1361 DR), and he fell overboard just north of the Whamite Isles. Rescued from death by unknown parties, he awoke to find himself in Myth Nantar. The head wound still marks him with a scar from his left brow straight along toward his left ear, and he has lost all memory of his life on the surface other than some fighting skills, languages (Common, Alzhedo, Serusan), and brief flashes of other memories. He now sees himself as someone reborn into the Dukars, and he was entrusted by Qos (the leader of his order) into being one of the few peacekeepers trained in preparation for the day when Myth Nantar would be open to all again.

Goals in Scenario: Officially, this character exists in this adventure as a spokesperson from whom the PCs can learn about Serôs. Being a former surface dweller and now a member of the Dukars, Dinam is the only one who speaks surface Common in this adventure aside from Gantar Kraok. His involvement in these matters began as an investigator into the disturbances overheard within the Shipwreck Plains, and the events dragged him (like the PCs) along. His goals in life are to foster the peace of Myth Nantar and help keep the Nantam Alliance alive and safe.

Ka'ioa'tara

Game Statistics: (LG shalf Du-M (P)3; Wis 17)

- Weapon Path— Trident (1d6 damage)
- Path of the Shield—AC +1 while active; small shield of coral appears on her arm.

Spellbook (2/1): 1st— *detect magic*, *detect undead*; 2nd— *summon swarm* (in undersea, this attracts tiny sand crabs, sea snakes, and eels)

Personality: This independent-minded shalarin girl rejects nearly all the structures and restrictions inherent in shalarin society. Her upbringing gave her more freedom and self-confidence to choose her own path, rather than obey the strictures of her parents' former home. This confuses nearly every traditional shalarin, as she is marked for greatness as a ruling caste shalarin, and they constantly mutter about her refusal to embrace a leadership role anywhere but among the Dukar orders at Myth Nantar.

Goals in Scenario: Born in Myth Nantar, Ka'ioa'tara has rebelled against the normal strictures of the shalarin cultures, and she remains in the City of Destinies, convinced that her own fate lies with the Nantarn Alliance. She, like the other two Dukars in this adventure, were merely attending to a shipwreck and investigating the rumors of goings-on around the Shipwreck Plains the PCs arrive on the scene.

Note: Full details of the Shalarin race can be found in the *SoFS* supplement; the MC entry for the race can be found in Appendix III of this adventure.

Paxas

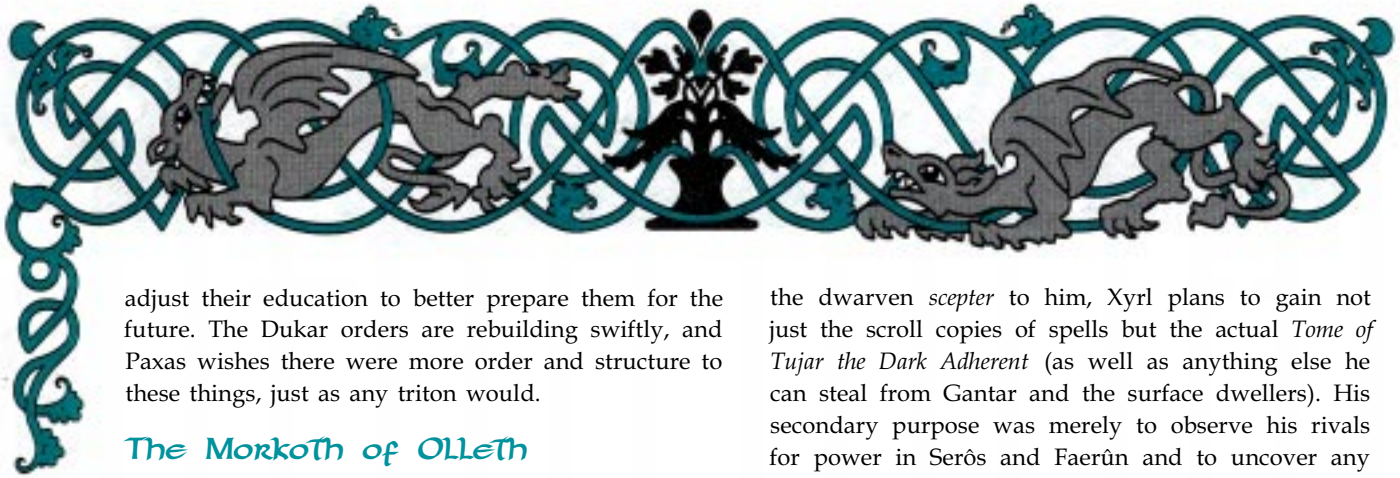
Game Statistics: (LN trim Du-K(L)6) Carries a dagger as his weapon, and he wears a baldric in which he carries his dagger and various pouches.

Spellbook (6/4/4): 1st — *color spray*, *comprehend languages*, *protection from evil* (x2), *light*, *shocking grasp*; 2nd— *continual light*, *darkness 15' radius*, *irritation*, *strength*; 3rd — *blink*, *dispel magic*, *protection from evil 10' radius*, *slow*

Personality: Not standoffish so much as focused, the triton Paxas's will and concentration are almost unbreakable once set. However, that is useful in study, not in combat, so the male triton can sometimes become a liability in combat (though perfect for divining information from the most obscure clues).

Goals in Scenario: Personally, Paxas came with his friends expecting this to be a fun afternoon's swim and a welcome break from his studies back in Myth Nantar with the other Dukars. His personal goals in this adventure are to learn, understand what is asked of the Dukar peacekeepers, and be able to proactively





adjust their education to better prepare them for the future. The Dukar orders are rebuilding swiftly, and Paxas wishes there were more order and structure to these things, just as any triton would.

The Morkoth of Olleth

This magocracy lurks in the depths beneath the Lower Hmur Plateau (the location of Myth Nantar), and it has been quite active in the past few years.

While lumped under this header as representatives of the Arcanum of Olleth, the Arcount Axar Xyrl actually pursues the plot of this adventure as something of his own accord, not that of the Great Arcane Szyzthus. In fact, it is a testing of his two closest agents, his apprentice the Grand Caster Duupax and his sworn military guard Qyzal, who is charged to always die long before her Arcount. He wishes to test their loyalties and their abilities to deal with the chaos so common in the upwaters. When and if the tide begins to turn against him, Axar Xyrl has no compunction against changing sides or abandoning the field altogether. None of the prizes is terribly important to him.

Arcount Axar Xyrl

Game Statistics (CE morm M12): AC 3; MV Sw 18 (36); HD 7; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10 (bite); SA *Hypnosis*, spells, 90-foot-infravision; SD Spell reflection; MR Nil; SZ M (6'); ML Elite (14); AL CE; XP 3,000.

Spellbook (4/4/4/4/3/1): 1st – *audible glamor, charm person, chill touch, magic missile*; 2nd – *mirror image, ray of enfeeblement, scare, web*; 3rd – *haste, lightning bolt, monster summoning I, vampiric touch*; 4th – *confusion, dimension door, Evard's black tentacles, monster summoning II*; 5th – *animate dead, domination, monster summoning III, teleport*; 6th – *mislead*

Personality: Axar Xyrl is a calculating, scheming, and aloof morkoth who rarely if ever voices what he thinks or feels unless it will provoke a response from his targets and provide him with more information. While not adverse to encounters or activity, he assumes that he need not get involved until either his underlings have been dispatched or he has a personal interest in acting. He seems to hate being touched by anyone or anything.

Goals in Scenario: Axar Xyrl allied with Gantar Kraok reluctantly, expecting if not fully knowing the depths of the elf's corruption. Lured in by the promise of the scrolls and the utter uselessness of

the dwarven *scepter* to him, Xyrl plans to gain not just the scroll copies of spells but the actual *Tome of Tujar the Dark Adherent* (as well as anything else he can steal from Gantar and the surface dwellers). His secondary purpose was merely to observe his rivals for power in Serôs and Faerûn and to uncover any possibly exploitable powers and spells brought in via surface-dwellers.

Major Qyzal

Game Statistics (LE morf F8; Str 18(25)): AC 1; MV Sw 18 (36); HD 7+2; THAC0 12; #AT 3; Dmg 1d6/1d6/1d10 (claw/claw/bite); SA *Hypnosis*, 90-foot infravision; SD Spell reflection; MR Nil; SZ M (6'7"); ML Elite (14); AL CE; XP 2,000.

Personality: Born of the same egg clutch as Grand Caster Duupox, Qyzal is a rare female warrior among the morkoth. Her ambitions are no less lofty than those of Duupox or Xyrl. While her battle tactics are often sound in general, her penchant for toying with personal prey and torturing it rather than killing outright both causes delays and sometimes leads to their escape. Still, her loyalty to Xyrl is absolute, as she expects he will become the next Grand Arcane, and she wishes to help him rule the military.

Goals in Scenario: Determined to prove her worth to her Arcount, Qyzal has trained two quelzarn from their hatching to obey her commands without the use of magic. Her political future with Xyrl relies on proving that these creatures are useful tools for both moving large masses and providing military strength against any foes. In addition, she has also been ordered by Xyrl to keep an eye on both Gantar Kraok (see below) and Duupox against any treachery.

Grand Caster Duupox

Game Statistics (CE morm M7; Int 18): AC 3; MV Sw 18 (36); HD 7; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10 (bite); SA *Hypnosis*, spells, 90-foot-infravision; SD Spell reflection; MR Nil; SZ M (6'); ML Elite (14); AL CE; XP 3,000.

Spellbook (4/4/2/1): 1st – *audible glamor, change self, magic missile, Tenser's floating disk*; 2nd – *mirror image, summon swarm, web* (X2); 3rd – *hold person, spectral force*; 4th – *shout*

Personality: Duupox is an opportunistic and greedy morkoth, which both accounts for his swift rise through the ranks of Xyrl's apprentices and for Xyrl's mistrust of him. Duupox has become more



ruthless since the raids on the Tower of Numos at Abydos, where he gained his horrific scars: an arc of charred flesh surrounds his right eye, which has turned a ghastly corpse white with no pupil, and a jagged scar runs down the remainder of his right cheek aside his beak. He gained these marks from a brief clash with the triton known as Keros the Wanderer, and he spends much of his time in the upwaters seeking him or some methods for his revenge.

Goals in Scenario: Aside from his revenge scenarios against Keros, Duupox shares the same goals as the entire Arcanum of Olleth (and the Arcane Brotherhood, the Red Wizards, etc.). He seeks hidden magical knowledge that will provide him with the power to rule over all. Of course, his immediate goal is to be of service to his Arcount, Axar Xyrl.

The Saratycoron "The Coral Crown"

Most folk assume that the sea elves are far different from their surface counterparts, but they are wrong. Elves have long memories, and all remember the halcyon days of the past when the elves ruled all they surveyed. Like numerous power groups on Faerûn, the Saratycoron desires to see the return of elven rule across the deeps.

This group (to use the term loosely) is still in its birthing stages, but its founder and primary agent is Gantar Kraok. Gantar believes strongly in the credo that elves shall eventually rule over all, both on the surface world and beneath the waves. Since his ideas and values were obviously not terribly popular, he was

exiled from Selu'Maraar at some point during the Eleventh Serôs War (see the *SoFS* accessory for details). Gantar Kraok is one of the most ruthless, manipulative creatures ever seen on Toril. His primary motivation is to acquire all of the *Ruling Scepters of Shanatar*. He desires them not merely for the magical power they offer, but as a bargaining tool for the future, when the time may come for the Saratycoron to acquire allies (possibly even the duergar king, the last blood-descendant of the ruler of Shanatar).

Since there has been competition recently for the remaining *scepters*, Gantar has had to put into motion some complex schemes to outwit his opponents. Without the means or the inclination to enter into an out-and-out war with Lord Hhune over possession of the *Sondarr Scepter*, Gantar has chosen instead to manipulate events in his favor. Using the power of the *Throne* and the *scepter* already in his possession, Gantar's intention is to coerce anyone with the proper sense of honor (the dwarves of Clan Ghalmrin are perfect candidates) into bringing the *scepter* right to him, then simply taking the thing and vanishing. In other words, he will let others do the dirty work of wresting the *scepter* away from Hhune's agents, taking it in turn from them.

Estelar Sunweaver, one of Gantar's agents on the surface world, briefly appears in the adventure as the untalented bard, Fylson Tarsap. He has been trailing Lord Hhune's agents (who have the *scepter*), using a hut of disguises to change his identity from day to day to throw off suspicion. Estelar is Gantar's eyes and ears on the surface, gathering intelligence and relaying information to Gantar via a magical seahorse-shaped pendant he wears. Although he appears only briefly in this adventure, he certainly could become a major player in future events, especially if Gantar escapes with his life at the end of the scenario.

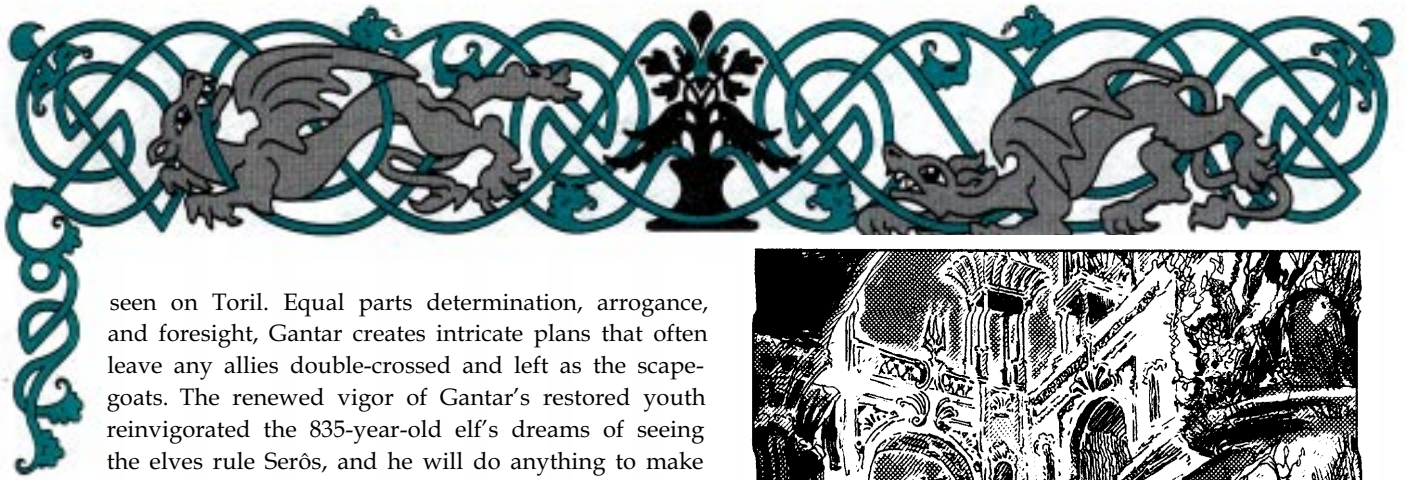
Gantar Kraok

Game Statistics: (CE em F11/M11; Int 19) *amulet of undead control*; *Tome of Tujar the Dark Adherent*, *bracers of defense AC3*, *baldric of holding*, *Alatorin Scepter*

Spellbook (4/4/4/3/3): 1st – *change self*, *charm person*, *color spray*, *magic missile*; 2nd – *glitterdust*, *hypnotic pattern*, *mirror image*, *misdirection*; 3rd – *dispel magic*, *hold person* (×2), *wraithform*; 4th – *enervation*, *polymorph other*, *shadow monsters*; 5th – *conjure elemental*, *feeblemind*, *hold monster*

Personality: Despite his advanced age, Gantar Kraok is one of the most ruthless, manipulative creatures ever





seen on Toril. Equal parts determination, arrogance, and foresight, Gantar creates intricate plans that often leave any allies double-crossed and left as the scapegoats. The renewed vigor of Gantar's restored youth reinvigorated the 835-year-old elf's dreams of seeing the elves rule Serôs, and he will do anything to make that fantasy a reality—with him, of course, as its new coronal.

Goals in Scenario: Gantar wants the *Sondarr Scepter*. He is ruthless in his efforts to acquire it, going so far as to enlist the aid of unlikely allies (such as the morkoth listed above). Once it is in his possession, he is more than happy to double-cross any and all to escape, retreating to his personal lair within the cavern complex beneath the Shipwreck Plains to study it and learn the whereabouts of more of the *scepters*. It is Gantar's long-term intention to gain possession of all the *scepters*. However, he is not so taken with the idea of owning the items that he would risk his own life in a foolish confrontation with the player characters. Rather, if things go badly, he chooses to flee and formulate plans to regain the *scepters* and *Throne* later.

Estelar Sunweaver

Game Statistics: (NE em T7) *short sword of speed, leather armor +3, hat of disguise, pendant of viewing*

Personality: Estelar is an elf with a somewhat warped sense of righteousness, believing strongly in the ideal of elven rule over all. He serves Gantar (and by extension, the Saratycoron) through stout belief in their worldview, but he is no fool; he does not endanger himself in foolish escapades when patience and careful planning clearly win out in the end. He has become a master at using his *hat of disguise* and has developed a broad range of personalities to use with it.



Goals in Scenario: Within the context of the adventure, Estelar's only duty is to keep a careful watch on the events in the Blue Badger Inn as they unfold. Thus, his master Gantar will know the right time to trigger the special sending effect of the *scepter*, thereby tricking the dwarves into uttering the command word and teleporting to within range of the *Throne* and allowing Kraok can take the *scepter* for himself. Beyond this immediate act, Estelar may hang around in the region, staying behind the scenes and searching for more clues to the whereabouts of the other *scepters*.





A Night in Toralth



ow we are ready to immerse ourselves in the Realms and take up the challenge of finding the *Wyrmskull Throne*! This module assumes that the PCs are stalwart mid-level adventurers of 4th- to 7th-level with at least some amount of notoriety and skill.

Already in The Swim?

This module is designed with two purposes. The first is to cater to standard FR campaigns, providing these games (as well as their players) a chance to explore the undersea world first explored in the *Sea of Fallen Stars* campaign supplement. The events described in this chapter will bring the heroes to the undersea world. The second goal applies to those who have already “dived in” and started an undersea campaign in Serôs. This chapter isn’t necessary for them. Instead, they should head over to “Welcome to Serôs”; that is where the Serôsian campaign adventure-start can be found.

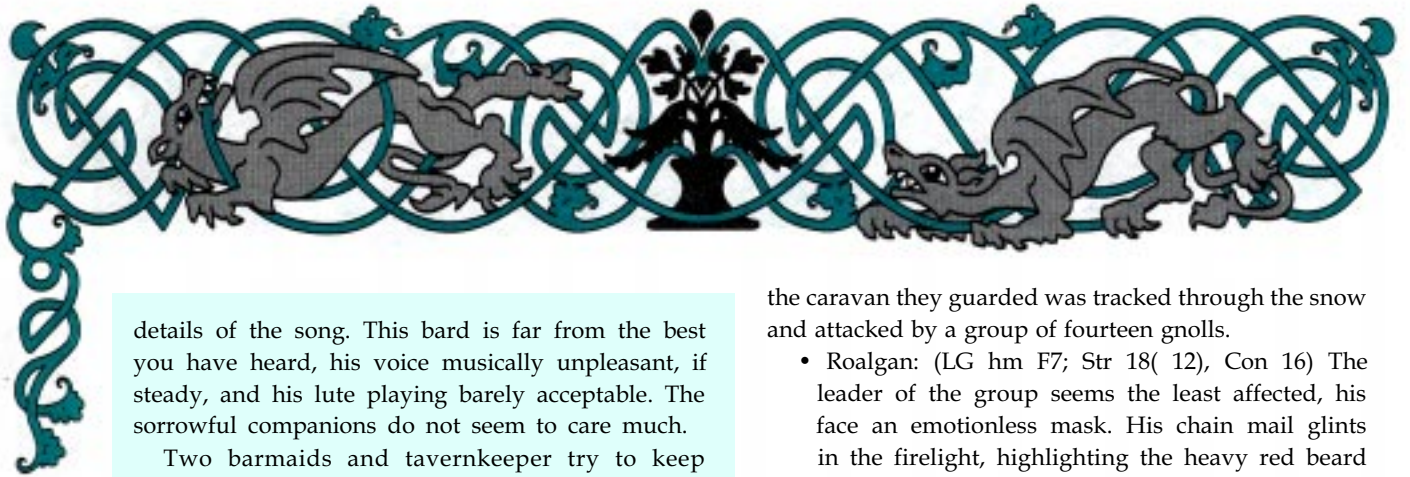
The Blue Badger Inn

It is the tenth day of Uktar in the Year of the Tankard (1370 DR). Winter came early to the eastern highlands of Tethyr, and snow whirls about the soot-streaked window of the tavern in which you and your comrades have taken shelter. It has snowed each of the last four nights, and while the snow melts by each highsun, everyone has noticed monster tracks in the snowy mud that are as numerous as other, more common tracks. You have come to the highlands in search of commissions to hunt the monsters that plague this land, the most numerous of which you have heard are gnolls and werewolves. Although you have weathered worse in your days on the road, it is comforting to have a roof over your head and a warm fire for company this night.

The Blue Badger is the smaller of the two taverns in Toralth, a farming village in northeastern Tethyr between the capital at Darromar and the Amnian rebel city of Riatavin. As the other tavern was filled to capacity, you ended up here, enjoying the entertainment of the bard by the fire. A handful of the patrons are locals, farmers worrying about the early winter and the incessant monster attacks. Two other groups seem to be well-armed travelers, like yourselves. One of the groups has taken up residence at a table along one wall, away from the rest of the crowd. The eight of them have a large chest with them, kept against the wall behind their table. They do little other than sip their drinks while keeping an eye on everyone else in the room.

The other group, sitting closest to the fire, seem to have come here tonight to mourn fallen comrades. Four sullen adventurers have apparently paid the bard to create a requiem ballad to commemorate their comrades, and they have been talking for over two hours as the bard idly picks at his lute and works out the





details of the song. This bard is far from the best you have heard, his voice musically unpleasant, if steady, and his lute playing barely acceptable. The sorrowful companions do not seem to care much.

Two barmaids and tavernkeeper try to keep things light and break folks out of their black moods, keeping fresh drinks and modest but tasty fare before all the patrons. The low ceiling in the taproom and the cramped nature of the crowd helps generate warmth and keep out the cold, but despite their smiles, even the help has been infected by the dark mood of the evening.

DMs can alter the information above to better fit their campaigns and to explain the PCs' presence in the wilds of northeast Tethyr. Previous adventures could have deposited them here at their conclusion, they might have become lost in the wilderness or during one of the storms, or the PCs may simply be stuck in town waiting for good weather in order to hire on as guards to any late-season caravans leaving or passing through the town in the near future.

Dramatis Personae

While many of these folks have little to do with the remainder of the adventure, they can be recurring characters for later adventures beyond this one. Besides, while many an AD&D adventure has begun in a tavern or taproom, it is rare that we have the stories of those with whom the PCs interact or ignore. These characters' motivations and moods are set for the DM and the activities to come.

The Shields of The Highland

These glum, bedraggled adventurers sit nearest the hearth, by the stairs. They lost two comrades two nights ago, and they have been drinking and mourning them since their arrival at the Blue Badger at dusk. All natives of Tethyr who originally hailed from the villages near the Forest of Mir, this group of warriors became the Shields of the Highland. They sought fame and fortune battling the monsters still common among the hills and upper Highlands. While victorious and mildly famous around Toralth, Survale Ford, and Trailstone, the six friends were caught unprepared in the cold snap and

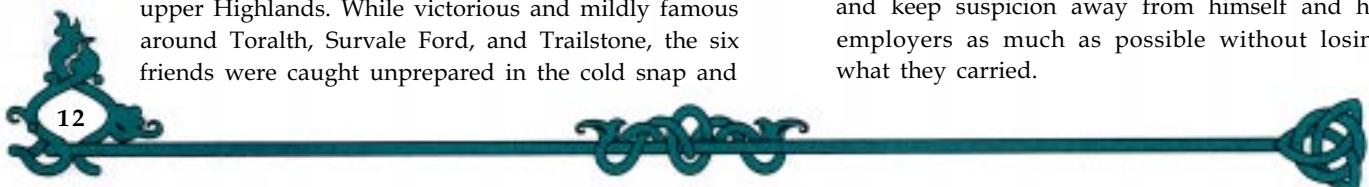
the caravan they guarded was tracked through the snow and attacked by a group of fourteen gnolls.

- Roalgan: (LG hm F7; Str 18(12), Con 16) The leader of the group seems the least affected, his face an emotionless mask. His chain mail glints in the firelight, highlighting the heavy red beard and long hair. Roalgan is by far the largest man in the room (unless a PC is larger).
- Timor "the Scar": (CG hm F5; Con 18) Noted for the angry red scars that trail from the corner of his right eye down his cheek and neck through a sparse black beard, Timor mutters the most of this group. Normally boisterous and gregarious, his sullenness is deep, due to the loss of his younger brother, Dumax.
- Karr: (LN hm F4) The bald, stocky man with the curly brown beard resembles a tall brown-skinned dwarf, though he is visibly drunk and nearly wailing over the loss of his friends.
- Vajal the Dark: (NG hm R6; Dex 17) This black-haired man is obviously of more recent Calishite parentage than his comrades, and he keeps his hair long but his beard well trimmed. Ignoring complaints from the barkeep, Vajal carves strange symbols in the wooded tabletop with his knife.

The Company of The Anvil

This adventuring company, through various agents and blind contacts, is unknowingly working for Lord Inselm Hhune of the Knights of the Shield. They are delivering a very valuable cargo that they recovered recently, a magical *scepter* recently unearthed from a long-hidden dwarven tomb in the Starspire Mountains. They have been instructed to maintain a low profile and not to let anyone or anything near the *scepter*, which is in the large chest near their table. Since recovering the *scepter*, they have kept it securely locked inside the chest and will not open it under any circumstances.

- Bramas Thorntree: (LE hm F7) This fellow is an agent for Kiros Tamadan, a spice merchant in Athkatla, who has ties to Hasheth Balik (who has immediate ties to Hhune). The slender, almost elfin, human is clean-shaven, and his wild, long blond hair softens a hard, aquiline face that rarely smiles. He has recruited several old allies for this trip, where he was told to expect trouble and keep suspicion away from himself and his employers as much as possible without losing what they carried.





- Merap: (CN hem F4/M3) “Dead-eyed” is the best description of this haggard, bald half-elf. While he smiles more than his compatriots do, it is a cold smile devoid of emotion. He constantly toys with and flips the throwing daggers from his belt.
- Phulir: (NE hm dual F4/T5) An almost totally nondescript figure, Phulir is easily overlooked as a common man and underestimated, which gives him an edge over many opponents.
- Maera: (LE hef T4/M3) Sister to Merap, this lithe and passionate young woman is a severe contrast to her comrades. Currently the partner of Bramas, Maera flaunts her position as Bramas’ second, and always takes steps to make sure she is the center of attention. Her accuracy with a whip is remarkable.
- Four other nameless thugs/mercenaries (NE hm F3). These men could be unknown to the PCs, or if the DM desires, one or more of them could have encountered the PCs in the past. Search your campaign’s history for suitable candidates.
- Kori: (CG hf R4; Str 17) Raven-haired wife of Jorid and a former adventurer in her own right, Kori’s limp is barely noticeable except on cold nights such as this. She has a way with animals, and any familiars that stay at the Badger with their masters get special treatment from her. She does not tolerate brawls well, however, and has pitched many malcontents out the door.
- Skie: (CG hf F0) The other barmaid is a young lass of fifteen winters seeking to help her nearly starving family by working in the village evenings after toiling on the farm during the day.
- Tadaz: (LN hm F1 ; Str 17) This muscled old man has gray hair and few teeth, but he remains clear-headed despite the numerous drinks he’s had. His son, Tural, leaves the next morning to join the army at Riatavin, and they are saying their good-byes here with Tadaz’ oldest friend, Ondar.
- Tural: (LG hm F2; Con 16) Looking every bit the younger image of his father, the seventeen-year-old Tural is heading off to join Tethyr’s new army at Riatavin, though his heart seems to remain here in Toralth, based on the looks he sends at the young barmaid, Skie. Tonight he has received his grandfather’s sword to wear into battle and wears it proudly on his right hip (he’s left-handed).
- Ondar: (CG hm F0) A local farmer, he recently lost six head of cattle to gnolls and is bitter about it, but he’s trying to forget it and help with Tural’s send-off.
- Vosh the White: (NG horn F3) This broad-shouldered man with gray, close-cropped hair is Vosh, the miller. Few know he is an orc half-breed, as the only prominent features he gained were a pug nose and orcish features kept long hidden behind a bushy beard. He lurks by the bar, keeping Jorid company, as they are old friends.

The Bard

- Fylson Tarasp: (NE em T7) This lousy bard is not really a bard at all, but an undercover agent named Estelar Sunweaver who works for Gantar Kraok (a sea elf with interests in the *Wyrmskull Throne*). Fylson has been following the Company of the Anvil for several days, keeping an eye on them and their cargo. He wears a *hat of disguise* to mask his true identity and changes his persona with it daily, thereby managing to stick close to the Company without arousing suspicion. It was entirely his misfortune that he chose to impersonate a bard on the very evening the surviving members of the Shields of the Highland would demand a dirge from him. Around Fylson’s neck is a magical seahorse-shaped pendant through which Gantar Kraok communicates with him (and magically sees Tarasp’s surroundings through it).

The Blue Badger’s Staff and Regulars

- Jorid: (LN hm F2) Owner and principal barkeep of the Blue Badger, Jorid keeps himself in fighting trim. After his basic training in the Tethyrian army before the Black Days, he can handle himself well in a brawl.

Tavern Talk and Tactics

While dry and warm, the tavern as a whole is in a sorry mood. The PCs can try to talk to others at surrounding tables, though few are looking for conversations beyond their immediate groups. The Company of the Anvil along the far wall obviously gets very suspicious of anyone getting too close to them, due to their cargo. The mourning Shields of the Highland aren’t interested in talking about anything other than their lost comrades. Listening to others talk is simple enough, as





the basics of conversations carry easily across the tap-room while the bard composes his song, rather than singing. Here are snippets of conversation that the DM can sprinkle into the background while the PCs plan their next move. The first few are bits of local history or commentary from patrons or the barmaids, providing more details on the tavern and village, while others are complaining villagers or merchants.

"The Blue Badger was built more than 100 years ago as the Goblins' Head Inn, and it was the best building in the village until the fire that killed the owner and his beautiful daughter. The blackened stones of the hearth and the south wall are from the original building, while the rest is newer—and don't be listening to those who'll deny that the innkeeper's daughter doesn't haunt the hearth, stirring the stew or sobbing to a sad song to this day!"

"Toralth is a tired little village that has done nothing but collect the farmers from the hills about and allow them the chance to grind their wheat and barley into flour at the mill. Now with her majesty on the throne taking in the trade city to the north, we'll be important by next trade season. You'll see!"

"Did you hear? Some of the western nobles are looking for some old dwarven stuff and they are willing to pay a lot for any of it. Wish I had the time to go digging up *scepters* and thrones and the like, but the mill keeps me plenty busy . . . and I hear tell that someone's found something and is heading this way."

"I tells ya—it's no good for snow to cover the ground fully before the Feast of the Moon—'tis an omen of someone's impending death with its white shroud!"

". . . that lot by the fire, they claim the gnoll tribes are too tough for them! When is Duke Hembreon going to hire better folk that can defeat these problems and help us get the land back to normal?"

". . . *three* gnolls it took, didyeheerme, bard? Tellim, Roalgan—three of the flea-bit dogmen to take down me lil' brother . . . Rhyester's Eyes, what a fighter he was. . . . Is yer song finished yet? I wants to hear my brother's name shaking the timbers of the heavens."

Despite the noise within the tavern, the howling winds outside demand to be heard. Few people are





moving about outside, and while most folks in the taproom are unhappy, the warmth keeps them from going to their cold rooms either upstairs or elsewhere in the village. The conversations and grumblings can be played out for as long as the players enjoy it. Once they begin to lose interest in the rumors and conversation, have the bard begin playing his mournful tune. The song is not very well done, but in their drunken state, the main audience does not seem to care. Before the bard is two verses through his ballad, the next scene begins.

Fall of The Hammer

As the minstrel Fylson begins regaling you with the details of Dumax's death and how he slew seven gnolls before he fell, the door to the tavern flies open with a crash and a whoosh of cold wind! A glowing hammer zooms into the room, swooping once around the place, and then veers across the room to hover over the chest among the stoic travelers at the long table. A few seconds after the hammer enters the taproom, a trio of snow-encrusted dwarves march in, stamping their feet and shaking their beards loose of snow and ice. The lead dwarf, who also happens to be wearing plate mail, bellows loudly enough to further interrupt the bard's song, "There are thieves and grave robbers among you. Turn them over to us as well as what was stolen from the dwarves, and there will be no trouble."

The plate-mail-clad dwarf is Bapar Ghalmrin, a politically important dwarf and third son of Clan Ghalmrin of the Starspire Mountains. With him are his companions Odak Truesteel, an unkempt dwarf with a wild beard wearing the colors of a priest of Dumathoin, and Soram Battlebellow, a loud and temperamental warrior. All three enter the taproom tense and ready for anything, though the two latter dwarves try to follow Bapar's lead. They are obviously adamant about their goal, despite any numbers put up against them (they are among the best-armed and armored folks in the Blue Badger, which lends them confidence).

Tense Situations

The dwarves have traveled for the better part of three weeks tracking down rumors of a Ruling *Scepter* of Shanatar, and their clues (fed to them by various parties) led them to intercept agents at Toralth. While they certainly do not intend to battle the entire population of the taproom, they certainly will pick a fight with the folk nearest the glowing hammer and the chest beneath it.

Before a fight actually breaks out, Bapar Ghalmrin (NG dm F5) calls the flying hammer back to him and says, "Before I smash that strongbox open to claim the dwarven treasure by manifest right, I give the thief one more chance to do the honorable thing and return it to us voluntarily." Bramas Thorntree suddenly starts out of his chair, loudly yelling so all in the taproom can hear, "You'll find the people you're looking for right over there, dwarf!" He points directly at the PCs and continues, "They turned that box over to us back in Caradoon and wanted us to take it on to Darromar for their agents there! We knew nothing about its contents. They're the only ones who would have robbed any tombs around here!"

In true dwarven fashion, Bapar has heard all he needs to, and he turns coldly toward the PCs. Even if the PCs try to explain themselves, numerous actions happen in quick succession:

- The Shields of the Highland have grown livid with the interruption of their fellows' requiem, and all of them save Roalgan leap forward, requesting respectful silence with thrown beer mugs and wielded chairs across the backs of anyone talking. There is little hope of discussion with them, and they will continue to swing non-lethal weaponry and their fists until knocked out.
- As Bapar is among the first to be clocked by a beer mug thrown by Timor, any attempts at reasoning with the dwarf dissolve quickly, as Soram leaps into the fray to defend his friend and prince. Any chance at further discussion between Bapar and the PCs is thwarted for the time being.
- Phulir, Maera, and the Company of the Anvil thugs use this opportunity to spread the chaos around, drawing weapons and wading into the fight, attacking the PCs first, and anyone else who turns on them (like the dwarves) second. They are using this as a distraction, so Bramas can retrieve the *scepter* from the strongbox and flee unnoticed with it, before the dwarves can lay





claim to it. Phulir and Maera provide cover behind which Bramas works, keeping anyone from seeing the chest clearly.

- Tural, Jorid, Vosh, and Kori wade into the brawl slowly (one each per round after the first round), trying to separate combatants and escort the worst offenders out the door and into the snow. If necessary, they will grab clubs from behind the bar to aid them.
- Fylson Tarasp the bard finds a nice, out-of-the-way spot to watch the proceedings, making sure that the pendant he is wearing gives Kraok a good view of the fight.

Allow the fight to progress almost to a conclusion. Bapar and his companions are not stupid, and it is apparent to them that the thugs from the Company of the Anvil gave the characters no chance to explain themselves before attacking. Thus, the dwarves will not attack the player characters unless they are attacked by the PCs first, instead teaming up with the heroes to take on the thugs. Fudge the die rolls if need be to make sure the dwarves survive this clash.

The grieving members of the Shields of the Highland are ineffectual fighters in their current condition, but they wade into the middle of things anyway. As the fight nears its conclusion (only one or two of the opposition is still standing), or at any point when a character tries to fight his way to the chest, explain that Bramas Thorntree is spotted struggling out the window with a large bundle wrapped in cloth in his arms. At the last moment, he stops, smiles wickedly at the PCs, and flees.

The dwarves take off after Thorntree as soon as they are able. If the characters give chase too, they catch up to him slipping in the snow and dragging the huge item along with him. He puts up a fight, but if it is obvious he cannot win, he surrenders. If the characters do not give chase, the dwarves soon return, dragging both Thorntree's unconscious form and the bundle with them.

As soon as either a dwarf or a PC unwraps the bundle and grasps the *scepter* directly (and the dwarves do so at the very first opportunity), go to "A Call to Arms" below. Unobtrusively, Fylson has been watching the whole scene play out; if the player characters charged out into the snow to catch Bramas, Fylson has followed and is watching from the shadows.

A Call To Arms

As soon as anyone unwraps the bundle and holds up the item within, read the following aloud:

The bundle is unwrapped to reveal a rather stout scepter, shaped much like a great club and fashioned from what must be dwarven mithral. Its handle is as wide around as one of the dwarves' forearms and tapers down to an inset blue gem at the bottom. A thick, rounded disk tops the scepter. Each side of this disk is inscribed with strange markings, most definitely dwarven in nature.

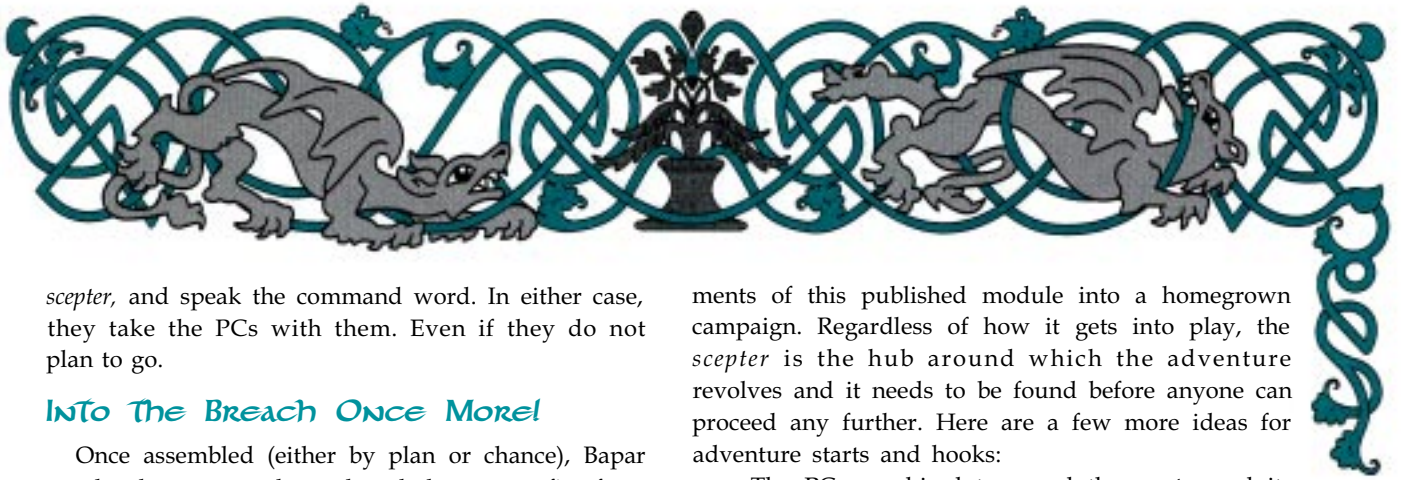
The area immediately around the *scepter* suddenly brightens with light, and a deep voice centered on it booms out where all can clearly hear. "Shanatar's throne is in danger! Those who be of stout heart and body, heed the call and come to the *Wyrmskull's* aid! Join hands, speak 'Tarrak,' and be heroes all!"

The dwarven priest proclaims loudly to the plate-mail-clad dwarf, "It has given us the command words that we can seek the *Wyrmskull Throne*, Bapar! We must obey!"

Bapar speaks to all of you. "That be the *Sondarr Scepter* —one of the *Ruling Scepters of Shanatar*. My clan's been searching for that, its brothers, and the *Wyrmskull Throne* for nearly 1,000 years. To find it now with the warning that the *Throne's* in some danger-ye understand that we have to heed the call." He pauses, sizing you all up. "Clan Ghalmrin would be grateful for your assistance."

If Bapar himself unwrapped the *scepter* and now holds it, he just asks the characters to join them. If he is not actually holding the *scepter*, he expects the characters to do the right thing and give it to him now. If they want something in return, he bargains, but it is obvious his patience is wearing thin; he wants that *scepter* very much. He eventually offers up to 75% of any treasures found other than the *Throne* to gain the *scepter* and an alliance with the PCs. Once everything is agreed to, Bapar suggests they move outside into the snow and wind, more than thirty feet from the tavern (assuming they are not already out there). If events do not roleplay smoothly with the dwarves' attempts to ally with the PCs, the dwarves' tactic is simple. Leap onto the holder of the *scepter* (and any comrades who get in the way), touch the





scepter, and speak the command word. In either case, they take the PCs with them. Even if they do not plan to go.

Into The Breach Once More!

Once assembled (either by plan or chance), Bapar speaks the command word and the twenty-five-foot-radius globe of light appears around the *scepter* once more; it contracts and teleports away with anyone who was within the radius of light—which the dwarves may craftily maneuver to bring the PCs if they must for additional allies! The trip through the teleportation is instantaneous and inescapable, and the party is taken to “Welcome to Serôs” chapter.

Campaign Links

There is, of course, always a multitude of ways for DMs to use a published adventure like this within an ongoing campaign. If the above adventure start does not fit well into how your long-running game operates, try one of the following, brief adventure hooks. Bear in mind that the primary key to continuing this adventure is the *scepter*, which is why it is the only significant element of all these adventure starts.

A Tavern by Any Other Name

While this adventure start has been written within Tethyr of the FORGOTTEN REALMS setting, it can be placed almost anywhere, utilizing most if not all the same setups. For the sake of story continuity with Shanatar, it has been set in the small village of Toralth in eastern Tethyr, but it could easily be a small village anywhere across Faerûn where it is possible to find snow this time of year and with dwarven tombs in the region (even if the tombs are newly discovered). All of the principals can remain the same, though they too can be changed to adapt to the DM’s campaign. Suggestions for alternative locations of the Blue Badger in the Realms include Asbravn, Beregost, Eveningstar, Hill’s Edge, Hardbuckler, Red Larch, or Secomber.

It’s Only a Scepter

The DM can easily add the *scepter* to his or her campaign ages before it actually becomes part of the plot here. Place it amongst some treasure in an earlier adventure, meet an NPC who uses it as a mere club, or come up with other insidious ways of working ele-

ments of this published module into a homegrown campaign. Regardless of how it gets into play, the *scepter* is the hub around which the adventure revolves and it needs to be found before anyone can proceed any further. Here are a few more ideas for adventure starts and hooks:

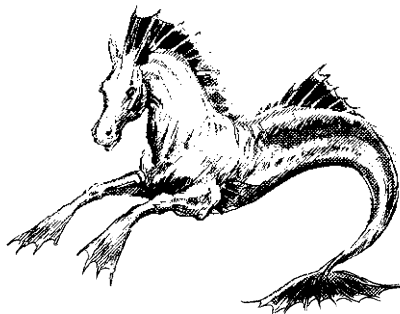
- The PCs are hired to guard the *scepter* and its bearer and they are part of the Company of the Anvil’s hired help.
- The PCs have been hired by a merchant named Abavar Ghulakh to escort him and his cargo to Darromar – and he is paying an exorbitant amount for the PCs to travel only a few hundred miles of dangerous but not lethally so territory. He will not say whom he’s working for, nor will he reveal what he is carrying. The PCs’ responsibilities are guard duty and little else. While the PCs originally came this way for monster hunting in County Hazamarch, he has already given them a down payment of 2,000 gp with another 3,000 gp when they reach Darromar.
- The PCs are sent to find the people carrying the *Scepter* and get it back. The people who hired the PCs could be another clan of dwarves, secret agents of the Cowled Wizards of Amn, or some other interested party (including unwitting collectors of dwarven smithcraft). See the “Introduction” chapter for details on just some of the parties that may have hired the PCs.
- The PCs are traveling and come across the steaming remnants of a burned down tavern. Oddly enough, in the midst of this light snowfall, there is someone scrabbling through the ruins looking for something. If the PCs inquire, the nearly mad person babbles about a chest with a stone tablet and a *scepter* in it; it can be uncovered after about three hours of digging—the floor of the inn collapsed during the fire and the chest fell through into the cellar, which is also filled with water and charred debris. Once the chest is uncovered (by one of the PCs), the mad human either suffers a grave wound (he steps forward and a loose board sends a shard of wood through his chest?) or he mysteriously dies without apparent cause. Now the PCs are left with a *scepter* and a stone tablet that has one dwarven word on it—Tarrak –the command word for the *scepter* to teleport it and folks to the throne. This mysterious, frantic person would most likely be Bramas Thorntree.



Monster Hunts

Many DMs grow tired of the much-clichéd “you begin in a tavern” adventure start, so here’s another spin on it: Take the implied hints at the initial boxed text (page 11) and actually play out the PCs’ arrival in Tethyr and their monster hunting. The rules in the *DMG* on wilderness and weather (especially the inclement cold and snow) should provide challenge enough for the overland trek. Monster information is contained in the *MONSTROUS MANUAL* tome, of course, though there also are specific problems for the PCs to handle:

- The gnoll tribes live in the lands and foothills between the Kuldin Peaks and the Giants’ Run



Mountains. The most bothersome of the tribes recently has been the Three-Claw Tribe, under the flind chieftain, G’ratar. These gnolls have raided no less than a dozen caravans on the trade road from Caradoon since the height of summer, and their hit-and-run tactics have kept their losses acceptable and their raids profitable. There are thirty-two gnoll warriors and attendant families spread among three separate bands, though all answer to their chief. Gnoll raiders travel in packs of eight, and they often attack just before sunrise, before everyone is awake but when all the guards are tired. They rarely seek to take more than one wagon, unless all the tribe’s warriors are involved. They have recently acquired (G’ratar’s new favorite weapon, perhaps) a rather impressive *scepter*.

- There is a small group of lycanthropes causing problems in this area. While the exact identities of the werewolves are up to the DM, they could be preying on the innocent folk of Toralth or the villages of Trailstone or Survale Ford as well. They are all lesser werewolves, recently created by the bite of an older werewolf who did not remain in the area. (Or did he?

Does he have a very old scepter in his possession?). Unluckily for the PCs, the full moon rises over the horizon as they begin their adventures in Tethyr.

These scenarios can be used for those groups that either decide not to follow the main track of the adventure and remain in Toralth or just do not get along with the dwarves. Use these scenarios if it becomes necessary to have the characters cross paths with the *scepter* again.





Welcome To Serôs



n which our heroes take their first, tentative swim in Serôs, receive an unkind welcome, catch a falling shipwreck, make some friends, and adapt to the water in pursuit of the *Throne*.

The Rising Chaos

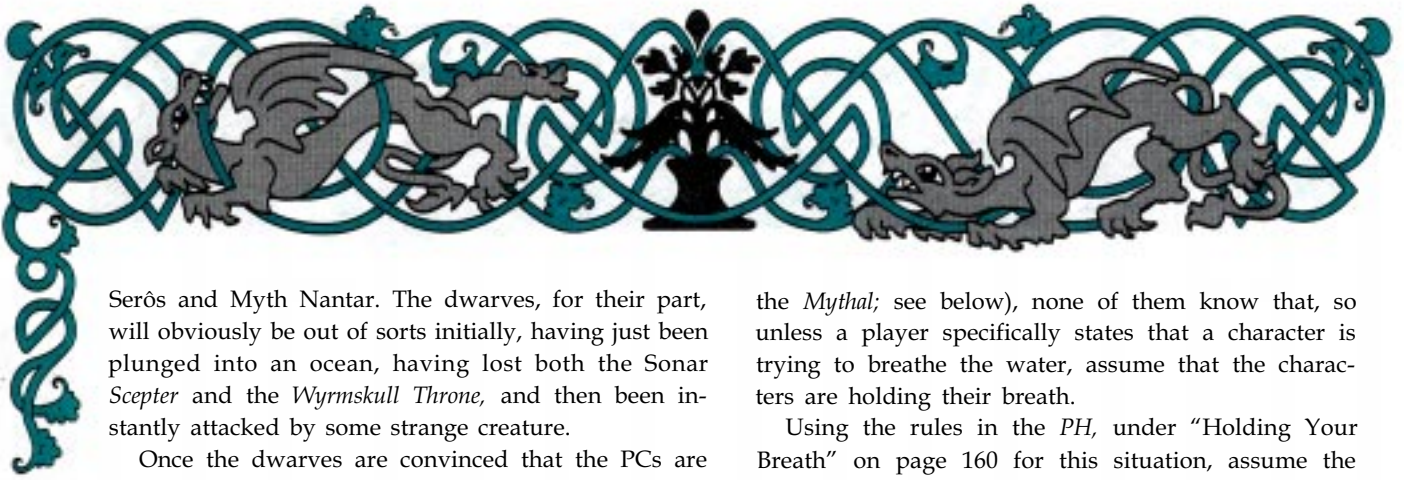
If the DM has already begun a Serôs-based campaign based on the *Sea of Fallen Stars* campaign supplement, use this adventure start. It assumes that some of the PCs are either Dukars or Dugar allies, and that they could ostensibly be found swimming in the waters north of Myth Nantar, looking for excitement (among other, possible reasons created by the DM).

With last year's war behind you, Serôs has slowly returned to normal, though the presence of the Nantarn Alliance has changed the politics immeasurably. Now, instead of the individual nations of As'arem, Eadraal, Naramyr, Selu'Maraar, and the Protectorates settling into tense neutrality, they have begun to work together to create a new center of power at Myth Nantar. The work is hard, as it breaks with millennia-old traditions, but the rewards are great, as many folk learn new skills and magic from others who never shared the knowledge before. Now, despite the great insurgence of sahuagin into Serôs during the Twelfth War, Serôs appreciates a measure of peace.

As part of the peacekeeping forces (or friends of the same) around Myth Nantar, you and your comrades have decided to roam the currents north of the City of Destinies this evening. You've heard rumors of strange goings-on among the Shipwreck Plains all current (the Serôsian equivalent of a tenday). From what a few former upworlders have told you, this is the season during which the last trade shipments sail the sea's surface, and many ships, lives, and goods are lost to pirates. That would explain the higher than usual number of shipwrecks descending into the *mythal's* edge and sliding toward the Shipwreck Plains. As you swim about, chasing some dolphins that have come to play, you spot a flash of light off in the distance, a little above the Shipwreck Plains themselves. Something seems to be going on over there.

After this initial start, the aquatic-campaign PCs join the adventure after of the events of the previous chapter. The flash they witnessed was the arrival of the three dwarves of Clan Ghalmrin. The PCs arrive just as the dwarves are realizing they are not going to drown and Gantar, sitting in the *Wyrmskull Throne*, is taking the *Sondarr Scepter* away from them (see "So Near yet So Far" below). In this case, the PCs replace the Dugar NPCs in the adventure. The PCs are free to aid the dwarves, even joining their fight against the slithering hoard, and can later welcome the dwarves to





Serôs and Myth Nantar. The dwarves, for their part, will obviously be out of sorts initially, having just been plunged into an ocean, having lost both the *Scepter* and the *Wyrmskull Throne*, and then been instantly attacked by some strange creature.

Once the dwarves are convinced that the PCs are not in league with the “heinous criminal” that made off with their treasures, they will lobby strongly for the PCs to aid them in recovering their lost goods. For surface-world PCs, begin with the next scene, “Don’t Panic; It’s Only Water”.

Don't Panic; It's Only Water!

For a moment, you are completely engulfed in the magical glow of the *scepter*; it bathes you in its radiance, and you feel a strange tug and somehow know that you are going . . . elsewhere. As the luminescence dissipates, you find yourselves hovering somewhere vast and open, yet only dimly lit, the light source seeming to be far away overhead. Briefly, you are aware that a great throne hovers nearby, a figure seated on it, but all of that is lost in the sudden realization that you are soaked to the skin and feel as though a great pressure were squeezing you. You gasp in surprise—and watch huge bubbles of air erupt from your mouths!

The PCs and NPC dwarves have all arrived about thirty feet above a shipwreck resting relatively upright. They are somewhat spread out, in a circle around the *Throne* and *Gantar* (see below). Any characters wearing metal armor of any sort (including the three dwarves) automatically begin sinking toward the floor of the ocean. Characters in light (leather, padded) or no armor that do not have the Swimming proficiency (or who fail a Wisdom check, if you do not use proficiencies in your campaign) thrash about wildly, completely disoriented. Those who can swim (or make their Wisdom check) can maneuver about and choose to swim in any direction they desire.

Ask the players what their characters are doing, assuming they have any choices beyond sinking. Although they are in no danger of drowning (due to

the *Mythal*; see below), none of them know that, so unless a player specifically states that a character is trying to breathe the water, assume that the characters are holding their breath.

Using the rules in the *PH*, under “Holding Your Breath” on page 160 for this situation, assume the following: the characters didn’t expect to find themselves underwater, they didn’t manage to take in a good gulp of air, and of course, once they realized they were deep beneath the surface of the ocean, they began exerting themselves in their panic. Thus, characters with a Constitution score of 12 or less can hold their breath for one round, while those with a score of 13 or more can hold it for two rounds. After this, a Constitution check must be rolled each round to continue resisting breathing. Each subsequent round receives a cumulative -2 penalty. Play up the panic and terror of drowning with the players via the NPCs, rolling for the dwarves and describing how they are madly flailing, trying to claw their way to the surface, but are, of course, failing due to their heavy armor. Once a character fails the Constitution check to keep holding his breath, he will begin to black out and, as he does, he reflexively exhales and then inhales water—only to discover that he does not drown and then that he can actually breathe the water!

For DMs seeking a note of realism, feel free to point out to the surface-world PCs that breathing liquid water in and out of the lungs is much more strenuous an act than breathing gaseous air. The PCs are in no particular danger from this exertion, but the DM may declare that the PCs’ diaphragms and rib-muscles become sore with the effort of breathing (onset time: 1d12 turns after immersion). After the PCs acclimate (1d4 days), the soreness subsides with no ill effects for the heroes.

The Mythal

The magical field that surrounds Myth Nantar provides many life-supporting functions and makes the world of Serôs much easier to explore for surface dwellers. It takes care of temperature, pressure, and all changes involved in casting surface-magic in the water. In other words, other than being wet (which the dwarves find discomfiting enough) and the mobility factor of moving about in water by swimming rather than walking along the sea floor, the *mythal* creates an area within the water where nearly all beings can act as they do on the surface. For more details on the *mythal* and its effects, see Appendix IV Magic.



So Near yet So Far

Those characters (and the dwarves) who were too heavy to swim, drop like stones toward the shipwreck below, a Thayvian vessel known as the *Prismatic*. Roll 1d8 to determine where each character lands: 1-2 to the left of the vessel; 3-6 on the ship's deck; and 7-8 to the right of the ship. As for the dwarves, Bapar lands on the deck, while his two comrades miss it, one falling to each side (DM's choice of who lands where). Characters who miss the deck of the ship land in silt about two feet deep (reducing walking movement by half). The prow of the ship is pointed generally west, with its port (left) side toward Myth Nantar.

There is a 25% chance that any armored character who lands on the deck of the ship actually punches a hole through the weakened deck planks and falls through to the cargo hold below. Check for each character. Note that Bapar does not break through. Once all the sinking characters have landed and everyone realizes they are not going to drown, read the following aloud:

As you settle to the floor of the ocean, near this great shipwreck, you see that it is one among many, a vast plain of them, stretching as far as the dim light allows you to see. Several yards above the deck, floating almost serenely, is a great throne carved of some dark material. At each corner of the base is what appears to be some sort of skull, perhaps reptilian in nature. In this magnificent seat, surrounded by a faint blue glow, sits an elf—or rather, what you think an elf would look like if he lived beneath the waves, for his hands are webbed, and he has gill slits on either side of his throat. His skin seems to be a strangely silver color, although that could be an illusion caused by the luminescent glow around him.

"The *Throne!*" cries Bapar, seemingly unaware that he is able to speak underwater. "By Dumathoin's Beard, it be the *Wyrmskull* itself!"

The elf in the seat smiles, briefly, even as he raises a hand and gestures. With a gasp, Bapar loses his grip on the magical *scepter* that brought you here, and you all watch as it glides quickly through the water to the elf's outstretched hand.

Gantar Kraok (the elf in the throne) has used his *ring of telekinesis* to bring the *scepter* to himself. At this point, give the characters a chance to react. Unfortunately for them, Gantar is protecting himself with one of the powers of the throne, the *forcefield*. This provides Gantar with an AC -6 and acts as a nondispelable *globe of invulnerability*, keeping all 1st-4th level spells from reaching him (see Appendix IV: Magic, for more information on the powers of the *Throne*).

Once each character has had an opportunity take one action, read the following aloud:

"I thank you for delivering my prize," The elf chuckles. "And now I must away to study it." A split second later, he and the *Throne* are no longer there.

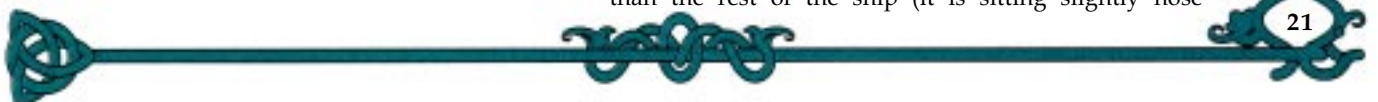
Gantar has used the *teleportation* power of the *Wyrmskull Throne* to take himself and the *Throne* to the Alatorin *Scepter* he has stashed in his secret lair beneath the Shipwreck Plains. Obviously, Bapar is furious at this turn of events, but he does not have time to fume, for more excitement arises from belowdecks. Assuming that at least one character has crashed through to the cargo deck below the main deck of the ship, the slithering hoard there has left its nest at the disturbance and is attacking. Go to "Cargo Deck," below.

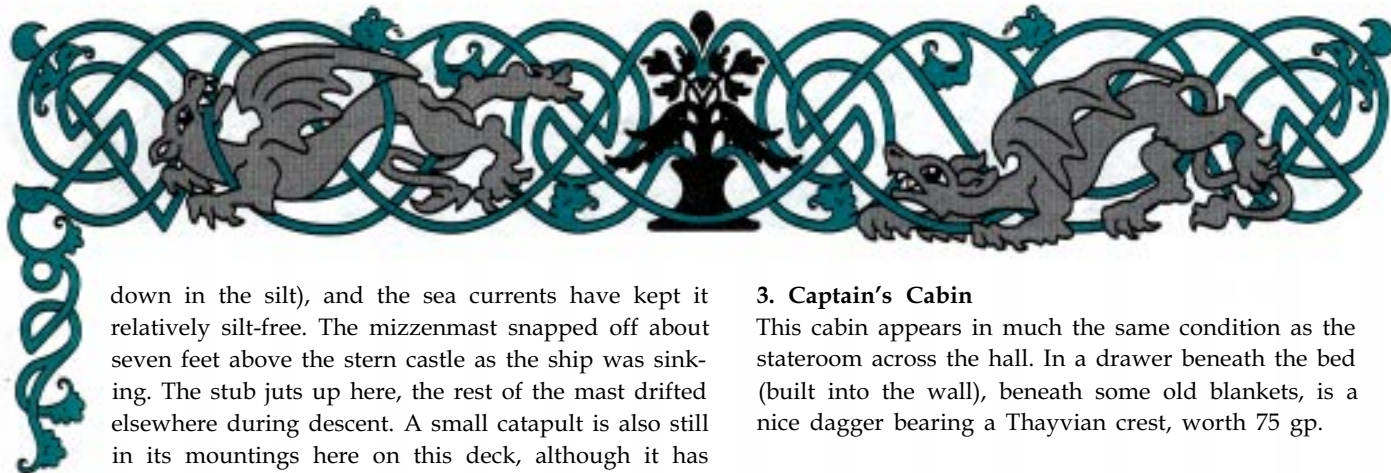
The *Prismatic*

This Thayvian ship recently sank and has settled here. It has a large hole in the starboard (right) side of its hull that opens into the steerage deck, leaving the main and cargo decks whole (and all the cargo doors shut). It was en route from Thay to Sembia to deliver a tribute (the "prize" that awaits in the cargo deck, below) when it hit bad weather and sank. Assume that all characters who did not drop into the silt on either side of the *Prismatic* actually landed the main deck in the center of the ship. Any characters who crashed through the weakened planks of the main deck have fallen through to the cargo deck. The main deck and the castles are covered with the usual detritus; partially rotted rigging is entangled with spars, all covered with a light coating of silt.

Stern Castle

The stem castle of the *Prismatic* rises slightly higher than the rest of the ship (it is sitting slightly nose





down in the silt), and the sea currents have kept it relatively silt-free. The mizzenmast snapped off about seven feet above the stern castle as the ship was sinking. The stub juts up here, the rest of the mast drifted elsewhere during descent. A small catapult is also still in its mountings here on this deck, although it has long since been sprung. None of its ammunition of stones remains on deck. Near the back of the stern castle is the tiller, intact.

Forecastle

At the front of the ship, overlooking the remains of the jib, is the forecastle. The foremast broke off right at the deck line just as the ship settled to the bottom, and the rest of the mast lies to the side, its tip buried in the silt. At the front of the forecastle are a pair of ruined ballistae, their bowstrings rotted in two. A handful of ballista bolts lie scattered across the deck, and some spilled over onto the main deck. The rest have long since fallen to the sea floor and settled out of sight into the silt.

Main Deck

This is where the characters who actually manage to land on the ship begin this scene. Anyone who is not careful as they move about on the main deck runs the risk of getting feet tangled in half-rotted rigging, sails, and spars.

1. Rope, Line, and Anchor Storage

The jib boom still juts out here, although due to the forward tilt of the *Prismatic*, it lies almost parallel to the sea floor. The anchor chain is attached here, although it snakes over the side, connected to the anchor that is buried somewhere out in the silt several yards away.

2. Forward Stateroom

Although most of the furnishings on board a ship are secured, the loose furnishings are jumbled in a huge mess here, including a rotting mattress and sheets, a chair, several lanterns, and miscellaneous decorations. The last passenger to occupy this room was a Red Wizard who *teleported* himself elsewhere when it became obvious that the ship was sinking. He took most of his belongings with him, but in his haste, he left a cloak hanging in the armoire that had a small pouch with three 100-gp gems and a watertight scroll tube. Inside the tube is a scroll with three wizard spells: *charm monster*, *passwall*, and *wall of fire*.

3. Captain's Cabin

This cabin appears in much the same condition as the stateroom across the hall. In a drawer beneath the bed (built into the wall), beneath some old blankets, is a nice dagger bearing a Thayvian crest, worth 75 gp.

4. Dignitary's Cabin

Again, this room was turned topsy-turvy when the *Prismatic* sank. No one occupied this room on her last voyage, so it is devoid of anything interesting, although the furnishings were obviously very fine.

5. Pantry

This small cabin was lined with shelves to hold dry goods and other foodstuffs during the voyage. When the *Prismatic* sank, the contents of the shelves were scattered across the room haphazardly, and now rest in various heaps on the floor. The packaging of the food has long since disintegrated, and a swarm of tiny sea scavengers has taken up residence here, dining on the goods. If anyone actually enters the room, they stir these creatures up, which rise in great clouds and swarm about in the companionway (and into any other rooms where the characters have left the door open) for 1d12+3 turns, completely obscuring vision.

6. Chart Room

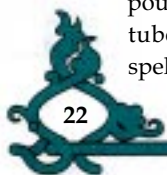
The table and chairs that were once used in the center of this room are all upended now. The charts have mostly disintegrated by now, although opening any of the many flat, shallow drawers that completely line one wall may reveal salvageable navigation charts or other maps that the DM may place here.

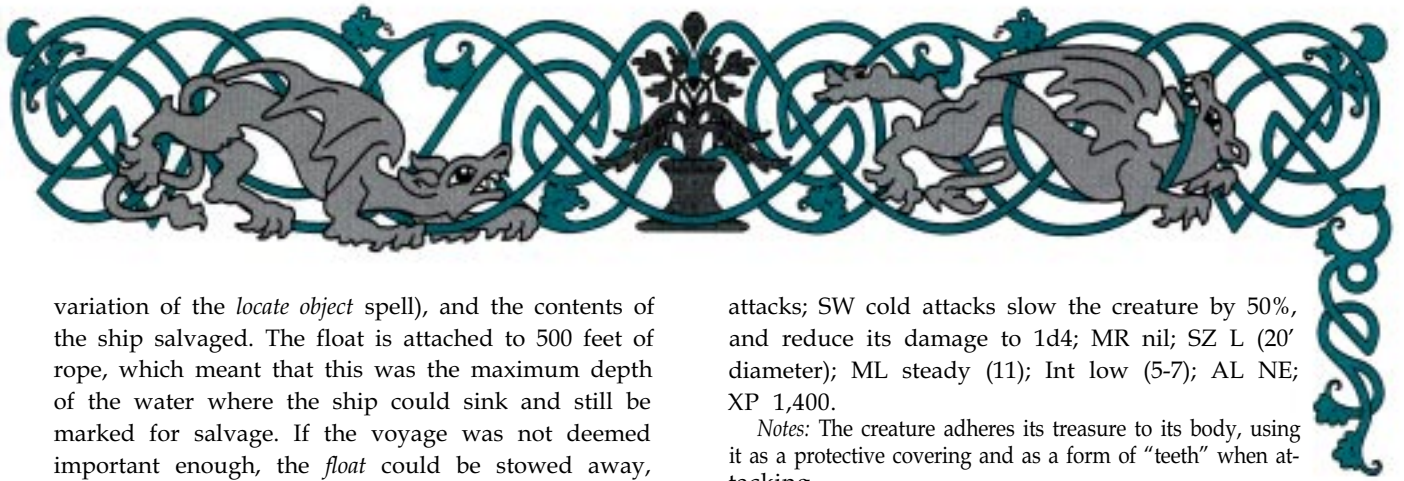
7. Galley

This chamber was once the ship's kitchen, although all of the cooking utensils have been tossed about, creating a huge mess. If the characters spend at least three turns searching here, they find a wooden case containing four table settings' worth of fine silverware, intact. The entire set is worth 150 gp.

8. Storage/Hold

This overly large closet contains tools, the remains of more spare rigging, spare furniture for the guest cabins, and a very strange device: a magical *marker float*. The Red Wizards created this device to be mounted on the decks of ships on very important voyages so that if any vessel sank, the *marker* would float to the surface, the ship could be magically located by the wizards (using a





variation of the *locate object* spell), and the contents of the ship salvaged. The float is attached to 500 feet of rope, which meant that this was the maximum depth of the water where the ship could sink and still be marked for salvage. If the voyage was not deemed important enough, the *float* could be stowed away, which is what occurred in this case. Note that most surface-world and many aquatic PCs likely do not have access to Thayvian magical secrets.

This *float* is firmly pinned against the ceiling of the storage closet, and has enough buoyancy that it can carry to the surface up to 500 pounds. If the characters try to remove this item from the closet, they have the means of being towed to the surface (although the sudden appearance of this *marker float* will raise eyebrows back in Thay, where those in power will certainly send someone to investigate). Unless another vessel happens to see the *float* and the PCs at the surface before the Red Wizards arrive, the PCs and perhaps the dwarves can look forward to enjoying Thayvian hospitality.

9. Cargo Doors

A double latch that is still locked currently closes this large opening into the cargo deck below.

Cargo Deck

This deck served as a combination of crew quarters and cargo storage. Any PCs who plunged through the weakened deck planks above during their descent wind up here. The main area is a cargo deck where goods intended to be delivered to Sembia were at one time stored in crates that had been lashed to the deck itself by large metal loops bolted to the floor. During the sinking, many of the crates snapped free of their moorings and shattered, discharging their contents. Most of the goods (fine silks, food delicacies, and artwork) are ruined, but a few items can be salvaged. However, at the moment, they are all part of a slithering hoard, which has been holed up in here since the *Prismatic* went down. The moment the creature detects any sort of disturbance in the currents (whether due to a character falling through from the deck above or from one or more PCs coming down through the cargo doors or the stairwells above or below), it slides from its nest behind a group of still-intact crates to attack.

Slithering hoard (1): AC 4; MV 9, swim 6; HD 5; hp 20; THAC0 17; #AT 2; Dmg 2d8/2d8; SA suffocation; SD immune to electrical, paralyzation, and *fear, hold, polymorph*, and sleep-based

attacks; SW cold attacks slow the creature by 50%, and reduce its damage to 1d4; MR nil; SZ L (20' diameter); ML steady (11); Int low (5-7); AL NE; XP 1,400.

Notes: The creature adheres its treasure to its body, using it as a protective covering and as a form of "teeth" when attacking.

Once the slithering hoard is slain, the characters can gather its treasure with little difficulty. It consists of: 142 cp, 277 sp, 360 gp, 934 pp, a silver necklace (50 gp) and matching silver bracelets (50 gp for the pair), a platinum wine goblet (90 gp), a gold clasp set with diamonds (800 gp) a *potion of levitation*, and a *potion of delusion*.

1a-e. Crew Quarters

Each of these rooms once served as bunkrooms for the crew of the *Prismatic*, the common sailors who inhabited the ship. The furnishings are simple (four men shared each room). There is nothing of interest in any of the rooms except 1d, where a single turn of searching uncovers a small decorative mirror and a set of lady's hair combs, all in silver (a sailor's present for his girl, for the next time he was in port) and worth 100 gp.

2. Cargo Doors

Identical to the doors above, these latched hatch covers open to reveal another deck below (the steerage deck).

3. Officers' Quarters

This room was designed to house the first and second mates for the *Prismatic*. Again, all of the loose furniture was tossed about when the ship sank, and it is now scattered about the room. If the characters search for a full turn, they find a fine set of thieves' tools tucked inside a half-rotten leather pouch inside one of the two sea chests here.

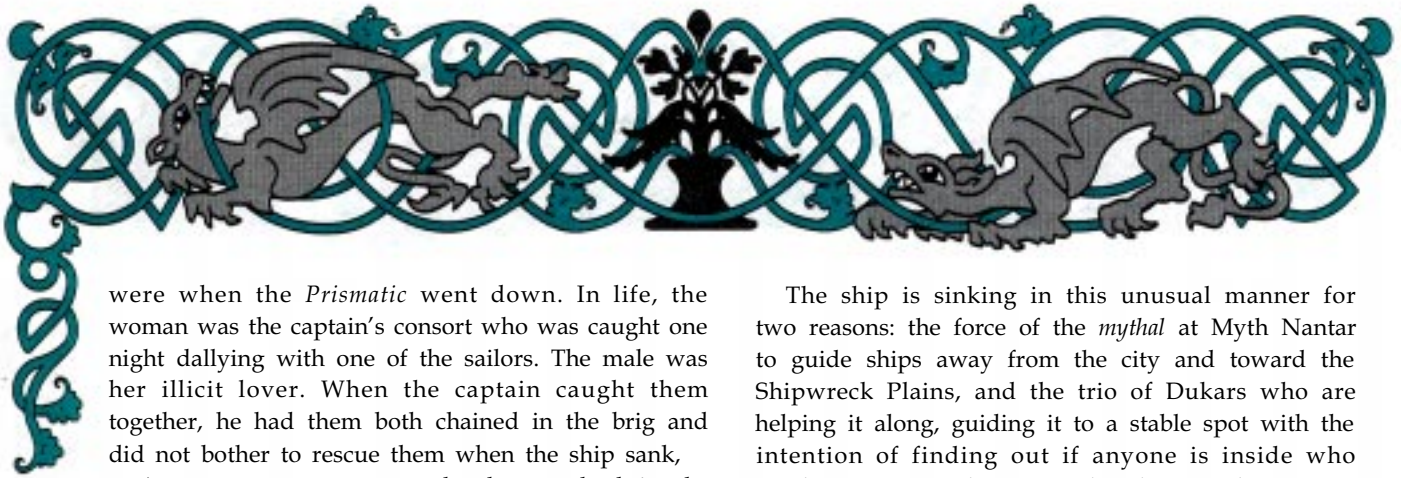
Steerage Deck

This is the lowest deck of the ship. There is a large hole ripped along the right side of the vessel, and it is low enough that silt has spilled into the main cargo compartment there. Any characters that did not manage to land on the main deck of the ship when they first arrived here can enter the ship through this hole.

1. Brig

Inside this chamber are two sea zombies, one male and one female, still chained as the prisoners they





were when the *Prismatic* went down. In life, the woman was the captain's consort who was caught one night dallying with one of the sailors. The male was her illicit lover. When the captain caught them together, he had them both chained in the brig and did not bother to rescue them when the ship sank,

As soon as anyone opens the door to the brig, the two zombies begin growling, snarling, and lunging toward the intruders, straining against the chains that still hold them. There is a 30% chance per round that the chains will snap, freeing one or both of the creatures to attack; check each zombie's bonds separately. These sea zombies have no treasure.

Zombie, sea (2): AC 7; MV 6, swim 12 (0 while chained); HD 5; hp 27, 21; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10 (chains); SA stench, diseases; SD spell immunity; SW electrical damage; MR nil; SZ M (6' tall); ML fearless (20); Int low (5-7); AL CE; XP 420 each.

Notes: Anyone within 20 feet must roll a successful saving throw vs. poison or become nauseated, suffering a -1 penalty to attack rolls and a +1 penalty to AC for 2d4 rounds. Any successful hit from one of the creatures has a 10% chance of causing a severe disease in the victim. Sea zombies are immune to sleep, charm spells, illusions, and other mind-altering spells, and fire and fire-based damage only inflict half damage, but lightning, electrical, and cold-based attacks inflict double damage to them.

2. Pantry

This secondary pantry was used to store salted meats and other goods that would last for long periods of time without spoiling. Now, however, the goods are ruined, piled onto the floor of the room in a messy heap. There is nothing of value here.

Out of The Clear Blue

Once the characters are finished exploring the ship or rescuing any of their companions who fell into the lair of the slithering hoard, a new danger arrives. Overhead, a new shipwreck is settling toward the group, although it is falling more slowly than it should, and it is descending at an unusual angle (see below for reasons). Each character that passes an Intelligence check realizes this, and also realizes that the sinking ship is headed toward where they all stand on the *Prismatic!*

The ship is sinking in this unusual manner for two reasons: the force of the *mythal* at Myth Nantar to guide ships away from the city and toward the Shipwreck Plains, and the trio of Dukars who are helping it along, guiding it to a stable spot with the intention of finding out if anyone is inside who needs rescuing. These are the three Dukars mentioned in the introduction under "Dukars of the Nantarn Alliance."

In order to avoid having Dinam, Ka'ioa'Tara, and Paxas set the ship down on top of the PCs, the heroes are going to have to either get the Dukars' attention or get out of the way. If they successfully hail the trio of Dukars (make considerable noise, shine a bright light, etc.), the NPCs manage to redirect the sinking ship to one side. Otherwise, the PCs have three rounds to dodge the ship as it sinks, clearing their companions out of the *Prismatic's* hold before the new ship comes crashing down across the front half of it. Anyone actually on the sea floor when the new ship descends are hampered in the mud and silt and have a 50% chance of being caught underneath the shipwreck as it collides.

When the ship finally touches down, the front half of the *Prismatic* is slammed down and the rear half is flung upward, launching anyone on the stern castle about 2d20 feet up and away, to the west. Anyone still on or in the *Prismatic* at impact suffers 5d8 points of damage from shattering wood and snapping metal. There is also a 2% chance per point of damage suffered that said character is trapped in some way inside the ship, whether due to being pinned underneath a beam, trapped inside a room with the door suddenly wedged shut, or some other form of confinement (so, a character still inside the cargo hold of the *Prismatic* might suffer 3d4 points of damage and have a 68% chance of being trapped in there). In addition, the impact frees both the slithering hoard and the pair of sea zombies (all undamaged), all of which find a way out of the crushed ship and, two rounds after impact, attack anyone that escaped the impact.

Once the characters free any trapped companions, kill any remaining creatures, and get themselves generally sorted out again, the Dukars introduce themselves and offer their profound apologies for this unfortunate accident. They are quite interested to hear about what the characters are doing here in the middle of the ocean when it is obvious that they are not native to the sea. If you have the





Sea of Fallen Stars accessory, you may wish to have the Dukars invite the group back to Myth Nantar for rest, healing, and formal introductions to the leaders of the Nantarn Alliance. Otherwise, Dinam and his companions can serve as a quick sounding board, answering a few questions about where the characters are and why they can survive under water. The DM can provide as much or as little information as she sees fit, depending on how well the PCs have been getting along thus far.

Bapar is anxious to go off in search of the villain who stole his *scepter* and the *Throne*, using his magical hammer to lead the way. He is in general unwilling to hang around and exchange pleasantries with the Dukars, although he will see the wisdom of resting if the party is badly hurt. He will brook no foolish delays, though, insisting repeatedly that the trail grows colder with every passing moment.

If the party explains what happened to them and describes Gantar to the Dukars, the trio does not know recognize Kraok, but they confirm from the characters' description that he is, indeed, a sea elf. They can offer to research him back in Myth Nantar, if the party desires, but Bapar is unwilling to wait, even when others might suggest that learning information about this enemy might prove valuable in the long run. Bapar believes that dwarven divine right will lead them to the Throne and aid them in successfully vanquishing their enemies.

If Bapar has not survived, one of the other dwarves can use his hammer to find Gantar's hideout. If none of the dwarves survived, the characters must now visit Myth Nantar, where some of the lords of the Nantarn Alliance recognize the PCs' description of Gantar and provide a means of finding his hideout.

Throne to The Fishes

Once the characters are ready to get underway, using either Bapar's hammer or the magical aid provided by the Dukars, the trail leads them generally northeast of the *Prismatic* (about 300 yards away), to where a shipwreck lies on its side, wood rotted away and hull's ribs sticking up, looking strangely like the carcass of some creature that died, with only its ribs remaining, resting on the bottom of the ocean. The ribs form a passage down

into the sea floor, easy enough to traverse once it is found, but very well hidden from the casual searcher. The tunnel leads through winding passages, twisting and descending for nearly a mile before arriving at the entrance to Gantar's hidden stronghold. The adventure continues in the next chapter.





Into The Twisted Tunnels

This part of the adventure begins once Bapar's magical hammer has led the party to the entrance to Gantar Kraok's lair, which lies within the rotting hull of a ship on the Shipwreck Plains not too far from where the heroes first appeared under water. The tunnel within the ship leads for the better part of a quarter-mile down into the floor of the sea, until it opens out into Area 1 (see the map on pages 32-33). The area beneath the Shipwreck Plains is actually riddled with tunnels, and this portion is but one small section of a vast network. The spots marked as Area 2 and Area 4 on the map indicate where the tunnels continue in other directions, allowing the DM to expand the scope of this adventure as she sees fit.

Tunnel Basics

All the tunnels within Gantar's lair are roughly circular in shape; those that are not are noted as such within the text. The major tunnels average about forty to fifty feet wide, while the smaller ones are roughly ten to twenty feet across. For the most part, the caverns (chambers) are as tall as they are deep, meaning they are roughly spherical in shape. In many places, the walls of the tunnels are bare rock, but that is interspersed with sections of hardy kelps and long-dead coral reefs. Unless otherwise noted, the chambers all have a layer of silt and sand for the "floor," which allows the kelp an anchor in which to grow.

Lighting can be accomplished by any number of sources:

- If the dwarves are still with the group, they each wear a minor magical necklace with a small amber gem; this gem can glow, putting off soft, warm light in a twenty-foot radius, on command; the necklace functions once per day, and the effect lasts up to eight hours at a time;
- Any spellcasters in the party can make use of a *light* or other spells;
- If the Dukars accompany the group (and if they are wearing their special harnesses with pouches), they can pull out pieces of reddish blaze coral, mount them on any pole-like object (a harpoon, a broken trident found in the Shipwreck Plains, etc.), and wrap skazar kelp fronds around it, causing the coral to erupt in a bubbling hot but bright light—an underwater torch, for all intents and purposes.
- The PCs themselves may have other sources of light that do not rely on fire.
- Some areas within the tunnel complex (K2-K5, Q1-Q4) are lit naturally by luminescent fungi and coral combinations on the cavern walls; permanent magical effects light others (T4 and T5).

Traps Aplenty

Rather than key and detail each of the traps that appear on the map, a list of possibilities has been provided to the DM to quickly and easily set up a variety of both mundane and magical traps for the heroes to encounter as they explore the place.

This list is far from exhaustive; you should feel free to develop (or steal from other products) more traps with which to irritate and pummel the characters. Of course, the



DM may feel that the group has taken enough of a beating already, and springing additional dangers upon the PCs will leave them too weak to face the final challenges of this scenario. In this case, dispense with one or more given traps, assuming that they simply are not there. Note that Gantar Kraok knows how to disarm and reset all the traps in this section of the tunnels.

One thing to keep in mind here is that typical trap mechanics found in other adventures set on dry land simply may not work underwater. Pressure plates on the ground can easily be swum over, counterweights may not work quite the same way, and contact poisons wash off in the current. On the other hand, being underwater does allow for some clever new ways of springing traps. Motion sensors that trigger traps when creatures disturb the water nearby, and the effects of buoyancy can be used to much better advantage in the depths of the sea.

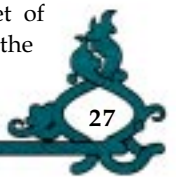
Mechanical Traps

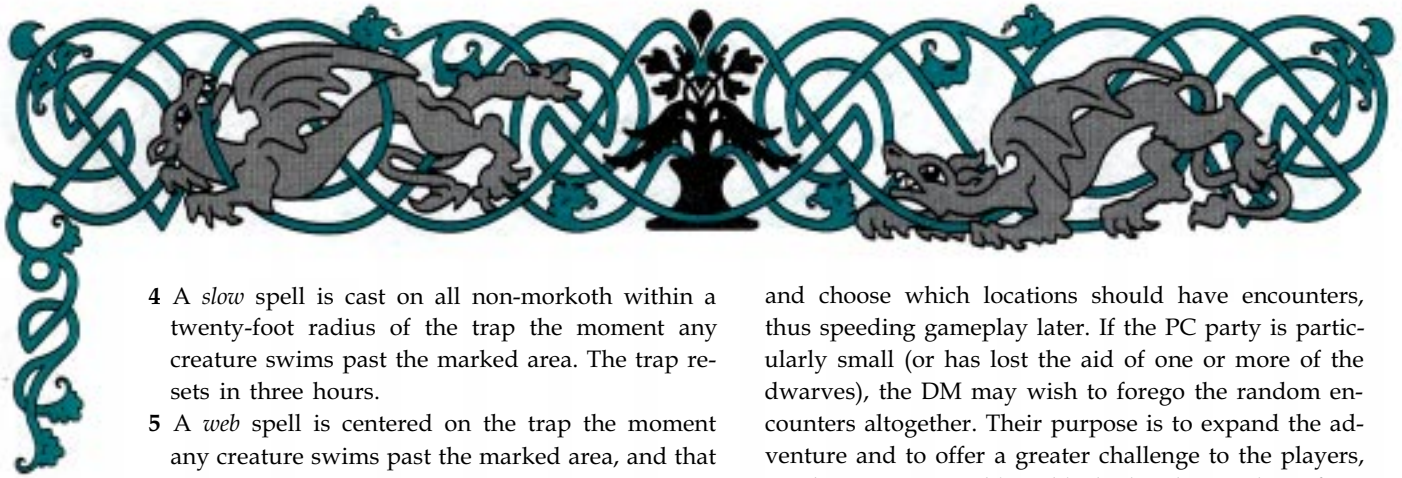
- 1 Webbing made of a very fine (and all but invisible when underwater) filament is stretched across the passageway; when a creature bumps against it, 1d4 spears stab out of a nearby surface with a THAC0 of 13, inflicting 1d6 points of damage each.
- 2 A small pendulum is suspended very near a contact plate; when a creature moves past the pendulum, the water current created causes it to strike the contact plate, opening a small cavity overhead that releases a crystal ooze. The crystal ooze then drops down onto the victim from above.
- 3 A pendulum-operated (see #2, above) deadfall causes a large rock to crash down onto the victim; the falling rock has a THAC0 13, and any attacks that miss by only one number are glancing blows that cause 1d4+1 points of damage. (Example: if an 11 result is needed to hit the PC, and the attack-roll result is a 10, then the hero suffers a glancing blow.) Direct hits inflict 3d6, 4d6, or 5d6 points of damage, depending on the size of the rock (DM's choice).
- 4 A webbing-operated (see #1, above) cage made out of tridents slams down around the trap area marked, trapping up to two beings there. The cage has a THAC0 of 5; any attack roll that misses by a single point means the victim is not trapped, but the a trident head strikes the PC directly, inflicting 1d8 points of damage. It takes a successful Bend Bars/Lift Gates roll to escape the cage.
- 5 A web trigger activates the fall of a sahuagin's net from the ceiling, which entangles the victim and sinks its hooks into him or her for 1d4 points of damage plus the usual problems of net entanglement.
- 6 A pendulum trigger pumps poison into the water within a ten-foot radius of the trap. Victims (whether breathing with gills are with lungs within the *Mythal*) suffer 2d10 points of damage, or half if a successful saving throw vs. poison is rolled.
- 7 A pendulum trigger activates a mechanism that launches a large number of claw coral shards at those within the trap area. Up to 1d8 pieces each have a THAC0 of 10 and each inflicts 1d3 points of damage.
- 8 Contact poison covers the fronds of a thick bed of kelp, which fills the area in question. Creatures must swim through the kelp to pass through the tunnel, touching the fronds and suffering damage from the poison. Victims suffer 1d8 points of damage per round in contact with the kelp unless a successful saving throw is rolled (the saving throw must be checked each round the victim is in contact with the poison). The size of the area and the speed of the beings passing through it determine the number of rounds needed to move through the trap area. (See "2. Heat Vent" below for an example.)

Magical Traps

Spell conditions set long ago by the morkoth, who once conquered and controlled this area, have some hidden rejuvenation abilities within the coral and stone of these tunnels. When these spell effects are set off, they either regenerate immediately to be effective again in next round, or some of the greater effects take a few rounds to regenerate. All spells are set within cut gems or precious metals and embedded in the floor, walls, or ceiling of the area, and they react to preset conditions noted in each trap. Unless noted otherwise, the spells set within these traps operate as if cast by a 12th-level caster.

- 1 *Faerie fire* is placed on all victims two rounds after they swim through the area of the trap. The trap functions continuously.
- 2 A *confusion* spell is cast on all within ten feet of the trap the moment any creature swims past the marked area. The trap resets in one hour.
- 3 A *blindness* spell is cast on all within ten feet of the trap the moment any creature swims past the marked area. The trap resets in three hours.





- 4 A *slow* spell is cast on all non-morkoth within a twenty-foot radius of the trap the moment any creature swims past the marked area. The trap resets in three hours.
- 5 A *web* spell is centered on the trap the moment any creature swims past the marked area, and that is immediately followed by a monster *summoning I* spell, which summons 5d10 saltwater piranha (AC 8, MV swim 9, HD 1/2, THAC0 20, #AT 1, Dmg 1d2, XP 7 each). The piranha attack until destroyed or until fourteen rounds have passed, then they vanish. They are small enough not to be affected by the webs. The trap resets in one hour.
- 6 A lightning ball (the form a *lightning bolt* takes when cast underwater) is centered on the trap the moment any creature swims past the marked area. The lightning ball acts as a fireball spell but is electrical energy. The trap resets in six hours.

Undeveloped Encounter Locations

Many of the smaller chambers and caverns off the main tunnels have been marked with an “R” or “R (lair)” on the large map. This indicates locations that have not been specifically keyed and described in the sections below, but which can serve as additional encounter spots, should the DM want to offer more challenge and variety to the heroes as they explore this place. Remember, this section of tunnels is just one small part of a much larger network; the main tunnels can almost serve as an undersea highway for a wide variety of creatures to travel, stopping along the way to take up temporary (or permanent) residence in out-of-the-way hidey-holes. These small, undetailed areas could serve the DM as locations to sow the seeds of future adventures beneath the Shipwreck Plains and all of Serôs.

A small table of possible encounters is provided in Appendix II: Monsters, but it is by no means exhaustive; it merely draws upon some of the more common creatures you would expect to find at the bottom of the Sea of Fallen Stars. In addition, encounters do not have to be limited to monsters; sprinkling in a handful of strange physical phenomena (such as undersea hot water or bubbling steam vents, strange kelp beds, air pockets, or residual magical effects from the long-lost elven nation that once ruled this place) will add spice and an additional level of uncertainty to the adventure.

Not every random encounter location needs an actual encounter. The DM might wish to assign a percentage chance of the heroes running into something, or may want to go through the map beforehand

and choose which locations should have encounters, thus speeding gameplay later. If the PC party is particularly small (or has lost the aid of one or more of the dwarves), the DM may wish to forego the random encounters altogether. Their purpose is to expand the adventure and to offer a greater challenge to the players, not become a stumbling block that keeps them from completing their true task—recovery of the *Throne*.

Exploring The Tunnels

The following keyed areas on the map are individual spots that do not have a direct link to any of the scenes in this portion of the adventure. They serve as the connections between those scenes.

1. Entry Tunnel

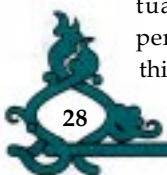
This small winding tunnel levels out at this point, becoming a rather large, open passageway. Several smaller tunnels open to either side of the main one. Starting at this point and continuing down to Area S1, kelp grows rather thickly, creating the notion of moving through tall grasses.

2. Heat Vent

Where the tunnel grows wide here, the water grows considerably warmer, and there is a noticeable current out away from the central area. Undersea lava flows have pushed near to the surface here, and the result is a series of heat vents along the floor of the cavern. Exceptionally hot water bubbles and boils from small cones all along the floor of this place. The bubbles create a shimmering curtain that obscures vision and buffets creatures trying to swim through.

In addition, the water is hot enough to be more than merely uncomfortable for anyone trying to pass through it; for every round spent unprotected within the turbulent waters directly above the multitude of vents, 2d6 points of scalding damage are suffered. Any sort of *protection from heat* or similar spells negates this effect. It takes a creature with a movement rate of 12 or slower three rounds to cross the vent area, two rounds for creatures with a movement rate of more than 12 but less than 18, and but a single round for creatures that can move at least 18 underwater.

If anyone cares to try to explore this area, there are few items that have been lost by others trying to traverse the heat vent area. These few items have settled





to the floor of the cavern, between the conical jets of searing water. For each turn spent searching (a difficult task, given the heat and the buffeting of the jets of bubbles and water), roll on the table below.

1d8 Result

- 1 gems (×3)
- 2 diadem made of coral and shells (110 gp)
- 3 *potion of undead control—sea zombies*
- 4 *coral ring of free action*
- 5 *coral wand of fear* (13 charges)
- 6 *Murlynd's spoon*
- 7 *lens of detection*
- 8 *dagger +2*

With the exception of the gems, no item can be found more than once. The first time a 1 is rolled, 1d4 gems are gathered during the turn spent searching. The second time the result is a 1, 1d3 gems are found, and the third time a 1 comes up, 1d2 gems are found. On the fourth or subsequent time a 1 is rolled, and on the second or subsequent time a 2-7 is rolled, nothing is found that turn. Roll on Table 85 in the DMG, page 181 to determine the value (and type, if desired) of the gems found.

3 and 4. Connecting Tunnels

At this junction, a tunnel leads away from the general location of Gantar's lair and off to other portions of the tunnel network. To keep the plot more or less on track, the DM might wish to dissuade the heroes from heading down this way. Simply have the group's means of tracking the *scepter* make it evident that following this passage leads them away from the object of their quest. If they seem persistent in heading this way, have the tunnel progress for a number of yards and then end in a blockage of some sort (landslide, now-cooled lava flow, etc.)

Alternatively, you may decide to expand this adventure into a campaign unto itself, and therefore map out more of the undersea tunnels for the heroes to explore. It is certainly possible that the Nantarn Alliance will want brave explorers to check out the entirety of the tunnel network, looking for more remnants of Arysalmalyr, the ancient sea elf kingdom.

Stirring The Pot

Gantar has enlisted the aid of a sea hag, who makes her home here in this cavern complex along the main tunnel. She has been instructed to watch for intruders who are obviously not from Serôs and then spring her traps on them.

S1. Hag's Entryway

As the heroes clear the thick kelp that fills the tunnel up to this point, the sea hag, who has been watching them, allows herself to be seen briefly standing in the entrance to the smaller tunnels. However, she has used her *change self* ability to appear as Gantar Kraok. The moment any of the PCs or NPCs spots "him," "he" flees down the tunnel, passing into S2 through the door at the end, locking and barring it behind her.

S2. The Sea Hag's Lair

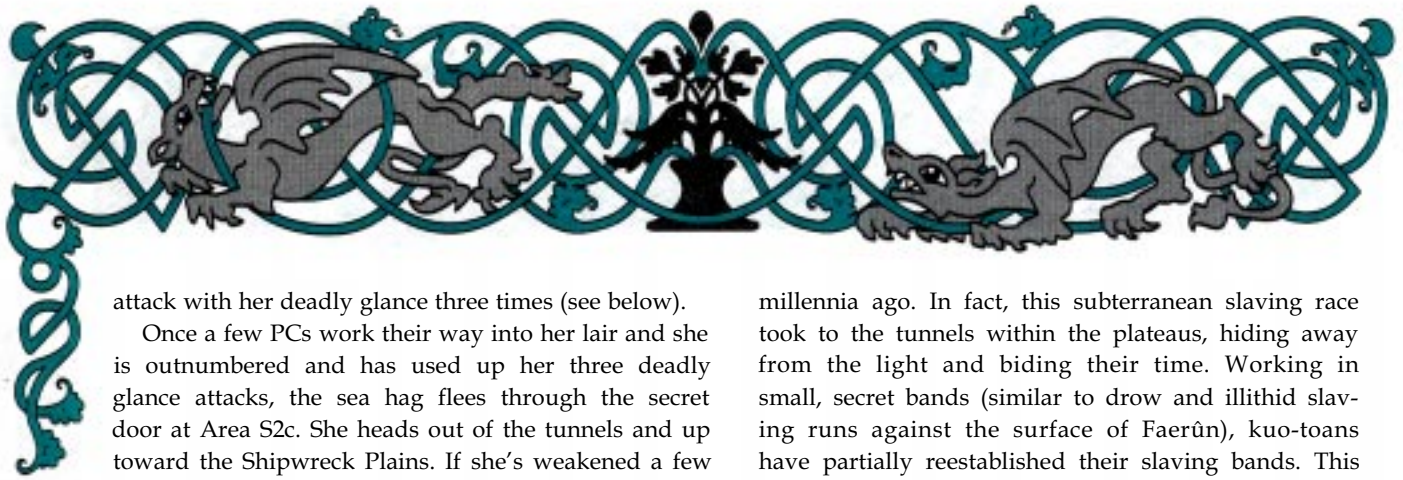
As mentioned above, once the sea hag retreats into this room, she locks and bars the door, leaving only the two windows as means of ingress (Areas a and b, below). Her chambers are spartan, with only a bed of kelp, a few rock outcroppings for resting, and horrid decorations that include the heads of past victims (most of the major sea races found in the Sea of Fallen Stars and a few of surface-world races as well) hanging from the walls in old fishing nets, a few weapons from those she's vanquished, and so forth.

a. First Window

The first opening leading from Area S1 to S2 is a window, three feet on a side. After the sea hag enters her lair, she rushes to this window and transforms into the image of a bound mermaid begging them to help her escape the cruel sea elf that has taken her captive. As soon as someone tries to swim through the window to where the mermaid is imprisoned, she pulls a lever that springs spear traps from above and below the opening. There are two spear attacks, each with a THAC0 of 14, which inflict 1d6 points of damage each. The victim must roll a saving throw vs. petrification or become trapped in place by the impaling spears. After she springs the trap, the sea hag (still in the guise of the mermaid) swims near to window b and waits, out of sight.

b. Second Window

This window is identical to the previous one. This one is also trapped, though in a different way. Any character trying to swim through the opening that touches any of the four sides of the frame (a saving throw vs. breath weapon is required to avoid this contact) suffers 1d8 points of shock damage. The trap is continual, meaning that each creature navigating the opening must avoid the sides or suffer the damage. Only one creature can pass through the opening at a time. Once a hero manages to make it through the opening and into the sea hag's lair she uses the big columns to hide behind, popping out to



attack with her deadly glance three times (see below).

Once a few PCs work their way into her lair and she is outnumbered and has used up her three deadly glance attacks, the sea hag flees through the secret door at Area S2c. She heads out of the tunnels and up toward the Shipwreck Plains. If she's weakened a few of the PCs, she may play cat and mouse by circling around north and doubling back to S1, hoping to catch someone from behind, and then fleeing again, to elsewhere in tunnels. She keeps this up as long as she has the upper hand, but otherwise, she heads into the small, twisting tunnels that are situated between her own lair and Areas K1-K6, hiding there and hoping to come back later to claim treasure or more victims.

c. Secret Door

This door is a simple counterweighted hunk of rock that pivots with pressure in the right place. It can be opened easily from either side, but it swings slowly shut again after it has been opened. If the sea hag manages to escape through here, she pushes the door shut behind her to hide her escape.

d. Treasure Room

The sea hag keeps her true treasure hidden safely away in this small chamber, hidden by secret door. The only way to open this door is by lever, which is currently buried beneath the sandy floor nearby. Secreted away in here are 143 pp, 743 gp, 4,274 sp, a golden scepter (4,000 gp), a finely woven platinum belt with a gem-encrusted buckle (6,000 gp), a *battle axe* +1, and a *buckler shield* +4.

Hag, sea (1): AC 7; MV swim 15; HD 3; hp 11; THAC0 17 (ogre strength); #AT 1; Dmg 1d4+6 (dagger + ogre Strength); SA ghastly visage, deadly glance; SD change self at will; MR 50%; SZ M; ML steady (11); Int average (10); AL CE; XP 1,400.

Notes: The true appearance of the sea hag is so ghastly that all victims within 30 feet who see her must roll a successful saving throw vs. spell or grow weak from fear, losing ½ Strength for 1d6 turns. The sea hag can also use a deadly glance up to three times per day; a single victim within thirty feet that witnesses this glance must roll a successful saving throw vs. poison or either die of fright (25% chance) or fall stricken and paralyzed for three days (75% chance).

Return of Ancient Evils

The kuo-toan race was long thought to have been extinct in Serôs, having been defeated and driven off

millennia ago. In fact, this subterranean slaving race took to the tunnels within the plateaus, hiding away from the light and biding their time. Working in small, secret bands (similar to drow and illithid slaving runs against the surface of Faerûn), kuo-toans have partially reestablished their slaving bands. This encounter area along one of the main tunnels has worked well for them for fifty years, and thus far they have managed to avoid detection by following the passageway off the west side of the map (Area 3) to an escape point about a hundred yards off the edge of the map. This escape point consists of an immediate tangle of six nearly vertical shafts angling down from this main tunnel—the walls are honeycombed with holes, so the noise of moving in one tunnel is echoed through all of them to confuse pursuers.

K1. Tiger Coral Locathah

Hiding within this small alcove are Ghuunis and Kharal, two locathah from the Tiger Coral tribe. This local tribe inhabits parts of the Hmur Plateau, and its rangers and druids wander far and wide across Serôs, seeking to maintain nature's balances. They are currently tracking the kuo-toan slavers that are in the caverns beyond. They are formulating a plan to sneak past the kuo-toan guards at Area K2 by creating a distraction farther out in the main passage, then sneaking through the smaller side tunnels. When they are initially encountered, Ghuunis and Kharal are suspicious of the party, concerned that they might reveal the locathah's presence. However, if the characters show that they are not hostile, and especially if they seem interested in helping to defeat the kuo-toans, the locathah accept them as allies.

While not a major encounter, this mated couple of locathah provides a good example of their race and their belief systems as loyal subjects of Chief Cuvis and irregular visitors to Myth Nantar. One role-playing note to remember is that the locathah are rather uncomfortable within the *mythal's* boundaries due to an odd feeling that accompanies the unique watery environment. If they were not tracking and pursuing slavers, they would not be encountered here at all. They have tracked the kuo-toan slavers by scent, reports from animal friends, and evidence of missing persons around certain cavern areas in the plateau.

Ghuunis (N If D8): AC 6; MV swim 12; hp 38; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (spear); SZ M; ML average (9); Str 10, Dex 9, Con 9, Int 7, Wis 12, Cha 16.



Special Equipment: charm of safety –shark (see Appendix IV: Magic for details on this item).

Spellbook (3/3/3/2): 1st— *cure light wounds, locate animal or plant, entangle (works with coral or kelp)*; 2nd —*aid, speak with animals, slow poison*; 3rd —*hold animals, meld into stone, spike growth (works on kelp, hydrozoans, and coral)*; 4th —*animal summoning I (piranha or stingrays), cure serious wounds*.

Notes: identify plants, animals, and pure water; pass through overgrown areas without trace; immune to *charm* spells cast by water creatures; *shapechange* ability.

Personality: Ghuunis is very hard-nosed and unforgiving in her outlook. She is revolted by the *mythal*'s effects on the watery environment; and she only accepts the *mythal* as "it provides everyone with a place to come together so they may teach others to truly respect the Mother Sea and not abuse it." She thinks and feels in extremes, so either all is right with the world or all is headed for certain doom unless she and Kharal stop it.

Ghuunis hates slavery with a passion, and sets up her motivations with the idea that the kuo-toans, if allowed to maintain this minor slaving operation, will overhunt this area (due to the rise of other predators in Serôs like sahuagin). Thus, it's her responsibility to remove them from this area (as well as the morkoth, who are out of their deep-water habitats, though the kuo-toans come first).

Kharal (NG Im R9): AC 6; MV swim 12; hp 49; THAC0 12; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d6+1 (spear, Strength); SZ M; ML average (9); Str 16, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 9, Wis 14, Cha 5.

Spellbook (2) : 1st— *invisibility to animals, pass without trace*.

Notes: Species enemy: merrow; tracking ability; animal empathy.

Personality: Saying very little, Kharal radiates calm and puts all around him at ease; he is the only person in Serôs capable of calming his mate when she is angered. The only times he becomes excited are while hunting merrow (which he hates with a passion) or frolicking with dolphins in the upwaters.

K2. Guard Post

Three kuo-toan guards stand watch here, vigilant against possible threats to their slaving operation. Their reaction to intruders depends upon the relative strength of the enemy, and their potential as slaves to the kuo-toans. When potential slaves are spotted, the trio assesses their chances of taking the prisoners unaided; if they feel they can overpower the intruders easily, they advance, harpoons at the ready. If the opposing force appears superior, they will retreat into the narrowest portion of the passage, with two defending that position while the third swims to Area K3 to rouse reinforcements. If other types of creatures appear (mindless predators, species the kuo-toa do

not consider as suitable slaves, etc.), the trio of guards merely hold their ground and discourage the opposition from coming near, sending one of their members for aid, if necessary.

A clever party may wish to lure the guards farther out into the main passageway in order to sneak around them through the smaller tunnels to the north. This is a viable plan. Any means of getting the guards' attention that does not directly alert them to the group's strength works easily, as the kuo-toa are cocky and overconfident, convinced of their superiority to their foes here in familiar surroundings. If the heroes manage to get some of their number behind the kuo-toans, they can be subdued without alerting others deeper in.

Kuo-Toa (3): AC 4; MV swim 18; HD 2; hp 10, 9, 4; THAC0 18 (Strength); #AT 2; Dmg 1d4+1/1d4+1 (dagger, bite); SD skin secretions (see below), 180-degree field of vision, sixty-foot infravision, sense vibrations in water at ten yards, surprised only on a 1 on 1d10, immune to poison, paralysis, illusions, and spells that affect only humanoid types, electrical attacks inflict half or no (with saving throw) damage, *magic missiles* inflict only 1 point of damage; SW bright sunlight and light spells inflict a -1 penalty to their attack rolls, suffer full damage from fire attacks and a -2 penalty to saving throw vs. fire; SZ M; ML elite (13); Int high (13); AL NE; XP 175 each.

Notes: The skin secretions of kuo-toa gives attempts to grapple, grasp, tie, or web them a 25% chance of success; their vision allows them to spot movement even when the subject is invisible, astral, or ethereal.

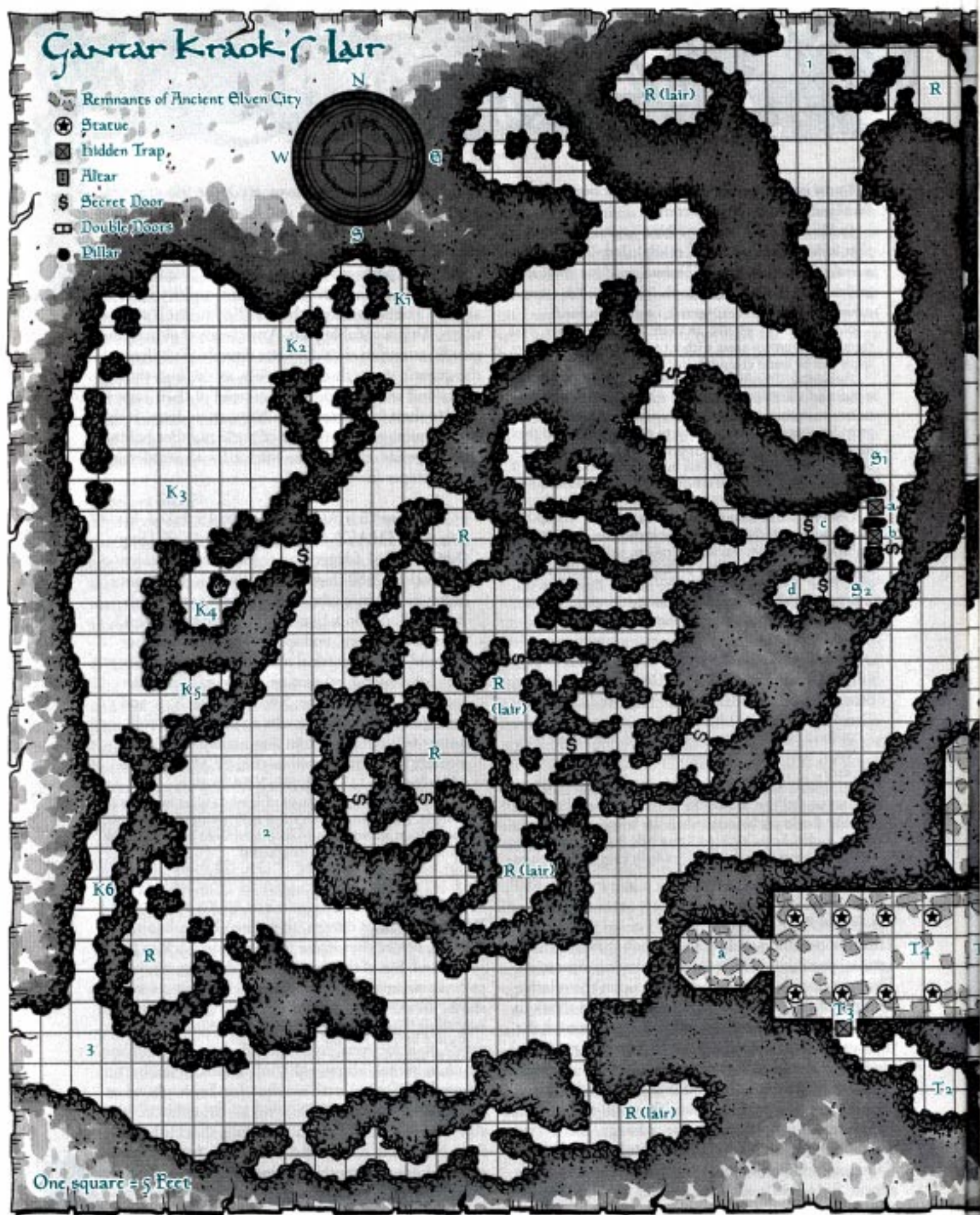
K3. Slave Pens

Within this large cavern, there are eleven kuo-toans relaxing before they make their journey back to their homeland. Six of the creatures are sleeping, while the rest are weaving kelp and coral harnesses for the slaves. In the center of the chamber is a large pit 20 feet deep. Imprisoned within this pit are three mermaids, four mermen, five locathah, and four humans (from a recent shipwreck), all kept docile by an unusual gray-green starfish that has been placed at the base of each prisoner's neck. In addition, the slaves have their hands and legs/tails shackled to the floor of the pit to prevent them from removing the starfish from one another. These creatures are known as feeblestars.

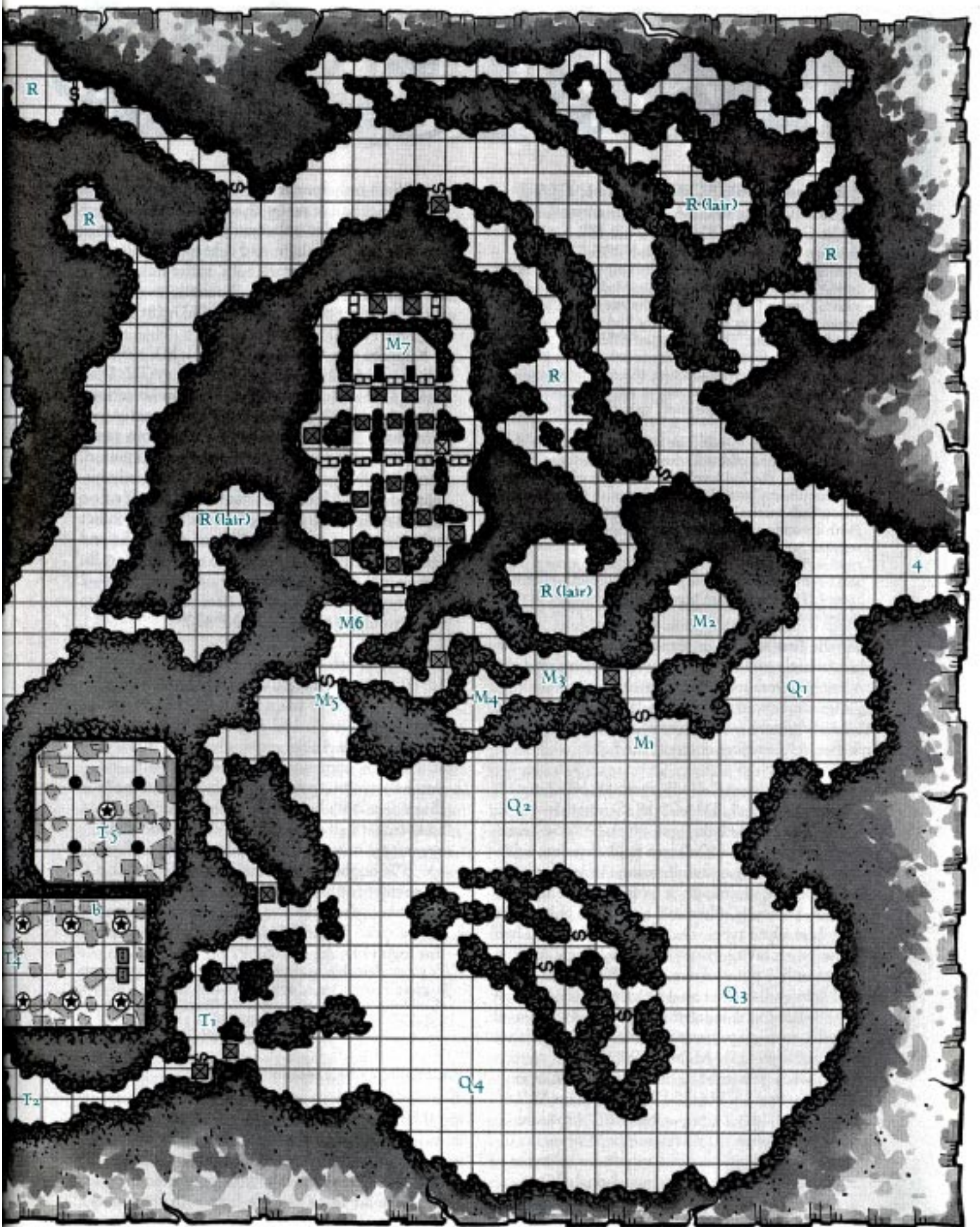


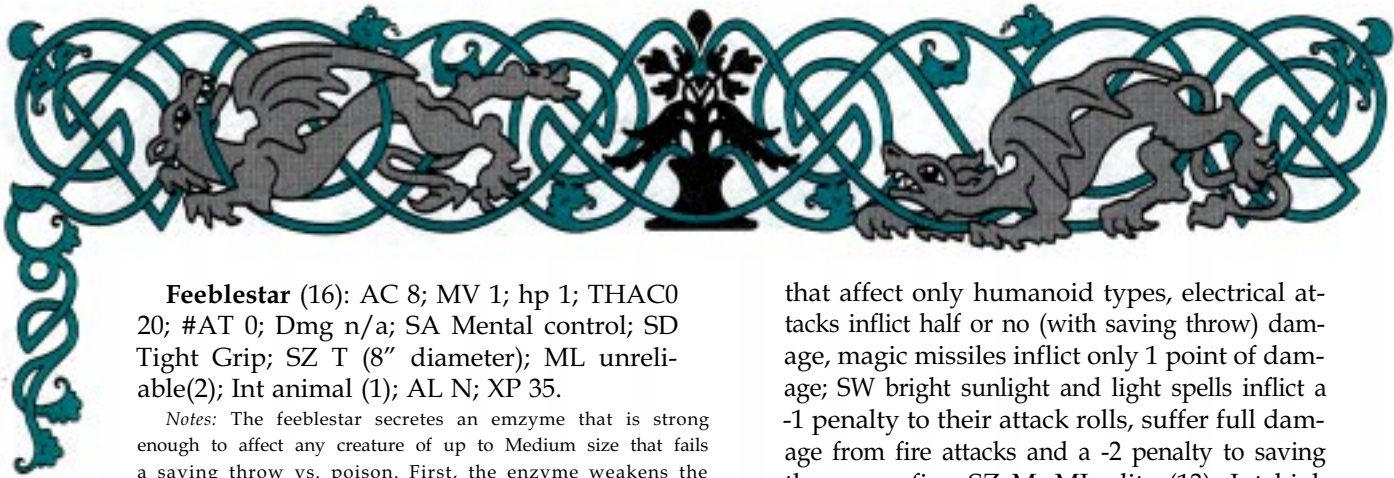
Gantar Kraok's Lair

- Remnants of Ancient Elven City
- Statue
- Hidden Trap
- Altar
- Secret Door
- Double Doors
- Pillar



One square = 5 Feet





Feeblestar (16): AC 8; MV 1; hp 1; THAC0 20; #AT 0; Dmg n/a; SA Mental control; SD Tight Grip; SZ T (8" diameter); ML unreliable(2); Int animal (1); AL N; XP 35.

Notes: The feeblestar secretes an enzyme that is strong enough to affect any creature of up to Medium size that fails a saving throw vs. poison. First, the enzyme weakens the victim with an effect identical to the 2nd-level wizard spell, *ray of enfeeblement*. Thus, the victim suffers from a reduced Strength of 5, with a -2 penalty to attack rolls and a -1 damage roll penalty. In addition, the enzyme secreted by the kuo-toan feeblestar creates an effect identical to the 4th-level wizard spell, *emotion*, specifically the sense of *hopelessness*.

The gray-green starfish form a symbiotic bond with their victims, and their effects on the prisoners are identical to a pair of spells, the 2nd-level wizard spell *ray of enfeeblement* and the 4th-level wizard spell *emotion*, with the *hopelessness* effect. Each victim suffers from an effective Strength of 5 (with accompanying attack and damage penalties) and a sense of *hopelessness*, submitting to the demands of the captors. The starfish dies once pried from the victim's neck, and its effects dissipate from the victim 2d4 rounds after removal. The starfish are bred by the kuo-toans in their homeland.

At the first sign of an attack, the six active kuo-toans (which include five normal warriors and the 3rd-level fighter) react immediately, while the sleeping ones (three warriors, the 4th-level fighter, and the 6th-level fighter) require two rounds to awaken and arm themselves before entering the fight.

Kuo-Toa (8): AC 4; MV swim 18; HD 2; hp 12, 11, 9×2, 8×2, 7, 5; THAC0 18 (Strength); #AT 2; Dmg 1d4+1/1d4+1 (dagger, bite); SD skin secretions (see below), 180-degree field of vision, sixty-foot infravision, sense vibrations in water at ten yards, surprised only on a 1 on 1d10, immune to poison, paralysis, illusions, and spells that affect only humanoid types, electrical attacks inflict half or no (with saving throw) damage, magic missiles inflict only 1 point of damage; SW bright sunlight and light spells inflict a -1 penalty to their attack rolls, suffer full damage from fire attacks and a -2 penalty to saving throw vs. fire; SZ M; ML elite (13); Int high (13); AL NE; XP 175 each.

Kuo-Toa 3rd-level fighter: AC 4; MV swim 18; HD 3; hp 12; THAC0 17 (Strength); #AT 2; Dmg 1d4+1/1d4+1 (dagger, bite); SD skin secretions (see below), 180-degree field of vision, sixty-foot infravision, sense vibrations in water at ten yards, surprised only on a 1 on 1d10, immune to poison, paralysis, illusions, and spells

that affect only humanoid types, electrical attacks inflict half or no (with saving throw) damage, magic missiles inflict only 1 point of damage; SW bright sunlight and light spells inflict a -1 penalty to their attack rolls, suffer full damage from fire attacks and a -2 penalty to saving throw vs. fire; SZ M; ML elite (13); Int high (13); AL NE; XP 270.

Kuo-Toa 4th-level fighter: AC 4; MV swim 18; HD 4; hp 14; THAC0 16 (Strength); #AT 2; Dmg 1d4+1/1d4+1 (dagger, bite); SD skin secretions (see below), 180-degree field of vision, sixty-foot infravision, sense vibrations in water at ten yards, surprised only on a 1 on 1d10, immune to poison, paralysis, illusions, and spells that affect only humanoid types, electrical attacks inflict half or no (with saving throw) damage, magic missiles inflict only 1 point of damage; SW bright sunlight and light spells inflict a -1 penalty to their attack rolls, suffer full damage from fire attacks and a -2 penalty to saving throw vs. fire; SZ M; ML elite (13); Int high (13); AL NE; XP 420.

Kuo-Toa 6th-level fighter: AC 4; MV swim 18; HD 6; hp 19; THAC0 14 (Strength); #AT 2; Dmg 1d4+1/1d4+1 (dagger, bite); SD skin secretions (see below), 180-degree field of vision, sixty-foot infravision, sense vibrations in water at ten yards, surprised only on a 1 on 1d10, immune to poison, paralysis, illusions, and spells that affect only humanoid types, electrical attacks inflict half or no (with saving throw) damage, magic missiles inflict only 1 point of damage; SW bright sunlight and light spells inflict a -1 penalty to their attack rolls, suffer full damage from fire attacks and a -2 penalty to saving throw vs. fire; SZ M; ML elite (13); Int high (13); AL NE; XP 975.

Notes: The skin secretions of all kuo-toa gives attempts to grapple, grasp, tie, or web them a 25% chance of success; their vision allows them to spot movement even when the subject is invisible, astral, or ethereal.

K4. Shrine to Blibdoolpoolp

Two kuo-toan priests are relaxing in this area, awaiting the time for the slaving party to return to their homeland deeper in the earth. Set up in the southwest corner of the chamber is a small shrine to the kuo-toan Sea Mother. If a great commotion breaks out in Area K3 (such as a big fight with the heroes),





these two priests assume that their underlings are dealing with slaves and ignore the noise until five rounds have passed. On the sixth round, they venture forth to investigate.

Kuo-Toa 3rd-level priests (2): AC 4; MV swim 18; HD 3; hp 16, 14; THAC0 19 (Strength); #AT 2; Dmg 1d4+1/1d4+1 (dagger, bite); SA Spells; SD skin secretions (see below), 180-degree field of vision, sixty-foot infravision, sense vibrations in water at ten yards, surprised only on a 1 on 1d10, immune to poison, paralysis, illusions, and spells that affect only humanoid types, electrical attacks inflict half or no (with saving throw) damage, magic missiles inflict only 1 point of damage; SW bright sunlight and light spells inflict a -1 penalty to their attack rolls, suffer full damage from fire attacks and a -2 penalty to saving throw vs. fire; SZ M; ML elite (13); Int high (13); AL NE; XP 175 each.

Spellbook (2/1) : 1st— cause light wounds, protection from good, cause fear²; 2nd—harm person or mammal, hold person

Notes: The skin secretions of kuo-toa gives attempts to grapple, grasp, tie, or *web* them a 25% chance of success; their vision allows them to spot movement even when the subject is invisible, astral, or ethereal.

KS. Guard Post

Four kuo-toan guards are posted here to watch the approach to the main area from the south. Two are standing watch in the passageway while two more are relaxing in the chamber. It is possible to lure the guards farther down the passage and defeat them without raising the alarm in the rest of the complex, because the creatures are overly confident in their ability to deal with threats. If it is obvious that they are overmatched, however, three will defend the hallway while the fourth swims for help.

Kuo-Toa (4): AC 4; MV swim 18; HD 2; hp 12, 11, 9×2; THAC0 18 (Strength); #AT 2; Dmg 1d4+1/1d4+1 (dagger, bite); SD skin secretions (see below), 180-degree field of vision, sixty-foot infravision, sense vibrations in water at ten yards, surprised only on a 1 on 1d10, immune to poison, paralysis, illusions, and spells that affect only humanoid types, electrical attacks inflict half or no (with saving throw) damage, magic missiles inflict only 1 point of damage; SW bright sunlight and light spells inflict a -1 penalty to their attack rolls, suffer full damage

from fire attacks and a -2 penalty to saving throw vs. fire; SZ M; ML elite (13); Int high (13); AL NE; XP 175 each.

Notes: The skin secretions of kuo-toa gives attempts to grapple, grasp, tie, or *web* them a 25% chance of success; their vision allows them to spot movement even when the subject is invisible, astral, or ethereal.

K6. Hall of Despair

The screaming, tortured images of shalarin, tritons, and merfolk half-embedded in the walls and turned to coral line either side of this passage. The Kuo-toan slavers always bring their prisoners past these carved images to further demoralize them as let them know what is in store for them in the kuo-toan homeland.

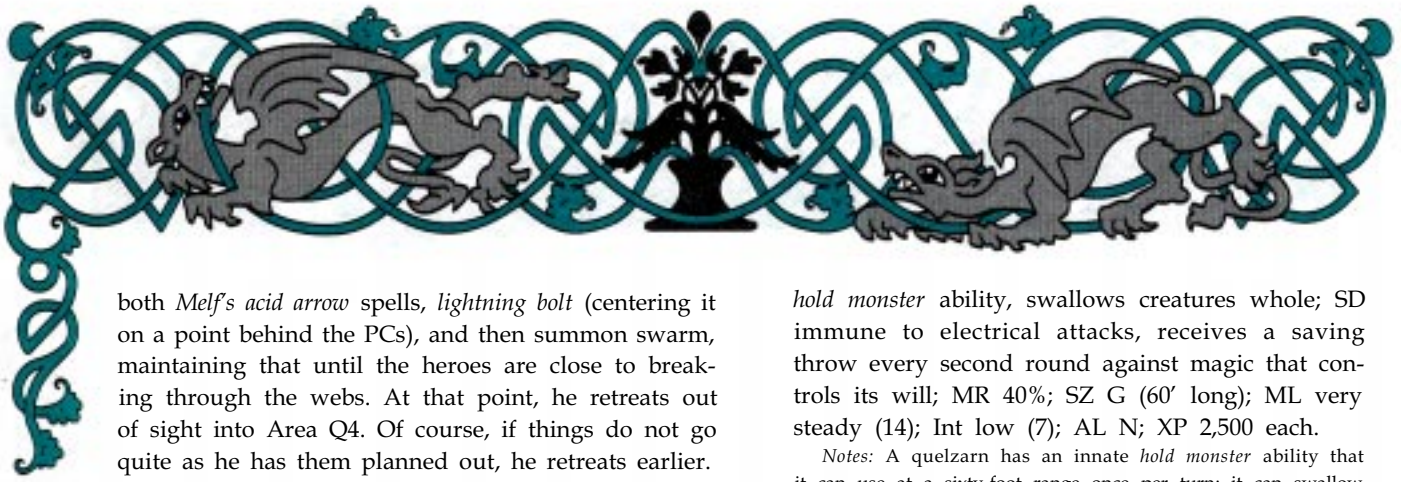
The Throne Revealed!

It is within these vast caverns that Gantar Kraok has established his most potent ambush against pursuit of both him and the *Wyrmskull Throne*. Through many honeyed promises of magical wealth, Gantar has established an alliance with a morkoth Arcount from the Magocracy of Olleth named Axar Xyrl, a pair of his subordinates, and a handful of their pets. These allies have been charged with either turning away or capturing anyone searching for the *Throne* and *scepters*, and the morkoths are all too happy with the possibility of claiming a few new slaves for their own twisted purposes.

In view of the fact that it took the heroes no small amount of cunning and effort to win through to these caverns, the morkoths are not taking them lightly, and neither is Gantar. They fully prepared and waiting as the heroes arrive.

Q1. Duupox's Ambush

The Grand Caster Duupox, a formidable morkoth mage, has hidden himself behind a large coral formation along one wall and awaits the party at the southwestern end of this cavern. He is the first line of opposition, and his job is to harry and wound the PCs, softening them up for the larger battles to come, deeper within. The moment he spots the heroes, he casts *minor globe of invulnerability* and then *protection from normal missiles* on himself. He follows that with the *web* spell between himself and the group, and then he lays into them with both *magic missile* spells,



both *Melf's acid arrow* spells, *lightning bolt* (centering it on a point behind the PCs), and then summon swarm, maintaining that until the heroes are close to breaking through the webs. At that point, he retreats out of sight into Area Q4. Of course, if things do not go quite as he has them planned out, he retreats earlier.

Grand Caster Duupox (CE morm M7; Int 18): AC 3; MV swim 18 (36); HD 7; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10 (bite); SA *hypnosis*, spells, 90-foot-infravision; SD Spell reflection; MR Nil; SZ M (6'); ML elite (14); AL CE; XP 3,000.

Spellbook (4/4/2/1): 1st – *audible glamer*, *change self*, *magic missile*, *Tenser's floating disk*; 2nd – *mirror image*, *summon swarm*, *web* (×2); 3rd – *hold person*, *spectral force*; 4th – *shout*

Q2. and Q3. Quelzarn

Regardless of which direction the PCs go after getting past Duupox's attacks, a huge quelzarn, one of the morkoths' pets, lies in wait for them. The quelzarn have been trained to slap the ceiling of the cavern, which they do as soon as the heroes approach. This has the effect of knocking loose a one-round-duration rockfall within a twenty-foot radius of the map tag. The rockfall consists of 1d12 boulders that fall with a THAC0 of 11, each dealing 3d6 points of damage. If more than 10 points of damage are inflicted by a single boulder, the victim is pinned to the cavern floor by the rock. After the rockfall ends, both quelzarn (including the one from the direction the characters did not take), Major Qyzal, and four military morkoth in the service of the Arcount rush in from Area Q4 and attack immediately. The military morkoth use nets and clubs to subdue and capture targets, while the two quelzarn catch any characters that try to escape.

If the party proves to be more formidable than the morkoths were expecting, they cease their subdual attacks and try to kill the heroes. Once a quelzarn loses at least 50% of its hit points in damage, it retreats to Area Q4. Once both quelzarn have retreated, all the morkoth do as well.

If the party splits and heads into both Area Q2 and Area Q3 simultaneously, then each quelzarn creates its own rockfall, and the military morkoth split up, dividing their attention between both areas.

Quelzarn (2): AC 5 (9 in stomach); MV swim 20; HD 10; hp 57, 53; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg 3d4 (1d2 when swallowing a creature whole); SA

hold monster ability, swallows creatures whole; SD immune to electrical attacks, receives a saving throw every second round against magic that controls its will; MR 40%; SZ G (60' long); ML very steady (14); Int low (7); AL N; XP 2,500 each.

Notes: A quelzarn has an innate *hold monster* ability that it can use at a sixty-foot range once per turn; it can swallow whole creatures 4½ feet in height/length or less (the victim, even if *held*, receives a Dexterity check to avoid this fate); if a swallowed creature inflicts at least 20 points of damage to the quelzarn's stomach, it has the ability to spit the offending creature back out; swallowed creatures drown in six rounds.

Major Qyzal (LE mkf F8): AC 1; MV swim 18 (36); HD 7+2; THAC0 12; #AT 3; Dmg 1d6/1d6/1d10 (claw/claw/bite); SA *hypnosis*, 90-foot infravision; SD Spell reflection; MR Nil; SZ M (6-7'); ML elite (14); AL CE; XP 2,000.

Morkoth, military (4): AC 1; MV swim 18 (36); HD 7+2; THAC0 12; #AT 3; Dmg 1d6/1d6/1d10 (claw/claw/bite); SA *hypnosis*, 90-foot infravision; SD Spell reflection; MR Nil; SZ M (6-7'); ML elite (14); AL CE; XP 2,000.

Q4. Main Defense

By the time the heroes have reached this cavern, Gantar Kraok himself has appeared, ready to aid in the defense of his new treasures. As well, Axar Xyrl, the Arcount of the Magocracy, gets involved and adds his own spell power to the attacks. Gantar uses the *Alatorin Scepter* and the *Wyrmskull Throne* to attack the characters, floating at a point above the floor and behind the morkoths, while Duupox and Axar do the same from positions flanking the Throne. The surviving military morkoth and the quelzarn, along with Major Qyzal, enter melee with the heroes.

Gantar keeps the *forcefield* on the Throne up and stays away from the PCs, using spells effective at a distance to attack, weaken, and divide them. Gantar's plan of attack begins with *dispel magic* to disrupt protective spells the party may have cast, followed by *feblemind* on any wizard, then *glitterdust* and *shadow* monsters. After that, he begins using the *lightning bolt* ability of the Throne. Gantar will not cast his *conjure elemental* at this time, preferring to save it in case he needs a distraction later (such as when the characters confront him in T5).

Axar's preferred order of spellcasting starts with casting *haste* on Major Qyzal and the military





morkoth, followed by *ray of enfeeblement* on any warrior in the group, then the three *monster summoning* spells in succession. After that, he uses spells as seems appropriate, but if things begin to go badly for him, he will use dimension door to retreat into Area M7 where he gathers as much treasure as he can carry and *teleports* far away from this place.

Duupox acts as a barrier against anyone trying to close with the three spellcasters, using whatever spells he has left to defend the other two.

Unfortunately, this alliance between the morkoths and Gantar Kraok is destined to be short-lived. Gantar's callous disregard for anyone but himself results in him to launching his area-effect spells (particularly the *Throne's lightning bolts*) indiscriminately, where they catch the morkoths and their pets along with the heroes. Once any of the morkoth allies (even one of the quelzarn) is killed as a result of Gantar's actions, Axar Xyrl and Duupox confront the sea elf, demanding he control himself. At this point, his complete xenophobia gets the better of him, and he insults any and all in the room, including his now-former allies, then utters the command word to *teleport* himself and the *Throne* safely away to the *Sondarr Scepter*, which he has hidden in Area T5. Once there, he casts *misdirection* on the *Sondarr Scepter* to prevent Bapar's hammer from tracking him for a while.

Gantar Kraok (em F11/M11): AC 3; MV 9, Sw 15; hp 55; THAC0 10; #AT 3/2 or spells; Dmg by weapon; SA items: see below; SZ M (6'-tall); ML fearless (19); Int supra-genius (19); AL CE; XP 13,000.

Equipment: *amulet of undead control*; *Tome of Tujar the Dark Adherent*, *bracers of defense AC3*, *baldric of holding*, *Alatorin Scepter*.

Spellbook (4/4/4/3/3): 1st – *change self*, *charm person*, *color spray*, *magic missile*; 2nd – *glitterdust*, *hypnotic pattern*, *mirror image*, *misdirection*; 3rd – *dispel magic*, *hold person* (×2), *wraithform*; 4th – *enervation*, *polymorph other*, *shadow monsters*; 5th – *conjure elemental*, *feeblemind*, *hold monster*

Axar Xyrl (mkm M12): AC 3; MV swim 18 (36); HD 7; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10 (bite); SA hypnosis, spells, 90-foot-infravision; SD Spell reflection; MR Nil; SZ M (6'); ML elite (14); AL CE; XP 3,000.

UNLIKELY ALLIES

In the middle of the fight to drive off the characters, Gantar Kraok, true to form, has betrayed his allies. Axar Xyrl, the Arcount of the morkoth, wants revenge on Gantar and proposes a truce. If the heroes are willing to listen (and that's a big if with regard to the dwarves if they're with the PCs), the morkoths and their retinue are willing to ally with the heroes. Axar still wants what Gantar promised him, the *Tome of Tujar the Dark Adherent*, so he and his retinue are interested in joining forces to take Gantar down. Even if the characters don't want to work directly with the morkoth, Axar is willing to withdraw from the fight, allowing the PCs to make their own way to Gantar's secret hideout, the entrance to which the morkoth is more than happy to show the PCs.

If the heroes are completely unwilling to parlay, then the morkoths sacrifice the soldiers (the quelzarn and the military morkoth) in order to get away, retreating into their own hidden lair in the M section of the tunnels (see below). The characters may or may not pursue the morkoths, depending on if Bapar is still with them and his hammer still functions (that is, if Gantar has used his *misdirection* spell to prevent it from tracking on the *Sondarr Scepter*).

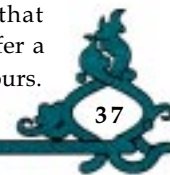
Even if the PCs and the morkoths do ally, this is a temporary agreement; once each side has gained its due and gone its separate way, the truce is off. Also, under no circumstances does Axar permit the heroes to venture into the Morkoth Labyrinth, seeing that as a violation of sacred ground. Ultimately, although Axar desires to possess the *Tome*, he is unwilling to risk his own life or those of his retinue further to gain it, preferring to let the PCs face the majority of the risks while he and his companions remain cautious, ready to loot after the fact.

The Morkoth Labyrinth

This portion of the tunnel network beneath the plateau was once a morkoth stronghold, and it has been reopened by Arcount Axar Xyrl to serve as a headquarters for the duration of his alliance with Gantar.

M1. Secret Door

This cunningly hidden secret door has had a special magic spell laid upon it—any nonmorkoth that touches it must roll a saving throw vs. spell or suffer a Strength drain of 1d4 points that lasts for 1d12 hours.





M2. Morkoth Bed Chamber

At first glance, this chamber appears to be empty of anything interesting. However, the floor of the place is littered with tiny bones. The moment that any creature (morkoth or otherwise) enters this room, the bones rise up and coalesce into skeletal merfolk and locathah. These twelve marine skeletons attack anyone in the room.

Skeletons (12): AC 7; MV swim 12; HD 1; hp 7 (×2), 6, 5 (×3), 4 (×2), 3 (×3), 1; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; SD edged and piercing weapons inflict half damage, immune to *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, and *fear* spells, never check morale; SW holy water inflicts 2d4 points of damage; MR nil; SZ M; ML special; Int non- (0); AL N; XP 65 each.

M3. Chamber of the Guardians

The twisting, winding tunnel that runs on either side of this chamber is filled with arm bones from all sorts of different creatures (they span the space between the two trap locations marked on the map). These skeletal arms are mounted on the floor, walls, and ceiling of the tunnel, and are armed with daggers, tridents, sharp claws, and so forth. Anyone trying to swim through the passage is subject to 1d4 attacks, each with a THAC0 of 15. Every successful attack inflicts 1d4 points of damage.

Where the passage widens into the chamber, a monstrous figure stands at the ready to attack any nonmorkoth that enters. This construct (essentially a waterproof clay golem) has the appearance of a giant merman with a head similar to an illithid or kraken. It prevents anyone from entering Area M4 as long as it is able.

Golem, lesser, clay: AC 7; MV swim 7; HD 11; hp 50; THAC0 9; #AT 1; Dmg 3d10; SA see below; SD struck only by magical blunt weapons; SW see below; MR nil; SZ L; ML fearless (20); Int non- (0); AL N; XP 5,000.

Notes: A clay golem has a Strength of 20 for purposes of lifting and throwing things; a *move earth* spell drives it back 120 feet and inflicts 3d12 points of damage; a *disintegrate* spell slows it for 1d6 rounds and inflicts 1d12 points of damage; an *earthquake* spell stops it from moving for one round and inflicts 5d10 points of damage; after it has engaged in combat at least 1 round, it can *haste* itself for three rounds, once per day; damage done by it can only be healed by a 17th- or higher level priest.

M4. Shaft Chamber

This chamber houses a shaft in the floor that drops as far as the eye can see. At the height of morkoth domination in this area, this shaft leads deeper into morkoth territory. It descends for several hundred yards into inky blackness. If the DM wishes to expand this adventure to become a full-fledged Serôsian campaign, this shaft could lead to some larger morkoth city elsewhere. Otherwise, a blockage chokes off the shaft about sixty yards down.

MS. Secret Door

This door is identical in every respect to Area M1.

M6. Outer Vestibule

Within this chamber, which serves as a guardpost of sorts to the inner sanctum of the morkoth headquarters, is a magical trap. Anyone other than a morkoth attempting to pass through here toward the double doors to the northeast falls prey to a 12d6 *fireball* spell. Axar recently discovered that fire spells such as *fireball* and so forth function normally within the effects of the *mythal*.

Three poison-needle traps protect the double doors to the northeast. Beyond them, no other doors inside the labyrinth are trapped until the trio of them leading into Area M7 is reached. These three again have a trio of poison-needle traps set upon them. All of the traps in the passageways themselves are magical in nature, typically spell traps that cast magic *missile*, *Melf's acid arrow*, *fireball*, and similar magic.

M7. Treasure Pit

In the middle of this strangely shaped chamber is a pit filled with gold coins, gems, and pieces of art. Floating above the pit are five glowing spheres, at the center of each is a magical item. Each sphere inflicts 4d12 points of electrical damage to any nonmorkoth that touches it, but once contact has been made, that creature can reach into the sphere and retrieve the item without further difficulty. If contact is broken and then made again, the damage is inflicted again. There is no saving throw.

The pit contains 6,923 gp, 8,755 pp, 12 gems (with the following gp values: 1,000, 2×500, 4×100, 90, 4×50), a silver goblet inlaid with platinum worth 700 gp, and a decorative gold pin worth 90 gp. The five spheres contain: a *horn of blasting*, a cursed *scimitar -1*, a *wand of flame extinguishing* (27 charges), a *staff of withering* (25 charges), and a *book of vile darkness*.



To Claim The Throne



fter a lengthy pursuit through strange, wondrous—and often deadly—locales beneath the waves of the Inner Sea, the heroes have finally reached the goal of their quest. Gantar Kraok, the malicious sea elf who fancies himself the future ruler of many, has taken refuge in the ruins of an ancient undersea city buried below the Hmur Plateau. Now, the heroes must fight through Kraok's final defenses to confront him in his lair.

At this stage of the game, the player characters may have the morkoths as unlikely allies. Even so, the PCs and the surviving NPC dwarves will be forced to do most of the work to win through to Gantar. The morkoths are here only to claim what was promised them; they are not terribly interested in getting into a protracted fight with the treacherous sea elf. At the first sign that things may go against them, the morkoths bolt for greener kelp beds, leaving the heroes to their own devices.

If none of the three dwarves survives, the heroes are following this plot through to its conclusion for their own reasons (although PC dwarves may feel honor-bound to complete the quest). It is possible for them to utilize Bapar's magical hammer to help them find the location of the secret entrance to Gantar's lair, or, if they parlayed successfully with the morkoths, to be shown the entrance. Otherwise, they will have to rely on their own magic, wits, or aid from the Dukars back in Myth Nantar to find a way in.

Into Kraok's Lair

T1. Secret Entrance

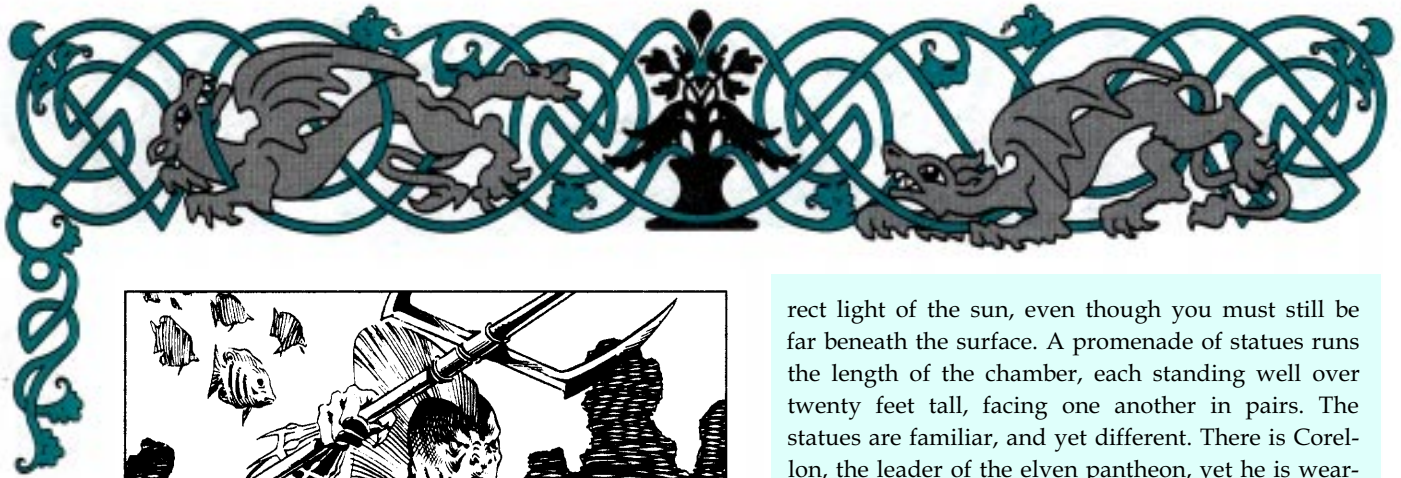
Regardless of which method the heroes use to follow the path to the *Wyrmskull Throne* (and thus Gantar Kraok), the PCs eventually find themselves standing before solid stone at this location. The secret door is magically trapped, however, so that any nonelf who touches it finds that his or her hands become stuck (a saving throw vs. spells negates this) to the stone. The stone door then tips inward, with the character pulled on top of it. Once the door lands flat, a deadfall is released directly overhead. The deadfall inflicts 6d6 points of damage to anyone within a five-foot radius of the door. Everyone other than the stuck victim is allowed a saving throw to avoid the damage; the trapped victim suffers the full effect automatically.

In addition to causing damage, the deadfall also blocks the passageway. Without the aid of magic, it takes twenty man-hours to clear the way. It also serves as a warning to Kraok that an invasion of his home is imminent, and it gives his "ally" in Area T4a time to generate one additional giant shark (one more than the number listed there).

T2. Chamber of the Elements

Within this wide area of the passage, Gantar has set up another ambush for the heroes. He has cast his *conjure elemental* spell, creating an 8-HD water elemental. Kraok controls the elemental from the *Throne* in Area T4. The elemental remains motionless until at least three adventurers have entered the area, then it attacks.





Elemental, water: AC 2; MV swim 18; HD 8; hp 28; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 5d6; SD +2 or better weapon to hit; MR nil; SZ L (8' tall); ML champion (16); Int low (6); AL N; XP 2,000.

T3. Trapped Entryway

At the end of the rough passage is a small opening into the side of Area T4, which contains an ancient temple to the elven gods. However, this portal has been trapped so that any nonelf that passes through it suffers an electrical shock for 4d8 points of damage. There is no saving throw against this trap. The trap resets itself each round.

T4. Temple

Once a character breaches the hole in the side of the temple (Area T3), read the following aloud:

After the rough, natural passageways you have been following for so long, the grandeur of this chamber, with its worked stone and buttressed, vaulted ceiling, is a jarring but pleasant surprise. The craftsmanship of this place is magnificent, lovingly worked to appear as a living, thriving coral reef, yet all is ordered, not the chaos nature prefers. The entire chamber seems to glow with the dappled but indi-

rect light of the sun, even though you must still be far beneath the surface. A promenade of statues runs the length of the chamber, each standing well over twenty feet tall, facing one another in pairs. The statues are familiar, and yet different. There is Corellon, the leader of the elven pantheon, yet he is wearing a crown of coral. Further down is Aerdrie Faenya, yet in place of her bird's wings are the scaled "wings" of flying fish. All of the elven gods are represented, yet in some fashion or another, they have been depicted in a manner more befitting a life beneath the waves than above them.

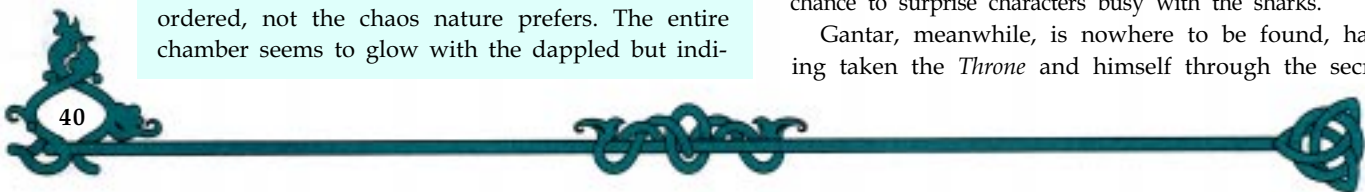
At the far end of the great chamber, situated as though the elven gods were inviting all to it, is a massive altar, crafted to appear as a golden cresting wave, all sea foam and light. At the near end is a great archway that opens to a dim space beyond, perhaps some sort of vestibule or entry chamber. The light from this temple cannot quite breach it, and as you watch, parts of its shadowy darkness separate from the whole and advance slowly toward you.

Each of the statues has been delicately and lovingly crafted of living coral, with a blending of hues to give them an impressive lifelike appearance. The altar is crafted of coral and mother of pearl, brought together to be as one with long-forgotten magic. It radiates a strong magic if detected for, and any good-aligned elf that touches it receives (once only) the benefits of a *heal* spell. All other good-aligned creatures suffer no effects at all, while evil creatures that come into contact with the altar suffer the effects of a *harm* spell. Kraok has been loath to go near this altar thus far.

If the Dukars have joined in this adventure as NPCs, they marvel at the obvious significance of this place. Although they do not understand the true nature of it, they recognize that it is an important discovery that the Nantarn Alliance will most assuredly want to explore in detail. They will strive to preserve everything here (and will be most reluctant to tear through the wall at Area T4b to get to Kraok).

The dark masses approaching from Area T4a are giant sharks spawned by the deepspawn that resides there. They are the first to swim forth and attack the characters, while the pair of eyes of the deep hang back, hoping for a chance to surprise characters busy with the sharks.

Gantar, meanwhile, is nowhere to be found, having taken the *Throne* and himself through the secret





door at T4b into the Library (Area T5). There, he prepares his final defense against the pursuing heroes.

Fish, shark, giant (3): AC 5; MV swim 18; HD 10; hp 49, 38, 34; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Drug 4d4; SA swallow victim whole on attack roll 4 higher than needed to hit; MR nil; SZ H; ML steady (11); Int animal (1); AL N; XP 2,000 each.

Beholder-kin, eye of the deep (2): AC 5; MV swim 6; HD 10; hp 39, 37; THAC0 11; #AT 3; Dmg 2d4/2d4/1d6; SA magic; SD nil; MR nil; SZ S (3' diameter); ML champion (15); Int very (12); AL LE; XP 4,000 each.

Notes: The central eye emits a cone of blinding *light* five feet wide at the start, thirty feet long, and twenty feet wide at the end; those in the cone must save vs. poison or be *stunned* for 2d4 rounds; when it uses its two smaller eyes together, it can *create illusion*; when each eye is used separately, they can cast *hold person* and *hold monster* spells.

If, at this stage of the adventure, the heroes are badly wounded, or who perhaps do not have the aid

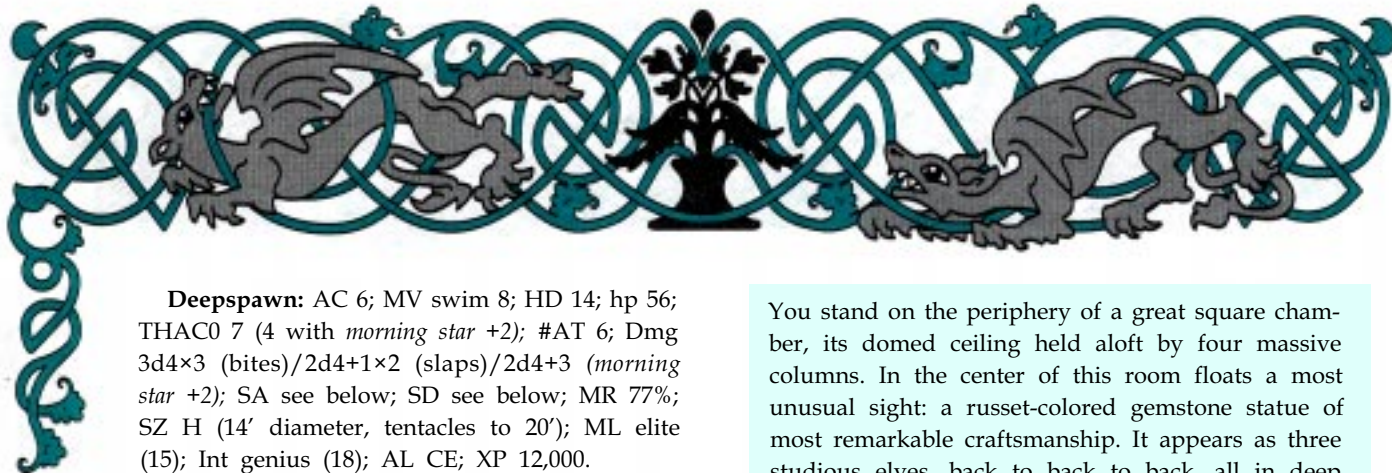
of either the Dukars or the morkoths as allies, the DM might wish to reduce the number of giant sharks and eyes of the deep by one each.

T4a. Vestibule

At the height of the ancient elven nation that built this temple (DM's choice), this chamber was a vestibule, an open, accessible chamber that allowed ingress into the temple proper. The ages have buried it and hidden its passageways, and it now serves as the nest of one of Gantar's more dubious allies, a deepspawn. The deepspawn here has agreed to coexist with Gantar for the time being, generating its guardian monsters to protect the area in exchange for Kraok adding to its treasure pile.

The deepspawn does not show itself during the battles that rage between heroes and monsters in the main temple. If the characters search this vestibule, it defends its treasure pile, but no more. If the PCs manage to injure it to one-third its original hit points, the deepspawn *heals* itself and flees through a shaft leading upward that opens on the side of a rock outcropping in the middle of the Shipwreck Plains.





Deepspawn: AC 6; MV swim 8; HD 14; hp 56; THAC0 7 (4 with *morning star* +2); #AT 6; Dmg 3d4+3 (bites)/2d4+1×2 (slaps)/2d4+3 (*morning star* +2); SA see below; SD see below; MR 77%; SZ H (14' diameter, tentacles to 20'); ML elite (15); Int genius (18); AL CE; XP 12,000.

Notes: Can cast hold spells at intruders every three rounds, *ESP* at will, *heal* (on self only) once per day; can constrict on a successful tentacle attack, inflicting 1d4 points the first round, 1d4+1 each round thereafter, opposed Strength check to break free (victim suffers only 1 point of constriction damage on round it gets free); tentacles have Strength of 17 and can wield weapons, lift things, etc.; can use constricted victims as bludgeon, inflicting 1d2 damage on others, ruining spellcasting, forcing saving throws on fragile items (no extra damage on constricted victim unless driven onto blades or points—DM's decision, case-by-case basis); tentacle arms have 2 HD each, half a tentacle's hit-point total in one area by edged or piercing weapons severs it; immune to all known venoms.

Special Equipment: *morning star* +2.

In addition to the *morning star* +2 that the deepspawn wields as a weapon, its treasure pile includes: 15 sp, 4 pp, 4 gp, 5 gems (with the following gp values: 1,000, 500×4), a *potion of hill giant strength*, a *potion of speed*, *boots of elvenkind*, *gautlets of fumbling*, and a *well of many worlds*. If the deepspawn manages to flee up the shaft to the Shipwreck Plains, it will grab any two other magical items from its treasure pile on the way (roll randomly to determine which two).

T4b. Concealed Door

The passage between the main temple (Area T4) and the lost library (Area T5) is here, but Gantar has used a variation of *stone shape* to actually grow the coral and rock together, closing it off. Since he has the *Throne* and its *earthwalk* power, he has no need for the opening. If the heroes defeat the deepspawn and offspring and are still utilizing Bapar's magical hammer to track the *scepter*, then it leads them to this spot. Getting through the wall it is an entirely different matter, of course.

T5. Hall of Living Memory

Finally, the heroes have made it to Gantar Kraok's inner sanctuary—an ancient place of elven knowledge and power long buried and forgotten. Gantar's discovery of this place led him to set up shop here in hopes of drawing up the vast power of the place for his own schemes. When the characters first enter this area (note that the chamber cannot be reached by *teleportation*), read the following aloud:

You stand on the periphery of a great square chamber, its domed ceiling held aloft by four massive columns. In the center of this room floats a most unusual sight: a russet-colored gemstone statue of most remarkable craftsmanship. It appears as three studious elves, back to back to back, all in deep contemplation. The first reads from a tome, the second scribes upon a scroll or parchment, and the third bows her head in thought, or, perhaps, prayer. The entirety of the statue seems to flicker and glow randomly, at one moment blazing a bright pink color, the next fading to a deep, rich blood hue.

Remarkably, the entire surface of the four walls of the chamber, save where you emerged, are covered in tiny, smooth gemstones seemingly made of a material similar to that of the statue. More of the stones, none any larger than the nail of a man's last finger, float in the middle of the chamber, undulating gently in the current. Even more remarkably, each of these tiny gems flickers and glows, in perfect synchronicity with the eyes of the statue, which flash in counterpoint to the rest of the statue.

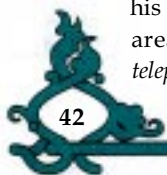
Half-hidden behind the great floating statue and the sea of drifting gemstones, a dimly seen figure hovers in a massive chair, a few feet from the floor, a blue glow surrounding him. It is the sea elf, seated in the legendary *Wyrmskull Throne*. He watches you, a hint of a smile on his face.

"So," he begins, "you do not give up easily. Through all the difficulties, all of my little diversions, still you have sought the *Throne* and *scepters*. And here you are now, still trying to take them from me. Can you imagine how humiliating it's going to be when you fail here, in the end, after all your trials?"

Be certain you are familiar with the particulars of the *Librarian* in Appendix III: Magic before running this encounter—the dangers in this room are many.

The Dukars (as NPCs) are stunned at the grandeur of this place, and they will make it a priority to return to Myth Nantar at the earliest opportunity to report to others on it. None of them recognizes the *Librarian*, but other scholars back in the city very well might.

As the battle begins, Gantar Kraok remains positioned near the back wall, ready to use whatever magical spells he has remaining from the battle in Area Q4. He will not, however, use any spells or





powers of the *Throne* that might in any way damage the *Librarian* or the *kiira* (including the four skulls' lightning bolt ability). He maintains the *forcefield* power of the *Wyrmskull Throne*, but there is a catch; two rounds into the fighting, the *forcefield* collapses. Gantar has exhausted the allotted time for the power for the day. Vulnerable to attacks now, Gantar becomes torn between a desire to keep all of his prizes (the *Throne*, the *scepters*, and the *Librarian*), and the need to save his skin. He knows that to abandon the battle means to lose control of the *Librarian*, something he is loath to do. In the end, however, he must rely on the *earthwalk* ability of the *Throne* to escape his pursuers.

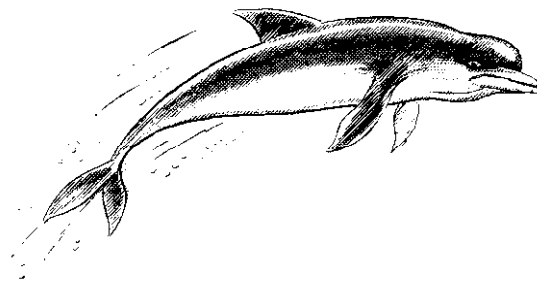
It is a very real possibility that the PCs cannot defeat Gantar and reclaim the *Throne*. In fact, a more rational Gantar might choose to depart the moment the heroes confront him. However, because Kraok is presented as someone so loathe to relinquish his claim to the lost treasures of the sea elves (and thereby a substantial amount of leverage in driving his cause forward), he resists leaving until it is quite possibly too late.

It is important to note that Gantar is a very clever adversary. He is, for the most part, rational. He does not make the mistake of underestimating the heroes. He is imperious, but not megalomaniacal. He taunts the heroes and their allies, pointing out how foolish they all look cooperating (especially

if the morkoth are a part of the situation), and how it's long past time for the true power of the ocean, the might of the sea elves, to return to the fore.

If any of the morkoths are still alive and allied with the group, they do their best to avoid direct confrontation with Gantar. In fact, if they cannot get their hands on the *Tome of Tujar the Dark Adherent*, they gladly settle for as many handfuls of the *kiira* as they can, for they recognize, to some degree, the potential power the gemstones hold. However, if Gantar is taken quickly and without much personal danger to them, they will claim rights to the *Tome* (which is in Gantar's possession) and leave quickly. They have no compunction against breaking their truce with the PCs and turning on the heroes, should the PCs (or the Dukars) hesitate in their promise to turn over the *Tome* (which is an important, dangerous relic from the Dukars' history).

Should any of the dwarves remain with the party, their strategy is simple: utilize the advantage of numbers attack Gantar from multiple directions and hope to seize the *Scepters* (if they do manage to get both of them free, Gantar suddenly finds himself stuck in the *Usurper's Field*). Otherwise, the dwarves throw themselves into defeating the sea elf in physical combat with all their strength. They are unwilling to let him to escape, and are ready to die to stop him from taking their prize.





Epilogue



Discussed below are the possible outcomes of this scenario and how to deal with them in your campaign.

GANTAR RETAINS THE THRONE

Gantar escapes with the *Wyrmskull Throne* and both *scepters*, leaving the heroes with more work to do. Other *scepters* may be found that can lead them back to Gantar and the *Throne*, and Bapar's hammer is a constant guide. This assumes, of course, that the PCs now share the dwarves' determination to wrest the *Throne* from Kraok's hands. Both dwarven and elven PCs should feel especially motivated to continue: the dwarves because they'll likely share the NPCs' attitude toward the *Throne* belonging to them (and what could be worse than a dwarven artifact in the hands of an elf, even a sea elf); and the elves since their history and that of Toril (both Faerûn and Serôs) is littered with would-be elven dictators, and stopping Kraok now, before he gains any additional power or followers, may be vitally important to the future of the worlds both above and beneath the waves of the Inner Sea.

GANTAR LOSES THE THRONE

Gantar might escape but circumstances could demand he must abandon the *Throne* (and perhaps one or both of the *scepters*) in order to escape, or Gantar is defeated and the heroes claim the *Throne* and *scepters* outright.

If the heroes do gain control of the *Wyrmskull Throne* and the two *scepters*, their dwarven allies' immediate thoughts turn to getting the *Throne* back to the surface world and their homeland in the Starspires. To be blunt, the dwarves grow downright unfriendly at this point, dismissing any offers of further cooperation and turning on anyone who they consider might dare to bar them from doing their sworn and sacred duty. They are completely willing to turn the full force of the *Throne's* power against anyone foolish enough to try to block their way.

If control of the *Throne* winds up solely in the hands of the PCs and there are no dwarves remaining alive, the heroes must find a way to get the *Throne* to a safe place. Other parties are still greatly interested in its whereabouts, so the PCs' adventures with the *Throne* may be far from over.

Having such a powerful artifact in the hands of the characters may be more than the DM wants to lay at their feet, so it is entirely possible to add another scene to this story to relieve them of it in a satisfactory manner. For example, perhaps a second delegation of dwarves, lead by one of Bapar's brothers who had some scrying done to aid him in locating his brother's whereabouts, come calling and are currently being wined and dined in Myth Nantar while information can be gathered to aid them. Alternatively, perhaps Lord Inselm Hhune has been doing some investigating of his own and awaits the characters on the surface (perhaps even in Toralth). It is up to the DM to decide whether the characters are ready to deal with the burden of this artifact on their own.

If Gantar escapes, he marks the heroes as his personal nemeses, to be punished later for ruining his plans for the moment. His loss of the *Librarian* is bitter to him, and he does not mind waiting patiently for the right moment to extract revenge.

The morkoth Arcount Axar Xyrl, should he live, is content to depart these waters with what he has gained, whether it be the *kiira* that were gathered, the *Tome of Tujar the Dark Adherent*, or both. They bear no feelings, either good or ill, toward the player characters, but should their paths cross again, they consider the PCs to be enemies, as is the natural course of things.

The Nantarn Alliance will be very interested in every thing the heroes have discovered below the surface of the Shipwreck Plains and will make every effort to recruit them to do further research (assuming you wish to continue your campaign in this aquatic environment).

Of course, the PCs have made enemies of others besides Gantar (assuming he escaped). If the deepspawn was forced to flee without its treasure, it may very well stalk the characters from afar, desiring some sort of revenge. On the surface, Lord Hhune awaits their return, denied the chance to claim the *Throne* and use it as leverage to force favorable trade agreements with the dwarves. His agent, Bramas Thorntree, should he live and be free of incarceration, most certainly carries a grudge. He may pop up as an unpleasant surprise down the road. Lastly, the Cowled Wizards of Amn, in their endless quest for knowledge, may very well send an agent or two to learn the truth of what happened, perhaps even being so bold as to spy on the characters for a while after they return to the surface.



Appendix I: Rules for Underwater Adventuring



ull rules are provided in the AD&D rules supplement *Of Ships and the Sea* (#02170). They are also discussed in the *Sea of Fallen Stars* campaign supplement (#11393), which also provides many more details about the undersea world of Serôs. The most basic rules that do yet apply here despite the magic of the *mythal* handling breathing, pressure, and temperature are as follows:

- PCs who do not know how to swim will be at a tremendous disadvantage in a world where everyone effectively “flies” by swimming.
- Basic movement rates for both surface and aquatic races in this module are noted here:

Race Base MV [Nonproficient Swimmer] Crabman 9, swim 6; Kuo-Toa 9, swim 18 Dolphin swim 30; Lacedon swim 9; Elf, aquatic 9, swim 15; Locathah 1, swim 12; Faerûnian dwarf 6, swim 2 [1]; Merfolk 1, swim 18; Faerûnian elf 12, swim 3 [2]; Morkoth swim 18, Jet 36; Faerûnian gnome 6, swim 2 [1]; Quelzarn 6, swim 20; Faerûnian half-elf 12, swim 3 [2]; Sahuagin 12, swim 24; Faerûnian halfling 6, swim 2 [1]; Sea Lion swim 18; Faerûnian human 12, swim 3 [2]; Shalarin 9, swim 12; Hag, sea swim 15; Triton 9, swim 15; Half-elf, sea 12, swim 10; Zombies, sea 6, swim 12; Kelpie 9, swim 12

Action Rate of Speed Sink 10 feet per round; 40 feet per round if overloaded or armored; Dive Swimming rate + 10 feet per round; Rise 10 feet per round; Surface Swimming speed +10 feet. Characters rise to the surface at either their swimming speeds or, if unconscious, at a rate of 10 feet per round. Characters diving below descend at their movement rate plus 10 feet per round, and sinking objects drop at a rate of 10 feet per round. If a character or object is heavy (i.e. if armored or carrying more than 30 pounds of equipment), the rate of sinking speeds to 40 feet per round.

- PCs without Swimming NWP: $1/3$ land movement times 5 in yards (i.e. $MV 12/3 = 4 \times 5 = 20$ yards per round swimming);
- PCs with Swimming NWP: $1/2$ land movement times 5 in yards (i.e. $MV 12/2 = 6 \times 5 = 30$ yards per round swimming);
- **Swimming speeds drop to nonproficient speeds if the person is carrying any weight beyond 20 pounds, including waterlogged clothing.** Under no circumstances can an armored character swim, except for the special undersea armors for undersea races (silverweave, pearl armor). The weight of armor (including leathers) drags the character down to the bottom. If PCs cannot bear to part with their armor, they must either walk across the sea floor at all times or devise ways by which to negate the weight of the armor and make it buoyant.
- Surface PCs are all at a +4 initiative penalty until they gain the proficiencies for Underwater Spellcasting and Underwater Combat (after which they only suffer a +2 penalty).





Appendix II: The Shipwreck Plains



his broad area exists partly within the *mythal*, though at least two-thirds of it spans the entire northern sector of the Lower Hmur Plateau upon which Myth Nantar rests. In all, this region is at least two miles across and two miles wide in places. The Shipwreck Plains loom north of Myth Nantar and the nearby Mount Halaath, and only the wreckage of the upworld ships keeps folk from seeing the canyons and gullies that mar the plateau. More than a thousand ships in various stages of decay lay about the plains, and these plains have become home to many wandering creatures.

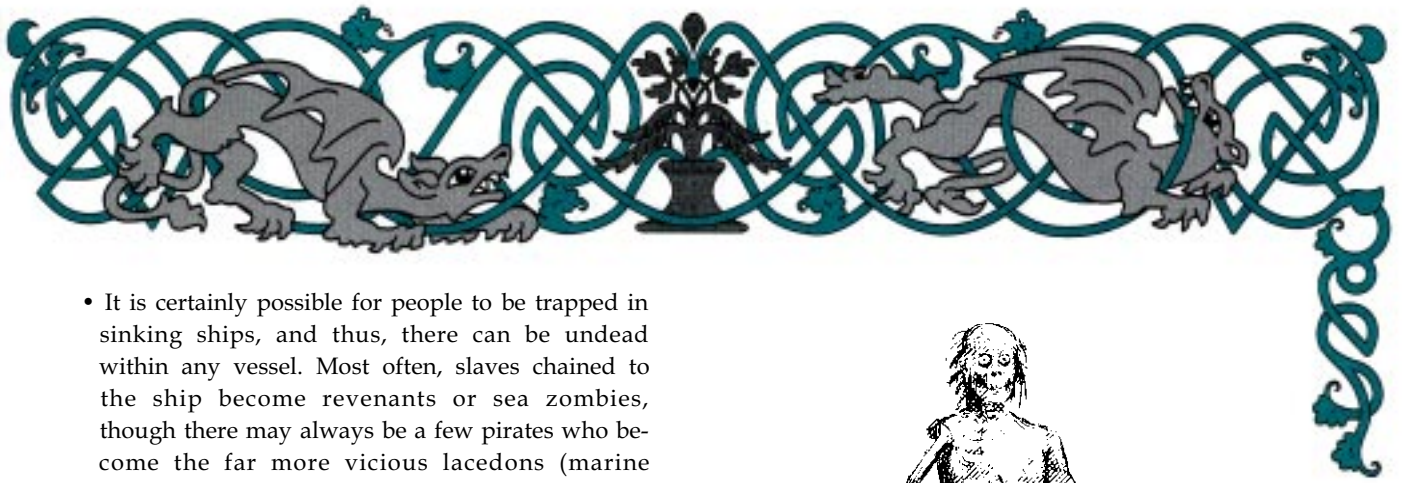
The lower third (about a mile wide and half again as deep) of the shipwreck-filled area exists inside the *mythal*, which is where this adventure takes place. DMs should treat the Shipwreck Plains as some wild barren area of Faerûn, similar to the High Moor or Anauroch. For all intents and purposes, this area is a deadland filled only with wreckage and ruin, dangerous predators and undead. Of course, just like on the surface, the promise of hidden treasures always lures foolhardy adventurers to explore its broad stretches. As these plains exist in the waters between the Pirate Isles and the Whamite Isles, many of the ships sunk here are Sembian or Turmishite, and so there is a high probability of finding some massive amounts of treasure here if you enjoy spending your time digging through tens of feet of debris-laden mud searching for pearls or coins. The best way to find treasure in the Shipwreck Plains is to witness the sinking ship's descent to the plains.

The Shipwreck Plains are not mapped in this adventure for one simple reason: the region is a constantly changing area with each shipwreck and each encounter with undersea folk herein. It also is not arrayed with any rhyme or reason, and the shipwrecks often crash into each other, leaving much confusion as to which ships' remains are where. Much like a city ruined long ago, there is little chance of making sense out of the rubble, though knowing what to expect in the area is important, as is being able to stage adventures therein.

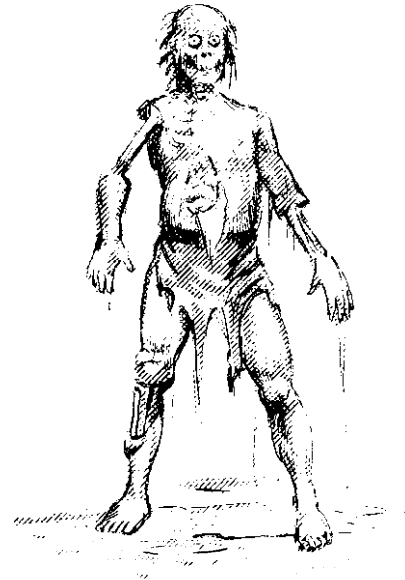
Basics of Shipwreck Orienteering

The map provided on the inside cover of the module shows a standard cargo ship—the most common ship on the Inner Sea today—in its ideal form. Obviously, the shipwreck is going to be a different story, depending on a number of variables. Below are some notes for the DM to use in adjusting each shipwreck to be somewhere new and exciting in which to explore:

- Most ships, unless in waters less 100 feet deep, snap their masts on impact with the sea bottom, so these massive timbers can easily open up parts of the decks and hull, as well as block other parts or smash important landmarks in undersea areas.
- On the Shipwreck Plains, the *mythal's* effect on slowing sinking ships prevents much additional damage from occurring to such vessels, so often the cause of the sinking can be found. It is rarely bad patching and woodwork (which is hard to detect once the ship has been underwater for more than a month) on the ship's hull. Most often, pirates have blown holes in the ship's hull or set it afire, though some appear to have no damage at all—ships capsized or swamped during storms.
- Within six months of sinking, a shipwreck can become covered in corals and other sea life. Any parts buried in the mud at the sea floor are preserved, but often the ship's decks and hull are eaten away first, leaving the sturdy ribs and beam of the ship to appear as a skeletal ribcage on the sea floor.
- All silver and brass tarnish and begin deteriorating swiftly, though gold survives in saltwater. Any metals buried in the mud are better protected, though they too may deteriorate and become brittle and useless, if they survive at all. While it takes over a century or more, even the heaviest anchor chains and anchors dissolve over time in salt water unless buried in the mud. The tannic acid in leather goods prevents them from being consumed or broken down by the life in the sea, preserving them well.



- It is certainly possible for people to be trapped in sinking ships, and thus, there can be undead within any vessel. Most often, slaves chained to the ship become revenants or sea zombies, though there may always be a few pirates who become the far more vicious lacedons (marine ghouls). Most aquatic undead on the Shipwreck Plains either migrate in from other places or have drowned before they or the ship entered the *mythal's* influence (as is the case with the two sea zombies in this adventure).
- Other potential inhabitants of shipwrecks include all common fishes (especially scavengers) and any of the various undersea races (either using it for temporary or more permanent shelter).
- Some ships may become so heavily damaged they actually split into pieces as they sink. Those that do spread their debris over a huge area—if you're looking for something from one shipwreck, look for the prow of the vessel, the stem of the vessel, and expect at least a mile between them.



To collate a complete appendix of creatures and monsters present in the Inner Sea would take more pages than necessary in this product. Most, if not all, of the aquatic creatures one is likely to meet are available in the *MONSTROUS MANUAL*® tome (TSR #02140); however, a few creatures unique to this setting (or originally appearing in long-out-of-print material) are provided in the pages that follow.

Random Encounters

If the DM wishes to make this module more difficult for higher-level player characters, this table provides a random assortment of monsters to unleash on the party at various points in the adventure. Either use the standard wandering monster checks or merely roll and place an encounter at places marked by "R"s on the map.

2d10 roll	Shipwreck Plains Encounters	Subterranean Encounters
2-3	Elf, sea (1-6)	Crabman (1-4)
4-6	Sahuagin, priestess (2-4; L1d4+2))	Sea Lion (2-6)
7-8	Shalarin adventurers (1-8)	Eel, giant (1-2)
9-10	Tako (2)	Lamprey (?)
11-12	Whale, baleen (Level 1d4 bard)	Shark (3-9)
13-15	Dolphins (4-14)	Troll, scrag (1-2)
16-17	Zombie, sea (1-4)	Octopus, giant (1)
18	Sahuagin, warriors (3-8 (1d6+2))	Sahuagin, warriors (3-8 (1d6+2))
19	Slithering hoard	Crystal Ooze (2)
20	Triton	Squid, giant (1)





Appendix III: MONSTERS

Feeblestar

	Normal	Kuo-toan
CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Deep ocean	Kuo-toan Communities
FREQUENCY:	Rare	Uncommon
ORGANIZATION:	Colony	Breeding Farm
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any	Any
DIET	Omnivorous	scavenger
INTELLIGENCE:	Animal (1)	Animal (1)
TREASURE TYPE:	Nil	Nil
ALIGNMENT	Neutral	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	2d4	6d10
ARMOR CLASS:	8	8
MOVEMENT:	1	1
HIT DICE:	1 hp	1 hp
THAC0:	20	20
NO. OF ATTACKS:	0	0
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	n/a	n/a
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Mental control	Enhanced mental control
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil	Tight grip
MAGIC RESISTANCE:		Nil Nil
SIZE:	T (4" diameter)	T (8" diameter)
MORALE:	Unreliable (2)	Unreliable (2)
XP VALUE:	15	35

Feeblestars are small, five-legged starfish found only in the deeper parts of the ocean. Gray-green in color, they are about four inches in diameter from leg tip to leg tip when fully grown.

Combat: The normal feeblestar poses little threat to most marine life other than deep-sea mussels and clams. On shellfish, however, the feeblestar feasts well. Like other starfish, the feeblestar wraps its five legs around the shells of its prey, but rather than solely using brute strength to pry the shell open, the feeble star produces an enzyme that substantially weakens the creature inside. After a time, the feeblestar is able to much more easily pry the shellfish open and feast on the animal inside.

Habitat/Society: Normal feeblestars can be found in large colonies that inhabit the deeper levels of the ocean floor, feeding on the same clams and mussels that other starfish do. They are not as large or colorful as some other starfish, but this perhaps spares them from being consumed by predators, which prefer the feeblestars' more brightly-colored cousins.

Ecology: The normal feeblestar is a natural creature of the deep oceans, existing as a part of the food chain there. Feeblestars reproduce as other starfish do, and they can survive the loss of one of their limbs, regrowing it in time.

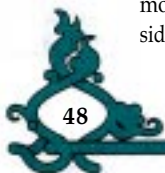
Kuo-toan feeblestars

The kuo-toa long ago discovered the useful properties of feeblestars and began breeding them in special farms in their communities. The kuo-toan feeblestar has been magically modified so that it is larger, approximately eight inches in diameter when fully grown. In addition, this magic has resulted in a variety of feeblestar that has a much more potent enzyme, which is quite useful to the fish men as explained below. Depending on the size of the kuo-toan community, as many as sixty feeblestars—both adults and the much smaller adolescent varieties—can be found in the breeding cages at any given time.

The enhanced enzyme of the feeblestar affects more than just shellfish; it is strong enough to affect any creature of up to Medium size that fails a saving throw vs. poison. First, the enzyme weakens the victim with an effect identical to the 2nd-level wizard spell, ray of enfeeblement. Thus, the victim suffers from a Strength reduced to 5, with a -2 penalty to attack rolls and a -1 damage roll penalty. In addition, the enzyme secreted by the kuo-toan feeblestar creates an effect identical to the 4th-level wizard spell, emotion, specifically the sense of *hopelessness*.

The kuo-toans use their special breed of feeblestar when they go raiding for slaves in the territories of their enemies, finding that the feeblestars make their captives very docile and easy to control and transport. Attaching the feeblestars to the back of the necks of their new captives, they weaken them sufficiently to render them ineffective in combat. As well, the sense of hopelessness caused by the feeblestar makes the slave submit to the demands of their captors without any ability or desire to resist.

Prying a kuo-toan feeblestar from the neck of a victim kills the feeblestar, and the effects of its enzyme wear off 1d4 turns after removal.



QUELZARN

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Tropical, subtropical, and temperate fresh and salt water
FREQUENCY:	Uncommon
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Low (5-7)
TREASURE TYPE:	J, K, L, N, Q
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	5
MOVEMENT:	6, swim 20
HIT DICE:	5-10
THACO:	15 (5-6 HD), 13 (7-8 HD), 11 (9-10 HD)
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	3d4
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Hold monster ability
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Immune to electrical attacks
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	40%
SIZE:	G (up to 60' long)
MORALE:	Very steady (13-14)
XP VALUE:	
5 HD	1,250
6 HD	1,500
7 HD	1,750
8 HD	2,000
9 HD	2,250
10 HD	2,500

Quelzarn are giant, solitary water snakes found in both fresh and saltwater. They are swift, agile hunters, and may be of magical origin.

Quelzarn are eel-like in appearance, with mottled brown or green slimy skin that is extremely slippery. The slime enables them to breathe air through skin membranes, and is often home to mosses and weeds. Quelzarn are usually thirty to forty feet long, and have a spinelike fin running the length of their backs. Broad, leaf-shaped fins cover their gills just behind their wide, toothed jaws, and a quelzarn's head sports a bony, fin-shaped crest.

Combat: Quelzarn will eat anything living (and carrion if desperate). They spend their days cruising for meals, or drifting while the digest one. Quelzarn can cast a sixty-foot-range *hold monster* spell once per turn. They use this in battle and to immobilize prey. Quelzarn are highly resistant to the polluted waters of busy harbors and vast swamps alike. They have been known to *hold* a sailor standing on a dock, and then rear out the water to pluck him off the deck.

Quelzarn bite for 3d4 points of damage and are capable of swallowing whole any creature 4 1/2 feet tall or less. (The victim, even if held, is allowed a Dexterity check to avoid this fate.) Swallowed victims drown in six rounds; they will find that the interior of a quelzarn is AC 9, and inflicting 20 points



of damage to one will cause the creature to spit its victim(s) out. Swallowed victims suffer only 1d2 points of damage from the creature's teeth. Angry quelzarn are capable of vomiting a swallowed creature out in order to bite it again.

Habitat/Society: Quelzarn are thought to have a magical origin, perhaps the result of long-ago experimentation by mages of Unther (certainly, the creatures were once hunted there for sport). They have a natural magic resistance, and are entirely immune to all electrical attack, both magical and natural. Quelzarn are attracted by magical attempts to control their wills, but receive a saving throw every second round against such magic (or spell-like magical natural or item powers) to break free of control. The interest of quelzarn in magic use, plus their shape and humanlike eyes, sometimes cause them to be mistaken for nagas.

Quelzarn roam great distances in their lives, and are thought to mate (they do so only seldomly) in deep undersea caves. They may cooperate with other creatures (in return for food), and never attack another of their kind. If one quelzarn encounters another attacking prey, they tend to ignore each other and attack independently rather than fighting over the prey or cooperating to share it.

Ecology: Quelzarn have no distinct lairs. Any treasure found with a quelzarn will be inorganic matter that has been swallowed (such as coins and gems). The digestive juices of quelzarn slowly break down flesh and even bone. The brain and cranial fluids of quelzarn have been found useful in the making of spell inks for *slow* and *hold* magic, and as a distillate in the manufacture of *rings of free action*. Quelzarn tissue is a useful alternative ingredient in the seasoning of wood to be used in the fashioning of *wands of lightning*. Quelzarn skin is leathery and snakelike, but death or removal causes it to cease producing its slimy coating. It soon shrivels to uselessness.

Shalarin

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Temperate and subtropical salt water
FREQUENCY:	Very rare (Uncommon in Serôs)
ORGANIZATION:	Caste
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Average to High (5-15)
TREASURE TYPE:	Individual: N; G, S, T in lair
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	3-30
ARMOR CLASS:	7
MOVEMENT	swim 15
HIT DICE:	2+1
THACO:	19
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d4+1 or by weapon
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Spells
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	
SIZE:	M (6')
MORALE:	
XP VALUE:	

Shalarin are a highly developed race that shares many characteristics with both humans and elves. On Toril, they are found only in the Sea of Fallen Stars.

Shalarin are graceful swimmers and are adorned with a prominent dorsal fin that runs from the bridge of the nose up the forehead and over, down the back to the tailbone and fanning out approximately two feet at its highest point, between the shoulder blades.. They also have gill slits, not at the neck, but rather along the collarbones and ribcage on either side of their torso. They are unable to leave the water and breathe air, as they do not have lungs. Shalarin are similar in size to humans, growing to around six feet in height. Their skin is sleek and scaleless, similar to a dolphins in texture and coloration, ranging as widely as the colors of coral. Shalarin eyes are less like humans and more like those of fish and cetaceans.

Combat: Shalarin as a rule wear pearl or silverweave armor, although some have tried surface-dwellers' armor, though they avoid armor that interferes with their dorsal fins. Weapons are equally diverse, though they favor tridents and tapals.

Habitat/Society: Shalarin live in a rigid caste society, and they consider it very important to find out as quickly as possible what caste other beings belong to, in order to understand how to properly interact with them. Giving a shalarin disparate information (such as warrior that cooks or sings) can cause a great amount of confusion. The four castes of the



shalarin culture are the Protectors (the warriors), the Providers (the workers and servants, as well as the rulers), The Scholars (historians, poets, bards, singers), etc., and the Seekers (the explorers).

Shalarin are generally open and polite, although they remain somewhat aloof to sea elves, due to long-ago persecutions by that race. To many, shalarin seem naïve, but this is untrue. They are open and trusting, but far from foolish.

Ecology: Shalarin are oviparous creatures, laying their eggs externally and incubating them for six months in warm subsea caverns and mud. Shalarin eggs are both colored and textured, flawlessly indicating the caste of the child-to-be. Once an egg is laid, it is transferred to clan hatcheries, and once born the infant shalarin is raised by surrogate parents who are of the same caste as the child.

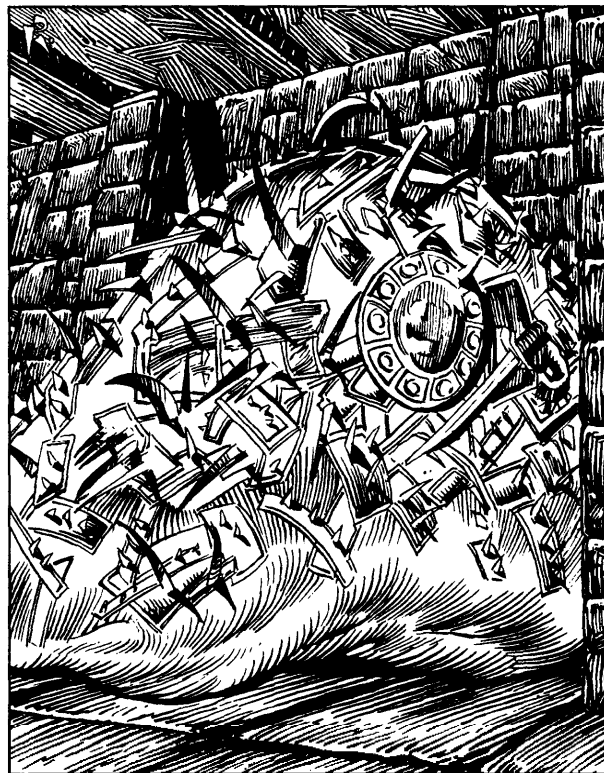
SLITHERING HOARD

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivorous scavenger
INTELLIGENCE:	Low (5-7)
TREASURE TYPE:	B, S, Z
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral evil
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	4
MOVEMENT	9, swim 6 (flaps like <i>ixitxachtli</i> , ray)
HIT DICE:	5
THACO:	17
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	2d8/2d8
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Suffocation
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	immune to electrical, paralyzation, and fear, hold, polymorph, and sleep-based attacks
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	L (20' diameter sphere)
MORALE:	Steady (11)
XP VALUE:	1,400

Slithering hoards are modified cousins of the gelatinous cube that appear as amorphous blobs about twenty feet in diameter with bits of metal (often treasure) coating them. They exude a gluey substance that they use to adhere coins, gems, small weapons, and pieces of armor as an outer layer. This outer coating of detritus functions both as a set of teeth and also as a protective coating of armor. The slithering hoard flows toward its victims and wraps itself around them, grinding them with their metallic "teeth," while at the same time suffocating them.

Combat: The slithering hoard has the general consistency of a squishy gel, and it attacks by warping its generally spherical shape into one or two pseudopods that lash out and envelop its prey. Each of these attacks inflict 2d8 points of damage, and a victim so attacked must roll a successful saving throw vs. paralyzation or become enveloped within the slithering hoard's mass. The creature can either make two attacks against a single victim (forcing two separate saving throws) or one each against two different opponents. Victims trapped inside the slithering hoard automatically suffer 1d6 points of digestive damage and are in danger of suffocating.

Electricity, *fear*, *hold*, paralyzation, polymorph, and sleep-based attacks have no effect on slithering hoards, but fire and blows from weapons have normal effects. If a slithering hoard fails its saving throw against a cold-based attack, it is



slowed to 50% its normal movement and only inflicts 1d4 points of damage per attack.

Habitat/Society: What little intelligence the slithering hoard possesses guides it to find loose treasure that it can use as its teeth and armor. Beyond that, it has a voracious appetite for organic material. It displays a crude bit of cunning, almost instinctual, in its hunting habits. It has learned to adapt to its surroundings and take advantage of its natural camouflage to lure prey to it. In dungeons, it can compress itself into a pile shape, using its protective treasure coating to appear as a large pile of coins, gems, potions, etc. Underwater, it is even harder to spot, and it can bury itself among silt or other debris and appear as loose treasure undulating in the current. If a slithering hoard spends sufficient time underwater, it learns to move with a crude swimming motion, extruding fins of a sort from its mass to propel itself.

Ecology: The slithering hoard was created by the Red Wizards of Thay, who adapted gelatinous cubes for the unique and insidious task of paying retribution to their enemies. The hoard was hidden in weak ceramic jars and then secreted among tributes and ransoms sent to various states and rich persons, where, once it was deposited among a true treasure hoard, would dissolve its container and adapt the treasure around it, becoming a nasty surprise for the recipients.



Appendix IV: Magic



here is magic in abundance throughout this adventure, especially on a quest for a legendary relic of a long-lost kingdom. Despite the aquatic nature of the module's primary setting, the greatest magic present comes from Faerûn, not Serôs. We will first look at the magic that affects all the characters during the course of this adventure—the *mythal* at Myth Nantar. Next, we will examine the object of our quest, the *Wyrmskull Throne*, and its attendant items of power, the *Ruling Scepters of Shanatar*. The other great relics are the *Librarian* of the Halls of Knowledge, the *Staff of the Deep*, and other various spells and items. All have their links to the NPCs and the adventure at large, and many can spark more adventures and campaigns for years to come.

The Mythal at Myth Nantar

All areas explored within this module exist within the confines of a spherical area of magic wrapped around Myth Nantar, City of Destinies, and the focal point for all modern undersea politics and power. While Myth Nantar itself does not fall within the area of activity for this adventure, the beneficial magic of its *mythal* help DMs and players alike get used to an aquatic AD&D game without any of the major rules adjustments. For more on *mythals*, their construction, and their powers, see the *Cormanthyrr: Empire of Elves* supplement (TSR #01165), though all the information needed on the *mythal* is abbreviated here and fully detailed in *Sea of Fallen Stars* (SoFS).

Created by an elven High Magic ritual over 2,000 years ago, the *mythal* permeates all areas within a three-mile radius of the Fire Fountain at Myth Nantar (the city center) in all directions except up—the *mythal's* "ceiling" ends within sixty feet of the sea's surface, providing only about 300 feet of water protected above the city. There is no real way of perceiving the *mythal's* presence save by its effects—there are no visual cues to its existence unless one can see or detect magic.

Powers of The Mythal

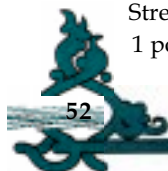
While many powers are defined below, not all the powers of the *mythal* are listed for two reasons: From seven to ten powers are left undefined for the DM to determine, and there are a few powers (noted in SoFS) that would not or could not be activated by any circumstances or NPCs within this adventure. At the absolute minimum, there should be five major (and automatic) powers, and thirteen minor powers within this *mythal* (and up to twenty-one). Note that all of these powers noted below are abbreviated versions of the full powers as written in the *Sea of Fallen Stars* campaign supplement, and any missing information is not necessary for PC or NPC understanding or play of this module.

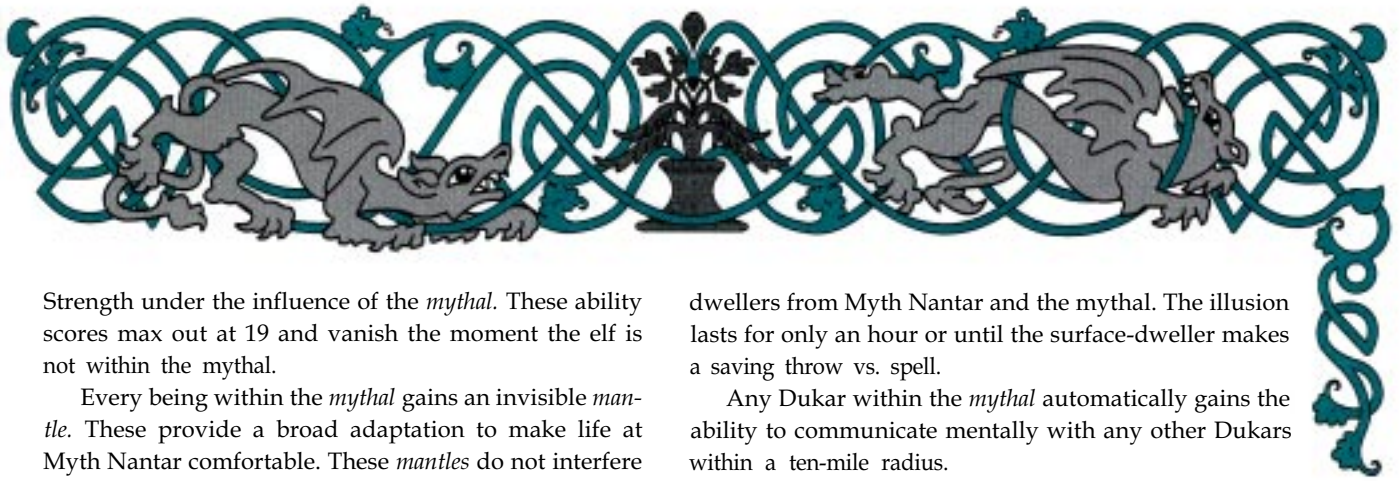
Automatic Powers

The *mythal* produces a unique *airy water* variant effect that is breathable to both air- and water-breathers. While the medium is still water and allows swimming movement through it, it acts as air for the purposes of spells and items (all reacting as if within their normal environment on the surface). Essentially, this underwater *mythal* creates surface-world conditions without removing the water from the area.

This unique substance created by the *mythal* also slowly changes air-breathers who remain in it for more than a month's stay. Prolonged exposure adapts the person to an aquatic environment and gills appear on the person's neck. They still have lungs and can exit the sea, expel the water from their lungs, and breath air immediately (though anyone who had breathed air cannot breathe water again until within the *mythal* again or under the influence of other magic to provide air).

All elves gain strength and vitality within the *mythal*. Any elves upon entering the *mythal* gain 1 point each of Strength (or 20% if over 18) and Constitution. Sea elves in particular gain 2 points of Strength (or 40% if over 18) and 1 point of Constitution. These bonuses allow elves to exceed their normal racial limits. Half-elves only gain 1 point of





Strength under the influence of the *mythal*. These ability scores max out at 19 and vanish the moment the elf is not within the *mythal*.

Every being within the *mythal* gains an invisible *mantle*. These provide a broad adaptation to make life at Myth Nantar comfortable. These *mantles* do not interfere with other magical protections or fields, and all of these abilities dissipate slowly. Every day within the *mythal* provides an hour of protection by this *mantle* when away from the *mythal*. The *mantles* provide a number of other powers to all entrants in the *mythal* (save sahuagin and malenti):

- 1) *Free action* to negate all penalties of underwater combat and movement;
- 2) Protection from cold temperatures within the deep water;
- 3) All wounds are staunched immediately, limiting bleeding into water for the round when the wound is created;
- 4) *Aquavision* (Sixty-foot line-of-sight regardless of the physical limits of any race or lighting conditions unless a character is blind); and
- 5) All unencumbered characters (carrying less than twenty pounds) can use their *mantles* to provide a type of *flight* (MV 15; MC: C) which either replaces a lesser swimming speed or adds +6 to their movement speed. If a character carries more than twenty pounds, this lesser aspect of the *mantle* cancels out to maintain the other powers rather than strain to move an armored or overburdened character.

Doppelgangers, drow, illithids, ixitxachitl, koalinth, merrow, seawolves, and vodyanoi cannot enter or remain within the areas touched by the *mythal*. These creatures cannot enter the *mythal* from above, below, or at any depth. The *mythal* acts as an effective magical barrier as solid as a mountain of stone against their entry. If they manage to enter Myth Nantar by some unknown means, an intruder of any banned races suffers 2d6 automatic points of damage as the *mythal* crackles around it and then randomly *teleports* each intruder 5d10 x 10 miles away from the *mythal*.

Command Powers

With a command word, highly specific illusions can be conjured by the *mythal* to make everyone within 100 yards of the speaker look like a sahuagin to anyone not native to an aquatic environment. The purpose of this minor disguise originally served to scare away surface-

dweller from Myth Nantar and the *mythal*. The illusion lasts for only an hour or until the surface-dweller makes a saving throw vs. spell.

Any Dukar within the *mythal* automatically gains the ability to communicate mentally with any other Dukars within a ten-mile radius.

Situational Powers

All within the *mythal* gain a 25% noncumulative chance each day of having any and all diseases cured, from insanity to mummy rot.

The *mythal* extends a *feather fall/Bigby's hand* effect on sinking ships (or any sinking items of Large size or larger), guiding a shipwreck with a force equal to 32 Strength toward the Shipwreck Plains north of the city.

Any whale or cetacean (dolphins, etc.) in the *mythal* is immaterial if it so desires. As long as the creature remains in contact with the *mythal*, it can be immaterial and act as if it were a *projected image*, in order to protect the city from the currents caused by these massive creatures.

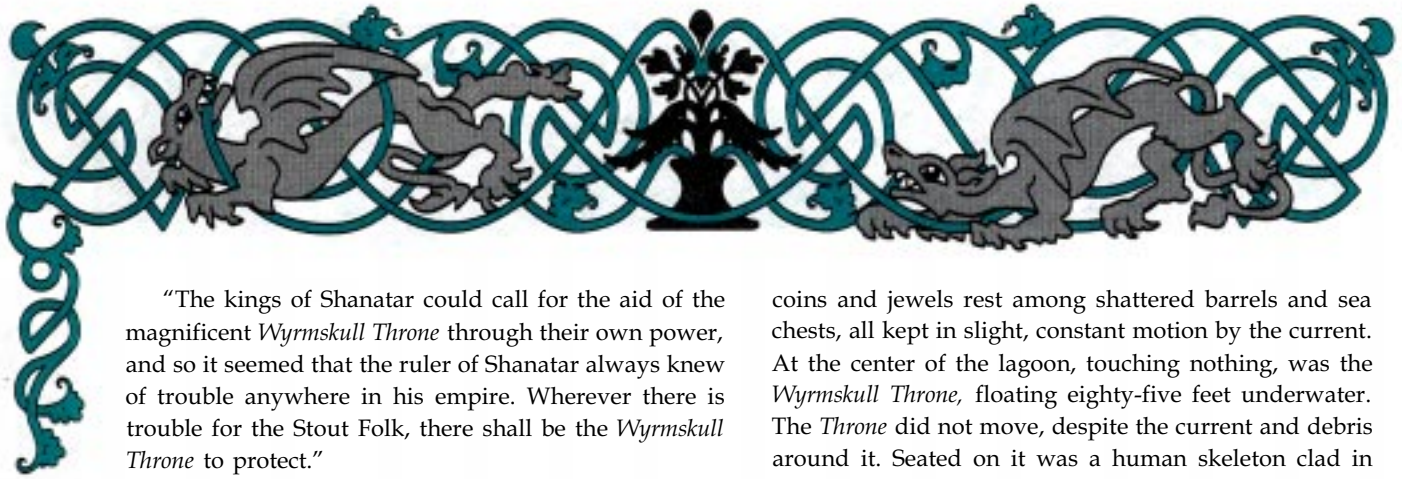
Note: Some of these powers are initiated by Axar Xyrl and Gantar Kraok to confuse the PCs and obfuscate their true plans. Unless asked, the Dukars or other NPCs won't bother to explain much about the *mythal* other than its survival magic to surface-dwellers and the movement power of the *mantles*.

The Wyrmskull Throne

It was upon the plateau that would become the Homelands of Alatorin that Taark Shanat and his sons slew the four great wyrms that spit lightning and thunder. The stones themselves cheered for the Stout Folk that day as they vanquished their foes and claimed the land for their own. Moreover, the *Throne* rose from the stone itself and took up the skulls of the slain wyrms as its feet. And the dwarves reveled that their great king Taark Shanat the Crusader had a Throne worthy of his achievements."

"Lo, though the dark ones overran noble Alatorin with their loathsome poisons and eight-legged servitors, Taark flew about in the *Wyrmskull Throne*, its jaws spitting death into the ranks of those who soiled the Lair of the Nine Dwarves with their evil presence. Though thousands stood against him, Taark remained as steadfast as the stone upon which he sat, and he laughed at their spells."





“The kings of Shanatar could call for the aid of the magnificent *Wyrmskull Throne* through their own power, and so it seemed that the ruler of Shanatar always knew of trouble anywhere in his empire. Wherever there is trouble for the Stout Folk, there shall be the *Wyrmskull Throne* to protect.”

These quotes and others form the most prominent source of legends on southern dwarven history, *Of the Clans and Clashes of Shanatar*. Written in the early Twelfth Century Dalereckoning by the dwarven scholar Bryth Tolar of Clan Ironhelm in Mirabar, the book speaks only in vague terms about the *Throne* and its powers as its long-lost sources were verbal stories shared among the dwarves of Citadel Adbar at that time. This is a long-winded text whose tales meander as far afield as a tressym in springtime, but it is the sole text in the hands of the Harpers that speaks of the *Throne*. What little is recorded beyond cryptic legends and religious myths lets us know only that the *Wyrmskull Throne* is a major relic sacred to the dwarves of southern Faerûn.

Extrapolating from the overblown stories, it appears the *Wyrmskull Throne* was created by the dwarven gods, and even thousands of years of debate have not determined which god or gods shaped this relic (though most scholars agree that it was Dumathoin’s hand, based on that god’s importance to both Alatorin and early Shanatar). The first ruler to sit upon the *Wyrmskull Throne* was the Great Crusader Taark Shanat, third son of the great ruling clan of Bhaerynden. He ruled wisely and well, and the *Throne* eventually grew beyond Alatorin to become the ruler’s seat of Shanatar in that country’s third Age. It was Taark Shanat and the *Wyrmskull Throne* that scattered his eight sons everywhere to seek the Ruling Scepters that would show them their lands.

The *Wyrmskull Throne* is a broad-seated and high, arch-backed throne fashioned of polished obsidian. It rests on oversized feet—the impaled skulls of four great elder blue wyrms, their horns intact. Barely visible runes glisten in the carved obsidian, winking to life with blue energy when the *Throne’s* powers are active, and there is a small indentation at the end of the right arm rest, wherein should rest a Ruling *Scepter* of Shanatar. This description comes from its most recent sightings, which astounded many who had sought the *Throne* since its disappearance over three millennia ago.

At last reports a decade ago, the *Wyrmskull Throne* rested near a forested, horseshoe-shaped island near Nemessor whose open end faced Tulmene (now known as Hook Isle). The lagoon was filled with shipwreck, including broken prows, masts, and rigging. Thousands of

coins and jewels rest among shattered barrels and sea chests, all kept in slight, constant motion by the current. At the center of the lagoon, touching nothing, was the *Wyrmskull Throne*, floating eighty-five feet underwater. The *Throne* did not move, despite the current and debris around it. Seated on it was a human skeleton clad in still-bright robes, sitting upright as if held there by magic. Its discoverer, the pirate Havilos Thrunn, was saved from drowning and captured by Lord Hhune of Zazesspur in the Year of the Turret (1360 DR). Havilos Thrunn mysteriously disappeared from his jail cell within days of his capture, never to be seen again in the Lands of Intrigue. Upon funding an expedition to Hook Isle to excavate and collect the *Throne* the following year, then-Guildmaster Hhune found only a golden *scepter* and various treasures waiting for him there, his ultimate prize missing!

Numerous powers, not the least of whom is Lord Inselm Hhune, have spent the last decade seeking the *Wyrmskull Throne*. Once word got out of Havilos Thrunn’s discovery, any group with the means sent agents looking for the *Throne* or anything to do with Shanatar. After ten years, events have risen to a head, and the *Wyrmskull Throne* is coming to light once more. The *Throne’s* most recent history is recounted in earlier chapters.

Rumored Powers

Over the millennia since the *Wyrmskull Throne* was last seen as the ruling seat of Shanatar, many tall tales have grown about its powers. This is not surprising to any who have heard dwarven talespinners, as their penchant for the fantastic causes many an orc horde to triple in size or a hero’s deeds to become worthy of ten dwarves. As the *Throne* has been lost to the dwarves since the fall of Brightaxe Hall, they cling to the legends and wonder how their lives will change when they can reclaim the *Throne* and Shanatar. Powers of the *Wyrmskull Throne* according to bards’ tales and so-called “sages who know of what they speak” include:

The *Wyrmskull Throne*, so named after the four dragon skulls that act as its feet, grants the ruler of Shanatar (or even merely the one who sits upon the *Throne*) all the abilities of a great blue wyrm!

None can resist the commands of he who sits upon the *Wyrmskull Throne*, for the eyes of the dragon skulls control the very minds of whole legions of dwarves. With this power, no army is more unified than that led by the *Throne*, as it lends its strength to all as the dragons’ skulls roar into battle!





None can ever approach the *Throne* and surprise he who sits there—the eyes of the *Throne* see in all directions.

When seated upon the *Throne*, the wyrm skulls whisper to the ruler and lead him (and his people) to riches buried all across Faerûn.

The *Wyrmskull Throne* was carved from a fallen star, as it once flew among the Tears of Selûne. Its flight abilities stem from its origin as a flying rock, and when the time is right, it shall lead the Stout Folk back to its home among the stars!

The *Wyrmskull Throne* carved through rock like the most ravenous of purple worms, all ores uncovered easily by the gnashing teeth of the wyrm skulls upon which it flew.

If the *Wyrmskull Throne* were placed in the head of the Wailing Dwarf of the Cloud Peaks, it could bring the stone dwarf to life to gain revenge against all the foes of the Stout Folk!

If the PCs know anything of the *Throne* as this adventure begins, rumors such as those above are likely to be the extent of their information. The DM can weave rumors like those above into the campaign weeks or even months before the PCs take part in this adventure.

Actual Powers

Some of the actual powers of the relic do have passing resemblances to the legends above, though they rarely live up to the hyperbole. All the *Throne's* powers and their limitations are noted below.

If someone of the bloodline of Taark Shanat comes into contact with the *Throne*, he or she alone can sit on the *Throne* without reprisal, though only the *earthwalk* and *flight* abilities are available to that person, the command words coming into the mind of the dwarf.

The only surviving scions of the Shanat bloodline are among the duergar, specifically War King Olorn Ridau-gaur of Underspires and his offspring, and many dwarves would rather see the *Throne* destroyed before allowing their gray-skinned kin to claim their legacy.

"The Usurper's Field": Anyone—dwarf, human, or otherwise—who sits on the *Throne* without holding a *Ruling Scepter* (or without one placed in the right arm-rest) becomes the subject of the *Usurper's Field*. The *Throne's forcefield* rises and permeates its whole volume, paralyzing the usurper against the *Throne* and allowing no speech or any movement beyond breathing. Until canceled by the touch of any *Ruling Scepter*, the *Usurper's Field* remains active. While some spells might allow escape if cast by allies from outside the field, only a

ring of free action can help the person trapped, though it only allows a saving throw vs. paralyzation. If the save is successful, the character leaps free, leaving the field activated behind him; otherwise he is trapped as detailed.

The powers noted below only operate when a character wields one of the *Ruling Scepters of Shanatar*.

Flight: MV 16 (C) at will. When not actively moving, the *Throne* hovers at least a foot above any surface.

Earthwalk: Mimics the 6th-level spell of Dumathoin's priests in *Demihuman Deities*, allowing the king to move himself and the *Throne* through stone, seeking out precious metal deposits, pockets of gems, or even lost realms within the earth.

Teleport: The *Throne* can immediately *teleport without error* to within fifty yards of any of the *Ruling Scepters*, regardless of any intermediate magical or mundane barriers. The only way this power cannot work is if a *scepter* is taken out of Realmspace or off the Prime Material Plane.

Dismissal: The commander of the *Throne* can, with a command word keyed to each *Ruling Scepter* (except the *Alatorin Scepter*), forcibly send the holder of that *scepter* through a *teleport without error* to the last place from which the *scepter* and its wielder used its own *teleport* abilities. In other words, a *scepter*-holder could *teleport* in for an audience with the emperor (see the *scepters*, below), who would then use the *Throne* to send the supplicant back from whence he came once their business was complete. This power is only usable to a wielder of the *Alatorin Scepter* or one of the bloodline of Shanat.

Forcefield: Upon command and maintained for up to four hours per day, a translucent-blue energy field can wrap around the entire *Throne* and its rider in a five-foot radius, providing AC -6 protection and acting as a *globe of invulnerability* that, unlike the 6th-level wizard spell, cannot be dispelled. All the other powers of the *Throne* can be used while this field is active.

Lightning: Each of the wyrm skulls at the feet of the *Throne* breathes blue dragon breath—*lightning bolts*—up to twice/day. Thus, the commander of the *Throne* can pivot the chair in mid-air (for the appropriate head to face the target) and blast up to eight lightning bolts each day for 11d8+11 points of damage each! This ability is only accessible if the *Alatorin Scepter* is the activating *scepter* of the *Throne*.

The Dragonfield: The greatest power of the *Throne* is the ability to manifest a massive blue dragon form out of its *forcefield*. This field (which initially looks like the standard *forcefield* but soon grows beyond that), for all intents and purposes, changes the *Throne* and its wielder into a translucent image of a blue wyrm with the *Throne*





hovering at its heart. The field interacts as a blue wyrm (Age rank 11) 200 feet in length (80 feet of it as tail), with claw and bite capabilities and an Armor Class of -7. All the other powers of the *Throne* are accessible the round after the *Dragonfield* is activated, and the *Dragonfield* can use its three attacks and any one magical power of the *Throne* in a round. The manifestation of this power can last for up to ten rounds per day. However, this power can only be activated by a wielder tied to the bloodline of Shanat who also holds the *Alatorin Scepter*; if these conditions are not met, this power is inaccessible.

Methods of Destruction

While never recorded or sung of among the dwarves or any bards or tellers-of-tales, the *Wyrmskull Throne* can be destroyed, like all major relics and artifacts, despite its many great powers. The dwarven gods built the *Wyrmskull Throne*, and the rules for destroying it are simple: "Keep the peace among the dwarves, and the hope of unity and peace among all shall live on in the *Throne*. Break that peace, and hope shall fade away, as shall the *Wyrmskull Throne*."

By breaking at least five of the nine *Ruling Scepters* (not including the *Alatorin Scepter*) simultaneously on it, the *Throne*, *scepters*, and any beings or objects within a thirty-foot radius suffer 20d6 points of damage from an explosion (no save), while those in the sixty-foot debris radius need to make saving throws vs. spells to avoid half of that same damage from chunks of magically charged debris (save for no damage, fail for 10d6 damage).

By requiring a majority vote of five to destroy the *Throne*, the rulers of the dwarven realm were given majority voting power to determine the fate of their ruling seat (literally), even to the point of overruling the holder of the *Alatorin Scepter* (which holds no power to destroy the *Throne*), should such grave circumstances warrant it.

If a drow sits in the *Throne*, the *Throne* shatters instantly to destroy the drow, then reforms within a day unless blasted by blue dragon's breath. This action nearly occurred during the fall of *Alatorin*, as a drow sacrificed her life to break the *Throne* and then her allied dragons blasted the pieces into the Great Breach (also known as the Rift of *Dhalnadar*). The pieces reformed due to the equal sacrifice of the great-grandson of *Taark Shanat*, who leapt after the shattered *Throne* and whose lifeblood restored the *Throne* as it lay in rubble far below. Some say the ghost, which allegedly animated the *Throne* for the remainder of that battle, resides in the *Throne* still, but few can say.

Legend has it that if a priest of *Dumathoin* with the

bloodline of the *Nine Kings* prays fervently, *Dumathoin* will come and claim the *Throne* as one of his secrets, and it shall remain hidden until his children can rule again wisely.

The Ruling Scepters of Shanatar

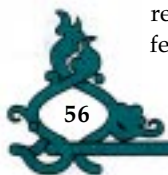
And the ten *Ruling Scepters of Shanatar* led the Stout Folk of the South for many years. . . ." While most humans and elves have forgotten that *Shanatar* was more than one massive realm, the dwarves remember the ten individual kingdoms due to the *Ten Ruling Scepters of Shanatar*. Their origins are as mysterious and arcane as that of the *Wyrmskull Throne* itself, though many more dwarves and others saw the *scepters* than ever saw the *Throne*. Like the *Throne* itself, many legends about the powers of the *scepters* have arisen.

Fashioned almost like a heavy war club, the *Ruling Scepters* are all similar in form. The round shaft tapers down and ends in a small knob of precious metal or an inset gem. The *scepters* are as thick as a dwarf's forearm, and a thick, rounded disk tops each of them. One side holds the mark of the clan that ruled the country to which the *scepter* was ascribed, and the other holds the holy mark of the clan's patron god. Aside from the marks and the inset gem or metal at the butt, the *Ruling Scepters* are identical with one exception. While all the *scepters* seemed formed from mithral, the *Alatorin Scepter* is a darker hue, seemingly formed from a dark starmetal as equally as impervious to harm as mithral. Weighing nearly six pounds, these *scepters* could be (and often were, in war) used as impromptu clubs when the clans or kingdoms went to war.

Common Powers

These *scepters* have a number of magical powers, all of which are noted below, though these powers are not automatically granted. Since the rulers of each realm only told the command words to a select few, many of the command words are lost, or at least those that activate the *Audience* power (see below).

The *scepters'* greatest powers have long since faded save in the minds of the dwarves. These *scepters*, not any crowns, signified the rightful rule of dwarven kingdoms, and the political and social power of claiming one of these *scepters* is worth far more to dwarves than its magi-





cal powers, unless those latter powers lead them to the *Wyrmskull Throne*.

War: As noted before, the *scepters* can be used as clubs, though they deal more damage than the average club does. A successful strike with a *scepter* deals 1d6/1d8+3 points of magical damage. If the *scepter* is wielded thusly within 100 feet of the *Wyrmskull Throne*, the magical damage bonus rises to +6 points. This power is constant.

Peace: With the knowledge of the ten command words, the holder of a *Ruling Scepter* can perform one *sending* per day to each of the other *scepters* (and presumably those who are in contact with them). This once allowed the nine kings to remain aware of activities across the empire and maintain peaceful relations among them. By mental command, the holder of the *scepter* could either receive the *sending* directly into his mind (silently) or have it broadcast aloud from the *scepter*. If no one was in contact with the *scepter* when a *sending* was sent to it, the message automatically broadcasts audibly for anyone to hear.

Audience: Another command word causes the *scepter* to glow, radiate a globe of energy, and then contract into the *scepter*, causing all within the globe to disappear. The glow extends to a twenty-five-foot radius from the *scepter*, and all living beings (and anything they carry on their

bodies) within that radius are *teleported without error* to within a fifty-foot radius of the *Wyrmskull Throne*. Given the *Throne's* flight capability, the kings of Shanatar only used this power after sending to the *Alatorin Scepter* for permission to enter the presence of the emperor. This power can be used up to once a tenday.

Arrival: The *Wyrmskull Throne* also homes in on the *scepters*, and each of them chimes if the *Throne's* power to home in on their locations is activated. The *scepter* merely resonates and emits a clear ringing sound, which is only the signal to clear the area around it to provide room for the *Throne*. This power activates when necessary.

The Alatorin Scepter

This *scepter* is easily distinguished from the others in direct comparison due to its darker, less reflective surface. However, many do not know enough about the *scepters* to note this, and only scholars and dwarves might be able to discern the differences. The holy mark this *scepter* carries is the hammer and anvil mark of Moradin, the Dwarf-father. It was this mark on the "*scepter* that rules them all" that ended the factionalized clan-god structures and unified the worship of all the dwarven gods as a pantheon in unified Shanatar. While this *scepter* shares the same



powers as other ruling *scepters*, it also has three special powers within its starmetal form:

With one command word that has never been spoken aloud, the Alatorin *Scepter* has the power to actually call the *Wyrmskull Throne* to its location. Only one person within this adventure knows this word, and that is Gantar Kraok.

If this *scepter* is placed in the right armrest of the *Wyrmskull Throne* or held while seated in the *Throne*, the seated figure mentally receives all the command words to the powers of the *Throne*.

If within 500 feet of the *Wyrmskull Throne*, the wielder of the Alatorin *Scepter* can activate and use the powers of the *Throne* at a distance, operating its powers by remote control. This *scepter* can only command the powers of the *Throne* once the command words are known, so the *scepter* wielder must have sat in the *Throne* at least once to gain that knowledge.

Gantar Kraok recovered this *scepter* from a shipwreck among the Haunted Plains early in the Eleventh Serôs War, and he wielded it proudly as his weapon of choice throughout that conflict. While he carried it for more than two centuries, he only learned of its true powers within the past two decades. Since that time, Gantar has worked to forward his plans in reforming the ruling class of sea elves, and the *Wyrmskull Throne* and its Ruling *scepter* have been his best tools for manipulating surface powers.

Individual Scepters and Locations

The other Ruling *Scepters* have been scattered during the centuries since the fall of their respective kingdoms. While all have a history as long as a hammer's throw, all we need to know is the current location of the *scepter* and which patron god's mark is on the *scepter* (for purposes of identification).

The Barakuir/Holorarar *Scepter*: The *scepter* of Barakuir, which also served as the *scepter* of Holorarar after the Iron Kingdom's fall, carries the shield mark of Laduguer, the duergar god. While the *scepter* currently lies in the hands of War King Olorn Ridaugaur, the duergar ruler of Underspires, he cannot access any powers beyond using it as a magical club. He has sent many agents and scholars throughout the Underdark, seeking out the words of power so he can claim the *Wyrmskull Throne* – which makes him all the more dangerous, as he is the last of the bloodline of Taark Shanat, though distantly through more than 100 generations.

The Drakkalor *Scepter*: The bejeweled dagger mark of Abbathor identifies The Drakkalor *Scepter*, though the

markings and the power of the *scepter* mean little to its current holder. Charvekannathor the Scarlet, a venerable red dragon, keeps the *scepter* in his treasure hoard at the ruins of Rrinoroth among the southwestern Kuldin Peaks.

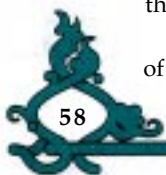
The *Scepter* of High Shanatar: While the concept of patron deities affiliated with a single kingdom had faded by the time High Shanatar was founded, the *Scepter* of High Shanatar bears the symbol of Thard Harr the Disentangler, two crossed, scaled, metal gauntlets ending in claws. Although primarily viewed as the patron of jungle dwarves, Thard Harr was venerated by the deep-dwelling shield dwarves of Shanatar as the Lord of the Green Mantle, the god of the forests above, thus High Shanatar was established as his domain. In addition, as the Disentangler was numbered as the ninth of the Nine Scions of the Forge, it was appropriate that the ninth kingdom's *scepter* bear Thard Harr's symbol. When High Shanatar fell, more pashas stole and murdered to claim this *scepter* than any treasures since the claiming of the Seven *Scimitars of Schamedar*. Today, it lies just beneath the surf's edge, buried among the dried bone beaches of Thordentor among the Nelanther Isles.

The Iltkazar *Scepter*: The head of the *scepter* proudly shows the crossed axes of Clangeddin Silverbeard, the Father of Battle. Currently in the Sea of Fallen Stars, Axar Xyrl the morkoth Arcount holds this *scepter*, which was unearthed at the foot of the Cliffs of Atin over 100 years ago and has been in morkoth clutches ever since.

The Korolnor *Scepter*: Diinkarazan was the patron god of Korolnor, and that kingdom's Ruling *Scepter* holds his long-forgotten symbol, a ring of seven gems. Given the similarity between Diinkarazan's symbol and one of the symbols commonly associated with the Lady of Mysteries and the millennia that have passed since this symbol was commonly employed, the markings on the Korolnor *Scepter* may generate some confusion in the minds of any sage who examines this long-lost piece of regalia.

The location of this *scepter* is left open as a DM's tool to place it into another adventure and link this storyline further into her campaign. The only stricture is that the *scepter* should be long hidden from the eyes of dwarves and those who might know exactly what power it has. Frankly, it could have been used merely as a weapon for centuries without anyone becoming the wiser.

The Sondarr *Scepter*: Through great amounts of research, Havilos Thrunn unearthed the location of this *scepter* in a long-abandoned dwarven outpost in the Snowflake Mountains. Stamped with the coin of Vergadain, this *scepter* was laid to rest there with its final





wielder, a distant cousin to one of the last rulers of Shanatar at the time of its demise. Hhune's agents were sent to retrieve the *Sondarr Scepter* and return it to him, but interested parties among the Cowled Wizards of Amn caught wind of the operation and sent some of their own to discreetly notify Clan Ghalmrin of the attempt.

The Torglor Scepter: Before his banishment from the dwarven pantheon, Diirinka was a god of magic and knowledge, and his swirling spiral symbol marked many magical artifacts from Torglor, especially the *Torglor Scepter*. Some dwarves might be happy to know it never left the hands of scholars, as the *scepter* has been the property of the Halruaan noble family of Ryscelsar for more than 500 years, whose main stock in trade has been scholarship and sagelore as well as magecraft.

The Ultoksamrin Scepter: The silhouette of a cut, faceted gem inside of a mountain that is Dumathoin's holy symbol shimmers like a beljuril when in firelight. The *Ruling Scepter* of Ultoksamrin moved the farthest afield over the centuries, and now lies buried amid the rubble of Myth Ondath's ruins near the Great Glacier.

The Xothaerin Scepter: Marked by the flaming needle symbol of Sharindlar, the *scepter* of Xothaerin lies in a lonely mountain cavern high within the Storm Horns, clutched to the breast of a dwarf skeleton. The mouth of the cavern faces west and overlooks the Farsea Marshes, but no wind or animal predators invade this cold cave.

The Librarian

Almost nothing is known about the *Librarian* of the Hall of Living Memory, even among the most knowledgeable people of Faerûn or Serôs, save a few sea elf scholars from Selu'Maraar. The massive gem-statue floats in the center of the domed chamber, its three facets seemingly carved to appear as three distinct elves: one reads a book, another writes on a scroll, and the third merely bows her head, her hands closed in prayer. The eyes of these three heads in one glow in response to the flickering glows of the other gems (*kiira*) set in the walls or floating about the room. The entire statue glows and glistens in a random pattern, sometimes appearing as dark as a night sky, and other times surrounded and effused by a reddish glow with a twenty-foot radius. There is no pattern to its glow or its changes from opacity to translucence, though the glowing eyes never change, always flicker with arcane fires and knowledge.

It is within this chamber that Gantar has spent countless hours, studying the vast collection of knowl-

edge that is preserved here. Indeed, it is from the *Librarian* and its *kiira* that Gantar first discerned the true nature of the *Alatorin Scepter*, which had been in his possession all these long years. From there, his research led him to the revelation of the existence of the *Wyrmskull Throne*, discovering how the dwarven seat of power functioned along with its ruling *scepters*. He quickly realized the value of such a possession and wasted no time in claiming it for himself. Gantar treasures the *Librarian* and its *kiira* highly, and he will be loath to abandon it to the likes of the player characters, whether they be surface dwellers or Dukars of the Nantarn Alliance; either circumstance sticks in his craw.

The *Librarian* is actually the metamorphosed remains of three ancient elf historians and lorekeepers from the time of Aryselymalyr. As members of the early Dukar orders, these three lorekeepers were the bridge between the elven dualist mages and the Dukars. The *Librarian* holds the keys to learning the most ancient secrets of the Dukars, the elven empire of Aryselymalyr, much early history of Faerûn (as learned through allies and some agents), and much more. Using a process not unlike that which turned Qos the triton into the Living Reef that embraces Myth Nantar, the three became one "living" *kiira*, to act as the focal point of all the knowledge stored in the Hall of Living Memory.

Powers and Abilities

Born of elven magic as well as the new magic of the Dukars (new at the time of the *Librarian's* creation), this crystalline triune figure is far more enigma and lifeform than artifact or relic. Its known powers are listed below, though there are many conditional and it may have far more power than noted here.

Many folks will be disappointed that the *Librarian* has no active powers; it is not an item to be wielded or a force to manipulate to one's will. It is a cryptic entity that holds the keys to many doors and many secrets, but it reveals information only at its own (the DM's) discretion. How it communicates and shares its power and secrets are what is noted below, including all of the drawbacks:

If one is within two feet of the *Librarian*, one suddenly remembers random memories—snatches of half-heard songs, long-forgotten dreams, the scent of a springtime decades gone, a poem heard only once, etc. These memories are random and unrelated, and they provide adventure triggers for the DM to place in PCs' heads.

If any being, alive, dead, or undead, touches the *Librarian* with any uncovered flesh, the *Librarian* takes memories from the trespasser. The transgressor must





make a successful saving throw vs. paralyzation to pull away at the end of the round of contact (minimum of one round of contact). For each round of contact with the Librarian (saving throw attempts each round, successive rounds with a cumulative -1 penalty), the PC or NPC loses 1d12×1,000 XP and memories of the previous 1d20 days as it absorbs all memory and experience into itself. If a person loses all XP and/or all memories, he or she becomes a *tabula rasa* – alive but without any conscious mind – and only restoration or wish can restore the person to previous states.

Sharp-eyed folks (those that succeed an Intelligence check at a -8 penalty) notice a gem growing on the forehead of the face closest to the transgressor touching the statue. Once that person breaks contact with the statue, the gem detaches from the *Librarian* and floats through the Hall of Living Memory to take up a space along the *kiira* -studded walls. People can attempt to grab the gem as it moves (MV 18) through the water, and the *kiira*, if caught, will have the memories and XP stolen from the most recent victim. While normal *kiira* (including 99% of those among the waters and walls of the Hall) deliver grievous damage to the minds of nonelves, any *kiira* formed by contact with the *Librarian* can be safely placed on the head of that victim to restore all that was lost.

The *tel'kiira* formed by the *Librarian* is never larger than the nail of one's smallest finger, and most are polished smooth and rounded with no facets whatsoever. All are formed of a crystalline coral, and they appear in varying shades of red from a light pink (for brief contact) to a russet red as deep as the *Librarian* (for the absorption of all knowledge and self of anyone older than 300 years or of 15th-level or higher). The powers of the gem are quite simple: It stores all unguarded knowledge contained within the mind of a person who wears the *kiira* into the gem. It can be rendered invisible at the will of the wearer, and it provides a constant *mind blank* spell effect within the mind of the bearer against all mental intrusions. To access these powers or to restore someone's mind to his body, the gem must be placed on the forehead of the target.

If the bearer is not an elf of at least 15 Intelligence or is not the previous possessor of the knowledge within the *tel'kiira*, the foolish person is assaulted with a *feblemind* attack (save at -4 or suffer effects permanently) once each turn it is worn. Even if he is the one whose memories are within the gem, each new bearer must successfully make a number of Intelligence checks equal to 1/3 his Intelligence score. (Those of greater Intelligence

make more checks, as the gem tests their ability to wield greater and greater knowledge.) For each failed check, there is a -1 reduction in Intelligence and (if the score drops too low) possible permanent *feblemind* effects from the *kiira*. After all the checks are done (at the rate of one per hour), the wearer is either a gibbering fool or a *kiira*-bearer. Rarely does a *kiira* -wearer learn all the gem's lore instantly upon accepting one; only by age and acquired Intelligence can one continue to learn more and unearth the full potentials of a *tel'kiira*. In terms of game play, the bearer immediately gains 5,000 XP and over time, he gains either a +1 each to Intelligence and Wisdom over the next 1d10 years or another benefit as chosen by the DM (XP bonuses and/or hidden lore within the *kiira*, etc.). In effect, the *kiira* has taught the bearer (through memory flashes) many things about elven history, fighting, and magic.

It is possible to communicate with the *Librarian*, though only elves (or psionicists, who are incredibly rare on Faerûn and in Serôs) have the ability to do so. By entering elven reverie (the way elves sleep, in a partial state of mental meditation), the elf leaves himself mentally open and unguarded, ready to receive any knowledge that might be imparted. The *Librarian's* method of communication is to emit a steadily glowing *tel'kiira* onto the scroll of the Scribe facet, and only its intended bearer can touch it and the *Librarian* safely (without the usual effects of contact with the *Librarian*). This process, which can fail more often than succeed, can take anywhere from one hour to a century, dependant totally on the *Librarian*, the knowledge sought, and the potential recipient.

Staff of The Deep

This staff is fashioned from a single piece of roughly cylindrical but irregular coral of an almost salmon pink color. It is approximately five feet in length, tapering gradually from a diameter of 2 1/2 inches at its thick base to approximately 1/2 inch at the tip. The sharp, jagged nature of the coral improves its damage by +1 over a normal staff, and it also functions as a +1 magical weapon, so its total resultant damage is 1d6+2/1d6+2. The staff has multiple functions. While the staff is in the user's grasp the following two functions are automatically active:

Breathing: The wielder can breathe any form of air or water, regardless of its normal requirements for breathing (thus, a human could breathe underwater, while a lo-cathah could breathe normally on dry land).



Forcefield: The staff continuously protects the wielder with a flexible, watery barrier that surrounds him or her at all times, providing Armor Class 4.

Each of the following functions require the expenditure of one charge:

Propulsion: Once per day, the staff provides the wielder with a Movement rate of 18. This ability lasts for one hour.

Stealth Movement: Three times per day, the staff can effectively cloak movement (but not spellcasting or combat) through water, allowing the wielder to swim without creating any sounds or currents noticeable to other creatures. The effect lasts for one turn.

Summoning: Once each per day, the staff can summon the following creatures: 1d8 seawolves, 1d6 sharks, 1d4 sea lions, or 1d2 killer whales.

Note that when the staff is wielded on dry land, the only abilities that are active are the breathing function and the magical attack and damage bonuses; all other powers are dormant. The staff can be recharged.

Tome of Tujar The Dark Adherent

The Dark Adherent was once one of the most powerful of the Dukars, but, as with many such beings, he grew corrupt from his lust for power and strayed from the ideals the Dukars held true. When his crimes were discovered, the Dukars stripped him of his titles and banished him from their orders.

Incensed, the Dark Adherent, as he came to be known and whose true name has been lost in time, went into hiding and began plotting for his revenge. In time, his power grew to a level sufficient for him to attain lichdom, and he made that transformation into undeath. After some long span of time had passed, he disappeared, but whether this was because he gradually lost interest in his original purposes and plots (due to the longevity of his existence), or because he was destroyed, none know for sure.

During his long period of exile, the Dark Adherent penned his infamous *tome*, a collection of knowledge and secrets with but one purpose: the destruction of the Dukars. Most of the *tome* is full of theoretical discourses on how Dukar magic works via the Coral Hand, along with practical, altered spells that affect that specific matter in a way unpleasant to the Dukars themselves.

The tome itself was a massive work, penned onto rubbery pages of black shark skin with a special luminescent ink made from the blood of tritons; when viewed from anywhere other than beneath the sea, the pages appear to be blank. When read in the murky depths of the ocean (at least 150 feet below the surface), the cramped handwriting appears in a pale blue glow. The book is bound in two thick plates of coral that have been covered in locathah skin, using a row of killer whale vertebrae as a hinge for the spine.

While this massive tome does not appear directly in this adventure, its presence is felt by the use of several of its spells, which have been prepared by Gantar for Axar Xyrl. Gantar dangled these carrots in front of Axar as a means of enticing the morkoth to work with the sea elf, with promises of the entire tome at some future date. Below are listed the set of spells Axar has access to from the *tome*.

2nd-level Spells

Coral Burn

(Alteration)

Range: 40 yards Components: V, S, M

Duration: 7 rounds Casting Time: 2

Area of Effect: Special Saving Throw: Special

This spell is a variation on the 2nd-level priest spell *heat metal*. The caster is able to make exposed coral extremely hot, killing live coral reefs and injuring any Dukar upon which the spell is cast, unless a successful saving throw is rolled.

On the first round of the spell, the coral becomes very warm and comfortable to touch (this is also the effect on the last round of the spell's duration). During the second and sixth (next to last) rounds, the heat causes blisters and damage; in the third, fourth, and fifth rounds, the coral becomes searing hot, causing more damage, as shown below:

Coral Temp.	Damage/Round
very warm	none
hot	1d4 points
searing*	2d4 points

*On the final round of searing heat, the afflicted Dukar must roll a successful saving throw vs. spell or be unable to use the afflicted hand for 1d4 days. This effect can be completely removed by use of a *heal* spell. Otherwise, only rest will cure the heat damage.





Magic Missile, Dukar Seeker

(Evocation)

Range: 60 yards + 10 yards/level Comp.: V

Duration: Instantaneous Casting Time: 2

Area of Effect: 1-5 targets Saving Throw: None

This spell is a variant on the 1st-level wizard spell *magic missile*. When this spell is cast, it instantly creates up to five missiles that dart forth from the wizard's fingertip and unerringly strike their target, inflicting 1d4+1 point of damage each, just as a normal *magic missile* spell does. However, if there are Dukars within the spell's range, the *missile* or missiles seek them out in preference to all other targets. Therefore, if the spellcaster selects a non-Dukar as a target and one or more Dukars are within range, the *missile* seeks out the closest Dukar within range. If the spellcaster actually selects one or more Dukar targets within range, the *missile* flies to that target, whether another Dukar is closer or not.

When these special *missiles* strike a Dukar, they inflict extra damage: 1 additional point of damage for each *missile* that hits. Thus, the first *missile* to strike a Dukar inflicts 1d4+2 points of damage, the second such *missile* striking a Dukar inflicts 1d4+3 points of damage, all the way up to 1d4+6 points of damage for the fifth and final *missile*.

6th-level Spell

Coral Spike

(Alteration)

Range: 10 yards + 5 yards/level Comp.: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round Casting Time: 6

Area of Effect: 1 Dukar Saving Throw: Special

When the spellcaster casts this spell at a Dukar, the internal coral skeleton of the Dukar becomes animated, growing terrible, barbed spikes that dig deeper within the Dukar's body, attacking vital organs and inflicting damage, while at the same time temporarily crippling the Dukar. If the Dukar rolls a successful saving throw vs. death, he suffers 3d6 plus the caster's level in points of damage from the coral spikes. If the save is unsuccessful, the damage inflicted is increased to 6d6 plus the caster's level.

During the round the Dukar suffers the effects of this spell, he cannot act, as he is tortured by severe, wracking pain that causes him to crumple into the fetal position and shake violently.

Other Magical Items

Listed below are the other unique magical items that appear in this scenario.

Amulet of Undead Control

By wearing this obsidian amulet on an intricate silver chain, the wearer both permanently changes alignment to Neutral Evil and temporarily gains the ability to control and manipulate undead as if he were an evil priest of 10th-level. While anyone can wear this *amulet*, nonpriests only become invisible to undead, and cannot actually command the undead forces. This amulet cannot be used to turn paladins— only control undead.

Charm of Safety

This is a rather common magical item in Serôs. Found on small bracelets, chokers, or arm bands, a *charm of safety* acts as a predator repellent, depending on what animal's tooth is used to create the *charm*. In short, the *charm of safety* lowers the morale of the appropriate creature by 6 points (forcing an immediate morale check or flee) and sends out a low-grade *fear* effect to keep said predators more than fifty feet away, regardless of blood in the water, noise, or other things which draw predator attentions. The most common *charms* repel sharks, sea lions, sea wolves, or barracuda. *Charms* cannot be fashioned to repel multiple types of creatures, but one can wear multiple *charms*, up to a limit of three.

Baldric of Holding

Created during the Eleventh Serôs War by Gantar Kraokand the elder mages of his family, these scale baldrics appear fashioned from the hides of massive fish. Worn across the torso over one shoulder, the *baldric* is actually a double-layered strap within which is an area equivalent to a bag of *holding*. One reaches in and pulls out anything stored within the *baldric*; if an item can't fit through a two-foot-by-one-foot opening, it cannot be placed in there. While long lost to the outer seas, a number of these survived in Myth Nantar or in private collections, and the Nantarn Alliance is trying to create more of them for their military to carry far more equipment than ever before possible.



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of war, hatred, and death.
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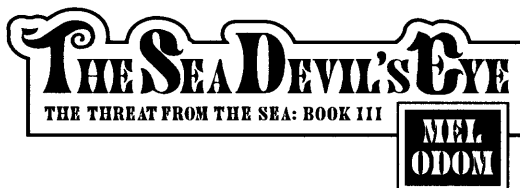
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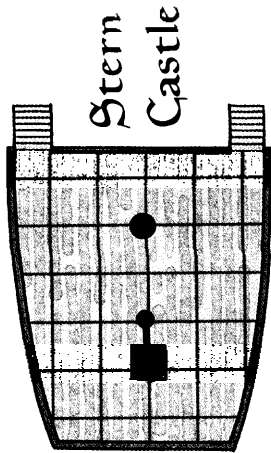


Dungeons & Dragons

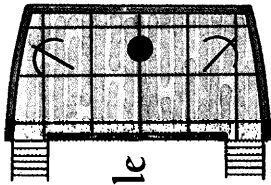


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"The Prismatic / Shipwreck" Map



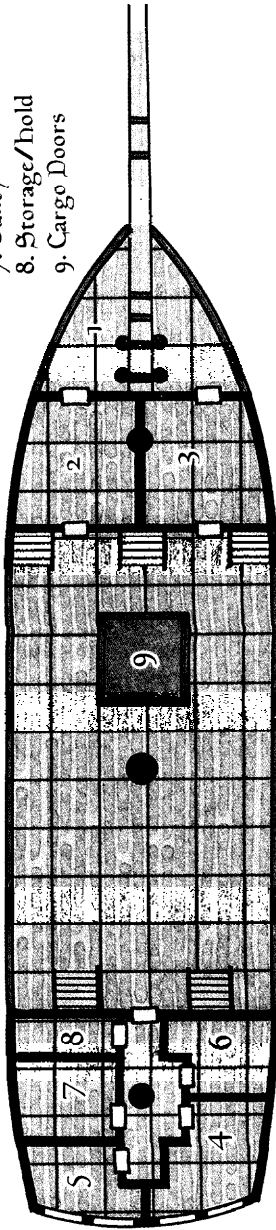
Stern Castle



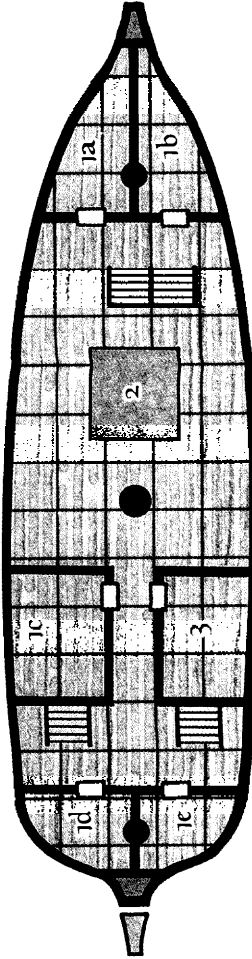
Forecastle

- Main Deck**
1. Rope, Line, & Anchor Storage
 2. Forward Stateroom
 3. Captain's Cabin
 4. Dignitary's/Owner's Cabin
 5. Primary Pantry
 6. Chart Room
 7. Galley
 8. Storage/hold
 9. Cargo Doors
- Cargo Deck**
- 1a - 1c. Crew Quarters
 2. Cargo Doors
 3. Officers' Quarters
- Steerage Deck**
1. Brig
 2. Pantry

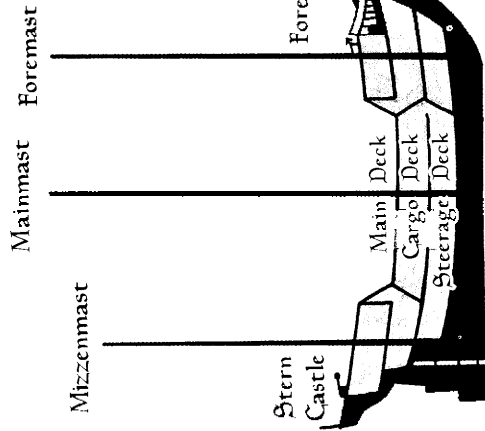
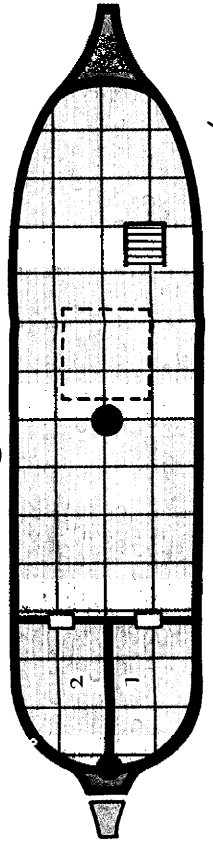
Main Deck



Cargo Deck



Steerage Deck



One square = 5 Feet

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