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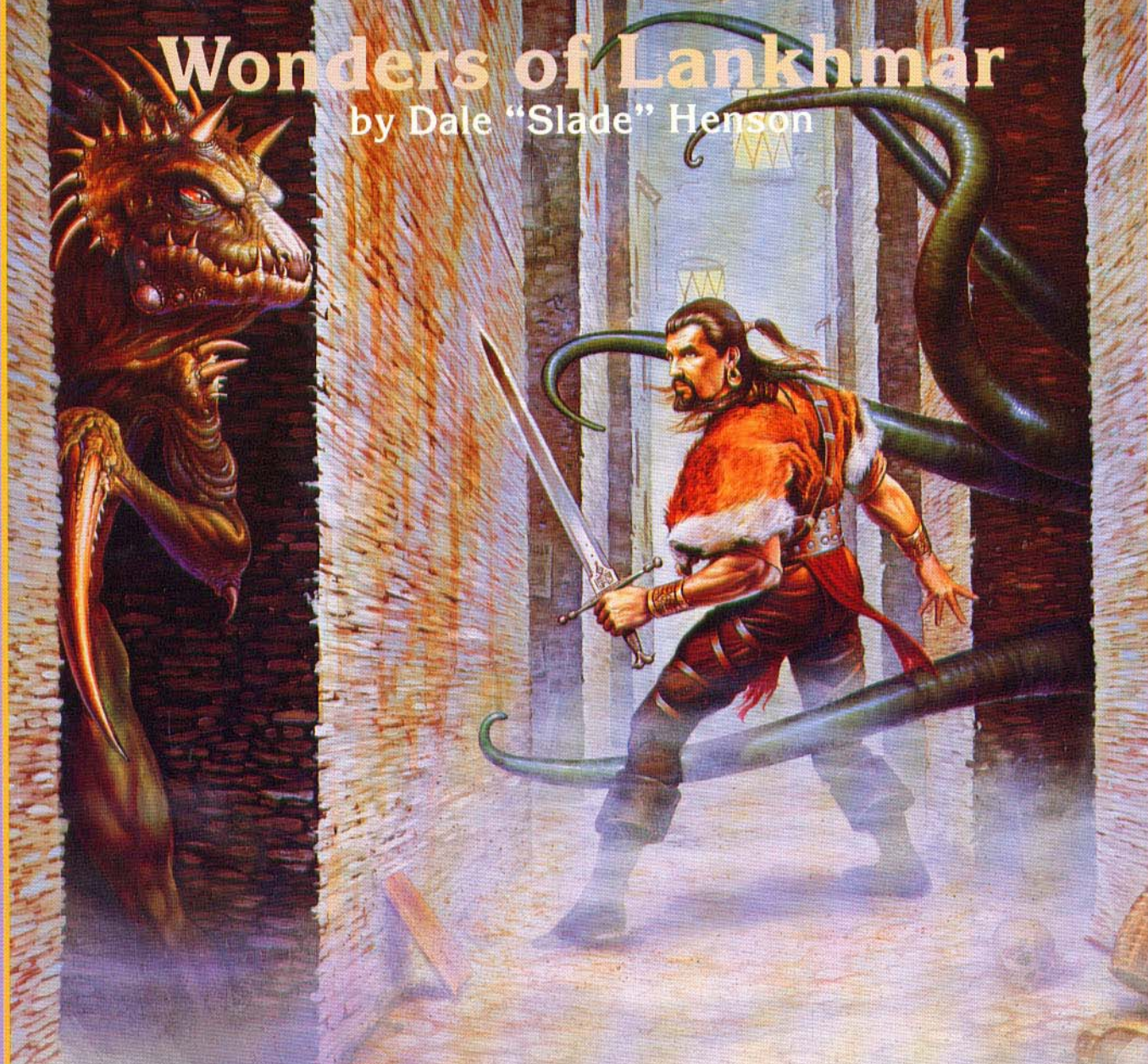
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Advanced Dungeons & Dragons®
2nd Edition

LANKHMAR™

Official Game Accessory

Wonders of Lankhmar
by Dale "Slade" Henson



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LANKHMAR™

Official Game Accessory

Wonders of Lankhmar

by Dale "Slade" Henson

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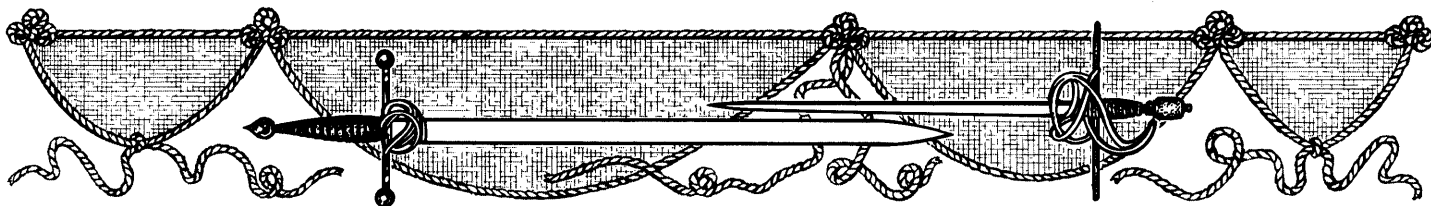
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Introduction

The adventures that follow are designed for use with the LANKHMAR™ City of Adventure setting and the AD&D® game. The *Wonders of Lankhmar* adventures, for the most part, require PCs who enjoy performing heroic deeds for the good of the whole, although a few of these scenarios fall under the colloquial heading "slash for cash." Each of the adventures specifies character levels and numbers required for completion within one evening.

Inserted with this booklet is a Lankhmar city map, as well as a map of the surrounding areas. Make sure you are familiar with the various game elements within the NEHWON™ world, as well as the basic set-up of the area surrounding the city. Many of these adventures take place, at least in part, outside Lankhmar.

Monetary Conversions

The coins of Lankhmar are minted of various metals; logically enough, the more precious the metal, the higher the coin's value. Luckily, the conversion from and to the AD&D rules coinage standards is simple.

Lankhmar Coinage	AD&D Game Coinage
Iron Tik	Copper Piece
Bronze Agol	Silver Piece
Silver Smerduk	Electrum Piece
Gold Rilk	Gold Piece
Diamond in	100 Platinum
Amber Glulditch	Pieces

Spell Casting Differences

White wizards are able to use all sixteen categories of the clerical spell lists, while the black wizard is able to use all eight categories of the magic user spell lists. The spell casting performed in Nehwon differs slightly from that in AD&D games set elsewhere. The casting time is expanded to the next highest time frame. A spell requiring a segment now requires a round. A round is converted to a turn, a turn is expanded to an hour, an hour

becomes six hours, a day becomes a week, a week a month, etc. The time required to regain a spell after its use has been expanded as well. It takes a whole week for a spell to be rewarded.

NPCs and Monster Statistics

The key non-player characters of these scenarios are described in the NPC Roster section of this book, starting on page 83. The Dungeon Master may wish to refer to these listings whenever the NPC comes into play. Many other NPCs may be encountered as well, but these are biographed within the pages of the sourcebook.

On page 96, there is a combined monster statistics chart. All monsters encountered within these pages will be listed in this chart, including the new monsters never before accounted for in Lankhmar.

Role-Playing Guidelines

As a Dungeon Master, encourage good role-playing by awarding extra experience points. There is no reason why a PC should not be given experience points for a befriended monster or NPC. Granted, not every NPC and monster will appreciate the PCs, but even an attempt deserves merit.

Pay particular attention to the individual social levels of the characters and the fact that magic is a rare occurrence. Remember that high level black wizards should be treated as NPCs rather than player characters.

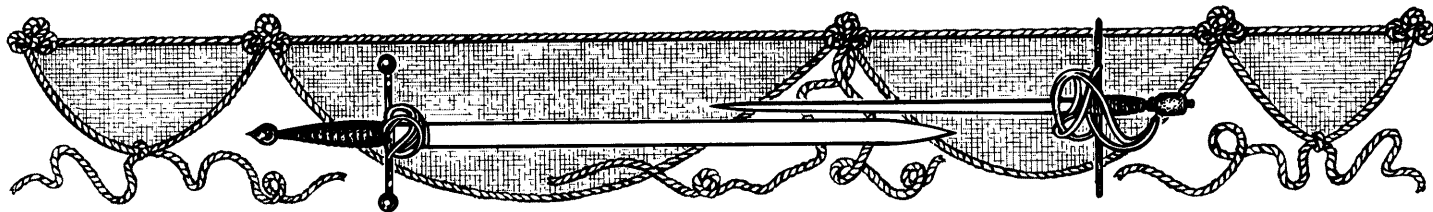
It would be more desirable for the players to use their own characters rather than Fafhrd™ and the Gray Mouser™. The two heroes may be NPCs who help the party for a limited time, but should not remain with the PCs for the extent of the adventure. Otherwise, occasional encounters with the two heroes could help the characters obtain key information during an investigation or an adventure.

The adventures that follow should not be a straight jacket for either the Dungeon Master or the player characters. Should the players wish to visit

an armory or an inn for the evening, the DM should allow this. Also, if the PCs wish to request information from a passerby or an NPC, and the DM feels this is an easy way to disseminate vital information, so be it. The DM must be careful not to obscure or forget the objective at hand, because this can instill frustration and sometimes boredom in the players. If players are adventuring with wizards, whether white or black, be sure they remember that the time needed to cast is increased significantly in the LANKHMAR™ setting. The spell ability of the rangers and paladins are stripped from them, while the other major character classes do not change, except for the 15th level limit which constrains every class.

d. slade





The Fingers of Grylyph Discoon

Total party levels: 24 (Average 6th)

Overview

This adventure takes the player characters through Lankhmar and Ilthmar as they retrieve each of the five digits of Grylyph Discoon's mummified hand. Grylyph was a notorious thief in the last century, and each of the digits gives a thief a 2% bonus on all thieving abilities. The thumb has a sufficient amount of power to allow the thief to operate at two levels higher than he actually is. This includes hit points, attack scores, etc. Should the thief be rewarded with this extravagant magical item, make sure the other player characters are rewarded as well.

The Adventure

The sun set hours ago. Darkness and an eerie silence prevail, making you painfully aware of every movement in the shadows. You are walking along Plaza East, noticing a dim, peculiar red light dance and bobble ahead of you, just beyond a statue of an alluring woman. Passing the statue, you instantly realize that you are in the bowels of the Plaza of Dark Delights. The people here move about with slow, almost choreographed movements. A dull, red glow from lanterns and store fronts casts long, distorted shadows that slither about like a hallucinatory puppet show. Up ahead, perhaps three buildings down, you see a junk dealer's shop. As you approach, a dilapidated sign reveals the shop to be owned by Mortimer.

The statue, should the characters want to investigate it further, is the statue of the black virgin. When the PCs investigate the junk store, the thief in the party is magically lured to a withered, skeletal finger. The PC is

compelled to purchase it without haggling. Gear the price of the item so that the thief must spend nearly all his money. Shortly after the characters leave the shop, a thief attempts, and utterly fails, to steal the finger. Once caught trying to pilfer the item, the thief disappears into the crowd.

Allow the PCs to mingle with the crowd, investigate the different shops in the plaza. Within ten minutes of buying the finger, the PC is accosted by Mortimer. He offers to buy the finger back for up to ten times what he sold it for. A sage standing nearby joins the conversation.

"Good evening, gentlemen. My name is Sarelk, scholar extraordinaire. For a mere three gold rilks, I will assist you with my wit and wisdom."

Should the PCs buy Sarelk's advice, the scholar blatantly tells the junk dealer there is no sale at any price. Then the scholar seats himself on a nearby barrel and tells of Grylyph Discoon.

If the PCs decide not to pay the sage for his offered services, he tells the story anyway.

"The finger you have is one in a set of five. They all originally belonged to a master thief named Grylyph Discoon. When he died, the fingers of his right hand were sliced off at the knuckles, and subsequently carried to various parts of the world through theft, fear and greed. These fingers give the thief better chances at performing the various functions of his profession."

Sarelk loves to talk. If the PCs show an interest in his words, he continues, even if the PCs did not originally pay the three gold rilks he asked for.

"I know where the other four digits are currently located. One is at the

thieves' guild in Lankhmar, one is in possession of a prominent freelance thief in town, and one is in the annex of the temple of the Rat God. The thumb, the most powerful of these objects, is entombed at the thieves' guildhouse in Ilthmar."

If the PCs offer a bribe, the scholar tells them that the freelance thief is Countess Kronia. After the conversation Sarelk stands, expresses his like of the PCs and grants his completely confidential services to them whenever they should be in need. He then leaves.

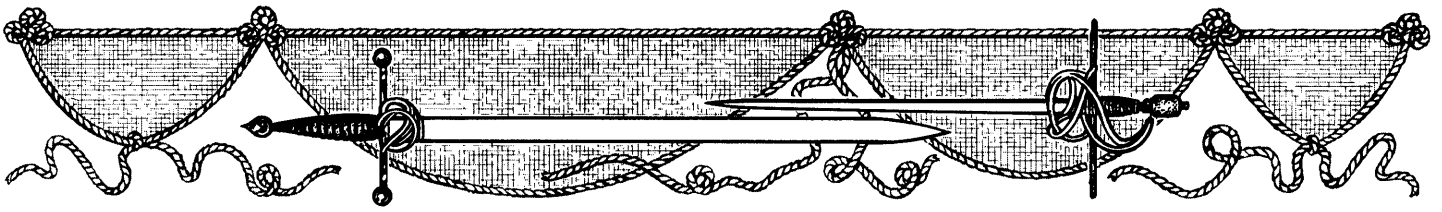
In the morning, once the PCs have left the inn or wherever they spent the night, a short wiry fellow approaches the PCs in the street. The man introduces himself as Alcheron, and he expresses knowledge of their quest. He overheard last evening's conversation with the scholar. Lamenting the lack of excitement in Lankhmar, Alcheron offers to swipe the thumb from the thieves' guild in exchange for being allowed to travel with the party in search of the other fingers.

Unknown to the PCs, this thief is in league with the Lankhmar thieves' guild, and has permission to steal the thumb to ensure total trust from the PCs. He has been hired to follow the PCs and steal the whole set from them, and has permission to kill them if necessary.

If the PCs accept his offer, he goes to the guild, gets the thumb, and meets the PCs two hours later.

The Temple of the Rat God

The temple of the Rat God is a circular cathedral surrounded by four low, curved buildings. To the northwest of the buildings is the annex. It is clearly marked. Inside the annex sit four priests, in chairs upholstered in something like felt, surrounding an oval table. The priests immediately



pull daggers from their clergy robes and prepare for battle.

Clergymen (4): AC 7; Hp 10, 15, 16, 21; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; MV 13; THAC0 18; AL CE. Spells: *curses, protection from good, entangle, spiritual hammer, messenger, flame blade, dispel magic.*

The priests fight to the death. Once they have all been killed, the PCs find the finger in the robes of one of the clergymen. The characters soon hear the roar of scores of the Rat God's worshippers running to the annex to fight off the infestation of unbelievers. If the PCs wish to live, they must leave quickly; the horde of worshippers invades the annex within one minute.

The Residence of Countess Kronia

The countess lives in the noble district on the corner of Noble Street and Temple Street. There her residence is mostly water, in the form of a small lake. In this lake, there are eight small islands, connected by eight bridges. Each of the islands has a building on it devoted to a single purpose. Their functions are kitchen and dining, sleeping and living, museum and gallery, entertainment, affairs of state, artisans, and servant's quarters.

Only seven of the buildings are listed. The countess, who is quite mad, has chosen seven as her personal number. Unfortunately, there are eight buildings; thus one must always be vacant and not in use.

To make matters worse, she frequently declares that they must move, thus making a new island and its building taboo. The building's functions are shuffled, and no one can mention the current forbidden island.

The finger is always in the building that is not currently occupied. If any other building is approached by the PCs, the servants alert the estate guards. There are 15 guards, each of the 3rd level, except for one who is the 5th level swords master.

Swordsmaster (1): AC 3; MV 10; HD F5; Hp 45; Dmg 1d8 + 2; THAC0 16; AL CN.

Guards(14): AC 3; MV 8; HD F3; Hp 25; Dmg 1d8 + 2; THAC0 18; AL NN

If the countess herself sees the PCs, she attempts to kill them. She is in a non-taboo building randomly chosen by the DM. She fights only until she receives damage. She then attempts an escape.

Ilthmar Thieves' Guild

The PCs must pass through the great marsh southeast of the city of Lankhmar to reach Ilthmar. There they meet a protective marsh leopard.

Marsh Leopard(1): AC 6; HD 3; Hp 18; #AT 3; Dmg 1d3/1d3/1d6; THAC0 17; MV 9; AL N.

The characters are nearing her lair of three cubs, so she fights to the death. The lair is adjacent to a nearby tree. These cubs can be trained, or sold for 200 gold rilks on the open market.

The DM rolls any die when the PCs first arrive at the border of the Sinking Land. If the result is an even number, the land is above water; if an odd result, it is currently submerged.

If the land is submerged, the DM rolls 1d12. The result is the number of feet of water covering the land, and the number of hours until the water recedes to reveal land.

If the land is raised, or rises as the PCs watch, the DM rolls 2d8 to determine how many hours the land remains above water. If the land is above water when the PCs arrive, subtract 1d6 from this result for time that has already passed. If a 0 or less results, the land begins to submerge immediately. This isthmus of land is thirty miles long, requiring travellers to hurry along if they wish to avoid swimming.

Once the Sinking Land has been

crossed, the PCs are able to view the outskirts of Ilthmar to the northeast. Once the travellers have breached the Ilthmar city limits, they are approached by the city guards. These men can be bought off for a few bronze agols. If the PCs do not pay this, they are detained for up to two days for questioning and complete searches.

Once the guard gate has been left behind, the thief NPC leads the PCs to the thieves' guild. The map on the next page shows the layout of the guild house. The thumb of Discoon is suspended above the sarcophagus of the last guildmaster within the tomb room. The PCs now must find the right room.

Room "A"

This room is a conference room for the thieves in Ilthmar. Currently it is occupied by four apprentice thieves of first level, and a fifth level instructor. Charts on the walls and tables show basic and complex lock mechanisms.

Thief apprentices (4): AC 8; Hp 3; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4, dagger; MV 10; THAC0 20; AL CN(2), NE(2).

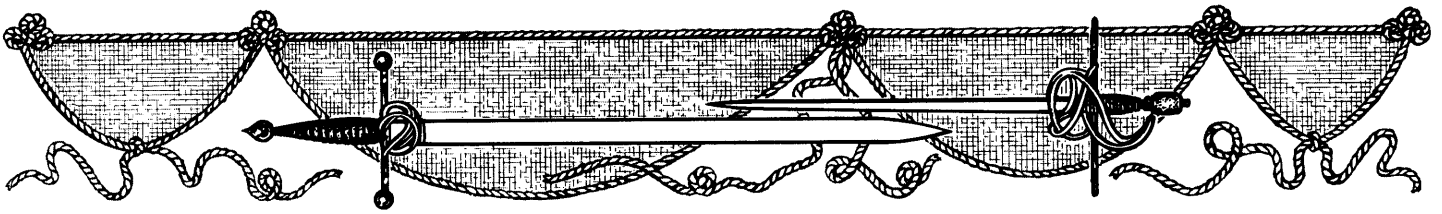
Thief Instructor (1): AC 5; Hp 17; #AT 2; Dmg 1d4 + 1, dagger dipped in poison; MV 10; THAC0 17, AL LE.

Room "B"

This room is the accounting office. There is a desk which holds information regarding the different "lifts" gained by each thief. There is a gold pen lying on the desk, inscribed: "To my friend, Sage Sarelk. Thank you for all your help." If the PCs check the books, they find that the pen was lifted two years ago. The pen radiates magic should the PCs check. It is a *pen of diaries*, which writes anything the owner says. There is no one here.

Room "C"

This room holds rows of bunk beds. The beds are two high, and line every wall. Three beds are occupied.



Sleeping thieves (3): AC 10/8; Lvl 9; hp 22; #AT 2; Dmg 1d6; MV 9; THACO 16; AL CE.

One thief holds a *potion of healing*, one a *ring of nothing*. If these thieves are not defeated here, they reappear in the tomb room. (See Room "G.")

Adjacent to the door to room C, there is a secret door hiding a staircase. These stairs lead to the basement where rooms D through H are located.

Room "D"

This room is completely filled with devices used to hone the thieving abilities of guild members. Each device has several skill settings, allowing the thief to train with an amount of difficulty in accordance with his level of expertise. Currently there is one thief working a lock picking machine.

Thief (1): AC 5; Lvl 10; Hp 30; #AT 2; Dmg 1d4; MV 12; THACO 15; AL CN.

Room "E"

This room has a bureau with twelve large drawers. Each drawer has various street clothing, nobleman's wear, construction coveralls, and an Overlord's gown.

Room "F"

There is a large desk on the northern wall. The desk is full of stationery from several local businesses. Above the desk on the wall, there is a secret door, which exposes a safe. Inside the safe are 2d20 glulditches, 1d100 gold rilks and 2d100 smerduks. There is also a *short sword +1*.

On the southern wall, in the eastern corner, there is a secret door leading to room H.

Room "G"

This room, only accessible by a secret door in room H, holds a sarcophagus in the middle of the room. There is a mummified thumb dangling from a thin wire directly over the coffin. The

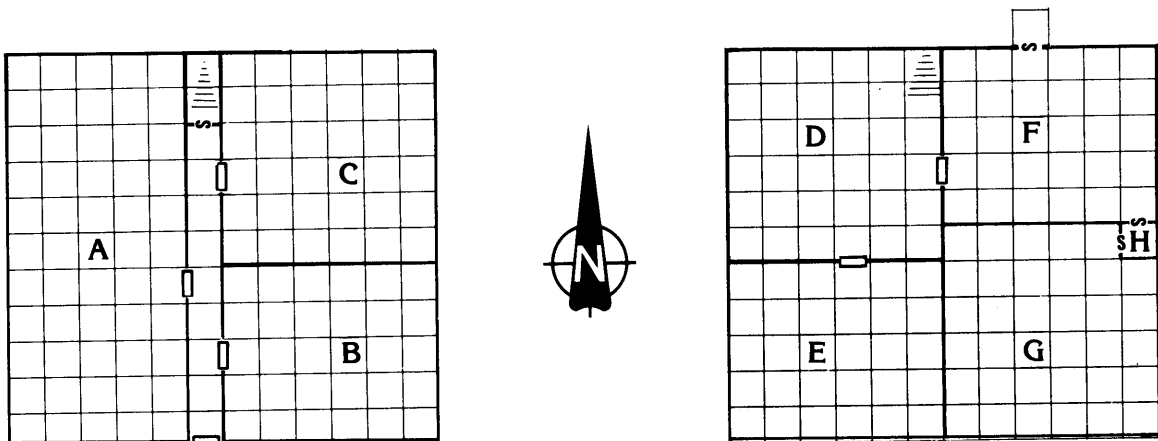
thumb can be easily removed. If the sarcophagus is opened, the PCs find a staircase leading to the sewer system under the streets of Ilthmar. The PCs may escape through the sewer, or they can choose to walk through the front door as they came in.

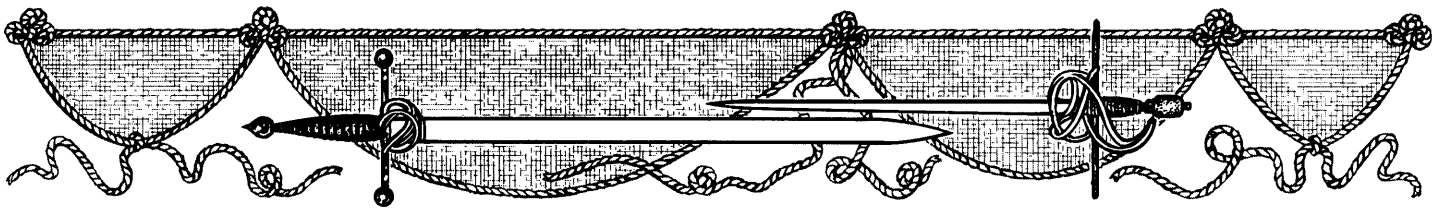
While the PCs remove the thumb, the sleeping thieves from room C (who aren't sleeping anymore!) come through the secret door and attempt to slay the characters with backstab attacks. If these men have already been killed or otherwise taken out of action, no one comes.

Room "H"

This room appears to be merely an empty closet. There actually is a secret door on the west wall.

Once the PCs have the whole hand, Alcheron attempts to kill them all to gain possession of it. See the NPC roster for his statistics.





Senile or Not Too Senile

Total Party Levels: 16 (Average 4th)

NOTE: The point of this adventure is for the PCs to decide who is the liar and deceiver. It should not be terribly difficult, if the NPCs involved are played according to their descriptions. It is suggested that the DM read the entries on Dement and Khoran in the NPC section of this booklet.

Once the PCs have had a chance to relax from their last adventure, a man dressed in a military uniform approaches the PCs. He is tall and spindly, with a shadow of a moustache darkening his upper lip. While he is not bad looking, he radiates an aura of mistrust and deviousness (to those sensitive enough to notice, that is). The PCs may or may not pick up on this.

"Gentlemen (and ladies), my name is Lieutenant Dement. I help administer the northern barracks of Lankhmar. Currently, Commander Khoran is in charge of the forces stationed there. He has been making poor decisions lately, thanks to advancing age. In order to keep Lankhmar safe from enemy invasion and internal rioting, a man with excellent decision making capabilities should be in his place. I want you to bring him here; we intend to file incompetency charges against him."

He pays any fee the PCs require as long as it is not much over 1000 gold rilks. If they accept the job, he pays all the money up front. He also tells the PCs that the Commander's house is on the west corner of Ox Cart Road at Great Gate road. He then leaves after expressing his sincere gratitude to the PCs.

When the PCs approach the house, they notice that it is surrounded by a seven foot fence. The gate is unlocked, but if the PCs decide to scale the fence, there are no foot or hand holds, except for the top of the fence.

Once they are in the yard, they are immediately attacked by five guard dogs.

War dogs (5): AC 6; HD 2 + 2; Hp 13; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4; MV 12; THACO 19; AL N.

The house of the Commander is surprisingly small. There is a first story, and an attic large enough to be used as a second floor.

The front door is unlocked, and opens to a dining/living room combination. Twenty feet away is an open doorway exposing a kitchen. Ten feet in front of the door is a stairway going up to the second floor. The PCs find nothing of value here, except for a few paintings and some silverware.

The stairs lead up to a closed door. When the PCs open the door, they see Commander Khoran sitting behind a desk, working out a military strategy of immense difficulty. He is an older man, distinguished in appearance, with the eyes of a hawk. It is apparent from the concentration on his face that he is quite in possession of his mental faculties.

If they are able to approach the desk and peruse the papers strewn across it, characters with expertise in military strategy can ascertain that this plan took days, if not weeks, of intensive concentration.

He faces the PCs, and asks them why they have come. If they tell him, he says the following.

"I have always thought that Lieutenant Dement was a traitor; now I have my proof. You see, he is second in command at the North Barracks, and wants my job. He feels that the military in Lankhmar should be much stronger than it is, but I disagree. A martial government here in Lankhmar would decrease trade with the other cities here in the area, thus bankrupting the city. That in turn would cause rioting, and possibly a takeover by the mingols. I will instruct the Generals to authorize me to double the fee Dement gave you, in exchange for your returning him to me. He has proven to be dangerous."

If the PCs accept, he pays double what the PCs say Dement paid them. He gives directions to the Lieutenant's house. He lives in the Marsh District at the northern corner of Wall Street and Hazy Street.

When the PCs get to Lieutenant Dement's residence, they notice a dirt path to the front door. There is a fence that blocks sight into the back yard. The door is locked, but is flimsily constructed. If they break down the door, they see him sitting smoking a cigar in a one room bungalow. He immediately stands up, and runs out the door leading to the back door.

When the PCs follow him, they see Dement waking a huge beast from its slumber. The beast wakes before the PCs are able to raise a hand toward the Lieutenant, and begins mauling Dement, killing him in only a few rounds. It then comes for the PCs.

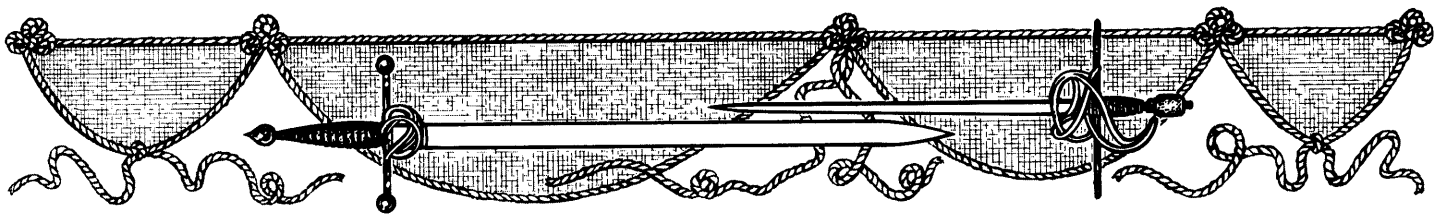
If the PCs have a *speak with animal* spell, the creature stops charging, and befriends them instantly. If they do not communicate with it, it attacks.

Wolvern (1): AC 4; HD 8 + 1; hp 41; #AT 3; MV 14; AL N; Dmg 1d6/1d6/2d4; THACO 13

The wolvern attacks all non-telepathic creatures with a +2, due to the fact it can immediately sense defensive weaknesses in its prey. It also causes all non-telepathic creatures to attack at a -2, because it can sense where an impending attack will occur, thus being able to dodge blows even before they are struck.

Once the creature has either been befriended or defeated, the PCs may be able to find a trap door under the table in Dement's house. In this area, the PCs find documented proof of espionage activities performed by the Lieutenant, as well as military documents. These documents can be returned to the Commander for a cash reward of 100 or more glulditch. Not only that, but the PCs are decorated, thus raising their social status one point.

There is a bag of 5d20 x 100 silver smerduks in the corner of the secret area. In the cabinets, there are assorted dried foods and meats, as well as some materials which black and white wizards recognize as spell components for the more common spells.



A Request from the Overlord

Total Party Levels: 20 (Average 5)

This adventure introduces one of the most notorious denizens of Lankmar: Shade the assassin. Depending on how the characters handle the events set out here, they may make a lasting nemesis of this crafty individual or they may remove him from the scene permanently.

You are in the dimly lit dining room of one of Lankmar's less seedy inns. The odors of food waft through it on the cool but humid air. Delicious portions of beef lie grilled and steaming on your plates. The restaurant is slightly more than half full of patrons begging to spend their hard earned coins for the rare treats being prepared in the back. The clatter of armor and heavy footsteps approach and you soon see a squadron of guards stop and eye your table. "Good evening, sirs," the highest ranking officer blurts to you in a raspy voice damaged by many a dagger thrust. "The Overlord requests an audience with you. Will you come with us, please?"

The twelve guards look somewhat ominous as they stare down at you from behind nicked face plates and bruised cheekbones.

The PCs do have a choice here, whether it appears that way or not. Should they refuse the audience, the guards make it clear that the PCs have made a very unwise decision and then leave the room. They lie in wait, however, outside the door of the inn (if the PCs are not staying there) or on the roof above the PCs' rooms (if the PCs are staying there). Details of the ensuing ambush are left to the DM to play by ear, as it were, when the time comes. The guards have orders to bring these adventurers to the Overlord, against their will if need be, and they use any tactics necessary to fulfill those orders.

If the PCs accept the audience, of

course, things proceed much more smoothly.

The guards then escort the PCs out of the restaurant, and into the streets, where everyone in sight stares and whispers rumors. The guards lead them up to the Citadel district, directly to the Rainbow Palace. Here, a guard meets the PCs, and escorts them to the Overlord's chamber.

"Welcome. I am Radomix Kistomerces, Overlord of Lankmar. I have heard much of you and now must request your help. Shade, an expert assassin from the Slayer's Brotherhood, has been hired to murder me. I ask that you slay him first. Name your price, and we can settle the deal."

The characters may choose to decline this generous offer. Doing so, however, ensures gaining a reputation as cowards who haven't the guts to take a life for money—a common lifestyle in Lankmar. Of course, this also offers them potential chances to prove that they are not at all the cowards they are rumored to be.

NOTE TO THE DM: It is strongly suggested that players not be forced to cause their characters to commit what are considered evil acts. Chaotic neutral characters may well take the Overlord up on this offer; naturally, those rare evilly-aligned PCs are likely to jump at the chance. True neutral and good-aligned characters, however, are more likely to decline the offer and take the consequences as they come.

Once the players have settled on a price, the Overlord gives them a drawing of Shade, and outfits them with the necessary papers and clothing to pass as assassins from the Quarmall area, instructing them to register with the Slayer's Brotherhood as would all non-guild members.

When the PCs enter the guildhouse, they are met at the door by the man they seek. He introduces

himself, and asks the PCs what their purpose in town is. After listening to whatever story the characters make up, he gives the PCs a four day pass, then invites them to dinner on him. If they accept, he motions for them to wait, and then goes into another room. Within a minute, he reappears with a sack of money, and leads the way out into the street.

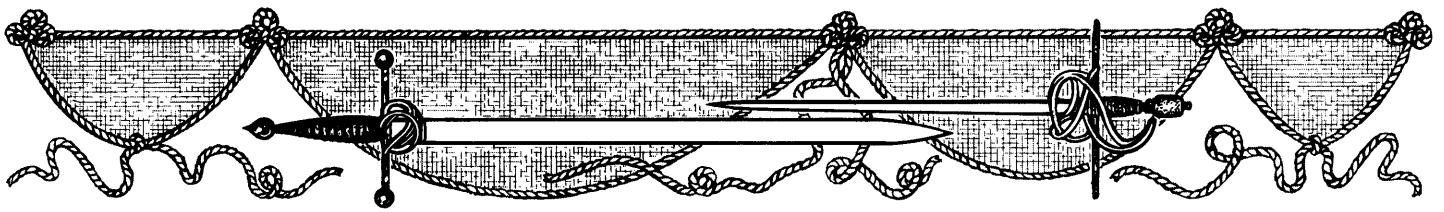
If the PCs try to kill him now, or even after dinner, they are accosted by the four assassins he has instructed to follow him. Shade knows the Overlord may have received information about the contract he accepted, and he is not taking any chances. The other assassins follow Shade wherever he goes.

Shade: AC 3; Lvl 10; Hp 51; #AT 2; Dmg 1d4+3; MV 9; THACO 14; AL NE.

Assassins (4): AC 7; Lvl 4; Hp 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; MV 8; THACO 19; AL NE.

Should the PCs successfully kill Shade, the Slayer's Brotherhood is extremely angered, and its members feel a strong need for revenge. Please see the NPC Roster for more formation on Shade, and his importance to the Slayers.





Khahkht's Book of Jokes

Total Party Levels: 12 (Average 4)

A white wizard character is strongly suggested.

The characters, while walking the countryside east of the Sea of the East, come across a large cave opening. This opening is the entrance to the realm of Ningauble of the Seven Eyes. The cave has many chambers, turns, and tunnels. No matter where the PCs go, they eventually come to two double doors at the end of a long straight tunnel. When the PCs approach these doors, they open, revealing a spacious and beautifully decorated chamber. Sitting in a high backed chair upholstered in velvet is Ningauble. He offers food and non-alcoholic drink to the PCs, which simply appears on a table surrounded by just enough chairs to seat the characters.

The being known as Ningauble, in a voluminous robe that covers his whole body, stands nearly nine feet tall. The hood that conceals his head and face reveals only seven glowing lights which seem to move about in random patterns. He paces a while before sitting down as he speaks.

"I am Ningauble of the Seven Eyes. And I am pleased to finally make your acquaintance. I so rarely have any visitors, you know. People are afraid to enter caverns, something about bats and lurkers above... In any case, I have been waiting for nearly three weeks for you to come here. In all that time I haven't seen a single bat! I really don't know what people are so frightened of. There's nothing here to fear! I wait and wait for visitors—I so love to talk with people. Do you like sparkling conversation? I adore a practiced raconteur. I've been practicing my favorite tales, just so I can regale you and have the pleasure of your reciprocation and company. That's why I sent for you earlier.

That, and the fact that I have a deed that needs to be performed, and you are the most likely candidates for the task. There is a book called *Khahkht's Book of Jokes*, and I must possess it."

Ningauble is a very talkative being. He tends to spin off into several tangents which he feels are relevant to the subject at hand, regardless of their actual import. The DM should feel free to have Ningauble spend ten times the necessary time needed to say anything. If the characters are receptive to his gibbering, he explains further.

"The Book of Jokes is not a comedic work. It is actually an extensive book of spells containing a very rare spell called *Prismal's Wormhole*, which I must investigate further. If you return the book to me, I shall reward you with a unique item apiece."

The wizard explains (in the usual roundabout fashion, although he is certain everything he relates to the characters is wholly relevant to their quest) that the book currently is in the possession of a freelance wizard named Regal Trapp of No-Ombrulsk, north of the Inner Sea.

Not only does Ningauble like to talk, he also likes to listen. He gladly sits for hours, absorbing whatever stories the characters care to tell. Once their conversation is over, the wizard bids them farewell, and wishes them luck.

When the PCs leave Ningauble's cavern, they find their way back out of the caves to the exit where they came in. Once there, they must travel to Ilthmar where a boat can be hired to whisk them on the three-day trip to No-Ombrulsk. While travelling in the Outer Sea, there is only a 2% cumulative chance per day of a run-in with a kraken, since the boat primarily travels close to the coast the whole way.

Kraken (1): AC 5/0; HD 20; hp 80; #AT 9; MV 3/21; Dmg 3d6(2), 2d6(6), 7d4(1); THAC0 5; AL NE.

Once the characters disembark, a beautiful woman with black hair and lily pale skin, approaches them. She introduces herself as Lilyblack, and immediately makes advances toward the male character with the highest charisma. If they ask her about Regal Trapp, she admits to knowing him. The fact is, they had had a romantic entanglement. She gives them directions to his abode, but if they decide to go there now, she attempts to delay them so she can enjoy the company of the man she chose. If she is successful, she leads them to a tavern called Smithy's Seaside Saloon and Dance Hall.

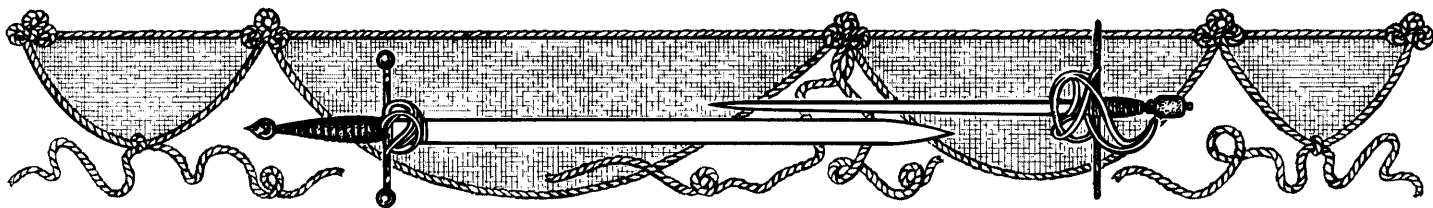
In the tavern, a man is overtaken by jealousy because of his love for Lilyblack; he initiates a brawl with the charismatic character for whom the lady has fallen. Truth be known, this man was Lilyblack's companion last evening.

Man: AC 8; HD 1; Hp 8; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (fists); MV 5; THAC0 20; AL CN.

Lilyblack speaks of him as a casual acquaintance if she is asked about him. During the fight, the bar owner says nothing unless there is damage to his establishment; then he demands a payment from all involved parties.

When the PCs decide to pursue Regal Trapp, they find his house on the corner of Stout Street and Maul Street. There is a broad sign stating "Beware of Beast." The sign is on a fourteen-foot-high wrought iron fence. The gate to the yard is open. When the characters approach the door, they have the option of knocking or breaking it down. If they should knock, Regal Trapp opens it, and invites them in. He asks what they want, and readily gives the book to them if they state that Ningauble has sent them.

If they break the door down, the



characters have to fight a guard dog as well as Regal himself.

Regal Trapp: AC 4; F8; hp 83; #AT 3; Dmg: 1d8+5, 1d6+4 alternating, MV 12; THAC0 11; AL N

Death Dog: AC 7; HD 2+1; Hp 18; #AT 2; Dmg 1d10/1d10; SA poison; MV 12; THAC0 19; AL NE.

Characters who fail their saving throws against the dog's poison are infected with a rotting disease which kills them in 4d6 days. A *cure disease* removes the affliction.

If the characters kill Regal before he releases the book, they must find the trap door behind the only bookcase in the room. Once the door has been sprung, the PCs must navigate the hallway revealed by the opening. In this hall is a trap which is set off by walking down the middle of the hallway. The only way around the trap is to walk within two feet of the left or right wall. The trap is twelve tiny, poison-coated darts that inflict 1d2 points of damage each. The darts' THAC0 is 20. The poison kills any character struck within 2d4 hours unless he makes a successful saving throw versus poison.

Once through the hallway, the PCs find themselves in a room in which is nothing except a large book propped on a three-foot-high pedestal. The pedestal is a trap which detects the loss of weight, should the book be removed. Theoretically, one could place more weight on the pedestal and remove the book. The book can be opened without springing the trap. The trap is a bow and arrow set-up designed to hit the book and set it aflame. If precautions were not carried out, the arrow hits the book, setting it on fire and destroying it.

Once the characters retrieve the book, they must again cross the outer sea and return to Ningauble's caverns. If the book is intact, the wizard

gives them all a magical item they do not possess as of yet. Make sure the item is not too powerful (any item enchanted to more than +2, or with more than 20 charges). The LANHKMAR™ world is very low in magic, and the characters should not be too unevenly balanced with the rest of the local adventurers.

Khakhht's Book of Jokes is a spell book that contains only the spells currently available to the black and white wizards, except for the inclusion of *Prismal's Wormhole*. This inscription of the spell is the only one in existence on Nehwon. Below, the spell is explained.

Prismal's Wormhole (Alteration/Illusion)

Level: 8
 Components: V, S, M
 Range: Infinite
 Casting Time: 12 Turns
 Duration: Special: Number of uses equal to level of caster, each use lasting 1 turn per level of caster
 Saving Throw: None
 Area of Effect: Person Calling

Description/explanation: This spell requires the wizard to be isolated before he can begin casting. It requires total concentration and complete silence; otherwise there is a 50% chance for spell failure. The required spell components are pine planks and a brass knocker. The wood planks must be laid on the floor in the shape of a door frame, and the knocker placed within the frame.

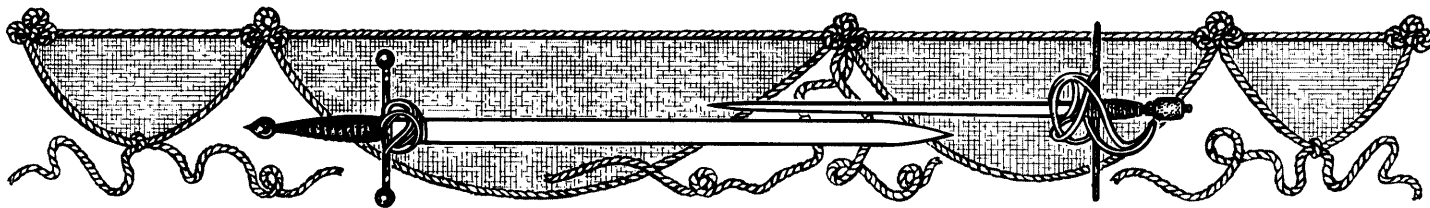
The other spell components are at least a pint of pigment for each of the primary colors. These components are for the illusionary aspect of the spell.

The spell is activated by the wizard's name or a secret word (this must be decided before the casting can commence). When this word is spo-

ken by anyone, the spell is activated, and a wormhole between the caster and the person who spoke the word is created. On the wizard's side of the wormhole, two illusions appear: one of a stained glass figure, telling the wizard someone has called, the other of a door knocker. A picture of the caller is revealed on request. On the caller's side of the wormhole, another stained glass figure appears, telling the person one of two things: please wait for the wizard who's on his way, or sorry, the wizard is busy and chooses not to appear. ("What? No appointment? So sorry. No audience without an appointment.") The stained glass figures are not physically or visually threatening, nor can they cause harm of any kind. If the wizard does not wish to appear, the wormhole collapses. One spell use is exhausted.

If the wizard wishes to visit the person who called him, all he must do is grasp the knocker that appears in mid-air (and which travels through the wormhole with the wizard) and he appears before the person who called. Once the conversation is over, the wizard simply grabs the knocker again, and he returns to his original location. The wormhole stays open for one turn per level of the spell caster. While the wormhole is open, the wizard can cast any spell he wishes through the wormhole, except *dispel magic*.

Each casting of *Prismal's Wormhole* allows the wormhole to be created a number of times equal to the caster's level. Each creation of the wormhole lasts a number of turns equal to the caster's level. Therefore, if a 15th level mage were to cast this spell, the wormhole could be activated fifteen times, and each activation would last 15 turns. Remember that the wizard can choose not to answer the call, but that this expends one use in the same way as if he had responded.



The Trek North

Total Character Levels: 20 (Average 5)

Sarelk, the sage introduced in "Grylyph Discoon's Fingers", approaches the characters once again in the streets of Lankhmar. He has a puzzled look on his wrinkled face.

"Good day, adventurers," he says as he reaches for a pipe and a pouch of tobacco. "I have a bet going with Muulsh the Moneylender. He says that the Snow Clan was destroyed years ago, and I say they still exist. I would like to hire you to see if I am correct. I will gladly pay you 200 gold rilks for the detective work."

If the PCs accept the job, the sage gives them the 200 rilks up front. He has had dealings with them before, and trusts them.

Once the characters outfit themselves for the cold north, they must purchase a ride on a merchant boat heading for the Land of the Eight Cities. There, they can ask around about the Snow Clan, and almost everyone knows that they used to live on the north side of the Barrier Mountains.

After three days' walking, or a day and a half's travel by dog sled (should the PCs be aware of this mode of transportation), they come to a ridge of snow where several wisps of smoke rise into the chilled air. These camp fires belong to a mingol tribe of 2d100.

If the PCs decide to go around the camp, they run into a snow snake's lair. The snow snake's preferred method of attack is to coil its white body in the snow and wait for prey to step into its coils, which it constricts until the prey is dead. See page 73 of the LANKHMAR™ source booklet for more information regarding the snow snake.

Snow Snake (2): AC 6; HD 10; Hp 60; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10; THAC0 11; AL N.

The coiling of the snake causes 2d10 points of damage per round.

If the characters prefer to approach the camp, the camp leader sends out twice as many mingols as there are PCs to escort the PCs into the camp. The leader does not kill the PCs immediately. They must prove themselves as do all mingols. One of the PCs must fight the second in command and win for all the PCs to stay alive.

Mingol Commander (1): AC 8; F6; Hp 50; #AT 2; Dmg 1d4 (fists); THAC0 15; AL CN.

The mingol strips himself of all armor and weapons, and rolls the sleeves of his shirt up to the elbows. The PC who is fighting is also expected to do the same. If the PC wins the fight by knocking out the mingol, all of the PCs are saved. If the mingol wins, but the PC put up a valiant fight, they are spared as well. But, if the PC gave less than his all in the combat, the mingols attack.

Mingol warriors (2d100): AC 8; F2; hp 10; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; THAC0 19; AL CN. These numbers are averages for the mingol camp. The leader is a level 8 fighter with 82 hit points.

If the PCs are spared, the mingols welcome them as brothers, serving them food and drink. In the morning, the Mingol general, Tarsakh Bloodstone, claims them brothers for eternity, and sends them on their way. If the PCs ask about the Snow Clan, they only point north, saying "That is where they once lived."

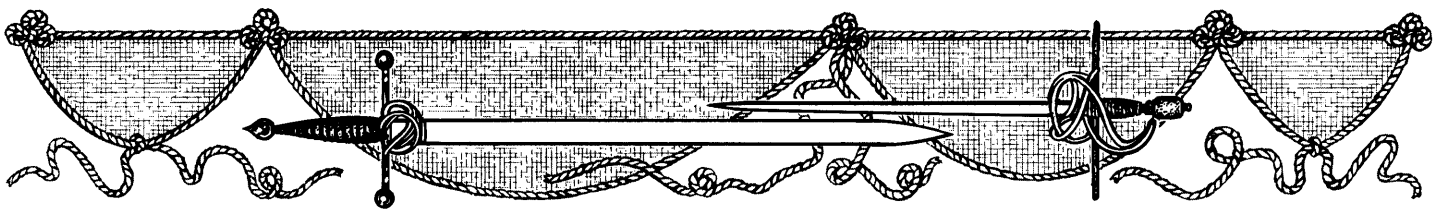
Again on their way, within two days' travel, they come upon a group of dilapidated huts. If the PCs stop to investigate, at least one stubs his toes on something buried in the snow. In-

vestigation reveals the obstacle(s) to be frozen remains of members of the Snow Clan. There is also the remains of a half-eaten northern behemoth. Scattered around are weapons, frozen in the ice and snow, still in perfect condition. These weapons are found only if the PCs specifically state they are looking for them. There is no trace of survivors or where these survivors might have gone. When the PCs begin their journey back, there is a 10% chance they meet up with a surviving group of the Snow Clan. The survivors are extremely cautious as the PCs approach, but when they find out that the PCs were hired by Sarelk, they befriend them, and lead them to Sarheenmar, where they can board a ship and return home. When the clan departs, they leave the PCs with a medallion made by one of the snow witches. This medallion affords some protection from spells in a ten foot radius centered on the wearer, giving a +1 to saving throws.

Once the characters have returned to Lankhmar, Sarelk finds them, and requests a full report. If the Snow Clan was found, he is both enthralled and pleased. He then asks for proof. If shown the medallion, he tries to persuade the characters to let him keep it to substantiate the wager with Muulsh.

If the PCs found no information about the Snow Clan, he looks dejected and downcast. He digs his right hand into his pocket and rattles coins about. "Well, looks like I just stepped on my tongue again. Well, thank you for your time and effort. Unfortunately, it turned out to be a waste of time."

As an addendum to the snow witch medallion, the side effect of its magical properties is that even helpful magic cast on the wearer (by his own request or by the kindness of others) requires a saving throw. This could prove dangerous if a curing spell is cast to save his life.



The Wolf in Thief's Clothing

Total Party levels: 1 thief any level.

This adventure is designed for one thief. The thief is hired by the Lankhmar thieves' guild to figure out which of three thieves is a spy from the merchants' guild. The data given below can be found by either asking thieves within the guild, tailing the thieves in question, or by asking the three thieves themselves. How the data is brought forth is up to the Dungeon Master. The adventure starts with the guildmaster approaching the freelance thief.

"You have come by my attention, never mind how, thanks to your activities here in our fair city of Lankhmar. I am having troubles within my ranks, and am placed in the curious position of needing to call upon an outsider, if you will, to aid with the necessary investigation.

"There is a spy among the membership of my thieves' guild, and I wish for you to ferret him or her out. I don't know how simple a job that will be, but as all the guild members know each other, or at least know of each other, you can see that it is imperative for me to call on someone from the outside. I will give you any aid I can, in the form of information, but I cannot promise you any helping hands, as it were. In return for your successfully performing this, er, job for me, that is to say, exposing the thief to us for judgment, I am prepared to offer you your choice: a free membership in the Lankhmar thieves' guild, or undisturbed freelance work for the period of a year and a day. What is your answer, please?"

If the PC does not take the job, the guildmaster threatens his life because freelance thievery is against all guild rules and regulations unless it is sanctioned by the guild.

There are three thieves in question.

Their names are Pshawri, a 7th level male thief, Moolsh, a 2nd level male thief, and Ivlis, a 4th level female thief. Following is all the data the PC is able to find.

The guild master tells the character that one of these three thieves is either selling or just giving information on the thieves' guild's operations to a merchants' guild member by the name of Jenago. At one time the guildmaster considered just killing Jenago, but that would not solve the problem of escaped information. The leak needs to be plugged in the guild first; then Jenago must be reckoned with.

He also explains that these three candidates were chosen because of their alleged dealings with Jenago, or their associations with acquaintances of Jenago. He then bids the character good luck, and allows the PC to conduct the investigation on his own.

Pshawri

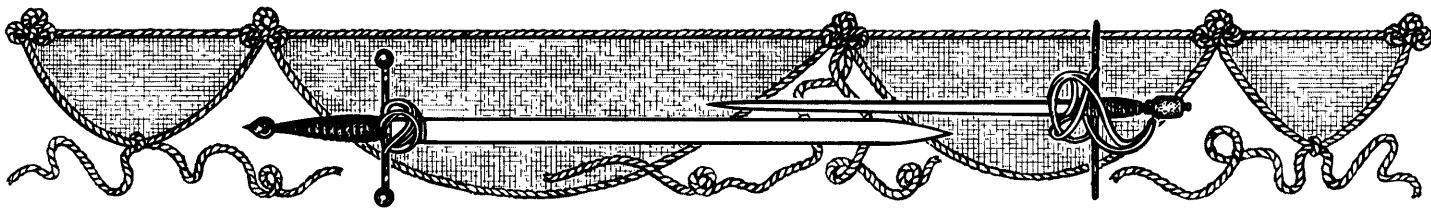
Pshawri can be seen entering Jenago the merchant's house during the morning or early afternoon of any given day. He always leaves within a few hours of getting there, staying no longer than four. If asked, he claims to have no knowledge of Jenago, which is a lie. He has been a guild member for almost ten years, and has remained in good status throughout his career. Rumor has it that he and Jenago's wife have been trysting. This can be substantiated by spying. He lives in a poor flat, but has many exotic and expensive paintings on his walls, in his closets and under his bed. Further snooping reveals a Last Will and Testament from his father, leaving all the paintings his father did to his son. Pshawri believes that he may eventually become the guild master if he continues to progress. He was born and raised in Ilthmar, but he moved to Lankhmar ten years ago, where he almost immediately joined the thieves' guild.

Moolsh.

Moolsh also claims to have no knowledge of the merchant Jenago, which is a lie. He has been a member for over three years, and has an excellent record. He has never been seen with Jenago, but a very close friend of his is also a close friend of Jenago. Frequently, there is an exchange of envelopes between them. The investigating thief has a mere 5% chance per level to notice such an exchange. Occasionally, this friend of Moolsh can be seen with Jenago. When this occurs, there is almost always an exchange of some sort. If these exchanges are pilfered from Jenago, the papers contain documentation of the thieves' guild's next operations. Moolsh says, and is said to say, that he feels he is not doing as much for the thieves' guild as he feels he can, and he appears to be very distraught about this. In his flat, there is absolutely nothing linking him with the thieves' guild. In a local bank, he has enough money stored up to retire fifteen persons in the noble district. This can be substantiated by rummaging through his flat when he is not there, and locating his bank statements.

Ivlis

Jenago is often seen entering Ivlis' flat during the early evening hours. She claims to be only vaguely familiar with him, but the truth of the matter is, she has been seeing this man for several years. She has been a member of the thieves' guild for six years, but her career has been marred by past due payments and arrests. Her best friend is a merchant, but that is only circumstantial. She lives in a flat that is well beyond her means, but she can afford it thanks to money that Jenago gives her. Jenago promises to leave his wife for her but never does. Frequently, she has had to get additional copies of her work detail because she says they disappear from the flat. Should the PC spy on her, he notices that the mer-



chant steals them from her room when she is not looking, or is elsewhere.

If the PC chooses Pshawri, he is incorrect. Psharwi is ostracized and banned from the guild, and vows to take action against the accusing PC. The real spy discontinues his actions due to this. Pshawri seeks his vengeance upon the character.

If the PC chooses Moolsh, he is correct. Moolsh tells all, and he is banned from the guild. Later that same night, he is found slain in his flat.

If the PC chooses Ivlis, he is incorrect. She seeks her own style of

vengeance upon the character. She attempts to beguile the character to come to her flat for the night. If she succeeds, she attempts to kill the character by poisoning his romantic dinner. Once the PC decides that Ilvis is the the spy, the real spy, Moolsh, ends his subversive activity, and everything is back to normal. If the investigating PC decides to join the Lankmar thieves' guild, Moolsh eventually tries to plant incriminating evidence on the PC, and frame him for spying as well.

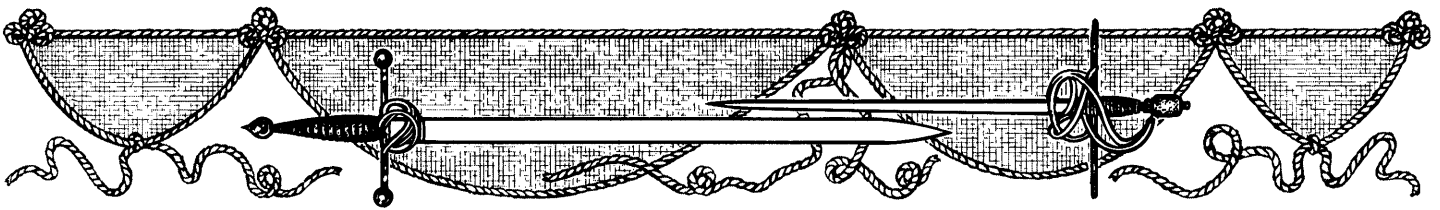
Pshawri: AC 7; T7; F3; Hp 35; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8; THACO 17; AL LN.

Moolsh: aC 8; T2; Hp 10; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; THACO 20; AL NE.

Ivlis: AC 9; T2; Hp 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; THACO 19; AL NE.

Once the PC has determined who is the guilty one, or has chosen the wrong one, he either is allowed to work freelance thievery, or to join the guild. The choice is up to the player character.





Muulsh's Fabulous Ruby

Total Party Levels: 35 (Average 7)

It's a usual night at the inn—people eating, drinking, and leaping up from their chairs screaming. Screaming? Your party looks toward the source of the disturbance. Staggering toward you, clutching at his bleeding abdomen, is a man you've never seen before. In his hand is a large ruby. He places it on the table, saying "Protect this with your life. Do not let Tyaa get it." The man then falls to the floor dead. The Inn's rough-boys come to drag the man away.

When the PCs leave the inn, whether that night or the following day, they are met with six men wearing the symbol of Tyaa, armed with bastard swords. The temple guards insist upon having the ruby, and threaten to wrest it from the party by force. If the PCs do not relinquish the gem, combat ensues.

Fighters (6): AC 4; F4; hp 30; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8; THAC0 17; AL NE

These fighters concentrate their attacks on the party members' clothing, hoping to slash a pocket or hidden pouch and cause the gem to drop into the street. If the PC carrying the ruby did not hide it that way, the fighters soon realize that fact. A strip search follows. In any case, when the ruby is discovered, a large raven immediately swoops down and grabs the gem in its claws, and heads for the temple district. Once the raven has the gem, the remaining fighters break their attack, running away in separate directions, saying "Tyaa has finally won. Our Goddess will be reborn!"

The PCs must then locate the Temple of Tyaa. This can be done by asking anyone in the city, unless the PCs already know.

Once the temple has been located, the PCs notice flickering lights within the windows. The front door is slightly

ajar. When the PCs enter the temple, they are met with 10 guards minus the number that were killed in the street during the first fight.

Fighters (10): AC 4; F4; hp 30; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8; THAC0 17; AL NE

When the PCs have finished with the fighters, they hear chanting from the main worship chamber. Inside, the characters see that the singing is coming from a beautiful woman. The gem is on an altar in front of her, and a large flock of fifteen birds flutters about behind her.

She sees the PCs, and says, "Tyaa cannot be crushed this time. The gem makes Tyaa whole, and she makes good on her promise to the world, by crushing Lankhmar underfoot. Her soul is already here!" Atya waves her hand toward the gem, as it begins to glow. If the PCs kill Atya, the transformation of Tyaa still occurs. The only way to stop it is to crush the gem. This requires a strength of at least 15. Once the PCs come forward to crush the gem, they are met by the ravens from behind Atya.

Birds of Tyaa (15): AC 7; HD 1; Hp 1-4; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 + poison; THAC0 20; AL NE

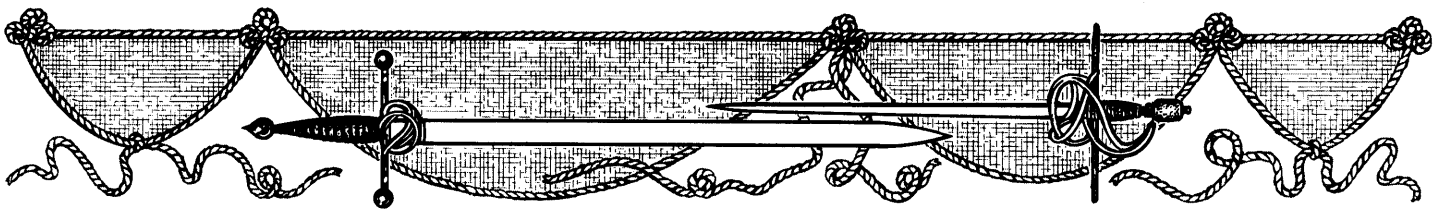
Atya: AC 10; HD 1; hp 10; #AT 1; Dmg 1d3 (dagger); THAC0 20; AL LE.

Once the gem has been destroyed, all wood touching the floor combusts within 3d6 seconds. This fire is magically enhanced and cannot be doused by conventional means. The temple burns completely to the ground, including the stone and metal work. The PCs have forever banished Tyaa from Lankhmar. The destruction of her temple retreat leaves no way for her to gate in. But the temples in other cities still stand, so Tyaa may still enter this world.

The PCs do not gain wealth in this adventure, but they do gain notoriety, in the positive sense, of course.

This adventure opens several avenues for the Dungeon Master. Although the Tyaa religion is illegal within the city limits of Lankhmar, there are still many worshippers who live here. Once word gets out that the characters thwarted the re-emergence of their Goddess, they will want to avenge this horrid act. These followers, being evil, may set up ambushes for the characters, feed them poisoned foods, send them on quests intended only to kill the PCs, or attempt to kill them in their sleep. These worshippers are a nasty lot. No good deed will go unpunished.

At one time, Atya, who is the avatar of Tyaa, tried to locate and consolidate the followers of Tyaa, and to bring their Goddess back. This was put to a swift end by Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser. The characters, if they wish, can now put themselves in the class of adventurers with the Mouser and Fafhrd. But, as the legendary men found out, and as will the PCs, pride always comes before a fall. Please see the next adventure for this.



Your Fates Await

Total Party Levels: 21 (Average 7)

The characters, undoubtedly proud of their escapades, sit in a tavern, or inn. A man, bald and wrinkled with extreme age, approaches their table, and seats his twisted and creaking frame in a vacant chair. He introduces himself as Thwarkii, and asks the characters to tell him of their many adventures. He explains that in his younger days, he adventured too, and would like to see if the PCs are more courageous than he.

When the PCs finish with their stories, Thwarkii issues a challenge to them. "Being as brave as you are, I challenge you to meet your fates. All one must do is cross the Sea of the East to Sarheenmar. Once there, one needs only to continue east, and your fate will find you there. Men brave as you are should not hesitate to go. After all, you have defeated every enemy you have met." After speaking, the old man stands and walks. Before leaving, he turns to the PCs, and in a loud voice so the whole establishment can hear, says "My words do not FRIGHTEN you, do they?"

A man, smelling of salt water, approaches the characters. "You must indeed be courageous adventurers if Thwarkii has come to you. If you need a boat to take you to Sarheenmar, please consider my boat as your chariot."

If the PCs ask about the quest given them, the fisherman says that he knows of only two men who have ever returned from the fabled Thwarkii quest. And those men – were Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser.

If the characters decide not to go, they are labeled cowards until they do go. Lower the social status of each character by 2 until such time as they decide to go on this quest. If they decide immediately to go, raise their social status by 1.

The fisherman and his young son take the characters to the shore of Sarheenmar. There the PCs must walk east for nearly three days. At the

end of their three day journey, they come to a circular area surrounded by rocks that look like the ribs of a gargantuan creature. Inside these rocks lay several very large eggs. There are one plus double the number of eggs as the number of characters. In other words, if the party contains five persons, there are eleven eggs. Once the characters enter the ring of rock, all of the eggs but one hatch, releasing gladiator lizards. These lizards are hatched fully grown and ready to fight.

Gladiator Lizards: AC -3; HD 7; Hp 56; #AT 2; Dmg 1d10; THAC0 13; AL LE

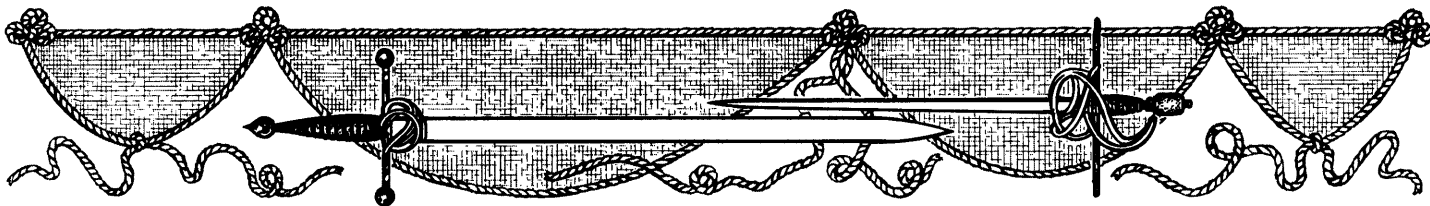
The lizards attack the PCs in pairs, two on every PC. The trick here is not to fight, because the odds are with the lizards. The trick is to solve the key. There is one unhatched egg. Should this egg be opened, they PCs find the embryonic figure of the old man known as Thwarkii. If this figure is killed, the lizards disappear.

If the characters find this out too late and someone dies, the discovery cannot bring the lost player character back to life. If any of the characters have died, the survivors hear an echoing laugh that sounds vaguely like Thwarkii. The voice says "I did not believe your party to be as great as you have said, but I assumed more of you would have died. No matter, my emir shall once again raise his hand against you, and this time you shall not succeed." The voice disappears, as the rocks surrounding the 'arena' begin to sink into the ground. The eggshells and the gladiator lizard carcasses slowly disincorporate and turn to dust devils in the breeze.

Hopefully the player characters have learned a valuable lesson. The lesson being that not every situation can be solved by violence or by slaying of all opponents. In many situations, the choice of thought over brawn is the wisest as well as the safest. A preventable death is a horrid waste.

The emir that Thwarkii spoke of, is Thwarkii's god, Death. Although Death is a minor deity compared to other death gods, he is one of the more powerful gods of Nehwon. He lives in shadowland in a palace at the death pole. He is a tall, gaunt man with cadaverous white skin. He wears chain mail with a wide belt studded with tarnished silver skulls. Every twenty heartbeats or so, he is given a quota of deaths to fulfill by the Lords of Necessity. Usually he has full rein over who dies and how, but the Lords do require that he keeps his books straight. This means that he has to spread his death around fairly.

In this case, Death tried to fulfill a quota, using the player characters. This time he failed, and had to fill the quota with someone else. Next time though, the player characters may not be so lucky.



The Hounds

Total Party Levels: 25 (Average 5)

This adventure is to introduce the Astral Hounds to the player characters. All wolves that die from malicious cruelty become astral wolves. Occasionally wolves killed while protecting their young or dam, become astral as well. Their astral forms wander the astral plane seeking vengeance. Whenever their killer is in an isolated place, he can hear their howling during the day. At night when he dreams, the wolves can draw his astral form (which must save vs. spells) to the astral plane, where it is set upon by the wolves. Any damage taken in the astral plane is transferred to the host body. If the wolves are unable to attack their killer, they attack the nearest astral form.

The characters, while travelling along a deserted road, hear the howling of two wolves. Soon, the wolves' forms can be seen casting long shadows from the dim light of the Nehwon dawn. The wolves prance, occasionally leaping toward the characters but holding their ground.

The player characters, if they know the lifestyles of the wolves, may realize that these wolves are abnormally brave. The characters should be told that it is spring time in Nehwon.

The wolf and his dam are protecting a litter of four puppies. If the characters are extremely perceptive, they might notice that the dam's body is conditioned for suckling.

If the characters decide to engage these creatures, the wolves oblige them with a fight.

Wolves (2): AC 7; HD 2+2; Hp 12; MV 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4+1; THAC0 19; AL N.(GL)

When the characters finish off the wolves, they hear a whimpering from over a small rise. When they investigate, they see a cave. In this cave are three wolf cubs of about five weeks old. These pups can be sold to persons wanting wolf pups, or they can

be trained as sledge, guard, or watch dogs, or can be kept for pets. These animals bring honor and prestige to their owner if they are loyal to him. It is up to the player characters what they do with these pups.

By the noon hour, the characters begin to hear the howling of wolves. The sound seems to come from all around them, but when they look around, they see nothing. Should they use any divination spells to locate these animals, they see nothing, unless the spell allows for sight into the astral plane.

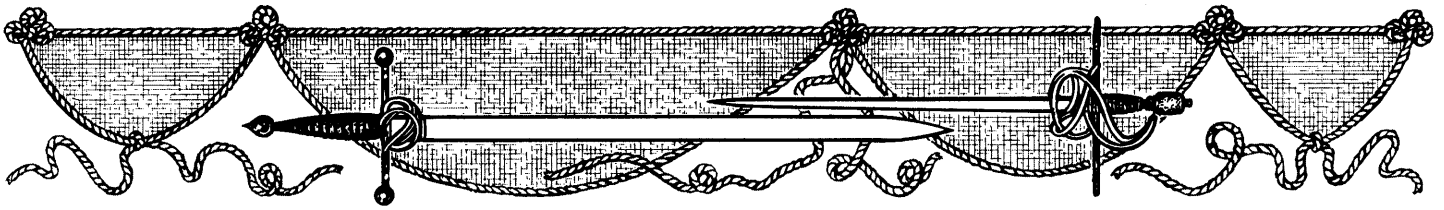
Soon it becomes nightfall. There is still no village or settlement in sight. Once the characters fall asleep, they are haunted by the wolf howling. Each character who falls asleep must make a save versus spells, or have his astral form transported to the astral plane where the wolves attempt to kill him. All of his magical items, whether weapons, armor or potions, go with

him. The non-magical items are left behind. If the character has no magical items at all, he must fight the astral wolves with bare hands, feet and teeth.

Astral Wolves (2): AC 3; HD 3; Hp 18; MV 18; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4; THAC0 17; AL NE.

If the wolves succeed in killing a character in the astral plane, the body dies, and the wolves devour the astral form of the character. The body of the astrally projected character displays the same wounds that the astral form displays. If the character survives the astral wolf attack, he is teleported back into his body and immediately wakes up. The astral wolves continue to haunt the characters until the wolves are all destroyed, or the characters are all destroyed.





The Threads of Hate

Total Party Levels: 30 (Average 6)

From the Temple of Hate rises a sentient cloud, a living fog of malevolence. Through the streets of Lankhmar it travels, gathering unto itself the instruments of its purpose. All who are caught in the cloud move like puppets, performing its evil will...

The night is dark, blackened by the chill of fear and death. In the streets, people run with a panic not seen since the time of the Great Rat Plague. A sentient cloud spills from the Temple of Hate, spreading its malevolent purpose throughout the streets of Lankhmar. A priest from the temple of Issek of the Jug approaches the characters wherever they may be, whether tavern or restaurant or inn. The man claiming to be Bawdres speaks to the characters in a panicked voice.

“Good people, I beg you with the utmost urgency to help us in our great city’s time of need. The Cloud of Hate has emerged from its vile temple and is spreading its despicable control over peasant and nobleman alike. This must be stopped. I ask that you, brave souls, stamp out the evil this evening.” The man wrings his hands in urgency.

If the PCs agree to do this, the priest is willing to pay in money and Issek’s blessings. If the PCs do not accept, the man withdraws from them in disappointment.

Either way, the PCs soon see a cloud spread itself into the room where they are. If there are any evil characters in the group, they instantly attack the good characters, and then turn to the neutrals. A saving throw vs. spells is applicable for all characters in the room with this fog, to avoid the effects. If all of the characters are non-evil, the cloud sends several controlled beings to fight the PCs.

Mind-Controlled Fighters (5): AC 8; F2; hp 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8; THAC0 19

These five fighters are somewhat slow. Their deliberate acts are synchronized. When these five men are dead, one of the PCs notices another fifteen coming up the street toward the party. If they search, they find a back door that they can use in relative safety.

If they try to maneuver behind the cloud of Hate, they see a thin, barely substantial, silvery cord trailing back to the temple district. If anyone tried to touch it or pick it up, he finds it flows through his fingers like the mist it so strongly resembles. This cord does not necessarily follow the pattern of streets. It has the capacity to flow through buildings and people as though they were not there.

If the player characters decide to cut the cord, treat it as an AC of 8 with 10 hit points. It can only be affected by magical weapons; normal blades and blunt weapons merely cause the cord to part around them, and reform when the weapon is removed. Once cut, the cloud and the cord connected to it immediately disperse, returning everyone who was affected to normal. The cloud comes out the next evening to wreak havoc again (see below for a more complete explanation).

If the characters decide to follow the cord back to its nexus, they can do so with only a margin of difficulty. When the cord passes through a building, the party must go around the building to see where it comes out, and then follow it again. Eventually, they come to the origin of the cord. Here is where the secret priests of Hate reside.

The priests of Hate are commonly referred to as ‘Hates’. They gather together in secret temples on the Street of the Gods. The timing of the rituals is a complex calculation based upon the stars, moon, and the weather. The head priest leads the ceremony.

In preparation for this, the priests of Hate have performed something akin to a confessional. The followers of this

sect confide all their dislikes and hatreds to their personal priests, who must perform complex ceremonies in order to prevent themselves from being overwhelmed by the excessive emotions associated with this purging. At the appointed times, these priests meet in secret, and all the hate that the worshippers transferred to them leaves their bodies, is funneled into that of the head priest, and rises to form the manifestation of the fog, which is connected to the head priest by a silvery cord.

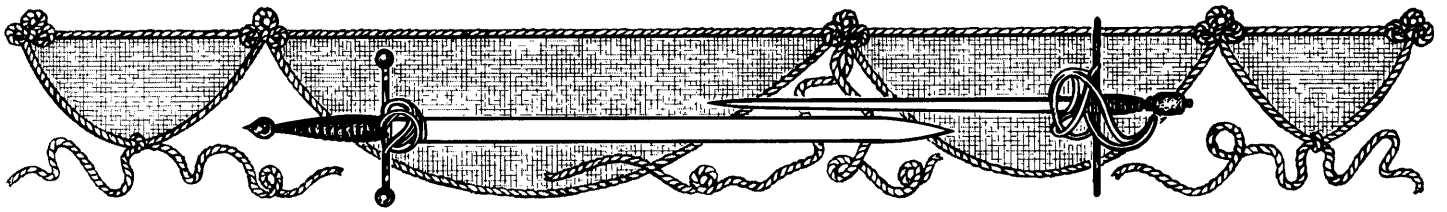
This manifestation then floats through the city finding evil people who are not of its sect but who are filled with hate. Anyone who is not evil is set upon by these mind-controlled minions. After the ceremony the priests and worshippers feel refreshed, because their hate has been drawn out of them. Unfortunately, several new corpses usually litter the streets of the city. This has made the Hates a secret and hunted cult in Lankhmar.

Should the party sever the cord, thus preventing the cloud from performing its duty, the priests performing the ceremony are made aware of the interference. They know that the cord has been cut, and that the purging has been thwarted. They reconvene the next evening (the calculations mentioned previously take into account this possibility, and therefore determine the best *series* of nights for the ceremony) and start over.

Two guards (fifth-level fighters) stand inside the front door. There are eight priests in all. Seven of the robed figures stand, hands joined, in a circle around the eighth. The silvery cord of ectoplasm extends from the stomach of the eighth priest.

Guards (2): AC 2; F5; hp 39; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6, 1d8; THAC0 16; MV 9; AL LE.

Minor Priests (7): AC 8; P3; hp 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; THAC0 20; AL LE; Spells:



cause light wounds, faerie fire, heat metal or trip.

Major Priest (1): AC 6; P7; hp 40; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; THAC0 16; AL LE; Spells: *cause light wounds, detect snares and pit, protection from good, fire trap, hold person, withdraw, cause blindness or deafness (x 2), cause serious wounds.*

The guards immediately engage the characters. They have no magical weapons or items, a precaution taken by the priests to ensure that no guard can interrupt the ceremony once it has begun. Once these men have started combat, the seven minor priests ready their arsenal of spells. One priest sets up a *trip* spell using a length of rope on the floor. Three priests cast the *faerie fire* spells upon the characters, while three more cast the *heat metal* spells. While the characters are busy ripping their heated metal armor off (those who aren't wearing metal won't be affected), the major priest ceases his concentration on the manifestation, and the silvery cord disappears. He

then casts a *protection from good* on himself, effectively raising his armor class by 1. The minor priests attack the characters by trying to touch them and *cause light wounds*. If this should fail, they then slash and stab at the characters as often as possible. When these priests lose half their hit points, there is a 65% chance that they attempt to escape. If the characters let them, those priests no longer engage the characters in combat. The major priest does not flee, unless enchanted to do so.

He attempts to cast *hold person* on as many of the characters as possible, and *cause blindness, cause serious wounds, and cause light wounds* on the others. Should he slay all the non-held characters, he slices the throats of the held characters. He takes no prisoners.

If any of the priests survive, they stalk the characters to the ends of the earth if necessary, to gain their revenge. They have intelligence enough to stage intricate ambushes that appear to be the fault of some other group of people. This they do, most

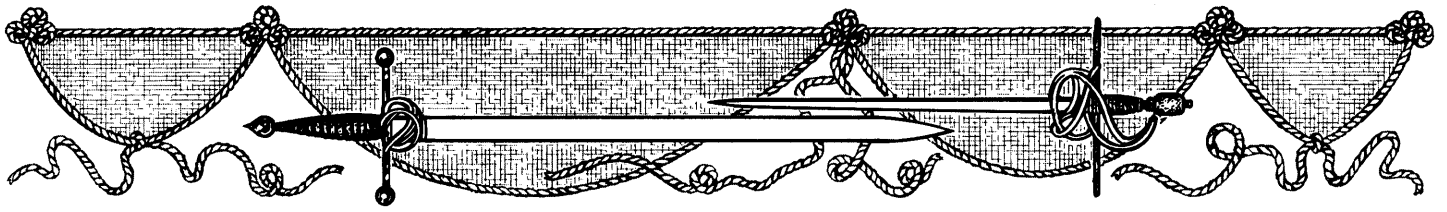
assuredly. Hardly ever do they hire assassins or the Slayer's Brotherhood to do their dirty work. They feel that their hate is their own, and they have the divine right to act upon that hatred.

Unfortunately for the Temple of Hate, if the major priest has been killed, the manifestation of Hate can not be summoned again until one of the priests reaches at least seventh level. This can be another reason for revenge.

If the player characters had accepted Bawdres's offer of coinage and Issek's blessings, he approaches the characters.

"Dearest saviors, your help in our city's time of need is graciously accepted, and cannot go unrewarded. To you, I give these coins, and Issek's blessings."

The man delivers to each character's hands a sack containing one hundred and fifty golden rilks. Also, he *blesses* the characters. This raises their Armor Class by one point each, but lasts for only the next six rounds.



The Stalking Death

Total Party Levels: 40 (Average 8 to 10)

"Well, I have been given a quota again," said Death, as he stroked the head of his loyal beast. A deep growl punctured the silence as the beast turned his head and gazed at its master. "The quota demands the death of two heroes this time."

The beast stood to its feet and laid its head in the lap of the cadaverous master. Its immense tongue licked at the pendulous jowls that hung loosely at the sides of its pearly white fangs.

"Ahhhh." Death sighed. He truly loved his beast. "Very well, my faithful friend. I shall let you fulfill the quota with the heroes of Nehwon, paying particular attention to Lankhmar this time."

The beast sprang from Death's sight and into the world beyond the shadowlands...

A burly man, smelling of perspiration and cigar smoke, throws his elbow onto the table in front of the characters. He wriggles his fingers and says, "Anyone for a wee game of arm wrestling?" His voice carries a broken, but pleasant, accent. If any of the characters wishes to oblige him, he lays down forty gold rilks to 'back up his mouth' as he puts it. The man has the phenomenal strength of 18/88 and twenty-six inch biceps to prove it. Should he win, he takes the money, and sits in an adjacent chair. If he should lose, he claims to have never seen a man with such an arm as the winning character has. Either way, the man sits and joins the PCs. He tells them an old story.

"There once was this party of men who defeated everything in their paths. They were strong, agile, upright men. They stood for all that was good and proper. They met continually challenging tests, until IT came." The man pauses to take a long draw on his cigar, and stares at the characters. He waits for the characters to respond.

"The IT to which I refer is the minion

of Death. His pet, you might say. It is a horrid creature of immense power. They say that when this beast approaches you, it is because Death is getting a little behind on his quota, and this thing is guaranteed to right the situation. No one has ever defeated it; but then again, it has only manifested itself twice in all of Lankhmar's recorded history. I guess you can say that Death is an extremely efficient power."

If the characters make comments along the lines that the man is crazed, or that this beast can't be as powerful as the man says, he continues. "Legend has it that the last men to be taken by this creature had your same attitude. Watch your backs, my friends. Maybe he's just around your next corner!" The man stands and takes his leave of the characters, to let them absorb his words. The man knows that they are next, but he knows not *how* he knows.

The evening falls; sleep takes its hold on everyone. When dawn breaks, the party awakens immediately with a sense of foreboding in the pits of their stomachs. Prayers to their respective deities diminish the worry slightly.

When they are finally together and walking the streets, a mist overtakes the scene of buildings and people. The characters find themselves in a setting that has no visual boundaries. There is no horizon, there is no sky or ground. Everything they see, except for the other party members, is an off-white nothingness. Somewhere in the distance they hear a horrid growl. As if from nowhere they are faced with Death's pet, the stalking death. This abomination of flesh and thick fur attacks immediately.

Stalking Death (1): AC 0; HD 12; hp 96; #AT 3 bite/claw/claw; Dmg 3d6/3d4/3d4; THAC0 9; MV 20; AL N; SPECIAL ATT/DEF: Blink, Genius Intelligence, excessive strength and dexterity.

The creature, if it can, likes to bite and claw one opponent, and swipe another opponent with another claw attack. It has the ability to jump 30 feet up and to one side, which it will, should the characters attempt to surround it. It has the intelligence not to jump toward an opponent, because it is wary of being impaled by an extended sword.

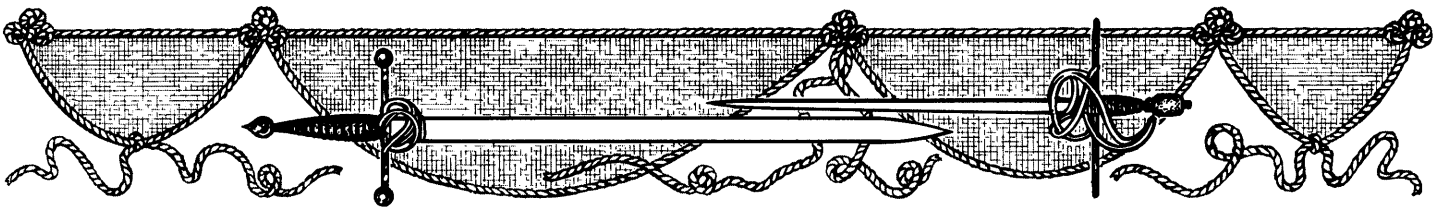
Should the stalking death be lowered to 70 or fewer hit points, it blinks out of existence. In reality, the creature has just retreated to an interdimensional space, waiting for the PCs to lower their guard. Once they have, he blinks back, and begins to attack again, this time from the back or flank.

It has been known to try to separate a party of opponents into two smaller groups, and then fight one of these groups to increase his odds of defeating them. It also stomps on fallen characters as an extra attack as it lunges for another opponent. These stomp attacks cause 3d8 points of damage due to the weight of the creature. This may also, if the Dungeon Master so chooses, create the possibilities of broken or cracked bones.

When the stalking death is down to fewer than 30 hit points, it falls to its side and pretends to die. It then blinks out again. It waits for an opportune time to attack, and then blinks back, attacking with an unmatched fury. This lowers its AC to 2, but it gains an extra claw attack.

When the characters have killed the stalking death, the off-white setting is replaced by the Lankhmar scenery. To the Lankhmar people, no time has passed. To them, the characters just suddenly showed damage, or suddenly died. The stalking death has been defeated for the first time in Nehwon history.

For complete information on this beast's attacks and defenses, see the NEW MONSTERS section of this booklet.



Watch My Wealth

Total Character Levels: 42 (Average 6th)

A man sits in a maddening panic. "Lankhmar. The city of undeniable wealth. The city of thieves. Why can't one man's wealth remain his own? For years I have toiled, bringing forth my services and my goods for sale. Again and again, the thieves take what I have sweated so hard for. My wealth has come because of my investment of time, while time comes from the investment of my life. Therefore, not only are the thieves taking my wealth, they are stealing my time, and my life. This must stop! Bring me some guards who are trustworthy. Bring me those, those heroes." The man slumps in his chair sobbing, while his man-servant rushes to comply with his master's wishes.

A man approaches the characters. He is a well dressed, well educated and well mannered individual. He requests an audience with the PCs, and offers 20 gold rilks for their time.

"My master is a man living well by the means of his wealth. He is a man that is honorable and just. He is also a man that despises thievery. He wishes to hire you gentlemen to guard his wealth until tomorrow morning, when it will be shipped to the house he is building north of No-Ombrulsk. Whether one or more in your group may be thieves, this does not matter to him. As thieves, they would know the tactics of thieves, thus would be able to defend the wealth against others of that ilk. My master has instructed me to pay you well, and to pay for anything that you would need to protect the wealth from all types of attacks. Will you assist my master in this way?"

If the characters agree, the man-servant asks what they require in payment. Whatever the PCs demand (within reason), the man-servant complies.

Allow the player characters to build whatever defenses they feel are necessary to defend a large chunk of wealth. These include traps, magic, hand weapons, et cetera. Everything they get should be readily available, because they must protect the goods tonight, not next week. If they think of it, allow them to trap the chest of money, trap the pedestal, trap the door, set up crossbow bolts aimed at the door and window, magically protect the chest, glyph the windows and doors, buy a large animal, or whatever else is possible. The defenses they put up affect their success. There should also be a black wizard and a white wizard at their disposal who can cast up to the seventh level in spells, should this be one or more of their defenses.

The room that holds the wealth is in a corner of the building. It has a window, one door, and a pedestal. The pedestal supports the chest which holds the gems and money. The room is on the first floor of a three story house. The house is owned solely by the merchant, who rents no rooms to anyone. His wife died several years before, so there is only him and his man-servant. The room is 20 feet by 20 feet. The pedestal sits in the middle of the room. Should the players ask, there is a crawl space about eight feet deep under the house. For conversation purposes, the chest is 2 feet high, 4 feet long, and 3 feet wide. If the characters open the chest, it is filled to the top with gems and gold rilks.

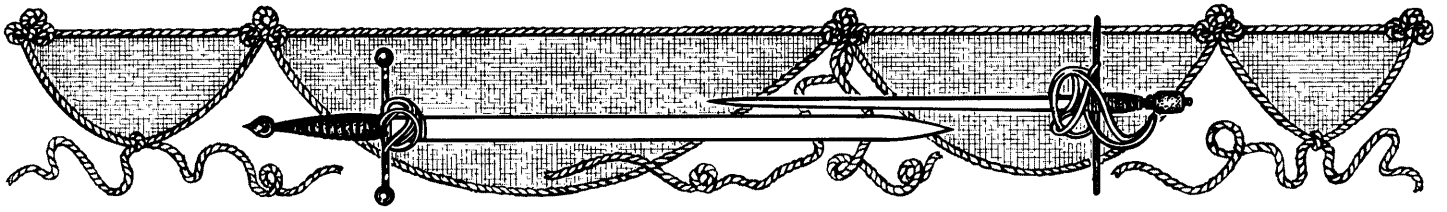
The thieves of Lankhmar know, by spying on everything that may be important to their cause, that the merchant is planning to remove the majority of his wealth from the city in the morning, so they have planned several different attacks. They also know that the characters have been hired to protect it, so they plan on using every attack plan until they get all (or at least most) of it. Below, find the plans of attack. A total of twenty thieves are assigned to this job.

Thief (20): AC 7; T3; Hp 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; MV 12; THAC0 19; AL LE.

ATTACK PLAN #1 : The thieves remove all boards or curtains from the windows to allow good sight into the room. They also attempt to break down the door, even at the expense of one of their men, to allow access to the room from the hallway inside the house. Then, moving in waves of four, they dart past the door, throwing daggers into the room, hoping to wound and slow the characters down. If they feel the characters defenses are low, they dart into the room, and try to retrieve some of the daggers. They expend no more than three men in this way. They stop after four waves of daggers.

ATTACK PLAN #2 : The thieves try to saw at the floor boards that support the pedestal. The characters need only to roll a successful Wisdom check to notice the sounds. Should they want to move the pedestal, they need a total of 28 strength points. If all the characters are helping to move it, a thief fires a crossbow bolt through the open door (if it IS open), or through the window. If the thieves are successful in lowering the pedestal and the chest into the crawl space under the building, there are ten thieves down there to fight the characters, while the rest make off with the loot. All traps set on the pedestal and chest are set off by the eight foot drop.

ATTACK PLAN #3 : The thieves break all the glass on the window, if any still exists. They attack with crossbow bolts through the window, while several other thieves work to remove the ceiling from above the pedestal. They are as quiet as possible. Non-thief characters must save versus Wisdom at -8 to hear any noise. Thief PCs may apply their hear noise skill. If they are successful at removing a section of the supporting floor on the second floor, they can look down onto the chest and pedestal. They can also



look down on the characters. They lower a rope and hook, attempting to place the hook under the top handle of the chest. Then all the thieves, working together, lift the chest up to the second floor, stealing everything in it. If they are spotted and one is shot at, the chest is dropped back onto the pedestal. The thieves on the second floor escape, and the crossbow bolt bombardment ceases.

ATTACK PLAN #4 : The thieves have one of their men teleported to behind the chest. He has the job of disarming any traps he finds. He can do one trap for every two rounds. If he succeeds in doing this, he backstabs one of the PCs and tries to damage as many others as he can. This thief realizes that removing the traps was a suicide job, so he tries to get as much accomplished for his comrades as he can.

ATTACK PLAN #5 : The thieves send five fiery bolts into the room, trying to burn the characters out of the room. If

the characters have *affect normal fires* spells available to them, they can put the flames out. Water is also a good alternative.

ATTACK PLAN #6 : The thieves have a wizard put a *phase door* spell on one of the walls, preferably one that is the farthest away from all of the characters. The door is keyed for each thief who has a ruby in his pocket. One thief looks through the *phase door* to see if the coast is clear. If it is, three thieves enter through the real door and begin firing their crossbows, and engage the PCs in melee. Four thieves enter the room through the *phase door* and try getting out with the chest. If all of the characters are engaged with the thieves at the door, their chances of noticing the *phase door* thieves is determined with a save versus Wisdom at -10 . Once the thieves at the *phase door* are noticed, or succeed, the thieves at the door end their attacks, and run away. They join the other thieves who are still

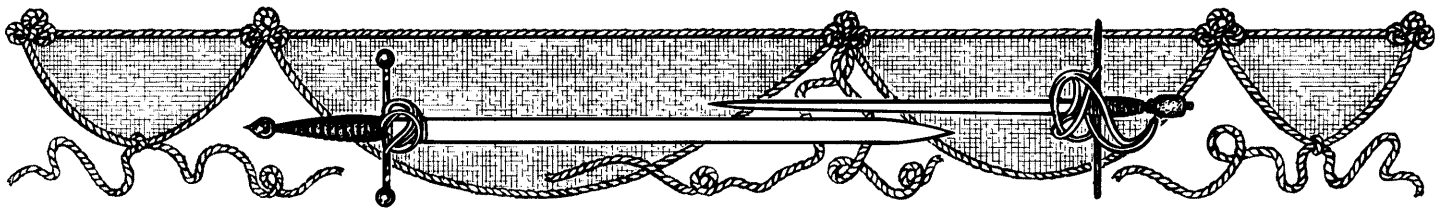
alive, and carry the chest about a mile to the guildhouse. They travel at a movement rate of 5.

If the characters succeed in keeping the chest safe, they are paid an extra two thousand gold rilks for their troubles. For every dead character, the merchant pays the survivors ten thousand rilks to be split between them.

He thanks the characters, and promises to spread the story of their bravery and success to all who will listen, which promises even more jobs.

If the characters were unsuccessful, the man states that he would like to have paid the characters more for their troubles and the loss of their companions, should any be dead, but that he can't because of the loss of his funds. He thanks them for their attempts, and bids them a sad farewell. He and his man-servant leave the room, and head for the river district, hoping never to return to the City of Thieves.





The Arrest of Pulg

Total Character Levels: 18 (Average 6th)

The player characters receive a letter, hand delivered from one of the Heralds' and Messengers' Guild members. The letter is a request for the characters to meet with a colonel of the North Barracks. The letter also states that he has a job for them to perform if they accept.

Should the characters accept this, he has instructed them to meet him at the barracks just after sundown. When the characters show up, they see a young man with a shadow of a blond moustache standing alone on the street, puffing on a pipe. He is wearing a newly pressed military uniform. When the characters approach him, he knocks the tobacco from the pipe bowl and replaces the pipe in his pocket.

"Welcome, gentlemen. Please, let's go in here to talk." He leads them into a local coffee and tea shop. He takes a seat at a solitary table, and begins to tell his story.

"When my father died from tuberculosis, he willed me his coat-of-arms and two swords with scabbards. These were his pride and joy. They were made for my great-grandfather. They, to me, are absolutely priceless.

"About a month ago, they disappeared from the mantle above the fireplace in my home, and I thought they were gone forever. Since then, I heard that they were on sale at a shop next door to Pulg's Tavern. I went there, and found out that just hours before, they were sold as scrap metal to an armorer in town.

"Well, I did a little checking, and it turns out that dirty scoundrel Pulg owns that shop as well. The cad either stole the pieces himself, which I doubt, or, being a fence, bought it from the bouncer who stole it. Now that the coat-of-arms has been destroyed, there is no way for me to prove it, unless he is currently selling your sword as well." The colonel points to one of the characters' now-empty scabbard.

The one that was stolen is the most ornate of them all.

"My suggestion, sirs, is to visit Pulg's shop and see if it is there. At the same time, I would like to hire you to bring him to me for justice. This cannot continue in this way. Thieves are going to bankrupt this city eventually, and it's high time we started doing something about it."

If the characters accept the job, the colonel pays them 100 gold rilk for their bounty hunting services. He instructs them to bring Pulg to the North Barracks whenever they complete the job. In case the characters ask, he cannot accompany them, because he is a known north barracks man, and Pulg would immediately and conveniently disappear. The characters are known adventurers, thus would be accepted by Pulg.

When they arrive at Pulg's fence, the shop is closed. If they should go into the tavern and ask about the store, Pulg steps out, and asks what he can do for them. If they mention that they need to buy some 'inexpensive' articles, or that they are looking for some 'hot' deals, Pulg personally takes them over to the shop. There the character who is missing the sword sees it displayed in a glass covered case.

If the character claims it was stolen from him, Pulg backs up to the wall and knocks twice. Soon after, three burly men come out of the back of the store and cross their arms; they look tough, all right, but not too intelligent. Pulg claims that all these articles are bought and paid for in a legal fashion. He blames the character's loss of his weapon as an idiotic mistake of the PC, saying 'he cannot be blamed when a man stupidly leaves his weapons lying around like laundry.' He mocks the character while his body guards nod in agreement.

"In fact, you remind me of that stupid Colonel at the northern barracks. No, I take that back, you are much more ignorant. He had the brains to stay away from this establishment.

You, on the other hand, do not." At that point, he waves his hand in the air toward the characters. "Have at 'em, boys." He stays to watch the fight. The three men approach the characters with fists bared.

Body Guards (3): AC 8; F5; Hp 50; #AT 2 (Fists); Dmg 1d4 +6; MV 10; THAC0 12 (due to strength); AL NE.

If it appears the fight is being won by the characters, Pulg leaves the shop through the back storeroom, and tries to make a clean getaway. If the characters decide to break off the fight, they can find Pulg either by going around the shop, or by running through the shop to the back. Either way, the body guards follow the PCs in hopes of stopping them.

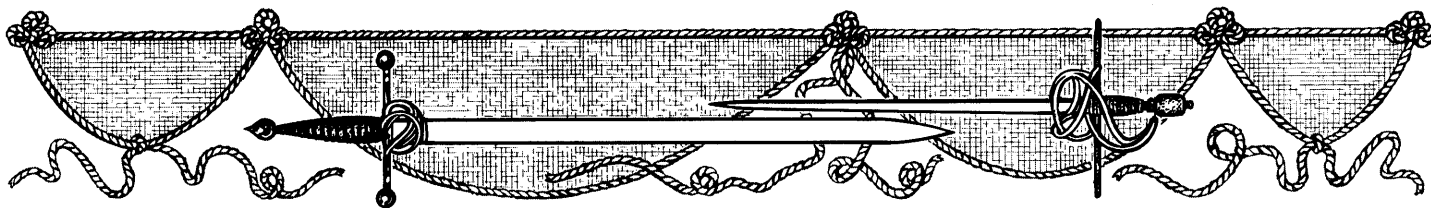
When the body guards re-engage their fight, Pulg tries to escape, unless he is held by one of the characters. When the guards are knocked out or lying on the ground dead, Pulg claims that he will go quietly.

If the PCs continue to engage the guards while Pulg tries to escape, they never find him, unless magical means are used.

If the PCs finally nab Pulg, he goes quietly, for a while. On the way back to the northern barracks, if he has a free hand, he tries to stab one of the characters with a poisoned dagger. The poison is not enough to kill, but it causes muscle spasms that last for one to eight days, should the initial saving throw versus poison fail. If he is unable to escape then, he makes no more attempts the rest of the way.

When Pulg is delivered to the colonel, he awards the PCs a Citation of Merit from the government of Lankmar, and thanks them for their work. He then shackles Pulg and take him to one of the jail houses nearby.

Pulg has a 35% chance of escaping, and he definitely believes in revenge...



The Pool

While walking through the Plaza of Dark Delights, you come across a small fountain, about ten feet across. Its marble is cracked and dulled from exposure to the elements. Rather than the expected cherubs, mermaids, tritons, dolphins, or other aquatic motifs, this fountain is decorated with more than a dozen water spouts carved to resemble demons and men in the throes of agony, jealousy, and rage. The water pouring forth from the spouts is deep purple.

Should one or more characters move closer to the fountain and state he or she is examining the spouts or basin more closely, read the following.

The spouts show no signs of carving tools. Whoever created this was quite obviously a demented master craftsman. The figures rise from the water with a terrifying grace, as if they had been alive at one time and were frozen within the marble from which they were chiseled. The water is the deep, intoxicating purple of the murex dye that is so precious, the color once reserved only for royalty.

Despite the richness of the color, however, the water is not sullied and the bottom of the basin is quite visible. As you gaze into its depths, the ripples formed by the waterfalls coalesce into the image of a beautiful young woman. Her lips part, and in a voice reminiscent of a clear mountain stream the image says, "Drink of my waters, and I shall reward you with one of my many gifts. Drink..." As you watch, the image fades. A little of the water splashes from the basin onto your garb, as if playful hands had slapped the surface of the pool.

If the PCs drink the water, roll 1d10 for each drinker and follow the chart below, making sure that the tenth effect befalls one of the PCs. (Or, the DM may prefer to choose the most appropriate effect for each PC.) Each PC should be rewarded (or cursed) with only one effect, and no effect should be used more than once.

01. The PC's Charisma is raised by one point.
02. The PC becomes extremely egotistical.
03. The PC's wisdom is raised by one point.
04. The PC becomes extremely interested in black wizardry.
05. The PC loses one pound of weight per day.
06. The PC's Charisma is lowered by one point.
07. The PC's Wisdom is lowered by one point.
08. Perceived charismas are opposed. In other words, charismas of 1 are perceived as 18, 18 charismas are perceived as 1.
09. All persons of the opposite sex with charismas greater than 16 who are interested in the PC make the PC fall into a deep sleep.
10. A geas is placed on the character to find the stone from the Parched Mountains that looks like the girl in the pool, and place the stone in the pool he just drank from. The stone makes the water pure and clear again.

Once the geas has been put on one of the characters, he feels the need to go as soon as possible. Should they ask, the Parched Mountains are north and east of Lankhmar, past the Inner Sea, past the City of the Ghouls, and just farther than the Sea of Monsters. Should the characters wish to leave,

they must hire a ship to take them to the city of Sarheenmar. From there, they must travel the steppes until they pass the river that flows into the Sea of Monsters. From there the Parched Mountains are plainly visible.

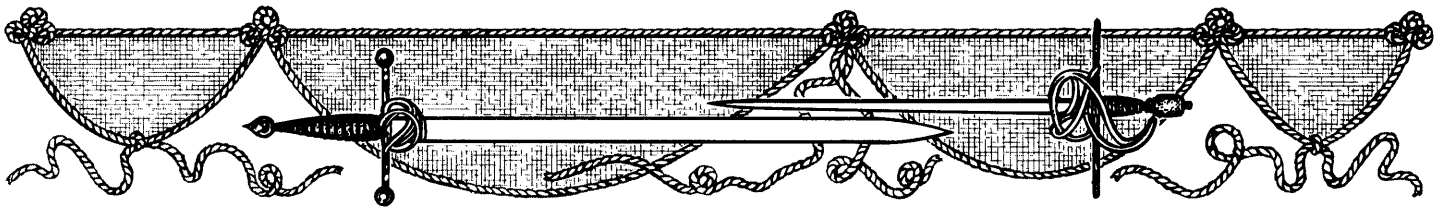
The DM should feel free to create intermediate encounters for this trip through the wilds of Nehwon. Attacks by bandits are very likely, as are encounters with wild animals during the nights they must spend in the outdoors. Characters who are not used to sea travel may have quite the time of it crossing the sea to Sarheenmar; between the sea monsters and the seasickness, that should be a very memorable jaunt. Mingols could play quite a role in the party's travels across the steppes, perhaps joining up with them for a short time, or pursuing them for intruding in their territory. Possibilities abound.

The Parched Mountains are one of the most inhospitable regions of Nehwon. Barren, craggy peaks loom high over the surrounding countryside, and nary a drop of water can be found. Immediately to the east of these mountains lies Shadowland, the domain of Death.

The journey up the mountains may take up to three days. If they are not prepared with water and food, they should be penalized with Constitution loss and slowed movement rates as determined in the *Wilderness Survival Guide*.

At the summit of the highest mountain, on a windy plateau, the PCs see a shape that vaguely resembles a woman. This figure blends into a rock that resembles the face of the woman the PCs saw in the pool. The woman-shape, which is actually a white pudding mass, approaches the PCs.

Cold Woman (white pudding): AC -2; HD 16+; hp 180; MV 9; #AT 1; Dmg 4d10; THAC0 5; AL N



The Cold Woman leaves the stone of the woman's face to approach the characters. Anyone touching the cold woman must make a saving throw vs. paralyzation or be paralyzed. She has illusion generation and a cold ray power with a 60' range that does 7d10 points of damage (saving throw vs. breath weapon for half damage).

It is quite possible that the PCs could actually get the stone without even engaging the cold woman, but if they do engage her, she fights until one or more of the characters are down and out cold, so that she can use their body's warmth to incubate her spawn.

Once the stone has been retrieved, the characters have to travel back to Sarheenmar and catch a merchant ship to Lankmar. From there, the walk or carriage ride to the Plaza of Dark Delights is relatively short.

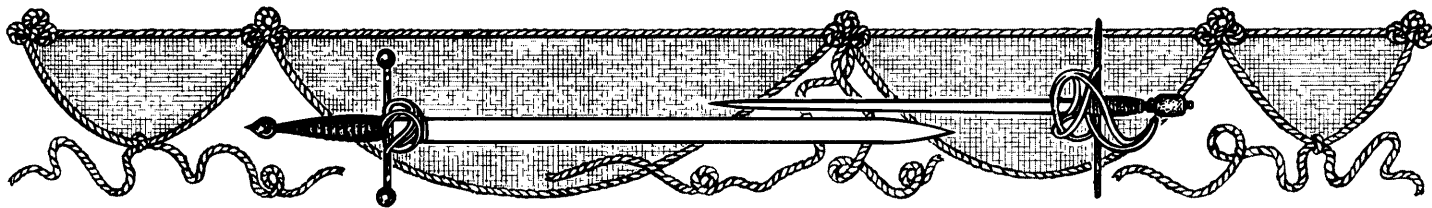
To complete the geas, the characters should put the stone into the water. Should they do this, the stone slowly dissolves, sending purple and black streams into the air. After about two minutes, this effect ends. When the characters look into the water, they see that it has cleared. The illusion reappears.

"An artisan's daughter was once assaulted and murdered at this spot. The man, in memoriam, spent the rest of his life working on this fountain, which once was very beautiful. He decorated it with different species of birds as the water spouts and his daughter's face in the stonework at the bottom of the pool.

"Many years ago, a powerful wizard was pushed into this pool by a surging crowd. He cursed the fountain and all who would drink from it. Some of those people who drink from it fell ill and died, their flesh turning a deep purple. This curse no longer holds true. The curses you received are no longer active. The blessings you received are few and far between, and for those of you who were so blessed, I'm glad you received them. They are yours to keep."

The designs on the water spouts warp and melt, until they again resemble doves and other types of birds. In the bottom of the pool is a portrait of a beautiful girl, her face worked into the stone: the same face the party saw in the illusion.





A Dying Plea

Total Character Levels: 18 (Average 6)

"This meeting is called to order. Our fishing villages are being decimated by some sort of magical means. The reason must be found, and the means must be destroyed." The man sits down in a squeaking chair; a look of despair darkens his aging face.

A hand slowly rises in the crowd of seated faces. "May I say something?"

The man seated alone looks in the direction of the voice and sees a tomboyish face staring up at him. She is cute in a plain kind of way. "Yes, please speak. Everyone's voice is important here."

Her freckled cheekbones and nose quivered as everyone looked her direction. "I know a group of men who can help us. They usually can be found in Lankhmar. Their names are . . ."

The characters hear the sound of a multitude of swords being drawn behind them as they walk down a seemingly deserted alley. When they spin around, they are faced with four armed fighters who start swinging immediately.

Fighters (4): AC 6; MV 8; F4; Hp 30; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8; THAC0 17; AL NE.

The characters have no idea why these men are attacking. If, after the battle, the characters examine the bodies, on one of the men they find a letter and a pouch of cash. (If some of these fighters escape, the clues are found on one of the ones who didn't.) The letter is from Pulg, the man they had arrested in the thirteenth adventure in this book. He offered the fighters 1000 gold rilkas to slay the characters. He paid them one-half the sum, which the characters find if they search the bodies.

While searching, or leaving, they hear a girl's voice behind them. "Excuse me, gentlemen. My people need your assistance this very night."

When they turn, they see the tom-

boyish face of a girl. She seems somewhat frightened by the violence she has just witnessed. "The people of the Pleea Lakes need you to find out what has possessed the lakes. This thing is killing all of our people. I have been instructed to give you this." She hands them an envelope.

The envelope contains a letter which reads: "Dear Sirs. Our very lives depend on you removing the infestation of a creature that has inhabited our lakes. The creature hunts its prey with a magic ability that has a terrible side effect on us. We are all dying. All who live in the villages have decided to pitch in three gold rilkas apiece to give to you for payment. If you help us, we will be eternally grateful as well."

If the characters ask how many people live in the villages, the girl, who by the way is 20 years of age, says that there are 1800 or so.

If the characters decide to take the job, she leads them to the village where she lives: the northernmost village on the lakes. There the people cater to the characters by feeding and watering them to their fill. The fishermen explain that occasionally, while on the water, they have seen sparks or lightning inside and on the top of the water. Then the fish that are close enough to the effect float to the surface, and the creature eats its fill.

It was dark when the characters arrived at the fishing village, so the PCs are given a large, comfortable hut to sleep in. In the morning, they are wakened by a loud crackling sound. The villagers start screaming as the characters burst from the tent. They see for themselves the sparkling lightning in the water. Soon they see a huge head appear from under the water as the mouth opens to scoop in the dead or stunned fish.

"See? That is the thing we told you about!" cries one elderly woman close to the water line. A small wave laps at her feet as the creature creates another electrical shock. The woman's body spasms; and she falls. Two men rush to her and pull her away from the lake. After inspecting her, they pronounce her dead.

One of these men approaches you where you stand. "Do you wish to fight this thing now?"

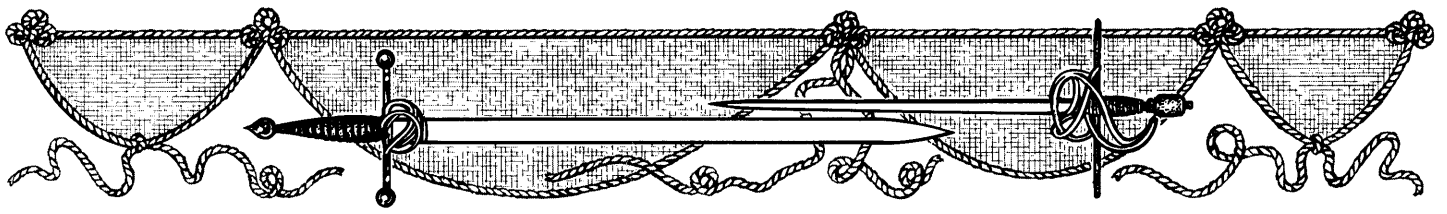
If the PCs want to fight it now, they are given a boat. When they approach the creature, it rams the boat (MV 21 in water), splitting it in two. It then shocks the water (save vs spells or be stunned for 2d4 rounds).

Monolisk(1): AC -1; HD 14; hp 88; #AT 2 (bite, tail); Dmg 2d4, 1d6; THAC0 7; AL N. The creature has some special abilities which are discussed in the NEW MONSTERS section.

The creature can shock only once every five rounds. The shock is a natural occurrence; the monster has no control over the discharge. It does not have the ability to bite and swat its tail at the same victim. Its favorite type of attack is from under its opponents.

If the characters manage to disable or kill the creature, they must remove the beast from the water to stop its effects on the villagers immediately, otherwise the effect continues for 1d8 months.

When the character exterminate the beast, they are rewarded the money that was promised to them, and they are invited to stay with the villagers as long as they would like.



The Bones of Nalgron

Total Party Levels: 20 (Average 5)

“Thank you, gentlemen (and ladies), for coming here. I have a most rewarding and dangerous task for you. As the curator of the Lankhmar Museum, I am authorized to pay for this expedition. We have heard that the father of Fahrd, whose name is Nalgron, once climbed the White Fang mountain. I wish you to recover his body. Rumor has it that he actually climbed all the peaks that he did in order to recover the legendary Eucharistic Chalice of Issek of the Jug. This cannot be verified, because none of his documentation can be found.

“All the equipment you require is in this room.” The curator points to a closed door. “Anything else you think you need has to be purchased separately. Again, I thank you, good people.” The man leaves you alone in the room.

When the characters go into the room the curator pointed to, they find blankets, leather bed rolls, back packs, rope, ice picks, climbing gear, dried provisions, tinder boxes, and warm clothing. There is an equal supply of provisions for each character.

When the characters are ready to set out, they must cross the Inner Sea to the Land of the Eight Cities. They land at Kvarch Nar, and then must travel due north to the White Fang Peak. There the characters must scale the mountain. Extreme cold conditions exist here. Please see the *Wilderness Survival Guide* for information regarding extreme temperature effects on PCs.

Once the characters begin traversing the mountain, they see six ice gnomes, who feel the PCs are trespassing in their area.

Ice Gnome (6): AC 6; HD 2; hp 16; MV 6; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; THAC0 19; AL LN

If the PCs speak with the ice gnomes and explain that they are here to recover the body of Nalgron, they let them pass in peace.

It takes the PCs three days to climb the mountain to where they come upon a large cave. Upon inspection of this cave, they see the remains of a ransacked back pack. In the pack, the characters see a book. This book contains the written diary of Nalgron’s search for the chalice. The notes have several maps. If they look closely at the maps, they notice that all the maps actually fit together into the total map of the known regions of Nehwon. If they inspect the cave further, they find a tunnel at the end which opens to a large cavern, where a frozen body lies in three sections. The body lies just inside another tunnel opening. The body was definitely severed before it froze. If they inspect the book, it gives them the clue needed to pass through the cave opening. If a *detect traps* is performed, one is revealed. The trap is about 10 feet long. It detects the weight of the characters as they pass through the tunnel and springs two very sharp blades, one on each side of the tunnel, one at two feet from the floor, and one at four feet. The clue to the trap is “A child or small animal may pass, but a man or mastiff cannot.”

Once they pass this trap, the tunnel extends for another two hundred feet and ends in a small cavern. The cavern is lit by a soft glow from the rocks around the walls and ceiling of the cavern. There, the chalice sits on a pedestal. There is no trap on the chalice or the pedestal. Once the chalice has been retrieved, they are free to return.

The trap must again be dealt with before the characters can return to the cavern where Nalrog lies. Once there, they must decide how to remove and carry the body back to Lankhmar.

Their journey back to Lankhmar is slow but uneventful.

Once they return to the Lankhmar Museum, the man is surprised. “Welcome! I did not expect to see you so

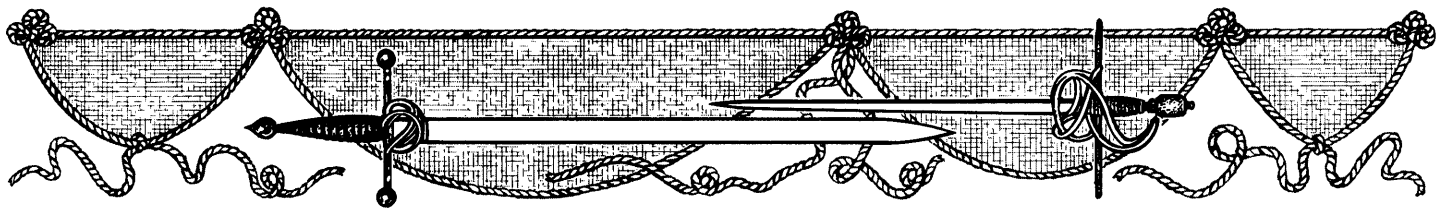
quickly, but I am very pleased. Did you find Nalgron?”

When the characters produce the body, he is jovial beyond belief, until he sees its condition. He becomes wretchedly ill and must leave the presence of the characters for a minute. When he returns, another man is with him. This man takes the body and removes it to another room for reconstruction and entombment. The curator thanks the characters for their fine work while apologizing for the weakness of his stomach. He pays the characters for their services.

“By the way, did you find Nalgron’s diary, or by chance... the chalice?” When (and if) the characters reveal the chalice and the diary, he is willing to triple what the characters received in order to have both. If the characters also show the museum curator the glowing rocks, he insists upon purchasing them as well for a price of one-hundred gold rilks per pound.

“Would it be possible to put you on the museum’s roster of archaeological runners?”

If the characters agree, they are called about twice a year to retrieve rare and valuable pieces for the museum.



The Unseen Gem

Total Party Levels : 25 (Average 5)

A scream echoes through the streets of Lankhmar. A woman chases a gypsy man down the alleyways of the Mercantile District. "Please, stop that man, he stole my jewel!" Everyone in the streets ignores her pleading cries. The woman approaches the characters. "Please, retrieve my jewel from that man. I shall pay you one thousand gold rilks if you bring it back to me."

If the characters take the job, she offers no money as a down payment. She holds the worth of the jewel as collateral.

The gypsy, being a very agile and dextrous man, weaves in and out of the streets, dodging near-collisions with passersby. The characters, while chasing him, eventually lose him in the thickness of the crowd.

Somewhere near the characters as they lose hope and stop running, a conversation about the gypsies is being carried on.

"... Yes, I saw it myself. They have these incredible powers. He was able to tell me of my past as though it were his own. He told me the painful memories that I keep hidden from everyone. I asked him if he could tell me my future, but he said that he could not just yet. He said he had been geased to retrieve this certain gem, and that once he found it, he could tell me my future. I tell you, these people are incredible..."

If the characters turn to look at the men, they both are fairly average looking. If these men are approached and are asked for a description, they describe the man the PCs were chasing perfectly. These men also tell the characters that this travelling troupe can be found on Festival Street.

Whether the characters run to find the gypsies now, or if they wait until morning, the gypsies are gone. They were packed and ready to go when their companion was stealing the jewel. But passersby, if questioned, tell the characters that they left 'just a

while ago' and were heading south to Kokgnab.

If the characters decide to depart the Lankhmar city limits using the Grand Gate, they see the travelling troupe just a few hours after sunset. They see about eighty gypsies dancing about to obnoxiously out-of-tune stringed musical instruments. Their clothes are brightly colored and loose fitting. These people all conceal daggers underneath their clothes. If the characters attempt to storm the camp, they indeed are slaughtered.

Charlatans (80): AC 10; T2; hp 7; MV 12; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; THAC0 20; AL CN

If the characters decide to infiltrate the camp during the night, they find the jewel that was stolen in the largest and most decorative wagon in the train. This wagon sleeps twenty persons. The man who stole the jewel sleeps in the front of the wagon. The jewel is kept in a locked chest at the foot of his bed. The chest is trapped with an opened mouse trap on the right side of the chest which faces the side of the wagon. If the trap is set off, the snap of the mouse trap is enough to awaken everyone in the wagon. The jewel was placed at the bottom of the chest, near a large smoked glass urn. This urn contains the remains of the first leader of this band of travellers. It also gives the owner the ability to look into the past of all who stand within a five foot radius. The jewel, on the other hand, allows sight into the future of anyone standing within five feet. Both items require the owner to know the command word. If the characters are able to get the jewel without setting off the trap, they make it back out of the camp without anyone seeing them. If the trap is set, everyone in the wagon awakens and attempt to capture the characters.

These people are extremely violent and mentally unstable (the side effect of using the urn's power). They try to get the characters to tell them what

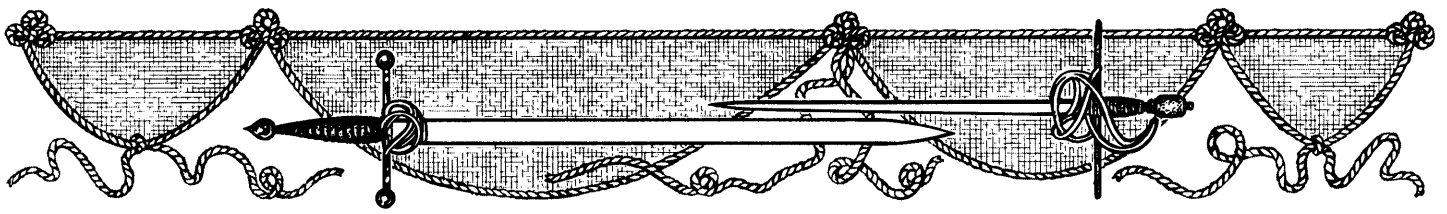
they want to know. They want to know who sent them to steal their main source of income. They do not believe the characters if they say they were only sent to retrieve the jewel that was stolen from the lady at Lankhmar. The gypsies accuse them of working for another gypsy team. They also tell the characters that the jewel was theirs to begin with, and that it was stolen only days before. If the gypsies do not hear what they want to know, they force the characters out of their armor and chain them to racks used for escape routines in their show. They threaten the characters with a cat-o'-nine-tails, again asking who sent them.

These racks, being used by escape artists, have mechanisms built into them that are the means by which the charlatans can escape miraculously. These mechanisms work by pushing the wrists back toward the rack, while singly pushing the ankle braces away from the rack. The lock mechanisms release, but only one leg at a time. Once both legs are released, the wrist braces automatically release. Also, a strength greater than 17 breaks the braces as well.

If the characters do not escape, the gypsies eventually believe their story. They say that the lady who hired the party originally stole the jewel from them. They release the characters and request that they go on their way, and that they hold no hard feelings.

If the characters escape from the racks, or if they decide to steal the jewel anyway after being released, they find the jewel exactly where it was before. This time, however, the trap is not activated. The gypsies feel there is no danger of it being stolen again.

If the characters are caught trying to steal it again, the gypsies engage the characters in combat. If the characters manage to steal the jewel and return to Lankhmar, the woman who hired them pays the promised amount of gold rilks and thank the characters for a job well done. She utters a word softly, and gazes into the large gem.



She becomes quite frightened, and says "You must leave here immediately. There is grave danger here for you. The gypsy band is on their way with twelve assassins to kill you and retrieve the jewel. You must escape this place." She runs from the characters and disappears around a corner.

If the characters heed her warning and leave town, they do not meet the angered gypsies. If they stay in town, they surely meet them.

The first gypsy encounter is with a single man who confronts them in an empty street. He yells at the characters for stealing what is rightfully his. While he is talking, three assassins approach from the rear, and backstab the characters. The characters each have a ten percent chance of hearing the approaching assassins. (Use the charlatans' statistics for all the assassins as well).

The second attack consists of one of the assassins approaching from the rear, making a good deal of noise. When the characters turn around, they are attacked from the direction they were headed. A total of three assassins work this attempt as well.

The third attack starts with a decoy. An extremely poor and smelly man huddles in a doorway. When the man sees the characters, he slowly gets up and approaches the characters, asking for iron tics. He hounds them until they finally begin reaching into their pockets or bags. Three men surround the characters. They instruct the characters to lay their weapons on the

ground and stand with their bellies to the building. If they comply, they are run through by swords. If they choose to fight, these are three of the remaining assassins that are hunting them down.

Several days pass. During that time, rumors of the characters killing all of the assassins that were after them finally reach their ears. If they believe the news, they lose their initiative in the next sequence. The rumor was created by the remaining assassins to create a false sense of security in the characters. If they do not believe the rumor, the Dungeon Master should roll for initiative as usual.

The characters, while walking down a street, see a sign saying "Ye Splendide Adventurer Gift Shoppe." The door is sunk into the wall about three feet. It is heavy wood with a very stout handle. A sign hanging from a nail in the door states that the establishment is open. If the characters go into the shop, the door immediately shuts them in. The bolt on the door slams into the wall. An assassin peeks out of a barrel to see what the characters are doing. If he feels they are concentrating enough on the door, he slips out, and backstabs one of the characters; otherwise he slips out at some other opportune time. On the opposite side of the room from the door, there are two small holes in the wall. One assassin shoots crossbow bolts from the lower hole as he peeks through the upper hole to aim. The third assassin jumps from a skylight onto one of the characters, holding a dagger before him as he jumps.

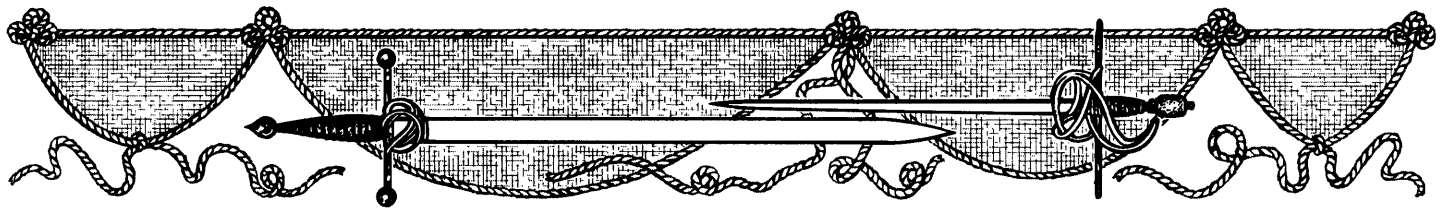
The only ways the characters can kill the second assassin are by throwing a dagger or by shooting an arrow into the eye hole in the wall. A sword thrust misses, because this thief is not incredibly stupid.

When the fight is over, the characters notice the door open. If they look around, they notice nothing peculiar. As they walk out, the very last one to leave the room is abducted. The gypsy trips him, pulls him to the middle of the room, then ties his hands and feet (in that order). Allow the PC a Strwngth and Dexterity check at -5 to escape the gypsy's grasp at each action. If the gypsy is successful, he uses the character as a shield from the other characters' fire.

"All I want is the jewel. As I told you before, it was originally mine."

A voice interrupts the gypsy. "No, brother. The jewel was given to me by Father. You received the urn. You then left to start your own band." The feminine speaker turns to the characters. "The urn has ruined his mind. He has killed and he has disgraced our father. Do as you wish with him." She turns her back on her brother.

"No, damn it! That is not true. THAT IS NOT TRUE!" The gypsy stands and throws the dagger that he used to threaten the life of the character at his sister. The dagger lands squarely in her back, piercing her through the heart. A PC white wizard can save her life if any *cure* spell is used within 2 rounds. As she crumples to the ground, the gypsy tries to run away, but the only way out is through the characters. . .



Epos at Cold Corner

Total Party Levels: 18 (Average 3)

While at the Tall Mug, the characters are approached by a man wearing blue silk pants and a pull-over shirt with an unknown animal painted on it. He sits at the characters' table and glances around the tavern.

"Good day. My name is Rivis Manna. I am a merchant. I am about to embark on a journey north to trade with the Snow Clan tribe, but I need some protective services rendered by such gentlemen as yourself. You all do seem very able-bodied, so I am prepared to pay you well. Are you interested, and if so, what is your fee?"

If the characters are interested in the job, the merchant can pay up to four hundred gold rilks, but he does not pay less than two hundred gold rilks.

"Thank you very much. This is wonderful." The man smiles a pearly white toothy smile and stands. He lays a pouch on the table. "This is half of the fee. The other half is yours as soon as we are on our way back from the trading." He leaves with almost a heel clicking proudness. "He then turns to the characters and says, "Oh, by the way, we are leaving just before dawn. That is in about five hours or so."

The characters, if they wish to catch the boat, must either stay up all night, or they have to retire soon. If they retire, the bar has a wake-up call service for their upstairs night-rooms. The fee is six iron tiks per person.

When the characters wake up in the

morning, or if they decided to stay awake all night, they must then go to the docks. If they purposefully decide to arrive late, the boat has disembarked. If they are not too late, they are still able to see it floating across the sea. A man asks them if they were the guards for Rivis and his merchants. When they acknowledge that they are, the man gets an oared ship with twenty oarsmen to haul the characters to the boat.

If the characters are on time, Rivis gives the characters a thirty gold rilks bonus, saying he was afraid the PCs would purposely be late.

Once out to sea, the trip is actually quite boring. There is not so much as a hint of excitement.

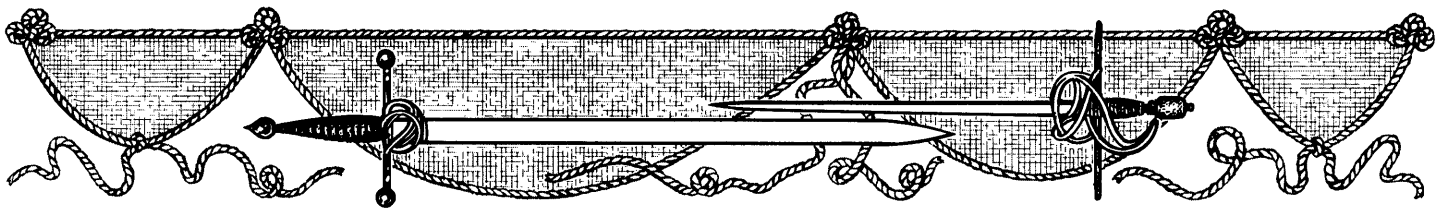
Once the boat reaches the Eight Cities region, the merchandise is removed and inspected by governmental officials. After which, the merchants run about looking for wagons to haul the merchandise north to the trading post known as Cold Corner. After a few days, the caravan of eight wagons starts heading north. Allow the characters to decide how to protect the wagons. If they feel all of them should be in the rear wagon, let it be so. Their job is to protect the wagons, and the merchants trust their judgement.

Raid Number One: The raiders, who want this merchandise badly, have set up a road trap. When the first wagon goes over the trap, it falls thirty feet down into a pit. There the raiders ransack the stuff, also slaying all who fall with the wagon. If the horses survive the fall (which is only a 1% chance, since the wagon would land on them), the raiders steal them as well. There is a tunnel leading from the pit to a hidden cave opening.

Raid Number Two: The raiders ride up from behind and, using metal rods, splinter the wheel spokes, sending the wagon over on its side. They again ransack and kill all in the wagon, save for any women beautiful enough to sell as slaves. Rivis keeps going as fast as the horses can. If the characters wish to stop, Rivis will. The wheel as well as the wagon is completely demolished. The loads cannot be redistributed; the other wagons are too full. Rivis decides to let the wagon lie.

Raid Number Three: This raid occurs after the trading with the Snow Clan. The raiders have set up a hidden rope about the weight of anchor rope. They spring this up as the last horse's front legs cross it. This is designed only to break the horse's legs and make it impossible to take the last wagon with them. As the characters and merchants are tending to the horse (or horses), three raiders sneak behind the last wagon, slide between the bottom of the wagon and the axles, and wait. When, and if, this wagon starts its journey again, they slowly remove the bolts holding the spindle that the horses are bridled to. Once the horses are almost freed, the thieves use a blow dart gun and puncture the hind flank of the rear horses. When the horses bolt, the spindle removes itself from the wagon and the horses run like the wind. The thieves, on the other hand, wait, hoping that no one spots them. If everyone leaves the wagon, the raiders' companions arrive with their own horses, and the raiders under the wagon attach their own spindle, and make off with the wagon and its goods.

Raiders (20): AC 8; F2 T2; hp 15; MV 12; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; THAC0 18; AL NE



The Changing of the Glyph

Total Party Levels: 21 (Average 7)

You are walking down a large street, your clothes barely moving in the light, salty breeze from the Outer Sea. Suddenly a stiff wind flows past you, and a voice from behind catches you by surprise, making you spin around on your heels. "I am Kormar. I am a Black Wizard of the Lylliph Order. I wish to ask of you a favor. I have heard much of your exploits and of your Lawfulness. May we speak?"

Kormar waits patiently as the characters decide. If they agree, he sits down in the road, crossing his legs, painstakingly placing his feet on top of his knees.

"Many years ago, Duke Danius had an obsessive fear of Death. This fear finally drove him insane. This man, in his insanity, followed the roads east to the Shadowland where Death lives. He went there to kill Death, but merely succeeded in causing his own. In his house, he covered his windows, doors and walls with arcane inscriptions designed to keep Death from entering his house and taking him. All of them, it turns out, were badly inscribed; thus, only one functioned properly. On his front door, on the inside, there is a power inscription of great magnitude. I need it for my research. With that inscription, he may have found something either dangerous or benevolent, but I cannot know unless I see and study it. I warn you for the safety of your lives: if you agree to take on this quest for me, and you succeed in obtaining a copy of the inscription, you must not attempt to use it in any way." The man has a seriousness un-

matched when he speaks of the glyph.

If the characters decide to do the job, the man does not pay anything. "Instead, what I shall do is this; since you are taking a great risk in retrieving a copy of this glyph, and I am taking a great risk in deciphering it, I shall share with you all I can find out about the glyph. That is my promise to you." He extends his right hand toward the characters for a handshake. If one takes his hand, he says, "It is settled then. I live on the fourth floor in the corner building at Immigrant and Carter Streets. As soon as you get a copy of this, please come to my apartment immediately. We cannot risk having this get around town before I can decipher it." He then bids the characters farewell, and leaves.

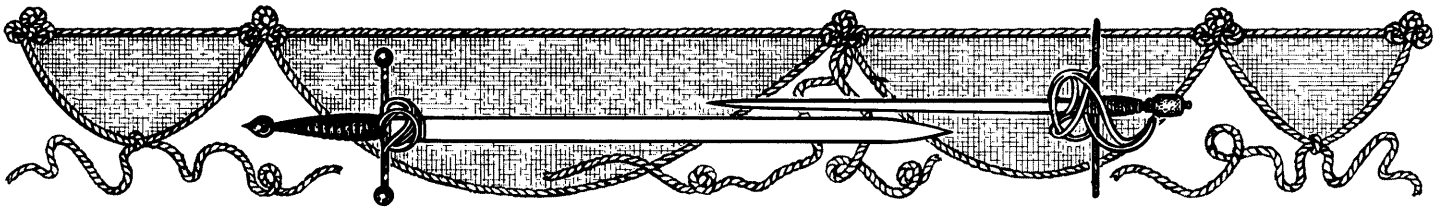
When the characters get to Duke Danius' house in the noble district, they find the place completely vacant. A sign on the fence states that the house is being renovated by the carpenter's guild for a Duke Danius the Second. All the windows have been broken from the inside, and all the doors save the front one lie scattered across the yard, some even over one hundred feet away.

No one attempts to stop the characters as they approach the house. If they try to open the front door, they find it moves easily. The hinges are still in perfect condition. The inside of the house is charred by fire and stained by water. Piles of dark sand lie everywhere while a cool mist flows across the floor. On the inside surface of the front door, there is an inscription, precisely where the wizard had said. The glyph is incredibly intricate, but there are three obvious points to the pattern. The door appears to be completely undamaged. A *detect*

magic spell performed on the door results in a glow that nearly blinds all within view. A *detect evil* or a *detect good* shows absolutely nothing, except for the characters there. The door is easily removed from the hinges if the characters prefer to do it that way. The inscription is almost too intricate to copy properly, and any wizard in the party realizes this. If the characters decide to make off with the door, no one stops them, and no one asks them any questions. It is almost as though onlookers are unable to see the characters (which is true—they can't).

If they decide to test the glyph, one person must step on it, standing with his feet on two points of the design, and placing one hand (either left or right) on the third and last point. At this point the glyph reacts to a single-word command. If the character happens to say "Well?", the glyph creates a well with bucket and pull rope to match. If he says "Damn... It doesn't work", the character receives a curse which can only be removed by a *limited wish* or *wish*.

When they return the glyph to the wizard, he thanks them, and tells them to come back in four hours. About fifteen minutes later, a huge blast can be heard. The apartment is utterly destroyed. There is sand blowing around in a stiff breeze, the apartment is on fire and a steady flow of water gushes from the apartment. If the characters go up to the apartment, they find the door, still in perfect condition; the apartment, however, is in complete shambles. If they decide to inspect the door further at their own dwelling, please refer to the New Magical Items section in this book for a full description of *Danius' Glyph*.



Karl Treuherz

Total Party Levels: 20 (Average 5)

The sound of a switchblade snapping into position broke the tense silence. The clean blade shimmered in the moonlight seeping through the newly polished window. The knife sliced cleanly through the ropes binding the animal's legs together. "Here is your new home. I have never before seen a stahnk. Krynn definitely has many bizarre creatures, but most I just couldn't put on display here." The man checked his day-minder, tapping a ball point pen on its opened page. "Ah yes. Nehwon. Now there's a place I love to visit. I wonder if I can find the marquis this time!"

The characters are walking into town from the west, when a beam of intense light appears next to them. A man appears and materializes in the light, and then the light quickly dissipates. "Confound it, I hate that thing." The man searches through his clothes. "Now where did I put my anti-acid?" After some fumbling, he locates a small roll, and separates one tablet, popping it into his mouth and chewing loudly. "That transporter gets me every time, right here." He points a thumb at his stomach, a sour look crossing his face.

"But anyway, my name is Karl Treuherz. I am a zoo collector. I would like to find the marquis. I have a bus just over fifty kilometers above the city, and from what I could hear from my Aural Intensifier, you seem to be my best bet. Put 'er there!" He extends a hand toward the characters.

If the characters do not decide that this person is simply too weird for them, they may find this man to be extremely interesting as well as entertaining. Once the characters accept the fact that Karl is not a threat to them in any way, he tells them that he is a time/space/dimensional travelling zoo

collector for the Interstellar Biological Gardens at Danube Four. The characters have absolutely no concept of his meaning, but *detect lie* or other truth-finding spells prove him to be on the up and up.

Karl asks if they know where the marquis lives. The characters, just like everyone else in Lankhmar, have all heard rumors that the marquis lives on the uncharted lands east of Kokgnob. When the players tell Karl this, he says "Well, let's go! Lead on!"

If the characters are expecting Karl to take them there, they are sadly mistaken. Karl uses the transporter only when he has no other choice. He expects the characters to lead him to the lands east of Kokgnob.

Karl Treuherz: AC -9; HD 13; hp 145; #AT 2; Dmg 6d8 or Stun wand; THAC0 3; AL NG

The characters, if they go to the docks, can find a ship ride to Kokgnob leaving in just minutes. Everyone looks at Karl with fear and extreme caution. The likes of him have never been seen before. Allow for a Social Level rise in all the characters seen with Karl. While on the boat, Karl tends to rattle on about his different adventures, and the different worlds he has been on.

Soon, the boat docks at Kokgnob, and the characters must return to shore. They must now rent another boat to take them to the opposite shore, about thirty miles away. The DM should allow for role-playing whenever the characters must purchase a service from NPCs.

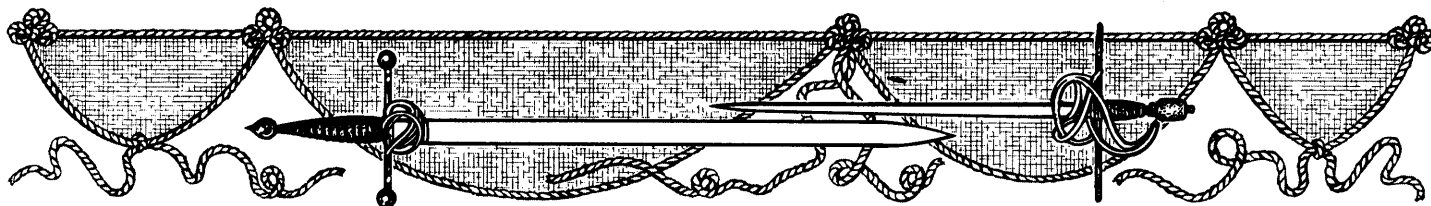
Once a boat and the price have been ironed out by both parties, they embark. About nine hours later, they reach the other shore. The boatman states that he will wait for one day, and then he will head back. Karl looks at the man with an arrogant attitude, and begins walking.

"This marquis is a large, sentient, avian creature with jaws the size of a particle accelerator, and the power to

match. Luckily these things only eat once every few years, and mate once a lifetime, otherwise, my friends, you all would be dead. So think of this as a favor for your tiny little planet that I am trying to capture two of these."

Suddenly a horrid screech with the power of three dragons' vocal cords blasts sand and newly sprouted plants twirling and somersaulting in the air. A large flightless bird picks its grotesque head off its nest, which still can't be seen and heads for the characters. The bird, surprisingly, is only twelve feet high. The vocal capacity of this creature is absolutely phenomenal. It begins a running attack, flapping its wings for balance. It heads for the characters who are standing in a combat-ready stance. The creature leaps forward and purposefully misses the characters with its beak. If the characters take a stance against the creature, it stops, turns, and runs away. Karl hits a button on a hand held 'wand', and the marquis drops to the ground like an empty wine skin.

Karl, somewhat dejected, takes out a blade, and slices into the stomach of the Marquis. He then pulls the severed shreds of epidermis and feathers and swears. "Well, I'll be. The Historical Society was incorrect with their assumption of the role of this avian in the ecological systems of this planet. They thought this was just a mad killing machine that would eventually destroy the whole planet. They were wrong. It eats bugs! See if I believe them ever again. Thanks for your time, gentlemen. Hope you had fun." Karl pushes a button on a bracelet, and disappears the same way he came, leaving the party to find their own way back home.



Quest for Quarmall

Total Party Levels: 60 (Average 12)

The characters, as they walk down Festival Street, see a man handing out pamphlets to anyone who takes them. When the man spots the characters, he immediately heads in their direction. "Here, kind gentlemen (and ladies). I believe you will find this of interest." He extends enough pamphlets for each of the PCs to have one. The pamphlet, dated two days ago, states the following:

From the Society of Free Amalgamated Souls:

This newzine comes to you from certified members of the SFAS. We believe that all slavery, whether economic, spiritual, etc. is the epitome of mankind's lack of foresight and penchant for stupidity. Thus, the geas of the newzine. The City-State of Quarmall, as all know, has always been the abomination of Nehwon. Now the citizens have gotten worse. Their beliefs have doomed the people of Klesh. They are enslaving the Kleshites, as well as all non-Quarmallians who pass through their expanding territories. At date, more than 20,000 Kleshites and members of other races have fallen into slavery or decimation. **THIS MUST STOP.** That is why we now plead for all who believe in the basic human rights to help us stamp out this infestation. Signed, Lugh Dannalish. SFAS – democratically voted spokesperson.

If the characters are outraged with this lack of humanity in Quarmall, Lugh Dannalish sees them immediately, as he does with anyone who is willing to fight for the cause of human rights.

"Thank you so very much for coming here." An older man rushes from his comfortable chair and grasps the hands of all the characters. He answers any questions that he can. A list of standard answers is given for the DM.

• Quarmall's leader is named Terqqal. He calls himself the chancellor of Quarmall.

• Quarmall has almost 100,000 men in its armies. The navy rates at over 15,000, while the population of Quarmall is only 460,000. So about 25% of their population has been entered into their armed forces.

• Their leader, Terqqal, is said to be an eccentric megalomaniac with psychotic tendencies. He was once a cavalier of elite stature, but that was years ago.

• Terqqal suffers from acrophobia, so he only uses the first floor and the basements of the Quarmall palace.

• Terqqal likes to do things in a big fashion. If he wanted to kill you, he would go about it in such an intricate way, that you would not realize it, until it was too late.

• Terqqal loves the use of poisons, and is quite immune to many.

• Terqqal is not married, but has had two children. The first, a girl, died mysteriously shortly after she was born. The second, a boy, lives today, and is seventeen years old.

Any other question the PCs might have, either make something up, or say that information is not available.

When the characters are moving to leave, Lugh Dannalish stops the paladin, or the most lawful good character in the group. He swallows hard. "Please sir, the timing for these enslaved people is most important. They need a true leader, someone who is lawful and good. You could be that man. Please, think about it, and may your god be with you at this time."

When the characters leave for Quarmall, they are met with a large send-off parade and party. There is live music and dancing. If the PCs feel uncomfortable, they can leave any time. The people are mainly celebrating the imminent liberation of the Quarmallian people.

Once on their way to Quarmall, they must travel for three days on foot or two days on horseback. During that time, the DM should roll for normal encounters. No Quarmall warriors are seen this far out. Once the initial part of the journey is over, the characters

hear the sounds of horses clapping on the hilly road. If the PCs move off the road, they see a battalion of thirty Quarmall warriors move up the road in their direction, but they ride past them. If the PCs stay on the road, the warriors attempt to subdue them.

Warriors (30): AC 4; F5; hp 30; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8; THAC0 16; AL LN

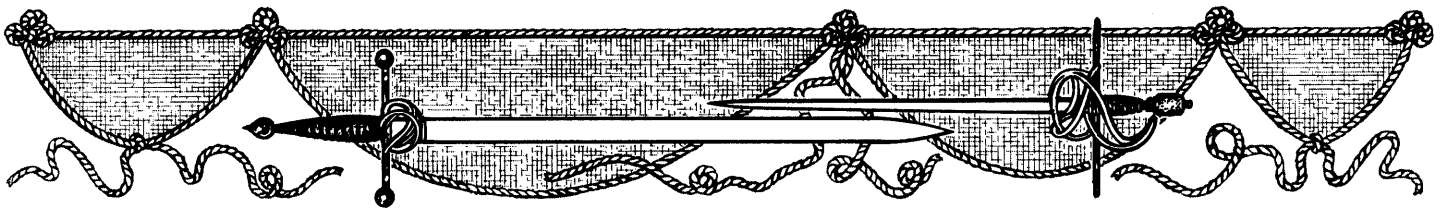
Horses (30): AC 7; HD 2+2; hp 12; #AT 3; Dmg 1d6; MV 18; THAC0 19; AL N

Once 25% of the opposing force dies, the rest of the men must make a successful morale check in order to continue the fight. Every death thereafter requires another morale check. This continues until either all have escaped or are dead.

If the leading PC has a charisma greater than 16, he or she gains a 10% chance per point of mildly charming an opponent into wanting to follow the PCs. This 'charming' can be attempted on only ten men. If they feel the PCs are fighting for a noble cause, the charmed men do not fight the characters. They only sit on their horses and watch the battle. Once the battle is over, those men then ask to join the characters in their quest. If they are accepted, they join, but cannot give information regarding the whereabouts of Terqqal other than the information listed above.

Once the characters and their new henchmen reach the wall bordering the lands of Quarmall, they are asked the password. If henchmen were allowed to join the PCs, one of them blurts out the password, which is 'Lankhmar or Bust'. Once the password has been given, the men are allowed into Quarmall.

If the characters did not allow some of the men to join, or if none wanted to join, they have thirty seconds to think of the password on their own. If they don't, they are not allowed into Quarmall. If they do not turn around and leave, ten men on horseback attempt



to chase them away, or capture them. These men have the same statistics as the first group. Once they leave the gate-house into Quarmall, they could just go over the wall at some other point. The wall is only ten feet high.

Once they are on the other side, there is a six hour ride to the Quarmall city. The city is quite huge. Piles of burnt books and bodies litter the streets. People appear to walk about in a dazed shuffle, with no apparent emotion or intelligence. Guards stand on buildings, street corners, and pace the deadly quiet streets. The guards appear to accept the characters. In fact, one approaches them.

"Hello. You are not part of the army. I know that by your dress, and the lack of self-hatred. If you are here to slay Terqqal, he lives in the basement of the citadel. The only safe entrance is through the garden in the back. There you will see a cellar door hidden by panelled wood. Move the wood aside quietly, and the door is revealed. Good luck. We all pray you succeed." The man then continues down the street.

If the characters do as the man suggests, they find exactly what he described. The cellar door, however, is locked. There is a 10% bonus to the pick lock roll because of the lock's age.

Once the lock has been breached, the characters can look down a long corridor and hear voices yelling and screaming at each other. Suddenly they hear one of the voices say "You cannot speak to the Chancellor in that

tone of disrespect. Bakkish, slay the knave!" Moments later the breathless groan of a dying man echoes the hallways. If the characters rush into the room, which is fifty feet from the cellar door, they can see a man drop to his knees, holding his bleeding abdominal wound. He soon dies unless the PCs aid him.

Also in this room, is a man dressed all in red velvet, and two men wrapped in some of the finest armor the characters have ever seen. They both carry two broad swords that are about a foot longer than usual.

"State your purpose, peasants!" The man in red looks disdainfully at the characters. If they mention anything about being sent to stop the slavery, the man in red cuts into the conversation. "Enough of your insipid yap. You are here to kill me. You are here to put Quarmall under the jurisdiction of Lankhmar. You are here to purge the fine people of Quarmall. You must die." He then instructs the two men to fight the characters.

Warriors (2): AC 0; F15; hp 100; #AT 2; Dmg 2d4 + 1; MV 10; THAC0 6; AL LE

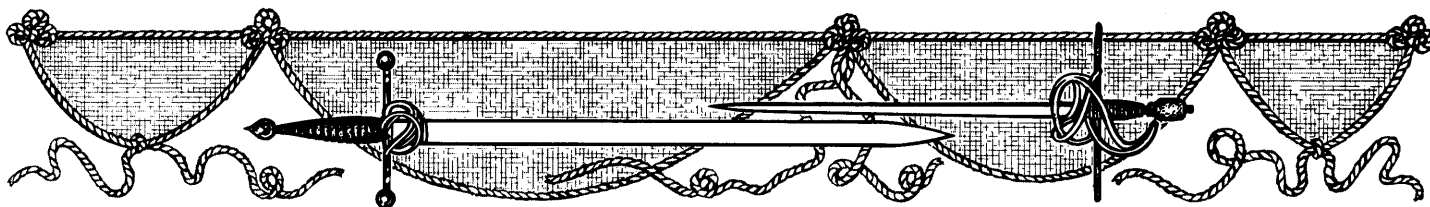
These warriors carry two two-handed bastard swords each. They only use one at a time. Should one break, they immediately grab the other. They fight until they are almost dead. At that point, they sheath their swords, and kneel to the characters, expecting mercy. This outrages Terqqal. He then takes a dagger and kills one of them. The other warrior

quickly stands, withdraw his sword, and swings his sword at Terqqal, barely stopping at the neck.

"Shall I kill him, my Lords?" The warrior looks to the PCs. If they say to, he will. If they say not to, he won't. If they say not to, the warrior blows a whistle. Four guards run in, and take Terqqal to the dungeons at the order of the warrior. Again the man bows to the characters, and says, "Which one of you shall be Chancellor?"

At this point the characters must choose if they wish to rule the city state of Quarmall, or to appoint it to someone else. Being the conqueror of the state, they have the choice to do either. The warrior attempts to talk the characters into ruling. He talks about the justice that could be created. He does not speak of the amount of wealth that the position would bring.

If the characters decided not to follow the advice of the guard in the street, the only other way into the citadel is through the front door. There they meet eight guards every five melee rounds. There are a total of 120 guards stationed in and around the citadel. The chancellor is a very paranoid man. If they make it, they run into the same scene that they would have if they had gone through the back. If they are captured, they are thrown into jail, where the guard they met lets them out, then directs them to the chancellor's chamber where the murder scene takes place.



The Blood of Heroes

Total Party Levels: 20 (Average 5)

“We must bring the Earth God back to life.” a Kleshite Priest stands before a large group of Kleshite followers. His voice rang melodic and beautiful. Everyone sat entranced with his words. “No longer can we allow the perverse ways of mankind to continue. The Earth God shall come, and stamp out the evil and the vile that has wrought the cultures that have evolved here on Nehwon. But to do this, we need to spread the blood of one hero, or many heroes upon the Mountains of the Old Ones. Go out and seek the heroic and the brave. Their’s is the blood we need to bring our God from the sleep. Go now.” The priest lifts his hands and chants. The replication of his deity stands foremost in his narrow mind. He knew of one group in particular. He knew his god would be pleased.

“Isn’t she beautiful?” The characters hear a voice next to them. The voice belongs to a short dumpy man whose eyes stare at a young waitress in the restaurant. She is beautiful, and the man holds his glance, entranced by his apparent desire. The young woman approaches the table where the PCs are, and asks if there is anything she can get for them. At that moment, the man grabs the woman and throws her onto the table. Her screams are only met with the turning heads of curious people. If the characters wish to intervene, they may.

Rude Man: AC 9; hp 10; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4(x2); THAC0 18; AL CN

If the characters attempt to stop his violent attack on this woman, he thrusts

a dagger into the stomach of the nearest character, doing double damage. If the PCs attack back, the man says, “Yes, the priest was right. You all are truly honorable heroes. You shall make a good penance to the Earth God.” He then dies. The woman cries, and throws herself into one of the characters arms. She introduces herself as Lylliph once she calms down. She then shakily goes back to work.

If the characters talk amongst themselves about the earth god, someone nearby gives them a brief history.

“The earth god once ruled the world until the Lords of Necessity decreed that he must relinquish his control. He then was thrust under the earth crust where he lays dormant. The only way he can be brought forth from his dormancy is if the blood of true heroes is mixed with the blood of the earth, lava. In addition the stars must be in the right position. The Kleshite priests must feel the time is right, and you must be their target. May Chance guide your steps.” The man turns from the PCs and continues his conversation with another elderly man.

If the characters ask the old man who the priests are, he tells them that they are the priests of the Kleshite. The Kleshite priests are not only in the Klesh forests. They travel far and wide looking for the hero to bring their god back to destroy the plague of mankind. The old man and his companion then depart from the restaurant.

When the characters finally leave the restaurant, they find the two old men dead in the street with beggars rifling through their pockets and bags. The Kleshite priests attempt to kill the characters in many ways. There are only a few listed here. Continue to send ‘death squads’ after the characters until they do away with the main Kleshite Priest.

1. A young woman tries convincing one of the characters to join her for a drink. If she does, he is attacked by three Kleshites. If not, she puts a dagger to his throat and insists.

2. The priests try to poison the food of the characters with an easily detected poison. The proprietor of the restaurant admit bowing to the pressure of the Kleshites. If he is asked about the leader of the Kleshites, he says that his name is Hoorik.

When the characters find the Kleshite temple, they find it open. Inside, there are three priests. When they see the characters, they begin to weave spells.

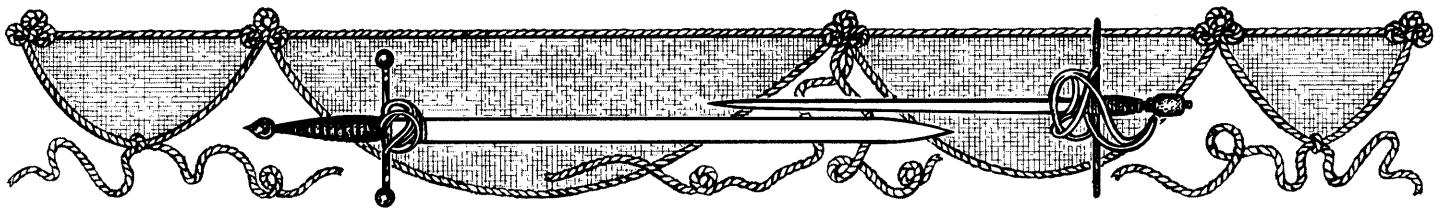
Priests(2): AC 10; P3; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; THAC0 20; Spells: *Combine, Magical Stone, Dust Devil.*

Priest(1): AC 10; P7; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; THAC0 16; Spells: *Bless (x2), Endure Heat, Dust Devil, Flame Blade, Produce Flame, Flame Walk, Stone Shape, Fire Trap, Produce Fire.*

These priests use all the spells available to them to ward off the characters. Once their spells are gone, they attack with daggers.

If the characters manage to kill the two third level priests, the third says, “Do not kill me. I have the power over your life. Look around you and you will see.” When the PCs do, they see fifty or so followers the room watching the fight. “Spare me, and I shall relinquish this century’s attempt at bringing the Earth God back.” If the characters agree, he voices that he has done so. “You are now free to depart.”

The next day, the characters find the body of the main Kleshite priest in the rubbish next to a tavern.



The Trapped Treasure

Total Party Levels: 50 (Average 10)

In this adventure, the characters hear about a fantastic treasure hidden in an underground citadel. The citadel happens to be hidden under the grating at the corner of Ox Cart Road and Glipkerio (Immigrant) Street.

When the characters reach this spot, they indeed find the grating, but it is circular, and two feet in diameter. Passersby stare inquisitively at the PCs as they fit their bodies down the hole. It is suggested that the party include of at least one White or Black Wizard.

The tunnel under the street is ten feet high and ten feet wide. These dimensions are consistent throughout the tunnel, unless otherwise specified.

The characters come to a black pool stretching across the width of the tunnel, and 20 feet long. A plaque on the wall, if the PCs notice, says 'THE POOL OF WAIT'. This trap actually is only a magical curse. The pool when stepped on, increase the weight of the PCs by 50%, which slows their movement by 25%. One can *levitate* above it with no side effects.

Fifty feet later, the PCs notice holes in the walls, ceiling and floor. These holes are all six inches from each other. This is a trap which uses a *continual light* spell set upon a stone that is imbedded one foot into the wall. A small hole allows the light to pass through the wall into another hole in the other wall. When this light beam is interrupted, extremely sharp metal rods spear from the walls and the ceiling, until they meet with another spear, or the floor. Each spear does 1d6 points of damage, puncturing anything in its way. A PC trapped here will only be able to be cut out. After six hours, the rods slip back into place. Stepping over the hole with the *continual light* and the light catching hole, allows the characters to pass through unharmed.

Fifty feet later, if the PCs are noticing, they see slight cuts in the stones

in front of them. The lines intersect perfectly at the corners of the tunnel. The trap is set off by sound. This trap is about 100 feet long. At the end of the trap, a plaque states 'WELL DONE. YOU HAVE PROVEN YOUR WISDOM.' When the trap is set off, the right side of the floor rises, the top part of the right wall moves out, the left side of the ceiling drops, and the bottom part of the left wall moves out. These four motions create a corkscrew action which crushes everything inside, squirting it out at the ends of the trap. The DM might give a clue to the trap, by having it activated by any noise at all. A *silence* spell functions here beautifully.

The PCs come across a section of wall, where the left wall warps out from floor to ceiling, while the right wall warps in from floor to ceiling. There is evidence of crushed rock on both the protrusion and the enclave. The protrusion is six feet long. In the middle inch, there is a *Detect life* mechanism. The speed of the trap is such that the protrusion rushing out and slamming the enclave lasts only two seconds. This gives the characters time to run through the trap, if they were to run along the right wall. All characters risking arms and legs to find out how the trap functions, are given a Dexterity check. If they do not pass, they lose 1d100% of that body part, except if they are running through as specified before.

After another fifty feet, there is a remnant of a torch. The smell of the fuel is still present, so it was purposefully snuffed out. They now stand before another trap. This trap is set off by nothing else but standard light. The trap, when activated, splits the floor, sending both pieces down adjacent to the walls. At the same time, spikes rush up to meet the victim. A total of 2d8 spears strike the PC, each doing 1d6 points of damage. The spikes sink back down after five minutes, and the floor again rises. If a PC is trapped on the spikes, the trap can be resprung, but the PC receives another point of

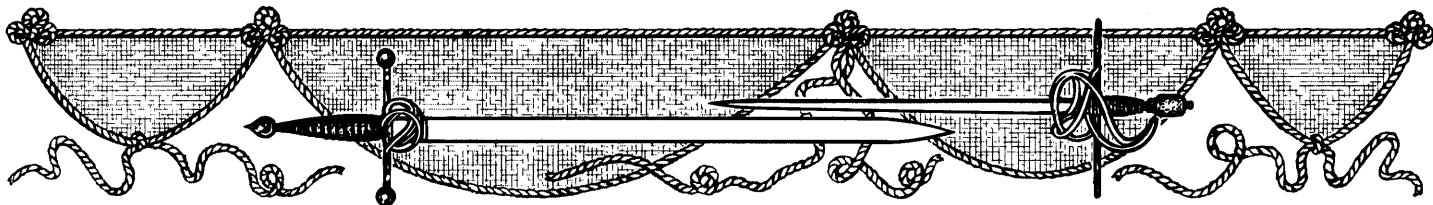
damage for every spike in his body. By merely dousing the torches, the PCs can safely pass through.

Fifty feet later, the PCs come across grating in the floor of the tunnel. This grating is made of stone, and if a PC puts a finger down the grating, no bottom can be felt, or seen, even by torch. This is a weight activated trap. If the characters *Fly*, *Levitate*, etc., they do not set the trap off. The trap causes a section of the ceiling to fall at either end of the 20 foot trap, causing its section of the trap to become air tight. Then, it magically pumps the air out, leaving only vacuum, for 30 minutes. After which, the ceiling sections return to their proper placing.

The PCs come across a 45 degree depression in the ceiling and floor, followed by a 45 degree impression 20 feet later. This trap is activated by magic passing through its vortex. The ceiling collapses onto the floor when activated, sufficiently killing all under its 40 ton weight. Wizards do not activate the trap, but even +1 *daggers* will.

After all that, the characters come to a cavern that has a huge boulder against the left wall. The boulder takes a total of 40 strength points to move. If they do move it, it reveals a tunnel. Once they walk in, they hear the sound of moving rock from behind them. The tunnel they came through has just disappeared from sight. In the tunnel, there is a plaque on the wall stating 'REMOVE THY SHOES, ALL YE WHO ENTRE.' There is a trap that detects weight, but not life associated with that weight (from a floors point of view). If they do not remove their shoes, they lose one level of experience. Once through this trap, they come upon a huge pair of doors. These doors are locked. All pick locks attempts suffer a 50% penalty. If the PCs cannot pick the lock, all they need to do is ask the doors to open.

Inside the doors, the room is lit. There is no intelligent life here. The light seems to come from the silver lined walls. On the treasure, which lies



in the middle of the room, 2d4 carrion crawlers lurk and move about.

Carrion Crawlers(2d4): AC 3/7; MV 12; HD 3+1; hp 25; #AT 8; Dmg 1d2 +paralysis; THAC0 17; AL N

These carrion crawlers have not fed for over 15 days, so they are extremely hungry. They attack the PCs instinctively. If they should kill one of the PCs, the crawlers involved with the kill fight each other until only one is left. Then that crawler feeds. All of these crawlers are to be considered fully grown.

Once the carrion crawlers are dead, there is much to be picked up. The DM should refrain the characters from picking up more than they can carry. There are gems as well as coinage here for the taking. As much as 1000 gems, and 5000 of each type of coin exists here.

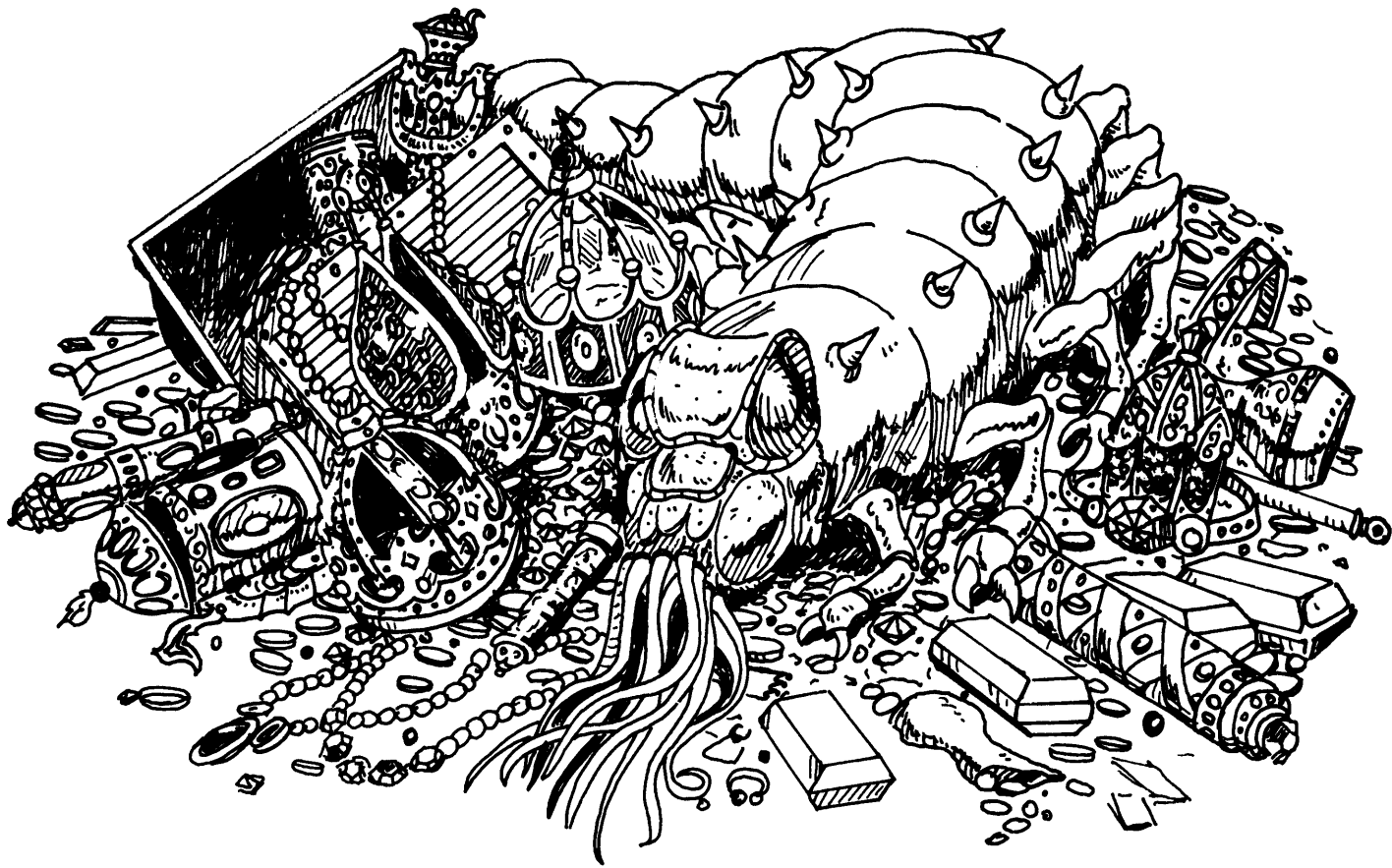
Once the characters leave, they notice a plaque above the door they came in from. It says 'THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL SHALL SURELY BE YOUR DEATH.'

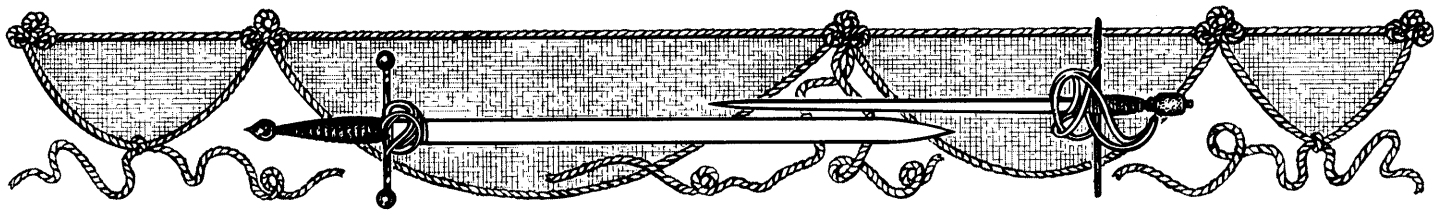
When the characters exit the tunnel from the treasure room, and enter the cavern where the traps were, has disappeared. It is hidden by a moving wall. The mechanism for this trap, was the characters entering the tunnel to the treasure room. This leaves only one other tunnel to enter.

This tunnel has only one trap, and it is clearly labelled. It says the same thing the plaque in the treasure room says, 'THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL SHALL SURELY BE YOUR DEATH.' This trap is triggered by the presence of precious metals in coinage form. Gems do not set the trap off. Should the characters get into the trap with coinage, twenty feet later, two *blade*

barriers 20 feet in front and 20 feet in back of them are created, and moves toward the characters at a rate of one foot per second. All the characters that do not have coinage are not damaged by the blades, and in fact pass through them. All who do have coinage may be torn to shreds by the blades, unless they throw all their coinage at the floor.

The tunnel leads to a grate at Barter Street and Gold Street. Once out, the characters can consider themselves very rich, if they has collected gems. At least until the thieves' guild hears about it. The DM should allow the characters to convert their gems into gold rilks, since that is one of monetary standards for Lankhmar. They never get the full price for their gems. The fences and jewelry shops must always make a profit to stay in business.





Free to Sing

Total Party Levels: 9 (Average 1-3)

The characters are walking down a forest pathway. There is a brook about twenty feet to the left. The characters suddenly hear the snap of a twig to the right. If the characters ignore the sound, go to the next paragraph. If they stop and look, or take evasive actions, a voice rings out from the trees. "Give us all your money and weapons, and we shall let you live." Whether the characters do or do not do what the husky voice orders, go to the next paragraph. Men burst from the trees and attack the characters. There is an equal number of thugs as there are characters.

Thugs: AC 7; T2; hp 10; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; THAC0 20; AL CE;

The thugs have an above morale. There is a 60% chance that the last man runs away if all the others have been killed.

The thugs each have two daggers. One half have decorative rings worth 100 Gold rilks each, all have necklaces made of silver that are worth 20 gold rilks, very nice boots that fit the average human foot, and they all have a skin of water. In a pouch in possession of the apparent leader, there is a scroll, demanding the price of 10,000 gold rilks of sellable merchandise and money for the release of a dryad. The letter is addressed to a Hamadryad. The location of the dryads in captivity and the location of the hamadryad are clearly marked on a map in the corner of the scrolled paper. The location, it turns out, is about three miles away, to the north. If the characters wish to go north, they must leave the path they were on, which leads directly east and west.

As the characters move north, the oaks here seem to be very restless. A

feeling of dread has overtaken the forest. The birds do not sing, and the crickets do not chirp. Even the animals seem to have left. After almost three miles of walking, the characters hear voices and footsteps crackling on dried branches and leaves. Up ahead about thirty feet, there are two thieves, walking the perimeter of their camp, where the dryad is trapped. If the characters jump these men, they have the surprise, and attack at a +2 for the first round only.

Thugs(2): AC 9; T3; hp 13; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; THAC0 19; AL LE

These thugs do not run away if the battle turns against them. They are more afraid of their leader than they are of death. These men have a dagger apiece, and 150 gold rilks between them. Their cloaks are almost brand new.

About one hundred feet ahead, the characters see a glass box the size of an outhouse. Inside, the characters see a very beautiful woman sitting on the ground crying. No sounds from inside the glass box can be heard. Around the glass box, a dull glow can be seen.

Suddenly, someone taps the characters on the shoulder. As the characters spin around, they see a creature that looks almost identical to the creature in the box. The creature, or demihuman, backs up from the PCs, and motions them to follow her. If they do not, she continues to pester them until they do.

The hamadryad takes the characters to a very large oak tree and sits down. Large warm tears flutter down her cheeks. "They have stolen one of my children, and put her in that horrid cage. You must help me release her."

If the characters agree to help her, she offers them a treasure in excess

of 5,000 gold rilks. "They have an *anti-magic shell* around the box, which deters my child her freedom to her oak tree. You must destroy the box, and the black wizard that has created it. You must!" She cries again, and slips into the oak tree at her back.

The characters, if they go back to where they were, see a miserly looking man in a gray robe walk over to the box. He torments the beautiful creature inside the box and laughs. If the characters jump out now and attack, they are met with a *stinking cloud*. Once the cloud has dispersed and the characters' nausea has lessened, there is no one around, except the box and the dryad.

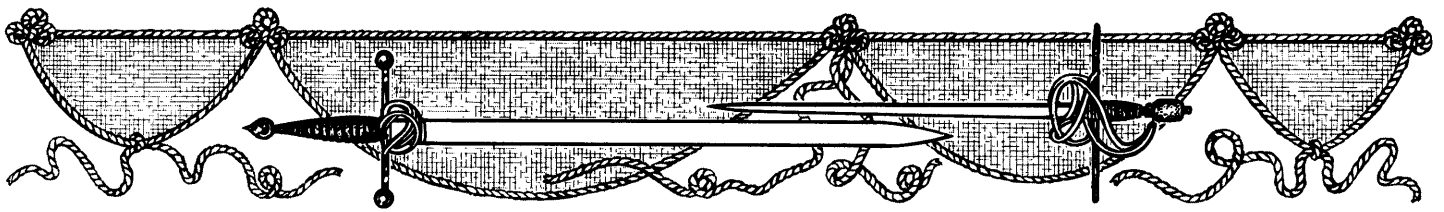
The box cannot be opened by physical violence. A wizard can cast a *dispel magic* spell upon the box to release the anti-magic shell, or the thief can pick the lock. If all else fails, the box can be toppled. This separates the sides, allowing the dryad to go free. When she is free, she hugs all of the characters and runs to an oak tree nearby, and disappears into it.

As the characters leave the area, a voice can be heard. "So, did you think you could leave without dealing with me? I have vengeance to wreak on you." At that point, the Wizard casts *magic missiles* at the characters. He attempts to evenly disperse the damage. Each of the three missiles causes 1d4 + 1 points of damage. He then runs away.

Wizard: AC 10; W5; THAC0 19; hp 8; MV 8; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4

The wizard has accidentally used up all of his spells, and thus must run away.

Once the wizard has been slain, the hamadryad rewards the characters with 5,000 gold rilks worth of jewelry, saying "The oaks never forget you."



The Doppelganger

Total Party Levels: 15 (Average 5)

The characters, walking along a wooded path to the south of Lankmar, hear the noise of walking behind them. When ever they turn around, they see nothing. If they investigate, they see no tracks as well. When they continue, they hear the sound again within minutes, but again, they see nothing. This continues throughout the day, until it is dusk.

When the characters camp for the night and take up watch, each of them, during their respective watches, constantly feel as though they are being scrutinized and spied upon, but nothing can be seen, not even with infravision or ultravision.

This continues for a couple of days. Then, when the last watch is over on the third day, the characters notice that there are two of one of the characters. Something has invaded the camp last night, and has taken the identity of one of the characters. Now the characters that are not duplicated must figure out which is the real character and which is the doppelganger that has invaded them.

Doppelganger(1): AC 5; MV 9; HD 4; hp 32; #AT 1; Dmg 1d12; THAC0 15; AL N

The doppelganger has been following the characters for well over two weeks. He only recently has been bold enough to follow the characters this closely to be able to mimic the character's voice. He chooses the character that is the easiest to mimic, which is the character that has the most average personality type for adventurers. He knows all the names of

the characters in the party, and also knows the majority of the adventures they have been through, having listened and memorized them as he followed them.

The doppelganger has the ability to look exactly like the character he has chosen to mimic, even down to all of the equipment that is visible, and that has been displayed within the last three weeks.

The doppelganger is good at mimicry, but there is always room for error. There is a 90% chance per hour of complete interrogation that the doppelganger is not discovered, and thus no one knows who the real character is. If the rest of the characters decide to go ahead and attack one of them indiscriminately, there is a 50% chance that they are attacking the wrong person.

The doppelganger, unlike many brave adventurers, will not suggest that the rest of the characters should attack both the real characters and the doppelganger to figure out who is the real one, but he agrees to it, because he feels that if he did not agree to it, that would point him out as the duplicate. He does not, however stand to be hit, and he dodges and ducks to be missed. This action might, however, prove that the doppelganger is the duplicate, unless the character being copied is also a person who prefers not to be in pain.

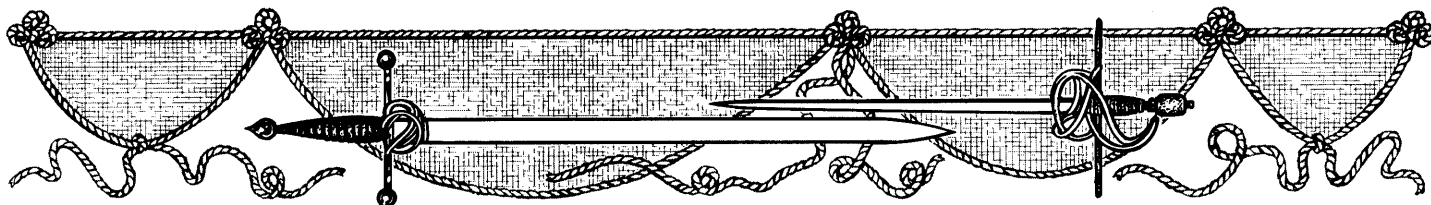
Once the doppelganger has been discovered, he immediately attacks the character he has copied, in hopes of killing him. If he does kill him, he says, "See, THAT was the copy-cat, not me!" If the characters do not believe him, he runs away, and go to the town where the character lives, and take over his life.

If the doppelganger is unsuccessful in killing the character, and his hit points reach 1/2, he runs away. Again, he goes to the town where the character lives, and attempt to take over his life. He also devises a plan to rid the world of the actual character so that he can live in peace, just like a parasite, living off the toils of others.

When the characters arrive at their homes, they are met by people who complain about not being treated the way that they are used to being treated by the character. If they make the connection with the doppelganger, they find him at the character's house, lounging around the house, eating and drinking everything in sight.

He immediately runs away from the characters in hopes of escaping. The characters on the whole should be able to catch him in no time at all. When they catch him, he pleads for forgiveness and mercy, and promises to leave and never mimic the character again. He changes into his true form at this point.

If the characters let him go, he never is seen again. If they kill him, he again never bothers them. But when the character looks into his money, whether its banked or hid, there is a decrease of 50%. The doppelganger has collected it, and stored it in the woods, where he digs it up and runs away, assuming the characters spared his life. The character also finds all his food eaten, all his drinks drunk, and half of his non-adventuring friends now hate his guts. If the character and his adventuring friends talk with his friends that now hate him and explain the situation, the friends no longer are mad, because most of them know someone who was advantaged by a doppelganger.



Bridge Over River Hlal

Total Party Levels: 30 (Average 6)

Several days ago, your group was told to present itself at the next meeting of the city council. There were no details given to any of you, but it was clear from the wording of the summons that the mayor would brook no argument or hesitancy. Knowing that to disobey a direct order from the mayor meant certain unpleasantness (perhaps even incarceration, for contempt), you chose to attend as requested.

The room is close and smoky, smelling of pipe tobacco and perspiration. A group of the most financially influential men in the City of Lankhmar is seated around a heavy mahogany table, which is covered with stacks of parchment and groupings of ink bottles. They have been discussing grave matters of funding and taxes for hours, and the information has taken a sorry turn. The city comptroller raises his voice over the hubbub in the room, and all eyes fix on him.

"Suddenly, the constant flow of trading goods to and from Quarmall into Lankhmar has been cut. The consequence of this, for the city of Lankhmar, is that 25% of the taxes collected from trade tariffs are no longer brought in. This means a drop of 45% of all protective services bought by the city from the various military barracks surrounding the city. This means that the city is not able to protect itself from attacks as efficiently. If the trade routes cannot be reinstated, the city may have to raise already high taxes in other areas to compensate for the losses. That is where you people come in." The financial leader of Lankhmar takes a draw on his pipe, as if to aid in collecting his thoughts. "What do you say to this?"

Allow the PCs time to react to this information and query.

"If it's money you want, state your price." The man empties his pipe onto the parquetry floor.

If the characters take the job, the man pays almost anything they demand, but only on the completion of the job, and the subsequent reinstatement of the trade route. He makes this point extremely clear.

If the characters accept the job, the man states that the trade route seems to be bottled up at the Hlal River, where a large bridge stands, able to support any and all loads that move across its frame.

The journey to the river takes approximately two days. There the characters see a bridge which begins about one hundred feet away from the banks, and arcs about thirty feet above the water. The bridge truly is fifty feet across, and looks extremely well made. There is no traffic here. There are only several broken carts and wagons scattered on both sides of the wide river. As the characters approach, they hear the slap of moving water. As they near the river edge, they are met by a troll, who surprises them.

Troll (1): AC 4; HD 6+6; hp 46; #AT 3; Dmg 5-8/5-8/5-12, claw/claw/bite; THACO 13; MV 12; AL CE

The troll bites one character, and swipes his claws at two others. He fights until his head is lopped off. A natural 20 on an attack die roll means the troll loses a limb. Once his head is gone, the troll turns around and sits on the bank, stewing in his anger. Within one week, the troll regenerates his head. Until then, he cannot smell, see, hear, eat, or fight.

Trolls can be permanently damaged by fire or acid only. All other damage eventually is regenerated. If the characters do not know this fact of troll ecology, the DM should have a sage walk by that informs the characters of this.

At this point, the characters may need to go back to Lankhmar to retrieve either oils to burn or acids. The trip lasts about five days; travelling back to Lankhmar, getting the supplies, and returning to the Hlal bridge.

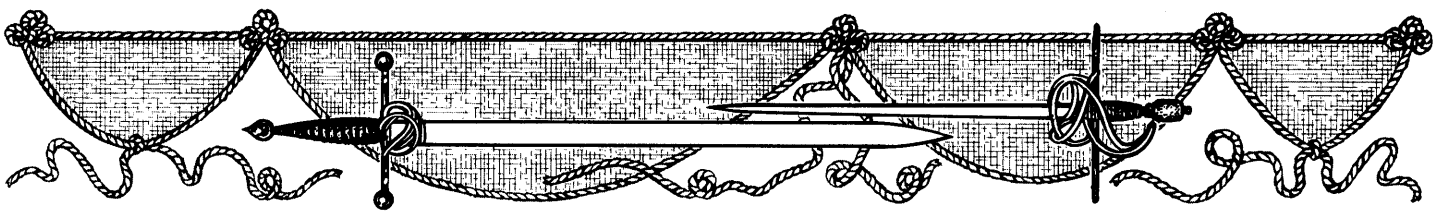
If they had to return to Lankhmar, they find the troll who's head was removed, if it was, has almost totally regenerated. He appears none too sanguine about his predicament.

The trolls, for the most part are quite unintelligent, averaging an intelligence score of 5 to 7. Occasionally, the trolls are led by an intelligent female shaman. The shaman has the ability to cast spells as though she were a seventh level priest. She has charm, divination, sun (darkness only), and weather spheres only. Being much more intelligent than her counterparts, she does not fight with such reckless abandon. She instinctively gauges her attacks to do the most harm.

Trolls (20) : AC 4; MV 12; HD 6+6; hp 36; THACO 13; #AT 3; Dmg 5-8/5-8/5-12; AL CE

These twenty trolls, which make up the whole brood of trolls under the leadership of the shaman female, attack in waves of four. Thus, there is a total of five waves. These individual waves are designed to force the player characters back, away from the bridge. Whenever the characters are forced back fifty feet or more from the bridge, the attacks stop. Once the characters are within ten feet of the bridge again, the troll waves resume, until they have all been rendered unattackable, or dead. These trolls have no fear of death, due to their regenerative properties, and attack until they can attack no more.

Troll Shaman (1): AC 3; HD 7+7; hp 50; THACO 12; #AT 3; Dmg 2-5/2-5/3-12, claw/claw/bite; AL CE



This shaman has the following spells available to her: *light* (reversed), *remove fear* (reversed), *detect magic*, *hold person*, *obscurement*, *find traps*, *call lightning*, *locate object*, *free action*.

This shaman, being resourceful, uses a *hold person* spell on the most powerful characters, to give her trolls easy targets. She may use a *detect magic* spell to help determine who is the strongest. If she gets entangled, or slowed in any way, she casts *free action* on herself to be freed. The *call lightning* is used if the battle seems to be going against them. Then at the last minute, if there is no way for her trolls to win, and the characters are going after her, she uses the *obscurement* spell to escape.

If need be, she eventually gathers the trolls that have survived and are able to continue fighting, and hunts

the characters down, no matter how far they might travel. They only use ambush attacks, preferring to wait until dark, to gain even more advantage. The trolls surprise the characters on a 1 out of 6. Rangers and the like still get their bonuses versus surprise. The trolls, when attacking in this way, use snipe attack runs. They sweep through the camp, rending anything in their path, and then quickly escape. They do this several times a night. This not only slowly weakens the characters, but also starves their bodies for sleep, lowering their intelligence, strength, and dexterity temporarily, giving the trolls even more advantage.

These sweeping attacks from the trolls are all gauged and refereed by the intelligent shaman. To destroy her would cause the trolls to attack in their normal reckless way.

These attacks also continue until all

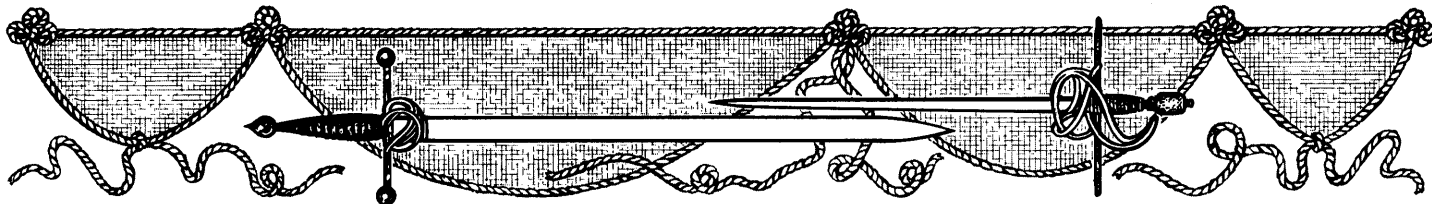
of the characters are dead, or until all of the trolls are dead.

The only efficient ways to kill trolls are immersion in acid, or plunging their entire bodies in flame, including the parts that might be removed by the spoils of battle.

Should the characters inspect the bridge, they find a trollhole which contains two very young trolls, several sets of bones from humans, cattle carcasses, and wealth. The wealth consists of 1300 golden rilks, 300 silver smerduks, 1250 bronze agols, and 4000 iron tiks. Also there, is an assortment of jewelry that could bring as much as 375 gold rilks. The two young trolls immediately attack whatever comes through the trollhole.

Troll babies (2): HD 2 + 2; AC 6; hp 10; THAC0 19; AL CE





Whazzat in Der Swamp?

“Thank you very much for meeting with me.” The merchant is a homely man with graying hair along the sides of his head, just above the ears. He nervously chews a tough thick piece of beef jerky to give himself something to do. At the slightest noise, he jumps and twists his reddened neck and face to scan the area.

“We send many a merchandise train through the swamps that lie to the east of the Lankhmar city limits. But unfortunately, many of these trains have met with disaster and the subsequent death of everyone. Much of the merchandise from the trains have never been recovered. Most of this includes food stuffs and leather goods. Never has money or goods of wealth ever been taken. That is why we have decided that the attacks are not from thugs or thieves, instead we believe that there is a crocodile infestation in the waters of the swamp again.” He looks at the characters to see their reactions. “You help us?”

The characters can choose to help the man. He is very open about a price for the services, since the merchants are losing literally thousands of gold rilks a week from these attacks. Whatever the PCs agree on, the merchant pays.

He suggests that the characters should come with them on their next convoy. The wagon train leaves first thing in the morning. He promises to wake the characters an hour before they leave. He then bids them thanks.

In the morning, the merchant wakes the characters up, and within an hour, the merchant wagon train is en route.

Once out of the Lankhmar city limits, there seems to be no sign of crocs, people, or anything: just swamp, reed

grasses and sad, sloping trees. Suddenly, one of the men walking beside the first wagon screams. The PCs can see him being dragged into the swamp, kicking, screaming and beating the giant crocodile that held him in its jaws.

At this point, all the wagons have stopped. Men scramble, armed with swords and crossbows and looking in the water. It is assumed the PCs are doing the same thing.

Suddenly, one of the characters suddenly is grabbed by one of the crocs. A dexterity check at a -4 penalty allows the PC to remain on his feet.

Giant Crocodiles (12): AC 4; HD 7; hp 40; THACO 13; #AT 2; Dmg 3d6/2d10; AL N

If the character has been knocked off his feet, there is a -2 penalty on the attack roll. All characters attempting to strike at the croc, risk a 5% chance of hitting their partner, should they roll a natural 1 as a to-hit roll. The man ensnared by the crocodile, takes 3d6 points of damage. The croc is in water in three melee rounds. If the croc is still alive, the PC goes down with him, having only a few rounds in which to free himself.

Soon, all the rest of the crocodiles are attacking everyone. Assume that each PC has only one crocodile on them at any one time. Crocs are basically non-sociable, and since there are many targets here for food, they each pick a different prey.

The crocodiles do not fight to the death, since there are easier, but smaller prey elsewhere, so if the characters wish to eliminate them all, they

must follow the crocodiles into the swamp. This makes the situation difficult for the party, since the swamp is the crocodiles' element and they are perfectly adapted for combat there.

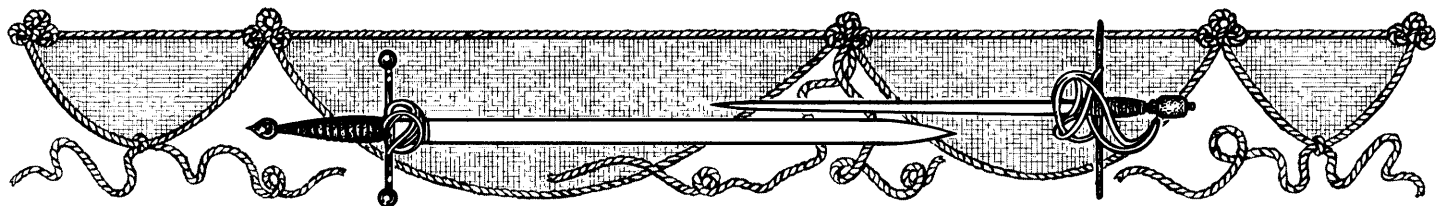
If the characters are able to kill all of the giant crocodiles, the merchants rally around the characters, speaking as though they were their best friends.

The rest of the trip is quite uneventful, and the merchants make it to just south of the sinking lands to meet one of their boats headed for Horborixen. Once the goods have been loaded onto the boats, and the goods from the boats have been loaded onto the wagons, the merchants once again head through the swamp back to Lankhmar.

If it turns out that some of the crocodiles have escaped, they are seen feeding on their dead comrades, as well as any and all dead merchants, and/or player characters. If the characters wish, they may attack these beasts once again, hopefully to deplete their numbers. The merchants help as well, but their weapons and fighting skills are so bad that as a rule the crocodiles have no problem killing them first. Once the remaining giant crocodiles have been killed, the remaining fifteen merchants (out of a starting number of forty) climb back aboard the wagons, and continue pushing forward to Lankhmar.

If the player characters wish, they may skin the crocodile carcasses, and sell them to a tanner in town. These skins, if not too badly damaged, can bring as much as 100 gold rilks per hide.

Once in town, the merchants pay the characters the promised amount, and thank them for their help.



Servitude to the Overlord

Total Party Levels: 28 (Average 7th)

(It is suggested that the characters be run through WATCH MY WEALTH a few weeks before this episode. This is a prerequisite, since the Overlord has heard about the characters' success with keeping the thieves off the rich man's wealth.)

"Excuse me, sirs." An aged but heartily handsome man approaches the player characters. "I am an emissary for the Overlord of Lankmar. May I have an audience with you?" The man is very polite and extremely slow to anger or any other emotion.

He sits down at a table, and properly lays his gloves before him. "The overlord's life is endangered by the Slayer's Brotherhood in Ilthmar. The intelligence reports indicate that a new assassination team has rallied for admittance into their guild, and they were given a initiation task. That task is the assassination of the Lankmar Overlord. These assassins, who are seemingly quite adept, accepted the task. This information comes from an agent assigned to the Ilthmar slayers to forewarn the Overlord of any activities that might affect the Lankmart security. The Overlord has issued an order for the Lankmart Marines to seize the Slayer's Guildhouse in Ilthmar, but that doesn't end the threat from the assassins who are within the city limits even as we speak. We have heard about your success in keeping the thieves' guild from stealing a massive amount of wealth, and we hoped you would attempt to repeat that success for the Overlord, this time keeping the assassins from stealing a man's life."

If the characters agree to this, the man asks them a price. If the Dungeon Master feels the price is too high, the man says, "For such a high

price, you then must guarantee your success. If you then fail, you would be considered an accessory to the crime, and dealt with accordingly. Do you demand this price?"

If the characters demand that price, so be it. If they reconsider, then reconsider the consequences as well.

Once to the Rainbow Palace, the characters can set up whatever defenses they feel they need. The defenses they provide may state the amount of success they have.

Attack Phase One: A messenger enters the room, carrying a bottle on a linen pillow. He approaches the Overlord, stating, "The gift from the Quar-mallian State has arrived." The man bows, and extends the pillowed bottle to the Overlord. The Overlord takes the bottle. If the PCs attempt to interrupt, the Overlord complies. The bottle is one that is used by the djinni. Whoever opens this bottle is attacked by the occupant: a crimson death.

Death, Crimson (1): AC 0; MV 12; HD 13; hp 45; #AT 1; Dmg 3d10; THAC0 7; AL NE

Overlord: AC 4; F12; hp 100; #AT 0; MV 8; AL LN

The crimson death has a special defense that allows only +2 or better magical weapons to damage it. As it attacks the one who opened the container, it slowly turns red, as it drains the life and blood out of its victim. After it makes a kill, the crimson death attains solidity, and this can be hit by a +1 or better weapon. Should it be killed, the creature dissipates into the air, but its food is spilled messily upon the floor. If the Overlord is killed, the characters are chained and thrown in a dungeon. There, the DM should allow for chances to escape.

Attack Phase Two

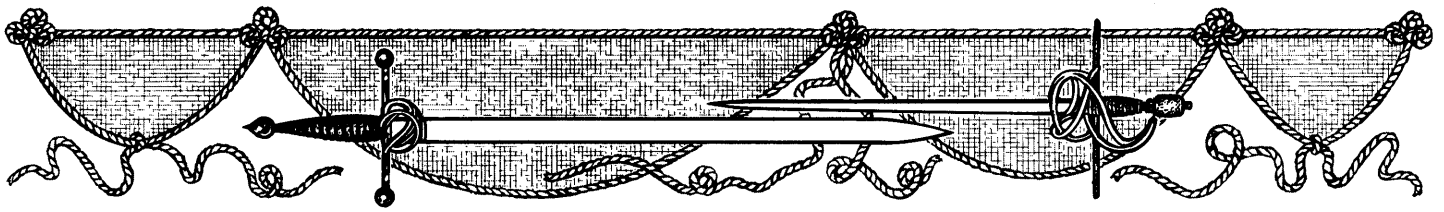
The assassins have managed to slay nearly every guard in the palace, giving them free reign throughout the compound. They have managed to locate the throne chamber where the characters protect the Overlord. Since their crimson death ploy did not work, they must try something new. Four of the six assassins pick the throne room door, while the other two assassins enter the throne room through one of the many secret entrances. Once the lock is picked, the four throw open the door and shoot their already bolt-laden crossbows.

Assassins (6): AC 5; F5; hp 25; THAC0 16; AL LE; #AT 2 (crossbow, dagger); Dmg 1d4

As the four assassins are blasting away at the characters, two of the assassins are creeping around the back of the throne to knife the Overlord. If all of the characters are engaged with the four assassins in the front, they do not see the two sneaking through the back secret doors. These assassins each have a 65% chance of succeeding in their assassination attempt. If they do succeed, they whistle to the other four, who immediately disengage the characters, closing the door, and run away. The assassins from the back escape through the open secret panel, and fritter away as well.

If the characters notice the assassins in the back, they can attack, and alert the Overlord, which negates the assassins' ability to instantly kill the Overlord. The four in the front run away, leaving the back two to fend for themselves.

Attack Phase Three: The assassins, from the room above, begin loosening the chandelier that hangs above the Overlord's Throne. There is a one in



six chance per character of noticing the chandelier's movements, which are very faint. If they do not notice, the chandelier falls, killing the Overlord. It is made of polished brass and glass. The ends are sharp and protrude significantly. A character who notices the movement needs to make a Dexterity check to see if he can move quickly enough to save the Overlord. Also, have the character roll a second Dexterity check to see if he gets out of the way in time. The falling chandelier does 10d1 falling damage.

Attack Phase Four: The assassins, in a fit of desperation, break the glass in the windows that line the throne room. They shoot their bolts (six per assassin) at the Overlord and at the characters. If the characters attempt to shoot arrows at the assassins, there is an additional -1 penalty to hit, because the assassins are in good cover. None of the bolts from the assassins' crossbows are poisoned, but that doesn't mean that they won't hurt!

Epilogue: In the morning, the doors burst open, revealing four of the Overlord's most elite guards. They approach within fifty feet of the Overlord and bow. They then request an audience with the Overlord from the characters. If he grants it, they approach the Overlord. They inform him that the Lankhmar marines have taken the Slayer's Brotherhood in Ilthmar, and that the assassins sent here have been taken prisoner. They turn on their heels and march out of the throne room in unison. The Overlord glows with pride over the characters' success.

He calls for the Lankhmar treasurer, who pays the characters the price agreed on for their completed mission.

For the next four hours, the player characters are given an extensive tour of the Rainbow Palace, and given the treatment normally accorded only the most prestigious visitors.

Once the tour is over, they are escorted into the throne room where the Overlord waits for them. He tells the characters that there has been a parade created to honor their achievements, and it is due to start in a few minutes.

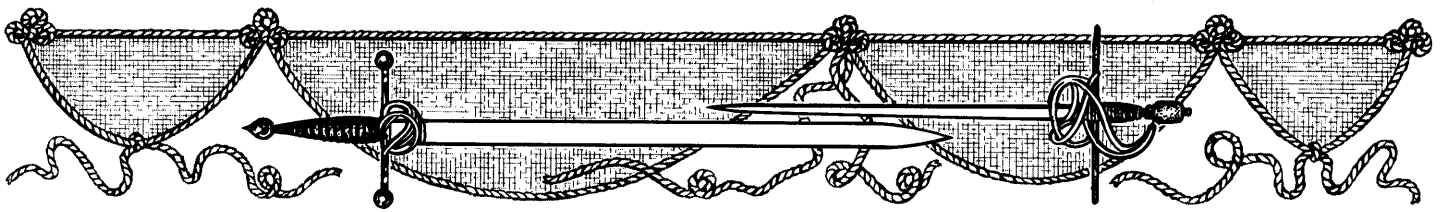
Attack Phase Five: As the parade heads down Royal Road, it passes Temple Street. People line the sides of the street waving, singing, and generally being patriotic. Suddenly, on the left side of the parade car that the Overlord and the characters are in, a menacing and almost demonic scream shatters the seemingly perfect setting. The characters see the last assassin with a crossbow with a bolt ready to fire. The bolt drips a black, thick, ugly fluid. There is no time for the characters to pull their weapons. If the characters hesitate or do nothing, the assassin shoots the Overlord with the bolt unerringly. If one or more of the characters dive onto the Overlord to block him from view, the assassin has to roll a normal attack on AC 8 with a -4 penalty. If he misses the Overlord, there is a 65% chance that one of the characters is hit instead. The character takes 1d6 points of damage, and must roll a save versus poison at a -4. If the poison

save is missed, the character dies in 1d4 turns.

If the characters were able to save the Overlord's life in public, their Social Status rises by two points. If they were unable to save him, the Social Status remains the same.

The assassin, whether he missed or not, reloads another bolt. He aim it at one of the characters, or the Overlord if he missed. The characters then have time to set off crossbow bolts or arrows in the man's direction to subdue him. The man has only 12 hit points left, so a few good shots kill him. If he is hit, he spends one round regaining his balance to aim his shot. This bolt also drips with a poisonous residue.

The characters are national figures, which may lead to many things. They could be dogged by women or even men and children who follow them ruthlessly, in hopes of raising their own social status. There are also people who hate the Overlord, and may take their disappointment out on the characters, since they saved the Overlord, or attempted to. There are also people who love the Overlord who may wish to injure or kill the characters if they did not save the Overlord, because they thought of something that the characters did not. In a city this big, it is impossible to please everyone, so the people's reactions to the events are varied. Either way, the characters are known wherever they go within the city limits.



The Polar Cap

Total Party Levels: 24 (Average 6)

Sarelk, the sage from 'Gryyph Discoons Fingers,' approaches the characters as they lounge on street-side chairs. "Good day, gentlemen. I have a request for you, if you'll allow me an audience." The man pulls a chair around so that he can see all of the characters clearly. "The guildmaster from the Thinker's guild is being held hostage by a group of Sarheenmar thugs. They have demanded fifty thousand gold riks for his return." He wipes his nose with a stained sleeve.

"But what these criminals do not seem to realize is that the Thinker's guild is not a guild bent on wealth or power. We are a peaceful group of men who meet to discuss topics of interest to each other. We also sell our services to anyone who requests them, to continue making the rent payments on our meeting hall. They request fifty thousand. We might make fifty thousand in one year's time. We need your help. We shall give you all we have, which is about one thousand gold riks, if you go and fetch our guildmaster for us."

If the characters agree to do the job, Sarelk continues. "He is being kept in a Thinker's station near the north pole. To get there, one must pass over the inner sea to Kleg Nar, and then head directly north. Once you are out of the Great Forest, there is a trading post. Give the man this letter, and he will give you a dog sledge team of about twenty dogs. On the sledge, there are provisions for you and the dogs for seven weeks." Sarelk hands the characters a letter.

For a little background for the DM, the Sarheenmar thugs really did not take this man hostage. The mail deliveries between Lankhmar and the Eight Cities have been cut off due to a Messenger's guild strike. When the Sarheenmarians found out about it, they sent their own message to the thinkers, hoping to extort money from them.

Have the characters *roleplay* their attempts to catch a boat ride, and haggle over the cost. The trip to the Eight Cities is uneventful. While in the forest, the characters see game animals.

Deer (12): AC 7; MV 24; HD 2; hp 10; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; THAC0 16

When the characters leave the Great Forest, off in the distance they can see a log cabin emitting smoke from a brick chimney. When they approach the cabin, they see a sign that says "T. G. Tradingpost." When they go inside, they see a small store specializing in goods needed to survive in the cold wastes. When the characters give the letter to the man, he smiles, and shows the characters a dog sledge and a kennel filled with about fifty dogs. He asks the characters to choose twenty of the dogs themselves. All of the dogs are spitz breeds, which are bred to sustain cold temperatures for very long periods of time.

The man gives them an extensive training course in sledge conduct, and then sends them on their way. As the characters head due north, they see and hear nothing, except the crackle of the sledge's runners crunching the iced snow, and the constant breeze that bites right into their skin. After several days of travel, they come to a lonely building with a smoking chimney. Outside there is a pile of wood large enough to heat fifty homes for a year.

The windows are so steamed and iced, it is impossible to peek through them. When they approach the door, they see a sign that says "T. G. Northpost." The door, if they try it, is unlocked. If they walk in or bust the door down, they see a man sitting at a table, writing in a journal.

"Hello, brothers, come in." The man stands, and grabs enough cups to allow him to serve everyone tea. When asked about his captors, he knows nothing of the sort. "All I know is that my mail deliveries have

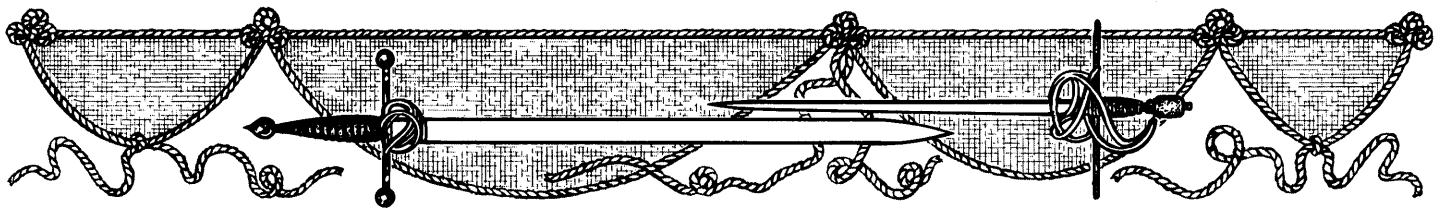
stopped, but otherwise I am quite fine. In fact, I have been studying a phenomenon called the remorhaz. Such a fascinating creature." The man sits back at the journal, and begins writing again.

When the characters decide to leave and head back to Lankhmar, three hours later, they hear a rumbling underfoot, and a remorhaz strikes at one of the dogs, completely swallowing it in one gulp.

Remorhaz (1): AC 0, head = 2, underbelly = 4; MV 12; HD 14; hp 100; #AT 1; Dmg 6d6; SZ 39 ft long; THAC0 7; AL N

The remorhaz attacks by lifting its body by flapping its wings. Then it snaps forward at lightning speed. It can swallow its prey whole on a critical hit, or a natural 20 die roll. Any non-magical weapon hitting the back of the remorhaz melts due to the intense heat there. If any character jumps on its back to attack the head better, or in some way comes into contact with its back, he suffers 10d10 points of damage. Any creature swallowed whole by the remorhaz is killed instantly, with no saving throw allowed.

Once the characters kill the remorhaz, or manage to escape with their lives, there are no other encounters. They then reach Lankhmar safely, with their news for Sarelk, who pays them the promised amount.



Lurking Revenant

Total Party Levels: (same characters as in *Servitude to the Overlord*.)

This episode is designed as a Part Two of the *Servitude to the Overlord* plotline. The theory is that one of the assassins that the characters killed has come back to seek his revenge. To effect his vengeance, he has become a revenant.

The air is crisp, and the sky is dusk. A warm breeze caresses the characters' faces. All in all, just another pleasant night in Lankhmar. The days have been a little boring. Everything seems to be in place. It seems almost too quiet. The characters meet a group of ladies that are enthralled with their deeds to save the Overlord. The women invite the characters to dinner... on them!

The dinner occurs at a relatively fine restaurant, and the food is excellent. The ladies are giddy, and nudge each other in their excitement of being with well known warriors.

Just as the dessert course is set on the table, several women seated next to the window scream and run as one of the panes shatters, and a decomposing body bearing the face of one of the assassins the party killed steps through the broken glass, throwing the women's table out of the way. The restaurant's patrons are screaming as they run, panicked, in every direction to get away from the grotesque revenant.

Revenant: AC 10; MV 9; HD 8; hp 64; #AT 1; Dmg 2d8 choking; SA paralysis; THAC0 13; SD regenerate 3 hp/rnd; AL N

The revenant bears an aura of sadness, anger and determination. It attacks by hooking its claw-like hands around its victim's throat. This strangulation causes 2d8 points of damage per round. It does not release its grip unless the victim is dead, or the revenant is destroyed. If a revenant is dismembered, the removed parts act

independently, as though guided by the revenant's mind. Its willpower causes the parts to reunite. The revenant also regenerates three hit points per round, whether damaged by a magical or non-magical weapon. Attack by fire causes the only damage a revenant cannot regenerate. Acid and gas have absolutely no effect on it.

Although it is undead, it is directed entirely by willpower; therefore it cannot be turned by a white wizard or a holy symbol.

The revenant does not attack innocent bystanders, unless attacked.

One of the ladies happens to be between the revenant and the characters. She stands entranced with terror. If the PCs do not act immediately, the revenant just tosses her aside with an arm. She hits the wall with a sickening thud, and sinks to the floor where she remains unless someone helps her up.

If the characters attack the revenant, be sure to account for its ability to regenerate. The only way to remove the claw-like hands from the character's neck seems to be either to burn them off, or to cut off the hands, and then cut off the thumbs.

Whatever the characters do, this creature continues after the characters until dawn, then it departs.

During the day, the characters can sleep, or try to leave town. But no matter what they do, the revenant is after them at the next dusk. It is completely unwavering in its task. Unless the characters try using fire on the creature, it continues, and there seems to be no way to stop it.

After six months of this (unless the party destroys the thing), the revenant decays, and the spirit departs to the plane it came from. If the characters discover that fire destroys the creature, and decide to finish it off, it must be completely turned to ashes. If any part remains intact, the revenant regenerates and returns the next night.

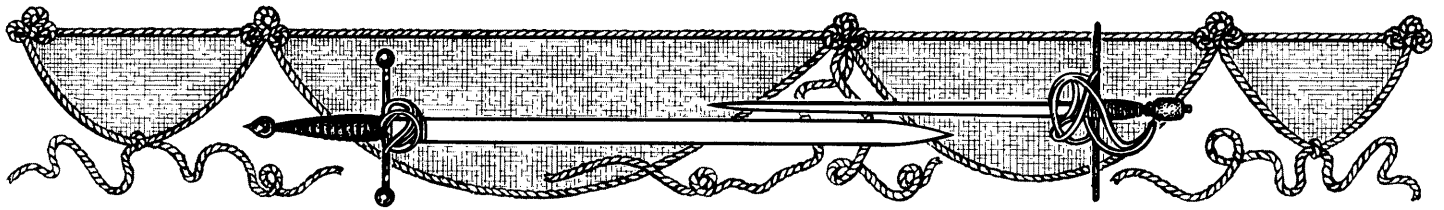
Several days later, the characters are walking down the street. It is dusk,

the warm breeze caressing their faces. That feeling of complacency once again enters the party's minds, and they perhaps discuss the lack of stimulation.

Their conversation is interrupted by several women. They are the same women as before, only this time, there is one missing. They invite the characters to a nice quiet dinner at a quaint restaurant. The girls nudge each other nervously as they giggle and play eye games with the player characters. The waiter brings dessert to the table. As he sets it down on the table, a woman, seated at a window booth, screams and runs from her table. The sound of breaking glass seems like another nightmare. The women that are with you scream as well. As you jump up and reach for your swords, a loud laugh can be heard coming from a revenant standing on the broken glass.

The revenant's hands move up to its face, and grab, pulling the face off. Underneath, the face of Sarelk the sage laughs so hard that he can barely breathe. "I don't believe this. You should have seen your faces!" The sage turns and walks down the street, his laughter slowly fading.

As they return to their desert, one of the women says, "With you guys, there's never a boring moment, is there?"



The Gem of Life

Total Party Levels : 32 (Average 8)

A beggar crawls to the characters. His odor is distasteful, his skin yellowed and unwashed. He smiles at the characters with a vast number of missing teeth displaying a blackening tongue and gums. The weavings of the sandman cling to his eyelashes like dried mud on an animal's fur. "Good and wealthy sirs, I haven't eaten a decent meal for well over seven days. Would you be so kind as to throw down just a few iron tics within reach of my twisted and contorted body so I can reach them and buy food?" The man looks pitifully at the characters.

If the characters do not give him money, he continues to beg them. If they move on down the street, he drags his body on the streetside, hoping for some pity. If the characters continue to ignore him, he stops badgering them.

As the characters walk, they see a man waving his arms madly in their direction. He runs to them. "I am not armed. Please come with me! Come with me now!" The man quickly runs down several streets, and disappears into a doorway. Soon after, a lamp is lit, exposing the room in dull yellow light. The man straightens an overturned table and chairs, and sits down. He pulls a map from an inside pocket, and removes a wax seal after whispering an incantation. He unfolds the map, and spreads it on the table.

"This is a map to the tomb of the great Eevanmare. Legends tell that centuries ago, a gem was placed within his sarcophagus that had the power to bring the great king back to life. They say he was a violent and warring king, who caused the fall of the empire of the north. That area is now known as the Land of the Eight Cities. The scattered rumors I have received say that the Empire of Eevanmareense plans to find the tomb, and bring their leader to life, so that they once again can be as great as they were. But you see, the balance of

power among the differing groups is good now. If he were to be brought back to life, he might be able to conquer the world this time. You must stop him." The man folds the map and hands it to the characters. He then falls to the floor dead, as an arrow from a window pierces his heart. There are no more arrows, and no assassin is in sight.

If the characters decide to pursue this, the map dictates that the characters go south of Lankhmar to Earth's End. Once there, they easily find the tomb entrance. The elaborate building is decorated in old scripts and is yellowed with age.

Once inside the open structure, they see a broken plate of stone that hides the secret entrance to the tomb. The stairs leading down stretch for thirty feet and end at a blank wall. A secret door is hidden on that wall.

Room A: Once through the secret door, there lies an octagonal room, each side measuring 70 feet. There is a 7 foot statue erected in the exact middle of the room. It is lit by magical globes of *continual light*. See the map for the locations of all the secret doors in this room.

Room B: This is a weapons room. There are two *long swords* +1 and one *dagger* +1.

Room C: This room has clothing lining the walls. The clothing was made to fit a 6-foot-tall man with a bodybuilder's musculature.

Room D: This room is the actual tomb room. In the center of the 30-by-30 room at the end of the hallway, is a sarcophagus that measures 8 feet by 3 feet. If the PCs open it, they see a man lying inside. Four inches of dust covers his body, and there is no sign of deterioration or rot anywhere.

Room E: This room contains the most beautifully ornate set of armor in existence. It appears to be made out of a

very shiny, white metal, but has the strength of steel an inch thick. It is actually *plate mail* +3.

Room F: This room is a trap. When the PCs open the door to it, a spear 6 inches in diameter thrusts into anything and everything standing in front of the door. It then sticks into the far wall.

Room G: This room is a trap. When the PCs open the door, a pair of barbed spears shears through the walls to tear through anything standing next to the doorframe. These spears project 3 feet from the wall.

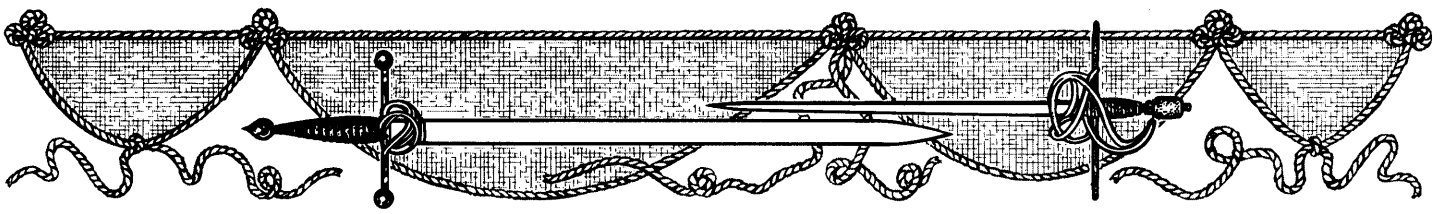
Room H: This room is not a trap. In this room, a small locked chest sits on the floor. In the chest is a gem about 3 inches in diameter. It glows with an eerie pale bluish light. This is the gem they seek. A lurker above is attached to the ceiling.

Lurker Above: AC 6; MV 1; HD 10; hp 40; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6/rnd; THACO 10; SA suffocation in 1d4 + 1 rnds

Room I: This room is a meeting hall. There is a 50 foot-long table. Around this table are seated 500 men-at-arms, resting their arms on the table. They are completely motionless, and have been for quite some time. There are cobwebs covering the majority of them.

Room J: This is a labyrinth. This obstacle was put here by the designer of the tomb thousands of years ago, only as a nuisance for tomb robbers. Once the characters have turned a few corners, the door silently closes. It can be reopened, but only on another successful find traps roll.

Room K: This room is a trap. This is actually a hallway that slowly becomes greasier and greasier as the characters travel down it. The tunnel also slopes mildly downward. The slope gets steeper and steeper, and

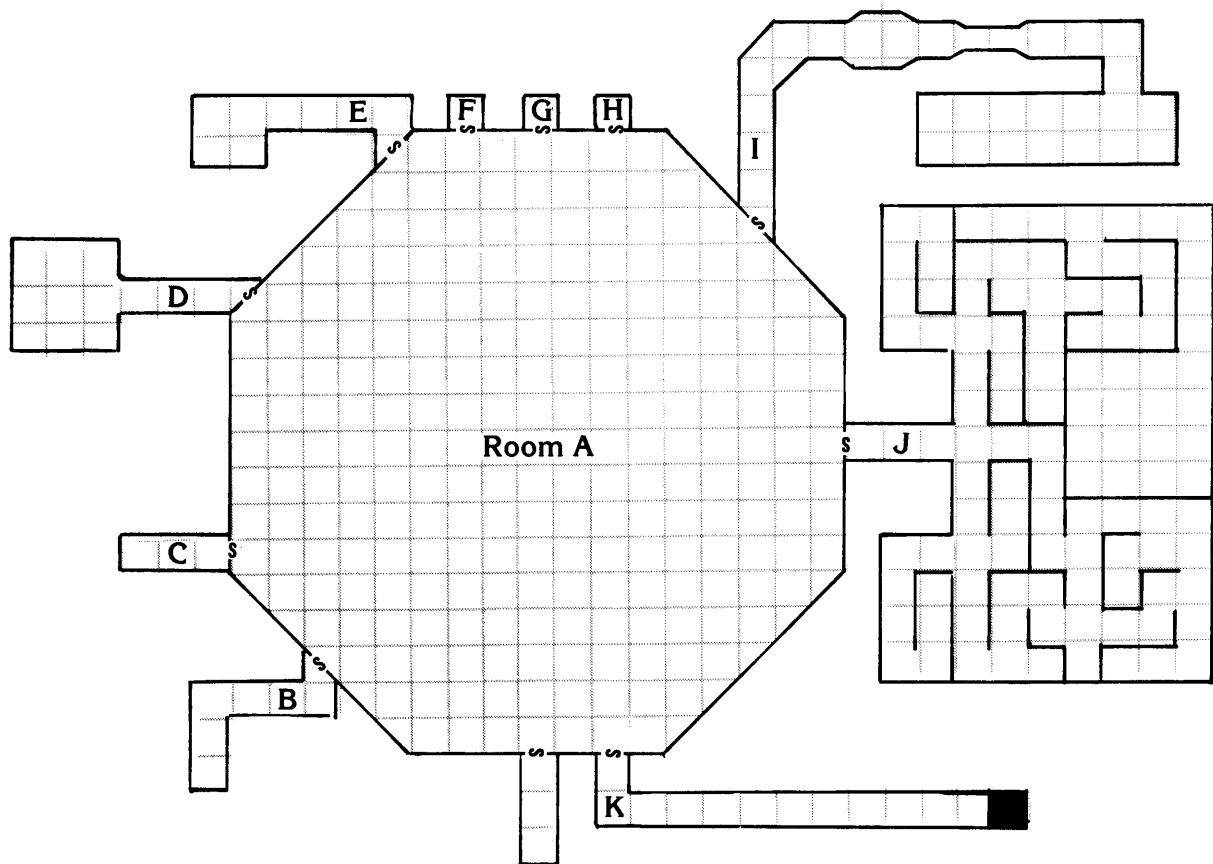


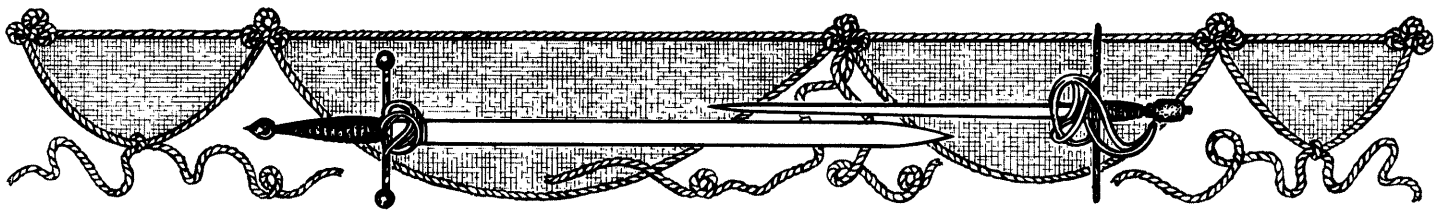
greasier and greasier, until the characters can no longer keep balance. They each must make a Dexterity check to keep from falling with every step they take past 30 feet. Then they slide down this hallway, until the bottom of the tunnel finally drops out, and the characters fall 150 feet down onto 10 foot spikes.

Climbing rungs line the far wall of the drop shaft, allowing people to climb up and down the shaft to look for items of

interest at the bottom of the pit. These rungs extend from the bottom of the shaft to the ceiling, and they continue across the ceiling of the tunnel for about 100 feet. The grease that coats the walls and floor can be burned off in two minutes, but in 1d4 turns it is back, due to constant seeping from the floor and walls. If the characters fall down this shaft, allow for a Dexterity check to grab at the rungs as they plunge down the 150 foot drop.

The Gem of Life can only be used to bring the dead back to life. It then restores only 25% of the total hit points the character has. The gem only needs to be touched to the dead body. If the gem is broken, it may have a variety of effects on the characters. Please see the New Magical Items list for complete details on this item.





The False Bravado

Total Party Levels: 9 (Average 3)

"Excuse me." A burly but finely dressed man sits with the characters at their table. "I am an emissary of the Overlord, stationed at the Northern Barracks. I have been sent to hire you to retrieve a bounty. There is a man named Thromdan who is regarded as very dangerous. To date, he has murdered twelve women, but no one knows what he looks like. We would like for you to find him and bring him to his well deserved justice."

If the characters ask how they know his name, he says that he leaves his name on glass or a mirror every time he does a job. The bounty is 1000 gold rilks, which comes from donations from victims' families, as well as the city's churches.

When the man leaves, another man approaches the characters, nervously looking around. "Hey guys, I can lead you to Thromdan. I know him. I know him real well. Without me, you won't ever find the guy. My price is 100 gold rilks."

If the characters do not hire him, allow them to check around town. They indeed find no information, but if they again look for this man, they readily find him. He demands half of the money up front.

"Thromdan is just an extortionist. He demands money from the rich men in Lankhmar. He demands a regular payment at the appointed time, he kills the man's wife, daughter, or even his son. It is very effective. He calls it life insurance. He's made a lot of rilks doing this." The man gauges the characters' reactions. If the characters are amused or envious of Thromdan, he

smiles. "Let's go and see if Thromdan is home."

He leads the characters to the Cash District, and stops in front of a dilapidated three story structure. He looks at the characters, smiles and walks in the front door. He walks up the stairs until he reaches the third story. Then, he stops at a reinforced door. "This is where he lives." He reaches up to knock on the door. If the characters stop him, he says "What's wrong, are you scared of this scoundrel?"

If the characters allow, he knocks twice. Inside, the knock is answered by three knocks, at which the man knocks once. The characters hear seven bolts being drawn back on the other side of the door, and then it opens.

The characters' guide walks in. "Hey, Thromdan, how's the money comin' along." He waves the characters into the room. "These folks here want to join your group."

The man inside the room gives their guide a puzzled look. "But Thr...."

The guide interrupts. "Thromdan, I'm telling you that they're here for you. Take him!"

If the characters rush Thromdan, he shouts, "I am not Thromdan. He is!" He points at their guide.

"Thromdan, I always thought you were better than that. That has got to be the oldest joke in the book." Their guide laughs, sits down, and lights a pipe.

If the characters take the man from the room in, they have brought an accomplice of Thromdan's to justice, but not Thromdan. Their guide was indeed Thromdan. If the characters figure this out, he attempts to buy the characters. He offers them five times

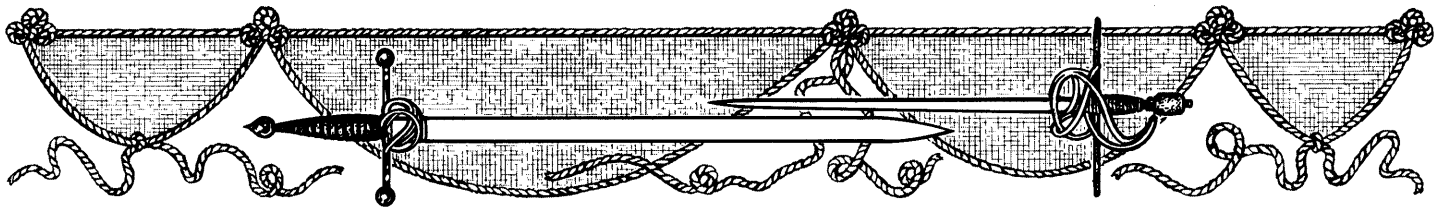
what the Northern Barracks has offered. If they do not take that, he offers 25 percent of his take, which comes up to about 14,000 gold rilks. He would pay more, but he has employees to pay as well.

If the characters take him up on his bribe, he pays the money up front and right away. He then bids the characters goodbye, but politely. If they ever come back, he says, "Well, now. You're planning on renegeing on our deal? I paid you blood money to keep you from turning me in. Well, I thought that might happen, so I took some insurance out. If I am ever turned over to the barracks, or if I turn up dead, an accomplice of mine will turn a notarized letter to the Northern Barracks saying that you were bribed not to perform a duty given you by the city. That carries a death penalty with it." Thromdan lets a smug look pass across his face. "Goodbye, folks. Oh, and one other thing, don't cross me; I just might turn it over to them anyway." Leaning back in his chair, he chews a thumbnail idly, as four thugs enter the room to escort the characters out.

If the characters did not take the bribe, Thromdan will not leave without a fight.

Thromdan: AC 7; F4; hp 36; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8; THAC0 17; AL LE

The man Thromdan was trying to get in trouble does not aid in the fight. He only sits and watches. Once the fight is going against Thromdan, and he is down to very few hit points, he gives up, and allow the characters to turn him in, and the characters receive the bounty.



The Rat God's Precipice

Total Party Levels: 20 (Average 5)

As the characters roam the town, they suffer an unprovoked attack by a man dressed in a blood red tunic, with the skins of rats covering the shoulders.

Rat God Priest: AC 8; hp 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; THAC0 19; AL CE

Every day, they are attacked by one more priest than the day before. In other words, on the second day, they are attacked by two, on the third day, by three. These attacks continue until the characters ask "Why?" This question may come up anywhere, anytime.

Wherever they are, a nearby woman answers them. "They are attacking you because of rumors that you are here to thwart their expansion and growth. They fear their Rat God rather than love him. Thus, they feel they must continue to expand to appease him. They also must give offerings to their god, and that is what you have been hired to do, isn't it?"

When the characters express the fact that they had not been hired, she looks extremely surprised. "Well, I suggest that you go and speak with the head priest of Issek of the Jug. He is the one who supposedly hired you."

When the characters go to the temple of Issek in the Temple District, he greets them happily. "Hello, good people. I am so glad that you agreed to help us end the fear caused by the Rat God cult."

When the characters state that they weren't hired, he looks shocked. "Why, that's impossible... Wait. It is possible. Danvahl never returned from his mission to hire you. I had assumed that he talked with you. Evidently, the priests of the Rat God got to him before he spoke with you. I am grievously sorry for the inconvenience that may have caused you. Please sit down, and let me explain." The man wrings his hands nervously, and sits behind a small wooden desk.

"My name is Bawdres. I am the head priest here at the temple of Issek of the Jug. We have heard rumors that the Rat God priests are looking for the perfect woman in Lankhmar to give her as an offering to their god. As we all know, human sacrificial rites anywhere in Lankhmar are highly illegal. Not only that, but they plan to do it to an innocent woman. That, unfortunately is how they continuously operate: out of the boundaries of the law. I sent Danvahl to ask you for your help in stopping this rite from happening, but unfortunately he did not get in touch with you. The Rat priests must have waylaid him, and tortured the information out of him. Now convinced that you are a threat, they probably intend to attack you until you are dead. It seems you were thrust into this before you were given a chance to come on your own. To this, I apologize."

If the characters say that they want no part of this, the priest states that they are already a part of it, as far as the Rat God worshippers are concerned, so unless they personally stop them, the PCs eventually will be killed by these priests.

If the characters say that they want to help, the priest gives them a total of 1,200 gold rilkis to supplement their pockets.

The Issek priest sums up the Rat God dangers for the characters. "They must give an offering by the full moon during the harvest season. The offering must be of pure heart and body. They kill her in the name of their god, so that they may achieve peace with him. Supposedly, this appeases the Rat God from destroying their temples, their homes and their lives. Chaos and evil reign in their worship. How else could they kill as part of their worship ceremonies?"

"Be forewarned, The full harvest moon occurs tomorrow night. They must find their perfect specimen, and ready her for the ceremony. Good luck to you."

When the characters leave the temple, they see a man keening as though

he were grieving. When he sees the characters he runs to them, falling to his knees. "You must help me. They have taken her. They have taken her." The man's head falls into his hands as he weeps.

When the characters ask who was taken, the man gets very angry. "They have stolen my daughter. They took her, and I cannot stand for this. Those men in the red tunics and the dead rats on their sleeves. They cannot get away with this."

If the characters say that they are going to take care of everything, the man kisses their hands, thanking them for their extreme kindness. He then backs away from them, continuously thanking them, throwing them compliments the whole way. Everyone in the street merely stares, not saying a word.

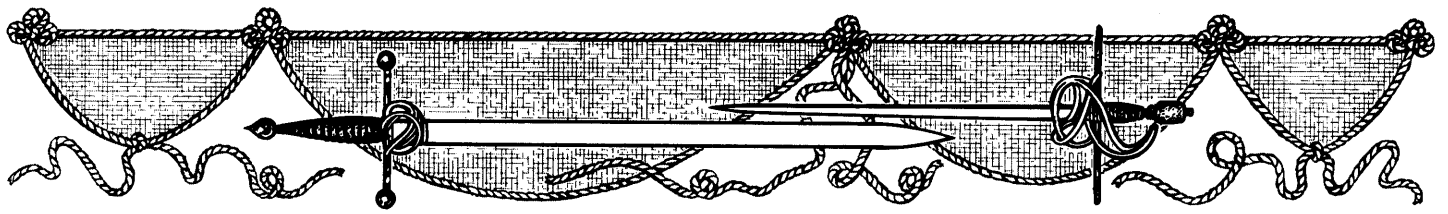
When the characters find the Rat God's temple, they see three guards standing outside the front door. They are armed with long swords that seem to twitch and move about on their own. On the roof, the characters can see small flashes of lightning and blue balls of light floating about. The characters can also hear the sounds of chanting. They can hear a very faint moan coming from the roof as well. The guards at the front door laugh and nudge each other when they hear it.

If the characters decide to attack the guards, their stats are listed below.

Guards (3): AC 8; F3; hp 25; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 +2; THAC0 18; AL CE. The guards are armed with *swords* +2.

Once inside the front door, the characters see a curving stairway on either side of the front door. Both stairways head up. The left stairway is guarded at the top by three more guards. The right stairway is guarded by only two.

Once the guards have been dealt with, the characters find themselves on the roof. There, they see a lovely young woman lying on an altar. She is wrapped in an elaborate robe. Her



hands are tied, and as she struggles with the bonds, she moans in pain. There are extensive rope burns on her wrists. A priest stands over her with a jar of ointment, which he spreads over her neck and face with something resembling a paintbrush. Seven other priests stand around the altar in a circle, chanting as the man paints the woman.

The guards, when they see the characters, run their way to attack. The main priest, the one with the paintbrush, stops them with the slightest gesture of his hand. The chanting stops as well, and he turns to the party. "Hello. I have been expecting you. Please sit down, and let me tell you a story."

"A long while ago, there was a rat plague that infested the town, and almost destroyed it. A good percentage of the citizens here died needlessly from rat and wererat attacks. Most of the survivors later died from rabies and other diseases brought on by the rat bites. The city suffered the loss of many prominent and prosperous people." The priest eyes the characters closely.

"Since then, we have been trying to keep the rat infestation down. We kill rats to make clothing and accessories, like bags and sacks. This helps to curb the rat infestations, but this isn't enough. We then must appease the Rat God. He is truly the one who controls the rats. We must show him that we still show obeisance toward him, otherwise we can expect a trauma like the last rat infestation. I don't want that, and you don't want that. Bawdres does not see it that way. He accuses us of needless murder. We do not see it as such. We see it as a necessity for continued life in Lankhmar. What do you think?"

If the characters do not agree with his spurious logic, the man stands up, and says "Very well, guards. Do away with the nonbelievers."

Guards (5): AC 9; hp 19; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; AL CE

Once the characters have ended the lives of the guards, the priest raises a curved dagger over the woman's body. A look of terror fills her lovely eyes. Her gagged mouth only emits moans and muffled words. "You are truly a menace to be dealt with. I had not known that you were so powerful. Oh well, no one can win all of the time, and you now have lost. If you take one step towards me, I shall kill the woman you have come to save." He menaces the woman with the tip of the dagger if the characters make any advances toward him. "I do believe it is time for you to go."

If the characters leave, they hear him laugh, as he throws the dagger to the ground. If they immediately run back, they catch the priests off guard.

Head Priest (1): AC 5; hp 24; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 + 1; AL CE

Priests (7): AC 10; hp 10; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; AL CE

These priests fight until they are down to five hit points. At that time they throw their weapons down and beg for mercy from the characters. If they kill the surrendering priests, all of the priests then fight until they are dead. The head priest does not give up. When he is down to one hit point, he again threatens the woman by placing his sharp dagger right over her larynx.

"That's right, foolish heroes, come closer, and watch your beautiful friend die right before your eyes. Come on, come on!" The priest encourages them to try and stop him.

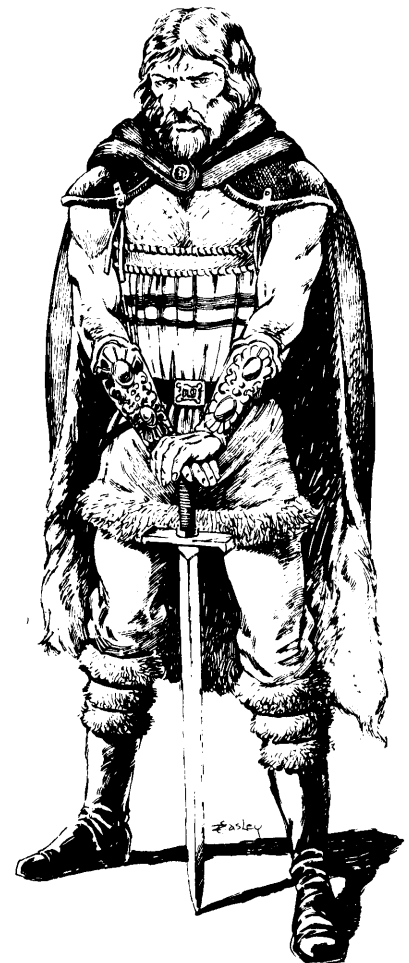
If one of the characters has a crossbow or a bow, he may be able to load an arrow and shoot it, if he can hide behind one of the other characters. If the priest is shot with an arrow, he is thrown back, and he lets go of the dagger. He can then be finished off, or captured for trial.

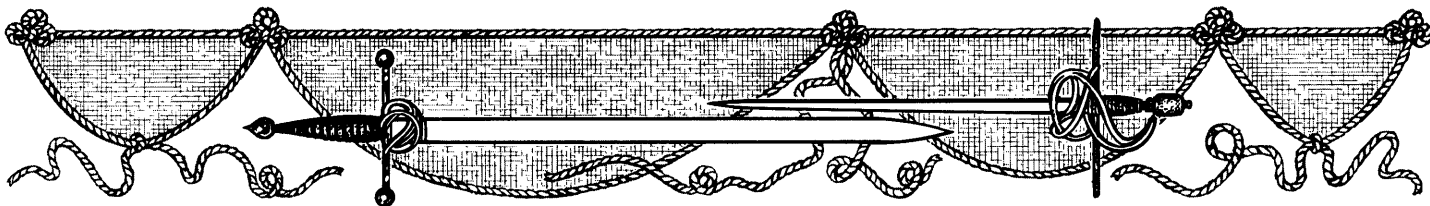
If the characters decide to jump him, his movement rate is now a 7, since he is very wounded, and is

slowly dying. The characters and the priest must roll a Dexterity check each. The one with the best roll gets first attack. If the priest wins, he slices the girl's throat.

If the characters just sit and wait, one hour later, the priest begins to stumble, and eventually falls down, his body unable to stand on its own due to the loss of blood.

Once the woman is freed, she runs to the (male) character most responsible for her safety. If the campaign allows for it, the DM approves, and the player agrees, the character may begin a romance.





The Pink Pools

Total Party Levels: 21 (Average 7)

The characters, while walking through an alley, see three pools of some pink substance. Under close inspection, they find that these pools consist of a very thick liquid, with the viscous consistency of very old honey. While they are there, they see the pools quickly disappear before their eyes.

Suddenly, they hear several screeching noises behind them. They see 1d4 + 3 male and female humanoid who appear to be crosses between humans and very large rats. These creatures have the ability to either stand on two legs and fight with swords, or stand on four legs, and attack with a bite. They are wererats. They immediately attack. Each wererat has the ability to summon and control 2d6 giant rats as well.

Wererats (1d4 + 3): AC 6; MV 12; HD 3 + 1; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8; SD + 1 or silver weapon only; AL LE

Rat, Giant: AC 7; MV 12; hp 1d4; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d3; SA disease; AL N(E).

These wererats are very worried that their identities may be disclosed, so they attempt to kill the characters as quickly as possible. They may also bite for 1d6 points of damage, but they cannot bite and swing a sword at the same time. If the characters are injured by the wererats, there is a 1% chance per point of damage of lycanthropic infection.

If the Dungeon Master decides that these wererats summon a swarm of giant rats, these rats, unlike their normal counterparts, are not frightened of fire; thus, fire is not an effective deterrent. Their bite carries a 5% chance per bite of infecting the character with a seriously debilitating disease, unless a successful saving throw vs. poison is made. These creatures are excellent swimmers, and can attack in water as well as on land.

If one or more of the characters are infected with a disease, the effects are not be seen for 1d8 days. They must then be cured of it, or suffer permanent damage or death. The Dungeon Master should choose the fate of the characters. Also the DM should make either curative spells available, or give the characters a saving throw vs. death before just killing them off. Normally the effects of a disease like rabies disappear after four to six weeks, if the character doesn't die from it.

If the characters have been injured by the wererats, and one or more of them is found to be infected with lycanthropy, they can request a cure. The only one who can do it, as far as the majority of the Lankhmart are concerned, is Sheelba of the Eyeless Face.

Sheelba of the Eyeless Face lives in a hut that normally cannot be seen by anyone, except at her will. Sheelba, in this case, has chosen for the characters to find her hut.

Sheelba always wears a black robe with a hood. The robe completely covers her body, hands and feet. Even in the brightest light, there is only impenetrable blackness under her hood, hence her nickname. Sheelba is usually thought of as female because of her voice and mannerisms. Nobody has ever proven otherwise.

"What can I do for you insignificants today?" Sheelba is sharp-tongued and prone to thinking all men are idiots. Should there be female characters in the group, Sheelba makes disparaging comments to them about traveling with lesser intelligences.

When the characters mention that they were attacked by wererats, and one or more of them may suffer the effects of lycanthropy, she laughs.

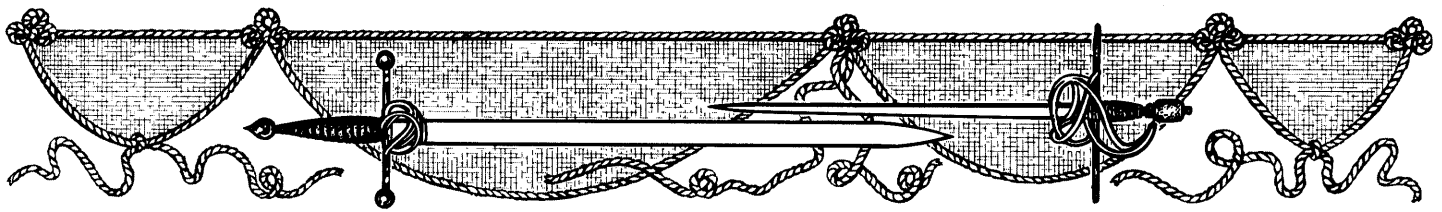
"To acquire a cure for you, there must be an adjudgement for me as well. There are two items that I require. They can be found on this continent, so no great expense on your part

need be made. The items I require are the *gems of animation*. I wish to study the magical inlets that are inscribed into the separate facets. For that I shall cure you. If that does not appeal to you, I can surely speed the illness." She allows the characters to discuss everything between them for a few minutes.

If the characters decide to get the *gems of animation* for Sheelba, she places a *geas* upon all the characters to ensure that they all perform this quest together, to ensure its completion. All of the characters get a saving throw vs. spell at a -8 to avoid the *geas*. The reason for the large penalty is the way Sheelba's magic works, and her apparent high capacity toward magics. If a character makes his saving throw, he still feels driven to assist his friends in the quest.

Sheelba tells the characters that the *gems of animation* are currently in Earth's End. There is a cavern there, where the gems can be found in the possession of a hermit. She gives no other information.

To be sure the quest is completed, Sheelba cures all of the characters of possible diseases, as well as the possibilities of lycanthropy. She then sends them on their way. Should they look back after leaving the hut—even so far as one step away—they see nothing. The hut has disappeared.



The Geas

—Part Two of The Pink Pools

Total Party Levels: 21 (Average 7)

The characters must be under way within three days, otherwise the side effects of an unperformed *geas* begin to take place. They see nary a soul on the way there, except in populated Lankhmar. For the most part, the Lankhmar people do not seem to notice them. The thieves even leave them alone. The *geas* that Sheelba placed on them temporarily 'charms' the normal humans, so that they do not interfere with the characters.

Once they are on their way to Earth's End, they must pass through the many roads leading through the Lankhmar Grain Fields to the west and south of town. Once they leave these plush rolling hills, they are attacked by a pack of hungry hyenas.

Hyenas (2d6): AC 7; MV 12; HD 3; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4; AL N

Hyenas for the most part are cowards. They usually do not attack creatures unless they outnumber them, or if they are extremely hungry. These hyenas do not fight to the death. They usually gang up on one or two characters, until they are dead. They then pull the body away, and begin stripping the bones clean. If they take more than 50 percent of their 20 hit points, they run away.

Once the hyenas stop attacking, the characters can continue their journey. There are no other attacks upon them for the remainder of the day. When night falls, the DM should roll for night encounters, for a maximum of four.

A few more days of travel pass before the characters come to Earth's End. During that time, the remainder of the hyena pack comes back, hoping to finish off a character or two. These attacks only occur once a day.

Earth's End is a narrow promontory

of land that marks the end of Lankhmar's Great Dyke, erected to hold the tides and storms of the channel between the Inner and Outer Seas back from the grain fields of Lankhmar. A relatively desolate and uninhabited spot, Earth's End has seen few visitors, until now.

There are many sharp and rocky protrusions extending out to the seas. If the characters inspect these, they see a cold remnant of a fire pit about 50 feet below them. The rest of the promontory bears no life. There are several animal tracks, mingled hoof prints and paw prints. While the characters are looking around, they hear the deep throated growl of a leopard.

Leopard (1): AC 6; MV 15; HD 3 +2; hp 30; THAC0 17; #AT 3; Dmg 1d3/1d3/1d6; AL N

This leopard, if it hits with both forepaws, can also rake with its rear claws for 1d4 points each. The leopard is protecting its hunting grounds, as well as its lair and dam. If the characters inspect the southernmost tip of Earth's End, they find a female with the same statistics, as well as three cubs. The cubs cannot attack. Selling the cubs in Lankhmar brings up to 100 gold rilsks each, and earns the characters the wrath of animal protectionists. If the characters decide to kill the three leopard cubs, they each have an Armor Class of 9 and 2 hit points.

When the characters decide to inspect the cave, they must climb down about 50 feet of sharp, protruding rock. The characters should make at least one Dexterity check to see if they fall. Should the characters have rope or climbing gear, and use it, they need not roll for Dexterity checks. If they fall, the damage they take is relative to the distance they fall. (Use the standard falling damage as listed in the Combat section of the *Dungeon Master's Guide*.)

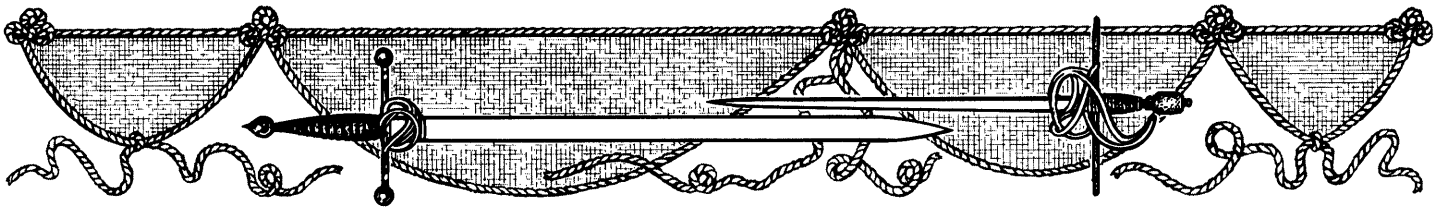
When the characters get to the bottom the rock formation, they see the cave opening clearly. They see re-

cently washed clothing lying on one of the jutting rocks, a cold firepit with remains of grilled fish and small animal bones, and a chewed sandal. The rocks are very warm from the sun. The cave opening is shadowed in darkness.

When the characters step into the cave, they must bend over, for the cave is only 4 feet high. Once through the door, they can again stand upright. When their eyes adjust to the dim lighting, which takes up to a minute, they see the cleaned bones of a 6-foot-long fish resembling a pike. Several of the bones have been removed, and are attached to sticks to form spears. These spears are against the left wall. There are 10 of them. The cave, which is actually a tunnel, heads away from the sea, and turns right. When the characters head that way, they suddenly are hit by *magic missiles* from a 10th level wizard. Other spells at this mage's disposal are: *protection from evil*, *wizard mark*, *burning hands*, *wizard lock*, *Melf's acid arrow*, *ray of enfeeblement*, *stinking cloud*, *water breathing*, *fireball*, *lightning bolt*, *massmorph*, *magic mirror*, *animal growth*, and *telekinesis*.

This man continues to barrage the characters with lethal spell casting for as long as they stay in the cave. If they should attempt to talk with the man, he stops sending spell after spell, but readies one, and waits. If the characters attempt something clever, he lets the spell loose. When the characters tell the man that Sheelba sent them to retrieve the *gems of animation*, there is silence for several minutes. Soon, a very skinny man, dressed in torn clothing and boasting a beard nearly 2 feet long, crawls from a small alcove.

The man crawls into the light of the sun, sits and pulls his arms around his skinny, fragile legs. The seven long thick hairs on each knee wave in the breeze as he stares out at the vast expanse of blue sea. "You know," he says, pulling at his beard with one hand, idly twisting it, then tugging a handful of loose hair from his chin and



tossing it to the ground. "I haven't heard from Sheelba in... fifteen years or so."

If the characters prod him for more information, he explains. "Fifteen years ago, I was a freelance wizard. I was good, and the guild knew it. Sheelba took a liking to me, and the guild hated that. Soon, the wizard's guild got so panicky that they sent the Slayers out to break my legs, and force me to leave or join. Sheelba found out about it, and gave me a gift. She gave me the *gems of animation*. I had a few statues in my house, and I armed them with those gems. When the Slayers came, the statues slaughtered them. Then, I was wanted for murder. I left Lankhmar, and have never been back. Everyone thinks I'm dead, until now."

If the characters say that they will not tell, the man thanks them, and smiles a black-toothed grin. He then sits and stares out at the ocean. He stays motionless until the characters again mention their quest. He quite rightly comes to the conclusion that the characters are not going to leave without the gems.

"They are in the little room to the right." The man looks down at his feet, and flings little pebbles into the water.

When the characters re-enter the cave, they must let their eyes adjust again. When they enter the little tunnel, they come to a small cavern. This room has a bed of furs, as well as a small lantern. The lantern is turned very low, but it still sheds light enough to see clearly by. The characters also see a goblet with a jewel-encrusted stem. These are the *gems of animation*, but allow the characters to figure that out. There is also a pouch of two gems. These gems are not magical.

When the characters have chosen which gems to take, they must exit the cave. When they get back outside, they see the man spearing a fish. He pulls a 13 inch fish from the water, and asks the characters if they wish to stay for lunch. If they do, he cooks the fish. If not, he bids them farewell, and cooks the fish for himself.

When the characters are on their way back, the DM should roll for normal encounters. Two days later, they see the beckoning walls of Lankhmar. When they finally get to where

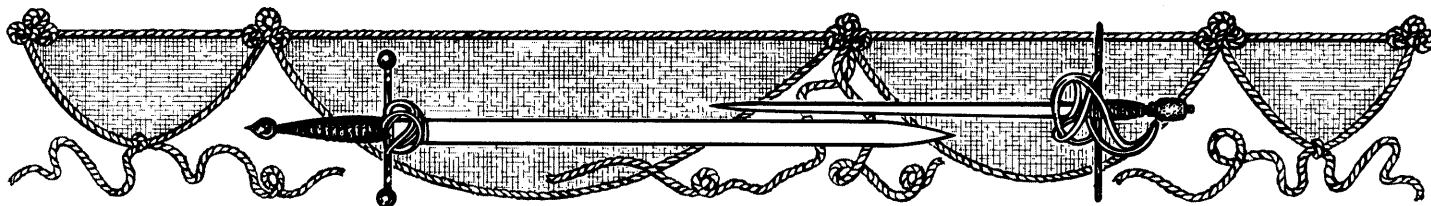
Sheelba has her hut, the hut is visible.

"So, have you retrieved the *gems of animation* for me?" When the characters hand her their load, she inspects them, and casts a *detect magic* spell as well as *identify*.

If the characters brought the goblet, Sheelba congratulates them on their ingenuity and wit. "Not many people would have seen that these are the gems I seek. Well done, humans. Now be off." She returns to her hut, and it vanishes.

If the characters brought the sack with the two gems inside to Sheelba, she throws them on the ground. "This sack and its contents are useless to me. There is nothing magical about them. You are just as I had thought. Is there not a single intelligent human in existence? Go now. Return to Earth's End, and retrieve the magical items I seek." She returns to her hut, and it vanishes.

If the characters retrieved the wrong object, they must return now and get the right one or suffer the effects of an unfulfilled *geas*.



Church of the Poisoned Mind

Total Party Levels: 30 (Average 10)

A plague has overtaken the city. This is not a plague of illness, caused by disease-carrying rodents; nor is it a plague of locusts or frogs. This is a plague of the mind and body, found in the form of liquids to be imbibed. With each drink, the victim becomes more and more reliant on the vile fluid, until he will do anything—even kill another—to obtain more. It must be stopped.

Note to the DM: It is necessary to stress the illegality of the potions that form the crux of this adventure, and also their effects on the population of Lankhmar. The alchemists who create these potions are amoral men, and should be portrayed as such. In Nehwon as in our own world, addiction is an illness that knows no boundaries—social, racial, or monetary.

The initial encounter takes place when the characters have chosen an inn in which to spend the night. When they are in the common room, or perhaps in their individual rooms, two local men approach them saying something like the following.

“We have heard you are great adventurers who take pride in aiding those in need. There are many in need here in Lankhmar. May we speak with you about a most serious situation in our city? We are prepared to pay you now, if you require it.”

When all the characters and the two men have sat down to parley, the men present the PCs with a stack of parchments tied with black ribbon.

“These are notarized death certificates of nearly a hundred of our city’s most wealthy citizens, and some of their children. It’s difficult to say how many of our poor have

died as well, since records are not kept on them. As you can see from the documents, all these deaths have one thing in common: the presence of an empty vial, or several, containing residue from a certain potion.

“This potion is illegal. We represent the Potion Control Office, a little-known civic organization here in Lankhmar. Our alchemists have determined that this is a variant of a *potion of delusion*, being called a *potion of enlightenment* on the street, that has addictive and toxic qualities. Our network has also determined that these potions are being prepared in the workplace of Sabryen, by three alchemists of ill repute and poor training. Sabryen works on occasion for the Slayer’s Brotherhood. This potion may or may not be linked with that guild.

“There are also rumors on the street that there is a church hidden in the depths of the poor section of town, catering to the downtrodden masses there, dispensing this poison as a release from their burdens. This has not been substantiated, but the stories have gained enough of a foothold among the drifters that the church is being called the Church of the Poisoned Mind.”

At this point, the characters know everything there is to know about these potions and their origins. It is up to them to investigate the veracity of these men’s claims, verify the rumors (or prove them false), and apprehend the criminals. If they are hesitant, the two men from the PCO tell them this:

“If you are wondering how to obtain samples of the potions yourself, perhaps we can be of a little assistance. Here are enough rils for each of you to buy two vials—at least, at the last price we heard quoted on the street.”

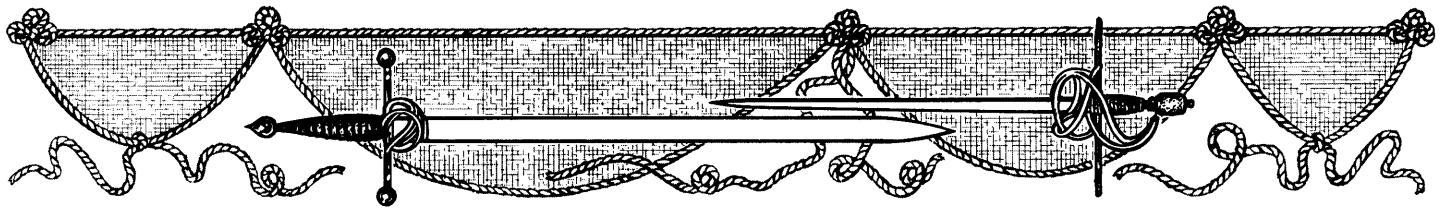
Should the characters ask about the best time to find Sabryen, the men report that he’s most likely to be located in the late evening, in the Marsh District.

While wandering the Marsh District late in the evening, the characters notice more than the usual number of shadowy figures with bows and crossbows, lurking in alleys and hiding on top of buildings. Describe to the players the eerie shadows cast by the lamplight in the streets, with the flickering images of bows here and there. As they turn a corner (perhaps from Carter Street onto Hazy Street), one of these figures steps out in front of them and clumsily notches an arrow. A PC with bow proficiency can tell that this person has little or no experience as an archer.

Archer: AC 10; hp 4; THAC0 20; MV 10; AL CN

If the characters land any hits on this person, and cause more than one hit point of damage, he cries out and falls to the ground. When the PCs approach him, they see he is only about 15. He is frightened quite badly. He is clutching a pouch close to his side; if anyone snatches it and looks in, he finds three vials. Two are empty, one still full, and they all smell of the illegal potion. The youth is very concerned about the possible loss of his last full vial. He is willing to talk to the PCs, but his speech is slurred and his thoughts are convoluted. They can gather little more than that he feels very nauseated, and that his father is a fur merchant. If no one helps him (with a healing spell or potion, for instance), the boy dies in three rounds of severe stomach poisoning.

While the party is busy with the boy, either aiding him or dealing with his corpse, another guard sidles up to them. This one is a young girl, and she offers to help them find what they are looking for.



"I'm a friend of his. We were hired by that Sabryen, to keep out the city guard. There are plenty of seekers of enlightenment around here, all looking for the church. Some find it, some don't. The city guards don't want anyone to be enlightened, you know.

"Since you helped him, you must be seekers, too. I can show you where you need to go, if you like. I must get there before midnight myself."

The young girl leads them on a winding path through the streets and alleys, a path that only an urchin wise to the ways of Lankhmar could know. The final destination is Pulg's Tavern. The young girl leaves the party at the door, where they are met by two burly guards.

Guards (2): AC 8; F1; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; AL CN

As the party approaches the door, the guards move to block it. Should anyone in the party mention enlightenment (or something approaching it), the guards let them pass. Otherwise, they have to fight their way in.

Once inside, the bartender smiles and waves the characters over to the bar. When they approach, he asks them what they'd like. Again, if they say "enlightenment" or something like it, he personally shows them a back door and tells them to go through it. Otherwise, he'll serve them what they request and nothing more.

Once through the door, the characters are last in a long line of men and women of all ages and social status. If a character turns to look behind him, he sees on the door a crudely lettered sign proclaimed this to be the Church of the Poisoned Mind. Everyone in line is clutching something, whether it be a purse, sack, or pocket. No coins can be heard jingling. Suspicious looks and nervous behavior are everywhere.

The line moves very, very slowly. From time to time sounds of struggle can be heard, and the thud of fist on flesh followed by the slamming of a door cause ripples of deeper concern throughout the waiting crowd. After half an hour or so, the characters are next in line. Before them is another door, guarded by two more muscle-bound toughs. These "doormen" ask to see the characters' money, one at a time. If someone should refuse to flash his gold, the guards (Strength 18/26 each) pick him up and deposit him in the outer alleyway. (The DM should allow the chance for a wrestling attack if a character has a comparable Strength score.)

Characters who show their gold are admitted to the inner sanctum only after relinquishing all their weapons to the guards, with the understanding that they can be reclaimed later from the bartender. If they agree to this stipulation, they are admitted to the innermost room, where they come face to face with Sabryen himself.

Or so they think. If no one asks, this man allows himself to be thought of as the mastermind behind the operation. Actually he is merely an agent, entrusted with collection of funds and dispensation of the potions. The characters can purchase enlightenment from him, for 175 rilks per vial (a price easily covered by the gold given them by the men from the PCO). If the party attempts to take this man prisoner, he earnestly pleads with them and offers to show them to the real Sabryen—for a price, of course. The party can either pay up (it's a pricey deal, 1,000 rilks) or strongarm this man. He's no match for them. When this has been resolved, either with a bribe or some muscle, the man calls out to the alleyway. The door creaks open, and in steps the young woman the party met earlier.

"Take these folks to Beggar's Alley. They have business with the boss. And be quick about it!" the man snaps. He moves to strike the girl, but she flinches from his reach with prac-

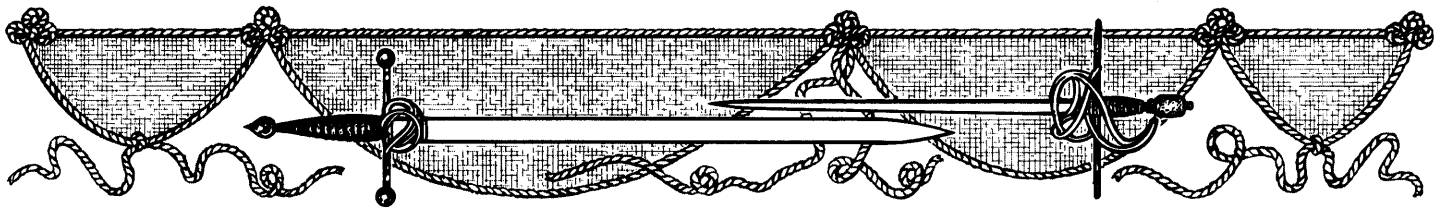
ticed ease. Then she slips through the door into the darkness, glancing behind to be certain the party is following her.

Of course, the toady sends a messenger right behind the group, to warn Sabryen of the coming trouble. This messenger takes to the rooftops and arrives well before the party, despite the shortcuts taken by their guide.

Once at Beggar's Alley, the characters are taken to a four-story building and told to "head for the top." They meet no resistance until the third-floor landing, where there is one guard for each party member. (If the PCs didn't remember to pick up their weapons from the bartender after their encounter in the Church, prepare for some weighty hand-to-hand combat here.) Use the guard statistics presented earlier in this adventure.

Assuming the party defeats these guards and makes their way up to the fourth floor, they find one lone alchemist scrambling to climb out the window. The others have left for safer territory, and Sabryen is nowhere to be found. The remaining alchemist will tell the PCs anything they want to know; he's a coward, who knows nothing save his "art" (and that, not too well), and who cares for nothing but saving his skin. If the PCs ask for the recipe for the potions, he tells them truthfully that the others took them when they left, for just this reason. He can be given over to the city guard, who will be thankful for any leads on the whereabouts of Sabryen or his henchmen.

The last thing the party hears from this man is: "Don't think Sabryen doesn't know who you are, or that he'll not find you. He does not take this kind of meddling lightly, and will stop at nothing to remove you now that you have set yourselves up as obstacles. He will only find another place to create the potions, and you will have failed in your task."



Inrik Valinor

Total Party Levels: 50 (Average 10)

This adventure is designed to be the sequel to CA2, *Sword of Deceit*, *The Curse of Valinor*. The dungeon master should have the players play the same characters that they played in the *Curse of Valinor*. This then explains why Inrik Valinor feels he needs to take revenge on the characters. If the opening adventure has not been used before, perhaps this adventure could be just a case of mistaken identity. The DM has the final word.

As the characters walk down the street, they notice that they are being followed by an unobtrusive mongrel. If the characters try pet it, it runs away every time. No *charm* spell affects it. One of the characters notices that the dog has been following them for almost a week.

As the characters move into a more crowded section of the street, one of the characters, chosen randomly by the DM, feels a pain on his hand, as a group of people brush by. If the PCs decide to bypass the crowded area, it happens elsewhere. The pain in the character's hand was actually a pin being dragged across the skin. The pin was coated with a slow-acting poison. Give the character a saving throw vs. poison at a -2 penalty. The poison produces the symptoms of a deadly three-day malaria bout. A *neutralize poison* spell at any time before the character's death will dispel the effects of the poison.

The next day, the character is feeling the effects of the poison. Later that evening when dusk has fallen, a group of three men approaches the characters, taking up the whole road, shoulder to shoulder. If the characters look behind these men, they see another figure looming in the shadows.

"I bet you thought I would never come back for you," says the middle of the three men. "Well, you were *wrong*. In fact, I have only just begun. For years I have waited to receive by inheritance, for years I have waited for

my revenge upon my sniffing brother. Well I got that revenge. Now because of *you*, I still remain fugitive, and still disinherited. What has happened to my father's estate, you might ask? It went to pay for the Rainbow Palace's new wing. I am Inrik Valinor, and I have achieved by final revenge. Get them, men." Inrik waves a twisted dagger above his head, as the two men beside him rush the characters.

Inrik Valinor: AC 2; MV 12; hp 33; AL CE; #AT 1; Dmg 2-5 or spell; Spells: *affect normal fires, burning hands, magic missile, unseen servant, pyrotechnics, invisibility, knock, levitate, fireball, flame arrow, hold person, fire charm, wall of fire, magic jar, conjure fire elemental*.

Thugs (2): AC 5; MV 9; hp 70; AL CE; #AT 1; Dmg 2-9, scimitar

Thug behind characters: AC 3; MV 12; hp 45; AL CE; #AT 2; Dmg 1d4, dagger, 1d6, dirk.

Hell Hound: AC 4; HD 7; hp 56; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10; AL LE; THAC0 16

The two men attack the characters. They are very loyal to Inrik, so as long as he lives, they continue to fight. The thug at the rear of the characters makes a backstab attack. The unobtrusive mongrel changes itself into its natural form, a hell hound, and attacks the poisoned character.

Inrik is so infuriated with being outsmarted by the characters that he suddenly doesn't care if the militia finds him or not. All he sees is the realization of his revenge. He stands back and casts spells at the characters instead of engaging in melee.

If the Dungeon Master feels that the fight is too overwhelming for the characters, he should feel free to have some of the bystanders join in to help them fight Inrik's assassination team.

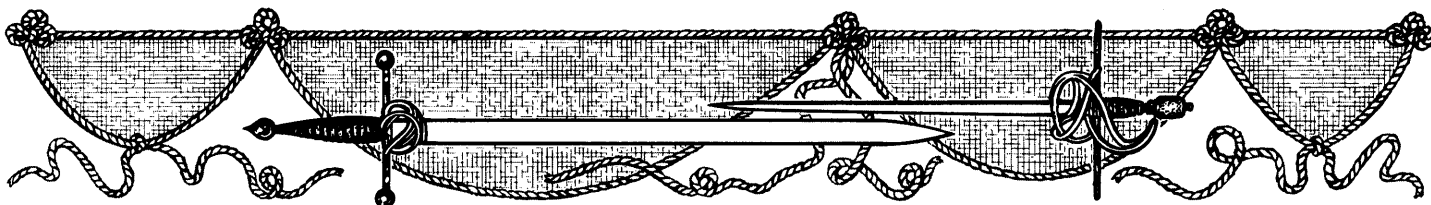
When the three thugs are on the ground, and Inrik is left standing alone, the characters can either turn

him in alive, or they can finish him off.

If they decide to finish him off, a militia team arrives shortly, and tells the characters that they should have kept him alive. "He is worth more alive than dead." If they decided to keep him alive, the militia arrive, and congratulate them on a job well done. "The Overlord has been looking for this scoundrel for a long time. I should warn you that you shall be paid handsomely for this."

The militia leader encourages the characters to follow him to the southern barracks, where he pays them for their services to the city of Lankhmar. If Inrik Valinor is alive, the characters are rewarded with 2,300 gold rilks to split among themselves. If Inrik has been slain, the PCs receive 1,500 gold rilks to split among themselves.

Either way, the leader says, "You men are definitely good warriors. Congratulations." He smiles and turns to his paperwork. The DM should raise the characters' Social Level by one point.



Black Wizard's Quill

Total Party Levels: 10 (Average 5)

While in a tavern, the characters hear three men speak of a book of powerful elemental magics. One of the men, evidently, had gone with seven others to retrieve this book for a price, but only he survived. The magics from the book were far too powerful to withstand. The other two men sat in awe of the story. One of these men asked if the book belonged to Hvesti the Elementalist. The man confirmed with a nod, and a draught of ale.

If the characters wish to try to divest this Hvesti of his powerful book, the man relating the story tells the characters what he knows.

"Hvesti lives in the Festival District in the building just west of the Animal Handler's Guild House. You can't miss the place; just follow your nose. His building is two stories, and his library, if you can call it that, is on the second floor. The whole floor. The book has a silver and brass yin-yang symbol embossed on the cover. Good luck getting it. The man is truly clever."

When the characters get to the house, the smell from the guildhouse next door is unmistakable. The putrid odors assails the nose and eyes viciously. When they approach Hvesti's house, the door is closed and locked. With a standard lock picking success, or a shoulder from a 16 strength or better, the door opens with ease. Inside, there are no visible stairs leading up. There are, however, many tables, but only two chairs. One chair sits next to a round table, and the other chair sits alone in the middle of the room. There are tapestries lining all of the walls.

The way up stairs is to sit in the chair in the middle of the room, and lean backwards. The illusion that keeps the table and stairs invisible will be dispelled, and the characters can then go upstairs.

When they reach the stop of the stairs, the door here is locked as well. The wizard is currently away from home. Again, a successful lock pick,

or a shoulder from a 14 of better strength, opens the door. Once inside, the characters see a combination library/laboratory. The man evidently dabbles a bit in the alchemical arts as well. The book is lying under a few papers on the table in the middle of the room. There is a huge bookcase with literally a thousand books placed neatly on the shelves. If the characters decide to look through the bookshelf, it takes ten hours to search the shelves for the symbol they seek. Every minute that the characters are in the room, roll a d10. If the result is a 10, Hvesti has entered his house and is heading up the stairs. He is not surprised, since the illusion over the stairs has been dispelled.

If the characters find the book before the mage walks in to the room, the mage does not attack anyone near the book, but he does not let them simply walk out with it either. He uses low level spells to incapacitate the characters, like *sleep* or *charm person*. If all of the characters are affected by these spells, he takes the book from them, and deposits their bodies outside in the street. They are stripped of all of their weapons and armor as well. He is ready with a barrage of powerful spells should they return.

Mage Hvesti: AC 6; BW10; hp 40; THACO 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 + 1; AL N

If the characters attack him, he uses *burning hands* to injure the characters, as well as dagger jabs.

Hvesti is particularly susceptible to *charm* spells. He receives a -4 on all of his saves versus magic items and spells that have charm/enchantment capacities to them.

If all else fails, the mage *gates* an efreeti into the room to aid him in retrieving the book, with special orders to not damage the book at all. The book is his only copy of many important spells to him.

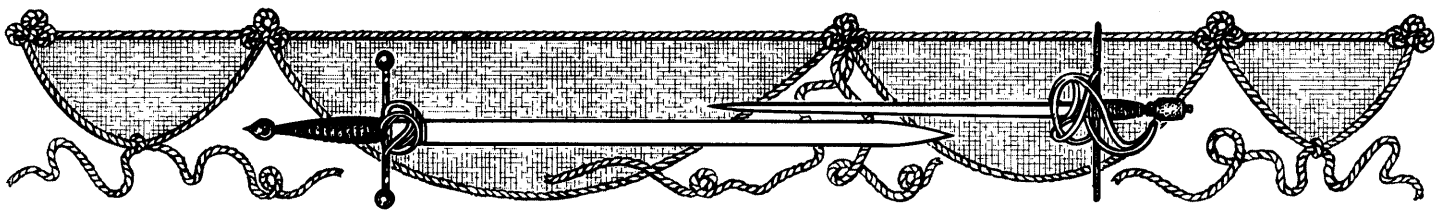
Efreeti: AC 2; MV 9/24; HD 10; THACO 11; #AT 1; Dmg 3d8; AL N(LE)

The efreeti can do the following once per day: *grant three wishes, become invisible, assume gaseous form, detect magic, enlarge, polymorph self, create illusion, or create wall of fire*. The efreeti can also produce flame and *pyrotechnics* as often as desired. Normal fire attacks have no effect on the efreeti, and even magical fire suffers a -1 penalty on all attack and damage rolls.

If the characters are able to defeat the efreeti, the mage sinks to his knees and begs for mercy. "Anyone able to defeat the great efreeti is too formidable an opponent for me. Take what you will, but I beg you; spare my life." The mage pretends to surrender everything at this time, but he plans to come back later and take back everything plus double. The dungeon master can use this as a spring board for another adventure.

If the characters are losing, they can surrender. The efreeti demands all magical items, otherwise he slays the characters. They can comply, or they can continue to fight. If they relinquish all their magic, the efreeti and the mage allow them to leave.





Are You Yeti to Go?

Total Party Levels: 12 (Average 3)

A very beautiful woman dressed in a loosely fitting gown sees the characters seated at a table, and approaches them. "Hello. My name is Talna. I am the governor of Mlurg Nar in the Land of the Eight Cities. I am here to request your help." She sits down at the table. A group of men walks in; they either sit stiffly, or stand. Each is armed with two swords, and a large number of throwing daggers.

"I am willing to pay a fee for your services, because the trading capacity of my city has dropped considerably in the last few weeks. Mlurg Nar is being attacked by a group of three Yeti, and I would like you to end the violence in any way you see fit." She gazes steadily at the characters with her almond brown eyes.

If the characters demand to know how much the job pays, she asks them to make an offer. If they demand more than 4000 gold rilks, she says that 4000 rilks is all she can afford. If they say a price less than 4000 gold rilks, she pretends the price is very high, but she accepts.

"Please meet me here tomorrow before noon, and we shall leave for the Eight Cities." She stands up and leaves. Soon the group of heavily armed men leaves the bar as well. Some eye the characters suspiciously.

When the characters go to the agreed-on meeting place, the beautiful woman is waiting there. Twenty men, again, are scattered everywhere. She asks the characters if they slept well, and if they are ready to go. If they are, she and the guards lead the characters to the royal docks, where her schooner awaits.

The twenty-four hour trip across the Inner Sea and up the River Man-

grishik proves to be extremely boring and uneventful. If any of the characters decide to attempt to seduce the governor of Mlurg Nar, she is kind to them, but does not waver in the slightest.

When they have begun travelling up the river, they notice ice is beginning to form on much of it. The air is brisk and very cold. When the characters exhale, an impenetrable cloud of fog billows from their lips, and they can almost hear it crackle and fall to the ground like tiny bells.

Once within the city limits, she and her guards show the characters all the damage caused by the yeti attacks. As she shows them the broken houses, she wraps her scarf and cloak around her tightly to ward off the extreme cold. The temperature sits at a brisk -15 degrees Fahrenheit. The noonday sun is beginning to dip in the sky. "These creatures are most vicious. They always seem to attack whenever the game has gone farther north to avoid the heavy arctic influence. Good luck." She turns and begins walking back. If the characters watch her, they will be surprised with this encounter.

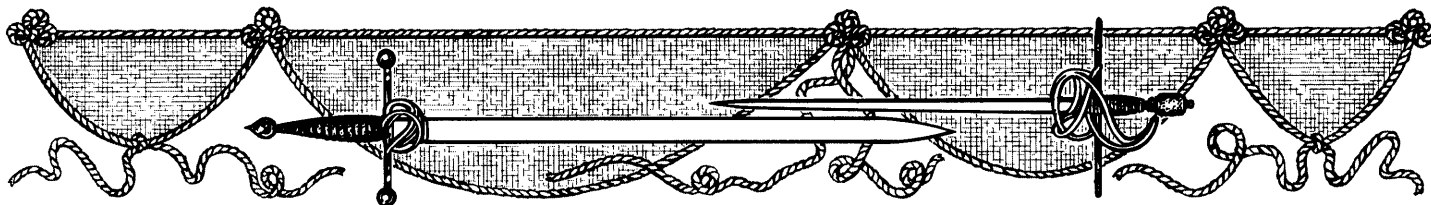
Yeti (3): AC 6; MV 15; HD 4 + 4; THAC0 15; #AT 2; Dmg 1d6/1d6; AL N

If any of the characters were surprised by the yeti attack, they must roll a saving throw versus paralyzation, or go rigid with fright for three rounds. These yeti attack different opponents to curb the risk of raking one of their own kind. They are immune to normal cold, but heat attacks deliver an extra 50% damage. The yeti are also able to bite for 1d4, but they rarely use this attack form. The yeti have a morale of 13, and attack until at such time as they lose morale. Then the yeti that

lost their morale run away and never return. If the characters manage to kill one or more of these creatures, a merchant runs up and says that he wishes to buy the pelts from them for a price of 100 gold rilks each. If they agree, the merchant begins slicing the pelts off after handing over the money. He refuses to go any higher than 100 rilks.

The woman thanks the characters, and offers them a meal to celebrate their victory. She is a very gracious host, and insists that even the servants sit and eat with the characters while she and her guards serve them all. When they all have finished eating, she presents the characters with the money they demanded, and says that they are welcome in Mlurg Nar to visit or to live at any time.

As the characters are preparing to leave the city of Mlurg Nar, many young and beautiful ladies (and handsome men, for the women in the party) rush to where they are, and try to convince them to stay and marry them. Each one wants one of the characters, but they are not willing to share them in the least, to shed light on any confusion that might occur. If the characters decide to stay, they may. The town has an exciting air to it, but not nearly as much as Lankhmar. There are not as many thieves here as in Lankhmar, which might be in Mlurg Nar's favor. The governor even offers the characters jobs as guards in the town barracks. In this town, every guard can have his own house if he so chooses. She is willing to pay the characters 25 gold rilks per week for their work. For an adventurer, that may be nothing, but in the world of nonadventure, that is an extensive amount of pay. The characters are free to choose what to do. Who knows, this may even be a good place for one or more of the characters to retire if they choose.



Operation: Terminate

Total Party Levels: 40 (Average 10)

The characters, after performing many deeds of valor and heroism, have come into the sight of many of the more shady guilds. Many of the deeds the characters have performed have been at the bane of these guilds. Many of these groups have come together to discuss the fate of the characters. The main groups are the Slayers' Brotherhood and the Lankmar thieves' guild. The guilds have decided that the characters must die, because they have done much to undermine the guilds' effectiveness. They have deemed their cause Operation Terminate.

A man walks up to the characters. He waves to them from a block away, and then approaches. He carries with him no visible weapons, and no visible pouches of money. He dresses in a loosely fitting shirt, and tight pants of darkened leather. "Hello, my friends. How has your day been so far?" He waits for an answer. "I have some news for you that you might find useful. Whether you pay me for it or not, it doesn't matter, because I hear you are stingy anyway." He wipes his running nose on the sleeve of his shirt a few times. "The Slayers and the thieves' guild are after you all. They have tired of your incessant heroic deeds that undermine their effectiveness in Lankmar. In fact, you have done nothing to curb their increasing hatred toward you. They have deemed you a threat that must be dealt with." He eyes the characters closely for their reaction. "They have a death warrant out on you." The man turns to leave. As he walks away, he throws one more comment over his shoulder: "Have a nice day!"

If the characters say "What did you say your name was?", the man quips, "I didn't." The man will not give his name without coercion of the magical sort (*charm* spells or the like), if he fails his saving throws.

The streets seem unusually silent and empty for this time of the day. A thick cloud of dread fills the air. Nothing happens during the day. The PCs again see the man who warned them. He is leaving an armory, inspecting seven new daggers that he has just bought. If the characters decide to apprehend the man, he is surprised, and a look of terror flicks across his features.

He tells the characters nothing more, unless threatened. In the chance that he is threatened, he explains that the would-be killers are waiting for the characters in the marsh district. There, they plan to kill the characters. If one or more of the characters mentions that they will simply stay away from there now that they've been told, the man laughs. "Well, the guildmaster was right about you so-called heroes. Deep inside all of you, a coward lurks, only attacking what you know you can defeat, and calling those deeds heroic. Your deeds prove nothing, and I spit on your honor." The man swishes his tongue in his mouth, and spits on the armor of one of the warriors in the group. If that warrior gets angry, the man says "Ah, see? You again prove your unworthiness toward your cause." He tries to wrestle out of the character's arms, and he leave, confirming his contempt for the characters with a hand signal.

If the characters go to the marsh district, they see no one at all. The area has been cleared of all inhabitants. Only the businesses that survive there are open, but even those have no patrons: only their proprietors. None of these persons knows anything about the assassination to be taking place. They should feel free to find an inn (anywhere) for the night.

In the morning, when the characters rise from their restless sleep at the inn, the innkeeper gives them a sealed letter, saying it came late last night.

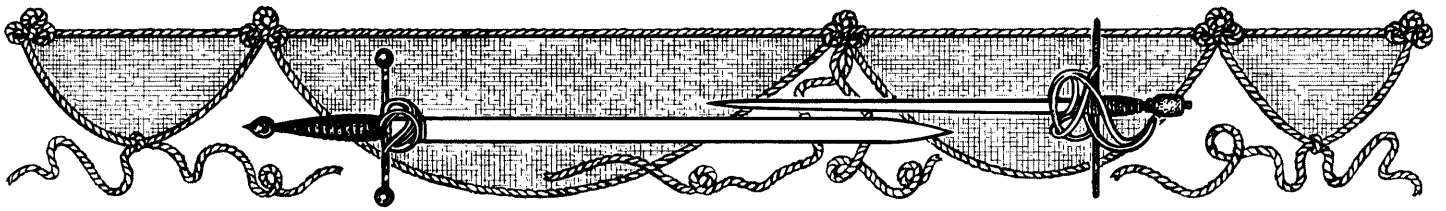
Dearest Heroic Cowards... It was to our enjoyment that you did not show up for your demise last night. It only goes to prove that you are nothing but suckling babes in our world. No one with the pretense you hold deserves to live a full and enriched life. You cannot hide, you cannot go under the protection of true heroism. Your lives are over. Even if you survive, you can never be trusted by anyone in this town again. You can count on it, cowards. So live your lives; hide behind the skirts of women. You are doomed. SB,TG

If the characters have any girlfriends, or NPCs whom the characters spend a great deal of time with, there is a 30% chance to find them all slain in their bedrooms. The men who the characters are dealing with are ruthless, and have no pride or conscience. They do anything possible to thwart the actions of the characters.

As the characters roam the streets, the assassins and thieves from the two guilds rig the characters' hotel rooms with several traps. Should the characters move, the guild members do the same thing at their new inn room.

First, the room's door is trapped. A *fireball* doing 8d6 explodes onto the character opening the door. The character can roll a saving throw versus spell for half damage. The door is sufficiently toasted and smoldering. The handle, if inspected, shows signs of having been picked.

Half of the beds inside the room are trapped (round fractions up). The assassins have placed twenty poisoned needles inside the straw mattresses. These needles do 1d2 points of damage each. All of the needles are covered in poisons as well. These needles are deep enough into the mattress, as to be invisible upon inspection, and so that if one throws a sword onto the bed, its weight does not expose them. There are also five



vials of acid under the sheets. These vials break with five pounds of pressure or more. Each vial of acid does 2d4 points of damage. The damage from acid can ONLY be healed by time. Regeneration capabilities of any kind is ineffective against acids.

The floor before the closet has been weakened from the hotel room directly underneath theirs. When one of the characters walks on that part of the floor, which is a five foot by five foot area, he falls through the floor. If he is surprised by this, he is not allowed a Dexterity check. If he is expecting something as he walks across the floor, he should make a Dexterity check. If he succeeds, the character can grab part of the floor and catch himself. If the character did not specify that he would attempt to grab onto the floor behind him, it is assumed that he grabs the floor in front of him, which is futile. That part of the floor snaps off as well, sending him to the next floor, causing him 1d6 points of damage without armor, or 2d6 points of damage with armor.

There is a window in the hotel room. A thief with a battle axe stands on a ledge adjacent to the window. If one of the characters moves the curtain aside and peers out of the window, the thief swings the battle axe through the window into the character's face. The character's AC at that time is a 10, unless he is wearing a faceplate in which case the AC improves to an 8. The thief hits with a 8 or better. The battle axe causes 1d8 points of damage and a loss of 1d2 points of charisma. The thief has a 45% chance of losing his balance. If he does, a rope bolted into the outside wall catches his fall. It takes two rounds for the thief to right himself back onto the ledge, unhook the rope from the bolt, and begin running.

Thief: AC 7; MV 15; THAC0 18; hp 30; #AT 0; AL LE. The thief has either left the battle axe attached to the characters face, or has dropped it onto the street.

The thief slowly moves along the ledge, until he comes to a drain pipe. He slides down the pipe to the street, and runs away.

If the characters decide to follow the thief, they meet four assassins in the street where the thief was seen last.

Assassins (4): AC 7; T10; hp 30; MV 12; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 + poison; THAC0 16; AL NE

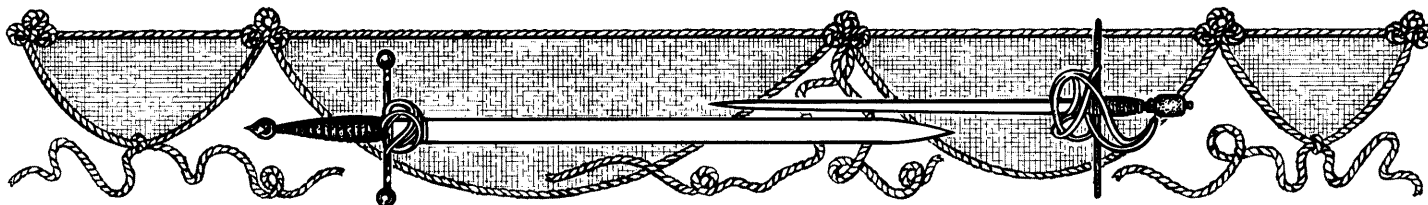
These assassins have a morale of 14, so there is a chance that they run away if the tides turn against them. These men carry short swords dipped in poison, fifty silver smerduks each, and have three daggers apiece hidden on their persons.

When the characters finally run off, they are alone in the street. If the characters decide to go back to the inn, be sure to remember all of the traps that have not been found yet. The door trap has a single charge on it, so that does not go off again.

In the morning, the characters receive another letter.

To the Heroes... You may feel that you have defeated us, and perhaps you have. The question that arises is, are we through? Will we stop these assaults on you? I shall let your imagination answer that question. Only you, at this point, can answer it. Paranoia is such an effective tool when you are in a business such as this, but watching you perform, I do not doubt that you could work side by side with the best in our guild. Don't mistake this as an invitation. It is not. I am merely pointing out that if the times were different and the circumstances changed, I could see myself walking through any door with you. But back to the point, because those options are no longer possible. We do not forget, and we do not forgive. We shall be back. We shall succeed, and you shall die as surely as I write this letter. In fact, is that person standing next to you an assassin? How about that lovely woman gazing at you? The innkeeper? As you see, everyone now is your enemy. Welcome to the club, and I'll see you on the other side....





Sabryen's Revenge

Total Party Levels: 30 (Average 10); the party should be the same ones who participated in **Church of the Poisoned Mind**

This is a sequel to **Church of the Poisoned Mind**. Provided the party who participated in that adventure was successful in capturing the alchemist who stayed behind, Sabryen is now out to get them for destroying his lucrative business. He has taken his time in planning an appropriate revenge, one which will cause the PCs the most trouble with the least effort on his part.

As you are walking down the street in the marketplace, a shabbily-dressed man bearing a sealed package falls into step beside you. He eyes you carefully, then says, "Excuse me, but you look like reputable types. How much would you charge to carry a package from here to the merchant Korvas' shop?"

Allow the characters to bargain with the man; if they refuse, he does his best to slip the package into a pouch or bag carried by one of the characters, where it can be found later. (This may have to be improvised by the DM; perhaps a wary shopkeeper notices an unusual bulge in the pouch, or a city guardsman stops the party for something else and discovers the package. In any case, the party should end up with it, through whatever means.)

Whatever price the characters demand, the man gladly pays. He hands them the package, which has been wrapped in paper and sealed with beeswax. It fits easily into a pocket or pouch, being only a little larger than a man's palm. "Thank you for your services. Please see that this is delivered as quickly as possible. Korvas' shop is at the corner of Gold Street and Craft Street. There's a large sign hanging outside his place of business; you can't miss it. Thank you again." The man scurries off, looking furtively around him as he goes.

The walk to Korvas' shop is uneventful. There are the usual number of beggars and guardsmen, and filthy children play in the streets with flea-bitten mongrels. The smells of roast meat and fowl mingle with

the aroma of stewing vegetables, and there is an underlying sweet-sickly scent of garbage. As the characters come to the shop with the sign proclaiming it as Korvas', a little boy with flaming red hair bounces out of a nearby alley toward them.

"Are you here to see my father?" The child turns a scrubbed face toward the party, a rarity in this town. He is fairly well-dressed, and also quite well-fed. It is apparent his father is not a poor man.

If the PCs say they have a parcel for Korvas, the child hurries into the shop to fetch his father. Moments later, a very well-dressed man emerges from the shop doorway, and reaches for the package. He shakes it gently, and upon hearing the soft, muffled clinking of glass on glass, smiles broadly. He gives the party a few gold rilks and disappears into his shop, nary a word having passed his lips.

Several hours after the delivery is made, city guards numbering one more than the total party approach the characters, and place them under arrest. If the PCs ask about the charges (one imagines they'd be curious, no?) the head guard informs them they are accused of selling a *potion of enlightenment* to Korvas the merchant, who died a short time after ingesting said potion, and who left behind a young son, now an orphan.

They are taken without delay to the magistrate, who reiterates the charges and asks if the PCs have anything to say in their defense. If the characters offer to take the guard to the shop where the potions are created, the magistrate very reluctantly agrees, but sends along two guards per character.

The party should recall the location of the workshop where the potions were made. Upon their arrival at the shop, they and the guard find the two alchemists who escaped in the previous adventure have come back and are again hard at work, creating the deadly potions. These alchemists have a movement rate of 6, and are easily apprehended. The PCs don't see the man who commissioned the delivery here; the alchemists accuse the party of working with them and Sabryen, and mas-termining the operation.

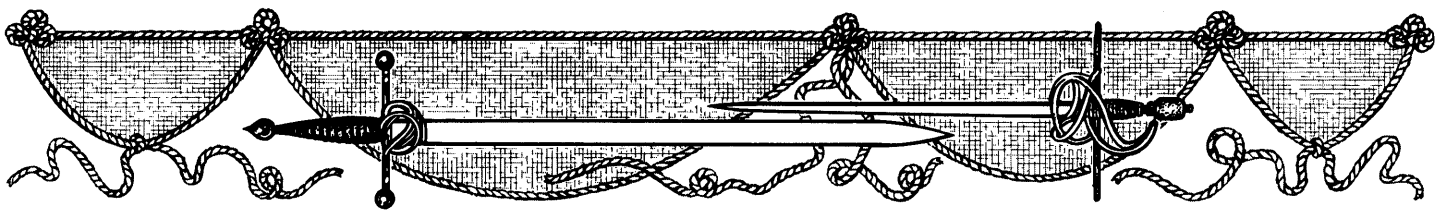
The guards escort alchemists and PCs back to the jail. The rest of the day and the night pass uneventfully. The following day, the party hears by the jailhouse grapevine that the two alchemists have been found guilty of making the killing potions, and thus are guilty by association of over 200 murders.

Soon after this, a man is escorted into the cell block and left there, announced as a visitor for the murderers and their cronies. He approaches the characters' cell, and rests his hands on the bars. He speaks, his mouth obscured by a bushy, unkempt beard.

"So, how does it feel? This is your reward for what you did to Sabryen. The Slayer's Brotherhood is avenged, and so is the thieves' guild. Most importantly, Sabryen himself is avenged, and can rest once again secure in the knowledge that you meddling pests are out of his way. He can always find more cheap alchemists to make the potions, you know."

Allow the PC with the highest Wisdom to make a Wisdom check. If it is successful, he or she recognizes this voice as that of the man who asked them to make the delivery. If anyone reaches through the bars and grabs this man's clothing or beard, the jostling is enough to cause the beard to slip askew, revealing part of his face. "Sabryen!" cries one of the alchemists, and the guards rush to apprehend the man. He is indeed Sabryen. The guards haul him before the magistrate.

Moments later, the magistrate himself comes to the cell where the party is being kept, and opens the door. He is followed by Sabryen, now in chains. The magistrate motions for the party to leave the chamber, and has Sabryen thrown into it and chained to the wall. "You have done nothing more important than prove these fine people's innocence, you fiend. You shall stay here and rot, as you would have had them do." He then turns to the party, and makes profuse apology for having caused them any inconvenience.



A Dead Man's Immortality

Total Party Levels: 30 (Average 6)

The characters have often heard rumors of ghosts haunting houses, and places where they died awful deaths, but until now, they have never met any of these searching souls. Thus, the beginning. The characters are seated in a bar, where they overhear a conversation.

"... But that's what I've heard, yes." one man says.

"That's too ridiculous to conceive. A man, once he is dead, cannot escape the clutches of Death. It's impossible." The man speaking, even with his companion's reassurance, drinks his ale with a shaking hand.

"But what you don't understand is that this man was one of the most powerful wizards ever to live. His black wizardry was almost a match for the Gods. His haunting spirit in the house of his death proves that Death himself has failed to seal him in the Shadowland. When he died, the man had his servants cut his head off, and place it in a sealed urn. This urn has never been found. Then the servant burned the body, and placed it in another urn, and it still sits on the mantle of the fireplace, waiting to be eaten by any person, so that he can control that person for ever. Once that happens, the man is immortal. He still waits."

"No, I still doubt you. I have the ability to speak with the dead, so I would like to see this for myself. But I would feel much better if I had men at arms to protect me." At that point, the man turns to the characters and smiles. "You gentlemen have been listening. How do you feel about coming with me to see if this yarn spinning is true? I feel like an adventure. How about yourselves?"

If the characters demand money, the man says, "Money? If I was to make money on this journey, I would surely split it evenly among all of us, but..."

The other man interrupts. "They say that the ghost also protects a fortune as well."

"Ah, see? There's your money. Shall we go?" The man rises, and throws a few iron tics on the table, and wipes his mouth with a cloth.

If the characters are willing, the two men lead the characters to the mansion where the black wizard died.

When the characters get to the house, they notice that there is nothing special about the house. In fact, it has only one floor, and it looks like there might be a basement of some sort. Once inside though, they all instantly feel an evil presence. The smell of death is strong and rancid. One of the men with them finds a lamp and lights it. There are other lamps as well; all can be lit if the party chooses. The room is warm and very dusty. There are no tracks in the decades' thickness of dust. Suddenly, a chill moves through everyone in the party, which passes as quickly as it came. A skull on a table begins chattering away as though it were talking.

The characters, if any of them are able to see into the ethereal plane, can see a shady and elusive shadow moving about. It blinks in and out in no apparent pattern, and then disappears.

One of the men suddenly stiffens. After a minute, his body relaxes. "For the love of Votishal. That was mighty weird."

The man sits down in a chair. When he does that, a wall panel slides away, exposing stairs going down. "There is something here... below us, that the ghost feels is very important to him." The man doesn't notice the panel opening.

Should the characters decide to go down stairs, they must take a torch with them to be able to see. Once there, they see trunks and boxes piled in such a way as to separate the basement into two sections. The section they are in has a barren dirt floor, and a dirt foundation with support boards wedged deep into the ground. They also see a crescent moon design scratched into the dirt, evidently by a

stick. The stick lies on the ground about three feet from the design. Both design and stick radiate magic to a *detect magic* spell. The stick is actually a *pen of glyphs* with one charge left.

Once the characters round the wall of boxes and crates, they see an altar to an unknown and evidently forgotten god, as well as a fireplace and mantle. On the mantle sits an urn, with a picture of an angry man with a moustache hung in the dirt wall above the urn. The eyes of the picture seem to follow the characters wherever they go. An evil presence is very strong here.

The man who claims to be able to speak with the dead offers his services to the characters at this time. He sits down and begins incantations that take one hour to complete.

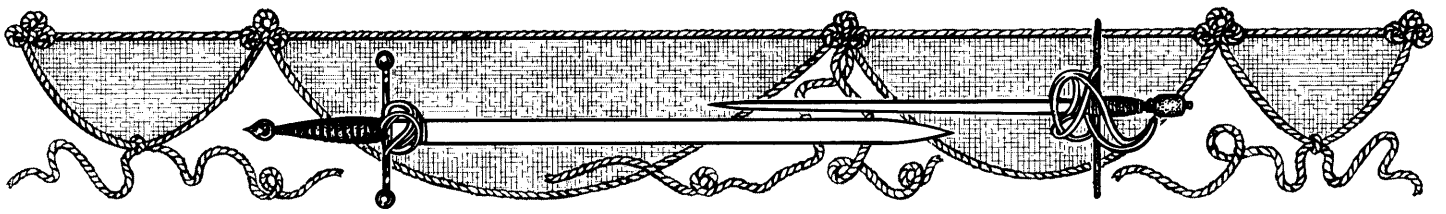
After the hour, the man's body jerks, and all of the muscles tighten. A voice other than his own issues from the man's throat. He speaks without moving his lips; his mouth opens, and the voice comes out. "What do you want in my domain? Why do you infest my sanctuary like the scourge?"

No matter what the characters say, the voice is not appeased.

"I command you to leave this place now, or you shall die a slow and painful death."

If the characters ask him any questions about himself, he says, "I am Vronsk. I am he who lived once, and I am he who shall live again in eternity. I am he who even the gods fear. Do you intend to deal with me? I shall show you a glimpse of what I am." The voice silences, but the body of the medium begins to shake incredibly. Before the party can react, the body shrivels into nothing more than a withered husk.

As the characters investigate the house for any clues, they find none, unless they dig behind the crescent moon design. Three inches into the dirt, they feel wood. When this wood is exposed, it proves to be a box sealed with a rusty lock. When this lock is broken off (with a strength of 10 or better) and the lid lifted, the PCs find a large



urn that is sealed as well. The urn is large enough to hold a head, and that is exactly what it contains.

When the characters are investigating this, they see the other man walk past them and enter the part of the basement that contains the altar. He proceeds to grab the urn of ashes from the fireplace mantle. When he does this, the fireplace instantly bursts to life with a roaring fire. This should arouse the curiosity of the characters.

When they cross over into the other half of the basement, they see the man pouring the ashes onto his skin and rubbing them into the pores with slow, rhythmic movements. The ashes are absorbed as quickly as he applied them. His eyes, normally pale, are glowing and pupilless. As the characters look on, the facial structure of the man changes, and his height grows to well over six feet.

Soon, the new man throws the urn into the fire, which consumes it in a blinding blaze. He takes a large gulp of air and stretches his arms and neck. "Oh, so good to be alive again. The fool thought he could outwit the mighty Vronsk. I now live, and I shall always live." He looks at the characters with red-irised eyes. "Bow down before me and give me your worship, and you shall command my legions as they march across the world in absolute conquest." If the characters do bow, each must make a saving throw versus spell, or be trapped in servitude to this man. If this saving throw is successful, another is required every time they bow to him.

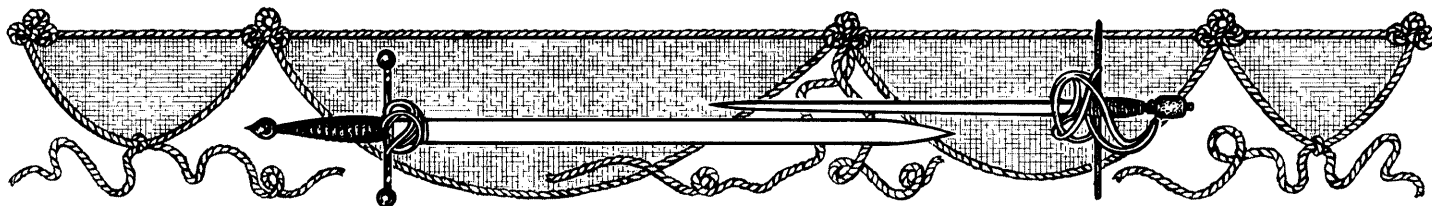
If some or all do not bow to him, he says, "You shall bow and worship me, or you shall surely die. Remember the man who was here?" He waves his hands over the remains of the withered man. "Do you wish the same fate?"

If the characters try to attack him, arrows and bolts pass through him, and swords bounce from his body. Even magical weapons have no effect. He laughs at their attacks. "Weak and pitiful humans. You cannot hope to defeat me. I have no head!" He laughs uproariously, grabs the nearest character, and begins choking him. Vronsk's choking attack does 2d8 damage per round.

The only way to kill him is to attack the head that remains in the urn that was dug up. Every slash that the decapitated head takes shows up on the man as he chokes one of the characters. After over twenty points of damage, the man has dispersed the equivalent of five quarts of blood through the cuts and slices which appeared on his head and face. He falls down dead at the character's feet.

If the characters inspect the altar, they find a lever. When this lever is pulled down, a panel slides open revealing a chest of 1800 gold rilks.





The Blight of Lips

Total Party Levels: 4-8 (Average 1-2)

As the characters are walking down the street, they are met by a boy in his early teens, panting and out of breath. "Sirs, will you help me retrieve an item? I can pay." He reaches into his pocket and produces a handful of coins, lint and small broken twigs. He hands this to the characters. When they count the coins, there are twenty silver smerduks. While counting, the boy aids in removing the lint from the characters' hands.

"I know that isn't much, but it is all that I have."

Once the characters stop laughing at the young boy, and ask him what item he needs, he explains. "My boss, Sirden, needs a particular ring that has a six sided star on it. There is only one in existence that he knows of, and he wants it. The ring has the magical ability to animate spoons and stirrers, which he needs for a potion that can destroy all life as we know it. He must not get it! Otherwise he will succeed in his quest. The ring is necessary, because the potion needs to be stirred at a fast rate for a week while at a rolling boil."

At this point, a greying man with a three-day growth of facial hair walks up to the group. "Simdel, apprentice, please heed the fire. It is burning down."

The young boy walks away, but first says, "It can be found in the book of runes at Lessnya's of Grain Street at Cash Street."

The older man walks up to the characters while the young boy runs back to the alchemical shop. "That boy. Such a nice boy, but just a damned romantic. Everything to him is a mystery scroll, as I'm sure he told you of... well, of course he did. But if he trusts you, then why can't I?" He plucks at the hairs on his chin, pondering.

"I need this ring that is designed to fit on a stirring spoon that animates the thing." As the man talks, so do his hands. "I am working on a simple repellent potion to kill pesky insects and

the like, but it needs to stir constantly for about a week at a rolling boil. No man that I know of can stand in one spot and stir a fifty gallon tub of juice for a whole week without stopping for at least one second, so therefore I need the ring. It is at Lessnya's house. She lives on Grain and Cash Street. I can pay you handsomely for you to retrieve the item for me. Right at this moment, I have two hundred gold rilks." He hands the characters a large sack of jingling coins. "But the condition of the job is, that the ring must be delivered to me, personally. Not to my apprentice. As I said, he is a romantic, and he sees danger wherever he is. Nice boy, though, just a dreamer. Do you accept?"

If the characters accept, he smiles, pats one of them on the shoulder and walks back to his shop.

While continuing their walk, the character with the money notices that the weight of the money has suddenly disappeared. As they turn around, they see a female thief, their age, running away carrying their bag.

The young lady cannot run too fast, so the characters have no problem catching her. When they do she immediately hands the money over and tries to escape. If any of the PCs attempt to stop her, she stands still, and looks at her feet in embarrassment.

She says that her name is Ilis. She is a freelance thief who moved here just a few days ago from Ilthmar. She asks the characters not to kill her, claiming she was only hungry and had no money.

If the characters decide to let this young woman (Cha 15) have some money, she brightens up, and follows the characters wherever they go. She becomes somewhat attached to the character with a charisma closest to her own. If they try to drive her off, she then follows them at a distance.

When they decide to case Lessnya's house, they find that her daily routine runs like clockwork. Everyday, she leaves at an hour after sun-

rise and jogs. Two hours later she comes home for three hours, and then leaves until dusk, at which time she stays home until morning. When the characters get this pattern down, and decide to enter the house, that of course is the day she changes her schedule.

When the characters enter the house, they see a large room, with three doors, one on each of the other walls. The left door leads to her bedroom, the one in the middle, leads to the kitchen and dining area, and the door to the right leads to a sewing and reading room.

The bedroom has a large and beautiful bed, a wash basin, and a large walk-in closet literally full of nice clothing. There is also some jewelry worth 400 gold rilks total. The ring they are searching for is in there.

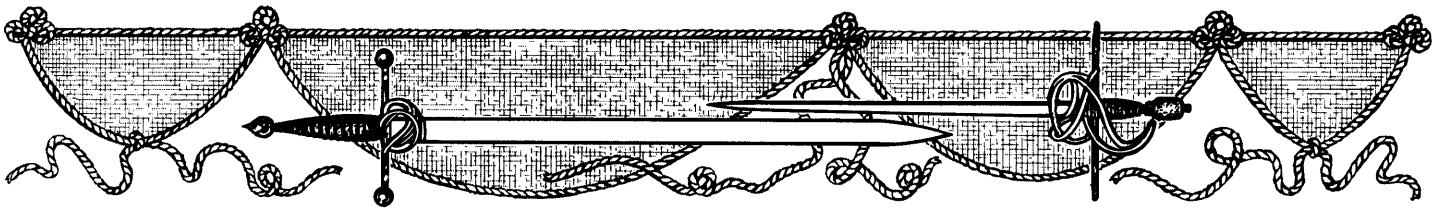
The kitchen has dried and canned foods, a pump well, and several vats of salt, which contains various meats. The silverware in the cupboards, is worth 50 silver smerduks. The plates are worth 75 silver smerduks.

The sewing and reading room, has about fifty books, a sewing table, oil lamps, and a metal cage.

As the characters are investigating this room, especially the cage, a voice from behind startles them. "That cage is for people like you who feel free to enter my house unwarrantedly." She throws a small ball into the room, and quickly closes the door. She bars the door with any heavy furniture she can move.

The characters, while in the quickly expanding smoke, must roll a save versus breath weapon every round, or they fall asleep from the gas. There is no window to escape from, and the door is barred, and requires 30 total strength points to budge.

When the characters finally wake up, they find themselves in the cage. They still have everything except their weapons. Anything they had stolen remains with them, including the magical ring. Lessnya, the lady who captured them, sits in a chair in front



of them, patiently waiting for the characters to regain their senses from the induced sleep.

"Why are you here, and who sent you?" She crosses her long legs, and awaits an answer from the PCs. If they do not answer her, she sighs and rolls her eyes. "I do not wish to play any games with you people. If you do not tell me, I be forced to terminate your lives. Is your silence so valuable?"

Whether the characters tell her or not, she leaves the room in silence, and closes the door. If the thief girl is with them, she begins picking the lock. If she is not with them, they see her come into the room through the door Lessnya walked through just moments before. She signals for the characters to be quiet, as she glides noiselessly over the floor to the cage door. She successfully picks the lock, and opens the door. She then throws her arms around the neck of the character that she had become attached to.

"I feared that you might be dead. I just had to see if it were true." She lightly and swiftly kisses the character and releases her grip. "We've got to get out of here."

If the characters open the door slightly, they see that Lessnya is heading for the kitchen area. She pushes the door open arrogantly, and steps through.

If the characters leave now, they can escape without being seen, but if they tarry for even three rounds, she spots them. If she does spot them, she screams, and runs back into the kitchen, grabbing a very large butcher knife. She runs after the characters screaming profanities as loud as she can.

The characters have no problems running from this uptown woman. When they are safely away, the thief girl, Iliis, again hugs the character she likes and cries in glee of their escape.

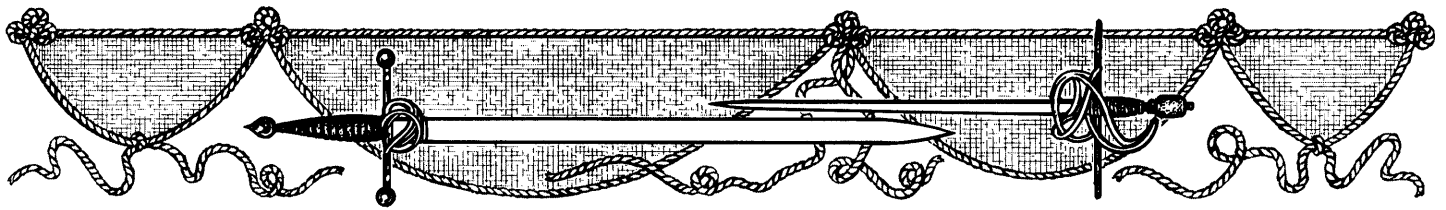
When they get back to the shop, the owner, Sirden, approaches the characters. "Do you have the *ring of stirrers*?" He holds out his hand to the characters. The apprentice, Simdel, can be seen approaching haltingly. He is gazing at the characters with sad eyes.

The characters must decide who to give the ring to: the apprentice, or the master. They must decide who is telling the truth; the young boy accused of romanticism, or the older man with the money to back his mouth.

For the Dungeon Master's notes, the apprentice is telling the truth. He has a concern about the vile liquid his master is trying to brew, because he intends to sell it to a man who plans to use it within the Lankmar city limits, thereby killing a great number of people.

If the characters give it to the apprentice, he grabs it and runs from his master, who is extremely angry and demands his money back. The thief girl with the characters congratulates them, and asks if she can join up with them.





Hristomilo's Deadly Smog

Total Party Levels: 40 (Average 8-10)

Again, the thieves' guild attempts to remove the characters from the face of the world. Krovas, the guildmaster, has in his employ a master wizard of the tenth level by the name of Hristomilo. This black wizard has been deemed the cause of many deaths in Lankhmar.

It has been a normal day for the characters; perhaps they have spent the time in the marketplace, or the entertainment district of town, or simply staying in their quarters, mending and polishing their equipment. As evening approaches, they leave their rooms for the last meal of the day. As they walk through the streets, or even down the stairs in the inn where they're rooming, the characters feel eyes upon them. Wherever they look, though, they see nothing but a few people walking down the street or seated at other tables in the inn, minding their own business. There are a few low-lying fog patches. Occasionally, the PCs feel an odd tingling sensation, but again, they see nothing readily associated with that sensation.

As the evening passes, the usual night life is noticeably absent. The people seem to disappear into their houses as if they suspect something untoward is going to occur.

When the characters decide to bed for the night, they find ankle-deep fog on the floors of their rooms. The night is cool, and the humidity unusually high. If the characters decide to get another room, there is fog in it as well. If they decide to bed in the room anyway, the fog attacks them.

Deadly Smog: AC 0; hp 30; THAC0 10; #AT 1 per creature in effect; Dmg 1d6; MV 10; AL N

This deadly smog is a conjured entity from a negative plane of existence. It lives by feeding off the life essence of its warm-blooded prey. There is no saving throw associated with its attack. The deadly smog is about 10 square feet of frenzied, non-corporeal tentacles. Magical weapons only do their magical adjustment as damage. Nonmagical weapons have no effect on it. A *cold* spell or cold water elemental spells force it to become corporeal. At that point, all weapons have their normal effect on it.

Once the fog has been eliminated, or the characters successfully run from it, a character who makes a successful hear noise roll (if a thief) or a successful Wisdom check (any other class) hears fading footsteps. If this character rushes to the nearest window, he sees a hunchbacked man rounding the corner of the building. Soon the footsteps disappear altogether.

If the characters talk about the occurrence while anyone is within earshot of the conversation, the eavesdroppers turn to them in amazement. "You actually say you fought Hristomilo's smog?" If the characters admit having killed it, the listeners fall into the nearest seats, their mouths falling wide open.

They proclaim the characters the wisest and the bravest adventurers that they have ever seen or heard about. If the characters ask for information about Hristomilo, the men pale in fear, but answer. "Hristomilo is one of the greatest black wizards in all of Lankhmar. He currently is serving under the thieves' guild's master. That man's name is Krovas. If Hristomilo is after you, you must have done a great evil to the guild, something the rest of us applaud. Congratulations on that, but I pray for you now that the fog has your scent." The speaker stands, and nervously moves away from the characters.

If the characters try to find out where Hristomilo lives, everyone they ask pales in fear and walks away from the characters with their heads bowed. If they threaten anyone, there is a 50% chance that the person tells them Hristomilo lives on the top floor of the thieves' guild house. Everyone they talk to expresses the fear that Hristomilo will enact his vengeance upon them after they talk to the characters. Later that night, the persons they spoke to indeed are found dead.

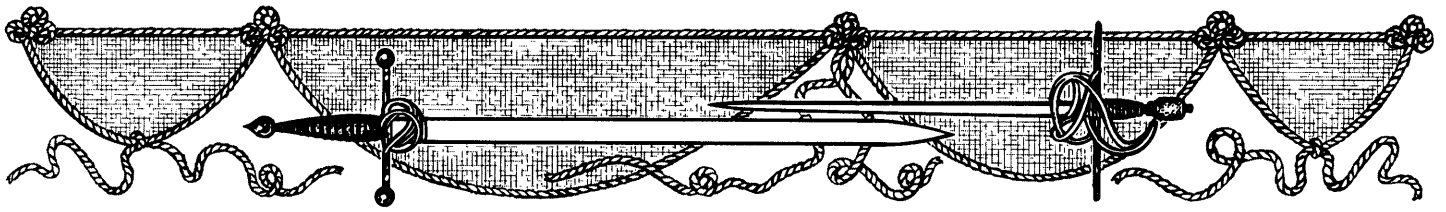
When the characters get to the thieves' guild, they find a four-story building made of stone. The roof of the building is occupied by many apprentice thieves armed with sling shots.

The characters, if they decide to go through the front door, meet an elderly man who warns them that the guildhouse is occupied by over one thousand thieves, and to enter from there would ensure a quick and unavoidable death, no matter how powerful the characters believe they are. He also tells the characters that the only way in is through the roof.

If the characters decide to scale the walls to the roof, have them roll once for their Climb Walls ability (or make a Dexterity check, for those non-thief characters). Once up, there is a 10% chance per minute of being spotted by a thief guard. All thief guards on the roof are apprentice thieves.

Thief: AC 9; MV 12; T1; hp 4; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; AL NE; THAC0 20

There are a total of twenty thieves here on the roof. If any are allowed to go free, or are merely knocked out, they head down (as soon as they regain consciousness, if they were knocked out) and alert the rest of the guild of the intrusion.



Once on the roof, the PCs see a small building in the center of the roof that cannot be seen from the street. This is where Hristomilo lives. There is no door from the outside, but there are several large windows. These windows are covered by old draperies and thick glass. It takes a strength of 6 to shatter the glass.

Once inside, they see Hristomilo. He was asleep, and is totally surprised and still a bit groggy. When he realizes who is here, he immediately begins spinning a spell.

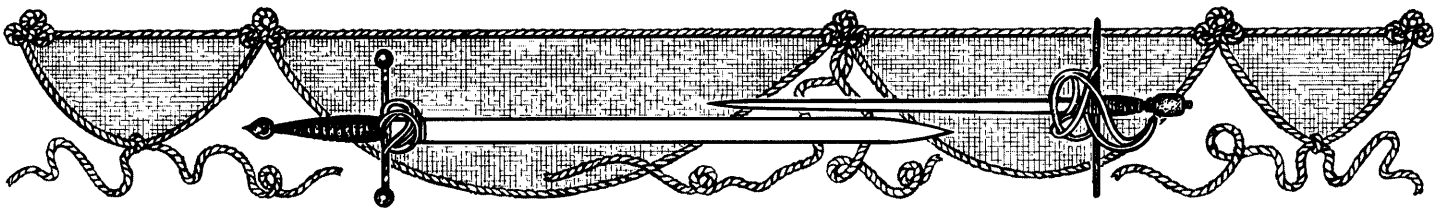
Hristomilo: AC 10; W10; hp 40; THAC0 17; AL NE

Spells: *burning hands*, *magic missile*, *shocking grasp*, *wall of fog*, *alter self (x2)*, *darkness 15' radius*, *ray of enfeeblement*, *web*, *dispel magic*, *fireball*, *slow*, *confusion*, *polymorph other*, *cloudkill*, *magic jar*.

Here is a chance for a really spectacular combat sequence. Any wizards in the party have met their match in this man, and he will not hesitate to kill his attackers. The DM is advised to play Hristomilo as the wily character

he is; this man is no fool. He does work for the thieves' guild because it challenges him. Hristomilo is not a coward, and will not shrink from combat. He does, however, know when he's been bested.

If Hristomilo is reduced to 5 hit points, he pleads with the party for his life. If the characters demand anything from him in exchange, he agrees, but when they leave, he returns to haunt them even more. He even moves to the basement of the guild house for more protection.



Taking it all Back

Total Party Levels: 15 (Average 3-5)

While walking down the street in Lankhmar, the party suddenly hears a great amount of swearing and cursing coming from a store to their right. A man bursts forth from the store, and grabs one of the characters by the shirt. "Did you see them? They stole the only thing worth a blessed tik in my whole store! Tell me you saw who did it." The man releases his grip on the character and begins to sob. After a bit, he composes himself, and tells the characters his story.

"While I was opening the store, a young man walked in, and was inspecting my inventory. Then he came across the scepter that I received from my grandfather's estate when he died last year. I don't know if I was meant to sell it, but it did create a lot of talk in my store, and that's what I like. Well, this young man picked it up, and asked what I wanted for it. When I said it wasn't for sale, he put it back. Then I started dusting off my other displays, when he walked out of the store. A few minutes later, I found it missing. You must get it back for me. I shall pay you 500 gold rilks if you retrieve it."

If the characters decide to retrieve the scepter for him, he tells the characters that the man had long, straight, flaming red hair that reached nearly to his belt.

As the characters patrol the streets, there is only a 10% chance that they find the suspect in any given hour. If they check in stores, there is a 15% chance that they find him, and if they do he is placing an item under his cloak.

If the characters grab him, he yells, and the manager of the store runs up. When the characters explain what they saw, the manager opens the young man's coat and finds many stolen items in his possession. The manager pays the characters 15 gold rilks, and offers them a job at his store as security officials. The red haired boy tries to escape. He has a 17 Dexterity. The characters who have a grip

on him must all make successful Strength checks, while the DM rolls a Dexterity check for the boy. If any of the characters misses his strength save, he loses his grip on the boy. If any of them loses his grip, and the boy's Dexterity check succeeds, he manages to writh his way out of the characters' hands. He makes haste, leaving the characters holding his empty cloak.

The characters may now give chase if they choose.

Thief (1): AC 7; T2; hp 10; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; MV 14; AL CN

If the characters decide to chase him down and catch him, he again wriggles from their grasp with a successful Dexterity check. If they try to attack him, or bring him down, he does not attack, but instead parries all attacks by contorting his body, and slipping from grasps. At this time, his active Armor Class is a 3. If during any melee round, the characters do not try to apprehend him, he swipes with a dagger.

When, and if, the characters get him on the ground and pin him down with the weight of their bodies, he has no chance to escape. When they question him, he says that he knows nothing of the scepter. If they place the blade of the dagger to his throat, he calms down.

"Oh, you mean THAT scepter! Why didn't you tell me. I'll show you exactly where it's at, if you get off me." The man makes no move to escape for the time being.

When the man feels safe, he again tries to writhe out of the characters' grips. He succeeds if any of the characters fails a Strength check and he succeeds at a Dexterity check. If he escapes, he again runs, and the escape repeats itself. He continues with these escape tactics, until his life is threatened with another escape attempt. Then, and only then will he no longer attempt to escape.

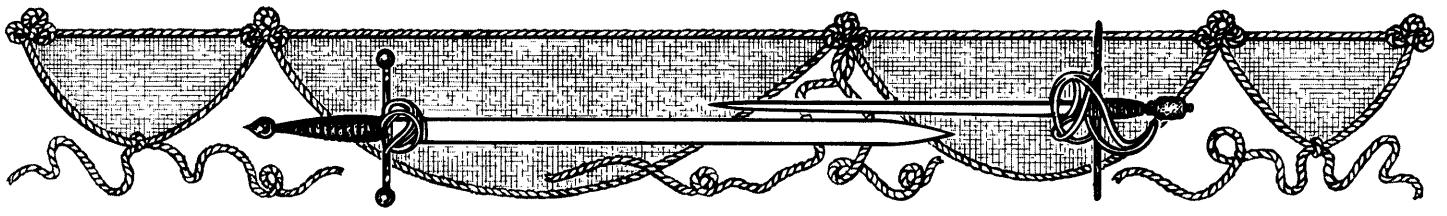
He leads the characters to a small

one-floor flat in the Merchant District, and unlocks the door with a skeleton key. Inside, there are all sorts of finely crafted articles of great wealth. If the characters make any comments about all the loot, the thief says that he has been too busy to sell his stash to the fronts yet. Any thief character in the party is in awe at the amount of goods here, and the apparent skill of the thief.

After searching for a while, the characters find a scepter. The thief willingly admits that he got it from the store in question earlier that day.

"I am somewhat behind on my dues at the guild, so could you pay me for it? You know, like a finder's fee or something?"

If the characters turn their anger on the man, he backs away, saying that it was only a joke. If the characters decide to steal some of the articles here, the thief becomes inwardly angered, and as the characters leave, he steals a few articles of wealth from them, as well as weapons. These he immediately sells to a fence, so that he won't be caught.



The Jackals of the Night

Total Party Levels: 20 (Average 4)

The Jackals are a group of men and a few women who are trying to rid Lankhmar of the Slayers' Brotherhood, especially the Death Dealer Division. Some of these people are normal merchants who are tired of the blanket of fear created by the brotherhood. Others are politicians who fear to voice their opposition, while the rest are adventurers and common folk. They seek to persuade everyone they can to join them in their cause, and that is where the characters come in.

"Thank you, good people, for coming here. We need your help in attempting to clear Lankhmar of all the filth that offends the citizenry. Those who perform evil deeds for their own profit must be eliminated once and for all. We shall pay you one hundred gold rilks for every elimination you perform. We must make Lankhmar a safe place for our children to grow up and learn the ways of good and law. Do you agree?"

If the characters agree with the man, he says, "So, can I count on your assistance?" If the characters offer their help, the man smiles and heaves a sigh of relief as he stands. "I thank you, and your gods thank you. I knew I could count on your aid." He sits down after he shakes all of the characters' hands. "I shall notify you of any duties we need performed. Thank you again, guardians!"

For the Dungeon Master: Note that the man did not specify that these persons must be killed to be eliminated. Putting them "out of commission" is sufficient: imprisoning them in an alternate dimension, trapping them in another plane, or ensuring that they stay in prison for life are all acceptable. The eliminations the characters are given are listed separately. They go from the most vile person to the most lawful and good. Each one shows the target's statistics, as well as the motivation behind the Jackals' decision to remove him.

The characters may have no problem defeating the evil ones, or even some of the neutrals, but when they start defeating the good individuals, their consciences should begin stinging. The old saying "When you become obsessed with destroying the enemy, you become the enemy" is highly appropriate in this situation: that is precisely what is happening with the Jackals. The characters are not forced to perform these acts if they choose not to, but then again, the DM shouldn't tell the characters what the alignments of their targets are, unless they specifically cast the appropriate spell, or have the abilities to read certain alignments.

Hit Number One:

Desmond: F10; AC 4; THACO 11; Hp 36; Dmg 1d8 + 2; #AT 2; AL LE

Desmond is a very evil man. He is sought by the Lankhmar government for extortion, mass assassination, and other organized crime actions. He is the epitome of lawfulness, but he is extremely evil. He has a crime organization that extends to three other countries, including the Eevanmarenssee, making him a very powerful figure of the underground. When the characters decide to deal with him, he is unguarded and alone. He tries to bribe the characters with excessive amounts of rilks. If this does not soften the characters' intent, he attacks them.

Hit Number Two:

Astyan: T12; AC 7; MV 12; Hp 40; THACO 15; #AT 2; Dmg 1d4 + poison; AL CE

Astyan is a man who does what he feels like doing, when he feels like it. He is one of the nastiest men one can run across. There are no moral boundaries confining his methods. He cares not of consequences in his criminality, not even the possibility of his own death.

When the characters meet him, he is extremely nice. He offers the characters a drink and some bread. The

bread and the wine together form a two stage poison. If the characters eat only the bread, they are fine. If they just drink the wine, they are fine. If they partake of both, they ingest a very potent poison which kills them in 1d4 turns, unless a saving throw versus poison succeeds. He eats the bread, and drinks the wine also, but he had eaten the antidote. The antidote was being eaten as the characters walked in. He took the last bite as they stood in front of him. He attempts to speak with the characters calmly and in a sophisticated manner, while waiting for the poison to take effect. He does not attack the characters, although the urge to do so is very strong. If the characters initiate the battle, he fights well, with poisoned daggers that kill in 1d4 rounds unless a saving throw versus poison is successful.

Hit Number Three:

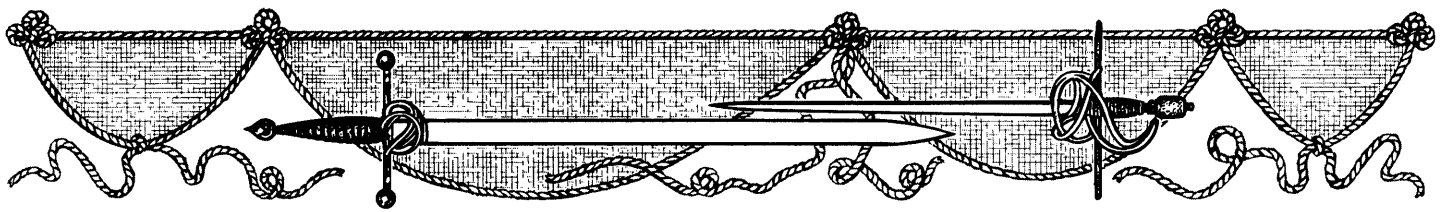
Isteron: BW6; AC 4; MV 10; THACO 19; Hp 30; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; AL NE; Spells: *magic missile*, *hypnotism*, *cantrip*, *armor*, *invisibility*, *deafness*, *fireball*, *vampiric touch*.

This man has been known to hire himself out to murder people in their sleep, to make it appear as though they died of natural causes. He is a thin, lanky man with no facial hair to speak of. He is prematurely balding with a splattering of grey in what little hair he has. He immediately spins spells when the characters approach him. He stabs them if he cannot cast spells fast enough. He attempts to surrender if he knows that there is no way to win. He allows the characters to turn him over to the authorities for trial. He feels he has a better chance before a magistrate than before the swords of the characters.

Hit Number four:

Zarel: Sage 5; AC 9; MV 12; Hp 20; THACO 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; AL NE

This man, according to the Jackals, is a consort to the Slayers' guild leaders. He doesn't belong to the guild,



but he retrieves vital information regarding many of their assassinations. He is very clever, and he doesn't care to what cause the buyers of his information are allied.

When the characters approach him, he offers them a seat in front of the desk where he sits. He claims to have no alignment with the good or the evil in Lankhmar if he is asked. He claims only to work for the betterment of his pocketbook.

Hit Number Five:

Plug the Jack: F10; AC 3; MV 10; Hp 80; THAC0 11; #AT 2; Dmg 1d8 + 1/1d8 + 1; AL N

This man has been known to fight against the cause of Good on more than one occasion. Lost in the bureaucracy of the Jackals is the fact that he has fought against the cause of Evil just as many times. The man is neutral and always takes the side of the underdog (as he sees it). The Jackals encourage the characters to kill him as soon as they see him, because 'he has the ability to charm you into thinking that he is a just man'. The Jackals even offer to pay the characters double the fee for this man's death.

At this point the characters might begin doubting the veracity of the "evidence" presented by the Jackals. The DM should feel free to either confirm or deny any such suspicions.

Hit Number Six

Derek: AC 6; MV 12; BW4; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; AL LN

The Jackals report that this man is a known acquaintance to Shade the Assassin. He is deemed a dangerous man because he cares not for the workings of the Jackals. He has worked alongside Desmond, the party's first target, and has been an accomplice to many evil deeds. This is true, but he also has worked with many of the just lawmakers in Lankhmar to ensure that the laws dispense order justly upon the inhabitants of Lankhmar. This fact is not told

to the characters because it has been lost in the bureaucracy as well.

When this man is approached, he basically ignores whatever the characters tell him. He does not rise to his defense, and says nothing as long as the characters accuse him of covert operations. He admits that Desmond is, or was, his friend, but that is all. He does not even raise a hand in his defense if the characters attack him. He does not cry out in pain, and he holds no hatred for the characters should they kill him.

Again, should the characters begin to express doubts as to the propriety of the Jackals' desires in these matters, the DM should feel free to lead them in the direction he feels will best serve the campaign.

Hit Number Seven

Marden: AC 4; MV 12; F8; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8; AL CG

The Jackals tell the characters that this man has performed many shady dealings which have come to their attention. All information pertaining to this man was lost in a theft, but his files are being rewritten and reinvestigated, and all will be available again in a few days. Meantime, the 'erasure' should continue on schedule. The characters are paid double, because this man appears to be more dangerous than even Plug the Jack.

Allow Wisdom checks for any character who is openly doubting the legality of the Jackals' operation by this time. Carrying out an "erasure" against a man on whom there is no hard evidence had best make any good-leaning character think more than twice.

When the characters approach this man, he is surprised by their presence, and raises a sword to attack. If the characters immediately assume this is a cause for fight, the man battles them as well. If they decide to talk first, the man admits to straying beyond the boundaries of the law occasionally. He says that this is sometimes necessary to perform the

duties of the gods. He admits to not worshipping any deity, though.

Hit Number Eight

Daevon: AC 5; MV 12; WW10; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; AL NG

This man, according to the Jackals, is blatantly trying to see just how far he can go. He has no regard for law and order, and he gets away with murder (so to speak) repeatedly. He is setting an example for the children which, if they follow it, promises to do nothing but send the lands of Lankhmar into total anarchy. Allow characters a Wisdom check to realize that this is reactionary paranoia. Good-aligned characters receive a +2 bonus. (Remember to subtract this from the die roll, not add it. A character with a Wisdom score of 13 whose player rolls a 14 succeeds in his realization, because 14 - 2 is 12, one less than the 13 needed to succeed.)

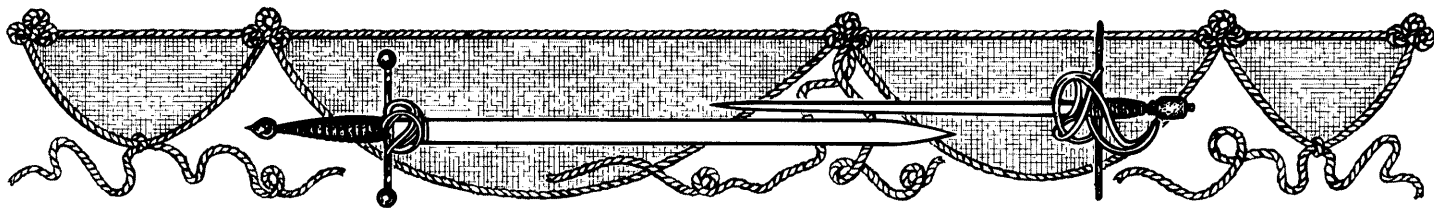
Hit Number Nine:

Elian: AC -1; MV 11; Paladin 13; THAC0 8; #AT 2; Dmg 1d8 + 4/1d8 + 4; AL LG

The Jackals tell the characters that this man has expressed the need for the Jackals to come to trial. He is attempting to destroy all of the work that the group has brought about. He wishes to have all the astute members of the Jackals to be tried and convicted of trumped up charges that are complete lies. The characters MUST destroy this man, or their works will stop, and the criminal minds will once again rule the streets of Lankhmar, and the children will no longer be safe.

Again, allow characters a Wisdom check for the possible realization that this is more reactionary paranoia. This time, good-aligned characters get a bonus of +4. Remember to subtract this from the die roll.

When the characters approach this man, they find him dressed in a gorgeous suit of gray armor. He claims allegiance to no particular cause, save that of his deity who is Issek of the Jug. He claims to have worked for the



Jackals of the Night for a short time, until he realized that they were straying from their original path of Good and Lawfulness. If the characters tell Elian that they indeed work for that same cause, the Paladin sighs and slowly shakes his head. He asks if the characters were sent to slay him by order of the Jackals.

When the characters admit this, he sits down, and speaks with the characters. "The Jackals are a powerful group. Their sphere of influence extends almost to every corner of the world. They were originally out to destroy all the evil, to create a lawful and good world for themselves, their children, and all mankind, for that matter. The cause was just, and the methods were right. But as they grew, they needed more and more men to perform these 'deeds'."

"I am quite sure that the four men who sit alone in their little room in a deserted building in Lankhmar are noble in their cause, but thirteen layers later in the bureaucracy, there

are people who don't care who they hire, as long as they hire someone. The dregs of society are hired, and investigate everyone that they can. These men trump up charges, give only half of the information, and fear that some people are doubting their cause. These doubters are then called "dangerous to society" because they disagree with the motivations of many of their supervisors. This doubt then undermines the Jackal's organization, and if you doubt the Jackals, then you are automatically assumed to be dangerous to society. Do you see the picture?"

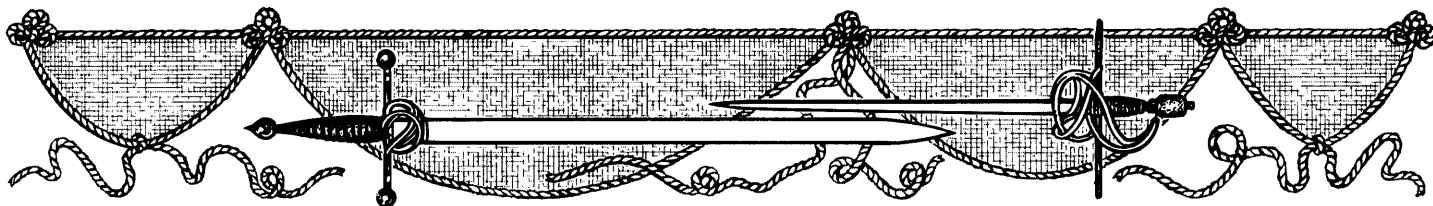
If the characters see what the paladin is saying and agree, the paladin encourages the characters to break from the group before they are arrested for the chaos that the group is creating. "You people appear to be lawful and good. I wish not to see you punished for pursuing the illusions that these men have created for you. If you stay, knowing this now, you will be

arrested along with the rest of them."

The characters then must make a clear decision. If they stay with the Jackals, they are put on a few more jobs, as assigned by the DM. After that, they are arrested as the paladin predicted. During their trial, the paladin expresses the fact that he had warned them, which looks very bad for them. They are railroaded and jailed for 4d4 years of hard labor.

If they heed the paladin's warning, they then are targets for the Jackals of the Night for about two weeks. Then the assassination attempts stop, and they are called to witness against the Jackals. The paladin vouches for the characters during the trial of the Jackals, and they are not punished for their limited participation in the Jackals' schemes.





Good Versus Good?

Total Party Levels: 30 (Average 6)

The player characters who undertake this adventure should include at least one paladin, which means that the rest of the characters should be of good alignment as well, preferably Lawful Good.

DM's Background. While using a *delusion* spell and other magics and magic items, an evil man, portraying a lawful good emissary of a god, convinces an NPC paladin to guard a building. In the building is a very powerful magic item that must be protected at all costs. No one is allowed inside. The paladin is not affected by charm spells of any sort. He knows only that he must protect the building. The magic item radiates evil. It is a helm that allow an evil person to gain all of the abilities of all his opponents in battle, including spells, and fighting abilities. Thus, the story begins.

The characters are called to convene with a lawmaker who once was a paladin, before his retirement. He asks the characters to utterly destroy an evil item of magic at a house in the Noble District of Lankhmar. The item is intended to be used to completely overtake the Lankhmar government in a few days, so it is imperative that the characters move quickly to destroy the item. They are given directions for its location, and are sent on their way.

As the characters approach the building, they see a paladin sitting on a chair next to the front door. When the paladin sees the characters approach he waves a cheery hello to them. When they are within earshot, the paladin says, "I have been given strict orders to guard this house, and to let no one enter." When he sees the paladin PC, he brightens instantly, and extends his hand in friendship to the PC.

If the characters decide to hack through the paladin to get to the magic item, and the paladin PC does not stop the rest of the characters, he loses his paladinship for a time, until he repents, and goes on a dangerous quest to regain paladinhood. If he assists the other PCs in fighting the paladin, he loses the paladinhood permanently and irrevocably. The party's only course of action if they wish to maintain their lawful good status is to persuade the NPC paladin that he has been tricked into protecting the evil item.

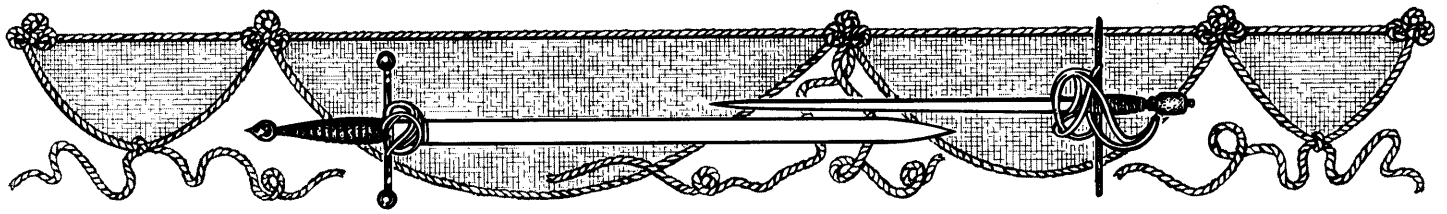
But to make matters worse, the NPC paladin tries to convince the characters that *they* are the ones who have been deceived. He quotes all of the sources that he can muster, and expects the other paladin, the PC, to do the same. The NPC also seems to get great pleasure from speaking the codes.

"Of the powers invested in us by our gods, one of the greatest is the ability to detect the presence of evil by concentrating upon it. I performed this duty when I took the job. Did you?" The paladin NPC continues. "Once a job has been taken, one must continue it until such time as it is deemed to be evil or against the ways of Law. That is what I perform at this minute. If a brother appears to flounder about in the realm of uncertainty, we must sit together and counsel each other until the truth is out. That is what we perform now. Everything we do at this time must be done according to code. If you, my brother at arms, did not perform the necessary alignment check to determine the validity of the quest you now are on, you must go back and perform it. I, on the other hand, performed it, and must wait for you to return. At that point, we must counsel

each other to determine the next course of action to take."

If the PC paladin did not perform the rite of *detect evil*, the NPC expects him to leave and do so. At this point, the PC sees the man who sent them indeed is a Lawful Good man who retired from paladinhood, and still retains the virtuous ways of his youth. When the PC returns to the NPC paladin, the man suggests they sit and ponder a course of action. It is up to the PCs to propose that the NPC go into the house and check the alignment of the item. (This item is one of the few that actually has an evil aura which can be read.) If the characters suggest this, he takes his leave of the characters, and walks into the house. Making sure the door is closed and locked, he checks the item to see if it is evil. He determines that it is indeed. He returns to the characters, and tells them his findings. He apologizes for the inconvenience that he has caused. "It is truly sad when the paladins find themselves on opposing sides of a situation. That should never happen. Sometimes, being a paladin, you are the butt of many a joke or prank, such as this. I allow you to enter the house to perform your quest. Meantime, I must take my leave of you, and hang my head in humility as I pray for forgiveness from my god." He then asks the characters their names, and introduce himself as Icran. He then departs, his head bowed in piety.

When the characters enter the house, they see the item. It is truly a beautiful item, probably worth several hundred thousand rilks. If they touch it, they must save versus spell or die, if they are Good. The item will be destroyed once 100 points of damage are instilled upon it.



Just Another Book to Deal With

Sarelk the sage once had a book of spells which, fortunately for the wizards in Nehwon, was stolen and sold. It was reproduced a few times, thus making the spells within its bindings no longer unique and priceless. The book was originally titled 'If They Can Do It, Primal Can Do It Two'. The original book was bound with a silverish metal not found on Nehwon, which again seems to prove that Sarelk has no ties with Nehwon, except perhaps emotional.

There are seven known copies of the original manuscript. The pages are covered with Primal's personal notes, small hand-drawn illustrations in the margins and many of his experiences. Below, the spells that can be found distributed among the notes and spontaneous prose writings are listed. The DM, if he chooses, can create the other writings and describe them to curiosity seekers. All of the spells are subject to the Nehwon spell casting alteration, since these spells did not originate here.

Diary (Divination/Invocation)

Level: 1
Range: Touch
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 1 Day/Level
Casting Time: 15 Segments
Area of Effect: 1 Book
Saving Throw: None

This spell keeps track of all things said, seen, heard and sensed by the caster. It keeps track of movements as well, such as dungeon mapping. The spell components for this spell are a pen, and a book or pages bound together. The book does not have to be opened for the spell to work, but it does need to be within 5 feet of the caster. The spell locates the first blank page in the book, and begins writing there. *Dispel magic* has full effect on this spell. Some high level wizards are able to document their whole lives with this spell, including their dreams.

Hair (Alteration/Invocation)

Level: 1
Range: Touch
Components: V, S
Duration: Permanent
Casting Time: 5 Segments
Area of Effect: One Scalp
Saving Throw: Applicable

This spell allows the caster to perform one of the following functions on his own or another person's hair.

1. He may trim, cut or bob the hair.
2. He may style the hair.
3. He may wash, cleanse and dry the hair.
4. He may lightly dye or bleach the hair.

Please note that the effects of this spell are permanent, until the hair grows out. *Dispel magic* has absolutely no effect. The cleansing of the hair is not a permanent act; the hair and scalp will become dirty and oily as normal.

Magic Fist (Conjuration/Summoning)

Level: 1
Range: 5 ft/Level
Components: V, S
Duration: 1 Round/Level
Casting Time: 2 Segments
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: None

With this spell, the caster can telekinetically punch a target for 1d4-1 points of damage per level of experience. It can also be used to trigger traps, or carry out other unobtrusive manipulations within line of sight. If the fist is attacked, the caster suffers no damage and the weapon passes through the non-corporeal fist as if it were vapor. Energy attacks on the fist (such as lightning or electricity) affect the caster, with no applicable saving throw. *Magic fist* requires a standard attack roll; there is no automatic hit.

Due North (Divination)

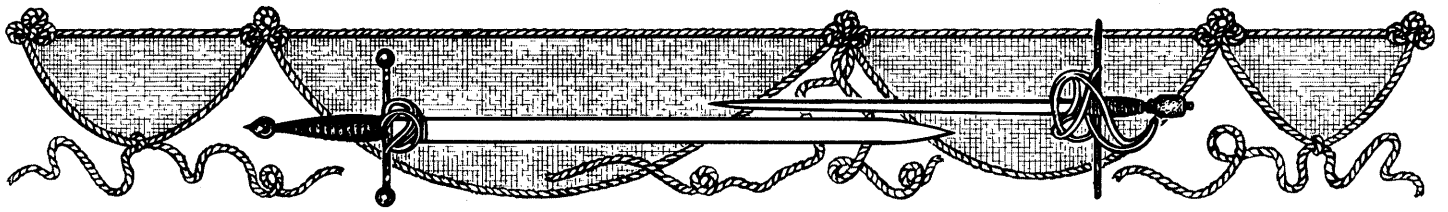
Level: 2
Range: Self
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 1 Turn Per Level
Casting Time: 1 Segment
Area of Effect: Self
Saving Throw: None

This spell allows the caster to determine which way is due north. The spell points to the polar north, as opposed to the magnetic north, should they differ. This spell works underground as well as above ground. If the caster is in the southern hemisphere, the spell tells which way true south is, while telling the caster which pole is being pointed to.

Distant Diary (Divination/Invocation)

Level 3
Range: Touch
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 1 Day per Level
Casting Time: 25 Segments
Area of Effect: One Book or Set of Books
Saving Throw: None Applicable

This spell acts much like the Diary spell listed earlier, but with a few noticeable differences. This spell does not demand that the book or books and pen be within 5 feet of the caster at all times. The book can be any distance from the caster and the spell will still function. Also, when the spell begins to wear off, the caster can re-cast this spell without having to have the book(s) and pen affected nearby.



Photodraft (Invocation)

Level: 3
 Range: Touch
 Components: V, S, M
 Duration: Permanent
 Casting Time: 12 Segments
 Area of Effect: One object or Person
 Saving Throw: Applicable

This spell is another from Primal's personal arsenal. This spell transfers all or part of whatever is in the caster's line of sight onto the surface touched, such as paper, vellum, metal, wood, skin, etc. For instance, the caster may see a tree he admires and wishes to keep in his journal. He looks at the tree, touches the page in the book, and as the tree appears in the book, it disappears from his sight. It has become the drawing, and no longer exists in the real world.

If the photodraft is cast upon a living being, a saving throw is applicable if desired. If the draft was performed upon non-living matter, it should be considered permanent, and thus cannot be rubbed or scraped off. The picture drawn by the spell is in full color, unless the caster is color blind. If his sight is blurred (whether by fog or visual impairment), a blurred draft appears. If the photodraft is placed on skin, treat it as a tattoo. The spell is painless when placed on skin, feeling like nothing more than feathers brushing the skin. Moving around on the part of the recipient does not affect the draft, as long as the caster maintains contact. A loss of contact dispels the spell. The components of the spell are an empty ink well, a feather pen, and the writing surface. The effects of this spell can never be removed by *dispel magic*, but a *limited wish* or *wish* has full effects.

Cook, the Spell (Alteration)

Level: 4
 Range: Touch
 Components: V, S, M
 Duration: Permanent
 Casting Time: 3 Seconds
 Area of Effect: 2 Pounds per Level
 Saving Throw: Not Applicable

This spell cooks up to two pounds of animal flesh per level of the spell caster. This spell can never be used offensively. If an attempt is made to use it offensively, there is no effect. The spell does not work on living matter, but kills all organisms that are usually killed by flame cooking. (That is to say, one cannot roast one's living enemy alive with this spell, but if one cooks a portion of pork, any trichinosis bacteria present will be killed just as in normal cooking.) The caster, while performing the verbal components required, must specify how he wants the meat cooked: well-done, rare, charred, etc. Most vegetables will cook iether as boiled or roasted. The material components are a pinch of tinder and a small dab of sulfur.

Detect Psionics (Divination)

Level: 4
 Range: 25 ft + 5 Ft/Lvl
 Components: V, S
 Duration: 1 Turn per Level
 Casting Time: 2 Segments
 Area of Effect: One Intelligent Being
 Saving Throw: None

This spell detects psionic ability in any creature within the spell range. This spell does not detect psionics that are hidden by a Mind Bar, or other psionic disciplines that make the creature's mind invisible from scryings of any type.

Find Person (Divination)

Level: 4
 Range: Infinite
 Components: V, S, M
 Duration: 1 Turn/Level
 Casting Time: 1 Round
 Area of Effect: One person
 Saving Throw: None

This spell gives the caster the subject's compass location (as well as "up" and "down") and most basic life readings: alive or dead. It tells the caster if the subject is imprisoned (if he is; if he isn't, the spell won't reveal that) or in another plane of existence (the spell tells the caster the one he's looking for is "outside"). In these two instances, the compass direction and life reading are omitted. The spell is never more accurate than this. Some examples of the spell's results are as follows:

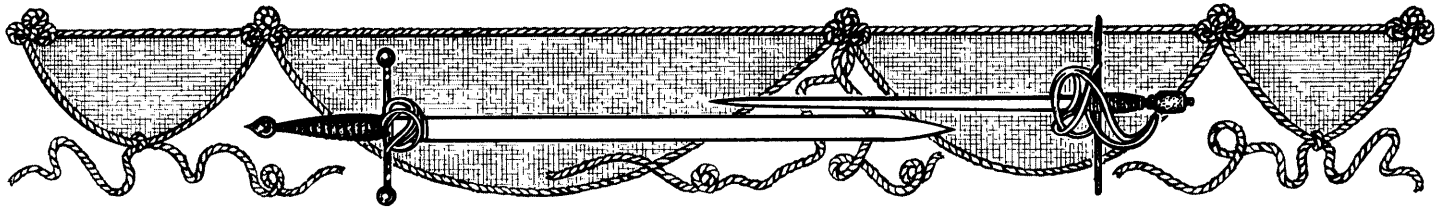
1. South southwest, dead.
2. North, alive.
3. Up, alive.
4. Outside.
5. Imprisoned.
6. Down, dead.

The components of the spell are a rod or staff with a *continual light* spell cast upon it, and a garment of or article of sentimental value to the person searched for.

Primal's Handy Mirror (Conjuration/Summoning)

Level: 4
 Range: 10 Feet per Level
 Components: V, S, M
 Duration: 2 Turns per Level
 Casting Time: 1 Round
 Area of Effect: Special
 Saving Throw: None

This spell creates a floating mirror which the spell caster can move about and angle at will. This mirror can only be broken by a strength greater than 18/25. The mirror's dimensions are one foot wide by two feet tall (base), plus 2 inches more in width and 4 inches more in height per level of the caster. (A *handy mirror* cast by a 12th



level wizard would be 3 feet wide and 6 feet tall.) This mirror moves and rotates as the spell caster wishes, as long as the mirror stays within the spell range. Once the duration is up, the spell shrinks and disappears from sight. If the mirror is purposely broken, it causes 1d6 points of damage to all within the spell range.

Insect Sight (Alteration)

Level: 5
 Range: Touch
 Components: V, S, M
 Duration: 5 Turns + 1 Turn per Level
 Casting time: 2 Rounds
 Area of Effect: One Touched Creature or Caster
 Saving Throw: Applicable

This spell allows the recipient to see behind and above him. This spell gives a -2 against saves versus gaze weapons. The recipient also enjoys a -2 on all surprise rolls. The field of vision, under the effects of this spell, becomes 180 degrees plus 5 degrees per level of the caster. The reverse of this spell, *tunnel vision*, reduces the field of vision from 180 degrees by 5 degrees per level of the caster. Please note that at high levels, a spellcaster could in effect either grant the recipient full 360 degree sight, or completely blind the character temporarily. The spell components are eucalyptus oil and the dried remains of ten flies.

Magical Susceptibility (Alteration)

Level: 6
 Range: Touch
 Components: V, S
 Duration: Permanent
 Casting Time: 1
 Area of Effect: One touched creature
 Saving Throw: Negates

This spell lowers the magic resistance of one living creature by one point. The duration of the spell is permanent, until dispelled by a *remove curse*, *limited wish*, or *wish*. When the spell is cast, the DM must roll percentile dice and consult the following table. For every level of experience, the wizard can alter the die roll by one percentage point. This allows the caster to have a little control over the category of magic resistance affected.

01-20 =	paralyzation, poison, death magic
21-40 =	rod, staff, wand
41-60 =	petrification, polymorph
61-80 =	breath weapon
81-00 =	spell

Motion (Alteration)

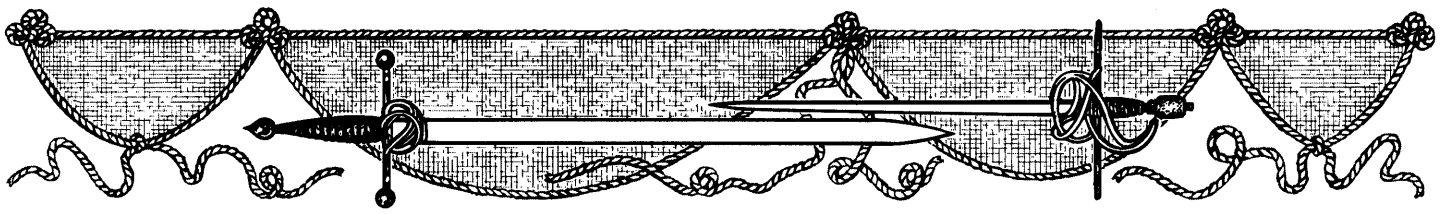
Level: 5
 Range: Touch
 Components: V, S
 Duration: 1 turn per level of caster
 Casting time: 3
 Area of Effect: One item
 Saving Throw: None

This spell can never be cast on living matter. This spell creates instant velocity to affect the movements of an object. If cast upon a wheel of a wagon, for example, the *motion* spell would allow the wheels to move independently from outside forces, such as horses, downhill slopes, etc. Without *permanency*, the spell lasts only one turn per level of the caster. For the duration of the spell, the motion can be temporarily stopped by a command word specified by the wizard during casting. The spell duration continues to be expended even while in stasis. The command word, given again, allows the spell to resume.

Bug (Conjuration/Summoning)

Level: 7
 Range: 10 miles per level of caster
 Components: V, S, M
 Duration: 1d4 days + 12 hours per level of caster
 Casting time: 6 rounds
 Area of Effect: One insect

This spell creates a mental link between the caster and an insect used for spying. Everything heard by the bug is transmitted telepathically to the caster. The caster is able to see what the insect sees, but he must concentrate. If the insect is killed during this link, the caster takes 1d4 points of damage, or the equivalent insect hit points, whichever is greater. The auidial link is always present, which breaks any concentration attempt save that made to see through the insect's eyes. No other spell casting can be done for the duration of this spell. The components of this spell are a live bug of any type and crushed rose petals. The caster is affected by spells cast at the insect with no allowable saving throws. The caster has the option of dispelling the spell at any time, but the effects will linger until the caster gets a full night's rest.



Younger (Necromantic)

Level: 7
Range: Touch
Components: V, S, M
Duration: Permanent
Casting Time: 1 turn
Area of Effect: One being touched
Saving throw: Negates

This spell was created by a long-dead evil wizard who found that after the consumption of many youth elixirs, he grew allergic to them. He created this spell to compensate for that allergy. The spell requires the consumption of at least one pound of new born behemoth's bone marrow. The spell removes 5% of the recipient's age per level of the spell caster, but it also removes 1 point of constitution per spell use. These constitution points are regained at a rate of one per year. This spell cannot be reused until the constitution is back to normal. The reverse causes an increase in age at the same rate of 5%. The recipient of this spell is allowed a saving throw as well. The spell component of the spell reversal is the bone marrow of a behemoth who has died of old age. The maximum increase or decrease at any given time is 50%.

Shock Shield (Invocation)

Level: 5
Range: 10 Feet
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 2 Rounds per Level
Casting Time: 1 Second
Area of Effect: Touched Creature
Saving Throw: Applicable

The invisible shell created by this spell does not keep anything out. Spells can be cast upon the recipient of this spell, and attacks can be made with missiles and hand held weapons. The shell causes 1d6 points of damage per round to all who enter the ten foot sphere. A familiar, if the recipient of this spell has one, is unaffected by this spell.

Weapon Return (Conjuration/Summoning)

Level: 6
Range: 20 yards/level
Components: V, S
Duration: 2 Rounds per Level
Casting Time: 5 Rounds
Area of Effect: One Thrown Weapon
Saving Throw: None

This spell enchants any thrown weapon, or any item that can be used as a thrown weapon, to return to the thrower's hands one second after the item hits any target. If the weapon misses its target, it continues to the full range of the spell and returns to the caster at the end of the round.

Deadly Smog

LNR1 **ZANKHIMAR™**

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Special
INTELLIGENCE:	Animal (1)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
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NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	0
MOVEMENT:	10
HIT DICE:	10 +
THACO:	10
NO. OF ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d6
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See Below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Standard
SIZE:	L (100 sq ft)
MORALE:	Champion (16)
XP VALUE:	2000

Deadly smog is described as noncorporeal clouds of slightly musky-smelling fog covering an area equivalent to one hundred square feet, or a ten by ten foot area. One creature consists of a central hub of fog, with up to fifty tentacles that can extend as far as fifteen feet when feeding. When in its static form, it appears just as any normal low lying cloud. It is misty colored, usually off-white. Even after feeding, the creature's color does not change.

Combat: When engaged in combat, the deadly smog contorts itself into a spastic mass of tentacles that reaches out to all warm blooded creatures within a fifteen foot radius. Any creature struck suffers 1d6 points of damage from these tentacles. Even if more than one tentacle successfully strikes a victim, the victim only receives 1d6 points of total damage. The deadly smog moves at a rate of 10 to keep in range of as much prey as possible.

For every six points of damage that it steals from its prey, it heals one point of damage taken itself. If the creature is already at its maximum hit point total, any additional points raise that maximum permanently. Then, for every eight hit points it absorbs over its original maximum, the creature gains one hit die, though the THACO remains the same.

This creature is immune to all non-magical weapons. Magical weapons do only their bonuses as damage. Strength



bonuses do not apply; a fighter with 18/00 strength and a *bastard sword* +3 inflicts only 3 points of damage to the deadly smog, not the usual 10 to 17 points.

The deadly smog does have a few weaknesses, though. If a spell caster were to cast water elemental spells on this creature, they would affect it as though it were a natural weather phenomenon. For example, if one were to cast a *cone of cold* at it, it would freeze. It then would be susceptible to splintering and shattering, and the pieces could be spread out. All weapons do normal damage in this situation and others like it.

Habitat/Society: These creatures originate from the Negative Material Plane. They do not *gate* into the Prime Material Plane by choice. Their arrival is always forced, either by accidental or purposeful summoning. These creatures are solitary while within the Prime Material Plane. How their progeny come into being is unknown, and probably should remain that way. On the negative material plane, they are of uncommon frequency. Luckily, on the Prime Material plane, they are very rare.

Stalking Death

LNR1 **UNIKIMAR™**

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Genius (17-18)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
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NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	0
MOVEMENT:	20
HIT DICE:	12
THACO:	9
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	3d4/3d4/3d6
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Standard
SIZE:	L (7' long)
MORALE:	Fearless (19-20)
XP VALUE:	4000



The mere sight of this beast can freeze a man with fear. Its huge mastiff body covered with thick double coated fur is an abomination in its own right. It has been bred for the kill. It stops at nothing, until its prey is dead at its feet. Its many techniques may seem cowardly to some, but its genius dictates moves and tactics to throw its intelligent prey off guard. This beast shares many attributes with the dog, but its size and jaws are more powerful than a giant croc and make its cousin much the lesser.

Combat: The beast, when it has been called to fight, traps its prey in a inter-dimensional space that appears to have no boundaries. The quarry cannot tell where the horizon is, where the sky starts, or where the floor ends. This off-white quasi-world is its arena. All weapons and magical items the prey may carry are brought with it into this space. There is no saving throw associated with this spacial transition. The prey hears the gut-rending roar of the stalking death's battle cry, and then sees it *blink* into existence about fifteen feet away. It immediately begins its attack.

The beast can *blink* whenever it wishes. Its genius intelligence and its excessive strength and dexterity make it an opponent none looks forward to. It has the ability to jump 30 feet straight up, or 30 feet to the side, or any combination it feels is necessary. It does not purposely jump onto an opponent from 30 feet away, if the opponent has any pole arms which might impale it. The creature's favorite attack sequence is to bite (3d6) and claw (3d4) one opponent, and then rake at another (3d4). If only one opponent is surviving, it aims all attacks at it.

If one opponent is down, it purposely stomps him for 3d8 points of damage, as it lunges for another. The DM has the option of ruling that the bones of the stomped body part are broken.

It often uses its ability to jump to keep its opponents from encircling it to attack from the back. It can jump once every other round. This beast has also been known to grab an opponent in its mouth and hold it there, causing 3d4 + 4 points of damage every round as it grinds its teeth into the nearly helpless prey. This may, on the DM's discretion, cause severe damage to bones, as well as a decrease in the opponent's charisma.

This creature causes itself to *blink* out of existence to view the characters for a few minutes, once its hit points are down to 70 or fewer. It *blinks* back in, once it has an opportunity it cannot pass up. It then attacks with complete surprise, attacking either the opponent's flank or its back.

The creature likes to separate its opponents into smaller groups to better its chances at defeating them. The logic behind this, is that if there are fewer opponents in an area, there will be fewer strikes on him as he makes his attacks.

It sometimes leaps 30 feet away, and waits to see if its opponents attempt to charge it with a pole arm, hoping to run the beast through. It then leaps a few feet away, and immediately attacks the charger's flank. Every time it makes a kill, it takes a bite of the dead opponent, keeping all others in front of it. The beast then resumes the battle.

Once the stalking death is down to 30 or fewer hit points, it falls to the ground as though dead. It then *blinks* out of existence again, to watch its prey. If the opponents are confident in its defeat, it gains a temporary +2 to hit. After five minutes, it *blinks* back in at an advantageous spot, and attacks with a fury unmatched. At this point, its AC is raised from 0 to 4, but the beast gains an additional claw attack for the remainder of the battle. If the opponents manage to defeat the creature, it officially dies at -1 hit point, and the opponents are brought out of the inter-dimensional arena, back to where they started. To the opponents, the battle may have

Stalking Death

lasted a long time, but to any onlookers, they never left. Their wounds appeared suddenly, as if by magic; perhaps they even died, but of no apparent reason.

Habitat/Society: These creatures are so rare, no one has actually seen one and lived to tell it. The only information that can be found about these creatures is through various ancient times and from the alien wizards who inhabit Nehwon. These creatures seem to be the only known avatars of the Nehwon god Death. It is common knowledge among theological sages that Death has an avatar to do his bidding when he wishes to give his quota victims a slight chance to live. No one seems to know if there is one or more

of these stalking deaths. It is assumed that if Death happened to send the stalking death for a kill, and it failed and died, he would merely create another. A few sages find this idea preposterous, claiming that it is impossible for a god of death to create life, so they believe Death raises these abominations himself.

A few sages and clerics believe the stalking death to be nothing more than a familiar for the god. They feel that the aspect of an avatar for Death is too horrid to comprehend. As one can tell, there are many theories about the relationship between Death and the stalking death. One thing everyone agrees on: there is a relationship, and both strike fear into the hearts of all wise enough to know better.

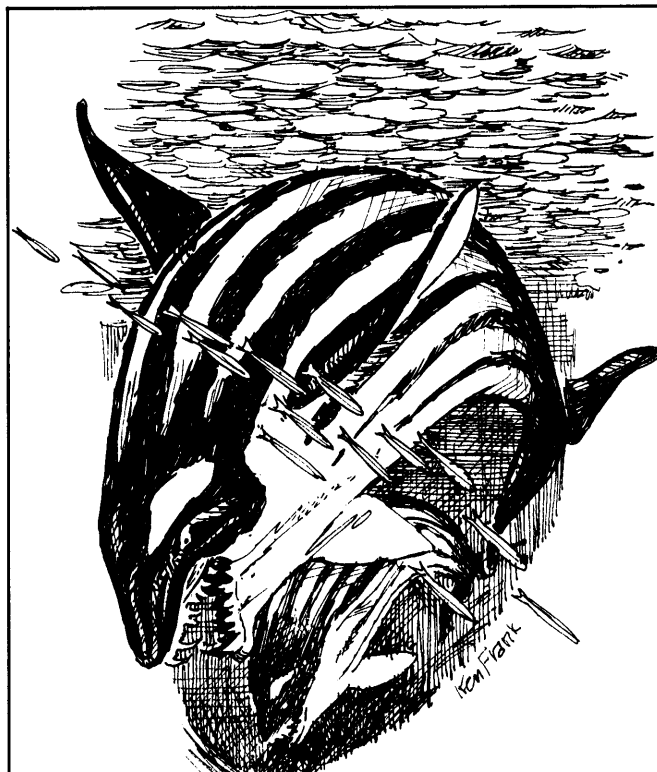
CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Deep Waters
FREQUENCY:	Very Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Day
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Animal (1)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Nil
<hr/>	
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	-1
MOVEMENT:	21
HIT DICE:	14
THACO:	7
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	2d4/1d6
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Electrical
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Strategy
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Standard
SIZE:	G (50' Long)
MORALE:	Elite (13)
XP VALUE:	5000

The monolisk is a large, water breathing mammal that hunts schools of fish. It electrically charges the water to stun these creatures, so that it can then scoop them into its huge maw. Its diet consists of any flesh (sea-dwelling or otherwise), up to and including creatures larger than itself. What it cannot swallow whole, it eats in as few bites as necessary. It does not hunt in packs as sharks or many other water dwelling carnivores do, which is very convenient for fishermen. The creature's smooth skin is mainly shiny black, with gray stripes from nose to tail.

Combat: These creatures do not intentionally harm other life forms, except when feeding. The monolisk uses its electrical generative capabilities to electrify the water in a 30-foot radius around itself. When it does this, everything in the water is shocked and stunned for 2d4 rounds and floats to the surface. A successful saving throw versus spell banishes the stunning effect. It can shock the water once every hour.

If this creature is attacked, it retaliates reflexively. It can bite an opponent for 2d4 points, or it can attack with a tail swipe for 1d6 points of damage. It cannot attack the same opponent with both attack forms, although it can attack two separate opponents at one time. The tail always attacks at a -4, because the monolisk cannot see beyond its normal peripheral vision.

For every twenty points of damage the creature takes, it must roll a morale check. If it fails, it turns tail and swims away. This creature has a natural advantage over land creatures



when they are in its element, as it can attack from any side as well as above and below a target. Targets must remember that a monolisk can dive at them or ram them from beneath, as well as attacking from the front, back, or sides.

Habitat/Society: These creatures usually hunt in solitary, unless one is aiding a sick or injured companion. They usually even fight among themselves over a feeding area. Monolisks have even been known to fight over an area that was completely void of prey.

Ecology: These creatures live approximately fifty years, and breed only ten times. The incubation period is three years, and they litter only one pup at a time. Twins kill the birthing mother 90% of the time. The young stay with the mother for two years, and then are sent off on their own. These creatures are one of the few water-breathing mammals in all of Nehwon. They are a favorite food of the kraken, which have been known to hunt a single monolisk for weeks.

Wolvern

LNR1 **ZANKHAR™**

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Pack
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Very (11-12)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
<hr/>	
NO. APPEARING:	2d4
ARMOR CLASS:	4
MOVEMENT:	14
HIT DICE:	8 + 1
THACO:	13
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d4/1d4/2d4
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Telepathy
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Standard
SIZE:	S (3' Tall)
MORALE:	Steady (11-12)
XP VALUE:	???

This is an intelligent canine hybrid that prefers to hunt in packs. These packs usually range in size from two to eight animals, but can exceed sixty or more under special conditions, such as in locations where the number of watering holes or springs are rare, and they happen to all get to the watering hole at the same time.

These animals all possess a semi-telepathic ability which allows them to accurately predict where prey will run to next, or where an opponent will strike next. This telepathic ability does not function on other telepathic creatures. If a creature not usually telepathic is given magical telepathy, the wolvern's predictive capacities do not function on that creature.

Combat: These animals usually do not attack creatures with an intelligence rating equal to or higher than their own, unless they feel threatened or are abused in any way. They are normally calm mannered and simply curious around human encampments. They have a great respect for all creatures of intelligence. If they are provoked to attack, or are driven by hunger, they are awarded a +2 to attack beyond their normal THACO. Their opponents are also inhibited by a -2 to hit, due to these telepathic capacities. Both of these attack modifiers are nullified if the opponent is currently telepathic (naturally or unnaturally).

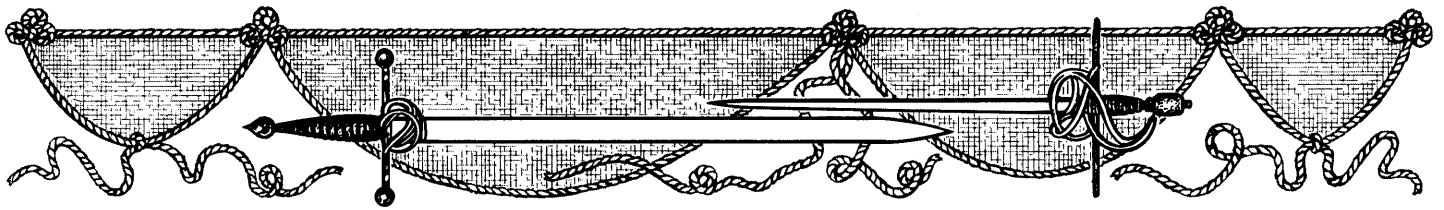
Even if driven by hunger, if an opponent is able to speak with a wolvern, either telepathically or vocally through the *Speak with Animals* spell, the animal befriends them immediately.



Habitat/Society: These animals live in packs. There is always one wolvern that is the leader of the 'clan': the most intelligent animal in the pack. This wolvern holds the leader position until either another is determined to be more intelligent, or it dies, whichever comes first.

Ecology: Wolverns mate for life, as do wolves. The pair sire 2d4 pups every year. They protect their young with such ferocity that few men have ever seen them.

The only way to take a wolvern as a pet is to either telepathically or vocally speak to the animal via the *Speak with Animals* spell. The animal spoken to is so impressed with the apparent intelligence of the person that it is bonded and loyal until mistreated. At that point, it does everything in its power to escape, even at the expense of the former 'master'. Wolverns have a language that consists of many different barks, whines and growls. It is impossible to learn this language unless one has been befriended by a wolvern.



The NPC Roster



Alcheron

Thief: 8th Level

Social Level: 5

Alignment: Neutral Evil

This thief is a member in excellent standing with the Lankhmar thieves' guild. He is an excellent marksman with the thrown dagger, gaining a +2 on all throws. This man is a very likable sort, with an unusually charismatic personality (Cha 16).

Alcheron is rumored to be an assassin for the guild. However, he has never been caught doing this, and the guildmaster and his assistants never admit to these accusations, due to their relationship with the Slayer's Brotherhood. Alcheron is the man the thieves' guild decided to send as a spy and assassin against the heroes as they searched for the five digits of Gryllph Discoon.

This man is just a hair's width over five and one-half feet tall, with long, flowing brown hair that falls in wavy locks over his shoulder blades. He

dresses all in gray, this being his favorite color. A scar runs along his face from his forehead, along his right eyelid, and down past his cheekbone. This scar does not hamper his vision at all, and is found by some women to be one of his more attractive features. He walks silently at all times, seeming to move about like a great cat.

Alcheron carries with him seven daggers, hidden in several easily accessible areas, including his high boots and in the sleeves of his loose-fitting shirt. Everyone seems to like the man, and like knowing him, all the while believing that the rumors regarding his shadiness must be wrong.

He is married to two women in Lankhmar, which is highly illegal, and has several mistresses as well. He has three children, one by his first wife, and two by his second. These wives do not know about each other; each believes Alcheron to be a fine husband and father.

Alcheron is actually a man who lacks a conscience. He has no stom-

ach for idle talk, and would kill his best friend if it would profit himself or the thieves' guild. All of Alcheron's childhood friends despised and feared him because he used to bully them for his own amusement. He committed his first murder at the tender age of eight.

Atya

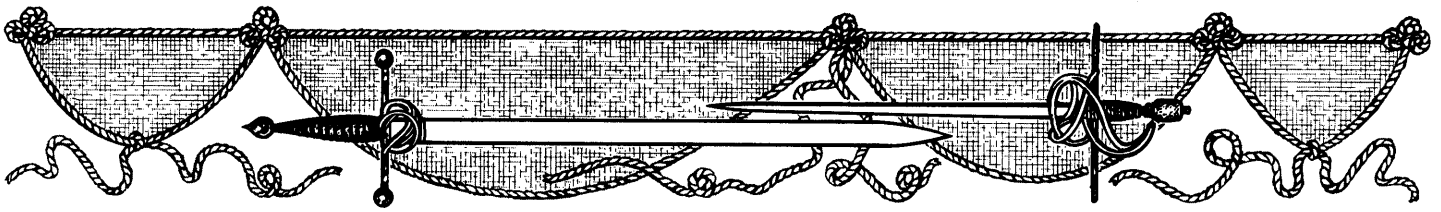
Human: 0 Level

Social Level: 8

Alignment: Lawful Evil

Atya is a beautiful black-haired woman who likes to wear expensive black clothes, usually with red or white ornamentation. She rarely has any jewelry with her. She never wears armor, but always carries a jeweled knife that does 1d3 points of damage.

Her temper is well known throughout Lankhmar as one of the shortest. She enjoys taunting and insulting men, especially the rich ones, but she is smart enough to curb or channel her anger if she deems it necessary. Usu-



ally her taunts are designed to bring about a certain reaction.

Atya is the priestess of the goddess Tyaa. She is a direct descendant of the priestesses from the time before the worship of Tyaa was outlawed in Lankhmar. Atya has been granted certain powers and abilities from Tyaa.

Atya can talk with any birds associated with evil, such as ravens, vultures and crows. She has the power to control ravens and the special birds of Tyaa. Once a week the priestess can polymorph into a giant raven.

Atya's favorite tactic is to coat the talons of her birds with poison. The birds do this by grabbing poison berries in their talons and crushing them. Any successful hit requires a saving throw versus poison. If it fails, the victim dies in 2d10 rounds. She is smart enough to vary her tactics if necessary. Her goal is to spread the worship of Tyaa throughout the world.

Commander Dement

Warrior: 9th Level

Social Level: 10

Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

Lieutenant Dement, or Demi, as his friends call him, is a conniving, ridiculous excuse of a man. He stands just over six feet tall, with a thin, badly trimmed moustache. He has made enemies of almost everyone he has met. He expects something from everyone, but does not reciprocate at all. He likes to dress in his military uniform at all times. He has seven complete uniforms, so that he only has to wear each once before it is washed and starched stiffly, and the leather accoutrements spit shined.

His goal is to completely take over the Northern Barracks, and establish a martial government with him in the Overlord's seat, issuing martial law. To do this, he must first take over as the Northern Barracks Commander to get close to the Overlord and befriend him.

Lately, he has been making copies of Lankhmar's military strategies and

selling them to the Mingols, as well as lithmar and the Empire of the East. He would sell them to others, but they are not interested. He has been collecting a great deal of money through these transactions. He plans to buy the Overlord's affection, to assure his climb to the Commandership of the barracks.

This man has never been married, and probably never will be, due to his unpleasant personality (Cha 8), but the man is not homely by any means. He is extremely secretive, and tends to hide everything that could possibly show what he really is. His diary, family portraits, money, and all the documentation of his espionage activities are hidden in a compartment under the floorboards of one of the rooms in his house. The man is a true scoundrel from and no one calls him friend.

Hristomilo

Black Magician: 10th Level

Social Level: 4

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Since birth, Hristomilo has been taunted about his appearance (Charisma 4). He is tall and severely hunchbacked. His clubhands are unnaturally thick in the palms, with huge knuckles and fingers just over an inch long (Dexterity 3). His nose is long and pointed, shadowing his almost chinless mouth. His complexion is yellowish-grey, his sallowness covered with a stubby gray beard that grows almost up to his eyes.

This man is a master wizard (Int 18), and has the ability to kill any opponent he feels is threatening. He currently works with the thieves' guild in Lankhmar, as a necromancer and assassin. His weasel familiar has improved intelligence and the ability to speak (courtesy of Hristomilo's magic).

He owns 2d6 potions, 1d4 scrolls and 1d8 miscellaneous magical items. He also has written on a piece of scroll paper, hidden inside the only painting he owns, a spell that allows

him to summon the deadly smog that he is quite infamous for.

Summon Deadly Smog (Alteration)

Level: 5

Range: 10 feet per level

Components: V, S

Duration: Permanent

Casting Time: 3 turns

Area of Effect: One summoned creature.

This spell summons one deadly smog from the Negative Material Plane. The caster can cause the creature to *gate* to any location within the specified spell range. The deadly smog then is trapped within the Prime Material Plane until it is killed, *gated* back by some other force, or forced back by powerful wizards. This spell drains the caster of one-half his total hit points; the spell cannot be cast again until all hit points are regained through normal healing and rest. Potions and spells do not suffice in this case.

Commander Khoran

Warrior: 13th Level

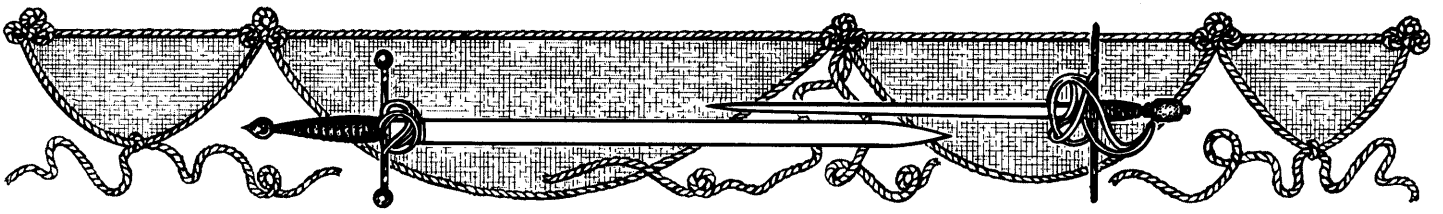
Social Level: 13

Alignment: Neutral Good

This man is fifty-seven years old with graying temples. He usually can be seen walking the streets of Lankhmar wearing normal street clothes. He wears his military uniform only when performing his barracks duties, or while attending military functions, such as parties, dances, and award ceremonies. He is a very mild tempered man, whose only motivation is the barracks' continued military protection of the Lankhmart lands. He feels that martial law would do nothing but disrupt trade, cause major civil disturbances, and eventually bankrupt the country.

He is extremely intelligent, and it has been said that his mind can work on several different problems all at once. (Int 18). He has been accredited with some of the most creative and





deadly tactics to protect Lankhmar from invasion by land and sea. Several of his plans would even protect Lankhmar from an aerial attack.

He often sits quietly and fantasizes about life elsewhere in the vastness of space. He has drawn up ships to power people to different frontiers with a high survival rate and in total comfort. These, he realizes, are only pipe dreams.

His biggest love, as far as hobbies go, are military strategy games that require great thought and great lengths of time for every move. He has also designed several himself, but has never tried to have them published.

He was married at the age of 23, and stayed happily married through the age of 45, when his wife died from a cancerous growth in her stomach. He has seven children, of whom six are still alive. Three are men who now hold prestigious positions inside the military. From four of his children, he has become a grandfather thirteen times, and he is very proud of this.

Since his wife died, he has been very lonely at times, but has never remarried. There is no shortage of eligible women who would take him for a husband, but the memory of his late wife burns too brightly in his mind. He will probably die widowed, taking comfort in the closeness he shares with his children and grandchildren.

Lilyblack

Human: 0 Level

Social Level: 2

Alignment: Neutral

This young woman is a beautiful street dancer (Dex 15, Cha 16). She also has been known to dress as a beggar to gain extra coins. She holds this to be a harmless way to gain extra money without hurting anyone in the process.

Lilyblack's hair is long and raven black. It is silky soft, and usually falls over her shoulders. Her skin is as white as a lily, and she is very proud of this. Her only obsession, it seems, is

shielding her skin from the sun at all times. She attributes the softness and color of her skin to this almost religious practice of hers.

She enjoys the company of dangerous men. The intrigues and excitement of the shady side are highly attractive to her, and almost make up for the abuses she often suffers at the hands of these men. She is very bored by the man who is secure with his world, who finds happiness in working his hours at his employment and coming home to a lovely wife who can cook a fine meal for him. She thrives on the uncertainty that comes from living on the edge of the underworld.

For all this association with the seamy side of life, her foraging skills and her ability to protect herself in a dangerous situation are extremely lax. She depends on her men to take care of her. This is why she has never attempted to adventure on her own. Plus, the aspect of being with the same person for more than a few weeks or months frightens her. She fears falling into the trap of the boring home life that she dreads.

She is considered by all who know her to be a valuable friend. However, these same people (if asked) freely admit she is somewhat flighty. The term 'Heart Render' also seems to come up frequently in interviews with her friends.

For a time, Lilyblack was seeing the Gray Mouser. She was very interested in him because he showed her quite a hair-raising time for a while, but then he also became lax, and was comfortable with her. This gave her pause, and she soon left him for a weasel of a man named Grilli. He is an assassin whose preferred weapon is a razor. She soon parted from him because of his profession. He is still very jealous of any man who is seen with her.

Ningauble of the Seven Eyes

Black Wizard: 20th Level

Social Level: unapplicable

Alignment: Lawful Neutral

Ningauble is a powerful alien wizard, so therefore is not bound by the normal constraints of humans and other Nehwonians. His Intelligence and Wisdom are far above the normal human maximum. He wears a voluminous robe that completely covers his body, hands and feet at all times. The hood which conceals his head and face reveals only seven glowing lights which seem to float about in random patterns. On more than one occasion, people have actually seen a tentacle with an eye on its tip emerge from the hood. This eye's pupil seemed to glow only while shrouded in darkness.

Ningauble's nickname is "gossiper of the gods." He loves stories, gossip and conversation. His philosophy is that a thousand words can paint a picture, and he has many pictures to paint. But he can also listen in rapture for hours to a well-spun story.

If he were human, it would be said that he has a pot belly. On his nine-foot-tall frame, this is very impressive. He is usually seen sitting, rather than standing up, and is fond of smoking a water pipe.

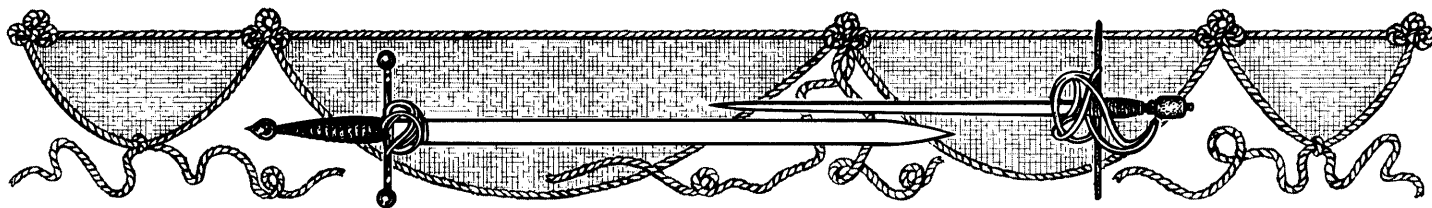
Sarek the Scholar

Sage: 15th Level

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Social Level: 15

Sarek, "Scholar Extraordinaire" as he likes to call himself, is considered to be one of the wisest men in all of Lankhmar. He has been asked as many times as there are minutes in a day to be the consul of the Overlord, and he has turned the job down just as many times. He feels that his talents would be wasted on the dubious affairs of state. Instead, he is comfortable heading the Thinker's Fraternity. In fact, he was mainly responsible for keeping the fraternity from being turned into a money-making scheme. He felt, and still does, that the fraternity should exist only for the sharing of ideas, and the discussions of any and all matters.



Sarelk is surprisingly agile and youthful looking, even though his age exceeds sixty. Trying to get him to tell his true age is as tough as pulling healthy teeth with mere fingernails. The man can come up with a correct answer for almost anything. His scope of knowledge is nearly as vast as the libraries of the large cities in Nehwon.

Smart yes, but this man does lack strong financial sense, or at least that is what many of the other guild members in the Thinker's Fraternity believe. They regard him in awe for his knowledge, but regard him in horror when he has to count the guild money to buy a new desk or set of pens.

He prefers to wear baggy silk pants with very low boots. He also believes his brown leather jerkin is quite fashionable. In spite of his obnoxious style of dress, he is still respected in the Lankhmar community. He has been a great service to nearly every nobleman in the city, as well as a fount of answers for the Overlord.

Sarelk is by far one of the most

unique people in all Lankhmar. He is truly a good ally for any good or neutral character. He stands alone from all other sages, as being the *only* one with a sense of humor. He has been known to pull pranks on the people he likes, or even those who have trusted him with finding specific information. One favorite prank is to use a person's fear or a very recent encounter for a good, healthy laugh. He always breaks the prank quickly so as not to frighten anyone excessively, and so that he won't be damaged by an arrow or a hurled battle axe. This practical joke he pulls only on people he knows well and who know him well. He also enjoys being on the receiving end of creative pranks. He has never become angry over such stunts; instead, he finds great enjoyment in them. The more creative they are, the more he likes them.

One very curious note about Sarelk: no one has been able to find any facts pertaining to his genealogy. He seems to have absolutely no relatives here in

Lankhmar, or in any other city in Nehwon. It is almost as though he 'just showed up one day' from the clear blue sky. A few of the sages in the Thinker's Guild believe that he may have had a previous extra-planar existence. He has never been questioned about this, thanks to his status with the other sages in the guild. However, as one of the sages rummaged through his house, he found a letter from a mage who apparently lives in a city not found in the Nehwon world. It was a place called Shadowdale.

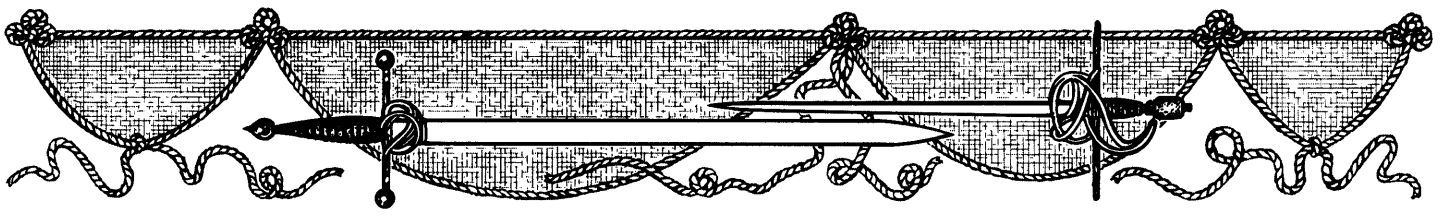
Shade

Assassin: 10th Level

Social Level: 4

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Shade is this man's alias. No one knows what his true name is. Some say that even he has forgotten it, but that is highly doubtful. He is shy of six feet tall by only about an inch. He is a charismatic man (Cha 14), with no apparent physical defect. He has very



dark brown hair with traces of gray throughout the unruly mess. His eyes blink constantly, and his thick eyebrows are always knit. His lips are perfectly formed, but they are always chapped.

This man is intelligent (Int 14), but his cunning is beyond belief. He seems to know the actions of others once he has set eyes on them. This is due to his empathic ability that is very rare in Lankhmar.

He is calm mannered, and is a person who listens and thinks before he speaks. He has always found that this leads people to leak details of interest to him that would otherwise be inaccessible.

He carries a *dagger +1* in each boot that he can pull out and throw or slash in the same round. These are his main defense, because he can pull the weapons out and parry the blow of any opponent even if he loses the initiative in combat.

He has provided the Slayer's Brotherhood with an incredible amount of wealth from his jobs, and his name seems to be demanded most often, even for the most simplistic cases. He is one of the Guild Officials, reporting directly to the guildmaster himself.

Sheelba of the Eyeless Face

Black Wizard: 20th Level
Social Level: not applicable
Alignment: Lawful Neutral

Sheelba is a powerful alien sorceress and is not limited by the normal constraints of humans and other Nehwonians. Sheelba always wears a black robe with a hood. The robe completely covers her body, hands and feet. Even the brightest of light cannot penetrate the blackness under her hood. Sheelba is usually thought of as female because of her mannerisms and her voice.

She is not a very likable person, because she is sharp tongued and believes that all men are nothing but idiots, and that they do not deserve the big brains that they were born

with. Just the opposite of Ningauble, she believes that one word can define a thousand pictures. As a result, she says little and gives away no information unless necessary. Her voice is said to sound like the clank of small boulders moved by a sullen surf.

Regal Trapp

Warrior: 8th Level
Social Level: 3
Alignment: Neutral

This man is 28 years old. His quirk is the pleasure taken from the company of strange and exotic animals. His current animal companion is a death dog. The dog is a bit on the evil side, as far as Regal is concerned, but up to this point, it has been a loyal guard animal, and that is what he requires from his "pets."

He is a handsome man (Cha 15). He was seen in the company of Lilyblack for quite a while, but she tired of him, and moved on to another. He holds no remorse or pity for himself. He views the separation as the natural flow of things.

He tends to be loud and obnoxious at times, especially when he is under the influence of a good dark ale. He has been adventuring for nearly twelve years, but when he nearly lost his leg, he stopped to recover.

Karl Treuherz

Zoologist: 13th Level
Social Level: not applicable
Alignment: Lawful Neutral

This man is an enigma on Nehwon. No one knows where he comes from, or where he is going next. The only thing Sarelk has ascertained is that Karl somehow can travel to the different lands in the sky, as well as into the frozen times of the past, and the air of the future.

In truth, this man is a zoo specimen collector. He prefers the wild and dangerous animals, and refuses to take anything back to his zoo that is dead or benign. He loves to face danger,

even though the technology that he carries keeps him virtually safe from all harm.

He has disdain for anyone showing cowardice, and immediately dispatches himself from their presence. He has even been known to knock a man unconscious without touching him just to remove the offender from his presence. He believes that it is not a man's tools and weapons that nourish courage, but the man himself who makes the choice to face danger.

To date, this man has never carried off a Nehwonian to his zoo. He evidently feels that captivity, even of one so less than he, culturally, is an abomination.

Inrik Valinor

Fire Magician: 10th Level
Social Level: 2
Alignment: Chaotic Evil

Inrik Valinor is 51 years old, but he looks over 65. He is six feet tall, but carries himself with a noticeable stoop. He wears black, flowing robes, a metallic skull cap beneath his hood, and thick oilskin boots. He usually carries an old, knotted staff from which he can produce a short flame at will. He also employs a short *dagger +1* which he can hurl with great accuracy. Around his neck is a gold medallion with ruby studs. Depicting a flame and sword, it is an ornament of the Red God.

Although cunning, Inrik is quite insane, and he is prone to laugh aloud for no apparent reason. When alone, he often carries on a running conversation.

Inrik is followed by Mestopha, his familiar pet. Mestopha is a special hell hound whose intelligence and magical abilities have been raised through the application of magic. The hound can also communicate with Inrik telepathically. In addition, the animal can change its shape to that of a small, unobtrusive mongrel when it suits his master's purpose. In this form, the animal's eyes do not glow.

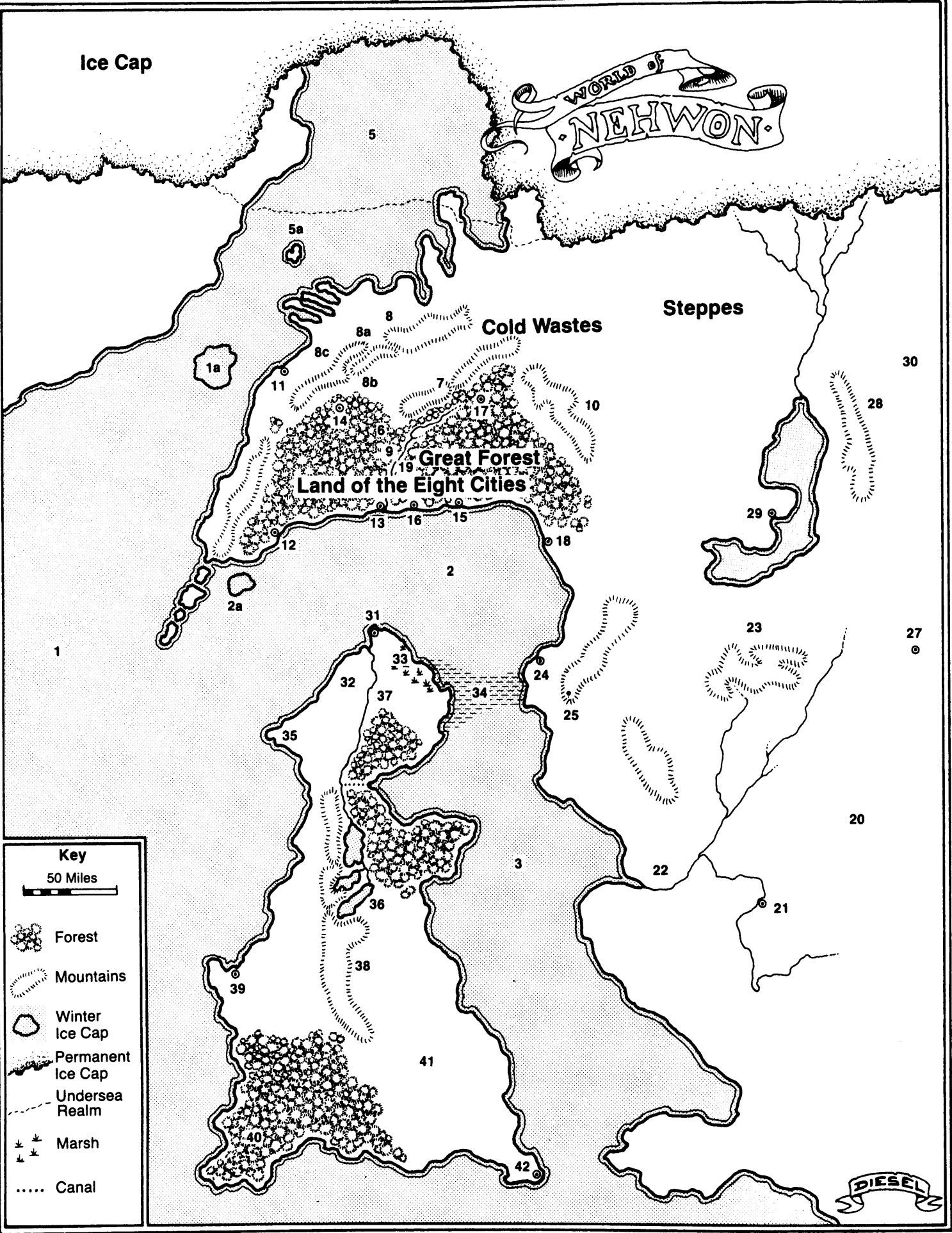
Ice Cap

WORLD OF
NEHWON

Steppes

Cold Wastes

Great Forest
Land of the Eight Cities



Key

50 Miles



Forest

Mountains

Winter Ice Cap

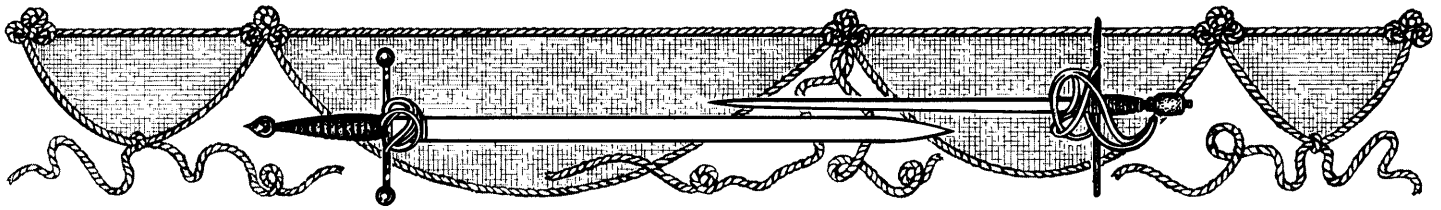
Permanent Ice Cap

Undersea Realm

Marsh

Canal

DIESEL



The NEHWON™ Setting

Although Lankhmar provides the adventurer with many exciting and sometimes dangerous experiences, wanderlust many eventually draw him into the vast world of Nehwon. While the majority of this land remains yet uncharted, the travels of Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser have shown us many lands and their unique peoples.

Some of the known details about the lands extending from the walled boundaries of Lankhmar are described in this section. The Dungeon Master is urged to fill in any details found within the pages of Fritz Leiber's novels that are overlooked here.

1. Outer Sea

The mightiest sea of Nehwon could be termed an ocean. Huge storms brew frequently, and large sea monsters are known to dwell there.

1a. Simorgya

This legendary continent sank beneath the ocean for unknown reasons. Occasionally, remnants of the region still rise above the ocean waves for a brief time.

2. Inner Sea

This body of water is the most-travelled in all of Nehwon. It acts as the central hub for all commerce between the various major cultures. The appearance of sea monsters are very rare in this sea.

2a. Sea King's Domain

This is a mysterious underground kingdom west of Ool Hrusp. This is not the kind of place a land and sky loving adventurer would care to spend his time.

3. Sea of the East

This sea, being larger than the Inner Sea, is relatively sheltered from the horrific storms experienced on the vast Outer Sea. This sea does not serve as a major trade route.

4. Sea of Monsters

This body of water carries no shipping traffic, due to the fact that it is inhabited by large schools of serpentine aquatic monsters. The creatures can sometimes be seen from the shoreline, cavorting about.

5. The Frozen Sea

Much of this sea is sheltered in a permanent sheet of ice. The ice cover, however, fluctuates seasonally, as shown on the Nehwon map.

5a. Rime Isle

This island is the northernmost known inhabited settlement in Nehwon. A hardy breed of seafaring fishermen and traders make their living in an environment most deem unfit. The island is volcanic, with its mountains often smoking and steaming, but eruptions are no longer common, as in its earlier days.

6. Cold Corner

This is the main trading post between the barbarians and the civilized lands.

7. Trollstep Mountains

This northern mountain range is extremely difficult to travel. The entire expanse is marred by rugged peaks, steep cliffs and deep gorges. In winter, these are completely impassable.

8. Bones of the Old Ones

The only life that seems to live on these forbidding mountains are the ice gnomes and the invisible beings dwelling atop Stardock.

8a. Stardock

This is the tallest peak in all of Nehwon. A family of invisible creatures possessing bizarre magical abilities lives in a series of caves at the top of the mountain.

8b. Obelisk Polaris

This is the second tallest peak in Nehwon.

8c. White Fang

This lofty peak claimed the life of Nalgron, Fafhrd's father, when he tried to scale it.

9. Great Forest

This is the largest forest region in Nehwon. In the dense inland section, savage groups of mercenary fighters roam free.

10. Barrier Mountains

This range blocks the great forest from the open reaches of the steppes.

11. No-Ombrulsk

This far-northern city is an all-weather port on the Outer Sea.

12. Ool Hrusp

This city is one of the smallest of the Eight Cities.

13. Kvarch Nar

This is the largest of the Eight Cities and lies directly across the Inner Sea from Lankhmar. Much trade passes between these two cities.

14. Illik-Ving

This city is the smallest of the Eight Cities, and the closest one to the Cold Wastes.

15. Kleg Nar

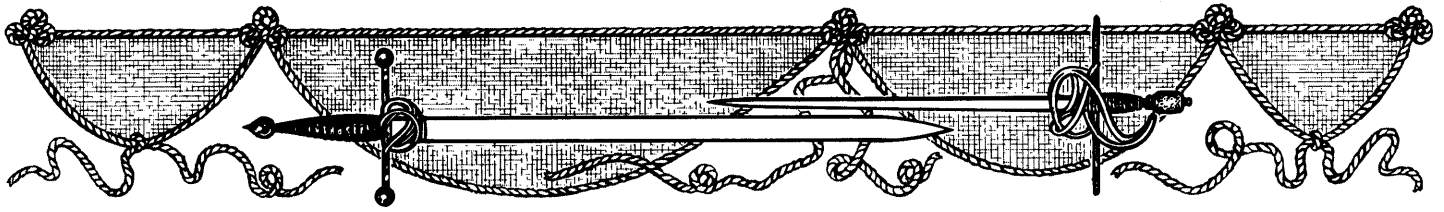
This is another of the port cities on the Inner Sea.

16. Gnamph Nar

This city is famous for its waterfront district brawls and wide varieties of imported goods for sale.

17. Mlurg Nar

This city is one of the few inland communities within the Eight Cities. It lies in the northern reaches of the Great Forest, and is a lawless and mercenary wilderness town.



18. Sarheenmar

This is the most remote of the Eight Cities. It sees more influence from the other regions of the world than do the other cities.

19. River Mangarishik

This broad river runs from the Troll-step Mountains and from the Great Forest, and its mouth is on the Inner Sea.

20. The Eastern Lands

This exotic and mystical kingdom is one of the oldest countries in Nehwon.

21. Horborixen

This is the fabled Citadel of the King of Kings. It is the second largest city in all of Nehwon.

22. River Tilth

This river is the bloodline of the Eastern Lands.

23. Mountains of the Elder Ones

This range, mostly arid and treeless, reaches high enough to form the headwaters of the River Hlal.

24. Ilthmar

This city of thieves and assassins is almost as notorious as Lankhmar, but is somewhat smaller.

25. Caves of Ningauble

These passageways connect Nehwon with other worlds.

26. Tisilinilit

This is one of Nehwon's most exotic lands. It is a distant outpost of the Eastern Kingdom.

27. Empire of Eevanmareensee

Once a great empire, this culture has decayed into decadence. Every man and woman, and every creature living within the city, is completely hairless.

28. The Parched Mountains

These barren peaks are one of the most inhospitable places in all of

Nehwon. The only forms of life found here are dried up lichens and hardy insects. Nary a drop of water can be found.

29. City of the Ghouls

This city's inhabitants are known for their entirely transparent skin, which makes them appear as animated skeletons.

30. Shadowland

This land is the domain of Death.

31. Lankhmar City

This city is the focal point of all commerce and trade in Nehwon. It is without a doubt the most fabulous city.

32. Grain Fields

These fields are the mainstay of Lankhmar's economy.

33. Great Marsh

This uninhabited region provides Lankhmar with sufficient cover from attacks from eastern approaches. Various unfriendly creatures that inhabit this area make travel though the marsh very hazardous.

34. Sinking Lands

This is one of the geological wonders of Lankhmar. It is said that a large bubble of gas regularly builds up within a subterranean dome of rock below the Sinking Land. When the pressure reaches the bursting point, the gas escapes into the sea and the land above sinks about 12 feet, creating a water passage for shallow vessels between the Inner Sea and the Sea of the East. The land slowly rises again, making the water passage shallower by the hour, until it emerges to reform the land neck linking Lankhmar and Ilthmar.

This isthmus of land is thirty miles long. For game purposes, the DM rolls a die when the characters first arrive at the border of the Sinking Land. If the result is even, the land is above water; if an odd number results, it is currently submerged. If the land is

submerged, the DM rolls 1d12. The result is the number of feet of water covering the land, and the number of hours until the land rises above water level.

If the land is raised, or rises as the characters watch, the DM rolls 2d8 to determine how many hours the land remains above water. If the land was above water when the PCs arrived, subtract 1d6 from this result for time already passed. If a 0 or less results, the land begins to submerge immediately.

35. Earth's End

This narrow promontory of land marks the end of Lankhmar's Great Dike. The dike was erected to hold the tides and storms from the Outer Seas back from the precious grain fields.

36. Lakes of Pleea

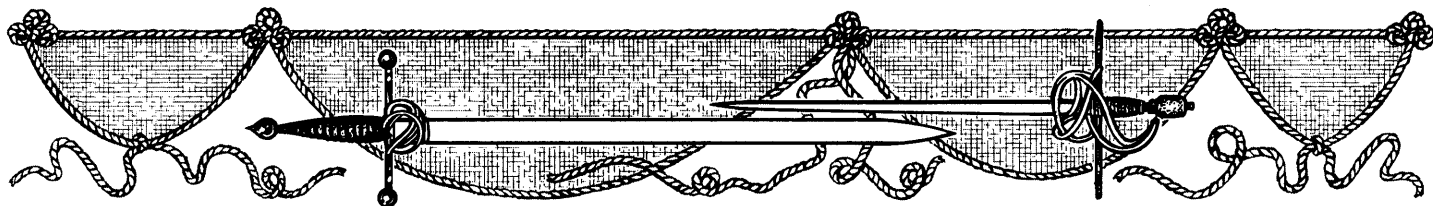
These lakes provide the headwaters for the broad river Hlal. Small fishing villages border these deep and cold waters, taking advantage of the generous catches of trout and salmon.

37. River Hlal

This broad and muddy river flows from the Lakes of Pleea to the Inner Sea. This is the only reliable trade route between Lankhmar and the Sea of the East due to the nature of the Sinking Lands. A canal has been cut through a narrow strip of land that links the Sea of the East with the Hlal River, making the trade route possible.

38. Mountains of Hunger

This mountain range, though not high by Nehwon standards, is extremely barren. Most of the volcanos that gave birth to the range now lie dormant, but a few have been known to spew occasional bursts of steam and ash.



39. Quarmall

Quarmall is all that remains of a decadent and great culture. Now, it is a slave-holding society that has retreated within its huge, domed city.

40. Klesh

This country lies south of Quarmall on the coast of the Outer Sea. Very little is known, for its people are secretive and mysterious. Rumor tells of several fabulous cities of rare beauty and ancient architecture which lie within the impenetrable Kleshite jungles. Although the people of Klesh are not outwardly hostile, no expedition into the interior of the country has ever returned.

41. Quarmall Barrens

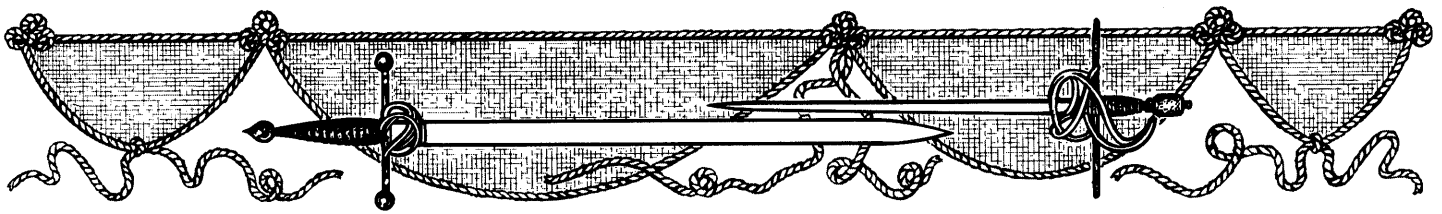
A vast desert occupying most of the eastern portion of the continent of Lankhmar, the barrens are an uninhabited region of towering sand dunes, splintered red rock, and little water.

42. Kokgnab

Located at the opposite end of the Lankhmar continent from the city of Lankhmar, Kokgnab is a small country of both farmers and seafaring folk. The country is known for its exotic spices and customs.

Godsland

Thought to be located near or over the Nehwon's South Pole, Godsland is the home to all of the gods, except Death. Evidently, Godsland is not subject to the varieties of climate found in the rest of the world.



New Magical Items

Gryylph Discoon's Fingers

This magical item is actually a combination of five single pieces. Each piece is a single digit from one hand of a once-great thief. Gryylph was a notorious thief from the last century. His life remains in cloaked mystery, but some believe that he once tried to overthrow the Lankhmar thieves' guild and claim it as his own. A great battle ensued, and during this battle, he lost the fingers of his left hand. The people who believe this also hold the belief that he had gained much of his thieving ability through some arcane magic (that is now lost), and that magic still is imbedded in the fingers themselves. Thus, this magic aids the thief in his many thieving abilities. The abilities rise in accordance with the number of digits possessed by the thief.

Each of the fingers grants the thief a +2% (cumulative) on all of his thieving abilities whenever they are attempted. The thumb, however, has a different effect that increases the thief's effective ability by two levels. This includes all attributes associated with level, including hit points, attack ratings (THACO), and all thieving abilities. This thumb artifact can also increase the thief's level beyond the Nehwon level limit of fifteen. Thus, a thief in possession of this artifact can rise to the seventeenth level, while still only needing the experience points required for two levels lower.

The fingers do not function if held in a magical containment device, such as a *bag of holding*. The magical containment prevents the digits from affecting the possessor.

It is also said that if one should lose his own fingers, these fingers can be grafted onto the stumps, but this effect cannot be substantiated, since no one has been foolhardy enough to try. (If a character should try this, the side effect is that the *Fingers of Gryylph Discoon* attempt to possess the owner, who must make a saving throw versus spell at a -1 penalty per finger grafted. If all the saving throws fail, the *fingers* throw the character's soul into the Shadowlands, and Gryylph again lives. This possession attempt can only be made once per owner.)

Medallion of the Snow Clan

This *medallion* is a magical item usually found only in the possession of the Snow Clan of the Nehwonian north. The *medallion* awards all creatures and characters in alliance with the owner a +1 on all saving throws. It also protects the wearer against all cold based attacks 35% of the time. In other words, if the character is attacked by a cold based spell, there is a 35% chance that there is no effect. If the percentile fails, the character still receives his normal saving throw. The *medallion* gives off a faint magical glow.

It is designed to be worn around the neck. The chain is usually made of roughly twisted links, often fashioned of discarded chain mail. The *medallion* is decorated with an engraving of a beautiful woman with her arms outstretched at her sides, with snow piled in each hand. A large bear stands in profile behind her.

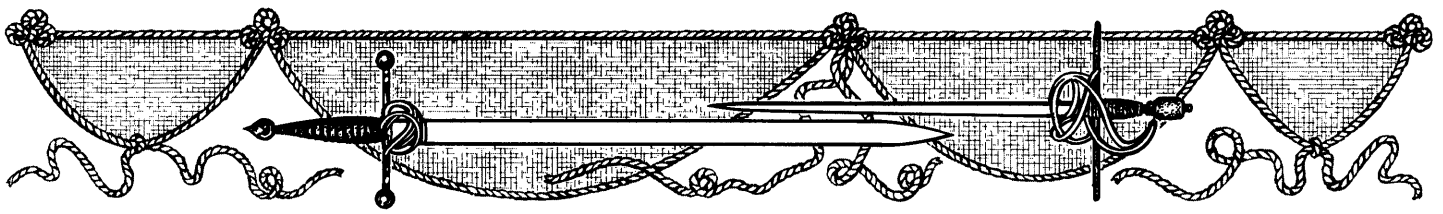
Gem of Moolsh

This *gem* is one of the few magical items that radiates evil. The evil it sheds is of a neutral type. This *gem's* only purpose is to bring about the return of the goddess Tyaa. The *gem of Moolsh* is a required necessity for the avatar of Tyaa, whom at this time is Atya. If destroyed magically, the *gem* magically ignites all flammable materials in a 100-foot radius. This includes wood, oils, clothing, everything. Metal is not affected in any way.

The *gem* is not necessarily the only one in existence. Theoretically, there could be many more, nor will this one be the last. The avatars of Tyaa can enchant any gem of near-perfect quality worth at least 1000 gold rilks, and thus have Tyaa bless it. This new gem, properly called the *gem of Tyaa*, can be used to bring about the earthly return of Tyaa. Anyone can touch the gem, but only the avatar of Tyaa can use it to its evil purpose.

Eucharistic Chalice of Issek of the Jug

This magical chalice does not deliver a magical aura as would be expected of a magical item. It will, however, exhibit a large amount of magical energy whenever a fluid is poured into it. The chalice automatically purifies any liquid it contains. It removes all bacterial and viral infestations, as well as removing poisons and alcoholic contents (wine becomes juice). If the purified liquid is drunk, it grants the imbiber total refreshment, and completely fulfills the body's needs for liquid regardless of how dehydrated the drinker may be.



The magic of the chalice also puts the imbibers totally at ease with himself and all who are around him. Enemies who share a drink from this chalice have no shared grievances for one full week. This chalice heals no damage except insanity of all types. It even cures insanities that are genetic in origin by properly re-aligning the neural synapses in the brain. The drinker feels total communion with everything for one full week. A drinker's alignment is not affected by the chalice on a permanent basis.

The Urn of Hindsight

This urn allows the holder to see into the past of all who are within a ten foot radius. The glimpse is so completely accurate that the holder can even smell the odors and taste the tastes of the past being viewed. These feelings from the past are so vivid that the holder is able to recall all of them as long as he is in contact with the urn.

The urn, unfortunately, has a side effect. While the possessor has it, there is an accumulative 1% chance per use that the user goes insane. This insanity manifests itself as ego-mania and acute paranoia. The user eventually believes that even a spouse or dearly loved one is out to steal the magical item, or is out to kill him. The side effects wear off in the number of weeks equal to the number of times the item was used. In other words, if the item was used ten times, and the user became insane, it would require ten weeks for the user to become sane again, once the urn was taken from his possession. Once the urn has been used one hundred times, the user dies (whether or not insanity has manifested).

The Gem of True Sight

This *gem* allows the user to view the future of all who are within ten feet except the user himself. The pictures portrayed in the vision supplied by the *gem* are so vivid that the user experiences every sensation in its entirety, except that of death. These visions are merely one possible future, and are not necessarily the path taken by the subjects. Someone's future can be changed by a decision as simple as choosing to walk on the left side of the street as opposed to the right.

There are side effects to the use of this item. Every time this item is used, there is a cumulative 1% chance that the character is driven into extreme depression. The reason for this is the eventual path of every living being leads to the black shroud of death. If the DM chooses, the character could fall victim to delusions that the shrouds of death are following him, eventually causing the character to believe everyone he sees is the death that stalks us all.

If the *gem of foresight* is placed inside the *urn of hindsight*, a true artifact is created. When these two items are used in tandem, the character sees the complete past and the complete future as well as all of the alternative paths of that person's life. This revelation destroys the character's mind. There is nothing left, as though the soul has been whisked away. There is no saving throw for this. The only beings who may make saving throws are those with Intelligence and Wisdom both greater than 23. If these scores are both over 24, there is no saving throw necessary: just a week of rest.

Danius' Glyph

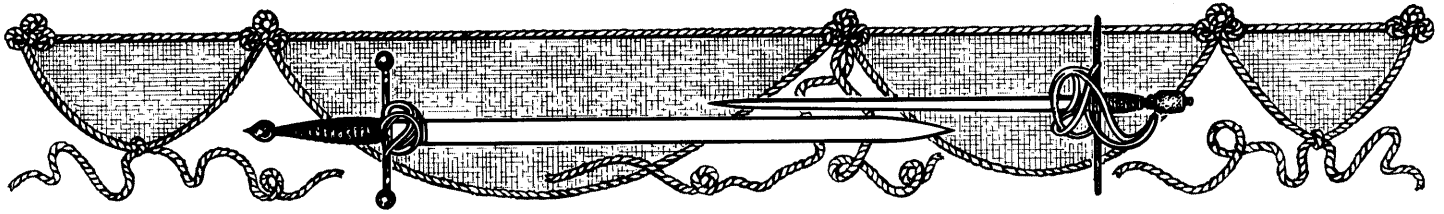
This glyph was accidentally created by a mad duke in Lankhmar. He had an insane fear of Death, and created this glyph to ward off death. The glyph is quite powerful, but not enough to do what the duke wished.

The glyph consists of a large triangle, with many intricate patterns of birds, dragons, men, and astral beings. There are also many astrological signs imbedded in the patterns as well. The overall design is very symmetrical. These inscriptions must be carved in hard wood to activate their innate powers.

When one wishes to use this glyph, he merely places a foot on each of the lower triangle points, while placing one hand on the top point. If both hands are placed there, the glyph will not function. Once this has been done, the glyph is waiting for a word, and will act upon that word. If one says "damned", the glyph puts a curse on the speaker that can only be removed by a *limited wish* or *wish*. If the word 'shoot' is used, the glyph shoots a fireball at 30th level of ability. The DM is encouraged to be highly creative when interpreting the glyph's reactions to words spoken by persons standing in the proper position.

The Gem of Life

This *gem* is a very powerful magical item that can not be dealt with lightly. The *gem* is about three inches in diameter, and gives off an eerie pale blue light. If touched to a dead body, the *gem* restores the soul to his body, and returns 25% of the character's total hit points. A normal system shock roll is needed for the character to be brought back from the dead. There is a 5% chance of angering the god Death whenever this item is used. If



he becomes angry, he immediately goes to the spot of the newly resurrected person, and kills him with a touch. He then threatens the character responsible for the resurrection. Death does not warn any character twice.

If this *gem* is broken, perhaps by greed from characters who wish to make *rings of resurrection* for everyone, several things can happen. Roll 1d6 to determine the effect:

- 1 The *gem of life* explodes, sending particles everywhere in a two hundred foot area. All within the effect must take 10d6 points of damage.
- 2 The character who broke the *gem* finds that some of the gem chips have imbedded in his skin. After a week, whenever he strikes at an enemy and hits successfully, he heals this opponent by the amount of points equal to the damage he normally would have caused. This effect can only be removed by a *wish*.
- 3 Nothing happens. The *gem* loses its potency, and the abilities are lost forever.
- 4 The character who broke the gem finds that his body is changing, the bones and muscles enlarging. He becomes deformed, his body bulging, his knuckles rupturing into cauliflower protrusions. Eventually, the character looks something like a Fomorian giant. This is healing out of control—the *gem's* power simply added too much flesh and bone to one body.
- 5 The *gem* shatters and completely annihilates itself. The characters and all other things within 100 feet are coated in a permanent *faerie fire*.
- 6 The character must make a saving throw versus spell. If the roll fails, that character cannot gain any more hit points. His current total is his maximum, no matter what level he reaches.

Potion of Enlightenment

This potion was first created by two poorly schooled alchemists who work for Sabryen. These potions are actually failed *potions of flying*, *clairvoyance*, and *clairaudience*. These alchemists kept notes on these failures as they made them, and thus are able to reproduce them as often as they like. The potions' only effects are to make the imbiber believe he or she is flying or clairvoyant. In truth, they might be standing in the street drawing stares. They mix into these potions the juice squeezed from the taro root. This extract causes the potion to be unbearably addictive. (Imbibers must make a saving throw versus spell at a cumulative -4 per draught.) Once the person becomes addicted, there is a cumulative 1% chance per potion of feeling no effects from the potion. Then people begin to consume multiple potions.

If the character should take more than one of these potions in a day, which after a while is assured, he must roll percentile dice and consult the table below. This was derived from the Potion Compatibility chart on page 141 of the DMG.

01: Explosion. Damage is 6d10 hit points.

02-03: Lethal Poison. Imbiber is Dead.

04-08: Mild Poison. Causes nausea and loss of one point each of strength and Dexterity for 1d8 days.

09-00: No special effect.

The only way to end the addiction of the potion is to cast a *cure disease* on the characters, otherwise, the addiction continues. Once the addiction has taken hold, the character cannot choose to stop. He *must* be cured.

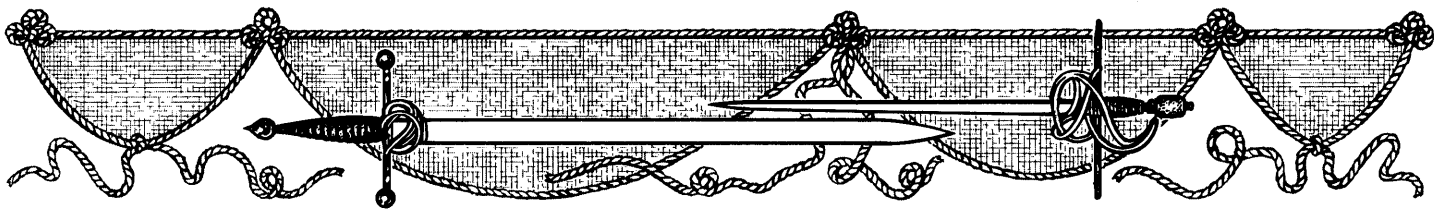
Ring of Continual Churning

When placed on a finger, this *ring* does nothing. When it is placed on a spoon or stirrer of any sort, it begins to spin the spoon around, churning any liquid the spoon is placed in. If there is no liquid, it continues to gyrate as though liquid were present. The ring is designed to help alchemists who have delicate mixings to perform that require uninterrupted stirring for great lengths of time.

The ring could be put on a broom, but the broom would only sweep in a circular pattern over the same spot, until the ring was removed.

Ring of Opposition

This ring does not emit the negative energy that many associate with cursed items. This ring does the exact opposite that the characters want it to. If they believe it to be a *ring of regeneration*, it becomes a *ring of degeneration*. The *ring* cannot be fooled once the characters know what it is. They cannot try to make it a *ring of falling* when they wish it to really be a *ring of flying*.



Combined Monster Statistics Chart

Monster	AC	Move	HD	Hp	#AT	Dmg	THAC0	AL
Astral Wolf	3	18	3	24	1	2d4	17	NE
Bird of Tyaa	7	1/18	1	1d4	1	1d4	20	NE
Carrion Crawler	3/7	12	3+1	27	8	1d2	8	N
Cold Woman	-2	9	16+	180	1	4d10	5	N
Crocodile, Giant	4	6/12	7	56	2	2d6/2d10	13	N
Deadly Smog	0	10	4	32	*	1d6	10	N
Death, Crimson	0/4	12/6	13	104	1	3d10	7	NE
Death, Stalking	0	20	12	96	3	3d6/3d4/3d4	9	N
Deer	7	24	2	16	1	1d4	16	N
Dog, Death	7	12	2+1	18	2	1d10	19	NE
Dog, War	6	12	2+2	20	1	2d4	19	N
Doppelganger	5	9	4	32	1	1d12	15	N
Dryad	9	12	2	16	1	1d4	16	N
Efreeti	2	9/24	10	80	1	3d8	11	N(LE)
Gnome, Ice	6	6	2	16	1	Weapon	19	LN
Hamadryad	4	12	6	48	1	Weapon	15	N
Horse	7	24	3	24	2	1d2/1d2	17	N
Hyena	7	12	3	24	1	2d4	17	N
Kraken	5/0	3/21	20	160	9	3d6x2/2d6x6/7d4	5	NE
Leopard	6	15	3+2	30	3	1d3/1d3/1d6	17	N
Leopard, Marsh	6	9	3	24	3	1d3/1d3/1d6	17	N
Lizard, Gladiator	-3	15	7	56	2	1d10	13	LE
Lurker Above	6	1/9	10	80	1	1d6	10	Nil
Monolisk	-1	18	14	112	2	2d4/1d6	7	N
Rat, Giant	7	12/6	1	1d4	1	1d3	20	NE
Remorhaz	0/2/4	12	14	112	1	6d6	7	N
Revenant	10	9	8	64	1	2d8	13	N
Snake, Snow	6	9	10	80	1	1d10	11	N
Troll	4	12	6+6	54	3	5-8/5-8/5-12	13	CE
Troll Shaman	3	12	7+7	63	3	2-5/2-5/3d4	12	CE
Wererat	6	12	3+1	25	1	Weapon	17	LE
Wolvern	4	14	8+1	41	3	1d6/1d6/2d4	13	N
Yeti	6	15	4+4	36	2	1d6/1d6	15	N

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by Dale "Slade" Henson

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