

DRAGON MOUNTAIN™

ADVENTURE



JAGUAY

Advanced Dungeons & Dragons[®]
2nd Edition

DRAGON MOUNTAIN™



BOOK I

JACQUAYS

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Book I

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Introduction

WARNING: THIS BOOK IS INTENDED FOR THE *DUNGEON MASTER*™ ONLY! PLAYERS SHOULD READ NO FURTHER!

Background and History

A tale that is older than time itself. A place, part-myth, part-imagination, part-truth, that is filled with wondrous treasure and incredible peril. This place could be the top of any adventurer's career, or the end of it.

Some of the stories say it overflows with jewels, gold, and magical items. Others say it isn't guarded, but still others warn against the incredibly powerful forces that guard the entrance. None of the stories seem to match.

Located at the edge of all that is known, it appears to change where it is located, and sometimes not be there at all. No one is certain when it will come back, or where, but they know they want to be there when it reappears. They want what it can bring them, regardless of the danger. They want Dragon Mountain.

Using This Adventure

As with all adventures, the DM should thoroughly read through the entire text before attempting to referee it. The extra time spent preparing will not only help the DM run the adventure more smoothly and provide more enjoyment to the players, but it will also allow the DM the chance to embellish and "tinker" with the adventure to suit the personal tastes of the campaign and players. The extra effort spent in preparation will be worth the pleasure of a well-run game session. Note that text enclosed in a box should be read or paraphrased aloud to the players by the DM when directed to do so.

The *Dragon Mountain*™ boxed set is an adventure for a party of six to eight characters from 10th to 15th level. With certain modifications, this

adventure could be used for players of a lower level, but it is recommended that no characters of less than 7th level be used.

The adventure is divided up into two parts; the dungeon itself, and the adventures leading up to it. Each is filled with its own deadly parts, and each could spell the end of an adventurer's career.

This part, the first, is intended to be used one of several ways. It may be used straight through, with the players continuing from one part to the next until they are done in a linear fashion. It can also be mixed and recombined, using the suggestions at points within each part to make the focus of the adventure not entirely clear until the very end. Or, it may be used one piece at a time, spread out through a regular campaign. Different parts can be dropped in during those gaming sessions when there is a break between other adventures, and then the whole can be made the focus when the players decide to pursue it more aggressively.

Whatever method is chosen, the set of adventures in this first book are designed to lead the characters along several paths in search of a map to Dragon Mountain and a powerful magical item that will help them survive once they get there.

Adapting this Adventure to A Particular Campaign

Because of the dragon's unique plane-shifting abilities, Dragon Mountain can easily appear in any campaign world. The best option is to deposit the mountain and its environs in some region that is far from major civilized areas.

Dragon Mountain can fit into any of the official TSR game worlds, as long as the mountain is not too close to major civilization centers. In these worlds and in worlds in which the truly powerful dwell, the dragon has made a point of maintaining a lower profile so that she does not attract the attention of these folk.



The Adventure Begins

The adventure starts in the little town of Harker's Ferry. It is known for a particularly potent ale, and a ferry that has not run in years, ever since Mortan the Wizard dried up the river.

Harker's Ferry has several establishments; the following are the major ones:

A) Bluegill Inn. Settled next to the (now dry) river, it has seen better days. Built to hold as many as 50 guests, it is a rare day indeed when it has more than ten. Lodging can be had here for a modest fee. Food is available as well, either in the rooms, or at the restaurant down below.

B) Barak's Supplies. Anything needed to resupply the party can be had here, for 25% more than they are used to paying. Times are tough, after all. At least they are tough in Harker's Ferry.

C) The Town Hall. The mayor, named Tomas, is a fat, swarthy-looking man. He is constantly sweating and looking over his shoulder.

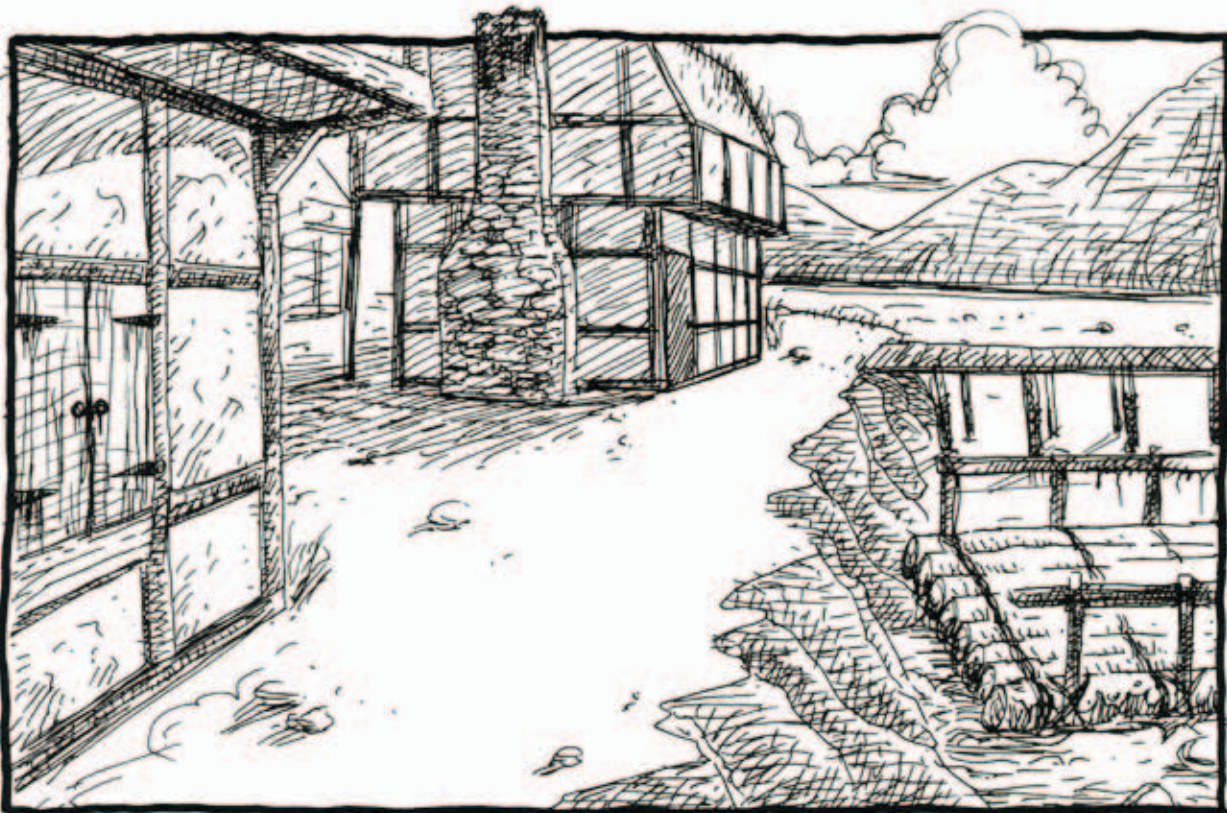
D) Ferry. This is the ancient rotting ferry and dock, from which the name of the town was derived.

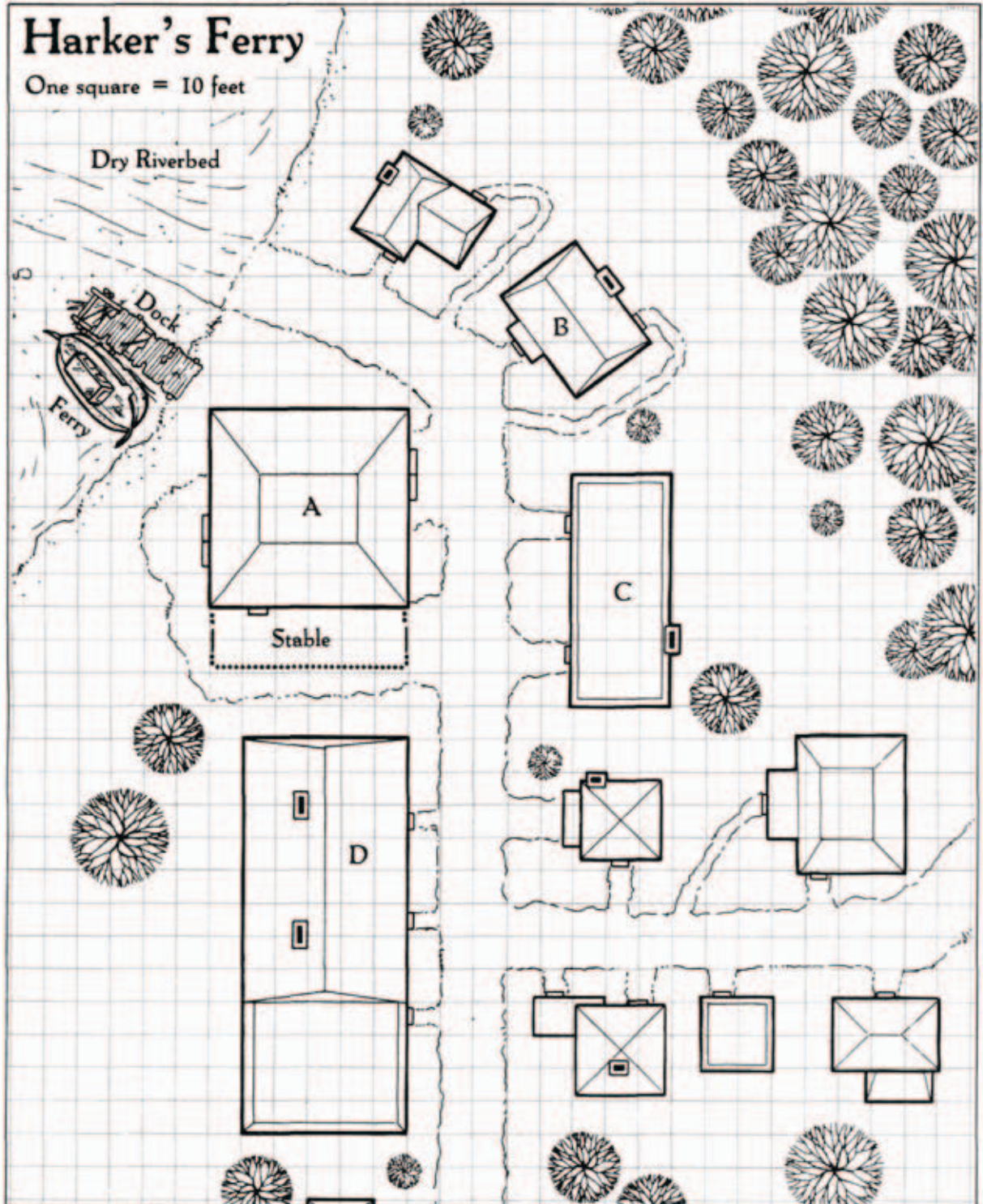
E) The Spawning Trout. This is the biggest tavern in all of Harker's Ferry. Things are reasonably quiet here most days until the late afternoon.

At this point, the players will be presented with three options to pursue in this adventure. They are presented in order, and may each be followed separately.

Most evenings in the tavern, the players may encounter Fedric, an old, blind storyteller. He tells stories for drinks, and tells the story of the town to any who listens:

"The town gets its name from the founder, a man named Harker. He originally set up his ferry here due to it being a strategic location for movement of goods across the continent.





The Adventure Begins

For many years, the town flourished. Trade came from across the land, as this was the best place to traverse the river.

"One day, a filthy, decrepit, old man came up to the ferry and requested a ride across. When he informed them he had no money, he was refused. He asked again, mentioning that he was poor. He was refused again. Harker heard the commotion, and came outside to deal with the matter. The old man again requested privilege to cross. Harker refused, stating, 'We don't need your kind here, old man. Go back where you came from.'

"At that moment, the old man threw off his rags and revealed himself as a sorcerer. 'I am Mortan, and you will grant me passage!' Harker was astounded, and instantly acquiesced. 'Of course, mighty sir. Please step aboard with my compliments.'

"Mortan stopped. 'You did not ask me to pay your fare, ferryman.'

"'No sir, not of one as mighty as you,' Harker said, lowering his gaze so as to not offend the powerful sorcerer.

"'You would grant me free passage, but not to one as lowly as I portrayed. I am outraged! You are too greedy, ferryman. Prepare to learn humility!'

"With that, the powerful sorcerer built up his magic and cast a mighty spell. The river, which had been there for as long as anyone could remember, stopped flowing. The water there dried up. The ferry lay stuck in the mud. Mortan turned and strode away, never to be seen again."

As a side note, if the players go look, they find the ancient ferry collapsed in the river bed.

If the players seem responsive to the story in any way, Fedric suggests that he knows a story that might interest them even more:

"Before the beginning of history, in a place far from here, it was born. A place of mystery, enchantment, and danger.

"A mighty dragon, his name so powerful it cannot be spoken aloud, had a lair on the top of a mountain. This lair was filled with gold, jewels, diamonds, and more. He kept this lair for an age, untouched and unmolested by any mere mortals.

"One day, a powerful skeletal Lich Lord came to the mountain. On its peak the battle was laid. In the end, both lay dead. And the treasure unclaimed.

"Finding the mountain is nigh unto impossible, as it moves in and out of our plane, staying for only a short time.

"This cycle is repeated every twenty years, with the mountain appearing in a different place each time. The location of the mountain could be discerned from certain artifacts, but the location and identity of these items is lost to the ages.

After the players have heard the story from Fedric, they may ask more questions. These questions should be answered with vague comments, misleading statements, and outright lies. No one the players will get to talk to in the tavern has ever even been there or seen it, but they all talk as if they went there for lunch. Others in the tavern overhear, including Arik, a tall man with a short sword at his side, who approaches the table:

"Afternoon, friends. I see you are interested in Dragon Mountain. Nasty place, that," he says as he takes a sip from his tankard. "Myself, I don't know much about it. But an old companion of mine, Lothar, Lothar the Shiv, he was there. Must have been twenty years ago or so. Lothar, now he could tell you a thing or two about that mountain. If I was eager adventurers like yourselves, I'd look Lothar up. Last I heard, he was livin' in a little village not too far from here. Twin Forks, it's called."

The Road to Twin Forks

The ride to Twin Forks should be pretty dull, for the most part. When the PCs are about a day outside of Twin Forks, they are ambushed by a group of brigands. The ambush comes as the party begins to stop for the night. They see a nice stand of trees, perfect for a camp site, and when they head over that direction (as soon as they get into short range of a longbow), the brigands spring their ambush.

These brigands are part of Lothar's band, and their job is to jump any rich-looking party that comes near Twin Forks. They are also supposed to take care of anyone who looks like a group of adventurers, anyone who might be coming to cause trouble for Lothar. The ambush is a pretty simple one. Eight archers are hidden in a grove of trees, with two more archers hiding in reserve. When the party gets within short range, they let fly. Eight swordsmen are concealed in various pits and behind scattered rocks around the ambush area. As the party responds to the ambush, the swordsmen leap out at an opportune moment and strike at the backs of the PCs.

Brigands (8): h-m F5; AC 6; hp 25; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; AL CN; long sword, dagger, studded leather, shield.

Brigands (8): h-m F5; AC 7; hp 25; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; AL CN; long bow, dagger, studded leather.

Brigands (2): h-m F7; AC 7; hp 35; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; AL CN; long bow, dagger, studded leather.

The two reserve archers act as Lothar's lieutenants. When it appears the ambush might fail, one of the lieutenants leaps to the aid of the ambushers while the other rides back to Twin Forks to alert Lothar. The PCs have no chance of detecting or stopping the fleeing man.

These brigands are really quite good at what they do. A skilled ranger or thief might have a chance of detecting the ambush, if alert. The DM should check the appropriate roll, and, if successful, allow the PCs to break up the ambush. Either way, Lothar still gets his warning.

The PCs won't get much in the way of treasure from the brigands. They recover the equipment mentioned, 13 horses, and 130 gp.

Twin Forks

The party arrives in Twin Forks the next day. Twin Forks is a nice little village, nestled between the two branches of the Singee River. Most of the folks there are farmers, but the town does have its own blacksmith, its own miller, and its own innkeeper.

The party will, no doubt, proceed to the Twin Forks Inn to ask about Lothar. Twin Forks Inn is a typical small village inn and tavern. It has fair ale, very poor wine, and fine food. Michael Cooper, the innkeeper, has no problem talking about the Shiv.

"Lothar? Lothar moved into Twin Forks about five years ago. Said he was tired of traveling, that he was looking for a nice quiet place to live. Most of the local folk were a wee bit nervous, having an adventurous type like Lothar living in our little village. But he's not been much of a problem.

"Lothar's a bit of the nervous type, if you know what I mean. He doesn't like strangers, especially strangers who come and ask questions about him. No, don't worry. He won't hear it from me. You look like honest folk, not like those fisher-folk from Colvin that sometimes come and visit Lothar. You can find Lothar in the last house on the East Road."

If any of the PCs bother to ask, the party learns that Colvin is a small fishing village a few days

Lothar the Shiv

downstream of Twin Forks. Colvin is also known for its smugglers and thieves. Needless to say, Colvin and the fisher-folk from Colvin have less than a savory reputation in Twin Forks.

One of Lothar's friends overhears Michael talking to the party, and leaves the tavern to warn Lothar. He does this before the players ask about Colvin (if they do). Lothar's spy rushes over to Lothar's house and warns him. Lothar panics, throws some stuff into a bag, and leaves for Colvin. He pauses long enough to arrange to have a welcoming committee waiting for the party when they come and call on Lothar's house.

When the party makes its way to Lothar's house, it finds it empty, with all of the signs of a rushed exit. Searching the house reveals no clues, only that Lothar is a real slob. The house is dusty, with molding food in the kitchen area. Obviously, Lothar ate at the Twin Forks Inn a lot. When the PCs exit Lothar's house, they find a large group of people waiting for them.

A group of about 20 people is standing around

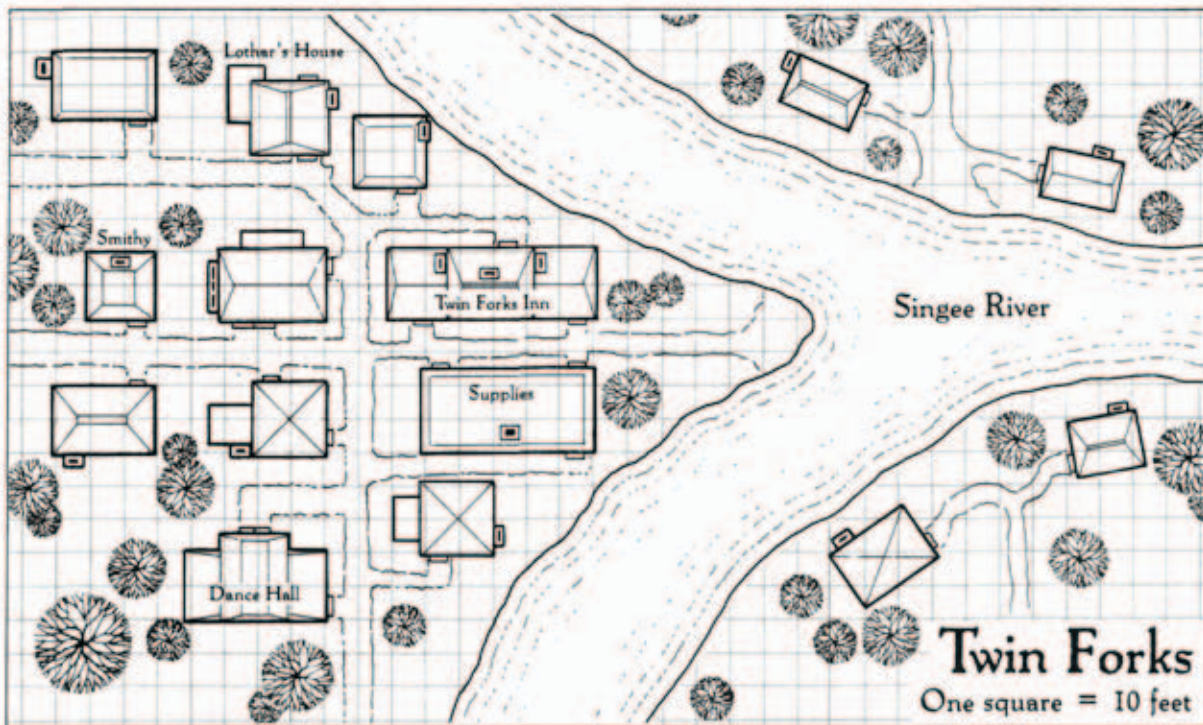
outside the house, looking for the party. A quick glance at the group shows that they are cut from the same cloth as the brigands who jumped the party earlier. This group looks a little better armed and armored, and they look mad. There is at least one wizard in the group of brigands.

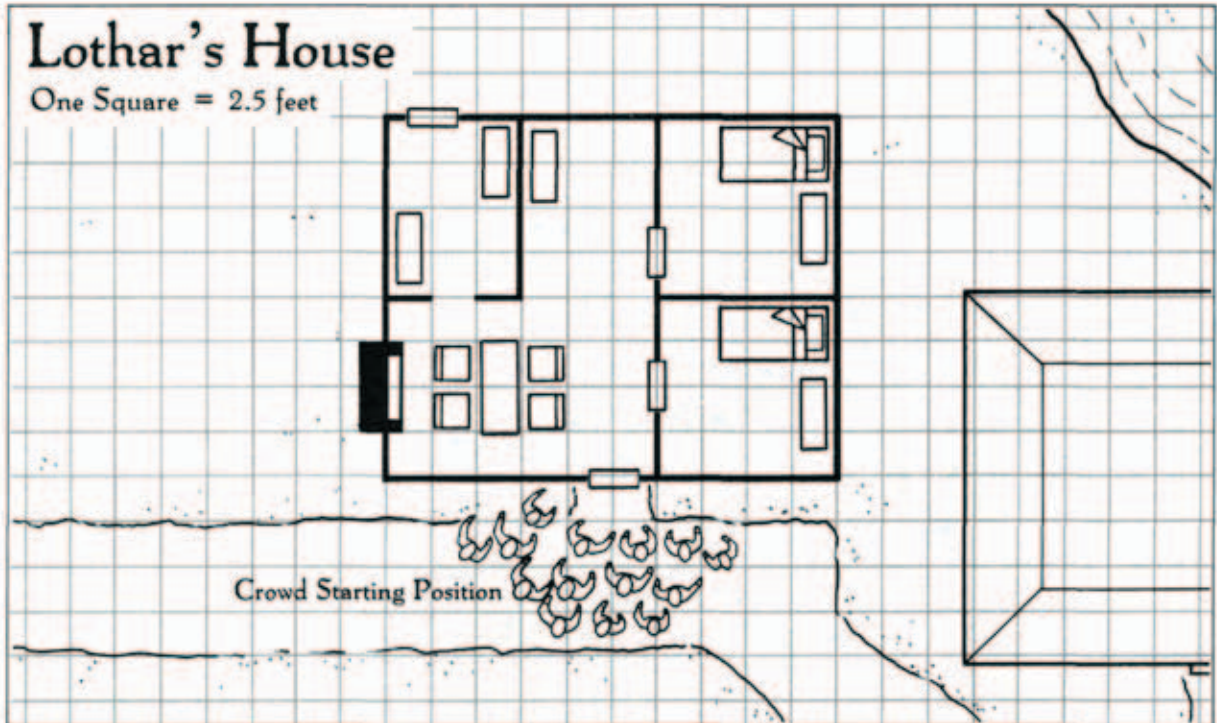
The leader of this band steps forward. Artur is a large man, about 6'4" tall. He's got blonde hair, blue eyes, and a mean look to him.

Artur: h-m F10; AC -1; hp 70; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; STR 18(76); AL N; *sword +1 flame tongue, field plate mail +1, shield +1.*

Artur stares at the party for a moment, then speaks:

"I don' know why you're after da boss, and I don' care. Da boss don' like you. He said we should take care of you. But me, I'm a nice guy. I'll make you an offer. You can drop all of





dose fancy weapons, strip out of dat nice armor, and walk away from dis. Or me and the boys will chop you into stew meat. What-cha say?"

don' care how. Neither do I. So either hand over all of dose shiny tings, all of your money, and anytin' else of value, or we'll kill you. Pure and simple. So what's it gonna be?"

The party has four choices. They can cooperate with Artur, try to reason with him, attack him, or attempt to run away.

If the party does what Artur says, giving him their weapons and armor, Artur allows them to leave the village, unmolested. If the party tries to reason with Artur, they find that he's not a reasonable man. He listens to the party's leader give his spiel, and smiles:

"No, I don' tink you understand. I'm holdin' all the cards in dis hand. You can spew all the nice words you want, but I ain't gonna change my mind. Da boss wants you stopped. He

Artur commands his sword to flame at this point to drive home his threat. The rest of Artur's group brandishes weapons, and makes similar threatening gestures. The party should be convinced that further attempts at reason or negotiation will bring an immediate attack. The party must make another decision here, and quickly. Don't give them much time to arrive at a course of action. If they dilly-dally around for more than about a minute, have Artur's mob attack.

If the party attacks Artur immediately, they can get in amongst the brigands before the wizard can cast her *fireball* spell. She is then reduced to trying things like *lighting bolt* and other, less effective spells.

Lothar the Shiv



This is, however, no easy fight for the party. Artur's band is highly motivated and consists of well-trained fighters. They use good combat tactics wherever possible, seeking to bring down the weaker party members first. They overwhelm with numbers, strike from behind, and try all of those nasty tricks that give brigands bad names. They have no conception of how to fight fairly or honorably.

Artur seeks out the party leader, trying to bring that one down. He uses his flaming sword and does his best to kill his foe or force surrender. Artur should be portrayed as a dangerous, deadly fighter, skilled despite his rough exterior. If the party brings Artur down first, it takes a lot of the fight out of the rest of the brigands.

The mage is a young lady named Arcana. She's about 5' 1" tall, 100 lbs, and has long blond hair and blue eyes. She's obviously from the same region as Artur.

Arcana: h-f W9; AC 4; hp 23; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; CHR 16; INT 17; AL LN; *bracers AC 4, wand of fireballs (20 charges), dagger +2.*

If Arcana gets down to 10 hit points or less, she surrenders. If she is killed during the combat, she is, in actuality, knocked unconscious, so the party can question her after their victory.

Brigands (18): h-m F5; AC 5; hp 25; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; AL CN; long sword, long bow, 3 *arrows* +1, chain mail.

As long as Artur is up and fighting, the brigands are at a +2 bonus to hit and to damage. The moment Artur goes down, they are at a -2 penalty to hit and to damage. They are, as previously mentioned, well trained and used to working together.

If the party decides to run, they are chased by Artur's band. Arcana lobbs fireballs from the wand at the retreating party, and the brigands

break out their bows to shoot at and harass them. Half of the brigands fire while the other half move at half their movement rate in pursuit of the party. They alternate moving and firing, so that the whole mass of the brigand band stays in contact with the party for as long as possible. Artur leads the charge and attempts to fall on the rear PC and engage in melee, hoping that this causes the party to slow down or even turn back and fight.

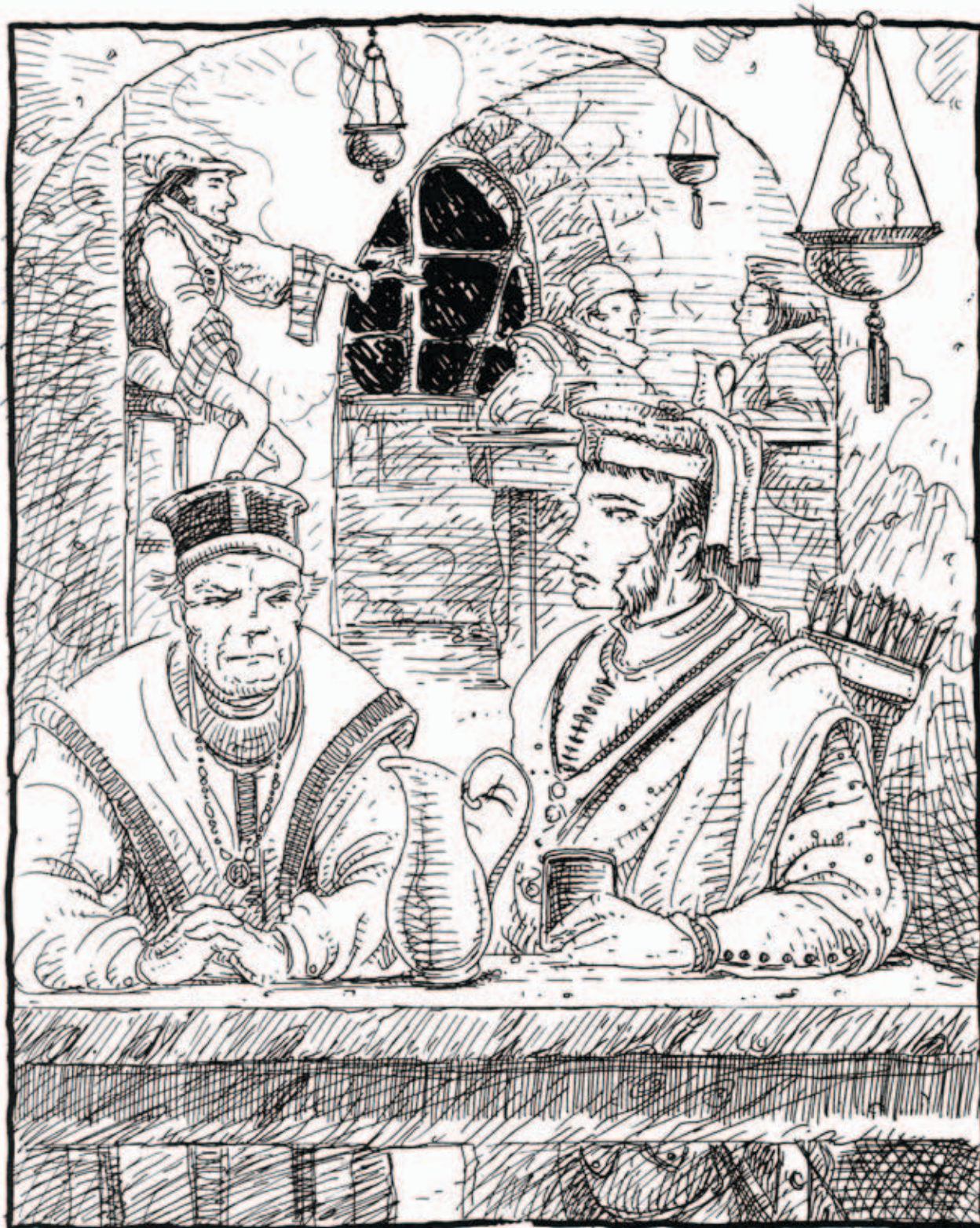
If the party wins the fight, they are able to get some more information from Arcana. If she is allowed to surrender, she is more inclined to cooperate with the party. If she has been hit into unconsciousness during the fight, she is very obstructive, unless the party heals her. Then, she considers herself in their debt, and cooperates fully.

"Thank you for sparing my life. I was not with these brigands of my own free will. I come from the same village as Artur. A few years ago, he saved the life of my teacher. In gratitude, my teacher pledged my services to him. Artur was not always such a bad man, but he had fallen on hard times, and came under the sway of the evil Lothar. Perhaps it is best that he has been sent to his rest.

"Lothar is an evil man, and a hard one. He is also most suspicious. Yes, I have heard him speak of this Dragon Mountain, and it is something he fears. He seems to have quite a bit of information about it, but is very closed-mouthed. The only way you'll be able to get any information from him is to scare it out of him. Unfortunately, I do not know where he has gone."

If the party needs another wizard, they may take Arcana along. Even if the party doesn't need another mage, Arcana does her best to aid the party in locating Lothar. During the final battle with Lothar, however, she changes sides once again, attacking the party from within.

Lothar the Shiv



By the time the PCs have finished their business at Lothar's house, it is nearly dark, and they will probably decide to stay the night in Twin Forks.

Twin Forks Inn

If the player characters decide stay in Twin Forks and visit the Twin Forks Inn, a particularly bad minstrel in the tavern insists on playing for coppers about two tables away. It looks like the only way to get him to shut up is to talk to him or kill him.

The minstrel is a young man of only average build who appears to be unarmed. He is a 2nd level bard, Neutral in alignment, named Julius. He was born of high station, but rejected that life for his art. Unfortunately, Julius has no talent for music making, and this should be brought across to the players. Impress upon them the fact that their characters want nothing so much as to shut the fellow up. There are several options, including speaking with him, threatening him, or even killing him. Threatening him should rapidly turn into talking to him, as he is a skilled conversationalist. Simply twist the characters' words around to bring a polite meaning to anything they say.

At the instant that a player draws steel or begins a lethal assault on Julius, or even tries to manhandle him a bit, a strong voice will call out from across the inn:

"Halt, Miscreant! Take back your ill deed, else we must stop you!"

The door to the inn stands open, and inside is Sir Ovulous the White and his companions.

Sir Ovulous: h-m P11; AC -5; hp 85; THAC0 10; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; STR 18(91); AL LG; *plate mail* +3, *shield* +4, *long sword* +5 *Holy Avenger*, *ring of protection* +2.

Father Yokum: h-m C9; AC -2; hp 65; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; AL LG; *plate mail* +2, *shield* +2, *morning star* +3, four scrolls (selected by the DM).

Fighters (4): h-m F8; AC 4; hp 40; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; AL LG; long sword, chain mail, shield.

Clerics (2): h-m C3; AC 4; hp 15; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; AL LG; flail, chain mail, shield.

Fighters (8): h-m F4; AC 4; hp 20; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; AL LG; long sword, chain mail, shield.

Sir Ovulous is a warrior of great renown, both for his fighting prowess and his single-minded interpretation of right. He attempts to force the players to apologize to Julius, or if they refuse, he tries to kill the players in the name of right. The nature of the apology should be really demeaning to the players. If they comply, Julius volunteers to speak with them, as if nothing had happened. If the players decide to attack Sir Ovulous, Julius claims no harm done in an attempt to halt the potential battle, and offers to speak politely to the players as a show of friendship. If combat cannot be avoided, Sir Ovulous attempts to demand that the duel be taken outside, to avoid disturbing the patrons of the inn. If the players do not comply, Sir Ovulous still enters combat. When all is said and done, Julius is still willing to speak with the PCs. Once this stage is reached, he smiles broadly:

"Hail and greeting, adventurous sirs. I trust you will enjoy my words more than you so obviously did my music. You are of some reputation, you know? Even one so new to town as I have heard that you ask about the fabled Dragon Mountain."

"I may know something that would interest you. I am, you see, observant of unusual things. Last night, I had an opportunity to see something that might be of relevance to your inquiry."

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He waits until there is some sign of assent, then calls over one of the bar maids. This woman is rather comely, and is notable for her dark red hair that falls in natural curls well past her waist. Julius stands, and positions himself so that no others but you can see what is to be revealed. Then he kisses the bar maid and hoists the hem of her skirt up to mid calf. The bar maid, enthralled by the attention, ignores you and kisses Julius with great zeal. Julius points to the tattoo on the bar maid's leg as he deftly continues to distract her.

The tattoo is an intricate illustration of a great red dragon, curled about a craggy mountain peak. The detail, especially of the town at the foot of the mountain and the terrain nearby, is superb. This could only have been drawn from a map!

Julius delays the bar maid as long as possible, then reluctantly releases the hem, and her, from his grasp. With a smile, he assures her of his devotion, and of his intent to meet her later. She returns the smile, then turns and winks at you. With a swirl of her skirt, she returns to work. Julius sits down and adjusts his tunic before speaking.

"I was so taken by the detail of the work, I asked her last night where she got the tattoo. It seems that there is a particularly low tattooist in this town. The man is named Jade Ruebino, and has a shop on the far side of town. I tried to talk to him this morning, but he must have just awakened and was rather impolite. I did note his shop was full of other men who also appeared to be short of sleep. Now, what do you make of this?"

It should not be too difficult for the players to figure out that Ruebino is the head of the local thieves' guild, but if they don't catch on, Julius politely explains it to them.

If Sir Ovulous and his party have yet to make their appearance, have them arrive at this time. They come into the inn with road dust all over themselves, and show no care about who they get

dust on when they shake off their cloaks. Father Yokum cuts a deal for rooms, and one of the senior fighters harasses the bar maids until a very large quantity of ale is brought for all of them. This is not to say they are seriously rude, just loud and a bit selfish. Being Lawful good does not mean well-mannered. Note anything said or done by the players for later reference.

The Tattoo Shop

If the PCs visit the tattoo shop the following morning, they find it closed, with a sign stating that the shop opens at dusk. The PCs can wait until then, try to wake somebody up now, or break in.

If the PCs try to wake up somebody during daylight hours, they can wail away to their heart's content. Nothing short of a *horn of blasting* rouses the inhabitants. But the neighbors will grow tired of this racket quickly. A number of them begin calling insults at the players. One of them, a woman of great girth, actually throws a chamber pot at the players and yells, "Shuth Yer Traph!"

If this results in a confrontation with this woman (named Lubretta), she is a 3rd level thief, Chaotic neutral, with a CON 18, 24 hit points, and armed with a dagger. Her husband, Rollo, is a 5th level fighter, Chaotic neutral, with a CON of 17 and 60 hit points. He shows up wearing a night shirt with a helm, *shield +1*, and armed with a battle axe. He charges out of the home with great abandon to slay the characters if any harm appears intended to Lubretta. This alerts those inside Ruebino's shop, but they do not show themselves.

If any of the PCs had a confrontation with one of Sir Ovulous's party, they have been followed, and Sir Ovulous and his band arrive with great moral purpose to dispatch the brutish and cruel PCs. They are completely oblivious to any wrongdoing by the townsfolk.

If the players try to break into the shop or

sneak in by magical means, things should get out of hand rather quickly. To break in, they must do one of three things:

1) Pick the lock on the door, which is -65% to pick and trapped with a poisoned needle (a successful saving throw vs. poison must be made at a -1 penalty; Type E poison). It also has *alarm* and *magic mouth* cast on the inside, triggered by opening the door in daylight. Unless all of these are silently defeated, the occupants will be alerted.

2) Smash through the door. It requires 35 points of damage to smash the door in, and blunts any non-magical edged weapon in the process, halving the weapon's damage until it is repaired by a smith. All of this racket alerts the occupants and the neighbors.

3) Some sort of magical spell. This is the best plan, but it does trigger a defensive spell. Any spell to transport them inside results in a *dispel magic* being cast as if by an 8th level mage, targeting the spell of transport. This comes from an enchanted urn upstairs in the shop, and is triggered by any spell of transport that begins or ends within 20 yards of the urn. The urn also makes a distinctive bell tone when triggered, which alerts the occupants.

If the characters manage to make their way in without alarming anyone, they surprise the occupants as they sleep. Otherwise, they are greeted rather coldly. The occupants are extremely upset at being disturbed in such a rude manner, and simply attack the PCs at the first opportunity. The occupants are, of course, primarily thieves. There are always 2d4+10 occupants, including rogues of 2nd to 6th level, a few fighters of similar level for muscle, and a mage or two, for special jobs. Their individual levels, equipment, and magical items are at the DM's discretion. Ruebino is always found there.

Jade Ruebino: h-m T8; AC 6; hp 32; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; DEX 18; CHA 17; AL LN; *ring of fire resistance*, short sword, dagger.

If the PCs wait around until dusk, the shop will open its doors for "business." This place is a scum-filled dive, doing little or no legitimate tattoo business. The place is full of people, every last one of them rather disreputable. They are armed to the teeth, and tend to sneak into the back room to do some sort of secret dealings. If the characters approach this place openly, the occupants ask lots of smarmy questions about the characters and are generally insulting and rude. If the PCs are just as rude and slimy, they eventually get to meet Jade Ruebino. He has Charisma of 17 and is surrounded by sycophantic young waifs and a number of pretty women. He is charming and not too insulting to the PCs and discusses the subject with them:

"It's not a map, *per se*. It's just a colorful piece of improvisational art I picked up at a shop in Corinthia (or some other obviously fabricated place name). No, sorry, I can't show it to you. I have sent it to a goldsmith to be properly framed. Won't be back for weeks."

If the characters insist on seeing it, or that it is a map or map fragment, Ruebino actually offers to sell them the map:

"Oh . . . collectors . . . well, that's different. I could be convinced to part with it for, oh, what I paid and a fraction. Say, fifty thousand in gold? Or gems of equal value? You do understand its value, eh?"

This probably rapidly devolves into insults and threats. Ruebino does not back down, no matter how insistent the characters become. If the PCs

Lothar the Shiv

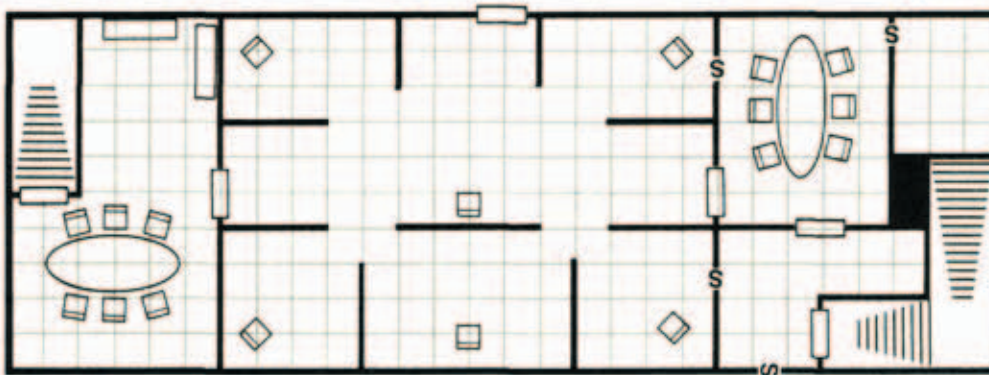
The Tattoo Shop

One square = 2 1/2 feet

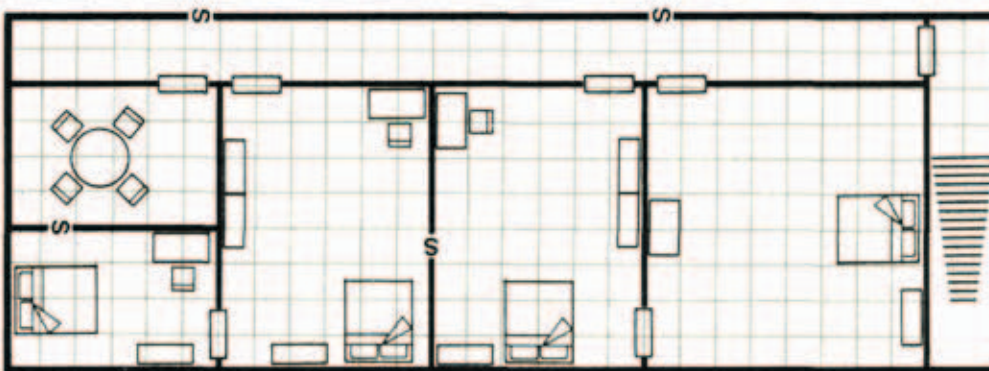


Basement

Pit w/ Iron Grate on Top



1st Floor



2nd Floor

comply, showing that much money openly, a high-level thief (at least 6th level) attempts to sneak up behind the most dangerous-looking player for a backstab. In either case, a fight should start.

It should be noted that the interior of the shop is constructed with defense in mind (see map, opposite page). The walls all have secret panels, including the roof and floor. The basement is divided between a real basement, a secret way out, and a pit trap under the stairs to the second floor. The stairs can be collapsed from either the basement or upstairs. On the upper floor, the walls are hung with cheap tapestry, making a parallel passage for silent movement and backtracking. Ruebino's room, in the north corner of the second floor, has a secret exit to the roof, and another passage to the basement escape route. Also in this room is the guild strongbox, locked and trapped, containing over 10,000 gp and six miscellaneous pieces of jewelry. Of course, if defeat is imminent, one of the thieves tries to get away with the strongbox before the PCs can get to it.

This should be a loud, messy, dirty, backstabbing fight, even if the characters surprise them. Any commotion is enough for the rest of the thieves to grab weapons and come running. If this is simply illogical, determine that one of the higher-level thieves has been impersonating Ruebino and lying about everything while the real Jade Ruebino has attempted to sneak off.

At this point, it is time to confuse the issue. Sir Ovulous and his retinue (assuming they are still alive) come busting in to save these poor townspeople from the cruel and ruthless characters, who all deserve to die. No matter how obvious the moral correctness of the PCs, regardless of whether they are all priests and paladins of a Lawful good deity, Sir Ovulous can see through their petty disguise and knows they are evil. This should be a confusing chaotic sort of fight, with the PCs fending off or actually fighting Sir Ovulous *and* the thieves, with Julius creeping in

through the back door (one of the thieves left a secret door open) to try to help the characters, whom he got into this mess.

In the end, it should be a combination of oratory by Julius and good, noble, strong words by one of the PCs that convinces Father Yokum to halt the assault. Or, if the characters are about to butcher Sir Ovulous, Julius should intervene to sway the player against this.

In any case, the thieves realize when they are out-classed and surrender before too many are killed. When it is over, the characters can interrogate the prisoners, who are as evasive as possible, trying to avoid giving up their secret while at the same time avoiding the pain of torture. In the end, it is revealed that Ruebino keeps the map in an oilskin pouch between layers of his bedding. Further interrogation reveals that it is only a fragment, and it is part of a map to the fabled Dragon Mountain. Ruebino stole the map fragment from Lord Cavius Agronimous, the Warden of Beleme. Reveal to the players that Lord Cavius once had the whole map, but cleverly hid it in parts. If the characters ask further about Lord Cavius, they are told that he resides to the west.

Ruebino should end up dead or turned over to Sir Ovulous as the thief and malefactor that he is. This results in lots of pleading, but to no avail. If Sir Ovulous learns of the map fragment and Lord Cavius, more difficulties arise. As Lord Cavius is the legitimate lord of his hold, and the rightful owner of the map fragment, Sir Ovulous is honor-bound to return it to him. Then, as Lord Cavius would be seen as evil, Sir Ovulous is honor-bound to kill him, or at least try. The DM should note that, if it gets to this point, he fails, dramatically. Any part on the PCs to stop Sir Ovulous from taking the map is seen by him as an obstruction of justice, and he deals with them accordingly.

Otherwise, Sir Ovulous, Father Yokum, and the guys pack up and head off "to seek out evil and slay it!" with a wave and a hearty handshake for the characters.

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One final note: the first time any PC examines the map, the following is found. On the back of the map, scratched in an uneducated hand, is the note, "Get the map, need the amulet."

When all is said and done, Julius wishes the PCs well, but does not offer to accompany them. His love for town living and townswomen keeps him from adventuring in the wilds. He does, however, offer to buy them a parting drink at the local tavern.

At this point, the PCs may either continue to follow Lothar by journeying to Colvin, travel to Beleme to find Lord Cavius, or accompany Julius to the Twin Forks Inn tavern. Go to the appropriate section.

Back at the Tavern

At the tavern, the player characters notice that a merchant caravan has just hit town. The caravan's guards, and most of the merchants, are in the bar, trying to kill two weeks of road dust (and pay) in a single night.

The guards, being fighting men, sit around telling old stories of fights they have won and treasure they have lost. They start among themselves, but eventually include other warriors in their conversations. The guards have heard all of their friends' stories a dozen times; they are looking for some new material.

Any fighters in the party may wander over there naturally. If not, they are drawn into the conversation by Gregor, one of the caravan guards. Gregor, well into his cups, will sit up at the mention of Dragon Mountain.

"Dragon Mountain? Yeah, I heard o' that! Lemme see. . . Yeah, that's right. Old Gerdie! There's this old woman who lives in the swamp near Whitehill, that's the village where I was born." Some of Gregor's companions snicker. "Oh, shut up! I don't want to hear it right now."

"Anyway, Old Gerdie is supposed to be a witch, but she was always good to the village, helping with sick animals, or brewing up love potions." Gregor stops and glares at his companions before they can break out into laughter again. "Where was I? Oh, yeah. So anyway, we were supposed to stay away from Old Gerdie, on the account of her being a witch. But being kids, we didn't listen. Not one bit. So one day, I was there, helping the old woman with some herbs or something, when she got a letter from someone. Really strange messenger, too. Winged, with fangs. If I had any doubt that Gerdie was a witch, they vanished right then.

"Gerdie read the letter and mumbled something about the amulet of the dragon, and Dragon Mountain. When I asked her about it, she clammed up. Didn't want to say another word. I would have pestered her, but there's no talking to her when she's in that mood. And I didn't fancy being a frog, just then.

"So, if you want to hear about Dragon Mountain, you go talk to old Gerdie. She'll be able to help you. Here, let me give you a letter to her, introducing you. All I ask in return is that you tell me the story, if our paths cross again. It sounds like it will be a good one!"

Gregor writes up some kind of letter, seals it, and hands it over to the party. He also gives them directions on how to find Whitehill, a couple of days ride away from Twin Forks. The merchants eventually order their guardsmen to bed, as they have an early start the next day.

At this point, the PCs may choose to continue following Lothar by journeying to Colvin, travel to Beleme to find Lord Cavius, or travel to Whitehill to meet with Old Gerdie. Go to the appropriate section.

The Road to Colvin

The trip to Colvin is a short one. It takes a mounted party three days to travel to the small

fishing village. If the party is walking, it takes them five days.

The party isn't disturbed on their trip to Colvin. They do, however, spot groups of suspicious looking people several times during their trip. That should serve to slow paranoid parties down. Lothar has not had time to arrange for another ambush, but the party doesn't know that. The groups of people are quite innocent merchants, woodsmen, farmers, etc. They look a little better armed than normal and are acting a little suspicious due to the brigand activity in the area. If the party talks to these groups of people, and lets them know that the brigand problem is over, that the party took care of them, they may be able to get some information.

The party encounters a group of merchants their second day on the road, around lunch time. If the party talks with the merchants, someone mentions that a traveler that fits the description of Lothar shared their camp the night before:

"Aye, he seemed nervous, cagier than a cat. He didn't sleep much that night, our guest. Mostly, he stayed up by the fire and watched the road. Strange fellow. Kept muttering 'dragon' and 'mountain' to himself. Not the kind we would normally ask to share our fire, but we thought there were brigands in these parts, and he looked like he knew how to hold a sword, that one did.

"He seemed intent on making it to Colvin. Said he'd be safe there, that 'they' would never find him. Never said who 'they' were, really. The way he was carrying on, you'd think it was the Guard that was on his tail. Oh, yes. He also said something about the water. Something like 'the water will shield me, protect me from . . .' He never finished the thought. He was gone down the road before breakfast."

The merchants won't have any other substantive information for the party, besides the facts that Lothar was riding a really fast horse, and

travelling very light. If the characters took care of the brigands, and let the merchants know they did, the merchants offer the party the chance to purchase their wares. This is a caravan of general merchants, and they are carrying many different items. If the PCs need to replace some equipment, they will be able to purchase just about anything, except armor, from these merchants at half the price listed in the *Player's Handbook*.

The party will probably want to pick up their pace to see if they can catch up with Lothar. No matter what happens, it arrives in Colvin four hours behind the fleeing brigand chieftain. If the party is on foot, Lothar's horse went lame, and he arrived scant hours, instead of days, ahead of the group. If they are mounted, Lothar's horse and head start got him to the village earlier than the PCs.

Colvin

Colvin is a village that appears to be much more prosperous than a normal fishing village has any right to be. The buildings wouldn't look out of place in a nice-sized town, and the people are well dressed and well fed. There is also a certain absence of working fishing boats.

Colvin lies where the Singee River meets the sea. It is well placed for having certain cargoes, which carry a high tariff, landed at night and sent up the river or over the land routes. Done properly, the "merchant" can avoid any contact with any officials responsible for collecting taxes, tariffs, and importation duties. The majority of the village works in this "night trade." They keep enough people around who want to fish to keep the village fed.

Into this center of good citizenship, the player-characters ride, looking for Lothar. Lothar has been very good to this village, supplying the villagers with some hard-to-get and expensive goods at rock-bottom prices. They won't give information on Lothar without good reason.

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If Arcana is with the PCs, she directs them to the Lee Shore Tavern, a good place to get information. She warns the characters to expect to pay for the information that they need. The fisher folk of Colvin do not give anything away for free. If Arcana is not with the PCs, they should eventually make their way to the Lee Shore Tavern, as it is in the center of the village and stands out.

The interior of the tavern is a dark, smoky, crowded place. This is where the night traders come to relax, and they relax hard. As the party looks around, it sees some fairly high-stakes card games, arm-wrestling contests, dagger tossing, and other surly activities. Arnold, the bartender, nods at the group as it enters, and gestures to the only empty table in the place. All the serving girls seem to be busy doing other things, so Arnold comes over himself, and takes the party's order.

Arnold, like all good tavern keepers, can smell a profit a mile away. He smells money on the PCs and is trying to think of some way to get it away from them. He tries making them a general offer of services, and, if they ask about Lothar, offers them some information—for a price. If the party agrees to Arnold's price of 100 gold pieces, he tells the group everything he knows about Lothar, including the following:

"Lothar. He's one nasty customer. Consorts with *things* from the sea, he does. That ain't natural. He'll pay for that, one day. Yeah, Lothar blew through here about twenty minutes ago, looking scared. Funny, I ain't ever seen the Shiv scared before. He mumbled something about getting a boat out of here, and took off towards the docks. Didn't even finish his ale. Not like him.

"If you're after Lothar, and there's nothing wrong with that, you'll need a boat to follow him. I know someone who's got one, but it will cost you. Another hundred for me, and five hundred for the boat?"

If the PCs pay Arnold what he asks, he gives them the name of Mel Westwind, a night trader who is willing to do almost anything for money:

"Not that he needs it, mind you. He's got more than he can ever spend. What he likes is the challenge. Oh, one last thing. Be careful. Really careful. Lothar consorts with *things*, and those things rule the water. You may be going on a really dangerous sail."

Arnold lets out a great booming laugh, and moves off.

If the party doesn't pay Arnold for Mel Westwind's name, and heads for the docks anyway, things work out. The group just doesn't get Arnold's final warning.

If the party objects to paying bribes at all, the PCs may try to threaten the information out of Arnold. This results in a big fight, as all of the patrons rally around to protect Arnold from the outsiders. The bar holds about 30 patrons, all low-level rogues and warriors. When the party defeats the majority of the bar's patrons (who will **not** fight to the death), the rest surrender, and Arnold gives the PCs the information they need:

"Lothar. OK, OK, why didn't you say so in the first place? Yeah, Lothar was in here about twenty minutes ago. He was running really scared, said he needed to leave the village. And he'd just arrived! Yeah, I mean he said he was going down to the docks to catch a ship and get out of here. No, he didn't say where he was going. You'll need a ship to chase him, you will. Talk to Mel Westwind, down at the docks. He's got a ship, and he's crazy enough to chase Lothar. Now get out of here! I got a business to run."

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Mel Westwind

When the party arrives at the docks, they see a small sailing vessel out in the bay, headed for the open sea. It is too far away to make out any details, but it can only be Lothar, making good his get away. As the party stares at the boat, a weather-beaten man of about 40 approaches them. "Yeah, that Lothar, he's gone, and good riddance, I say!"

The man introduces himself as Captain Mel Westwind, and asks if he can do anything for the party. If the party asks him to help them follow Lothar, he instantly agrees. He doesn't ask for any money, either. "I don't want money. I got enough money. I do things just for the fun, nowadays. Taking Lothar down a peg or two, now that sounds like fun. Heh."

Westwind will lead the party to his ship, the *Even Keel*, and invite them aboard. Soon, he's yelling orders at his crew, who begin getting the *Even Keel* ready to sail. Anyone who is not familiar with sea travel may find themselves under foot, and the source of some amusement from the crew.

Westwind runs a good ship, fast and true. In no more than a half-hour, the *Even Keel* is on her way, chasing Lothar's ship. It quickly becomes apparent to the party that Lothar doesn't have a prayer of escape. That's when things go wrong.

The first clue is when the weather turns bad. The day has been a nice one, with a brisk wind to propel the ships along, and not a cloud in the sky. Then, clouds appear out of nowhere. Rain starts to pour down, and the water starts to churn. And out of the churning, angry sea rises a water elemental!

Water Elemental (1): Int Low; AL N; AC 2; MV Sw 18; HD 12; hp 84; THAC0 9; #AT 1; Dmg 5d6; SA Special; SD +2 or better weapon to hit; SZ L; ML 16; XP 6,000.

The elemental attacks the ship, the crew, and the party. It should be very apparent to the party

that unless they kill or drive it off, the ship will sink. The elemental keeps close to the *Even Keel*, allowing the characters to strike at it with melee weapons. Any missile weapons fired at the elemental suffer a -3 penalty to attack rolls, due to the high winds and rain that are raging.

Fighting under these conditions is not fun. The characters engaged in melee combat with the fierce elemental must roll a successful Dexterity check every combat round. If a check is failed, the PC falls into the water. Characters in the water will drown unless they can get themselves out. Swimming proficiency checks must be made to stay afloat, and the effects of heavy armor must be taken into account. The crew members, who are not very useful in fighting the elemental, help recover overboard party members. Any character who falls into the water is out of the fight for a minimum of 2 rounds. Any character who falls overboard has a 25% chance of losing equipment. The DM may modify this to fit the situation, as needed. This is a prime method of getting rid of unwanted excess magical items being toted around by the characters.

Any characters who are lashed to the railing do not have to make the Dexterity check, but the elemental has a +1 bonus to attack rolls against them.

Once the fight is over, Westwind takes stock of the situation. The storm has died down, but the *Even Keel* is too damaged to continue. Westwind has no choice but to limp back to Colvin.

The *Even Keel* makes it back to Colvin, but barely. Westwind laughs off the damage to his ship, refusing any offers of compensation for the damages:

"No, no! I knew what I was getting into when I agreed to take you out there. Now, though, I'm really mad at Lothar. He messed up my ship. I don't know where he is headed, but I know how you can find out, if you've got the guts. You interested?"

If the party expresses their interest in pursuing the matter, Mel begins to reconsider:

"I don't know. This is really dangerous. You did OK against that overgrown wave, but this is a whole different class. Well, if you're sure...."

"That elemental, it was under the thrall of a . . . um . . . oh heck, a fiendish creature that lives hereabouts. Yeah, we fisher-folk put up with it because it chases away the navy ships that come poking around here. But, obviously, its time has come. Siding with Lothar against a native of this village!"

"Lothar has some kind of deal with this creature, but I don't know what. I know that Lothar has given some of his personal belongings to this beast, for safekeeping. If you want to find out more about where Lothar has gone, you might poke around in his stuff down there."

"This fiend, it's of water, and it lairs under the docks. Yeah, right below our feet. You want Lothar, you have to go after the fiend. You up to it?"

If the party agrees to go after the fiend, Westwind shakes his head:

"If I hadn't seen you deal with the elemental, I'd call you darn fools, but maybe you have a chance. The bad news is that the fiend's lair is underwater. The good news is I got some potions that I've been hoarding for a while that will help your cause."

Westwind suggests that the party rest up, heal themselves of any wounds they might have, and rememorize spells. He continually stresses the danger of this venture. He's not trying to talk the party out of doing this, he just wants to make sure they know that what they are about to do is, in his mind, as close to suicidal as anyone would care to get.

The Water Fiend

When the party is ready, Westwind leads them to a disused part of the docks. "This is it," he says. "The beast lives underneath, with another elemental, I think." He passes out *potions of water breathing* and *free action*, enough for each character, wishes the party good luck, and leaves.

Instead of being in a dirty, muddy harbor, the party finds itself in a flow of clear, cold blue water. The water flows down, into what looks like a cavern under the village itself. As the PCs move into the cavern, they see that beautiful ice crystals pick up a light source from farther into the cavern and reflect it all around.

As the characters go deeper into the cave, they begin to hear strange noises. As they round one corner, the noise suddenly stops, and they find themselves in a 100-foot by 100-foot room. In the exact center of the room is the water fiend (see MC description), seated on some kind of throne. Slightly in front of it is another water elemental. As the party enters into the room, the fiend speaks:

"Pitiful mortals! You've come to test my might? Or have you come to submit to me? Fah! Either way, I have no time for you. Die!"

The elemental leaps forward to attack, and battle is joined.

Water Elemental (1): Int Low; AL N; AC 2; MV Sw 18; HD 12; hp 84; THAC0 9; #AT 1; Dmg 5d6; SA Special; SD +2 or better weapon to hit; SZ L; ML 16; XP 6,000.

Assuming the party has drunk the *potions of free action*, they are able to function as they would on the surface. Of course, things like *fireball* and *fire shield* spells and missile weapons do not function. *Lightning bolt* spells become quite exciting. Instead of being a straight bolt, they become a 20-

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foot-radius sphere of electrical energy, harming anyone caught within.

If the party defeats the fiend and its elemental, it finds a water-sealed box and the fiend's treasure. The treasure is the DM's discretion, or use the treasure types listed on the MC entry.

The potion effects start to wear off, encouraging the party to return to the surface. If PCs glance behind them, the fiend's lair is gone, and they are in the muddy waters of Colvin's harbor.

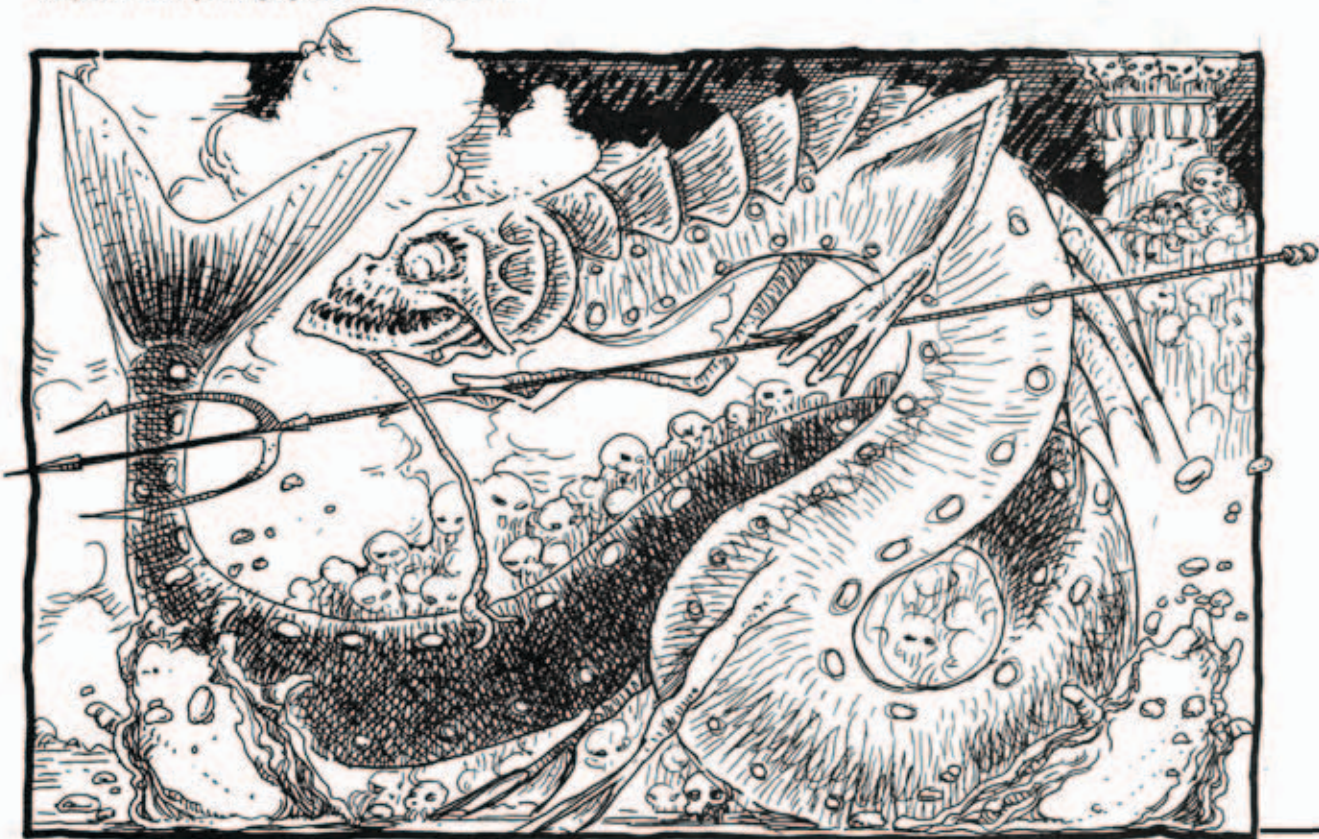
Westwind is waiting for them and congratulates them on their success. He mentions that the party should think about leaving town soon. Once word of their brave deed gets around, the entire village will wish them ill.

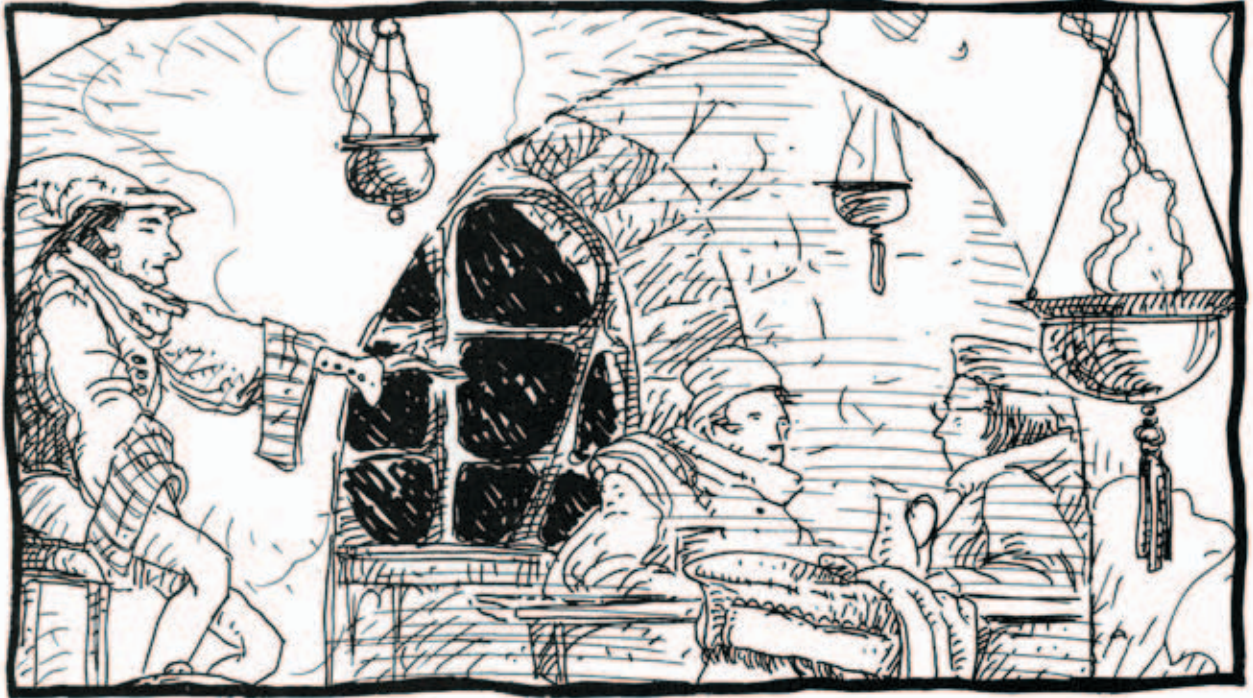
When the party opens the waterproofed box, they discover that it contains Lothar's documents. There is a huge pile of papers, much more than the group can possibly go through in any short amount of time. Westwind encourages the PCs to get on the road to some safer place where they can study the papers at their leisure.

At this point, the PCs may continue to follow Lothar by searching his papers, travel to Beleme to find Lord Cavius, or travel to Whitehill to meet with Old Gerdie. Go to the appropriate section.

Lothar's Papers

When the party finally gets a chance to go over Lothar's papers, it learns a lot about Lothar's thieflly activities—smuggling, banditry, slave trading, etc. The group finds that Westwind was wrong; the location of Lothar's final hideout is not listed in these documents. But a very thorough reading of the papers steers the party toward one of Lothar's contacts in the nearby city of Werchan. Rankle the Black, a wizard of some ill-repute, acts as Lothar's agent in Werchan and, according to the papers, arranged for Lothar's hideout. The hideout is mentioned in very vague terms, as if both Rankle and Lothar already knew what they were talking about.





The Road to Werchan

The trip to Werchan is remarkably uneventful. If the DM wants to slow down the party, it is a good opportunity for a truly random encounter. Failing that, the party has no problems getting to the city.

Werchan

Werchan is a major city (a generic city of the DM's choice is sufficient). Finding Rankle the Black can prove quite a challenge. If there is a thief in the party who contacts the local guild, the party is steered right towards Rankle with no further effort needed.

Otherwise, the party is reduced to visiting taverns, trying to find someone who knows where Rankle is. Rankle is not on the best of terms with the city guard and keeps a very low profile. It

isn't until the party starts working the seamier side of town that they have a chance of locating the elusive Rankle.

Most of this type of work starts with the party coming into a tavern, ordering a round of drinks, and questioning the bartender. It's a good chance to distract the party with false (and true) stories about great treasures, fierce monsters, and other lead-ins for future adventures. The DM should play out a few scenes like this before the party makes it to a seedy tavern known as the Bloody Nail.

The Bloody Nail is a dive, a hangout for thieves, assassins, and worse. Among the "worse" are the street informants; those people who have no loyalty to anything except money, who'd sell their own mother out if the price was right. It is through one of these people that the party gets a line on Rankle the Black.

The encounter in the Bloody Nail starts no differently. The party might order a round of drinks

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and ask Jonas the bartender about Rankle. Jonas, a small weasel-like man with dank brown hair, brown eyes, and a permanent smirk, does not ask for money for the drinks until the party asks about Rankle. Then he smiles knowingly and asks the group for 50 gp, "for the drinks." If the party puts up a fuss, he adjusts his price to the true value of the drinks and then stalls the group. He tells the PCs that he can steer them to someone who knows where Rankle the Black is, but it will cost the party 100 gp to find out. The party really has no alternative but to pay Jonas.

If the party pays the 50 gp for the drinks, or the 100 gp for the information, Jonas steers the group over to one of his patrons, a gentleman known as Moshe the Mouth. "The Mouth will be able to help you out, but it ain't gonna come cheap. Pay him or don't pay him, but don't you start any trouble in my place. Understand?"

Moshe is a great big butterball of a man who is only more than happy to help the party out, for a fee, of course. He looks at the party with his green eyes and tells them:

"Rankle the Black? Why, certainly, I know where that low-life is hiding. I can direct you to the very hole that he tries to pull in after himself. But I am afraid, my friends, that you are too well-endowed with things material, and that I fear for your spiritual well-being.

"I see an opportunity to do you some good. If you give me one thousand pieces of gold, not only will you have the information you need, but you'll be on the road to spiritual health. Such a deal, that is, and such a man I am for making it. No, no need to thank me, friends. It is my duty to attend to your spiritual health. Are we agreed?"

Moshe is a 9th level monk, a member of a very strange sect. Moshe believes, as do all members of his sect, that all material possessions and goods are harmful to the development of the

spirit. He seeks to lighten people's spiritual loads by relieving them of their goods. Moshe does this by charging large amounts of money for information. Once he sets his price, he does not bargain. If the party pays him, he tells them what they want to know. If they threaten or attack him, the party gets no information and they have most of the thieves' guild unhappy with them; Moshe is very highly thought of in this city. If it makes the party feel any better, Moshe does not keep the money, but instead donates it to the first temple or church he comes across.

If the party pays Moshe, he smiles and thanks them:

"Truly, your spirits are on the path to righteousness, and you cannot fail. You have my blessings, and the information. Ah, yes. Rankle the Black. A man that really needs some spiritual guidance. Perhaps you might help him out when you see him. You can find him down in the warehouse district, on Drayer's Street. He'll be in the third warehouse on the East Side. He's converted the loft to his place of residence. Very sneaky of him, really. Do be careful, my friends. Rankle is a skilled practitioner of magic, and is a very suspicious man."

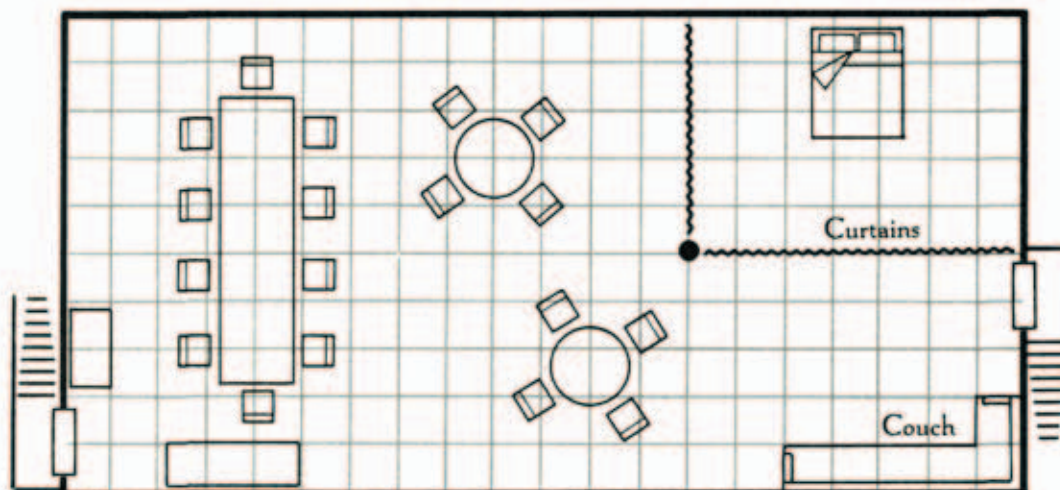
If the party does not pay Jonas for information, Moshe approaches them, either as they are leaving, after the brawl, etc. It is exactly the same as if they had paid Jonas; they've just saved some gold and gotten some extra grief.

Rankle the Black

It is night time when the party finally locates Rankle the Black. The warehouse district is very dangerous after dark. If the party waits until daylight, they have no problem approaching the warehouse. If they decide to go right away, they are attacked three times by parties of foot pads and cutthroats.

Rankle the Black's Home

One square = 2¹/₂ feet



Rankle likes his creature comforts and has appointed his place with nice furniture, fine rugs, good wines, the whole nine yards. The party doesn't have any problem gaining access to Rankle; he assumes they are customers for his nefarious services. Rankle is a short man with blonde hair and brown eyes who dresses entirely in black. He is not alone in his loft. There are two bodyguards and two trolls in the back room. The trolls are under Rankle's control and attack if ordered.

Rankle the Black: h-m W11; AC 3; hp 35; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; AL NE; *dagger +1, wand of paralyzation, dust of sneezing and choking, ring of protection +1, bracers of defense AC 4.*

Bodyguards (2): h-m F8; AC 2; hp 40; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; AL CE; long sword, plate mail, shield.

Trolls (2): Int Low; AL CE; AC 4; MV 12; HD 6+6; hp 38 each; THAC0 13; #AT 3; Dmg 1d4+4/1d4+4/1d8+4; SA Special; SD Regeneration; ML 14; XP 1,400 each.

The party really has three basic options when dealing with Rankle. They are, in order, negotiate with Rankle the Black, threaten him, or attack him. The party may work their way down the list, but not up it.

Negotiate:

Rankle is not an unreasonable man, nor a loyal one. Offered the right incentive, he sells Lothar out in a second. In this case, the proper incentive is 5000 gp or two magical scrolls. Rankle is **very** greedy. If the PCs bargain in good faith with him, they can drive him down to 3000 gp or one magical scroll and 1000 gp. If the PCs decide to pay him, they get the information below:

Lothar the Shiv

“Lothar is hiding in the hills. He’s made a deal with a goblin tribe, and they hide him out. I can give you a map to where he is, if you want. It’s not too hard to find, but you’re on a wild goose chase. Lothar’s never been to Dragon Mountain in his life. He thinks you people are sent by the Dragon and the Mountain, two assassin guildmasters who want him dead. Something about a slave deal that went bad. Trust me on this one, you don’t have any further need to deal with Lothar.”

Threaten:

Rankle the Black does not scare easily. The party can make their threats, and he’ll just sneer at them. “Come now, you can do better than that, can’t you?” he says. To impress Rankle, the party must do something impressive, like take both his bodyguards down in a single combat turn. If they succeed, they get the information below. If they fail, they should proceed to the **Attack** option.

If the party successfully threatens Rankle the Black, he nervously tells them:

“Lothar is up in the hills, hiding out with a tribe of goblins. Wolf-riding goblins. Tough, but you people should be able to handle them. No, really! Look, here is a map to the place. But Lothar doesn’t know anything about Dragon Mountain. He’s worried about The Mountain, an assassin guildmaster who wants him dead. He thinks you people are bounty-hunters. His head is worth 10,000 gold in this city!”

If the PCs believe Rankle and do not wish to pursue Lothar any further, proceed to another section of the adventure. Otherwise, proceed to the Goblin Village.

Attack:

At the first sign of trouble, Rankle the Black summons his trolls and bodyguards to aid him.

Rankle also attempts to even the odds by using spells of *monster summoning*, *paralyzation*, and his favorite spell, *lightning bolt*. In battle, Rankle does not surrender to the PCs.

With Rankle dead, the party must search the large loft for some clue to Lothar’s whereabouts. This takes 3 hours. Eventually, though, the party turns up Rankle’s spell book, his stash of 800 pp, and the map.

At this point, the party may continue to search for Lothar by following the map to the goblin village, or give up on this trail and either travel to Beleme to find Lord Cavius or travel to Whitehill to meet with Old Gerdie. Go to the appropriate section.

The Goblin Village

The trip into the mountains is not a hard one. This goblin village is really no more than about four days travel away from Werchan. If the DM wants to slow the party down, this is a good time for some mountain random encounters.

The party is able to get into the goblin village unmolested by any goblins. There, though, the PCs find the entire warrior compliment of the village waiting for them. These are wolf-riding goblins, and there are 30 of them.

Goblins (30): Int Low; AL LE; AC 6; MV 6; HD 1-1; hp 5 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; ML 10; XP 15 each; short sword, spear, leather armor.

Wolves—Worg (30): Int Low; AL N(E); AC 6; MV 18; HD 3+3; hp 16 each; THAC0 17; #AT1; Dmg 2d4; SZ M; ML 11; XP 120 each.

Lothar: h-m T12; AC 3; hp 50; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; AL NE; DEX 17; *long sword of lifestealing*, *necklace of missiles* (6 7-die missiles), *boots of striding and springing*, *studded leather armor +2*, *ring of protection +2*.

Lothar is a man of about 5'7" in height with a heavy build. He's got black hair, dark eyes, and a dark skin complexion. As the party approaches, Lothar calls out to them:

"I know why you are here! The Mountain sent you. Him and that Dragon. They want my head. It's not my fault! Well, they aren't going to get me! You're not going to get me! I hope you're prepared to die!"

If the party tells Lothar that they aren't after him Lothar calms down a little.

"Funny. I thought you were bountyhunters, sent by the assassin's guild. But you only want information on Dragon Mountain." Lothar gives a very brittle, almost hysterical, laugh. "I've never heard of Dragon Mountain before now! You've gone to all of this trouble, chased

me from Twin Forks to the mountains, and for what? Nothing! I don't know anything! Too bad for you! I'm still going to kill you. Attack!"

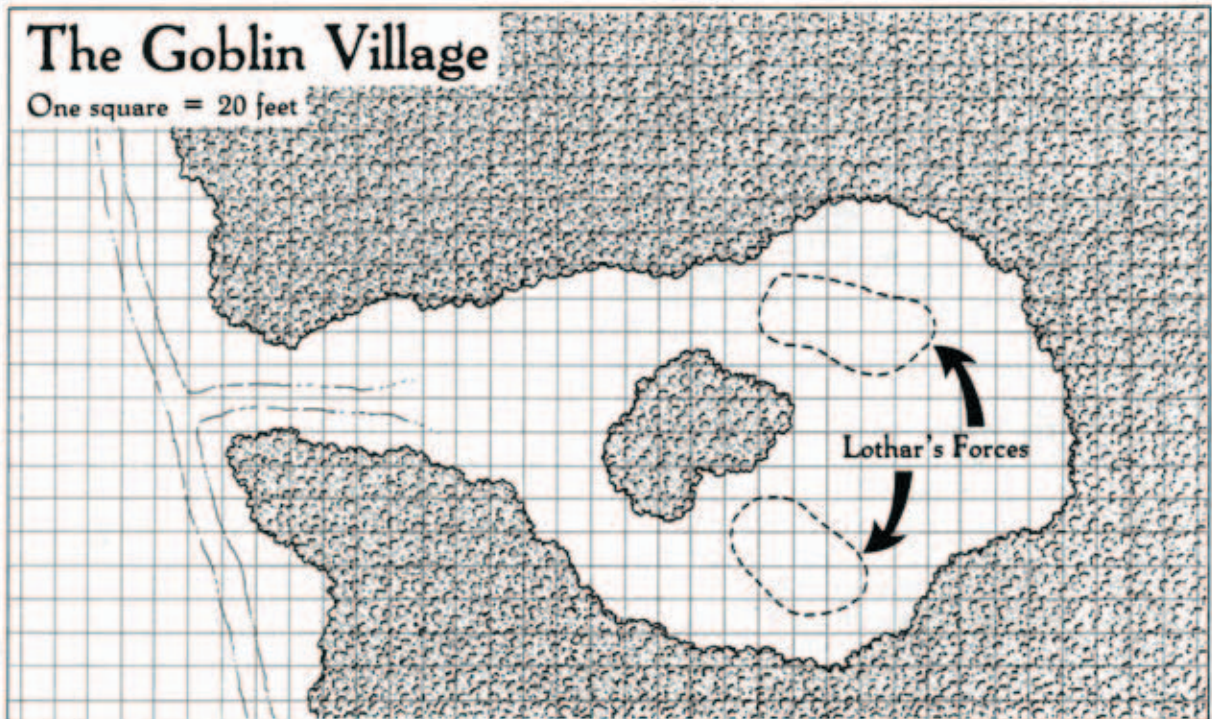
With that, the massed goblin warriors attack.

If Arcana is with the party, she waits until the party is embroiled in combat. Then she uses a *dispel magic* spell to attempt to remove whatever combat spells the party has cast and then uses a *lightning bolt* or *hold person* spell in an attempt to aid Lothar. The village contains standard goblin treasure.

At this point, the PCs may travel to Beleme to find Lord Cavius, or they may go to Whitehill to meet with Old Gerdie. Go to the appropriate section.

The Goblin Village

One square = 20 feet



Darkness at Beleme

The Road to Beleme

When the characters decide to go after the next part of the map, they must travel to Beleme and try to get it out of Lord Cavius's possession. Obviously, this is not going to be simple.

The terrain on the road to Beleme is open, rolling hill country, with a strange haze in the direction the group is traveling. The road winds through and over the hills, and the line of sight varies from half a mile to the horizon, depending on the elevation. Between each hill is a wooded draw, with the road following the smoothest grade. In several of the draws, streams flow through, and the road crosses them on wooden bridges.

The first few draws are beautiful, with trees in full foliage and lots of animals around the streams. Describe each and every one in slightly different detail, adding a fallen tree, or a barren rock outcropping, or even rot and age to the bridge, until the next draw is not very beautiful. In fact, it is pretty nasty looking. The view from the heights should also change as the PCs progress, with the haze becoming darker and more threatening as they approach, until they are certain that the haze obscures the actual terrain beyond the next hill.

In one of these draws, just before the next encounter, the players will encounter 2d10 gnashers (see MC entry).

These creatures are really nasty, and basically very hungry. Build up this encounter a lot, mentioning that the forest seems to have gotten quieter, and no animals seem to be around.

The characters next encounter is with a group of a dozen desperate peasants, with one cart they are pulling by hand, loaded down with what little possessions they have. The leader is an old man, and the rest are all old people, or very young. They shy away from the PCs, trying to hide themselves and the cart off the road as soon as the PCs come into sight. When the characters approach and speak to them, the leader tells them:

"Noble Lords, please do not kill us. We are simple peasants, miserable and piteous in our way. Allow us to pass freely. You must also go back the way you have come, for this road leads to Beleme, and there is nothing good there."

"The Lord who rules there is cruel and vile. He sets his hounds upon the masses, and summons trolls to do his fell bidding. No one of youth is allowed to mature, but they are taken away by the creatures of the Dark Master to serve him. Whole villages are taxed to the point of starvation, and townsmen are virtual prisoners, laboring in the forges and tanneries to equip the army of the cruel lord.

"Please, I beg of you. Do not go there."

It is clear that these peasants are near to starvation, and several of them are sick with the diseases of the underfed. Any offer of aid, food, or healing is greatly appreciated. They remain adamant that the characters should not go to Beleme. If the PCs insist upon knowing more about Beleme, tell the most imaginative story possible about public beatings as a daily occurrence in the village. Imply that trolls are allowed to roam the streets freely, abusing and murdering the inhabitants, or dragging them away to secret lairs. Small boys are regularly rounded up and taken to the fortress to serve the lord. None of the peasants say the name Lord Cavius, and they flinch visibly when the PCs speak the name. If the characters ask about the fortress, the peasant leader says:

"Fortress Beleme is the residence of the Dark One, and an awesome edifice. It is a sturdy hold of four towers, surrounding a great keep over a hundred feet tall. The walls are surrounded by a moat of filth that poisons any creature that would enter it, and the gate is guarded by trolls and enchanted beasts summoned by the cruel Master. He has an

army of a thousand warriors, and his evil empowers his sorcerous minions in ways indescribable. No prisoner taken there is ever seen alive again. Please, noble sirs. I pray you do not intend to go there. You must not!"

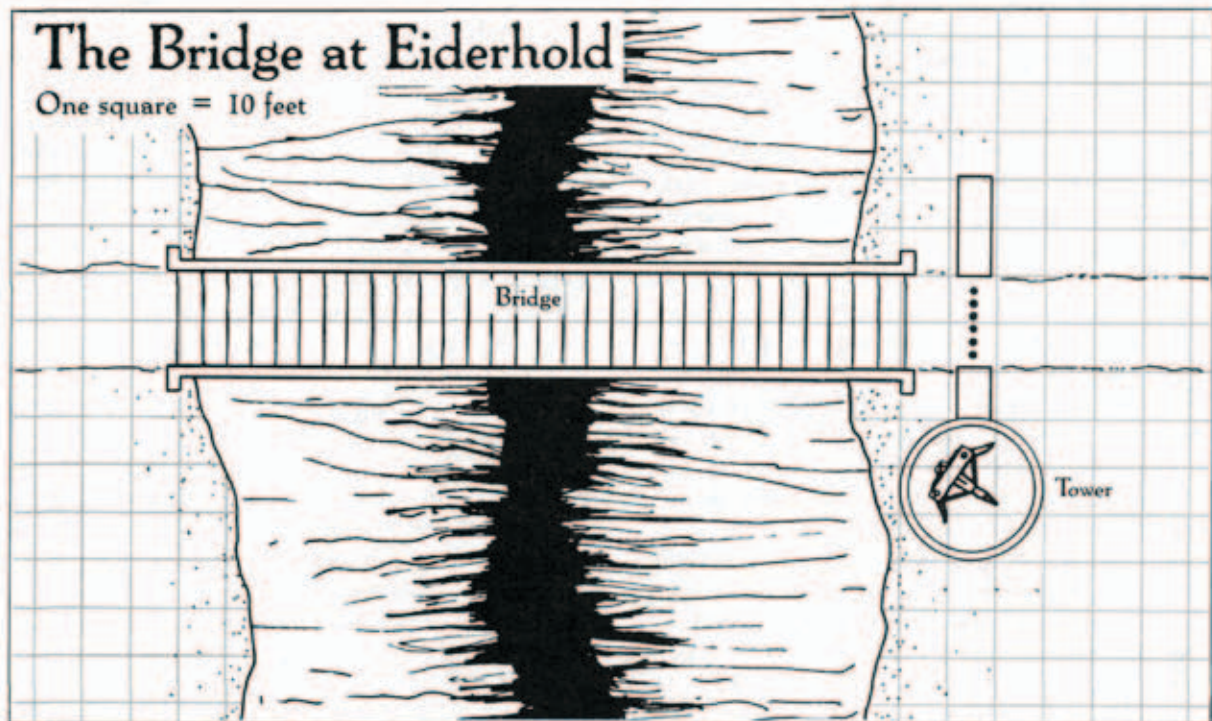
Now, this is all so much peasant superstition, but do not tell the players. If they decide this for themselves, and question the peasants' accuracy, the peasants acknowledge that perhaps the keep is only 40 feet tall, and that the army is probably only about 100 men, but they insist that the trolls and the enchanted beasts exist and that no one comes back alive from there.

When the PCs insist on going on to Beleme, the peasants warn them that there are guards posted at the next bridge who had to be bribed with the last coin the peasants had in order to pass. The guards are none so gracious to intruders, but there is no easy way around the bridge.

The Bridge at Eiderhold

The bridge the peasants spoke of crosses over a ravine in the next draw, about a mile further down the road. It is clear even from first viewing it that there is no good way to avoid crossing this bridge unless special climbing equipment and rope is at hand. The guards on the tower have spotted the characters anyway, unless they snuck up to the crest of the hill to check things out. The bridge spans a 150-foot gap, 50 feet deep at the midpoint. The guards are pretty alert, even if they have not seen the characters yet. The bridge does not look to be in good repair, and was probably at its limit when the peasants crossed it with their cart. The tower on the far side is only modest in size, but it looks like the guards are watchful, and they have a ballista ready on top of the tower.

If the PCs give up on this trail to Dragon Mountain and try another, they overtake the peasants, who commend their good sense. Go to another



Darkness at Beleme



section to continue the adventure.

If the PCs choose to ride across and speak to the guards, they are ordered to halt in mid span by the guards. If they continue to cross, they are fired upon. This impedes the conversational abilities of the characters and allows the guards to hurl insults and demand the abject surrender of them. No other course of action is acceptable to the guards. Even the most outrageous bribes offered by the PCs result in them being ordered to surrender first. Any player captured by these guards is stripped of his equipment, manacled, tormented, and then, that night, when the guards are good and drunk, frog-marched out onto the bridge and thrown head-first into the ravine to die of injuries.

Once the negotiations break down, or when the PCs decide to launch an assault, the guards open fire. The ballista is manned by a crew of six, all 1st level fighters except for the artilleryist.

Fighters (12): h-m F3; AC 5; hp 17; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; AL CN; scale mail, broad sword, composite long bow, shield.

Fighters (6): h-m F1; AC 5; hp 5; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; AL CN; scale mail, broad sword, composite long bow, shield.

Artilleryist: h-m F4; AC 5; hp 22; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; AL CN; scale mail, broad sword, composite long bow, shield.

The weapon is specially designed, firing a spread of 10 bolts in an arc such that everyone on the bridge is subject to attack from an equal number of bolts. The chance to be hit by a bolt is based on the target's saving throw vs. breath weapon, including any magical protection and agility bonuses, with the following modifiers: -6 at 20 feet or less from the tower, -3 at 20 to 40 feet, none at 40 to 80 feet, and +3 beyond 80 feet. The crew is expert with this weapon, and can reload it to fire every other round.

The guards remain atop the tower, firing at the PCs and their horses, unless dislodged by assault or magic. If the characters try to bypass the tower, the guards pour greek fire onto the PCs as they go by, at a +1 bonus to hit. The bridge is not as fragile as it looks, but the characters should be given a show when the ballista fires, knocking gaping holes in the planking.

If the PCs decide to sneak across or use clever magic to disguise their movements or transport them across the ravine, they should be made to sweat out the details of staying silent on a creaky old bridge and not being spotted.

Only six guards are on watch at night, and the ballista is not ready until 1 round after the alarm is sounded. The rest of the guards not on duty are rather drunk and thus suffer -3 penalties to attack rolls and to their Armor Classes.

Defeating the tower rewards the PCs with all the equipment of the guards, plus 40 days of



lousy rations. The ballista is mounted on the tower and cannot be removed.

The Prisoner

From here on, the sky is dark with the brown haze seen previously, giving everything a dire tinge. Even the sun does not shine brightly here. The road passes through several more hills and draws, but with none of the crossings guarded. When the top of the final hill is reached, the road passes beneath a gallows frame hung with three iron cages. Two of the cages contain rotted corpses, but the third contains a young man still alive. He is barely conscious, and appears to have nightmarish injuries.

This prisoner is barely alive, having only 2 hit points left. When releasing him from the cage, the

PCs must be very careful. Any effort to move him requires a successful Dexterity check with a -2 penalty; failure results in 1 hit point of damage, and substantial screaming from the young man. The characters must heal this fellow or in some way ease his pain before they can talk to him.

Assuming they do, his name is Evan Robensen, and he is a 7th level fighter with entirely average statistics. He will then tell the characters his story and answer their questions:

"I am indebted to you, kind, good-minded people, for saving me. Another day in that cage, and the ravens would have had my eyes, for certain. You ask what brought me here, and I will tell you. I met a girl who was from Beleme when I fought in the wars. She spoke so sweetly of her land, that after the wars were over, I thought to travel here with her to see it. Oh, but while she was off gaining a victory for

Darkness at Beleme

good, Evil did strike behind her. The lands of Beleme have come under the sway of a madman. He was once a good man, but something happened to him. When he returned to take his father's place in Fortress Beleme, he was evil and possessed with magic far greater than any I have ever heard of. His thrall has encompassed Beleme, and consumed all good from it. Worse yet, he has enslaved my fair companion, and left me to die, all for speaking the truth of him. If I am fit, I must slay Lord Cavius."

Evan Robensen: h-m F7; AC 10; hp 38(2); THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; AL NG.

Evan's companion is named Nikki. There is no evidence she is still alive, but she is of fair looks and might have been kept alive for fell purposes. The previous information should remove any doubt from the players' minds as to what needs to be done. Even if all of the characters are evil, this is a great opportunity to kill Lord Cavius and take the map fragment(s) to Dragon Mountain.

Beleme

The DM may be challenged by this section, as the players undoubtedly will think of a number of different ways to defeat Lord Cavius.

Lord Cavius: h-m R10/M8; AC -7; hp 50; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; STR 18/36; DEX 16; CON 18; INT 17; WIS 3; CHA 16; AL LE; *long sword +4, long bow +4, 10 arrows of slaying +2, 40 arrows +3, amulet of fire resistance, plate mail +4, shield +5, scroll of 4 wizard spells of 6th or higher level, including delayed blast fireball.*

Lord Cavius is, in reality, a Lawful good ranger, his alignment changed by madness and evil enchantment. His Wisdom has been magically

reduced to 3 from 14. He also has a full compliment of nasty spells, and due to the nature of his corruption, he may use his ranger abilities just as well as his magic.

He has summoned by use of an evil enchanted brazier a group of eight trolls that are fanatically loyal to Lord Cavius and will do anything he commands.

Trolls (8): Int Low; AL CE; AC 0; MV 12; HD 6+6; hp 45 each; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4+4/1d4+4/1d8+4 or by weapon; SA Special; SD Regeneration; ML 14; XP 1400 each; *two-hand sword +1, plate armor.*

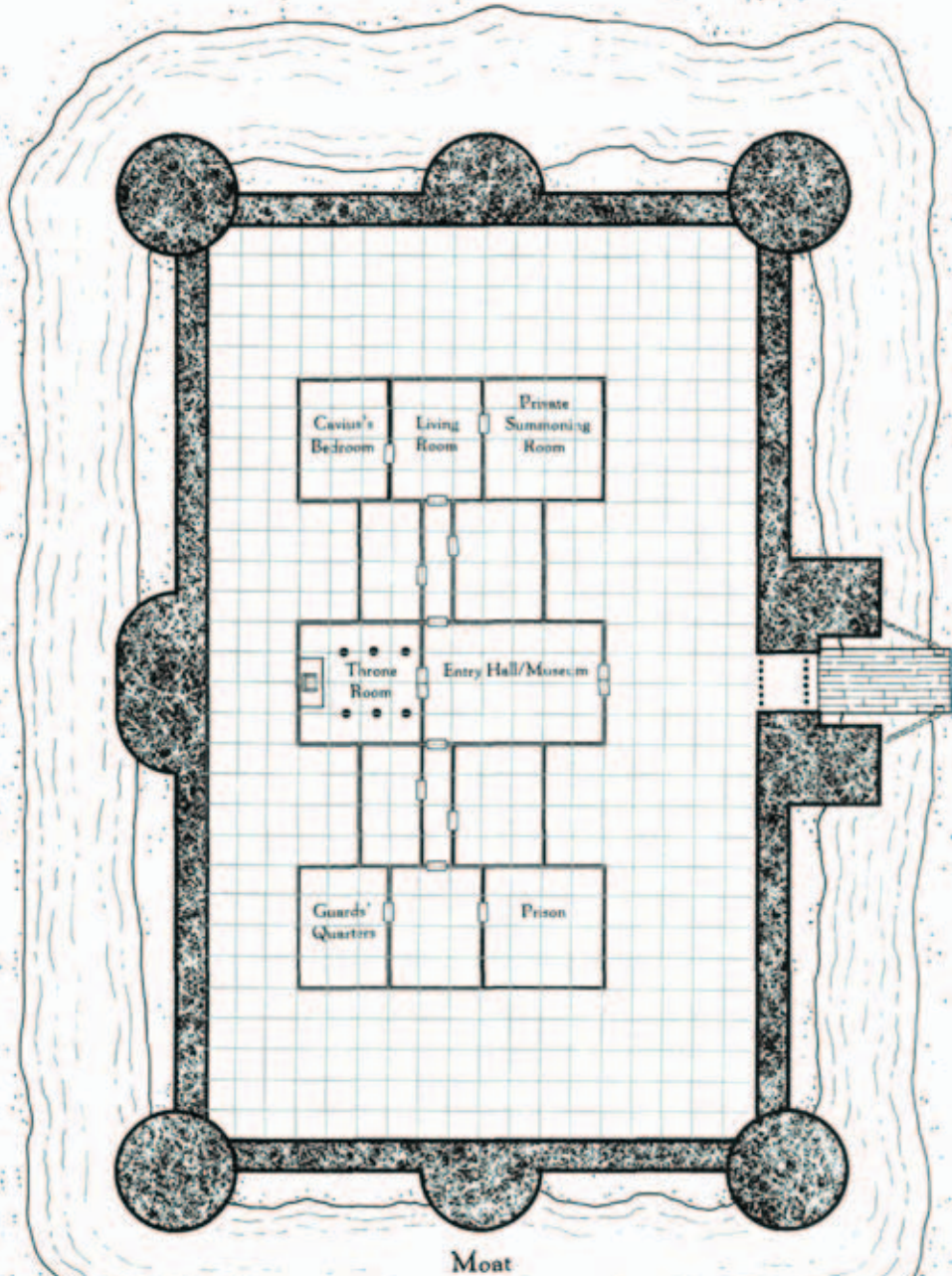
His troops are, by and large, impressed men. That is, they are forced into his service upon pain of death. While he has 120 warriors in his service, less than a third are really loyal to Lord Cavius. The troops are mainly 2nd and 3rd level fighters, with a group of ten 6th level fighters, knights, who are more loyal to Cavius. Alignments range from any neutral to any evil, with the bulk of the men Lawful neutral. A few holdouts are good, but most of them have been found and killed. He also has three 3rd level wizards who are Lawful evil (his apprentices) and one 5th level cleric who is Lawful evil, sent by the evil master who corrupted Lord Cavius.

There are over a hundred enslaved servants and at least 50 prisoners in the dungeons below the keep. Any of them would gladly stick a dagger in Lord Cavius, given the chance.

Lord Cavius is so consumed with his own greatness that he is rather lax about his security. The guards on the walls are sparse, and the gate is usually open. However, at least four trolls are at the gate at all times.

Given the chance, Lord Cavius can use his evil brazier to summon up either eight more trolls or four lesser basilisks. This takes time, but if he is worried about anything he does spend the hour or so it takes to summon them.

Cavius's Manor One square = 20 feet



Darkness at Beleme

Basilisks (4): Int Animal; AL N; AC 4; MV 6; HD 6+1; hp 28 each; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10; SA Gaze turns to stone; SZ M; ML 12; XP 975 each.

The town nearest to the fortress is on the verge of starvation and constantly under the thumb of the guards. The nastiest and meanest of the troops go into town to enforce the rule of Lord Cavius as they see fit. The townsfolk have been reduced to a hopeless existence by all of this, but the hope of salvation convinces them to help the PCs.

Nikki is alive, although she is locked up in a chamber of the keep awaiting the evil attentions of Lord Cavius. Lord Cavius has given one of the two remaining map fragments to his evil cleric for safekeeping and is planning on sending thugs to go get the first fragment back from Ruebino, as he dreams of looting Dragon Mountain and gaining sufficient power to conquer all the lands

around Beleme. The cleric has given this fragment to his liege, the evil high priest Vryxnr. That fragment is for a later encounter. The other fragment, showing the lands of Beleme and part of the route to Dragon Mountain, is in a glass case in Lord Cavius's personal library.

Whatever the players' plans, keep in mind how overconfident Lord Cavius is, and that he is enchanted. He has a +4 bonus to saving throws vs. *dispel magic* spells, but if his save is unsuccessful, he is restored to his former goodness. Once this happens, Lord Cavius suffers some deep traumatic anguish, and then repents and begins an immediate purge of evil from his lands. He sets all of the prisoners free and immediately organizes volunteer troops to scourge his lands of evil forces and to restore the people's trust in him.

At this point, the PCs may either continue to follow Lothar or travel to Whitehill to meet with Old Gerdie. Go to the appropriate section.



The Amulet of Dragon Warding

Whitehill

The ride to Whitehill is a nice and peaceful ride, through some truly beautiful terrain. Whitehill is a nice-sized farming village, set near a small hill made out of some kind of white granite. Also near the village is a small swamp, and on the edge of the swamp is a small hut. According to Gregor's directions, that is where Old Gerdie lives.

A knock on the hut's door is answered by a beautiful red-haired woman who appears to be in her early thirties. She gazes at the party with her green eyes, smiles, and asks what she can do for them. When the party asks for Old Gerdie, she smiles again, and says, "Oh, you need Mother," and invites them into the hut.

The party should become aware that the hut seems to be much bigger on the inside than it is on the outside. They can see several doors, leading off to rooms that simply should not be there. The woman makes sure the party is seated and comfortable, with drinks, if they want them, and goes and opens one of the doors.

A few minutes later, an elderly woman comes hobbling out. She slowly makes her way over to the party, and gives them a slow appraising look. The more perceptive members of the party notice several discrepancies about this "crone." First of all, her green eyes are clear of any sign of age or senility. Also, her pose looks assumed; her hands are not gnarled by the ravages of age, and her hair, while white, is still full and luxurious. Her face does reveal that this is a woman of some 50 or 60 years of age.

The old woman gazes at the party for several silent and uncomfortable moments, before speaking. "Yes? What can I do for you?" If the party gives her Gregor's letter of introduction at this point, Gerdie splits the wax seal open with a sharp fingernail, and glances at the letter. It won't appear as if she even read it. "Linelle, here's a letter from that husband of yours," she says as she hands Gregor's letter to the younger woman.

Linelle moves off through one of the doors to read her letter in private.

Gerdie sits down with the party, and many of the crone mannerisms drop away. She smiles, to put the party at their ease, and says, "So, what did my wandering son-in-law tell you I might do for you good people?" Gerdie listens to the party's request for information in complete silence, not even moving. Then she speaks:

"Dragon Mountain, eh? The Vanishing Mountain, some call it. Yes, yes, it is time, isn't it? You know that the Dragon Mountain only appears once every twenty years? Yes, that is true. And it is here now, or will be soon. A dangerous place, Dragon Mountain is. And you want to go there." Gerdie gives the party a hard appraising stare. "Well, maybe, just maybe, you have a chance. I have some information that might help you.

"But I won't give it to you. Not yet. First, you must prove yourselves worthy. You must pass a little test. A test of your hearts and your skill. You don't mind, do you? This is not some pointless task; this is a task that needs doing. A hydra dwells in this swamp, and it plagues the village. Before I tell you of Dragon Mountain, and the Sundered Amulet, you must go into the swamp and defeat the hydra. It will have treasure. This you will bring to me, that I may give it to the village. Are we agreed?"

If the party doesn't agree to this test, Gerdie nods once, and a swirling mist fills the room. When it clears, the party finds themselves outside the inn where they met Gregor. Several days have passed.

If the party agrees, Gerdie also nods:

"Good. Already, you prove the heart. I will modify my test. In the hydra's lair is a magical sword and a ring. You may keep these. The

The Amulet of Dragon Warding

rest of the treasure, the gold and such, that will be given to the village. What are you waiting for? Get started! Dragon Mountain will only be in our plane for a month, and time is a-wasting! Go!"

The Hydra's Lair

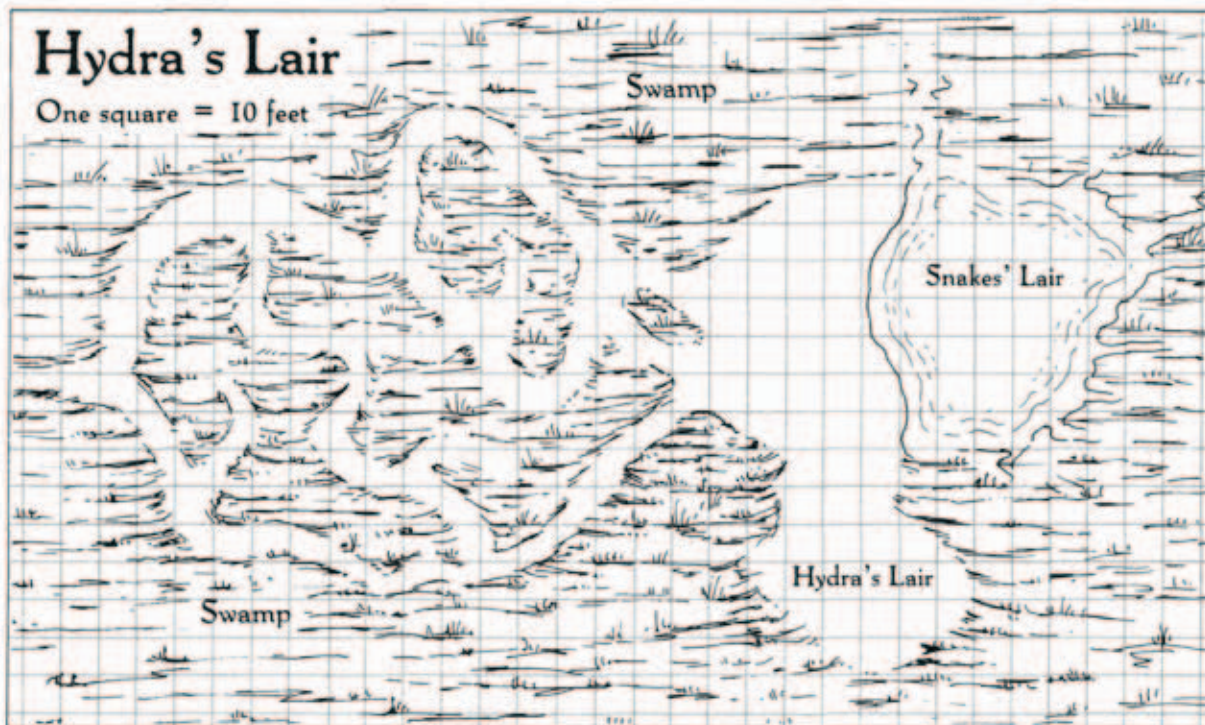
It won't take the party too long to locate the hydra's lair. The beast has laired in the exact center of the swamp, and has called several giant snakes to protect it (see map). The Hydra itself is a nine-headed fire-breathing type. There are four giant snakes in its lair. The snakes are, of course, poisonous.

Pyrohydra: Int Semi; AL N; AC 5; MV 9; HD 8; hp 60; THAC0 12; #AT 8; Dmg 8 or 4; SZ G; ML 10; XP 3,000.

Snakes, Giant Poisonous (4): Int Animal; ALN; AC 5; MV 15; HD 4+2; hp 24 each; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d3; SA Poison; SZ M; ML 9; XP 420 each.

The party should dispatch the hydra and the snakes with little trouble. The hydra's lair is dark and dank, but contains no other monsters. It does contain 500 platinum pieces, a few really nice pieces of jewelry, a long sword in a jeweled sheath, and a small silver ring. The ring is a *ring of fire resistance*, and the long sword is a *sword +3*. It is intelligent and named Valdus. Its alignment is Lawful good, with an Intelligence of 17. Valdus is tasked to slay dragons and dragon-kin, and it has the special powers of *fly* and *heal*.

The trip back to Gerdie's hut won't take long. The party arrives there to find Gerdie waiting out in front for them, smiling:



The Amulet of Dragon Warding

"I knew you could do it. Yes, you will be worthy. Come inside, let Linelle attend to your wounds, and I'll give you the information you seek."

Once inside, Gerdie relieves the party of the money, and Linelle cures any unhealed wounds sustained while fighting the hydra and the giant snakes. Linelle is capable of casting *raise dead*, if that is needed. She does so without being asked.

If the party has not determined what Valdus is, Gerdie tells them. She gives them all the information about the blade, and points to a Lawful good warrior in the party (or the closest equivalent), preferably one without a good magic weapon. "You should bear Valdus, I think. Yes, you'll make a good match."

"Dragon Mountain. I do not know where it is, I am sorry. But I do have information that will help you find it, and survive it. There was once a great hero; her name is not important now. She thought to conquer Dragon Mountain single-handedly. A laudable goal, but a doomed one. To aid her in this endeavor, she had an amulet constructed. This amulet, the *Amulet of Dragon Warding*, was a powerful device, designed to protect her from the attacks of the dragon that gives name to the mountain.

"The hero never made it to the mountain. She fell before she came to that place, and the amulet was taken from her. The bandits—brothers they were—who took the amulet knew not what they had. They only saw the gold that it was made of. Rather than wait for it to be sold, they split it into three pieces. Each of the pieces contains a bit of the magic of the amulet, but are less than the whole.

"The bandit-brothers went their separate ways. One sold his piece of the amulet, another lost his, the third fell in battle, and his was taken as a war trophy. Over the years, the origin of the amulet was forgotten, the pieces

scattered. But some of us know. Some remember.

"I know where the *Shard of Righting* is. This shard has incredible powers of healing. There is a village, Shel's Head, to the east of here. In that village is a small store, what you might call a junk shop. This store is run by a man, now weak in mind. He is called Old Cud. Somewhere in Old Cud's store is the *Shard of Righting*. Find that part, recover it, and return here. I will know where the next piece is by then.

"This task calls for heart, as well. Old Cud is a crazy man now, but he was once a great one. Be gentle with him, if you would. May the Goddess walk with you in your venture."

The Road to Shel's Head

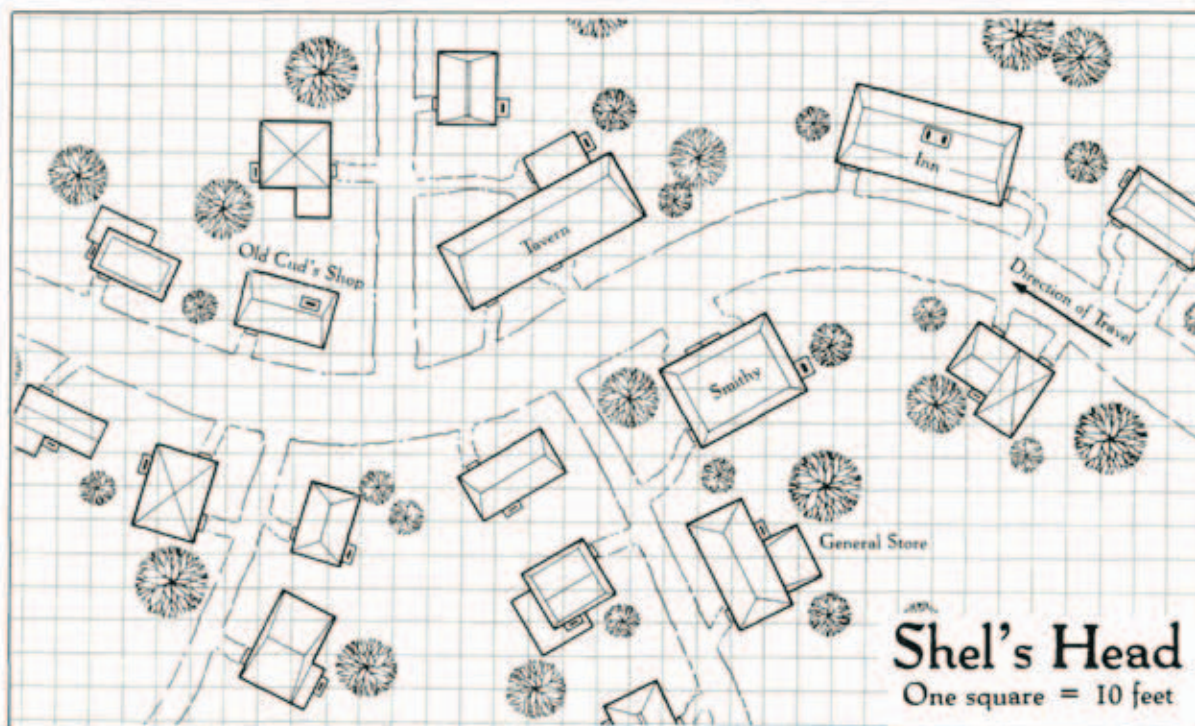
The trip to Shel's Head is marred only once, when the party is forced to make camp on the road one night, due to the lack of roadhouses and villages in the immediate area. Whoever is on watch hears an ominous flapping noise, coming from above. Looking up, the watch-stander sees the form of a great winged dragon, circling the camp. The beast hovers, out of bow and spell range, just long enough for the rest of the party to awaken and get armed. Then it flies off.

As the party stands there, watching the great dragon fly away, two wyverns bound into the camp, one from either side. These wyverns carry no treasure, and there is no explanation as to why they attack, or where they came from. At least one of the party members should be struck by the poisoned tail of one of the beasts.

Wyverns (2): Int Low; AL NE; AC 3; MV 6, FL 24; HD 7+7; hp 63; THAC0 13; #AT 2; Dmg 2d8/1d6; SA Poison; SZ G; ML 14; XP 2,000.

These wyverns do not carry normal poison. Anyone injected with this venom must make a

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successful saving throw vs. poison at -12! Failure to save yields no immediate results beside the feeling of being poisoned. The next morning, the poisoned character is down one point of Strength, one point of Dexterity, one point of Constitution, and one point of Charisma. The physical symptoms are that the character has started to bloat up. The poisoned character suffers the loss to ability scores daily. *Neutralize poison* spells and potions do not work; stronger measures are called for. Mention again to the party that the *Shard of Righting* has great powers of healing. This should give them some urgency to obtain the shard.

Shel's Head

Two days later, the party arrives in Shel's Head. This village is a small and sometime-prosperous farming village. Old Cud's Antique Shop lies at one end of the village.

The shop is crowded with discarded bits of junk that only a madman would consider valuable. Broken weapons, old carriage wheels, rusted horseshoes; give the party an image of worthlessness.

Old Cud himself stands behind the counter. He appears to be an old man, in his seventies. He has white hair (where he has hair), cloudy brown eyes, and looks old and feeble. He looks up in surprise when the party enters the shop, and says "What? What do you want?"

When the party explains what they need, Old Cud becomes panicked and hysterical. "No, no! You can't have it! No one will get it! It is mine! It belongs to me! Leave! Leave before I deal with you, as I have dealt with the others!"

Old Cud is not speaking about the shard, though the party does not know this. In his youth, Old Cud was one of the elite Riders of Renyard, a group of dual-classed ranger/wizards dedicated to fighting evil. Cud was the Rider's Banisher,

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and dealt with the forces of undead. He is now under the delusion that everyone is after his soul. It doesn't matter what the PCs claim to be after; it is his soul he believes they want. Cud's years of dealing with powerful forces of evil from the lower planes has left a mark upon his mind.

Old Cud: h-m R9/M18; AC 8; hp 100; THAC0 12; #AT 1; Dmg fists (1d3); AL CG.

If the party presses the point, Old Cud attacks them. Cud is a 9th level ranger and 18th level mage. The only spells he can use, though, are those of *monster summoning*. Make it clear that Old Cud is an old, insane man, but make it clear that he is dangerous, as well. The trick here is for the party to subdue the old geezer. If they kill him, they will find the shard, but they will have killed a good man.

Cud's battle tactics begin with casting *monster summoning I*, and then beating on the party with his fists. If the opportunities present themselves, he casts additional *monster summoning* spells, working his way up the levels. He is not very effective at all, and the brighter players should realize this. If there is a paladin in the party, the paladin should know that Cud needs to be subdued, not killed.

Once Old Cud is dealt with, the party must still find the shard. A *detect magic* spell does not suffice; there is too much junk in the shop. It must be physically searched. This search takes 4 hours, and is dangerous. Have each player roll a Dexterity check. If any PC fails, a pile of odds and ends is upset, and that character suffers 6d6 points of damage from the ensuing avalanche.

The *Shard of Righting* is buried at the bottom of one of the piles and has the following powers: *cure light wounds*, 10 times a day; *cure serious wounds*, 8 times a day; *cure critical wounds*, 4 times a day; *heal*, twice a day; *raise dead*, once each day; *neutralize any poison*, twice a day; *remove curse*, twice a day. The *neutralize any poison* cures the wyvern poison. Any character that holds the

shard immediately knows all of its powers.

If someone in the party thinks to use the shard to *remove curse* on Old Cud, he is returned to his senses, cured of his madness. The party sees his eyes clear, and he stands up straighter. Old Cud looks at whoever healed him, and then the rest of the party, and says:

"Thank you. I have no other words than that for you, and those words are so inadequate, but thank you. Know that Clarendon of the Singing Sword is in your debt.

"Once I was like you, once I fought against evil. But even fighting evil takes a toll, and, finally, it was too much. Evil triumphed, and my mind snapped. I had been living under that cloud for much too long. I would have died under it, had it not been for you."

If the party is composed mainly of good characters, Clarendon will continue:

"I owe you a debt. I can see you are undertaking great deeds. Allow me to accompany you. Once, once my sword was a legend. It is rusty, it and my arm, but still, they should serve. Allow me to repay my debt to you."

If the party allows Clarendon to come with them, they gain the services of a powerful ranger/wizard. Clarendon is a specialized Summoner, and is unable to use any spells but spells of summoning. He opens a hidden compartment, and pulls out the remnants of his equipment; a shirt of *chain mail* +3, a pair of *boots of elvenkind*, a *cloak of elvenkind*, and a *broadsword* +2, +4 against *summoned creatures*. This is the famous Singing Sword. It is intelligent, Lawful good in alignment, and has a high Ego. It sings in battle, which acts as a *bless* spell for Clarendon and his companions. It is also a special-purpose weapon, dedicated to killing summoned creatures and

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creatures from the lower planes.

If the characters have not found Lothar yet and Arcana is with the party, she notices an old map on the wall in the shop. She recognizes locations from her time with Lothar. She also recognizes where he went:

"Lothar has many friends among the smugglers of this town," she says, pointing to the map. The map shows a town called Colvin. "I knew he had gone to that place, but did not recognize it on his map until now. He's fled to there, thinking that you had come from this Dragon Mountain. From this map, it seems that Colvin is not far from here. We should try to track him down."

At this point, the PCs may follow Lothar, travel to Beleme to find Lord Cavius, or return to Whitehill to continue the search for the shards. Go to the appropriate section.

Return to Gerdie

The return to Gerdie's Hut is without incident. Once again, the party notices how lush and fertile the area around Whitehill is. If Clarendon is with the party he makes note of this. "I see Old Gerdie is still at work, bringing the blessing of the Goddess to this area. This would be a nice area to live, I think."

If the party questions Clarendon about Gerdie, he is able to give them some information:

"I first met Gerdie, oh, it must have been 50 years ago by now. I was new to this area, just confirmed as a Rider. Very proud, but very unsure of myself. Untested, even though I'd been a ranger for a good many years. But, my destiny was that of a Rider, and I had not advanced far enough yet in my study of the magical arts to once again function as a man-

at-arms.

"This was a troubled area, back then. Nectos the Undying was still a force in the world, and his undead legions had the whole area living in fear. The Riders stood against Nectos, and this was my assigned area. I was badly beaten in my first conflict with the legions, almost killed. I would have been, had it not been for Gerdie.

"She found me, wounded, beset by the undead forces. She drove them off with the power of the Goddess, and took me back to her hut. She healed my wounds, and offered her help. During that long campaign against Nectos, I learned more of her.

"The people around her think her a white witch, and leave it at that. But she is more than that. She is the servant of the Goddess, tasked with protecting the lands and the people of the lands. Her powers are great, if limited. Hers are not the spells of the archmage, nor the destructive miracles of the priests of the War God. Her powers lie in the realms of healing and foreseeing. And Warding; aye, she can construct the most powerful wards and bindings.

"With Gerdie acting as the bastion, and myself as the sally force, we were able to drive off Nectos's undead legion, and secure this land for the good people. Gerdie has been protecting these lands for many years, and when her Goddess finally collects her for the final reward, one of her daughters will take up her mantle."

Clarendon lapses into silence, and does not speak another word until the party arrives at Gerdie's hut.

The party arrives to find Gerdie outside, working in her garden. If Clarendon is with the party, she smiles and says, "Worthy of heart, indeed. You have done what even I could not. Truly, you are destined for great things." Clarendon and Gerdie exchange an embrace and some private words.

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Gerdie invites the party inside her hut. Linelle is nowhere in sight, but another daughter of Gerdie's, Malinde, is there to wait on the party. Malinde is a younger version of her sister, every bit as beautiful, but perhaps only 22 or 23 years of age. She shyly gets the party whatever beverages they wish, and then withdraws to a seat in the corner, where she listens and mends socks.

Gerdie waits until the party is comfortable, and then asks to see the *Shard of Righting*. She takes the shard, makes some mystic passes over it, and smiles:

"So much good, this can do. Use it wisely. This shard will aid you greatly in your task.

"I have read the signs and cast the stones, and determined where the *Shard of Finding* does lie. This shard was purchased by a rich and powerful merchant, years ago. Melchin, the merchant, had many business interests throughout this land, and the powers of the shard helped him during his travels.

"Melchin was no simple merchant, but also a powerful warrior. He did many great deeds, some of them for good, during his day, even during his days as a merchant. Eventually, Melchin grew old and retired to a great manor house in the south, not too far from here.

"Melchin had made many enemies during his days as an adventurer and his days as a merchant. One of these enemies, one who coveted the shard, cursed Melchin, cursing him that he would know no rest, during his life or after it. He demanded the shard from Melchin, in return for which he would lift the curse. Melchin laughed at his enemy, proclaiming that the shard was his salvation, and slew his foe.

"Some few years after that incident, Melchin retired to his manor house and things began to go bad. Melchin's business sense seemed to desert him, and he lost a great part of his fortune. He grew restless, yet too infirm to travel. His servants left him, and the ones he hired to

replace them were people of ill-reputation who robbed him and then left him.

"After a few years of this, Melchin died, without heir, without family. His great manor stood empty for a year, and then was bought by a knight and his Lady. They only lived there for a month before they left, claiming the manor was haunted. Others bought the manor, but fled after only a few days. And so it went.

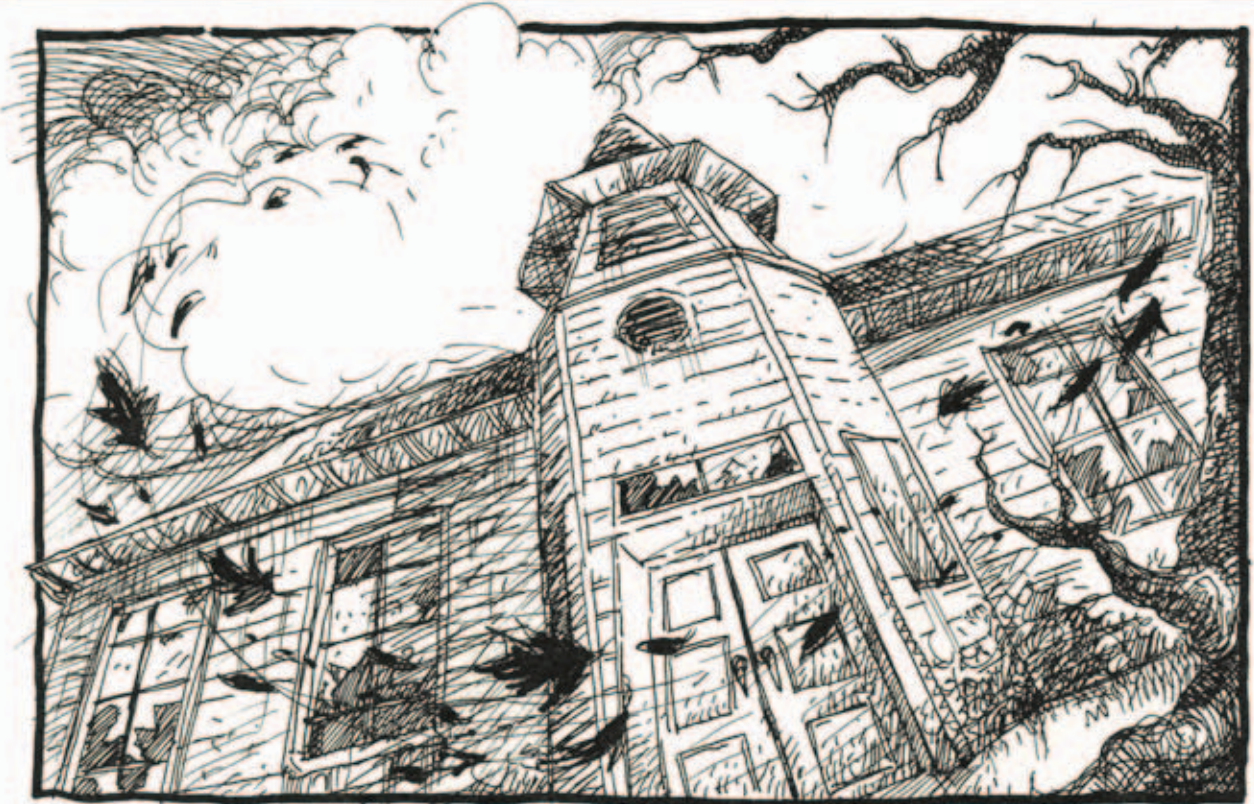
"A few of the owners were found dead in the manor, or just vanished. Melchin's manor gained a bad name, and all good folk shunned it. It was used as a base for bandits, as a lair for a band of roving orcs, for all kinds of fell purposes after that. But even having an evil heart provided no protection to those who would enter the grounds, and soon, even those types of people avoided the manor.

"The *Shard of Finding* is somewhere within the walls of the manor house. The house is old and ruined, now, the victim of time, weather, and fire. But still it stands, for the most part, and into this evil place you must go if you wish this next shard.

"Here is a map to the manor. It is but three days ride from here, to the south. You must be of stout heart to survive this, and triumph. I have no doubt you have within you the power to succeed at this. When you have reclaimed the *Shard of Finding*, return here. I should know the location of the final shard by then, and the knowledge you need to find Dragon Mountain.

"You must take care, however. Now that you have one of the shards, and the mountain's time is near, it knows, and it will seek to stop you. It may send minions after you, to kill you. Winged things, these will be, and a trial, but nothing compared to the mountain itself. Be on your guard, and you will triumph. Let your vigilance slip, and you will end up deader than Melchin. May the Goddess smile upon you and bless you, my children."

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If the party spends the night in Gerdie's hut, she is full of advice, if the party asks. Malinde might ask of past adventures, if one member of the party has caught her attention, and she offers the PCs some home-cooked rations to take with them.

The Road to Melchin's Manor

Twice during the trip to the manor, the party is attacked by winged griffins. The griffins attack while the party is on the road, wheeling down from the sky, attempting to catch the PCs by surprise. If the party is keeping a watch upon the sky, this is not possible. If the party is not watching the sky, the griffins gain surprise.

There are one and a half griffins for every PC and NPC (round up). The griffins, contrary to their normal habits, ignore the party's horses, and concentrate on the characters. The griffins carry no treasure.

Griffins: Int Semi; AL N; AC 3; MV 12, FL 30 (C); HD 7; hp 40 each; THAC0 13; #AT 3; Dmg 1d4/1d4/2d8; SZ L; ML 12; XP 650 each.

Melchin's Manor

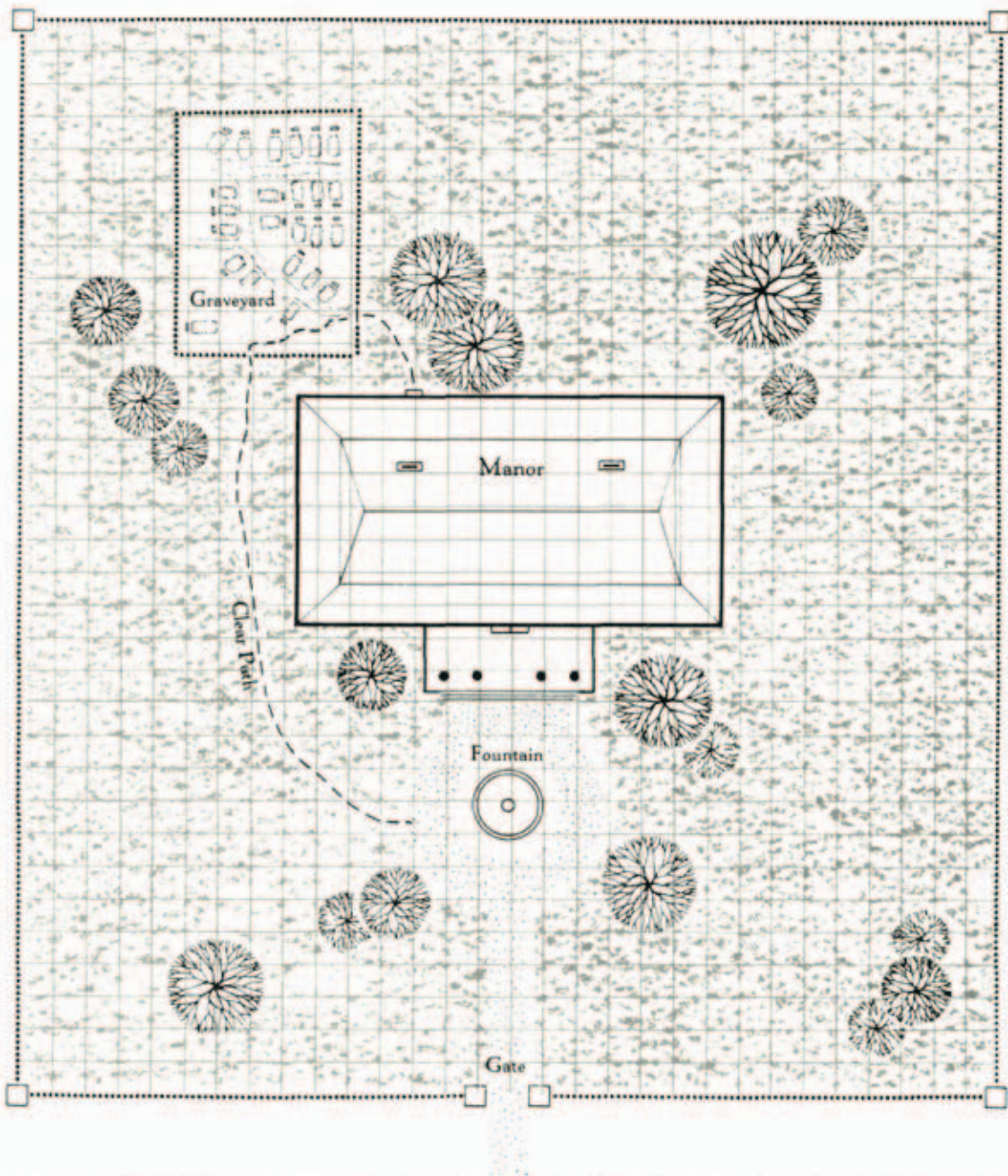
After three days of somewhat nervous travel, the party sights the manor. It is an old, run-down place, still surrounded by the remnants of a stone wall. It looks like it has been abandoned for hundreds of years. The house itself looks burned and neglected, but has somehow managed to remain basically intact. If the party chooses to tether the horses within the wall, the PCs return to find their horses dead and any gear left with them vanished.

The party's first step is to get to the manor. The straight path to the manor is overgrown and requires that the party hack its way to the front

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Melchin's Manor House

One square = 10 feet



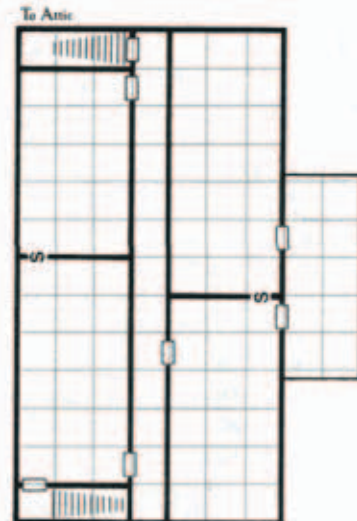
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Melchin's Manor House

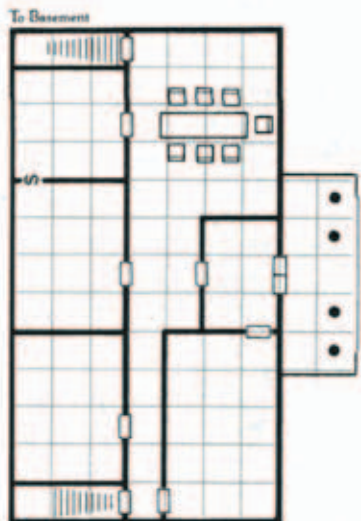
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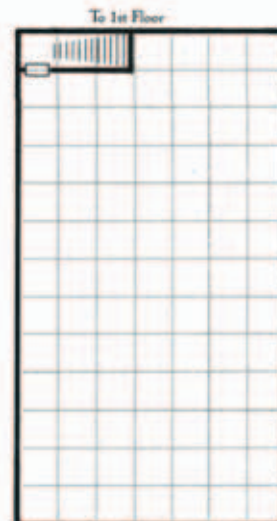
Attic



To 1st Floor
2nd Floor



To 2nd Floor
1st Floor



Basement

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door. There is a path that has not become overgrown, but that seems to lead around to the back of the manor.

If the PCs decide to hack their way to the front of the manor, they find it rough going. It is exhausting work, and they are beset by carnivorous plants. They must go through three patches, each of five plants. Finally, though, the party makes it to the front door.

Carnivorous Plants—Hangman Tree (15): Int Low; AL NE; AC 3/5 (Appendages); MV 0; HD 6+1; hp 49 each; THAC0 7; #AT 3; Dmg 1d3; ML 15; XP 1400 each.

If the party tries the back-door path, the going is easier. They only pass through one patch of three carnivorous plants. That's the good news. The bad news is that their path takes them through the graveyard and the garden.

The graveyard is a horrible, overgrown affair. Everywhere the characters look, they see uprooted tombstones and disturbed graves. It is as if the grounds themselves get no rest. The reason for the condition of the graveyard is no secret; the party is attacked by 25 skeletons as it enters the graveyard.

Skeletons (25): Int Non-; AL N; AC 7; MV 12; HD 1; hp 5 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; SZ M; ML Special; XP 65 each.

Once the PCs have fought through the graveyard (the skeletons do not follow them out of the graveyard gate) they enter the Formal Garden. Now it looks like a jungle. The path still leads through it, but it is a bit close in places.

In one of the areas where the plants overgrow the path are two great trees. These are treants and will attack the party as they pass underneath them. The creatures have been twisted by curse, and will try their best to kill the party. Once the party has passed the garden-gauntlet, they reach the back door of the manor house.

Treants (2): Int Very; AL CE; AC 0; MV 12; HD 10; hp 80; THAC0 11; #AT 2; Dmg 3d6/3d6; SA Special; SD Never Surprised; SZ H; ML 16; XP 5,000 each.

When the party enters the manor house, they notice it has an oppressive, malevolent feeling. As the party moves away from whatever door they entered through, it slams shut. The party is unable to open or break down the door. An invisible barrier surrounds the windows, preventing exit by those means. This barrier remains until the party deals with the ghost of Melchin, one way or another.

After the door slams, the party begins to hear voices, very faint indecipherable ghostly voices.

The party, no doubt, will begin to move through the manor, searching for the shard. They are attacked in every room they enter on the ground floor by 2d4 skeletons.

Skeletons: Int Non-; AL N; AC 7; MV 12; HD 1; hp 5 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; SZ M; ML Special; XP 65 each.

The basement reveals nothing but 13 zombies, guarding a broken summoning circle. The zombies follow the party if not dealt with.

Zombies (13): Int Non-; AL N; AC 8; MV 6; HD 2; hp 10 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8; SZ M; ML Special; XP 65 each.

The second floor is worse than the first. Each room has a 20% chance of containing 1d4 wights. None of the rooms on the second floor have the shard.

Wights: Int Avg; AL LE; AC 5; MV 12; HD 4+3; hp 32 each; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; SA Energy Drain; SD silver or +1 or better weapon to hit; SZ M; ML (14); XP 975.

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The attic contains two wights, 10 skeletons, and a ghost waiting for the party. They will attempt to prevent the party from gaining access to the attic.

Melchin the Ghost: Int Highly; AL LE; AC 0 or 8; MV 9; HD 10; hp 70; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg Age Target 10-40 Years; SA Special; SD Special; SZ M; ML Special; XP 3,500 for killing, 7,000 for laying to rest.

The attic looks promising. There are plenty of old chests and trunks, and a very thorough search reveals the *Shard of Finding*. However, Melchin's ghost is cursed to haunt this place and prevent anyone from taking the amulet. Melchin is a canny old ghost, only attacking from surprise, popping in to do a sneak attack on one member of the party and then vanishing before anyone can attack it. If the party stops and does nothing, the ghost remains in hiding.

If the party posts guards on the searchers, the ghost remains hidden, and instead cries out conflicting pleas and threats: "Leave me, leave me be! Free me, please . . . No! Leave! Do not take my treasure, my vanity. It is mine . . . Take it and free me, please . . . Leave! Leave! Leave! I will kill you all! I will follow you . . ." and so forth.

Finally, after a few rounds of this, one of the party members locates the *Shard of Finding*. Melchin's ghost cries "No! No . . ." and rushes at the lucky party member. Whoever is holding the shard feels a slight urge to confront the ghost with it.

If the character touches the ghost with the shard, the feeling of dread and evil intensifies for a moment, then lifts, as if shattered. The ghost becomes a little more substantial for a moment, and says:

"Thank you, mighty heroes, for freeing me. Only when the shard was taken by another could I rest, and I was cursed to stop you."

Now, I am free to go to my rest, and evil will no longer taint my house. Thank you. Take the shard; may it serve you as well or better than it served me!"

Melchin's ghost fades out with a contented sigh, and the light of the setting sun floods in through the attic windows. The curse is lifted, and the party is standing in a normal house. Any of the monsters that the party did not encounter die.

The *Shard of Finding* has the ability to detect and locate dragons and dragon-kin upon command. It can also find treasure (as per the potion) three times per week. The shard glows blue if the wearer is about to be ambushed, and red if the wearer is about to be poisoned. Lastly, the shard can cast a 12-die *cone of cold* once a day. Any character that picks up the shard knows its properties and powers immediately.

As the PCs leave the manor, they notice that all vestiges of evil are now gone. The manor no longer looks foreboding; just abandoned and neglected. If one of the players has an interest in building a keep or castle, this would be a good place. The title to the property has long since lapsed, and the characters could no doubt claim the place, as they were the ones who lifted the curse.

The party is forced to spend the night near or in the manor; it is much too late to travel by the time they are done. Nothing happens to the party that night. In the morning, they can return to Old Gerdie's hut, and the last piece of the amulet.

Once More to Gerdie's

The return to Gerdie's hut is undisturbed by any sort of attack or trouble. The party should make good time, and reaches the edge of the swamp in the early afternoon. Once again, Gerdie is working in her garden, assisted by Malinde.

Gerdie smiles as the party approaches and says:

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"I assume your efforts met with success. Good, good. My efforts have been answered as well. Come into my hut, let Malinde get you a cold drink, and tell me your story. Then, I'll tell you mine."

The party is made comfortable, given the chance to wash up and relax. Malinde indeed brings drinks to the party, and prepares a nice lunch for them.

Gerdie listens in silence to the recounting of the party's tale. When they are done she compliments them on freeing Melchin's ghost, or commiserates the ghost's destruction:

"That was truly a fell place, and it is good that you destroyed the evil before it grew, and became more serious.

"Years ago, a small evil was ignored, and grew into a great one. That was how Nectos the Undying got his start. You have heard of Nectos?"

"Nectos started as a minor sorcerer who was afraid of death. Rather than die, he researched a spell, and performed the ceremony that transformed him into a lich. As a lich, Nectos was untroubled for a number of years. Then, he gathered to him an army of undead, and set forth to conquer these lands.

"Nectos was stopped, thanks in part to mine and others' (if Clarendon is with the party, she nods to him) efforts. Nectos's spirit was sent to its punishment, and his undead legion destroyed. But remnants of his evil remained, despite our best efforts.

"When the third of the bandit brothers I told you about fell in battle, his shard, the *Shard of Shielding*, was taken as a trophy by the warrior who killed him. After some time, the warrior died, and was buried in a great crypt, as befitted a warrior of his stature. Nectos, knowing of this warrior's power, raised this body as an undead.

"This undead-warrior was one of Nectos's most powerful lieutenants. When at last he was defeated, his body was returned to his crypt, at the demand of his descendants. The *Shard of Shielding* was buried with him.

"You must go to the crypt of Belkar the Brave, and remove the last shard from around his neck. But beware! Some of Nectos's evil still resides there, and the dead may still walk. Enter with caution, and with your purpose in your heart.

"If you succeed, the mountain will grow more restless and seek to stop you. Do not relax in your vigilance. The *Shard of Finding* can help you, but do not depend on it!"

Once again, the party is given rooms to spend the night and a good dinner. Gerdie offers more good advice and then retires. Malinde spends a little more time with the party and then leaves.

The Road to the Crypt

The crypt lies in the mountains to the north of Gerdie's hut. It is perhaps five days' travel to get there. The party is beset three times by parties of dragon-kin once it gets into the mountains. The dragon-kin appear to emerge from caves, and swoop down to attack the party. There should be one dragon-kin for each party member.

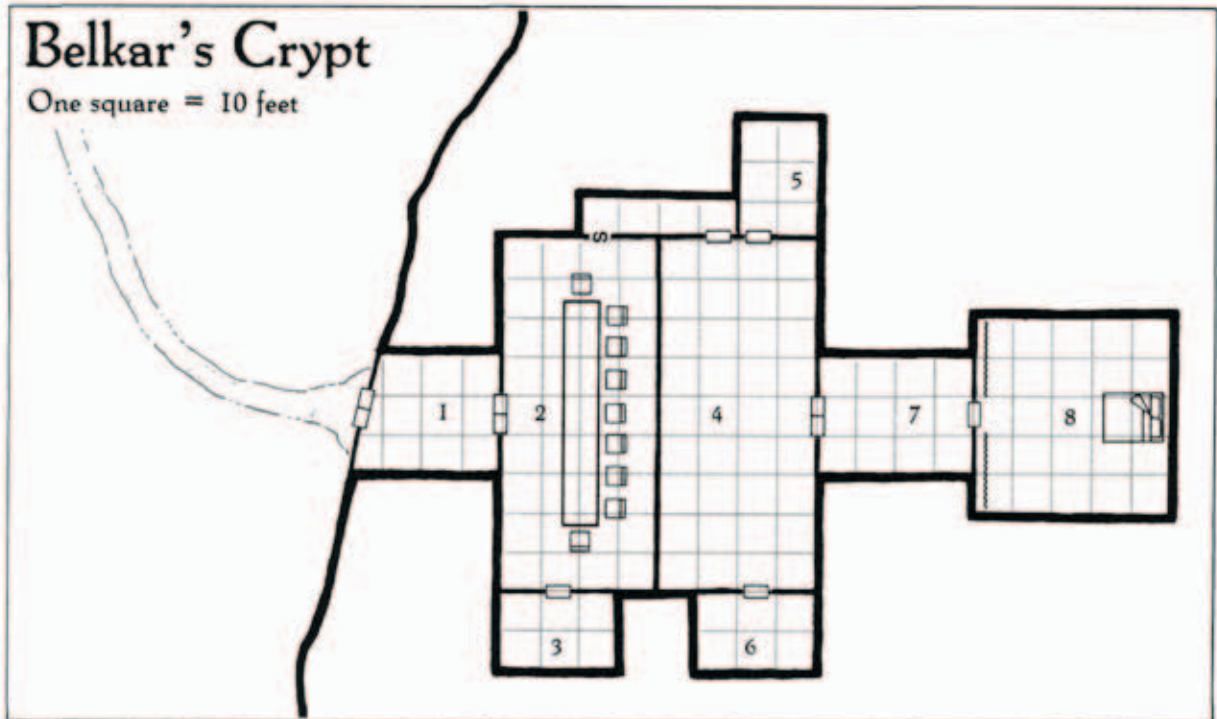
Dragon-kin: AC 3; MV 6, Fl 15; HD 7; hp 40 each; THAC0 13; #AT 2; Dmg 1d6/1d6; SZ L; ML 15; XP 1,000 each.

If the party examines the caves, they appear to be lairs, with nothing of value there.

Belkar's Crypt

Finally, the party comes to Belkar the Brave's crypt. It is dusty and overgrown, as no one has been this way in years.

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Room 1—Entry Chamber.

This room is designed as the entry into the crypt. It is made of marble and has faded paintings, depicting some of Belkar's lesser deeds, along the walls. Two marble benches, one along each wall, are here, to allow those who would come and pay their respects to Belkar the chance to rest and compose themselves before they continue.

Room 2—The Grand Hall.

This room is decked out as a great banquet hall, a place for Belkar and his noble companions to have great feasts in the afterlife. There is a long table in the center of the room with twelve stout wooden chairs. The table and the chairs are all lavishly decorated with carvings of wild game. The walls contain displays of weapons and shields. The displays are old and rusting, and it is obvious that there is nothing of any value there.

Also in the room are 12 skeletons, seated around the table. They are dressed in rusty armor and helmets and look dead. When the party enters the room, the skeletons rise up and attack.

Skeletons (12): Int Non; AL N; AC 7; MV 12; HD 1; hp 7 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; SD Special; MR Special; SZ M; ML Special; XP 65 each.

Room 3—The Kitchen.

This room is decked out as a kitchen. Why a crypt needed a kitchen is a mystery. The kitchen contains a fireplace, storage cabinets, pots and pans—everything that a real kitchen would have. It also contains two very hungry trolls and three ghouls. One of the trolls is gazing into the empty cook pot, and it looks up as the party enters. "Dinner . . ." it croaks.

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Trolls (2): Int Low; AL CE; AC 4; MV 12; HD 6+6; hp 32 each; THAC0 13; #AT 3; Dmg 1d4+4/1d4+4/1d8+4 SA Special; SD Regeneration; SZ L; ML 14; XP 1,400 each.

Ghouls (3): Int Low; AL CE; AC 6; MV 9; HD 2; hp 13 each; THAC0 19; #AT 3; Dmg 1d3/1d3/1d6; SA Paralyzation; SD Special; SZ M; ML 12; XP 175 each.

Room 4—The Ballroom.

Apparently, whoever designed this crypt thought that dead men entertained, because this room is set up as a nice ballroom. Giant candle chandeliers dangle from the ceiling. The candles are unlit, but the candle holders glow with an unearthly, dark light. There are no furnishings in this room, but the walls are decorated with more faded paintings, showing more of Belkar's brave deeds.

Dancing and cavorting in this room are 20 skeletons and two wights. They attack the party as it enters the room.

Skeletons (20): Int Non; AL N; AC 7; MV 12; HD 1; hp 7 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; SD Special; MR Special; SZ M; ML Special; XP 65 each.

Wights (2): Int Average; AL LE; AC 5; MV 12; HD 4+3; hp 20 each; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; SA Energy drain; SD Hit only by silver or +1 or better magical weapon; MR Special; SZ M; ML 14; XP 975 each.

Room 5—Storage.

This room was used for storing the goods one would need to host a party. Punch bowls, food trays, and the like. The room is also used to store two giant skeletons, who attack anyone that opens the door.

Skeletons, Giant (2): Int Non; AL N; AC 6; MV 12; HD 8; hp 37 each; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 1d12; SD As skeleton, immune to fire-based attacks, turn as mummy; SZ L; ML Special; XP 1,400 each.

Room 6—Storage.

This room holds all of the rotting musical instruments that a group of minstrels might need to make dance music. Two lonely wights are inspecting the instruments.

Wights (2): Int Average; AL LE; AC 5; MV 12; HD 4+3; hp 20 each; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; SA Energy drain; SD Hit only by silver or +1 or better magical weapon; MR Special; SZ M; ML 14; XP 975 each.

Room 7—The Dressing Room.

In keeping with the house motif, this chamber is appointed as a dressing room. To the left of the door is a table and dresser with a mirror hung over the table. A small stool is near the table. On the left side of the door is a chest of drawers and a wardrobe.

Seated on the stool is a spectre, who is gazing into the mirror, and combing her hair. She turns as the party enters the room and attacks. She concentrates her attacks on one of the characters or NPCs in an attempt to drain the life force.

Spectre (1): Int High; AL LE; AC 2; MV 15, FL 30(B); HD 7+3; hp 34; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8; SA Energy drain; SD +1 or better weapon to hit; MR Special; SZ M; ML 15; XP 3,000.

Room 8—The Bed Chamber.

This room is set up as a bed chamber. This is a very large room, perhaps 100 feet by 100 feet. All the way at the other end of the room is a bed with a body lying on it. The body is dressed in armor, and is wearing the *Shard of Shielding*. Surrounding the bed, 12 on either side, are giant skeletons, standing motionless.

The Amulet of Dragon Warding

As the party approaches the bed, Belkar sits up. Time has not been nice to Belkar; it has turned him into a vampire. He stands up and says, "So kind of you to come and bring me my meal. Really. Fools! You thought to steal from me my treasure. Instead, I shall steal from you your lives!" Belkar gestures and the skeletons move toward the party, and two wraiths step from behind the door.

Belkar—Vampire: Int Ex; AL CE; AC 1; MV 12, Fl 18(C); HD 8+3; hp 55; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6+4; SA Energy Drain; SD +1 or better weapon to hit; SZ M; ML 16; XP 3,000; *full plate armor +2, long sword +3.*

Skeletons, Giant (24): Int Non; AL N; AC 6; MV 12; HD 8; hp 37 each; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 1d12; SD As skeleton, immune to fire-based attacks, turn as mummy; SZ L; ML Special; XP 1,400 each.

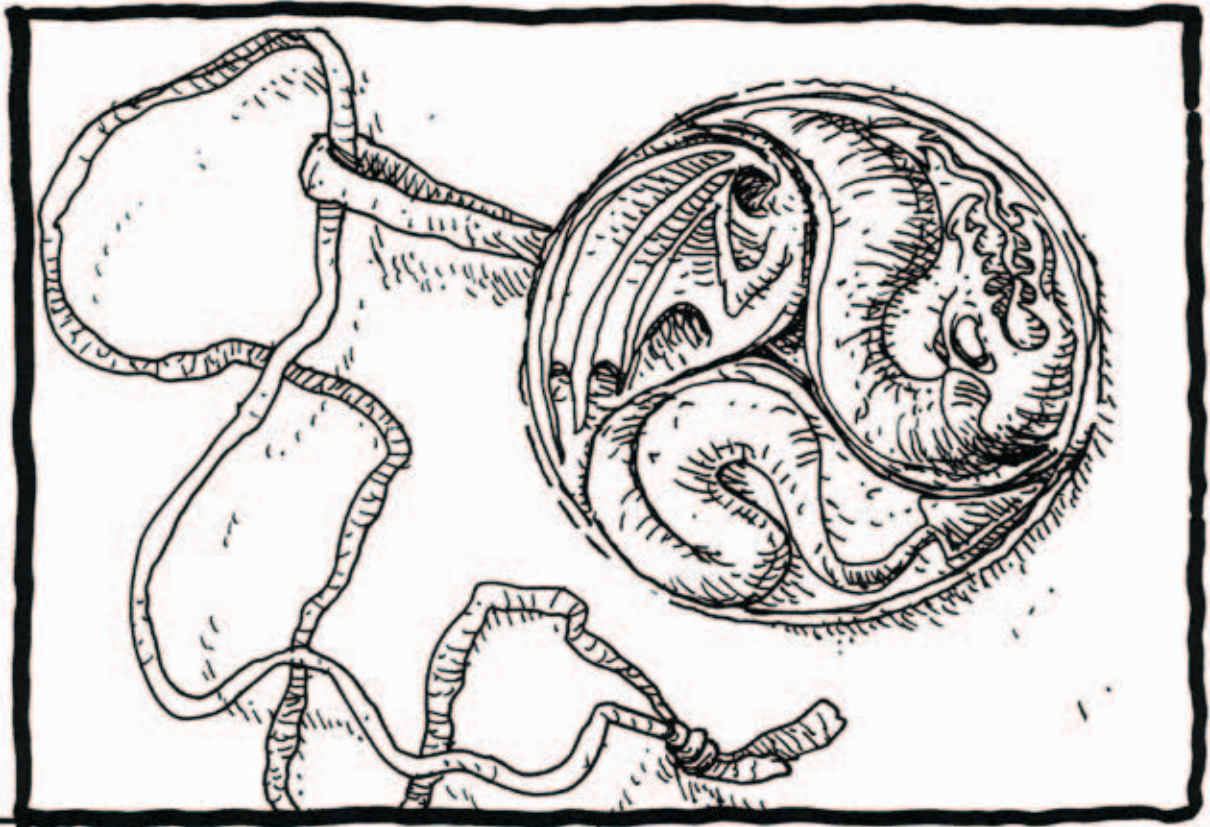
Wraiths (2): Int Very; AL LE; AC 4; MV 12, Fl 24(B); HD 5+3; hp 26 each; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; SA Energy drain; SD Hit only by silver or +1 better weapon; SZ M; ML 15; XP 3,000 each.

Belkar joins the fray. He and his minions fight to the death. If Belkar is killed, all of the other undead immediately die.

If the party defeats Belkar, they are able to recover the third shard. They are also able to loot Belkar's standard vampire treasure.

The *Shard of Shielding* is a protective magical item with the following powers: It acts as a *ring of protection +2*; a *ring of fire resistance*; and a *ring of cold resistance*. Any character who touches the shard immediately knows its properties.

When the *Amulet of Dragon Warding* is fully assembled, it gains the following powers: It acts as *bracers AC 0* and as a *ring of spell turning*. The amulet glows with a pure gold light. Any character touching it knows all of its powers.



The Lord of Corruption

This portion of the adventure occurs at whatever point the characters have acquired all three fragments of the *Amulet of Dragon Warding* and the first two fragments of the map. Thus, this occurs right after the PCs exit Belkar's crypt with the third shard or shortly after they leave Beleme with the second map fragment, depending on which portions of the adventure have already been completed.

Vryxnr's Background

Vryxnr is an evil high priest, a 13th level cleric, Chaotic evil. He was once Chaotic neutral, but he and some adventuring companions got lost during a trip and ended up in an enchanted evil swamp. He lost his companions, one by one, and wandered around for about a week. Things changed for him when he found the ancient shrine to corruption and became ensnared in its promises of power. A whole new purpose filled him. It was clear that the gods had placed him here to destroy the world, so he started using his new powers and the shrine to summon up vile creatures, animate the dead as zombies, and take control of anyone who wandered into his grasp. Pretty soon, he had a small army or servants and began expanding his territory.

This caught the attention of a few organizations and adventurers. Vryxnr lost a lot of his creatures and booty to these counter-attacks. He decided to concentrate his resources on two preliminary goals. First, to secure those lands near to the swamp by enthraling the nearby liege lords. Second, to find another place of power to corrupt and consume to give him more power. In the process of doing the first, a clue as to the second became apparent.

When Lord Cavius came under Vryxnr's thrall, a loyal subpriest was sent to make certain things went according to plan. After Jade Ruebino of Twin Forks stole some of the treasures of Beleme, including one part of the map to Dragon Moun-

tain, Vryxnr's agent became aware of the map and the legend. The agent made an offer to Lord Cavius to make certain that part of the map was hidden outside of Beleme until the missing section could be recovered. He then took the middle fragment of the map and the signs of imminent reappearance and gave them to Vryxnr. This informed Vryxnr of the legend of Dragon Mountain, and it became the second goal. The agent had just been told to go back to Beleme and get Lord Cavius to recover the first fragment when the PCs showed up and defeated Cavius.

Vryxnr's First Ambush

As soon as Vryxnr is aware of the victory by the PCs at either Beleme or Belkar's Crypt, he launches an attempt to draw the characters into his place of power. To do this, he summons up an appropriate number of lesser basilisks of compulsion and sends them to attack the players in camp. A basilisk of compulsion is an enchanted basilisk whose gaze causes the characters to head toward the swamp. This assault should succeed in getting the players going to the swamp, as either the creatures cast their gaze of compulsion and enthrall the players, or the PCs figure out pretty quickly that these are summoned creatures from an enchanted swamp and head that way to attack whoever sent them. Vryxnr has little fear of the players, and is just as happy if they try to kill him as if they are enthralled. Vryxnr is too clever for his own good.

Somewhere between midnight and 2 in the morning, the basilisks of compulsion attempt to sneak up on the characters' camp. They move as quietly as possible until they are spotted, and then immediately try to gaze at the characters on watch. The rest charge into the camp, making a terrific racket, and gazing at every character possible. Any player who refuses to confront a basilisk is chased down and either gazed into enthrallment or attacked.

Basilisks: Int Animal; AL N; AC 3; MV 6; HD 8+1; hp 50 each; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10; SA Gaze causes players turn do Vryxnr's will; ML 12; XP 1,400 each.

Basilisks of compulsion are really nasty creatures, with all the powers of a common basilisk and more. They have 2 more Hit Dice and an Armor Class 1 better than common basilisks, and their gaze of compulsion casts an incredible *charm* upon the target, requiring total enthrallment to the mystic commands of the summoner. The potency of this spell causes a -5 penalty to the saving throw vs. spells and functions against characters of any level. Of course, not all of the PCs may be enthralled before the creatures are slain. This compulsion may be dispelled, but the saving throw is made against a spell cast by a 13th level cleric. Any player who is enthralled immediately feels the irresistible compulsion to go to the swamp and submit to the will of Vryxnr. Even if the compulsion is dispelled, the memory of this command remains with the target. Those characters who save against the gaze also recall the compulsion on a successful Intelligence check.

If any of the PCs are enthralled, the DM should politely take their character sheets away and have those characters gather up their possessions and begin traveling to the swamp. If there are any PCs who are not enthralled, they may attempt to stop the victims by dispelling the enchantment or by force of arms. The enthralled characters fight back, in a perfectly coordinated fashion, against any attack. They are incapable of sensing any attempt at dispelling the enchantment, and simply ignore any failed attempt and keep going toward the swamp. The remaining PCs, if any, are left to either abandon their companions or go along. The latter should be encouraged.

If all the characters remain of free will after the attack, they may review what information they have on who sent the basilisks. Any player who was gazed at has a chance to remember the com-

pulsion. If the basilisks were simply wiped out with no effect on the PCs at all, none of them will comprehend the source of the basilisks. Vryxnr tries the same assault with more basilisks the next night before the PCs get back to a town, or at the first opportunity in the wilderness later in the adventure.

The Journey to the Swamp

No Characters Enthralled

Allow the PCs to travel rather quickly to the swamp and give them the opportunity to stop at a village to resupply and equip themselves if such is needed. The first approach to the swamp should be described as only moderately difficult, but with an ill smell rising off the bog water as they get closer. There are only a few trails into the swamp that do not end in quicksand or rotting bogs. As soon as possible, try to get the characters totally disoriented by forcing their route into heavy overgrowth and along winding, twisting trails:

The trail seems to travel with complete abandon through the brush and reeds of this swamp. Great broad cypress trees, laden with moss, rise above to shut out the sun. There is no breeze in this place, and the smells and unnatural heat are overpowering. After only a half an hour, it has become difficult to focus on anything further away than ten feet. The water supply is being used too quickly, and there is no sign of fresh water anywhere. In fact, most of the water in this place is covered with a sheen of mold and scum. There seems no end to this miserable place, and no purpose in going on.

Of course, this is not the case. The trail they are on is one of those Vryxnr has cleared for use by

The Lord of Corruption



his zombies. Any player with skill at tracking or who is just very observant finds signs of foot traffic on this trail leading further into the swamp.

Allow the PCs to go on for a while in this fashion, spurring them on with tracks or signs of travel as required. If they try to go very far off the trail, walk them into quicksand or drop a really disgusting mold or fungus on them. Eventually, they get close to the evil shrine, and any player who can detect evil or magic should be told of it as the group approaches.

At this point, a group of 20 zombies shamble out from the brush to either side of the trail ahead of and to the flanks of the party. In addition, four enthralled rangers appear on the trail. This force attacks with surprise unless the PCs have a way of spotting an ambush or detecting evil at close range. Remember, the whole swamp radiates evil.

Zombies (20): Int Non-; AL N; AC 8; MV 6; HD 2; hp 10 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8; SZ M; ML Special; XP 65 each.

Enthralled Rangers (4): h-m R4; AC 3; hp 22; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; AL NE; *broad sword +1, chain mail +1, shield.*

As the attack gets fully underway, with moans from the zombies and dull-voiced words from the enthralled rangers of, "Map . . . must get the map . . ." add in a further complication. Two evil clerics accompanied by two basilisks of compulsion enter the fight from ahead of the players and behind the main line of the assault.

Clerics (2): h-m C5; AC 3; hp 24; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; AL LE; *flail +1, chain mail +1, shield.*

The Lord of Corruption

Basilisks (2): Int Animal; AL N; AC 3; MV 6; HD 8+1; hp 50 each; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10; SA Gaze causes players turn do Vryxnr's will; ML 12; XP 1,400 each.

Their job is to enthrall the PCs or kill them.

Use any enthralled player to turn against the rest of the PCs and try to kill them or get the map fragments. This fight ends when all the characters are enthralled or killed or the attackers are slain. The victorious players can now follow the trail to the evil shrine and Vryxnr's stronghold. If any characters are enthralled, they now try to proceed to the evil shrine to submit to Vryxnr. The same options regarding *dispel magic* spells or following along are open to the players as before.

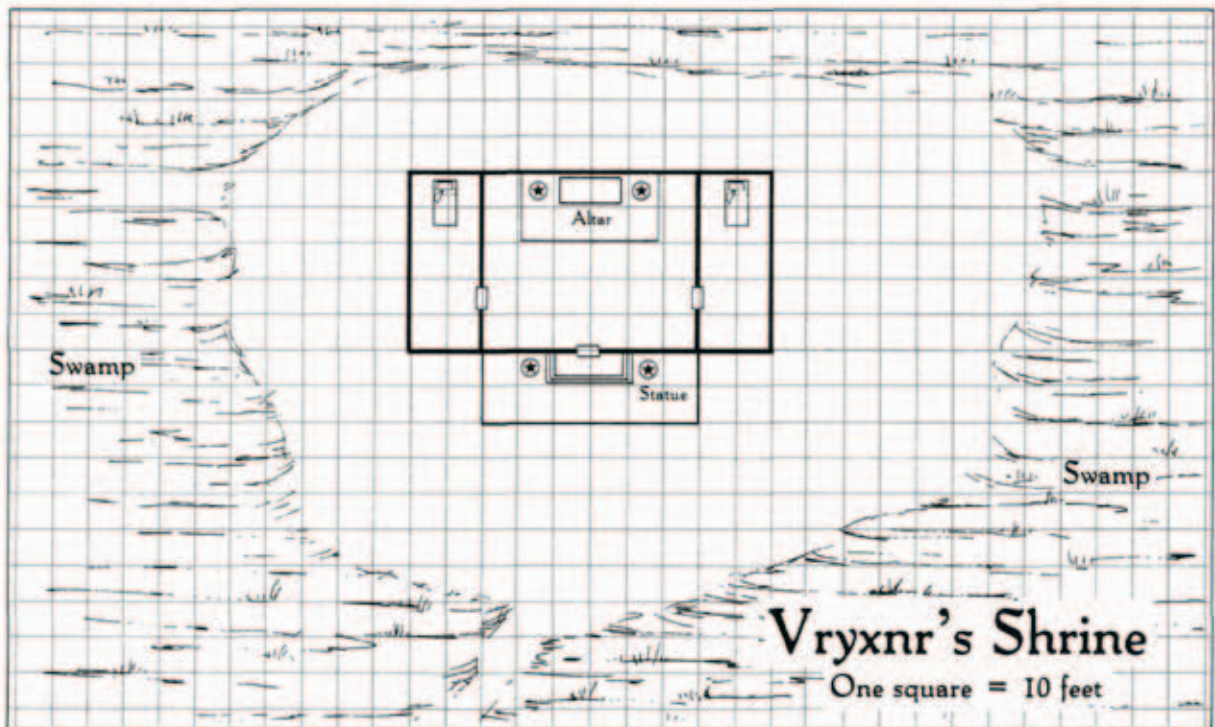
Any Characters Enthralled

What Vryxnr did not count on is that the PCs are very powerful individuals and they are not going to stay enthralled as they get close to the

evil shrine. The power of this place is terrible, and its evil is of a corrupting and consuming nature. This has rather strong effects on characters of the level of the PCs.

This is an evil shrine in the heart of the swamp, the stronghold of Vryxnr, Lord of Corruption. It is to him you are compelled to serve. Once you enter here, you will be forever enthralled to his power. Your miserable lives will be lived in pain and suffering as you do those things that your evil master requires. But the power of this place. It is the most intense feeling you have ever had. A great flux flows through your body, and suddenly . . ."

Any player who is of good alignment is so repulsed by the sight of this evil shrine that a saving throw vs. spell at no penalty is immediately made to break the compulsion. Any player of neutral alignment is repelled by the consuming



The Lord of Corruption

nature of this place and immediately makes a saving throw vs. spell at a -2 penalty. If the saving throws succeed, the PCs are free to act and are immune to the effects of any future gaze of compulsion. A failure to save in either case changes the alignment of the character to evil.

Any character who is of evil alignment or who has become evil by failing the above saving throw is awed by the power of this place, and is overcome by the desire to overthrow Vryxnr and become the Lord of Corruption and master of this shrine. These PCs immediately roll a Wisdom check and, if successful, are released from the compulsion to attempt to defeat Vryxnr. They are also immune to any future gaze of compulsion. If they fail this ability check, the PCs are now enchanted, their Wisdom drops to 3, and they become permanent thralls of Vryxnr.

The DM should return to the players the character sheets of those PCs now free to act, and keep those who are permanently enthralled. If all

the characters are permanently enthralled, Vryxnr wins. If the DM wishes, the PCs may be rescued at a later date by Sir Ovulous and his men or some other contrivance. Remember, this enthrallment can be reversed by a *dispel magic* spell, just like for Lord Cavius, with the same +4 bonus to the saving throw vs. spell.

The Battle at the Shrine

When the PCs approach the clearing or have broken the compulsion by entering the clearing and seeing the shrine, a battle begins. This fight has a number of dimensions, and the DM needs to take careful note of the results of the previous encounters before setting up this fight.

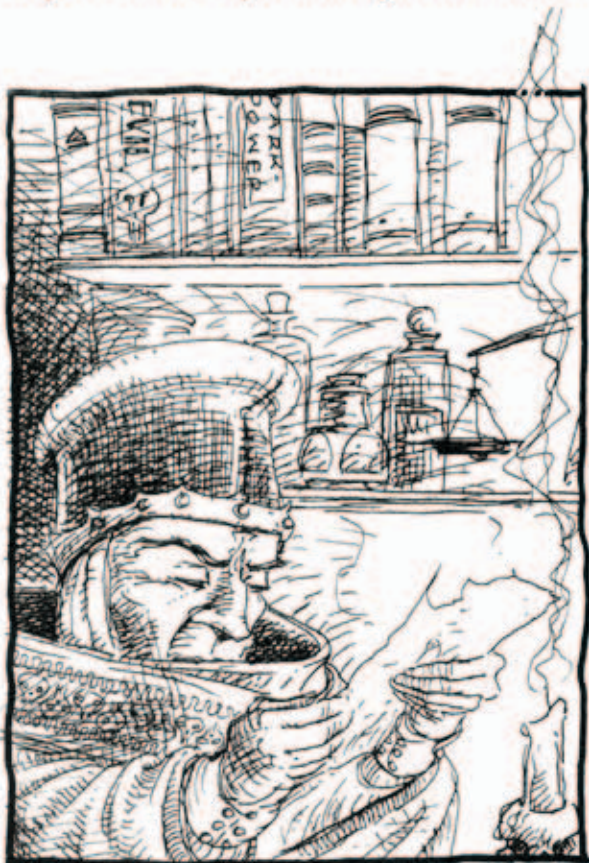
If the characters succumbed to the compulsion during the initial assault of the basilisks, all surviving basilisks are present and behind the characters in the clearing. If they succumbed to it against the zombies, thralls, priests, and basilisks on the trail, all surviving assailants are present and behind the PCs in the clearing.

If any of the PCs at any point succumbed to the compulsion, the group starts this fight in the clearing, 10 feet away from the shrine and facing it. Otherwise, they may begin this fight hidden in the brush along the sides of the trail leading into the clearing.

In either case, set up a group of defenders in front of the shrine, and another inside the structure. The outside group includes 10 zombies and two enthralled rangers, armed as above. The second group (inside) includes 10 zombies, two enthralled fighters, three clerics, and Vryxnr.

Enthralled Fighters (2): h-m F6; AC 1; hp 36; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; AL NE; *two-handed sword* +1, *plate mail* +1, *helm* +1.

Clerics (3): h-m C5; AC 4; hp 24; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; AL LE; *flail* +1, *chain mail* +1, *shield*.



The Lord of Corruption

Vryxnr: h-m C13; AC 2; hp 63; THAC0 12; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; STR 18; WIS 17; AL LE; mace +3, ring of protection +4, bracers of defense AC 2, cloak of displacement.

The second group also has access to, but not ready, five scrolls of evil clerical spells, and one or two more minor magic items, all left to the DM's discretion. To spur the characters to battle, read the following aloud:

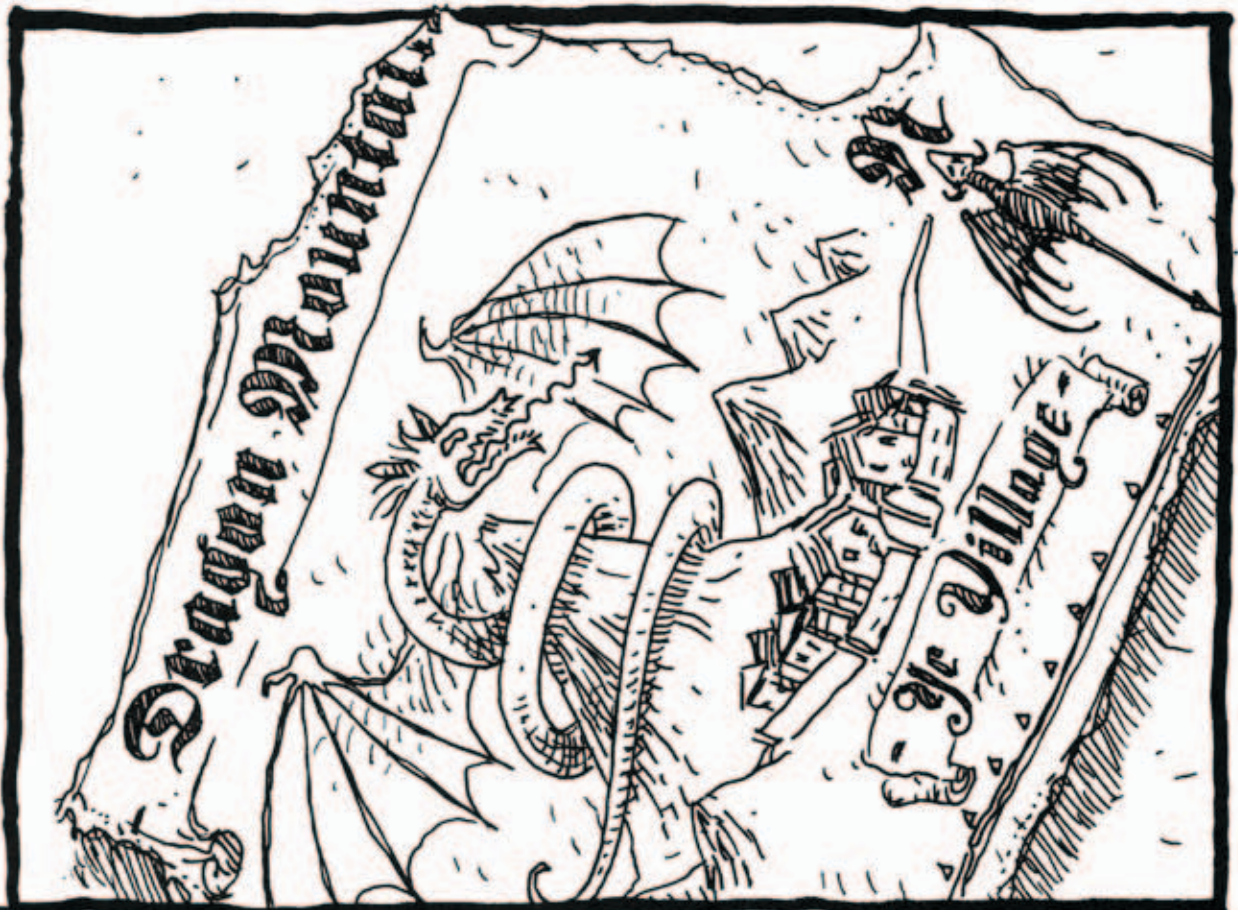
This is a desperate fight, for defeat means that Vryxnr will gain the knowledge of the route to Dragon Mountain. Such triumph for Vryxnr will certainly give him the power to sweep all rivals and foes before him and establish a domain of corruption to consume all

those lands nearby. Only by his defeat can this be forestalled!

This battle may last a while. Some of the players may be trying to kill each other or trying to steal the map fragments from each other.

Assuming the characters are victorious, they have two things they need to do. First, they must find the last map fragment in Vryxnr's chamber, which is easy to do, for he had it out on his writing table and was making notes about the legend of the reappearance of Dragon Mountain when the PCs arrived. This makes interpreting the route on the complete map a lot simpler.

Second, they should burn this shrine to cinders. Even that, however, won't completely cleanse this swamp of evil, but save that for another adventure on another day.



On to the Mountain

The map is now complete. The journey does not look too difficult, and there are a number of landmarks to guide by. Vryxnr has translated the celestial legend, revealing that the time of reappearance is very soon. With this victory, the treasures of Dragon Mountain are ripe for the taking. It is only a matter of days to the location, the village of Glenhollow near the foot of Dragon Mountain.

The Village of Glenhollow

The village of Glenhollow is a nice place to raise a family. At least it was until Dragon Mountain appeared a couple of weeks ago. In that short time, the village has fallen prey to the rampaging kobolds, supported by the dragon. Most of the residents don't even venture outside to look at the weather, let alone attempt to conduct a normal life. Glenhollow is a village under siege. The mountain has arrived at the same time that the crops need to be brought in from the fields, but those villagers that dare to venture outside are captured by the kobolds and forced to harvest the crops to feed them.

As the characters arrive in the village, they should be oblivious to the current situation. They notice several burned buildings, including one that is still smoking. Some of the other burnt buildings look like someone tried to put out the fires, but this most recent one looks like it was left to burn.

Under Siege

When the players arrive, they will most likely head toward the Foothills Tavern. It is the only business that appears to be open. Inside the tavern are several diehards and the bartender. When the players come inside, these people hide behind things, thinking the kobolds have come back.

The bartender, Davnon, is of medium height, overweight, with lambchop sideburns and a

huge handlebar mustache. He is very nervous, and is constantly looking to either side. When questioned about the town, he is reluctant to speak and does not really give an answer. The others in the tavern sit and snicker back and forth about "another group of suckers."

After a few minutes of this, a tall, beefy man flies into the bar at a dead run. He looks around, not noticing the players, and says, "I thought I wasn't gonna make it this time . . . blasted kobolds . . ." He then notices the player characters. "Oh my. New in town?" he says, not really a question. "Then you don't know about . . ." He trails off, not speaking further until spoken to.

When pressed, he explains that the town has been plagued by kobolds for two weeks now, and that the residents are afraid to leave for fear of their lives:

"They are just so strong, and ruthless. It all started the night that flash occurred up on the mountain. When we woke up the next morning, the top of the mountain had changed. Several men from the village went up there, to see what had happened, but they never came back. Then the kobolds arrived."

One of the gentlemen in the inn interrupts at this point. He is dressed as a ranger and looks very capable:

"Let me extrapolate on what the Mayor has said. The new mountain appeared two weeks ago, effectively removing Tanith Point, the mountain that was there. What a sight to see it was, too. The sky lit up, like a festival, or a great sorcerer's battle. Every color you could imagine was displayed on the midnight sky, and these folks became fearful.

"The next day, these kobolds started coming down into town. This area is not exactly known for having kobolds, but we didn't



On to the Mountain

worry too much about it. Since they are usually easy to get rid of if they are a nuisance, we didn't figure they would be too much of a problem. At first, we just ignored them unless they bothered us. Then they did start to bother us, demanding our harvests and brew from the tavern.

"A couple of us decided that this had gone on long enough, so we appointed ourselves in charge of the 'kobold problem.' Whenever they arrived in town, we would 'escort' them out. If they had a problem with that, they would have an accident. It was that simple.

"Then they started to come in with that magical stuff. Just a couple at first, then a whole flood. I don't think the village can stand another attack like the last one. Perhaps you people are interested in helping us?"

Roderick: h-m R8; AC -2; hp 65; THAC0 13; #AT 2; Dmg by weapon; DEX 18; AL CG; *scimitar of speed +4, gauntlets of ogre power, studded leather armor +5.*

At this point, it shouldn't be too tough to convince the players to stay and fight. After all, it's only a bunch of kobolds. How tough can that be?

The Village Proper

A) This is the Swallowtail Inn. There are no guests currently staying here.

B) This is the Foothills Tavern. Here the few brave souls in the town still come, as it is the only standing tavern left.

C) This is the town hall. Nothing of any real value will be found here.

D) This is an open air-market. Stalls and carts dot the area.

E) This is the Flint Inn. This one is built out of wood and thatch, and will most likely go up rather quickly if torched. A mother and her three children are hiding inside.

F) This is Spector's Apothecary. This shop is remarkably untouched, so far. The owner, Spector the Wise, is inside protecting his property.

Spector: h-m M7; AC 2; hp 18; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; AL CG; *bracers of defense AC 2, dagger.*

G) This is the blacksmith shop. Horst, the blacksmith, is willing to defend this location to the death.

H) This is the armorer's shop. Abandoned, this shop holds an impressive selection of weaponry. Anyone looking should be able to find any normal weapon desired. Upon a careful search, someone will be able to find a *long sword +2 red dragon slayer.*

I) This is the Temple of the Sun. It has been affected by the siege, but not as badly as other structures. It is defended by a group of five 2nd level monks. They are led by Brother Bazen.

Brother Bazen: h-m C5; AC 8; hp 18; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; AL LG; club.

Monks (5): h-m C2; AC 8; hp 8; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; AL LG; club.

J) This is the sheriff's office. Unfortunately, he was one of the first defenders of the town to die.

K) These are homes of the villagers. They are in various stages of destruction.

At this point, the players should be encouraged to plan the defense of the town. Use the pair of 25mm scale maps of Glenhollow that are provided, spreading them out on the table for the



players to use in planning their defense.

There are 30 to 50 villagers available to aid in the defense, and they can be used accordingly. Roderick can aid in the planning, but the players should be primarily responsible. (Note: No matter where Roderick fights, he should just barely survive, and continue to do so until the player characters arrive to save him after a long battle.)

There are 15 kobolds for each defender (including the villagers). They are equipped by the dragon from the vast selection of booty she has accumulated over the years.

Kobolds: Int Average; AL LE; AC 7; MV 6; HD 1/2; hp 1d4; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SZ S; ML 10; XP 7 each; shortsword, studded leather armor.

Into this mix of kobolds should be sprinkled some magical items. Since the kobolds are weak individually and easy to kill, magical armor and

weapons are not predominant. However, magical wands and the like will be used by the kobolds to good effect. Their favorite tactics include using heavy bow fire to pin down PCs, especially spellcasters, while certain members of their team put a *wand of fireballs* or a *horn of blasting* to good use. The kobolds never make direct frontal assaults unless they believe they have a good chance of breaching the defenses. Instead, they prefer to use hit and run tactics and stealth (what could 20 kobolds do that were invisible?).

All of this should come as a major shock to the players, as they know kobolds to be very weak. Draw upon the information given in **Books II and III** to devise plans for the kobolds and to set up strike teams from the different clans. Perhaps an especially brave or powerful kobold will take on one of the PCs in combat, and just happen to be armed with some sort of powerful, level-draining sword, an *armor* spell, and a *word of recall* spell. Get creative.

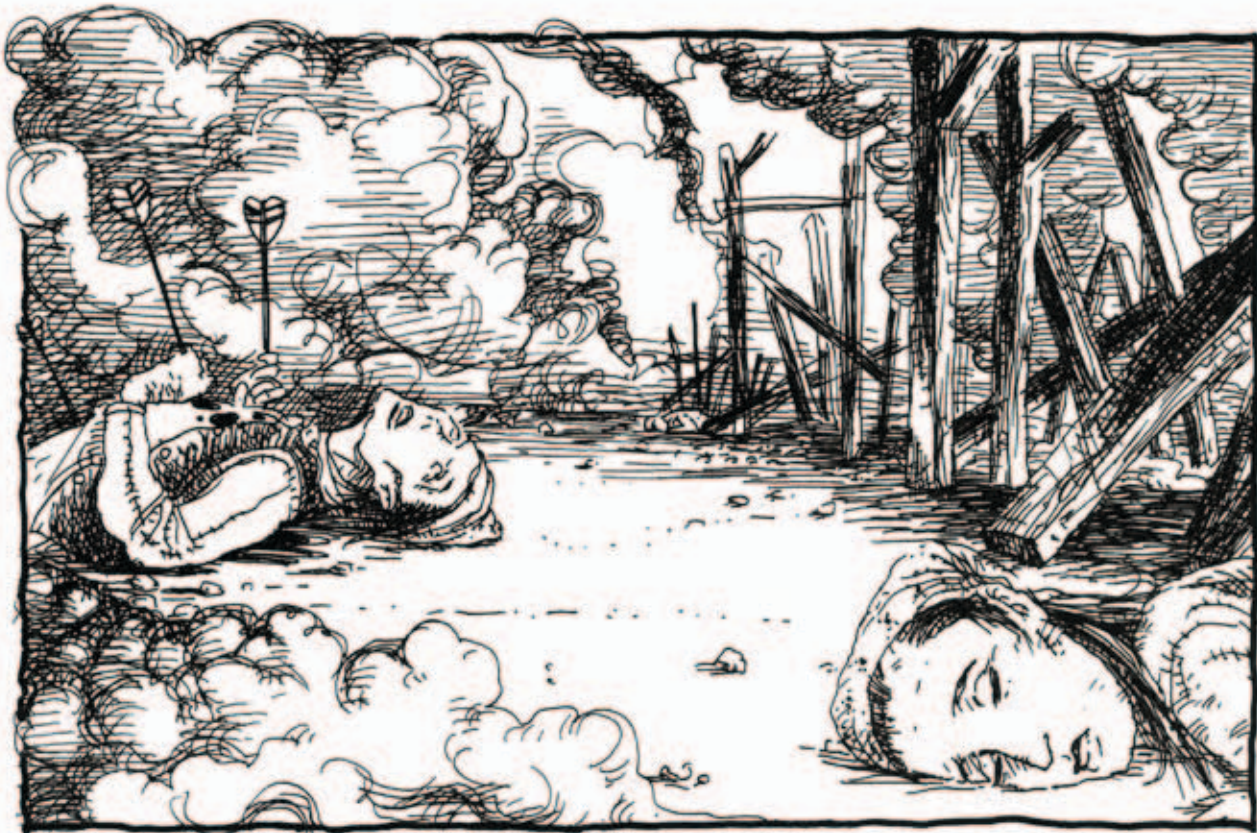
On to the Mountain

The Aftermath

After the kobolds have been driven off or have destroyed the village, the players will probably pursue them back up the mountain. It is vital that the players bring along Roderick. He really is the only way they will be able to get up the mountain. Since he did so well against the kobolds, and was the only one that would explain what was going on, it shouldn't be too tough to convince

them to bring him along. "Now, if you are dead set about goin' up there, I guess I better guide you. The paths up there are pretty tough to decipher." One final note: do not alter the numbers of kobolds that are listed in the other two books based on what occurs in Glenhollow. The numbers shown reflect this already.

At this point, proceed to **Book II** to continue the adventure to the mountain itself.



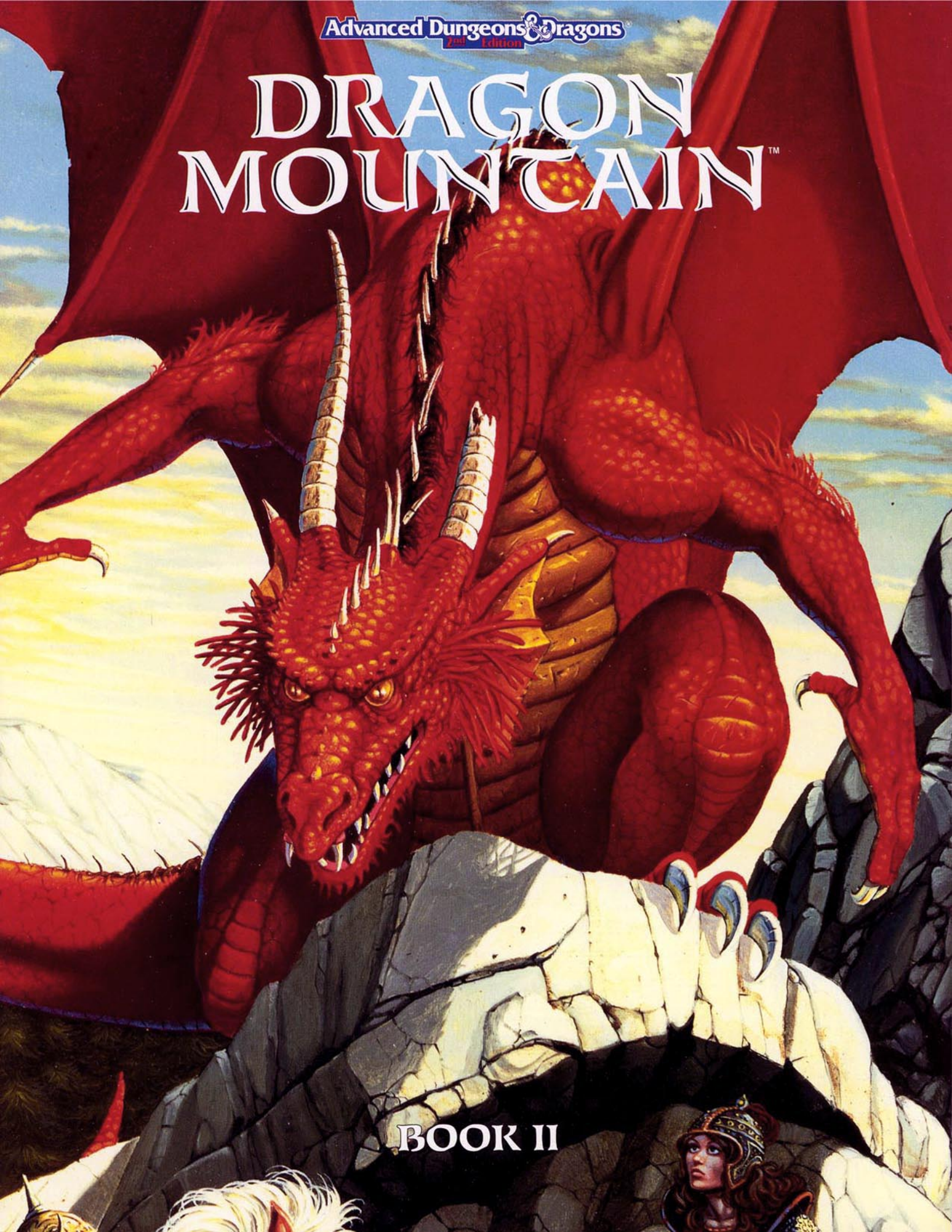


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Advanced Dungeons & Dragons
2nd Edition

DRAGON MOUNTAIN™

BOOK II



Advanced Dungeons & Dragons[®]

2nd Edition

Dragon Mountain[™]

Book II

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Introduction

WARNING: THIS BOOK IS INTENDED FOR THE *DUNGEON MASTER*™ ONLY! PLAYERS SHOULD READ NO FURTHER!

Background and History

This book continues the adventure begun in **Book I** of the *DRAGON MOUNTAIN*™ campaign. In **Book I**, the PCs have followed a series of interwoven adventures in order to discover the pieces of a puzzle that, once put together, has led them to the village of Glenhollow and the mysterious Mountain. In **Book II**, the PCs enter the lair of the dragon Infyrana to seek glory, fame, and, best of all, treasure beyond their wildest imaginings!

Unfortunately, there is a catch to this. What is now called Dragon Mountain used to be a dwarven stronghold, replete with traps, defenses, and secret tricks used to repel or destroy intruders. When Infyrana and her allies swept the stronghold free of dwarves, they found and discovered the workings of most of the traps, and suborned them for their own use. Infyrana and her cohorts then moved into the well-defended stronghold.

The dragon's allies are, believe it or not, kobolds. Armed with Infyrana's expertise in dwarven keeps and some of her magical weapons, the kobolds quickly became more than pesky little enemies. Indeed, their strength became something to fear.

Of course, after Infyrana and the kobolds defeated the dwarves together, the dragon retrieved her magical items from her allies, lest the kobolds use them against her. In return for their help in rooting out the dwarves, Infyrana promised protection and leadership to the kobolds, and has kept that promise to this day.

Meanwhile, the kobolds flourish in the now-dank halls of Dragon Mountain. Serving under the dragon's enlightened leadership, the kobolds have grown ever more populous, and they gladly fulfill the least of Infyrana's wishes. She has led them into a prosperous time.

In fact, the kobolds have become so prosperous that the original families have split into several clans, each of which has claimed its own territory within Dragon Mountain. As is the case with most evil races, each clan struggles to better itself at the expense of the others. Some have managed, through lucky accidents and good planning, to become far more successful and prolific than others, and these tend to dominate their own areas. The kobold clans will not totally unite unless faced with an outside threat that is greater than their petty differences, and they will revert to their squabbling when the threat has passed.

Despite this constant inter-tribal warring, most of the kobolds thrive in the mountain. They have almost never had such a good life, for here they are under the indirect protection of the dragon. Sometimes, using *polymorph* spells, she provides direct protection and mediation for the kobolds by walking among them in their own shape.

The dragon's magic enables this unholy alliance to evade most of those who seek to destroy it and them. By using *plane shift* spells to cause the entire mountain and nearby valley to take the place of a nearly identical mountain in a slightly different Prime Material plane, Infyrana is able to replenish herself with the livestock that can be found nearby. The kobold tribes use this time to go to nearby settlements and extort goods and treasure from the locals in the name of Infyrana, as well as gain more food and more valuable booty for themselves.

By keeping Dragon Mountain on one plane for only a month or so, Infyrana can rotate through her hunting grounds approximately once every twenty years. Legends have sprouted around the mysterious appearances of the mountain and the power of the kobolds, each more fanciful than the last. None have hit upon the truth.

Any time something amiss happens in Dragon Mountain, or when new adventurers stumble upon it, Infyrana knows. Not only does she have an extensive network of informers throughout the mountain, but she has magic to assist her in

her collection of information. She is very rarely surprised by anything that happens in her mysterious mountain.

Using This Adventure

As with all adventures, the DM should thoroughly read through the entire text before attempting to referee it. The extra time spent preparing will not only help the DM run the adventure more smoothly and provide more enjoyment to the players, but it will also allow the DM the chance to embellish and “tinker” with the adventure to suit the personal tastes of the campaign and players. The extra effort spent in preparation will be worth the pleasure of a well-run game session. Note that text enclosed in a box should be read or paraphrased aloud to the players by the DM when directed to do so.

This adventure has not been completely fleshed out to every detail, for two reasons. First, to present every nook and cranny of a dungeon the size of Dragon Mountain down to the last detail would require quite a bit of text, more than is available in this boxed set. Rather than diminish the size of the mountain, we chose to provide as much in the way of floor plans as possible, and leave some of the areas undeveloped so that the DM may do some personal design work and make this adventure unique. Therefore, a couple of the color-coded sections are not detailed at all. A kobold clan occupies the area, and information is provided on that clan, but the DM is encouraged to flesh out the region personally. Get creative. Model these sections after what has already been presented here, but add that personal touch that the players will enjoy.

Included in this boxed set are a series of maps on cardstock, labeled as **maps 1** through **6**. These are maps of kobold warrens, but have not been keyed specifically to any particular clan. Instead, they can be matched in any way the DM desires to the existing floor plans of the mountains. Gen-

erally, clans that occupy territory along the edge of a map level have dug warrens into the earth and rock for their own living areas. Notice that the maps have a definite entrance point. It is up to the DM to decide what clan uses which warren map. If an entrance doesn't quite match any of a clan's marked territory, alter the warren map's entrance to make it fit. If one clan deserves more space than a map allows, combine two of them. Combine them all together and make another entire dungeon level, or don't use any of them at all. There is no wrong way to use these maps.

The rest of the cardstock sheets, along with the sheets of special paper, feature maps, letters, and other handouts that are keyed to specific areas within Dragon Mountain. The text notes where they can be found, and when to pass them to the players.

DRAGON MOUNTAIN™ is not intended to be an easy adventure. Although kobolds are among the weakest monsters in the AD&D® 2nd Edition game, they should prove to be a match for the



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PCs here. This is not done, for the most part, by pumping up the monster's statistics. Instead, this is accomplished by making the kobolds as intelligent as they should be.

Most DMs play kobolds as overwhelming waves of monsters, simply trying to swamp heroes through sheer numbers. However, the kobolds of Dragon Mountain have found that this is not always the most effective method of combatting those who would destroy their way of life. Instead, they use teamwork to overwhelm and outwit intruders, and rely on traps that can be operated by only a few kobolds, so that they do not lose as many of their companions as is likely otherwise. A special note here: it is **strongly** recommended that the DM **not** use the optional rule from page 57 of the *DUNGEON MASTER™ Guide* that allows warriors to make a number of attacks equal to their level against creatures of less than one full Hit Die. The kobolds already have the short end of the stick; don't make their situation hopeless. If this rule is already incorporated into the campaign, it is suggested that the cramped fighting quarters (when applicable) prohibit this bonus.

Remember, the average kobold is as smart as the average human, and therefore has as little desire to die for no purpose as a player character would. In order for *Dragon Mountain* to work, the DM must play the kobolds as they are meant to be played: beings intelligent enough to evaluate their surroundings and their mistakes and learn from them. They will not fall for the same trick more than twice and may very well have a better grasp on how adventurers think than the heroes do themselves. If played in any other fashion, the adventure will become just another monster-exterminating quest, with no real reward for the players.

The DM should treat the kobolds as if they are on a learning curve. They can react to the situations the characters create. They will not simply follow a preordained script. Instead, if any kobolds survive an encounter where the adventur-

ers use magical items with command words, the PCs will certainly find that the kobolds have remembered those command words—after they have managed to steal the item—and will proceed to utilize the magic to their advantage.

The kobolds will also attempt to kidnap any PCs who wander off alone. Although the PCs might be of high level, they are not immune to pit traps, nets, and swarms of kobolds. The kobolds will strip PCs of their belongings, torture them for the command words to useful magical items (if necessary), and release the battered and bruised PCs to find their way back to the party. If that does not ensure that the party sticks together, very little will.

Aside from their native intelligence, kobolds know every passageway and crevice of Dragon Mountain thoroughly. They have adapted this old dwarven stronghold to their own use and are well aware of its many pitfalls and traps. They can easily lead adventurers astray within these twisted passageways, and many of those who have sought the secrets of Dragon Mountain lie rotting in these tunnels. Each clan has developed an affinity for a certain style of trap (mentioned below, in the section on the clans). Rather than mark where the clan has placed its traps, the maps have been left devoid of them so that the DM can place them personally. As well, if these kobolds are getting smarter as time goes by, what's to stop them from placing a trap right in the middle of a passageway that the characters have already ostensibly "cleaned up?" Allowing the DM to place the traps personally makes the dungeon dynamic, and it keeps the players on their toes.

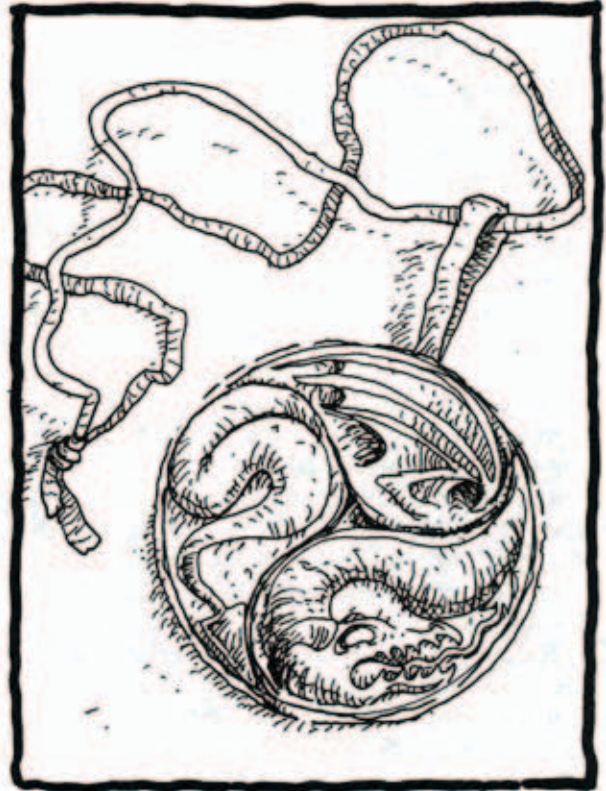
Although they prefer not to sacrifice large numbers of their forces to bloody swarming attacks, the kobolds are masters of grappling and overbearing. Look at the rules on page 98 of the *AD&D® 2nd Edition Player's Handbook* (page 60 of the *DUNGEON MASTER Guide*). An explanation is given for how to compute the chance of a creature being overborne. This system, while simple

and workable when only a few creatures of the same general level are overbearing, lacks punch in the case of kobolds. A few additional rules are needed to take into account the kobolds' natural ferocity and swarming ability.

First of all, assume that up to 10 kobolds can attempt to overbear a single man-sized humanoid. When computing the defending creature's Armor Class, *do not* consider the basic armor worn by the creature. Only natural Armor Class (including Dexterity adjustments) and magical bonuses should be considered. For example, a warrior who is wearing *plate mail* +3, has a *shield* +3, and has a Dexterity of 15 has a standard Armor Class of -5 (plate mail and shield = 2, a bonus of +6 for magical items takes it down to -4, and a -1 bonus to AC for the 15 Dex takes it to -5). For the purposes of our swarming, overbearing kobolds, however, consider only the magical bonuses (+6 total) and the Dexterity adjustment (-1) and figure this from the base AC of 10. Now our warrior has an effective Armor Class of 3 against the kobolds' overbearing attacks.

The reasoning behind this expansion of the overbearing rules is simple. If we consider the overbearing attack based on the warrior's standard Armor Class, it wouldn't matter if one kobold or 10 were trying to overbear him. The kobold's THAC0 is 20 and is modified by a -4 penalty due to the kobold's difference in size. Therefore, to overbear an AC of -5, a single kobold must roll a 29, while 10 working together need a 20 (due to the +1 bonus for the nine additional creatures participating). Either way, the kobolds need to roll a natural 20, and that just doesn't make sense. Whether the situation involves a warrior in his mobile tank outfit or the wizard in his robes, 10 pesky kobolds are going to have a decent chance of knocking a PC down.

Once the kobolds get an individual down and pinned (two successful overbearing attacks in one round), additional kobolds are necessary to tie the PC up, steal magical items, or help drag



the PC off into their warrens. Otherwise, they must simply try to keep the PC pinned until help can arrive (a successful overbearing attack each round is necessary).

Dragon Mountain's atmosphere is gloomy and oppressive, even claustrophobic. As a former dwarven keep, there are few windows leading to the outer air, and the kobolds have made it even darker. They prefer darkness and are far more comfortable in it than most creatures. Therefore, most areas are only dimly illuminated, if at all, and this gloom should be conveyed strongly to the PCs. As well, since the dwarves were not overly concerned about the comfort of tall folk in most of the mountain, the PCs should definitely feel oppressed by the sheer volume of rock around them. Add to this the fact that most of the ceilings are fairly low (roughly 5 feet high unless otherwise noted), and the PCs should have a difficult time coping.

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Therefore, attacks by size M or larger creatures that involve slashing or bludgeoning weapons suffer -2 penalties to hit and damage. Weapons of size L will be nearly impossible to use (-6 penalties to hit and damage) except in areas with more breathing room.

If the traps or the various encounters seem too overwhelming (or too easy) for the campaign, feel free to adjust them. This adventure is not meant to be a total exercise in frustration. On the other hand, neither is it meant to be a typical dungeon romp for the PCs. It should be challenging for the characters, both in body and in spirit. They should emerge from the adventure (if they emerge at all) battered and bruised and not necessarily successful. Dragon Mountain holds many surprises, and the failure of the PCs may just be one of them.

If the adventure is run correctly, the characters should count themselves lucky to survive at all. The adventure consists of several different “mini-goals.” These can serve as distractions from the main goal, or as means to that end. Toward the end, the players should begin to realize that their characters’ goals should be simple survival and escape from Dragon Mountain.

The poster-sized maps included delineate different levels. As well, one of them is in 25mm scale for those who wish to use miniatures in their gaming. Each map is labeled to denote which level it describes. Some sections cannot be accessed by others on the same level. Rather, they can only be reached by traveling to other levels first. Once, when the dwarves were in power, passages connected the different sections more conveniently, but time and neglect have caused cave-ins within these tunnels. There is no way for the PCs to cross these blockages, but they have been marked as dashed-line passages through the solid rock simply to convey the “logic” of the dwarves’ handiwork. Perhaps the DM will desire down the road to open one of these passages, in keeping with the dynamic approach to the dungeon.

Since the characters have not seen the rest of the inside of Dragon Mountain, they cannot cross these blocked ways by *teleport* or by use of most other spells. They must slog through the dungeon in its entirety. Spells and devices that enable the user to see across vast distances and obstacles will mysteriously not function in the mountain, no doubt due to the peak’s inherently magical nature. Likewise, digging spells and devices lose at least 90% of their potency and typically cause further cave-ins, a sure warning to the players not to dig further (dire consequences may result!). The dragon wishes to preserve as much of the mountain intact as she can and takes magical measures toward that end.

The poster maps do not always provide the detail or the location necessary for an important part of the adventure. For this reason, there are also maps inside this book that more fully detail the necessary areas.

The poster maps and the interior labeling of these maps deserve some explanation. The poster maps themselves are labeled by Roman numerals. Thus, the map of the first level is designated **Level I**, the second level, **Level II**, and the third level is, naturally, **Level III**. These maps are divided by color-coded sections in order to allow the DM to reference them more easily. Finally, the encounter areas on each poster map are labeled sequentially, from 1 to the highest numbered encounter. Thus, an interior map or text section would be labeled by the Roman numeral, the color code, and the numbers of the buildings contained within that section. The Upper Farm would therefore be “III: Brown: 7-12.” Thus, it is on Map Level III, in the brown-outlined section, and contains areas 7 through 12.

Also, consider that many of the characters’ spells, hit points, and equipment may be wasted by some of the encounters in the mountain. Although they may wish to stop and refresh themselves, this task is easier said than done. There are few places in Dragon Mountain that are safe for resting, and these are usually located well

away from the main population centers of the Mountain. If the PCs can find these and manage to elude pursuit, they may find temporary respite from the dangers of adventuring in Dragon Mountain. However, if possible, the kobolds and other monsters herein will constantly harry the PCs, trying to keep them from restoring themselves to full power. The kobolds understand very well how to keep a party from rejuvenating; if a party is interrupted every hour or so and must repeatedly fight off a small attack force, mages cannot regain spells and the injured cannot rest sufficiently to heal. Keep track of the amount of time needed to rest and memorize spells, and enforce them strictly. If the characters cannot recuperate, the kobolds are doing their job and are wearing the PCs down. After being harried incessantly by the pesky kobolds, players will develop a newfound admiration/hatred for them.

Also keep in mind that a horde of 50 or so kobolds all firing bows from rooftops are not all going to attack on the same initiative roll. Not only does this seem a bit unrealistic, it also does a great disservice to the kobolds. If four or five arrows are falling on a mage during every portion of a round, the chance is much greater that a lucky shot will disrupt a spell. Otherwise, smart players will have their spellcasting characters hold their spells until all 50 kobolds have fired and are sitting around like cannon fodder waiting for the next round, so they may fire again.

One clever way to do this is to determine the number of attacks made by kobolds and divide this by ten. Then, assume that the result is the number of attacks during every portion of a round. For missile weapons that fire more than once per round, repeat the process a second time.

For example, if 60 kobolds ambush a group of four player characters, and 20 of the kobolds are using short bows from long distance, assume that two bow shots are being made on speed factor 1, two on speed factor 2, etc. (20 bows divided by 10 equals 2) all the way to speed factor 10. Then, the

bowmen take their second shot, beginning with two shots on speed factor 11, etc. The kobolds are smart, too. They know that firing on spellcasters is better; they have a better chance to hit (lower ACs) and they can disrupt spells.

In the meantime, another 20 kobolds are, perhaps, trying to subdue and drag off one of the characters, while the remaining 20 are making a frontal attack on the rest of the PCs to provide a screen for the kidnapping to succeed. If a PC mage starts using a *protection from normal missiles* spell, a few kobold witch doctors with *magic missile* spells are just the ticket.

Keep in mind that the kobolds of Dragon Mountain will rarely stick around for wholesale slaughter. If the PCs have devised a defence against the kobolds, the kobolds will retreat and come up with a new method of attack. They are always able to adapt materials from their surroundings effectively. As well, the kobolds know the locations of access tunnels and natural fissures in the rock that can take them from one location to another within the mountain, where the PCs cannot follow. First of all, the passageways are much too small for anyone larger than a gnome or halfling, and they wind about and branch off in hundreds of different directions constantly. If players insist on sending their characters into this maze of service ducts (assuming they can—players are always coming up with magical means of making their characters smaller), suggest to them that kobolds like nothing more than ambushing separated PCs that can barely move, let alone fight back. As well, once that magical spell is used, it might not be so easy to go back the way the PC has come, and it's impossible to map this dizzying maze so there's no telling if the PC's steps can be retraced, anyway. If the players *still* insist on trying it, show no mercy. The kobolds will have plenty of nets, ropes and whatever else they need to successfully catch and imprison or slay the foolish PCs.

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Adapting this Adventure to a Particular Campaign

Because of Infyrana's unique plane-shifting abilities, Dragon Mountain can easily appear in any campaign world. The best option is to deposit the mountain in some region that is far from major civilized areas.

It is essential to the preservation of Dragon Mountain that it appear away from centers of power, ensuring that no effective countermeasures can be mounted against it until it is on its way to the next plane. What Infyrana has not counted on, however, is the persistence of legend, leading the PC heroes to her home when she lands in the campaign world.

The *DRAGON MOUNTAIN*TM adventure can fit into any of the official AD&D[®] game worlds, as long as the mountain is not too close to major civilization centers. In these worlds and in worlds in which the truly powerful dwell, Infyrana makes a point of maintaining a lower profile so that she does not attract the attention of these folk.

Since this is an adventure intended for higher-level characters, they will, no doubt, have access to flying devices and spells. They will probably want to use these to scout the lay of the land, to see if they can find some back way into the mountain. Unless the DM wants the adventure to end before it is properly begun, this should be discouraged. For example, flying in the vicinity of the mountain could be extremely hazardous for anyone of less mass than a huge dragon, because of the conflicting weather patterns caused by the continuous magical plane-shifting.

Likewise, the inherent nature of the mountain, augmented by the dragon's magic, could prevent climbing or other forms of mountaineering in the back door. This innate force might cause pitons to slip, force spikes to slide aside rather than entering the rough granite of the mountain, and help ropes to break. Whatever the excuse, be inventive in making entry into the back door a difficult and formidable challenge.

DRAGON MOUNTAIN, unlike many adventures, is one in which the component parts may be used over and over. If the DM wishes to turn the mountain into an ideal dwarven stronghold, small modifications can be made to the maps. Likewise, if the PCs fail to eliminate the dragon and the kobolds the first time they visit the mountain, they can return in about 20 years to try again. If the DM is willing to do some extra work, current politics can be developed to 20 years in the future. New clans may have risen to power, while others might have fallen. New tribes may have arrived, or old ones may have been decimated. The DM is invited to be creative with new uses for this adventure.

The Clans of the Mountain

Nearly as important as the layout of the mountain are the relationships between its clans. This interaction has done more to shape the mountain than nearly any other factor. How a clan's society functions, whether it is at war with another tribe and why, what other tribes the clan considers to be its allies—all of these have helped to make Dragon Mountain what it is today.

Some of these clans are highly intelligent and organized, while others are nearly incompetent. Each has its own strengths, although some are far more obvious than others. Some clans fill the positions of soldiers and warriors, while others act as the merchants and farmers of the mountain. Each of them plays an important role in Dragon Mountain.

What follows is a description of the clan system. As always, the DM is encouraged to modify these to suit the campaign.

The Politics of Dragon Mountain

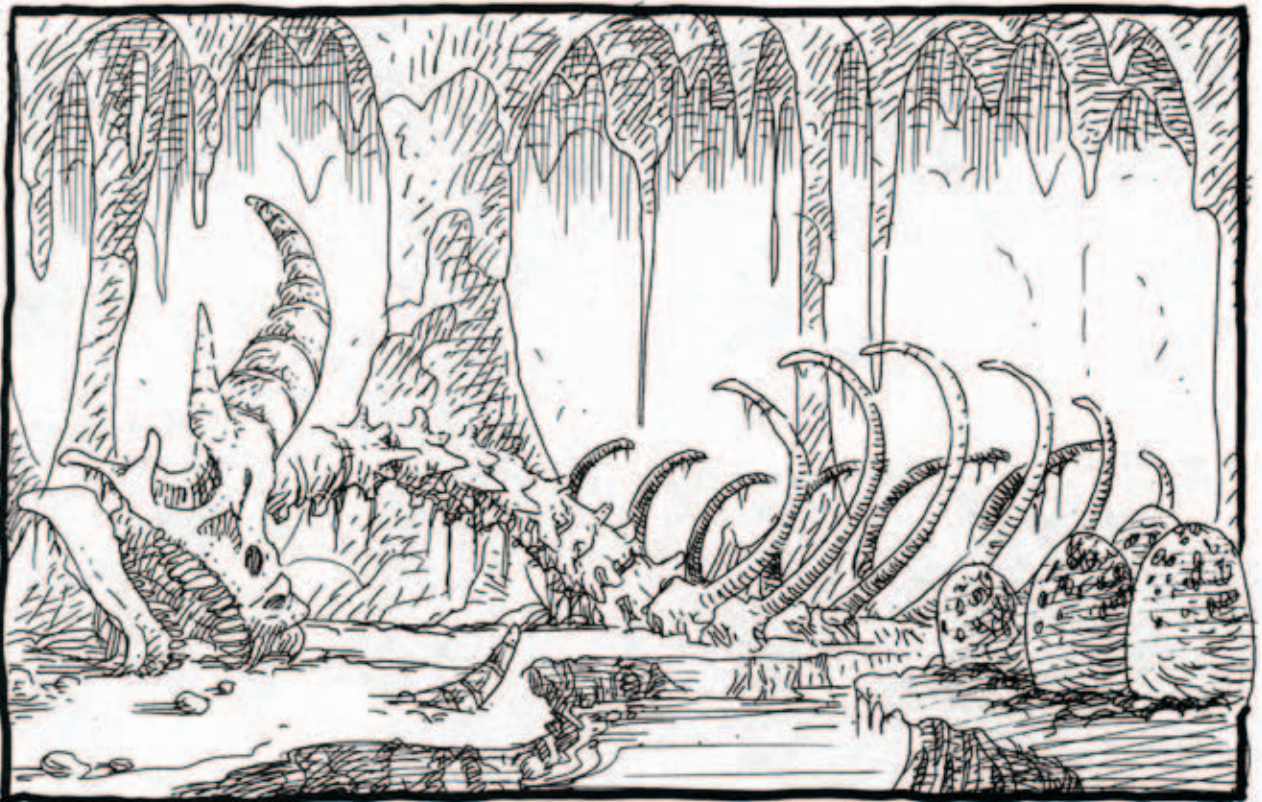
At the top of the demi-society that has arisen is the dragon, Infyra. Beneath her is the king of the kobolds, who ostensibly commands the leaders of the kobold tribes. The king is, in reality, a figurehead installed by Infyra to keep the clans believing that an impartial judge rules their lives. The leaders who keep their respective clans in line and keep them functioning within the framework of this society are the true leaders, but they must publicly acquiesce to the desires of the king, or suffer Infyra's wrath. Beneath the leaders are the shamans and witch doctors who keep the rabble cowed with threats of divine and magical retributions and punishments.

Then there are the soldiers of each tribe, those who perform the dirty work of each tribe's leader and who work solely for the glory of the tribe. Finally, there are the kobold merchants and other rabble. Although they support the other elements

of their societies and constitute the majority of the population, they are scorned by the rest of the kobolds. They therefore usually possess severely low self-esteem, and are the most cowardly and craven of the kobolds.

In addition, there are those groups who exist outside of the clan system. These operate somewhat independently, answerable only to the leaders or Infyra. Some of these organizations, such as the Scraggs, act as a police force. Others are special strike forces, squads of kobolds trained to deal with intruders and other special projects that the leaders or Infyra deem necessary.

The clan system is a simple one. Each clan claims an area as its own, and deals with the other clans only when necessary. The haughtiness and coldness between clans is most evident at the higher levels of the hierarchy, while the baser kobolds make little distinction between clans except in special rare cases. Technically, each clan must allow some travel through the original



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dwarven areas of the keep, and the common kobolds take advantage of this fact. There is a thriving commerce between the lower members of the clans, ensuring that the goods produced in one area reach another. Occasionally, trade routes dry up, or some other special situation prevents the normal flow of trade and goods.

These special cases usually result over trade disagreements, raids, and any other sort of political squabbles. When serious quarrels occur between the tribes, even the peasant kobolds refuse to have anything to do with the enemies of the tribe. They may be reduced to confrontations on the streets of the conquered fortress. Many of these turn bloody, and order can be restored only through the intervention of other tribes. This interclan warring is what has kept the kobold population within Dragon Mountain at a reasonable level.

However, few kobold clans continue to fight each other when another danger presents itself. If two clans are having a pitched battle and are interrupted by adventurers, they usually leave off with the political squabbling to deal with the true threat. While this is not always true, PCs cannot expect kobolds to finish their fights for them. However, as described later, kobolds are not above sending the PCs as political assassins against tribal enemies. The kobolds often attempt to accomplish this with promises of reward but with treachery in their hearts.

Even enemy clans communicate with one another regarding the matter and manner of intruders in Dragon Mountain. The engineers of the kobold race have established warning bells, sirens, and other alarms in the event of a raid on Dragon Mountain. Although the kobolds will not swarm to the area of an alarm, especially if it means their enemies might suffer, they will be on their guard against any intrusions into their own area.

In theory, since most of the clans have warrens of their own, they can wander about the interior of the mountain as they please. In reality, most

clans do not willingly allow an enemy kobold to pass through their district without some measure of provocation. Certain clans, such as Clan Black Death, which controls the entrance to the mountain, must allow traffic through their areas for the good of Dragon Mountain. Although they accept the dragon's edicts in this matter, they heckle and taunt enemies passing through, and sometimes even force them to pay a toll.

What follows is a summary of the categories used to describe the clans of the mountain:

Clan Name

Ranking: Where the clan sits in the power structure of the mountain. The rankings change over a period of years. Only very rarely can a clan move more than one ranking in a decade, whether the direction is up or down. The twelve Clans and the outcasts make up the entire kobold population in Dragon Mountain.

Allies: The allies of the clan in question, those that will aid the clan in times of need, as long as the danger to themselves is not severe.

Enemies: The enemies of the clan. The clan seeks either severe destruction or total annihilation of the listed clan(s). Unless severe harm will come to it otherwise, the clan will never lend aid to its enemies willingly. If its enemies are more powerful than the clan, it plots in secret, taking no direct action against them until it has gained more power.

This means that more powerful tribes do not count some of the smaller tribes as enemies, while the smaller tribes nurture a deep hatred for those that are more powerful.

The clan is willing to deal with PCs to achieve the destruction of its enemies, as long as no evidence of the dealings can be discovered or traced back to it. As well, members will not deal with PCs who have threatened them or harmed their tribe in any significant way. They are all too willing to betray the PCs if it advances their tribe.

Unique Dress: The clothing, equipment, and general appearance of the clan that distinguishes it from the others. Not only does this serve to differentiate the clans from one another in the eyes of kobolds, it also serves as a handy reference for the PCs, although they might not realize this immediately.

Leader: This includes the name, Hit Dice, Armor Class, weapons, magical items, personality, and tendencies of the leader.

Number: The total number of kobolds in the tribe, including the leader, soldiers, shamans, witch doctors, and the more common kobolds. The DM must keep track of how many kobolds have been eliminated from the tribe, for their morale and personalities may change when significant numbers of them have been destroyed. Some tribes will become progressively more belligerent and suicidal, while others may cower and cringe when their numbers have been repeatedly decimated.

Shaman: This includes the name, Hit Dice, Armor Class, weapons, magical items, spells, and tendencies of the shamans and witch doctors of the clan.

Outlook: The general personality of the tribe. It describes whether the members of the clan can stand for themselves, or if they require the presence of their brethren, whether they are strict and careful with their occupied areas, or if they are lax and lazy. In general, a kobold adopts the outlook of its tribe, although there are always notable exceptions.

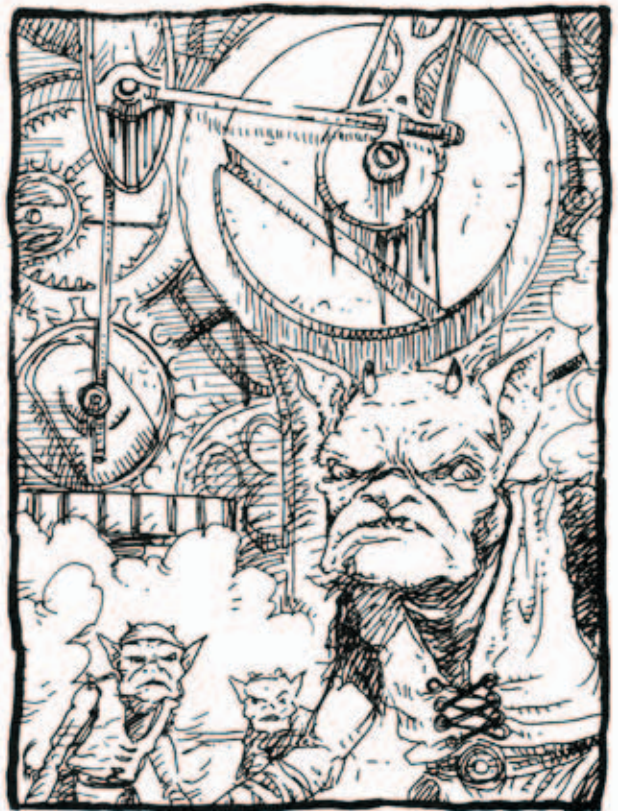
District: The areas on the maps that the clan occupies and controls. The areas for which the clan is in contention are also listed here.

Activity: This describes how much activity is found in the district, and when. Some areas are active day and night, while others have restricted activity.

Morale: Not only is this the general morale score for the clan, but also a description of their general activity when faced with antagonistic forces.

Armament: The total weaponry of the clan. This includes the weapons used by individuals, and also the large weapons that require more than one operator, such as ballistae. Usually, a clan outfits itself with one sort of hand weapon, although there may be some variations within a tribe.

Traps: This section includes a sample trap that each clan employs. While not all of these traps are complex in their operation, each clan uses at least one trap in an attempt to destroy intruders. Some of the traps are aimed at kobolds, while others are intended for larger folk. The DM is, of course, free to substitute traps between tribes. These traps have no fixed location; the DM is encouraged to place them where they will do the most damage to the party. Again, the kobolds will certainly plant more and more of these as the PCs' invasion becomes more extreme.



Prologue

Journey to Dragon Mountain

After leaving the town of Glenhollow, the PCs will travel up the mountain trail to the entrance of the stronghold. Read the following aloud:

The air is crisp and clear, seeming to possess a vitality all its own. A few stray clouds skid quickly across the sky, as if ashamed of cluttering the otherwise unmarred blue expanse. Ahead, the mountain looms high above the backdrop of the distant crags. Oddly, around the peak of the mountain the weather is significantly different from that in the immediate vicinity. Menacingly dark clouds swirl constantly about the summit, streaks of lightning occasionally illuminating the uppermost reaches. Such is the stillness of the day that the scream of the wind can be heard even from here, several miles away.

As the PCs approach, the sound of the howling wind increases in intensity. Within one mile of the mountain the volume of the wind dies abruptly; the wind is a peculiar function of the magical forces that allow the mountain to be plane-shifted, and is only noticeable in a range of from one to five miles from the slope. Anyone taking to the air within five miles of the mountain finds that the wind blows at gale force beginning at 20 feet above the ground, and the flying PC is rudely buffeted to the ground, suffering 3d6 points of damage.

The only practical way for the PCs to reach the mountain is by foot, whether mounted or walking. *Teleport* and similar spells are magically limited in the area of the mountain, malfunctioning in such a way that not only does the spell fail, but magical backlash causes 1d4 points of damage to the caster.

Once the PCs reach what is truly the base of the mountain, they see stark contrast. Its steep slopes are entirely devoid of vegetation and thrust defi-

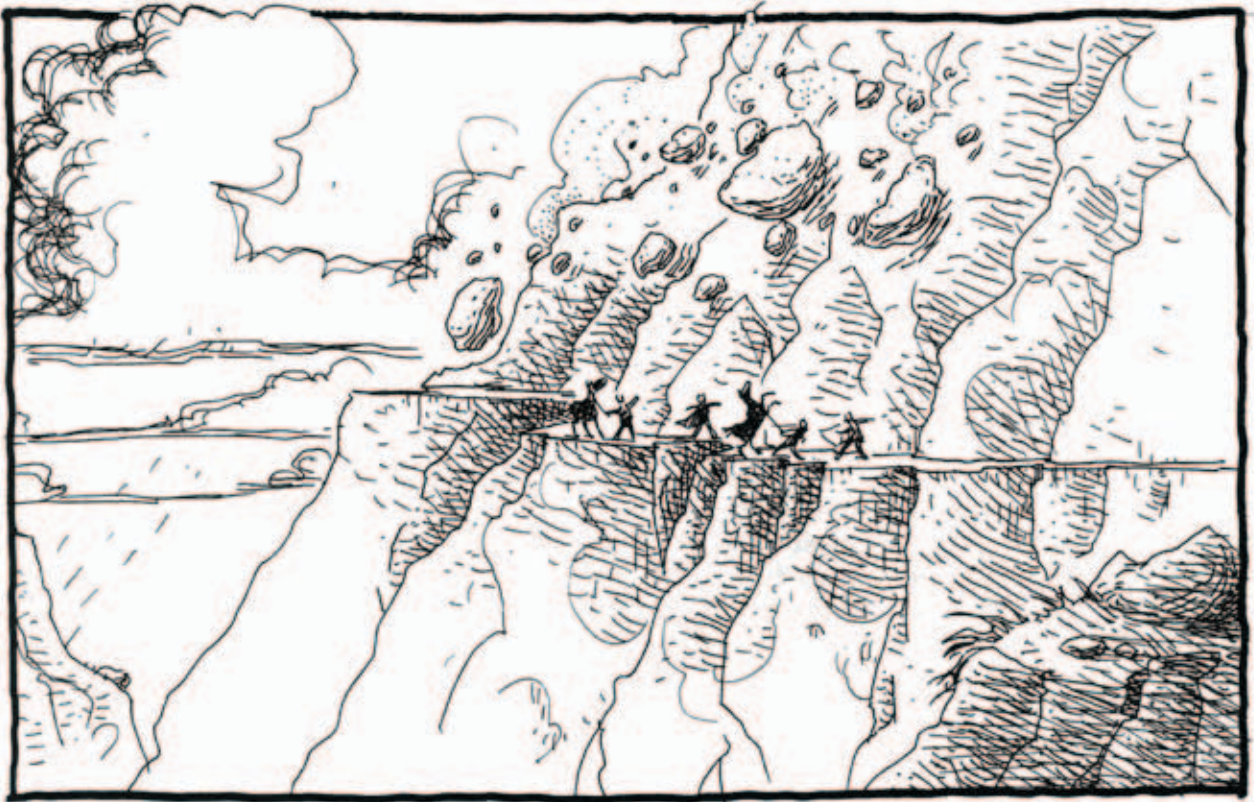
antly upward, prohibiting ground travel by any means other than the ancient wagon road. The summit of the mountain cannot be seen and the road quickly disappears from view behind jutting outcroppings of rock.

If the adventurers are pursuing the remnants of a kobold raiding party, the kobolds should arrive at the mountain ahead of the PCs, despite the adventurers' best efforts. The PCs can, at this point, either try the path or attempt a different means of reaching the top. As previously mentioned, however, magical forces and the high winds overhead make all esoteric methods of travel futile, possibly with spectacularly unfortunate results. As the party begins ascending, read the following aloud:

The ancient path to the peak must once have been used by great transport wagons, as evidenced by the ruts worn into the stone. Now, however, sections have fallen apart under centuries of weather and neglect. The 20-foot-wide path narrows in places to less than 2 feet across, the rest having crumbled away years ago. Still, it appears sturdy enough to bear the weight of a man or horse.

The roadway is, in fact, strong enough to bear the weight of the PCs, no matter how encumbered they are. However, getting any riding or pack animals past the narrow areas can prove to be a problem. Some of these narrow zones are as long as 10 feet, and the horses, unless they are specially trained, balk at crossing them. Only a successful animal handling or land-based riding proficiency check with a -2 penalty allows a character to coax a horse or mule across.

After ascending roughly three-quarters of the mountain, the PCs encounter the first of their real troubles on Dragon Mountain. Any pack horses, riding animals, henchmen or hirelings that they have brought are the first target of attack from kobold archers. Read the following aloud:



The pathway continues to wind upward, switching back and forth as it zigzags up the side of the mountain. At one particularly long narrow section of the ancient road, the twang of bow strings can be heard, somewhere overhead. Several kobolds can be seen, ducking back into protected crevasses as a deadly swarm of arrows descends. Soon after, a distinct rumbling commences from overhead. A huge shower of boulders has been loosed and is cascading downward and threatening to sweep all before it off of the mountain.

Assume that enough arrows were fired so that there are three shots at each target. The kobolds know that the PCs have generally invulnerable Armor Classes and magical protections, so this volley of arrows is more an attempt to scare the PCs away than to cause any real harm. However,

the kobolds *are* smart enough to aim at horses, so take shots at those as well. Also, Roderick should be struck by an arrow at this point, and he should begin showing the signs of having been poisoned. This will serve as an effective tool for letting the players know that their characters are into more than just a kobold bashing expedition.

Any creature struck by one of the black-fletched arrows has been poisoned and must roll a successful saving throw. Those who fail to save begin convulsing and frothing a black spittle from their mouths, collapse, and then die twitching in one round. Anyone who successfully saves suffers 20 points of damage (type E poison). This is a good method of ridding an overly-powerful party of too many henchmen or pack animals carrying extra magical items, etc.—roll a few dice behind the screen, but decide that the outcome is failure regardless of the result. Too bad. Don't be afraid to kill characters if the dice call for it;

Prologue

remember, the PCs are of a sufficient experience level that they will have methods of raising or resurrecting their dead companions. Knocking a couple of them off will not permanently put their favorite characters out of play, and it will make them more cautious in the future.

Along with all of those troublesome arrows, there's a shower of stone cascading down on the party, too. The avalanche sweeps down on every member of the party and all of their riding and pack animals. Anyone who is mounted must make a successful land-based riding proficiency check with a -6 penalty to avoid having both mount and rider swept over the side. Optionally, the PC can choose to leap from the mount to land clear of the avalanche by rolling a successful Dexterity check at a -4 penalty, leaving the horse to be considered as an unriden animal (see below). Remember, this is a narrow section of trail, not more than 2 to 3 feet wide. PCs foolish enough to still be astride their horses are going to pay the price.

All unriden animals and walking PCs must make successful saving throws vs. petrification to avoid being swept over the edge, and still suffer $4d6$ damage from the rocks. Assume that PCs or NPCs who have died of poisoning have failed their saving throws and are swept over the side. If PCs have roped themselves together, determine what the majority of the saving throws were. If more PCs were successful than not, then any who failed did not fall over, but suffer $6d6$ rather than $4d6$ points of damage. If, however, a majority of the roped group failed their saving throws, the **entire** group falls over the edge, those who initially failed pulling the rest of their companions over with them by sheer weight. If there is a tie, allow the PCs to remain on the ledge, but dramatically describe how they barely managed to hang on, clinging tenaciously to some outcropping of rock, etc. Make 'em sweat a little.

Characters and animals that are swept over fall 170 feet to a lower area of the roadway, suffering $17d6$ points of damage. Remember to check for massive damage to any PC who suffers at least 50 points of falling damage and did not already die (page 75 of the *DUNGEON MASTER™ Guide*).

Attempts to attack or climb up after the kobolds are futile—they have long since departed while the PCs were busy dodging arrows and rocks.

The rest of the journey up the mountain proves uneventful. There are no creatures other than the kobolds on the outside of the mountain, and the winds and the dragon prevent any aerial predators from patrolling the area.



At last, the trail ends, opening out onto a plateau. It is easily 1,000 feet from the floor of the valley, and quite possibly more. There is a pair of huge oaken doors set into the cliff face, hanging halfway from their hinges. Beyond them, blackness lies absolute.

Perhaps of more immediate concern, however, are the two great ballistae looming overhead, behind which kobolds clearly can be seen. Suddenly, before cover can be taken, both ballistae fire!

The kobolds have a THAC0 of 14 with the ballistae and cause 3d10 points of damage. The ballistae can rotate fully, their line of fire extending everywhere on the plateau. However, if the PCs choose to hug the wall at the base of one ballista tower, they can only be fired upon by the other. If the PCs show any signs of returning hostilities against the ballistae (especially in person, by climbing the walls or using magic), the operators will flee into the safety of the mountain, closing and magically sealing the doors behind them.

Through the doors is not the only way into the mountain. Erosion, the kobolds' destructive natures, and the powerful winds always screaming about the crag have forced a hole into a weak point of the mountain wall. This entrance is through the Stables (**I: Purple: 4**), and can be reached only by the most cunning uses of rope and the most skillful mountaineers. Other attempts, unless exceedingly clever, are doomed to failure.

If the characters enter through the doors, they will find that, although the doors hang haphazardly, there is no crack through which anyone larger than a gnome or kobold could fit. A space large enough to fit through can be cleared by a combined Strength score of 50 pushing the doors aside, or by continuous hacking at them for 20 rounds.

There is an additional factor that should lend an impetus to the PCs' efforts to enter the mountain. Ten kobold archers stationed at crenellations

immediately flanking and above the gate fire arrows at the party members. Any who would return fire must roll to hit AC -1 if they wish to eliminate these archers. Although these arrows are black-fletched as were the poisoned arrows, these bolts carry no venom, being designed mostly for the purpose of scaring off intruders. The crenellations are too small to admit passage for anyone larger than Tiny size.

FINAL DM™ NOTE: Be sure to have the players provide a means by which their PCs can see in the utter darkness within the mountain.

I: Red—Main Entranceway

1. Entranceway

The darkness in this low-ceilinged passageway seems almost palpable, and there is an overwhelming feeling of claustrophobic tension. It almost seems as if the ceiling were lowering itself to crush all who have intruded.

Indeed, the vast granite block is lowering, albeit very slowly. This was a most-effective way for the dwarves to seal their gates against invasion. While the gates were open for entrance and egress, the block, which was attached by heavy cables to a counterweight, was kept raised and the floor area was flush with the rest of the hallway. Whenever the block was lowered, it tripped a lever at a point 1 foot above the floor level, causing the floor within that area to sink 2 feet. Then the block settled into the newly created 2-foot pit, sealing the entranceway within a frame of stone so solid that it could not be pushed or battered down.

However, due to neglect, the block now jams when it reaches a point 1 foot above the lowered floor, ceasing motion. When the PCs travel 15 feet into the passageway, a thick steel portcullis

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crashes shut behind them, sealing their exit from the mountain. Ahead of them, they hear a screech of metal as a rusty portcullis begins sliding into place. If the PCs act immediately, they can traverse the distance with little problem. Any hesitation on their part could spell disaster for them.

Any PCs trapped beneath the lowering block can only stop it from lowering with a combined Strength of at least 120. Even then, they can only stop it from further downward motion. To lift the block upward requires a combined Strength of 144 or more.

Trapped PCs are effectively prevented from taking any action. Spells and combat will be exceptionally difficult. There is a 3-round penalty plus a successful Dexterity check at a penalty of one-half for spellcasting, and a -8 penalty to attack and damage rolls for combat. Even rolling over would be a superhuman feat. Those trapped must wait until their compatriots liberate them by finding the lever in the winch room (II: Purple: 15).

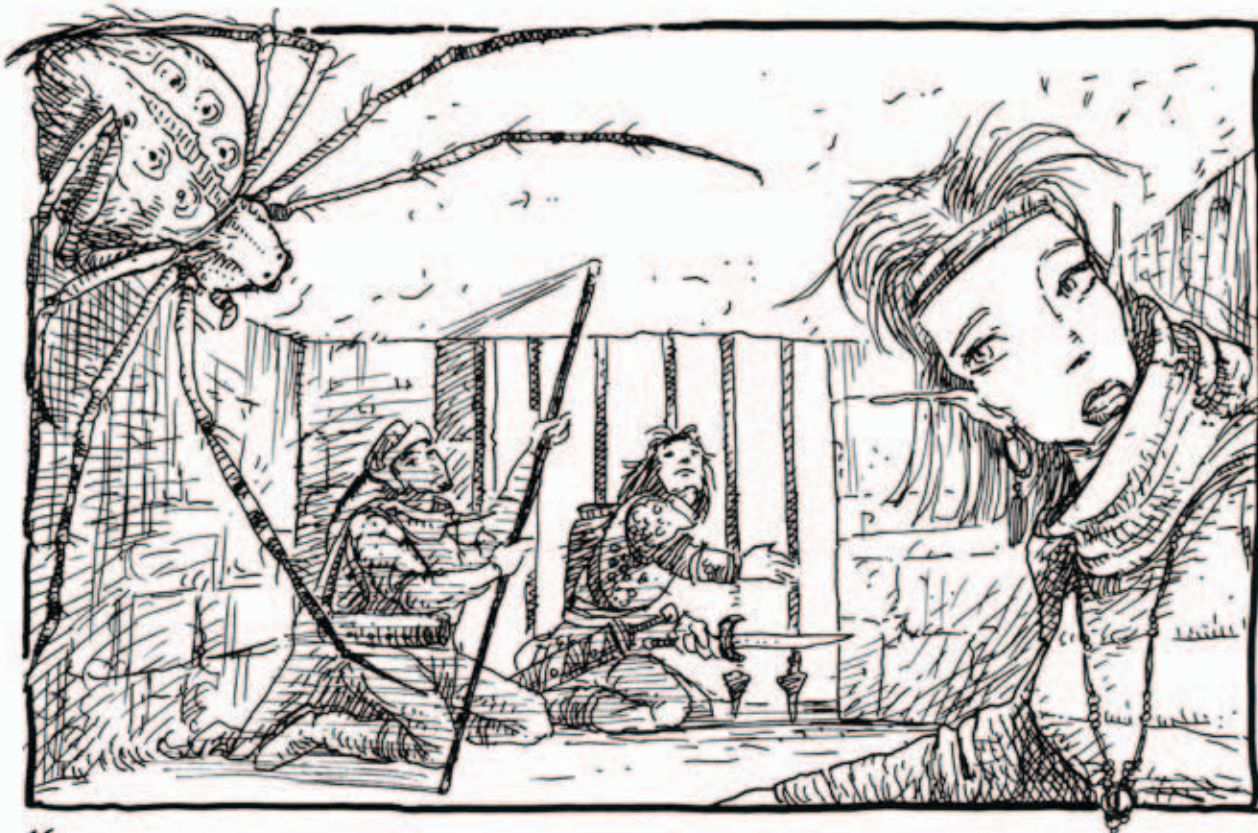
In the meantime, they can amuse themselves by fighting the large spiders released into the cavity. The spiders scuttle forth eagerly, enthusiastic to sink their teeth into some flesh.

Large Spiders (6): Int Non-; AL N; AC 8; MV 6, Wb 15; HD 1+1; hp 7, 6, 5, 5, 4, 2; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SA Poison (save at +2); SZ S; ML 7; XP 175 each.

2. Market and Battlefield

The entranceway emerges into a huge courtyard. This looks like a place where many pitched battles have taken place, judging by the scars and pits in the granite walls and the scorch marks burned into the floors. There is no apparent activity here now.

All along the walls, there are metal bars inset into the stone, covering the entrances of rooms, or perhaps tunnels. They look almost



like the cages of some huge beasts. However, there is none of the musty animal smell one so often associates with animals lingering in the air. Indeed, little here attests to the presence of any sort of beast.

There is a balcony set 20 feet above the ground, accessible by two separate wooden ramps to the north and west. Two great chains hang at the edge of either, apparently to lift them into the air at the first signs of danger. They are currently resting on the ground.

Two massive steel columns support the ceiling above. However, there are tiny openings throughout all of them, leading you to wonder at their architectural stability and necessity.

This was once the grand front hall of the dwarven home. Any and all who visited the stronghold arrived here, where dwarf officials processed them in. The myriad barred cubby-holes were used to store goods and personal belongings, and the whole area also served as a common market area for farmers and merchants who would not have been allowed any further into the dwarven halls. In times of war, if there ever was a breach in the front gate, this was also the next defensive position of the stronghold.

If the characters enter the courtyard, the portcullis behind them and the portcullises on the balcony slam into the stone with authoritative clangs, while the ramps rise ponderously upward. Unless the characters are somehow magically *hasted*, they cannot reach the ramps in time to catch a ride up.

At the same instant that the portcullises shut and the ramps rise, kobolds archers from Clan Black Death begin showering the party with arrows from the hollow columns. There are 10 archers in each column, and each fires for 3 rounds. After this, the archers retreat up to **Level II**. If the PCs attempt to follow, the kobolds trigger a deadfall that seals off the columns and causes 4d6 points of damage to any character who has entered them.

Kobolds (20): Int Average; AL LE; AC 3 with full cover, otherwise 7; MV 6; HD 1/2; hp 3 each; THAC0 20; #AT 2; Dam 1d6 + save vs. poison; SZ S; ML 12

Any kobolds that are killed should be subtracted from the total number of Clan Black Death (**II: Purple**).

The characters may get to the top of the ramp however they wish, but are greeted with a nasty surprise. Once any weight greater than 200 pounds is set on the end of the ramp, it crashes to the ground with all its passengers, causing all on board to suffer 3d6 points of damage. In addition, PCs hear from above the titters of kobolds who never show their faces.

The bars in front of the cages simply protect the storage areas behind them. The kobolds use these as storage areas for foodstuffs and other goods. There are also many supplies here for trips to the outside world: rope, torches, swords, bows, arrows, and leather armor. Since most of these are designed for use by kobolds, they are unsuitable for use by anyone larger. For example, the rope will probably break, while the arrows and bows would be too small for anyone except a dwarf, gnome, or halfling.

3. Hall of the Grand Stair

This grand hallway would be wide enough for two laden carts to traverse it side by side, if not for the sharp turn some fifty feet ahead. All along both sides of the hall are two rows of arrow slits, one above the other. The bend in the passage makes it impossible to see just how far into the mountain it goes.

This was the second major defensive position constructed by the dwarves against intruders. If the gate and the battleground hall were ever both breached (which would have been an impressive feat), this final entrance into the heart of the

Level I

mountain would hold intruders off for quite a long time.

What makes this stretch of hall so dangerous are the lines of arrow slits, combined with the portcullises at the intervals where the passage turns, and the murder holes some 30 feet overhead. When PCs enter a section of hall, the portcullises ahead and behind them slam shut. The bars are spaced far enough apart that arrows will only strike the metal if the roll to hit is 5 or less. It takes a successful Bend Bars/Lift Gates roll to get a portcullis out of the way, during which time the kobold archers gain a +4 bonus to hit that exposed and preoccupied PC.

The only way to access these halls and the rooms behind them (other than through magic) is through demolishing a section of wall, for earthquakes and general carelessness have destroyed the one passageway leading from the temple (**I: Green**).

Unless the PCs have been extraordinarily careful in their explorations, or have taken an exceptionally long time to reach this point, 50 kobolds will be manning the arrow slits. There are 25 per side, and they maneuver down the hall as the party moves. There are two tiers of arrow slits at each indication on the map, so twice as many kobolds can fire on the party as one might think (remember to spread the barrage of arrows, evenly over the round).

The kobold archers know that few of their arrows will affect a truly powerful party. The hall archers therefore use both poisoned arrows and explosive arrows. Any PC hit by a poisoned arrow must save vs. poison or die in 1 round. Those who save take 20 points of damage. Poison arrows are fired only from the western side of the hall.

Explosive arrows, while less deadly overall, will likely be more damaging to the party than the poisoned arrows. Made from an esoteric mix of ingredients, the arrowheads explode into deadly shrapnel when they are subjected to sudden impact. Anybody within 5 feet of one of

these arrows takes 1d6 damage. Even those in armor are not immune to the effects of these arrows. Those in plate armor or mail may save vs. breath weapon to take only ½ damage from the jagged shrapnel. These arrows are only fired from the eastern side of the hallway.

If the PCs have taken the precaution of looking up in this hallway, they will have noticed a number of murder holes dotting the ceiling. These are manned by an additional 20 kobolds.

Although certain powerful spells (such as *fireball*) can be fired at the kobold archers through the arrow slits, most of these will have limited effect. The dwarves installed special blast doors at every entranceway of this section, anticipating such eventualities as a wizard's attack, and the kobolds use them to good effect in minimizing their casualties.

The doors, while rusty, manage to protect against fireballs, lightning bolts, and other magical blasts with admirable efficiency, being ruined only after suffering 80 points of damage. These doors are **always** closed during an assault on the mountain.

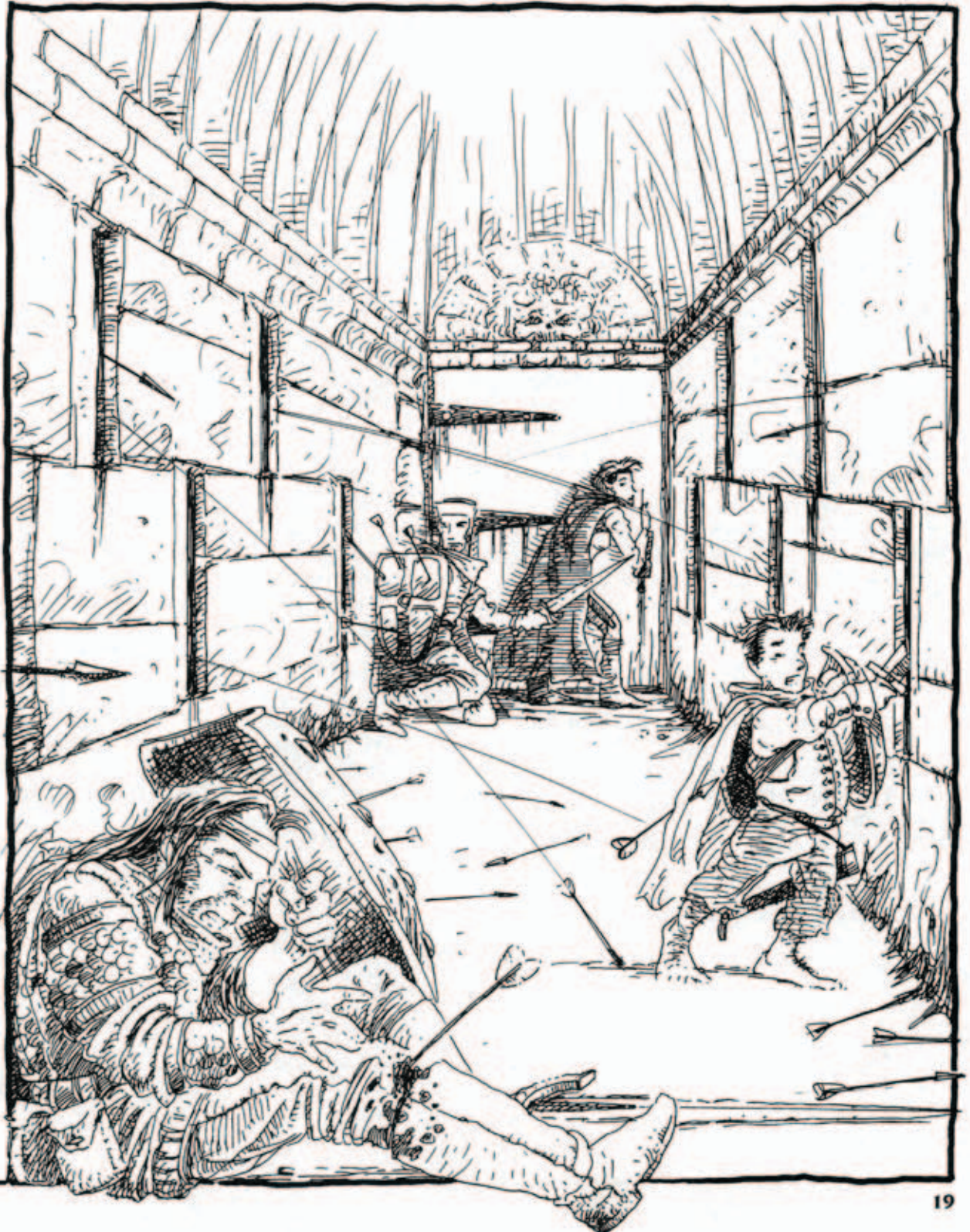
Kobolds (70): Int Average; AL LE; AC 3 (for nearly full cover); MV 6; HD ½; hp 3 each; THAC0 20; #AT 2; Dmg: 1d6 + poison or explosion; SZ S; ML 13.

3a. Armories

In addition to rows and rows of barrels of kobold-sized arrows, the eastern armory holds 10 pots of Clan Black Death poison. Each pot holds five doses of the black-colored poison (Type E). However, if not used within two days, the poison loses its effectiveness.

3b. Barracks

The stink of waste and sweat is strong here, and there is waste and other substances spattered upon the walls. Kobold-sized bunkbeds line the



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walls, with soiled bedding and furs. At the foot of each is a small footlocker. Each is securely locked against the intrusions of other kobolds. Anyone forcing them open will find little of value, all told about 20 cp, 13 sp, and 5 gp between the three rooms. Other contents include bits of string, rocks, snacks of dead rat and roach, and other similarly disgusting items, and one of the footlockers holds **Player Handout #9**.

3c. Dining Hall

A few scattered chairs and tables covered with the remains of many half-eaten meals are all that reveal that this is a rather messy dining hall. There are scraps of gnawed bones and other nauseous rotted food, and quite a bit of it is spattered on the walls. Along with the scraps of food remains, there are several battered cooking utensils that, although not yet rusty, are weak and mostly unusable. In the southeast corner of the room there is a firepit with a kettle resting on cold ashes. Whatever is inside of the kettle looks completely unpalatable.

3d. Pantry

The variety of smells that wafts out of this room as the door is opened is overwhelming, knocking PCs back a step. There is even more food in here, most of it fully spoiled from being stored in opened crates and barrels.

There is nothing the PCs could really want in these rooms. Certainly none of the food is palatable; any PC sampling some of it must roll a successful Constitution check at a -15 penalty or become violently ill for 2d4 hours, suffering -4 penalties to all combat rolls.

I: Purple—Ambassadors' Halls

A battered and faded sign hangs above the entrance to this area, a pair of raised and rusty portcullises. In Common and the other civilized languages, it reads, "Ambassadors' Halls." There are five black-fletched arrows stuck deep in the wooden sign, and a dwarven skull hangs from a rope threaded through the eyesockets. Below the several translations is a crudely emblazoned slogan in both Kobold and Common. It says, "Dreddnouts livv heer! Entar and Die!"

Despite this ferocious warning, the entryway seems unguarded, even deserted. Beyond the twin gates, a heaped pile of trash can be seen. Insects swarm about it, and rats scurry unheeded across the surface, diving into small holes in the rubbish. Other than this activity, everything in the area seems very still.

During the height of the dwarven reign, this area of the mountain served as the guest quarters for visiting dignitaries and ambassadors. In order to accommodate the different races' tastes and preferences in living conditions, the dwarves painstakingly crafted different sections, each tailored to a particular race. At the time, the concept was hailed for its novelty and social consciousness. Now, the entire place is a living dump. Trash is strewn generously, heaped in piles with paths running between them. Vermin and insects scabble about, feasting off of the filth and decay that blankets everything. What was once considered beautiful and unrivaled is now a twisted and sickening reflection of its former glory and wonder.

Clan Dreadnought

Ranking: 8

Allies: Since Clan Mangled Fist does not need to deal with Clan Dreadnought's treachery daily, it has agreed to a mutual defense pact. Clan Man-

gled Fist will certainly honor its end of the bargain, but whether Clan Dreadnought will is a matter of speculation.

Enemies: The most hated enemies of Clan Dreadnought also do not live near it. These clans, like Clan Mangled Fist, were once allies of Clan Dreadnought, but were betrayed in their times of need. Clan Gnarled Fang was the first to suffer from this treachery, followed soon thereafter by Clan Skullkickers. Clan Skullkickers also hates Clan Dreadnought for its terrible filth; this clan feels that Clan Dreadnought epitomizes what is worst about kobold society.

Unique Dress: In imitation of the more powerful clans, the members of Clan Dreadnought wear a surcoat over their armor. The emblem on the tattered blue fabric depicts some sort of nasty creature, obviously meant to be a fearful monster. The creature is circled in red, with a large red slash through its center.

Leader: Nasagan (HD ½, AC 7, #Att 1, THAC0 20, Dam 1d6, AL LE, hp 4) is a treacherous coward. He gained his position by earning the trust of his old chieftain and then poisoning the chieftain's food, as well as that of the other lieutenants. Since he is so untrustworthy, he trusts no one, assuming they are as corrupt as he.

Number: 104. Below Nasagan, there are only the 50 soldiers. Since he does not trust his men, he has no lieutenants. Instead, the strongest soldiers take power into their own hands, using their strength as an excuse to justify their actions.

There are also no shamans or witchdoctors in Clan Dreadnought, for Nasagan will not share his power with any of those who are smarter or more fanatic than he. Although his people complain of lack of spiritual leadership, Nasagan turns a deaf ear to their protests.

Outlook: Although it has a fierce name, Clan Dreadnought is composed basically of cowards, the embodiment of the typical kobold outside of Dragon Mountain. They attack only in swarms, relying on sheer numbers to bring down their prey. They do not police their district well at all,

relying on familiarity with the subject to know whether to evict an intruder.

District: Clan Dreadnought occupies I: Purple. Its leader lives in the northernmost building marked in the Human Quadrant. Its district is, like its management, basically sloppy. Residents do not care about cleanliness as long as it does not affect their quality of living. If they can still grind others under heel without having to worry about the organization of their zone, they prefer that they not have to clean up after themselves. Although they have been trying to expand outward into the Entranceway (I: Red), the other kobolds resent this, and keep Clan Dreadnought well inside its established zone with constant military persuasion.

Activity: Clan Dreadnought is always on guard against possible treachery. At least half of its force is always awake and on guard around the perimeters of the territory.

Morale: Average (9). As previously mentioned, Clan Dreadnought kobolds run when it seems the fight is going poorly for them, staying only when it seems they have a chance of winning. They can be dispersed by a convincing show of force.

Armament: Clan Dreadnought is armed with the typical kobold weaponry of spear and short sword. As well, the trash has attracted carrion crawlers to the area. Through much careful (and kobold-expensive) work, Clan Dreadnought has managed to tame the crawlers and uses them when severely threatened.

Carrion Crawlers (6): Int Non-; AL N; AC 3/7; MV 12; HD 3+1; hp 24, 22, 19, 18, 16, 16; THAC0 17; #AT 8; Dmg 1d2; SA Paralysis; SZ L; ML 11; XP 270 each.

Traps: Clan Dreadnought, living among trash as it does, has devised a particularly novel use for discarded scroll and map tubes. By securing certain springs and wires within, its members have managed to create a particularly damaging, although

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non-lethal, weapon. When a curious character opens the case by unscrewing the lids from either end, the unfortunate one will receive a spring-driven stiletto through the palm of the hand. The character suffers 1d4 points of damage (a successful saving throw vs. spells rolled for half damage) and is unable to use the hand for spellcasting or other complex chores until it is healed.

Since Clan Dreadnought's area has little of value to other clans, these kobolds assume that anyone entering their area must be either an invader or a thief, and they treat everyone accordingly. Those who venture within the walls will be allowed as far as the double doors to area 5 before they are peppered with a volley of five arrows each (THAC0 20, Damage 1d6). The mysterious archers will then vanish within their warren tunnels to avoid retaliation, leaving the characters to explore as they choose.

4. Stables

During the dwarves' tenure, important visitors could stable their mounts here, where they were well cared for. Waste was disposed of through a sluice that emptied out of the side of the mountain many feet below. The location now serves as a garbage pit and storage area. The old refuse tunnel has long since eroded, becoming the secret access tunnel that leads outside. There is a lone kobold sleeping in here, ostensibly watching the crevasse to prevent intruders from entering unnoticed. He will not awaken for anything except a severe shaking. The party will have no trouble sneaking up on him.

5. Common Courtyard

The courtyard area is heaped with rotting trash. It serves as a common area for Clan Dreadnought, but most of the kobolds have long since fled to the safety of their homes in areas 6, 7, and 8, as well as the actual warrens. Little pushcarts

stand abandoned, their wares available to all who pass by. It seems very much as if the place was deserted in a great hurry. In fact, it has been left in such a hurry that a kobold baby has been abandoned to survive on its own.

The other kobolds of the area will not bargain for the baby, although they might be willing to use it to lure the PCs into a trap. If they cannot save the baby, they will let it find its own fate. If the PCs attempt to use the baby with other kobold clans, their efforts will be to no avail. It is, after all, a member of Clan Dreadnought.

6. Gnomish Burrows

The placard used to read, "Gnomish Burrows," but has been painted over with the legend, "Soljer's Plase." Inside, the hallway quickly turns into an earthen tunnel, the ceiling low and moist. Tendrils of roots and moss dangle down from above. The odor of earth is strong here, but the odor of decay is still detectable.

The areas in the gnomish burrows were originally made to appear as a series of small burrows connected by earthen tunnels. Every individual compartment had two or three smaller rooms within, which the DM is encouraged to map out as necessary. The stone entrance doors are low and rounded, and any elven or human PCs must stoop particularly low to pass through. In addition, the hanging tendrils make using non-thrusting weapons unusually difficult, with a -2 penalty to attack rolls (in addition to other penalties for stooping characters).

The area now serves as the mustering place and main barracks for the Dreadnought soldiers. Most of the soldiers are currently guarding their leader in area 8, but a few of them have remained here to guard against possible intrusions into their domain. They will not attack directly, but will use the twisting burrow hallways and the

low doorways to outflank the PCs for quick attacks and escapes.

6a. Guard Quarters

These rooms are spacious compared to the cramped quarters many other kobolds seem to endure, although the mess is just as bad. There are cots along the walls, each with its own special brand of vermin. There is nothing of value, as the soldiers live somewhat spartanly and wear or carry all they own.

6b. Mess Hall

The mess hall serves three functions at once: kitchen, pantry, and cafeteria. The kobolds have knocked down all of the interior walls in this compartment for more room. Given the general cleanliness of Clan Dreadnought, one can easily imagine the disgusting state of the mess hall the soldiers' use. There is absolutely nothing of value in this hall, and the sickening scent of rotted meat is enough to keep most intruders from inspecting it too closely.

6c. Gathering Area

The kobolds have removed all of the inner walls of this area, too, and are using it as a mustering area for the remaining Clan Dreadnought troops. They are awaiting the arrival of reinforcements and will scatter at the arrival of the PCs, only to return surreptitiously to take cheap shots at the PCs' backs.

Clan Dreadnought Kobolds (15): Int Average; AL LE; AC 7; MV 6; HD 1/2; hp 3 each; THAC0 20; #Att 2 or 1; Dmg 1d6; SZ S; ML 9.

6d. Officers' Quarters

This room closely resembles the barracks, except that it is clearly an officers' room, as evi-

denced by the comparative cleanliness of the quarters. Also, there are more material goods. The officers' footlockers yield a 100 gp gem, a *short sword +1* carefully swaddled in cloth, and **Player Handout #5** hidden away at the bottom of one of the chests.

6e. Armory

The rooms in this compartment are stocked with short swords and spears, as well as some casks of oil and barrels of crossbow bolts. There is an old kobold here who is terrified of the PCs. If captured and questioned, he babbles incoherently at the characters, for he has no tongue. If his life is spared, he will report to his leader using sign language.

7. Halfling Vale

The sign over this entranceway has been defaced so much that the words "Halfling Vale" can barely be read. Much of the trash in the courtyard has been heaped in front of this doorway, and the odors issuing from inside are reminiscent of a latrine.

Inside, a gently sloping path disappears beneath a pool of brown muck that is swarming with insects. Beyond, the ruined remains of several cottages can be seen, half sunk beneath the cesspool of filth.

Originally designed to simulate a small halfling village, the area is actually a large cave-like room with buildings inside, to give the appearance of walking down a village street. The place now serves as Clan Dreadnought's main trash dump. The entrance slopes gently down into what was once a central courtyard for several cottages and a burrow, but it has become a quagmire of waste and refuse over 3 feet deep. Each of the cottages has several smaller interior rooms, but there is nothing left in them now; even the old thatched

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roofs have mostly collapsed. Anyone wading through the muck is treated as though they had entered an *insect plague*. It will affect them for every round they spend within the vale but will end as soon as they leave. Movement within the garbage is halved, and those searching through the muck move at a rate of 3.

If the PCs are searching for the elven weapon of power described in **Player Handout #1**, they are sadly out of luck. It is not even in Dragon Mountain anymore; the halflings escaped the kobold invasion, bearing the weapon with them. The DM may, after a certain number of rounds, at his or her discretion, inform the PCs that searching is useless. Wading through the hip-deep muck is a task in itself, and searching the entire vale is well-nigh impossible. However, they may find a gem or two worth 100 gp.

If the PCs spend more than 1 turn in the cesspool, they will also attract the attention of the resident otyugh.



Otyugh (1): Int Average; AL N; AC 3; MV 6; HD 8; hp 53; THAC0 13; #AT 3; Dmg 1d8/1d8/1d4+1; SA Grab, Disease; SD Never Surprised; MR Nil; SZ L; ML 14; XP 1,400.

8. Human Halls

The sign in front of this door is labeled "Human." The lower half of the sign has been roughly cut away. A faint rustling sound whispers through the closed, iron-bound door leading into the area.

This was once the halls where human dignitaries were quartered when visiting. Again, the entire area has been built as one great room three stories tall, with one-story buildings to give the illusion of being in the midst of a human town. As a result, the combat penalties for low ceilings do not apply.

Clan Dreadnought now uses this section as its main living quarters, aside from the warrens that abut it. Except for the first three buildings of the area, all buildings were once multi-roomed dwellings. The DM is encouraged to map the interior of a building out as necessary. Many of these now serve as homes and living areas for various kobold families, and they are all nasty with refuse. There are also sleeping pallets, chairs, dice, cards, firepits, etc.

The clan has devised a small ambush plan to repel invading adventurers, as outlined below. When the PCs enter this area, it will be perfectly still and quiet, as the kobolds wait to spring their trap. The main entrance door is locked and bolted shut from the other side. This has been done simply to buy the time the kobolds need to prepare their defenses.

8a. Guardhouse

This room holds a table with six chairs arranged around it. On the table are a half-full oil

lamp, battered cards, and chipped dice. The only things of value in here are, perhaps, the dice, which are loaded.

8b. Barracks

These rooms are additional barracks for the kobolds, as attested to by the many cots lining the walls. The flies buzzing lazily about pay no attention to the PCs, being more concerned with the food on the tables that smears the dice, chairs, and cracked mugs. Footchests against the walls hold little of value—perhaps 30 sp all told from both rooms, along with some rusty daggers, vinegary wine, and rotten apples.

8c. Slug Haven

The interior of this dwelling looks much like every other in this area—except for the glistening trails of slime on the floor. Tiny slugs cover the ceiling and walls, dropping in a squishy rain when the outer door is opened. As soon as the PCs enter this building, a giant slug slips forth from an interior room to hunt. The kobolds have always avoided the dwelling, tossing in refuse on occasion to keep the slug happy.

Slug, Giant (1): Int Non; AL N; AC 8; MV 6; HD 12; hp 79; THAC0 9; #AT 1; Dmg 1d12; SA Spits acid; SD Immune to blunt weapons; SZ H; ML 12; XP 15,000.

8d. Tavern

This once human-sized tavern has been suitably sized down for the kobolds. The bar has been reduced so that the kobolds can reach the ledge, and it is covered with carvings of kobold slogans and lewd pictures. Scattered cups litter the room.

Under the counter behind the bar is very bad liquor. It is more suitable for thinning paint or removing rust than drinking.

8e. Main Hall

This is the headquarters of Clan Dreadnought, and the home of its leader. Although the warrens hold the actual citizenry, Nasagan wants to keep an eye on his men rather than his subjects. The corner of the audience chamber holds a large, throne-like chair (although Nasagan will not go so far as to claim a throne—he does not want the Scraggs to arrest him for treason) at the head of a long, oak table surrounded by comfortable chairs.

The main attraction of the room is the large (for a kobold) chair set upon the dais, almost as if the kobold leader were pronouncing judgement on those who enter. In this case, as the PCs enter, he judges them to be guilty of war crimes and disturbing the peace, and his eight bodyguards and champion attack.

Kobolds (8): Int Average; AL LE; AC 7; MV 6; HD ½; hp 4 each; THAC0 20; #Att 1; Dmg 1d6; SZ S; ML 11.

Clan Dreadnought Champion: Int Average; AL LE; AC 1; MV 6; HD ½; hp 4; THAC0 20; #Att 1; Dmg 1d6 +6; SZ S; ML 11.

8f. Nasagan's Bedroom

This bedroom is full of gaudy splendor; there is an actual bed, a chandelier with real candles, and an open treasure chest. The chest is not trapped, and contains 30 pp, 250 gp, and a *short sword* -1.

8g. Ambush

The majority of the combat-capable kobolds have taken up positions on the roofs of the buildings along this "street." Typically, the kobolds' warrens are accessed from the roofs, with ladders running down to the level of the street. Now, however, the ladders have been pulled up and out of sight, and a false front has been placed across the path to areas 8e-f (the dashed line indi-

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cates this on the map).

Once the PCs have entered the dead-end (hopefully lured by the false double-doors), the kobolds will spring their trap. Forty kobolds begin pelting the characters with arrows while the remainder push several large kegs of oil over the sides of the roofs. The kegs burst, spraying oil all over any PCs within the alley (the darker shaded area). On the second round, flaming torches are thrown down, igniting the whole and engulfing the PCs, while the barrage of arrows continues. To complicate things, the kobolds release their carrion crawlers into the streets between the PCs and escape. After this, all of the kobolds will keep up a hail of arrows until the PCs retreat out of range or begin coming up onto the roofs, at which time the kobolds will skitter into their warrens.

Kobolds (50): Int Average; AL LE; AC 7; MV 6; HD 1/6; hp 3 each; THAC0 20; #AT 2; Dmg: 1d6; SZ S; ML 13.

Carrion Crawlers (6): Int Non-; AL N; AC 3/7; MV 12; HD 3+1; hp 24, 22, 19, 18, 16, 16; THAC0 17; #AT 8; Dmg 1d2; SA Paralysis; SZ L; ML 11; XP 270 each.

9. Interior Forest

The sign above this door indicates that the area was the Elven Retreat. The scene upon entering is completely atypical of the ancient dwarven stronghold. A small forest spreads its leafy greenery throughout the cavern, and sunlight filters in from an unidentifiable source. An overgrown trail winds its way through this forest, disappearing into the shadows cast by the hardwood trees. Some buildings can be seen through the foliage of the trees in the distance, while perhaps 30 paces away the shine of bleached bones is visible beneath the boughs of a tree. Although no creatures are in sight, there is a feeling of being watched, as if the forest itself were sentient.

The dwarves constructed this hall to emulate a



forest setting for their elven visitors. In actuality, this area is not open to the outside. The sunlight is from a system of mirrors so placed as to capture the light from the outdoors. Naturally, if the characters enter during the nighttime, the sunlight will not be filtering in. Instead, the area will be lit by the lightning from the storm outside. The ceiling has been plastered and painted a pale blue to resemble the sky, but this cannot be ascertained from the ground due to the trees. The true nature of the ceiling will be detected if a character does get closer (magically flying, etc.). The paint has chipped and peeled from years of neglect.

While the elves have indeed been gone from the dwarven halls for years, there are yet creatures they brought with them as guards who have survived in Dragon Mountain. One such is a treant, driven mad by his long isolation from any who could understand him. He was brought here as a mere sapling, and is now too large to leave.

The treant attacks any who enter more than 70 feet into the former elven compound, regardless of race or appearance. The only way to stop him, short of killing him, is to speak to him in elvish. If he hears that tongue, he ceases his attack so that he may converse with the speaker. If others press the attack, he turns on them in redoubled fury, but spares the one who spoke with him. If that character attacks, he still spares its life, but attempts to entrap the character so that he or she may not attack him again. After conversing for a long while, he kills the character. Topics include weather, the outside world, kobolds, dragons, and the old days, as well as any topic the PC might introduce.

Treant: Int Very; AL CN; AC 0; MV 12; HD 11; hp 71; THAC0 9; #AT 2; Dmg 4d6; SA Tree animation; SD Never surprised; SZ H; ML 16; XP 7,000.

The buildings are several lodges, each of which used to house elven ambassadors and aides. All

are, of course, dead now, but they left behind remembrances for those who can, in one way or another, get around the treant.

9a. contains the desiccated remains of an elf, clutching a pitted broadsword in one fist and a tarnished silver amulet in the other. Neither of these is magical.

9b. is a burned wreck. Kobold arrows lie scattered on the ground nearby, as do several kobold corpses from which the flesh has not entirely disappeared. Anyone sifting through the fallen timbers for 4 rounds finds a sapphire worth roughly 1,000 gp, as well as some shattered elven bones.

9c. was crushed by the treant in a fit of rage and despair. The intertwined trees are blackened and dead, their splintery wood giving way to rot. There is nothing else of interest in this lodge.

9d. is the fountain. The water still flows clean and fresh into the fountain, nourishing the trees and shrubs within the elven compound. The clearing around it is rather overgrown, the bushes half-concealing the broken form of an elven child's skeleton. The child wears a discolored *ring of protection* +3 around the first finger of its left hand.

Because of an ancient elven magic, the fountain can cure 1d4 points of damage per person per day. Anyone trying to use it more than once a day will become violently ill, immediately losing the points previously gained that day. There is no save for this.

9e. holds three elven and three human corpses. Two of the elves are dressed in dusty finery and fine cloaks, while the human's long sword glitters mellowly in the dim light. The elves wear *cloaks of elvenkind*, and the human holds a *long sword* +3.

9f. is avoided by the treant at all times, for a magical flame burns constantly in a firepit there. If dispelled, the flame lies dormant for a day, radiating no magic, and springs back to life 24 hours later. Any flame taken from the fire burns normally, and none behaves as the magical flame did.

Level 1

Elven Meeting Hall

The largest building in the Elven Retreat is nestled snugly in the southeast corner. Although the exterior is battered, the dwarven and elven construction has held throughout the years. The aged facade, while dusty, still stands strong.

Inside, the reflected sunlight glistens from the dust motes drifting through the air. No tracks mar the thick dust on the floor, and every step kicks the powdery grey stuff into the air. Despite the layers of grime coating the entire building, there is a feeling that beneath it all, it still remains a thing of beauty. The air is almost peaceful in here.

9g. appears to have been the former ambassador's office, for there is a huge desk made of living redwood in the center of it. Behind it sits the skeleton of an elf, still clad in his green and blue garments. He clutches a brittle and faded parchment in his hands, as though the holding of it would ward off death . . . or perhaps aid those who sought to avoid it (this is **Player Handout #1**). The only thing of value in here is the *dagger* +2 in the elf's boot.

9h. is the old elven archives. Everything in here has long since rotted away, consumed by the years. The mahogany filing system is quite beautiful, and, if somehow transported from the Mountain, can fetch up to 3,000 gp. It weighs approximately 300 pounds.

9i. is an old storage closet. The mops and brooms within the closet have not weathered the ages well. All that remains are splinters and rats nesting within the moldering straw.

I: Brown

During the reign of the dwarves, this area of their home was known as the Halls of Justice. It

was here that the mountain's record-keeping was done, the civil services were headquartered, and where legal matters were settled and justice meted out. All of the buildings are tall and forbidding, originally built to give the impression of grandeur. Every building has upper windows. The ceiling of the entire area is about 15 feet above the roofs of the buildings. The buildings are dingy and grey, not having received a washing ever since the kobolds came to power in the Mountain.

Strike Force Zedd

Hit Dice/Armor Class: 1+1/6

THAC0: 19

Damage: 1d6

#Att: 1

Number: 55

Tribe: Strike Force Zedd has no allegiance to any particular clan. Although it is commanded by a member of the Wyrmgard clan, the various operatives are culled from the other clans. If action is being taken against a particular clan, its members are excluded from the action so that they need not fight their own kinsmen. If they are being used against outsiders, all clan-allied members are enlisted for the action. No outcasts are allowed to join Strike Force Zedd.

Personality: Strike Force Zedd is comprised of members of each of the Twelve Clans, and so its overall personality is somewhat jagged. Overall, however, its members are a proud bunch, given to boasting and bragging. This is not without some cause, however, for they are well-trained and well-equipped by each of the clans. The members of the Strike Force are confident to the point of making mistakes, although they have not yet committed any from which they could not recover. Each successful mission only adds to their already swollen egos, and by the time the characters enter the mountain, the Strike Force should be ready to commit a major mistake (at the DM's discretion, of course).

Goals: The only goals Strike Force Zedd has are the protection of Dragon Mountain and the destruction of enemies. Other goals would interfere with the workings of the clan structure, and no member of Zedd wants to see his clan destroyed for the benefit of another.

Allies: Although they dislike making use of outcasts in Strike Force Zedd, they must employ Hittel the Assassin for both his knowledge of death-dealing, and for his even more extensive knowledge of the tunnels that honeycomb Dragon Mountain. Although they do not consider him a friend, they recognize him as a valued ally.

As well, the king and the clan leaders see Strike Force Zedd as a valuable tool, and these notables do all they can to ensure that their machine runs perfectly. By providing the best of equipment to the Force, the king thinks that his mountain cannot help but be perfectly safe. Little does he realize that it takes more than equipment and training to guarantee the success of a particular group.

Enemies: The Scraggs are the most outspoken and virulent opponents of the Strike Force.

Once the PCs enter this area, they will be harried by patrols from Strike Force Zedd. They will fire on the PCs from the upper windows and the roofs of the buildings, only to vanish when the PCs fire back at them. If the PCs storm inside, the kobolds will escape by sliding down the outside walls and traveling to other buildings on the roofs by crossing portable bridges. If the characters post watches to prevent this from happening, the kobolds will gang up on lone PCs to take prisoners. Strike Force Zedd may attempt a frontal assault on some or all of the PCs if they are (mistakenly) convinced that they can win, which is likely to be their downfall. Whatever happens, the PCs should feel put upon and persecuted.

Strike Force Zedd Team (55): Int Average; AL LE; AC 6; MV 6; HD 1+1; hp 13 × 9, 14 × 8, 14 × 7, 13 × 6, 5; THAC0 19; #Att 1; Dmg 1d6; SZ S; ML 11.

If a team from Strike Force Zedd should venture into Scrag territory (which they will, if they are following the PCs), the Scrag who are not patrolling will fall upon them to destroy them. They are jealous of their territory, and will not suffer Strike Force Zedd to intrude upon their hard-won lands.

This will rapidly escalate into a major battle between the two elite squadrons, and if the PCs are wise, they will step aside to let the two battle for supremacy. Otherwise, they will be caught in a huge pitched battle, and the kobolds will attack them as well as their enemies. Indeed, some of each team will detach from the main battle to try to overwhelm the party, so that they can claim victory for their side.

10. Courtyard

This locality serves as a training area for Strike Force Zedd. The scratches on the wall and the bloodstains on the unwashed cobblestones attest to the ferocity of the training. There are no kobolds currently in the courtyard, although the PCs may see shadows scuttling back and forth and beady red eyes glowering at them just beyond the range of light sources as the Strike Force prepares its guerilla attacks.

11. Strike Force Zedd Dormitory

The regular soldiers of Strike Force Zedd make their homes here in this building. It is obviously occupied due to the perfectly clean condition of the place. The kobolds of Strike Force Zedd are much neater than their average cousins, and consider this trait to be a part of their strict military discipline.

11a. Barracks

Each of these rooms contains several bunks, along with a locker at the foot of each. There is nothing of value here, as the members of Strike

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Force Zedd live very spartanly. However, if the PCs have managed to enter this area without being noticed to this point, there will be 15 kobolds sleeping in one of the three rooms (DM's choice), as they are off duty.

11b. Mess Hall

Although the area is prim and orderly, it is obviously a mess hall. The tables are clean and the silverware set on the tables is spotless. The small room off of this one is a pantry, but the food in here and sitting on the fire (now cold) is, nonetheless, unpalatable to humans . . . unless they enjoy eating gnome. The silverware is worth 50 gp, all told. There is nothing else of value in this room.

12. Tactical Meeting Rooms

These rooms contain detailed maps of Dragon Mountain. Each room is devoted to one level of the mountain. The maps are etched into the walls and cannot be removed, although 10 Strike Force members are busily trying just that when the PCs enter. They have defaced two of the three maps (Levels II and III, rooms 12b and 12c, respectively) enough that the maps are totally illegible, and they are busily working on Level I (room 12a) when they are interrupted by the PCs.

Strike Force Zedd Team (10): Int Average; AL LE; AC 6; MV 6; HD 1+1; hp 1 × 9, 2 × 8, 4 × 7, 3 × 5; THAC0 19; #Att 1; Dmg 1d6; SZ S; ML 11.

The team has done a good enough job on all three maps that the PCs have no hope of using or restoring these maps in any way short of major magic. The kobolds, realizing this, attempt to escape outside through the windows, although they stand and fight if they have no alternative.

13. Strike Force Zedd's Headquarters

This fortified area is the main headquarters for Strike Force Zedd. 13a contains tactical plans for assaulting each of the major fortifications of Dragon Mountain (although the dragon's lair is not included). This room is not locked. The plans in the room are largely useless, having been planted as a ruse against any possible invaders. The real plans are in a secret panel inside the thick wooden door.

13b and 13c are briefing rooms for the officers and the enlisted kobolds, respectively. These rooms are currently empty, and the maps and diagrams on the wall show the planned assault for I: Purple (Player Handout #3).

13d is the barracks of Strike Force Zedd's five top officers. If the PCs have managed to penetrate this far into the Strike Force's domain without being noticed, the officers will be found here, lounging about and unprepared for combat. Otherwise, the room will contain a few worthless personal effects, although the place is decorated a bit more lavishly than the common soldier's rooms (see 11a). Being essentially cowards, if these officers are discovered here, they will throw themselves on the party's mercy, offering their magical possessions as ransom to save their own skins. The party can use them as hostages against Strike Force Zedd, but all other kobolds will try to kill the officers.

Strike Force Zedd Officers (5): Int Very; AL LE; AC 3; MV 12; HD 1+2; hp 10, 9, 9, 8, 8; THAC0 19; #Att 2/1; Dmg 1d6+3 or 1d8+3; SZ S; ML 9.

Four of the officers carry a *short sword* +3 (the fifth uses a *long sword* +3 two-handed), wear *chain mail* +3, and all have just quaffed *potions of speed*.

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14a. Weapons Storage

This room contains assorted weapons—blades, polearms, cleaving and crushing weapons, and missile weapons. All of the weapons are sized, of course, for kobolds. In a special case at the far corner of the room, there is a selection of weapons that are clearly of good quality. Outwardly, the case is rigged with a crude guillotine-style trap, designed to sever the hands of any who try to jimmy the case without the proper tools. Any rogue has a 20%-bonus chance of finding and a 5%-bonus chance of disarming this trap. This, the Strike Force hopes, will fool the thief into thinking that the trap is entirely disarmed.

In reality, there is another trap set on the case, one triggered by the disarming of the first trap. Unless the thief has successfully made the Find/Remove Traps roll at a 10% penalty when disarming the obvious trap, the second trap is triggered. Otherwise, the trap is noticed and can be disarmed regularly. This second trap springs a trapdoor in the floor underneath the thief's feet, which opens to a greased slide leading into one of the locked dungeon cells. Otherwise, the thief will find a weapon of +3 value.

14b. Officers' Mess

This cafeteria is even finer than that of the enlisted Zedd kobolds. The area is practically pristine in its cleanliness. The table has not yet been reset for the next meal; the silverware is all in 14c, waiting to be washed. Once washed, it is worth 400 gp. The tapestries in this room are some of the most expensive that the PCs have ever seen, some of them able to command prices of over 6,000 gp. However, they are too cumbersome for the PCs to carry; if the PCs can drag them from the Mountain eventually, they will be well rewarded.

The southern portion of **I: Brown** is the home of the Scraggs. As mentioned above, the Scraggs hotly contest their territory with Strike Force

Zedd and attack those kobolds on site if Strike Force Zedd members are found within the area.

Scraggs (Enforcers)

Hit Dice/Armor Class: 1-1/7

THAC0: 20

Damage: 1d6 or 1d8

#Att: 1

Number: 83

Tribe: Scraggs have renounced allegiance to any clan. Most of them are culled from the outcasts at any rate, so they had little to lose by joining the Scraggs. They are strictly forbidden to deal with the members of their old tribes, under penalty of flogging.

Personality: Scraggs are identified by their clipped and pierced ears, and their rejects are identified by their lack of ears. Scraggs are tough, embittered kobolds. They are basically bully gangs. They are the wandering enforcers, the police of the fortress, and they find it hard to accept that there are places in the mountain where their authority does not extend, such as the warrens of the clans.

Goals: To keep the peace in Dragon Mountain, and to ensure that the "lesser kobolds" do not foment revolt against the leaders.

Friends: The leaders, who wish to preserve their reign, wholeheartedly support the Scraggs in nearly every endeavor.

Enemies: None as such, but the ordinary kobolds of Dragon Mountain do not appreciate the nearly constant interference in their lives. This makes the Scraggs even more brutal and bitter, as they regard their trade as a service to the other kobolds.

Secrets: The Scraggs are secretly plotting to overthrow the current leaders of the clans and install themselves at the forefront of kobold society. Unfortunately for them, one of the Scrag leaders is a double agent, working for the tribal leaders, and the coup will be easily undone once it begins.

15. Scrag Officers

If the party has been quiet in approaching this area, it intrudes upon a strategy meeting of the top Scrag officers in this room. Forgetting all they had just been discussing, the officers leap up to attack the intruders. Each officer is armed with a *dagger* +2 in one hand and a *short sword* +1 in the other. They are fanatical and recognize that their last hope lies in defeating this party as soon as possible. Thus, while they might flee, they will never surrender. If the Scraggs have been alerted to the PCs presence, the officers are on the roofs with the rest of the forces, waiting in ambush. Regardless of the above circumstances, **Player Handout #6** is among a pile of papers on a central table.

Scrag (20): Int Average; AL LE; AC 7; MV 6; HD 1-1; hp 5 × 7, 7 × 6, 8 × 5; THAC0 20; #Att 2/1; Dmg 1d6+1/1d4+2; SZ S; ML 14.

If the PCs happen to discover the trapdoor hidden underneath the heavy, ratty rug, they discover the Scraggs' treasure. This includes a *sword of dancing* +4, a *ring of regeneration*, and 10 gems worth 750 gp each, as well as some useless trinkets. The other rooms in this area are empty.

16. Scrag Barracks

There are 30 Scraggs on the roof here, and 20 more in the rooms below. If the party has approached the area quietly and has not stirred up too much commotion against Strike Force Zedd in the north, the kobolds on the roof are dozing, playing cards, and otherwise not paying much attention. Their weapons are close at hand, though, and they will be surprised long enough only to lose initiative on the first round. The 20 off duty attack 2 rounds later.

However, if the PCs have made enough noise to be noticed by the Scraggs, the kobolds have an ambush prepared. All 50 Scraggs (plus the 20 officers from 15) take positions on the roofs sur-

rounding the double doors (barred from the inside, now), firing bows. They attack ferociously, and scatter only after half their number have been eliminated.

Scrag (50): Int Average; AL LE; AC 7; MV 6; HD 1-1; hp 17 × 7, 15 × 6, 18 × 5; THAC0 20; #Att 1; Dmg 1d8; SZ S; ML 14.

The somewhat disorderly rooms take 2 turns to search completely. There are three sapphires hidden under one pile of furs, worth approximately 1,000 gp each.

16a. Scrag Mess Hall

Moldy food spills from the overburdened tables in here, drawing rats and other vermin to feast on the fallen food. The valuable table settings in here have been stolen by greedy individuals, leaving these rooms void of value.

17. Watch Hall

These two rooms are guard posts to defend the dungeon area and alert those inside of impending attack. Each room has five Scraggs.

Scrag (10): Int Average; AL LE; AC 7; MV 6; HD 1-1; hp 3 × 6, 7 × 5; THAC0 20; #Att 1; Dmg 1d8; SZ S; ML 14.

17a. These rooms serve as the barracks for the tower guards. There is nothing of value to be found among the pallets and footlockers here.

18. Dungeon Descent

Stairs here lead down into an inky blackness. A huge copper grate ordinarily covers the descent into the netherworld, but currently is pushed open to one side. The iron stairs spiral tightly down counterclockwise into the depths, with little room for more than one person abreast on the stairs at a

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time. The descent is over 100 feet deep, and copper plating covers the entirety of the stairs.

Though there are no Scraggs evident here, they emerge from hidden panels and close off the heavy, barred grate when most (that is, all but one) or all the PCs venture 25 feet down the stairs. Once all the PCs have been locked away or incapacitated, a Scrag shaman produces a *wand of lightning*, fires it into the copper grate, and disappears. The electricity plays its way down the stairs, causing 5d6 points to all on the stairs (save vs. wands for half damage). The dungeon itself has been left for the DM to develop. One of the warren maps will serve if the DM does not desire to flesh this section out personally.

19. Interrogation Room

This room has a table in the center of it, with an uncomfortable, rickety chair on the opposite side. On the table, there is a metal dome, in which is set a stone that has had *continual light* cast upon it. There is also a semicircular depression in the stone table where the dome can rest facing the chair, radiating bright light into the face of a being sitting in that chair. The chair bears stout leather straps and some blood stains. Aside from the *lightstone*, there is nothing of value.

19a.-d. Holding Cells

The cells radiate an air of despair and hopelessness. Graffiti covers the walls, spaced between the chains set into the wall. The chains are stout and thick, and look like they could hold someone with a hero's strength, much less a kobold's. Most of the chains are set at about 3 feet above the ground, although there are a few set at a man's height.

There are two types of prisoners in here. Cells 19a-c hold typical kobolds, who are not carefully monitored to be sure they do not make an escape. They are even unrestrained within the cell, for there are no holes small enough for a kobold.

Cell 19d holds more powerful or potentially dangerous prisoners, all of whom are thus chained. The prisoners include a battered and beaten gnome, who will not survive the night, and would be no use to the PCs anyway. He is but a young gnome, kidnapped by a kobold war party. Another several prisoners are kobolds who have been arrested for speaking against the king and the chieftains. Although each will individually promise to aid the one who frees him, they will escape the PCs as soon as possible. Only one of them will betray the PCs' position, hoping to regain the good graces of the tribal leaders. The PCs may very well find this one's body later, impaled on a large stake inside some burrows.

Finally, there is a young elven female, who, although beaten and bruised, can be healed, and who will help the party if they let her.

Gilianna Brightbough: fe F8, AC 8 or by armor supplied, hp 9 (44), #Att 2/1, THAC0 13, Dam by weapon supplied, AL CG.

20. Torture Cell

This room holds a firepit, a rack sized for kobolds (although it can easily be refitted to accommodate larger prisoners), an iron maiden, and various barbed and piercing instruments. There are no victims currently enjoying the hospitality of this room, and the torturers are next door, awaiting their next assignment.

21. Torturers' Lounge

These two rooms serve as both a lounge and a barracks. It is a beautifully appointed apartment, with thick rugs covering the floor and a silver tea service attended by two cowering kobold females to the side. Reclining on the plush divans are three especially large Scrag, dressed in fine silks and wools. This fine attire is somewhat marred by the fact that it is spattered with blood. They are also dressed in shining chain, and hold cru-



ely barbed swords. They attack the party immediately and ferociously, and they do not allow themselves to be taken alive.

Scrags (3): Int Average; AL LE; AC 4; MV 6; HD 1-1; hp 7, 7, 7; THAC0 20; #Att 1; Dmg 1d8+2 (*long swords* +2); SZ S; ML 14.

The two female kobolds attempt to flee the room if fighting begins.

I: Green

In the days of the dwarves, this area was their temple and oratory. It was here that worship was conducted, where the inhabitants could come for spiritual guidance. The priesthood of the dwarven clan dwelled within the halls, representing many faiths equally.

When important discussions were held, the dwarves also gathered here, packing the huge central chamber while speakers mounted the central dias to be heard by all.

Clan Blood

Ranking: 5

Allies: Clan Blood has firmly allied itself with Clan Wishbones. It sees Clan Wishbones rising high very quickly, and its members want to be in on the rewards when Clan Wishbones reaps them. The alliance Clan Blood has with Clan Wishbones is not entirely opportunistic; the clan members admire Clan Wishbones for its meteoric rise.

Enemies: Clan Blood hates Clan Humanbane, both for its lack of ambition and for its occupation of districts Clan Blood wishes for itself. The members of Clan Blood feel they are powerful enough to take these territories back from Clan

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Humanbane, but are not yet quite sure how to go about doing it. While they are aggressive and evil, they are not totally stupid, and they know that Clan Humanbane did not gain its position by grace alone.

Unique Dress: The members of Clan Blood identify themselves by dressing in clothes of the deepest blood-red material they can find. All their equipment is painted this color, if possible, and the walls of their warrens are festooned with draperies of ruddy hue.

Leader: Galatak (HD 1-1, AC 5, #Att 1, THAC0 20, Dam 1d6+4, AL LE, hp 6) has been leading Clan Blood for the past 60 years. Although he is getting old, even in kobold years, his aggressive tendencies have not lessened. Indeed, his thirst for blood has only increased over the years.

This is, perhaps, aided by the fact that he is a devoted follower of the god Kurtulmak. Because Kurtulmak is such a savage god, his shamans tend to take after him. Galatak is no exception to this rule. He often uses scare tactics when questioning prisoners by chaining them before a crowd and threatening them with "being presented to Kurtulmak himself." This is generally a very effective method of questioning.

He backs his power with his magical items—a suit of *leather armor* +2 and a *mace* +3.

Number: 103. There are an unusually large number of shamans in Clan Blood. Perhaps they are drawn here by Galatak's open espousal of the tenets of Kurtulmak, or perhaps it is simply because so many of them were raised to be shamans. Whatever the cause, there are over 25 spellcasters within Clan Blood, all of whom are fanatically devoted to their leader. Each has access to every sphere of up to second level spells. They favor spells that immobilize or distract the enemy, such as *command*, *hold person*, and the like.

Outlook: The only devotion Clan Blood truly feels is to its gods. Its members pay homage to Infyrana only because they know they will be crushed otherwise. They are courageous and defiant, whether alone or together, secure in the

knowledge that they are the beloved of their gods.

District: Clan Blood lives near the river and lake (**I: Blue**) and members earn their keep by fishing both of them. In fact, the river flows through Clan Blood's warrens. Although they are not militant about keeping other kobolds from their area, they do not welcome visitors.

Clan Blood shares some of the northern reaches of Dragon Mountain with Clan Mangled Fist. The only reason it shares is because Clan Mangled Fist threatened to poison the lake if Clan Blood did not desist in its efforts to drive Clan Mangled Fist out. Despite this altercation, Clan Blood has not developed a serious hatred of Clan Mangled Fist . . . yet.

Since it has the largest number of shamans, Clan Blood effectively controls the Temple (**I: Green**) as well. However, by order of Infyrana, all kobolds are welcome to worship there, and so Clan Blood is obliged to let even its mortal enemies into those sacred precincts. Although members would dearly love to defy Infyrana, they do not dare do so, for fear that she would destroy the entire clan in her wrath.

Activity: Since there are always poor, lost spirits in need of guidance, Clan Blood is constantly active in the Temple area. Since every kobold knows it can find spiritual solace at any hour in the Temple, the members of Clan Blood are far more relaxed in their homes by the lake and in their warrens. They maintain only half-strength at any given time, the others sleeping or engaging in unholy prayer. Clan Blood members are rather harder to rouse from their other activities than members of many other clans, but the large number of shaman spellcasters makes up for that deficiency.

Morale: Elite (14). Because of their zeal for their god, Clan Blood members are afraid of very little. Only when the tide turns against them almost completely will they feel fear. Individually, they cringe unless there is one of their priests nearby, in which case they are much more brave, trying to impress their god.

Armament: Clan Blood has no major armament. Each of its citizens carries some weapon that draws blood with a maximum of pain. Its soldiers and priests each carry a barbed or hooked short sword, and the priests also wield scourges—both to enforce discipline and to inflict maximum pain on their enemies.

Traps: Since they have many priests, Clan Blood members like to use traps with spells. Their favorite is a deadfall suspended from the ceiling and rigged with a false bottom. Ideally, enemies should not see the deadfall, and when one passes beneath it, it falls and surrounds the enemy. By casting a *silence* spell on the heavy deadfall, shamans render their enemy's compatriots unable to hear outcries from the prisoner. Adding to the illusion of death is the bladder of blood which bursts upon contact with the floor, its contents oozing from beneath the stone.

Clan Blood maintains a roving watch at all times throughout this area, to keep Infyrana's peace in the public temple area. Kobolds patrol

the hallways in groups of four, and are 80% likely to spot the PC party as it enters this area (unless magical means are used to hide the party). Once this happens, the entire area is cleared of non-combat individuals, and a running guerrilla war is fought with the PCs, with the ultimate goal of luring them into the central temple (room 22).

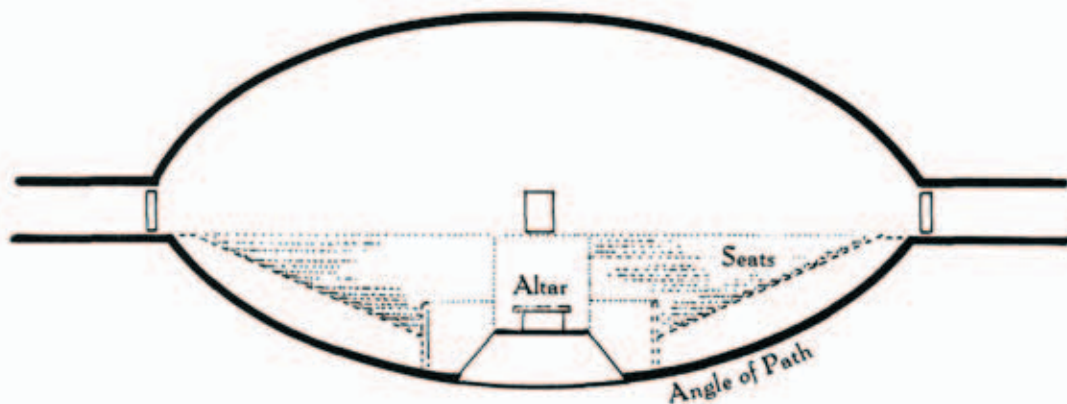
The rooms along the outer perimeter of the temple area are rarely used by Clan Blood. These rooms are all empty and contain a thick layer of dust, unless otherwise marked. However, the kobolds will certainly search every one of these rooms should they suspect the PCs are hiding in one of them.

22. Central Temple

The central temple is now the site of most of Clan Blood's worship ceremonies of Kurtulmak. The entire place is shaped like a huge bowl, set lower than the octagonal hallway that encircles it. The four walkways that approach the central dias

Temple Cutaway

One Square = 10 feet



Level I

and altar from the double doors are all sloped, more steeply closer to the doors (see diagram). Clan Blood has rigged an ambush plan for this room, once the PCs have journeyed to the bottom, near the dias. Large barrels of oil (kept in room 23) are poured onto the smooth floors of the walkways, making traversing them impossible; any attempts to do so result in sliding back down to the bottom. Magical means (climbing or flying) are the only ways to get to the top of the walkway.

Once they have effectively trapped the party at the bottom of the temple, the kobolds will fan out along the top of the seat area and begin firing a hail of arrows and spells on them. If things begin to go badly for Clan Blood (they lose half their number), they will ignite the oil and flee, sealing the doors to the temple. There is enough oil stored away to create a small pond of it around the altar. Any PC in the oil when it is lit suffers 4d10 points of damage each round. Any other PCs not directly in the oil (atop the dias, magically flying, in the seat area, etc.) suffer 2d6 points of damage per round from heat, smoke inhalation, and so forth. The fire will burn for 4 turns. The doors withstand 40 points of damage before being broken down, but remember that a PC cannot simply stand at the top of the walkway and bash on the door; it is still slick with oil. In addition, attacks are made on the doors with a -4 penalty (effectively making the doors AC 6), due to the smoke and flames.

23. Storage Rooms

Each of these rooms contains barrels upon barrels of oil. These barrels have been gathered over the years, from the various villages that have been raided by the kobolds. Clan Blood intends to use this oil as part of their trap in the main temple area (room 22).

24. Subtemples

In the days of the dwarves, these rooms were used for smaller services and oratories. Now they

serve as barracks for Clan Blood's military forces. Ten kobolds dwell in each of these rooms, although unless the PCs have made it this far into the temple area without being noticed, there will be no one here. The rooms off of each subtemple used to be the private quarters of dwarven priests, but now serve as officers' quarters and mess halls (one each per subtemple).

25. Trapped Corridor

At this turn in the hallway, one of Clan Blood's special traps has been planted. To enhance it, a permanent illusion of the continuation of the hallway to the north has been cast, hiding the collapse. Once the trap is sprung, the illusion vanishes forever, since no shaman can recast it.

I: Orange

When the dwarves lived in the mountain, this area was their mining operation, and indeed, their livelihood. Ore was recovered from countless twisting and overlapping tunnels, and then smelted and fashioned into beautiful and useful things and taken to the cities to be sold. Now, various clans of kobolds brawl over the territories, and rough-hewn rooms have been carved out of some of the larger worked tunnels to be used as homes.

Clan Kneebiters

Ranking: 12

Allies: Clan Kneebiters has made the mistake of claiming the outcasts of all other clans as allies. The other clans do not appreciate that their exiles have found friends in an established clan, no matter how low on the hierarchy. This alliance serves only to aggravate the larger clans and cement their low opinion of the Kneebiters.

Enemies: None of note. While all the other clans feel contempt for Clan Kneebiters, none of them

can work up a really good hate for such pathetic little worms. On the other hand, the Kneebiters truly hate all those above them, and have vowed revenge for this time of indignity. If they ever rise to power, they have vowed they will remember those who mistreated them.

Unique Dress: In an attempt to show that they are comprised of many diverse elements, that they welcome those who have been rejected by the others, the kobolds of Clan Kneebiters wear a motley collection of colors. Instead of making them look accepting, however, they look far more like jesters or clowns escaped from a circus.

Leader: Snivaraan (HD ½, AC 7, #Att 1, THAC0 20, Dam 1d6, AL LE, hp 4) is the epitome of a kobold leader. He is crass, bullying, and ultimately pathetic. He holds power only because he has convinced those of his tribe that he holds some sort of other power over them; as well, his lieutenants treat mercilessly those who preach against him.

In the company of his betters, Snivaraan is a puling little weakling. He submits to their wills only while he believes that they have the upper hand. He knows that his day is coming soon, and he is doing everything he can to hasten the downfall of some of the higher clans. Indeed, he is even willing to deal with non-kobold forces to achieve this. Of course, he will not treat them fairly, but they need not know that until they are done.

Number: 87. Clan Kneebiters has only one shaman and no witchdoctors among its group. Although the members are all soldiers, they work far too hard in the mines even to care much about training. The shaman is too involved in the care of his clan to work his magic for their political benefit.

Outlook: Clan Kneebiters is the newest, and therefore the lowest, of the kobold clans within Dragon Mountain. The members are as typically kobold as kobolds can be, cringing before their superiors, and savagely gloating over their (few) inferiors.

District: The kobolds of Clan Kneebiters live in

the Miner's Quarters (**I: Orange**) and the mines underneath. The twisting, turning passages remind them of their old homes, and make an ideal place in which to set traps without having to go through too much labor.

They divide these quarters fairly equally with Clan Mangled Fist, although they are constantly warring in the tunnels. More and more, Clan Kneebiters is being pushed into the underworld of the mines, but fights fiercely to retain these lands.

Activity: Work in the mines is in three eight-hour long shifts, so the clan is always at least two-thirds active. Of course, only a third will be generally rested or prepared enough to fight any intruders, as a third is sleeping after the exertions of the day, while the other third is busy producing the all-important ore, gems, or granite from the mines.

Morale: Average (8). The kobolds of Clan Kneebiters are vastly aware of their own mortality, and if they are given the excuse, they will flee to fight another day. Another day could mean just around the next corner, for the kobolds are vengeful. They know nothing of honor, and will seek to ambush those who have previously spared their lives.

Armament: Most of the members of Clan Kneebiters use mining tools as weapons, since those are the tools their hands are most familiar with. In their mining, they have encountered many creatures, some of which have been friendly, others which have been absolutely deadly. The best for them was a young umber hulk. They have raised it from its infancy, and it now fights for them provided they feed it enough. It will never enter into the main body of the mountain, preferring to lurk below.

Umbur Hulk (1): Int Average; AL CE; AC 2; MV 6, Br 1-6; HD 8+8; hp 53; THAC0 11; #AT 3; Dmg 3d4/3d4/1d10; SA Confusion; SZ L; ML 13; XP 4,000.

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Traps: In the mines below, Clan Kneebiters has been free to experiment with various pit traps. The kobolds have become very inventive in their snares, preferring to build those that react to any weight at all, counting on their memory not to run into their own tricks. Not only do these pits provide security against the larger beasties which may invade from the sunlit lands, they also protect against overeager raiding parties from other clans.

Their favorite is a 90-foot-deep pit, its entire shaft lined with downward-pointing spikes, which gradually closes in to a wedge at the bottom. Not only does this cause 9d6 points of damage and prevent companions from lowering most lengths of rope, it forces the character into a wedge from which there is little escape. Anyone being dragged out will take horrendous amounts of additional damage from the spikes, and there is no room for the character to cast spells with which he could conceivably extricate himself.

Miners' Halls

All of this area is rather crudely hollowed, done, it appears, very hastily. The walls are not smoothly shaped, as they are in the rest of the fortress. Instead, it appears that these were hollowed from the living stone itself. Unless otherwise mentioned, there are no small tunnels leading from the areas described in this section; the 5-foot ceiling is low enough to discourage most intruders, and the kobolds living here do not need enemies (whether kobold or otherwise) sneaking through the tunnels to surprise them. As a side note, a living steel (see MC entry) has been secretly dwelling here, and should pop in on the PCs at an unexpected and, preferably, an inconvenient moment (while the party is camping, when someone has been caught in a trap, etc.).

26. Trap

Anyone entering the last ten feet of this corridor will trigger the trap set there unless they take special precautions to avoid them.

The trap is a specially rigged mine trap that requires some knowledge of engineering. Anyone putting any weight greater than 5 pounds past the center of the trap sets it off. The trap consists of sliding walls. Anyone caught between the suddenly slamming east and west walls takes 1d20 points of damage, and must save vs. paralysis to avoid acquiring a broken bone (the particular bone is the DM's choice).

27. Mined-out Tunnels

These tunnels lead only to dead ends. Although the caverns to which they lead are uninhabited, it looks as though someone has been preparing to make a home of these; there is a doorframe in the first stage of installation in the tunnel leading into the caves.

The only items of interest in the room are the ends of some protruding metal bars sunk deep

into the rock wall about 3 feet apart. Although the PCs might not know this, the bars are sunk into every wall in a well-built dwarven stronghold, so that miners will not actually burrow into an established room. These are from the Temple and the collapsed passageway leading from I: Red.

28. Clan Mangled Fist Living Halls

Each of these living halls holds about 15 beds, and it appears all the inhabitants are home to greet the PCs.

Clan Mangled Fist Kobolds (15): Int Average; AL LE; AC 7; MV 6; HD 1/2; hp 6 × 3, 6 × 2, 3 × 1; THAC0 20; #Att 1; Dmg 1d6 or net entrapment; SZ S; ML 10.

For more information on Clan Mangled Fist, see section I: Blue.

If the clash of arms is loud enough here, some of the members from another room will arrive within 1d4 rounds to attack the PCs from behind, or to harry them with arrows and slingstones from hidden tunnels.

Once cleared of kobolds, the rooms will be shown to contain some footlockers, tables, food storage units, chairs, and the various tools of Clan Mangled Fist's trade (such as nets, tridents, fishing poles, and some mining picks). The footlockers in each room contain some copper, silver, and shiny things like cut glass and paste jewels. In the room marked with an "*", one of the shiny bits is actually a diamond worth 900 gp. The total value of the contents of the rest of the footlockers is no more than 50 gp.

29. Dining Hall

Even from the tunnel outside this hall, the sounds of steel clashing on steel and the screams and moans of wounded and dying are heard. Most, if not all, of the voices sound

humanoid but unhuman.

The battlefield appears once to have been a dining hall, as evidenced by the many overturned tables and chairs. The high, vaulted ceiling seems to absorb light rather than reflect it, and the dim, dusty air gives the atmosphere an eerie bluish quality.

There is a huge number of kobolds in here, some dressed in motley-colored rags, others with red bandages wrapped around their left hands. Those in rags and those in bandages seem to be on opposite sides of this dispute, and the mangled bodies on the floor, the savage melee, and the flying arrows attest to the ferocity of the arguments.

Some of the kobolds of Clan Kneebiters and Clan Mangled Fist are having a territorial dispute within the confines of the dining hall. Although they are most sincere about their quarrel, they will break off to let the PCs know that their intervention is neither needed nor requested if any PCs choose to interfere with the fray. If they do not, Clan Kneebiters will eventually triumph, though at the cost of 10 of its number. Clan Mangled Fist will lose 16.

The kobolds will take cover behind the tables and chairs, teaming up with anyone, whether in their clan or not, to eliminate the intruders. They will first fire their bows at the intruders, but if that proves unsuccessful, they will close for melee. If the PCs keep their backs to the door through which they entered, some of the kobolds will sneak out one of the other doors to ambush the PCs from behind, preferably bringing them down with nets or clubs. The kobolds are interested in taking prisoners, and will do what they can to ensure this. If it proves to be impossible, they will try to kill the PCs.

Kobolds (35): Int Average; AL LE; AC 7 (10); MV 6; HD 1/2; hp 14 × 3, 21 × 2; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dam 1d4 or 1d6 (by weapon); SZ S; ML 11.

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If they succeed in taking at least one PC captive, the kobolds will first spirit the PC away for at least 100 yards, and then proceed to argue over whose warrens the captive will grace. Eventually, Clan Kneebiters will win out by summoning reinforcements from nearby living halls. The captive will be taken to the Lower Mines, where he will be stripped of goods, mined for information about his cohorts, and set free to wander the Upper Mines until his companions can find him.

30. Descent into the Mines

The shaft is accessible only by the mine elevator, which must descend a good 300 feet before it reaches the bottom of the shaft. The entrance to the elevator is securely guarded by a force of 20 members of Clan Kneebiters, although they will scatter into the Mining Halls if it appears that their foe is more than a match for them. However, they will return to stop the elevator before it can reach the bottom by throwing a switch in room 32, leaving the PCs to find the rest of the way down by themselves.

The switch that stops the elevator also triggers an automatic alarm down in the mines, so the PCs arrival will not be entirely unanticipated. If the PCs cannot find a way out of the elevator within 1 turn, the kobolds at the top will hasten the process by cutting the cable. Anyone within the car will plummet over 100 feet, taking corresponding damage of 10d6 or more points (at the DM's discretion).

Those climbing down below the car must make a Dex check to avoid being hit by the falling car, dislodged from their places, and plummeting with the car. Those who fail will not only suffer the falling damage, but will also take another 5d6 for the car falling atop them.

31. Clan Kneebiters' Living Halls

The kobolds of Clan Kneebiters live in cramped and squalid quarters, the ceiling little more than 4

feet above the ground. Since they are aware of the arrival of the PCs, they have retreated from their mostly indefensible quarters to the mines.

They have left behind some faithful guards and some patrols to make sure the Mangled Fist do not enter their territory while they cower. Each room has 3 kobolds within it, but they retreat into 1-foot-wide access tunnels at the first sign of entry into their chambers.

The rooms contain piles of rotten hay simply crawling with lice and rats. There is nothing of value in these rooms, as the Kneebiters have taken all they treasure into the mines. In the secret passageway marked 33, there is a rusty, ironbound chest containing 500 gp, a scroll of *protection from dragon breath*, and **Player Hand-out #4**.

34. The Shaft

This shaft leads to **II: Yellow**, and after the collapse of the Grand Stairs is the only route to Level III. There is a 50% chance that a patrol of Clan Rusty Blades will be in this area, preparatory to eliminating some of the obstructions to their eventual takeover of the Mining Tunnels.

Clan Rusty Blades Kobolds (20): Int Average; AL LE; AC 7; MV 6; HD ½; hp 3 × 4, 8 × 3, 9 × 2; THAC0 20; #Att 1; Dmg 1d6 + gangrene; SZ S; ML 12.

If necessary, Clan Rusty Blades scatters into the tunnels or flees up the stairs to avoid having the whole patrol slain. However, the group will attempt to make a good showing of itself first.

35. Mining Tunnel

The 20-foot-wide tunnel is obviously well travelled, as the deep tire ruts in the stone attest. Some carts have been left by the wayside, their broken wheels or snapped axles explaining their abandonment.

If the PCs wait in the tunnels for an hour, they are greeted by the sight of a cart overloaded with raw ore, unrefined gold, and two leather pouches stuffed with uncut gems. The total value of the contents of the cart, once refined and cut, is at least 10,000 gp. Standing between the PCs and the treasure are only 20 kobolds of Clan Knee-biters, guarding the precious contents.

Clan Kneebiters Kobolds (20): Int Average; AL LE; AC 7; MV 6; HD ½; hp 3 each; THACO 20; #Att 1; Dmg 1d6; SZ S; ML 13.

These kobolds are braver than average because their very livelihood is at stake, and they fear the retribution of their tribe more than they fear death. However, if it seems as though the cart will be lost anyway, they will split and run.

I: Blue

Clan Mangled Fist

Ranking: 9

Allies: Clan Mangled Fist, although it has heard reports of Clan Dreadnought's infidelities, has not yet experienced them firsthand, and therefore still trusts Clan Dreadnought.

Enemies: Clan Mangled Fist and Clan Torn Claw have never gotten along, for no apparent reason. When the two arrived at Dragon Mountain, they took an instant dislike to one another. Now, though they are separated by almost as much distance as is possible in Dragon Mountain, they continue with their childish and useless warring.

Unique Dress: To commemorate the wounds one of their former leaders had earned and to evoke the pity of stronger, good-aligned races, the kobolds of Clan Mangled Fist wear tattered bandages wrapped around their left hands, which they dip in pig's blood. This has absolutely no effect on their combat abilities, for they can shed the bandages in an instant.

Leader: Molokac (HD 1-1, AC 7, #Att 1, THACO 20, Dam 1d6, AL LE, hp 5) relies on guilt, pity, and associated emotions to work his will. Although this is not a truly effective tactic to take when dealing with kobolds, he has had remarkable success within his own tribe several times. He lures his opponents into a false sense of security, convincing them that he is far weaker than he appears (which is fairly weak). When they have succumbed to this belief, he unleashes his attacks rapidly, before they have time to recover from the shock of seeing the timid creature transformed into a ravenous beast.

Number: 105. Clan Mangled Fist has not recently had a serious battle, and so its numbers are at an all-year high. There are two shamans in Clan Mangled Fist, each of whom has actually received an injury that left one hand useless and torn. This does not detract from their spellcasting, however, although they often pretend it does until their enemy is lured closer, preferably into spell range. Fifty kobolds of Clan Mangled Fist are fighters, and the others are fishermen and sometime-miners. The commoners are adept with mining tools such as hammer and pick, as well as the net, spear, and trident.

Outlook: The kobolds of Clan Mangled Fist have a belief that they are persecuted, that no matter what they do, destiny will be firmly aligned against them. But instead of meekly accepting this, they are determined to fight their fate to the last. However, they accomplish this with a maximum of complaining and whining. If they can find something to gripe about, they will be sure to do so. Even when assigned tasks they enjoy, they constantly mutter underneath their breaths at the unfairness of it all.

District: As fishermen and engineers, Clan Mangled Fist has taken up residence in the River area (**I: Blue**). Although they have had several disputes with Clan Blood over who owns the majority of the land, including the Mushroom Farm, Clan Mangled Fist generally emerges victorious. After all, though they are a weaker clan, they

Level I

know the area far better than the invaders. As keepers of the northeast section, they are also responsible for the maintenance of the machinery that keeps fresh air and water pumping to all parts of the Mountain, a responsibility which they take very, very seriously.

The kobolds of Clan Mangled Fist also believe that at least part, if not all, of the mines (I: Orange) are theirs, and they have been fighting a year-long battle with Clan Kneebiters for control of the entirety of them.

Activity: There are always at least 25 kobolds on watch in the pumping house to make sure that nothing interferes with the operation of the machinery. If anyone not of Clan Mangled Fist enters the building, the kobolds immediately sound the alarm, calling 40 more to aid in the defense of their property. Otherwise, Clan Mangled Fist wakes and sleeps as the fish do, for its basic food is the subterranean fish, and the clan cannot afford to miss a run.

Morale: Average (10). If ever the tide of battle turns significantly against them, they will fall to their knees and beg for their lives. This is usually only a ruse, an attempt to hold back their coming death long enough for reinforcements to gather behind their opponents' backs. They will go to their deaths whining and protesting the dark hand dealt them by fate.

Armament: Clan Mangled Fist also fights with mining tools, tridents, or nets. The kobolds use the tools of their trade as weapons, knowing they have little time to learn others anyway.

Traps: Because they are expert with nets, the kobolds of Clan Mangled Fist keep their traps simple and direct. A net is concealed underneath the sand or dirt, attached to ropes hidden along crevasses or other vertical surfaces. When an adversary steps into the net, it is whisked upward into the dark, through hidden passages, and into Clan Mangled Fist's "interrogation rooms." The only way to prevent this trap is to keep a careful watch on where one steps. Otherwise, there is no saving throw.

36. Pumping House and Machinery

This building holds not only the delicate machinery necessary to keep the fresh water flowing to all parts of Dragon Mountain, it also houses many members of the Mangled Fist clan. Anyone visibly entering this building should expect to hear the alarm sound, and to see all members of Clan Mangled Fist, Scrag, and Strike Force Zedd within hearing range converge on the building at a dead run.

The machinery is fairly easy to destroy, as it has not been well maintained. Rust covers a large portion of the equipment, and these areas of it can be broken through with little trouble. However, the destruction will not be accomplished without some cost, for the kobolds in the area will climb around, through, and above the dripping pipes to prevent the destruction of their precious property. They will drop things on intruders from above, causing from 1d4 to 1d8 points of damage. The dim, humid air and the clouds of steam periodically released make combat here somewhat difficult for those not trained in such things (-2 to hit, -1 on damage).

Kobolds (25): Int Average; AL LE; AC 7; MV 6; HD ½; hp 3 each; THAC0 20; #Att 1; Dmg 1d6; SZ S; ML 10.

37. Mushroom Farm

The mushrooms here grow straight and tall, most of them standing well above 6 feet in height. The farm extends well back into the recesses of the mountain, and is home to a tiny colony of myconids who currently are without a king or leader. They will deal peacefully with the PCs as long as they are dealt with peacefully themselves. They work with the kobolds, harvesting the mushrooms in return for the favor of being left unmolested.

Myconids (26): Int Average; AL LN; AC 10; MV 9; HD 2; hp 10 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4; SA Spore Clouds; SD Poisonous Skin; SZ S; ML 12; XP 120 each.

38. Island House

This area is the laboratory of the king's wizard Nahal. It is accessible only by the teleportation chamber in Nahal's room in the palace on **Level III**, or by battering a hole in the wall. There are no windows or doors, and the building is made of sturdy stone.

The interior of the building is full of alchemical equipment, with beakers, flasks, and bubbling jars adding to the smoke in the air. Scorch marks

on the wall attest to experiments gone awry in the past, and the residue of some acrid smell still lingers in the still air.

If anyone interferes with the setup on the blackened tables, the delicate chemical balance will swing wildly out of kilter and explode, causing 3d6 points of damage to all within the house. This will also destroy all the scrolls set in the tiny library in the westernmost part of the house. The scrolls contain information on the clan structure of Dragon Mountain, as well as detailed information on clan numbers, strengths, and weaknesses. Unfortunately, the scrolls are about a year out of date, as Nahal has not recently had the chance to correct his old information.



Level I

39. Wharf

The rotted wood of these wharves serves as the tethering places for five rather unseaworthy boats. The boats can hold up to three normal-sized humans, and five halflings, gnomes, or dwarves. The boats are full of fish scales.

40. Lake

The lake seems placid enough, the dark water from the river flowing through it sluggishly. It makes an ideal breeding ground for fish, and the kobolds fish it aggressively. Since it is continually restocked from upriver (by magic or by a natural hatchery), there is little danger of the supply running out.

The lake water is fresh and nonpoisonous, although it is very mineral-heavy, and tastes somewhat acrid. However, no-one drinking from it will suffer any ill effects.

Other creatures have taken to hunting in the pools themselves. Three ophidia (see MC reference) live in the lake, and eat fish, kobold, or whatever else comes within range of their hungry mouths; that is, any creatures that take the risk of boating on the lake.

Ophidia (3): Int Low to very; AL CN; AC 5; MV 9, Sw 18; HD 3; hp 17, 13, 9; THAC0 17; #AT 2; Dmg 1d3; SA Poison; SD Camouflage; SZ M; ML 5; XP 120 each.

The dam on the western end of the lake serves to prevent too much water from flowing too quickly from the lake. It can be opened to allow more water to flow through, although it will require a single character with a Strength of 18/51 or higher to loosen the valve. The flow can be increased to such an extent that the lake will be emptied within 3 hours, leaving the river to run through a bed of dark mud.

41. Warehouse

This area, redolent with the smells of old fish, holds about 50 barrels full of lake-caught fish. About half of the barrels have been improperly sealed or created, and the fish within are now poisonous (save vs. poison at -1 or become ill [-2 to hit and AC] for 2d8 turns) and rotten.

II: Purple

This was the last of the checkpoints for incoming caravans, and the final defense point guarding against intruders. The area closer to the front of the mountain housed many dwarven warriors, as well as the equipment that controlled the unique gate below. This zone is now controlled by Clan Black Death, and it guards its territory jealously.

Clan Black Death

Ranking: 4. Clan Black Death has maintained this position for 46 years, and few clans below it seem able to threaten it.

Allies: The only tribe with which Clan Black Death is on truly good terms is Clan Torn Claw. Clan Torn Claw is far enough down on the scale that it does not threaten Clan Black Death's position in the hierarchy and therefore has become a close ally of Clan Black Death.

Enemies: The mortal enemy of Clan Black Death is Clan Rusty Blades. Both tribes rely on poisoned weapons to accomplish their objectives, although Clan Rusty Blades' are far less effective (or so claims Clan Black Death). The fact that Clan Rusty Blades has attempted to steal the methods of Clan Black Death has earned it Clan Black Death's eternal enmity.

Clan Black Death also despises Clan Wishbones. Clan Black Death was on its way up the hierarchy of the mountain when Clan Wishbones arrived. When the new clan made its move, Clan Black Death was unprepared, and its members carry the memory of their humiliating defeat close to their hearts.

Unique Dress: The members of Clan Black Death dress, naturally, all in black. Although the material varies from silk for the tribal leaders to coarse wool for the commoners, the members of Clan Black Death are easily identifiable.

Leader: Garunaak (HD 1, AC 6, #Att 2/1, THAC0 19, Dam 1d6 and save vs. poison, AL LE, hp 7) is

the newest leader of Clan Black Death. He has been in charge for only three years, but already has crushed several threats to the power of Clan Black Death. He is brutal, psychotic, and frantically jealous of others with power. If he can eliminate any contenders to his own power and get away with it, he will try. However, he also feels a deep loyalty to the dragon and her clans, and does not idly stand by and watch other tribes being crushed by adventurers.

Garunaak has a *short bow* +2, a quiver of 25 poisoned *arrows* +1, and *black leather armor* +2.

Number: 113. Garunaak has two lieutenants, two shamans, one witchdoctor, and 50 soldiers under his command. The 57 commoners of the tribe are treated as well as the soldiers. Everyone in Clan Black Death leads a life of military precision.

Outlook: Clan Black Death polices its districts militantly. The soldiers are in charge of keeping watch for intruders, and they take this duty very seriously. The zones under their control are well watched, and few slip through their observational net.

Even alone, the members of Clan Black Death stand proud. Although they prefer the company of their companions, they have the comfort of their bows and arrows. Thus, they will not be bullied. Even when these are taken from them, they rest secure in the knowledge that they could, in fact, have killed their enemies with the slightest scratch. They will not buckle even under the threat of death.

District: Clan Black Death tends to occupy the serious trouble zones, the places where invaders are most likely to come. Troops man the Great Hallway of **Level I (I: Red)**, as well as the stair's entrance to **Level II**. Their main headquarters is very near the stair (**II: Purple**), so that they can mobilize quickly. They are not in contention for any other districts.

Activity: Since they must stand watch against invasion, the members of Clan Black Death are constantly active. Fully three-quarters of the populace is awake at any given time.

Level II

Morale: Champion (15). Members fight to the death when faced by enemies, giving no quarter and expecting none for themselves. Indeed, they prefer not to take prisoners, seeing death as a more honorable alternative.

Armament: The soldiers carry only a token dagger along with their black bows and black-fletched arrows. They are confident enough in their guerilla tactics and marksmanship that they never really anticipate closing in combat. If forced to do so, they attack with the poisoned arrows, preferring them over the daggers.

The commoners of Clan Black Death do not earn bows until they become soldiers. Instead, they are armed with darts, smeared liberally with the poison that coats the arrows.

Traps: Clan Black Death, naturally, favors traps that rely on poison. A favorite tactic is to lure pursuers down passageways beneath hidden panels in the ceiling. When the pursuers are properly positioned, the panels open and Clan

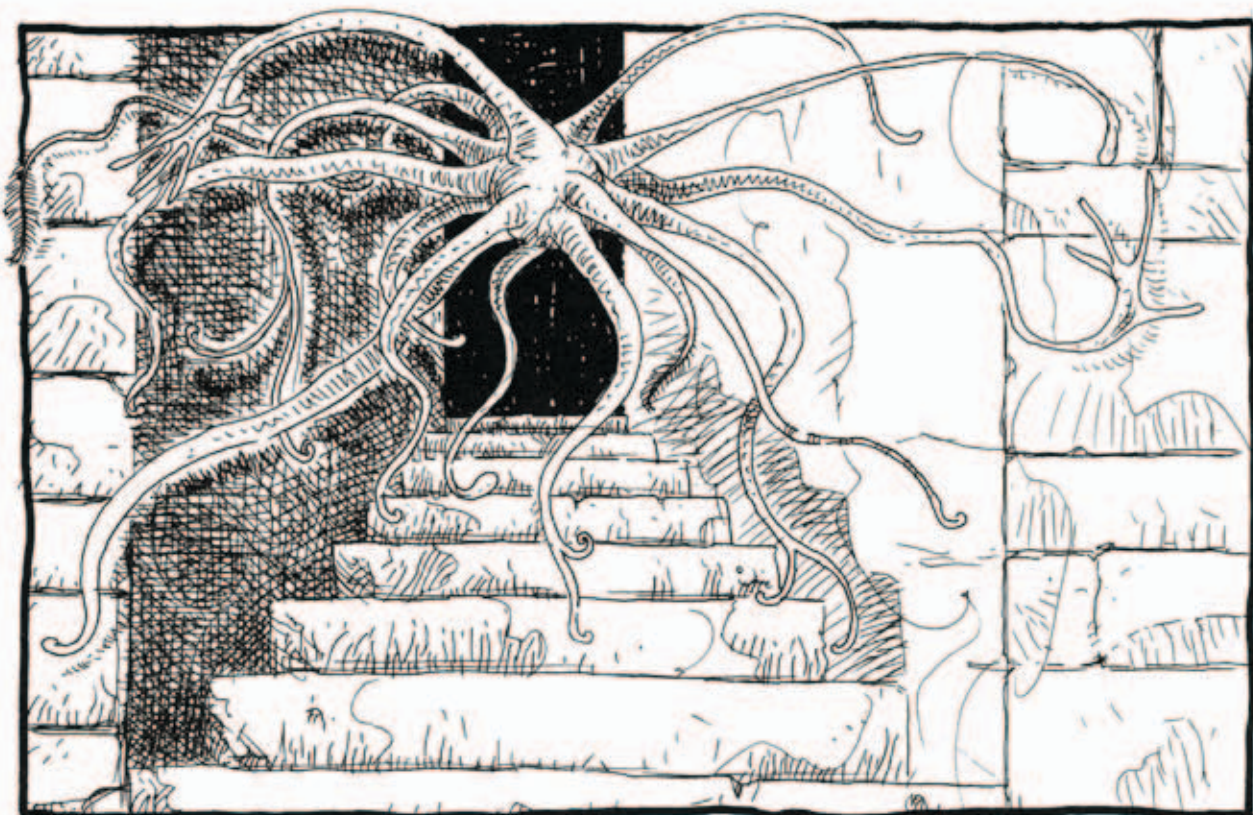
Black Death members drop poisonous spiders and serpents upon the intruders.

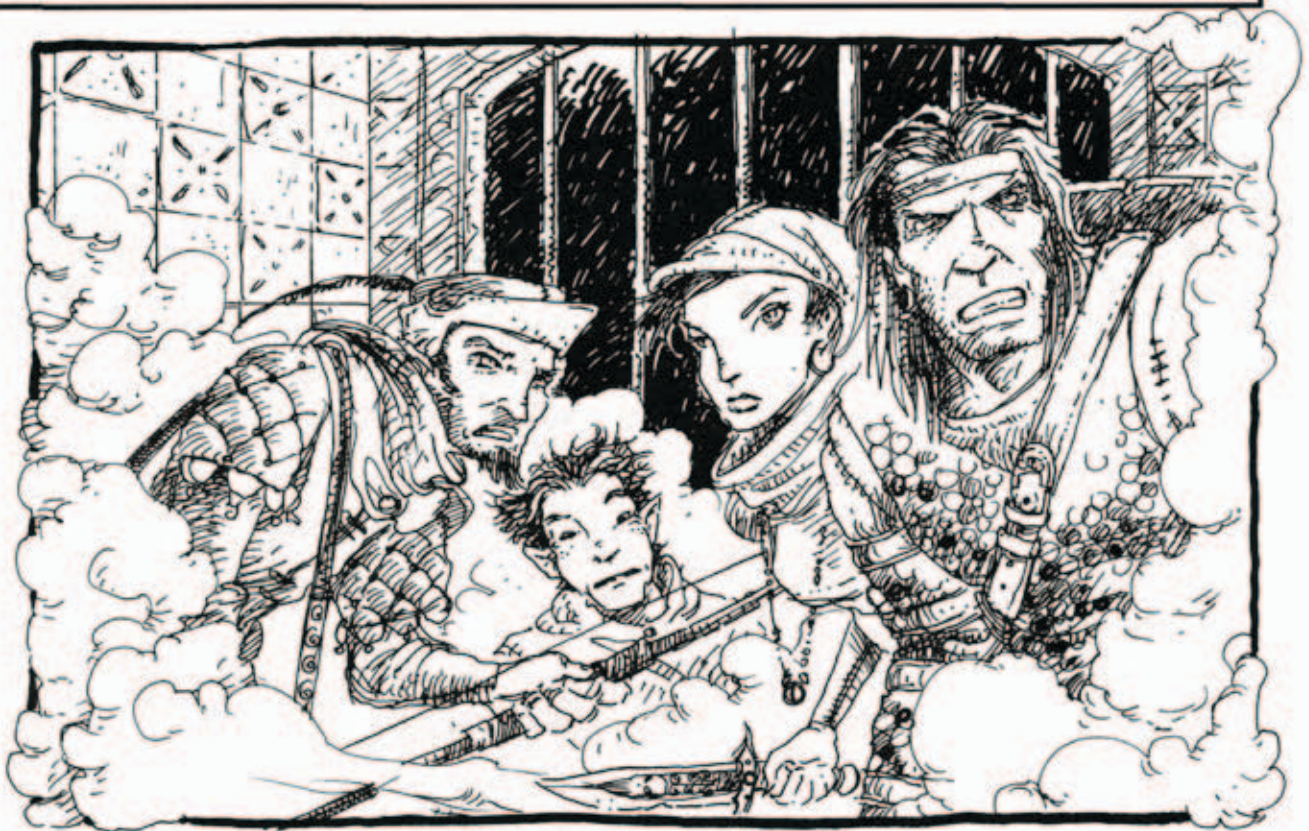
The Grand Stair is not trapped *per se*—but it is very well guarded. Even those who are *invisible* cannot creep past the initial areas without being noticed in some way because of the suwyze positioned strategically flanking the head of the stairs themselves (marked with an "X").

Suwyze (4): Int Exceptional; AL N; AC 4; MV 12, CI 12; HD 4+4; hp 36, 31, 29, 24; THAC0 17; #AT 8; Dmg 1d6; SA Spells and tendrils; SD Never surprised; SZ M; ML 11; XP 975

I. The Grand Stair

Any who come up the stair unaccompanied by members of the Black Death are immediately fired upon, both by the ballista and by archers





positioned at the arrow slits. The ballista operator's THAC0 is 14, and it causes 3d6 points of damage. It can fire at characters once every 3 rounds, while the two kobold archers can fire twice every round to attack the PCs or defend the ballista. There is no room for the PCs to go through the arrow slits or ballista hole unless they have been *reduced*.

2. Murder Passage

This passage is very similar to the Hallway of the Grand Stair on **Level I** in that it is decorated with arrow slits throughout. There are 10 positions in this hall from which the kobold archers can fire at PCs passing through. The end of the passage is blocked by two huge, iron doors that seal shut when all the PCs have gone through.

3. Slide

The pathway leading down into the cavernous room beyond is slick and covered with condensation. Those who are not anchored to something must make a successful Dex check or slip and fall hard, taking 1 point of damage. Those who fall slide into room 4.

4. The Steam Room

When all or most of the players have slid into this large room, the iron portcullises at either end slam shut, trapping those within. The PCs then hear an alarm bell ring from the eastern end, and see the two massive doors at the top of the eastern ramp slam shut in 1 round. With the shutting of the doors, scalding water begins to pour from holes in the 10-foot ceiling, draining the smithies' water from the refuse pool (**Level III: Blue**). Those within the Steam Room must save vs. breath weapon or

Level II

take 6d6 points of damage from the boiling water. Those who save take only half damage.

The room was so designed that the polluted water could fill the room, and serve both to boil and drown the dwarves' enemies. However, the rains on Dragon Mountain have been rather low recently, and the pool upstairs was not entirely full. The water therefore rises to only 9 feet, which will still prove to hold some drowning danger. Those in heavy armor must shed it or be weighted to the bottom of the floor. Unless they have some method of breathing underwater, they will surely drown.

Even if they can float, the characters will still have to swim, for the water will remain in the room for over 30 minutes before Clan Black Death will allow it to escape through the drains. Clinging to the portcullises proves to be a bad idea, as the kobolds have studded them with barbs, nails, and razors.

Once the water has drained, the kobolds first open the outer doors to see if the characters have managed to escape the waters. Intelligent characters will hide in the corners when the doors open, so that the kobolds are forced to raise the portcullises to investigate personally, at which point the PCs can escape.

5. Barracks

The barracks contain the 10 kobolds who answer to the alarms that ring when the PCs gain **Level II**. They work in no set pattern, their job being mainly to harry the PCs from point to point and vanish when the invaders turn attention their way.

The barracks contain little of value, since the leader of Clan Black Death hoards their booty in a "community" treasure room. Room 7a is the equipment room for the soldiers in these rooms.

Clan Black Death Kobolds (10): Int Average; AL LE; AC 7; MV 6; HD ½; hp 3 each; THAC0 20; #Att 2; Dmg 1d6 and poison; SZ S; ML 15.

6. Guards' Tunnel

The tunnels give access to the **Murder Passage (2.)**, and contain secret passages to the other side of the corridor, concealed under flagstone covers. As well, they have the blast doors found in the **Grand Hall (I: Red: 3)**, so that all the kobolds will not be removed by one well-placed area-effect spell. Finally, 6a holds the lever that closes the immense doors that seal off area 2 from area 3.

Black Death Kobolds (10): Int Average; AL LE; AC 7; MV 6; HD ½; hp 3 each; THAC0 20; #Att 2; Dmg 1d6 and poison; SZ S; ML 15.

7. Mess Hall

This room is much like any other mess hall the PCs are likely to have seen, except that this one is fairly neat, and the food in the pantry is palatable to humans. Everything in here is purely functional, and there is nothing of value to be found.

8. Ballista

The ballista room is not large; it barely fits the ballista, room for its operators, and two kobolds at the arrow slits. The room to the west contains only extra bolts to load the ballista. The weapon requires four kobolds to man it, and fires once in every three rounds. It is aimed only on one plane (that is, only down the stairs), although it can sweep both left and right to fire at PCs creeping up the side of the stairs. Room 8a holds the additional missiles for both the ballista and the archers.

9. Clan Black Death's Headquarters

Not only is this the headquarters for Clan Black Death, it is also the home of Garunaak, the leader of Clan Black Death. The front room is used as a guard room, as it is the only entrance to the building. The second room is an office/briefing

room (as attested by the maps), as well as the entryway to the leader's personal chambers. Since Garunaak is precisely military, he does not believe in excessive perks for being a leader, and thus limits his space to only two large rooms.

Clan Black Death Kobolds (10): Int Average; AL LE; AC 7; MV 6; HD ½; hp 3 each; THAC0 20; #Att 2; Dmg 1d6 and poison; SZ S; ML 15.

Garunaak: Int Very; AL LE; HD 1; hp 7; AC 6; THAC0 19, #Att 2/1; Dmg 1d6 and poison.

Garunaak first flees to his bedroom in **9b**, in hopes that the PCs will not bother to search for him when he flees. If they search under his bed after defeating the others in the main room, he emerges and fights to the death, trying to drag at least one enemy into oblivion with him. He gains a +2 for attacking them from under the bed with his poisoned dagger, unless they were specifically prepared for an enemy lurking there.

The small room off of his bedroom is the community treasure chest. Of course, Garunaak keeps the treasure under lock and key (which can be found only on his person), for he does not trust any others with the treasure. The treasure includes several magical items Garunaak has hidden from Infyrana, including *wings of flying*, a *bag of devouring*, and a *wand of wonder*. There are also 10 vials of poison, 300 gp, and 20 pp.

10. Barracks

These barracks are identical to **5**, except that there are no kobolds inside, as they are on duty elsewhere.

11. Watchroom

"Watchroom" is, in this case, nothing more than a glorified way of saying "Gamesroom." It is a room used by guards between shifts to relax, play games, nap, become tense, or simply wait.

There are several members of Clan Black Death here, waiting for their turn to go on watch.

Clan Black Death Kobolds (10): Int Average; AL LE; AC 7; MV 6; HD ½; hp 3 each; THAC0 20; #Att 1 or 2; Dmg 1d8 or 1d6; SZ S; ML 15.

If they heard the sounds of fighting in any area **10**, they will have gone to investigate. Otherwise, they are waiting on edge until someone comes to notify them that their services are needed. They will use the furniture in the room as cover from which to fire their deadly bows until some of them can escape out one of the doors. The escapees will first notify the garrison of kobolds in room **19**, and then return with reinforcements to harry the intruders from around corners.

12. Lookout Towers and Ballistae

The ballistae here are the ones used to fire upon the PCs when they first reached the plateau of Dragon Mountain. There is only a skeleton crew of 3 kobolds on each ballista, simply keeping watch on the approachway to the mountain. Nearby each weapon is an alarm bell, that, if rung, will resound into the barracks in room **19**.

Clan Black Death has also set up two cauldrons of boiling oil at each ballista base to discourage those who would climb the towers to exact vengeance on the kobolds. If a cauldron is emptied on a PC, the PC must save vs. breath weapon or take 4d6 points of damage.

Clan Black Death Kobolds (10): Int Average; AL LE; AC 7; MV 6; HD ½; hp 3 each; THAC0 20; #Att 2; Dmg 1d6 and poison; SZ S; ML 15.

13. Gears

These are the massive gears that aid in controlling the winches in room **21**. They can be destroyed by taking 40 points of damage.

Level II

14. Checkpoint

This area is where Clan Black Death again checks the credentials of those who would pass through the area. Merchants, envoys, and ambassadors may pass through safely, while all others are detained until word comes down from higher up as to their fate. The guards also control the opening and closing of the massive gate leading into this section.

Those who try to attack the two (as well as those who irritate the guards) in the guardhouse might find themselves in for a surprise, for the ceiling blocks around the guardhouse are rigged so that the guards can drop them on invaders. Any in the 5-foot area surrounding the house must make a successful Dex check at -4 or take 5d4 points of damage from falling masonry.

In the passage next to the guardhouse, a large stone block has fallen from the ceiling, completely blocking the passage. Beneath this block, just sticking out, is a skeletal human hand still



grasping a letter. This is **Player Handout #7**. If the DM desires, this can be crumpled up before passing it to the players, to simulate its condition.

15. The Winches

The machinery in this room controls the huge stone gate at the **Entranceway (I: Red: 1)**. The dwarven craftsmanship is such that the stone block, which serves as the gate, is perfectly balanced by the counterweight. An intricate system of pulleys and gears is controlled by a large yet simple lever in the northern wall.

A push or pull on the lever (considerately labelled "Gate Up" and "Gate Down" in Dwarvish with a diagram included on a plaque nearby) will set the gears into motion, cranking the huge chain into ponderous motion, raising and lowering the immense stone blocks. A lock on the lever prevents anyone from using simple leverage to force open the stone gates below; it inserts a blockage into the path of the chain, preventing the gates from moving any further.

Pushing the lever into the "Gate Up" position actually lowers the gate-stone, while raising the counterweight. Unless they have some sort of protection against being crushed to death, any PCs still trapped under the stone are doomed. Likewise, pushing the lever into the "Gate Down" position raises the gate, allowing those trapped underneath to escape to freedom.

This grisly death can be avoided if the character controlling the lever watches the stone rise or fall. Because the stone fits perfectly into its hole, no sound can travel up from underneath the stones. Only good planning, good mapping, a good spatial sense, good luck, or spells will identify which block is which to the character.

If the character underneath the slab has a *cube of force* or some other magical means to keep the block from pulverizing him, the weight of the block will push him into the ground, creating a 10-foot by 10-foot by 10-foot depression in the floor of the entranceway. Although they will not

die, they will be trapped until the stone is moved. If they are not rescued within 60 minutes (divided by the number of people within the depression), the air runs out. Anyone without some means of surviving without air dies.

16. Commoners' Room

This room is mostly used by the women and children of Clan Black Death. Like the male soldiers, the noncombatants share bunks and other living arrangements. They cower in the corner when the PCs arrive, and one steps forward to plead in a broken Common:

"Our children do you no wrong. We are not threats to you. Please spare our lives." Obviously taxed by speaking such long sentences in a language not her own, she sinks to the floor in front of you. Suddenly from the midst of the harmless kobolds rises a female bearing a bow, nocked with an arrow fletched with black feathers and viscous material smeared on the arrowhead. Without further ado, she lets fly the arrow.

The female has a THAC0 of 20. She does not care if the arrow hits or not, as she is interested only in making one final act of defiance. She does not care that she may have just doomed the clan to total extinction. If the party attempts to slay the kobolds, they will not perish meekly. However, only the one female has a weapon; the others use their teeth and claws. The PCs should not receive any experience points for killing these kobolds.

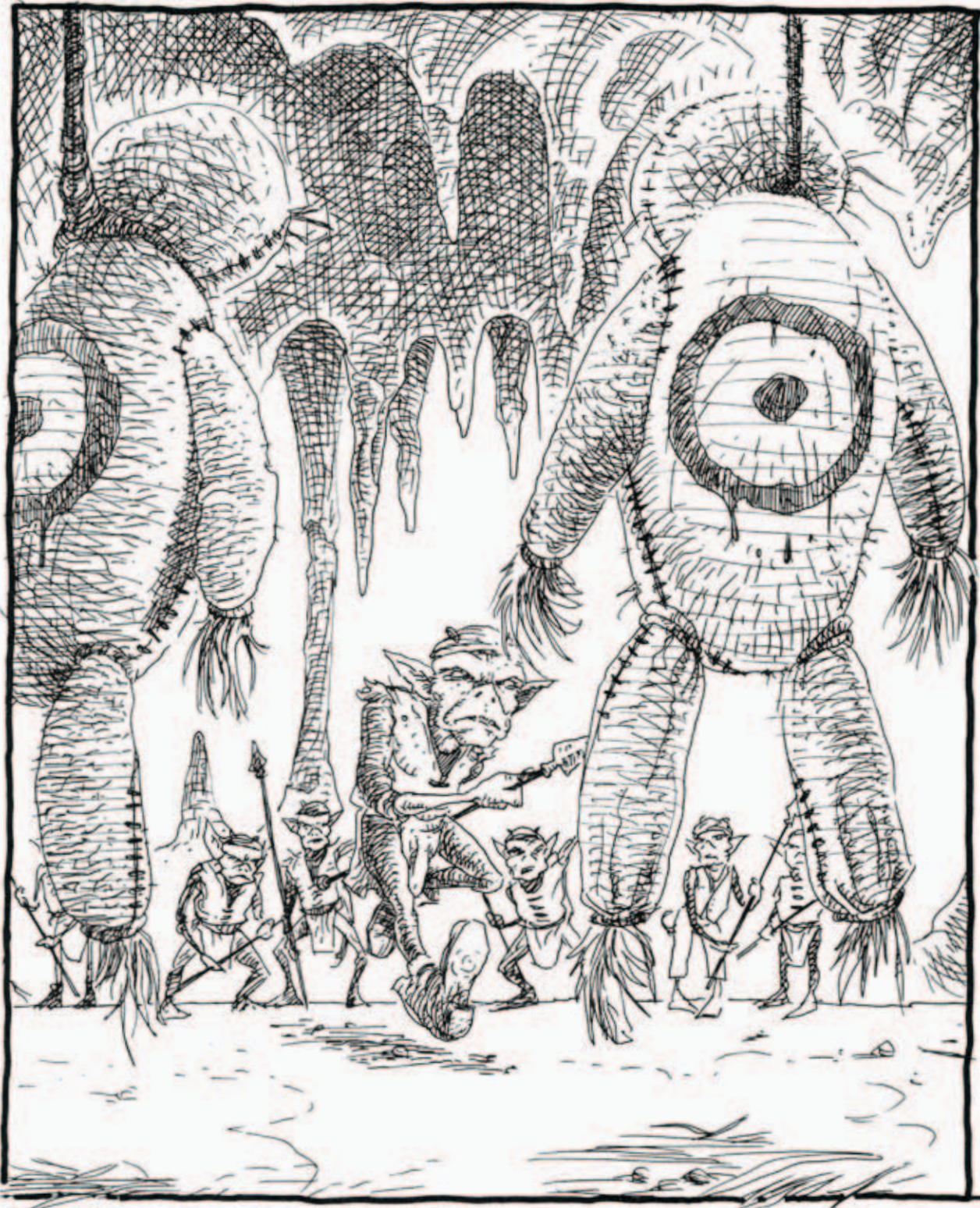
Kobold Females and Children (50): Int Average; AL LE; AC 10; MV 6; HD ½; hp 2 for the women, 1 for the children; THAC0 20; #Att 1; Dmg 1d4; SZ S; ML 7.

If the party does spare the innocents, the rest of Clan Black Death clan offers them sanctuary for



as long as the PCs hold any of the women or children prisoner. Once the prisoners are free, Clan Black Death hunts the PCs mercilessly, ignoring all district borders and possibly starting a mountain-wide war.

On the other hand, if the PCs slaughter these kobolds, word of their deeds spreads throughout the mountain. Clan Black Death continues hunting the party, but has the permission of its allies to intrude on otherwise inviolate territory. The enemies of Clan Black Death offer aid to the characters for exterminating the remaining Clan Black Death members, and even allow the PCs to remain hidden in their lands for a time before betraying them, if such is in their character. As well, characters taking this route ought to make an alignment check with severe penalties.



17. Winch Repair

The Winch Repair room contains the tools necessary to perform any sort of mending operation on the machinery of the gate. Unless the party is proficient in engineering or machinery, the tools in here seem absolutely incomprehensible. Otherwise, the party is able to do what it wishes with the gates (within reason), and can even lock the gates up so they can escape from the mountain, if such is its desire.

18. Mess Hall

The many rooms here segregate the soldiers from their wives and children, for they are not allowed to associate unless the soldier is off duty. Thus, there are two kitchens, two pantries, and two cafeterias. All are immaculate, and very similar to area 7.

19. Commoners' Barracks

There is no-one in here, although the toys and clothes scattered on the floor indicate a hasty departure. Among the toys are numerous play bows and arrows, indicating the expectations under which the children live. There is nothing of value to the PCs in here, although the shiny steel, glass, and other objects might stand them in good stead with bribing kobolds.

II: Orange

The dwarves actually maintained their own herd of livestock, and this was the farmland for it. Like the Elven retreat in the Ambassadors' Halls (I: Purple: 9), this place has been constructed with special mirrors to filter in sunlight from outside. Therefore, if it is daylight outside the mountain, it will appear to be daytime in this area.

Clan Torn Claws

Ranking: 11

Allies: Clan Torn Claws has aided Clan Black Death for years, and the more powerful Clan Black Death remembers these favors done without expectation of reward or fear of retribution. If ever Clan Torn Claws needs help, Clan Black Death will provide it.

Enemies: Clan Mangled Fist is the sworn enemy of Clan Torn Claws. There is no real reason for this enmity, but it exists in great abundance, and adventurers may well see the kobolds of Clan Torn Claws creeping from their lands to wreak havoc on those of Clan Mangled Fist.

Unique Dress: The members of Clan Torn Claws have a nearly indistinguishable mark to identify them. When one of Clan Torn Claws reaches adulthood, the fingernails of his or her right hand are all ripped in half, and set that way permanently by the clan shaman.

Leader: Hagniar (HD 1-1, AC 7, #Att 1, THAC0 20, Dam 1d6, AL LE, hp 5) is the chieftain of Clan Torn Claws by virtue of his sheer staying power. He is one of the most tenacious creatures in Dragon Mountain, and once he attaches himself to a cause, he will not relent until it is achieved. He owns no magical items, preferring to rely on his native ability.

Number: 97. Clan Torn Claws is small in number because of recent poorly conducted raids against Clan Mangled Fist. They lost their shaman in that fight, but their witchdoctor has since healed. All the members of Clan Torn Claws are farmers and soldiers both, and are fairly poor at the former occupation.

Outlook: Like their chieftain, the kobolds of Clan Torn Claws will not let go of a cause once they have fastened themselves to it. They are persistent, and will not allow a quarry to escape their grasp for long. If it gives them an excuse to leave their hated farm, they will follow an enemy even into Infyrana's lair.

District: Clan Torn Claws is currently in charge

Level II

of the Farms (II: Orange, III: Brown) and supplying the rest of the mountain with the fruits of their labor. Fortunately, the other clans have alternative means of nourishing themselves, because the members of Clan Torn Claws are very poor farmers, wanting to do almost anything but farm. Instead of farming on Level III, they have attempted to turn it into a sort of survival camp, where they train themselves in the ways of ambush and stealth.

No matter how little they like their lot in life and their land, they are determined that it should not escape their grasp, and that no one should trespass on their lands without their permission. Thus, they have it well guarded, stationing look-outs all around the perimeter of the land. They are rarely, if ever, caught by surprise.

Activity: Since the members of Clan Torn Claws fancy themselves as some sort of paramilitary group, they have at least ⅓ of their members on alert at all times. They sleep in shifts of five hours each, and take turns training, farming, and guarding.

Morale: Fearless (20). They simply cannot conceive of giving up, even though the odds are usually against them. Once they have given their word on a commitment, they will not rest much until they have followed through on their words.

Armament: Clan Torn Claws uses short bows and short swords to make its intentions known. The members rarely negotiate with those who intrude on their land, preferring to let their weapons speak for them. They also have another surprise on Level III which speaks for them rather well.

Bulette (1): Int Animal; AL N; AC -2/4/6; MV 14, Br 3; HD 9; hp 67; THAC0 12; #AT 3; Dmg 4d12/3d6/3d6; SA 8' jump; SZ L; ML 11; XP 4,000.

Traps: Clan Torn Claws relies on traps that take advantage of the natural surroundings. Since the kobolds are not overly mechanical in nature, they

prefer traps that require little or no setup time. Thus, they have settled upon caltrops in the dirt as their trap of choice. Since the caltrops are partially buried, they will not unduly harm kobolds passing over them. However, if anyone heavier passes over these areas, the caltrops take full effect. Any PC entering the 5-foot by 5-foot square in which they are scattered must save vs. paralyzation or take a caltrop in the foot, as well as 1d4 points of damage. The character is only able to move at half speed until the caltrop is removed. If a second save is failed, the character is lame for 24 hours or until healing spells are applied.

Because there are few needs for service tunnels on a farm, there are none in this area unless specifically mentioned. Clan Torn Claws has few uses for these constructs anyway, preferring to conduct its warfare in more natural settings.

20. Barn

This building encompasses the rest of the areas of this section that are not actual farm. It is a broad, tall area, the ceilings at least 15 feet above the ground. There is grain dust pervading the air, obscuring vision by about 25%. If the PCs engage in any serious activity, they raise more of the dust from the floor, shrouding their vision to 50%. The effect this has on the light is much like mist on a dark night—strange shadows and weird silhouettes push through the haze. The remains of lofts above lie tangled on the ground near the entrance.

20a. Slaughterhouses

These rooms reek of blood, and the residue of animal pain seems to linger in the air. Instruments of killing and torture lie discarded around the room, and the vats are still full of the blood of today's kills. The butchered remains of the animals dangle from iron hooks suspended from the ceiling.

In the southern room, 10 members of Clan Torn Claws take their sport with another beast. They have but recently guided the frightened cow to the block, and find cruel delight in tightening the straps holding its neck to the block. As the PCs enter, the kobolds have begun bleeding the creature from a number of small cuts, and the cow bellows in pain and fear. If the party interrupts their sport, the kobolds turn on the PCs with unbridled fury, fighting with no finesse and no intelligence.

Clan Torn Claw Kobolds (10): Int Low; AL LE; AC 7; MV 6; HD ¼; hp 2 each; THAC0 20; #Att 1; Dmg 1d6; SZ S; ML 20.

20b. Overseer

The narrow room next to the slaughterhouses is the guardroom of five of the members of Clan Torn Claws, all of whom will rush to the aid of the 15 in area 20a if the fight progresses past 3 rounds; the noise of combat in any rounds previous to that will be attributed to the enthusiasm of their fellows with their new plaything. Having been there themselves, they can appreciate getting carried away with the sport of it all.

Clan Torn Claw Kobolds (5): Int Low; AL LE; AC 7; MV 6; HD ¼; hp 2 each; THAC0 20; #Att 1; Dmg 1d6; SZ S; ML 20.

20c.-d. Grain Bins

Both areas marked 20c store the grain used to feed the animals in area 21, while 20d has been converted to sleeping quarters for yet more members of Clan Torn Claws. Although the cots indicate that 30 of them might sleep here at a time, none of them are currently at home.

There is some treasure tucked away in one of the hay mattresses, along with the lice that inevitably accompany such a mattress in this fortress. A *short bow +1* is here, along with a lovingly polished gnomish skull. If the PCs spend

more than one hour in this room, all 30 occupants return en masse. They immediately try to kill the PCs in any way possible, and will not surrender or attempt an escape. Otherwise, the 30 can be found in area 21, tending the livestock.

Clan Torn Claw Kobolds (30): Int Low; AL LE; AC 7; MV 6; HD ¼; hp 15 × 3, 15 × 2; THAC0 20; #Att 1 or 2; Dmg 1d6; SZ S; ML 20.

21. The Livestock Farm

Like the forest on the first level, there is yet another marvel in this dank and dim dungeon—the vast expanse of an underground farm. A large herd of cattle roams the area, cropping the grass that grows in abundance here. In the southeastern corner, a pool gleams mellowly in the natural light reflecting from the ceiling. The center of this field holds massive stairs leading to the Upper Level. The stairs are well guarded and gated so that the cattle may not escape the pasture.

Like the elven forest on Level I, there is another system of mirrors here that provides the area with natural light. Naturally, as with the interior forest, the sunlight enters only when there is sunlight outside; otherwise, the entire area is dark and foreboding.

Although the water appears and tastes clean, it is diseased. The only reason the cattle have not died from it that they have been immunized to it over years of constant exposure. Anytime anyone drinks from it, they must save vs. poison or become very ill. Approximately one hour after consuming the water, the character suffers acute stomach pain, with a -4 to hit and AC, until he or she can somehow relieve the symptoms. The symptoms thereafter appear irregularly, but at least every hour after the initial bout, the character suffers it again until the PC can get at least a day's bed rest or a *cure disease* spell. The manifestations of the disease should, preferably, arrive at the most inopportune time for the character.

Level II

II: Brown

This was the wealthy district during the dwarves' reign, where most of the wealthy dwarves had their homes. At that time, the buildings throughout this area were all well appointed and cheery. The chasm that ran through the central portion of this great hall was considered the best view.

Clan Humanbane

Ranking: 3

Allies: Clan Humanbane can claim the most powerful of clans as allies. Clan Wyrmgard and Clan Humanbane have long had a special relationship, and each will help the other whenever necessary.

Enemies: The enemies of Clan Wyrmgard are the enemies of Clan Humanbane. Not only is Clan Wishbones Clan Wyrmgard's enemy, they have earned the wrath of Clan Humanbane for the rude displacement in the mountain's hierarchy given Clan Humanbane only a short while ago.

Also, Clan Humanbane hates Clan Blood for their fanaticism. Being a mostly atheist clan, Clan Humanbane cannot understand such devotion to an unknown ideal. As well, they return the hatred Clan Blood has displayed for them. It is only a short while before the two clans erupt into war.

Unique Dress: Every member of Clan Humanbane wears a withered unidentifiable ear as an earring. Each ear is specially tattooed to prevent other clans from emulating the same idea to gain illicit entrance to the Humanbane warrens.

Leader: The leader of Clan Humanbane is a huge kobold named Crusher (HD 1+1, AC 2, #Att 3/2, THAC0 19, Dam 1d6+2, AL LE, hp 8). From birth, he has fostered a hatred of humans more intense than any other creature whom he has encountered. His main joy in life is to find humans, capture them, and torture them to death.

In all other respects, however, he is very relaxed. He does not worry overmuch about the

struggle of power in Dragon Mountain, but will defend his tribe's position to his last breath. He is far more loyal than most leaders are to their tribes. The recent ouster of Clan Humanbane by Clan Wishbones festers in his heart, and he plans to levy a far more serious revenge against Clan Wishbones.

In combat, he wields a *short sword of quickness* +2, and wears *studded leather armor* +3, using a *shield* +1 to back up the armor and the sword.

Number: There are 116 kobolds in Humanbane. Crusher will allow no shamans to enter the tribe, although many might like to do so. Not only is he leery of their zealotry, he does not want any possible spies from Clan Blood welcomed into his home. Besides, he would rather have his people flourish in an atmosphere without needless superstition.

Outlook: Clan Humanbane is a fairly relaxed clan, comfortable in its own power. The members do not seek to aggrandize themselves, but neither do they wish to be moved lower on the totem pole. They struggled a long, hard time to achieve their position, and take a violent reaction to those who would replace them.

They bear a long grudge against those who wrong them in some way, and will hound any PCs long after the PCs have left their area if the adventurers cause harm to the clan. Since the kobolds of Clan Humanbane dislike other races intensely, chances are good that they would hound the adventurers anyway.

District: Clan Humanbane totally dominates the southwestern quadrant of **Level II: II: Brown** holds all there is of Clan Humanbane—they do not have interest in possessing the rest of the mountain. However, located as they are above the Temple, they make occasional raids into Clan Blood's territory to irritate the priests and get themselves some extra food and treasure. They have no concern about the territory Clan Blood holds, and allow other kobolds to pass through on their way to the Temple, if they so desire.

Activity: The members of Clan Humanbane are

constantly active, few of them ever getting more than 6 hours of sleep a night. Since they have a nearby border with one of their enemies, they stand a constant watch there to guard against incursion by their hated enemies. As well, the old dwarven graveyard abuts their territory. Although they maintain a steadfast disbelief in the supernatural, Clan Humanbane is taking no chances.

Morale: Elite (13). Clan Humanbane is rarely cowed by any but the most deadly displays of force. The kobolds will surround their enemies, trying to subdue them so that they can be tortured for amusement later. If these attacks are obviously useless, they will simply disappear into the alleys of their district, harrying their enemies with bow fire and slingshot from cover until either their antagonists are dead or have left the area. Even that is no guarantee of leaving the sneak attacks behind, for the clan has been known to follow enemies even into other districts.

Armament: The members of Clan Humanbane use whatever weapons are convenient at the time, having trained themselves to be proficient with all of them. They are most comfortable with sword and spear, although some animal tamers among them have raised rust monsters to attack enemy lines.

Rust Monsters (10): Int Animal; AL Nil; AC 2; MV 18; HD 5; hp 40, 37, 33, 32, 30, 27, 25, 20, 18, 15; THAC0 14; #AT 2; Dmg Nil; SA Special; SZ M; ML 9; XP 270 each.

Traps: Because they tend to focus their aggressions on nonkobolds, Clan Humanbane has traps that are far more likely to damage taller creatures. Their favorite is a simple bear-trap (also known as a steel-jaw trap) inset into the ceiling. When a creature steps on a stone set into the floor, the device drops from the ceiling suspended by a chain, its jaws spread wide. The steel trigger will hit a target taller than 4 feet. If the trigger is depressed (by bouncing precipitously on someone's head), the jaws snap shut around their

neck. Those who make a save vs. death magic at can avoid this trap; otherwise, some unfortunate is going to have jaws close around his neck and snap it, unless he or she has neck protection or some other gear that will prevent this death. Those who save suffer no damage; the trap is assumed to have missed them.

Throughout this area, the ceiling is at least 10 feet high, so the PCs have no need to worry about the usual fighting penalties.

22. Food Storage

Boxes of food and barrels of water fill this room to the brim. Most of the food is hardtack or dried to prevent spoilage. However, it is enough to last whoever controls it a long time in the event of a siege. There are no access tunnels in this room, as it was designed to be impermeable and completely defensible. The PCs can try to find sanctuary here, but Clan Humanbane will set up deadly traps outside while the PCs rest.

23. Weapon Storage

This room, attached to room 22, is stocked with hundreds of kobold-sized weapons. Nearly any sort of weapon a kobold could use, whether one- or two-handed, is stored within these walls, as are suits of armor ranging from leather to a few rare suits of plate mail. These can either be destroyed or set to use by an inventive party.

24. Abandoned Homes

These rooms serve as training sites for the soldiers of Clan Humanbane in both defending and besieging other buildings in the mountain. The rooms in each are dirty and rubble filled, and more than one has a bloodstain spread on the floor or wall. There are sentries hidden in each of these buildings, each of whom scuttle away from the party through the ducts to report on the party's progress to their superiors. Under no circum-

Level II

stances will they engage in combat or let themselves be captured. There are seven sentries total.

25. Rift Homes

These were once posh, palatial homes overlooking the (at that point) small rift that was simply a pocket in the mountain. Since that time, the plane-shifting mountain has widened the rift by a considerably larger amount. This had the effect of dropping large portions of the fine houses into the rift, where their wreckage can still be seen. What remains of the interiors of the houses can be easily seen from outside, if one has the proper vantage point.

All that remains in the houses are sentry posts, for they offer a unique vantage point high above the ground. There is a sentry stationed in each house, so that if one is threatened the others may make their reports.

26. Bridge and Battleground

The 40-foot-long metal bridge has apparently fallen victim either to rust monsters or to serious corrosion over time. There are large holes rusted through the otherwise sturdy bridge, covering most of its width. It leads across the rift to a shattered field.

The field was once a park of great beauty. Now it is an area littered with debris and detritus, covered with fallen skeletons, shattered glass, and destroyed skeletons.

Around the perimeter of the field, the buildings loom ominously over the field. The stone ceiling is reminiscent of grey skies seen over the remnants of a particularly grim battle-

The bridge is actually entirely safe to cross, despite the large holes in the center. Because it is of dwarven make, it can probably be reasonably expected to live out the coming century. The park holds bodies of fallen kobolds dressed in their old

tattered uniforms. The corpses have long since decayed, and anything of value has been stripped from their bodies. They have been left to lie moldering under the stony sky of the slate ceiling.

If any remain within the vicinity of the park for too long, there is a chance that the unquiet dead here will rise to exact payment for their deaths. There is a cumulative 5% chance per round that such an event will happen.

Zombie (20): Int Non; AL N; AC 8; MV 6; HD 2; hp 12 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8; MR Special; SZ M; ML Special; XP 65 each.

The zombies attack only those who remain on the field, preferring to sink back into the sleep of death once their enemies have left the immediate area.

27. Haunted Ruin

The kobolds have left this blankly staring building well intact, and for good reason. Even from a distance of 15 feet, it radiates a menace to all life, a cold malice and hatred for those who violate its interior.

The interior of the building is grey, drab, and nondescript, and its furnishings have long since fallen prey to the ravages of time. There is more to the room than dust, however. A spectre has been bound to the building, and has created several weaker versions from kobolds to wreak vengeance for its fate.

Spectres (4): Int High; AL LE; AC 2; MV 15, FL 30(B); HD 7+3 (1) and 6+1 (3); hp 53, 41, 35, 27; THAC0 13 and 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8; SA Energy drain; SD +1 or better weapon to hit; MR Special; SZ M; ML 15; XP 3,000 each.

The spectres attack anyone who enters the house, greedily sucking their life forces as nourishment for their own undead states.

28. Abandoned Warehouses

Because of their proximity to the two major centers of undead activity (although Clan Humanbane will deny it), the kobolds will not use these two warehouses. They have decided that they simply do not need the space these two areas would provide them. Accordingly, a family of giant rats led by a kobold wererat have taken up residence in these two adjoining buildings.

Rat - Giant (20): Int Semi; AL N(E); AC 7; MV 12, Sw 6; HD ½; hp 3 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d3; SA Disease; SZ T; ML 5; XP 15.

Wererat (1): Int Very; AL LE; AC 6; MV 12; HD 3+1; hp 20; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 or by weapon; SA Surprise; SD Hit only by silver or +1 or better magical weapon; SZ M; ML 12; XP 420.

The wererat has not earned the wrath of Clan Humanbane yet, because he forces his rats and himself to feed further afield than their home area. Also, the wererat has been very careful not to afflict any other kobolds with his disease.

29. Petting Zoo

This palatial stone residence presents a forbidding exterior to the outside world, clearly designed to keep would-be intruders at bay. The stone contains miniature carvings of exquisite detail, depicting the arising of fiends and other evil upon the world, in effect giving the building a nearly subliminal power of repulsion, for the eye picks up the details before the brain is consciously aware of them.

Inside, the building is grey and functional, existing only to provide a corridor around the courtyard in the center. The main body of the edifice wraps around this 40-foot by 40-foot block. Two other rooms branch from the main square,

their doors sitting snugly on their wooden hinges, their leather handles dangling limply.

The courtyard holds Clan Humanbane's 10 rust monsters. Before the party opens the doors on what could prove to be disastrous for them, allow each an Int check at -3 to notice that all the furnishings are of stone and wood. If the PCs open the doors, the rust monsters come pouring out, so excited by the smell of metal that they literally swarm the characters who open the door. Any PC listening at the door must make their check at a -15% chance, for the rust monsters have clustered around the door, remaining silent in their bid for metal.

Rust Monsters (10): Int Animal; AL Nil; AC 2; MV 18; HD 5; hp 40, 37, 33, 32, 30, 27, 25, 20, 18, 15; THAC0 14; #AT 2; Dmg 0; SA Special; SD Absorb heat; SZ M; ML 9; XP 270 each.

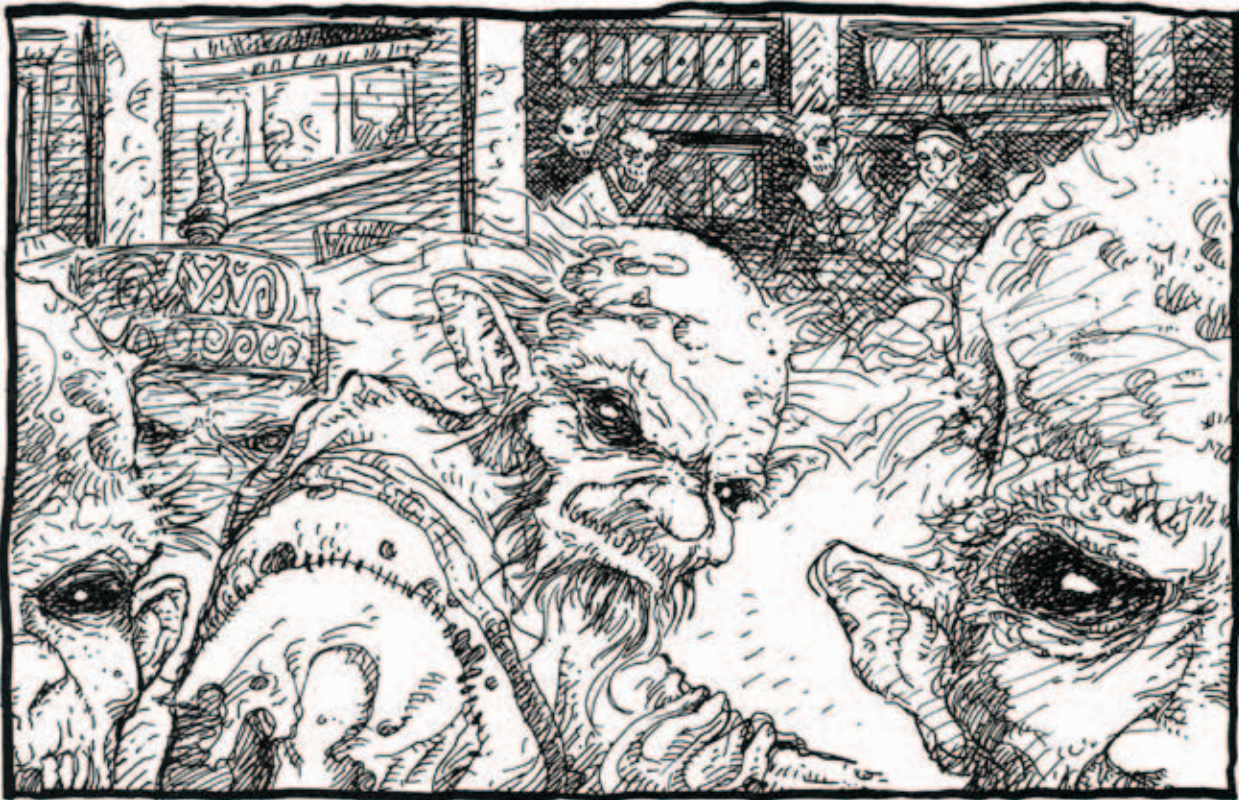
30. Graveyard

The graveyard of this level is not nearly as large as the catacombs of the third level, yet it is just as posh. It holds no cairns, only mausoleums. Most of the mausoleums have been raided by eager and inquisitive kobolds, seeking the riches of the buried dwarves. The tombs unvandalized have guardians able to defend their final resting places.

Dwarven Undead (4): Int Average; AL N; AC 6; MV 9; HD 3+12; hp 36, 28, 25, 20; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 3d4; SA Special; SD Special; MR Special; SZ M; ML Special; XP 650.

The undead patrol the graveyard with some frequency, eliminating whatever pests they can find within the walls and messily disposing of those who would disturb these dwarves in their eternal rest. The pile of kobold bodies stacked outside the wall demonstrates their efficiency.

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The undead are immune to any suggestion or negotiation. They simply want to ensure that none enter this graveyard to desecrate the bodies of the dead, and will relentlessly drive intruders from the area. They will not leave the area they protect. Once the violators are gone, the undead care about them no longer.

31. Home

This home contains some treasure that might be useful to the PCs. Forgotten in the corner with other dice games lies a dirty *cube of force*. However, it has lost some of its magic over the ages, and can only sustain up to 24 charges a day. Also, it can only keep out gases, winds, and nonliving matter, the rest of the faces being damaged enough that they are no longer functional.

32. Stairway Homes

These homes are staffed by some of the finest soldiers Clan Humanbane has available, for one of their most hated enemies lives just down the stairs. Logically, Clan Humanbane keeps it well watched so that Clan Blood cannot launch a surprise attack without a swift response. There are five kobolds in each building at any given time, ready to respond to whatever menace may appear. Although their actual homes are elsewhere, the guardrooms here are comfortable and well appointed, ensuring that watching will not be entirely without its perks.

Clan Humanbane Kobolds (35): Int Average; AL LE; AC 7; MV 6; HD ½; hp 4 each; THAC0 20; #Att 2; Dmg 1d6/1d8; SZ S; ML 13.

It is likely that these kobolds will be called away to defend their homes against the invasion of the PCs (at the DM's discretion). In such an event, the agents of Clan Blood who have been closely monitoring this stairway will call their brethren to a raid, unless the DM deems that Clan Blood has other, more important agendas in mind. Clan Blood members will spread out throughout the district, slaughtering all who hinder them or obstruct their passage.

33. Crusher's Home

The home of Clan Humanbane's leader, this building is opulent and ornate, appearing to be of more recent construction than the rest of the edifices in the area. Two guards stand outside, under strict orders not to intervene in any sort of fracas unless it specifically involves Crusher's home. The rooms are no less opulent than the exterior suggests. Incredibly expensive tapestries cover the walls of the first room, the 10 of them probably worth a total of 5,000 gp each. The intricately carved chairs, tables, and bed are the perfect complement to the decorations.

The secret door leads to **33a**, which is the treasure trove of Clan Humanbane, and this is where Crusher will be encountered. Among his treasures, he has recently acquired an *arrow of human slaying*, which he is aiming at the door when the PCs walk in.

34. Slave Pens

The squalid conditions of much of the rest of the Mountain are no match for the filth in which the slaves are forced to live. These emaciated creatures must grub for their slop in the dirt like common animals, and they have lost most of their ability to speak in a civilized tongue. Most of the slaves are kobolds of other tribes, although some are small humans and badly beaten dwarves. Even if these latter are healed and given arms,

they will be useless to the party, for they have lost any skills but those demanded of slaves in this brutal environment. Having watched so many of their number die, the slaves will not resist even a killing blow. They have entirely lost the will to live, and cannot be of use to the PCs even if they wanted. In a discard pile in one corner of one of the rooms, among some long forgotten belongings, **Player Handout #11** can be found.

35. Homes

These buildings are entirely empty, as Crusher has decreed that they are too close to the probable area that Clan Blood would invade. They are used as decoy buildings, and have been rigged so that they will collapse on those who enter. Anyone entering must save vs. death magic or suffer 4d6 points of damage. Those who save are assumed to have thrown themselves clear in time to have avoided any damage. The riggings for this trap can be easily found if one sifts through the debris scattered in front of each house.

II: Yellow

This used to be simply a landing area for the great shaft that runs from the mines down on **Level I (I: Orange: 34)** and the ore and gem storage areas (**III: Purple: 1**). Cave-ins have sealed it off from all other areas on **Level II**, and it is now controlled by Clan Rusty Blades. The clan guards both the ramps up and down, as well as the rubble to the north, just in case someone manages to sneak through there. Although this is unlikely, guards are posted nonetheless. None can tell when the unexpected will happen.

36. The Shaft

The wide ramps enter into a curved passageway, with enough room for a few heavy carts to maneuver around one another on their respective

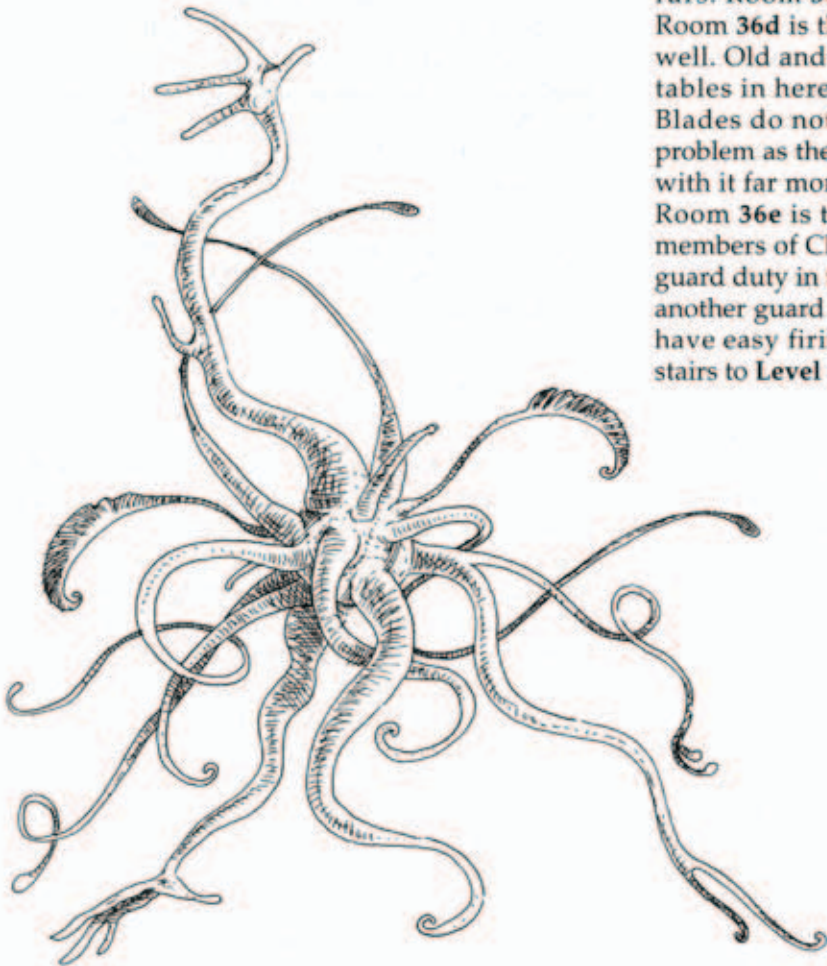
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ways up and down the Shaft. However, set in the middle of this passage is a tollbooth manned by several kobolds of Clan Rusty Blades.

Unless the PCs are accompanied by a member of Clan Rusty Blades or another powerful clan member, the kobolds set off the alarm, attempt to close the portcullises at the heads of each of the stairs, and attack the PCs. There are 20 kobolds in the entire area, and they lead the PCs in a wild and merry chase around the entire area.

Clan Rusty Blade Kobolds (20): Int Average; AL LE; AC 7; MV 6; HD $\frac{1}{2}$; hp 3 × 4, 8 × 3, 9 × 2; THAC0 20; #Att 1; Dmg 1d6 + gangrene; SZ S; ML 12.

Room 36a is a sitting area, used for gambling, relaxing, gaming, and other diversions. Room 36b is a barracks with 16 bunks, and it contains a secret passage into **II: Red** (DM's discretion) behind one of the bunks. There is nothing else of interest in this room, unless the PCs have an interest in moldy and vermin-ridden sleeping furs. Room 36c is an archery practice range. Room 36d is the mess hall, and it shows its use well. Old and crusty food stains the floors and tables in here, but the kobolds of Clan Rusty Blades do not seem to have the same vermin problem as the rest of the mountain, or they deal with it far more effectively than the other clans. Room 36e is the kitchen and pantry for those members of Clan Rusty Blades who have drawn guard duty in the Shaft for the week. Room 36f is another guard room, arranged so that the guards have easy firing access to those ascending the stairs to **Level III**.



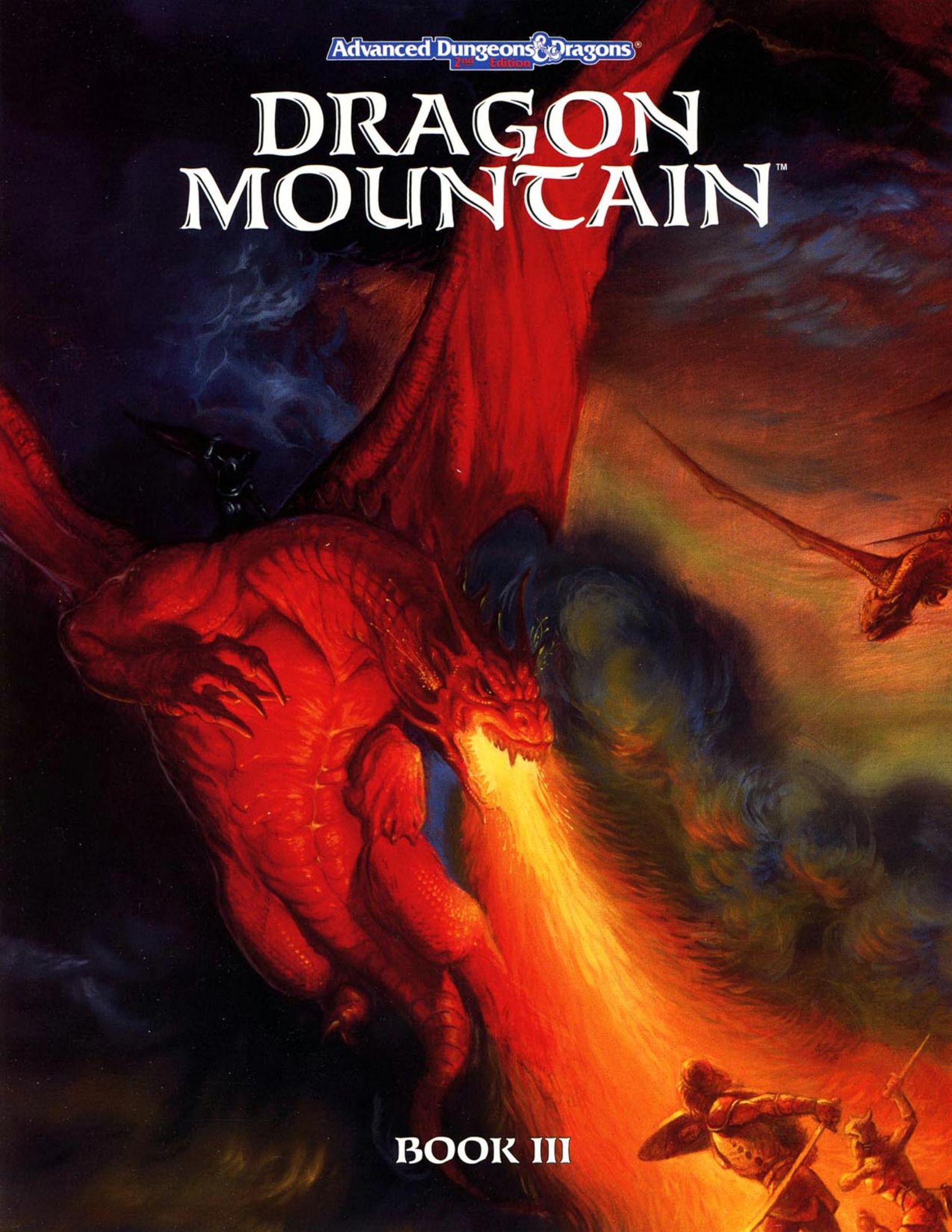


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Advanced Dungeons & Dragons[®]
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DRAGON MOUNTAIN™

BOOK III



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Book III

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Level II

II: Green—Merchants' Quarter

This was once the merchants' quarter, constructed from one large central room. It was here that the dwarves set up their shops and sold their wares to one another. The entire place had been built with a festive atmosphere about it, with fountains and plazas surrounded by the merchants. Now, the kobolds have turned the merchants' mall into a dark, dreary place with little light and most of the dwarven architecture defaced beyond recognition. The ceiling soars overhead in this area, some 200 feet above ground level near the center. Thus, unless the PCs venture inside the individual buildings, they do not suffer combat penalties for cramped quarters, either in the streets or on the roofs of the buildings. The buildings themselves rise 40 to 50 feet up, all several stories tall.

Clan Gnarled Fang

Ranking: 10

Allies: Although Clan Skullkickers are Clan Gnarled Fang's allies, the two clans still have some disputes. For example, since they have two adjacent zones, they are currently debating who controls various territories nearby. Still, these arguments are not enough to divide them when one or the other needs help.

Enemies: Clan Dreadnought, through its treachery, has earned Clan Gnarled Fang as one of its most bitter enemies. As a former ally, Clan Gnarled Fang feels the sting of betrayal that much more keenly. Its members wish to destroy at least half of Clan Dreadnought's strength, if only to teach their untrustworthy compatriots a lesson in confederation.

Unique Dress: Every child of Clan Gnarled Fang has one of its canine teeth yanked askew at

birth. Thus, every kobold of the clan grows with a snaggletooth protruding from its lower jaw. Kobolds of other tribes with the same imperfection are hunted by Clan Gnarled Fang and either killed or "fixed" by having the errant tooth removed.

Leader: Harlichak (HD 1-1, AC 6, #Att 1, THACO 20, Dam 1d6, AL LE, hp 6) is one of the blessed of Clan Gnarled Fang, for he was *born* with not one, but two protruding teeth! Naturally, with his parents' help, Harlichak became one of the chieftain's trusted advisors. Atypical of kobold social nature, he did not kill his former lord. Instead, he waited for the others to see his divinity and act accordingly. He was not disappointed when they tore the old chief to shreds and anointed Harlichak as their new leader.

Harlichak is a confident, self-assured kobold. Although his tribe is far down in the hierarchy, Harlichak trusts in the grace of the gods, or whatever powers, to bring him to his true heritage. He is not a kobold of action, preferring to let fate deal with him as it would. His lack of action is contagious to others, who use his inaction as an excuse to avoid acting themselves.

Number: 134. Disgusted with his lack of motivation, Harlichak's shamans have deserted him to find greener pastures for themselves. They cannot motivate anyone in his tribe, so few bother even trying. There are three witch doctors who are still loyal to Harlichak. Eighty of the remaining clan members are soldiers, and the other 50 are commoners. Some of these are adventurous, and explore the rest of the mountain rather than work for a living. Indeed, some of these have become so good at scouting that they are hired out by other clans to show them the secret ways to the lairs of their enemies. All of them are prepared to fight at any time.

Outlook: Like their chief, the rest of Clan

Gnarled Fang's members assume that comfort and happiness are their given lot in life. They are not willing to exert themselves any more than necessary to achieve their goals. They are, overall, a lazy lot and given to pudginess.

District: Clan Gnarled Fang has control of the area directly above the Temple on **Level I**. In fact, for a group so unmotivated, it controls a surprising amount of territory. It has dominated **II: Green**, and has occasionally come into contention with Clan Skullkickers for possession of the Crystal Garden (**II: Blue**).

This area is ideal for setting up a marketplace, and does not require Clan Gnarled Fang to move anywhere. For a healthy fee, Clan Gnarled Fang allows other tribes to use its square as a marketplace. It thus reaps the benefits of the labors of others without having to do much of the actual work.

Activity: Clan Gnarled Fang is generally abroad only at night, when the other kobolds are awake. Naturally, it maintains a few guards as proof against diurnal invaders, as well as keeping a close eye on all the ducts leading into its home—members know it is better to be safe than sorry, and even the chosen of Fate must be alert sometimes.

Morale: Elite (14). Because they are so lax in their personal discipline, and because they cannot believe that Fate could hold death for the likes of *them*, the kobolds of Clan Gnarled Fang tend to be frightened of very little. Those who survive near-death experiences use this fact to convince themselves just how indispensable they are to the world. Those who die were obviously not truly chosen.

Armament: Although it does not anticipate entering fights too often, Clan Gnarled Fang is prepared for that eventuality. Soldiers wear leather armor and carry short swords and dag-

gers for ease of fighting in close quarters.

Traps: Clan Gnarled Fang seeks to avoid traps that require much effort. It therefore tends to use traps that require the intruders to trigger them. Most usual is a pressure-plate style of trap. Beings of less than 80 pounds can pass over these with little fear. Any more pressure triggers a floor section ahead. The far end of this floor section springs up and unleashes a painful barrage of needles at the party. Anybody in less armor than full plate armor takes 1d10 needles full in the body (saving throw vs. breath weapon for half the amount of needles), each needle causing 1d2 points of damage. Those that cause 2 points also lodge themselves under the unlucky person's skin, requiring 2 rounds of effort each to remove them or run the risk of infection.

37. Central Plaza

This huge plaza was once beautiful to behold, with a glorious fountain in the center, columned edifices surrounding it, and a beautiful mosaic worked from the hundreds of thousands of tiles that were used to make the floor of this place. Now, the fountain has been destroyed, leaving nothing but a straight jet of water spraying straight up for 20 feet or so. The grime that covers this place has almost completely obscured the mosaic, but if someone were to clean a section, the brilliant colors would once again show through.

If the PCs have been quiet in approaching this place, they see many kobolds, mostly from Clan Gnarled Fang, but almost all the clans are represented in sizable numbers. The kobolds mill about, buying, selling, and trading goods. There are small kiosks set up around the place where kobold merchants hawk their wares. In the center of the plaza, near the fountain, Farkunmal

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the Prophet is preaching to a small group of kobolds.

Farkunmal the Prophet

Hit Dice/Hit Points/Armor Class: 1-1/5/10

THAC0: 20

Damage: 1d6

#AT: 1

Tribe: Farkunmal is a member of no tribe, having been expelled from his original home. As he wandered the passages, he claims he was touched by Kurtulmak, the god of the kobolds. Since the other kobolds of Dragon Mountain have no way to disprove this (as well as the fact that he has some mysterious powers), all treat him as one of their own.

Personality: Farkunmal meanders through the streets, muttering to himself or shouting madly at passersby. He is often trailed by crowds anxious to hear what their god has to say through his mouthpiece. If captured by non-kobolds, Farkunmal drops the madness in order to plead for his life. He is cold and crafty, always plotting for his advancement.

Goals: To promote the worship of Kurtulmak among the kobolds. He also seeks to create an organized church within the mountain (with himself at its head, of course).

Friends: Although he has no friends as such, Farkunmal has his followers. These protect him as long as the danger to them is not too great. At the first sign of serious trouble, they scatter. Until that point, they stoutly defend the charismatic priest.

Enemies: The shamans of the organized tribes are frightened of the prophet and his magnetism among both the kobolds of the tribes and those outcast. They fear that he is attempting to usurp their power, and not without reason. If they can

get away with it, they would like nothing better than to see him dead (preferably at the hands of outsiders), and he knows it.

Secrets: Farkunmal is not truly a priest of Kurtulmak, and he is not nearly as mad as he appears. His powers are the result of a careful scheme he has with a secret assistant that blends in with the crowds that follow Farkunmal. This assistant is armed with a carefully concealed *wand of illusion* stolen long ago from an adventuring party. When Farkunmal desires a "miracle," a few carefully worded phrases mixed into his speeches tips the assistant that the wand should be employed, and what sort of "miracle" should appear. This stunt is used very rarely, both because the limited number of charges in the wand are precious and because Farkunmal knows that suspicions are less likely to be aroused that way. Farkunmal wants only to profit from the church and the power it could give him if it is ever established. His assistant has been promised much power for his efforts to aid Farkunmal.

Once the PCs are noticed, most of the kobolds run shrieking into the nearest shelters they can find, and an alarm goes off somewhere just around a corner. When Farkunmal sees the party for the first time, he sees the potential for impressing his fellow kobolds. Rather than run, Farkunmal stays out in the open near the PCs, acting slightly mad and beginning a grand production of threatening the characters with the power of his god should they continue to violate the kobolds' home. Farkunmal realizes that he is playing a dangerous game, but he hopes to beguile the PCs with a carefully used illusion. Farkunmal begins by speaking to the PCs in pretty good common:

“Hold! I would speak to you and stay your hand from more killing. You do not know my god, but I may call on him in times of dire need, and he will aid me. Do not force me to such a course of action.”

Unfortunately, before Farkunmal can speak further, the majority of Clan Gnarled Fang’s military forces launch an ambush. Farkunmal is forced to escape by using a magical item he has kept hidden—a *ring of spell storing* with *word of recall* in it. It has always been something he would save for a last-ditch rescue, and this looks like a necessary moment. Farkunmal should pop up again at a later time to preach to the PCs.

In the meantime, 40 Clan Gnarled Fang kobolds have arrayed themselves on the roofs of the buildings surrounding the plaza to trigger their own special ambush. The clan members have taken large stone blocks and attached them by stout cables to the ceiling above the plaza area, and have become quite adept at swinging them into position and, slamming them into individuals in the courtyard below.

Clan Gnarled Fang Kobolds (40): Int Average; AL LE; AC 8; MV 6; HD ½; hp 4 each; THAC0 20; #AT 2; Dmg by weapon; SZ S; ML 14; XP Var; leather armor, short sword, dagger

Each round, any character standing in any area of the 120-foot by 120-foot area, **except** for the fountain, is subject to attack by 2 blocks. The only other way to avoid this attack is to lay prone on the ground. Crawling is possible at a Movement Rate of 3. To intentionally avoid being struck by a block, a character must roll a successful saving throw vs. breath weapon with

bonuses for Dexterity. However, once a PC has attempted to dodge the first stone in a round, all subsequent dodges must be made at a –6 penalty, due to the confusion involved in having these stones coming from all directions at once. Any character that chooses to ignore a stone is missed by pure chance by rolling a successful saving throw vs. breath weapon at a –10 penalty (no Dexterity bonuses). Any character struck by a block suffers 3d10 points of damage and is knocked down.

To prevent the PCs from scampering quickly out of the central plaza, two Clan Gnarled Fang witch doctors arrive with the military forces and cast *web* spells across all of the 20-foot wide exitways that are 40 feet tall and 10 feet deep. After this, they begin casting *magic missile* spells, aiming at any spellcasters they see going through the motions of casting their own spells. Both witch doctors are 4th level, and each has a total of three *magic missile* spells.

Kobold Witch Doctors (2): Int Highly; AL LE; AC 10; MV 6; HD ½; hp 2 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SZ S; ML 14; XP 35 each; dagger

Once the PCs somehow breach the *web* spells, attain the tops of the buildings, or kill half of the 40 Clan Gnarled Fang kobolds, the remainder retreat, fighting guerilla warfare and trying to drive the PCs out of their territory.

It is at this point in the adventure that Hittel the Assassin begins trailing the PCs. He prefers to stalk the characters when they get separated, and he is amazingly patient in doing so. Hittel strikes if one of the characters is on watch, or if one lags behind the group, etc.

Level II

Hittel the Assassin

9th level Rogue/13th level Psionicist

Hit Dice/Hit Points/Armor Class: 9/27/5

Str 17, Dex 16

THAC0: 16

Damage: 1d6 (×4 damage on back attacks)

#AT: 1

Armament: Hittel is armed with a *short sword* +2 and wears *leather armor* +1

Headquarters: Hittel has no headquarters. When someone has need of his services, he learns of it and meets that being at a time and place of his own choosing. No one has ever been able to follow Hittel to his home.

Tribe: Hittel is part of no tribe. He cannot abide the presence of other beings for too long without longing to kill them. He rarely even associates with the outcasts, for they present no challenge.

Personality: Hittel is a totally amoral being, one who kills simply for the sheer joy of seeing things die. He associates with others only long enough to learn their weaknesses, and then disposes of them.

He has an extensive knowledge of assassins' weaponry and poisons. The chances are that he will be called upon by the leaders of the clans, if not the king himself, to destroy the PC party. He accomplishes this by attempting to poison their food, if he can, by a poisoned dart thrown into their rations, or a poison needle slipped into their canteens or wineskins. He has a Hide in Shadows ability of 65% and a Move Silently ability of 70%. Those poisoned in such a fashion must roll a successful saving throw vs. poison at +2 or die. Those who successfully save suffer 2d12 points of damage.

Goals: To kill, and then kill some more. He

wants to hone his craft to such a degree that the mere mention of his name might cause death in his targets. He has no idea how to achieve this goal, yet is working industriously toward it.

Friends: Hittel has no true friends. Those who employ his services act friendly toward him, but they do not like him. Indeed, if he were not so skilled at his craft, they would have had him killed long ago.

Enemies: Hittel also has no true enemies. Those who have incurred his wrath do not live long thereafter. Those who hate him are careful not to let this knowledge slip, for they know they would soon thereafter find themselves as one of his targets.

Secrets: Hittel is a powerful psychometabolic psionicist. He has honed his abilities to almost perfect levels, and uses them to aid in his stalking and killing.

PSIONICS SUMMARY

Level	Att/Def	Score	PSPs
13	all	19 for all	380

Psychometabolism: *Sciences:* complete healing, life draining, shadow form; *Devotions:* adrenalin control, body equilibrium, catfall, chameleon power, double pain, ectoplasmic form, expansion, heightened senses, mind over body, reduction

Hittel's power score for all of his psionic abilities is 19, reflecting his single-mindedness in fine tuning his psychometabolic skills to the exclusion of all other disciplines. He uses such abilities as shadow form, chameleon power, and ectoplasmic form when he is stalking a victim, and he utilizes double pain and adrenalin control (adds to his Str of 17) to gain maximum effect from his back attacks.

Hittel hopes to become powerful enough to kill the dragon, so that he may demonstrate how truly mighty he is. He will work with PCs only so long as they show the death of the dragon to be their goal; if they deviate from this path, he deserts them and attempts to kill them for betraying him.

Also, he knows every twist and every turn of Dragon Mountain, including the service vents and heat ducts. He can lose anyone following him, and can reach any destination faster. Some have ascribed his speed to magic, while it is actually due to phenomenal memory and psionic ability.

38. Mercantile Headquarters

During the dwarves' reign, this building served as their "bank" and regulatory offices. All of the merchants and buyers could exchange letters of credit for coins, and dwarf officials that were responsible for ensuring fairness and honesty among the merchants had offices here. The kobolds have turned this location into their leader's palace. The entry room normally is the site where Harlichak's 10 bodyguards are stationed to stop and question anyone before admitting them to see Harlichak himself. They have seen the commotion out in the courtyard, however, and have withdrawn into **38d** to better protect the leader and to spring a trap.

38a. Guards' Barracks

These two rooms are the homes of the bodyguards for Harlichak, leader of Clan Gnarled Fang. There are five sleeping pallets in each room, along with a small wardrobe and several chests of personal belongings. If both rooms are thoroughly searched, the party comes up with

32 sp, 17 gp, and three tourmalines (100 gp each).

38b. Sergeant's Study

The sergeant of the bodyguards uses this room as a study, sitting behind a dwarf-sized desk and "processing" in visitors to the clan chief (processing generally includes asking if the visitor has made an appointment, shuffling through some scattered papers, and only letting those individuals in who are in favor with Harlichak or who are politically powerful enough to cause trouble otherwise). Unless the PCs have managed to infiltrate this area without being spotted, the sergeant is in **38d**.

38c. Sergeant's Private Quarters

The straw mattress, small writing table, and bookshelf in this room are considered luxurious to most kobolds. Beneath the table, pushed against the wall, is a chest filled with personal kobold belongings. Unless the PCs have successfully snuck in here, the contents of the chest have been hurriedly dumped out, as though someone were looking for something at the bottom of the pile. However, there is still a small pouch with 12 citrines worth 50 gp each.

38d. Throne Room

This is the audience chamber where Harlichak receives visitors. A large but crude throne has been constructed here, and there are two old and worn tapestries that flank the approach. The tapestries, while in bad condition, are of elven origin and, if returned to elves, could be restored. The elves would undoubtedly pay something for the opportunity.

Level II

Unless the PCs have avoided the commotion in the courtyard, the kobold chieftain is not here, having snuck off through the secret tunnel in 38f. Instead, his 10 bodyguards are here, along with their sergeant and 20 other of Clan Gnarled Fang, hiding behind the tapestries. When the PCs enter, the kobolds spring to attack, attaining a surprise round.

Clan Gnarled Fang Kobolds (20): Int Average; AL LE; AC 8; MV 6; HD ½; hp 4 each; THAC0 20; #AT 2; Dmg by weapon; SZ S; ML 14; XP 7 each; leather armor, short sword, dagger, net, rope

Bodyguards (10): Int Average; AL LE; AC 5; MV 6; HD ½; hp 7 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SZ S; ML 14; XP 7 each; Con 17; chain mail, spear

Sergeant (1): Int Very; AL LE; AC 4; MV 6; HD ½; hp 8; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SZ S; ML 9; XP 7; Con 18; chain mail, shield, short sword, *wand of size alteration*

The 10 bodyguards and five more of the kobolds lunge to the attack while the other 15 attempt to overbear a single opponent, preferably one without armor. The sergeant waits in reserve, and on the third round, assuming the kobolds have successfully overborne and tied up the targeted PC, uses a *wand of size alteration* to reduce the PC. If this is successful, five of the kobolds and the sergeant drag the prisoner off through room 38e to 38f. There, they take the prisoner down through a small trap door and into a tunnel that leads to 39. The tunnel is, naturally, too small to allow access to any creature larger than a kobold. The remainder of the

kobolds fight a retreating action to prevent the rest of the PCs from rescuing the prisoner.

38e. Harlichak's Private Chambers

This is the room where Harlichak spends most of his private time. There is a desk and chair here, a set of shelves with curious knick-knacks on them, and some small tapestries on the walls. The secret door is located within a large armoire.

38f. Harlichak's Bedroom

The leader of Clan Gnarled Fang has chosen to hide his personal room behind a secret door in the belief that he will remain alive longer as chief. There is a small feather bed in here, and a large chest against the wall with some personal belongings. Under a rug in the middle of the floor is a small trap door that leads to a tunnel. The rug is attached to the trap door in such a way that it automatically re-covers the trap door when shut from below. The tunnel leads to 39. There is nothing of value in this room.

39. Harlichak's Secret Chamber

The leader of Clan Gnarled Fang uses this room for total secrecy, whether it's secret discussions with his advisors or questioning a prisoner. There is a small table in the northeastern corner, and several more tapestries, although these are of considerably baser nature than the elven ones in 38. If the kobolds have a PC prisoner with them, that character is here, stripped of all possessions, bound, gagged, and beaten to unconsciousness. The kobolds themselves have gone through the secret door into 39a.

39a. Clan Gnarled Fang Treasure Room

The treasured possessions of Clan Gnarled Fang have been carefully stored here on some shelves around the perimeter of the room. Included in this stash are many crude stone carvings, one that is inset with 10 aquamarines worth 500 gp each, and a dwarven puzzle of interlocking blocks made of polished onyx worth 1,000 gp. The trap in front of the secret door is one of Clan Gnarled Fang's special needle-throwing traps. The rest of the treasure has been hastily gathered by Harlichak and the rest and taken with them. The sergeant has used the *wand of size alteration* to reduce all of the kobolds so that they may squeeze through a small crack in the wall into one of the adjacent merchant's buildings and escape to **II: Red**, where they are given asylum.

40. Courtyard

This smaller courtyard was once beautifully constructed. A dwarven sculpture graced the middle of a small fountain, and some of the dwarves' wealthiest merchants maintained their shops here. Now, it is mostly neglected. The statue has been shattered and lies in fragments around the grounds.

Clan Gnarled Fang now uses this area as a marshalling ground for its military forces, but at present, there are only 10 Clan Gnarled Fang kobolds here. As soon as the PCs appear, these kobolds reach the roof and begin lobbing globs of burning pitch at the PCs using oversized slingshots mounted on the buildings. The kobolds have a +3 bonus to their attacks with these fiery missiles, due to their adeptness at using these contraptions. It requires two kobolds to operate a single slingshot, so there are five

shots fired each round. Any PC struck by a burning missile suffers 2d6 points of damage (successful saving throw vs. breath weapon for half damage), and all flammable possessions catch fire.

If the party has ventured to this area before going into the main plaza (area 37), the 40 kobolds and two witch doctors from that encounter arrive. While one of the witch doctors casts a *web* spell across the entrance to keep the party in the courtyard, the warriors construct and set fire to a large pile of debris to block the path further into Clan Gnarled Fang territory. The wall of flames is 25 feet high and 15 feet deep (the darker-shaded area on the map). Once the PCs work through the webs and exit the courtyard, one of the witch doctors casts a second *web* spell behind them to pin them between the webs and the fire. By this time, the rest of the kobolds have reached the roofs on both sides of the street, and begin pelting the party members with chunks of mortar and stone. Any PC struck by a chunk of rock suffers 1d8 points of damage. The kobolds hope to force the party to retreat back down the stairs and leave their territory. If the party does retreat, the kobolds attempt to seal the entrance by pushing large chunks of rock and stone down the stairs and then piling additional debris on top. The next time the PCs attempt to come up the stairwell, a kobold keeping watch sets fire to the whole, which burns for 3 turns. Any character trying to cross the burning barricade suffers 3d12 points of damage, no saving throw allowed.

41. Elevated Street

This portion of the merchants' quarter is set higher than the rest, accessed by two sets of stairs. Regardless of which direction the PCs

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travel to reach this area, once they are at the darkly shaded area, a pair of large pits open, blocking both exits. At the far end, in building **41a**, the double doors swing open and five Clan Gnarled Fang kobolds operating a large ballista open fire. This ballista is a double-barreled version, firing twice in one round and taking one round to reload. During each off-round, when the ballista is reloaded, the kobolds swing the doors shut again.

Clan Gnarled Fang Artillerists (5): Int Average; AL LE; AC 8; MV 6; HD ½; hp 4 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SZ S; ML 14; XP 7 each; leather armor, short sword, dagger

The artillerists' THAC0 is a 12 in this narrow corridor, and the huge bolts cause 2d8 points of damage. The targets of the ballista should be determined randomly among all of the characters in the street. The doors leading into the various buildings lock when the trap is triggered, and require a successful Open Doors roll to force open. The double doors are reinforced and must suffer 40 points of damage before exposing the ballista and kobolds.

The artillerists remain at their weapon until death or the ballista is damaged beyond functionality. It must suffer 25 points of damage before being ruined. Keep in mind that the buildings here are 40 feet tall, so if the party chooses to try to climb out of the trap, the ballista can angle its fire upward. Any PC struck by a bolt while climbing must roll a Dexterity check with a -10 penalty to avoid falling back to the street. The ballista cannot fire at both characters at ground level and climbing PCs; the kobolds target only one group or the other. They try to prevent the party from escaping their trap for as long as possible.

II: Blue—Crystal Garden

This natural cavern was considered a place of great beauty by the dwarves, who discovered it accidentally during their delving. Formed by the slow dripping of water laden with minerals, the entire area was filled with beautiful crystalline stalactites and stalagmites, as well as flows, pools, and walls of sparkling rainbow-colored wonder. The dwarves treated it like a park, allowing it to be visited for relaxation and contemplation, and left it in its natural state.

When the kobolds came, they defaced and damaged the precious formations that had taken hundreds of thousands of years to form. Stalagmites and stalactites were shattered and precious gems were gouged out of walls, ruining much of the beauty. The place still holds geological wonders, but only those that are so far out of reach of kobolds that they couldn't be bothered to make the effort to destroy them.

42. Guardhouse

At one time, this entire area was in contention between Clan Skullkickers and Clan Gnarled Fang. Not terribly long ago, a pair of stone snakes somehow wound up in the area, and after losing several of their number to these two creatures, both clans have left the place alone. In fact, they have somehow managed to get the portcullis here down, hoping to contain the two stone snakes and keep them from wandering too far into kobold territory. The two flanking rooms are empty, except for the one to the west, which contains the gear mechanisms and levers for raising and lowering the portcullis.

42a. Juvenile Stone Snake Lair

The two adult stone snakes are quite content to remain within the confines of the garden, dining on the minerals found in abundance here. The pair have recently bred, though, and their offspring have just attained the age where they are being driven out by the parents. These younger versions can certainly fit through the bars of the portcullis in search of other hunting grounds. They have attempted to stick around, however, simply finding another niche within the crystal caverns in which to lair until mom and dad nudge them off some more. There are currently six of these creatures, resting after meals but able to enter combat when the party intrudes on them.

Juvenile Stone Snakes (6): Int Animal; AL N; AC -2; MV 9; HD 5; hp 27, 20×2, 19×2, 18; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 2d6 or 1d6; SA Poison; SZ L; ML 11; XP 975 each.

42b. The Journal

Tucked away on a shelf of rock at the back of this cavern are the remains of a dwarf. The skeleton is slumped over, and there are still belongings scattered around it, as though the dwarf were killed while sitting and left there. Underneath it, still clutched in its hands, are a journal and a quill pen. A dried up bottle of ink lies nearby, knocked over. This was the work of Hittel the Assassin. The journal is **Player Hand-out #2**.

42c. Stone Snake Lair

The two adult stone snakes are here, intertwined and virtually camouflaged against some of the rock formations. The PCs are surprised by the stone snakes, but the snakes themselves have been snoozing and take a round to react.

Stone Snakes (2): Int Animal; AL N; AC -2; MV 9; HD 8; hp 38, 28; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 2d10 or 1d8; SA Poison; SZ H; ML 11; XP 3,000 each.

42d. Rautym Lair

In this small corner of the crystal garden, a small pack of rautym have laired. They have only arrived here recently, and so the kobolds are not aware of the blind monkey creatures. Through some sort of strange magical warping, the rautym were absorbed from caverns in another world when Dragon Mountain plane shifted into their mountain.

Rautym (25): Int Average; AL NE; AC 3; MV 15; HD 4+4; hp 28, 27×2, 26, 25, 24×2, 23×2, 22×3, 21×2, 20, 19, 18×4, 17×3, 14×2; THAC0 17; #AT 3; Dmg 1d6/1d6/1d8; SA special; SD special; SZ S; ML 16; XP 1,400 each.

While they are not particularly happy to be separated from their brethren and their focus leader, they have made themselves a home here and will not take kindly to intrusions from adventuring parties and kobolds. They are careful to avoid the stone snakes by remaining higher among the rocks and ledges. If combat occurs, the rautym focus has stored up 5 1st-level spells, 3 2nd-level spells, and 1 each of 3rd- and 4th-level spells.

Level II

II: Red

This area was once a residential section for the dwarves. Although not the wealthiest living quarters, this was still considered to be upper class accommodations. Rather than have the homes boxed in and abutting one another, this place was built with large expanses between the buildings. Not many of the dwarves preferred this type of living space, so there were only a few homes like this built.

Clan Skullkickers

Ranking: 7

Allies: Clan Skullkickers has Clan Gnarled Fang as an ally, but only because the two arrived at Dragon Mountain at about the same time. They worked together initially, and Clan Skullkickers has been unable to shake itself free of the taint of Clan Gnarled Fang. If they can find an excuse to rid themselves of Clan Gnarled Fang without being tastelessly rude about it, the kobolds of Clan Skullkickers will do so.

Enemies: Clan Skullkickers claims Clan Wyrmguard as its enemy because it gives the clan an overblown sense of its own self-importance. Since Clan Wyrmguard shows no signs of stepping down in favor of Clan Skullkickers, the members of Clan Skullkickers have had no recourse but to declare secret war on all members of Clan Wyrmguard. Of course, Clan Wyrmguard could easily crush Clan Skullkickers, and so they conduct this war in silence, killing members of Clan Wyrmguard only when they can absolutely get away with it. They remain irritated that Clan Wyrmguard will hardly acknowledge their existence, let alone their presence as enemies.

A far more realistic enemy for Clan Skullkick-

ers is Clan Dreadnought. Clan Dreadnought kobolds are a serious threat to Clan Skullkickers' power, despite their mess and basic lack of organization. Clan Skullkickers cannot afford to let the dirty little mongrels flourish, for they represent a threat to good taste and cleanliness everywhere.

Unique Dress: Clan Skullkickers members wear tunics of pure ebony, imprinted with a partially shattered, grinning skull. They also have white tattoos of skulls on their right shoulders.

Leader: Lord Harixis (HD 1-1, AC 7, #AT 1, THAC0 20, Dmg 1d6, AL LE, hp 5) has taken a noble title upon himself, hoping to impress the other clan leaders. Unfortunately, this gesture has been lost on the others, who continue to treat him as poorly as they had before. He feels that image is everything, that style is more important than comfort. He tries to cultivate an appreciation of higher culture, to convince others that he knows something of life that they do not.

In order to maintain this lifestyle, he questions closely all non-kobold prisoners brought before him, trying to elicit information from them regarding their opinions on art and high culture. He even forbears from killing gnomes immediately, trying to glean some information from them before he has them slain. Unfortunately, some prisoners with a touch of humor even unto the end have sadly misled Lord Harixis, and he is now convinced that some of the garish and tawdry pieces he has collected are priceless works of art.

Number: 111. Only 40 of these are soldiers, the rest being bureaucrats, artists, fashion consultants (who dare not make a decision without first consulting their leader) and merchants. The two shamans are also affected by the grandiose airs of the clan, and make much of themselves and their appearance.



Level II

Outlook: The members of Clan Skullkickers are the most pompous bunch ever to set foot within Dragon Mountain. Where the clans at the top of the hierarchy are arrogant, they act so because of their achievements. The kobolds of Clan Skullkickers act so overblown because they want everyone to treat them better. To this end, they dress better than the other kobolds, try to act more intelligent, and generally infuriate the others.

District: Clan Skullkickers is in possession of much of the northeastern quadrant of **Level II (II: Red)**. They ring their area with the shattered skulls of their enemies, trying to intimidate any would-be invaders.

They spend part of their time struggling with their neighbors, trying to retain control of the westernmost section of their district. They also argue weekly with Clan Gnarled Fang over who is truly in control of the Crystal Garden (**II: Blue**).

Activity: Since artists tend to keep odd hours, at least half the clan will be awake at any given time.

Morale: Steady (12). Despite the fact that so many of their people are what many other kobolds would term useless, the members of Clan Skullkickers are a surprisingly effective fighting force. Each believes that it is his or her personal duty to be everything they can be, even though such roles may contradict each other. They are too proud to surrender, fighting with quiet determination to the end.

Armament: Clan Skullkickers has a vast array of weapons from which it chooses before entering battle. However, because each wishes to prove his individuality, few of the kobolds carry the same weapon. Thus, any weapon that a kobold could be expected to wield is present in a Clan Skullkickers fighting force.

Traps: Because of their vast arrogance, the members of Clan Skullkickers rarely rely on traps, preferring to better their enemies themselves. However, they have hit on traps which will surely cause the demise of those who think they are equal to Clan Skullkickers, either in battle or in sheer good taste. The kobolds require only some flammable material, wineskins or bottles, and some flint and steel. By filling the containers with kerosene or oil and placing the flint and steel on or in the cork, they create a deadly fire bomb. Those who open one of these receptacles strikes a spark, igniting the contents. All within 5 feet suffer 1d12 points, or half if a successful saving throw vs. breath weapon is rolled.

Once the forces of Clan Skullkickers arrives to combat the PCs, they try to overwhelm the PCs and force them into the deep pit surrounding the fortress (44).

43. Entrance

As the area is approached through the 5-foot-high tunnel from the Crystal Cavern (**II: Blue: 42**), the walls are solidly lined with all manner of skulls. Even as the hallway opens into the main area, there are skulls lining both sides of the path, and skulls mounted on poles along both sides, forming a fence of sorts.

Hidden beyond this grisly greeting in strategic locations are two Clan Skullkickers sentries who slink off immediately upon spying the PC party. The sentries notify the military forces of the clan, who arrive 3 rounds later to first demand the PCs' surrender and, if that fails, fight to the death.

44. Fortress

Some of those houses that existed in the center of this area have been demolished by the kobolds, and a large fortified edifice has been erected in their place. Its towers reach all the way to the ceiling some 40 feet from ground level while the walls are 30 feet tall. It is surrounded by a large open pit 40 feet deep that has been lined with spikes. This tower guards the stairs leading to one of the areas claimed by powerful Clan Wyrmguard (III: Green), which in turn leads to the kobold king's palace. The drawbridge is kept up at all times. Thirty-two kobolds of Clan Wyrmguard are stationed at this fortress, and they steadfastly ignore the kobolds of Clan Skullkickers and their tauntings. However, if the PCs try to enter the stairs here, the Clan Wyrmguard kobolds defend the place to the best of their ability.

Clan Wyrmguard Kobolds (30): Int Average; AL LE; AC 5; MV 6; HD 1; hp 8 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SZ S; ML 15; XP 15 each; light crossbow, dagger, chain mail

Clan Wyrmguard Lieutenant: Int Highly; AL LE; AC 4; MV 6; HD 1+1; hp 9; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SZ S; ML 15; XP 35; broad sword, dagger, chain mail, shield

Clan Wyrmguard Shaman: Int Exceptional; AL LE; AC 3; MV 6; HD 1+1; hp 9; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SZ S; ML 15; XP 65; dagger, chain mail, *ring of protection* +2, scroll with 5th-level priest spell *spike stones*; spells: 1st—*cause fear*, *darkness*, *protection from good*; 2nd—*dust devil*, *enthrall*, *silence* 15' R; 3rd—*dispel magic*

The regular Clan Wyrmguard soldiers fire their crossbows from the towers through arrow slits at the PCs across the pit. If any character attempts to cross the pit and climb the wall, the shaman attempts to use the scroll with *spike stones* to create a barrier across the top of the wall. The character suffers the regular damage called for by the spell description and must roll a successful Dexterity check with a -8 penalty to avoid falling. Even if the saving throw is successful, the climber cannot continue further up the wall and must try to climb down.

The kobolds cannot be attacked through the arrow slits. If any PCs reach the roof of the fortress, the kobolds try to overbear those characters and push them over the side. The kobolds have full mobility and are able to defend any side of the fortress instantly.

45. Harixis' Palace

Harixis, the chief of Clan Skullkickers, has made this building his home. In his never-ending quest to acquire more and more tasteful art, he has decorated the interior of this place to the hilt. All combinations of racial styles and periods exist, and the whole looks garish and crowded. Harixis himself does not leave this abode under any circumstances, and if the PCs breach his home, he will plead for them to parley before slaying him out of hand. He fervently desires to discuss art with the PCs before battle begins. If the PCs show no intention of discussing the situation civilly, Harixis discharges a *ring of shooting stars* as much as he can. He then waits for the inevitable end stoically, without resisting or fighting, as he believes a true martyr artiste would. He hopes that his noble fall inspires kobolds elsewhere, among all of the tribes, to rise up and destroy the "uncivilized,

Level II

barbaric" characters who so obviously do not know artistic masters when they see them.

If the characters bother to search through Harixis's personal things, they find his magical ring and several pieces of rather fine art among all of the trashy things. This includes: several pewter sculptures worth 500 gp as a group; a crystal picture frame worth 750 gp; and a bejeweled oil lamp worth 1,400 gp.

46. Kobold Remains

The door to this windowless building has been sealed with mortar and stone. If the party takes the time to break in, they discover the skeleton of a kobold, still chained to the back wall. Lying nearby is a piece of paper. This is **Player Handout #10**. This kobold was the unfortunate member of Clan Dreadnought that

delivered the letter. He was simply sealed up in here in order to reflect on the crudity of his leader's rudeness while he died alone.

47. Spiral Ramp

This is a large ramp that descends down to **Level I**, exiting at the back of the mushroom farm (I: Blue: 37).



The third level of the fortress was largely the province of the dwarven nobility, as well as the storage area for the raw ore mined hundreds of feet below. Even more importantly (to Infyrana as well as the dwarves), it contains the vault wherein the wealth of the dwarven fortress was held.

III: Blue

This area was once a residential section of the mountain when the dwarves lived here. Although not the most affluent area, it was still considered to be very high-class accommodations. Each of the buildings indicated on the map are subdivided into rooms (except for the buildings surrounding the pool).

Clan Wishbones

Ranking: 2

Allies: Both Clan Blood and Clan Rusty Blades have allied themselves with the rising Wishbone star. The members of Clan Wishbones know these two to be blatant opportunists, and trust them no further than they must.

Enemies: Clan Wishbones has trodden upon many necks on its way to the top, among these Clan Humanbane and Clan Black Death. Both hold severe hatred for Clan Wishbones. Clan Wishbones is well aware of the enmity these two clans hold.

Clan Wishbones kobolds have their eyes set on the top. For purely formal reasons, then, they are the enemies of Clan Wyrmguard. Since they wish no competition once they reach the top, they seek nothing less than the complete and utter destruction of Clan Wyrmguard. Strangely, they feel no personal malice in this—it's just good business sense.

Unique Dress: Clan Wishbones has only two features that separate its members from the common crowd. The first is a bright purple surcoat, on which a broken wishbone is pictured. The second is the clan's choice of weapons. All members of Clan Wishbones carry a polearm of some sort, which they use to "wishbone" enemies by striking them forcefully on the inside of one of their legs.

Leader: Karlanaat (HD 1, AC 4, #AT 1, THAC0 19, Dmg 2d4+1, AL LE, hp 7) is a brilliant leader, having assembled and trained the entire clan himself. His ambition and thirst for power have led him to sacrifice many things, including some of those fools who thought he was their friend.

Having achieved the short-term goal of becoming a clan leader, he has now set his sights on becoming the dominant clan leader of Dragon Mountain. Next he'll probably want to become king . . . but for now, becoming undisputed clan leader is enough.

Karlanaat is vicious and brutal in combat, demonstrated by the fact that he invented (or at least formalized) the "wishbone" maneuver. He is aided in combat by his *chain mail* +1 and his *lucern hammer* +1.

Number: 121. The three shamans and two witch doctors of the tribe have helped lead the 75 soldiers into many victorious battles. The remaining kobolds of Clan Wishbones are the supporters of the fighters, making their life far easier when they return from a grueling battle.

Outlook: Clan Wishbones kobolds are the second-newest of the clans within Dragon Mountain, but through good leadership and excellent planning have managed to secure a position of significant power. That is, not only are they second-newest, they are also second-strongest. They, like those of Clan Wyrmguard, have no xenophobic hatred of those outside their clan.

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They see everyone as having something to contribute, and they steal these contributions liberally. If a certain technique does not work, they abandon it in favor of one that does. They will not be bound by tradition.

Clan Wishbones kobolds are proud and strong in the face of adversity. When they confront a stronger foe, Clan Wishbones members stand fast. They find it takes their enemy aback to see kobolds who do not cower or flee at the first sign of a fight. They find that this maxim works in other aspects of life as well, and apply it whenever necessary.

District: Clan Wishbones has taken the southern half of the third level, near the smithies (III: Blue). Its slaves and prisoners work in the smithies as fire-tenders and errand-runners for the Clan Wishbone smiths.

Activity: Most of the clan follows the typical day-night routine, with only a skeleton crew awake and available during the daylight hours. At night, the rest of the clan awakes and the district bustles with activity.

This is not to say that the clan is unprepared to deal with threats during the daytime. The kobolds can be roused from their beds with but a moment's notice. They are especially alert when their spies among Clan Black Death report that non-kobolds are approaching the mountain or when they discover that a raid is to take place soon, whether this raid is by their tribe or another.

Morale: Elite (14). Unless they are clearly going to lose, the kobolds of Clan Wishbones fight to the bitter end. They have not achieved their current position by running from fights they could have won, nor have they achieved their current position by being stupid. If a battle goes against them and they realize they have no chance of winning, they flee.

Armament: As previously mentioned, Clan Wishbones's weapon of choice is the polearm, preferably the lucern hammer. Although the pole is necessarily shorter than it would be were a human using it, Clan Wishbones kobolds are so trained that the damage remains the same as a normal lucern hammer (2d4/1d6).

Traps: The favored trap of Clan Wishbones is one that causes the most damage in as painful a way as possible. An oil-filled pit near the warrens serves this purpose admirably. When anyone over 80 pounds steps onto the middle of its 10-foot-long covering (which is designed to blend in with the surrounding stone floor), it creases and spills them into the 3-foot-deep pit. PCs must roll a successful Dexterity check to keep their feet when they fall, or else soak themselves in oil.

Since the pit itself is not designed to harm or hamper them, it cannot be detected by a *find traps* spell. However, this is not to say that the characters will escape this unscathed. When the adventurers are standing in the middle of this 10-foot-wide pit, panels in the ceiling open and a number of kobolds equal to the number of characters appear and begin firing crossbows at the PCs. Five more kobolds begin dropping flaming rags toward the flammable oil. The PCs have the option of defending themselves against the crossbow bolts or stopping the flaming rags from hitting the wide pool of oil. There is no way they can do both.

Those who try to stop the rags from hitting the oil expose themselves to the bolts, suffering a -2 penalty to their Armor Class. Those who avoid the bolts suffer the possibility of the rags reaching the oil. If this happens, all the characters still in the pit suffer 2d6 points of damage the first round, and 1d6 per round thereafter in which they remain in the oil, to a maximum of 4

rounds. Those who have fallen in (by failing their Dexterity check) have no chance to escape the pool the first round, although they may reach its periphery. Anyone who has fallen into the oil that tries to catch a flaming rag immediately bursts into flames, suffering 3d6 points of damage the first round and 1d6 thereafter for 4 more rounds unless extinguished by another character.

As soon as the kobolds of Clan Wishbones are aware of the PCs, they prepare an ambush and trigger it by having a kobold with *invisibility* cast upon him steal an item from one of the characters. This kobold thief also has *haste* cast upon him, so that by the time the characters realize what has happened, the kobold scampers away, around corners. The thief leads the characters along, always going around the next corner when the PCs come around the previous one. The thief makes certain that the PCs know that a very valuable object has been taken—don't roll, just select one thing that is very important to one of the characters, and explain that somehow, a kobold is running down the street with it. The kobold leads the party on a merry chase, ending up at **1**.

1. Ambush

There is a large force of Clan Wishbones kobolds here, arrayed in three units of attack. Two of these units are hidden within the ends of the T intersection, while the third is waiting in building **2**. As soon as the PCs enter the "T" intersection, the third unit falls into place behind the characters, and all three simply advance on the PCs, trying to skewer them.

Clan Wishbones Kobolds (60): Int Average; AL LE; AC 4; MV 6; HD ½; hp 4 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SZ S; ML 14; XP 7 each; lucern hammer, banded mail

The kobolds are all armed with lucern hammers, and are marching in tight formations 10 across, two rows deep. Thus, no PC can close to battle the kobolds in melee combat without suffering automatic hits from 6 attacks, treated as if set to receive a charge. The kobolds attempt to pin the characters in with their pole arms, forcing the party into a small, tight clump. Assuming they are successful, they demand the characters' surrender. If the PCs do surrender, they are immediately stripped of all possessions by a few kobolds while the rest remain in formation to prevent tricks. Then the PCs are tied up and taken to the slave pens at **4**. Otherwise, the kobold military lines fight this ambush to the death. The stolen magical item is not found (if the DM wishes to return this item to the character, it is found somewhere else in Dragon Mountain; otherwise, it is lost forever).

3. Pit Traps

Both of these marked locations have been set up as special Clan Wishbones pit traps. Refer to the clan description under **Traps** for more information.

4. Slave Pens

Clan Wishbones has many slaves, both kobold and otherwise, that it uses for various tasks, most notably its smithies. The slaves are kept at this location when they are not being used.

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4a. Interrogation Room

This is the interrogation room to the slave pens. It is equipped with a desk, several chairs, and 10 kobold guards. As the PCs enter the room, the four guards who are on watch engage the party. The remaining six guards, who had been dicing, join in the fray 1 round later, fighting mainly to escape outside. If the fight lasts more than 5 rounds, the sergeant on duty emerges from **4b** and joins the battle. If the fight is shorter than this, the sergeant assumes that a struggling prisoner has been brought in.

Clan Wishbones Kobold Guards (10): Int Average; AL LE; AC 7; MV 6; HD 1/2; hp 4 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SZ S; ML 14; XP 7 each; short sword, studded leather

4b.-e. Prison Cells

The cells hold a variety of slaves or prisoners, most of them kobolds. Unless otherwise noted, the kobold slaves are restrained within the cells—manacled to the walls or each other. The sergeant of the guards is in **4b**, taunting a kobold that has recently been caught from Clan Dreadnought.

Clan Wishbones Sergeant: Int Highly; AL LE; AC 4; MV 6; HD 1-1; hp 7; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SZ S; ML 14; XP 15; short sword, banded mail, shield

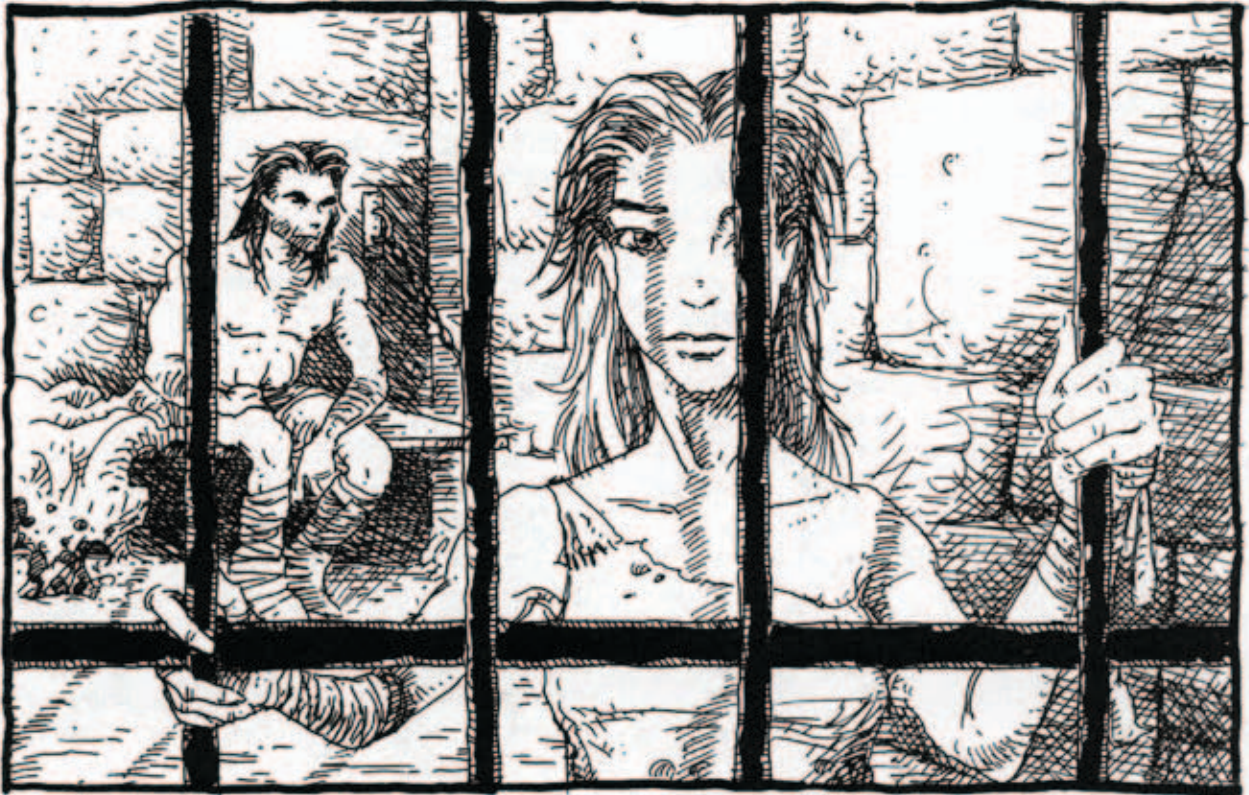
Upon hearing the door open, the sergeant sighs in disgust and snaps out "What!" in kobold as he spins around; he is obviously agitated at being disturbed. If the opportunity arises, the sergeant attempts to flee the fight to raise the alarm.

Kobold Captives (25): Int Average; AL LE; AC 10; MV 6; HD 1/2; hp 2 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; SZ S; ML 6; XP 7 each

4c holds 20 kobold captives, as above, while **4d** is empty—those slaves are currently being put to work.

Cell **4e** holds prisoners of a very different nature. There are three humans in here, two of which are Mannas Tifeksdatter and Per Vartal the Dark—the two surviving members of the Warriors of Winter. Mannas, the woman, has had her fingers broken to keep her from casting any spells; she currently has 8 hit points and will be unable to cast spells until healed to her maximum hit points. Per Vartal is emaciated and kept chained to a wall by his leg to prevent him from attempting to break the group out. He currently has 3 hit points. Once these two are free, they are happy and eager to join the group, provided they are healed and given some moderately decent equipment. They also encourage the PCs to leave the mountain and never look back. They have truly experienced the horrors of Dragon Mountain.

The third prisoner is a dirty, bedraggled man who was thrown in here more recently than the Warriors of Winter and is chained to a wall. If freed, he also offers to join the party, claiming his intention to help in whatever way he can, but also strongly encouraging the group to leave the mountain. He tells the PCs that his name is Furan the Deft, but he is in reality Infyrana herself, *polymorphed* into this form to spy. See the notes on Infyrana at the end of this book for more detailed information about this alter-ego of hers. The other two prisoners believe that Furan is what he claims and trust him.



5. Smithies

The kobolds of Clan Wishbones have put this area to its original dwarven use, manufacturing kobold weapons of surprisingly decent quality. There are kobold smiths in several of the buildings that surround the pool, working steadily. The pool that dominates this area is full of filthy, polluted water used to cool worked steel. If, however, the PCs were caught in the flooding chamber on **Level II**, this pool has been drained, leaving only a disgusting pit of brown muck that is quite odoriferous. It is currently being refilled from natural sources outside.

There are smiths in almost all of the buildings, and most of them have slaves helping—tending the fires, working the bellows, etc. In addition, there are 20 kobolds here watching the slaves to keep them from escaping. When the PCs arrive,

the kobold guards immediately attack, trying to overbear the characters and push them into the pool of water or slime (depending on its condition). Once a character is in the pool of water (which is 10 feet deep) or stuck in the slime, it is impossible to climb out by normal means. An alarm is sounded, and if there are other military Clan Wishbones kobolds still alive in the area, they arrive to surround the pit to take prisoners.

One of the slaves working for the smiths in the building marked **a** is a dwarf. She has been blinded and made mute to keep her from resisting. She is pretty useless to an adventuring party, but if they manage to get her safely out of the mountain and return her to a clan of dwarves somewhere, she will be well taken care of. At some future point, she might reappear, returned to her healthy self via a *wish* spell or some such thing, to become a powerful NPC ally or patron.

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6. Guarded Stairs

To ensure that there are no unexpected arrivals from below, Clan Wishbones has installed arrow slits in the buildings of this intersection, aimed down the stairs. Unless the PCs arrive this way somehow undetectable, they are fired upon by a total of four kobolds each wielding heavy crossbows. The kobolds are paired in two groups, and one kobold from each group fires while the other reloads. Then they switch positions.

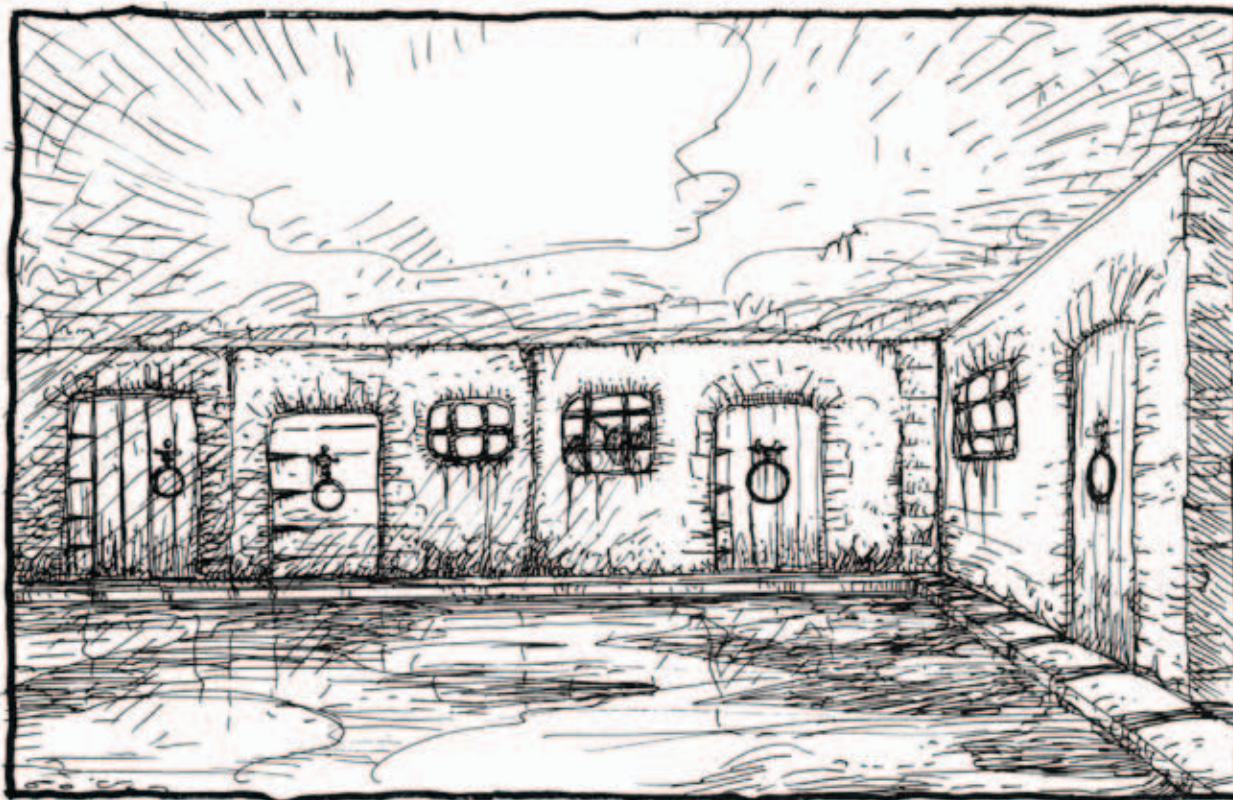
Clan Wishbones Kobolds (4): Int Average; AL LE; AC 5; MV 6; HD ½; hp 4 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SZ S; ML 14; XP 7 each; heavy crossbow, chain mail

As a final note, Karlanaat, the leader of Clan Wishbones, does not stray out of the warrens while the PCs are in his area. At some future point, he may lead a force into another part of the mountain to attack the PCs, but otherwise he prefers to lay an ambush within the warren tunnels.

III: Brown

When the dwarves lived in Dragon Mountain, this was another portion of their farming set-up. While livestock was raised on the lower level (II: Orange), crops were grown here. As with that section of the mountain, specially designed mirror systems bring in sunlight from outside to help the crops grow.

Now, however, Clan Torn Claws claims this area as theirs (see section II: Orange in Book II





for more clan information), and kobolds make very poor farmers. They have planted some vegetable crops here, and despite their best efforts, some actually flourish in the fertile soil. Most of the crop goes to feed the cattle below, but some of the healthier-looking fare graces the plates of the king and the clan leaders themselves. Clan Torn Claws makes its home almost entirely in the warrens, rather than out in the large open fields of the two farm levels. At the moment, however, Clan Torn Claws has just found out that it has a potentially bigger problem on its hands than even the PCs. A bulette has recently made its way into the mountain—perhaps from a quirk in the plane shifting—and has recently emerged from the earth in the middle of the garden to terrorize the kobolds. Any movement on the surface of the ground in the

garden attracts the bulette 2 rounds later. Clan Torn Claws has been avoiding walking through the area after several of its number were consumed.

Bulette: Int Animal; AL N; AC -2/4/6; MV 14 (3); HD 9; hp 50; THAC0 12; #AT 3; Dmg 4d12/3d6/3d6; SA 8' jump; SZ L; ML 11; XP 4,000.

7. Neutral Hall

Even though Clan Torn Claws and Clan Wishbones are not at total odds with one another, there is still suspicion and distrust. Thus, the two clans have jointly built two sets of reinforced doors facing each other. Each clan's doors are barred from its respective side so that intrud-

Level III

ers from one side cannot enter the other. The area between the two doors is a neutral area, claimed by neither clan. A pressure plate in the center of this neutral area triggers a mechanism that slams shut any of the double doors that are opened, automatically locking them, unless a hidden switch is thrown before passing the portals. There is a switch beyond both sets of doors, one in each area controlled by a clan.

Once the doors have been sealed, a noxious vapor is pumped into the area. All characters caught in the neutral hall can try to hold their breath (see the *Player's Handbook*, page 122) with the assumption that they did **not** get good gulps of air. Any attempt to batter down a door by force is considered exertion. No spell casting can take place that requires a verbal component while the spellcaster tries not to breathe. Once any PCs must breathe, each of them must roll a successful saving throw vs. poison or be killed. Even if the saving throw is successful, every character that has inhaled the vapors passes out from the fumes. They do not awaken for 1d4+4 hours. The doors can be battered down by receiving 60 points of damage.

The kobolds of either clan do not open the doors until 1 turn later, when they know the gas has been cleared. If not all of the PCs are unconscious, kobolds attempt to overbear them into submission. Once all of the PCs are helpless, they wind up as prisoners of one clan or another, depending on which side of the doors they visited first (and on which side they most likely defeated most of the existing kobolds).

If the PCs are taken as prisoners they are stripped of all possessions and extra clothing, securely chained, and kept separated from one another. The kobolds do clever things to keep the PCs from escaping, like keeping them barely alive (around 2 or 3 hit points), breaking the fin-

gers of spell casters, etc.

The DM is encouraged to flesh out this portion of the adventure. Make it difficult for the PCs to escape the kobolds. Perhaps the kobolds put the characters to work hoeing the fields or working the smithies, or perhaps Infyrana takes possession of them for her own amusement. Any PCs that resist or try to break free are killed on the spot. However this is developed, make it a monumental challenge to escape. Even after escape occurs, the PCs have no equipment. Their remaining journey should be toward the front doors, and should be very rough going, indeed.

8. Silo

When the dwarves farmed this area, some of the grain crop was kept in a large silo constructed within the great cavern. The silo stands over 40 feet tall, and it has a ladder bolted to its side that leads to the top, where the grain was dumped from a conveyor belt and stored. Clan Torn Claws does not use the silo now, but its members have rigged the roof to function like a counterweighted trap. Once a PC reaches the center of the roof, the whole thing sags downward, dumping that character and any others also on the roof down into some very old grain that is occupied by a brown mold.

Mold—Brown: Int Non-; AL N; AC 9; MV 0; HD na; hp na; THAC0 na; #AT 0; Dmg na; SA Freezing; SD Absorb heat; SZ L; ML na; XP Nil

9. Grain Bin

This building is actually a large walled bin connected to the silo via a doorway at the silo's base that allows grain to pour into it from the

silo. When the dwarves needed grain, it could be shoveled out of the bin into waiting wagons. There are only dried seed husks here now.

10. Barn

This building housed the farming equipment such as the plows and the wagons, as well as the beasts of burden used to pull them. There is still an old rotting wagon here, missing a wheel. There are also some kobold refugees that fled here when the bulette first attacked. While it snacked on the slowest of their group, the rest scurried to this building, and have been trapped here ever since.

Clan Torn Claws Kobolds (17): Int Average; AL LE; AC 10; MV 6; HD ¼; hp 2 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; SZ S; ML 6; XP 7

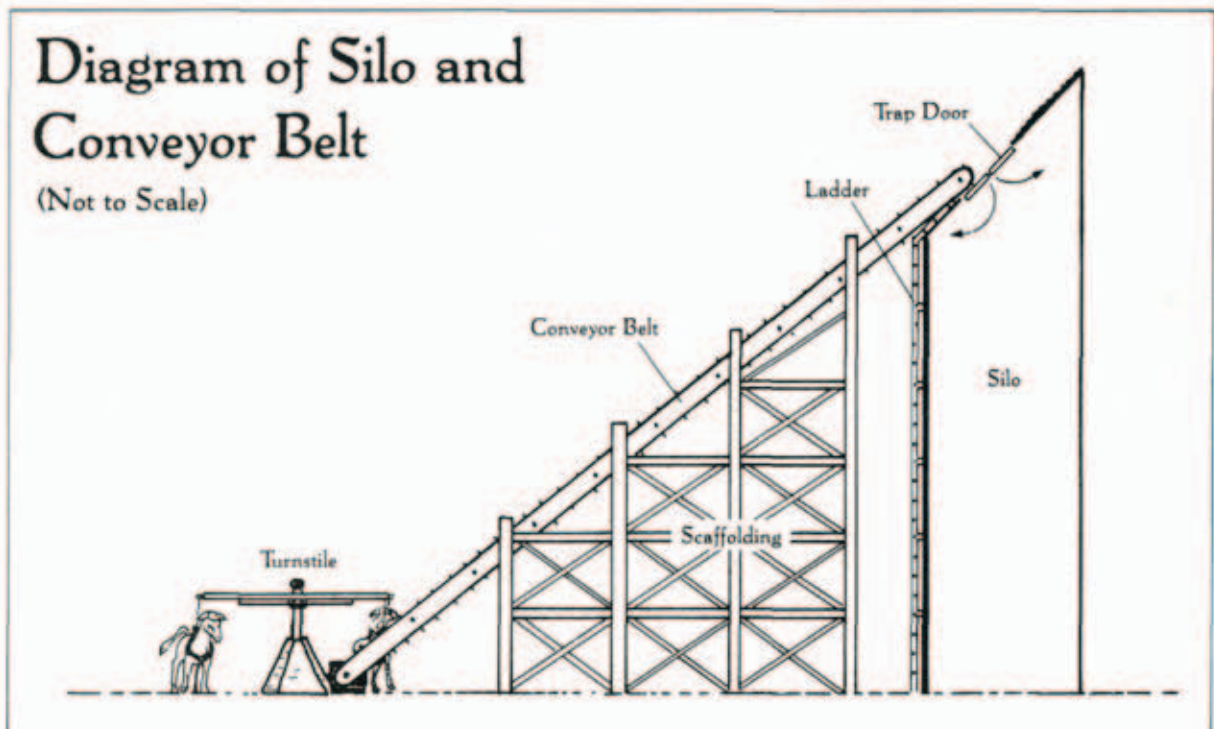
If the PCs defeat the bulette and discover the kobolds, the kobolds are very surprised to see them, and do not put up a fight (they are only farmers, not warriors). If the PCs do not immediately attack them, the kobolds offer to take them to meet the clan chief. The PCs might be able to make an alliance with Clan Torn Claws in this way, should they choose to do so.

11. Tool Shed

Smaller hand tools are kept here, both now and when the dwarves farmed this earth. Hidden in the back of a pile of these tools, leaning in a corner, is a *sickle* +2. Beyond that, there is nothing here of any value, and none of the other tools could seriously be considered as weapons.

Diagram of Silo and Conveyor Belt

(Not to Scale)



Level III

12. Conveyor System

This is a system set up by the dwarves to get the grain up to the top of the silo and dumped inside. A conveyor belt ran from the ground at an angle upward to the top of the silo. It operated by putting beasts of burden on a turnstile that was connected by a series of shafts and gears to the belt. As the animals were driven in a circle, grain was shoveled onto the belt from wagons and the belt hauled the grain up to the top (see diagram, next page). The system has long since fallen into disuse and the heavy canvas belt has rotted away. However, the framework still stands and would function properly if a new belt were made.

III: Green

This area of Dragon Mountain was where the wealthiest of the dwarves lived. Although not aristocracy, they were often even more wealthy than their noble brethren. The dwarves decided to try something a bit different for this part of their home, borrowing some of the features of their elf allies' style. The result is a marked change from the oppressive tunnels and low-ceilinged caverns dwarves are so typically fond of. Some of the dwarfs found the openness and heights distasteful, but there was enough enthusiasm for this creation to fill it with inhabitants.

Now, the most powerful kobold clan of the mountain has chosen this area as its home, believing it to be a place worthy of its presence. Indeed, it is truly magnificent in its construction, and Clan Wyrmguard has done relatively little to deface the place.

Clan Wyrmguard

Ranking: 1

Allies: Clan Wyrmguard has long had a good relationship with many of the clans in Dragon Mountain because of its non-selfish approach to dealing with intruders. However, it has a special relationship with Clan Humanbane. Clan Humanbane does not push overly hard for advancement, and thus does not threaten Clan Wyrmguard.

Enemies: The most serious enemy Clan Wyrmguard faces is Clan Wishbones. This up-and-coming tribe has made its intention to become the dominant clan in Dragon Mountain clear. Although Clan Wyrmguard is not particularly afraid of the new clan, it is always wary of the sneaking little blackguards.

Although Clan Skullkickers hates Clan Wyrmguard, the kobolds of Clan Wyrmguard take no notice of Clan Skullkickers's scheming. The pitiful little clan has no basis on which to make a move for power, and so it is roundly ignored.

Unique Dress: All members of Clan Wyrmguard, from its leader to the least of his subjects, wear a white surcoat with the likeness of Infyrana's head emblazoned across it. They also have a tattoo of the same image behind their left ear.

Leader: Fragalax (HD 2, AC 2, #AT 2/1, THAC0 19, Dmg 1d6/1d4+2, AL LE, hp 12) is, for a kobold, a fair and just leader. He fights two-handed, with a short sword in one hand and a *dagger of venom* +2 in the other. He wears a suit of gnome-sized *chain mail* +3 which has been specially sized for him by Infyrana, making it useless to any other.

As a former soldier in Clan Wyrmguard, Fragalax takes care to follow the military precision he learned while training under Infyrana's eye.

Although, like many kobolds, he is mean-spirited and brutal, he is no more so than is necessary to keep his beloved clan at the top of the hierarchy. Although he is fairly sure that Infyrana wishes to keep the old clan at the top, he is not entirely certain that this is the case. He does anything necessary to make sure that it does not lose its exalted position.

As the leader of the most powerful clan in Dragon Mountain, Fragalax is also the head of the Twelve Clan Council. Because of his physical proximity to the king, he is also one of the king's closest advisors. He allows the king to sit on the throne because he knows that, after Infyrana, the leader of the clans is the second most powerful position in Dragon Mountain and that the king is only a figurehead.

Number: 127. Besides Fragalax, there are four lieutenants, four shamans, and three witch doctors. The other 115 are all soldiers, whether male or female, although they also take other jobs. While most other clans divide their soldiers from the common stock, Clan Wyrmguard likes to ensure that the clan survives no matter who comes against it.

To this end, each kobold in Clan Wyrmguard studies weapons assiduously from birth. It is only later in their lives that they learn the skills necessary for dealing with others. This training results in every member of Clan Wyrmguard being at least a 1-1 Hit Die monster, while most are 1 Hit Die or even 1+1.

Outlook: Clan Wyrmguard is the elite kobold clan, the descendants of the original tribe Infyrana enlisted. However, it has a constant influx of new blood from the other tribes, for Clan Wyrmguard does not hesitate to reward particularly clever kobolds of other tribes with places in the tribe. This is the clan most amenable to change, and its members have no prob-

lem trying new ways of living. This, combined with their original might, makes them the most powerful of the clans in Dragon Mountain.

Since Clan Wyrmguard is responsible for making sure that Infyrana survives and prospers, it is aggressive in making sure that nothing escapes its notice. The members do not lightly allow intruders into their district, and they help other tribes which need respite from raiders. Clan Wyrmguard is unique among the other tribes in this regard, for it even goes to the aid of Clan Wishbones if it must. The clan never sends more than half its soldiers. The other half always remains to guard the entrances to Infyrana's lair.

District: Clan Wyrmguard controls two very large zones on **Level III**. One is located very near the palace, controlling the entire area around it (**III: Green**). The clan also dominates the approach to Infyrana (**III: Yellow**), allowing only those with true need to bother her.

Activity: Clan Wyrmguard is a clan of constant activity. Since it is the largest and oldest of the clans, it is expected to demonstrate its might constantly. The kobolds of the clan divide into three 8-hour shifts and the guards are always alert, although they are less so when the end of their shift nears.

Morale: Champion (15). As the premier clan of Dragon Mountain, the members of Clan Wyrmguard are afraid of very little. However, they do derive strength from numbers, and the fact that they are convinced of their invulnerability works against them as well. If more than 1/3 of an encounter group are killed, the morale of the rest drops to 9 until they are with their compatriots again.

Armament: Clan Wyrmguard enjoys the fruits of its success in the mountain through improved equipment. Every single member of Clan Wyrmguard wears at least studded leather armor, and

Level III

most actually have chain mail. Officers are even known to have banded mail. Clan Wyrmguard has acquired a very good collection of weapons for itself. Most of the kobolds have a short sword and dagger, while some wield short bows or crossbows. A special honor guard that always accompanies Fragalax bears long swords that they wield with two hands. Other types of weapons are present for special activities or situations—Clan Wyrmguard is expert at tactically preparing for combat.

Traps: Clan Wyrmguard likes to use traps that affect those who are not kobolds. Most non-kobolds are quite a bit taller, and Clan Wyrmguard's traps take advantage of this fact. The trap relies on a pressure plate on the floor and sweeping blades emerging from the walls. When any weight at all is placed on a certain stone, a pair of blades set at 4 feet above the ground swiftly whirl from hidden niches along a path 20 feet long (10 feet to either end of the trigger stone) before retreating into another unobtrusive crack. The blades cause 2d10 points of damage (save vs. spells for half damage). Since the trap is self-activating and setting, kobolds can flee down the hall with knowledge that their enemies are certain to suffer.

The map section depicting **III: Green** has some unusual features that must be explained here. There are three levels of ramps that traverse from building to building, frequently crisscrossing each other. The levels are noted in the key. In all cases, the ramps have no railings, and there are no columns supporting them; they are simply suspended in the air by marvels of dwarven engineering.

Some of these ramps cross directly over buildings, which are also color-coded to show number of stories (see the key). None of the buildings

are more than four stories tall, which in all cases is close to the ceiling of the huge cavern. First-level bridges are 20 feet over the floor, while middle-level bridges are 40 feet, and high-level bridges are, of course, 60 feet above the ground. The only time that PCs suffer from the close quarters combat penalties is when they are inside a building; anytime they are on the ground or a ramp, their attacks are made normally.

Clan Wyrmguard has learned very well how to defend its home from intruders. Its members count on superior numbers, a better grasp of the layout of their area, and having the proper weapons handy to help them. If a force of kobolds or adventurers were to breach the fortress guarding the stairway one level down, the kobolds of Clan Wyrmguard know about it instantly, and immediately go into action. They use the height of the ramp bridges to their advantage, positioning themselves about in such a manner that they can attack from above with less danger to themselves. For this sort of combat, they prefer javelins and then bows. They can easily traverse different bridge sections, moving from area to area, following the PCs' movements across the floor.

Should the characters get inside a building and begin attacks on kobolds on the bridges, the next stage of the plan goes into action. Clan Wyrmguard kobolds employ nets and ropes, as well as the careful use of oil, to remove intruders from their bridges. By flinging nets and entangling individuals, and then tossing attached lines across to kobolds on other bridges, the clan members can pull characters off to fall the many feet down to the floor. Oil can be used for much the same purpose. A liberal amount splashed across a charging PC's path is very effective in redirecting the attack.

The rules governing kobolds' use of nets is the same as for overbearing; Dexterity and magical defensive bonuses come into play, as do the number of kobolds trying to entangle a character. Once a pair of successful overbearing rolls is made, however, the kobolds also have the PC effectively tied up for 1d3+1 rounds. While that character is trying to become untangled, the kobolds can roll or pull their victim over the edge of a bridge. They can also choose to more permanently tie the victim up, without the help from additional kobolds necessary with normal overbearing.

Even with this set-up, only a small fraction of Clan Wyrmguard stays behind to defend the **III: Green** area. The majority, recognizing that the PCs are powerful to have been able to reach this deeply into the mountain, have departed to the defense of the dragon in her lair.

Clan Wyrmguard Kobolds (35): Int Average; AL LE; AC 7; MV 6; HD 1-1; hp 5 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SZ S; ML 15; XP 7; javelin, short bow, dagger, studded leather

Clan Wyrmguard Lieutenant: Int Highly; AL LE; AC 4; MV 6; HD 1+1; hp 9; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SZ S; ML 15; XP 35; broad sword, dagger, chain mail, shield

Clan Wyrmguard Shaman: Int Exceptional; AL LE; AC 3; MV 6; HD 1+1; hp 9; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SZ S; ML 15; XP 65; dagger, banded mail, shield, *rope of entanglement*, *ring of invisibility*; spells: 1st—*command*, *darkness*, *magical stone*; 2nd—*aid*, *chant*

The interiors of all of the buildings are subdivided into multiple rooms, most of which have been turned into living quarters for the kobolds. There are staircases going up and down from each level, and the kobolds very well may splash oil on these to prevent PCs from using them effectively. The 4th level kobold shaman first casts *aid* on the lieutenant and then casts *chant*. Once the PCs have attained the bridges, he uses his *ring of invisibility* to sneak up on characters and use his *rope of entanglement* to force them over the edge.

13. Stairway

The stairway that comes up from **II: Red** is in the middle of the vast expanse of floor, surrounded by a short, 4-foot wall on three sides. Although no one guards this access way, it is a simple matter for one of the guards in the fortress below (**II: Red: 44**) to sound the alarm once the fortress comes under attack.

14. Fragalax's Museum

Fragalax, the chieftain of Clan Wyrmguard, allows his most trusted advisors (lieutenants, shamans, and witch doctors) to dwell here. The large, single-story base of this four-towered building is set up as a combination museum and sentry post. Many of the spoils of Fragalax's victories as leader of Clan Wyrmguard are on display here. Fragalax is not afraid to display his hoards of wealth, because he solemnly believes that no one else of his tribe would dare steal them (and he is right). Almost all of his subjects are fiercely loyal, and those that are not know the odds of success and the penalties of being caught.

The other high-ranking members of Clan Wyrmguard make their abodes in the four tow-

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ers. The PCs find sleeping pallets and a few personal items, but just about everything of value has been taken by the kobolds to their respective locations. The one exception is a slightly dented golden chalice that has been tossed into a corner under some old clothes. It is worth 200 gp, double that if the dent is removed by a qualified goldsmith.

15. Dwarven Burial Cavern

Larger than the graveyards on **Level II**, this cavern houses the majority of the dwarven dead. Those who favored cairns as opposed to crypts were buried here. As in the graveyard below, the kobolds do not venture into the catacombs, fearing the specters of the dwarves. The kobolds are in the process of sealing this entire hallway off, but the job is only half-finished. Blocks of stone are stacked along the walls, as well as buckets of dried mortar, and the beginnings of a wall have been laid. The ornate double doors at the end of the hall have been barred shut from this side with stout timbers laid across them. Beyond the doors is the cavern itself. Refer to **Cardsheet #8**.

III: Orange

This area was the seat of the royalty for the dwarves during their reign here in the mountain. It was the home of the royal family, the other nobles, and the courtiers and royal servants. The area is not overly large, due mainly to the belief of the dwarf king that the royalty was no more deserving of overly special treatment than anyone else living within Dragon Mountain. The palatial area was, however, well defended.

The king of the kobolds uses this portion of

the dwarven home as his palace now. Kurakan relies heavily upon the trappings of office to provide him with many creature comforts. Despite the fact that he is merely a puppet of the dragon and holds very little actual power, Clan Wyrmguard of **III: Green** assures that no one gets close to the palace without their knowing and allowing it. Once inside, a crack force of Strike Force Zedd makes sure that no harm comes to King Kurakan.

16. Entry Gates

At the entrance to the king's palace area twin portcullises guard either end of a hall flanked by arrow slits. Generally, the outer gate is up while the inner one is down. Those wishing to visit the king approach the halls and request permission. While certain individuals are admitted immediately (Infyrana, the clan chiefs), most are made to wait while a runner is sent to inform the king and determine if he wishes to see said visitors (usually not). If a battle has erupted in **III: Green**, however, both portcullises are down and the entire Strike Force Zedd unit from **17** is ready to defend the place.

17. Barracks and Guard Rooms

These two rooms house the honor guard of Strike Force Zedd assigned to protect King Kurakan. Each barracks houses 15 kobolds from the strike force, for a total of 30. Their living quarters are very spartan; the ultimate pleasure is to serve on the honor guard, not because the king is so beloved, but because he has been put there by the dragon, and to serve the king is to serve Infyrana. Most of the kobolds of the mountain see service in the honor guard second only to being allowed to serve and protect the dragon

herself (i.e., to be a member of Clan Wyrmguard).

The two rooms marked **a** are guard rooms and are manned at any hour of the day by a third of the total forces. The door separating these rooms from the barracks are special dwarven blast doors, able to withstand 80 points of damage before giving way, thus preventing area-effect spells from penetrating into the barracks behind them. The mechanisms for operating the two portcullises are also located here, with a special safeguard—both must be operated simultaneously to raise the gates. This makes it more difficult to successfully storm the palace and breach its defenses. Only one mechanism is required to lower a gate, however.

Strike Force Zedd Honor Guard (30): Int Average; AL LE; AC 3 or 4; MV 6; HD 1+1; hp 9 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SZ S; ML 16; spear, short sword, short bow, banded mail, shield

18. Courtyard

This area of the palace grounds was paved with tiles, and there are two fountains here. Tall entryways flank it on all sides. If an intruding force breaks into the palace grounds, it is here that the king's honor guard makes its stand. None of the members of Strike Force Zedd allow an intruder to get into the palace proper as long as one of them remains alive. They prefer to form a defensive spear line near to the entrance, presenting their spears set against a charge. If their line is breached, they hurl the spears and draw their short swords. The short bows are only used in the guard houses at the gate.

19. Meeting/Dining Hall

Originally some noble's home, this building has been turned into a meeting area where the council of the clan chiefs meets with the king and where the king takes his meals with his courtiers. The front room has a large table with many chairs, while the back rooms contain a mess hall and a pantry. Other than a few kobold servants who cower in the corners at the PCs' approach, this building is empty.

20. Nahal's Chambers

Nahal, the king's wizard, dwells in this building. The front room has been set up as a parlor where Nahal entertains guests. There are several divans and some pieces of art on fashionable stands around the room—Nahal is very tasteful for a kobold. The section labeled **a** is Nahal's private bedroom. He keeps all of his important possessions and magical items here, along with quite a few books and some unusual treasures from the exotic lands he has visited because of the mountain's travels (the DM is encouraged to come up with unusual items and trinkets as necessary). In addition, Nahal keeps two pet spiders in his chambers that spring out and attack anyone in the room who is not accompanied by him.

Spiders, Large (2): Int Non; AL N; AC 8; MV 6, Wb 15; HD 1+1; hp 8, 2; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SA Poison; SZ S; ML 7; XP 175 each

There is a teleportation zone in the southwest corner of the room, that, when stood upon while the words "Nahal's laboratory" are uttered in kobold, teleports the occupants down to (sur-

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prise!) Nahal's lab. Uttering the phrase "Nahal's bedroom" in kobold returns the occupants.

Anyone rummaging around the bedroom area for 2 turns discovers a *ring of fire elemental metamorphosis*, a *crystal parrot*, and a pouch with 8 small pellets that are the result of *dust of dryness* pinches. The ring has a flaw; when someone uses it to transform into an elemental, that person loses all mental faculties, completely forgetting former personality and restore lost memories, and effectively becomes a fire elemental. Once this occurs, a *dispel magic* spell is necessary to revert the victim back to original form and memories. The ring's effects are *dispelled* as if cast by a 15th level wizard. The *crystal parrot* is perched on a bookshelf on the back wall, and has been activated by Nahal, who is currently with King Kurakan. It will alert the wizard to the presence of intruders.

21. Servant's Quarters

The servants that attend to the king of the kobolds reside here, not permitted to leave except when they are working. While not plush and lavish, the rooms are all comfortable and roomy. The front room serves as a living room area, where the kobold servants may relax during leisure time. Both of the rooms to the rear are divided by sets of curtains. Within each curtained area is a bed and a chest with personal items. There is nothing of value to be found here. There are 10 servants currently here, either relaxing and sleeping (if the PC party was quiet in entering the palace area) or cowering under beds and behind couches (if the PCs fought their way in). None of these servants put up any sort of fight, and no experience points should be awarded for their deaths.

22. Karganoth's Quarters

Karganoth, the champion and bodyguard of the king, uses this area as his home. He has a rather spartan militaristic taste, decorating the entire place with well-crafted and exotic weapons, armor, and trophies. The rooms are unusually warm, due to a multitude of braziers in the corners. Karganoth prefers deep reds, oranges, and so forth, and relies solely on the light from the braziers, giving the entire place a fiery, molten feel.

The front room of his area is fairly empty, and it is apparent that he does not spend a great deal of time here. To prevent intruders from entering into his private areas, Karganoth has installed some special traps. The moment anyone sets foot inside his front door, brass nozzles spray forth searing jets of burning oil from the walls, floor, and ceiling at the intruder, causing 6d6 points of damage. A successful saving throw vs. breath weapon reduces the damage suffered by half.

The back room serves as his sleeping quarters and is more lavishly decorated, filled with his military treasures and personal accommodations. The small room serves as Karganoth's closet, and it is here that he keeps his truly valuable things—2,000 gp, assorted gems worth a total of 4,500 gp, and an intricately carved crystal cube depicting a scene of a dragon breathing fire on a castle—in a small chest that has *invisibility* cast upon it. This chest hangs from the ceiling by invisible hooks in the back corner of the closet.

Karganoth is currently with King Kurakan.

23. Royal Quarters

King Kurakan, leader of the kobolds, uses these ancient dwarven royal chambers as his

home and ruling area. He has surrounded himself with luxury, counting on the attentions of many servants and advisors to make his life easy and comfortable. The main entry opens directly into the throne room, a tall columned chamber lined with beautiful tapestries. At the end, on a raised dais, is an ornamental throne, carved from wood and gilded in gold and gems.

Kurakan is currently here, on his throne. Most likely he is aware of the PCs approach and sits waiting for them, attempting to put forth a brave front while his bodyguard Karganoth and his wizard Nahal flank him, ready to defend him if necessary. There are several ways that Kurakan knows that the PCs are here. Any sort of major commotion or battle outside in the courtyard area arouses their attention, as well as any combat that has taken place in **III: Green** within the last hour. Otherwise, Nahal is aware of the PCs in the palace if they entered his chambers and were detected by his *crystal parrot*.

If the king and his advisors are not prepared for the party's arrival, they are involved in a heated discussion and are caught by surprise. Otherwise, they wait quietly, Karganoth and Nahal flanking the king on his throne.

King Kurakan

Hit Dice/Hit Points/Armor Class: ½/4/4

THAC0: 20

Damage: 1d4

#AT: 1

Headquarters: In the Palace (**III: Orange**)

Tribe: King Kurakan is, by political necessity, of all tribes and none. Partially because he knows that it will please Infyrana, and partially because it was his original clan, he favors Clan Wyrmgard over the others. However, to maintain his exalted position among the other kobolds, he is

required to maintain at least the semblance of impartiality.

Personality: Kurakan is totally in thrall to Infyrana. He has no will of his own, but only that which Infyrana wishes him to have. He is not at all intelligent, but can issue an order well. These attributes served him well when Infyrana selected the new king when the old one died. He relies too much on his connection to the dragon and on the magical items she loans him for protection.

Armament: Kurakan never dons armor for protection. He does, however, wear a *ring of protection +6*, and he wields a *rod of beguiling*. In addition, Kurakan has a *potion of invulnerability* and a scroll of *protection from magic*. Beyond these things, Kurakan relies completely on Nahal and Karganoth for protection.

Goals: To serve Infyrana to the best of his abilities; after all, he achieved his current position through shameless bootlicking, and has learned that what profits Infyrana tends to profit him.

Friends: Kurakan has no friends. He is surrounded by fawning sycophants, all of whom would betray him at a moment's notice if it would bring them gain. He knows this, and is therefore very careful when doing anything near his associates.

The only being in Dragon Mountain he trusts implicitly aside from Infyrana is his champion and bodyguard, Karganoth. Since his life depends on Karganoth's goodwill, Kurakan takes great care not to offend the champion. He even goes so far as to claim Karganoth as a friend, although Karganoth would likely disagree with that assessment.

Enemies: He imagines everyone to be his enemy, and he is very nearly right. Even his most servile flatterers would jump at the chance to replace him. Although the tribal leaders despise him

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too, they realize that he is the best alternative they have to chaos, and they therefore support him. Likewise, Kurakan has his champion Karganoth. If ever this support was to disappear, Kurakan would not last the hour.

Secrets: Kurakan is a very frightened kobold. He knows that all the important people of Dragon Mountain despise him, and the commoners only tolerate him. Furthermore, he knows that any revolution means that his head would be the first to decorate a spear. He has therefore had several escape tunnels dug and has killed the miners responsible. The tunnels lead from his chambers in the south of the palace to the front door, and are large enough for a normal human to crawl through without any significant difficulty.

Karganoth the Champion

Hit Dice/Hit Points/Armor Class: 15/102/-1

THAC0: 5

Damage: by weapon +14

#AT: 1

Headquarters: In the palace, wherever the king is. Karganoth is not only the king's champion, he is also the king's bodyguard.

Tribe: None. Karganoth serves the king, and the king only. Although he despises the king as a weak-willed fool, he regards his job as a duty to each of the passing kings, and will carry out their orders as he sees necessary.

Personality: Karganoth is loyal to the king, for he knows that he is too strong-willed to be chosen as king in Kurakan's place. He wants to remain close to the king so that he might influence the spineless weakling.

He is not unquestioningly loyal, however. If a better opportunity arrives, Karganoth will not hesitate to sacrifice Kurakan to the rabble. He is a blatant opportunist, eager to use the system to advance his own interests. He simply has not found a better offer yet.

Armament: In combat, Karganoth wears a suit of silver chain mail and fights with a *long sword* +4 that he wields two-handed.

Goals: Karganoth serves by choice. If it ever becomes apparent to him that he would be better served by taking the reins of power into his own hands, there is little that would dissuade him from that course. Until that moment comes, though, he is content to serve King Kurakan.

Friends: King Kurakan is the closest thing Karganoth has to a friend in the mountain. Although the two use each other shamelessly, Kurakan trusts Karganoth with his life. Even if he had a choice (which he doesn't), Kurakan would depend on Karganoth's might to defend him.

Karganoth plans to betray Kurakan when it is necessary to further his own plans, but plays the guise of confidant and comrade to the king.

Enemies: Those who would become king in Kurakan's place hate Karganoth with a passion as hot as the flames of the dragon. This seemingly invincible champion is immune to most of the poisons used against him, cannot be defeated in combat by any 10 kobolds, and has even boasted that the dragon's breath cannot harm him. This last must yet be tested, but Karganoth seems nearly invincible to every other challenge they have devised to test his mortality.

They hate him not only for his invulnerability, but also for his (so they feel) misplaced loyalty to the king. The power-hungry of the clans respect his power, but they want him on their side, rather than the side of the king, who keeps the old leaders in power as long as possible. If they cannot gain Karganoth as an ally, they would rather no one else have him either. They will pay handsomely for his death.

Secrets: Karganoth has not derived his power from the gods, nor did he learn his fighting prowess at a secret school, as he so often claims. In reality, he is a fire giant, *polymorphed* into kobold shape as punishment for openly mocking a drow wizard. The drow had every intention of transforming the errant giant back to his original form, but was later slain when the giant stronghold was raided. Karganoth was subsequently captured by one of the raiding parties from the mountain, to be used as a slave. When he continued to break free of his bonds, the kobold king took notice, and enlisted Karganoth as his champion. None know this secret, and Karganoth is, for now, content to remain in kobold form, for his potential is much greater here than it would have been.



Nahal the Wizard

Hit Dice/Hit Points/Armor Class: 13/32/10

THAC0: 16

Damage: 1d4 or special

#AT: 1

Headquarters: In his chambers in III: Orange: 20 and his laboratory in I: Blue: 38, or in the palace proper with King Kurakan.

Tribe: None. Nahal was originally a member of Clan Wishbones, but his intense preoccupation with his magic has drawn his attention far away from any sort of interest in tribal politics. He works now solely to further his own curiosities and to assist the king in whatever ways are necessary.

Personality: Nahal is, amazingly, a 13th level wizard, given to absent-mindedness. Despite the apparent lack of attention, he is still clever

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and cunning in the extreme. In fact, the kobold wizard is somewhat insane, and his actions are not always easily understood by those around him. Still, he loyally serves King Kurakan, mostly because the king does not interfere with Nahal's time too much.

Armament: In addition to a dagger, Nahal has several magical items at his disposal, including: a *ring of air elemental command*; a *gem of brightness*; *Reglar's gloves of freedom*; and a *staff of withering*.

Goals: Nahal's goals are obscure and unbalanced, and therefore unknown to anyone else in the mountain. His overall goal is to continue his magical studies, gaining more and more knowledge. Beyond this, he only desires to keep a king on the throne who will allow him to continue his studies unhindered.

Friends: Nahal has no one that he could consider to be a friend. He spends so much time by himself that most of the other kobolds in the mountain ignore him altogether. King Kurakan treats Nahal well, but even the kobold leader has little use for spending leisure time with such an eccentric individual. Karganoth does not completely trust Nahal, but because the wizard pays no attention to the bodyguard, Karganoth has not worried about it too much.

Enemies: Likewise, because Nahal spends so little time interacting with the other kobolds, and because he displays no political ambitions, none of the other power-hungry inhabitants of Dragon Mountain dislike the wizard. Most see him as a preoccupied and harmless fool.

Secrets: Nahal, in his near-madness, intends to transform himself into a lich once he attains the powers to do so. He will not reveal this to *anyone*, because he knows that this will not be welcomed by the other kobolds and that Infyrana will never tolerate such a creature within her domain. Thus, he keeps all of his researching

records intentionally cluttered and confused to avoid discovery.

Spells: (those marked with an asterisk are the ones Nahal has currently memorized)

1st—*audible glamour*, *chill touch**, *detect magic**, *erase*, *find familiar*, *fist of stone**, *hypnotism*, *magic missile**, *phantasmal force**, *shocking grasp*, *taunt*;

2nd—*flaming sphere**, *fool's gold*, *forget*, *improved phantasmal force (x2)**, *leomund's trap*, *pyrotechnics**, *strength**, *web**;

3rd—*clairaudience**, *explosive runes*, *feign death**, *haste*, *hold person**, *infravision*, *non-detection**, *protection from good 10' R*, *vampiric touch (x2)**;

4th—*charm monster*, *Evard's black tentacles**, *magic mirror**, *massmorph*, *minor creation**, *Otiluke's resilient sphere*, *shadow monsters**, *wizard eye*;

5th—*advanced illusion**, *demi-shadow monsters**, *leomund's secret chest*, *Mordenkainen's faithful hound*, *summon shadow**, *transmute rock to mud**;

6th—*Bigby's interposing hand*, *legend lore*, *mislead**, *Otiluke's freezing sphere**

Assuming that this trio knows of the party's arrival, it has prepared with the following: Kurakan has drunk his *potion of invulnerability* and read his scroll of *protection from magic*. At the first opportunity, he uses his *rod of beguiling* to convince the PCs to surrender to Karganoth. Nahal has used his *ring of air elemental control* to create a *wall of force* between the party and the throne, and has cast *vampiric touch* and *detect magic*. Nahal uses whatever spells he finds most appropriate at the moment, saving *feign death* if the melee goes badly. Karganoth simply waits to see if his skills are needed, staying between the king and any potential threats.

If things do not go well for the kobolds, Nahal casts spells like *Evard's black tentacles* and *demi-shadow monsters* to preoccupy the PCs while the kobolds escape, using Kurakan's secret tunnels

out the front entrance of the mountain. None of them are so foolish as to wait around to die at the hands of the PCs. If Infyrana is with the party in disguise, she notes the kobolds' escapes, and installs a new king to the throne when she next has a chance.

24. Royal Bedchamber

This spacious chamber contains a collection of furniture that was once obviously magnificent, and is where King Kurakan spends the majority of his time. A huge four-poster bed with torn gauzy curtains dominates one corner of the room, while several divans and reading chairs are arrayed casually around a huge fireplace hearth. There are several tables and shelves, as well as some armoires. Of course, all of these things have lost much of their luster and beauty due to the mistreatment of them by the kobold king and his servants, but a bit of effort could restore them to their original quality. Beyond the furniture, however, there is nothing else of any real value here; the dragon has claimed every other treasure from the place.

25. Decorated Hallway

This room is really nothing more than a hallway between other, more important locations, yet it has been decorated by Kurakan with various flags and pennants of the different kobold clans, an attempt by Kurakan to maintain his position of neutrality and keep the friendship of all of the clan chiefs.

26. Chapel Antechamber

Robes, mats, and other vestments of worship are kept here, where Kurakan prepares for his

meditations in the chapel. There are pegs along the wall for hanging garments, and shelves with candles and incense burners. Most of these items are remnants of the dwarven rule, and are covered with dust.

27. Chapel

This was the private chapel of the dwarf king, and is now used by Kurakan, ostensibly to meditate in. In reality, he spends his time here dreaming of real power, as well as supervising the construction of his secret escape tunnel. The chapel itself was once very beautiful, but it has been defaced a very great deal by the kobolds. The old altar was sundered and hauled away, and a horridly lurid one has been erected in its place. The tapestries along the walls were ripped down, and crude and unsightly pictures and murals have been painted and carved into the stone walls. The secret escape tunnel is accessed through the altar, which is set up on a hinged counterbalance to tip open and shut.

III: Purple

The dwarves used this area of the mountain for storage of the ore brought up from the mines and the processed goods made from the ore by the dwarf smiths. When the kobolds took control of the mountain, they continued the processes the dwarves had developed, but instead of trading the goods they manufacture, the majority of the finished products go to the dragon. Unless otherwise marked, the rooms of this area serve as living quarters for the kobolds of Clan Rusty Blades.

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Clan Rusty Blades

Ranking: 6

Allies: Being a fairly opportunistic bunch, Clan Rusty Blades has decided that its best route to power lies with Clan Wishbones. Until such time as Clan Wishbones proves itself unable to advance the cause of Clan Rusty Blades, they are close and fast allies.

Enemies: Clan Black Death and Clan Rusty Blades have been traditional enemies. Like Clan Wishbones, Clan Black Death was once a group on its way to power, and Clan Rusty Blades decided to emulate its successes by adopting similar weapons and techniques. Clan Black Death did not appreciate this appropriation of its ideas, and the rest is history. The two are now bitter enemies, their members often attacking each other on sight with their poisoned weapons.

Unique Dress: As the name suggests, the kobolds of Clan Rusty Blades carry weapons which have been heavily exposed to water and the other elements. Though this makes the weapons weaker, the threat the reddish weapons convey is not feeble at all.

Leader: Gagrana (HD 1, AC 6, #AT 1, THAC0 20, Dmg 1d6, AL LE, hp 6) is an obnoxious and overbearing kobold. He pumps any who visit for information obtrusively, trying to glean some crucial information which he can apply for his own betterment. If he is in a position of power when he begins his questioning, he drops the friendly facade and reverts to his true bullying self. He uses any means at his disposal to find the information he needs. Once he is done, the torture begins in earnest.

Number: 77. Some might think that the small number in the tribe indicates some of its weakness. Little could be further from the truth, for none in the tribe serve an extraneous function,

and all are highly proficient in their weapons of choice. There are two shamans and one witch doctor in Clan Rusty Blades, each of whom carries a weapon so corroded that it is about to fall apart. The 53 soldiers carry weapons less corroded, but dangerous nonetheless. The 20 remaining members serve as cooks, valets, bureaucrats, and healers.

Outlook: Clan Rusty Blades originally took its name from the quality of the weapons its members held when they first came to Dragon Mountain. However, they came to see these corroded weapons as badges of distinction, not to mention deadly tools themselves.

The clan members have abrasive personalities and obnoxious senses of humor. They do everything with all their hearts, seeking to prove themselves more kobold than any others.

They also covet the rust monsters which Clan Humanbane has attracted, but have not yet devised a scheme through which they could steal them. Clan Humanbane is well aware of this interest, and has warned Clan Rusty Blades against it.

District: Clan Rusty Blades controls the Shaft, which is the stairway that travels from **Level I** to **Level III**. Starting at **II: Yellow**, the clan exacts tolls from all who pass this way, either up or down. Unless the travelers are on official business from the king or a more powerful clan, or are escorting prisoners, Clan Rusty Blades demands at least 5% of the travelers' goods.

The kobolds of Clan Rusty Blades also control the warehouse area around the stair on the third level (**III: Purple**). They are in charge of making sure the goods from the lower levels make it to the upper, and that prisoners are assigned to the proper prison. Clan Rusty Blades has also been extending tentative probes through the mines on **Level I**.

Activity: Since it must constantly watch the influx of traffic, Clan Rusty Blades always has at least 30 kobolds awake and on duty. Far more often, at least half of the clan is awake and available for watch, extortion, and spying.

Morale: Steady (12). The members of Clan Rusty Blades tend to put too much faith in their weapons, and often panic if said weapons do not appear to be doing the job correctly.

Armament: Clan Rusty Blades kobolds all carry weapons of any sort in various stages of rust. If any of their opponents are even scratched by these weapons, they must roll a successful saving throw vs. poison with a -2 penalty or contract a particularly dangerous form of gangrene. Within the day, blood poisoning makes itself evident, reducing the victim's THAC0 by 1 each day it goes unchecked. Furthermore, if left untreated for three days, the poison begins to rot away at the limb in which it entered originally. If no *cure disease* or similar remedy is used on the limb, it falls off, rotted. Only a *wish* or *limited wish* can restore it at this point. In a number of days equal to the victim's Constitution score, the poison reaches the heart, killing the victim.

Traps: Clan Rusty Blades naturally favors traps with a heavy reliance on iron and steel. One of its favorites is a slide trap, activated by any weight over 80 pounds. A tilting section of floor tips the victim onto a small greased metal slide that is aimed at a thick metal pole stretched across it. Studding this pole are large, thick, sharp spikes. Depending on how heavy or large the sliding victim is, the spikes can cause from 1d4 to 2d10 points of damage. Someone of size S suffers only 1d4, while a large human with high Strength suffers 2d10 points. It is up to the DM to adjudicate those cases in between, but it is fair to assume an average elf would take 1d8, an average dwarf would take 1d10, and an average

human would take 1d12. If the victim is wearing non-magical armor, the armor is allowed a saving throw vs. disintegration at +2. If the save fails, the armor is shredded, but the character passes through. If the armor is not shredded, the character is wedged firmly under the spikes, requiring strenuous effort to pull free, possibly with additional damage being suffered.

28. Stairway

This stairway and ramp is the main pathway from the mines on **Level I**, and is the route used to haul the raw ore up from that section. It passes through **II: Yellow**, where Clan Rusty Blades' control effectively starts. Noise from a scuffle in **II: Yellow** alerts other sentries here, and they prepare an ambush by lining either side of the stairway (there is a 3-foot railing along both sides) and throwing javelins down at intruders. The railing provides them with very effective cover, reducing their AC by 4. These kobolds attack for 2 rounds, then retreat up the hallway to the main warehouse section to aid the rest of their clan.

Kobolds (20): Int Average; AL LE; AC 6 (2 behind the railings); MV 6; HD ½; hp 3 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SZ S; ML 12; XP 7 each; javelins (2), short sword, studded leather, shield

29. Guardrooms

These rooms flanking the two hallways are manned by five kobolds each, all ready to repel intruders from Clan Rusty Blades' home region. The doors that separate the rooms from each other and from the outside are all special dwarven blast doors, requiring that 80 points of damage be inflicted on them before they give way.

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There is a pair of trap doors that leads to a tunnel running under the main hallway leading to **III: Yellow**, connecting the final guardroom with the others.

Kobolds (20): Int Average; AL LE; AC 7; MV 6; HD ½; hp 3 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SZ S; ML 12; XP 7 each; short bow, studded leather

Also with this group, in the guardroom marked with a *, is the Clan Rusty Blades witch doctor. He uses his spells and then dives for cover by jumping into the trap door and waiting in the tunnel until the fighting dies down. He then sneaks out and either rejoins the remainder of his clan, or disappears for good (assuming the PCs don't catch him).

Clan Rusty Blades Witch Doctor: Int Average; AL LE; AC 10; MV 6; HD 1-1; hp 5; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg special; SZ S; ML 8; XP 35; spells: 1st—*magic missile, shield*

30. Mine Storage

The kobolds of Clan Rusty Blades actually use this warehouse for its intended purpose—to store raw ore brought up from the mines below until kobold smiths work it into useful items. The huge room's walls are lined with large bins, all filled with ore. The processed ore would be worth an amazing sum; the mines the dwarves began still produce good quality ore. There are no kobolds currently in this area.

31. Gem Storage

This warehouse area is also still used for its original purpose of storing materials from below.

In this case, however, it is uncut gems. There is not much material here, and what is here is of relatively little value, as none of the kobolds are very good at gem-cutting, and Infyrana snatches up what decent gems do come this way for her personal hoard. Still, given the proper tools and skills, a number of quality gems can be culled from what is here. Most of the bins in this warehouse are empty, with most of the material being stored closest to the door.

32. Slave Pens

The slaves kept by Clan Rusty Blades, used to haul goods about, are imprisoned here when they are not being used. Although a few of the slaves are kobolds from the weaker clans, Clan Rusty Blades has somehow managed to enslave a tribe of squeakers. The squeakers are well-guarded and heavily restrained, being forced into small cages in the slave pens. When they are being used, they are collared together to prevent them from escaping.

If it appears that the domain of Clan Rusty Blades is going to be invaded, the kobolds set the squeakers upon the intruders, using this to gain time to escape. The squeakers, once free, attack anything and everything they can find, so some kobolds are likely to get swept up in the tide of squeakers themselves.

Squeakers (80): Int Low; AL CN; AC 10; MV 12; HD ½; hp 2 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; SZ S; ML 8; XP 15 each

33. Storage

This warehouse has been filled almost completely with various items suitable for kobolds—most particularly, a vast supply of weapons and

clothing, as well as some dried foodstuffs. There is enough of these items in here to feed, clothe, and arm an entire kobold army, and that is precisely why Infyrana has stockpiled it. She never knows when she might want to swell the ranks of her forces in times of need, and it has been left up to Clan Rusty Blades to store and categorize the supplies.

34. Garganax's Quarters

The clan chief of Clan Rusty Blades, Garganax, has converted this warehouse into his personal chambers. He spends the majority of his time here, questioning "guests" of one sort or another. The front entryroom serves as a checkpoint, where four of his bodyguards are stationed to prevent unauthorized entry.

Clan Rusty Blades Bodyguards (4): Int Average; AL LE; AC 6; MV 6; HD 1-1; hp 5 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SZ S; ML 12; XP 15 each; short sword, studded leather, shield

a. Main Living Area

This room is Garganax's main living quarters, and he is currently here along with the remainder of his bodyguards and both shamans. Once it becomes apparent that this group of kobolds is going to lose, the survivors surrender, but they are treacherous and attempt to escape and double-cross the PCs at every opportunity.

Clan Rusty Blades Bodyguards (8): Int Average; AL LE; AC 6; MV 6; HD 1-1; hp 5 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SZ S; ML 12; XP 15 each; short sword, studded leather, shield

Clan Rusty Blades Shamans (2): Int Exceptional; AL LE; AC 5; MV 6; HD ½; hp 2 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SZ S; ML 12; XP 35 each; dagger, chain mail; spells: #1) 1st—*command, darkness, magical stone*; 2nd—*aid, chant*; #2) 1st—*cause fear, protection from good*

One corner has been set up as a mess area, while the sleeping pallets line another wall. In a chest near Garganax's bed, the clan treasure is kept. The key is on a thong around Garganax's neck. The chest contains 1,750 gp, two sacks of assorted gems (totaling approximately 3,000 gp), and two magical items that have escaped Infyrana's attention: a *time bomb* and a *military pick +1*.

b. Torture Chamber

This is where Garganax spends his leisure hours, delighting himself in questioning various prisoners that fall into his hands. Various racks and implements of torture fill the room, but there is no one currently here, "guest" or otherwise.

c. Prison Cell

Those prisoners who are not amusing Garganax are thrown in here. Thick metal collars attached by heavy chains to the walls could hold up to 10 prisoners, but currently there is only one dead kobold here that no one from Clan Rusty Blades has bothered to remove.

Level III

III: Yellow

This area is another region controlled by Clan Wyrmguard. Originally very spacious dwarven homes, Clan Wyrmguard has modified the place to suit its own militant tastes. Because it is unlikely that the PCs have reached this locale undetected and unopposed, there are no kobolds currently here unprepared for the PCs' arrival. In fact, they have all retreated into **III: Red: 44** to prepare for the battle in the treasure vaults. They have left behind some unpleasant surprises for the PCs, however.

The kobolds have normally kept the heavy portcullis that guards the entrance to **42** down in order to dissuade the brain spiders from attacking them. Despite the fact that this would normally be impossible given the brain spiders' psionic abilities, Clan Wyrmgaurd regularly offers a prisoner or two to the creatures to placate them. At the present time, however, the kobolds have opened the way to **42**, hoping that the brain spiders come out to "greet" the PCs once they invade this area. Unfortunately for the PCs, the kobolds have guessed correctly, and a total of 15 brain spiders are now roaming the entire **III: Yellow** area.

Brain Spiders (15): Int Semi-; AL LE; AC 2; MV 9, Cl 15; HD 8; hp 50, 48, 46, 42, 38, 38, 37, 37, 36, 35, 34, 29, 27, 27, 22; THAC0 13; #AT 5; Dmg 1d4/1d8×4; SA Poison, graft weapons; SD Psionics; SZ M; ML 9; XP 4,000 each

35. Courtyard with Fountains

This open area has a set of six fountains that at one time created a magnificent scene. Each fountain had a jet of water that actually sprayed

into the other five basins, creating a lattice of water that was stunning to behold. Of course, the kobolds have since destroyed the fountains, and all that remains now are some broken basin walls and miscellaneous blocks of stone. Despite this destruction, the rest of the courtyard is free of debris—Clan Wyrmguard is militantly neat.

36. Clan Wyrmguard Palace

This is the building that Fragalax has chosen to be his personal abode. The main room serves as the formal hall, where all audiences are conducted between Fragalax and visitors. Fragalax does not have a throne—he considers them to be pompous and beneath great military leaders. He does, however, have the formal hall decorated with some fine tapestries that once belonged to the dwarves. If collected and sold outside the mountain, they are worth 15,000 gp total. They are, however, very heavy and bulky and require some clever innovation on the part of the players to move them.

a. Lieutenants' Barracks

This room serves as the barracks for Clan Wyrmguard's lieutenants, who are usually at Fragalax's side, ready to carry out his orders. The room is clean, if a bit barren. There are sleeping pallets and personal chests, as well as a table with several chairs around it. If the chests are thoroughly searched, the PCs find a pair of sapphires worth 100 gp each, and a *time bomb* (the kobold who possesses this has not yet figured out its magical nature, nor its danger).

b. Dining Hall and Storage

There is a large table in here where Fragalax and his lieutenants dine, as well as a pantry and stored weapons. The pantry holds some very bland if surprisingly unspoiled food that the PCs could consume without negative side effects.

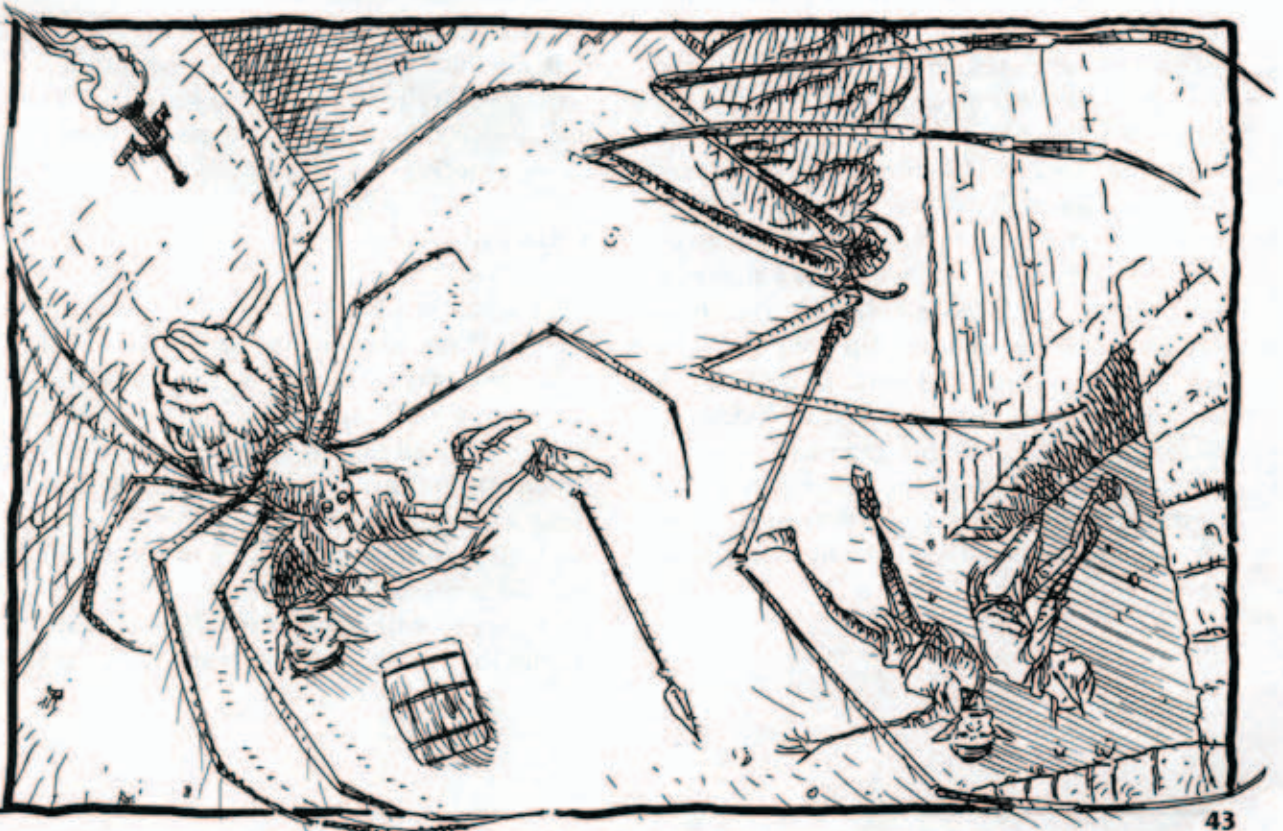
c. Fragalax's Chambers

This is where Fragalax spends his personal time. He has a bed, desk and chair, a chest of personal belongings, and some shelves with a few books and some curiosities. One of the curiosities is a *cube of force*, although Fragalax does not realize this. There is nothing else of value in the chamber. Fragalax keeps his personal quarters clean for a kobold. He has decorated the walls with trophies he has won in

battle, including some fine weapons, shields, and helmets, and some mounted animal heads and skulls.

d. Treasure Trove

What little treasure Clan Wyrmguard has obtained that has not been confiscated by the dragon over the years is here. There is a large chest, set at the far end of the room from the door, behind a shut and locked iron gate. The chest is trapped so that if it is opened, a noxious vapor is released. This gas knocks all within the room unconscious unless a successful saving throw vs. poison is rolled with a -2 penalty. The chest contains nothing but a *girdle of femininity*. The actual treasure is in a *bag of holding* that has been placed in a hidden compartment within the lid of the chest. Included in the treasure are



Level III

3,250 gp, four diamond necklaces worth 1,500 gp each, a *potion of water breathing*, and a *wand of metal and mineral detection*.

37–42.

The remainder of the rooms for **III: Yellow** have been left undescribed. The DM is encouraged to flesh out any interesting or unusual encounters as necessary. The DM may desire to place an unusual monster (a pet, perhaps) or innovative trap, or perhaps the rest of the buildings in this area will be left empty. Either way, the DM is encouraged to enhance the area to suit the campaign.

III: Red

At long last, the PCs have reached the deepest recesses of the mountain, and now enter into the lair of the dragon herself. However, she does not sit idly by while the party approaches; her most faithful of servants, those kobolds of Clan Wyrmguard, have come to help defend Infyrana and destroy the characters once and for all.

Infyrana chose this location within the mountain for several reasons: It is secluded from the entrance of the mountain and therefore away from the comings and goings of her kobolds; it was originally the location of the dwarven treasure vaults, so the treasure did not have to be moved far to build her hoard; and there is a bolt-hole escape tunnel conveniently hidden in the recesses of her lair. Infyrana has therefore taken full advantage of the various defenses constructed by the dwarves to defend and protect their treasure vault, utilizing them to defend herself.

43. Entrance Tunnel

The final entryway into the old dwarven treasure vaults was a heavily defended area, having many traps employed to keep intruders out. Infyrana still uses those traps today to keep unwanted guests from getting near her treasure hoards. There are a series of portcullises that line this twisting hallway, each exceptionally thick and constructed of well-tempered steel (resulting in a –10% penalty to all bend bars/lift gates attempts). To one side of each portcullis is a masterfully crafted lock, embedded in the wall. The old dwarf exchequer had a set of specially made keys that unlocked each of the locks, which in turn raised the portcullis and turned off the trap triggers. These keys are now long lost, but Infyrana doesn't care. She prefers to have the gates in place and the traps ready to be triggered; it discourages intrusions and allows her to hear and notice those who do attempt it.

Each lock is so well crafted and so complex that any thief attempting to pick them suffers a –60% penalty to the pick locks ability score. Each lock is different, so this must be attempted for every lock.

a. Blocked Passage

If the lock is not unlocked before entering this section of the hallway, the *wall of force* that is indicated by the dashed line remains intact—completely blocking the passage from floor to ceiling and wall to wall. If the lock is unlocked, a doorway appears in the *wall of force* that can be passed through. Furthermore, the *wall of force* is the load-bearing support for a major deadfall, and if it is destroyed (*disintegrate*, *rod of cancellation*), the entire tunnel section collapses. Anyone within the hallway section when the collapse

occurs must make a successful Dexterity check with a -8 penalty to jump clear or suffer 6d6 points of damage and be buried beneath the rubble, with the danger of being asphyxiated. Without some magical form of digging, or the use of some magic to keep the character from dying, there is no chance of digging the buried character out in time. In fact, it takes 20 man-hours of work (divide this by the number of people working) to dig through the rubble and reach the next hallway section.

b. Deadly Roof

Unless the lock beside the portcullis leading into this section is successfully unlocked, a huge 30-foot deep pit fills this area. Otherwise, the floor is normal. As well, there is an unusual property that exists here, a *reverse gravity* spell

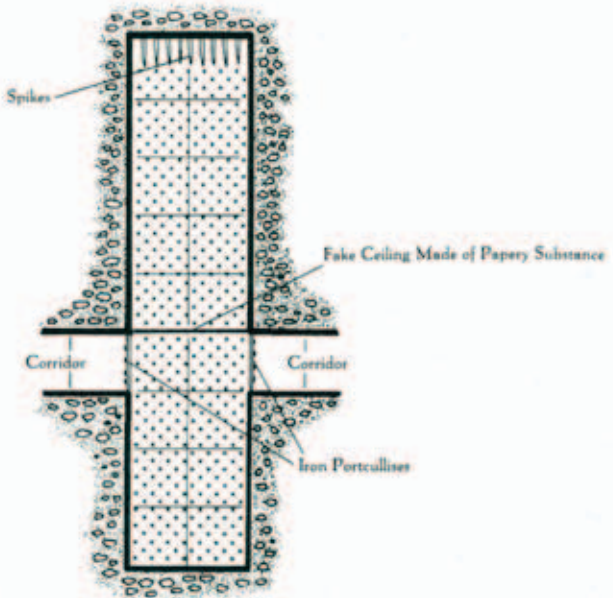
that is also turned on and off by the lock. Any character that enters the area by attempting to jump, levitate, fly, or place a bridge and cross the pit is immediately pulled toward the ceiling, which is not real, but in fact made of a thin paper-like substance painted to look like the ceiling. Affected characters crash through the papery fake ceiling and continue to “fall” upward through a chimney (essentially a pit going upward) to the real ceiling, lined with spikes 50 feet overhead. Anyone striking this ceiling suffers 6d6 points of damage and must determine a way to get back down.

c. Flaming Corridor

The entire length of this hallway is a magical dead zone—no magical items function, no spells can function, etc.—unless the lock is turned off.

Cross-Section 43b

One Square = 10 feet

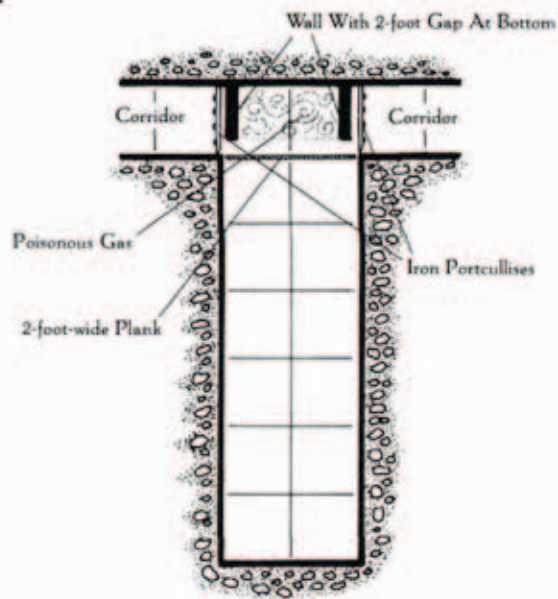


Shaded Area Represents Region of Reversed Gravity

Level III

Cross-Section 43d

One Square = 10 feet



The darkened zone indicates a pressure plate that triggers a searing jet of flame at the far end of the hall. This flame roars down the corridor, engulfing all in the path and causing 4d10 points of damage (a successful saving throw vs. breath weapon reduces the damage by half). Remember, because the area is magically dead, no character can fly or levitate over the pressure plate, and protection devices like a *ring of fire resistance* do not function.

d. Sickening Fall

In addition to the portcullis, a solid wall blocks this part of the passageway, except for a 2-foot wide gap at the bottom. Beyond that gap is a narrow walkway running down the center across a 60-foot-deep pit to another wall on the opposite side that also has a 2-foot gap at the

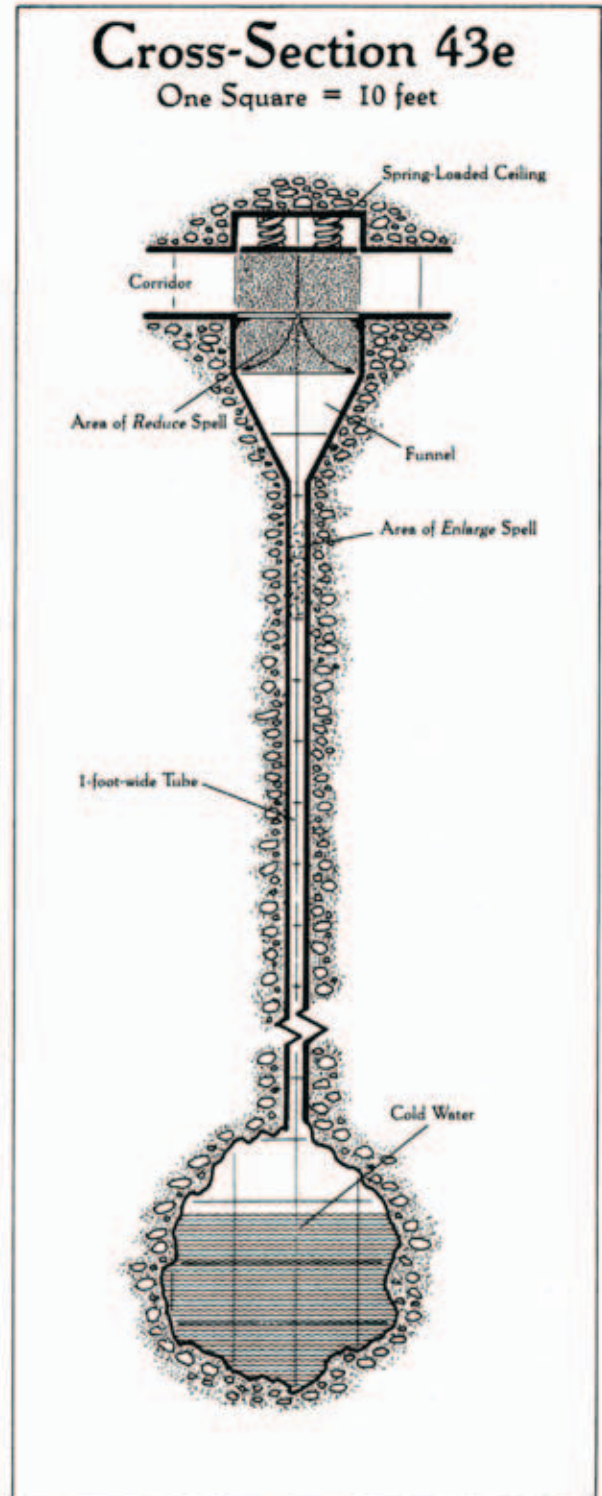
bottom. Unless the lock leading to this section is unlocked (creating a normal corridor), characters must crawl under the wall and carefully cross the walkway. There is, however, another problem. The two walls hold in a clear, odorless gas that causes almost instant dizziness and vertigo. No PC is immune to the gas, and each individual crossing must make a successful Dexterity check at half the normal score to remain on the walkway. Those who fail fall 50 feet into the pit below, suffering 5d6 points of damage. Characters that reach the opposite side and are attempting to raise the portcullis by brute force, pick the special lock, or are just waiting to pass through the wall must successfully hold their breaths (*Player's Handbook*, page 122) or make a new Dexterity check under the same conditions each round.

e. Funnel Trap

If the lock to this section of the hall is not unlocked, a complicated trap is sprung on the first character passing through the shaded area. Once this area is entered, a *contingency* spell triggers a section of the ceiling equivalent to the shaded area to drop downward suddenly (slapping any flying or levitating characters downward), while the floor of the shaded area becomes a counterbalanced pit cover, opening in an "X" pattern. At the same instant, a particularly potent *reduce* spell (saving throw with a -10 modifier) is cast on the victim. The miniature version (2 feet tall, regardless of original size) of the victim falls into the pit and down into a funnel that feeds into a narrow tube at the end. After the victim enters this narrow tube, an *enlarge* spell (again, -10 modifier to the saving throw) cancels the *reduce* spell and returns the character to normal size, too large to fit in the tiny tube. The victim becomes thoroughly wedged in the tube, suffering 10d6 points of crushing damage and unable to move at all (this is different than the conditions of a normal *enlarge* spell, because the effects of an earlier spell are being canceled. All plate type armor is ruined, magical plate type armor must make a successful saving throw vs. crushing blow with a -8 penalty).

There is no way to pull the victim out of the tube (too tightly wedged), and if again *reduced*, the victim drops further down the tube and out of sight unless some magical means of holding the victim up is employed. The victim cannot help rescue efforts in any way, due to the extremely constrictive nature of the tube.

Characters that disappear down this tube descend a *very* long way, finally splashing into a *completely* dark water-filled natural cavern more than 500 feet down. There is no place to climb



Level III

out of the icy water, and exposure puts the character into shock in a number of rounds equal to one-fourth the character's Constitution, rounded up. The character drowns after that. Unless the rescuing characters act cleverly and fast, this character is lost for good. Remember, this tube is about one foot in diameter.

f. Fake Trap

This section is actually quite safe; there is no trap here, and the lock merely raises and lowers the portcullis. There is, however, *Nystul's magic aura* cast in here (regardless of the position of the portcullis), so that anyone casting *detect magic* immediately detects a magical aura throughout the entire hallway. After traversing the previous trap-laden stretches of hall, the characters are very likely to be paranoid and overly cautious, so this is nothing more than a good time- and spell-waster.

g. Final Approach

The party has, at last, reached the treasure vault. There is but one more portcullis to get past, and the PCs are in. At this point, they notice that the room ahead is fog-filled and dimly lit. Vision is reduced to 10 feet, no matter what type of vision or light source is employed.

44. Dwarven Treasure Vault

When the dwarves reigned, these were the well-guarded halls where they stored all of their treasured possessions. Originally, the vault consisted of a major hallway that wound its way among many individual rooms, each of which had 10-foot-thick stone walls, lined with lead to prevent many forms of divination. During the

invasion by Infyrana, this vault area suffered massive destruction. It is now no more than fragmented sections of crumbling wall and piles of rubble.

The kobolds of Clan Wyrmguard have tapped into the water distribution system within the mountain, and have successfully directed a flow to this place. With the dragon's aid, they have created the proper conditions to maintain a perpetual fog in this area. Utilizing this fog to their best advantage, they can fight a guerilla-style combat, surprising the PCs and striking quickly, then fading from view again before a counterattack is possible.

There are several things the DM must keep in mind while running this encounter. First, the kobolds know their way around these ruined walls very well, so they can maneuver about easily, always able to take a good position against the PCs' defenses.

Second, due to the fog, the PCs suffer a -2 modifier to their surprise roll every time the kobolds attack, and the kobolds are never surprised themselves. Even if the party is not surprised, the kobolds gain automatic initiative for the first round. All of this enables the kobolds to swarm in and make an attack or attempt to overbear and drag a PC off quickly, often disappearing before the characters can even react.

Finally, the PCs cannot see well at all with normal vision. There is a faint glow from some unseen light source in another part of the vault, but it is not enough to provide any sort of decent light. Therefore, the characters must either use a light source of their own, or stumble around in near darkness. If they opt for a light source, they become easy targets for kobolds using missile weapons. Attacking with javelins and short bows, the kobolds gain a +4 modifier to their attack rolls, and the characters lose their

Dexterity bonuses to AC and saving throws. If, instead, the characters choose to conceal themselves better by forgoing light, they suffer a -3 penalty to all attack rolls and dodged saving throws, a -2 penalty to AC, and damage bonuses due to Strength are halved (see **Table 72** on page 119 of the *DUNGEON MASTER™ Guide*). The kobolds, however, cannot use missile fire effectively, and must close for melee or overbearing attacks.

All of these conditions make this a very tense, frustrating encounter for the PCs. To make matters worse, Infyrana has doled out some potent magical items to the shamans and witch doctors among Clan Wyrmguard to aid in their efforts to dissuade the characters from approaching any further.

Clan Wyrmguard Kobolds (50): Int Average; AL LE; AC 7; MV 6; HD 1-1; hp 6 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SZ S; ML 15; XP 7; javelins (5), short bow, short sword, dagger, studded leather

Clan Wyrmguard Lieutenants (2): Int Highly; AL LE; AC 4; MV 6; HD 1+1; hp 9 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SZ S; ML 15; XP 35 each; broad sword, dagger, chain mail, shield

Clan Wyrmguard Shamans (2): Int Exceptional; AL LE; AC 5; MV 6; HD 1+1; hp 9; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SZ S; ML 15; XP 65; dagger, chain mail, #1) *wand of fire*, #2) *wand of frost*; spells: #1) 1st—*bless, command, cause light wounds*; 2nd—*heat metal, silence 15' R*; #2) 1st—*bless, protection from good, sanctuary*; 2nd—*enthrall, spiritual hammer*

Clan Wyrmguard Witch Doctors (3): Int Exceptional; AL LE; AC 3; MV 6; HD 1+1; hp 9; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SZ S; ML 15; XP 65; dagger, chain mail, #1) *wand of magic missiles*, #2) *wand of misplaced objects*, #3) *wand of lightning*; spells: #1) 1st—*color spray, dancing lights*; 2nd—*darkness 15' R, shatter*; #2) 1st—*magic missile, shield*; 2nd—*flaming sphere, stinking cloud*; #3) 1st—*color spray*

The kobolds continue their guerrilla assaults as long as the characters remain in the area. They use their surprise advantage to confuse the party, trying to drive them away, separate them, or kidnap them one by one.

45. Dragon Head

Once the PCs work their way through the fog-shrouded vault ruins to this area, they are greeted by a powerfully fearsome sight. Dimly seen through the mist is a great dragon head peering at the party intently. All of the kobolds still alive to this point have withdrawn into **III: Red: 46** and beyond. The dragon is not Infyrana, but it has been constructed well enough that it looks genuine through the fog.

Clan Wyrmguard hopes that this ploy, the “grand finale” of its incessant harassment of the party, frightens the PCs away from exploring the vaults and Infyrana’s caverns any further. The kobolds have built this fake dragon very carefully; it moves a bit, and as soon as the PCs are near enough to see it, it breathes a gout of flame in a cone 60 feet long and 20 feet wide at the base, centered on the party. All characters caught in the flames suffer 8d6 points of damage; a successful saving throw vs. breath weapon reduces it by half. At the same time, a *magic mouth* spell

Level III

placed by Infyrana when this contraption was built projects her voice, saying the following:

“Begone, trespassers! I am tired of your excursions into my mountain, and I will tolerate it no longer!”

The kobolds of Clan Wyrmguard believe that if they can drive the PCs away without further disturbing Infyrana, they will gain her favor. If the PCs do not buy this ruse, or if they choose to attack the fake dragon, it becomes readily apparent to them the nature of the trick. The fake dragon obscures the entrance to **III: Red: 46**, so the PCs must check the fake dragon out thoroughly to find it. Once the kobolds realize that the PCs aren't buying their trick, they retreat into the cavern to aid Infyrana in her last stand.

46. Glorious Treasure

As the PCs crest the pathway and come to this point, they behold the splendor of Infyrana's chambers and all of her wonderful treasure. Read the following aloud to them:

The pathway reaches its crest, and there, stretching out impossibly far, filled with stalagmites and stalactites, is a vast cavern. The entirety is lit by a faint, unseen reddish glow, like embers in a great fire pit just out of sight. Heated breezes blow mildly past, in sharp contrast to the cool, misty air still lingering back down the passage.

Below, the fiery light gleams off of great heaps of treasure, piled into huge hills among the natural stone columns of the cavern. Suits of armor, staves, chests, trinkets of gold and

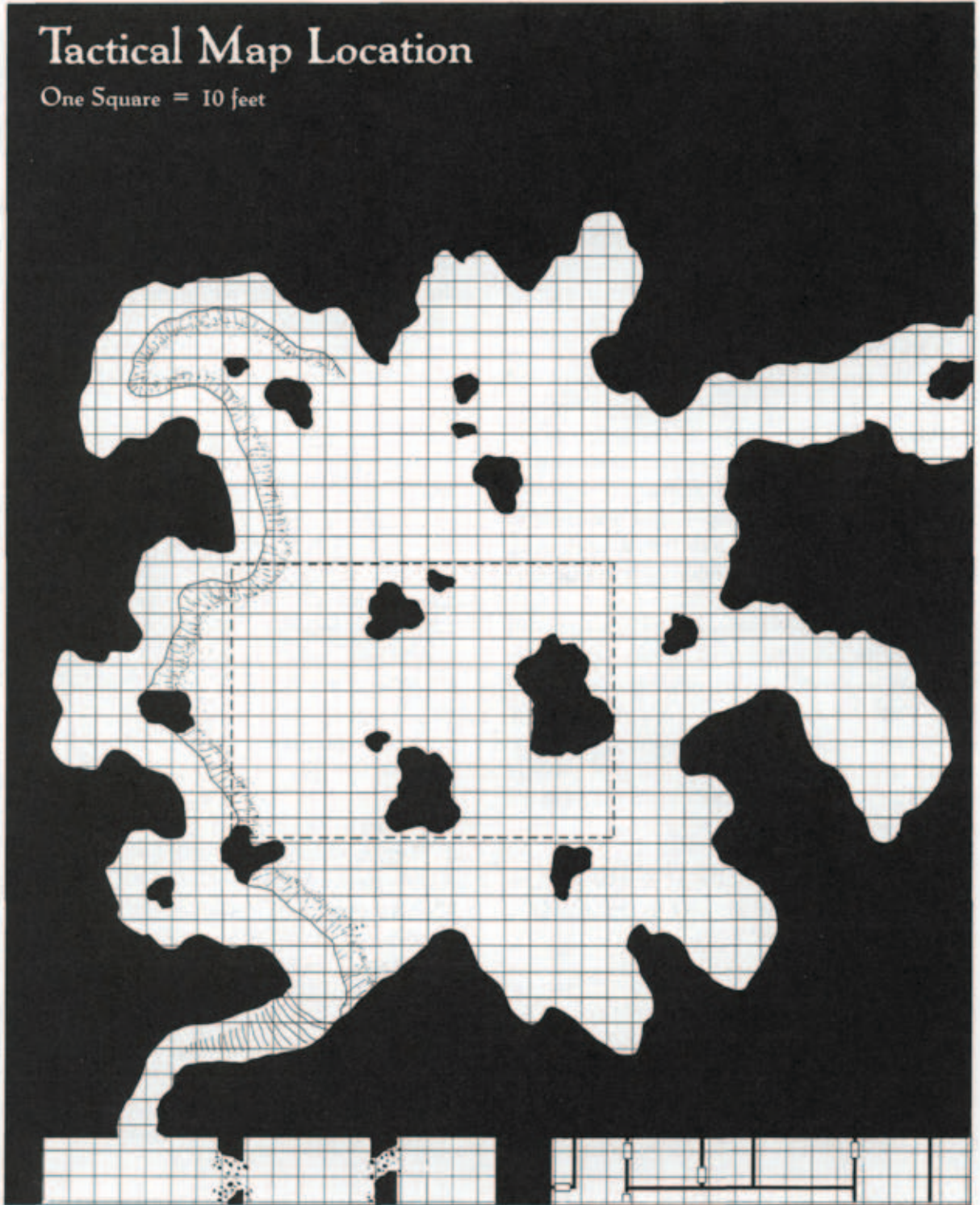
silver, gems sparkling in a thousand hues of the rainbow, swords and plates, shields and goblets—all of these lie half-buried among the coins. The coins, scattered in every direction, heaped in drifts of gold, silver, and amber, there seem to be more coins than a mind can conceive. Atop this sea of wonders, this desert of valuables amid the dunes of minted treasure, lies a beast. A hideous creature, its great serpent-like body coiled about itself and its scales gleaming in the ruddy light, it raises its head and regards the entrance and those who stand within it levelly.

This dragon is not Infyrana, but Fragalax, the leader of Clan Wyrmguard. He “volunteered” to be transformed into a dragon with a *potion of polymorph self* as a penance for failing to keep the PCs out of Infyrana's personal lair. She has also made him quaff a *potion of invulnerability*. Infyrana herself has assumed the form of a kobold, taken some of her more important magical items, and waits to see what the PCs do; she hopes that they will waste some of their spells and magical items in an initial assault. In the meantime, the kobolds prepare to ambush the characters once they descend to the main floor of the cavern.

At this point, the tactical battle map of the cavern area can be used to set up a combat encounter with Fragalax the dragon. The map on the opposite page shows where the tactical map fits within the cavern on the map of **Level III**. Use the stand-up for Infyrana—there is no need to give the players any reason to suspect that this is not the real dragon—but keep the following in mind and explain it to the players. At the scale used for this battle map, a great wyrm is going to be about 3 feet long from nose to tail

Tactical Map Location

One Square = 10 feet



Level III

tip, and no stand-up could be made to properly represent a dragon of that size. Therefore, use the stand-up to represent Fragalax's head (and later Infyrana's), and assume that the body and tail stretch out behind for a good distance. When either dragon uses tail attacks, judge the range and area of such an attack based on the proper size of the dragon, not just the stand-up.

a. Noran

In this recess in the cavern wall is a noran. While the dragon has not actually befriended the creature, the two have come to a mutual understanding. Infyrana sees the noran as yet another effective guard against undesired intrusions, so she allows the creature to wander throughout the treasure vaults and her caverns. For the noran's part, it avoids the dragon, tending to stay near walls, wandering into side caverns, etc.

As soon as the characters begin an assault from area 46, or as they pass this area, the noran attacks, firing rock missiles randomly at characters. While not a great threat itself, it does serve as a distraction to spell casters, and there is certainly the possibility that a forceful missile knocks an unlucky character over the side to the main floor 70 feet below.

Noran: Int Very; AL N(E); AC 2; MV 3; HD 9+5; hp 33; THAC0 11; #AT 2; Dmg 1d8/1d8; SZ L; ML 16; XP 3,000

47. Cavern Floor

The piles of treasure Infyrana has accumulated over the centuries truly are glorious. She knows, however, that she will not get to keep it if she foolishly underestimates her opponents. More

importantly, she does not hesitate to use her magical items in combat. Being a somewhat pragmatic dragon, she would rather lose a few select items from her inventory than all of it. Besides, these adventurers are often a good way to replenish any items she may lose fighting them.

Infyrana knows with exact precision where each of her coins and each of her items are. As well, because of her curiosity, she is familiar with the capabilities of each of these items. She will not misuse them in any manner that would harm her. Anything marked with an * is something that Infyrana has taken to use against the PCs.

Coins:

52,000 cp
43,219 sp
55,793 gp
23,711 pp

Gems: 413

174: 10 gp (ornamental)
137: 50 gp (semi-)
49: 100 gp (fancy)
20: 1,000 gp (gems)
21: 500 gp (precious)
12: 5,000 gp (jewels)

Art Objects: 43

2: 40 gp candlesticks
8: 750 gp silver settings
10: 3,500 gp fine crystal silverware
1: 4,000 gp tapestry
1: 2,400 gp painting
6: 4,500 gp statues of adventurers
2: 2,000 gp platinum drinking horns
4: 600 gp electrum candelabra
6: 150 gp embroidered pillow
2: 1,000 gp glass figurines
1: 10,000 gp golden statue of dragon



Level III

Potions: *animal (mammal) control**, *clairvoyance*, *climbing*, *diminution*, *extra-healing*, *elixir of health*, *elixir of madness*, *fire resistance*, *fire giant control*, *healing*, *human control**, *invulnerability**, *oil of etherealness*, *oil of fumbling*, *oil of impact**, *philter of stammering and stuttering*, *poison (x2)*, *polymorph self**, *speed**, *treasure finding*, and *ventriloquism*.

Scrolls: 8 scrolls of spells, only two of which are priest scrolls. Infyrana can use all of these scrolls as though she were a caster of 20th level; she does not need to worry about the spells misfiring or malfunctioning in any way.

Wizard Scrolls:

#1: 1 spell: 2nd level: *flaming sphere*
#2: 1 spell: 3rd level: *lightning bolt*
#3: 4 spells: 1st level: *magic missile*; 3rd level: *wraithform*; 4th level: *minor globe of invulnerability*; 5th level: *wall of iron*
#4*: 5 spells: 3rd level: *vampiric touch*; 5th level: *cloudkill*; 6th level: *disintegrate*; 7th level: *delayed blast fireball*; 8th level: *clone*
#5: 6 spells: 3rd level: *fly*; 4th level: *polymorph other*; 5th level: *chaos*; 6th level: *death spell*, *shades*; 8th level: *polymorph any object*
#6: 7 spells: 2nd level: *hypnotic pattern*, *strength*; 3rd level: *haste*; 4th level: *shout*, *fear*; 6th level: *legend lore*; 7th level: *limited wish*

Priest Scrolls:

#1: 4 spells: 2nd level: *charm person*, *withdraw*; 4th level: *neutralize poison*, *cure serious wounds*
#2: 7 spells: 4th level: *imbue with spell ability*, *tongues*; 5th level: *air walk*, *cure critical wounds*; 6th level: *heal*, *word of recall*; 7th level: *holy word*

Scrolls of Protection: There are 3 scrolls of protection, vs. *cold*, *dragon breath*, and *poison*.

Other Magical Items:

The charges listed for any items which need charges are the charges *before* Infyrana uses them. It is the DM's responsibility to keep track of the charges she uses in combat against the PCs or other creatures.

Among her magical treasures, she has:
ring of x-ray vision, *ring of fire resistance*
staff of striking (25), *staff of thunder and lightning** (24)
wand of enemy detection (82), *wand of paralyzation** (89)
manual of quickness in action
cloak of the bat
crystal hypnosis ball
rope of entanglement
scale mail +4
shield +2
ring mail +3
plate mail +3
mace +3
sword of dancing
scimitar of speed +2
morning star -1
sword +3. The sword's name is Anduvar, and it is intelligent. To activate the dormant weapon, one needs only to speak its name, which is etched in elven runes along the blade. Its alignment is chaotic good, and it communicates through empathy. Its only power is to *detect evil* 10' R.

There is also a melted pile of slag that appears to have once been a magical sword of some sort. The other treasure is kept well away from this pile of fused steel, as if Infyrana were leery of what even the liquefied steel might have contained. A *detect magic* spell will find faint traces of enchantment about the pile. Divinatory magic reveals this as the remains of a *dragon slayer*, although it can no longer be reconstituted as such. Even its fading magic will not last for too

much longer, making the steel simply a melted pile of high-quality metal.

Infyrana has not been sitting idly by while the PCs were involved in the treasure vaults. From her collection of treasure, she has removed the following:

Potions of mammal control, human control, speed, oil of impact, wizard scroll #4, the staff of thunder and lightning, and the wand of paralyzation.

She has assumed the form of her kobold persona, as mentioned earlier, and uses this time to watch the characters burn off spells against Fragalax. She knows, however, that Fragalax cannot last long against the onslaught of the party, even with his *potion of invulnerability*. Therefore, from a hidden area (48), she uses the *disintegrate* spell on a spell caster in the party, and then begins using the *wand of paralyzation* to subdue the characters.

As soon as Fragalax is destroyed, Infyrana drinks the *potion of human control* to attempt to bring unparalyzed characters under her control, still maintaining the disguise of a kobold. All the while, the remaining kobolds of Clan Wyrmgard are firing missile weapons and making overbearing attacks to harry the party as much as possible, making it difficult to coordinate attacks.

Once the characters recognize that Infyrana is not a normal kobold, she changes to the form of Furan the Deft (see notes, below) simply to demonstrate to the characters how close she has gotten to them, and how much she truly knows of their strengths and weaknesses. In this form, she speaks to the party. Read the following:

“You are more clever than I thought, if a bit foolish. I find it surprising that you would choose to face a dragon in her own lair,” Furan rumbles, “especially knowing that she

would take measures that ensure she can follow your progress. Still, you seem to be resourceful and highly intelligent. You therefore must realize that you stand no chance of defeating me, while I hold nearly every advantage. You have exhausted many of your spells and other magical resources, and yet you have not even faced your real enemy. Therefore, I offer you a deal, which I would certainly not recommend interpreting as a sign of weakness. Drop your weapons, your money, your magic, everything that is not actual clothing. Otherwise, I am perfectly willing to engage in combat with you. One way, you escape alive with my blessing, and the other—well, let’s just say I haven’t had a truly decent snack in a long while.”

If the PCs attack “Furan” during this speech, “he” snarls in rage, and *polymorphs* back into her true form, ready to crush these upstart characters once and for all, furious at being so rudely interrupted and ready to fight all the more furiously for it.

Infyrana is sincere in her offer—she knows that it *is* dangerous to confront a powerful group of adventurers, even if they are stripped of their gear. Unless the party is severely injured, she allows them to leave her lair unmolested. Her blessing, unfortunately for the adventurers, extends only as far as the edge of her lair. Unless the party has killed all the kobolds in the mountain, they are likely to be showered with multiple attacks by the vengeful kobolds. If the party tries to retreat to Infyrana’s lair, she tries to eliminate them upon their return.

If combat ensues, she uses her skills to full advantage, utilizing the huge stone columns to keep from being surrounded. If, however,

Level III

Infyra begins to believe that her end is nigh (that is, if she is reduced to 42 or fewer hit points), she drinks the *potion of speed, polymorphs* into a sparrow, and flees to 50 to escape. Once there, she changes into a water weird and escapes into the secret exit through the pool, eventually emerging outside the mountain. She then takes her own form once more and flies off to recuperate and plan her revenge on the PCs. There should be a reasonably good chance that Infyra escapes—she is a dragon, after all. She can become the background force in many future plots against the characters, so intent upon revenge is she. If the characters do manage to kill her, though, congratulate them. They have succeeded in a very difficult adventure. They can now reap the spoils of war by going through Infyra's treasure pile.



49. Old Nest

This portion of the cavern area was once the nest of Infyra, but she could not abide her mate and killed him. More interested in collecting treasure than nurturing her brood, she left her eggs untended and none ever hatched. Since she prefers to sleep on her treasure pile, anyway, she does not spend any time at all here anymore. An earth weird has taken up residence here and generally catches any character casually poking around this area off guard.

Earth Weird: Int Very; AL CE; AC 0; MV 10; HD 8+3; hp 49; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8; SZ L; ML 13; XP 5,000

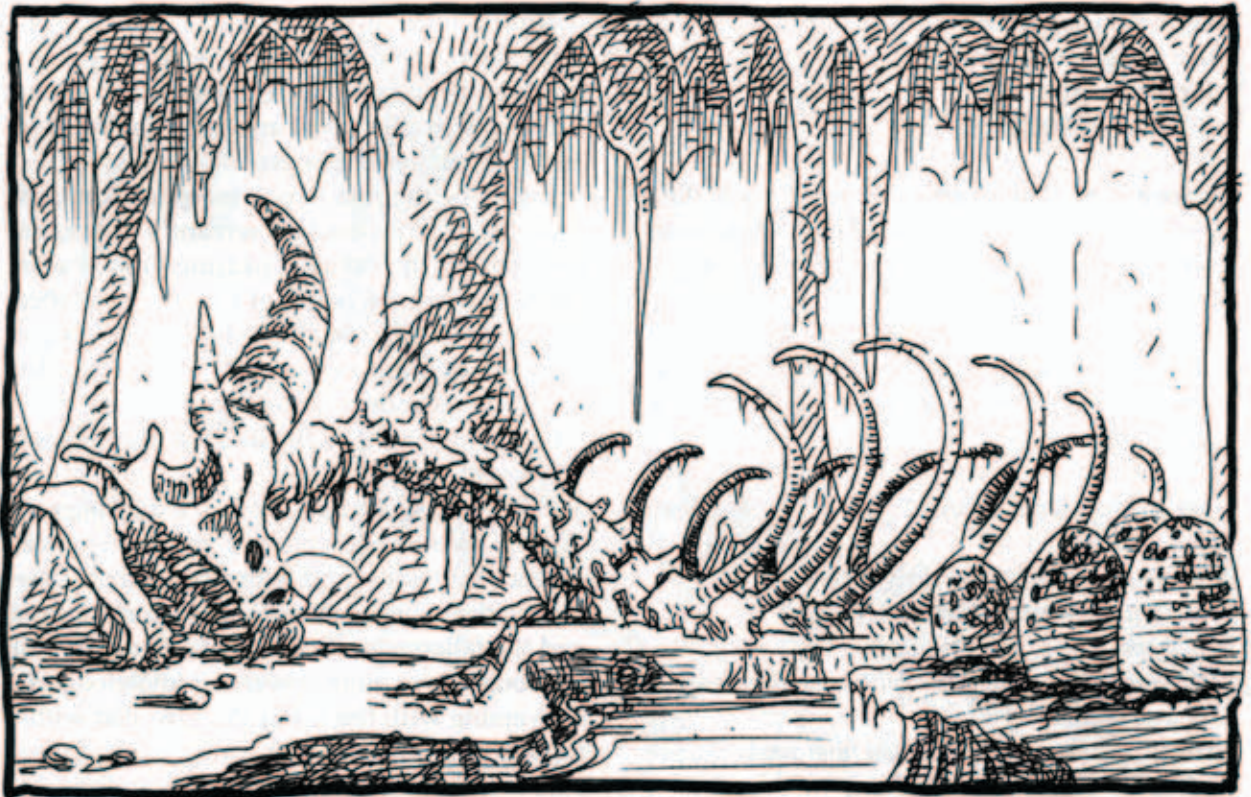
50. Exit Pool

There is a small underwater crevice that connects this pool with a small mountain pool outside on the slope of the mountain. Infyra uses this egress to leave the mountain. Any characters wishing to try to swim the length of this underwater tunnel must hold their breaths for 4 rounds to make it outside. If they are attempting to follow Infyra, she has long since flown away, to become a thorn in the PCs' sides at a later date.

Wrapping Up the Adventure

The DM can use the end of this adventure to begin new ones, if desired, very easily; while the PCs were inside, Dragon Mountain shifted to another Prime Material plane. Unless the PCs have some method of planar travel, they are stranded on this new plane until they can find a way to return. With Infyrana's defeat, the Mountain will shift no more, and she will not return to it (although she might try to appropriate another if the opportunity presents itself). Otherwise, the DM may choose to have the mountain still in the characters' home plane, and continue an existing campaign normally.

Remember to eliminate any magical items from the huge treasure piles that Infyrana used during her battle with the PCs. Also take into account how the PCs intend to move all of this stuff back to the surface. It should be somewhat easier for the characters to get back out of the mountain, as word has spread to the surviving kobolds that the dragon is dead or fled, and the clans are all demoralized and possibly even fighting among themselves. Either way, they have little fight left in them to tangle with a character party that chased away their protector.



Infyra the Dragon

Statistics

Activity cycle: Any. She is assumed to be wakeful and ready for the PCs, whenever they might come.

Intelligence: Genius (18)

Alignment: Chaotic evil

AC: -11

Move: 9, Fl 30 (C), Jp 3

HD: 21 (168 hit points)

THAC0: -1

#/Att: 3 or 1

Dmg: 1d10+12/1d10+12/3d10+12

Special Attacks: 50 yards fear, save -4, breath weapon (24d10+12)

Special Defenses: Immune to fire

Magic Resistance: 65%

Size: G (180', tail 168')

Morale: Fanatic (18)

XP Value: 30,000

Draconic Abilities: *affect normal fires* 3/day, *pyrotechnics* 3/day, *heat metal* 1/day, *suggestion* 1/day, *hypnotism* 1/day, *detect gems, kind and number* 100' radius, 3/day

In addition, Infyra can communicate with all other intelligent creatures, no matter their race or alignment.

Spells: 1st: 2 2nd: 2 3rd: 2 4th: 2 5th: 1 Priest: 1st: 2 2nd: 2

Mage: 1st: *charm person, detect magic*

2nd: *continual light, darkness 15' radius*

3rd: *dispel magic, non-detection*

4th: *minor globe of invulnerability, polymorph self*

5th: *wall of iron*

Priest: 1st: *command, protection from good*

2nd: *hold person, silence 15' radius*

History

Infyra was hatched on the Prime Material plane, in a place full of sulphur, geysers, and heat vents. She was the first and only one of her clutch to hatch, for she destroyed the shells and weak bodies of her clutchmates immediately. This base treachery and blatant self-interest has characterized the rest of her very long existence.

She learned the draconic skills quickly, and grew even more rapidly. Her parents, somewhat fearful of her swift growth and preternatural intelligence, forced her from their cave. Infyra flew for days, seeking a lair suitable for her purposes. At long last, she located a heated cave near a fallen tower in the middle of a shattered land.

After annihilating the old occupants of the cave, she began exploring the area. Despite the land's battered appearance, it was rich in animal life and suitable prey, and the land held an added attraction: the tower.

Exploring the ruin in polymorphed form, she found it to be an ancient wizard's tower, untouched by the ravages of time. Inside were mysterious tomes, books of a highly theoretical nature detailing the character and casting of magic. Having hundreds of years at her disposal, she abandoned the usual draconic quest for treasure to study the magical theories she had found.

When at last she had finished exploring each of those theories, she emerged from her enforced absence from the world with a vengeance. Desecrating the tombs of long-dead kings and mages, and the fallen temples of perished gods of evil, she sought ever more power and knowledge. By conversing with the lichs that dwelled within these tombs and temples, or by looting these places if they had no intelligent dwellers, her

Infyrana the Dragon



Infyrana the Dragon

power grew considerably. She learned enough about magic to rival some of the greatest mages of her world.

However, even as she plotted even more devious and repellent ways to increase her might, she was driven from her cave by a stout band of dwarves who had heard of her forays into civilized lands. Her spell books were lost when she was forced to flee, and although she had little other treasure to lose, the race of dwarves earned her eternal enmity for their presumption in removing her from her territory. As well, they had marred her otherwise flawless snout; to this day, she bears the scar of an enchanted dwarven axe across her nose.

After more tedious searching, she found an appropriate lair far from meddlesome humans and demihumans. Unfortunately, this area was already occupied by those who found it more advantageous to be far away from any civilizations. Among these were kobolds. At first, the dragon took scant notice of these, discounting them as beings beneath her attention. However, when they began to steal from her slowly-growing hoard, she took the time to ensure that they would steal from her no more.

She flew to the kobolds' encampment and stole their shaman from their midst, knowing they would come to retrieve him. Upon reaching her cave, she and the shaman fell to conversing while she waited for the rest of the tribe to arrive. She, like most other beings, was surprised to discover that the kobolds were far more intelligent than they seemed.

When the rest of the kobolds arrived at her cave, her ardor for vengeance had cooled, and instead of engulfing them in flames, established an agreement with them. In return for their servitude and a "small" tribute, she would protect them from their enemies. The kobolds relo-

cated their camp to be nearer to the dragon, in order to be able to better serve her.

Both parties prospered under this arrangement. The kobolds were capable scouts and spies, able to report to the dragon quickly their findings and their suspicions. In return, she destroyed several colonies of gnomes, the kobolds' hereditary enemies. These kobolds grew far richer than any of their neighbors, for they did not have to worry so much about those who would have preyed upon them. Other tribes of kobolds, hearing of the good lives these led, applied to the dragon for similar treatment. Of course, all were accepted, as this was part of Infyrana's plan. Those who reneged on their deals were dealt with swiftly and brutally, although their torments lasted days. The tortured screams of these unfortunates dissuaded most of the others from any similar crimes against the dragon. Over the years, Infyrana built a force of thousands of kobolds. She then executed the second part of her plan.

Having nursed her hatred of the dwarves for years, she had carefully studied the mountain from which they had come. Marching her troops hundreds of miles, they took the mountain by storm. The dwarves had not been expecting an attack by kobolds, always having deemed them far too cowardly for such an undertaking, and their guards were sadly lax. The dwarven mountain became Dragon Mountain.

Infyrana had the kobolds reshape the interior of the mountain to better suit her and her allies' needs. She destroyed the main passageways to her new home in the vault, and discovered a second, secret exit to the outside world. Finally, she used her magical knowledge to erect mystical shields around the mountain to keep magically prying eyes and bodies away.

Having learned that the survivors and the relatives of the slain dwarves were seeking revenge, as well as the reclamation of the mountain, she devised new magic that would enable the mountain to shift through time, space, and material planes. Just as the small army came to take back the mountain fortress, it wavered before their eyes and vanished, to be replaced by a similar mountain, yet one that was strangely bare of any habitation. Thus it was that Dragon Mountain began its depredations across the planes.

Plans and Personalities

Infyrana is not one to reside idly while her kobold minions go about their business, nor is she going to patiently wait for intruders to come to her chambers. She is always scheming, keeping an eye on the activities in her mountain and among the clans. One of the methods that she uses to take an active part in the machinations of Dragon Mountain is through the use of alter-egos.

Infyrana frequently assumes the form of a kobold in order to stride the halls of the mountain and call upon those kobolds who would not normally be willing to come report to her. Only a few of the kobolds know of this form—the clan chiefs and the king—and they have been sworn to keep it a secret. This allows the dragon to interact with her minions without false pretenses.

The DM can use this concept to explain how the dragon can keep such good tabs on the player characters during the course of the adventure inside the mountain. Perhaps she has been with a group of kobolds that has recently encountered the PCs or has been watching from a shadowy corner while the PCs make

deals with a kobold clan. Regardless of the scenario, Infyrana learns a lot about the PCs from her first-hand studies. The characters should not, however, encounter Infyrana in this form except at the climax of the adventure in her treasure cavern. When she is ready to interact with the PCs, she appears in the form of Furan the Deft.

Furan the Deft

When Infyrana assumes the alter-ego of Furan, she takes the form of a rather thin, clean-shaven middle-aged man with short, graying hair. Furan has a wrinkled face and deep-set eyes that usually have circles under them, giving the appearance of being very tired. There is also a scar across the bridge of Furan's nose, a reflection of Infyrana's ruined snout and a telling clue. Furan usually dresses in a pair of baggy black trousers that he tucks into soft



Infyrana the Dragon

boots and a puffy white shirt that laces halfway down the front, over which he wears a dark gray vest. Beyond this, he rarely has any other equipment, usually being encountered as a helpless prisoner of the kobolds. If appropriate, he even has some fresh wounds and scars on his body.

Furan is a jumpy individual, fawning over obviously superior characters and promising to help, aid, and serve them in any capacity that he can. He is full of compliments and humble advice, eager to please. When the time comes for fighting, however, he is the first to shriek in fright and dive for cover, cowering in fear. He is of absolutely no use to the party during combat. This is all part of Infyrana's plan to appear helpless and in dire need of the party's protection. She hopes that, by lulling the party into believing Furan is a helpless, non-threatening individual, the characters will more quickly lose any distrust that they may have of Furan.

To help in maintaining the disguise of Furan the Deft, Infyrana also casts *nondetection* on herself to cover the various magical radiations that she emits while *polymorphed*. However, this also leads to such spells as *know alignment* registering absolutely nothing, which, if the players are clever enough to catch this, lets them know that something is amiss.

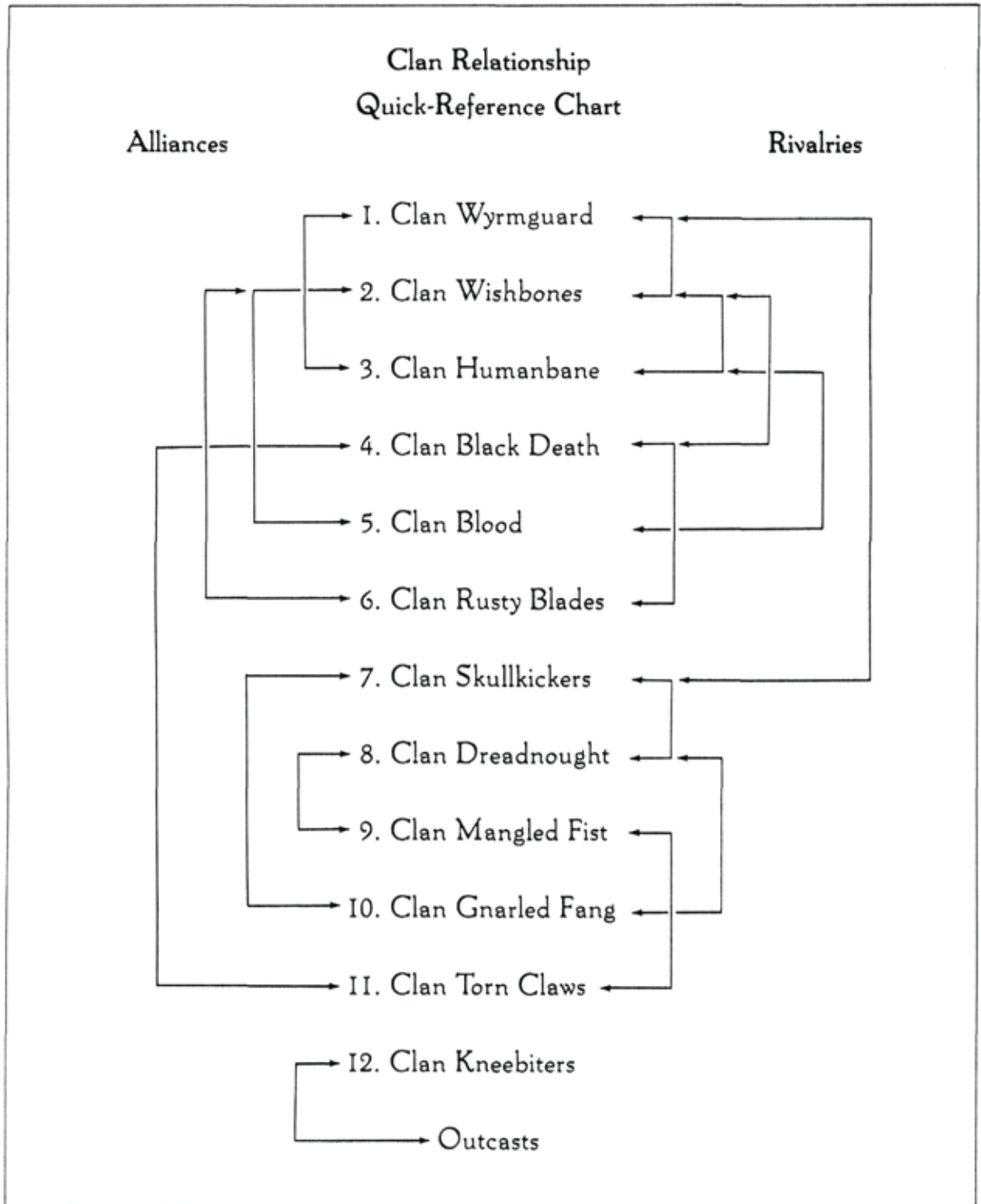
Furan's cover story is that he is a carefree loner who was caught on the road between villages on a completely mythical Prime Material plane when kobolds showed up. They took him captive and dragged him back to their mountain stronghold, and he has been here ever since. Before that, he was a jack of all trades, traveling from town to town in search of "interesting jobs" to keep his lively imagination from growing bored. He tells wonderfully silly stories of "misunderstandings" with locals that usually

resulted in him moving on. As he tells more and more of these stories, it should become apparent to the PCs that Furan is just a lazy drifter who can't hold a steady job and is always looking for some way to strike it rich without doing any serious work. He tends to try to find ways of taking advantage of local villagers but somehow always messes things up.

Furan remains with the party as long as he is accepted, trying to convince them to leave the mountain and escape to freedom and easier adventures. If it appears that the characters are determined to continue, Furan laments their choice but agrees to come along if he is welcome, because it is obvious that he cannot escape on his own. He is of no use in fights, but is not such a nuisance that the PCs are tempted to boot him out of the party.

Infyrana is very careful in this disguise, intent only to learn more about the PCs. She does not confront the characters unless she has been cornered and exposed. If the party does begin to suspect, she disappears from the party's ranks and uses other methods to keep track of them. She might even choose to appear before them in another guise, the details of which are left up to the DM.

Clan Relationships Diagram



Notes



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Brain Spider

1089 Dragon Mountain

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CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Subtropical/caverns
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Pack
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Brain fluids
INTELLIGENCE:	Semi- (2-4)
TREASURE:	Z
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful evil
NO. APPEARING:	1-6
ARMOR CLASS:	2
MOVEMENT:	9, Cl 15
HIT DICE:	8
THACO:	13
NO. OF ATTACKS:	5
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-4/1-8 (x4)
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Poison, graft weapons
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Psionics
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	M (6' dia. incl. legs)
MORALE:	Average (8-10)
XP VALUE:	4,000

PSIONICS SUMMARY

Level	Dis/Sci/Dev	Attack/Defense	Score	PSPs
3	2/2/7	EW/IF, MB	15	90

Telepathy: *Sciences:* Mindlink; *Devotions:* Contact, Ego Whip, Intellect Fortress, Mind Blank

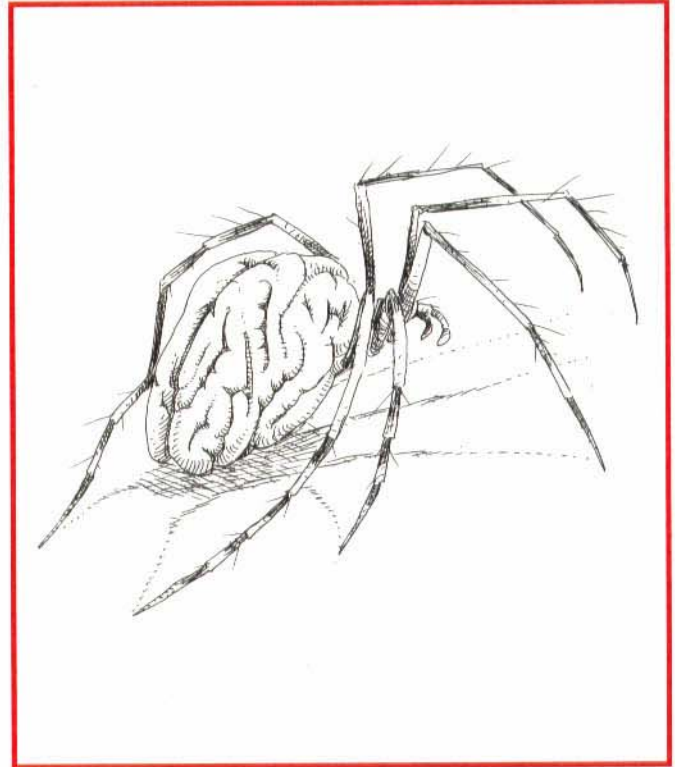
Psychometabolism: *Sciences:* Shadow Form; *Devotions:* Body Equilibrium, Double Pain, Graft Weapon

The brain spider is a loathsome beast that lives off the brain matter of intelligent creatures. Although it is not a true arachnid, its exoskeleton is supported by eight hairy legs and it can climb walls and ceilings with ease. Its body resembles a gray, wrinkled mass of brain tissue, though in fact this is chitinous, not soft and pulpy. It has powerful mandibles capable of injecting venom and four eyes. Brain spiders cannot spin webs.

Brain spiders speak their own, sibilant language, though in combat and with nonpsionic creatures they use mental speech to coordinate their attacks.

Combat: Brain spiders generally attack from ambush, dropping onto their victims from a ceiling or other high ground, or suddenly appearing from their shadow form. These ambushes impose a -2 penalty upon opponents' surprise rolls. They prefer to attack in groups, focusing their attacks on one or two victims and then leaving abruptly, hoping their poisonous bites do their work. They have been known to trail a party of victims, waiting for one of the dead to be abandoned so that they may feed.

The venomous bite of the brain spider attacks the victim's central nervous system, first paralyzing and then killing him. Unless the victim rolls a successful saving throw vs. poison with a -4 penalty, the venom takes hold. The victim is immediately paralyzed and suffers 2d10 points of damage each round until death occurs. During this time, the poison runs rampant through the nerve paths, the spinal chord, and into the brain of the victim, permanently destroying 1 point of Intelligence or Dexterity each round (50% chance of either). When the venom has finished its work, the victim's nerves are liquified, and the brain spider sucks out these juices for nourishment. If the saving throw is successful, the victim is merely paralyzed for one



round, until the effects are shaken off.

In addition to biting, brain spiders can rear up on their hind legs and attack with their four front legs. The sharp points and jagged backhooks on their forelimbs inflict 1d8 points of damage with each attack, and this damage can be greater if they use weapons. Brain spiders often employ their Graft Weapon psionic ability to bond magical weapons, grappling hooks, wands, or other objects to their forelimbs, thus becoming walking arsenals. In the case of brain spiders, this bond is permanent until a brain spider mentally "rejects" a grafted item. Attacks with these weapons are made with a +1 bonus on attack and damage rolls in addition to any magical bonuses. Bonded wands become hooked into the brain spider's nervous system and may be employed during melee combat.

Habitat/Society: Brain spiders have a strict pack dominance hierarchy, and lower-ranked members are completely servile toward higher-ranking members. The leader is a crude and brutish tyrant usually referred to by pompous titles such as Master Thug or King Venom. Pack culture consists of retelling tales of particularly delicious kills, gruesome stalkings, and clever prey. Brain spiders think double pain provides particularly good sport with weak prey. They are cowards at heart, quick to flee if one or more of the pack is slain.

Although brain spiders are crude, thuggish, and even stupid, they have remarkable cunning when hunting. One of their favorite tricks is to use their body equilibrium discipline to stand over quickstand, a pit trap, or weak ledges, goading victims into approaching them, and then attacking the trapped and helpless prey.

Ecology: Brain spiders prefer to hunt and kill intelligent and psionic creatures, as these provide the richest cerebral nectar. They dwell underground and in the upper reaches of the Underdark, where solitary drow and mind flayers sometimes fall into their clutches.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Tribal
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Average (8-10)
TREASURE:	See below
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic evil
NO. APPEARING:	2-16
ARMOR CLASS:	3
MOVEMENT:	6, Fl 15
HIT DICE:	7
THACO:	13
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-6/1-6 or by weapon
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	L (7-9' Long)
MORALE:	15
XP VALUE:	1,400

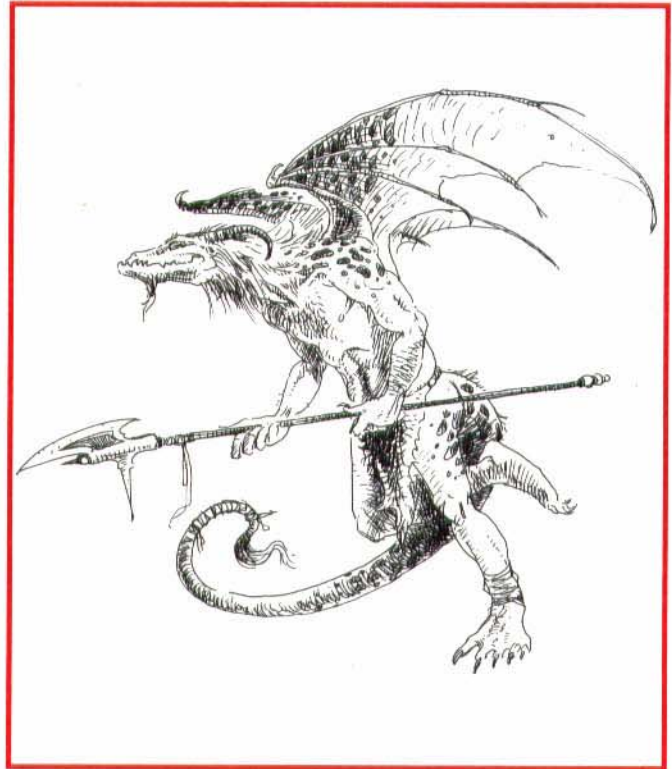
These creatures are rumored to be very distant cousins of dragons. Somewhere along the evolutionary chain, they developed humanoid characteristics. They still display the dragon-like face and wings, yet they also have a humanoid form.

Dragon-kin are often found in the service of a powerful dragon or mage. They have an insatiable desire for magical items, regardless of whether they could ever use the item themselves. The only payment dragon-kin mercenaries expect is magical or enspelled items, for only these items hold any fascination for them.

Combat: When they expect combat, the dragon-kin take to the air so they may have the upper hand. They attempt to remain airborne for as long as possible, then swoop down to rake their claws against a target. They always target any magical items—which they can detect as if a *detect magic* spell were cast—in preference to anything else, including spellcasters. If they make a successful grab attack on the item, they flee with it to their lair. Half of the time, they do not return to the fight, remaining instead in their cave, admiring their newfound acquisition.

If forced to bring combat to the ground, they move in and use their claws or weapons on the target. They become distracted by more magical items, especially if one becomes “separated” from its owner. However, they are not as likely to flee from combat if they can wrest one from its owner. Unless they can do without fear of retaliation, they will stick out the length of the combat. They are smart enough to weigh the chances of someone getting in a back attack, and will never, under any circumstances, allow this to take place.

Dragon-kin never use their captured magical items in combat, for fear of losing them. This is viewed as their biggest disadvantage, for they are forced instead to rely on mundane weapons or their claws. This, unfortunately for the dragon-kin, makes them easy targets for those with experience in fighting aerial creatures.



Habitat/Society: The dragon-kin live in a tribal setting, with a leader determined by combat and ownership of the most powerful magical items. Any leader defeated in combat, but not killed, will be eliminated and replaced by the rest of the tribe.

If an adventuring party should happen into a dragon-kin den, they will find half of the resident dragon-kin left to protect what is theirs. If these are defeated, there are 1d2 nonpermanent magical items (i.e., potions and limited charge wands) per resident dragon-kin. There is a cumulative 10% chance per resident that there also is a permanent magical item in the batch. That is, a lair of six has a 60% chance of containing a permanent item and there will always be at least one permanent item in a lair of more than 10.

Ecology: Dragon-kin are a blight on any area's ecology. They have no regard for others and simply take what they want. They have no natural predators, although there is a large bounty for them in any place that has known their depredations. They eat nearly anything that can be chewed, although, of course, they prefer the meat of sentient beings—the more intelligent the better.

Unlike their larger cousins, dragon-kin have no love of conventional treasure. If a hoard has no magic, they are not interested in it. Dragon-kin simply leave coins and nonmagical items where they lie. There is only a 50% chance that dragon-kin will attack a party if it is not carrying magical items. They will *always* attack those who carry such items.

Dwarven Undead

1089 Dragon Mountain

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CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Subterranean
FREQUENCY:	Very Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Clan
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Special
DIET:	None
INTELLIGENCE:	Average (8-12)
TREASURE:	U
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	2-8
ARMOR CLASS:	6
MOVEMENT:	9
HIT DICE:	3 + 12
THAC0:	17
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	3-12
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Phase door, as per the spell
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Hit only by +2 or better weapon
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	25%
SIZE:	M (4'-5' tall)
MORALE:	Elite (15)
XP VALUE:	650

Dwarven undead are created by residual essence on the part of dwarves who are concerned just before they die that their final resting places will, in some way, be disturbed. It is this essence that allows the body of the dwarves to transform into a protector.

Dwarven undead appear as dwarves dressed in ceremonial burial armor and armed with ceremonial weapons, yet their bodies look thin and desiccated, with fragments of bone showing and stark white, wiry hair. They are corporeal creatures, but they are faintly transparent.

Combat: Dwarven undead do not leave the sanctified place where they were laid to rest. If this location is ever violated or desecrated, the dwarven undead appear from the very stones of their cairns or crypts by means of an innate *phase door* ability, which they may use at will. This sudden appearance imposes a -3 penalty upon surprise rolls for those who are the subject of the dwarven undead's wrath. Once dwarven undead appear, they attack with short, powerful thrusts of their fists, causing 3d4 points of damage and knocking victims backward. In this way, dwarven undead drive invaders from their sacred burial area. Once all intruders have been driven beyond the boundaries of the sacred area, the dwarven undead dissipate into nothingness with a tired sigh, returning immediately to their places of rest.

Dwarven undead are immune to weapons of less than +2 magical power, and they have a partial magical resistance. They are completely immune to any sort of mind control spells, such as *charm* and *sleep*. Dwarven undead can never be permanently destroyed. If one is reduced to 0 hit points, it dissipates with a sigh of disgust and its essence returns to its place of rest, where it may immediately reform at full hit points and reappear before a violator.



Habitat/Society: Dwarven undead do nothing beyond protecting their graves. When there is no threat to their final resting places, dwarven undead simply exist within their own crypts or cairns. If approached cautiously and spoken to obsequiously in dwarven, they may be inclined to hold their attacks and listen to whatever respectful apology or question is put before them. There have even been cases where regular ritual worship services or prayer sessions for the dead have been formed by humble or lesser beings in honor of the dwarven undead. When this happens, the dwarven undead do not attack so long as no part of the tomb area is defiled. They may even appear and listen to the prayers and worship, although they rarely, if ever, speak or involve themselves in the affairs.

Ecology: There is no known understanding of how dwarven undead are formed or why they exist except to protect their sacred tombs. It is not known if, once a place of rest has been made safe from intruders, dwarven undead go permanently to their rest. Whenever other dwarves discover a sacred burial area that is guarded by dwarven undead, they typically beg forgiveness for the intrusion and retreat to the exit. It is common for them to then seal up the entrance with good stone and mortar so as to conceal the area completely, in the hope that the dwarven undead may go to a final rest, not to be bothered again. It has been documented that some dwarves have gone so far as to collapse entire subterranean systems, permanently sealing crypts guarded by dwarven undead.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any dry terrain
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	See below
INTELLIGENCE:	Very (11-12)
TREASURE:	I, O, P, Y
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic evil
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	0
MOVEMENT:	10
HIT DICE:	8 + 3
THAC0:	13
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-8
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Smothering
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	L (10' + long)
MORALE:	Elite (13)
XP VALUE:	5,000

These creatures are inhabitants of the Elemental Plane of Earth, but they have been encountered more often recently on the Prime Material Plane. They are somehow related to the water weird, both filling a specific niche in their respective plane's ecology.

When encountered on the Prime Material, they are invariably hostile and tend to attack all living things quite quickly. Once they have vanquished a foe, they feed off the remains as it decomposes within their substance.

Combat: When first encountered, these creatures appear to be nothing more than an exceptionally dry spot of dirt on the road. The use of a *detect invisibility* spell reveals that something is amiss, but nothing specific can be determined until the creature shows itself.

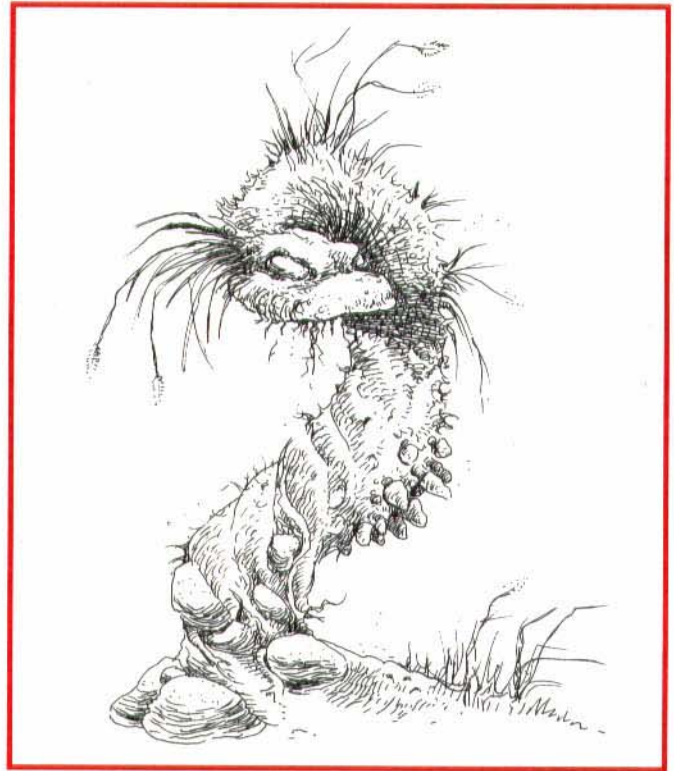
Once the earth weird senses a living creature within 10 feet, it starts to form itself into the likeness of a huge earthen serpent. This transformation takes two rounds to complete. Once in this shape, the earth weird lashes out at anything within its considerable 15-foot range.

Most forms of attack have little effect on the earth weird. Normal edged and blunt weapons inflict only 1 point of damage per attack, and Strength bonuses have no effect. Piercing weapons never affect the weird, which flows around the damage and repairs itself instantly. Enchanted weapons have full effect and inflict normal damage.

A water attack effects the weird as a *slow* spell and enables normal bludgeoning and slashing weapons to have full effect. If an earth weird is completely immersed in water for over 10 rounds, it dissolves into the water. A *wind wall* or *control winds* spell inflicts 1d10 points of damage upon the weird and causes it to lose initiative for two rounds.

A weird reduced to 0 hit points is not destroyed, just disrupted. It takes four turns for the weird to re-corporate itself. Once done, it attacks as before, a fresh creature. A weird must be reduced to -10 hit points before it is completely destroyed.

Plant growth or *spike growth* is one of the most effective ways to stop an earth weird. It takes an earth weird one hour to work its way out of the effect of a *plant/spike growth* spell. A *passwall* or *move earth* spell kills it instantly, as do magical items that involve digging.



Habitat/Society: Earth weirds tend to be solitary and territorial. Though they will not always attack other weirds, they show aggressive behavior until the trespassing weird leaves or initiates combat. Earth weirds favor dry areas. This does not necessarily mean deserts, but includes drier areas of forests, especially along paths where it might find prey among the animals of the forest and passing adventurers. Once a weird has staked out a spot, it seldom leaves that area.

Ecology: It is unknown what keeps an earth weird alive. It is surmised that they must feed off the bodies of their prey, probably through the blood that leeches into the soil, fertilizing an already fierce opponent.

Sages theorize that the first earth weird on the Prime Material Plane was summoned by a powerful mage, and may have been abandoned by its old master. Some may have found their way through rare dimensional doorways that spring up while others are the result of cruel pranksters or evil men.

Since they are not native to the Prime Material Plane, they tend to have a hard time finding a niche in any ecosystem. It is likely, however, that they will be the dominant feature in any landscape in which they appear.

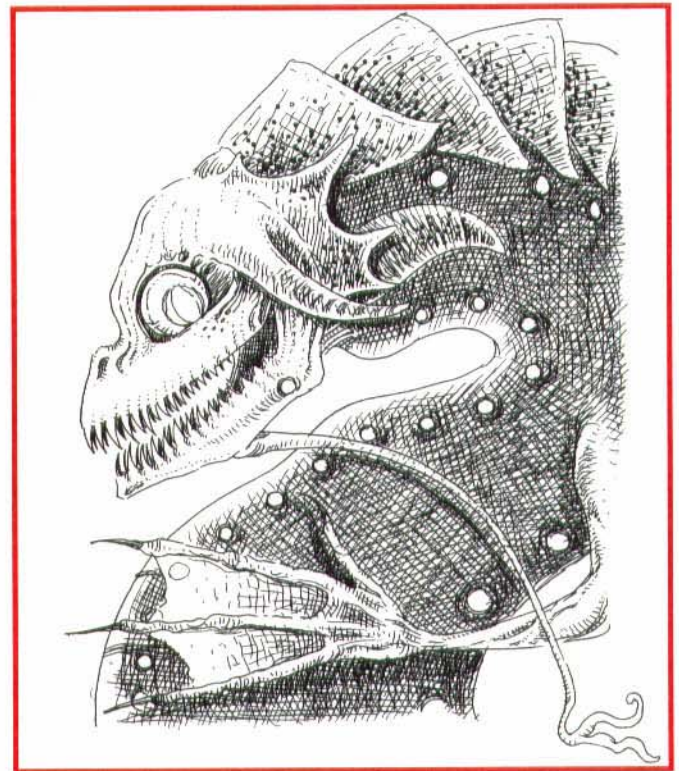
Earth weird dirt is valued by wizards for spell components. The pieces of these weirds are especially useful in various spells involving earth, including *passwall*, *flesh to stone*, and *stone to mud*.

Fiend, Water Lord

1089 Dragon Mountain

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CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Water
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Nil
INTELLIGENCE:	High (13-14)
TREASURE:	25,000-50,000 gold
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic evil
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	-1
MOVEMENT:	9, Sw 15
HIT DICE:	15
THACO:	5
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3 (claw/claw/bite)
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-8/1-8/1-12
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	25%
SIZE:	L (10' tall)
MORALE:	Fanatic
XP VALUE:	12,000



These creatures usually inhabit the watery parts of all planes, content in their power over all things of the sea. Though they have no actual magical power over other creatures, they can intimidate the undersea denizens enough that even the most unintelligent creatures are eager to serve it. They are horrendous-looking creatures, with jaws full of needle-sharp teeth. Their bulging eyes give them the appearance of constantly-leering fish with humanoid torsos.

Combat: Water lords are canny opponents, rarely giving their enemies any advantage and certainly no quarter. Since they do not believe in suffering needlessly, they send their minions forth to combat enemies. There will usually be 2d6 sharks, 3d6 sahuagin, and 1d4 ixitachtl among the minions. The fiends most often summon 1d3 water elementals to fight for them. As long as the minions continue the attack and the fiend itself is not threatened, it will allow its assistants to fight by themselves.

A water lord can breath a blast of boiling water three times per day, in a cone 25 feet long with a 10-foot-diameter base, causing 3d10 points of damage. They also have claws on both hands that they are able to use every turn, along with a fierce bite.

Electrical attacks, if they reach the water lord, inflict full damage. However, due to his nature, such attacks will reach the fiend only 50% of the time. The other 50% will rebound on the caster, causing full damage. Fire-based attacks cause double damage if the fiend has left the water, but none if the creature remains fully immersed.

Water- and cold-based attacks cause absolutely no damage to the water lord. In addition, any water elementals sent against the fiend will not attack it. Indeed, the water lord has a 50% chance of wresting control of water elementals from their summoners, as long as the water elementals have approached to within 100 feet of it.

Habitat/Society: Water lords work alone, and no more than one is ever encountered at a time. They are very territorial and will not allow other powerful creatures over whom they have no sway to establish themselves nearby. This includes such beings as sea dragons or colonies of aquatic elves.

Water lords, once they have established their territory, will not stray very far from it. They like to protect what is theirs, and they won't meddle in other things outside their territory. A water lord's territory typically includes a 25-mile-diameter circle, at the center of which is the fiend's palace. Its palace can be a marvel of undersea engineering or a simple hole in a coral reef. If the fiend has not established his territory, however, he can be a terror to shipping in the area, destroying boats at a whim. An incredible (and very rare) sight is two of these fiends fighting over a specific area.

Ecology: Casters are advised not to attempt the summoning of a water lord. Because they are nasty-tempered and have a tendency to break free of the bonds imposed by spellcasters, the risk inherent in summoning is not worth the potential payoff. There is a 20% chance that a summoned water lord fiend will ignore the wishes of the summoner, kill him, and rampage on his own until such time as the fiend wearies of the Prime Material.

Until that time comes, the fiend can amass considerable power beneath the waves, creating considerable havoc in the area. It is unknown why the fiends do this, since they rarely take their treasure back to their home plane. Once a water lord leaves its Prime Material home, its home is quickly picked clean by the undersea scavengers of the area.

They do not require conventional food or drink, drawing their nourishment from the water around them. Nonetheless, they enjoy devouring any mortals foolish enough to venture near their homes, leaving the remains outside for sharks to feed on and to warn away other curiosity seekers.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Underground
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Metals
INTELLIGENCE:	Average (10)
TREASURE:	See below
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	-2
MOVEMENT:	12, Swim in metal 36
HIT DICE:	10
THAC0:	11
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-10/1-10
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	20%
SIZE:	M (6')
MORALE:	Fearless (20)
XP VALUE:	6,000

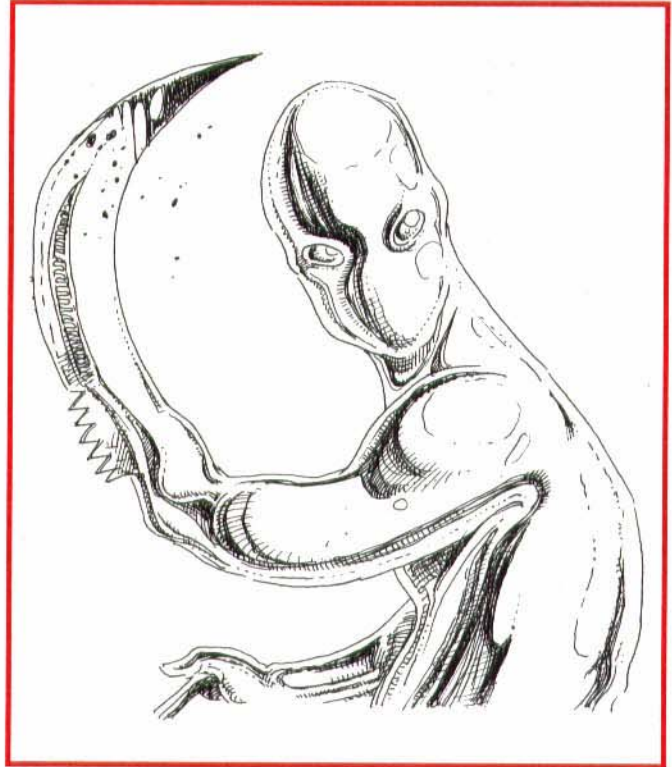
Living steel usually appears as a humanoid mass of pure, shining steel, almost liquid in its motions. It reflects bright light and absorbs heat; to those with infravision, it appears as a cold blue lump. Although it is not normally an aggressive opponent, the living steel can be ferocious when aroused, and it will track its enemies mercilessly until it or they are dead.

Combat: Living steel is completely immune to weapons of less than +2 enchantment. Any attacks by other weapons slide right through its form and serve only to irritate it. It simply reforms around the place where the weapon passed.

Living steel's most dangerous weapon is its ability to change shape at will. Although it cannot change its color and is therefore easily spotted, its form can include virtually anything. It can become a coursing steel hound or a human with blades for its lower arms. However, the form it adopts does not confer the powers of that form. For example, it cannot fly in bird form, nor does it gain the sense of smell dogs have when it takes that form, nor would it gain poison or magical immunity should it take another shape. Finally, it cannot assume the form of something with a larger or smaller mass. It must maintain its own body weight at all times. Thus, unless it was very large, the steel could not reproduce the form of a dragon, nor could it split to become a mosquito. However, it does gain the speed associated with the form it takes. It also can fit through tiny cracks by reforming its body. This shapechange takes a round to accomplish, and the living steel can do it at will.

During the time of shapechange, the steel cannot make any attacks, nor can it defend itself. During this time, its AC becomes 5 and it may be hit by ordinary weapons. For this reason, the steel rarely changes form during combat.

Living steel is immune to electricity- and fire-based attacks, unless they cause more than 55 points of damage. The electricity flows directly through the steel and the fire simply liquefies it more than it is currently, allowing it to both change form and attack within the same round. If these attacks cause more than 55 hit points of damage, the steel suffers full damage and must spend two rounds regaining the pieces blown away by the force of the explosion.



Cold-based attacks, on the other hand, serve to slow both the movement of living steel (Move of 6, only 1 attack) and its shapechanging abilities. Cold attacks also enable its opponents to cause double damage for the two rounds following a successful attack, as well as enabling those without magical weapons to harm it.

Habitat/Society: Living steel has no known society. Solitary creatures all their lives, they reproduce asexually. If two living steels encounter one another, they battle to the death. The one with the most inventive and damaging shapes is usually the victor, consuming the loser and adding the vanquished to its own mass. They lair in small nooks in the rock, usually with only a thin crack as access. Only in their lairs do they relax the forms they have chosen, and here they appear as formless blobs of fine steel.

Ecology: Living steel survives only through a diet of iron. It is therefore generally found only near veins of iron ore or in regions where iron is at a premium. Most of the iron is burned off to power the creature's movements, but the steel drops a small, refined portion of it in its lair at the end of each day. This mass is an embryonic living steel, and it becomes sentient and mobile after one year of this refining, provided the steel has daily access to a vein of ore.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Temperate/forest or rough
FREQUENCY:	Uncommon
ORGANIZATION:	Pack
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Day
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Semi- (2-4)
TREASURE:	None
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic evil
NO. APPEARING:	2-20
ARMOR CLASS:	6
MOVEMENT:	15
HIT DICE:	3
THACO:	17
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-6
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	M (5'-7' long)
MORALE:	Elite (13)
XP VALUE:	120
Leader	175

Created by a master sorcerer ages ago, these creatures most closely resemble dogs, but their wolfish snouts sport many more razor-sharp teeth than their canine cousins, and there is a bristly tuft of hair that grows between their shoulders. Coloration tends toward dark blacks, greys, and browns. Their eyes show evidence of the hatred and evil burning within their breasts, practically burning with the desire to kill and maim.

Combat: Gnashers live for the kill, and their tactics show it. When attacking, they circle their prey and then lunge in with snapping jaws, often trying for the throat. Their powerful jaws inflict 1d6 points of damage. Gnashers prefer to make jabbing attacks, circling and feigning, until they have sufficiently weakened their prey. Then they all lunge in at once, swarming and overbearing the prey from all directions until it goes down. Anyone taken down under a gnasher attack has little hope of survival. The prone victim's AC is effectively reduced by 4 and the gnashers inflict an additional +2 points of damage per attack.

The only hope someone has of escaping a gnasher pack is to climb something the gnashers cannot ascend. However, if there is no other way down, gnashers have been known to stand guard until the prey dies of dehydration or attempts an escape.

Habitat/Society: Gnashers hunt in packs, following a leader that has earned its place by brute force (+1 Hit Die). As the leader ages, the younger toughs of the pack wait for a chance to displace it. Once this has occurred, the remainder of the potential leaders fight for dominance, rarely to the death.

Even though gnashers are vicious, they avoid populated areas when possible, attacking those who wander into the wilderness. They are usually only encountered in the wilds, although at times smaller farming communities have trouble with packs of gnashers that kill livestock and lone villagers.



The pack communicates on a rudimentary level, using a combination of barks, growls, and body language. Although gnashers frequently squabble among themselves—fighting over food, pack dominance, and mates—they do not rise against each other if there are foes present. They only kill gnashers of other packs, since these are viewed as competitors in the struggle for survival in the wilds.

Ecology: Gnashers survive solely on meat. They attack nearly anything in the area, from rabbits to adventurers to low-flying birds. An area controlled by these creatures will be devoid of other animal life. Anyone entering the territory of a pack of gnashers will notice an eerie silence in an area cleaned out by them. It takes nearly a year for any animals to return to an area where a gnasher pack has made its home, even after the gnashers leave it for more fruitful pastures.

Gnashers mate in the spring, the female bearing 1d4+1 cubs that stay with the mother for the first year and are then forced out on their own. For many years these creatures *were* mistaken for dogs, until it was realized that they do not flee pain, and indeed seem to revel in it.

Their natural enemy is the elven dog, or cooshee. The two species hate each other and will attack upon first hint of the other. Even the typical canine surrender will not suffice for these two; no quarter is ever given.

Gnasher, Winged

1089 Dragon Mountain

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CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Forest/rough hills
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Pack
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Day
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Low (5-7)
TREASURE:	None
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic evil
NO. APPEARING:	2-12
ARMOR CLASS:	5
MOVEMENT:	12, Fl 6 (E)
HIT DICE:	4
THAC0:	17
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-8
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Surprise
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	L (8'-10' long)
MORALE:	Elite (14)
XP VALUE:	270
Leader	650

These are slightly bigger cousins of normal gnashers, encountered only in areas with natural outcroppings of stone. They have batlike wings—thick membranes attached to their forelegs and running the length of their bodies—that enable them to leap into the air from these outcroppings and glide for distances of 50 feet for every 10 feet of height from which they leaped. However, their wings tend to tire easily, and they cannot maintain glides of over 200 feet. They can also leap into the air from the ground and glide for 20 feet, but they suffer a -2 attack penalty when attempting to bring down a target from such a jump.

Winged gnashers are equally at home on the ground. Though they have wings, the membranes stretch enough that the gnashers can run quickly along the ground. Though they do not have the speed normal gnashers have, they can usually catch prey that does not have a running start.

Combat: Like normal gnashers, winged gnashers live for the kill and use tactics much like their land-based brethren, circling around their prey until it is surrounded, and then closing in with surprising speed. In addition to their circling tactics, winged gnashers also “fly” at prey, folding their wings and dropping down from heights of up to 20 feet to achieve surprise. This is equivalent to a charge attack, giving the winged gnasher a +2 attack bonus. However, they suffer a -1 AC penalty.

Habitat/Society: Winged gnashers (also known simply as “wings”) live in caves in the rough hills. They hardly ever sleep in the open, unless they are forced from their cave by something larger and fiercer than them. Their nests inside these caves are crude collections of straw and branches in which they sleep. There is usually very little treasure in a gnasher cave, since they have no use for it. They generally leave it on the carcasses of the creatures they kill.



Like their cousins, winged gnashers live in packs. Winged gnasher leaders have 1 extra Hit Die and are larger than the rest of the pack. Intrapack struggles are common, as the younger males wish to try their strength against that of their leader. Those who fail are driven from the pack to try and fend for themselves in the wild. Unfortunately for these exiles, most wilderness creatures take the opportunity to eliminate lone gnashers when they can.

Ecology: Winged gnashers generally feed off land-based creatures, since most flying creatures are far more mobile and aerally agile than they are. Only if they attack by surprise can winged gnashers bring down the majority of flying creatures, and only if that creature is flying less than 40 feet above the ground.

Gnashers have no regard for the balance of nature, and they tend to completely eliminate every sizeable creature in an area. These areas are notable for their lack of animal life, and gnashers do not stay long in a place they have cleaned out.

Winged gnashers find that most other aerial monsters are their natural enemies, especially griffons and hippogriffs. These creatures will put aside their differences in order to eliminate gnasher packs. Thus, winged gnashers try to find places to live that are far from the nests of such creatures, for unless the other monster makes a foolish mistake, the gnashers are no match for them.

Kobold, Dragon Mountain

1089 Dragon Mountain

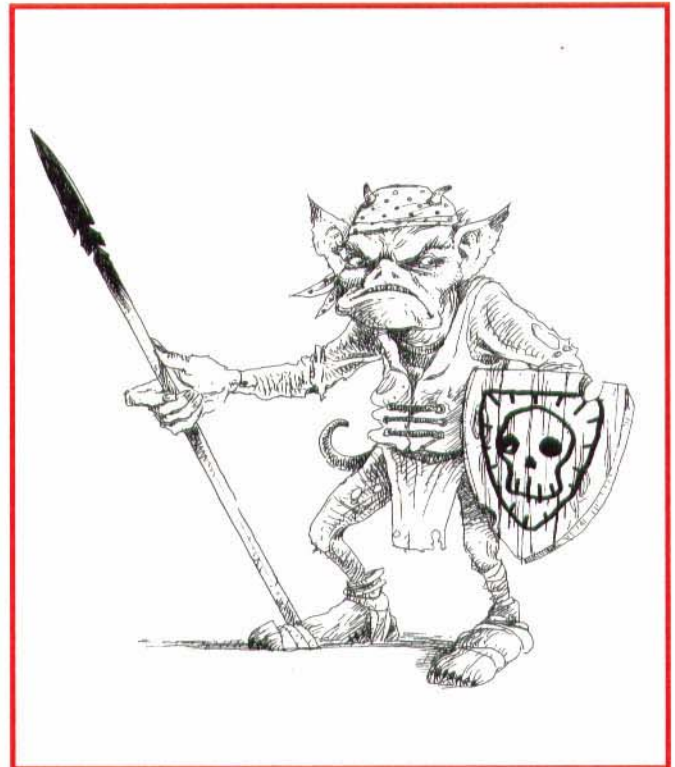
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CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Subterranean
FREQUENCY:	Uncommon
ORGANIZATION:	Clan
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Average (8-10)
TREASURE:	J, O (Q x5)
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful evil
NO. APPEARING:	5-20
ARMOR CLASS:	7 (10)
MOVEMENT:	6
HIT DICE:	1/2 (1-4 hp)
THAC0:	20
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-4 or 1-6 (by weapon)
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	S (3' tall)
MORALE:	Average (10)
XP VALUE:	7
Chiefs/Guards	15
Shamans/Witchdoctors	35

The kobolds of Dragon Mountain are well off compared to their more mundane cousins. They live a prosperous life and are well protected by the dragon Infyrana. Having adapted their lifestyle to the halls and passages of the dwarven stronghold, they are cunning creatures who use their knowledge to outwit opponents. The kobolds of Dragon Mountain are a force to be reckoned with.

Combat: The kobolds of Dragon Mountain have adapted to their surroundings so well that they have learned to use many of the old dwarven weapons and traps that were left after the dragon took power. They utilize their resources to the fullest extent possible, and they acquire additional supplies and so forth from the various villages and towns that they raid and plunder. The kobolds understand that they are heavily over-matched in toe-to-toe fights, so they almost never combat enemies this way if they can avoid it. Instead, they try to lure invaders into specially prepared traps where they can bombard the enemy with flaming oil, deadfalls, poisonous arrows, and so forth. Following are some of the kobolds' favorite battle tactics:

A witch doctor casts a *web* spell to entrap enemies and then a large force of warriors fires large quantities of arrows or jabs repeatedly with spears at them; enemies are lured into an area with a pit trap or some low-lying area from which there is no escape, and a *stinking cloud* spell is cast; a shaman casts *heat metal* on the armor of any warrior while the rest of the force attacks with ranged weapons. a shaman casts *silence*, 15' radius on spellcasters; shamans use any type of *charm* or *hold person* spells to take control of members of adventuring parties. In addition to spellcasting, kobolds in Dragon Mountain like to entrap adventurers with nets and ropes that pin them down while the kobolds attack.



When kobolds do attack face to face, they do not simply jump out and run at adventurers, swinging their weapons. (They know this is the best way to a quick death.) Instead, they prefer to gain surprise through ambush and then swarm over characters, attempting to overbear them. The following additions to the standard overbearing rules in the *Player's Handbook* (and the *DUNGEON MASTER™ Guide*) should be taken into account, due to the kobolds' smaller size but greater tenacity and ferociousness.

When determining the chance of success for a group of kobolds attempting to overbear an opponent, assume that up to 10 kobolds can swarm a single human-sized opponent, while six can swarm a dwarf, gnome, or halfling. When determining effective Armor Class, do **not** consider the base AC of any armor worn; only take into account the magical protective bonuses from armor, rings, and bracers, along with the natural Dexterity adjustment of the individual from the base AC of 10.

For example, A human male fighter in *plate mail* +2 and with a Dexterity of 16 has a normal AC of -1, but for the purpose of the kobolds overbearing him, his effective AC is 6 (magical bonus from the armor is +2 (down to 8) and Dex bonus is -2 (down to 6)). Thus, if 10 kobolds swarm the fighter, they have a base chance of 9 to overbear him (A base THAC0 of 20 to overbear an AC of 6 gives a 14, but there is a -4 penalty due to the difference in size, so the adjusted number is 18. The nine additional kobolds participating add a +9 bonus, for a final of 9). Once overbearing is accomplished, more kobolds are required to tie the character up or to strip armor or magical items away. Until extra kobolds arrive, the original 10 must make successful overbearing checks each round to keep the warrior pinned.

Habitat/Society: Kobold society within the mountain is heavily supernatural, and therefore the clan leadership descends from the chief to the witchdoctors and shamans.

Kobold shamans are primitive priests, far more concerned with the well-being of their communities (and own aggrandizement) than the typical priest. They take spells from the priestly spheres by praying for them as a priest would. They use their spells for punishment, fortune-telling, and the clan's benefit. Kobold shamans can advance as high as 5th level.

The spheres from which they can take their spells include All, Charm, Combat, Divination, Elemental, Guardian, Healing, Necromantic, Protection, Summoning, Sun (reversed), War, and Wards.

They might take part in hunting, war, and spying, but almost never adventure. They perform minor divinations for their people, and even seize control of their clans when they feel the chief is not acting in the tribe's best interests.

The witch doctors are much like the shamans, except that they also combine minor mage spells with their clerical allotment, and are therefore much more rare than the shamans. They may use spells from only one school, though they are not specialist wizards in any way. Unlike shamans, witch doctors can only attain 4th level. They need spellbooks to memorize their spells. They can use any magical item allowed to wizards.

Kobold witch doctors serve their clans as advisors to the chief, scholars, and in times of battle, that extra punch needed to sway the fight. Like the shaman, witch doctors might participate in special activities such as spying or battles, but they never wander off alone—their presence within the clan is much too important. Witch doctors are also likely to be sent to negotiations with witch doctors from other clans, in addition to, if not in place of, a clan chief.

There have been cases within Dragon Mountain of warring clans sending out secret strike forces for the sole purpose of eliminating enemy shamans and witch doctors in order to demoralize the clan. Because of this type of behavior, it is rare to see a shaman or witch doctor without an escort of at least six (and more often 10) kobolds for protection.

For both witch doctors and shamans, the spell level limit that can be memorized (prayed for) and cast is one-half their level rounded up. Thus, a 4th level witch doctor can cast 2nd level spells, while a 5th level shaman can cast 3rd level spells.

The kobolds of Dragon Mountain have as diverse a society as the dwarves before them, and one that is, perhaps, even more complex. Their stratified society allows those at the top to focus on their pursuits without having to work too hard for their labors. Those on the bottom, on the other hand, must constantly toil for their survival. The various clans of the mountain continually struggle with each other in efforts to better their living conditions, or to maintain those that they have achieved through similar in-fighting.

However, despite their differences, the kobolds can come together with amazing alacrity to combat any intruders in the mountain. Though the various clans might take advantage of the distractions caused by invaders to better themselves, they will not press the advantage too far. They know that there is no point in bettering themselves at the price of losing the whole mountain.

At the top of the heap is the king. However, his power is only theoretical, obeyed by the clans when it suits them. The true power is in a council of kobold leaders, who make important decisions and pass them along to the king for ratification. If he disagrees with said policy, they ignore him and implement it anyway. The chieftains are not equal in power; those leading the more powerful clans naturally have a greater say in the policies of Dragon Mountain than those who lead the weaker clans. Those in power propagate their power through decisions that favor them, though they do not abuse this to the point that the rest of the mountain suffers.

Below the chieftains are the shamans and witch doctors, and below them are the general populace. The "under-kobolds" (as they are called by those above them), while downtrodden, are fiercely devoted to their leader, their tribe, their family, and the mountain, in that order. Though there are, of course, some exceptions, the normal kobold will sacrifice its life for the well being of these. The sacrifice for the tribe is one that many make in daily confrontations with the enemies of their tribes, but the majority of Dragon Mountain kobolds need not worry about making these sacrifices where outsiders are concerned. With some mild modification, the dwarven stonework makes an ideal setting for numerous traps. Indeed, most of the mountain can be seen as a trap, with the kobolds as the architects. The Dragon Mountain kobolds have perfected several versions of traps, including the chute trap, the pit trap, and various traps involving needles and other sharp objects. All of these play havoc with the unwary.

Ecology: The kobolds are intricately intertwined with the ecology of Dragon Mountain. They practically rule the entire mountain, and as long as none of their activities violate the dragon's desires, they have free rein to do whatever they wish. They have no natural and overpowering enemies in the mountain, although there are several monsters within that make kobolds a regular part of their diet. However, most kobolds can avoid this fate. Only the foolish ones suffer.

Kobolds reproduce as do most humanoids, requiring both male and female partners. A pregnant kobold typically births four-to-five children, though smaller and larger litters are not unheard of.

The kobolds of Dragon Mountain are not scavengers, instead earning their sustenance by raiding towns near Dragon Mountain. They supplement this by raising a few crops and herds of animals. However, their main diet comes from the supplies of raided towns.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Subterranean
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Very (12)
TREASURE:	None
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral (evil)
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	2
MOVEMENT:	3
HIT DICE:	9 + 5
THAC0:	11
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-8/1-8
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Projectiles
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	30%
SIZE:	L (11')
MORALE:	Champion (16)
XP VALUE:	3,000

The noran, although a rather ridiculous-looking creature, is one of the more fearsome monsters one can find in the underground. It looks like a sickly, petrified treant, with knots and holes covering its entire surface, and a face hidden in the trunk. It has two long, whiplike prehensile branches which it can use to pick up small items. Finally, it has a cavity on its top which extends down into its main body, which narrows until it ends in a knothole.

Normal dungeon creatures leave the noran's area alone, moving away if one comes into the area. By keeping careful watch on it and keeping themselves hidden, the creatures can slowly return after it passes on to greener pastures.

Noran can speak a rudimentary form of common and can also communicate haltingly with other forms of tree, including treants.

Combat: Obviously, the noran's prehensile arms pose a threat, for they can strike out at a range of up to 10 feet with frightening speed. However, the noran's arms should be the least of any opponent's worries, for the creature carries a far more devastating weapon concealed in its body.

The knothole just below the noran's mouth can open and close and fire fist-sized rocks at frighteningly high speeds. It feeds these rocks to itself by picking them up with its prehensile arms and dropping them into the cavity on top. Rocks fired this way inflict 2d8 points of damage. It can fire one rock per round, provided it foregoes its other attacks. The range for an accurate spit rock is 60 feet.

However, it can store up to 10 rocks in its cavity before combat. If it has done so, it can both fight with its arms and spit rocks at its opponents. If it so desires, it can fight two opponents within reach and fire its rock at a third.

Because it is made of a petrified material, fire causes no special damage to a noran. The creature still suffers normal damage, but does not burn like ordinary wooden monsters. It takes double normal damage from bludgeoning weapons.



Habitat/Society: The noran is a solitary, nomadic creature. Since its prey usually flees the area when a noran arrives, it must constantly be on the search for more food. It therefore stays in an area only as long as other creatures stay, and moves on when they do.

Despite the fact that they are solitary, they will not fight other noran they encounter. When they do meet, they usually take the opportunity to reproduce. How they do this is unknown, but both noran leave the encounter bearing an acorn inside. For one year after this takes place, the noran cannot fire rocks. At that time, the noran ejects the baby noran, which must then fend for itself. It has all the statistics of an adult noran from the point it is born.

Ecology: It is surmised that noran are distant relatives of the treant, although how they came to occupy the underground is an explanation best left to a trained sage.

As noted, the noran is carnivorous. It eats any fleshy creature it can kill. It prefers its food bruised and bloody, making it more tender and thus more easily digestible when the noran shuffles over it. The proteins of living flesh are the only ones concentrated enough to nourish a noran. The ordinary diet (for a plant) of sunlight, soil's nutrients, and water is simply lacking in the ingredients necessary for a noran to survive.

Any treasure or undigestibles left on a victim's body when consumed by the noran are spit out and left to lie on the dungeon floor. Those retracing a noran's steps can often find useful items along the way, though they might have to fight the other dungeon scavengers for said treasures. Some creatures actually prosper by following in a noran's footsteps; however, they all too often find that this course leads to doom if the noran decides to retrace its own steps.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Tropical jungle or underground
FREQUENCY:	Uncommon
ORGANIZATION:	Clan
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Day
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Low to very (5-12)
TREASURE:	U
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic neutral (evil)
NO. APPEARING:	3-12
ARMOR CLASS:	5 or better
MOVEMENT:	9, Sw 18
HIT DICE:	3 to 4
THAC0:	17
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-3 and by weapon
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Camouflage
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	M (5'-6' long)
MORALE:	Unsteady (5-7)
XP VALUE:	3 HD 120 4 HD 175

Ophidia, or snakemen, look like large snakes with human-like arms and hands. They are not long and slender like true snakes. They are usually mottled green and yellow.

Ophidia have their own language and about half of them know common or another language spoken by nearby races.

Combat: Ophidia have a chameleonlike power to change colors. Their scales can assume brown and gray tones, as well as their normal green and yellow, so they can blend into subterranean environments as well. This blending ability gives opponents a -2 penalty to surprise rolls, and the ophidia use this to good effect in preparing ambushes.

For every three normal snakemen encountered, there will be one present with 4 Hit Dice. These stronger ophidia do not lead the others, but do tend to bully them a bit, hissing out orders and providing some plan of attack.

Most ophidia—approximately 90%—carry weapons and 50% use shields. Roughly half of the armed snakemen carry swords of some kind, 30% use clubs or maces, 10% carry battle axes, and 5% use scourges. The remaining 5% may carry practically any type of weapon which can be used with one hand.

Ophidia attack twice per round, once with a weapon and once with their bite. A human, demi-human, or humanoid victim bitten by an ophidian must make a saving throw vs. poison or be afflicted by disease. Starting 2-5 days after the bite, the victim's skin begins to grow scaly. The legs begin to shrink, and the tongue becomes forked. After two weeks, the victim becomes an ophidian with 4 HD.

Those affected by the disease gradually lose their memories, becoming more snake-like every day. A *cure disease* accompanied by a *remove curse* halts the affliction, though neither is effective alone. A *heal* or stronger magic such as *regeneration*, *wish*, or *limited wish*, is required to reverse the disease. Once the transformation is complete, nothing short of a *wish* will return the victim to the previous state.

Habitat/Society: Wild ophidia live in small family groups. The eldest female usually leads the group, and she determines where the group hunts and what alliances they make.

Ophidia are not related to yuan-ti and seldom associate



with them, but are sometimes enslaved by them. They are often found as servants to nagas, or to green or black dragons. In fact, they are rarely found in groups without a powerful non-ophidian leader of some kind. Snakemen sometimes form uneasy alliances with lizard men, but they never share living areas with them. Ophidia are friendly with normal snakes and are often found in the company of a giant constrictor.

Snakemen have little in the way of religion, though groups often "worship" the naga, dragon, or giant constrictor snake with whom they associate, bringing food and presents to them.

Ophidia can mate at any time during the year. Females initiate mating rituals with a writhing dance that hypnotizes the males. About two months after mating, the female lays 2-7 eggs in a shallow hole, then covers them. The eggs harden slowly and hatch in about three months. If a whole nest survives to adulthood, they form a new family group. Others generally join with a group of snakemen in the area, either a wild group or one in servitude to a greater monster.

When an ophidian is created through the bite of a normal ophidian, it feels compelled to travel to the area where it was bitten. This compulsion begins when the transformation is half complete, and the soon-to-be snakeman will sneak off, fighting for freedom if caught. When the new ophidian arrives at the area where it was bitten, any local clan will adopt it.

Ecology: Ophidia are dangerous predators, stalking and ambushing any sort of warm-blooded prey. They prefer smaller animals, but like true snakes, they can unhinge their jaws. This enables them to swallow dead animals up to 3 feet long.

Snakemen generally serve to keep the populations of small animals down, though certain groups have been known to acquire a taste for halflings.

The ophidian's poison becomes inert within a few minutes after it leaves the snakeman's body, so cannot be used to pass the disease.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Underground/caverns
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Pack
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Average (8-10)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral Evil
NO. APPEARING:	4-40
ARMOR CLASS:	3
MOVEMENT:	15
HIT DICE:	4 + 4
THAC0:	17
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3 (claw/claw/bite)
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-6/1-6/1-8
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	S (4')
MORALE:	Champion (16)
XP VALUE:	1,400

PSIONICS SUMMARY:

Level	Dis/Sci/Dev	Attack/Defense	Score	PSPs
5	2/1/6	Nil	13	70

Clairsentience: *Devotions:* Danger Sense, Feel Sound, Hear Light

Psychometabolism: *Sciences:* Shadow-form; *Devotions:* Adrenalin Control, Aging, Chameleon Power

The rautym is a relatively harmless-looking creature, resembling a small, eyeless, hairless, freckle-backed monkey. However, as many adventurers have found, appearances can be deceiving. A rautym is never found far from its companions, and for good reason. It is not because they are fearful, but because they gain power simply by being together.

Although rautym have no eyes, they nonetheless have little trouble existing, even flourishing, in the dark recesses of the underground. This is because two of their psionic powers are always active, and without cost in PSPs. These (Feel Sound and Hear Light) allow the rautym to move about in the dark freely. They maintain small quantities of faintly phosphorescent rocks all about their lairs, or on their persons if travelling, which allow them to function easily. If plunged into magical darkness and silence, the rautym panic and attempt to flee. Opponents can use these spells to defeat the rautym easily; this is an option few have tried, however, as it is not at all obvious upon meeting these creatures.

Combat: The rautym have exceptional control over their psionic abilities and use them to great effect during combat. When they encounter a danger, they use their Adrenalin Control to boost their Strength (they already have a natural Strength of 15) so they gain attack and damage bonuses. If necessary, they use Shadow-form to sneak behind their enemies, at which point they employ Aging or leap out upon their enemies to engage them in fierce hand-to-hand combat.

In addition to their arsenal of psionic powers, the rautym also have a power that is unduplicated in any other known race: they can dance magic, that is, they can summon magical energies by dancing in a certain way. There must, however, be



at least two rautym for this to work. One acts as the dancer while the other acts as the focus. A lone rautym dancer must dance five hours to produce a single first level spell; the rautym who acts as the focus is the one who casts the actual spell. The focus must have heard of the spell to cast it, and there must be at least twice as many dancers as there are spell levels for spells past 5th level. The focus need not decide on the spell until the time comes to cast it, and there have been cases where the rautym dance for days, building the magical energies to an unheard-of level.

Additional rautym reduce the casting time or increase the spell level. The specific amount of time depends on the number of dancers, and is five hours divided by the number of dancers. The increase in spell level is one level per rautym until 5th level, at which point there must be two rautym per level.

For example, two rautym dancers can enable a focus to cast a second level spell after five hours of dancing, or can enable it to cast a first level spell in 2 ½ hours. Likewise, five rautym can cast a 5th-level spell after five hours of dancing, or can decrease the casting time of a 1st-level spell to one hour.

If possible, the rautym will post sentries who use their Chameleon Power and Danger Sense. Since the rautym cannot defend themselves while they dance (although their dancing reverie is broken when the circle is broken), they prefer to have sentries rather than the extra power.

Habitat/Society: Rautym have a traditional focus, usually their elder, who leads them through the darkness of the underground. There is at least one elder per group of four. If the previous elder is killed, a new one is created to take its place. The rautym are never without a focus.

Ecology: The rautym are an anomaly in the underground. None are sure of their origins, but know that disturbing a circle of dancing rautym is a sure way to invite destruction.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Common
ORGANIZATION:	Tribe
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Nil
INTELLIGENCE:	Low (5-7)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic (Any)
NO. APPEARING:	2-40
ARMOR CLASS:	10
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT DICE:	1/2
THACO:	18
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-4
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	None
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	None
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	None
SIZE:	Small (1' tall)
MORALE:	Average (8-10)
XP VALUE:	15

Squeakers were first encountered a few years ago. It is believed they were created by a wizard's spell gone bad. These small, humanoid creatures have disproportionately large heads and spindly bodies. They look vaguely pixie-like, but they wear no clothes and display no gender.

Combat: Squeakers do not appear to attack for the purpose of killing. Rather, they attack to annoy and aggravate their prey. Why they do this is unknown, but they have successfully annoyed many an adventurer.

Their standard tactic is to stand several yards away and throw stones, rocks, branches, etc. at their target. When chased, they run away, usually leading the target into an ambush of the same nature. When using hurled weapons of this nature, they gain a +2 attack bonus due to their familiarity with such weapons.

They rarely stand in the open when attempting to annoy their targets, but use their missile weapons from behind cover. The best response to a squeaker attack, many have found, is a fireball placed in the general direction of the attacks.

Squeakers attack with no apparent strategy, aiming at those who are closest to them, whether this is a wizard, fighter, rogue, or priest. This has, more often than not, proven to be the downfall of several tribes. They do not concentrate on an individual seeking to bring it down, but rather spread their missiles over a larger area. Some surmise that they seek only to drive intruders from their area, while others speculate that the squeakers have some more sinister purpose in mind.



Habitat/Society: The squeakers have been encountered in every corner of the globe and at every temperature range. They do not appear to be affected by temperatures, although they appear to shun more extreme climates.

Squeaker society is unknown. They group together with no apparent leader and work together with almost ant-like organization to irritate those who pass through what they regard as their territory. This territory is usually no larger than one mile on a side, but the squeakers patrol it vigilantly and harass those who enter too far into it.

Squeakers speak their own language and no other. Their language consists, of course, of tiny grunts, squeaks, and whistles that seem random to any but those listening via magic. They speak of anything that enters their small minds, which vanishes from their thoughts as soon as they speak it. They make no attempt to conceal this speech, and those who hear it would be best advised to leave the area or suffer severe irritation.

Ecology: Since squeakers don't eat and do not appear to want anything of any real value from the environment, they have little impact on the local ecology. However, they reproduce rapidly, replenishing numbers lost to marauding animals, vengeful humanoids, and monsters.

Stone Snake

1089 Dragon Mountain

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CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Subterranean
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Minerals
INTELLIGENCE:	Animal (1)
TREASURE:	Q(x5)
ALIGNMENT:	Nil
NO. APPEARING:	1-2
ARMOR CLASS:	-2
MOVEMENT:	9
HIT DICE:	8
THACO:	13
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	2-20 or 1-8
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Poison
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Immune to fire, poison, 1/4 damage by edged and piercing weapons
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	H (20'-25' Long)
MORALE:	Steady (11)
XP VALUE:	3,000

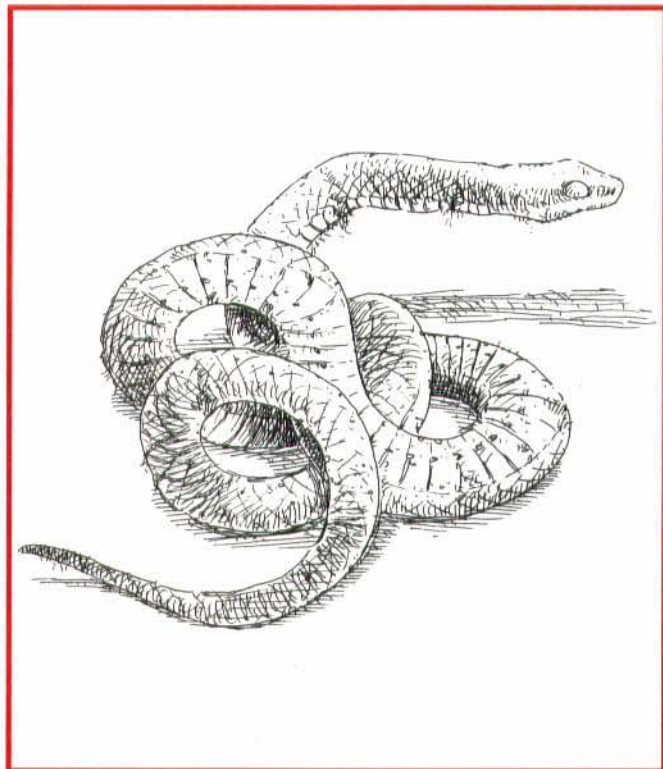
The stone snake is similar to its more mundane cousins, except that its body is made up of segments of a stony mineral that resembles granite. It is this hard outer body covering that provides the stone snake with its exceptional Armor Class. A stone snake's diet consists of mineral substances, but its preferred meal is any creature that it has petrified with its special poison.

A stone snake's color ranges generally from eggshell to rosy pink, with striations of mauve to black, similar to most colors of granite.

Combat: The stone snake attacks with a lightning-quick jab of its blunt, stony snout, causing 2d10 points of bludgeoning damage. Alternatively, the stone snake can make a bite attack, causing 1d8 points of damage and injecting a virulent poison into its victim, who must make a successful saving throw vs. petrification with a -6 penalty. If the saving throw is failed, the poison takes effect, slowly petrifying the victim over 5 rounds.

Because the stone snake's body is so hard, it can withstand the blows of most weapons fairly well, hence its low Armor Class. Edged and piercing weapons cause only one-quarter damage to a stone snake.

Habitat/Society: Stone snakes are always found individually or in mated pairs. The female stone snake lays 1-6 eggs in the early fall, and then watches over them while the male scavenges for food for the both of them. The eggs themselves are very similar in color to the parents, and roughly 16 to 18 inches long. When the young hatch, they are white in color, slowly developing camouflaging hues over the first six months, at which point they are driven from the nest to survive on their own. A stone snake yearling is typically 10 to 12 feet long and its poisonous bite is somewhat weaker; the saving throw penalty for these younger specimens is only -2. Stone snakes of this age typically hunt smaller creatures such as giant rats and beetles.



Even though the main diet of a stone snake consists of mineral matter, certain types of gems seem to be undigestible by it, and these are typically found in the lair among the refuse. Gems that are not digested include diamonds, garnets, tanzanite, and zircons. Beyond this treasure, any items that would not have remained tucked away on a victim's body (a dropped weapon or shield) can sometimes be found near a stone snake's lair.

Ecology: The stone snake consumes mineral matter that it scavenges, usually in subterranean areas with lots of crystalline formations. When a stone snake has petrified a victim, it drags the prey off to its lair for safety and then slowly swallows it whole, digesting the meal over the course of several days, depending on the size of the victim. During this digestion period, the stone snake seems to go into a hibernation stage, so it does not move and is much easier to kill. Stone snake egg yolk is a prized ingredient for the ink used to inscribe the wizard spell *stoneskin* onto a scroll.

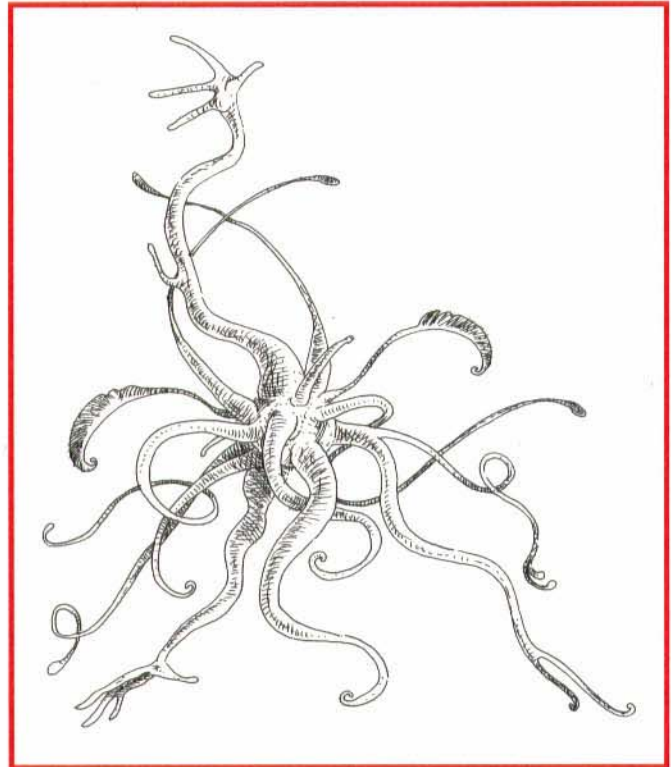
CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any/subterrean
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Exceptional
TREASURE:	I
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1-2
ARMOR CLASS:	4
MOVEMENT:	12, Cl 12
HIT DICE:	4 + 4
THAC0:	15
NO. OF ATTACKS:	8
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-6
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Tendrils, spells
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Never surprised
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	M (20' diameter)
MORALE:	Steady (11-12)
XP VALUE:	975

The suwyze is an underground creature that defies classification. It seems to be composed entirely of feathery antennae, wispy tendrils, and long feelers—a huge mass of sensory organs. Though it takes up a large volume, most of the creature is composed of its appendages, and only its central body has much mass. The suwyze is a watching sort of beast, a favorite among mages and others who require security without a great bother. Suwyze can learn a burbling, garbled version of Common, though few masters teach it to them—the suwyze usually pick it up on their own. Suwyze move in a rippling, flowing motion, and they are able to cling to most surfaces well enough to climb walls, but not cling to ceilings.

Combat: The suwyze can see danger coming from a great distance, as its feelers and tendrils allow it to sense light, heat, faint odors, winds, magical auras, strong good or evil creatures, and even subtle underground pressure changes that might indicate opening and closing doors. Suwyze do sleep, but they do so fitfully, and some of their feelers are active even then. When something triggers their sense of danger, they become instantly alert. As a result, a suwyze can never be surprised. A typical response is to tell the master and then hide.

The suwyze can use each of the following spell-like abilities three times per day: *wizard eye*, *invisibility*, *detect good*, *detect evil*, *detect magic*, *clairaudience*, *clairvoyance*, and *shout*. It uses these to track even difficult opponents throughout an area. Its powers of perception also grant the suwyze a +2 bonus to saving throws against all illusion-based magic.

If forced into melee, a suwyze attacks with its feeding tendrils, each a 10-foot long whiplike appendage covered with coarse, sandpapery skin. These abrasive whips cause 1-6 points of damage when each strikes. A more important talent of suwyze is their ability to induce magical double vision in their opponents as a play for sympathy. Unless the victim of an attack rolls a successful saving throw vs. spells, the attacker begins seeing the combat from the suwyze's point of view, in a somewhat doctored form. The disorientation this causes imposes a -3 penalty upon all attack rolls. Hearing the piteous cries of the suwyze and seeing the magically exaggerated effects of each blow are so eerie that opponents suffer a -1 penalty to damage rolls as well. If this ability fails, a suwyze



magically *shouts* for assistance, blasting opponents in the process.

A suwyze can wear and use rings and bracers on its tendrils, and a particularly favored beast may often be granted these items by a generous master.

Habitat/Society: The suwyze is a curious beast, one probably too clever for its own good. It views its guard duties as a diversion, something that it is good at but that it doesn't take entirely seriously. Suwyze consider themselves philosophers or hedonists, endlessly ruminating on the nature of perception or simply taking it all in. They are cowards as well, quick to warn of danger and prone to giving false alarms rather than ignoring a potential danger. Suwyze are easily spooked by odd noises, unfamiliar smells, strangers, or other new people or things in their environment.

The suwyze favors certain scents, colors, and textures, and over time its tastes harden. Older suwyze may object to being housed anywhere except in an area specifically designed to meet their needs. These preferences make them difficult to transfer from one area to another; they are good watchers, but they become entrenched in their habits.

Some suwyze are said to have made dim, distant contact with independent colonies established by progressive, independent suwyze who are free of any duties to masters or owners. Given how vulnerable these creatures can be, these "contacts" are probably merely the fancies of the suwyze's hyperactive senses.

Ecology: The suwyze almost always lives in a symbiotic relationship with other underground creatures. It may serve as a watchdog for a subterranean dragon, evil races, or others—the suwyze doesn't care as long as it is fed well and often. Because of its extensive sensory powers, the suwyze must eat much more than other creatures of its size. Also, it requires more meat than most underground creatures.

To whomever may find this letter. Greetings.

I sit at my desk penning these words as the forces of Evil batter away at our hosts' gate. I am fairly certain that this message will be my last, and so I will try to make it brief and important. How ironic that a long life spent in contemplation should end in such a horrid rush!

At any rate, I write this to inform the reader of a great weapon that may be used to combat the invaders. Although it is not in the hands of elves at this time, it can be easily obtained from the halflings' lair in this mountain. Even if the halflings should perish, Chyrithis will make itself visible to those of pure heart and good intention. It is a broadsword of exceptional power, its blue-steel blade fairly gleaming in even the smallest light. The hilt is wrapped in the finest white calf-skin, magically enchanted so that it will never stain. The pommel is that of a great golden bird's claw grasping a large ruby. I wish you luck in combatting the evil that has befallen us, whether you be elf, man, or even another race. All I ask is that you return Chyrithis to the elven nations when you have completed this task.

Signed

Halivariath
Windblossom

Halivariath Windblossom

The Journal of Ferenik Stonefist

“Third Day after Highmoon, in the Year of the Dragon

As usual, Glaton seems to be late in his exploration of the Dragon’s Lair. One of these times, we’ll just assume that he has failed in his mission, or worse yet, has completely forgotten about it, that drunken foy. I must admit that he has been remarkably effective in the past in exploring the lairs of these dragons for us. I see others approaching. I will write more when I have time.

Fifth Day after Highmoon, in the Year of the Dragon

Glaton still has not arrived. I believe that Viganir Thorsen is planning on leaving for the mountain tomorrow, whether Glaton shows or not. This bodes ill. He usually plans these expeditions carefully, engaging the services of another thrillseeker like Glaton. I have a bad feeling about this.

Seventh Day

We have arrived at the base of the mountain that houses the dragon. Clouds swirl constantly about its top, and shrieking winds howl about the camp. This does not faze most of the other Warriors of Winter who have gathered, but I know it will haunt me in my dreams tonight.

There are eight Warriors who answered Viganir’s call, including myself. This, at least, explains why he was willing to enter the dragon’s lair without proper preparation. I know of no creature that can stand against the assembled might of so many, not even a Great Wyrn.

Our three fighters are Kenrick the Bold, of great renown (indeed, nearly as good as Viganir), Krona Icebearer the Inscrutable, and Per Vartal the Dark.

The healers are Rolf and Tharl Huginsen, twin priests of Odin All-Father, who I know to be mighty both in combat and in their more gentle vocation. Finally, we have our mages, both of whom are trustworthy (especially for mages). The first is Ceryx Pyrmaine, our wizard of Fire, whose fiery personality contrasts well with the frozen demeanor of Mannas Tifeksdatter, the sorceress of the Cold North Winds. Between the two of them, we should be well within the safety we need. I myself will provide the expertise necessary to deal with whatever traps the dragon may have established. Viganir, of course, will lead the charge.

Eighth Day, Noon

Who could have thought that things could go so drastically wrong? We lost three of our number before we even entered the inside of the mountain; Ceryx Pyrmaine, Krona Ice-reaver, and Rolf Huginsen all fell, first to tiny black-fletched arrows, then from the narrow path that led up to the doors of what appeared to be a mountain fastness. We could barely see where their bodies landed.

At last, we fought our way inside (although we faced no living creatures), and found ourselves in a mighty room, where more arrows flew at us from two metal columns. Mannas took care of those with a wall of ice she raised from the floor, which then closed around the towers to choke off that air. Everywhere we go in this accursed place they fire arrows at us, and we can have no recourse, for the tiny shadows vanish every time we bring weapons to bear on them. Locked here in this closet, we hide from the patrols we know must be out there, and discuss our options. Are these kobolds we face? The height is right, but their ferocity is far out of proportion from what I remember as a novice adventurer. At least then we could see them! And where is the dragon? Viganir wants us to move out now; I'll write later.

Eighth Day, Later

Bare minutes after I finished with the last entry, disaster struck again. As we moved from our encampment, the enemy struck from the shadows again, sending flights of black-fletched arrows into our party. Viganir was the first to fall, his heart pierced by a lucky shot. Then Tharl fell while attempting to drag Viganir to safety, and we could do nothing for him then, because all we could do is run. Only Per, Mannas, and myself remain. Right now we hide near a river, far from the entrance. When we awaken, we will try to make our way out. To the Nine Hells with the dragon!

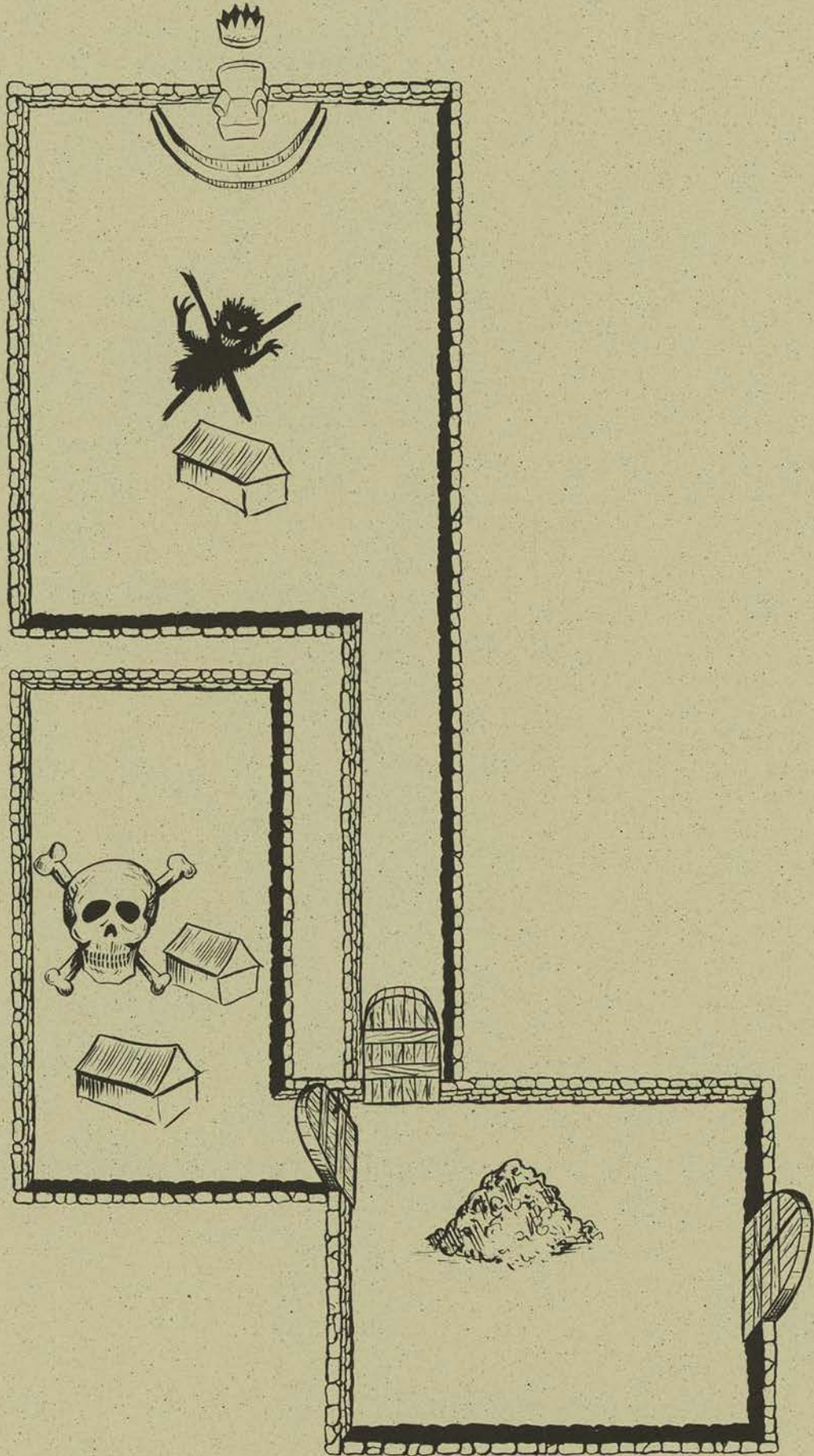
Tenth Day? Eleventh?

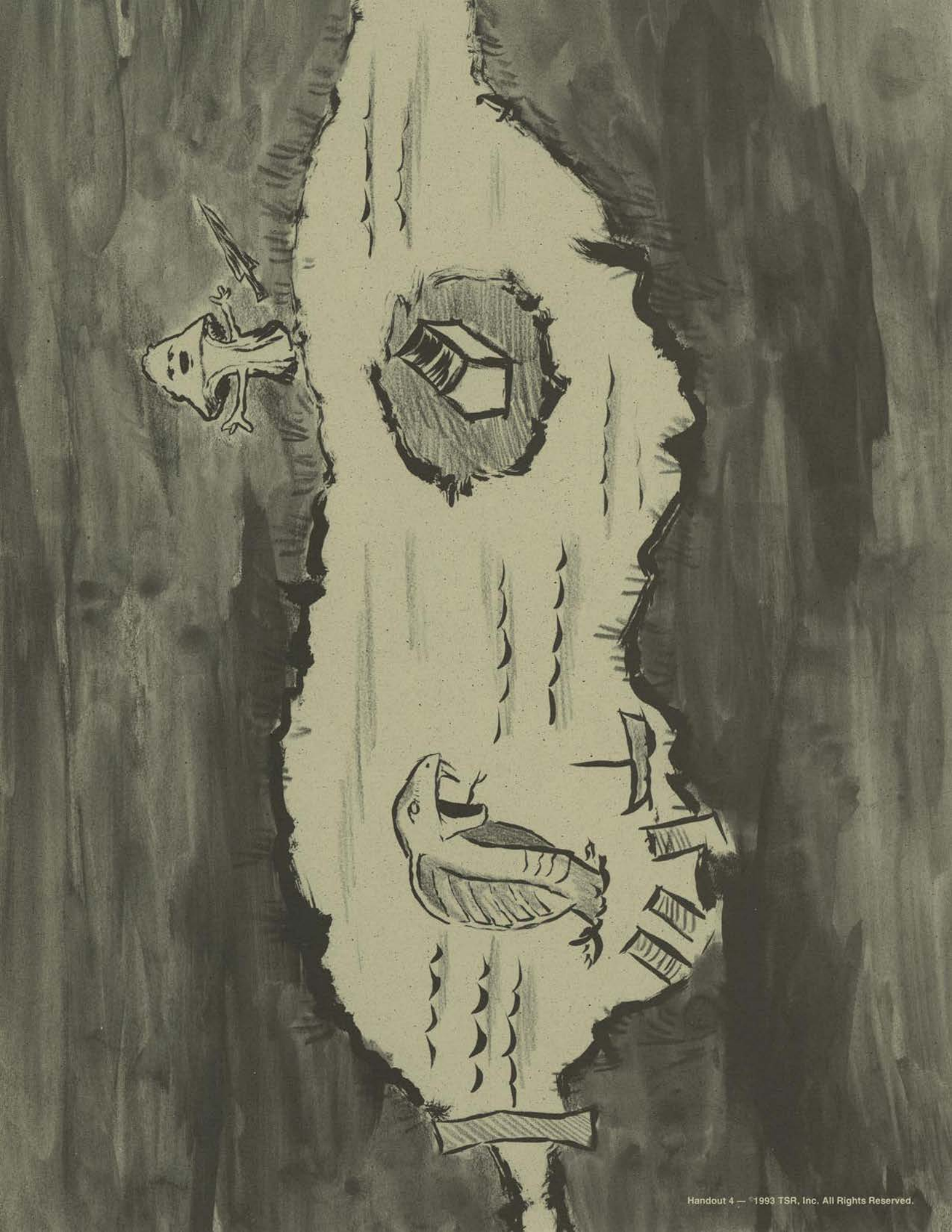
How can this be turning against me like this? I thought the Warriors of Winter unbeatable, nearly invulnerable, yet I am the only one remaining. Mannas Tifeksdatter and Per Vartal have both been captured by the kobolds dwelling near the river. We saw a pumping house of incredible sophistication, and thought to make it our base while we figured a way to escape this twice-bedeviled mountain. No such luck; when we approached it, nets hidden in the sands whipped the two upward to cleverly hidden holes in the ceiling, where shapes that were definitely kobolds tittered with glee. Ever since then, I have been running and hiding, getting my nourishment by raiding various kobold larders (to the great disagreement of my stomach). I have evaded several patrols, although few of them seem to have been looking for me specifically.

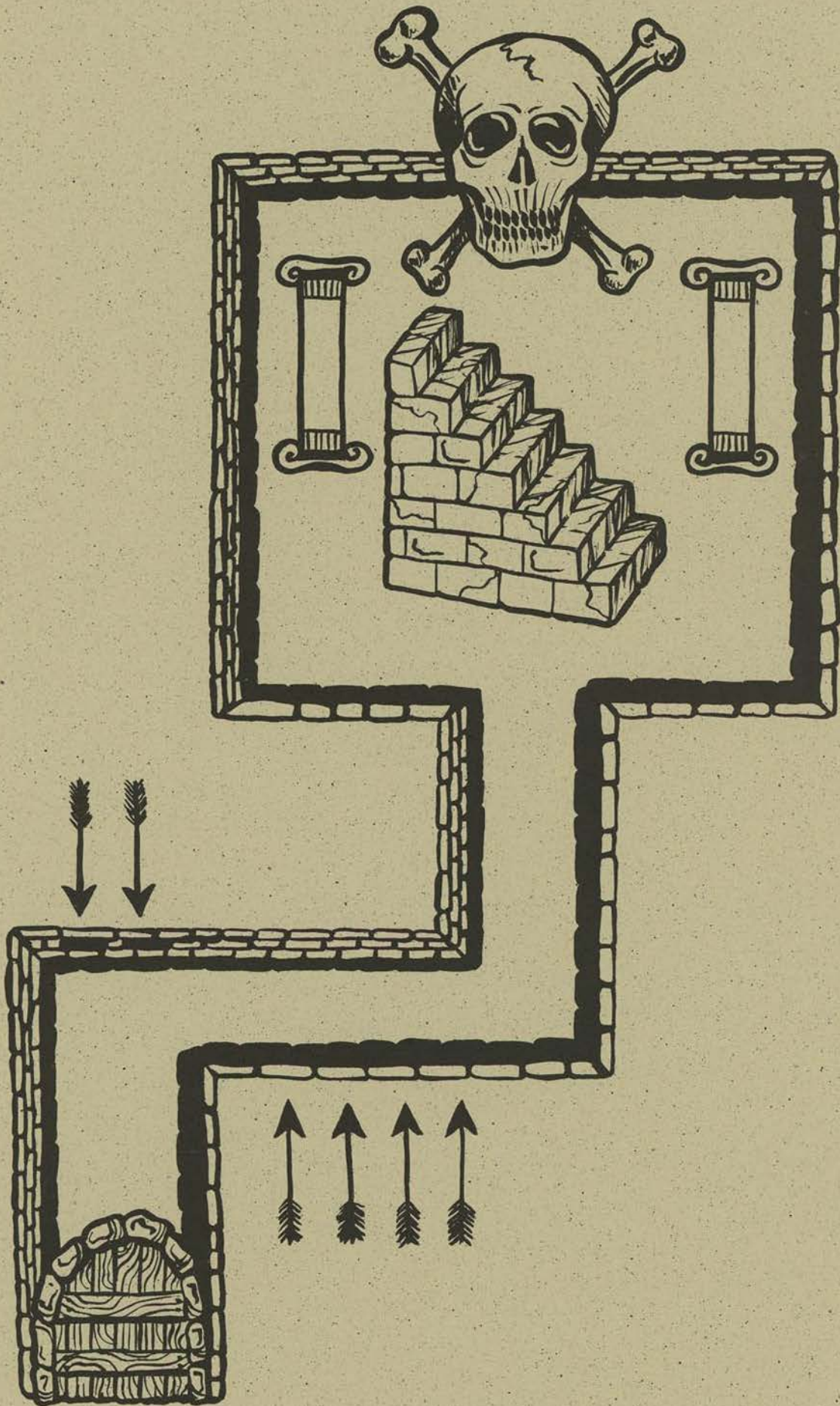
As far as I can tell, there are several clans in the mountain, each of which has its own agenda. There even seem to be some rivalries between clans, for I have come across pitched battles in the open spaces of the fortress between kobolds wearing different colors. I'm going to try to sow some dissension by killing a kobold leader, or at least one of his lieutenants.

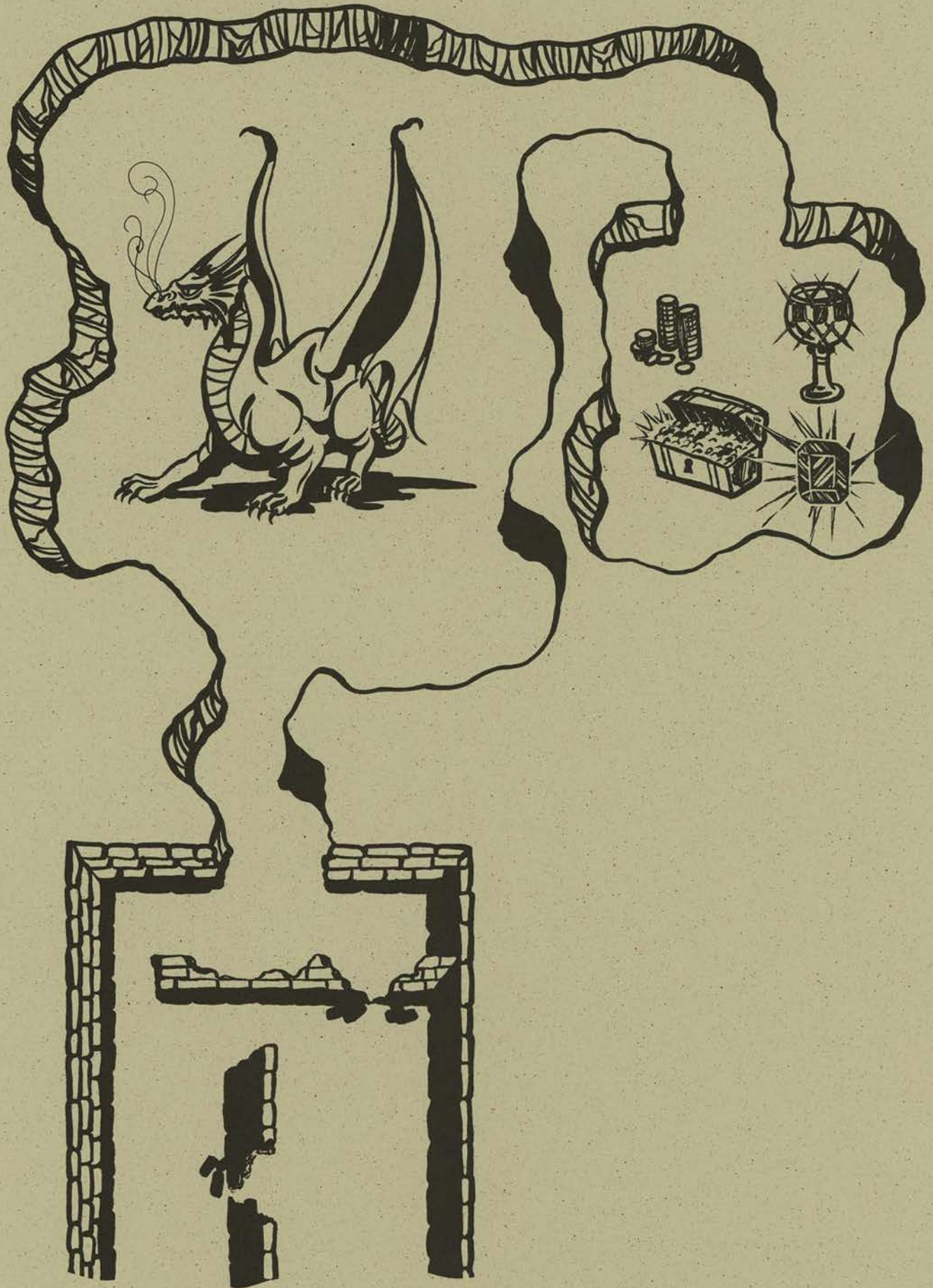
One Sleep Later

*I've done it! I crept into one of the compounds and slit the throat of one of the little buggers, obviously an important one from his dress. He probably wasn't the leader, but maybe he was a witch doctor or something. When I escaped that compound, I thought I saw a kobold following me. I don't know why, but his very presence worried me. I thought he was some sort of fiend at first, such was the menace radiating from him. When I turned again, he was gone. Periodically, I thought I saw him on my way to this hiding place, but he couldn't possibly be that fast. I think I'm safe now, free from any retribution the kobolds could bring to bear on me. I've figured out their system and **I AM SAF***





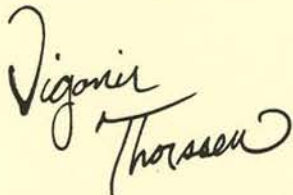




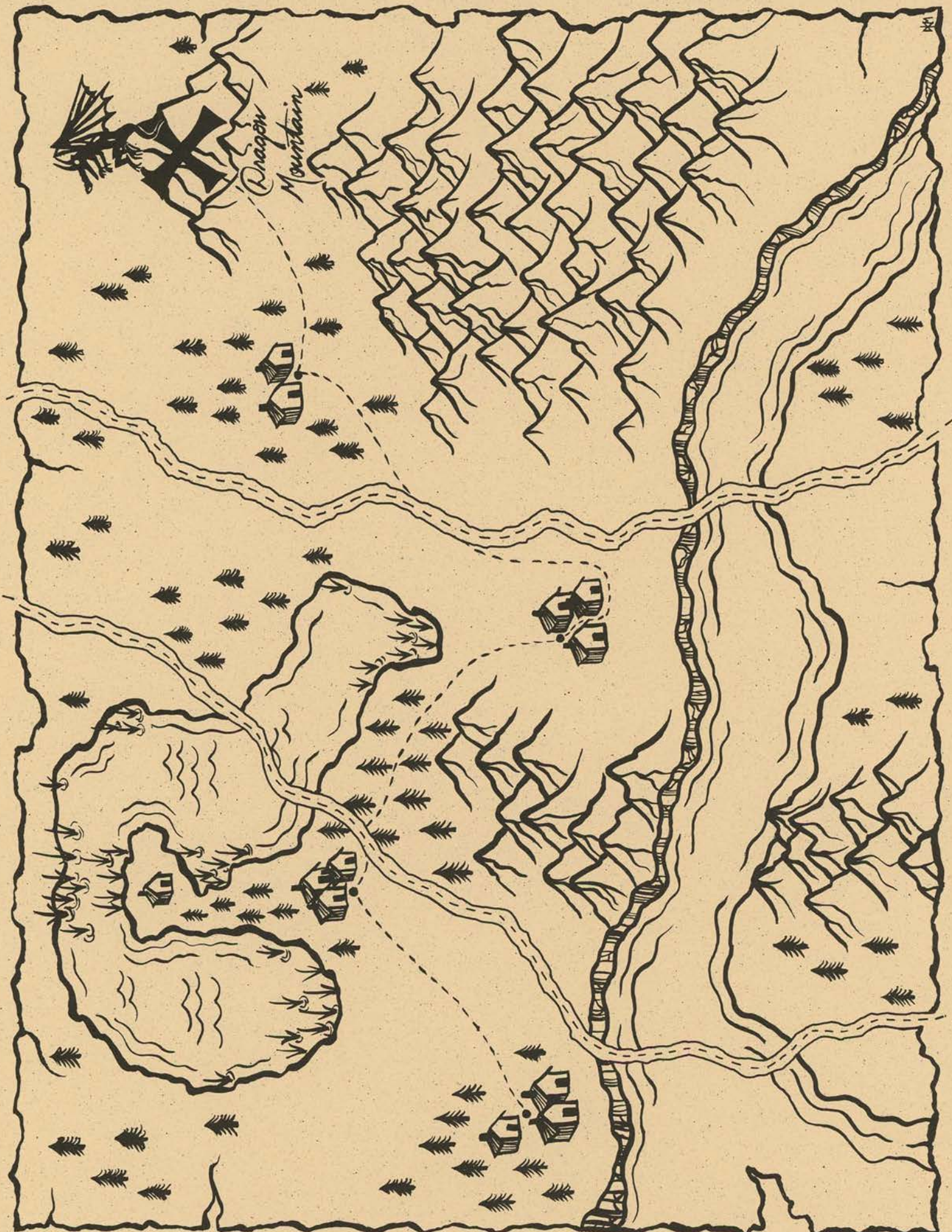
Glaton:

A large dragon has been spotted in the area. As usual, we are interested in the lair and its treasures. You will be given the usual 10% fee for scouting and mapping the lair, as well as a cut of the magical items. Remember: No matter what you do, do not engage the dragon. We will meet you on the fourth day after Highmoon in the inn of the Spitting Cockatrice in the town of Lakewaves. You will receive 1,000 gold for your efforts to date.

Our thanks,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Viganir Thorssen". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the text "Our thanks,".

Viganir Thorssen
The Warriors of Winter



Good Dragon.

I am aware that you, too, must survive the harsh winters of the area, but must you do so by ensuring that our village cannot? We beg of you, please leave us some of our stock and our possessions for the winter. We will send monthly, even weekly, envoys to you with a generous share of cattle and gold, but please, please, please spare our village and our villagers.

Indeed, we are willing to do nearly anything. We can raid other villages nearby if our tithe is too small. We have heard of draconic taste for young maidens, and, if you so desire, we can even attempt to acquire those for you. We are desperate in our bid for survival, and will do anything if it will spare us your hand.

Yours in body and mind.

Falarch
Gristom

Falarch Gristom
Mayor, Town of Lentlas

To the (dis)honorable Harixis, Lord of the puling Skullkickers:

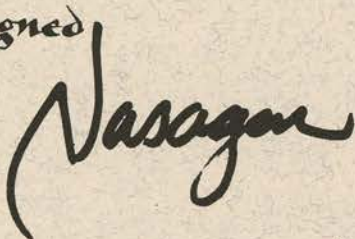
You may feel that your tribe has a monopoly on the arts (although why you would be proud of this fact is beyond me). To prove differently, I enclose here the work of the mountain's premier poet, who incidentally is a member of my tribe.

An Ode to Harixis

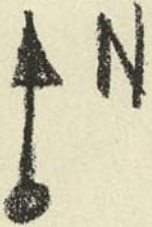
Your face sports an unsightly nose
Which compares nothing to your ingrown toes.
Your tribe is a pitiful mess
Reflected by the way you dress.
Last I saw you, your face was sore
Come back again, I'll do it more.
We're not afraid of your little threats
'cuz what we see is what we gets.

I hope that this lyrical bit of verse is enough to convince you that your pretentious airs are as nothing to us, that we can have talent without having the snooty attitude that seems to permeate your little tribe of has-been artists.

Signed

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Nasagan". The letters are fluid and connected, with a prominent loop at the end of the word.

Nasagan, Emperor of the Dreadnoughts



Many Ferocious
Kobolds
were here.

Magic

Something
Supernatural
was
here

Trash,
Filth, and
Vermin

up to another
level

(too hard to sneak
past the pests)



Amulet of Dragon Warding

If desired, the image of the amulet may be cut into segments, and the DM may give the players one fragment each time their characters find one in the adventure. To cut the amulet, refer to the diagram below.



Map 1A, Level I



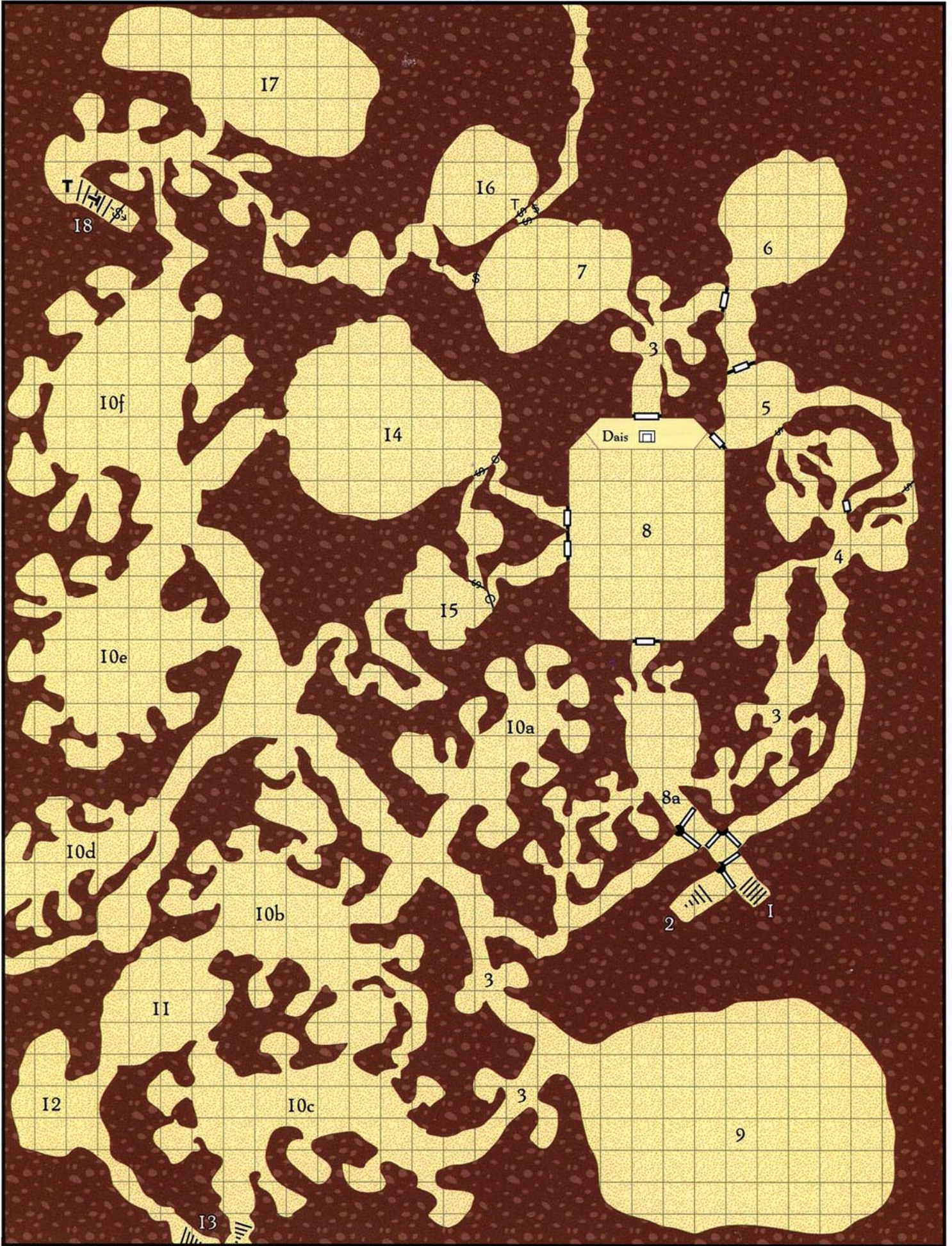
Map IA

1 square = 10 feet

	Door
	Barred Door
	Locked Door
	One-way Door
	Revolving Door
	Secret Door
	Concealed Door
	One-way Secret Door
	Trap
	Arrow Slit
	Stairs
	Chair
	Rope Bridge
	Foot Bridge

- 1 Stairs to visitors' hall on level 2
- 2 Guard barracks/training rooms/
kitchens/slaves' quarters
- 3 Abandoned dwarven artisan's room
The concealed door in this room
(indeed all of them in this warren)
is cleverly built on the back wall.
Only close observation will reveal that
a passage exists; the casual observer will
mistakenly take the back wall as complete.
- 4 Abandoned artisan's hall
- 5 Stairs to storeroom on level 2

Map IB, Level 2



Map 1B

1 square = 10 feet

	Door
	Barred Door
	Locked Door
	One-way Door
	Revolving Door
	Secret Door
	Concealed Door
	One-way Secret Door
	Trap
	Arrow Slit
	Stairs
	Chair
	Rope Bridge
	Foot Bridge

- 1 Stairs to main entrance level 1
- 2 Stairs to prison level 3
- 3 Guard barracks
- 4 Guest chambers
- 5 Private meeting room
- 6 Private stadium
- 7 Chieftain's quarters/greeting room/
dining room/slave's quarters/library















- 8 Audience chamber
- 8a Visitors' hallway The doors in the hallway are built like an "L" with a hinge where the two doors meet. Thus, if one passage is open (say, the one to the audience chamber), then another passage is closed (in this case, the passage to the dungeon).
- 9 Public stadium
- 10 Residential:
 - 10a Weavers
 - 10b Smiths
 - 10c Miners
 - 10d Food Producers
 - 10e Hide Workers
 - 10f Traders
- 11 Smithy
- 12 Ore processing
- 13 Stairs to the mine, level 3
- 14 Temple/shaman's quarters/
acolytes' quarters/private chapel
Witch doctor's greeting room/apprentice's
room/lab/witch doctor's quarters
- 16 Treasure room
- 17 Storage room Items for import/export
- 18 Stairs to delivery room (abandoned), level 1
The trap is activated from the bottom of the
steps: the stairs become a slide and a pit
opens at the bottom of the stairs.

Map IC, Level 3



Map IC

1 square = 10 feet

	Door	1	Stairs to visitors' hall, level 2
	Barred Door	2	Guard barracks
	Locked Door	3	Torture chamber
	One-way Door	4	Prison cells
	Revolving Door	5	Gladiator training
	Secret Door	6	Overseer's quarters
	Concealed Door	7	Arena
	One-way Secret Door	8	Stairs to ore storage, level 2
	Trap	9	Stairs to miner residences, level 2
	Arrow Slit		
	Stairs		
	Chair		
	Rope Bridge		
	Foot Bridge		

Map 2



Map 2

1 square = 10 feet

	Door
	Barred Door
	Locked Door
	One-way Door
	Revolving Door
	Secret Door
	Concealed Door
	One-way Secret Door
	Trap
	Arrow Slit
	Stairs
	Chair
	Rope Bridge
	Foot Bridge















- 1 **Bridge** As characters cross over the bridge, they are spotted by the kobold scout in the boat, who proceeds to signal the watch guard, who alerts his companions, who alert the warren. The bridge can ordinarily hold 2400 pounds, but by pulling out supports, the scout in the boat can cause the bridge to collapse with as little as 50 pounds traversing it. The door on the other side is locked and trapped with a spring-loaded poison needle.
- 2 **Abandoned meditation center** The first part of the doubly trapped doors opens a pit, the second collapses the ceiling.
- 3 **Guard barracks/training room/kitchens/mess halls**
- 4 **Witch doctor's quarters**
- 5 **Temple/shaman's quarters**
- 5a **Escape boat**
- 6 **Acolytes' (enforcers') quarters**
- 7 **Residential:**
 - 7a **Weavers/hide workers**
 - 7b **Miners**
 - 7c **Fishers**
- 8 **Escape boats**
- 9 **To mines**

Map 3



Map 3

1 square = 10 feet















	Door	1	Arrow slits
	Barred Door	2	Mess hall for guards
	Locked Door	3	Warlord's domain
	One-way Door	4	Guards on duty
	Revolving Door	5	Prison
	Secret Door	6	Witch doctor/shaman
	Concealed Door	7	Shaman/wizard
	One-way Secret Door	8	Armory
	Trap	9	Secret guard A sentry here spies intruders and rings a bell to alert the rest of the warren.
	Arrow Slit	10	Meeting room
	Stairs	11	Storage room
	Chair	12	Ore storage area
	Rope Bridge	13	Forge and smithy
	Foot Bridge	14	Processed ore

Map 4

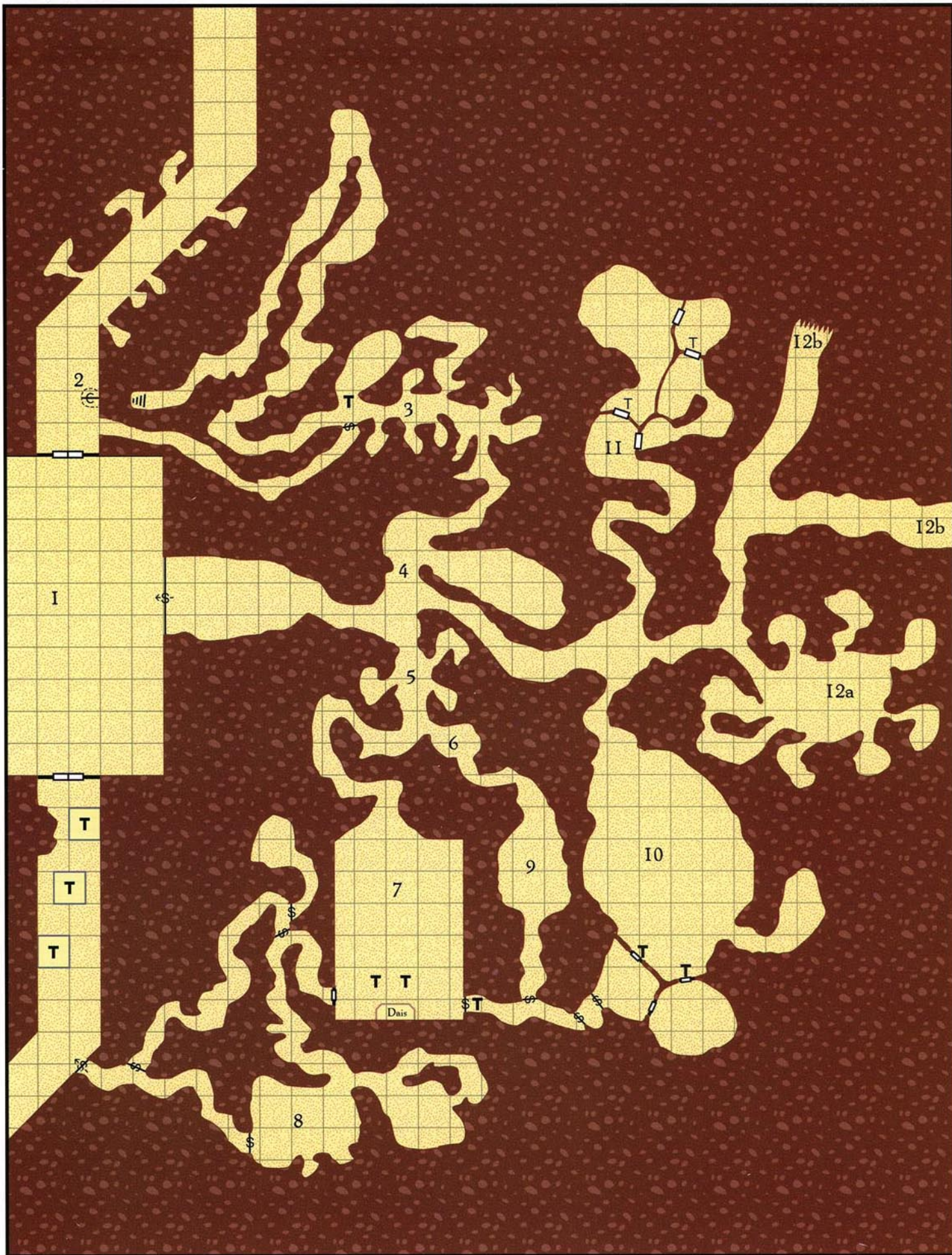


Map 4

1 square = 10 feet

	Door	1	Chieftain's room
	Barred Door	2	Captain of the guard's room
	Locked Door	3	Guard barracks
	One-way Door	4	Prison
	Revolving Door	5	Torture chamber
	Secret Door	6	Witch doctor
	Concealed Door	7	Shaman
	One-way Secret Door	8	Footbridge Each of these has been rigged so that the kobolds can fall back and then set them to collapse when pursuers step on them.
	Trap	9	Dining room
	Arrow Slit	10	Kitchen
	Stairs	11	Gathering room
	Chair	12	Mining area
	Rope Bridge	13	Slave housing
	Foot Bridge	14	Armory
		15	Administrator

Map 5



Map 5

1 square = 10 feet

	Door
	Barred Door
	Locked Door
	One-way Door
	Revolving Door
	Secret Door
	Concealed Door
	One-way Secret Door
	Trap
	Arrow Slit
	Stairs
	Chair
	Rope Bridge
	Foot Bridge















- 1 **Abandoned** Coming from the bottom, the first trap represents loose earth which opens into a pit. The second trap does the same thing unless a switch is thrown before crossing. The switch is concealed, but is easily accessible.
- 2 **Concealed entrance** The trap door is concealed beneath a heap of debris. Inside, the first trap opens a pit, and the second collapses the ceiling when triggered by a kobold.
- 3 **Guard barracks/kitchen**
- 4 **Training room**
- 5 **Body guards**
- 6 **Captain of the guards' room**
- 7 **Audience chamber**
- 8 **Chieftain's quarters**
- 9 **Meeting room**
- 10 **Temple/shaman's quarters/
private temple/acolytes' quarters**
- 11 **Witch doctor's greeting room/
apprentice's room/kitchen/mess
hall/private chambers/lab**
- 12 **Residential:**
 - 12a **Traders**
 - 12b **To mining area**

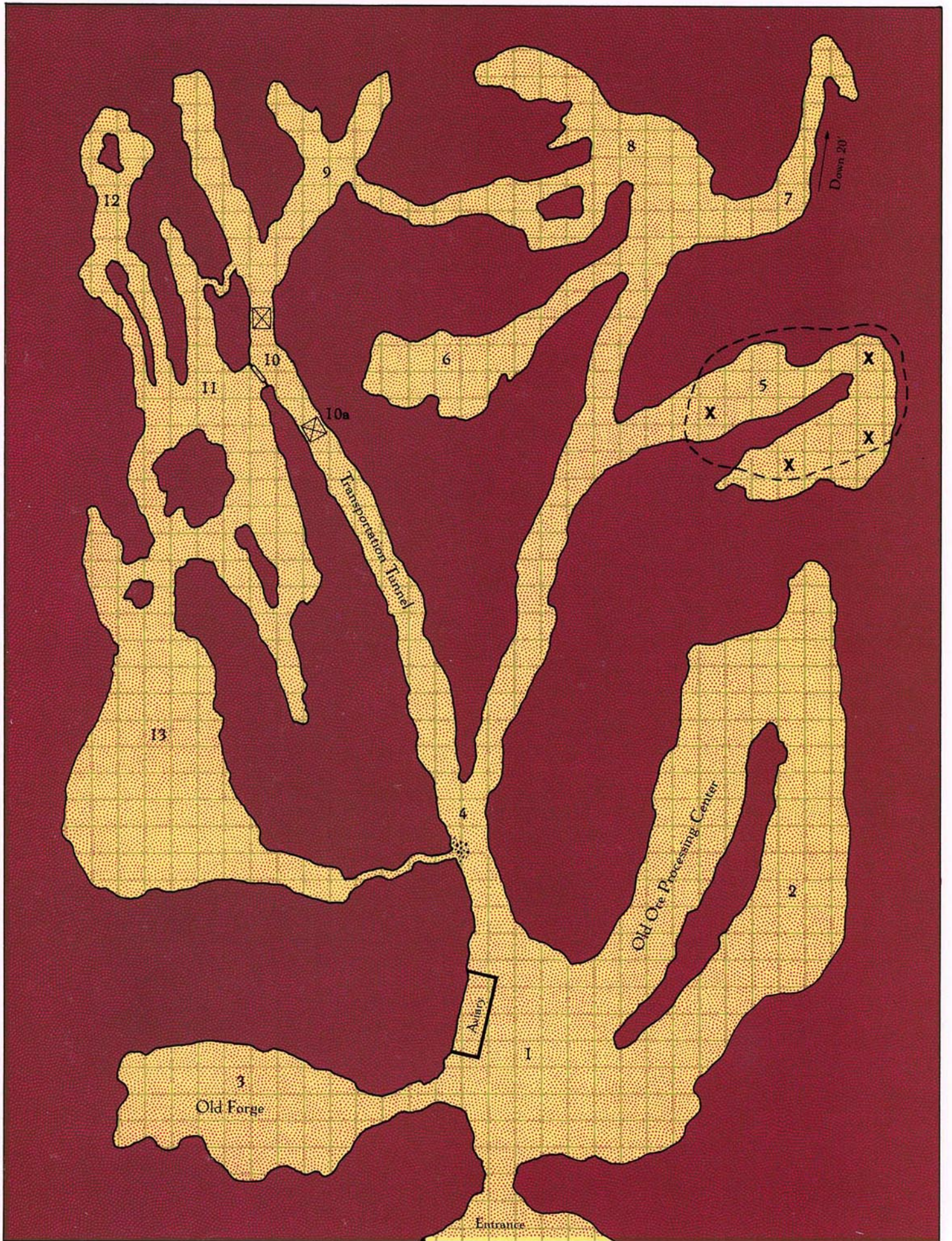
Map 6



Map 6

1 square = 10 feet

	Door	1	Entrance Trap door through secret door is simply a huge block slab that remains down most of the time (exception: incoming or outgoing trade).
	Barred Door	2	Guard barracks
	Locked Door	3	Trading room
	One-way Door	4	Residential:
	Revolving Door	4a	Smiths/miners
	Secret Door	4b	Food producers
	Concealed Door	4c	Weavers/hide workers
	One-way Secret Door	4d	Traders
	Trap	5	Smithy
	Arrow Slit	6	To:
	Stairs	6a	mines
	Chair	6b	food
	Rope Bridge	7	Storage room
	Foot Bridge	8	Temple/shaman's quarters/ acolytes' quarters/private chapel
		9	Prison
		10	Guest quarters
		11	Meeting room
		12	Audience chamber
		13	Secret meeting room
		14	Chieftain's quarters
		15	Witch doctor's quarters



The Under-Mines

1 square = 10 feet

General Description: This area, along with the quarries outside, is where the dwarves did the bulk of the work that earned them money. The area is dark and gloomy, with occasional torches lighting the sooty corridors.

Inhabitants: About 40 of Clan Kneebiters live down here, including the leader Snivaraan and his five lieutenants. The Kneebiters' umber hulk ally, Argrelk, also lives here.

Activity Cycle: At least $\frac{2}{3}$ of the kobolds of Clan Kneebiters are always awake, mining and eating. If an alarm has gone off in the upper reaches of the mountain, the kobolds down here assume attack formations. Otherwise, they continue to work in their regular cycle.

Clan Kneebiters' attack formation is a hit-and-run squad composed of 20 kobolds designed to draw intruders further into the tunnels. The other 19 are devoted to protecting their leader's life and making certain that he escapes to the upper reaches of the mountain.

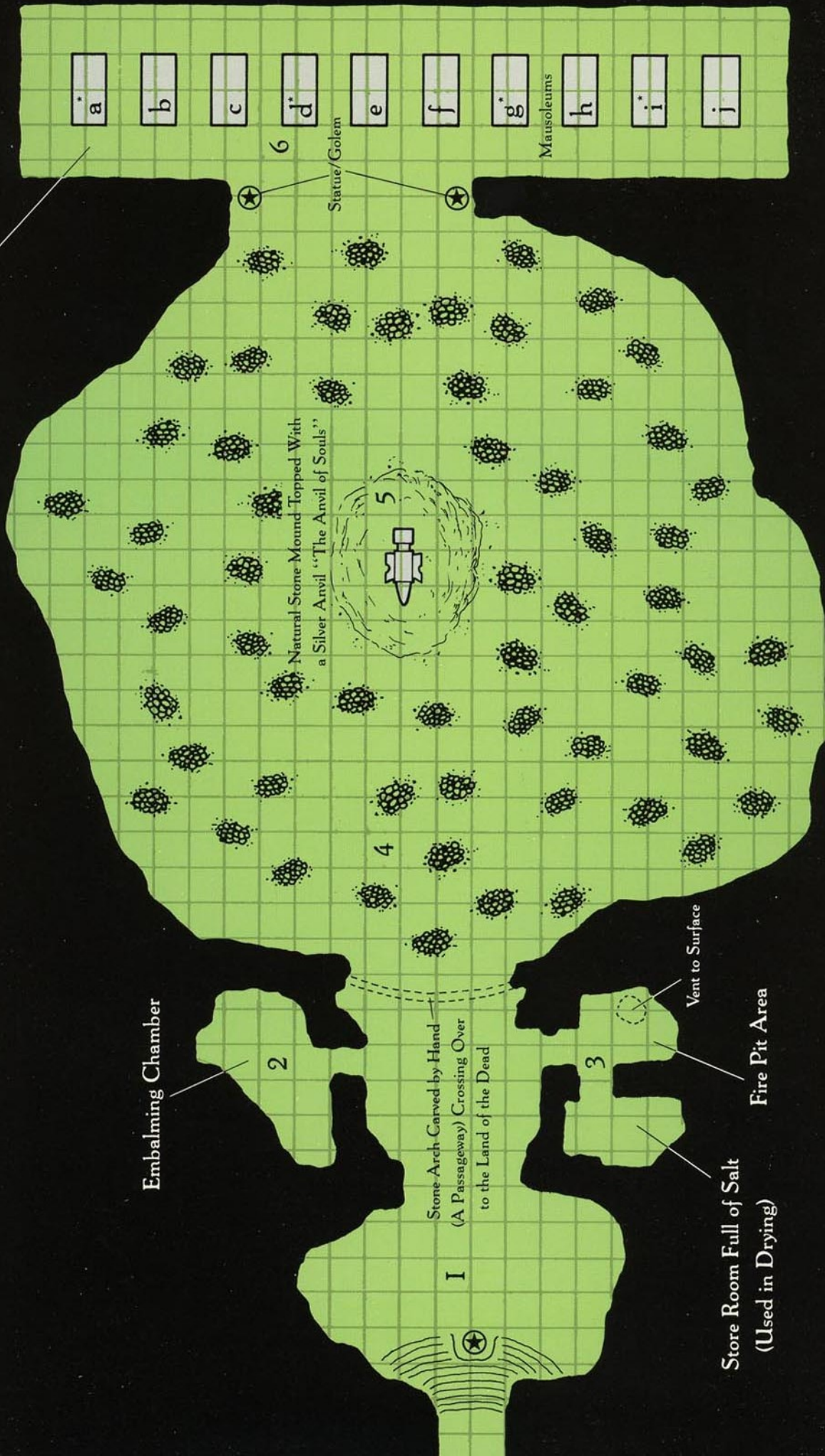
Key:

1. The entrance to the under-mines is a large room with a ceiling that reaches into inky darkness. The most notable feature of the room is the large aviary on the western wall, containing hundreds of chirping birds. There are large feeders all around it, as well as tiny cages to carry individual birds. The PCs may elect to take a cage and bird to detect noxious fumes, but since there aren't any in the under-mines, it serves no purpose.
2. The ore processing center still serves in its original function. It also serves as storage for the ore Clan Kneebiters mines from the tunnels. If the characters have been in Dragon Mountain for one day, there are several carts loaded with gold and steel worth a total of 10,000 gp. If the PCs have been here for longer there are no carts here.
3. The old dwarven forge now serves as a watch room for the kobold guards in the under-mines. There are always at least five kobolds here to keep watch on who comes into the mines; if any unauthorized presences appear, they pull the string that rings an alarm bell in 11, 12, and 13.
4. The tunnels begin here, leading off into the gloom of the mines. Torches light the darkness occasionally, about every 40 feet or so. Periodic rock falls hide tunnels through which Clan Kneebiters kobolds can travel unseen to circle behind the PCs and which they use to avoid the traps by 10a.
5. Argrelk's lair is beneath this cavern (shown by the dashed line). It has been fashioned by his claw work, and the tunnel walls show it. If the PCs have been making much noise in the area, he tries to lure them onto the areas marked by the Xs, specially weakened so that he can break through them immediately. He tries to drag the PCs down into a special feasting area.
6. This is simply an empty cavern that serves as a rubbish pit. There is nothing of use to the PCs here.
7. This is a tunnel that ends suddenly in a wall of rock. Although the wall is perfectly smooth, it looks as though no mortal hand or instrument has ever touched it. In reality, it is the plane-shifting spell that moves the mountain that causes this; the radius of the magic is such that it cut off the tunnel midway through, leaving old tunnels suddenly blocked.
- 8-9. This is part of the kobolds' current mining operations, the tools left lying around testifying to its current use. Argrelk has helped the kobolds a bit by digging some of the rock out here; the PCs should get the impression that there is more than one umber hulk because of the claw marks all over the under-mines.
10. Timbers block the entrance here. Though there is a black space behind the timbers, it is far too small for kobolds to fit through, let alone PCs. If the PCs try to squeeze through, they make a significant amount of noise, enough to bring a party of 10 kobold archers. The archers appear from whatever direction is least-defended.
- 10a. The pit traps are all typical Clan Kneebiters traps, discussed in I: Orange.
11. Snivaraan's lieutenants make their home in this area. There are uncured animal pelts, short bows, and short swords scattered around the area. There is no money in the room. The lieutenants use the rock formations as cover for sniping at PCs.
12. This small room is Snivaraan's quarters. In addition to the small hoard of treasure he has managed to accumulate over the time he has lived here (approximately 500 gp worth of ore), he keeps a *short sword +1* here. However, he has heard that magical items require charges, and will not use the sword unless he is in dire peril.
13. The barracks for the rest of Clan Kneebiters are in this cavern. There are approximately 35 pallets for the non-important kobolds who have to work in the mines. The larder and dining hall are in the northern section of this room, so that the lesser kobolds can be near to fight for their leader if necessary.

Dwarven Burial Chamber

One square = 10 feet

Hall of Heroes (Dwarven Nobility,
High priests, and War Heroes)



Dwarven Burial Chamber

General Description: The entrance to the burial chamber is mostly covered by rock, along with a sign in kobold that reads, "No Entrance! This means you!" The lettering above the archway reads simply "Burial Chamber" in dwarven. With some diligent rock pulling, the PCs can get into the chamber in 3 rounds.

The only light in the burial chamber (aside from the PCs') is that of the Anvil of Souls. It casts a weird radiance over the entire catacombs. The areas that are not in direct view of the Anvil are shrouded in deepest shadow, seemingly alive with menace.

Inhabitants: Only dwarven undead inhabit this area, having stripped it of life long ago. There are absolutely no signs of life in the entire area; no bats, no insects, no vermin. There are, however, well over 50 dwarven undead. The undead will never harm a fellow dwarf; those with a dwarf need only remain close enough to him to prevent attacks on their persons. Dwarves have free rein throughout the whole chamber, unless they violate some of the tombs.

If there are no dwarves with the party, the undead will circle the PCs for a time before attacking. They can be held off with a few words in dwarven, but they will continue to keep the PCs from entering further than the burial chamber. One of the undead from the Hall of Heroes will come to speak with the PCs if they can speak dwarven; otherwise, they are doomed.

Activity Cycle: The undead lie dormant until their peace is disturbed again, whether by living or unliving beings. When they have dealt with the problem in one way or another, they return to their rest.

Key:

1. The entryway to the chamber is cluttered with fallen stone and kobold skeletons. It looks as though the skeletons have been set near the entrance by something on the inside. This should clue the PCs that there is some sort of intelligence in here.

2. The small chamber to the east of the entryway was the Embalming Chamber. However, it has not been used for hundreds of years, and nothing inside (wrappings, old spices, makeup, and so forth) is worth anything anymore.

3. The rooms to the west were the Fire Pit and the Storeroom, for the holding of bodies and the disposal of unnecessary remains. These rooms too are buried under a thick layer of dust, and have not been disturbed for a long time. Everything in the storeroom has either decayed or crumbled into dust, and the fire pit holds more dust than ashes.

4. The huge Burial Chamber begins underneath a stone

arch and extends a very great distance into the gloom. Rock cairns are piled everywhere around the room; at first glance, there appear to be hundreds, even thousands. A closer examination reveals that there are probably closer to 300, many of which have been burst apart as though by something from within.

5. The Anvil of Souls emits an unearthly silver-blue radiance that can be seen clearly throughout the entire area. It is a silver anvil mounted atop a rock of granite. If anyone touches it with other silver, the touching silver will be instantly forged into a silver +2 weapon of size appropriate to the amount of silver used. For example, a silver piece would be an arrowhead, while a large pile could become a battle axe. The weapon lasts only so long as the PCs remain in the mountain.

6. Furthest away from the entrance, the Hall of Heroes enshrines forever those dwarves who served their fellows to their utmost ability, and did so in such a way as to bring glory to the dwarven name. The two statues guarding the entryway to the Hall are actually stone golems, carved to resemble giant dwarven warriors.

Golems, Greater—Stone (2): Int Non; AL N; AC 5; MV 6; HD 14; hp 60 each; THAC0 7; #AT 1; Dmg 3d8; SA Special; SD Special; SZ L; ML 20; XP 10,000 each.

The golems will not attack any dwarven members of the party, and can only be deactivated by speaking the word "Desist" in dwarven.

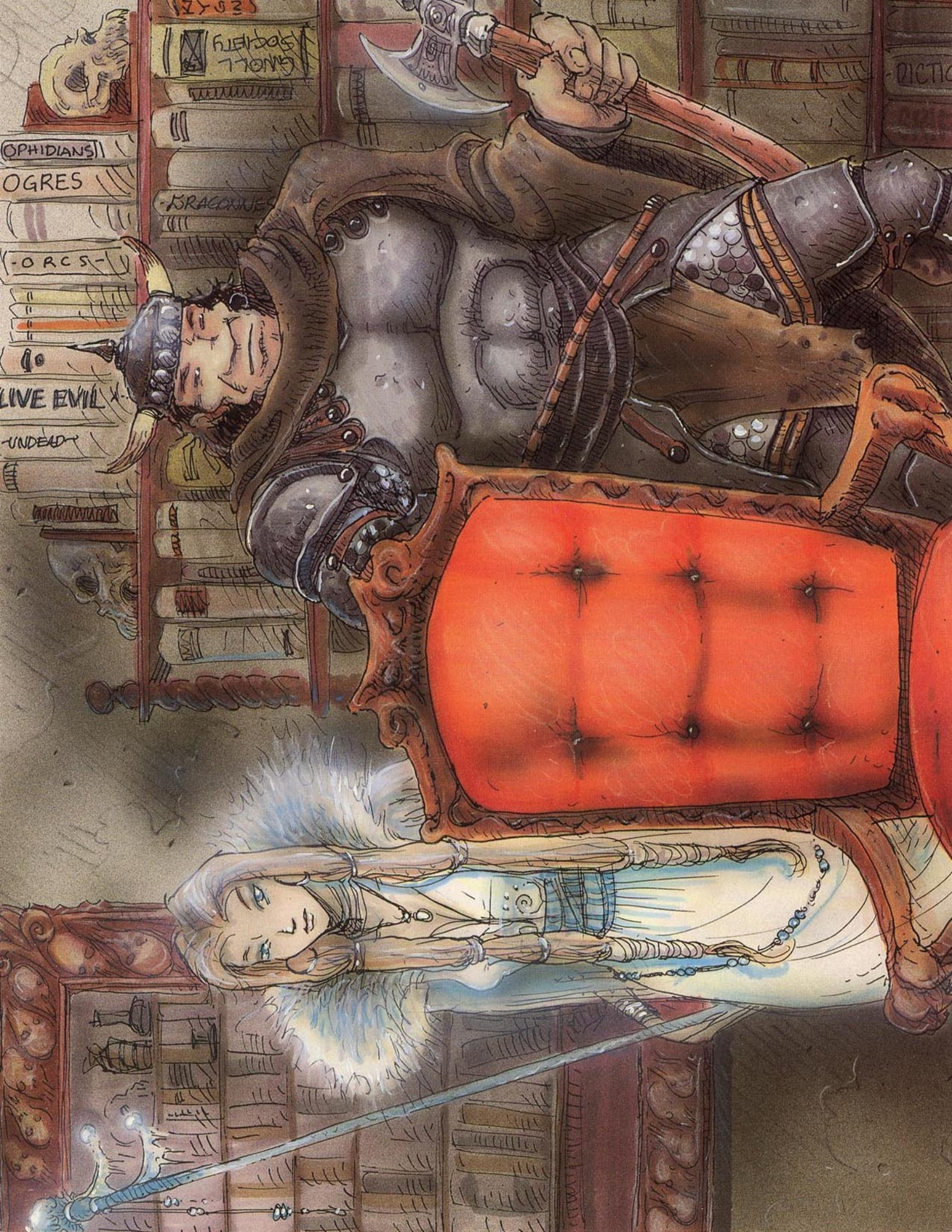
Further into the Hall, there are nine sarcophagi. Dwarven undead inhabit four of these. The leader of the undead resides in coffin i. These are intelligent undead, and if convinced that the party is good, will aid them to the best of their ability. This extends, in the end, mostly to offering safe haven from the kobolds throughout the mountain. The undead will not leave the burial grounds, nor will they offer any of their items to the living. Anyone even investigating the sarcophagi earn the wrath of the dwarves; no quarter will be given to those who actually attempt to desecrate the tombs.

However, the architect and creator of Dragon Mountain is one of the dwarves so enshrined; if the PCs are polite, helpful, and honest, they can learn more of the mountain than they might have thought. He can give them rough approximations of the floor plans and a general idea of where things were supposed to be in the mountain.



DM™ Map to Dragon Mountain

This is the DM's map. The player's map has been printed on special paper and has cut lines so that the DM may give the players one fragment each time their characters find one in the adventure. Once they have put together the whole map to the mountain, allow them to look at the area map so that they may determine where the mountain is located (Their map does not have location names, so they must solve the puzzle visually).



Warriors of Winter

Mannas Tifeksdatler

12th level Human Mage
Lawful neutral

Str: 10
Dex: 15
Con: 14

Int: 17
Wis: 14
Cha: 9

AC: -1 Hit Points: 39
THAC0: 17 #/Att: 1 Dam/Att: 1d4/1d3

Magical Items: *Bracers of defense AC 2, cloak of protection +2, ring of water elemental command, staff of striking (15 charges), wand of frost, wand of paralyzation, dagger +3: frost brand*

Spells: 1st Level—*Armor, chill touch, color spray, detect magic, read magic, gaze reflection, hypnotism, identify, light, shield, spook, taunt, wall of fog*

2nd level—*Continual light, detect evil, hypnotic pattern, invisibility, Melf's acid arrow, scare, shatter, stinking cloud, strength, web*

3rd level—*Dispel magic, fly, gust of wind, haste, hold person, protection from normal missiles, water breathing, wind wall*

4th level—*Fire shield, ice storm, improved invisibility, phantasmal killer, solid fog, wall of ice*

5th level—*Cloudkill, cone of cold, feeblemind, hold monster, teleport, wall of force*

6th level—*Otiluke's freezing sphere, disintegrate*
indicates memorized spells

Background: Even in the early years, everyone knew that Mannas, daughter of Tifek, was destined for legend. Her rapport with the animals of the frozen tundra and her preternatural ability with ice and snow were famous among the surrounding tribes even before she reached her 13th year.

When that time came, the old sorceresses from the north arrived in the tribal village to take her away and learn more of her power. None in the village objected; if they had, the sorceresses would have killed them all.

Through the long, hard years of her apprenticeship, Mannas learned the ways of the snow and the wind, and how to bring forth the magic from them. Unfortunately, this power came at the price of a bright personality. Mannas now seems cold and forbidding, even to those who know her best.

Per Vartal the Dark

13th level Human Fighter
Neutral good

S: 19
D: 17
C: 16

Int: 12
Wis: 14
Cha: 12

AC: -3 Hit Points: 97
THAC0: 8 #/Att: 5/2 Dam/Att: 2d4/2d6

Bonus To Hit: +7 with two-handed battle axe +4 with short bow

Magical Items: +3 two-handed battle axe, +1 short bow, 20 +1 arrows, boots of the north, ring of regeneration, plate mail +3

Background: Born to traders in arctic climes, Per Vartal has always had the yearning to see ever more of the world. When he was finally old enough to travel on his own, he left his parents' house. Taking only a sword and a warm cloak, he headed south to find his fortune.

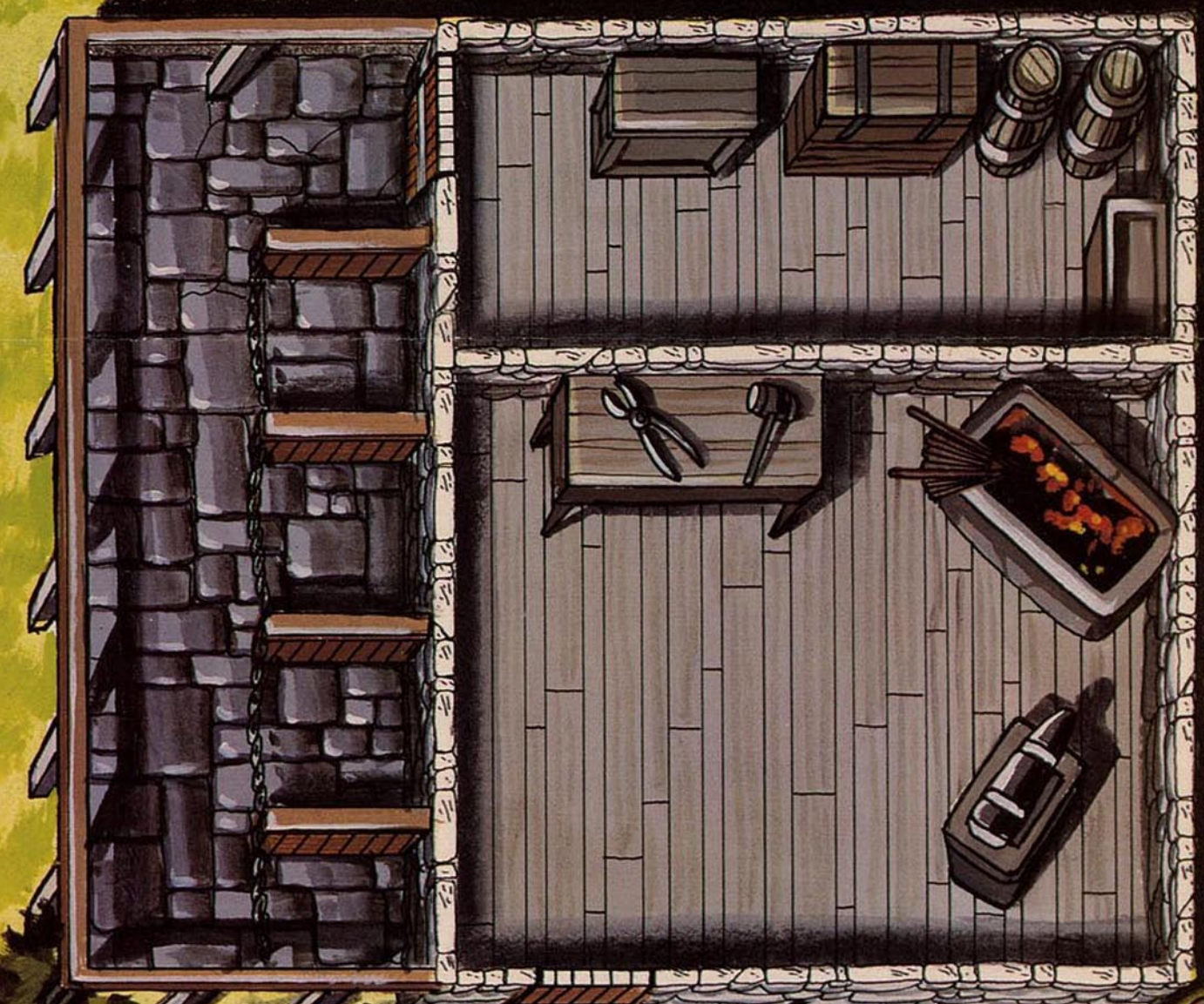
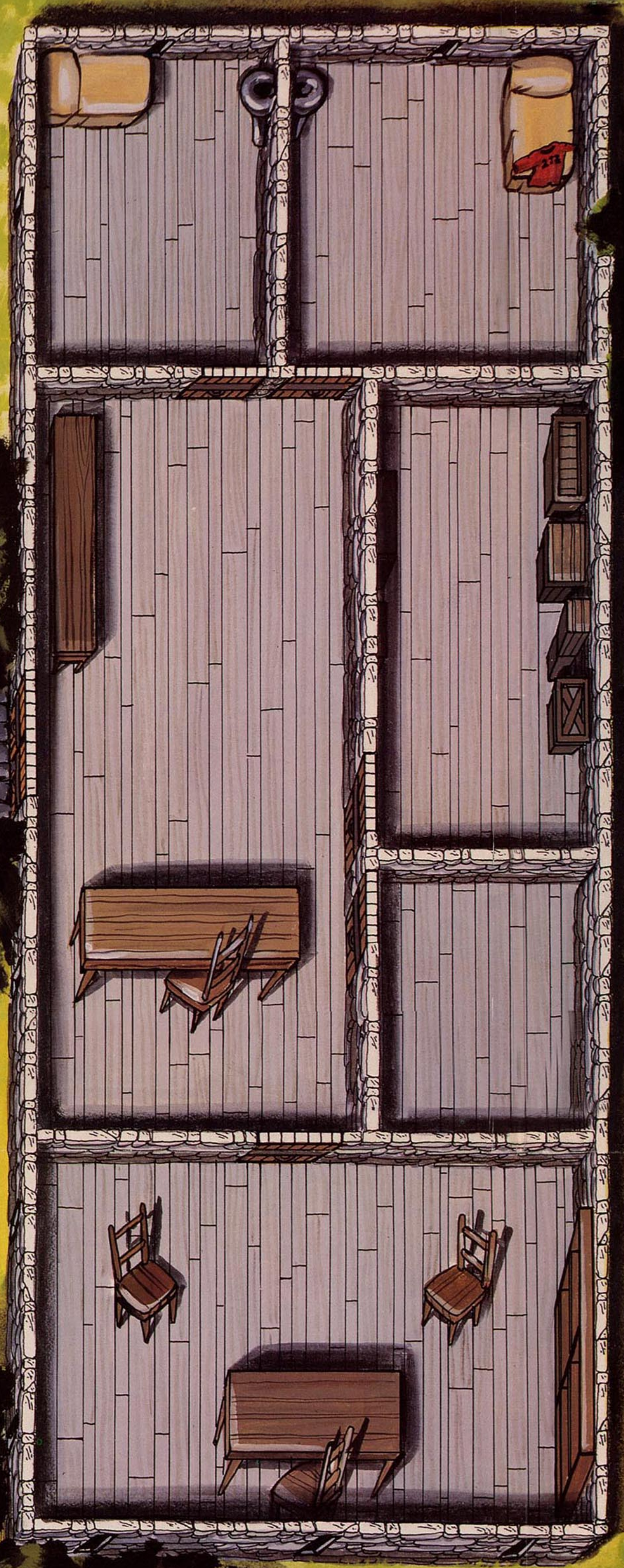
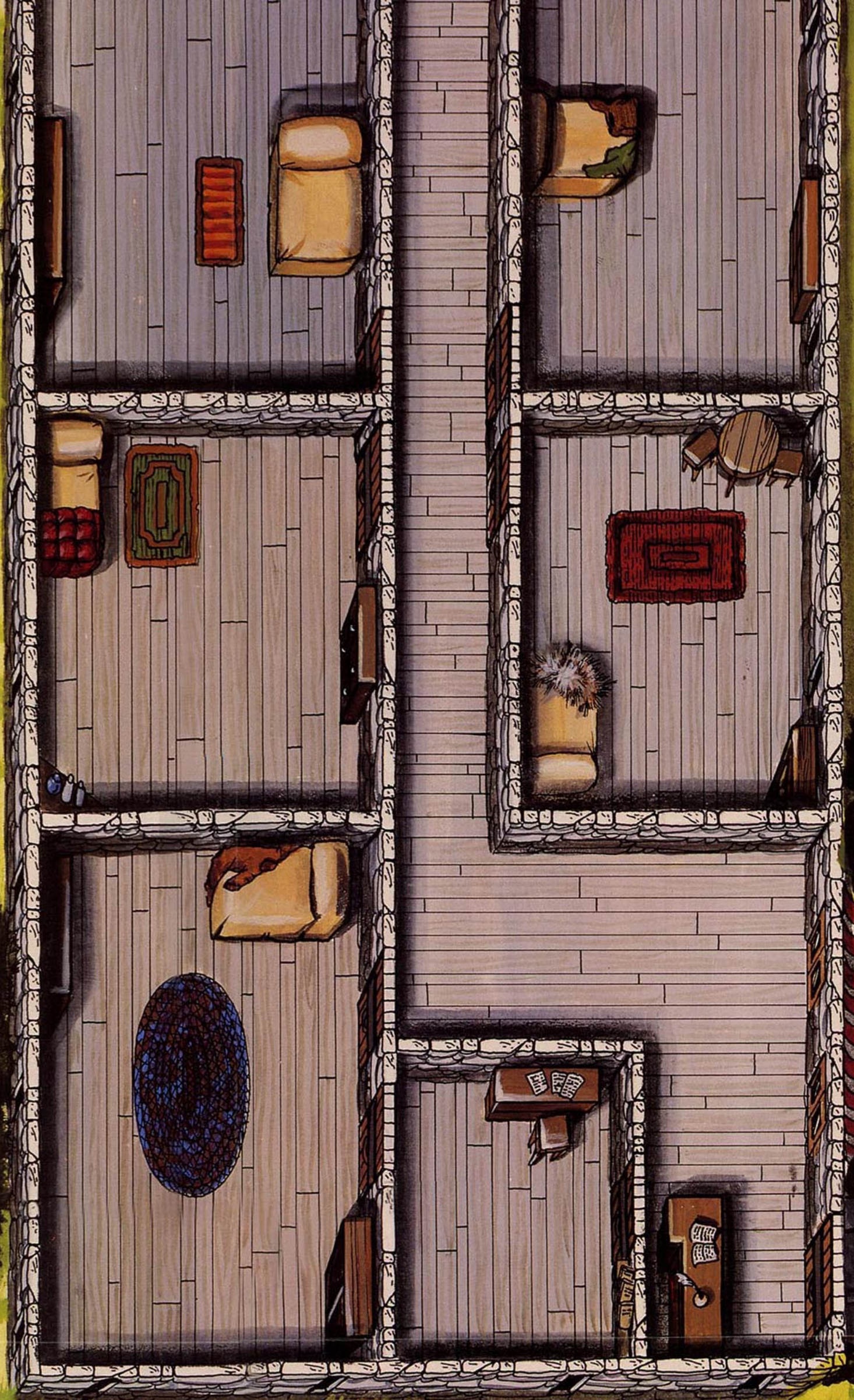
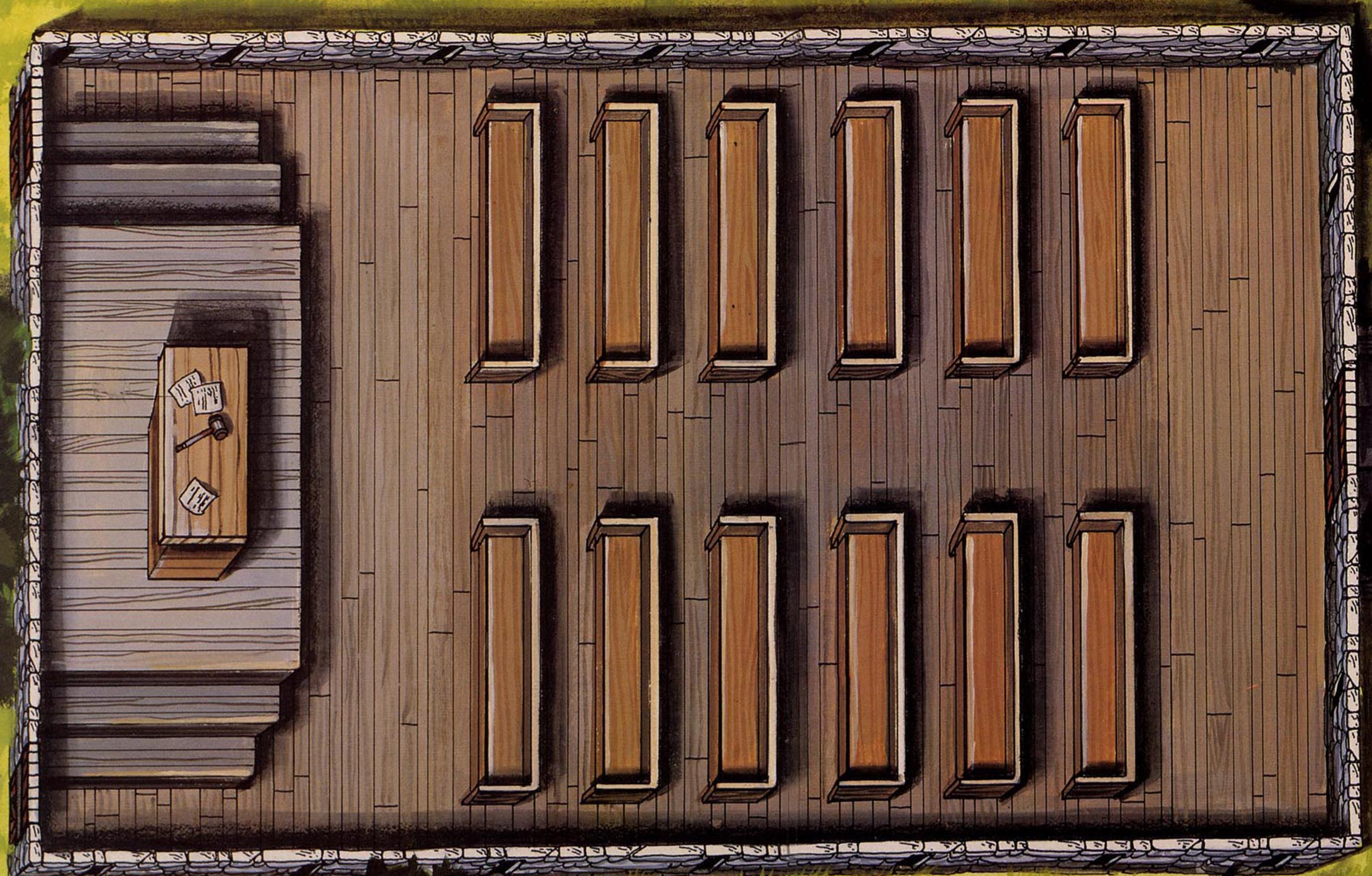
For the first several years, he made his living as a sellsword in the southern kingdoms, hoping to win fame and fortune as had legendary others from the north. However, he had no such luck. While he amassed a small bit of wealth and claimed some magical items, he was not to know true fame until he returned to his native lands.

He came home to the land of the midnight sun when he received word that his parents lay dying. Unfortunately, because of the delay in getting word to him, he arrived several weeks after their deaths. Inconsolable, he fled into the mountains to contemplate life and its myriad injustices. He returned several days later, his face bearing thunderclouds. Though he ever had a hot temper, even the smallest slight now drove him into a rage. This proved to be both his undoing and his salvation.

While dicing in a small tavern, his boasts and temper tantrums drew the attention of Viganir Thorssen, who sought to create an adventuring group. Viganir challenged Per to a wrestling match, and the loser would have to serve the winner for a year. Per had the height and the reach; Viganir had the experience. The match wasn't even close.

Per now travels with Viganir and the Warriors of Winter. By Viganir's side, Per has earned the fame he sought so earnestly as a youth, and he tries hard to curb his legendary temper.



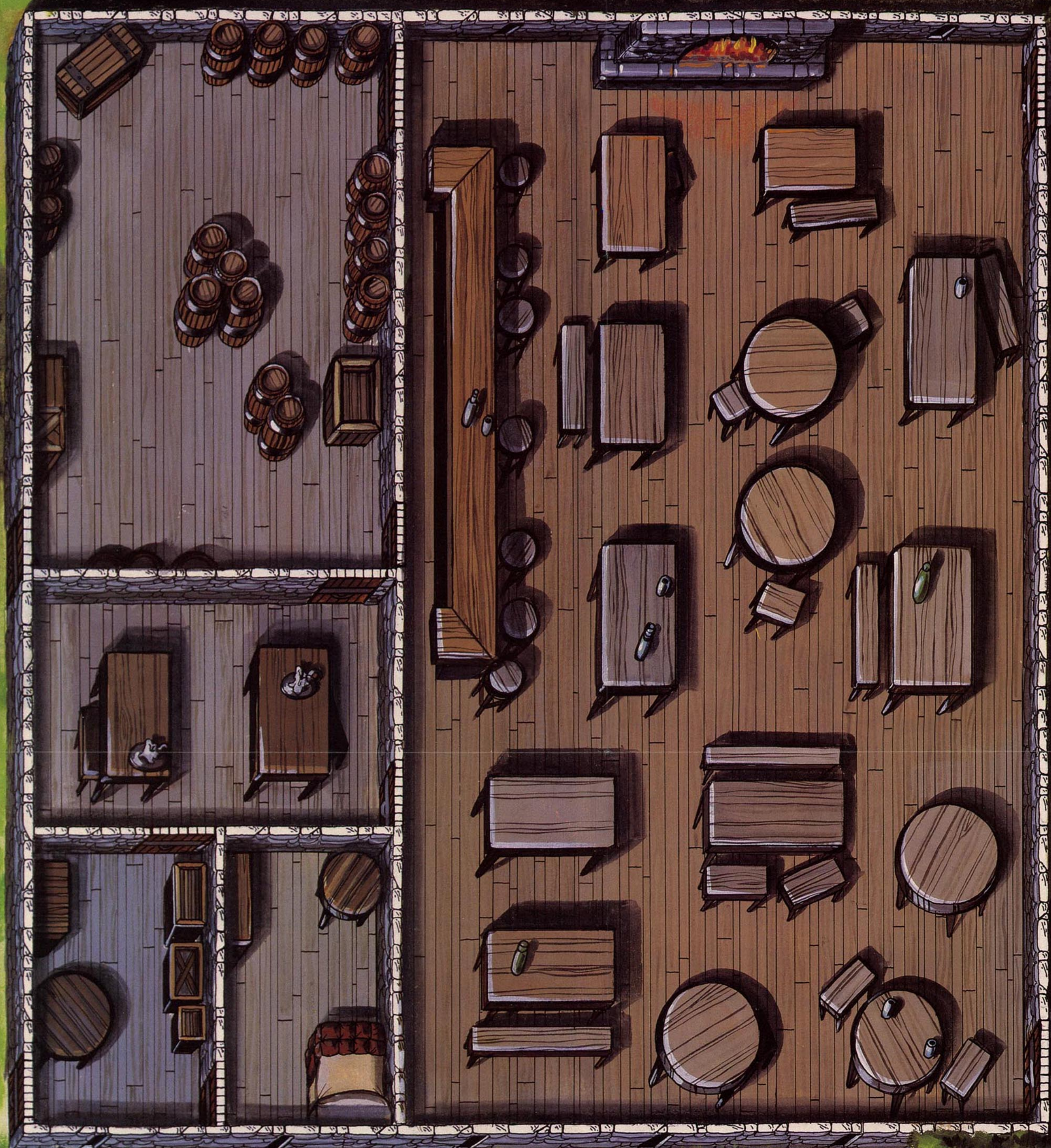


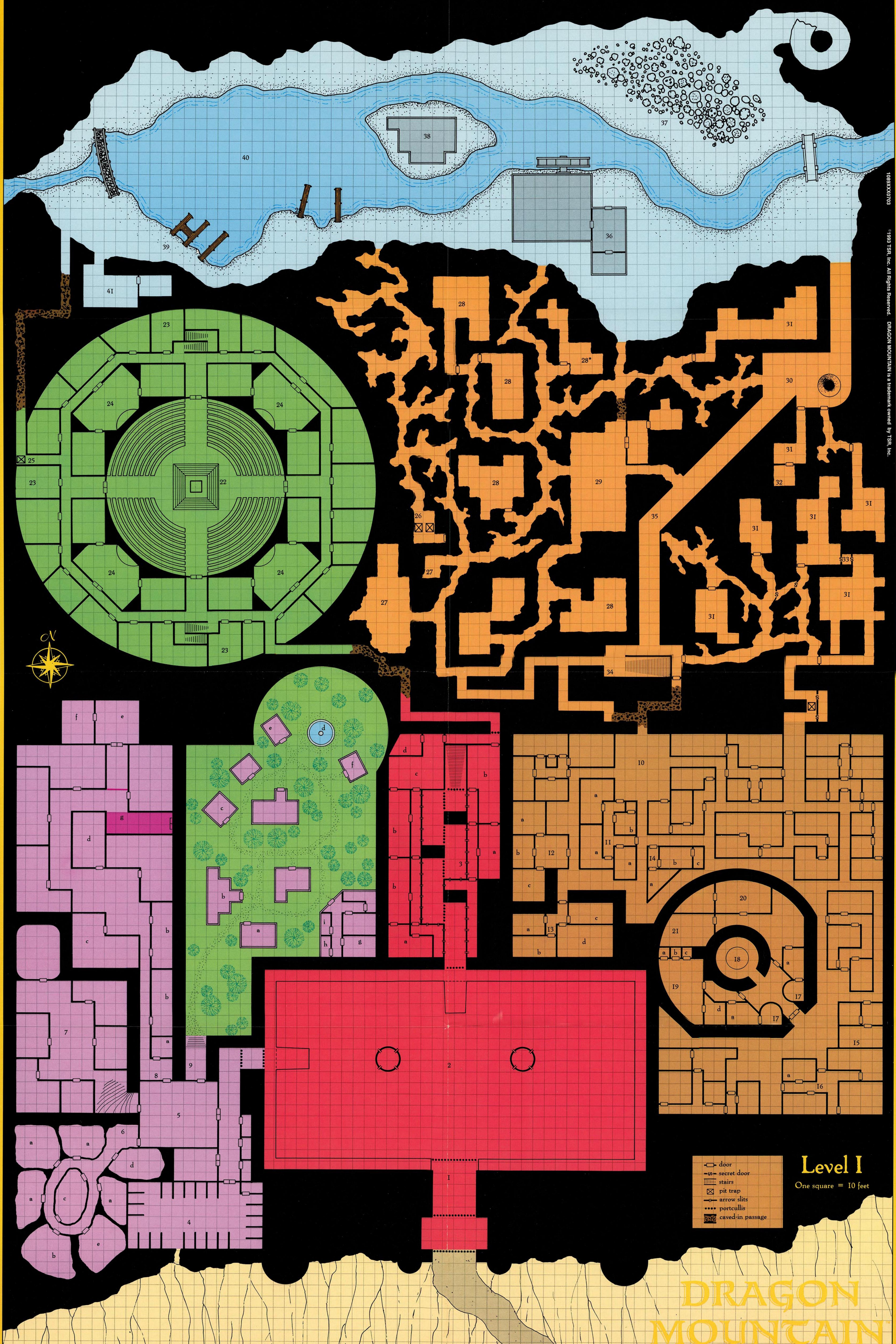
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1 inch = 5 feet

DRAGON MOUNTAIN

1 inch = 5 feet





- door
- secret door
- stairs
- pit trap
- arrow slit
- portcullis
- caved-in passage

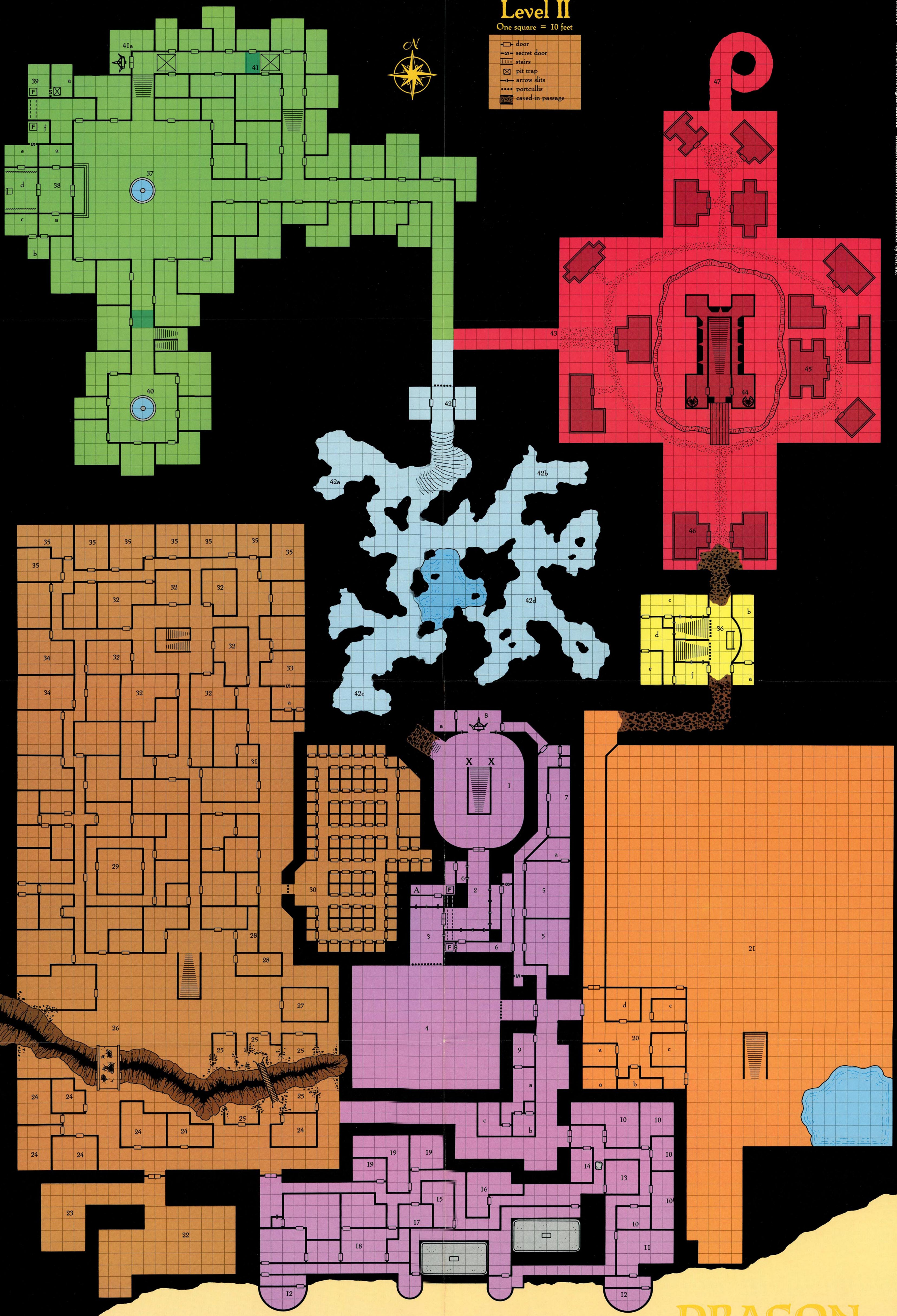
Level I
One square = 10 feet

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Level II

One square = 10 feet

- door
- secret door
- stairs
- pit trap
- arrow slits
- portcullis
- caved-in passage



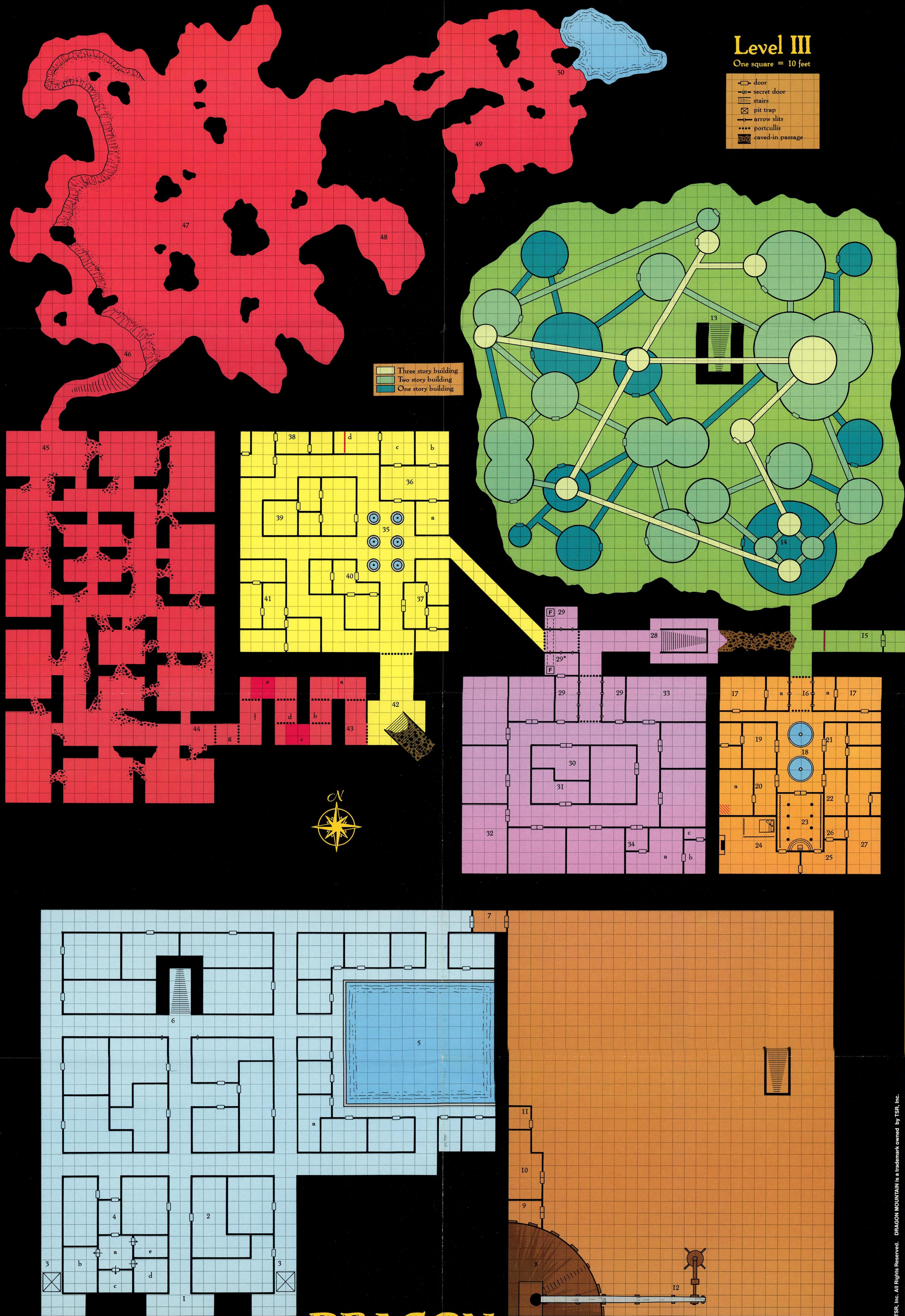
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Level III

One square = 10 feet

- door
- secret door
- stairs
- pit trap
- arrow slits
- portcullis
- caved-in passage

- Three story building
- Two story building
- One story building

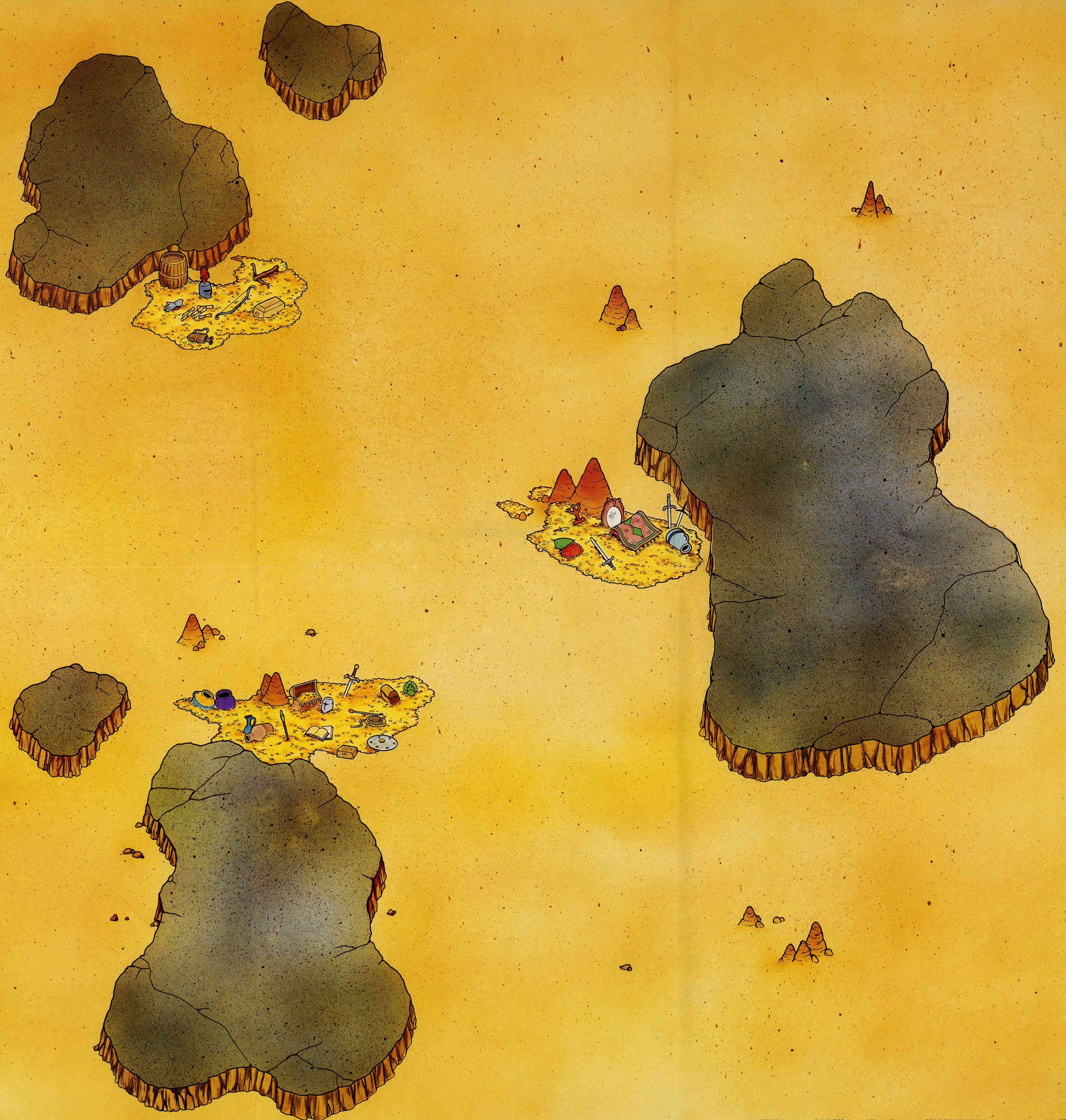


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1 inch = 5 feet



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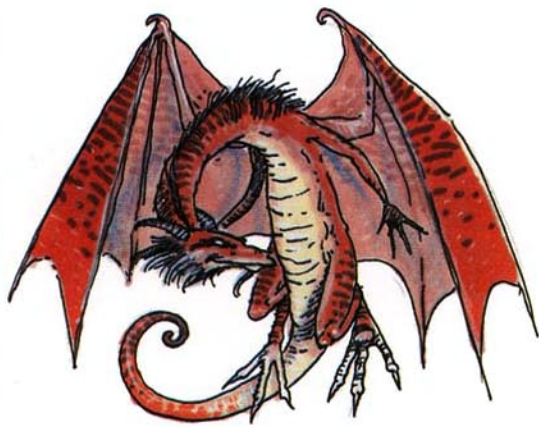
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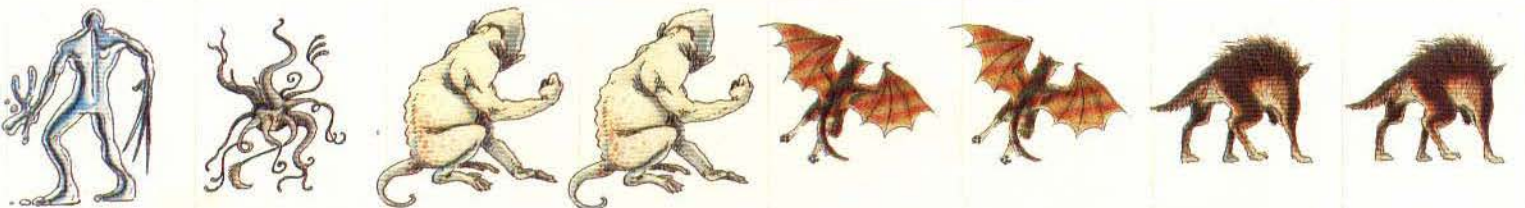
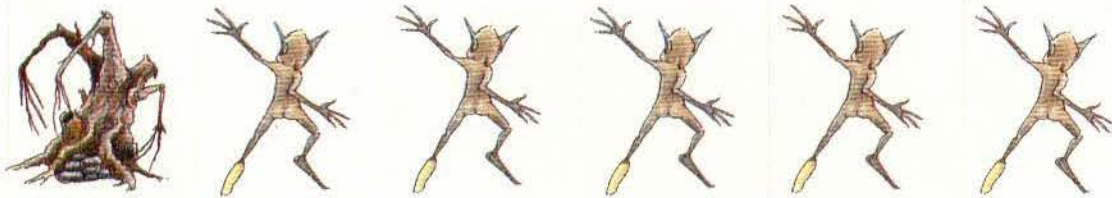
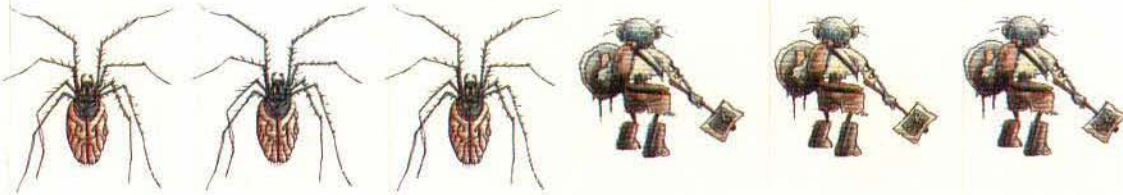
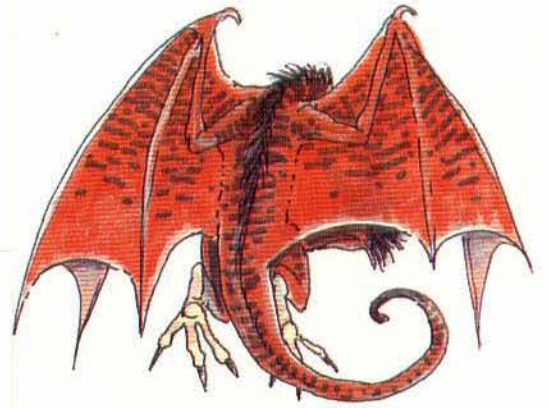
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DRAGON MOUNTAIN™

Adventure

By COLIN McCOMB and PAUL LIBBERG

The rubble-strewn passageway twists and turns, winding ever deeper into the mountain, lower and lower into the bowels of the ancient, forbidding halls of long-dead dwarves. The torchlight flickers, threatening to succumb to the oppressive darkness. Creeping along one striated granite wall, Arikus the warrior moves cautiously toward the great cavern ahead, its sides and walls disappearing into the gloomy distance. Cocking his head to one side to listen, he holds his hand up for a moment, demanding unconditional quiet from his companions. Then, his arm relaxing in relief, he waves everyone forward and moves into the open. Before him, scattered to the far walls of the enormous cavern, are piles upon piles of glittering treasure—coins from countless kingdoms, sparkling gems, exquisite jewelry, and items of wondrous power—enough for twenty kings' ransoms. Arikus laughs gleefully, thrusting both hands into the nearest cache of coins to let them run through his fingers. At that moment, a monstrous shadow looms threateningly over him. Looking up, Arikus blanches and stumbles back in horror before the terrible visage of a Great Red Wyrm. The fearsome dragon opens its razor-filled maw and spews forth a gout of white-hot flame, engulfing the hapless warrior. . . .

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