

BANNED FROM EVIL

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BANNED FROM EVIL

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THE ORDER OF THE SHINING PALM

The Order of the Shining Palm is yet another of these sickening societies of heroes that fights the forces of evil on the flimsiest of justifications. Like most such orders, the Shining Palm has a focus — in their case, opposing evil wielders of magic. During the rise of a powerful evil wizard, the band of adventurers who dedicated themselves to stopping him had some magical abilities of their own. After killing the wizard and looting his tower, they decided to settle down. But as time passed, they decided to cleanse the stolen tower and claim it as their base of operations. They further appointed themselves the guardians of magic use and consider it their duty to stop anyone who uses magic for evil purposes.

Their supporters would no doubt object to any denigration of the order, touting their scrupulous investigation into the purported evil. The fact remains that evil-aligned wielders of magic, arcane or divine, are in danger from this order. Once the Shining Palm recognizes someone as an evil wizard or cleric, they are relentless in their pursuit.

Ironically, they themselves are dedicated to magic. All members must be able to cast spells, even if only the most minor cantrips or orisons. Rangers may join once they have reached the appropriate level, while paladins receive a special dispensation due to their ability to heal by *laying on hands*. Multiclass characters with the ability to cast spells are also welcome to join. They accept those of any non-evil alignment, but members tend toward neutral good.

The order's sole source of income is donations. Technically, members never charge for their services, though a reasonable donation is expected from those they aid. What is reasonable is determined roughly by the wealth of those aided and the price paid by the Shining Palm in their own efforts. In addition, members are encouraged, though not required, to give generously from any booty taken in the course of their duties. Though the order has never lacked for money, their methods have caused those who dislike them to derisively nickname them "the Order of the Holy Handout."

THE BLADES OF BELAS BOR'JON

This unholy order is known for its ferocity and zeal. Unfortunately, it's not known for strategy, or any sort of real goals for that matter. As when they first appeared, they tend to ride into town, grab all the grog, girls and gold they can, and ride out to enjoy their ill-gotten gains. More of a nuisance than anything else, they still spout a strange religious creed as they raid villages.

Once, however, they were a much greater menace.

They were the Blood-Red Blades at first, and they just took what they pleased. Town guards were quite capable of handling them, and a few villages planned to band together to scatter the brigands. Then Belas Bor'jon, a powerful and charismatic lawful evil cleric, came and preached to them. He managed to convert the lot of them to his doctrine of the strong enslaving the weak, and they became a much more effective fighting force. They terrorized entire counties, ravaging cities and gaining control of other gangs. Some feared that Bor'jon would turn them into a true army and carve out a kingdom for himself.

Unfortunately for the Blades, their leader was tracked down and killed by a skilled team of bounty hunters. Since then, they've lost control of the gangs they dominated and fallen to a more manageable size. Though they still remember some of what Bor'jon taught them, they're no longer a real threat to the region's stability.

They are currently chaotic evil as a general rule, though their religion is neutral evil with orderly tendencies. They bemoan the loss of their glory days, while ignoring most of the discipline that their revered Belas Bor'jon instilled in them. They drink, they scream obscenities, they deface buildings and they grab whatever strikes their fancy, if the town guard doesn't drive them off first.

On the other hand, it wouldn't take much for someone with brains, charisma and drive to restore discipline to these losers, turning them into something to fear once more...

LARIS MOTI

Laris is a wandering, heroic monk in the classic style. While she may not be particularly bright, she is very much in tune with her surroundings and has already become adept at vanishing quickly from sight. She chooses her fights carefully, as she's young and her training is incomplete. She strikes from surprise and

vanishes into the shadows or underbrush, which will always be nearby for one of her ambushes. While she isn't a significant threat to powerful villains, less experienced evildoers should beware her skill and cunning.

It isn't just her unintended meddling that drives villains to distraction, however. A wizard with a lot of tricks up his sleeve or a heavily armed paladin would be bad enough, but at least those are heroes with serious firepower. Laris is armed with a strap of leather, some rocks, and the clothes on her back. It's not just infuriating to be thwarted by the woman — it's *insulting*.

Perhaps the most maddening thing about her interference, however, is that it's rarely premeditated. She wanders aimlessly, trusting her *kharma* to guide her to evil she has the power to right. It may not be *kharma*, but something seems to put her in the path of those who would rather not have wandering would-be heroes interfering with them. And of course, like so many heroes, she won't just throw a few rocks and move on. Once she's come across the plans of an evil force, she won't stop until she's either thwarted their plans, or found someone who can. She has absolutely no delusions about her abilities, and *will* find more powerful heroes to defeat more powerful villains. It's happened before, and it will happen again if villains who cross her path are unwary.

Laris Moti: Human Mnk 3; SZ M (humanoid); HD 3d8+6; hp 23; Init +2; Spd 40 ft.; AC 15; Atks Unarmed +3 (1d6); SA Unarmed strike (flurry of blows), stunning attack, evasion, deflect arrows, fast movement, still mind; AL LG; SV Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +6; Str 12, Dex 15, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 16, Cha 10. Skills: Balance +8, Hide +8, Jump +5, Move Silently +8, Swim +5, Tumble +8. Feats: Dodge, Mobility, Weapon Focus (unarmed).

GAHERIS ARKNEI

Gaheris wasn't going to be a spellcaster. He was going to join the town guard, like his father and his father before him. Fate, it seems, had other ideas.

During his training, the city guard found a sorcerer stealing gold from a local merchant. The thief then led the guard on a merry chase, frying several of them with *magic missiles*. When Gaheris showed up, he thought he was dead, but the *magic missiles* just stopped, blocked by his accidentally cast *shield*. Gaheris then returned fire, not knowing how he did it, perforating the sorcerer.

While he wasn't happy about this development at first, except for killing the sorcerer-thief, it was soon decided that he would indeed join the town guard. Magical threats often need magical solutions, and

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Gaheris has plenty of firepower to bring down against most low-level arcane criminals.

The guard's resident sorcerer is still not entirely happy about the situation, but the likeable Gaheris is popular with the other guards, and many people in his home city owe him their lives. So Gaheris enjoys his position in most ways, and takes out his frustration in not being a "normal" guard on criminals.

Fortunately for criminals in his town, Gaheris' magic comes from force of personality. He's not the brightest torch in the castle, making him relatively easy to deceive. On the other hand, if he *does* manage to figure it out, or if he catches you in the act... it doesn't take a genius to see where most of his magic is focused. It's terrifying to your average thug how much raw power Gaheris can unleash in a short amount of time, and he's not shy about cutting loose.

Gaheris Arknei: Human Sor 5; SZ M (humanoid); HD 5d4; hp 13; Init +3; Spd 30 ft.; AC 15 (Dex +3, *ring of protection* +2); Atks Shortspear +2 (1d8); SA Spells, familiar (weasel); SV Fort +1, Ref +6, Will +5; Str 11, Dex 16, Con 10, Int 9, Wis 13, Cha 18; AL NG. Skills: Bluff +8, Concentration +4, Intimidate +6. Feats: Combat Casting, Spell Penetration, Weapon Focus (shortspear). Spells: (6) 0: *ray of frost, daze, flare, disrupt undead, mage hand, read magic*; (7) 1st: *shield, magic missile, burning hands*; (5) 2nd: *flaming sphere, scare*.

GORIN FALCON-EYE

Gorin Falcon-Eye is a legendary ranger. It's said he can spot a gnat in a rainstorm, hide in an open field on a sunny day, and put an arrow through a hummingbird's eye at a hundred paces. This isn't entirely inaccurate.

Once, the forest he calls home was controlled by raiders and thieves of all sorts. Gorin, already a moderately accomplished ranger, took his bow and his animal friends into the forest. When he emerged, there was no trace of the raiders. Since then, Gorin has sworn to keep the forest free of evil.

Any evil force trying to pass through his forest is in for a rough time. Gorin has numerous lower-level rangers working with him, and practically every plant and animal is his friend. The great eagles often help his rangers move quickly about the forest, and Gorin can reach nearly any area of the forest quickly. His wife Liserra is a formidable druid, and he has no qualms about surprise attacks. Gorin feels no need for flamboyant heroics, only success.

Gorin Falcon-Eye: Human Rgr 16; SZ M (humanoid); HD 16d10+48; hp 157; Init +4; Spd 30 ft.; AC 21 (Dex +4, +4 *studded leather armor*); Atks +2 *longsword*, +2 *shortsword* +18/+13/+8/+3 (1d8+4, 1d6+4), or +5 *longbow* +20/+15/+10/+5 (1d8+5); SA Spells; favored enemies: aberrations +4, giants +3, dragons +2, magical beasts +1; SQ *boots of speed, cloak of the bat, eyes of the eagle, quiver of Ehlonna* (with effectively limitless *keen arrows*), *armor of silent moves*; SV Fort +13, Ref +9, Will +9; Str 15, Dex 18, Con 16, Int 12, Wis 18, Cha 13; AL NG. Skills: Animal Empathy +6, Climb +9, Concentration +4, Craft (bowmaking) +5, Handle Animal +6, Heal +5, Hide +23, Intuit Direction +9, Knowledge (nature) +6, Listen +7, Move Silently +14, Profession (cooking) +5, Ride +7, Search +4, Spot +23, Swim +3, Use Rope +9, Wilderness Lore +23. Feats: Far Shot, Improved Critical (longbow), Improved Two-Weapon Fighting, Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Rapid Shot, Track, Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Focus (longbow). Spells: (3) 1st: *entangle, pass without trace, speak with animals* (3) 2nd: *cure light wounds, detect evil, snare*; (2) 3rd: *control plants, plant growth*; (2) 4th: *freedom of movement, polymorph self*.

LISERRA THE KIND

Liserra is renowned far and wide for her healing gifts, and for the aid she provides to Gorin, her husband. She is loved even more widely than Gorin and has friends among the people, animals and plants around and throughout the forest. Liserra is quite capable of defending the forest herself with her powers.

For all that, she's still the easiest way to force Gorin to back off. Anyone who has Liserra can hold him at bay, at least until he rescues her. Killing her, on the other hand, turns the *entire* forest against you. She's far more comfortable healing than killing, and most of her combat spells are designed to lose a pursuer.

Therein, of course, lies the rub. She has many spells that make an attacker's life miserable. Even if a villain is able to catch her outside the forest, her shape changing abilities make it easy for her to lose pursuers quickly. Once she reaches woodlands, her powers make her almost uncatchable.

On the other hand, allowing Gorin and Liserra to work together to oppose evil forces is almost suicidal. The situation requires someone subtle, cunning and ruthless.

Liserra the Kind: Half-elf Dru 14; SZ M (humanoid); HD 14d8+14; hp 71; Init +1; Spd 30; AC 20 (Dex +1, +2 *leather armor, winged shield*); Atks Club +10/+5 (1d6 or by form); SA Spells, Immune to *sleep* spells, +2 save vs. enchantments, lowlight vision, elven blood, nature sense,

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animal companions, woodland stride, trackless step, resist nature's lure, *wild shape*, venom immunity, a thousand faces; SQ *boots of elvenkind*; SV Fort +10, Ref +5, Will +13; Str 8, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 16, Wis 19, Cha 17; AL NG. Skills: Animal Empathy +13, Concentration +11, Diplomacy +8, Hide +6, Heal +21, Intuit Direction +9, Knowledge (nature) +18, Listen +10, Move Silently +6 (+16), Profession (cooking) +5, Spellcraft +8, Swim +4, Wilderness Lore +14. Feats: Brew Potion, Endurance, Silent Spell, Still Spell, Track. Spells: (6) 0: *create water, cure minor wounds x 3, flare, guidance*; (6) 1st: *calm animals, cure light wounds, entangle, magic fang, obscuring mist, endure elements*; (6) 2nd: *barkskin, charm person or animal, heat metal, speak with animals, entangle (silent), warp wood*; (5) 3rd: *cure moderate wounds, greater magic fang, neutralize poison, speak with plants, tree shape (silent)*; (5) 4th: *control plants, cure serious wounds, sleet storm, plant growth (silent), dispel magic*; (3) 5th: *cure critical wounds, tree stride, wall of thorns*; (3) 6th: *greater dispelling, summon nature's ally VI, insect plague (silent)*; (2) 7th: *heal, control winds (silent, still)*.

TILA LIGHTFOOT

Tila is something of an anomaly. She's a tiny, kind-hearted thief who's also one of the nastiest fighters many people know. Stronger than she looks, Tila is small even for a halfling. She spends much of her time scrounging for her beggar friends, and steals only from the most unscrupulous merchants. Unfortunately, this includes some members of the city's Thieves' Guild. As such, they've been hunting her for some time. Problem is, she's also sneaky, deadly, and unpredictable, and knows the city like the back of her hand.

The Thieves' Guild has a price on her head. Good luck collecting it.

Tila Lightfoot: Halfling Rog 5/Ftr 3; SZ S (humanoid); 5d6+5 + 3d10+3; 50 hp; Init +5; Spd 20 ft.; AC 18 (Dex +5, Size +1, *bracers of armor* +2); Atks +1 *shortsword* +7 (1d6+2 or 1d4+1), or dart +11 (1d4); SA +2 bonus to save vs. fear, +1 bonus with thrown weapons, sneak attack +3d6, evasion, uncanny dodge; SQ *goggles of night*; SV Fort +6, Ref +11, Will +3; Str 12, Dex 20, Con 13, Int 16, Wis 11, Cha 15; AL NG. Skills: Appraise +5, Balance +10, Bluff +7, Climb +10, Disable Device +5, Disguise +5, Gather Information +7, Hide +17, Innuendo +2, Jump +10, Listen +7, Move Silently +15, Open Lock +13, Pick Pocket +15, Search +11, Sense Motive +4, Spot +3, Swim +4, Tumble +15, Use Magic Device +5, Use Rope +8. Feats: Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Mobility, Spring Attack, Weapon Finesse (short sword).

CORELYS OF WENDALFELL

Corelys of Wendalfell was born almost a thousand years ago, deep in elven lands. He grew up in a large noble house and was very affluent in politics and commerce. When his son, Marelan, was 85, he joined the family business, traveling over the globe. On one such excursion, Marelan's caravan vanished. Corelys was destroyed, spending a small fortune seeking answers. He eventually discovered that the caravan traveled into a town under siege by a vampire named Neros. Half the town was burned to the ground during a mighty clash between Neros and a band of adventurers. When the dust settled, Neros' mansion was destroyed, and the vampire himself presumed dead. Among the casualties was the elven caravan, though their bodies were never recovered.

Corelys returned home to see his front door ripped off the hinges. He rushed in to see his dead wife at the feet of his son, now a vampire. Marelan nearly beat his father to death, breaking his legs. He intended to kill Corelys, but thought it more wicked to leave him alive, to suffer.

That was over 600 years ago. Corelys sold all he owned. As soon as he could walk again, he began his hunt for Marelan. Destroying many vampires along the way, Marelan remains one step ahead, taunting his father.

Corelys of Wendalfell: Elf Ftr 8/Rog 3/Wiz 5; SZ M (humanoid); HD 8d10+16 + 3d6+6 + 5d4+10; hp 111; Init +7; Spd 30 ft.; AC 21 (Dex +3, *bracers of armor* +8); Atks +1 *light mace of disruption and dancing* +16/+11/+6 (1d6+5), +1 *longsword* (1d8+5), or ranged +16/+11/+6 (*oathbow* 1d6); SA Spells, sneak attack +2d6, evasion, uncanny dodge, traps; SV Fort +10, Ref +9, Will +8; Str 14, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 18, Wis 12, Cha 14; AL CG. Skills: Balance +7, Climb +17, Concentration +7, Decipher Script +6, Disable Device +7, Escape Artist +7, Handle Animal +9, Hide +7, Jump +18, Knowledge (vampires) +19, Listen +6, Move Silently +8, Ride +21, Search +8, Spellcraft +14, Spot +6, Swim +12. Feats: Alertness, Cleave, Dodge, Expertise, Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Weapon Finesse (light mace), weapon focus (light mace), weapon focus (longsword), weapon specialization (light mace), Weapon Specialization (longsword). Spells: (6) 0: *detect magic, detect poison, disrupt undead, read magic*; (4) 1st: *detect undead, magic missile, protection from evil, shocking grasp*; (3) 2nd: *bull's strength, see invisibility, knock*; (2) 3rd: *dispel magic, lightning bolt*.

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PHOENIX CONCLAVE

Long ago, there lived men of vast knowledge and insight. These priests, of a long forgotten order, accumulated an incredible library of texts and scrolls — teachings of peace and enlightenment. This library, perhaps the most complete ever gathered, remains a legend to this day.

Among them, there was a prophet, who foresaw the coming of a dark tide of war and destruction, a war that he and his peers would not survive. He warned his comrades and together they devised a plan to stay the hand of death. They hid themselves from their enemies, planning to return when the wars were over.

They constructed incredible tombs in isolated locales and secret places, hidden from all but their most loyal followers. The priests locked away the treasures of knowledge and enlightenment within these tombs, and created intricate traps and safeguards to protect them.

When the war came, the priests cast a powerful ritual, one that would allow them to sleep in suspended animation until their loyal followers revived them. They would wait for the war to end and protect the secrets of their order from their enemies.

Their followers, however, were unprepared for the onslaught wrought by the forces of war. Darkness engulfed the land, and the entire order came close to extinction. All that remains are a scattered few servants and acolytes. The ritual to restore the priests, the location of the tombs, and their secrets were all lost.

Nearly a thousand years later, all that remains of the order is a group that calls itself the Phoenix Conclave. This secret society of scholars, paladins, priests and noblemen have come together to resurrect the ancient order and bring enlightenment back to their people. They must discover the whereabouts of the lost tombs and find the ritual to restore the priests. But, having devoted their lives to the cause, they have the time.

GWADD MEREDO, KING OF FHERIGON

Gwadd is the oldest of the three Meredo brothers, and successor to their father's throne. As the heir to a long line of Meredo Kings, Gwadd spent the majority of his childhood learning the arts of politics, war, and combat. He sat by his father's side at court, learned from scholars, and practiced duels with knights. He was a quiet, observant lad, always kind and generous. This nature served him well as he began his political career.

As the heir apparent, Gwadd took part in ruling the kingdom. In time, he became the first counsel to the king, and was crowned after his father's death. He

ruled wisely, seeking the aid and advise of his brothers throughout his rule.

Gwadd is the first king to become a member of the Phoenix Conclave. With his vast resources and contacts, the Conclave finally has the support it needs. This, coupled with the support of his brothers, has propelled the Conclave to new heights of success.

Gwadd is currently positioning for the public revelation of the Conclave and its purpose. He is battling mixed feelings on the subject, but feels strongly enough to continue petitioning the society. Vanoric supports his position, but Dealand believes that they have a greater chance of success if the society remains secret. He fears that, if their enemies learn of the conclave's existence, they will use their power and influence to hinder the cause.

Gwadd Meredo: Human Ari 16; SZ M (humanoid); HD 16d8+32; hp 119; Init +6; Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Atks +3 *longsword* +17/+12/+7 (1d8+5); SV Fort +9, Ref +7, Will +13; Str 14, Dex 14, Con 15, Int 13, Wis 12, Cha 16; AL LG. Skills: Diplomacy +9, Gather Information +9, Intimidate +9, Knowledge (politics) +11, Knowledge (local) +8, Knowledge (history) +8, Knowledge (warfare) +8, Listen +9, Ride +9, Sense Motive +9, Spot +9, Wilderness Lore +8; Feats: Dodge, Great Fortitude, Mobility, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Leadership, Quick Draw.

VANORIC MEREDO, HIGH PRIEST OF TERIGON

Vanoric Meredo was a frail, sickly child. He spent most of his youth in bed, reading and learning from the priests and councilors who ministered to him. He was a quick study with a clever wit and eager mind. He became fast friends with the priests, learning all he could of their ways.

As he grew older, and his health turned toward the better, it was no surprise that Vanoric chose to become an acolyte in the priesthood. His prior learning and eagerness propelled him through the initiation ceremonies and he soon became a full brother, ministering to the sick and instructing those who had the desire to learn. Vanoric became an honored and respected member of the community, loved by those around him. He eventually became the high priest of his order after many years of service.

Vanoric was the first of the three Meredo brothers to become a member of the Phoenix Conclave, learning of the society from his predecessor, the former high priest of his order. He was fascinated with the legend of the

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order and quickly recruited his brothers into the society. Together, they are the driving force behind the Conclave, gaining more information and progress than ever before. It is Vanoric's fervent wish, to see the Conclave's mission completed in his lifetime.

Vanoric Meredo: Human Clr 14; SZ M (humanoid); HD 14d8; hp 71; Init +6; Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex) Atks +2 *holy heavy mace* +13/+8 melee (1d6, +2d6 to evil); SA Spells (domains good and knowledge), turn undead; SV Fort +11, Ref +6, Will +12; Str 10, Dex 14, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 17, Cha 16; AL LG. Skills: Concentration +10, Diplomacy +13, Heal +13, Knowledge (Religion) +13, Listen +6, Search +4, Spellcraft +9, Spot +4. Feats: Alertness, Great Fortitude, Endurance, Improved Initiative, Weapon Focus (heavy mace). Spells: (6) 0: *detect magic, guidance, light, mending, resistance, virtue*; (6+1) 1st: *bles, command, death watch, divine favor, magic weapon, protection from evil, sanctuary*; (6+1) 2nd: *aid, augury, consecrate, endurance, enthrall, hold person, silence*; (5+1) 3rd: *clairaudience/clairvoyance, daylight, dispel magic, magic vestment, prayer, searing light*; (4+1) 4th: *discern lies, divination, holy smite, restoration, tongues*; (3+1) 5th: *commune, dispel evil, hallow, true seeing*; (3+1) 6th level: *blade barrier, find the path, planar ally, word of recall*; (2+1) 7th level: *holy word, regenerate, resurrection*.

SIR DEALAND MEREDO, KNIGHT OF MORNING

Dealand Merendo has spent his entire life fighting for truth and justice. The youngest of three brothers, Dealand followed in his elder brother's footsteps — becoming a knight. He and his eldest brother trained together, both becoming skilled in the arts of war and personal combat. But there was something missing in Dealand's life; something combat and glory could not provide. He turned to his other brother, a priest in training, for the teachings of truth, kindness and compassion. Together they studied philosophy, medicine and ancient history.

Dealand's dual training made him a prime candidate for a place among the legendary Knights of Morning, a prominent group of Paladins and Clerics, dedicated to serving the crown and the church. He embraced this commission with zeal and determination. He was a true knight, a man with purpose and strength, and the people loved him.

Today, in his waning years, Dealand has again followed his brothers' example. He became one of a select few members of the Phoenix Conclave. He has dedicat-

ed his remaining years to their cause, acting as mentor and trainer for initiates into the society.

Dealand Meredo: Human Pal 10; SZ M (humanoid); HD 10d10+30; hp 98; Init +0; Spd 20 ft.; AC 24 (+2 *plate mail*, +2 *large metal shield*); Atks +1 *longsword* +14/+9 (1d8+4); SA Spells, detect evil, divine grace, lay on hands, aura of courage, smite evil, remove disease, special mount, turn undead; SV Fort +10, Ref +3, Will +4; Str 17, Dex 10, Con 16, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 15; AL LG. Skills: Concentration +8, Diplomacy +7, Handle Animal +6, Heal +7, Knowledge (warfare) +7, Knowledge (Religion) +7, Ride +8, Spot +7. Feats: Cleave, Great Cleave, Mounted Combat, Power Attack, Ride by Attack. Spells: (2) 1st: *bles, detect poison* (1) 2nd: *shield other*.

Wayfarer (Paladin's Mount): SZ L (Animal); HD 8d8+12; hp 57; Init +1; Spd 50 ft.; AC 17 (-1 size, +1 Dex, +7 natural); Atks 2 hooves +6 (1d6+5), bite +1 (1d4+5); Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 10 ft. by 5 ft.; SQ scent, improved evasion, share spells, share saving throws, empathic link; SV Fort +4, Ref +3, Will +4; Str 20, Dex 13, Con 17, Int 7, Wis 13, Cha 7; AL LG. Skills: Listen +7, Spot +7.

THE KNIGHTS OF MORNING

The Knights of Morning are an order dedicated to protecting the weak and opposing evil in all its various forms. They provide military support to castles and keeps along the kingdoms borders as well as patrol all of the major trade routes and highways.

Founded nearly a thousand years ago, the knight-hood has served the land with steadfast loyalty, devotion, and honor. Many of its members have gone on to rule various regions of the kingdom, and in two cases members have actually become king. The order maintains a high level of tradition and is known throughout the land as honorable, fair and just. The knighthood is the bane of evil forces everywhere.

The majority of the knights who belong to this order are paladins, though a few are clerics and fewer still or fighters or rangers. Though there are no level requirements to becoming a Knight of Morning, members are usually selected after performing a series of heroic deeds. Any knight may bestow the honor upon another who he deems worthy of the office. The initiate then spends a night vigil, asking for guidance from his deity and strength to bear the burden of the charge he is about to accept. Becoming a Knight of Morning is a serious responsibility — it should not be taken lightly.

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SIR BARRIUN, KNIGHT OF MORNING

The firstborn of a poor family, Barriun became a ward of the king when his parents lost their farm. As a ward, he relegated to the task of managing the king's stables, caring for horses, and cleaning their stalls. Over the years, Barriun became a skilled animal handler and trainer.

One morning, while riding with the queen's small entourage, Barriun earned his title. An orc war band attacked the small group, taking the knights by surprise. The knights were overwhelmed and only Barriun's quick thinking saved the queen from certain capture. Barriun, firing his bow from the saddle, killed the orc dragging the queen from her horse. He pulled her onto his own and spirited her away. The queen spoke highly of his bravery, and the king rewarded Barriun with knighthood.

As the years passed, Barriun became a well-respected knight. He was a hero of the people, a poor man who rose to a lofty station through courage and valor. Despite his fortune, Barriun never forgot his roots. He is the founder of an orphanage named the First House. He remains fast friends with the queen, and the two ride horses together from time to time.

SISTERS OF DUST

The Sisters of Dust are a necromantic society comprised entirely of women. The name stems from their quest for knowledge — sometimes from ancient sources — lost in the dusts of time. They believe that only women — bearers of life — can truly understand the meaning of death. Their goal is to study the dead in order to gain a greater knowledge of healing the living. Their numbers are comprised almost entirely of wizards, clerics, and sorcerers, but they will not close the door on any woman seeking the truth.

Initiates must show a working knowledge of anatomy and general medicine, as well as a genuine desire to learn. If they meet these criteria, they will gain all the privileges of membership: arcane training, access to texts and scrolls, tutelage, and financial resources to continue training. In exchange, the initiate must keep the society's existence a secret and pledge to learn all she can of medicine, healing, and surgery.

Members meet in secret for lectures or conventions in secluded libraries, classrooms, inns or even abandoned dungeons or ruins. They maintain frequent contact through encoded messages and numerous contacts — booksellers, exotic dealers, innkeepers, sages, scribes, midwives and the like. They strive to keep the society hidden from the outside world, afraid that their

studies of necromancy would be mistaken for dark deeds and villainy.

During times of great need the society may reveal itself to persons outside of the society in order to combat a disaster. Plagues, wars, earthquakes and the like will draw these healers out in numbers as they strive to use their gifts to save lives and end suffering. Occasionally, if the need is great, the Sisters will consult a male practitioner of the arts. The man will be treated as a novice or a new initiate might be treated, unless he proves himself of great knowledge and ability. There has never been a male member.

LADY CHISA

Lady Chisa was born to wealth and privilege. Her father was a member of the king's court, a trusted advisor and important diplomat. She tutored with the king's own children as she grew up, and was one of the queen's handmaidens during her adolescent years. Nobody could have guessed the path she would eventually choose for herself.

Chisa grew up with a secret fascination with death. She longed to understand the connection between the living and the dead — between this life and the afterlife. Chisa sought to gain knowledge about life through death and became a secret student of the necromantic arts. She studied any texts she could find and practiced those arts when possible, seeing the effects of sunlight on plants, lack of water on animals, etc. Eventually, the old bookseller who she purchased her texts from discovered her secret love for the arts. The bookseller found the young woman intriguing, and introduced Chisa to a woman that would change her life.

Donella belonged to the Sisters of Dust. She was astounded by the amount of knowledge Chisa was able to learn on her own, and quickly initiated the young noblewoman into the ranks of the society. Together, they have unearthed many useful secrets from times long past.

Lady Chisa: Human Wiz 3; SZ M (humanoid); HD 3d4; hp 15; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Atks dagger +1 (1d4); SA Spells, summon familiar; SV Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +3; Str 11, Dex 13, Con 10, Int 15, Wis 11, Cha 16; AL NG. Skills: Concentration +7, Diplomacy +5, Heal +3, Knowledge (arcana) +9, Spellcraft +9. Feats: Dodge, Maximize Spell, Scribe Scroll, Spell Focus (necromancy).
Spells: (4) 0: arcane mark, detect magic, disrupt undead, read magic; (3) 1st: chill touch, mage armor, ray of enfeeblement; (2) 2nd: darkness, spectral hand.

BANNED FROM EVIL

BASIMA, ROGUE

Basima successfully pinched her first purse at age six, and so began a long sordid career in the street skills of thievery. Raised with meager funds, the small girl was the middle of five children in an overextended family living on the edge of town. The family was of good moral nature, but the middle child had grander dreams (some would say schemes) for her future. She left town with a traveling carnival when she was barely a teen.

In the bustling city of Trana-lar, the young girl plied her tricks and increased her skills. So quick were her fingers that one barely saw a movement of skin or clothing when she picked a pocket. It was usually much later that the victim would discover their coinpurse missing.

Closely watching from the darkness, a pair green eyes tracked Basima's progress and noted her growth with satisfaction. The day came when she was picking the pocket of an unsuspecting drunken lout. A lightning quick hand shot out and grabbed her wrist. A devilish smile grinned at her as the alcohol-glaze faded from his emerald green eye gaze. It takes a thief to catch a thief.

Jetur took Basima back to his shanty and began her indoctrination into the local guild. She was his most promising student in all the years he had been teaching. Under his guidance, she grew fast, silent and efficient. She had no reservation about stealing from young or old, rich or poor. Soon her skills grew enough for Jetur to release her from apprenticeship.

Basima: Human Rog 1; SZ M (humanoid); HD 1d6+1; hp 7; Init +4; Spd 30 ft.; AC 16 (+4 Dex, +2 *leather armor*); Atks 2 short swords +2 (1d6), light crossbow +4 (1d8); SV Fort +1, Ref +6, Will +0; Str 14, Dex 18, Con 13, Int 13, Wis 11, Cha 13; AL NG. Skills: Appraise +4, Bluff +4, Climb +3, Diplomacy +3, Disable Device +6, Escape Artist +5, Gather Information +5, Hide +8, Listen +2, Move Silently +8, Open Lock +8, Search +6, Spot +4. Feats: Ambidexterity, Two Weapon Fighting.

REYLNE, JESTER

Reylne was an energetic child who always wanted to be the center of attention. Juggling and dancing became her favorite pastimes as she grew up. Her parents would sometimes take her out to the market with them while they sold vegetables from the fields. Reylne would perform at their booth and earn a couple of extra coins for the household. She deeply loved her family, but the call of the stage was very strong. Her father

saved a handful of coins from the booth at the market for his beloved daughter. As her sixteenth birthing day gift, her father gave her enough money to go out and seek her fortune. This was all the encouragement Reylne needed to begin her adventure.

Her travels took her to the crown city of Gezaa, where she drew the attention of the court during a spring harvest celebration. Her dance to the goddess of the harvest drew many admiring eyes, including the crown prince. She was summoned to perform for the king and his counselors barely a week after the spring harvest. She soon became the foremost entertainer in the king's castle. Her dreams were fulfilled.

Reylne: Human Rog 3; SZ M (humanoid); HD 3d6; 12 hp; Init +4; Spd 30 ft.; AC 14 (+4 Dex) Atks 2 daggers +2 (1d4); SA Sneak attack +2d6, evasion, uncanny dodge; SV Fort +1, Ref +7, Will +1; Str 14, Dex 18, Con 10, Int 14, Wis 11, Cha 13; AL NG. Skills: Appraise +4, Balance +8, Bluff +6, Climb +6, Diplomacy +5, Escape Artist +6, Gather Information +5, Hide +8, Listen +5, Move Silently +8, Perform +8, Search +8, Spot +6. Feats: Ambidexterity, Dodge, Two Weapon Fighting.

MALDERK, BARD

Malderk is a young man of handsome features and striking smile. He belongs to the Fireside Singers, a local group of wandering Bards. Many of his songs tell tales of the bravery and fortitude of their king. One evening, a local commander heard him sing and hired him for a peculiar performance — on the battlefield. Through the power of his voice and the striking words of his song, he was able to stir the spirits of soldiers before battle. Many noblemen started to request his services before a battle to bolster the spirit of the troops.

Singing of tales of grandeur and glory in battle were but one of his skills. Malderk was also quite the ladies man, and had been known to spin quite the romantic tale to woo a girl. Unfortunately for Malderk, he wooed the wrong girl and ended up on the dangerous end of a sword. After many apologies, he ended up owing a debt to the nobleman whose lady he had romanced. The debt was quite clearly stated, but he was told that he better be available to pay when the time came.

Malderk decided that it would be in his best interests to seek employment in another city. Using his charm, he talked himself into a caravan headed north, to the city of Katrema. Malderk became very popular as he sang tales of the ladies who never said no and the lords who swung mighty swords for their king.

BANNED FROM EVIL

Malderk: Human Brd 3; SZ M (humanoid); HD 3d6; hp 14; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10; Atks rapier +2 (1d6); SQ bardic music, bardic knowledge; SV Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +3; Str 10, Dex 11, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 11, Cha 18; AL NG. Skills: Appraise +2, Bluff +8, Diplomacy +7, Disguise +7, Escape Artist +2, Gather Information +7, Hide +2, Listen +2, Perform +7, Sense Motive +2, Use Magic Devise +7. Feats: Maximize Spell, Run, Still Spell; Spells: (6) 0 level; (3+1) 1st level.

KRELL, ASSASSIN

Krell is a cold man, not just his skin, but his heart as well. His family abandoned him when he was but a lad of ten, when his mother had discovered him choking his younger brother to death over a toy. Living on the streets did nothing for his temperament, though it taught him the skills of survival and detachment. He learned how to use a dagger with such finesse that he became the envy, and the scourge, of the other street urchins.

Krell made his first kill when he was twelve. It was simple and swift; the other child never knew he was there until he gazed up at his killer from the ground, with warm blood draining from his throat. He didn't laugh or cry or even smile. Krell simply wiped the blade clean. It was a job and he was training for it. He intended to be the best. The time for smiling was when the knife was hidden away and he could raise a pint with his mates.

As he grew older, his self-styled training methods took him to larger, stronger, more difficult prey. His final test was killing the queen of the city as she slept beside the king. Krell made it out of the city long before anyone realized she was dead. It was not something he bragged about, but he left a token behind to prove his kill. This token, a blood-dipped gold piece, became his signature — one future employers would learn to respect — and potential victims would fear.

Krell: Human Rog 3/Asn 10; SZ M (humanoid); HD 3d6 + 10d6; hp 51; Init +4; Spd 30 ft.; AC 14 (+4 Dex) Atks 2 daggers (1d4+2); SA Sneak attack +5d6, evasion, uncanny dodge, death attack, poison use, +5 save vs. poison; SV Fort +3, Ref +11, Will +4; Str 11 Dex 18, Con 11 Int 14, Wis 11, Cha 12; AL NE. Skills: Appraise +14, Balance +13, Bluff +13 Climb +16, Disguise +16, Escape Artist +16, Hide +15, Listen +14, Move Silently +12, Search +8, Spot +8; Feats: Ambidexterity, Alertness, Dodge, Lightning Reflexes, Mobility, Two Weapon Fighting; Spells: (3) 1st: *change self, obscuring mist, spider climb* (3) 2nd: *alter self, darkness, pass without a trace*; (2) 3rd: *invisibility, nondetection*; (1) 4th: *poison*.

LEARME, DRUID

Learme is a man who can almost always be found outside, amongst the trees and shrubs of the forest. So attuned is he to the movement and sounds of the woods, it is as if he had become a part of them. As a child, he lived alone in a grand forest with his mother — a wood elf who never spoke of his father. His mother raised him in the elven way. He learned to appreciate, revere, and worship nature and the gods of the forest. After his mother's death, he remained in the forest with his woodland companions. The closest of these was a hawk he called Red Feather. Learme has no aversion to others of his kind; he simply prefers to reside alone in the forest.

His mother's most precious gift was imparting the knowledge of the druid arts to her son. Learme spends most nights practicing his arts with the material he gathers during the day. Red Feather provides him with a bit of protection by giving early warning of strangers approaching his home. Learme does not shy away from visitors, and his skills have earned him some fame in the surrounding regions. It is not unusual for a city dweller or two to make the trip to his grove for advice or to seek medicine once every week or so.

Learme has never turned away any who have come to him for help. His mother insisted that it was his duty to share his skills of healing for that is a way of honoring the gods. Many who come to him bring him food and tools from the city as payment. Most of these items are just stored away or given to others who visit in the future. Learme is able to live off the land and has no need of the city dwellers tools, food or even money. The fortune of nature smiles upon him and the forest provides all he needs.

Learme: Half-Elf Dru 3; SZ M (humanoid); HD 3d8; hp 18; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 14 (+1 Dex, +3 *hide armor*) Atks quarterstaff +2 (1d6); SA Spells, nature sense, animal companion, woodland stride, trackless step; SQ immune to sleep, +2 save vs. enchantment, lowlight vision; SV Fort +3, Ref +1, Will +3; Str 10, Dex 13, Con 10, Int 11, Wis 14, Cha 14; AL NG. Skills: Animal Empathy +4, Concentration +2, Heal +6, Knowledge (Nature) +6, Wilderness Lore +6; Feats: Dodge, Mobility; Spells: (4) 0: *create water, detect magic, purify food and drink, read magic*; (3) 1st: *animal friendship, entangle, goodberry*; (2) 2nd: *flameblade, summon swarm*.

Red Feather: Hawk; SZ T (animal); HD 1d8; hp 8; Init +3; Spd 10 ft., 60 ft. fly; AC 17 (+3 Dex, +2 Natural, +2 Size); Atks Claws +5 melee (1d4-2); Face/Reach: 2-1/2ft. by 2-1/2ft. by 0 ft.; SV: Fort +2, Ref +5, Will +2;

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Str 6, Dex 17, Con 10, Int 2, Wis 14, Cha 6; AL N. Skills: Listen +6, Spot +6. Feats: Weapon Finesse (claws).

NAIMI, FIGHTER

Naimi is a woman without a past. She cannot remember anything before two years ago, when she woke in the mud with a sword in her hand and tattered armor covering her torso. All around her were the remnants of a battle — bodies and weapons littered the ground everywhere she looked. The only reason she knew her name was from the etching upon the sword in her hand — at least she hoped that was her name.

The weapon felt at home in her fist, as if she were born to carry steel. The blade was as an extension of herself—she knew how to use it well. Naimi wandered the land, in search of anything that she might recognize from her past. Thus far, nothing has jarred her memory. To earn money, for food and shelter, she would volunteer for guard duty on caravans. This not only kept her fed, but allowed her to travel and seek her past.

Naimi: Human Ftr 3; SZ M (humanoid); HD 3d10; hp 22; Init +9; Spd 30 ft.; AC 19 (+4 Dex, +5 *chainmail*); Atks longsword +3 (1d8); SV Fort +4, Ref +4, Will +0; Str 16, Dex 17, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 9, Cha 13; AL CG. Skills: Intimidate +5, Jump +3, Profession (Mercenary) +5, Spot +1. Feats: Cleave, Improved Initiative, Power Attack.

REAF, WIZARD

Reaf is a short man with only one hand. A black wolf bit off his right hand when he was in the woods gathering roots and grubs for a potion he was concocting. The starving wolf would have taken more than his hand had Reaf not been wearing a ring of animal friendship on his other hand. After uttering the command word, the creature became his fast friend. The wolf, whom he calls Righty, is now his constant companion. Righty acts as protector as well as his retriever (Reaf is notoriously lazy). Frequently, the animal is seen sitting next to its master with his tongue lolling stupidly out of his mouth.

Reaf is a man of few morals who creates potions and poisons for whomever pays. His spells have a tendency to go awry, unfortunately, mostly due to laziness and ineptitude. Sometimes, Reaf hires on with an unaware adventuring party as a spell caster, at least until they discover his true power. Of course, Righty insists on traveling with his master, much to the concern of the party. So far, no one has turned up missing.

Reaf is quite content to tinker about in shoddy inn rooms testing out new spells or concoctions he has created. He usually leaves many holes, dents, and burn marks on the walls as testament to his skill in the arcane arts.

Reaf: Human Wiz 3; SZ M (humanoid); HD 3d4; hp 15; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10; Atks dagger +1 (1d4); SA Spells, Summon Familiar; SQ *ring of animal friendship*; SV Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +3; Str 11, Dex 11, Con 10, Int 15, Wis 10, Cha 10; AL NE. Skills: Concentration +8, Craft (brewing)+8, Knowledge (nature) +8, Spellcraft +6. Feats: Brew Potion, Dodge, Improved Initiative, Scribe Scroll. Spells: (4) 0: *detect magic, dancing lights, flare, prestidigitation*; (3) 1st: *grease, ray of enfeeblement, ventriloquism*; (2) 2nd: *levitate, summon swarm*.

Righty: Wolf; SZ M (animal); HD 4d10+8; hp 32; Init +6; Spd 50 ft.; AC 13 (+1 Dex, +2 Natural); Atks Bite +3 (1d6+4); Face/Reach: 5 ft.; SQ Scent; SV: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +3; Str 17, Dex 15. Con 15, Int 10, Wis 14, Cha 10; AL N. Skills: Hide +6, Listen +9, Move Silently +8, Spot +9, Wilderness Lore +2. Feats: Alertness, Improved Initiative.

FALA AND WREN (TWINS)

Fala and Wren are twins separated at birth. Their parents were nobles who had been forewarned that any children they had would betray the kingdom. Unable to harm their own children, they exiled them. The daughter, Fala, was sent to the eastern shores of Paluan, to a small fishing village, where a fisherman's wife raised her. Wren, the boy, was sent to the western mountains to live amongst, and be trained by, the warrior clan that lived there.

The children were unaware they were twins, and grew up with no knowledge of their real family. Fala grew up beautiful, charismatic and brilliant — a fisherman's daughter with a grace that outstrips any lady of the court. On the other side of the land, Wren learned all the finer points of combat. He grew up strong and fast — a warrior among warriors.

Fala: Human Ari 2; SZ M (humanoid); HD 2d8; hp 12; Init +4; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10; Atks Melee +1 (1d3 subdual, unarmed); SV Fort +0, Ref +4, Will +5; Str 10, Dex 17, Con 10, Int 13, Wis 12, Cha 18; AL LG. Skills: Bluff +7, Diplomacy +8, Gather Information +8, Innuendo +8, Knowledge (local) +6, Perform +6, Spot +4. Feats: Dodge, Mobility.

BANNED FROM EVIL

Wren: Human Ftr 4; SZ M (humanoid); HD 4d10; hp 29; Init +7; Spd 30 ft.; AC 17 (+2 Dex, +5 *chainmail*); Atks longsword +4 (1d8+3); SV Fort +6, Ref +5, Will +2; Str 15, Dex 15, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 14; AL LG. Skills: Intimidate +4, Jump +4, Profession (Soldier) +3, Spot +2. Feats: Blind Fight, Combat Reflexes, Endurance, Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Quick Draw.

PALM OF ZADEH

We are the Orb of Light, a religious group opposed to everything evil. We are a devout, pious group. We believe in our cause more than money or power. Many of our members are above corruption. Some call us the fanatical type, willing to throwing ourselves into danger rather than let an innocent suffer. Call us what you will, we will not stand by while the Palm of Zadeh destroys the world.

This story, is about our enemy and you would do well to listen.

In a seemingly abandoned pile of stones, once known as Narias' Keep, lies a great threat to the denizens of your world. The members of the Palm of Zadeh are preparing to bring ruin and a thousand years of despair down upon all of the races. This small, yet powerful group of spellcasters have pooled their talents and information to free the demon Zadeh from his prison, and through him, control the world.

The five wizards, Skaur, Madrinor, Alain the Red, Tericus the Mad, and Calim-Kal formed the cabal in a sacred ritual four years ago. They have grown in power exponentially since their pact and their quest is nearing an end.

From the beginning, their goal was to acquire the Fire Daggers of Sal-Cheyn. When brought together these daggers release a powerful demon named Zadeh. Trapped in an extraplanar prison realm, the daggers pierce through the shadow veil and rip Zadeh from his oubliette. Skaur leads the group. He is the most intelligent, and knows much about Zadeh's plan for the world. It is our fear that they have some of these daggers. They are one step from destroying everything.

Each of the wizards of the cabal has his own specialty, and Skaur hand-chose them all. Originally Skaur and Madrinor were the founders, using Madrinor's base of loyal followers to extort, influence, and control. Alain the Red was recruited for his powers of scrying and divining. This has allowed the Cabal unlimited access to information which they would normally have spent years pursuing.

The inclusion of Calim-Kal, a known master trap-maker and abjurist, means they are afraid of intruders and their sinister acts grow more depraved and reviled. In their secret keep they can accomplish anything, remaining unchecked. We are unsure why Tericus the Mad joined the cabal. He is unhinged and violent, but he wields fantastic power and fearsome on every level.

Currently we know that the Palm of Zadeh has nearly 100 followers, agents, collaborators and allied creatures, working for them on a regular basis. These people all serve a purpose to Palm, whether it is information gathering, protection, or the day-to-day operations of a simple servant. The most numerous of these sections are, or course, the information gatherers. This is followed by closely by the guardians and the servants. A breakdown of their organization would be immense, boring, and would take hours to explain. It only further verifies that Skaur and Madrinor are highly intelligent and should never be underestimated.

It is known that Madrinor sent his agents out in search of clues that would lead them to the Fire Daggers of Sal-Cheyn. They are wily and roguish men, completely loyal to Madrinor and the Palm of Zadeh. We have heard rumors that the agents have acquired the second of the Fire Daggers of Sal-Cheyn, and are well on the way to acquiring yet another of the five. If they are succeed, all hope is lost.

The Fire Daggers of Sal-Cheyn are powerful magical items, not to be mistaken for simple fighting weapons. Each holds within powerful magic and guarded secrets of the prison realm of Balak. The daggers vary in ability, making them unique and dangerous. We know of the fourth dagger, "wicked." It was the first dagger the cabal found. Our research shows it drains the blood from the body, slowly and painfully, reducing a victim to a desiccated husk.

Guarding the outlying lands of the Keep is a small tribe of goblins, the Fingergrawlers, who are wholly loyal to the order. They act as scouts, as well as an early warning in case of attack. Several agents were sent into the area in an attempt to disperse the goblins, or find ways around them to the keep, but all our excursions met with failure. It seems that the shaman who leads the goblins wields powerful magic. Alone, he was able to drive off six agents.

The actual guards of the Keep are lead by a powerful mercenary named Ka'alan. He and his men patrol the immediate mile around the keep. The guards number 20 to 25. It is presumed that they are good fighters based on reports of their dress and equipment. They are mostly rangers and fighters, with a few rogues in their midst.

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Since getting to the Keep is a trying task, we have resorted to sending in a spy. Presently, one agent is inside, Nyssalyn of Ursuun. What she found there was quite a frightening sight.

There are close to 20 servants living there simply to attend to the wizards needs. Servants who stand out or speak up disappear for days at a time. They return with a very quiet demeanor, and no longer cause trouble. Every day after the morning meal they are made to attend chapel, where Skaur or a priest of Zadeh leads them in worship. Nyssalyn claims the services are terrifying to watch. She could not repeat what she saw, and we did not ask.

These conditions make it our duty to rescue these poor peasants as soon as possible. It is Nyssalyn's observation that if the Keep is assailed, the servants would flee rather than fight for their overlord masters.

We have been unable to scry their defenses. We can only guess at what Calim-Kal created for the Keep. Based upon some of his previous works, it will no doubt cost many lives to get in their doors. Our records show he goes to great lengths to secure a perimeter. Alarm and summoning spells are combine to summon several small creatures to attack in close quarters. False flagstones crumbling away into nothingness or pits filled with Aberrations are among his favorite traps. There is rumor of a thief who stepped on a false pressure plate and starved to death trying to find a way off of it. I pray it is untrue.

If for some reason that you unable to destroy the Cabal or recapture the Fire Daggers of Sal-Cheyn, try to escape. The Orb of Light is grateful for knowledge you ascertain about the Keep. All of our blessings go with you. Be steadfast and wary of the evil that lies ahead of you.

MADRINOR THE ENCHANTER

Trained by the famed enchanter, Dominique of Travois, Madrinor grew to fame through his exotic potions and amulets. He sold his services in many kingdoms and lands, gathering followers and assistants easily. As he grew older, Madrinor hired out adventurers and rogues to gather his components for him. His coffers quickly filled with varied items and gold. This exorbitant wealth would help fund what was to come later in his life.

Many years later, Skaur approached Madrinor and the two struck a bargain to free the demon, Zadeh, to usurp his power for themselves. Madrinor proved invaluable to the Palm, and provided magical items and elixirs as the need arose. His aloof nature buffered him from the true repercussions of the Palm's actions and

direction, leaving him free to indulge his nefarious and reckless plots.

Madrinor is charming when he wants to be, and he uses this to his advantage when negotiating with Skaur or the rest of the cabal. He knows many of his followers would willing die for him; the cabal members have their own motives, however, so he keeps his men's loyalty quiet and bides his time. His ultimate goal is to use the cabal to free Zadeh and capture the demon's power for himself.

Madrinor the Enchanter: Human Wiz 9; SZ M (humanoid); HD 9d4+18; hp 36; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 13 (Dex -1, *amulet of natural armor* +2, *bracers of armor* +2); Atks +2 *dagger* +4 (1d4+2); SA Spells; SQ *iron bands of billaro*, *cube of force*, *wand of burning hands* (20 charges) *potion of fire breath*, *potion of cure moderate wounds*; SV Fort +5, Ref +4, Will +8; Str 10, Dex 8, Con 14, Int 20, Wis 13, Cha 16; AL NE. Skills: Alchemy +17, Concentration +14, Diplomacy +9, Knowledge (arcana) +17, Knowledge (planes) +13, Knowledge (religion) +15, Scry +17, Search +8, Spellcraft +17. Feats: Brew Potion (bonus), Craft Wondrous Item, Maximize Spell, Scribe Scroll, Spell Focus (Enchantment), Spell Mastery (5), Tyrant.

SKAUR

Skaur was once a good man, and a carefree dungeoneer. He explored many old locations with his friends in search of magic and treasure, until he acquired a magical headband. It granted him great intellectual power, but soon he began to hear voices and turned away from his friends to research demonology. The devil known as Zadeh influenced his thoughts, pushing him into pursuing evil acts. His life goal quickly became freeing Zadeh, and attaining the magical power needed to do so. With Zadeh's help, Skaur picked each member of the cabal with his goal in mind, and has created quite the magical team. He has all the firepower, magical items, security, and information needed to seek out and acquire the *daggers of the planes*.

On the outside, Skaur seems a very simple and focused man. Every fiber of his being is devoted to bringing Zadeh into the world, and he'll do anything, and lie to anyone to complete that act. On the inside however, he is struggling. When his body becomes exhausted, his original traits surface and fight the control placed over him. Sadly, his original personality is too weak, is amongst the enemy, and would have no ally within 100 miles. All he can do is watch more evil unfold before his eyes.

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Skaur: Human Wiz 9; SZ M (humanoid); HD 9d4+9; hp 32; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 14 (*ring of protection* +4); Atks *unholy dagger* +6 (1d4+2, +2d6 to good), or *light crossbow of shock* +4 (1d8+1d6); SA Spells; SQ *cloak of resistance* +3, *cursed headband of intelligence* +6; SV Fort +7, Ref +6, Will +11; Str 10, Dex 10, Con 13, Int 26*, Wis 14, Cha 16; AL LE (originally LG). Skills: Alchemy +13, Bluff +9, Concentration +13, Diplomacy +9, Intimidate +7, Knowledge (arcana) +19, Knowledge (the Planes) +20, Knowledge (demonology) +20, Search +14, Spellcraft +20, Spot +8. Feats: Combat Casting, Empower spell, Extend Spell, Scribe Scroll, Spell Focus (conjuration), Spell Mastery (7), Toughness.

TERICUS THE MAD

Tericus is a complete mystery to the cabal. He simply appeared one day and pledged his services to Skaur. None of the other Cabal members know the details, but Skaur swears that he is loyal to the cause. Alain learned that his past was mired with violence and his tactics were swift and merciless. Most everyone keeps an eye on him just to be safe.

Tericus is completely mad. His actions are unexplainable, and he apparently speaks to someone called "the Serpent." Whether it's a voice in his head or a real power is as yet unknown. He acts like a child with great power, almost as if he were spoiled by unseen parents. When placed in dangerous situations, however, Tericus reacts with terrible violence, leaving a wake of destruction. He was "accidentally" locked in the Keep's dungeons once. Out of frustration, he blew the ceiling off the keep and into the courtyard. Now, all of the cabal's followers, and some of the wizards, give him a wide berth when he passes. When not working, he spends his time locked away in his room. Screams of pleasure or pain constantly emerge from behind the doors, always followed by distinct whimpering and a hushed voice.

Tericus the Mad: Human Wiz 9; SZ M (humanoid); HD 9d4+18; hp 49; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; AC 15 (Dex +2, *amulet of natural armor* +3); Atks +1 *quarterstaff of flaming burst* +7 (1d6, +1d10 on a critical), or *light crossbow mw* +7 (1d8); SA Spells; SQ *rod of wonder*, *wand of fireballs*; SV Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +7; Str 14, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 18, Wis 8, Cha 14; AL CE. Skills: Alchemy +14, Climb +6, Concentration +14, Gather Information +5, Intimidate +8, Knowledge (arcana) +14, Knowledge (religion) +14, Search +7, Spellcraft +14, Swim +5. Feats: Combat Casting, Craft Wand, Expertise, Scribe Scroll, Spell Focus (evocation), Spell Penetration.

ALAIN THE RED

Alain joined the group when he scried on Madrinor and Skaur and learned of their plans to summon Zadeh. He knew the devil's power could be exploited, crafted powerful magical rods, rings, and wands to warn him of treachery, proving to the two his usefulness to the cabal. They both recognized his worth and offered him a stake in their claim.

Madrinor is Alain's closest friend in the group, but he distances himself from people in general and mostly keeps himself. His fear of others has driven him to isolation, even from his friends. In seclusion, he keeps close tabs on the world, using his magic to spy on others.

Alain is completely paranoid. He spends his life fearful of others, expecting that anyone may want to kill or harass him. His fear is irrational. He is a powerful wizard, after all. Alain knows that the other members of the Cabal don't trust him, justifying his need to spy on them. Every day is a new threat, and he spends most of his time scrying the Keep and the surrounding area, nervous of traitors and people who would bring him harm. He sees Zadeh's freedom as freedom for himself, but he's not sure why...

Alain the Red: Human Wiz 9; SZ M (humanoid); HD 9d4+18; hp 46; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; AC 15 (Dex +2, *amulet of natural armor* +1, +2 *defending dagger*); Atks +2 *defending dagger* +2 (1d4-2), or *light crossbow* +7 (1d8); SA Spells; SQ *potion of aid*, *potion of lesser restoration*, *potions of cure moderate wounds*, *amulet of natural armor* +1, *headband of intellect* +2, *crystal ball of detect thoughts*; SV Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +11; Str 7, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 22, Wis 16, Cha 12; AL NE. Skills: Alchemy +12, Diplomacy +7, Knowledge (arcana) +17, Knowledge (religion) +14, Knowledge (history) +15, Scry +17, Search +10, Sense Motive +9, Spellcraft +17, Spot +9. Feats: Craft Wondrous Item, Expertise, Maximize Spell, Run, Scribe Scroll, Skill Focus (scry), Spell Focus (divination).

CALIM-KAL

Best known for his skills as a master trapmaker, his reputation in the hot desert lands traveled north, alerting the cabal of the powerful abjurist's activities. His tutor was a prisoner locked in a caliph's dungeons. The two were both incarcerated and Calim-Kal learned much from his mentor. It was his skill at navigating and eventually escaping the dungeon that curiously brought Calim-Kal where he is now. Vowing to never be caught again, he trained with his mysterious master until there was nothing else to learn.

BANNED FROM EVIL

Taking what he knew, he built dungeons of his own, filling them with traps and monsters. His reputation precedes him, and when Skaur approached him for work, he readily accepted. Calim-Kal is a brooding man, concerned more about possessions and wealth than anything else. He takes pride in his traps, but takes refuge in his vast hoard of gold. As Skaur becomes more and more obsessed with the freedom of Zadeh, Calim-Kal questions his need to be with this cabal. Wealth and power have seduced him, however. Unlike the others, his cause isn't as great.

What he refers to as his keep, is the cabal's keep. He wants to leave now, but sadly, he can't. It is his greatest creation and he feels a bond with its stone walls. Secretly, he hopes someone will find it and navigate its traps either to destroy the group (or themselves). He's gone so far as to leak information on the location of the keep.

Calim-Kal: Human Wiz 9; SZ M (humanoid); HD 9d4+18; hp 40; Init +7; Spd 30 ft.; AC 15 (Dex +3, *bracers of armor* +2); Atks *unholy dagger* +6 (1d4+2, +2d6 to good); SA Spells; SQ *ring of the chameleon, portable hole*; SV Fort +5, Ref +8, Will +6; Str 10, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 20, Wis 10, Cha 12 AL NE. Skills: Alchemy +15, Concentration +12, Craft (trapmaking) +17, Diplomacy +3, Escape Artist +8, Hide +8, Knowledge (arcana) +15, Knowledge (religion) +11, Move Silently +8, Spellcraft +17. Feats: Alertness, Craft Wondrous Item, Expertise, Improved Initiative, Scribe Scroll, Spell Focus (abjuration), Spell Mastery (5).

MIAHLYN

Born into a destitute family, Miahlyn wanted more for herself, and the life of a thief beckoned. She welcomed every challenge that came her way, succeeding where others failed. Eventually, her thieving ways brought her into conflict with the law, forcing her to move from city to city. She amassed great wealth, even teaming up with a party of adventurers now and again to plunder dungeons and tombs. Her charm entranced her partners, and she quickly relieved them of their treasure. A woman of such esteem does not go unnoticed, and soon enough the wizard Madrinor approached her. He offered her large sums of gold to find some special magical daggers. So far, he's pleased with her results.

She doesn't care what the dagger are for, just that Madrinor pays on time.

Miahlyn's main goal in life is to amass the wealth denied her and her family when she was young. She doesn't have any friends; by her surmise, anyone would

betray her for some gold. She's adventured with many people, but most fell by the wayside, by their inability or her hand. She considers Madrinor a good partner though, reveling in their business relationship. After all, he pays more in gems than most small nations have in their coffers.

Miahlyn: Human Rog 5; SZ M (humanoid); HD 5d6 +5; hp 27; Init +4; Spd 30 ft.; AC 17 (Dex +4, +1 *leather armor*); Atks +1 *dagger* +4 (1d6+1), or comp shortbow mw +8 (1d6); SA sneak attack +3d6, evasion, uncanny dodge, traps; SQ *cloak of elvenkind, cube of sending*; SV Fort +2, Ref +8, Will +1; Str 10, Dex 18, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 10, Cha 17; AL NE. Skills: Appraise +5, Balance +4, Bluff +8, Climb +3, Diplomacy +4, Disable Device +6, Disguise +8, Gather Information +6, Hide +8 (+18), Listen +7, Move Silent +8, Search +8, Spot +7, Use Magic Device +6. Feats: Alertness, Dodge, Mobility.

THE PALM'S TREASURE HOARD

The Palm has a small section of their keep dedicated to storing magic and personal effects, in addition, each wizard keeps his spellbook in his own personal chamber. Below find all the magic they've collected over the years. Note that many of these items have not been cataloged or identified by the Palm, and some items are cursed or very powerful, but have yet to be put to use.

Ioun stones (15), winged boots, staff of fire, orb of storms, +1 dagger, +2 dagger, +1 shortsword, +3 leather armor, mace of smiting, arrow of slaying outsiders, good (5), potions (numerous), ring of mind shielding, immovable rods (3), rod of wonder, robe of eyes, bag of devouring, Daern's instant fortress.

There are numerous scrolls and potions as well. Too many to mention here.

SPELLBOOKS

MADRINOR'S SPELLBOOK

- 1st: *burning hands, charm person, chill touch, hypnotism, identify, mage armor, magic missile, sleep, unseen servant.*
- 2nd: *invisibility, see invisibility, shatter, tasha's hideous laughter, web.*
- 3rd: *clairaudience/clairvoyance, flame arrow, hold person, suggestion.*
- 4th: *arcane eye, charm monster, confusion, locate creature.*
- 5th: *dominate person, hold monster.*

BANNED FROM EVIL

Madrinor's Spells per day: 4-0, 4-1, 4-2, 3-3, 2-4, 1-5.

SKAUR'S SPELLBOOK

- 1st: *burning hands, color spray, grease, mage armor, mount, nystul's undetectable aura, obscuring mist, protection from good, ray of enfeeblement, summon monster I, true strike, unseen servant.*
- 2nd: *Melf's acid arrow, mirror image, summon monster II, web.*
- 3rd: *flame arrow, sleet storm, stinking cloud, summon monster III.*
- 4th: *Evard's black tentacles, Rary's mnemonic enhancer, solid fog, summon monster IV.*
- 5th: *lesser planar binding, summon monster V.*

CALIM-KAL'S SPELLBOOK

- 1st: *alarm, cause fear, color spray, endure elements, hold portal, protection from evil, protection from good, protection from chaos, protection from law, shield.*
- 2nd: *invisibility, Leomund's trap, protection from arrows, resist elements, rope trick.*
- 3rd: *dispel magic, displacement, nondetection, protection from elements.*
- 4th: *minor globe of invulnerability, otiluke's resilient sphere, stone skin.*
- 5th: *permanency, teleport.*

ALAIN THE RED'S SPELLBOOK

- 1st: *chill touch, comprehend languages, detect secret doors, detect undead, grease, identify, mage armor, protection from good, ray of enfeeblement, summon monster I, true strike.*
- 2nd: *detect thoughts, levitate, locate object, see invisibility.*
- 3rd: *clairaudience/clairvoyance, haste, tongues, vampiric touch.*
- 4th: *detect scrying, polymorph other, Rary's mnemonic enhancer, scrying.*
- 5th: *cloudkill, Rary's telepathic bond.*

TERICUS THE MAD'S SPELLBOOK

- 1st: *burning hands, enlarge, expeditious retreat, hold portal, magic missile, magic weapon, reduce, shocking grasp, Tenser's floating disc.*
- 2nd: *blur, bull's strength, daylight, flaming sphere.*
- 3rd: *displacement, fireball, haste, lightning bolt.*
- 4th: *ice storm, Rary's mnemonic enhancer, wall of fire, wall of ice.*
- 5th: *cone of cold, feeblemind.*

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