You guys left off in the strange room with the historical story all along the walls. You had also just discovered a new weapon and aren’t too sure of what it does or how it works. A certain amount of intelligent thinking had you wondering if perhaps an ancient tome or a mage might have some insight into how the weapon works.

The moment you all leave the room behind you, the glowing crystal goes out and the door to it shuts. Inside, you hear the whirring and grinding sounds of complex dwarves machinery locking the door into place. A final slam of a bolt locking into place shakes the walls around you, knocking loose some dust.

The moment it finishes, several large globes of crystal up along the ceiling begin to glow, illuminating the Inventions room. Upon closer examination of the globes, you notice a fine cable of copper set in the chains suspending each globe.

Moving back to the central shaft, all adventurers will hear a startling scream echoing through the halls. It sounds a fair distance from here. Soon after you swear you hear the sounds of swords and other weapons clanging in battle. “We’re overrun! Form up!” Perhaps the Scarlet Brotherhood monks you seen earlier were simply a detachment of a larger scouting force.

All at once, the raptor in your party stops in its tracks, making a strange growling sound.

As the battle rages on in the far distance, you’re sure every creature in the undercity must be aware of what’s going on by now.

 In fact, as you all realize this, a disturbing unnatural laugh issues forth from the walls around you. A luminescent arm reaches out from the floor and pulls the rest of its ghostly body up out of the stone. The shaman would instantly recognize the dwarf as the one that issued the order to imprison him for all eternity. Except now his body is covered in the wounds that likely killed him. All you hear is another horrific laugh all around you as he lunges forth to attack.

50hp 8hd

17AC

+7 init

+6 melee 1d8 + energy drain

 Intim +12 , hide +13 , fort + 2 Ref +5 Will +7

50%miss

Ignore all armor

Fort 15 Cha-based to recover a level after 24 hours.

If they attempt to rest in the undercity, their rest will be interrupted by a mohrg.

94hp 14hd

24AC

+9 init

+12 SLAM melee 1d6+7 and tongue +12 melee Touch attack DC17 Cha-based Fort or paralyzed for 1d4 minutes

Move silent and hide +21

The moment you get outside the door, a strange feeling overcomes all of you.

The moment you get outside the door, a strange feeling overcomes all of you. For a moment, you feel loosely held in place, but then lose all feeling of your body. The orbs you’ve secured loose themselves from the container holding them and hover before you all. A flash of light instantly blanks out your minds and you’re all standing outside of a fortress in the woods. The place looks like it has been abandoned for some time. A monstrous spider climbs one of the walls and disappears through a collapsed section of the main structure. The remnants of the flag hanging from the side of the wall has the image of a steel shield and an anvil transfixed by a sword.

You all suddenly launch upwards into the sky, as if the vision wants to take you elsewhere. To the south you see a faint glimpse of a swamp before you hurdle to the southwest, taking you over a vast desert on the edge of a sea. Moments pass where you see nothing but clouds, then a huge range of mountains and volcanoes zip by beneath you at an extreme level of speed. Next thing you know, you’re hurdling toward a vast ruin surrounded by a sea of white powder. The sun here is harsh and the temperatures, you guess, are very high. The sun on the white dust makes it excruciating to open your eyes. A giant insect about ten feet high skitters across the dunes at a high rate of speed, then disappears under the sand, clearly possessing limbs that allow high-speed burrowing.

Moments later, you’re all thrown skyward again and are sent hurdling toward the northeast. Suddenly you notice the clouds aren’t clouds anymore, but thick gouts of black smoke and ash. Down you guys go, toward the ground. Under the smoke and ash, you notice this is the scene of a vast battle. Or well, it was. A tattered banner of Veluna is visible, but all the remains of the city proper is smoldering ruins. Pools and streams of blood have dried out on the street, the bodies of thousands of citizens lie decaying, except where sorcerers raise them into the ranks of their undead army. Those festering undead number in what look to be bordering on the millions. Everything here is dead. Not even the grass and trees are alive.

Fortunately… or unfortunately, you guys do not stop to look around. Far to the northern-most reaches you all soar. Ahead of you lies a strange winter scene being slowly taken over by some sort of inky-black ice. If you look close enough, a shimmering silvery tower can be seen in the middle of the black ice, poking high above the surface.

The vision begins to fade, but not before you see both a sorceress and a thief sitting in different prison cells, then one of them gets dragged out into an arena, facing some over-muscled warrior. The crowd cheers wildly and an announcer introduces the man as Kalitar of the City of Sefmur. Something else triggers in your mind… There’s something powerful near them…

Seconds later, you all find yourself back in the jungle city, the orbs descending to the ground in front of you.