

URDI-06

LAST DANCE AT HERON HOUSE

A One-Round D&D LIVING GREYHAWK®
Duchy of Urnst Regional Adventure

Version 2

by Chris Jarvis and Martin Knoff

Twice before the party has tangoed with House Teranor. The demon is conducting the manic orchestra. The baton is poised to commence the final movement of this blood symphony. It is time for the last dance at Heron House. This adventure is designed for characters between 3rd and 9th level. It is recommended that characters play URDI-04 & URDI-05 before undertaking this adventure.

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This is an RPGA® Network scenario for the Dungeons & Dragons® game. A four-hour time block has been allocated for each round of this scenario, but the actual playing time will be closer to three hours. The rest of the time is spent in preparation before game play, and scoring after the game. The following guidelines are here to help you with both the preparation and voting segment of the game. Read this page carefully so that you know and can communicate to your players the special aspects of playing an RPGA scenario.

PREPARATION

First you should print this scenario. This scenario was created to support double-sided printing, but printing it single sided will work as well. There is enough room along the inside margin to bind the adventure, if you desire.

Read this entire adventure at least once before you run your game. Be sure to familiarize yourself with any special rules, spells, or equipment presented in the adventure. It may help to highlight particularly important passages.

When you run an RPGA D&D adventure we assume that you have access to the following books: the *Player's Handbook*, the *Dungeon Master's Guide*, and the *Monster Manual*. We also assume that you have a set of dice (at least one d4, d6, d8, d10, d12, and d20), some scrap paper, a pencil, an RPGA scoring packet, and your sense of fun. It is also a good idea to have a way to track movement during combat. This can be as simple as a pad of graph paper and a pencil, as handy as a vinyl grid map and chits, or as elaborate as resin dungeon walls and miniatures.

Instruct the players either to prepare their characters now, or wait until you read the introduction, depending on the requirements of the scenario as described in the introduction.

Keep in mind that you must have at least four players (not counting the DM), for the game session to be a sanctioned RPGA event. As well, you cannot have more than seven players participating in the game.

Once you are ready to play, it is handy to instruct each player to place a nametag in front of him or her. The tag should have the player's name at the bottom, and the character's name, race, and gender at the top. This makes it easier for the players (and the DM) to keep track of who is playing which character.

The players are free to use the game rules to learn about equipment and weapons their characters are carrying. That said, you as the DM can bar the use of even core rulebooks during certain times of play. For example, the players are not free to consult the *Dungeon Master's Guide* when confronted with a trap or hazard, or the *Monster Manual* when confronted with a monster.

Some of the text in this scenario is written so that you may present it as written to the players, while other text is for your eyes only. Text for the players will be in gray boxes. It's strongly recommended that you paraphrase the player text instead of reading it aloud. Some of this text is general and must be adapted to the specific situation or to actions of the player characters.

SCORING

After the players have completed the scenario or the time allotted to run the scenario has run out, the players and DM score the game. The RPGA has three ways to score its games. Consult your convention coordinator to determine which method to use for this scenario:

1. No-vote scoring: The players write their names and RPGA numbers on the scoring packet grid. You fill in the top of the grid. That is all. No one is rated. This method is used for people who are just playing for fun.
2. Partial scoring: The players rate the game master and the scenario on their player voting sheet, and provide personal information, but don't vote for other players. The game master rates the scenario and completes personal and event information, but does not rate the players as a team or vote for players. This method is used when there is no competition, but the event coordinator wants information on how the game masters are performing, or the game master wants feedback on his or her own performance.
3. Voting: Players and game masters complete the entire packet, including voting for best player. If this method is used, be sure to allow about 15-20 minutes for the players to briefly describe their characters to the other players, and about 5-10 minutes for voting. This method is used when the players want to know who played the "best" amongst the group, or when the adventure is run in tournament format with winners and prizes.

When using voting, rank the players in order of your voting choice while they are completing their forms, so that you are not influenced by their comments on your abilities. It's a good idea to have the players vote while you determine treasure and experience awards for the scenario.

After voting, give the Scoring Packet to your event coordinator.

This is a LIVING GREYHAWK Adventure. As a Living™ adventure, it is expected that players will bring their own characters with them. If players do not have a LIVING GREYHAWK character generated, get a copy of the current LIVING GREYHAWK character generation guidelines, a character sheet, and a LIVING GREYHAWK log sheet from your convention coordinator or the RPGA Web site, and then have any players without a character create one. Once all players have a LIVING GREYHAWK character, play can begin.

Along with the other materials that you are assumed to have in order to run a D&D game, it is also recommended that you have a copy of the LIVING GREYHAWK Gazetteer.

LIVING GREYHAWK TIER STRUCTURE

Because players bring their own characters to LIVING GREYHAWK campaigns, this adventure is tiered. Basically, the challenges in this adventure are proportioned to the average character level of the characters participating in the adventure. To determine the tier that you will use to run this adventure, add the character levels of all the characters. In addition, add the levels of any cohorts or animals according to the values on their certificates. Cross-reference the total and the number of players participating in the game using the chart below to determine the tier used for this adventure.

	<u>4 players</u>	<u>5 players</u>	<u>6 players</u>	<u>7 players</u>	<u>Lvl Cap</u>
T2:	13-22	14-24	15-26	16-28	6 th
T3:	23-32	25-35	27-38	29-41	8 th
T4:	33-42	36-46	39-50	42-54	10 th

The level cap indicated is the highest level of character allowed to play this adventure. Characters of levels higher than the highest level shown for the highest tier cannot be played.

IS IT A FULL MOON?

Since the hazards of lycanthropy are a current part of the LIVING GREYHAWK campaign, it may be necessary to determine if this adventure takes place during a full moon. For game purposes, the full moon lasts three days of each month. For a given scenario that does not state the phase of the moon, roll 1d10 before play begins. On a result of 1, the first day of the scenario is a night of the full moon (roll 1d3 to determine where in the sequence of three nights it falls).

LIFESTYLE

At the beginning of every scenario, each PC is required to pay upkeep costs matching the level of lifestyle they wish to maintain. The lifestyles, and the effects that each has on play, are:

Destitute: You have no living space, and must carry all your gear everywhere. You eat poor quality food. You wear a peasant outfit, your only change of clothes.

Wild: You are living in the wild, either as a nomad, or perhaps in a cave. You hunt and gather your own food and your clothes consist of furs and/or hand-woven items. At times, food is scarce and you go hungry. But you survive. You must have an effective Wilderness Lore of 6 (including modifiers) or higher to avoid being Destitute.

Poor: You sleep in poor accommodations, and eat poor quality food. You wear a peasant outfit, and have two sets of clothing.

Rough: You live in the wilderness, roaming a specific territory or living in a rudeshack or tent. Your meals come from hunting and foraging, though you may cultivate a few small crops or herd some animals. You get by well enough to barter for equipment or to gather coins to pay for necessary repairs. You must have an effective Wilderness Lore of 4 (including modifiers) or you are Poor.

Common: You have common lodgings, and eat common quality food. You have normal clothing for your profession (adventuring); nothing fancy. You probably have two or three sets of clothing.

High: You stay in good quality lodgings, and eat good quality food. You wear anything in value up to courtier's outfits, and generally buy a new set of clothing every two weeks.

Luxury: You have luxurious accommodations (twice the cost of good accommodations), and you eat excellent foods. You can throw a banquet for your friends every day, and frequently do. You wear clothing up to the value of noble's outfit, and buy a new set of clothes every week.

Lifestyles come with bonuses or penalties to Diplomacy, Intimidate, Disguise, and Bluff skill checks. These penalties, shown below, should be applied at the DM's discretion, and can sometimes backfire—for example, a PC with a poor lifestyle would not have a penalty when talking to a beggar, but would when talking to a city official. A PC with a high lifestyle should have a penalty when dealing with a group of street thugs, where a PC with a destitute lifestyle might not.

Judges are encouraged to roleplay these reactions whenever possible.

Lifestyle Cost	Skill Modifier	
Destitute	14 sp	-2
Wild	14 sp	-2 (-1 rural)
Poor	43 sp	-1
Rough	43 sp	-1 (0 rural)
Common	12 gp	0
High	250 gp	+1

DM'S INTRODUCTION

WARNING: It is recommended that characters first play URD1-04: *The Coriner's Gala* and URD1-05: *The Night Where Nothing Happens* in order to fully appreciate the context of this adventure.

Seltaren is a city of secrets. Before the Aerdi overlords imposed their will and created the Duchy of Urnst, Seltaren was the capitol of the land. Here the Great Synod sat and met out justice under the provisions of the Maure Compact. Here the proud Houses of old flourished and flaunted their wealth and glory. And here to alliances were made and broken, fortunes brokered and spent, and reputations made or destroyed as the members of the nobility wrangled for preeminence. Though the ascension of the Duke and the removal of the capitol to Leukish deprived Seltaren of much of its influence, the grandeur of the city remains and the machinations of the noble houses continue.

Even before the coming of the Aerdi, no house was so keen to triumph over its fellows as the House of the White Heron, Teranor. And few houses were ever as successful. With deep coffers fed by trade in gems and jewelry, few would discount the influence and power of House Teranor. Many merchant houses owe their livelihood to the shrewd investments by Teranor's nobles. The House maintains holdings through the Duchy, but the heart of the House remains in Seltaren. And it is this heart, Perine Manor, which is full of the foulest corruption and evil. For it is here in the finest manse in the Duchy, that Lady Cymilis, grandmother to the current dame, Morlyn, made a pact with a base and wicked denizen of the Lower Planes. Cymilis, using the long forgotten Suloise ritual of the blood compact, the Tsve'draush, bound the power of a demon to the souls and fortune of her House. From the demon the members of the House would draw eldritch power and mastery. In turn the demon fed on the greed, avarice, and wickedness of the House infecting all who carried the noble blood of Teranor with its taint. And eventually bent the entire House in servitude to its foul and evil urges. For four generations this has been the secret of House Teranor's success, and now their undoing: for they appeased the demon too well. Fattened and bloated by Teranor's greed and depravity the demon has sought to slake other foul urges. Destruction, chaos, murder, and degradation are now its meat and drink and by engaging in such the noble house Teranor now wallows in filth and foulness as they dance to do the demon's bidding.

At first the demon taint of noble house Teranor showed itself in small, seemingly idiosyncratic ways: a tendency for ostentation and excess. But this soon degraded into wanton vile acts, murder, and cruelty. But who would dare point an accusing finger at one of the most powerful houses in the Duchy. A house with nine seats in the Honorable Chamber as well as holding the ear of the Duke from the coveted and powerful office of

Ducal Exchequer. And while members of the house engaged in random and wholly unmotivated acts of insanity and cruelty, a blind eye was turned. Not even the depraved blood-letting of Lord Aerken, youngest brother to Dame Lady Morlyn, and his demonic brood warranted anything but the blandest of admonishments. It is only now that certain discrepancies in the financial records kept by the Ducal Exchequer's Secretary have been discovered that any sort of investigation is launched. A select band of heroes has been dispatched to infiltrate Perine Manor discover the source of this evil and destroy it. Handpicked agents of the Ducal Office of Assize tasked to secure proof of the fiscal malfeasance of the House of the White Heron accompany these adventurers. Justice will be sure and swift in dealing with those who flout the vigilance of the Duchy's masters of finance.

The demon induced rot has well and truly taken hold of House Teranor. Most, if not all, of the pure blooded Suloise members of the house are tainted by the evil of the demon and insane. Dame Lady Morlyn, her daughter Lady Mornaella, and a few others of the House retain any will of their own. Most of the nobles are depraved parodies of the demon's own slavish lusts and desires. With the death of Lord Aerken (*The Night Where Nothing Happens*), the demon has gathered the most powerful members of the house to him, to ensure their safety, keep his truest vessels close to him, and enact the transfer of that power back to his home in the Abyss. Five of these noble 'vessels' have escaped the demon's net. Four are Dame Morlyn's own sons, creatures so steeped in their own depravity and self-serving evil, that they were able to ignore the demon's summons. The fifth is the Mornaella's only daughter, Morella, who has yet to be fully vested in the power of the demon. The presence of the granddaughter is unnecessary as long as her mother and grandmother still serve the demon's purposes. As long as a female of the rightful blood of House Teranor lives vested with the demon's taint, the demon can exert his control over members of the entire bloodline.

Now is a dark and moonless night on the heights of Seltaren. The famed and feared Sir Edran Grek, Justicar of Heironeous, a veteran of the wars against Iuz, has gathered a small band of heroes to assail the fastness of Perine Manor and strike at the dark heart of House Teranor. Numbering in this band are Day-Mistress Adovella Parnel of the Temple of Lydia, the deity Thaumaturg Inlor Maun and his apprentice Raenin Karnor, the cunning and clever rogue Hauptman Straw, and arguably one of the most capable warriors in the Duchy, the half-orc Oragh Wolfhart, Master-at-Arms of House U'morael. These heroes are accompanied and assisted by a chosen few lesser-known adventurers who will hold the main part of the manor while Sir Edran and his fellows assault the demon and his minions. These adventurers were instrumental in determining that House Teranor had instigated much of the wickedness that has befallen the Duchy of late. To them will fall the task of securing the upper levels of the mansion and maintaining a ready fall back position.

ADVENTURE SYNOPSIS

The players begin this adventure in the foyer of Perine Manor. Sir Edran charges them to secure this and any adjoining areas. As the greatest concentration of evil lays with the demon and presumably, Dame Morlyn, the players should be able to clear the majority of the manor proper without too much difficulty. If the y run into problems they are to fall back to the foyer and maintain this position at all costs.

Day-Mistress Advovella has warded the doorways to insure no demonic entities can escape the mansion.

Having instructed the players, Sir Edran tells the mage Inlor Maun to teleport him and his fellows to the demesne of the demon. In a flash of light and puff of smoke they are gone.

Before the players have a chance to investigate the mansion further they will be thrust into the thick of the action as they meet the young Ella and her would-be murderer, young Lord Dreidan (Encounter One).

As the players perform their assigned task the full extent of the evil and depravity of House Teranor will become evident. Four of Dame Morlyn's progeny remain at large within the manse: Lords Tordan, Kalaric, Marran, and Brioch. Each has laid claim to a portion of the manor and surrounded themselves with servants, beasts, and "toys". Each lord will need to be defeated in order that the party can move to the final confrontation.

It will also become evident that this confrontation with the last remaining female of the bloodline of House Teranor is necessary. Only by severing this tie can the demon be ultimately defeated. For all of their valor and skill Sir Edran and his fellows will fail in their task. But only at the final reckoning will all the pieces fall into place and the players be faced with the most difficult choice of all.

Encounter One: The players meet Ella and Dreidan and must make a choice between the accusations of a mad man and the innocence of a child.

Encounter Two: The players encounter the cruel degradations of Lord Kalaric, the Chancellor of the Ducal Exchequer.

Encounter Three: The players meet the Lord Tordan, the grossly fat Quartermaster of Seltaren and overlord of sloth and gluttony.

Encounter Four: A respite from the perils of the manor can be found in the Chapel of Lydia, yet untouched by the foulness of the demon's corruption.

Encounter Five: The players plunge into the charnel depths of the manor's root cellar to do battle with the necromancer, Lord Marran and his undead minions.

Encounter Six: In the upper floors of the manor, the players finally meet the puppet master, Lord Brioch who seeks an end to the drama.

Encounter Seven: The grotto beneath the conservatory the players encounter the final tableau and must make a fateful choice.

Conclusion: Herein all things are known and resolved. Blame and adulation are awarded to those deserving.

Running the Adventure: It is important to keep the players on the straight and narrow. The object of this adventure is to deal with the evil present in the house and put an end to the depravations of the demon. Many players will be inclined to explore every nook, linen closet, and armoire. The oddities and strangeness primarily serve to set the mood and to indicate the levels to which the members of House Teranor have sunk. Some of the weirdness is even intentional on the part of the demon and his minions: meant to slow up, confound, and generally confuse any parties attempting to interrupt the ongoing rituals and activities. As this module is meant to conform to the normal convention timeslot: it is imperative that this not be the case. Fortunately the DM has some very powerful tools to use to direct the party down desired path.

1. Lord Brioch is a very powerful wizard and illusionist. He has some very strong misgivings about the course of action undertaken by the House and real fears regarding his fate and the fate of his family. He has seen what the demon taint has done and can feel it working on his own psyche. For these reasons he has very strong feelings about moving the PCs along in the drama. There must be a denouement. He will subtly exert his powers to see that this occurs: illusionary walls, seemingly abandoned rooms, doors that disappear and re-appear, voices down the corridor, odd noises and smells, and mysterious lights. Brioch knows that each of his remaining brothers must be dealt with in turn before the party can hope to assist him in concluding this dance.
2. Ella or Dreidan can serve as guides. Both are aware of the House's inhabitants and their locations. The best method for Ella to accomplish this is to indicate where the "bad men" are. If asked she can tell the party "there are bad people down there", or the resident of the Aviary Tower is a "mean man". Her mental state is the best barometer the party can have. If she is terrified beyond speaking the PCs will immediately investigate the source. Dreidan (if he is alive and conscious) can be much more direct. As this is not his house, his knowledge is sketchier and less precise. He knows there is something horrible in the Root Cellar, but he may not be sure exactly what it is. He is, of course, fully aware of the ramifications of the demon's taint. While Ella's overall goal is to find her mommy, Dreidan is frantically zealous about making sure the taint is expunged. Of

course, while any of the creatures encountered will hesitate to harm Ella, Dreidan has no such protection. Parties wishing to use him as a guide will have to ensure he remains alive.

3. Sir Edran's directives may be enough to keep some parties from straying from their appointed tasks. The DM should make it clear that the intent of this intervention is to stop the demon and the evil he has wrought (the deaths of most of House Teranor is incidental). The sumptuous appointments of the estate and the riches therein are the rightful property of House Teranor. Most will undoubtedly be seized by Ducal agents in reparation for the harm and damage done by the House to the Duchy and its populace. While House Teranor may be under the influence of great evil, theft is still theft. The PCs have not been given license to loot and pillage the estate. Clear minions of the demon may be slain all others must be made to account for their deeds and face Ducal justice.

These three devices should be used somewhat sparingly but they are in place to assist the DM in keeping the PCs on task and channel them toward the various encounters. It is not terribly important that the encounters happen in order, save that Lord Brioch (Encounter 6) will not allow the players to approach him until all of his brothers have been met and secured. It is important that the players have some semblance of free will where their actions and movements are concerned. They should not feel like they are being led by the nose: even if they are.

Some of the descriptions in this adventure are somewhat graphic and disturbing in nature. They are meant to draw stark contrast between the normally goodly and benevolent nature of the Duchy and the corruption unleashed by the demon. Feel free to edit any passages that work more misunderstanding than comprehension.

The House Itself: Perine Estate occupies the most coveted and picturesque location in the entire Duchy. Located on a narrow spit of land between the Gerglung Falls on the Corundum River and the Chaerna Falls on the Upper Lukala, it overlooks Lake Seltaren (also known as the Sink) from a vantage point nearly 150 feet above where the waters from the falls crash into the lake sending up plumes of mist and spray. The estate consists of several outbuildings (that include stables, guard barracks, apiaries, ovens, and a carpenter's workshop), gardens, orchards, ponds, cobblestone paths, and a rather tall iron-spike topped wall. Heron House is the centerpiece of this jeweled setting. It is a large, white marble structure capped by a glass and polished brass dome done in the old Maure Suel style that emphasized arches, large open areas, and an immensity of scale. It is some 70 feet from the gardens to the top of the slightly peaked amber slate roofs of the House. The conservatory dome extends upward another 50 feet and the two southern towers are capped with brass and glass onion-domes and rises some 150 feet above the grounds. Inside

the House most of the floors are of white silver veined marble.

PLAYERS' INTRODUCTION

Like a black festering boil, the demon-induced madness that has plagued House Teranor has finally burst. House Teranor had always been characterized by their pride and business acumen, but the recent spate of fiscally irresponsible actions casts the sanity of the house into question. The blatant disregard for protocol exhibited in the attempt to disrupt House Coriner's Honeysuckle Ball by inviting boorish commoners further tarnishes the reputation of the House. The wanton cruelty and savagery of Lord Aerken and his "children" was the final affront to the dignity of the Duchy. Such conduct in the very streets of the old capitol cannot be permitted. The blood of Lord Aerken and his brood stains not only the stones of the once proud Hippodrome but also the nobility and pride of the nation. Lady Morlyn Teranor the vaunted scion of this noble House has refused all invitations to explain the conduct of the members of House Teranor. Even so it would be impolite and unseemly to dispatch members of the City Watch or Ducal Guard to determine the state of the House Teranor.

Thus it has fallen to the heroes of the day to infiltrate Perine Manor and affect an expeditious solution. Leading this effort is the well-known champion of law and righteousness, Sir Edran Grek, youngest son of Lord Sarkor, a veteran of the Greyhawk Wars, and stalwart Justicar of Heironeous. He has assembled a valiant band of five heroes: Day-Mistress Adovella Parnel of the Temple of Lydia; the wizards Inlor Maun and Raenin Karnor; the cunning and clever rogue Hauptman Straw; and arguably one of the most capable warriors in the Duchy, the halforc Oragh Wolfhart, Master-at-Arms of House U'morael. Further, because the PCs have been so instrumental in uncovering the vile baseness of House Teranor they to have been permitted to take part in the undoing of this great evil blight to the common weal.

Having easily overpowered and subdued the manor guards, the party now finds themselves in the grand foyer of Perine Manor the heart of House Teranor. Great tapestries depicting the rise of the House of the Heron line one wall accompanying sumptuous and extravagant portraits of past scions. Behind you stand three great pairs of tall bronzewood doors adorned with flaking gold leaf filigree and ivory inlay. Overhead is a high vaulted marble ceiling at your feet is silver veined marble. From the ceiling hang three huge crystal and silver chandeliers, few if any candles remain and the room is bathed in eerie shadows and half-light. Grand arches lie at either end of the chamber providing entrance to the rest of the manse.

As Day-Mistress Adovella concludes setting the wards over the three doors, Sir Edran turns to your party.

"Not for you is to stand against the demon and his minions. We shall seek him out and beard him in his lair. To you falls the task of securing the manse and dealing with that evil that still lurks here. Recall that we are not feckless yahoos and freebooters, but rather the agents of law and good. We are not here to sack and pillage. We are here to put a stop to the depredations of this so-called demon. Go forth and find any lesser minions and put them to the sword. If any be savable, secure them, but forget not your mission. Lose not this chamber at all costs, and if needs be fall back to defend this."

Inlor Maun begins inscribing a circle on the floor in preparation of teleporting Sir Edran and his chosen heroes to the lair of the demon.

Raenin Karnor approaches the highest-level wizard or sorcerer in the party.

"These may prove instrumental in your task. Some potions of cure light wounds."

He smiles, "Good luck. See you when this is all done, then we can talk about those spells you were interested in." He winks and steps back into the circle.

In a flash of light and puff of smoke the players are left on their own.

There are five vials of *potion of cure light wounds*, each containing a single dose.

Now would be a good time for players to describe their characters.

ENCOUNTER 1: IT TAKES TWO TO TANGO (GRAND FOYER)

As the party is acclimating themselves to the situation and attempting to decide what to do, their course is dictated for them.

The doors to the northeast burst open and a small form hurtles into the room crashing into the legs of the party member nearest the door. It is a young girl, probably no older than six. She has the standard pure blood Suloise coloring of House Teranor: blond hair, fair complexion, and pale blue eyes. Beyond that all resemblance to the nobility ends. She is clad in the filthiest of rags, [Craft: Tailor DC 15, to notice her garments are the tattered remnants of a long sleeved gown and surcoat, cut in the current style of the nobility] dirt and grime streak her face, and what appears to be blood has matted the hair on one side of her head. She is hysterical and crying.

A quick assessment will ascertain that she is whole and relatively unharmed except for a clotted cut on her head and various scrapes, bruises, and abrasions. She is currently too incoherent to offer up any sort of story or explanation.

Again the doors to the northeast burst open. A larger more menacing figure rushes into the room. He is a tall, slender Suloise man garbed in noble attire brandishing a large dagger. He is agitated, disheveled, and screaming, "Get her. Get Her. Get Her. Kill the devil child. Kill. Kill. KILL!" from behind the wall of spittle and foam erupting from his mouth.

PCs who have been through the Duchy minimodule *Keeping It In The Family*, will recognize the crazed Suloise noble as Dreidan Teranor.

Unless the party intercedes he will move to attack the girl who will cling to the party member with the highest Charisma while attempting to avoid the crazed nobleman.

The nobleman is Dreidan Teranor, and the girl is Ella. Their statistics can be found in the appendix.

The party has three basic options:

- Prevent Dreidan from killing Ella by killing him.
- Assist or allow Dreidan to kill Ella.

- Attempt to prevent Dreidan from killing Ella by subduing him or otherwise rendering him inactive/immobile.

Dreidan will attack anyone attempting to prevent him from killing Ella, regardless of the risk. If prevented from killing Ella and while actively pursuing this course of action, he will remain incoherent and incapable of rational conversation or thought.

If permitted he will make very short work of Ella. After killing her, he will slump to the floor and calm will descend over his countenance.

Either Ella or Dreidan will serve as the PCs guide through the rest of the adventure. They have limited knowledge of the forces arrayed against the adventurers, but do know where they are. Ella does not refer to any of her uncles by name. She calls Marra n t h e b a d m a n, Kalaric the mean man, Tordan the fat man, and Brioch is the toy man. If asked who lives in certain areas she will say "Nobody" if nobody lives there, or give nicknames above.

None of the inhabitants of the manor or their minions will knowingly attack Ella. They won't observe such niceties where Dreidan is concerned.

IF THE PARTY KILLS REIDAN

(The following text is relevant.)

Dreidan will laugh, and with his dying breath babble incoherently, "So close, oh so close. But all is not lost; the deed may yet be accomplished."

Gasp.

"Take this, convince him that he must turn from his present course and..."

He presses a tattered, blood stained parchment in to the hand of the nearest PC.

Gasp. Cough. Shudder and twitch.

"The blood of the blood..."

Dreidan expires messily.

The parchment is a scroll containing the lost spell *magic circle against evil*.

IF ELLA IS ALIVE

(The following text is relevant.)

As long as she is not in any immediate peril, Ella can be soothed and calmed. She will gravitate toward any good characters, with a preference toward those of higher charisma.

Under all that grime and pain is the winning smile of what might be a pretty little girl. She will explain that she lives in this house, but that it is a bad place. There are many bad people in the house. She will point out the Dreidan is a bad crazy man. She will not be sorry if he is dead. She appears to have suffered quite a bit of a shock and will not be able to reveal much more regarding the manor and its inhabitants. She will tell the party that she is looking for her mommy.

Should the party attempt to remove Ella from the manor, her skin will begin to blister and burn. The wards placed

by Day-Mistress Adovell a prevent her from leaving Perine Manor alive.

Treasure: Scroll of *magic circle against evil*. Dreidan is also wearing a silver heron shaped brooch set with two tiny amethysts and carries a vial containing a *potion of gaseous form*.

SITTING ROOM

This is a small room with a number of chairs covered with drop cloths. There is a large carpet of a heron underneath the chairs. The walls are decorated with a number of cracked and peeling landscapes of the surrounding countryside, all of which were probably beautiful at one time, but due to humidity and neglect have long since decayed.

If a party member moves toward the door to the Southwest, Ella will pull the leg of whoever she is nearest to and say in a quiet, scared voice:

“That’s where the mean man lives.”

She will not go through the door to the aviary, instead opting to hide in the sitting room and wait for the party.

There is the faint sound of dissonant music off in the distance; it is far away and only barely discernible. It can be heard throughout the manse, a kind of insane “Muzak”. There is a door in the southeast corner leading to Encounter Two.

ENCOUNTER 2: SPIKED BOOT TARANTELLA (AVIARY TOWER)

A single large ironbound oak door bars entrance to the demesne of Lord Kalaric. From beyond this door can be heard the piteous moans of a creature in pain. The door appears to be locked (DC 25 to pick).

Ella will cling to the leg of the PC she is nearest to and say in a quiet, scared voice:

“That’s where the mean man lives”.

Ella will not go near the door or into the Aviary. She does not know the door is trapped, so cannot warn the party about it.

The door is also trapped. The trap is sprung if the door is opened without first disarming the trap. The trap is a simple crossbow-style affair. When the trap is sprung a cluster of crossbow bolts fires at the space directly in front of the door from a spot in the ceiling across the small foyer.

TIER 2 (EL 4)

➤ **Bolt Trap:** CR4; +10 ranged [x2] (1d8/1920 each); Search (DC 20); Disable Device (22).

TIER 3 (EL 5)

➤ **Bolt Trap:** CR 6; +12 ranged [x4] (1d8/1920 each); Search (DC 20); Disable Device (24).

TIER 4 (EL 6)

➤ **Bolt Trap:** CR 8; +14 ranged [x8] (each 1d8/1920 each); Search (DC 20); Disable Device (26).

Beyond the door is the large chamber that is the bottom of the Aviary Tower. The walls are lined with smallish cages about the size of dog kennels. A spiral stair winds upward in the northeast corner of the chamber. The vaulted ceiling stretches 40 feet above the gray stone floor. Five large iron birdcages hang from the ceiling secured by stout iron chains.

The piteous moans issue from the inhabitants of the various cages about the room. Each cage is not only a means of confinement but also an intricate torture device. In one the breathing of the cage’s inhabitant causes the area of the cage to slowly ratchet smaller until flesh is distended through the iron grating of the cage. In another a similar action causes the two halves of the cage to slowly rotate in opposite directions twisting the inhabitant in half. In a third blunt spikes are inexorably drawn through the body of the inhabitant. More appalling than the wanton cruelty of these cages is the seemingly callousness and senselessness of the action, none even stand still to watch and measure the progress of the devious machines on the flesh of the captives. This is beyond torture for the sake of torture. Fortunately most of the inhabitants of the cages have expired. Wheeling about the cages, pecking at the captives are scores of small black birds, leisurely pecking at the easy food.

The centerpiece of this display seems to be a reserved for a young boy. Similar to the other cages, the action of his breath causes the triggering mechanism to ratchet, but in this case hundreds of small sharp spikes are pressed into his flesh from a variety of angles.

About half of the inhabitants of the cages are still alive. For most it is a matter of making a successful Disable Device/Disarm Trap roll (DC 25) to free them from their imprisonment. However in the case of the boy, there appears to be no way to disable the device. The only way to free the boy is to use the *Potion of Gaseous Form* (from Encounter Two) or some other ingenious method.

Most of the inhabitants of the cages and kennels are young boys of decidedly mixed blood: Oerid-Suel, or Oerid-Flan. They are street waifs common throughout Lower Seltaren.

At least one of Lord Kalaric’s minions will have been posted in the lower chamber to watch his playthings. He will notice if the door is opened and run upstairs to summon help. The party will have about three minutes before more of Lord Kalaric’s minions arrive to investigate.

Lord Kalaric's minions consist of humans specially conditioned to function in every respect as beasts. The humanity has been "trained" out of them. They are trained to follow the commands of the half-orc handlers.

Creatures:

TIER 2 (EL 6)

➤ **Human guard beasts, Bbn2** (3): CR 2; Medium-size Humanoid (human); HD 2d12+7; hp 23; Init +4; Spd 40 ft.; AC 14 (Touch 14, Flatfooted 14); Atks +6 melee (1d4+3, spiked gauntlet); SA Rage; SQ Fast Move, Uncanny Dodge; AL N; SV Fort +4, Ref +4, Will +1; Str 16, Dex 18, Con 15, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 6.

Skills and Feats: Climb +8, Swim +7; Weapon Finesse (spike gauntlets), Toughness.

Special Attacks—Rage (Ex): hp 27; AC 12 (Touch 12, Flat-footed 12); Atk +7 melee (1d4+5, spiked gauntlet); SV Fort +6, Ref +4, Will +3; Will Str 20, Con 19.

Possessions: Spike gauntlets

➤ **Handler, male half-orc War4** (1): CR 3; Medium-size Humanoid (orc); HD 4d8+2; hp 28; Init +0; Spd 20 ft.; AC 16 (Touch 10, Flat-footed 16); Atks +6 melee (2d4+3/18-20, falchion), or light +4 ranged (1d8/19-20, light crossbow); AL CE; SV Fort +6, Ref +1, Will +1; Str 15, Dex 10, Con 15, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10.

Skills and Feats: Handle Animal +5, Intimidate +3, Jump +4; Power Attack, Cleave.

Possessions: Splint mail, falchion, light crossbow, and quarrels.

TIER 3 (EL 8)

➤ **Human Guard Beasts, Bbn4** (6): hp 23; see above.

➤ **Handler, male half-orc War4** (2): hp 28; see above.

TIER 4 (EL 10)

➤ **Human Guard Beasts, Bbn4** (10): hp 23; see above.

➤ **Handler, male half-orc War4** (2): hp 28; see above.

Tactics: The half-orcs will release the guard beasts that will rush to attack the party. As the beasts bound forward the half-orcs will release a volley of crossbow bolts, targeting the apparently least armored foes first. Half the handlers will move to engage the heaviest armored foes in melee, while the remaining reload and wait for opportunities to pick off foes seeking to disengage from melee.

The upper chamber of the tower is an elaborate place filled with a large number of harnesses, torture devices, and cages hanging from the ceiling. Three of the cages are filled with listless, living captives. These cages are similar to the ones found below. Similarly, small black birds perch upon the rungs of the cages, pecking at the occupants.

On a raised dais in the center of the room sits an empty comfortable chair.

After the guard beasts and their handlers have been bested, the northeast door will open and Lord Kalaric will enter, clapping.

"Bravo, bravo. Well done indeed. Verily you have triumphed and now I am at your mercy."

He will extend his wrists to surrender.

Lord Kalaric is the Chancellor of the Ducal Exchequer, and arguably the second most powerful noble in the Duchy. He seems nonplused by the appearance of the party, and will not resist any attempts made to secure him. He will not volunteer any information or explain himself in anyway, other than to indicate, this is "just what I do for entertainment. It helps me to unwind."

Ella is supremely terrified of him. He is aloof, arrogant, and cool. He will boldly tell the party that he has nothing to fear and that even if he is arrested for his crimes he will never be punished. He is devotedly confident in the protection his status affords him. He will playfully joke before criticizing any attempts to tie him up, scoffing at the amateur attempts at bondage.

Lord Kalaric cannot be intimidated or coerced into revealing anything of value. He is also highly resistant to pain, so even torture will prove fruitless.

Lord Kalaric is very adept at escaping any non-magical bindings. He will readily escape if the party ties him up and leaves him.

See the appendix for Lord Kalaric's statistics.

From the upper chamber of the tower, a single door provides entrance to the second floor of the manse. The spiral staircase continues upward.

Treasure: Each of the guard beasts wears a silver choker worth 50gp. Each handler has a pouch containing 50gp.

THE GALLERY

This room is long and has a number of paintings on the wall, at one time all very high quality. Unfortunately both natural and unnatural decay have ruined them. They are now cracked and moldy, some even chewed on by tiny, hungry mouths. The smell of must and moldy decay is strong here.

There are also four small tables littering the room, all next to large vases that are smashed into thousand of tiny pieces which crunch underfoot when anyone walks across the room. Appraise's kill check (DC15) to recognize that they were antiques and excellent quality.

There are three exits from the gallery, two to the north into Foyer 2 and Foyer 3, and a pair of ajar double doors to the east, leading into the library.

THE LIBRARY

The door to this room is hard to push open, as debris is blocking it (Strength check DC 15 to get it open enough for a humanoid to fit through). The smell of mold and rot is overwhelming. The books appear to have pulled off the shelves and thrown in the middle of the room. The shelves have been broken apart and used to board up the windows to the south. Rain has crept into the room through the gaps in the boards and there is about an inch of water on the floor. The books have long since begun to rot and mold. There are a number of rats who have taken advantage of this prime nesting material and easy access to the outdoors and have shredded the books which have not all ready mildewed. The rats will scurry and flee from any light sources and will not attack the party members.

There is no treasure or creatures here. If searched through, there are a few books that are intact and readable, mostly in Suloise and mostly historical. Even the books in the best shape have pages stuck together and are water stained. None are worth any monetary value.

FOYER 2

This room is largely empty save for a few broken chairs.

LOUNGE

This room has two chairs and a couch, all covered in dust cloths. It does not appear to have been used for quite a while, as the film of dust on the cloths will testify.

GRAND STAIR

Until the party has dealt with Lord Marran (Encounter 6) the grand stairs and the passage to the north will be hidden by an illusion such that there appears to be a large mural of the signing of the Maure Compact on the north wall. Once Lord Brioch is satisfied that the PCs know enough, the grand stair will be revealed in all of its splendor.

BALLROOM

This room has a beautiful hardwood floor while tarnished and dirty glass mirrors lining the walls. There is a large glass chandelier above, unlit.

Around the periphery of the ballroom a small orchestra clad in white robes and sealed iron masks plays madly for no apparent audience. The music they play is brisk paced and out of tune, following a mixture of styles and time signatures all crammed together into an incoherent musical mess. They do not respond to any stimuli, but instead will become more discordant in their playing as a response to any questions or interference from outsiders.

SALON

Two feet of water fill the elegant salon where philosophers and skeptics once discoursed on the nature of man, gods, and the universe.

ENCOUNTER 3: REQUIEM FOR A FATTY (GREAT DINING ROOM)

Before you stand two great burnished silver wood doors inlaid with chalcedony carved in the likeness of great herons standing among rushes. Even as you stand before the doors, something strikes you as wrong, a vague feeling of unease. The doors open inward and you realize what it was as the full stench of rot and decay fused with some of the most inviting food that you have ever smelled invades you from the room beyond the door. The combination of immaculately prepared food and stench is unsettling at best.

This large oval dining room may once have been beautiful. It is difficult to tell as the walls appear to be covered in a wide variety of ambiguous stains and chunks of decaying food. Bordering the periphery of the room are vermin of all sorts scurrying through food and bones piled about in various states of rot, cautious to stay out of the way of the other inhabitants of the room. Roaches scurry quickly, almost fearfully across the walls. Light filters in through a hazy filter of rotting curtains through windows in the far eastern end of the hall.

An angry squeal comes from the room as two rats are fighting over a chunk of what is probably gristle. The smaller of the two wins, but in his zeal run right into the flabby claw of one of the inhabitants of this room who greedily pops it in his mouth, tail twitching frantically before the dull crunch comes and puts it out of its misery. There are a number of both human and demonic servants mulling around, some lounging while others are guarding plates of fresh fruit, bread, cooked meat and cakes and puddings of every variety, but there is no doubt who is the master here.

In the center of the room, propped up on a heavily torn and stained chair which sits on top of this once great hall's former dining table, sits what possibly could have once been a man. Now though, it is questionable. Clad only in a loosely worn toga of what might have been silk he sits, being hand fed by a short human tearing chunks off of a large baked ham. He must weigh 800 pounds if he weighs an ounce. Folds and rolls jut out from under the toga, often with bits of food stuck in them, and his face is so bloated that the only distinguishable features are the hole being crammed with food and two tiny, violet eyes peering out from underneath bloated lids. He smiles as the party enters, half chewed food falls out before being spat to the side, where one of the servants examines it lovingly before popping it in his own mouth.

Lord Tordan will be more than happy to converse with the party. He finds their presence and quest amusing, if somewhat dull. He will be most eager to hear any news of

the outside world, as he rarely gets out. He will enjoy taunting and ridiculing the party though he is unable to physically threaten anyone. He will generally be unhelpful and evasive when directly questioned about anything regarding the manor. It will require more than just idle threats to convince him to tell what he knows, even when faced with harm he will still attempt to be as evasive and dishonest as possible.

Of course his servants are very loyal and will not allow any harm to come to their master. They will defend him at all costs, fighting to the death. Lord Tordan will not hesitate to expend the lives of his servants.

All of Lord Tordan's servants are very well fed. They are clad in House Teranor's colors: purple and white, as well as Lord Tordan's own personal color a particularly vile shade of bilious green. Their velvet and silk doublets and hose are in disrepair: stained, tattered, and filthy from the duties of their service to Lord Tordan.

If questioned about why he has demonic servants, Lord Tordan will be dismissive, answering with statements like "They suit my temperament" or "They don't talk back" or "You don't find them charming? Oh, ugly certainly but their ability to slurp up scraps is most certainly entertaining to say the least." If the party presses the matter, Tordan responds: "If you don't like them, remove them. I could care less."

If a fight breaks out, and it most likely will, Lord Tordan does a sort of color commentary, not caring which side does something interesting. He will respond to deathblows or spells with "ooh's" and "ahh's" and titters and squeals of delight. After the party has dispatched the servants he will applaud by slapping his hands against his giant thighs, making more of a flapping sound than a clapping. He will then look at the party and say "That's quite a mess you've made. I hope you plan on cleaning it up."

Creatures:

TIER 2 (EL 6)

➤ **Dretches** (2): hp 9; see *Monster Manual* page 41.

➤ **Servants, male human Ftr1** (2): CR 2; Medium-size humanoid (human); HD 1d10+5; hp 12; Init +1; Spd 20 ft.; AC 18 (Touch 11, Flatfooted 17); Atks +3 melee (1d10+3/19-20, bastard sword); AL NE; SV Fort +4, Ref +1, Will +0; Str 15, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 8.

Skills and Feats: Intimidate +2; *Feats:* Toughness, Exotic Weapon (bastard sword), Weapon Focus (bastard sword).

Possessions: Half plate, bastard sword, and pouch containing 25gp.

➤ **Merius, male wererat Rog2:** CR 4; Medium-size Shapechanger (lycanthrope); HD 2d6+1d8+1; hp 18; Init +1/+3; Spd 30/40; AC 13 (Touch 11, Flat-footed 12) or 16 (Touch 13, Flat-footed 13); Atks +1 melee (1d6+2/18-20, rapier) as human, or +4 melee (1d6+2/18-20, rapier) or +2 melee (1d4, bite) as hybrid, or +5 melee (1d4, bite) as rat; SA Rog sneak attack +1d6, curse of lycanthropy; SQ Evasion, rat empathy/scent, damage reduction 15 (silver);

AL CE; SV Fort +5, Ref +8, Will +4; Str 10, Dex 13/17, Con 10/12, Int 8, Wis 10, Cha 10.

Skills and Feats: Balance +6, Disable Device +6, Escape Artist +5, Hide +6, Listen +3, Move Silently +5, Read Lips +3, Tumble +6/Climb +11, Hide +11, Move Silently +6; Dodge, Multi-attack, Weapon Finesse (bite) as rat, Weapon Finesse (rapier) as hybrid.

Possessions: Rapier, dagger, money pouch containing 25gp.

Merius is a foppish Oeridian dandy and sycophant. He is short, swarthy, and balding. He wears badly stained blue velvet and tattered lace. Like all wererats, he has both a hybrid and an animal form.

➤ **Agoir, male wererat Rog2:** CR 4; Medium-size Shapechanger (lycanthrope); HD 2d6+1d8+1; hp 18; Init +1/+3; Spd 30/40; AC 13 (Touch 11, Flat-footed 12) or 16 (Touch 13, Flat-footed 13); Atks +1 melee (1d6+2/18-20, rapier) as human, or +4 melee (1d6+2/18-20, rapier) or +2 melee (1d4, bite) as hybrid, or +5 melee (1d4, bite) as rat; SA Rog sneak attack +1d6, curse of lycanthropy; SQ Evasion, rat empathy/scent, damage reduction 15 (silver); AL CE; SV Fort +5, Ref +8, Will +4; Str 10, Dex 13/17, Con 10/12, Int 8, Wis 10, Cha 10.

Skills and Feats: Balance +6, Disable Device +6, Escape Artist +5, Hide +6, Listen +3, Move Silently +5, Read Lips +3, Tumble +6/Climb +11, Hide +11, Move Silently +6; Dodge, Multi-attack, Weapon Finesse (bite) as rat, Weapon Finesse (rapier) as hybrid.

Possessions: Rapier, dagger, money pouch with 20gp.

Agoir is an ugly, wall-eyed sneak and footpad. He stands nearly six feet tall with long tangled brown locks, a wispy of a moustache and mottled pox-marked skin. He wears faded and stained burgundy velvet and soiled lace. Like all wererats he has a hybrid and an animal form.

TIER 3 (EL 8)

➤ **Dretches** (4): hp 9; see *Monster Manual* page 41.

➤ **Servants, male human Ftr2** (2): CR 2; Medium-size humanoid (human); HD 2d10+7; hp 23; Init +5; Spd 20 ft.; AC 18 (Touch 11, Flatfooted 17); Atks +4 melee (1d10+3/19-20, bastard sword); AL NE; SV Fort +5, Ref +1, Will +0; Str 15, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 8.

Skills and Feats: Intimidate +2; *Feats:* Toughness, Exotic Weapon (bastard sword), Weapon Focus (bastard sword), and Improved Initiative.

Possessions: Half plate, bastard sword, and pouch containing 25gp.

➤ **Merius, male wererat Rog2:** hp 18; see above

➤ **Agoir, male wererat Rog2:** hp 18; see above

TIER 4 (EL 10)

➤ **Dretches** (4): hp 9; see *Monster Manual* page 41.

👉 **Servants, male human Ftr4** (4): CR 2; Medium-size humanoid (human); HD 4d10+11; hp 37; Init +5; Spd 20 ft. ; A C 18 (Touch 11, Flatfooted 17); Atks +6 melee (1d10+3/19-20, bastard sword); AL NE; SV Fort +7, Ref +2, Will +1; Str 15, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 8.

Skills and Feats: Intimidate +2; *Feats:* Toughness, Exotic Weapon (bastard sword), Weapon Focus (bastard sword), and Improved Initiative.

Possessions: Half plate, bastard sword, and pouch containing 25gp.

👉 **Merius, male wererat Rogz:** hp 18; see above

👉 **Agoir, male wererat Rogz:** hp 18; see above

👉 **Gloranna, female ogre Ftr3** CR 8; Large Giant (ogre) HD 4d8+3d10+14; hp 59; Init +5; Spd 30 ft.; AC 23 (Touch 10, Flat Footed 22); Atks +12/+7 melee (2d8+5/19-20, huge greatsword); AL CE; SV Fort +9, Ref +3, Will +2; Str 21, Dex 12, Con 15, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 8.

Skills and Feats: Intimidate +2, Jump +11, Spot +5, Wilderness Lore +4; Cleave, Great Cleave, Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Weapon Focus (greatsword).

Possessions: Full plate, huge greatsword, dagger, pouch containing 200gp.

Gloranna is a walking mass of muscle and gristle. She is 7 foot 4 inches tall and weighs well over 400 pounds. Her skin is creamy white mottled with large purple and black splotches, and she wears her green-black hair in a long braid down her back. She is grotesque with a huge jutting jaw overstuffed with large yellow tusk-like teeth. Brown piggy eyes hide behind a mashed and warty nose. She wears a yellow watersilk surcoat over her full plate and fights with a huge greatsword clenched in her meaty fists.

See the appendix for Lord Tordan's statistics.

Tactics Tier 2 and Tier 3: Most of Lord Tordan's servants and allies will fight to the death to protect him. As Lord Tordan speaks fluent Abyssal, the dretches are in constant telepathic contact with him and he can readily direct their actions. The remaining inhabitants speak Abyssal to a greater or lesser extent and thus the actions of the dretches will come as no surprise. The dretches will readily use their spelllike abilities (*telekinesis* on plates of food, chairs, and such; stinking cloud) to confuse and disorient would be invaders. At the slightest hint of danger they will begin summoning more assistance from the Abyss.

As the great doors open into the hall, the wererats are usually stationed behind them to maximize their ability to flank visitors. The wererats will not reveal their true natures unless pressed, otherwise they will attempt to hide and flank party members. If the fight is going badly, the wererats will turn into animal form and try to escape through any of the various rat holes lining the side of the room.

Lord Tordan will titter and giggle the entire time, but make no move to attack.

Tiers 4: As above. Gloranna will generally attempt to intercept the largest party member, using her reach to her advantage. She will single-out anyone attacking Lord Tordan for immediate attention. The fighters and rogues know that spell-casters can be very dangerous and will seek to eliminate them first. The were-rats will perform as above.

Treasure: Wedged deep amid Lord Tordan's pillows and dishes is a +1 longsword. The servants carry pouches of gold coins. There are numerous fabulous deserts, rare viands, succulent morsels, and delectable delicacies. The servants (both wererat and human) have pouches of coins.

👉 **Longsword of Lord Tordan Teranor,** This was once Lord Tordan's personal blade. It is a very fine enchanted Baklunar steel sword; the hilt is wrapped in silver wire and set in the pommel is a large amethyst. The matching scabbard is inlaid with 8 chalcedony herons.

Development: This is what Lord Tordan knows:

- He does not know who Ella is, other than some brat of the House. He has tormented her before – compelling her to rub him with the special unguent that keeps his skin supple.
- He is aware of the demon taint, but not sure how it came about – he has always felt the urge to consume, even as a boy.
- He fears his mother more than anything else.
- He was summoned to join with the rest of the family to defend the House, but sadly (he doesn't seem to be sad) was unable to comply.
- He knows that others ignored the summons as well: he speculates Marran and Brioch were among those who missed out.
- The roast pheasant they serve at Ofnel House is to die for.
- He doesn't know anything about any assassins, which would be Lord Kalaric's particular pleasure. He will further indicate that Lord Kalaric's private "aviary" is in the south-west tower.
- He was saddened by the death of his brother Aerken, he and his children threw such lovely parties.
- The purple crystals (*Festival of the Long Flowers* interactive) are used to create wands of demon summoning. The process for creating the crystals is complex and requires blood sacrifice. Lord Tordan's agent, a young noble named Baldiran Madcaul made all the arrangements. Baldiran is such an enterprising fellow; he will go far. So tidy.
- In his official capacity, Lord Tordan is the Quartermaster of Seltaren. As such he is privy to information that would be quite valuable to any merchant house or trade factor (or thief or smuggler). If it looks like the party is intent on killing him he will offer up this information in the hope it will save his life.

Ella will be very uncomfortable in Lord Tordan's presence. But she is confident that the players will keep her safe from harm.

FOYER 4

This room is empty.

OFFICE AND SCRIBES ROOMS

These rooms appear to have been hastily abandoned. In the office are two desks and chairs. The desks are empty. In the scribes room there are two more desks and chairs, also empty. There are a number of blank sheets of parchment scattered about as well as a few candle nubs that haven't burnt out on their own accord.

RECEPTION HALL

The fine Reception Hall with thick carpets and brilliantly vibrant tapestries has been turned into a stable. The decomposing bodies of two fine destiers (war horses) lie moldering amid the ruined finery. Both of them have large, open wounds on them. There is a slip of paper tacked onto each horse. On one it says "Liver Removed – Acceptable". On the other it says "Kidneys Removed – Unacceptable". If the corpses are researched, the mentioned organs are still in the horse corpses (this requires a Wilderness Lore, DC 15 to accomplish).

SMALL DINING HALL

This room has a number of simple wooden tables and chairs. Scattered on them are a number of simple ceramic plates and eating utensils that have been recently used (within the last day). Flies buzz about the place, but nothing else is here. The doors to the west lead to Encounter Four.

ENCOUNTER 4: TWO-STEP TOWARD THE LIGHT (CHAPEL)

Ella says she knows of a good place.

The Chapel of Lydia can be entered either via the conservatory or through the small dining hall. It is a bastion of calm and goodness in an otherwise foul and loathsome place. It is cozy and dark with an air of solemnity. Golden icons of the goddess line the walls. The eastern portion of the chamber contains a white marble font and a small cabinet containing devotional garments and objects. The western portion contains

three long pews running lengthwise. The southwest nook contains a small shrine and altar set with candles.

Tall glass windows line the north wall giving a splendid view of the conservatory.

From the chapel the players can determine that the conservatory is a large airy plant-filled chamber with a glass-domed ceiling. In the darkness the players can see the forms of trees and shrubs that line the wide pathways. In the center of the conservatory a circular pool reflects the starlit night sky.

Clerics of any Suloise deity will know that the proper form for making obeisance to the goddess. The ritual involves cleansing oneself at the font, taking up a candle from the cabinet, lighting it, placing it on the altar, and finally saying a short prayer to invoke the blessing of the goddess. Any other character has a chance to know the proper ceremony (DC of 25 [Knowledge: Religion]). Suloise characters have a better chance than others (+5). Worshipers of Suel deities also get a +5, these bonuses stack.

Successfully performing the ceremony will grant a character a temporary boon. This beneficence will act as a Heal spell. It will also work to remove the *Taint of the Ebon Waves* [URD1-02: To Save The Scouring Wind]. The beneficence will only function once per character.

ENCOUNTER 5: SEPULCHER COTILLION (THE ROOT CELLAR)

Journeying down the back stair is a trip into the very darkest pits of despair and foulest evil.

The party descends into darkness of the root cellar. The main chamber is relatively free of the contagion brought about by the madness of the House. Storage bins line one wall; wine bottles another; shelves containing ceramic pots and crockery a third. In the center of the low-ceilinged chamber are four large casks. Two bear the crest of House D'argin, the third is labeled in an archaic Elven Script (Elven Language: DC30 to decipher. It reads "House of the Silver Coracle"). All have been tapped at some point. The last is an untapped cask of Arguinar Dark. From a yawning hole in the southwest corner of the room issues a fetid charnel stench.

Ella indicates that through the tunnel to the southeast is where the bad man lives. She will not go down there, but instead will wait for the party in the cellar, hiding in one of the abandoned bins.

Murky water fills the narrow rough-hewn tunnel, in some places nearly six inches deep. Bits of torn clothing, gobbets of rotting meat, and disquieting fatty pools float at or near the surface. Under the water is a three-inch layer of mud and muck from which odd bits of bone protrude. The stench is nearly unbearable. Maggots cling to the slimy slick walls, seeking their next meals. Large fattened rats regard the party with something akin to expectation.

The passage splits, neither path appears any more wholesome than the other.

The left hand passage leads to a smallish cave. The muck beneath the party's feet slips deeper and soon they are wading in three feet of brackish, foully murky water. The cave is kidney shaped with a low ceiling only some six feet above the water line. Whole, or what would appear to be mostly whole, bodies float here amid skeletal humanoid remains. As the party enters, the bodies stir in some unholy parody of life.

Zombies and skeletons attack the party.

Tiering note for the Undead encounters to follow. The number and kind of creature for each tier is the same. In tier 3 the area is within a Desecrate Spell [Undead receive +1 bonus to attack rolls, damage rolls, saves, and get +1 hp/HD; also attempt s t o t u r n the undead are made with -3 profane penalty]. In tier 4 there is a small permanent altar to the demon within this area as well, doubling the effectiveness of the Desecrate [+2, -6].

Creatures (EL 4):

☛ **Zombies** (4): hp 16 each; see *Monster Manual* page 191.

☛ **Skeletons** (4): hp 6 each; see *Monster Manual* page 165.

The right hand passage continues and splits again. At the second splitting the left hand passage opens into a small cave similar to the previous one. The mucky floor recedes as the water deepens to nearly three feet in depth again. More bodies and skeletons float, or nearly float in this chamber.

More zombies and skeletons attack the party.

***Note:** Use statistics from previous encounter.

The narrow waterlogged passage widens and climbs out of the muck finally opens into a solid stone chamber. A tidal force of gagging putrescence washes over the party as they enter. Feasting on the grisly remains of several townsfolk are a pack of ghouls and their zombie pets. With the subtlety of undead all move to attack those who came unbidden to their feast.

Creatures (EL 7):

☛ **Zombies** (6): hp 16 each; see *Monster Manual* page 191.

☛ **Ghouls** (4): hp 13 each; see *Monster Manual* page 97.

As the ghouls and zombies in the first chamber are roused to action, Lord Marran and his ghosts will be alerted and move to join the fight.

☛ **Ghosts** (2): hp 26 (each); see *Monster Manual* page 97.

For statistics on Lord Marran see the appendix.

Tactics: The zombies and the ghouls will move forward to occupy the party.

From the previous encounters Lord Marran is well aware of the presence of intruders in his lair. The least he

will do (at tier 2) will be to have preast protection from good, aid, and giant vermin.

The ghosts will follow the giant vermin into combat, moving to attack any PCs that appear t o be lightly armored or finishing off any heavily wounded party members.

If it is going poorly for the undead, Lord Marran will unleash his battery of ranged spells and then jump into the fray using *Create Undead* (on dead PCs if possible) and his large complement of touch spells. If the party makes short work of his critters, he will use *Ethereal Jaunt* to escape, possibly attacking the party from behind with *Slay Living* or *Inflict Wounds* spells).

Treasure: Lord Marran has a vial containing three doses of *potion cure light wounds*. In exchange for assistance, guidance, and protection the ghouls and ghosts tithe Lord Marran all the loot found on their victims.

☛ Silver and gold Suloise inkpot (12gp)

☛ Ivory Oeridian ring (51gp)

☛ Ivory Gnomish brooch (64gp)

☛ Gold Rhennee pendant (91gp)

☛ Ivory Suloise dagger (98gp)

☛ Silver and gold Suloise pendant (110gp)

☛ Silver Suloise talisman (33gp)

☛ Silver Suloise ring (21gp)

Lord Marran makes his home in the small ruined temple south of the chamber containing the ghouls. Prior to the party's entrance he had been engaged in a game of cards with the ghosts, betting with the choicest cuts of meat. All that remains are four piles of bloody meat and entrails, and a well-drawn deck of Keolish playing cards decorated in gold leaf (as the cards are entirely covered in gore and blood—they aren't worth anything).

ENCOUNTER 6: MINUET OF THE LOST TOYS

The upper floors of the manse are eerily still. The top of the Grand Stair is open to the Ballroom below. And from it issue forth the melancholy strains of the orchestra of the damned. Their disquiet lament drifts and eddies through the upper halls, sometimes soft, sometimes loud, but ever hauntingly elusive. The walls are covered in smooth pale white plaster. Most of the furniture and paintings are draped in heavy white cloth. It has a cold, quiet, life-less feel, quite unlike anywhere else in the manor. Thick Ekbirin carpets muffle the party's footsteps. The halls are cloaked in darkness. Down the hall a faint orange glow creeps out from underneath a pair of double doors. Save that small beacon and the party's own light sources the upper level of the manse is wrapped in inky black.

THE TOY ROOM

This room is clean, shocking in and of itself. A light smell of lavender coats the room. There is a set of double doors to the north and muffled laughing and conversations can be heard from beyond it.

Lining the East and West walls are a number of puppets, all intricately made and in all manner of races and costumes. On the floor are a number of trunks filled with toys of all sorts: Dolls, soldiers, stuffed animals, tops, blocks, and every toy imaginable.

Ella will squeal with delight and run immediately to her favorite doll (squeezing between the legs of PCs if necessary), hugging it tightly and asking her how she has been, apologizing for how long it's been since she's visited.

A scan roll (DC 15) will show that the door moved just a little as soon as the party entered, but nothing further will happen.

THE PLAY ROOM

This room is a mini theater. There is a stage on the Northwest corner of the room and four rows of seats. Sitting off to the right is a large chair in which sits Lord Brioch. He is watching the stage intently.

On the stage are a number of smallish creatures, all about a foot tall. There is one creature that is dressed up as a caricature of each of the party members. In the back of the stage are the other three Lords of the manor, caricatures as well and in whatever states the party left them in. All of these creatures are extremely exaggerated versions of the Lords and the characters; all of them are comical in their exaggerations. Lord Brioch himself is also represented on the stage, dressed exactly the same but as a pitiful, tiny oaf shackled at hand and feet by the extensions of his own jester cap.

The creatures playing the characters have fake wounds and equipment to match the party. They are standing at the front of their stage looking confused (fingers up their noses, lost, blank expressions on their faces, drool dripping from slack mouths).

When the party enters, Lord Brioch will speak:

“Gentlemen, (and ladies) gentlemen. Welcome to the theater of House Teranor. Please, have a seat.”

If the party sits, he will smile. If they do not, he will frown and say:

“I suppose the view of the stage is better standing anyway.”

Lord Brioch will explain to the party that he is writing a play about the recent tragedy in House Teranor, but he is stuck on the ending. He will implore the party to help him find the ending. He will insist the play is not yet finished. He has been scrying everything the party has done so far, and will know everything that has happened after they left the grand foyer. He did not know that the party was there until after the high level characters left them, teleporting them out.

He does not know Ella by name, but seems quite fond and affectionate toward her, though it might be seen as sadness and pity more than real affection. A sense motive skill check (DC 20) could be used to determine this.

If the party explains why they are here, what their mission is, he will say:

“The answers you require are in the conservatory. You must travel down below the earth as the ending appears to be buried in darkness. I cannot go with you, but I assure you that I wish you nothing but the best of luck. You may enter the conservatory by going down the hall to the east and through the window. Take Ella with you. This is no place for a little girl, even one such as her.”

If the party tries to clarify what this means, he will just shake his head and frown.

If the party does not willingly explain their mission, Lord Brioch will start to ask questions, explaining that there are holes in the plot of his play and that maybe the party would know how to fill them in. The only way Lord Brioch will tell the party that they should go down into the conservatory (and remove the illusion of both the walls blocking the way and of the water hiding the grotto) is if they tell him why they are really there.

Creatures:

Wingless Homunculi (30): hp 11; see Monster Manual, page 120; Spd 20 ft., no fly.

TACTICS

If the party moves to attack, the creatures will swarm on the party, delaying them long enough for Lord Brioch to cast *dimension door* and escape the party.

ENCOUNTER 7: LAST WALTZ

There are three possible ways to proceed with this encounter; they depend entirely on the party's actions in Encounter One. If Ella is alive and still accompanies the party use Alternate Ending One. If Dreidan is alive and accompanies the party use Alternate Ending Two. On the off chance neither Ella nor Dreidan is alive and with the party use Alternate Ending Three.

ALTERNATE ENDING ONE:

(The following text is only relevant if the party did not allow Ella to be killed in the first encounter.)

This is the end game. It should only require about a half-hour of play. If three hours of play have already transpired start this encounter no matter where the party happens to be.

THE CONSERVATORY

The conservatory is a large airy plant-filled chamber with a glass-doomed roof. Individual panes of glass are set in polished brass. The faintest rays of dawn cause the entire ceiling to take on a golden glow that bathes the chamber in pale white light. The green leaves of the plants and trees take on an unearthly

sheen as the light is reflected and magnified by every surface. Wide paths circle through the foliage to meet at a large circular pool.

If the party has not met Lord Brioch and given him the information he requires, the party will see:

The pool is filled with dark, murky water that appears to drain deep into the earth.

Diving into this illusionary pool will result in taking falling damage of 4d6. No jumping roll is allowed to minimize this. Climbing down the sides is the same as below, but with a -5 penalty to the climbing roll due to the illusion blocking vision.

If the party has met with Lord Brioch and given him the information he wants, the party will see:

The center of the pool is open as an endless cascade falls gently into a misty grotto below.

If the party peers over the edge of the pool they will see that it is forty feet from the pool to the mossy rocks of the grotto, the cylindrical walls are slick with verdant moss; ferns have found purchase in every crack.

Descending to the grotto should be pretty straightforward. Unaided it requires a climbing roll (DC 30). Falling would be unadvisable, the rocks are not soft nor are they forgiving (4d6 damage, Jump DC20 to reduce this to 3d6+1d6 subdual).

Lying in among the rocks are several bodies. Here six members of House Teranor met their deaths. Four are women of varying ages (16-60) two are middle-aged men. All have died through violence, at least three appear to have been armed. It is easy to discern they have been hacked with blades. One of the women has a large burned spot on her chest (possibly the result of a magic missile, spellcraft DC 20) All are well dressed in velvets, silk, and lace. These were wealthy people in expensive clothes. Little is not covered in blood, intestinal fluids, bone splinters and bits of rent flesh.

One wall of the grotto holds a wide archway that opens into a broad passage.

Ella will indicate, "My mommy is down there," and point through the archway.

The passage is about twenty feet wide with a twelve-foot ceiling. It is of the same fitted stone as the manor above. It is some fifty feet long lit by short, squat brass braziers every fifteen feet.

The passage that links the grotto with the cavern contains four more bodies: two men and two young women. One of the men has a black spiral horn sprouting from his forehead. He has been hewn in half by a tremendous blow. The face of one woman has been pulped into an unrecognizable mass. The other two appear to have been stabbed to death. Again, these were well-dressed nobles but none appear to have been armed with much more than daggers.

Ella points further down the passage. She is mute with anxiety and terror.

The passage opens into a large rough-hewn rock chamber. A wall of water dominates the far end of this chamber: this is the Gerlung Falls, where the Corundum River plunges from Upper Seltaren to the Sink below. Strangely little sound emanates from the falling water save the barest of whispers. In the center of the cavern is a three-foot high raised platform roughly forty feet in diameter. Squat brass braziers line the walls casting a ruddy glow to the room and causing the waterfalls to appear as molten gold.

The carnage in here is awesome. Bodies lie in every conceivable state of disjunction: burned, beaten, hacked, stabbed, liquefied, jellied, frozen, petrified, poisoned... All appear to be either Teranor nobles or warriors and servants in livery of purple and white. Many were armed with a variety of weapons. The platform is clear save for a single prone form. If not restrained Ella will run to the body on the platform.

"Mama", she wails clutching at the robes of the body.

She cannot be torn from the body.

Her mother: this was a beautiful woman. Long honey blond hair cascades about her now in disarray. Skin like fine porcelain. She is clad in a high collared dress of burgundy velvet brocade, adorned with the finest silk lace at the collar and wrists. She was a tall woman and well formed, her neck long and supple, graceful hands, carmine lips that would have found an easily charming smile, dark arching brows over eyes of the deepest blue-violet; eyes that are now vacant and without spark. A small stream of blood trickles from the corner of her mouth. A visage is well known in the Duchy. For the past several years this has been the most public face of House Teranor, the Lady Mornaella, daughter and presumed heir of Dame Lady Morlyn.

About now the party should have a very ugly realization. Let that sink in for a second. But they will have little time to react for the next thing...

There is a thunderous rumble and a sulfurous stench. A long black tear appears hovering over the platform as if there were a rent in the very fabric of the air. The braziers in the room dim momentarily as if very light was being sucked from them. The tear lengthens and widens. Great pale ghostly hands grasp the edges from the inside, exerting their strength to widen the rip. As the tear widens a head emerges followed by shoulders, until the entire figure is through as if thrust from some otherworldly womb. It is frightening and beautiful to behold. It stands like a man though nine-feet tall and ghostly white. Silver-white wings like those of a great eagle sprout from his back. Enormous three-toed clawed feet covered by pale silver-blue scales give rise to thickly muscled calves and thighs. All visible areas of skin appear to be traced with a barely visible network of fine blue lines, sigils, runes, and glyphs. He is bared to the waist, wrapped round his loins is a simple kirtle of blood red silk. A muscular hairless chest heaves with his exertion. Powerfully muscled shoulders and arms extend and stretch. He throws back his well-formed head to gasp: eyes like dark lakes of ink without apparent iris or center, pale white hair like pools of spun silk cascade around his neck and shoulders. His face is angelic and serene

though the remnants of some great struggle are apparent. Numerous bright blue seeping wounds cover his chest, back, and arms. His right leg is maimed, and even now goutts of iridescent azure ooze down his legs. The demon ichor hisses as it strikes the platform, small plumes of smoke erupt as it begins to eat away the stone.

He kindly beckons to Ella, "Come child, it is time to go home. We must not tarry."

At this point, give the party time to whip out the Scroll of Magic Circle of Protection (if they haven't used it already). The demon will look puzzled as they read it, but make no motion to stop them. The power of the scroll will be enough to force Ella away from the party. The demon will do his best to ensure no harm comes to Ella, but things are about to change anyway.

The demon suddenly straightens, his arms jerk backward, and in a fountain of bright blue demon blood a point of a sword blade erupts from his chest. Iridescent azure sprays from his mouth as he roars. With a meaty explosion his body flies apart, burning, sizzling, and smoking. (Party members will take 1d6 damage from goutts of burning demon flesh and ichor, REF save DC 15 for half damage.) Standing amid the conflagration, blazing bastard sword in hand is Sir Edran. (If anyone notices, cares, or asks the gate is now closed and gone.)

Sir Edran looks like Hell. His once shiny plate armor is rent, dented, and scratched; one pauldron hangs askew. Blood is seeping through numerous cracks and seams. He has lost his helm somewhere. He looks tired and he looks grim. Somehow his long blond locks are still arrayed in orderly fashion, though somewhat streaked with blood, sweat, and Abysmal grime. His gaze falls to Ella.

"This one is evil."

Ella appears to be in shock. Unless she was forced from her mother's body, she will still be tightly gripping the burgundy brocade of her sleeve.

Sir Edran looks to the party and repeats, "This one is evil and the spawn of the minions of darkness and foulest corruption."

He seems to be waiting for the party to speak.

At this point the party really has only two options. They can speak on Ella's behalf or they can condemn her. Regardless of which side the party takes, Sir Edran will take the opposite side.

If they chose to speak on Ella's behalf they will need to convince Sir Edran that while she may be the spawn of evil, she herself is not evil. They will need to counter the following arguments:

- There is evil in her blood that cannot be expunged. The world will be a better place without her blight upon it.
- When she comes of age she will twist toward darkness and corruption if she doesn't already.
- Children not much older than her, all ready full and ripe with the taint of evil, attacked his companions—they slew them all.

- It would be a kindness to kill her rather than have her live as the spawn of evil, how could she live knowing the evil her kin had done. "T'would be mercy to do the deed."

If they chose to condemn Ella, Sir Edran will move to defend her. He will simply state that this insanity must not continue and that there must be another way. She is an innocent child and no more innocent children must come to harm.

For the most part, unless they are really unconvincing, the party will sway Sir Edran to their side of the argument.

If they chose to let her live...

"Come child, we must away from the horror of this place." Sir Edran will fold Ella in his arms and bear her back down the passage.

He will speak to the party as he turns, "I will take her with me to the Temple of Lydia, they will know what to do. You have served the Duchy well and truly, others will know of your valor this night. Though your part in this may not yet be done."

If the party chooses to kill her...

Ella closes her eyes.

Sir Edran whispers, "Best to be swift and merciful."

In one astonishing deft motion, Ella's head flies from her body. So swift is the action that her face doesn't even have time to register surprise, and it is done. Her slim body crumples beside her mother. Her head comes to rest at the feet of the party, eyes still closed as if in sleep. All is quiet save the drip of blood from Sir Edran's sword.

"T'was no easy decision. But she is better off now. It was a kindness to kill her rather than have her live as the spawn of evil, how could she live knowing the evil her kin had done. You have served the Duchy well and truly, others will know of your valor this night."

With that he will turn and depart.

ALTERNATE ENDING TWO:

(The following text is only relevant if Dreidan is alive and Ella is dead.) [Note: This is not the happy ending.]

This is the end game. It should only require about a half-hour of play. If three hours of play have already transpired start this encounter no matter where the party happens to be.

Dreidan stops short, a look of confusion and worry passes over him, "We must make for the grotto."

He will explain that under the conservatory is a grotto and some caverns. They were part of a plan to put in a second grander ballroom that opened out onto the falls.

THE CONSERVATORY

The conservatory is a large airy plant-filled chamber with a glass-domed roof. Individual panes of glass are set in polished brass. The faintest rays of dawn cause the entire ceiling to take on a golden glow that bathes the chamber in pale white light. The green leaves of the plants and trees take on an unearthly sheen as the light is reflected and magnified by every surface. Wide paths circle through the foliage to meet at a large circular pool.

If the party has not met with Lord Brioch and given him the information he wants, the party will see:

The pool is filled with dark, murky water that appears to drain deep into the earth.

Dreidan will inform the party that this is an illusion cast by Lord Brioch, and that we will have to climb down through it. Climbing down the sides is the same as below, but with a -5 penalty to the climbing roll due to the illusion blocking vision.

If the party has met with Brioch and given him the information he wants, the party will see:

The center of the pool is open as an endless cascade falls gently into a misty grotto below

If the party peers over the edge of the pool they will see that it is forty feet from the pool to the mossy rocks of the grotto, the cylindrical walls are slick with verdant moss; ferns have found purchase in every crack.

Descending to the grotto should be pretty straightforward. Unaided it requires a climbing roll (DC 30). Falling would be inadvisable, the rocks are not soft nor are they forgiving (4d6 damage, Jump DC20 to reduce this to 3d6+1d6 subdual).

Lying in among the rocks are several bodies. Here six members of House Teranor met their deaths. Four are women of varying ages (16-60) two are middle-aged men. All have died through violence, at least three appear to have been armed. It is easy to discern they have been hacked with blades. One of the women has a large burned spot on her chest (possibly the result of a magic missile, spellcraft DC 20). All are well dressed in velvets, silk, and lace. These were wealthy people in expensive clothes. Little is not covered in blood, intestinal fluids, bone splinters and bits of rent flesh.

One wall of the grotto holds a wide archway that opens into a broad passage.

Dreidan mutters, "This way," and points down the passage.

The passage is about twenty feet wide with a twelve-foot ceiling. It is of the same fitted stone of the manor above. It is some fifty feet long lit by short, squat brass braziers every fifteen feet.

The passage that links the grotto with the cavern contains four more bodies: two men and two young women. One of the men has a black spiral horn sprouting

from his forehead. He has been hewn in half by a tremendous blow. The face of one woman has been pulped into an unrecognizable mass. The other two appear to have been stabbed to death. Again, these were well-dressed nobles but none appear to have been armed with much more than daggers.

Dreidan is visibly shaken; it appears that he knew several of these folk. Looking at the noble with the horn he mumbles, "Lord Gasgorn must have worn a glamour all his life to hide that..."

The passage opens into a large rough-hewn rock chamber. A wall of water dominates the far end of this chamber: this is the Gerlung Falls, where the Corundum River plunges from Upper Seltaren to the Sink below. Strangely little sound emanates from the falling water save the barest of whispers. In the center of the cavern is a three-foot high raised platform roughly forty feet in diameter. Squat brass braziers line the walls casting a ruddy glow to the room and causing the waterfalls to appear as molten gold.

The carnage in here is awesome. Bodies lie in every conceivable state of disjunction: burned, beaten, hacked, stabbed, liquefied, jellied, frozen, petrified, poisoned... All appear to be either Teranor nobles or warriors and servants in a variety of purple and white. Many were armed with a variety of weapons. The platform is clear save for a single prone form.

Dreidan becomes noticeably sick. He falls to his knees sobbing, vomiting, and wailing in anguish and sorrow. It would appear that he knows a number of these people. He gestures feebly toward the platform

On the platform lies a woman of remarkable beauty even in death. Long honey blond hair cascades about her now in disarray. Skin like fine porcelain. She is clad in a high collared dress of burgundy velvet brocade, adorned with the finest silk lace at the collar and wrists. She was a tall woman and well formed, her neck long and supple, graceful hands, carmine lips that would have found an easily charming smile, dark arching brows over eyes of the deepest blue-violet; eyes that are now vacant and without spark. A small stream of blood trickles from the corner of her mouth. A visage is well known in the Duchy. For the past several years this has been the most public face of House Teranor, the Lady Mornaella, daughter and presumed heir of Dame Lady Morlyn.

The party will have little time to reflect upon this.

There is a thunderous rumble and a sulfurous stench. A long black tear appears hovering over the platform as if there were a rent in the very fabric of the air. The braziers in the room dim momentarily as if very light was being sucked from them. The tear lengthens and widens. Two figures hurtle through the rip. It is Sir Edran supporting the limp form of the mage Inlor Maun.

Sir Edran looks like Hell. His once shiny plate armor is rent, dented, and scratched; one paldron hangs askew. Blood is seeping through numerous cracks and seams. He has lost his helm somewhere. He looks tired and he looks grim. Yet somehow his long blond locks are still arrayed in orderly fashion, though somewhat streaked with blood, sweat, and Abysmal grime. If anything Inlor appears worse. From head to toe he is covered in blood, demon ichor, and Abysmal grime.

Sir Edran gently lays Inlor to rest on the platform as with a zip and a pop the tear heals itself and is gone.

Sir Edran begins, "It was terrible. Inlor was only able to teleport us to the first chamber back there," he points down the passage. "Those few that we met there were no match for our strength and resolve. But inch by bloody inch we had to fight our way to into this chamber, with that witch grinning and chanting the whole time", he gestures toward Lady Mornaella. "Then the room plunged into darkness and he showed up. The demon. A great angelic and evil beast as never I have seen. With a wave of his hands all that remained returned with him to his foul demesne in the Lower Planes." He pauses as the enormity of it all sinks in. "For that we were not prepared. To meet him here and best him is one thing, but to try to beard him in his lair surrounded by countless minions was seemingly beyond our ability. And then there too was the old witch. The mother of all demonspawn, Dame Lady Morlyn, as evil and foul a hag as the blackest annis. But slew her and her brood we did. Myself did I lay her low with twelve-score blows of fine Baklunar steel

At this point Dreidan recovers somewhat.

Looking at Sir Edran, Dreidan asks, "Then she is dead? All the foul witches of the line are no more?"

"Aye lad, they were at the forefront. And the mighty Wolfhart did take their measure and best them. But his strength and courage availed him not against the demon. Thrice he threw our valiant half-orc to the stones. And with the third falling he arose to meet the mightiest of blows from the foul demon. So powerful was the blow that it stove in Oragh's breastplate and snapped his ribs like kindling. From the rent the fiend pulled forth the half-orc's heart and threw it at our feet."

Dreidan mutters, "But if they are all dead then the curse should be lifted and the taint expunged."

"Yet I feel no different. The blood still pounds in my temples and I can feel the roaring susurrus of the Abyss drawing at my very soul."

He shouts, "This cannot be."

Sir Edran interjects, "Easy lad. I know the demon is dead. He did not go gently. But go he did, else we would not have returned."

A wet, rattling croak issues from the supine Inlor, "I think that perhaps we have made a grave mistake..."

A single clear note, as if from a bell, chimes and the chamber is plunged into darkness.

With a gasp and a muttered incantation from Inlor the darkness is banished. But the heroes are no longer alone on the dais. Standing in the center of the platform is Ella, the young girl slain by the party/Dreidan. But gone is the dirty and frantic waif the party left for dead. Clad now in a simple white shift; she is clean, and very much alive. Where once there were sad and fearful blue eyes are now black inky pools of otherworldly darkness.

Clearly distraught, Dreidan squeaks, "You can't be here. You are dead. The last link is severed. The taint expunged."

With a sepulchral voice belonging to no mere girl, Ella speaks, "Oh, but dear cousin the chain was never broken. You were too quick to kill me while my mother and grandmother yet lived. Now I am fully vested in my power."

She gives a decidedly un-childlike smirk and points at Sir Edran, "I will have my vengeance." A black bolt of sizzling

energy flies from her outstretched finger to pierce Sir Edran's chest. "And your puny lives."

Sir Edran screams, "I will try and hold her—run for it! You don't stand a chance and someone must know of what has transpired this eve." Inlor appears to be readying some sort of spell, perhaps his last ditch attempt to dispel this light on the Duchy.

Dreidan pitches forward onto his face groveling, "Don't kill me. Don't kill me. Don't kill me."

A sonic blast blows through the cavern as the roar and thunder of the falls is unleashed. Everyone is deafened and stunned. [Fort save DC 35]

Inlor screams "Run!" pulling the largest, and last golden sphere from his Necklace of Missiles and placing it in his mouth. Following this, Inlor will become the focal point of a 10d6 fireball (DC 14 to save).

As the party flees they will hear the clash and sizzle of spell combat and then the unearthly rending as another gate to the Abyss is opened. If the party looks back they will see the entire chamber shimmer and waver as its inhabitants depart for the nether reaches. Stumbling the party will be able to make the secret stair and ascend to the main floor of the manse. Even over the roar of the falls they will hear Ella's unholy demonic laughter.

Should for some reason the party decide to stay, the statistics for Demon-Ella, Sir Edran, and Inlor are in the appendix.

ALTERNATE ENDING THREE:

(This is only relevant if somehow the party has managed to survive without either Ella or Dreidan.)

This is the end game. It should only require about a half-hour of play. If three hours of play have already transpired start this encounter no matter where the party happens to be.

Read this text to the party member with the highest Wisdom if they have not seen Lord Brioch and given him the information he requests:

You have a bad feeling. Things don't seem quite right. It is as if someone has walked across your grave: a feeling not unlike fingernails on the chalkboard of your soul. You feel inexplicably drawn to the conservatory.

Give the PC about a minute to get worried then proceed as they make their way through the manse to the conservatory.

THE CONSERVATORY

The conservatory is a large airy plant-filled chamber with a glass-domed roof. Individual panes of glass are set in polished brass. The faintest rays of dawn cause the entire ceiling to take on a golden glow that bathes the chamber in pale white light. The green leaves of the plants and trees take on an unearthly sheen as the light is reflected and magnified by every surface.

Wide paths circle through the foliage to meet at a large circular pool.

If the party has not met with Lord Brioch and given him the information he wants, the party will see:

The pool is filled with dark, murky water that appears to drain deep into the earth.

Diving into this illusionary pool will result in taking falling damage of 4d6. No jumping roll is allowed to minimize this. Climbing down the sides is the same as below, but with a -5 penalty to the climbing roll due to the illusion blocking vision.

If the party has met with Lord Brioch and given him the information he wants, the party will see:

The center of the pool is open as an endless cascade falls gently into a misty grotto below.

Everything is still and silent for a moment. Then the waters of the pool run red with blood. For approximately five minutes the waters will remain scarlet and clotted with blood and tiny bits of viscera. Then the waters will clear as inexplicably as they first reddened.

If the party peers over the edge of the pool they will see that it is forty feet from the pool to the mossy rocks of the grotto, the cylindrical walls are slick with verdant moss; ferns have found purchase in every crack.

The party may descend into the grotto if they wish.

Descending to the grotto should be pretty straightforward. Unaided it requires a climbing roll (DC 30). Falling would be unadvisable, the rocks are not soft nor are they forgiving (4d6 damage, Jump DC20 to reduce this to 3d6+1d6 subdual).

Lying in among the rocks are the withered husks of what would appear to be human bodies. They are clad in velvets, silk, and lace. These were wealthy people in expensive clothes. It is impossible to tell how they died as their bodies are shriveled beyond recognition. One would assume these were members of House Teranor.

One wall of the grotto holds a wide archway that opens into a broad passage.

The passage is about twenty feet wide with a twelve-foot ceiling. It is of the same fitted stone of the manor above. It is some fifty feet long lit by short, squat brass braziers every fifteen feet.

The passage that links the grotto with the cavern contains four more withered bodies. One of the bodies has a black spiral horn sprouting from its forehead. It appears to have been hewn in half by some tremendous force. Again, these were well-dressed nobles but none appear to have been armed with much more than daggers.

The passage opens into a large rough-hewn rock chamber. A wall of water dominates the far end of this chamber: this is the Gerglung Falls, where the Corundum River plunges from Upper Seltaren to the Sink below. Strangely little sound emanates from

the falling water save the barest of whispers. In the center of the cavern is a three-foot high raised platform roughly forty feet in diameter. Squat brass braziers line the walls casting a ruddy glow to the room and causing the waterfalls to appear as molten gold.

The chamber is bare and without any sign of the carnage that littered the passage or the grotto. But there is a palatable stench here with no apparent origin. The smell of death and blood, sulfur and decay. Something occurred in this chamber, but there is little sign as to what it could have been.

An articulated plate armor gauntlet lies in the center of the raised platform. It is not unlike the singular suit of armor worn by Sir Edran, though only his armorer would be able to say for certain. Upon closer examination the gauntlet contains the withered near skeletal remains of what might have been the hand of a large man. It would appear to have been forcibly torn from its owner's body.

CONCLUSION

If no living female heir of House Teranor remains alive the taint of the demon is lifted and those alive bearing the blood of the House will be safe.

If Ella still lives at the end of the adventure then the demon may yet find a way to return and exert his influence on the remnants of House Teranor. While the wise priestesses of Lydia may be able to expunge the demonic taint from Ella and the members of the House: only time will tell.

In either event, the noble status of House Teranor will be revoked. The Honorable Chamber will not tolerate such an affront to the noble bloodline of the Maure Suel. The name Teranor is stricken from the Rolls of the Nobility and all members of the House rendered commoners. All lands, titles, offices, and holdings of the House are forfeit to Ducal Throne. The Duke, advised by the Honorable Chamber will see that they are placed in the hands of worthy Houses. The accumulated fortune of the House is seized in reparation for the crimes committed by the various members of the House and the criminal conduct of Lord Kalaric in his role as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Of course, Lord Kalaric will be nowhere to be found—having deftly escaped the cordon thrown up around Perine House by the members of the Ducal Office of Assize. The captives of Lord Kalaric will be turned over to the care of the priestesses of Lydia. Any remaining 'guard beasts' will be slain out of mercy.

Lord Tordan will be taken into custody by Ducal Agents for his crimes—but sadly will not survive to stand trial. Dying mysteriously from a poisoned ham. No trace of young lord Baldiran Madcaul will be found. It is presumed Lord Tordan ate him for the mishandling of affairs in Nellix.

The tunnels leading from the crypts under Perine Manor into the sewers and basements of Seltaren will be sealed and warded.

Lord Brioch will be found hung from the rafters of the conservatory, his final act written. His disturbing

creations will be rounded-up and destroyed. Many will escape into the sewers and abandoned buildings of Lower Seltaren. A copy of Lord Brioch's drama will disappear, and thought to be stolen by members of the Black Bards, a nihilistic bardic circle popular among the young urban hipsters of Nellix.

Life in Seltaren will return to normal as the Honorable Chamber begins squabbling over the remains of the decaying body of House Teranor.

For their part the party will be granted an audience with the First Lord of the City, Andrin Tyrnes (an old noble Suel, Wiz 4/ Ari 9, LN). He is a tall, elegant, and immaculately attired in the latest fashion. His long white hair is tied back in a simple ribbon of black silk, and he has penetrating blue-grey eyes. He will be thankful and gracious to the party: applauding their actions in assisting Sir Edran. The party will be feted and accorded introductions to the finest folk of the city. From this the party will earn an influence point in Seltaren and the gratitude of Sir Edran, the First Lord, and the assembled nobles of the city. (If Sir Edran didn't survive the adventure, the party will not earn this influence point.)

The End

EXPERIENCE POINT SUMMARY

To award experience for this adventure, add up the values for the objectives accomplished. Then assign the discretionary roleplaying experience award. The roleplaying award should be given for consistent character portrayal and contribution to the fun of the game. You can award different roleplaying amounts to different characters.

Award the total value (objectives plus roleplaying) to each character.

Encounter One

Saving Ella from the onslaught of Dreidan 100 xp

Encounter Two

Surviving the onslaught of Kalaric 100 xp

Encounter Three

Surviving the onslaught of Tordan 150 xp

Encounter Four

Surviving the onslaught of Marran 100 xp

Encounter Five

Surviving the onslaught of Brioch 100 xp

Encounter Six

Dealing with the dilemma 150 xp

Total experience for objectives sum above xp
Discretionary roleplaying award 0-50 xp

Total possible experience

750 xp

TREASURE SUMMARY

Player characters may keep items from the scenario that are listed on the treasure list below or which meet the following conditions:

1. The item must be non-magical and specifically listed in the text of the adventure (e.g armor on foes). If it is not listed in the text, the characters cannot keep it. Items of this nature can be sold for 50% of book value, or recorded on a log sheet.
2. Animals, followers, monsters, henchmen, and so forth (any living being, basically) may not be kept from a scenario for any reason unless the treasure summary lists the being specifically. It is okay for the player characters to form relationships with NPCs, but these will not be certified and cannot bring material benefit to the character. Contacts (sources of extra information) must be specifically certified.
3. Theft is against the law, but may be practiced by some player characters. Items which are worth more than 250 gp that are of personal significance to the owner (including family heirlooms), and all magical items, will be discovered in the possession of the character by one means or another. The character must return the item and pay a fine equal to three times the value of the item stolen. In addition, the PC caught receives campaign-decided penalties for being known as a thief. For other stolen items which meet the criteria in #1 above, use your judgment and the circumstances within the game to determine whether a PC thief gets away with the theft or not.

Any item retained according to these rules, which does not have a certificate, will not have a certificate issued for it.

The campaign staff reserves the right to take away any item or gold acquired for things which it later finds unreasonable but which were allowed at the time.

Encounter One

- 5 Potions of cure light wounds
- Scroll of *magic circle against evil*
- Silver heron brooch w/amethysts (worth 100 gp)

Encounter Two

- 2 to 4 pouches containing 50gp each
- 4 or 8 silver chokers (worth 50gp)

Encounter Three

- +1 longsword (worth 2315 gp)
- 4 to 6 pouches containing 25gp, 50gp, or 70gp

- Pouch containing 25gp, 50gp, or 80gp
- Pouch containing 20gp, 80gp, or 120gp
- Pouch containing 90gp or 200gp

Encounter Five

- 3 potions of cure light wounds
- Silver and gold Suloise inkpot (worth 12 gp)
- Ivory Oeridian ring (worth 51 gp)
- Ivory Gnomish brooch (worth 64 gp)
- Gold Rhennee pendant (worth 91 gp)
- Ivory Suloise dagger (worth 98 gp)
- Silver and gold Suloise pendant (worth 110 gp)
- Silver Suloise talisman (worth 33 gp)
- Silver Suloise ring (worth 21 gp)

FOLLOW-UP

As a critical event summary, please email the following information to the Duchy of Urnst Triad (doutriad@yahoogroups.com):

What was the fate of Ella?

APPENDIX A: THE NOBLES OF HOUSE TERANOR

ALL TIERS

➤ **Ella (Morella Teranor), female Suel Ariz:** Small Humanoid (human); HD 1d8; hp 6; Init +1; Spd 20 ft.; AC 12 (Touch 12, Flat-footed 11); Atks -2 melee (1d2-2 subdual, fist), AL CG; SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +2; Str 6, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 7, Wis 8, Cha 14.

Skills and Feats: Listen +2, Spot +1, Sense Motive +2; Dodge, Run.

Possessions: none.

Description: Ella is six years old. She has the standard coloration of a pure blooded Maure Suel: blond hair, fair complexion, pale blue eyes, and classically patrician features. She is clad in the filthiest of rags – the tattered remains of a long sleeved gown and surcoat. Dirt and grime streak her face, and what appears to be blood has matted the hair on one side of her head.

➤ **Dreidan Teranor, male Suel Ariz/Brdz:** CR 3; Medium-size Humanoid (human); HD 2d8+2d6; hp 18; Init +1 (Dex); Spd 30; AC 12 (Touch 11, Flat-footed 11); Atks +2 melee (1d4+1/19-20, dagger), AL LN; SV Fort +1, Ref +1, Will +6; Str 12, Dex 12, Con 11, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 13.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +4, Bluff +4, Diplomacy +8, Gather Information +8, Sense Motive +8, Knowledge (Family history) +8; Dodge, Iron Will.

Possessions: padded armor, dagger, pouch containing 15gp and 40sp, silver heron brooch set with two tiny amethysts (worth 50gp), scroll containing the lost enchantment *Magic Circle Against Evil*, vial containing 1 dose of *Potion of Gaseous-Form*.

Spells Known (3; Spell DC = 11 + Spell Level): 0—*detect magic, ghost sounds, read magic, light*.

Description: Dreidan is fair, tall, and slender. He has shoulder length blonde hair tied back by a black silk ribbon, pale blue eyes, and the classically patrician Maure Suel features. He wears a velvet dove gray doublet slashed-and-puffed with burgundy silk, matching knee length pants, cream colored silk hose, and fine burgundy-dyed leather shoes.

➤ **Tordan Teranor, male half-fiend Suel Ariz/Ftr4/Rogr:** CR 11; Medium-size outsider (human); HD 5d8+4d10+1d6+3; hp 100; Init -4 (Dex); Spd 0; AC 9 (Touch 6, Flat-footed 13); Atks none; SA *Darkness* 3/day, *desecrate, unholy blight*; SD immune to poison, acid, cold, electricity, and fire resistance 20; AL CE; SV Fort +7, Ref 0, Will +8; Str 10, Dex 2, Con 18, Int 14, Wis 14, Cha 8.

Skills: Alchemy +5, Appraise +6, ~~Climb +2~~, Decipher Script +6, Diplomacy +3, Forgery +6, Gather Information +3, Knowledge (arcane) +8, Knowledge (nobility) +5, Knowledge (lower planes) +6, ~~Ride -2~~, Search +4, Sense Motive +4, Spellcraft +4, Spot +6, Swim +2, Use Magic Device +7.

Languages: Common, Suloise, Abyssal, Elvish, and Flanae.

Feats: ~~Weapon Focus (longsword), Power Attack, Weapon Specialization (longsword)~~, Iron Will, Great Fortitude, Skill Focus (Knowledge/arcania), Skill Focus (Use Magic Device), and Toughness.

Possessions: surrounded by the finest food and libation possible.

Description: Tordan is a hideous parody of a human. Where he was once a tall, vigorous (if portly) man, he is now a gross fat milk-white slug. Tordan masses well over 850 pounds. Clad only in a loosely worn toga of what might have been bilious green silk. Folds and rolls of fat jut out from under the toga, often with bits of food stuck in them, and his face is so bloated that the only distinguishable features are the hole being crammed with food and two tiny, violet eyes peering out from underneath bloated lids. His skin has an oily sheen to it (from daily ointments) but has a rough pebbly texture. He appears totally hairless.

➤ **Kalaric Teranor, male half-fiend Suel Ftr5/Rog3/Ari6:** CR16; Medium-size outsider; HD 5d10+3d6+6d8; HP 104; Init +6; Spd 30; AC 15 (Touch 12, Flat-footed 13); Atks +12/+7 melee (1d4+1/crit 19-20, dagger), SA: sneak attack +2d6, darkness 3/day; SD evasion, uncanny dodge, immune to poison; acid, cold, electricity, and fire resistance 20; AL LE; SV Fort +9, Ref +9, Will +8; Str 13, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 13, Wis 12, Cha 16.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +6, Bluff +7, Climb +4, Diplomacy +12, Disable Device +6, Escape Artist +6, Forgery +12, Gather Information +4, Innuendo +2, Jump +4, Knowledge (nobility) +10, Ride +8, Sense Motive +2, Swim +3, Use Magic Device +4, Use Rope +3, Craft (leatherworking) +4, Craft (trapmaking) +10, Profession (accountant) +12; Ambidexterity, Dodge, Expertise, Improved Initiative, Mobility, Spring Attack, Weapon Finesse (rapier), Whirlwind Attack, Improved Critical (rapier).

Languages: Common, Suloise, Abyssal, Baklunae, Flanae, and Elvish.

Possessions: noble garb, leather armor, dagger and sheath, platinum ring set with amethyst, Chain of Office.

Description: Tall and fair, Kalaric is the epitome of a Maure Suel aristocrat. He has long wavy blonde hair, a well-trimmed beard and moustache, piercing blue eyes, and skin that has not seen the sun for quite a while. He wears a tight black velvet doublet and pantaloons adorned with fine white silk lace, black silk hose, and fine Tusmit leather shoes. He is rarely seen without a sneer on his noble countenance.

➤ **Brioch Teranor, male half-fiend Suel Wiz14:** CR16; Medium-size outsider (human); HD 14d4+10; hp 71 Init +2(Dex); Spd 30; AC 18 (Touch 12, Flatfooted 17); Atks +7/+2 melee (1d4/19-20 dagger), SA darkness 9/day; SD immune to poison; acid, cold, electricity, and fire resistance 20; AL CN; SV Fort +4, Ref +6, Will +10; Str 10, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 19, Wis 12, Cha 10

Skills and Feats: Alchemy +17, Craft (toy making) +20, Spellcraft +20, Concentration +16, Scry +16, Knowledge (arcana) +20, Knowledge (nobility) +20, Knowledge (history) +16, Scry +20; Scribe Scroll, Combat Casting, Brew Potion, Craft Wondrous Items, Craft Wand, Weapon Focus (ray); Wpn Focus (touch), Dodge, Mobility.

Possessions: Amulet of Natural Armor (+3), Bag of Tricks (tan), Crystal Ball, Deck of Illusions, Potion of Charisma (x3), Potion of Love (x3), Ring of Counterspells, Ring of Mind Shielding, Wand of Polymorph Other, motley garb, cap, dagger and sheath.

Spells:(4+1/5+1/5+1/5+1/3+1/3+1/2+1): 0-dancing lights, daze, ghost sound, light, prestidigitation; 1st- color spray (x2), mage armor, magic missile (x2), obscuring mist, ventriloquism; 2nd-blur, Leomund's trap, detect thoughts, hypnotic pattern, invisibility, misdirection; 3rd- displacement, blink, major image, gaseous form, suggestion, nondetection; 4th-shadow conjuration, phantasmal killer, improved invisibility, illusionary wall, scrying, dimension door; 5th-greater shadow conjuration; mirage arcane, false vision, persistent image; 6th-permanent image, mislead, geas/quest, project image; 7th- prismatic spray, simulacrum; greater scrying.

Description: 5'10", 180 lbs., pale blonde hair, and fair skin. Brioch at first appears to be a life-size marionette in a jester's costume. His face is painted and his hat jingles. Even the painted on smile can't hide the sadness and shattered remains of what was once a beautiful, imaginative little boy. His blank, dark eyes correctly show the depths that he has sunk to escape into his childhood fantasies, watching the world go by like toys underneath him. He has chosen to make his own toys rather than play with his brothers. The toys never hurt him. The toys always want to play. The toys always care.

TIERED:

Tier 2

☛ **Marran Teranor, male half-fiend Suel Clr7:** CR 9; Medium-size outsider (6'1" tall); HD 7d8+7; hp 45; Init +6; Spd 30; AC 17 (Touch 12, Flat-footed 15); Atks +5 melee (1d8, heavy mace), SA *death touch 1/day, darkness 3/day, desecrate, unholy blight, poison 3/day*; SD immune to poison; acid, cold, electricity, and fire resistance 20; AL NE; SV Fort +6, Ref +4, Will +10; Str 11, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 17, Cha 8.

Skills and Feats: Spellcraft +9, Concentration +8, Heal +10, Knowledge (Religion) +12, Knowledge (arcane) +4, Knowledge (nobility) +6, Profession (Apothecary) +8, Profession (Herbalist) +7; Dodge, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Spell Penetration.

Possessions: chainmail shirt, heavy mace, dagger & sheath, onyx & silver holy symbol, vial containing 3 *potions of cure light wounds*.

Spells: (6+1/5+1/4+1/3+1/1+1): 0-cure minor wounds (x3), inflict minor wounds (x4); 1st- protection from good, cause fear, obscuring mist, sanctuary, inflict light wounds, cure light wounds; 2nd- aid, hold person (x2), inflict moderate wounds (x2); 3rd- magic circle against good, animate dead, blindness, cure serious wounds; 4th- inflict critical wounds, giant vermin.

Description: Marran is a scary and strange looking man, well into his necromancy. He is 6'1" tall and a gaunt 170 pounds. He is shaven bald. Numerous scars, lesions, and tumorous growths mar his pallid skin. His eyes are a watery-sort of gray. He wears long black robes stained with old blood, bodily fluids, grave mold, and the filth and grime of one who has lived long and industriously with the undead.

Tier 3

Marran Teranor, male half-fiend Suel Clr10: CR 12; Medium-size outsider; HD 10d8+10; hp 63; Init +6; Spd 30; AC 17 (Touch 12, Flat-footed 15); Atks +7/+2 melee (1d8, heavy mace), SA *death touch 1/day, darkness 3/day, desecrate, unholy blight, poison 3/day, contagion*; SD immune to poison; acid, cold, electricity, and fire resistance 20; AL CE; SV Fort +8, Ref +5, Will +13; Str 11, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 18, Cha 8.

Skills and Feats: Spellcraft +10, Concentration +11, Heal +11, Knowledge (Arcana) +7, Knowledge (Religion) +14, Knowledge (nobility) +7, Profession (Apothecary) +11, Profession (Herbalist) +10; Combat Casting, Dodge, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Spell Penetration.

Possessions: chainmail shirt, heavy mace, dagger & sheath, onyx & silver holy symbol, vial containing *Potion of Cure Light Wounds* (3 doses).

Spells: (6+1/5+1/5+1/4+1/4+1/2+1): 0-cure minor wounds (x3), inflict minor wounds (x4); 1st- protection from good, cause fear, obscuring mist, sanctuary, inflict light wounds, cure light wounds; 2nd- aid, hold person (x2), inflict moderate wounds (x2), silence; 3rd- magic circle against good, dispel magic, blindness, cure serious wounds, inflict serious wounds; 4th- inflict critical wounds, cure critical wounds, giant vermin; summon monster IV (x2); 5th- flame strike, slay living, ethereal jaunt.

Description: Marran is a scary and strange looking man, well into his necromancy. He is 6'1" tall and a gaunt 170 pounds. He is shaven bald. Numerous scars, lesions, and tumorous growths mar his pallid skin. His eyes are a watery sort of gray. He wears long black robes stained with old blood, bodily fluids, grave mold, and the filth and grime of one who has lived long and industriously with the undead.

Tier 4

Marran Teranor, male half-fiend Suel Clr13: CR 15; Medium-size outsider; HD 13d8+26; hp 94; Init +6; Spd 30; AC 17 (+1 natural, +2 Dex, +4 chainmail shirt); Atks +9/+4 melee (1d8, heavy mace), SA *death touch 1/day, darkness 3/day, desecrate, unholy blight, poison 3/day, contagion, unholy aura 3/day, unharro*; SD immune to poison; acid, cold, electricity, and fire resistance 20; AL CE; SV Fort +8, Ref +5, Will +13; Str 11, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 18, Cha 8.

Skills and Feats: Alchemy +7, Hide +1, Spellcraft +10, Concentration +12, Heal +12, Knowledge (Arcana) +7, Knowledge (Religion) +14, Knowledge (nobility) +7, Profession (Apothecary) +11, Profession (Herbalist) +10; Combat Casting, Dodge, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Mobility, Spell Penetration.

Possessions: chainmail shirt, heavy mace, dagger & sheath, onyx & silver holy symbol, vial containing 3 *potions of cure light wounds* (3 doses).

Spells: (6+1/6+1/6+1/5+1/5+1/3+1/2+1/1+1): 0-cure minor wounds (x3), inflict minor wounds (x4); 1st- bane, protection from good, cause fear, obscuring mist, sanctuary, inflict light wounds, cure light wounds; 2nd- aid, bull's strength, hold person (x2), inflict moderate wounds (x2), silence; 3rd- magic circle against good, dispel magic, blindness, cure serious wounds, inflict serious wounds, meld with stone; 4th- inflict critical wounds, cure critical wounds, giant vermin; spell immunity, summon monster IV (x2); 5th- flame strike (x2), slay living, ethereal jaunt; 6th- harm, create undead, blade barrier; 7th- blasphemy, destruction.

Description: Marran is a scary and strange looking man, well into his necromancy. He is 6'1" tall and a gaunt 170 pounds. He is shaven bald. Numerous scars, lesions, and tumorous growths mar his pallid skin. His eyes are a watery sort of gray. He wears long black robes stained with old blood, bodily fluids, grave mold, and the filth and grime of one who has lived long and industriously with the undead.

APPENDIX B: THE OUTSIDERS

☛ **Sir Edran Grek, male Suel Palro:** Medium-size Humanoid (human); HD 10d10+10; hp 74 (25); Init +5; Spd 20; AC 22 (Touch 11, Flat-footed 21); Atks +17/+12 melee (1d10+6/19–20/x2, +3 *bastard sword*); AL LG; SV Fort +11, Ref +7, Will +7; Str 16, Dex 12, Con 13, Int 11, Wis 12, Cha 16.

Skills and Feats: Concentration +4, Diplomacy +6, Handle Animal +6, Heal +4, Knowledge (Religion) +4, Knowledge (Nobility) +1, Ride +10, Sense Motive +2, Spot +4, Wilderness Lore +2, Craft (armorsmithing) +3, Profession (soldier) +4; Alertness, Exotic Weapon (bastard sword), Weapon Focus (bastard sword), Improved Initiative, Power Attack.

Special Attacks— Detect Aura of Evil, Divine Grace, ~~Lay on Hands~~, Divine Health, Aura of Courage, ~~Smite Evil~~, ~~Remove Disease~~ (3x/week), Turn Undead (6x/day)(2 left), Code of Conduct, Associates.

Possessions: Amulet of Natural Armor (+1), ~~Battleaxe~~ +2, Boots of Speed, Dagger +1, Full Plate Armor +2, ~~Potion of Bull's Strength~~ (x3), ~~Potion of Cat's Grace~~ (x3), ~~Potion of Cure Serious Wounds~~ (x3), Bastard Sword +3, Silver Holy Symbol of Heironeous.

Spells Prepared (2/1; Spell DC = 11 + spell level) 1st— ~~Bless~~, ~~Protection from Evil~~; 2nd— ~~Delay Poison~~.

Description: Sir Edran is tall, fair and muscular. He has shoulder length blonde hair and a reddish-blond beard and moustache, bright blue eyes, and the classically patrician Maure Suel features. He is rarely out of armor.

☛ **Inlor Maun, Male Flan Wiz12:** Inlor isn't going to survive the burst of his final golden globe from his *necklace of missiles* (10d6 Fireball).

☛ **The Demon (modified Balor):** CR 18; Large Outsider (evil, chaotic); HD 13d8+52; hp 110 (20); Init +5; Spd 40 ft, fly 90 ft (good); AC 30 (Touch 10, Flat-footed 30)- Atks +19 melee (1d6+7 and fear, slam 5ft x 5 ft/10ft); AL CE; SA spell-like abilities, fear, body flames, summon tanar'ri; SQ Damage reduction 30/+3, SR 28, tanar'ri qualities; SV Fort +12, Ref +9, Will +13; Str 25, Dex 13, Con 19, Int 20, Wis 20, Cha 16.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +18, Concentration +19, Diplomacy +17, Hide +13, Knowledge (Urnst nobility) +13, Listen +28, Move Silently +13, Scry +21, Search +20, Sense Motive +20, Spellcraft +21, Spot +29; Ambidexterity, Cleave, Improved Initiative, Two-Weapon Fighting.

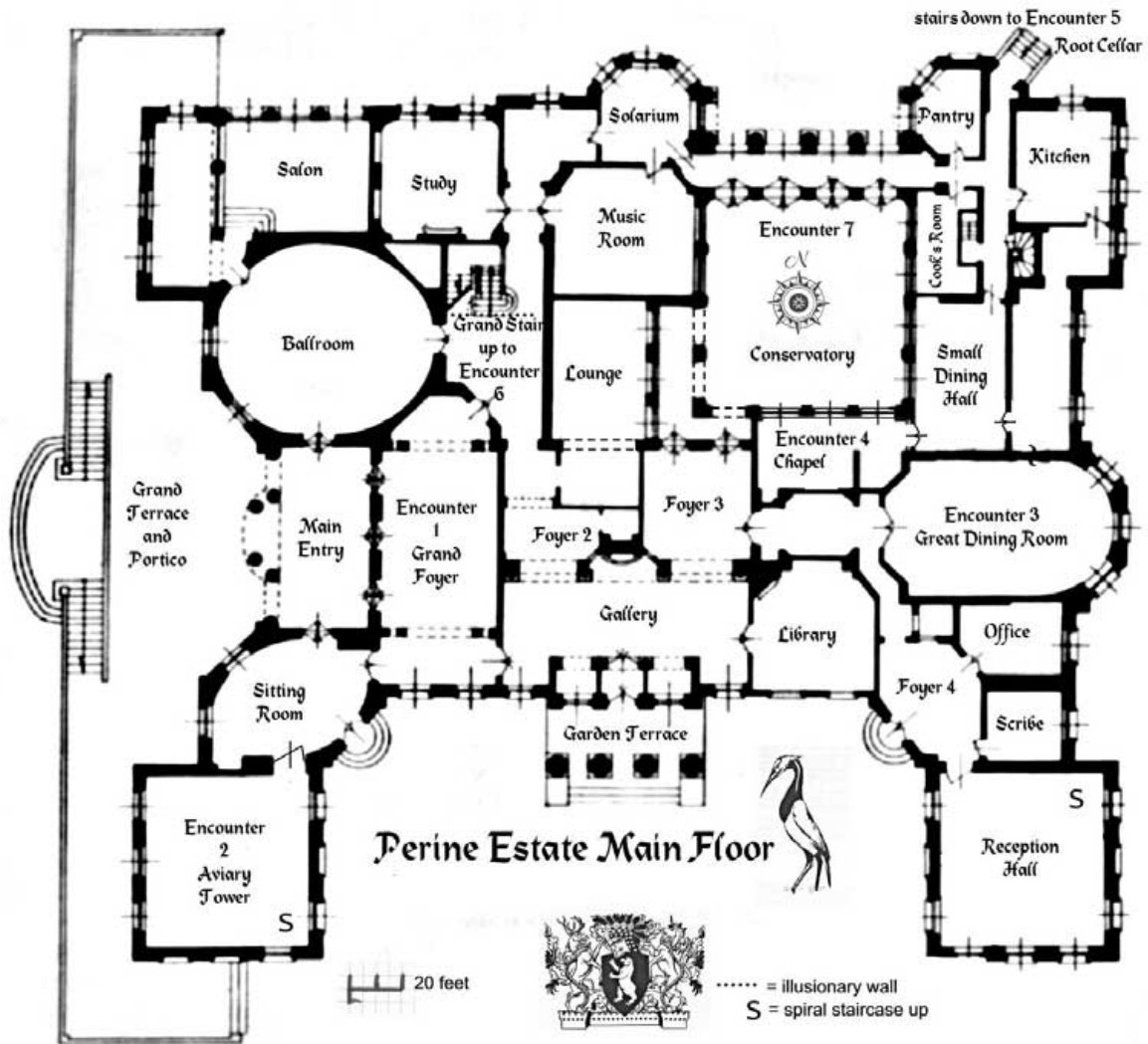
*Special Attacks—*Spell-Like Abilities: *blasphemy, deeper darkness, desecrate, detect good, detect law, fear, greater dispelling, pyrotechnics, read magic, suggestion, symbol* (any), *telekinesis, teleport without error* (self plus 50 pounds of objects only), *tongues* (self only), *unhallow, unholy aura, unholy blight*, and *wall of fire*; 1/day ~~fire storm and implosion~~; all as if cast by a 20th-level sorcerer (save DC 13 + spell level). Fear, if hit by slam attack Will save (DC19) or flee in terror for 1d6 rounds. Body Flames, 4d6 points of fire damage each round. *Detect Magic*, continuously as the spell cast by a 20th-level sorcerer. ~~Summon Tanar'ri, once per day summon 4d10 dretches, 1d4 hezrous, or one nalfeshnee, glabrezu, marilith, or balor.~~

*Special Qualities—*Immune to poison and electricity; cold, fire, and acid resistance 20; *telepathy* 100 feet.

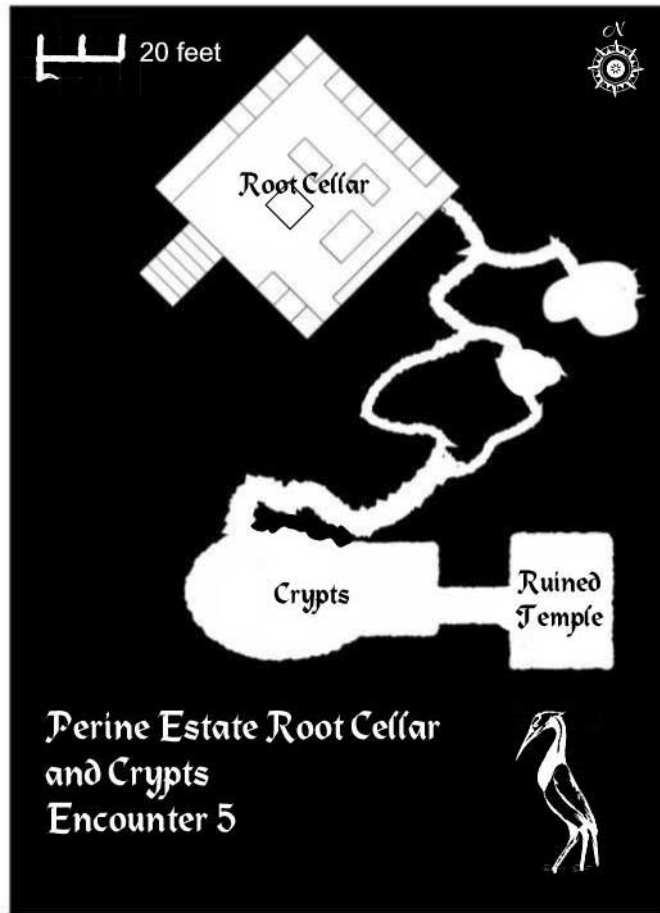
☛ **Demon-Ella, demon possessed female Suel Ar11:** Small Humanoid (4 ft. tall); HD 13d8+52; hp 110; Init +7 (+3 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative); Spd 40; AC 15 (+1 size, +3 Dex, +1 natural); 2 Atks +12 melee (1d4, slam), AL CE; SA spell-like abilities, fear, summon tanar'ri; SQ Damage reduction 30/+3, SR 28, tanar'ri qualities; SV Fort +12, Ref +11, Will +13; Str 10, Dex 16, Con 19, Int 20, Wis 20, Cha 16.

Skills, Feats, SA, and SQ: same as above, only they are fully charged and she can't do body of flames.

APPENDIX C: MAP OF PERINE ESTATE MAIN FLOOR



APPENDIX D:
MAP OF PERINE ESTATE ROOT CELLAR



APPENDIX E: MAP OF PERINE ESTATE UPPER FLOOR

