

GAZETTEER

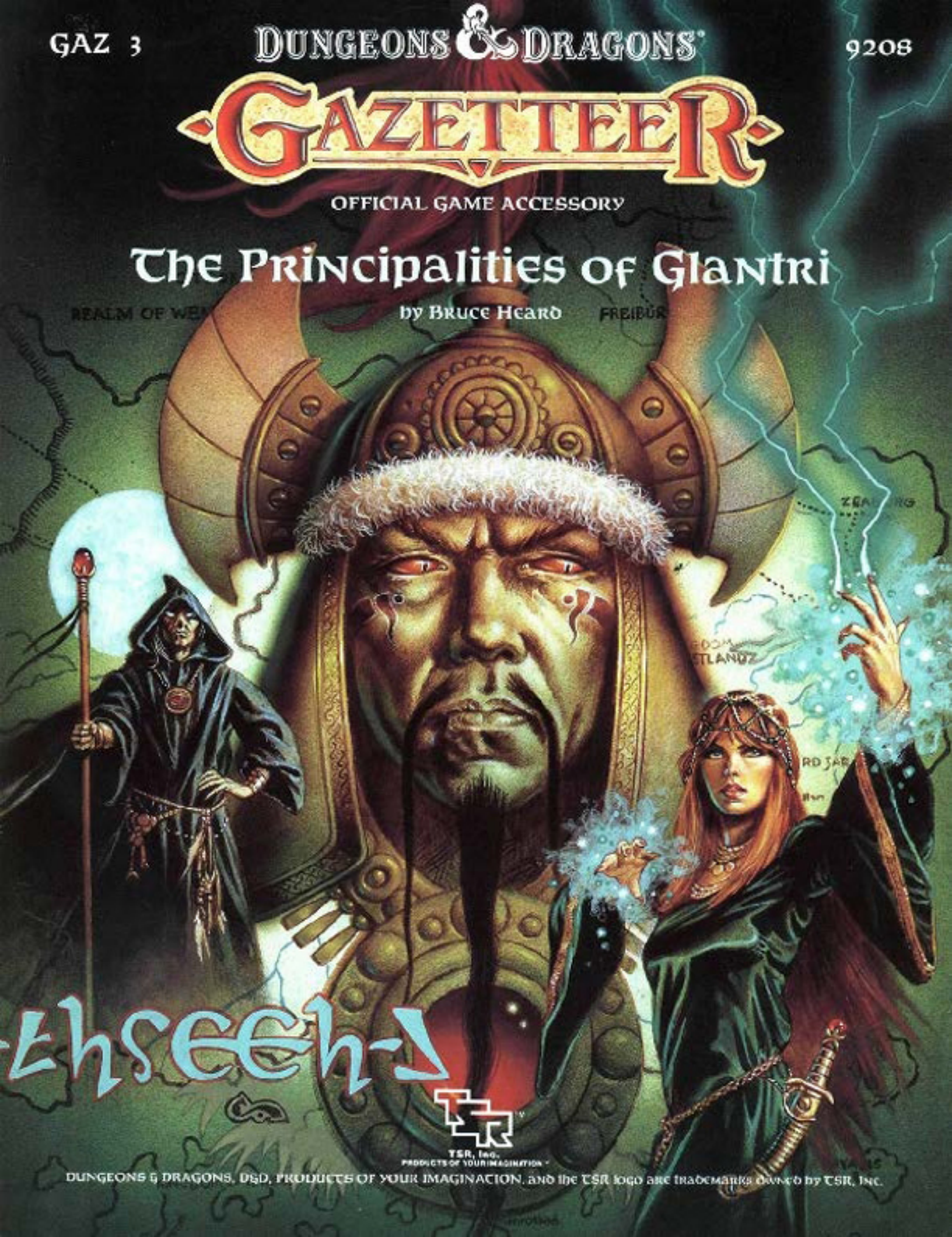
OFFICIAL GAME ACCESSORY

The Principalities of Glantri

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by Bruce Heard

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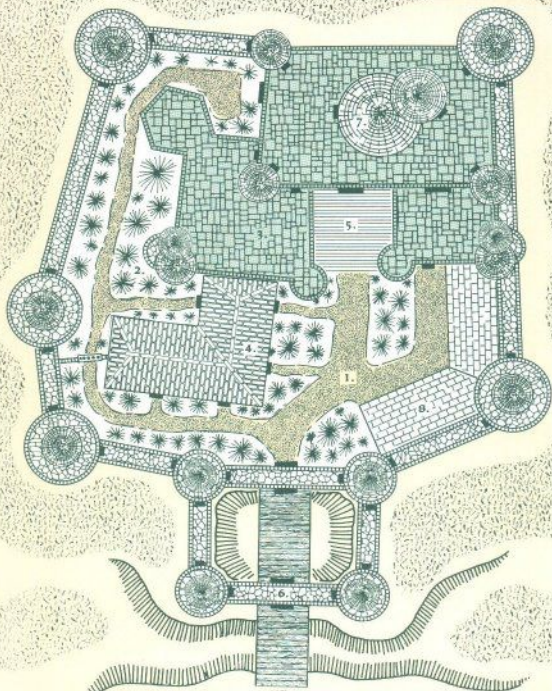
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COMMON WIZARD KEEP

KEY

1. DIRT
2. GARDEN
3. UPPER LEVEL TERRACES
4. ROOF TOPS
5. STAIRS
6. BATTLEMENTS
7. CONICAL ROOF
8. WOODEN ROOF

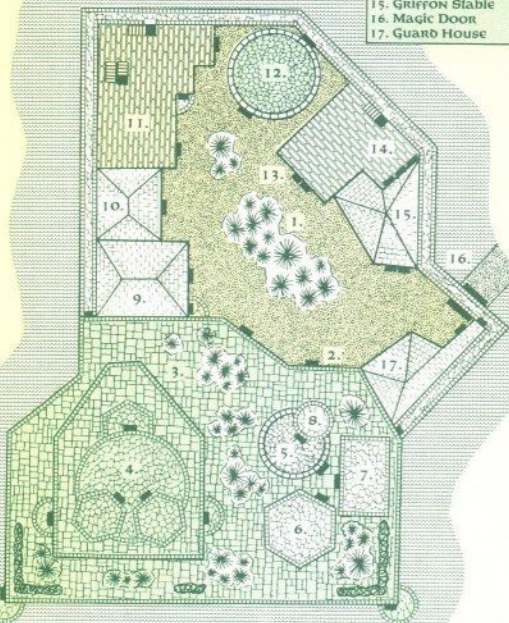


SCALE: 1" = 20 FEET

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THE GREAT SCHOOL OF MAGIC

1. Main Garden
2. Main School Building
3. Meditation Terrace
4. Grand Master's Tower
5. Tower of Secret Experiments
6. Archives Tower
7. Museum of Monstrosity
8. Celestial Observatory
9. Temple of Rad
10. Kitchens
11. Dining Area
12. Administration Tower
13. Warehouse
14. Griffon Take-Off Area
15. Griffon Stable
16. Magic Door
17. Guard House



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Welcome to Glantri

"Know ye, Beholder of the Late Centuries, that all in the dark ages did not grow from savage beliefs, or from the whims of a primitive shaman. As with life, the spark of knowledge does not create itself from emptiness, but is a sentient gift from the higher spheres of the universe. Those who wield the Power of the Radiance ignore the true nature of its artifact.

"Eons ago, when Blackmoor still was a great empire, visitors came from the stars in a great chariot of fire and landed in the realm of mortal men. Stranded, they soon disappeared from this world, leaving rare remains of their science. Among these, a huge object producing a deadly glowing energy was buried deep into the rocks under what was to become the City of Glantri. It was a great, wonderful piece of machinery, indeed the very one that enabled the visitors to travel among the stars. Yes! Oh, Seeker of Lost Legends! This is the true nature of the Radiance!

"It remained in the dark underworld, radiating its formidable aura for centuries. Then, disciples of the Sphere of Energy transformed the artifact, imbuing it with magical powers in a plot to swell the ranks of their followers. And so, mortals could learn forbidden sciences, thus becoming Immortals in the Sphere of Energy—a clear abuse of the Laws of Immortality. Energy had sinned, and it was up to Thought, Time and Matter to reestablish the balance of universe. It was so, that Energy was to be punished by the object that was the very focus of its sin."

The Gazetteer

This sourcebook deals with the Principalities of Glantri. It is a reference book for the eyes of the DM only, describing relevant past, present and alternate future events affecting the Principalities of Glantri. This gazetteer is a complete campaign setting centered around the magic-user and his craft. It will take daring adventurers on a fabulous journey, starting when they are apprentices and continuing to their deeds among the high wizardry, the nobility of one of the most powerful magocracies known in the D&D® game world, and ultimately, to the spheres beyond.

The Principalities of Glantri

Glantri is a large nation located northwest of the Grand Duchy of Karameikos (see GAZ1 for details).

It is a federation of ten principalities ruled by a council of wizards. Glantri is a nation run by magic-users, for magic-users. Their goal is to promote magic and make it the leading power in the world. At the hub of their power stands the Great School of Magic where most Glantrian mages and countless numbers of foreign spell-casters come in a pilgrimage to acquire the finest Glantrian techniques in magic-use.

The Final Goal of the Campaign

A strange magical power radiates from the center of the capital, Glantri City. Although most mages believe it to be a legend, a few have discovered it to be quite real. This power, called the Radiance, enhances the powers of wizards and, at very high levels, may allow a particularly gifted mage to attain Immortality in the Sphere of Energy. As the player-characters adventure in Glantri, they should gradually discover the existence of the power and its effects. The first goal of this campaign is to provide an example of how to reach immortality. This should be the conclusion of a long series of adventures and of the campaign itself.

The second goal of this gazetteer is to offer players and DMs new options on how to play magic-users. New abilities are available at the Great School of Magic; new rules on spell research and magical items are developed in these pages, along with an Experience Points reward system more appropriate for wizards.

Finally, the last goal of this supplement is to offer an interesting game background for playing adventures in a land where magic is prominent. This background can be used either for occasional incursions into Glantri, or as a permanent campaign setting for PCs residing there. Specific methods are described to allow characters to become dominion rulers in a land ruled by wizards, as well as long-term strategies to rise among nobility and become one of the Wizard Princes of Glantri.

Who Should Play in Glantri

Obviously, magic-users and elves are at an advantage in this campaign setting; they will benefit from arbitrary advantages over other

character classes. However, there is a price for this: graduates from the School of Magic are fearsome characters and they do inspire a certain amount of awe, sometimes fear and hatred, in foreign places. Also, beyond Glantri's borders, clerics, fighters and even dwarves have lately been hunting wizards who are known to be Glantrian or Glantrian-trained. It appears that defeating a Glantrian wizard is a way of establishing one's reputation. It is also evident that foreign nations do not clearly understand the Glantrian culture, and so perceive it as a threat; any Glantrian character, traveling through distant lands, may be greeted with hostility or worse.

Though magic-users and elves have an advantage here, other character classes may be played within Glantri. Although they have no future as nobles in this land (only wizards can be nobles), their activities can still be very exciting.

Clerics are considered heretics in Glantri and will be executed if discovered. Playing a clerical underground activist is a dangerous task, but may provide a fun and exciting game. Pretending to be a fighter may be wise for cleric and druid characters.

Dwarves are highly prized in Glantri because they are thought to have natural resistances against magic. Therefore, local alchemists will be *delighted* to have a few "specimens" to study in laboratories. In short: playing dwarves and even halflings may turn to be a very unhealthy experience.

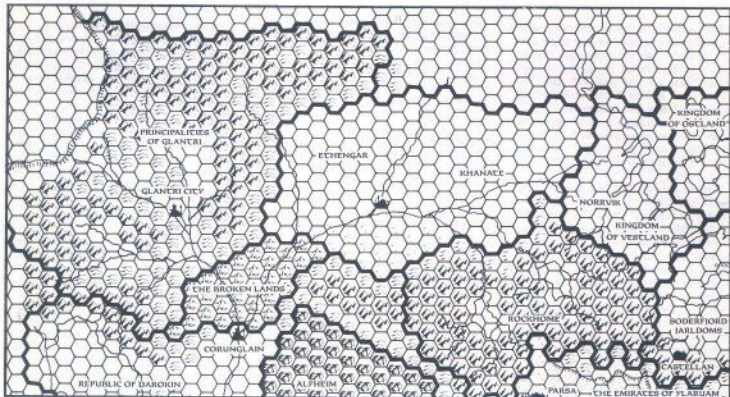
Despite their distrust for fighters and thieves, wizards recognize their value. Good fighters can reach high ranks in the Glantrian army, and thieves will never be out of a job: wizards consistently need them to recover stolen secrets, spells, and scrolls, and to spy on their rivals. Both of these classes may be played without restriction in Glantri.

To fully understand the material used in this gazetteer, it is suggested that the DM use the Basic, Expert and Companion Sets. The D&D® Masters Set is desirable but not absolutely necessary. Although this product often refers to immortals, knowledge of the D&D® Immortal rules is not needed here.

How to Use This Gazetteer

This sourcebook is a journey across Glantri—but do not forget that this journey is for the DM alone. Players are to take their journey in active play.

In the first chapters, the "History of Glantri," "Geography of Glantri," and "The Glantrian Economy" are covered. These three chapters offer much of the information a char-



acter needs to become a dominion ruler.

Then we have "Politics and Rivalries in Glantri," "The Grand Army of Glantri," and "Marauders, Mages, and Masters," which describe famous (or infamous) personalities, guilds and brotherhoods.

"Glantri City by Night" and "Living in Glantri City" provide a thorough description of Glantri City; a large player's map of the city appears on the back of the fold-up map representing Glantri. These sections should be used as starting points for adventures and encounters.

"The Great School of Magic," "Creating Spells and Magical Items," "The Seven Secret Crafts of Glantri," and "The Secret of the Radiance" sections aim at developing specializations for magic-users and providing new, helpful rules for the DM. It should be understood that all these rules are optional and that the DM should alter them if he chooses.

Toward the end of the Gazetteer is the "Adventures in Glantri" section. It is a series of adventures—not just scenarios, but also examples of playing and staging all the background described earlier. It is followed by a Glantrian bestiary, "Critters of the Cauldron."

Finally, the last two pages of the product are players' handouts. These are descriptions of

Glantri from the viewpoints of a Karamaikan innkeeper, a Danokin merchant, a Glantrian sorcerer, and an Ylari storyteller. Give some of these to your players, depending on their characters' backgrounds, so that they have ready-made information with which to begin play.

Many chapters start with boxed material. They are designed to be entertaining reading; however, the DM may use them as inspirational material for adventures and encounters. PCs wishing to learn information pertaining to these chapters could very well end up in the situations described in boxed texts, at the DM's discretion.

HAVING FUN

Adventuring is, above all, about enjoying yourself, and sometimes in order to do so it is necessary to overrule some dice throws. It is your job as a DM to give your players an exciting and fun time; relying entirely on dice throws is not always the best way to do so—they are an aid, not a means in themselves. But be discreet—you don't want your players to get the idea that you are pulling punches!

Also, because fun is the whole idea, you'll find many parts of this Gazetteer written in a

songue-in-cheek fashion. If you find some parts to be too strange for your own campaign, change them to suit yourself: it's your Gazetteer, your campaign, and your choice.

Abbreviations Specific to Glantri

Several new terms have been created here to define new material. Have a look at the following glossary before going further.

- BC:** Before Crowning. A reference to the day the first emperor of Thyatis was crowned, used to compare various eras in history.
- AC:** After Crowning (see BC).
- dc:** Golden Ducat. The base currency in Glantri, roughly equal to the common gp.
- cr:** Crown. A platinum coin in Glantri, roughly equal to 50 gp when enchanted.
- sv:** Silver Sovereign. A coin of silver in Glantri, roughly equal to 1/10 of a gp.

History of Glantri

A bell in the Great School strikes six in the afternoon, echoing interminably in the corridors. Students enter the study room, chatting and laughing, seating themselves at their desks. "Where's our master?" asks one. "Who cares?" answers the tall one in the back, causing the others to laugh again.

Suddenly, the opposite door opens and twelve elven soldiers enter, in high leather boots, cloak, rapier and morion. "Guards of Belcadiz? What are they doing here?" whispers a student.

Between the two rows of soldiers, a small vociferous noblewoman steps in, followed by a visibly embarrassed Captain of the Guard. "How could they?" she clamors. "Me, Dona-Carnelia-Maria-Juanita de Fedorias y Belcadiz, most eminent Princess of the Council! How impudent! And where is my duenna, I want my duenna! These Ambrevilles are impossible. This is a disgrace!"

The Captain unctuously intervenes as the lady catches her breath. "Please, Your Highness. Just one lecture and our obligation will be met! Your duenna is on her way; a coach is waiting and the mansion is mere moments away. Certainly, you will be back in time to greet Don Hippolito!"

Without a word, the lady sits down and starts flipping angrily through the pages of the *History of Glantri*. "I knew it, it's their version of the facts! Well, we'll see about this..." Sternly observing the students, she opens her fan and gestures the guards out. After a long moment of silence, the lady closes her fan and begins uttering strange incantations. The apprentices stare at the lady, totally mesmerized.

Glantrian History, by Dona Carnelia, Princess of Belcadiz

Silence replaces the sound of the lady's voice. Startled, the apprentices look up to find themselves in a mountainous realm of ice and snow. The princess is nowhere to be seen.

In the distance, a volcano rumbles softly, and white dragons dash across the sky. Running behind sleds, elven hunters approach the students. Quickly, they pull out daggers, bows and spears.

"Djamel'ne, djamel'ne o solinocho?" asks an older elf, pointing at the students. The taller student, moving his hands in all directions to make himself better understood, responds, "Uh, hello? We friend, just visiting, understand, yes?" Then,

mutmuring out the corner of his mouth "Where in heaven are we? It's freezing here!"

The princess' voice suddenly echoes in the students' minds: "These, dear students, are the true colonizers of Glantri. They were the first to reach this land after the realm of Blackmoor perished in the Fiery Rain."

The elves suddenly charge the students. One swings a silvery blade toward the eyes of a student; then the scene fades away.

DM Notes: Centuries after Blackmoor's destruction (see DA1 for details), elves from the far south colonize this area. They form several large clans... then they discover a Blackmoor artifact. For reasons unknown, the device explodes, causing catastrophe in the frozen valleys. Billowing clouds form in the skies, and the sun disappears for years. Ice storms and blizzards rule over the land. A strange disease that rots flesh and withens all that grows spreads throughout the valleys. The elves find shelter in the deepest caves of Glantri, leaving behind only a few runes engraved in the rock. Today, elven legends tell of a few tribes that emerged from caves hundreds of miles south, past the Broken Lands.

The baffled students now stand in a splendid city of brass towers, among a crowd of copper-colored people. At the sight of the students, they all suddenly shout, in an old Glantrian dialect, "Qalima! Qalima-shan! Infidels!"

The crowd grabs the students and drags them to the center of the plaza, quickly chaining them to sacrificial blocks.

An old man, totally covered with tattoos, ceremoniously anoints the hapless party and declares, "May the Great Flame now purify this sanctuary from these pale ones!"

Slowly, the heavy blocks open under the students, revealing heaps of hot, glowing coal beneath. As steam rises in the air, the scene once again fades away.

DM Notes: Nine centuries later, the ice recedes to the north and a new race occupies the valleys. They are men of copper complexion and reddish hair, alien to this world. They call themselves the Flaems, literally *Followers of the Fire* in their dialect. They are a faction of Alphatians opposed to the old regime, the *Followers of the Air* (see module M1 for details). They are highly civilized and very tal-

ented in magic-use related to fire.

The Flaems discover the *Radiance*, a strange magical force radiating from the intersection of the Vesubia and Isoile rivers. There, they build a great capital, Braejr, and thrive for another three centuries. Then, elves reappear from the south.

Braving the dangers of the Broken Lands, southern elves find a trail back to Glantri. Historians believe them to be the missing elven tribes, returning to claim their lost realm. News spreads fast, and soon clans of fair elves and humans from Traladara (now known as Karamikos) and Thyatis settle in Glantri, attracted by rumors of the strange magical force.

The students materialize atop a small hill. A horn sounds loudly as a small group of horsemen rides away to the south. "Now what?" says the younger student. "I want to go home!"

"Oh, stop your whining. We're here to learn something," answers the older one.

"Guys? Oh, guys?" says one student, looking north. A wild mass of cavaliers charges out of a nearby forest, yelling and screaming while hundreds of arrows fly overhead.

The princess' voice echoes once more in the students' minds. "You are about to behold the great Battle of Braejr. Observe how wizards win their wars!"

Another army rushes from the south amidst bursts of flame and lightning bolts. With a thunderous roar, the two enemy vanguards clash atop the hill...

As the students run for their lives, the scene blurs again.

DM Notes: Disturbed by the fair elves' and the humans' lack of skin color, the Flaems nickname them the *Pale Ones*. After decades of friction between Flaems and settlers, the Flaems turn openly hostile; this unrest leads to the Battle of Braejr, in 785 AC, between the Flaems and a coalition of elven and human settlers. The disorganized coalition is broken and most of its army is driven south of Braejr.

The most dramatic event of this era is the arrival of an obscure warlord, Halzenthram. He is the leader of a colonizing force from Alphatia. He sides with the coalition and prevents it from being destroyed. Soon, the Flaems are driven back north of the Vesubia, and, during the disastrous Battle of Braasart, the Alphatian force shatters the Flaemish defense.

The *Treaty of 788* gives the south to the

elves, the north to the Flaems, and the west to the human settlers. A council is founded to rule over Braejr and unite the three provinces. That same year, Halzunthram executes a coup and takes over the council. He declares the land a protectorate of Alphatia—which was the true reason for his presence here.

Infuriated, the elves proclaim their independence and the Flaems once again rebel with the support of Thyatian settlers. This rebellion goes on to become the *Forty Years War*.

Later during the war, word spreads that gold is to be found in the mountains. Dwarves from the eastern mountain ranges arrive to form lawless, armed bands. At the same time, a plague strikes the nation, afflicting more than half the population. Suspicious of the dwarves, who resist the disease better, the settlers accuse them of bringing the pestilence with them. The angry population relentlessly hunts down the dwarves until most flee the land; this violent period is known as the *Years of Infamy*.

It is during one of the all-too-common *dwarven hunts* that a certain Lord Alexander Glantri, a war hero of Thyatian descent, ambushes Halzunthram. Their leader captured, the Alphatian faction surrenders the council and their army is disbanded.

Having imposed a period of peace, Lord Glantri successfully founds a government recognizing the rights of all communities. The city of Braejr is renamed Glantri City in Lord Alexander's honor.

The battle scene fades away as the students now appear in a large hall, sitting among a crowd of nobles. No one notices their impromptu arrival.

A knight stands at the center of the hall. "Never, do you hear? Never shall we accept this absurd law! Our might on the battlefield determines our right. We shall give up no part of our land!"

"My friend," answers a copper-faced wizard, "I'm afraid you do not understand the facts. The law was voted by an overwhelming majority. It is not up to you to dispute the will of the people!"

Pulling his sword out, the knight shouts "If it's war you want, by the Holy Blade, you shall have it! Death to the wizards!"

Answering the outcry, a number of the nobles sitting in the large chamber pull swords, daggers and wands and attack each other. As heavily-armored knights corner the students, the princes' voice sounds in

their minds: "You behold the Light of Rad, a parliamentary session which declared nobility to be a right only of wizards. This is one of the foundations of our magocracy." The scene blurs again.

DM Notes: During the years of peace that follow, the council reforms the nation's laws, and builds a Great School of Magic. It becomes the receptacle of Glantrian science as well as a source of knowledge known throughout the world. By now, wizards represent a large majority of the influential people of Glantri.

During the parliamentary session called *The Light of Rad*, the council approves two major laws that affect the future of the nation. The first limits the rights of nobility to wizards, and the other allows council representatives the right to bear the title of Prince. The laws cause a revolt among the population as the "illegal" nobles are expelled from their lands, but the wizards quickly crush the dissenters. Order is restored and the nation finally enters an era of prosperity.

The princess sits quietly at her desk, observing the dreaming students. After flipping her fan a last time, she claps her hands and wakes up her class.

"I hope you have learned well, students. You will find the details of our history in the school's library. Those of you learning the historian's art would do well to memorize the important dates. Do remember the true facts; perhaps you will need to know them some day. It is now time for me to leave. Guards! Where is my duenna?"

DM's Historical Synopsis

3000 BC: The Great Rain of Fire obliterates Blackmoor; the rotation angle of the planet shifts, causing a temporary ice age in the area of Glantri (see module DA1 for detail of Blackmoor).

2200 BC: Southern elves move into the frozen valleys of Glantri.

1700 BC: Local cataclysm. The elves disappear and the Broken Lands become unstable.

800 BC: The ice recedes to the far north.

0 AC: The 1st Emperor of Thyatis is crowned.

395 AC: The Flaems colonize the lands; the Radiance is discovered in Glantri.

400 AC: Alphatia first recognized as a powerful empire in the east (see CM1 for details).

450 AC: The city of Braejr is built.

585 AC: Ethengar raiders oppose the Flaemish in numerous skirmishes; the Khan's horsemen are driven out.

645 AC: Ethengar attempts a major invasion but is defeated at Skullhorn Pass.

662 AC: The Flaemish attempt to invade Ethengar, but the expeditionary force is utterly massacred in the steppes.

700 AC: Frictions between Alphatia and Thyatis.

730 AC: Settlers come to Glantri; frictions begin between Flaems and settlers.

784 AC: A Thyatian settler kills a Flaemish lord; war is declared.

785 AC: Battle of Braejr; settlers are driven south of the Vesubia.

786 AC: Arrival of Halzunthram.

788 AC: The Flaemish are defeated at the Battle of Braastar; Halzunthram captures the council; Glantri becomes an Alphatian dominion; elves become independent; the Flaemish revolt.

802 AC: Gold rush; plague; *Years of Infamy*.

828 AC: The dwarves are expelled and Lord Glantri ambushes Halzunthram; the Alphasians are defeated, marking the end of the *Forty Years War*.

829 AC: Lord Glantri founds the Republic of Glantri and reforms the council.

845 AC: Construction of the School of Magic.

858 AC: Nobility is reserved for wizards only; council members gain the hereditary title of Prince.

859 AC: Illegal nobles are expelled and the wizards crush a minor rebellion.

875 AC: The School of Magic is completed.

898 AC: New immigration wave, the population mixes freely; frictions decrease.

920 AC: Economic agreement signed between Glantri and Darokin, allowing free passage for all merchant caravans. Business is booming in Glantri City.

1000 AC: Today. Contemporary period of Glantri.

1200 AC: Great War between the Republic of Darokin and the Master of the Desert Nomads (see modules X4, X5 and X10).

Geography of Glantri

In the feeble light of the candelabra, the young baron flips through the pages of a dusty tome, struggling to keep his eyes open. The city beyond the school is asleep and in the distance howls a dog. Watching through the open window, he nervously taps on his desk with the edge of an ebony ruler when a sudden gust of wind blows a stack of scrolls off his desk. Surprised, the student stumbles to his knees to recover the precious parchments when he realizes someone is standing in front of him. Slowly raising his gaze, he mumbles "Oh, My Lord! I didn't know you were here... It is so dark..." Bowing before the gloomy visitor, he rapidly backs up to his desk dropping a few more scrolls. The teacher has arrived.

"Good evening!" says he in his strong Boldavian accent. "Indeed it is late and the sun has long disappeared behind the hills. But, you are welcome in this nocturnal silence, for tonight we shall study the beauties of our living land. Be at ease, tonight no one will disturb our thoughts. Now, watch me closely, and please, no garlic!"

A dog howls in the night...

AN OVERVIEW presented by Prince Morphall of Boibavia

The young baron gazes at the prince's strange eyes and suddenly feels dizzy. The room spins around him. As in a dream he feels himself flying in the mild summer night, high above the city, while the prince's voice echoes in his mind, speaking on the land of Glantri.

DM Notes: The Highlands (as the older generation refers to the realm) are a series of valleys winding between high mountains and rolling hills. The Wendarian Reach towers in the north (see module X11 for details on Wendar), while the eastern frontier borders with the Ebergranger steppes, at the foot of the Colossus Mountains. In the south lie the Broken Lands and part of the Silver Sierras, north of Darokin. The western valleys lead to the Kurish Massif, a huge chain of mountains that reaches the Sind Desert (see module X4 about the Sind Desert) and the wastelands west of Glantri.

At the heart of the nation, where the greatest rivers join, stands the fabulous capital of the magocracy, Glantri City.

RIVERS

Slowly regaining his senses, the student suddenly realizes he is floating in midair. Far

below him roars a river glistening in the silver moonlight. On the verge of panic, the student looks around, hoping to find something to hold on to; then the prince swoops down from a nearby cloud. "Well, well. Do not be frightened!" says the nocturnal prince. "We are just having a bit of a flight; classrooms are so stuffy! Look, here is the Red River!"

The student glances down again and turns pale green. Closing his eyes, he grabs the prince's cloak and asks "What about it?"

Morphall goes on. "I often come here when I need peace and quiet. The rocks in the Kurish Massif give this river the color of blood, until it joins with the Vesubia. Such a nice touch, isn't it? Alas, it has only the flavor of mud..."

DM Notes: Most of the rivers flow to Glantri City and the southern valleys to form the Vesubia River. This relatively peaceful river turns into tumultuous rapids when it enters the Broken Lands. The rivers are navigable from the village of Tintan in the south, to Lizi-en in the southwest, Yvonne in New Ave-roigne, Lenz and Glenmoorloch in the north. Similarly, the Dol-Anur River in the Ebergranger Khanate is relatively quiet, allowing normal navigation from Rymsgirad in Boldavia, down to the Broken Lands. The strength of the flow in the remaining rivers and the numerous waterfalls prohibits any sort of commercial waterfaring. The changing bed of the Vesubia and Steel rivers in the Broken Lands often causes huge cataracts and deadly whirlpools. A metal gate across the river in Tintan prevents drifting ships from going beyond.

Most of the rivers are bordered on both sides with poplars, willows, elms, birches, alders, and a few nut trees. These woods are usually well tended by the local people, because of the extra source of income they bring.

Valleys

The valleys are extensively farmed. There are three major valleys in Glantri, the largest being the Vesubian Valley extending from the Broken Lands up to Glenmoorloch and Vorstadt. The Isole Valley lies to the west of Glantri City. In the south is the Red River Valley, between the Glantrian Alps and the Silver Sierras.

Their rich soil and milder weather allow for a variety of agriculture. The exception to this is the western plain around Fort Sablestone. The Kurish Massif often prevents the clouds and the rain from reaching Sablestone, causing droughts from time to time.

In the valleys are small, wooded areas which never cover more than a few hundred yards at a time. Most common are cork oaks which have been imported into the Principalities during the past century, and mulberry trees highly prized for their silk worms and the fabrication of silk.

Hills

The student, flying peacefully for a moment, hears the prince mumbling obscure words. "Oh no, not again!" he whimpers; then the clouds, the moon and the rivers once again start spinning wildly.

Some time later, the student wakes up, this time comfortably lying on the prince's cloak, surrounded by high grass. For a moment, the nocturnal concert of crickets and frogs begins anew.

Recovering from his experience, the student feels a white rose brush his cheek. He turns to smell the flower, wondering where the prince has gone. Abruptly, thorns wrap around his legs and arms, and the rose fastens itself to his cheek. "This can't be," says the student, "I must be dreaming again. 'Ouch!' A searing pain on his cheek informs him otherwise and he shouts for help, struggling to tear free of the thorns. The white rose slowly turns pink.

A black wolf appears between the bushes and growls menacingly. Peculiarly, the plants let go and the wolf backs off into the bushes. Moments later, the prince reappears. "Welcome to the Glantrian Hills! As you can see, nothing is as peaceful as it seems. You have just discovered one of the most common creatures of the hills, the vampire rose! There are many other marvels here; for example, the..."

DM Notes: The rolling hills of Glantri are covered with high grass, heathens, thistles, large ferns, and juniper. Despite their peaceful appearance, the hills are notorious for causing the unaccustomed traveler to lose his way. Hundreds of high rolling hills, all more or less similar, follow each other in random patterns, usually with no visible trails. These are the perfect areas in which Glantrian wizards seek to establish quiet and discreet towers.

Besides the high grass that thrives there, a multitude of briars and hawthorns grow along the hills, with many smaller uncommon plants. These hills are the hidden realm of such herbs as the legendary mandragora, belladonna, clovers, lupin, strange varieties of mosses, sootleaves, and fireroots, all commonly used in alchemy.

Mountains

The highest mountains are the Giantrian Alps and the Colossus Mounts, rising sharply straight from their foothills. Glaciers reach into the middle areas of these chains, sometimes as close as ten miles from the bordering hills. The most awesome feature of the Giantrian Alps is their 3000-foot high cliffs majestically towering above the Armus River. These two mountain ranges rival each other with peaks as high as 25,000 feet; however, it is difficult for the Giantrian sages to measure their heights, for these mountains are often shrouded by clouds. Once in a while, an expedition might be organized for a sage to explore a glacier or reach the top of a peak and determine its altitude. Some explorers came back with tales of strange crystal-like trees growing in the ice at altitudes where only the edelweiss and the snowdrop survive. These things were called "snowtrees" by their discoverers, but samples taken from the mountains withered and disappeared before their existence could be documented.

The Wendarian Ranges and Kurish Massif are older mountains, bearing signs of erosion. Although high in altitude, they are easier to get through because of many passes and canyons. The size of the Kurish Massif prevents casual tourism, but rare travelers can be found there because of the local production of sumac used for making dyes. Poppy, pimento and other spices commonly grow in the Kurish Massif, along with gentian which produces the mountaineers' traditional liquor.

Despite their name, the Silver Sierras are reddish in color, often turning purple at dawn or at sunset. The Sierras are newer heights, of the same geological age as the Broken Lands. Earthquakes are common there, along with mudflows, so most of the southern population avoids these ranges, save the greediest who mine the area's silver and gems. Giantri considers this area a national treasure, since substances such as sulfur, coal, and rare ores (useful for alchemy, spell-casting, and the production of arcane metals) can be found here. Forests of huge rhododendrons and bizarre mushrooms are known to thrive in the deepest canyons where the sun never reaches.

Forests

After his lengthy description of the hills and mountains of Giantri, the prince suddenly says, "I was told you were capable of flying of your own. Show me."

The student answers, "But, but, I wasn't told I was going to actually fly tonight! You see, My Lord, I know the spell

but never had the chance to really practice. I was sick that day and missed class..."

"Oh please, spare me the cheap excuses," says the prince. "Surely you don't expect me to drag you along for the rest of the night!" And as he launches into the air, he adds, "By the way, I can see a troll coming your way... and a nice specimen too!"

Spitting out his incantation without a second thought, the student rises off the ground, but upside down, feet above head. "Oh no, I stumbled again on that last word!"

With a sigh, the prince follows him and begins a new lecture. "There are many interesting forests in Giantri, like the lovely blue pines of Boldavia..."

DM Notes: There are few large forests in Giantri, except near Boldavia and New Avertoigne. Smaller forests exist near New Alvar and Erendyl in the south valleys. These are artificially grown, under the control of the elvish clans. These are oak forests, well-tended. They are considered private parks closed to visitors without a proper permit from the Chamberlain of the Land.

The rest of the forests remain in the mountains. The Wendarian Ranges are well known for their large numbers of blue pines growing on the lower slopes. Many woodcutters prosper there.

The most common trees in the mountains are various types of pines, yews and, higher up, the solitary larches. More uncommon are woods in the Silver Sierras. In these lower mountains grow cedars, aspens, and a few rare myrtle and balsam trees within the most secluded areas. Some stonewood can also be found—this is an extremely hard wood that is highly prized at the capital.

Population

The population is a mosaic of old *Flemish* (easily recognizable with their copper tinted skin), *elves of Erendyl* (with their fair skin and golden hair), southern *elves of Bekadix* (rather small but darker and with black wavy hair), and the common men of various complexions. Among the latter, although this is not apparent at first, many different origins exist, such as the *Boldavian* people of Karameikan descent, the *men of Aalban*, *Cauteuze* and *Blackhill*, of Thyatian or Alphanian origins, some "legal" *Ethengarian*s (whose families date from before the law against Ethengarian immigration), and the *men of Avertoigne* and *Klanyre*, from unknown distant lands. All

have distinct dressing habits and accents when speaking the common language.

Within the territories that are not part of a specific principality, these people mix easily, except perhaps the elves and those of Ethengarian origins. This is not the case within the principalities, where the population usually identifies with its ruling family and their original culture and is less tolerant of others. Each principality has specific laws, customs, architecture, languages and many other details reflecting the princes' peculiarities.

Lady Carlolina, Chamberlain of the Land, estimates the total population at 780,000 inhabitants, for a nation of 116,650 square miles. About half the population is devoted to farming in all its aspects, living mostly in valleys. One sixth of the citizens are thought to live in the cities, while about one fifth dwell in the hills. Less than one Giantrian in ten lives in the mountains; less than one citizen in a hundred belongs to the Grand Army.

The Wildlife

While the prince goes on with his description of Giantri, the student does his best to keep on flying. "They could have told me about this lunatic and his fancy transportation modes!" he thinks, angrily swatting a bird away from his pouches.

Suddenly, he realizes he is losing altitude; his spell is running out. Frantically flapping his arms, he shrieks horribly, falling like a rock, punching interesting silhouettes through the clouds below and ending up in a pig-wallow near a farmhouse.

Somewhat shook up, he walks out of the thick, smelly mud, panting and sweating. "I'm getting tired of all this. I'll never make it to graduation..."

The prince lands nearby and interrupts his grumbling. "Now, now, let's not get upset! There still is work to be done. Here, let's visit this little farm and have a quick bite. Then I will tell you about the creatures that dwell in Giantri."

DM Notes: Because of the density of human population, very few wild animals remain in the valleys, except those that can survive close to man (such as rodents, birds, and other inoffensive forms of wildlife). The hills and mountains offer a more interesting array of wildlife and evidence of monsters, however.

The hills of the Vesubian and Isoile valleys are dangerous with strange vegetable life, such as archer bushes and large patches of grab grass that remain concealed within the high grass and briars. Fortunately, these become

Geography of Glantri



dormant during the winter. The hills are otherwise the realm of wild dogs, foses, bats, and wolves of all sorts. Travelers should beware of bears in spring. The hills surrounding the Principality of New Averogne are also known for wandering lycanthropes of various sorts.

The hills in the Red River valley, as well as those bordering the Ethengar Khanate, are the realm of wild horses and mountain felines. Parties of hunters can be encountered, seeking to capture and sell horses. Griffons and hippogriffs are often seen high in the skies, the former preying on the horse herds.

Marauding orcs and other disgraceful humanoid tribes often raid these hills, coming from the Broken Lands or the Kurish Massif. They seek silver and sometimes hunt horses for food, often targeting villages in the hills.

Mountains are also home to goats, wildcats, and yaks. In the sky reigns the mighty condor, sometimes as strong as a small roc, which nests on the steepest and most perilous cliffs. Bats are known to thrive in the blue pines near Boldavia, but these are inoffensive night creatures. During the day, they remain within caverns. The Kurish Massif is notorious for its more infamous inhabitants, such as griffons, chimeras, manticores, trolls, dragons of all sorts, tribes of savage humanoids, and ogres.

There is also life on the glaciers, in more remote areas of the Glantrian Alps and the

Colosus Mountains. There, through the perpetual shroud of billowing mountain clouds, wander the impressive white sasquatches and snow apes, as well as their rivals, the frost giants. Ice toads, frost salamanders and white bears are not uncommon for those leamed travelers who know where to search. The most awesome creature in these frigid ranges, however, is the ice horror, a variety of monster similar to the purple worm of the lower altitudes, which is capable of nesting in the ice cracks below the glacier's surface. Many other strange creatures have been observed there, but the veil of clouds seldom allows a closer look. The glaciers are a treacherous realm, for crevices may always crumble open, and avalanches or snow storms strike at the most unpredictable moments.

The Glantrian Climate

The weather is mild in summer to very cold in winter, because of the high altitude. Temperatures in summer range from fifty to seventy degrees at most. In winter, temperatures fall between sub-zero and the mid twenties. Then, snow often blocks mountain passes, stopping all trade with outside nations; the navigable sections of the rivers generally freeze.

The wind in spring and summer blows from the south or southeast; in winter, from the east

or northeast. There is regular, moderate precipitation in the mountains and valleys, except for the Sablesstone area, which is rather dry.

Fog is very common in summer, spring and fall. High winds can be extremely dangerous, causing hail of small stones (a menace peculiar to Glantri). Mountain houses usually do not have glass windows, but thick translucent stones instead, to avoid damage from the hail. Avalanches are also common at the end of winter.

A little later they leave the farm. The student, baffled, asks the prince, "I still don't understand why you bit that poor fellow!"

"Truly?" the prince smirks. "Well, maybe you'll learn sometime. However, I have nothing more to teach you tonight. Morning is close, and it is time for me to leave."

The prince walks away in the fog; moments later, a bat flaps away over the hills, toward a gloomy tower.

"Oh, this is just great!" says the student, angrily kicking a small stone off his path. "I don't even know where I am!"

"Pass!" calls a voice from the dark. A hunchbacked servant steps from behind a tree and continues, "You are in Boldavia. Come! I have a coach waiting for you. Prince Mosphail ordered me to drive you back. If we hurry, we should arrive in a few days, just in time for your graduation!"

The Glantrian Economy

Noon. The canal is crowded. Heavy-armored gondolas and barges move slowly as the slick passenger gondolas speed by. On the more modest boats, the gondoliers sweat and curse the traffic as they propel their craft to their destinations. Luckier gondoliers use Glantri's latest development in propulsion, the water elemental engine.

Stepping down from a pier, two hooded characters board a slick, black gondola. Both enter the cabin at the rear and close the door behind them. Soon, the uniform-clad gondolier orders his elementals forward and the gondola moves ahead.

"Welcome home, Aldo," says one of the two, pulling the curtains over the windows. "I wuz afraid ya wouldn't get past the guards. The constabulary's startin' to make life tough for the Guild. Anyway let's get down to business. Did Nicky send ya to oversee the merchant branch?"

Toying with a small hand-size crossbow, Aldo answers, "The boss noticed the decline in your revenues. Three of your men captured by the constables, five loads of black lotus powder busted, two hideouts torcht... You disappoint me, Louie, deeply."

"Please, listen Aldo, ya dunno how it is to operate in this place. It's not like in Darokin, I tell ya. This magic's impossible to deal with. Ya sail down a canal, nice and clean, and the next thing ya know a dozen constabulary squads drop in. Look, now I got this magistrate working for me. Just gimme more time. I swear I'll make up for the lotus shipments."

Aldo waves his crossbow under Louie's nose. "I don't know, Louie. All right, gimme the whole picture, from the beginning."

Resources in Glantri, by Louie Nimblefingers, Thieves' District Guildmaster

Bending the window blinds, Louie nervously looks out the gondola cabin. "I can't get used to this place. I always feel like someone's watching."

"Most of the big money stays in towns and in the Big City. The amount of gold comin' out of the rural areas isn't worth the trouble of settin' up regional guilds. Most of the trade in and out of town is food and raw materials comin' in, processed materials goin' out. We have several active guilds in the mountains, especially near the large mining areas. The richer miners pay big-time for the protection of their

gold, gems or alchemical minerals. But don't even think about the hills! They're crawlin' with diseases and weird creatures. The last time we established a regional guild in the hills, most of our guys died or disappeared in a week. The survivors started to grow hair and fangs during the full moons. It took us months to clean that mess up..."

DM Notes: Many of the financial activities in Glantri center around the needs of the wizards. For instance, there is a high demand for sculpted woods, stones and metals for the wizards. They say an artistically crafted item set with gems and gold retains a magical dewcor better than a more primitive object. For the same clients, paper-making artisans are common and very often provide the services of professional scribes.

Libraries thrive near the urban centers, as do alchemists and shops selling bizarre trinkets imported from far lands. The richest and yet most obscure market lies in the center of Glantri City. There, wizards may find the rarest substances, creatures alive or dead, arcane knowledge needed for their researches, and even magical inventions to improve their quality of living. Magic in Glantri can be openly purchased, or used extensively as a profession.

Aldo pulls out a cigar. "Shazzamo!" says he, and a flame dances at the tip of a tiny wand. After three puffs, Aldo finally adds "Hmmm. Shireton brand, the best."

After a moment of silence, he blows a cloud of nauseating smoke at Louie's face. "Spare me the sob story, pal. How about the big money? Where are the coins minted, where are they stored? You're way below your quotas and Nicky's having second thoughts about you. I suggest you go for the city funds and make up for your losses, plus interest of, say, fifty percent..."

Louie turns pale, sickly pale...

DM Notes: The common coin is the Golden Ducat, abbreviated "dc". The value of the ducat is close to that of foreign gold pieces. They are minted at the capital, within the Citadel of Glantri. For large transactions, the heavy platinum Crown coin, or "cr," is commonly used. Crowns are worth fifty ducats and are minted within each principality (either in the local capital, or in the prince's palace), bearing the face of the local prince. Crowns come with a permanent magical dewcor that makes them glow brilliantly. If

the magic is dispelled, a crown is only worth its metal value, five ducats. The silver Sovereign, or "sv," is a coin worth one-tenth of a ducat. Then comes the large copper penny, representing one-twentieth of a ducat (it's the size and value of five foreign copper coins). Electrum is not minted in Glantri.

The Dukes and Archdukes of Glantri are in charge of minting these coins. The production of all these coins is under tight control from Council officials.

Louie pulls out a crystal carafe from a small lacquered chest, and pours a goblet of his best Aveoigne brandy. "The citadel is sealed up too tight. But I've got a plan for making gold hand over fist. It'll be the greatest sting ever! I got a Treasury magistrate on the payroll. He knows when and how much gold gets into the vault. We can put the squeeze on him and get the magic Word of Opening for the vault."

"And how do you expect to get the dough out of the city?" answers Aldo. "I noticed these gates at the canal entrances."

"No sweat, I got it covered. The toughest part is to get back to the hideout faster than the constables' gondolas—and *that* I know how to do. I have this new gondola: two rapid-fire magic missile rods mounted on swivels, eight water-elementals in a V, reinforced cabin, magically silenced, and as black as the night... a beauty! Nobody can catch us. Once at the hideout, we can teleport the goods to this place I have in Nyra."

Aldo nods approvingly. "I hope for your sake that this scheme works... or you may get a flounder's eye view of the canals, if you get my drift."

DM Notes: If players decide to establish dominions, the following information helps determining dominions' average population density and income.

Within 12 miles around the capital, 100 souls live per square mile, 20 in valleys, five in hills, and one in mountains. The Sablestone region only has ten inhabitants per square mile. Add 50% to these numbers along rivers, and halve them in wooded areas. Each hex on the fold-up map of Glantri is eight miles in diameter, or 56 square miles. Glantrian families are very small, averaging five people. Example: a hex in Sablestone averages 560 inhabitants, or 112 families.

Each valley or mountain family generates 7 ducats worth of cash each month. Hills produce about 4 dc per month, 3 dc for the for-

The Glantrian Economy

ests, and 9 dc for the cities. These figures include both Resource Income and a 1 dc Tax (see Companion Book Two, page 3). Families in dominions provide another 10 dc in services (Standard Income) to the dominion. The Council gets 20% of the total in cash.

For example, a valley hex in Aalban would earn the Prince of Aalban 1,568 dc: cash each month, plus 2,240 dc of Standard Income. The Council gets 20% of the total, which comes to 762 dc, payable in cash.

Due to the lack of local management, free-territory families generate half the Resource Income mentioned above, plus the usual 1 dc Tax, and do not provide Standard Income. The Council collects the Resource Income and Tax in full from these families. Example: a valley hex in Sablestone generates 448 dc in cash which goes directly to the Council Treasury. Life in free territories may be cheaper, but the law isn't as strictly applied there as it would be in dominions.

Negligently dropping his ashes into Louie's brandy, Aldo inquires, "Let's go take a look at this citadel. By the way, Nicky wants a full picture of your branch's activities and how well you did on the tax evasion deal. Get your accounts out, and take a hike on the deck for awhile."

Louie turns paler and greener than usual and seems suddenly to age ten years. After pulling a huge tome and reams of scrolls from under the bench, he silently walks out the cabin and shuts the door behind him.

DM Notes: There are many individual taxes in Glantri, one of the most important being the *Utterance Right*, a tax on professional spell-casting. All spell-casters in Glantri must have a license to practice their craft. Spells cast in exchange for money, or services with a measurable gold value, are taxable at the rate of 10% of the transaction value (the minimum tax comes to 20 ducats), payable to the Great School of Magic to support its expensive budget and promote the craft.

Undercover *Inspectors of the Utterance* are in charge of enforcing the law. Penalties for violations are given in the "Living in Glantri City" section.

Another important internal revenue is the Chancellor's Bill. When a noble gains a new title, or replaces a family member at the head of a dominion, he must pay the *Chancellor's Bill*. It is payable within a month of earning the new title and amounts to 10% of the new dominion's monthly tax income, plus 100 dc

per voting session conducted at the Parliament in which the gaining of the title was involved. If the noble cannot pay, he may relinquish the title or sell part of the estate to pay the Bill. This income helps Glantri cover the cost of the unending Parliament sessions.

The slick gondola veers into a dark, narrow canal. Sordid waste floats on the green water, scraping along the gondola's hull. Above the boat, miserable laundry hangs on wires between decrepit buildings.

Going through the tomes, Aldo checks the income figures, tax returns, and stacks of receipts, analyzing the wealth of each prince. Submerged in the paperwork, he reads obscure columns of numbers through a small crystal cube. Once in a while, results flash in red in the cube; each time, Aldo grumbles "Why, you cheap little crook..."

Wealth of the Principalities:

Principality of Aalban:

Surface: 1,232 sq. miles (22 hexes)
Population: 35,480 (including towns)
Leenz: 4,500
Graez: 1,300

Net Income: 1,967 ct/month (525 ct cash)

The Albanese are specialists at making machines of extremely good quality. They are masters at building siege devices, construction machines, and traps for all sort of monsters. Many are mercenaries. The area is noted for its swine-herding and derivative businesses (leather, grease for machines, pork butchery, etc.). Some local alchemists invented a gaseous substance from pig excrement which they use in heating devices. Aalbanese also grow cabbage, potatoes and grain, and have many fine brewers.

Principality of Belcadiz:

Surface: 1,232 sq. miles (22 hexes)
Population: 12,548 (including towns)
New Alva: 5,100

Net Income: 649 ct/month (147 ct cash)

The elves of Belcadiz are famous for their fine metalworks. They provide Glantri with the rarest and most precious alloys capable of

retaining enchantments, and have developed the making of fine swords and light metal armors to the level of an art. No other state in Glantri matches their workmanship. Belcadiz is also famous for its very fine black lace. The bulbs of Belcadiz are prized for their strength and aggressiveness. Wine and various fruits represent most of the local agriculture. There are a few gold mines in the mountains which bring extra resources to the Princess of Belcadiz.

Principality of Bergdhoven:

Surface: 1,120 sq. miles (20 hexes)
Population: 36,420 (including towns)
Kopstar: 4,500
Altendorf: 2,800

Net Income: 2,535 ct/month (571 ct cash)

The flowers of Bergdhoven are well known in Glantri, for their bright colors, but also because Bergdhovians specialize in using them in perfumes, subtle oils and substances used in alchemy. Fishing is also important here, and much of the fish is sold at the capital. Bergdhoven is also famous for the production of huge round cheese, and for its windmills. The prince traditionally grinds large quantities of purchased grain into flour, then sells it to the capital and exports it to the south. Bergdhovians are known for their artistic taste in jewelry, so many gemcutters are found in Kopstar.

Principality of Blackhill:

Surface: 1,232 sq. miles (22 hexes)
Population: 27,390 (including towns)
Eriadna: 5,500
Volnay: 2,500

Net Income: 1,508 ct/month (413 ct cash)

The largest business in this region is the magically-enhanced production of vegetables and fruits. The area produces very large fruits and vegetables that are sold at the capital. Also grown are grains and a variety of tea used for meditation and medication. The people of Blackhill raise horses and cattle for the Grand Army and for export. Many strange stones lie in the soil under Blackhill (thus its name). The population has discovered black stones that burn slowly and for longer than wood. They are used in heating devices. Black oil is also present in the ground; alchemists use it in some of their potions. Tar pits are not uncommon.

Principality of Boldavia:

Surface: 1,456 sq. miles (26 hexes)
 Population: 14,984 (including towns)
 Rymysigrad: 6,500

Net Income: 812 cr/month (213 cr cash)

Boldavia is a poor country, located almost entirely in hills. The area is notorious for its salt mines worked by convicts and slaves. There is some trade of wild herbs with Erehngarian tribes; that business is conducted in Bramyra, under the eye of the army. Fishing is also important, as is the production of giant salmon eggs. (This is a delicacy usually exported to the capital and to the south.) An unusual trade consists of getting ice chunks from the mountains and transporting them to the capital (magic is used to keep the ice intact in summer). The ice and salt are also vital elements to preserve fish and salmon eggs during transport. Boldavians grow potatoes, most of which are used to brew a strong local beverage. Boldavia also is a large producer of garlic, which is used both for culinary preparations and for house decoration throughout the region.

Principality of Caurenze:

Surface: 1,232 sq. miles (22 hexes)
 Population: 31,820 (including towns)
 Lizzieni: 4,500
 Oreggiano: 2,400

Net Income: 1,756 cr/month (484 cr cash)

Caurenze is the homeland of the most brilliant Glantrian architects. The populace quarries stone of all sorts, including varieties of fine marble. Much of that is transported to the capital, under the army's escort. Gold mines and precious stone are another resource. Olives are an important crop in Caurenze, and used to make fine oils and soaps. Monsters are captured in bordering mountains and brought back to the capital; the people of Caurenze have also developed the art of raising uncommon creatures in captivity. Once a year, people gather in arenas to observe monster combats and other horrors. Also, Caurenze is a producer of heavy weapons and armor. The best heavy warhorses and chariots are from Caurenze.

Principality of Erewan:

Surface: 1,288 sq. miles (23 hexes)
 Population: 26,920 (including towns)
 Erendyl: 4,800

Net Income: 1,415 cr/month (338 cr cash)

The elves of Erewan are great bowyers and fletchers. Their production is limited, but of excellent quality. They produce rare woods, which they sell sculpted at the client's request, and herbs of all sorts. Erewnani art, in all its forms (poetry, sculpting, painting, music, etc.), is the finest in Glantri, and Erewan has the highest literacy level in Glantri. Many scribes and translators live in Erendyl, where paper factories thrive. The elven scholars are among the best in land. These elves produce much beeswax and honey, a large quantity of which is sold at the capital. They are also excellent horse trainers. Traditionally, the best and fastest light horses come from Erewan.

Principality of Klantyre:

Surface: 1,456 sq. miles (26 hexes)
 Population: 28,060 (including towns)
 Glenmoorloch: 3,200
 Tavish: 1,900

Net Income: 1,125 cr/month (317 cr cash)

A variety of longhaired sheep is raised in Klantyre, providing a large quantity of wool and meat. The second largest business here is lumber: Glenmoorloch is a large center for woodwork, especially for construction of houses and bridges. There are many banks in Glenmoorloch; their bankers and money-changers are known to be the shrewdest in Glantri. Through Glenmoorloch, a lot of gold enters and leaves Glantri with no questions asked. The area grows grain and potatoes, some of which used for the production of a famous local drink.

Principality of Kronbahar:

Surface: 1,176 sq. miles (21 hexes)
 Population: 26,540 (including towns)
 Braastar: 7,500

Net Income: 1,477 cr/month (416 cr cash)

The most prized production of Kronbahar is its beautiful silks. Rows of mulberry trees are grown to support colonies of silk worms. Magic is used to speed up production. Cattle are also raised, both for meat and dairy products such as the local specialty, the yogurt. Many leather goods are exported, particularly coats, gloves and boots. The best saddles of Glantri are thought to be made in Kronbahar. The people of this region also raise a breed of small horses, mainly for

regional use or for the children of nobles.

Principaute de la Nouvelle Averoigne:

Surface: 1,428 sq. miles (25.5 hexes)
 Population: 29,540 (including towns)
 Yvonnes: 5,200
 Perigon: 1,200
 Ximes: 2,500

Net Income: 1,591 cr/month (418 cr cash)

New Averoigne is famous for its excellent wines and sparkling beverages sold all over the nation. Its specialty is all food-related businesses. Local chefs boast they can cook anything, from normal ingredients to monster meats. Many fruits, vegetables, meats, and dairy products are available in this pleasant region. The inhabitants are an easy-going people, and the area boasts many famous entertainers and actors.

Weavers produce many clothes in various styles. New Averoigne is probably the largest producer of furs, especially different types of wolf. These fur coats can reach high gold value at the capital, because of their workmanship, and nobles they are a mark of class among the nobles. Belladonna is also a local production.

The Glantrian Treasury

At the sound of the timid knock, Aldo raises his head and answers "What?"

"Eb, Aldo. We made it to the citadel. Want to have a look?" says Louie from behind the door.

Aldo yanks the door open and Louie falls flat on his face. "Get in here. I'll show you citadels!" Aldo grabs Louie by the collar and drops him on the bench like a bag of dirty laundry.

"You call this an accounting log?" snarls Aldo, waving a fistful of scrolls under Louie's face. "You thought you could cheat the boss, eh? You're cheap, Louie. We dragged you out of the gutter, and by the Blade, you're going back—but not before I'm done with you! And where are the figures on the Council's Treasury?"

DM Notes: This last year, the Treasury earned an average cash income of approximately 11,739 cr per month. Out of this impressive amount, 7,150 cr goes to the Grand Army in salaries, maintenance and

The Glantrian Economy



supplies. The princes' charges cost another 1,160 cr each month. The constabulary gets 640 cr in salaries and equipment for constables, spies, magistrates, and various anti-subversion programs. Council and parliament officials get 580 cr (ministers, scribes, provosts, Reeves, etc). The Council supports the Great School of Magic and pays another 300 cr to its Grand Master over and above the Uterance Right.

Land development and maintenance cost about 950 cr (upkeep of roads, forns, towns, agricultural and mining prospection and exploitation in free-territories, and people welfare in case of famine). Glantri also secretly spends around 600 cr each month in covert aid of foreign wizard guilds and sects. A lot of this gold goes, for example, to individuals in Etheengar and Ylaruum. Finally, the Council saves 359 cr each month for holidays, banquets at the citadel, or any other unforeseen event. The Council Vault presently contains 12,320 crowns.

The gondolier appears at the door, visibly nervous. "Uh, boss? It's getting dark and curfew time is close. Should we turn back?" Then he notices Louie lying on the floor, a large lump on his head.

"Come down here, Luigi, and help me tie him up. From now on, I give the orders here!" declares Aldo.

A moment later, as the two prepare to drop a large sack into the filthy water, a beam of light surprises them.

"Freeze! Glantri Vice!" comes the shout. A heavily-armored gondola loaded with constables slowly sways in their direction. "You are surrounded! Drop your wands and come out with your hands on your mouth!"

"Cheese it, the constables! Let's go!" yells Aldo. The gondolier shouts a command and the water elementals roar up, violently pulling the gondola away. Nearly capsizing, the boat barely negotiates a turn

around the block, while the elementals roar horribly with the effort.

A hundred yards away, a large armored barge blocks the intersection. A constable stands at the bow, manning a large rod on a swivel. In a moment, the rod fires a ball of fire that barely misses the zig-zagging gondola; steam rises from the water.

"Forget it, pal!" shouts the gondolier as he dives into the water. Panicked, Aldo pulls out his hand-crossbow and points it at the constable—then a huge ball of fire engulfs the boat. In a matter of seconds, the slick black gondola is reduced to a smoldering wreck, quickly sinking into the murky canal waters.

Wiping sweat off his forehead, a constable murmurs, "Too bad about Louie. He should have warned us earlier. There goes another good informer. But, by Rad, at least we'll get the bounty this time!"

The Grand Army of Glantri

AN INTRODUCTION by PRINCE JAGGAR, WARDEN OF THE MARCHES:

"Our military forces are rather few in numbers but the quality of the troops more than makes up for the size. Because of the profession of highly educated spell-casters in our ranks, the Grand Army is one of the most effective in the known world. This also explains why the army represents barely one percent of our total population.

"In wartime, we are organized in eight divisions commanded by Prince Jherek of Krondahar, Prince Morphail of Boldavia, Prince Brannart of Klantyre, Prince Volospin of Blackhill, Princess Carlolina of Erewan, Prince Vanserie of Bergdhoven, Princess Carnelia of Belkadiz, and finally myself. I have the pleasure of being the honorary supreme commander, the Warden of the Marches.

"Each commander controls a Division of approximately 860 soldiers, organized in four Banners. Our Fighting Manual, called the *War Machine*, describes our troops as follows:

Type of Unit: Regular Division

Troop Class: Excellent; BR 159

MV: 12 miles/day (3rd & 4th Banners can move up to 24 miles/day if alone)

Army Commander: Prince or family member, (M18 minimum) riding a pegasus (CB +1, Int +1, Wis +1, with appropriate magic items).

Deputy Army Commander: Traditionally a count, but a family member or a fighter loyal to the Prince's House is sufficient (12th level F or M minimum), riding a pegasus.

1st Banner: 120 elite M3 human cavalry, armed with daggers and slings, riding war-horses; plus 4 sergeants (M4) and a captain (M5)

2nd Banner: 240 elite F2 human cavalry, armed with bows and swords, riding war-horses; plus 6 sergeants (F3) and a captain (F4)

3rd Banner: 240 regular F2 human mounted infantry, armed with bows and swords, riding normal horses for transportation only; plus 6 sergeants (F5) and a captain (F4)

4th Banner: identical to 3rd Banner.

"In times of peace, our Grand Army is deployed differently to watch over the borders and maintain civil law. The troops are garrisoned in five fortresses defending Glantri's

borders, a few camps, major towns and in the capital city, as follows:"

Town of Braastar: Jherek's 2nd Banner, under the jurisdiction of the Prince of Krondahar (Jherek Virayana)

Camp of Bramyra: at the village of Bramyra; Morphail's and Carnelia's 4th Banners; all under the command of Don Diego de Belkadiz

Town of Erendyl: Carlolina's 4th Banner, under the jurisdiction of the Princess of Erewan (Carlolina Erewan)

City of Glantri: Carlolina's, Jherek's and Volospin's 1st & 3rd Banners; all under the jurisdiction of the Constable of Glantri (Jherek Virayana).

Town of Glenmoorloch: Brannart's 3rd Banner, under the jurisdiction of the Prince of Klantyre (Brannart McGregor)

Camp Huledain: 48 miles south of the village of Huledain; Volospin's and Carlolina's 2nd Banners, all under the jurisdiction of Sir Qendlor Erewan.

Town of Kopstar: Vanserie's 3rd Banner, under the jurisdiction of the Prince of Bergdhoven (Vanserie Vlaadoen)

Town of Leenz: Jaggar's 3rd Banner, under the jurisdiction of the Prince of Aalban (Jaggar von Drachenfels)

Town of Lizzieni: Jaggar's 4th Banner, under the jurisdiction of the Prince of Cauzenze (Innocenti di Malapetra)

Fort Monteleone: Carnelia's 1st & 2nd, under the jurisdiction of the Viceroys of Monteleone (Don Hippolito de Belkadiz)

Town of New Alva: Carnelia's 3rd Banner, under the jurisdiction of the Princess of Belkadiz (Carnelia de Fedoria of Belkadiz)

Fort Nordling: Jaggar's 1st & 2nd Banners, under the jurisdiction of the Viceroys of Nordling (Jaggar von Drachenfels)

Town of Rymyskigrad: Morphail's 3rd Banner, under the jurisdiction of the Prince of Boldavia (Morphail Gorevitch Wozslany)

Fort Sablestone: Brannart's 1st & 2nd Banners, under the jurisdiction of the Viceroys of Sablestone (Brannart McGregor)

Skullhorn Pass Camp: at mid-point in the pass; Brannart's and Jherek's 4th Banners, all under command of Sir Duncan McGregor

Fort Tchernovodsk: Morphail's 1st & 2nd, under the jurisdiction of the Viceroys of Tchernovodsk (Morphail Gorevitch-Wozslany)

Town of Volnay: Volospin's 4th Banner, under the jurisdiction of the Prince of Blackhill (Volospin Aendyr)

Town of Vyonnes: Vanserie's 4th Banner,

under the jurisdiction of the Prince of New Averogne (Etienne d'Ambreville)

Fortresse d'Ylourgne: Vanserie's 1st & 2nd Banners, under the jurisdiction of the Viceroys of Ylourgne (Innocenti di Malapetra)

"These troops are in charge of patrolling up to 48 miles away from their garrison in order to maintain law and order. At peace, the troops are under the "jurisdiction" of the noble in charge of the area. For example, my 4th Banner at Lizzieni is under the command of Prince Innocenti di Malapetra; it is to remain within Cauzenze. At war, I would resume command immediately. Troops in forts or camps can patrol any area not under another noble's jurisdiction. Princes usually delegate the responsibility over town order and law to a Constable who is then entitled to command the local garrison.

"Although troops must follow orders of an assigned leader, there may be some friction between high ranking commanders and captains if they are not of the same origins. For example, an elven commander may get some dark looks from a captain of Volospin's Army when both are assigned to Camp Huledain. Troops of different armies have a natural tendency to avoid each other, forming clans within the same garrison. Different languages may add to the problem. Despite frictions, troops will remain loyal to their commanders, but not more than what strict military duty requires.

"Dominions, baronies and principalities alike can raise a militia of about 10% of the local population to defend their borders. Nobles' towns have a personal guard of 20 to 60 soldiers remaining with the dominion. The amount and quality of troops depend on the noble's wealth and rank. For example, the Archduke of Westheath owns the following force:"

Tower Guards: MV 24; BR 110; Troop Class Excellent; 10 M3 with daggers, riding light war horses; and 25 M2 mounted infantry, with swords and bows, riding normal horses: two sergeants (F3) and a captain (M5).

Politics and Rivalries in Glantri

The Hall of History is in a state of hysteria! The crowd of barons, dukes, and spokesmen are up on the benches, raising fists, snarling and cursing, while some keep a hand on their wands, a dark look in their eyes. The Chancellor of the Parliament frantically hammers as the magistrates try to calm the crowd.

"Silence! Silence, I say, or I'll have the ball evacuated!" shouts the Chancellor. The uproar goes on for a moment and finally calms down somewhat.

A man stands in the middle of the hall, dressed in uniform and high cavalry boots. "Yes, by Rad! We will get them!" he exhorts. "Hah! Give me five thousand men and I, Prince Jaggar von Drachenfels, will scatter these yellow-bellied horsemen like dust in the wind!"

The crowd roars again and a man points a skeletal finger at the Prince. "And perhaps we shall defend Glantri with only two thousand men? You are jeopardizing our entire nation! Truly, your ego has overwhelmed your intellect, dear Prince!"

Shouts of fury come from the crowd as a small ball of fire bursts high up in the hall's vault. A noble, up on a higher bench in the back, yells, "Deal with the threat now! We are doomed if we sit still. Death to the Khan!"

The crowd roars again and a lightning bolt dashes across the hall. Amidst the cries of anger and the Chancellor's frantic banging on his desk, a man and a frail woman sit in a far corner, still and quiet in the dark.

In a low voice, the woman says to the other, "Don't be alarmed. Every day is like this! You understand now why we nobles only send professional spokesmen."

The other nervously pulls on his beard. "This is what I have to face tomorrow? These are not wizards—they are more like wild beasts! I cannot believe that a nation of this size is run this way!"

The woman smiles. "Well, Altheim is a long way away; this is a humans' realm. But don't worry, there is no danger while the dogs bark!"

The bearded man's hood slides off to reveal the pointed ears of an elf. "There is no time to waste. I will need to know whom all these ruffians are so I can present my request. There is a great gain for the elves of Altheim if we succeed—and for you as well, my dear Esmeralda."

THE WEB OF INTRIGUE

HOUSE OF CROWNGUARD

The elven woman, Esmeralda, discreetly points at a quiet man sitting close to the Chancellor. "That hooded man over there: avoid him like the plague. He is the spokesman for Prince McGregor. There is a feel of sickness to this human; I am certain his master is a necromancer. His tower is rumored to be haunted—not surprising! Play him against the House of Igorov; they are rivals in necromancy."

Ruler: Prince Brannatt McGregor
Siege: Principality of Klantyre at Crownguard
Alignment: Chauvinistic Scots of Chaois
Voting Power: 16 at the Council,
33 at the Parliament

Family: Sir Duncan, son; Lady Barbara, daughter; Sir Quentin, son; Lady Mary, Quentin's wife; Sir Bruce, Mary's brother; Lord Alasdair McAllister, Barbara's husband; Sir Angus, Quentin's son; Sir Sean McAllister, Alasdair's son.

Allies: Lady Mira McDuff, Baroness of Uigmuir; Lord Alasdair McAllister, Count of Glenargyll; Lord Eachainn McDougall, Marquis of Dunvegan.

Foes: Houses of Sylaire and Igorov.

Origins: The McGregors came from the same world as the d'Ambrevilles, from a land similar to medieval Scotland. The McGregors arrived in Glantri when one of them found the d'Ambrevilles' magical gate (see House of Sylaire for details). Wanted for witchcraft in their own world, many made the transition to this world, and today's nobles of the House of Crownguard are their descendants.

Since then, the McGregors had many rulers for their clan, most of whom were beheaded or assassinated by rivals. Some come back from Beyond to haunt their towers. Although they all plot to become Prince of Klantyre, they are quick to rally against outsiders.

Lord Brannatt is a lich of the Radiance (see "The Secret of the Radiance" for details). His kin don't realize this, although they know he practices necromancy. Brannatt never leaves Crownguard. On the rare occasions when he meets visitors, a spokesman acts as intermediary, or Brannatt conceals his true appearance with illusions.

Ties to the House of Sylaire: After moving a substantial number of people, the McGregors were unable to keep the gate open. This loss provoked the anger of the d'Ambrevilles, who

NOBILITY AND VOTING

Glantri is a magocracy, a nation ruled by a council of ten wizard-princes. The nation's administration is conducted through votes at the Council of Princes, in Glantri City. Ministers handle lesser business. Whenever a tie occurs at the Council or less than six prince are available, the House of Lords assembles at the Parliament and votes their decision. Attendance of voting sessions is not requirement.

Nobles control dominions, but owe fealty to the Council. Wizard-princes rule over principalities which are semi-independent realms. The laws within principalities, local taxes and other administrative details are up to the princes, but they must obey the general decisions of the Council. Lands that are not part of a dominion or a principality are called "free territories." The Council administers them directly.

The Voting Business: All decisions at the Council or at the Parliament are made by vote. The voting powers of nobles and princes vary, depending on their titles.

Baron	4 points	Viscount	5 points
Count	6 points	Marquis	7 points
Duke	8 points	Archduke	9 points
Prince	10 points		

Princes with several titles and charges have cumulative points. The charges have the following values:

Viceroy of a Fort	1 point
Treasurer of the Council	2 points
Chamberlain of the Land	4 points
Chancellor of the Princes	6 points
Supreme Judge of the Council	8 points
Grand Master of the School	10 points

Example: Sire Etienne d'Ambreville, Prince of New Avertorio, Grand Master of the School and Vicomte de Sylaire, has a personal voting power of 25 points.

At the council, a request is rejected with 50 votes or less; it is accepted with 80 votes or more. Between 51 and 79 votes, the Council must appeal to the Parliament. All votes at the Council are confidential, using the system of the black ball.

Parliament votes are counted by the raising of hands. Requests scoring two-thirds or more of the nobles' votes are accepted. Below that score, they are rejected. If, at the end of a vote at the Parliament, two or more nobles claim the result of the vote unsatisfactory, they may settle their dispute in the Dueling Court at the Great School of Magic.

Voting Representatives: Many wizards (or adventurers) dislike wasting time voting, so they send representatives. It can be a family member or a professional from the Guild of Spokesmen (see the "Guilds and Brotherhoods" section). Both must be legally registered at the Parliament to thwart imposters.

The Order of Radiance: An old Glantrian legend says that a great power radiated from the capital. It enhanced the power of mages who knew its secret. It was thought to be strong at the capital and weak at the nation's borders.

It became a custom to award higher ranked nobles dominions closer to the capital, while lesser nobility remained far away from the capital where the magical aura was weak. This is called the Order of Radiance. This custom does not affect Princes who often reside in Glantri City, near the Council Palace.

Thus, baronies are created no closer than 180 miles from the capital, viscounties at no less than 120 miles, counties at 80 miles, marquisates at 50 miles, duchies at 40 miles and archduchies at no less than 30 miles from the capital. The Council will never allow dominions within 30 miles of the capital.

Becoming a Glantrian Noble: By law, one must be a wizard (9th level magic-user) to become noble. The wizard must either perform a great deed for the Council or graduate from the School of Magic. Then, the wizard must gain audition at the Council where his request is either accepted or rejected.

A newly "elected" noble starts as a baron with a vacant dominion or, if none is available, he must create his own. A baron's title is tied to his dominion's name. For example: Lord Wuryla takes over the old Tower of Mariksen — he becomes Baron of Mariksen.

The baron gets to name his dominion if he creates it. The chosen name is permanent, in deference to the noble who founds the barony and builds its tower.

DM Note: This whole system should be used to enhance role-play whenever a PC seeks a favorable decision. To be granted a favor, a PC should campaign and negotiate with nobles or princes to get the most favorable votes possible. Alliances and enmities exist among nobles; openly meeting one can mean making sure enemies elsewhere. The nobles' secret allegiances are given in the Web of Intrigue, in this chapter. In short, a PC ignoring the role-play aspect of this society should have no success at politics. His chances at using the Radiance are thus jeopardized.

also were in process of bringing more people over. Since then, the d'Ambrevilles have carried a grudge against the McGregors.

Ties to the House of Igorov: Brannart's secret is known to the Baron of Igorov. He is perceived as a rival to the baron. Brannart knows the true nature of the Boldavian nobles (see below) and considers them lesser beings that owe him fealty.

HOUSE OF IGOROV

Preoccupied, the bearded elf asks Esmeralda, "Who is this young noble, sitting across from the McGregor envoy? He seems to be watching him closely."

"The pretty one?" answers the eleven lady. "He's Boris, Prince Morphaill's brother. Despite his appearance, he is a subtle politician. Every time he needs support, unlikely allies show up to defend his cause. He must be using magic. The Boldavians have always been neutral to the elves. They are now in conflict with the House of Sylaire, which accuses them of abducting a d'Ambreville."

Ruler: Prince Morphaill Gorevitch-Wozlany
Siege: Principality of Boldavia, at Igorov
Alignment: Expansionist chaotic vampires
Voting Power: 15 at the Council,
 35 at the Parliament

Family: Sir Boris, brother; Lady Tatyana, sister; Sir Mikhail, brother.

Allies: Lady Natacha Datchenka, Baroness of Pavlova; Lord Piotr-Grygory Timenko, Baron of Kutchevski; Lord Youri Ivanov, Baron of Palatinsk; Lady Szasza Markovitch, Baroness of Vladimirov; Lord Laszlo Wutylya, Baron of Mariksen.

Foes: Houses of Crownguard, Silverston and Sylaire.

Origins: The Boldavian are a mix of Traladaran (Karamaic) and Flaemish outcasts. Prince Morphaill's power is due to his obsession with immortality. He managed to gain an Immortal's attention, and promised to serve him for as long as he would live in this world, if the Immortal would reveal him the path to Immortality. The Immortal was Alphaks (see module M1), a Lord of Entropy. He accepted Morphaill's kind offer, and gave him a great quest at the end of which Morphaill became a nosferatu (see the "Critters of the Cauldron" section). Claiming that he had lived up to his word, Alphaks then reminded Morphaill he was bound to serve him as long as he "lived" in Glantri.

Morphaill's mission is to spread the twin curses of the vampire and the nosferatu. So far, all of the prince's family and the barons forming the House of Igorov have become undead under Morphaill's control. They rarely leave their towers, always using spokesmen, or conducting business at night.

Ties to the House of Sylaire: Etienne d'Ambreville dislikes Morphaill for his morbid use of necromancy, and for allowing these curses to plague his land. Etienne is sensitive to this, considering New Aveoigne itself has undergone an epidemic of lycanthropy.

Ties to the House of Silverston: Prince Volospin is a pure Alphatian (see module M1). Alphaks almost totally destroyed his ancestors. Volospin has sworn the destruction of Alphaks' followers (the Boldavian nobles).

Ties with the House of Klantyre: See House of Klantyre for details. The Gorevitch-Wozlans act very friendly toward the McGregors (and all other houses) in hopes of transmitting their noble diseases to their "colleagues," thus turning them to their side. However, the House of Crownguard ignores all invitations to Boldavia.

HOUSE OF LINDEN

A wizard on the other side of the hall points his finger at the bearded elf. "How dare you show up today! At least three heretics have been caught in your barony!"

The elf starts to jump to his feet when Esmeralda holds his arm. "Hold it; He's not talking to you."

A man with a strange copper headgear sits two benches away from the elves. He stands to answer, "It is not I who trade illegal horses with the Khan!"

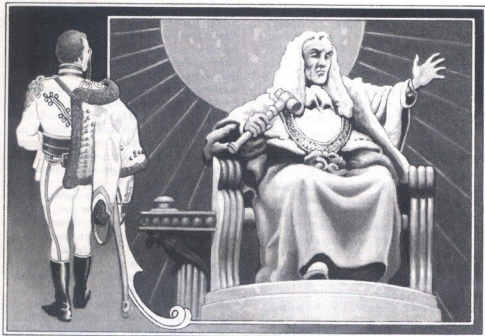
"You think he heard us?" wonders the elf. "It was rather noisy for human ears. I wonder how he got so close. Who is he?"

"He is the Baron of Oxhill, a pawn of Prince Vanserie. Their secret sect, the Followers of the Fire, is a joke among elves. The Vlaardoens are our worst enemies, claiming they discovered and populated this land before everyone else. Play them against the House of Silverston."

Ruler: Prince Vanserie Vlaardoen XI
Siege: Principality of Bergdhoven, at Linden
Alignment: Vengeful Followers of the Flame
Voting Power: 17 at the Council,
 32 at the Parliament

Family: Sir Anton, brother; Lady Wilhelmine, wife; Lady Juliana, daughter.
Allies: Lord Pieter Vandehaar, Baron of

Politics and Rivalries in Glantri



Oxhill; Lady Rowena Krollnar, Viscountess of Bergen; Lady Sinaria Verlien, Countess of High Sonden.

Foes: Houses of Singhabad, Silverston, the Clans of Ellerovyn and Belcadiz.

Origins: The Vlaardoens are the oldest Flaemish family. Glantri was once the bastion of the Flaemish civilization, but through the course of history, their hold over Glantri has been reduced to one principality. In general, the Flaemish believe they are the ruling class, since they were the first to civilize this region.

Ties to the House of Silverston: The Vlaardoens are of Alphanian descent. In another world, the Flaems were followers of an Immortal called Alphaks (see module M1). They were fighting another faction of Alphatians, the Followers of Air. Alphaks caused the downfall of both. Since then, the surviving Followers of Flame settled in Glantri, while the Followers of Air founded the Alphanian Empire in the east. Although Alphaks is now their common foe, these two factions are fierce enemies. Both Houses struggle to eliminate each other.

Ties to the House of Igonov: The House of Linden is violently opposed to the Gorewitch-Wozslanys because of their sworn allegiance to Alphaks (see above).

Ties to the Elves: The Flaemish hold all elves responsible for the war that reduced the Flaemish power in Glantri.

Ties to the House of Singhabad: The House of Linden is also fiercely opposed to the Khan

of Singhabad because Ethengarians were ancestral enemies of the Flaemish at the time the latter colonized the area. Vanserie believes an ancestor of Jherek forced the daughter of an old Flaemish family to marry him and reveal secrets on the Radiance. They are campaigning to have the House of Virayana banished to Ethengar and the ownership of Krondahar returned to a Flaemish family.

House of Ritterburg

The prince in white still stands in the middle of the hall, provoking more uproars among the nobles. The elf finally asks, "But who is this fool?"

"If he is a fool, he is a dangerous one," answers Esmeralda. "He is the Prince of Aalban, a powerful wizard and a great battlefield commander. His strategy is to gain command of the Grand Army and lead a crusade against the Khan's heretics and the Emirates of Ylaruam. He is skillful enough to win, but if he loses, Glantri is doomed. He is a foe of the Ethengarian House of Singhabad. He will help you if you, as diplomat of Allheim, support his cause."

Ruler: Prince Jaggar von Drachenfels

Siege: Principality of Aalban, at Ritterburg
Alignment: Warmongering Military Technocrats

Voting Power: 16 at the Council,
32 at the Parliament

Awarding Higher Nobility Titles: The most common way of obtaining a higher title is when a noble dies without a wizard heir. In this case, his family is dispossessed and nobles with the next closest title compete to take over the "vacant" dominion. For example, the Archduke of Westheath passes on. The Duke of Hightower and the Duchess of Fenswick both compete for the title. If only one gets sufficient votes to qualify for the vacant title, either from the Council or the Parliament, the title is awarded to the winner. Should both or neither get the minimum votes, whether at the Council or at the Parliament, then both must duel at the Dueling Court—a method of decision which is most pleasing to the population. The winner is awarded both title and dominion.

Should Lady Margaret of Hillsbury be the final winner, she becomes the Archduchess of Westheath (dropping her former title of Duchess of Fenswick). She must move to the new dominion, therefore leaving the Duchy of Fenswick vacant for other nobles.

Nobles with the next closest title, the Marquis, may now compete for the vacant duchy (etc.). The process goes on until all vacant titles are awarded, usually leaving a barony vacant until a new noble is named.

The award of vacant titles is called the "Awards Festival." It is an entertaining period that draws crowds of visitors. In an attempt to gain more votes, the petitioning nobles usually spend money and magic in flashy ways in order to impress princes and barons alike. Some of the most legendary characters of Glantrian history have gained a key title, not because of the number of their allies or their reputation as great nobles, but essentially because of the most stunning demonstrations of new spectacular magic—which all learning mages care to glimpse. Duels are equally spectacular, especially for those who manage to buy a seat at the Dueling Court.

The biggest problem for nobles is moving to a new dominion. Guilds of Movers are specialized in moving wizards, their families, possessions and darkest secrets to anywhere in Glantri, for a great sum of gold. Poorer nobles rely on their retainers' services to move through the treacherous Glantrian hills. Of course, banditry is common during these moments of confusion.

Another risk comes with the tower a noble moves into. It often happens the previous occupant was a foe of the tower's new owner. Deadly creatures or hidden traps may remain behind; this is considered fair play among the Glantrian nobles. This is the ultimate proof the noble is worthy of his newly acquired

title—or at the very least, it may be perceived as a practical joke.

Becoming a Prince: The most coveted goal of all nobles is to become a Prince and gain control over a large territory. The last principality to be founded began a century ago. The elves controlled a single large principality, but internal rivalries and revolts led to the separation of the principality into two distinct territories. The other princes were all too glad to allow the division of this dominating power. Thus were created the Principalities of Eirwan and Belcadiz.

Other possibilities are the death of an heirless prince or an Act of Enfeoffment. To avoid the first case, princes raise their progeny in the arts of magic. In case of an heirless death, the current archduke is awarded the principality. His old dominion then becomes vacant and lesser nobles may petition for it.

For an Act of Enfeoffment, representatives of at least 5,000 people living more than 80 miles away from the capital must first request their enfeoffment by a noble of their choice. This enables the Council to create new princes for economically depressed areas that need better administration. New Averoigne is an example of an Enfeoffment Act in favor of Etienne d'Ambreville.

The Council favors principalities in the Fort Sablestone and Bramyain regions. Nobles have been competing for years in order to gain the local population's support. The local chaotic situation has prevented any success so far.

Council Charges: Positions such as the Viceroyalty of a Fort, the Treasury of the Council, Supreme Court of the Council, Grand Mastery of the School, Chamberlain of the Land and Chancellery of the Princes are called *charges* and are awarded only to Princes. Competition is fierce to obtain them. Since these are not family titles, other princes may compete to gain a new charge, as described for titles.

There are five charges of Viceroy or Vicerqueen in Glantri, one for each of the five forts. These charges enable the holder to command the troops in the fort in case of local invasions, raids or revolts. A viceroy is responsible for sending patrols up to 48 miles away to maintain law and order. A Viceroyalty pays 100 c per month from the national treasury.

The Treasurer of the Council's duty is to maintain a healthy national treasury. This charge enables him to propose new taxes and enforce them among the population. The Treasurer must also propose a budget for all the other charges at the beginning of every year, which is usually a period of intense



Family: Frau Hildegarde, mother; Frau Gertrud, wife; Frau Helgar, sister; Herr Sigmund, son; Herr Rodrick, son.

Allies: Herr Franz Lowentrot, Baron of Adlerturn; Herr Rolf von Graustein, Viscount of Blofeld; Lady Mariana Terlagand, Marchioness of Berrym.

Foes: Houses of Sirechia, Silverston and Singhabad.

Origins: The von Drachenfels clan was created by the union of two rebellious families, one Thyatian, the other Alphatian. Violent family clashes regularly divide Ritterburg. Between quarrels, the von Drachenfels became local heroes when they allied their talents in magic to their skill in combat to defeat fearsome dragons in the Wendarian Ranges. Since then, dragon hunting has become the traditional family business. They are now the main suppliers of spell and alchemy components from dragon material.

The von Drachenfels are also able army commanders, appreciated by their officers and troops because of their experience in the field. Jaggar has earned the honorary title of Warden of the Marches, for winning several decisive victories in the name of Glantri. High morale is common among his soldiers.

Ties to the House of Kronidahar: Jaggar is campaigning at the Council to declare war upon Ethengar, to satisfy his military ambitions and put an end to the eastern peril. This has earned him the antipathy of the Prince of Kronidahar.

Ties with Silverston and Sirechia: These two Houses do not recognize the existence of Ritterburg, because it was created by an alliance of Alphatian and Thyatian outcasts. But interested parties in the Council like the house's good military commanders, and enjoy having a tough adversary for the powerful House of Silverston present.

House of Silverston

Continuing her discussion, Esmeralda points to another spokesman. "Watch out for this one. He is the representative for Prince Volospin Aendyr."

The other elf raises an eyebrow. "Sounds like an Alphatian name."

"Bullseye!" answers Esmeralda. "We caught a merchant on his way to Silverston; he bore interesting papers. They revealed invisible markings. We haven't yet managed to find the key to the code, but one thing is sure: the Aendyrs must be dealing with Alphatia. Beware of dealing with them; they are treacherous."

Ruler: Prince Volospin Aendyr
Siege: Principality of Blackhill, Silverston
Alignment: Sneaky Alphatian Imperialists
Voting Power: 22 at the Council,

41 at the Parliament

Family: Sir Uthar, brother; Lady Serena, wife;

Sir Lathan, son; Lady Thylera, daughter.

Allies: Lady Arbana Jerbat, Viscountess of

Politics and Rivalries in Glantri

Redstone; Lord Emeth Urbaal, Count of Wylon; Lady Margaret of Hillsbury, Duchess of Fenswick.

Foes: Houses of Sirecchia, Ritterburg, Linden, and Igorov.

Origins: The Aendrys came with the Wizard-Prince Halzynthram during the dark years of Glantri. After Halzynthram's death, his followers, including the Aendrys, retreated to the area that is now Silverston.

Volospin is distantly related to Empress Eriadna of Alphatia. He keeps in touch in hopes to gain some magical knowledge that would give him an edge over the wizards of Glantri. Eriadna secretly maintains a permanent agent in Blackhill, seeking to learn something useful about the Radiance.

Ties to the House of Sirecchia: Spies suspected the relationship of the Aendrys with Alphatia and reported their thoughts to Prince of Caurenze. Innocenti, of Thyatian origins, became Volospin's most virulent foe. The free territory between the two dominions is the site of numerous illegal military clashes. In the same spirit, Volospin is reluctant to let anyone cross the border to Caurenze.

Ties to the House of Ritterburg: Volospin does not recognize Ritterburg because their dynasty was founded by the union of Thyatian and Alphanian outcasts.

Ties to the House of Linden: Linden was the first to oppose the Aendrys' arrival in Glantri. They also happen to be a distant rival faction of Alphanians who once fought the Aendrys in a bloody war.

Ties to the House of Igorov: They are another foe of Volospin's because they are secret followers of Alphaks, an Immortal being responsible in part for the great war between the two Alphanian factions.

House of Singhabad

"No, my lord! Krondahar does not harbor heretics! You should know the Khan has put a bounty on Prince Virayana's head—how could this be a gesture of friendship?" says a spokesman with Ethengarian looks.

"He has a point," mumbles the elf.

"But I do see a man of the steppes here!"

"He does have Ethengarian blood, but he was probably born in Krondahar, a dominion of Ethengarian outcasts who became wizards. As hard as it is to believe, they have been faithful to Glantri, so far. The Virayanas keep a low diplomatic profile, so don't count on them for help."

Ruler: Prince Jherek Virayana IV

Siege: Principality of Krondahar, Singhabad

Alignment: Lawful Pacifists of Ethengar

Voting Power: 25 at the Council,

32 at the Parliament

Family: Lady Lan-Syn, wife; Lady Aleah, wife; Lady Waira, wife; Sir Ralindi, son; Sir Rejladan, son; Lord Urmahid Krinagar, Lan-Syn's brother.

Allies: Lord Urmahid Krinagar, Count of Skullhorn Pass; and Lord John Beaumarys-Moorkroft, Duke of Hightower.

Foes: Houses of Linden, Ritterburg.

Origins: Virayanas are of Ethengarian descent, but have lived in Krondahar since the dark years of Glantri. Because they are skillful mages, they are tolerated in Glantri. Jherek's ancestors swore a magical oath that they would never break the Glantrian law against harboring clerical sects. The oath extends to their seventh generation. Its effects are unknown: no Virayanas broke the oath.

Jherek feels some sympathy for his Ethengarian compatriots; however, he knows he would be executed by the Great Khan of Ethengar if captured. He is considered a traitor in Ethengar. Despite this, Jherek maintains contact with his homeland through the use of spies, whom he uses to observe the Great Khan's movements.

Ties to the House of Linden: See House of Linden for details. It is true the first Prince of Virayana married such a Lady, but out of love. Jherek's position of Supreme Judge of the Council has enabled him to easily fend off these allegations.

Ties to the House of Ritterburg: Jherek dislikes the von Drachenfels for their heavy-handed attitude and blundering foreign policies. He considers their efforts to start a war against the Great Khan to be insane and hopeless. Jherek knows of Ethengar's might and fanaticism and he fears for Glantri.

House of Sirecchia

Esmeralda goes on with her explanations:

"The man sitting next to the spokesman of Krondahar is the representative of Sirecchia. The di Malapietras are ancestral enemies of the Aendrys, for good reason: they are of Thyatian descent."

The other notes, "It is surprising neither of these two Houses called upon the help of their parent countries!"

"You are right," says Esmeralda, "but it is more likely that what they really want is

campaigning among the princes. The Treasurer gets 200 cr per month.

The Chamberlain of the Land's devotion is to the land, the development and exploitation of all its wealth, the welfare of the population and the construction of roads, bridges, forts and other vital structures for the nation. Since its creation, this has been a traditional charge of Elven nobles. The annual pay amounts to 120 cr per month.

The Chancellor of the Princes is to speak for the rest of the council when the Princes are absent. This responsibility is the least appreciated because it requires journeys to foreign countries, interrupting the wizard's magical studies. On the other hand, he gets to "phrase" the various motions during votes at the Council which is a critical point considering the way votes function. The pay reaches 160 cr per month.

The Supreme Judge of the Council is in charge of submitting all new laws to the Council, and of enforcing them at any level. The Supreme Judge also acts as Constable of Glantri, leaving him in control of all armies and militia stationed in the capital to defend the city and maintain law and order. City troops patrol the Isoile and northern Vesubian valleys up to 48 miles away. The Supreme Judge's pay reaches 180 cr per month.

The Grand Master of the School is the most illustrious charge of all. It allows the supervision of all activities at the Great School of Magic, and the casting of great spells for the benefit of the nation and its citizens. Even more so than other princes, the Grand Master is the fiercest defender of the wizards' cause. He administers all that is related to the education of the people. Because of its endless source of knowledge, this charge enables the holder to become the most powerful wizard in Glantri and perhaps in the world. No salary comes with this charge.

Political Life in Glantri: The most popular activity among nobles seems to be the almost perpetual campaigning to gain one favor or another. It is the essence of the internal political activity within a society that is notoriously corrupt. If gold opens a few doors, magic opens even more...

Fortunately, a large majority of these nobles use the services of representatives for all voting business. The administration of their fief is similarly left to a valuable seneschal or a trustworthy relative. This allows the nobles to spend their "free" time at personally negotiating with other nobles, plotting obscure moves, researching new spells, or secretly seeking arcane knowledge and rare ingred-

ents. Adventuring is not uncommon among nobility, either in hopes of securing a new magical power, or as frivolous leisure. Wizard-princes often organize gorgeous balls and banquets in their estates in the capital city. Business is discreetly conducted there. These receptions are a most efficient way of meeting key characters, and certainly entertaining.

Running Vote Sessions: Each Prince has a specific attitude toward the other members of the Council and lesser nobles. Nobles are usually grouped in large factions, called "Houses" or "Clans," simplifying voting procedures at the Parliament. There is one House per Wizard-Prince. For example, all the nobles allied to the Prince of Klantyre, and his family, form the House of Crownguard (from the name of the Prince's tower). Thus, there are ten parties in Glantri.

The Houses are either in favor of a request, against it, or neutral. In the latter case, Houses abstain from voting, which speeds up the vote count. Only interested factions vote on an issue.

Suggested voting powers, allies, families and general politics of each House are detailed in the Web of Intrigue. When running voting sessions, assume all the nobles are present or have a representative in order to use the suggested voting powers.

Breaking Allegiances: The loyalty of nobles to one House or another is not always permanent. Princes try their best to retain their vassals' loyalty, either through negotiation or intimidation. When a noble gains a new title, his new dominion may be closer to another principality. The noble may switch allegiances to the closer prince for security reasons. In this case, the former liege becomes a long lasting foe of the disloyal noble. Thus, the higher the title, the more foes a noble is likely to have, because of the number of times he switched allegiances.

Some few nobles never willingly abandon their original House or Clan because of common origins, racial similarity or strong magical bounds. The best examples are the Houses of Igorov, Sylaire, the Clans of Ellerovyn and Alhambra. The barons of the House of Igorov always ignore chances to gain a higher title because it would force them to move elsewhere. Journeys inside a coffin are risky, even for vampires.

Foreign Policies of the Council

Darokin: The most important and vital political partner of Glantri is the Republic of Darokin, essentially because the latter controls the

to remain independent and use their backers to gain influence at the Council. Avoid them, they are Sylaire's foes. You'll do better supporting the d'Ambrevilles."

Ruler: Prince Innocenti di Malapietra
Siege: Principality of Cautenze, at Sirechia
Alignment: Poisonous Thyatian Machiavellians

Voting Power: 16 at the Council,
35 at the Parliament

Family: Signor Giovanni, brother; Signora Letizia, wife; Signorina Lucrecia, sister; Signor Agostino, brother; Signor Bartolomeo, son; Signorina Fiora, daughter.

Allies: Signor Griseo Fulvina, Viscount of Verazzano, and Signor Antonio di Tarento, Viscount of Castelbianco; and Lord Harald of Haaskinz, Archduke of Westheath.

Foes: Houses of Silverston, Ritterburg and Sylaire.

Origins: The di Malapietras were agents of Thyatis scouting the area for colonization. This never occurred, and the di Malapietras decided to settle down. Poison is the family's specialty. They are notorious paranoids. Their history shows that the more paranoid a ruling prince is, the longer he will live.

A secret representative of Thyatis came over recently to rekindle relations with the agents' descendants. Innocenti's intentions are explained in the boxed text above; he did not send any valuable information on Glantri's magical secrets, on the grounds that mere soldiers cannot understand the subtleties of mages such as himself...

Ties to the House of Silverston: See House of Silverston for details. Innocenti suspects the Aendry Princes of maintaining secret relations with Alphaia, though he is cannot prove it.

Ties to the House of Ritterburg: See House of Ritterburg for details. Jaggar's scheme to start a war against the Khan is a direct threat to the Glantrian security. He knows Thyatis would probably intervene.

Ties to the House of Sylaire: Disliking Sylaire's rising power, Innocenti managed to convince the Council that Etienne d'Ambreville should not acquire both the charges of Grand Master of the School and Viceroy of Ylourgne. Innocenti earned the viceroyalty of Ylourgne, which earned him the enmity of the House of Sylaire. Innocenti also secretly plots to have Etienne replaced as head of the school, on the grounds that he is now too old for the job.

House of Sylaire (La Maison de Sylaire)

The great hall suddenly becomes quiet as the main doors open. A lonely figure enters and, without a word, sits down on one of the velvet seats reserved for ruling princes. With a gesture, he waves the "debate" to go on. As suddenly as they stopped, the roars of anger again shake the great hall.

"Well, well. This is our day of luck!" giggles Esmeralda. "The Grand Master himself!" Then, turning to the bearded elf: "This is one you want to have on your side. He happened to recently ruffle the Belcadizan pride—music to our ears! He is the most powerful wizard of Glantri but has many enemies. Apparently, he has had clashes with Igorov and Sirechia for reasons I do not know. He is neutral to the cause of elves in general. I think he can be trusted to a certain extent."

Ruler: Prince Etienne d'Ambreville
Siege: Principality of New Averogine, Sylaire
Alignment: Mutant Werewolves of Averogine
Voting Power: 25 at the Council,
45 at the Parliament

Family: Dame Camille, mother; Dame Catherine, wife; Sire Jean-Louis, son; Sire Claude, son; Sire Richard, brother; Dame Isidore, Richard's wife; Andre-David, Isidore's brother; Magdalene, sister; Sire Charles, brother; Dame Isabelle, Charles' wife; Sire Simon, brother; Sire Henri, brother; Sire Gaston, cousin; Sire Guillaume, cousin; Dame Janette, Guillaume's wife; Dame Marie-Helene, Camille's sister, mother of Gaston and Guillaume (see module X2 for more detail).

Allies: Sire Malachie du Marais, Baron de Morlay; Sire Gilles Grenier, Vicomte de Fausseflammes; Dame Diane de Moriamis, Vicomtesse de Malinbois; Dame Genevieve de Sephora, Comtesse de Touraine.

Foes: Houses of Crownguard, Igorov, Sirechia, and Clan of Alhambra.

Origins: The d'Ambrevilles came from a parallel world similar to medieval France, where sorcery was forbidden and mages burned at the stake. The d'Ambrevilles left through a magical gate and settled in Glantri.

During the darker years of Glantrian history, the d'Ambrevilles and their estate disappeared without a trace, only to reappear years later, as if nothing had happened. In the

Politics and Rivalries in Glantri

meantime, several of his family members betrayed Etienne in hopes of becoming the head of the household. Fortunately, a band of adventurers intervened (see module X2) and saved Etienne from oblivion. Etienne's relatives died; in his great generosity, Etienne wished his relatives back to life. He wisely forced upon them a powerful magical oath to ensure they would not act against him again. These eccentric relatives never again betrayed him, not knowing what kind of horrible fate the oath would bring upon them. The whimsical d'Ambrevilles now spend a great deal of their time embarrassing other nobles.

In their years following their return to Glantri, the d'Ambrevilles managed to assist the passage of other spell-casters from their world to this. These people are now nobles faithful to Sylaire; they, with many of their servants and retainers, now form a fair portion of New Averogne's population. Most speak both Common Glantrian and French. They were quick to call their new domain "La Nouvelle Averogne," and rule it the more to resemble their homeland. Alas, they brought with them the curse of lycanthropy, spreading it through New Averogne's hills.

Ties to the house of Klantyre: See House of Klantyre for details. The d'Ambrevilles accuse the McGregors of losing one of their gates through negligence.

Ties to the House of Sirechia: See House of Sirechia for details. Etienne is aware of Innocent's plot to have his illustrious charge taken from him. In response, he has secretly "exported" healthy werewolves to Caurenze.

Ties to the House of Igorov: See House of Igorov for details. The Boldavian barons are secret followers of Alphaks, an immortal opponent to Etienne. He suspects Alphaks is responsible for corrupting the Radiance.

Ties to the Clan of Alhambra: During a recent visit of courtesy in Belcadiz, the eccentric Sire Henri, Etienne's younger brother, had the audacity to romance a pretty elven lady he knew as Dona Blanca. In fact, it was Blanca's twin sister, Dona Carmina, the fiancée of Princess Carnelia's brother. Carmina was pretending to be her twin sister to avoid her fiancée's suspicion, but Don Hippolito soon discovered the details of the affair. He issued a challenge to Sire Henri, who responded by mocking the elven lord's small size. Sire Henri then ran off with his lover and both settled in Glantri City, enjoying a rather extravagant and decadent life. Don Hippolito and Princess Carnelia feel their entire clan has been insulted by the House of Sylaire. Etienne seems to treat this affair as a frivolous farce and has not paid much attention to the scan-

dal: "Had mon cher Hippolito been more careful with his fiancée, zis would not have happened!"

Clan of Alhambra:

A small, dark-skinned elf stands up from the crowd. "Ha! Now you show up! Perhaps are you afraid to measure yourself against me!"

The elf waves his rapier under Etienne d'Ambreville's nose. "Yes! I, Hippolito de Belcadiz, challenge you to a duel. Since your cowardly brother dares not to defend himself, then you shall speak for Sylaire!"

Etienne, calmly sitting, moves his finger twice and utters a short command. The southern elf then disappears in a puff of smoke. As if nothing happened, the crowd of nobles goes on bickering and arguing.

"Who was this peacock?" asks the elf. "Emeralda smiles. 'Princess Carnelia's brother. Only fools challenge Etienne! Hippolito occasionally represents Belcadiz at the Parliament. He is a direct enemy of ours. Belcadiz has not forgotten the separation of the elves. Needless to add, they are opposed to Sylaire.'"

Ruler: Princess Carnelia de Fedorias y Belcadiz
Siege: Principality of Belcadiz, at Alhambra
Alignment: Proud Elven Swashbucklers
Voting Power: 18 at the Council,
29 at the Parliament

Family: Leontina, mother; Don Hippolito, brother; Dona Carmina, Hippolito's fiancée; Dona Blanca, Carmina's twin sister; Don Alejandro, Blanca's husband; Victoria, Leontina's aunt and mother of Blanca and Carmina; Don Diego, brother; Don Ricardo, brother; Don Miguelito, son; Don Sancho, son; Dona Maria, daughter; Don Carlo, Maria's husband; Dona Yolanda, Leontina's sister, wife of Fernando; Don Fernando de Casanegra, uncle.

Allies: Dona Isabella de Montebello, Baronesa del Egorn; Don Fernando de Casanegra, Marques de Satolas.
Foes: Clan of Ellerovyn, House of Sylaire.

Origins: "La Princesa" rules over the southern elves. They came from a far land, beyond the seas of Thanegioth. They are similar to the elves of Alfheim, although their skin is darker and their hair is black and wavy. They dress and act in the fashion of 17th-century Spanish nobles. Vain and arrogant, their honor is a touchy subject.

caravan routes leading to Glantri. Glantri is in a rather secluded area, locked between high mountains and desert barrens. Little trade comes from the east, and Glantri is paranoid about the intentions of the Ethengarian Khan.

In exchange for a fair trade policy from Darokin, Glantri often offers magical help and advice, and the exclusivity of their commercial exportation. Both seem satisfied with the agreement. The only friction between these two nations has to do with their borders along the Silver Sierras. These mountains are known for their wealth of minerals and both states are still discussing the "official" frontiers in that area.

Ethengar & Ylaruam (see modules B4, X3): Ethengar always represents a risk of invasion and raids. Fortunately, the dry, steep hills at the foot of the Colossus Mounts are a major obstacle for the mounted men of the steppes. The Ethengarian faith in deities, whether good or bad, is known to be vivid, and it is perceived as a threat to a nation of wizards. Even more so, the princes despise the near fanatic faith of the Emirates of Ylaruam (see GAZZ for details) and the insolent way they treat wizards. The heresy of their philosophy is a constant risk to the mages' power in Glantri.

The Ethengar Khanate and Ylaruam broke all ties with Glantri since the day the wizards decided to outlaw all Ethengarian and Ylari immigration into Glantri. Constables near the eastern borders and within the land are always on the lookout for squint-eyed, copper-skinned humans. Ethengarians and Ylari discovered past the border without a legal escort are immediately expelled. Those found beyond the Colossus Mounts usually end up in the darkest dungeons of the capital, there never to be seen again.

An exception to this policy is the Prince of Kronhdar, who is a distant Ethengarian descent. He and his family are unpopular figures out of their principality, but since they are all mages, the Council tolerates them. They are often and unduly blamed for the country's various ills.

Alfheim: They are another political partner of Glantri. The elves sympathize with the wizard-princes' philosophy, essentially because of their interest in magic. Trade of magical knowledge occasionally occurs between the Council and Alfheim. There is, however, a dissent among some of the wizard-princes about Alfheim's influence in their

politics. Alfheim openly supports the Clan of Erendyl, of Alfheim descent, against the Elven Clan of Fedorias y Belcadiz. The Princess of Belcadiz claims Alfheim is meddling with Glantrian internal affairs. Otherwise, the realms are friendly.

Rockhome: Relations with the dwarves of Rockhome are the worst possible. Since the gold rush incident of 926 AC, when the dwarves were accused of bringing the pest to the realm and hunted down without mercy, the clans of Rockhome always had a grudge against Glantri. Glantri did not bother improving its relations with Rockhome since it is a popular belief that dwarves have an unpleasant tendency to resist magic. The rare dwarves daring enough to pay a visit to Glantri may very well end up in the Great School of Magic and some of its obscure laboratories... For the same reasons, the Five Shires show a great deal of antipathy to Glantri.

Bordering Nations: To the north of Glantri, on the other side of the Wendarian ranges lies a realm ruled by an elven monarch (see module X11). Relations are sound, but the Wendarian Mountains prevent any relevant trade. The western borders of Glantri open on a huge desertic area scarcely populated by tribes of nomads. Absolutely no relation exists with this undesirable population (see modules X4, X5 and X10). As for the humanoid tribes of the Broken Lands, many of their raiding parties and foul monsters have been massacred when intercepted in time. This border is heavily patrolled and guarded by both men and magic.

General Policies: The attitude of the wizard-princes toward other nations than those mentioned above is rather neutral. The council constantly worries about the distant Empire of Alphatia, rumored to be utterly powerful in the craft of magic-use (see modules M1 and M2). This is a great concern, as they fear for their supremacy over the rest of the civilized world, in all that deals with the arcane sciences.

These elves are masters at using rapiers. Their swordsmanship varies from Expert to Grand Master proficiencies, Carnelia being their Grand Master. Belcadizan nobles are trained in magical and rapier dueling; duels with rapiers or daggers are intended to be fights to the death.

In general, the males of the House of Alhambra are rather small, even by elven

standards. This, and their hot temper, tend to provoke sarcasm from taller nobles. This is a reason why challenges are so frequent within and without their principality.

Ties to the house of Sylaire: See House of Sylaire for details. Don Hippolito thinks that Sire Henri is a werewolf and that he gave his disease to Carmina; but he has no proof. The situation worsens because the eccentric duo provokes gossip with their conspicuous antics in Glantri City.

Ties to the Clan of Ellerovyn: There used to be one large, powerful elven clan under the control of Belcadiz. A fair portion of these elves were immigrants from Alfheim, and they resented being ruled by such a different clan. After violent clashes, Belcadiz was divided into two separate states. Belcadiz has never accepted this resolution of the Council and considers the elves of Erewan to be traitors to their monarch.

The Clan of Alhambra was given the Viceroyalty of Fort Montealeone. Although Carnelia holds the charge, she appointed her brother, Don Hippolito, as legal Castellán. Hippolito hampers the commercial trade across the Red River, imposing a "protection tax" for crossing the river. Elven merchants of fair complexion are the ones who pay the tax the most often, which outrages both Alfheim and the House of Ellerovyn. So far, the Council tolerates this policy because the money is spent for the maintenance of the road to the capital and Fort Montealeone.

During a "tax collection," Don Hippolito discovered magical tomes revealing clues on the Radiance. The tomes came from Erewan, and were being sent to Alfheim; exporting such secrets to foreign powers could be considered treachery. The Castellán seized the books as evidence, but did not report to Carnelia. He kept them secret and hid them at Montealeone. Don Hippolito hopes to learn vital clues on the Radiance that will earn him the title of Ruling Prince of Belcadiz.

Clan of Ellerovyn

A good dozen nobles are now in the middle of the hall, still arguing about the Khan's fate, when someone stands up from the crowd: "Look! The Chancellor!"

The hall suddenly falls quiet as the nobles see the Chancellor desperately hammering, but making no noise! The prince in white raises his hands: "Treachery! Someone cast a clerical *silence* on our Chancellor! Look, heresy is already among us, in our own Parliament! Let us march against the Khan without delay!"

An elven spokesman replies, "I protest! This is a trick! May he with such poor taste undo this ridiculous spell!"

At these words, Esmeralda points at the speaker. "Oh, yes. And he's my spokesman. As you can see, this session was especially futile. It will take a bold attack from the Khan to unite these wizards. It is unlikely to happen. Jaggar will not have his war."

Ruler: Princess Carlolina Erewan
Siege: Principality of Erewan, at Ellerovyn
Alignment: Tree-Loving Elven Ecologists
Voting Power: 21 at the Council,
32 at the Parliament

Family: Lady Eleesea, mother; Lady Norelia, Eleesea's sister; Lady Bethys, Eleesea's second sister; Sir Qenildor, son; Sir Thendain, son; Lady Esmeralda, Thendain's wife; Sir Unedyrin, Thendain's son.

Allies: Lord Ezechiel Naramis, Viscount of Nathrat, and Lady Aliana Nyraviel, Countess of Soth-Kabree.

Foes: Clan of Alhambra, House of Linden.

Origins: The elves of Erewan are from Alfheim. These elves have parted from Belcadiz and formed their own principality under the Clan of Ellerovyn.

At the time of their separation from the House of Alhambra, Princess Carlolina became Chamberlain of the Land. She has shown suitable proficiency in that function; however, the most controversial policy for her ministry has been a very strong program to grow forests in the Red River valley. Other wizard princes have complained at the Council that this only benefits elves of a certain kind and certainly not the whole Glantrian community. Her answer is that their program boosts the timber industry, and that elves are naturally best suited for that task.

Ties to the House of Linden: The Clan of Ellerovyn claims that their ancestors were the first to colonize this area, and thus, it should be part of Alfheim. However, the rest of the population and nobility is not of the same opinion. The old Flaemish families, in particular the House of Linden, claim they were the first worthy civilization here and that they should rule instead.

Ties to the Clan of Alhambra: See Clan of Alhambra for details. Some of the "cultural exchanges" between Alfheim and Erewan on the Radiance were requisitioned by Hippolito de Belcadiz. But apparently, and for reasons unknown to the Princess, the House of Alhambra has not yet mentioned the event to the Council.

Marauders, Mages and Masters

The characters and the families described below are for the DM's eyes only. The PCs should meet these characters and discover information about them during the course of adventuring and role-play.

The most important characters have some of their statistics given. If even more detail becomes necessary, the DM should add the extra information as the situation demands. Below, class, level and alignments are given as follows:

F = Fighter	M = Magic-User
T = Thief	E = Elf
C = Cleric	AL = Alignment
St = Strength	In = Intelligence
Wi = Wisdom	Dx = Dexterity
Co = Constitution	Ch = Charisma

Glantrian Vampires: Co-existing with vampires in Glantri are the *nosferatu*, a similar form of undead (see the "Critters of the Cauldron" section). All Glantrian vampires and *nosferatu* have the full range of character abilities; use these whenever they exceed the undead's (levels, hit points, spell-casting abilities, etc). These NPCs otherwise have all of the abilities of the vampire or *nosferatu*.

Wizards' Specializations: Several NPCs below are described as belonging to a "circle," or as High Masters of an order. These are described in the "Seven Secret Crafts of Glantri" section.

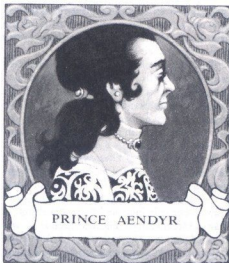
Aendyr, Sir Uthar: (F9, St 17, In 11, Wi 9, Dx 14, Co 16, Ch 8, AL Chaotic)

He is Prince Volospin's despised older brother, an uneducated brute unable to understand the art of magic. He is also Constable of Volnay. He spends much time seeking out merchants crossing the border to the west. Those caught are fined 500 dc or kept in jail for a month. He enjoys using inmates for target practice; he is notoriously clumsy. Uthar is a fat red-faced man, with long, grey hair and a scar on the right cheek.

Aendyr, Prince Volospin: (M22, St 12, In 17, Wi 15, Dx 14, Co 12, Ch 16, AL Chaotic—Count of Silverston)

He is the ruler of Blackhill and Chancellor of the Princes. He is a tall, insensitive, handsome, youthful man. As all pure Alphatians, his skin is pale, with faint blue tints; he wears his jet-black hair neatly tied in the back. He dresses like a dandy and is very strict about manners and etiquette in the presence of nobles.

Ignoring proper etiquette at his castle can be a serious offense, with penalties ranging



from twelve lashes to forced *feeblemindedness* for up to four weeks. He maintains his youth and that of his close relatives with strange Alphanthian magic that requires the heart of a wolf every full moon, though it is said that human hearts are sometimes used. In reality, he is in his seventies.

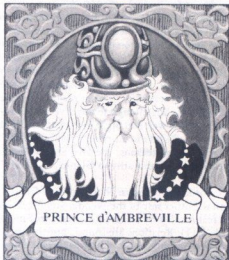
He is trying very hard to get rid of his charge so as to avoid lengthy trips to foreign lands. He has not mastered the Radiance but knows about its existence. He seeks to secretly abduct, interrogate, and dispose of those who know more about the Radiance. He will not hesitate to eliminate disloyal nobles or family members in his House. He also is the High Master of the Air Elementalists (see "The Seven Secret Crafts of Glantri" for details).

The Aendyr Family: The Aendyr family is held together by the strong will of the Prince. His wife, Serena (M10, C, Air Elementalist of the 3rd Circle), spends most of her time voting at Parliament. She is most likely to succeed her husband, and is as cruel as he is in her methods. She is very similar in appearance to the Prince, but has deep purple eyes. She appears to be in her twenties. The daughter, a 6-year old named Thylera (M4, C), is the babe of Castle Silverston, where she enjoys practicing her magic lessons on the prince's guests or retainers. Her brother, Lathan, is 12 years old (M5, C), and resides at the Great School of Magic to study ancient crafts. He loves walking around with his pet, a vicious, slimy gremlin familiar. The little creep gained the familiar after dark conjurations that involved a pint of his own blood.

d'Ambreville, Prince Etienne: (HD36, St 25, In 72, Wi 65, Dx 35, Co 47, Ch 59, AL

Lawful—Rad, the Emypreal of Energy; or M35, St 9, In 18, Wi 16, Dx 13, Co 12, Ch 11, AL Lawful, in his human form)

"Le Prince-Magicien" is the ruler of New Averaigne, Grand Master of the School and Viscount of Sylaire. What no one knows is that he is an Emypreal from the Sphere of Energy. When dealing with mortals, he looks like a gruff, reclusive, ancient man.



It is next to impossible to meet him in person; however, he may show up at embarrassing moments when an important character is plotting against him. Pretending to study arcane secrets in his impenetrable quarters at the Great School of Magic, he actually spends most of his time dealing with all relating to the Radiance and the cause of magic in Glantri. He is the secret leader of the Brotherhood of the Radiance (see "Guilds and Brotherhoods"). His secret name there is Rad. He has no compassion for those who break the law of the Brotherhood, but is otherwise a kind and impartial being capable of generosity and fairness.

d'Ambreville, Sire Henri: (M12, St 14, In 16, Wi 10, Dx 14, Co 13, Ch 17, AL Chaotic)

Sire Henri is one of Etienne's brothers, and is still his most treacherous enemy. He spends most of his time at the d'Ambrevilles' manor in the capital. He is a boisterous, colorful, and mischievous character, and spends scandalous amounts of money upon his concubine, Dona Carmina de Belcadiz, the former fiancée of Don Hippolito de Belcadiz.

He has slyly convinced Dame Marie-Helene (see below), his aunt, to attempt a coup against Etienne, to see what the effects of Etienne's *geas* are. Not knowing his brother's true nature, he hopes to be able to counter the

effect of the *geas* once he sees its result on Dame Marie-Helene.

The d'Ambreville Family: This is the largest princely family. Most of these people died decades ago when they attempted to overthrow Etienne; the powerful prince *wished* them back and now keeps them more or less in line with a powerful *geas*. Many of these nobles live at Chateau Sylaire in New Averroigne; others keep lavish manors in various parts of the country and at the capital. The d'Ambrevilles are all absolutely eccentric (see module X2, *Castle Amber*, for more details). The oldest of them is well over a hundred, the youngest around thirty. There are no children in this family.

The ageless mother, Dame Camille (M15, N) is rather senile and mistscasts her spells (80% chance) causing the most unexpected and bizarre things to happen instead. Etienne's wife, the venerable but paranoid Dame Catherine (M13, C), left Glantri to hold the charge of Ambassador to Thyatis. Sire Jean-Louis, Etienne's older son (F12, C), is "Monsieur le Constable de Perignon." This fifty-year-old loves organizing boxing tournaments. The younger Sire Claude (F10, N), Etienne's second son, disappeared some time ago (he has become a vampire under Lady Tatyana Gorevitch-Woszlanzy's control). He now hides at the Tower of Igorov in Boldavia.

Etienne's brother, Sire Richard (F10, C), and his wife, Dame Isidore (M11, C), are in charge of hunting down cases of lycanthropy in New Averroigne, although they are suspected of actually spreading the disease. Sire Andre-David (F9, C), Isidore's brother, spends most of his time fixing the blunders of those two. Etienne's sister, Dame Magdalene (F8, C), is secretly a werewolf and she constantly tries to seduce Andre-David away for a moonlight serenade. She can be recognized by the white streak in her hair in both human and werewolf form. She hates Charles for burying her, thinking she was dead, when she was in a cataleptic trance. Etienne's second brother, Sire Charles (M9, C), and his wife, Dame Isabelle (M12, C, Alchemist of the 3rd circle), remain at Parliament, handling the prince's paperwork. Charles is a reclusive man who hates noise. Dame Isabelle is the secret lover of Don Diego de Belcadiz (whom she *charmed* some time ago).

Etienne's cousin, Sire Gaston (M9, N), is the Constable of Yvonne, but once in a while he loses his memory and forgets who he is. Etienne's second cousin, Sire Guillaume (M10, C, alchemist of the 3rd circle), and his wife, Dame Janette (M9, C), are the Cultural

Censors of New Averroigne—they hunt down and execute clerics and druids. Etienne's last brother, Father Simon (C35, E), has been banished from New Averroigne. Fearing for his safety, he became a hermit in the high Glantrian Alps. Dame Marie-Helene (F15, C) is the mother of Gaston and Guillaume and the sister of Camille. She thinks she is protected against Etienne's *geas* and plots to overthrow her nephew and gain the title for her son Guillaume. She seeks adventurers to assassinate Etienne.

Beaumays-Moorkroft, Lord John: (M16, St 13, In 16, Wi 14, Dx 10, Co 12, Ch 13, AL Chaotic—Duke of Hightower)

Lord John is an ally of the House of Singhad because the Virayanas are the only family he has not yet betrayed in his political climb. He is a distant cousin of Lord Moorkroft Elvenbane (see module CM7). He is a staunch opponent of the elves, but usually pretends to be their friend; when given a chance, though, he will attempt to ruin elven plans without drawing suspicion. Lord John is a skinny, weaselly type, a nervous man who always feels someone is watching or listening.

de Belcadiz y Fedorias, Dona Carnelia: (E10, St 8, In 17, Wi 15, Dx 16, Co 11, Ch 13, AL Neutral—"Marquesa del Alhambra")

Princess Carnelia rules Belcadiz and holds the charge of Vice-Queen of Monteleone, but has transferred the charge to her older brother, Don Hippolito. When her father died, her husband was out adventuring in the mountains. He never returned. Since then, she has remained the ruler of the Clan.



She is a small but proud young elven lady of 180 springs. Her long, black, curly hair cas-

ades down to her waist. She is touchy and will call upon her younger brother, Don Diego, to champion her cause in a duel. The princess spends most of her time plotting against the Clan of Erewan. Her favorite tactic is to frame nobles belonging to that House in order to weaken her foe at Parliament. Carnelia is the High Mistress of Witchcraft.

de Belcadiz, Dona Carmina: (E7, St 13, In 14, Wi 9, Dx 17, Co 12, Ch 18, AL Chaotic)

Dona Carmina is the ideal of the sensual elven lady. She is only interested in romance and pleasure. She adores seducing brave young men and setting them up to duel her fiancé. Sire Henri d'Ambreville was her latest victim, but instead he lured her away from her former fiancé, Don Hippolito de Belcadiz. She will stay with any good-looking noble who "wins her heart" and heroically defeats all other contenders. Her parties at the capital are notoriously decadent. She is famous for her bright red dresses and headgear. She is a Witch of the 2nd circle.

de Belcadiz, Don Diego: (E9, St 14, In 15, Wi 11, Dx 16, Co 12, Ch 16, AL Lawful)

Don Diego is Princess Carnelia's younger brother, and "el Senor Capitano" of Bramyra. He has been chosen by the Council to oversee the horse business there, because of his reputation as a gentleman. He is Dona Carnelia's champion, and champions other just causes at the drop of a hat. When confronted with a situation he cannot handle legally, he sneaks to a nearby hideout, puts on a mask and a black costume, and battles the oppressor under the pseudonym of Manuel of the Plains. He usually steals from the rich and dishonest and gives the money to the poor, hardworking peons. He is very popular with the local population. Don Diego is also an expert on creatures of the outer planes, slimes, oozes, puddings and grubs.

de Belcadiz, Don Hippolito: (E9, St 14, In 14, Wi 12, Dx 12, Co 13, Ch 8, AL Chaotic)

Don Hippolito is Princess Carnelia's older brother, a small fat fellow of dark complexion and drooping mustachios. He feels an avid attraction to all that concerns the Radiance. Once he gains control over the force, he expects to overthrow Carnelia at the head of the clan. Meanwhile, as Castellan of Monteleone, he has imposed heavy taxes to merchants crossing the river to Erewan. "Extortion" is a more accurate term, plus embezzlement of the Council's funds, since he keeps some of the "taxes" for himself.

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The de Belcadiz Clan: This is second largest princely family, after the d'Ambrevilles. Dona Leontina, the mother (E6, L), has retired to a wizards' convent since her husband passed away, several years ago. Don Miguelito (E3, N) is Carmelia's first son, studying at the Great School of Magic. He is afflicted of a sad cure that prevents him from growing normally, keeping him 4 feet high. Don Sancho (E1, C) is a 10-year-old brat. Dona Maria (E2, L), the young princess' daughter, recently married Don Carlo and lives in New Alvar. Don Carlo (E6, N) is the constable of the city and the secret leader of F.A.E.R.Y. (see "Guilds and Brotherhoods" for more detail).

Don Ricardo (E7, N) is the princess' younger brother. He is a fan of bullfighting and can often be found in the arena himself. Dona Yolanda (E5, N, Witch of the 1st circle) is the princess' aunt and the sister of Dona Leontina. She lives at the Tower of Satolas with her husband, Don Fernando de Casanegra, "El Marques de Satolas."

Dona Blanca (E3, C) spends her time at Castle Alhambra, and sometimes secretly trades places with her twin sister, Dona Carmina, to get away from her boring husband. This husband, Don Alejandro (E8, L), is the clan's sage; he hasn't noticed his wife's game. Victoria (E9, L, witch of the 2nd circle) is the clan's oldest member, and is Dona Leontina's aunt and the Treekeeper. She is the mother of Blanca and Carmina.

Budulg, Meister Rannigar: (M18, St 12, In 17, Wi 11, Dx 12, Co 10, Ch 17, AL Chaotic—Guildmaster of Spokesmen)

Rannigar managed to take over the Guild of Spokesmen (see "Guilds and Brotherhoods") after abducting the previous guildmaster, magically erasing his memory of the deed, and forging the succession papers. He then "hired" his victim to represent him. Rannigar is a skillful extortionist but he will not endanger the reputation of the guild to satisfy his greed.

de Casanegra, Don Fernando: (E9, St 11, In 18, Wi 17, Dx 11, Co 9, Ch 14, AL Lawful—"Marques de Satolas")

He has begun to master the Secret of Radiance, and is now a member of its Brotherhood. He will never reveal his craft, especially to Don Hippolito de Belcadiz, whom he considers a fraud. He respects the princess of Belcadiz and will use his craft to help the clan. After two centuries of life in this cruel world, Don Fernando has white hair, and many wrinkles on his face.

Daron, Master Jakar: (M12, St 11, In 16, Wi 11, Dx 12, Co 11, Ch 11, AL Chaotic)

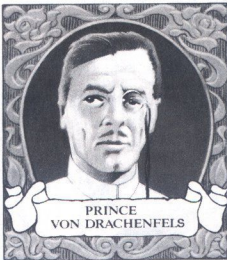
Jakar is a shady alchemist from the Corporation of Alchemists (see "Guilds and Brotherhoods"), as well as an Alchemist of the 3rd circle. Although he performs his crafts with a legal license, he has a tendency to dupe his customers by selling faulty concoctions. He also works closely with the People's Spell-Casters Company and the Guild of Thugs, whom he provides with various (quite efficient) poisons.

Datchenka, Lady Natacha: (M12, St 18, In 14, Wi 9, Dx 14, Co 16, Ch 7, AL Chaotic—Baroness of Pavlova)

She is one of the nosferatu pawns under Prince Morphaill's control. This ugly red-haired creature used to be a champion pugilist which earned her the Barony of Pavlova) before embracing her undead destiny; these days, she still challenges her toughest-looking guest to a bout of fisticuffs. (Unfortunately, in the clinch, the dear lady tends to try a quick bite—highly irregular.)

von Drachenfels, Prinz Jagger: (M30, St 16, In 16, Wi 15, Dx 13, Co 16, Ch 15, AL Lawful—Count of Ritterburg)

He is the ruler of Aalban, the best Glantrian commander on a battlefield as well as a crafty spell-caster. In times of peace, he spends most of his time trying to prevent family quarrels that plague his house.



He commonly hires adventurers to seek out the numerous monsters that dwell in the mountains bordering his principality. Once in a while, seeking excitement, he will take on a second identity, that of dragon-hunter Herr Urkvarth of Graez, and join a party of adven-

turers on monster hunts. "Urkvarth" will not help kill lawful creatures, and the only payment he takes is the creatures' heads. Of course, these heads can be found some time later in Jagger's monster gallery, at Castle Ritterburg. Jagger is the High Master of Dracology (star dragon).

Jagger often wears high cavalry boots and a white uniform covered with medals and stripes (most of which are magical trinkets of various effects). Some of them have a tendency to fall off when he sneezes. He has a strange magical item that dates back from the Blackmoor era (see module DA3, *City of the Gods*): It is an L-shaped piece of blue metal that casts lightning bolts for 20d6 points of damage. He carries the item at his belt and claims it belonged to a Blackmoorian ancestor (50 charges left).

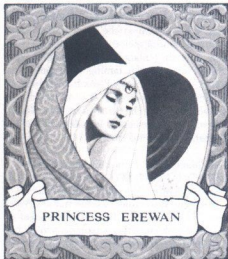
The von Drachenfels Family: This family has always been plagued by its divided origin. Two fleeing clans of Alphonians and Thyatians allied and formed the House of Ritterburg to avoid defeat from rivals. However, the two factions never got along. Frau Hildegarde (F15, N, Earth Elemental of the 5th circle), Jagger's 65-year-old mother, is of Thyatian descent, and tries her best to isolate Frau Gertrud (M12, C, Air Elemental of the 2nd circle), his wife. Frau Gertrud, of Alphonian descent, often threatens to leave her husband if his mother does not end up in a wizards' convent soon. Gertrud was secretly offered asylum by Lady Serena Aendry. Frau Gertrud is also the secret leader of the Free Anarchic Society of Aalban (see "Guilds and Brotherhoods").

Fraulein Helgar (M8, N, Dracologist of the 2nd circle—white dragon), the prince's sister, respects her mother's position but is also a close friend of Frau Gertrud, so she mediates between the two. Herr Sigmund (M8, N) is the prince's older son and the family's eccentric inventor. He spends his time creating incredible machines that often go haywire, wreaking havoc in the castle. Herr Roderick (T5, C), the prince's younger (teenaged) son, has none of his parents' magical abilities. Despite intense training from his mother, Roderick has never been able to cast spells. Of course, Frau Hildegarde blames this on Gertrud.

Many other relatives of Thyatian or Alphonian descent reside in Leenz and Graez, getting along similarly well.

Erewan, Princess Carlolina: (E10, St 13, In 17, Wi 16, Dx 14, Co 11, Ch 17, AL Lawful—Marchioness of Ellerovyn)

Lady Carlolina is the ruling princess of Erewan, and Chamberlain of the Land. She became princess of the clan when her husband died in battle against raiders from the Broken Lands.



She has not mastered the Secret of the Radiance; however, she has managed to find some rare books on the subject. Although she is loyal to the Council, she feels that the Radiance is too powerful a knowledge to hide from her kin in Alfheim. A good-hearted elf, she is torn between her loyalties to her nation and to the elves of Alfheim.

She has devoted herself to her charge of Chamberlain of the Land. She truly attempts to help the poor, but has been accused of favoritism toward the fair elves. She is the High Mistress of the Runes.

Erewan, Sire Qenildor: (E9, St 16, In 15, Wi 14, Dx 13, Co 16, Ch 12, AL Lawful)

Sire Qenildor is Princess Carlolina's older son, and the Captain of Camp Huledain. He dreams of leading an expedition into the Broken Lands to destroy the humanoid tribe responsible for his father's death. Since the father's body was never retrieved, Qenildor still hopes to find his father alive.

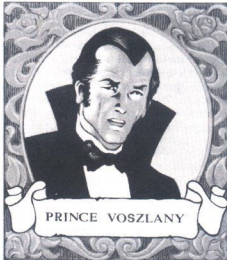
Since he obtained the commission for Camp Huledain, Qenildor has had difficulties with Volospin's 2nd Banner contingent stationed there. The officers are particularly uncooperative, especially since Qenildor started a series of patrols a little too close to the border with the Broken Lands. They claim he ignores the Silver Sierras much too often, and dislike his sophisticated military tactics.

The Erewan Clan: The Erewan Clan is a typical elfen community. The family members

never fight openly, although from time to time some may resent Lady Carlolina's decisions. The mother, Lady Elesea (E10, N), is the Treekeeper of the Clan and the only clan member to actually influence the princess; Lady Norelia and Bethys (E10, N), the Treekeeper's sisters, are the clan's oracles. All three are famous seers among the elves (as well as Cryptomancers of the 4th circle), requiring as a payment the planting of ten trees where none now grow. The client must care for the trees until they grow to twice the size of the client. They know when one does not telling these obligations, and then there is no telling what *curses* and *geas* may befall the culprit.

Sire Thendain (E6, L), the princess's son, has moved to the great School of Magic with his wife, Lady Esmeralda (E9, C). The latter pretends to be a neophyte in the arts of magic. In reality she is quite capable of graduating from the Great School, but she plays this role in the hopes of finding new information about the Secret of the Radiance. She intends to keep that knowledge for herself. She is also the secret leader of E.L.F. (see "Guilds and Brotherhoods" for more detail) and a Witch of the 2nd circle.

Gorevitch-Wozslany, Prince Morphail: (M 28, St 17, In 18, Wi 15, Dx 11, Co 14, Ch 16, AL Chaotic—Baron of Igorov)



Viceroy of Tchernovodsk, he is also the absolute ruler of sinister Boldavia and all baronies north and east of Rymskigrad. He became a nosferatu circa 720 AC. Since then, he has had many opportunities to "visit" local barons and spread the curse of the undead among them; alone among his kind, he can choose whether his victim will be a vampire or a nosferatu. He now controls these nobles and

uses them as political and military tools. Morphail plans to have these barons increase their lands and then abdicate in his favor. Boldavia will then cover the whole northeastern area of Glantri, making him the most powerful prince. Naturally, he is the High Master of Necromancers.

Prince Morphail appears as a civilized and handsome man, always dressed to kill. He has very sophisticated manners and speaks with a charming Boldavian accent. Fearing an all-out war with mages if they become aware of his true nature, he conceals his family's curse and enforces a strict law, called the Vampire's Law, among his pawns: they may not infect commoners, nor may they kill when they feed. Should he be destroyed, all those Boldavian undead will become independent, and so no wise mage will ever try anything against him.

The Gorevitch-Wozslany Family: The Gorevitch-Wozslany are all undead under the Wizard-Prince's control. The older brother, Sir Boris (M18, C, Necromancer of the 3rd circle), is an elegant but effeminate nosferatu who preys on the degenerate and bored young nobles at the capital. A famous socialite, he organizes many famous nocturnal parties at his manor. His charming gaze earns him popularity and support at Parliament, especially the day after such a party.

The sister, Lady Tatyana (M12, N), has fallen in love with Sire Claude d'Ambreville. They are both vampires and reside at the Tower of Igorov. Claude, now called Nikolai, seldom shows himself, fearing to let his family know his fate. He remains a bat on Tatyana's shoulder. They both hate vampirism but cannot resist Morphail. Sir Mikhail (T16, C) is rather jealous of his brother's good fortune at the capital. He wants Morphail to send him to the capital to take over the underworld, desiring to have as much success among the world of thieves, spies and beggars as his brother has with the princes. Sir Mikhail is a cruel and sadistic vampire. The worst can be expected from him when he is not directly under the prince's control. He has at times ignored the Vampires' Law; consequently, many "illegitimate" vampires have died on Boldavian stakes...

Graustein, Herr Rolf: (M14, St 10, In 17, Wi 11, Dx 12, Co 13, Ch 8, AL Neutral—Viscount of Blofeld)

Herr Rolf is one of Prince Jaggar's closest friends. He is often called Herr Doktor at Castle Ritterburg because he spends most of his time in libraries, learning ancient secrets dealing with golems and similar animated crea-

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tures, mechanical or living. During his experiments he tends to wear a long white blouse and high leather boots. Rolf is a 3rd circle alchemist.

Grenier, Sire Gilles: (M9, St 12, In 16, Wi 13, Dx 12, Co 14, Ch 14, AL Neutral—Vicome of Fausseflammes)

Sire Gilles came from Old Averoine when the d'Ambrevilles when they opened their portal. He is now in his fifties. Sire Gilles is a sootercer who specializes in mixing potions, particularly love potions. He murdered his wife Sabine in a fit of passion when in Old Averoine, and now his potions are *curled*. There is a 50% chance any of these potions will have a harmful effect, either the reverse of the intended effect or as poison (see module X2, *Castle Amber* for more detail). Although he did not attend the Great School of Magic, he has the abilities of a Witch of the 2nd circle.

Haaskinz, Lord Harald (of): (M25, St 14, In 17, Wi 14, Dx 10, Co 12, Ch 11, AL Lawful—Archduke of Westeath)

Lord Harald joined the House of Sirechia because Prince Innocenti di Malapietra promised to help him earn a principality in the Sabstone area. The Archduke does not really trust Innocenti but needs all the allies he can get. Sir Harald is a master in the use of the Radiance; this is the reason why Innocenti wants to remain in his good graces. Sir Harald is a gentle and kind person, but generally avoids society because of a painful decaying disease that withers his left arm. Some of his close guards say that, one night, they could see the Archduke glowing with a pale, mysterious blue aura. He is the High Master of Water Elementals.

Hillsbury, Lady Margaret (of): (M14, St 16, In 15, Wi 15, Dx 10, Co 14, Ch 9, AL Neutral—Duchess of Fenswick)

Lady Margaret is a strong-willed woman who rules her dominion with an iron fist. She is quite touchy on matters of law and principle when it comes to her subjects' behavior and nobles' attitudes at Parliament. She is absolutely loyal to the system of principalities, the Order of the Radiance and the supremacy of magic. She joined the House of Silverston because the Aendys are masters at making the best use of their magic in all circumstances. She also feels that Prince Volospin (whom she desperately wants to seduce) is a true gentleman. She is an Air Elementalist of the 3rd circle.

Ivanov, Lord Youri: (M10, St 12, In 16, Wi 14, Dx 12, Co 13, Ch 14, AL Chaotic—Baron

of Palatinsk)

Lord Youri is another vampire pawn of Prince Morphail. In life, he was a famous vampire hunter, until he met up with the Prince. His vampiric nature is not common knowledge, and he is still thought to hunt the undead. He will gladly join vampire hunting expeditions, giving the hunters fake wooden stakes and stale garlic, in order to make them believe the vampire has been destroyed. When the "hunters" leave, things return to normal and everyone is happy. Youri is a 3rd circle necromancer.

Jerbat, Lady Arbana: (M9, St 8, In 18, Wi 15, Dx 12, Co 11, Ch 9, AL Chaotic—Viscountess of Redstone)

Lady Arbana is a true Alphanth. This wicked old lady came to Glantri twenty years ago to live out her old age; but she is actually a spy paid by the mighty Alphanth Empire to keep an eye on Prince Volospin Aendyr and seek out the secret of the Radiance. She has already been spotted by the Brotherhood of the Radiance as a suspicious individual. If given a chance, she will have anyone she discovers to be a member of the Brotherhood abducted and spirited to Silverston for questioning. She is an Air Elementalist of the 2nd circle.

Krinagar, Lord Urmahid: (M15, St 12, In 16, Wi 13, Dx 17, Co 12, Ch 16, AL Lawful—Count of Skullhorn Pass)

Lord Urmahid is of ancient Ethengarian descent. His title as Count of Skullhorn Pass is highly controversial at the Parliament, because it makes him responsible for securing the pass against Ethengarians. But because he is loyal and because the Khan would have him executed if captured, several princes support his title. Urmahid also happens to be an occasional, and masterful, spy for the Council when missions deep in Ethengar are needed. He is an effective counter for the Khan's spies, assassins and undercover missionaries. Urmahid is also Prince's Jherek's brother-in-law and an Illusionist of the 4th circle.

Krollnar, Lady Rowena: (M10, St 12, In 17, Wi 11, Dx 13, Co 12, Ch 17, AL Neutral—Viscountess of Bergen)

This young noblewoman from the House of Linden is one of the most beautiful courtesans in Glantri. Her face bears a scar dating from the time she accidentally invoked a creature from the Abyss. The creature escaped. Krollnar has offered her hand to any hero who will kill the creature and bring her proof of the deed. Many men think the scar adds to her beauty. She is a tall, shapely blonde and usu-

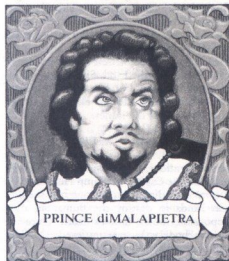
ally wears a translucent blue veil over her face. She is a Fire Elementalist of the 3rd circle.

Lowneroth, Herr Franz: (M12, St 15, In 16, Wi 13, Dx 12, Co 12, Ch 14, AL Neutral—Baron of Adlerturn)

Herr Franz is a tall, muscular man. His people often refer to him as the Lion Master. Franz spends his time at spell research on all that deals with animals (enlarging, controlling, *shape-change*, etc.), or on taming lions and other felines. Through magic, Franz has acquired all the abilities of a weretiger. It is not rare to see him walking along the streets of Lrenz or Glantri City with two large lions at his sides. He is a Cryptomancer of the 3rd circle.

di Malapietra, Prince Innocenti "Nero": (M17, St 11, In 17, Wi 16, Dx 12, Co 16, Ch 12, AL Chaotic—Viscount of Sirechia)

Innocenti is the ruler of Caurenze and Viceroy of Ylourgne. He is the most paranoid of all his family, which perhaps explains why he has remained the prince so long. Prince Innocenti is a fat oily man in his late thirties. He makes a great show of his enjoyment of poetry and music; but this is just a facade concealing a ruthless man who will not hesitate at murder or genocide to reach his goals.



He is fond of the monster combats at Circus Lizzieni. There are large numbers of monsters and humanoid slaves in the city, most brought from the Kurish Massif. Prince Innocenti organizes gladiatorial games every month at the arenas, which helps keep him popular with his people. It is not rare to see condemned prisoners (or the Prince's foes) fighting in the arenas against unspeakable horrors. Some manage to survive and build a following among the spectators. Once in a while, Prince

Innocenti will grant clemency to a hero of the arenas, but the lucky fellow had better leave Caurenze rapidly for his own sake. Innocenti is the High Master of the Earth Elementals.

The di Malapietra Family: All of the oldest members of the di Malapietra family pass away (with a horrible look in their eyes and foam on their lips) soon after Innocenti took the throne of Caurenze.

"Il Signor Giovanni" (M9, C, Earth Elementalist of the 2nd circle), the older brother and Condottiere of Lizzieni, is known for his cruelty toward both the inhabitants and his Aalbinese garrison. Fearing the prince's changing moods, he constantly plots coups and revolts against Innocenti.

"La Signora Letizia" (F10, N) is the prince's wife. Plotting to leave her husband because the constant internal rivalries of the di Malapietras frighten her, she has been promised protection by Lady Juliana Vlaardoan, at Linden. Her son, Bartolomeo (M7, C) is a twelve-year-old student at the Great School of Magic. He is aware of her plot to leave his father and hates her for this. However, he will not betray her because he fears the prince's two brothers; a safe haven with his mother may be desirable upon his graduation from the school.

Agostino (M9, C) is the prince's younger brother. Since he has no hope of gaining the family title as long as Innocenti and Giovanni are alive, he plots to have both assassinated, along with Bartolomeo. He has assigned Thyatian emissaries a local consulate if they will help in the assassination. Recently, though, the prince named him Castellano of Ylourgence to keep him away from the palace.

Lucrecia (M10, C, Earth Elementalist of the third circle) is the prince's sister. She stays at the capital where she represents the di Malapietras during Parliament votes. She hopes to build some advantage over her paranoid brother. If things go wrong, she has been thinking of taking Bartolomeo hostage, since he is nearby, at the Great School.

du Marais, Sire Malachie: (M10, St 16, In 16, W19, Dx 17, Co 15, Ch 13, AL Chaotic—Baron de Morlay)

Sire Malachie is one of the mages who made it across the magical portal to New Averroigne (see The d'Ambreville Family and module X2 for details). Sire Malachie is a werewolf who stalks the area of Morlay. Although they both belong to the House of Sylaire, he is a fierce enemy of Dame Genevieve de Sephora, who has been stalking him since the times of Old Averroigne. Sire Malachie is an albino, perhaps the only one in

Glantri, equally white in wolf form. He is also the leader of the Canine Protection Society (see "Guilds and Brotherhoods" for details) located at Chateau de Morlay, as well as an Alchemist of the 3rd circle.

Markovitch, Lady Szasza: (M12, St 16, In 17, W18, Dx 13, Co 14, Ch 18, AL Chaotic—Baroness of Vladimirov)

This beautiful and sensual blonde is one of the nosferatu pawns of Prince Morphael. She has the habit of inviting good-looking nobles from the capital to spend some time at the Tower of Vladimirov. She is a particularly strong nosferatu and can stay in the sun, which helps her find potential victims. If the victim is truly handsome, she may let him leave Vladimirov unhurt but *charmed*, perhaps with a bat or two to keep an eye on him (she is atrociously jealous).

She presently blackmails Lord Laszlo Wutyla into revealing to her any new spells he might discover, in order to gain the favors of Prince Morphael. She hopes one day to become his wife, and the princess of Boldavia. She is also a Witch of the 3rd circle.

McAllister, Lord Alasdair: (M13, St 13, In 16, W12, Dx 11, Co 14, Ch 6, AL Chaotic—Count of Glenargyll)

This young noble is Prince McGregor's son-in-law, and part of the House of Crownguard, as well as the Brotherhood of the Radiance. He is as obsessed as the Prince with becoming immortal. He spends most of his time studying the effects of the Radiance, but so far he has been unlucky; part of his face, his chest and one arm bear the horrid disease caused by excessive exposure to the Radiance. His wife, Lady Barbara, bravely does her best to soothe his pain.

McDougall, Lord Eachainn: (M11, St 14, In 16, W13, Dx 12, Co 15, Ch 15, AL Lawful—Marquis of Dunvegan)

McDougall, an inventive and easy-going noble, was chosen to hold the other end of Skullhorn Pass because of his military expertise. He is a man ahead of his time in these matters. He helps train his troops with "war games," where soldiers fight with dummy weapons and magic. He developed a great totem on war games and magic in cooperation with Jagger von Drachenfels, with who he remains on good terms. He is a Dracologist of the 3rd circle (gold dragon). Eachainn is a tall, athletic man with a thick dark beard. His great taste for the local beverage is quite famous at Dunvegan.

McDuff, Lady Myra: (HD14, In 17, W10,

Ch 17, AL Neutral—the ghostly Baroness of Uigmuir)

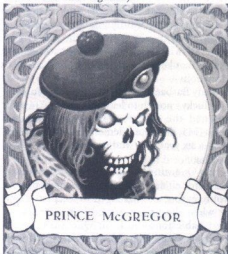
Years ago, a large orcsish tribe from the Wendarian Reaches overran her barony. After the orcsish king forced her to marry him and bear his child, he assassinated her. After the garrison from Fort Nordling drove the orcs back to the mountains, Myra returned to the tower as a ghost and tricked the Viceroy into believing she was still alive.

Myra still runs the barony, none being aware she is a ghost. She has the statistics of a haunt (see the Companion Book Two), plus the spell-casting abilities of a 10th level magic-user. She hopes to hire adventurers to avenge her and retrieve the "rightful" heir of Uigmuir. Only then will she reveal her true nature and rest in peace.

McGregor, Sir Angus: (M12, St 7, In 18, W12, Dx 16, Co 8, Ch 12, AL Chaotic)

Sir Angus is the ten-year-old grandson of Prince Brannart and the youngest member ever of the Brotherhood of the Radiance. Angus is capable of using the lower-level spells related to the Radiance. He knows his grandfather turned into a lich because of the Radiance, and expects to avoid this unpleasant fate. He eventually hopes to succeed his undead father by overpowering him with the Radiance. Despite his age, the child has already forgotten the joys of childhood and acts as an adult. Death may befall those who do not treat Angus as a grown nobleman. He also is a 3rd circle necromancer.

McGregor, Prince Brannart: (M33, St 16, In 17, W13, Dx 11, Co 16, Ch 7, AL Chaotic—Viscount of Crownguard)



Prince Brannart is the ruler of Klantyre, and Viceroy of Sablestone. He attained the status

MARAUDERS, MAGES AND MASTERS

of lichdom years ago when overusing the powers of the Radiance; he is also a Necromancer of the 4th circle. Brannart hates all living creatures and eventually will rid his tower of all living occupants, except perhaps Angus, his grandson, whom he feels will make a worthy servant, unless of course, he gets too powerful. Brannart knows that the Radiance leads to immortality but still ignores how exactly. He hopes to reach the Sphere of Entropy. He is one of the oldest members of the Brotherhood of the Radiance but does not know that Angus has also become a member. Should he ever learn about it, he will attempt to eliminate Angus.

McGregor, Sir Duncan: (F28, St 17, In 13, Wi 15, Dx 12, Co 15, Ch 17, AL Lawful)

The Prince of Klantyre's older son, Sir Duncan, hates all that is related to magic and this cursed land of mages. This brave highlander had to follow his clan into new Averroigne, leaving his beloved Scotland behind (see explanations on the House of Crownward). He resents the arbitrary law of Glantri that reserves the status of noble to wizards only. He feels Prince Brannart mismanages the people of Klantyre; he dreams of leading his clanfolk out of Glantri. He is the Master of the Followers of the Claymore (see Guilds and Brotherhoods). He hopes to foment a revolt against the established magocracy. His underground activities have been slowed down since he became the captain of the Skullhorn Pass camp.

The McGregor Clan: The McGregors came from another world, the same as that of Old Averroigne (see notes on the House of Crownward). Most of the people and retainers in Crownward are mildly insane because of the bizarre and spooky nature of the tower. They have all witnessed frightening undeads and spirits that keep on returning from the tower's dungeons.

Lady Barbara (F4, L), the prince's daughter, was lucky enough to leave the tower when she married the Count of Glenaryll. Her son Sean (M5, C, Water Elementalistic of the 1st circle), a six year old, studies at the Great School of Magic.

Sir Quentin (M9, C, Water Elementalistic of the 3rd circle), the prince's schizophrenic younger son, also managed to escape the tower when the prince named him Castellán of Fort Sablestone. Still, Sir Quentin's sleep is often troubled by nightmares and odd messages the prince sends him at night. It is Quentin's wife, Lady Mary (F12, N), who actually leads the fort, concealing her hus-

band's madness from the Council. If this were to be discovered, Quentin would have to return to Klantyre, a loathsome fate, in the lady's opinion. The officers at Sablestone are loyal to her.

Sir Bruce (C28, N), Mary's brother, is Angus' tutor and the Castellán of Crownward. What no one except his sister knows is that he is a cleric (utterly illegal in Glantri) pretending to be a fighter. He belongs to the Followers of the Claymore and hopes to overthrow the vile magocracy. He replaces Duncan McGregor when he is away from Glenmoorloch. Sir Bruce has escaped trouble so far because the Sphere of Time arranged to divert Prince Etienne's attentions; Bruce's own common sense has done the rest. The laird of Crownward is easily recognizable for his large red mustache, traditional kilt and claymore at his side (although he never uses it as a weapon; it is his clerical symbol). In times of despair, Sir Bruce can be heard playing his age-old bagpipe.

Many fathers, uncles and older ancestors roam the area, as ghosts, shadows or spectres seeking to avenge an untimely death.

de Montebello, Dona Isabella: (M10, St 9, In 16, Wi 14, Dx 11, Co 12, Ch 15, AL Neutral—"Senora Baronessa del Egorn")

This young and new elven baroness is the most influential noble in this area of Glantri. Her great charisma has enabled her to gain followers among the local population (she is a witch of the 3rd circle). She hopes to qualify for an Act of Enfranchisement and found a new elven principality. She is an enemy of the Baron of Oxhill, whom she claims has attempted to frame her for serious crimes, thus damaging her reputation.

de Moriasis, Dame Diane: (M11, St 9, In 17, Wi 12, Dx 16, Co 10, Ch 11, AL Neutral—Vicomesse de Malinbois)

"Madame la Vicomesse" was born in Old Averroigne at the time of the Inquisition (see notes on the House of Sylaire, and module X2). She is an old lady who loves collecting ancient jewelry. She usually appears in public covered with pearls, gems, and other glittering trinkets. If she can't buy them, she might have them stolen, especially if she knows the jewelry to be magic. Diane is a fat lady in her fifties who unfortunately lost her hair (she wears a wig to avoid ridicule). She would pay dearly for a hair-growing spell. She studies alchemy (and is an Alchemist of the 3rd circle).

Naramis, Sire Ezechiel: (E9, St 14, In 15,

Wi 14, Dx 17, Co 11, Ch 14, AL Chaotic—Viscount of Nathrat)

Ezechiel spends some of his time exploring the most remote areas of the Sierras. He has been commissioned by the Council to seek out new sources of spell-casting and alchemical components. He has discovered a strange ore just over the border in the Republic of Darokin. He has failed to report the discovery to either Darokin or Glantri, keeping the ore for himself. The ore seems to have anti-magic properties, excellent for armor and containers of various sorts. Ezechiel is a (black) Dragonmaster of the 2nd circle.

Nyrviel, Lady Aliana: (E9, St 11, In 17, Wi 12, Dx 14, Co 12, Ch 16, AL Neutral—Countess of Soth-Kabree)

This noble from the House of Ellerovyn holds one of the southernmost dominions in Glantri. She has formed an interesting force of elven knights mounted on griffons. Locals say that she may have up to twenty such creatures. Aliana can often be found in Lizzieni or at the capital, seeking to purchase griffon eggs. She is a Dragonmaster of the 2nd circle (blue dragon).

Orolovski, Shurav: (T6, St 13, In 14, Wi 10, Dx 17, Co 12, Ch 14, AL Chaotic—Thief of the Guild)

Shurav is a thief from the Fellowship of the Pouch. He is a skinny, five-foot tall man, with a thin drooping mustache. He used to be a famous contortionist with the United Artists Guild, but was thrown out for his pilfering habits. He now uses this peculiar talent to hide in small boxes or to squeeze his way through bars and enter the manors of wealthy nobles. Shurav can be recognized by his Boldavian accent.

Pingo, the Dark: (HD6, St 14, In 15, Wi 11, Dx 14, Co 13, Ch 9, AL Chaotic—Thug of the Guild)

Pingo is a tall black man who specializes in the business of slaying for money. His methods usually consist of leaving poisonous snakes in his victims' bed or packs. He can silently control his pets by moving his head or his eyes (provided the snake is visible). He is also an adept of quiet strangulation. He has long been a member of the Guild of Thugs.

Qh'erabis, Wassam: (M5, St 10, In 15, Wi 11, Dx 13, Co 12, Ch 14, AL Chaotic—Magistrate)

Wassam judges petty criminals at the Court House and works at the City Treasury. He also holds an office at the Constabulary of Glantri,

where he gains much knowledge on the whereabouts and assignments of Inspectors of the Utterance (see "The Glantrian Economy" for details). On the side, he sells information for the right money. He can be recognized by the long red robes the Magistrates traditionally wear. He also belongs to the Hall of Magistrates.

Ratibus, King o' the Beggars: (T32, St 14, In 15, Wi 14, Dx 16, Co 12, Ch 9, AL Chaotic)

Lord Ratibus is the leader of the dreaded Court of Beggars (see "Guilds and Brotherhoods"). He is a hunchback, blind in one eye. His grey greasy hair barely conceals lumps and warts over his head and face. He was once the servant of a prince but was caught stealing a magical artifact. He was condemned to torture, which caused his deformity. Despite this, he is a quick and agile thief.

Should any individual seek to enter his court and not possess an affliction as ugly as his, he will order his beggars to beat the person until the victim is equally ugly. This is the price for entering the Court of Beggars.

de Sephora, Dame Genevieve: (M20, St 11, In 17, Wi 15, Dx 10, Co 13, Ch 11, AL Neutral—Comtesse de Touraine)

Dame Genevieve used to be the chateleine of Sylaire in Old Averoine (see the notes on the House of Sylaire, and module X2). After the destruction of Castle Amber, she offered her tower to Etienne in exchange for safe passage into Glantri. Sylaire was carried stone by stone across the magical portal into Glantri. Since then, she managed to become the Comtesse de Touraine, as well as the High Mistress of Alchemy. She is very beautiful, with thick, curly chestnut hair bound with silver filigree. She has the power to *charm* any male if he fails a saving throw vs. spells.

Song-Anh, the Fist of Khan: (C18, St 13, In 15, Wi 17, Dx 11, Co 14, Ch 16, AL Chaotic—Wandering Cleric)

Song-Anh is a cleric from the Ten Thousand Fists of Khan (see "Guilds and Brotherhoods" for more detail). If, when spreading his word of faith, he stumbles on one who does not believe, Song-Anh has the habit of bestowing a *quest* upon the infidel. The victim is to go preaching aloud until he returns with one or more followers. Of course, the wandering priest is long gone by then.

di Tarento, Signor Antonio: (M12, St 17, In 16, Wi 10, Dx 16, Co 10, Ch 9, AL Chaotic—Viscount of Castelbianco)

Antonio gained support from Prince Innocenti after he perpetrated several assassinations among the older members of the di Malapietra family. Antonio is very good at brewing virulent poisons (he is an alchemist of the 3rd circle). With the prince's support, Antonio was able to found the Viscounty of Castelbianco. During the time Antonio was in Glantri City, he took over the Guild of Thugs (see "Guilds and Brotherhoods"). He controls the thugs directly from his tower of Castelbianco. Prince Innocenti has a "preferred customer" status among the guild, enjoying lower rates and faster service.

Terlagand, Lady Mariana (Narda Shelyn): (M15, St 13, In 17, Wi 12, Dx 13, Co 12, Ch 13, AL Neutral—the (fraudulent) Marchioness of Berrym)

The so-called Marchioness is a fraud. She died thirty years ago, alone, without an heir. Concealing her death, the Guildmaster of Spokesmen, Meister Rannigar Budulug, took the opportunity to keep on representing the Marquise's interests. Today, few ever get to meet Lady Mariana—an accomplice loyal to the guildmaster (Narda Shelyn) remains at the Tower of Berrym, impersonates Lady Mariana, and controls an array of other representatives at the Parliament, who are "graciously" provided by the Guild (and unaware of the whole scam). She manipulates or eliminates embarrassing servants, army officers, guards and other officials of the marquise who might cause difficulty.

Timenko, Lord Piotr-Grygory: (M9, St 15, In 16, Wi 17, Dx 11, Co 15, Ch 14, AL Chaotic—Baron of Kutchevski)

Lord Piotr-Grygory is another vampire pawn of Prince Morphail. He poses as a sage on the subject of the undead, vampires especially. Anyone foolish enough to meet the "sage" in person will probably learn the truth about his questions. Some questioners become controlled vampires; others are sent out of the tower, where a large pack of hungry wolves (under Piotr's control) await. He is a 2nd circle necromancer.

Fulvina, Signor Griseo: (M16, St 14, In 16, Wi 12, Dx 16, Co 10, Ch 17, AL Chaotic—Viscount of Verazzano)

Signor Griseo is a follower of Prince Innocenti di Malapietra. Griseo has developed an expertise with all magic that deals with shape-changing. He is a master at impersonating other nobles, which makes him the master spy for Prince Innocenti. His current assignment is to impersonate Agostino di Malapietra and

find if he has any connections with Thyatis. He sometimes sends his wife, Rosabianca (a 10 HD thug who works freelance, unbeknownst to the Guild of Thugs), on special missions. At the Tower of Verazzano, Griseo and Rosabianca wear similar long dark robes, concealing their faces, so it is difficult to tell one from the other.

Urbaal, Lord Emeth: (M12, St 18, In 16, Wi 12, Dx 12, Co 14, Ch 10, AL Chaotic—Count of Wylon)

Lord Emeth is a member of the House of Silverston. He is often referred to as Urbaal the Blue because of his thick silver and blue beard. He is a master of magic related to air and weather (of course an Air Elementalist of the 3rd circle). He is said to have built a flying ship hooked under a cloud, and pulled by two giant rocs. (The "cloud" is actually a balloon filled with warm air.) Emeth has developed a spell that keeps air warm for long periods of time.

Vandehaar, Lord Pieter: (M11, St 14, In 15, Wi 14, Dx 11, Co 16, Ch 9, AL Chaotic—Baron of Oxhill)

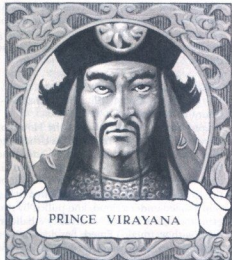
Lord Pieter holds the westernmost barony, near Fort Sablestone. He has secretly been paying a band of bandits to force the mayor of Kern and other key people to call for an Act of Enfeinment in his favor. Pieter has assassinated many other nobles seeking to found a principality here; the Guild of Thugs is quite active in this area. Pieter is a fierce opponent of Dona Isabella de Montebello, his most serious competitor. Pieter is also a Follower of the Fire (see "Guilds and Brotherhoods") and a Fire Elemental of the 3rd circle.

Verlien, Lady Sinaria: (M21, St 12, In 17, Wi 11, Dx 12, Co 12, Ch 8, AL Chaotic—Countess of High Sonden)

Lady Sinaria has been searching for the secret of the Radiance for many years, but in vain. Upon spying the despised Virayanas, she discovered that Lord Rejladan knew some obscure secret of the Radiance. She had him abducted and trapped without his spells on a small moebius-type plane, where an atach constantly stalks him. Rejladan is condemned to flee forever until he gives up and reveals his knowledge. He has been in this five-mile long plane for months now. Sinaria is also a Follower of the Fire and an eminent member of the Free and Anachronic Society of Aalban (see "Guilds and Brotherhoods"). She is a Fire Elemental of the 4th circle.

Marauders, Mages and Masters

Virayana IV, Prince Jherek: (M27, St 12, In 17, Wi 16, Dx 15, Co 10, Ch 16, AL Neutral—Khan of Singhadar)



Jherek Virayana is the fourth ruler of Kron-dahar, the Supreme Judge of the Council and Khan of Singhadar. He is a very civilized man who will not hesitate to spend fortunes whenever a noble pays him a visit. His banquets are famous for their scrumptious exotic foods—although their ingredients may be best left to the guests' imaginations. He takes any opportunity to organize wild monster hunts, for pleasure, in the bordering Colossus Mountains. Mountain tigers are likely prey; so are unwelcome visitors. (In the name of sportsmanship, Prince Jherek always grants clemency to the visitor if he survives more than a full day.) Jherek also happens to be the High Master of illusionists.

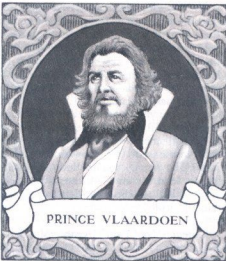
The Virayana Family: The Virayanas are a quiet family, united behind their ruler, Prince Jherek. The prince has three wives, Lan-Syn (M17, C, fourth circle Illusionist), Aleah (T17, C) and Waira (F14, C), and a great number of concubines. The wives do not get along and each is trying to become the prince's favorite. Succession might become a difficult problem: Of the three, Lan-Syn is the only "legal" heir, since she is a wizard. However, she has given him no sons, and Aleah and Waira have given him one each. Each wife will try to eliminate the others in order to gain the throne for her line.

Sir Rejladan (M9, L, 1st circle Illusionist), the younger son, recently disappeared while participating in a wild hunt in the mountains. Jherek thinks sasquatches did it, but so far all attempts to find Rejladan have failed. Ralindi (M9, N, 2nd circle Illusionist), the older son,

has tried to find his half-brother but has not been successful. Actually, Rejladan has been abducted by Lady Sinaria Verlien because of his knowledge on the Radiance. He found an old tome, dating from the time of his ancestors, about the Radiance but was abducted before he could study the book in detail.

Vlaardoen XI, Prince Vanserie: (M28, St 8, In 18, Wi 14, Dx 10, Co 10, Ch 12, AL Chaotic—Viscount of Linden)

Prince Vanserie is the ruling wizard of Bergdhoven, Viscount of Linden and Treasurer of the Council. Vanserie is easily recognized by his flamboyant red hair and beard. He is one of the more powerful mages in Glantri, having discovered some of the secrets of the Radiance and reached the High Mastery of Fire.



On occasion, Vanserie disappears for several weeks at a time, searching other planes for surviving Followers of the Fire, a faction of old Alphatians opposed to those represented by the Aendrys. He hopes to find allies and bring them over to reconquer Glantri. Vanserie also is the leader of the Followers of the Fire in Glantri (see "Guilds and Brotherhoods" for more details).

The Vlaardoen Family: The Vlaardoens are one of the smallest princely families. It is believed Lady Wilhelmine (M23, C, fourth circle Fire Elementalist), the prince's wife, is sterile, and that Lady Juliana's birth made her so—or, perhaps, that she always was, and that Juliana was secretly purchased or stolen to be her child. Wilhelmine is a Follower of the Fire as well as a member of the Free Anachronist Society of Aalban (the latter is not common knowledge in her family).

Lady Juliana (M9, L, 1st circle Fire Elementalist) is now an 18-year-old who does well in the craft of magic and in the Mastery of Fire. Unlike her parents, she has silver curly hair, but with the copper skin of the Flamish; she has beautiful, large green eyes, sensual lips, and a flirtatious manner. Her mother does not approve of her manner, and a recent law of Linden specifies that death will befall any man who touches or speaks to the princess—a fact Juliana ignores.

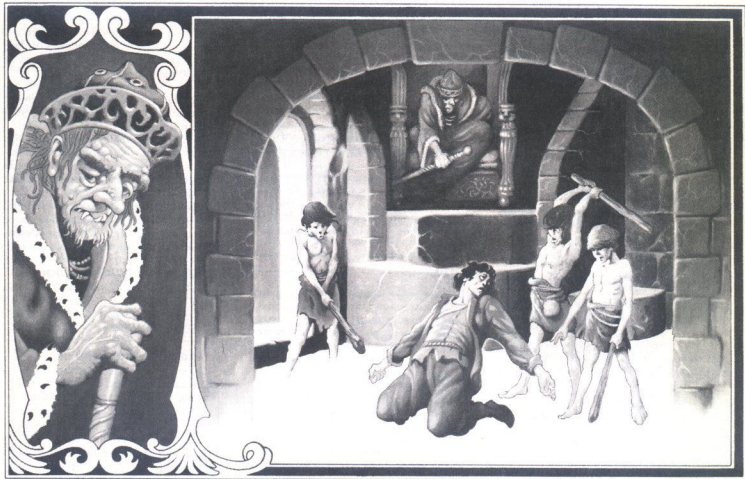
The prince's brother, Sir Anton (F22, C) died years ago when he attempted to kill an ancient gold dragon. Out of boredom, Raknaar the dragon (HD22, L) *polymorphed* into a human, came to the Tower of Linden, and finally *magic jatted* into Anton's body. He hid his *polymorphed* body deep in the tower's dungeons. Since then, Raknaar has fallen for Juliana's beauty and remained to protect her. The old dragon senses that Juliana's alignment does not correspond to that of her parents.

Wutyla, Lord Laszlo: (M9, St 11, In 14, Wi 8, Dx 10, Co 18, Ch 7, AL Chaotic—Baron of Mariksen)

Sir Laszlo is another nosferatu pawn of Prince Morphail. He is the most remotely located from the Tower of Igorov, and the hardest to control. He knows the Boldavian Vampires' Law (see Morphail Gorevitch-Woszlany) and so he sometimes leaves Mariksen for a "raid" into Ethengar. This has caused the Khan to send more clerics to this border to combat the vampiric threat, causing greater friction between Ethengar and Glantri. Laszlo's biggest fear is of the prince learning about his misbehavior. Should someone (like Lady Szasza Markowitch) happen to learn of this and blackmail him, he will agree to any terms demanded of him. He is a 2nd circle Necromancer.

Zispaghi, Luigi "Belcanto": (T5, St 12, In 14, Wi 8, Dx 13, Co 10, Ch 17, AL Chaotic—the Singing Gondolier)

Luigi works as a full-time gondolier in Glantri City, and is part of Fellowship of the Pouch. He is famous for his love songs while he pushes his gondola. The People's Spell Casters Company pays him to abduct various people when needed (especially Inspectors of the Utterance). A knob located at the rear of his gondola releases a sleeping gas in the cabin and locks the door and the windows.



AMBASSADORS

Galladin, Sire: (E8, St 8, In 17, Wi 10, D 15, Co 12, Ch 16, AL N—Lord Ambassador of Alfheim)

Galladin is perhaps one of the most honest ambassadors in Glantri City. He doesn't allow gratuitous theft of Glantrian knowledge, sincerely believing elves are in need of Glantrian wizardry. He has no connection with E.L.F. or F.A.E.R.Y. subversives. Galladin is aware of the Glantrian spies across the street and some occasional spying on the constabulary's part, but he fears them not since he has nothing to hide. Subversives will be rapidly expelled from the embassy. Galladin is essentially interested in the welfare of fair elves in Glantri, and the support of the Glantrian alliance to Alfheim.

Galladin appears as a middle-aged elf, with a slight tan complexion, silver white hair and a neatly trimmed beard. He often wears a pail green, silken costume and discreet jade jewelry. He happens to be Shalander's brother,

the elven ambassador to Karamaikos (see details in GAZ1). Galladin is also a new student at the Great School of Magic, now working on his first circle of Dracology (jade dragon — see Masters rules).

Torenescu, Sir Sergei: (F4, St 16, In 15, Wi 14, Dx 13, Co 12, Ch 15, AL Chaotic — Lord Ambassador of Karamaikos)

Sergei is a fat, oily man, with a scar on the side of his right eye. He earned this ambassador position thanks to Boris, a cousin connected to Karamaikan government. He helped Boris eliminate a rival family member several years ago (see GAZ1 for details).

This commission saved him the unpleasant alternative of answering questions about shady activities recently unveiled in Specularum, in the name of public opinion and politics. Sergei allegedly runs a false money ring. It links the People Spell Casting Company making illusory gold, to Karamaikan extortionists. The plot is to generate real money for the P.S.C.C., and damage the Karamaikan

Treasury. This would weaken Duke Stefan's hold over the throne on which Sergei has personal ambitions. On occasion Sergei can be found in Glantri's West Side meeting shady people incognito.

Diaura, Lady Scrutina: (F4, St 7, In 17, Wi 16, Dx 15, Co 5, Ch 9, AL N — Lady Ambassador of Darokin)

Lady Scrutina is a wealthy lady chosen by Darokin as representative because of her great shrewdness in business and things political. She is an old, skinny one, with grey hair and a quavering voice. She wears surprisingly common gear with very little jewelry for a person of her rank.

Despite Scrutina's political and business abilities, she has the bad habit of cutting corners on what she thinks is not absolutely vital. Many people say she is a terrible scrooge as far as petty cash goes. Banquets at the embassy are as rare as they are frugal, cheap and dull, not quite insulting to her guests but by a narrow margin.

Guilds and Brotherhoods

Their robes are red and long, covering them from head to toe, with pointed hoods over their faces and silken girdles reaching the floor. Quietly they sit, waiting in the chilling dampness of the dungeon. Lonely footsteps echo in the dark, approaching.

"It's him," whispers one.

His neighbor clutches his staff and answers coldly. "The Tower is deep, and no one knows for sure what dwells here other than wards and captives. Hope that it is he whom we have sought, else it might be our doom."

A hooded man in the front turns and replies in a low rumbling voice. "We are seniors in the Science of Law. The school would not have us sent here if danger lurked so close. Keep quiet, my brethren, for the Master is close. I can sense him now."

The students fall quiet, as the echo in the corridor comes to an end. A word is uttered in the dark, and suddenly a globe of light appears amid a flash of scintillating colors sparkling in all directions. The brilliance dims and reveals the master: his robes are purple and long, covering him head to toe, with a pointed hood over his face and a silken girdle reaching the floor.

Influences and Subversions in Glantri, an Overview presented by His Honor, Prince Jherek, Supreme Judge of the Council

"Greetings, Seekers of Knowledge! I am delighted to see you in this place of sorrow, for no one should venture in darkness without knowing who might be there before him. Should you become a ruler, the little I shall now reveal may be of help to those well intentioned. The others shall become my prey. Deep are the dungeons under the Tower of Sighs and those I have sent there have never returned. Now, let us begin, for there is much to learn.

"Intrigues and interests have often torn our nation apart. When the magistracy was established, many factions were crushed while a few survived. Since then, new guilds and brotherhoods appeared, both more elusive and aware of the utter power of High Wizardry. Their importance varies greatly, depending on their methods and intents.

"The greatest forces in our nation are the philosophical movements supporting Wizardry as our nation's purpose. Then

follow the mercantile organizations handling most of the population's business. Many other groups exist, but remain underground, for their goal is either illegal or harmful to the people.

"In order to enter one of these groups, one must usually perform a deed appropriate to the organization, be it a payment of gold, an oath, or a specific service. Usually, membership is maintained by paying some gold every month.

"To understand these groups better, you must study their roots, motives and methods. Two criteria can be used to summarize their nature and basic goals. In the Magistrates' jargon, they are called *Alignments* and *Status*."

ALIGNMENTS

Belligerent: Any faction in this category uses violence to enforce the purpose of the faction. These groups are always secret. Although most are illegal, some princes may unofficially tolerate their existence.

Dissuasive: In these groups are those who seek to protect their interests against known or legal parties, using the power of dissuasion. Their methods usually involve a mass non-cooperation when a member's or the community's interests are impaired.

Mercantile: The leaders of these groups seek to make a profit from the members' financial activities, and provide certain services to their members. Some of the dues are spent to provide the services; the remainder goes to the leader(s).

Philosophical: The members of these groups usually pool their resources to impose, in a organized and efficient way, their philosophical (or religious) ideals upon a larger share of the population. Self-preservation is often their motivation.

Political: These factions usually seek to gain advantages over other people, or to eliminate another faction's advantage. Their methods involve the manipulation of people, laws and voting powers through negotiation.

Scientific: The members pool some of their resources to increase the flow of knowledge among them, on the condition this knowledge remains among the members. In doing so, they hope to gain a higher social status and manipulate the ignorant.

Social: These groups usually pool part of their resources in order to redistribute them to a failing part of their community. In so doing, members hope to reduce uncertainties in their future.

Status

Legal: These groups are officially recognized by the Council as representatives of their craft. They may defend their interests as long as their activities remain legal.

Semi-Legal: These groups are tolerated by the Council of Princes, as long as they do not cause any major problem for the nation or within a principality.

Illegal: Any known members of these groups are considered criminals and will be hunted by the local constabulary. Illegal acts are always underground movements that are difficult to find and join.

Underground: These are not necessarily illegal, but feel they should remain secret for fear of opposed factions, or to avoid possible legal complications.

The Guilds and Brotherhoods

"Now that you have the basic facts, we shall proceed with more information on the specific organizations."

ALCHEMISTS, CORPORATION OF

Alignment: Mercantile, scientific
Status: Legal; licensed alchemists
Entrance Fee and Dues: 135 dc/18 dc

"As you already know, the alchemists of Glantri must be licensed by the Great School of Magic to legally perform their craft. The purpose of their corporation is to compile knowledge pertaining to their science and make sure it remains utterly secret. There have been cases of alchemists eliminated for openly selling recipes and secrets belonging to the guild.

"Licensed alchemists are easily recognizable by the blue star tattooed on their foreheads."

DM Notes: This corporation maintains ties with the Guild of Thugs, especially when one of their members is suspected of selling trade secrets.

AMBASSADORS AND MINISTERS SOLIDARITY

Alignment: Social, political
Status: Semi-legal; princes' retainers only
Entrance Fee and Dues: 580 dc/60 dc

"All high-ranking officials working for the Council are members of the Solidarity. Its functions are to defend the members' political privileges: diplomatic immunity in all Glantrian principalities, and non-

taxable income. Whenever a member dies during active duty, the surviving head of the family gets a 20-year pension from the solidarity. Headquarters are located in Glantri City."

Architects' Cadre

Alignment: Mercantile, scientific
Status: Legal; Caurenze architects only
Entrance Fee and Dues: 1,500 dc/95 dc

"These architects are well-known for their ability to build elegant but solid structures. These may have magical attributes if the proper fee is paid during the construction. The Cadre's architects jealously keep this knowledge secret. To enter the Cadre, one must have built an extraordinary structure, be a native of Caurenze and pay the fee. The headquarters are in Lizzieni."

Beggars' Court

Alignment: Mercantile, belligerent
Status: Illegal; beggars only
Entrance Fee and Dues: An affliction/1 dc

"The beggars of Glantri City are often the victims of someone's odious magic or are the losers of a duel. As a result, the poor wretches bear curses, deformities and diseases that prevent them from living a normal life. Rejected by most of the population, they have sought refuge at the Beggars' Court, a rundown area of Glantri City, in the west district."

DM Notes: To enter the Court, one must bear an obvious and repulsive deformity. The court's goal is to protect and avenge its victims, in exchange for the membership fee and absolute loyalty to the King of Beggars, Lord Ratibus (see "Marauders, Mages and Masters" for details).

Boldavian Liberation Organization

Alignment: Philosophical, belligerent
Status: Underground; non-noble Boldavians
Entrance Fee and Dues: None/50 dc

"Little is known about these terrorists. They concentrate on Boldavian nobles, killing them or abducting their families for obscure reasons. It is believed they are local activists seeking to become independent. Their headquarters lie in the sewers of Rymskigrad, in Boldavia."

DM Notes: The undead barons under Prince Morphaill's control must obey his Boldavian Vampires' Law, which forbids the spreading of vampirism among the commoners (see Prince Morphaill in "Marauders, Mages and Masters" for details).

The result is that all vampire barons mercilessly hunt down commoner vampires to destroy them. The victims organized the Boldavian Liberation Organization, whose purpose is to hire vampire hunters to stalk vampire nobles. Taking noble hostages is their favorite defense tactic against Prince Morphaill. Their ultimate goal is to kill Morphaill and free all vampires.

Canine Protection Society

Alignment: Philosophical, belligerent
Status: Illegal; a must for lycanthropes
Entrance Fee and Dues: 180 dc/5 dc

"This group is utterly illegal because its members are lycanthropes. It is a band of filthy creatures who seem to have established some form of organized crime in the hills north of New Averogine. They are very elusive brigands."

DM Notes: The members of this society perceive themselves as innocent victims of racial prejudices and nationwide persecution. Their slogan, "Remember the Years of Infamy," refers to the 802 AC incident with the dwarves, which is similar to their case. For this reason, they will never harm dwarves or halflings.

Their plan is to spread lycanthropy so that they can officially call for an Act of Enfranchisement and create their own principality—which is perfectly legal. This society has its headquarters at Chateau de Morlay, under Sire Malachic du Marais' authority. Some dwarven families of Rockhome secretly provide financial support, as a means of revenge for the Years of Infamy.

Claymore, Followers of the

Alignment: Philosophical, belligerent
Status: Illegal; mostly fighters
Entrance Fee and Dues: Act of bravery/
none

"This group is perhaps one of the most threatening underground movements in Glantri. The few members we have had a chance to interrogate have all been soldiers. Some high military commanders at the capital or in the Sablestone region are suspected of conspiring against the Council, but so far nothing specific has been learned."

DM Notes: Most members of this faction are fighters from the parallel-world land of

Scotland (see Brannart McGregor in "Mages, Marauders and Masters"). They resent the mages' absolute control over this nation and plot to overthrow them.

So far, the group's activities remain within the borders of Klantyre. However, because Brannart's 1st and 2nd Banners are located at Fort Sablestone, the group is becoming active in this lawless area (another reason why no wizard has managed to create a principality there). The Skullhorn Pass Camp is also highly infiltrated by the followers. Their headquarters are hidden in Glenmoorloch, under Sir Duncan or Sir Bruce McGregor. The followers are also marginally active in Glantri City among military circles.

Elven Liberation Front

Alignment: Political, belligerent
Status: Illegal; Clan of Erewan only
Entrance Fee and Dues: 140 dc/5 dc

"This terrorist group is highly unpopular among the non-elven population. Unfortunately, the local Erewan population seems to support these brigands. They are an armed faction of elves whose believed purpose is to oppose any attempt from the Clan of Belcadiz to rebuild their supremacy over the fair elves. Despite her denials, Princess Carlolina's position in this affair remains highly suspicious."

DM Notes: E.L.F. is also illegal in Erewan. Carlolina unsuccessfully tries to dismantle the group because she disapproves of its violent and cruel methods.

Their true objective is the separation of Erewan from Glantri, then alliance with Alfheim. Canolbarth will strongly deny any involvement with the E.L.F., although there is some evidence that individuals from Alfheim have transferred funds to the E.L.F. Their headquarters are located at Erendyl, under Lady Esmeralda Erewan.

Farmers, Free Fundamentalist

Alignment: Social, belligerent
Status: Illegal; free territory farmers
Entrance Fee and Dues: 1 dc/1 cp

"The members of this fledgling group are militant farmers in free territory areas. They try to prevent the local population from calling for an Act of Enfranchisement, in order to preserve their ownership over the land, and their freedom. They are usually extremely poor and resent the presence of wealthy landowners. They are most active in the areas of Sablestone and Bramyra."

Guilds and Brotherhoods

DM Notes: They usually work closely with the Thugs' Guild, to enforce their ideals over the local population, or with nobles seeking to build a new barony. They have regional headquarters at Bramya, Estoniarsk, Huledain, and Kern. In case of an invasion (or revolt), they can muster in a day a force of 150 men (Troop Class Fair, BR 58) armed with pitchforks.

Fire, Followers of the

Alignment: Philosophical, political
Status: Illegal; old Flaemish nobles
Entrance Fee and Dues: None/none

"This faction baffles us. Many constables have studied their alleged covert activities but cannot recognize any sort of pattern, other than the spreading of chaos and confusion. The Vanserie family is suspected of being involved."

DM Notes: This group is made up of old Flaemish nobles who specialize in the use of fire as the basis of their magic. Most of these nobles have graduated from the Great School of Magic with various degrees of mastery over fire. They resent the fact that the Council controls the nation that was once under their supremacy. Their secret activities are to promote wars between the principalities to weaken them. They are often at the source of frictions between Belcadiz and Erewan, or the Aendyr and the di Malapietras.

The leader of this faction is Prince Vanserie and the members are Pieter Vandehaar, Sinaria Verlien, and Wilhelmine Vlaardoen. The secret headquarters are located at the Tower of Linden.

Free Anachronic Society of Aalban

Alignment: Scientific, belligerent
Status: Semi-legal, underground; MU5 only
Entrance Fee and Dues: 340 dc/50 dc

"This faction seems to have a pathological fear of anything that does not involve magic, particularly machinery. They have sabotaged new mechanical artifacts in the capital and in the Town of Leenz. The destructions seem to be linked to individuals in the Aalban region."

DM Notes: These people perceive any technological invention as a threat to civilization and the craft of magic. Whenever a machine has been created without the use of magic, there is a 30% chance a member will attempt to have it destroyed or secretly oppose its creator in legal or illegal ways. The headquarters of this society are in Leenz, under Gertrudus

Drachenfels' control. Its members include Serena Aendyr, Wilhelmine Vlaardoen, and Sinaria Verlien.

Free Armed Elven Resistant Youth

Alignment: Political, belligerent
Status: Illegal; Clan of Belcadiz only
Entrance Fee and Dues: 150 dc/25 dc

"This elven faction seems to consist of individuals from Belcadiz. Most of their activities have been the destruction of material property in Erewan and the abduction of fair elves. Their headquarters are believed to be in New Alvar, although no link was traced to Princess Carnelia."

DM Notes: This armed faction of Belcadiz elves is strongly opposed to the Elven Liberation Front. F.A.E.R.Y.'s purpose is to seek out criminals from E.L.F. and execute them. Their other activities include illegal tampering of voting ballots in favor of Belcadiz's affairs. They ultimately seek the reunification of Erewan and Belcadiz, of course under Carnelia's control. The group is tolerated in Belcadiz but illegal in the rest of Glantri. Don Carlo de Belcadiz is the secret leader of the faction, and also happens to be the Constable of New Alvar, where F.A.E.R.Y. is based.

Magistrates, Hall of

Alignment: Scientific, political
Status: Legal; Parliament retainers only
Entrance Fee and Dues: 65 dc/3 dc

"This group consists of retainers working at Parliament. They are masters at campaigning to gain votes, so much so that many nobles pay for their advice. They intend to make sure this strange political science remains in their hands."

DM Notes: Another goal of the group is the protection of the voting system in Glantri, which is the source of the magistrates' wealth. The Hall of Magistrates is at the Parliament.

Merchants' Consortium

Alignment: Mercantile, dissuasive
Status: Legal; all merchants welcome
Entrance Fee and Dues: 500 dc/100 dc

"The members of this society seek to control all significant business in the country, especially import and export. All merchants earning more than 1,000 dc per year must belong to the consortium, or be shunned by Glantri's merchant community."

DM Notes: Should any action be taken against the merchants (like excessive taxes), the consortium can respond by controlling prices and the arrival of vital merchandises in any principality. Their headquarters are in Glantri City.

Monster Handlers' Syndicate

Alignment: Mercantile, dissuasive
Status: Legal; all creatures' handlers
Entrance Fee and Dues: 35 dc/3 dc

"This government-backed guild trains monster handlers to make sure they are properly prepared to deal with each monster's specific powers. Each type of monster requires a qualified handler with a license from the union. A dragon handler will only deal with reptile monsters, and a giant handler will only deal with giants. There is nothing illegal here."

DM Notes: The syndicate will always oppose individuals with known monster pets or familiars on the grounds that the monsters must have a union handler for the population's safety. If the individual refuses to comply with the union's orders, they may legally have the monster confiscated by the local constabulary.

A monster handler costs 10 dc per HD of monster to be handled, per month. The union has headquarters in every major town, but is particularly active in Leenz, Lizzieni and Glantri City.

Monster Hunters' Union

Alignment: Mercantile, scientific
Status: Legal; all monster hunters
Entrance Fee and Dues: 75 dc/15 dc

"This union is interested in compiling information about monster lore and powers. Most members are sages who do not participate directly to the capture or destruction of a monster, but will join a party and give them advice."

DM Notes: For a fee, a member offers his knowledge to hunting parties. The fee depends on the type of monster to be hunted. When the mission is over, the member is to report to the local headquarters and describe any previously unknown abilities the hunted monster presented. The information is then compiled and forwarded to the union's numerous headquarters. These are located in all major towns.

This group works closely with the Monster Handlers' Union. If a party does not mention

a capture upon its return, it is the member's responsibility to notify the other union.

Movers' Guild

Alignment: Mercantile, dissuasive
Status: Legal; all professional movers

Entrance Fee and Dues: 500 dc/10% profits

"All moving enterprises in Glantri belong to the Movers' Guild. They offer their services whenever a noble needs to move to another tower, which occurs rather frequently in Glantri. The different movers have varying amounts of gear and experience on how to move nobles, treasures, and magical items across the land. Nothing abnormal has ever been noted in these activities."

DM Notes: Prices vary greatly depending on how fast and how far the noble wants to move, and the nature and amount of the goods to be transported. Movers often use the help of the Monster Handlers' Union and mercenary troops. Their methods range from teleporting devices to flying carpets and overland caravans for the less wealthy. Prices start at 1,000 dc for not-so-reliable services to more than 50,000 dc for top-notch service.

The Movers' Guild has headquarters in every major town but the best services can be obtained in Glantri City. The amount of gold spent on movers is often a reflection of the noble's social status.

Mystic Healers, Hospice of

Alignment: Social, dissuasive
Status: Legal, underground; mystics only
Entrance Fee and Dues: All wealth/same

"A few monasteries of mystics are tolerated in Glantri because they do not bear any religious character, and because these mystics have great knowledge of healing wounds and diseases with herbs. It is not as quick as clerical curative spells, but there is little they cannot heal within a week's time. Most of them can be found in high mountains, away from the population."

DM Notes: These mystics are herbalists and alchemists, not clerics, so their healing power is limited. They cannot regrow lost limbs or organs, raise the dead, or reverse the diseases associated with the Radiance (though they can ease their pain). They heal wounds at a rate of two hp/day and can provide the equivalent of a cure disease spell in a week. They are disinterested in politics and money; however, they

do maintain tenuous contacts with the Ten Thousand Fists of Khan, a sect described in this section. They have provided sanctuary to fugitive clerics at times, but nothing more. The Great Saffron Mystic of Glantri has its seat at Lhamsa, in the Colossus Mounds.

People's Spell-Casters Company

Alignment: Mercantile, belligerent
Status: Illegal; unlicensed magic-users
Entrance Fee and Dues: 50 dc/12 dc

"Many magic-users from foreign lands or those who have had their licenses withheld join this secret sect. They offer magical services at lower prices than licensed spell-casters. Members buy information on the activities of Inspectors of the Utterance and will not hesitate to attack our men; some even practice extortion rackets in their city district. Leads are suspected among corrupt Magistrates at the Parliament, which helps these brigands escape the law."

DM Notes: Stealing spell-books and scrolls is another of their specialties, which has made them enemies of the Fellowship of the Pouch. They are especially active in Glantri City, near the School of Magic.

Pouch, Fellowship of the

Alignment: Mercantile, dissuasive
Status: Semi-legal, underground; thieves
Entrance Fee and Dues: 50 dc/3 dc

"Most thieves belong to the Fellowship of the Pouch. Members must pay their dues monthly, in exchange for the right to operate within the Fellowship's territory. Non-members, when found, are usually dealt with in the most brutal manner. Their activities are tolerated in Glantri because many nobles use their services."

DM Notes: This group is on good terms with the Guild of Thugs but is usually opposed to the Beggars' Court, which they feel overlaps on their territory.

The largest single Fellowship is that of Glantri City. Other semi-autonomous groups of this nature can be found in all major towns. Most of them reluctantly pay dues to the Fellowship in the capital, although once in while one of the sub-groups will try to break free. This leads to violent fights with the central Fellowship.

Private Houses, Sisters of the

Alignment: Mercantile, dissuasive
Status: Semi-legal underground; anyone

Entrance Fee and Dues: None/2 dc

"This is a branch of the Fellowship of the Pouch; its members sell their favors for the pleasure of their customers. Their rates vary widely, depending on their experience and ability and customer preferences."

DM Notes: This group's lobbying activities have been very successful at all levels of society, including the Magistrates at the Parliament; no vote will fall against them. The members protect each other by threatening to stop their services in case of trouble. Individual members are usually protected by the Fellowship of the Pouch.

Radiance, Brotherhood of the

Alignment: Philosophical, belligerent
Status: Underground; all Radiance users
Entrance Fee and Dues: None/none

"Very little is known about this obscure group. As its name implies, it seems to be related to a mythical force thought to radiate from the center of our nation. A bounty of 100,000 dc has been offered by the City of Glantri's Constabulary for information leading to the capture of any member of this brotherhood. It is not known where they hold their meetings."

DM Notes: This brotherhood is the most secretive and the smallest in numbers of members; yet it is the most fearsome and powerful in the nation. Its members are wizards who have learned how to use the Radiance, a strong magical force that radiates from below the School of Magic.

None of the members know each other because there is no set headquarters or meeting place; all members use code-names. The group's leader is no less than Prince Etienne d'Ambreville (see "Marauders, Mages and Masters" for details). Because he is an immortal, Etienne can automatically identify any mortal user of the Radiance. Through magical receptacles needed to control the force, users can communicate mentally with each other without revealing their identities. They must communicate during each equinox and solstice, at midnight. Etienne allows them to communicate to discuss new activities to support the Order of the Radiance (see "Politics and Rivalries in Glantri" for details) and talk about critical events. Users of the Radiance know they must obey their leader, whom they know as "Rad."

The purpose of the Brotherhood is to

Guilds and Brotherhoods

ensure that the users of the Radiance are all nobles and that their magical receptacles are properly located according to the Order of the Radiance. Should a commoner magic-user ever tamper with the Radiance, or a noble move his receptacle closer to Glantri City than his noble title allows, Etienne will order the offender to put an end to his researches at once. If the mental order is ignored, Etienne then contacts one of the Brothers of the Radiance, identifies the culprit, and orders his immediate elimination. The method is up to the Brother. Betrayal of the Brotherhood's secrets brings the same penalty.

The brothers can affect the decisions of the Shepherds of Rad (see Temples of Rad later in this section). The current Brothers are Don Fernando de Casanegra, Lord Harald of Haaskinz, Lord Alasdair McAllister, Prince Brannart McGregor, Sir Angus McGregor, Prince Vanserie Vlaardoan, and the mighty Prince Etienne d'Ambreville.

Sages' League

Alignment: Scientific, philosophical
Status: Semi-legal; sages only
Entrance Fee and Dues: 500 dc/25 dc

"Many of the sages in Glantri belong to this league to trade information and knowledge. Once a year, the sages travel to Glantri City to attend the Sages' Forum, where knowledge is freely traded or sold among members.

"Sages are almost above the law when it comes to kinds of information and how it is acquired. For example, a sage who reveals some national secret cannot be prosecuted, although the source of the leak will be in serious trouble."

Scholars' Fraternity

Alignment: Scientific, dissuasive
Status: Legal; school masters only
Entrance Fee and Dues: 180 dc/15 dc

"Many schools of various sorts exist in Glantri, including the Great School of Magic. Anybody who teaches as way of life may enter the Scholars' Fraternity.

"The Fraternity seeks the right to teach any topic freely, without fear of retaliation. If a scholar is threatened in any way, the whole fraternity could refuse to teach until the insult is redressed. Since most scholars have something to do with magic teachings, this would mean a serious problem for the wizards and the Council."

Scribes Association

Alignment: Scientific, social
Status: Legal; scribes and interpreters
Entrance Fee and Dues: 20 dc/2 dc

"The scribes of Glantri have an important function in the Parliamentary bureaucracy, since all edicts and voting results must be translated into the various languages spoken in each principality.

"Scribes are but low class servants who are often abused by their eccentric wizardly masters. Any error they make can create major diplomatic or magical problems; thus, their trade is a risky one.

"The purpose of their association is to provide the families of unlucky scribes with a temporary fund. Some of the association's finances are used to provide education to the scribes' most talented progeny."

Spokesmen's Guild

Alignment: Mercantile, political
Status: Legal; geased diplomats only
Entrance Fee and Dues: Variable/special

"This organization is one of the largest in Glantri, and plays an important role within the political system. Because of the wizards' need to spend time away from the political scene, the Spokesmen's Guild offers a commercial service of diplomatic representation and advice.

"The guild features magical conditioning and guarantees of its spokesmen, which were necessary conditions to earn the wizards' trust. The spokesmen have the reputation of being absolutely loyal to their employers. They are capable of running the finances and politics of a dominion, as well as representing its ruler at the Council or at the Parliament. An officially registered spokesman has all legal powers to manage his employers' business, according to limits set by the employer. Upon being hired, a spokesman must register at the Parliament's offices to become legal.

"A spokesman of the guild can easily be recognized by the small diamond implanted in his forehead."

DM Notes: Removing a spokesman's diamond implant causes his immediate death. It is the receptacle for the magical power that keeps the representative loyal to his employer. The diamond prevents a spokesman from talking under torture, magical or alchemical influence. The diamond's effects are not *pellable*.

The employment rates to be paid to the spokesman vary greatly depending on the representative's abilities. Spokesmen originally pay for their own training when they join the Guild (at which time they are also magically conditioned to be loyal). Their abilities are commensurate with their original investment. So, there are low-priced spokesmen who can handle simple operations, as well as highly expensive representatives capable of overseeing a principality's administration and diplomacy. Rates vary from 50 dc to 5,000 dc per month, a third of which goes to the Guild.

The Guildmaster is the only person capable of bypassing any of his spokesmen's conditioning (this is not common knowledge). This had never happened until the present guildmaster, Meister Rannigar Budulug, secretly took over a dominion after its ruler died (see Lady Mariana Terlagand in "Marauders, Mages and Masters"). Otherwise, Guild business is performed honestly.

Temples of Rad

Alignment: Philosophical, belligerent
Status: Legal; Shepherds of Rad only
Entrance Fee and Dues: All wealth

"Respectable citizens go to the Temples on a regular basis. This ensures a clear mind and adherence to the ways of wizardry. The Shepherds of Rad run the temples. Their wisdom comes from talismans only they know how to build. Donating gold to promote the construction of new temples is a way to improve one's social status."

DM Notes: Shepherds are wizards whose goal is to influence people so they support the "Official Philosophy of Glantri" (see "Living in Glantri City" for details). Their talismans are magical receivers through which Brothers of the Radiance send mental visions and orders to the Shepherds (brothers "send" through their receptacles). The Shepherds think they are hearing the Voice of Rad. Brothers send to Shepherds in the temples they've founded, while Prince Etienne, the founder of the first Temple, sends to the remaining ones. The fact that he created the Temple's philosophy is not common knowledge but may be discovered at Glantri City's main library after several weeks of research. The Shepherds and their believers are absolutely faithful to the talismans' suggestions. Etienne will punish brothers abusing this resource.



TEN THOUSAND FISTS OF KHAN

Alignment: Philosophical, belligerent
Status: Illegal; clerics only
Entrance Fee and Dues: none/75 dc

"This highly illegal sect is an Ethengarian-sponsored movement whose sole purpose is to spread religion in Glantri and destroy the wizards' supremacy. The members of the sect are usually believers in the cleric's faith.

"Once in a while a member is discovered by the local constable and a wild manhunt immediately ensues to destroy the cleric and his followers. So far, New Avertoigne is one of the only principalities almost totally cleric-free.

"A bounty of 5,000 dc will be paid by any constable for information leading to the arrest of a cleric of this sect, plus 100 dc per other non-clerical member."

DM Notes: The most difficult task of the sect is to smuggle Ethengarian clerics across the border and forge false identity scrolls for them in Kronahar. Then each cleric tries to

set up a local sect somewhere else in Glantri.

The elusive central headquarters of the sect are located in the town of Braastar, in Kronahar. Prince Jherek is the most virulent foe of the sect. Not one year passes in which a new branch of the sect is not discovered and utterly destroyed by the constable (Jherek).

Thugs' Guild

Alignment: Mercantile, belligerent
Status: Illegal; thugs only
Entrance Fee & Dues: 75 dc/12 dc

"The members of this guild offer their services for variable fees. They are specialized in eliminating people in the dark of the night. Thugs operate in any sphere of society. At various times in Glantrian history, even some nobles at the capital were notorious thugs. The guild is, however, tolerated by the wizards because most of them hire their services at some point in their careers."

DM Notes: The fees to hire a thug usually reach 500 dc per level of the victim, double that for wizards, triple if the wizard is a noble.

Half the fee is payable in advance; if the thug dies in the attempt, the advance is lost. The chances of success are 50%, minus the victim's level, plus the thug's level. Reduce chances 10% if the victim is a spell-caster, and another 10% if the victim is noble. Spy mission are also possible.

The leader of the guild is no less than Signor Antonio di Tarento, the wicked Viscount of Castelbianco. The guildmaster controls the thugs' business indirectly from his tower, using *teleportation* spells for his messengers, and a *crystal ball* with *ESP*.

United Artists Guild

Alignment: Philosophical, social
Status: Legal; actors, dancers and acrobats
Entrance Fee & Dues: 10 dc/2 dc

"This association consists of all entertainers, including actors, troubadours, dancers, acrobats, buffoons, animal handlers, poets, painters, sculptors, and so on. Their purpose is solidarity, in case one of them meets an untimely end. Their headquarters are located in Vyonnes."

Glantri City by Night

The fog is thick and the distant clamor of the city slowly dies out in the night. The reflection of the golden glow of a magical street lamp on the oily surface of the canal is cut by a passing gondola's bow. At the rear of the boat, a lonely figure slowly pushes on its pole, whistling in the night. Finally the ghostly gondolier stops under a street lamp next to a narrow marble stair on Manor Row. The bell on Alexander Platz eerily rings twice as half a dozen men feverishly walk out from the dark. One after another, they cautiously step down and board the narrow, swaying boat. The night is cold and the passengers pull their cloaks around them. Moments later, the gondola slowly leaves, gliding quietly on the waterway.

One of the men sitting at the front leans over to his neighbor. "It looks as though we are all here for the same reason."

"So it seems," answers the other, "and eager to learn more about this strange city. I was at the Tower of Sighs yesterday. Have you been there?"

"I have," says the first, and looks perplexedly up and down the canal and at the gondola. "What an odd way to tour a city," he continues. "Frankly, I'm cold, and poling along the canals of this city just to see old houses does not exactly appeal to me."

"I agree. You'd think they'd provide some guide to explain what all these monuments are," replies the second. "Nor am I sure how safe this trip is. Have you any idea of what may lurk in these waters?"

"Well, I never leave without my little companion here," whispers the man, tapping on the wand that bulges under his cloak.

A voice—smooth, aristocratic, and a little amused—rises from the rear: "My dear, you've no reason at all to fear for your safety. You are my guests, and absolutely safe; you can put your trust in me!"

All six passengers turn back and realize the gondolier is missing. In his place now stands an elegant young man, wearing an elegant suit of silk set off with pearls, white gloves and a red cloak. Behind him, the pole continues pushing the gondola—all by itself. "I do apologize for appearing before you in this manner, but a little discretion was necessary. And I hope you don't mind my little trick with the pole. Allow me to introduce myself: I am Sir Boris, representing Prince Morpail here in Glantri. It is my pleasure to guide you through our charming city."

The Nocturnal Point of View, presented by Sir Boris Gorevitch-Woszlany, FAMOUS SOCIALITE

"As you've noticed, a striking feature of Glantri City is the fact there are hardly any streets. Instead, we have many canals. They lead to the rivers south of the city, the Isole and Vesubia. So we sail along between the buildings, comfortably seated, enjoying our ride. The city has over three hundred fifty professional gondoliers, most of them working during the day. Their fees start at 1 copper piece per ride in the West Side to 1 dc in the Citadel and Nobles' Quarters on more comfortable gondolas. There are even some adorably elegant boats capable of serving tea and pastries during a ride. How lovely, with their silk curtains and velvet cushions... Of course, the wealthier citizens have their own gondolas.

"Glantri is city of 39,200 residents, if we include both suburbs and the city itself. On the other side of the Isole River are a few farms and, immediately after, a long series of rolling hills. On the other side of the Vesubian River lie marshes for several hundred yards, beyond which the land dries up. Many farmers live there; they bring their produce to the city every day. There is little room to spare within the defensive walls of the city, so many inhabitants have built their homes outside, on the north and west sides of the walls, forming the suburbs. Beyond are a large number of small villages and farms, boring places, if you ask me.

"The walls and defensive towers around the city form a two mile arc and extend to the rivers, but stop there. The city authorities found that battlements would ruin the view from the city on its river side. Of course, the canal entrances can be secured with a series of watergates. When winter comes, the river usually freezes, which leaves the south of the city unprotected. But the Great School of Magic usually sends its most talented students to raise magical walls there. In spring, when the ice breaks, the walls are *dispelled* and the beauty of the scene is restored.

"Meanwhile, the poorer people travel on ice skates; sometimes the wealthier do so as well, but only for amusement. Even in frozen weather, the gondoliers are still

in business: they mount their vessels on skates and have them pulled by horses, dogs, sails or even magic. The most famous winter gondolier is Prinz Jaggar's, which uses a tamed white dragon. Truly, the man has style...

"You probably wonder where the water in the canals comes from, since it flows toward the rivers. Well, this is actually very simple. An engineer from the Architect's Cadre opened several small gates to the plane of water and so supplied the city with an endless source. No one now knows where the gates are, since they lie at the bottom of various canals, underneath ten or twenty feet of murky waters.

"One more detail: the water in the Citadel Quarter never freezes, except on Manor Row and on the School Channel. Perhaps some of the gates are there, supplying warmer waters. This is fortunate, as it's best for this vital part of the city to be better protected against thieves or creatures of evil intent.

"Notice the number of towers and the way the houses are built in Glantri. All the buildings compete in elegance, with their balconies, graceful galleries for boarding gondolas, statues and gargoyles at the corners, high slanted roofs, turrets and pinnacles. Stained glass is very popular because of the color and the privacy it offers the occupants. Of course, the tower is a sign of high social standing; they are usually inhabited by a powerful user of magic, or a master in the art of alchemy or arcane lore. Many of these towers are covered with layers of bronze, brass, or, in the case of the Parliament, with thin sheets of gold and silver. When the sun rises over the city, the view can be breathtaking. Some of the older towers have a green hue because the brass has tarnished over the years, but once in a while the owners have the metal cleaned or changed.

"The city is divided in quarters that correspond to the general type of inhabitants dwelling there and what they do, such as the Citadel Quarter, for all that deals with government; there are also the Nobles', Business, Entertainers', Port, Middle Class, and West Side Quarters."

The Citadel Quarter

"The most fabulous district of Glantri City, the Citadel Quarter, contains the glorious buildings from whence the nation is

ruled. It is usually restricted to nobles, government retainers, guards and students. Other visitors must have a written pass from one of the three city gate constables, or from the Port Authorities. Local gondoliers will ask for passes before allowing unknown visitors aboard. They might refuse the visitor (or alert the next patrol), but bribery sometimes works. Any unauthorized visitor caught here is immediately taken to the Tower of Sighs for questioning.

"Armed gondolas regularly patrol these canals during the day. This area is under a curfew during night hours. No guards will then be found, but a powerful creature of darkness watches over this area of the city, especially the Citadel and the Tower of Sighs."

DM Notes

1. **Citadel:** Carlolina's and Jherek's 1st and 3rd Banners are garrisoned here, totalling 372 soldiers, plus high ranking constable officers, servants, council retainers and guards.

The citadel has three bronze doors that open on large marble walkways. Under attack, these walkways will collapse under the weight of ten or more men. This pentagonal structure has five inner courts, five defensive towers, and a large central building topped with the city's highest tower. Prinz Jagger has permanent quarters in the tower, where he can be found during his visits to the capital. The stones of the citadel are of a deep red color and the central tower is covered with plates of shiny brass engraved with dragon silhouettes. The stones were hewn in the southern quarries, in the Principality of Blackhill, and ferried to Glantri City, a process that took years to accomplish.

2. **Parliament:** This most elegant building is the seat of the voting session in the House of Lords, as well as of the Court House and the Chancellery. Magistrates and all Parliament retainers work here.

The building is made of white marble, and bears many decorative gargoyles, turrets, and statues of various historical nobles. The roof and the highest pinnacles are covered with thin layers of gold and silver. Four slim towers rise above the Parliament, one of which houses Prince Volospin's personal quarters. Various other high-ranking officials live in the other towers.

3. **Alexander Platz:** This area is a large, smooth, bare plaza made of black marble. Many noble and wealthy people made it their favorite place for a relaxing stroll before going to the Parliament.

In the center of the plaza is the City Belfry, actually a mausoleum dedicated to Lord Alexander Glantri, a hero of Glantrian history. It contains the hero's remains in a crypt, as well as a magical mechanism that rings every hour. Depending on the predicted weather, various statues come out near the top wearing garb appropriate to the expected weather. The tower is made of pink marble with red veins in the stone. No door to the tower exists.

Alexander Platz has covered bridges that arch over the waterways to the Parliament, the Great School of Magic and the southern end of Manor Row. The bridges to the school and the parliament are guarded (a proper pass is necessary to enter). Many stairs around the plaza allow visitors to get on and off gondolas.

4. **Great School of Magic:** This imposing building is made of dark grey stones, covered with plates of bronze and silver decorations. The bronze turned green many years ago. There is only one entrance, at the bridge to Alexander Platz. Several towers of various heights and shapes rise above the school. The highest tower contains Prince Etienne's personal quarters. Only scholars and students are usually allowed in. The school is protected by many magical wards and guards which are not common knowledge (see "The Great School of Magic" for details).

5. **House of Ministers:** This large structure houses all ministers and government retainers. This is the central authority of the tentacular Glantrian bureaucracy. Although it is in charge of enforcing any decisions from the Council of Princes or the Parliament, it is a power in its own right because of its incredible inertial strength. The House of Ministers also contains the nations' treasury vault. This House has no doors or windows that can be opened, but only *magic doors* with a magic word allowing entry and exit. It changes every day.

The building itself was constructed with smooth stones of a dark blue color. The large tower on the top of the building is of a lighter blue and glows dimly in the dark. It contains the personal quarters of Princess Carlolina, Prince Vanserie and various visiting ambassadors.

6. **Tower of Sighs:** This sinister and lonely tower rises from the middle of the murky waters of the citadel quarter. The name of this black structure comes from the prisoners sighing as they sail to the tower. Few will ever see the sun again, for this is the dreaded Glantrian prison and the seat of the capital's constabulary. The Glantrian police headquarters and secret intelligence network are based here.

The prisons are located far below the ground, under the surface of the citadel's canals. Horrible creatures guard the dark dungeons, such as the one that patrols this district at the night. It is a nightwing (from the Master DM's book) under the control of the Supreme Judge, Prince Jherek Virayana. His personal quarters are located near the top of the tower. A large, slippery chute opens at the top of the tower and reaches the lower levels of the dungeons. The nightwing uses it to fly in and out of the tower.

The Nobles' Quarter

"Noble families reside in 'The Rim,' the eastern side of the city. Most own their mansions there. Newcomers can rent residences, but the prices are outrageous and there is often a waiting list. This area of the city is the richest and the most ostentatious. There are a few luxury inns and tea parlors, but the most common shops here are jewelers, goldsmiths, and rich cabinet makers who specialize in the construction of various items according to the (expensive) fantasies of nobles living here."

DM Notes

7. **Malapietra Estates:** This beautiful white marble mansion belongs to Prince Innocenti di Malapietra. It is the permanent home of his sister, "la Signorina Lucrezia." Once a month, Lady Lucrezia organizes worldly receptions in order to meet potential new nobles and have them join the House of Sirecchia. She tries to keep them under her control rather than her brother's. The prince's quarters are in the tower above the mansion.

8. **Carnelia's Tower:** This is where Princess Carnelia stays when coming to the city. This fine house is made of pink marble and carved wood. Many bushes and flowers grow in niches and balconies on the walls. The roof has an elegant garden with a small jade fountain continuously spouting white wine. Receptions are usually given here in summer.

Carnelia lives in the upper levels of the tower. At the top is an aviary with hundreds of small, multicolored singing birds. Alas, these creatures are ferocious predators in presence of living flesh (unwanted visitors soon end up in the aviary, leaving no trace).

9. **The Rim:** This area is the easternmost paved walkway of the city. The nobles call it the rim because of its round shape and it is as far as one can go in the city. Princes and other nobles can often be seen here walking along with their personal escorts, or sitting on palan-

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quins. Beggars and low class visitors are not allowed on The Rim and will be harshly dealt with by the various nobles' guards.

10. **The Gorevitch-Wozslany's Manor:** Sir Boris, Prince Morpheil's older brother, lives in this stylish manor. Receptions and banquets are commonly offered here, but always at night and before crucial voting sessions at the Parliament. Boris' tactic consists of *charming* guests in order to gain some political advantage during the next day's votes. The cellar of the manor contains a large kennel of wolves. Unwanted visitors will certainly run into the wolves in charge of guarding the house in Sir Boris' daily "absences."

familiar to the locals because of the outrageous and decadent parties that regularly take place there. It is the house of Sire Henri d' Ambreville and Dona Carmina de Belcadiz. Gambling is common here, occasionally ending with the loser's body floating down Duke's Canal. A dangerous "follow-the-leader" game on the outer walls of the house, for sport, often entertains the people on Alexander Platz, across from the manor. The object of the game is to dare the laws of gravity by jumping from one ledge to another, without falling into the murky canal waters. Dona Carmina is a champion at this game and has never yet lost her footing

once the property of a noble merchant. He died after going bankrupt and selling his estate. The house now belongs to the Merchant's Consortium and can be rented for 450 dc per month, or purchased for 8,000 dc. The Consortium, which maintains the house, hopes to find a suitable occupant. Spies working for the City Constabulary are among the house's permanent staff. Their mission is to keep a watch on the nearby Embassy of Altheim (see #21, below).

15. **Beaumarys-Moorkroft's Mansion:** The Duke of Hightower lives in this mansion when in Glantri City. In his absence, servants and his majordomo take care of the estate.

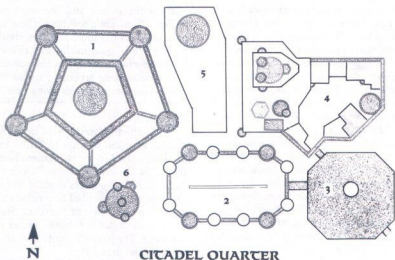
16. **Haaskinz's Manorhouse:** The Archduke of Westheath often comes to this classy manor, especially when dealing with important topics at the Parliament. He rarely receives visitors. Once in a while, his black palanquin can be seen coming in or out, but with curtains pulled down, concealing passengers.

17. **Hillsbury's Mansion:** Lady Margaret's mansion is quite well known to the locals for its rather conspicuous ceremonies. The Duchess has a personal company of Klantyre Guards standing on two gondolas and playing their bagpipes, whenever she or any high-stature visitor leaves or enters the mansion. Falling off a gondola in presence of the Duchess can be a serious problem for her guards. The whole ceremony is colorful indeed, but of questionable taste when it takes place in the middle of the night.

18. **The Silver Tower Inn:** The high society of Glantri often meets here for leisurely luncheons. This classy inn is reserved for nobles, and seems much like a small palace. Dinner may cost from 10 to 100 dc per guest. The owner boasts he offers the best food and service in Glantri, and that any customer's wishes may be fulfilled. The night can be spent in a posh palace suite, for a minimum 350 dc per person per night. Customers of the Silver Tower Inn immediately gain some recognition from the local nobles.

19. **Ambassador of Karamekois:** A permanent representative from the Grand Duchy of Karamekois lives here. Once or twice a year, the ambassador will organize a reception to maintain good relationship with the Glantri Nobles.

20. **Ambassador of Darokin:** This large mansion belongs to the Ambassador of Darokin, a prime ally of Glantri. Receptions may occur but business related meetings are more common. They usually involve the Chamberlain of the Land, the Treasurer of the Council, the ambassador and a representative from the Merchants' Consortium.



11. **Haunted House:** This rich house was once inhabited by a powerful noble, now presumed dead. Several months after his disappearance, it became apparent the house was haunted, or at least occupied by some strange creature. City authorities sent constables, and adventurers to deal with the unknown, without success. None ever returned. Since then, the city declared the house "unsafe" and sealed all the exits. At night strange noises can be heard from within, but the local citizens have grown accustomed to the house. It has now become an attraction familiar to the locals as an interesting monument.

12. **South Manor Row:** This house is quite

13. **Amberhouse:** This is the abode of Charles and Isabelle d' Ambreville, the representatives of Prince Etienne at the Parliament. They are slightly embarrassed by Henri d' Ambreville's antics at South Manor Row (see above), and the notoriety of these events ultimately costs them a few votes at Parliament. The couple organizes receptions at the same time as Henri's in an attempt to lessen the number of people attending Henri's parties. They are quite offended by people not showing up at their parties after being formally invited. Long-time offenders might have to deal with the Guild of Thugs later on.

14. **House for Rent:** This elegant house was

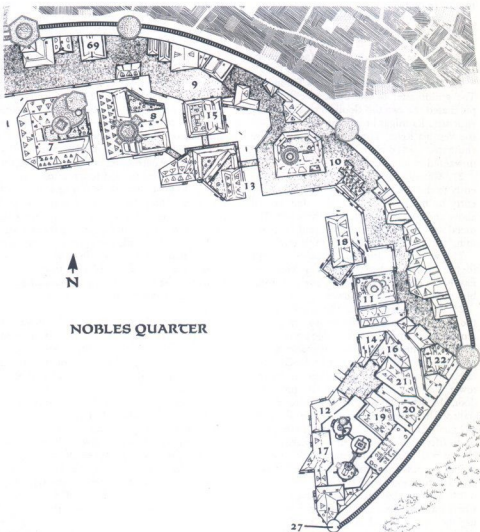
21. Ambassador of Alheim: The elves of Alheim maintain a permanent embassy here. Although Alheim is an ally of Glantri, the building is often under watch by the Constabulary of Glantri. The constables try to single out spies or members of the Elven Liberation Front who might show up. Undercover constables are located in various neighboring houses or across Ambassadors' Canal. Suspicious characters leaving the embassy might be secretly abducted to the Tower of Sighs (see area #6 above). Innocents are usually not released; this prevents any sort of diplomatic incident from occurring.

22. Temples of Rad: These are commonly found in Glantri City and most towns in the nation. The larger are usually built of purple stones, while those in remote areas are simple log structures. They consist of a main meditation hall with several hundred small goings (their use is detailed in the "Living in Glantri City" section) and one or more smaller chapels for private worship. Golden statues of the greatest wizards in Glantri's history sit in small alcoves all around the main meditation hall. Visitors light a candle at one of the statues and toss a coin into its alcove, as a sign of good faith.

The upper levels contain the quarters of the Shepherds of Rad, the spiritual guides of the temple. These wizards preach respect of the magocracy upon the people. The temple's crypts contain the Shepherds' gold as well as an array of magically-tamed monsters. They are released at the night to keep intruders out and protect the temple's statues.

The Business Quarter

"Most of the city business is conducted in the Business Quarter, south of the Parliament. You shouldn't miss the Open Market, where you can get all materials necessary for the craft as well as petty purchases such as food, clothing and various services. In the marketplace, you will find tamed monsters, finely carved woods and metals to become the receptacles of magical powers, spell and potion components by the pound, blank spell books, scrolls ready to be inscribed, anything you need. All around this place are shops with bizarre and obscure secrets for sale, even shops with magically dowered items, if you know how to ask. Silk, gold, services, people, information and exotic delights—all are here to satisfy one's demands. Truly, this is the busiest site in our city."



DM Notes

23. Open Market: This is the biggest paved area after Alexander Platz (see #3 above). It covers the whole area east and west of the loading docks (area #32). Here, anything can be bought or sold. Here you can find the most different people side by side: beggars might be here, next to a noble, a wealthy merchant, or a great mage from the School. These are the hunting grounds of thieves, cutpurses, extortionists, money lenders and changers, or bankers of varying integrity. This place is still crowded in the quietest hours of the night. All the houses here have an entrance or at least a corridor leading to the open market. The biggest houses have an exit on the back, over the Magistrates' Passage, Safe Conduct or Kash Flow canals, for loading and unloading of merchandise. Many shops open at ground level, or on the higher floors in the larger

buildings. The rents for such places are usually high, but business is good. The poorer merchants operate in the open marketplace, in tents or wooden stands, all year long.

24. Movers' Guild: The guild's headquarters are located in this posh building. Although the upper levels are not accessible to the public, the lower levels contain a series of offices representing the wealthiest moving businesses in Glantri (see "Guilds and Brotherhoods" for more detail). A lot of hawking is done in the corridors and waiting rooms in order to attract the customer's attention: "Carpets for Hire, Fly the Friendly Carpets... Oxen Trailways, slow but cheap! Safety guaranteed! Can't beat our prices... Now available! The Ultimate on the market, try our instant *releporing* movers! Order Now... Thou-Haul! Move today, pay later! Don't miss our special low rate offer, available until

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tomorrow only!"

25. Builders' Conglomerate: This guild has its headquarters here, with its main entrance on Bridgetower Place. It is probably the most elegant house in the district, a true demonstration of the guild's talents in construction.

26. Meister Rannigar Budulug's Tenement: The guildmaster of the Spokesmen's Guild purchased the two top floors in this five story structure. Rannigar boasts the best view over the Vesubia River. The building has a refuse chute that leads directly into the river (an exit unwanted visitors are likely to follow).

27. Watergates: These small towers guard entry to the various city canals. The gates bar entry by means of thick chains that extend above and below the surface of the water. The metal web is not tight enough to stop a swimming man, but boats cannot get through.

The watergates are usually closed, except for the ones leading to the port (the West and East Port Canals). A platoon of twelve constables usually guards each tower.

28. Towerbridge: The southern entrance to the city is a very large bridge with a heavy defensive tower upon it. The bridge portion, directly underneath the tower, is made of two large bronze plates. They can be raised separately to block the bridge passage under the tower. One bronze plate then forms the north door, the other blocking the south tower entrance. The tower is a fortress of its own. Usually guarded by a score of soldiers it can house up to fifty soldiers and their war machines in case of war. Visitors must pay a fee to enter and get a pass from the local constable (see area #68 for more detail).

29. Towerbridge Plaza: This paved area is where most travelers end up when first entering the city. A crowd of gondolas of various types and prices wait here for customers. Because of the heavy traffic, the waterways beyond this place are usually heavily congested and many gondoliers can be heard insulting each other for a right of way or a dent in their gondolas. Making it to the Merchants' Consortium's tower at the hub of this traffic is a tough job (area #30).

To the left of Towerbridge Plaza is the Business Quarter of the city; to the right is the Entertainers' Quarter, where travelers may find room and board. Professional guides and interpreters will come up to visitors and, for a small fee, offer their guidance throughout the City.

30. Merchants' Consortium: This large tower sits in the middle of a wide watery area, at the intersection of the Kash Flow and the Safe Conduit canals. It is the seat of the Merchants' Consortium (see "Guilds and Brotherhoods" for more details). It is usually

difficult to reach the tower because of the heavy gondola traffic to and from area #29. The tower contains a treasure vault rumored to be as full as that of the House of Minsters.

31. Spokesmen's Guild: This large building has no evident windows but a heavily armored door on the Open Market side. It is the seat of the Spokesmen's Guild (see "Guilds and Brotherhoods" for more detail). The building contains offices where the representatives are "managed" and the accounting done.

The house has tunnels and chambers below canal level, where spokesmen apprentices are conditioned and trained for their profession. The guild guarantees the safety and success of the conditioning on the grounds that no one has ever contested the claim. Those who wish to become professional representatives come of their own free will, and leave as spokesmen by the main door, or as floating debris on Dukes' Canal (a swift execution immediately follows a failed conditioning—outside knowledge of the conditioning is too great a risk for the guild).

32. Market Docks: The traditional way of getting to the Open Market (area #23) is to ride a gondola, although some people make it a point to actually *teleport*, *fly* or *dimension door* to impress the crowd. This area of Merchants' Waterway and the dock are almost always jammed by the crowd of gondolas trying to come in and out. Most merchants enter through back doors on Dukes' Canal, Magistrates' Passage or Kash Flow, only using the docks to load merchandise before sunrise.

33. Monster Handlers' Syndicate: This building is the headquarters for the syndicate and a store for a fair choice of monsters of small to human size. They are either alive or dead, in one undamaged piece or in various other forms. One may find about any substance of monster origins. For larger specimens, the syndicate has a warehouse in the Port Quarter.

The list of available merchandise changes every morning and is posted at the entrance. One could read the following:

Beholder, an eye-stalk	27 dc
Black Pudding, a slice (live)	25 cr
Blink Dog, an ounce of hair	79 dc
Carriion Crawler, a gallon of slime	35 sv
Centaur, a hoof	21 dc
Cockatrice, an eye	2 cr
a feather	15 dc
Displacer Beast, a roasted tentacle	32 dc
Dragon, a fang or claw, any color	52 dc
a red snout	9 cr
a slice of blue tail	87 dc
a scoop of white sweat	33 dc

a square yard of gold wing	87 cr
a puff of green gas	58 dc
a jar of black acid	23 dc
a dozen unidentified eggs	295 cr
Dragon Turtle, a shell (at the port)	55 cr*
Dwarven Skull (rephrased twice)	10 dc
Elephant, a trunk	5 sv
Fire Giant, a yard of skin	76 dc
Gelatinous Cube, a pound (live)	420 dc
Ghoul, a dried tongue	12 dc

The price asked by the Monsters Hunters Unions (area #60) is preferable as base value for live monsters. Add 10-30% to find Monsters Handlers sales price. Hagglng is welcome and desirable.

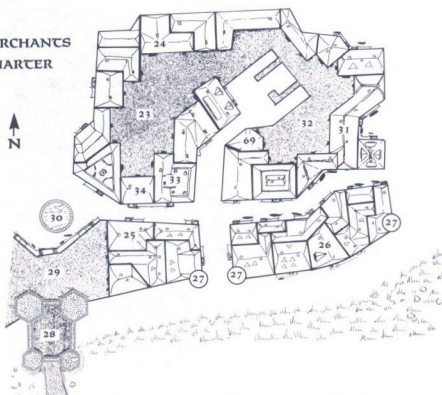
34. Magic for Sale: This small building appears as a shop for prestidigitators, selling mostly mechanical tricks and decks of cards to impress the ignorant. But this is just a front for the People's Spell-Casters Company (see "Guilds and Brotherhoods" for details). The informed customer knows some stolen magical items or spell books might be available from the shopkeeper. The price of these items varies greatly depending on their powers.

DM Note: See "Creating Spells and Magical Items" to find the cost of the items for sale in the shop. The initial sales price should be at least double the creation costs. Hagglng is desirable at +/- 30% of the item's supposed value.

The Entertainers Quarter

"For my part, I find the Entertainers' Quarter, in the south part of the city, much more interesting. There, you will enjoy anything from boisterous taverns to the most select inns, spectacles in the streets involving troubadours, actors, acrobats, wrestlers, animal and monster handlers, as well as exotic spell-casting in the streets. Most travelers go there first in order to find a place to sleep. Taverns are usually busy and one might not necessarily find a room on the first try. Once a proper inn is found and the room paid for in advance, the traveler is free to enjoy the activities, and the great choice of food or drinks in this quarter.

"Void rooms on Actors' Lane, because it is a noisy place until late at night. Princes' Way is quieter at night, but early in the morning gondola traffic will start, with much yelling and bickering between gondoliers going back and forth to Towerbridge Plaza. Avoid especially the intersection between Kash Flow and Princes' Way, for the foulest of languages may wake you up at dawn."

MERCHANTS
QUARTER

DM Notes

35. Metropolitan Theater: This great building is one of the most ancient in this quarter of the city. The greatest Glantrian actors perform here, offering a strange mix of conservative theater and magic-use. The most popular plays involve a heroic scene in which a monster (live) is reduced to ashes. Occasional accidents occur, when the monster does not cooperate as expected, but this is equally interesting.

36. Game Lizards, Inc.: This shop is named for the owner, who is fond of *polymorphing* into a lizard to entertain the crowds. Here you can buy arcane manuals on monster-hunting and the acquisition of treasure; you can find various decks of cards, dice games (loaded or not), phony coins with two heads or two tails, etc. This shop also carries an extensive line of "how-to" manuals for organizing entertaining receptions with a seasonal theme, so you will find many nobles wandering here, looking for the latest such tome.

37. The Watertower Inn: Wealthy people traveling to the city might be better off getting a room at this place. It is a tower located at the center of Circus Pool, where Princes' Way joins with Barons' and Earls' Gates. This stylish inn is covered with bronze that turned green many years ago. The top of the tower is a comfortable dinner area protected by a crys-

tal dome. The tower dominates the rest of this quarter, offering a pleasant view of the river flowing south. Rooms go for 20 dc a night per person, and a copious dinner with the finest New Average wine and brandies for a reasonable 5 dc. Their specialties include Troll Steak du Chef and Gelatinous Cubelings Flambe.

38. Fireworks Arcane House: This small factory has a shop that opens on Princes' Way. The owner is a magic-user who prepares magical staves capable of producing noisy but colorful explosions in the skies. The magic used is perfectly inoffensive. Once a month, during warm summer sights, the shopkeeper will organize a grandiose display of these eerie effects to advertise his merchandise. A staff only functions once and costs 30 dc.

39. The Golden Imp: This tavern should be visited at least once for its shady looks and bizarre customers. This is one of the favorite places for dockers, soldiers and gondoliers. It also happens to be the secret meeting place of the Followers of the Claymore (see "Guilds and Brotherhoods" for more detail). Obvious spell-casters are usually not welcome here.

40. Hostelry of the Unicorn: This family hostelry looks perfectly quiet and respectable, but only the ignorant believe this. The place actually belongs to the Sisters of the Private

House (see "Guilds and Brotherhoods" for more details).

41. Shurav Orlovski's Tenement: Shurav the Thief lives in this rundown place. He spends part of the day on Actors' Lane, displaying his contortionist's talents for a few sovereigns, or following wealthy-looking travelers to get a hand on their pouches or anything of value.

42. Lou Garou's Fries: This small tavern located at the northern edge of Actors' Lane offers an incredible variety of exotic foods for low prices. The exact nature of the food is not common knowledge and usually hard to identify because it is always deep fried in batter; nevertheless, it is of excellent taste.

43. United Artists' Guild: This incredible house is located on the west side of Safe Conduit, next to the Open Market place. The building is particularly remarkable because it glows slightly in the dark and shadows can be seen moving along on the walls. Whether they are an optical illusion or actual creatures still remains a secret of the guild.

44. Mages' Hostelry: This establishment is one of the most surprising inns of the city. Dim magical lights permanently glow inside, instruments play a fine background music all by themselves, and the customers are attended to by various invisible forces. The place is sponsored by the Great School of Magic and serves as laboratory for courses on *Useful Magic-Use in Common Life*, or experimental study grounds for school trainees. Most of the inn's effects are permanent until *dispelled* (an offense for which a guest can be thrown out of the hostel).

Invisible stalkers under the innkeeper's control, *levitation*, *telekinesis* or *teleport any item* are commonly used in this hostel. Almost every customer need is met by magic. Once in a while, a student will make a faux-pas, but the victims are promptly compensated for any inconvenience. The school will offer to repair any serious wound to customers at the school itself (bad publicity is highly undesirable).

The Port Quarter

"Farther west comes the port area. Oh, dear, dear... The people here are incredibly rude and not very helpful unless you have some alcohol or money on hand. This area contains mostly warehouses and grain silos, river barges' and gondolas' repair docks, and so forth. It is very busy during the day, and totally deserted at night, save for the Port Authorities' patrols in charge of the warehouse security.

Glantri City by Night

"People run around with carts of merchandises back and forth from barges to gondolas and warehouses. The river merchants, farmers and travelers often arrive through East or West Port from the Isle River and unload passengers and goods on any of the three main docks. The merchandise is then stored in the warehouses, or ferried toward Back Canal or directly onto a freight gondola. Most of the gondola traffic leaves through Boldavian Channel, Teamsters' Waterway and Back Canal.

"Only passenger gondolas are allowed on Actors' Lane after sunrise to avoid causing more traffic congestion. Port Authorities normally supervise the local activities and will watch out for visitors; these will be directed to the Port Authorities to pay the entrance fee and get information on where to go."

DM Notes

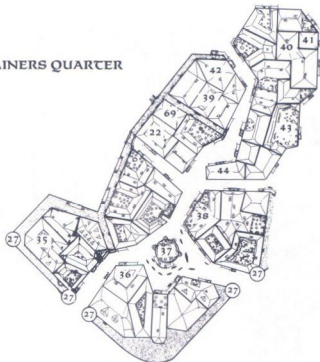
45. Monster Handler's Warehouses: These metal buildings belong to the guild. They use them to store various large items that would not fit in their office at the Business Quarter. The buildings have several lower levels with cages and cells containing the more dangerous (live) specimens in stock. The foods appropriate to these creatures and various restraining tools used to control them are stored here as well. These warehouses are simply locked at night since no one really dares to enter this place alone (in some areas, the stench alone will kill burglars).

46. Warehouses: These large buildings are used to store most of the merchandises entering or leaving the port. Any warehouse may contain up to hundreds of golden ducats' worth of merchandise; however, the place is often patrolled by the Port Authorities, on foot or on gondola.

47. Grain Silos: These huge tower structures are used to store grain and vegetables that are needed to feed the city population. The silo openings are magically sealed and require a special word to unlock; the Port Authorities have the word.

48. Port Authorities: This branch of the City Constabulary is in charge of managing all business activities taking place in the port. They are responsible for collecting entrance fees and taxes on merchandises, as well as enforcing the law within the port or in the rivers. Port Authorities are entitled to sign official passes to visitors if they need to enter the Citadel Quarter (see area #68 for details).

ENTERTAINERS QUARTER



49. River Teamsters Headquarters: The central authority that control the Glantrian river barges and the city gondolas is located in this building. They have a private court of their own where responsibilities in gondola damage are solved and fines issued. To be a gondolier, one must belong to the River Teamsters.

50. Ship Yards: This place is used to build or repair barges. It is an incredible mess of wooden hulls, masts, oars, ropes, tools, tar or paint buckets and wooden scaffolding.

51. Boatmen's Tavern: Passengers unloaded on the western dock may only exit through this area. The ground level of the building is a protected gondola port for passengers, and is fairly crowded. A Port Authority officer will be here collecting entrance fees from visitors (see area #68 for more detail).

Stairs go up to the upper-level Boatmen's Tavern, a place frequented mostly by port workers, boatmen, and gondoliers. The crowd is usually rowdy and brawls are frequent, with the various undesirables flying out the windows into Teamsters' Waterway' below. Gondolas will not stop unless the hapless swimmer waves a coin of sufficient value for the passage fee.

The Middle Class Quarter

"The Middle Class Quarter is the part of the city where most of the population lives. It is located in the north and center area of the city. There you will find all the people and talent behind the art of wizardry, such as sages, alchemists, scribes, librarians, paper makers, and ink specialists. Truly, it is the domain of the Glantrian Intellectual class.

"House rents are more acceptable here, ranging from 1 dc per month for a small tenement to 100 dc monthly for a family tower. The area is relatively quiet allowing intellectuals to study. One of the most serious offenses here is disturbing the peace during the night. Fines can go from 10 dc to a couple of days at the Tower of Sighs.

"People not owning shops in this area leave during the day to work in other places of the city, for instance as servants of the Noble Quarter, retainers of the Citadel Quarter, shop owners in the Business area, and so on. Gondolas are extremely busy here in the morning or late in the afternoon. The rest of the day remains quiet."

DM Notes

52. Sages' League Headquarters: This large building is the center of the sages' activities in Glantri. Dozens can be seen coming in and out during the day, most of them working for a noble wizard or another. Some reside in the city; others, who live in distant principalities, find room and board in this building. There are several entrances on Main Waterway South and North.

Most of the building is surrounded by a protected walkway with mooring areas for gondolas. Several amber golems, a gift from the d'Ambreville family, patrol the walkway night and day. To enter the building, one must either show proof of membership to the league (a magical medallion with a secret symbol) or declare a need for sage's help. In the latter case, one of the golems will usher the visitor to a waiting room.

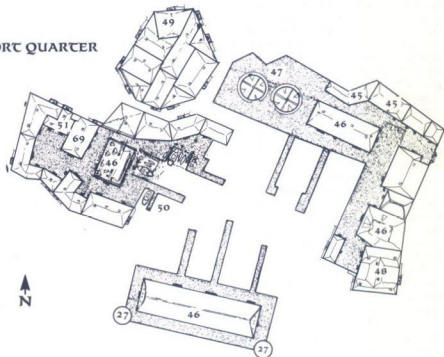
If no sage shows up, the customer is to leave the waiting room at nightfall (else one or more golems will attempt to force the customer out). If the visitor is lucky, or the person asked for is readily available, a sage will show up and deal with the visitor. If no specific sage is requested, the chances one will show up are 10% per day. If a specific one is requested, success chances reach 25% per day (sages are busy people).

53. Scholars' Fraternity Headquarters: This is where scholars, teachers and specialists in various domains may be hired. The building is located at the intersection of Alchemists' Duct and Princes' Way. There is an entrance (reserved for the scholars of the fraternity) at the base of the building's tower, on Prince's Way, and another on Raknaar Garden, west of the building. The top of the tower contains an observatory, a very popular place for astrologists (or constable spies who need a closer view to nearby buildings).

Every three months, the fraternity organizes meetings on Raknaar Garden where they conduct free lectures for the people. This is part of an educational program to improve the general intellectual level of the local citizens. These are communal courses on reading and counting. The city named the garden after the heroic battle Sir Anton Vlaarden fought against a dragon called Raknaar. The place is a pleasant garden where studious scholars walk around or relax while reading ancient tomes. Students also favor this place of peace.

54. Corporation of Alchemists' House: This large purple stone tower is located on the northeastern side of Kreppton Aire, a paved area almost entirely covered with a mosaic. On the floor glow thousands of well-known alchemical formulas, signs and runes arranged in a decorative pattern. At the top of the tower is a bright

PORT QUARTER



fire which never goes out. There are many barred windows at various other levels; on some, the bars bend outward, with badly charred marks around the rim of the openings.

The place is well known for its common explosions and bizarre, nauseating fumes. These mishaps usually don't affect people outside, but once in a while debris of unspeakable origin flies out the windows. Alchemists are prompt to come out and sweep these remains into Alchemists' Duct. The fire at the top of the tower is the result of one of these explosions, which the alchemists have still not managed to put out. Rather than admit ineffectiveness in the matter, the corporation claims it found the secret of perpetual fire (they haven't) and have chosen to let the fire burn. The alchemists dedicated the fire to the Ever Glowing Light of Knowledge. Nevertheless, the authorities have banned the corporation from any dangerous experiments after nightfall, in order to preserve the peace.

55. City Library: This lonely tower standing amidst the grey waters of Library Drain is the largest library in Glantri. Others exist in the Citadel and at the Great School of Magic, but this one contains the greatest number of volumes. The building is open all year long, at any hour of the day or night. Many visitors enter and do not come out for days, since the books cannot be taken out

(book theft or vandalism in this building are serious offenses, worth a trip to the Tower of Sighs). Rather than leaving, many visitors pay library servants to leave the tower and fetch food or any other needed item. The library servants are easy to recognize by their red and yellow outfits.

At each level of the library tower are small rooms one can rent to study in peace without being interrupted by other visitors. The entrance fee to the library costs 5 dc, plus 1 sv per hour of presence. Visitors must register at the entrance, facing In Flow. A private chamber costs 10 dc per day, and a servant service goes anywhere from 1 sv to 10 dc depending on the difficulty of the task.

At the top of the tower is a laboratory specialized in deciphering ancient or foreign tomes, at a rate of 1 sv per page. The library does have floors below canal level; they contain older archives and precious tomes. The place is dark and dusty, and magic prevents water seepage. Some people have lost their way in this vast maze of bookshelves that go from floor to ceiling. The place is rumored to be haunted by the souls of the unfortunate visitors who never returned; now few people willingly enter here.

56. Scribes Association Headquarters: This huge, decrepit building holds the Association offices, as well as the city's most efficient

Glantri City by Night

parchment and papermaking manufacturer. Workers can be seen rushing around, carrying loads of woods, reams of fresh scrolls, and blank tomes. In the front of the building are carts being unloaded of raw merchandise brought straight from the Gondoliers' Landing Port (see area #57) or from the west city gate (area #68).

Anyone can buy blank scrolls here, at 3 sv the dozen, 12 sv for high grade vellum. Scribes are available for hire (see "Guilds and Brotherhoods" for more detail). Other similar factories related to books, ink, paper, feathers, blotting sands, leather works (etc.) are common in this area of the Middle Class Quarter.

57. Gondoliers' Landing Port: This small inner port is the place where most gondoliers leave their boats during the night, and where raw merchandise is unloaded for the numerous manufacturers located in this area of the city. The port lies at the end of Gondoliers Strip.

This place is always crowded; however, the gondoliers are quieter than usual because in the middle of the port stands a pedestal with a city constable in charge of traffic. He is a tall, rough man who does not tolerate disorder, and has been known to sink the gondolas (with passengers aboard) of argumentative gondoliers. The constable is rumored to have some ogre blood.

58. Master Daron Jakar's Tenement: This middle-class building contains several apartments. One of the tenants is Jakar's quarters (see "Marauders, Mages and Masters" for more detail). If the place is carefully watched, one can see a few shady-looking people entering the building when Jakar lights a candle at his window, behind a blue glass shade. The visitors are members of the Guild of Thugs coming to buy their usual doses of poison from Jakar. The blue light indicates poison is available for sale.

59. Wassam Qh'Erabis' Tenement: The whole building belongs to this magistrate working at the Tower of Sighs (see "Marauders, Mages and Masters" for more detail). Occasionally, the magistrate organizes receptions; however, none of the people from the City Constabulary are invited. The parties are thought to be intellectually oriented. From a distance, one could see elegantly dressed people coming over in their gondolas, apparently learned scholars. These are in fact members of the dreaded People's Spell-Casters Company (see "Guilds and Brotherhoods" for more detail) coming for their monthly briefing on the constabulary's activities and goals. (Members informed of the constabulary's suspicion go underground for some time after the meeting, staying at their secret hideout, area #63).

The "guests," with lighter pouches, quietly leave an hour or two after arriving.

60. Monster Hunters' Union: This building, located on the northern edge of Main Waterway, contains the most advanced knowledge on monsters, their lore, their powers, their lairs (and the best tactics to observe or capture specimens) to be found (see "Guilds and Brotherhoods" for details).

The place is also a museum of monsters of every sort. At the top of the building is a large iron crane with a platform hanging over the waterway. At the upper level of the house is a large double door leading into the museum laboratory, where new monster specimens are unloaded. Crowds of people inevitably watch the operation from their gondolas, causing traffic jams on the waterway.

The union purchases undamaged, dead species of monsters at the rate of 10 dc per HD (ten times more if the monster's HD have an asterisk, twenty for two asterisks, thirty for three, etc.). For example, a small red dragon (HD 10**) could be sold for 2,000 dc. The thing has to be delivered at their door. The union will not pay more than these rates. The chances that the union does not have a particular monster in its collection are equal to 3% per HD of the creature; however, the union is not interested in damaged specimens (sword blows, fire burns, missing parts, broken bones, etc., are unacceptable). The museum likes to have both male and female specimens.

The West Side

"In the west of the city lies the saddest area of all. It is a run-down district that used to be a nobles' quarter. But, the ground is not too firm here and the houses have a tendency to sink slowly. Only the poorest live here now—as do shady characters. The canals are narrower and darker, and the smell becomes atrocious in summer. The houses are very old and do not have pipe drains leading directly to the rivers like in the other quarters. People just dump their refuse out the windows into the canals. Never stand under an open window, for one never knows what may fall out. In the very center of this area is a dreaded place called the Beggars' Court. Never enter this place, for you might not be able to leave."

DM Notes

61. Fellowship of the Pouch: This old building, located south of the Gondoliers' Landing Port (area #57), is the headquarters of the city's guild of thieves (see "Guilds and

Brotherhoods" for more details). From outside the house seems unremarkable, but for the number of shady-looking people coming in and out of its various entrances. The main entrance is on West End (see area #67). All members of the fellowship must come here every month to pay their dues.

62. Guild of Thugs' Headquarters: Dark grey stones make up the main walls of this old building. The front door opens on West End (area #67) and is ostentatiously guarded by two ogres. Although a heavy chain links one foot from each to the wall, they are close enough to block the way in. The two are armed with large halberds and have orders to stop anyone trying to come in without uttering the secret password. The word changes every day and only members of the guild know it.

No business will be conducted within the building. The thugs prefer meeting potential employers at a less incriminating place, usually in the Entertainers' Quarter, at a previously agreed-upon place. This building is where the members of the guild must come every month to pay their dues.

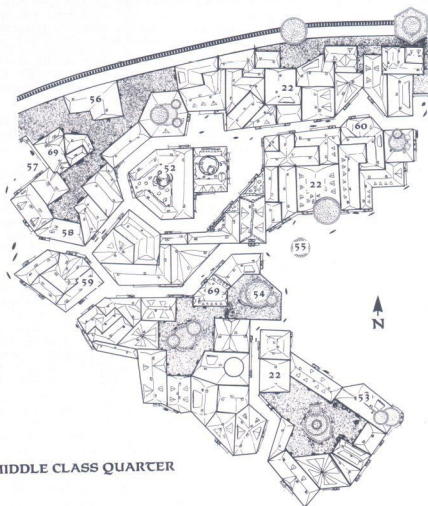
63. People's Spell-Casters Company: This building is the only one in the area with a tower. From outside it appears to be an abandoned structure, with many panels posted by the city authorities indicating its unsafe nature. Many cracks, fallen stones and plaster, cobwebs and rats are obvious features of this place. The middle part of the tower has caved in, giving it this utterly fragile look.

All this is just appearance maintained by the dreaded People's Spell-Casters Company (see "Guilds and Brotherhoods" for more detail). It is their highly secret meeting place. The actual entrance of the building is located in the basement of area #65.

The lower levels of the house are still in relatively good condition, but are a bit flooded in some areas. Most of the walls ooze the brackish canal waters and are covered with patches of grey mosses. The headquarters of this band of criminals contains a small library of stolen books, scrolls, magical items, and all the necessary tools to forge false spell-casters' licenses. Any paperwork staying here more than a week starts warping or growing mold because of the humidity.

A pair of gargantuan gray ogres guard the place. They have been magically grown to this size after odious experiments by the People's Spell-Casters. They are conditioned to attack anyone who does not clap his hands three times when entering the main corridor from area #65.

64. Beggars' Court: The poorest and most rundown slums are located in this area of Glantri, between Beggars' Row, Boldavian Channel,



MIDDLE CLASS QUARTER

Main, and Teamsters' Waterways. The windows and entrances of these houses on the canal side are all blocked off, leaving only one passage to the Beggars' Court on Boldavian Channel. Some of the area still bears evidence that it was once an elegant quarter. However, half of the houses are now mere rubble, and the majority have caved-in roofs, crumbling walls, or broken windows covered with rotting planks. On both sides of the entrance to Beggars' Court are high stacks of rubble.

This place is the domain of society's waste: the poor, sick, deformed, cursed and forgotten wretches with nowhere else to go. Hundreds of squatters live here, in inhuman conditions, hating society. They live off the canal slime, rats, and other things they might catch in the lower levels. The luckiest are those capable of wandering the city streets and canals and beg or steal without being thrown out. Their unchallenged master is King Ratusus (see "Marauders, Mages, and Masters" for

more details), a ruthless character. The west side of the area is slowly flooding, inch by inch, year after year. The lower levels are dangerous places that threaten to cave in at any time.

65. Pingo the Dark's Tenement: This decrepit building contains a series of small tenements that can be rented at a very low price (no more than one or two sovereigns per month). One of the tenants is Pingo the Dark, a thug of the guild. His quarters harbor many jars and cages. Pingo keeps his trained snakes in the jars and collects rats and mice in the cages to feed the snakes. The nauseating stench of the place is obvious at the front door and worse within.

At canal level of the building is a small obscure pub, a place for poor workers and (more especially) thugs of the guild. The drinks are terrible and guests enter at their own risk. Anything looking like a wealthy customer has a fine chance of inheriting a dagger in the back. One of the rear rooms contains a secret entrance to area #63 (see above

for more details). There are several secret exits to adjacent buildings' passageways.

66. Little Boldavia: This colorful area is the home of immigrants from the Principality of Boldavia. Several hundred of these people live here and have redecorated the houses to recreate their beloved homeland. Visitors should speak Boldavian to get around this place. Many of the local citizens are professional gondoliers, dockers, and other workers. This place is also famous for its fortune tellers. The locals spend free time in their central plaza dancing around a bonfire, telling tales about the vampire lords of their land, and drinking their traditional liquor, until late at night.

67. The West End: This large paved area has this name because it is the westernmost limit of Glantri City. It is usually crowded; most of the manufacturers are located here because of the cheap rents and the easy access to the city gates with carts and mounts. Most of the houses here do not have sewers or other means to get rid of refuse, so much of this clutters the sides of the streets. This is a smelly, unattractive area, but still extremely busy during day time.

Beggars often come up to wealthier passers-by and beg for a piece of bread or a copper coin. Many of these are dextrous thieves, but few dare to molest them, for one might belong to the Beggars' Court (see area #64 for more detail).

68. City Gates: They are usually open during day hours, but are heavily guarded. An entrance fee of 5 copper pennies per person must be paid to enter, plus one sovereign per mount, if any. Palanquins are charged 1 dc and merchandise is taxed 5 sv per cart (or pack animal).

Visitors may speak to the local constable if they need an official pass to enter the Citadel Quarter. A constable who has doubts about a visitor's intentions may use an *ESP* spell to check him out. If nothing particular is detected, the visitor gets a one-day pass. Otherwise, the suspicious visitor may be issued his pass and then followed, or simply refused.

69. Guard Post: These offices are located at various places in Glantri City, the suburbs, towns and villages of the country. They consist of a small, three-storey high, stone tower with a heavy door and a few barred windows at the upper levels. A wooden sign hangs above the entrance, the size and shape of a shield. It is black with a red eye that constantly seems to be observing the people, no matter where they are in the street. This is only an optical illusion to impress the ignorant. The office's district name (a main canal, a street or a neighborhood in most cases, or the name of the village) is painted in gold above the eye. In New Averoigne, the sign simply says *Gens d'Armes*.

The street level is a noisy, busy waiting

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room. Shady characters with cuffs, unlicensed magic-users (tied and gagged), illegal monsters, drunkards, and citizens with a complaint sit on benches, waiting for their turn. A senior officer sitting behind a large desk is in charge of directing people. Constables come up and down spiral stairs, escorting an individual. This area commonly has half a dozen constables on duty.

The second level contains a series of offices where officers handle the various cases. The Chief Constable works here. There is a 10% chance the Chief has a *truth device*, a small crystal cube giving him the ability of ESP when looking through it. Three officers and the Chief work on this floor during daylight hours.

The third level is the top of the tower, and is directly underneath a pointed roof. The roof is covered with brass plates. This level contains the tower's weapons: daggers, swords, crossbows, quarrels, barrels of oil, dry wood, and a large cauldron. In case of trouble, boiling oil can be poured out of the tower's machicolations. The trap door leading to this place can be barred from inside. A cage with a dozen pigeons allows communication from one post to another.

Inmates are locked up below street level. A tower usually has a couple of small cells, and a chamber large enough for a small crowd. One guard is usually on duty here at any hour of the day or the night. The door leading to this level usually is *wizard locked*.

In some areas, the tower may have a well and an attached stable with half a dozen horses, sometimes a large wagon with barred windows, and a young stable boy.

Constables (7-10): any class up to level 2. AC 8; hp 4-8; MV 120' (40'); AT 1 sword, crossbow, or staff; D 1-6; Save as per class; ML 9; AL any; XP 13-30

Officers (2-4) & Chief: any class up to level 3. They traditionally have a *billy club +1*, D 2-5 + save vs. paralysis or be stunned. AC 8; hp 6-12; MV 120' (40'); Save as per class; ML 10; AL any; XP 30-65.

70. Gambling House: This charming three-storey-high manor is built according to traditional Boldavian taste, with small alcoves, statues and cupolas decorating the entire structure. Many visitors of differing social ranks come to this house to play cards or various games for money. The house is owned by the Merchants' Consortium, and appropriately licensed for this kind of business.

The preferred customers (the biggest losers) are offered rooms for the night on the upper levels. The current manager, Henri d'Ambrville (see "Mages, Marauders and Masters") recently started a discreet business in the house's dungeons, patroned by the Fellowship of the Pouch. Unlicensed gambling is being conducted there at the benefit of the manager and his thieves. To enter this place, one must be a customer in good standing with this establishment.

The game is called Boldavian Roulette: two players sit opposite each other at a long table. They each have a dozen wands which they attempt to fire at each other, in sequence. The wands are useless, except one that still has a charge. The effect may be fatal or not to the other gambler (no one knows what the wands are). While the two reckless fellows push their luck, gambling furiously goes on among the spectators, with stakes increasing each round. The surviving player earns fifty percent of the losers' bets, which often reaches hundreds of ducats. After a busy night, dead corpses float down Boldavian Channel, bearing very strange marks.

"Well, now, the gondola will stop at the place whence you came. It is now time for me to retire. We are having a reception tomorrow night. Please come and visit us: You will be *most* welcome!"

The gondola suddenly enters an area of thick fog and the sound of flapping wings can be heard near the boat. When the fog rises again, no one stands at the bow, and the pole continues pushing all by itself.



Living in Glantri City



"Oh, it's been a tough day! Can't wait t' get out an' breathe a little fresh air. C'mon, Ced, let's take a break!"

"You're sure we should go out, Raphael? We have an awful lot of work for tomorrow," asks Cedrik, a young elven apprentice.

Already halfway down the stairs, the other turns back. "We'll study later, all right? Hey, I know this great place called the Mages' Hostelry. Everyone who's someone goes there to study. It's quiet, service's great an' we also get a rebate as apprentices. The school owns the place. *Come on!*"

The two teenagers scamper down the stairs and race out to the gate. Barely catching their breath, they quickly proceed with the complicated gestures and command words to get past the magical portal. Pushing and shoving through the crowd, the two jump into a passing gondola, almost causing the gondolier to fall off the narrow, swaying boat.

"Oh, Raph? Did you get that lecture on the *floating discs*?" inquires Cedrik. "I've been trying to make it work, but all I did was drop the master's reports."

"It's all in the wrist," Raphael replies smugly. "See, always make ample moves, like this." Demonstrating the appropriate gestures, the older apprentice almost bumps another passenger's hat into the water. "They'll teach you

that stuff in later classes; it's no big deal. But wait until you get to the real thing, like the *magic missiles*. You should see that!" Leaping off the gondola, Raphael adds, "C'mon, this is where we get off."

Moments later, the two are sitting at a corner booth in the Mages' Hostelry. Cedrik is already lost in his scrolls, trying spell-casting gestures a la Raphael, when a vaguely man-shaped sheet creature floats to the table. Absently glancing up, Cedrik suddenly jumps to the other end of the table, panicked: "A ghost!"

At Cedrik's reaction, the sheet creature drops its tray. Clutching its apron, it looks all around and asks in an anguished voice "Where, where?"

Raphael bursts out laughing. "That's Humphrey! He's just a servant—you know, an invisible stalker! Geez, where d'you come from?" Then, turning toward the creature: "Two mandrake liqueurs, please!"

Once calm is restored, a young lady steps into the main room, a good-looking brunette with large blue eyes and a form-fitting robe. "Well, look who just walked in," says Raphael.

"Who's she?" asks Cedrik, distractedly setting his scrolls aside.

"She's Leranda, the new sensation at the

school; the sweetest dream of all students! Just keep busy with your stuff, kiddo. I'll go check her out." Raphael leaves his elven friend and walks to Leranda's table.

Shortly after, Humphrey returns to Cedrik's table with the two drinks. "I see your friend has left for awhile. Is there anything else I may do?"

Cedrik, still not comfortable in Humphrey's presence, nervously answers, "Oh? Er, yes. As a matter of fact, I'd like to know a little more on this place, what it's like to live in a big city. I was raised in the forests, according to elven tradition. Can you help me?"

"Why, certainly, my boy!" Straightening his bow tie, Humphrey adds "You've found the right stalker!" Then, leaning toward Cedrik: "Ahem, by the way, have you a spare crown, my boy? No gold, please, only the glowing stuff, or some gems perhaps?"

***The Highlights of Glantri,* by Mister Humphrey, the invisible stalker**

"Coming to Glantri was a good choice, my boy! If you have the smarts, your destiny can be glorious. In Glantri, you see, only those with knowledge of magic can hope to become noblemen. This means power, privileges,

Living in Glantri City

wealth, and the chance to discover the secrets of the universe!

"Here, all those hoping for a better life seek to learn magic. The stronger you are in the arcane science, the higher your status is. Always remember this, my boy: As long as you are a mage, I remain your loyal servant; but abandon your craft, and your rivals will show you no mercy.

"People are either *Mundaners* or *Arcaners*. The first can't cast spells; they are the ignorant, the workers, the merchants, and the bourgeois, poor and middle-class and wealthy. The others are the magic-users. There is a further distinction among them: An arcaner can be a gent, one who knows magic but is not of noble birth, or a nobleman, a wizard who rules a dominion recognized by the Parliament. All these people seek to enter the higher class and gain status so as to benefit from new privileges and protections. A gent is dangerous enough, but don't you go offending a nobleman! Glantrian justice is a ruthless machine made to protect the masters before all.

"The first goal of a mundaner—after simple subsistence—is the accumulation of wealth. Gold can open many doors. Some even buy their way into the Great School of Magic! Of course, they don't have the vocation, and most won't make it to higher levels of learning; all they seek is to become gents and gain the privileges of this class. The elite consider them vulgar parvenus."

Licenses and Bureaucracy

"Our greatest national headache is the kindly Glantrian bureaucracy! The amount of scrollwork required in Glantri is frightening. Everything must be legally approved and licensed by the nation's magistrates. Licenses are sold at the House of Ministers for 1 to 100 dc per year, depending on the importance of the requested activity. For example, I own a license for serving in a tavern (1 dc), serving alcoholic beverages (1 dc), serving magical brews (5 dc), being a non-human entity legally allowed to reside in Glantri City (8 dc—one per HD), and another for turning invisible at will (3 dc), for a total of eighteen ducats per year! But business is good here.

"You can only get a license with a plausible reason. You must explain why you need the license and under which conditions you expect to use it. The official in charge of licenses is quite paranoid; he may use

magic to check out the applicant's intentions. So beware, my boy! If you are caught telling stories, you may never get the license and probably will earn the visit of constables later on. They caught me last year for being invisible without a license, and I've been condemned to wear this shroud for a whole year. Talk about a ridiculous fate for an invisible stalker! It's hot in here, and I still had to pay for the license.

"In any case, the official will register your name, current address and personal description and the list of spells you know. If they don't have a license for something you want, they'll invent one on the spot, just for you! The whole idea of the licenses is to know who can do what and why. In a land of magic, this is one thing they do to keep on top of the situation. Here are some of the more common licenses you may need during your career."

Private Spell-Casting: Ten dc per level of spell, cumulative (one for 1st level spells in general, three for 2nd level, six for third level, etc...) One license is sufficient for all of the magic-user's spells, but a list of his spells must appear on the license. This license must be approved by the Great School of Magic's High Secretary, to whom the license fee will be forwarded.

Arcane Business: Twenty dc per year and per level of the spell or spell effect. Each spell intended to be used on a regular basis in exchange for services or money must be licensed separately. A license for *magical detection* costs 20 dc, professional *fire ball* casting comes to 120 dc per year, etc.

Mundane Business: For activities generating less than 5 dc per day: 1 ducat per year; for 5 to 100 dc per day: 5 ducats per year; and 20 ducats per year for any larger business. Each activity (with its usual time and place) is licensed separately.

Bearing Weapons: One ducat per year for weapons less than 15 inches; ten for each weapon of larger size. A surcharge of five ducats will be added for blunt weapons. Gents and nobles do not need these licenses. Otherwise, they are only granted if a licensed spell-caster vouches for the applicant.

Wearing Armor: Five ducats per year for shields and helmets, ten for leather armor, twenty for metal armor. These licenses can only be granted if a licensed spell-caster vouches for the applicant.

Speaking in Public: Speaking in the pres-

ence of ten or more people in such a manner they all can hear requires a license (50 ducats per year). This license is necessary for scholars, magistrates, entertainers, army officers, merchants, parliament spokesmen and representatives dealing with large audiences. Listening does not require the license.

Hazardous Magic in Urban Areas: A license is mandatory for producing magical effects in town, endangering large areas or crowds. The effects are: *phantasmal force* and other illusions, *fire ball* and fire-related spells, *lightning bolt*, *confusion*, *wall of fire* and other magical obstacles, *cloudkill* and other clouds, *conjure elemental*, *death spell*, *move earth*, *weather control*, *mass invisibility*, *reverse gravity*, *symbol*, *gate*, *meteor swarm*, *mass charm*, and *wish* with greater harmful effects.

Lower water and aqueous magic are also part of this list but in Glantri City only. The license costs 100 dc per year, per spell.

"These are but a few weapons in the bureaucratic arsenal. Inappropriate use of a license can get you in real trouble, the least of which is the suspension of the license for a number of months. Always carry your licenses on your person. If you are requested to show your licenses and don't have them, you are immediately considered guilty. Watch out for thieves; stolen licenses are worth gold on the black market. Also beware of inquisitive eyes watching over your shoulder. There is a bounty for identifying unlicensed users at the House of Ministers, or those who did not report their Utterance Right. Some infamous citizens make a (licensed) living off these bounties!

"All this is just one of the public service's malfeasancesses. Once in a while they misfile scrollwork or get the wrong names and addresses. The first year I moved to this place, I received one of those scroll cases with the army's seal on it. It indicated that a "Captain Humphrey Talker" was to report immediately to the Citadel for active duty! It took me six months to prove that they had the wrong person; then, they almost court-martialed me for impersonating an army officer! I had to wear this bulky, noisy armor all the time... Anyway, I got to keep the officer's pay. The Citadel bookkeeper wouldn't take the money back; as far as he was concerned, the money was paid out to "the captain" and nothing else mattered.

"For every bureaucratic blunder, a pub-

lic servant has some imaginative way of dealing with it. Anything can happen. They may force citizens to switch names or houses because they don't match their files, or return to a citizen taxes he hasn't yet paid, while another public servant requests the same amount from someone else who did pay his—money has to come from somewhere, right? They even sent a baron's inheritance title to some gonder. The fellow had a good time for a month or so, but then got in real trouble when the true heir returned with appropriate scroll-work. I think he ended up as the baron's buffoon for perpetuity.

"The Glantrian administration is such a horrid machine that even nobles have problems dealing with it. Magistrates benefit from all these innumerable complaints; it can be expensive, but they are the best way to deal with the administrative maze. They understand its traps and nuances even better than the public servants.

"Aside from licenses and bureaucracy, the law is another tool public servants and magistrates skillfully use to maintain order and keep gold flowing into the treasury."

The Laws of Glantri

"Since you'll be here for some time, you need to know about our laws, and the sentences for breaking them."

Treason and High Treason

Violation of Allegiance toward the Council of Princes is called High Treason. The penalty is death by exposure on the Tower of Sighs for one night (see the description in "Glantri City by Night"). Violation of Allegiance toward a ruling prince or a noble, or any felony committed against him by a mundaner, is called Treason. The penalty is up to the ruler.

Religion is a crime of High Treason. Only the official philosophy of magic is acceptable. The penalty for worship is torture by black pudding exposure followed by life imprisonment at the Tower of Sighs. Clericism and similar heresy is punishable by death by fire.

Tax Evasion is Treason. The sentence include the removal of all titles, lands, and private wealth, with one to ten years imprisonment at the Tower of Sighs.

Felonies

Overdue Debts, Theft, Murder, Rape, Bribery of Public Servants, and Destruction of Private Property are felonies. By Glantrian

law, felonies are punishable only during the week following the crime. By the eighth day, at sunrise, if the offender has not yet been apprehended, he may no longer be punished for the crime—legally.

Penalty for general felonies is the removal of one finger (tendrill, tentacle, pseudopod or equivalent) per 100 ducats of assessed damage. If no finger remains, capital punishment is applied. Rape is punishable by magical sex-change for a year, permanent for repeat offenders. Murder is punishable by death by green slime.

Unlicensed Activities are felonies. Unauthorized spell-casting is punishable by one to twelve months of *dispelled magic*. Second-time offenders have their tongues torn out. Third-time offenders are permanently *feebleminded* and banished to the Beggars' Court.

Other penalties for unlicensed activities vary from one to twelve months' imprisonment at the Tower of Sighs, without bail, or 100 ducats fine for minor offenders.

Misdemeanors

Nocturnal Noise in Urban Areas, Disturbing Public Order, Obstructing the Course of Law or Public Service, Lying to a Magistrate, to an Agent of the Constable or to a Noble, Mocking, Insulting or Libelling an Arcaner are misdemeanors punishable by flagellation, hanging by the thumbs, or fines ranging from 10 to 100 dc.

Wounding or Intending to Wound an arcaner using a mundane weapon or an open hand, without the approval of a Viceroy, constable or noble wizard, is punishable by ten to thirty days' imprisonment in the Tower of Sighs.

Other Laws

Penalty Immunities: Penalties for misdemeanors do not apply to nobles in their dominions. Penalties for misdemeanors and felonies do not apply to princes in their principalities. Princes may grant mercy for misdemeanors and felonies in their principalities and within Free Territories.

Civil Rights: A mundaner is considered guilty of a crime until proved innocent if the plaintiff is a nobleman. In all other cases, a suspect is considered innocent until proved guilty.

"As you see, my boy, there are many things to know before traveling around Glantri. The laws vary from one principality to another, but in general they are simi-

lar to that of this city. Enforcement is better in Glantri City, because the capital's constabulary is by far the most efficient in all Glantri. The Hall of Magistrates keeps busy with judgments.

"Also, people in Glantri tend to sue others as often as they change boots. The price of legal action is high. A magistrate costs 10 to 100 dc per appearance at the court. The loser must reimburse all costs incurred by the judgment. This includes plaintiff and defender's magistrates, the judge, the constables and all the scribes involved with the case. This often amounts to 300 to 400 dc per appearance at the court, plus briberies—which are not uncommon, but are risky for the inexperienced.

"For important matters, magic is often used to determine if one lies or not. All arcarnes have the right to request such examination (*ESP*), but you should remember that in order to address a court of magistrates, you must have a license for speaking in public—else they might charge you for another felony! If you neither can afford a magistrate's defense nor speak in public, you are doomed, because you can't verbally deny accusations! Of course, you can communicate with written scrolls, but in this case, each must be notarized—this too can become expensive!

"So much for Glantri's legal system. I'd summarize all this by saying, 'Just stay out of trouble!' But don't be frightened. Life in Glantri offers many advantages, too—such as the wide array of magic-use so common in everyday life."

Magic in Glantri

"I'm sure you noticed our street lamps. Each consists of a iron pole that is elegantly sculpted, with a *continual light* glowing at the top during night and day. This is the first manifestation of magic you notice in Glantri City. There is much more than that, of course.

"Starting with the middle-class families and up to the noble households, licensed spell-casters are commonly hired to produce magical effects, both for comfort and social status. Conspicuous display of magic is the key to social success, my boy! There are many examples right here. Do you need water? A small permanent *gate* to the plane of water opens into the kitchen. It is

Living in Glantri City

linked to various pipes and faucets—this latest in magical technology can be installed in your own home for a modest 36 crowns!

"Heat, you say? Have your very own fire elemental in the cellar. It is fully restrained within a magical boiler through which the water pipes circulate. You can now take a hot bath in winter or cook at low price. All this, complete with licenses to operate fire elementals in the city, comes to a trifling 10 crowns, a true bargain!

"Should you desire refreshment—it's equally easy. The ice box is located in the kitchen and filled every day. We order our ice from the Vladimirov Brothers, mages who make a business of magically freezing clean water and foods. They deliver directly to your home for a meager four de per iceblock. Wait until you try our delicious summer delights, such as the Frozen Griffon Egg Souffle, our specialty!

"Is there any refuse left after dinner? Scrape it into the ultimate garbage disposal, a personal black pudding unit. It disposes of anything and requires no cleaning and no maintenance! The whole system can be installed in your very own kitchen for the incredible sum of 25 cr, which includes a ten-year warranty!

"Are you looking for designer furniture? Try this! Permanent *floating disks* that conform to your body weight and shape, and follow you on command. They sell on the market for no more than 20 crowns, 25 with silk or velvet upholstery.

"Do you desire personal lighting at home? Try this: A small sphere of *continual light* that follows its owner, stands in place or varies in intensity at a command word. This marvel costs only six crowns.

"More? Try the latest in communications! For quick delivery, have your messages *teleported* directly to their destinations by your local *Arcane Teleporters and Towers* office. This will cost you 14 crowns.

"Need a multipurpose servant? Here comes Rent-a-Stalker. For 12 cr, hire your own stalker for a specific service—but if you ask me, most of these fellows are ill-mannered morons."

"Flying carpets, creatures and constructs for security and service, weather control for handling fires and storms, *force field* umbrellas against the rain, magic doors, magic windows, magical hourglasses that flip around by themselves and whistle

tunes every hour, *wizard locks*, *wizard eyes* to see who's at your door, creative illusions for interior decoration, *reverse gravity* to reach the top of your tower without effort, brooms and cloths which clean a house on their own, the list is endless! In short, if you have the gold, you can get anything done. The usual rate is two crowns per level of spell. But make sure you are dealing with licensed spell-casters! The black market magic-users could be using stolen or counterfeit licenses and then, Great Efreeti knows what ill second effects may plague your house!"

Seasonal Festivities

"Enough on magic for now. There are many other sources of entertainment, for the mundane as well as the arcaner. This society is rich in holidays and festivities; that's probably due to the large number of different cultures in Glantri. To suit all the princes' fancies, each has one holiday devoted to his subjects, or to something dear to his people. Each is only observed in the appropriate principalities, except in the case of Glantri City, where any excuse is good enough to take a day off. On top of that, the House of Ministers adds a few of its own from time to time. Public servants, magistrates, scholars and sages observe every single holiday and expect the rest of the population to do the same. Shop owners, innkeepers and entertainers are, however, exempt and make great profits at that time.

"The best way to remain up to date is to consult the seasonal calendar published by the Sages' League. It includes moon phases, potential star and solar activities, seasons, and holidays. It is quite different from the one your elven folks use. Look, there's one hanging on the wall behind you.

"We have twelve months of 28 days, for a total of 336 days. There are four weeks of seven days per month. The first day of a month always starts on a Lunadain and ends on a Soladain. It takes one month for the moon to accomplish its full cycle, full moons always rising on the night of the third Lunadain in each month."

Main Calendar Key

- New Moon
- ◐ Quarter Moon Waning
- ◑ Quarter Moon Waxing
- Half Moon
- ◐ Three Quarter Moon Waning
- ◑ Three Quarter Moon Waxing
- Full Moon
- ✧ Shooting Star—A comet crosses the night sky (20% chance), in a direction helpful to one who seeks an unknown destination.
- Eclipse—The sun disappears behind the moon for 1d6 turns (15% chance).
- ★ New Star—An unusual star of any color shines during one night (5% chance), or stays permanently (3% chance).
- ☆ Missing Star—A well-known star permanently disappears from the known constellations (10% chance).
- ※ Stellar Cataclysm—Unusual celestial activities cause the sky to change color for one day, or glow eerily for one night, causing fear and disorder among the population (3% chance). All magic is totally ineffective during that day.

NUWMONT

Lunadain	1	●	□	8	●	15	○	22	●
Gromdain	2	★	△	9	●	16	23		
Tserdain	3	●	10	17	24				
Moldain	4	●	11	18	25				
Nytdain	5	●	12	19	26				
Loshdain	6	●	13	20	27				
Soladain	7	✧	14	21	28				

- : 1st day of the year and beginning of early spring season. This day is also called Good Sprite Day, the national holiday for the elves of Erewan. They celebrate the first day of spring starting at sunrise. Music, dance and banquets last until late at night. The sprites and other woodland spirits are thought to awake from their winter slumber. In their honor, the elves perpetrate pranks and practical jokes, their way of getting ahead of the wee folks. Other races are often their victims. Regrettable excesses occur when the E.L.F. settles an account with some long-time foe, disguising the crime as a (bad) joke.

- △: Spring Equinox—Some bad weather can be expected that day (high winds, late snow storms or hail). The Brotherhood of the Radiance must make contact at midnight.

Living in Glantri City

- ◇ **Spring Break**—The students from the Great School of Magic go about the canals and rivers, blowing up the ice. This is a chance for the students to display new knowledge and show off spectacular magic. No traffic is allowed that day until the canals are safe. Although the nominal date of this event is the 6th of Numwort, the date may be changed according to how late or early the seasons are. The point of Spring Break is to get rid of the unsafe fragile ice crust and allow normal gondola traffic. But some of the more rowdy students cause mischief in the city, taking this opportunity to get even with the monotonous life at school.

VATERMONT

Lunadain	1	●	□	8	●	15	○	22	●
Gromdain	2			9		16		23	
Tserdain	3			10	△	17		24	
Moldain	4	★		11		18	+	25	
Nytdain	5	●		12	○	19	○	26	●
Loshdain	6			13		20	☆	27	
Soldain	7			14		21	★	28	

- : Beginning of the mid-spring season

△: **1st Tax Day**—Citizens of Glantri City bring their quarterly taxes to the House of Ministers before midnight. In the principalities and Free Territories, people bring their gold to the local Constabulary. Tax evaders will be identified within the next three months and hunted down by the constables. For richer citizens, magic may be used to determine if they are making appropriate tax payments.

- + **Monsters Fair**—This is the national celebration day for Caurenze. Its prince organizes games at Circus Lizzieni, with many monster fights and races. The criminal offenders, barbarian raiders, and slaves are sometimes executed there. Heroes may (willingly or not) enter the arena and prove their bravery, earning great rewards and fame. In Glantri City, people organize a monster parade (largely sponsored by the Monster Handlers' Syndicate). Later during the afternoon, the beasts are rounded up on the open market place and sold to customers. The better-tamed creatures perform spectacular shows to attract visitors. Accidents are likely to occur.

THAUMONT

Lunadain	1	●	□	8	●	15	○	22	●
Gromdain	2			9		16		23	
Tserdain	3			10		17		24	
Moldain	4			11		18		25	△

Nytdain	5	●		12	○	19	○	26	●
Loshdain	6			13		20		27	
Soldain	7			14	☆	21		28	

- : Beginning of the late spring season

△: **Arcanium**—This is the annual wizards' fair, a convention lasting night and day until the end of the month. All interested magic-users come to Glantri City and share some of their most treasured secrets for gold or more knowledge. Others organize crowded seminars where the wizards' philosophies and point of views are discussed in a rather informal and open-ended manner. Many of the activities are sponsored by the Prince of Blackhill, the Great School of Magic and the Game Lizards. All the city's inns are booked solid and have many bizarre visitors. Buildings with large main rooms are rented by those wishing to meet and conduct their trade. Business is done within closed booths, behind curtains, to aid in secrecy. Meanwhile, in the crowded rows, peddlers walk about selling trinkets, spell components, blanks scrolls and tomes. In open booths, poorer mages resort to selling common, low-level spells for a few gold ducats, loudly boasting of the qualities of one spell or another; this is a blessing for apprentices with gold to spend. Charlatans are also very common here. Shady individuals also come to Glantri City, snooping around and hoping to steal some new ideas. Once satisfied, these fellows disappear as quickly as they showed up, which has earned them the nickname of the "Mayflies" among the true and respectable wizards.

FLAURMONT

Lunadain	1	●	□	8	●	15	○	22	●
Gromdain	2			9		16		23	
Tserdain	3	△		10		17		24	
Moldain	4			11		18		25	☆★
Nytdain	5	●		12	○	19	○	26	●
Loshdain	6			13		20	+	27	
Soldain	7			14		21		28	

- : **Summer Solstice**—Beginning of the early summer season. The Brotherhood of the Radiance must make contact at midnight.

△: **Parliament Day**—This holiday is the a creation of the Glantrian bureaucracy to get an extra day off from work. Nothing special happens this day, except that the House of Ministers and the Parliament are closed to business. Servants usually spend this day cleaning the building while eve-

rybody is out.

- + **Army Parade**—The garrisons in each principality and in Glantri City organize military parades. The original idea for this festival comes from the Prince of Aalban, who normally leads the parade in Glantri City. This often turns out to be a show of force to intimidate the population and make sure they understand just who is in charge. Later in the afternoon, jousts are organized between the rulers' knights, as well as magical duels between magic-using army officers. The best fighter will then confront the best spell-caster, according to very strict duelling rules (the knight wins if he bloods the magic-user before being trapped or rendered unconscious). Magic-users are the odds-on favorites, but once in a while a knight proves to be the best. Later, during the night, many soldiers spend time in the towns. The more vulgar taverns are full of drunken soldiers, either spell-casters or fighters eager to prove they are better than the other class. Brawls, naturally, are very common that night.

YARTHMONT

Lunadain	1	●	□	8	●	15	○	22	●
Gromdain	2			9		16		23	
Tserdain	3			10	△	17		24	
Moldain	4			11		18		25	
Nytdain	5	●		12	○	19	○	26	●
Loshdain	6			13		20		27	☆
Soldain	7			14	+	21		28	

- : Beginning of the mid-summer season

△: **2nd Tax Day**—See 1st Tax Day in Vatermont for more detail.

- + **Gondola Games**—The great games of Glantri City occur during this mid-summer day. To mock army jousts, the contestants stand on top of a narrow platform at the bow of their gondolas, holding a long pole in their right hand, a large pan lid in the left, and wearing a metal pot on their head. The purpose of the game is to knock the other contestants into the canals. The winner gains a silver medal, as well as free passage on all gondolas for a year (the medal serves as pass and shows the year the winner gained it.) Many banquets, dances and spectacles occur in the Entertainers' and Port Quarters. The port business is usually halted the day of the games. The event is sponsored by the River Teamsters.

LIVING IN GLANTRI CITY

KLARMONT

Lunadain	1	□	8	●	15	○	22	●
Gromdain	2		9		16	★	23	
Tserdain	3		10		17		24	
Moldain	4		11		18		25	
Nyrdain	5	●	12	○	19	●	26	●
Loshdain	6		13		20		27	
Soladain	7		14		21		28	

- : Beginning of the late summer season
 △: **Night of the Red Moon**—The mundaners believe that evil spirits come out during the night to haunt them and cause catastrophes. The moon seems to turn red (a natural phenomenon), and it is true that animals and monsters become nervous this night. Mages find that their perceptions of magic are slightly aroused this night. All the mages in Glantri must roll 1d20 under their Intelligence. Those who fail are unaffected; the others gain 1 point of Intelligence for 1d6 night hours but must then save vs. spells or be inherited by this surge of magic. Missing the saving throw by 5 points or less causes a spell-caster to feel dizzy and euphoric, but has no further effect. Missing by 9 or less causes a spell-caster to be mildly intoxicated; he will lose all memory of what occurs that night, including spell discoveries. Missing by 10 or more causes a spell-caster to be totally intoxicated: he loses 1d8 points of Dexterity for that night, babbles unintelligibly, giggles or laughs insanely, has odd hallucinations, and finally loses consciousness (and memory of what happened) after 1d4 hours. More powerful mages who fall victim to the red moon can be quite dangerous (the Great School of Magic usually turns into a madhouse during these hours).

FELMONT

Lunadain	1	□	8	●	15	○	22	●
Gromdain	2		9		16		23	
Tserdain	3		10		17		24	☼
Moldain	4		11		18		25	+ ☼
Nyrdain	5	●	12	○	19	●	26	☼
Loshdain	6		13		20		27	☼
Soladain	7		14	△	21		28	☆

- : **Fall Equinox**—Beginning of the early fall season. The Brotherhood of the Radiance must make contact at midnight. Some bad weather could be expected, with high winds or violent thunderstorms.
 △: **Feria de Toros**—This is the national holiday for the southern elves of Belcadiz. Irrate bulls

are released in the streets of their city, New Alvar, where the people prove their bravery by trying to outrun them or removing a little ribbon from one of their horns. Magic is not considered fair in this run. In Glantri City, this day is when the city gets rid of dangerous creatures lurking in the waterways. At first, it was the army's responsibility to seek out and destroy them. Then the southern elves of the capital took the monster hunt into their own hands. Nowadays, the more courageous urbanites are invited to board war gondolas and hunt the creatures using magic or weapons—good training for the Great School of Magic's students. The Monster Hunters' Union is often out to purchase some newly captured monsters.

- + **Beggars' Hope**—The poor wretches of the Beggars' Court are allowed out of their city quarter to beg without threat of being chased away. Many middle-class people and some nobles come to the West Side Quarter to make donations of food and old clothes and occasionally remove some of the most awful curses.

FYRMONT

Lunadain	1	□	8	●	15	○	+ 22	●
Gromdain	2		9		16		23	
Tserdain	3		10	△	17		24	
Moldain	4		11		18		25	
Nyrdain	5	●	12	○	19	●	26	●
Loshdain	6		13		20		27	
Soladain	7		14		21		28	

- : Beginning of the mid-fall season
 △: **3rd Tax Day**—See 1st Tax Day in Watermont for more detail.

- + **Vyonnese Carnival**—This is the national festival of New Avernoigne. The celebrants go along the streets of their towns, or the canals of Glantri City's residents, waving scarecrows around, wearing colorful costumes and masks, laughing, dancing, banging on pan lids and making the most atrocious noise possible. Most other people think they do this just to have fun (and many join in these processions), but the real meaning of the festival is to scare evil spirits away and mock the werewolf. With a closer look, an observer can see that many of the scarecrows wear wolf skins or look like ugly wolfmen. The carnival starts at dusk and lasts until sunrise, driving the city constabulary mad, as it is impossible to stop the massive crowds of lawbreakers (disturbing nighttime peace is a crime in Glantri City.)

AMBYRMONT

Lunadain	1	□	8	●	15	○	22	●
Gromdain	2		9		16		23	
Tserdain	3		10		17		24	
Moldain	4		11		18		25	
Nyrdain	5	●	12	○	19	●	26	△ ☼
Loshdain	6		13		20		27	☆
Soladain	7		14		21		28	☼

- : Beginning of the late fall season
 △: **Fire Night**—Many of the old Flaemish people wear long golden robes and high pointed hoods covering their faces during this festival. They make a quiet procession along the streets of Kopstar, carrying torches. Officially, they honor the end of fall. These people are followers of the philosophy of fire, the traditional element in their culture. In the Flaemish history, the purpose of the procession was to purify the air in the towns, waving torches and eventually burning down the houses of less desirable inhabitants. This still occurs in smaller villages in the Principality of Linden, and only rarely at Kopstar or Glantri City. At the capital, the procession goes along in gondolas, drawing crowds of curious onlookers.

SVIPTMONT

Lunadain	1	□	8	●	15	○	22	●
Gromdain	2		9		16		23	
Tserdain	3		10		17		24	
Moldain	4		11		18		25	
Nyrdain	5	●	12	○	19	●	26	●
Loshdain	6	△	13		20		27	
Soladain	7	★	14	+	21		28	

- : **Winter Solstice**—Beginning of the early winter season. The Brotherhood of the Radiance must make contact at midnight.
 △: **Best Wishes of Krondahar**—This is the annual holiday for the people of Krondahar, the first day of their year of the Ethenagian Calendar. They spend the day in towns and fields, wishing the best day of luck to any they may cross paths with. Entire parties walk about the streets of Braastar (or riding gondolas in Glantri City) swinging censers, slowly beating a drum, blowing a huge horn or ringing a bell according to a rhythmic but obscure musical art. Traditionally, a Krondaharian wishes luck by sticking out his tongue at the person to be wished good luck. In return, the grateful person must bow once and stick his tongue out. The ceremony ends with the first Krondaharian

slapping the other on the left cheek and bowing twice. This ceremony can cause difficulties outside Krongdaha, when a Krongdahaian wishes luck to one of a different culture—but can't speak common Glantrian (as many don't) and explain the custom to one whom it offends.

- + **Raising the Walls**—This day is dedicated to the raising of defensive walls on the south side of Glantri City. The date may be changed according to how early or late the cold weather sets in. The purpose of this event is to make sure the south of the city is protected when the river freezes. Immense crowds of people watch the mages cast their spells. The Mages' personal goal is to show their arcane talents by creating walls decorated with different colors, decorative sculptures, eerie glows and auras, and so forth. A large banquet will be offered at the parliament in honor of the mage with the most spectacular wall.

EIRMONT

Lumadain	1	●	□	8	●	15	○	22	●
Gromdain	2			9		16		23	
Tserdain	3			10		17		24	§
Moldain	4			11		18		25	
Nytdain	5	●	△	12	○	19	●	26	●
Loshdain	6	★		13		20		27	
Soladain	7		+	14	+	21		28	

- : Beginning of the mid-winter season

△: **Necromantia**—This is a national holiday in Klantyre, originally implemented by the Prince of Klantyre in honor of heroes who died upon the field of honor. The people go to the graves of their ancestors to pay homage and to clean weeds and dirt from the burial sites. Adventurers may start a quest to give a decent burial to lost relatives. On the night that follows this event, ghosts and spirits are rumored to visit their descendants. If proper respect was shown, then nothing is to be feared; but some disrespectful families have been found dead the next morning, with expressions of utter fear on their faces. Although there has been no proof of supernatural visitation, the cases remain strange, even in a land plagued by the undead. The people of Glantri City and Boldavia also follow this custom.

- + **Annual Glantrian Ice Games**—Once the canals are frozen, the younger population feverishly prepares for this festival. The best skaters of the country come to the capital to participate to the national ice

games occurring on the frozen city canals. All sorts of races are organized, including simple races on foot (with or without ice skates), and on sleds pulled by various creatures or by magic. The winner is offered a golden trophy. After the races, at night, balls take place on the ice, under multicolored Ethengarian lanterns. On the following day, other games are organized—such as ice jousting and snowball battles.

- §: **4th Tax Day**—See 1st Tax Day in Verdmont for more detail.

KALDMONT

Lumadain	1	□	8	●	15	○	△	22	●
Gromdain	2		9		16		23		
Tserdain	3		10		17		24	★	
Moldain	4		11		18		25	★	
Nytdain	5	●	12	○	19	●	26	★	★
Loshdain	6		13		20		27	★	★
Soladain	7		14		21		28	★	★

- : Beginning of the late winter season

△: **Boldavian Procession**—This is the national holiday in Boldavia. Although it is an illegal celebration there (Prince Morphail does not approve of it), the local people nevertheless perform the procession. During the night, they go about the streets, carrying torches, waving strange symbols and censers, hanging festoons of garlic on doors, windows, and street intersections. In the middle of the night, they burn coffins in the main plaza, sing, dance and stay awake together until daybreak. In Boldavia, the constables often intervene to keep the peace, but they do avoid excessive brutality to prevent riots (drunken, angry mobs of Boldavians are known to march down to unpopular noble's mansions and put them to the torch). Because of the large number of Boldavians in Glantri City, the Magistrates declared the Boldavian Procession a legal holiday in the Free Territories and at the capital, infuriating the nobles at the Tower of Igorov. Outside Boldavia, though, this celebration is always peaceful.

- + **Alexander Day**—This is the official main holiday for the whole nation, when the people of Glantri pay homage to the late Lord Alexander Glantri, founder of the Parliament. All the people throughout the nation are to stop working at noon and spend one hour in total silence. Making noise during this hour of respect is a felony. The holiday has an even greater

meaning in Glantri City. The people crowd Alexander Platz and its waterways when the sun is about to disappear behind the hills. They quietly watch the City Belfry, Lord Glantri's mausoleum, hoping to see an omen. If any ill luck is to plague the nation in the coming year, the people see a sign: an eerie color in the sky, a frightening rumble in the ground, a mysterious silhouette that resembles Lord Glantri pacing at the top of the belfry. If, instead, future prospects are good, the tower glows slightly and a melodious voice softly sings a song of peace. The mausoleum radiates magic then and no one dares enter it. So far the phenomenon remains unexplained.

- §: **Bells of Fate**—This is the last day of the Glantrian year. At midnight, all the villages, towns and the capital ring their bells. At the same moment, a heavenly portent is seen; it is especially visible from Glantri City if the sky is clear. (Should there be clouds, wizards make sure the sky is clear on time.) This portent is a shower of shooting stars. On occasion, one of these stars will fall from the sky and land somewhere in Glantri. These celestial objects are supposed to bring bad luck, so people frantically ring their bells to scare the evil spirits away. (This explains why all respectable houses or farms have at least one small bell or gong.) Should a mage see one of these objects fall to the ground, he will immediately order a few brave men to find it and bring it back to his tower. There is no way to predict what may be found on the site; sometimes there is nothing, but at other times strange mushrooms and fungi, diseases, deadly creatures, or fabulous gems may be found. Wizards, naturally, want these objects from the skies.

OTHER EVENTS

"As you see, my boy, we have lots of fun here. But that's not all. Not a year goes by without a noble losing his title, dying without heir, or challenging another to a magical duel. Since all politics in this land are influenced or decided by vote, rival nobles will go to great lengths to gain voters' attention. During voting campaigns, supporters of one noble or another go about the city waterways, waving large bills and boasting the values of their leader. Once in a while, two factions run into each

Living in Glantri City

other and fight until the constables intervene. These people also hire supporters, a lucrative but dangerous business.

"Last year, when I was still wandering the city free and invisible, I witnessed supporters of a faction bringing thirty mundanes, tied and gagged, into a mansion's inner court. I was hiding at the end of the row. The leader, a nobleman whom I do not personally know, cast a spell upon them. For a short instant a sensation of friendliness toward the man overwhelmed me and I felt compelled to help him. But soon the effect vanished, although I think I was the only one to break free. The other fellows listened to the nobleman's speech and left the place, waving their posters, shouting slogans, and ready to do battle! Ten minutes later, another thirty victims were brought in and the same happened again. In a single day, this man bewitched over a hundred people to serve him. I say, it chills my spine to think about what these people do to achieve their ends! So remember, always stay clear of these crowds of howling fanatics.

"Nobles sometimes come down into the streets and cast spectacular new spells to impress voters. The object of this is to show their magic is superior to that of their competitors, so therefore they are worthier of their votes. Of course, many nobles are charged by the constables with casting spells for business reasons without a license. I say, good for the constabulary! Personally, I have no sympathy for politicians; all they do is make promises; few actually uphold them when they get what they want."

Childhood and Succession in Glantri

"Well, Cedrik my boy, you probably think that this is no place for children. But you'd be surprised how well some younger fellows do. You've probably met a few of these marvels, or abominations should I say! No offense to you, my boy, you are at a proper age to learn the secrets of magic. But in this land, to be a noble one must be a wizard, and so to insure the continuity of his dynasty he must raise his children in the tradition of magic-use. So, some begin to learn as early as five years old.

"There is a price to pay for this folly. Children learn fast, often faster than their elders. The brightest children are capable

of understanding obscure concepts that are above the minds of common men, but children do not understand risk, or right from wrong. They do not know when to draw the line. Some end up demented, unable to understand the pain and damage they cause. Even good children may accidentally miscast spells and cause great catastrophes."

DM Notes: Spell-casting children must be sent to the Great School of Magic for training (seven days a week, eight months a year minimum). Failing to provide this training causes the child temporarily to lose his spell-casting ability. It is regained when the child resumes school studies or reaches the age of sixteen. An NPC child gains one level of experience per 12 months of study, up to half the parent's highest experience level.

Whenever a child casts a spell, there is a chance it will misfire. Roll 4d4, trying to roll less than the child's age. (With elves, the DM decides what human age the child most closely approximates and rolls against that.) The spell works normally if the roll is equal to or less than the child's age. If the roll is higher, the spell fails and produces an unexpected effect. Miscast spells do not affect the caster. The effects are up to the DM; some examples are below.

Infantile Catastrophe Table (Roll 1d12)

1. The target of the spell is *polymorphed* into a teddy bear or similar plush toy (no saving throw).
2. The target of the spell turns blue with yellow dots (no save); any variations of bizarre colors are welcome. It may also make bubbles and funny popping sounds.
3. The target of the spell grows purple hair all over its body, at the rate of a foot per round. The growth lasts 1d6 rounds.
4. All beings in a 60-foot radius cannot move without leaping 1d20 feet in a random direction, or 1d10 feet straight up.
5. A 10-foot high tower made of wooden cubes materializes. The child can shoot cream pies from the top with a small catapult.
6. A monster of great strength appears next to the child. It thinks it is the child's mother and will be dangerously protective of the child.

7. A chime playing a child's tune follows a nearby creature until *dispelled*. The victim of the effect is chosen at random.

8. Butterflies fill the area where the child is. If outside, the butterflies spread over a one-mile radius, blinding everyone.

9. The child and all beings within a 30-foot radius *gate* into an outer plane where all is made of cake, cream and other sweets.

10. A dozen gremlins dressed as puppets appear next to the child and decide to entertain him at the expense of nearby creatures and furniture.

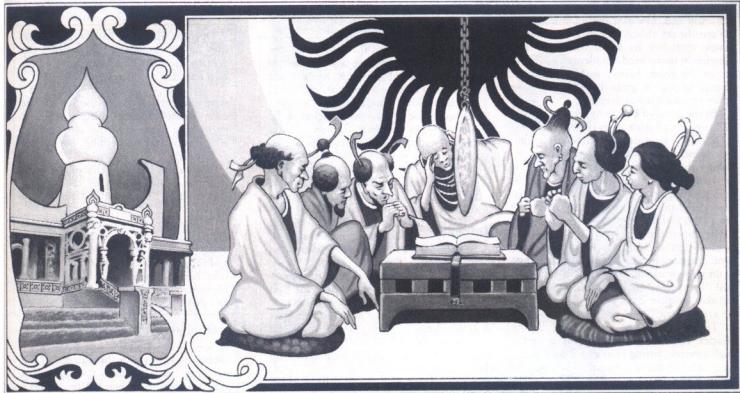
11. An illusion of a man sitting on a cloud flies overhead, dropping fistfuls of sand. Those underneath falling a saving throw vs. spells fall into a sound sleep which lasts until *dispelled*.

12. Flowers and mushrooms of various shapes and colors pop up everywhere within a one-mile radius and grow one to three feet high.

Legal age in Glantri is 16 years old, the age at which spell-casting is possible without fear of infantile side effects. Under this age, children should normally only appear as NPCs in the Glantrian campaign.

Because of the time necessary to reach very high levels and the dangers involved, it is likely that PCs may be lost during the course of a long campaign. PCs who have reached nobility and/or established a family before they die may play an NPC son or daughter. The new player-character is at whatever level it reached at the time of the PC's loss. If the new PC is not yet 16 years old, an NPC parent will run the dominion until the child reaches legal age. This opportunity should be viewed as an encouragement to role-play and create detailed character backgrounds.

When two ruling nobles marry in Glantri, they lose the dominion farther from the capital. For example: the Duchess of Fenswick marries the Baron of Oxhill; the Baron becomes Duke of Fenswick. The baronial dominion becomes available to lesser nobles. No decisions in the couple's dominion can be made without both nobles' consent. If the two perish without naming an heir, or an heir cannot be agreed, the Council of Princes and Parliament recognize the oldest wizardly descendant in the family as the heir.



The Official Glantrian Philosophy

"You should know one important thing about living in Glantri. You already know religion is considered heresy here, but this does not mean spiritual ways are ignored. In fact, Glantri has its very own philosophy, and temples where it is taught. The wizards who run the temples are called Shepherds of Rad. People go there when they need an answer to a personal problem, or when they seek the light of universal knowledge. If you ask me, I think they're charlatans. All they do is recite bizarre mantras over and over and perform meaningless ceremonies. The Shepherds claim these enhance the intellect and the memory.

"For example, one will rapidly recite this verse: *'Knowledge is light, light in the mind, I mind the ways o' Rad, Rad is the source o' Knowledge!'* after which he bangs his forehead on a gong to make sure the lesson sinks in! And this one: *'Magic is life, life is a spiral, I spiral to the Nucleus o' Rad, Rad is the source o' Magic!'* I saw disciples repeating this hundreds of times, until they collapsed to the ground, shaking and foaming. The

Shepherds say the disciples are in trances and must not be disturbed. Disturbed, ha! I think they already were! They'll tell you the gong's vibrations on your cranium are good for meditation. But I tried it once and got only invisible bumps and a headache!

"But it does seem that in the long run some people are affected permanently. Over the years, one can increase his Intelligence slightly, but Wisdom is then similarly reduced. The disciples become fanatical followers of the wizards' way of life, absolutely opposed to the concept of divine religion. These men are totally loyal to their Shepherds. The only thing I like about the Temples of Rad is the nice, ongoing ringing of the gongs that can be heard in the streets. It's a reassuring sign of the people's goodwill.

"A good citizen goes to the Temples of Rad. Army officers, public servants and constables must attend every morning, according to their manuals. You see, my boy, if you want to remain on good terms with your masters at the school, make sure you regularly show yourself at the Temple of Rad—but don't overdo it! Leave this to the mundaners and the zealots."

"Well, then, it's getting late! My, where did your friend go?"

Piling up his homework, Cedrik turns around, looking for Leranda and Raphael. "Oh, you're right. The cute human girl is gone and so is Raph!"

Laughing softly, Humphrey the Stalker adds, "I bet he went out with her. Another conquest in Leranda's bag!"

A small voice comes from under the table: "Hey! What do you mean, another conquest for Leranda? When you two are done debating the meaning of life, will you please get me out of here!"

Both elf and the stalker stare blankly at each other and then look under the table. A toad sits there, croaking angrily at them. "It's about time you noticed me! Will you give me a hand now?"

"Yep, that's Raph all right!" says Humphrey. "I'd recognize these dumb eyes anywhere. I forgot to tell him Leranda just graduated to the class of Sorceress with her *polymorph others* spell. Neat, eh?"

The Great School of Magic

It is early and, low over the mountains, the sun sets the sky ablaze. The little red creature yawns, stretches its small batwings, and scratches its horny head. Suddenly a gong echoes in the room below, making it jump. Almost falling, it grabs hold of the large statue on which it was sleeping.

"By the beard of Baal, why are they so early?" cries the creature in its sibilant lisp.

Quickly, it scampers back on top of its vantage point, the crown of a great statue overlooking the main study room. There, up in the room's vault, among incense fumes, its devilish eyes glow with glee. "Aah, students! How delightful! Let's see... ah, this one here, I can feel his anguish..."

The apprentice stands up and leaves the room, stacks of scrolls tucked under both arms. Reaching his quarters, he angrily throws all the paperwork on his bed. "I can't stand all this! I'll never make it by tomorrow! My uncle will skin me alive if the school doesn't accept me as a student!"

"Tissk, tissk, tissk!" comes the lispng whisper. The student quickly turns to see the small creature, sitting crosslegged on top of a chest, reading one of the scrolls. "Really, who needs all this?"

"Just who the devil are you?" asks the student, poking his finger at the creature's snout. "How did you get in here?"

"Eh? Oh. Greetings, I am Diabolus!" answers the creature, shaking the baffled student's hand with its pointy tail. "Seems you've got yourself in trouble, eh? Maybe I can help you... if you'll let me."

"What are you anyway? Say, aren't you the lad *Geranda polymorphed* the other day?" asks the student, ripping his scroll from the creature's tiny, grasping hands.

Snorting at the question, Diabolus whines, "Of course not! Do I look like a student? I'm an Imp! Can't you tell?"

"Oh, yes. A *nimp*, sure," says the student, scratching his head. "By the way, I'm Loricks. Did I hear you say you could help me?"

"Of course, that's why I'm here. I'm the Great Master's companion. He sent me because he has great hopes for you! I'm supposed to show you around the place. If you want to be a student here, you have to know how things work. Then, the tests are easy!"

With the flap of a wing, the imp perches on Loricks' shoulder. "Let's go; we have a lot to talk about!" Proudly, Loricks leaves the room, and walks among the students in the halls.

Purpose of the School

"You see, Loricks, the purpose of the school is to train young talents like you and make wizards of them. Are you not anxious to become a student here? Well, it's easily done. You need to get a sponsor, someone who knows a teacher at the school. Then, you start directly. A letter from a Glantrian nobleman will do as well. Otherwise, as in your case, you have to pass an examination. I went through their scrolls yesterday and saw that they will be asking for *ventrioloquism*. Can you cast that?"

"Who, me? Are you joking? I don't know how to do that!" moans Loricks. "That's it, I'm doomed! I'll never make it!"

"Now, now! Let's not get carried away. Look, I'll hide and make noises for you! But you better learn that spell later, or they'll get you! They don't like cheaters around here."

"Gee, thanks, Diab'. I sure am glad you're here!" says Loricks, patting the imp on the head.

Continuing his speech, Diabolus distractedly fondles the contents of Loricks' pouches with his prehensile tail. His eyes sparkle when he finds a gem or a coin.

"Well now, how about all that money!"

Tuition Fees

"Once you've been accepted as a student, you have to pay a tuition fee to the school. It's usually no more than five ducats per day for a Medium. It includes your teaching costs, room and board, use of the school's laboratory and library—and just in case, you also get free legal services!"

DM Notes: The tuition fees amount to 5 dc per day per level of the student. The gold may be paid daily, or in advance for one or more weeks. When a PC has accumulated enough experience to reach the next level, he must still complete at least three weeks of serious studies, plus one week per experience level (equal to the one he's achieving), and pay for them, before his master admits his progress. If he spends more than the minimum time, the master will be more generous with the spells he will teach him.

Opening wide eyes, Loricks turns to the imp on his shoulder. "You mean I can actually use their laboratories and do my own research, use their books and all?"

"Yes, but I wouldn't try that yet if I were you! Besides, the fee does not include components for researching spells and enchanting items, and this is expensive. And if you break something, boy are you in trouble!"

Suspiciously staring at Diabolus' pouch, which is getting bigger by the minute, Loricks asks, "But what if I run out of money?"

"Funny you should ask." Diabolus glances down at Loricks' now-empty pouches. "Then, you would have to leave and earn some more outside. A few spells cast here or there for gold, or a good adventure, will do. Then you come back and pick up where you left. Simple!"

Complementary Courses

Observing a busy class through one of the windows, Loricks wonders, "What kind of stuff do they teach here? Why should I learn here? I mean, I used to study with an old enchanter, back at Kern; that seemed all right to me."

Pulling a small pair of glasses from its pouch, Diabolus assumes a scholarly tone.

"Well, you have a choice of courses you can follow, aside from regular studies. Among some of the classes are: spell combination, quick casting, agility training, meditation, mandragora-related sciences, and all sorts of other things to excite the intellect! You should also remember that when you gain the rank of wizard, the school awards you an official diploma. This will open many doors in your career, either for employment or politics."

DM Notes: A student goes to school to have a master teach him magic. The master's training is necessary for level advancement, and the master will teach his student at least one spell at the time of the level advancement. Aside from this training, the student may choose to take one course at a time while he studies. The student is assumed to acquire the full knowledge of the course when he reaches his next experience level (and has paid for his tuition). He may then start another course. The tuition fee also covers these courses. The student may learn from the following, one at a time:

Agility Training: This allows the magic-user to roll (d20) under his Dexterity to be able to cast spells while moving. This can only be done at a normal walking pace; riding a mount or dodging attacks imposes a severe penalty on the ability check (DM's discretion, a -1 to -10 to the Dx score, depending on circumstances). If the attempt fails, the spell is lost.

Conjure Companion: This ability allows a magic-user to summon a creature that will become his companion. He can attempt this only during a full moon, and has a 2% chance per level to succeed. The companion is mentally linked to its master and has an Intelligence of 9-18 (d10+8). The master, by concentrating, can see and hear what his companion perceives (range is unlimited). It behaves as a *charmed* creature. A magic-user can only have one such companion at any time.

The exact type of creature is up to the magic-user, but he must have a part of the type of creature as basic component for the conjuration. For example: if he wants a black cat, he needs hair from a black cat; if he wants a gremlin, he needs a gremlin skull; etc. Often, the magic-user must leave on an adventure to get the component. His chances of success are reduced -10% per asterisk in the creature's statistics (a gremlin, HD 1**, would penalize an attempt -20%). When an attempt fails, the components are destroyed. The same creature or parts coming from the same creature cannot be used several times as a source of components for conjurations.

The creature must be of the master's alignment. It will have a hp equal to the caster's level (consider elves to be two levels higher per Attack Rank beyond C—see Companion Book One, page 30, for more detail on Attack Ranks), and have one HD (or level) for every 2 points the wizard's Intelligence exceeds 10. For example, an 18 Intelligence, level 21 wizard may summon a 21 hp (HD 4**) hellhound, with a 22% chance of success (44% - 20% for the **). If the master chooses a character type (a fighter, an elf, a mystic, a thug, etc.) for a companion, it can *not* be a known NPC or a player character. These companions are called sidekicks. A sidekick is considered a monster with two asterisks for purposes of conjuration. The player will give it a personality and a name. A sidekick is utterly loyal and cannot be *charmed* or influenced against his master.

Once summoned, a companion stays with its master. He cannot dismiss or *dispel* it. It does not gain hp as the master gains levels. If it dies, the master suffers damage equal to its



hp and cannot conjure a new companion for a year.

Learning Languages: The student may learn extra languages (up to the maximum allowed by his Intelligence). Only one language can be learned at a time. The student must reach the next experience level before taking this course again and learning another language. Virtually any language is available at the school.

Mandragora: This allows a magic-user to recognize mandragora plants and safely harvest them. The roots may be used to make soporific or hallucinogenic drugs. A victim of the drug must make a Constitution check (1d20 against Cn); if he fails, he will fall asleep for 1d6 days, or answer the truth to 1d6 questions the magic-user asks. At ninth level, a wizard can animate the plant's root to create a manikin (see "Critters from the Cauldron").

Meditation: This helps the character reach a higher level of intellectual perception. After an hour of preparation (absolute quiet) the wizard gains a modifier to an Intelligence Check (+1 up to level 5, +2 up to level 10, etc; and +8 at level 36). He must tell the DM which problem he wishes to solve before meditating. The effect lasts until the ability check is attempted. Meditation improves chances of discovering new spells, enchanting items, or

conjuring a magical companion.

Quick Casting: This allows a magic-user to cast spells more quickly. If, at the beginning of a round, the magic-user states he has the components ready for a specific spell, that spell goes off first thing in the next round, before initiative is rolled. If he changes his mind in between, he must shuffle his components and do nothing else that round.

Spell Combination: This technique allows the student to mix his spell levels in any combination, so long as the total spell levels memorized do not exceed his capacity. For example: a level 4 magic-user normally casts two 1st level spells, and two 2nd levels (for a total of 6 spell levels). With this technique, he can choose to memorize six first level spells, or three second levels, or any other appropriate combination.

Gaining Experience

As the imp lectures, he and his charge wander about the school, visiting laboratories, libraries, classrooms, and study quarters. Their latest stop (after a shortcut through the kitchens) is a gallery filled with stuffed creatures of various sorts. Each has a little plaque explaining its origins.

The Great School of Magic

Loricks points at one of them: "Look, there's one just like you over there! Let's go see what it says!"

At these words, Diabolus opens wide his eyes and quickly wraps his little wings around Loricks' head. "Sssh, be quiet! The keeper will hear us! Let's get out of here!"

Once they're past the corner, he adds, "Phew, that was a close call! Didn't you see the keeper coming our way? Sorry about the wings. What was I talking about? Oh, yes, gaining experience.

"A lot of students don't know how to gain experience anymore! I remember my master saying: 'You see, *Diabolus*, young people today forget what the true purpose of wizardry is! The word wizard means wise man. Their goal is knowledge; by finding it, they increase their power. So, the way a wizard gains experience is not by slaying monsters and owning a dragon's hoard! Leave that to fighters and merchants. Wizards are here to think, to use their grey matter.' In short, search for spells, invent magical items, find old and rare books. That's the true goal of wizardry!"

DM Notes: The best way for a magic-user to earn experience points is by inventing spells, enchanting magical items, and studying rare tomes. When playing a magic-user, use the guidelines below to reflect this philosophy.

Gaining Spells: This is the main activity of a wizard. How much experience he gets depending on how he acquires spells. The basic XP value for spells is 1,000 XP per spell level. Use the XP values indicated below, according to the situation:

Magical Research of a New Spell	+1/2
Magical Research of a Common Spell	All
Discovered in a Treasure:	1/2
Spell given by Master:	1/4
Trade, purchase, theft:	1/10

For example: A wizard creating a new 1st level spell would gain 1,500 XP; rediscovering a common spell would only get the wizard 1,000 XP; finding a scroll with a 1st level spell would be worth 500 XP; gaining it when reaching second level would be 250 XP; stealing or trading the spell with another wizard would earn him 100 XP.

Enchanting Items: This activity occurs later in a wizard's career, since he must be 9th level to make magical items. Nevertheless, it can

produce large amounts of XP if the wizard is successful. The basic XP value of magical items is 1 XP per gold ducat spent in any attempt, with the following values:

Attempt was successful:	All
Attempt failed:	1/10

Acquiring a magical item does not give the wizard XPs because he already benefits from its powers; this is sufficient in itself. He may sell it later if he wishes and gain some experience for the gold, as explained below.

Getting Treasure: Money is the least favorite subject for a wizard. A wizard's overhead can be terrifying: tuition fees, spell research, component needs, enchantments, taxes, licenses, membership dues if he is part of a guild or a secret order, etc.

Although wizards do not generally feel attracted to wealth, money is still quite necessary to acquire knowledge. Unless the DM decides otherwise, 1 gold ducat is equal to 1 XP. Use the following rates for wizards:

Gaining treasure in adventures:	1/2
Trading, selling magic, theft, casting spells for gold (*):	1/10
Dominion resources:	As per Masters rules

(*) Whatever gold the wizard earns.

Acquiring Rare Books: Another wizardly habit is the quest to find old books and build up a library. Aside from the effect owning books has on magical research, this is a source of pure knowledge. Experience value for such activity comes to 1 XP per dc value of rare tomes. Use these rates:

Acquiring books in an adventure:	All
Acquiring books by trade, purchase, theft (etc.):	1/10

Slaying Monsters: Destroying creatures is more the purpose of a hero than of a wizard. Wizards go on adventures to find components, secrets, books, or magical items, but not specifically to slay creatures. The experience value of monsters is given in the rules, but, as a general practice, wizards should only get two-thirds the normal XP for killing monsters. The DM may give bonuses if the wizard was exceptionally useful or effective during the adventure.

Other Incentives: The DM is free to award experience for other tasks. For example, he could award XPs for acquiring major compo-

nents for a spell or for a magic item enchantment. In this case, he could get the full XP value of a monster.

Uncommon and efficient use of spells is considered a good quality for a wizard (say, 100 XP per ingeniously used spell level).

Gaining a noble title in Glantri could give the wizard an XP bonus equal to 10% of the wizard's total experience each time he gains a higher nobility rank.

There are many other sources of experience for wizards (like discovering the Radiance, entering a secret order, etc).

The DM should always keep an eye on the way a wizard behaves. Awarding appropriate XP bonuses to role-playing characters is quite appropriate in real-played games.

The Final Graduation

The conversation is interrupted by a terrible howling from a nearby room. The door bursts open and two men, apparently masters, help a student out of the room. He bears an ugly smoldering burn on his arm.

"What was that?" inquires Loricks, impressed by the accident.

Carelessly, Diabolus replies, "Oh, nothing important. I guess he flunked his test. No one said spell-casting was a safe business. Every now and then, students pass tests to show they are worthy of their titles. That's how it works. You start as a Medium (that's what they call apprentices here); you take your courses and learn your stuff. Then, to become a Seer, you have to invent a spell and demonstrate its effect to a jury. If it works, then you become a Seer. Later on, you invent another, and you get the title of Conjuror, something like that. Of course, if there's a flaw in the spell you invented—well, I guess you just saw what happened!"

"What if I bought a spell from someone else and demonstrated that instead?" wonders Loricks, cautiously looking around the corner into the room.

"Well, well, you're getting smart. I'm starting to like you! Nice idea, but that's not going to work. See, you have to show all your studies and how you managed to find the solution. They want mathematical equations, alchemical formulae, a complete pharmacopoeia of components, and they'll ask you to explain the whole thing from scratch, just to see if you really did the job yourself! There's no way around it, believe me. Then, they ask you to cast the thing; that's when the fun begins."

Loricks steps into the room. A dozen tables have been overturned, a window is blown out, and the walls are charred. In the middle lies a sorry little lump that might once have been a spell book.

"This is the training room. They make magical experiments or test suspicious spells here. I bet he tried some *fireball* stuff! Yep, that phosphorus dosage will do it every time," adds the little imp with a giggle.

Meanwhile, Loricks examines the book on the floor. "Hey, look! There's something that didn't burn in there!"

Diabolus quickly looks over his shoulder. "Be quiet. Pull that page out and let's get going! Maybe there's a spell on it!"

The two rapidly leave the room with the blackened piece of parchment. "All right! It's a scroll!" says Loricks, excited. "Maybe it's a wizard's secret!"

"Maybe. Oh, yeah, about wizards. They have a special ordeal to go through. It's sort of a major graduation in this school. Instead of showing some dumb spell, they get to go into the school's dungeons. Near place, really—dark, damp, creepy; I love it! I spend some time there once in a while. They enter on one side, alone, with just their spell components, and they have to reach the other alive. If they make it, then they get to become wizards, licensed, with the doors to nobility wide open, and all the goodies. If they fail, there's no telling what happens to them. I remember once, I was hiding behind a gargoye. When the thing moved to attack the student, I took his pouch and ran away. What fun! The student was following me all over the place, screaming and trying to get his stuff back, with the gargoye after him."

"What? There are monsters in there?" inquires Loricks, not reassured at all.

"Of course! And traps, and wicked magical things, and strange noises, and dead ends. You'll love it!"

"Thanks, that's all I need," Loricks says sternly. "I'm getting tired of walking. Let's go back to my quarters; maybe I can decipher the scroll."

out of my ears! Tell me, Diab', what else is there to know about living in this place?"

The little imp slides down a chandelier above the student, hanging upside down by its tail. "To be honest, what you were doing is most of a student's activity; except, of course, they can read that stuff. We have to do something about this problem of yours.

"Anyway, let's start at the beginning. You get up in the morning, about two hourglass cycles before sunrise; winters are tough, but what else is there to be done in winter? All the students who are not yet wizards spend an hour at the school's temple, and attend service with the Shepherds of Rad. A minimum of ten mantras is required. Then you get to eat. Don't expect a feast: all you get is a carrot and fish soup (good for the eyes and memory), just enough to quench morning hunger. Over-eating is bad for the intellect.

"Then you follow the course you have chosen until the sun is halfway up in the sky. After this, all the students are required to spend one hour at the temple to recite ten more mantras, and another hour in the school's garden to meditate. Don't miss that: it's the only time you get to rest and close your eyes. There is a chance a school master will come around looking for help to clean in the school or work in the kitchens—here's good advice, don't hang around masters at noon, they might have you volunteer for chores.

"After this, you go to your master's quarters and learn your basic lessons in magic. This will take you two or three hours, after which you help your master with whatever he may need. This may be cleaning his laboratory, helping during experiments, dispatching messages for him, preparing ink, filling out paperwork, shining his boots, washing his clothes, or whatever else he may need you to do. Sometimes you get lucky and he sends you out to the Business Quarter to buy various components. Depending on how late he keeps you, the rest of the day (or night) is yours. That's when you get your second daily meal. You are free to make experiments or research your own spells, but make sure you get some sleep, too.

"Of course, students who are licensed wizards are exempt from all the chores. They take their courses, go to the library and do their own research. They do not

have a master teach them. It is up to them to find their way, using the school's laboratories and library. Some of them give courses to avoid paying the tuition fees, but that doubles the time they must spend in the school!"

RUNNING DUEL EVENTS

"I just thought of something, Diab'," says Loricks. "What if those two masters realize we stole the scroll?"

"We?," asks Diabolus innocently. "I didn't steal the scroll—you did! But I don't think they really care, and they can't prove it anyway. In any case, if the owner wants to get at you, all he can do is challenge you to a duel."

Suddenly nervous, Loricks stares at Diabolus and gulps. "Duel, what duel? You mean I would have to fight this guy—I can't even bewitch straight!"

"Don't worry," answers Diabolus, toying with a small dagger. "Judging from his test, that student isn't much of a foe—and I'll be here with you! Don't you trust me yet? Actually, duels are fun, especially between the big guys. People outside pay fortunes to be allowed in to behold great duels. Aside from graduation day, these are the most fun times at the school. No studies that day, no chores, except setting up the school's garden for the duel. When the work's done, you go to your quarters and stay at the window to watch the fight. I can make you a fortune betting on winners, you lucky devil! The spectacle of two ministers or nobles fighting each other is awesome; you'll see!"

DM Notes: Duels regularly take place at the school because of the nation's political regime (see "Rivalries and Politics in Glantri"). For 500 dc, visitors are allowed in to watch the duel. While the opponents prepare their spell components and magical items in separate rooms in the main building, the school sets wooden seats up to ten tiers high around the middle garden. Then the duel grounds are prepared with areas of *hallucinatory terrain*, concealed pits, invisible monsters restrained to an area by a chain, and so forth. The dueling grounds are enclosed within a 50' diameter white circle out of which the two opponents are not allowed until the end of the duel. The circle is anti-magical and protects the people outside. When the two opponents are ready, they are blindfolded and brought to

The Life of a Student

Loricks, back at his desk, moans and groans as he attempts to understand the bizarre runes on his scroll, "I need a break. If I keep trying to read, smoke will come

The Great School of Magic

the duel grounds, facing outward. At a signal, they remove their blindfold and the duel begins.

The two must fight each other using their magic. The duel can be swift or take some time, depending on the magic used. The duel ends when one of the two wizards surrenders, or when one is neutralized and obviously at the mercy of the other, or when one dies. In case of a tie, a jury of ten school masters, including Prince Etienne (the Great Master of the School) decides who wins. No physical contact is allowed between the opponents and they must remain within the circle. *Teleporting* out and coming back later is not allowed, nor is outside help. Once a wizard surrenders, the other must immediately *dispel* his attacks against him. A wizard cannot pretend to surrender to surprise his opponent. Fleeing or breaking any of these rules automatically forfeits the duel.

A loud snoring suddenly interrupts the Aimp's speech. "Hmm, wha... Oh, sorry Diab'!", mumbles Loricks. "Reading the scroll did me in for awhile."

"Yes, it's getting late anyway," adds Diabolus. "I have to go now. Good luck with your scroll."

"Wait!" cries Loricks. "You can't leave me like this! I want to know what's on the scroll! What if that student finds me? Please help, I'll do anything!"

"Will you, now? All right, here: sign this!" Diabolus pulls a small scroll from his pouch and unrolls it on the table.

Rubbing his eyes, Loricks glances over the scroll. "What's this?"

Handing a quill to the student, the Aimp says, "Oh, nothing, really. It's just a friendly agreement between you and me. This is how things are done here. I help you out with my expertise, and you sign this agreement, that's all. See, I make a living on bonuses paid by the school every time I help someone graduate. Failing tests looks bad on your master's teaching records. The best masters often get paid more, so..."

Loricks slowly dips his quill into the inkpot, wondering about this deal, when Diabolus intervenes: "No, no, no! Not ink; here, try this!" He quickly stings Loricks' arm with his tail; a drop of blood pearls on his skin. Holding Lorick's inky fingers with his two tiny hands, the imp dips the quill into the blood. "Always sign a gentlemen's contract with your own blood!"

A sudden gust of wind blows the scroll away. "Hold it, my child!" orders a low, vibrant voice from behind the two fellows. "I *did* already tell you to leave this place. Diabolus, didn't I?" The voice bears the unmistakable accent of those who come from Averogine.

As if something bit him, the imp wheels around and turns a nauseous pink color. With a little scream, he squeaks, "Oooops, bye!" and disappears in a puff of smoke.

Confused and blinking his eyes, Loricks sputters, "But, but, what happened? Who are you, sir? What happened to Diab?"

Raising an eyebrow, the venerable man at the door answers, "Sacrebleu! I'm the Grand Master. Destroy the scroll, my child, and never sign anything with your own blood, for you might sign your soul away. Get some sleep now. Tomorrow, you'll pass your test—without your little friend's help. I take it. Do not disappoint me!"

CAMPAIGNING IN GLANTRI

There are several ways you can play your D&D® adventures in Glantri. Here are three approaches:

JUST PASSING THROUGH

Any number of errands—diplomatic missions, spy missions, the last requests of dying friends, the desire for travel—can bring your campaign's usual party of adventurers to the Principalities of Glantri for a visit.

If the characters just want to visit Glantri and then move on, you can give them numerous adventures in an easy fashion.

In their first adventure, their arrival in Glantri, stress the sights and sounds and smells of the capital city. In the previous chapters you've seen enough boxed-text descriptions of the city features to have a good idea of how the city appears to a first-time visitor. Use these impressions, and your own, to firmly establish in your players' minds the noisy, colorful, memorable hodgepodge of life in Glantri City.

While they're in Glantri, select the scenarios from the "Adventures" section which best suit their temperaments and levels, and play them out; play additional adventures based on what they do in Glantri, how they react to the nobility, and so forth.

Adventurers can greatly profit in Glantri; they may receive, as payment for a task, an uncommon magical item or strong magic aid, and may naturally acquire powerful friends in the Principalities.

On the other hand, should they acquire enemies, don't forget: the arms of Glantrian nobles are long, due to their magical abilities, and their money. They have contacts and agents in many foreign countries, and these people, too, are often powerful mages. The spectre of a mistake made in Glantri could haunt them for a long, long time.

At the Great School of Magic

You may prefer to set your campaign at the Great School of Magic. Players will either bring their experienced characters to the School (they will probably all be of the same approximate level, thus setting the tone for the start of the campaign) or they can all begin with first-level magic-users about to embark on their learning careers. (If you start with first-level MUs, these characters will be sixteen years of age or older; most should be of Glantrian descent, though it is permissible for one to be foreign, for additional "flavor.")

In such a case, you should give your players a brief overview of Glantri, touching quickly on the history, geography, politics, and—most importantly—nobles, and then give them the highly descriptive tour through the Great School of Magic in their first adventure. In general, these characters should be out adventuring in the world (for the experience and for the money to continue their education) about four months out of the year, learning at the School the remaining eight—but learning at the School doesn't mean retiring from adventuring. The School itself causes its own adventures, as can any good night of carousing in the streets (and canals) of Glantri City.

Meanwhile, other PCs could become powerful members of one of the Seven Secret Crafts thriving among students and teachers. These are perfect for providing PCs with special motivations, personalities and great adventure plots.

Use your own adventure ideas, based on the characters' deeds and personalities, along with the scenarios from the "Adventures" section. Over time, the characters will rise in experience, becoming more and more formidable magic-users, until they reach 9th level and (we hope) graduate from the School. They don't have to leave the School then, as discussed earlier in the supplement... but the type of education is different, for they no longer have teachers.

Some characters will also be considering entering the political arena; of the player-characters' group, one will probably do so eventually, with the other PCs as his trusted friends and retainers.

Ultimately, these characters will reach high levels of nobility, recognize the presence of the Radiance and investigate it, and deal with the many problems and adventures caused by ruling over men and investigating powerful magic. Perhaps one will eventually achieve the ultimate goal of the Glantrian wizard: Immortality.

Children at the Great School of Magic

Finally, you have the opportunity to conduct a really eccentric sort of campaign at the Great School.

Begin with an all-new party of first-level magic-users. (Remember that the first spell

they'll have learned, at home, is *read magic*.)

But these new students aren't adult—they're children, aged 12 to 15 (players' choice). They suffer the effects of the Infant Catastrophe Table (from "Living in Glantri City"), they run around and get into trouble, they spy on adults and have the most marvelous adventures because of that, and they grudgingly attend class at the Great School and have learning forced upon them.

You'll want to talk to your players first to find out if they want to have a campaign like this. If they do, you have the opportunity to create a lot of fun.

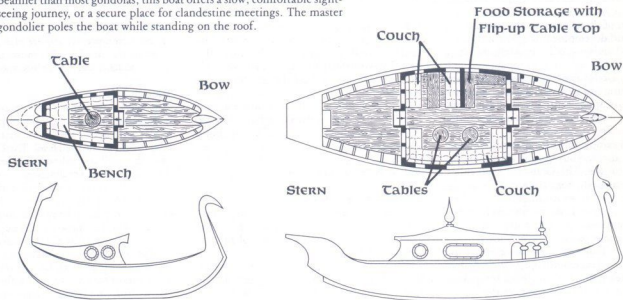
This sort of campaign should have a very childlike air about it: the characters pursue children's goals (getting out of chores, running around where they're not supposed to, figuring out what the adults are up to, finding new places to explore, putting one over on hated grownups); the adventures all have children's book sensibilities about them. Evil ene-

mies, when they capture the heroes, generally lock them up where only half-learned magic spells can get them free. The staggering intricate politics of Glantri don't make much of an impression on children's adventures; some consist merely of trying to convince the condescending grownups that something bad really is indeed about to happen.

Of course, eventually the characters are going to reach adulthood, reach Wizardhood, and put the interests of children behind them. At that point you can take up the campaign in a more normal fashion, as described above. But until that happens, your heroes can sneak through corridors when they're supposed to be asleep, practice magics they're too young to perform properly, form their own clubs and gangs, and live the life of the bright-but-stubborn, noisy, inventive, student-child in Glantri.

Touring Gondola

Beamier than most gondolas, this boat offers a slow, comfortable sight-seeing journey, or a secure place for clandestine meetings. The master gondolier poles the boat while standing on the roof.



Scale: 1" = 10'

Party Gondola

This gondola can carry 6-8 passengers, a young servant and the master gondolier. Catered foods, beverages, and entertainment can be provided for the party.

Creating Spells and Magical Items



The dream of the Glantrian magic-user is the research and development of spells and magical items. This is one of his greatest sources of experience.

In many D&D® game campaigns, details of spell learning are glossed over: the character easily trades spells with his friends, learns them from scrolls, and he occasionally creates one of his own.

But in a campaign where the main focus is on magic-users, you should devote more attention to this. The Glantrian spell-caster learns a few spells from the school: one per experience level from his master, a few low-level ones bought from professional magic-users. The majority of the rest he must learn—invent or re-invent—for himself.

When a Glantrian spell-caster wants to learn, say, a *feeblemind*, he will find that most wizards guard their spells jealously; and those that don't still may not have the available time it will take to teach the spell.

So, our magic-user haunts the libraries, assembles components, and gradually pieces together the clues that allow him to cast his spell. For this reason, every spell can be considered different; two *magic missiles* will only be alike if they were taught by the same spell-caster. Characters can, on occasion, figure out where a magician has studied by the way he

casts his spells. The quick-mutter, finger-shake method of *teleport any object* is the spell crafted by Etienne d'Ambreville; Morphaïl Gorevitch-Wozlany uses dark words of command and a dramatic gesture of dismissal.

So, below we have optional rules for spell research and magical item creation. They are different from the Expert rules, but are more appropriate in Glantri.

Spell Research

Necessary Elements

To research a spell, a magic-user must first have access to a large library such as those that exist in major cities, or in the tower of any single Wizard-Prince.

Then, the wizard must find components for the spell. These are up to the players and their DM to determine; on the average, the component should be from a monster with HD at least equal to the spell level, or of similar difficulty to attain.

Examples: Red dragon scales for an *explosive cloud*, fresh troll blood for a *reincarnation*, fur from a displacer beast for a *teleport*, etc. There are no limits to this but the players' and DMs' imaginations. Remember, the researcher must have the components

before attempting spell research, and must go on an adventure to acquire the basic spell components needed (he must track them down the hard way for spell research).

Time and Money

The magic-user must then be prepared to spend large amounts of gold during the course of his research. The total to be spent comes to 1,000 dc times the spell level. The DM decides what the spell level should be, according to the effects the player describes.

Research takes a week for the initial research, plus a day per 1,000 dc. The player does not necessarily know how much time is needed. The PC spends 1,000 dc per day of research (not including initial research time) until the DM tells him to make an attempt roll (a sure sign the research has come to its end). If the wizard runs out of gold before then, he may interrupt his research, leave on an errand to earn more money, and come back later and spend more time and money to advance his research.

Chances of Success

The chances of success to discover a spell vary depending on the spell level researched and whether it is a new spell or a common one (one already described in the rules). For a common

spell, add the magic-user's intelligence score to his experience level, and multiply the result by two. Then subtract 3 per spell level being researched. (For a new spell, subtract 5 per spell level instead of 3.) Any roll of 95 or more is an automatic failure.

Common Spell: $((\text{Int} + \text{Lv}) \times 2) - (3 \text{ per spell level})$

New Spell: $((\text{Int} + \text{Lv}) \times 2) - (5 \text{ per spell level})$

Example: A level 5 magic-user with a 15 Intelligence, researching a common 1st level spell, has a $((15 + 5) \times 2) - 3 = 37\%$ chance of success. The research would cost him 1,000 dc and take eight days (a week, plus one day for the 1,000 dc).

Enchanting Miscellaneous Items

A magic-user must be 9th level to even hope to make a magical item. As with spells, he must go on some adventure to find one basic spell component for each effect of the magical item he wishes to produce.

The first thing to do is list all of the magical item's effects. Compare them to existing spells in order to know their (spell) level of power. A wizard must know the spell he is trying to imitate with his magical item. For example, a wizard who does not know the *invisibility* spell cannot make a *ring of invisibility*. If an item's effect does not compare to an already existing spell, then the wizard must research a new spell that will produce the desired effect.

Once this is done, take the total spell levels of the spells going into the item and multiply the result by 1,000. The result is the number of gold ducats necessary to make the *initial enchantment*. If the item has charges, add 10% of the initial enchantment cost per charge. A permanent enchantment costs the equivalent of 50 charges.

Initial Enchantment: Total Spell Level x 1,000
Cost of Charges: (10% of Initial Enchantment) x number of charges

Cost of Permanency: (10% of Initial Enchantment) x 50

Total Cost: Initial Enchantment + Cost of Charges, or

Total Cost: Initial Enchantment + Cost of Permanency.

Example: a *ring of flying* is similar to the *fly* spell (3rd level). It has only one function and is permanent, therefore it costs $(3 \times 1,000) + (300 \times 50) = 18,000$ dc. The enchantment takes 25 days (one week plus 1 day per 1,000 dc).

The cost of recharging items is equal to the original cost of charges (10% of the Initial Enchantment). Potions or scrolls are items with charges (a charge per dose or per spell); they are not rechargeable. Different spells on one scroll are considered separate magical items. Items with charges can't be recharged beyond the original number of charges they had when created. A wizard may decide at the moment of creation that an item with charges is non-rechargeable. In this case, reduce Initial Enchantment Cost by 20%.

The actual procedure for enchanting items is otherwise similar to researching spells. If this is the first time a wizard enchants this sort of item, his chances of success are equal to discovering a new spell. If the wizard has successfully enchanted a similar item before, chances of reproducing it later are equal to discovering a common spell.

Multiple Effects: If an item has several separate powers, like a *crystal ball with ESP*, then the extra effect must be rolled for separately, with the appropriate chances of success. Each successful attempt indicates the item gains the power rolled for. A failure means the corresponding effect is lost as well as any other not yet rolled for. In other words, if the first roll fails, the whole item is spoiled, the money spent, and the time lost. Once an item is created, the wizard cannot add new powers.

Example: A 16 Intelligence wizard makes a *crystal ball with ESP (clairvoyance)* is used as the base spell effect). It would cost him 30,000 dc, and take 37 days of work (see the example above for details) at the end of which the two rolls are attempted. Chances of success for *clairvoyance* are 41%, 44% for *ESP*. If the first roll fails, the whole item is spoiled. If only the second fails, the wizard still has a *crystal ball* without *ESP*.

Time Limitations: Some items may be usable only a certain number of times within a given time length. Simply reduce the Initial Enchantment Cost 20% for items which can be used hourly, 25% for daily, 30% weekly, 35% monthly, etc. Then add the cost of 30 charges, plus one per use during the chosen time frame.

Example: A *wand of fire balls* usable twice a day costs 2,250 dc (Enchantment Cost plus 7,200 dc (cost equivalent to 32 charges), for a total of 9,450 dc (as opposed to 18,000 dc for a permanent item with unlimited uses).

ENCHANTING WEAPONS AND ARMOR

The procedure for bestowing "pluses" or "minuses" to items requires a different enchantment than for other magical items. To find the Initial Enchantment cost, multiply the item's normal price (gold) by its encumbrance (coins). For armor, divide this result by 3; for weapons, multiply it by 5 instead (always round up to the next 10).

Armor Initial Enchantment Cost:
item price (gold) x encumbrance (cn) / 3

Weapon Initial Enchantment Cost:
item price (gold) x encumbrance (cn) x 5

Example: A sword normally costs 10 dc and weighs 60 coins. Its initial enchantment costs $10 \times 60 \times 5 = 3,000$ dc. A plate mail enchantment costs $60 \times 500 / 3 = 10,000$ dc.

The initial enchantment makes a "+1" or "-1" item, according to the wizard's choice. For each subsequent "+" or "-" of either armor or weapons, multiply the initial enchantment cost by the total "+" or "-". Success chances are similar to discovering common spells, each "+" or "-" being equivalent to a spell level.

Important: For the sake of game balance, the minimum Initial Enchantment cost should be no less than 100 dc for weapons, or 3,000 dc for armor. Daggers are considered short swords for purposes of calculating their Initial Enchantment cost. All enchantments should be limited to +/-.5 maximum.

Adding Extra Powers: Extra magical effects can be added to weapons or armor. Proceed as if enchanting a separate item as described for spell levels. The cost and time is added to that of making the magical weapon. Success chances are rolled separately for each extra effect. If the effects of an enchantment are limited, the cost of extra magical effects is reduced 10% per restriction.

For Example: A +5 green dragon slayer costs 15,000 dc for the sword, plus 36,000 dc for a permanent *disintegrate* spell effect (6th level). It is restricted to: (1) dragons, (2) green dragons. The effects cost is thus reduced 20%, coming down to 28,800 dc. The final cost is 43,800 dc, 45 days of work, and the player rolls twice: Once for the +5 sword and once for its special power.

Special Swords: If an extra bonus is necessary vs. a special opponent, like a +1 sword, +3 vs. dragons, simply add the extra "pluses" to the original enchantment costs, at half price. Talents are considered spell powers (see

Creating Spells and Magical Items

Miscellaneous Items). For complex weapons, the DM should adjust the guidelines at his discretion, to cover unexpected cases and safeguard game balance.

Intelligent weapons are only created, on purpose, by Immortals. Every time a wizard makes a magical sword, check to see if it has been made Intelligent (see Table 12c, page 46, of Companion Book Two).

Optional Bonuses and Penalties

As an option, the DM may modify chances of success depending on the situation.

Interruptions

Each time a wizard interrupts his spell research or the course of an enchantment, the DM may penalize his chances of success 5%. Only the number of interruptions should be considered, not their duration. The character should still have the option of adventuring to keep up with his research cost.

Special Materials

Using special material can affect chances of success as well. Precious gems or metals might retain magical powers better than rough wood or stones. The list below shows possible modifiers for choosing better material:

Material:	Modifier:
Precious stones (gems, crystal):	+6%
Precious metals (gold, silver):	+4%
Rare, elaborately carved woods:	+2%
Common metal:	+0
Common wood:	-2%
Common stones:	-4%
Other mundane material (*):	-6%

(*): Bone, claw, leather, powder, balm, liquid, etc.

Role-Playing

Depending on how well a wizard was played, the DM may want to further modify his chances of success or even the cost of research and enchantment. Good thinking and role-play is always more desirable than using mathematical rules. The DM should feel free to reward good play in an appropriate manner, or penalize abuses of the system. Eventually, the DM can make secret attempt rolls for the player and not reveal the results until the wizard actually uses his new creation. If game balance is at stake, the DM should not hesitate to intervene and change the rules. The guidelines given above are designed to avoid these problems as best as possible. Any modification (penalty or bonus) should be

well considered beforehand.

Generic List of Enchantment Costs

Magical Item	Cost (in dc)	Time Needed
Scroll (3 Charm spells):	1,040	9 days
Dagger +1:	1,050	9 days
20 Arrows +1:	2,000	9 days
Potion of Invisibility*:	2,140	10 days
Leather Armor or Shield +1:	3,000	11 days
Sword +1:	3,000	11 days
Long Bow +1:	4,500	12 days
Chain Mail +1:	5,340	13 days
Wand of Fire Balls**:	9,000	16 days
Plate mail +1:	10,000	17 days
Helm of Clairvoyance:	18,000	25 days
War Hammer +5 of Flying:	24,250	32 days
Ring of Teleportation:	30,000	37 days
Lance +3 of Speed:	45,000	52 days
Talisman of Meteor Swarm:	54,000	61 days
Staff of Wizardry***:	156,200	164 days

(*) Three doses, non-rechargeable

(**) Twenty charges, rechargeable

(***) The ultimate solution for Monty Hauls

Labor Costs

Whenever a PC, a dominion, or a nation hires wizards to perform enchantments, labor must be added to the cost of enchantment. This is important in the case of a ruling PC planning to outfit army units with magical items. The cost of labor averages 500 dc per level of magic-user hired for the job, and per month of work needed to accomplish the task.

Creating a Library

Some wizards may need to compile their own libraries because their tower is located far from civilized centers (and thus do not have access to public libraries). The guidelines below explain how to acquire these rare tomes.

As the power of spells being researched increases, the importance and expense of the library increases accordingly. For a library of minimum value, 4,000 dc must be invested. This allows research on first level spells. For each subsequent spell level to be researched, another 2,000 dc must be invested.

For example, a library suitable for ninth level spell would cost 20,000 dc. Every time a wizard discovers a spell, 10% of the gold spent for that effect is added to the library value. For every 2,000 dc of library value above the minimum required, the wizard's chances to discover his spell increase 1%. This bonus is

only valid if the wizard owns the library (i.e. it is located within his own workroom and knows it inside out). Bonuses due to large libraries should be limited to +10%.

Finding rare tomes is helpful to a wizard. In a large city, the wizard will spend about a day per 100 dc of expenditures (or fraction thereof) to find the desired tomes. Any single book found in a treasure, in an abandoned library or for sale on the market costs 10 dc multiplied by a percentage roll.

When role-playing with book merchants (or book thieves), a wizard should appraise the value of what he is offered. The basic Appraisal Score (rolled on d100) of a wizard is equal to his Intelligence score plus his level, multiplied by two. The DM makes a secret check and informs the player of the perceived book value. If the roll was successful, the wizard appraises the book value correctly. If the roll failed, the difference between the Appraisal Score and the dice roll gives the percentage of error. If the difference is an even number, the wizard thinks the value is higher; if the difference is an odd number, the wizard thinks the value is lower.

Example: A wizard with an Appraisal Score of 50 tries to buy a book worth 500 dc. The DM rolls a 98 and informs the player the books seems to be worth (98-50 = 48%, higher) about 750 dc. The PC starts haggling from there. A roll of 01 means the seller's price seems right to the wizard.

A book merchant has an average Appraisal Score equal to his Intelligence x 5. He will set his price according to his perceived value of the book, plus a benefit margin of 30%. A thief of libraries has an Appraisal Score equal to his thief level x 2 and sells for double that price. Whether both are likely to sell their books below their perceived values is a question of how well the wizard was role-played. In any case, merchants never sell 20% below their sales price; a thief never sells for less than half price, unless Constables are after him. Several days later, after studying the book, the wizard realizes its true value (the DM reveals the actual price). Studying a book takes a day per 100 dc of actual value.

Appearance of a Book

The arcane volumes the wizards crave come in a variety of shapes and colors. The system below is designed for the die-hard completionist. To find the general appearance of a book, roll 1d% + 1 per 100 dc of book value, and check the score below.

* 01-60—The book has a velvet (1-4 on 1d6) or a silk (5-6 on 1d6) cover. Roll 1d12 on column one below to find the fabric color.



* 61-95—Use the Wilderness Encounter Tables, pages 30-35, in the Expert Rulebook. Choose the columns corresponding to the terrain type where the book was found (or said to be found). The result indicates which creature's skin was used for the book cover.

* 96+—This is a stack of scrolls in a small chest, a large scroll case, or between two flat slabs. Roll 1d12 on the Material column below for the nature of the containers.

#	Color	Material	Ornaments
1	Black	Platinum	None
2	Blue	Gold	Common runes
3	Brown	Silver	Alchemical symbols
4	Gold	Brass	Knorwork, lattices
5	Green	Bronze	Lightning bolts
6	Ochre	Steel	Demonic, faces

7	Pearl	Jade	Eyes and mouths
8	Purple	Ebony	Flames and clouds
9	Red	Redwood	Stars, moons, suns
10	Silver	Ivory	Mazes, hourglasses
11	White	Lacquered	Non-magical pentacles
12	Special	Coral, nacre	Monsters' features

Special: Roll again ignoring scores of 12. The item glows with a *continual light* spell.

All the books come with metal fittings, and a clasp or a lock. Roll 1d6 on the Material column above to find the metal used. Roll 1d12 on the Ornaments column for the presence of ornaments (printed, painted or carved). The first column can be used for a variety of things such as the color of book edges, bookmarks, separate bindings, ornaments and writings on the cover.

Books may have magical wards which are

triggered after the book has been read for 1d20 hours (1% chance per 100 dc of book value). Common wards are *lightning bolt*, *polymorph other*, *death spell*, *cloudkill*, *disintegrate*, *feeblemind*, *curse*, *energy drain*, *poisonous pages*. . . They should be undetectable, and non-dispellable.

And now, the final touch! Give all tomes high-sounding titles and author names. Famous NPC wizards are good authors, and this may cause new, exciting intrigues to challenge PCs (an author or his rival trying to recover a lost secret; the book contains clues on NPCs; etc.).

The Secret of the Radiance

It is late in the night when the wizard suddenly wakes up, sweating and shivering. At the foot of the bed, rolled up in a corner of the blanket, a tiny gnarled man-thing raises its head, watching its master attentively. Without a word, it jumps off the bed, grabs a candle and a tinder box on the chest and trots along behind the wizard already rushing for the secret passage.

"Fool that I am! The equinox! How could I forget!" curses the wizard. After endless minutes running down the narrow spiral stairs, he reaches a dark crypt deep beneath his tower's dungeons. Panting, he speaks the magical words to release the locks.

The door creaks and rumbles as a strange blue glow radiates from the crypt beyond. "Thank Rad, they are still here!" whispers the wizard. In the center of the room stands a massive crystal ball mounted on an ebony pedestal. The crystal glows with swirls of color and sparks of light.

Laying his hands on the crystal, he utters, "I hail the Light of Rad! A new brother comes forth in his quest for knowledge!"

"Welcome, brother; we have been waiting," answers a vibrant voice in the crystal. "We shan't waste further time; the Brethren have assembled. Tonight, a newcomer joins the brotherhood. His intentions are just and he is worthy of the Secret. Let him speak; we shall answer his questions."

The old man shivers in the cold, damp crypt. His eyes are closed and his head thrown back. The little man-thing crawls up along the wizard's robe, and sits on his shoulder, staring at the crystal.

"My humblest apology, Brethren. The path of darkness is a long, arduous one and my body is weak. At last I have found the light I sought for so long. Before going further, I would learn about the source of light."

"You have chosen well," replies the vibrant voice, revealing a slight Averogine accent. Then a child's voice breaks in, "We need to know this brother's name! What shall we call you, newcomer?" Another, with the accent of Belcadiz, says "I suggest Moonshadow; this suits him so well!"

"So be it," says a fourth. "Moonshadow is your name among us! You may refer to me as Brother Nightfire. You have indeed many things to learn. Release your mind to the guidance of Rad, and we shall lead you to the light you seek."

The Source of the Radiance

The child's voice continues, "I am Brother Morningsun. The light in the night is called Radiance, the source and substance of our power. As you know, it emanates from deep below our capital city. There, out of reach, lies a divine artifact—a gift from the Masters of Energy. After decades of research and reflection, we discovered the relationship of the Radiance with Immortals from beyond. It is our belief it was left there millennia ago to assist mankind in its quest to learn the secrets of life and universe. We are the chosen ones—this secret is much too precious to be shared with others than true, loyal wizards."

DM Notes: There is indeed a powerful artifact deep under the Great School of Magic. It is a machine from another age that produces a form of nuclear energy, and is described at the end of this chapter. Immortals of Energy gave the item great magical powers and altered its radiations. This allows wizards to use this energy to enhance their powers, and to allow wizards a chance to reach the Sphere of Energy and perhaps become Immortals.

This should be the final goal of a campaign set in Glantri. It should take the whole career of a PC to gain the sufficient control over the Radiance for an attempt to become an Immortal. Make sure that you read the information given on the Brotherhood of the Radiance and the Temples of Rad in "Guilds and Brotherhoods," and on Prince Etienne d'Ambreville, in "Marauders, Mages and Masters."

The Range of the Radiance

The small man-thing sitting on the old man's shoulder slowly closes its eyes, falling asleep. Leaning against its master's head, it soon rolls over his shoulder and falls on the stone floor. Without paying attention, the wizard asks "Yes, yes! This does corroborate my findings, but what is the purpose of the brotherhood?"

The Belcadiz interrupts. "Good question! Let me introduce myself; I am Brother Estocada. The purpose of the brotherhood is to make sure neither outsiders nor common men use the Radiance and that our nation is protected at all times. It is our duty to use the Radiance when there is need. Brethren must also draw the power of Rad from within their fief—and from nowhere else. This is our first law."

"Why?" inquires the old man. "Does it make a difference?"

"Yes, indeed," says Nightfire. "As the power radiates from underneath the capital, it is stronger there and weaker at the borders of the nation. As you rise among the ranks of nobility, you gain a fief closer to the source of the Radiance, thus increasing your power, as fits your title. If you are a Prince, then you may call upon the power of Rad from the capital itself."

DM Notes: The whole Glantrian nobility system is built around the Radiance. Although many nobles don't know of the true existence of the Radiance, others spend most of their lives trying to discover its secret. Once a loyal Glantrian noble discovers the power he may become a Brotherhood member. A magical receptacle of large size is needed to use the Radiance, and it must remain within the owner's dominion.

According to the distance of a dominion from the capital city, a noble will be able to draw more or less power. The higher the nobility rank, the closer to the capital the dominion will be and the more power he can draw from the Radiance, as described later in this chapter. Attempting to move a receptacle closer to the capital than what the wizard's nobility rank allows is a clear offense—see under "Guilds and Brotherhoods" for details on how to proceed from there.

Using the Radiance

"But how does one use the Radiance?" inquires the old man. "My researches led me to the construction of this receptacle, but so far, I have never been able to really use the power of Rad."

Morningsun answers, "There are many ways the power can be used, but for each, one must first discover the proper tools! Each power is only usable with the appropriate spell—spells that you must research and discover alone. These are most subtle spells and require the rarest and most dangerous ingredients. One might spend a lifetime, or more, just researching these secret spells."

DM Notes: A wizard can learn about the various spells that can affect the Radiance by finding (through adventuring) old scrolls and books that refer to the Radiance. *Contact* *outer planes* and *wish* can help guide a wizard in his endeavors. These spells can neither be pur-

(Continued on page 77)

The Seven Secret Crafts of Glantri

The most interesting features of the Great School of Magic are its secret crafts. These are arcane philosophies of magic-use that have led to the creation of new magic. The general public is not aware of these factions, but any student curious enough to ask questions and observe people at the School can discover the secret orders' existence.

These seven philosophies include: Alchemy, Dracology, Elementalism, Illusionism, Necromancy, Cryptomancy, and Witchcraft. These orders are active solely within the school; their goal is to influence key people into supporting their cause, and generate gold, either from their disciples or their allies. The gold is then spent to further the order's magical research; the more research, the greater the chance of unveiling new awesome abilities and thus gain even more influence. Also, the High Masters of each order hope to use their influence to become the Grand Master of the School.

Each secret order is divided into five circles controlled by a High Master. The High Master's identity is unknown to all, except disciples of the Fourth Circle within their orders. Upon finishing studies at each circle, a follower gains special magical abilities. All of them are natural abilities of the disciple, not related to normal spell-casting limits. Each ability can be used a number of times per day (as shown in the chart below), with variable chances of success. Except for alchemists, they are all magical abilities that can be *dispelled* at any time. Unlike spells, they do not need to be memorized every day to be used.

To enter a secret order, a PC must first find a disciple who will sponsor him. Students or masters never openly admit to being disciples of one order or another. Newcomers in an order are usually not welcome because they represent another source of competition for the rank of High Master. The PC has to convince the disciple to sponsor him. *Charm*, corruption, deceit, blackmail, and bribery are all legitimate ways to further a PC's ambitions, but subtlety is a must. Brute intimidation or violence will get the PC in serious trouble with the order. A "convinced" disciple then informs his order of the PC's wish to become a follower; if they think he may bring new knowledge to further their cause, they will accept him. Upon entering the order, the PC must swear loyalty (revealing the craft to outsiders will get the PC expelled from the order and probably hunted by city thugs).

Once a disciple, the PC is marked with an invisible symbol to prove his identity to other disciples. Once a month, the brethren gather to plan their activities in the school. The PC

then begins to study his new abilities. In private instruction, higher-level disciples teach him the craft in exchange for gold (that will be spent for research). The price and length of studies vary depending on which circle the PC reached (as described below).

Circle	Cycle	Cost	Experience	Level	Success	# of Uses
1st	14	500	5,000 xp	5th	60 +1/lvl	3 a day
2nd	28	1,000	10,000 xp	7th	50 +1/lvl	2 a day
3rd	42	1,500	20,000 xp	10th	40 +1/lvl	1 a day
4th	56	2,000	35,000 xp	15th	30 +1/lvl	1 a week
5th	70	2,500	55,000 xp	20th	20 +1/lvl	1 a month

EXPLANATION OF TERMS

Circle: A disciple's rank among his order, or the power rank of an ability (similar to "experience level").

Cycle: The time needed (in days) to study one ability of a circle. At the end of a cycle, the PC gains the studied ability. A student may freely interrupt his studies, come back later and pick up where he left. To learn an ability, he must roll under his Intelligence (on d20) or start all over again for this ability if he fails the roll.

Cost: The fee in gold ducats for each day of studies. The gold is paid to the teacher, each day, or in advance for the full cycle.

Experience: The experience points a student must earn before being capable of using a new ability with the best chances of success (see *Success*, below). He must earn the indicated XPs, using his newly acquired ability, before starting a new study cycle. When done, these XPs are lost and the PC may resume normal level advancement.

Level: This is the minimum level at which a disciple may start studying abilities of each circle. Elven levels are treated differently: every time a "per level" ability modifier is mentioned throughout this chapter, add 2 levels per Attack Rank beyond C to the elf's level (see *Companion Book Two*, page 30, for more detail on Attack Ranks). This bonus does apply here as well.

Success: This indicates the percentage chance a disciple has of using an ability. The higher the ability, the lower the chances he will succeed. If he has not accumulated the needed *Experience* yet, his chances are halved.

For example: 60 + 1/lvl means 60% chances plus 1% per level. A level 15 wizard would have a $(60 + 15) = 75\%$ chance (half that, rounded down, if he has not yet gained the required experience points).

Uses: This defines the number of times within a specific period that a disciple can attempt to use an ability. A failed attempt counts as one attempt.

All abilities of a circle must be learned before advancing to the next circle. A 4th Circle student must find the way to reach the 5th Circle by himself. Costs and cycles on the chart are guidelines for personal research. Once he has reached the last circle, the High Master will challenge his rival to a duel. The 5th Circle ability is gained only after the High Master is defeated. High Masters do not necessarily reside at the school. They are likely to be found in their own towers. Their true identities are given in the "Marauders, Mages and Masters" section.

The duel is strictly between the PC and the High Master. They may travel great distances in order to find a deserted area for the challenge to occur. The loser of the duel may die (if the winner is Chaotic), or surrender. If the PC loses, he retains his abilities, but must leave the order (revealing the order's secrets is still a major crime). If the High Master is defeated, he loses his 5th Circle ability. The nature of this ability is such that the winner of the duel gains this ability. The High Master will not lose his ability if the challenger has not successfully accomplished the last cycle of studies. Upon losing his ability, the High Master (if still alive) permanently retires from the order.

Note: Each craft is given on one page for player convenience. Feel free to photocopy the material for the players' personal use.

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Alchemists

The Masters of Alchemy

Alchemists are magic-users specialized in the use of rare ingredients and compounds, and the alteration of matter, energy or their own bodies. Their abilities are not spells but experiments requiring a laboratory. Experiments of the First Circle take 1d6 hours to accomplish, 2d6 hours for the Second, up to 5d6 hours for the Fifth. They must be uninterrupted to succeed (-5% chance per minor interruption of a few rounds or less). Only one experiment can be attempted at a time.

An alchemist's laboratory costs 5,000 dc per Circle (a High Master needs a 25,000 dc laboratory), complete with beakers, retorts, balloons, crucibles, components, powders, liquids, crystals, balms, gases, ores, etc. Component replacement costs 500 dc per month, plus 1,000 dc per experiment conducted. In Glantri City, an alchemist spends about a week per 1,000 dc to search for and purchase equipment and components. In other places, it often takes twice as long.

In "field conditions" (dungeons and wilderness) an alchemist can use a "field laboratory" consisting of miniature equipment and a limited supply of basic alchemical substances. Such equipment costs 3,000 dc per Circle and is usable up to the Third Circle. It comes in a chest a man can easily carry. It can be used ten times after which the set runs out of components. Components cost 500 dc to replace. A field laboratory allows the same experiments as with a full laboratory, but the chances of success are halved (rounded down).

Find Components (First Circle): This operation defines all components within a non magical item (specific minerals, metals, basic substances, as well as known compounds: gases, liquids, vegetables, flesh, etc). This is ideal for detecting and identifying poisons, vegetables, bones, etc. A roll of 01 indicates a false interpretation.

Alchemical Preparation (First Circle): The alchemist concocts a powder, balm or liquid solution producing a specific effect. He must first research the formula in a laboratory before being able to produce the compound (see "Creating Spells and Magical Items").

Once the formula is known, it must be written in the Alchemist's Codex (book of formulae). Alchemical preparations should be used rapidly because they only last 1d4 days. After this period, the components separate and decompose, becoming totally useless.

Their effects are not magical, although they can imitate known spells, such as *neutralize*

poison, cure disease, cure light wounds (1d6 hp per character, per day), *purify food and water*, etc. The alchemist can make other non-magical substances, such as poisons, inflammable oil, smoking devices, etc. The DM makes the final judgment on which formulas can be discovered and what their effects are. The success of a preparation is known at the time it is used (the DM secretly rolls a d100; a natural 01 indicates the presence of harmful components whose effects are up to the DM).

Find Magical Components (Second Circle): This experiment is similar to the *Find Components* of the First Circle, except it allows the identification of magical potions and items. In addition, the alchemist detects the kind of energy radiating from an item (electrical, Radiance, magical, and so forth). A roll of 01 indicates a false interpretation.

Magical Preparation (Second Circle): This ability works like the *Alchemical Preparation*, except it allows the creation of magical or clerical potions at half price. Alchemists do not need to know corresponding spells to make magical potions (see "Creating Spells and Magical Items"). Look at the normal chance for making potions and the alchemist's success roll from the Mastery Chart, then use whichever is best. Preparations need not be liquid potions, but can be powders, balms, pills, or oils. Unlike true magical potions, these only last 1d4 days per level of the alchemist. A roll of 01 indicates a flaw in the magical compounds (effects up to the DM).

Transmute Matter (Third Circle): This changes the nature of a non-living object to another non-living matter, such as minerals, crystals, metals, gas, liquid, or dead organic matter like wood, hides, fur, bones, claws, etc.

The alchemist can affect up to 10 cn of material per level of experience. This produces the same weight in minerals, metals, organic substances, etc., or 1 cu. ft. of gases (per level), or 1 quart of liquid (per level). Remaining matter burns during the operation. For example, a 36th level alchemist can reduce a wood chunk weighing 360 cn to a single gem of the same weight, or vice versa.

The original material must be a single item. For example, one coin or one weapon can easily be changed but a portion of a wall or pile of coins cannot. The purity of material an alchemist can produce is worth 1 dc for each level of the alchemist, per cn of weight of the gem. The final shape of the transmuted material is up to the alchemist.

Transmuting is dangerous business. A roll

of 01 causes a *fireball* explosion inflicting 1d6 points of damage per 10 cn of transmuted weight, destroying the laboratory (maximum 20d6 damage; save for half damage).

Transcend Energy (Fourth Circle): This enables the alchemist to focus energy into matter. Usable energies include a bolt from the sky during a storm, the Radiance (for members of the brotherhood), concentrated sunlight during a solar eruption, or spells causing 60d6 of damage (three *lightning bolts* or *fireballs* cast simultaneously).

This ability is a way of recharging magical items, animating golems or constructs (1 HD per level of the alchemist), reversing the aging process (one week per level), or recalling to life a creature (dead no more than one day per level of the alchemist).

A device to collect the energy and focus it toward a specific area must be built in the laboratory. It requires a 12,000 dc component (a huge antenna, a giant magnifier, a large gem, etc). Each use destroys the component in a very spectacular way. A roll of 01 causes a *fireball* explosion destroying the laboratory and all of its contents (1d6 per level of the alchemist, up to 20d6; save for half damage).

Mutate Lifeform (Fifth Circle): The alchemist is able to alter part or all of his body (or a helpless man-sized victim's). The affected living matter turns into a mineral, metal, gas, liquid, crystal or a living flesh of the alchemist's choice.

For example, the alchemist could change his hands into "living gold", in effect creating a gold-based life form. He could change his whole body's molecular composition to that of a black pudding, or a fire elemental, thus gaining their innate abilities. Dragon flesh does not enable one to breathe fire, nor does troll flesh allow to one claw and bite as a troll, but the latter would allow regeneration.

Only the alchemist's appearance and consistency change (not his body shape, intelligence nor spell casting abilities). A living crystal alchemist would become AC 0 and be translucent. There are drawbacks to altered states (like rusting metals, excessive weight for minerals, etc.); the DM must keep track of all these.

A roll of 01 causes the recipient to permanently turn into the matter or lifeform. For example, if he tried to obtain an ochre jelly molecular structure, he actually becomes this monster under the DM's control; if he was trying to turn into gold, he then becomes an inert, dead, statue of gold (he can only be *wished* back to life).

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The Masters of DRAGONS

These magic-users are specialists in *dracology* (the study of dragons). They are capable of protecting themselves from dragons, imitating their powers, controlling them and finally becoming true dragons if need be.

When starting his career, a dracologist, or Dragon Master (as they call themselves), must choose a dragon color corresponding to his alignment. His choice is secret until he uses an ability in a way that reveals his colors. A lawful dragon master could choose a crystal or golden dragon; a neutral may favor a blue or onyx dragon, while a chaotic will prefer a black or a red dragon. They cannot choose the color of any of the Dragon Rulers (see Master DM rules, page 28). They can speak their chosen dragon languages.

The effects of the abilities correspond to the type of dragon chosen. At higher levels, a dracologist improves his abilities to those of a large or huge specimen (as opposed to dragons from the Basic Set). All of the abilities described below need a round to take effect. Elves are fond of this craft, and elven dracologists may become formidable opponents in combat.

Protection from Dragons (First Circle): The dragon master can protect himself from one or more dragons. This ability gives him automatic success against a total Hit Dice of dragons equal to his level. If his level is insufficient to fully affect a dragon, the dragon gets a saving throw versus magic with a bonus of +2 per difference in level. If the saving throw succeeds, the effect is negated.

This power prevents a dragon from harming the dragon master. The dragon is fully aware of the dracologist's presence. He can converse with him or physically block his way without touching him, as long as he does not initiate combat or use his breath weapon against the dragon master. The dragon can cast spells if they do not affect the dragon master in any way, and he can attack members of the dragon master's party.

This effect lasts as long as the dragon master remains visible and within 150 feet of the dragon, or until dispelled. The effect is dispelled if the dragon master obviously attempts to steal the dragon's treasure, eggs or hatchlings, attacks him, or casts spells that obviously affect the creature. Any member of the party initiating combat versus the dragon will cause the effect to be dispelled. Once the effect is broken, the dragon master cannot affect that specific dragon until the following day.

The dragon master can affect dragons of his chosen color as if he were three levels higher. A roll of 01 causes the dragon(s) to become enraged and attack the dracologist.

Dragon Tooth (Second Circle): The dracologist can materialize shadow fangs and cause them to attack up to 20' away. In melee, the fangs cause damage equal to a dragon bite. If the dracologist has a number of levels (plus attack ranks for elves) equal or superior to that of the dragon color he has chosen, the damage will be that of this specific type of dragon. Example: A white dragon inflicts 2d8 points of damage, a black dragon 2d10, and so forth. If a dracologist is not yet of the appropriate level, he only causes 2d6 points of damage. The effect ends after five successful attacks.

Dragon Eye (Second Circle): This power enables the dracologist to recognize any dragon in *polymorphed* form, unless the dragon has more Hit Dice than the dracologist has levels. This power includes all forms of illusions and tricks dragons use to conceal their appearance. This power lasts one round per level of the dracologist.

Dragon Paw (Second Circle): This power is similar to the *Dragon Tooth* except the dracologist can grow dragon claws on one or both hands, as he wishes. In melee, the damage corresponds to the appropriate dragon color (1d4/1d4 for a white dragon, 2-5/2-5 for a black dragon, etc.). If the dracologist is of insufficient level, damage is 1-3 per hand until the proper level is reached. The effect lasts one round per dracologist level.

Dragon Scale (Second Circle): The dragon master can make scales appear on his skin; they give him an Armor Class equal to that of his chosen dragon: AC3 for white dragons, AC2 for black dragon, etc. If the dracologist is not of sufficient level, the AC gained remains at 4 until he reaches the appropriate level (plus attack ranks, for elves) to match his chosen dragon's Hit Dice. This power lasts one round per level of the dracologist.

Dragon Wing (Second Circle): This enables the dracologist to grow dragon wings of his chosen color. They will enable him to fly at his dragon's speed and carry a weight equal to 100 pounds of weight per dragon HD. (Two *Dragon Paws* are needed to hold a load of more than two hundred pounds.) If he is of insufficient level, the flight speed is 60' per round, with a maximum load of 500 pounds. The power lasts one round per level.

Dragon Breath (Third Circle): This allows the dracologist to use his chosen dragon's breath weapon, with the appropriate effects and damage (based on the magic-user's hit points). If the dracologist is of insufficient level, his breath weapon (cone-shaped) inflicts non-specific damage equal to half his hit points. This ability allows three breath weapon uses per day.

Dragon Might (Fourth Circle): The dracologist can *charm* a total of dragon HD equal to his level. He creates a mental link and commands them by simple concentration. This allows him to ride a dragon without fear of falling off. If concentration is broken (he casts a spell) the dragons keep doing what they were asked to do. The effect lasts a turn per level of the user.

High Mastery of Dragons (Fifth Circle): This allows the High Master actually to turn into his chosen dragon form in 1d4 rounds. When in dragon form, he has all statistics and abilities of his dragon type. To use spells beyond the normal dragon's capacity, or magical items that only function for humans or elves, the High Master must revert to his human form, which he can do at any time.

At level 24+, the High Master may attempt to turn into the lesser Dragon Ruler of his alignment. If he succeeds, the true Dragon Ruler is automatically aware of his location and identity. He will find the "impostor" and challenge him to a duel. If the High Master defeats the dragon in a duel (either in dragon or in human form), he becomes the new Dragon Ruler (the former retires to an outer plane). If the High Master is defeated, he permanently loses the power to turn into a Dragon Ruler (or dies if he was chaotic) and all the dragons of his alignment forever become his foes (10% chance they recognize him in his human shape).

Cheating (outside help during the duel) causes the Great One, Ruler of all Dragons, to personally seek out cheaters and come with his body guards to wreak havoc in their lands, in order to force them to fight to the death. No High Master can take the form of the Great Dragon.

Elementalists

The Masters of the Elements —

Magic-users of this craft are masters at dealing with the elemental forces of nature. Through their career, they learn to protect themselves from elementals, to conjure and control elementals. Finally, the High Master gains the ability to enter or leave an outer plane and become an elemental creature.

There are four Academies of the Element (Air, Water, Fire and Earth), which are rival orders. Elementalists must choose an academy to learn their craft. There are four High Masters of the Element, one for each academy. Elementalists only deal with their chosen element; they can speak the language of elementals of their academy. Their abilities take 1d4 rounds to take effect.

Elementalists are taught the following spells at the appropriate levels: *Dispel Magic*, *Protection from Evil 10'* radius, and *Conjure Elemental*. Depending on their academy, they also learn the following spells:

Fire: Fire ball, wall of fire;
Water: Water breathing, lower water;
Earth: Wall of stone, move earth;
Air: Fly, weather control

These spells are taught only when the elemental has learned all the abilities in the circle corresponding to his level. Elves should be allowed to cast these spells despite their normal level limitation. Use their Attack Ranks as described in this chapter's introductions to find when they can learn these spells.

Protection from Elements (First Circle): The elementalists of the First Circle can protect themselves from the natural element of their academy. The exact effects are described below, according to each academy.

Fire: Disciples suffer only half damage from all fire-related attacks (spells, dragon breath, high temperatures, fire elementals, etc). They can walk up to 90 feet or up to 3 rounds whichever comes first over lava.

Water: Disciples suffer only half damage from all water-related attacks (waves, water elementals, ice blocks or snow). They can walk up to 90 feet or up to 3 rounds whichever comes first over water.

Earth: Disciples suffer only half damage from falling rocks, stone projectiles, and earth elementals. They can move up to 90 feet or up to 3 rounds whichever comes first over quicksand, mud or crumbling stone ledges.

Air: Disciples suffer only half damage from air related items (high winds, sand storms, whirlwinds, or air elementals). They can walk

on clouds or climb smoke up to 90 feet or up to 3 rounds whichever comes first.

Minor Conjunction (Second Circle): The elementalist may conjure 1d4 elementals of his academy by concentrating. Summoned elementals have a number of hit dice equal to or less than that of the elementalist. These creatures remain under the elementalist's control. He cannot control more Hit Dice of elementals than he has levels. Excess elementals are automatically hostile to the conjurer.

He can give a series of orders of any level of complexity, and the elemental(s) will execute them to the best of its abilities and knowledge, without trying to distort the intent of the orders. The elementalist does not need to concentrate to keep control of the creature. The control over the elemental lasts one day per level of the elementalist, or until dispelled, or until the mission is accomplished, whichever occurs first. At the end of the control, the elemental returns to its plane.

A roll of 01 causes a 16 HD elemental of the opposing plane to come instead of the expected one. It is automatically hostile to the elementalist (water is opposed to earth, air is opposed to fire). An elementalist can always cast a *dispel magic* or *dispel evil* to force an unfriendly elemental back to its plane.

Major Conjunction (Third Circle): This allows the elementalist to conjure and control any creature native to the elemental plane of his academy: a Master of Air could conjure a djinni, a Master of Fire could conjure an efreeti, a Master of Earth a kryst, and a Master of Water an undine. The ability is otherwise similar to the *minor conjunction*.

The origins of monsters from outer planes are explained in the Monster List #2 of the Companion and Master DM rules. With a roll of 01, the creature(s) conjured automatically become hostile to the elementalist.

Full Elemental Control (Fourth Circle): The disciple controls non-living matter corresponding to his academy. He can shape and move it for one round per level of experience. The animated matter fights as a 12 or 16 HD elemental, depending on the disciple's level, as above. By concentrating, he can make the matter attack anything within the area of effect. He can move at 20' per round maximum with the effect following him, or walk out of the affected area at normal speed (no more than 30' away from the affected area).

Master of Air: The master causes winds to stop or blow as a hurricane within a four foot radius per exp. level. The air deflects non-

magical missiles or carries the master at 360' per round. The master is immune to high winds.

Master of Water: The master causes water to be still or rough as a storm in a radius equal to three feet times his experience level. He can breathe water as if it were air, and swim regardless of currents or whirlpools.

Master of Fire: The master extinguishes a fire or causes one to fill the area of effect (two-foot radius per experience level). The master can build walls of fire or resist to any sort of heat, either magical or natural.

Master of the Earth: The master can shape stone or earthen matter at will within a one-foot radius per experience level. His creations have the statistics of any elemental he could conjure. The master is immune to crushing damage from falling stones or lava bursts.

A roll of 01 causes the affected area to go out of control. Anything inside automatically suffers full damage from one attack each round until it moves out of the affected area. Anything still inside the area at the end of the duration is utterly destroyed. The disciple suffers great trauma which permanently reduces all future elemental ability checks 10%.

Metamorphosis (Fifth Circle): The High Master can actually become an elemental of his academy, with a number of Hit Dice equivalent to his level. He retains the use of spells and magical items, and gains all abilities and statistics of his elemental form, whichever are the best. In addition, he can freely enter or leave his elemental plane.

A roll of 01 causes an elemental ruler to seek out the High Master and put an end to his disturbing activities. He may leave, but the elemental ruler will seek to corner him every time he enters his plane. The High Master may fight; if defeated, he dies by being crushed or disintegrated. If he wins, the High Master then gains the ability to turn into a 41 HD elemental ruler (but only in the elemental plane). Each new level he gains adds two HD to his elemental ruler form. Out of the plane, the High Master only has his normal elemental form (not that of the ruler).

The Masters of Illusions

Illusionists use unique techniques which influence what people see or think by affecting their minds. These abilities are different from the *phantasmal force* approach because they do not create a magical vision or a sensation; they alter a victim's perception all at once, using emanations from the Dimension of Nightmares.

Upon entering the order, disciples are taught the *phantasmal force*, *confusion*, and *hallucinatory terrain* spells. Because of the illusionists' expertise, the two last spells become 3rd level spells to them.

Hypnosis (First Circle): The illusionist can attempt to influence the reasoning of one or more persons (total HD or levels equivalent to the disciple's). He needs only to speak casually for five rounds. The DM then rolls a secret ability check to see if the attempt succeeds. This is not a magical effect and so cannot be dispelled normally (see below).

If the attempt fails, the victims suddenly realize the disciple is making bizarre gestures, swinging a medallion, and speaking in a soft, all-too-suspicious voice as small lines spiral in his eyes. The victim's reactions are up to the DM, according to the situation.

If the attempt succeeds, the victims trust and do whatever the illusionist says, as long as it does not obviously threaten their lives. He can cause them to forget things, speak the truth, or accomplish one mission for him. A hypnotic trance lasts until someone slaps the victim in the face (or causes any sort of damage), or the mission is accomplished. If a victim does not understand the illusionist but was still hypnotized, he remains immobile and stares blankly until the effect is broken.

A roll of 01 causes the illusionist to hypnotize himself and be the victim of his own command, whatever it was to be.

Dream Alteration (Second Circle): The illusionist may attempt to affect one intelligent creature's dreams, up to a mile away per level of experience. False messages or horrible nightmares sent during his sleep alter an NPC's reasoning if he fails an Intelligence check the next morning. PCs will react according to the way their players interpret the dreams (obviously, the DM should role-play the event and not reveal the source of the dream).

Any successful dream negates one night's rest, and prevents the recovery of spells the next day. In addition, the illusionist can make one or more monsters from the Dimension of

Nightmares (statistics up to the DM, but no more than 1 HD per level of experience) haunt the victim's dreams. Conduct "dream" combats as per normal combat rules. If the monster wins, the victim wakes up screaming and temporarily loses a point of Constitution. All lost points are recovered after one full night of uninterrupted sleep. At 0 points of Constitution, the victim falls insane (effects up to the DM). A *heal* spell is needed to cure this type of insanity. A suspicious character may identify the nightmares' nature (the illusionist and his general whereabouts) by casting a *contact outer planes* spell.

If the illusionist fails two attempts in a row, he cannot affect this particular victim ever again (and his true face appears in the victim's dream). On a 01, the disciple himself dreams he fights a monster of nightmares (as per this ability's effects). If defeated, he permanently loses a point of Constitution.

Delirium Tremors (Third Circle): This creates illusions of any size within a victim's mind. It has all the sensations needed to be plausible (movement, noise, heat, touch, smell, etc.). A disciple can affect 1 HD or level of victims per level, within a 120' radius. This effect does not require light (but the illusionist must at least vaguely see his victims).

Effects are similar to a *phantasmal force* except that all illusory damage becomes actual hit point damage. The illusionist can create monsters from the Dimension of Nightmares (statistics similar to *dream alteration*) in the victims' minds. Fights are conducted as per normal combat rules. Any other effect initiated by the illusionist inflicts 1d6 points of damage per level of experience (maximum 20d6). Unaffected witnesses will see victims frantically swinging their weapons or casting spells against invisible foes.

The spell lasts as long as it takes for the illusion to represent the desired event or until the victims defeat the monster in their minds.

On a roll of 01, the disciple dreams he is in the Dimension of Nightmares, until he finds a way back or someone wakes him up. Damage suffered is real, as per this ability's normal effect.

Shadow Reality (Fourth Circle): The disciple can attempt to control shadowy or black areas, for one round per experience level. It allows him to *dimension door* at will from one dark area to another or stay in the dark as a non-corporeal form that can only be spotted with a *detect invisible* or similar spell. While immaterial he cannot cast spells but he can affect shadows (see below).

The illusionist can create immobile objects (such as walls, doors, stairs, bridges, etc.) out of shadows. *Light* spells act on these obstacles as a *dispel magic*. Shadows can be normally dispelled only if they are created by a *darkness* spell. The area affected covers a yard per level of experience.

A roll of 01 sends the illusionist to the Dimension of Nightmares, where he must find a way of his own to return to safety.

Dreamlands (Fifth Circle): The High Master may enter or leave the Dimension of Nightmares once per month. There, he may build a stronghold of solid shadow or phantasmal matter. Any native creature that wanders in (25% chance per week) must make a saving throw or remain under the High Master's control. The maximum number of creatures he can control in his stronghold equals twice his experience level. They will guard the lair to the best of their abilities and knowledge.

After returning to the Prime Material Plane, the High Master can gate a number of HD of creatures equal to or less than his level, once per month, and give them a mission. The creatures *gate* from the High Master's shadow stronghold into his tower. This feat requires the burning of a nightwing's tongue as prime component.

The High Master can see and hear all that these creatures perceive, as well as speak through them with no range limit. The creatures remain until the end of their missions, after which they return to their dimension (and regain their freedom).

A roll of 01 causes a rupture between the two dimensions, releasing his servants all at once into the High Master's tower. Because of the shock, the creatures will be hostile and seek to tear the High Master apart. They will come every night thereafter, wherever he is, until he or they are all dead.

Note: At the end of each day spent in the Dimension of Nightmares, visitors make an Intelligence check or become permanently insane. The High Master of Illusions is immune to this effect. The DM is free to create horrible monsters from the Dimension of Nightmares, or use creatures from outer planes as a substitute.

NECROMANCERS

The Masters of Necromancy

The science of the dead, or necromancy, has always been active in Glantrian history. Although a frightening power, it is still recognized as a legitimate form of magic and is therefore acceptable. Necromancers are notoriously chaotic; rare individuals may be neutrals less interested in powers of darkness than in their scientific value. These disciples use their magic to control, create or protect themselves from undead creatures. When their experience of the world beyond improves, they gain the ability of recalling spirits to their dead bodies. The most impressive power is that of the High Master who knows the secret of lichdom, a ghastly form of Immortality.

Protection from Undead (First Circle): A magic-user of this order can protect himself from undead creatures upon completion of his studies at the 1st Circle. This ability keeps at bay a number of Hit Dice of undead creatures equal to or less than his total levels of experience. When encountering groups of undead, the lower levels are affected first. If an undead liege is affected, all of its pawns (undead creatures under its control) cease to count towards the maximum HD limits.

The power lasts until the necromancer or one of his party members attacks the affected creatures. A roll of 01 causes the necromancer to fall prey to his own power (he is incapable of harming or affecting undead in any way, unless one of the creatures initiates melee against him or one of his party members).

Control Undead (Second Circle): The necromancer gains the ability to control a number of HD of undead creatures equal to or less than his total levels of experience. When encountering groups of undead, the lower levels are affected first. If a powerful undead liege is affected, all its pawns (undead creatures under its control) cease to count towards the maximum HD limits (liches are never affected).

The power lasts until the next full moon, at which time all controlled undead are released. These undead cannot be controlled again until the following dawn. Control is also broken if the necromancer or one of his party members attacks the affected creatures. It otherwise does not require concentration; the undead follow orders to the best of their knowledge and capacity. The control works up to a 24-mile distance (beyond which it is negated). If need be, a necromancer can always specify which creature(s) he controls and which he does not. He may destroy any

undead under his control, at any time, by dismissing its soul. However, the creature must be in the necromancer's presence.

This power can also be used as a cleric's turning ability. It does not require a religious symbol, but only a few gestures and ritual words. The necromancer turns undead as a cleric of the same level.

A roll of 01 causes the necromancer to fall prey to his own power. He becomes the pawn of the toughest undead creature in his presence, until one of the undead creatures initiates melee against him or one of his party members. If the undead present are all non-intelligent, the victim falls into a state of cataplexy for 1d8 hours.

Create Undead (Third Circle): Upon completion of studies in the Third Circle, a necromancer may create undead monsters. He must first research the arcane ceremony and components needed to create each type of undead desired and write them down in his Book of Necrology. Finding these dark ceremonies is similar to spell research (see "Creating Spells and Magical Items"); each two HD of undead equals a level of spell research. For example, creating zombies requires first level spell research, wraiths require second level research, fifth level for vampires, ninth level for revenants, etc. Necromancers cannot create liches at any level whatsoever.

Each undead a necromancer creates remains permanently under the necromancer's control; the *control undead* ability is not needed. The necromancer cannot create more HD of undead during any one ceremony than he has levels of experience. The ceremony takes 1d6 turns for creatures with no special abilities (no asterisk after their HD statistics). Otherwise, the ceremony takes 1d6 hours per asterisk. For example, a ceremony to create skeletons takes 1d6 turns; creating vampires takes 1d6 hours; ghosts require 4d6 hours. A body is necessary for each corporeal undead (skeletons, zombies, wights, vampires, etc.). Only a portion of a body is required for immaterial undead (wraiths, haunts, phantoms and spirits), although each part must come from a different body. Created undead are permanent and cannot be *dispelled*, except for skeletons and zombies.

A roll of 01 causes the necromancer's life-force to be partially drained, his attempt failing lamentably. He suffers 1d6 points of damage per HD of undead he attempted to create, plus 5 for each asterisk (no save). If the necromancer dies, he immediately becomes an undead of the type he attempted to create.

Raise Dead (Fourth Circle): A necromancer of the Fourth Circle gains the ability to recall souls from beyond the grave. This ability is identical to the clerical spell *raise dead fully*.

A roll of 01 causes the necromancer's vital powers to be temporarily drained, at the rate of 1 point of Constitution for each two levels or HD he attempted to affect (rounded down). If a necromancer's Constitution is entirely drained, he turns into a pile of ashes and disappears. He cannot be raised by any means; his body and soul have been obliterated from reality. Surviving necromancers recover a point of Constitution per night of full rest.

Attain Lichdom (Fifth Circle): The High Master of Necromancy can become a lich of the appropriate level. The ordeal of becoming a lich takes a day per level of experience. Once a lich, the necromancer remains one forever. He controls undead as per rules on Liches and Pawns (see DM Masters Book, page 22 for more detail). This power replaces the normal necromancer's *control undead* ability. The lich otherwise retains all other abilities particular to necromancers.

The prime components of this power are a pint of venom from a nightcrawler's tail stinger and the skull of a red imp (see "Critters from the Cauldron").

The DM should pay special attention to players with a PC lich, if such thing is at all acceptable in his campaign. Common people are frightened by such horrid monsters. If the lair of a lich is publicly known, the population may attack the place and seek to destroy the monster, with the blessing and support of rival mages. Once a PC has become a lich, he may *not* gain any further level advancement. He may still try to attain true Immortality, but only with the Sphere of Entropy. There are other liches in the world, but only one at any time can be a necromancer lich (the High Master).

A roll of 01 determines the High Master's ultimate fate. He immediately becomes a true Immortal, a screaming demon (see D&D® Immortal set) under the DM's control. The creature gates to the Sphere of Entropy after totally wrecking the necromancer's tower and ravaging his dominion, if any.

The Masters of the Runes

Cryptomancers are specialists of nature and its profound identity. Their philosophy, called Cryptomancy, is based on the assumption that all things in life have a truename; knowing a thing's truename allows one to control that thing. The basic magical language to manipulate runes and how to research them is taught at the First Circle. In his career, a runemaster seeks to discover runes designating animals, insects, plants, energy, magic, and finally, the High Master of Runes may discover the truename of intelligent beings.

The abilities of the runemasters are not as awesome as those of other crafts. Their true strength lies in the variety and free choice over which rune they use. Unlike spells, runes do not need to be memorized every morning. Each rune must be researched separately as spells would, and then be inscribed in the runemaster's Book of Runes. If a PC attempts to use a rune without opening his book, an extra Intelligence check is necessary.

Using runes is dangerous and affects the balance of nature. Overusing them may cause natural catastrophes. The DM should note each runic use. On an attempt roll of 01, a runemaster causes the following to occur:

If the runemaster did not previously use any rune that day: A hurricane or a violent storm hits the area on a 24 mile radius. It lasts 1d12 hours during which no travel is possible.

If the runemaster already used one rune that day: A minor earthquake shakes the area around the runemaster, within a 12 mile radius (beware of avalanches, falling trees and rocks).

If he already used two runes earlier that day: A violent earthquake shakes a 36 mile radius around the runemaster, causing great structural damage.

If he used three or more runes earlier that day: The storm and earthquake occur, all magic and runic use are totally inoperative for 6d4 hours, and the rune used last is permanently altered (all runemasters must learn it, causing great anger among their circles).

Runes of Matter (First Circle): The runemaster may research and discover runes identifying any specific non-living material (gold, steel, lead, granite, sand, crystal, water, glass, leather, silk, wool, tar, etc.). The limit of runes is up to the player's imagination. Researching any of these runes is equivalent to researching common first level spells.

Once a rune is known, the runemaster may control the matter it refers to, by uttering ritual words and the desired rune. The control consists

of reshaping the affected matter within a one foot diameter sphere per level of experience, plus attack ranks for elves. This could be used to open passageways through stones, mend broken items, calm an area of water, or whatever the runemaster attempts to do. The reshaping lasts 1d4 rounds, after which the change remains permanent or reverts to its original shape, at the wizard's choice.

Runes of Life (Second Circle): A disciple can research runes identifying specific types of non-intelligent or animal intelligence life forms such as: a fox, whale, eagle, zombic, gray ooze, spider, worm, iron statue, rust monster, oak, pine, archer bush, and so forth. Each rune equals a third level spell for research purposes.

The runemaster can affect a number of HD of creatures equal or inferior to his total level, or a one-foot-diameter sphere per level of experience when HD are inappropriate.

These runes give the cryptomancer a telepathic link with the life form, allowing him to communicate thoughts or sensations, or know what it knows. The rune effect otherwise is similar to a *charm* spell. The victim will follow orders to the best of its intelligence and abilities (an oak cannot be ordered to move, a monkey cannot read a scroll, etc.). The communication is limited by the creature's intellect. The effect lasts one turn per level of experience.

Runes of Power (Third Circle): The runemaster gains the ability to research runes designating energy forms such as: fire, cold, electricity, wind, light, gravity, etc. Each rune is equivalent to a fifth level spell for purposes of research.

These runes allow the runemaster to alter a specific source of energy. In no case can a runemaster alter energies to cause more than 20d6 of damage, and he is limited to 1d6 per level of experience; he can reduce damage in the same way. Example: A runemaster attempts to cross a *wall of fire*; he may use a rune of fire to extinguish it (if the wall is weaker than the runemaster's ability) or reduce damage if the wall is more powerful. As a general rule, if a rune affects an area, the area is a one-foot diameter sphere per level. The duration of the rune effect is no longer than a round per level of the runemaster, or until the source of energy has been affected up to his maximum ability, whichever occurs first.

Runes of Magic (Fourth Circle): The runemaster gains the ability to research runes identifying magical effects (any spell effect

appropriate to his level). Each rune is equivalent to a seventh level spell for purposes of research. The spell must be known in order to find its rune.

The runemaster can write a magical rune on an item. By uttering arcane phrases, he specifies in which condition the effect goes off. Example: The runemaster inscribes a rune of *fire ball* on a door so it goes off when the door is opened. The effect will be appropriate to the level at which he would have cast the spell. When the rune is created, it becomes invisible, but it can be detected with a *detect magic*. *Dispel magic* removes a rune with the normal chances of success.

Only one rune can be inscribed on any single item (except for magic circles—see below), but is permanent until removed or triggered. The runemaster can use this ability to create magical circles protecting him from a specific magical effect or a type of creature. The runemaster needs the rune for the appropriate creature. He may discover the rune for a type of intelligent creature (elemental, demon, elf, human, etc.) but only to protect himself, or restrain the specified creature within the circle. This is *not* equivalent to a *Rune of Life*. The runemaster can otherwise inscribe magical runes on the circle so that a spell effect goes off when someone steps into or out of a circle (*teleports* from one circle to another, *polymorph others*, etc.). Five magical runes placed on the same circle will make it permanent until physically destroyed.

Five runes of magic will animate a golem (1 HD per level). The disciple must spend 5,000 dc in components per asterisk (and per failed roll) to build his golem. A 01 permanently destroys all components.

Truename (Fifth Circle): The specific runic name of one single intelligent being can be found. The effect is exactly the same as a *Rune of Life*. Each truename is equivalent to a new ninth level spell for purposes of research (research can only be attempted at 21st level, but this does not prevent the High Master from using truenames acquired from another source).

In addition, this allows the High Master to scan his victim's memorized spells and attempt to understand them (Intelligence check). He must memorize his victim's spells, causing his own to be "erased" from his memory. He can cast these new spells normally, forgetting them in the process, or walk to his tower and write them down in his Spell Book to retain their use permanently.

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Witches

The Mistresses of Witchcraft —

Sotheresses, better known by the common folk as witches, are experienced in the use of age-old recipes and home-made magic remembered from before history. They are often looked down upon by wizards of the other crafts, but their magic is as potent as any other. A few male wizards are sotheresses in this order, despite the popular belief that witches are always female.

Among the abilities of the witches are the making of brews and philters, cursed dolls, use of charms and lies, and bestowing curses. Each day they can also cast spells from an open spell book once per 6 levels of experience, without using their memorized spells. Unfortunately, witches use a form of chaotic magic affecting Charisma. Upon ending studies at each circle, witches lose 2 points of Charisma (to a minimum of 3). They develop hunched backs, warts, bone deformities and horrible voices. This has led them to become the best users of deceit, charms and shapechange, to avoid being shunned or persecuted by others.

Brews and Philters (First Circle): This ability is similar to the alchemist's Magical Preparations, except the brews must remain in the form of a potion. They are either poisons or soporifics with various effects and durations, or *charms* affecting the imbiber (philters of love). Although a witch can join the First Circle at 9th level, she can still make potions, despite the fact that other magic-users have to wait to 9th level before creating magical items. Unlike alchemists, witches do not make potions at half normal enchantment costs. These potions last 1d4 days per level of the witch.

A roll of 01 indicates a flaw in the components (a poison would in fact become beneficial to the imbiber, or a *charm* would cause him to develop a permanent and pathological hatred of the witch).

Silver Tongue (First Circle): The witch gains the ability to speak in a very persuasive manner, as long as her arguments remain plausible. This affects NPCs and monsters, who must make a saving throw vs. spells or believe the witch. The witch must be able to speak the victim's language for the effect to work. A roll of 01 will reveal to the victims that the witch is lying and cause them anger.

Doll Curse (Second Circle): When a witch has a personal foe, she makes two dolls that look like the victim, a process that takes one day per level of the victim. She must then hide

one of the dolls in the victim's house. Every night thereafter, wherever the victim may be, the witch uses the other doll to affect the victim. Here are the most common methods:

Dolls of Pain: Every night, the witch plants a needle into the second doll, causing great pain to the victim. Small wounds may appear on the body (1d6 damage per night, no save).

Dolls of Sickness: Every night, the witch dips the second doll into various slimy brews and causes the victim to catch a disease (up to the DM) which no magic will cure until the first doll is destroyed (no saving throw).

Dolls of Insanity: Every night, the witch utters words of hate to the second doll, causing the victim to become totally insane. The effects of the insanity are up to the DM and last until morning (no saving throw). At the end of the night, the victim must make a second saving throw or temporarily lose a point of Constitution. Every night, the witch keeps on using the doll until the victim runs out of Constitution—and dies—or the first doll is discovered and destroyed. All effects cease when the doll is destroyed.

A witch can affect up to three people every night. She must make an attempt roll for each victim. On a 01, her doll is damaged (and useless), and the witch becomes the victim of a minor *curse* up to the DM. A *remove curse* will negate the witch's curse.

Witches' Charm (Second Circle): A witch can modify her appearance to avoid suspicion. The effect is purely phantasmal and can be negated with a *dispel magic*. This ability causes affected NPCs to observe the witch intensely, almost forgetting what they were doing. This improves the witch's Charisma 1 point for every 3 levels of experience, up to 18 maximum. In any case, her minimum Charisma will be no less than 10, her warts, hunched back and other unpleasant features going unnoticed. The effect lasts 1 turn per level of the witch and affects anyone observing the witch within 100 feet. Any harmful act on her part breaks the charm. On a 01, she permanently loses a point of Charisma.

Spellbinding (Third Circle): At the Third Circle, a witch learns to *conjure* one or more creatures for total HD or levels equal to or less than the witch's level. The creatures must be of the witch's alignment. They are utterly loyal to the witch (including gremlins and imps). This spellbinding allows the witch to see, hear and talk through the creatures (if they can talk). The witch cannot control more HD or levels at any single time than this ability allows. On a 01, the conjured creatures appear

and one of them, chosen at random, takes control over the witch for an entire day.

Witches' Curse (Third Circle): This ability is similar to the reversed *remove curse* spell, except the witch can affect a number of levels or HD equal to her level with the same *curse*. If only one person is to be affected, then the *curse* will affect the victim's family for a number of generations equal to the witch's level. The *curse* can only be removed with a *wish* spell (or by the meeting of conditions the witch may choose to impose at the time of the *curse*). On a roll of 01, the *curse* affects the witch instead, and her family members, if any.

Shapechange (Fourth Circle): Witches of this circle have the ability of changing their physical shape to that of another creature. This ability is similar to the level 9 magic-user spell of the same name, but the witch can become any creature whose HD do not exceed her total level. She cannot take the likeness of a specific character.

This ability also allows her to become several creatures at once, as long as the HD limitation is respected. For example, a 10th level witch could turn into 10 separate black cats, or two different creatures (no more than 4 HD per form). One of the forms must be designated as the original. All forms are mentally linked to the original and can cast spells (from the original's pool; spells are not duplicated for each form).

If any of these forms is "killed," it immediately disappears. Upon regaining her human shape, the witch suffers damage equal to the lost form's hp. If the original form is killed, the witch dies and all other forms turn into ashes. On a 01, she cannot regain her former human body nor recall her other forms. She remains so until another witch *dispels* the effect.

Ultimate Possession (Fifth Circle): The High Mistress has an ability similar to the *magic jar* spell, with no saving throw. The victim must be of lower level (or HD). She can use both her victim's and her own abilities. For example: If she possesses a mystic, she can use his abilities, and cast her spells. Upon returning to her body, she does not retain her victim's abilities or remember his spells. The victim is aware he is being possessed. In case of *telepathy*, two voices are heard! On a roll of 01, her own body dies and she is forced to remain within her victim's body forever, or until *dispelled* (at which time she dies).

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chased nor stolen. A PC must undertake several quests to find the information and ingredients he needs to create the spells. This is exactly what the Immortals of Energy expect from their followers. A character that somehow gets around these difficulties will never be able to reach the supreme goal: the discovery of the spell to reach Immortality.

The exact spells of the Radiance that can be created are described in detail later in this chapter. These spells require the use of a magical receptacle. To create it, one must enchant a single crystal item weighing at least 4,000 cn. Anything smaller shatters at the first attempt to use the force. The item requires an enchantment for a permanent 6th-level spell effect (see "Creating Spells and Magical Items").

The Dangers of the Radiance

Scratching the lump on his head, the small man-thing crawls back up the wizard's robe. The wizard picks it up gently and drops it into his pocket. After a moment of thought, he asks, "What are the limits of the power? Can one use it at will?"

"The Radiance," answers Nightfire, "is indeed powerful, but as with all power, it may corrupt the weak. The power must be used only when necessary; else, your body will wither and rot even as you live. The power of the Radiance can pervert both the body and the mind. Those so perverted may enter a realm of limbo, between life and death, with no mind of their own."

DM Notes: Upon discovering the existence of the artifact, lords of Entropy perverted its powers so that the price for great energy could be the user's soul.

Every time a brother uses a spell related to the Radiance, there is a 1% chance it will corrupt part of his body. This corruption is a rotting disease that mortals cannot heal. One part of the wizard's body, chosen at random, rots permanently, though the rotting is not progressive. The affected part can be a hand, an arm, a leg, the chest, the back, or part of the face or face, for a total of ten different body parts. The affected body part cannot be used (rot affecting the face or head only leads to loss of Charisma, partial blindness, deafness, or speech limitations, etc.). Whenever the whole body is affected, the wizard becomes a lich (if level 21 or more) or a zombie-like creature (1 HD per level of the victim).

After a moment of silence, the vibrant voice breaks in. "Well, Moonshadow, there isn't much more any of us will reveal tonight. You know all you need to further our cause; you are now one of us. Tomorrow you shall promote the construction of a new Temple in your town. Its Shepherds will be yours to guide. Should you be in danger, come to your receptacle and call upon the help of Rad and I shall answer! Farewell, Brethren. We shall assemble again at the next solstice."

The Spells of the Radiance

All Radiance-related spells function as normal spells. For purposes of research, they cost twice the normal amount and the chances of discovery are half the normal rate (see "Creating Spells and Magical Items" for these rates).

Call Upon Radiance (Spell Level 5)

Range: 30' radius from receptacle
Duration: 1 round per level
Effect: increases spell effects

This spell enables the caster to increase his spell effects for one round per level. This requires the use of the receptacle. When calling upon the Radiance, a baron would cast spells as if he were one level higher than his present level, a viscount two levels higher, a count three, a marquis four, a duke five, an archduke six, and a prince seven. If the level of spell casting does not substantially change effect, the caster may instead choose to increase one of the following factors:

- range (except for range 0 spells)
- duration (except for permanent or instantaneous effect spells)
- area of effect (except for spells affecting only one person or target)

The factor increases 10% per nobility rank of the caster (+10% for Barons, +20% for Viscounts, +70% for Princes). Example: A 36th-level wizard-prince could cast a *Fire Ball* 408' away instead of 240', or cover a 68' blast area instead of 40' (damage does not increase since spells never cause more than 20d6 of damage, as per Companion rules).

Summon Radiance (Spell Level 6)

Range: 24 miles per nobility rank
Duration: 1 round per level
Effect: Using Radiance away from receptacle

Upon casting this spell the wizard can benefit from the Radiance without having to stay near

the receptacle. A Baron can *Call upon the Radiance* when within 24 miles of the capital or his receptacle, 48 miles for a Viscount, 72 miles for a Count, 90 miles for a Marquis, 120 for a Duke, 144 for an Archduke, and 168 for a Prince. The Radiance only functions on the Prime Material Plane.

Retain Power (Spell Level 7)

Range: 0 (caster only)
Duration: permanent
Effect: Build-up personal Radiance power

This spell allows the caster to store Radiance power for later use. The caster's body becomes a temporary receptacle for a fraction of the power. The Radiance intensity is measured in Radiance Points, or *rads*. Each spell enables the caster to retain 1d20 rads. This extra power can be spent with *control destiny* or *discharge* spells.

A caster can safely retain a total number of rads equal to his level. Beyond that, the caster has a 1% chance per excess rad of suffering 2 hp of damage per excess rad, and of acquiring the Radiance rotting disease on one part of his body. The damage occurs when this spell is cast. Whenever the caster retains 12 or more rads, he glows with an eerie blue aura similar to a *continual light*. It cannot be *dispelled* but the aura disappears when the caster reduces his power under 12 rads.

Control Destiny (Spell Level 7)

Range: 0 (caster only)
Duration: permanent until used
Effect: Affects the fate of the caster

This spell alters the result of dice rolls affecting the character. To use this power, the character must have built-up a reserve of rads (see *Retain Power* above) and cast the spell in advance. The character must then state, before an event occurs, that its result will be altered by the spell. If the dice roll fails, the caster spends rads to change the score, on the basis of 1 rad per score point.

For example, if the spell caster fails a saving throw by 7 points, he may spend 7 rads to modify the score. When using this spell, the caster must spend at least 5 rads whether the dice roll was successful or not. If in the example above the caster only failed by one point, the expenditure would be 5 rads instead of 1. One *control destiny* spell can affect only one dice roll. The wizard can pre-cast any number of these spells before leaving on an adventure. They must be cast within 30' of the receptacle. If the caster runs out of rads to affect a score, the spell is expended.

The Secret of the Radiance

Rolls that can be affected include to-hit rolls, saving throws, weapon or spell damage, and ability checks. The caster cannot spend rads to get a score superior to what the dice can naturally produce.

Discharge (Spell Level 8)

Range: 20 yard per level

Duration: instantaneous

Effect: Poisonous energy blast

To use this spell, the caster must have a reserve of rads (see *retain power*). He can discharge some or all of his rads in a destructive energy blast followed by flames. The spell can only function outdoors and requires a turn to cast.

The blast is like a 20d6 fire ball, causing double damage against hard material (stone or metal), normal against softer objects, half against living creatures. It causes a flash of light, a clap of thunder, and a billowing cloud.

The smoke rises to the sky and spreads out on a 200-yard radius per rad expended. Anything that remains a full day within that area must save vs. poison or be affected by the Radiance's rotting disease. Saving throw modifiers include: +1 for remaining inside a log cabin or equivalent, to +5 inside a fortress (save is automatic if remaining underground in caves or crypts). The cloud is not affected by winds but dissipates after one full day.

Transcend Life Force (Spell Level 9)

Range: 0 (caster only)

Duration: 2d12 hours

Effect: Attempt to reach Immortality

This spell gives the caster a chance to become an Immortal; it should be clear that the discovery of this spell is the culmination of an entire campaign for a character. To acquire this spell, a Glantrian mage must be of sufficient level, be an archduke or a prince in Glantri, a member of the Brotherhood, and acquire the ingredients necessary for the spell: a lich's skull, a nightwing's tongue, 12 ounces of ashes from a greater phoenix, a pint of fresh steamy gremlin blood, two mandragoras, a tooth from the Star Dragon, two malfera's eyes and 12 feathers from an archon. One spell will use up all these ingredients.

A PC will never discover this spell if an Immortal of the Sphere of Energy does not wish so. If an Immortal is favorable to a PC, he may send him dreams about the spell and what it does. Only at this time can a PC start researching this spell. The caster must be obedient to the philosophy of energy and have gained control over the Radiance in honorable ways,

through research and adventuring.

The spell requires the expenditure of 50 rads (see *Retain Power*) and the knowledge of all Radiance related spells. This spell cannot be used more than 36 miles from the center of the capital. When the spell is cast, the wizard enters a state of dream and envisions a dark corridor that ends at a golden door. His efforts to move toward the door seem progressively harder. At this point, he has a 5% chance per level beyond 20 of reaching the door and getting past.

If he fails, he wakes up at the end of the spell duration, wracked with pain. It lasts 2d4 days, during which time all spell-casting has a 30% chance to fail. Further, he is unable to use the Radiance one day for each percent rolled above the success score. He must also save vs. death ray or permanently lose one point of Constitution.

If the spell succeeds, he gets past the golden door into the realm of Immortality. On the other side, an Empyrean of the Sphere of Energy is waiting, most likely Rad (Etienne d'Ambrville). He explains what happened and the meaning of things. The caster is in the process of becoming a Novice Immortal but still must defeat a creature of this plane in a duel as his final ordeal.

If he wins, he has earned the Novice Immortal rank. If he loses, his lifeforce is imprisoned in the artifact producing the Radiance (see Nucleus of the Spheres below). If he attempts to flee, cheat, or attack the Empyrean, the Sphere of Entropy takes possession of his soul; his body becomes a red imp under the DM's control.

The Nucleus of the Spheres

Excerpt from the Archives in the Sphere of Time, from Khoronus to an outer-world visitor:

"Know ye, Beholder of the Late Centuries, that all in the dark ages did not grow from savage beliefs, or from the whims of a primitive shaman. As with life, the spark of knowledge does not create itself from emptiness, but is a sentient gift from the higher spheres of the universe. Those who wield the Power of the Radiance ignore the true nature of its artifact. We, among Immortals, call it the *Nucleus of the Spheres*.

"Eons ago, when Blackmoor still was a great empire, visitors came from the stars in a great chariot of fire and landed in the realm of mortal men. Stranded, they soon

disappeared from this world, leaving rare remains of their science. Among these, a huge object producing a deadly glowing energy was buried deep into the rocks under of what was to become the City of Glantri. It was a great, wonderful piece of machinery, indeed the very one that enabled the visitors to travel among the stars. Yes! Oh, Seeker of Lost Legends! This is the true nature of the *Nucleus*.

"It remained in the dark underworld, radiating its formidable aura for centuries. Then, disciples of the Sphere of Energy transformed the artifact, imbuing it with magical powers in a plot to swell the ranks of their followers. And so, mortals could learn forbidden sciences, thus becoming Immortals in the Sphere of Energy—a clear abuse of the Laws of Immortality. Energy had sinned, and it was up to Thought, Time and Matter to reestablish the balance of universe—and so we did. It was so, that Energy was to be punished by the object that was the very focus of its sin. Thus it was that our servants secretly altered the artifact's powers.

"Energy's intent was to enhance its followers' magical power by draining the artifact's raw energy. Indeed, the *Nucleus* gave power to those who learned its secrets. What Energy ignored is that power came at a dear cost: each use of the artifact forever drained some magic from the Prime Material Plane. Such was our sentence.

"Later in mankind's history, magic may vanish, along with the object and the motive for Energy's crime. 'How could we?' do you say? Magic is indeed a precious power, but a power not to be foolishly wasted. It must remain in the spheres of those who truly understand it. There will be a time for mankind when magic will yield to the coming of technology. Mortals shall then learn to tame their own universe by powers that are truly that of their plane. Magic and Immortality shan't stand in their way. Such is the Law of Immortals."

DM Notes: The artifact producing the Radiance was the central power source in a large alien spacecraft (see module DA3 for details). It is a series of three nuclear reactors of advanced design, complete with tons of layers of protection, huge pieces of machinery, wires, pipes, pools of coolant, radiation zones, etc.

When Immortals of Energy bestowed their magic upon it, the artifact gained the ability

to produce the Radiance and enable mortals to attain Immortality. Unfortunately, Immortals from the three other spheres intervened shortly after and gave the artifact a nasty side effect which consists of a permanent magical drain.

Magic Drain

Every time the artifact is used, magic energy is permanently drained from the Prime Material Plane. The exact effects are not measurable on an individual basis, but after centuries of use, the artifact may cause magic to become excessively rare. The guidelines below explain which symptoms become visible, and when they occur.

Every year the Brotherhood of the Radiance is active, magic will be drained depending on the number of brethren. The magic drained each year is measured in "Rad force." Symptoms of magic decline take place according to the total Rad force drained over the years, as described below:

Average # of Active Brethren	Total Rad Force Drained each Year
1-5	1
6-10	2
11-20	3
21-30	4
31-50	5
51+	6

SYMPTOMS FOR DECLINING MAGICAL ENERGY

100 Rad force: Each year, for a whole day chosen at random, magic does not function (only spell casting is affected).

500 Rad force: Each year, for a whole week chosen at random, magic does not function. All magical effects, items and spells are temporarily *dispelled* during this week.

1,000 Rad force: The same as above happens, and great talent is required to study magic; an 18 Intelligence is required to begin studies. Mages with a lower score retain their abilities and levels, but cannot advance in levels any further. After a generation or two, the number of wizards decreases drastically in the world.

2,000 Rad force: Magic is very rare. Magical beings (dragons, elves, and monsters with magical abilities) are almost extinct and are thought of as legends.

Magic items are a once-in-a-lifetime find and there are no more than one or two wizards per hundred mile radius. The Great School of Magic is run by charlatans; the magocracy has collapsed; Glantri is ravaged by bandit, bar-

barian and humanoid raids, and is totally infiltrated by religious movements. Absolute chaos reigns.

5,000 Rad force: The artifact explodes, causing a cataclysm. Glantri and its artifact cease to exist; the nation is reduced to nuclear slag. Centuries later, Glantri is similar to the Broken Lands.

In other words, as long as someone uses the artifact, magic is drained from the Prime Material Plane. If the Radiance is not used, the draining effect stops until someone else discovers the power again. Drained magic can *not* be recovered, but further loss can be permanently stopped with the destruction of the artifact. At the time this campaign begins, 50 Rad force have already been drained by the Brotherhood of the Radiance (currently with six brethren).

Destroying the Nucleus of the Spheres

The artifact cannot be destroyed now. The only way to destroy it is to travel in time, back to the Blackmoor era (see module DA1). PCs can then find and destroy the alien nuclear reactor before Immortals of Energy make it an artifact.

Unfortunately, destroying the artifact causes the doom of Glantri. All these wizards came to Glantri precisely because of the Radiance. If the artifact is destroyed, then the Radiance never existed, the wizards would never have had a reason to gather in Glantri, and the magocracy never was created (nor was the Great School of Magic!) If a party of adventurers returns to their era after having destroyed the artifact, Glantri then becomes a mountain wilderness!

Paradoxes of Time Travel

Realizing the nation's fate, the party could again return to Blackmoor to undo their mistake. This would set up a situation where the party meets its "earlier selves" on their way to destroy the artifact!

Destroying an earlier self causes the character to vanish from existence, since the original is the same person but at a later date! If the earlier double is the sole survivor of the two, he then becomes the PC under the player's control (possibly still looking forward to destroying the artifact). In any case, if the destruction of the artifact is prevented, then the normal course of history takes place and magic withers away as inescapably as ever!

Draining Lifeforce

A character can fail his attempts at becoming an Immortal (as per the *transcend life force* spell). This causes the victim's body to wither and turn to ashes while his life force is drained into the artifact, where it becomes more energy supply.

The character is forever lost and cannot be revived. However, this "sacrifice" prevents any magical drain from the Prime Material Plane for a year per experience level of the victim. The trapped life force(s) remain conscious within the artifact until their last flicker of energy. Someone in presence of the artifact could use *ESP* or any other mental communication mode and converse with the victims. A life force can only reveal what it knows (essentially how it got there and whatever it knew before its arrival).

Other Powers

The *Nucleus of the Spheres* is buried in a cave ten thousand feet below the Great School of Magic, in hard rock. There is no access tunnel. Because of the high radiations prevailing in the cave, any living being would have to make a saving throw vs. poison each round or die. After leaving the place, a visitor must save vs. poison at -1 per round of exposure or be permanently affected by the radiation. Should he fail, death occurs after 2d4 weeks. A *wish* or any high level *healing* spell cures a victim.

Strange alien writing can be seen on glowing crystal cubes (computer screens). If a visitor has a way of deciphering unknown writing, he will learn about the artifact's relationship with the era of Blackmoor, and the read the words "E.S.S. Beagle" painted on the equipment. No further information should be revealed. The artifact has no other powers.

Adventures in Glantri



"Come on, we haven't got all night. Eh, Luigi, get that pack on the gondola before the constables see us." As he gives the order, the shady-looking character grabs an old man by the back of his robes and yanks him aboard the frail gondola. "You come over here and be quiet."

Meanwhile, Luigi unties the ropes and starts pushing the gondola through the thick nocturnal fog. "You sure we should take this zoin' with us? I hope you know what you doin', Max. He looks odd for the job!"

Max and the wizard sit in the gondola cabin. Playing with his knife, Max explains the situation. "This is the deal, old man. All we need you to do is help us get past the wards at the vault. The Fellowship wants the elven lady's jewels. We get them. Then we split. You just follow us there and be quiet. Clear?"

With a quavering voice, the wizard answers, "I'm not old, and my name is, uh... oh yes! My name is Wilbur, Wilbur Raknarod. I'm glad you asked for help. It's been a long time since my last adventure. It reminds me of my first expedition, out there in the Broken Lands. It was sixty-five years ago if I remember, or perhaps sixty-three, I'm not too sure anymore..."

"Oh, be quiet. You're ain't here to tell us the story of your life. Just get your pack ready,

the tower isn't far now."

"Humpf," snorts Wilbur, "the younger generation, they think they know it all. A little advice here might help. Yes, I'll see to it. Now, where did I put that pack?"

DM Notes: This section provides the DM with a series of adventures plots he may use in his campaign. Through the course of the thieves' mission, Wilbur will tell about his previous experience as an adventurer. The DM may use these stories as starting point for new adventures. The sections to watch for are boxed and are followed with a series of DM notes. For the DM's convenience, the notes contain the following information:

Adventure Level: The experience level needed for the adventure and the rules (Basic, Expert, Companion or Masters). This assumes a party of six to eight characters.

Topic: The facet of Glantrian life covered in the adventure (a guild, a specific NPC, or a special event)

Interesting Features: Elements of the adventure that provide fun and excitement (a specific magic item, a monster, an interesting twist to a plot, etc.)

Campaign Hook: A way of connecting the story ideas to a longer lasting campaign game

(usually interaction with NPCs, or important events).

The DM is free to develop these plots into full-sized adventures. At the end of this section is a longer adventure, featuring the Graduation at the Great School of Magic. It may be used several times, with minor modifications, each time a PC attempts to graduate from the School.

MEMORIES OF A LIFE OF ADVENTURE, MORE OR LESS REMEMBERED BY WILBUR RAKNAROD

Luigi's gondola silently moves up to the tower's wall, in a dark corner. While Luigi ties the gondola to a mooring pole, Max swings a grapple to the top of the tower.

Shouts and laughter echo in the tower. Light glows at all the widows.

"Looks like the Belcadiz are having a party in there!" says Luigi. "You sure we shouldn't come back some other time?"

"Nah, no problem," answers Max. "They'll never know we were here. The noise they're making will make our job easier."

Max's grapple falls into the water for the twelfth time. "This tower is higher than I

thought. I'm afraid we'll have to climb."

"What about the old man?" asks Luigi.
 "Hmmm? Talking about me again?"
 Wilbur comes out of the small cabin. "You think I can't hold up my end? You think I'm afraid of a little wall-crawling? Well, that reminds me of this expedition we had fifty years ago in the Colossus Mountains. That was climbing; mountain peaks and cliffs like you've never seen before!"

A. To the Peak of Wisdom

"Yes, we were looking for the crystal trees, up there in the glaciers. One night, great fire balls fell from the sky and hit the mountain above our camp. It caused a huge avalanche and the next I remember, we were in bed, a dozen Ethengarian yellow faces looking at us! In fact, we had been rescued by mystics, these strange fellows who live high in our mountains: The Hospice of the Mystic Healers.

"They told us we were sick and we couldn't leave before they gave us a cure. We had been exposed to strange spores coming from the fire ball. They were afraid of spreading the disease down at Lhamsa.

"But someone among the mystics was staking us. We managed to find our foe, an Ethengarian priest and a dozen fellows! They were victims of the same avalanche that got us. It was about then that we learned the mystics had a cure, but not enough for both the Ethengarians and us. We were getting weaker and it was the wrong season to find the right medicinal plants.

"So, claiming neutrality, the mystics organized a duel between the Ethengarians and us, in their special training room. Only the survivors would have the cure. The room was a bottomless pit with swaying vertical wooden beams coming up to our ledge. We had to jump from one beam to another and fight our opponents, while being weak and dizzy from the disease. We won. They let us go, but in exchange for our silence on the incident, they agreed to deliver saplings of the crystal trees in Lhamsa, whenever we would need them."

Adventure Level: 1-3, Basic

Topic: The Hospice of Mystic Healers and friendships with the Ten Thousand Fists of Khan (see "Guilds and Brotherhoods").

Interesting Features: Fighting under tricky conditions while struggling against disease effects; see "Bells of Fate" in the Glantrian

Calendar for the fire in the sky.

Campaign Hook: Recurring disease symptoms; the party must return to the Hospice from time to time, eventually meeting Song Anh (see "Marauders and Masters"). The Hospice may serve as a starting point for more mountain adventures (sasquatch hunt, lost hermit, recovering a lost meteorite, etc.).

"Will ya be quiet and climb that wall, ya old windbag?" snarls Max.

"Eh? Watch your language, young man! Me, climb a wall? Who do you take me for? Let's see, what was that fly spell... Ah, yes!" The old wizard mumbles and gestures bizarrely. "Here! And away we go!"

The two befuddled thieves watch a fiery projectile shoot forth from Wilbur's finger tips, flying high into the sky and producing a large ball of fire.

"Ah! That's how it is done! I've been looking for this one for a long time," says Wilbur with a large smile.

The two thieves duck into a dark corner of the tower as an elf sticks his head out of a window. "Ole! Bravo!" shouts he, vigorously clapping his hands. "Princess Carnelia knows how to entertain!" Then, tossing a coin to the wizard, he adds, "Here, my good man! Here's for your trouble, and come back with more fireworks!"

"This reminds me of this trip we made some thirty years ago," Wilbur says. "Let's see, how did it start?"

B. Good Sprite Day

"We had been hired by the Supreme Judge's Secretary to check out some illicit arms dealing in Nyra, south of the capital. There was an arms dealer there who was suspected of selling weapons to unknown individuals. The Secretary thought Followers of the Claymore to be involved.

"We managed to get hired to guard the depot. The merchant had been robbed several times during the night. He was secretly dealing arms to F.A.E.R.Y. in exchange for gold but also because they held his brother hostage. The thieves were no other than agents of E.L.F. also trying to get their hands on the weapons.

"After investigating, we were able to retrieve the missing brother. Discovering the loss, F.A.E.R.Y. decided to attack the depot the following night and capture the weapons. It was a wild fight. As soon as

they assaulted the depot, agents of E.L.F. also showed up, hoping to thwart F.A.E.R.Y. Meanwhile, we fought back, using magic missile ballistas. When things got worse, the fort garrison finally showed up and finished turning the depot into a pile of smoldering rubble."

Adventure Level: 1-3, Basic

Topic: F.A.E.R.Y. versus E.L.F. (see "Guilds and Brotherhoods" for details), an elf-bashing adventure.

Interesting Features: Aside from the final combat, the party should be involved with an investigation to find the hostage, as well as the possibility of becoming members of either faction.

Campaign Hook: The PCs become personal friends or enemies of Esmeralda Erewan and Don Carlo de Belcadiz. Glantrian officials suspect the PCs of belonging to one of the subversive factions.

Finally, after finding his fly spell, Wilbur and his two thieffy friends are on top of the tower. Sneaking down the stairs, they enter an unoccupied room.

"Well!" says Wilbur. "Rad strike me if this isn't a library!"

"Hold your horses, old man!" snarls Max.

"That's not what we came for. Luigi, peek through the lock and see if anyone's coming."

Quickly, Luigi answers, "No one. Let's go." The two thieves tiptoe from the room. Fifty feet down the corridor, Max suddenly curses, "Wait! That blasted wizard didn't follow us."

When they reach the library again, Wilbur is there, waving a book. "Look! How wonderful! Tome XVIII of the Seekers of the Mayflies! Have I a story for you!"

"Oh no... not again!" In despair, Luigi drops on his knees, holding his head.

C. Mayflies of the Fair

"This book is a classic in the series. It's about this famous spy mission during Arcanum. A large number of visiting wizards complained that their scrolls and books were stolen during the night, often after demonstrations in the Halls of Arcanum. They blamed the Mayflies of the Fair, lowly thieves of magic. The constabulary, incapable of finding the culprits, hired a group of adventurers to do their spying.

"The spies discovered that the Mayflies

Adventures in Giantri

were not to blame—this time—but instead, the Peoples' Spell-Casters Company was involved. The spies managed to enter the secret headquarters of the Company and find what their new plan was. They'd gathered all this new magic and were thinking of raiding the Great School of Magic while most wizards were out to Arcanum. After sneaking out, the spies set up a trap in which dozens of illegal spell casters and criminals were captured, earning a huge reward from the constabulary."

Adventure Level: 1-3, Basic

Topic: Peoples' Spell-Casters Company (see "Guilds and Brotherhoods" for details) and Arcanum (see Calendar).

Interesting Features: The discovery of a dangerous lair; a tricky mission; possible access to stolen magic after the spell-casters are captured; party's first visit to the Great School.

Campaign Hook: All of the Peoples' Spell-Casters Company hasn't been captured. The remaining elements consider the PCs foes and will seek revenge.

"Here, tie him up and gag him." The two thieves hold the wizard to the floor, jamming a cloth into his mouth.

"That'll keep him quiet!" says Max. "Now, let's move it." The two fellows pick up the wizard and trot down the hall.

"Blast, someone's coming!" Max ducks into the next room. It is filled with alchemical equipment and cobwebs.

With avid eyes, Wilbur observes the area in detail. "I'd recognize the smell anywhere!" the old wizard thinks. "Mandradora root; there must be some in here. I'll have to come back. The last time I saw any was at the school. How I miss those happy days. A sad thing I left so early."

D. Murder on the Orient Tower

"I was a novice back then. No one knew who I really was; I guess I always loved being among these humans. As I recall, it was midnight, the Night of the Red Moon. I was on guard duty at the Orient Tower.

"During my tour, I discovered five dead students, all horribly mangled. I followed a trail of blood upstairs, to my master's quarters. There, four monsters were holding him while one of the students, my best friend then, was madly stabbing him with

his dagger. He was totally crazed; I'd never seen him like this. I immediately *dispelled* the conjured monsters and tried to talk sense to my friend, but he savagely attacked me. During the fight, he accidentally fell on his own dagger and died.

"At this moment, the older students entered and they saw me holding the dagger, with blood all over my robes. Immediately, they accused me. I didn't think I'd stand a chance on trial. I fled, flying out the window, and never returned."

Adventure Level: 1-3, Basic

Topic: The Night of the Red Moon (see Calendar for details).

Interesting Features: A rival wizard has the victim accused of murder, claiming the victim was trying to steal some secret from his master. The victim hires the PC to prove his innocence, which consists of stealing the dead bodies to have them questioned by a necromancer in presence of a magistrate.

Campaign Hook: The PCs may gain a sponsor to enter the Great School of Magic, or make a foe of the rival wizard.

The two thieves catch the wizard a further down the hall, then find a narrow shaft in a wall, with a service lift.

"Luigi, go down first. See if the path is safe, and let me know," orders Max.

When the small platform is back, Max loads Wilbur and pushes the elevator down. A moment later, he finally crouches on the platform and pulls himself down the shaft.

"Max?" says a baffled Luigi as his friend emerges. "Where's the old man?"

"That double-crossing rat! I betcha he got free on his way down and stepped off at another floor. Now we're in trouble. Let's go find him before it's too late!"

On another floor, Wilbur chuckles softly. "It takes more than ropes to trap good old Wilbur. Reminds me of that quest the old bizzard gave those adventurers."

E. Quest for the Lizard Tail

"The Viscount of Nathrat was after a black dragon's tail, a component he needed for some new spell. Oddly enough, he thought I was a black dragon in human form! What nonsense! Well, he hired these adventurers to abduct me with the help of a powerful *charm*, supposedly to prevent

me from turning into a dragon. The *charm* proved useless but I found that all this aroused my curiosity.

"I let them capture me after a little magical battle; they never suspected anything. Once inside, it was no difficulty for me to break free. I cornered that old bizzard of Naramis and turned him into a black dragon. The funniest part is, when the alarm was sounded, the adventurers and the tower guards ran into the black dragon! Thinking it was me, they battled the Viscount and managed to cut his tail off. So he fled and eventually *dispelled* my enchantment! It took him a couple of days to succeed, but when he came back, well... the tail was still there for him to use. Not a bad deal after all!"

Adventure Level: 1-3, Basic

Topic: A quest to acquire spell components for a wizard.

Interesting Features: A combat against a weak black dragon (out of spells, tired to the point of doing minimum damage), the PCs aided by two dozen Tower Guards.

Campaign Hook: The Viscount later hates the PCs for defeating him in his own tower, yet he is in debt since they got him a black dragon tail as per their agreement, and chased "the dragon" out of his tower at no fee.

Soon, Wilbur wanders into the main hall of the tower. A crowd of jovial elven nobles is there, having a great time, chatting, dancing, drinking the finest vintage of New Alvar's tequilas, even fencing near the fireplace.

"Hola, Senor!" says the butler seeing Wilbur. "Please take one of these masks; Princess Carnelia ordered a masked ball!"

Wilbur takes an ugly troll mask and joins the crowd. "Well, shan't you welcome your favorite wandering monster?" asks he. The crowd laughs and it isn't long before the old wizard, socializing with his peers, is off on another story...

F. Some Old Vampire's Story

"When I was young and seeking adventure, I worked for Thou-Haul, at the Movers' Guild. One day we got an assignment for the Tower of Vladimirov. This young Baron just earned a title of Viscount and needed to move to another fief. We never dealt with him in person, only with his

seneschal, a loathsome limping hunchback.

"His master was a poor noble and we had to carry his personal effects on foot. First bandits attacked us, then a couple of werewolves, and finally, undead beings stalked us every night. Each morning, we discovered one of the bearers sucked dry of blood, two holes in his throat. The worst was the night the undead stormed a hamlet and got past our barricade. We thought we'd lost it when the Baron himself showed up and blasted the undead to smithereens. As surely as the sun rose the next morning, he was gone again.

"The trip went on, and we finally made it to our destination. Most of the bearers were dead by then. Later, the Baron explained he'd angered a powerful necromancer who tried to prevent him from moving away from Boldavia. He mysteriously disappeared a year later."

Adventure Level: 4-6, Expert

Topic: The vampires of Boldavia, and the Movers' Guild (see "Guilds and Brotherhoods").

Interesting Features: A vampire baron is torn between the need to protect the hirelings moving him to another tower, and his drive to feed on them. Good scenario for mindless undead bashing.

Campaign Hook: The PCs aid the baron vampire at the cost of angering the Prince of Boldavia. The baron belongs to the Boldavian Liberation Organization, and hires the PCs on a vampire hunting mission.

A pretty senorita is dancing on the table, clapping her castanets in the traditional Beldadizan way, and hammering the table with her heels. Excited by the music, Wilbur jumps on the table. He claps his hands over his head and shouts wild "Oles!" while the senorita dances around him.

After a minute of this, the old man feels dizzy and falls off the table into the arms of another noble. "Thank you, young man!" says Wilbur. "I'm not used to this any more! But when I was young and healthy..."

G. Datsa' My Boat!

"When I quit working for the Movers' Guild, I found a temporary job at the shipyards. My employer built gondolas, but his business was on the decline. The annual

Gondola Games were getting close and he wanted me and a few other fellows to win the Grand Prize. He could then advertise his fine workmanship and bring more business.

"It is then we discovered that some of the gondolas were sabotaged and that illicit gambling was going on. A certain Luigi was behind this; we secretly followed him to a tavern. There, he met with a corrupt magistrate, the true organizer. He would bet high on an underdog, while Luigi sabotaged the expected winner's gondola for a fee.

"Despite their numerous sabotage attempts, our team finally made it to the finals—against Luigi himself! We were the underdogs. We knew they gambled a fortune on us and Luigi would probably lose the finals on purpose. We bet all our money on Luigi, then lost the game on purpose before Luigi had a chance to do the same. Of course, we sabotaged his gondola; it sank quickly afterward, covering him with ridicule.

"Though my employer was chagrined at losing the contest, he still got new business with his new slogan, 'Win or Lose, a Vinrood Gondola Never Sinks!' We made a fortune, at the magistrate's expense, and he thought that Luigi double-crossed him!"

Adventure Level: 4-6, Expert

Topic: The Gondola Games (see Calendar) and corrupt magistrates.

Interesting Features: Gondola fighting for fun; following suspect into a sordid ruffians' nest and dealing with shady people to set up a sting.

Campaign Hook: The magistrate is an intermediary for some unscrupulous nobleman. The nobleman goes broke; both he and Luigi later seek revenge on the PCs.

"Why, that crooked troll-face! I knew I saw that face somewhere!" snarls Luigi. "I'll give you some stories, you old—"

As the old Wilbur proudly recalls his youthful exploits, the two thieves stand on an inner balcony overlooking the main hall, just above the old wizard.

"Cool down, Luigi! Take it easy!" says Max.

"You'll settle with him later. We gotta get him outa there, or else no jewels and lotsa trouble with the Fellowship."

Blow, Wilbur proposes a toast: "Long live Adventurers and Conquistadores!"

The crowd answers with a happy "Salud!" and Wilbur goes on telling his stories, between erratic tequila-spawned hiccups and giggles.

H. The Lords of Beggars' Court

"Anyway, our new fortunes were quickly spent and again we looked for new and exciting tasks. A local baron's seneschal hired us for a mission. The baron's son ran away after a dispute and stole a powerful crystal device. We were to retrieve him, and above all, the precious crystal.

"A lengthy investigation brought us back to the city. We'd heard he'd been seen suffering from a loathsome rotting disease. Fearing an epidemic, the building's tenants threw him out with his personal effects and drove him to the Beggars' Court.

"We went there wearing rags and illusions to look deformed and sickly. Avoiding the beggars' king was tough, but eventually we made it to the dungeons. The place was infested with slimes and other horrors. We found the young noble, but he was a mere shadow of himself, nearly dead. A secret passage out of Beggars' Court led us out of the city. We brought the son back, barely alive, and his crystal. The device radiated an aura of fear and uneasiness; we were glad to get rid of it and get our reward."

Adventure Level: 6-8, Expert

Topic: Beggars' Court and the Brotherhood of the Radiance (see "Guilds and Brotherhoods").

Interesting Features: Mission in Beggars' Court; a crystal device related to the Radiance; its aura leaks some clues to the PCs on the Brotherhood.

Campaign Hook: King Ratibus seeks revenge for the loss of his new recruit and the crystal. The baron may sponsor the PCs if they wish to enter the Brotherhood.

Two servants walk down a corridor when they run into the butler. "Ay! By the Alhambra! You two, come here!"

The two servants turn pale. "I told you stealing servants' uniforms wouldn't work! I told you, Max!" whispers the first.

"Ah, shut up, Luigi, an' let's see what her wants!" answers the other.

"Straighten your jackets! Where do you think you are? And go to the main hall, they need more tequila!" orders the butler.

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The two fellows pick up trays and cut through the crowd, looking for Wilbur, and see him standing on his left foot while trying to touch his nose with his right knee.

"Here! I told you! Shee, I'm not drunk!" claims the wizard as Max draws closer.

"What are ya trying to do? Spoil the mission? Follow me!" whispers Max, frowning at Luigi's dark, threatening look.

"All right, but not before thish lasht one!" giggles Wilbur.

I. The Silver Quarrel

"After this mission in Beggars' Court, we ran short of components and weapons. There was an opening in Vyonnes for a were-hunt so we went shopping at the Silver Quarrel, a specialty shop for anti-werewolf devices.

"Our first clues led us to the Chateau de Morlay. The Baron graciously invited us to stay for the night and offered us the help of his tower guards to search the forest. The night after, at the camp, his guards turned into werewolves and chased us for several nights. None of our weapons harmed them.

"We arrived in Vyonnes the night of

Carnival but the creatures easily tracked us through the crowd. At the Silver Quarrel we found the owner trading silver—which we had paid him—for weapons. His partner was a dwarf. How he came to Vyonnes still is a mystery. As it turns out, the shop owner was a werewolf who delivered the weapons to the Canine Protection Society. Meanwhile, he was selling phony silver blades to his foes; but we brought that trade to a quick end. After a bloody fight, the other werewolves died from the true silver weapons we found in the shop. Several days later, we received a scroll of apology from the Baron and word that he had his Tower Guards replaced."

Adventure Level: 6-8, Expert
Topic: The Canine Protection Society (see "Guilds and Brotherhoods").

Interesting Features: Intrigue at Chateau de Morlay; a good fight against the werewolves during the Carnival of Vyonnes in a shop filled with silver weapons.

Campaign Hook: The Baron—true master of the werewolves—keeps on sending his canine followers after the party.

The two thieves help the drunken wizard out of the main hall. "Let's go down this way," says Max, reaching a narrow spiral staircase.

They reach a cellar and find another door. As Max inspects the lock, Luigi snarls at Wilbur, "So, you're the one who sank my boat! You just wait till we get the gold, and then..."

"Luigi!" says Max. "Be quiet and come here. I think there is someone back there. Try to listen at the door."

Suddenly, a gushing sound comes from behind the two. Lying under a huge barrel with his mouth wide open, Wilbur gulps the pouring wine. "Averoigne '45! One of the best! Thish really beath the struff they sherve in Glenmoorloch! What a night that was..."

J. The Taverns of Glenmoorloch

"After leaving Averoigne, we spent some time in Klantyre, working as Tower Guards at Crownguard. The first day on leave, we visited all the taverns in Glenmoorloch. The next I remember, we woke up in the sheriff's jail. He told us we were caught roaming the streets and singing religious songs in the middle of the night. We were

to be executed the next day, unless we accepted this mission.

"The Captain of the Tower Guards at Crownguard was suspected of being a Follower of the Claymore. We were to return to our post, and eliminate him as soon as possible. At the tower we made our investigation. It appeared the captain was loyal to his prince, but most of his guard were traitors and were plotting to assassinate the prince after dealing with the captain.

"The captain granted us protection from the sheriff's accusations in exchange for our help to clean the tower of the followers. As for the sheriff, he disappeared as soon as he heard about the failed coup against the prince."

Adventure Level: 8-10, Expert

Topic: The Followers of the Claymore (see "Guilds and Brotherhoods").

Interesting Features: Coup attempt at the Tower of Crownguard; the PCs are blackmailed into committing a crime. PCs may actually become true Followers of the Claymore.

Campaign Hook: A member of Brannat's family was behind the coup; both he and the Followers seek to take revenge on the PCs.

"That sheriff," says Luigi, "shoulda hanged you when he had the chance!"

The two thieves slowly open the door, ripping through cobwebs. Suddenly, a large hairy paw from within grabs the door and flings it open. A horrible grinning head comes out of the dark, snarling and growling.

"You're the boss, you handle it!" says Luigi as he ducks behind a barrel.

The creature grabs Max as the panicky thief desperately tries to stab it with his knife. The monster prepares to rip Max's head off when Wilbur shows up at his side.

"Oh, a genuine Usus Bugensis! Let'sh see, I need some of this!" says he, pulling out a fistful of the creature's fur.

The thief and the bugbear suddenly fall quiet, staring at the old wizard.

"Hie! The lasht time I shaw one of theesh was at an Annual Monstersh Fair, back in Glantri city. T'wash twenty yearsh ago..."

K. Tally-Ho!

"We led an assortment of monsters from Glenmoorloch to Glantri City, for the Annual Fair. T'was a tough job. The crit-

ters had to be loaded on barges to reach the market.

"Sure enough, other monster dealers were sailing nearby. The close presence of natural enemies provoked the creatures, causing some of our gondolas to capsiz. The fun part was the recovery of the cages and their occupants from the water.

"We had a load of bugbears to amuse passers-by. A merchant purchased one, an old beast. Later at night, someone opened the cages; we later found out the old bugbear broke free from its buyer and came at night to free its friends. It was tough tracking them down, but we finally found them in a nearby gondola, which we sunk. They tried to swim away but we pursued and hunted them down to the last—more or less. Once in awhile one will show up in the catacombs."

Adventure Level: 8-10, Expert

Topic: The Annual Monsters Fair (see Calendar), and the Monster Handlers Union.

Interesting Features: Getting a load of wild monsters to the fair, an investigation to find the runaway monsters

Campaign Hook: The more intelligent monsters set up a lair in the sewers and raid the city from there.

"Haaarrrh! Zoh, yoo da ones hoo kaptooered my friendz!" roars the bugbear. "Kill!"

"Gack! Wait, want freedom? Gold? Gems? Food? Mates?" squirms Max; he pulls out a small flask. "Look, good brandy!"

The bugbear sniffs at the flask. Without dropping Max, it bites off the cork and gulps down the brandy. "Zoh, about dat gold?"

"Well, uh, we're on our way to get the princess' gold. Ya kill us, ya get nuthin'; ya help us, ya get a 3% share and we drop ya at the next catacomb entrance. Deal?"

Showing its five hairy fingers, it answers, "Duh, thoity purzent... an' him!" pointing at the drunken wizard.

"That's a deal!" says Luigi with a smile.

"Fery vunny!" adds Wilbur. "Anyway, I shall go on with the rest of my shory. The monsther fair led ush to The Great Shchool of Magic..."

L. Love Story

"We delivered dragon eggs to the School. They were about to hatch but we had no idea what kind of dragons these would be.

Since the school had ordered younglings, they told us to stay in one of the crypts until the hatching. I always had a knack for dragons, and taking care of them was no difficulty.

Some unscrupulous dealer mixed various types of eggs without notifying us. A dragon of each color hatched, including a cute little golden dragonette. The blue and white dragons turned against us, while the red and green attacked the golden one. It was tough subduing them all.

"I didn't have the heart to leave the dragonette to these wizards. Who knows, perhaps they would have dissected her. I hid her under my robes and left. A day later, a wizard met me at the tavern and said he knew about the missing dragon. He was willing to sponsor my membership to the Circle of Dracologists if I returned the creature. Temptation was great, but I refused. Fearing some intervention from the wizards, I set her free during the night and never saw her again... so sad..."

Adventure Level: 10-12, Expert

Topic: The Circle of Dracologists (see "The Seven Secret Crafts of Glantri" for details)

Interesting Features: The party may get away with a cute little dragon, or become disciples of the Circle of Dracologists.

Campaign Hook: Depending on the PCs' choice, the little dragons grow up to become friends or foes of the party; the mommy comes looking for her eggs and she is furious.

The bugbear wipes a tear off its hideous face while Max straightens his servant jacket and sniffs loudly.

"Awright, awright! Let's go," says Max. "We got work to do here!" All four leave the cellar and enter the bugbear's cell.

"Here, I told you! The safe is in the cell. You just keep watch while I break the combination!" says Luigi, already rubbing his greedy hands.

"Oh! That'sh intereshting!" intervenes the old wizard. "This ish exactly the shame vault brand ash the one we cracked in zhe Remple of Tad! Uh, Temple of Rad! We were after money to repay the Shchool for the mishng dragonette..."

"Here he goes again..." moans Max while the bugbear stuffs its large ears with handfuls of tags and other grubby things.

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M. Dark is the Night

"We'd had a tip from a friend in the Fellowship of the Pouch. There was supposed to be decent treasure in the local Temple of Rad's vault. It was this or offend the wizards still further.

"So away we went, creeping and crawling through the garden and the worship hall. We didn't have much problem getting down to the vault and opening it. But there was a magical ward inside the vault and, as we discovered after, the door activated a mechanism releasing monsters in the garden.

"The vault was permanently obscured with a high-level spell of *darkness*. The guard inside was a blackball that took several lives before we retreated with the loot. Some strange magic prevented the ball from leaving the vault.

"Then the Shepherds were on us with their monsters. Some of them even saw our faces. The High Shepherd's diary was in the loot, telling about his suspicion about his order. He contacted us later and agreed to keep our identity secret and forget about the loot if we destroyed the diary in his presence. So the deal worked out for us."

Adventure Level: 10-12, Expert

Topic: Temples of Rad, and Fellowship of the Pouch (see "Guilds and Brotherhoods").

Interesting Features: A blackball (see Masters DM's Book, page 40 for details); secrets about the Temple.

Campaign Hook: The Brotherhood of the Radiance learns about the theft and their High Priest's lack of faith; they attempt to get hold of the diary or capture the PCs.

Luigi slowly pulls the vault's door open. "Well, I did my job, now you check the vault!" says Luigi to Wilbur.

"It'sh about time I get to do shomeshing! What was that shepl' again?" Wilbur makes strange gestures as the two thieves retreat to the stairwell. The bugbear asks "Woh? Wha' yoo dooin'?"

Luigi's head appears at the stairs' entrance. "Duck first, ask questions later!"

A column of fire suddenly strikes the bugbear. The old wizard turns around and discovers the hapless creature sitting on the floor, smoking and coughing. "Oh, that was nice! I wonder how I did that one! But there ish nothing in the vault! Knowing the princesh, she probably wears her jewels or left 'em in her

bedroom. Thish reminds me of thish case we had to sholve..."

N. Things That Go Bump in the Night

"I woke up one night after this horrible nightmare. I dreamt of this fellow of Krondahar running away from hooded men with torches. They were burning his house.

"I went out for a stroll and learnt it was Fire Night. There was a fire around the block and hooded men walking away. I don't believe in coincidences! I was able to help a Krondaharian merchant, who claimed the Followers of Fire attempted to take his life. He would pay a great amount of gold if my friends and I put an end to this barbarity.

"It took us a few days to find the secret place where the Followers of Fire met. We had some trouble dealing with various fire creatures guarding the area and the disciples who discovered us. After the battle, we captured their leader, but found out he knew nothing. We delivered the fellow to the merchant for safe keeping.

"Using connections with the Fellowship of the Pouch and lots of gold, we found the culprits' hideout. Capturing them was easy, except they turned out not to be true followers. In fact, they were morons working for the Thugs' Guild. They had been paid by some Krondaharian visitor to torch a house!

"The so-called Krondaharian merchant was a nobleman from the House of Singhabad, an illusionist who desired revenge on the Followers of the Fire. We'd been had!"

Adventure Level: 12-15, Expert

Topic: Followers of Fire; House of Singhabad (See "Guilds and Brotherhoods")

Interesting Features: Fire elementalists, fire creatures, illusionists, and city thugs

Campaign Hook: The PCs rescue the Followers of the Fire leader, perhaps entering the secret sect. The nobleman hires more thugs to get rid of witnesses, i.e. the PCs.

The four fellows quietly return upstairs, doing their best to avoid the crowd of drunken hidalgos and busy servants.

"Here, that's the room!" whispers Luigi as he listens at the door. "Quiet, now!"

Immediately, the bugbear goes crashing through the door, scaring Luigi half to death in the process.

Seeing the room is empty, all four rush inside and close what remains of the door. On

the verge of hysteria, Luigi grabs the bugbear by the beard. "You fool! You realize the noise you're making? You're gonna get us all captured!"

"Whuh? Wah yoo sayin'?" asks the bugbear. "Shaking the bugbear, Luigi screams at the top of his lungs, "I said, be quiet!"

"Wha?" asks the bugbear. "Wilbur walks up to Luigi. "Might be a good idea to pull the rags out of his ears; he might like my next story."

O. Dirty Half-Dozen

"Things were getting hairy at the capital. We had offended the Thugs Guild, the House of Singhabad was suspecting us of plotting something, and the Followers of Fire were more than upset with us for abducting one of their lieutenants.

"Then we all received an official scroll from the army. We were drafted to Camp Huledain, under Volospin's banner. They were at war there with a large tribe of mountain humanoid. The day after our arrival, we were 'volunteered' for a dangerous mission to eliminate the tribal chief and break the enemy's chain of command.

"It took us weeks to accomplish the mission. There, we found a prisoner, an old elf whom we brought back. He was none other than the camp commander's father. His son rewarded us with our freedom, and promised that if we swore allegiance to his clan, he would support our petition at the Parliament for a Barony."

Adventure Level: 16-18, Companion

Topic: Sire Qenildor Erewan; becoming a noble; voting support at the Parliament

Interesting Features: A dangerous raid into the Silver Sierras, orcs galore.

Campaign Hook: The old elf wants to remain incognito and retire from politics. His son orders a PC Baron to safeguard the old elf. Other nobles send spies to break into the PCs' tower and find out who the old elf really is. Abduction or assassination are possible events.

Luigi looks under the mattress. Max pokes at the walls, and the bugbear rips the wood planks off the floor. Meanwhile, Wilbur falls asleep on a couch, snoring loudly.

Suddenly, the double doors slam open and the three fellows turn in alarm. A crowd of hidalgos and senoritas walks in, wearing ludicrous costumes and masks.

"Ay! Look at these costumes! The bugbear



is truly terrific!" says an admirer.

"And there! These burglar outfits are a true success! Bravo!" adds a senorita.

"Behold senores! It seems our old friend Wilbur lost to the tequila! Let's bring him back to the main hall. Ole! Viva!"

The happy crowd pulls the three terrified fellows along with them, while the butler picks up the dreaming Wilbur.

P. Dreams of Power and Glory

In slow motion, Wilbur rides his destrier along with his old adventuring friends. They come to a glittering tower, with flags of silk fluttering in the wind, and garlands of flower over the windows.

Wilbur steps into the main hall where a throne awaits his arrival. Two lines of knights in shining armor raise their swords and hail the new lord. A distant relative has died, and Wilbur is the last of his line.

A man in black robes suddenly appears at the throne, takes the crown and orders Wilbur out. He is a long forgotten brother of the late baron. The knights in shining armor throw the hapless Wilbur out.

Soon, dark clouds gather above the

land, and the crops wither. The people cry and grab Wilbur's golden tabard, imploring his return. He accepts this duty and marches back to the tower, followed by the grateful people.

With a thunderous roll, the tower door bursts open, and the dark lord steps back from Wilbur's might. The duel must be fought. Fire and lightning, wind and ice, traps and death: the duel goes on in the nightmare's fog. With a fell blow of his wand, Wilbur wounds the dark lord. The lord stumbles; he falls to his knees; he crawls on the floor; at last, he begs forgiveness.

A magistrate in his red robes appears next to the dark lord and binds his hands with heavy manacles. He reveals the dark lord's false identity. Then, he pulls out a scroll, the Chancellor's Bill: a fortune for Wilbur to pay. A sinister laugh echoes in Wilbur's dream... Wilbur suddenly wakes up, panting and sweating.

Adventure Level: 18-20, Companion

Topic: The inheritance of a Barony, duels among wizards, the law and its cost.

Interesting Features: A nefarious necromancer usurps the identity of a long-forgotten

brother of the late baron (raises the dead body and magic jars into it); the people revolt against the chaotic usurper.

Campaign Hook: The necromancer's suzerain wants the PCs to swear fealty and enter the necromancers' circle, or he'll act against them and their barony.

"Dear Rad, I was dreaming I had a horrendous income tax return!" says Wilbur. The crowd laughs loudly as the wizard recovers from his nightmare.

As Wilbur keeps on joking, the three fellows take advantage of the situation to tip-toe away, unseen from the crowd.

"Let's go back to the room," says Max. "The jewels must be somewhere in there. We don't need the old man anymore. It'll be one less share to pay."

Meanwhile, Wilbur continues with yet another story. "Talking about taxes, it was fifteen years ago, in my friend's barony..."

Q. Reds

"Loyal to my friend as always, I decided to be his seneschal for some time. My first task was to help gather the tax from the wilder ranges of the dominion. That was

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not easy: the farmers there resisted the new barony's authority.

"Before we knew what was happening, half the dominion revolted. The land so generously awarded to my friend was a nest of Free Fundamentalist Farmers. They despised noble authority and were fighting to remain independent. Quickly, they raised a force of a hundred fifty men armed with pitchforks and flails, and besieged the tower. The Guards were barely able to defend the walls, so my friends and I went out on a special mission: to find the leader of the F.F.F. and dismantle their organization.

"They used a few horrible monsters they rented from the Monsters Handlers' Union, but we eventually dealt with these and captured the insurgents' leader. He was none other than a lowly wizard. Once he was captured, a chunk of the F.F.F. went home. The others were dealt with in more traditional ways—induction into the army!"

Adventure Level: 20-25, Companion

Topic: Mass rebellion in a barony, a plot from a rival wizard to take over the barony.

Interesting Features: Hordes of unionized monsters protecting the wizard; proletarian terrorists armed with green slime bombs harassing the imperialist baronial forces

Campaign Hook: Subversive activists from the F.F.F. (secretly controlled by a rival House) keep on attempting to raise more followers among the baron's people.

War Machine: F.F.F. Militiamen—Troop Class Fair, BR 58, 150 troops on foot.

The trio finally reaches the bedroom. It is now dark but a silvery moon glow beams into the room from a large window. The three fellows begin their search anew when the door slowly opens behind them.

"Caramba! I knew you were up to something," says a voice. "This time you have not escaped my vigilance."

Max twirls around and pulls out his knife, Luigi breaks a bottle on the dresser and the bugbear tips a wooden pole off the bed. "Well, if it's not our good friend the butler!" snarls Max. "Come, if you dare!"

Fearfully, the butler walks up, into a patch of moonlight and shudders convulsively. Patches of hair cover his body as he grows wildfang fangs and claws. "Now, you understand who I really am!" The butler, now a werewolf, roars and leaps upon the bugbear. "Lock him up in the closet!" yells Max.

"Easy to say!" roars the bugbear. "Me want foifty purzent! No werewolf in deal!"

"You got it!" squeaks Luigi. He opens the closet, ready to push both the bugbear and the werewolf inside, then screams, "The jewels! The jewels! I found the jewels!"

The bugbear heaves the werewolf into the closet as Luigi dives out with the jewels, and Max slams the door. "Rats! Where's the key?"

The hapless trio does its best to hold the door shut while the lycanthrope wildly claws and bites at the wood. Meanwhile, in the main hall, Wilbur starts a new story.

R. War and Peace

"After we cleaned his barony of most F.F.F. activists, my old friend ran his dominion like a pro. All his old adventuring buddies joined him and became captains of the guard, provosts, sheriffs, treasurers or representatives. The key positions were held by his most loyal friends. The other nobles referred to us as the Old Clan.

"It took just a few years to reach great prosperity. The people were happier that they ever had been. There was a rumor that the town mayor was gathering votes for an Act of Enfranchisement in the barony and the surrounding lands.

"This brought jealousy from the rival nobles—jealousy and fear. Creation of a new prince would change the political map. Suddenly, we saw a new period of chaos. F.F.F. insurgency flared up again, with the support of the Followers of the Claymore, the Guild of Thugs, all more or less supported by rival nobles. A bloody civil war ravaged the barony. In the end, the good baron prevailed, but the price was high. Some of his closest friends became Followers or the Claymore, others were assassinated, a few betrayed the baron for gold, magic, or the promise of a distant barony. Those who remained turned fearful. The Old Clan was no more.

"When peace was restored, the people petitioned for an Act of Enfranchisement and the baron got involved in shady intrigues to gain votes at the Council. He became a prince, but he had changed tremendously. It is then I decided to return to a life of adventure, away from politics and power, sharing dangers, poverty and hope with my new companions of fortune."

Adventure Level: 26-30, Masters

Topic: Becoming a Prince, court intrigues and power struggles

Interesting Features: Several underground movements attempt to disrupt a noble's tactic to become a prince.

Campaign Hook: Some of the PCs may attempt to take control of some of the underground movements or earn a barony in exchange for some critical service to a powerful prince.

At last, the bugbear pushes the bed against the closet, trapping the werewolf inside. The two thieves and the bugbear quickly leave the ravaged bedroom.

"We must cross the main hall to leave the tower," says Max. "I can't believe they still listen to his dumb stories."

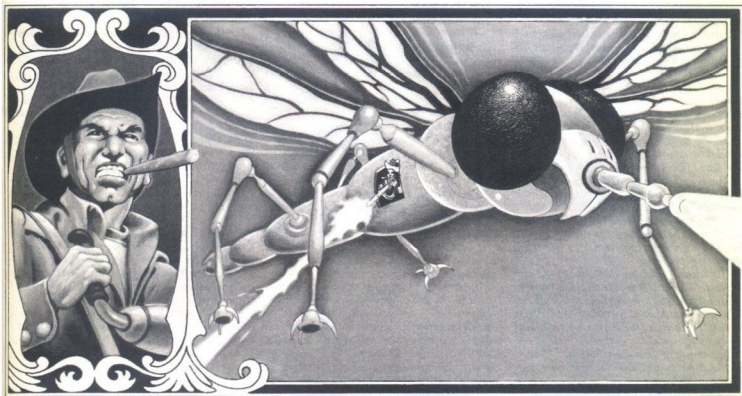
Down below, in the main hall, Wilbur continues, "Aha! It was then we staged this wild raid against a nest of red dragons..."

S. Apocalypse Then

"The Chamberlain of the Land summoned us for a new mission. A highly inflammable ore had been discovered in a mine, but this attracted swarms of red dragons. The local army proved insufficient to deal with the threat and a solution was urgently needed.

"At about the same time, the Great School of Magic made a great discovery, a new secret weapon. They wanted us to try it out for the occasion. The thing looked like a huge dragonfly, clearly a magical construct made of metal. The hollow interior was spacious enough for ten people. A large enchanted rotating tube stuck out of the thing's mouth, and was capable of shooting meteor swarms. One man sat in each of the crystal bug eyes, one to guide the dragonfly's flight with magical knobs and levers, the other to shoot the meteor swarms. On both sides of the dragonfly was a large opening with a staff mounted on a swivel that could launch magic missiles in a rapid fire.

"Away we flew in our proud machine, against the dragons. The younger red dragons fell like flies. More than once we barely avoided a fire blast or a tail lash by maneuvering wildly. Finally, we met the leader of the dragons—an ancient, huge, utterly evil dragon. Our dragonfly was already damaged; we shot a hole through the dragon's wing just as its breath weapon was finishing off our craft. The crash wrecked the invention, but we and the dragon survived; we had to kill it on the ground, using all of our wit and bravery.



"We brought the wreck back to school and declared it worked perfectly well, but they refused to pay us. The wizards were furious at the great machine's destruction. Fortunately, we received a pension from the Chamberlain, who was delighted at the dragons' demise and the Great School's consternation!"

"Unfortunately, one of the meteors hit the mine entrance, blowing up the ore. The mine owner was ruined and ended up in the gutter. I guess he hated us for the rest of his life, dragons or not!"

Adventure Level: 26-30, Masters

Topic: Mass dragon slaughter

Interesting Features: A wondrous flying machine loaded with utterly destructive weapons; a dragon battle like no man has fought before; a strange ore that attracts dragons

Campaign Hook: The mine owner is ruined and later becomes a boss at the Thugs' Guild, an enemy of the PCs.

"What! So he's the one who ruined me! I'll have his guts for this!"

Furious, Max is about to jump off the bal-

cony when Luigi and the bugbear grab him.

"Max, cool down! Stay put!"

"Me go nutz if liss'n to 'nother story! Arth, an' 'ungry too!" whines the bugbear.

"Ha! But you haven't heard the best!" continues Wilbur, now standing on the table. He picks a guitar and plays a familiar tune as he recalls another adventure...

T. Leave and Let Die

"A couple of years later, I accepted a position as assistant to the Supreme Judge of the Council. I was in charge of the intelligence branch of the General Constabulary. It often happened I couldn't resist doing the field work myself, a reason why I was fired some time later.

"As months went by, we realized our branch had been infiltrated and some of our best operatives were being killed. 'Worse, we had no suspect. When I got involved, though, I had no difficulty finding two tiny holes in the victims' neck. My first suspect was the Baron of Igorov. How he breached our security was a mystery. Of course, I joined the Igorov mission.

"Sneaking into the tower was tough

enough. The place was filled with magical wards and undead horrors. We reached the laboratory and discovered a *teleporting* device capable of pinpointing a single area in any tower of the nation. That much we understood, but its exact mechanism was still obscure to us. We tried to take parts away to have them studied in our laboratory, but then a crowd of undead creatures broke in. Some we destroyed, others we managed to push into the *teleporting* device. We never found out where they went... Some runes appeared on the device but they were hard to decipher, something like Balhadra, Aldambar, Almandra. We never figured it out.

"Anyway, we left the place and blew up the laboratory. The baron never knew what struck him. The fire spread out in the tower and caused great damage. We never heard of the spies thereafter, but I was fired for lack of respect to a noble."

Adventure Level: 26-30, Masters

Topic: Boldavian vampires, the Circles of Necromancy.

Interesting Features: Exploring a deadly necromancer's tower; a *teleporting* device

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linked to many distant places.

Campaign Hook: Both the necromancer and the owner of the tower the undead appeared in seek revenge on the "spies."

"So, you are the one who released all these horrible monsters in my tower!" shouts an older senora. "I am the Princess of Belcadiz and my tower is Alhambra! Guards, seize him!"

At the same time, a servant appears at a window overlooking the main hall. "Traheery! The Princess' jewels have been stolen!"

The guards move on Wilbur, and he points his finger at a corridor. "There, there, the thieves! They're running away!"

As the guards turn around, Wilbur sprints in the opposite direction. The thieves and the bugbear on the balcony stand up, thinking themselves betrayed.

"To arms!" screams the Captain of the Guards. "The E.L.F. is here with monsters!"

Max, Luigi and the bugbear jump off the balcony, swing down a chandelier and crash on a table. Meanwhile, Wilbur jumps out a window into the canal.

Pointing at Wilbur, Luigi screams, "Scum, you sank my boat!" and jumps out the window after Wilbur.

"Yoo kaptoroed my friendz! Kill, kill!" The bugbear follows.

"You ruined my career!" Max follows.

"You wrecked my tower and stole my jewels!" The Princess follows.

"The Princess is drowning!" The hidalgos follow.

"Haaaarw!" The werebutler follows.

In the utter confusion, Wilbur, the two thieves and the bugbear make it to their gondola and paddle away from the mess.

"And now, it's payday, old man!" snarls Max. A nasty look appears on his face, while Luigi and the bugbear look on, grinning.

"Now, now, let's not be naughty, boys! We got out of the tower, didn't we? You know, I really wasn't doing this for the money; it was for fun. But there must be an end, even to the best of times..."

Suddenly, Wilbur starts growing, taller and heavier. Then wings sprout from his back, and a tail, and fangs. In moments, Wilbur is a huge, ancient gold dragon. Under his weight, his edge of the gondola suddenly goes underwater; the see-saw effect propels the three fellows through the air, back into the mass of swimming, screaming elves.

"Thank you so much for this charming evening! I will be back again some time! Raknaar the Dragon wishes you the best of luck! The huge creature launches itself into the night.

And to this day, some people still say they

hear its horrible giggle near the tower.

U. Sample Graduation Test

DM Notes: The following is an example of what an aspiring wizard may be confronted with when attempting to reach 9th level at the Great School of Magic.

The day before the graduation, the master informs his student that he should select a series of spells for the test. He should not be given any information about the test, nor what types of spells he should memorize.

On the morning of the graduation test, the student is brought down to the School's dungeons. He is stripped of all his equipment, save non-magical clothes, a mapping set, and a simple dagger (non-magical). He is not allowed to keep his spell book, scrolls or any sort of magical item.

At five in the morning, the master shows a door to the student and informs him he must enter the graduation grounds through this door and leave through the other exit before the end of the day, midnight. If he magically leaves the area without getting past the final door, if he gets some outside help, or if he fails to leave the area before time is up, the student flunks his test and must try again some time later.

Dungeon of Aces—House Rules: The student starts at the top of the stairs marked "Entrance", south of the graduation grounds. He must find a way to reach the stairs on the north side. At the bottom of the south stairs lies a metal ring with a key that bears a heart symbol (all the corridors and intersections are lit with a *continual light* spell cast at 20th level).

All the intersections in this dungeon are blocked by magical doors that bear a symbol (a heart, a spade, a club, or a diamond). A magical door is opened by simply touching it with a magical key of the same symbol. The magic door closes after the student gets past.

One of the four symbols is engraved in each corridor and intersection. Each time the student enters an area, the magical key corresponding to the area's symbol appears at the metal ring. If the key was already at the ring, it disappears instead. A symbol only functions once, when the student enters its area. The symbol is reactivated after the student leaves for the next area.

As the student progresses through the dungeon, his four keys will keep on appearing and disappearing from the metal ring. The keys do not come off the ring (opening a door does not cause the key to be lost). The student cannot discard keys on purpose. Throwing the ring and its keys into another area causes them

to reappear at the student's belt.

All the magical doors have a small window (the shape of the door's symbol) that allows the student to peek into the next area. The student can see the symbol engraved in the next area as well as the symbols on its doors.

Depending on the route the student follows, he may get stuck in a passage without the keys to get out. If he is at an intersection, the student is *teleported* after 1d4 rounds into one of the numbered areas; roll 1d10 to find the area number. If he is stuck in a corridor, a one-way door automatically opens after 1d4 rounds into a numbered area (see Encounter Key in the next column).

All the doors in this dungeon can be knocked open, including one-way doors. If the student is trapped somewhere, he can always cast a *dispel magic*, or a *dimension door* to get past a magical door. The three last doors near the exit cannot be magically tampered with (the student absolutely, positively needs the right keys to get out). The entrance to the two north hallways (heart symbols) leading to the exit are fitted with a permanent *dispel magic*. All spell effects in these two hallways are automatically had to unveil *dispelled*.

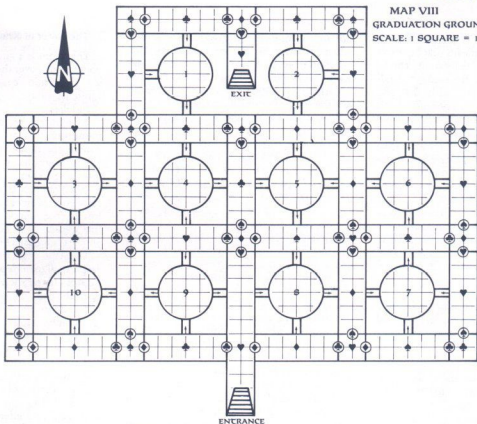
Example of Play: The student enters the first area next to the entrance and picks up the ring with the heart key. He goes north to the heart door and enters the next area. The diamond key appears at the ring.

The student then goes east through the diamond door, into the next area. The spade key appears at his ring. Having no other option, he returns to the previous area; the diamond key disappears from the ring.

He goes north into the club area. The club key appears at the ring. He returns south to the diamond area, and the diamond key appears at the ring. At this point, the student has all four keys.

To make the game easier for both the player and the DM, feel free to use four aces from a regular card deck. Every time a key appears at the ring, give the corresponding ace to the player; when a key disappears, take the ace card from the player's hand.

Number of Moves: The number of moves the student makes and the time spent in numbered areas must be marked down. Each area the student enters constitutes a move. At the end of the test, the total number of moves counts against the student's victory points (see conclusion at the end of this chapter). As an average, assume each move takes five rounds (allowing enough time for observing through

MAP VIII
 GRADUATION GROUNDS
 SCALE: 1 SQUARE = 10'


windows, thinking, moving and opening doors). Numbered encounters also affect the extra time a student spends in each.

DM Note: The student is under constant observation from School officials and his master. They use scrying devices to follow his progress. Should he be wounded to the point of passing out, the PC will be rescued within 1d4 rounds (an official *teleports* in, and rescues the PC with *potions of healing* and magical help in case a monster was turned loose.)

Encounter Key: Whenever a student runs out of keys, he is either randomly *teleported* to the entrance of a numbered area (roll 1d10), if he was in an intersection, or a one-way door automatically opens, if the student was in a hallway.

A one-way door can only be used in the direction of the arrow (see map); however, it may be *knocked* open in any direction. Unless noted otherwise, the numbered areas are dark.

Once inside a numbered area, the student must get past the area's obstacle to get back out into the corridors. All of the numbered areas contain an item that could be useful for the student, either in this dungeon or later in his career. The student will retain these items if he graduates.

1. The Mirror of Life Trapping

This dimly lit area is filled with an eerie vegetation. Large mushrooms and glowing mosses grow everywhere, leaving three narrow winding paths leading to the three doors. The southern door is the only way out. The student can only see ten feet away.

A *mirror of life trapping* is bolted to the back of the exit door. Letters are painted on the mirror, in very small characters, saying: "*Knock three times, and the door shall open. Search the purple flowers.*"

The student may safely read the words by casting a *wizard eye*. He must otherwise make four saving throws or be drawn into the mirror. The student can leave the area by casting a *knock* spell on the mirror, to open the door.

Among the vegetation are 3d6 purple flowers. One of them contains a *ring of fire resistance*. The student may locate the ring in 1d6 rounds by casting a *detect magic*, or spend 1d4 hours looking for the right flower.

2. Oblivious Darkness

This area is totally dark. In the middle of the room is a blackball (see Masters DM Book page 40). It starts moving toward the student as soon as he enters the area.

A *light* spell will allow the student to see

the deadly sphere and easily avoid it. A small *gate* exists in the center of the room; however, it is blocked by a magical ward. A *dispel magic* will break the ward and suck the blackball back into another plane.

If the student gets close enough to the center of the room, he can see a small tube floating inside the gate. The student can stretch his arm into the gate and get hold of the tube. It contains a *wand of secret door detection* (with 10 charges).

The student can open the door by pushing. The player must roll 1d20 under his Strength each round until the door gives way.

3. The Eyes in Disguise

This area is a large pit filled with burning coal. Depending on which door the student came in, a narrow bridge stretches from his alcove to the opposite door. The coal gives off a dim reddish light, barely sufficient to see the narrow bridge.

The ceiling above the pit is a dark dome, with the illusion of dozens of blinking red eyes watching the student. Whispering and giggling sounds come from the illusion.

Each round the student walks across the bridge, one of the eyes drops from the ceiling, screaming horribly. If the student believes the

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illusion, he must make a Dexterity check or lose his footing. This just means that he stumbles on the bridge; but three Dexterity checks missed in a row will cause the student to fall into the burning coal. The coal inflicts 1d6 points of damage per round. The student can get out by casting movement spells (*levitation*, *fly*, *dimension door*, etc...)

A *light* spell will reveal the eyes are harmless illusions designed to frighten him. A *dispel magic* has a 50% chance of destroying the illusions. The student will safely get across the bridge with a *dimension door*.

In the middle of the bridge, under a loose stone, is a cylinder containing a magical scroll with a *charm monster* spell. The student will spot the loose stone once he knows the eyes are illusions and he actively searches for concealed items.

The student can open the exit door by pushing hard. The player must roll 1d20 under his character's Strength each round until the door gives way.

4. Bugging Bear

Two bridges stretch across the room, forming crossroads in the middle. The area under the bridges is filled with water.

On the opposite side of the room is a bugbear (AC 5; HD 3+1; hp 15; MV 30'; AT 1 club; D 1d6+1; Save F3; ML 9; AL C; XP 75). He has a *potion of mirror image* hanging at his belt. The bugbear is a prisoner and wants to leave the area. He will ask the student for the ring of keys in exchange for his *potion*. If the student refuses, the bugbear charges across the bridge and attacks the student until he can get hold of the keys. He then walks away and ignores the student.

In the middle of the bridge is a wooden trap door. The student may cast a *knock spell* as the bugbear runs across, or a *fireball* (or any other spell he has available) to try to stop the bugbear. If the monster is in the water and the student threatens to cast another spell, the creature will give up its *potion* in exchange for mercy.

Once the bugbear is dealt with, the student can open the exit by pushing hard. The player must roll 1d20 under his character's Strength each round until the door gives way.

5. Deadly Passage

All the entrances to this area lead to the center of the room. There, the student has the choice between two passages. Both of them are obscured with a *continual darkness* spell cast at 30th level.

Above the two entrances is a note engraved in the rock, "One passage is deadly. The other

not so." In one of the passages is a bronze golem, waiting to hammer anything that attempts to get past (AC 0; HD 20**; MV 80'; AT 1 fist + special; D 4-40; Save as F10; ML 12; AL N; XP 4,300). The golem will not follow the student out of the passage.

In the second passage is a goblin armed with a dagger, covering in an alcove. If the student enters its passage, the goblin waits until the student is past, then tries to sneak up on him and attack him in the back (AC 6; HD 1-1; hp 7; MV 30'; AT 1 dagger; D 1d4; Save as NM; ML 7; AL C; XP 5). If the student fights, the goblin drops its dagger and runs in the opposite direction.

The goblin has a pouch that contains two *malfera's* eyes and a *nightcrawler's* sting. These spell components may be precious to the wizard later on if he graduates.

Although the alcoves in which the golem and the goblin stand guard are dark, they are not affected by the *continual darkness* of the two passages. The wizard may find the safer passage by casting a *wizard eye* or an *ESP*. In the latter case, the wizard should locate the goblin's thought: "Gee, I hope he takes the left passage. I'm gettin' real tired of bein' beat up..."

At the end of both passages, the student can open the exit door by pushing. The player must roll 1d20 under his character's strength each round until the door gives way.

6. Kobold Land

Twenty kobolds are kept prisoner in this area. The floor is covered with straw. Mewl remains are piled in the center of the room. As soon as the student enters, the kobolds scamper up a rope ladder, to a 10' x 10' balcony located 10' above the exit. Quickly, they pull up the ladder and start shooting small stones at the student (AC 7; hp 1/2; MV 30'; AT 1 stone; D 1d4; Save as NM; ML 6; AL C; XP 5).

A portcullis blocks the exit. A winch located on the balcony will pull it up. The student can get rid of the kobolds by casting a *fireball* or a *sleep* spell. Survivors surrender and open the portcullis. The kobolds hide a *potion of healing* under rags over on their balcony.

If the student attempts to get at the door without first neutralizing the survivors, the kobolds drop a net from the balcony and capture the student. They use the winch to bring him up. Spells casting through the net have a 50% chance of failing.

Once the portcullis is raised, the student can open the exit door by pushing hard. The player must roll 1d20 under his character's Strength each round until the door gives way.

7. The Tower of Knowledge

This room is a circular library. Overloaded bookshelves cover the walls from floor to ceiling. In the middle is a small table with a chair, a pitcher of brandy, a crystal goblet and a chandelier.

As soon as the student enters, the entire room quietly rotates, blocking all exits. Among the thousands of books in the library is a message that will enable the student to leave the room. The student must search through the books to find the message. For each hour of research, the student makes an Intelligence Check. If he succeeds, he finds the message. If he fails, he must spend another hour searching through the books.

The scroll bears writings that require a *read magic* spell to understand. It tells which books to pull off the shelves and in which order to open the exit.

The dome above the library is in the dark. At its highest point, 15 feet above the floor, is a magical *dagger* +2 stuck between the stones. Only the hilt sticks out of the stones. The student may cast a spell allowing him to reach the dagger (*levitate* or *fly*). If he does not have these spells, he can pile up the books and climb up to the dagger. For each five feet of books, the student must make a Dexterity Check or cause an avalanche of books. It takes an hour per five feet of books. Pulling the dagger off the ceiling will open the door.

The student may leave the library with as many books he can carry (a book per point of Strength). Remember the student has no backpack and must carry anything he finds in his hands or any other way the player can think of. The books are worth 1d100 dc each for a wizard's library.

8. A World in a Bottle

Entering this area (or being *teleported* in) causes the student to *gate* into a pocket universe, a small outer plane of 40' in diameter by 10 feet high. The room is an alchemist's laboratory, complete with beakers, retorts, crucibles and hundreds of jars.

On the middle table is a bottle that glows an eerie aura. Inside is a tiny laboratory with someone working. When the student approaches to observe the bottle, the person inside turns around and shows its face: the student's. Immediately, the student and the tiny prisoner are transposed. The student finds himself in the bottle, and the prisoner appears outside.

The ex-prisoner was a red imp by the name of Diabolus. After sinister laughter, Diabolus warns the student that he will never let him out of the bottle, unless he signs a special contract

with him, signing of his own blood. An ESP should warn the student the imp is not lying, but his intentions are chaotic. If the student accepts, he loses his soul to the laughing imp, but the creature drops a magical scroll that will enable the student to leave this area. For his own sake, the imp disappears for some time.

If the student refuses, the imp stays in the laboratory, laughing and tormenting his captive. The bottle cannot be broken from inside, but the student may exit using a *dimension door*. If the student does not have the proper spell, he may use the laboratory to research a spell that will get him out. Any second level spell or better should do. The laboratory contains food, a library sufficient for level 4 spells, and all components needed. It does not, however contain any spell books, only information needed for the enchantments.

The peculiarity of this plane is its time factor. One full day in this plane is equal to a single turn in the student's real world. If the student observes the area out of the bottle in detail, he should spot a odd cuckoo clock. Its pendulum is nearly immobile, although the student will notice it changes position slightly when he isn't looking. The hours change as well, but very slowly.

If the student gets out using his newly acquired magic, the imp will cower to one end of the laboratory, begging for mercy. He pulls out a magical scroll that bears the secret to leave this area. If the PC approaches, he threatens to rip the scroll apart. He lies. He has been the victim of a *geas* that forces him to turn over the scroll to the student if the student has clearly defeated him. Diabolus will try again to have the student sign the wicked contract, but if the student refuses again, the imp is *teleported* into the bottle and drops the scroll on the floor.

If the student searches the area, he may find a mandragora root (see "Critters from the Cauldron"), three archon feathers, and a new level 4 spell that reduces the caster and his equipment to a 1" tall man (permanent until *dispelled*). The spell allows the student to use the tiny laboratory in the bottle. Anything created or summoned inside the bottle will stay at a size appropriate to the tiny laboratory, until *dispelled*. The student may take the bottle and the imp with him. After uttering the magical runes on the scroll, the student appears on the other side of the one-way exit from area 8.

9. The Oozing Pit

This area is an upside down pit with a permanent *reverse gravity* spell cast at 20th level. The ceiling of the room (the bottom of the upside down pit) is 40' above the entrance and is coated with a thick layer of straw. Numerous bricks stick out of the walls, allowing an easy climb.

When the student enters, he falls upward to the ceiling. To reach one of the two exit doors, the student must use a *fly* or *levitate* spell, or may try to climb to the exit door.

A dozen gray oozes cling to the walls. If the student climbs down, he will encounter three gray oozes, one after the other (AC8; HD 3*; hp 13; MV 3'; AT 1; D 2d8; Save as F2; ML 12; AL N; XP 50). The student may fight the creatures using any method available, or cast a *sleep* spell on a portion of the wall. This causes three of the oozes to fall off, clearing a path down to the exit.

Behind a loose stone, under the first gray ooze the student runs into, is a scroll case. It contains a scroll with a *knock* spell. The student may use it to open the exit door. When this happens, the *reverse gravity* spell is dispelled and the student falls down, taking 2d6 points of damage. The door can otherwise be opened with simple pressure of the hand.

10. The Hourglass of Life

The room is bare save for a ten-foot high hourglass. Upon his arrival, the student is immediately *teleported* inside the hourglass's upper half. The sand starts flowing into the lower half.

No magic will allow the student out of the device. The sand is magical and causes the student to see his entire life and the graduation ordeal. He sees himself running through the corridors of the graduation grounds while the sand keeps flowing. At this point the student realizes the sand is slowly dragging him down.

Runes are written inside the hourglass. If the student uses a *read language* or a *read magic*, he should understand the following: "Flow with the sand of time, with time comes the wizards' experience." If the student casts a *dispel magic* on the sand, he immediately appears at the exit, with no ill effect. If the student lets go, his body turns into sand as he flows into the lower half of the hourglass. He then wakes up an hour later at the exit. The student is ten years older, gains a point of Intelligence (or 5,000 xp), but loses a point of Constitution.

If the student resists the sand flow, he may remain inside the hourglass. After 3d4 rounds, the air gets thinner and the student suffers one point of damage each subsequent round. At 1 hit point, the hourglass shatters and frees the student in the room. He permanently loses a point of Constitution. An *elven cloak* is hidden inside one of the wooden beams supporting the hourglass. The exit opens on simple hand pressure.

Ending the Graduation Ordeal

If the student reaches the north stairs, he graduates and becomes a 9th level wizard. Depending on how well the student did, he

gains respect or disdain from his peers.

The student's master and several school officials appraise the value of all the items he brought back with him, the monsters defeated, the number of uncast spells, and the time the student took to reach his result. Use the victory points suggested below (based on the experience values of items and monsters):

Area #5 spell components	5,000
Area #8 spell components	5,000
Charm Monster scroll	4,400
Dagger +2	1,575
Elven cloak	9,000
Magical keys remaining	2,000 each
Monsters:	
Bronze Golem	4,300
Bugbear	75
Goblin	5
Imp	500
Gray ooze	50 each
Kobold	5 each
New Reduce spell on scroll	4,400
Potion of Healing (3 doses)	1,300
Potion of Mirror Image	2,200
Ring of Fire Resistance	12,000
Tiny bottle laboratory	8,000
Uncast spells	1,000/level
Wand of Secret Door Detection	12,000

Add up the victory points given above and reduce the total 500 xp per move, and 200 per turn spent in numbered areas. Check the table below for results:

- 0 or less: **Mediocre Performance.** The student's master is greatly offended and the other magic-users consider the newly graduated wizard a fraud.
- 1 to 19,000: **Average Performance.** The student graduates with no particular honors. No wizard will remember his performance.
- 20,000 to 39,000: **Good Show.** The master is flattered. Both he and his student gain fame among wizards and nobility. The new wizard is well accepted among his peers.
- 40,000 and over: **Outstanding Performance.** The master is greatly flattered. Princes hear of the deed and consider the new wizard a potentially dangerous rival.

If he successfully graduated, the student is allowed to leave with all items he managed to acquire during his test. The keys are magical items with the following powers:

Key of Heart: Allows saving throws versus all types of *charms* at +5.

Key of Club: Equivalent to a *potion of luck*, usable once a day.

Key of Diamond: Allows the user to cast a free *knock* spell once per day.

Key of Spades: If the wayer ever falls to 1 hp, he may *teleport* to his laboratory upon uttering the command word (once a month).

Critters from the Cauldron

Imp

Armor Class: -5
Hit Dice: 1/2**** (1-4 hp)
Move: 120' (40')
Flying: 180' (60')
Attacks: 1 bite, 1 tail, or 1 weapon
Damage: 1-3, 1-3, or 3-6
No. Appearing: 1 (or two)
Save As: M-U 21
Morale: 7
Treasure Type: Nil
Alignment: Chaotic or Lawful
XP Value: 500

Red Imp: This is a small but very intelligent creature from the Sphere of Entropy. It is a foot-tall humanoid, with two bat wings in the back, two little horns on its head, a pointy tail, and rubbery skin. The imp often wears a small cloak.

The imp seeks to destroy those who befriend it by offering help in exchange for their souls. It desires to trick a victim into signing a contract with his own blood. Upon gaining its seventh soul, it becomes a minor demon in the Sphere of Entropy.

If the victim dies later on, it cannot be raised by any means. The only recourse is to find the imp and destroy the contract. The imp will help the victim as per the contract, but always indirectly, and in a way to get the victim in trouble.

The imp likes to imitate the face of its victim. It has infravision and can use a *charm monster* spell once per day, *dimension door* three times a day, move up to 500 cu of objects at a 100' range, and turn *invisible* at will. It speaks all humanoid languages, is immune to fire and cold based attacks, and all mind affecting spells. If forced to fight, the imp will summon a small trident (+2 magical weapon). When destroyed on the prime material plane, the imp turns to ashes. Its weapon turns into a *caused -2* weapon.

Blue Imp: It is a native of the Sphere of Matter. It is pearly blue with a faint golden aura over its head instead of horns. Its wings are feathery, it has no tail, and wears a translucent white robe.

The blue imp has the same abilities as a red imp, but is lawful. Every time a red imp charms a victim, a blue imp has a 3% chance per level of the victim of appearing on its opposite side. It will imitate the face of the victim and attempt to use its *charm* abilities to undo that of the red imp. If it fails, it follows the victim everywhere, trying to convince him to come to his senses, constantly arguing with the red imp; this prevents the concentration

needed for spell casting and is terribly noisy.

If attacked, the blue imp *dimension doors* away and comes back later. It will not rest until it manages to undo the red imp's *charm*. Once this is done, the two creatures disappear and never show up again. If cornered, a blue imp summons a small harp producing a *time stop*, which it uses to get to safety. If killed, both the blue imp and the harp *teleport* back to the Sphere of Matter.

Manikin

Armor Class: 6
Hit Dice: 1/2* (1-4 hp)
Move: 120' (40')
Attacks: nil
Damage: special (dying shriek)
No. Appearing: variable
Save As: M-U 1
Morale: 6
Treasure Type: Nil
Alignment: Neutral
XP Value: 30

The manikin, or mandragora, is a rare plant in its original form. The 10"-long root has a gnarled humanoid shape, with a few leaves growing on the top. If uprooted, it oozes blood and shrieks horribly. To uproot it, one must save vs. death spell or die in agony as the plant shrieks. Mandragora is usually harvested by being tied to a dog; the dog dies when pulling out the plant, but the root can then safely be picked up. Only one mandragora grows within a 24-mile area and an Intelligence check is needed to spot the plant (it takes ten years to grow to a useful size). Glantrian hills are a favorable terrain for mandragora.

The root can be treated by an alchemist well-versed in mandragora science to produce various compounds, such as soporifics, narcotics, anesthetics, hallucinogens, aphrodisiacs or medications that improve conception. Only one compound can be produced from each root and the effect is up to the DM. The root is also a major component for *potions of invulnerability*, *heroism*, *treasure finding*, *plant control*, and various *plitters of love*.

Wizards familiar with mandragora science can create a manikin from a root. The enchantment requires a permanent *create normal monsters* spell effect.

A manikin is a 10" high humanoid with a grey or brown rubbery skin. It does not speak nor write and has a mere animal intelligence. It has the ability to blend with wood (and move within its fibers at a rate of 10' per round) and with stone (5' per round).

A wizard must designate a specific point of his laboratory to be the mandragora's spiritual tie (any unmovable item). This location can never be changed. The creature must remain within 100 feet of this area throughout its life (until destroyed or its creator dies). When alone, the manikin hides in shadows as a 10th level thief and observes unexpected visitors in its creator's laboratory. If discovered, it can blend into wood or stone and escape. A manikin's Dexterity is rolled on d4 + 14 (15-18).

The manikin's creator can read its mind and memory as clearly as a book. He mentally controls the manikin and often uses it as an assistant when working in his laboratory. When the wizard is performing a complex experiment, the manikin automatically senses its creator's needs and performs that task. Using the help of manikins when making alchemical products or magical items increases the success chances 3% per manikin to a maximum of 12%. A mage can enchant as many manikins as desired (as long as he can find the roots).

A dying manikin produces the same shriek as the mandragora's root and its creator suffers a permanent loss of hp equal to his manikin's.

NOSFERATU (FROM GAZI): NA 1-4; AC 2; HD 7-9***; AT Bite, Weapon, or Special; D 1-4 (bite), by weapon type, or by magic type; MV 120' (40'), flying 180' (60'); Save as character class at level; ML 11; TT F; Alignment Any; XP 1250 (HD 7), 1750 (HD 8), 2300 (HD 9) if Fighter or Thief; 1650, 2300, 3000 if MU or Cleric. This is an undead creature much like a vampire, except that it does not drain energy levels: It drinks blood. It has all the abilities of the vampire, but may choose whether its victims come back as nosferatu or not. It has most of the same weaknesses as the vampire. It retains the character class and level it attained in life, and (at DM discretion) may continue gaining in experience level as an undead. Very powerful nosferatu can go abroad by day. Fighter and cleric nosferatu can wear armor, though it does them no good unless it gives them an AC better than 2. They often use weapons and magic in combat.

VAMPIRE ROSE (FROM B3): NA 1-8 (1-8); AC 8; HD 4*; AT 1 + blood drain; D 1-8; MV 30'; Save F2; ML 12; TT Nil; AL C; SA victim hit must save vs. spells or allow blood drain; XPV 125. These look like normal white rose bushes, but can uproot themselves and move about slowly. Thorns do 1-8 damage, and blood loss is 1-8 points of damage per round.

**A CONVERSATION
OVERHEARD IN A TAVERN OF
SPECULARUM, BETWEEN A
DWARVEN INKEEPER AND
TRAVELERS:**

"Ha! The scum of the world, that's what they are! They live in a world where everything is ruled by magic. There is no freedom for those like you and me; no respect for life, no beauty of stone, no pride of steel, no joy of drinking a mug of good ale and dying on the battlefield... Only darkness and slavery to the wizards remain.

"Trust me, these are evil barbarians. Literate they are, but their hearts are cold. Listen: Gran'Pappy Shieldkroten, my great grand uncle, went over there some two hundred years ago, with his whole family. Rumor had it fantastic gold mines were discovered in the mountains. But the wizards of Glantri blamed some plague on us, the dwarves, and drove us out of their land like cattle. These were the Years of Infamy.

"Like many others who refused to leave, Gran'Pappy Shieldkroten was taken to the

wizards' laboratories—that's how they call their torture chambers. They injected him with all sorts of poisons, took flesh from his body, gouged out his left eye, and even cut off his hair and beard... for spell components, they said! After building a wooden leg to replace the one the wizards amputated, he managed to escape with a prison mate—a werewolf they regularly drained of blood for nefarious experiments. Together they managed to flee through the great mountains that surround this land of horror.

"The wizards have never stopped their experiments on dwarves and halflings. This is not a place for an honest man to visit. Isn't even a decent career to be had in their army. Wizards are everywhere, controlling everything. This is a realm where a man needs a filthy piece of parchment to grant him the right to dig a mine or bear arms and armor. It's got to be legal, they say! You need a license for this, a license for that; I am amazed they haven't come up yet with a license for having licenses! Yet, their mountains hide many wealths and secrets, just begging for dwarven hammers to pry them out. There are still tunnels and caves in those hills; Gran'Pappy used them during his escape.

"Now, get this: Not even clerics can enter this realm, even to help the widow and the orphan. Gran'Pappy saw them burn a dozen men of faith on the main plaza. They claimed they were guilty of heretical worship and acting against the people's best interests. They have their own religion, the Temples of Rad. Who has ever heard of such a god?

"But I hear some clerics are secretly infiltrating the land to organize underground resistance activities. Good for them! The Archclerics and the King of Rockhome would pay dearly for the destruction of the evil wizards' dynasty. I'd like to let them feel the fine edge of my axe; show me one Glantrian wizard, and I, Thrumbar Shieldkroten, swear to avenge those who perished in this land."

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**AN ELVEN MERCHANT
SPEAKING TO A FRIEND IN A
BOOK SHOP OF DAROKIN:**

"Yes, my friend, business is booming. Last year only I sold more than ten thousand gold pieces' worth of art. I own three farms in Darokin. The majority of the crop is sent to Glantri, via the Broken Lands. The risks are great, but the wizards pay well.

"You should try to go there one day. It's a fascinating nation. If magic came in coins, this would be the Glantrian currency. Everything important works with magic; only wizards have status. Fortunately, we elves are welcome there. We are free to come and go as we please.

"Of course, you must follow the local rules. The people of Glantri are fond of organizations, guilds and other brotherhoods: Just about every aspect of the trade belongs to a guild. Don't you go cast a spell there without a license! The members must usually pay some fee in order to be allowed to practice their professions. In exchange for the fee, the member often earns some sort of protection.

"Years ago, business was a little shakier. The wizard-princes of Glantri decided, rather

inconsiderately, to rise the taxes on business to unacceptable levels. Soon, all the merchants gathered and formed their own guild. We had a few difficulties then, but things got better. Now all merchants dealing in Glantri, either local or foreigners, must belong to the guild.

"I started a new business in Glantri City. My wife handles all the details. She is now in the Monster Hunting business. You would be amazed by the number and the variety of creatures the wizards need for their experiments. A lot of them are wild, dangerous monsters from the forests and the mountains. Some of them are even captured in outer planes. Glantri City has its own market for wild creatures. The wizards do not necessarily use all these creatures in their laboratories. Some also become *charmed* guards, spell components, or practical ways of making a device work—I once saw a fire elemental used in a heating device!

"As far as business is concerned, all is fine. However, there are days I am concerned with the infernal rivalries of the wizards. Humans are predominant, and I'm sure this is responsible for the chaotic state of the nation's political affairs. With a little luck, a number of elves in the nation's ruling class could improve all this.

"Out of ten principalities, two are elven clans.

But there are days I am not so proud of being an elf either. The two elven princesses are bitter foes. The Belcadiz Clan claim they lived in these lands long before the arrival of the humans and the elves of Erewan. Erewani are descendants of Alfheim. I feel the Belcadiz are a marginal clan and they should not dictate to major communities what they think is right. Why, no later than last month our monster shop in Glantri City was blown to pieces. The constables said there was evidence F.A.E.R.Y. was guilty. They are a gang of criminals paid by the Belcadiz to spread terror among the elves of Alfheim. Not that I sympathize with E.L.F.E., the Erewan equivalent to F.A.E.R.Y., but I decided to join them for protection.

"I've gained quite a bit of popularity in Glantri City and business is still good. Perhaps one day I might be interested in politics. When I have enough gold saved, I will start studying at the Great School of Magic. With some luck I might become a wizard myself! I heard there were many secrets to be learned there. At least for the sake of curiosity, I'll take a few credits, just to have a feel of what it is like to be a Glantrian wizard."

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OPINIONS AND VIEWS ON GLANTRI

A SORCERER FROM THE GREAT SCHOOL OF MAGIC TALKING TO A WIZARD IN A FAR COUNTRY:

"Oh, yes, things are fine now. The wizard-princes' authority is unchallenged. There were difficulties at one time with the Khanate of Eihengar, but right now there is no fear of invasion. Our troops are perhaps the best in this area of the world and magic will always be in our favor. At last, Glantri has become the heaven of magicians. It is a nation created by wizards for wizards.

"So far, there are ten princes ruling at the Council. Another thirty nobles control the Parliament to handle litigious cases from the Council and lesser business. Great rivalries divide the nobles, but this isn't new. Most of them are aligned with one of the princes.

"The most powerful families are the d'Ambrevilles of Averogne, who control the Great School of Magic, the McGregors of Klantyre and the Gorevitch-Wozlans of Boldavia who are suspected of necromancy, the Vlaardons of Berghdohen who are of old Flemish origins, the Aendrys of Blackhill who may be related to Alaphatia, the elves of Belcadiz and Erewan who are long-time foes, the Von Drachenfels of

Aalban who are a strange half-Alphatian, half-Thyastian lot, the Virayans of Krondabar who used to be Eihengarian wizards, and finally, the di Malapietras of Caurenze who are suspected of dealing with Thyatis.

"Once you know about the goals of each of these major families, you should have no difficulty dealing with them. You may even want to relocate there for all the benefits. The Great School of Magic offers many services for the wizards who can afford the teaching fees. There are many secrets to be learned. There are secret sects within the school, sects who use special powers only they understand. I tried to join one of the sects, but they wouldn't even consider my request. I think they look for people with more experience.

"You should see the laboratories in the school, and all the facilities at the students' disposal. Since in Glantri all the nobles must hold a diploma of high wizardry from the Great School of Magic, it may be a good idea to study there for some time and attempt the graduation test. I was told it was a difficult ordeal and that only the best manage to get through.

"The thing that impressed me the most was what my grandfather found when he graduated fifty years ago. It was a tiny laboratory inside a bottle. He said he was able to reduce himself to a

small size, enter the bottle, and conjure a minor demonic creature. When he left the bottle and regained his normal size, he took the creature out of the bottle with a pair of tweezers and dropped it into his pocket! Every year, new wizards pass the test and come out with some incredible item... and the precious diploma!

"I am sure you'll have no difficulty adjusting to the life in Glantri City. It is a unique place where water canals replace the streets. During dry hours, heavy gondola traffic chutters the main canals. It is a cosmopolitan city that offers many diversions. Among the highlights are the City Library, Alexander Platz where the who's who of wizardry enjoys an evening stroll, the Entertainers' Quarter where all the fun can be found, the Monsters Fair in the Merchants' Quarter, the Temples of Rad where one can meditate and improve one's intellect, and finally, the imposing Citadel. The latter contains the city garrison and the Council's Tower. Remember never to remain in the Citadel's Quarter at night. A creature of darkness guards the area against intruders. Avoid the Tower of Sighs, the city's prison. Visitors are not welcome anywhere near this sinister place."

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A STORYTELLER RETIRED TO THE ISLE OF IERENDI, TELLING ABOUT HIS EXPLOIT AND GOOD FORTUNE TO HIS GRAND CHILDREN:

"Yes, my children, I was quite rich then. At the time, I was working with a fellow named Luigi. A fine guy, Luigi. You could always trust him to get you out of the city if you were in trouble. Together we pulled off incredible stings in the streets of Glantri City.

"I was sixteen when I left Ylaruam, being in trouble with the law there. I came to Glantri in search of adventure, and adventure did I find! Huge fortunes constantly change hands there. In a land where magic is the prime element of society, lots of gold is needed to further one's interests. Wizards abound in this place, spending fortunes to gain secrets, artifacts, or books. When gold does not work, then wizards call upon the help of yours truly! A thief in Glantri is never out of work.

"Don't think it is an easy life. These wizards have no honor and their word isn't worth much. They dislike witnesses and when a job

is finished, it is wise to leave to another place for some time. The more powerful the wizard, the more gold there is to earn, but the higher the danger. Thieves in Glantri had better know their classic magic traps and wards or else they'd never survive long. A wizard's tower is one of the deadliest places to rob; but most anything taken from there is worth a fortune.

"I took me a mere five years to establish my own branch among the Fellowship of the Pouch. I was responsible for all operations within a five block area at the capital. I had over thirty men working for me and paying their dues. City life was fine. It wasn't long before I accumulated an incredible hoard. I spent most of it buying all sorts of magical inventions, like heaters, machines that make pictures and sounds, clean dishes, clothes, or keep food cold. I even bought a flying carpet to travel at my leisure.

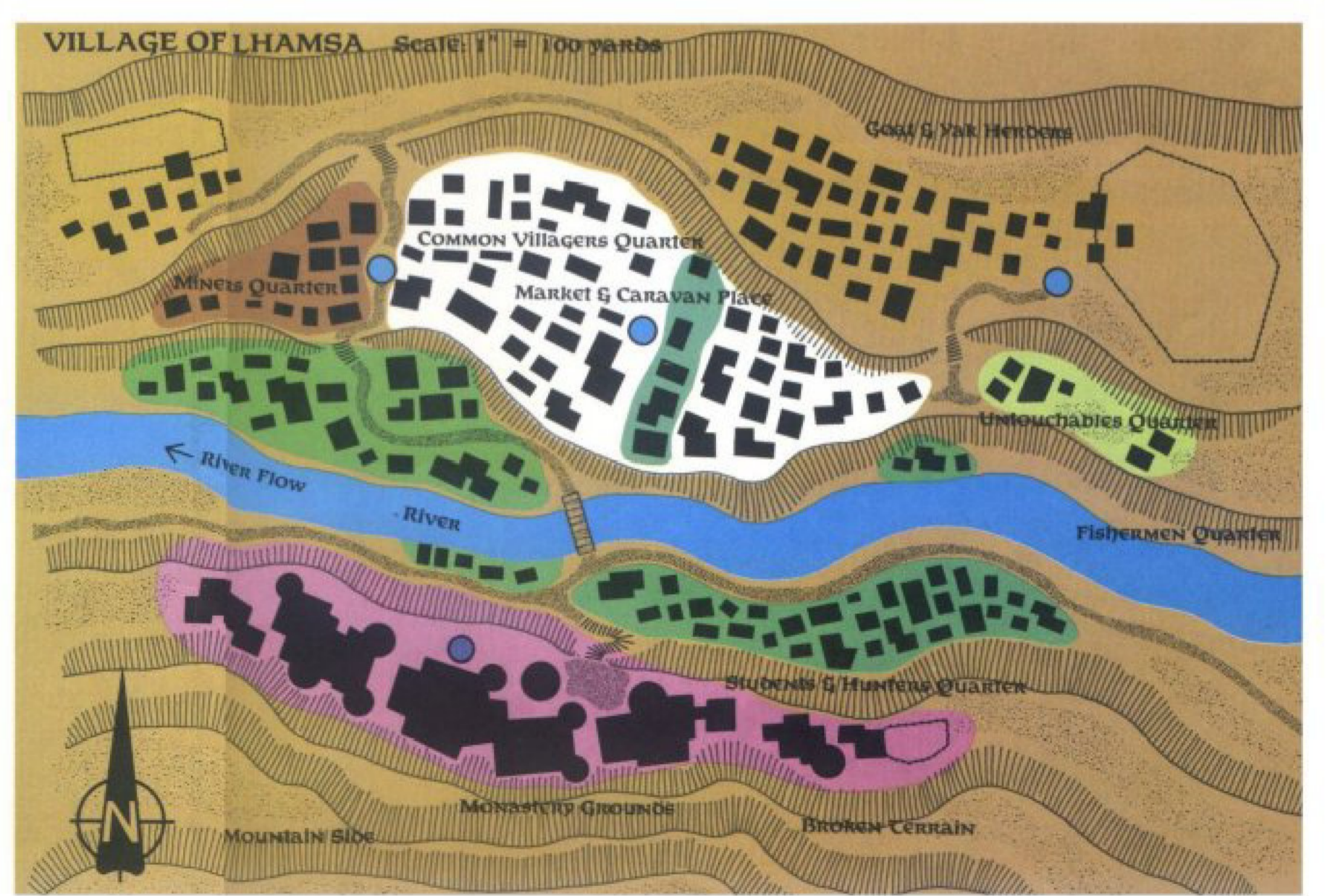
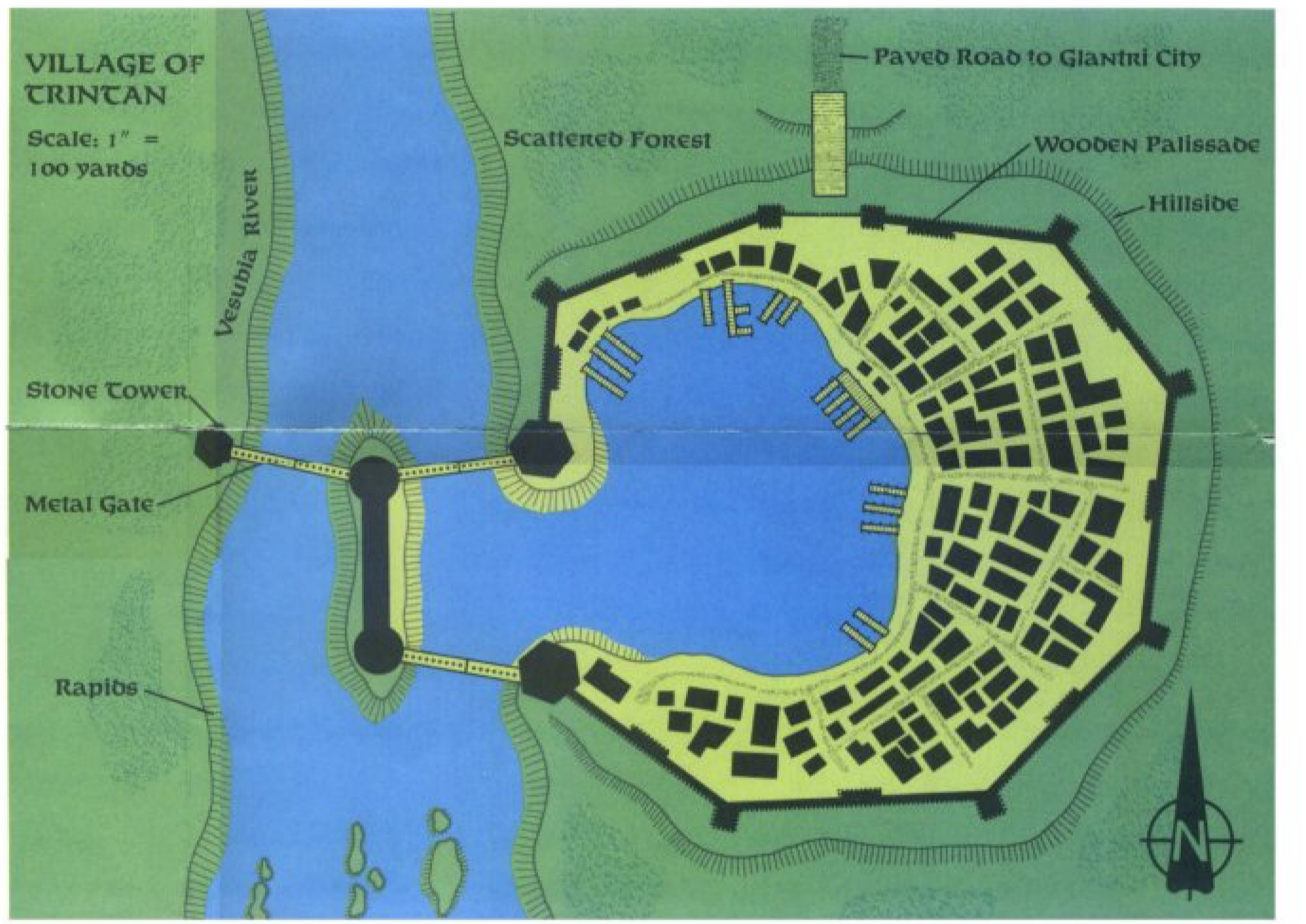
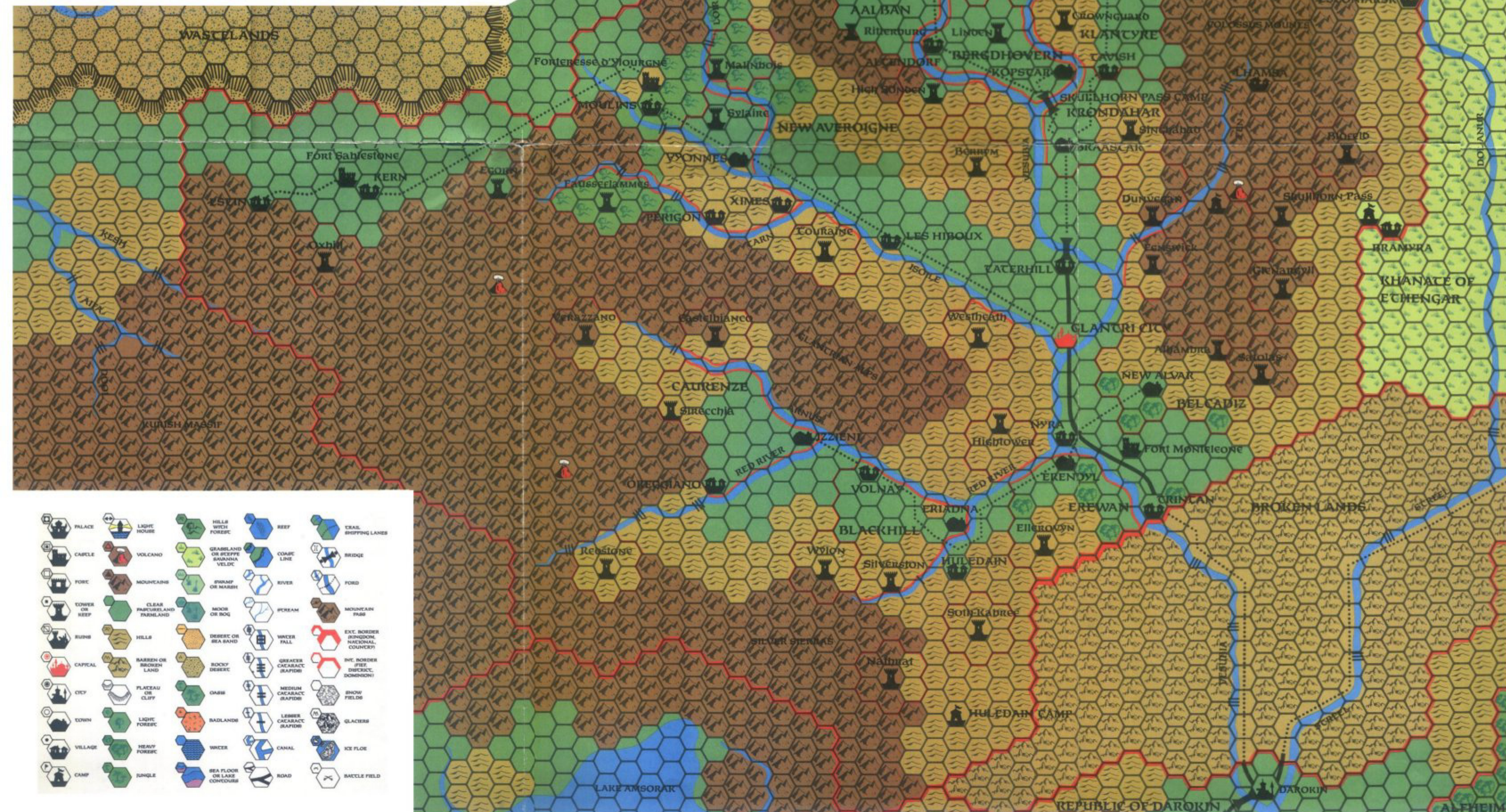
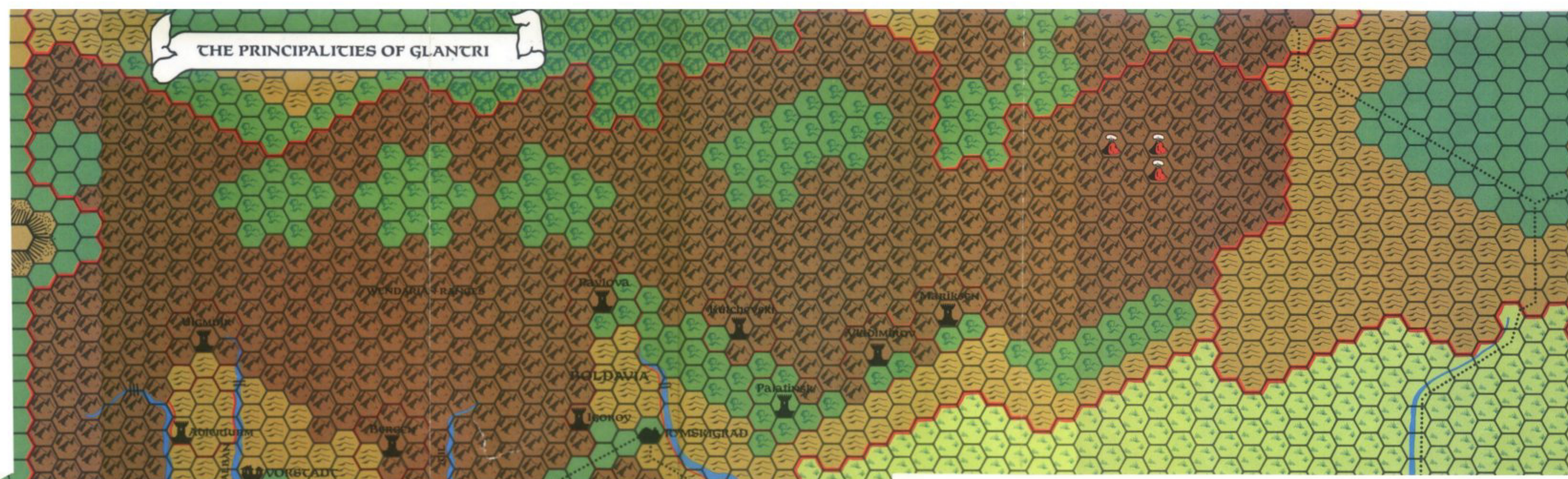
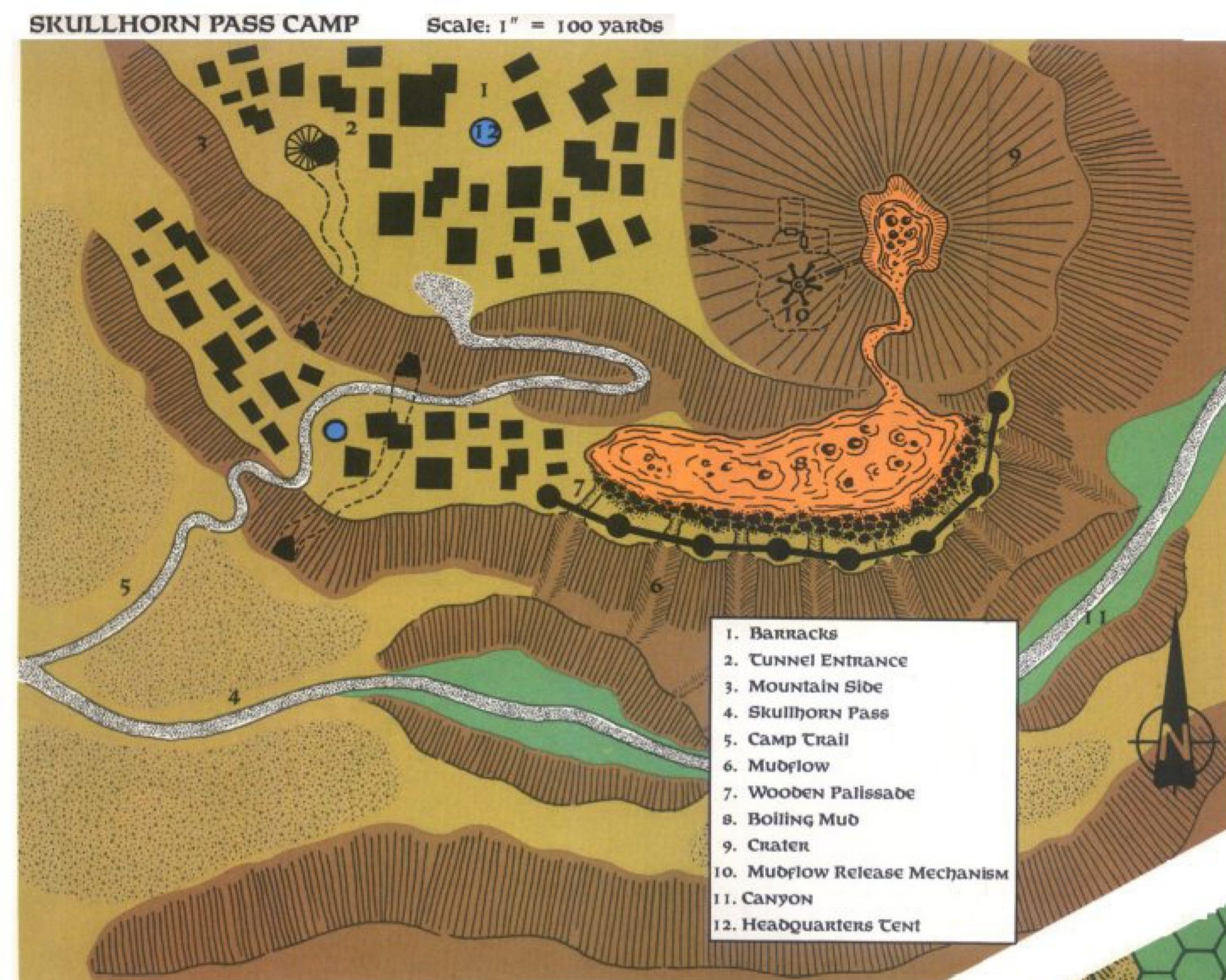
"Once in a while I joined adventurous expeditions to see some of the nation's wilderness. The most frightening places are the Glantrian hills. We ran into things like vampires, werewolves, and carnivorous plants! We encountered a cleric who tried to convert us. Clerics are renegades over there. What a

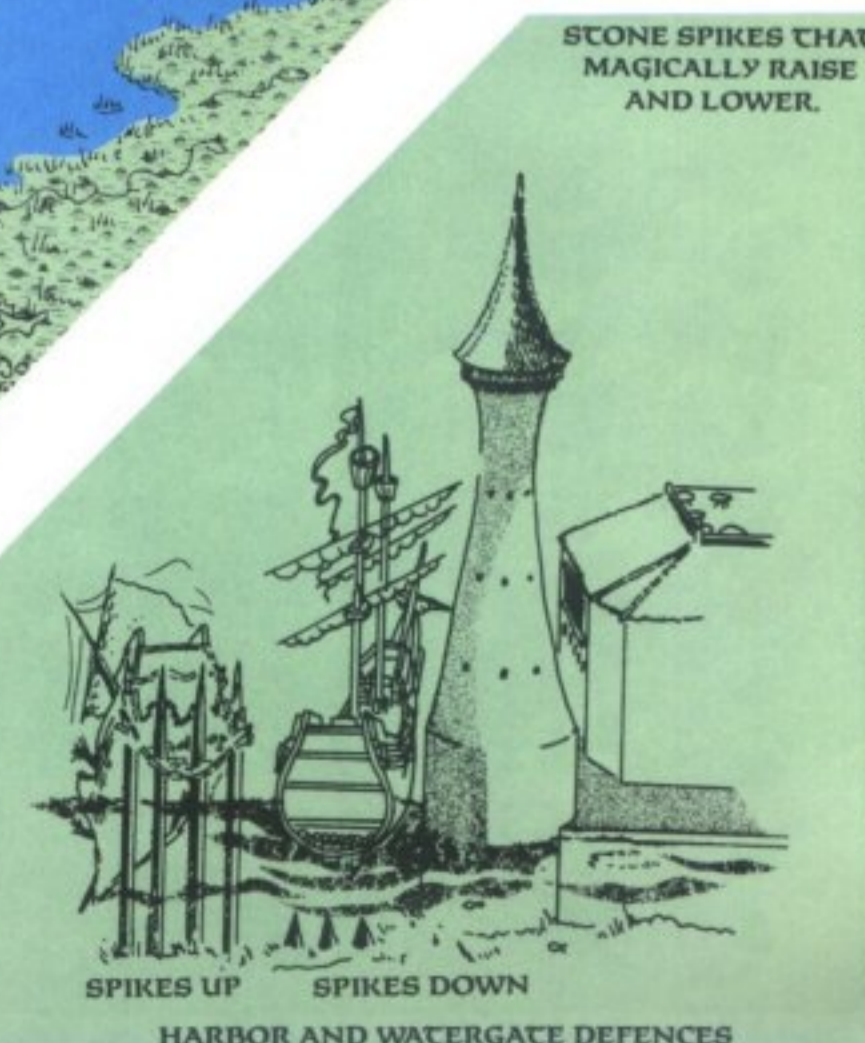
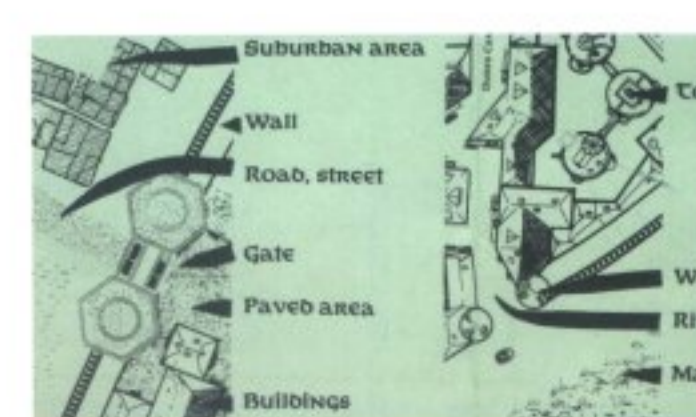
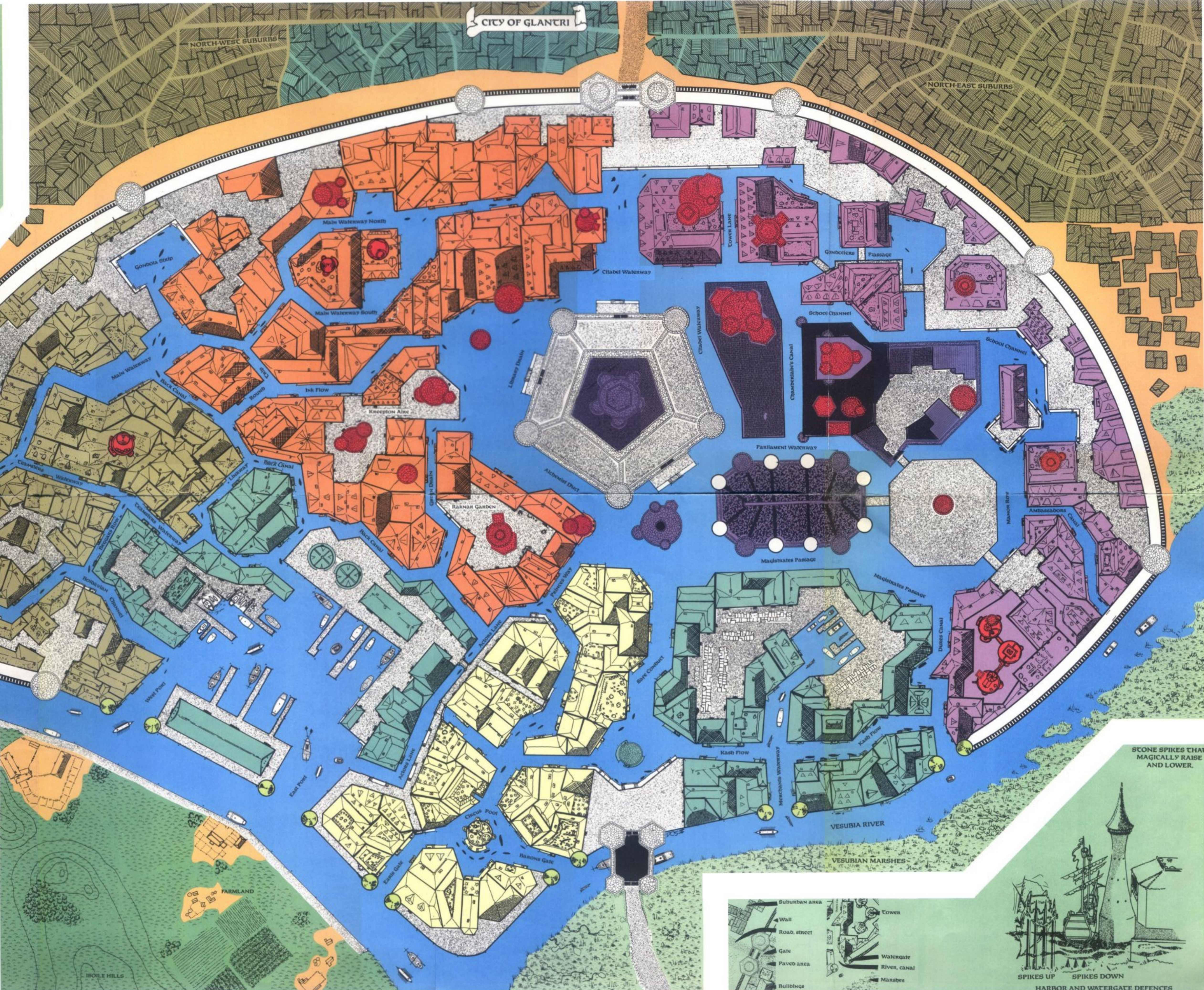
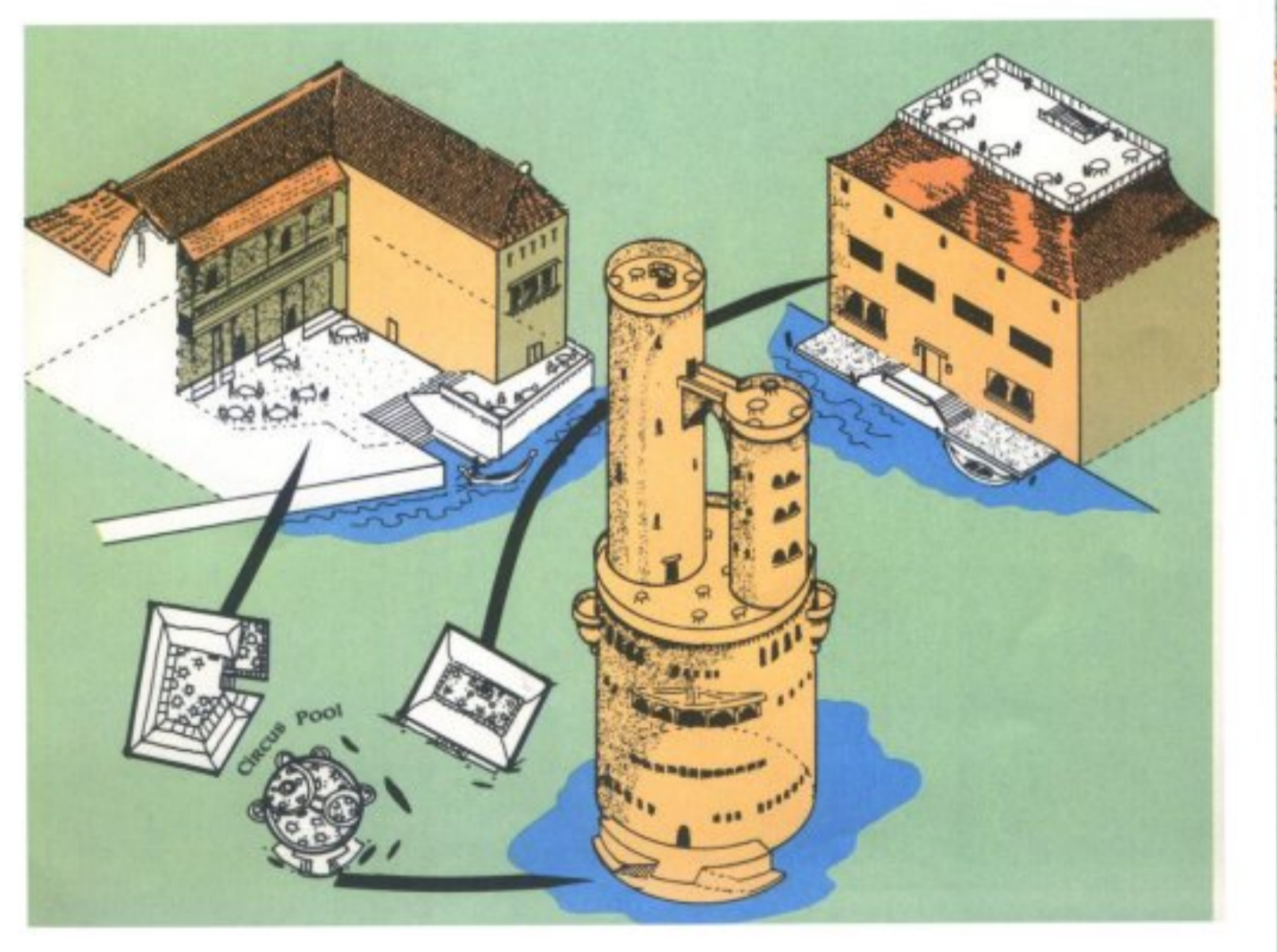
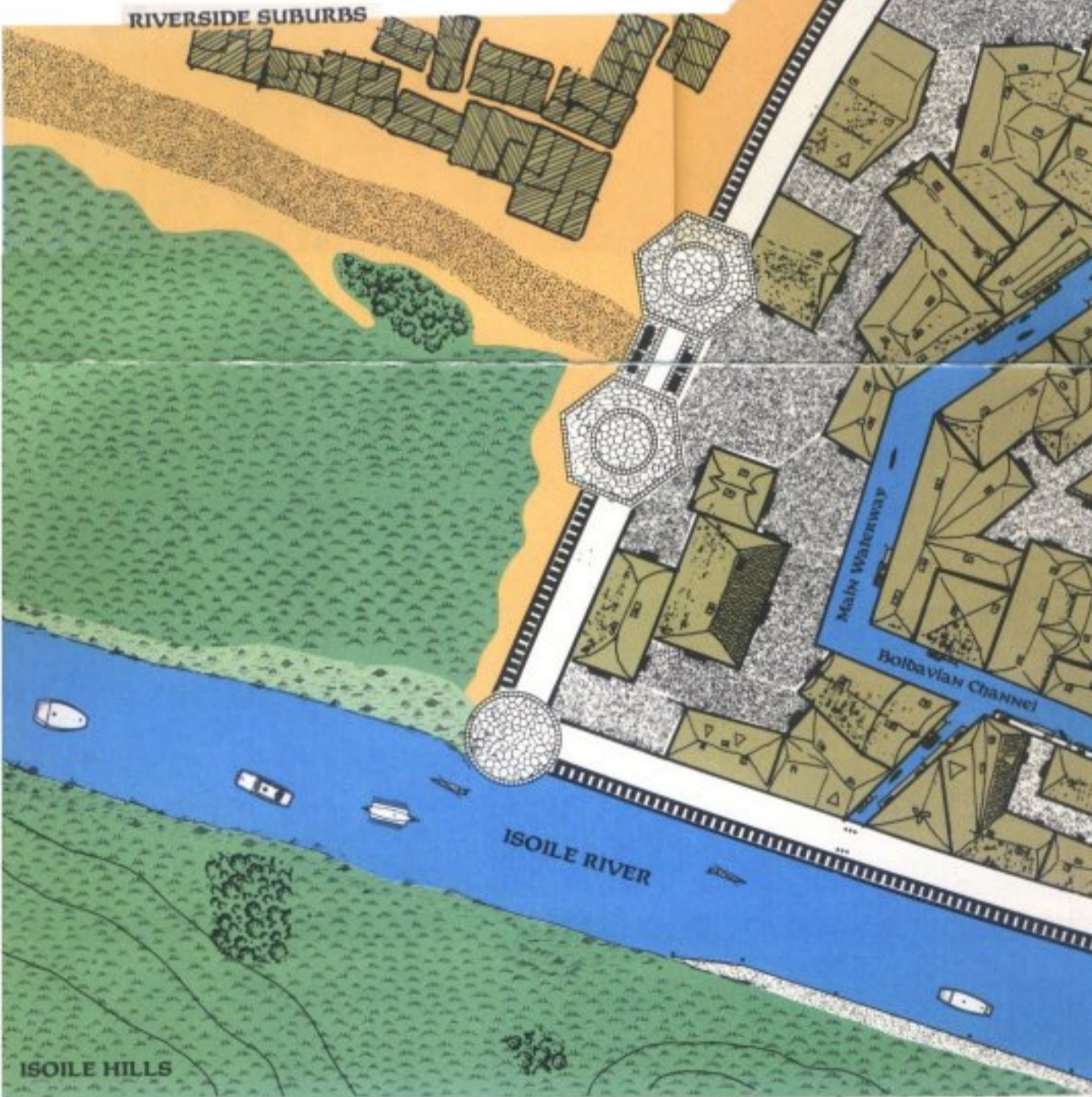
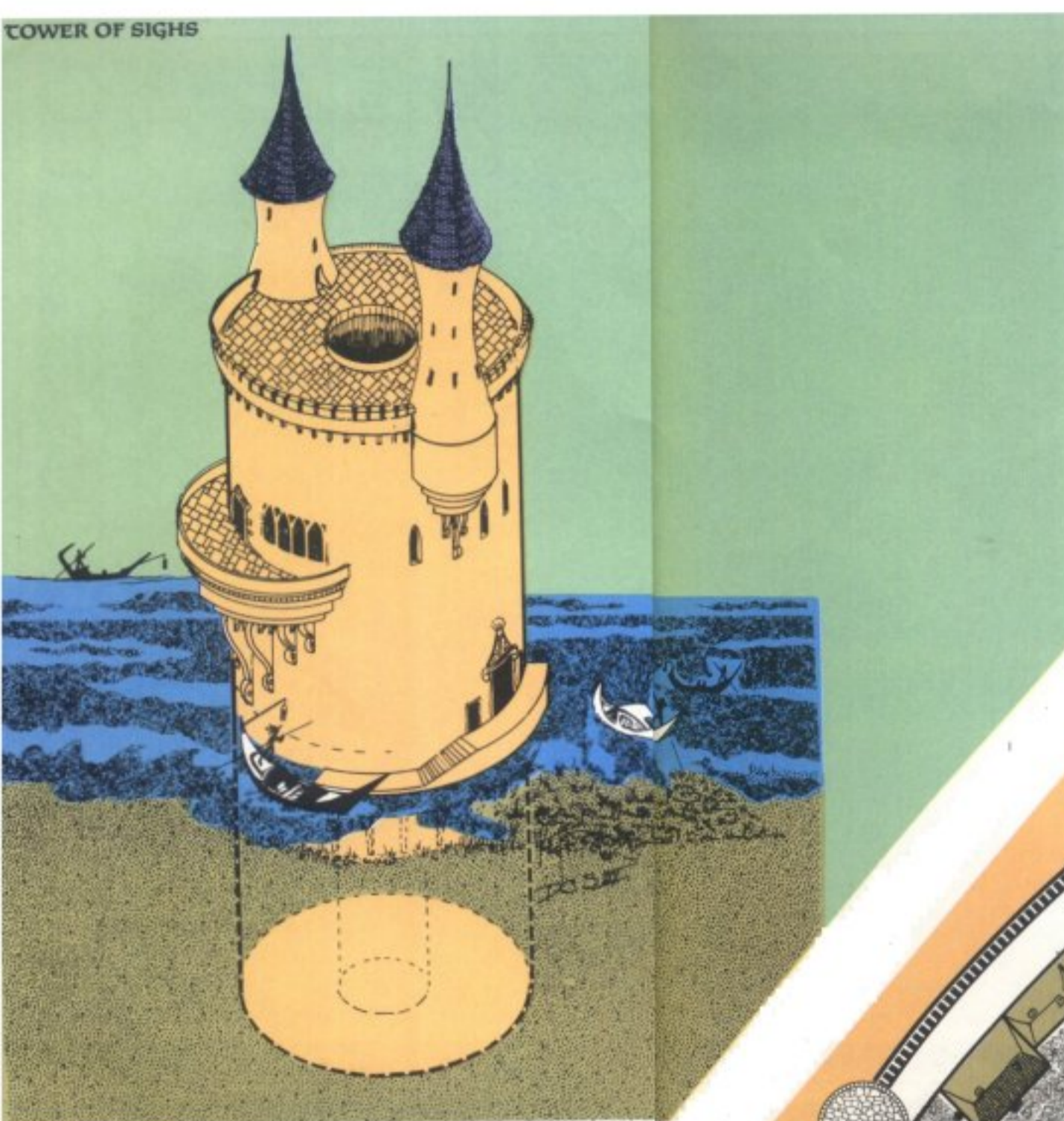
shame; life without faith is like a rose in the desert! I was told they had some subversive influence over the military establishment in the capital. I wouldn't be surprised to hear about a military coup against wizards one of these days. Things may get ugly there if it happens.

"Then, there is the rivalry between nobles. Only wizards can be nobles according to the law. All of them want to become a prince at the cost of another. One day, I was hiding in a prince's palace, spying for another wizard. Hoping to unveil some secret, I quietly followed the man into a crypt. There he spoke to a glowing sphere. I could have sworn he was talking to Rad himself! Rad is he whom the people of Glantri worship. The prince was talking about getting through a golden door and become immortal. He was a fool, for sure, but a dangerous one!

"I was getting too old to be annoying princes. Soon after I got out of there I gathered my most precious belongings and flew away. That's how, I came about to retire in this pleasant country and swear never to return to that fascinating land."

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The Principalities of Glantri

by Bruce Heard

"It is early, and low over the mountains the sun sets the sky ablaze. The little red creature yawns, stretches its small batwings, and scratches its horny head. Suddenly, a gong echoes in the room below, making the creature jump. Almost falling, it grabs hold of the large statue on which it was sleeping."

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