

AGARTHA



AGF3: TRIAL BY FIRE



An adventure for 4 to 6 3rd-level characters, using Dungeons & Dragons® 3rd Edition rules.

Designed and edited by Phil Smith. Released: 9 March 2001.

Last modified: 9 March 2001.

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INTRODUCTION

AGF3: Trial by Fire is the third adventure in the AGARTHA campaign world, and draws together elements started in *AGF1: The False World* and threatened in *AGF2: Ordeal by Water*. The aggressive stance taken by Frozen has finally reached its apex and a great army is poised to invade Drown, a town only just beginning to recover from its years-long ordeal under the Sons of the Sea. As the opening sentence says, the past has come to haunt the PCs. Even though Samael might well have been dead since the final encounter at the end of *AGF1*, his legacy is very much alive and some of his followers, members of the cult of Imix – another elemental lord, not too dissimilar to Olhydra – have been ordered to find those people who conspired to murder Samael and extract a vicious revenge.

This adventure is pretty much riddled with villains and as such the players are going to have a hard time. There's the threat of the army from Frozen invading, the treachery of the Limb-From-Limb tribe over in the village of Cancerous, the undead and vermin who infest the Empty Tomb of Raokh, and the cult of Imix themselves, who have sent an adventuring party of their own to scupper the PCs' chances of success. It'll be a rough ride, although if the PCs can handle it, it'll really do wonders for their reputation.

You might notice a tendency for this campaign setting to ride the characters awfully hard. This is of course purely intentional. It's not always the power level of characters that makes them heroic; it's the deeds they accomplish and the hardships they overcome. The False World has hardship to spare!

There are two distinct atmospheres to bear in mind when running this adventure; the Empty Tomb of Raokh is filled with scuttling vermin, dank walls, foul stench and seething, loathsome undead, just waiting for the chance to share their vile gift with the living who dare to invade their home. Do your best to keep up the sense of menace. Dim the lights a little, perhaps, but don't switch them all off and depend on candle-light. You'll end up with two problems that way; firstly, it'll be too dark to read the adventure, your dice, the character sheets... and secondly, if your players are at all like the ones I've had, you'll learn just how many potential pyromaniacs you have in your group!

The second part that could benefit from atmospheric backup is the big battle between the armies of Frozen and Drown. It's a truly desperate conflict. Drown's armies are smaller and with a lower morale, and as such they're going to have a tough battle ahead of them. They'll need the water elemental summoned by the *bowl of Istishia* in order to win. Do your best to make the horrors of this conflict come to life; screaming barbarians, people hacked to bits, mad rushes of troops – this is conflict in its most basic and brutal form. Some background music might help – unless you find it distracting. My own recommendation for this scene is something suitably violent. 'Invaders' from the Iron Maiden album *The Number of the Beast*, or even 'The Trooper' from their album *Piece of Mind* are both appropriate, as is 'Deaf Forever' by Motörhead.

Warning: the Empty Tomb of Raokh is full of traps. Having a rogue in the party will be extremely helpful!

As always, the AGARTHA web site is still frequently updated. It's now at <http://www.planewalker.com/agartha/>. At the time of writing, I'm still managing to add something new every day.

Phil Smith
11th March 2001

THE INVASION

Your past has come back to haunt you. When you first arrived on the False World, you made a very dangerous enemy of Lord Jannaal of Frozen when you took part in a plot to kill his Grand Vizier, the despicable Samael. Quite understandably, you fled to another town, only to find that Drown was not without its dangers too; it was under the grip of terror, thanks to the Sons of the Sea, a cult of the princess of evil water creatures, Olhydra. You succeeded in tracking them down, however, and put a stop to their machinations. However, you're not out of the woods yet. There's still the matter of the armies of Frozen, who, as you learned from the old druid **Gwythyr**, were planning to invade Drown. Matters are far from being resolved.

The problems the PCs face are quite substantial. First off, although Drown has an army, and it has regained some of its morale, they're still not quite ready for battle. They are still under strength. Secondly, Frozen's army is very large and very fierce, led by Jannaal himself. Thirdly, Jannaal is backed up by the cult of Imix, whose leader, Samael, was killed back in *AGF1: The False World*.

The armies of Drown are a miserable lot, really; they might be relieved somewhat by the timely end of the Sons of the Sea, but the prospect of facing a horde of barbarians from Frozen is not a pretty one. Resigned to the likelihood of their deaths, they drill anyway. Lord Morgan looks over his troops as they're instructed about their arms and frowns as he looks to you.

"Looks like you might have saved us just so we can be torn apart, by Jannaal's men," he observes grimly. "Unless you feel up to killing Jannaal himself, I'm not sure quite what can be done."

"Let me through!" demands a female voice as she struggles with the guards. "Let me through, ye bastards! Safety of the city depends on it, so it does!" The voice belongs to a red-haired half-elven woman in her thirties. She wears a heavy fur-lined cloak over her robes, which are trimmed with a dark green tartan. A rat sits on her shoulder. "Oy! You!" she demands, pointing at Lord Morgan. "Ye're that miserable excuse we've got for a lord, right?" – to this remark, a guard draws his sword. "Ah, stuff yer head up yer arse, ye big feckin' eejit!" she curses. "Name's Quaël; ye won't know me, but I've got somethin' that might help ye drive Jannaal an' his animals out!"

With a wave of his hand, Morgan dismisses his guard. "You'll forgive an old man his cynicism, but I'll want some proof."

"Haven't actually got it with me. It's out in the hills. Old relic that used to belong to this town until Raokh and his orcs took it years ago. If ye can get it, it'll wipe out them from Frozen, an' then some!"

Quaël, if listened to, tells all those present about the lost *bowl of Istishia*, a relic kept at the Church of Istishia within Drown itself. Her claim is that if invoked properly, it could call up a mighty spirit of the waves against which the weapons of Frozen's armies will be useless. She isn't exactly sure where to find it, although she is possibly one of the only people who has the faintest idea of how to get it to work.

History of the *bowl of Istishia*

If the PCs do a little research, they'll find out the following facts about the *bowl* from these sources.

The Church of Istishia

- The *bowl of Istishia* was a relic sacred to the Sea King Istishia, created a hundred and twenty-seven years ago by Mara, who at the time was high priestess.

- The reason for its creation was to protect the Church of Istishia and Drown from invaders by summoning a huge elemental from the seas.
- The fear of this spirit kept those who sought to invade Drown away for nearly a century, until the Orcs from Raokh's Hills learned of the *owl* and succeeded in selling it.

Local Historians

- The orcish invasion, roughly thirty-five years ago, occurred when one of the minor Orcish chieftains, Kannakagh, stole a relic from the Church of Istishia.
- Kannakagh was one of the select retainers of Raokh, an orcish warlord who was feared across the continent of Carnis.
- It's rumoured that Kannakagh assembled a band of thieves and sorcerers to help him acquire the relic, using a level of cunning unheard of among the orcs. The relic was then passed on to Raokh.
- Kannakagh later tried to oust Raokh from power, although his bid failed when Morgan organised his assassination. He succeeded in cutting a deal with Raokh himself, in which the traitor Kannakagh would be killed in return for the orcs agreeing to leave Drown and the government thereof to him.

Assuming the PCs agree to an expedition to Raokh's Hills, they will want to know the lay of the land. As they might have feared, the hills, like the rest of the False World, are not a friendly place. Here, the worst danger is the orcish barbarians, some of whom are nomadic, others of which are located within the village of **Cancerous**.

If the PCs wish to find a map of Raokh's Hills, a rough map is available from one of the private libraries. If the PCs wish to take it away, they'll have to pay the princely sum of 25gp to do so, although they could make a copy instead.

RAOKH'S HILLS

Raokh's Hills are, as previously mentioned, a rather hostile place to be. While the PCs are searching for the *owl of Istishia*, they are practically guaranteed to run into a hostile encounter. Furthermore, the local orcs are going to be the least of the PCs' worries. The cult of Imix, who are out to avenge the wrongs done to them back in *AGF1: The False World* are out for revenge. Throwing their lot in with Jannaal, they have sent a party of their own to find the *owl of Istishia* before the PCs and destroy it, as well as killing the PCs themselves.

During the evening, it might be worth your while to reinforce how dangerous the hills can be by throwing this encounter at them.

Two of the False World's moons hang fairly heavy in the sky; one grey, one looking somewhat like a mirror. You could almost see a distorted reflection of the world below in its surface. They appear to be the only lights in the night sky; there are no stars at all. Making the most of the darkness is a band of orcs, out hunting. A quick glance at the way they hold their javelins, ready for throwing, suggests that they're labouring under the impression that they've found their prey.

Orcs (4): CR 2; SZ M (humanoid); HD 1d8; hp 4; Spd 20 ft.; AC 14 (+4 scale mail); Atk greataxe +3 melee (1d12+3) or javelin +1 ranged (1d6+2); Face 5ft × 5ft; Reach 5ft; SA none; SQ Darkvision 60 ft., light sensitivity; SR 0; AL CE; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will -1; Str 15, Dex 10, Con 11, Int 9, Wis 8, Cha 8.

Skills: Listen +2, Spot +2. *Feats:* Alertness

Possessions: greataxe, scale mail, javelin.

MONSTER MANUAL, p. 147

The orcs attempt to use their javelins first to soften the PCs up at range, before closing with their greataxes. They retreat if the battle turns against them and it becomes apparent that they're outclassed. Conditions might work in their favour initially, however. They are attacking in moderate darkness, giving them the equivalent of one-quarter cover and any characters will have a base 10% miss chance

unless the characters have adequate illumination, such as a *light* spell or darkvision or low-light vision at their disposal. The orcs, having darkvision, are not disadvantaged in terms of melee combat at all. If the PCs succeed in capturing the orcs, interrogation reveals that they don't know much about the *bowl* at all. If the PCs mention Kannakagh at all, the orcs will spit on the ground. Evidently Kannakagh is not a name they like to hear. Although they're fairly young and have only been on the False World for a year, they know the name and know that he's a traitor. They've developed something of an admiration for Raokh; he seems very much to be the orc's orc – a shining example of what an orc can do if he puts his mind to it. They don't know much about Raokh, saved that 'he woz a great orc, 'e woz; smashed the place up lovely', and that his base was the village now called Cancerous. If forced, they can guide the PCs there. If the orcs are dead, however, the PCs will have to rely on their wits and their map; this is of course assuming that they are equipped with either.

CANCEROUS

Not many answers are to be had in Cancerous; the village is under orcish control, and as such there is still a strong streak of loyalty to Raokh. The PCs will quickly learn that Cancerous was Raokh's old camp, and that its queen, an orc by the name of Khlau-Kalash, was one of Raokh's concubines. This is common knowledge, and a point of pride for the town. The locals are very boastful of the fact.

If the PCs ask too many questions, they will quickly gain the attention of the queen. Khlau-Kalash is not particularly fond of outsiders, although there might be information or indeed some money – or both – to be had from them. Needless to say, she doesn't like things going on behind her back, and does all she can to get things out in the open.

A squad of armed men – three orcs and a half-orc – quickly move to confront you. It's quite plain from the way they hold their axes that they mean business and are in no mood to trifle you. The half-orc regards you with his beady little eyes and growls,

"Queen wants to speak wif you. We're to take you there now. This way."

The half-orc gestures with his head, while his cronies tighten their grips on their axes; just in case things turn ugly.

If the PCs agree to this, they are escorted to the Queen's tower. It's not the largest of buildings; a simple flint building, no more than three storeys tall. If the PCs insist on making a fight of this, they will have to deal with the armed men. The bad news is that they're barbarians who use their raging ability with abandon. The PCs might well be able to defeat them, although chances are they won't be welcome in Cancerous for quite some time.

Tark, Gornagh, Killa, male orcs Bbn1 (3): CR 3; Medium-Size humanoid; HD 1d12+1; hp 13; Init +2 (Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 16 (+4 armour, +2 Dex); Atk masterwork greataxe +7 melee (1d12+4), or mighty [Str 14] composite longbow +3 ranged (1d8+2); Face 5 ft. × 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SA rage; SQ (brief description of special qualities); SR 0; AL CE; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +0; Str 19, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 8, Wis 10, Cha 6.

Skills: Climb +5, Jump +5, Listen +4, Wilderness Lore +4. *Feats:* Weapon Focus (greataxe).

SA– Type (explain special attacks, if necessary).

SQ– Type (explain special defenses, if necessary).

Possessions. Masterwork greataxe, masterwork scale mail, mighty [Str 14] composite longbow, 1 *potion of cure light wounds*, climber's kit, dagger.

Garbag, male half-orc Bbn1: CR 1; Medium-Size humanoid; HD 1d12+1; hp 13; Init +2 (Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 16 (+4 armour, +2 Dex); Atk masterwork greataxe +6 melee (1d12+3), or mighty [Str 14] composite longbow +3 ranged (1d8+2); Face 5ft. × 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SA rage; SQ (brief description of special qualities); SR 0; AL CN; SV Fort +#, Ref +#, Will +# (saving throws); Str 17, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 8, Wis 12, Cha 6.

Skills: Climb +4, Jump +4, Listen +5, Wilderness Lore +5. *Feats:* Weapon Focus (greataxe).

SA–Type (explain special attacks, if necessary).

SQ–Type (explain special defenses, if necessary).

Possessions. Masterwork greataxe, masterwork scale mail, mighty [Str 14] composite longbow, 1 *potion of cure light wounds*, climber's kit, dagger.

The Queen of Cancerous is an enormous hag of an orc; a good seven feet in height if you're any judge, and absolutely loaded with muscles. From the look of her, she looks like the sort who'd bet that she could pull the legs off a horse, and would then proceed to do so. Her face is a mass of scars, the marks of a hundred brawls and many more fights to the death. She growls as she sees you. She sits, or more accurately sprawls in a makeshift throne, made out of several mismatched lumps of wood inexpertly nailed together.

Several other burly-looking types flank the queen; many of them are orcs, as well as a few half-orcs and even some humans. One of them, a man who sits on a stool beside the Queen, despite his muscular build and battle-worn features, has a rather shifty look about him. He has a sort of a lopsided smile as he regards you. The queen grumbles something in his ear.

"Her Majesty wants to know what you think you're doin' here," he translates.

The Queen grumbles something else.

"An' no tricks," he adds.

Khlaui-Kalash has a traditional orcish temper; while not particularly bright, she compensates for this by assuming that everyone's out to take advantage of her. She doesn't speak Common, instead relying on her consort Feargal to translate for her. If the PCs mention the *bowl of Istishia*, Khlaui-Kalash will deny any knowledge of this, and surprisingly she's telling the truth. She's quite ignorant. Fortunately, Feargal is a little more knowledgeable, although sadly he's not particularly trustworthy. To make matters worse, he doesn't trust the PCs.

"Oh, ye want the bowl, so?" asks the man who until now has been translating for the queen. "Well, she doesn't know anything about it; she's been too busy with the army, so she has. Ye're in luck, mind; I've had the chance to look at the old records and I know where it is. It's in Raokh's Empty Tomb."

The orcs who could understand him look a little suspicious. This in turn gives the queen something of a hint, and she growls at the man. He in turn mutters something to her, and this seems to calm her down.

So, what's Feargal's plan? Well, he knows that the Empty Tomb is far from empty; he's read the old records and he knows that among Raokh's preparations for the tomb were the creation of several wights – foul undead beings whose touch can drain the very life out of their victims. He reckons that they should be powerful enough to kill the PCs. He'll provide the PCs with the approximate location of the Empty Tomb; no less than six miles east of Cancerous.

THE EMPTY TOMB OF RAOKH

The Empty Tomb of Raokh is not very well named. The only reason it has that name is because Raokh himself is not present; hence the tomb is empty with respect to its primary function. Sadly, it's teeming with vermin and undead. As such, to reflect this you may wish to throw a few random encounters at the PCs while they're there. There is a base 12% chance of an encounter per hour of exploration.

The cultists of Imix have of course forged ahead, and are after the *bowl* too. They will by now have been informed that the PCs are making their way through the dungeon, and are attempting to use the orcs' defences to their advantage. They have been able to travel fairly deep into the dungeon by rebuking the undead and successfully searching for (but not disarming) the traps. They might have had the odd scuffle with the vermin, but that's hardly anything for them to worry about. Their intention is to trap the PCs and visit Imix's anger upon them. There are a total of four cultists active within the dungeon; a sorcerer, a cleric, a rogue and a fighter. Depending on the strength of the PCs may be encountered in a group or individually. If a cultist of Imix has been killed, he or she will not be encountered again.

Cultist of Imix, female elf Rog2: CR 2; Medium-Size Humanoid; HD 2d6; hp 9; Init +7 (+3 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 16 (+3 armour, +3 Dex); Atk rapier +2 melee (1d6+1), or mighty [Str 12] masterwork composite shortbow +4 ranged (1d6+1); Face 5 ft. × 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SA sneak attack +1d6; SQ evasion; SR 0; AL NE; SV Fort +0, Ref +5, Will +0; Str 12, Dex 17, Con 11, Int 14, Wis 10, Cha 8.

Skills: Appraise +7, Disable Device +9, Hide +8, Listen +5, Move Silently +8, Open Locks +10, Search +7, Spot +5, Tumbling +8, Use Magical Device +4. *Feats:* Improved Initiative.

Possessions: 4 potions of cure light wounds, potion of hiding, potion of sneaking, 2 potions of spider climb, potion of darkvision, potion of neutralise poison, potion of hiding, 20 masterwork arrows, masterwork rapier, masterwork studded leather, mighty [Str 12] masterwork composite longbow.

Cultist of Imix, male half-elf Src2: CR 2; Medium-Size Humanoid; HD 2d4; hp 11; Init +2 (Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Atk shortspear +0 melee (1d8-1), or masterwork light crossbow +4 ranged (1d8); Face 5 ft. × 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SA none; SQ summon familiar; SR 0; AL NE; SV Fort +0, Ref +5, Will +0; Str 8, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 15.

Skills: Concentration +6, Spellcraft +5. *Feats:* Toughness.

Possessions: Thunderstone, dagger, 2 tanglefoot bags, wand of sleep, 2 magic missile scrolls, 2 shield scrolls, 2 sleep scrolls, 2 colour spray scrolls, potion of blur, potion of invisibility, potion of cat's grace, masterwork light crossbow, shortspear, 10 bolts.

Spells Prepared (6/5): 0–detect magic (×2), ignite* (×2), read magic, light; 1st–burning fist* (×2), burning hands (×3), shield.

*see the new spells section

Cultist of Imix, male elf Ftr2: CR 2; Medium-Size Humanoid; HD 2d10+2; hp 17; Init +6 (+2 Dex, +2 Improved Initiative); Spd 20 ft.; AC 20 (+7 armour, +2 shield, +2 Dex); Atk bastard sword +6 melee (1d10+2), or mighty [Str 14] masterwork composite longbow +5 ranged (1d8+2); Face 5 ft. × 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SA none; SQ elven traits; SR 0; AL NE; SV Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +1; Str 15, Dex 15, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 8.

Skills: Climb –3, Jump –3. *Feats:* Exotic Weapon Proficiency (bastard sword), Improved Initiative, Weapon Focus (bastard sword).

SQ– Elven Traits (Ex): nightvision, +2 to Search, Spot and Listen checks

Possessions: Half-plate, large metal shield, masterwork bastard sword, mighty [Str 14] masterwork composite longbow, 20 arrows, potion of cure moderate wounds, potion of endurance.

Cultist of Imix, male human Clr2: CR 2; Medium-Size Humanoid; HD 2d8; hp 19; Init -1 (Dex); Spd 20 ft.; AC 18 (+7 armour, +2 shield, -1 Dex); Atk scimitar +2 melee (1d6+1), or light crossbow +0 ranged (1d8); Face 5 ft. × 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SA rebuke undead; SQ none; SR 0; AL NE; SV Fort +0, Ref +5, Will +0; Str 13, Dex 8, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 15, Cha 12.

Skills: Concentration +6, Spellcraft +5. *Feats:* Scribe Scroll, Toughness.

Possessions: potion of blur, potion of levitate, light crossbow, +1 scimitar, half-plate, large metal shield.

Spells Prepared (6/5):

d%	Encounter	Number
01-26	Rats	16-24
27-37	Skeletons	8
38-58	Monstrous centipedes (tiny)	8-16
59-64	Monstrous spider (small)	1
64-70	Monstrous centipedes (small)	2-5
71-78	Monstrous centipedes (medium)	2
79-85	Zombies	6
86-96	Wight	1
97-00	Cultists of Imix	1-4

Please note, however, that there is only one large spider in the entire tomb, and no more than four wights. If two of the wights have already been encountered as a consequence of random rolls, roll again until a monster other than a wight is encountered.

1. Entrance

The entrance to the tomb lies open before you, a tunnel leading into the side of the hill, shrouded in darkness. An arch of limestone, into which various slogans have been etched in Orcish, props up the opening. The tunnel looks to be pitch black, and the air coming from it is quite stale. There is an unnatural chill in the air, bringing with it the faint stench of decay.

A successful Search check (DC 10) will reveal the presence of tracks leading into the tomb. Someone else has got there first!

2. Corridor of traps

The corridor ahead looks to be roughly ten feet wide, or at least wide enough for two people to walk abreast without any serious difficulty. The walls are roughly hewn, but nonetheless garishly decorated. However, unlike any walls of dwarven manufacture, the decorations do not take the form of bas-reliefs or carvings. Rather, the decorations have been crudely painted on the stone. They appear to be representations of some warrior or other, probably orcish. In some scenes he is decapitating and maiming several crudely painted figures with large pointed ears, while in others he appears to be frying them with fire leaping out of his hands. Charming.

At the far end of the corridor is a simple iron-bound door that has started to decay, thanks to the damp.

There are three traps set along this corridor, all of which are designed to eliminate all intruders before the guardians have to worry about them. The first is a simple pitfall with sharpened stakes at the bottom, designed to weed out the more careless intruders.

Spiked Pit Trap (20 Ft. Deep): CR 2; no attack roll necessary (2d6), +10 melee (1d4 spikes for 1d4+2 points of damage per successful hit); Reflex save (DC 20) avoids; Search (DC 20); Disable Device (DC 20).

The second trap is a little more devious; a double arrow trap that fires at the two PCs at the front of the party.

Double Arrow Trap: CR 2; +10/+10 ranged (1d6/×3 crit); Search (DC 20); Disable Device (DC 20). *Note:* 200-ft. max range, targets are the PCs at the front of the group.

If this were not enough, there is a final trap right at the end of the corridor. The door itself is trapped with a net, designed to ensnare intruders and render them immobile until the wights or the skeletons find them.

Large Net Trap: CR 1; +5 melee (see note); Search (DC 20); Disable Device (DC 25). *Note:* Characters in 10-ft. square are grappled by net (Str 18) if they fail a Reflex save (DC 14).

3. The Great Hall

The Great Hall appears to be the first major spectacle of this tomb; evidently the chieftain for whom it was built was being sent off in style. More vulgar paintings are visible all over the walls and the floor, and as the scenes of violence grow more grotesque and graphic, the style of painting seems to have grown more enthusiastic; fortunately this mania has obscured some of the nastier details. The hall itself is a round chamber, almost forty feet across. The central feature is a remarkably crude statue that looks like it was hacked from a big lump of

limestone with axes. The statue could just about be said to resemble a big orc carrying a spear; a tusk here, a sloping brow there, a rough-hewn but muscular arm; the odd discernible detail manages to create the overall impression of a mighty orcish chieftain. Quite some effort seems to have been spent on the statue, however; someone has even attempted to embed a couple gems in the head to represent the eyes. This statue is surrounded with bones; from the look of them, the bones are orcish.

A *detect undead* spell reveals the presence of eight undead within this room; eight skeletons are present among the pile of bones. They rise up and attack when approached, attempting to surprise the PCs.

Skeletons (8): CR 2²/₃; Medium-size Undead (6 ft. tall); HD 1d12; hp 6; Init +5 (+1 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13 (+1 Dex, +2 Natural); Atk 2 claws +0 melee (1d4); Face 5ft. × 5ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SA none; SQ undead; SR 0; AL NE; SV Fort +0, Ref +1, Will +2; Str 10, Dex 12, Con -, Int -, Wis 10, Cha 11.

Skills: none. *Feats:* Improved Initiative.

SQ– Undead: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, and disease. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

SQ– Immunities (Ex): Skeletons have cold immunity. Because they lack flesh or internal organs, they take only half damage from piercing or slashing weapons.

The statue itself is quite normal, not trapped in any way. Unlike so many other statues, it does not animate at all. The gems can be prised from the eye sockets. They are garnets, each worth 100 gp.

4. Shrine of Gruumsh

This hall has been hewn roughly into the shape of a circle, and is some twenty-five feet in diameter. Despite its relatively small size, it appears to have some religious significance. There are icons painted all over the walls, most of which look rather unpleasant to the eye, but then again you might have expected that by now. Of more interest is the plasterwork here; all the walls have been plastered, with bas-reliefs of eyes spaced periodically around the circumference of this chamber. At the centre of this chamber is a primitive altar of some sort, made of wood, while on top of this table are a few statuettes of orcs. They're not all identical. Rather, they look as if the creator had intended them to look alike, but had failed to do so. The statuettes represent towering figures, armed with spears, each having only one eye apiece.

A successful Knowledge (Religion) check against DC 10 allows the PCs to identify these statuettes as images of Gruumsh. However, disturbing the statues results in the release of a pack of elven skeletons. As if matters could not be worse, the area is also under the influence of a *desecrate* spell (*PHB* p. 192), granting the skeletons various profane bonuses to their rolls. These bonuses have been factored into the statblock below.

Skeletons (6): CR 2; Medium-size Undead (5 ft. tall); HD 1d12; hp 8; Init +5 (+1 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13 (+1 Dex, +2 Natural); Atk 2 claws +2 melee (1d4+2); Face 5ft. × 5ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SA none; SQ undead; SR 0; AL NE; SV Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +4; Str 10, Dex 12, Con -, Int -, Wis 10, Cha 11.

Skills: none. *Feats:* Improved Initiative.

SQ– Undead: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, and disease. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

SQ– Immunities (Ex): Skeletons have cold immunity. Because they lack flesh or internal organs, they take only half damage from piercing or slashing weapons. Charisma checks to turn these skeletons receive a –6 profane penalty.

5. The Reliquary?

The door to this room is made of iron, and has several eyes worked into it as a form of decoration. The pupils of these eyes are the barrels of a needle trap that showers everyone in front of the door if an attempt is made to open the door without first disarming the trap. The act of opening and shutting the door operates a sophisticated mechanism that serves to reload the needle-guns.

Hail of Needles: CR 1; +20 ranged (2d4); Search (DC 22); Disable Device (DC 24).

The door opens into a small room, no more than ten feet by ten, with a low ceiling of roughly seven feet. Sitting hunched in a corner is a rather emaciated-looking figure, her head down and her knees drawn up to her chest. Her arms are wrapped around her knees, effectively leaving her in a foetal position. Her arms look very badly scarred. You can hear a faint sobbing from this unfortunate.

The walls have been plastered, although thanks to the damp and numerous other conditions the plaster is coming away in large pieces. Scrawled all over the walls in a brown substance that looks suspiciously like dried blood are the words '**I know its wrong**', written over and over, threatening to cover the entire room.

In the southwest corner of the room is a small bowl of green stone.

The figure is in fact a wight, putting on an act in an attempt to draw people closer to her. If someone attempts to comfort her, she attacks, trying to drain energy from whoever falls for her trick.

Weeping Wight: CR 3; Medium-size Undead (6 ft. tall); HD 4d12; hp 26; Init +1 (Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 14 (+1 Dex, +4 Natural); Atk Slam +3 melee (1d4+1 and energy drain); Face 5ft. × 5ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SA energy drain, create spawn; SQ undead; SR 0; AL LE; SV Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +5; Str 12, Dex 12, Con -, Int 11, Wis 13, Cha 15.

Skills: Climb +5, Hide +8, Listen +8, Move Silently +16, Search +7, Spot +8. *Feats:* Blind-Fight.

SA– Energy Drain (Su): Living creatures hit by a wight's slam attack receive one negative level. The Fortitude save to remove the negative level has a DC of 14.

SA– Create Spawn (Su): Any humanoid slain by a wight becomes a wight in 1d4 rounds. Spawn are under the command of the wight that created them and remain enslaved until its death. They do not possess any of the abilities they had in life.

SQ– Undead: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, and disease. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

The bowl is not the real *bowl of Istishia*; it's one of several fakes that have been left throughout the tomb. The wights know that this item is the true treasure of the dungeon, and as such will endeavour to protect it by any means necessary; the distribution of decoys is but one means they have at their disposal.

6. Charnel Pit

The Empty Tomb is not a pleasant place; in addition to the many undead that are situated here, there are also numerous verminous animals who have formed somewhat of an ecosystem, feeding off each other and the few creatures who are caught by the skeletons, zombies and traps.

This narrow room –no more than ten feet by twenty –could almost be described as a short section of a wide corridor. The walls here have not been plastered; in fact no decoration was deemed necessary when it was constructed at all. It takes barely a moment to figure out why.

There's a faint stink here, as if a grave had been opened and exposed to the air for a while. It comes from a shallow pit in the floor; the pit's some five feet wide, ten feet long and gods alone know how deep. The pit is filled with the remains of sacrificial victims; a few animals, a few humans and a few elves. Their flesh has mostly disappeared, however; rotted away,

perhaps? The squirming of verminous creatures within the pit suggests that this process of decay has been helped along somewhat.

There are three apparent exits from this room; an archway in the Southwest corner and two wooden doors in the Northeast corner. One of these doors leads east, the other north.

If the PCs really wish to search the charnel pit, they'll be remarkably lucky. A piece of amber worth 50 gp, obviously overlooked by the orcs, is right at the bottom of the pit. A Search check (DC 25) will locate it. However, anyone entering the charnel pit risks being attacked by the vermin that dwell therein. They are all using their Hide skills, and as such attempts to Spot them will be difficult, but not outside the bounds of possibility.

Monstrous Centipedes (12): CR 3; Small vermin (4 ft. long); HD 1/2d8; hp 2; Init +2 (Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 14 (+1 size, +2 Dex, +1 natural); Atk Bite +3 melee (1d4-3 and poison); Face 5 ft. × 5ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SA poison; SQ vermin; SR 0; AL N; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +0; Str 5, Dex 15, Con 10, Int -, Wis 10, Cha 2.

Skills: Climb +5, Hide +13, Spot +7. *Feats:* Weapon finesse (bite).

SA– Poison (Ex): Fortitude Save (DC 11), initial and secondary damage: 1d2 Dex.

SQ– Vermin: Immune to mind-influencing effects.

Possessions: none.

7. The Reliquary?

A small room, no more than 10' along each side lies before you with only one exit; back the way you came. A bowl of blue-green stone lies in the middle of the floor. The walls are plastered; an image of a single staring eye has been worked into the wall ahead, and it appears to be staring right back at you. There is a faint feeling in the air that makes your hair stand on end and your skin tingle. The glimmer of gold and silver can be seen within the bowl.

The bowl is another fake, while the eye is yet another trap. This time the trap is triggered if someone attempts to move the bowl or get the coins from within it.

Lightning Blast Trap: CR 3; 5-ft.-wide, 50-ft.-long blast (3d6), Reflex Save (DC 13) avoids; Search (DC 26); Disable Device (DC 25).

The trap is placed in the approximate centre of the east wall, and as such if characters are flat against the north or south walls they will be able to avoid the *lightning blast* entirely.

Level Two

8. First Gauntlet of Gruumsh

The plaster on the walls here has large patches of mould and mildew growing upon it, making the room smell damp and musty. With a doorway at both ends and a relatively small size –a mere twenty feet long and thirty feet wide –this room would seem to be fairly easy to cross. However, there is somewhat of a drawback. Standing propped against the wall are no less than six corpses –three to the left, three to the right. They stand in neat rows, almost like statues, only without impressive-looking weapons or armour. Judging from their jutting jaws and tusks, the corpses were once orcs, although a lot of the fierceness has left them now. Their decay makes the room smell even worse. These are no mere corpses, however; the flicker of an evil red light –mere pinpricks of luminescence –glow in their empty eye-sockets. Their heads turn in unison to regard you; shrivelled skin stretched tightly over bone, watching to see what you'll do next.

The zombies only attack if the PCs attempt to move past them, their orders being to 'kill anyone who attempts to pass you'.

The purpose of this room and its neighbour is to serve as ‘gauntlets’ – to soften up any who think they could raid the Empty Tomb and attempt to plunder its treasures. Why two of them side by side? The simple reason is that it’s an attempt to split up any groups of invaders and render them easier to pick off.

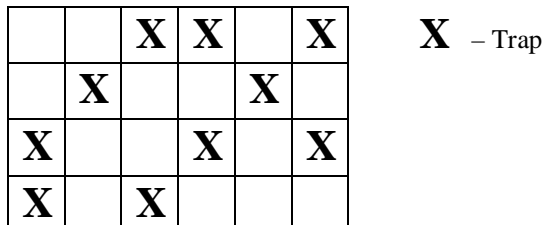
Zombies (6): CR 3; Medium-size Undead (6 ft. tall); HD 2d12+3; hp 16; Init -1 (Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (-1 Dex, +2 natural); Atk slam +2 melee (1d6+1); Face 5ft. × 5ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SA none; SQ undead, partial actions only; SR 0; AL NE; SV Fort +0, Ref +1, Will +2; Str 13, Dex 8, Con -, Int -, Wis 10, Cha 1.
Skills: none. *Feats:* Toughness.
SQ– Undead: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, and disease. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.
SQ– Partial actions only: Zombies have poor reflexes and can only perform partial actions.

9. Second Gauntlet of Gruumsh

This room has evidently fallen into disuse; the room is littered with the corpses of rats, all of which bear puncture wounds, as if they’d been bitten and sucked dry. There are spiders’ webs all over the ceiling and the place looks like there aren’t enough feather dusters in the world to clean it up. The place is in total disarray. There is a heavy layer of dust on the floor, covering even the tracks of rats. It seems that nothing living has been through here in quite some time. The room itself is fairly small, measuring thirty feet wide and twenty feet long, with two obvious exits; both are doors leading straight ahead or back the way you came.

The north door, unless it has been already opened by the PCs, will be shut.

This gauntlet in fact contains two hazards. The first hazard is there by design; a system of traps designed to kill those who cross the floor. These traps are dotted about the place in the following configuration.



It would be advisable at this stage to get the miniatures or counters out and have the PCs show *exactly* where they are, because those trapped sections show electrified sections of the floor.

Electrified Floor: CR 4; section of floor (3d10); Reflex save (DC 14) for half damage; Search (DC 25); Disable Device (DC 25).

A successful Disable Device check shuts down the entire floor. However, the PCs’ worries are not out of the woods yet, as you might imagine. The room is also home to a mated pair of spiders, who until recently have been eking out a meagre existence by eating the rats and vermin that infest this dungeon. The wights have hitherto left them alone, since they don’t seek treasure and on the whole have helped to deter thieves. The presence of some tasty humanoids will be a morsel the spiders can’t resist and as such they attack. They’ve developed something of a self-preservation instinct, however, and will wait until the PCs have been zapped by the electric floor first.

Monstrous Spiders (2): CR 1; Small vermin (4 ft. long); HD 1/2d8; hp 2; Init +2 (Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 14 (+1 size, +2 Dex, +1 natural); Atk Bite +3 melee (1d4-3 and poison); Face 5 ft. × 5ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SA poison; SQ vermin; SR 0; AL N; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +0; Str 5, Dex 15, Con 10, Int -, Wis 10, Cha 2.

Skills: Climb +5, Hide +13, Spot +7. *Feats:* Weapon finesse (bite).

SA– Poison (Ex): Fortitude Save (DC 11), initial and secondary damage: 1d2 Dex.

SQ– Vermin: Immune to mind-influencing effects.

Possessions: none.

10. Raokh's Treasury

At last, there's a reward of a sort. This is perhaps evidence that Raokh was not the sole designer of the tomb in that some orc felt that guarding the treasure by placing a multitude of traps and undead in front of it would be sufficient. Raokh himself would sooner have placed a final death-trap at the end of it, rewarding those hardy enough to survive the torments with a swift but painful death.

Another great hall lies before you, with but two exits from it; the one through which you may just have passed, and another beside it. Both are set into the southern wall.

The hall is remarkably large; one could scarcely believe that such a hall is located underground, unless perhaps some of you are familiar with the dwarves and their ability to do just such a thing. It looks like the orcs managed it too. The floor is the most impressive feature here. It's a massive mosaic that stretches from wall to wall –some seventy feet wide and forty feet long; no less than two thousand, eight hundred square feet of patterns which seem to represent some great orcish hero with only one eye, carrying a mighty-looking spear. However, if art isn't really your thing, something else might catch your eye; the glimmer of coins. There are thousands of copper coins stacked up here, as well as three small bags, placed carefully atop the coins. Beside them lie a large-bladed axe and a dark green glass bottle, firmly stoppered.

At the far end of this room is an elaborate stone sarcophagus, which, if accurate in size, was designed to contain the corpse of an orc who was no less than seven feet in height and of an exceptionally stocky build.

Although these are by no means *all* of Raokh's treasures, they should keep the PCs going for the moment. The doors can be shut, so as to give the PCs a chance to rest up, heal their wounds and prepare themselves for the rest of their search of the dungeon.

Treasure: the bulk of the treasure here is the coinage; there are 4,000 cp here, stacked up haphazardly, while in the three bags are 100 sp, 90 pp and three pieces of amber, worth 60 gp, 110 gp and 140 gp. The axe is a masterwork dwarven waraxe, while the bottle contains a *potion of levitate*.

11. First Chamber of Fire

If the Cult of Imix have not already been encountered, it might be an idea to throw them in here.

Before you lies a cubic chamber, no less than twenty feet by twenty by twenty. It's constructed a little differently to the other rooms in that past the doorway is a set of steps that lead down about ten feet or so, onto the sunken floor of the room. Four roughly hewn statues of orcish warriors, their surfaces covered thinly with plaster and with colours crudely painted over, stand here in two rows, each of them carrying a torch which, against all probability, is still alight, the flames throwing shadows of the statues all over the place. As the flames dance, the shadows flicker and dance, almost making them seem as if they were alive.

There is another door at the far end of this room, set into the northwest corner. A short staircase leads up to it.

The main hazard here, if the Cult of Imix have not already been faced, is a system of pressure plates leading between the statues; stepping upon them triggers jets of flames from the statues' torches – and continuing to walk between the statues risks a total of four flame jets.

Flame Jets: CR 2; 5-ft.-long cone of flame (1d6); Reflex save (DC 11) avoids; (Search DC 26); Disable Device (DC 26).

If at all possible, the Cult of Imix attempts to lure the PCs into the area of fire, being somewhat familiar with the traps involved. They occupy the centre of the room, and attempt to get the PCs to attempt melee. If they are successful, they retreat to the Second Chamber of Fire, attempting to catch the PCs in the flame jets as they do so. The *Trial by Fire* has begun!

12. Second Chamber of Fire

This room is of similar proportions to the previous chamber, being 20' wide and 20' long, although the ceiling is somewhat lower, being no more than eight feet in height. The room is lit by several torches, ten in all, set against the walls and illuminating the place brightly.

The torches themselves conceal a rather fiendish trap. Anyone passing within five feet of one of the torches risks triggering one of ten flaming arrow traps; each of these traps has but two shots apiece and as such if the traps are triggered twice, they are completely expended. The trap fires an oil-soaked arrow through the flame of the torch, causing it to burst into flames and cause extra damage to the victim.

Flaming Arrow Trap: CR 2; +10 ranged (1d6+1d6 fire); Search (DC 20); Disable Device (DC 20). *Note:* 200-ft. max range, target determined randomly from those in its path.

If the Cult of Imix have fallen back here, this is the location where they will make their last stand. They'll use whatever spells they can muster first before closing for melee. Feel free to *ad lib* with plenty of curses, declarations of vengeance, and so on. Let the PCs know just *who* has picked a fight with them, and be sure to use at least one fire spell so they'll get the idea that the cultists had something to do with Samael.

13. The Vault

Another room measuring twenty feet by twenty feet? It seems that the architects didn't have much imagination when it came to designing tombs. Then again, how imaginative do you need to be when you're an orc? Kill, fornicate, yell obscenities, paint obscene pictures (usually of killing and fornication), yell more obscenities, scrawl obscene words, and have a rest before killing and fornicating some more; they needn't worry too much about the finer points of interior décor.

Even then, it looks like they've made an effort here; a few roughly hewn wooden benches with some pillows made out of rags and furs are located here. In addition, there's an eye-symbol painted on the low ceiling, and even a small hand-warming stove. Perhaps priests performing funeral duties have to rest too. There are two doors here, one in the west, one in the east, and both have nice strong bars which can be drawn across.

The PCs have another opportunity to rest, should they so wish. They've had a lot to deal with; for such a little place, the Empty Tomb of Raokh is packed with hazards. If they decide to stay, however, Malak from room 14 and his skeletons will be alerted to their presence. The skeletons are ordered to break into the Vault, although without a battering ram, the job will take some time. The doors, once barred, have Break DC 25.

A search of this room (DC 10) reveals 10 gp, lost down the back of one of the crude couches, while the hand-warming stove conceals two *potions of cure light wounds*.

14. Malak, Guardian of the Reliquary

A long hall, some twenty feet wide and forty-five feet long stretches before you. It has a high, vaulted ceiling, although its glory has faded somewhat thanks to the proliferation of cobwebs and rat's droppings. A fine dust has settled over much of the area, although a few trails of footprints can be seen around the perimeter of the hall, as well as numerous rat-tracks all across the floor. Eight skeletons, all of humans and orcs, stand by the walls; four to the left, four to the right.

Skeletons (8): CR 2²/₃; Medium-size Undead (6 ft. tall); HD 1d12; hp 6; Init +5 (+1 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13 (+1 Dex, +2 Natural); Atk 2 claws +0 melee (1d4); Face 5ft. × 5ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SA none; SQ undead; SR 0; AL NE; SV Fort +0, Ref +1, Will +2; Str 10, Dex 12, Con -, Int -, Wis 10, Cha 11.
Skills: none. *Feats:* Improved Initiative.
SQ– Undead: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, and disease. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.
SQ– Immunities (Ex): Skeletons have cold immunity. Because they lack flesh or internal organs, they take only half damage from piercing or slashing weapons.

The guardian of this room, Malak, is currently using his Hide skill in an attempt to get the drop on the PCs. The skeletons attack the PCs as soon as they enter the room. Malak spends as much time as possible skulking in the shadows, moving at 15' per round and hiding until he is in a position where he can outflank the PCs, attacking from the rear. Allow the PCs to make Spot checks to locate him. One round before attacking, he will Move Silently, attempting to sneak up on the PCs. A Listen check against this is quite permissible, although given Malak's skill bonus, it will be rather difficult. Naturally the PCs have to contend with the skeletons while all this is going on.

Orcish Wight: CR 3; Medium-size Undead (6 ft. tall); HD 4d12; hp 26; Init +1 (Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 14 (+1 Dex, +4 Natural); Atk Slam +3 melee (1d4+1 and energy drain); Face 5ft. × 5ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SA energy drain, create spawn; SQ undead; SR 0; AL LE; SV Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +5; Str 12, Dex 12, Con -, Int 11, Wis 13, Cha 15.
Skills: Climb +5, Hide +8, Listen +8, Move Silently +16, Search +7, Spot +8. *Feats:* Blind-Fight.
SA– Energy Drain (Su): Living creatures hit by a wight's slam attack receive one negative level. The Fortitude save to remove the negative level has a DC of 14.
SA– Create Spawn (Su): Any humanoid slain by a wight becomes a wight in 1d4 rounds. Spawn are under the command of the wight that created them and remain enslaved until its death. They do not possess any of the abilities they had in life.
SQ– Undead: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, and disease. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

15. Ginak, Guardian of the Reliquary

This 30' square room has an uneven ceiling that's started to sag under the weight of the many tons of earth that have been heaped upon it. Broken chunks of plaster lie scattered on the floor. Even now, the wooden joists hold the ceiling up are almost groaning under their burden. It could well be a matter of hours before it collapses entirely!

And yet, there's still someone willing to guard the area. It would have been folly to assume that the relic would have been left unguarded. After all, in the right hands, the *bowl of Istishia* could be used to repel an army! Small wonder, therefore, that Raokh would have seen to it that the bowl would have its guardians. One of them faces you right now. It appears to be a twisted and emaciated orc. Its skin is a pale grey colour, stretched tightly across its bones, while its fierce red eyes are sunk back deep into its skull.

"Thieves," it hisses. "You should never have come here –but now you have you shall never leave! I am Ginak, guardian of Raokh's tomb and you shall join me in my duties. But first... *first...* you must die!" screams the undead creature, lurching towards you.

Well, at least you can say without qualification that nothing *living* would want to stay here.

Ginak is a wight; an orc twisted and hurled into undeath by foul magic. It attacks without mercy, attempting to kill the PCs and turn them into wights.

Ginak: CR 4; Medium-size Undead (6 ft. tall); HD 5d12; hp 38; Init +1 (Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 14 (+1 Dex, +4 Natural); Atk Slam +6 melee (1d4+3 and energy drain); Face 5ft. × 5ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SA energy drain, create spawn; SQ undead; SR 0; AL LE; SV Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +4 (saving throws); Str 16, Dex 12, Con -, Int 9, Wis 11, Cha 15.

Skills: Climb +5, Hide +8, Listen +8, Move Silently +16, Search +7, Spot +8. *Feats:* Blind-Fight.

SA– Energy Drain (Su): Living creatures hit by a wight's slam attack receive one negative level. The Fortitude save to remove the negative level has a DC of 14.

SA– Create Spawn (Su): Any humanoid slain by a wight becomes a wight in 1d4 rounds. Spawn are under the command of the wight that created them and remain enslaved until its death. They do not possess any of the abilities they had in life.

SQ– Undead: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, and disease. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

16. The Reliquary?

A deathly silence descends over the room as you finally reach the Reliquary. It's been a hard journey, across hills, through bands of marauding orcs, into tight and confined corridors, but you finally reach the centre of it all. It's a small room, no more than twenty feet by twenty, but it's here, in the most secure depths of the so-called Empty Tombs of Raokh, that the item you sought can be found. It's quite obvious to the eye, despite the relative darkness. Sitting on top of a column of lapis lazuli, set into an iron bracket, is a simple round bowl of dark green crystal, approximately a foot across and six inches deep. There are characters embossed upon its surface, which appear to be of the elven alphabet, although the language itself does not appear to be elven. It matches the description of the Bowl of Istishia perfectly!

The bowl is in fact a fake; the real *Bowl of Istishia* is located behind a secret door. This last trick goes to show just how devious Raokh was, and to make matters worse, he's trapped the decoy too. If the bowl is removed from the column, a scything blade trap is triggered.

Scything Blade Trap: CR 1; +8 melee (1d8/×3 crit); Search (DC 21); Disable Device (DC 25).

The bowl has a break DC of 5, a hardness of 5 and 5 hit points; if the carrier of the bowl is struck by the scything blade trap, it's a pretty safe bet that the bowl will be broken. A successful Appraise check will reveal that the bowl is made of very poor quality glass, while a *detect magic* spell shows that the bowl is quite ordinary.

17. The Reliquary?

The door to this room is firmly locked, and as such it will have to be picked or broken before the door can be opened. The door is a strong, wooden door with a hardness of 5, 20 hit points and a break DC of 25. The lock itself has a hardness of 15 and 30 hit points, while picking the lock has a DC of 20.

Perhaps you're lucky this time, or perhaps not. The dust-filled room seems to be empty, save for a small hemispherical depression in the ground. Hang on a second; now you've had a chance to look, you notice that that depression appears gleam somewhat.

Hopefully the PCs have persevered for long enough; this is another bowl – and this time it’s the real *bowl of Istishia*. The bowl registers if magic is subjected to a *detect magic* cantrip. A successful Search (DC 15) indicates that, beneath the dust is a bowl of dark green jade, set into the floor.

Removing the bowl is not an easy affair; there is no trap as such – although it does require some effort; a successful Dexterity check (DC 15) will allow the PCs to remove it.

18. The Reliquary?

Another dust-filled room, seemingly filled with bowls! There are several here; wooden mixing bowls, metal pudding bowls, cauldrons, goblets, you name it. Could the *bowl of Istishia* possibly be located here? The place seems to be stuffed full of them; and by your dim light it just might be possible to detect the glimmer of gold or silver...

Despite the many bowls here, the *bowl of Istishia* is not in fact present. Indeed. Not even a reasonable fake of it is present. However, if the PCs insist on searching anyway, a successful Search check (DC 15) will turn up a rather nice haul; a finely-carved wooden bowl set with azurite stones worth 100 gp, an ornate brass goblet with silver inlays that would fetch 250 gp, and a matched set of silver platters and goblets worth 310 gp as a set.

19. The Reliquary?

This small room is decorated in a rather splendid fashion, although it’s a kind of splendour that’s had some time to decay. The plasterworks, falling away in chunks, was once surely a work of art, with bas-reliefs of orcish warriors, so intricate that one could scarcely believe that they could have been shaped by orcish hands. A tiny limestone dais can be found right in the centre of the room, to which is attached a small column of the same material, while on top there appears to be...absolutely nothing. That’s odd. You’d think there’d be something of value here, wouldn’t you?

Meanwhile, a statue of an orcish warrior watches over you, its golden gemstone eyes glittering faintly, while its hands clutch a pair of weapons – a double axe in one hand, and a shortspear in the other. The weapons don’t appear to be part of the statue itself; rather, they’re real ones, placed in the statue’s hands. The statue appears to be grinning somewhat. Perhaps the glitter in its eyes is the twinkle of mirth!

The PCs are in for a bit of a disappointment if they decide that the *bowl of Istishia* is here. It isn’t, unfortunately. However, the gemstones are tiger-eyes worth 50gp and the weapons held by the statue are exceptional specimens – masterwork weapons! However, there is something of a drawback involved. The PCs may pry out the statue’s eyes, but that triggers a trap.

Trapped Statue: CR 1; statue trapped with *doom* spells cast on whoever removes its eyes or weapons: Will save (DC 11) avoids: Search (DC 26): Disable Device (DC 26).

HEADING BACK TO DROWN

After exploring the dungeon, the PCs should hopefully have acquired the *bowl of Istishia*, although of course having is not necessarily the same as keeping. Although they will have managed to fight off or avoid the Cult of Imix and the undead, there is still the matter of getting back to Drown and ensuring that the bowl gets to where it’s needed. Luckily the PCs will be able to get across Raokh’s Hills without encountering any more bands of orcs, although sadly they will have to worry about another member of Imix’s cult; a vicious warrior named Ierg. Refer to the NPCs section for more information on this menace. He attacks the PCs as soon as they leave the tomb, firing a bolt from his repeating crossbow and retreating on horseback. If the PCs pursue, he fires another bolt every other round until he has to replace the clip on his crossbow. He is not about to attempt a protracted confrontation, given

that the PCs managed to survive the undead and his fellow cultists; he shall instead seek revenge in his own time.

Following the encounter with Ierg, who will continue to be a thorn in the PCs' side for quite some time to come, the PCs will be able to head back to Drown unmolested. They'll be set upon by Quaël almost immediately.

Quaël rushes up to you. On her face is a look of anxiety although there's also a faint twinge of excitement in there too. "The bowl? Did ye get the bowl? Well, don't just stand there like a bunch of eejits, hand it over, c'mon! We've got to get this thing worked out before Jannaal and his goons get here. Time's a'wastin'!"

THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM

The PCs have had an extraordinarily rough ride up to now, and *bowl* or no *bowl*, things are about to get a whole lot rougher. Give the PCs a day or so to take care of healing and resupplying. They'll receive healing free of charge, thanks to Quaël who will spend a day focusing on healing spells for this purpose. They should also receive any additional ammunition without incurring any cost, unless they wish to acquire masterwork arrows. Even then, feel free to give the PCs a healthy 10% discount on weapons and armour, masterwork or otherwise. Given all the things they've had to put up with so far, they deserve it!

You have a few hours to review the situation before the invading force arrives; the outlook isn't particularly good. It'd take a long time for the Drown army to recover from its recent years of attrition at the hands of the Sons of the Sea, and frankly there isn't enough time right now. They're doing their best to get themselves back in shape, although their attempts at drilling look a little shambolic, to say the least. All right, there might be a band of brave adventurers who've driven their former oppressors away, and perhaps they've succeeded in securing a relic for them which, if it works, could turn the tide –although the operative phrase for them is 'if it works'. The people have grown mean and cynical these past few years, and the possibility of imminent death hasn't helped much.

Lord Morgan is, perhaps, a little more optimistic about the situation as he approaches you. "It was Raokh's lot who stole that bowl in the first place, and without it Drown was as good as conquered."

Quaël knows the command word for the *bowl of Istishia*, and as such Drown has no worries on that score.

THE BATTLE

The main advantage that the army of Frozen has lies in its In addition to setting his warriors on the course of battle, he has also drafted in the bulk of his commoners and seen to it that they have all been trained in the use of the shortspear. He has little spellcasting muscle, thanks to his extensive persecution of wizards and their kind, although he has succeeded in gaining the use of a dozen adepts, who have been set aside for healing purposes. There is not a great deal of diversity in his army; no sorcerers or wizards, certainly no monks, paladins, rogues or druids. His higher-level warriors have been sent out as scouting parties, and as part of the Cult of Imix – and if you've been through *AGF2: Ordeal by Water* and the earlier part of this adventure you'll know what happened to them. His army, then, is biased towards the warriors and general rabble, and is detailed on Army Sheet 1.

Jannaal's tactics really couldn't be simpler. He orders his men to charge right into the heart of Drown, attempting to drive the locals right into the sea. "If they're so fond of the water," he claims, "let 'em stay there!" His warriors do know the benefits of missile fire and as such will try to get a round or two of firing in with their bows before closing for combat.

The Drown army is in considerably worse shape than that of Frozen, although they have one distinct advantage besides the *bowl of Istishia*; they are able to mobilise their entire population. Because of this, their fighting force is more than twice that of the invaders. However, their forces are organised differently. Their main fighting force (the warriors and fighters) are stationed in the various houses and buildings, ordered to fire indiscriminately at the invading force. Once their ammunition is exhausted, then they are to fall back towards the sea; the rabble are ordered to harass the invaders by throwing whatever they can at them before regrouping with the soldiers. It appears to be a laughable tactic, but it's all part of a trap – the intention being to lure the army from Frozen toward the sea, from which a water elemental will be summoned, using the *bowl of Istishia*.

Although there isn't much that could be read out to help give a feel for how this battle will be run, the summoning of the elemental is a big scene and as such deserves some flavour text. When the time comes to unleash it, stop any music that you might have playing in the background.

A moment's silence descends upon the battling armies; for the briefest of moments they're silenced by words of power that ring out over the battlefield. Holding the *bowl of Istishia* aloft, Quaël begins her incantation, using the power of the bowl to summon a spirit of the sea.

The waves of the sea seem to grow choppy and more turbulent, crashing against the shore in time with the words of her summons. An especially large wave builds up. It's enormous; seven feet in height – no, ten now. It keeps growing. Before long it's five times the height of any man on the battle-field. It's enormous! A giant sea-blue wave, more than thirty feet in height, with long, flowing arms pulls itself onto the shore, dragging its vast bulk over the land towards the invaders. A pair of deep green eyes stare out from within its mass, seeking out those people that Quaël has named 'enemy'! A sudden hysteria seems to grip the rabble; the Frozen army is stricken with terror – and it seems like their morale has been sucked out and fed to the forces of Drown. In that instant, the doomed, haunted look that has dogged them ever since you came to this town fades, to be replaced with something altogether more fearsome. Their army is reborn, no longer the shambolic bunch of misfits; now they're a motivated fighting force, ready to defend their town and slaughter anyone who tries to stop them!

The summoned elemental will be set upon the bulk of the army, where it will be able to do the most damage. However, this means that the PCs will have to take care of the leaders, who are substantially tougher than the average warriors. A few of these leaders (barbarians and such) are listed below, along with the stats for the elemental that Quaël was able to summon. If any of the PCs are out of action or dead at this time, feel free to turn over command of the armies of Drown and Frozen or the elemental to them, but please note that the elemental will not be able to travel more than 180' from the sea. This relegates it to a chiefly defensive action, admittedly.

Admittedly, running this battle will be rather difficult; we are, after all, dealing with a conflict between forces whose numbers run into the thousands. Miniatures will help; you could use (in the case of the armies) one figure to represent 100 troops. Even then, there's still a lot of dice-rolling that could be avoided, so a few assumptions will have to be made in order for the battle to run a little more smoothly.

- For a start, the water elemental will be able to kill at least 3 troops (warriors) per round.
- After the water elemental is summoned, there is a 60% chance that 50 members of Frozen's rabble will be killed or rendered unable to fight per round.
- There is a 50% chance that 20 members of Drown's rabble will suffer a similar fate.
- There is a 30% chance that 1d20 Frozen troops (1st-level warriors) will be killed each round.
- There is a 30% chance that Drown will lose 1d10 1st-level warriors each round.
- Until they're stopped, the Frozen barbarians and fighters will kill 15 members of Drown's rabble per round.
- Similarly, the Drown fighters will kill seven members of Frozen's rabble per round until stopped.
- After five rounds of battling after the elemental is summoned, compare the military forces (warriors, fighters and barbarians but not rabble) of Frozen and Drown. Whoever has the most numbers succeeds in driving 25% of the other side's rabble into the sea.
- If either side loses more than 50% of its total force, its enemy wins.

Of course, this begs the question: what shall the PCs do? Well, the above assumptions leave the spellcasters and higher-level soldiers out of the picture. The barbarians, for example, are unaccounted for; since they'll be raging they will be one of Frozen's elite units. Since Jannaal, if he sees the PCs (which he probably will) will recognise them as another elite unit, he'll set the higher level fighters and his barbarians on them. There is certainly a good chance that the PCs will have plenty to do while the battle rages around them.

Huge water elemental (1): CR 7; Huge elemental (32 ft. tall); HD 16d8+80; hp 152; Init +4 (Dex); Spd 20 ft., swim 90 ft.; AC 21 (-2 size, +4 Dex, +9 natural); Atk Slam +17/+12/+7 melee (2d10+10); Face 10 ft. × 5 ft.; Reach 15 ft.; Water mastery, drench, vortex; SQ elemental, damage reduction 10/+2, fire immunity; SR # (spell resistance); AL N; SV Fort +15, Ref +9, Will +5; Str 24, Dex 18, Con 21, Int 6, Wis 11, Cha 11.

Skills: Listen +18, Spot +18. *Feats:* Cleave, Great Cleave, Power Attack, Sunder.

SA– Water Mastery (Ex): A water elemental gains a +1 attack and damage bonus if both it and its opponent touch water. If the opponent or elemental is landbound, the elemental suffers a -4 penalty to attack and damage. (These modifiers are not included in the statistics block.) A water elemental can be a serious threat to a ship that crosses its path. The elemental can easily overturn small craft (5 feet of length per Hit Die of the elemental) and stop larger vessels (10 feet long per HD). Even large ships (20 feet long per HD) can be slowed to half speed.

SA– Drench (Ex): The elemental's touch puts out torches, campfires, exposed lanterns, and other open flames of nonmagical origin if these are of Large size or smaller. The creature can dispel magical fire it touches as dispel magic cast by a sorcerer whose level equals the elemental's HD total.

SA– Vortex (Su): The elemental can transform itself into a whirlpool once every 10 minutes, provided it is underwater, and remain in that form for up to 1 round for every 2 HD it has. In vortex form, the elemental can move through the water or along the bottom at its swim speed.

The vortex is 5 feet wide at the base, up to 30 feet wide at the top, and 10 feet or more tall, depending on the elemental's size. The elemental controls the exact height, but it must be at least 10 feet.

Creatures one or more sizes smaller than the elemental might take damage when caught in the vortex (see the table below for details) and may be swept up by it. An affected creature must succeed at a Reflex save when it comes into contact with the vortex or take the listed damage. It must also succeed at a second Reflex save or be picked up bodily and held suspended in the powerful currents, automatically taking damage each round. A creature that can swim is allowed a Reflex save each round to escape the vortex. The creature still takes damage, but can leave if the save is successful. The DC for saves against the vortex's effects varies with the elemental's size.

The elemental can eject any carried creatures whenever it wishes, depositing them wherever the vortex happens to be. A summoned elemental always ejects trapped creatures before returning to its home plane.

If the vortex's base touches the bottom, it creates a swirling cloud of debris. This cloud is centered on the elemental and has a diameter equal to half the vortex's height. The cloud obscures all vision, including darkvision, beyond 5 feet. Creatures 5 feet away have one-half concealment, while those farther away have total concealment. Those caught in the cloud must succeed at a Concentration check to cast a spell (DC equal to the Reflex save DC).

Water Elemental Sizes

Elemental	----- Vortex -----		Save DC	Damage	Height
	Height	Weight			
Huge	32 ft.	18,000 lb.	25	2d8	10-50 ft.

SA– Elemental (Ex): Elementals are not subject to critical hits or flanking.

At the end of the battle, assume that regardless of which side is victorious, Lord Jannaal survives. If Frozen wins, he will have Lord Morgan hung, drawn and quartered and will order a search for the PCs so he can exact a similar revenge on the characters. If Drown loses, the PCs might be well advised to lie low for a while and plan their revenge. If Drown wins, however, go to the 'Rewards' section below.

REWARDS

So Drown won? Then congratulations are in order! A day of revelry commences, involving a parade of the surviving troops, while honours are bestowed upon the most valiant troops. The PCs receive medals; the Morgan Disc for Exemplary Valour – the highest military honour that can be bestowed upon anyone who has risked life and limb for Drown’s best interest. In addition, each will receive a suit of masterwork armour and a masterwork weapon of their choice, and will be welcome guests of any of the noble houses within Drown. Sanctuary within the temple of Istishia would not be out of the question either.

What about Frozen? Well, Jannaal isn’t about to take this defeat lying down. He’ll probably hire mercenaries, offering them a lavish reward in return for the PCs’ heads. The Church of Imix has failed him, and as such he’ll banish them from Frozen, or order their executions. He’ll blame magic for his defeat (which for once isn’t too inaccurate an observation from him) and won’t stand for any spellcasters of any kind in his town. He’ll seek other allies, however, and as such talks with Cancerous might occur.

Oreithyia will take a break from adventuring for now; she’ll part company with the PCs for a while, wishing to help with the rebuilding of Drown.

Of course, the PCs are at something of a loose end now, or so it would seem if they don’t receive the following missive from Gwythyr, the old druid they met not too long after their arrival on the False World.

Not in the habit of asking people for help, but it’s important. There’s something out on the moors; an ill wind that’s blowing no good, if you get my meaning.

Frozen’s not safe now; meet me ten miles south of the town as soon as you can, and make damn sure you’re armed. With a bit of luck we should be able to put a stop to this before it gets completely out of hand.

Looks like the moment of truth, boys.

GWYTHYR

By now, the PCs should be 4th-level, perhaps even approaching 5th-level. Don’t be afraid to nudge their experience points somewhat if they’re advancing too quickly or haven’t advanced far enough.

ARMY SHEET 1

Frozen

Rabble, male various Com1 (1081): CR ¼ per commoner; Medium-size humanoid; HD 1d4; hp 2; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 armour); Atk shortspear +0 melee (1d8); Face 5 ft. × 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SA none; SQ none; SR 0; AL N; SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +0; Str 10, Dex 10, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10.

Skills: Craft (various) +4, Profession (varies) +4. *Feats:* Armour Proficiency (light).

Possessions: leather armour, shortspear.

Soldiers, male/female various War1 (119): CR ½ per warrior; Medium-size humanoid; HD 1d8; hp 4; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 16 (+4 armour, +2 shield); Atk battleaxe +2 melee (1d8), or shortbow +1 ranged (1d6); Face 5 ft. × 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft., SA none; SQ none; SR 0; AL N; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +0; Str 10, Dex 10, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10.

Skills: Climb +4, Intimidate +4. *Feats:* Weapon Focus (battleaxe).

Possessions: scale mail, large wooden shield, battleaxe, shortbow.

Spellcasters, male/female various Adp1 (12): CR 6; Medium-size humanoid; HD 1d6; hp 3; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 18 (+2 shield); Atk shortspear +0 melee (1d8); Face 5 ft. × 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SA none; SQ none; SR 0; AL NE; SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +2; Str 10, Dex 10, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10.

Skills: Heal +4, Knowledge (Arcana) +4. *Feats:* Shield Proficiency.

Possessions: shortspear, large wooden shield, holy symbol.

Spells Prepared (3/1): 0—*cure minor wounds* (×3), 1st—*cure light wounds*.

In addition, the Frozen army has a force of eight 1st-level barbarians, four 1st-level fighters, two 2nd-level fighters and one 5th-level fighter. Feel free to invent your own stats for them, although to save time, pages 48 to 58 of the *Dungeon Master's Guide* contain a lot of pre-generated NPC stats that could come in very handy.

ARMY SHEET 2

Drown

Rabble, male/female various Com1 (3000): CR ¼ per commoner; Medium-size humanoid; HD 1d4; hp 2; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 armour); Atk improvised weapons +0 melee (1d6); Face 5 ft. × 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SA none; SQ none; SR 0; AL N; SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +0; Str 10, Dex 10, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10.

Skills: Craft (various) +4, Profession (varies) +4. *Feats:* Armour Proficiency (light).

Possessions: leather armour, improvised weapons (staves, clubs, halvespears, etc).

Soldiers, male/female various War1 (169): CR ½ per warrior; Medium-size humanoid; HD 1d8; hp 4; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 16 (+4 armour, +2 shield); Atk shortspear +2 melee (1d8), or light crossbow +1 ranged (1d8); Face 5 ft. × 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft., SA none; SQ none; SR 0; AL various; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +0; Str 10, Dex 10, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10.

Skills: Climb +4, Intimidate +4. *Feats:* Weapon Focus (battleaxe).

Possessions: hide armour, large wooden shield, shortspear, light crossbow, 10 bolts.

Spellcasters, male/female various Adp1 (17): CR 8½; Medium-size humanoid; HD 1d6; hp 3; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 18 (+2 shield); Atk shortspear +0 melee (1d8); Face 5 ft. × 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SA none; SQ none; SR 0; AL N; SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +2; Str 10, Dex 10, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10.

Skills: Heal +4, Knowledge (Arcana) +4. *Feats:* Shield Proficiency.

Possessions: shortspear, large wooden shield, holy symbol.

Spells Prepared (3/1): 0– cure minor wounds (×3), 1st– cure light wounds.

Spellcasters, male/female various Adp3 (2): CR 4; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d6; hp 9; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 18 (+2 shield); Atk shortspear +1 melee (1d8); Face 5 ft. × 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SA none; SQ none; SR 0; AL N; SV Fort +1, Ref +1, Will +3; Str 10, Dex 10, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10.

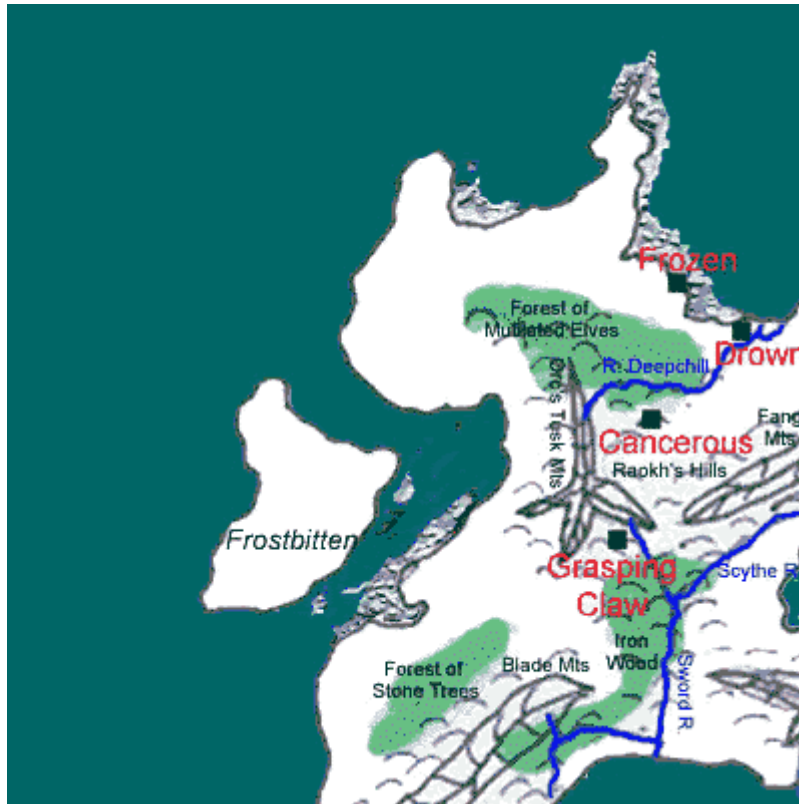
Skills: Heal +5, Knowledge (Arcana) +5. *Feats:* Shield Proficiency.

Possessions: shortspear, large wooden shield, holy symbol.

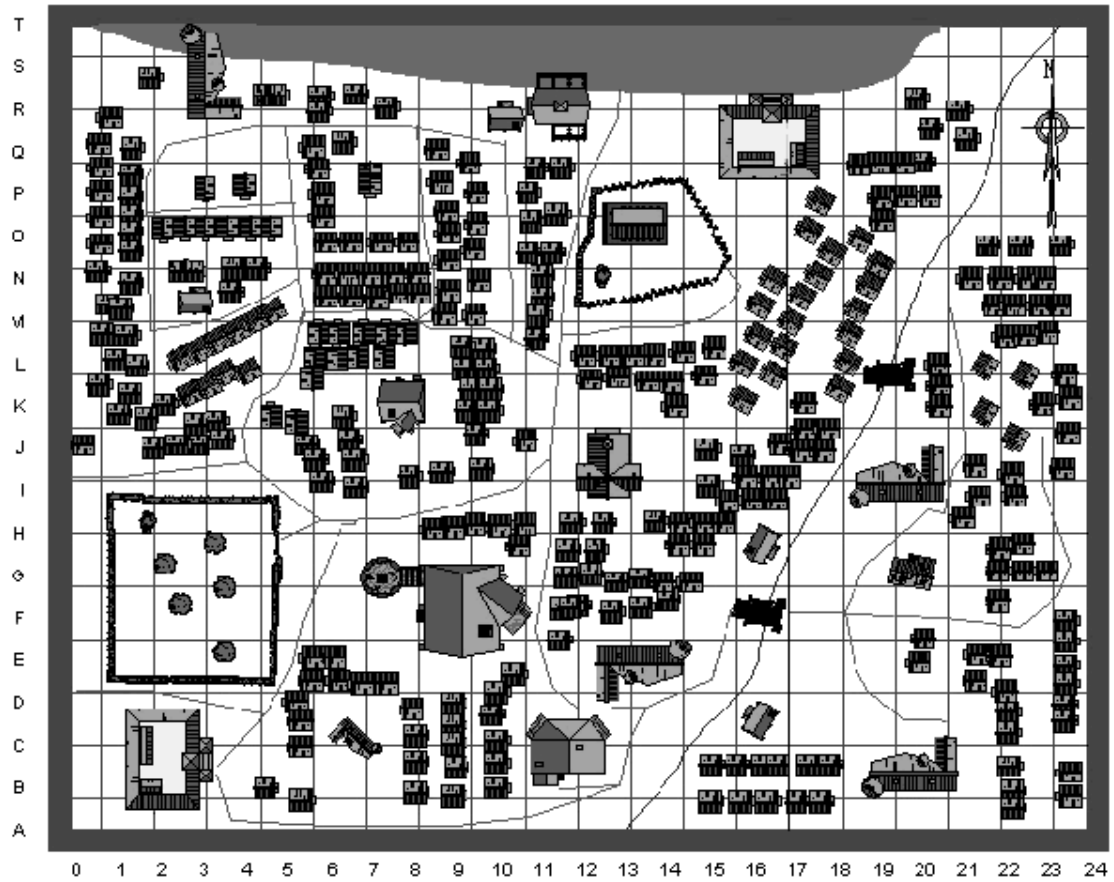
Spells Prepared (3/2): 0– cure minor wounds (×3), 1st– cure light wounds (×2).

In addition, the Drown army has four 2nd-level warriors, two 5th-level warriors, one 11th-level warrior, four 1st-level clerics, two 2nd-level clerics, a 5th-level cleric, eight 1st-level fighters, four 2nd-level fighters, two 5th-level fighters, and a 10th-level fighter. As before, referring to the *Dungeon Master's Guide* will help you save time when deciding their stats.

MAPS
CARNIS



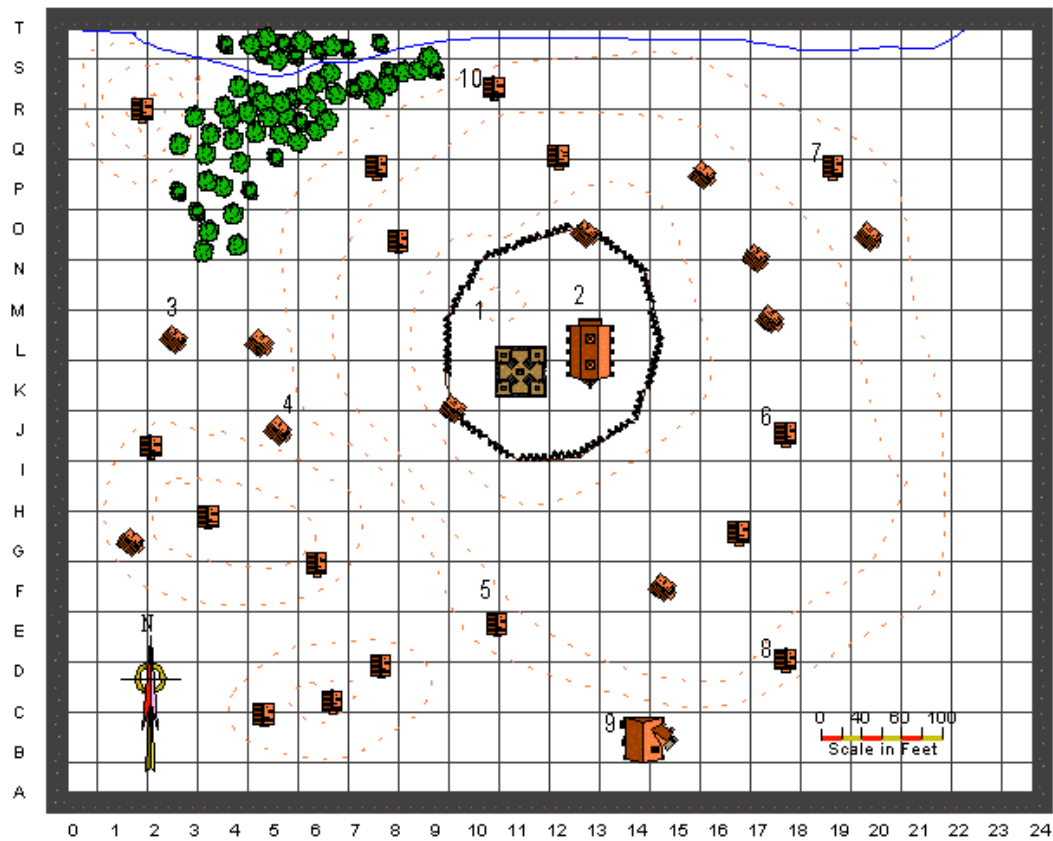
DROWN



Key

B20	The <i>Drowned Goat</i> (tavern)
C11	The Ether Theatre
E13	The <i>Icebreaker Tavern</i>
F9	Morgan's Court
I1	Park
J12	Church of Istishia
K7	The <i>Deep Kelp Inn</i>
N17	Second Garrison
M2	The West Watch
Q16	Navy
R11	Port
S3	The <i>Halfway Inn</i>

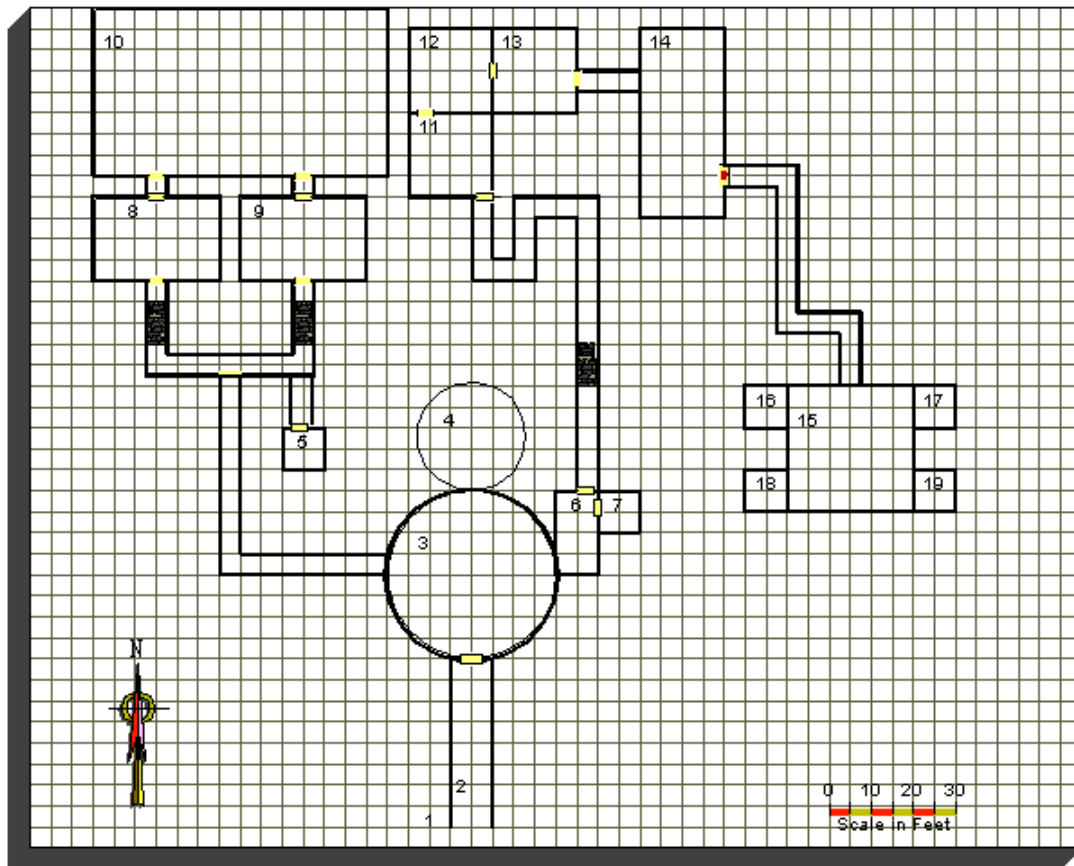
CANCEROUS



Key

1. Klhau-Kalash's tower
2. The long house (sleeping quarters for Khlau-Kalash's barbarians)
3. Nodbod's hut
4. Deserted
5. Dennis the Tinker (minor metal goods sold, some weapons)
6. Feargal's hut (home to Feargal and his three sons)
7. Raokh's hut (destroyed in fire)
8. Apothecary
9. Church of the Cleansing Flame (Kossuth)
10. Shrine of Maglubiyet

THE EMPTY TOMB OF RAOKH



NPCs

Ierg

Male Human, 3 rd -Level Fighter / 1 st -Level Ranger			
Strength	14 (+2)	Fortitude Save	+6
Dexterity	16 (+3)	Reflex Save	+4
Constitution	13 (+1)	Will Save	+2
Intelligence	11 (+0)	Alignment	NE
Wisdom	12 (+1)	Speed	30'
Charisma	10 (+0)	Size	M
Armour Class	17	Melee Attack	+6
Hit Points	32	Ranged Attack	+7

Skills: Animal Empathy +2, Climb +2, Handle Animal +7, Ride +10, Spot +4.

Feats: Exotic Weapon Proficiency (Repeating crossbow), Mounted Archery, Mounted Combat, Point Blank Shot, Track, Weapon Focus (Repeating crossbow).

Special: Favoured enemy: Orcs,

Languages: Common.

Possessions: Explorer's outfit, masterwork repeating crossbow, 20 masterwork bolts, masterwork longsword, 2 *potions of cat's grace*, 2 *potions of cure moderate wounds*, *potion of darkvision*, *potion of heroism*, masterwork chainmail, holy symbol of Imix, backpack with 7 days' trail rations, bedroll and winter blanket, heavy warhorse with military saddle, chain barding, bit and bridle, saddlebags and 2 days' feed.

Appearance: Ierg has the look of a professional warrior. Tall, well-muscled and scarred, he looks like he's been through a few scrapes in his time and usually come out of them victorious. However, a long scar across his jugular tells a tale of the one time he didn't come out of things in one piece. He has a pudding-basin haircut, although this is usually concealed by his casque and coif. He wears chainmail made for him on Samael's orders, and carries only the finest weapons. He is never seen without his repeating crossbow, which has of late become his favourite weapon. His face appears to be twisted into a perpetual sneer.

Background: Ierg had been a soldier all his life; a cadet as a boy, a cavalryman from adolescence, and when the great Trade War ended, the little dictatorships that sprung up from the remains of the Grand Commerce could always use mercenaries. Ierg, born to the task of killing people and receiving a wage for it, hawked his considerable martial talents around the various kingdoms, selling his services to the highest bidder. Ierg became a feared warrior in his own right; an advocate of total war, he was known to take on squadrons of soldiers, slaughtering them to a man and setting fire to the buildings they defended out of sheer viciousness. A brutal fighter, he never accepted surrender, and made a lot of enemies in the process. It was one of these enemies, a paladin named Viod, who dispatched him to the False World with a sword-blow to the neck.

Ierg soon arrived in Frozen, where, learning of a bounty being offered for the lives of orcs, promptly went out and hunted half-a-dozen of them, slaughtering them in the presence of the guards, piling the bodies up outside the walls and setting them ablaze so he could warm his hands. This deed attracted the attention of Jannaal, who, taking a liking to Ierg, hired him immediately. Samael soon learned of Ierg's vicious streak and introduced him to the word of Imix.

Roleplaying Notes: Ierg is a fighter with no times for any of the accepted conventions of warcraft. He will fake surrender and use it as an excuse to get inside the enemies' defences. Believing his attitudes to be typical, he suspects anyone who surrenders to him of wishing to try the same trick and hence never takes prisoners. He is brutal, callous and sadistic, having few loyalties. He was a fairly loyal employee of Samael, and developed a healthy respect for Imix, even going so far as to worship him, but beyond that thinks very little of his fellow men. He regards Lord Jannaal as an idiot, but he likes his style. He rarely associates with anyone outside his cult, and will avenge the deaths of any of his fellow worshippers in as brutal and bloody a manner as possible.

Jannaal

Male Human, 8 th -Level Barbarian			
Strength	16 (+3)	Fortitude Save	+8
Dexterity	14 (+2)	Reflex Save	+4
Constitution	14 (+2)	Will Save	+3
Intelligence	10 (+0)	Alignment	CE
Wisdom	12 (+1)	Speed	40'
Charisma	8 (-1)	Size	M
Armour Class	19	Melee Attack	+11/+6
Hit Points	73	Ranged Attack	+10/+5

Skills: Climb +11, Intimidate +10, Jump +11, Listen +12, Wilderness Lore +12

Feats: Blind-Fight, Dodge, Track, Weapon Focus (greataxe).

Special: Rage 3/day, uncanny dodge (no flank)

Languages: Common.

Possessions: +2 *greataxe*, +1 *breastplate*, mighty (Str 16) composite longbow, 20 masterwork arrows, 2 potions of *cure serious wounds*, 2 potions of *neutralize poison*, 2 potions of *lesser restoration*, *amulet of natural armour +1*, climber's kit, silver dagger, 3 flasks of alchemist's fire.

Appearance: Jannaal might well be the lord of Frozen, although one would not think it from his appearance. Rather than dressing in the expensive silks and satins that set noblemen apart from commoners, he is apt to wear his armour most of the time, with padding and heavy fur cloaks to keep out the cold. He is an enormous man, easily 6'6" in height with muscles to match. His greataxe is never far from his hand. He has shaggy red hair and a full beard, as well as dark brown eyes that smoulder with malevolence. His skin is remarkably pale, as befits a barbarian from the north.

Background: What can be said about Jannaal? He's the sort of person who, if he is not at the top of the heap, will do his uttermost to ensure that he is there in very short measure. If a few bodies get stacked up along the way, too bad! His view of himself was that he was unstoppable, an irresistible force. His death by poisoning at the hands of his wife came as something of a shock. When he arrived on the False World, he blamed his predicament on magic. After all, he just drank a flagon of wine and woke up a few yards into the sea. He was not one to take things lying down, however, and he rapidly set about the task of rallying men to his side.

Roleplaying Notes: Jannaal is, quite simply, a surly brute. He rules Frozen with an iron fist, issuing edicts every day. He is, if anything, twice as bad-tempered and choleric as Samael, and five times as likely to react violently to any imagined slight. He thinks with his fists and has a vengeful streak a mile wide. He loathes wizards, blaming them for his presence on the False World. His order to slay all wizards nearby was the first law he passed, and is the only one he's made much of an effort to keep. He has a rather old-fashioned style of government which pretty much equates to finding a group he doesn't like and persecuting them until he finds someone else he dislikes. He has few diplomatic skills, his negotiations following the line of bullying the other parties into submission, forcing them to sign documents and then murdering said parties at the first opportunity. He is not to be trusted. Although not too intelligent, he is remarkably cunning.

Khlah-Kalash

Female Orc, 8 th -Level Barbarian			
Strength	20 (+5)	Fortitude Save	+8
Dexterity	15 (+2)	Reflex Save	+4
Constitution	14 (+2)	Will Save	+2
Intelligence	8 (-1)	Alignment	CE
Wisdom	10 (+0)	Speed	40'
Charisma	6 (-2)	Size	M
Armour Class	19	Melee Attack	+13/+8
Hit Points	73	Ranged Attack	+10/+5

Skills: Climb +13, Intimidate +9, Jump +13, Listen +11, Wilderness Lore +11.

Feats: Ambidexterity, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (Orc double axe), Two-weapon Fighting, Weapon Focus (Orc double axe).

Special: Rage 3/day, uncanny dodge (no flank).

Languages: Orc.

Possessions: +2 *orc double axe*, +2 *breastplate*, repeating crossbow, 20 bolts, 2 *potions of cure serious wounds*, *potion of frenzy*, climber' s kit, 3 flasks of alchemist' s ~~fire~~ *thunderstone*.

Appearance: Khlah-Kalash is a vicious hag of an orc, standing a full seven feet in height and loaded with muscles. She dresses in armour worn over animal hides, and always has her double axe close to hand. She has a look of total fury upon her face at all times, and frequently takes her bad temper out on any who approach her. She has dark green skin, evidence of her black orc heritage, and has the typical upright stance associated with that breed.

Background: Khlah-Kalash arrived on the False World some fifteen years ago, following a confrontation with an adventuring party. As full of the instinct to conquer as any of her breed, she went to Frozen with the intention of conquering it. Fleeing the repercussions of her actions, she escaped into Raokh' s Hills and eventually came upon the village of Cancerous and its famous inhabitant, the orcish chieftain **Raokh**. Khlah' s vicious streak, lack of intelligence and sadistic nature quickly endeared her to Raokh, and she quickly became one of his concubines. Soon after, however, Raokh disappeared, leaving a power vacuum. By dint of her fighting skill, Khlah-Kalash took control of Cancerous and the Limb-from-Limb tribe and started working on building up her armies, posting scouts near the north coast to pick up any orcs or half-orcs who arrived and dragooning them into her gang. She is currently massing her forces for an attack on one of the cities. No-one knows which one she plans to attack first, least of all her. She keeps changing her mind on the subject.

Roleplaying Notes: She only speaks orcish, and relies on her consort Feargal to translate for her. She is not particularly bright, but makes up for her lack of brains with sheer brutality. She operates under the assumption that people are always trying to pull the wool over her eyes, and as such will attempt to terrify them into obeying her. If she catches someone trying to trick her, she grabs her axe and challenges them to hand-to-hand combat. For this reason, few try to trick her. She would dearly love to emulate Raokh and attempt to conquer much of Carnis, but she finds that she' s frequently outwitted. She sees Jannaal as her chief rival because he and his advisors have succeeded in out-thinking and out-fighting her army, and as such she has yet to conquer Frozen. When fighting, she makes full use of her double axe and dodging ability, charging right into the midst of the enemy and slaughtering as many as she can. One of her advisors, the illusionist Nodbod, has for this reason nicknamed her ' the Ornithopter' .

Lord Morgan of Drown

Male Human, 11 th -Level Aristocrat			
Strength	14 (+2)	Fortitude Save	+6
Dexterity	10 (+0)	Reflex Save	+5
Constitution	12 (+1)	Will Save	+11
Intelligence	12 (+1)	Alignment	N
Wisdom	14 (+2)	Speed	30'
Charisma	11 (+0)	Size	M
Armour Class	14	Melee Attack	+10/+5
Hit Points	59	Ranged Attack	+8/+3

Skills: Bluff +8, Diplomacy +8, Forgery +8, Gather Information +8, Innuendo +10, Intimidate +10, Knowledge (Arcana) +8, Listen +10, Read Lips +5, Ride +8, Sense Motive +12.

Feats: Great Fortitude, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Skill Focus (Sense Motive)

Special: Bonus skill points and feats.

Languages: Common, Aquan.

Possessions: Courtier's outfit, chain of office, +2 *bracers of armour*, +2 *ring of protection*, +1 *rapier*.

Appearance: Morgan is a man in his late middle age, approaching his dotage; easily fifty-five or more, although he has not aged well. The last ten years weigh as heavily as twice that number upon him. He wears his brown, thinning hair in long plaits – an almost dwarven fashion – and thanks to that, his broad, squat build and his well-groomed beard, one could almost see him as a six-foot-tall dwarf. He wears heavy, brocaded robes and a big woollen cloak to keep out the chills. He keeps an ornate-looking rapier at his side, but rarely draws it. He has an expression of resigned hopelessness about him, a sense of gloom that tends to pervade the atmosphere.

Background: Back in the real world, Lord Morgan was known as Morgan Blackson, bastard son of the infamous Black Kale, a bandit chief feared throughout the Provinces for his necromantic skill. Black Kale preyed on rich and poor alike, invading their houses with armies of walking skeletons, killing the people inside and stripping the houses of anything of even the remotest value. The revolution that removed Kale from power also placed Morgan in charge of reforming the Provinces, ensuring that a tyrant of Kale's stature could never again rise to power. His political life, however, was cut short by an assassin's dagger that sent him straight to the False World. At that time, some twenty years ago, Drown struggled under the yoke of Kannakagh, an orcish chieftain who sought to remove Raokh from power and take control of all of northern Carnis. Morgan was talented enough to organise Kannakagh's assassination and assume the duties of Drown's lord. The town did fairly well for fifteen years, before the Sons of the Sea began to gain power. Since that time, Morgan's enthusiasm has waned, and he's a shadow of the man he once was.

Roleplaying Notes: Following the events of *AGF2: Ordeal by Water*, Lord Morgan is beginning to recover somewhat from his apathy. The timely demise of the Sons of the Sea is no doubt a contributory factor to this. He's not too optimistic of the outcome of the coming conflict with Frozen, although he is determined not to die easily. He may be getting old, although he refuses to be defeated by the likes of Jannaal; he knows he's smarter than that barbarian. He just needs the resources with which to turn back his horde. He is beginning to develop a grudging admiration for the PCs, and in future could well be considered a firm ally of theirs; assuming Drown survives the coming conflict, of course. He has little interest in initiation now, knowing that he probably won't live long enough to learn how to return to his own world – if indeed that is possible. As such, he is resigned to life on the False World, and will do his best to keep control of Drown.

Oreithyia

Female Elf, 3 rd -Level Ranger			
Strength	14 (+2)	Fortitude Save	+4
Dexterity	20 (+5)	Reflex Save	+6
Constitution	13 (+1)	Will Save	+2
Intelligence	11 (+0)	Alignment	CG
Wisdom	13 (+1)	Speed	30'
Charisma	11 (+0)	Size	M
Armour Class	19	Melee Attack	+5
Hit Points	25	Ranged Attack	+8

Skills: Knowledge (Arcana) +3, Profession (Sailor) +7, Search +5, Spot +6, Swim +7.

Feats: Point Blank Shot, Track, Weapon Focus (composite longbow).

Special: Favoured enemy: Orcs,

Languages: Common, Elven.

Possessions: Explorer's outfit, mighty masterwork composite longbow [Str 14], masterwork studded leather armour, masterwork short sword, masterwork longsword, 4 *potions of cure light wounds*, *goggles of minute seeing*, 15 masterwork arrows, 50 gp in cash.

Appearance: Oreithyia is an elven woman of a surprisingly sturdy build, her body conditioned by years of warfare against the orcs, with arms rendered quite muscular thanks to extensive practice at the longbow. Her black hair is worn tied back, making her elven lineage quite obvious. She dresses in practical clothes, but disdains the use of armour, preferring to rely on her wits and magic items. She is rarely seen without her bow and a quiver full of arrows.

Background: In her old life, Oreithyia was a marine in the Elven imperial navy, and the veteran of a hundred battles against the orcs. Such was her skill that she could fire an arrow and accurately strike an orc clean between the eyes at a range of a hundred yards. As far as she knew, there were no other marines who were a better shot than her. Sadly, she ended up rather out of her depth when the orcish battleship *Violator* rammed the *Warden of the Waves*, which was the ship on which she served. The battle degenerated into a melee as the orcs boarded, and just as she got the chance to return fire and kill the *Violator's* captain, an orcish marine chopped her near in half with his axe, taking her right through the stomach. Arriving on the False World, Oreithyia quickly set about trying to find some answers, and her path quickly crossed that of Gwythyr (see *AGF1: The False World*). His advice to her was that she should 'know her element'. That was no trouble at all; she was a marine and a sailor! What element could she have but water? Striking out for the town of Drown, she might just have found the chance to find the answers she seeks with the Initiates of the Sea.

Roleplaying Notes: Oreithyia is a born soldier and sailor, and as such generally has little time for landlubbers and people without a bit of iron in their backs. She does not suffer fools gladly, and tempers such a no-nonsense attitude with a remarkable level of efficiency. In combat, she follows only one rule; immobilise the enemy as quickly as possible. To this end, she prefers the option of riddling the enemy with arrows rather than making a 'death or glory' charge. Some might accuse her of being cowardly or of being a mere woman, not suited for battle. Her argument is that she wins; thus far it seems to have worked pretty well.

Quaël

Female Half-Elf, 9 th -Level Adept			
Strength	13 (+1)	Fortitude Save	+7
Dexterity	13 (+1)	Reflex Save	+4
Constitution	15 (+2)	Will Save	+9
Intelligence	14 (+2)	Alignment	CN
Wisdom	16 (+3)	Speed	30'
Charisma	12 (+1)	Size	M
Armour Class	17	Melee Attack	+5
Hit Points	48	Ranged Attack	+5

Skills: Alchemy +11, Concentration +6, Knowledge (Arcana) +11, Profession (Herbalist) +7, Scry +11, Spellcraft +11, Wilderness Lore +7.

Feats: Brew Potion, Combat Casting, Martial Weapon Proficiency (Scimitar), Spell Penetration.

Special: Immune to *sleep* spells and similar effects, +2 racial saving throw bonus vs. Enchantment spells and effects, low-light vision, +1 racial bonus to Listen, Search and Spot checks.

Spells (3/4/3/2): 0- *create water, detect magic, read magic*; 1st- *cure light wounds, endure elements, sleep*; 2nd- *cat's grace, cure moderate wounds, web*; 3rd- *lightning bolt* (×2).

Languages: Common, Elven.

Possessions: Courtier's outfits, +2 *bracers of armour*, +2 *amulet of natural armour*, +2 *ring of protection*, 2 *potions of cat's grace*, 2 *potions of bull's strength*, three daggers, scimitar, masterwork shortspear. Quaël also has a rat as a familiar.

Appearance: Quaël is a half-elven woman in her middle thirties with a shock of red hair and deep green almond-shaped eyes. She is of a slender build and has pointed ears, a very obvious clue to her elven heritage. She dresses expensively, although out of deference to her traditions, she incorporates the clan tartan of her human father into her outfits. She is never seen without Bruce, a rat that serves as her familiar. She takes pains to conceal a heavy scar on her solar plexus, the remains of the wound that sent her to the False World.

Background: Quaël was the bastard daughter of Conn Mac Conall, one of many tribal chiefs of Eirith, and an elven woman named Zaurien. From an early age, it was quite obvious to all those who knew her that she was very much the child of her parents; she inherited her father's tenacity and aggression, tempering it with her mother's sharp wit and intelligence. She seemed destined for greater things; easily the tribe's next wise woman, or perhaps even the next chief. Being such a favoured individual, however, it was not altogether unsurprising that she would make enemies. Her half-brother, Feargal, hated her for her talents and intelligence, and wished to see her dead; he saw her as a threat to his accession to the throne, and for this reason attempted to kill her on three occasions, by poisoning, by trickery, and finally by direct confrontation. The first two means failed; his half-sister was too smart to be fooled by the likes of him. The third attempt, however, consisted of simply charging at her with a sword and trying to stab her to death. He succeeded, only to be caught moments later. Meanwhile, Quaël found herself wading onto the shore of northern Carnis. Since her arrival in Drown, she has attempted to keep a low profile, the lesson from her previous life teaching her that one should not endeavour to be *too* conspicuous. As such, she was slow to act during the debacle involving the Sons of the Sea, and only now has the courage to act.

Roleplaying Notes: Quaël is aggressive in a fight, but also cautious. She fears assassination, although she is not afraid of a direct confrontation; for this reason, she avoided confronting the Sons of the Sea, and yet she has no problem with facing invading forces from Frozen. Quaël is crafty, her wits honed by extensive training in matters arcane and various attempts to kill her. She prefers to strike enemies down with her magic rather than rely on her rather limited combat ability. She has a fairly good grasp of military tactics, thanks to her rather warlike father, and, if she were so inclined, would not make a particularly bad lord. For the most part, however, she tries to keep out of politics, and goes out of her way to avoid Lord Morgan.

NEW SPELLS

BURNING FIST

Transformation [Fire]

Level: Ini 1, Sor/Wiz 1

Components: V, S

Casting time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: Creature or object touched (up to 1 per level)

Duration: 1 round/level

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: Yes (object)

This spell causes your hand to burst into flames that can be used to burn people and objects. A successful melee touch attack inflicts 1d6 points of fire damage +1 point per caster level (maximum +15).

The caster is advised not to carry any objects in the hand that receives the spell, since anything touched by the *burning fist* takes fire damage, and each touch counts against the total number of targets allowed by the spell.

IGNITE

Evocation [Fire]

Level: Brd 0, Clr 0, Drd 0, Ini 0, Sor/Wiz 0

Components: V, S

Casting time: 1 action

Range: 10 ft.

Target: One creature or object

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: Yes

This minor incantation produces a tiny flame, sufficient to light a torch or a lantern, setting dry or readily combustible materials on fire. It can be used to deal fire damage in a melee attack or as a thrown weapon (counting as a ranged touch attack), although the flame burns out if it is thrown farther than 10 feet. If the flame hits, it deals a paltry 1d3 points of fire damage.

This spell cannot be cast underwater.

CONCLUSION

In a way, this adventure marks the closing of one of the chapters of this story. By now, the idea of the elements playing a vital role might have started to seep through. They've earned enemies among the servants of two of the Elemental Princes of Evil, and have learned something about the Initiates – namely that they've attempted to guide events on the False World. There are still a few questions left unanswered, of course; for example, where are the Initiates likely to be located? Can they share any answers with the PCs, and more importantly, do they want to? Where has Gwythyr got to? What will Jannaal do now the PCs have escaped his wrath? What about the barbarians from Cancerous, who have had the tomb of their leader violated?

For now, however, the characters have earned a short rest. Let them heal up, advance their skills some more, and prepare for the next round of trials and hardships that will surely come their way because, let's face it, they attract trouble!

If you thought they had a hard time up to now, just wait until they go through *AGF4: An Ill Wind*.