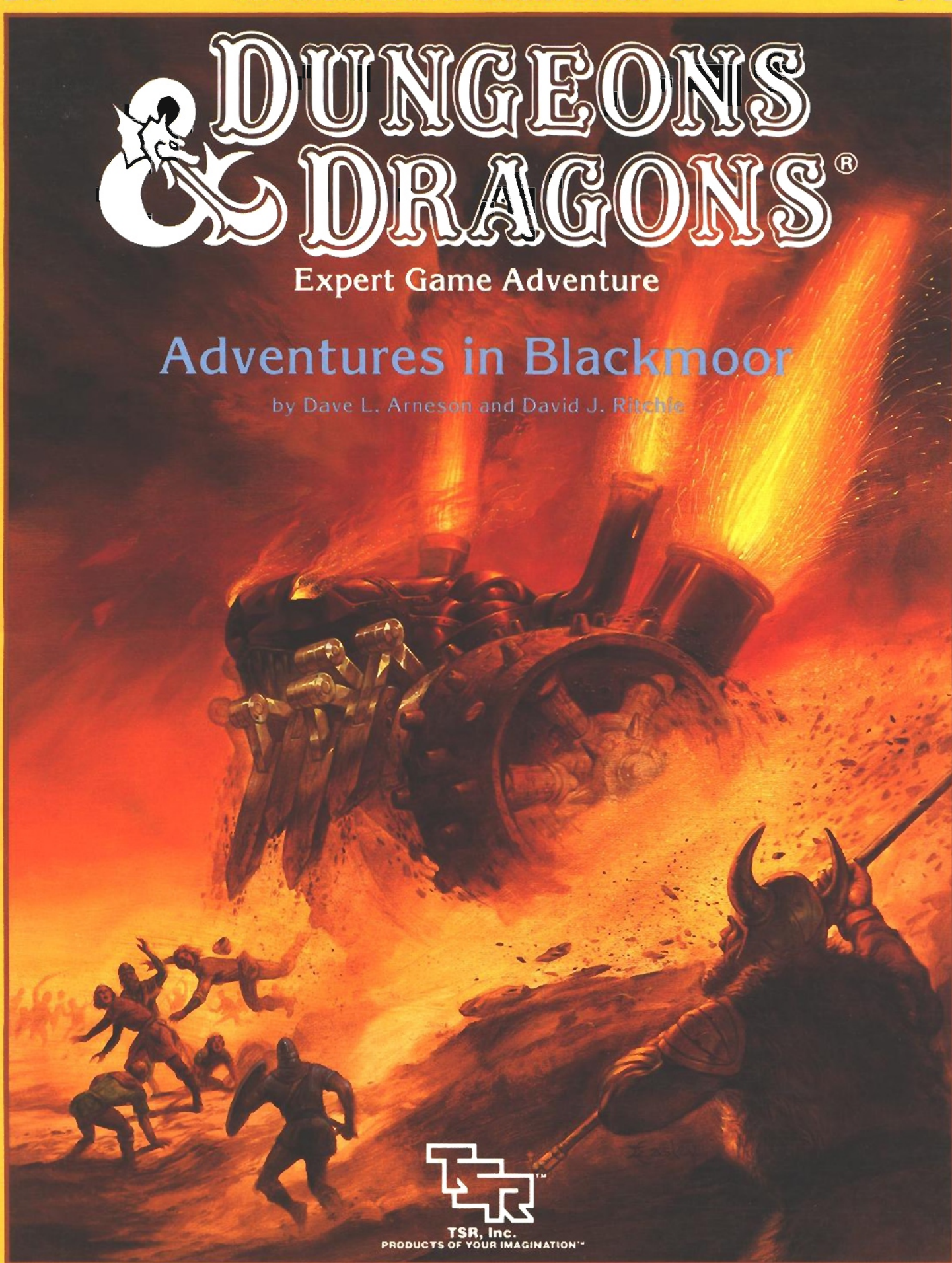


DUNGEONS & DRAGONS[®]

Expert Game Adventure

Adventures in Blackmoor

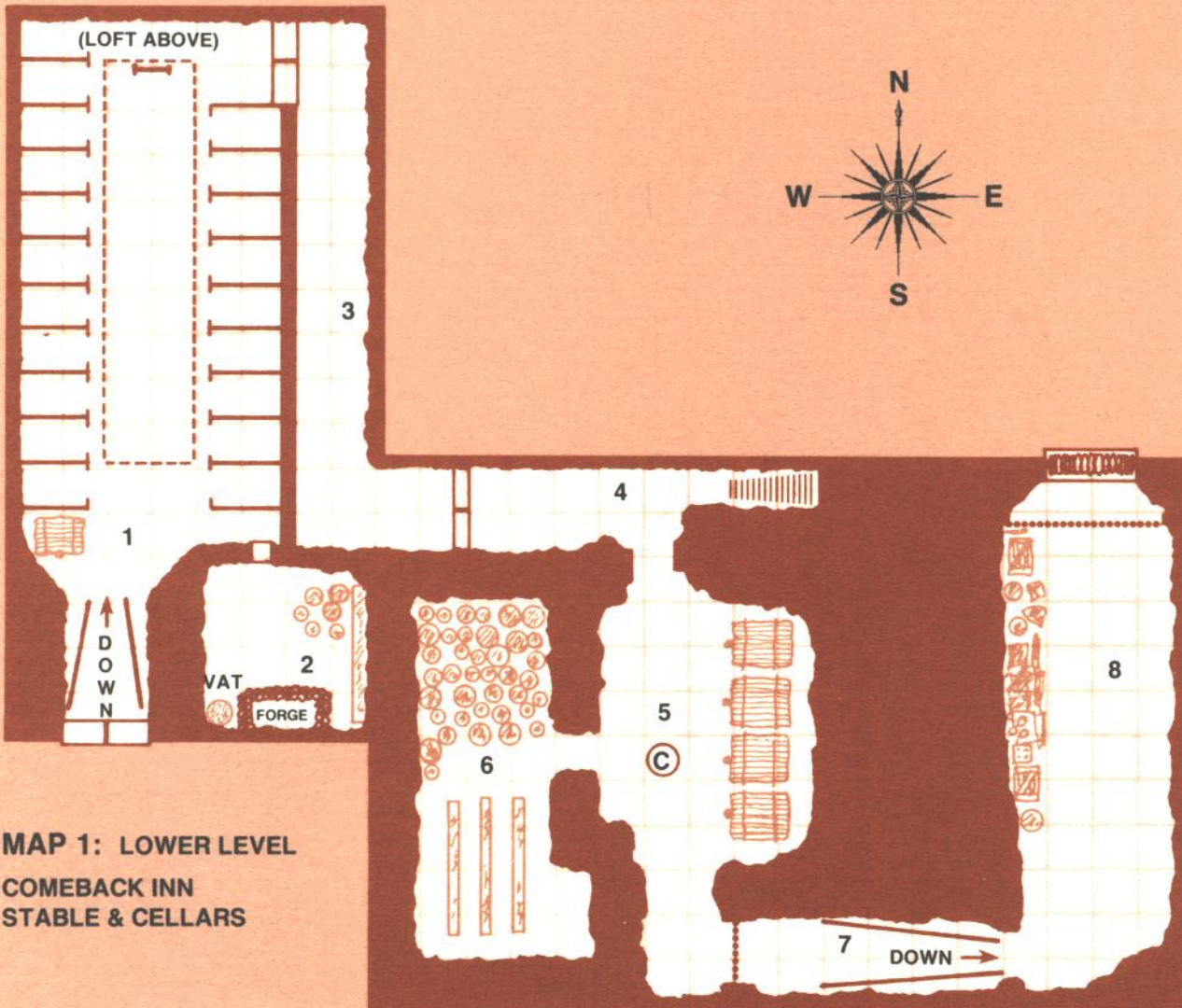
by Dave L. Arneson and David J. Ritchie



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|--------------------|-----------|-------------------|
| LATHE-WALL | WINDOW | DOOR |
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| STONE WALL | BARS | STAIRS |
| SHELVES OR COUNTER | RAMP | OPEN AREA ABOVE |
| BED | BARRELS | COOK STOVE |
| 4-POSTER BED | LADDER | TRAP DOOR-FLOOR |
| FIREPLACE | STALL | TRAP DOOR-CEILING |
| STOVE | BIN/CHEST | RAILING |
| CABINET | TUN | PORCH |
| LATRINE | CRATE | VANITY |
| CHAIR | DESK | TABLE/TUB |
| JUNK PILE | | |
| SOFA | | |

SCALE: 1 SQUARE = 5 FEET



MAP 1: LOWER LEVEL
 COMEBACK INN
 STABLE & CELLARS

ADVENTURES IN BLACKMOOR

by David L. Arneson & David J. Ritchie



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ISBN 0-88038-314-3

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DM BACKGROUND

Stop! If you plan to participate in this module as a player, read no further. Knowing the adventure's details will make it less fun for everyone.

This module is the first in a series of adventures set in the mythical kingdom of Blackmoor. Blackmoor was the first campaign setting ever devised for use in a fantasy role-playing game. The Blackmoor presented in this module is a substantially revised and expanded setting based on material developed for that venerable campaign. In view of this fact, it is perhaps fitting to note that the events, places, and characters resident in Blackmoor exist some 3,000 years before those described in any other D&D® fantasy role-playing game material.

The adventure in this module is designed for a party of five to eight player characters (PCs) of the 10th to 14th levels of experience. A balance of character classes will be needed since the PCs will face many problems, each of which may be most easily and effectively solved by a character of a different class. A number of prerolled characters are included for use in the event that there aren't enough PCs of the correct level and class available. In addition, the campaign material includes a long list of famous persons indigenous to Blackmoor who can, if desired, be used as high-level NPCs to flesh out the party.

In addition to the adventure that introduces the PCs to the Empire of Thonia and the kingdom of Blackmoor, this module includes extensive background material on both of those areas. This material is designed to provide you, the Dungeon Master (DM), with a campaign setting within which to run further adventures. Future modules in this series will be set within the confines of Thonia and Blackmoor, and will use the places and characters introduced in this module.

Read this entire module before playing. There are some plot elements that won't be fully developed until late in the module, but for which the groundwork must be laid much earlier. If you are not already aware of these elements before play begins, you won't be able to plant clues or build drama as effectively, and the module will be less fun to play.

Study the maps while reading the area keys in the module booklet. Most of these keys contain boxed information that should be read aloud to the players when they enter the area. Unboxed information is provided only as a guide for you, the DM; it is not read to the players. While every effort has been made to provide all information needed for play, you may want to add extra details to the boxed descriptions for atmosphere.

The following abbreviations are used throughout the text of this module:

AC = Armour Class;
MV = Movement Rate;
HD = Hit Dice or Level;
hp = current hit points;
#AT = Number of attacks;
D = Damage;
ML = Morale;
AL = Alignment;
XP = Experience Points;
F = Fighter;
T = Thief;
M = Magic User;
C = Cleric;
cp = copper pieces;
ep = electrum pieces;
gp = gold pieces;
pp = platinum pieces;
sp = silver pieces;
OL = Open Locks;
FT = Find Traps;
RT = Remove Traps;
PP = Pick Pockets;
MS = Move Silently;
CW = Climb Walls (Sheer Surfaces);
HS = Hide in Shadows;
HN = Hear Noise.

Nonplayer characters (NPCs) are introduced throughout the text where they are most likely to be encountered. When introduced, their statistics are shown in an abbreviated form with all combat and movement adjustments already computed.

And now—welcome to Blackmoor.

THE LAND OF LEGEND

Before there was Thyatis—before there was Hyboria—before there was the land of Norwold—before the cruel Nentsun built their longships or the the Four Kingdoms fought their deadly wars—before the dread Alphasians fell from the sky—before all this, there was Thonia.

Not the Thonia of our time. No. That barren, frozen Thonia is but a pale shadow of the Thonia that was, and the mind can but weep at the sightless vision of its past glory. Full 3,000 years ago and 2,000 years before the crowning of the first Emperor of Thyatis, whose coronation day marks the beginning of our own age, that elder Thonia was torn apart and half drowned in the vastest cataclysm this world has known.

Fearful was that time—a waking horror when the earth shook and the skies burned. And when it was done, Thonia was no more. The land existed, yes. But its cities were tum-

bled, its pride humbled, its culture a poor tattered thing lacking the will even to continue. A few survivors sailed to a new land, which they called Thonia in memory of all that they had lost. But it does not bear and never bore the least resemblance to the waking dream of elder Thonia—the Golden Empire.

In the far north of what was elder Thonia, where for half a millenium a vigorous border province called Blackmoor had dominated the affairs of the empire, the gray seas lapped unbroken save for a few islands that were once uninhabited peaks. Of the towns and castles of the Northlands, there was—nothing. All were swallowed by the sea. And when the land again rose up from that vasty deep, it had been scraped clean. What was not destroyed by the waters—the mountains and river beds, the cliffs and lakes—were soon buried under a half a mile of ice, as climatic changes wrought by the catastrophe made the Northlands into a howling glacial wilderness. When the climate again shifted back to more or less its original pattern, the very face of the land had changed. It was as if, said men, a curse from an angry and vengeful god had utterly and purposefully obliterated Blackmoor and all her works. And the name of Blackmoor, itself, became a curse.

It was in Blackmoor, you see, that the cataclysm originated. Not a cataclysm of nature, but a cataclysm wrought solely by the hand of man. For a thousand years, first as half-forgotten province, then as independent kingdom, then as keystone of a faltering empire, Blackmoor had followed its curious destiny. There, far from the ken of the great wizards of the Thonian capital, men discovered wild magic, stronger than any at the empire's center. By blending this magic with the arts of science, they forged tools of awesome power, devices to tame seas and raise mountains. It was these that gave them place of pride in the empire. It was these that were their undoing.

None in our time knows which of the devices of the Blackmoor philosophers set off the chain of disasters that destroyed that land. Even the names of such machines have been lost. All that is known is that some accident occurred, and Blackmoor sank beneath the seas, its shattered shores becoming the Broken Lands we know today.

But of the sinking of the fabled land—another time! Today, we speak of other things. Of a time a thousand years before the cataclysm. Of a time when Thonia was still master of the world, and Blackmoor but its least and newest province. Of a time when men were just learning to use the wild magic,

and the new science was but a glimmer in the mind of a petty baron in the wilds of the North.

This then is the great tale of ages. Three thousand years before the Emperor of Thyatis donned his crystal crown and built his petty dominion upon the body of our world, the Great Empire of Thonia was already in decline, not for the first, but for the third and final time. For a millenium, the degenerate, perfumed Emperors of All had sat upon their silk-lined thrones and dribbled precious stones and provinces through their fingers with equal alacrity. Like squalling peasant brats who play at princelings and smear their gruel mid infant locks, these poor excuses for rulers had squandered with no thought for the morrow the strength their forebears built with sweat and blood. Yet so great was Thonia in its time, that it had taken full 1,000 years of such rulers to bring it to a pass where men could see the ghostly outline of the ending of its days.

It was in the third month of the fifth year of the reign of the Emperor Iyx that a message came to Mohacs, the capital and greatest city of the empire. There was movement in the west—a great migration of wild hillmen pouring from the high, cold lands of the Goblin Kush across the Plains of Hak and toward the empire. At news of this event, the Emperor of All yawned and ordered slaves to bring him a cooling ice to cut the pall of the summer heat. The movement of some ragged tribe of skin-clad beggars across a trackless plain not even part of the empire was of no interest to he who ruled Thonia.

Thus, offhandedly, was the empire doomed and the spark of rebellion struck to the tinder of the Northlands.

THE TIDE OF CONQUEST

The movement of the peoples that was of so little note to the Emperor Iyx began in the forbidding fastness of a mountain chain called the Goblin Kush (the Goblin Killer), a land whose major crop was death. The Goblin Kush bred a hard type of man, and when the hillmen who dwelt there came down to fight for an empire in the lowlands, their fearless army swept all resistance before it.

The *Afridhi*, they called themselves, the *Children of Fire*. For, in their legends, fire is the gift that allowed them to live in their high, cold land. Without fire, there would have been no *Afridhi*. And fire was the gift of their great god, Zugzul the One. Consequently, the *Afridhi* worshipped Zugzul with a fervor foreign to most lowland cultures, where the

life was easier and such simple gifts less appreciated. So great was the *Afridhi* awe of their god that they made his high priestess (called *the Mistress of God*) the head of their state and accepted her word as law.

Thus it was that when the new high priestess who took the bride name Toska Rusa (*Rosy Dawn*) pronounced that it was Zugzul's will that the *Afridhi* leave the mountains and pursue their further destiny in the lands to the east, the wild hillmen began to move. No undisciplined savages, these; they had for long years been subject to the iron law of Zugzul and his high priestess. Thus, while they had the individual warrior traits of great courage, stamina, and weapon skill found only among wild peoples, they also had the sense of order and discipline common to more civilized troops. This marriage of strengths made an unbeatable combination.

Once they exerted their full strength in the cause of conquest, it took the *Afridhi* just three years to utterly destroy the *valemen* whose presence blocked their march to the east. The first year was spent in quickly overrunning their settlements and smashing their armies. The second year was used to hunt down and slaughter those who survived the first year's campaign. The third year was spent in practicing the heavy infantry tactics which captured *valemen* said they used against the horsemen who often raided them from the plains to the east.

At the end of the third year, when Toska Rusa was sure that her *Afridhi* spearmen could duplicate the winning tactics of the *valemen*, they left the hill country behind and began their trek across the Plains of Hak. Some 170,000 men, women, and children made that trek. Behind them, the remnants of the *valemen* were organized to act as a commissary for the migrating *Afridhi*. *The Vales*, as it was named, became the first province in the new *Afridhi* Empire.

It took the *Afridhi* two years to fight their way across the plains. And again their army changed. At first, it had been mostly light infantry, bowmen, and slingers. Then, in the land of the *valemen*, heavy infantry were added. Now, during the fighting on the open plains, the ever adaptable *Afridhi* replaced their sturdy mountain ponies with riding horses and developed a disciplined light cavalry. While never quite as skilled as the Peshwah horsemen who fought them, they were good enough to keep the Peshwah away from their infantry (which was, after all, their purpose). By the time the *Afridhi* reached their next objective, they were a sophisticated army indeed.

Behind them was a well-organized supply base, controlled by an efficient military government. A string of defended outposts secured a line of communications to this base. Between the outposts patrolled small troops of light cavalry who harried and harassed the former occupants of the plains so as to keep them always off balance. At the eastern end of this string of outposts was a series of fortified camps where the *Afridhi* army rested and again reorganized in preparation for its most difficult campaign.

The *Afridhi's* third victim was the Duchy of Ten, a military power far different from anything encountered before. Here were entire companies of common men-at-arms who fought in the chainmail reserved by the *Afridhi* only for their elite infantry. Here were other men who fought in heavy plate armor on great, shaggy horses that killed and maimed with the same glee as their riders. The *Afridhi* should have lost their war against these men. But the Duchy's commanders were overconfident. They did not expect the *Afridhi* infantry to stand and fight when charged by heavy cavalry. They did not expect the *Afridhi* bowmen to be so accurate, nor so stubborn. They certainly did not expect the *Afridhi* light horse to harry them so effectively once they were locked in combat with the infantry.

After winning their first two battles, the *Afridhi* had their own companies of heavy plate-armored heavy cavalry. The armor came from the bodies of their former foes; the horses were the spoils of the enemy camp. Captured officers of the Duchy's army trained the companies and advised their commanders (under pain of death for any mistakes). Thereafter, the Duchy's army was afraid to meet the *Afridhi* in the field. Instead, it locked itself up in castles and walled towns. This bothered the *Afridhi* not at all. They simply captured engineers who taught them the arts of siege.

It took the *Afridhi* seven years to win their war against the Duchy. It was seven years' education in a hard school. But the *Afridhi* were good students. When the Duchy's last stronghold finally surrendered and the land was organized into the third province of the *Afridhi* Empire, their army was the equal of any in or on the borders of Thonia. Fearful of its might, the Duchess of the Peaks had concluded a treaty with Toska Rusa even before Ten was finally subdued. With her flank thus secured, the high priestess (and by now accomplished general) cast her eyes on her next target to the east, the ultimate goal of this 12-year march, the Thonian Empire.

DM BACKGROUND

This was the goal that had burned in Toska Rusa's breast since the night she first became the Mistress of God—the night when Zugzul, as her wedding gift, showed her the warm green empire by the sea that he said it would be the Afridhi destiny to rule. For 12 years she had led her people toward an end they could not see. Now the rich lands of Thonia swam before their eyes. And the Afridhi hungered.

THE KING ON HORSEBACK

Standing between the all-conquering Afridhi and the heart of the Thonian Empire was that rude area called by empire military men *the Northern Marches*. Empire scribes, who dealt in bushels of corn and board feet of timber, not in marches, called it *the Northlands*. Those few poets who still wrote on epic and heroic subjects called it *the dark and bloody ground*. But to those who lived there, it was simply—the North.

Still only lightly settled after centuries of human habitation, the North was an area of small baronies and freeholds that lived by trade and the exploitation of mineral and timber resources. As was to be expected of an area still half frontier, life there was hard, harder than anywhere else in the empire, save perhaps for the miserable slave-worked plantations of the far south. Only men who came from a place as inhospitable as the Goblin Kush could have thought of it as a place of ease.

That, it surely was not. A wild and powerful magic permeated the place. It seemed to have its source in an outjutting peninsula of land on the northern coast where men first settled—a place called Blackmoor. Blessed with a good harbor and with rich black soil that promised bountiful harvests, Blackmoor became the sight of the first port—and the first castle—in the North. It looked like paradise. It was not.

The wild magic spawned monsters such as had not been seen inside the empire's borders in centuries. Worse, it also spawned things that had never been seen anywhere else before—gibbering horrors that killed by night, leaving in their wake only smashed timbers and the bloody remains of farm families maimed in their passing. Nor were monsters the only danger. Orcs and elves, dwarves and halflings already claimed parts of the North and would have to be dealt with in peace or war.

Moreover, there were fierce enemies on all sides. Far to the northeast and northwest, the Skandaharian raiders set out each year to

reave along whatever coast seemed fattest. To the north was an evil and unnatural dominion ruled by a bizarre and evil superbeing that called itself the Egg of Coot. To the northwest was the decadent Duchy of the Peaks, which counted its wealth in diamonds and slaves. To the west was the so-called Duchy of Ten, now the forward base of Toska Rusa and her Afridhi Empire. To the south were the horsemen of Peshwah, who feared and hated the wild North and all who called it home. The new settlers were separated from their foes to west and south by a tangled web of rivers and marshes, but the sea gave their enemies to northeast, northwest and north easy access to their weak coastal settlements.

The North that looked so promising to those first settlers took much taming before it would give up its bounty.

Thus, like the Goblin Kush, this area bred a hard and practical type of man. So when the Afridhi began their first incursions against the Northlands, testing the waters before taking their final great plunge into the game of empire, the leaders of the North did not view this threat with the same disdain as Mohacs. For five long years, while the Afridhi gobbled the Duchy of Ten, they begged the empire to deal with this new threat—or even to let them go to the aid of their old enemies in the duchy before it was too late. The empire took a longer view and sent messengers of peace bearing gifts to the Afridhi. Toska Rusa had the messengers sacrificed to Zugzul along with their gifts.

When the first Afridhi raiding parties crossed the Misauga into the empire, they burned several small villages in the Barony of the Lakes and put their populace to the sword. Then they crossed the river back into the old Duchy of Ten to await some response to this test. It was not long in coming. Several of the Northern Barons sent their own forces to aid the Baron of the Lakes, who led a counter-raid that cost the Afridhi dearly. Toska Rusa retired to ponder strategy. The imperial governor was ordered to punish the barons who had thus “jeopardized” a possible peace. When the governor reluctantly sent a force to arrest the Baron of the Lakes, it was stopped at Booh by a mixed force of halflings and men led by the Baron of Blackmoor. By mutual agreement, the two opposing forces withdrew without a clash.

Since bloodshed was avoided, all might have ended well were it not for the emperor's response. Hearing of this “act of treason” against his august crown and person, the young man had one of his periodic outbursts of temper that he called rulership and ordered

that both the Baron of Blackmoor and the Baron of the Lakes be brought to Mohacs for immediate trial and swift execution. It was this act that finally brought to a head the sorry situation in the Northlands and led directly to the Great Rebellion, the founding of the University of Blackmoor and the subsequent destruction of Thonia!

To understand what happened next, one must understand the character of the Baron of Blackmoor, one Uther Andahar. Last in a long line of men who had held Blackmoor for the empire against all manner of threats, Uther Andahar was also the first of his line to leave the North and return to the heart of the empire. As a young man, he traveled to the capital to attend the university there. It was his father's idea that the time had come to bring more learning and less swordplay to the problems of the North. He brought up his son to believe in this mission as well.

But Mohacs was a disappointment to the duty-smitten young man. Most of what passed for learning at the university was merely the trivial sorting of brittle words uttered by men long dead. It had no relevance to the needs of the North. For science had long since been replaced by scholasticism. The state of the empire, itself, was even more disturbing. In the robust North, few were aware of just how far the corruption of the body politic had spread. In Mohacs, the smell of decay was unmistakable.

Young Uther returned to his home a bitterly disillusioned man, but one still determined to make a difference in the future of the North. This he did by tirelessly pursuing new ideas and inventions. At first, he merely argued for their use before his father. But when his father died in a battle with Skandaharian raiders and the boy became baron, he began funding promising new inventions out of the baronial treasury. Soon the small port town of Blackmoor was the center of a small revolution in industry.

Nor did Uther neglect the sword skills that had held Blackmoor safe before his rule. In campaigns against the Duchy of Ten and the Egg of Coot, he fought hard and led brilliantly, winning the respect of many older men. During one battle with the Army of Ten, when half of his fellow barons had already withdrawn and most of the rest were trapped and about to be destroyed, he led a charge of a mere 300 horse that smashed the Duchy's left and won the fight against all hope. As a result of this and other acts of courage and daring, by the time the Afridhi reched the borders of the empire, he was seen, despite his years, as the greatest leader

in the North.

It was this man whom the emperor proposed to bring to Mohacs in chains.

Refusing to allow himself to be arrested, Uther, demanded a trial by his peers, as was his right under empire law. The emperor, in a towering rage (or, at least, a fevered pet) sent an army to enforce the arrest. Uther was driven from Blackmoor and forced into hiding. For months thereafter, he outran, out-fought and outmaneuvered the army sent against him, finally beating it at the Battle of Root River.

While the empire was wasting its strength trying to destroy one of its best leaders, the Afridhi were preparing to cross the Misauga in force. When they finally did so, the Northern Barons threw the whole of their strength into stopping the invasion. At the Battle of the Neck, the Afridhi were given their first check, losing some 10,000 men (including much of their heavy infantry). The Northern Barons were scattered in the battle, but the Afridhi were so shaken that they retired to the west to regroup.

With the Afridhi temporarily beaten, the barons thought for the future. Already, they had had news that a new imperial army was moving north to put down the baronial revolt in Blackmoor. Unless peace could be made with the empire, there would soon be a new and unwanted campaign in the North. None wanted further trouble. Certainly rebellion was the furthest thing from the minds of the Northern leaders. But what could be done to stop the looming civil war?

A council of barons meeting in Vestfold tried to open negotiations with the emperor to end the strife. Their messenger was imprisoned as a rebel. A second attempt was made. This time, the messenger, eldest son of the Baron of Archlis, was tried and beheaded for treason. A fortnight later, Uther ended forever the question of the North's allegiance. Declaring himself King of Blackmoor, he raised his standard and began forming an army to fight the empire. In a ringing declaration, he called for "all men of conscience, who would fain see their loved ones in the chains of tyranny and injustice stalk the land" to join him. The Baron of Glendower and the Baron of the Lakes immediately rallied to his call. They were soon joined by a handful of other men, some noble, some mere adventurers, who swore to defend the new crown unto death.

The commanders of the new army were called *the King's Companions*. They included some of the greatest warriors in the entire history of Thonia—and, together, they

wrought a miracle. It took five years of steady campaigning to end the threats to the new kingdom. Twice, the empire was beaten back from its borders, the second time losing most of an army in the Crystal Peaks. Twice, the Egg of Coot's minions ravaged the northern coast only to be beaten off by one of the King's Companions. The Skandaharians and the Afridhi each fought the kingdom once, the Afridhi getting all the way to Blackmoor before being sent reeling back into the Duchy of Ten.

In the end, Blackmoor prevailed. Toska Rusa decided to bypass the Northlands for the present and resume her march south of the Dragon Hills. Blackmoor's other enemies licked their wounds, and peace returned to the North.

With peace, came the real fruits of the rebellion. New lands opened up. Settlements were planted between the Crystal Peaks and the Wurm River. Commerce again began to yield profits. Most important, the new king was able to realize a dream first nurtured by his father. He started a new university at Blackmoor to be a center of learning in the North. Here, he invited not only humankind, but elves and dwarves and halflings, all of whom had allied themselves with Blackmoor during the rebellion. The first tentative steps were taken toward a union of the four races that now shared the North in peace.

A CONVERSATION IN MOHACS

In the capital of the empire, they called the new king *Black Uther*, and he was hated by the new emperor with a special hatred previously reserved only for members of his own twisted family. In his Great Nest north of Blackmoor, the evil Egg of Coot counted his losses at the hands of Blackmoor's army, and he too decided that he hated the new king with a special hate. In Blackmoor, itself, wizards who for generations had held secret their arcane knowledge saw that the new university must make knowledge available to all and, thus inevitably, lower their position—and they, too, hated Uther and formed the *Wizards' Cabal* to utterly throw him down. There were many others who hated Uther, and all conspired in some way to work his doom.

There was one man who did not hate Uther, but who, nonetheless, sought to undo him. This was a young man named Taha Marcovic, Duke of Borno, and the new military governor of Thonia's northwestern frontier. *The Iron Duke*, as he was called, was an

ambitious man who aimed for nothing less than the throne of the Emperor of All. In order to ascend that throne, he needed a power base. His Army of the North was such a base, but it needed to be larger. Understanding his ambitions but unable for complex political reasons to simply remove him, the emperor could (and did) keep the Army of the North starved for funds and equipment. In order to get around this policy, the Iron Duke must hold a strong province as a commissary. He needed the North—he needed Blackmoor. And so long as Uther sat upon the throne, that would be impossible.

Uther must therefore be removed. Moreover, his removal must occur in such a way that the maximum uncertainty was created in the realm. Better a disappearance than a death, the duke reasoned. And, thereafter, better that the king remain alive as a bargaining chip than that he die in secret. Huddled with his spymaster, one Skandros the Strangler, the Iron Duke hammered out and then rejected a dozen plans before finally hitting on one that he liked.

Protected by his guards and companions in his great castle, the king was almost unassailable. But there was another place in Blackmoor where he could be reached with ease, a famous hostel called *the Comeback Inn* where Uther was known to go sometimes. In common dress and with a few companions similarly attired, he would go to hear the news and gossip with travelers who were unaware of his identity and whose tongues might thus be looser than was the want of those who regularly consorted with kings.

All in the Northlands knew of the *Comeback Inn*, whose eccentric enchantments made use of the wild magic that permeated the very bones of the earth around Blackmoor. What was known only to a few was that the complex and unique spells that gave the inn its special quality had also caused a gate to open beneath the structure—a gate that led no one knew where. Or so it seemed to those who lived and worked around it. A few had tried to enter it. None who succeeded ever returned.

Only the Iron Duke knew why. His spies had sought out one of the master wizards whose skills had gone into the fashioning of the special spells that created the gate. In long and deep converse, they plumbed the depths of the man's knowledge. When the talk moved beyond what spies could grasp with their untrained minds, the Iron Duke sent his personal wizard to speak with the aged master. Their first conversation was followed by a second; the second by a third. Weeks passed;

DM BACKGROUND

then months. Ideas were exchanged; theories were explored; a certain device was created; gold changed hands. When finally Marcovic's wizard understood the nature of the gate and had from the hand of the master several copies of a device that might control it, he treacherously killed the old man so that he could not impart his knowledge to anyone else. Then he sped to the Iron Duke with his knowledge.

The gate, he said, was a hole in time and space, a place where the very fabric of the universe was rent, opening a corridor to the past—or the future. Difficult to use, it could still be controlled up to a point by means of certain powerful enchantments. A master wizard could work these enchantments into a magical device which, when used at the proper time, when the planets and the stars were in their proper configuration, would open the gate onto a specific desired time-place.

Most important, said the duke's wizard, the gate swings both ways; it can also be used to return. With that, he handed the patron and master two of the three copies of the amulet that controlled the gate, keeping one for himself (though he did not inform the duke of this fact).

Thus was born one of the boldest schemes in the outlandish history of Thonian power politics. Secretly infiltrating his spies into the Comeback Inn over many months, the duke sent his people forward to a time 4,000 years in the future when Blackmoor and all of its works were destroyed. All, that is, except the Comeback Inn.

After the sea drowned Blackmoor, the land again rose, only to be swept by glaciers that changed the face of the continent before receding as rapidly as they had come. In this vast shifting of land masses, all else was destroyed. But the Comeback Inn, with its powerful enchantments had somehow endured. Lying hidden beneath the ice for a millennium, it was carried away from its former site by the moving glacier—eventually to surface in the area called the Broken Lands. Gone was the castle that had once towered above it. Gone too was the surrounding town. Only the inn and the enchanted bedrock remained high upon a broken chimney of land, hidden from the world. Here, the duke established a prison in time.

Having found this place, the duke's agents expanded it. More agents became guests of the inn—and mysteriously disappeared with the help of one of the staff, a new junior serving wench named Melanie Arquette who was secretly on the duke's payroll. Gradually, the

Comeback Inn of the future was cleaned and polished and restored to something of its former appearance—at least inside. No one could get past its enchantments to go outside to repair the exterior, so it kept the weathered look it had developed through centuries of being first drowned and frozen and then baked in the fierce sun of the Broken Lands. Save for that, the inn soon looked almost an exact copy of its old self. The prison in time now needed a prisoner.

AN ENTERTAINMENT IN BLACKMOOR

One day, when the duke's prison had been completed and staffed, a certain entertainer arrived in Blackmoor and scheduled at the Comeback Inn a show for the first night of the full moon in high summer. Hearing of the event, the king, who liked to encourage the growth of culture in his rough homeland, determined to attend. So, on the appointed night, having dusted off one of his many disguises, he appeared dressed as a tinker and ready for a rare evening of relaxation.

Now, such tricks may have fooled outsiders, but his people knew him, and the Iron Duke's spies in Blackmoor had long ago discovered his favorite disguises. So when the show began and this entertainer, a renowned Thonian songstress named Lola Dafin, began to weave her spell, another spell was also cast. And suddenly, to the utter amazement of his companions, Uther disappeared from their midst. At first, there was concern, but not panic. After all, the Comeback Inn is under a powerful enchantment that makes it impossible to exit without outside help. Since the front door was under the direct observation of the king's companions and guards were surreptitiously keeping watch on all other exits, it was unlikely that the king had left the inn. But when a thorough search turned up no trace of the monarch, there was panic enough.

Within hours, the Regency Council was in session. Composed of the greatest leaders of the North and the men closest to the king, the council picked up the reins of power and ordered stern measures. The Comeback Inn was immediately closed until further notice. All persons in the inn at the time of the disappearance other than the king's companions were ordered to remain in Blackmoor. Those who lived more than 10 miles from the town were ordered to remain inside the inn, itself. To ensure that they remained there, guards were stationed inside the inn to regulate their movements. The king's spymaster, the re-

nowned Fletcher William (The Fetch), augmented these guards with two of his own top agents, Alwyn Morland and Veslo Meridan. A call for help was sent to the most powerful wizards friendly to Blackmoor.

Weeks later, the Regency Council was no closer to an answer than on the day of the king's disappearance. The songstress and her greasy, portly manager, a little man named Dubonino Scatman, were interviewed at some length. The inn's staff was repeatedly questioned. The backgrounds of the guests were thoroughly investigated. The only thing that had been established with any certainty was that several strangers had left the common room shortly before the king disappeared and had never returned.

Attention began to center on the odd gate in the inn's deepest cellar. Wizards stared endlessly into its misty depths, as if the pearly fog inside its arched entrance could thereby be made spit out the missing monarch like a pumpkin seed. Its rocky lintel was examined for runes or other marks that might explain its purpose or origins. But here too the investigators came up empty.

THE SEARCH FOR TOMORROW

Finally, the wizard Robert the Bald, after a lengthy examination of the magic web that surrounded the inn and linked it to the gate came up with a theory that seemed to explain the affair. Having surmised (correctly) that the gate was a hole in time and space, the wizard theorized that some enemy of the king teleported him from the inn's common room into the cellar where accomplices, undoubtedly the missing strangers, then dragged him through the gate into an unknown time-space location. The fact that the individuals responsible had chosen to kidnap rather than kill (and, indeed, had almost certainly accompanied the king through the gate) implied that they had some means of returning to this time and place. This, in turn, implied that others could go through the gate and come back safe.

The Regency Council pondered the wizard's words. After stretching and prodding and examining the theory in a dozen different ways, its members agreed that this idea might have merit. But there were too many questions unanswered, too many threads left loose. Where (and when) would those who entered the gate come out? How could they control it? How could they get back? Even if the theory were accurate, there were just too many imponderables to justify sending a res-

cue party through the gate. The council formed a special magical commission, which spent almost a year studying the matter. In the meantime, the guard that had been placed on the gate in the immediate aftermath of the kidnapping was doubled.

The new commission determined that the gate was not always open, that sometimes things thrown at it passed through and other times they bounced from its milky surface as if it were stone. They found that the times when it appeared to be open often coincided with the first night of the full moon. They found that spells had no discernable effect on it. They also found, by sending through various small animals, that nothing that went through ever returned. Mostly, they confirmed what they already knew. The real questions remained.

Had the council but known, the answers were in their hands. Locked in the inn, itself, were three agents of the Iron Duke: the songstress Lola Dafin who had planned the abduction, her agent Dubonino Scatman who had cast the teleport spell, and their accomplice, the serving wench Melanie, who held in her hands one of the three amulets created for the duke. But since the council knew nothing of this, and since the Iron Duke's three agents were protected by a geas against telling what they knew under magical or non-magical interrogation, the council remained in the dark.

Meanwhile, the vultures gathered. The duke's army was preparing to invade. The Afridhi were again on the move. The Egg of Coot was training a new army. Skandaharian shipwrights were hard at work building new longships to carry a fresh generation of raiders to Blackmoor. Without the king to rally and unite the kingdom, the North was staring full in the face of its doom.

It was then that something happened to change the situation. Unexpectedly and against all hope, a band of strangers walked through the gate and into Blackmoor. They were dressed in outlandish clothing and carrying weapons of a style never seen in Thonia (though widely copied thereafter). Most interestingly, while they claimed to know nothing of the king, they also claimed to have stumbled upon the inn and its gate in an uninhabited wilderness far to the north of an unknown city called Corunglain. But the important thing was that they had walked through the gate!

FREDIGAR'S HOPE

The surprise arrival of these adventurers in

Blackmoor sent wizards and wise men into a frenzy. Old books, plans, and records were uncovered and examined in detail. The story of the inn's founding was told and retold. The known details of its enchantments were reviewed continuously. Briefly, this is what was known:

Once there was a Blackmoor peasant's son named Fredigar Cripps who loved to hang about the local inn and listen to the tall tales (and rarer real exploits) of the tough-looking adventurers who frequented the place. Fredigar dreamed of himself becoming an adventurer and making a great fortune. Not an uncommon dream, to be sure. But Fredigar made it happen—on his first adventure. He also found, incidentally, that adventuring was a good deal less pleasant in the doing than in the telling. As a result, when he had the unheard-of good fortune to stumble on a good-sized treasure on his first and only adventure, he decided not to press his luck further.

Instead of going on further adventures, he bought his parents a pleasant cottage inside Blackmoor and used the rest of the money to build an inn on the town's main square, just a short distance from Blackmoor castle. He had originally intended to call this new establishment *Fredigar's Hope*, but settled instead on a different name. He called his home and business *the Comeback Inn*. It was, everyone agreed, a most remarkable name—but then, it was also a most remarkable place.

From the day the walls started to go up, the establishment was an important landmark in the North. Few who stopped in Blackmoor failed to make an appearance there. As a result, the inn soon became an informal labor exchange and information market. Whether a person sought to hire the services of a wizard, wanted to hear the *real* tale of the founding of Lake Gloomy, needed some charm to ward off an illness, or just craved good food and drink, the Comeback Inn was where he would stop.

The reason for the inn's instant success (and the tremendous cost that went into it—enough to build a dozen castles, it is said) was the care that Fredigar took to have it permeated with expensive and rare magical spells. One of the lesser spells, for example, ensured that the larder would always remain full and its contents fresh and of surpassing quality. The storerooms and cellars seemed hardly able to hold more than a day's supply of food and drink for the clientele. Indeed, that is all that they contained.

But each night, at the stroke of midnight, something wonderful happened. With a soft

gurgling, the empty casks of spirits refilled themselves. The scraps of meat remaining on their hooks grew back into full sides of beef and juicy hams and plump chickens and geese. The last few items in the produce bins threw off twins, who threw off other twins who threw off still more twins until the bins were again full of crisp carrots and potatoes, leafy cabbages, and large ears of fresh sweet corn. With soft poppings and wooshings, the provisions consumed during the course of the day replaced themselves on their accustomed shelves, and the larder of the Comeback Inn was again ready for business.

Nor was this the only such powerful enchantment on the inn. For also at the stroke of midnight the privies and trash bins all were emptied and the kitchen cistern refilled itself. In the china closet, the broken crocks and cracked cups quietly mended themselves. In the laundry bin, the soiled sheets and comforters magically lost all stains and folded themselves into neat stacks of warm, sweet-smelling linen. It was as if some faerie queen had arrived with a host of faerie scullions to ready the inn for its next day's business.

To ensure the privacy of the guests against unwanted intrusions (and to make it virtually impossible to leave behind an unpaid bill), Fredigar sent all the way to Mohacs to purchase the strongest possible magical protections. These one-of-a-kind spells formed an invisible protective web around the Comeback Inn. This high-level enchantment, which was woven directly into the unique fabric of magic energies beneath Blackmoor, itself, was far too strong to be dispelled by mere mortals, for it involved a dangerous tampering with the essential shape of the universe at this isolated place in space and time. Thus, the enchantment has endured through riot and warfare, fire and ice, earthquake and flood.

Basically, the magical protections around the Comeback Inn are exceedingly simple in operation. Anyone who has immediate evil intentions toward the inn or its occupants, has been placed under bane by the Church, or who has had the geas laid upon him by the owner to "never come back in," is unable to enter the inn. Upon moving through what appears to be an entrance, such persons find themselves back where they were when they attempted to enter the place. All other persons enter the inn without difficulty. Those inside can leave only with the assistance of someone outside who grasps their hands and pulls them out. Persons who try to exit by simply walking through a door or climbing out a window find that they have reversed di-

DM BACKGROUND

rection and are reentering the inn through that same door or window. Regardless of the attempted method of exit (backing, crawling, flying, jumping, or whatever), the result is always the same. In each case, the person simply comes back in.

The same web that generates this curious effect has a number of equally curious side effects. First, it also blocks the passage of magical energies into or out of the inn unless those energies are bound within some object or entity. Thus, spells cannot be cast through the intervening web, but magic items can be freely carried in and out of the inn, and spells can be cast inside.

Second, it protects the inn structure and its permanent furnishings from both magical and non-magical damage at the hands of those inside the web's field (e.g., inside the inn structure). Thus, fire will not burn the structure or furnishings unless set from outside. Similarly, attempts at chopping holes in the walls will result in shivered ax helms and jarred shoulders unless the chopping is done from outside. Even magic weapons don't work against the web when used from the inside. The web senses, though, when an individual's intent is not hostile, and "reacts" accordingly. Thus, one can drive a nail on which to hang a picture, but an attempt to use the same nail merely to punch a hole in the wall would fail.

Third, the inn seems able in some fashion to repair itself. Thus, at midnight, when the tuns of ale refill themselves and the larder grows new hams, the inn also regrows a shingle that may have fallen or reseals a shutter that has come loose or glazes a window that has been broken. These repairs are never large. A nail here, a worm hole there, no more. But the long-term effect, together with human maintenance, is to keep the structure looking like new.

Various guests have tried countless schemes in order to beat the inn's powerful spell (more for the sake of the challenge, one suspects, than for any benefit they might gain). A thief once tried to shinny down a magic rope let out a second-story window, only to find, when he crawled out the window, that he was back in his room with the coils of rope piled at his feet. A famous wizard spent an entire week unintentionally teleporting from room to room inside the inn (with sometimes embarrassing results) before he finally admitted that there was no way to teleport out of the building. Similar attempts to escape via *dimension door* and *passwall* spells have been equally educational. The dimension doors always led to some other part of the

inn, and no *passwall* spell has ever worked inside the building.

Of course, an inn that people can't leave isn't much use. So the management keeps an employee stationed outside the main entrance to grasp the hands of guests and pull them through to the outside world. This, he does whenever signalled by the bartender that the guest has paid and is welcome to leave. For some reason built into the web's complex structure, inn employees are able to freely leave the building. Again, the web seems to sense a person's status, because individuals who have been terminated by the management have found themselves unable to leave without outside assistance.

What is often frustrating to those who seek to make an improper exit from the inn is that they can see the outside world so clearly. Sound will not pass the web, but light is another matter. Passersby can be signalled to and will even conduct whole conversations by pantomime (though the local citizens have long since grown bored with this diversion). Yet, through all such seemingly normal interaction, the web remains as impervious as ever.

The final enchantment built into the inn is a strong attunement to its owner. The inn simply knows to whom it rightfully belongs, and this individual has certain special abilities and attributes while inside it:

1. His strength is the same as if he were wearing a *girdle of giant strength*.
2. He is always surrounded by an *anti-magic shell* (as per the spell of that name, but cannot be dispelled by a wish).
3. He can teleport into any room in the inn from any other room in the inn merely by deciding to do so.
4. He can at any time dispel all magic inside the inn (except the inn's own enchantments) as if he were a 20th level magic user.
5. He can at any time lay a special geas on any person in the inn as if he were a 20th level magic-user. This geas consists of telling the victim "not to come back in." Thereafter, the individual can never reenter the Comeback Inn (except via the gate in the cellar). The owner can also lift this geas by simply telling an individual to "come back in."

This, then, is what the wizards learned about the Comeback Inn. This and the fact that the gate in its deepest cellar has been there since the final protective enchantment was laid upon the place. Of the nature or purpose of

that gate, they still knew nothing.

BEGINNING THE ADVENTURE

The entire adventure that introduces the players to Blackmoor takes place in and around the Comeback Inn. Actually, it would be more accurate to say that it takes place in and around three *different* Comeback Inns. To avoid confusion, these three different inns have been given the following names:

The Inn Between The Worlds: This Comeback Inn exists in the world described in module *X1 (The Isle of Dread)* which comes in the D&D[®] Expert set. It is the first Comeback Inn that the players entered (will enter?), and it contains the gate through which they entered (will enter?) Blackmoor. In fact, this Comeback Inn exists 4,000 years after the *Blackmoor Comeback Inn* and a few years before the *Prison Out of Time* (both of which are described below).

The Blackmoor Comeback Inn: This Comeback Inn exists 4,000 years before the present world described in module *X1*. This is the Comeback Inn where the Iron Duke set his trap, from which the King of Blackmoor disappeared, and into which the players stepped (will step?).

THE PRISON OUT OF TIME: This Comeback Inn exists in the world described in module *X1*. In fact, this Comeback Inn exists just a few years after the Inn Between the Worlds. It is this Comeback Inn where the Iron Duke has set up his prison and into which the players must go if they are to rescue the king.

All three Comeback Inns use the same floor plan. However, the contents of the inn's various rooms are different in each case. These contents are detailed in a separate key for each Comeback Inn.

You can start the adventure in one of two ways:

1. March To The Broken Lands: If you are using this module as part of an ongoing campaign, you may wish to have the PCs travel through part of the continent shown in module *X1 (The Isle Of Dread)*, included in the D&D[®] Expert set. In this case, you will need to flesh out the details of that journey as per that module and the rules in the D&D[®] Expert Rules Booklet. You can then use the boxed material below as a guideline for planting the clues that will ultimately lead the players into the Broken Lands in search of the



mysterious structure that proves to be the Comeback Inn.

2. Discovery Of The Inn Between The Worlds: If you use the prerolled characters provided in the back of this module or if you don't feel the need to show the PCs how they got to the Broken Lands, simply pick up the action by reading the following passage to them.

Everybody knows about the Inn Between the Worlds. People have been telling stories about it for over a thousand years. Most of the stories are bunk, of course. Like the legend that it houses a band of heroes sworn to save an empire—if only they can find their way out of the inn. Or the equally silly legend that it is a place of exile for an evil lord whose people drove him from their own dimension so that he wouldn't cause them further trouble after they had deposed him. Or the most ridiculous story of all—that it is a hostel for a

brotherhood of adventurers who travel between worlds in search of wealth and excitement.

But not all such folk yarns need be lies. And there is not a story told about this fabled inn that does not speak with hopeful vagueness of casks of sparkling gems and mounded piles of glittering ancient coins. Perhaps, indeed, such things are buried in the rocky spire where legend claims the inn is found. If only half of what is said in half the fables told is true, then there be riches there enough to make a king give up his crown for just a glance.

So it was that when a ragged, starving beggarman first stumbled from that sun-baked hell men called the Broken Lands and fell into the cooling shade of Corunglain's North Gate, the hearts of men stirred mightily. For here had come an one who said he'd seen the famous inn, the rumored home of so much wealth and wonder.

Such stories have been told before. And this one would have been discounted, the more so since the broken, gasping hulk that once had been a man gave up his ghost with one last rattling gasp in the very moment that he had uttered his pronouncement, "the Inn Between the Worlds—is found." Grim delusion of a dying man, some called it. But others recognized through sores and scars the face of one well known in Corunglain in former days. A mighty hero he had been, and one not given to lying boastfulness or baseless statement. Thus, those who knew him wondered.

For those others who knew him not, there was yet one more proof. And this one set all Corunglain alight. For tightly clutched in one clawed, sun-blackened hand was something that had not been seen in the waking world for full one thousand years. A copper coin, it was—but coin of a type that should not have been in this or any other land. This poor bent thing was at first all covered in verdegriis of unknown origin. But when the greenish-blue patina had all been rubbed away, there on its face for all to see was the legendary Hawk of Andahar and beneath it the words "Uther, Once and Always."

The Uther named had ruled 4,000 years ago. The house of Andahar had been dead for 3,000 of those years, swept beneath the sea in the cataclysm that utterly destroyed the ancient kingdom of Blackmoor. The last remembered coin of this type had been melted to a slug when the great Thonian Temple of Remembrance burned to the ground over a millennium before. All history, all legend, and all reason screamed that it should not have been. But here it was, connected in the words of a dying man with a place supposed to be the resting place of an ancient treasure.

And thus you now find yourselves in this broken desert of rock and scree, seeking a lonely inn that sits in legend on a tower of rock. The first parties that hurriedly formed to hunt this treasure have long since returned to Corunglain or perished. The later waves of such treasure hunters are also but a memory.

Thousands went into the Broken Lands in those first days and weeks. Herdsmen and carters, tradesmen and serving girls, courtesans and gamblers, they spent their life's savings to equip themselves, bought worthless maps from charlatans, and trekked like fat sheep into the wilderness

of rock and sun—only to return in days or weeks, weary, beaten and despoiled—if they returned at all. Those not become the prey of brigands became the prey of monsters. Those who survived both threats, more often than not simply broiled quietly to death when their water gave out and their horses died. Thus ended the great treasure hunt of the amateurs. Now it is the turn of the professionals.

Experienced, steely-eyed adventurers like yourselves don't buy maps from charlatans. Nor do you ride soft city-bred mares into the killing sun. Nor are you easy prey for jackals, whether they walk on two legs or four. But even such as you must sometimes wonder if there will ever be an end to barren rock and sand.

For weeks now, you have braved this tortured land, climbed its rocky peaks, negotiated its sandy-bottomed canyons. Food and water are starting to run low. Your horses are tired. You, yourselves, are no longer fresh. Since you must have light to search the far horizon, you dare not move at night as sense would dictate. Instead, you have had to quarter the blasted terrain by day and bear the full heat of the sun, trading comfort for light. Now, your faces are burnt as black as charcoal. Your lips are dry and cracked. Your eyes can only squint sightlessly into the noonday glare, hardly able to distinguish one twisted rock formation from another.

A sudden gust of wind ruffles the manes of your horses. And then you hear it. A squealing sound as of metal on metal. It comes from above, from a chimney of rock off to your left. You cannot see the top from here, but a fall of broken stone peeled from the chimney forms a slope gentle enough for your horses to negotiate. Another gust of wind. The squealing comes again. This time you hear a sharp crack of wood on wood, like a loose shutter banging against a wooden window frame. Your hearts pounding with excitement, you spur your horses to take the slope. The brittle rock falling away beneath their hooves sets off a small slide that carries the slope away behind you, but you make it safely to the ledge of rock at the top.

Invisible from below, this ledge of rock is different from the chimney you just climbed. That was the same crumbly sandstone as the surrounding hills and canyons. This is different. Harder, denser, smoother, it has the same feel as the igneous rock found further north in

the volcanic heart of this broken land. Unlike the surrounding rock, the ledge is black as ebony and unbroken, though scored with many grooves and folds. It slants upward past a lip of sandstone. You follow it until the ledge begins to fall away into a shallow depression, a smooth, almost perfectly rounded bowl of black rock set atop the sandstone chimney. Even though drifted sand here and there obscures the eerie symmetry, the bowl's unnatural shape makes you shudder slightly.

As you follow the ledge past the lip of blasted sandstone and the land opens out before you, a final gust of wind again carries to your ears the squealing sound of tortured metal. Only now you can see its source. There before you, cradled in the bowl of black rock, rests a tall L-shaped building of indefinably archaic construction. The building's southwest corner, which you now face, is indented to form a 30-foot square courtyard that is amply sheltered by the northern and eastern walls. These walls are built from the same dense black stone as the bowl itself, but the walls are stained a greenish hue like the moss in the bottom of an old millcourse. Where the smooth, black walls are broken by apertures, the oaken frames and panels are weathered to an ethereal silver-gray that fairly gleams.

Before you, set high in the east wall above a long open porch is what must be the main entrance, a closed, blank door of oaken panels that looks like it could hold back an army. An oaken double door in the south wall stands open. Through the cool dimness of its arch, you can see what looks like a cobbled ramp leading down into blackness. You peer at the unbroken windows to catch a clue that will tell you what you've found, but their film of oily dust and sand gives them the appearance of lidded eyes. Were it not for this dusty coating and for the drifts of fine sand heaped upon its porch and piled high against its smooth black walls, the structure could be quite at home set down on the busiest market street in Corunglain.

Even as you take in the scene inside the bowl, a single broken shutter gives a final thump, and a signboard over the main entrance is released by the wind, swinging back down to its vertical position with a final metallic screech. Perhaps it is some vestige of the paint that once graced this sign—or perhaps the phosphorescent residue of some dead or dying organism that

once infected the wood—but the letters seem to glow a pale green against the weathered silver boards. In the script and language of elder Thonia that has descended to your generation in corrupted form as the Common Tongue, the signboard reads—"The Comeback Inn."

RUNNING THE ADVENTURE

The PCs have now been introduced to the Inn Between the Worlds, which is detailed in the next section. It is necessary that they now enter the inn, preferably via the double doors in the north wall which leads from the stable. If they have not done so after three turns, a giant roc passing overhead spots them and descends to attack.

Giant Roc (1): AC 0; HD 36; hp 144; MV 60' (20'), flying 480' (160'); #AT 2 claws/1 bite; D 3-18/3-18/8-48; Save F14; ML 10; AL L; XP 6,250.

Unless killed, the roc continues to attack as long as the PCs and/or their mounts are in the open. If they enter the inn, which is the only source of shelter in the open bowl of rock, then the roc waits outside the inn for 1-4 hours and then departs.

Once in the stable, the PCs can explore the entire inn. It is even possible (and highly desirable) for them to lead their horses and mules through the cellars to the gate that leads to Blackmoor without ever exiting the inn. In fact, from the time they first enter the Inn Between the Worlds until they enter the gate in the lower cellar, they are unable to leave the building. The first part of the adventure takes place within this one locale.

Once the PCs are inside the Inn Between the Worlds, they can explore it at will, and should be encouraged to do so, since clues have been planted there which will help them in future. At some point, after trying and failing to get out of the building, they will want to try the gate. When they do so, they will enter various incarnations of the Inn Between the Worlds until they finally reach the Blackmoor Comeback Inn, which is the site of the second part of their adventure.

Use the section dealing with the Blackmoor Comeback Inn to run the second part of the adventure. In this part, the PCs meet a number of important figures in Blackmoor and get a quick education in the culture and politics of that land. They also learn something about how they got to Blackmoor. Finally, they get a chance to solve the mystery of the king's disappearance and unmask the agents



of the Iron Duke. Then, having found a way to control the gate, they will either use it voluntarily or be ordered by the Regency Council to use it in order to find and rescue King Uther. In either case, they will enter the gate again, this time entering the Prison Out of Time, where they will confront The Warden and his minions.

The third part of the adventure consists of the dangerous mission to rescue the king, and is detailed in the section concerning the Prison Out of Time. At the end of this part of their adventure, the PCs will have an opportunity to either reenter their own world or to return to Blackmoor to receive their reward. The players' options in this regard are de-

tailed in the section on ending the adventure.

The final section of the module, dealing with further adventures, is designed to help you construct additional adventures for the players should they return to Blackmoor. This section also serves as an introduction to the succeeding modules in this series.

THE INN BETWEEN THE WORLDS

GENERAL BACKGROUND

Use the material in this section to run the first part of the adventure. In this part, the PCs enter a Comeback Inn that exists in their own time. This location is called the *Inn Between The Worlds*. It contains little treasure and only a few monsters, but is rich in clues that will be of future use. After exploring it to their hearts' content and then finding that they can't get out, the players should be encouraged to experiment with the gate. Two days should be more than enough time for exploration. Your main objective as DM (and tale spinner) is, after all, to get the PCs out of their own time and into Blackmoor.

This Comeback Inn is an impressive building by any standard. In constructing it, the builders scooped out part of the shallow hill on which it stood so that they could reach the dense, black bedrock. Stone obtained when the stables and cellar were hollowed out of this bedrock was trimmed and used to build the inn's walls. The result was a monumental-looking 50-foot tall black edifice that towered over the town. The finest oak was used for its rough-hewn beams and rafters, while varnished dark oak planks and panels were used to lay its floors, panel its interior walls, and craft its doors and windows. A lighter-colored oak was used to make its door jams and window sashes, and the heavy shutters that frame the windows. The roof is tiled with black slate.

The inn has two wings (west and south), joined to make an L-shaped structure. The south wing contains the main inn house of four levels (the lower level containing the cellars, the main floor, the second floor, and the tower room). The west wing is a two-story affair housing the stable and hayloft. The southwest corner of the building, where the two wings join is indented to form a courtyard.

In general, the Inn Between the Worlds is in excellent shape considering that since the cataclysm it has been sunk beneath the sea for 200 years, encased in ice for another 800 years, subject to the effects of two major earthquakes, and left unattended in the middle of a blasted desert for a couple of millennia. The structure's ability to slowly regenerate itself has, during that lengthy time, allowed it to repair the damage done by ice, sea water, and marine organisms. And, of course, as always, the larders, feed bins, troughs, and cisterns are full. The china in its magic closet, the glasses beneath the bar, and the crocks and serving platters on their magical shelves in the common room are all in pristine condi-

tion. The sheets, towels, blankets and comforters in the linen press and the clothing stored in the magical closets and wardrobes are also as fresh and clean as the day they were first stored there.

In fact, most of the inn's contents are excellent condition. Since all of its furniture except a few chairs is bolted to floors or built into walls, it partakes of the building's magical protections. In addition, its hooks and brackets all contain individual spells protecting the items hung from them. Thus, all of the contents of the various shelves, cabinets, brackets, and hooks are also protected.

But the inn's complex web of enchantments is not all-powerful. Items not part of the inn structure and not stored in furniture or containers or hung from hooks or brackets that are part of that structure have long since disintegrated. Nor can the inn clean itself. Only those substances in specific disposal areas are removed. The accumulated dust, sand, grease, and grime of some three millennia covers every surface that does not have a self-cleaning enchantment.

The painted and varnished surfaces of the inn's interior are in fine shape, but they are coated with dust and grime. The inn's exterior wooden members, which are only partially protected by its enchantment, are also sound, but any paint or varnish that once adhered to it is now gone, and the wood has weathered somewhat so that it glows with an eerie silvery-gray sheen.

Mud that seeped in during the inn's long immersion in the sea has dried rock-hard in every nook and cranny. The unbroken leaded glass windows are covered inside and out with a thick crust of dirt. There is an inch or more of fine dust and sand spread over every table, chair, floor, and counter. Cobwebs festoon every bed, table, counter, beam, and scone and block every archway (though, due to lack of food, few spiders survive long enough to do more than spin their webs). The fireplaces and stoves are all choked with dust and dried mud mixed with hardened soot to make a cementlike substance that keeps their magical fires from being kindled. Where a little sunlight penetrates to the dark interior, motes of dust dance in its weak beams.

The effect of all this age and dirt is as if the PCs were moving through some landscape muffled in newly fallen snow. Everything is eerily quiet. Sound doesn't carry very far, and the air has a certain choking quality to it. There's also a smell of ancient death about the place, the legacy of hundreds of small animals that have found their way into the structure over the long centuries and then starved

when they couldn't get out.

Altogether, this Inn Between the Worlds is an unpleasant and dreary place whose very desolation makes it somewhat spooky. By using the guidelines in this section to construct your own descriptions of the surroundings, you should be able to create an atmosphere that has the players ready to leave the place almost as soon as they enter it. When they then discover that there doesn't seem to be any way out, their nerves should really be on edge, and they should be happy to attempt their escape by walking into that billowing cloud of mist in the cellar that leads to parts unknown.

When the PCs use the gate to leave the Inn Between the Worlds, their destination is determined by rolling 1d4 and modifying the result by adding the number of times they have previously entered the gate. If the result is 5 or greater, the players arrive in the Blackmoor Comeback Inn. Otherwise, they arrive at an inn that exists *downtime* from the inn they originally entered (e.g., sometime in the future) or *uptime* from that inn (e.g., sometime in the past, but after the destruction of Blackmoor). The choice of when the inn exists is yours. However, whether located in the future or the past, each inn is identical to the first Inn Between the Worlds except as follows:

1. It contains no trace of Hepath Nun's party, the orcs or any of the monsters encountered in the first Inn Between the Worlds or any subsequent inn. The inn exists either far *uptime* from when these entities entered the building, or so far *downtime* that all traces of their presence are obliterated.
2. If the inn exists *downtime* from any inn previously visited by the PCs, then any treasure or other items they previously removed are no longer present, and anything they damaged still reflects that damage. If it exists *uptime* from an inn they previously visited, then they fail to find or obtain any treasure that the PCs found *downtime* from their current location. For example, if the PCs loot the cash drawer under the bar in common room of the first Inn Between the Worlds, they automatically find it unlocked and empty whenever they are *downtime* from that first inn, and fail to pick the lock when *uptime* from it. In order to prevent confusion, you must keep close track of where each inn lies in time. A good way of doing this is to designate the first Inn Between the Worlds as "0" and assign *positive* numbers to all *downtime* inns and *negative* numbers to all *uptime* inns.

3. The inn contains monsters not present in the first Inn Between the Worlds, but that have wandered into the inn at some other time. Each time the PCs go through the gate and enter an inn other than the Blackmoor Comeback Inn, the peril is different. It changes as follows:

* The first time the PCs pass through the gate, they are attacked by a band of 10 trolls in the lower cellar (8).

Trolls (10): AC 4; HD 6 + 3*; hp 52 each; MV 120' (40'); #AT 2 claws/1 bite; D 1-6/1-6/1-10; Save F6; ML 10; AL C; XP 650 each.

Each troll carries a pack containing some tattered clothing, a couple of well-gnawed bones, a small greasy sack containing 10 topazes (worth 300 gold pieces each) and 1,000 gold pieces.

* The second time the PCs pass through the gate, they are attacked by three cockatrices in the lower cellar (8).

Cockatrices (3): AC 6; HD 5**; hp 20 each; MV 90' (30'), flying 180' (60'); #AT 1 beak; D 1-6 + petrification; Save F5; ML 7; AL N; XP 425 each.

* The third time the PCs pass through the gate, they are ambushed in the east passage (5) by a party of 12 wererats in mansized rat form who have heard them come through the gate.

Wererats (12): AC 7; HD 3*; hp 15 each; MV 120' (40'); #AT 1 bite or weapon; D 1-4 (bite), 1-8 (sword); Save F3; ML 8; AL C; XP 50 each.

The wererats are evidently members of some sort of tribe or brotherhood since each wears an identical jeweled gold bracelet shaped like a rat's tail, worth 300 gold pieces. In addition, each wererat's cloak is fastened by a gold pin shaped like a rat's head with small pieces of amber for eyes. Each pin is worth 450 gold pieces. The leader of the band wears a *ring of human control*. His second-in-command carries a *wand of paralyzation* with 6 charges.

* The fourth time the PCs pass through the gate, they enter an inn whose common room is occupied by four wraiths.

Wraiths (4): AC 3; HD 4**; hp 20 each; MV 120' (40'), flying 240' (80'); #AT 1 touch; D 1-6 + energy drain; Save F4; ML 11; AL C; XP 175 each.

From the time the PCs enter the first Inn Be-

tween the Worlds until they reach the Blackmoor Comeback Inn, roll 1d6 once every 12 hours to see if anything comes through the gate. On a roll of 1, the PCs encounter a monster that has wandered through the gate and into the inn. If an encounter occurs, roll 1d6. The result determines the type of encounter:

1 Chimera (1): AC 4; HD 9**; hp 70 each; MV 120' (40'), flying 180' (60'); #AT 2 claws/ 3 heads + breath; D 1-3/1-3/2-8/1-10/3-12 + 3-18; Save F9; ML 9; AL C; XP 2,300. The chimera never leaves the lower level. If the PCs are on another level, they automatically encounter it upon descending to the lower level. Don't roll again for wandering monsters entering through the gate until after the chimera has been encountered.

2 Manticores (3): AC 4; HD 6 + 1*; hp 30 each; MV 120' (40'), flying 180' (60'); #AT 2 claws/ 1 bite or 6 spikes; D 1-4/1-4/2-8 or 1-6 each; Save F6; ML 9; AL C; XP 650. The manticores never leave the lower level. If the PCs are on another level, they automatically encounter them upon descending to the lower level. Don't roll again for wandering monsters entering through the gate until after the manticores have been encountered.

3 Basilisks (2): AC 4; HD 6 + 1**; hp 40 each; MV 60' (20'); #AT 1 bite/ 1 gaze; D 1-10 + petrification; Save F6; ML 9; AL N; XP 950. The basilisks never leave the lower level. If the PCs are on another level, they automatically encounter them upon descending to the lower level. Don't roll again for wandering monsters entering through the gate until after the basilisks have been encountered.

4 Hellhounds (5): AC 4; HD 5**; hp 20 each; MV 120' (40'); #AT 1 bite or 1 breath; D 1-6 or special; Save F5; ML 9; AL C; XP 425.

5 Brigands (19): Nine are AC 6 (leather armor and shield); HD 1; hp 3 each; MV 120' (40'); #AT 1; D 1-6 (short bow) or 1-8 (sword); Save F1; ML 8; AL C; XP 10. Nine are AC 4 (chainmail and shield); HD 1; hp 5 each; MV 120' (40'); #AT 1; D 1-8 (sword); Save F1; ML 8; AL C; XP 10. The remaining brigand is the leader and is AC 4 (chainmail and *ring of protection +1*); HD 2; hp 8; MV 120' (40'); #AT 1; D 1-8 (sword); Save F2; ML 8; AL C; XP 20. The leader has a *potion of heroism*, a leather sack of 20 amber stones

(worth 200 gold pieces each), and an ancient and half-destroyed treasure map purporting to show the location of the Inn Between the Worlds in relation to various obscure landmarks. All of the brigands are dressed in bright silks, and each wears earrings, bracers, necklaces, and other jewelry worth 1500 gold pieces, and carries a small purse containing 10 gold pieces.

6 Invisible Stalker (1): AC 3; HD 8*; hp 42; MV 120' (40'); #AT 1 blow; D 4-16; Save F8; ML 12; AL N; XP 1,200. This invisible stalker was summoned for the purpose of following a wizard's enemy who had escaped through the gate into another time. Ordered by its summoner to "go through the gate, slay what you find on the other side, and then return to me," the invisible stalker has been moving continuously through the gate from one time to the next happily slaying everyone it meets.

If the die roll results in the appearance of monsters that have already entered the inn, roll again.

SPECIAL NOTE: Since the inn, itself, can't be harmed, it is unaffected by any melees. As for PC and monster casualties, assume that long after each melee, some gentle soul who wandered into the inn dropped them down a latrine or trash chute, where they were soundlessly and very efficiently eliminated during the inn's nightly housecleaning.

DESCRIPTION

This section contains a room-by-room description of the Inn Between the Worlds. It is used for each inn the players enter until they reach the Blackmoor Comeback Inn.

Lower Level

The rooms on the lower level are cut from the bedrock. Except for the south passage and lower cellar, they are all 20 feet high, have floors flagged in the same black stone as the bedrock, and are roofed over with oak planks, supported by heavy, rough-hewn oak beams. The south passage is 10 feet high, and its floor and ceiling are of natural bedrock. The lower cellar is 25 feet high and its floor and ceiling are also both of natural bedrock. There are no windows at this level, but the walls are streaked with a greenish, phosphorescent substance that makes them glow ever so slightly, giving off a dim light.

1. The Stable

A 15-foot ramp leads down into this long low stable from the heavy inward-swinging dou-

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ble doors in the south wall. The stable's floor is actually 10 feet below ground level and on the same level as the inn's cellars. Its north, west, and south walls are cut from an up-thrust segment of the black bedrock, but the east wall is built of large dressed and mortared stones of the same substance. Sand has drifted through the open doors in the south wall and is piled knee deep at the ramp's foot and ankle deep throughout most of the rest of the room. Only the cobbles within a few feet of the east, west, and north walls are completely clear of sand.

There is a big, lidded oak feed bin brimming with oats set against the first stall in the west wall (just to the left of the ramp that leads to the surface). There are a pair of dead rats by the feed bin. They are victims of an enchantment that protects the inn's comestibles from vermin. To the right of the ramp is an oak water trough and a pair of oak water buckets. Both bin and trough are kept filled by the same enchantment that keeps the inn's larder filled.

Also to the right of the ramp is a recessed shelf cut into the rock wall. Stacked on that shelf are two short, stout oak timbers that can be fitted into four iron brackets on the inside of the stable doors in order to bar them. The shelf and its timbers partake of the inn's enchantment so that the wood has survived intact.

The stable contains twenty rough-hewn oak stalls, all of which are empty. By the gate to each stall is an iron hook from which hangs a leather feedbag and a tarred leather bucket.

A locked oak door in the south wall to the right of the entrance ramp opens into a tool room (2). This door can't be broken in; the lock must be picked instead. A permanent ladder centered about five feet from the north wall gives access to the hayloft above the stable (28). Stout double doors in the east wall lead into the west passage (3). Like the double doors in the south wall, these hang open.

2. The Tool Room

The room before you is 20-foot square and contains a bewildering variety of tools and equipment. Built into the center of the south wall is what appears to be a small forge, now cold. Next to the forge is a large oak quenching vat filled with what looks like water. In the northeast corner are six open kegs so dust-coated and cobwebbed that you can't determine their contents in the dim light. Built into the

east wall are a dozen rugged oak shelves containing indistinct, dust-shrouded shapes that might be tools of some sort. The north and west walls are set with three dozen iron hooks apiece. Suspended from each hook is some big, heavy-looking tool—here a set of tongs, there an iron rake, over there a two-man saw. The floor near the room's only door is inches-deep in drifted sand. The rest of the room appears to be cobbled in the same black stone as the walls, though it is hard to tell for sure since dust lies thick on every surface.

There's a 90% chance that any large hand tool the PCs want is hanging on the wall and a similar chance that they will find any desired small hand tool used for gardening, smithing or construction purposes on the shelves against the east wall. Three of the kegs contain nails of various sizes. A fourth contains horse shoes. The remaining two contain bars, rods and scraps of iron and steel. The quenching vat is indeed filled with sparkling clear water. The forge is unusable since its flue is blocked by sand and dust.

3. The West Passage

This low, rock-walled passage runs 60 feet north-south before angling 10 feet to the east. At each end, it is blocked by sturdy, oak-timbered double doors, now hanging open. The west doors lead to the stable (1). The east doors lead to the north passage (4). The north, east, and south walls of the corridor are roughly hewn from the living bedrock. The west wall is finely dressed and mortared stone cut from the same source.

Sixty iron hooks set in the west wall and another 60 hooks set in the oak roof beams contain a wide variety of riding gear—saddles, bridles, spare girths, stirrup leathers, etc. Suspended from one of the hooks near the doors in the west wall is a large canvas sack containing brushes, rags, and a pair of sealed crocks, one containing saddle soap, the other containing a fine oil. Suspended from another hook is a pair of buckets containing six brushes and curry combs. A hook set in the south wall holds a six-foot, oak step-ladder. All of these items are thickly coated with dust.

To the right of the doors in the west wall is a recessed shelf cut into the rock wall. It contains a short, heavy oak timber that can be fitted into two iron brackets on the inside of the doors in order to bar them.

4. The North Passage

The walls of this 30-foot passage contain six iron lantern hooks (three in the north wall and three in the south wall). One of those in the south wall contains a pair of lanterns filled with oil. At the passage's west end are open double doors leading into the west passage (3). At the east end is a flight of stone stairs cut from the bedrock and leading up to a closed (but unlocked) door giving access to the kitchen (18). A crude archway in the south wall leads into the east passage (5).

5. The East Passage

The central section of this 50-foot passage widens from 10 feet out to 25 feet in order to accommodate four oak tuns set against the east wall. From north to south, the tuns contain beer, ale, a rough, dark red wine, and an astringent white wine. All of these beverages are not only potable, but of finest quality. Not what one would expect given the inn's aura of age and abandonment, but these tuns are magically fashioned to not only refill themselves at midnight with whatever they last contained, but also to keep their contents pure and wholesome.

A crude oak door set in the west wall leads to a wine cellar (6). A heavy, five-foot square bivalved trap door in the ceiling opens out into the common room (10). An archway in the north wall leads to the north passage (4). A similar archway in the south wall leads to the south passage (7).

6. The Wine Cellar

The room before you must certainly be the inn's wine cellar. Though the inky stones with which the floor is flagged and the similar black bedrock from which the walls are carved tends to absorb all light, you can make out a few details. Its northern half is packed with barrels stacked three high, their oaken sides burned with what are clearly vintner's marks, but of a type unknown to you. The room's southern half, on the other hand, contains three floor-to-ceiling wine racks stuffed with dusty cobwebbed bottles. There is a wrought iron wheel suspended by thick, dusty chains from the oak-beamed ceiling, and what seem to be a score or more of scarlet candles are spaced around its blackened rim.

The 30-foot by 45-foot room is, indeed, a wine cellar, at one time the best in the Northlands. The magical enchantment on this



room has kept the kegs and casks and bottles unbroken and their contents not only wholesome, but of highest quality, unchanged after thousands of years. There are 150 barrels of wine and 1600 bottles of wines and spirits in the racks, virtually all of unknown brands.

If the players examine its contents closely, they find that the various barrels and bottles contain labels and vintner's marks proclaiming them to be the products of such places as the Shire of Booh, the Fields of Maus, and Bramford Abbey. Of even greater import are the vintages, which are rendered in relation to unknown rulers of odd, unnamed realms. For example, one bottle's label proclaims that its contents were "bottled at Glendower in the 3rd year of the Reign of Oser," while another proudly states that its fiery contents were "distilled and bottled at Vestfold in the 12th year of the Reign of Ning." Many of the labels contain the legend "Uther, Once and Always."

Hanging from a rack of iron hooks to the left of the door are a variety of implements

used to tap kegs, open bottles, and test vintages. There is also a long-handled taper holder for use in lighting the candles in the chandelier.

7. The South Passage

This 30-foot long passage ramps down about 10 feet to a turning. Around that turning, another rock-walled passage seems to continue. A pale fish-belly white glow emanates from that turning as if to signal the presence of death beyond. The ceiling, walls, and floor of this passage and the turning beyond are all cut from the dense, oily, black bedrock. The archways at each end are blocked by iron barred gates closed with a simple latch, it seems.

The gates are closed only by a small latch, meant only to keep them from accidentally swinging open—but not designed to prevent access. The western archway gives onto the

east passage (5). The eastern archway opens into the lower cellar (8).

8. The Lower Cellar

Some 60 feet long, 20 feet wide and 25 feet high, the room before you is cut entirely from the living rock. The dense black depths of its uneven walls and ceiling absorb light, making this a place of dim corners and dark shadows. The eastern wall is lined with the long floor-to-ceiling shelving units, each of whose eight shelves are crammed with an assortment of dimly perceived objects of some indeterminate nature. Against the west wall is a disordered tangle of wood scraps, spars and beams, all twisted, warped and worm-eaten, looking like nothing so much as the rotted refuse of some shipwreck.

But what dominates the room is its eerie northern wall. There, contained within a 10-foot arch of blackest stone is a roiling,

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pearly mist that seems to catch the light of some internal fire and spread its pale glow upon the room. Before this eldritch mist stands a wall of close-set iron bars that spans the room from east wall to west, blocking access to the glowing arch. As if to whisper the futility of this gesture, a pair of doors in this wall hang open to make a 10-foot entrance leading to the arch.

The shelves along the east wall contain hundreds of large sealed jars and crocks of preserved foods of every imaginable variety, all perfectly preserved by an enchantment on the shelves, themselves. The heaping mounds of rotted junk along the western wall are of no interest or value, though, if the PCs examine them, they notice red stains here and there that more or less pick out the shapes of weapons and armor.

The most important item in the room is the archway, with its pearly fog. This is the gate in time that is the only way in or out of the Inn Between the Worlds. It is a most curious artifact. The mists inside it never cease to move, though the lights behind them seem to pulse faster or slower, and there seems at times to be a veritable storm at play within the mists, complete with flashes of light that break like summer lightning.

Yet, even when these lights are flashing most frenetically, the sounds coming from the arch in no way match them. There are none of the expected crashes and booms as of thunder to accompany the lightning flashes. Instead, there is only a distant whistling sound, like winds sweeping across desolate peaks. When the lights become more active, these winds wail more loudly; when they are calmed, the wind dies down to a whisper. These are the winds of time, which blow more loudly when the gate is active. Sometimes, when the gate is briefly attuned to a time in which there are people on the other side and when the listener stands very close, it is possible to dimly hear above the howling winds the sound of distant voices holding indistinct conversations.

If the PCs approach the gate, it becomes active.

As you approach the arch, the light inside it begins to pulse wildly, and there is a sound like wind whistling through a canyon. Suddenly, the mists part, and three vaguely luminescent figures step from it.

The figures are three spectres that have wandered into the inn, and are now adrift inside, moving through time in search of an exit.

Spectres (3): AC 2; HD 6**; hp 30 each; MV 150' (50'), flying 300' (100'); #AT 1 touch; D 1-8 + double energy drain; Save F6; ML 11; AL C; XP 725 each.

If, after dealing with the spectres, the PCs approach the gate more closely, they see that tendrils of fog now and then blow from the archway and dissipate in the air. Close up, the gate emanates bitter cold. Its surface burns like driest ice. If touched while the lights and winds are calm, the surface is solid and cold. At such times, the gate is closed, and nothing penetrates its surface. When the lights are active and the wind blows loud, as is the case during the turn the spectres enter and throughout the three turns after they appear, the gate is open. It is at such times that it can be entered.

There is a 50% chance that the gate is open and can be entered at any given time. This incidence is unusual, and has occurred only because the PCs have arrived at a time when the planets are in a specific conjunction that has caused the gate to be extremely active. Normally, the gate is open for only a few hours on the first night of the full moon. Often, if the planets are improperly aligned, it will remain closed for months (or even years).

When closed, the gate can't be entered, but it can still be used as an exit by those who have entered it at some other time. The use of the gate for this purpose is signaled by a sudden increase in the movement of both mists and lights and a higher volume of sound.

It is possible to enter the gate only part way, but all that can be observed in such instances is the surrounding fog. It is also possible for someone to enter the gate while holding on to something or someone (tethered to his own time by a rope, for example). As long as a link is maintained to one's own time, it is impossible to enter another time. However, the roiling clouds of mist will sometimes (10% chance per turn) part long enough for someone inside to catch a fleeting glimpse of the lower cellar at another time.

The gate is of infinite size, capable of accommodating an entire army, if necessary. However, only those who are physically connected to each other (by a rope, for example) are aware of each other's presence. Entry is extremely painful, due to the gate's intense cold, but does no damage, no matter how long an individual remains inside. The air within the gate is thin, but breathable.

Due to the gate's time-distorting qualities,

those who enter it from the same locale at any time during the same period of activity (e.g., the period between an opening and its next closing) all arrive at exactly the same time-place at three-second intervals and in the order in which they entered the gate. Even if an individual enters the gate hours after another person, they will both reach the same time-place just a few seconds apart. During any given use, the gate works like a one-way door: those who enter from one time-place and do not remain tethered to their own time-place wind up in a second, specific time-place. Since direction has no meaning in this regard, they can't "return" to the time-place they just left by turning around, walking backwards or by any other means. If tethered, they can pull themselves back (or be pulled back) into their original time-space since they have never really left it!

The Main Floor

The main floor rooms are all 20 feet high. Unless otherwise noted, they are floored and paneled in a dark varnished oak and have plaster ceilings. The main rafters in the common room, store room, and kitchen are exposed. The ceilings in the other rooms are constructed so that their beams and rafters are hidden by plaster.

Unless otherwise noted, doors are the same dark varnished oak as the floors. They are closed, but unlocked, unless otherwise specified.

There are 14 windows on the main floor (four in the south wall, six in the north wall, and two each in the east and west walls). All 14 are 12-foot high bay windows set at waist height, and composed of diamond-shaped panes so encrusted with dirt both inside and out that nothing can be seen through them. They do, however, let a pale light into the outside rooms. Each window is framed by a pair of heavy, wine-red velvet curtains. These curtains are undamaged, but are so filthy that their actual color is hard to determine.

9. The Front Porch

This three-foot high veranda is cut from bedrock, surfaced with a deck of heavy oak planks. Running its length is a two-foot railing, broken only in front of the stairs leading up from the courtyard. Atop the porch is a door leading into the inn's common room. Leaded glass windows in the inn's north and east wall are too begrimed for the PCs to see through. The porch is part of the inn, and those standing on it can't break the windows

or force the door; they are encased in the enchantment that keeps them from harming the structure. They can, however, freely enter and exit the porch.

10. The Common Room

This high-ceilinged 60-foot by 40-foot hall is clearly a common room. There are a score of tables scattered about the room, and the northwest corner holds a fifteen-foot long bar. The north wall behind the bar is occupied by a carved oak floor-to-ceiling cabinet, the open upper shelves of which contain hundreds of glass bottles filled with liquids of various colors. The central part of the cabinet contains a mirror. The other walls are paneled in dark, varnished oak. Tall massy shelves and cabinets built into the north and east walls hold mugs, crocks and serving dishes.

There are heavy oak doors in the north, east, and west walls and an arch leading into shadow in the north wall. Next to the door in the east wall is a flight of stairs leading up to a landing. There are three massive fireplaces fronted in a gray, red-veined marble spaced between the windows in the south wall. To the north of the door in the west wall are three big, high-backed, carved oak arm chairs partially upholstered in red velvet.

By the dim light from six tall windows in the south and west walls, you can barely make out the grim visages of dozens of beasts large and small looking down at you from the walls. There are bears and boars aplenty. Also a number of great cats, and centered high on the east wall a magnificent stag. But all are dead, their sightless eyes mere chunks of glass, their heads mere decorations.

Above your heads a dozen wheel-shaped wrought iron chandeliers hang by chains from rafters painted in bright-colored geometric patterns. From one of the chandeliers a man is suspended by his neck. The crumpled bodies of half a dozen orcs lie huddled on the floor amidst the tables. All bear the hacks and stabs of mortal combat and are surrounded by dark brown stains. The thick layer of dust has been disturbed here and there by scuffling feet.

The tables and the three chairs set against the west wall are all securely bolted to the floor so that they can't be picked up and used in a brawl. The front right leg of each of the chairs surrounding these tables is also bolted to the

floor, allowing it to be pivoted for easy sitting, but at the same time keeping also it from being used in a brawl. Like everything else that has been made part of the inn structure, these tables and chairs are undamaged by time and the elements.

The mirror behind the bar is a *mirror of seeing*. It allows the viewer, on command, to see the reflected area truly for one turn. All hidden, invisible, and ethereal objects and creatures are visible to him. In addition, any objects or creatures not in their true form—whether polymorphed, disguised, or otherwise—are seen as they truly are, with no chance of deception. Finally, alignment, experience, and power (e.g. level) are also discerned. No distant areas can be examined, only the area within 120 feet that is reflected in the mirror. This item functions magically three times per day.

As is only to be expected, the hundreds of bottles behind the bar contain a selection of wines and spirits. All of the bottles are open; all are full; all contain some potable beverage. Beneath the rows of bottles is a counter. Its top consists of two lids that open up to give access to the interior of the cabinet below. This magical cabinet consists of two metal-lined wells filled with ice into which have been jammed bottles containing liquids similar to those in the bottles on the shelves above. In addition, the wells contain several dozen curiously shaped metal-capped bottles of some sweet, fizzy brown liquid.

Cradled in a series of recesses beneath the bar are four kegs, one of ale, one of beer, one of red wine, and one of white wine. All four kegs are tapped, and all are full. A shelf below the bar and running its length contains scores of gleaming glasses and mugs, identical to those on the shelves in the north and east walls.

Set just below the lip of the bar at the point at which it curves toward the north wall is a locked cash drawer that can't be forced. If the drawer's lock is picked, it yields a copper tray containing five deep wells. Each well holds a different type of coin. The drawer holds 60 copper pieces, 200 silver pieces, 60 electrum pieces, 10 platinum pieces, and 100 gold pieces. All of these coins are Thonian, and are of the same design as that discovered by Rilk (the Hawk of Andavar, surrounded by the words "Uther, Once and Always").

The tables, chairs, trophy heads, floor, and stairs are all coated in a thick layer of dust. However, the various shelves and the crocks, glasses, and bottles stored there are free of dust and dirt. In fact, they fairly gleam. Again, the weird workings of the inn's en-

chantment are evident. Storage places and their contents are all pristine, while the room, itself, is filthy.

The door in the south wall leads outside to the front porch (9). The door in the east wall leads to the east washroom (12); that in the north wall leads to the back hall (11). The archway in the north wall leads to the service hall (27). The stairs go up to the second floor's upper hall (29). Hanging from hooks beside the stairs are three long-handled brass candle snuffers.

If the PCs examine the dead orcs, they find that all perished some time ago from sword or dagger wounds. Each dead orc is clad in leather armor and carries a dagger, a sword, a spear, a shield, and 10 copper pieces. In the process of examining the orcs, they find that the brownish stains surrounding them have not penetrated to the varnished oak floor below. Instead the orc blood (for such it is) has only soaked the coating of dust over that floor. When the dust is wiped away, the oak planks look like new.

If the PCs approach the corpse of the man hanging from the chandelier, they find that he also has been dead for some days or weeks, and that he is unarmed, but that his hands are free. The dusty coating on a nearby table contains a set of footprints, one of which overlaps the table's edge as if someone has pushed off in a great leap. In fact, they are the marks made by the hanging man when he jumped off the table. This same table also contains a scabbarded *short sword +1, +3 vs. undead*, a pot of brown ink, a quill pen, a scrolled piece of parchment, and a leather purse containing 30 gold pieces.

If the PCs examine the parchment, they read the following words written in brown ink in large, labored letters:

Now, at the end, I am uncertain. I fear to die the great death, but cannot live another silent day in this accursed place. This unholy Inn Between the Worlds would drive me mad, I think. Perhaps it has. But e'en so, I'll not enter that white fog and disappear like my friends Gern and Charo. Wherever they be now, the great god rest their tortured souls. No, not that. Not ever. For me quick solace—and an end to the brooding emptiness of this place we sought with high good heart.

Stranger, if you read this, know that you are doomed. Perhaps, you are wiser than we. Perhaps there is a way that we've not guessed to break this evil enchantment and pass without this place that calls itself

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in bitter jest the Comeback Inn. Perhaps, you will, with all good luck, find the exit that we could not. If so, perhaps you'll take the time to cut me down and bury me. In that fond hope, I leave my purse as winding fee. Take also this sword, which has served me well and may do the same for you.

If, as I think the case, you be indeed no wiser than we, than know you that there is no way to leave this place. If doubt my word you do, then try. Doors may swing and windows ope, but when you've stepped through, you'll find yourself back where you started with only a blink of the eye to mark the passage. Nor will you break the enchantment by breaking the place. We tried that. Our swords and clubs and axes bounced from walls and windows impervious to our strongest blows. The magic of our warlock companion failed us, too. All for us was futile. We could not leave. Nor can you.

We came here, five of us, in search of wealth beyond imagining. We sought the treasure house of myth—the place wherein 'twas said, the wealth of the ages could be found. We sought the Inn Between the Worlds. We'd tramped across the Broken Lands from Corunglain and searched for two long months before we found it—and then by merest chance.

The winds that blow about this place brought us the sound of a shutter slamming 'gainst its cursed walls. Bewitched by half-formed visions of mountains of gold and hills of finest pearls exposed to our greedy, snapping fingers, we rushed to meet our doom. Upon the barren porch we stood and elbowed each other aside, so that we might catch a glimpse of the imagined treasure. But we couldn't see through the windows, and they would not break before our blows.

Indeed, we did find treasure though.

Wedged between two planks of silvered wood in the porch on which we stood, old Rilk found himself a copper. A petty thing it was. But it set our hearts alight with thoughts of richer finds inside. We tumbled down the stairs and dashed across the yard, meaning to enter the place by the open gate we saw in the north wall. Capering like children, we ran within and down a ramp that led us to a stable. Horses and mules, we left outside, together with Rilk, who called after us to stop.

It was when I turned to shout to Rilk to follow us inside and bring our mounts that I first knew our doom. For I could see him standing in the yard shouting at us to stop. The words formed fast upon his lips, but no sound came. Nor was there sound of wind, or blowing sand or horses nickering in the hot afternoon sun. All was as if an invisible blanket had been thrown over us that let in the light, but cut off all noises from the waking world.

Disturbed by this weirding, I turned to leave the place—and came back in. A dozen times, I tried—and came back in. I know not what it was that Rilk saw. Perhaps it looked as if I but turned around, for that is how it seemed to those inside. I know, he looked at me in puzzlement and had the sense to stay outside the witchy place. The rest of us bethought ourselves of escape and searched for some eldritch innkeep to open a secret door and let us out. We searched the inn from end to end and top to toe and then again. We found no one. Only the decaying corpses of some nameless things that we threw down the kitchen disposal chute.

Thus began our imprisonment. At first we despaired, for we had no food or drink. But we soon learned that the food and drink inside the inn was wondrous good and seemed to replenish itself in the dark hours when we slept. For we ate the same ham a dozen times before it paled, and still each morn it hung upon its hook as whole as on the day just passed when we had eaten it to scraps. The same thing happened with all inside. Only when we did not return even the least shred or scrap to its proper larder was some ensorceled roast not reborn upon the morrow in its proper place. The same was true for all that we consumed. Wine that passed our lips returned to its barrel ere morn, and no matter how much ale we drank, the keg seemed always to be full. Yet, we were strong and sated as men are not by faerie food.

Weeks passed. A pensive Rilk, seeing that we did not weaken and die, but himself now short of food and drink, soon left us, taking our horses and gear. Perhaps he headed back to Corunglain to carry the news and bring us back some wizard strong enough to break the enchantment that held us. I know not. We never saw him again.

More weeks passed. The weeks turned into months. The winter howled about, then passed. Often, we spoke of our escape. But all that we tried soon failed. Only one thing did we avoid, holding it as a last resort against the day when hope should fail. You've doubtless seen. There, in the deepest cellar, it is. *The Gate*, our friend the warlock called it. An arch of magic fog that sometimes storms with inner light and leads we know not where.

So we lived like reluctant kings inside our prison-hostel. Until last week one day

at eventide. 'Twas then the orcs burst from cellar where none should have been able to enter. For we had closed and barred the stable doors once Rilk no longer stood outside. The witchy inn was closed. How then came they here?

In our hearts we knew. The gate, the awful gate below, was open. The horror of it seized our hearts as we hunted and slew. When all who had come up were dead, we stalked the cellars. When finally we crept down the ramp into the lowest cellar, we found the guards the orcs has posted to hold their rear. On seeing us, they knew that all above were dead, and, squeaking with fright, they turned and fled, disappearing into the boiling foggy maw from which we knew they'd come.

The strangeness of it froze us. Then, taken by some feyness, Gern and Charo proposed to follow. Into the fogs and smokes they would go, and see what escape there might be on the other side. My cries of protest were in vain. My friends heard them not at all, but, stepping 'cross the threshold, walked into the mists. The warlock waited but a moment before he too went through. And I was alone.

That was a week ago now, and none of the three have returned. Once I tried to follow. But the mist would not let me pass. Instead, it whorled and moaned behind some solid wall I couldn't cross, as if to rebuke me for my cowardice before, when my friends so willingly entered its embrace.

That is my tale. I go now to my death. The doors below are again open and unbarred. Perhaps, 'twere better not so. But if you be Rilk returned too late with means to free us, then 'twere well if it were open. If not, you have me in your debt for this foul chance that has trapped you too. Apologies, stranger. Take the purse.

Hepath Nun

11. The Back Hall

This 60-foot long hall is floored and paneled in dark varnished oak like that found in the common room. The plastered ceiling is painted white. The west wall contains five ornate brass candle sconces spaced at intervals of roughly 12 feet. Just south of the door to the master's study (15), the east wall makes a jog, forming a 5-foot north wall. Hanging on this short section of wall is a 2-foot wide by 4-foot tall painting. Both the painting and its gilt frame are thickly coated with dust. The PCs can view the painting if they wipe away the dust.

The painting shows a tall, solidly built man clad in black armor. His hawk-like face is framed by close-cropped black hair and a neatly trimmed black beard. His dark, piercing eyes seem to follow you wherever you move. The figure is standing next to a folding camp table outside a tent. One gauntleted hand holds a scroll. The other rests on a partly furled black and silver banner. A brass plate set in the frame below the painting identifies the work as "Uther the Justifier."

There are three varnished oak doors in the east wall. The southmost door opens into the barkeep's quarters (13). The middle one opens into the porter's quarters (14). The northmost one opens into the master's study (15). A varnished oak door in the west wall opens into the service hall (27). At its south end, the hall ends in yet another varnished oak door that opens onto the common room (10). At its north end, the hall ends in a rougher, heavier oak door that opens onto the inn's backyard.

12. The East Washroom

This room's plastered walls and ceiling are painted a gay blue, and have been further decorated with representations of fanciful sea monsters and mermaids cavorting in the briny deep. The floor is sheathed in blue and white ceramic tiles. A shallow counter runs the length of the north wall and contains three holes, each of which holds a copper wash basin filled with clear, cool water. Above the counter are three sconces containing blue candles. A long copper railing set into the south wall at chest height contains a dozen sparkling white towels. There is a latrine in the southeast corner. Next to the latrine is the crumpled body of an orc.

Like his fellows in the common room, the orc perished some time ago from sword or dagger wounds. He is clad in leather armor and carries a dagger, a sword, a shield, and 20 copper pieces.

The water in the copper basins is magically changed each hour. Below the latrine is a stone shaft that drops 20 feet into the bedrock. Dead or inanimate matter dropped into this latrine disappears at midnight.

13. The Barkeep's Quarters

The plaster walls and ceiling of this 10-foot by 15-foot room are painted a pale cream color. The floor is the same dark

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varnished oak found throughout the building. Set in the east wall is a tall leaded glass window that lets a feeble light pass through its grimy diamond-shaped panes and wash over the room. Below the window is an oak bed, next to which is a night stand. In the southeast corner is a pile of gray, rotted, worm-eaten wood. The southwest corner is occupied by a big enameled, iron heating stove. There is a tall double-doored oak cabinet centered against the south wall.

The cabinet is a divided wardrobe that magically cleans and repairs any clothing stored within it. One side contains a small closet in which hang several cheap shirts, a weskit, a heavy fur coat, and two pairs of breeches. There is a pair of boots on the closet's floor. The other side has eight deep drawers containing assorted men's stockings, underclothing, toilet articles, and similar worthless junk. The wardrobe is unlocked, except for the bottom drawer, which contains a small sack holding 30 gold pieces, 80 silver pieces, 20 copper pieces, and a leather case inside of which is a woman's wedding band worth 100 gold pieces. The coins are all Thonian coins of the same design as that discovered by Rilk.

14. The Porter's Quarters

The plaster walls and ceiling of this 10-foot by 15-foot room are painted a light tan. The floor is varnished oak. Set in the east wall is a tall, grimy leaded glass window. Below the window is an oak bed. Occupying the southwest corner is an iron heating stove. There is a tall double-doored oak cabinet centered against the south wall.

The cabinet is a divided wardrobe which magically cleans and repairs any clothing stored within it. One side contains a small closet in which hang half a dozen shirts, a dress coat, and three pairs of breeches. There are a pair of dress shoes and a pair of boots on the closet's floor. The other side has eight deep drawers containing a variety of men's stockings, underclothing, and toiletries. The wardrobe is unlocked, but the top drawer isn't. Inside that drawer is a carved maple box containing 10 gold pieces, 15 silver pieces, and 40 copper pieces. The coins are all Thonian, of the same design as that found by Rilk.

15. The Master's Study

This 20-foot by 25-foot room is paneled in rich mahogany. The plaster ceiling is molded into a pattern of abstract swirls, painted bright colors. The floor is covered by a lush, wine-red, wool carpet that features a design similar to that found on the ceiling.

Dominating the room is a spacious, intricately carved mahogany desk and high-backed chair that sit a few feet from the north wall. There are two over-stuffed armchairs upholstered in wine-red cut velvet positioned in front of and facing the desk. Set in the wall behind the desk are two grimy windows, framed by wine-red velvet curtains.

A floor-to-ceiling bookcase enclosed by leaded glass doors takes up the east wall. Two of the doors are open, and directly beneath them is a pile of books. You can see dozens of other books piled every which way on the shelves.

There is a mahogany door with brass fittings in the south wall and a carved, circular-fronted mahogany cabinet with similar fittings built into the room's southeast corner. A river of hardened mud and soot clogs a small fireplace in the west wall. Each of the two brass wall sconces set above this fireplace holds a fat, white candle. Similar candles adorn a brass chandelier hanging from the center of the ceiling.

The desk contains a center drawer, three left-hand drawers, and a right-hand cabinet, all locked. All the fittings are in the same tarnished brass as those on the doors and walls. The center drawer contains a laquered tin filled with a mildly effective headache powder, a leather case holding two silver keys, and a dozen loose scraps of parchment containing obscure reminders to do things like "see Giles—Osday—lunch" and "buy buttons—bootblack—henna." The keys open the cabinet in the room's southeast corner.

The desk's top left-hand drawer contains a tinder box, a small brazier, three dozen sticks of sealing wax in various colors, and a seal stamp bearing a rendering of the Comeback Inn signboard wreathed by the words "In Blackmoor—Home of Uther." The middle left-hand drawer contains a stack of 50 flat parchment sheets, six rolled sheets of parchment of the type used by Hepath Nun to write his note, and an ebony box holding 100 parchment envelopes. The bottom left-hand drawer contains 12 sealed jars (each contain-

ing a different color of ink) and eight quill pens.

The desk's right-hand cabinet holds a stack of 20 ledger books. Each ledger contains a record of the inn's daily cash receipts and expenditures for a five-year period. Taken together in chronological order, they cover the 100-year period representing the reigns of the Thonian emperors Korin II (12 years), Nial III (8 years), Ruxpin I (3 years), Oser I (23 years), Bodmin I (14 years), Halkad IV (10 years), Ning I (16 years), Melnik III (9 years), and Reger I (5 years). If the PCs examine the last ledger in the stack, there is a 30% chance that the PC with the highest intelligence will recognize Reger I as the emperor who ruled Thonia when the cataclysm destroyed it.

The cabinet in the room's southeast corner contains a double door that opens to the two silver keys in the desk's middle drawer. Each door has a separate lock, and one key must be inserted in each of them. When the keys are turned simultaneously, the doors open. If the keys are not turned at exactly the same time, a spring-fed, poison-coated pin shoots out of the mouth of a carved dragon above the lock and slams into the hand of whoever is holding the key (save vs. poison).

Inside the cabinet is a steel safe with a unique combination lock. This can be opened by a thief using his lock-picking ability (with or without thieves' tools), but his chance of successfully doing so is half (rounded up) of his chance of picking other types of locks. Inside the safe are a *wand of fear* with four charges, three metal lock boxes, and four small canvas sacks. One of the lock boxes holds 50 gold pieces and 125 electrum pieces; the second holds a sack of 20 pearls, each worth 400 gold pieces; the third is empty. Each sack holds 200 coins. One holds gold; the second silver; the third electrum; the fourth platinum. All of the coins in this safe are of Thonian design and are similar to that found by Rilk.

The bookcase against the east wall holds several hundred leather-bound volumes, most of them romantic fiction. However, there is one entire set of books beautifully bound in black leather and imprinted in gold leaf with the Hawk of Andahar. All but one of these volumes has been tumbled to the floor, and those books that have fallen to the floor crumble to dust when you try to pick them up. No longer protected inside the magical bookcase, they have deteriorated almost completely over the last thousand or so years. The one volume of the set that remains inside the protective case is clean and undamaged. It bears the imposing title "The Chronicles of

Thonia. Book IX: Wherein is Told the Story of the Great Rebellion Against the Empire and the Rise of the North, Being a True and Accurate Account of the Holy Life and Righteous Acts of Uther the Justifier As Compiled By The Synobian Monk Valerin from Records Found in Blackmoor and the Imperial Library at Mohacs." The book relates as much of the information as you care to relate to the players from the sections of this module entitled *The Tide of Conquest* and *The King on Horseback*. In fact, entire paragraphs could be read from those sections under the guise of being "excerpts" from the book's introduction.

The door in the south wall leads to the master bedroom (16). The door in the west wall leads to the back hall (11).

16. The Master Bedroom

Like the room you just left, this windowless 10-foot by 20-foot room is paneled in mahogany. It has the same deep-pile carpeting and molded plaster ceiling. But the room contains little furniture except for a huge mahogany four-poster in the southeast corner. There is an enameled heating stove against the east wall and a four-drawer mahogany dresser in the room's northwest corner. Set in the west wall is a double door.

The dresser drawers are unlocked. They contain dozens of pairs of socks, a fortune in varicolored silk underwear and scarves, and what looks like enough men's toiletries to equip a small army.

17. The Master Closet

This magical closet contains eight pairs of boots, twelve pairs of shoes, twelve cotton shirts, twelve silk shirts, eleven weskits, six dress coats, fourteen pairs of breeches, seven belts of various descriptions, and a rack containing five walking sticks (one of which is a sword cane—treat as a short sword). All of the clothing is designed for a man of rotund shape and garish tastes.

18. The Kitchen

Even beneath all of the dirt and dust, this room could only be a kitchen. Its walls and floor are finished in one-inch white ceramic tiles that must once have gleamed. Its rafters are studded with steel hooks from which are suspended a cook's dream of copper pans and iron skillets of every shape and size. The north wall is al

most entirely taken up by a multitiered oven-stove combination of black iron. There are two heavy oak doors in the west wall, a swinging double door in the south wall, and a fourth door in the north wall. A big floor-to-ceiling shelving unit crammed with serving dishes and other crockery occupies most of the east wall. The west wall is similarly occupied by an oak counter. Beside the double doors in the south wall is an oak cabinet. There are two tables and several movable carts scattered about the floor.

One of the doors in the west wall leads down a flight of stairs to the north passage (4). The other leads into the north hall (20). The double swinging doors give access to the service hall (27). The door in the north wall leads to the china closet (19).

The cabinet against the south wall is not locked. Inside are 12 shelves containing a clutter of pots, jars, tins, and crocks, all stuffed with herbs and spices of every conceivable variety. On the bottom shelf are three *potions of healing* and two *potions of delusion* (which seem to be *potions of healing*).

Unlike the other stoves and fireplaces inside the inn, the big stove in the kitchen is free of dust, mud and debris. Beneath the stove is a bin filled to bursting with small logs and kindling. Like so much else inside the inn, this bin is magical and refills itself at midnight.

Beneath the oak counter set into the west wall is a large magical cistern that refills itself with clear, sweet water each night. A pump set in the counter draws water from the cistern into a sink in the counter top. A set of four drawers beneath this counter contain hundreds of pewter knives, forks, and spoons.

One of the carts contains a stack of metal serving trays. Another has a drawer that contains two dozen kitchen knives and cleavers (treat as daggers).

19. The China Closet

The walls of this room are lined with oak shelves, all piled high with row upon row of sparkling white bone china cups, saucers, plates, and bowls, all decorated with a replica of the inn's signboard.

At midnight, all of the china is magically cleaned and repaired for the next day's business. A wooden case in the back of a lower shelf contains a 150-piece silver place set weighing 300 coin and worth 200 gold pieces.

20. The North Hall

This 50-foot long hall is floored and paneled in dark varnished oak. The plastered ceiling is painted white. The south wall contains four ornate brass candle sconces spaced at intervals of roughly 12 feet, each bearing a fat green candle. There are four varnished oak doors in the north wall, one in the west wall, and one in the east wall. The bodies of two orcs are piled against the wall at the hall's west end.

The orcs perished some time ago from sword or dagger wounds. They are clad in leather armor, and each carries a sword, a shield, and 10 copper pieces. The four doors in the north wall give access to the quarters of the female staff. From west to east, they open into the senior wench's quarters (21), the second wench's quarters (22), the junior wench's quarters (23), and the cook's quarters (24), respectively. A varnished oak door in the west wall opens into the north washroom (25). At its east end, the hall ends in yet another varnished oak door that gives access to the kitchen (18).

21. The Senior Wench's Quarters

The plaster walls and ceiling of this 10-foot by 15-foot room are painted a pale mauve. The floor is varnished oak. Set in the north wall is a tall leaded glass window that admits a feeble light. The window is framed by heavy, velvet curtains that must once have been white, but now seem gray. Below the window is an oak bed. In the northwest corner is a vanity table and a low stool. The southwest corner is occupied by a big iron heating stove. There is a tall double-doored oak cabinet centered against the west wall.

The cabinet is a divided wardrobe that magically cleans and repairs any clothing stored within it. One side contains a small closet in which hang several cheap skirts and blouses, two dresses, three shawls, and a heavy coat. There is a pair of women's shoes on the closet floor. The other side has eight drawers containing assorted women's stockings, underclothing, toilet articles, and like items. The wardrobe is unlocked, except for the bottom drawer, which contains a small brass box holding 50 gold pieces, 60 silver pieces, 10 copper pieces, and a small silk bag holding a garnet worth 200 gold pieces, a piece of amber worth 100 gold pieces, and a topaz worth 400 gold pieces. The coins are all Thonian

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coins of the same design as that discovered by Rilk.

The vanity has a locked middle drawer that holds seven jars of face paint, a set of silver combs worth 50 gold pieces, and a *potion of delusion* (that seems to be a *potion of human control*).

22. The Second Wench's Quarters

The plaster walls and ceiling of this 10-foot by 15-foot room are painted a pale yellow. The floor is varnished oak. Set in the north wall is a tall leaded glass window that admits a feeble light. The window is framed by heavy, lavender velvet curtains. Below the window is an oak bed. The southwest corner contains an iron heating stove. There is a tall double-doored oak cabinet centered against the west wall.

The cabinet is a divided wardrobe which magically cleans and repairs any clothing stored within it. One side contains a small closet in which hang two cheap skirts and three brightly-colored blouses, two dresses, and a shawl. On the closet floor are two pairs of women's shoes. The other side has eight drawers containing assorted women's underclothing, stockings, and toiletries. The wardrobe is unlocked, except for the top drawer, which contains a carved maple box holding 10 gold pieces, 20 silver pieces, and 10 copper pieces. The coins are all Thonian coins of the same design as that discovered by Rilk.

23. The Junior Wench's Quarters

The plaster walls and ceiling of this 10-foot by 15-foot room are painted ochre. The floor is varnished oak. Set in the north wall is a tall leaded glass window. The window is framed by heavy, velvet curtains that must once have the same gold as the walls, but are now a greenish-gray color. Below the window is an oak bed. In the southwest corner is a big iron heating stove. There is a tall double-doored oak cabinet centered against the west wall. There is a dead orc sprawled beside the cabinet's open doors.

The cabinet is a divided wardrobe which magically cleans and repairs any clothing stored within it. One side contains a small closet in which hang a skirt, two blouses, and a cheap dress. There is a pair of women's shoes on the closet floor. The other side has eight drawers containing women's toilet articles, stockings,

and underclothing. The wardrobe is unlocked. It contains nothing of value.

Like his fellows in the common room, the orc perished some time ago from sword or dagger wounds. He is clad in leather armor and carries a sword, a shield, and 10 copper pieces.

24. The Cook's Quarters

The plaster walls and ceiling of this 10-foot by 15-foot room are painted blue. The floor is varnished oak. Set in the north wall is a tall leaded glass window. The window is framed by heavy, dusty blue velvet curtains. Below the window is an oak bed. In the southwest corner is a big iron heating stove. There is a tall oak cabinet centered against the west wall.

The cabinet is a wardrobe that magically cleans and repairs any clothing stored within it. Inside hang four blouses, six dresses, three shawls, and a heavy fur coat. There are three pairs of women's shoes on the floor. The cabinet has a locked drawer in the bottom that holds assorted women's stockings, underclothing, and toilet articles. In the back of the drawer is a laquered silk box containing 50 gold pieces, 20 silver pieces, and a silk bag of 20 citrines, each worth 50 gold pieces.

25. The North Washroom

This room's plastered walls and ceiling are painted aquamarine, and contain painted representations of a fanciful underwater castle peopled by merfolk. The floor is covered with blue and white ceramic tiles. A shallow counter runs the length of the north wall and contains three holes, each of which holds a copper wash basin full of cool, clear water. Above the counter are three sconces containing blue candles. A long copper railing set into the south wall at chest height contains a dozen sparkling white towels. There is a latrine against the north wall.

The water in the wash basins is magically changed every hour. Below the latrine is a stone shaft that drops 20 feet into the bedrock. Dead or inanimate matter dropped into this latrine disappears at midnight.

26. The Store Room

The north, south, and east walls of this room are lined with floor-to-ceiling shelves that groan under the weight of jars, tins, sacks, and crocks of food. The

center of the varnished oak floor is occupied by three large bins and three much smaller oak barrels. There are three more barrels set against the white plaster of the west wall and another barrel tucked into a corner between the shelves in the east and south walls. Hanging from iron hooks set in every beam are hams, roasts, turkeys, ducks, chickens, geese, pheasants, quail, and at least one of just about any other meat animal or game bird you can think of that is native to a temperate climate.

The entire store room has an enchantment on it that keeps its contents fresh and nightly replenishes them. Each of the bins is divided into four sections. One of the divided bins contains different types and grades of flour. The other two contain fresh vegetables. The barrels contain pickles of various sorts.

The contents of the shelves includes every type of food the PCs want. Labels on the containers list their contents. Some of these labels also indicate the origin of the foods ("Ryer's Beet Jelly—From the Abbey at Fairfield," "Mor's Famous Corn Relish—Made only at Ramshead," etc.). Unlikely as it may seem, some of the tins contain iron rations.

Leaning against the jog in the west wall (to the right of the door) is a 12-foot oak ladder that extends to 20 feet.

27. The Service Hall

More an alcove than a hall, this area is floored and paneled in dark varnished oak. The plastered ceiling is painted white. The west wall contains two ornate brass candle sconces.

Between the sconces is a three-foot wide by two-foot high painting showing the Comeback Inn during Thonia's heyday. The painting and its frame are somewhat dusty, but the work's theme is clear at a glance.

The painting shows the Inn Between the Worlds—but looking not at all the way you found it. Though the view is from the south, there is no trace of the bowl of sand and black rock that you found when you reached the inn yard. Instead, the building sits atop a gentle slope, cloaked in a lush green lawn. There are trees and shrubs all around. Towering in the background is a solid-looking black castle on a hill above the inn. In this painting, the exterior wood that has now aged to a silvery hue is painted ivory. A small brass plaque set in the picture's gilded frame identifies the work as "Blackmoor Hostel."

There is a varnished oak door in the east wall that leads to the back hall (11) and one in the south wall that leads to the store room (26). A swinging oak double door in the north wall leads to the kitchen (18). An arch in the south wall leads to the common room (10).

28. The Hayloft

This 60-foot by 80-foot hayloft is piled to the rafters with sweet, wholesome hay, that is magically preserved (but that is not replenished nightly like other stores). A 10-foot by 45-foot segment of the floor is cut away to provide access to the stable below. This open area is surrounded by a low railing. A ladder bolted to the loft's north edge leads down into the stable. A barred double door opens onto the yard outside the inn. Jumping or climbing from this loading door leaves one in a pile of loose hay in the loft's northeast corner.

The Second Floor

The second floor contains 17 guest rooms and several service areas, the doors to which are all closed but unlocked. It closely resembles the main floor in that the walls are paneled in the same dark varnished oak, and the ceilings are smoothly plastered. However, it differs in two regards. First, the ceilings are only 15 feet high. Second, the floors are all carpeted in an unadorned, pure white, deep-pile wool carpet. Unless otherwise noted, the heavy velvet drapes framing the windows are also white. During long years of neglect, both carpet and drapes have come to look more gray than white.

29. The Upper Hall

This long hallway seems to wind off in several directions at once. It is an eerie place. The dark, oak-paneled walls seem to lean in on you. The brass candles sconces bearing white candles and staggered every 10 feet or so on opposite walls are encased in small mountains of dust and cobwebs. A similar tangle of dusty webs obscures the white-washed plaster of the ceiling. The carpeted floor is ankle-deep in dust that muffles every sound. With each step, you send up tiny puffs of dust that hang in the motionless air of the confined hall. Every few feet, dusty oak doors stare blankly onto this grim dark landscape.

A flight of stairs leads down into the common room (10). Another flight leads up to the tower room (52). The doors open onto guest rooms and service areas.

There are two paintings in the hallway,

each three-feet wide and two-feet tall. Both are thickly coated with dust, which must be scraped away before they can be viewed. One hangs on the south wall next to the Gold Room (46). It shows a famous incident in which Uther distinguished himself while fighting the Duchy of Ten.

The painting shows a company of 300 mounted knights in blackened plate armor charging down a hill into the rear of a much larger company of knights in brown plate armor. At the head of the band of charging knights is a tall, helmetless, dark-haired man standing in his stirrups and holding aloft a rippling silver banner emblazoned with the black Hawk of Andahar. A brass plaque set in the painting's gilded frame informs you that the work is titled "Uther at the Berne."

The other painting hangs at the other end of the hall, on the west wall next to the Wizards' Room (49) and is rendered in the same style as the first. This one shows Uther in somewhat different, but no less heroic circumstances, preparing to meet an Afridhi charge at the Battle of the Neck.

This painting shows a straggling line of 500 dismounted knights in black armor standing in an open field of poppies with woods on either flank. The knights have locked their shields to protect themselves from a cloud of arrows that are dropping amongst them. Standing before them, holding aloft a silver banner emblazoned with the black Hawk of Andahar is a dark-haired, helmetless man who seems oblivious to the deadly barbs raining down around him. A red arrow quivers at his feet, but his eyes are on some foe massing behind the painter. A brass plaque set in the painting's gilded frame informs you that the work is called "Uther and the Thin Black Line."

When the PCs first enter the upper hall, it is empty. Thereafter, each time they enter this area on the first or second day they are inside the inn, there is a chance that they encounter one or more entities from some other plane. The same conjunction of the planets that has made the gate more active during this time has also generated forces that have weakened the fabric between the planes at the exact spot where the Inn Between the Worlds is located. Thus, the upper hall of the inn has temporarily become a nexus point for accidental inter-

planar travel. Entities from other planes keep unintentionally popping in and out of the Prime Plane at no predictable rate.

Each time there is a chance of an encounter with an entity from another plane, roll 1d4. An encounter occurs on a roll of 1. If an encounter occurs, roll 1d6. The result determines the type of encounter:

- 1 Frost Salamander (1): AC 3; HD 12*; hp 50; MV 120' (40'); #AT 4 claws/1 bite; D 1-6/1-6/1-6/1-6/2-12 + special; Save F12; ML 9; AL C; XP 1,900. The salamander pops into the upper hall within 10 feet of the PC party and immediately attacks. If not killed, it abruptly disappears 1-4 turns after entering the inn.
- 2 Gorgons (2): AC 2; HD 8*; hp 32 each; MV 120' (40'); #AT 1 horn or 1 breath; D 2-12 or petrification; Save F8; ML 8; AL C; XP 1,200 each. The gorgons appear in the upper hall within 60 feet of the PC party and immediately attack. If not killed, they abruptly disappear 1-6 turns after entering the inn.
- 3 Djinni (1): AC 5; HD 7 + 1*; hp 36; MV 90' (30'), flying 240' (80'); #AT 1 (fist or whirlwind) + special; D 2-16 (fist) or 2-12 (whirlwind); Save F14; ML 12; AL C; XP 850. The djinni pops into the upper hall within 20 feet of the PC party. Assuming that they are somehow the cause of his inconvenient transport to the Prime Plane, the djinni immediately attacks. If not killed, it abruptly disappears 1-8 turns after entering the inn.
- 4 Efreeti (1): AC 3; HD 10*; hp 70; MV 120' (40'); #AT 1 fist; D 2-16; Save F15; ML 12; AL C; XP 1,600. The efreeti appears in the upper hall within 10 feet of the PC party. When it appears, the efreeti assumes that one of the party's magic users summoned it and will announce its intention of serving that magic user for the obligatory 101 days. Roll 1d12 every hour after the efreeti appears. The efreeti disappears back into its own dimension on a roll of 12. On a roll of 1, it realizes that it has made a mistake in assuming that it was intentionally summoned by the PCs. Upon reaching this conclusion, it immediately attacks.
- 5 Air Elemental (1): AC 0; HD 12; hp 60; MV 360' (120'); #AT 1 or special; D 2-16; Save F12; ML 10; AL N; XP 1,100. The elemental pops into the upper hall within 20 feet of the PC party and immediately attacks. If not killed, it abruptly disap-

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pears 2-8 turns after entering the inn. The gusts of wind kicked up by the presence of the huge elemental within the cramped hall extinguish all non-magical torches and lanterns within 20 feet. In addition, the gusts of wind raise a dust cloud that spreads throughout any room the elemental occupies at the rate of 10 feet per round. The dust hangs in the air for one hour after the elemental's passage. During that time, characters who do not have infravision are blind. Even magical sight can't penetrate the storm of dust.

- 6 Invisible Stalker (1): AC 3; HD 8*; hp 50; MV 120' (40'); #AT 1 blow; D 4-16; Save F8; ML 12; AL N; XP 1,200. The invisible stalker pops into the upper hall at any spot that isn't in sight of the PCs. Confused by its sudden location shift, it assumes that it has been improperly summoned to the Prime Plane without proper magical safeguards. Determining to take advantage of the situation and get even with the PCs for inconveniencing it, the entity begins to quietly stalk them, looking for a chance to attack the party's magic users. If not killed, it disappears 1-4 hours after entering the inn.

Don't check for accidental interplanar travel if an entity that previously entered the inn in this way is still present.

30. The Little Room

The walls of this 10-foot by 10-foot, white-washed room are broken only by a grimy window in the east wall. There is a bed beneath the window, a small, iron heating stove in the northwest corner, and a tall oak cabinet against the north wall. Atop the cabinet is a brass holder bearing a fat white candle.

The cabinet is an empty wardrobe of the same magical type found throughout the inn.

31. The East Room

The walls of this 10-foot by 15-foot room are painted a cool green and are broken only by a window in the east wall. There is a bed in the room's northwest corner and a tall oak cabinet against the south wall. Dust, ash, and mud spill from a green-veined marble fireplace in the east wall. On the mantle is an empty brass candle holder.

The cabinet is an empty wardrobe of the

same magical type found throughout the inn.

32. The Bath Room

This T-shaped room contains four windows, two in the north wall and two more in the east wall. Its walls, ceiling, and floor are all covered with blue and white ceramic tiles, arranged in a pleasing abstract pattern. Two chest-high copper tubs dominate the west wall. Beneath each tub burns a charcoal fire. The lavender-scented water steams gently in the room's moist air. Each tub is ringed by knee-high blue-laquered wooden deck. Against the south wall is a double-doored laquered blue cabinet, atop which are three brass candle holders containing fat white candles. Brass warming stands before each window hold spotless white towels. There is a varnished oak door set in the east wall next to the northerly windows.

Unlike most of the rest of the inn, this magical bath room is under an enchantment that keeps it spotless. There is no dust or dirt here. Everything is as it was when the inn first plunged beneath the sea. The coals that burn beneath the tubs and in the fire pots set in the warming racks are magically replenished with charcoal and rekindled each midnight. The water in the tubs is, at that time, also replaced, and the floors and walls swept clean.

The cabinet contains 12 shelves, holding hundreds of small glass bottles, each containing some oil or scent to make the water sweet-smelling. Of these, 100 are worth 1 copper piece each; 90 are worth 1 silver piece each; 40 are worth 1 gold piece each; 8 are worth 5 gold pieces each. The top shelf contains dozens of combs and brushes (none of any value), several tins of bath soap, and 10 sealed pots of lotions and creams, each worth 1 gold piece. Two small pots on the top shelf contain a rare lotion called "Sirinda's Balm" whose formula was lost when Blackmoor drowned. This legendary substance, erroneously believed by many to impart youth to the aged, is worth 5 gold pieces per pot in Blackmoor and 1,000 gold pieces per pot anywhere in the world that has been rebuilt since the cataclysm.

The door in the east wall leads to the upper privy (33).

33. The Upper Privy

The floor, ceiling and walls of this 5-foot by 10-foot room are covered with one-inch, blue and white tiles arranged in the

same abstract pattern as that found in the bath room. There are two candles set in sconces in the north wall. A shallow, 5-foot long counter set in that wall holds a copper basin full of cool, clear water and a candle in a brass candlestick. A copper rack along the south wall holds half a dozen towels. There is a latrine in the northeast corner.

The water in the copper bowl is magically replaced each hour. The latrine has a 20-foot shaft. Dead or inanimate matter dropped into it disappears at midnight. Like the bath room, this room is immaculate.

34. The Ivory Room

The ivory-colored walls of this 15-foot by 20-foot room are broken only by a window in the north wall. Next to this window, in the northwest corner is a large four-poster, across which is sprawled the body of an orc. There is a tall, double-doored oak cabinet against the west wall. Dust, ash, and mud spill from a gray marble fireplace in the east wall. On the mantle is a brass holder bearing an ivory candle. There is a dark brown cut velvet chair in the southeast corner. There are two brass sconces containing ivory candles on either side of the door.

Protruding from the orc's right eye is a dagger, the undoubted cause of his demise. He is clad in leather armor and carries a sword, a shield, and 5 copper pieces.

The cabinet is an empty wardrobe of the same magical type found throughout the inn.

35. The North Room

The pale blue walls of this 15-foot by 20-foot room are broken only by a window in the north wall. Next to this window, in the northeast corner is a large, oak four-poster. There is a double-doored oak cabinet against the east wall, and an enameled heating stove against the west wall. In the southwest corner is a dark blue cut velvet arm chair. There are two brass sconces containing white candles on either side of the door.

The cabinet is a divided wardrobe that magically cleans and repairs ant clothing stored within it. One side contains a small closet in which hang six ruffled silk shirts, several pairs of velvet breeches, two fine split-leather doublets, two dress coats, a man's night gown

and robe, six belts, and three long silk scarves. On the closet's floor are two fine pairs of men's boots. The other side has seven deep drawers containing assorted stockings, silk underclothing, and men's toilet articles. The locked middle drawer holds a packet of legal documents relating to the disposition of the estate of one "Egbert Hamlo, esquire, of the town of Blackmoor." This drawer also contains a purse holding 50 platinum pieces. Beside the purse is a laquered case holding four gold and three silver rings set with gems. The gold rings are worth 100 gold pieces each. The silver rings are worth 50 gold pieces each.

36. The Silver Room

The walls and ceiling of this 15-foot by 20-foot room are painted silvery gray. There is a window in the north wall. Next to this window, in the northwest corner of the room is a spacious four-poster. There is a double-doored oak cabinet in the room's southwest corner. An enameled heating stove is centered in the east wall. In the southeast corner is an overstuffed arm chair upholstered in gray cut velvet. There are two brass sconces containing gray candles on either side of the door in the south wall.

The cabinet is a divided wardrobe of the same magical type found throughout the inn.

37. The Linen Press

The north, east, and west walls of this 15-foot by 10-foot room are paneled in cedar. The entire south wall is taken up by a floor-to-ceiling stack of cedar shelves piled high with sparkling white sheets. The northeast and northwest corners are occupied by cedar folding tables with enclosed bases. A big steel tub hangs from a hook in the west wall. A circular, wrought iron chandelier hangs from the center of the cedar ceiling. There are a dozen red candles spaced around the chandelier's rim.

The tub is a *tub of washing*. Upon command, it fills with warm, soapy water. Any items placed in the water and then immediately removed are completely clean and dry; the water removes any stain or dye, even if magical, and works on both creatures and objects. The tub functions once per day; the water disappears one hour after its creation.

The folding tables are actually blanket chests. Their tops raise on hinges and can be

hooked to the north wall. The eastern chest holds 12 spare bolster pillows. The western chest holds four heavy goose-down comforters and eight wool blankets. A long taper holder hangs from a hook to the left of the door.

38. The Ruby Room

The walls of this 15-foot by 10-foot room are painted a vibrant ruby red. The ceiling is white. There are doors in the north and south walls. A small bed graces the room's southeast corner. There is a double-doored oak cabinet against the north wall and an enameled heating stove in the southwest corner.

The door in the north wall leads to the upper hall (29). That in the south wall leads to the Opal Room (41). The cabinet is an empty wardrobe of the same magical type found throughout the inn.

39. The Amber Room

The walls of this 15-foot by 10-foot room are painted amber. The ceiling is white. There are doors in the north and south walls. There is a bed in the southwest corner, a tall, double-doored oak cabinet against the north wall, and an enameled heating stove in the southeast corner.

The door in the north wall leads to the upper hall (29). That in the south wall leads to the Topaz Room (43).

The cabinet is a divided wardrobe that magically cleans and repairs any clothing stored within it. One side contains a small closet in which hang two shirts, a leather jerkin, several pairs of heavy breeches, a heavy cloak, and three long silk scarves. On the closet's floor are a pair of men's boots. The other side has seven deep drawers containing assorted stockings, underclothing, and men's toilet articles. The locked middle drawer contains a set of thieves' tools, a purse holding 50 gold pieces, and a velvet pouch containing a ruby necklace of 12 stones (each worth 1,000 gold pieces) set in a chased silver mounting.

Hidden in the dim corner by the cabinet are two shadows that have wandered into the inn since Hepath Nun's party fought their battle with the orcs.

Shadows (2): AC 7; HD 2 + 2*; hp 16 each; MV 90' (30'); #AT 1; D 1-4 + special; Save F2; ML 12; AL C; XP 35 each.

The shadows wait until one or more characters approach the cabinet and then attack.

40. The Garnet Room

The walls of this 15-foot by 10-foot room are painted a dark, flat green. The ceiling is white. There are doors in the north and south walls. There is a bed in the southeast corner, a tall, double-doored oak cabinet against the north wall, and an enameled heating stove in the southwest corner.

The door in the north wall leads to the upper hall (29). That in the south wall leads to the Emerald Room (44).

The cabinet is an empty wardrobe of the same magical type found throughout the inn.

41. The Opal Room

The walls and ceiling of this 15-foot by 10-foot room are painted an opalescent pink. There are doors in the north and south walls, a bed in the southeast corner, a tall, double-doored rosewood cabinet against the north wall, and an enameled heating stove in the southwest corner. Atop the cabinet are four pink candles in brass candle holders.

The door in the north wall leads to the Ruby Room (38). That in the south wall leads to the upper hall (29).

The cabinet is an empty wardrobe of the same magical type found throughout the inn.

42. The Opal Closet

This cedar-paneled, 10-foot by 5-foot walk-in closet contains three separate racks of clothing. Each rack holds 30 garments, ranging widely in cut, style and quality. Men's and women's clothing is mixed up with no apparent regard for order. The closet's floor is piled high with boots and shoes. Again, the footgear is of all styles and quality and includes both men's and women's shoes. Two large trunks at the back of the closet are crammed with undergarments, stockings, toiletries, and similar personal items. The contents of this closet are the few worldly possessions of persons who died while staying at the inn or who had no money with which to pay their bills. The inn's owners have already claimed all items of worth from this cache. Nonetheless, it has some interest if only due to the fact that the garments stored within are the unclaimed effects accumulated over a thousand years of operations. Perceptive characters may note that some of the garments are similar to those worn by persons shown in the paintings that adorn the inn's walls.

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43. The Topaz Room

The walls and ceiling of this 15-foot by 10-foot room are painted a pale yellow. There are doors in the north and south walls, a bed in the northwest corner, a tall, double-doored oak cabinet against the south wall, and an enameled heating stove in the northeast corner. Atop the cabinet are two gold candles in brass candle holders.

The door in the north wall leads to the Amber Room (34). That in the south wall leads to the upper hall (29).

The cabinet is an empty wardrobe of the same magical type found throughout the inn.

44. The Emerald Room

The walls and ceiling of this 15-foot by 10-foot room are painted a vibrant green. There are doors in the north and south walls, a bed in the northeast corner, a tall, double-doored oak cabinet against the south wall, and an enameled heating stove in the northwest corner.

The door in the north wall leads to the Garnet Room (40). That in the south wall leads to the upper hall (29).

The cabinet is an empty wardrobe of the same magical type found throughout the inn.

45. The West Room

The oak-paneled walls of this 15-foot by 10-foot room are broken by a pair of bay windows in the west wall. The windows are framed by dusty, bottle-green velvet curtains. There are doors in the north and south walls. In the southwest corner is a small, chunky four-poster. Flanking the north door on either side are an oak chest of drawers and an oak cabinet. A large enameled heating stove graces the east wall. The room's southeast corner contains a bottle-green cut velvet love seat.

The door in the north wall leads to the upper hall (29). That in the south wall leads to the Gold Room (46).

The cabinet is a wardrobe that magically cleans and repairs any clothing stored within it. It contains a 12 dresses cut from velvets and satins, 6 lace petticoats, 2 women's nightgowns, a dressing gown, and 3 full-length, hooded capes cut for someone 5' 6" or shorter. There are eight pairs of women's shoes on the floor. A leather case in the bottom of the wardrobe contains a lute worth

100 gold pieces.

Four of the dresser's five drawers are unlocked. The unlocked drawers contain women's stockings, undergarments, and toilet items. The locked top drawer contains six lace handkerchiefs, a silk scarf, a bulging purse holding 10 silver pieces, 20 gold pieces, and 80 platinum pieces, and an ebony box.

The ebony box is a jewelry box containing a variety of gold and silver jewelry. Among its contents are three dozen common ear bobs, necklaces, bracelets, and pins, having a total value of 800 gold pieces. However, there are also several special pieces in the box. These include a delicate ruby-studded gold brooch worth 2,600 gold pieces, a slim emerald-tipped gold pin worth 1000 gold pieces, and a beautifully wrought silver ankle chain studded with small green gemstones worth 900 gold pieces.

46. The Gold Room

The gold-painted walls of this 15-foot square room are broken by bay windows in the south and west walls. The windows are framed by heavy, forest-green velvet curtains. There are doors in the north and east walls. In the southwest corner is a gold-veined gray marble fireplace. Flanking the east door on either side are an oak chest of drawers and an oak cabinet. There is a bed beneath the west window and a small writing desk and chair against the north wall.

The door in the north wall leads to the West Room (45). That in the east wall leads to the upper hall (29).

The cabinet is a wardrobe of the same magical type found throughout the inn. The dresser and desk are also invested with magical properties that keep anything stored in them fresh, clean, and undamaged. All three are empty.

47. The Room of Dreams

The whitewashed walls of this 15-foot by 10-foot room are broken only by a bay window in the south wall and a door in the north wall. The window is framed by spotless white velvet curtains that are the same hue as the room's thick wool rug. There's a white enameled iron heating stove in the southeast corner and a double-doored oak cabinet in the northeast corner. A bed occupies the space next to the window. For some reason, this room lacks the dirt and dust present throughout the rest of the

inn. The overall effect of white walls, ceiling, and floor is a pleasant break from the gloominess of the hallway.

The door in the north wall leads to the upper hall (29). The cabinet is a wardrobe of the same magical type found throughout the inn. Stuffed in the bottom of the wardrobe is a backpack containing a holy symbol, a lantern, two flasks of oil, three iron rations, a mirror, a 50-foot length of rope, three small sacks, a tinder box, and an empty wineskin. These are the personal effects of the warlock who accompanied Hepath Nun's party into the inn and subsequently left via the gate.

The room's cleanliness is due to the fact that the warlock slept here throughout his sojourn at the inn. The only dirt still present is that blocking the stove.

As a special service to the inn's patrons, the Room of Dreams is under an enchantment that causes those who sleep there to have particularly vivid and interesting dreams. The room attunes itself to the sleeper, providing dreams that most fit his mood and needs. For example, someone in need of rest and relaxation might have pleasant, colorful dreams about cavorting with laughing nymphs in a wooded glade. Someone with a yen for excitement, on the other hand, might find himself locked in desperate combat with a dream dragon or other fantastic beast. The dreams experienced inside this room are always pleasant unless the room's properties are consciously manipulated by the dreamer to produce nightmares.

Particularly strong-willed persons who know that the room induces dreams can sometimes (25% chance) bend it to their will, causing it to show them flashes of the past and future. What the room shows may or may not be strictly accurate, and it is impossible to guarantee exactly how the room may react to a desire. For example, someone who is worried about a friend might go to sleep thinking about that friend in hopes that the room will cause dreams that give some clue as to the friend's location; instead, the room might cause the person to dream about past adventures with that friend.

If one of the PCs sleep in the room before reaching Blackmoor, he has vivid dreams in which he and his companions step through the gate in the lower cellar and wind up in the cellar of the Comeback Inn. There, they encounter a strange band of individuals in archaic armor and clothing who force them to surrender their weapons and become guests of the inn while their ultimate status is determined. This dream should essentially repli-

cate the PCs first encounter with the Regency Council's guards detailed in the section dealing with the Blackmoor Comeback Inn.

48. The Room of Balms

The whitewashed walls of this 15-foot by 10-foot room are broken only by a bay window in the south wall and a door in the east wall. The window is framed by snowy white velvet curtains. The floor is covered by a wool rug of the purest white. There's a white enameled iron heating stove in the southwest corner and a double-doored oak cabinet in the northwest corner. A bed occupies the space next to the window. Unlike the hall outside, this room is free of dirt, dust, and cobwebs, as if someone has recently cleaned it.

The door in the east wall leads to the upper hall (29). The cabinet is a wardrobe of the same magical type found throughout the inn. Stuffed in the bottom of the wardrobe is a backpack containing a lantern, two flasks of oil, an iron ration, a mirror, three large sacks, six iron spikes, a small hammer, a tinder box, and an empty waterskin. These are the possessions of Gern, one of the members of Hepath Nun's party who left via the gate.

The room's cleanliness stems from the fact that Gern slept here while staying in the inn. Even the stove is free of the dust, dirt, and ash that block most of the other stoves in the inn. It contains several logs and a pile of dry kindling, and will provide a warm fire if lit by one of the PCs. Each sunrise, as this fire begins to burn down, the wood replenishes itself.

Like the Room of Dreams (47), this room is designed to provide a special service for the inn's guests. Anyone of neutral or lawful alignment who spends an entire night sleeping in this room is affected by its enchantment as if a 10th level cleric had just cast the spells *cure blindness*, *cure disease*, *cure serious wounds*, and *neutralize poison* over him.

49. The Wizards' Room

The lavender walls of this 20-foot square room are broken by a two pairs of bay windows, one in the west wall, the other in the north wall. All four windows are framed by heavy purple velvet curtains. The room's only entrance is a door in the south wall. There is a big, lilac-veined gray marble fireplace in the south wall. A pair of royal purple candles in silver holders rest on the mantle over which hangs a

large picture in an ornate gilt frame. The room's northwest corner contains a built-in double-doored oak cabinet. A spacious lavender-canopied oak bed occupies the room's northeast corner. The rest of the east wall is taken up with a large, chunky oak dresser. Beneath the windows in the west wall is a long, low, overstuffed royal-purple sofa. Hanging from the white-washed ceiling is an iron-banded oak chandelier set with twelve purple candles. The room is free of the dirt, dust and cobwebs found in the hallway outside.

The door in the south wall leads to the upper hall (29). The cabinet is a wardrobe of the same magical type found throughout the inn. Stuffed in the bottom of the wardrobe is a backpack containing a ten iron rations, a vial of holy water, a mirror, a large sack, and an empty waterskin. These are Hepath Nun's possessions.

The room's cleanliness is due to the fact that Hepath Nun slept here throughout his stay. Even the stove is free of the dust, dirt, and ash that block most of the other stoves in the inn. It contains several logs and a pile of dry kindling, and will provide a warm fire if lit by one of the PCs. Each sunrise, as this fire begins to burn down, the wood replenishes itself.

This room is designed to provide a special service to select customers. At a spoken word of command, the bed folds itself into a set of six high-backed, throne-like, carved oak arm chairs and a large round oak card table covered in green baize. The candles in the chandelier then burst into life, and a distant horn begins to wail a smoky tune from another world. The ordinary-seeming dresser against the east wall folds out into a well-stocked bar. Several of its bottles rise into the air and pour their contents into a shaker of ice which proceeds to mix its contents by rising into the air and vigorously shaking (never stirring) them. The shaker then pours the resultant beverage into half a dozen glasses. When the glasses are full, the tray on which they sit floats over to the green table, where several decks of playing cards are already shuffling themselves.

This unique behavior is attributable to the fact that the room was designed by a team of Mohacs wizards to serve as both a guest room and as the regular meeting place of a number of Blackmoor's smaller guilds. Normally, the bed and dresser function in the same way as all of the other magical furniture in the inn. But, once the magic word "meeting" is spoken, their nature changes as described above.

Unless the PCs accidentally speak the magic word while in the room, they are unaware of these special properties until they reach Blackmoor.

The painting over the mantle is five feet long by four feet high and shows a famous incident in the history of the north, the raising of Uther's banner at Blackmoor.

The painting shows an open tree-lined square. The Inn Between the Worlds—or the Comeback Inn, as it seems to have been known—is visible in the distant background, together with a towering, black castle. Other, less identifiable buildings in the painting's mid-ground are hidden by a large crowd of cheering people. The crowd seems to include a large number of armed soldiers and knights. In the foreground, a tall, black-haired man in black plate armor holds aloft a silver banner emblazoned with a black Hawk of Andahar. A slight, gray-faced man in white clerical garb is pronouncing a blessing. The two men are surrounded by six kneeling men in black armor who are presenting their naked swords hilt-forward to the man holding the banner. The brass plaque set in the frame below the painting identifies it as "The Raising of the Royal Banner At Blackmoor."

The kneeling men are the first of the King's Companions. The small man in clerical garb is Garamond Bolitho, Bishop of Blackmoor.

50. The Shire Room

The earth-tinted walls of this 20-foot square room are broken by a three bay windows with bright yellow sashes, two in the east wall, the other in the south wall. Framing each window is a pair of heavy russet velvet curtains. The room contains two doors, a round yellow door in the north wall and double-door made of bright yellow hemispheres in the west wall. There's a yellow-veined marble fireplace in the south wall. A pair of yellow candles in brass holders rest on the mantle, above which hangs a large painting in a black laquered frame. The northwest corner of the room contains a carved walnut chest of drawers. A big canopied walnut bed occupies the room's northeast corner. Near the window in the south wall is an overstuffed arm chair upholstered in brown corduroy. The room is remarkably clean, from its earth-tone ceiling to its dark brown carpet.

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The double door in the west wall leads to the Shire Room closet (51). The door in the south wall leads to the upper hall (29). From the inside, it appears to be round; from the outside, it is a conventional door. In fact, the windows also appear to be round, though from outside the building no such rounded windows are visible. A special enchantment distorts the shape of doors and windows from the inside only so as to make the room more comfortable and familiar to halflings, who favor rounded sashes. Both door and windows are painted a bright yellow.

The chest of drawers is of the same magical type found throughout the inn. It is empty, and the drawers are all unlocked.

The painting is five feet long by four feet tall and shows a romanticized version of the meeting of Uther and his "companions" after the so-called "five victories," the climactic battles in which Uther placed parts of his divided army under the command of his most trusted lieutenants who then simultaneously attacked and routed five separate enemy armies in different parts of Blackmoor.

The painting shows a high hill on a dark night. Far below the hilltop and facing it with torches held aloft are several hundred armed soldiers. Atop the hill stand a dozen black-armored figures in a rough semicircle. The central figure is a tall, black-haired, hawk-faced man wearing a gold crown. The others are of all descriptions. One is a dwarf. Two are halflings. One is a silver-haired elf who towers over his fellows. All of the men on the hilltop

bear naked swords that they have raised high in salute to a glittering silver banner carried by the black-haired man. Their glittering swords catch the light of hundreds of bright stars hanging low in the sky behind them. The warm ruddy light of the torches imparts a soft glow to their armor. The banner, with its black hawk emblem, seems to be surrounded by a nimbus of blue starlight. A plaque set in the painting's frame informs you that the work is entitled "The King And His Companions."

Among those shown in the painting are King Uther (holding aloft his banner), Bascom Ungulian, Fletcher William, The Great Svenny, Marfeldt the Barbarian, Mello the Halfling, Menander Ithamis, the Peshwan Na Shepro, Philo Holbytn, Willem of the Heath, and Wolper Gannet. Having seen them in this painting, the PCs may later recognize at least some of these individuals when they meet them in Blackmoor.

Since Charo (one of the members of Hepath Nun's party) slept in this room throughout his stay, it is clean and free of dust and dirt. The stove is still blocked with dust, dirt, and ash, however.

51. The Shire Room Closet

This magical walk-in closet keeps anything placed inside it clean and pressed. It contains Charo's backpack. Inside the backpack are a lantern, two flasks of oil, two iron rations, a mirror, two large sacks, twelve iron spikes, a small hammer, a tinder box, and an empty

waterskin. Beside the backpack is a large sack containing 200 gold pieces and 100 silver pieces.

Third Floor

Stairs leading up from the second floor hall give access to a single third-story room called the "Tower Room."

52. The Tower Room

The bare black stone walls of this 20-foot square room are broken by pairs of bay windows in the south wall, west wall, and north wall. The room's only entrance is a door in the east wall. There is a big, yellow-veined black marble fireplace in the east wall. The hearthstone, like the flags covering the floor and the blocks of stone making up the walls, is the same black stone making up the bedrock on which the inn rests. A double-doored elmwood cabinet occupies the east wall north of the fireplace. A spacious canopied elm bed occupies the room's north-west corner. A small, plain, elmwood writing desk and chair occupy the room's southwest corner. There is a black corduroy chair in front of the fireplace. Hanging from the whitewashed plaster ceiling is a wrought iron oak chandelier with twelve ivory-colored candles.

The door leads to the stairs going down to the second floor's upper hall (29). The cabinet is an empty wardrobe or the same magical type found throughout the inn.



THE BLACKMOOR COMEBACK INN

GENERAL BACKGROUND

Use the material in this section to run the second part of the adventure. In this part, the PCs finally pass through the gate from the last Inn Between the Worlds, and enter the Blackmoor Comeback Inn. Here, they fill in some of the missing pieces of the puzzle with which they were presented at the Inn Between the Worlds. They also meet some of Blackmoor's great, near-great, and notorious and become embroiled in Thonian politics. Finally, they learn the story of Uther's abduction and are commissioned to rescue the missing king. This section ends when the PCs again step through the gate, this time into the Prison Out Of Time.

The Blackmoor Comeback Inn is, of course, just the Inn Between the Worlds at a much earlier period in its existence. Its halls and rooms are, therefore, exactly the same as those in the Inn Between the World except as noted below:

1. The Blackmoor Comeback Inn looks brand new. Since it has not experienced the three millenia of cataclysm and neglect suffered by the Inn Between the Worlds, it contains none of the cobwebs, dirt, dust, and sand found in that edifice. The windows are clear of grime, and offer an excellent view of Blackmoor town and castle. The stoves and fireplaces are unblocked.
2. There is no trace of the presence of the Hephath Nun party, the orcs, the PCs or any monsters encountered up to this point in the adventure. All that has happened so far has occurred downtime. Any changes in the inn wrought by the PCs or the monsters they have met won't occur for thousands of years.
3. The contents of the individual rooms are modified as indicated in this section.
4. All of the inn's enchantments are fully operational. The enchantments on fireplaces and heating stoves now cause them at dawn to replenish their wood and rekindle any fire burning within them (so long as their flues are open). Cheery fires now burn in every stove and fireplace.
5. The inn's exterior wood is painted ivory. The letters on its signboard are ivory on a black field. The surrounding terrain is the same as that shown in the painting in the service hall (27).
6. The inn is occupied by the owner, a staff of eight, 14 guests, and 12 guards. There are an additional eight guards outside. The guards and at least some of the guests are present by order of the Regency Council.
7. The inn is now closed by order of the Regency Council. However, the council pays

staff salaries and provides funds for such minor upkeep and maintenance as is needed. In exchange for this consideration, the council requires the owner to house certain individuals who are in Blackmoor on state business. Other important persons often gather at the inn, and it has thus become an unofficial government hostel. Important Blackmoor figures wander in and out of the inn throughout the PCs' stay. Many are the same persons who appeared in the paintings first viewed in the Inn Between the Worlds.

8. No monsters wander through the gate or appear from other planes.

9. The season at the Inn Between Worlds was left indeterminate. It could have been late spring, summer or early fall. When the PCs step through the gate into the Blackmoor Comeback Inn, it is a cold day in winter.

It is assumed that, when the PCs enter the Comeback Inn, they have already seen all of the Inn Between the Worlds. Thus, you can describe the rooms in the Comeback Inn by referring to changes in their appearance detailed in the *Description* section of this part of the adventure. It should not be necessary to give detailed descriptions of most rooms.

When they step through the gate, the PCs are captured by the soldiers and agents of the Regency Council as described in the next section. Once captured, they are given the run of the Comeback Inn, which they are forbidden to leave. If they try to escape, they find their way blocked at every turn. There are soldiers guarding the inn to prevent escape, and the gate is closed behind them. They are prisoners in a time that is not their own.

During the weeks following their capture, while they rest and relax at the Regency Council's expense, the PCs are politely but repeatedly and tenaciously questioned by various important Blackmoor personages. Garamond Bolitho, The Fetch, The Great Svenny, The Blue Rider, Sildonis, Robert the Bald, Rissa Aleford, and Mello the Halfling all put in an appearance at the inn, and all are interested in speaking with those odd fellows who came out of nowhere and claim that Blackmoor doesn't exist! These famous personages are described in detail in the *Rogues, Regents & Rascals* section.

The PCs also find themselves courted by some of the inn's staff and guests. The owner, Fredigar Cripps, is most interested in their tale. So is the junior wench, Melanie Arquette, who is actually a secret agent of the Iron Duke. Ruda Malefor, as an agent of the Regency Council, is naturally intrigued by them, as are the council's wizards on the

scene, Jallapierie and Bosero.

Most interested of all are the songstress, Lola Dafin, and her greasy little manager, Dubonino Scatman. Since accomplishing the king's abduction, these two secret agents of the Iron Duke have been "guests" of the Regency Council. Both are now becoming concerned that their cover has been blown and that sooner or later they will be put to the question under torture.

So strong is the geas laid upon the two agents not to speak of (or even think about) the king's abduction and those involved in it that both know that they will die if questioned. Nor will that necessarily end their torment. If their torturers have a good cleric on hand, they could be made to die repeatedly. Since neither Scatman nor Lola is greatly enamored of either pain or death, the agents are now seeking some means of escape from the inn. The appearance of the PC party has given them the idea of enlisting the PCs' assistance in cutting a way through to the gate. If the agents can then go through to the prison in which the king is being held, they will at least be safe from torture.

As a prelude to this scheme and on the very day the PCs arrive in Blackmoor, Scatman obtains Melanie's agreement to participate in the escape. Since Melanie holds the amulet they need to control the gate, her participation is vital. With that loose end tied up, Scatman and Lola proceed during the following weeks to actively court the PCs, trying to win them over, but retaining their covers as entertainer and manager. Lola is especially assiduous, seeking out the least intelligent male PC and using her undeniable good looks and her ability to project an appealing vulnerability in order to win his affection.

You can stage conversations and encounters with any or all of the aforementioned characters, using the material in this part of the adventure and in the *Rogues, Regents & Rascals* section. These encounters should fill in any information on Blackmoor that the PCs might still be missing, introduce them to all of the agents inside the inn who are working for either the Iron Duke or the Regency Council, and plant some clues in their minds as to what might happen next.

Once you have either staged or described enough encounters so that the players have enough knowledge to make some reasoned decisions, stage the final three encounters that will take them into the third part of this adventure. In chronological order, these encounters are:

1. **Dubinino's Pitch:** Having coozied up to

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one or more of the PCs, Dubonino Scatman and Lola Dafin arrange a private conversation with the PC party, during which Scatman lays out a proposition:

You'd like to get outta 'ere. Wouldn't ya? Wouldn't ya? You think it's bad now? Wait'll you've been 'ere a year like Lola an' me. A whole year! While we ain't makin' any money an' Lola girl's bein' forgotten back in the empire, where it matters.

Well, we're not stickin' much longer. Not if we can 'elp it. We've come on a spot of luck, ya see. We've found a way to go through that gate down there and come out whenever we want. Better than that. We've got a way out of this place once we get there.

So how'd you like to get home, eh? How'd you like to step outta this garbage pit an' maybe stroll away wi' a bit o' the jack in yer pockets besides? Eh? What say?

Scatman refuses to explain further how he plans to get out of the inn. To all such queries he replies cryptically that he's found some assistance—"a 'elper, like." If the PCs don't reject the plan outright, he expands on what he's said so far.

It's like this. Lola 'ere's got the run o' the place like the rest o' us. But in a special kinda way, ya see. Old mister Batts, our host. "E's got a fancy for Lola girl. Think's she's quite a spot o' nice. Balmy old gentl'man 'ud probably do most anything for 'er.

Well now. Lola's got some stuff stored in mister Cripps safe downstairs. As it 'appens, that's also where they've got yer weapons stored. Now, if Lola was ta get the safe open just as you gentl'men came walkin' through the door to lit'le mister innkeep's office, I don't suppose the old cove 'ud be able ta keep you from takin' 'im, would 'e?

Then, wi' your 'elp, we take out the guards along the way, quiet-like. Once we're in the cellar an' 'ave our horses an' gear, our 'elper joins us—an we step on outta 'ere.

Oh, yeah. There's one more thing. An' I know you're the kinda likely lads what will appreciate it. That safe o' mister Cripps, now. That also 'olds some mighty interstin' little bags an' boxes o' what Lola girl says is gems an' jewels. Belike, when we go, we could take them bags an' boxes along an' see if Lola girl's right. An' if she is, why whatever we find is only just recompense, as they say, fer the time they've 'ad us locked up 'ere. Whaddaya think?

If the players agree, Scatman arranges for them to be ready to leave at a moment's notice any

time after the next evening. If rebuffed, he leaves, expressing his regrets and reminding the PCs that they know where to find him if they change their minds. Lola stays behind just long enough to make her own plea:

You will think about what Dub said? He really is a clever man. He's got it all figured. If only we can get you to help us with the soldiers, I know we can get out of here.

Oh, I know. You don't want to take the chance now. But wait 'till you've been here as long as we have. It's a crazy place. The whole country. Oh, they're nice enough. But I know they're going to keep us here until they get their stupid king back—as if we could do anything about that. We just can't wait forever. Please, you will think about helping?

2. Enter The Fetch: Bright and early the morning after Scatman and Lola make their proposition, The Fetch shows up at the inn. His presence is not unusual, but his purpose is. His agent, Veslo Meridan, has listened in to part of Scatman's pitch, using the *crystal ball with clairaudience* that he was given by the Regency Council. Having been briefed by Meridan, The Fetch has laid a plan of his own, which he pitches to the PCs over steaming cups of mulled wine:

Well, my young friends. We seem to have had a visitor yesterday. Yes? A most interesting visitor. And an interesting proposition that mister Scatman made, too. Of course, you've accepted.

Though the last sentence is a statement, at this point The Fetch looks at each of the PCs in turn for confirmation. Regardless of their answers, he continues:

It is very important that you accept. I wonder if you have considered the full implications of friend Scatman's little story. We're sure, you see, that the king was abducted by means of the gate. Only way. No one's ever broken the enchantments on this place—and the best wizards in the north have tried. So it had to be the gate.

Now, if Scatman has found a way to control the gate, then he's also likely found someone involved in the abduction—a someone with whom I'd dearly love to have a little chat. We don't

know, of course, but I've had my suspicions about the cherubic mister Dubonino Scatman and his Lola girl for some time now. Their appearance here was just a wee bit too pat, I think. I would be very surprised to find that they weren't both involved up to their pretty necks in the king's disappearance. Whether or not I'm right, at the very least, mister Scatman may well have found a way for us to locate and rescue Uther. We can't be sure.

Because we can't be sure, mister Scatman must be allowed to play out his little charade—and you must help him. Of course, you will also be helping us.

Here's the deal, then. You go along with Scatman. Help him escape. But watch for your chance. If you find the king, or a way to locate him, get back here however you can. Bring us a way to rescue Uther and you'll all be rich. Bring back the king and you'll be more than rich. We're making new barons in the North. You could be among them. And, of course, if you need a job, the council is always interested in bold folk, such as yourselves.

There are other rewards, too. What Scatman said about getting home? If you can find a way to control the gate, you can get there yourselves. The trick will then be getting out of the inn once you're there. And there's only one way to do that. Get the owner or one of the staff to take you out. We can arrange that. Scatman can't.

You see, the inn knows its own. And, mister Cripps has made it clear that anyone who steps through that gate is going to cease immediately to be one of the inn's own—instant unemployment, you might say. Since the inn knows mister Cripps' mind, it tends to take the necessary action automatically. I think you'll find that whoever Scatman has got to help him won't be any better able to walk through that front door and into the yard than you, yourselves, are.

Scatman knows all of this, by the way. The rule against entering the gate was announced to the staff by Cripps as soon as we were sure that the gate was used in the king's kidnapping. Scatman was in the common room when the announcement was made. So he certainly knows the true situation. Kind of makes you wonder, doesn't it, just what mister Scatman really intends to do with you once he gets you through that gate?

Were I you, I'd not trust the man—or



his sweet charge—further than you can throw a full-grown dragon. We have our ways of picking brains and learning things we really want to know. Magical ways, and very powerful. None of them has ever worked on either Scatman or Dafin. We probe their minds on the subject of the king, and there's nothing there. No thought, no images, nothing. Not even speculation or curiosity. It's as if their brains had been wiped clean on this subject. That's not a natural thing and indicates that there is much more to those two than meets the eye. That's why I've kept them here long after everyone else has been let go. Were it not for the king's prohibition on torture, I'd have put them to the question long ago. And I may still, if this doesn't work. But, that's my problem, as they say.

Yours is deciding whether you want to be on the side of the angels—or mister Scatman. So what say? Care to hazard all for king and country—and to get rich?

The Fetch keeps talking in this vein until the PCs agree to take on the assignment. He then provides them with “a small gift from the Regency Council” to help them on their mission, a

case holding one potion for each PC. Pick a different potion for each PC from among the following: *potion of flying*, *potion of giant strength*, *potion of heroism*, *potion of invulnerability*, *potion of speed*, *potion of invisibility*, *potion of freedom*, and *potion of luck*.

The *potion of freedom* and the *potion of luck* are described in the D&D® Companion set. They have the following effects:

Potion of Freedom: The user can't be affected by paralysis of any sort, nor by *hold person* or *hold monster* spells.

Potion of Luck: The user is extremely lucky. The player of the character using this potion may choose the result of any one roll of his, instead of rolling a random result (a Hit or damage roll, Saving Throw, etc.). Rolls made by you, the DM, or by other players can't be affected. The effect lasts for one hour or until the luck is used.

The Fetch then leaves with assurances that other action will be taken to ensure their success.

3. The Fat Man Arrives: The morning after their conversation with The Fetch, Fredigar Cripps teleports into their quarters to tell them that he has been asked by The Fetch to help them, but that they can't get their weap-

ons until Scatman executes his plan. That would be too dangerous, since it might tip Scatman off that he was discovered. However, they can, he says, have some of their possessions. Fredigar then drops off any small, easily concealable magical items they possessed when they entered the Comeback Inn, after first cautioning the PCs not to let Scatman know that they have obtained them. After teleporting back to his study, he returns with any spell books belonging to the group. These, he says they can have each day for just long enough to memorize the spells they think they will need. Then the books will have to go back in his safe so that Scatman's suspicions aren't aroused.

Once the players agree to Scatman's plan (either of their own accord or due to the insistence of The Fetch) and Fredigar gets some of their possessions into their hands, you are ready to stage their “escape” from the Comeback Inn and start the third part of the adventure. Handle the escape from the inn as follows.

One afternoon shortly after the PCs agree to Scatman's proposal, he discreetly informs them that they are leaving late that night and that they must be ready to move by midnight. At that time, he joins them, hauling a big book (his spell book) and a small carpetbag. He then leads them down stairs, through the

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common room (10) past the two soldiers who are out of the action, thanks to a *sleep* spell that Scatman has cast over them. They proceed through the service hall (27) into the back hall (11). There, they find the two guards by the door in the north wall also out of the action, thanks to a *hold person* spell, also cast by Scatman.

At Scatman's instruction, they enter the master's study (15), where they find Lola and Cripps seated in the arm chairs in front of Cripps' desk enjoying a glass of wine while admiring some gems that Cripps has removed from the safe. The safe stands open. As soon as Cripps hears them enter, he stands and whirls around, feigning surprise. When he catches sight of the PCs, he holds his hands up in a gesture of surrender. As he does so, sweet Lola pulls a hidden dagger from the folds of her dress and stabs Cripps in the back. He falls to the floor, dead.

With Cripps out of the way, Scatman lets the PCs rearm themselves and loot the safe before insisting that they must now hurry before his spells wear off. He then leads them into the kitchen, where the party is joined by Melanie, who is wearing the amulet used to control the gate.

In the kitchen, Scatman hurriedly whispers his plan to the PCs. They will, he says, surprise the soldiers in the north passage, and then split the party. While some of PCs grab the horses and Scatman's mule, he, Lola, and the rest of the PCs will attack the soldiers in the south passage and the lower cellar. When the party is reunited, Scatman will *wizard lock* the barred gate at the east end of the south passage to prevent pursuit and they will go through the gate.

What Scatman does not know, of course, is that The Fetch is aware of his plot. Veslo Meridan continues to actively employ his crystal ball, and he heard Scatman earlier in the day warn the players of the upcoming escape. The Fetch is now putting his own plan into effect. In his nearby residence, Garamond Bolitho is preparing to enter the inn and begin work to save those wounded during the fighting and raise those killed. Upstairs, Meridan, Ruda Malefor, Alwyn Morland, Arn Yonson, Bosero and Jallapierie are preparing to follow the PCs through the gate. This backup team will ensure that the PCs keep their bargain.

Nor are The Fetch's people the only ones on alert. With his usual sixth sense about such things, Marfeldt the Barbarian is preparing to take a stroll around the inn and see if, as he suspects, something interesting is about to happen. He is accompanied by Barnabas the Wanderer and Timothy Curlytop, who have

been charmed by the big barbarian, and are now his boon companions. Having heard Marfeldt and company moving about, both Scotty Debelfry (accompanied by his two slayers) and Miklos Haruska also hurriedly dress and leave their rooms to see what's going on. Anything that sounds even vaguely like trouble in the lower level will draw these individuals toward the cellars. None arrives in the lower cellar before the PCs are ready to step through the gate, however.

From this point, what happens is up to you. The stage is set. Your objective is to get the PCs through the gate and into the Prison Out of Time. If you think the party may need help in order to crack the prison (or if you just want to spring some surprises on the PCs), any of the NPCs in the inn may follow them through the gate. Those NPCs who don't follow the party are presumed to reach the lower cellar after the gate has closed. Remember that persons moving through the gate come out right behind each other, no matter when they entered.

DESCRIPTION

This section contains a room-by-room description of changes in the appearance and contents of the rooms in the Comeback Inn since leaving the Inn Between the Worlds.

Lower Level

The walls of the lower level rooms are no longer streaked with the phosphorescent substance that coated them in the Inn Between the Worlds.

1. The Stable

The sand and dead rats are gone. The doors in the south wall stand open during the day and are closed and barred at night. Outside the south door, just far enough away so as not to be caught in the inn's enchantment, a detachment of eight of the Regency Council's soldiers keeps a chilly watch over the entrances to both stable and common room.

Soldiers (8): AC 5 (chainmail); HD 6; hp 25 each; MV 120' (40'); #AT 1; D 1-6 (crossbow) or 1-8 (sword); Save F6; ML 10; AL L; XP 60.

The soldiers are stand-by reinforcements, in case the soldiers inside the inn run into trouble. Each carries a case of crossbow quarrels containing 16 normal quarrels, one *quarrel of stunning*, one *quarrel of disarming*, one *quarrel of charming*, and one *quarrel of dispelling*. These missiles have the following effects:

Quarrel of Charming: The victim must make a Saving Throw vs. Spells or be

charmed by the user (as per the *charm person* or *charm monster* magic-user spell).

Quarrel of Disarming: This missile has no effect unless it strikes a victim holding a weapon of other item. The victim must make a Saving Throw vs. Spells or drop whatever he is holding. A dropped item can normally be recovered in one round (unless it falls into a pit or chasm, or someone else grabs it).

Quarrel of Dispelling: When this missile hits, it creates a *dispel magic* effect centered on the point of impact (a 20' cube), as if cast by a 15th level caster.

Quarrel of Stunning: The victim hit by this missile must make a saving throw vs. Spells or be stunned for 1-6 rounds. A stunned victim cannot concentrate, and suffers a -2 penalty to Saving Throws, a -4 penalty to Hit rolls, and a +4 penalty to Armor Class.

If trouble starts inside the inn, these soldiers will automatically go inside to help quell the disturbance. In combat, they use their magic quarrels first, seeking to charm, stun, disarm, and ultimately subdue their foes. Only if a foe continues the struggle after all of the magic quarrels have been fired, will they fire normal quarrels.

The soldiers wear black armor. Each carries 10 gold pieces and 10 silver pieces.

The stable's 20 stalls house 10 riding horses, a mule, and a small pony (with the attributes of a mule). Jallapierie, Ruda Malefor, Miklos Haruska, Lola Dafin, Veslo Meridan, and Dubonino Scatman each own one of the riding horses. The mule belongs to Scatman. The pony belongs to Timothy Curlytop. The other four riding horses belong to the inn.

During the day, these animals are tended by the inn's elderly groom, Kern Surin.

Kern Surin: AC 9; HD 1; hp 3; MV 120' (40'); #AT 1; D 1-4 (dagger); Save F1; ML 7; AL L; XP 5.

This short, bandy-legged little man was once a famous horseman before getting married and settling down. He has found a home at the Comeback Inn, and will fight to defend it. He is especially devoted to the owner, Fredigar Cripps. If either Cripps or Kern's wife Emma are menaced, he attacks in their defense with a morale of 12 (instead of 7). He also fights to defend other members of the staff, but at a morale of 7. He has no interest in events involving persons not part of the inn's staff.

2. The Tool Room

The door to this room is open during the day. At night, it is closed and locked. The sand is

gone. The forge's flue is now unblocked. A white-hot, charcoal fire burns inside it. The charcoal is magically replenished at noon and midnight each day. The fire burns perpetually.

3. The West Passage

The doors at either end of the passage are open during the day. They are closed and barred from the east side at night.

4. The North Passage

Two more soldiers patrol this passage.

Soldiers (2): AC 4 (chainmail and shield); HD 6; hp 25 each; MV 120' (40'); #AT 1; D 1-8 (sword); Save F6; ML 10; AL L; XP 60.

Each soldier carries 10 silver pieces and five gold pieces. Their armor is black. Their silver shields bear a black Hawk of Andahar.

5. The East Passage

This area is unchanged.

6. The Wine Cellar

Except for the lack of cobwebs on the chandelier and the absence of bottles referring to the reigns of Oser or Ning, this room is unchanged.

7. The South Passage

The gates at either end of this passage are open. Two soldiers patrol the passage.

Soldiers (2): AC 4 (chainmail and shield); HD 6; hp 25 each; MV 120' (40'); #AT 1; D 1-8 (sword); Save F6; ML 10; AL L; XP 60.

The soldiers wear black armor. Their silver shields bear a black Hawk of Andahar. Each carries 10 silver pieces and five gold pieces.

8. The Lower Cellar

The pile of refuse against the west wall is a junk pile. It contains hundreds of boards and beams, a dozen chairs, an old desk, two large sealed barrels, three small sealed barrels, an open barrel of metal scraps, six bolts of sailcloth, three small crates of empty jars, a large empty crate, and two locked chests. The large sealed barrels contain dry cement. The small barrels contain tar. One of the chests is empty. The other contains cleaning rags.

There are four soldiers in the room.

Soldiers (4): AC 4 (chainmail and shield); HD 6; hp 25 each; MV 120' (40'); #AT 1; D 1-8 (sword); Save F6; ML 10; AL L; XP 60.

The soldiers wear black armor. Their silver

shields bear a black Hawk of Andahar. Each carries 10 silver pieces and five gold pieces.

If anyone comes through the gate, one of the four soldiers immediately leaves, alerting the soldiers in the north and south passages before running into the stable to alert the guards in the inn yard. One of the soldiers in the north hall then runs upstairs to alert the rest of the soldiers and Regency Council agents in the inn. Except for this man, the soldiers in the inn yard and on the lower level proceed to the lower cellar, arriving within 2-5 rounds. Soldiers stationed on the upper levels hold their positions. However, guests who are Regency Council agents or friends make for the lower cellar, arriving within 4-7 rounds. The Regency Council agents planted in the inn include Ruda Malefor, Veslo Meridan, Alwyn Morland, Bosero the Drunkard, and Arn Yonson. Marfeldt the Barbarian and Timothy Curlytop are also friends of the Regency Council who are staying at the inn and who will act in concert with the council's agents and soldiers.

The soldiers in the lower cellar (and those agents who come to their aid) attempt to kill only as a last resort. They first attempt to talk, stalling for time and assuring their adversaries that they mean them no harm. As reinforcements arrive, they continue to talk, but insist that their adversaries surrender their weapons and submit to the legal authorities. If they are attacked, they defend themselves, but make an effort not to hurt their opponents.

When the PCs first step through the gate, the wizard Jallapierie is present in the lower cellar conducting one of his ongoing researches into the nature of the gate. The wizard is currently acting as an agent for the Regency Council, and, like the soldiers, he is anxious to capture, rather than kill.

As soon as the PCs step through the gate into Blackmoor, it closes behind them, making it impossible to exit the way they entered. They must either fight their way through over two-dozen tough opponents in order to gain the freedom of the inn (which they will still be unable to leave without assistance), or they must submit to the local authorities.

If the players fight, any PC or NPC killed or wounded during the fracas is treated by Brother Richard and Garamond Bolitho, who arrive on the scene within minutes of the combat's end. Once subdued, the PCs are forced to relinquish their weapons, mounts, equipment, spell books, and any obviously magical items and accept the hospitality of the inn while the Regency Council tries to figure out who they are and what exactly to do with them. During this time, they share makeshift accommodations in the Amber

Room (39) and the Topaz Room (43).

If, when they first enter Blackmoor, the PCs fight for longer than 10 rounds, a group of soldiers similar to that in the stable (1) arrives from Blackmoor Castle. Another such detachment arrives every 1-4 rounds from that time on.

When the PCs attempt to escape, the gate is open and can be controlled. The amulet that Melanie carries (and that only she, Lola, and Scatman know how to use) isn't actually a solid piece of metal at all, but a series of five close-set rings revolving around a solid center. The rings contain various arcane markings and calibrations. Each of the possible alignments of these features represents a different time. During the escape, the amulet is set for the time in which the inn has been turned by the Iron Duke's agents into the Prison Out of Time.

Once the PCs step through the gate during their escape, they enter the Prison Out of Time (and the third part of the adventure. When they do so, the gate closes behind them (after any NPCs you want to send after them have entered it). Since the inn's doors are locked and the gate to the stable is barred during the escape, the soldiers outside the stable won't enter any melee that might occur at that time unless someone lets them in.

The Main Floor

Except for the lack of dirt, dust, and cobwebs and the presence of guests and members of the inn's staff, the main floor is unchanged. The doors to the bartender's room (13), the porter's room (14), the senior wench's room (21), the second wench's room (22), the junior wench's room (23), and the cook's room (24) are locked at all times. The staff members who stay in these rooms at night carry the keys. The door from the back hall (11) into the master's study (15) is locked at night.

9. The Front Porch

The porch is no longer covered with drifted sand. There are straight-backed chairs in its northwest and southeast corners. The cadaverous, pinch-faced porter Chunga Moke occupies the chair in the northwest corner during the day.

Chunga Moke: AC 9; HD 1; hp 5; MV 120' (40'); #AT 1; D 1-4 (dagger); Save F1; ML 4; AL L; XP 5.

From his vantage point on the porch, Moke can see Wallingford Batts behind the bar. When some important person or agent of the Regency Council (though not the PCs, Lola Dafin, or Dubonino Scatman) wants to leave the inn, Batts signals Moke through the win-

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dow at the porch's northern end. Moke then pulls that individual onto the porch through the door in the building's west wall. Moke is a stone-faced, incurious man who will not involve himself in anything that happens at the inn. He will fight only in self-defense.

10. The Common Room

Hepath Nun, his possessions, and the dead orcs are all gone. The inn's bartender (and a fighter not to be trifled with) is a big, bald, mean-looking bruiser named Wallingford Batts.

Wallingford Batts: AC 9; HD 4; hp 24; MV 120' (40'); #AT 1; D 1-6 (mace); Save F4; ML 9; AL L; XP 40.

Actually, Batts is an easy-going fellow, whose rough looks are belied by a quiet humor and willingness to lend an ear to customers having problems. He genuinely dislikes violence. It is therefore fortunate that his looks tend to intimidate rowdies into seeking trouble elsewhere. Even before the Comeback Inn was closed, he hadn't had to use his mace in, oh, weeks.

Batts is behind his bar during the day, and he keeps a mace hidden under the cash drawer for use in quelling disturbances. He has worked behind the bar almost since the inn opened. Fiercely devoted to Cripps, he places his loyalty to the owner just below the loyalty he feels to his king. He will fight to keep order in the inn, protect Cripps, or support the Regency Council's soldiers.

The cash drawer is empty. Food and drink are free to the inn's "guests," courtesy of the Regency Council. Since only guests, agents of the council, and a few important persons are allowed inside, there is no need to keep any petty cash on hand.

The door in the west wall leading to the front porch (9) is locked at night. It is closed, but unlocked, during the day.

Two of the Regency Council's soldiers are stationed in the common room at all times.

Soldiers (4): AC 5 (chainmail); HD 6; hp 25 each; MV 120' (40'); #AT 1; D 1-8 (sword); Save F6; ML 10; AL L; XP 60.

The soldiers wear black armor. Each carries 10 silver pieces and five gold pieces.

During the day, Alwyn Morland, Bosero the Drunkard, Marfeldt the Barbarian, Barnabas the Wanderer, and Timothy Curlytop are usually present. Marfeldt, Barnabas, and Timothy are invariably at the same table, drinking, eating, and swapping lies. They make a rowdy group. Usually sitting as far away from Marfeldt and company as possible are Alwyn and Bosero. They are occasionally (20% of the time) joined by Lola Dafin and Dubonino Scat-

man. If the PCs enter the common room while Scatman or Lola are there, one or both of these NPCs will join them.

11. The Back Hall

The dust, dirt and cobwebs are gone. Two of the Regency Council's soldiers are stationed by the door in the north wall at all times.

Soldiers (4): AC 5 (chainmail); HD 6; hp 25 each; MV 120' (40'); #AT 1; D 1-8 (sword); Save F6; ML 10; AL L; XP 60.

The soldiers wear black armor. Each carries 10 silver pieces and five gold pieces.

12. The East Washroom

The dead orc is gone.

13. The Barkeep's Quarters

This room is now occupied at night by Wallingford Batts. There is now a side chair in its southeast corner. Otherwise, the clothing and toilet articles in the wardrobe are unchanged. The contents of the locked bottom drawer have changed. It now contains a sack holding 70 Thonian coins: 50 gold pieces, 10 silver pieces, and 10 copper pieces.

14. The Porter's Quarters

This room is occupied at night by Chunga Moke. Its contents are unchanged except that the locked drawer in the wardrobe now holds a purse holding 30 Thonian coins: 10 gold pieces, 5 silver pieces, and 15 copper pieces.

15. The Master's Study

This room is occupied during the day by the inn's owner, Fredigar Cripps.

Fredigar Cripps: AC 9; HD 2; hp 10; MV 120' (40'); #AT 1; D 1-4 (dagger); Save F2; ML 11; AL L; XP 20.

Cripps is a portly, balding man of medium height. His ample figure has caused him to be dubbed the Fat Man by travelers who know him only as someone who drifts in and out of the common room during business hours. He is a strong supporter of the king, and has made Uther and the members of his Regency Council honorary employees of the inn so that they can come and go freely. He also enjoys a close friendship with The Fetch.

From time to time, he is delighted to be asked by The Fetch to become involved in some small (but usually not very dangerous) conspiracy being hatched by the spy master. These rare tastes of adventure have not tempted him to leave his comfortable inn and seek further such experiences, though. He maintains that he is not really a fighter, and will participate in a melee only if directly at-

tacked. He prefers to use his wits, which have in no way been dulled by his years behind a desk. Presently, he is deeply involved in The Fetch's plot to rescue the king and has been fully briefed by The Fetch on which of the inn's guests are working for the Regency Council and which are under suspicion.

The desk's middle drawer is now empty except for a large, heavy key ring containing the master set of keys to all the doors in the inn and a tray holding a key to the silver room (36). The desk's right-hand cabinet is empty. The bookcase is now closed and locked. It no longer contains any volumes of the "Chronicles of Thonia."

The cabinet in the southeast corner is kept locked, as is the safe inside. The safe contains a ring of duplicate keys to all of the inn's doors, three metal lock boxes, and two large canvas sacks. One of the lock boxes holds Thonian 200 platinum pieces and a small sack containing five amethysts worth 200 gold pieces each and an opal worth 1,000 gold pieces. The second holds an assortment of gold and silver jewelry. The 19 pieces include two brooches worth 500 gold pieces each, six chains worth 400 gold pieces each, four bracelets worth 900 gold pieces each, six assorted clasps and pins worth 300 gold pieces each, and a necklace worth 4,000 gold pieces. This jewelry is the property of Lola Dafin. The third lockbox is empty. Each sack holds 400 Thonian coins. One holds gold, the other platinum. Also stored inside the safe are all of the spell books, weapons, magic items, and equipment taken from the PCs when they were captured and not yet returned to them.

16. The Master Bedroom

This room is occupied at night by Fredigar Cripps.

17. The Master Closet

This closet is unchanged except that the clothing is more tasteful, and the walking sticks are no longer present.

18. The Kitchen

This room is occupied during the day by Hedda Burra, Valafor Odet, Kyrie Galen, and Melanie Arquette. Three of the women (Burra, Odet, and Galen) are normal humans. Melanie is a thief in disguise.

Normal Humans (3): AC 9; HD 1; hp 3; MV 120' (40'); #AT 1; D 1-4 (kitchen knife—treat as a dagger); Save F1; ML 5; AL L; XP 5.

Hedda Burra is an older woman, who has been with the inn for almost a decade. Valafor Odet and Kyrie Galen are quite young and

pretty, both having hair like fine-spun gold and the buxom figures common to the hardy country girls of the North. None of the three will actively involve themselves in events in the inn except to report any irregularities to Cripps (if available) or Batts (if Cripps is unavailable). They will fight only if attacked, using a kitchen knife for defense, if one is handy.

Melanie Arquette: AC 9; HD 8; hp 18; MV 120' (40'); #AT 1; D 1-4 + poison (dagger); Save T8; ML 10; AL N; XP 80.

Melanie Arquette was recruited by the Iron Duke's spy master, Skandros the Strangler, from one of the toughest criminal gangs in Mo-hacs. She worked for Skandros for five years before being ordered to infiltrate the Comeback Inn. After arranging the murder of the inn's junior wench, Melanie appeared looking for work and was immediately retained by a grateful Cripps. In the last two years, she has helped a dozen of the Iron Duke's agents slip through the gate in the inn's lower cellar. For this purpose, she is equipped with one of the three amulets that control the gate.

Melanie looks the very picture of the virtuous serving girl with mousy brown hair drawn back from a handsome, strong, but hardly beautiful face, and a lithe figure encased in a demure high bodiced dress with full sweeping skirts. She is anything but what she appears to be, though. That high-bodice conceals an amulet that looks like a cheap brass medallion, but which is actually a highly-magical, brass-plated gold device that controls the gate in the lower cellar. Those full skirts and pretty petticoats conceal a poisoned dagger in a leg sheath strapped to her left thigh. And her quiet, retiring manner hides the cunning mind and moral values of a cold-hearted killer. Like Scatman and Lola, Melanie is under a geas that causes intense pain if she thinks about her assignment or speaks of it to anyone but other agents of the Iron Duke. Failure to heed the warning signs of pain leads eventually to death.

19. The China Closet

This room is unchanged.

20. The North Hall

The orcs are gone.

21. The Senior Wench's Quarters

This room is occupied at night by Valafore Odet. Its contents are unchanged except that the vanity contains only face paint and the locked drawer in the wardrobe contains a carved rosewood box holding 250 Thonian coins: 200 gold pieces and 50 silver pieces.

22. The Second Wench's Quarters

This room is occupied at night by Kyrie Galen. Its contents are unchanged.

23. The Junior Wench's Quarters

This room is occupied at night by Melanie Arquette. Its contents are unchanged except that the orc is gone, and the wardrobe's top drawer is locked. Inside the drawer is a brass box containing 120 Thonian coins: 100 gold pieces and 20 silver pieces.

24. The Cook's Quarters

This room is occupied at night by Hedda Burra. Its contents are unchanged except that the wardrobe's locked drawer contains a brass box holding 140 Thonian coins: 100 gold pieces, 30 silver pieces, and 10 copper pieces.

25. The North Washroom

This room is unchanged.

26. The Store Room

This room is unchanged.

27. The Service Hall

This area is unchanged.

28. The Hayloft

This area is unchanged.

The Second Floor

The second floor is now free of dirt, dust, and cobwebs, and most of its rooms are assigned to guests. Rooms assigned to guests are locked unless the guest is inside. In such cases, the guest carries the key on his person. Guests are always in their rooms at night. During the day, they are outside the inn unless going about their normal business in Blackmoor town unless otherwise specified.

When outside their rooms, the inn's guests wear or carry all of the possessions that they would normally wear or carry in a "civilized" setting (armor, weapons, a reasonable amount of "walking-around money," and small magical items, but not packs or spell books). Their remaining possessions are in their rooms (in the wardrobe, unless otherwise specified). When the guests are in their rooms, all of those possessions with which they normally travel are with them, either on their persons or in their wardrobes. Each guest's weapons, armor, magic items, and other important possessions are detailed in the description of that guest in the room where the guest is most often found or in the *Rogues, Regents & Rascals* section. Unless otherwise noted, assume that each guest's wardrobe contains several changes of clothing appro-

priate to that character. All guests staying on this floor keep their wardrobes locked.

29. The Upper Hall

This area is unchanged.

30. The Little Room

Arn Yonson occupies this room at night. The room's contents are unchanged except for the addition of his possessions.

Yonson is a sometime agent of the Regency Council, who has been asked by The Fetch to stay in the Comeback Inn and keep himself available for a special mission. He is part of a rescue party that The Fetch plans to send in search of the king once Uther has been located. Only The Fetch, Fredigar Cripps, and the other Regency Council agents inside the inn are aware of Yonson's true status. So far as everyone else knows, the Regency Council is requiring him to stay in Blackmoor because he is suspected of knowing something about the king's disappearance. Yonson is described in detail in the *Rogues, Regents & Rascals* section.

31. The East Room

Alwyn Morland occupies this room at night. During the day, she is in the common room. Evenings, she plays at the Golden Dragon Inn, just across the way from the Comeback Inn.

Alwyn is a sometime adventurer and agent of the Regency Council who is now "between engagements" and consequently down on her luck. The Fetch has asked her to stay at the Comeback Inn and keep herself ready for a special mission. She is part of a rescue party that The Fetch plans to send in search of the king once Uther has been located. Only The Fetch, Fredigar Cripps, and the other Regency Council agents inside the inn are aware of Alwyn's true status. So far as everyone else knows, the Regency Council is requiring her to stay in Blackmoor because she is suspected of knowing something of the king's disappearance. Alwyn is described in detail in the *Rogues, Regents & Rascals* section.

The room's contents are unchanged except for the presence of Alwyn's possessions. When outside the room during the day, Alwyn normally leaves her lute in the wardrobe. Evenings, she takes it with her. Alwyn has been in town long enough so that she has sold her horse and hocked her dagger.

32. The Bath Room

This room is unchanged.

33. The Upper Privy

This room is unchanged.

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34. The Ivory Room

This room is occupied by Marfeldt the Barbarian at night. The orc is gone. Otherwise, except for the addition of his possessions, its contents are unchanged.

Marfeldt came to the inn shortly before the PCs stepped through the gate. At that time, he was pursuing a hunch that something odd was going to happen in Blackmoor. Now, he is sure of it. As a friend of the king and sometime agent for the Regency Council, he is interested in assisting in the king's rescue. But mostly he is in the inn to see what kind of fun he can have. Marfeldt is described in detail in the *Rogues, Regents & Rascals* section.

35. The North Room

This room is occupied by Miklos Haruska at night. Except for the addition of his possessions, its contents are unchanged.

Haruska was present in the Comeback Inn on the night of the king's disappearance. Being a noted thief and scoundrel, he has since been required by the Regency Council to stay in Blackmoor where he will be at their disposal. Haruska's guild has placed a bond of 10,000 gold pieces on deposit with the Regency Council, in exchange for which, Haruska is allowed to leave the inn (but not Blackmoor) on business. Though he is not at present actively working against the Regency Council, he is reporting all that he learns to agents of the Wizards' Cabal, for which he works. Since the Wizards' Cabal is now being funded by the Iron Duke, Haruska's information is reaching Taha Marcovic by roundabout means. Haruska is described in detail in the *Rogues, Regents & Rascals* section.

36. The Silver Room

This room is unoccupied and locked. The wardrobe is now empty. Otherwise, its contents are unchanged.

37. The Linen Press

This room is unchanged. During the day, Emma Surin is usually in this room when she is not gathering up linens and cleaning the guest rooms.

Emma Surin: AC 9; HD 1; hp 3; MV 120' (40'); #AT None; D None; Save F1; ML 2; AL L; XP 5.

Emma Surin has been the housekeeper at the Comeback Inn for many years now. She is a good and loyal employee, who likes her master, and is loyal to the king. If she notices anything out of the ordinary (and she notices

almost everything), she reports it to Fredigar. If he is not available, she reports it to Wal-lingford Batts. She will not fight, even if attacked.

38. The Ruby Room

This room is occupied by Scotty Debelfry's two slayers at night. Except for the addition of their possessions and a folding camp bed between the stove and the bed, its contents are unchanged. The door connecting this room with the Opal Room (41) is unlocked. The slayers are described in connection with Scotty Debelfry in the *Rogues, Regents & Rascals* section.

39. The Amber Room

This room, and the connecting Topaz Room (43) are assigned to the PCs. The room's wardrobe is empty; the shades are gone. Otherwise, it is unchanged, except for the addition of several folding camp beds. The connecting door to the Topaz Room is unlocked.

40. The Garnet Room

This room is occupied by Ruda Malefor at night and during most of the day. Except for the addition of her possessions, its contents are unchanged. The door connecting this room with the Emerald Room (44) is unlocked.

Malefor is the Regency Council's main agent in the inn, though no one knows this except The Fetch, Fredigar Cripps, and her partner, Veslo Meridan. So far as everyone else knows, the Regency Council is requiring her to stay in Blackmoor because she is suspected of knowing something about the king's disappearance. Malefor is described in detail in the *Rogues, Regents & Rascals* section.

41. The Opal Room

This room is occupied by Scotty Debelfry at night and during most of the day. Except for the addition of his possessions, its contents are unchanged. The door connecting this room with the Ruby Room (38) is unlocked. The door to the Opal Closet (42) is locked.

Debelfry arrived in Blackmoor on business unrelated to the king's disappearance just before the PCs walked through the gate into the Comeback Inn. Since that time, he and his two slayers have stayed in Blackmoor awaiting developments. Debelfry is described in detail in the *Rogues, Regents & Rascals* section.

42. The Opal Closet

This room is unchanged.

43. The Topaz Room

This room, and the connecting Amber Room (39) are assigned to the PCs. Its contents are unchanged, except for the addition of several folding camp beds. The connecting door to the Amber Room is unlocked.

44. The Emerald Room

This room is more or less constantly occupied by Veslo Meridan (95% chance of her being present at any time). Except for the addition of her possessions, its contents are unchanged. The door connecting this room with the Garnet Room (40) is unlocked. In addition to her other possessions, Veslo keeps a *crystal ball with clairaudience* hidden in the wardrobe, under her pack.

Meridan is the Regency Council's main backup agent in the inn, though no one knows this except The Fetch, Fredigar Cripps, and her partner, Ruda Malefor. So far as everyone else knows, the Regency Council is requiring her to stay in Blackmoor because she is suspected of knowing something about the king's disappearance. Malefor is described in detail in the *Rogues, Regents & Rascals* section.

45. The West Room

This room is occupied by Lola Dafin, a chaotic 10th level thief who hides her true nature under cover of being a traveling entertainer.

Lola Dafin: Str 9; Int 16; Wis 14; Con 13; Dex 17; Cha 18; AC 7; hp 30.

This hazel-eyed beauty with the mop of curly blond locks tumbling about her face seems like a sweet, gentle young woman, but is actually an evil and sadistic monster who delights in killing for its own sake. Having started life as a tavern entertainer, Lola was "discovered" by the Iron Duke's spy master, Skandros the Strangler, who trained her as a thief and killer. She is now one of Skandros' top agents. Her normal modus operandi is to infiltrate a target using her fame as a popular songstress (a fame that was arranged by her master, the Iron Duke) as an entree. She then cases the target, develops a plan and makes her hit, often using the skills of her "manager" to do the job.

Lola likes to clothe her short, slight body in close-fitting clothing that emphasizes her smallness and makes her seem more vulnerable. But the agent's skirts and dresses are tailored to accommodate a special hidden sheath containing a *dagger +2*, a weapon with which she is amazingly deadly. She also wears a *ring of spell turning* capable of reflecting 3 spells.

Lola's ability to manipulate the male of the species has been highly developed by her training. In fact, her ability in this regard parallels that of Marfeldt the Barbarian, also a highly charismatic figure. Any one male whom she chooses as the target of her attentions must make a Saving Throw vs. Spells once per hour, or be charmed by her as per the charm human spell. The charm is automatically broken if Lola shifts her attention to another male.

Lola speaks Elf and Pixie.

There is an 80% chance that Lola will be in her room during the day and a 95% chance that she will be there at night. Except for the elimination of the ebony box full of jewelry and the addition of her possessions, its contents (including clothing in the wardrobe) are unchanged.

Stashed in the bottom of her wardrobe is an empty trunk and a makeup kit containing all of the paints, creams, powders, glues, false hair, brushes, puffs, false noses, moles, warts, and other devices that an entertainer (or spy) could want. The locked top drawer of the dresser contains a box of six glass vials containing potions. Four of the vials hold *poison*; one holds a *potion of diminution*; one holds a *potion of speed*.

The door connecting this room with the Gold Room (46) is unlocked.

46. The Gold Room

This room is occupied by Dubonino Scatman, supposedly Lola Dafin's manager, but really a neutral 8th level magic-user whose skills Lola uses in her covert operations.

Dubonino Scatman: Str 9; Int 14; Wis 12; Con 14; Dex 12; Cha 8; AC 8; hp 30.

Scatman and Lola pretend to the world that Scatman is the brains of their operation, but Lola does almost all of the planning. Her short, fat, balding, almost clownishly crude companion just supplies the magic.

Scatman has a fondness for costly, garish, oddly cut clothes. The more flash, the better. From the gleaming buckles on his mirror-bright shoes, to his dazzling yellow weskit (with real gold threads), to the piggy fingers dripping with gold rings, to the curious crock-shaped hat with the narrow brim that perches atop his bullet-like head, Scatman is a walking monument to expensive bad taste. All of this tends to make him an object of ridicule, which is the whole idea. All too many men have died with their laughter frozen on their faces because they underestimated mister Dubonino Scatman.

This dangerous little man has many tricks

up his sleeve, including a small dagger in a wrist sheath. The gold mine on his fingers includes two magic items, a *ring of protection +1*, *5' radius* and a *ring of regeneration*. He speaks Dwarf and knows the following spells:

1st Level: *charm person*, *detect magic*, *read magic*.

2nd Level: *detect invisible*, *web*, *wizard lock*.

3rd Level: *dispel magic*, *protection from normal missiles*.

4th Level: *dimension door*, *ice storm/wall*.

There is an 80% chance that Scatman will be in his room during the day and a 90% chance that he will be there at night. If he is there at night, there is a 5% chance that Lola Dafin will be with him, usually plotting their escape in whispers. Except for the addition of Scatman's possessions, the room's contents are unchanged. Scatman's possessions include his spell book (hidden under his mattress) and a locked strongbox (in his wardrobe). The strongbox holds 100 gold pieces and 300 platinum pieces. There is a small carpet bag under the bed. When Scatman executes his escape plan, he loads the carpet bag with his money and the money and potions in the West Room and takes it with him. The door connecting this room with the West Room (45) is unlocked.

This room is occupied at night by Bosero the Drunkard. Except for the addition of his possessions and the elimination of the warlock's possessions, its contents are unchanged.

Bosero is a friend of the king and his Regency Council who has been assisting Jallapierie into his magical investigations into the nature of the gate. Since these investigations have been at a dead end for some time, Bosero spends most of his time in the common room, awaiting developments. The Fetch plans to make him part of the rescue party that he sends after the king. Bosero is described in detail in the *Rogues, Regents & Rascals* section.

48. The Room of Balms

This room is occupied at night by Barnabas the Wanderer. Except for the addition of his possessions and the elimination of Gern's possessions, its contents are unchanged.

Barnabas is a freelance adventurer who was present in the inn on the night of the king's abduction and who has been "asked" by the Regency Council to remain on the premises for the time being. He has become a great friend of Marfeldt the Barbarian, and is constantly in his company. Barnabas is described in detail in the *Rogues, Regents &*

Rascals section.

49. The Wizards' Room

This room is occupied night and day by the wizard Jallapierie. Except for the addition of his possessions and the elimination of Hepath Nun's possessions, its contents are unchanged. Jallapierie's possessions include only those items that he normally carries with him plus a mountain of dusty tomes borrowed from Blackmoor Castle and the Vestfold town hall that contain information about the history of Blackmoor and the Comeback Inn. His potions, scrolls and other magical treasures remain in his tower at Maus.

Jallapierie is a member of the Regency Council who has been conducting a magical investigation into the nature of the gate. Jallapierie has also agreed to be part of the rescue party that goes through the gate in search of the king. Jallapierie is described in detail in the *Rogues, Regents & Rascals* section.

50. The Shire Room

This room is occupied at night by Timothy Curlytop. Except for the addition of his possessions, its contents are unchanged.

Timothy is a member of the Regency Council who has come to the inn to observe the PCs and to ascertain the progress being made by Jallapierie. During his stay, he has fallen under the spell of Marfeldt the Barbarian, and now spends much of his time drinking with the happy-go-lucky warrior. Timothy is described in detail in the *Rogues, Regents & Rascals* section.

51. The Shire Room Closet

Except for the addition of some clothing belonging to Timothy Curlytop and the elimination of Charo's possessions, this room is unchanged.

Third Floor

52. The Tower Room

This room is now occupied at night by the groom, Kern Surin, and his wife, Emma, who is employed by Cripps as housekeeper. The wardrobe contains six dresses, three women's blouses, two skirts, three pairs of women's shoes, two pairs of breeches, two men's shirts, a man's vest, a pair of men's shoes, a man's dress coat, and two dressing gowns along with a small assortment of men's and women's undergarments, stockings and toilet articles. The locked top drawer of the cabinet contains a pine box holding the Surins' life savings: 10 gold pieces, 10 silver pieces, and 5 copper pieces.

THE PRISON OUT OF TIME

GENERAL BACKGROUND

Use the material in this section to run the third and final part of the adventure. In this part, the PCs use the gate to travel from the Blackmoor Comeback Inn to the Prison Out of Time, where Uther is being held. Here, they are locked in a desperate battle with the prison's guards, who attack them as soon as they step from the gate.

During that battle, they meet a variety of foes, both men and monsters. Some are agents of the Iron Duke whom Melanie has brought into the inn via the stable late at night, then sneaked into the lower cellar and through the gate to The Prison Out of Time. Others are entities who have wandered into the inn at one time or another and been trapped there. Using the second of the amulets that control the gate, the Iron Duke's agents have traveled through time to locate and recruit these entities as guards in the Prison Out of Time.

The Prison Out of Time has been cleaned and restored. It is identical to the Inn Between the Worlds except as noted below:

1. All parts of the main floor, second floor, and third floor of the Prison Out of Time are free of dirt, dust, cobwebs, and sand. The windows are clear of grime. The fireplaces and stoves are unblocked. The lower level is in the same condition it was in as part of the Inn Between the Worlds.
2. There is no trace of the presence of the Hephath Nun party, the orcs, the PCs or any NPCs or monsters encountered up to this point in the adventure.
3. The condition, contents, and occupants of the individual rooms are modified as per this section.
4. All of the inn's enchantments are fully operational. This includes the enchantment on fireplaces and heating stoves that causes them at dawn to replenish their wood and rekindle any fire burning within them (so long as their flues are open. Fires now burn in every stove and fireplace.
5. No monsters wander through the gate or appear from other planes.
6. The season is late fall.

When the PCs enter the Prison Out of Time, they have already seen all of the Inn Between the Worlds. Only those elements that have changed are described in this section.

As soon as the PCs walk through the gate, they are attacked by the guards in the lower cellar. If Scatman, Lola, or Melanie are with the PCs, one of these individuals will try to go

through the gate first and will order the guards to attack. If, for some reason, none of these individuals are with the PCs, the guards see only that there are strangers coming through the gate and attack anyway without the need for instructions.

From this point, what happens is up to you and your players. The stage is again set, but this time, the PCs are armed, equipped, and fresh from a long rest. Their foes are tough, but not as overwhelming as those they faced in the cellar of the Comeback Inn. If they stay together and use their heads, they should be able to rescue the king and come out of the prison in one piece.

This part of the adventure can end in one of three ways:

1. The PCs are killed. Not so good. If the PCs are in real danger of being killed (and assuming that this isn't due solely to outrageously stupid play), it would probably be a good idea to improvise a last-minute rescue. In this case, assume that the gate back at the Blackmoor Comeback Inn opens just long enough for some of the Regency Council's friends and agents to come piling through to provide timely aid. If the players are in danger because they are playing badly, let them take their chances.
2. The king is dead, see *Time After Time*.
3. The king is alive. See *There's No Place Like Home*.

DESCRIPTION

This section contains a room-by-room description of changes in the appearance and contents of the rooms in the Prison Out of Time from what they were in the Inn Between the Worlds.

Lower Level

Only the stable (1), the west hall (3), and the lower cellar (8) are described. The other rooms on this level are in the same condition and contain the same objects as they did when part of the Inn Between the Worlds.

1. The Stable

The dead rats are gone. The sand remains. The doors in the south wall are closed, barred, and *wizard-locked*. Inside the stable are three minotaurs.

Minotaurs (3): AC 6; HD 6; hp 24 each; Move 120' (40'); # AT 1 gore/1 bite or 1 weapon; D 1-6/1-6 or by weapon type + 2; Save F6; ML 12; AL C; XP 275 each.

Having wandered into the inn at another

time, the minotaurs were discovered by the Iron Duke's agents, who captured them and brought them back through the gate into the stable in the Prison Out of Time, where they serve as reluctant guards, blocking entrance to the inn via the stable. One minotaur is armed with a club. Another has a *mace +1*. The third has an *axe +1*. Their nonmagical treasure is hidden in the hayloft (28).

3. The West Passage

The doors at either end of the passage are closed, barred, and *wizard-locked*.

8. The Lower Cellar

This room is unchanged except that the junk pile now contains all of the pictures of Uther that used to hang on the main floor and second floor of the Inn Between the Worlds. A band of 10 hobgoblins inhabits this room.

Hobgoblins (7): AC 6 (leather armor and shield); HD 1+1; hp 5 each; MV 90' (30'); #AT 1; D 1-6 (spear), 1-6 (short sword); Save F1; ML 8/10; AL C; XP 15 each.

Hobgoblin King (1): AC 6 (leather armor and shield); HD 5; hp 22; MV 90' (30'); #AT 1; D 1-8 (sword); Save F5; ML 10; AL C; XP 75.

Hobgoblin King's Bodyguard (1): AC 6 (leather armor and shield); HD 4; hp 18; MV 90' (30'); #AT 1; D 1-8 (sword); Save F4; ML 8/10; AL C; XP 60.

Each hobgoblin carries 10 silver pieces. The king wears a *ring of fire resistance*.

All but one of the hobgoblins attack the PCs as soon as they step through the gate. They are joined in their attack by Lola, Scatman, and Melanie. The hobgoblin who does not attack runs upstairs to raise the alarm. This does not cause the rest of the prison's guards to come to their aid. Instead, it allows The Warden to prepare an ambush for the PCs on the second floor.

The Main Floor

Except for the lack of dirt, dust, and cobwebs and the presence of the Iron Duke's henchmen, the main floor is substantially unchanged.

9. The Front Porch

This area is unchanged.

10. The Common Room

Hephath Nun, his possessions, and the dead orcs are all gone. The front door and the door in the north wall are closed and *wizard-locked*. Otherwise, the common room is unchanged.

11. The Back Hall

The dust, dirt and cobwebs are gone, along with the painting that hung on the north wall, and the doors in the north and south walls are closed and *wizard-locked*. Otherwise, this area is unchanged.

12. The East Washroom

The dead orc is gone.

13. The Barkeep's Quarters

These are now the quarters assigned to The Warden's aged cook, Hamish Donga.

Hamish Donga: AC 9; HD 1; hp 5; MV 120' (40'); #AT None; D None; Save F1; ML 1; AL N; XP 5.

Donga is cowering under his bed. If dragged from his hiding place and questioned, he wails for mercy in a high-pitched, quavering voice:

No. Please. Wait. Don't hurt me. I'm nothing—no one—really. You don't want me. I taste terrible—truth. Stringy—no meat—all gristle.

Once the PCs calm Donga down enough so that he really looks at them and realizes that they're not monsters and they're not going to eat him, the light breaks.

No, wait. You're not here for *me*. I just cook. You're here for *him*! Aren't you? Aren't you?

In answer to further PC queries as to who "him" is, Donga says:

You know. *Him*. The black 'un. The one we can't talk to. Up there. In the tower. You know. *Him*!

In answer to PC queries as to the number and types of entities in the inn, Donga is even less clear:

Downstairs, there's some. Up here, I don't know. Maybe a dozen. And The Warden—and him, the one in the tower. All men up here, I think.

The pile of wood in the southeast corner is gone. The locked bottom drawer now contains a crude pine box holding 20 gold pieces. The room's other contents are unchanged.

14. The Porter's Quarters

These are now the quarters assigned to The Warden's batman and bodyguard, Neeka

Brae. Neeka isn't in his room. Its contents are unchanged except that the locked top drawer holds hundreds of loose Thonian coins, including 300 gold pieces, 100 silver pieces, and 200 electrum pieces.

15. The Master's Study

The Warden now resides in this room. He is not present when the PCs enter, but his pet displacer beasts, Grippa and Hissa, are.

Displacer Beasts (2): AC 4; HD 6*; hp 38 each; MV 150' (50'); #AT 2 tentacles; D 2-8/2-8; Save F6; ML 8; AL N; XP 500 each.

The contents of the desk are unchanged. The bookcase is locked. The damaged volumes of the "Chronicles of Thonia" are gone.

The cabinet and the safe inside are both locked. Inside are three metal lock boxes, and four large canvas sacks. One of the lock boxes holds a black velvet box containing 30 assorted pieces of amber, amethyst, coral, garnet, and jade (each worth 100 pieces each), 10 topazes (each worth 300 gold pieces), and two opals (each worth 1,000 gold pieces). The other lock boxes are empty. One sack holds 600 silver pieces. The other three each hold 600 gold pieces. All of the coins are Thonian.

16. The Master Bedroom

The Warden's spell book is hidden under the mattress. Otherwise, this room is unchanged.

17. The Master Closet

This closet now contains six long men's robes of rough silk, two pairs of men's laced boots, and two broad belts.

18. The Kitchen

By the time the PCs reach this room, the door leading down the cellar into the north passage (4) is closed, locked, and trapped. Opening the door breaks a vial lashed to a nail in the door jam, releasing poison gas into the room. All characters within 10 feet of the door must Save vs. Poison or lose 3-12 hit points. Since the trap has been hurriedly assembled, it may not spring properly; add a bonus of 2 to the saving throw. Except for the makeshift trap on the door, this room is unchanged.

19. The China Closet

This room is unchanged. However, the hobgoblin who ran upstairs to give the alarm is hiding there.

Hobgoblin: AC 6 (leather armor and shield); HD 1+1; hp 5; MV 90' (30'); #AT 1; D 1-6 (spear), 1-6 (short sword); Save F1; ML 8; AL C; XP 15.

If the PCs don't discover the hobgoblin, he waits until he hears the sounds of The Warden springing his trap and then enters the common room and charges up the stairs to attack the party from the rear.

20. The North Hall

The orcs are gone. All of the doors along this hall except the one leading into the north washroom (25) are closed, locked, and *wizard-locked*.

21. The Senior Wench's Quarters

This room's contents are unchanged except that the wardrobe and all drawers are unlocked and empty.

22. The Second Wench's Quarters

This room's contents are unchanged except that the wardrobe and all drawers are unlocked and empty.

23. The Junior Wench's Quarters

This room's contents are unchanged except that the orc is gone, and the wardrobe and all drawers are unlocked and empty.

24. The Cook's Quarters

This room's contents are unchanged except that the wardrobe and all drawers are unlocked, and there is a pile of 9 backpacks in the center of the room. Each backpack contains a flask of oil, a lantern, a hand mirror, 2-8 rations, a 50-foot length of rope, 6 iron spikes, a hammer, a tinder box, and an empty waterskin. Each backpack also contains one item chosen from among the following: dagger, small sack, large sack, holy symbol, vial of holy water, empty wineskin, bunch of wolfsbane, pouch of 10 silver pieces, *curse scroll* (turns the reader into a blink dog). The backpacks belong to some of the guards and have been locked in this room by The Warden so as to eliminate any possibility that someone might get bored and decide to don his pack and take off.

25. The North Washroom

This room is unchanged.

26. The Store Room

This room is unchanged.

27. The Service Hall

This area is unchanged.

28. The Hayloft

Hidden under the hay in the loft's northeast corner are three large canvas sacks, holding the treasure belonging to the minotaurs in the

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stable (1). Two hold 600 silver pieces each. The third holds 400 electrum pieces.

The Second Floor

All of the guest rooms on this floor that contain windows (30, 31, 34, 35, 36, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, and 50) are assigned to one of the prison's human guards. All clothing and treasure previously located in these rooms is gone. Instead, the wardrobe or closet in each of room contains a pair of boots, a pair of breeches, three shirts, and a belt. Each wardrobe or dresser holds an assortment of male undergarments, socks, and toilet articles, and one locked drawer containing 40-160 gold pieces. The interior guest rooms (38, 39, 40, 41, 43, and 44) and the Opal Closet (42) no longer contain any apparel or treasure, and the doors to those rooms are all closed, locked, and *wizard-locked*. The linen press (37), bathroom (32), and upper privy (33) are clean, but otherwise unchanged. All of the paintings on this floor have been removed (and are in the junkpile in the lower cellar).

29. The Upper Hall

This area is unchanged. However, this is where The Warden has decided to locate his ambush. The part of the hall visible from the stairs leading up from the common room is unoccupied. Hiding next to the door to the linen press (37) are The Warden and six guards. Hiding next to the door to the Opal Room (41) is Neeka Brae and five guards. When the PCs reach a point where either of these groups is in danger of being seen, they both attack.

Guards (10): AC 4 (chainmail and shield); HD 3; hp 10 each; MV 120' (40'); #AT 1; D 1-8 (sword); Save F3; ML 10/6/3; AL N; XP 30 each.

As long as The Warden is still in the fight, the guards have a morale of 10. If The Warden flees to the tower room or is killed, morale falls to 6. If both The Warden and Neeka Brae are out of the fight (fled or dead), their morale drops to 3.

Neeka Brae: AC 5 (chainmail); HD 10; hp 50; MV 120' (40'); #AT 1; D 1-6 (crossbow), 1-8 (sword); Save F10; ML 11; AL C; XP 100.

Neeka Brae is a short, wiry, dark-eyed rascal with steel-gray hair. He has been batman and bodyguard to The Warden for many years, and is devoted to his master. If The Warden is seriously hurt, Brae will attempt to cut a path to him at all costs. So long as The Warden seems to be alright and Brae has quarrels re-

maining, he will hang back and work the PCs over with his crossbow. Brae wears a *displacer cloak*.

The Warden: AC 6; HD 12; hp 28; MV 120' (40'); #AT 1; D 1-4 (dagger), 1-6 (staff) or by spell; Save M12; ML 10; AL C; XP 120.

The Warden is quite thin and of only medium height, but his long, flowing white beard and hair framing a hard-bitten, hatchet face set with burning black eyes make him seem imposing indeed. Formerly in charge of one of Thonia's vast slave farms, his name had long since been forgotten when the Iron Duke first heard of him. Even then, a decade ago, he was known simply as The Warden, and the name made slaves throughout the South shudder in terror. Such a man—and a wizard to boot—was just what the Iron Duke needed on his own estates. He bid The Warden's services away from the emperor (which was just one of many black marks against the overweening Iron Duke in the eyes of the emperor Iyx). Later, when someone was needed to establish the Prison Out of Time, the Iron Duke's thoughts naturally turned to his man, The Warden.

The Warden wears a dark brown floor-length rough, nubby silk robe, belted at the waist. A key ring containing a huge bunch of keys hang from the belt. Around his neck is a gold amulet. The keys are copies of the keys in the safe of the Comeback Inn (secretly made by Melanie Arquette). The amulet is the second of the amulets that can control the gate in the lower cellar and is identical to that worn by Melanie Arquette.

The Warden also carries a *staff of harming* with 36 charges. This item is described in the D&D® Companion set. It functions similarly to a reversed *staff of healing*, but at a cost of one charge per creature harmed. It inflicts 2-7 points of damage if touched to any creature (no saving throw); a normal Hit roll may be required. This is in addition to normal weapon damage (1-6 points), if applicable. The staff can also create the following effects, with the costs noted. Each effect is identical to the reversed form of a cleric spell. Note that the use of this staff is a chaotic act.

cause blindness	2 charges
cause disease	2 charges
cause serious wounds	3 charges
create poison	4 charges

The Warden has been charged by the Iron Duke that under no circumstances must he allow the king to be rescued. If necessary, he is to kill his captive in order to prevent this. If more than six of the guards participating in the ambush are killed or incapacitated, or if

the number of charges left in his staff drops to 16, The Warden flees to the tower room (52) to carry out this instruction.

The Warden knows the following spells:

1st Level: *charm person*, *detect magic*, *read magic*, *ventriloquism*.

2nd Level: *detect invisible*, *phantasmal force*, *web*, *wizard lock*.

3rd Level: *dispel magic*, *fire ball*, *hold person*.

4th Level: *confusion*, *hallucinatory terrain*, *wall of fire*.

5th Level: *animate dead*, *cloudkill*.

6th Level: *anti-magic shell*.

Third Floor

52. The Tower Room

This room has been stripped of clothing and treasure, and strong iron bars have been set in the windows. Otherwise, it is unchanged.

If The Warden has not retreated to this room to kill the king, then the door is locked, and the king is inside.

If The Warden has retreated to this room to kill the king, then the door is open, and The Warden and the king are both present.

Being a sadistic old rotter, The Warden is not content to slay the king. Instead, he uses his *hold person* spell to immobilize the king. Then he uses the special capabilities of his staff to torment his victim, first trying to blind him, then trying to cause disease, then trying to cause serious wounds, then trying to cause poison. If the king is still alive after all of these torments, the mad wizard continues to create poison until he runs out of charges or the king dies. If the staff fails to kill the man, he tries to finish the job with his dagger. He continues his efforts until the king is dead or someone attacks him.

ENDING THE ADVENTURE

Once the PCs have located and secured the king's person, they are ready to leave the Prison Out of Time. They can, of course, stay and explore (or loot) the place, but their objective is accomplished. The PCs now have some choices to make. Should they go back to Blackmoor? Should they try to exit the Prison Out of Time? Should they travel to another time using one of the amulets?

The PCs overall situation is governed by the following factors.

1. They have no idea of when they are. They

might be at a point in the time stream just a few months from when they entered the Inn Between the Worlds—or they might be a few millenia from that time. The geas on Lola, Scatman and Melanie, and a related geas on The Warden, prevents them from communicating the location in the time stream of the Prison Out of Time. No one else in the inn has that information.

2. If Melanie is alive, she is willing to help them leave the inn. However, since she ceased to be an employee when she walked through the gate, she is unable to do so.

3. The geas on Scatman, Melanie, and Lola and the related geas on The Warden prevent them from showing anyone else how to use the amulets that would allow the PCs to control when they are. This prohibition extends to the use of the amulets in such a way that someone who is not an agent of the Iron Duke can see what they are doing. In addition to lining up the markings on an amulet, it is necessary to press a set of studs along its rim in sequence. Failure to do so, causes the amulet to become too hot to hold. In one turn it develops a white heat that melts it to slag. The geases on the Iron Duke's agents prevent them from communicating even the fact the amulets are programmed to self-destruct in this way. Therefore, the amulets are useless to the PCs.

4. Though they don't know it, the gates in the Prison Out of Time and the Blackmoor Comeback Inn are still attuned to each other. This attunement will gradually break down, causing those who use the gate between the two to appear at an increasing distance in time from that at which the gates were attuned. Use of the amulet also reattunes the gate, but in the excitement of combat Melanie neglected to do this.

5. The king is an honorary employee of the inn. If he is alive and well, he can exit the inn and pull the PCs through to the outside world. If he is dead or badly hurt, it will first be necessary to repair that situation, possibly by using the Room of Balms.

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If, at the end of the adventure, the king is alive and reasonably healthy, he questions them at length on who they are, how they got to the Prison Out of Time and what is now happening in Blackmoor. He then makes them an offer.

He will get them out of the inn right now,

and they can take the risk that they are stranded in a time far from their own. Any loot they found in the Prison Out of Time is, of course, theirs to keep. However, he will help them only if they turn over the amulets to him, since these have been a source of trouble that he does not want loose in the world. Any prisoners taken during the fight inside the prison can, as far as he is concerned, stay inside the inn for all eternity.

Their other option is to step through the gate with him as often as seems necessary to return to Blackmoor. Once in Blackmoor, he will make them welcome, providing jobs, land, and wealth. In short, he will make them valued lieutenants and help them build a new home for themselves. The choice is theirs.

If the PCs decide to leave the inn, they find that they are back in their own time, just a few years after they first entered the Inn Between the Worlds. Inside the inn, Uther steps through the gate into Blackmoor, and the gate closes behind him.

If the PCs decide to go back to Blackmoor, they arrive there immediately upon stepping through the gate. Once in their new home, the king knights them, giving them the right to bear arms and mete justice throughout the Northlands. He also gets them jobs working for the Keeper of the Peace and adds their names to the list of candidates for new grants of land and title to be handed out later in the year. As a final token of his gratitude, he gives each PC a gift of a black velvet pouch embroidered in silver threads with the Hawk of Andahar. Inside each pouch are 20 opals worth 1,000 gold pieces each.

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If the king is dead and the PCs want to leave the Prison Out of Time without entering the gate, then the gate opens long enough for several of the Regency Council's agents to enter the Prison Out of Time. They are accompanied by a Fredigar Cripps, who has been raised from the dead by the Bishop of Blackmoor. After hearing the PCs story, Cripps agrees to help them leave the Prison Out of Time, but only if they give the Regency Council the amulets that control the gate. He wants no further use of his inn for traipsing through time.

If the king is dead and the PCs want to get back to Blackmoor, they can do so simply by entering the gate. They then appear in Blackmoor several weeks after they left. The gradual reattunement of the gate over several hours or days causes them to return in the early spring. Guards are again posted in the same positions

as when they first stepped into Blackmoor. The guards hold them in the cellar for a few minutes while someone brings The Fetch.

Generally, the PCs are made welcome. Those killed during their escape have been raised by the Bishop of Blackmoor. The culprits in the king's abduction have been unmasked. There is no further reason to hold the PCs. They are free to go anywhere in Blackmoor—but not through the gate. Once Uther is recovered, that is being permanently sealed.

If the PCs bring Uther's body back or if they have, for some reason, disposed of it so that it was swept away during the inn's nightly cleaning, the gate closes behind them while they are waiting for The Fetch. The attunement with The Prison Out of Time is broken.

If the PCs don't return Uther's body, the soldiers in the inn yard are sent through the gate to get it, returning with it in one turn. As soon as they reenter Blackmoor, the gate closes behind them. Again, the attunement with The Prison Out of Time is broken.

If Uther's body is returned, the Bishop of Blackmoor immediately begins work to raise Uther and cure his terrible hurts. Within a few weeks, he is well enough to personally give his thanks to the PCs. Until that time, they are guested at the Comeback Inn. When they finally meet the king, he gives each of them a gift of a black velvet pouch embroidered in silver threads with the Hawk of Andahar. Inside each pouch are 20 pearls worth 500 gold pieces each. The king also, at this time, knights each PC within the laws of Blackmoor, giving each the right to bear arms and mete justice anywhere in the Northlands. He then passes his guests over to The Fetch, who has a proposition for them.

If the PCs failed to bring back the king's body, The Fetch's proposition involves only an offer of employment on the staff of the Keeper of the Peace. If they brought the king's body back with them, The Fetch also informs them that each of their names is now on the list of candidates for grants of land and title to be handed out sometime late in the year. In addition, he gives to each PC a small black velvet box holding a sapphire worth 5,000 gold pieces, a gift from the Regency Council, independent of that made by the king.

If the PCs allow the king's body to be destroyed, The Fetch pays them 5,000 gold pieces for their efforts and requests that they leave Blackmoor town immediately.

FURTHER ADVENTURES

If the PC's go back to their own time, they can return to Blackmoor in future by again

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locating the Inn Between the Worlds, waiting for the gate to open, and then using it to try to pass through into Blackmoor. If they follow this procedure, it takes 3-8 weeks of wandering through the Broken Lands before they relocate the Inn Between the Worlds. They must then wait 1-10 weeks for the gate to open.

Once they use the open gate, the PCs enter 3-12 different Inns Between the World before finally reaching Blackmoor just a few months after the end of the adventure found in this module. Each of these inns is identical to the first Inn Between the Worlds described earlier, except that it contains no traces of the dead orcs, the Hepath Nun party, any visitors from Blackmoor or the previous visits of the PCs. As the PCs enter each of these stops along the way, the gate closes behind them for 1-4 hours, and there is a 50% chance that they have an encounter. Roll 1d12 to determine the encounter type:

DIE ROLL	MONSTER	LOCATED IN ROOM	NUMBER APPEARING
1	Gargoyles	Any	3-6
2	Lions	1, 5, or 8	4-8
3	Devil Swine	Any	2-5
4	Fire Giants	8	1-2
5	Ogres	Any	3-6
6	Orcs	8	11-20
7	Hill Giants	8	1-4
8	Zombies	Any	7-12
9	Nomads	Any	11-20
10	NPC Party	Any	Varies
11	Ghouls	Any	6-9
12	Blink Dogs	1, 5, or 8	3-6

When the PCs finally reach Blackmoor, the gate closes behind them. They find that the iron bars before the gate have been replaced by a brick wall into which has been set a heavy iron door that is locked, barred, and wizard-locked. They seem to be trapped, but by speaking with one of the four guards in the lower cellar through a peephole in the door, they eventually get The Fetch brought to them, and he admits them to Blackmoor. After that, what happens depends on the adventure being played.

If the PCs stay in Blackmoor at the end of the adventure described in this module, they become agents of The Fetch. They can still go off on their own "freelance" adventures, but will also, from time to time, be asked to act on behalf of the Regency Council. The material in this section is designed to help you construct such scenarios. Future modules in this series will include both freelance adventures and missions of a political nature to be played out against the backdrop of Blackmoor's dangerous political and military situation.

THE EMPIRE & THE NORTH

The Great Thonian Empire, as it is known throughout most of the world, is technically a republic (the Third Republic of Thonia). In theory, it is ruled by a senate that periodically selects an executive body of one to six members, called an "Imperial." In practice, an Imperial seldom consists of more than two men—and it is usually but one person, who has come to be known as the Emperor of Thonia. Such men must, by law, be chosen from among one of the six leading families in Thonia.

The empire exercises its authority through a bewildering array of governors, commissions, and plenipotentiaries. But the real power rests in the hands of 10 military governors, each of whom controls a major province of the empire and the army needed to defend it from enemies, both internal and external. With such an army at his disposal, a man could even threaten the senate, itself. Without it, he is but a pawn, politically.

Thanks to these two features of the Thonian political system, ambitious men seeking a path to the purple have traditionally sought two things: a military governorship and membership (often by marriage or adoption) in one of the empire's six great families. Since it has proven impossible to restrict membership in the six great families, the emperor's prime political task is to make sure that no rival of any ability gains a military governorship. With this being an emperor's main means of protecting himself, the government of Thonia has inevitably deteriorated as one bungling boob after another has become governor of some threatened province.

Currently, there is one exception to this rule. After the success of the North's Great Rebellion, the emperor was forced to appoint a man of both ability and ambition to govern Thonia's northwestern province. This Taha Marcovic, known as the Iron Duke, is now Blackmoor's main foe. He has funded a subversive organization known as the Wizards' Cabal, which tirelessly works to destroy Blackmoor from within. His spy master, Skandros the Strangler, has set up shop in Bramwald and now weaves endless webs of intrigue against Blackmoor. He has even sent emissaries to arrange with the Egg of Coot, the Skandaharian Raiders, and the Afridhi Empire a coordinated military campaign against Blackmoor.

At his headquarters at Marban, the Iron Duke is now raising extra troops for a campaign against Blackmoor. If he can regain this vital area for the empire, it will become part of the province he governs and will allow him

to raise, pay, and feed even more troops for a bid at the throne. The Iron Duke is the worst threat facing Blackmoor.

The other threats to Blackmoor are only marginally less serious, though. Its position on the North and Black Seas, and the presence inside its borders of a large chain of navigable rivers and lakes have more than once made it a path of conquest. This is especially so since the Badlands, south of Blackmoor, have tended to block any more southerly line of march. All of these factors have conspired to draw the kingdom to the attention of three other important foes: the Egg of Coot, the Skandaharian Raiders, and the Afridhi Empire.

To the northwest of Blackmoor and separated from it by a narrow channel called The Breakers, is an isolated peninsula that rose from the depths so recently that there are men who remember when that barren, stinking tongue of land was open sea. This magically created peninsula is the dominion of an evil and vastly powerful entity that calls itself the Egg of Coot. Few have ever seen the Egg. Those who have seem unable to remember anything about it. But over decades, it has drawn men to its lair and bound them to its evil will. Now, from its capital, the Egg's Nest, it rules a small empire of 20,000 subjects, a quarter of whom are slaves.

Since most of the coastline surrounding the Egg's realm is either rocky cliff or nearly impassable fen, points of entry are few and far between. In the north, the spit of land connecting it with the mainland is guarded by a castle called Trollgate, which is manned by 500 soldiers. On the east coast, Castle Ohmfet, with its garrison of 600, blocks the one good landing sight. On the south coast, the walled town of Harbol (population 3,000) controls access to the beaches at the head of Blinkdog Bay. At the head of Coot's Bay is the Egg's Nest, a walled town and port of 6,000, inside of which is the Egg's citadel.

Far to the northeast and northwest of Blackmoor are the strongholds of the far-sailing Skandaharian Raiders, who have plagued the Northlands for centuries. In recent decades, a shifting of land masses has caused a geographical change that has made the Skandaharians even more of a threat. The same forces that threw up the Realm of the Egg also caused the neck of land north of the City of Maus to sink into the sea, opening a new channel called The Shallows linking the formerly separated Black Sea and North Sea. Now the Raiders of the East, who formerly threatened only the east coast of Blackmoor, can join their strength with their Skandaharian kin, the Raiders of the West to

ravage the kingdom's northern coast.

So bold have the raiders become that they have, during the last decade, built a trading base at the northern edge of The Shallows. Called Bartertown, this settlement of 900 makes its living as a marketplace for the exchange of the fruits of piracy. On this "neutral" ground, slaves are sold, captives are ransomed, and the civilized goods wrested from plundered ships are exchanged for items more to the taste of the sea rovers, who are thus saved the burden of seeking buyers in far-away places. So cynical is this trade that the merchants of Maus can often be seen in Bartertown purchasing goods just looted from their competitor's ships.

During the period immediately following the events related in this module's adventure, the Skandaharians of both the East and the West are preparing a full-scale invasion of Blackmoor aimed at securing the loot of Vestfold, Blackmoor, and, if possible, Maus.

The other great enemy of Blackmoor is the Afridhi Empire. At present, much of the Afridhi army is tied down elsewhere, but there are 20,000 troops in the Duchy of Ten, most of them dispersed in a series of small encampments scattered along the west bank of the Misauga River and the west shore of Loch Gloomen.

The more important towns of what was once the Duchy of Ten also have their garrisons. Robinsport, a walled trading center of 2,000 at the mouth of the Firefrost Channel, has had 1,500 Afridhi troops billeted on it and another 300 troops now man its citadel. The 1,500 citizens of the nearby walled town of Port Detroit hosts a garrison of 1,000, plus a citadel guard of 200. The walled towns of Hanford, Silverbell, and Southport, are each home to 1,000 Afridhi troops, plus a 100-man citadel guard, despite the fact that these towns boast only 1,000 citizens apiece. And the former capital of the Duchy of Ten, the castle of Starmorgan, which never held more than 1,000 government officials, servants, and guardsmen, has been expanded to house an additional 3,000 Afridhi troops. Even the small towns of Oktagerm and Rusagerm, with their single defensive tower and their 500 inhabitants, have been forced to quarter 1,000 troops each.

In fact, the only part of the Duchy of Ten that has not been forced to house large numbers of Afridhi is the trading post of White Horse far out on the Plains of Hak along a tributary of the Root River. Since the Afridhi have cut off all trade with the Horsemen of Peshwah and have placed an inspector and a company of 50 cavalry in the town to enforce the prohibition, White Horse has actually

lost population (dropping from 300 residents to 100 residents since the Afridhi conquest).

Not content with the size of the army now massing along the frontier with Blackmoor, Toska Rusa, Mistress of God and titular head of the Afridhi Empire, is negotiating an agreement with the Duchy of the Peaks whereby the Duchy will provide 1,000 of its famous heavy pikemen to the Afridhi for the next campaign against Blackmoor. Safe in her walled city of Starport (population 15,000), high in the Superstition Mountains, the Duchess of the Peaks has so far been able to fend off Toska Rusa's demands. But the duchy is always in need of gold to fund the public spectacles beloved of its decadent populace, and Toska Rusa has recently offered advance payment in gold for the troops she wants. It is now possible that the next time the Afridhi cross the Misauga the previously decimated ranks of their heavy pike will be augmented by troops from Starport.

South of Blackmoor, the Plains of Hak give way to the Badlands and the Dragon Hills. The kingdom's only enemies on this front are the Horsemen of Peshwah, who may, in sheer desperation over the loss of their hunting grounds on the wide plains, be induced to attack north into Blackmoor. Certainly, it is part of the Iron Duke's plan to make this happen. However, so far, the Peshwah have been reluctant to shed their blood in wooded country so little to their liking. Here are only potential enemies, but still enemies who must be watched.

As if these threats to Blackmoor are not cause enough for alarm, the kingdom, itself, is seriously divided. Within the realm are 9,000 elves and 16,000 dwarves, who count for a large part of the kingdom's military strength. But many of their clans and tribes are led by conservative chiefs who want no truck with humankind and who fear the new technology being developed at the University of Blackmoor. Their views are not at all unlike those of some of the more conservative barons, who have staunchly resisted Uther's attempts at reform. More important even than these internal stresses, is the recent outbreak of warfare between dwarves and orcs in the Crystal Peaks. This war is fast growing to include the dwarves and orcs of the Stormkiller Mountains and is absorbing most of the dwarves' military strength.

These are not the most dangerous internal problems either. The Wizards' Cabal, once smashed when it came out in the open, now conspires in secret to destroy the kingdom. Along Blackmoor's southern border, on a dismal island in the middle of Loch Gloomen, is a large temple that has become the home of

an obscure religious order dedicated to the same end as the Wizards' Cabal. Some 100 members of this brotherhood reside in their temple in Frog Swamp, their every whim attended to by 400 slaves and retainers. In the east, the Barony of Bramwald retains its allegiance to Thonia, thus posing a constant threat to communications with the New Lands to the south. The baron's 800 soldiers and 200 imperial guardsmen are supported by a levy drawn from the 3,000 citizens of the walled town of Bramwald, the capital of the barony. East of the capital, the small town of Erak (population 1,200) hosts another 300 of the baron's soldiers.

All of these threats are matched by the constant threat from the very wildness of the North. Civilization here, though much more firmly established under Uther's rule, is still a fragile thing. The more-traveled roads inside Blackmoor are relatively safe, especially those linking Blackmoor, Booh, Vestfold, and Williamsport. But the wild magic of the North continues to birth its crop of monsters. Off the main roads, they present an everlasting hazard to the unwary traveler, despite periodic state-sponsored search-and-destroy missions meant to hold them in check.

THE KINGDOM OF BLACKMOOR

Against these many threats from inside and out stands a nation of only 130,000, of whom a third are residents of two dozen cities and towns. Almost half of the populace are villagers or small freeholders living within 40 miles of those cities and towns. Only one citizen in six lives in the wild country far from protective castles and city walls. Those few who do mostly reside in small coastal fishing villages.

Geographically, Blackmoor is dominated by two features: the surrounding sea and the inland waterways.

To the northeast is the North Sea, the hunting grounds of the Raiders of the East and home to the galleys of imperial Thonia. To the north is the Black Sea, home to both Skandaharian Raiders and the new navy of the Egg of Coot. The Black Sea is linked to the Skandaharian Sea in the far north by two maritime passages: the Amber Channel that separates Blackmoor from the Realm of the Egg and the Firefrost Channel that cuts northward from around Robinsport. It is the Firefrost Channel that has so often served as a conduit for the fierce Raiders of the West, come down from their isolated fiords on the Skandaharian Sea to loot the coasts of Blackmoor and the Duchy of Ten. It is the freezing

THE PRISON OUT OF TIME

current from the Firefrost Channel that gives Blackmoor its temperate climate (which would otherwise be almost subtropical).

Blackmoor's main waterway is the Root River, which cuts across the southern third of the land all the way from the Plains of Hak to the North Sea. This broad, shallow, gently flowing waterway is navigable along its entire length and carries much of the kingdom's commerce. Far inland, it becomes part of a system of lakes and river channels that carry both north-south and east-west trade.

Most important of the north-south waterways are the Misauga River (marking Blackmoor's western frontier with the new Afridhi Empire), the Barleycorn (linking Vestfold with the Root River via the Draco Channel), and the channel formed by Lake Hope and Southlake (linking the town of Blackmoor with the Root River). A secondary waterway formed by the Wurm River, Bass Lake, and Rat Lake links the Crystal Peaks and the New Lands with the rest of the kingdom. In the west, treacherous, shallow Loch Gloomen is more a barrier to invasion from the west and south than a trade route. However, some trade does flow from the lake up the Big Muddy to the Lake of Mists and the trading center of Kenville (population 1,100, plus 200 soldiers).

The configuration of its coasts, and rivers, and the surrounding marshes has always made Blackmoor easier to enter from the north and east than from the west, south of west. The Great Dismal Swamp has been an especially important barrier to invasion, since it tends to force armies onto a handful of trails where they can be ambushed and cut up by veteran Blackmoorians who are usually more at home in the twisted fens than their enemies. Few armies entering Blackmoor via this route have managed to march up the War Road even as far as the narrow strip of land called The Neck that separates Bitter Lake from Lake Temperance. Only rarely has Vestfold, itself, been threatened.

On the other hand, if these marshes have been a defensive blessing, they have also been a constant source of trouble. Within their trackless depths are hid both fell beasts and evil men, who often prey upon the folk of the Barony of the Lakes. In many ways, the Great Dismal Swamp is the wildest and most dangerous part of Blackmoor.

Guarding those few overland routes through the marshes are three small castles held by the knights of the Baron of the Lakes: the Tower of Midges (with a garrison of 400 soldiers), Gar's Hold (with a garrison of 200 soldiers), and Ran's Hold (with a garrison of 300 soldiers). From these fortifications and from the town of

Lake Gloomy (main hold of the Barony of the Lakes, with a population of 1,500 and a garrison of 500), patrols keep constant watch on Blackmoor's southwestern and western frontiers. Southeast of Lake Gloomy, the barony's other town, South Pim (population 1,000) is host to a small fort from which 700 more soldiers keep watch on the Big Muddy.

Where the marshes, woods, and lakes of the west finally give way to more open terrain in the south, entry to Blackmoor is barred by the town of Boggy Bottom (population 1,200), whose small fort and 500-man garrison block the Root River where it flows into Blood Lake. A foe sidestepping this defensive settlement would have two possible ways into Blackmoor. He could march through The Badlands, a waterless desert of broken rock and old lava beds. Or he could cross 100 miles of wilderness, much of it wooded, and ford two major rivers in order to reach the Hell Road east of Lake Branden.

South of the Root River and east of Blood Lake is the area called the New Lands, that vast stretch of new territory opened up after the Great Rebellion. Here, south of the Crystal Peaks, human settlements are few. Almost at the head of the Wurm River is Dragonia, the first (and only) town of the new Barony of Dragonia, created to block any northward move by the Horsemen of Peshwah. With a mere 800 citizens and 400 soldiers, Dragonia is more village than town. Some twenty miles north of Dragonia is Fairfield Abbey, fief of the famed monk Brother Richard and now home to 50 monks and lay brothers of the Thonian High Church. Far down the Wurm River is the tower of Brother Richard's wastrel brother, Bosero the Drunkard. At the mouth of the Wurm is Ramshead, a settlement of about 1,000 halflings built around the keep of Philo Holbytn. Except for the lonely tower of Robert the Bald atop the mountain Cloudtop, these are the only settlements in the New Lands.

Separating these settlements from the Root River basin are the Crystal Peaks, home to the largest and richest dwarven stronghold in the North. Nestled high atop the shoulder of the 23,000-foot Mount Uberstar is the main gate to the Northern Delving, home to some 10,000 dwarves, and seat of the Regent of the Mines. The regent sits on the Blackmoor Regency Council and is an ally of King Uther. Thanks to his position, most of the Dwarves of the North follow his lead and are also loyal to Blackmoor, but it is a fragile loyalty. Currently, it is sorely stressed by the recent capture of the regent by a band of Orcs of the Black Hand. The war that has followed hard on the heels of this calamity

has turned the Crystal Peaks into a bloody and dangerous battleground.

North of the Root River and east of the Lake Hope-Southlake waterway is the Barony of Bramwald, a strategic fief held for the empire by Bram Tagus, Baron of Bramwald. Bramwald is virtually the only fief in the North claimed by Blackmoor but not under Uther's control. Its position is anomalous, with the baron still loyal to the empire but unwilling to make war on his fellow barons who have adhered to Blackmoor. North of this barony, protecting the heart of the kingdom from any invasion up the Greenway, are the towering Stormkiller Mountains.

West of the Stormkillers are the towns of Williamsfort and Newgate. The former is an older town of 1,100 souls nestled in the foothills of the Stormkillers. Due to the excesses of its baron, the fief is now administered by the crown, represented by the person of the Great Svenny. There is now a royal garrison of 400 troops in the town's recently enlarged citadel. Svenny's own fief is the newly founded strategic settlement of Newgate which guards the junction of Southlake, the Draco Channel, and the Root River. In recent years, some 1,500 persons have settled at Newgate, whose small castle holds 200 of the best fighters in the realm.

Far to the east of Williamsfort and separated from the mainland by the West Channel, is the Barony of Archlis. The constant raids of the Skandaharians have kept the kingdom's east coast sparsely settled and subject to grinding poverty. Thus, Archlis is little more than a single castle, guarded by only 300 soldiers and surrounded by a village of just 800 folk. The sprawling barony stretches practically the length of the eastern coast but contains at most another 3,000 citizens, protected by half a dozen small garrisons totaling perhaps another 100 soldiers. Almost all of these folk inhabit small fishing villages of less than 200 souls.

Cutting the east coast into a chain of snaky islands are a series of channels used as inland waterways. Thus, the freetown of Jackport is located almost 40 miles inland, where the Champion River meets the West Channel. It is a prosperous port of 1,200 folk, guarded by a small garrison of 300 crown troops. Much of its prosperity stems from the fact that it rests at the junction of the broad Elf Road that cuts through the Redwood to Blackmoor and Skinner's Road, leading to the City of Maus.

The Redwood is home to an estimated 5,000 elves, of whom 3,000 live in the fortified Ringlo Hall, hidden deep in the forest's interior. Those who dwell at Ringlo Hall almost all owe allegiance to Menander Ithamis.

Menander, in turn, is a member of the Regency Council and a strong supporter of King Uther. However, there is a large element of the elven community that wants no commerce with humans and dwarves and opposes Menander's efforts on behalf of Blackmoor.

The greatest city in the North is the walled port of Maus, outside of which is the small Barony of Maus. With 17,000 citizens, an army of 1,500 regulars, and a large militia, Maus is the strongest economic and military center in Blackmoor. This strength is enhanced by its close ties to the nearby Barony of Maus, whose Maushold, with its 300 superbly trained troops, has always been an important asset to the city in times of trouble. South of the city are the Haven Peaks, in whose secret caves a garrison of 200 troops stands guard over stocks of food and other essentials maintained against the day when the populace may again be forced to flee the Skandaharians as they have thrice before.

From Maus, the so-called Raider Road leads southwest to Blackmoor and the heart of the kingdom. Through unmapped fen and barren downs it wanders, with hardly a habitation to break its crushing desolation. Only at the midpoint of its southward journey is there any substantial structure. Standing atop a high cliff on the wild north coast is the Old North Watch. Once home to a company of 50 men who kept watch for raiders making landfall on the north coast, it is now a crumbling ruin whose monumental stones have housed any number of fell monsters in their day. Its latest tenant is the Green Man, secret head of the outlawed Wizards' Cabal.

At the head of the Bay of Blackmoor, the raider Road reaches the town of Blackmoor. Built on a rocky tongue of land, this walled town of 2,500 with its towering castle on the slope above is one of the strongest places in the North, home not only to 800 of the king's troops, but to hundreds more bravos and hireswords, many of whom are worth a company in themselves. Though not the official capital of the realm, it is where the king holds court most of the time. It is also home to the University of Blackmoor.

Blackmoor is also the magical center of the kingdom. The strange black rock in which it is built is permeated with the same magical energies found in weaker concentrations throughout the North. Only the ruined pile called the Wizard's Watch and the inner stronghold of the Egg of Coot even approach the concentration of wild magic found in Blackmoor. This is, perhaps, why the vast dungeons and caverns beneath the castle seem to perpetually spew new legions of hideous monsters who must periodically be

swept from their lairs lest they become a danger to those living in the upper floors.

It is said that the wild magic in the north is strongest wherever there are bits of the black rock on which Blackmoor is built. It is also said that the deepest caverns under the castle and town are linked by a maze of unexplored tunnels with caves throughout the Peaks of Booh. There are even those who assert that the caverns extend as far north as Glendower and as far east as Vestfold.

The town of Vestfold, some 50 miles from Blackmoor across and the Barleycorn, is the most important town in the heart of the realm. This walled port town of 5,000 was founded shortly after Blackmoor, but it seems to have prospered far beyond its sister town up the coast. Though its citadel is perhaps not as impressive, its walls are stronger than those of Blackmoor, and it has successfully resisted foes who have then gone on to sack Blackmoor. Today, it is the home of the kingdom's bureaucracy and the official seat of government.

Between Blackmoor and Vestfold is a low plateau of land bounded by the Bay of Reeve and the Bay of Blackmoor in the north, the Barleycorn River in the west, the Draco Channel in the south and the Southlake-Lake Hope waterway in the east. This is the most peaceful and prosperous part of Blackmoor and is the only part of the kingdom that can truly be said to be a settled area. Yet even here, danger lurks. The Peaks of Booh have never been completely rid of monsters, and Cugel's Fen is still a wild place where anything might be encountered. In the south, a small colony of elves has been unable to tame the Wetwood. And in the north, the Barony of Glendower has never ceased to be at war. In fact, the company of 50 men manning the lonely tower at Coot's Watch, north of Glendower, is now the first line of defense of Blackmoor town against the Egg of Coot's new navy.

Still, for all that it is still a wild place by standards other than those of the North, this small strip of ground is paradise in comparison to other parts of Blackmoor. The Tower of Booh, a former defensive work that has become home to 2,300 halflings and 400 humans, is, for example, a quiet place. In fact, one can stroll the road between there and the Abbey of Fitz without fear for one's life except on the darkest nights. And Glendower, for all that it is a walled garrison town and home to 900 soldiers, is still a merry place. Its 1,400 citizens have simply learned to live with the fact that the barony is always in danger and that the pitchballs by the catapults on the castle walls must ever be kept alight.

This, then, is Blackmoor. It's not a place that folks retire to. But those with a quick sword, a glib tongue, and a hunger for gold may find it

to their taste. Certainly, there are opportunities aplenty for such individuals. With war brewing in the North, each of the interested parties is waging a secret campaign to obtain those small advantages that can be the margin of victory in battle. These various campaigns require not the skills of the knight and the military engineer, but those of the thief, the spy, and the daggerman.

In this situation, it is impossible to say what evil the Egg of Coot is planning, or what new scheme the Iron Duke and his vicious agent Skandros the Strangler are about to hatch. But it can be said with some certainty that the government of Blackmoor has its own list of secret missions that it plans to mount (any of which might form the basis for a new adventure). These include:

1. A mission to penetrate the Realm of the Egg and rescue the missing Baron of Glendower who disappeared after entering that evil dominion in search of his kidnapped bride.
2. A mission to obtain the help of the Horsemen of Peshwah against the empire.
3. A mission to demoralize the Afridhi by penetrating Starmorgan and stealing the treasure collected by Toska Rusa for the purpose of building a temple to the Afridhi god, Zuzul.
4. A mission to kill Skandaharian leader Thorsen One-Thumb so as to create a struggle for the office of First Jarl and prevent the Skandaharian Raiders from attacking Blackmoor this year.
5. A mission to destabilize the rule of the Duchess of the Peaks in hopes that her people will overthrow her and that the succeeding turmoil will keep Starport from sending troops to the aid of the Afridhi.
6. A mission to locate the Green Man, secret head of the Wizards' Cabal, and bring him back to Vestfold for a magical interrogation that will hopefully reveal details of the organization's membership and operations.
7. A mission to enter the stronghold of the Orcs of the Black Hand and rescue the Regent of the Mines as a first step to ending the 6th Dwarf-Orc War that is currently raging in the Crystal Peaks.
8. A mission to disrupt the operations of the Iron Duke's spies by identifying and slaying his spymaster, Skandros the Strangler.
9. A mission to map an underground military road between Blackmoor and Vestfold through the monster-infested caverns beneath the heart of Blackmoor.
10. A mission to penetrate Bartertown and learn the identities of Blackmoorians who are working with (and possibly supplying military information to) the Skandaharian Raiders.

ROGUES, REGENTS & RASCALS

Herein are described a number of famous NPCs whom the PCs are likely to meet (or hear of) while adventuring in and around Blackmoor. All have figured quite prominently in the kingdom's past history—and may well do so again. Some may even accompany the PCs on their adventures.

Unless otherwise noted, assume that any of these NPCs who accompany the PC party on an adventure or who are encountered in a wilderness setting carry a backpack loaded with certain standard equipment. Items carried in the pack include a lantern, a flask of oil, fifteen iron rations, a 50' length of rope, a tinder box, two water skins, a steel mirror, and a holy symbol. If the NPC is a thief, the pack also contains thieves' tools.

Unless otherwise noted, assume that each NPC owns a riding horse, saddle, bridle, and saddle bags and that each of the NPCs' bodyguards and other companions are mounted in the same fashion as the NPC.

The attributes of the NPCs listed in this section reflect all modifications for the type of armor usually worn and for any weapon, shield or magic item indicated as being usually carried. Armor class has also been modified to reflect dexterity bonuses.



ALWYN MORLAND

Neutral 10th level magic-user; Str 12; Int 12; Wis 12; Con 18; Dex 18; Cha 18; AC 6; hp 28.

A wanderer of some renown in the Northlands, Alwyn Morland makes her living as a passing fine bard. Most think of her as no more than that. But this young woman is also a puissant witch, and since her spendthrift

ways tend to keep her purse decidedly light, she has often found herself mired up to her neck in harebrained adventures designed to remedy her chronic poverty.

Generally, when in Blackmoor, Alwyn stays at the Comeback Inn, where she plays her lute for room, board, and tips (which are usually substantial—she really is quite good). Unless she has been in town more than a few days, she will probably have 100 or more gold pieces on her person. If she's been around much longer than that, odds are she's spent all but a few coppers on riotous good living.

Alwyn's prized possession (and the one thing she has never tried to hock) is her magic lute. This glorious instrument, of apparant elvish design, is inlaid with ivory and gold filigree and set with a number of large, oddly shaped gemstones. Its worth has been estimated at 9000 gp, but that estimate may be on the low side; no one has ever checked those gemstones under a jeweler's loop.

But Alwyn's attachment to the instrument has nothing to do with either its value or its beauty. The fact is, the lute's magical properties give it an intrinsic worth far beyond mere gold and gems. Once per day, merely by playing the correct tune on this instrument, the bard can weave any one of the following spells: *charm person*, *sleep*, *hold person*, *charm monster*, *confusion*, or *hold monster*. Unbeknownst to Alwyn, her lute can also be used to cast two other spells. By playing a certain tune that she has not yet stumbled upon, she can cast an *animate dead* spell. By playing yet another tune, she can turn the largest of the lute's gemstones into a *magic jar* (as per the *magic jar* spell).

In addition to the spells she can cast with her lute, Alwyn knows the following spells:

1st Level: *detect magic*, *hold portal*, *read magic*.

2nd Level: *detect evil*, *ESP*, *knock*.

3rd Level: *dispel magic*, *fly*, *phantasmal force*.

4th Level: *dimension door*, *polymorph others*, *remove curse*.

5th Level: *teleport*, *wall of stone*.

Alwyn favors elegant clothing in bright colors and rich fabrics, but styled in the manner common to young bravos. She has an especial fondness for the broad brimmed, feathered hats and slash-sleeved velvet tunics that became popular in the North just a few years ago. Her mode of dress combined with her fine, short-cropped blond hair and slight, boyish figure has caused her often to be mis-

taken for a man, an event which tickles her sometimes rogueish sense of humor.

Alwyn usually carries a beautiful jeweled dagger, worth about 300 gp, which she uses more often for eating than for fighting. But, if she's been in town for more than a week, you can be sure that she's hocked the weapon and is instead carrying a junk dagger purchased at a local pawn shop.

If she has just returned from an adventure, there is a 50% chance that Alwyn owns a riding horse, saddle, and bridle. If she has been in Blackmoor for more than a week, any horse she may have owned will have long since gone the way of her jeweled dagger—and the saddle and bridle with it.

When not otherwise employed, Alwyn often accepts special missions for The Fetch, who is a close personal friend.



ARN YONSON

Lawful 10th level fighter; Str 18; Int 11; Wis 14; Con 9; Dex 10; Cha 14; AC 4; hp 42.

Fancying himself something of a local tough, Arn Yonson has held numberless positions requiring an ability and willingness to use weapons. At one time the bouncer at the Comeback Inn, he eventually graduated to bodyguarding wealthy merchants and teaching would-be fighters the finer points of using the battle axe. These vocations have brought him to the attention of The Fetch, who now employs him as a secret agent of the Regency Council. This employment has not kept Arn from accepting freelance jobs from time to time.

Arn is a tall, blond, blue-eyed roughneck with a taste for excitement that almost

matches his weakness for the Comeback Inn's famous golden ale. He commonly wears an outlandish horned helmet and full chainmail shirt which have made him the butt of many secret jokes in Blackmoor. Few jest aloud, for Arn is known as a deadly axeman with a talent for the crippling wound that doesn't kill, but might as well have. When engaged in serious fighting, he carries a shield and a strong yew bow with a quiver of arrows in addition to his other weapons and gear. At other times, he makes do with a *battle axe +2* and a dagger.

Since he has been relatively successful in his enterprises and has always practiced a large measure of frugality, Arn has amassed an impressive fortune for one of his modest experience. His personal wealth amounts to 4,500 gold pieces, 800 silver pieces, and 100 copper pieces. Being a prudent man, he keeps most of his not insubstantial treasure on deposit with various merchants, money lenders, and innkeepers, normally carrying no more than 100 gold pieces, 50 silver pieces, and 50 copper pieces on his person. Being a thrifty (some would say cheap) soul, Arn does not own a steed. He prefers to rent horseflesh or requisition it from the Regency Council when he needs it.

BARNABAS THE WANDERER

Lawful 11th level fighter; Str 17; Int 12; Wis 8; Con 14; Dex 12; Cha 10; AC 2; hp 22/44.

Once an officer in the service of the wicked Thonian mage Ibis Shatn, Barnabas' loyalties were suddenly altered by a wholly unexpected event. While innocently rummaging through some junk in Ibis' cellar, the big, curly haired warrior found an old medallion. When Barnabas touched it, this amulet laid a geas on him that caused him to try to thwart his mistress. In his compulsive drive to attain this end, Barnabas stole her most treasured possession—a powerful magical device that contained the very essence of Ibis' life. In the process of stealing this powerful item, Barnabas somehow caused it to "lose itself" somewhere in the distant North. Ibis was, of course, understandably upset and placed the hapless Barnabas under yet another geas to make him find and return the wayward device. Until he accomplishes this task, Barnabas has only 24 hp instead of his usual 44 hp.

For years, the brawny warrior has wandered the North in search of the missing item. At the same time, he seeks with half his mind someone who can use the device to destroy Ibis once it has been returned and the mage's geas has been lifted.

Barnabas wears plate mail and carries a shield. He keeps a dagger in his belt and has a short bow and a quiver containing 30 arrows. But his most prized possession is his sword, Vasgo, which hangs in a jeweled scabbard at his side.

Vasgo is a very special *+2 Lawful sword* with an intelligence of 12 and an ego of 10. It has the powers *find traps*, *find secret doors*, and *see invisible*. It can also *read magic* and is blessed with the extraordinary power of *telekinesis*. It speaks Common, Dragon, Dwarf, Elf, Goblin, Halfling, Ogre, and Orc. Vasgo's jeweled scabbard is worth 75 gold pieces. In addition, the small emerald mounted on the buckle of Vasgo's sword belt is worth 1,000 GP.

Commonly, Barnabas travels afoot, carrying a backpack stuffed with equipment, including three small sacks, a 50' length of rope, six vials of oil, 15 iron rations, five iron spikes, a small hammer, and a tinder box. Hanging from the bottom of the pack is a small lantern. He also carries a waterskin over his left shoulder. Driven by his dual geas, the grim-faced fighting man pays scant attention to worldly concerns, and so has little wealth for one of his skills. He usually has 30 gold pieces and 70 silver pieces on his person. This is the sum total of his funds. He doesn't own a horse.

BASCOM UNGULIAN, BARON OF GLENDOWER

Lawful 16th level fighter; Str 13; Int 9; Wis 9; Con 12; Dex 12; Cha 11; AC 3; hp 83.

Scion of an old Imperial family, Bascom Ungulian was the first of the Northern Barons to swear fealty to King Uther when he raised his standard at Blackmoor. His early support was one of several keys to the rebellion's success and has earned him the undying enmity of the Thonian aristocracy. Further, as lord of the coast opposite the evil domain of the Egg of Coot, he has been one of the most important political forces in the Northlands. In fact, the dark, grim, hawk-faced warrior has often been called, without much exaggeration, the "Shield of the North."

All of this has made him the target of evil forces who have done much to torment him. They first placing a *curse of lycanthropy* upon him, but he controlled that by wearing a special ring whose sole function is to keep the curse in check during the full moon. They next tried to assassinate him, but the baron eluded his would-be killers. Then, they carried off his new bride on the baron's wedding night. It was this final act by the minions of

the Egg of Coot that finally proved the cut that laid the baron low. Infuriated by this last ignoble act, Bascom two years ago led a small band of retainers into the realm of the Egg to rescue the lady and has not been heard from since. Recently the Regency Council has been considering the question of assigning his fief to the care of another, there being no known progeny to accept the title and take the oath of fealty.

Since he disappeared so long ago, it is difficult to generalize concerning the baron's equipment. But, upon departing on his fateful journey, he was wearing full *plate mail +1* and a fancy helm surmounted by a set of stag's horns. At that time, he bore his *sword +2* (Red Robin), a dagger, a mace and a lance. He was riding one of his two warhorses, a cobby roan stallion named Camperdown. On the middle finger of his left hand was the intricately carved magic silver ring that controlled his curse. With him at that time were 6 mounted men-at-arms (AC 4 chainmail and shield; F4; hp 20 each; #AT 1; D 1-6 crossbow, 1-8 sword; MV 240' mounted or 120' dismounted; Save F4; ML 9; AL L), all riding warhorses.

Interestingly, since his disappearance, more than one individual has turned up claiming to be the missing baron. Almost invariably, they have wandered out of the realm of the Egg, claiming to have escaped after long imprisonment and magical torture. Few have born even a passing resemblance to Bascom or any other Ungulian (a family long noted for a certain cast of brow and shape of lip). One of these "false Bascoms" spoke only Dwarf and some obscure eastern dialect; the baron of course, speaks Elf and Orc in addition to human tongues, but not Dwarf. Since the Regency Council recently decreed sentence of death on such "false Bascoms," the number of those trying to lay claim to the Ungulian lands has noticeably diminished.

BOSERO THE DRUNKARD

Lawful 14th level magic user; Str 19/14; Int 12/9; Wis 9/6; Con 10; Dex 18/9; Cha 13/10; AC 6; hp 42.

The famed brother of the famed Flying Monk is also a famed lush, a fact that has done infinite damage Boser's otherwise high social standing in the Northlands. Where he has won the respect of his fellows, he has done so with difficulty and in spite of his inability to control his drinking. Despite this admittedly severe failing, Boser is a generally sympathetic character. He is very close to his family, especially his brother Richard, and jealousy

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guards his family's honor. He is also a loyal friend. And he shares his brother's love and concern for the common people. In fact, there are some who theorize that Bosero's frustration over his inability to make a real difference in the plight of the common folk contributes to his drinking.

Handsome, genial, warmly friendly even when in his cups, this slight, puckish man with the unruly shock of brown hair always in his eyes is a hard character to dislike. Which is one of the reasons that he is frequently able to find employment tending bar (often substituting at the Comeback Inn when he is in Blackmoor). Jobs in his chosen field are usually more difficult to find, since Bosero has been known to break a six-month stint on the wagon by going on a great roaring drunk on the night before his planned departure on some particularly dicy adventure.

The real problem with this behavior is that Bosero likes to fight when he gets drunk. Not that he is ever unpleasant about it. He just enjoys a good brawl, and will happily pay to mend broken furniture or broken heads upon sobering up—providing, of course, that he has funds with which to make good the debt. Since Bosero is usually broke, this peculiarity all too often results in his employer or companions having to dig deep in order to pay his debts before the local authorities will let him (and them) depart.

Bosero has two separate scores for most attributes. The first score is used when he is sober; the second when he is not.

At present, Bosero's ruinously expensive behavior has left him some 8,000 gold pieces in debt. His property in the New Lands at the junction of the Wurm River and River Running is heavily mortgaged, and his so-called credit is a standing joke among the local moneylenders. He doesn't even own a horse any more since every time he appears on horseback, some irate creditor attempts (usually successfully) to seize his mount. So far, his friends on the Regency Council have prevented his creditors from having him goaled for debt, but their continued success is by no means certain. The contrite wizard has promised to clean up his act, but with only mixed success so far.

Bosero knows the following spells:

1st Level: *charm person, detect magic, protection from evil, read magic.*

2nd Level: *continual light, detect evil, detect invisibility, knock.*

3rd Level: *dispel magic, fireball, fly, hold person.*

4th Level: *dimension door, polymorph others, remove curse, wizard eye.*

5th Level: *cloudkill, conjure elemental, hold monster.*

6th Level: *projected image, stone to flesh.*

BRAM TAGUS—BARON OF BRAMWALD

Lawful 15th level fighter; Str 13; Int 16; Wis 13; Con 14; Dex 9; Cha 11; AC 3; hp 75.

Last of the Imperial officers still in the Northlands, Bram Tagus holds for the Empire the small Barony of Bramwald, last of the Northern fiefs to retain its fealty to far Thonia. The Baron commands a well-trained and superbly equipped cohort, and Bramwald is a walled town of some strength. It is therefore unlikely that this situation will change any time soon.

Even were his military position less strong, the Baron has other protection. He has, for example, worked out a perfectly lawful writ of amity and alliance with the Regent of The Mines (whose authority is recognized by Thonia)—and a desire to keep from opening a rift with the dwarves consequently helps stay the hand of the Regency Council. Those who would throw caution to the winds and attack anyway continue to be stayed by their remembrance of Bram Tagus' many attempts to defend the actions of his neighbors to his masters in Mohacs.

Indeed, the Baron of Bramwald occupies the oddest possible position in the politics of the North. Driven by his sense of justice, he has hotly defended the rebel cause; yet he has been unwilling to break his own oath of fealty and join it. So he strides along the razor's edge between belief in the cause of the rebellion and his duty to suppress it. Since his Thonian masters are well aware that he is the only man who can hope to hold Bramwald for them, they have been chary about pushing him to take action against his neighbors. In addition, since the Emperor and his advisors distrust the Iron Duke, they see it as being in their interest to keep the baron in place as a foil to their ambitious marshal. The duke, on the other hand, badly wants to bring Bramwald under his military governorship and has done all that he can to subvert the baron's position. Thus, Bram Tagus is truly a man caught in the middle.

A noble fighter with a splendid record of achievement in battle, Bram's spirited defense of Bramwald been any less remarkable. But how long he can maintain his precarious position is an open question.

In recent months, the baron has almost come into open conflict with the Regency Council over the destruction by persons unknown of Bramford Abbey and the disappearance of all its monks. Since the abbey was under his protection, the baron feels a certain responsibility in the matter, and has been energetically attempting to unravel this mystery, without much success. The Regency Council, whom Bram suspects of having engineered the affair in order to weaken his people's loyalty to him, has steadfastly denied any complicity in the matter. New evidence just brought to light by Fletcher William now indicates that the Iron Duke may have been responsible for the shameful deed. Despite these tensions with the leaders of the rebellion, Tagus continues a clandestine cooperation with the Regency Council.

This tall, gaunt, steely-eyed fighter is now well past middle age. His once brown hair has become the same gray as his eyes, and he no longer sits his horse with the ease he once did. But, his body seems still cut from granite, and he never moves from his bedchamber unarmored. Even on the most festive occasions, he wears full *plate armor +1*. Similarly, his *sword +2*, Justicer, is always at his side, along with a *dagger +1*. When in the field, he also carries a spear and a hand axe. He is normally accompanied by a tough personal guard of 12 men (AC 2 plate mail and shield; F5; hp 25 each; #AT 1; D 1-8 sword; MV 180' mounted or 90' dismounted; Save F5; ML 10; AL L).

Though he is only an adequate horseman, the baron owns a string of several riding horses and a pair of fine warhorses. His favorite warhorse, and the one he most often rides into danger, is a gorgeous chestnut stallion named Truthsayer.

Unlike many of his peers, the baron is a learned man, having attended the University of Mohacs in his youth. He boasts a large library of technical books and reads and speaks both Elf and Dwarf.

Tagus seldom carries more than 100 gold pieces with him, though the war chest he carries on campaign holds 8,000 gold pieces and the baronial treasury holds another 4,000 gold pieces.

BROTHER RICHARD—THE FLYING MONK

Lawful 11th level cleric; Str 15; Int 12; Wis 10; Con 17; Dex 9; Cha 5; AC 2; hp 38.

Brother of Bosero the Drunkard, this portly monk first gained fame (and his nickname) at the hotly contested Battle of Glendower when

he led a score of enemy orcs on a merry chase away from his overmatched companions by flying from treetop to treetop uttering very uncharitable insults at his pursuers. Then, once deep within the tinder-dry forest, he set the trees afire in order to trap the orcs. The ensuing blaze swept the flank of the invading orc army and was instrumental in turning back the invasion.

Any number of great rewards were offered Richard in recognition of this remarkable feat, but he would take none of them except for a small fief at Fairfield in the New Lands which he accepted in the name of his order. Having foresworn temporal power, he declined the offer of a seat on the Regency Council.

Richard is well known for a number of attractive traits, including a tremendous loyalty to family and friends and a love of the common folk. On the minus side of the ledger, he is also known to be extremely slothful. However, sloth isn't all that serious a failing in a cleric whose good nature and gentle humor are legendary in the Northlands.

Brother Richard carries a *mace* +2, known far and wide as "the Great Holy Mace Icon," a weapon that has the ability to *detect evil* and *see invisible* in the same manner as a magic sword. Since this mace is well known by both appearance and reputation throughout the Northlands, it has a pronounced effect on friend and foe, alike. Any enemies within 100' must make an immediate morale check at -1 whenever it is first drawn. In addition, friendly troops making a morale check while within 100' of the weapon add 1 to their morale. The mace has the curious property of increasing the bearer's strength and intelligence by 4 and 2, respectively. Its mundane value is a mere 240 gold pieces.

Brother Richard cloaks his square, chunky frame in a rough, hooded brown cloak whose voluminous folds serve to hide his plate mail and the round metal cap he wears upon his tonsured pate. Aside from its religious significance and concealment value, this special magical garment also gives him the ability to fly. Richard usually carries a shield, four or more bottles of holy water, and five assorted holy symbols (in addition to the standard equipment pack). He always travels afoot and will own no animal of any kind. His purse never contains more than 10 gold pieces and 5 silver pieces.

Brother Richard knows the following spells:

1st Level: *cure light wounds*, *detect evil*, *remove fear*, *protection from evil*.

2nd Level: *find traps*, *silence 15' radius*, *snake charm*, *hold person*.

3rd Level: *continual light*, *cure blindness*, *growth of animals*.

4th Level: *animate dead*, *protection from evil*, *cure serious wounds*.

5th Level: *commune*, *raise dead*



FLETCHER WILLIAM—THE FETCH

Lawful 14th level fighter; Str 15; Int 12; Wis 15; Con 12; Dex 9; Cha 9; AC 2; hp 56.

Fletcher William is Keeper of the Peace at the University of Blackmoor. As such, he is charged with preventing the school rowdies from terrorizing the town or disrupting university life, a difficult task, but one that hardly challenges the 40 full-time baliffs and 40 student auxiliaries that the university provides. As a key member of the administrative staff, Fletcher William sits on the University Council. As commander of a substantial body of armed men (and as an experienced snoop), he is also an advisor to the Regency Council.

In addition to his more or less respectable employment at the university, Fletcher William (who is known to students as "The Fetch," due to his investigatory abilities) also serves clandestinely as Blackmoor's leading counterspy and as a recruiter for the kingdom's intelligence service. In this latter capacity, he has been responsible for the enlistment of any number of young men and women into the service of the Regency Council. Many of them have ended up on the payroll of the Keeper of the Peace, which serves as a cover for the transfer of funds to the

council's spies.

The Fetch is a thin, graying, thoroughly unprepossessing old gentleman whom some consider to be a bit of a doddering old fool. Indeed, he does all that he can to encourage the view that he is a harmless campus recluse, content to live a sober bachelor existence as a toiler in the fields of academe. His utter fascination with such academic matters as the university's new hot air balloon project (which is merely a manifestation of a deeper obsession with all types of flying) does nothing to counter this image.

In point of fact, there is more than mere appearance to Fletcher William's life of service. His small salary has allowed him to accumulate a mere 500 gp, an exceedingly modest amount for a man of his talents. Yet, he seems content in the absence of material rewards, living in a tiny cottage on the campus grounds that he has crammed with arcane texts on levitation, flying, and telekinesis.

The Fetch does have two possessions that mean much to him. The first is his warhorse Jek, which he stables on campus and which he can be seen exercising every morning in all weather. The second is an *amulet vs. crystal balls & ESP*. More than a useful tool, the amulet is to Fletcher William a kind of memento—a remembrance of one of his more interesting (and secret) escapades—his sole reward for his services in connection with a desperate mission that took The Fetch into the City of the Gods.

In order to keep his body hardened for his secret state duties, Fletcher William always wears a full suit of *chainmail* +2 under his academic robes. When danger is imminent, he adds a helm and a small shield. He always carries a dagger and a *sword* +2 and adds a short bow with a quiver of 20 arrows when traveling. When traveling, The Fetch is usually accompanied by 4 baliffs (AC 4 chainmail and shield; F7; hp 35 each; #AT 1; D 1-6 crossbow, 1-8 sword; MV: 240' mounted or 120' unmounted; Save F7; ML 10; AL L). When at the university, he refuses to have bodyguards.

GARAMOND BOLITHO—THE BISHOP OF BLACKMOOR

Lawful 18th level cleric; Str 8; Int 18; Wis 12; Con 15; Dex 14; Cha 11/18; AC 2; hp 72.

At first glance, the short, thin, pinched looking man in white clerical robes may seem unimposing, but the Bishop of Blackmoor is one of the most widely respected men in the Northlands. He is also one of King Uther's oldest friends, and it was the bishop who con-

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ducted the king's coronation, lending the support of the church to Uther's claim to a royal crown. It is also the bishop who has been most strongly opposed to any move that would replace the missing Uther with a new monarch. Together with the Great Svenny, he is determined to hold the throne safe until Uther is found.

The bishop's strong support was vital to the initial success of the rebellion, and is a major factor in the kingdom's continued strength. Thanks to his influence within the Thonian High Church, his fellow bishops have refused to openly condemn the rebellion (though there is some dissension within their exalted ranks on this matter). Lack of Church support for punitive measures against the rebels has been as much a factor as the empire's general weakness in the inability of the Great Families to organize an effective response to the rebellion.

The bishop's influence has been important to the rebellion in other ways as well. After the recent destruction of Bramford Abbey, his even-handed personal investigation of the affair and refusal to condemn the Regency Council helped defuse a potentially dangerous situation.

The bishop has also proved to be a great supporter of the new University of Blackmoor and has done much to get it accepted by both the superstitious commoners and a number of suspicious barons. Like Uther and Svenny, it is his conviction that the university is what will ensure the long-term future of Blackmoor. As a result of his influence, there are today a large number of clerics there as both students and instructors.

Bolitho is, of course, more than just a moral force in the Northlands. He dwells in a fortified manor house within Blackmoor that has been worked into the town's defensive plan as a major internal redoubt. Through his appointment of the abbots of the Northlands, he also controls a good deal of monastic property, some of whose wealth flows into the war chest of the Regency Council. Finally, he controls a small private army of High Church troops that he has placed at the council's disposal.

The bishop's personal wealth is almost nonexistent. However, the church funds under his control amount to some 200,000 gold pieces stashed in various church coffers. In addition, about 50,000 gold pieces are stored within his manor house.

Bolitho is also custodian of the famous "White Sword." This powerful *lawful sword* +2, +3 vs. goblins, orcs, undead, and dragons has an intelligence of 12 and an ego

of 12. It was forged at the command of a previous bishop to be the sword of champions and "the defense of the Church and the people" against evil. It has the powers to *detect evil*, *detect magic*, and *see invisible*. It can also *read magic* and has the extraordinary powers *extra damage*, *telepathy*, and *healing*. It speaks Gnome, Goblin, Hobgoblin, Kobold, Ogre, Orc, and Pixie. Unsheathed, the sword raises the morale of all friendly troops within a mile of the wielder by 1. Though he cannot use the weapon himself, Bolitho assigns the sword to a champion before any military campaign in which High Church troops are involved. He has also been known to place it at the disposal of persons carrying out especially dangerous and difficult missions on behalf of the High Church. Only lawful characters with an established reputation of honesty and loyalty have been (or will be) so blessed.

Bolitho favors simple garments, wearing the plain white clerical robes of a common parish priest and, except on high holidays, eschewing the colorful and costly bishop's robes to which he is entitled. He seldom wears armor or carries any weapons inside Blackmoor, maintaining that such things ill befit the dignity of the church. However, due to the dangerous political situation, he is always accompanied by 6 body guards (AC 2 plate mail and shield; F6; hp 30 each; #AT 1; D 1-8 sword; MV 180' mounted or 90' unmounted; Save F6; ML 11; AL L).

When traveling, the bishop usually rides one of his household's many riding horses. His favorite is a small mare named Elise. If his business is potentially dangerous, he rides his warhorse, Old Piety. He always wears plate armor when travelling and carries a great war hammer named Charity. In addition, he often carries a crossbow or a short bow (he's an excellent shot). Whether in town or in the field, Bolitho carries a dagger (for eating purposes only).

The bishop speaks Elf, Dwarf and Half-ling. He knows the following spells:

1st Level: *cure light wounds*, *light*, *protection from evil*, *purify food and water*, *remove fear*, *resist cold*.

2nd Level: *bless*, *find traps*, *hold person*, *know alignment*, *resist fire*, *silence 15' radius*.

3rd Level: *continual light*, *cure blindness*, *cure disease*, *locate object*, *remove curse*.

4th Level: *cure serious wounds*, *dispel magic*, *speak with plants*, *sticks to snakes*.

5th Level: *dispel evil*, *create food*, *quest*, *raise dead*.

6th Level: *animate objects*, *speak with monsters*, *word of recall*.

7th Level: *earthquake*, *restore*.

The *earthquake* and *restore* spells are detailed in the D&D® Companion set. Their effects are as follows:

Earthquake

Range: 120 yards.

Duration: 1 turn.

Effect: Causes earth tremors

This powerful spell causes a section of the earth to shake, and opens large cracks in the ground. A 17th level caster can affect an area up to 60' square, adding 5' to each dimension with each level of experience thereafter. For example, an 18th level cleric affects an area up to 65' square; 19th level, 70' square; and so forth.

Within the area of effect, all small dwellings are reduced to rubble, and larger constructions are cracked open. Earthen formations (hills, cliffsides, etc.) form rockslides. Cracks in the earth may open and engulf one creature in 6 (determined randomly) crushing them.

Restore *

Range: Touch

Duration: Permanent

Effect: Restores 1 Energy Drain

This spell will restore one full level of energy (experience) to any victim who has lost a level because of an *energy drain*, whether by undead or some other attack form. It will not restore more than one level, nor will it add a level if none have been lost. Furthermore, the casting of this spell causes the cleric to lose 1 level of experience, as if struck by a wight; however this effect is not permanent, and the cleric may rest for 2-20 days to regain the loss.

The reverse of this spell (*life drain*) will drain one level of experience from the victim touched, just as if touched by a wight or wraith. The casting of this spell does not cost any loss to the cleric, nor does it require any rest, but it is a Chaotic act, avoided by lawful clerics.

THE GREAT SVENNY —BARON OF NEWGATE

Lawful 20th level fighter: Str 15; Int 18; Wis 17; Con 11; Dex 15; Cha 18; AC -2; hp 86.

One of the first of the King's Companions, the Great Svenny, has become a legend in his own time. Having begun life as a peasant, Svenny has risen high in the councils of the land on nothing but sheer guts and ability. In folk myth, he is the victor of a hundred battles and the hero of a thousand desperate adventures, second in the affections of the yeomanry only to the king, himself.

For men such as Svenny, life is not easy, of course. Many is the time that the Great Svenny, lone survivor of a doomed mission, has crawled from some noisome hole bleeding from a dozen wounds. Often, he has vowed never again to undertake another such dangerous adventure—to hang up his sword and retire to a small farm somewhere far from Blackmoor. But always the prospect of some new challenge has caused him to again strap on his armor and heft his weapons as of old.

In recent years, affairs of state have kept Svenny from accepting such challenges nearly as often as he secretly would like. For the Great Svenny is now the nominal head of the Regent's Council and thus the *de facto* ruler of the Northern Marches. His large circle of friends includes all of the great and powerful barons of the North. His decisions affect the lives of thousands.

Yet, Svenny hasn't let his head be turned by his unprecedented rise in station. His own holdings are a modest new barony south of Blackmoor that yields a monthly income of 2,800 gold pieces per month; substantial enough, perhaps, but hardly a fortune to a man of his standing. He has often declined further wealth, power, and honors and has been named "Protector of the Faith" by the Bishop of Blackmoor, as much due to his relative modesty as because of his unquestioned courage.

Let this saintly image prove misleading, however, it should be pointed out that Svenny's one great vice is his love of excessive personal adornment. Typically, the gems, trim, jewelry, and accoutrements with which he decorates both his own person and that of his steed is worth about 9000 gold pieces.

The fact that he also carries upwards of 1000 gold pieces in coin when traveling should make him a prime target for thieves, but reputation has its rewards. Since he is known to be both an exceptional horseman and a cunning woodsman (in addition to being one of the premier fighters in the North), few have any illusions as to their ability to evade an angered Svenny. For this jeweled peacock, casual robbery is hardly a concern!

This is not to say that Svenny need fear no danger. A man of his singular reputation and

accomplishments must make enemies, and Svenny has made many. Perhaps his worst foes are the orcs, who have loathed him with an unheard-of passion ever since he slew their great leader, King Funk. Their blood feud with Svenny has led to the untimely demise of hundreds of orc-kind over the years. A rumor given much credence in the North holds that the orcs will crown as their new king any being (of whatever species) who manages to destroy Svenny or—better yet—deliver him into their hands.

Svenny's other great nemesis is the foul Egg of Coot. Reasoning that it is better to serve the Egg than reign anywhere else, this evil eminence has tried to outbid the orcs, promising that anyone who brings him Svenny will be crowned a prince of his fiendish realm. So far, neither the orcs nor the Egg have had to worry overmuch about making good on these promises.

Svenny wears a full suit of *plate armor +1* and carries a *shield +3*. He usually rides a fully armored warhorse. Though he owns a *short sword +2*, he seldom carries it. Instead, he prefers his other sword, Maroon.

Maroon is an extremely powerful *Lawful sword +2, +3 vs. undead and dragons*. It has an intelligence of 12 and an ego of 5 and possesses the powers *see invisible, detect evil, and detect magic*. It can also *read magic* and has the extraordinary powers of *healing, levitation, and teleportation*. It speaks Dragon, Dwarf, Elf, Gnome, Orc and Pixie.

Svenny owns a large string of riding horses and warhorses. If encountered outside Blackmoor, he will invariably be mounted on one of his warhorses. He speaks Elf, Dwarf and Orc.

JALLAPIERIE

Lawful 17th level magic user; Str 12; Int 17; Wis 15; Con 13; Dex 12; Cha 9; AC 4; hp 44.

The wizard Jallapierie (or Jal, as he is known to the common folk) is a tall, thin, rumped-looking man with short, cropped brown hair and a pale, lumpy cleanly-shaven face. His appearance alone would make him stand out among the run of northern wizards, who tend to be a hirsute lot. But Jal's surpassing skill is what really sets him apart. Without question, Jallapierie is the strongest wizard to support the Regency Council and, except for Robert the Bald, the strongest wizard in the Northern Marches. Were he *not* so strong, he would probably be dead since he earned the bitter hatred of most other Northern wizards when he opposed their revolt against the Regency Council.



Whatever his relations with other wizards, Jal is noted among nobles and commoners alike for his fairness and kindness. He will rarely interfere in anyone else's affairs unless asked, preferring to stay in the background and at the last moment accept a summons to tip the scales toward the side he favors if that should become necessary. In this way, Jal has long acted as a sort of magical reserve upon which the Regency Council has been able to draw in times of real emergency. When not needed, he usually stays close to the City of Maus, where he has his tower. When not in Maus, Jal teaches at The University of Blackmoor.

Jal's tower is a veritable treasure house of wonders (which have tended to multiply therein over time). Among his possessions is a *dagger +2* (which he carries with him), a *flying carpet*, a *helm of telepathy*, a *ring of protection +5, 5' radius* (which works just like a *ring of protection +1, 5' radius*, but with a benefit of 5 instead of 1, and which is always on the middle finger of his right hand), a *wand of cold* with 6 charges, a *staff of wizardry* with 19 charges (which he carries with him when traveling), an *efreeti bottle*, and a *crystal ball with ESP*. Jal's tower is also the repository for a large library of scrolls and a collection of potions. In addition to his magic scrolls, Jal has a substantial number of rare works written in Elf and Dwarf (both of which he speaks and reads with some facility). Beneath the tower is a vault containing his entire personal wealth: 8,000 gold pieces, 10,000 silver pieces, and 1,000 platinum pieces).

Jal knows the following spells:

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1st Level: *charm person, detect magic, magic missile, read languages, read magic, sleep.*

2nd Level: *detect evil, detect invisible, invisibility, knock, wizard lock.*

3rd Level: *dispel magic, haste, protection from evil 10' radius, lightning bolt (x2).*

4th Level: *dimension door, polymorph self, remove curse, wall of fire.*

5th Level: *conjure elemental, hold monster, teleport.*

6th Level: *disintegrate, geas, stone to flesh.*

7th Level: *mass invisibility, summon object.*

The two 7th level spells are detailed in the D&D® Companion set. They are described below:

Mass Invisibility*

Range: 240'

Duration: Permanent until broken.

Effect: Many creatures or objects.

This bestows invisibility (as the 2nd level spell) on several creatures. All the recipients must be within an area 60' square within 240' of the magic-user. The spell will affect up to six dragon-sized creatures, or up to 300 man-sized creatures (treating one horse as two men). After the spell is cast, each creature becomes invisible, along with all equipment carried (as explained in the Basic Set Players' Guide, page 41).

The reverse of this spell (*appear*) will cause all invisible creatures and objects in a 20' x 20' x 20' volume to become visible. Creatures on Astral and Ethereal Planes are not within the area of effect; the spell cannot reach across planar boundaries. All other forms of invisibility are affected, both magical and natural, and all victims of this spell cannot become invisible again for 1 turn.

Summon Object

Range: Infinite

Duration: Instantaneous.

Effect: Retrieves 1 object from caster's home

By means of this spell, the magic-user can cause one non-living object to leave his or her home and appear in hand. The object must weigh no more than 500 cn, and may be no bigger than a staff or small chest. The caster must be very familiar with the item and its exact location, or the spell will not work. Each item must be prepared beforehand by sprin-

gling it with a special powder that costs 1,000 gp per item prepared; the powder becomes invisible and does not interfere with the item in any way. Unprepared items cannot be summoned by this spell.

If another being possesses the item summoned, the item will not appear, but the caster will know approximately who and where the possessor is.

The magic-user may use this spell from any location, even if the item summoned is on another Plane of Existence.



**KING Uther THE RECTIFIER—
BLACK Uther**

Lawful 20th level fighter; Str 12; Int 16; Wis 18; Con 13; Dex 15; Cha 18; AC 0/6; hp 98.

Formerly called simply Baron of Blackmoor, Uther Andahar ten years ago led a rebellion of the Northern Barons against the empire, with the result that the Northlands became an independent kingdom and his fellow barons swore fealty to Uther. Though it started as part of the defensive campaign against the Afridhi, Uther's rebellion was widely viewed among both his subjects and his neighbors as being the only possible means of redressing long-standing grievances against the venal empire. For this reason, he is known in the North as Uther the Rectifier. Inside the Empire, which has condemned him to death in absentia, Uther is better known as Black Uther. Whether this latter appellation is a reference to Uther's black hair and eyes, the black and silvery livery of his house, or the supposed color of his rebellious heart is unclear.

By no means the greatest fighter of his realm, Uther's strength is his intelligence, wisdom, and charisma. These qualities have combined to produce a towering leader who is held in awe in the North. With the fiery young Uther to bind them together, the men, elves, and dwarves of the Northlands were able in a few short years to defeat the Empire, eliminate the incursions of the Egg of Coot, break the Skandaharian Raiders and drive off separate Afridhi and Thonian invasions. In the years that followed these military campaigns, the roads were made safe for the first time in human memory, and new lands were opened up south of the Crystal Peaks. Best of all, a university was founded at Blackmoor, a new center of learning that it was hoped would change the lives of the common folk forever. All of these things were the direct work of this remarkable young man.

All of these achievements are now endangered by the king's disappearance. After a year in his solitary prison, Uther has shed a few pounds from his solid frame and is slightly weakened, but not greatly harmed. Could he but take the field before his enemies fall on Blackmoor, all might yet be well. If not, disaster looms.

Though Uther normally wears *plate mail + 1*, when he disappeared, he was garbed under his tinker's disguise in only light leather armor meant to do no more than turn an assassin's knife. During his long imprisonment, his guards have left him dressed just as he was when he entered his prison, taking only his dagger. The first AC value shown for Uther is used when he is in plate mail; the second is used when he is wearing his leather armor.

As king, Uther normally carried a *Lawful two-handed sword + 2* named Black Flame. This weapon, now in the keeping of the Regency Council, has an Intelligence of 9, an ego of 3, the powers *detect evil* and *detect magic*, and the extraordinary powers *extra damage* and *healing*. In addition to Black Flame, Uther typically carried a dagger. When on campaign, he rode a great black warhorse, a stallion named Wildfire.

The king speaks Elf and Dwarf.

LORTZ KHARNUNDRHUM— REGENT OF THE MINES

Lawful 12th level dwarf; Str 16; Int 11; Wis 13; Con 13; Dex 9; Cha 16; AC 3; hp 60.

Lortz Kharnundrum became Regent of the Mines when the former regent, Uberstar Khazakhum disappeared during an orc-hunting expedition many months ago. The

position gives him high standing among non-dwarves, but means little to his own kind. Since he is not king, only his own clansmen support him at all times and on all issues. Other dwarves respect him as a powerful clan chief—no more.

All major decisions affecting the Dwarves of the North must be made by the Congress of the Clans, and that body is dominated by a powerful clique of older clan chiefs who feel themselves threatened by both the Regency Council and the new technology being introduced into the Northlands by their human neighbors. In addition, the current war with the orcs, whose ferocity can never be understood by a non-dwarf, has absorbed dwarvish energies to the point that concerns over relations with their neighbors have had to take a back seat. As a result, relations between dwarves and men are less close than was once the case and the office of Regent of the Mines is a good deal less important.

All of this is very distressing to Lortz, who has always strongly advocated close human-dwarf ties—and who was one of the first to push the use of the mechanical theories and devices first introduced by the King of Blackmoor. But, like all dwarves, Lortz must bow to the wishes of the clan leaders, who, in their attempts to limit the influence of humans and the penetration of their technology, have insisted that Lortz spend less time in Blackmoor and that any further introduction of technology be delayed until after the war. The Regent of the Mines now remains more often at home and is less involved with the joint affairs of men and elves and dwarves. This decreased contact has meant a cooling of relations and has left Blackmoor weaker for lack of the support that Uberstar was able to provide.

Whether at home or abroad, Lortz invariably keeps his sturdy frame wedged inside a full suit of traditional dwarvish plate armor. Atop his tangled mat of tangled, silver-shot chestnut locks he wears his special regent's helmet. This cap, part armor, part symbol of office, is banded with a gold circlet set with a single large emerald. The helmet also has two midnight black raven's wings set above the ears, dwarf-style.

Lortz speaks Dwarf, Elf and Orc. He is a reasonably skilled rider (for a dwarf), and keeps a string of riding horses. He is also skilled in the use of the heavy crossbow and 50% of the time will be carrying one along with a case of 24 *quarrels* +1. He also carries a dagger and, sometimes a *war hammer* +1. But, his favorite weapon, which is also a symbol of office, is a great red battle axe called

Tharm. This specially forged weapon can only be used effectively by a dwarf. If used by another character, it has the characteristics of any other battle axe. If used by a dwarf, it is a *battle axe* +2, +3 vs. *orcs and goblins* and has the power to *detect magic* and *see invisible* (like a magic sword). When borne in a melee by any dwarf, it raises the morale of all involved dwarves by 1 and lowers the morale of involved all orcs and goblins by 2.

As Regent of the Mines, Lortz maintains a personal guard of eight dwarves (AC 5 chainmail; D6; hp 36 each; #AT 1; D 1-8 battle axe; MV 120'; Save D6; ML 10; AL L). Service in this guard is considered a great honor and is assigned to selected candidates from the various clans on a rotating basis.



MARFELDT THE BARBARIAN

Chaotic 16th level fighter; Str 18; Int 16; Wis 12; Con 18; Dex 17; Cha 18; AC 5; hp 77.

Marfeldt the Barbarian has been a fixture in the Northlands for many years now, and many is the poor soul that wishes it were not so. In fact, the Regency Council has more than once debated the proposition that a company of elite troops be raised to hunt down and kill this grinning rogue. Memory of the muscular barbarian's past service against the enemies of Blackmoor and the fact that The Fetch sometimes employs his services have always been sufficient to defeat such measures. Besides, Blackmoor can't afford the likely loss of an entire company of its best troops at Marfeldt's hands when its borders are in danger.

Sometimes called "the last anarchist," Marfeldt is one of nature's free spirits, a great

brawny giant of a man who roams the land looking for trouble. He invariably finds it. His arrival in a town is a sure sign that some desperate encounter will soon take place there. His enlistment in an army is enough to set veterans frantically honing their swords and spears in anticipation of some apocalyptic battle. The big barbarian seems to have a sixth sense about where and when the hinge of fate will turn. Often, he is the only survivor of such afrays.

Though his prowess in battle (and his ability as a military commander) has long been appreciated almost to the point of worship, Marfeldt is never a servant—only an ally. Moreover, he is a very difficult ally. Failure to keep him sufficiently busy means that every tavern within a day's walk will shortly stand in ruins. Failure to meet his often outrageous salary demands means that the local treasury will shortly stand in ruins, its looted wealth soon to be dissipated in one of Marfeldt's legendary bacchanalias. Failure to give him the honor and authority he thinks his due means that any superiors blocking his rise to the position he craves will shortly disappear.

A curious aspect of Marfeldt's personality is that, for all his known cupidity and cruelty, he is an engaging fellow who seems able to mesmerize those who remain in his company for very long. At the end of each day, all persons who have spent all or part of the day in Marfeldt's immediate company must make a Saving Throw vs. Spells. Those who fail to make their saving throw are charmed by Marfeldt just as if the barbarian had cast a *charm person* spell over him. Making a subsequent saving throw breaks the "spell," but each new day spent with Marfeldt is treated as a new "spell."

This, then, is the semi-legendary Marfeldt the Barbarian. If he has enemies, he will slay them. If he has allies, he will offend them. If he has peace, he will break it. Fortunately for the Northlands, Marfeldt has even less use for the Empire than for the Regency Council. As a result, the barbarian has always fought against Blackmoor's many enemies on the dubious theory that letting Blackmoor be defeated (or even weakened) would mean a return of Imperial authority and an end to the state of happy anarchy with which he is well-pleased.

Marfeldt usually wears only leather armor, but he packs a large assortment of weaponry, including a *dagger* +2, a hand axe, a *mace* +1, a *sword* +2, and a long bow with a quiver of 20 *arrows* +1. He doesn't own his own horse, preferring to take whatever animal happens to strike his fancy. Generally, he

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steals warhorses, the bigger the better. He is an excellent rider. He is also an expert with all manner of weapons. He speaks passable Goblin and Orc.

Marfeldt's legendary carouses have tended to dissipate his funds as fast as he obtains them. Old hands in the Northlands still tell stories about the night he looted the fabulously rich guildhall of the Merchants' Guild of Maus and the next day had to borrow against his salary because he had *already* spent the proceeds of his raid dressing the courtesans of Maus in emeralds and cloth of gold. As a consequence of such exploits, the happy-go-lucky killer has no wealth socked away and seldom has more than 100 gold pieces on him. However, he does possess two magic items that he is never without.

The most important of these is an amulet that casts an *anti-magic shell* about the bearer's body. This shell is similar to that created by the 6th level magic user's spell *anti-magic shell*, except in two regards. First, it is of continuous duration; the bearer does not have to think about the shell since it is automatically present at all times. Second, the shell is not destroyed by a *dispel magic* spell. Instead, the *dispel magic* spell suppresses the amulet's effect for 3-12 rounds. Spells cast while the amulet's effects are suppressed continue to affect Marfeldt even after the amulet ceases to be suppressed.

Marfeldt's other magical item is a specially made *ring of teleportation* that attunes itself to the wearer's body. Whenever his hit points drop below 4, the wearer is immediately teleported to the last place of safety about which the wearer was thinking.

MELLO THE HALFLING

Lawful 8th level halfling; Str 17; Int 17; Wis 14; Con 18; Dex 18; Cha 10; AC -2; hp 43.

Born Mello Feathertoes, this individual is known throughout the Northlands as simply Mello the Halfling, and he is the greatest warrior that his race has ever produced. No one knows for sure how it was that Mello gained his present stature, but, at 5' 6", he is also certainly the *biggest* halfling ever birthed. As one of the heroes of the rebellion, Mello fought more than his share of desperate fights, and has earned the respect of some of the North's leading personalities. But a love of adventure has caused him to decline any sort of leadership position that might force him to stay at home. He keeps a house east of Blackmoor, but is rarely there. When not off on some ridiculous adventure, he can

usually be found roving Blackmoor's streets with his lifelong friend, the Blue Rider.

As befits a halfling of his stature, Mello learned early in life how to ride a horse, and this is one of his great joys. He keeps a small herd of riding horses at his home (14 at last count), and devotes much time to "exercising" them (by tearing around the country at breakneck speed). Mello also swims (unusual for a halfling) and is a noted hunter (another good excuse not to stay home). He is fluent in Elf and Dwarf, and does some occasional translations of old ballads and sagas from those languages. This effort necessitates long and dangerous journeys to gather material—yet another excuse to stray from home and hearth.

Mello usually stumps about in full plate mail and carries a *shield +1* when more than a few minutes' ride from home. He carries a short sword, a dagger, and a small sling (20 pellets) at all times. When off on some adventure, he also carries a pair of *wands of lightning bolts* with 6 charges each and wears a *scarab of protection* with 5 uses.

Mello is reputed to be very wealthy, having some 14,000 gold pieces on deposit with various money lenders and another 2,000 gold pieces stashed in his home. He usually carries 20 gold pieces and 10 silver pieces on his person and another 200 gold pieces in his saddle bags, even when he is just riding into town to heft a few at the Comeback Inn.

MENANDER ITHAMIS

Neutral 10th level elf; Str 11; Int 18; Wis 10; Con 8; Dex 12; Cha 12; AC 2; hp 43.

Menander Ithamis has led the Elves of the Red Wood for almost a century. Within the last decade, he has also become Lord of the Northern Elves, in which capacity he sits on the Regency Council. Possessed of an almost classically elvish judgement, Menander is considered somewhat foolish by those humans who fail to appreciate the psychological gulf that separates elves from men. His courage, though, is well regarded by one and all, and this makes up for much in the minds of even the most militantly jingoistic of the Northern Barons.

Menander's selection as Lord of the Northern Elves came about mainly because all of the various elvish factions felt that he would be easy to manipulate to advantage. This has proven to be more difficult in fact than in theory. Instead of some one faction manipulating Menander, *he* has been able to manipulate *all* factions by playing one off against another. Each of the opposing fac-

tions still believes that it will eventually win out, but, in fact, the balance of power hasn't shifted a jot since Menander took over.

The various compromises Menander has had to make in order to keep from falling under the control of one or another of the contending factions has unfortunately resulted in a certain paralysis in elven political life. The Elves of the North have been unable to agree on even so vital a matter as a joint strategy for rescuing their brethren in the Duchy of Ten from the blight that is even now destroying their woodland homes. At the same time, the more difficult question of the future course of relations with dwarves and men has also remained more or less on dead center. Meanwhile, Menander keeps up his juggling act, seeking a stable balance of power that will allow him to push through the policies that he knows must be followed.

The policy Menander would like to implement is one of close dwarf-human-elf cooperation, leading ultimately to a confederation that would make the North strong enough to resist the many outside forces threatening it. So far, all that he has been able to do is keep elf-human relations cordial. This in itself has been a struggle, since many elves want as little as possible to do with men and object even to Menander's close personal friendship with the Bishop of Blackmoor. His recent generous grant of "Elf Friend" status to some humans has raised a veritable storm of protest.

As a means of reminding his critics of his position, Menander wears the formal silver and gray livery of the Lord of the Elves of the North at all times. Since his position is so precarious, he wears a suit of magical *chainmail +1* beneath these outer garments, and goes armed at all times. Dressed in such garments and armor and with his silver hair framing exquisitely sculpted features, the almost seven-foot tall Menander is a truly imposing figure.

His normal weaponry includes two *silver daggers +1*, and his sword of office, the *Lawful sword +2* Woodhold. Woodhold is a normal *Sword +2* in the hands of anyone but an 10th level elf. When borne by a 10th level elf, it comes alive, having an intelligence of 11 and an ego of 8. It then has the power to *detect evil* and *read magic* and has the extraordinary powers *illusion* and *flying*. In the proper hands, it speaks Dwarf, Dragon, Goblin, Hobgoblin, Ogre, and Orc. All elves within 100 yards of a 10th level elf bearing Woodhold add 2 to their morale. The sword's value to non-elves (by reason of materials and workmanship alone) is 1,000 gold pieces. To elves, it is priceless.

In addition to the aforementioned weapons, when outside his hall, Menander carries a longbow and a quiver of 20 arrows + 1.

Menander is always accompanied by a personal guard of 15 Elves of the Red Wood (AC 7 leather armor; E6; hp 50 each; #AT 1; D 1-6 longbow, 1-8 sword; MV 240' mounted or 120' unmounted; Save E6; ML 10; AL N). Each elf knows the following spells:

1st Level: *detect magic, protection from evil, sleep.*

2nd Level: *detect evil, wizard lock.*

3rd Level: *dispel magic, lightning bolt.*

Menander speaks Dwarf, Goblin, and Pixie. He knows the following spells:

1st Level: *charm person, detect magic, light, magic missile, sleep.*

2nd Level: *invisibility, levitate, web, phantasmal force.*

3rd Level: *dispel magic, fireball, lightning bolt.*

4th Level: *charm monster, remove curse.*

5th Level: *conjure elemental.*

When traveling, Menander carries 600 gold pieces. At other times, he does not carry money.

MOORKOK THE SLAYER—PRINCE OF THE EGG

Chaotic 17th level fighter; Str 17; Int 15; Wis 16; Con 16; Dex 14; Cha 12; AC -1; hp 95.

Once a famous Skandaharian war leader, Moorkok was seduced by the science of the Egg and now serves that vile power as prince and general. He has been tapped by the Egg to lead a new invasion of Blackmoor when the time is ripe. Meanwhile, he trains a vast army of human slaves and mercenaries for that day. Among his charges are many clans of orcs, whose language he speaks with some fluency.

Moorkok is an unmistakable figure on any battlefield. While he has the massive frame and fair complexion common to Skandaharians, he boasts a head of hair of a peculiar shade of orange never before seen on any northern pate. And instead of the blue or sea gray eyes common to his tribe, his retinas are a peculiar greenish yellow. The big raider's odd physical appearance imparts a certain fey quality to his every action and has sparked the rumor that his origins are not entirely hu-

man. Knowing that his lieutenant is sensitive to such tales, the sadistic Egg has encouraged their spread by implying that he favors the northerner as a result of some demonic participation in his ancestry.

Moorkok wears *plate mail + 1* and carries a *shield + 1*, a dagger, a *mace + 1* and a *wand of fear*. Around his neck he wears one of the amulets called the *Eye of the Egg*, that allows the Egg of Coot to see through his eyes and hear with his ears. Moorkok rides a white warhorse.

As befits one who ranks high in the favor of the Egg, Moorkok has under his command a personal guard of six bronze golems (AC 0; HD 20**; hp 100; #AT 1 fist + special; D 3-30 + special; MV 240'; Save F10; ML 12; AL N).

MIKLOS HARUSKA—OLD SLYBOOTS

Chaotic 12th level thief; Str 10; Int 12; Wis 8; Con 13; Dex 15; Cha 10; AC 7; hp 35; OL 66%; FT 62%; RT 58%; PP 75%; MS 64%; CW 98%; HS 50%; HN 1-5.

Miklos Haruska (popularly known as "Old Slyboots" in tribute to his reputed cunning) is Guild Master of the Thieves' Guild of Vestfold. He also actively serves the Wizards' Cabal, the underground of magic users opposed to the Regency Council. Were this fact widely known, it would doubtless mean his hasty extermination at the hands of one of The Fetch's agents. But, so far as the Regency Council know, Miklos is a wholly mercenary rogue who only occasionally serves interests hostile to the council (as do many other unsavory persons in the Northlands). Since Miklos from time to time also serves the interests of the Regency Council, it all seems to even out. If the council knew that Miklos was on the permanent payroll of the Wizard's Cabal, its attitude would doubtless be different.

In truth, the Regency Council's evaluation of Miklos' character (if not his role in recent events) is dead on the mark. This often dour thief rarely befriends anyone, and keeps close counsel even with those few individuals whom he considers his "pals" by virtue of their having done him some past service. One day, this cold and friendless man will probably make a bid to replace his friend Scotty Debelfry as the head of the Northern Thieves' Guilds, but for now the two men are bosome "pals."

Miklos is one of those dark, wiry types that tend to vaguely remind people of small, vicious rodents. Only a little over five and a half feet tall, he weighs a mere 145 pounds, none of it fat. His close-cropped black hair

frames a sharp-featured, ratty face dominated by piercing black eyes. As if his appearance were not striking enough, Miklos tends to favor capes and cloaks of midnight blue and black, cut in the old Imperial style that is now rarely seen in the North.

Miklos carries a throwing *dagger + 2* and owns a *sword + 1*. He also owns a crossbow with 15 *quarrels + 1*, that he seldom carries, and an *elven cloak* that he wears only on jobs. At any given time, he may have 250 gold pieces on his person; the rest of his wealth (some 17,000 gold pieces) he keeps on deposit with moneylenders. In addition to his monetary wealth, Miklos owns two magical heirlooms of which he is secretly quite proud.

His prize toy is a magic *ring of spell storing* that he acquired from the Monks of the Swamp. He always wears this simple silver band on the middle finger of his left hand, but he has never been known to use it. The ring holds one use each of three spells: *confusion, massmorph, and wall of fire.*

Miklos' other heirloom is an amulet that he wears constantly and that negates any spell cast on him or at him. At least that's what Miklos thinks it does. In reality, the amulet, a gift from the Egg of Coot, is a sophisticated experimental transformer that collects the magical energy of spells cast at the bearer and transfers it to another individual wearing the amulet's twin. This other individual (a slave of the Egg, kept imprisoned for just this purpose) then suffers the spell's effects. Neither amulet has any effect on those portions of a spell not aimed at the bearer. Unbeknownst to Miklos, the amulet in his possession also conveys to the bearer suggestions made to the individual wearing its twin. These often subtle suggestions are generated by the Egg, but appear to Miklos to be his own brilliant ideas. In this way, the potential future head of the united Northern Thieves' Guilds is being gradually brought under the sway of the evil Egg of Coot.

THE PESHWAN NA SHEPRO—BARON OF DRAGONIA

Lawful 13th level fighter; Str 14; Int 13; Wis 16; Con 9; Dex 9; Cha 15; AC 2; hp 52.

The new-made Baron of Dragonia is still a darkly handsome man, despite participation in scores of fights that should have left him a mass of scars. Somehow, he has avoided these occupational hazards of the professional fighter and retains a youthful, almost girlish, beauty, even into the middle years of an active life. Possibly, the subtle cunning for which he is also noted is partially responsible

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for his "luck" in this and other matters.

However it is that Shepro consistently manages to come out of deadly contests almost unscathed, the sheer number of his duels, battles and informal brawls is impressive. He loves a good fight and often acts as a substitute champion in affairs of honor—as much for the enjoyment of the joust as for reasons of friendship. His participation in such affairs has given him exceptional insight into those aspects of the common law having to do with challenge and personal combat. As a result, he has become an informal advisor on such matters to the Regency Council.

Shepro spent his early years on the Plains of Hak among the Bortai, the most savage of the dozen horseclans making up the nation of Peshwah. Not much is known of those years, but by the time he returned home as a grown man, he spoke fluent Peshwahan and had won from the hard-nosed Bortai the honorary title of "Peshwan Na Shepro" (Person Named Shepro). Shortly after his return to the Northlands, he joined the rebellion, where he earned a name for himself as a field commander.

When the rebellion was finally successful, Uther rewarded Shepro for his services by naming him Baron of Dragonia, a new fief east of the Wurm River. Of course, Uther's reward to Shepro gave Blackmoor a certain political advantage, too. From his new stronghold on the Wurm, the young baron could watch not only the Greenway and the Dragon Hills, but his old friends the Bortai, as well. Uther's move has proved to be a sound one, and as a result of Shepro's activity, the Peshwah have stayed southwest of the Wurm even though hard-pressed by the Ahfridi.

Typically, Shepro encases his slim body in a suit of blued plate mail over which he wears a tunic and hooded cloak of rough, nubby dark gray silk. He always wears custom-made kidskin duelling gloves that have become something of a trademark. His defensive equipment is rounded out by a small, round target-type shield of a style favored by the Bortai. Though he sports both dagger and short sword, his preferred weapon is his sword +2, "Peacemaker." Shepro's personal wealth is about 9500 gold pieces, of which he keeps all but 200 gold pieces on deposit with moneylenders in Vestfold. The rest, he carries on his person.

PHILO HOLBYTYN—THE SHERIFF OF RAMSHEAD

Lawful 8th level halfling; Str 10/5; Int 18; Wis 14; Con 10; Dex 11; Cha 14; AC 5; hp 30/15.

Once a key member of the rebel high command, Philo Holbytn has long since dropped out of high level politics and now devotes most of his time to governing his newly created fief, Ramshead. His single-minded devotion to his land and people has made Ramshead the most prosperous area in the North, and his people return his devotion in full measure. Thanks to his wisdom and foresight, he also has excellent relations with his neighbors the dwarves. Among his friends are The Bishop of the North and the Blue Rider, both of whom are frequent guests at Ramshead. Should Philo ever desire it, he would, in a trice, be welcomed onto the Regency Council and once again asked to provide that wisdom and hard-headed leadership that was his great contribution to the great rebellion's success. For Philo, though, it is the small pleasures of hearth and home that beckon. His days of active leadership, like his days of active adventuring, are long since past.

The fact is that Philo is a very sick man. Many years ago he was placed under a geas by an evil wizard. Though Philo resisted and escaped the wizard's clutches, he did not realize that his foe's actions would have long-term effects. As the years have passed, he has had to fight an ever more difficult battle, which has left him seriously weakened. Philo has two separate values for strength and hit points. The first value, in each case, is for Philo when he is healthy—and is the value to which he reverts if he ever carries out the geas. The second value is for Philo while he is fighting the geas and is used so long as he does not carry it out.

Philo's mind is unaffected by his illness, and he is tormented by his observable decline. He has kept it from his friends, while quietly seeking a cure. But a cure is unlikely for several reasons. The simplest solution, carrying out the geas, is out of the question, since it involves nothing less than betraying and destroying the Regency Council. Further, the wizard who first laid the geas on him cannot be reached, since he is now a high-level lich lord in the land of the Egg of Coot. So, for now, Philo fights his battle with the geas alone. Only his great goodness has saved him so far, but he weakens with each passing month.

Should Philo ever give in to his illness and try to carry out the geas, the potential effects are devastating. Were he, for example, to assume a seat on the Regency Council while carrying out the geas, his presence there would allow the Egg to penetrate that body and subvert its every effort. He might even be

tempted to use Philo to assassinate his fellow council members.

In recent months, a new factor has changed Philo's situation for the worse. Late one night not long ago, he awoke from a hideous dream to find around his neck a medallion of the type called the *Eye of the Egg*. Philo knew not how it got there, but he was aware from past experience with the Egg's spies that this medallion allowed the Egg to see through the eyes of the bearer. Seizing the foul thing, he tore it from his neck and cast it toward the nearby fireplace—only to find upon completing the cast that he had somehow managed to replace the chain about his neck. Since that terrible night, all of Philo's efforts to rid himself of the eye have been equally in vain. Some compulsion built into the thing, perhaps combined with Philo's own weakness, has kept it about his person. Though he keeps it hidden under his tunic, he feels its burning presence heavy on his breast, and has avoided the company of his old friends in order to keep them from betraying themselves to the Egg by speaking with him.

Philo wears no armor or weapons at home. When traveling, he wears chainmail and a helmet and carries a dagger and a *lawful short sword +1, +3 vs. undead*, called "Weasel." This sword has an intelligence of 9 and an ego of 5 and has the power to *detect evil* and *see invisible*. Since it is well known from earlier days, when it is drawn, all enemy forces within 100 yards must make a morale check at -1. Weasel has a value of 320 gold pieces. In addition to these weapons, Philo owns (but doesn't normally carry) a *wand of lightning bolts* with six charges.

Philo's personal wealth is a modest 3,000 gold pieces, 2,200 silver piece and 300 copper pieces stored in the vault at Ramshead. He seldom carries more than 20 gold pieces, 10 silver pieces and 10 copper pieces on his person (though, if traveling, he might triple this amount).

Philo speaks Elf, Dwarf and Dragon.

PITER RALL—BARON OF MAUS

Lawful 14th level fighter; Str 10; Int 12; Wis 9; Con 12; Dex 10; Cha 11; AC 7; hp 52.

When the Third Baron of Maus agreed to the construction of a free port near his hold, neither he nor anyone else realized that the port would one day grow to overshadow the barony. Over the years, subsequent Barons of Maus have sold additional land to the city until today only the old Maus Hold and its sur-

rounding fields and orchards, just outside the city, remains in the hands of the Ralls. Thus, in the political scheme of things, the baron is less important than the Mayor of Maus.

The present baron, Piter Rall, is neither ambitious nor particularly energetic, and so is perfectly happy with the current state of his fief. Since the city must eat, and the best farm land in the area is that at the foot of the Maus Hold, he derives a generous income of 1,500 gold pieces per month from his holding. These funds, together with a yearly contribution of 5,000 gold pieces from the city, allows him to live in some comfort, which is all that the portly, jovial baron really craves. Rall distrusts the king's many reforms and heartily dislikes the new university, which he sees as the start of a shift in wealth and power from Maus down the coast to the Blackmoor-Vestfold area. However, he is also acutely aware that only a united Blackmoor can fend off the many threats to its borders, including the Skandaharian Raiders who have ravaged Maus in the past. For this reason, being a practical man, he willingly lends his support to the king and his council.

Rall claims that armor makes him sweat like a pig, and he wears it only when actively campaigning. Even then, he prefers light chainmail to the plate armor worn by most wealthy nobles. He normally carries a *dagger +1*. When campaigning or traveling, he also carries a sword. Though fighting is not his forte, he is a deadly swordsman. He is also a passable horseman, and owns a big dappled gray warhorse named Cirdan, which he rides on campaign. Whether at home or in the field, Rall is protected by a pair of tough bodyguards (AC 5 chainmail; F9; hp 35 each; #AT 1; D 1-8 sword; MV 180' mounted or 90' dismounted; Save F9; ML 9; AL N).

The baron is said to have funds amounting to 20,000 gold pieces at work with various moneylenders in Maus. He, himself, never keeps more than 1,000 gold pieces at the Maus Hold and seldom carries more than 20 or 30 gold pieces on his person.

RISSA ALEFORD—BARONESS OF THE LAKES

Lawful 11th level fighter; Str 9; Int 12; Wis 15; Con 13; Dex 14; Cha 15; AC 1; hp 54.

The last Baron of the Lakes, Han Aleford, died fighting for Blackmoor against the empire. His daughter and heir, the present baroness, is an enthusiastic supporter of her father's cause. Her devotion to the new king may stem, in part, from her education at the University of Blackmoor, during which time

she saw much of the king and his famous companions and came to respect them all.

But much as she might revere the king, young Rissa worships the Great Svenny. It was Svenny who held the Aleford lands for Rissa during the years of her minority, while she was away at school. It was also Svenny who tried desperately but unsuccessfully to save Rissa's father from the band of Imperial horse that killed him. And it was Svenny who after that tragedy personally rode to Aleford to bring the news of the baron's death to his family. From that time, Svenny took the place of Rissa's father in every possible way.

Tall and extremely long of leg, dressed in somber, mannish clothes with auburn hair close-cropped in the imperial style favored by her father, Rissa seems to many the very incarnation of the dead Han Aleford. This "unseemly mannishness" is offensive to some of the Northern Barons, and has made her an object of derision among them. But Uther and Svenny, like Rissa, understand the necessity that the lord (or lady) who rules over the wild Barony of the Lakes be a tough warrior who can earn the respect of rough and untutored fighting men. Their support has overcome the disapproval of her peers and forced them to accept the talented young leader in their counsels.

Her mother having died at birth and her beloved father having been slain while she was still in her minority, Rissa has grown up very much alone. The self-sufficiency she has had to develop as a result of her upbringing makes her seem, at first glance, unapproachable and cold. But much of this is the effect of the mantle of leadership that she must wear at so young an age (she is only 26). Behind this stern exterior is a lively wit and warm, dry humor that often breaks past her best efforts at control.

Rissa wears plate mail and carries a shield, dagger, and sword. Her favorite mount is a black warhorse named "Blessing." She has a devoted personal guard of 5 men (AC 3 plate mail; F10; hp 39 each; #AT 1; D 1-8 sword; MV 180' mounted or 90' dismounted; Save F10; ML 9; AL L).

The baroness keeps 3,500 gold pieces and 800 silver pieces in her hold. She carries 200 gold pieces when traveling; she carries no money in her own dominion. In addition to these resources, the baroness owns a *ring of protection +1*, which was once her father's and which she is never without.

ROBERT THE BALD

Lawful 19th level magic user; Str 9; Int 16; Wis 14; Con 11; Dex 14; Cha 10; AC 7; hp 48.

The most powerful mage of the New Lands is a lipless, balding pinched little fellow who calls himself Robert of Dives, but who is known to one and all as Robert the Bald. This reclusive wizard occupies a lonely tower at the western tip of the Dragon Hills high above the Valley of the Ancients. He neither supports nor opposes the Regency Council. Rather, he maintains a strict neutrality in the political affairs of the North. This neutrality added to a sardonic (and sometimes stingingly accurate) wit has not made Robert popular with any of the factions active in the Northlands—but he is too powerful to risk offending. So both sides accept his self-declared neutrality with as much grace as they can muster.

While apolitical, Robert has been tireless in his opposition to the forces of chaos and evil in the Northlands. This stance has often caused his interests to coincide with those of the Regency Council, and he has cooperated with it on a number of projects where such activity did not compromise his political neutrality. While Robert's aid has been welcome (and sometimes essential), his strict observance of rules and customs has often made him a difficult ally in these projects. In fact, his rigidity in this regard has jeopardized a number of joint operations. It must be said in his defense that he has always arrived when he said he would and has always done exactly what he said that he would do.

Being one of the more knowledgeable humans in the North, Robert is often consulted by various rulers. Even the Regency Council uses him as a resource on those matters not affecting the empire. Robert speaks Elf and Orc. He always carries a *dagger +1*, a *ring of protection +1*, and a *wand of lightning bolts* with 18 charges. He knows the following spells:

1st Level: *hold portal, magic missile, read languages, read magic, shield, sleep.*

2nd Level: *continual light, invisibility, levitate, mirror image, wizard lock.*

3rd Level: *dispel magic, fire ball, haste, hold person, water breathing.*

4th Level: *confusion, massmorph, remove curse, wall of fire, wizard eye.*

5th Level: *cloudkill, conjure elemental, pass-wall, teleport.*

6th Level: *anti-magic shell, disintegrate, lower water.*

7th Level: *create normal monsters, lore.*

8th Level: *mass charm, power word blind.*

ROGUES, REGENTS & RASCALS

The 7th and 8th level spells are detailed in the D&D® Companion set. They are described below:

Create Normal Monsters

Range: 30'

Duration: 1 turn

Effect: Creates 1 or more monsters

This spell causes monsters to appear out of thin air. All monsters appearing will understand and obey the caster's commands—fighting, carrying or fetching things, etc. They will faithfully obey all commands to the best of their abilities. Each monster will appear carrying its normal weapons and wearing its normal armor (if any), but otherwise unequipped. At the end of 1 turn, all the monsters created vanish back into thin air, along with their equipment.

The total number of Hit Dice of monsters appearing is equal to the level of the magic-user casting the spell (with fractions dropped). The magic-user may choose the exact type of monsters created, selecting any monster with no special abilities (i.e. no asterisk next to the Hit Dice number in the monster explanation). Humans, demi-humans, and undead cannot be created by this spell. Creatures of 1-1 Hit Dice are counted as 1 Hit Die; creatures of 1/2 Hit Die or less are counted as 1/2 Hit Die each.

For example, with this spell, a 15th level caster could summon 30 giant bats, rats or kobolds; or 15 goblins, orcs or hobgoblins; or 7 rock baboons, gnolls or lizard men; or 5 boars, draco lizards, or bugbears; or 3 black bears, panthers, or giant weasels; and so forth.

Lore

Range: 0 (magic-user only)

Duration: Permanent

Effect: Reveals details of 1 item, place or person

By means of this spell, the magic user may gain knowledge of one item, place, or person. If an item is held by the caster, the spell takes 1-4 turns to complete, and the magic-user learns the item's name, method of operation and command words (if any), and approximate number of charges (if any, within 5 of the correct number). If the item has more than one mode of operation, or more than one command word, only one function will be revealed, for each lore spell used, without a clue to others.

If a place or person is being investigated or

if the item is not held, the spell may take 1-100 days to complete, depending on the number of details already known. (The DM may reveal only general details if the place is large, or if the person is of great power). A purely legendary topic should require large amounts of time, and the information gained may be in the form of a riddle or poem.

Mass Charm

Range: 120'

Duration: Special (as charm person spell)

Effect: 30 levels of creatures

This spell creates the same effect as a *charm person* or *charm monster* spell, except that 30 levels (or Hit Dice) of victims can be affected at once. Each victim may make a Saving Throw vs. Spells to avoid the charm, but with a -2 penalty to the roll. The spell will not affect a creature of 31 or more levels or Hit Dice.

The duration of each charm is determined by the victim's intelligence (see the D&D® Basic DM Rulebook, page 14). If the magic-user attacks one of the charmed victims, only that creature's charm is automatically broken. Any other charmed creatures that see the attack may make another saving throw, but other creatures' charms are not affected.

The reverse of this spell (*remove charm*) will unfailingly remove all charm effects within a 20' x 20' x 20' volume. It will also prevent any object in that area from creating charm effects for 1 turn.

Power Word Blind

Range: 120'

Duration: 1-4 days or 2-8 hours (see below)

Effect: Blinds 1 creature with 80 hit points or less

With this spell, a caster may blind one victim within 120' (no saving throw). A victim with 1-40 hit points is blinded for 1-4 days; one with 41-80 hit points is blinded for 2-8 hours. Any creature with 81 or more hit points cannot be affected. A blinded victim suffers penalties of -4 on all saving throws and +4 on Armor Class. A cleric's *cure blindness* or *cure all* spell will *not* remove this blindness unless the cleric is of a level equal to or higher than the caster of the *power word blind*.



RUDA MALEFOR

Lawful 10th level fighter; Str 12; Int 14; Wis 13; Con 9; Dex 12; Cha 12; AC 4; hp 38.

Ruda is deputy to Keeper of the Peace Fletcher William of the University of Blackmoor. As such, she is intimately familiar with both the workings of the university and with the many plots and schemes of the Regency Council. For some years before joining the university staff, Ruda served on the personal retinue of the Great Svenny, where the tough, wise-cracking young woman eventually worked her way up to the rank of sergeant. On Svenny's strong recommendation, Fletcher William recruited Ruda for his own staff, and she quickly discovered a talent for the sort of clandestine missions which are the real purpose of the Keeper of the Peace and his constables. She has remained with Fletcher William ever since and has developed an intense personal loyalty to the aged master counter-spy.

Among the younger and less cultured students at the university, this leggy blond is known as "The Walking Wench" (a reference to her ground-eating stride). The orcs, who have learned from bitter experience to avoid her, call her "Kern Smert" (White Death). Those in the know (including the members of the Regency Council's inner circle) call this dangerous and resourceful lady "The Little Fetch," in tribute to her skill as an agent on their behalf.

Even when at the university, The Little Fetch wears elven boots and rugged loosely cut traveling clothes in pale grays or soft woodland colors. Beneath these garments,

she wears chainmail armor. She is armed at all times with a dagger and a *sword +1, +2* against spell users. When on one of her frequent missions for Fletcher William, she commonly totes a large backpack stuffed with 15 iron rations, two water skins, a rope of climbing, a bag of holding, a flask of oil, a lantern, a vial of holy water, three holy symbols, and one or more books written in Elf (which she speaks fluently). Her personal wealth is only about 800 gold pieces, but she normally carries 200 gold pieces and 100 silver pieces of the Regency Council's money when journeying on The Fetch's business.

SCOTTY DEBELFRY

Neutral 16th level thief; Str 20; Int 19; Wis 8; Con 7; Dex 14; Cha 12; AC 4; hp 24; OL 78%; FT 76%; RT 70%; PP 95%; MS 72%; CW 102%; HS 60%; HN 1-5.

This famous master thief loves a good fight and would doubtless have died long since had he not early in his life stumbled upon a powerful magic weapon known as the "Great Golden Mace of the North." The use of this item (said by some to be the mismatched mate to the "Great Holy Mace Icon") has greatly enhanced Scotty's natural abilities. As a direct consequence, he has risen to become Guild Master of the Thieves' Guild of Maus and is now rumored to be the head of the united Thieves' Guilds of The North. He denies this allegation and claims that he "is not the biggest thief in the Northern Marches by a longbow shot!"

Scotty's cunning is legendary. When he can't find other outlets for his scheming, he turns to practical jokes. For many years now, he has discomfited Brother Richard by playing such jokes on him whenever their paths have crossed. While his physical courage is beyond reproach, it is said of Scotty that he exhibits all of the ethical sense and personal loyalty of a two-copper lawyer at the scene of an accident. Indeed, his knowledge of the law is a match for that of anyone in the North and has gotten him freed when many another would have hung!

Scotty usually wears leather armor beneath a heavy cloak. Like many of his kind, he totes a pair of matched throwing daggers, which he supplements with a small hand ax. He seldom draws any of these weapons though, since the "Great Golden Mace of The North" is never far from his grasp. This *mace +2* increases the bearer's strength and intelligence by 6 and 7, respectively. It also has the ability to *detect magic*, *detect gems*, *see invisible*, *find secret doors*, and *find traps*

in the same manner as a magic sword. Since it is as well known in the North as its reputed twin, "the Great Holy Mace Icon," its reputation also tends to benefit the bearer, causing all enemies within 50' to check morale. Though it hardly looks it, the garishly bejeweled mace is worth 5600 gold pieces.

Scotty seldom carries more than 20 gold pieces and 10 silver pieces in his purse. He is, nonetheless, a wealthy scoundrel, with 14,500 gold pieces and 7,100 silver pieces on deposit with a consortium of guild-approved moneylenders.

Though he doesn't carry large sums of money, he is canny enough (or paranoid enough) to appreciate his value as a hostage. In order to guard against a kidnapping or similar unpleasantness, he takes precautions. When he is not in the safety of the guildhouse, surrounded by his fellow thieves or in the company of other companions, he always travels with two tough hireswords from the Slayers' Guild (AC 7 leather armor; F8; hp 40 each; #AT 1; D 1-8 sword; MV 240' mounted or 120' dismounted; Save F8; ML 8; AL N). When negotiating the narrow, winding streets of a town or city, where ambush is always to be feared, these toughs will trail Scotty by 100' so that they can ambush any ambushers.

Only once has this system failed him. On that occasion, a band of bravos was able to cut out his hireswords and corner Scotty in a dead end street in a seamy part of Maus. During the ensuing tussle, the slight, blond, boyish-looking thief killed three assailants, but took a sword cut that left him with a wicked scar on his right temple and cost him the sight in his right eye. He now wears a black patch over the organ.

SILDONIS—THE WIZARD OF THE WOOD

Lawful 12th level magic user; Str 14; Int 16; Wis 6; Con 9; Dex 10; Cha 14; AC 6; hp 25.

Sildonis, who is referred to by one and all as the Wizard of the Wood (or, simply, the Wizard), is a prickly individual who is not very popular with his fellows on the Regency Council or with the more important Barons of the North. Were he not a fairly powerful wizard and an Elf Friend, he would, in all likelihood, have long ago been dropped from the council.

Sildonis' major problem seems to be that, while he is a competent magic user, he just isn't happy being a wizard. What he really wants to do is don the suit of plate armor that

he keeps locked up in his tower and go forth to right wrongs and combat evil with a broadsword. His frustrated desire to be a "might-thewed barbarian warrior" and his consequent resentment of the "inferior" role he seems fated to play tend to gain expression in childish snits during which he is almost unapproachable—even if a crisis looms that threatens the entire North.

When Sildonis is not in a pet, his skills are a considerable bulwark in the defenses of the Northlands. This is especially true since he specializes in magical studies having to do with plant growth and control, a field seldom studied by other wizards. In addition, the location of Sildonis' dwelling in the Wizard's Wood just a few miles east of Blackmoor places him in an ideal position to intervene against threats to that stronghold.

The chubby, slovenly Sildonis always wears elven boots, an elven cloak, a ring of plant control, and a ring of animal control. He carries a *dagger +2* and a *staff of wizardry* with 18 charges. Sildonis speaks Elf and Dwarf and knows the following spells:

1st Level: *charm person*, *detect magic*, *read magic*, *sleep*.

2nd Level: *detect evil*, *detect invisible*, *levitate*, *phantasmal force*.

3rd Level: *dispel magic*, *fire ball*, *lightening bolt*, *protection from normal missiles*.

4th Level: *growth of plants*, *hallucinatory terrain*, *confusion*.

5th Level: *conjure Elemental*, *teleport*.

6th Level: *anti-magic shell*.

Sildonis' "tower" is a miserable one-story affair whose interior is cluttered with all manner of old bric-a-brac, half-eaten meals, and curious alchemical gear, all stacked in no discernible order atop a host of dusty shelves, rickety chairs, and dented tables. There are moldering tomes stacked man-high throughout the room. Hundreds of plants hang drying from the rafters. Amid this incredible clutter are scattered samples of almost every potion known to man. There is an 80% chance that Sildonis will be able to find any desired potion in this collection and a 5% chance that anyone else will be similarly successful. These chances become 90% and 10% respectively if the desired potion is majorly concerned with plants.

ROGUES, REGENTS & RASCALS

SIRK AM PESHWAH—THE HAND OF THE PEOPLE

Chaotic 14th level fighter; Str 13; Int 12; Wis 15; Con 17; Dex 14; Cha 16; AC 5; hp 85.

Sirk Am Peshwah (the Hand of the People) leads the confederation of nomadic tribes who call themselves Peshwah (the People). Since the Afridhi began to move eastward, the Peshwah have been hard-pressed to hold onto the broad plains which they have for centuries called home. Under the present Sirk (a Bortai warrior of unknown origin), the Peshwah have been driven 300 miles east across the high desert from the fertile Plains of Hak into the dry grasslands south of the Dragon Hills. For this reason, the Sirk's leadership is being openly and loudly questioned. In order to strengthen himself politically he has negotiated gifts of food, weapons, and trade goods from the Iron Duke in exchange for a promise not to move further east.

The present Sirk is a short, bandy-legged, sunscorched little man with skin like fine old leather and eyes like the blackest pits of hell. He wears leather armor over loose, shapeless clothing cut from the nubby rough silk that is one of the few things for which the Peshwah willingly trade. He carries a small target-type shield, a dagger, a short sword, a spear, and short bow with a quiver of 20 arrows. Around his waist is a *girdle of giant strength*, a gift from the Iron Duke.

The Sirk is accompanied wherever he goes by a personal guard of 12 mounted men (AC 6 leather armor and shield; F8; hp 56 each; #AT 1; D 1-6 short bow, short sword; MV 240' mounted or 120' dismounted; Save F8; ML 11; AL C). Neither he nor his men carry (or will use) money.

SKANDROS THE STRANGLER

Chaotic 14th level thief; Str 11; Int 12; Wis 8; Con 18; Dex 16; Cha 13; AC 5; hp 70; OL 72%; FT 70%; RT 64%; PP 85%; MS 68%; CW 100%; HS 56%; HN 1-5.

Formerly the head of a small, but highly successful criminal syndicate in Mohacs, Skandros is now the chief field agent for the Iron Duke. As such, he operates in all parts of Blackmoor as a spy and assassin.

He is ably assisted in his work by a team of seven local killers (AC 6 leather armor and shield; F6; hp 40 each; #AT 1; D 1-6 cross-bow or 1-8 sword; MV 240' mounted or 120' dismounted; Save F6; ML 8; AL N), five Thonian thieves (AC 7 leather armor; T8; hp 32 each; #AT 1; D 1-4 sling or 1-6 short sword; MV 240' mounted or 120' dis-

mounted; Save T8; ML 9; AL C), and a number of mercenary spies. Each henchman is mounted on a riding horse and carries 5-20 gold pieces and 10-60 silver pieces in his saddle bags.

Secretly operating out of the Barony of Bramwald, Skandros sends these henchmen on clandestine missions as far north as the city of Maus and as far west as the Duchy of Ten. The information thus obtained is then dispatched to Pug's Station by messengers using the fast trading boats that regularly ply Rockaway. From a safe house at Pug's Station, the information travels by mounted courier down the Greenway to Marban and the camp of the Iron Duke.

Skandros is a master of disguise, whose true appearance is unknown in the North. He is rumored to be of Bolger ancestry, which would make him dark-complexed with dark eyes and black curly hair. However, only the Iron Duke, some Mohacs baliffs, and his closest associates know for sure. Both the Egg and The Fetch are well aware of his presence and would love to catch him, but neither has yet been able to do so (though both have caught and questioned one or more of his agents). Meanwhile, the master thief hatches plots within plots on behalf of the Iron Duke.

Skandros wears leather armor and elven boots. He carries a sling with 30 lead pellets, a *silver dagger +1* and a sword. Skandros also has a *ring of invisibility*, which he wears at all times, and a *bag of holding* and a *rope of climbing*, both of which he carries during missions or when traveling. He carries 100 gold pieces and 300 silver pieces in his saddle bags. In addition, he has 12,500 gold pieces on deposit with a moneylender in Bramwald and 6,500 gold pieces on deposit with another moneylender in the city of Maus. These monies are operating funds provided by the Iron Duke. Skandros' personal funds are back in Mohacs safely earning interest.

SONIA SHOLAKO—DUCHESS OF THE PEAKS

Chaotic 11th level magic-users; Str 7; Int 16; Wis 14; Con 9; Dex 16; Cha 18; AC 6; hp 20.

Formerly a famous exotic dancer, the buxom, red-haired Sonia Sholako changed her status for the better by wedding the aged Duke of the Peaks. The bewitched and befuddled duke, who could deny his beautiful new bride nothing, soon found that he had agreed to a number of measures that irrevocably placed real control of his realm and person in Sonia's admittedly more capable hands. Thereafter,

the former dancing girl took up the study of magic, began collecting a harem of tall, brawny guardsmen and quietly put the old duke away. No one even noticed when he finally died a few years after his marriage.

Today, Sonia continues the policies of her husband and his forebears. Domestically, these consist of providing the people with wide latitude for both financial gain and exotic pleasure while only mildly oppressing them. Her foreign policy consists solely of forging the most tangled possible series of alliances embodied in pacts whose wording is so vague as to allow the duchess to nullify any of them at any time. In the recent past, Sonia has eagerly seized any chance of betraying such pacts, provided that she could be sure of being on the winning side of the resulting conflict—and of gaining an advantage thereby. The only pact that she has not yet even considered betraying is that with Toska Rusa, whose Afridhi seem just a little too powerful to trifle with at present.

Sonia is always accompanied by a contingent of 6 of her guardsmen (AC 4 chainmail and shield; F5; hp 25 each; #AT 1; D 1-8 sword; MV 180' mounted or 90' dismounted; Save F5; ML 7; AL N).

The duchess wears no armor, but does have a *ring of protection +1* on the ring finger of her shapely right hand. She also wears a *scarab of protection* and carries a *staff of power* with 18 charges. In her girdle is a slim silver dagger. Sonia never bothers carrying money, but she wears gems and jewelry worth 4,800 gold pieces, and the state treasury under her control amounts to some 90,000 gold pieces.

Sonia speaks Dragon and Elf. She knows the following spells:

1st Level: *charm person, detect magic, read magic, ventriloquism.*

2nd Level: *detect invisible, knock, wizard lock.*

3rd Level: *clairvoyance, dispel magic, protection from normal missiles.*

4th Level: *polymorph others, polymorph self, remove curse.*

5th Level: *conjure elemental, magic jar.*

6th Level: *invisible stalker.*

TAHA MARCOVIC—THE IRON DUKE

Lawful 17th level fighter; Str 11; Int 18; Wis 14; Con 10; Dex 12; Cha 16; AC 1; hp 70.

An experienced commander and a relation by marriage to one of the great families of

Thonia, Marshal Taha Marcovic, Duke of Borno, is military governor of Thonia's northwestern frontier. As such, he also has responsibility for the rebellious Northern Marches. At present, the Iron Duke has his headquarters at Marban, a small border town some 300 miles southeast of Pug's Station. From this base, he keeps tabs on events in the North and supplies weapons and other assistance to the Horsemen of Peshwah so as to fuel their furious resistance to the Ahfridi.

Marcovic's previous service includes command of an expedition to suppress the Horsemen of Peshwah and a successful campaign against the Skandaharian Raiders of Borkshold. But the operation for which he is best known is his command of the rear guard during the retreat from Blackmoor some six years ago. It was his outstanding performance in that long, bloody running battle that caused Northerners to name him the Iron Duke.

Still a young man, very talented, highly ambitious, Marcovic would like to replace the current emperor. Suspecting that this is the case, the emperor's advisors have made sure that Markovic's legions are starved for money and equipment. Though this endangers Thonia's most sensitive frontier and prevents an immediate reconquest of the Northlands, this policy also ensures that the upstart Marcovic will be unable to use his army as a power base from which to topple the regime.

Marcovic wears *plate mail +1* and carries a shield. He is armed with a dagger, a mace, and a *sword +1* named Galati. He is always accompanied by a personal guard of 6-10 fighters (AC 0 plate mail and shield; F10; hp 70 each; #AT 1; D 1-8 sword; MV 180' mounted or 90' dismounted; Save F10; ML 10; AL L). One of the guardsmen's responsibilities is to protect Marcovic's war chest, which never leaves his tent. At any given time, this war chest (actually a number of large chests) contains 120,000 gold pieces, 20,000 silver pieces and 5,000 copper pieces.

Marcovic rides a striking white stallion, a warhorse named Balao. He speaks Dwarf, Elf and Orc.

TAMIS AZKANIKIN—THE GREEN MAN

Neutral 14th level magic-user; Str 9; Int 18; Wis 12; Con 6; Dex 16; Cha 13; AC 7; hp 20.

The Regency Council would pay dearly to know the whereabouts of Tamis Azkanikin. It was Azkanikin who led the recent magic-

users' revolt at Vestfold, and he remains the head of the underground conspiracy called the Wizards' Cabal, which continues to work for the overthrow of the Regency Council and the return of the Empire to the North.

When the revolt in Vestfold was crushed, Azkanikin barely escaped with his life. In truth, he was so badly hurt that it took many months in the care of an apprentice before he was again able even to walk. He still bears terrible scars on his chest and neck from a fireball that almost killed him.

His health now restored, Azkanikin is again a power in the north. From his hiding place in the restored ruin of the Old North Watch he is hatching new plans against the Regency Council. Money for this purpose is being secretly funnelled to him by the Iron Duke's agent, Skandros the Strangler. With the Iron Duke's support, Azkanikin has been able to rebuild the old Wizards' Cabal almost to its former size.

Azkanikin's fondness for clothing dyed in various woodland colors (ochres, russets, duns, and especially greens) long ago caused the tall, swarthy, black-haired wizard to be dubbed "the Green Man" by his apprentices. Since he no longer dares use his real name, he has recently adopted this nickname as a cover, and it is as the Green Man that he is known to the handful of settlers on the northern coast. Since the presence at the Old North Watch of a wizard by that name has come to the attention of The Fetch, it is probable that this flimsy cover will soon be insufficient protection and that Azkanikin will have to move to a better hiding place, perhaps in Maus, where he can lose himself amid the teeming crowd of transients that habits any seaport.

Azkanikin lost most of his worldly goods when he fled Vestfold. His books, potions, and scrolls, and all of his money except for a few hundred gold pieces had to be left behind. Thanks to the Iron Duke, he now has in the Old North Tower a treasury of 4,000 gold pieces and 2,000 silver pieces with which to fund his Wizards' Cabal. He also has managed to retain a number of valuable magic items, including his *silver dagger +1*, his *staff of commanding* (with 12 charges), and his *crystal ball*. Most important, he still has his spell book. Azkanikin knows the following spells:

1st Level: *detect magic, floating disk, read magic, sleep.*

2nd Level: *continual light, ESP, locate object, wizard lock.*

3rd Level: *clairvoyance, dispel magic, fireball, protection from normal missiles.*

4th Level: *dimension door, hallucinatory terrain, massmorph, wizard eye.*

5th Level: *cloudkill, magic jar, teleport.*

6th Level: *invisible stalker, projected image.*

Azkanikin speaks Dwarf, Elf, and Halfling. He has two apprentices AC 9; M2; hp 4 each; #AT 1; D 1-4 dagger or spell; MV 240' mounted or 120' dismounted; Save M2; ML 9; AL C), each of whom knows the spells *detect magic* and *sleep*.

THORSEN ONE-THUMB—THE FIRST JARL

CHAOTIC 18th level fighter; Str 18; Int 12; Wis 9; Con 17; Dex 13; Cha 16; AC 6; hp 98.

The First Jarl of the Skandaharians is just exactly what you would expect in the way of a leader of skinclad sea raiders. Topping seven and with a great roaring voice like steel filings falling down a cistern, Thorsen tends to dominate any situation. Add to this remarkable storm of sight and sound the big blonde barbarian's well-earned reputation for rapine and slaughter, and it is obvious why rumor of his landing on a coast has been known to cause mass migrations.

Actually, Thorsen isn't a cruel man by his own lights. He just enjoys a good joke—like the time he earned his nickname by hacking off the left thumb of a Cirkoshian merchant who was using that digit to weight the scales during a trading session. But that's Thorsen—just a big good-natured boy.

Since his defeats by the Iron Duke (at Borkshold) and Uther the Justifier (at the Battle of the Downs), Thorsen has retired northward to lick his wounds. Now that Blackmoor is distracted by events on its other frontiers, he plans to again go a viking along the kingdom's northern coast.

Thorsen wears a heavy shirt of chainmail cinched about his ample waist by a broad, studded leather belt. His iron helmet is a fancy affair with a brass visor, topped by the very tip of a narwhal tusk. Even at a distance, he can be recognized by his cloak, a great shaggy russet thing made from the hide of some unwholesome northern beast. With the tangled mop of reddish blond hair crowning his head and the equally tangled beard that obscures most of his face, Thorsen, himself, looks more beast than man, and so is called "the Beast of the North."

Thorsen keeps a dagger strapped to each of

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his cross-gartered calves and a third dagger stuck in his belt. His main weapon, though, is a heavy double-bitted *battle axe +1* that he calls Thor's Kiss. Around his neck is a fine silver chain on which he has strung a magic heirloom which he has never used and does not understand. It is a *ring of water walking*, a gift from his mother who died while Thorsen was very young. On those rare occasions when he is discomfited (he is never afraid), Thorsen has been known to clutch the ring and even slip it on his little finger, a nervous mannerism that has elicited surprisingly little comment from his normally rude and boisterous companions.

Thorsen maintains a small guard of 5 other jarls (AC 4 chainmail; F12; hp 75 each; #AT 1; D 1-8 (battle axe); MV 90'; Save F12; ML 11; AL C) and 70 housecarls (AC 4 chainmail; F6; hp 40 each; #AT 1; D 1-8 (battle axe); MV 90'; Save F6; ML 9; AL C). When Thorsen goes raiding (or, more rarely, trading), these men make up the crew of his longship. One jarl and about 8 housecarls are with him at all times. Even when he is ashore, it is a safe bet that the rest are nearby.

When Thorsen is returning from a raid, he often has as much as 1,000 gold pieces worth of jewelry and coins on his person. His men usually have 200-500 gold pieces worth of jewelry and coins apiece. At such times, the big loot chest built into the stern of his longship contains 600-1,500 gold pieces, 1,100-2,000 silver pieces, 1,000-4,000 copper pieces, and about 2,000 gold pieces worth of jewelry and gems. There are almost always 5-10 female captives and 1-4 male captives aboard.

When not returning from a raid, Thorsen and his men each carry a mere 5-10 gold pieces and 4-16 silver pieces each, and the loot chest contains only 200 gold pieces. Thorsen's mead hall at Borkshold has its own loot chest which often contains as much as 3,000 gold pieces and 4,500 silver pieces.

Neither Thorsen nor his men are uncomfortable with horses. In fact, they wouldn't be caught dead atop any kind of riding animal.

TIMOTHY CURLYTOP— SHIREMASTER OF BOOH

Lawful 8th level halfling; Str 10; Int 12; Wis 9; Con 8; Dex 15; Cha 14; AC 2; hp 40.

A personable but very unreliable halfling, Timothy is shiremaster of Booh and chief of the united halfling clans in and around Blackmoor. Though not as well thought of as either Philo Holbytn or Mello Feathertoes, Timothy gained enough fame at the great Battle of Blackmoor to ensure his election to the offices

of Clan Chief and Regent of the Halflings of the Northern Marches during the last festival year. As a result, he now sits on the Regency Council in a seat that most would rather see occupied by Philo.

Timothy is not a particularly popular council member. Many of his peers consider him a bit too crafty—and his deeds during the Battle of Blackmoor have not altogether erased a previous impression of cowardice from the minds of non-halflings. Perhaps, as a result, Timothy is assiduous in seeking new adventures that will confirm the high opinion in which his people now hold him.

Except when at home, he wears a suit of *chainmail +1*, a helmet, and an *elven cloak* and carries a shield. He carries a dagger and a *Lawful short sword +1, +3 vs. demons*, which he has rather grandly dubbed Bane of the North. This valuable little weapon has an intelligence of 9, an ego of 1 and the powers to *detect shifting walls and rooms*, *detect slopes* and *see invisible*. The morale of all halflings within 25 feet of Bane of the North is raised by 1.

Timothy owns a string of small ponies (with the same characteristics as mules), and always rides one of them when traveling. He isn't rich by any means, having only 1,800 gold pieces in his home in Booh. He usually carries 30 gold pieces, 50 silver pieces, and 10 copper pieces when traveling.

TOSKA RUSA—MISTRESS OF GOD

Chaotic 18th level cleric; Str 9; Int 17; Wis 15; Con 10; Dex 16; Cha 18; AC 4; hp 50.

Though no longer young, Toska Rusa retains the bloom of youthful beauty that caused her to be selected by her tribe to be the high priestess and personal companion of their god, Zugzul the One. The so-called Mistress of God is believed by the Afridhi to share an intimate personal relationship with their patron deity. When the lady speaks in her official capacity as high priestess, it is believed that she utters the thoughts and commands of her deity. Thus, when Toska Rusa ordered the Afridhi to leave their rugged mountain home and march across the "empty land" to the "country of black loam," it was as if Zugzul himself had given the orders. As one, an entire nation of 170,000 Afridhi men, women, and children packed their meager possessions and prepared to fight their way across the Plains of Hak toward Blackmoor and the Thonian Empire.

This hard migration was no mere whim of Zugzul or his priestess. For decades, the Afridhi had been growing hungrier and hun-

grier as their numbers expanded beyond the capacity of their mountains to feed them. Zugzul may have ordained the march, but population pressure made it necessary.

For Toska Rusa, the Great Migration is the greatest event in history, the culmination of Afridhi destiny, and the purpose for which she was born. Her sole desire is to see her people settled in the hospitable broad green lands that Zugzul has shown her in her dreams. *He* has promised *her* that he will give to the Afridhi a vast empire on the sea; *she* has promised *him* that she will build him a temple of gold.

The priestess is guarded at all times by 12 bodyguards (AC4 chainmail and shield; F9; hp 60 each; #AT 1; D 108 sword; MV 180' mounted or 90' dismounted; Save F9; ML 12; AL C). These men are drawn from her company of 200 elite soldiers called the *Handmaidens of Death*, all of whom have sworn an oath to die in the service of Zugzul and his priestess. On the march, this deadly company of killers surrounds the priestess, and when she camps, they camp all around her. Thus, except in rare situations, an attacker would have to get past some 200 elite fighters (not just her 12 personal escorts) in order to get to the priestess.

At Zugzul's order, Toska Rusa at the very start of the long migration dispensed with her robes of office. She now wears the simple, but practical dress of a common hillman, baggy pantaloons, warm felt boots, collarless double-breasted blouse and coat of curly sheepskin. Over her blouse, she wears leather armor, and her auburn locks are surmounted by an iron-bound leather helmet. For defense, the priestess carries a small, ornately carved ironwood *club +1*. She wears a *ring of protection +1* and a *medallion of ESP (90')*. All of these items are the property of Zugzul; she owns no property of her own.

In her train are six huge iron-bound chests containing a total of some 17,000 gold pieces, 11,000 silver pieces, 3,000 copper pieces, and hundreds of gems and pieces of jewelry worth an additional 70,000 gold pieces. This is the loot from the Afridhi's march to the borders of Blackmoor, and it is intended for use in building the great temple to Zugzul.

Toska Rusa speaks Dwarf and Orc. She knows the following spells:

1st Level: *cure light wounds*, *detect evil*, *detect magic*, *protection from evil*, *remove fear*, *resist cold*.

2nd Level: *bless*, *find traps*, *hold person*, *know alignment*, *silence 15' radius*, *speak with animal*.

3rd Level: *continual light, cure blindness, cure disease, remove object, speak with dead.*

4th Level: *animate dead, cure serious wounds, dispel magic, speak with plants.*

5th Level: *commune, create food, dispel evil, quest.*

6th Level: *animate objects, find the path, speak with monsters.*

7th Level: *holy word, raise dead fully.*

The 7th Level spells are detailed in the D&D® Companion set. Their effects are as follows:

Holy Word

Range: 0

Duration: Instantaneous

Effect: All creatures within 40'

This spell affects all creatures, friend or foe, within a circular area of 40' radius, centered on the caster. When the cleric casts this spell, all creatures of alignments other than the cleric are affected as follows:

up to 5th level:	Killed
level 6-8:	Stunned 2-20 turns
level 9-12:	Deafened 1-6 turns
level 13+:	Stunned 1-10 rounds

Any victim of 13 levels or more or of the same alignment as the caster, may make a Saving Throw vs. Spells to avoid the effect entirely.

This powerful spell cannot be blocked by stone, nor by any other solid material except lead. (It can be blocked by an *anti-magic shell*.)

Raise Dead Fully*

Range: 60'

Duration: Permanent

Effect: Raises any living creature

This spell is similar to the 5th level *raise dead spell*, except that it can raise any living creature. Any human or demi-human recipient awakens immediately with no wounds (full hit points), and is able to fight, use abilities, spells known, etc. without any penalties—except those existing at the time of death. For example, a victim cursed or diseased at death would still suffer the affliction when raised fully. If any other living creatures (other than a human or demi-human) is the recipient, the guidelines given in the *raise dead spell* apply (including time limitations, rest needed, etc.).

A 17th level cleric can use this spell on a

human or demi-human body that has been dead up to 4 months; for each level of experience above 17th, 4 months are added to this time. Thus, a 19th level cleric could cast raise the dead fully on a body that had been dead up to 12 months.

If cast on an undead creature of 7 hit dice or less, the creature is immediately destroyed (no saving throw). An undead creature of 7-12 Hit Dice must make a Saving Throw vs. Spells, with a -4 penalty on the roll, or be destroyed. An undead of more than 12 Hit Dice takes 6-60 (6d10) points of damage, but may make a Saving Throw vs. Spells to take 1/2 damage.

The reverse of this spell (*obliterate*) will affect a living creature just as the normal form affects undead (destroy 7 Hit Dice or less, et al.). If cast on an undead creature of any type, *obliterate* has the same effect as a *creall* would on a living creature (curing all but 1-6 points of damage, or curing *blindness* or *feeblemind*, etc.).

UBERSTAR KHAZAKHUM—REGENT OF THE MINES

Lawful 12th level dwarf; Str 16; Int 13; Wis 7; Con 12; Dex 14; Cha 10; AC 1; hp 40.

Following the dwarvish custom of the time, the great Uberstar Khazakhum was never formally acknowledged as the King of the Dwarves of the North, though he held that position for centuries, and his word was law throughout much of the North. During the rebellion, this secrecy about their king's identity (combined with several other stratagems) allowed the dwarves to maintain good relations with Thonia while all the time secretly supporting the rebels. Even the humans with him he was so closely allied did not (with the exception of Uther) know that Uberstar was more than just one among many senior dwarves with whom they dealt.

As a friend and early supporter of King Uther, Uberstar sheltered him from Imperial troops several times during the first days of the rebellion. Once the new king got his army organized, it was joined by a large contingent of dwarf "volunteers" led by no less a figure than Uberstar, himself. And after the rebellion's initial success, it was Uberstar who became the dwarves' new "observer" to the Council of Regents. At every turn, when the question arose of what new direction dwarf-human relations would take, it was the powerful Uberstar who led the way.

Probably no other individual could have brought this stiff-necked, insular race so completely into the affairs of men. Never before

had the dwarves taken sides in such a fashion. Never before had a dwarf-human wartime alliance been energetically carried over into peacetime. Not all dwarves were happy with this situation. But Uberstar would not be gainsayed—and opposing him was like opposing a legend in flesh.

To understand the awe with which this dwarf was viewed by his kindred, it is necessary to remember that Uberstar was responsible for laying out the Great Mines of the Northern Delving over half a millenium ago. If he was, as he claimed, 900 years old at the time of the rebellion, then he must have been the longest-lived dwarf on record. But, whether that claim was true or not, there is no dispute that he founded the Great Mines and guided their destiny for the next 500 years. During that time, he became a legend to his own people—earning the sobriquet "the Great Architect." His Northern Delving became famous beyond even Thonia as the finest example of dwarvish mining in existence. Against a figure of that fame, what could the various clan chiefs say?

So it was that Uberstar, who believed that the destiny of the Dwarves of the North could not for long remain sundered from that of men, dragged his reluctant people into an alliance with Blackmoor. In order to set an example for his people, the king, who spoke only Dwarf and Common, began to study Elf. At his instigation, dwarves enrolled in King Uther's new University of Blackmoor. Human technology began to find its way into the mines. Given a few more decades, dwarven society might have been permanently altered.

That the bright flame of Uberstar's dream has sputtered and all but died is the direct consequence of his own folly. Eschewing the best advice of his counselors, the king went hunting one fine morning—hunting for orcs, despite the fact that this practice was forbidden by a recent treaty which he, himself, had signed. But, an orc is an orc, as they say. So Uberstar decided to hunt orc heads, and ended up being captured by a band of Orcs of the Black Hand. When the dwarves attempted to ransom the king and his companions (whose identity was unknown to the orcs), the orcs spurned their offer, choosing instead to enslave the prisoners in order to make an example of them.

What followed was war to the knife. The dwarves first tried unsuccessfully to storm the orcs' stronghold. When that attempt ended in bitter defeat, they launched a series of terror raids that swept their enemy's realm with fire and sword. The orcs responded with their

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own raids, which penetrated to the very gates of the Northern Delving. Since those first forays, raid has followed raid and atrocity has followed atrocity. The orcs, claiming that their cause is just, have demanded reparations. The dwarves refuse to even treat with their enemy until the prisoners are returned.

Meanwhile, the conservative clan chiefs set policy in the king's absence, and poor Lortz Kharnandrum tries his inadequate best as the new Regent of the Mines to keep the king's dream from dying. And dwarvish secrecy keeps anyone, including Lortz, from telling either men or elves the true cause of this bitter war with the orcs.

It is, of course, difficult to generalize about the appearance and equipment of an individual imprisoned as long as Uberstar, so the following description must suffice. The king stands about 4' 7" and is on the robust side. He still sports a full head of curly hair and a long flowing beard, now gone snow white. When he departed on his hunting trip, he was wearing a simple conical helmet and a suit of plate mail and carrying a shield, an iron mace, and a pair of hand axes.



VESLO MERIDAN

Lawful 10th level elf; Str 10; Int 14; Wis 11; Con 12; Dex 13; Cha 9; AC 1; hp 37.

Veslo Meridan is a noted adventurer who first came to the attention of the Regency Council during the pacification of the New Lands, in which she played a conspicuous role. At the end of that operation, Veslo was recruited as one of The Fetch's elite company of baliffs. Since then, she has become one of the Regency Council's most trusted agents, and has

been used on the most difficult assignments.

Veslo is a reclusive individual, who always wears an *elven cloak* with the cowl pulled far forward to hide her face. Those who have looked closely at her features maintain that she must have some human blood in her, since her pale, ascetic visage, while beautiful, is too coarse to be that of a pure-blooded elf. Whatever the truth of the matter, Veslo tends to be sensitive to her appearance. In order to avoid embarrassing questions and speculation, she avoids the company of both men and elves, living in a self-imposed exile from her own people. Instead, she seeks out the company of dwarves, whose language she speaks fluently (along with Elf and Common).

Beneath her *elven cloak*, Veslo wears *plate mail +1*. When traveling, she also carries a *shield +1*, a silver dagger, a longbow with 15 arrows +1, a *sword +2*, and 200 gold pieces. Veslo knows the following spells:

1st Level: *hold portal, light, sleep (x3)*.

2nd Level: *invisibility, knock, web, mirror image*.

3rd Level: *dispell magic, fly, lightning bolt*.

4th Level: *remove curse, wall of fire*.

5th Level: *teleport*.

WILLEM OF THE HEATH—THE BLUE RIDER

Lawful 13th level fighter; Str 12; Int 11; Wis 9; Con 12; Dex 15; Cha 10; AC 1; hp 56.

Once a legendary warrior who wielded a sword of blue flame and an incomparable blue-black stallion, the former Blue Rider is now semi-retired. He currently serves as Blackmoor's chief constable. Now, in place of the old berserker rages that made him the terror of the North, the Blue Rider has adopted a new, more pacific style better suited to the task of locking up the occasional drunk and levying fines for littering. But still, now and again, and especially when he and his close friend Mello the Halfling have been imbibing, the Blue Rider again pulls out his trusty sword, "Dale," and fondly strokes the razor-sharp blade as if reflecting on past and future glories. But always, he puts it away with a sigh and resumes his mundane duties as the town law.

The tall, rangy Blue Rider is starting to go to fat and seldom wears his armor any more, but he owns a fine suit of *plate mail +1*, tinted a dark blue. It is this armor that he wears when handling the rare crisis that promises a hint of real danger. He normally

packs a dagger and sword. But when real danger lurks, the weapon he straps on is always Dale. This *sword +1, flames on command*, has exactly the properties described on page 59 of the D&D® Expert Rules Booklet.

The Blue Rider's famous warhorse, Bill, is still alive and well, and it is this animal that he rides into danger. Bill, Dale and his magic armor are practically the Blue Rider's sole wealth. He has about 500 gold pieces and 300 silver pieces on deposit with a local moneylender, but of the vast riches he once accumulated, there is no further trace. Most of it he lost in a development scheme that abruptly failed when acquisition of the New Lands caused a fall in property values throughout Blackmoor.

WOLPER GANNET—BARON OF ARCHLIS

Neutral 13th level fighter; Str 16; Int 9; Wis 6; Con 14; Dex 13; Cha 9; AC 3; hp 61.

The Baron of Archlis was the last of the Northern Barons to join the rebellion, and has been the first to criticize each of the king's reforms. The University of Blackmoor is the special bete noir of this uneducated and not very bright individual. Yet, for all his caviling about changes that make him afraid, the aged baron's heart is ever with the realm of Blackmoor for which two of his sons gave their lives.

Gannet wears old-fashioned chainmail, which he supplements with a shield. He carries a sword, hand axe, and dagger. When he takes the field, he normally rides his warhorse, Carfax. Whether in the field or at his board, he is never without a pack of eight hunting hounds (AC 7; HD 2; hp 8; Attacks: 1 bite; D 1-6; MV 180'; Save F1; ML 12/6; AL N). These animals are hopelessly devoted to their master, and will defend him to the death. Their morale is 12, so long as the baron is alive. If he is killed, it drops to 6.



PREROLLED CHARACTERS

The characters herein have been tailored especially for use in this adventure. They can be used by players instead of their normal characters, or you can include one or more of them in the party as NPCs.

Each prerolled character starts the adventure with a filed waterskin and a backpack containing 15 iron rations, a 50-foot rope, one large sack, one small sack, a tinder box, a lantern, a flask of oil, a mirror, a holy symbol, and up to 80 cu of other equipment selected from the Normal Equipment list found on page 19 of the D&D® Expert Rulebook. In addition, thieves start with a set of thieves' tools, and magic users have their spell books along.

All prerolled fighters have a warhorse. All other prerolled characters have a riding horse. Both warhorses and riding horses have their own saddles, bridles, and saddle bags. There are 500 gp in each saddle bag. Each magic user has a mule for his spellbook.

Prerolled characters have the attributes listed on the Prerolled Character Table, and the armor, weapons, and magical items listed on the Preselected Equipment & Spell List.

PREROLLED CHARACTER TABLE

NAME	CLASS	LEVEL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	HP
Jareel Takis	C	11	12	11	14	16	11	7	58
Thern Mor	C	10	8	12	15	13	14	13	41
Axel Kars	F	10	15	9	6	17	13	11	62
Purda Blue	F	11	12	12	11	13	17	9	54
Newton Depoe	M	11	10	15	8	10	9	10	23
Alphidia Alkot	M	10	7	16	13	14	12	9	31
Kokra the Tough	T	11	11	10	9	14	14	10	30
Sean Boldfinger	T	10	13	9	11	11	16	13	18
Gillam Khandum	D	10	16	7	10	16	10	9	60
Ismelian Sotadis	E	10	11	14	11	11	8	11	32
Gelon Melandil	E	10	12	17	9	10	14	8	27
Bob Silverheels	H	8	12	16	12	10	14	10	24

PRESELECTED EQUIPMENT AND SPELL LIST

Jareel Takis: Chainmail armor; staff of striking with 26 charges; scroll of protection from magic. Knows the following spells: *detect evil*, *detect magic*, *protection from evil*, *remove fear*, *bleed*, *find traps*, *know alignment*, *resist fire*, *cure blindness*, *cure disease*, *remove curse*, *animate dead*, *cure serious wounds*, *dispel magic*, *commune*, *raise dead*.

Thern Mor: Plate mail armor; mace +1; wand of enemy detection; potion of speed. Knows the following spells: *detect evil*, *detect magic*, *light*, *protection from evil*, *find traps*, *hold person*, *know alignment*, *silence 15' radius*, *cure blindness*, *cure disease*, *locate object*, *animate dead*, *cure serious wounds*, *raise dead*.

Axel Kars: Chainmail armor; two-handed sword; dagger; ring of fire resistance; potion of healing.

Purda Blue: Chainmail armor +1; sword +1. Intelligence 9, see *invisible*, *detect evil*, *find traps*, alignment Lawful, ego 4; dagger.

Newton Depoe: Dagger; staff of power with 18 charges; medallion of ESP; potion of invulnerability. Knows the following spells: *detect magic*, *hold portal*, *light*, *read magic*, *detect evil*, *detect invisible*, *knock*, *dispel magic*, *infravision*, *protection from normal missiles*, *charm monster*, *massmorph*, *remove curse*, *animate dead*, *cloudkill*, *stone to flesh*.

Alphidia Alkot: Dagger; wand of illusion; ring of protection +1; potion of undead control. Knows the following spells: *detect magic*, *magic missile*, *read magic*, *continual light*, *knock*, *wizard lock*, *dispel magic*, *invisibility 10' radius*, *protection from evil 10' radius*, *confusion*, *remove curse*, *wizard eye*, *hold monster*, *teleport*.

Kokra the Tough: Leather armor; crossbow; 16 normal quarrels; 4 quarrels +1; sword; dagger +1; scroll of protection from undead; bag of holding.

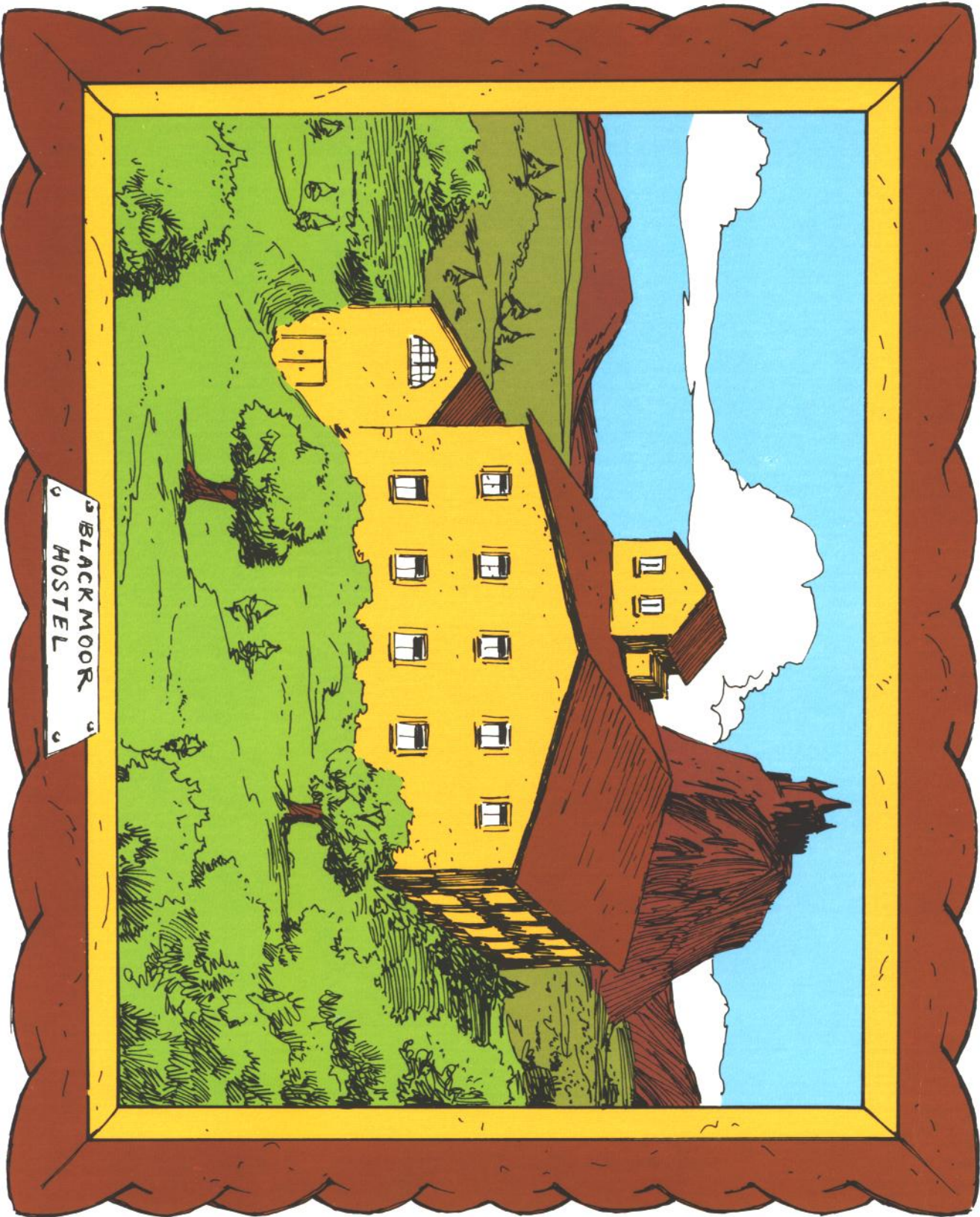
Sean Boldfinger: Leather armor +1; sling with 20 stones; short sword; dagger; ring of x-ray vision; scroll of protection from lycanthropes.

Gillam Khandum: Chainmail armor; war hammer +3; dagger; gauntlets of ogre power; bag of holding.

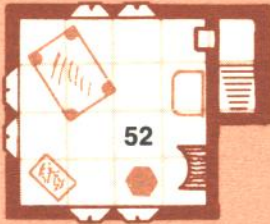
Ismelian Sotadis: Chainmail armor; long bow; 12 normal arrows; 8 arrows +1; sword; dagger; elven cloak and boots. Knows the following spells: *detect magic*, *protection from evil*, *read magic*, *shield*, *sleep*, *continual light*, *detect evil*, *knock*, *web*, *dispel magic*, *fireball*, *haste*, *polymorph others*, *polymorph self*, *magic jar*.

Gelon Melandil: Plate mail armor +1; shield; sword +1; energy drain; dagger; helm of transportation. Knows the following spells: *detect magic*, *read languages*, *read magic*, *shield*, *ventriloquism*, *continual light*, *levitate*, *mirror image*, *wizard lock*, *dispel magic*, *fly*, *lightning bolt*, *hallucinatory terrain*, *remove curse*, *hold monster*.

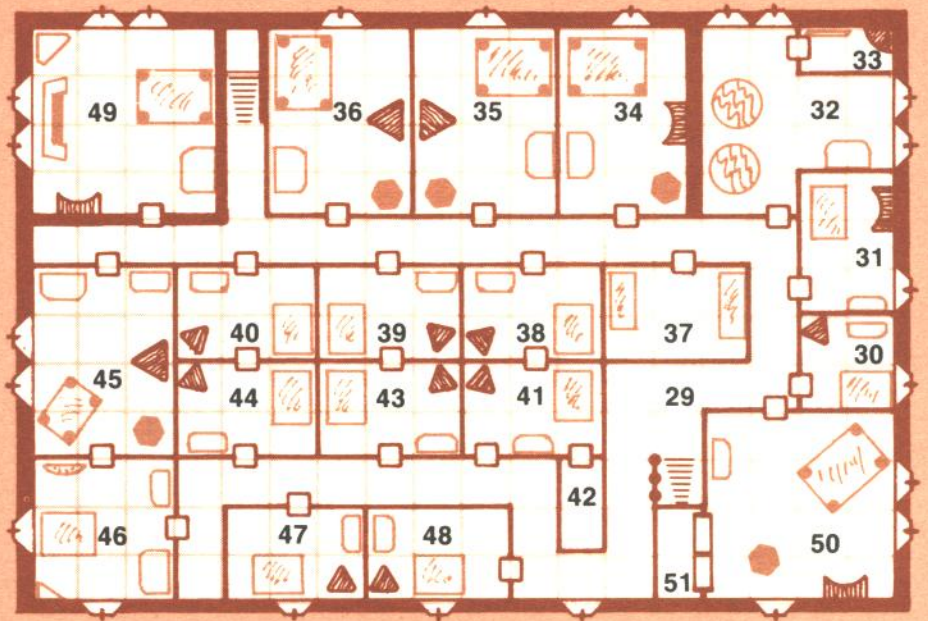
Bob Silverheels: Chainmail armor +1; short sword +1, flames on command; dagger; ring of spell turning.



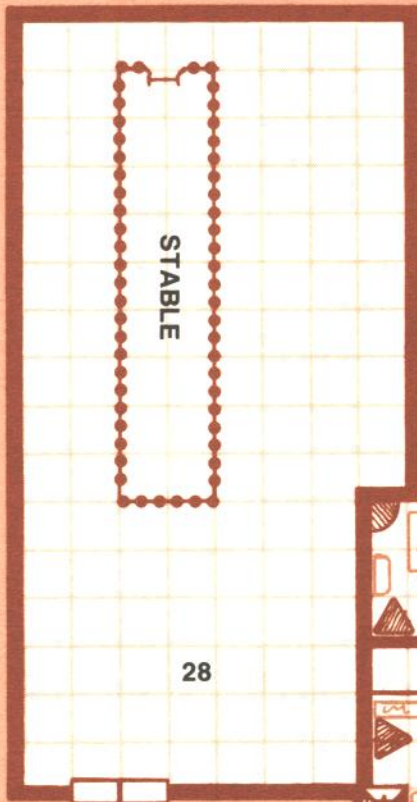
BLACKMOOR
HOSTEL



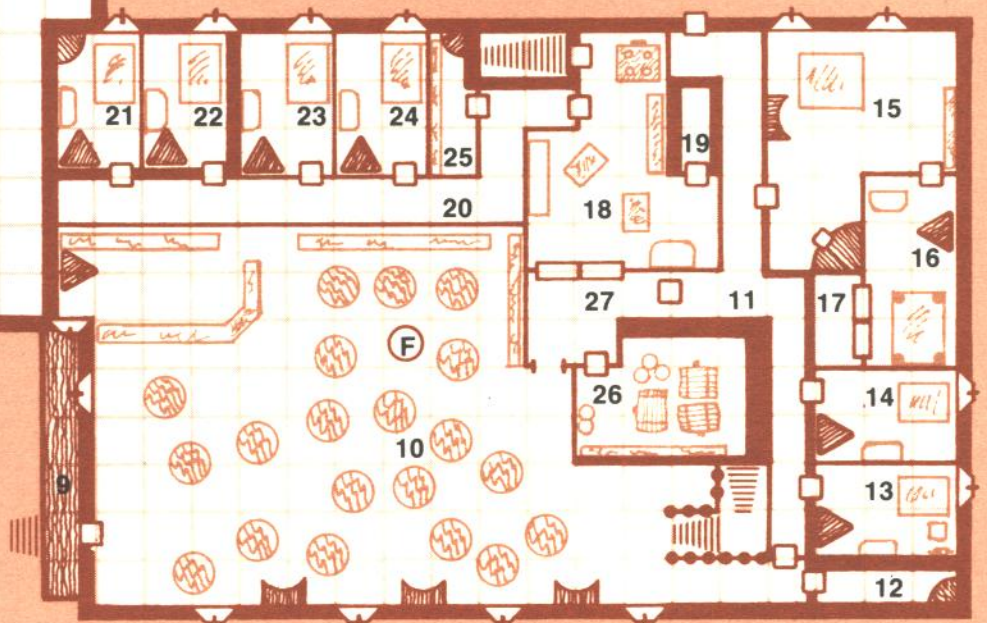
**MAP 4:
COMEBACK INN
THIRD FLOOR**



MAP 3: COMEBACK INN SECOND FLOOR



**MAP 2: MAIN LEVEL
COMEBACK INN
MAIN FLOOR**





Expert Game Adventure

Adventures in Blackmoor

by Dave L. Arneson and David J. Ritchie

“Blackmoor is beset!”

On every side the storm clouds gather. To south and east, the Great Empire of Thonia plots to end Blackmoor’s independence and reclaim its lost province. To the west, the implacable Afridhi are on the move. To the north, the evil Egg of Coot prepares to cross the thundering sea and once again bring fire and sword into the heart of the small kingdom. Beyond the realm of the Egg, the hated Skandaharian Raiders are building longships and preparing to fall upon Blackmoor’s unprotected coast while its tiny army turns to meet these other threats.

Into this time of black despair, there steps a band of adventurers who clutch strange swords and wear the most curious armor—and who claim that Blackmoor sank beneath the ice 3,000 years ago!

This adventure is for use with the DUNGEONS & DRAGONS® Set, and cannot be played without the D&D® Basic and Expert rules produced by TSR, Inc.

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0-88038-314-3

